



BUDDHAFIELD FESTIVAL 2008.

July 16-20, Somerset, near Taunton.
www.buddhfield.com to book

Two reviews of the 2007 Buddhafeld Festival – reprinted from Festival Eye 2008

Buddhfields began on the M5 with my guitar and big bag, my hat adorned with all the gifts of special people over the past years and my thumb stuck out into the road.

I was in Birmingham and Buddhafields was in Devon and it was 4 in the afternoon. Many distractions, many faces. Only three cars later and three very happy smiling faces ending with a beautifully simple country couple who only knew how to help people I arrived at 8 o'clock, almost quicker than if I'd driven myself, I was dropped off at the gate. "I'm a journalist"...I never tire of saying that. My ticket in was a handmade clay pendant... the first simple touch of magic that Buddhafield's gives as standard. I pitch my tent next to Sam's Sauna, my second home.

I see and greet the ever-present festival faces that appear in each field that I live in each year and I never tire of them either. The Small World chatters folk into the night behind the hedge that grows between my home and my play ground for the next days. It lives next to Moon Beams and Beth, three of my favourite festival things.

Buddhafield's is as close... so far... as you are likely to come to a perfect community of beings living and celebrating the way we all know we should be. We all know how and at Buddhafields we are reminded of that. No drugs and drink leave the air and the smiles as clear as crystal. Add countless children, the Chai Chapel, a lost horizon with a sauna in it, a tribal Tent called Triban, some mud, but also a lot of green grass (very rare in 2007 as I'm sure you are all aware), a community notice board, some pirates, some fairies, some horses, many meditations, many dances and dancers and many naked people including myself and I think you understand. I love it, totally.

Its small, its pretty, its clean, and laying back in the Cafe of the festival I look towards the opening in the tent and set against the turbulent blue skies were the special green eyes of a dream-like memory from the Small World early hours of Glastonbury's grey skies. I don't have a choice, I'm already walking towards her and before the cushion I was sitting on could resume its shape I was holding her deeply. Thank you Buddhafield, from the bottom of my heart for giving me this gem again. I could carry on with more description of how the magic in this field left me gleaming and in awe but its not needed, just go. Don't ever rely on second hand descriptions of anything, rely on your own experience of the love that is so obvious in Devon and everywhere else, all the time.

John Chas-Wright

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A magic place, only a few fields, only a few hundred people, has the feel of a post-cataclysm community of survivors, living in harmony with nature, practicing rituals to thank mother earth, to thank the universe, a community of earth children practicing all forms of meditation.

No drugs, no dogs.. but a lot a lot of love. Loving interactions, very loving and not sleezy. No, people were loving me like one loves a child.. Buddhafiields is such an invitation to play, dress up, dance until you sweat so much you want to take off your clothes, till the earth vibrates so much under your feet that you want to cover yourself with it... dance till sunset, dance till dawn.. in silence.. the whole site turns silent at night... you can hear the fairies breathe.. the earth children gather in tents, or go to their nests in dream land, warm up in Sam's sauna or around the fire of Lost Horizon.. tell stories, have funny competitions, better be a nudist, a pirate or an earth woman...

At the top of a hill, some bells, some shrines and meditation tents.. that's where non stop, someone is in meditation. It is Buddhafiields.. the fields where you're invited to be as playful as a laughing buddha, playing with appearances of this world....

I arrived a little sad, a little lonely.. my landlady smuggled me in. No she just found a job for me as a maid, a maid making sure this land stays clean, green and unspoilt, I was a recycling fairy, like Yvonne, like Maisy and like Peter. You might have met Peter, he's an African man, every festival is his village, he shares countless treasures of songs, he can sing all night, and we all sing along... 'because the night is made for lovers'

He's an angel, a gem, when he's around everything & everyone seems to shine, because he paints a smile on their faces. Yes in Buddhafiields, people seem to like to hang out. We love Peter's and each and every person's company. New souls old friends to meet and connect with, that's what buddhafiields is about, a bit of a sorcerers', prehistoric gathering.

Walking around the site, checking out the scene, I was hoping to find the warm silhouette of a special special person - who told me he'd be here. I was hoping to see

that man-child again...the one who drummed behind me in Small World stage, two weeks before, on that unforgettable Sunday late late night.. where someone painted my face blue. I danced and sang my way through that night, told stories about how Glastonbury turned me into the Mud Bra Girl... watched the site be dismantled and the earth re-appear under the structures that made a weekend party, the dismantling of a city.

Buddhafiields is a tiny village compared to Glastonbury monster, it's a nymph's paradise, a microcosm, you might discover under a droplet of dew. I'm not the mud bra girl here, it's too clean. No I'm the recycling fairy. Each festival made me into some new character, a new game to play.

I walked and found many happy faces, a flock of naked people, running on the green grass. Yes Buddhafiields was green. Mmhhhhhhhhhhh. I found many dustbins, but none was full enough to be dragged all the way to the recycling 'bennes'. My guide and colleague Maisy knew the job, She said we have to have a chai break. We stopped at buddhafiields cafe and gazing through the huddled crowd I meet warm, surprised, welcoming, embracing eyes, like a dream come true. I don't move - they come closer. They're blue, I don't move, they're diving deep inside my green eyes and as I close them I melt into the embrace of a healing hug. It's like coming home - Now you'll think I say Buddhafiields is full of love because I was filled with loving eyes when I've been. Maybe. Maybe it's just the place that's magic, and people fall in love there.

Spent the next days following butterflies, dancing in the mud, dressing with leaves, dancing at late hours with umbrellas like in 'parapluies de cherbourg', singing made up and memories of Russian and French songs to an accordion, against tasty crepes, running about and sliding in the mud down the only slope with excited munchkins, hugging and humming with a crowd of hundreds, discovering wonder stars and galaxies in the tent and coming out all smiley, and the smiles passed on very fluidly, dynamically through the whole site...and I kept on doing my recycling fairy job....

Celine Smith