



July/August 2006

CAMPBILL CORRESPONDENCE



Diamond Head, bowl by Jenny Mendes, 2000

May you listen to your longing to be free.
 May the frames of your belonging be large enough
 for the dreams of your soul.
 May you arise each day with a voice of blessing
 whispering in your heart that something good
 is going to happen to you.
 May you find harmony between your soul and your life.
 May the mansions of your soul never become a haunted place.
 May you know the eternal longing that is at the heart of time.
 May there be kindness in your gaze to look within.
 May you never place walls between the light and yourself.
 May your angel free you from the prisons
 of fear, guilt, disappointment and despair.
 May you allow the wild beauty of the invisible world
 to gather you, mind you and embrace you in belonging.

From Eternal Echoes, John O'Donohue



Congratulations Helge and Reidunn!

On 22nd July, Helge and Reidunn Hedetoft of Hogganvik will celebrate 50 years of marriage. And on 8th August, Reidunn will celebrate his 80th birthday.

They have been connected with Camphill for over 50 years, being part of the initiative group for the founding of Vidarasen. Later they were part of the 'founding fathers' of Hogganvik and have been connected ever since, though living mostly in nearby Vikedal. Till recently, Helge contributed in the office and the services, Reidunn with Norwegian lessons for foreigners, kindergarten and folkdancing. Helge still contributes with kindergarten and folkdancing, to everybody's enjoyment.

They are a very important part of the fabric of Hogganvik, who send congratulations, thanks and love.

Angela Rawcliffe on behalf of the community

Additions to the Birthday List

Please note two additions to the list of birthdays in the March/April issue:

Carl Wolff of Copake will be 70 on Oct. 21st.

Christiane Lauppe of William Morris House will be 80 on Dec 11th.

Our congratulations and best wishes to you both.

Acrobat Tea Bowls, Laura O'Donnell

All the pictures of pots in this issue are taken from the book *500 Bowls*, Ed. Tourtillot, Lark Books, New York, 2003.

Contents

Why is Anthroposophy so boring? John Addison	1
Community Festival in Botton 2006 Bob Clay, Peter Bateson.....	5
Orion, Part 3 Melville Segal.....	6
Theatre and Community Per Engebretsen	9
Reviews	11
My Manifesto for the Earth, Michail Gorbachev Jesus, Lazarus, and the Messiah, Charles S. Tidball	
Letters	13

Obituaries

Faith Brosse **14** / Gloria Vincent **15** / Peter Bromley **16** / James Michie **17** / Mazal Cohen **17**

News from the Movement

Tell me your story—Retreats in Camphill Soltane
Christl Bender **18** / Searching for resilience
through art Anni D'Agostino **18**

The Birth of the Carnane Community initiative on
the Isle of Man Jenni Gordon **19**

Why is Anthroposophy so boring?

John Addison, Newton Dee, Aberdeen

The title of the first part of this two-part essay is deliberately provocative. For many thousands of people—the present writer included—Anthroposophy is anything but boring. However, in the context of modern society, the fact is that Anthroposophy, in style, if not in content, does not sit easily in the world of mass media and twenty-four hour entertainment.

The 'Society of the Spectacle', as Guy Debord put it, is a seething spiritual-cultural marketplace of entertainments competing for our attention and, through it, our money. In a world shaped and informed by the internet, Play Station II, Satellite TV, rock music, live sport, 3G mobile phones, the act of reading a Rudolf Steiner lecture appears as time consuming, boring, unprofitable and a little weird, even among seasoned Camphillers.

To be honest and admit that Steiner's works are tedious can be considered, on one hand, as an act of treachery or, on the other, as amusing pragmatism. But there is another way of looking at it...

To arrive at a different perspective, in a round about way, you can do no better than consider the children's author and popular theologian, C.S. Lewis.

Clive Staples Lewis was born in Belfast in 1898, became a respected Oxford professor, and died in 1963. He was involved with a cultural grouping known as 'The Inklings', which included J.R.R. Tolkien. Two others were A.C. Harwood and Owen Barfield, both of whom became Anthroposophists.

In his autobiography, *Surprised by Joy*, Lewis describes how he felt when his two friends 'came out' about their spiritual orientation. 'I was,' he wrote, 'hideously shocked.' He then proceeds to wax lyrical in his amplification of this feeling. 'And as I came to learn... what Steiner thought, my horror turned into disgust and resentment. For here, apparently, were all the abominations... gods, spirits, afterlife and pre-existence, initiates, occult knowledge, meditation...'

A diary entry, dated 7th July 1923, discloses similar sentiments. 'Steiner appears to be a sort of panpsychist with a vein of posing superstition, and I was very much disappointed to hear that both Harwood and Barfield were impressed by him.' In the same entry he relates an argument that he had with Harwood. 'He accused me of a materialistic way of thinking when I said that the similarity of all languages probably depended on the similarity of all throats.' However, he follows that up with the following: 'The best thing about Steiner seems to be the Goetheanum which he has built up in the Alps... Unfortunately the building (which must have been very wonderful) has been burned by the Catholics...'

Returning to *'Surprised by Joy'*, we find Lewis, after his earlier tirade, endeavouring to make 'tardy amends for the many unjust and bitter things I once said about it to my friends.' 'Naturally,' he continues, 'I attributed to my friends the same desires which, had I become an Anthroposophist, would have been operative in me. I thought they were falling under that ravenous, salt lust for the occult. I now see that, from the very first, all the evidence was against this. They were not that sort. Nor does Anthroposophy, so far as I can see, cater for that sort. There is a difficulty and (to me) a reassuring Ger-



Blue Silhouette-Square Bowl, Carolyn Genders

manic dullness about it which would soon deter those who were looking for thrills.'

For C.S. Lewis, then, the sheer dullness of Steiner's works is a reassurance of their authenticity and the integrity of his friends. From this perspective, to describe Anthroposophy as boring is not an insult.

Another writer who initially became exasperated in his attempt to read Rudolf Steiner was Colin Wilson, the prolific and popular author, most well known for *The Outsider* and *The Occult*.

Wilson wrote a book called *Rudolf Steiner—The Man and his Vision*. At the beginning he characterises Steiner's style of speaking and writing as, 'formidably abstract, and as unappetising as dry toast.' He describes the content as being, 'often so outlandish and bizarre that the reader either suspects a hoax or a barefaced confidence trick. Books like *Cosmic Memory* with its account of Atlantis and Lemuria, seem to belong on the same shelf as titles like *Our Hollow Earth*, or, *My Trip to Venus in a Flying Saucer*. The resulting sense of frustration is likely to cause even the most open-minded reader to give up in disgust.

Wilson had reached the conclusion that, 'In large doses Steiner simply infuriated me.' However, he then goes on to describe how he felt when he had occasion to peruse Steiner's earlier, epistemological works, such as *The Philosophy of Freedom* and *Goethe's World View*. 'Rather to my surprise,' he writes, 'I discovered that Steiner was a philosopher and cultural historian of considerable brilliance. There was not the slightest flavour of the bogus in those works—on the contrary, they give the impression of a man who is totally fascinated by the history of ideas... The rather abstract quality of his style is due to complete lack of artifice; he is not out to impress...'

Here we encounter another perspective on the 'boring' quality in Steiner's works. It is one where Steiner is seen as the brilliant, honest intellectual, who happens to have a stilted and stylised manner of expressing himself.

Perhaps a misunderstanding that we, as pupils of Rudolf Steiner, perpetuate is to regard his personal quirks and idiosyncratic mannerisms as integral gestures in the attempt to be seen as proper Anthroposophists—even

down to the style of haircut, occasionally. To make this point clearer we can consider how, for instance, the second generation of Quakers took to slavishly adopting the modes of dress and odd habits of their founders. This, they later realised, was a misunderstanding. If one sought to emulate George Fox by dressing like him then one had actually missed the point of what he taught.

With this we reinforce our understanding that if we allow our Anthroposophical practise to rigidify and become derivative then we lose the innermost sense of the activity of practising Anthroposophy. However, in steering away from the Scylla of hardening into a fixed, external gesture, we immediately have to contend with the Charybdis of dilution and falsification. This is particularly the case if we try and dress up Anthroposophy in the garb of 'hyper-professionalism'.

By way of analogy, you can consider what happened when the New Labour crew grasped the tiller of the ship of state and raised a new flag—'Cool Britannia.' At the heart of this somewhat lame cultural paradigm lay that monumental folly, The Millennium Dome. This expensive and embarrassing project was basically a huge dome containing a scattering of abstract conceptual displays—a fitting testimony to a national consciousness which is rapidly dwindling to a notional consciousness.

How lamentable it would be if we would try and reinvent ourselves for the twenty first century in such a manner! Can you imagine a 'Cool Anthroposophia'?

The fact that we are not cool or trendy is, arguably, an indication that we are not a melodramatic and marketable cultural fad, but an authentic esotericism relevant to the challenges of the new millennium.

The tediousness of Steiner's works is actually an antidote to the consciousness debasing, soul-distending diseases of consciousness engendered by 24/7 electronic 'infotainment' and the relentless artificial over-stimulation of the emotions to the point where all subtlety leaches away leaving a husk of soul-life kept in existence by a bloated diet of sensationalism.

To turn to what Rudolf Steiner himself had to say about this kind of thing we only have to turn to the prologue of one of his basic books, *Theosophy*, where he writes,

This book cannot be read in the customary manner of the present day. In certain respects every page, and even many sentences, will have to be worked out by the reader. This has been aimed at intentionally, because only in this way can the book become what it ought to be. The one who merely reads it through will not have read it at all.

Steiner goes on to describe why he appeals for a different attitude towards reading and indicates that he fully understands why this goes against the grain—even a century ago.

Descriptions of the supersensible must be treated differently from descriptions of the sensible world. They appeal to the reader in a different way. They demand more from him and he must work with the author more intensely in thought while reading... Many critics will perhaps complain because I have made special efforts to comply with this demand in my description of the spiritual world.'

Since then, as we know, the world has moved on at an unprecedented pace. In fact, the accelerated and compacted quality of time nowadays means that within the context of our own lifetimes, even if we are not old, we

can feel like we've had several incarnations squashed into one lifetime, as it were. This means that Rudolf Steiner can appear as an archaic figure standing in the mists of the remote past, even though he only died eighty years ago!

Nowadays, mainstream society is flooded with popularised spiritual insights which, as Peter Washington ably demonstrates in his book, *Madame Blavatsky's Baboon*, are almost entirely derived from the occult scene at the turn of the twentieth century. So why is it that the membership of the Anthroposophical Society is growing so slowly? Why is it that many feel that the number of practising Anthroposophists in Camphill is diminishing?

If you go to a chain store bookseller and peruse the 'Mind, Body and Spirit' section you can encounter grand promises of immediate and gratifying personal benefit. Merely buying a book, let alone actually reading it, can open you to receiving healing, money, power, friends, love, and a spectacular sex life. But what does Anthroposophy offer the punter?

At the end of the opening chapter of *Occult Science*, assuming you're still awake, you reach the selling point. 'Man is thereby able to make himself the instrument for research into the spiritual world.'

In the context of the contemporary spiritual supermarket, Steiner comes across as being wilfully obtuse in his seeming ineptitude at making an appealing sales pitch. As a consequence, the consumer's attention is drawn to other products on the market which guarantee more fun, instantly.

The wholesome tediousness of Steiner's seemingly interminable ruminations can beggar belief. On one occasion I was dutifully ploughing through *Occult Science* and had long since passed the point where I understood what I was reading. The text had coalesced into a formless mass of verbiage in my fading consciousness. As I continued to drift half-heartedly through the notoriously shapeless and bamboozling chapter on evolution, I was reduced to counting the number of words in each sentence. In one there were over 150!

To say this is not to poke fun at Rudolf Steiner so much as at one's own failure to understand what you're actually dealing with when you have an Anthroposophical text in your hands. The sheer boredom the texts engender has a purpose. One of the hallmarks of an authentic modern esotericism is the tendency to bore people senseless, as it were—to literally bore them out of their senses, and the ordinary waking consciousness that is supported by the unbroken stream of sense impressions.

Astonishingly, Steiner actually gave a lecture called, 'The uses of what seems boring: the spiritual as the inverse of the physical'. 'Thus if someone were to tell you quite honestly,' he says, 'how to reach the spiritual world, he would have to tell you first of all to learn to create boredom artificially in yourself. Short of this you have no hope of reaching the spiritual world.'

He's under no illusions as to how popular such an approach is in modern life. 'People today are constantly trying to drive away boredom. Just look at all the things and places people run to in order not to be bored. They always want to be amused; but what does it mean, to want to be amused all the time? It means that they really want to run away from the spirit.' And so he goes on, and on...

The theme of boredom is one that could be expounded on at gloriously tedious length. Suffice it to say that there is a cultural presupposition in our society, including Camphill, whereby everyone and everything has to be amusing or entertaining. 'Do What You Will' has become the whole of the law, as Aleister Crowley so fervently hoped for. Yet there is one notable exception to this law of freedom—don't be boring. You can be bad. You can be mad. Just don't be a bore. To be boring is the ultimate mortal sin, punishable by a subtle type of excommunication from mainstream normality—rather like people being voted off reality TV shows like 'Big Brother'. ('I'm a Camphiller Get Me Out Of Here!')

But Steiner, as we have seen, is an unrepentant bore. This is because he was an initiate and, as such, strove to leave people free. Despite the seeming freedom of consumer choice, we are anything but free. We read, watch and listen to whatever the marketing people tell us to.

Steiner could have been a celebrity, but he chose not to be. Instead, he deliberately wrote so that only those who were willing to generate interest in his works from within themselves could follow his train of thought. To 'get into'

Rudolf Steiner means to swim against the tide of modern life inwardly even if you have to 'go with the flow' outwardly. This means to confront phenomena such as the modern disease of consciousness—Sensationalism, which is the shadow of 'the Mystery of Perception'. This disease entails being unable to generate interest from within yourself, only having it provoked from outside by ever more extreme measures until, at last, the soul is a hollowed out shell, its life having been winnowed from it by beings who are described in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition as 'Hungry Ghosts'.

Through working consciously with 'the Mystery of Perception' you acquire the ability to be interested from out of your own will. This is to uphold what Karl König described as the meaning and value of Camphill Community living as a healing impulse in the world.

This is one reason why Rudolf Steiner is still relevant today.

John has lived in Camphill in Scotland, England and the USA for 16 years. He lives in Newton Dee with his family, working on the farm, in administration and teaching.

Community Festival in Botton 2006

Bob Clay, Loch Arthur

At the heart of the Community Festival which I attended in Botton was the creation of a performance of a play of Goethe's Fairy Tale of 'The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily'. It was an amazing experience to be part of. One group of players handed on the play to the next, scene by scene, so that each character was played by, in most cases, several people from various countries, each bringing their own voice, costume, and presence. There was a small orchestra conducted by Christof-Andreas Lindenberg, playing music he had composed, a choir, hand bells, a speech choir—a total cast of well over a hundred people. Some scenes were rehearsed for the first time during the three days at Botton. An image that will live long for me was on Friday evening, just before the performance, Taco Bay (who is an elderly man now and who has just relinquished the huge responsibility of leading The Christian Community) was eagerly trying to learn his lines and find a hat, and then he was enjoying receiving cues when in his scene, his memory failed him. He was full of a youthful joy, saying it was the first time he'd been in this situation since living in Camphill many decades ago. Then early the next morning, there he was with deep devotion and warm humanity, celebrating the Act of Consecration of Man in Botton's Church; the living expression of humble, total commitment and conviction. The putting on of the play was a wonderful act of dedication and creativity—in itself an image of community building as an artistic activity. It was also an experience of the individual's contribution being lifted into a community experience of the miraculous power of people working together. We can do it! We did it!

Here you have the theme that ran through the play and the festival for me—how do the personal and the more-than-personal connect or flow. In the First Memorandum of the Camphill Community it speaks of 'self-willing' and 'spirit-willing' and this touches on

the puzzle so typical of our age—our longing both to express ourselves and also to overcome our egotism, to be active and autonomous and also to serve and be selfless. One way of looking at this polarity, which came out strongly in the Festival for me, was to explore the two ideas of 'commitment' and 'freedom'. It became clear to me that the commitment of the individual to another person, an ideal, or an impulse, can only come out of the experience of individual freedom, being freed from expectations and traditions. If people find this free conviction, then that in turn enables them to welcome the commitment which others bring to ventures or communities they share together. In the play there is reference to 'the open secret' or 'the revealed mystery', the special thing that is plainly there to be recognised, but which we can fail to see.

At the Festival it seemed to me we kept wondering about ways in which Camphill is such a revealed mystery—something which is a vessel, a cresset in which what it contained could be lived, appreciated, longed for, struggled with, resented, idealised—but often not understood or recognised. Is the activity of community building something you can't look straight in the face?

The play, with its zodiac of one-sided characters, all with their contributions to make but impotent on their own, alerts us to the whole business of living in community and what it allows us to experience—we can only meet ourselves, change and be changed through both our conscious and our unconscious interaction with others. If we live our lives in a state of retreat, then we can avoid that disturbing process of conflict, recognition, death, renewal, change, and growth. We may long to shed the mask but we must experience it first. Thus we do have the deep longing for the life, the vitality, the light of personal growth which community living encourages. It is the way we find meaning today because it is the way which leads us into personal growth, into social action, and into awareness of the spiritual world.

Just as in modern music we love the clashes, the disharmonies, the unfamiliar intervals, so we long for the creative tension and the interest aroused in the strange intervals between us as we share our lives. In entering this process we leave paradise—you may remember the famous words of Thomas Weihs about this—and we encounter all the world of judgement, blame, anger, guilt, labelling, conflict which we call 'evil'. Community living stimulates these experiences of disharmony but in so doing it answers a deep need in us—but how do we find the will to keep going?

If that seems a rather miserable way to put the question, perhaps we can rephrase it by going back to the play. It is concerned with building the bridge—the bridge which will allow us to be on the earth and at the same time be able to reach the reality of the spiritual world, the bridge which will allow us to journey freely between the two worlds. How can we be on the earth and in the sun at the same time? I think this quest is the same quest as that of continuing to engage in the difficult process of meeting others, of working with others. In the play, it brings us back to the twin themes of freedom and commitment. What is it to stand on your own feet? What does it mean to make anew all contracts and promises? We are approaching again the way we seek both to express ourselves and to sacrifice ourselves.

In the hall at Botton there happened to be an exhibition of paintings to do with the life and destiny of Kaspar Hauser. He is such a significant figure for the Camphill impulse; I could experience through the beautiful paintings by Greg Trickler the significance of Kaspar Hauser for the building of this bridge between the spiritual world, spiritual nourishment and inspiration, and earthly social life. When we speak of social life it is interesting to explore how we can mean both what happens *between* people or what happens *within* people thanks to social interaction. We can experience social life as the bridge between spiritual life and individual destiny—social life as the schooling in self-knowledge and the spur to self-development; or we can concentrate more on the striving of the individual towards moral development creating the bridge between the spirit and social life. Kaspar Hauser's presence made me aware of this dual reality and brings me back again to the call for both commitment and freedom and how these two both depend upon and create each other.

An image given by Anke Weihs was recalled at one moment—that the Camphill impulse, together with many others, is like the salmon swimming upstream against the current towards the source in order to spawn. We belong in the stream of life even if we seem to be going against the current. We are in the world; we have our part to play. We in Camphill, and as individuals, have a particular task and nature within the wider whole. Within this picture then emerges the nature of the call for us to be leaders. It is not a call to seek power or authority or to demand influence, but rather it is a call to stand up for what matters to us, to take a stand. Community is built out of individuals taking a stand but in a magical way, this taking a stand leads to us being able to recognise others more clearly. The more we each are seen, recognised, and can be challenged and supported, the more we can do the same for others.

Finally, a more personal note. I saw lots of people whom I haven't seen for twenty-five years or more. In

my early years in Camphill I had quite a lot of contact with other people in connection with the Camphill Community. It then happened that my involvement in such things ceased and in Loch Arthur, while the substance of Camphill has been strongly worked and cultivated, the conscious nurturing of the life of the Camphill Community as a defined living entity has not been very evident. Perhaps it is that 'open secret' again. I found this meeting with the Camphill Community very strong, also the meetings with so many people. Such events are often overwhelming for me. The Festival did confirm for me that the meeting between people is the essence of what brings about our aims. In Dr. König's *Christmas Story* Karl König meets in the spirit a young man and holds out his hand to shake the other's. The young man does not take it, saying that when Dr. König recognises him, then he would be able to offer him his hand in greeting. As the two walk on, Karl König recalls a task and the people who would be waiting for him back in earthly life, and this recollection brings the two together. König recognises who it is he is walking with; now they can greet each other. He has recognised the other man—the task he has remembered is the decorating of the Christmas tree.

We were reminded of this scene during the last session of the Festival as one teaching us how universal is this daily need to be recognised and to recognise. For me it captured the deep links between recognising each other and the sharing of everyday, holy tasks, walking together in activity and celebration. Our activity, our self-expression can at the same time be fashioning us, individually and together, to be vessels or channels for something beyond our individual narrowness.

In the last session, too, the words of a poem by D H Lawrence were heard. Fran Clay had also chosen this poem a few weeks ago for a gathering which had at its heart the beginning of the story of the raising of Lazarus, from John's Gospel. She had chosen it to help reveal the calm entering into his destiny which Jesus shows in the gospel account. The poem begins with the words 'Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me' with the poet alluding to though not wishing fully to accept the words of Paul 'Not I, but Christ in me'. The poem ends, first, with a sudden influx of fear and then the overcoming of the fear, through opening up the self. Fear was not absent from our Festival for it is part of our souls' weather, but we were also graced to be able to admit those kingly powers of wisdom, compassion and conscience which live in and through human souls.

The Song of a Man who has Come Through

*Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
If only I am sensitive, subtle, Oh delicate,
A winged gift!
If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am
Borrowed
By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through
The chaos of the world
Life a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade
Inserted;
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip
Of a wedge*

*Driven by invisible blows,
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder,
We shall find the Hesperides.
Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul;
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.*

*What is the knocking?
What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm.*

*No, no, it is the three strange angels.
Admit them, admit them.*

D H LAWRENCE

*Bob is a practitioner of the Alexander
technique and a founding member of Loch Arthur.*

The Green Snake in Botton

Peter Bateson, Thornbury

The Camphill Community gathering in Botton was truly a festival, a joyous reunion of friends and a celebration of the impulse of Camphill which is undoubtedly as strong and radiant as ever, only inhabiting somewhat different forms and processes as it develops into the future. I took away with me the powerful impression that the Camphill impulse can continue to thrive wherever it is carried with conviction, love and idealism by individuals who are willing to work together for the good, no matter what the outer circumstances might be. I also see that the role of the Movement Group in this is to celebrate freedom and diversity, innovation and experiment, whilst always looking for the cohesive, unifying element which is the idealism at the core of what we do.

As expected, the common work on the play of *The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily* was central to the experience of the Botton gathering. Mischa Fekete and Simon van Holsteijn did a great deed in taking responsibility for the co-ordination of all the scenes and moulding them into one complete whole. In fact, once we were there in Botton, I had the feeling that a certain kind of magic took over—the creative, community-building power generated by the willingness of so many single individuals to (literally) play their part, however large or small, within the greater picture. We had only two rehearsal periods followed by the dress rehearsal and then the performance on the same evening, which lasted for two and a half hours. Apart from the actors on stage, which included a large eurythmy group, there were also four other substantial groups comprising the orchestra, choir, bell-ringers and speech chorus.

I did not have a part originally because the English-Welsh region was represented by the scene produced by Botton Village, together with a scene for just two people. However, owing to illness the Irish Region was one short and I was asked to step in as the Bronze King. I was very happy to say yes to this invitation. I was briefly tempted to say my few lines in a broad Irish accent, but good behaviour prevailed. Norbert Kus (Glencairg) was the Gold King, Diane Hart (The Bridge) the Silver King, and Margareta Kus the Mixed King (a tetchy and argumentative individual). Siobhan Porter (Glencairg) was the Green Snake and the Will O'Wisps were Johanna Bitter

(Mourne Grange) and Julie Thompson (Greenacres). The Old Man with the Lamp was Alfons Rohwerder from Ballybay. We four kings sat enthroned motionless below glittering metallic canopies at the back of the stage for the entire two and half hours. We almost needed physical help to stand up again at the end but we had a panoramic view of everything that happened.

It was arranged that the various people from different regions playing the same character, such as the Old Woman and the Man with the Lamp, would smoothly hand over from one to the other without any pause, for example by simply handing over the basket or the lamp as the action proceeded, and this worked beautifully every time. There were seven Old Women, five Old Men, four Green Snakes, four Lilies, four Ferryman, three princes, two sets of Kings, and five pairs of Will O'Wisps. Some of them were strikingly different in appearance from the ones that had gone before, which added to the richness and variety of the unfolding tapestry.

The play began with music composed and conducted by Christof-Andreas Lindenberg, with bluish-green eurythmic figures rippling and undulating across the front of the stage, representing the river. The first Will O'Wisps were a hilariously wicked and hysterical double act by Jennifer Gordon and Stephanie Newbatt from Scotland, dressed from head to foot in tartan, with very broad Aberdonian accents, carrying flickering flashlights and with squawking miniature bagpipes under their arms. They were very, very funny and the long-suffering Ferryman, Bob Clay (Loch Arthur) had a hard task to keep them under control while navigating his elegant Venetian gondola across the river.

The next scene, from the Southern African Region, showed Inez Zygla (Hermanus) and Christof Jensen (Camphill Village West Coast) as the Old Woman and Old Man, in a beautifully detailed interior set placed to the right of the auditorium. This was a quiet and intimate scene in contrast to the preceding one, but also extremely humorous and entertaining thanks in particular to the actors' finesse and comic timing.

The next scene was from Norway, with Elisabeth Huseboe-Alexandersson and Nils Langeland (both from Kristoffertunet) as the Old Woman and Ferryman. This Old Woman was very solid, gritty and down-to-earth, dressed in traditional regional Norwegian style and with a strong voice and no-nonsense attitude. How she roared with outrage when her hand turned black and when some of her 'vegetables' were stolen by the Giant! This was Dag Balavoine (Vallersund) disguised inside a huge padded costume with an enormous tangle of black hair, massive shoulders and gigantic platform boots which made him look like a cross between a giant scarecrow and Frankenstein's monster.

The Irish scene followed with a Green Snake who was a spectacular vision clad entirely in glittering emerald sequins and dragging behind her a sparkling tail at least ten feet long. The Irish Will O'Wisps were dressed like matching tin soldiers in very dapper scarlet tunics and trousers, each wearing a cheeky red fez with black tassel on his head. The keynote of their very lively performance was the element of pride and vanity, and the flattery with which they addressed the Snake.

The next scene saw another Old Woman, this time Flo Huntley (Delrow) together with Michael Balcombe (The Mount) as a very lugubrious and mournful Prince. Flo's

interpretation was again a great contrast to what had gone before. She was very prim and delicate, dressed in laces and flounces, with a large straw hat decorated with ribbons and flowers. She was a kind of 'Jane Austen' character, very refined and polite on the surface, and even coquettish towards the handsome young man, but with a glint of steel showing through from time to time. Michael was gloriously miserable and depressed, and also looked splendid in golden brocade doublet and hose with gold cloak and feathered hat in the Shakespearean style, also with an anatomically perfect replica of a small hooded hawk perched on his wrist!

Having crossed the river we entered the American scene, with Gry Brudvik (Soltane) as a wonderfully gentle and dignified Lily, Sylvia Bausman and Kristina Labaty (both from Copake) as the Old Woman and the Prince, and Sabine Steen (Triform) as the Green Snake. The Lily was supported by her three maidens, Sylvie Roberge (Sophia Creek), Debra Falkenberg (Kimberton Hills) and Andrea Janisch (Beaver Run). Also from the American Region was our faithful prompter, Grace Ann Peysson, from Kimberton Hills. In this scene everyone was delighted by the appearance of the utterly enchanting dog which came to life at the Lily's touch. This was Liam Noonan, a small co-worker child from Botton, dressed in a perfect little shaggy white and grey outfit with floppy ears in which he bounded round the stage on all fours looking exactly like a living, breathing and very playful Old English Sheepdog puppy.

The next scene was from Middle Europe, with Ute Beier (Hermannsberg) as the Lily, Denis Pascal (Perceval) as the Snake, Regine Bruhn (The Christian Community, Überlingen) as the Old Woman, and Taco Bay as the Old Man with the Lamp, giving his natural authority and depth of feeling to every sentence. Johannes Pichler (Hermannsberg) and Anita Pederson (Föhrenbühl) played two very flamboyant Will O'Wisps with towering peacock feathers in their hats. As three Green Snakes had been involved up to now they had no difficulty in joining together to form themselves into a circle around the body of the Prince.

The next scene was carried by the Baltic neighbourhood of the Northern Region. Eveliina Aaltonen was the Lily, Mika Aaltonen the Ferryman, Pauli Heikkinen the Old Man, Eija Kapiainen the Old Woman (all from

Finland) with Matti Remes (Staffansgården) as the Green Snake and Inge and Vilnis Neimanis (Rozkalni) as the Will O'Wisps. These last two have to take the 'Oscar' for best costume. Specially for the occasion they had made completely from scratch the most exquisite matching costumes of pale yellow and orange finely tailored floor-length tail coats and trousers with elaborate flame-coloured frills and furbelows for collars and cuffs, and high medieval pointed hats with extra flame-effects—absolutely stunning!

The forming of the risen temple was incredibly spectacular. The large group of eurythmic river figures took the Ferryman's hut to pieces from the corner of the stage and in slow motion carried the fragments, now turned inside out and glittering with silver, up and away and over their heads, shifting and turning at different angles, to float back together again in the centre of the auditorium. From my vantage point at the back of the stage I saw a multi-coloured and multi-faceted kaleidoscope of movement in this transition, with behind it in the distance the illuminated faces of the musicians, the bell ringers and the choir and also the audience receding away into the darkness.

The final scene was presented by a group of actors from Botton, including Rita Kort as the Lily and Erwin Wennekes as the Old Man. After the final words of the three kings in the risen temple and the investiture of the Prince with his kingly regalia, everything came together in a great climax of sound, light, colour, movement, music and singing and every single person present joined in the procession across the bridge and back again at the very end of the play, including all performers and the entire audience on their way out.

The whole play was an unforgettable experience, and the most striking impression of all was the way in which each single one did whatever they had to do with such dedication and devotion, with the great joy of simply being and working together to bring the images of the story brilliantly to life.

Peter is a senior co-worker in the Sheiling School Thornbury, active on various levels of the English-Welsh Region the Camphill Movement and Secretary of the Camphill Association of the UK and Ireland.

Orion III

Melville Segal, Orion, South Africa

The 3rd and final installment of a series about the background of Orion Community in South Africa.

At last I had a call from Veronica Jackson—Julian Sleigh had persuaded the Western Cape Community Chest to sponsor my salary as director of Orion for two years. '... So welcome to Orion.' I heard her say. I felt like the expectant father that was suddenly told that his wife had given birth to twins: I was elated and at the same time numb with shock. I lost no time in giving in my notice.

On the 29th June, Desiree's forty-third birthday, we drove away from Cluny Farm at five o'clock in the morning. Our eldest daughter Michelle, nineteen years old, had decided to stay in Johannesburg. Leaving her behind

was one of the things that Desiree wasn't happy about. She also left a wonderful job at a local factory with tremendous opportunities and financial rewards. But her husband was hurting and she hoped that Orion would be the place that he would find himself again.

All these positive feelings momentarily evaporated when we moved into the house that I had arranged to rent. To her horror, my little wife found mouse droppings. 'Rats!' She shrieked in disgust. 'You can just phone your friend and tell her that we are canceling the rent!' The lady concerned was out-of-town and by the time our message reached her, the house had been single-handedly cleaned and scrubbed by the distraught mother and all our things had been unpacked. I was yet to learn that we all have our different ways of settling down in

a new situation. The boys had to leave their friends behind and cope with adapting to a new school environment. The phone rang one morning and I heard my son Joel saying, 'Well my father is happy...'

In the meantime my main concern was that of transport. My new chairman, Alan Hiscock had not yet bought a car for his director. I had a week to settle my affairs before I finally began my new work. As the days passed I became more impatient and finally on Thursday I phoned Alan. I found him grateful that I was prepared to take on the task of finding a car. I adored the little Alfa-Romeo coupe I found at a bargain price and Alan had no objections. This was my first lesson in working with Alan: he was a very busy man and depended on me to take decisions as long as I consulted him and kept him informed. At all times I was given responsibility AND authority. Not in all his time as chairman of Orion did he ever once withdraw his support for my decisions—even when they were subsequently proven wrong.

On Monday the 8th July I began my work for Orion. I was very excited and thankful that my wish to work 'across the colour-line' was about to come true. With hindsight, I can see that I was very naive and unprepared for this new experience. Till then I had only worked in sheltered communities, dealing with the more affluent sections of the South African population.

My experiences in Camphill and later in Cluny left me somewhat disillusioned about closed and sheltered communities. I believed that there was a danger and ever-present tendency to make disabled residents dependent on the staff. One of the major attractions that Orion held, was the fact that it was to be centred in the city of Atlantis. I was confident that the work in Orion would not only benefit the children and adults in need of special care, but because the work itself was happening in the midst of city life, that it would positively affect the social fabric: Atlantis would have something to be proud of.

We first drove to the new farm that was being rented for the adults. My first impression was that it was entirely covered with wattle. In the pouring rain I could dimly see a small rambling narrow house in the distance. The sand had turned to slush and my little car slid along slowly in the general direction of the house. All the staff was there to welcome me into a rather large room that must have been intended to serve as a lounge cum dining-room. This was where the women worked round a big table. A narrow passage led from this room with a small kitchen and toilet on the one side and a single room that was being used as an office on the other. The passage itself led into another area that seemed to have been extended recently. The walls had not been plastered and on that day it looked particularly grey and miserable. This was the wood workshop in which there was an assortment of small light machine tools, a couple of tables and a workbench. On the far side a whole clutter of junk was stored. There was a door leading off to the backyard with a couple of corrugated iron shacks and a pit-drop toilet. I don't know what sort of setting I was expecting but this scene thoroughly depressed me. But with Veronica at my side, my gloom was not permitted to thrive. There



Fruit Bowl with Birds and Branches, Ruchika Madan

was too much to do. She led me as quickly as possible into the office.

'Before you get drawn into anything else, I want you to read everything in this drawer.' With that she pulled open a drawer that was overflowing with files. 'I have sorted all this out for you. These are the minutes of meetings that we have had. This is a whole assortment of letters which you must go through and ask me questions.'

It was the kindest thing this dear friend could have done for me. Were it not for her, I would have probably spent days picking around like a disgruntled chicken in the many odds and ends that were lying around. My dream had come true: I had arrived in Orion ... and as I landed—the surface was rough. But it was my new reality. Within the space of a couple of weeks four things were accomplished that had a long-standing effect on the future.

Firstly, the two persons at Tedalex who had promised Veronica help kept their word. Keith Dixon, the chief-administrator was one of the first to visit me and introduce me to a simple method of keeping accounts. He also noticed how cold it was in that building and sent down a supply of heaters from the Tedalex stock. Geoff Fry, on the other hand, made immediate arrangements that enabled the Orion driver, who could handle bigger machines, to use the machines on the Tedalex factory floor, to cut wood as the first stage of manufacture of wooden toys.

Secondly, on quite another front, I worked hard with Veronica to design a Letter of Appeal that would hopefully generate much-needed funds. Within the first week my chairman, Alan Hiscock, signed this letter.

Thirdly, we also had our share of good fortune. Word had evidently got around that Orion had a wood workshop. Atlantis Diesel Engines, the largest industry in Atlantis that produced diesel engines for the export market, arrived on our doorstep with huge trailers laden with large crates that engine parts had been shipped in. This was top quality European pine that was just not available in this country. Such crates had to be knocked down, which was a job that we had to pay casual labour to do—nevertheless, such quality wood never came cheaper.

Lastly, the local Atlantis bus company was persuaded to run a special bus to Orion. We still had to transport people in wheelchairs, but for the rest of the staff and

disabled workers it was nevertheless a great saving on the wear and tear of our rather dilapidated Kombi not to have to make more than one trip per day.

I began to implement some of the good advice that I had given during my training courses in Lenasia. Simple procedures such as keeping a tally on production output each day gave our workers incentive. Suddenly they were being noticed and even praised, which evidently surprised them, and they were wreathed in smiles. The staff running the workshops had not yet learnt the benefits of positive reinforcement. They were initially skeptical and saw such action as a waste of time. In their culture there was little space for such niceties. 'If I must praise him', they explained, 'then he just stops working and stands there smiling.' But in the end both staff and workers went out of their way to please the new director. This was a white director and in that society people had been brainwashed into subservience to the 'Wit Baas'. As far as the director was concerned, the driver Ralph's opinion probably summed up all their hopes and fears. 'You think his face is from a soft man—but I must warn you, don't get on the wrong side of this man!'

My first auspicious visitor, who I hoped would help us tremendously in the future, was Taco Bay, a leading member in the Camphill Community and The Christian Community. My main hope was to obtain funding from overseas and as a safeguard in case of emergency, I hoped that Camphill would ultimately come to my rescue. The day Taco Bay made his visit, it rained heavily and I was glad to see that the roof was leaking in the little workshop and in the backyard outbuildings. I was shamelessly intent on arousing sympathy. I thought that anyone would have had to be made of stone not to be moved by this situation. Taco came across as a fine man. In his conversation he seemed to speak and listen with his very heart. At the end of the day Veronica and I gave our visitor a lift back to Cape Town and I took the opportunity to ask him whether he thought that Camphill should support such a project.

'If you mean Camphill Village, then I would warn strongly against such a step. Melville you have to make a decision whether you want this Orion to have the support of your Atlantis community, or whether it should stand in Atlantis as a foreign organisation without community support. And if Orion should be a community project supported by Atlantis then it needs a person who will talk, eat and sleep Orion and not stand with one foot in Camphill. That person must be fully Orion. Now you must make up your mind whether you are this person...'

This was my first hard challenge. In the years that followed I often thought of the decision I made on that rainy afternoon on my drive back to Cape Town. There were quite big donations from Camphill centres in Europe, especially in those early years. But there was never a time that Orion was not completely autonomous and there were even occasions when Camphill Village bitterly disappointed me. As time moved on, it became abundantly clear that Camphill Village and Orion existed in two quite different worlds—each with their different aims and challenges—and it would have been naïve to have assumed a closer relationship.

At the end of this second month we had to make a major decision about Orion's future. Would we have a place for physically handicapped workers or would

our workshop only cater for those who were primarily intellectually impaired. Two of the supervisors in the woodwork shop, Desmond Volkwyn and Henry, were themselves paraplegic and naturally supported the idea of having a multi-diagnostic workshop. I had my doubts. Firstly, our production was still showing a loss and we could not afford to give physically disabled workers a salary. Our first applicant, Karel, assured me that he was prepared to work on the same basis as the others: free food and transport. Karel was a very special fellow who had a most congenial way with his more intellectually challenged teammates.

There is usually a great divide between the intellectually challenged and physically disabled person. The physically disabled person is greatly concerned about being 'lumped together' with mentally or intellectually challenged people; and is at pains to point out that they are 'OK from the neck up.' Such normality is their jealously guarded status symbol—they demand to be regarded as 'normal'. For this reason, it was necessary to form different associations on a regional and national level, to guide the implementation of facilities for the different types of disability: intellectually challenged, cerebral palsy, physically disabled, deaf and vision-impaired. But in a disadvantaged and impoverished community like Atlantis, there were not sufficient resources to provide separate workshops for each type of disability. So Orion found itself in the unusual situation of having one workshop that catered for the intellectually challenged, the physically disabled and later the deaf and the blind. This unique situation was of inestimable benefit to the financial viability and sustainability of the Orion Workshops. And contrary to all expectations, the Orion workers all worked happily together: the more severely handicapped workers doing the repetitive jobs that the intellectually endowed fellow workers considered boring.

Dominee Peters and I were talking about building a new workshop. 'You know that my church was built with a pre-fabricated steel-frame and bricks—it's a very cheap way of building,' Dominee explained. I contacted firms who specialised in this type of construction. Within a week I had plans which were very inexpensive. I showed them to our friend in the Housing and Development Department, Ms. Walsh, who pointed out that most of the factories were built in this way. It was then that I realised that we were about to embark on building a factory. This was very different to the type of workshops than I was accustomed to in Camphill. I took advice from Geoff Fry and with every moment the building got larger on paper. The whole idea was intimidating ... but also very exciting.

A new chapter in the development of Orion was about to begin. In anticipation of the move, Geoff Fry and I began to mull over various ideas that involved simple repetitive work. I did a certain amount of market research on picket-fencing with samples that Geoff made for me at Tedelex. He also took me to investigate the possibility of producing canvas chairs with simple wooden frames. But deep down, I wanted to stay with toy production. Our orders for toys had grown and I found it easy to find new customers. I was still convinced that so-called handicapped workers should produce smaller items with intrinsic beauty, as an eye-opener to the general public of their potential.

The increase in production was mainly due to heightened motivation of the workers themselves. The increasing pressure that such orders generated was a motivating factor in itself. Everybody listened attentively when I came to the workshops to tell about the new customers that had been found. It was always exhilarating for me to see their chests filling out with pride that their products were sought after. On the other hand I had to be careful not to over-extend our production capacity and disappoint prospective customers. The male staff, however, pushed the point that our workers needed to be paid. They needed to go home with a pay-packet because this is what their families could understand and what could increase their self-esteem. Our production was, however, still showing a loss. The ladies in our workshop were doing a very work-intensive contract in making small pom-poms and earned next to nothing. Finally, on the 4th of October 1985, we began to pay our workers the modest sum of R5 a week. I was absolutely amazed to see how completely ignorant they were about money. Just Karel who was only physically disabled could count to five. But they were bursting with pride and on that Friday afternoon they could hardly wait to board the bus home.

Two weeks later the first Trustee Meeting was convened during which I was duly reprimanded for the high production costs. This did not bother me because I had a vision of where we were going. There were other costs I had imagined we could cut. A few days later I raised my ideas on such cuts in our workshop staff meeting. I pointed out that the new factory flat was in the industrial area of Atlantis and that people could walk to work. I also felt that it was not necessary to provide our workers with lunch that included three cooked meals a week. But for the first time I met with strenuous resistance. The staff usually listened in a compliant and even apathetic mood, but after hearing these proposals, I was literally shouted down.

'Do you know why we started Orion, Mr Segal?' Jean Osendorp asked with her little brown eyes gleaming. 'We wanted a place where our children could be safe.'

'But these are not children. Do we want to continue to treat them like children?' I countered.

'Even we grown-ups are in danger, just walking to and from work in the evenings.' Somebody else pointed out.

'We women take our lives in our hands when we walk the streets.' Another voice joined the chorus.

I bowed my head and indicated that I understood and accepted the point as valid. To my added shame, they had to point out what the Orion meal meant for most of the workers. Some never knew what a warm meal was and the cup of tea and a slice of bread at ten o'clock each morning was often the first meal that they had for the day. I nodded my head again and realised how much I still had to learn. This was always my greatest shame and would eventually prove to be my Achilles heel—I had never tasted poverty in all its pain.

Then the tide began to change. In the first days of November we moved from Salaam Farm to an industrial flat on the outskirts of the industrial area of Atlantis. In our new premises production soared. Through a contact of Geoff Fry's, we were given the patterns for a range of educational soft toys filled with foam. I had little success in trying to establish a production routine. There was no way that Mrs. Meyer was going to listen to my suggestions...so they plodded on in their own style. Although the workshop was all in one area, we managed to place the woodwork machinery that was unpacked for the first time in positions that did not cover the ladies' soft toys with sawdust. Also for the first time, we were able to use spray guns for the colouring of our wooden toys.

Within days Orion received a huge donation from a Camphill Centre in Scotland, Blair Drummond. On that day I opened a savings account for Orion for the first time. Tedelex had their annual dance, which that year was in aid of Orion. Again, it was a sizeable donation. Once again Orion had proved its capacity to survive with the help and determination from people both within, and with the understanding and generosity of others.

Theatre and Community

Perspectives on Drama in Steiner schools and Camphill Villages

Per Engebretsen

This article first appeared in Landsbyliv, the Norwegian Camphill magazine. Translated from the Norwegian by Jan Martin Bang.

Some years ago I was at a Christmas play with parents, teachers and pupils at the Steiner school in Ring-erike in Norway. It was the play about the shepherds, and Joseph and Mary. The play was performed by the villagers at Solborg Camphill village, neighbours to the school. Once again I was deeply moved by this dramatisation, presented in the context of the village and the school. I was struck once more how important theatre can be. What is it about Steiner schools and Camphill villages that can create this?

The village barn is transformed into a medieval square where the players use the entrances, exits, and windows

as their scene. We gather in the farmyard and through the main entrance come the assembled players with Joseph and Mary leading the way. All together we make up a considerable procession and arrive at the scene itself. The star speaker welcomes us. The angel Gabriel enters from behind us, past the spectators, the ox, cows, calves, horses, sheep and chickens. He strides to centre stage.

The Virgin Mary and Joseph travel on, knocking on doors, and we spectators follow. They have to travel far and after a circuit of the village we come again back to the barn. Here at last they are given shelter and we are guided into the dairy. Here the cows, sheep, horses and calves are carefully placed to create a living stage. There is plenty of fresh straw on the floor, so we avoid getting our shoes dirty, but we smell the rich barnyard odour. Here the rest of the play unfolds and the barn

is large enough so that there is a separate area for the shepherd's scene. Right at the back near the calves the orchestra have their own place, with music stands and a piano.

The performance really consists of two plays which are often put together. In the first part we meet Joseph and Mary on their way to Bethlehem to pay their tax and to be inscribed in the census. In the second come the shepherds who after a revelation in a dream travel to find the baby Jesus.

This is a play that has been performed in Camphill villages and in Steiner schools since the first school began in the Waldorf factory in Stuttgart. Not just the teachers, also pupils, and often parents as well, are involved. In the villages nearly everyone sooner or later gets a part. There need not be that many players, but it's a good play, everyone needs to work together. The plays come from the small village of Oberufer near the Danube in Southern Germany. There are also other medieval plays based on the Gospel of Luke that are performed in Camphill villages. Karl Julius Schroer, a teacher and friend of Rudolf Steiner, wrote them down in the 1850s and Rudolf Steiner gave them new life by having them performed in the Waldorf school. Subsequently they have become standard fare in many Camphill schools and villages. Somehow it isn't really Christmas without them. The plays themselves become the festival, not just a performance. In spite of all the stress and the work needed to produce them during this busy and dark season, we all come to love them. We are allotted our roles and it comes as no surprise when someone gets this part or that. 'Are you going to be a shepherd?' 'Oh my! How fitting it is that you are going to be Mary this year!' And so on. Even though we have done them so often, it's always a challenge to learn the lines. Even though the pictures from the play lie hidden in us all through the year, we have to strive anew each time to get them right.

Behind the noble motives of keeping traditions alive and the joy of making the everyday more alive, there are also elements of a religious/spiritual view of life that are to my mind expressed in this way. These are central motives about understanding human beings and the world and about the courage to bring alive what lies much deeper. Seen in this light the plays are not just fun projects and breaks from everyday life.

Community can be created and enhanced by theatre. When in our communities we work such performances with the villagers, we find a great deal of meaning contained within them that is relevant for everyday lives. In the village it is important to create images of the festival message: often the performance gets a far deeper significance. When a play is performed something new can arise between those involved. This can be a new perception of each other, as if we begin to see, listen and sense each other in a new way. It is as if words, tones and gestures begin to resonate within each of us. Through shared experiences and exertions awakens a new interest for the other, so we begin to see each other over and above the impediments we all have. Something real and human can sometimes be glimpsed through this interest, feelings of trust and community emerge. We can each of us sense that drama is not something we do just to get away from the daily round, but an opportunity to lead us to acknowledge what it is to be human. If the

task of our villages is to create community, we must give this art form its due place. Not as entertainment, but as an essential tool to find the true human being within each person.

The distinctive character of theatre is that it is fleeting and transient. Theatre is not a long lasting piece of art, it is short term and then it ends. Its transitory character can speak to us of the moment. This is drama's strength and meaning. It should not be self-conscious. Attempts at consciously meaningful theatre nearly always fail. However, theatre can intercept that which is growing, but it can't force or manipulate growth, then theatre becomes unimportant.

My feeling is that much of modern theatre has become entertainment, and has lost much of its importance. It has also distanced itself from the public, while I experience time and again that the simple, short performances in Steiner schools and Camphill villages manage to connect with the audience. It is as if the performance succeeds in capturing and in becoming a part of the community development by becoming a connection, or a magnetic field between people and their creative tasks. Those times when this feeling is not so strong can sometimes be the result of the performance being a recycling of earlier traditions, fixed in a tableau ticking over in endless repetition. It is just presenting something where dance, movement, the physical and the visual dominate the dialogue, and the artistic rules of the relationship between form and content have more or less vanished. Communication and relationships have dissolved. The performance is experienced as something artificial. When the totality rots away in this manner, the performance is experienced as chaotic, noisy and untidy, lacking any message.

Human connections and co-operation are really possible within community. When work with theatre in the Steiner schools and Camphill villages so often manage to achieve this, is this one of the fruits of the anthroposophic impulse? In spite of the fact that more theatre is performed in our villages than in any other institutions, my experience is that theatre is not an independent sphere. There is practically no literature in Norwegian about theatre and its importance in the village life. As far as I know there are few co-workers with a background or training in drama, but sooner or later most people in the village will be involved in some theatre production. My impression is that it is the ordinary co-worker who is often the driving force behind theatrical work with villagers, not just the 'specialists'. Maybe this is not a conscious result of practical work with the village impulse, but it certainly contains a message that we need to work on.

For me it's important to know that theatre work creates fellowship. In that case it needs to take as its starting point questions which are alive for us the participants, whether we are co-workers, villagers or audience. This means that everyone who is working in or attached to a village must be conscious of their work, and their relationship to the anthroposophic view of the human being.

Per Engebretsen was for many years a co-worker at Vidaråsen and at Solborg Camphill villages in Norway before retraining as a Steiner school teacher specialising in drama. He now works at a curative education school in Oslo.

Reviews

My Manifesto for the Earth

Michail Gorbachev

Temple Lodge 2006

Reviewed by Muriel Valentien

In recent years one could ask: How is it with Gorbachev? When there is so little to inspire us on the political level, why does one hear so little about a man who, a comparatively short time ago, brought about the transformation of a vast empire and preserved two atomic world powers from a dangerous confrontation?

Not seldom do world reformers pay for their deeds with their lives and of this possibility, as President of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republic, Michail Gorbachev was fully aware. He lives on, however. In his recent book, *My Manifesto for the Earth*, he writes as follows about the time since his resignation of power: 'As if my whole earlier life had been a preparation for this, I took on the leadership in 1993 of the non-governmental Green Cross International. This 'cross' I have now been carrying for ten years.'

One can see this book as a statement of his philosophy of life, but also as a description of his tireless commitment to the well-being and development of our world. In our present time, when new and threatening international confrontations are rapidly increasing, his message is more timely than ever.

His, 'whole earlier life' he summarizes in a few pages. Born in 1931 in the region of Stavropol in the North Caucasus, he grew up in extreme poverty, in a hut with a sand floor shared with cow, hens and ducks. Many of his fellow villagers died in the terrible famine of 1933, said to have been brought about through wrong measures of the government. Farm production was ruined through collectivism, which destroyed the farmers' traditional way of life, many of them being banished to Siberia. Then came Stalin's purge, with its imprisonments and executions. And in 1941, the German invasion.

From his earliest boyhood he has had a deep love of Nature, whose devastation, continuing in the post-war years, became one of the driving forces for reform in his career. In all his growing-up years he was aware of the economic, social and ecological catastrophes towards which his country was heading. To this came his deep abhorrence of war, arising out of shocking experiences in childhood and youth in his own neighbourhood, later in witnessing the ruins of major Russian cities.

By the time he became President of the USSR in 1985 he had already developed ideas for reforming his country. He then proposed three goals: *Perestroika* (radical reform); 'Glasnost' (openness); and acceleration (of the new technology, in order to keep up with the globalized world). He writes how the new freedom of opinion electrified society, which was like a boiler with a screwed-on lid in which problems had collected over decades. Society seethed. And the first theme taken up in the newly awakened consciousness of its citizens was the ecology, and the living conditions of millions upon millions of Soviet people.

The pollution of air, water and earth in the industrial centres, the spreading illnesses, were conditions calling forth day-long protest campaigns. And Gorbachev went to meet the demands. Between one and two thousand businesses were shut down for reasons of ecology,

although many of these were producing indispensable commodities. And the planned project to re-direct the great Siberian rivers in reverse direction—a project which would have let loose nature catastrophes in the whole region of Eurasia—was abandoned. To mention only two examples of these first reforms.

A year after he came to power there occurred the catastrophe of Chernobyl, a reminder of the dangers of our technical civilization. This emphasized the necessity for *Perestroika* and *Glasnost*, for the Soviet Union as also for the world. The 'new thinking', as Gorbachev called it, prepared the way for the international meetings which followed.

The ending of the Cold War and the positive steps towards international easing of tension in these years, we have all experienced. Although he only mentions briefly the circumstances of his resignation from office, Gorbachev expresses his disappointment over the falling apart of the Soviet Union, which he would like to have preserved as a true federation.

After this resignation, he first founded the 'Gorbachev Fund' with the aim of developing, together with respected politicians and intellectuals from different countries, ideas for a humanistic civilization for the 21st century. Through the environment summit in Rio de Janeiro in 1992, he felt in addition the impulse to turn to those problems which had lain at his heart since childhood: the rescue and preservation of the environment. Such questions he sees as indivisible from freedom, security and social justice.

The threatening situation of mankind and the planet is unsparingly described. Gorbachev criticizes the consumer society and its trust in technology and pleads for social reconciliation and solutions in the framework of the United Nations. In spite of all disappointments and downward developments he remains an optimist, with trust in the countless groups of the civilian society, the non-governmental organizations which are striving, around the whole world, to bring about mutually constructive ways of living together. 'I refuse to accept the possibility of mankind's coming to an end—no matter what trials still await us. That is my Credo—that of an incorrigible optimist.'

For many readers, the problems of the environment and society which Gorbachev clearly, soberly and comprehensively describes, are not new. It should also not surprise us that a personal change is asked for, in thinking as also in action, if a future for mankind is to be hoped for. But this transformation of values and consciousness, the importance of the individual commitment—these are the guiding principles in the manifesto of a man who carried the burden of the political evils of the 20th century on his shoulders and risked his own life, in recognizing the moment when a change was asked for in world history, and in acting accordingly.

My Manifesto for the Earth by Michail Gorbachev was first published in French in 2002, in German from the Russian manuscript in 2003, and now in the English language by Temple Lodge in May 2006. It is available from: www.clairviewbooks.com or from Temple Lodge's Booksource 0141 558 1366

This review first appeared in German in Das Goetheanum, December 2004.

Jesus, Lazarus, and the Messiah Unveiling Three Christian Mysteries

Charles S. Tidball with Robert Powell
Steiner Books 2005, 280 pages, \$25

Reviewed by Wain Farrants, Botton Village, England

The author, Charles S. Tidball, is a chemist, pharmacologist, physiologist and medical doctor. He has co-authored with two other colleagues, *Taking Women Seriously: Lessons and Legacies for Educating the Majority*.

Two chapters are written by Robert Powell, PhD (Astronomy), a therapeutic eurythmist and author of a number of books on Christianity and Astrosophy, in particular *Chronicle of the Living Christ: The Life & Ministry of Jesus Christ* (Steiner Books, 1996).

Following an introduction for readers unfamiliar with anthroposophy, Charles Tidball turns to the subject of the two Jesus children. In addition to the evidence produced by most writers on this subject, he includes some observations by Rev. Alfred Heidenreich, who once visited the Holy Land and found some evidence that the two Jesus children were born in two different places in Bethlehem and lived in two different places in Nazareth. In fact, there is even a grave in which the Solomon Jesus may have been buried.

The book includes many selections from the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich (1774–1824) of the life of Christ, taken from Robert Powell's compilation, and visions of Birgitta Persson (1303–1373).

Deaths

Helga Dressel, born 29th Dec 1924, has crossed the threshold after a severe illness. From July 1964 to December 1976 she worked in Föhrenbühl as a housemother, music-therapist and as a nurse with Georg von Arnim. After some years in Hermannsberg, where she worked as a nurse and as a housemother, she retired and moved to Bremen. Her last months were spent in an old peoples' home of The Christian Community in Kassel where she was cared for by Heike Schaumann, a friend of hers.

Richard Steel and Peter Beier

Inger Marie Raastad, a villager at Vidaråsen, died peacefully at Ita Wegman house on April 30th. She was 60 and had lived in the village for 26 years. She had been growing weaker over a long period but continued to spread joy around her until the end.

Will Brown

Pauline Cullen died peacefully in Camphill Community Kyle in the South of Ireland, where she had lived for many years. Pauline had been a child in Ballytobin School and then moved on to Kyle. She was 37 years old and was always very much loved and the centre of attention. She had a severe physical disability.

Edeline LeFevre for Jenny Frister

Jean Taylor, a resident in Blair Drummond died on 7th June. She had been there for 17 years. She was 41 years old and was a popular member of the community.

Ena Wood

Charles Tidball describes how the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich led Robert Powell to the precise and radical dates of birth for the Solomon Jesus (5th March 6 BCE) and the Nathan Jesus (6th December 2 BCE). Sister Emmerich also had visions of Mary as a very young child before she was old enough to bear children. She beheld Mary with two, as yet unborn, boys whose difference in ages is consistent with Dr. Powell's calculation of four years nine months.

Since the subject of the two Jesus Children is reaching saturation point in anthroposophical literature, I prefer to pass on to the next section, which I would like to introduce in the form of a quiz!

Question One: *Who wrote the Gospel of St. John, the Letters of John and the Book of Revelation?*

Answer: Most Christians would simply say, John or the Apostle John. However, already in 1901, Rudolf Steiner revealed in his book, *Christianity as Mystical Fact*, that the brother of Mary Magdalene and Martha—Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead in a mystery initiation—wrote these documents, not John the brother of James.

Question Two: *When [Christ] Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved, standing beside her, he said to his mother, 'Woman, here is your son!' Then he said to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home. (John 19:26–27)*

The question is, who took Mary, the Mother of Christ Jesus, into his home?

Answer: I suspect most anthroposophists would say, Lazarus-John. But if you believe the visions of Sister Emmerich the correct answer is the Apostle John! The Apostle John, son of Zebedee, took the Blessed Virgin Mary to Ephesus. There she died (15th August 44 AD), John returned to Jerusalem and was later martyred. Lazarus, his sisters Mary Magdalene and Martha with their two maidservants, Chelitonius (the man born blind) and another disciple named Maximin were set adrift in a boat. By divine providence, they landed in a place that is now called St. Maries-de-la-Mer. Lazarus became Bishop of Massilia, present-day Marseilles, and you can inform any readers of *The Da Vinci Code* that Mary Magdalene became a hermit in a cave in the area of Sainte-Baume in Provence. Much later Lazarus went into exile in Patmos (c. 95 AD) and died in Ephesus (c. 100 AD). This also agrees with orthodox theology.

Question Three: *Who was the disciple who laid at the breast of Christ at the Last Supper?*

Answer: Credit is given to Dr. Karl König, *The Mystery of John and the Cycle of the Year*, for his many valuable insights and his identification of five parts to the Last Supper:

1. *The Festival of the Passover, the preparation and meal, described only by Sister Emmerich.*
2. *The sacramental inauguration of the Holy Mass, described only in Matthew, Mark and Luke.*
3. *The Washing of the Feet, described by Sister Emmerich and John.*
4. *Naming the traitor and the question of Lazarus-John in more than one sense.*
5. *The Farewell Discourses in more than one sense. König's suggestion is that Lazarus-John only enters when the washing of the feet begins. Judas was still there so Lazarus lay as the thirteenth on the bosom*

of Christ Jesus. When Judas leaves, Lazarus-John, the Eagle, takes the place of Judas, the Scorpion. Lazarus-John was not one of the three chosen disciples who fell asleep in Golgotha.

Robert Powell translates relevant passages from Rev. Irene Johanson's book, *Die Drei Jünger Johannes* (Verlag Urachhaus, 1997). She reminds us that 'Lazarus, having been initiated by Christ Jesus himself, was able to move freely outside of his body, and thus it was not necessary for him to be *physically present* at the Last Supper because he was able to be *spiritually present*.' In fact, Lazarus was able to indwell John the son of Zebedee!

Therefore, the answer to the third question is, 'The Apostle John, the son of Zebedee, was certainly the disciple lying on the breast of Christ Jesus, but the disciple whom Christ loved, Lazarus-John, was completely visible to the eyes of Christ, indwelling the Apostle John.'

This also explains how Christ could be addressing the disciple, whom he loved, Lazarus-John, but the Apostle John of Zebedee cared for Mary, the Mother of Christ Jesus.

This well organised book includes a detailed index and an extensive glossary, intended for people new to this subject, in particular anthroposophy. There are also reproductions in black and white of four paintings depicting the two Jesus Children.

Throughout the book, Tidball and Powell make frequent references to Rudolf Steiner. However, it is sad that so many people have been rebuffed for daring to deepen Steiner's original insights from other sources and out of themselves—we can begin with Ita Wegman—but that would be a whole essay in itself.

*Wain is an astrophysicist
and is once again running Botton Bookshop.*

Letters

Dear friends!

I work at Staffansgården in Sweden and am, amongst other things, responsible for our little craft and gift shop. I am sure that all over the world in our Camphill places we have similar small, or larger, shops where we sell our own products. And most of the time we never know what wonderful things are produced in our various places.

So I came up with an idea to make a list of all the shops that exist within our movement and of the produce they are stocked with, including prices. I would compile all the information received by you and send out a list to all the places. Thereafter those who wish could get in touch with the others and 'exchange', or buy, products from each other for their various shops. Those places which have workshops but no shops could nonetheless include their products on the list and state at the same time that they could sell products but not buy. We at Staffansgården would in any case be more than interested to have products from different Camphill places in our shop. One more way to link up with each other.

I am aware that this might become a larger project. In order to stay focused I would like to ask for the above mentioned information by October 1st 2006. This gives us four months to get active.

With warmest greetings,

Sabine Campling

'Butiken', Camphill Staffansgården, Furugatan 1,
82060 Delsbo, Sweden
tel: 00 46 653 16850 fax: 00 46 653 10968

Super-cheap Package Holidays in sunny far-flung places can be very tempting to winter weary tourists. But, consider the matter a little deeper, and you will find that they are often in places that were previously unspoilt, unpolluted natural beauty spots that have been turned into anonymous concrete jungles of ugly hotels. They are often inhabited by people looking for cheap sun and even cheaper alcohol, with no interest or respect for the local people and their culture. Like large, cheap supermarkets they impose themselves clumsily and unattractively selling their plastic covered wares brashly and impersonally.

Nine of us from Camphill Solborg in Norway recently spent a week on an 'Unpackaged Holiday' in Greece, 20 miles from beautiful Delphi, and only a mile or so from Estia, the closest thing you'll find to Camphill in Greece, where we were given a grand welcome. We stayed at Ariadne, where Panos and Despina have four gorgeous double apartments for rent in their alternative seminar centre, and they make the best and biggest breakfasts for miles around. Their place overlooks Galixidi, a lovely little typically Greek town on the Gulf of Corinth. Their garden is burgeoning with lemons, olives, loquats and flowers, and their hearts are full of fun and hospitality... We recommend a visit! Contact them by e-mail at:

ariadne@diadromes.com

www.ariadne.diadromes.com

Ruth Wilson, Camphill Solborg, Norway

A Retreat on Power A Free Spiritual Life Initiative

Someone told me recently how surprised they were to read in the book *A Sense for Community* (Directions for Change 2003), a remark indicating that I had only just realised that 'Power is an issue in Camphill'.

I would like to talk about this issue with anyone who would find it an interesting subject.

We could try to understand in what way power might be an issue in places of the Camphill Movement, and what makes it possible for any of us to suffer from the misuse of power and influence, in personal and group situations? I suggest having a short retreat about such questions. It can be held in The Grange Village in England at Martinmas 10th–12th November 2006.

Please contact me if you are interested in this subject.

Michael Luxford,
Camphill Milton Keynes Community UK
tel: +44 (0) 1908 393622
email: mjluxford@hotmail.com

Obituaries

Faith Brosse

12th February 1933–28th March 2006

Faith joined Camphill in her late 30s and for the next 35 years she lived the Camphill way of life fully, imbued with its aims and values and taking up the opportunities it offers.

Faith was instrumental in bringing about Clanabogan Community in Omagh, Northern Ireland and, having become ill at Christmas time, on 28th March she died peacefully there, surrounded by friends.

Faith spent her years in Camphill caring for and about people, befriending them in a special way. She made all sorts of friends and many a person needing special care and attention was taken under Faith's wing. She shared trips and holidays, gave cards and gifts, offered hospitality and thoughtful kindnesses. Faith really enjoyed her friends and at the end the love she had given them flowed back to her.

Faith was born in London in 1933 and with her younger brother had a happy childhood despite the outbreak of World War II. She enjoyed a successful career as a teacher of dance—ballet, ballroom, Scottish and modern dancing—until her mid 30s when she went to teach at Delrow College near Watford. Through reading philosophy and psychology Faith had been searching for something more meaningful and she was attracted to life in Camphill.

In 1970 she joined Newton Dee Village in Scotland as a housemother and that was henceforth her primary role, supplemented over the years by running workshops and teaching dance to adults and later children.

Fairly soon Faith met the deeper background and spiritual foundation of Camphill and she made connections which were to last all her life.

A couple of years later she moved to Glenraig in Northern Ireland which was initiating the pioneering vision of a community in which disabled children and adults were part of the same house community. She was busy there for nearly a decade. As Mourne Grange developed it needed more help and, seeking a less demanding lifestyle, Faith moved there at the end of the 80s until her mother's increasing age and illness necessitated a move back to England.

After a while Faith was able to live with her mother in Delrow which Mrs Brosse enjoyed until her death aged 92.

All this time the seeds of further destiny were germinating. While in Glenraig Faith had received into her house a young man who had suffered a serious head injury. Donald Stewart was a brilliant mathematician who became disabled through a fall, and it was Faith who was determined that he could find a place in Camphill. Her friendship with Donald's mother and aunts grew over the years and she spent holidays with them in their family home at Clanabogan outside Omagh.

By the early 1980s Camphill in Northern Ireland was considering starting another village community for



pupils leaving Glenraig and the idea grew among Faith and Donald's family that their property might be suitable as it comprised a rundown farm and a fairly large house with outbuildings. Eventually this property was bought for the work of Camphill and in 1989 Faith left Delrow to join the new village as the community expanded.

There followed another rich and happy time for Faith. She knew many of the co-workers and villagers from former times and she also established friendships with the local people who supported the community at Clanabogan.

So we can say that Faith accompanied Clanabogan from its conception and birth as a Camphill community until it came of age in 2005 when the 21st birthday was celebrated.

All Faith's abilities blossomed during her life in Camphill. She was able to use all her gifts for the enrichment of others: baking, jam and juice-making, sewing, embroidery, flower arranging, homemaking, writing and telling stories, giving talks and lessons.

Faith was especially connected to all the Christian and seasonal festivals and decorated her house and the Hall most beautifully. The Christian Community, the Offering Service and Bible Evenings were very dear to her.

In particular Faith's dramatic gifts flourished. As well as producing Karl König's festival plays she used her abilities in dance, mime and poetry-speaking to bring about magnificent plays, tableaux vivants and masques, as she called them, of her own. These were enactments of Bible texts or Camphill themes written, costumed, staged and produced by Faith herself, involving large numbers of co-workers and villagers. They were usually presented at festivals for the enjoyment and admiration of neighbours and families. Her final achievement in this area was a modern Nativity play in which Mary, dressed in jeans, gave birth among homeless people against the threats from entertainment culture, one-sided science and materialistic commerce.

Blessed with a bright, sunny disposition Faith had a positive outlook on life and her radiant smile brought light into many situations. She met life with interest, energy and enjoyment, and her sense of fun made her shine in parties and skits.

In her last years after she retired from running a house, Faith enjoyed herself immensely: holidays at the Mediterranean, walking in Switzerland, outings on local buses, gardening, and her remaining tasks in the Community faithfully fulfilled.

For as Rev. Ben van Lieshout said: Faith lived up to her name. Everything she did was gracefully and properly done, an expression of her commitment and love for Camphill and her belief that ordinary life can be christianised by hard work and dedication.

Cherry How, Clanabogan, Northern Ireland

A Thanksgiving to Faith Brosse

Lenie and I are very thankful to Faith for the special part she played in our destiny during these last 33 years. In the course of time it became ever clearer that it was no mere coincidence that I was invited in March 1973 to come for three months to Glenraig and to help Faith as housefather in her house community. Neither was it accidental that this invitation reached me in Botton Village on the first anniversary of the day on which we had buried my mother's urn in Germany. My mother must have had a subconscious presentiment that the last part of my life would be connected with Ireland, because in September 1971, during what became unexpectedly my last holiday with her, my mother spoke with me several times about Ireland. Yet, I can never imagine my connection to Ireland without our close connection to Faith Brosse.

I have to thank Faith also, for inviting me again to help her as housefather in 1974 and 1975, when she became housemother in Dell O'Grace. At that time Donald Stewart joined Glenraig and lived with us in Dell O'Grace. I will never forget our very first excursion to Clanabogan, with the whole house community, when we walked over to the local church and were shown the beautiful and ancient christening vessel. In retrospect this seems to me like a land of baptism for us and for Camphill.

In recent years Faith mentioned to Lenie and me a few times that, already at that time when I lived with her in Dell O'Grace and Lenie would come occasionally to have a meal with us, she had a strong feeling that Lenie and I belonged together. This was a few years before even we ourselves realized it. Thus, Faith must have been a little clairvoyant as well. We were deeply moved when she told us this, and for us the obvious reason for inviting Faith to be the witness at our silver wedding last year. Yet we could never have imagined that she would be called back to the spirit land even before us.

Finally, and we speak for the whole community of Clanabogan, we must thank Faith for all the beauty she created around her, both outside and inside, and for the many plays and 'Tableaux Vivants' she created and directed, and invited us to share with her, either by participating or as audience. Especially her last play 'Christmas in a Cardboard City', in which she showed us that Christmas is not only a festival in commemoration of an event two thousand years ago, but that Christmas happens every year anew.

Thank you Faith!

Manfred Seyfert-Landgraf
Clanabogan, Northern Ireland

Gloria Vincent

16th April 1930–11th December 2005

Gloria was born not far from Sheffield, the 'steel city', and she often remarked about its relevance to 'earthly strength'. This appeared also outwardly true of Gloria, who was outwardly strong and tall and who strove valiantly for inner strength.

She grew up with a sister eight years her junior. At secondary school her gifts for drawing and painting resulted in a scholarship for art school, whereupon she spent a holiday in Royal Deeside to further her talent. After having met a group of special needs children there—she had ran away from home at the age of 16—she applied to Camphill, Aberdeen, following her heart after having met the children and their carers. Dr. König was delighted to include an enthusiastic 'native English-speaking' young co-worker as he sensed a great potential in the rebellious teenager.

In Camphill she received guidance and education, practised her special skills, joined the first 'Seminar' group and became a member of the first youth group.

Gloria brought much initiative and enthusiasm towards many aspects of our work. She studied anthropology and became an outstanding and dedicated class teacher in St. John's School, and also temporarily in the Sheiling Schools, Ringwood. However, unable to settle in the demanding social setting of Camphill she left Camphill in 1955 or 56 for Switzerland through the help of a good friend. Here she eventually took on Swiss citizenship after having earned her neces-



sary qualifications to become a teacher with special needs children as well as in mainstream schools.

As a temporary patient in the Ita Wegman Clinic in Arlesheim near Basel she had a strong experience of 'home coming' and this was her starting point at first. However, later on she found her way to several other schools and led an outwardly fulfilling and successful life in teaching for many years. Then came a call towards priesthood—Gloria was due to join the priest seminar of The Christian Community when meningitis struck with such force that she became debilitated at the age of 48. Despite courageous efforts to return to work her health declined steadily and Gloria had to accept retirement in a nursing home in Arlesheim,

supported by many friends. Here she led a secluded life in the care she needed, often looking back to the important years in Camphill, treasuring her memories of Dr. König and many other friends.

The last weeks were spent again in the Ita Wegman Clinic in Arlesheim, from where she was graced to experience her final 'home coming' on 11th December, 2005 at the age of 75. Her passing was experienced as a great loss to all who knew her.

We may now accompany our friend in the light of the spirit for which she had searched so longingly throughout her life. We trust that peace and clarity in her future destiny may follow the many years of faithful striving for the good.

Nora Bock, Camphill Schools, Aberdeen

The before-and-after-waldorfteacher for me

Reading the former staff-child Roswitha van der Stock's obituary of Gloria Vincent (*Camphill Correspondence* May/June 2006), I too remember, but as one of the 'special children' in her class. Mostly Roman History and Gloria's harsh, warm, sheltering firmness. Never forgotten, the unpleasant tease by these staff-children in Gloria's class. Years later in Sweden, Stefan Engqvist's brother Christer (my friend Stefan and I shared the time at Murtle and Newton Dee) and I discussed this matter, searching for an answer: 'We special children were the reason that the staff-children actually had no parents and had to suffer for the loss by making us aware of our 'otherness''. Roswitha in her obituary calls her 'fairly large group of 'staff-children' 'semi-delinquent'. With them and us were the real delinquents, the maladjusted adolescents, 'like strangers here on Earth' (Superintendent's report 1955:51).

Dearest Gloria had a real tough time! Once I had to write a hundred times 'I will behave'. Only the name Christine Weihs in Roswitha's obituary I can connect with the person. She was, perhaps that she

behaved less 'semi-delinquent', the object of my secret pubertal admiration, knowing well the dividing gap between us and them.

At Newton Dee, cared by dormitoryfather Julian Sleigh in the room with the red balcony, Gloria invited me to her rather darkish backroom in the cottage; the frontrooms were occupied by the Weihs family. I still see myself in front of her crystal collection in a glassed, lit cupboard. Gloria was and is part of my Camphill-memory whenever looking at my crystal collection, forgotten which of them was the starting Gloria gift. The strength for my work outside Camphill originates from this Bielsidetime and this time's Camphill people, the staff-children-mirror as important part of it.

Karl König formulated these early years as three pillars and three stars. Here in Sweden I accept society's law and at my works the ever changing rules. In exchange accepts the three pillars and stars meaning and attitude, constantly endangered by my own inner-ever-tempting and the outer threatening enemy.

Stephan Linsenhoff, Sweden

Peter Bromley

26th August 1938–10th February 2006

Elisabeth and Chas Bamford, Botton Village

Peter Bromley lived for 21 years in Delrow House. He died unexpectedly of a heart attack on February 10th at the age of 67. He was a much-loved and respected member of the community, who felt very responsible for certain places and tasks. He was a warm friend and colleague to everyone and had a mischievous sense of humour.

Peter helped to run the Store, and considered himself a co-worker or employee rather than a resident. He very rarely ever left the estate or even came to the Hall. He was usually to be seen in and around Upper Delrow House and seemed like the spirit of the house itself.

He was a very private person. In all his years at Delrow, he insisted on staying in a room the size of a large linen cupboard. He lived there with very few possessions, and would not allow anyone else to enter it.

He grew up in the neighbourhood of Delrow House and as a child he used to play in the grounds with his friends. Tragically he lost both his parents in the course of his childhood. As a youth in the War he was in the airforce and was posted to Cyprus. Around the age of 21 he had a job in Watford which he lost for apparently not pulling his weight. Unemployed, he was then taken in by his married brother who was farming just down the road from Delrow. This lasted for 13 very difficult years. Peter eventually moved out of the house to the farm where he lived and worked with the pigs.

His brother considers that Peter's years at Delrow must have been his happiest. Peter showed great skill in the

Woodworkshop. He could carve beautiful animals and he worked many years with the maintenance team. Nevertheless, life was not always straightforward. In recent years Peter stopped changing his clothes. They fell more and more into rags as did his bedding. He refused to speak to his brother when he visited.

Recently he was persuaded to dress decently again, and his room was refurbished.

He appeared to move into a new phase of life in his last weeks, dignified by new clothes and a mood of benevolence. During the festivities of his last Christmas, it was a surprise to see him joining in in such a warm and social way. He received his brother again as a guest. He also indicated that he would be willing to move a slightly larger room. Very shortly after this he crossed the threshold of death, and so his wish to move to a larger room did indeed come about!

Peter refused to see doctors, always insisting that he was fine. The arrangements he made for his death were completely in character. He died alone, quickly, causing no fuss to anyone. He even managed to have the last laugh when the doctor arrived. He had already passed away!

It was a great privilege to know Peter. In Delrow we are so grateful for everything he did for the house and for the community, year in and year out. His quiet presence is deeply missed by us all.

His ashes are now buried in the Delrow Memorial Garden.

James Michie

James joined Camphill's council of management after his retirement in 1991. He had been the director of education of Grampian region and was known to us from the regular meetings of the heads of special schools which were initiated by Iain Calderwood, his deputy. James Michie addressed these meetings on a number of occasions and was always an impressive speaker to listen to. Another meeting point was a sequence of residential weekend seminars of the heads of departments at Camphill.

I recall the opening of the round kindergarten building designed by Thomas Weihs in 1971. James Michie came in an official capacity and remarked on the special needs children who were attending nursery class together with our healthy normal co-worker children. He said: 'We share the same ideas with you and try to work in this direction of integration.'

After James joined our council in 1991 he humoured us when he pointed out any flaws or spelling mistakes in the minutes—his advice was a sound one when we realized that the realignment of Milltimber Brae had made the access to Camphill estate very dangerous. The hope for a deceleration lane was discussed in the council and James advised that we make a financial contribution towards



this work. Our contribution of £5000 did the trick, it led to the widening of the road and was implemented in a very short time providing a safe access to our estate.

When a high-powered party from Russia (the Soviet Union then) was expected the need for a translator was realized. James quipped 'I could offer Doric', the local vernacular in which he was fluent. In the end one of the Russians translated for us. This was in 1992.

The chairman of our council, Iain Smith (1911–2000) was overjoyed when Jim returned from Flanders with some former pupils of his and reported that they had searched the war cemeteries and that they found the grave of Iain's father who was killed in action in the early stages of World War I. Jim gave to Iain a cutting from a shrub

which grew on his father's grave. This got planted in a special corner of Iain's garden in Cults. It showed the incredible selflessness and generosity of James.

James retired from the council in February 2002. His contribution had been invaluable and of great help especially when his professional advice was needed.

James died in his 80th year after a long and bravely fought illness on 12th May 2006.

Friedwart Bock, Aberdeen

Mazal Cohen

Mazal Cohen, one of the first residents of Beit Uri, has died at the age of 41.

Mazal—luck, in Hebrew—was the youngest, tenth child of a family which came from Morocco a year before her birth. The six eldest children died as young infants. Mazal was born with Down Syndrome. As the parents, who were already in their 50s, could not care for her, Mazal was taken to a children's home when she was two years old. She came to Beit Uri when she was five and a half, just four months after the home was opened and lived for the next 18 years with the founder, Dwora, who was almost a mother to her.

Due to a frail heart and circulation, Mazal's leg was amputated when she was nine. For years she was bound to a wheelchair outdoors, crawling indoors, until she got an artificial leg when she was 26.

Mazal gained much independence and was a source of joy to our community and one of the best workers in our workshops.

In the following years Mazal met many physical and psychological challenges—heart failures, skin problems which forced her to quit her beloved work in the pottery, illnesses which endangered her other leg, a car accident which caused her much stress, digestive problems which required a special diet.

At each crisis, when we were about to give up, it was Mazal who recovered. Where we bent, Mazal remained upright, both outwardly and inwardly.

Three months ago we could no longer protect her other leg and it was amputated too. From this cruel operation she started recovering, giving the hope of walking again.

In the following months digestive problems appeared and she was in and out of hospital. Nine days before Passover she had a brain trauma, which paralyzed her left side and left her unable to move, talk and eat. Even from this situation she started to recover, the hospital staff being full of awe and wonder.

At the beginning of Passover it seemed that her frail body could no longer sustain the ongoing battles and she made her own passage out of Egypt, this time out of her earthly biography.

In the past six weeks, two others from our community crossed the threshold:

Yossi (Joseph) Shalom Kirschenbaum, a peaceful man who spent a few hours a week with us for the last three years, died at the age of 37. The weekly bible reading at his death was Truma—donation—which deals with Mishkan—sanctuary—the forerunner of the temple, about which God says, Build me a temple and I will reside in you—the acknowledgement that we can all become a temple to the image of God, which is in us. In our efforts to allow that image to evolve and shine through the curtains of handicaps, our own image may awaken.

Dudi (David) Aloni (Eleini) died two weeks ago at the age of 21 after an epileptic convulsion, which was followed by a brain failure.

Dudi lived with us for the last 12 years. He was both frail and active. He was torn between playfulness and distress, engendering love.

Yossi Shachar, Beit Uri, Israel

News from the Movement...and beyond

Tell me your story—Retreats in Camphill Soltane

Christl Bender, Camphill Soltane, North America

In the Epic of Gilgamesh, the hero is called upon three times to tell his story. He is on the last leg of his journey west from the land between the two rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, to Utanapishtim. He is desperate to find an answer to the riddle of immortality after the death of his friend Enkidu-Eabani. But he must tell his story and each time he does so it brings him closer to the 'Distant One,' the 'Far-Away-One,' Utanapishtim—he who lived through the great flood into the beginning of the Kali Yuga, the Dark Age, 3000 BC.

Gilgamesh is a powerful epic and was the content of this recent retreat. These retreats have happened for many years, twice a year for 3 ½ days with the graduate companions, now aged thirty to nearly forty. Half of the graduates meet in spring, the other half in late fall, from seven to ten of them each time. We often invite a friend or two from other Camphill places, sometimes also a board member, a friend or a parent. We meet in Whitsun Hall, withdrawn from the rest of the community. It is an intense and intimate time. Other themes have included the legend of the master builder Hiram, King Solomon and Queen Balkis, based on Rudolf Steiner's lectures, 'The Temple Legend' and the Seven Arts, which of course filled several retreats and brought us into the architecture, painting and sculpture of the First Goetheanum.

Who remembers? What remains in our recollection? Perhaps not much. And it does not matter because:

something happened! For these few days we were filled and moved by the substance of the spiritual, cosmic order of things and beings that have eternal value. We visit special exhibitions in museums, draw, sketch and write on our clipboards and make every effort to connect ourselves artistically with our subject. Guests have joined us to offer clay modeling, speech, and singing and eurythmy experiences. The Seventh Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven became a particularly joyful and interesting experience with the help of a wonderful musician friend and this was crowned by twice listening to the performance on CD. Once, after we had spent two hours in the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia, the door keepers told us to come back any time yet how worried they had looked on our arrival, people on crutches and moving uncertainly among their free-standing, precious sculptures. 'Tell me your story' became particularly moving when we began to understand the meaning of karma and destiny where all the fragments of our lives are made whole. And somewhere inside us, these things remain!

We made drawings in the Mesopotamian section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia. And we didn't forget that the area we were looking at is where Iraq is today!

Christl is an elder co-worker in Soltane.

Searching For Resilience Through Art

Anni D'Agostino, Camphill Schools, Aberdeen

Anni D'Agostino, Anthroposophical Arts Practitioner at Camphill Schools, Aberdeen reflects on the successful completion of her Art Therapy training at Tobias School of Art & Therapy, Sussex.

Any form of art therapy proves a source of the same kind of new vigour and refreshment that a refreshing sleep can give.

R. Treichler, *Soulways* H.P. 1989, Stroud.

During my many years in Camphill, I was able to successfully combine artistic activities in my work with pupils with special needs and with the students in the vocational seminar. The seminar is now the BA in Curative Education. About the time I reached 50, I had come to a point where I felt inwardly stuck in a routine and unable to renew myself artistically. Through attending a week's summer course at Tobias School of Art and Therapy I discovered their modular course in art therapy, which was work I often considered undertaking. I then pursued this for four years and graduated in July 2005.

I began working therapeutically with the pupils on an individual basis and to tutor students, who had chosen therapeutic art activities as their elective at the same time, which enhanced my learning possibilities considerably.

During this time I experienced a much needed personal, artistic and professional process of change and development. I sometimes felt like dough being worked through in all possible ways; e.g. through the diverse, creative approaches to the themes introduced by the many tutors with whom we worked. The ongoing personal artwork provided welcome discoveries and searches and the written work helped to go deeper into 'why and how' and bringing theory and practice together.

It was challenging and interesting to work together with a group of fellow students for two modules per year, each of two and three weeks. Theory and practice were brought together by sensitive and sustained use of group processes to help foster flexibility, reflection and deep self-realizations. This integrated approach allowed us to go through experiences that would help us empathise with clients having art therapy.

After each stimulating, intense module, we were sent home with considerable amounts of artistic and assignment homework. Each module began with presentations of our individual art work. For me, working like this helped to strengthen important qualities needed by a therapeutic practitioner; to be able to work alone, trust in my own intuition, the client relationship and the process.

Working artistically together as well as alone for four years helped to facilitate subtle, important shifts in my tendencies and inner habits. Gradually, I experienced a general loosening, opening up to being more thoughtful in my observations, more flexible and creative in my approach. I began to see things as opportunities rather than problems and to generally make use of what presents itself in the moment and to trust it.

A wider and more flexible approach was supported by working with basic counselling skills, ethics and a solid overview of the different models and approaches to art therapy.

On reflection, I realised that the course was in itself therapeutic. It is early days but I feel I have not only become more alive inwardly again, but am also increas-

ingly able to create a space where the strengths and needs of the pupil can express themselves freely and safely, to be met with warmth and creativity.

Tobias School of Art & Therapy offers full time and modular Art Therapy training, validated by City and Guilds (MCCI, level 6, Masters Level). In addition, we present the Transformative Arts course as a unique opportunity to explore colour and form through artistic and self-development processes. This course is also validated by City and Guilds (LCGI, level 4). It is primarily the foundation for the Art Therapy Training. Independent modules can be taken on colour research, and personal and cultural artistic development. For brochures call 01342 313655; www.tobiasart.org; info@tobiasart.org.

The Birth of the Carnane Community initiative on the Isle of Man

Jenni Gordon, Towcester, England

Concerning all acts of initiative and creation there is one elementary truth the ignorance of which kills countless ideals and splendid plans; that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would otherwise not have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favour all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance which no man could have dreamed would have come his way. Whatever you can do, or dream you can do, do it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now.

Goethe

Words are not always adequate to describe the magic of an impulse bursting forth in a springlike manner after a long period of hibernation.

So it is with what I experienced this early spring on the Isle of Man, when a small group of five gathered to nurture a pending impulse, with the intention of bringing forth a new birth to the global movement of anthroposophically based communities for people with special needs. We are: Michael and Trisha Whipp, Jenni Gordon, Rick Becroft and Boaz Ben-Yahuda, who have formed the Carnane community trust.

A certain esoteric character prevailed as we looked closely at the needs of the Island folk and at how we could compatibly work with the essentials of the Camphill movement. At the same time we remained aware of the already existing rhythms of the Island and the provisions that already exist there for people with special needs.

Undoubtedly the presence of a 'higher' human existence was tangible each time we gathered to speak about 'What it is to become'. None of us held a specific agenda or aimed towards our own individual needs, but we aspired toward allowing the other one to reflect him/herself in the mirror of the soul and spirit of the place. Thus without bias, sympathy or antipathy we explored the many possibilities that prevailed within this magnificent offering.

What is being offered is astounding to say the least. On arrival one cannot help but marvel at the God-given glory of it all. The estate is situated on the Howe (high ground by the sea) that originally belonged to the Nun-

nery. It has a breathtaking beauty about it and spreads for miles engulfing one in a kind of tranquillity difficult to define. There are a number of houses and outbuildings with an existing farm sitting in wait for the arrival of young motivated members to take up the challenge of this new and exciting venture. The task is enormous and the potential almost unlimited by the sheer size of it all. Eight hundred acres of Manx landscape lies in the offering protected by a Trust that will let it to us rent-free.

The idea at present is twofold. We would start by developing 'Wallberry', which is an existing farmhouse with a large courtyard and eight acres of flat fertile land. Here we aim to begin a land based environment with a biodynamic farm, a few workshops—initially pottery and candle-making—and a coffee shop/retail shop selling fair trade goods from many countries as well as anthroposophical books and products from like-minded communities around Europe.

At the same time, about a ¼ mile away, we would develop the already existing houses/outbuildings into a residential establishment with a hall, a central laundry and enclosed vegetable garden/orchard. This area is almost ready to provide accommodation for up to 20 people.

We regard ourselves not as the pioneers as such but rather as sincere bearers of the impulse already begun in the late 1930s by Karl König, his wife Tilla König and those others who started the Camphill movement. We choose to take the example of their work as an inspiration and adapt what they have already done to the present century, working closely with König's Three Essentials and the Three Pillars.

With the advantage of hindsight, we hope to look at the present problems that have arisen in that particular movement, make adjustments that will take us into the future with a spirit of community and give us the tenacity to endure the necessary changes.

We aim towards living an organic/holistic lifestyle that will offer an example, as well as healing to many individuals.

As we move into an era that is influenced by the pending reality of global warming, our idea is to embrace many different opportunities, and find people who choose to commit to working and living both in community as well as with the aim of providing a curative /

social environment. We hope to become an example of a sustainable way of life sharing the fruits of our labour with many whilst allowing each individual the freedom to flourish within their own potential.

Michael Whipp, parent of a child at the Shieling School and now at Coleg Elidyr, started converting his outbuildings on their estate on the Isle of Man five or six years ago. He had a wish to create a land-based working, special needs community on the Island, as he recognised that there was no such facility there. He was really impressed by the progress his son had made since being in a Camphill place and felt that it would be best to follow the principles of Camphill.

I met him in 2003 when I was houseparent in the same house as his son Robbie and he invited me to the Isle of Man for a holiday to have a look at what he was establishing. It had long been my wish and vision to start a community, and when I arrived on the Isle of Man, I immediately knew that this was the right place.

I was inspired by his vision and the effort that he had put into the project and returned to share it with my Camphill associates in various communities. At the time I was involved with the Adult Community Course run by Lana Chanarin and Astrid Radysh. I also spoke about the impulse at the Caspar Hauser conference in Trigonos in 2003 and was advised to go to the Camphill Association.

Mike then wrote to the Association, who turned him down for various reasons. In the meantime, at Mike's request, the Minister of Health from the Island made a special visit to Newton Dee to see what Camphill was about.

However, it proved harder than expected to find support for the project and Mike found his offer turned down by all those whom he approached. He had become increasingly despondent about the options of starting a Camphill based/inspired community.

Late in February I contacted Mike again, only to find that he was about to sell the estate as a result of all this. In fact, the day that I called to say that I had found some people interested, Mike had a buyer in his sitting room, ready to sign the deed of sale.

He then put the sale on hold in order to give us the opportunity to go ahead and create a Camphill place.

I phoned the Camphill Association for advice and help, and since then things have gone from strength to strength with the project.


We are looking for like-minded couples and/or families who feel that they are able to move to the Island and offer heartfelt enthusiasm, energy and time towards this wonderful opportunity.

For more details please contact us:


The Carnane Community Trust, Oakhill,
Old Castletown Road, Braddan, Isle of Man, IM4 1AP
jjennigordon@aol.com

Or phone Jenni Gordon on (44) 01327-323155

Jenni is originally from South Africa and has lived and worked in Camphill since the end of 1999. She started in Hermanus, joining the Curative Educational course. Here she met and felt inspired by Anthroposophy and the work of Rudolf Steiner, Bernard Lievegoed and Karl König. In 2001 she came to the U.K for the Homemakers Conference and returned to live in three Camphill communities since 2001.



Artemis
School of Speech and Drama
Storytelling - Poetry Recitation - Acting
A unique training based on Steiner's vision of an Art of Creative Speech
1-4 year Training
Private Speech Lessons
Workshops
Summer School Courses
Sussex, England: +44 (0)1342.321.330
www.ArtemisSpeechandDrama.org.uk
office@ArtemisSpeechandDrama.org.uk



Life pathways
A part-time training to deepen professional and personal development
The course is composed of ten 2-6 day seminars spread over two years. All seminars can be taken individually.
Foundation Seminars:
Phases of Human Development
29 Aug-2 Sept 2006
Planetary Qualities in Human Development
30 Sept-1 Oct 2006
Hibernia College
T: 01453 751 685 e: info@hibernia.org.uk
www.hibernia.org.uk

An understanding of biography can help us to see how crises and turning points may provide keys for change and growth.
This approach to biography aims to enhance and enliven self-expression and social awareness.
Course Carriers:
Marah Evans
Karl-Heinz Finke
Life pathways

RUSKIN MILL EDUCATIONAL TRUST
Operates three innovative specialist colleges for students with special learning needs. The colleges are inspired by the work of Rudolf Steiner, John Ruskin and William Morris.
We have vacancies in each of our Colleges for

Houseparent Couples
To live in and manage a household for up to four students.
We need mature, responsible couples to create a warm, homely environment and deliver the living skills curriculum in one of our college households. We provide training and support and a good package of salary and benefits. Not just a job, but a way of life.

FREEMAN COLLEGE	GLASSHOUSE COLLEGE	RUSKIN MILL COLLEGE
The newest of our colleges, based in the centre of Sheffield and at the Merlin Theatre site. Fast developing activities ranging from cutlery making and pewter work, to performance work and drama. Students live in the city in family based households and training flats.	Firmly based in the glassmaking tradition with many new enterprises offering students craft and land based skills, high quality drama and practical work experience. Students live in a wide variety of residential placements both in the town and the surrounding villages.	The College is based in a beautiful Cotswold valley with the main focus on landwork, rural crafts and food production. Residential accommodation is in domestic scale households in the nearby towns and villages.

For information about positions in any of the colleges contact
Richard Rogers, Head of College — Residential, Ruskin Mill College
The Fisheries, Horsley, Glos GL6 0PL. Tel 01453 837528
e-mail: richard.rogers@rmc.rmet.org.uk

Camphill Milton Keynes Community House-Coordination

We are a Supported Living adult community based on two sites in Milton Keynes. Willen Estate is on the outskirts of Milton Keynes within easy walking distance of the local centre, Willen Lake and the city centre; Pennyland is situated on a housing estate and integrated into the neighbourhood. There is a 20 minute walk between the two sites.

We have 2 gardens, a weavery, bakery, basketry, food processing, Tools for Self Reliance, a café that is open to the public, and a hall/theatre.

In our community of 80 people, we are looking for House Co-ordinators (preferably a couple), starting in July 2006, who would take responsibility for a household of 6 residents, and would be willing to support our community in all other aspects of community life.

**For more information please write,
email or telephone,**

The Secretary, Camphill Milton Keynes Communities,
Japonica Lane, Willen Park South, Milton Keynes,
Buck MK15 9JY;

office@camphill-miltonkeynes.co.uk
Telephone: 01908 235000.

Corbenic Camphill Community Therapeutic Estate Workshop Leader

Corbenic Camphill Community is a residential centre for adults with learning difficulties. The Community comprises 27 residents and around 40 senior staff and volunteer co-workers. It is made up of 5 Households and has various therapeutic Workshops. Corbenic is situated in Strathbraan, an area of beautiful countryside, and is about 20 miles north of Perth, and 4 miles from Dunkeld.

A vacancy has arisen for the above post, involving taking charge of a group of adults with learning disabilities, and volunteers, working on the Community's estate of woodlands, grassland and gardens. The emphasis of the work is both to provide a therapeutic setting for residents, and to keep the estate in order.

Applicants should, preferably, have:

knowledge of a biodynamic/organic approach to land cultivation and experience in working with people with learning difficulties.

The successful candidate will be part of the existing garden and farm teams.

Accommodation may be available.

Annual salary is £16,000 to £16,800 depending on experience. Contributory Stakeholder pension available.

For further information, please contact: Betty Stolk, Manager, Corbenic Camphill Community, Trochry, Dunkeld, Perthshire PH8 0DY. Telephone: 01350 723206. Direct email: betty@corbeniccamphill.co.uk. Website: www.corbeniccamphill.co.uk.

Botton Village Waldorf School

**Full Time Class One Teacher
Part Time Teacher of German
for September 2006**

Idyllic North York Moors — Camphill Village setting
— Supportive colleagues and parents — Children
from Camphill and the surrounding rural area.

Please contact: Michael Drake, Botton Village School,
Danby, Whitby, YO21 2NJ, tel. 01287 661206,
school.botton@camphill.org.uk

The Holy Grail & The Planets

With **Robert Powell, PhD**

Botton Village College, Danby, N. Yorks. YO21 2NJ
Fri. evening 27th-early Sun. afternoon 29th Oct. 2006

The Grail Mystery comprises the cosmic side of communion, what Rudolf Steiner in his lectures *Man and the World of Stars* calls spiritual communion with the heavenly being of the stars. We shall explore in this workshop the Grail Mystery in relation to the planetary stages of cosmic evolution culminating with Vulcan. Sessions of Eurythmy, focused on the planets, will further our exploration of the theme. Entire workshop with meals & bed will cost £94. **Contact** wainfarrants@yahoo.co.uk or telephone him at the Bookshop 01287 661279.

NEW COURSE Foundation to Art Therapy



This new one-year Foundation to Art Therapy course offers a practical and experiential introduction to anthroposophic art therapy. It is intended for people who are considering Hibernia's Postgraduate Art Therapy Training. The course comprises 2 college-based days per week plus independent studies. Those who have successfully completed this course can apply for Hibernia's Postgraduate Art Therapy Training (City & Guilds Masters Level Award) which can be taken as a 2-year full-time or 3-year part-time training.

To find out more, visit our workshops **Introduction to Art Therapy Training** on July 1st, 2006

11am-3pm or come to our **Open Day** on June 10.

For **Short Courses** please refer to our Calendar of Events

Other Professional Courses: Life Pathways Biography Training, Courses for Spiritual and Social Renewal, Rhythmic Massage Therapy Training, Anthroposophic Health Studies

For further information contact:

Hibernia College, Centre for Science and Art, Lansdown, Stroud Glos GL5 1BB,
Tel 01453 751685 email info@hibernia.org.uk www.hibernia.org.uk

The Builders of Camphill Lives and Destinies of the Founders

Edited by Friedwart Bock



In 1939, a small group of young Austrian refugees, together with Dr. Karl König, formed a community to help children with special needs. From this small beginning developed the Camphill Movement.

This is the story of Camphill's eleven intrepid founders including Alix Roth, Anke Weihs, Thomas Weihs, Carlo Pietzner and Peter Roth. This book documents how the eleven came together to form a network which now numbers over 100 homes, schools and villages.

This is a definitive record of the origins of Camphill, and includes over one hundred photographs.

**100 black and white photographs • 288p
0-86315-442-5 • paperback Price: 14.99**

If you can't get the book from your bookshop,
you can order it from:

**BookSource, 32 Finlas St.
Glasgow G22 5DU, UK**

0845 3700063 orders@booksource.net



**COURSES FOR SOCIAL
& SPIRITUAL RENEWAL
August 06-May 08**

Deepening awareness of social, spiritual & environmental concerns

Six process-oriented courses (formerly known as Anthroposophical Schooling Course) integrating seminars and art. Courses can be taken individually or as a complete training.

- **World Issues & Inner Development**
Meeting the world with a developmental attitude
- **Destiny in Transformation**
Working with life challenges & patterns
- **Working with Life Questions**
Finding my individual task & creative contribution to the world
- **Working with Polarisation**
Exploring the meaning of evil
- **Trials, Thresholds and Initiation**
A modern approach
- **Meaning & Spirituality**
The inner life & one's spiritual biography

Course Carriers:

Marah Evans & Karl-Heinz Finke

Hibernia College Centre for Science & Arts
Lansdown, Stroud GL5 1BB. Tel: **01453 751685**
email info@hibernia.org.uk www.hibernia.org.uk

Camphill Eurythmy School



Applications are now being taken for September 2006

We offer the opportunity to train in the art of eurythmy within the social-therapeutic setting of Botton Village (Camphill Village Trust)

Enquiries to:

Camphill Eurythmy School,
Botton Village,
Danby, Whitby,
North Yorks, YO21 2NJ. U.K.

Tel: +44 (0)1287 661257/661318

Fax: +44 (0)1287 661254

E-mail: camphill.eurythmy@virgin.net

www.camphilleurythmy.org.uk

The Sheiling School, Thornbury Teaching Vacancies September 2006

The Sheiling School, Thornbury is a small Camphill Community near Bristol for Children with Special Educational needs.

We are currently looking for enthusiastic and committed Class Teachers to take responsibility for small, but growing classes.

There are possibilities for living in as well as employment.

We warmly welcome applications with previous Waldorf teaching and/or Camphill experience, but are happy to consider any relevant experience.

Please contact: The Sheiling School,

Thornbury Park, Park Road,
Thornbury, Bristol BS35 1HP

Tel. 01454 412194 Fax. 01454 411860
mail@sheilingschool.org.uk

Floris Books seeks Commissioning Editor

An energetic and imaginative person with several years' editorial experience is required to help build the non-fiction list of Floris Books, a well-established Edinburgh publishing company.

We are looking for someone who will enjoy working in our small team. A background knowledge of the list and relevant markets is ideal; sympathy with the aims of the company is essential.

Full job description available from:

Angela Smith, Floris Books

15 Harrison Gardens, Edinburgh EH11 1SH

Tel +44-(0)131-332 2372 or email floris@florisbooks.co.uk



www.florisbooks.co.uk

Arcobaleno



Toscana

Italia

Self-Catering Holiday Apartments

Old Tuscan organic olive oil farm peacefully situated on a hilltop with stunning views and all amenities close by, offers comfortable accommodation, spectacular walks and excellent local Tuscan and international food. Arcobaleno is perched on a neighbouring hill to Cortona, a famous old Etruscan town steeped in Italian history and well positioned to offer day excursions by car to many places of interest; for example, within ca. one hour you can reach: Florence, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Arezzo and within about two hours: Rome & Pisa. Additionally, the famous wine growing areas of Chianti, Montepulciano and Montalcino are all within an hours' drive of Arcobaleno.

Further details are on our homepage on the Internet:

www.arcobaleno-toscana.com or email or call me personally at

following: **Lucas Weihs, San Pietro a Cegliolo CS 59,**

1-52044 Cortona AR Tuscany, Italy

email: arcobaleno@technet.it tel: + 39 0575 612777

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

THE CALYX...



...offers a welcoming and quiet place in which to shelter from a busy life, convalesce or simply have a break.

For details please contact: Mrs Vivienne Klockner
The Calyx Trust, "Redhurst", Holton-cum-Beckerling,
Market Rasen, Lincs. LN8 5NG. Tel & Fax: 01673 857927
Reg. Charity No: 1077375 Reg. Company No: 3696667

Park Attwood Clinic



Anthroposophical Medical Treatment for the Individual

Experience medical treatment in the context of a healing, social environment and in the beautiful Worcester countryside.

Orthodox and anthroposophical medicine are combined to provide the best residential and out-patient treatment for a wide range of conditions.

Art, sculpture, eurythmy and massage are integral to residential treatment and available as out-patient therapies.

Individual financial discussions and funding advice are offered.

Park Attwood Clinic
Trimpley, Bewdley, Worcs DY12 1RE
Tel: 01299 861444 Fax: 01299 861375
email: info@parkattwood.org
Internet: www.parkattwood.org

Self Catering Holiday House The White House Killin



Set within the beautiful Loch Lomond and Trossachs National Park, The White House is in an ideal location to explore the natural beauty of Highland Perthshire, Scotland.

Situated in a secluded setting near the shores of Loch Tay, this area offers outstanding opportunities for touring, walking, cycling, bird watching and canoeing. Comprises 5 bedrooms with accommodation for up to 12 persons sharing.

tel: 01764 662416
for a brochure and availability



guest house bar

Basel's first backpacker guest house with a cosy atmosphere and friendly service.

Experience Basel and the Gundeldingerfeld estate.

Get your **free mobility ticket** for public transport all around town.

Facilities: house bar, internet/tv, kitchen facilities, lockers in the rooms, wheelchair accessible, playground, Thai take-away.

For more information and to book,
www.baselbackpack.ch
or phone +41 (0)61 333 00 37
or +41 (0)76 538 3719;

or email info@baselbackpack.ch;

or write to basel backpack guest house,
Dornacherstrasse 192, CH-4053 Basel,
Switzerland.

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

Uniting soon after conception with the hereditary body, it lives on unimpaired in each human individual.

It is the aim of the Camphill Movement to stand for this 'Image of Man' as expounded in Rudolf Steiner's work, so that contemporary knowledge of the human being may be enflamed by the power of love.

Camphill Correspondence tries to facilitate this work through free exchange within and beyond the Camphill Movement.

Therefore, the Staff of Mercury, the sign of communication which binds the parts of the organism into the whole, is combined with the Dove in the logo of Camphill Correspondence.

Editors:

Peter Howe, Glasshouse College, Wollaston Road, Amblecote, Stourbridge, W. Midlands, DY8 4HF, England
Tel: (44) 01384 399475, email: peterh1@beeb.net

Maria Mountain (Adverts and Subscriptions), Whitecliff, Hall Grounds, Loftus, Saltburn, TS13 4HJ, England
Tel: (01287) 643 553 email: mariamtn@ntlworld.com

Advertisements:

Suggested contribution of £20 per announcement/advert. Cheques can be sent to the Subscriptions Editor (address above), made out to *Camphill Correspondence*.

Standard Rate for Subscription:

£19.80 per annum or £3.30 per issue. Cheques to be made payable to *Camphill Correspondence*

Back Copies:

are available from Maria Mountain and from Camphill Bookshop, Aberdeen

Deadlines:

Camphill Correspondence appears bi-monthly in January, March, May, July, September and November.

Deadlines for ARTICLES are: Jan 23rd, Mar 23rd, May 23rd, July 23rd, Sept 23rd and Nov 16th.

ADVERTISEMENTS and SHORT ITEMS can come up to ten days later than this.

Lay-up by Christoph Hänni, Produced by www.roomfordesign.co.uk