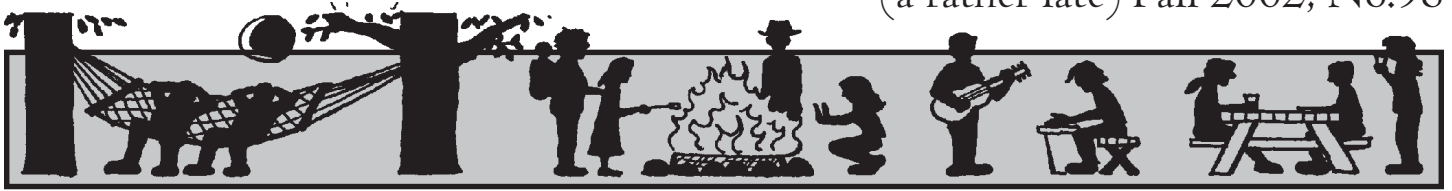


The Leaves of Twin Oaks

(a rather late) Fall 2002, No.98



The News of the Oaks

by Mala, with assistance from many

At the end of the summer we bid goodbye to short-term but much-loved members A-drienne and Nathan, who returned to Oberlin to finish their degrees. After several weeks of agonizing, Raj followed their lead, going on a PAL to try out grad school in Indiana. Mele also went on leave to pursue her passion for ornithology by working for Hawk Watch at a remote camp in Utah. Lee returned to Ann Arbor, Tatiana moved to Acorn, and tofu intern Lew is trying out life with the Krishnas in Pennsylvania. Frodo dropped membership, headed west for Burning Man, and returned to Twin Oaks as a guest.

Our hipness quotient doubled when Anja, Jane, and Mary-Margret, Meg, Mele, and Shiloh all returned as members. Other new members include Juniper, Kate, Russ, Jason, Madge, Marcello and Gitta. Non-human arrivals include Hugo, a grey stray cat adopted by Hildegard; Marley, Ted and Samadhi's new ferret; and Bree, a car named after the ex-member from whom we purchased it. Other new names in our lexicon are the result of name changes rather than turnover: Lawrence, Jay and Mary decided to take on more descriptive names by becoming (respectively) Lune, Woody, and Gaea.



Characters from the 2002 Haul of Justice: Purl Roshi (Sean), Yankee Rose (Elliot) and Dynamic Accumulator (Heidi)

Our population now stands at 87 adults and 15 kids; despite having already lost several bets along these lines, recruiting manager Paxus is staking a pizza on us hitting pop cap (92 adults) by his son's first birthday (February 14, 2003). High population is, of course, dependent on retention as well as recruiting; on that side of the equation, this summer McCune became the first Oaker to celebrate thirty years of membership.

Late summer was, as usual, full of short-term coming and going, with many Oakers on vacation and many non-members here for the conferences. Labor assigning became a bit difficult at the point when 33 members were on vacation simultaneously. This season six Oakers gave the lie to the belief that becoming a poor communitard means forsaking a jet-setting lifestyle by traveling to England, Portugal, France, and Germany. The most unusual vacation award goes to Sean, who biked across North Carolina with a group of cape-clad dogooders known as the Superheroes. The group, which also included ex-members Mara and Elliot and visitor Heidi, donated labor to a wide range of projects and organizations across the state.

In kid news, Imani won a ribbon for watermelon eating at the Louisa County Fair. She says the secret of her success is eating the seeds.

Cedar's joined the middle school football team and recently modeled his uniform, padding, helmet and mouthguard for a loungeful of bemused communitards. The teen girls are juggling heavy course loads from their honors classes; busy social lives; and outside jobs, including waiting tables at the country club, bussing tables at Roma's, and cleaning house for ex-members Rob and Jade. The latest homeschooling camp was a great success. The theme was dairy, and the kids helped with the cows and learned how butter and cheese are made. The farm was unusual fecund that week: births included a calf, a litter of chicks, and our newest child, Gwen!

We've been discussing (again) the question of post-high school funding: should the community provide our grown kids with financial assistance for college or other endeavors? If so, where would the money come from? Other recent hot issues include a fracas over the proper uses of Personal Service Credits (labor credits transferred from one member to another in exchange for services). Jake issued a survey on questionable uses and then posted an edict clearing up grey areas, including the long-disputed though largely hypothetical question of whether or not PSCs may be given for sexual services. (The answer: no.)

Another big issue has been the latest install-
The News Continued on Pg. 2



Jonah with new sister Gwen

In this issue...

A special blast from the past

Cow-munity Camp

*Organizing the
Communal Revolution*

Middle East Peace Camp

Women Building Outhouses

Floyd Fest

The New Underground Gathering

The Story of Lucy

editing and layout by skyblue and Kate*

Do any ex-member readers recognize this item?



Awhile back, people cleaning obscure corners of Commie Clothes found this unique, somewhat scary-looking home-made vibrator. It is still in working condition, although too big, and too noisy for comfortable use. We displayed it in Zhankoye and offered it to any member who wanted it, but there were no takers. Now we have found a good home for it: the Good Vibrations Antique Vibrator Museum in San Francisco. After seeing photos, the Good Vibes folks called it “a real hoot” and are enthusiastic about adding it to their collection. They’ll pay for shipping and give us a gift certificate, and will label it with information about its origin.

Note from the editor: you gotta love this place!



ment in the ongoing saga of our tumultuous relationship with Pier I. They placed a tentative order for red hammocks; we started filling it; they changed their mind, leaving us with a lot of red yarn on our hands and an income shortfall. Despite our initial panic at the cancellation, it’s spawned several potentially positive effects. We’re discussing returning to the push model of production, in which we don’t make any hammocks until we have a confirmed order and then make a bunch fast. We’re also looking at developing other businesses; we’re always talking about diversifying but it takes a kick in the pants to get us going. One popular idea is resurrecting our crafts business: between Woody’s decorative gourds and rolltop boxes, Gaea’s beautiful hats, and Hans’s unique wooden toys, we already have quite an inventory.

Woody startled a touring group of gardeners by hanging his gourds, which look like giant apples, from the courtyard apple tree. In one of our toddler’s first utterances, Jonah termed them “apple melons.” The long drought has meant slimmer yields of some types of produce than usual, but we’ve got more eggplants than we know what to do with. One interesting effect of the drought: our long-established water conservation norm of letting yellow mellow has now become de rigeur in Charlottesville, even in the bathrooms of fancy restaurants on the downtown mall.

We’ve had a reasonable amount of appropriately autumnal rain lately, so perhaps the situation is improving. Commie clothes celebrated the turn of the season by having a fall jacket “yard sale” in

the courtyard; the prices were unbeatable. September featured a rash of sightings and several slayings of our local variety of poisonous snake, inspiring Ezro to write a paper entitled “To Kill a Copperhead?” October’s produced an unusually heavy downpour of acorns from our multitudinous oaks; two communards who shall remain nameless almost fled the retreat cabin in terror, spooked by the loud sounds caused by acorns raining on the roof.

Our homegrown culture is thriving, spawning a litter of new groups in the past few months. The Junction, a forum on community issues, brings diverse communards together to discuss themes like sustainability and spirituality. A new personal growth group has taken off as well. Creative types are faced with a smorgasbord of opportunities, including a weekly writing group; an arts & crafts group; and a life drawing group. Jane and Mary-Margret’s return has revitalized the Tupelo music room jam scene, and the art studio is seeing more use than it has in years. The round-singing group continues to expand, drawing in a good portion of the community for its open Sunday night sessions in ZK.

Our cultural scene is, as always, enriched by the fascinating folks who find their way to our door from all corners of the world. We enjoyed a brief visit and performance by the RPM Puppet Conspiracy. Their remarkable show featured manically-paced dialogue; incredibly intricate sets; and unusual protagonists (for example, a turd trying to escape from the sewage system and make its way to a composting toilet). Our first World Café brunch

featured décor by Dianne; waiter service by Frodo, Kenric and Ben; and guests from Richmond, DC, and New York. We’re hosting a family who call themselves the Eco-Nomads; they’re just beginning their American tour after having visited over 30 European communities. Less exotic, but still exciting: a recent women’s potluck brought together about 20 Oakers and 20 guests from the surrounding area.

We were worried when our good friends at the Little Flower Catholic Worker House were evicted from their rented land, but thrilled when they succeeded in purchasing land nearby. Work parties of Twin Oakers helped to dismantle cabins at the old place and to insulate the old farmhouse at the new place. We’ve also done some work on the nearby fixer-upper purchased by ex-member Donna and her partner Julia. In renovation news here on the farm, crews honchoed by Fred have done wonders to the long-neglected Tupelo south wing. The new paint makes a world of difference; the next hope is to improve Tupelo’s shower-to-resident ratio (currently the lowest in the community, at 1 to 17) by installing a south wing shower. After seven years of service, Sunrise’s solar batteries died; we’re currently using (gasp!) grid power while Hans researches replacing them.

Finally, in the random statistics department: following an injury to his hand sustained while camping, Alder may become our third Midwesterner with a titanium part. Til next time . . .



Five homeschooled children from Maryland recently joined our Twin Oaks kids for a week-long Dairy Camp. The kids took over Aurora as camp headquarters and decorated the entire building with cow and dairy-related pictures, toys, and books.

The first official camp activity happened suddenly Saturday morning at 5:00am. The campers woke up quickly and made their way in the dark morning down to the dairy barn for their first lesson in the life of cows: birth! Mama Phoebe had given birth by herself in the early morning hours, and the kids got to help with drying off and feeding the baby calf (later named Phireweed). For the rest of the week, the kids helped with taking care of the new calf and milking, feeding, and herding the other cows. They also got in on the other end of milk, helping make cheese and even raspberry ice cream! In order to run the full gamete of "dairy" as a focus of study, the kids interviewed Twin Oaks vegans about their choice to lead a dairy-free lifestyle.

Other activities for the week included round singing with Craig and Cleo, juggling with Craig, theater games and skits with Kate, soccer with Matt, and dairy games with Meredith. One of the games involved a rubber glove filled with water and holes poked in the fingers, and the kids tried to "milk" the glove. "But they cheated," says Imani, "Not me. Because they twisted the fingers, and if you do that to a cow, you'll get a kick."

The week culminated in a talent show where the kids showed off all their dairy and non-dairy

Cow-munity Camp *by Imani and Kate*

talents. Taekwando, piano, wrestling, round singing, flute, and violin performances all led up to a finale performance of "The Birth of the Baby Cow," a play written by the campers themselves. After the show the kids all shared their homemade ice cream with the audience and judged crayon drawings of

cows done by the audience (first prize, won by Ezra, was a tube of "Udder Cream").

Brenda, who organized the camp, hopes to do more homeschooling community camps in the future, with different themes every time. Maybe next time it can be Tofu Camp!



Round singing with Cleo and Craig brought out the highly creative side of the campers. They wrote this song, sung to the tune of "Three Blind Mice" and performed it for Meredith (the dairy manager) at the talkent show.

**Three mad cows, Three mad cows
See how they run! See how they run!
They all ran after Meredith
They scared her almost half-to-death
She ran to the right, she ran to the left
From three mad cows**

MAKING GOOD ON THE PROMISE TO PERPETUATE AND EXPAND A SOCIETY BASED ON COOPERATION, SHARING, AND EQUALITY.

by Pilgrim

I, like many other communards far and wide, have a vision to help create a new Intentional Community. However, it seems that nine out of ten communities fail for myriad reasons, which makes me feel the need to be prepared before I embark on a harrowing adventure such as this.

Upon searching, I was greatly surprised to find out that there were few types of Community Organizer internships available. It seems to me this is an obvious position for TO to sponsor, as we have been successful for so long. Upon reading the FEC website I noticed this compelling statement, "Our aim is not only to help each other; we want to help more people discover the advantages of a communal alternative, and to promote the evolution of a more egalitarian world". Subsequently, I also read the Twin Oaks Bylaws, which state "Together, our aim is to perpetuate and expand a society based on cooperation, sharing, and equality: which serves as one example of a cooperative social organization, relevant to the world at large, and promotes the

formation and growth of similar communities..." As this is a primary goal of both TO and the FEC, I believe my proposal may be able to help to achieve this in part.

I would like to develop a curriculum geared towards FIC communards interested in establishing additional Intentional Communities worldwide. The programs would teach all of the basics of what it takes to start an Intentional Community. I envision this program to last 1-2 years with classes covering conflict resolution, land acquisition, tax status, grants, appropriate industries, labor systems, consensus decision-making, sustainable building, labor exchange trips to FEC Communities, trips to established non-FEC Communities and many more areas.

Recently, I coordinated a structured conversation with a number of the community movement's most experienced and published personalities. We began to articulate the necessary ingredients needed to better equip individuals for the rigors associated with building a community from the ground up.

The FEC would benefit by the spread of many of our beliefs and ideals. Additionally, this program will eventually provide additional LEX (Labor Exchange) opportunities at far-flung new communities. The advantage of having more diverse locations of FIC and FEC communities could be substantial. Varying climates offer different growing seasons and other agricultural opportunities. Additional FEC locations might also provide more non-agrarian work, offering the possibility of expanding our lifestyle to a much larger cross-section of people. I also believe that a graduate of this program could be instrumental as an advisor to existing struggling communities.

I've never developed a comprehensive curriculum before and I have only limited experience living communally so please view this as an open invitation to become involved in developing this program. Any expertise, experience, advice, or enthusiasm is welcome. *Contact me at pilgrim@twin Oaks.org*



A New World in the Old Country: Tamera Community, Portugal

by Brian

In the summer of 2002 I spent 5 weeks at Tamera Community in Portugal attending their Summer University and Middle East Peace Camp.

Tamera calls itself a "Healing Biotope" in which all life can live together in a mutually supportive environment. They have dedicated themselves to active peace work and modeling a new paradigm for living which includes vegetarianism, environmental sustainability, and free sexual expression. The overriding concept is the "morphogenic" field theory which states that new information added to a system at a certain time and in certain quantities can not only make that information available to all parts of the system, but can even change its entire structure. It is the hope of the community that they, along with other future healing biotopes, can constitute this "critical mass" and usher in a new global paradigm for humanity.

When I saw their web page I was immediately drawn to them. When I read that they intended to host a gathering of Middle East Peace workers, I decided at that moment that I would be there! Having lived since 1984 in Israel and from 1989 till June 2001 on a Kibbutz, I have strong bonds to the area and have been working in my own way for Middle East peace since arriving at Twin Oaks last year. With the help of the FEC, Twin Oaks, and friends, I was able to put together the funding and time to do this.

My main goal was to see how I could become more involved in furthering a peaceful solution to the conflict. My experience and knowledge have convinced me that no long-lasting solution can be obtained by the conventional formulas put forward today by politicians and diplomats, nor even academics, as well meaning as they all might be. I see that they are still thinking inside the same box which

caused these problems, and I felt that a community like Tamera would be a logical place for thinking in new directions and with new paradigms. The Israelis and Palestinians invited to the Camp were all struggling for the same goal but with different perspectives, and after some initial friction I was heartened to see how we all started to move together on a personal as well as practical level. At one point we all joined in a singing ceremony led by Hagit Ra'an of the World Peace Prayer Society (the makers of the peace poles, one of which is here outside of ZK). As she went around the group looking into each person's eyes, she eventually came to Noah Salameh, the Director of the Bethlehem Center for Reconciliation and former Palestinian prisoner (15 years) in Israeli jails. I noticed that at the beginning of the Camp he had been quite defensive and sensitive to what a lot of the Israeli participants were saying. He made no attempt to hide his ideas and feelings about the justice of the Palestinian struggle and about who was "right" and who was "wrong". But when Hagit looked into his eyes and started to sing, I saw the expression on his face. A thick psychological barrier had been broken. Years of suffering and bitterness seemed to be wiped away in a heartbeat of love. To be a witness to a miracle like that can leave no one unmoved, and I was no exception.

On a lighter, but no less powerful level, was the whole issue of free sexual expression. Since my separation and divorce almost 4 years ago, I have not had a serious personal relationship with anyone of the opposite sex. Nor have I had much of an opportunity to see if everything still works the way it is supposed to. In any case, the fact that Tamera was a community in which this different approach to sex and love was expressed certainly did not constitute a deterrent to my visit, to say the least.

(As a clarification, I want to state that Free Love does not mean unrestricted, no-holds-barred hedonism. It is simply sexual freedom from negative emotions and ideas such as guilt, coercion, fear, jealousy, etc.) Much to my great surprise and wonderment, my libido actually went down to almost zero during my stay, something I never would have imagined given my situation and the opportunity. It felt fantastic to be liberated for a time from the sometimes controlling energy of the sexual drive. I can only ascribe it to the positive and honest way the whole issue is handled there, and true to the field theory, I was able to access this information/energy and incorporate it.

During the last few months I have been making strong attempts in my own life to raise my thinking and consciousness to those levels which would make me be more the person I would like to be. My visit to Tamera served as a catalyst for what I can only describe as a quantum leap in that direction. During my stay I also read through a fantastic book called "Handbook to Higher Consciousness" by Ken Keyes, which added to my ability to grow. (I highly recommend it!) I feel that this new energy is not a passing episode but a new attribute in my life, and I am grateful for having been placed in just the right circumstances to realize it.

Tamera is doing some groundbreaking work in the peace field, and next year the community plans to inaugurate a new global organization called "Movement For a Free Earth." By joining forces and resources with like-minded people and organizations, we are soon going to be well on our way to building that "critical mass" needed for a new human(e) civilization. Say tuned!



For more info about Tamera, look at their website at www.tamera.org

Women's Crew Builds Outhouses

by Mala

Last spring, Valerie got community approval to put three more outhouses up at the conference site (as an eco-friendly alternative to the portajohns we rent for our conferences). In late spring Thomas started talking about how, back in the day, Twin Oaks used to have all-female building crews to create a special opportunity for women to learn construction skills. And somehow, so seamlessly that I can't remember whose idea it was in the first

place, it was decided that the outhouses would be a perfect project for our first women's building crew in quite some time.

Valerie contacted ex-member Donna, a professional carpenter, who agreed to honor the project. I posted sign-up sheets; Val, Tatiana, Aubrey, Debby, Kele, and Samadhi signed on. Dianne and Woody led a preliminary tool workshop in the woodshop, introducing us to the circular saw, the planer, the jigsaw, and so on. Donna sketched out plans and ordered lumber, and then we spent three days (in crews of 4 women at a time) cutting boards and assembling the outhouses.

Donna was a very patient leader to her crew, whose members ranged from experienced builders to utter novices. For me, it

was a great opportunity to dabble in an area that's entirely foreign to me. I was pleasantly surprised by how quickly I felt at ease with the power tools, but discouraged by what a lousy hammerer I proved to be.

A bunch of folks helped dig the holes, transport the outhouses up to the conference site, and put on finishing touches. Due to the inexperience of some of the builders the finished products are a little funky, the boards short of perfectly flush, but they have great door decorations. The one with the star and the crescent moon? I jigsawed that design in, and proudly showed it off through the conferences. It feels great to have participated in literally building our community – even if it was just outhouses.



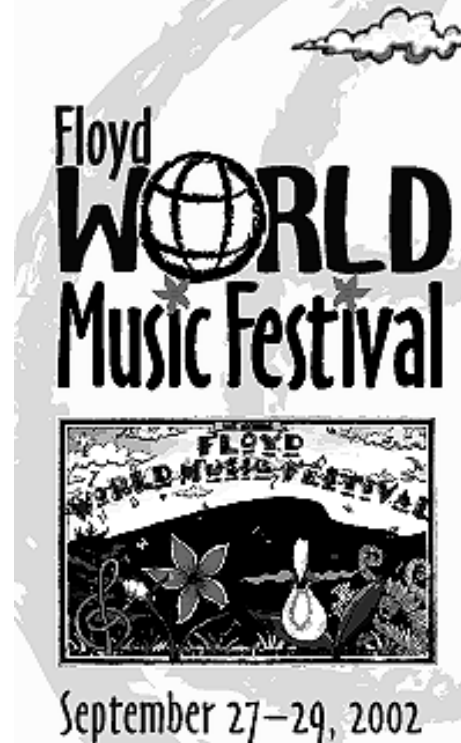
In Search of Everlasting Happiness? Try Floyd Fest.

by Kate

It was a dark and stormy night that six young communards drove a van along the windy and foggy mountain roads of Floyd County. Arriving in the pitch black of a rainy night in the Blue Ridge Mountains, they braved the storm and set up camp with flashlights clenched between their teeth and raincoats wrapped tightly around their bodies. Snuggling deep into their sleeping bags, they collectively wondered what sort of a scene the morning light would reveal...

Come morning, they looked around in wonder as they realized they had happened upon the fairgrounds of the first ever Floyd County World Music Festival! (which, of course, had been their destination all along. The wonderment was because they had actually made it there!) A breakfast of homemade soysage perked the curiosities of the occupants of a neighboring tent, and the communards made fast friends with two brothers from North Carolina (who graciously shared their coffee and Milano cookies!).

For the next three days, Juniper, Ezra, Matt, Kele, Kate, and Lune relished in the abundance of "real good music." The African Drum and Dance Ensemble led by Nih Tetteh Tetteh inspired Kate and Kele to kick off their shoes and dance barefoot in the mud, and the reggae music from the likes of



Culture and Lucky Dube got all of us feeling "ahrai." Extraordinary late night performances from the Neville Brothers and John Scofield kept us up dancing way past our bedtimes night after night. In the light of day, we were blessed by performances from Doc Watson, Acoustic Syndi-

cate, and the David Grisman Quintet, among many others. Each day was filled with amazing music at both the Mainstage and a smaller second stage (located conveniently directly across from our campsite).

Non-musical highlights from the festival include: face and body painting by Ananda (a former East Wind-er), the joys of trading hammocks for other hand crafted goods (like beautiful ceramic mugs and handmade candles), singing around a bonfire, collecting apples at the base of a tree and passing them out to strangers, Ezro's fine home cookin' (with Twin Oaks tofu, no less!), squishing barefoot along muddy paths, and free food for festival volunteers. Oh, and free admission for volunteers, too! Kele had contacted festival organizers weeks in advance and arranged for the six of us to pay our way into the festival with our labor (the communitarian way!). In exchange for three days of great music, we worked all day on Monday with a group called "Clean Vibes," a company dedicated to de-trashing festivals all over the East Coast. We picked up trash, sorted recycling, took down boundary fences, pulled up stakes, and rode around in the back of a pickup through the mountains. Three days of music for one day of work... you do the math.



Our trip to the New Underground Gathering *integrating the Communities Movement with the Alternative Movement*

by Sky

The call came out: "New Underground: Linking underground efforts to create 'new story' foundations." Aimed at culture creators, paradigm shifters, activists and other assorted trouble makers, the invitation was to bring together the agendas of the environment, spirit in business, art, social justice, entertainment, science, parenting, innovation, healthcare, children, technology, teaching, spirituality, etc. with the goal of having the "alternatives" ultimately become the "norm."

The gathering was an experiment in the creation of a new society. There were no scheduled workshops, speakers or other events. Rather, the entire 3 day event took place in Open Space Technology. At the beginning of each day, the participants came together and proposed "conversations" to be held at a certain time and place. If people were interested in the topic, the conversation happened, if not, the convener either talked to co-self or found something else to do. The Law of Two Feet, a vital aspect of Open Space, says that

if you are not learning or contributing in a conversation, you not only have the right but in fact the responsibility to go somewhere where you are.

I participated in conversations like "What is the role of being a man in our changing society?" and "Erotic Spirituality." I convened the conversations "The challenging of sharing what's important to us" "Listening to make a difference" and "Supermeme design and proliferation." Other conversations included, "Liberating Children to follow their own paths and draw their own life's lessons" and "Remembering US history."

It was amazing to experience the devotion and passion exhibited by the participants in the pursuit of the creating a society based on creativity over conformity, risk over security, love over fear, and relationships over hierarchy. One of the conversations was titled "How do we become a force to be reckoned with?" The first question we had to answer though was, who are "we." A point made was that one of the pitfalls of movements is that they can end up differentially promoting the well fare of

a subgroup over others, the very act of oppression they are seeking to rectify. It became obvious very quickly that the "we" is actually all of human society. A group called the Common Society Movement (<http://www.commonway.org/CSM>) was mentioned, whose aim it is to initiate conversations about how to create a world that works for everyone. The power of this vision was coupled for me with the reminder that in my work to transform the world, my priority is my own healing, without which I am ineffective in healing anyone else.

Throughout the gathering, the organizers reminded us that we are the ones to take this work forward, determining what kind of follow up happens. By the closing circle the participants had taken that on, determined to continue the threads we had begun to weave together. If you want to find out more and get involved check out <http://www.newunderground.org/>



THE STORY OF LUCY

by Plankhy, for the children of Twin Oaks

There was a Girl named Lucy.
And Lucy could *Dance!*
And Lucy knew that it was because she could *dance*
That she could laugh
And that she was not miserable.

Lucy knew about Itness and Thatness and Thisness
and Whatness,
And she knew that she had her own Itness
And her own Thatness
And her own Thisness
And her own Whatness.
But she also knew that most importantly,
She had her **Togetherness**.

And that it was only because she had her Togetherness

That she could *Dance*.
Lucy didn't know *how* she knew all this
And she didn't even know *that* she knew all this.
But she did know it
Because the Spirit told her.
Then one day, Lucy went to School.

And she learned about Itness
In Math Class
And she learned about Thatness
In Art Class
And she learned about Thisness
In Gym Class
And she learned about Whatness
In Sunday school

And she learned and learned and learned
But in all this learning do you know what Lucy lost?
She lost her **Togetherness**
And so she couldn't *Dance*.
And so she was miserable.

And Lucy noticed how no one else could *dance*
either.

And she saw how every one was really miserable but
didn't want to admit it.

And she saw that even those who would admit
That they had lost something
Said that they had found it again.
Some said that they had found it in the Itness of the
mind and of future progress
But Lucy saw that this was only a tease and a phony
promise.

And some believed that they had found it in
Thatness, in Beauty
But Lucy saw that the Beauty was not real and gave
them no life
And some thought they had found it in their Body's

sensations
But she could tell these that
these amounted to little in inner
separateness
And some thought that they had
found it in Church, in Spiritual-
ity
But she could see that this was
just a poor reflection,
In broken glass, of a light already
reflected.

And she saw that even those who
would admit
That they had lost something
And that that something was their Togetherness,
Said that they had found it again
In combinations of each of these
Or that they had found it in all of these together.
Surely *this* was Togetherness?
But Lucy could see that even this—perhaps this
most of all—was artificial,
That the Togetherness these people claimed was
phony,
Because it was not *their* Togetherness at all.
And above all she could see that they were all really
miserable
And that she was miserable too
Because she couldn't *Dance*.

Then one-day Lucy met a Wise Man.
And the man told her about Self
And she studied and meditated and learned all about
Self.
And still Lucy Couldn't *Dance*.
And so she was miserable.
And then she met a Wise Woman.
And the woman told her all about Nature.
And she studied and watched and learned all about
Nature.
But Still Lucy couldn't *Dance*.
And she was even more miserable.
And she could not stand it, but she would not
pretend,
And she just sat down and wept and mumbled softly
To her self and to Spirit and to anybody listening,
That she had lost her Togetherness
And that she didn't know where it was
Or how to find it, or how she
Lost it but that she *really* wanted it
And that she was exhausted,
And that she just wanted to *Dance* again and Laugh
And Live in Togetherness the way she had before. . .



And a little bird was listening.
And the Bird flew to her and said:
"I can teach you how to *Dance*—follow me!"
So Lucy followed the bird and it brought her to
A young tree (just about her age) and said:
"Stay here on this spot, and by the time I come back,
You'll be able to *Dance*."
And the bird flew away.

And the bird was gone a Long time.
And Lucy waited.
And she stood up for a long time.
And she sat for a long time.
And she lay on one side for a long time.
And she lay on the other.
And she lay on her back.
And the waiting was like a big weight upon her
And all she could think about was how miserable
She was and how miserable everyone was and
"where Is that Bird!" and how nobody *Danced*. . .
And then she noticed something.
She noticed that as she was waiting there
She had been standing up
and squatting,
and turning this way
and that
and coming back to the same spot ever so slowly...
and she began to do it faster
and faster
and with more style and grace and
Lucy began to realize . . . She was ***Dancing!***
And she *danced* and *danced*

And she *danced* her way back to her school.
And she went to the Math class
And the math Teacher wanted her to sit still
But Lucy just *danced* and *danced* and said:

Continued on next page

“This is not the right Itness, you people have no Togetherness, and that’s why you can’t *dance* and are miserable” and *danced* out of the room
 And she *danced* into her art class and the Teacher tried to make her
 Sit in a chair and draw something but she just danced away and said:
 “This is not the right Thatness, Get up and *Dance!*”
 And she *danced* into the Gym Class, and the Gym teacher
 Wanted her to play soccer and she said:
 “You guys need to get it Together:
 What good is playing soccer if you can’t *Dance?*”
 And she danced into Sunday school class where they wanted her
 To kneel and pray. But she just danced and said:
 “Whatness without Togetherness! Your Whatness is too stiff!”
 And she *danced* to the Wise Man and the Wise Woman and said:
 “Why do you not *dance* together? You seem very lonely, even
 If you are wise.”
 And Lucy *danced* away into the hills.

And after a while the Wise man said to his self:
 “It is true that I am wise but I am also miserable. Look at that *dancing* girl of the hills. She is joyful and doesn’t speak about Self at all!”
 And the Wise Woman said:
 “Look at that *dancing* girl over there. I am tired of being lonely.
 I will go and ask her to teach me how to *Dance!*
 And the Math Teacher and the Gym Teacher and the Art Teacher

And the Priest soon also tired of being miserable, And so they put away their books, and their paints and Soccer balls and sermons,
 And they went out to the hill where Lucy was *dancing* and said:
 “We know we each have a part, but it is not a living part because
 We have no togetherness, just as you say: Could you Teach us how to *Dance?*”
 And Lucy said “Of Course!” And she began to take them to
 Her tree. But then she said: No this is not Your Tree; each of you
 Have your Own Tree.” And she took each to find his or her Own Tree.
 And after they found it she said:
 “Wait on this spot. And when I *dance* back here you will be *dancing* with me!”
 And each of them waited a Long time and suffered and
 Turned and shifted, each in their own way. And finally—it was so:
 When Lucy came *dancing* back to them, they were *dancing* too!

And they *danced* around Lucy, and Lucy *danced* around them,
 And all *danced* around each and each *danced* around the rest
 And the Math Teacher was discovering a new Itness
 And the Art Teacher glimpsed a new kind of Thatness
 And the Gym Teacher Taught and learned a different Thisness.
 And the Preacher a different Whatness.
 And the Wise Man spoke of a different kind of Self.

And the Wise Woman of a different kind of Nature.
 And they saw that they were each different and separate in their Togetherness
 And they saw that there was also Togetherness in their Difference and Separateness
 And they saw that when they danced
 Togetherness and Separateness were *dancing* too
 And they saw that when they *danced*,
 Even *dancing* and *not-dancing* were *dancing* too!
 And they laughed.
 And they laughed and *danced*
 And they laughed and *danced* together.
 And Laughter and *Dancing* and Togetherness had returned to the world.

And the little bird flew over the hills, far away, to another place.

A few words from the author:
 While Modern Science assumes implicitly and in practice that the world is fundamentally particulate and reducible to abstractions—and designs its experiments and interprets its data accordingly—, Integral Science, (also called “Healthy Knowledge”) assumes the world to be fundamentally paradoxical, mysterious, alive and whole—and designs its experiments and interprets its data accordingly.

My Name is Piankhy Thompson and Integral Science (Also called Healthy Knowledge) is the name I am giving the general enterprise of effecting this shift of paradigm and praxis in myself, here at Twin Oaks community, and in the world generally.

