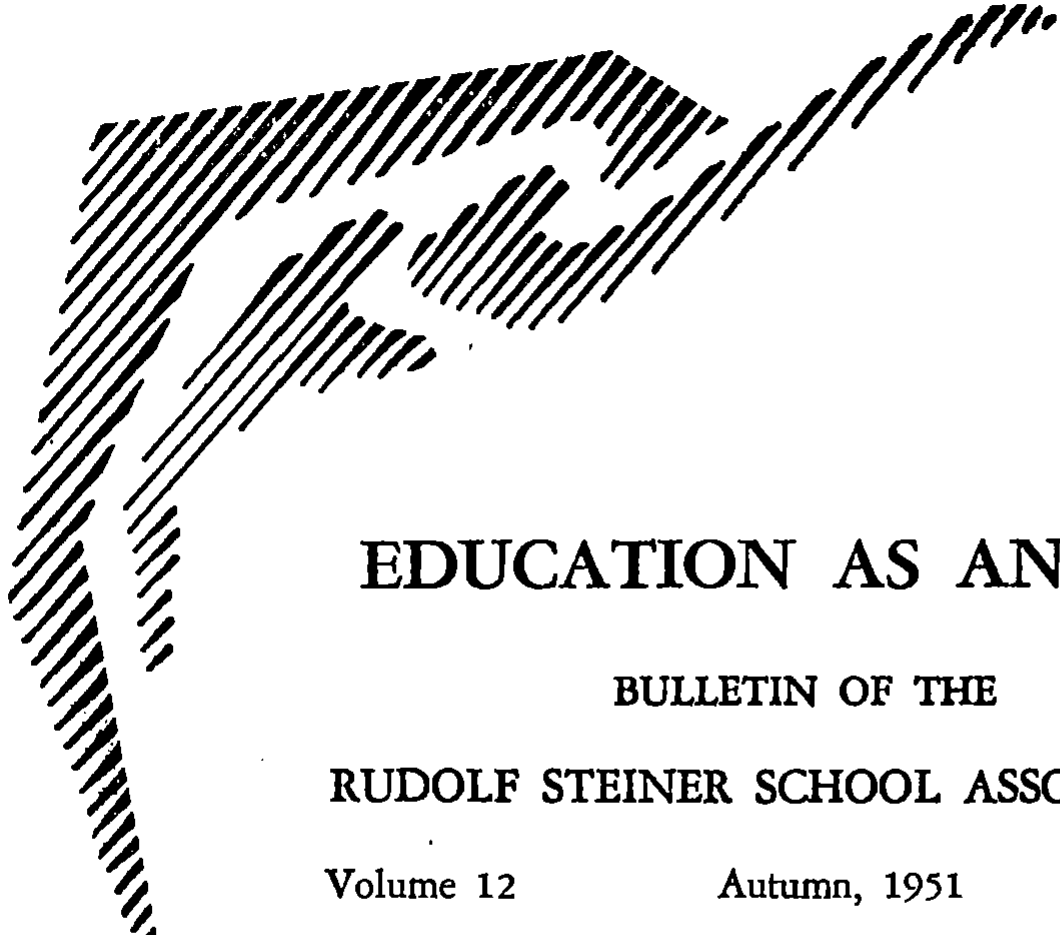




EDUCATION AS AN ART

BULLETIN OF THE RUDOLF STEINER SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

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WHO SHOWED THE CHIPMUNK THE NUTS?

By Karl Ege

"Chipmunk, you inquisitive little brown friar, who called you when the nuts fell from my clumsy fingers into the tall grass there by the stone? I myself could not even find them in order to put them back again upon your stone breakfast table."

Do you think the little prying scamp would tell me! After he had gobbled them all up, or let them drop out of sight into the pouches of his cheeks, quick-as-a-wink, he bounded away and perched himself upon another stone. From there he looked over at me, sharp and attentively, out of his dark pearl-bright eyes. With his little tail he made a mischievous questionmark and the twinkle in his long look seemed to say: — "Guess!" —

"Are you a little round-the-corner-peeker, or can you scrutinize the inscrutable? Did the breeze blow in front of your nose some wee smell?—You little nosey-knower!"

"You bright people make yourselves so blind because you are always just hunting about with your eyes, and you think things can be found only by sniffing around on the ground," retorted the chipmunk. And at the same time he blinked off somewhere into the distance as if he wanted to give me a hint.

I looked into the elderberry bush growing between the stones, toward the rocky ledge and at the grasses. They had all assumed mystifying expressions and veiled themselves in knowing silence.

"You swishing, swinging grass-blades, did you guide his featherlight bounds with your beckoning?" My questioning moved them to no answer.

The chipmunk nestled himself down now closer and more cozily upon the stone. Was this again some kind of a sign?—

"You ice-gray rock face, did you help him?" But the broken boulder remained frozen in its stony silence.

Then with a lightning swift jerk, the chipmunk sat suddenly erect upon his hind legs. He pricked his ears, sniffed with his nose, puckered his little mouth. "Can't you hear! Can't you see anything!"—

I held my breath. Hist!—What glistens there through the stone?—A gnome?—What tinkles and tones and dances there about the little fellow? Doesn't it answer back and forth above the grasses in the same way and isn't the elderberry bush alive with it? . . . Elves?—

"It is . . . !" I almost burst out.

But before I could move my lips, the chipmunk went "Sst" and clapped his little paws over his mouth.

Then he jumped down from his stone and hopped away into the green thicket of the grasses.

Translated by Arvia MacKaye Ege

CONFERENCE ON ADOLESCENCE

High Mowing was just a name to most of us at Kimberton Farms School until this June when fourteen of our faculty accepted the invitation of Mrs. Emmet to join with the faculties of the Rudolf Steiner School, the Waldorf School of Garden City and High Mowing in an Educational Conference. The long trip to New Hampshire followed fast upon the closing of our schools, with yearly reports, plays, and graduation ceremonies. It was a most inviting picture to wind up the hill from Wilton and come upon the long, rambling, stained wood buildings set among lawns and gardens. We had an immediate feeling of relaxation, of time provided to talk, to read, to study. High Mowing had become a reality.

Through the following week, a rich program had been planned by Mrs. Emmet, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Ege to center around the topic *The Period of Adolescence*. Every morning at nine, we met in the book-lined library where Henry Barnes inspired us with his introductory talks as chairman of the panel discussions on the adolescent. There are two guarantees to healthy adolescence: creative, artistic teaching from grades one through eight and non-sentimental moral instruction. Dr. Steiner has guided us in both ways. The new art of education, exemplified in the Waldorf Method, provides an artistic, creative approach. Morality, or moral feeling can best be aroused in the girl by appealing

to her love of beauty, and in the boy through his natural admiration for strength. These ideals are the bony structure for adolescence. Serious questions and examples of adolescent problems permeated these round table meetings and left us, at ten thirty, in need of exercise.

Truly delightful courses in speech and eurythmy were given by Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Neuscheller. Scheduled simultaneously, everyone was torn between the two, and many impromptu classes were held at very odd hours to learn more from these vivacious teachers. We would have liked much more time with both.

One of the high lights of the conference was Mrs. Ege's course in black and white drawing. Coming in the curriculum at a time when there is inner turmoil in the adolescent, black and white provides a kind of moral teaching in that the struggle of the light which overcomes darkness is akin to the struggles already taking place in puberty. On paper the adolescent is drawing what is going on within him, and yet he can preserve his desire to keep this inner life secret nevertheless. Mrs. Ege made delightful introductions to each lesson through exercises which were skilfully turned into problems for scenes or fairy tales. The art display at the end of the conference was a tribute to her genius as an instructor.

Our scheduled conference day ended with a botany period by Mr. Ege. Although the plant kingdom is introduced to the first three grades through stories and poems, botany as a subject appears for the first time in the fifth grade. For the right approach, the teacher will get his preparation not from books only but from the beauty and mystery of the life of the plant and reverence for it. A unity exists between sun and earth. The plant is a response between these two polarities. A parallel can be drawn between the growth of the plant and the soul. Plant life in all stages is dependent upon the sun. The soul cannot develop in darkness either. If this thought remains in the background, the teaching of botany will have a moral and religious effect without being so labelled.

In a very beautiful lecture Mr. Ege showed how botany on a high school level is the scientific approach to what was presented to the fifth grade in picture form. Fact alone would be unsatisfactory; ideas plus fact satisfy the adolescent. In the eleventh grade the plant is studied from the microscopic viewpoint—the cell. From the cosmic viewpoint the cell shows what happens in the universe. The mystery of life can be revealed through the cell. Describing and illustrating as he talked, Mr. Ege showed plants as a picture of evolution. Nothing comes into life fully developed but progresses by slow stages. Botany can develop moral and religious capacities in the adolescent. If they open their eyes, they can see new horizons through this study. From facts that they learn through the microscope, they should feel a creative intelligence working—a feeling which they need in an age when ungoverned emotions and passions try to destroy the soul.

As we look back on our days at High Mowing we are impressed with the feeling of unity with our fellow workers in the Waldorf Method, with the selflessness of the leaders, with the delightful impromptu evening programs and with our deep appreciation to Mrs. Emmet for making this conference possible.

CONFERENCE ON EARLY CHILDHOOD

A workshop conference, under the auspices of the Spiritual Science Foundation, stressing the contribution of Rudolf Steiner's philosophy and methods of education, was held at the Threefold Farm, Spring Valley, New York, from August fifth to August eighth, under the able leadership of Mr. Henry Barnes.

The Early Years of Childhood was the theme of the conference and the participants in the discussions and activities were teachers from the Rudolf Steiner schools here and abroad, and parents of children interested in this type of education for their children.

Morning sessions were devoted to the study of practical problems in applying Rudolf Steiner's educational principles in work with children of kindergarten and primary grades. Mr. Barnes was chairman and the active exchange of ideas and experiences of those teaching in the Steiner schools was inspiring to say the least! Afternoon sessions included painting taught by Mrs. Karl Ege of the Rudolf Steiner School in New York City and lectures about *The Meaning of Fairy Tales* by Mr. Karl Ege. These sessions were particularly delightful and instructive for those of us who are new in this type of education. Mr. and Mrs. Ege impart their enthusiasm and vast knowledge so easily and wonderfully that every moment of their lectures was inspiring. Dr. Linder gave us a splendid lecture on *The Four Temperaments*. It was particularly popular with many of the parents who were present.

Evening lectures were given by Mr. Barnes, Mr. Ege and Mr. A. C. Harwood, founder and teacher of Michael Hall, the first Rudolf Steiner School in England. We are deeply grateful for the opportunity of hearing and knowing Mr. Harwood and for his wonderful contributions to this conference. A demonstration showing the basic elements of eurythmy was given by Lisa Dreher Monges and Sabina Nordoff. Both performances were exceptionally well done and a fine contribution to the conference.

Mr. Henry Barnes, who carefully planned and was chairman of this conference, deserves much praise and is himself an inspiration for everyone to go "overboard" for Rudolf Steiner's philosophy and methods of education. It is our hope that many more of these conferences will be held and we thank all of those who made it possible for us to participate and listen.

Mary E. Dailey
Green Meadow School, Spring Valley, N. Y.

TO MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Accompanying this issue of the Bulletin you will receive a copy of a reprint from the London Times about, Michael Hall one of the Steiner schools in England. For this we are gratefully indebted to Mr. and Mrs. John Naumann. Henceforth we hope to send out to our members similar supplementary material from time to time.

ASTRONOMY AND MYTHOLOGY*

A Conversation Between Two Pupils by Hans Kruger

Questions must often arise in the minds of teachers, parents and children as to how the ancient myths may be related to modern scientific knowledge. Is there a reality back of these myths, or merely a fantastic imagination? How is one to gain a clue to the picture language of the Norse stories which, together with the Greek and other mythologies form a background for our cultural life? The following may be helpful as just such a clue. The Editor

The Younger Pupil: When there was an eclipse of the moon, our Germanic forefathers said, "Now the Fenris Wolf comes and swallows the moon," and our teacher thinks they were just right about it, even more right than our astronomers. Can you understand that?

The Older Pupil: But how does it come about that the moon can be eclipsed?

The Younger: Why, because then the earth passes between the sun and the moon and throws its shadow on the moon.

The Older: And why does its shadow fall on the moon?

The Younger: Because the earth is then standing just exactly on the line connecting the sun and the moon.

The Older: But why does the earth throw a shadow at all?

The Younger: It is not transparent to sunlight!

The Older: But who made it so solid—or can it have been dense from the beginning?

The Younger: No, it could not have been originally.

The Older: Do they not speak of an ancient earth of light?

The Younger: Yes, but then who caused it to become impervious to light? It must have been a power of the universe.

The Older: That very power under whose influence the ancient earth of light had become the opaque, dark earth—was not this the power to which our forefathers pointed when they spoke of the Fenris Wolf? They sensed in him the same power which tempts people to tell lies. An untruthful man does not let himself be seen through. He makes himself spiritually "impervious to light" since he allows himself to be ruled by those powers—the adversaries of the light of truth.

The Younger: That is certainly why the spirits of falsehood are represented as dark figures in art.

The Older: Whoever wants to hide something in himself makes himself spiritually dark—for instance Judas in Leonardo's *Last Supper*—On the other hand, an open and generous nature reveals himself in outshining light.

The Younger: And what about our astronomy?

The Older: It simply does not yet think deeply enough of how human beings and the beings of the universe stand in relation to one another, and that the secrets of one can enlighten those of the other.

Translated by Lacy van Wagenen

*Reprinted by kind permission from *The Star Calendar* for 1951 published by the Mathematical-Astronomical Section of the Goetheanum, Dornach, Switzerland.

THE NATURE OF A CHILD'S SOUL

The Temperaments And How To Treat Them

BY CAROLINE VON HEYDEBRAND, TRANSLATION BY DAPHNE HARWOOD

(Continued from Volume 12, Number 2)

The Phlegmatic Child

James sits hunched at the school desk staring dully in front of him. But though he pays no attention to the teacher's observations on the mysteries of the multiplication table he is not entirely vacant. He is in fact dreaming of the piece of bread which his mother has lavishly spread with butter or cheese, and of the large red apple which she put up for him in his school satchel. One sleepy look at the teacher—who is writing something on the black board with his back turned—and James' fat fingers tumble quietly at the wrapping paper of his 'lunch.' There is a rustling. James stops and looks up for a moment at the blackboard with seeming interest; the teacher has again turned towards the class. James realises dreamily that he will hardly be able to extract the bread and eat it undisturbed and he turns his attention to the apple. It is not wrapped up. He comes on it in the corner of the satchel. His pencil box rattles. The noise recalls James' presence in the class to the teacher. Usually James escapes his attention by the almost complete absence of his mind. He asks James what to him seems almost the hardest question of the simple multiplication table—*i.e.*, what is 7×8 ? James gets up slowly, supporting himself on the bench with his fat arms. Over the cushions of his round, red cheeks his moist eyes look at the teacher uncomprehendingly. James is not a fool; moreover he has a good memory. Given time he can call to mind the whole of the simple multiplication table. He can say it backwards as well as forwards. But what he cannot do is to answer questions fired at him suddenly, coming at him 'out of turn.' He cannot abruptly transform his dreams of apples and bread into complicated modes of thought. He fails to give an answer. But the teacher is patient. James is requested to repeat the seven-times table. After some hesitation he begins slowly droning, gets into the swing of it, goes quicker and overruns the required answer, 8×7 , as he lacks presence of mind to stop at the right moment before the table is done. He leaves off only on reaching 10×7 , in proper style. Meanwhile a sanguine child has yelled the answer out to the class. The teacher turns to rebuke this intrusion. James sinks down speechless on his cushiony posterior and remains for a while quietly sitting. Then his hands go as of their own accord to his apple, without any reflection on his part. He lowers his big round head till it nearly rests on the desk, and in this attitude he noiselessly devours the coveted fruit. James! calls the teacher. James lifts up his head, in no great haste. His cheeks are even redder than usual. "Don't go to sleep," booms the teacher. After a pause James returns to his apple and bread. Before the bell goes for recess he has succeeded without undue exertion, in consuming both of them to the last morsel. He calmly wipes his damp, greasy hands on his trouser legs and feels in his pocket for a penny. With this he buys a snack and a lollipop from the lad who hawks rolls and chocolates in the playground during break. The snack he consumes standing in a corner and placidly watching the wild hurlyburly in the yard. He gets knocked into once and falls down and then gets up again slowly without appearing hurt or offended. Sucking the lollipop will make life sweeter during the next lesson.

At home James leads a peaceful life cherished by his round, placid mother whom his phlegmatic nature troubles not at all. His upbringing has never presented any difficulty to her. As a little child he would lie for hours in his pram sucking the indispensable rubber teat and dozing or following with his eyes the slow movements of his chubby little hands, long his only toy. Meal-time would always rouse his activity, his bottle would conjure a contented gleam into his little round face, and the bowl of sweetened tapioca pudding would even cause him to bounce with excitement and stretch out his hands. The baby was devoted heart and soul to the two reasonable activities of eating and digesting. And the effect was visible upon him. James' mother harboured the old-fashioned opinion that to be fat was to be healthy; and it was easy to achieve and maintain fat in James. He is seldom ill; and he easily digests and transforms into billowing fat the plenitude of nourishment which his careful mother lavishes on her only child. To his own great joy and that of his mother he can digest the greasiest rolls and butter and dumpling soups, the sweetest milk puddings, heavy egg dishes and thick cocoa. But he was late in learning to walk, and when transferred from his pram to a pen, he would mostly lie still on the carpet. He was slow and lazy in learning to crawl; only gradually and unwillingly did he come to raise himself upright, to stand wobbling on his little pillars of legs and to take steps. He was only induced to walk by having his favourite food held out to him at a distance. But he is not dainty: any food given is 'favourite food' and he reaches out for it.

When he first began to play his power of fantasy was very slight. He was given a Noah's ark when he was two years old, and now at eight years old one can still come upon him sitting on the floor taking one beast after another out of the ark, ranging them in pairs and neat rows, and then in the same orderly manner putting them away again. His sense of order is almost pedantic. Each thing must be put in the place where it belongs and remain there. He folds his clothes most carefully when he goes to bed, and expects to find them so in the morning. He always wants to use his own little spoon and to drink from the cup from which he has always drunk. (Up to the time he came to school, however, he preferred to drink out of a bottle lying on his back on the floor). Once on a visit to some relations where he was to stay the night a catastrophe occurred. He wanted to use his 'own' little chamber pot, and no other strange one, however beautiful it might be, even when it was urged upon him in the kindest manner. With astounding energy, worthy of a better cause, he stuck to his position—and only after some hours with great disgruntlement and angry clamour he at last gave way to nature's overpowering demand. It is only when tradition is not firmly maintained that James can be roused to anger—true pattern that he is of the phlegmatic child. Rhythm is everything to him; he knows without any watch when the numerous mealtimes are; when it is time to sleep, both after dinner and at night. He is not one of those children who are a trouble to get to bed: he goes gladly and sleeps long and soundly.

James learned to talk late and for a long time was content with using the simplest sounds to make himself understood. He speaks exceedingly slowly, making long pauses between the words. He is musical. During his monotonous games, or when he is just sitting cross-legged on a cushion in the sun, a fat little Chinese idol, enjoying himself dreamily, one can hear him singing to himself, dreamily and very quietly. Nearly always it is the one song that he knows,

"Cockadoodle," or just the notes "La, La, La": or else he just hums like a bumble bee buzzing lazily in the sunshine. James loves warmth and warmth of soul also, such as he gets in abundance from his fond mother. But this warmth must not make demands on him. He shuns any exertion of spirit. But he will snuggle into his mother's lap and sit still there for a long time; he would never of his own accord however put his arms around her neck and the kisses which he gives her are cool and habitual, the 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' kind.

James has always been a reliable child. His habits were to be depended on, even in matters of digestion. When once he has been taught a thing and taken it in, he will do it punctually to the minute and accurately. He always feeds the gold fish and waters the flowers at the right time. When he was only five years old he would run errands to his mother's great satisfaction: would fetch what was wanted correctly and was remarkably at home with money. When he had been told a story often enough—and he always wanted the same story over and over again—he would know it by heart; and he could retell it without confusion, with exactly the same words and gestures and tone of voice as the grown-up person. He knows very many poems and songs, and he never sings out of tune. He loves to sit at the piano and play—one note after another as slowly as he talks. If the grown-up people would only listen patiently they would grant that the impression of the whole is not displeasing. For a long time he used carefully to avoid the black notes.

James likes to be alone and has no friends of his own making. He is too boring to other children; to him they are too disturbing. Only one fat little girl, as phlegmatic as himself, can sit by him, sometimes for hours on end. And their play and talk runs like the conversation between those two peasants who went together one day through a wood. One murmured, after they had been walking side by side for an hour, "Fine weather to-day," the other, after another hour's walk: "And warm."

Kind relatives and friends were surprised that James' mother had no anxiety on his account when he started school, in his seventh year. (Why should she indeed, never having doubted his capacities?) He put up no resistance but practised his strokes and letters and numbers again and again, with a kind of well-being—a whole blackboard full if possible. He had a clear, well-formed, yet very childish hand-writing. Luckily he had a placid, discerning teacher who did not harry him and who soon perceived that James could carry out anything if he is given time. His view was, moreover, that a teacher should proceed slowly in the early years of school and give children plenty of exercises. And exercises are just what James likes. So he paints away with quiet enthusiasm, methodically placing one brush stroke next to another. His pictures consist in beautiful clean coloured surfaces devoid of any thought content. He produces them out of the liquid element of his water colours with fine colour sense. He is slow to take things in and to learn; but retains exceptionally well what he has once mastered—especially if what he has to learn has a rhythmic quality and can be droned or almost sung. He is utterly incapable of rapid reflection or spontaneous answers. Thus there is a danger that his path in the upper school may prove thorny, since it demands alertness and intellectual logical capacity rather than a trusty memory and learning by repetition. And the danger is that when he finds he cannot keep up he may sink back into himself entirely and give himself

up to the organic process of his body. Then his spirit would be unable to enter into and take hold of these processes sufficiently, which in an extreme case, could lead to a form of idiocy.

The Foundations of the Phlegmatic Temperament

If the sanguine child is swayed by the rhythm of his breath: the melancholic overlaid by earthly gravity: the choleric warmed and driven by the fire of his blood: the small phlegmatic is flooded, as it were, by the juices which nourish and maintain his organism. He is given up entirely to this fluid element. The process of digestion gives him an unconscious enjoyment. He resembles a cow more than anything; a cow lying in a meadow peacefully chewing its cud and living in the processes of digestion and milk-forming. Mighty and noble forces build up and form man from the watery element. If the little phlegmatic could come to realise what it is he experiences while digesting his breakfast sleepily and delighting in the process, he would become aware of great cosmic powers. No human being is, unconsciously, so close to nature as the phlegmatic child. And all connected with the vegetative processes of his bodily life goes forward healthily. Hence his good memory, his faculty for everything which can be learned by faithfully repeated practice, his ability in music and painting, which does not spring from the conscious will of his individuality but is the external continuation of his bodily creative powers.

Treatment of the Phlegmatic Temperament

People are often prejudiced against the phlegmatic temperament. Parents for instance are offended if the doctor or teacher tells them that their child is phlegmatic. This is mere prejudice. As in the case of the other temperaments so here, it is only one-sidedness or over-emphasis that is dangerous and needs counteracting. The melancholic child loves to be looked upon and cherished as a prodigy; but his tendency to depression, his egoism and self-centredness are just as blameworthy as the indifference, sleepiness and voracity of the phlegmatic child. And, on the other hand, a harmonised phlegmatic temperament can become the foundation for the most beautiful human qualities. People who have overcome the one-sidedness of their phlegmatic temperament or who have had it softened by a right education are faithful, reliable, enduring, truthful, orderly and conscientious to an exceptional degree, and fitted to meet life's storms with serene equanimity.

Now with children of this temperament the most important thing is an intelligent bodily education which restrains their delight in physical enjoyment within proper bounds. For instance it is not good to let such children indulge their love of sleep immoderately. It is possible for children to sleep too long. In certain circumstances it may be best not to send the phlegmatic child to bed too early, not to let him sleep long in the middle of the day—possibly not at all—and to arouse him in the morning instead of waiting till he wakens of his own accord. He should not be allowed to remain snoozing and half-asleep after he has awoken, wallowing in the warm bed for the sheer enjoyment of it. For him it is good not to be too warmly clothed, and to be washed in cold water of a morning—a thing to be avoided with a melancholic child. The phlegmatic child can well stand little shocks which should never be used in any other case as a means of education: To wake him up in the morning; to wash his head with cold water; not to allow him to breakfast at length to his heart's content,

stuffing himself before school with cocoa, porridge, bread and butter, and possibly eggs as well! For if he did this he would sit comfortably digesting, and resist the disturbance to this pleasure involved in mental activity. He should eat as little as possible before school, and only light things; there is not the least danger that he will starve. Fruit, vegetables and salad are the right nourishment for him: instead of farinaceous things and puddings. Brown bread instead of white bread and cakes! His food should be well salted. Not too many sweets, and above all no sweetmeats such as he can hold for hours in his mouth—his whole life given over to the sucking of them. One should do one's best by means of a reasonable diet to restrain the phlegmatic child's tendency to put on fat. If he can be kept moderately slender much will have been done for the development of his psychic and spiritual powers.

A little phlegmatic child should not be left to play entirely by himself. From time to time one should play with him, egg him on, speed up the tempo of his games and rouse and stir his soul with impressions from the outside world. If one sees the child dozing or drowsing, either at play or at his home work, it will do him no harm to call out loudly to him or rouse him by some sudden noise. Startling of this kind will bring back his consciousness and bring him to himself. In moments such as this of being 'waked up' the little phlegmatic is particularly capable of understanding, taking in, consciously grasping a thing. It is a common experience that one can explain some matter again and again with the most kindly patience to such a drowsy child. He looks at you without seeing, listens and hears nothing, nods affirmatively with his head without having comprehended anything: you question him and he is completely blank. At last you lose your patience so long and carefully maintained, shout at the child and bang the table with your fist. All at once his eyes brighten, the right answer arrives, the child knows precisely and has understood excellently. It goes without saying that this is not a recommendation to loss of self-control by the teacher. We only wished to point out that the phlegmatic child demands to be waked up from time to time. And this process which can be brought about intentionally will do him no harm whereas with melancholic, sanguine or choleric children it can have a devastating effect. It is never possible in education to give universal recipes. The only thing to be done is to try in each individual case. And since children do not govern themselves by their own ego but follow their innate dispositions one must individualise them according to their temperaments.

The teacher must never let his love and sympathy for the easy-going phlegmatic be too conspicuous. The child would only take it as a matter of course. But in assuming outward indifference the teacher will be all the more inwardly sympathetic to the phlegmatic child. The apparent indifference of the teacher will have the effect of arousing the child to overcome his own indolence, particularly when the grown-up person is really lovable. Indeed it is of tremendous importance that the child should learn to love. Love is the surest means of driving him out of his organism into his soul life. A strong affection can so awaken the child's spirit as to make it able to penetrate the layers of fat and take hold of his amorphous mental life, transforming it and giving it shape and backbone. The phlegmatic child who has been awakened to warmth of soul will love in a beautiful way. Not by fits and starts like the sanguine, nor morbidly adoring like the melancholic, nor violently aggressive like the choleric

but with an even, enduring faithfulness and attachment. He will then be open to the interests of the grown-up person. And what a gain this means! He has to learn to let the outside world affect him and to go forth from his own organic processes into his surroundings. This occurs in a way suitable to his childish years when it is the result of attachment to his educator. Gradually the outlook of the child can widen out, the conscious faculties of the mind can manifest and begin to act and instead of dullness and indifference there can develop a true observation and quiet and thorough receptivity of the outside world, a thing which later will bear fruit in life of the most beautiful kind.

It can very easily happen in phlegmatic children that they show an artistic accomplishment in early years which is not a product of their own self-consciousness, but of their organism; and this they lose later when consciousness awakens and the creative organic forces to a certain extent withdraw. They can be helped across this gulf if a repeated attempt is made to penetrate their dreamlike creations with consciousness. For instance, if one does not allow them to immerse themselves dreamily in painting away in colours, or in the sounding of tones, but sets them little tasks to make them more alert so that they are constrained to reflect and create more consciously. If one can gradually penetrate their artistic faculties more and more strongly with consciousness, one will have succeeded in preserving these faculties for later life. They then remain a well-spring of interest. And not for phlegmatic children only but for adult phlegmatics as well, the alpha and omega of education and self-education is to awaken and foster interest, and devote it to the most manifold domains of life. Any superfluous phlegma can well be expended on those many trivial everyday occurrences which are rightly met with indifference

(To be continued.)

SINGING WORDS by Molly De Havas,* The Forerunner Publications, Salmon's Cross, Reigate, Surrey. Trade Distributors: Simpkin, Marshall Ltd., Park Road, London N.W. 1.

This is a book of poems which children will love to hear, to speak aloud and act out themselves. They are full of the things that children love: strong regular rhythms, knights and animals, and all the moods and activities of the seasons. There is no touch of the adult whimsicality often found in many so-called children's poems today, but instead the vivid observation of both nature and the inner world of childhood which fosters vigorous and healthy imagination.

Teachers of younger children will find their almost every need anticipated in this book, for it is the work of a poet who is a teacher and eurythmist of long experience. The book is divided into four parts: *The Year, Action Verses, Alliterations, Twelve Poems*.

The first part consists of such poems as *Seeds, Spring, March Winds, Hay-making, Summer Rain, Harvest, Winter* and other poems for various months. The *Action Verses* will inspire the children to gallop, skip, tiptoe and march—

The foxes move so softly that we do not hear a sound.

The trotting horses' hoof-beats ring out loudly on the ground.

The little lambs in springtime gaily skip around and round.

*May be ordered through the Association, 15 East 79th St., N. Y. C.

or

*Little Dwarfs so short and strong
Heavy-footed march along;
Every head is straight and proud,
Every step is firm and loud*

There are spiral poems, poems for standing straight, poems to bring the children to hold themselves quite still. Then there are the actions of farmer, reaper, cobbler, baker etc.

Children will love to twist their tongues round the alliterations. These are a group of many short poems in as many moods and rhythms:

*Jangling our jam jars and jumping for joy . . .
Freckled fishes, flirting, flitting,
Flashing fast or floating free, . . .
Over wintry wind-whipped waves
The white-winged seagulls wildly sweep; . . .
Come watch the chuckling chickens
as they search for things to eat, . . .
With pencils and paper and plenty of paint,
So happily passes a pleasant wet day . . .*

The last section is a miscellaneous group of very beautiful poems. *The Knight* and *Adventure* are filled with the fire of enthusiasm and courage—

*My armour is shining as bright as the light
And I am a gallant and glorious Knight . . .*

These are poems of stars, bells, wild creatures and the imprisoned princess. Naturally religious are *Praise*, *The Baby* and *Goodnight*. Their great simplicity and strong rhythm awaken a true feeling of reverence.

GOODNIGHT

*Go now to sleep my little one.
The light is fading from the sun,
And He who blessed your work and play
Will bless your sleep until the day.
So shut your eyes and fold your hands,
And journey into starry lands.
The love between us, warm and deep,
Will bind us closer while we sleep;
The earth is dark, but there the Light
Eternal shines on us—Goodnight!*

—C. B.

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