

# resurgence

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Resurgence is a voice of new civilisation, it is a journal of new politics, concerned with small nations, small communities, decentralisation and ethnic cultures. It is a philosophical, ecological and spiritual forum.

## CONTENTS

<b>What's In A Name?</b>	
John Moat	2
<b>City Scene</b>	
Tony Richmond	5
<b>Coming of the Solar Age</b>	
Hazel Henderson	6
<b>We Must Bring God Into Ecology</b>	
John Seymour	10
<b>Can There Be Green Socialism?</b>	
Dave Elliott	12
<b>Need for Oldness</b>	
John McKnight	14
<b>Life Energy</b>	
Chris Hall	17
<b>Story of A Woodturner</b>	
Peggy Richardson	18
<b>Artisan Under Pressure</b>	
John Cleal Sally Seymour	20
<b>Retreat From Employment</b>	
Denis Pym	25
<b>Transport And Us</b>	
Michael Bailly	28
<b>Scratching The Surface</b>	
Satish Kumar	29

### Books

Robin Clarke, Jon Wynne-Tyson, Geoffrey Ashe, Ronald Sampson, Diana Schumacher, Kathy Jones, George Ineson, Tina Morris, John Clement, Frances Howard-Gordon, Dorothy Percival, Geoffrey Heptonstall, Leonard Blackstone, Michael Brett-Crowther, Lucy Brett-Crowther, John Lane, Mike Page.

Cover Photo: Caroline Wyndham

## the flocks of the moon

All sea things move to music, and all seas  
Move to the moon, the queen of silence.  
From intertidal rockpool sparkling  
With children's laughter to the abyss  
Lit only by the electric pangs  
Of writing monsters,  
Phosphorescent eyes  
That tell darkness from darkness  
And know no other light,  
From the stingbull in the seaweed  
And the flowering flesh  
Of the tender sea-anemone  
To the archaic coelecanth  
Armoured against extinction,  
All sea things are the moon's flock, and she  
Their shepherdess. Her silent music moves  
Fron'd, fin,  
Tentacle, tendril,  
Tail, scale, all  
Their finery, their lithe  
Glittering grace, the gliding dance,  
The dolphin's ballet, the sudden silver fanfare  
Of flying fish, the whale's plume,  
The flash of mackerel, the stately saraband  
Of the swaying weeds, curtesying at ebttide  
Deeply, down to the wet sand.  
She moves the waves, and stirs those lowest depths  
Where all the lies that sailors tell are true.  
There is no end to her wonders  
Yet all are so frail, so frail.  
The earth spills poison,  
Cities vomit filth,  
Soon it may be too late,  
The flocks of the moon all die,  
Her dancers rot,  
Her music vain.  
Still she will drag the dead weight of the tides,  
No longer an enchantress but a drudge,  
An old crazed witch with a blank face  
Who will curse to kill.  
And you too will die.

HARRI WEBB

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