

loves the other for what he *is* and not for what I can get from him. Prema is a system of communication exercises that involve the body, the breathing and voice, the focusing of awareness, the giving of feedback, and the activation of an energy and a consciousness that facilitates sharing and emotional release. But Prema is also a teaching: an indication of how our addictions enslave us, how my conception of what I need (which is further based on my conception of what I *am* ) set up addictions which can only destroy my happiness and peace of mind.

The whole Prema system is based on the joy of sharing: the joy of contact which is a sharing of consciousness. This of course includes feelings. But in Prema we don't say, 'I'm angry at you,' and leave it at that, nor do we say 'I'm angry at you because you did such and such,' but we try to get at what's underneath all that by saying, 'I'm angry at you because you don't really listen to me and that upsets me,' or, 'I'm angry at you because I want to give you something and you don't seem to want anything from me.' In other words, Prema emphasizes true I/Thou contact and invites participants to let go of antagonism, hostility, and destructivity. The way this is done is not by arm-twisting or moralising but by setting up structured communication exercises which allow a person the time and space, without fear of interruption, to express his thoughts and feelings.

I invite persons interested in Prema to contact me c/o Centre d'Evolution, 14 rue des Saints-Peres, 75007 Paris, France.

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### 'ROOTS'

Seagulls swoop and turn  
White against the woods,  
Black against the sky.  
The worms lie coiled  
Pink in the unturned earth,  
Bruised and purple in the hollows  
Created by the spade  
Plunging into the brown  
Sticky, squelching soil.

The airy castles of the mind  
Are rooted through the body  
In this muddy earth.  
Man's experience piles up,  
Becomes a compost heap,  
Full of the rags and tags  
Of other people's lives;  
Full of the actions and  
Reactions of his own.

If only we stay rooted  
We can change;  
Working through despair  
Blending past and present,  
Wasting nothing, growing,  
Until the power comes  
At last into our hands  
And we ourselves can mould  
The contours of our being.

Anne Coghill