



## BROCKWOOD – A UNIQUE SCHOOL

**K**rishnamurti made the decision to start a school in Europe just over forty years ago and, after a wide-ranging search for a suitable location, he and the Foundation's Trustees decided to establish this at Brockwood Park. For those of us who were involved from Brockwood's beginnings it is a special joy to see how—forty years on—the School is still growing and truly flourishing.

Krishnaji worked very closely with Dorothy Simmonds, the first Principal, and all the Brockwood staff, to create the open, caring and really international atmosphere which, ever since, has remained central to the work of the School. His presence there for several months in each year was, of course, immensely helpful—but also immensely challenging. The School could never rest on its laurels! For Krishnaji there were no half-measures: he demanded excellence at every level from all who worked at Brockwood.

The School has weathered storms and vicissitudes from which it seems to have acquired new strengths and creativity. It has grown, and moved closely towards what Krishnaji wanted it to be from the beginning, "something much more than a school". It is a place of enquiry, where staff and students live and learn together, without fear or prejudices, and where people interested in the teachings can visit and share their own discoveries with the Brockwood community. It is appropriate that Brockwood Park is now also the home of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, the Krishnamurti Centre and the junior school, Inwoods.

Over the years, of course, Brockwood has had to respond to many challenges, and I would like to mention just two of these here. One was of a physical nature, but it seemed symbolic of Brockwood's healing and restorative powers.



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## IT'S ALL GONE!

Once again, in preparation for the forthcoming academic year, we have used up our pot of money to provide deserving students with bursaries to attend Brockwood.

We now need to replenish our funds and whilst you may have seen the request for donations in our Annual Appeal, earlier this year, we wish to inform you of some important additional news.

The AG Educational Trust has kindly offered to continue matching donations for the Brockwood Bursary Fund, up to a total of £10,000, meaning that every £1 you give will become £2 for the fund. Cheques or transfers should be made out to Krishnamurti Foundation Trust (see contact details below) and be clearly tagged 'For the AG Matching Fund'. Some donors like to know in advance, which student their money will support. We call this 'Sponsorship' and if you are interested in assisting in this way, don't hesitate to contact us: [admin@brockwood.org.uk](mailto:admin@brockwood.org.uk) Finally, we engage in careful assessment of the student and his/her family prior to awarding bursaries or proposing sponsorship, and we are certain that your help is going to a worthy student and a good cause.

Please note: Brockwood now awards 'Bursaries' not 'Scholarships' as no academic competition is involved. For account details, please contact: [accounts@brockwood.org.uk](mailto:accounts@brockwood.org.uk) or telephone: ++44 (0)1962 771 744.

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In 1990, many wonderful trees in the Grove and other parts of the estate were destroyed in a terrible hurricane, which swept across southern England. It seemed as if Brockwood's grounds had lost forever a great deal of their loveliness and serenity—but with financial help from its friends and dedicated work on the part of the staff, careful clearing and replanting restored the grounds to their characteristic beauty.

Another, and an even greater challenge, came with Krishnamurti's death in 1986. For over twenty years now, the School has had to function without his direct and personal input.

In this connection, I remember what happened when I visited Brockwood almost immediately after Krishna-naji's passing. I had been with him in California, and felt the need to visit the School to convey something of the mood of the momentous last days of his life.

I had, unconsciously perhaps, always regarded Krishna-naji as the Father of the Foundation and particularly, of the School. When I arrived at Brockwood, something remarkable seemed to have happened there. There was an almost palpable atmosphere of calm, dedication, responsibility and true creativity: it was as if, with the death of the father, everyone in the School had suddenly "grown up". A new strength was there—which, I feel, still continues. I can honestly say, as someone closely associated with Brockwood but not one of the staff, that almost every time I go there I am struck by its openness, sensitivity and vitality. I hope and trust that this will continue over the next forty years.

*Mary Cadogan is the longest serving Trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust and a founding Trustee of Brockwood Park School.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF DAN KEINAN

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## A SCHOOL THROUGH TIME

Bill Taylor, Co-Principal

Recently, with two colleagues, I went to explore an old filing cabinet languishing on the top floor of the Art Barn. It was a reconnaissance exercise. In the company of two excellent archivists, I wanted to check the whereabouts and state of School memorabilia, with a view to creating a School Archive. We found aging yearbooks piled high, rolls of early school posters secured with perishing rubber bands, and boxes crammed full of fading photos. To dip into the cabinet was to begin an archaeological dig into forty years of School history. Here a poster on which several faces stood out as Brockwood pioneers, now deceased, and there a photo of students in front of the house, girls in long floral dresses and boys with striped jerseys and tight, reckless bell-bottoms. The School was young, small, new, and bursting with the sense of possibility and promise. Where had the intervening years taken us?

There is no one in, or outside of, the School now who would recognise all of the faces in these many pictures, or the names appended to the poetry and the fledgling stories. The School has outgrown its own ability to tell the entire story. The people who were here at the beginning are not here now and Brockwood has changed in ways that not everyone would recognise, or perhaps approve of.

Much of this change is inevitable. Following his vital role in the first seventeen years of the School's life, Krishnamurti's death was perhaps the major watershed. He embodied Brockwood, articulated the intentions eloquently, addressed its problems and challenges passionately, and concerned himself with its future. Brockwood stood for the teachings and, like the teacher, it became a magnet attracting people from around the world. From the beginning, his presence and vision helped forge the commitment of a core group of serious staff who were to carry Brockwood for more than two decades.

During the early years, students and staff quite literally felt responsible for building Brockwood. They hotly debated whether classes should be compulsory or not, helped in the construction of new buildings and made the annual summer gatherings possible for thousands of guests. With the death of Krishnamurti, a new maturity was demanded of everyone at Brockwood. Despite his entreaties, he had often been cast in the role of CEO, sage and general arbiter, and now the challenges must be met without him. Tensions and differences emerged over the following decade, which saw the departure of many of the early stalwarts, and by the mid-90s only a handful remained. In the post 9/11 world of globalisation and environmental

meltdown, Krishnamurti's teachings seemed even more relevant to our lives, but the reputation of the School had waned, student numbers and donations were dropping, and closure became a very real threat. At its best, Brockwood has always been about co-operation, commitment and generosity, and it required all of these qualities to be manifested by trustees, staff, students and friends, to enable the School to pull back from the abyss.

The informal, experimental feeling of the early days of the School has been somewhat curtailed as the bureaucratic, litigious twenty-first century has begun to bite.

Running a school has become a much more complicated affair forty years on, and Brockwood has had to make some concessions to the pressures of government legislation, school inspections, parental expectations and new technologies. However, it has also resisted in crucial ways: it refuses to do all of the exams deemed necessary by the UK government; does not resort to competition or punishment and reward to motivate students; it ignores any attempt to measure its worth via league tables; and forbids Internet access in student bedrooms. The School is once again full and in good health. All residential staff share an interest in the intentions as described by Krishnamurti: "Brockwood is a place for learning, for learning the art of questioning, the art of exploring. It is a place which must demand the awakening of that

intelligence which comes with compassion and love."

Is Brockwood succeeding? It is a work in progress, but had the hard questions not been asked, had the exploration not occurred, had the intelligence not shone through, the compassion not been offered or the love been lacking, we would not be celebrating our fortieth year, as we are now.

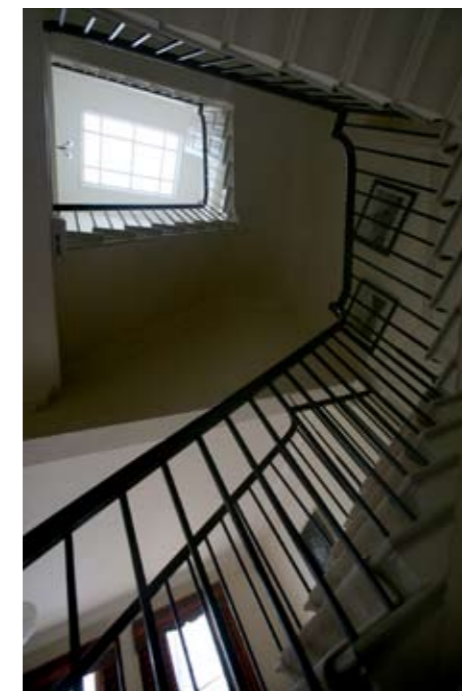


PHOTO COURTESY OF DAN KEINAN



# BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

## ABSORBING INDIA

Fazila Benoit, *Yoga Teacher*

Last winter three staff and six students spent a month travelling through the Indian subcontinent. We visited our sister school in Chennai, spent a week on an eco building project in the international township of Auroville, worked with the local community at the Gurukula Botanical Sanctuary in the rainforests of Kerala, and witnessed the spectacular dance and music festival of South India. India remains a vibrant country, evoking feelings of inspiration, mystery, confrontation, and frustration, all in equal measure. The following are excerpts from the travel diaries of some staff and students:

Jessica, England 16yrs.

"To put my experience from India on paper is challenging, so many thoughts and feelings passed through me in such little time. From one world to another, Western



toilets to holes in the ground, cereal to rice and curry for breakfast, from Christmas to Indian dance and music festivals and so on. I found my priorities changing, adjusting and adapting to the vibrant culture. The beauty, poverty, variety, people, schools, food, and general lifestyle was so different, it was hard to imagine myself in my usual situations again.

Maryam, South Africa 16yrs.

"The sun is slowly warming me and the cool morning air. The bells on my ankles sing each time I move, and



the smell of chopped vegetables is still hovering around me... I woke up early, cold and cosy in my mosquito net. Slowly and reluctantly I put my pants and kurta on and wrapped myself in a big shawl. I opened the door to see a bustling world of nature and colour covered in an early morning mist...

Sam, England 16yrs.

"Nothing, pictures, films, stories could prepare me or anyone else for the complete and utter manic opposite-ness of Chennai. The sights of people walking half naked



PHOTO COURTESY OF FAZILA BENOIT

along the streets. The smell a mixture of curry, masala tea, urine, and above all, the noise, people yelling at the top of their voices, and the cars and their horns. Words cannot describe the millions of uses for your horn in India."

Ewan, France 11 yrs.

"To get to the Botanical Sanctuary, we had to come by jeep, it was fantastic! On the Indian road it was quite bumpy..."

Paulina, Mexico 18yrs.

"Sitting atop the water tower, overlooking the stretched, green landscape, the massive lumps in the earth, covered in trees and wildlife, and I'm a speck in space watching it all happen. I'm everything and nothing..."

Fazila, South Africa (Staff)

Salubrious green, and I tread soft steps on this ancient forest of Mayakshetra, my senses overwhelmed by leaf, branch and bark. By leaf, branch and bark, by texture, shape, tone, sound, I am immersed, renewed. With feet spread in cool earth, I exhale and feel the release of rib-cage and hurt.



## UNEARTHING THE BLACK FOREST

Rupert Marques, *Ecology Teacher*

At Brockwood the Care for the Earth class and Environmental Education programme endeavour to support an holistic approach to ecological literacy that includes head, heart and hands. As a part of this exploration, this spring a group of students, staff and mature students were given the opportunity to visit Haus Sonne (www.haussonne.com) in the Black Forest of Germany. Our main intention was to explore some of the responses communities and individuals are engaging in to meet the challenge of living in a sustainable manner. In or-

der to keep our own carbon footprint down we travelled either by public transport or on foot, spending many hours walking through picturesque and hilly countryside. This allowed us to slow the pace of our day, a quality that our guide and ecologist, Christian Leppert, encouraged in the context of simplifying our lives

On our first day we climbed the snow-covered Belchen at 1400 metres, for which we were rewarded

with a wide panorama. We continued to explore the theme of a simpler life when visiting a traditional Black Forest house, built over 300 years ago. It was evident from the design of the house that a self-sufficient and sustainable way of life, in tune with the rhythms and capacities of the natural world, was the norm. To see how people in the developed world are meeting the challenge of reducing carbon emissions, we also visited a number of unique housing developments in the city of Freiburg. Communal photovoltaic electricity production, biomass heating and passive solar design featured prominently in the buildings we saw. Recalling the Haus Sonne trip, Kevin, a 17 year old student from Spain, wrote: "The experience challenged my way of living, making me reflect on how I live my daily life. It encouraged me to reflect on what a healthy relationship to life is, as well as inspiring me to continue to find a deeper meaning in life."

## SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD

Louise King, *English Teacher*

Shakespeare's birthplace is an interesting place to visit. Elizabethan houses juxtaposed with modern buildings catch the eye as you make your way from the house where he was born, and spent the formative years of his childhood, to the riverside where the Swan Theatre swathed in scaffolding is being completely renovated. We arrived late morning and passed through brief presentations of Shakespeare's life and times to tread on the original floor in the parlour and climb wooden stairs to view the bedrooms above. Once outside in the garden we were treated to a ten minute performance from "The Taming of the Shrew", a different way of encountering his plays while sitting in the sun.

After an afternoon of free time to explore the riverside and the town, we reconvened for an interactive pre-show drama workshop concentrating on the preparation for performance, rehearsals, and director's choices for the play. Everyone in the group of 23 students and four staff was involved in experiencing the plot, emotional dynamics and language of the play. It was good fun and informative. An unexpected visit to the Royal Shakespeare Company rehearsal rooms gave us the bonus of meeting the lead actor of "Julius Caesar" and some of the cast.

The performance itself was excellent, the thrust stage

in the Courtyard Theatre taking the actors out into the audience. Front row seats in the stalls meant that we were totally involved in the comedy from start to finish. We walked back to the buses starry-eyed, the magic of the Forest of Arden still echoing in our ears. It had been a good day out!



PHOTO COURTESY OF HANNA HESS



# DRAWN TOGETHER

The exam art classes at Brockwood follow the OCR (Oxford, Cambridge and RSA Examinations) board syllabus. This syllabus is designed to allow students to be able to explore themes and areas in art that they can determine for themselves. This gives them a lot of freedom for expressing whatever it is that each student is interested in. Over the course of the year, students work on projects that they define with help from the teacher. They are encouraged to contextualise their work within the field of art, craft and contemporary culture—referencing and taking inspiration from the work of others. Ultimately they will put their work together in a portfolio which traces the journey they have made throughout the year. In their final exam, involving 5 hours at AS level and 15 hours at A2, students work on completing a project that they have had the previous months to plan and prepare. The resulting work, some of which you see on these pages, is always very personal and reflects the thinking and development of skill that comes from all the very hard work that everyone puts in!



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7



8

1 Sarah Abraham 16yrs.  
*What She Carried*

2 Michael Cain-Leon 18yrs.  
*Hawaii*

3 Nicole Paiz 16yrs.  
*Jose*

4 Pauline Gaubert 17yrs.  
*The Shadow of the Wind*

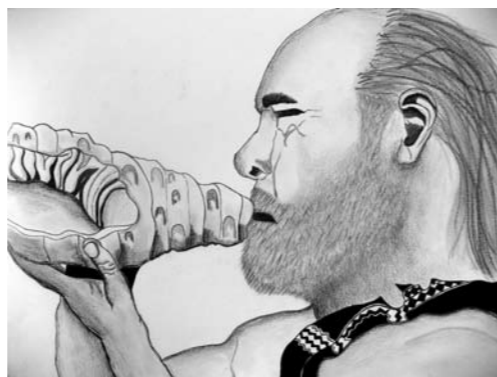
5 Saoirse Chapman 18yrs.  
*Grandmother's Yarn Box*

6 Tomas Fournil 18yrs.  
*Mask*

7 Clara Czimmek 18yrs.  
*Rural V Urban*

8 Tatyana Von Boeltinger 16yrs.  
*Loss of Autonomy*

9 Maia Jones 18yrs.  
*Sewn to Fit*



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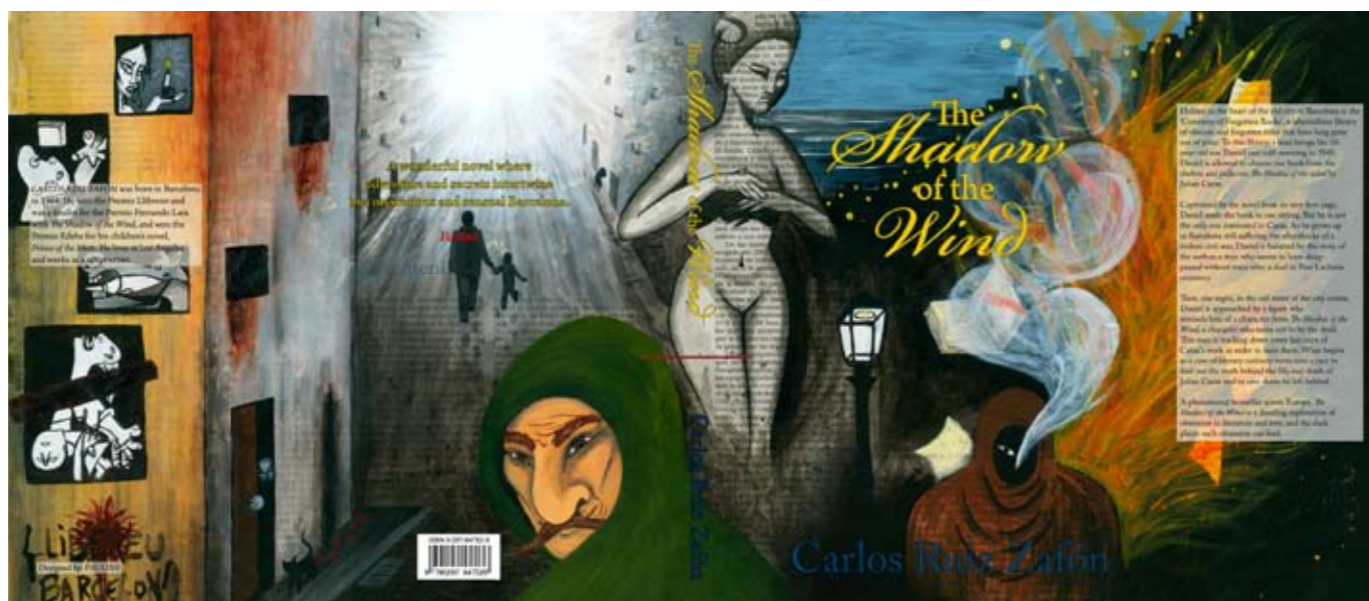
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## Q: WHERE DID THEY GO? A: AFRICA

Where in the world did they go? In this issue we hear from two former students who went to Africa, one to visit and one to stay. Throughout future issues of the Observer we will continue to feature Brockwood alumni and their world-wide initiatives by highlighting different people and different countries. Feeling inspired to share your story? Where has life taken you after leaving Brockwood? Email us at: [observer@brockwood.org.uk](mailto:observer@brockwood.org.uk).



PHOTO COURTESY OF LUCILE DEMORY

### ETHIOPIAN ENCOUNTER

Lucile Demory, Brockwood 2002-2006

It had always been clear in my mind that once I'd left Brockwood I would embark on a humanitarian trip. Brockwood put me in contact with Dr. Monique Rakotomalala, head of the Ethiopian mission for the United Nations Population Fund. Monique lives in Addis Ababa, where she arranged for me to assist at an orphanage operated by Mother of Charity Sisters. Four hundred children, from infancy to 19 years of age, all HIV positive, were living on a large campus and when I arrived it felt like I was in a film, where you see African children running into the arms of a white woman. My initial reaction was to take them into my arms, but when some 30 children came running to me, I didn't really know what to do anymore and my attitude changed quite quickly.

Unfortunately, I realized that I had to keep a little distance from them. The children lack love and physical contact and they would hang at one's neck all day long if allowed. I came hoping to give love to them all, but suddenly realised that it had to happen on an "industrial scale". As a result, I began a few activities, which

kept my mind off the guilt I had suddenly begun to feel. I was first asked to give art classes and also got involved in preparing the daily medicine, giving pulmonary massages to babies with respiratory problems, and running the school library.

As the weeks went by, I started to get to know the nuns in charge of the orphanage and realised they considered volunteers as persons only good for giving medicine and teaching English. They did not appreciate the value of playing with the children and cuddling them. I also observed their methods of punishing the children and their reluctance to share and discuss with the children important issues concerning the children's lives.

I was asked to attend church services in the morning so that I would set a good example for the children. I don't believe in God so refused to attend services. My refusal led to little troubles I faced throughout my stay as the nuns were very dogmatic and left absolutely no space for any kind of discussion. So after my third month in Addis Ababa, I left and went to Dire Dawa, a town 400km away. There I started working in a hospital where I dressed wounds on a daily basis.

Throughout my time in Ethiopia I learned about the economy, which is very troubled. The climate is favourable to the growth of fruit trees and vegetables, and yet the country gives priority to the cultivation of chat leaves, which people chew to simulate the effect of drugs. Not only does this mean that many people become mentally sick, but it also deprives many others of essential food. A lot of coffee is grown, most of which is exported, but the profit from the sales of the coffee often never reaches the hands of those in need of income. Furthermore, the country, though beautiful, with various climates and incredible landscapes, is being destroyed by deforestation.

All of these problems combined made me realise how much more needs to be done and left me feeling hopeless. I became overwhelmed with all of the different concerns and tricky paradoxes that are attached to volunteer work. Even the memory of these beautiful children now leaves me sad, thinking that they will never be adopted as a result of having Aids.

### NORTHERN KENYA

Emma Redfern, Brockwood 1986

I attended Brockwood for a year in 1986 when I was 15. Coming from the west coast of Scotland, it was my first experience of living with people from other cultures. At nineteen I started my first business and shortly afterwards began studying part-time with the Open University, ultimately working my way through two science degrees. I ran my second business, an online marketing company, for eight years.

My free time was spent volunteering for environmental and community projects. This led to a Masters degree in Environment and Development. I did my research in Kenya on communities that started businesses to fund development. I now live in Kenya, near the dusty northern frontier town of Isiolo, with my Maasai husband. From the results of my research I set up the DARE (Development Assistance for Rural Enterprise) Foundation.

Northern Kenya is a huge arid land of rugged mountains and vast open plains, populated by tribes who still live much as they have done for hundreds of years. They are entirely reliant on their animals for all the basic necessities of life. This is an environment that has always been on the edge, but population increase and changing climate is pushing people to the brink of disaster. Tribal conflicts over scarce resources, such as water or grazing, that used to be fought with spears are now fought with automatic weapons. There is a vicious cycle of shrinking resources and an increasing number of guns leading to an increasing number of deaths.

If people can establish alternative livelihoods to livestock it gives them a way out of this cycle; it also helps them survive the droughts and start again when it rains.

It gives their children a future here.

The objective of DARE is to help people start enterprises and learn the skills they need to fund and run their own development projects. Where possible, we encourage communities to learn the skills they need from each other. Not only is the knowledge gained this way more relevant to them, but also it helps form links between communities that can be used for business or conflict resolution. Even when the skills needed come from outside we encourage an exchange of knowledge where the tutors also learn from the groups they work with.

Sometimes the best way to help people here start a business is to help them solve other problems, such as health care, sanitation, water, conflict resolution or literacy. These can be just as much impediments to enterprise as not knowing how to open a bank account, keep financial records, or marketing skills. People who are hungry, ill or fighting do not have the time or energy to start a business.

My favourite working day is spent deep in the bush with one of the groups from any of the different tribes here: Samburu, Maasai, Turkana, or Somalis to mention a few. These people are extraordinary in their resilience to the harshest of environments. In our terms they are desperately poor with only remote access to water (none of it clean) and go days on end with nothing to eat other than milk and blood. Here everything is trying to kill you: wildlife, the weather, other tribes. Yet these people are happy and more at ease with themselves and their environment than any other people I have met. I have learnt a huge amount from my time with them.

If you would like to know more about the DARE Foundation or are interested in getting involved with the work we do here in northern Kenya you can visit our website at [www.darefoundation.com](http://www.darefoundation.com) or contact me directly at [emma@darefoundation.com](mailto:emma@darefoundation.com).



PHOTOS COURTESY OF EMMA REDFERN





## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR? Steve Smith, Language Teacher



PHOTO COURTESY OF FRIEDRICH GROHE

In a quiet corner of Bramdean churchyard lies the grave of Leslie George Tibble. Les was a neighbour of mine when I lived at Woodlands around 1980. He and his wife and unmarried son lived in the end of a row of four cottages, Wendy and I in the other end. Growing up between the wars, his first employment on leaving school at fourteen had been as a general help at Brockwood Park. As readers of the Observer will recall, the number of residents before its purchase by Krishnamurti Foundation Trust was roughly equivalent to what it is now. There were gardeners, two chauffeurs, stable lads and grooms, and, more highly placed on the social hierarchy—top of the tree—a housekeeper and a butler. The house was home to a retinue of servants, cooks, housemaids and simple skivvies, all of whom lived in the East Wing, the West Wing being reserved for the family. What is now the Study, with its beautiful oak

panelling, was once the family dining room.

It was a time of unquestioned authority, in essence not different from the Middle Ages, when God reigned in heaven, the king on earth, and power devolved through the nobility and their vassals. Les told me one day that he had been washing up—there had been guests at the house—a lot of washing up. He had failed to completely clean a spoon and his superior, seeing this, had taken all the cutlery, “the silver” as it was politely known, and thrown it in the sink for Les to do again. He told me this tale without any hint of bitterness, much as in Moslem homes I have visited the women wait patiently while their menfolk eat before partaking of the leftovers. If it’s what you’re used to it works, in its way. I would bump into Les on a bright summer’s day just returned from polishing the major’s brasses, or cleaning his car, or whatever it was. He had his

cottage for the duration of his life—and, I think, the life of his wife and son—from the landowner who had been his longest, last employer, Lord Northbrook. He was happy with it: he had no complaints.

The outward flowering of the English genius lies, more than anywhere, in the country garden. In this domain, Les was a master. His garden stretched to the north of the cottage, with a hedge to the lane and a fence to his neighbour’s property. There were bushes, flower beds and a row of runner beans; there was a lawn so immaculate it made your heart sing. Everything about it exuded goodness: the rich earth, the birds that it attracted to it, the beauty of an order fine-lined but not abstract. While we “Brockies”, devoted to higher things, let ours grow wild or, with some trepidation, waited for Maintenance and the monthly hack, Les kept a garden that came from paradise.

The other day, when the Brockwood Blues were singing their sullen, dark-cloud dirge, I took a walk to Woodlands again. I approached Les’s garden—I still think of it as such—and, to my amazement, what greeted me was the same wild order, the same place of peace. The lawn was still as neatly trimmed—I assume it’s his son who does it now—the runner beans were staked out, the bushes coming on. Most striking of all was a blaze of tulips, throwing up their red throats, sucking in the sun. It was a total epiphany and it turned my day around.

So, when I think of Les now, I think not of his funeral, the church packed with people of every stripe, nor of the sear notes of the Last Post, tribute to a life of ungrudging service; I think, instead, of that blaze of tulips. Somewhere, we are neighbours still.

“Brockwood must be a place of integrity, deep honesty, and the awakening of intelligence in the midst of confusion, conflict and destruction that is taking place in the world. And this in no way depends on any person or group of people, but on the awareness, attention and affection of the people who are there.”

*Krishnamurti – Brockwood Today and in the Future*

## THE STAFF DIALOGUE

Adrian Sydenham, *Co-Principal*

Each week, in a format and setting which outwardly may appear to have something of the ritual about them, Brockwood staff from all departments meet for a dialogue, the topic for which is usually prepared and presented by one or more of the group. There may be a short silence while the room settles and people gather their thoughts or leave them behind, a short introduction, perhaps a printed passage or an audio or video extract to ‘seed’ what follows. Occasionally there is no pre-arranged topic, and the dialogue evolves out of the suggestions, comments and spoken thoughts of those present.

The dialogue format presents a challenge to many: first, there is the task of plucking up courage to formulate one’s thoughts in front of a group which may be both sympathetic and critical at the same time; for some, even speaking in a semi-formal situation in front of others may be too daunting, too fear-inducing for many weeks, even months, perhaps years, though it is only on the rarest of occasions that there is actually any gentle pressure to contribute. There are the usual difficulties of public speaking: pitch, tone, volume, finding a common vocabulary, finding a theme or question



PHOTO COURTESY OF DAN KEINAN

which can take off from the ground and fly a little under its own steam, perhaps hesitantly at first, occasionally confident from the moment it trundles down the runway. For those who present or facilitate, there may be a brief moment of panic, wondering if the silence indicates a deeper digestion of the introduction, or a potentially disastrous awkwardness which may continue for an hour or more right through to the moment of extreme relief when some individual, or the collective consciousness, realizes and gives voice to the thought that it must be supper-time and we can all creak to our feet.

And yet, *en revanche*, it is also true that some dialogues, or parts of dialogues, drop a large spark into a box of dry tinder, or gently fan the embers of enquiry which glow in the background of all our activities. The seriousness and commonality of the intentions for Brockwood are a kind of glue which binds us together, and the dialogue format is as good a tool as any for strengthening that bond, by bringing us all to a place of relative quiet and impersonal investigation.

Despite its inexorable drift towards old age and self-destruction, the brain, as a reflection of our little selves, needs to ‘maintain’ a certain youth and flexibility through which consciousness and mind can tackle the day-to-day challenges of living and working together. In this endeavour, the staff dialogue represents a unique opportunity to challenge traditional thinking, and thinking itself, by ‘taking a large bucket to the well’ instead of a small and self-interested one.

## BROCKWOOD’S 40TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION



There is a time for everything and August 2009 is the time when former students and staff return to Brockwood for our biggest reunion so far. Once in five years the marquee arrives, the camp beds and tents are erected, the portable loos and showers roll in, and the years roll back, as people return to Brockwood from around the world. With the passing of 40 years we feel we have plenty to celebrate, so for 5 days (20th - 24th) in August there will be activities ranging from dialogues to dinner dances, morning meetings to musical magic, Krishna-

murti extracts to kitchen extravaganzas. If you are a former student or staff member wishing to come, then visit our reunion website ([www.brockwood2009.org.uk](http://www.brockwood2009.org.uk)) and register today. If you are an old friend and supporter of Brockwood, who wishes to participate in some of the fun, then come to our special Visitors Concert and Tea, Sunday 23rd from 3.00pm to 6.00pm (email: [reunion@brockwood2009.org.uk](mailto:reunion@brockwood2009.org.uk) to make a booking, or call ++44 (0)1962 771 744.)





# BROCKWOOD IN BRIEF



Guy Claxton

Students and staff welcomed author Guy Claxton as guest speaker during enquiry time. Guy is the author of *What's the Point of School?: Rediscovering the Heart of Education*, which was this year's theme for Brockwood students. Guy shared through his research how students can develop general habits of mind that underpin confident, curious, creative learning. Co-Director of the Centre for Real-World Learning (CrL), Guy is keen to find out more about how people learn to accomplish real things in their everyday lives like learning to play the piano, writing a story, or resolving heated arguments. "The Centre's key premise is that people who feel equipped to tackle difficult and rewarding things live happier, more fulfilled and more productive lives. Though partly financial and social, the key elements that underpin this confidence and adventurous spirit are certain habits of the mind, beliefs and strategies. The focus of CrL is on the development of

competence – learning to do things, not just learning about things." For more information go to [www.winchester.ad.uk/realworldlearning](http://www.winchester.ad.uk/realworldlearning).



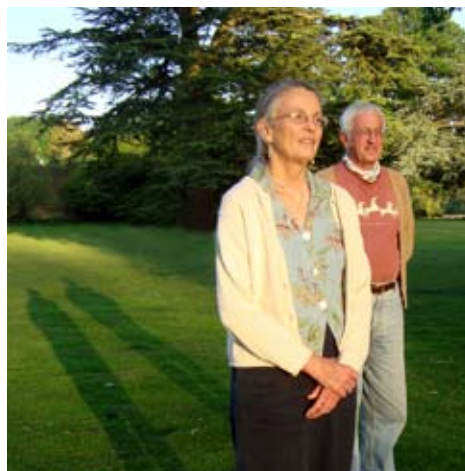
Natasha Narayan

Brockwood is pleased to announce the latest release of *The Mummy Snatcher of Memphis*, by author and former student, Natasha Narayan. This is the first in a new series of adventure stories about Kit Salter and Ancient Egypt. Natasha Narayan was born in India but emigrated to England at the age of five. She has had many jobs in journalism including working as a war correspondent in Bosnia.

## Urgent Need!

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## RETURNING TO BROCKWOOD



WENDY & STEVE SMITH  
AUDIO DIGITIZER - LANGUAGE TEACHER



Vladimir Waltham • Chihiro Ono • Prach Boondiskulchok

In May Brockwood hosted a performance by The Lakeside Trio, which opened with Joseph Haydn and included pieces by Johannes Brahms, Oscar Colomina i Bosch and Dmitri Shostakovich. Former Brockwood student Prach Boondiskulchok is the pianist in the trio which was formed in October 2007.



## Student Initiative

Brockwood leaving students raised money by baking organic bread and cakes and selling them at the Petersfield Food Festival. This was part of an initiative to encourage leaving students to actively support the Brockwood Bursary Fund. One-third of Brockwood students benefit from this fund.