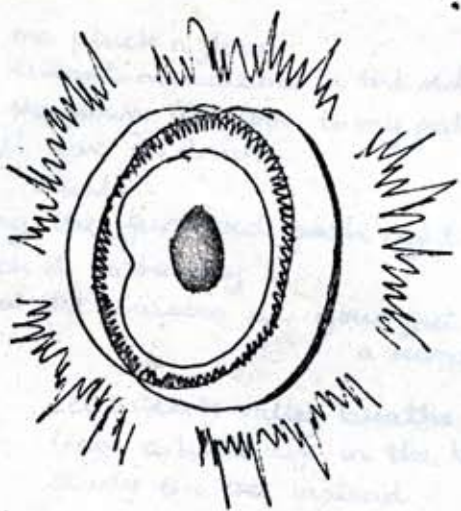


...Brockwood..1971.....



Here my little rainbow creeps
in buttercup grass.
See the muddled cedar bough
The spiders' murmurs.
Wait
Live now, receive the gift as any other
See my little rainbow.

Feel the knotted riverbanks
Greet the silent bridge that dances in between
Let the stranger live in me.

Let me pluck a flower
See distant mountains in the old man's face
Let the flower lie close to my palms
I will give it drink
I will.
Bring the furrowed path right up close
Touch it to the sky
Draw the daisies at your feet
a second time.

Let a dark valley breathe
Leave a little life in the blackness
Study the tree instead.

The clouds are in the garden
Strange, the sky is blue
And a fireball sits in it,
fierce.
Wind from the trees blows

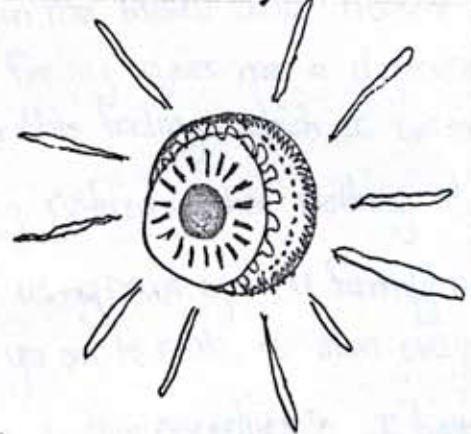
Maple fronds shimmer
Turbulent against the fields
My little rainbow, I see you
Eye to eye yesterday
As roots shed out of earth
Give brilliance to air's jewelry.
Crowned statue leans in the shade
Breathing old time still in grey.

The heat burns up my little rainbow
Come again in the rain
tomorrow morning.

Haste -
Slide the hand
Over salt rocks
Wait a little
Cool in sheltered resting-place
See the sand.
Where are you
Born small in the flowers
Were you born to my eye
Or what fantasy do I see?

Sophie R.

1. All me why do you live?
for the birds and trees
the summer breeze
I live because I love to see
and feel all around me
look you can also see
but first forget
your worries
just follow the hills
walk in the sun, rain and wind
touch the grass and earth
for you are a part of these.



in each breath i remain for peace
the silent and without reason
the enemy being no one but ourselves -
keep talking and diagrams of life will show -
alright there is too much to undo - lives are dying and will continue,
and are the leaders such amiable people - on both sides?
here where there is quiet already
the calls of the birds are so civilized, men so deep and violent.
bloodshed for freedom? the balance of life? it is certainly out of proportion.
if we stay high in our trees, deep in our countries, we may always
be watching the action. is that a coward's way out?
Youth is called hasty and foolish and too often justly. this day is ending.
but light is not the end of my ~~haste~~ peace. night brings
softer thoughts.
i look sadly to this fighting world. no babies can be born during revolution.
none should be. burning. protection, where is it? none - only ones self.
one's principals. peace and war are not principals, but we find them our food.
our stomachs never seem satisfied. only when we are not aware of
our state of being. constant revolution.
and lets stop projecting the future.
for our children are hungry now.

to by H.

2. Become a leaf blower
talk to the flowers
sing to the sun
and laugh with joy
as you run,
run far away over
the tall grass
to a land which no
one knows of.
It is simple to find
just open the door
and then be free
dance in the moonlight
sit and feel with
all your body
the whole circle of
living movement.
A life of happiness is
here and near
but you must open
the door.
Yvonne C.



Tonight, as I sit here listening to the different sounds in my room and around me, the loud ticking of the clock, the scampering sounds of the gerbils in their cage, and the far off voices in another wing of the house, I hear all these things, yet I feel alone. I am alone.

I can be in the busiest and noisiest room and be alone. Usually this solitary feeling gives me a depressed feeling. Tonight I am sad yet interested in this feeling which I wasn't aware of before. Is it always there, only being noticed when nothing else steals the show?

Each one of us grows up in a family nest which is parted after awhile. And we go on to make our own way in life. Yet, no matter who we are with, aren't we alone within ourselves? I have my home within me and though I can share many things with others, this little abode is suited only to me.

As I look on life I see the patterns of a dance. We intertwine the different patterns we make at points with others, yet each thread of these patterns are single ones and they will come out on their own again, in time.

If people all over the world saw this, then we might feel more together in our aloneness. But until then the fire kindled in my fireside hearth shall burn.

Robin Williams



The day dawned grey and overcast and by 11.30 a.m. when the meeting with Krishnamurti began there was little difference in the weather. We started walking slowly towards the library, partly because the air was so thick and heavy that we almost had to push our way through it. By the time we reached the library, we met several other groups of students and staff. The library is a beautiful room, with white panelled walls, large windows, comfortable chairs and, of course, cases of books on many subjects. The chairs round about were being rapidly filled up, so choosing the nearest seat, I sat down waiting with anticipation for my first talk. Everybody had come in now, and except for a few people fidgeting and getting into comfortable positions I suppose. These few people stopped abruptly when Krishnaji came in and sat down. A silence followed and after looking round at everybody he said: "what shall we talk about today?". He looked about him once more and when no suggestions came forth he carried on: "If you do not mind I would like to talk about authority, it seems to be troubling some of you, is that not so?". "Yes," sounded from several sources and many students nodded. I should point out here that it is impossible to take any notes during a meeting with Krishnaji, as one has to give ones full attention all the time, just as it is impossible to give an account of what has actually been said, for when one really pays attention any learning goes far beyond words, in other words, although communication is on the verbal level, understanding is far beyond this level.

So all I can really talk about here is the relationship between Krishnaji and the listeners' reactions. When the problem of authority is brought up, most of the students are on the defensive, which creates a wall between Krishnaji and the listeners, and it is this wall that he has to try to break down. We continued discussing about authority, and I myself understood after quite a hard struggle, that we ourselves invite authority by our actions and therefore cannot call the person who tells us what to do authoritarian.

I have observed that at the end of a meeting most people, like myself, like to be quietly by themselves for a few minutes, and it is most unfortunate that there are some, like the cooks, that have always got to rush back to their tasks.

by Susan Porter

(written from a reporters view)

My Idea of Heaven

To me, heaven is not a solid idea, or place where I think I may arrive at someday. My idea of it changes practically as the days change. There is one very disturbing factor about any kind of heaven you chose - and that is that however nice, beautiful or comfortable a place you decide on, you're going to get tired of it sooner or later. That's one clear reason, that anyone can see, why pleasure and comfort cannot be the answer to happiness.

It seems to me that man would have a very hard time being completely happy in any possible situation. No matter what place he's in, he always brings his human problems with him, and they prevent him from being happy. So as far as physical environments go, I think the closest I could get to a heaven would be a completely natural, unpolluted forest land, with a running stream of pure, cold water with pools to swim in, and a pine cabin with all of my very best friends living nearby. But of course that would exclude ever seeing the mountains or the ocean, which wouldn't do. So it seems that our earth was the heaven made for us to live in peace and freedom on, and for us to explore and discover thoroughly from the mountains and forests to the sea. If we hadn't been greedy, violent, careless, and the many other things that we are, we could be living in a heaven here on earth.

My idea of hell

Hell for me, can only be or happen in life. For me it is not something I can imagine or something I can believe. Hell is a state of mind you can be in, like depression or fear. It can also mean physical pain. Hell can also mean problems and conflicts you have with other people. So hell is just another word for all those feelings. Hell occurs in everyday life and so does heaven. We have to deal with it, and find over way out of all the problems. The world we live in right now could be called hell, even with the little heavens some people might have, there are still wars going on and people die all over the world. When man has reached complete freedom and peace, we won't know the word hell any more.

Wolfgang D.

Night

All is still,
Under the star-spangled dome
Not a sound it seems; then -
Under the eaves a bird stirs in its sleep,
An owl hooting, as the shadows gather deep;
A scratching at the window-pane,
A soft meow,
Velvet paws on the carpet,
Jump on to the bed, to snuggle down
Tired from hunting;
All is quiet now.

Susan P.

I am alone;
Even here with you...

Yes, I am enfolded
within my separateness,
caught among my thoughtfulnesses...

I deceive myself so, being with you
I cannot even look within your eyes
to face your face
to catch my dishonesty
in the reflection of your gaze.

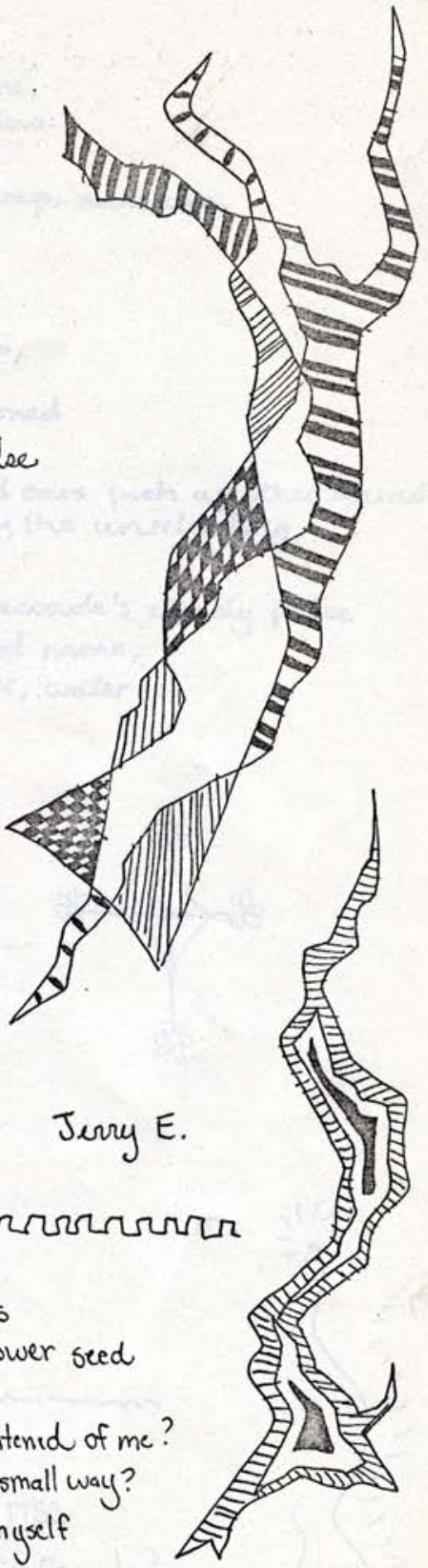
Katherine L.

Heavy flow of words and numbers
 Fill my mind and stop my life
 If I could but touch a rose
 And feel its rhythm and song
 I could fill my mind with love.

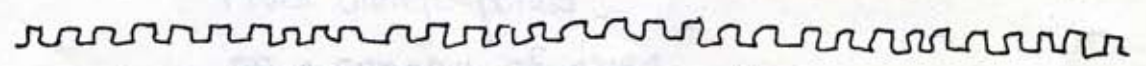
But Oh! Now if time could stand alone
 And my perception perceive this old man
 Then could I choose between the real and false
 and be it real and true to life
 Then could I fill my mind with health.

But I cannot see the roses beauty
 Or feel the roses heartbeat
 For words separate us and keep us apart
 like a wall between our flesh
 and so I will continue my quest.

No till my mind with roses and flesh
 Is to empty it of words and thought
 But can I tear down such a wall?
 Or is it too high to climb?
 Will I ever see behind its mass?



Jerry E.



soft, small, quick
 little detailed paws, large brown fawn type eyes
 hunched bodies walking busily over one sunflower seed
 the smell of grain surrounds them
 Scampering back and forth..... Are they really frightened of me?
 will they trust me in their small way?

so quick to catch the movement I hardly knew id make myself
 live quietly, move gently so as not to frighten them away
 Their paw outstretched on my finger.... wondering.... trembling.... trust me, trust me, can I be trusted?
 You are so small, your noisy play makes you seem bold
 Your time is not my time, you sleep while I wake, you are impatient.. desperate to be out.
 Robbie W.

Waterfall

Everything berobbed of life,
 Crystal and peat waters mumble down,
 Fall dizzily, sloppily, into the pool below:
 A cold, black, caseless pool;
 Nobody likes to wonder quite how deep, somehow.

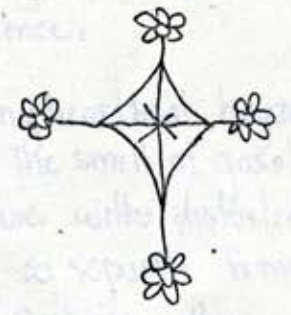
The hiss of elements combined
 Entrances you, and soon
 Your dazed eyes pick out patterns;
 Strong, round, tense, jagged shapes,
 Never quite repeated but still
 Flowing to a kind of pattern, governed
 by Old Man Gravity.

Gradually your numbed ears pick up other sounds,
 Sounds almost smothered by the unrelenting
 Gash of noise,
 Until at length, you hear the cascade's steady pulse
 And a voice, murmuring a sacred name,
 Amid the fall and flow of water, water....
 On, on, and on.

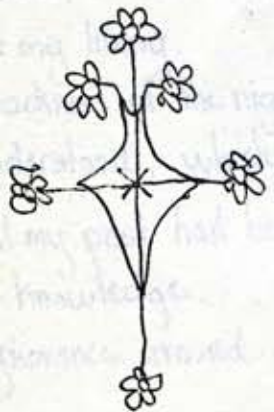
Sophie R.



Bubble burst of bliss
 feed my hunger for quiet
 as I pass jasmine.



Moist orange petals
 on a canopy of green
 and dawn becomes day



Fragment of me rise
 to the streaming surface but
 fall again with fear



Haiku: By Sandi E.

The Accident

It was one of those dead evenings that happened so often, driving for mile after mile, lost halfway between thoughts and dreams. Lights would mingle their way amongst my inner images. The swishing of passing cars became a hazy dance. As we neared the ocean a fog sunk its way around us making things yet more dreamy. A red light flashed by my side..... a train was coming.. darkness. The cars blurred their ways by..... sleep. Los Angeles had been terrible,..... darker. The fog became worse..... deeper, My vision closed..... darkness..... sleep.

Then, as if my whole being at that moment were pulled from where it was into an opposite existence, I was sharply taken from my drifting into a flash second series of pictures..... My mothers face, taunt..... heartbeat. A looming black object before us..... my hands clenched, Lights hurling towards us..... violent jerking, pavement swirling, their noise. Such noise, heavy, metallic, screeching, screams,..... turning, dust battering..... turning..... darkness, turning..... silence, turning..... still.

Such stillness I had never felt. Or was I even feeling? Existing? Yes, there was..... such silence, such simple consciousness, on a different realm, deep, deeper... no breath, nobody, no fear, no me.... but yet there was..... Silence.

Then I was within my body, awakened from that stillness my heartbeat began to make itself known, as if it was coming into life for the first time. The smell of gasoline stirred me to movement, I looked down upon my body, a mesh mixture with distorted metal, twisted, entwined in an impossible position. It was seemingly so separate from my eyes which looked upon it all. Then, my mother..... God, my mother. Fear had a chance to enter me for the first time... A moment of fear... then she answered me.

Alive, we were both alive. The hours that passed the rest of that evening were like the first hours of my living. The two of us dancing in the dust by the side of an overturned car. The blackness of the night and the heaviness of the fog around us, seemed to be the only things which understood, which entered within what we were experiencing.

All my past had been lived in such a dreamlike way. I saw things through such hazy thick layers of knowledge. I suppose it simply being the fact I was a child. I had innocence, therefore ignorance around me. But now, my eyes saw clearly.

I realized the fact of living, breathing, being.....

Death..... A new way awaited me.

I had been born.

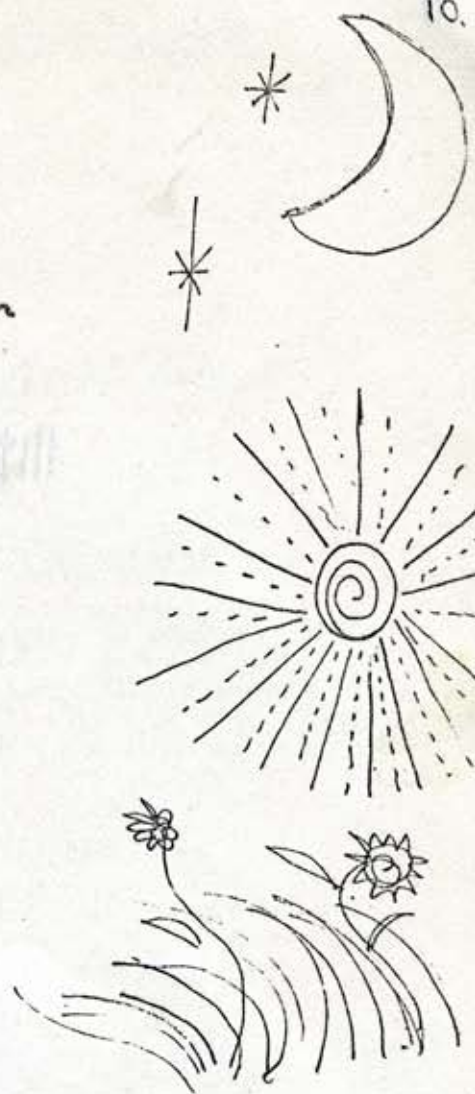


Tenderness of leaves and of flowers
A mistiness invades the green blades
Black bark is silent; moist and warm
and bird music hangs.

Mice in the eaves
I scuttle into the little roof-abode
In fantasy with them.

Why not laugh and sparkle now
Dreaming
Sigh with the pigeons
write, and water the cactus.

Sophie R.



To Dance. To soar and fly through the air with complete control; to leap and turn without fear... with abandon.

Can one imagine the supple strength of the muscles used in the body? The sweet feeling of perfection when a completed turn ends cleanly?

The rising musical crescendo; pulsating, vibrating reaching innermost thoughts and feelings... touching the quick of life; the center of emotions causes a spasm of joy and an ecstatic leap! into the atmosphere.

There is a love in the depths of my being for this feeling... for the expression of the movement, caused by the emotion of the music. I feel the restrained strength of muscles moving—embodied in the musical bars and notes... sometimes drifting—sometimes firing—penetrating the soul and make it quicken into a flowing mass of feeling... an instrument of love.

yoga high

in the evening after twilight
your body's still, your mind is still
existing in the peace of silence
yoga high, firefly high.

being is effortless
no place for confused thought
then - love

in the morning, when the Sun's
love comes and fills the room with
shining warmth, and your mind is clear,
and the clarity becomes energy
then, you know that you are
yoga high

In Praise of an 18th Century Mason's Handiwork

12

The walls stood high

Noah T.

As they had

done for centuries

WITHSTANDING the onslaught

OF Erosian and time, and their armies
OF wind, Rain and minute Sappers

Lord Fararough's 18th Century Manor

had long since crumbled, but the wall was
stronger. the thousands of minute creatures
it still flourished, propagating unendingly
the little world within the wall choked itself
Moonlight . . .

shone into the walled garden
stopping for an instant
upon a deserted shovel

gleaming . . .

all is quiet on the Georgian Front

Uncommunication

The boy sat on the grass,
I wondered why he was there;
He seemed to wonder,
But around him birds sang
And mice hid
In the taller grasses around
The boy.

But
He failed to notice these,
And his eyes were not being used,
He was thinking of other things.
I can remember when I asked
him why he sat
Pondering,

But he forgot to tell me why,
Because his mind was
wondering of other

The chords
pull
around my head
and in and out
you were there
But you floated
away
not to come back
again
if I wait

So I pretend
not to.

Hannah R.

Noelle H.

Growing seed.

As compact and pure as it is,
 containing all the necessary future.
 As innocent and cute as it is,
 thou hast the power of the future.

Influences shouting here and there,
 to persuade the innocent seed.
 Some die and some survive.
 Oh poor innocent seed.
 Oh poor innocent seed.

The true seed can never be spoiled.
 How weak and innocent it looks,
 it has the power of eternity,
 where life and death are one.

Tungki T.

BUS STATION BLUES

travellers, why do you not hold your heads up?
 why do you search in loneliness?
 can you never see what sad faces we keep?
 what you think you need is sleep but no time is
 determined by yourself, it's usually by chance we see
 ourselves - go find another traveller - and ask them.
 what is home?

Social laughter you show yourself too easily
 C'mon baby light my fire
 yeah - that's what he said
 tripping into the cold
 amidst the steeple bells - its 7 o'clock
 and the time is now.

bus stations in the morning after
 face needs warmth, and the kids are smoking
 who knows where the time goes?
 bags of junk, money, makeup books
 i can see into the future, lady, i'm abnormal for this
 town - i see that you are tired, that you've had a
 tough day - you're a housewife and you need a
 vacation but George works too hard and
 i'm just waitin for my angel to tap me on the shoulder
 and say "there is no judgement day".

Toby H.

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bus stations in the morning after
 face needs warmth, and the kids are smoking
 who knows where the time goes?
 bags of junk, money, make-up books
 i can see into the future, lady, i'm abnormal for this town
 i see that you are tired, you've had a rough day and you need a vacation
 but George works too hard and
 i'm just waiting for my angel to tap me on the shoulder and say "THERE IS NO
 JUDGEMENT DAY"

As the day brings all
we move and grow apart
our voices turn around
and go inwards
turning in a turmoil
our minds become confused
and the sameness of our thoughts
dullens our senses
so that we push, shove and hate.

Among us
where is the place
to be quiet and alone
where the anger
blows away in the breeze
and the sun reaches down
with outstretched arms
to soak our bodies
with a force
out of which we
grow and remove
our overcoats
so that freedom
allows us to be
what we are
and nothing more is expected.

Yvonne.C.

Brockwood. Can it work? Everyday we see
we try to grow and feel our way... To expand ourselves, To become new people.

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE WE GO AND WHICH PATH TO TAKE, BUT WE TRY TO MOVE ALONG
WITHOUT BEING CARRIED AWAY BY THE FAST FLOWING WATER.
HAPPINESS WILL COME TO US ALL WHEN WE GREET OUR DAYS WITH OPEN ARMS,
ALLOWING OURSELVES TO SEE AND BE A PART OF EVERYTHING.

Why do I feel separate? What is the mechanism that creates this feeling of separation?
There are flashes when it is not present. Is it possible to be in that state the whole time?
Even at night it seems that this whole business is going on. What is this me?
Thought is constantly asserting itself. Is it possible to be so totally awake that thought is not?
Thought is always old. The old always seems to separate. Can I live without this burden?

This blank sheet... This full house, To Each, from this can the emptiness appear.

People wandering seemingly aimlessly around the building - a meeting is held and many
things are brought out... often things that are unpleasant and need to be faced. Harsh
thoughts churn in reacting minds at the silly laws of communal living. An unfavorable
wind blows and you wish you were somewhere else. Then a new day dawns, you have
forgotten what upset you so much. There is a discussion with our Indian friend and
afterwards you feel empty minded, free, and that there is no reason for going anywhere
or doing anything except being happy.

Imitation is like writing a poem because others are writing a poem. Only you don't know it.
Using words given to you by others in so many entangled ways that you don't know it.
Fortunately, there is not a possible way to imitate learning about imitation. Is there?

It was a crowded weekend. At the talk there were new faces and it was interesting to watch
new peoples reaction to Brockwood. Honest discussion is so important... but some people
have ego trips and seem to stay in little groups by themselves. Elastic... open to change
we move into Monday with ease - Each with responsibility; No image - we are close...
If one listens to breath, and outside the blue freshness - we be alive.

TO HAVE THE POSSIBILITY TO LIVE A LIFE THAT IS NEW EACH DAY, EACH MOMENT, EACH BREATH...
A LIFE THAT HAS A FLOW, A DEPTH, A TRUTH.... YES....
IT LIES WITHIN THE ROOTS OF OUR GROWING.

Did you smell the roses by the door this morning? Did you hear the ticking of the clock?
Is the most essential thing in your life... to be nothing?

Brockwood - Brookwood. what does that name suggest? A little stream flowing through a wood
That's what it is!!! A stream of clarity in a dark wood.

Perhaps one day the stream will overflow.....