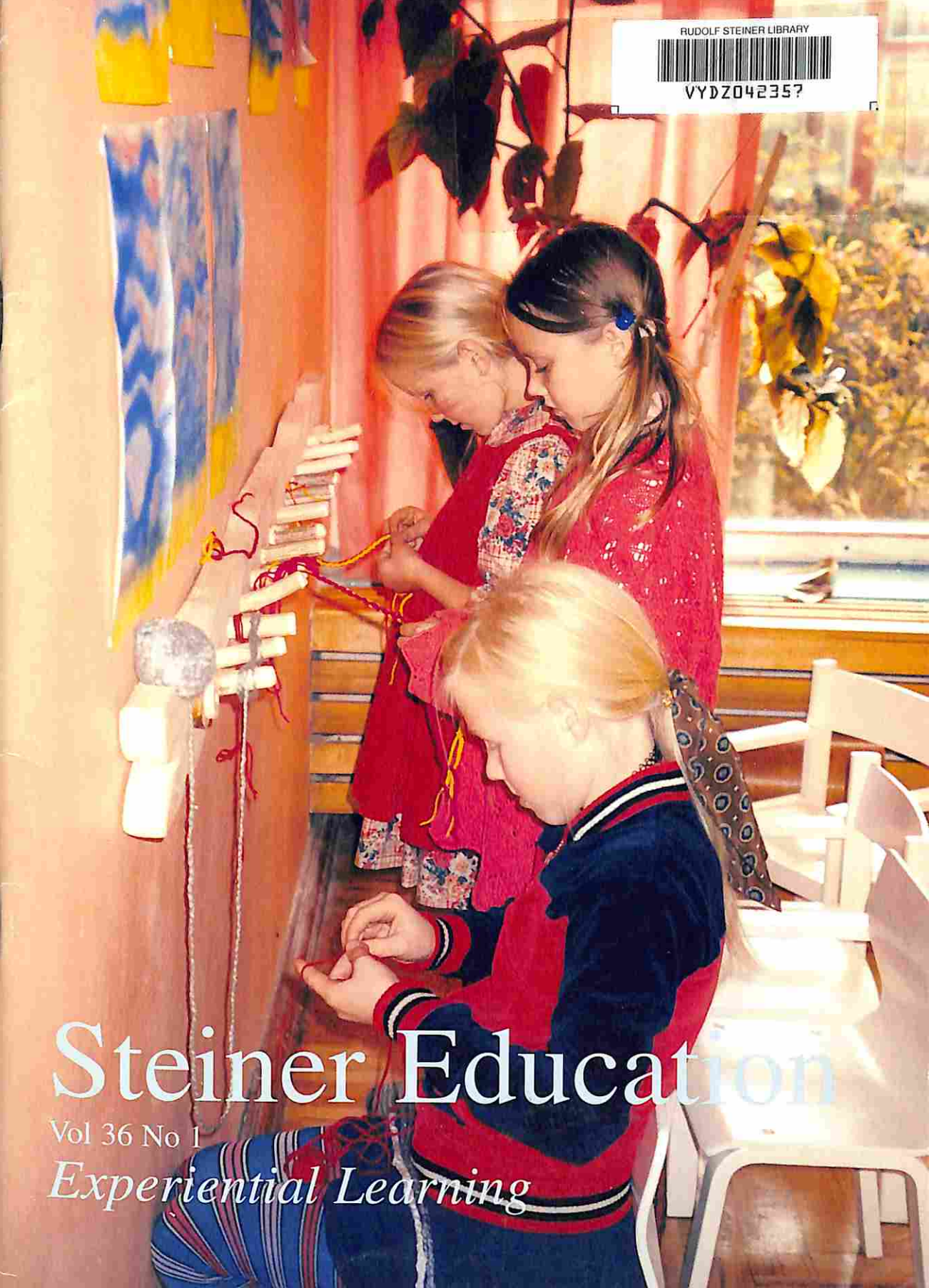


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A photograph of three children in a classroom setting. Two girls stand in the background, focused on weaving red and yellow threads on a wooden loom. A boy in the foreground, wearing a dark blue sweater with red and white stripes on the sleeves, is also working on the loom. The room has warm wooden walls, a window with autumn leaves outside, and various colorful fabrics hanging on the wall.

Steiner Education

Vol 36 No 1

Experiential Learning



Class 3 pupils from Aesch, Switzerland, re-living, through drawing, their individual experience after visiting a nearby building site.



Steiner Education

ISSUE THEME:
Experiential Learning

[When the children first enter Class One] it is a good thing to say to them ... "Look ... you have two hands, a left hand and a right hand. You have these hands to work with; you can do all kinds of things with [them]." There is a difference if, while knowing he or she has hands to work with, this thought has never crossed his/her soul ... When you have talked for some time about hands and about working with hands, go on to let the children make something or other requiring manual skill.

Rudolf Steiner, 24 August 1919.

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Front Cover: 10-year-olds in Adazi, Latvia busy with
traditional craft skills. Photo: Anda Vilsons.

*Opinions expressed in this journal attach to the respective
authors and are not necessarily those of the Editor.*

Journal for Rudolf Steiner Waldorf Education (formerly 1930-1995 *Child and Man*)

January 2002 Vol. 36 No.1

Steiner Education is a focus for ideas, insights and
achievements in Waldorf, Steiner and all truly human
education throughout the world.

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Editorial

At the return to school this autumn (or was it a protracted summer of discontent?) the front page images of children as young as 4 being squeezed through 6-foot-high shoulder-to-shoulder ranks of police officers decked in full riot gear—solid black helmets, shields and truncheons—in order to enter school has thrown up seismic shock waves at home and abroad. One wonders which was the most distressing for the children: the demonstrators hurling verbal and other abuse, the traumatic effect of the ‘hatred’-driven sectarian defiance which they must have imbibed from their parents who were leading them to school, or the guard—in physical terms undoubtedly providing as safe a passage as possible in the circumstances but image-wise (an effect which one cannot overestimate in young children) epitomising so much in our society where inner qualities have been eroded so that all that is left are outer, inhuman measures enforcing the law and ‘human’ rights, such as the draconian example so poignantly illustrated in Belfast.

Amongst all the outcry, one person was in evidence who seemed to gaze deeply enough into the mirror of events to gain the necessary degree of objectivity—and of course there may have been others one didn’t come across. A Major J. Lloyd writing in *The Times* on 5 September 2001 commented, “The culture of history and religion which feeds attitudes in Ulster is one that can only be corrected by education.” Put another mirror parallel to that, and one would surely somewhere find a dim and distant image of what *kind* of education would, in fact, provide the necessary correction that the major envisaged. On the one hand, one fears that the problems are so deeply ingrained that any correction would only begin to take effect in the far future. On the other hand, what else? Outer measures there obviously must be, but their effect can surely only be of short term value.

So what kind of education is going to be needed?

In introducing the White Paper published on the same day as the letter quoted above, the Prime Minister (no less) launched almost as heavy an attack on the education system (in Britain) as any of its sternest critics could have devised. He pointed out that the 11 plus system had provided a “good education” for the few but “wrote off the 80%” who failed to pass the exam and whom it had therefore failed; and that the “comprehensive system [brought in in the 50s] rightly established

the principles of equality and inclusion but...too often failed to take into account...children’s different abilities and talents.” (—Encouraging that the Prime Minister could be pointed despite the massive understatement.)

If the law of the land abided by the *International Declarations and Conventions on the Right to Education and the Freedom of Education* that were agreed after the Second World War, legally each child should have equal rights to education, the parents the right to determine what kind of education they prefer, with the government (as now in Denmark and elsewhere) providing the funding for that choice, also on the basis of equality. Culturally viewed, there would be little logic in assigning the provision of education into any hands other than those of the experts, and it is their privilege and responsibility to discuss and propose the aims of education, to research into the nature of the children to be educated, to devise the curriculum which will serve the aims, and to promote the pedagogy which is needed in view of the “needs and talents” (quoting again the Prime Minister’s own words) of the individuals in the class.

What are those who are now adults to think when they read: “For too long, our secondary education system has failed a large proportion of children. A generation ago it did so as a matter of principle; latterly as a matter of practice”? Failed as a *matter of principle* or as a *matter of practice*. Whichever it is, by definition, the education being referred to applies to pretty well the whole lot of us. ‘The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea’, you might say, with next to no ‘twixt’ detectable in an education-failed population.

It is astonishing that such devastating indictment drew forth so little comment. Moreover, it is bewildering to imagine what to attribute the silence to. The lethargy often associated with the thinking of the English? Fatigue in the education debate? A public sense of utter hopelessness? Or what?

Finally, after raising our hopes for something new, the Prime Minister ends by clearly still wanting to have his cake and eat it: schools will come up with “five good GCSEs for virtually all their pupils”. That cake (cf. his “no outdated thinking will stand in the way of necessary change”) seems *very* stale indeed. With such radical words one would have expected the new broom of updated thinking to have at least swept somewhere near the dusty corners of the exam- and League Table-

driven aspects of the system.

To go back ‘across the water’, it is not many months since the education Secretary of State for Northern Ireland relegated League Tables to the bin of past failure. But it is not stated that such measures are on the agenda here. Five good GCSEs or no, aren’t the 80% schools in England and Wales still going to go on suffering from the bitter taste of failure if they haven’t got into the top 20%? The need for accountability and transparency is not in question, of course. But is not the outdatedness of competition—with its *guaranteed* and overwhelming percentage of failure (4 out of every 5 children)—the backbone of that very skeleton in the cupboard that the Prime Minister is so frank about and intent on getting rid of? It is not only the League Table that highlights failure, it is what the League Table inevitably represents i.e. a failure-producing system. The tip of the iceberg may look impressive in your photo album but it’s the rest that will sink your Titanic.

Talking of skeletons, the *New Scientist* recently printed an article (1 September 2001) about a piece of ancient Egyptian jewellery on display at the Manchester Museum. It was discovered in an excavation dating back to 1912. Under strange conditions: the jewellery came from a corpse in a burial chamber (necropolis). This is nothing out of the ordinary for ancient Egypt. However, “lying on the splintered remnants of [the] wooden coffin was a badly crushed skeleton... with an extra pair of arms”. In their explanation of the curious and somewhat gruesome circumstances, the authors Rosily David and Rick Archibold of *Conversations with Mummies: New Light on the Lives of Ancient Egyptians* concluded that it must have been the official guards, paid presumably from the ‘estate’ of the deceased to guard the tomb (a) who knew in the first place whether the tomb was worth robbing; (b) who knew how the tomb had been sealed (an extremely elaborate robber-defying affair); and (c) who tipped off the robbers accordingly—or, as David and Archibold go further to suggest, *themselves* performed the deed.

Before erasing any hitherto treasured conception of the integrity of ancient Egyptian culture, in fairness it should be pointed out that historically this was in the last third of that period, when it could be argued that it was past its point of supremacy. It is difficult to imagine the desecration of tombs entering into the consciousness of an Egyptian—especially a guard (did they even need guards?)—at the height of Egypt’s cultural glory. But leaving this disclaimer aside, the explanation

of the extra pair of arms of the corpse is that they were those of a robber who was caught in the act by a collapse of the rock chamber in which the burial had taken place.

The parallels are bold. Firstly those who are the very guardians of the education of the younger children are “failing” them—drastically if one takes the Prime Minister’s rounding on the system seriously. One would not want to use the term ‘robbing’ children of their childhood, but Neil Postman in his *The Disappearance of Childhood* (1983) comes uncomfortably near to it when he argues very persuasively that as a result of the system and the direction civilisation has taken, childhood had become “obsolete” already in the 1950s.

And secondly, if one ponders the images that appeared on the front pages of the Belfast papers (and others)—*the guardians of the law*, the police, lined up to enable distraught parents squeeze their children through a passageway to school—one is faced with the fact that the staff of the school, the *guardians of education*, who in all likelihood are amongst the most caring and well-meaning in the land, are probably unable to give expression to their caring skills to much educational effect in a system which thrives on those traits that the system’s chief custodian is decrying so confrontationally. And that, less than six months after he has been re-elected.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the headlines, which appeared at the same time as the Prime Minister’s article, pointing out that the government is determined to “seek help” from the private sector (which is a vital part of what the White Paper is about), express truth in earnest. The ‘left’ seeking help from the ‘right’ certainly sounds hopeful, as it also would were it vice versa, one-sidedness being one of our main bugbears. It is equally to be hoped that whatever statutes are invoked or passed as new law will enable that help to follow and flow effectively and without unnecessary delay. Above all, *for the sake of our children*, it is to be hoped that Steiner education and any other form of education (if it is so inclined), and at present in the independent sector, will have the wisdom to research, develop and offer the help that is so sorely needed.

Replacing “outdated thinking”, the future generation will need to be able to benefit from far-reaching, productive, regenerating, educational ideas and praxis, especially if the bridge of terrorism built between New York and Afghanistan is going to be dismantled. (—A bridge partly suspended by the chains of capitalism, if we are to

believe the swelling chorus of comment from layman and professional analyst alike.) At the same time, although Steiner was already vehemently addressing the very outdatedness that all the educational hooah is about, the Waldorf movement will be hard put to it to be convincing that what it has to offer is vibrantly alive—rooted as it is in a theory first aired in 1907 (the date of Rudolf Steiner's early lectures on education) and a praxis first grounded and evolved twelve years or so later.

The Prime Minister's supporters would probably argue that his stepping into a general election knowing full well, yet not breathing a word, that the education system was such a failure was the obvious tactic to adopt in the 'game' of politics. Meanwhile, his opponents are bound to leap at the chance of slinging the mud of duplicity at him.

We are not concerned with any of that wrangling here. Suffice it to say, that his is one of the most honest confessions of any prominent politician in recent times. With such honesty, one could at least expect that what Steiner education has to offer will get the open-minded hearing etc. it deserves, and its date of inception not be mistaken for a 'sell by' stamp. After all, it is centuries younger than one of

the country's most highly esteemed institutions in the private sector: the public school. Perhaps it is time for some of the priceless jewels of the 'public school' system not to be robbed from their necropolis but to be shown to have something of value to offer, along with Steiner and other jewels, in what Major Lloyd has suggested is the most publicly deserving cause of the hour: the education of the future generation.

No-one, surely, in their wildest dreams would believe that "five good GCSEs" are going to dismantle the bridge of world terrorism on the scale that we have recently seen with its nightmare of suicide attackers, incinerated civilians, crushed and dismembered corpses, all incarcerated in an unspeakable 'pyramid' of devastation. The re-thinking of education will need to do much more than nibble a blade of green grass from across the fence of the private sector. Even Steiner's vision will need vigorous working if it is going to produce a harvest equal to the occasion. Only something of a mind-blowing future will provide the solution to the terrorist-blowing scenario of the present. It will need Grace, perseverance, immense skills, good will and time.

B.M.

TO THE HAND

by
Rex Raab

*Hand, that comes to grips
with the things of the world,
and shapes them,
and, through your wisdom,
helps me to grasp existence:
You star come to earth!
Oh, sign of Michaël!
May everything I start,
carry through, and complete,
always be helpful,
that I may learn at last
to bless my fellow men
with a healing hand.*

Right on the Doorstep

Transforming the living experience of Waldorf for society at large in an Indian setting

by ALOK ULFAT

Preamble

As a child I remember telling my friends about a place I had never been to. It was a tiny village, Papuli, placed in the high mountains with paths carpeted with wild flowers and with clouds of butterflies, where, in the morning, when the light was just breaking up, a local boy played flute to wake up the inhabitants of the village, where children climbed tall trees and ran down the steep slopes with perfect ease, where the girls rode bareback horses, where manual labour was highly cherished, where there was a single kitchen and a million recipes for all, where rural folks dined together under the low hanging stars, where the night was calm and life was beautiful, even the funerals.

Later, when I was 18, I thought of building a community of like-minded people, a community where people could live and develop organic ways of living. At the age of 19, I gave up this thought as my friends were not interested, and shaved my head to become a monk but a yogi reinitiated me into life. He felt I did not have enough life experience to chew on. So I returned to live some more.

On completing my post graduation I left for Emerson College, UK to study further. I had a wonderful time learning, teaching and travelling in India and abroad. It was amazing to find out that whether it was Holland or Canada, India or Italy, Sweden or Dubai, Poland or Switzerland, people were struggling with the same challenges—challenges of having a better world. I found out that the ones who have less in hand want to offer more. I learnt to give.

On my return from Europe I joined the National School of Drama. But after a full year of intensive educational and artistic activities I left the school to seek my own ways of discovering performing arts and dealing with my inhibitions. Now my aim is to use drama as an educational tool to empower the

young and to try and bring about social change.

Young people are a conglomeration of dreams, gossips, ideas and untruths. They need to express and mirror each other, share views, combine efforts and create destinies. They need a space where they can be themselves and are not expected to behave like the elderly. They watch TV, they are taken over by VIRTUAL REALITY, by the media, by what is popular. They keep looking for something special, something different, outside themselves.

But at Avikal—which you will hear about presently—we believe that miracles do not live outside us. We are the miracle so we must be the motivators. We need not seek liberation from the cycle of life and death but *within* it. From a humble start with a few students on the pavement outside Jehangir Art Gallery we have grown into a functioning theatre company with a core group of seven active members, responsible for the running of the work.

My interaction with local colleges gave me the realisation of the living space within. This space is never short of anything. It is full, it is complete, it is Avikal. Details of my experiences will follow some day in the form of a book or perhaps a song.

The story of Papuli Village has come a long way. Perhaps by now it has started to form itself or perhaps it always existed and is now waiting to be rediscovered. You are welcome to join us and let us join you. The festival of life has begun.

Avikal 'Initiative for life and active learning'

Avikal (which literally translated means indivisible) was born in the year 1990. Since then it has been functioning as a non-registered, non-aided and non-profit organisation/initiative run by the support of close friends. Avikal exists to share the responsibility of finding freedom aesthetically.

Avikal has conducted creative workshops, sem-

inars and performances for school children, college students, slum dwellers, special/disabled children, teachers, actors, soul searchers and interested groups. Avikal celebrates festivals for life. Every year Avikal creates 'Utsav' festivals where the participants of diverse backgrounds get an opportunity to meet, share and rejoice on a common ground.

Avikal Theatre Company

Winds of change brought us—Alok and Shruti—to Mumbai. A small group was formed and activities began. Since 1995 many workshops have been conducted for children coming from different backgrounds including those having special needs. Avikal Theatre Company (Mumbai Chapter) was formed to give a creative platform to the local youth. Against all odds and with many economical difficulties we moved ahead and are still sailing on rough seas—but then what is fun without the challenges of living? At present there are over fifty enthusiasts participating in Avikal activities. We have done twenty-five shows of *Prithvi*, one show of *Ek Bada Assman* and three festivals. Much more is waiting in the wings of time.

The play—

The song of the known and the unknown

Avikal Theatre Company's play *Prithvi* is a magnificent play in Hindustani, written and directed by Alok Ulfat. The play *Prithvi* is an outcome of a series of the Living Space Workshops held in Mumbai, in the year 1999-2000.

The theme

Prithvi is a play in Hindustani. It is a physical expression of the internal *soul-song* of every being. It attempts to ask questions, which is a primary requirement towards a fulfilling solution. It is a chorus in action at many levels of interpretation, transcending time and space. This play does not seek to gain an intellectual end to the perspectives put forth, but rather tries to externalize that internal soul-song. It is a moving sculpture, changing colours and dimensions, inner and external. It is a journey from sound to silence. It is a 'Song of the known and the unknown'.

Prithvi focuses on human nature in all its shades and mysteries of life. The play reflects on victims

of social and environmental degradation, embodying the full range of human emotions. It is a story of people living anywhere in any country at any point of time and represents social structures in conflict. It is a tale of how human selfishness degenerates the environment. Poverty breeds greed breeds violence. In violence we lose the purpose of life. The underlying melody and songs of the play express the hope that makes existence possible. The play has made a mark in Mumbai for its originality and content. It captures the audience with music, choruses, comedy and much more.

The happenings in the play—

Migration of people to the metropolises

Prithvi tells the tale of the dying earth. Sikke is banished by the local priests for seeing forbidden dreams. The lovers are prosecuted for being true. Rana, the revolutionary, fights for freedom. Innocents are massacred. Bania, the dream merchant, sells insecurity. *Prithvi* is ill and ignored. A funeral procession follows. And the frightful awakening. Gypsies celebrate a festival of evil hunting. The angry woman laughs and speaks of hope and the unknown.

Participants

Avikal gives opportunity to young aspiring individuals. To join Avikal one does not have to be professional; no prior qualifications are needed. Anyone genuinely seeking questions related to holistic living can join us. Since January 2000 over 120 participants have benefited from our work.

With *Prithvi*, Avikal offers 50 performers to the theatre arena of Mumbai and many confident creative individuals.

Innovation

With *Prithvi* we explore new dimensions in the performing arts. We have tried to make an attempt to develop an environmentally friendly process to create the play and to offer an alternative to what commercial entertainment is on offer.

Style and design

Prithvi is a creation which relies on the performers' abilities to create energy through their physical selves, movement, speech, voice, facial

expression and strong gestures. It involves the full actor, gets him out of his private 'dungeon' and calls upon his intuitive ability and physical balance to stay in the here and now. Performers have gone through an intense training with Alok Ulfat. They have been working on the floor every day for four to six hours to prepare themselves for the play. Aspects of the performing arts are being explored under the guidance of Alok's unique and direct approach. To be responsible, to be independent, to give freedom to others, and have a sense for aesthetics are the key principles of Avikal.

Indian folk theatre and traditions are very rich and they will stay as long as they are meaningful. We are the people of today and are trying to make theatre for tomorrow. Experimental theatre gives the participants a wonderful opportunity to discover the self and work socially. In the creative atmosphere of the workshop we work to build right relationships with fellow beings and with the imaginative characters of the plays. We improvise situations and sing to transcend physical boundaries. By giving performances we learn to serve humanity. Taking responsibilities and sharing our gifts with others provides immense satisfaction to us. We learn to offer time and thus create time. Money will follow.

The script

The script of the play involves rhythmic language. The carefully chosen words create meaningful music rather than impressive words with meaning. The aim is to create images and show things. Hilarious interludes, choruses and pungent arguments create feelings that provoke thoughts. Feelings may lead towards moral responsibility. The main aim of the actors' use of speech in this play is to learn to breathe properly.

Music and singing

There is no background music. No recorded music. *Prithvi* borrows music and singing from various parts of the world. New songs and melodies, created by the participants, are part of the play. If we can sing together we can change together.

The space

The audience shares the same space as the actors.

There are no divisions. But games without rules are boring. Watch out: someone may jump over you during the performance! Is there any one under your chair? There is no going behind the wings. There are no entrances and exits for the actors. They never stop performing. In the end they just become the witnesses of the show. Please don't forget to bow. There is no electric light used, performances are held in natural light. The darkness is used as a means to explore inner light.

We also want to explore new dimensions in performing areas. We are also willing to perform in unusual spaces like godowns, empty swimming pools, aeroplane hangers, underground car parking, five star hotels, in the slums and any other space having the size of 30 x 40 ft. Any brilliant ideas? Please feel free to contact our co-ordinators. Any invitations?

Costumes

Our costumes are made of natural fabric, with plant dyes and basic stitching. They are created by the actors from material of the Purna Earth Fabric co.

Cast

The cast of *Prithvi* involves college students from Mumbai University, the unemployed, film and stage performers. So far fifty in number. We perform with 30 artists. From September onwards we will be putting on 25 shows of *Prithvi* in all the major theatre venues of Mumbai. So far the performances of *Prithvi* have taken place in Mumbai, Delhi, Dehra Dun, Mussoorie, Rishikesh, Haridwar. *Prithvi* is our first fund raising play. The proceeds from the shows of *Prithvi* will go towards building a permanent centre to host Avikal activities.

The living space workshops for self-exploration

You are neither different nor the same as others; but you are unique, thus: 'Avikal'. But we are limited, as long as we do not apply ourselves fully. You are the miracle. So just *happen*. Our aims are:

1. To discover and nurture the true potential of the inner and apparent self.
2. To develop the tools of perception and practical skills.
3. To find the right relationship with things and

beings.

4. To be able to direct and apply oneself completely and creatively in real life.

The process

We aim to do this by offering inspiring talks based on practical insight, creative activities that may give deep experiences and sessions where the individual participants get ample opportunities to share and respond to the group through artistic activities. Here are some questions, which surfaced in recent workshops. (If they are part of your quest then join us in the journey through the known and the unknown.) What is my search? How do I know what I need? How do I know what I know? How do I spark creativity within myself? Can you really offer anything unique to the world? Can you add to the knowledge of the universe? What is that, by knowing which, everything else is known?

Festivals

Avikal celebrates festivals for life. Every year Avikal creates Utsav festivals where the participants of diverse backgrounds get an opportunity to meet, share and rejoice on a common ground. We also invent festivals.

Vishwa Maitri Utsav

Avikal and Nanhi Dunya 'The International Movement of Children and Their Friends' jointly held a *Vishwa Maitri Utsav* on the 6th April 2001. A festival to celebrate universal harmony, the Utsav was held at Nanhi Dunya Inder Road Centre. On the occasion, a prayer gathering of all faiths was held on the morning of the 6th April which happened to be Mahavir Jayanti, a day that marks the birthday of the founder of Jain religion, known for its philosophy of nonviolence. The aim of the prayer session was to involve various religious groups and to pray for peace and world wellbeing. It was hoped that by sharing these prayers, an understanding of individual paths would emerge, and so would recognition of the universal spirit that creates world harmony.

The long session of inner observation and silence broke with the sounds of drums and voices of cheerful children. Ramesh Sharma of the Gandhi Peace Foundation chanted energetic songs

with the participants, followed by a peace march taken through the city streets by the children and the elders to underscore the message of universal brotherhood. Children in vibrant Indian costumes danced the streets, carrying handmade boards with messages of peace and friendship. The beats of traditional drums and waving coloured flags created amazing energy and hope in people. Over 200 children and friends of different faiths from India and abroad attended the prayer session. These included representatives of Hindu, Sikh, Tibetan Buddhists, Jain, Parsi, Muslim and Christian communities. Some thirty representatives of IDRIART, a group from Germany that promotes art and culture through direct interaction with people, along with the Nanhi Dunya Community, Marshal School and students from local colleges also took part. The procession began from Nanhi Dunya motherhouse and ended at the Gandhi Park, where it was converted into non-formal meeting. Songs were sung there to convey a sense of belonging and peace to all those who watched and participated.

Alok Ulfat is a former pupil of Michael Hall, England. He is the founder of AVIKAL an organisation in association with Nanhi Dunya, India, whose work it supports by providing social services and raising funds. Nanhi Dunya, the International Movement for Children and their Friends, was established in 1946. It is a registered society working in the field of education, the welfare of children and women and education for the otherly abled children. Nanhi Dunya's 14 welfare centres are located in and around the Doon Valley in northern India. Present Projects in association with Nanhi Dunya are: 1) Generating funds for 'Share the Silence Appeal', fund raising for Nanhi Dunya Vocational Training Centre for the deaf and disabled; 2) Generating funds for "Pratigya" Child Enable Fund; 3) Development of The Naya School and Research Centre for Adults. Contact: email: avikal@bol.net.in



*The Avikal group (above).
Peace march through Dehra Dun
with Alok in the foreground
(below).*

From Compost Dragon to Jam Sandwiches

An approach to experiential education in Class 3

by SIMON GILLMAN

The last few days of the autumn term are always charged with excitement at the prospect of the school holidays and Christmas. Class 3 are particularly busy: the outdoor clay oven is full of flame, stoked with dry sticks collected in the woods; next to it the bread made from the wheat from our 'field' in the garden is rising. In the classroom the jam made from hedgerow blackberries in September is being brought out; and butter, made from cream from the local farm, is being salted and put into dishes. Bottles of apple juice made in September and stored in the freezer are being defrosted. Class 3 will celebrate the end of the term's farming work with a jam sandwich and a glass of juice, won by the sweat of their brows...

The children themselves are in the middle of a process. The play amongst nature of the kindergarten years, with the seasonal nature corner, finds a new level with the Class 3 child encountering time, measurement and weight in the world. Later, in middle school gardening, another fresh encounter with the living world takes place, whilst further on still, in the Class 9 practical projects, the pupils prepare to tackle the world of work. An experiential thread runs through the curriculum *from working to learn to learning to work*.

Leading a class of 25 nine-year-olds through a variety of practical activities in an orderly and coherent manner requires time and supervision. The curriculum group at Michael Hall started looking at ways to put its estate to pedagogical use some years ago, and these problems soon cropped up. However, three years ago, the school added a third afternoon to the Class 3 year (Fridays), which has provided the time needed for a consistent approach to farming, building and craft. I, as gardening teacher, was timetabled with the class teacher and together we work out the programme and when each class does what. The extra teacher

together with helpful parents are necessary to prepare, supervise and clear up afterwards, as preparation time for practical work can be considerable. The Friday afternoon, then, is seen as an extension to the main-lesson, and the big picture of the year for their classes. The weather, foot and mouth disease, and chance all have had their say, too!

The programme is far from being a fixed and finished article. In this, the work of the Hiram Trust has been a source of ideas and encouragement. Some idea of our termly activities may be helpful.

Many of the autumn term processes are contained in our *jam sandwich*. The school year starts with forays into the woods and hedgerows to collect blackberries, and apples from an old orchard (we are sometimes invited to parents' gardens to collect apples too). Using a fairly basic press, we make our *apple juice*. Quite large numbers of children can be employed in sorting and washing the fruit before going into pulping and pressing. In abundant years we sell juice for the WOW (Waldorf One World) charities at the monthly school market.

At Michaelmas, we build our *compost dragon*, a long heap decorated with a mud-and-straw head whose glaring eyes and threatening teeth are provided by various discarded and decomposing vegetables. Then we collect manure (—no, not from the dragon!) to make BD preparations. This introduces the class to their 'field' that we plough during the subsequent farming main-lesson, hauling the plough with pupil-power. We sometimes sow a ground-cover crop—ryegrass or tares—which engages us straight away in harrowing and seed broadcasting. Our local biodynamic farm (Tablehurst) also welcomes our pupils for visits, so we have our first experience of life on the farm.

The Class 3s inherit the wheat grown by the pupils now in Class 4, and we go through the well-known processes of threshing, winnowing and

grinding the wheat into flour during the poorer weather that we often have in November.

In the spring term we return to our field to turn in our green manure. When this has rotted down we spread our compost onto the land and await some fine weather in late March or early April to plant our potatoes and sow our wheat. We return, too, to nearby Tablehurst Farm to see the *lambing*. Several classes have been fortunate enough to witness a birth. This, apart from being an interesting and exciting time at the farm, follows on nicely from a set of craft lessons in January and February. These classes start from fleeces, collected by previous classes at shearing time the previous May, which we then clean and card. From here, some have the advantage of making *drop spindles*. Starting with finding sticks in the forest, we remove the bark and dry them, finishing off with sandpaper. The prepared sticks are then fitted to wooden discs that I turn on the pole-lathe. It is difficult for the pupils to spin, but divided into pairs—one pupil standing on the desk teasing the wool and the second one on the floor spinning the spindle—and with plenty of adult help, we have had good results. The yarn can then be woven on a home-made loom, with other treasured sticks, to make a picture or wall hanging.

Felting is certainly more straight forward to tackle, and is far less demanding in terms of adult help and has been greatly enjoyed by pupils. Both wool processes have been ended by a session of natural dyeing, done on outdoor fires, using some local materials—onion skins and calendula flowers give good results—and some purchased ones, such as hogwood and cochineal. These sets of lessons were suggested by a parent with the requisite skills, who also came and taught the pupils (and teachers!). The handwork teachers have been very supportive of these offers: we have not been trying to develop the skills they teach, but rather to follow the process from the farm.

With further farm walks and outings, the summer passes by before we notice it. The wheat and potatoes need to be weeded and tended, and we make some hay for the maintenance man's friendly horses.

* * *

Our *building projects* have varied considerably over the years, and different classes have different needs. If the pupils are still in a hunter-gatherer

phase in the autumn, it can be fruitful to build teepees or shelters out of branches, bracken and grass (providing this has not been done already during the 'Red Indians' of Class 2). This is good in a natural setting, such as the woods, where living trees can be incorporated.

Projects with bricks I have personally found difficult. Firstly, such projects are expensive, and secondly it is really very difficult for pupils to do bricklaying properly. Very small groups of pupils are needed, and the adults have invariably ended up doing most of the work. We might do some bricklaying using clay rather than cement, for example, to create safe fireplaces to boil the dyestuffs. This allows us to experiment with different bonds rather than worry about the accuracy of the bricklaying. There are certainly good outings to brickworks to be found in our area. *Concreting* goes much more easily, and there is nearly always a need for a slab of concrete somewhere or other around the school. So we now tend to undertake small brick and concrete projects, usually in the summer term.

We have found in general that *timber framing projects* are the most successful, especially if done alongside the class's measurement main-lesson. With wood, the pupils can build really good structures using only very simple tools: a large tape measure, a set square, a saw and a hammer. They are also able to do most of the work themselves. In this manner we have made houses for the kindergarten, lean-tos for storage, and even chicken houses where Class 3 pupils now come every day to feed the hens and collect the eggs. We are fortunate with our estate, that we are sometimes able to take pupils to see a tree being felled and subsequently planked by a hired mobile sawmill. They are able to see the 'edited highlights' of part of the timber cycle, which they will encounter again in Class 6/7 gardening when we plant trees, and again in the Upper School, where much of the joinery is done with our own timber.

This, then, is a somewhat selective picture of our attempt to build experiential education into Class 3. The picture varies from year to year, it evolves and changes. What I have presented here represents an accumulation of ideas from class teachers, parents and other colleagues which we have built up and tried to fashion into a coherent seasonal approach. I would hope that some of these



Class 3 digging the soil of last year's 'compost dragon' (top right); barrowing the compost for this year's wheat sowing (top left); moments of anticipation as the bread cooks and its wonderful aroma spreads from the oven (bottom right); moment of joy and triumph as the first batch of freshly cooked loaves is taken out (bottom left).



ideas may be of help to colleagues at schools which lack Michael Hall's wealth of land. I am aware that they only represent a small amount of the totality of things possible in the rich curriculum of Class 3. It would be good to hear of others' experiences.

The children have, in the end, had their say, too: the lessons are popular!

Having gained a degree in Economic and Social History at Hull University, over the past eight years Simon Gillman has been teaching gardening, estate work, forestry and woodland crafts at Michael Hall, and gives outdoor experiential support to main-lessons.



With their tools at the workbench in the early stages of constructing the chicken house (bottom right); peering through the flap of the front of the newly constructed house (bottom left); two flutters—one of wings and the other of delight as the chickens come home to roost (above).

Hiram Summer Craft Camps

Entries from a participant's diaries

by LYNDALL FOSTER

1999

I came to Coleg Elidyr with a certain level of expectation following my very positive experiences of the Hiram Trust at the Alder Bridge Upper School Teachers course. In particular the basket weaving, where I experienced very great pleasure in the patterns of the weaving stage and great satisfaction at the understanding of how one starts with something simple (the willow sticks), moves through a phase of great complexity (highly structured complexity), and finishes with a single item of great simplicity and beauty. The patterns appealed, in part to the mathematician in me (I recently went into secondary maths teaching).

I came with my two children Klara (14) and Eryk (12). There were about 100 participants in all, many in family groups of children with a single adult. Ages ranged from babies to grand parents. I knew slightly two of the adults.

The introductory talk given by each craft leader on the first evening was crucial to me in choosing what to do. I had thought I might do green woodwork or lyre-making but I couldn't get out of my head the prospect of participating in the slaughter of a sheep as a member of the leather working group. 'That's for me!' was my inner feeling, although I'd had no earlier inclination to leatherwork.

When the group assembled the next morning we were invited to consider, before we started work, the nature of skin (leather). My initial definition was that skin separates the inside from the outside i.e. forms a clear dividing boundary.

We were a small group—two (later three) adults and two children plus the tutor (Larry) working in the estate workers shed, not a very spacious or welcoming space at first acquaintance, but it became a space both inside and out connected with many good feelings—pleasure at work, both co-operative and individual, developing friendships, understanding of processes, learning of new skills—to the extent that one of my last acts before leaving at the end of the week, with the car already loaded and personal good-byes said, was to go and stand for a quiet minute in that shed (now empty

of all signs of our activity) and to say goodbye and thankyou to the space, to what it had become for us for those six days.

The group was described at the end of the week by Larry as 'dedicated'. We enjoyed social and working visits from other adults and children and Larry became very preoccupied with numerous young boys wanting to make leather accessories for their metal work knives and axes, but the core group held together strongly and when over-invaded simply moved outside to work against the backdrop of the valley hillside. We held a private tea party at the end of the last working afternoon and all of us stayed over the last night and were amongst the last to leave the Coleg. The strength of the bond we created was powerful but understated during the working atmosphere of the week. Its power took me by surprise as the week drew to a close. I made a pair of sandals of which I am very proud.

The sheep slaughter stirred up many emotions. Many camp participants wanted nothing to do with it, others were undecided, some children were curious and tempted by it but shied away at the last minute. Only a handful of us positively wanted to be involved.

The killing took place up at the Coleg Elidyr Farm, well off the campsite. This was important. A local butcher came as a qualified slaughterer, a large, open, friendly, wholesome individual. He enjoyed the interest in the slaughter and sharing his generally rather solitary expertise. His attitude enriched the experience for those participating.

I was fascinated by the procedure (stunning with a bolt gun followed by slitting the throat) and by the transition for the sheep (two in all) from life to death. I was also fascinated by what my own feelings would be and were. I found nothing unpleasant in what happened as it was all carried out with respect and dignity by the slaughterer. I somewhat regret not having made better contact with the sheep before they died to follow them more completely through the transition.

The butcher, sensing my need, invited me to help skin the second animal. I was more scared of

the sharpness of the knife than of the hanging carcass! Having helped slit the skin, I was shown how to put my hand down between the inner body and the skin of the sheep to separate the connecting membranes. That was the peak of the experience for me! To put my hand inside this dead animal—dead but still fully with the warmth of life. Very profound. Unforgettable.

I became very aware of death as a boundary, dividing two states, but far less clear than the boundary created by skin. I was also aware of the sacrifice of the sheep.

The sheep were later spit-roast by another group and very much enjoyed by the non-vegetarians. The fleeces were taken by our group, cured and tanned—unattractive but necessary procedures.

The theme of boundaries did not disappear from my life with the end of Craft Camp. My initial thoughts had been that boundaries were places/spaces which divided two regions from each other (inside from outside, life from death) but a friend then suggested that boundaries could be thought of as what connects one region with another and allow appropriate interchange (of materials or other phenomena) between the two regions.

I recalled diagrams of the skin or of cell membranes from biology where the membrane is an area, with rather fuzzy edges/boundaries itself, of filtering and of process between the outside and the inside. So a boundary became for me a zone of transition across which some phenomena may pass (in one direction or in both) but others may not.

Finally, I was reading in the autumn Rudolf Steiner's *The Foundations of Human Experience* and in chapter 2 saw the diagrams of earthly life and the interplay of phenomena from before life and beyond life. I realised that earthly life itself can be considered as a zone of transition, a boundary in its own right.

So the leather working and general Craft Camp experience had taken me out of the tight academic approach of my teaching work, into loosening physical and social activity and back into thought.

2000

This year we pitched at the top edge of the field, for evening sunshine and morning shade, rather than the reverse—a welcome change. The decision to keep cars off the campsite, once pitched, was a welcome one.

So, with the first day proper we chose our crafts. I decided I would like to make a lyre, Eryk rather wanted to work with Bob again, partly because he had enjoyed that so much last year and partly

because at this uncertain stage of the camp friendship-wise he wanted to be with a familiar face. However he wasn't so attracted to Bob's project of building and firing a big charcoal clamp. Eryk wanted to make something by himself for himself, so the familiar face he plumped for was Larry and he joined the leather working group and quickly embarked upon making a wallet.

After some indecision, the girls opted for woodwork, each making a fine piece of furniture—stool and chair. Perhaps for me the experience was a repeat of that which I had had the previous year at the beginning of the week; of not really being relaxed into the way of the camp and of taking time to 'let go' and 'let be' so that the 'letting grow' might follow.

I would have liked to have chronicled day by day the development of the mood in the lyre workshop (my choice) more closely; from the initial tentativeness with each other, the wood and the teacher, through growing familiarity with each, to a real sense of team as we each worked separately yet together against time to finish our ambitious individual instrument.

The wood was hard but we were creating soft shapes and we came to know every curve, corner, face, edge of our own carving as it emerged from the block. We made friends with it; its stubborn areas, the knots in the wood that added personality, the curves that became especially satisfying because they fitted to one's own hand, the beautiful shapes that developed in spite of rather than because of any intentional design. The final stringing by Gavin which converted soundless carving to sonorous instrument was almost an anticlimax because it was so businesslike, yet it carried with it a tremendous sense of achievement as to the essence of the instrument one had created and a deep satisfaction with that creation.

Reflecting on the 'Chaos to Form' theme, I was reminded of the title of a book about the teenage years *Between Form and Freedom* (Betty Staley, 1988, Hawthorn Press) and came to see for myself that in our growth towards freedom we are obliged to go through the discipline of form to achieve freedom (there is no shortcut). This is what meaningful work gives us, alongside a steadying rhythm to our lives. My autobiographical lyre came at a time when I was consciously engaged in a search for meaningful work, having a few weeks previously left a full-time job that I had learned the hard way was simply not 'me'.

I think that over the week as a whole I gained a new view of the teenage years and new strength

Continued on page 32

The school at Tridha—a huge pestle and mortar add joy to this boy's water play (top left); in the shade of luscious vegetation the children rehearse for their play (top right); showing off their costumes (below).



Indian Initiatives: a six week journey in India

by MARGARET SHILLAN

Equal importance should be given to the triple culture of the head, the heart and the hands.

Vivekananda, 1985

You know you are not in England when you see green parrots in the city, the floating lilac of the jacaranda trees against a blue sky and cows wandering amongst the most frenetic traffic with complete calm. It is very humbling to have your feet touched, as a mark of respect, and your blessing asked for. Lying on a bunk in an Indian train for twenty-six hours watching the landscape change through the dirty windows; enjoying the endless supply of chai, coffee, wadas, omelettes and thalis brought along the corridor is real luxury. Two little barefooted, shiny-eyed boys, from one of the schools, running up with fallen flowers from a tree is a special gift.

In the spring I spent six weeks working with seven very strong and very different Indian initiatives. They were all either connected with ex-Emerson students, or work out of contact with anthroposophy. There were four schools, one Camphill, and two independent initiatives. For me, personally, it was very moving to be welcomed and to work with Indian friends I have been connected with for thirty years, and to see the new and important work they are doing. Wherever I went I gave painting workshops—to children, teachers and young adults, and I also painted three murals. In a country like India, where the main focus of education is on an intellectual and book learning level, all artistic and creative work can be called experiential. If the children have the opportunity to work with their imagination, senses and hands, they respond with shining eyes and joy.

Steiner Schools in Bombay and Hyderabad

Before the plane even lands in Bombay you can smell the pollution of the city which is completely gridlocked with traffic. Children in the south of the city cannot get to the new one-year-old Steiner school, Tridha, in the north of the city. This school was started by Aban Bana, an Indian eurythmist who took a class through in London, Patrick Brilliant, a Frenchman married to an Indian homeo-

pathic doctor, and a strong group of supportive parents who all worked together for four years preparing and are still training. Many of these parents are getting frustrated at the pressure and cramming of Indian schools and are looking for alternatives. This is a huge difference from twenty years ago, when I first went to India. They have a nursery class, a kindergarten and classes one and two. I was there for Holi, the spring festival of colour, and the class one children dressed up as all the colours and did a singing play in the garden, each child became one colour and enjoyed expressing their temperament through the colour. We then all squirted each other with huge water pistols full of coloured dye made from flame-of-the-forest flowers until everyone was completely soaked and happy. The whole of Bombay turned into a riot of purple, green and pink people, everyone joining in until they were unrecognisable. I painted a mural in the kindergarten and when the children came in the next day they reached up to touch the tree.

Sloka school in Hyderabad has been going for four years and has a very strong group of teachers and parents. They have been training with Tine Bruinsma, a Waldorf teacher from Holland, who spends six months every year there. As soon as you go in you recognise the atmosphere of a bubbling, artistic learning community. At a parents' evening there was full-hearted support from many parents, the children in their brightly coloured T-shirts are obviously completely involved and happy. I saw a photo of a whole group of them watching a caterpillar and waiting for it to turn into a butterfly! Apparently they waited for a very long time.

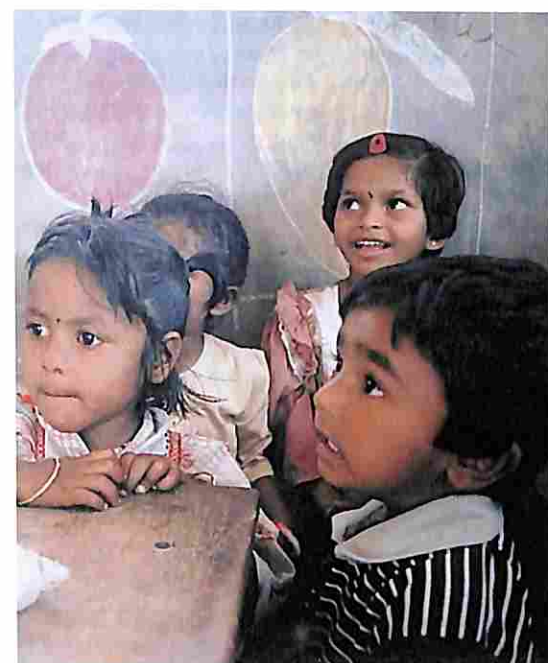
Some parents have found a way to make block wax crayons very cheaply, and they are hoping to export them abroad. Both Sloka and Tridha schools work in English, and attract mostly middle-class families. But there are two schools which have anthroposophy as one of their sources and are for poor and disadvantaged children; these work in the local languages of Kannada and Hindi.



The school at Sloka—Where will it lead, this hands on concentration? (top right); a familiar activity, Rangoli pattern-making on the ground, brought into the school setting (below); movement is a key to early years education as much in India as in the wider Waldorf world (top left).



There is always the ground—lessons in Chetana (right); the wonder of childhood nurtured in the early years (bottom left).



Chetana School in Shimoga, South India.

Chetana school is run by V.P. Subbaramu, his wife, Mani, and a Trust of fifteen businessmen who have a deep interest in education and who are not corrupt (a very rare thing in India where even education officials and 90% of politicians take bribes). Subbaramu was a student at Emerson College in 1969 and taught science for one term at Wynstones. He is a Gandhian and has run a very innovative teacher training institute, including building roads, and arts and crafts. In the entrance to the school are photos of Tagore, Gandhi, Steiner, Vivekananda and Ramakrishna, all pioneers in education. The Trust of the school is called Human Values Education Centre: many of the parents are street sellers or sweepers and they do not understand the philosophy, but experience that they are treated as equal human beings and listened to with kindness and respect. Although there is a problem in motivating the teachers, and there are none of the usual artistic signs of a Steiner school, I experienced an amazing openness and light in the children, who responded eagerly to painting, drama, stories and movement. They were able to stand up and sing and speak in a festival, and because there is no pressure they have lots of good questions.

Vivekananda wrote: "Individuality is my motto;" and "One single man contains within himself the whole universe." He had arrived at these enlightened views in 1926, just after the death of Steiner. His outlook was by no means limited to India and after his extensive tours to America in the 1890s he expressed the wish "to bring about harmony and co-operation between the beliefs and doctrines of the whole of humanity—to reconcile religions among themselves and to free reason—to reconcile classes and nations—to found the brotherhood of all men and all peoples". There are, of course, several important streams of independent education, based on the ideas of Krishnamurti, Aurobindo, Ramakrishna and others. I have a particular interest in following the Indian pioneers in education, and I think Subbaramu is one of them today.

Nanhi Dunya

Another pioneering centre is Nanhi Dunya, far up in the north of India, in Dehra Dun, near the foothills of the Himalayas. This initiative was the inspiration of the Ulfats over fifty five years ago (I was a student with L.R. Ulfat at Emerson College in 1967) and he used to say, "Keep the child alive in you." Over the years the whole family has been connected with Emerson College and Alok was

even in my Class 3 for a year at Michael Hall. This year when he met me at the airport, before I saw him I heard this voice singing: 'There was a jolly miller once, lived on the River Dee' and I knew at once it was Alok!

There has always been a strong social impulse at Nanhi Dunya, and now L.R. Ulfat is not alive and Mrs Ulfat is ill, so Kiran and her husband are running the schools. There are ten schools, and they have fifty deaf and dumb children integrated into the main school and also children who are otherly abled. There is an atmosphere of great joy and happiness—it is like a big family and no child is turned away. They somehow manage financially, although the teachers have very little salary and they rely a lot on contributions from friends and well-wishers.

I painted with a deaf and dumb class, with the help of sign language, and we all flew like eagles around the garden before painting an eagle in flight. When I was in Nanhi Dunya Alok had organised a peace festival, bringing together representatives of all the main religious groups to share prayers and songs. There were Buddhist monks in their saffron and maroon robes, Muslims, Parsees, Jains, a Christian choir and many Hindus. We then marched through the streets of Dehra Dun with all the children dancing at every crossroad carrying banners to awaken awareness of peace, the environment and the human family.

Alok Ulfat and Shruti, his wife, have started an initiative in Bombay with young adults. He has written about it in this journal [see 'Right on the Doorstep—Transforming the living experience of Waldorf for society at large in an Indian setting']. They are amazingly enthusiastic young people and we had some wonderful painting sessions sitting on the floor of a YMCA. The energy and vitality when they sing nearly knocks you over!

Antaranga

I was lucky to be at the second anniversary celebration of Antaranga one of the first Camphills in India. It was started by Frances and Anantha Aradhya who met at Emerson College and then worked for many years at Christophorus in Holland. I first met Anantha in India in 1979 and felt he was someone special. It was a long journey for him to come to Emerson College and then finally to go back to India, so it was especially moving for me to see them there. They have twelve mentally handicapped adults and some young volunteers from Europe. They have a five-fold craft building expressing the five Indian ele-

ments (ether being the fifth) and in each wing a different craft. There is a large garden which needs an incredible amount of watering. It was a very loving atmosphere there and they are already trying to raise funds to build a second home.

Stone of Destiny

South of Madras, Paul Law has been working and living for the last four years. He was a teacher at Michael Hall and at Haywards Heath Sixth Form College. He has started many enterprises and initiatives working out of Steiner's Threefold Social Order, the micro credit ideas from Muhammed Yurus' Grameen Bank, and MammaCash, a Dutch initiative to help and empower women. He has helped many young people from homes and orphanages become independent by setting up stone carving workshops, cafés, and small businesses. Many of them have no homes, and I found three of the café boys sleeping there on the floor as they had nowhere else to go. I painted a mural with one of the young men in the café. He helped and was so proud of it afterwards that he has been transforming every wall in sight! There was also a tragic case of a young boy who sold milk and was taken away by a foreigner, who removed his kidney for selling—the boy finally died as a result.

Andrew Horsfall, a sculptor in Forest Row, is working together with Paul to bring new sculpture ideas to the Stone of Destiny and to initiate a selling market in this country.

Paul Law wants to help start a bio-dynamic garden and craft centre in an orphanage we visited. At the moment they have just one cow and a calf, a well and a little strip of land. In one of the small rooms are seventeen little boxes round the walls—these are the worldly possessions of the seventeen children there.

Bio-dynamic agriculture

The bio-dynamic movement is very strong in India; there are now 2,000 farmers working bio-dynamically on 10,000 hectares of land and the planting calendar has been translated into Hindi. I visited the Jayanti project in Dehra Dun which aims to develop into a social and curative centre as well. There was a group of village girls working with handwork and they very shyly sang to us.

It was a very rich six weeks and I came back with the resolve to try and keep the bridges open so that many people can cross in both directions, as I am convinced that is fruitful and necessary. I think East/West connections are very important and sensitive. My impulse is to help with this dialogue.

Margaret Shillan is a painter and teacher. She took a class through at Michael Hall and taught art in the Upper School. For the last fifteen years she has worked with adults at Emerson College in the Education Course and other courses. Four years ago she started the Visual Arts Course at Emerson College where she now teaches part-time, spending some parts of the year travelling and working with initiatives in other parts of the world. In November she has an art residency in S. India. She has always had a strong connection to India and is happy to help anyone who wants further contacts or information.



A village woman draws a traditional Rangoli design at the entrance to her home.

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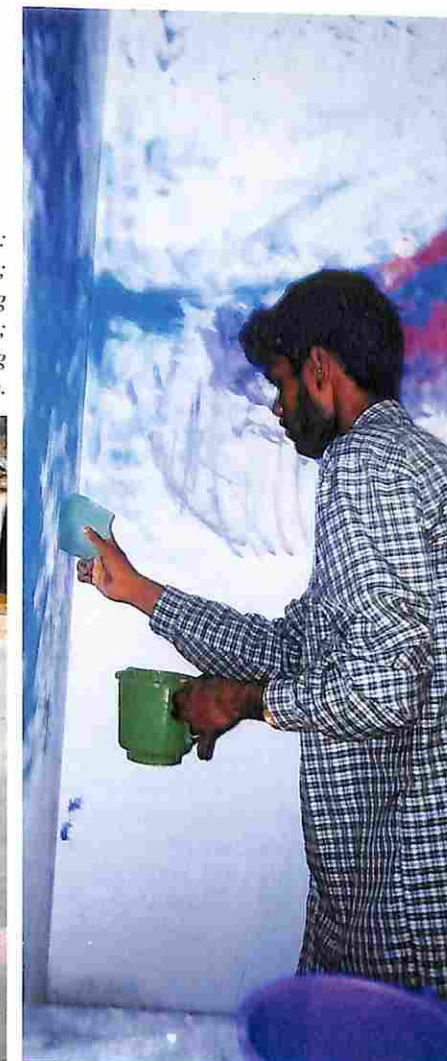
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*The spirit of place
streams into Waldorf—
Buddhist monks at Nanhi Dunya
participating in their Peace Festival (below);
Sikh musicians await the moment
for their contribution (above right);
geometry on an experiential scale
is likely to go home (above left).*



*Stone of Destiny initiatives:
sponging on the colour (top right);
and the two painters celebrating
their mural in the tiny café (below);
introducing skipping
at one of the orphanages (top left).*



But When Do They Do Their Lessons?

The 'outdoor classroom' at the South Devon school

by JENNY MILNE

It is a beautiful bright evening in mid-September. The low sun is still warm but the light breeze gives an autumnal crispness to the air, and the people arriving are quickly drawn towards the focus of the evening's activities. On the Kiln Site stand not one but two dome-shaped bread ovens on a double stone plinth; one was completed only yesterday and is still drying out. Both have good fires inside, the embers already beginning to die down, and are ready to receive the first batches of pizzas. Wendy and her team of rollers-out of bases are rushing to keep up with the demand as the first-comers crowd around the scrubbed tables, dipping into the huge bowls of assorted toppings. The pizzas cook in about 3 minutes, and Jo, master of the peel, will bake about 100 this evening. On long tables spread with white tablecloths are flowers, juice and bowls of salads. The class are old hands at this now; every day of the last fortnight a group has prepared a shared meal using vegetables from the New Field garden, under the guidance of two superb cooks. As everyone eats it grows dark, and the atmosphere becomes warm and convivial. Martin draws attention to the blazing raku kiln from which a batch of tiles is being drawn, one at a time, with long tongs. The heat is intense. Chieko, a professional potter, and her group are plunging the tiles into a drum of damp sawdust from which they emerge when cool, shimmering with shades of greens, blues and coppers; they are laid out on a bench for all to see. They have been formed from clay dug from the ditch, and are destined to clad a new woodburning stove which will be built to warm the new art room, most creatively converted from the laavo, yet another temporary structure that an earlier Class 9 had built with Hiram Trust input. Last winter it became a casualty of six months of rain and began to subside. An enthusiastic parent took on to resurrect it; since then many pupils and adults have worked hard on the improvements which include insulated walls lined with carded wool-waste, and a porch constructed

from traditional cob and timber from the grounds. Another group has worked on this, and others have been burning charcoal for the forge, or making coathooks and other fittings.

The occasion is a Class 9 parents' evening. It is, in fact, the culmination of a physics main-lesson, known as 'Fire and Earth'. The content has evolved over five years in response to need; it began with only kiln-building and ceramics, and that seemed enough of a challenge at the time. The science content has been progressively strengthened but remains largely phenomenological in Class 9. It is a world away from my own austere lab-based physics lessons, which seemed remote from the real world and lacked the warmth of human association.

Today the young people have been at school since 8.30 a.m. and have all been involved in the preparations. After the meal they make brief presentations of their work to the parents. In pairs and small groups they talk about their own experiences with heat, describe their experiments, explain their work. They use visual aids and posters, speak confidently and with interest; it is evident that they have been thoroughly engaged in the work. A boy observes that there were two main aspects; the physics of heat, and the warmth of social interaction and service to the school. A girl says, "We took the crude clay and made something beautiful out of it." Martin, in thanking all the adults who have generously supported the lesson as group-leaders, states that he knows it has been a privilege to teach in this way. The class present gifts to the helpers — a forged toasting fork for Chieko the potter, little raku pots for the others. The evening ends outside by the kiln again, where a crucible of bronze has been heating. There is a suspense of breath as the molten metal is poured into a mould to cast a sign for the new art room. We watch, fascinated by the surreal spectacle of metal in motion, dancing in the mould like heavy rain splashing into a puddle. Asked later about their reactions to

the fortnight's work, pupils commented: "We did the work first and then the science, looked at what was happening." "It was fun; I enjoyed it because it was practical, not just main-lesson work." "It was knackerin'!"

It has been a long journey towards this evening. About ten years ago an article entitled 'First build your workshop' appeared in *Child and Man*. Sue Field, then a craft teacher here, described a varied process-based craft programme for the Upper School (then as now comprising only Classes 9 and 10), which had been developed by a small group of enthusiastic teachers during the first few years of its existence. The writer looked forward to the deepening and extending of this work; it was envisaged that the pupils themselves would become involved in the provision of their own craft spaces, and that professional craftspeople would participate in the teaching, even perhaps having their workshop based at the school. At the same time it was becoming clear that this kind of initiative would offer increasing scope for the practical enhancement of main-lessons throughout the school.

The school is very fortunate in being situated in a rural area which still has a living tradition of land-based crafts; there are many professionals around and many families make—or know people who make—their living with their hands. The scheme was thus based in reality in a way that some schools would find difficult to achieve. The school's greatest asset is undoubtedly the five acres of gently-sloping farmland and a little mature woodland and orchard that surround the school. There is water on site, needless to say subject to huge seasonal fluctuations! The main school building is an unpretentious old manor house bursting at the seams, home to Classes 1-8 and some specialist rooms. A variety of ex-cowsheds, several rather down-at-heel elderly 'Devon Ladies' (a species of draughty, prefabricated mobile classroom) and too many shelters, sheds, remains of farm buildings, and building projects in various stages of construction or decay to count, congregate or attempt to hide themselves around the grounds. One group is the nursery and three kindergartens (one built partly from an old engine crate from Plymouth dockyard) with their own secret garden; another houses the Upper School, lab and some of the craft areas; the only permanent building, apart from Hood Manor itself and a listed cowshed, is the Eurythmy Hall, cherished result of a huge fund-raising and parental construction effort a few years ago. The rest, as an estate agent

would observe, is 'ripe for development'. There is vast scope there for designing the buildings and grounds to maximise the educational potential, and this has been our aim in planning our new 3-stage development scheme. We were determined to 'get it right' and most of the Upper School teachers were keen to work as a Development Group, not only to ensure that 'their' part was as they wished, but to see the vision through in regular dialogue with all the other teachers and professionals. This vision was far-reaching and inspiring to work with.

From the outset we wanted a development that was sympathetic and if possible enhancing to our beautiful grounds; the buildings were to be 'in', not 'on', the landscape. The classrooms would be grouped with appropriate specialist areas; Classes 9 and 10 would be built with a range of craft workshops beneath, opening straight onto an outdoor work area divided by features such as beds containing herbs and dye plants, while Classes 11 and 12, further in the future, would be in a block including labs, library, I.T., study and flexible space for exhibitions, cultural events, etc. The use of on-site materials would be explored; we had wood, stone and clay—what other possibilities might there be? Wherever possible the pupils themselves would be involved in the actual work of building or fitting-out, giving opportunities for the further development of craftsmanship using a range of materials in a context of community service; their participation in the planning and the labour would ensure that they valued and respected their surroundings. Ideally each class would be able to make something for the new buildings; shelving, lampshades, curtains, tiles and so on. We would try to incorporate energy-saving measures such as solar panels and heat exchangers, and look at the feasibility of making our own reed-bed sewage system. We would develop the class gardens already begun by some keen teachers, plant willow beds in our dampest area, manage the woodland sustainably for green woodwork, joinery and charcoal production for forging. Was it just a vision of an educational utopia? Or a far-sighted scheme that would provide invaluable teaching resources and 'real' work, even therapy, for children increasingly estranged from the natural world?

What was perhaps not envisaged in those days was that the growth in enthusiasm for 'experiential education' and 'the outdoor classroom' that seemed to be the province of relatively few dedicated individuals and initiatives, would accelerate



Forging the sword of St Michael—Classes 4 and 10 (above); Class 2 raking in the New Field Garden (below); and opposite—Class 9 making the charcoal kiln (above); & weaving a hazel and willow basket as a basis for the bread oven (below).



so rapidly. That what felt then like pioneering work, aspects of which tended to attract doubt, suspicion or amusement in some educational quarters, would a few years later be generally regarded as sound and valuable practice and at last become widely accepted in the state sector. And that work based on the research and insights of numerous educators, psychologists and scientists working in related fields, notably the effects of will activity on the development of intelligence, would be published and discussed in many countries. As a school we have received a great deal of practical support and expertise from the Hiram Trust, whose seminal work in creating opportunities for this kind of learning has been constantly inspiring. Over the years too the Trust has helped many of us to learn new skills or improve existing ones, either individually or at their conferences and workshops. It is a journey we are making along with the children: expertise is gained, the quality of craftsmanship improves, and parents and professionals are inspired to offer their skills out of pure enthusiasm or because they share in the vision.

New projects are devised each year, often involving younger classes; class six Romans have had a taste of drain-digging and road-building, class seven mechanics have made and repaired shave-horses and pole-lathes, a class eight experienced their own industrial revolution when expected to process the flax crop they had grown! These projects arise out of the needs of the school or directly from the curriculum, or both. The criteria are: 'Is it needed?' 'Is it real, worthwhile work?' 'Will the children learn something of value?' 'Has it a social/cultural purpose?' but 'Can we do it?' tends to come a long way down the list—and we have had some spectacular failures and setbacks! A kiln collapsed at the first firing, a large new expensive cover for the green woodwork area was shredded by equinoctial gales, the willow beds are becoming impenetrable jungle, and the rich Devon mud of last winter made much of the work on the new art room very difficult. All of these are learning experiences in themselves, and there is much to learn from things not coming too easily. An ex-pupil observed that it had given her tremendous respect for the raw materials we use. "When I returned to state education, (for A-levels and an Art Foundation course) I was amazed to find what a lack of care and concern many people had for what happened to materials after they'd had what they wanted from them. Through the lack of money and materials at the school, you become aware that you've got to be

responsible for the whole process—I reckon I've become a bit of a control freak, wanting to know where everything comes from and goes to!" She adds, "I find that materials left abandoned or thrown away, articles left to their own devices to collect in corners, pile up and degenerate, are far more interesting to me as materials for my art work than something which has been prepared, packaged and put on a shelf for one—these objects have a story to tell, a history." The same ex-student also commented, "It gives kids a huge amount of security, whether they know it or not, to think they can do something for themselves and not have to rely on shop-bought products." She also alluded to the way the doing can illuminate and demystify the process, giving the power back to the doer.

There is always some interesting activity going on, some workshop or other being built or adapted. Ten years ago we had a small handwork room and a woodwork shed for craft. Everything else happened in the classroom or the science lab. Now we have a small handwork room and a woodwork shed, both somewhat upgraded; a green woodwork shelter with seven pole-lathes; an open-fronted blacksmith's shop with two forges; a charcoal kiln; a pottery shelter and kilns; a darkroom (or dark shed) and the beautiful nearly-complete circular wooden art room lit softly via translucent roof panels. There are few crafts we cannot accommodate, and we teach a wide range including several not yet mentioned, varying slightly with the staffing available. I wonder if it would have been the same if we had had a room for everything and everything in its room?

When Jo Clark came to the school as a parent and a Plymouth Course trainee, with years of experience on the land and a driving enthusiasm for involving the children, things started to happen very quickly: massive tree-plantings took place for amenity, timber and food crops; fruit bushes and vegetable gardens flourished; ponds were landscaped; bridges and stone walls appeared almost overnight; willow beds multiplied. The Eurythmy Hall was softened in its visual impact with pink limewash, coloured with natural red earth pigment from the grounds. The limewash was made using slaked lime produced in a Class 7 chemistry main-lesson. The children scrambled about on scaffold towers with huge brushes and rollers, thoroughly enjoying the experience.

Last year, all sorts of new possibilities opened up when, after many years of trying to coax our farmer neighbour to part with even a little land, he

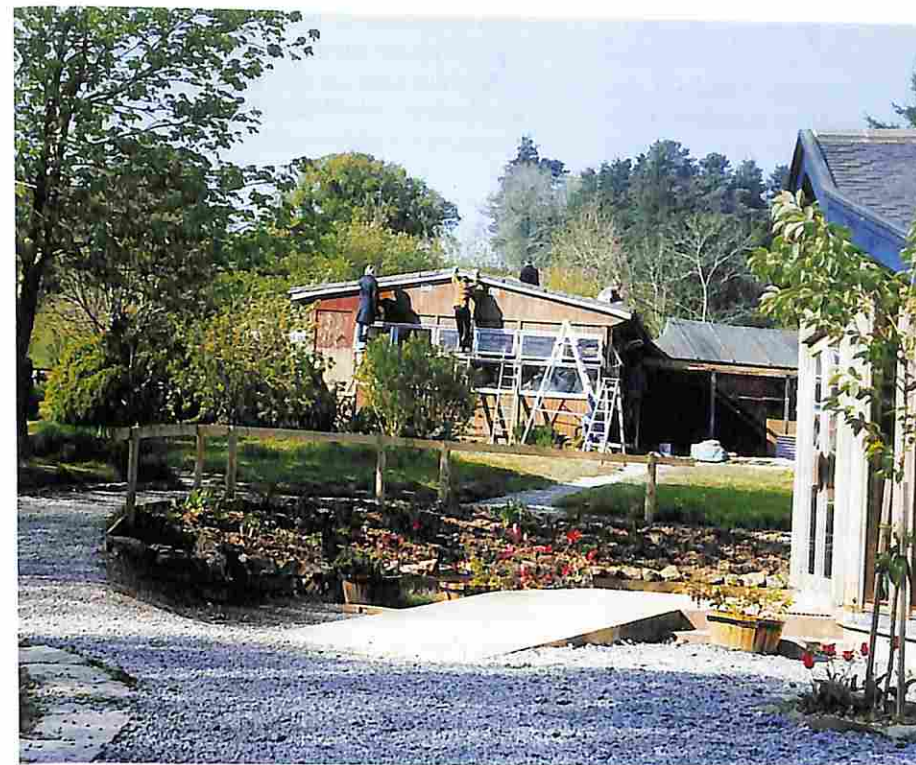
decided to retire and sold us a small but desirable field adjacent to our sports field. The £5000 needed was quickly raised by an ex-teacher, donors being encouraged to buy or sponsor the land by the square metre. Under Jo's management, the New Field garden soon sported a large polytunnel, and the remainder had been tilled and manured. This summer it has been highly productive. Nearly all the classes have been involved in the work, and Jo is now on the staff as a full-time teacher of both gardening and extensive main-lesson support. The school has always turned out good cooks used to preparing fresh, natural ingredients. Festivals, fund-raising and the lack of hot food at lunch-times, provide incentives and opportunities to cook meals which are always appreciated. With the New Field garden in production, there is still more scope to study the whole process, economics and ethics of food from preparation of the soil to human nutrition. In these days when fewer families even eat a meal together, let alone share in the preparation of it, we see this as an essential contribution to social well-being. The outdoor bread ovens are now in use every week, and special pizza evenings are planned with the proceeds going to class charities, such as the children of Chernobyl.

But to return to our original vision: we had a plan for the grounds drawn up by local landscape architects. At the same time the Hiram Trust offered the opportunity of an in-depth site survey; we gratefully took them up on this. It was autumn 1996. Taking the school's long-term plan as the starting point, and accommodating not only our original vision and suggestions from the Hiram Trust representatives, but input from an ecologist parent vastly knowledgeable about local ecosystems, ancient hedges and so on, as well as some sound work and good ideas from that year's Class 10 whose surveying main-lesson was timed to coincide with the Hiram survey, the resulting site plan appeared thorough, practical, innovative, and was besides, a beautiful, eye-catching piece of artwork—ideal for our fund-raising appeal. Later our architect, David Austin, was able to incorporate this into the plans of the new buildings and keep the main scheme virtually intact. We eventually achieved full planning permission about two years ago and all that was necessary then was to raise the money!

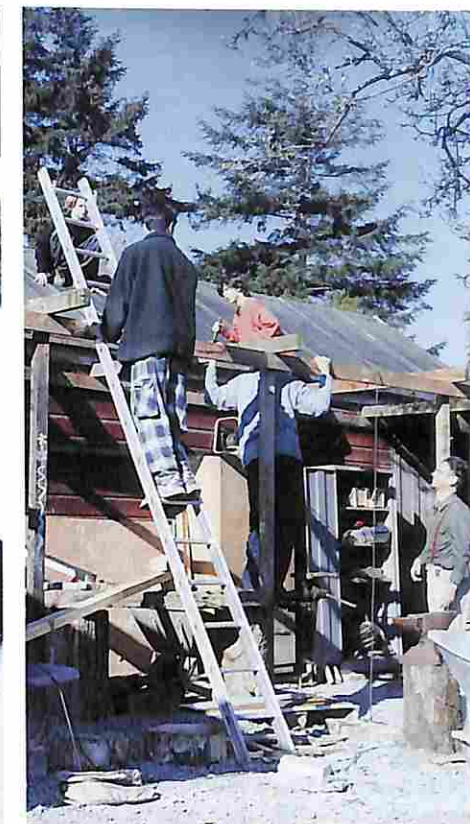
The first phase will be the kindergarten development—the Family Centre; at the time of writing it will be started in the next few months. The 'temporary' buildings were reprieved by the planners subject to this start, creating the necessity as well as the opportunity to make the best of what we

had, knowing it was safe for several years, although it was made clear that no further temporary development would be tolerated. We have found ways of interpreting this condition liberally! There has never been a time when we did not have to 'make do and mend' and it calls for great resourcefulness from all concerned, but whether we can continue like this indefinitely is doubtful. It takes a very long time to raise the money, even when the fundraising is masterminded, as it is, with great imagination and dedication; and we lose our planning permission if we take too long. As those teachers who shared the initial vision and hard work begin to go grey, complain about their backs, and acquire grandchildren (the first is already in nursery!) they are bound to ask themselves how much more time and energy they can give. Meanwhile they feel that there is an increasingly urgent need for the kind of innovative provision for 16/19-year-olds that is the main focus of our present development work. It may be that the parents of the present Class 9 will have the commitment to help us bring this to fruition; they have certainly been most encouraging, and supportive in practical ways too. We hope that soon there will come a day when we don't have to go on running to keep ahead of everything that is wearing out or falling down, and that all this energy can go into bringing to birth a vision whose hour is overdue.

Out of the experience of the proven educational benefits of the total-immersion main-lesson blocks in Classes 9 and 10 (the physics one is fairly typical) comes a strong desire to provide the classes with more opportunities of this kind, based both at school and elsewhere. In the spring, Class 9 will spend two weeks working on a mixed farm at Garvald in Scotland, while camping and cooking their own meals. Class 10 also camped on a local farm run by a school family, while surveying the land in answer to an expressed need. In November they will study European history and art on a trip to Pforzheim and Weimar in Germany. This will be partly financed by the class putting on a cabaret, English café and provisions shop at Pforzheim's Martinsmarkt. The school has welcomed each Class 10 in this way for a number of years. As our Godparent school, it has given us generous support. After Easter the class will spend nearly three weeks living and working together at a big isolated house above Constantine Bay on the dramatic coast of North Cornwall. The students will spend a lot of time outdoors, soaking up the weather, the landscape, the intensity of being together all the time. They will study the history,



Waitress service at the Michaelmas meal (below, left); Class 9 pupils renovating their classroom (above); & repairing the roof of their classroom (below, right); and opposite on page 30 — Upper School pupils starting work in the polytunnel in the New Field Garden (below); & (above) building the cob porch onto the Class 9 classroom.



geography and ecology of the area in the mornings, and work on individual projects in the afternoons, for example, archaeology, wild food, creative writing, jewellery, painting, sculpture. There is always plenty of original work of a very high standard in the exhibition the class put up on their return; and the sheer amount achieved is often surprising. Both classes have two regular craft afternoons a week. In Class 9 the emphasis is on craft out of the landscape—ceramics, forgework, green woodwork, spinning, dyeing and felting, willow basketry. Class 10 chooses either develop and refine craftsmanship in a preferred area, or shift the focus more towards the artistic in photography, printing, bookbinding, clothing design, decorative textiles, sculpture, joinery, and leatherwork. The prospect of designing a flexible, thematic, project-oriented curriculum for our future Class 11 and 12 College is a very exciting one. Watch this space!

And so the year turns again towards its darker side. The ovens and the forge will be lit again at Michaelmas. The whole school will eat together outside, a meal that each class has helped to produce. This year most of the vegetables for the chunky soup will have been grown at school. Rolls

will be cooked in the ovens, to be followed by trays of apple crumble. Everyone will work in the grounds, tidying, harvesting, planting bulbs. The forge will glow with the charcoal made by Class 9. Shepherded and instructed by the older ones, each child in the school will be invited to hit the red-hot iron bar on the brazier with the blacksmith's hammer. Watching in absorption will be their classmates, taking in the sensations of sight, sound and smell which add to the excitement of the occasion. Later Class 10 will finish the sword, shape the hilt to the hand, put a keen edge on the blade. With the strength and courage they will need to face an uncertain future, together they will forge the sword: the Sword of Michael.

Jenny Milne teaches handwork and Upper School crafts at the Rudolf Steiner School of South Devon. After a conventional grammar school education, she became a Chartered Librarian. Having young children of her own prompted her to think about their future education. She trained in the London Waldorf Teacher Training Seminar and after graduating moved to Totnes where she is now in her ninth year of teaching.

Continued from page 15

with which to accompany my children through this time. (Parenting the childhood years had come easily to me but I seemed at times to have insufficient or inappropriate resources for this next phase.) I came to see the time of transition from child to adulthood as one of great beauty—or potentially so—when I observed those young people working and relaxing together in such lovely natural surroundings—a great contrast to the world they all too frequently inhabit in their day to day life in the south-east. They too appreciate what the camp has to offer them, although they bring less consciousness to it, and they would be reluctant to admit it openly. The two girls look forward to returning in 2001.

Eryk's friendships and activities were in accordance with his age (he can still be openly enthusiastic) and he only touched upon the older teenage scene from time to time.

Our (lyre-making group) kitchen duty coincided with the day of spit-roasting one of the 'sacrificial' sheep and the first use of the freshly built clay bread oven for pitta breads (home-made). I also somehow got involved in making a vegetable curry which did turn out well despite complete guesswork as to the necessary amount of curry

powder for such an enormous pot and some worries that children would not like any spiciness at all. I felt the responsibility only too keenly of being committed to making something edible, tasty and on time.

One new feature since last year was the sweat-lodge. I was never sure from whom the inspiration came or who built it—or how! The first time I approached it was late one evening and in the dark I was aware of a sort of large padded 'igloo' with no immediately apparent entrance but a small wattle undressing area already bedecked with clothes. By calling through the wall I found out how to get in and entered the steamy interior. I understood only vaguely how the fire and steam were generated but in the candlelight there was a very cosy atmosphere with the other occupants sitting on little benches or standing to experience the extra heat at the top of the space—and it was hot! The sweat ran in torrents but there was a very good feeling about the mixture of heat and steam compounded with the mysteriousness of the dimness and the obscurity of vision due to the great 'furnace/chimney' in the middle. It made it a good place to talk this unusual mixture of 'distance' and 'intimacy'—the latter created by the small but not over-

crowded space and the extra dimension of freedom that came with having no clothes on.

For some, the pottery kiln became a centre of high drama as the firings took place through the night. Despite a spectacular 'volcanic collapse', almost all the pots emerged unscathed and successful. I was only on the periphery of this but felt some of the excitement and enjoyed the touching story of the night watch-woman (although I can't now remember the details).

The storyteller added a new dimension to the week and created a special focus at the fireplace/camp-hearth when it wasn't being used as a cooking area. He enchanted young and old, but it was my impression that this was a very special feature for some of the younger children who, although willing to have a go at crafts, as yet lacked some of the physical skills and concentration to make of craft-work the central activity it was for older campers.

Sadly the week came to an end. I knew from the year before that I wouldn't want to rush away straight after the closing exhibition of work but would need a further evening and overnight to help with the tidying and dismantling of the camp and workshops, to bring the experience to a proper conclusion for me. I had had some late nights near the end (well after midnight) as the social life of the teenagers who were just having such a good time—and finishing their craft-work projects—reached its peak, so I was slow to get going that last morning and sluggish when I did so. My tent was almost last to come down but I had done a good job of cleaning the lyre-making workshop of all its wood-shavings, sawdust, used sandpaper etc. as my first job.

Letting go thus of the workspace that had seen so much effort and so many moods and emotions from my small group of fellow-workers during the week was important to me before I let go of the campsite which had seen everyone through the evolving phases of the camp.

The big change came when the marquee that had been the focus of our mealtimes came down. I missed that moment but felt the shrinking of the 'domestic' scene to little more than a table, some boxes and a few slices of bread and jam. But even in that diminished setting I found myself meeting participants for the first time and in new ways. I think/hope it was then that I repaired some damage done on the first day when I was tired, hungry, not at my most tactful—and not caring who knew it.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor,

In August, the GCSE and A-level results showed again that girls are increasingly more successful at passing exams than boys. This fact can be, and has been, interpreted in many ways; the most popular theory is that the current education system suits girls better, and there is ongoing research to try to discover how to help boys 'catch up' again. This implies that there is a common goal—that certain predetermined information and skills shall be given to and received by all children by a certain age—and that the girls are where they should be (according to the accepted method of assessing this) and the boys are being left behind; a sort of unisex, uniform, linear progression through childhood and education is taken for granted.

In Steiner/Waldorf educational circles we know—perhaps even a little smugly—that this is not the situation at all. We take into account the spiritual nature of the human being, the karma and individuality of each child, so that these brutal yardsticks are not used to brand children as failures when it is the system that has failed the child, not the other way around. (How can it ever be the other way around?) So we can tell ourselves that the National Curriculum is bad for everybody and that testing is *making it seem* as if only boys are failing because girls are more adaptable and better at passing the exams. But is this really the whole story?

As a Waldorf teacher in London, I have experienced the same disparity between girls and boys in our schools, not in exam results because none of the children I have taught have taken any exams (they were less than 14 years old in a Waldorf school), but in their reading and writing skills—there seem to be many more 'dyslexic' boys than girls—their self-image, their ability to focus, to process, to relate to and interpret lesson content, to work in co-operation with others, to motivate themselves and just in the level of their interest. I have a strong and growing impression that the boys in our society are being *distracted* (literally 'drawn away'). When I picture the children at night, boys often appear tortured, as if they were being pulled at and were in a constant state of tension; they are restless in a way that the girls are not, as if they were somehow being thwarted. I am very interested to discover what it is that is distracting them as well as exactly how and also (as an anthroposophist) why.

Some of the distractions of the modern world are very obvious, of course, and this whole question is undoubtedly covered in broad terms under the heading 'Ahrimanic forces', but in order to help children to combat these forces I feel the need, as a teacher, to be much more specific in looking for how they are working in the human being, what parts of human nature they can use and why boys seem to be so especially vulnerable.

Amanda Bell

The Walnut

A nature story for Class 1 or 2

by DOLARES GRAHAM

[Rudolf Steiner consistently recommended an imaginative, pictorial presentation of material for children in the lower classes. Teachers who practise it discover how akin such a presentation is to the life-giving nature of a young child's creative consciousness.

The following is an example of a so-called Nature Story. Through such stories the children of Classes 1 and 2 are introduced to some of the natural processes in their environment. What they receive in this way may then flow on as an undercurrent of deeply felt interest in the natural world. Such a stream may well be joined by tributaries of wonder or reverence in a soul in which such qualities abound. Where they do not, it may well lave the thirsty land precisely with those qualities. Moreover, when, in the later part of a school career, the stream passes through landscapes of more conceptual activity, of natural scientific modes of thought and of precise observation and analysis, it will have more chance of imbuing the necessary precision and exactness of the scientist with life. The foregoing was published as an editorial introduction when 'The Walnut' was first printed. The story has since been included in *Waldorf Curriculum Studies—Volume 1: Science in Education*, available from Steiner Schools Fellowship Publications, Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, RH18 5JA, a comprehensive volume of articles on all aspects of science in the curriculum, which are reprints from *Child and Man* from the 1930s to 1992. Ed.]

In the forest under a large nut tree sat a walnut. He hadn't always been sitting on the ground. Once he had lived high, high up on the very tip of one of the tallest branches with the blue sky smiling at him, the sun warming him and the wind rocking him. The birds sang to him. He had been a very happy, little green walnut until one day something happened to make him very afraid—and this is what it was.

Early one summer morning a beautiful black crow landed on the walnut's branch and began pecking at the nut next to the walnut. He pecked and pecked until he made a large hole in the nut's side. Then the crow put his beak into the hole and began eating.

"Oh!" shuddered the walnut, "I don't want that to happen to me," and he pulled the two halves of his shell tightly together and tried to make himself very, very hard.

From then on, day after day, he practised making himself as hard as he could. Summer passed and walnut's colour began to change from green to pale brown; but indeed, he scarcely noticed this for he only thought about making his outside shell harder and harder.

One day a dark shadow fell on walnut. Startled, he looked up straight into the eager, beady eyes of

the largest crow he had ever seen. The crow began fiercely pecking at the walnut's side. He pecked and pecked and pecked until walnut could do nothing but quiver inside and shudder and pull his shell tight. But, do you know: no matter how hard that crow pecked, he could not make a hole in the walnut's shell. Finally the crow gave up and flew away.

How proud walnut felt. How happy he was that he had practised becoming hard during the long summer days.

"Why, I am stronger than crow!" he exclaimed, "I am a hard nut indeed!"

It wasn't long before all the nuts heard about walnut's hardness. They gazed at him respectfully and whispered to each other that he must be the hardest nut on the whole tree. Walnut puffed his chest out with pride and kept on practising to become harder.

The days went by until one afternoon with a big huff and a puff the wind came and blew walnut right off his branch.

"What's this," cried walnut as he felt himself falling, "what will happen to me now?" He kept on falling faster and faster. With a loud 'geplunk' he landed right on a large stone at the base of the tree. Walnut looked around. Scattered about the stone were bits and pieces of other walnuts that had

fallen and cracked as they bounced off the stone.

"Ha!" said walnut as he saw this, "I've nothing to be afraid of down here. Why, I'm even stronger than this stone. I really am a tough nut to crack!" and there he sat proudly on the forest floor.

A squirrel came by collecting nuts for his winter store. He tried to bite into walnut. "Ouch!" cried squirrel, "Why this nut is so hard it hurt my tooth."

"That's right," retorted walnut. "I'm a hard nut to crack—much too hard for you, squirrel!"

Not long after a porcupine ambled up. "Hm;" he thought, "this is a nice fat nut—just right for my dinner."

He put walnut between his strong teeth and made a loud crunch. "Ow!" he exclaimed, letting go of walnut, "This nut is so hard it's given me jaw ache."

"That's right," piped walnut, "I'm a hard, hard nut. Nobody's harder than I am!"

So it was with all the forest animals. They took turns trying to open walnut but he was too hard and tough for them.

"No-one is going to crack me," he said, "not ever!"

After that the creatures of the forest left walnut alone. There he sat for the rest of the autumn and the long winter until one day he awoke to find that the spring rain had come. Splash, splash, splash, went the raindrops against his shell. Tap, tap, tap, like a quiet knocking.

"Hello, rain," said walnut, "I'm walnut and if you haven't heard by now, I'm a hard nut to crack."

The gentle spring rain didn't say anything but only sent another soft drop of water rolling down walnut's cheek—then another soft drop, then another.

"Humph!" continued walnut, "I can see I have nothing to fear from you. Why, you're so soft you couldn't even crack a peanut!" He went on, "I've been pecked by a crow but I was too strong for him. I fell all the way from the top of the tree onto a stone and I still didn't crack. Nearly all the creatures have tried to break my shell, but I'm too hard for them. The truth is, I'm probably the hardest nut in this forest," he loudly exclaimed, swelling himself with pride so that his chest looked as if it might burst.

But, the rain didn't say anything. It just kept falling gently, ever so gently, and soon walnut became drowsy and fell asleep.

He awoke with a start to find the rain had stopped and he was quite dry. He thought of the

rain and he felt a tender stirring in his heart, and he could not help but wonder if she would come again. Then he suddenly remembered that he ought to be practising to become harder, and all the rest of the day he pulled his shell tight...except now and again he stopped and thought of the rain, and each time he felt a gentle stirring in his heart. The next day the spring rain came again.

"Humph!" he greeted her as the soft drops began to fall, "er...ah, I mean hello."

The rain didn't reply but she stayed a little longer this time, and walnut felt the gentle stirring in his heart grow stronger and stronger.

On the following day walnut didn't even feel like practising. His whole heart was filled with tenderness. All he could think about was the rain and if she would come.

"I wonder if she has a heart," he thought, "I will ask her."

The rain didn't come that day but she came the next.

"Do you have a heart?" he called to her as soon as the first drop touched his cheek. "My heart lies hidden in the clouds," replied the rain.

"Ah," sighed walnut, "then I must somehow reach the clouds."

He sat very quiet for a while thinking. Then he realised that in order to reach up for the heart of the rain, he would have to open his shell. At this thought walnut began to tremble. He was afraid.

"If I open my shell, crow may peck me or some creature eat me, and then I will never reach the heart of the rain."

But all the time that he was thinking, the fresh, soft rain was falling, and the heart of the walnut filled with such tenderness that it pressed against the sides of the shell. Suddenly, with one mighty swell of courage, the little walnut cast his hard shell aside and the two halves fell to the ground. But, crow didn't come to peck him and the forest animals didn't eat him. Instead, out of the heart of the walnut a little green shoot sprang, its tiny green arms stretching up to touch the clouds.

As the days passed, it grew taller and taller, nearer and nearer to the clouds, and the tenderness of the walnut's heart changed into a mighty strength. Still the walnut tree kept growing, closer and closer to the clouds, never forgetting the rain.

If you go out into the forest today, you will see him there. Always he is reaching out with his great arms, reaching higher and higher, so that one day he may hold the heart of the rain close to his own.

* * *



At Aesch, Switzerland, a whole Class 3 building village is gradually springing up, some of it here seen through the window of the euryhmy room (above), further along the path (below left), and in the school garden—a house made especially for various species of wasps and bees to winter (below right).



In the Upper School at Aesch workshops are provided for shoe repair, cycle repair, ironwork (top right shows a huge hinge that was copied from an old design for one of the ancient doors). There is creativity too: a flying fox (top left) and a stand for modelling (bottom right) which is being marketed.

A Suicide Attacker Has Also Been a 5-year-old

Despite the world press being smothered with reports and reflections on the events in 'America'

— rightly so —

should we not also be looking at the ID of education?

(After an address given at the opening of the
19th year of the London Waldorf Teacher Training Seminar
15 September 2001)

by

Course Director, BRIEN MASTERS PhD

Still shocked by the outer impact of recent events, I have been left wondering: What might the destruction of the three buildings in North America be telling us? On the one hand, the attack does seem to be symbolic of what the terrorists claim is a worthy part of their cause (however offensive the means of achieving it): the alleviation of human suffering in the world at the hand of economic oppression. On the other hand, might there not be two towers that we should be building in society in their stead—ideally with *pentagram*-like forces? Puzzling over this, my thoughts led back to certain perceptions gained during the summer.

Travelling in Helsinki on the city's one and only metro, in the cuttings one sees regular signs of drilling in the granite: parallel, vertical, semi-cylindrical striations. Similarly with its road cuttings and its famous semi-subterranean church in the city centre. They are the footprints of the detonating that was necessary for the civil engineers to carry out their plans for providing communication and worship.

In contrast to Finland, England has very little granite. The cuttings through the Chilterns, the Wiltshire Plain, the Pennines and elsewhere must have been comparative child's play for the motorway contractors. Notwithstanding, the landscape has not escaped the footprints of dynamite. Or rather, scars. Its ancient castles, especially those built by the Norman conquerors, with their ruined walls, towers and keeps, obtrude often jaggedly on the skyline in those places where they were either

perched on rocky prominences or where they were located in bold command of open spaces—from Bodiam in the south to Norham in the north. Turner, whose *Norham Castle* is one of his most idyllic works, in his water colour of *Dudley Castle* (Dudley being in the industrial Midlands) used the Goethean polarity of blue and red—though his own insight into colour pre-dated his discovery of Goethe's *Theory of Colour* (*Farbenlehre*)—to encapsulate the contrast of a past age that had crumbled (epitomised by the ancient castle) and the new age of technology that was taking over. We will leave aside what commentary may have been in his extraordinary mind.

Outer change? Evidently; but surely representative of an inner change. Those ancient castles bowed out to the power of gunpowder. But it was not just the cannon which had superseded the scaling ladder. That same consciousness that had *invented* the explosive, *used* the invention, particularly during the Wars of the Roses, crucially to help usher in a new age, albeit in a military context—a receding of absolute monarchy and the ascendancy of a new order, one prepared to use outer explosive measures where inner attitudes remained obstinate and exasperatingly beyond the point of endurance.

When history repeats itself—Would the perpetrators of Pearl Harbour 'visited' by the perpetrators of Hiroshima be an example?—its replication is often magnified through (in this case) outer explosive means and inner, seemingly otherwise irresistible obstinacy, vested interests, ideology...

Point the finger where you will: my purpose here is not to investigate. There are plenty of analysts out there. Rather is it to ask, even while our hearts are moved by all those whose lives were forfeit in New York and Washington, 11 September 2001: Was this a further case of the spiralling of history coming again full circle, even more explosively, more tragically, more transparently and globally (through the media playing its part) into our lives? And, if so, where is the spiral leading us? Misleading us, perhaps? Or, alternatively, what might it be asking of us?

Rudolf Steiner sought to defuse the problems of society, that had escalated into the First World War, by urging that his vision of a Threefold Social Order be considered, adopted and put into practice, an ordering which may not appear self-evident at first sight. In brief, the proposal was that the activities of the whole of society be grouped into three categories; and that each category be 'governed' in a different way. Every activity that concerned the cultural or spiritual life (e.g. scientific research, philosophy, religion, the arts, entertainment, sport) should be given free expression and free rein. Every activity that concerned human rights should be legislated for by government. Every activity that had bearing upon the economic life should be subject to the associative connections forged between producers (of the goods or services) and their customers. Most spheres of life have an 'arm' in all three categories, even though they belong predominantly to one. Though this should not be an excuse for confusion.

The ideas of the Threefold Social Order had more than encouraging support, and the chance of being presented at an *appropriate level* (the Austrian cabinet), but sadly the opportunity that presented itself slipped through the fingers of those concerned and—and here lay the long-term tragedy—slipped also through their consciousness. Thus, on a world scale, not only has the social order that set the inevitable scene for the First World War lingered on, it has become further entrenched.

Therefore, from Steiner's perspective of the three all-encompassing and interlinking fields of social life, two of them—the spiritual/cultural and the economic—are still unwisely subject to the overruling power of parliaments, where there are democracies; or of other regimes, where there are not. The present dilemma of the USA is not as simple as most Western leaders would have us think: Democracy is acceptable, while other forms of government are not. And following from that:

Where there is conflict, the cause must be sought in the non-democratic world rather than in the so-called democratic.

Despite this, certain distinctions are inescapable, especially if one compares the threefoldness within different social settings. In the developing world, the spiritual life, broadly speaking, sustains peoples who are largely subjugated and deprived economically. In the developed world—though the term can only be used in a very limited sense—economic considerations tower above all else, populations are superabundantly affluent (food, drink, dwelling space, clothing, comfort, possessions, medical treatment, insurance, means of travel, luxuries), whilst the cultural/spiritual life is either hijacked by totalitarianism, or is sitting on shelves waiting for consumers who prefer their culture to be mass-produced as CDs, videos etc., or, at its most bland, is snake-charming us into our television screens in the form of soap operas. In either case, the life of rights pants along somewhere in the rear, often with tail-wagging-dog doggedness.

To characterise so briefly means inescapably to sail too close to the wind of caricature, and that is far from my intention. My intention is to plead the case for the recognition of the *prime* responsibility of government (legislation regarding human rights), and with it the slow but sure deconstructing of those structures which have built either the cultural/spiritual or the economic life too inextricably into the legal, and therefore power-binding, skyline-piercing edifices of society. Put into a sound-bite: the pseudo-culture of the affluent, parasitic upon the economic misery of the deprived.

One cannot speak of anything as destructive as the 11 September as *fabulous* because of the positive overtones that have come to be associated with the word. Nevertheless, something of a *fable* about the events—*parable* would be equally apt—begins to emerge with a global moral either to be garnered from it or to be read explicitly.

But what are the means whereby we might deconstruct rather than shatter the ill-advised, power-binding twin edifices constructed over past centuries? For this we need to seek within.

Those members of the tribe of Judah who expected, yearned for, a kingly Messiah (in the old, outer, wealth-amassing, opulent, power-wielding, 'chief executive' sense of kingliness) a Messiah who would wrench from their shoulders the yoke with which Rome had shackled them, and overthrow with superhuman power the oppressors, failed to recognise that which was the super-



human dwelling in Jesus of Nazareth. It was not all Jews: witness the Essenes and others; but it was a faction that had sufficient power to turn the crowd's flowing tide of 'Hosanna' into the ebbing tide of 'Crucify'. And manifestly the recognition accorded by those few was not enough to prevent the turn of that tide. Golgotha, one might say, had something of World Destiny about it. Not that the Destiny was only relevant for the descendants of Abraham: it was for the sake of all humanity.

And where are we now, two millennia later? It appears as if we are in danger of turning the geometrical life of the pentagram (an age-old symbol of the flowing tide of true humanity in both its earthly *and* divine aspects) into the rigidity of the pentagon—powerful, purportedly life-protecting, but simultaneously life-threatening. Harking back to Golgotha, those who would have backed outer power expressed their anger, hatred and frustration by nailing a body to a cross, which, if one thinks of the derisive inscription, symbolised for them at the least a failed mission, at the worst an impostor who was indirectly snatching the power *they* wielded over the people out of their hands.

Admittedly, there are gestures here and there of ecumenical embrace. But the gestures need to be more than those which belong to the spiritual/cultural category of society verbally acknowledging one another but otherwise remaining, however moderate, intractably Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Jew or Buddhist. The pentagon of faiths—and of

course there are others who in the free spiritual life have their thriving places in the cultural/spiritual world order—must surely give way (at least give space) to recognising the universal, i.e. that within each human being there is a *life-giving 'pentagram' of potential for good.*

It would be totally unrealistic, of course, not to see that we will need precautionary measures for some time hence, ID cards, for instance (if the lobby arguing they are hardly worth the paper they are written on proves mistaken), but more significantly the colossal internationally sustained network of intelligence etc. that they imply, which might lead to an effective way of protecting human life and rights. Still better if the protection is forged through the healing power of the word and not the destructive power of the sword—though the repeated attempts that appear to gain little ground show that this is infinitely easier said than done.

But if we do not begin to *change from within* i.e. (to repeat) change our attitudes towards the two pillars of society at present commandeered by politics, by bringing a brotherly attitude into the economy and a liberated attitude towards the spiritual/cultural life—and *such attitudes must surely first be cultivated through education already in childhood*—history will never tire of showing us, frequently all too tragically, that change will buffet us inexorably from without—perhaps even swooping down out of the skies.

Opposite (p 40) are samples of environmental sculpture and design by Axel Iwand. He works principally in Israel, but also undertakes commissions elsewhere. Above left: Passageway (1995/6) — an environmental installation of stone, natural paving stones and plants forming a Sculpture Garden for Peace and Coexistence at Kaukab Abu-Elhija, Israel. Axel writes: "The idea for this sculpture arose from the topographical situation of the place, which is situated on the ridge of a hill. From here the visitor is offered two strikingly different views: one view is beautifully situated on a rounded mound against the backdrop of successive layers of mountain ridges leading towards Upper Galilee. The installation accentuates this transition from one view to the other by creating a passageway, marked on either side by monolithic blocks of local stone of varying shape, size and orientation. The experience of the visitor following the path from the south-west is led to a culminating point when passing through a narrow gate which is accentuated by the tallest rocks. After passing this gateway the space opens up onto an open paved area of rounded and slightly concave shape. Here the view is directed towards the village, which one is meeting here, as it were, for the first time."

The other two illustrations are of features in the Harduf Waldorf School: (below) the Watercourse (2000) — stone, river boulders, concrete, water, plants — commissioned by the school in co-operation with the Israeli Ministry of Education, the aim being "to add a life-giving quality to the entrance court of the school". The Harduf Playground — the Park of the Four Elements (1995-2000) (top right) is an ongoing project ... following the needs and the financial possibilities of the community it serves ... In its final stage it will offer children the opportunity to experience in a playful way the four elements of earth, water, air and fire. One of the existing features is an innovative rotating seesaw, whose exciting organic motion is the result of a combination of see-sawing and rotating movements."

BOOK REVIEWS

The Ninth Century and the Holy Grail by W. J. Stein, Temple Lodge Press, 395pp sb £14.95.

"In what period did all this, that Dr. Stein has told you, really happen?" This question, posed by Rudolf Steiner himself during a visit to the eleventh class of the first Waldorf School, may be considered the starting point for this unique work on the Grail, by a relevant figure both in anthroposophy and the Waldorf school movement in the first half of the century.

Fruit of a long term study of the theme as a spiritual researcher and deepened along years of teaching Eschenbach's *Parzival* in Class 11 as an Upper School teacher, it is only natural that the author dedicates its preface to the meaning of the study of this classic in the context of the Waldorf curriculum. In the same space a mood of reverence of a close disciple for his teacher is most strongly stated, as the author acknowledges that he owes to Steiner the new points of view that justify the effort to produce the work.

A short account of Steiner's already mentioned visit to his class forms the opening chapter, containing, among other precious pieces of dialogue with the students, two main guidelines around which the research is to be structured: the period of the *Parzival* age; the method by which to understand the narrative.

The first issue is dealt with through research into various fields with different orders of relevance for the understanding of the arising and development of the grail experience in the Middle Ages. These comprise a study of the written sources that formed the basis of Eschenbach's work, accounts of events dealing with the bringing to the west of relics containing the holy blood of Christ and miraculous events around them, and reflections on themes connected to the essence of the Grail question such as the Eighth Oecumenical Council and the interconnection between Oriental and Occidental spiritual streams.

All these interesting lines of research stand as complementary to the real heart of the book, spreading over a single but extensive chapter (180 pages, 141 notes) consisting of Stein's commentary on each of the sixteen adventures related in Eschenbach's *Parzival*. Drawing on his vast esoteric scholarship as well as on his experience and skills as a teacher, the author moves freely through the dense and deep symbolically charged territory of the narrative. An ever growing wealth of hidden meanings is presented to us appearing behind every image, and also penetrating the rhythms that compose the scaffold of the whole saga, which can be seen as a reflection of the movements of the starry heavens.

Vasco Croft

Trumpets of Happiness—and other stories by Brian Masters, An early reader, illustrated by Brian Gold, Temple Lodge Publishing sb 80pp £7.95.

Perhaps the best proof of any collection of stories is the child's engagement and response. Discovering

this delightful collection by Brian Masters I thought it would make a suitable gift for my grand-daughter who loves stories.

These stories, full of images from nature and human soul dramas, are arranged with a craftsman's skill with words; the stories abound with humorous situations, calamities and near disasters.

'Ursula's Accident' with its mixture of joy and sorrow is a firm favourite, as is 'How Rory came to Play with Flotsam'. Both these tales demonstrate how hardships and mishaps work themselves out for the good at a level which thoroughly absorbs the child who knows the truth of destiny at a deep level. All the characters are thoroughly convincing and yet intriguingly eccentric, with the mundane and mysterious rubbing shoulders together and the world of nature working magically into everyday life events, as in 'The Puzzled Postman, the Coloured Balloons and the White Butterfly'.

The use of alliteration is generous and very satisfying to the child. Even the list of titles affords great pleasure and enables the memory to recall very pictorially if we have already heard that one! 'Burrowing Worm and Spindly Spider', 'Terry the Terrier & Bluster the Blackbird' all spring to life as whole stories as soon as the title is read.

As a reading book it is excellent, with large clear print, stories varying from 3 to 5 pages or so and plenty of new words that are then repeated several times. My grand-daughter read a couple of pages with little effort when encouraged to do so, but said, "Please will you go on now, as I want to see the pictures." She was, of course, referring to those pictures of her own making, even though the illustrations enhance the text and help to hold the child's interest.



The other test of a good story book is how it feels for the adult, especially when requested to read the same story for the umpteenth time. The main ingredient is the freshness of style created through images which are full of originality and closely built through the language. This is something rare and truly enlivening.

Hazel Adams

The Meaning of Life by Rudolf Steiner, Rudolf Steiner Press sb 170pp £10.95.

The aim of most education theories could easily be equated provided one remained sufficiently in generalities. Steiner's aims need extrapolation, but they are surely in harmony with what he sees as the aims of present day civilisation. In this collection of lectures, one is included that was given to an audience in Zurich in 1916. While the middle of World War One may seem far from the beaten track of the year 2002, his contention is still relevant, in that he sees an event such as the Great War as arising from thoughts and attitudes that lingered on from the past and became poison for the present age.

Social understanding, freedom of thought and concrete knowledge of the spirit are the "three torches" that he sees as illuminating the path that will lead forward. On that path, ways will be found to re-establish parent-child relationships, the understanding of pupils in classes and hence the effectiveness of their education.

The lectures in this selection are not necessarily about education but it is not surprising to discover much that has serious educational import. The dates range from 1907 (the year which saw the publication of *The Education of the Child* in the light of Anthroposophy) to 1919 the year in which the first Waldorf School opened its doors. However, there is not only substance particularly relevant to teachers and parents: anyone who wishes to understand the terminology that Steiner uses in connection with his study of human evolution over the past c.7000 years—especially the 'Fifth Post-Atlantean Epoch' and the 'Age of the Consciousness Soul'—is likely to find both illumination and inspiration in this compact volume.

Back Numbers of 'Steiner Education' and (as formerly) 'Child and Man'

Price £2.00 (post free in the UK) from the Secretary, Steiner Education, The Sprig, Ashdown Road, Forest Row, RH18 5BN.

Vol. 35 No.1 Learning from the Environment
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Vol. 23 No.2 Twelffoldness
Vol. 22 No.2 Non-Denominational Religion

The July 2001 Issue: Vol. 35 No. 2 is still available to new subscribers.

BOOK IN GERMAN

Natur Kinder Garten Werkstatt: vom Wiederkommen des Ursprünglichen, by Ingrid Kutsch, Verlag Freies Geistesleben, DM29.80.

With the beginning of the new millennium politicians, parents and even business people are questioning the effectiveness of our previously accepted tenets of education. The young generation shows little enthusiasm for any of the political parties; many parents are in despair over children who play truant, consume drugs or slide into crime; managers cannot find people with initiative and drive; we have to import teachers and nurses to fill vacancies in Britain; and we see an increase of mental health problems among children. This series of books has appeared in Germany (one on each of the four seasons) which offers solutions and looks to take the market by storm.

Even readers who don't speak German will be fascinated by the hundreds of photos and drawings which show activities in the garden. The project lies east of Cologne and has become the focus for visitors who take part in workshops for teachers and parents with children from the age of three. Basic skills are taught: grinding corn by hand, baking bread outside, spinning and weaving wool, thumb-pottery, wood carving, candle making etc. All activities are done with local materials and inexpensive tools in harmony with the rhythm of the year.

An old beekeeper works with a hive; butterflies are raised between double windows; wool is dyed with natural plant dyes, the thick threads woven on a hand loom; bricks are made from mud to build an oven; willow cuttings are planted to create a shelter; a herb spiral is fertilised with crushed eggshells; compost heaps are turned over; nest-boxes for birds are built; a labyrinth has been laid out; a pond has been dug; a stream made to meander through a field. Countless volunteers helped over seven years to create a unique *Lebensraum*, a place where basic human activities can be enacted.

Frau Kutsch follows ancient traditions; profound wisdom about starry constellations is combined with a down-to-earth sense of humour. Songs, stories and prayers for grace are printed, recipes given and the design for various crafts depicted. The author is a forester's daughter; she walked to school through a wood and had a thorough technical training before becoming a Kindergarten teacher in a Waldorf school. She opened her garden for children from town and country and is involved in teacher training. Her expertise has been sought to create adventure

parks and playgrounds. Politicians give strong support and the present publication has been sponsored by fifteen different organisations.

A translation will need sponsors, too, and hopefully the ideas will spread rapidly in Britain. Fewer prisons and hospitals will be needed if gardens can spring up where young children find purpose and develop practical skills by learning basic human activities. Such children will care for the earth, win enthusiasm for work, and gain healthy habits.

Sybilie Alexander

World List of Rudolf Steiner Waldorf School Associations

The full list of schools, Kindergartens and training courses is available from each Association, containing addresses and other information for communication, such as phone, fax and e-mail where available. *Steiner Education* would be grateful to know of any changes to the addresses appearing below so that such changes can be incorporated into future issues, in which case, please inform the Secretary. We would also be grateful to know of the founding of new Associations. The Secretary's address is on the Inside Front Cover. Currently, there are more than 770 schools and 1200 Kindergartens worldwide.

Information in countries not listed below may be obtained direct from the Pedagogical Section of the School of Spiritual Science, Goetheanum, CH-4143 Dornach, Switzerland. Countries at present listed as having Waldorf schools but no Association are: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Croatia, Czech Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, Hungary, Israel, Japan, Kenya, Liechtenstein, Mexico, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Uruguay.

AUSTRALIA Association of Rudolf Steiner Schools in Australia, 213 Wonga Road, Warranwood, Victoria, Australia, 3134.

AUSTRIA Österreichische Vereinigung freier Bildungsstätten auf anthroposophischer Grundlage, Endresstrasse 100, A-1230 Wien.

BELGIUM Federatie van Rudolf Steinerscholen in Vlaanderen, Kasteellaan 54, B-9000 Gent.

CANADA Association of Waldorf Schools of North America, c/o David Alsop, 3911 Bannister Road, Fair Oaks, CA 95628, USA.

ONTARIO Waldorf School Association of Ontario, 9100 Bathurst Street, Thornhill, Ontario L4J 8C6, Canada.

DENMARK Sammenslutningen af Rudolf Steiner Skoler i Danmark, Strandvejen 102, DK-8000 Århus.

ESTONIA Eesti Waldorfskoolide Ühendus, 14 Koidula Tänav, EE2100, Rakvere, Estonia.

FINLAND Steinerpedagogiikan seura ry-Föreningen för Steinerpedagogik rf, c/o Lea Blafeld, Jyväskylän Rudolf Steiner-koulu, Honkaharjuntie 6, FIN 40600 Jyväskylä.

FRANCE Fédération des Écoles Rudolf Steiner en France, 11 rue de Villaines, F-91370 Verrières-le-Buisson.

GERMANY Bund der Freien Waldorfschulen e.V., D-70184 Stuttgart, Heidehofstraße 32.

IRELAND Irish Steiner Waldorf Education Association, Raheen Rd., Tuamgraney, Co. Clare.

ITALY Associazione Amici Scuola, via Clerici 12, I-22030 Camnago Volta(COMO).

ITALY Associazione Amici Scuola, via Clerici 12, I-22030 Camnago Volta(COMO).

LATVIA Lettische Assoziation für Waldorf-pädagogik, Pirmas iela 26a, Rīgas rajons, LV 2164.

LUXEMBOURG Veräin fir Waldorfpädagogik Lëtzebuerg, 45 Rue de l'Avenir, L 1147 Luxembourg.

NETHERLANDS Bond van Vrije Scholen, Hoofdstraat 14B, NL-3972 LA Driebergen.

NEW ZEALAND Federation of Rudolf Steiner Schools, PO Box 888, Hastings, Hawke's Bay.

NORWAY Steinerskolene i Norge, Prof. Dahlsgt. 30, N-0260 Oslo.

ROMANIA Federatia Waldorf din Romania, Bd.Marasti nr.59, sector 1, RO-71331 Bucuresti.

SLOVENIA Društvo prijateljev, waldorfske šole, Rodiceva 2, 61000 Ljubljana, Slovenia.

SOUTH AFRICA Southern African Federation of Waldorf Schools, PO Box 67587, Bryanston, Transvaal, 2021 Johannesburg.

SWEDEN Waldorfskolefederationen, Fridhemsgata 17, S-12240 Stockholm, Sweden.

SWITZERLAND Koordinationsstelle der Rudolf Steiner Schulen in der Schweiz, Robert Thomas, Carmenstrasse 49, CH-8032 Zürich.

UNITED KINGDOM Steiner Schools Fellowship, Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, East Sussex RH18 5JA, GB.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Association of Waldorf Schools of North America, Chairman, 3911 Bannister Road, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.

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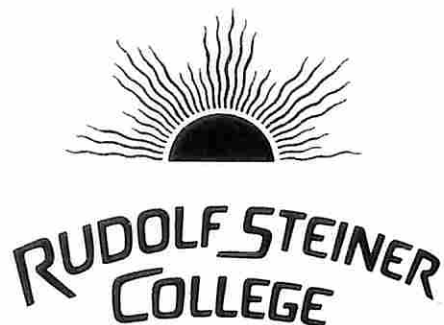
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