

Dear Iphigenia,

A month has passed since I wrote my first letter to you. The gulf between the powers that be and our little world seem only to have widened. A certain intransigence seems to have hardened.

In the first two letters I tried to describe the coworker nightmare in trying to come to terms with the fact that CVT had disenfranchised him/ her from what he had presumed to be his right and responsibility to direct and organise the community and its tasks; and overnight more or less to have a system of management imposed upon the community that contravened the very spirit out of which he had worked, it's values and forms of life, which had taken generations to build and develop.

In this letter I will try initially in a more pictorial and round about way to describe one of the principle dilemmas we are faced with. The seeming incompatibility between a system of justice and rights that is the basis of governmental Charity controlled Care Sector provision and a Community provision based on mutual concern, respect and and moral relations, more akin to family life.

The example of Jane Luxford and her suspension in the previous letter is a case in point. If the individuals of a community are forced to insist on their rights, forced to enter into a commercial relation with a company, forced to comply to behavioural and job restrictions, these undermine the meaning of charity itself, which is the disposition and giving of love and affection. A marriage, a family, a true brotherhood, a community cannot survive under such conditions.

As such the State at present has a problem of difficulty to solve this dilemma. It will be up to the High Courts to decide what legal rights CVT had and have in their interpretations of the law regarding their conduct towards the Camphill coworkers. The battle over Tax status however is but symptomatic of a much greater complex of far ranging issues confronting Camphill and the State.

But my dear Iphigenia, I realise how quickly I am hopelessly out of my depths in trying to deal with these matters. I can be grateful for this period of voluntary exile that I have the time to think and study concerning these things, and be grateful also of those with a keener mind and experience than mine who with courage give of their resources and time to defend our common interests and ideals.

I have tried in the letters, apart from the request to write down what has occurred in the recent past from the coworkers' point of view in a community like Delrow, also to describe what it is that has made it a Camphill place. This is what I will now do to continue. We will enter enter

into strange waters to begin with, for the fact that a Camphill place isn't your run of the mill care institution is not simply because we do things in particular ways which can be copied, but because of something I will try to arrive at in the latter part of the letter.

You may have wondered why I made that excursion back to Aulis over 3000 years ago in that letter.

I think the myth has meaning in trying to understand our situation today, parallels can be drawn and the identity of your names sake is close to Camphill. Whether I can make that apparent I don't know. It will have to do with the juxtaposition of those forces represented by Agamemnon your father, and those of Iphigenia, your self.

Menelaus and Odysseus had failed in their attempt to recover Helen by diplomatic means. Now Tyndareus's Oath bound all the Achaens to Aulis. At least 1200 ships, over 100,000 warriors, crowded the bay. I too had 50 ships anchored in the bay. All restless waiting for your fathers command. Ostensibly Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, and daughter of Zeus, was the prize, the kind of 'Ethos' for the war. But under their breath many of the Achaens thought of her as no more than a slut, and the real cause was the struggle for power in the northern Aegean and for control over the trade route to the Black Sea, and for your father Agamemnon to regain Lydia East of Troy.

Parallels ? What did this bring?

After ten years of slaughter and the razing of Troy many of the returning Kings, Captains and Leaders met disaster. Your father murdered by your mother and her lover, whose hatred had not abated since he sacrificed you for the glory of war. Many emigrated to found new colonies. The Kingdoms collapsed. Palaces were destroyed and new divisions of tribal territories marked the beginning of chaos and a dark time for Greece.

So nothing? Intransigence and disaster. And your sacrifice also in vain? One could say the suitors of Helen the strong men of Greece sought to possess a chimera, while sacrificing the true daughter soul of Hellas, all in the name of honour. This is telling enough for today, but the analogies might be more complex.

From a wider perspective what did it bring about? The symbol for this is Odysseus's invention, the wooden horse. This made possible the sack of Troy. The new parameter that was to rule the world and which gave Europe its mission, symbolised in this invention. It was the cunning, the wit, the power of individual intelligence, divorced from the experience of thought as contingent to the Gods. The development of this capacity in the evolution of consciousness was

personified in the trails of Odysseus/Ulysses, and the other Demi Gods and great Heroes of the early Greeks. Its shadow side also meant that when hinged to the instinct for power, war and imperialism in whatever form would become ever more devastating. The exploitation of these faculties brought about the destruction of the old decaying dispensations of the theocratic societies of Eastern origin, and on the other hand after a millennium long struggle, a short blossom of Democracy.

The old Houses of the Kings fell, and City States emerged precariously, constantly under threat of internecine rivalries. It was not because of this brutality but despite of it that the wonder of the 'golden age' of Athens could come about, even if it lasted no more than forty years. The underground rivers that gave life to such a culture were the last waters of the mystery schools of Delphi, Eleusis, Samothrace and Ephesus. Athens was brought up under the protection of the Goddess Athene. It was nurtured by the Mystery Schools of initiation; where in Delphi the dictum "Man, know thyself" was inscribed in the temple of Apollo; where Eleusis under the aegis of the earth Goddess Demeter gave birth to the theatre revealing mystery knowledge onto the open stage; how man had to lose his clairvoyant perception of the spiritual world and through this find freedom through catharsis to experience an ego bound thinking which was blind in its alienation from his divine nature. From out of these receding Mystery Schools fabulous geniuses began their exploration of the mind, precursors of philosophy, art and science as we know them today. A brilliant host from the sixth century BC onwards, no longer tied to the religious cults and rituals of the Gods and Priest Kings. A scepticism that gave birth to an historical rather than a mythological consciousness, separating the self from a oneness in nature in a determinism contingent to the Gods creative and pervasive in all things human and natural, one and the same, microcosm and macrocosm.

The transition from the pre-Socratic schools to the Sophists; the transition from Plato to Aristotle reverberates through history, between the Nominalists and Realists, up to the present day. Today dominated by a reductionist model of philosophy with its inevitable materialism; in distinction to the many movements trying to re-find the primacy of the Spirit. The transition from Sophocles to Euripides where for the first time the word Conscience is used, reverberates to the present day; now a race of robots, a 'superior' race is being created, and in contrast, the many separating themselves from the 'good life' to help the dispossessed or who try to create communities of the Simple Life; we see the divergence between conscience and a people functioning with mechanical obedience.

Between 443 and 429 BC Pericles was the uncontested leader of the Democracy of Athens. These are words attested to him by Thucydides:

"Our polity does not copy the laws of neighbouring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. It is called a Democracy, because its administration favours the many

instead of the few; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity; class consideration not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way, if a man is able to serve the state he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition.

"The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbour for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks, which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty. But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens".

" In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas, while I doubt if the world can produce a man who, where he has only himself to depend on, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility, as the Athenian. And this is no mere boast thrown out for the occasion, but plain matter of fact, the power of the state acquired by these habits of power."

This is the first picture. How forty years of a 'Golden Age' vindicates a barbarous struggle of more than a thousand years. And in my next letter to you Iphigenia, as immodest and absurd as it may sound, to juxtapose this achievement of the human spirit with the social form that Camphill pioneered and established in rudimentary fashion together with the then so called handicapped person, under the shadow of the Second World War and beyond even until today, however compromised in a contrasting world of superfluity and severe regulation.

Also in this analogy of the Geek story lays the parallel that the war for Camphill even if won and justice is achieved, might not prevent a further undermining of CVT places, as Greece after Troy.

Such inferences though might be misleading and prevent a more profound and essential understanding of the analogy if not considered in context of the myth of Iphigenia's sacrifice.

Thus blind Homer's recall of the story of Agamemnon, and Iphigenia. Her sacrifice, as the abiding deed expiating the evolving curse wrought through the House of Arctus, Pelops, Tantalus the Titan offspring of Zeus, back to the beginning of time and the creation of the human race itself. Her antithesis, Agamemnon for whom suffering and carnage are meaningless except as a means to an end. It is a neutral act. The powers of an unbridled automatic intelligence bound to a 'masculine' egoity which if unmitigated bears death in itself.

Tragedy in suffering and carnage is merely sentimental if there is no meaning. Tragedy as in Greek or Shakespearean tragedy always sought transcendence even if unable to state it overtly.

The hero caught in his 'fatal flaw', his blindness that irrevocably leads to self-destruction catharsis and epiphanic realisation. The story of Oedipus is one such archetype. Agamemnon in contrast sacrificed his daughter, laid waste to Troy, raped Helen and was murdered by his wife unrepentant. The catharsis and epiphany in this myth does not lie in the destiny of Agamemnon but is causal to the catharsis and transcendence of Iphigenia.

Today this myth is as operative as it was in Greek times, and I will descry this with a few broad generalised strokes because it will help to explain the rage and disdain of Achilles, though from one aspect only.

Our Agamemnons, Menelaus and Odysseus's are kings in any city. Anke Weiss in an article on Pherophrone and Iphigenia characterised them in this way: "... Agamemnon is king of the golden city of Mycenae, but to him gold is not yet wisdom, it is power. Agamemnon cannot think, he can only rule. In Menelaus the principle of love is still governed entirely by Aphrodite. In Odysseus reason has no morality, yet in him lies the future. Agamemnon cannot think; Menelaus cannot rise above earthly love; Odysseus cannot as yet do the good ... Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh have not yet crystallised out of human history. Yet all three are prototypes, are our own spiritual ancestors and live on as unredeemed elements of Tantalus in us -: Scepticism, - Eroticism, - Convenience... three anti-kings, derivatives of these three early kings ... "

These hold sway anchored in the skyscrapers of finance and hi- tech, (being neutral the most efficient tools), and in their shadow the Law Courts, and government buildings, and encamped around the globe not so visible the Special Forces to protect their interests far afield; The moguls of media and entertainment; The paymasters of research and 'think tank' centres. They idolise growth and a rapacious exploitation of the earth's energy resources to fuel a consumerism that is seen as the panacea for all their problems, (inner and outer). They invest billions in 'security' and surveillance. They invest billions to develop an artificial intelligence superior to their own which will effortlessly program and control all aspects of human life, birth, learning, belief, health, work and death. (With every passing year such science fiction, which is a kind of modern spectral reversed mythology, nevertheless working powerfully into our time, is becoming less fiction).

Those who are not enthralled with the call for alliance to defend the New World Order, those who do not show gratitude for the latest computer on their desk, in their child's bedroom, in every house and classroom in every country of the world, those who have doubts, are easily made to feel mad or insignificant in their helplessness over and against the enormity of the pressure to comply and adapt to the 'good life'. The good life with all the provisions of its services, with the entertainment provided, highbrow for the privileged, more sensational for the needy, and with the 'Security' for all departments of life that it sells. And of course their

propaganda tells us we must defend this life thus regulated. Mass media informs us every hour and minute of the day how privileged and how threatened we are from all directions. We must know that we need to be protected. We live in awe of specialists, think tanks, sponsored university research centres, government agencies and departments and become dependent on them for our view, our own health, happiness and wealth, or lack of them. All the time we are blinded to the fact that it is this very reliance and dependence upon this all-pervading authority that has caused our feeling of helplessness, insignificance and vulnerability. A process that gradually overrides and numbs our own common sense, our conscience, our self-reliance our resourcefulness, our humanity.

Agamemnon is a way of thinking a way of being in which we all participate. Through the manipulation of suffering he will create whatever extremes he needs to make us functionaries. In our political world he invested heavily to make sure that the Bolshiviks would succeed in his socialist experiment in the east. He invested heavily that the Faschists and Nazis would rise, he invests heavily that terrorism today will serve his ends. Now, left or right we see that politics is just a game that he manipulates as best he can. Capitalism drives the communist states; a refined socialism controls the Free World. For Agamemnon it is really all the same. The suffering inconsequential except as a means to an end. Maps will be redrawn. Even the Courts will apply repression to acquiesce to Agamemnon's élite, an illusive and exclusive autocracy, whose power will not be shaken. When rights are to be protected the Law is an abstraction defined by those who have won the status quo. The beaurocratic and legal mind cannot be partial to ethos or ethical questioning. What matters is that all things shall be 'neutral acts' whether a sentence, an execution or a war; whether a wage, a hospital bed or desk at school; whether acting as an employer, a nurse or a teacher. Most of us are simply numbed by the intransigence of this scientific technological thinking embraced by all forms of power and by the state.

Camphill is not spared, before we realise it we are engulfed by this mindset. We want to be in the 'real' world, we are linked up to google and Amazon, quickly conditioned by better, best or bust, by a value system of quantification and qualification invisible, unmitigated, not noticed because not looked for. Most of us are willing pawns in this dependence, no matter what political or economic allegiance we might have, too preoccupied with our own struggle for existence, too distracted to be able to free ourselves from this dance with death that leads us to our own Troy. The dance on the dykes as the waters are rising. The dance on the rooftops of power stations as vast tracts of the gardens of our planet are devastated. And again we feel helpless and therefore guiltless as the dispossessed pile up on our shores. We wait trusting most of us blindly in the old Gods as Agamemnon, that a new wind will fill our sails.

A dark and sinister indictment of the progression of our times? Certainly, partial and lop-sided. Not all our kings are retrograde. Our Liberal Democracies however corrupted and manipulated, better than the present alternatives. Whether it is better than what Athens achieved over 2400 years ago with our less obvious forms of slavery...? Dubious, doubtful.

No Iphigenia, you did what had to be done. You had no choice except to go to your death in freedom. The whole of Greece and its Achean armies lowered down upon you, and Calchas the Law had spoken, even my attempt to intercede was useless.

There is no revolution worth fighting for. Each brings greater disaster. It is not the way to create a more humane world.

There is left to us only the mystery of sacrifice. Sacrifice, a mystery though, that in our contemporary world and consciousness must be understood and lived and striven for in a new and transformed way, if it's Nemesis in all forms of terror visible or invisible is not to create our destruction. Iphigenia's sacrifice is an archetype that lives as a beacon at the birth of European and Western civilisation, and is, and works as an inner hidden stream which prepares and matures a future community where it's meaning and mission will be revealed and made manifest. We can identify Camphill and the destiny of all those whose lives made it possible and necessary in this light.

The meaning of your act was to atone the transgressions of your father, to appease Artemis, and to reconcile man with the Gods. A redemptive counterbalance. Agamenon, Menelaus, Odysseus build the brilliance of their technical and imperialistic empires, demanding sacrifice, of those who serve them, those whom they destroy as their enemies, and the masses the innocent whom they maim, make homeless, slaughter. Always the irrevocable imperative of sacrifice, and upon it's altar the renewing sacramental flame which must be tended.

"The ceremony of innocence is drowned" famous lines in WB Yeats' poem the Second Coming, "And what rough beast, it's hour come round at last, / Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born."

At the beginning of our reckoning of time, St Mathew's gospel describes the way of Kings to the birth of the Christ child and how this cannot happen without incurring the fury of Herod at who's command the slaughter of the innocents takes place. At the beginning of the last century the Titanic sank like a symbol of a century where millions and millions of men women and children were sacrificed in terrible struggles for power of all kinds, victims of madmen and psychopaths. Our century lives under the shadow of all that the Twin Towers symbolise and the dark machinations of exploitation by Fundamentalism and the new Imperialism of the "New World Order". And we in our frail Camphill Communities experience the ripples of these powers

alienating us and disenfranchising us, as we too are distracted and confused while "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread".

Everywhere your deed, Iphigenia, and the condition of offering arising from it in becoming high priestess of the 'Temple' must be reenacted, taking care of the redemptive flame. A silent invisible rite that many maintain, whether nun or atheist, rich or poor, a holy ceremony of humility and anonymity, a nurturing stream of selfless love and dedication. An activity that receives, taking upon its self through empathy, the pain, suffering, despair, fear, and hatred caused as the consequence of Agamemnon's ambitions, that through the ability of forgiveness is transmuted into a healing and redemptive impulse.

A truly priestly activity, a truly kingly activity that transforms evil into the good, that brings healing out of sickness and resurrection out of death. A regenerative force that the life of the human soul be saved. This simple life of offering and devotion, a medicine to heal the soul hollowed out and estranged from its spiritual home of origins and destiny, through being possessed by a thinking and a knowledge that is as hypothetical as it is abstract, that is as inhuman as it is deterministic. In your hands of supplication a dying and brittle culture finds its wellspring for renewal.

These are words Goethe gives Iphigenia to speak in his drama Iphigenia in Tauris:

"Immortal powers! Whose pure and blest existence glides away, 'Mid ever shifting clouds, me have you kept so many years secluded from the world, Retained me near yourselves, consigned to me the childlike task to feed the sacred fire, And taught my spirit, like the hallow'd flame, With never clouded brightness to aspire to your pure mansions, but at length to feel with keener woe the misery of my house?"

Iphigenia lives as a kind of guardian angel within the spiritual sheath of Camphill. The words we speak before the Saturday evening 'Bible Evening' meal are spoken in this spirit:

"To Thee, higher life, Gives thanks our life, That our body through thy body, May be nourished"

Her sacrifice is the abiding deed expiating the curse evolving through the ages wrought through the House of Atreus in mythological times. Her priestly religious offering to the Gods is today the practice of selfless love, the new religion of devotion, in receiving and transforming the seeds of death scattered like shrapnel from a heartless intellect.

Her authority was greater than the King himself. It was she who was able to mediate between King Thoas and her brother Orestes, who then set them free to rejoin their Communities in their homeland. It was she who healed Orestes her brother from his madness, who freed him from possession by the furies, who expiated his guilt of matricide, where in Euripedes's play

Conscience is born, where he is led to the wellspring of the spiritual and immortal part of his soul.

Iphigenia is one of the many portals to the Ethos, (a much maligned word at present), of Camphill. Ethos in a dictionary definition is: "The characteristic spirit of a culture, era, or community in its attitudes and aspirations". A Camphiller might give spirit a capital S. To understand this an addition to the Greek usage of this word is given in Wikipedia: "The Greeks also used this word to refer to the power of music to influence its hearers emotions, behaviours and even morals." This leads us to a more saturated and living, and less abstract, experience of the idea.

One thesis running through these letters is just this, that in the words of Albert Einstein: "Imagination is more important than knowledge". Paul Gauguin would say "I shut my eyes in order to see". Oscar Wilde would say: "The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible". Emerson would say: "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters, compared to what lies within us". In what sense imagination, inspiration and intuition are forms of knowledge, what kind of truth-value they have, has been a primary philosophical issue since our capacity to question ourselves began. The German school of Idealism and the English Romantics fought for their lives, confronting the enormity of these riddles of consciousness. Coleridge wrote: "...The primary Imagination I hold to be the living POWER and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the infinite mind of the eternal act in the infinite I AM..."

One hundred years later all this kind of language was duely rubbished by the logical positivists who tried to reduce and cleanse philosophy from metaphysical speculation as meaningless, and to redefine its true discipline as an empirical science. Wittgenstein, that wonderful man, seemed to think that if we used words and sentences properly most philosophical problems would vanish all by themselves. Even that words in themselves had no meaning other than in the way we use them in context. (An idea already expounded in a Platonic dialogue between Hermogenes the young pupil of Aristoteles, and Cratylus). However there was the mystical Wittgenstein who ended his Tractatus with "When all possible questions of knowledge are answered, we have not even touched upon our problems of life...Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must remain silent". (The I, God, the meaning of Life). In the sixties and seventies practically every faculty of philosophy in the English speaking world was merely a department of this school of analytical logical positivism and anything other than trying to reduce sentences into predicate and propositional calculus, was deemed fairly silly. As an eighteen year old this made me angry. Agamemnon I suppose was very happy, as millions of students sharpened their instruments of logic, while blunting their power of intuition. (maybe).

Dear Iphigenia I have gone off on a tangent again, but if we want to consider the First Essential of Dr Koenigs "Three Essentials" and the "Three Pillars of Camphill" we must come back to such deliberations. This was simply to try to understand the word Ethos.

So if I use the word Ethos to describe what I perceive as an idiosyncratic conglomeration of behaviour such as lighting candles before a meal, standing in a morning circle to sing a song and speak a verse, or not having radios or televisions on all day, I will be using the same word in very a different way were I to imply that the Ethos inspired the idea and given value to lighting a candle before the meal etc.

Whether from a spiritual or empirical perspective Ethos is the mutable analogy between the participation in the Idea of the myth as a spiritually operative reality or as a synthetic representation of the actuality perceived. Its original meaning I dare say was closer to the Orphaen sense of Ethos, (in the sense that Cratylus was defending) where Ethos refers to the spirit that motivates the ideas and activity that informs the practice and custom. It is not so easy for us today as our language use has become abstract and defined in dictionaries, (even as symbolic equations), that inherent in this use of Ethos an Idea can itself be vital in its nature and can be perceived in an act of consciousness having the properties of an intuitive moral dimension, that is formative and motivates character. In this sense Ethos is not a synthetic or analytic statement about a person or a community.

When one walked into a Camphill place, the outer things and the way things were done even if strange or beautiful, were not the things spoken about or even noticed ostensibly, but the impression of the atmosphere the spirit of the place, a certain quality of life and being, was what nearly always left visitors with a feeling of wonder and even awe which could not be explained but experienced.

It is certainly important to make keen observations of the ways, customs and mores of a community or an individual, but it is an other kind of activity to intuit the source of the inspiration that gives form and content. If the former is solely considered as viable, then the latter can be no more than denigrated as a pseudo-concept or pseudo-idea, with the consequence that the soul and spirit of a community or of an individual have no more validity than, in Gilbert Ryle's words "A dogma of the ghost in the machine".

No one can create an Ethos through proclamation, or writing about such a thing on glossy propoganda leaflets. It would fade away like a ghost. What would remain of necessity would need institutionalisation, rules and regulations, for without this we might live in fear of William Golding's parable, his "Lord of the Flies"!

Before the CVT came along Ethos didn't enter our minds, we simply lived the life, learning through example, and courses, seminars and retreats. Through engagement and serving where

one was most needed the individual discovered his potential often in unexpected ways. He studied alone or together, he prepared and celebrated the festivals. No Ethos as such instructed him, he was too busy creating one.

One would be alone and completely free to ask or question if and when one woke up to the fact that one was experiencing that threshold which was described in the previous letter. This could indeed be that he/she realised just how embedded he was in an Ethos, but just as likely through a meeting, an experience with a resident, during a festival, a service, holy or mundane, there are as many ways as there are individuals to enter that threshold where one realised that a person or community is not ruled by regulation, compliance, habit or dogma.

This is a daunting if not exhilarating experience, to follow that hunch as one enters a sphere of intuition where there is something much greater than oneself, much greater than all the stupidities and limitations of ones friends, much greater than all the manifold parts and aspects that make up the imperfections of the community and the single individuals, much greater than the CVT itself, but where there is a presence of an inspirational spiritual reality which is the life and concord of the whole.

In an unconscious way we have this intuition of ourselves all the time and it guides us away from madness or psychological instability in as much as we are able to keep this, which is integral to ourselves. Also our meeting of the other IS this unconscious intuition of the entelechy of the other, and as it is unconscious completely subjective, pleasant or unpleasant according to our sympathies and antipathies. It is the primary discipline of living with those with 'learning disabilities' that in all situations we become conscious and objective in our relationship. We must be beholden to this inherent potential of the other in a loving and empathic way. To perceive the 'musician' despite the 'instrument'.

In a community, of necessity this needs to be a practice which is at the same time an inner path of development of the individual, both to keep relationships healthy and free from prejudice, as well as to keep oneself clear and open, perceptive and active in the inspirational quality of that entelechy we are beholden to, sustaining the community. Any one entering this life practices this consciously or not, but to nurture, develop and to keep this alive depends on a core of those prepared to take this on in a conscious and responsible way.

We can experience in that participative intuition that there is a spiritual dimension of interest and concern towards us, and IN the wellbeing of the community, just as we are concerned and interested in and about ourselves, and of ourselves toward and in the other. These are aspects of what was meant in the last letter...A coworker is a novice in a school of the mysteries of the will.

Dear Iphigenia, I think it was in this way and in this sense that the founders and the thousands of lives in the stream of community building that followed after them, created and maintained their communities. If we speak of their achievement simply as an Ethos without crossing that threshold and BEING in those waters we are too easily misrepresenting them. Those who want to live Camphill or provide the necessities for this Ethos will not have the possibility or strength to do so without engaging and emmersing themselves in what doubtfully, cautiously might be called the 'Mythology' of Camphill itself.

In most places where Camphill is in the world they have protective guardians with respectful and helpful attitudes and stance. These are the Trustees and Management in many forms that Camphill places depend on, their role of cooperation and guidance ensures that Camphill can flourish in their regions. The CVT is a tragic example of how this can go wrong. They too as Agamemnon are prepared with all their unmitigated blind power to stay the ten years until not a Camphiller is left on the ground in their communities. Those who would, are so compromised and prostituted that any true Camphill life that might still flourish would be impossible and forbidden them. They are victims of a management culture diametrically opposed to their own, they are servants of an establishment so riddled with corruption and so decadent and ruthless in its exercise of power that they are a shame to the spirit of the nation, though they themselves will proclaim themselves through their offices as saviours of the nation.

But amongst them there are many who are not corrupted by profit and power and a thinking devoid of spiritual values and content, experience and practice. These we must find. For them to find us though we must trust more consciously, be aware and participate strongly with and in what our spiritual friends and inspirers are asking us to do with our lives and communities. Without clarity and strength in our own convictions and example we will not be found, there will be nothing to find.

Dear Iphigenia earlier in the letter I made that audacious and presumptuous remark comparing the forty years of the glory of Athens with that of our social therapeutic venture. I apologise for this immodesty but must try in my next letter to substantiate at least partially its uniqueness and potential value both in its contemporary and future context.

To be able to do this however I beg you and those who share, to read Dr Koenig's Three Essentials and the little so called movement booklet on the Three Stars and Three Pillars of Camphill, and The Three Errors. This is quite an undertaking, but without internalising and making ones own these archetypes that the master builders formed we will lose our way. These are not prototypes to be copied but forms and forces in metamorphosis having their own inherent life giving expression and habitation to the spirit that dwells and moves through them. We learn how we might serve their intentions and mission in studying and in re-living imaginatively what they expound in the art of their living.

This might take awhile, at least until well into the new year. So I hope the time of advent, which often has an apocalyptic feel about it here in the north, will bring many insights.

I hope that all the candle lighting festivals and giving of presents will bring warmth and kindness to allay the fear of our own shadows as they press into us. I hope that at Christmas we may be overawed by the experience that we ourselves are the cradle where the child in us is Christ. I hope that during the Twelve Holy Nights we can make time to turn inward and nurture this birth, to make time to study and contemplate, that then at Three Kings Day the star that we have followed and that no one else has seen but you yourself, leads us to an epiphany of an awakening to the Light of the World active in our thinking and doing.

We will go this way Iphigenia, your way really, that the year coming to meet us can bring its blessings.

Your brother in spirit,

Achilles

Advent 2014