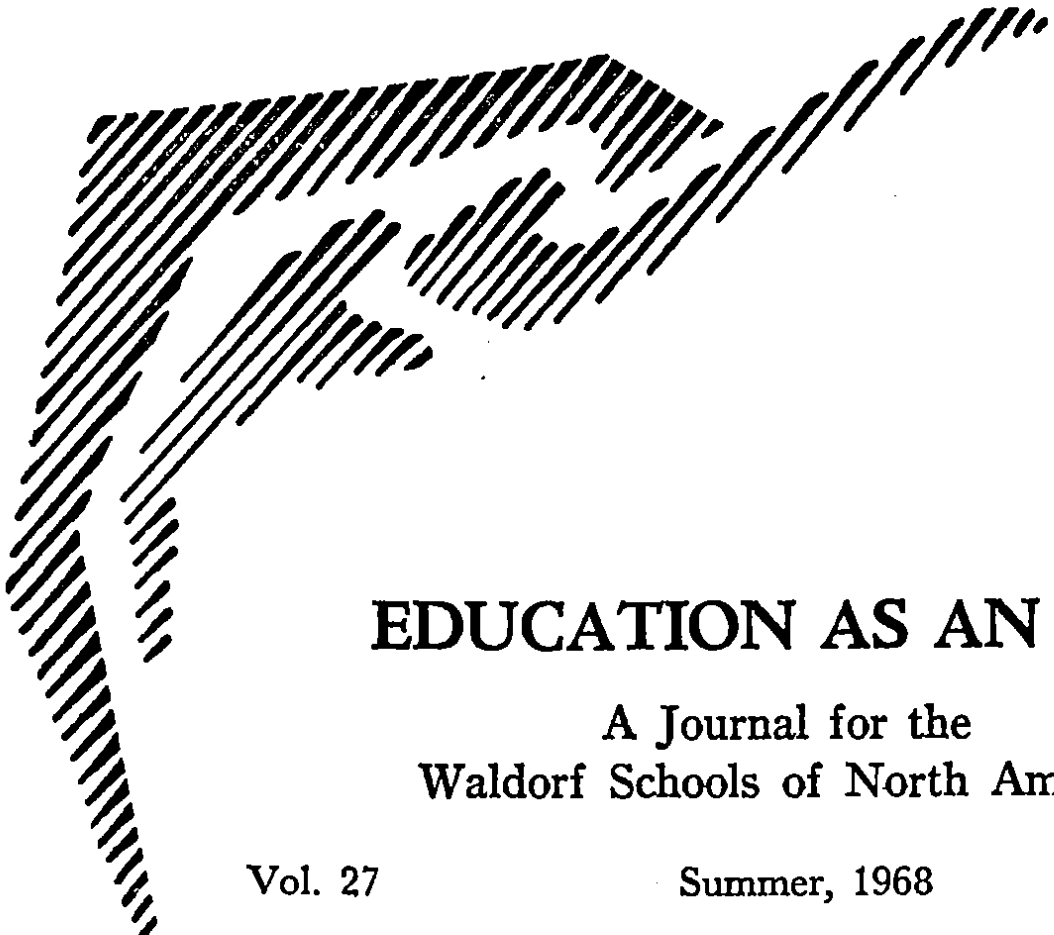




EDUCATION AS AN ART

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THE WILL FORCES

The will forces appear with life itself. The first cry of the newborn child is an utterance of the will — "I will live!" The will of the baby is directed towards self-preservation, absorbing nourishment, building up its body, and maintaining its state of well being. As the child grows and experiences the outer world with greater awareness, he will learn to direct his will towards other things. Will at this early stage is bound to the feelings, and the more these become differentiated, the more varied becomes the life of the will impulses. The task of education is to lead the will from its sole connection with the feelings over to a connection also with the thinking. This is particularly the task of the educator of children between the ages of seven and fourteen. But education in this sense is a life-long process and each of us learns to carry on the task through self-education.

The small child seems at a certain age to go through a kind of crisis as regards his will forces. How strong can be the outburst of will on the part of a three-year-old when he wants his mother's attention and does not get it! Or when he tries to do something and does not succeed! He will go through periods of saying "No!" to every suggestion or question. One

can feel he is enjoying the experience of opposing himself and his own will to the world; he is finding out what the will's possibilities are. These situations create many problems for the parents.

But a strong will in the child is something very good and should not be broken. A child with a broken will in later life will not be able to carry through a resolution or to speak up for truth and justice. The will of the child can be said to be broken when one has shown him through repeated experiences that it is useless to have will impulses, that they will not or cannot lead to any accomplishment in the outer world. Or the constant recounting of one's own unhappy and depressing experiences in a similar situation will be enough to kill his courage and prevent his will impulses from arising.

When the adult approaches some new activity, he is led towards it first through ideas about it, he then develops feelings which link him to it, and at last he exerts his will. With the child it is exactly the opposite. He has the need to grasp everything at first with his will forces and the feelings attached to them. Only much later will he come to have ideas about that activity. Too much explanation and too early an appeal to the intellect, to the reason, will destroy his eagerness and enjoyment.

What can make the will of the child strong and lead the already strong-willed child in the right direction? For one thing, helping him to carry a will impulse through. "I want to carve," says the three-year old. "No, you can't. It is too dangerous," might be the answer of the cautious grown-up. But how much better for the child if it is possible to let him have a certain experience and to try. It is not so dangerous as one might think, if you show him how to avoid cutting his fingers. He will do it for a while and feel, "I can do it," and then perhaps lose interest. But gradually he will learn to do it better. This does not mean the child can be allowed to do everything he wants. The adult will have to explore his own capabilities for helping the child in certain directions.

The child needs to feel free in his willing and it is helpful to him if the parents forbid him as little as possible. Don't prevent him from doing things unless it is absolutely necessary. Adults do not always realize what they are doing to a child by constantly forbidding him activities just to suit their own convenience or comfort. One may ask oneself, "Is he really doing any harm? Or if he is, can I offer him a diversion or a substitute activity?"

What kind of punishment or discipline can one mete out to the child when it is necessary, which will not weaken will forces? The child needs at times to feel the strong moral will of the adult when he is really doing wrong. He needs to be separated from others for a while when he is behaving badly. Then in his "I will be good," one feels his *good will* asserting itself again.

Activities which are full of gesture and movement in the child's surroundings develop his will. Such actions, in contrast to those where one only operates a machine, give the child pictures which his inner being seizes, and which nourish his possibilities of willing and doing. Even in

the home nowadays we rely heavily on machines. It is good, therefore, if both mother and father engage in some kind of craftwork or artistic work. There, at least, one has to accomplish things with one's own hands.

All artistic activities are particularly strengthening for the will. They are not so much bound only to the feelings as people often think. Eurythmy, the art of movement originated by Rudolf Steiner, enables the child to interpret the dynamics and the forming power of the sounds and words in poetry through bodily movement, which satisfies the need he has to express his feelings in will activity.

Taking walks with the child brings his will forces out strongly. He sees how distance can be overcome by his efforts. To climb a hill, reach the top, walk down again, to jump over a stone, to overcome love of ease, to use his strength in manifold ways, all this builds will forces. On a walk, too, he perhaps has a chance to shout out loud — something especially fine for him.

Waldorf education appeals in every way to the will forces of the child in the early grades when they are still so strong and active in him. Every subject is taught first through some form of bodily activity. The joy which the child feels in being able to grasp life from this aspect leads him right into the midst of the work. Only later, when he is ready for it, will he be obliged to learn the ideas which apply to that subject. These will forces, which were not stunted and ignored when he was small, will transform themselves into warmth and enthusiasm and interest for his studies and for the conduct of life.

—EDITH LAWRENCE and RUTH STEPPUTTIS

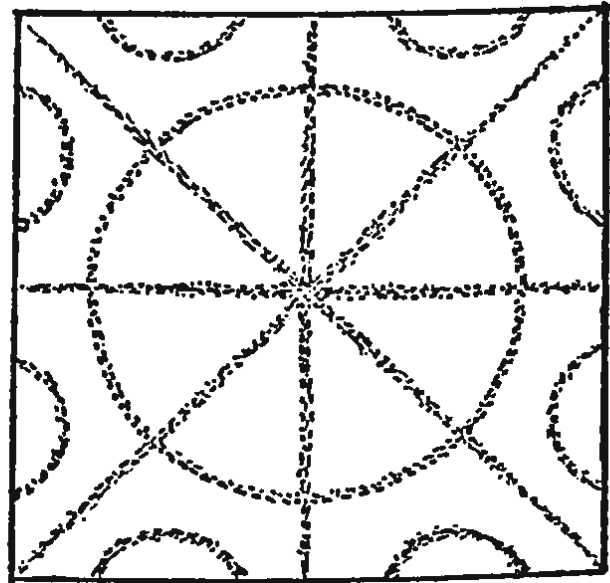
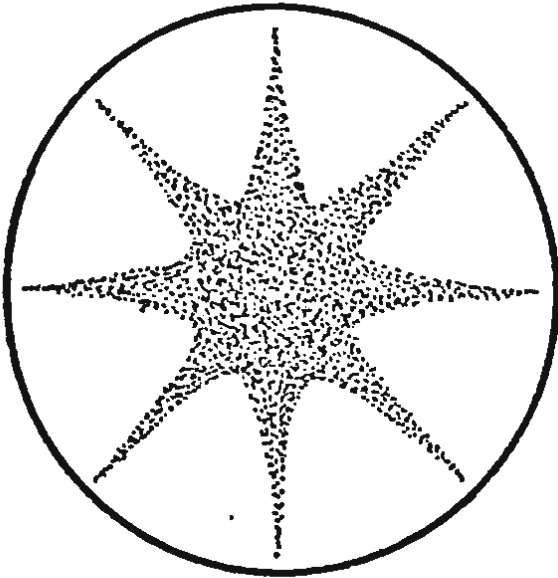
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THE CHLADNI PLATE — MEETING POINT OF TWO WORLDS

Waldorf students have their first acquaintance with physics in the sixth grade. Worlds of wonder open up: light and dark give birth to sparkling colors that mix in surprising ways (did you know that red and green could make yellow?); a hot-air balloon rises slowly and majestically; a flame dances and quivers, sensitive to sounds we make.

One of the most fascinating experiences in acoustics is the demonstration of Chladni's plate. This is a simple metal plate, usually circular or square, supported in the center. Fine sand or salt is sprinkled on top. The edge is bowed with a violin bow and, with some skill and luck, one can induce the plate to sing a pure note. Behold! The grains of sand suddenly arrange themselves in a sharply defined, symmetrical pattern. With one magic stroke, intricate and beautiful order is created from chaos. The suddenness of this event is a never-ending source of wonder for the children. They hold their breath when the bow is applied to the plate, and then, if the stroke is successful, they respond with a most heartfelt "Aahh!"

A particular Chladni plate can be made to vibrate at dozens of different pitches, each one commanding its own form. The higher the pitch, the more intricate the pattern becomes. By applying dry ice or vibrating piezo-electric crystals to the plate, one can produce notes of very high frequencies, resulting in patterns of astonishing variety, detail, and beauty. The two illustrations show simple patterns on a round and on a square plate. The first form was obtained by bowing the edge, the second one by touching the square plate with a chip of dry ice.



After Chladni's work around 1800, little research was done until recent times. The latest work is connected with the names of Mary Waller, formerly physicist at the London School of Medicine, and Hans Jenny, medical doctor of Dornach, Switzerland. The latter, in cooperation with a photographer, an actor, and a Waldorf teacher, produced a motion picture, "Vibrating World," which was shown on television in Germany and now travels through the U.S.A. as part of an art exhibit sponsored by International Business Machines.

It is hard to describe the fascination of watching the creative moment on a Chladni plate. After the tone dies out, the pattern on the plate remains and can be admired and studied. Yet this is a post-mortem — one is looking at a corpse. The living drama unrolls when the sounding tone, as a dance master, conducts the dancing particles to their places in splendid choreography.

Sometimes one may produce a note with wavering pitch. It is then as if two or more dance masters were giving conflicting orders. There is a struggle between the forms, they change back and forth, and one waits with bated breath to see which will win.

The Chladni plate is a meeting point of two worlds. Material and non-material worlds meet, and it is the not-visible that shapes the visible. Spenser wrote:

*For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.*

Emerson said: "Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated..."

We all experience that a person's face is an expression of, is shaped by, his own unique spirit. The Chladni plate shows that each tone also has its own physiognomy. If a simple, mechanically produced tone has such an intricately beautiful shaping force, the human voice must introduce a still higher order of form-giving. The brand-new invention of "voice-prints", as unique for one individual as his fingerprints, may possibly demonstrate one aspect of this realm. Yet, with all of these phenomena, we are only in the foothills of this landscape. In the background towers the archetype of all shaping forces, as voiced by St. John: "In the beginning of all things was the creative Word..."

—GERHARD BEDDING

(Waldorf School, Adelphi University)

From EDUCATION AND MODERN SPIRITUAL LIFE*

In the feeling we have today when we hear the word "Word" there remains nothing at all of what the writer of the Gospel of St. John felt when he wrote "In the beginning was the Word."... To the Greeks the word was still a call to the human will. When a syllable was uttered, the body of a Greek would tingle to express this syllable through his whole being also... The word did not only live in the organ of speech but in the whole of man's organism of movement.

There was a tingling, an urge in the human being to let the will reveal itself through the limbs, with every syllable, with every word, with the rhythm and measure of every phrase. He realized how the world could become creative in every movement. But in those days he knew still more. Words were to him expressions for the forces of cloud formation, the forces lying in the growth of plants and all natural phenomena. The word rumbled in the rolling waves, worked in the whistling wind. Just as the word lives in my breath so that I make a corresponding movement, so did the Greek find all that was living in the word in the raging wind, in the surging wave, even in the rumbling earthquake. These were words pouring out of the earth.

—RUDOLF STEINER

* 12 lectures, Ilkley, England. Though out of print, copies are still available at St. George Book Service, 72 E. Grand, Montvale, N. J. 07645 (\$3.50).

THE SCHOOL NOW ON THE HILL

Three years ago, during the Advent time, a group of teachers at Highland Hall were given the news that the way was clear at last for the long-awaited move to the twelve-acre hilltop site at Northridge, an area in the heart of the San Fernando Valley in California. Much, of course, would have to be done, but a beginning, an embodiment of a long-cherished idea was imminent. One teacher present expressed how he felt in the following poem:

The Second Birth

It's Advent time and the deed we plan
Is but to build a stable —
To ward the winds of these chill times
As much as it be able.

But shepherds' warmth and kingly gifts
Within those walls you'll find,
Bestowed upon the Man-to-be
With waking heart and mind.

For Christ on Earth has once been born
Yet waits for birth again—
Our stable, warmth, and gifts give hope
Of His rebirth in men.

Some of those present had worked years for what was then announced; while others with fewer lines in their faces and with fewer years of service to match, expressed gratefulness — the hope of all was to be worthy of the deed.

The move was not accomplished at that time and only the beautiful kindergarten occupied the hilltop acres; the rest of the school continued to make do in the somewhat ramshackle home of many years.

There seem to have been quite a few false starts since that time; but finally, during the Advent period of 1967, we were once more poised and fretfully ready. Then, despite extraordinary difficulties, the children, teachers, parents and friends brought about an opening of classes on the hilltop for the second semester of the 1967-1968 school year. The date was January 30, 1968.

It was a very, very special time. Reverence and exuberance expressed themselves in teachers and children alike. There were soft carpets, air conditioning and many other facilities that were standard equipment, to delight the staff; while the children had room to run, run, run! (in the mud, mud, mud! — it being the Los Angeles rainy season).

Behind our move, quiet, hope-filled and generous friends gave and loaned — and left us free. To them and to our parents we offer the following:

"Athens of the fifth century was the glory of the world. 'You live in the only free city in the world,' one of the Greeks was able to say to its citizens; and they, in giving freely to their city knew their city had more to give, and the unique result was the growth of individual men and the flowering of what has been called the most beautiful city in the world.

"Once, when Athens was in great danger, one of her citizens undertook superhuman tasks — one, the running of one hundred and fifty miles in forty-eight hours—to help the city remain free; his name was Pheidippedes. When asked to say what he wished for his service, he replied, 'To live in the city forever, to marry the one I love, and to fight the enemy.' Pheidippedes had only one of his wishes fulfilled; he fought the enemy, then died. However, in some ways he, in his love for his city, becomes a very real example for us, the teachers of Highland Hall.

"We can feel that we live and work in one of the 'free places' in the world, and the more we give to it the more it has to offer to all connected with it. Like Pheidippedes, we would like to 'live forever' where such reciprocity fills one of the true needs of our time. And, like Pheidippedes, we, each in our own way, would seek a union with that which we love — perhaps for us the Spirit of Education herself! And finally, we too must see the necessity of fighting that which threatens the essential work of any 'free place.'

"In struggling for goals such as these, we feel we best respond to the trust of the parents, the needs of the children, and the hope of our generous friends."

One of the children of this year's fifth grade wrote the following poem:

PHEIDIPPEDES

He who was loved
For running so far.
He who was loved
For being so swift.
He who was loved
For loving the city.
He who was loved
For understanding himself.

The demands are clear; and the conscious endeavor to realize them will evoke the love of which the poem so simply speaks.

—CLIFFORD MONKS
(*Highland Hall School*)

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO SERVE MICHAEL

(*For age 7 and up*)

A boy had heard that there are people who serve the angel Michael on the earth by protecting good and fighting evil. He wondered how he could become such a servant. He thought about it in the daytime and dreamed about it at night.

Walking in the garden one day, he met a young man of noble bearing. In spite of his severe appearance he seemed friendly, and the boy felt a strong urge to tell him his deepest desire. It did not even occur to the boy how odd it was to meet this stranger in his father's garden. The stranger carried a mighty sword at his left side and, in reply to the boy's question, he felt with his right hand in his pocket and handed the boy something that looked like a toy sword.

"As soon as you can use this weapon, remembering from whom you have received it, you will be my servant," he said. "I am the Angel Michael."

After these words the angel disappeared from the child's vision. It was all so strange that the boy asked himself whether it had happened in a dream. But he felt the sword in his hand. That at least was something real. Soon he discovered that this sword had extraordinary power. He liked this feeling of having power and the desire to use it became stronger and stronger. And so he ventured out into the world.

Soon he experienced all kinds of things he did not like. Many people behaved in an ugly way toward him or toward each other. Every time he saw such ugliness, he slashed with his sword. He would make them behave. Everyone now obeyed him through fear of his power. Many were wounded by his sword.

After seven years Michael came to him during the night. The boy jumped when he recognized him. He had completely forgotten from whom he had received his weapon.

Michael asked, "What have you done with your sword these seven years?"

"I taught all the people to be obedient."

"Whom did you obey?"

"No one, because I was the most powerful."

"Show me your weapon."

The boy pulled his sword from its sheath. It was tainted with blood.

"You cannot be my servant. You have not remembered from whom you have received the sword. In seven years I shall be back. Then you will have to show me your weapon again."

When the boy woke up the next morning and looked at his sword, it was as clean and shiny as when he first received it. "Now I shall keep it unstained," he said to himself. He put the sword in its sheath. Though he saw much ugliness as the years went by, he did not touch his weapon. Rather than fight, he allowed anyone to be his master. Again he forgot from whom he had received the sword; indeed, he forgot the sword itself.

After another seven years Michael came to him again at night:

"What have you done with your sword?"

"Nothing! I have not hurt anyone."

"Whom have you obeyed?"

"All people. I have done whatever anyone asked."

"Show me your weapon!"

The sword was pulled from its sheath. It had become rusty!

"You cannot be my servant. I shall be back in seven years. Remember from whom you have received the sword."

The next morning the boy, now quite grown and tall, pondered his problems: "This is difficult. If people obey me — that's wrong; if I obey everyone — again, wrong!"

Soon he met on his way a poor, crippled man who walked with a stick. The old man was clothed in rags. The stick seemed his only possession on earth. It was a remarkable stick, made of iron but inlaid with shining gold.

Just as the boy approached, a robber jumped out of the bushes and grabbed the stick. The boy leaped forward, ready to help, — then hesitated. How could he defend that old man? The robber looked fierce and was armed. All the boy had was a toy sword. What could one do with that?

Suddenly the boy remembered: "I have this weapon from Michael himself. Surely I can help!" He sprang forward, battled with the robber and overcame him.

After seven years Michael again came to him at night:

"What have you done with your weapon?"

"I have protected good from evil."

"Whom have you obeyed?"

"You! I remembered that the sword was your gift."

"Show it to me."

The boy, who by now had grown into a handsome, strong young man, again pulled his sword from its sheath. It had become a large and shining sword!

"Now you have become my servant," Michael said.

"May I serve you in heaven?"

"No, your task is on the earth."

Again the young man ventured forth to protect good and fight evil. One day, he happened to see a little boy who could not walk at all. His little legs were useless. The young man wanted more than anything to help him. But how? All his strength and his mighty weapon were of no avail.

Because he felt so helpless and could not think of anything else to do, he pulled his shining sword from its sheath and gave it to the little boy as a present. Behold! Suddenly the large sword again had become a child's toy sword. The young man was surprised and shocked, but the little boy only noticed his beautiful present and his face shone with joy — a joy so great that he stood up and walked! The little boy put the sword in his belt and, in his turn, ventured out into the world.

At night, Michael appeared once more to the young man:

"What have you done with your sword?"

The young man did not dare to reply but Michael insisted. Finally, full of shame, he whispered:

"I gave it to an unhappy child."

"Then you have obeyed the One who is my master. Show me what you have in your sheath."

"My sheath is empty."

"Show me that emptiness."

The young man held out his sheath and a ray of sunshine slipped from it.

"Now you may be with me in heaven every night so that you can spread the light of the sun each morning among the people on earth."

—D. UDO DE HAES

(translated from the Dutch by Gerhard Bedding)

A TALK TO THE LOWER SCHOOL

Closing assembly for Grades 4-8, June, 1967

When a painter has completed a work of art, he steps back and looks at it. Perhaps he says to himself, this time I have really succeeded in creating the best I can. More often he will say, now I see that here I should have used brighter yellow, and there the shading is not quite right: I should have used Prussian blue instead of ultramarine. In the viewing of his picture he puts corrective touches, not on the completed painting, but on the one that still lives in his mind and imagination.

At the end of a school year we can do this too. We can step back and look at our own picture, which we have painted in the course of the year out of the ingredients which life and circumstances have offered as materials to work with. If we do this, we too will come to certain conclusions, and we will also want to put some corrective touches here and there.

I am going to tell you three little stories, which may be of assistance to us when we view our own individual pictures.

* * *

First, there is the story of the successful businessman. He had learned his trade well, and he saw and used every opportunity in life to make what he called "an honest dollar". When he came to the end of his life, he looked at the life picture he had painted, and he was rather pleased with it. He had worked hard and he had been successful. Success was probably the greatest ambition of his life.

When he entered Paradise and met the Creator, he was convinced that he had some very good advice to offer from what he had experienced on earth. He thought he was well qualified to become an advertising manager. He said to the Creator of the world: "You have something good going down there; why, you can become a billionaire in no time! Look at all the things you give away free! I would suggest that we charge admission; let's say a quarter for a sunset, half a dollar for a look at a sunrise (there are not so many people up in time to see one), a dollar for a romantic, clear moonlit sky—I know there will be many takers at that price; it's a bargain . . ." and so he went on in his enthusiasm, to price:

Mountain views

Autumn colors

Winter landscapes

Snow crystals . . . but there he immediately had a second thought and said, "You should send me back down to earth. I could make millions just by selling magnifying glasses: as you know, snow crystals are so small, you really need a magnifying glass to appreciate their beauty."

The Creator listened patiently for some time, but when he saw that there was no end to the suggestions, he interrupted the businessman, and to his great surprise, said: "But your prices are much too modest. We charge much more and we adjust our prices correctly to each customer, though we do use a different currency. The sunset, the autumn colors and the Milky Way in a starlit sky are there for everyone to look at; however, everyone will see and enjoy only as much as he has paid for."

"How is that?" inquired the amazed and puzzled businessman, and he received this answer:

"Have you not met people who look at a sunset and see only a red ball hanging in the sky? 'What of it?' they say. 'Nothing unusual.' These people have paid very little admission, and what they see hardly touches their hearts; they are not at all inspired by what they see.

But then there are people who look at a budding flower or at the developing seeds, and they see with their inner eyes a whole universe of creation. These people paid a lot in the currency of effort, concentration, interest, concern, appreciation, devotion, and reverence."

Busy as he had been, the businessman had never realized that this was so.

— The second story: this is the story of the stonecutters. A stranger visited a granite quarry and observed the work being done by the various stonecutters. He noticed three of them particularly, who worked quite differently from each other. He asked them in turn what they were doing.

The first one answered: "I cut stone from morning till night, day after day; it's hard work and I'm tired. I can hardly wait for the end of the day," and his work proceeded rather slowly.

The second one said: "I am paid by the number of stones I cut in a day. I want to make at least ten dollars today." He hardly took the time to answer the question.

The third one was pleased to be asked. As he looked at the huge granite block he was cutting, his face lighted up and with great pride and enthusiasm, he spoke of the cathedral that was being built in a nearby city. This very stone was to become one of the cornerstones.

— And now the third: there are many stories in which heroes, or men of excellent reputation, are offered great sums of money, merely for lending their good names to a questionable business enterprise; for instance, the story of Alvin C. York of Tennessee, the hero of World War I. He had come to New York on a lecture tour to raise money for education in his poor home district. "Imagine!" he said to his audience, "I was offered a thousand dollars a week just to do and say what someone else told me to do and say—but I was not for sale."

* * *

As we view our own picture, we can ask ourselves these three questions:

First, how much have I paid this year in the currency of effort, interest, good will, concern, appreciation, respect, and reverence?

Second, was my work drudgery, or was I involved in building a cathedral?

Third, was I for sale when I was tempted to do or say what I knew was not altogether right?

And then when we have taken a good look at our individual picture, we can hang it up in the picture gallery of our subconscious, where all the previous pictures are stored; and from time to time we can visit the gallery—that is, whenever we want to, or need to, especially when we are about to start a new picture.

—WILLIAM HARRER
(*Class teacher, Rudolf Steiner School*)

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