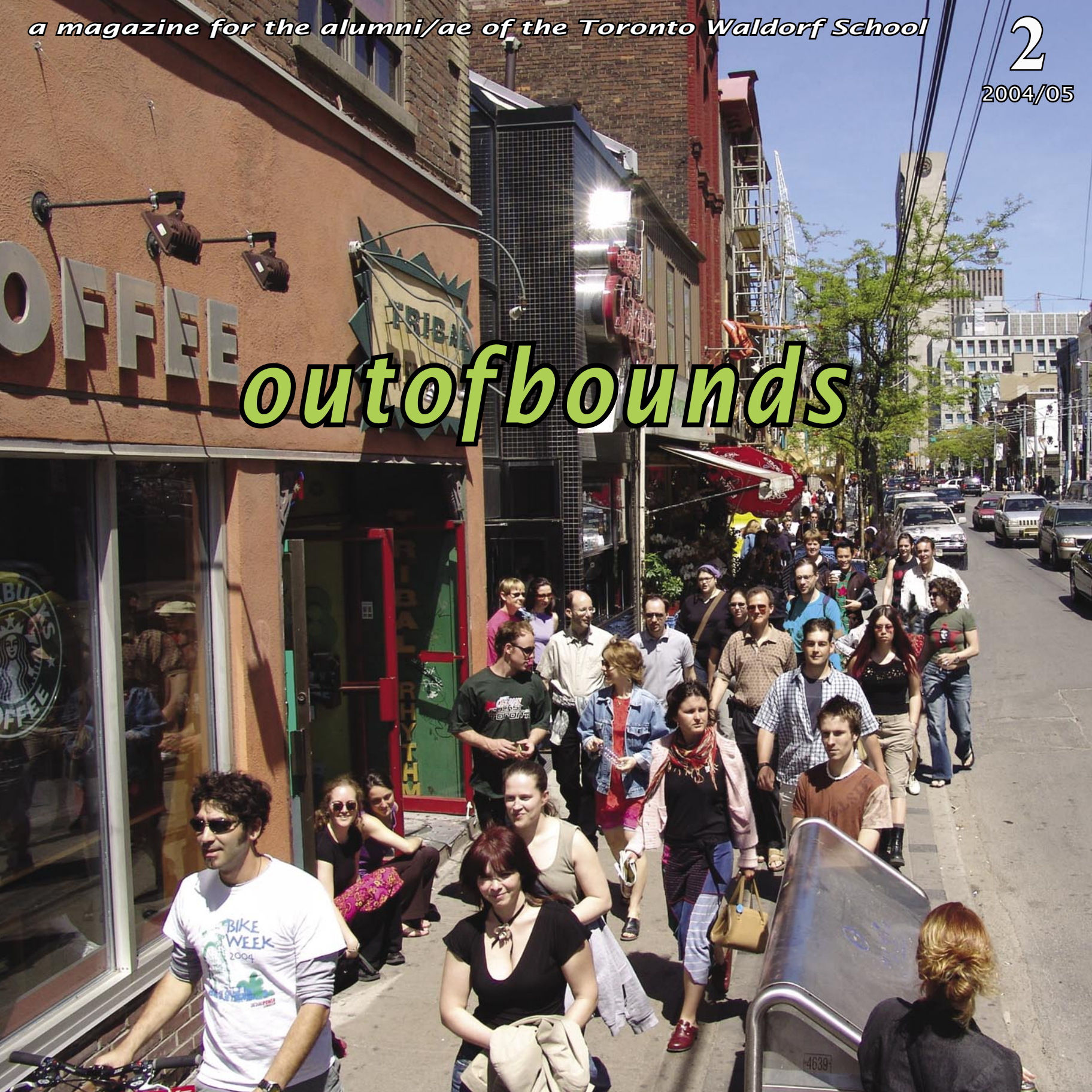


outofbounds



	editorial
	<p>The magazine name outofbounds won out over the runners-up, <i>Walflower</i> and <i>Beeswax</i>, from a list of around fifty contributed by TWS alumni/ae in 2002 and 2003.</p> <p>We all know what outofbounds means: off school property...<i>where we find ourselves permanently these days!!</i> We were not allowed out of bounds for two reasons - for our safety and to protect the delicate ecosystem around the school. We went out there (only rarely, of course) to test the nature of this boundary - the line that divides “the school” and “the world” - and to look in at the school from another vantage point. Whereas our safety “out here” is no longer an issue, we’re still, it is hoped, conscious of the various social, cultural, and natural “ecosystems” in which we now live. We are also uniquely positioned to look in at the school from another vantage point. The school can benefit greatly from this critical and affectionate gaze, and we get to reflect upon our early friendships, the content and form of our early formal education, and how these have affected who we are today.</p> <p>Katja Rudolph <i>katjarudolph@aol.com</i></p> <p>Oh, and I’ve also been thinking about this magazine: while it is a venue for us to get to know each other and to reconnect with the school, I think it can also be a place where we can express our abiding, substantive thoughts about the state of the world and how we are living in it. Next year, I will add a section called “Point of View” or “What’s the Point?” Something like that. Here you can elaborate your ongoing concerns/ideas/theories about what is going on around you locally and/or globally and your part in it, framed in political, social, religious or any other terms that make sense to you.</p>

COVER PHOTO-SHOOT: MAY 30, 2004, Queen Street West at John Street, Toronto
COVER PHOTO BY TANYA ZOEBELEIN '88



c o n t e n t s

44	on the other side	48	way out of bounds	62	former faculty remember
				42	alumni/ae art

Illustration by Bruce Thomson

2	Editorial	22	Alumni/ae Feature Marian Sinclair '79	47	On The Other Side of The Desk Greg Scott '85
4	Greeting - Faculty Chair	24	Alumni/ae Feature Bruce Thomson '84	48	Way Out of Bounds Mary Anne Koekebakker '82 in Australia
5	Greeting - Board Chair	26	Alumni/ae Feature Natalie Semenov '86	49	Way Out of Bounds Andrew Cowderoy '88 in France
6	Contributors	28	Alumni/ae Feature Julie LeGal Brodeur '90 & Jean-Michel LeGal Brodeur '94	50	Way Out of Bounds Katie Lowry '93 in Ireland
7	Alumni/ae News	32	Alumni/ae Feature Daniel Lerner '98	51	Way Out of Bounds Moir Walsh '97 in Switzerland
9	In Memoriam	34	Alumni/ae Feature Arie Molema '02	52	Faculty Feature Anahid Movel
10	Une Grande Dame: Augy van Boxel	38	What's Your Passion? Sandra Widmer '91	56	Faculty Feature Les Black
12	TWS News	39	What's Your Passion? Morgan Blackbyrne '83	60	Happy 80th Birthday, Gerhard Rudolph
15	International Waldorf News	40	What's Your Passion? Varya Rubin '93	62	Former Faculty Remember Duncan Weymouth Alderson
17	TWS Faculty & Staff	42	Art Feature Karin Zoebelin '84	64	Former Faculty Remember Kathy Brunetta
18	TWS History Project How It Was	44	On The Other Side of the Desk Marisha Plotnik '88	66	Welcome, Class of 2004!

COVER-MODELS (PHOTO BY TANYA ZOEBELEIN '88, PORTRAITS OF CLASS GNOMES BY BRUCE THOMSON '84):

Fred Gloger '79 - Steven Toepell '81 - Vicki Vanderburgh '83 - Laura Nienhuis '85 - Class Gnome '87 - Geoff Chan '89 - Class Gnome '91 - Kierstin Henrickson '93 - Class Gnome '95 - Cassandra Martin '97 - Alexandra Bates '98 - Class Gnome '99 - Martha Sharpe '01 - Nadia Tan '03



Ettore Barone '80 - Class Gnome '82 - Katja Rudolph '84 - Erik Stewart '86 - Lucas Sorbara '88 - Julie LeGal Brodeur '90 - Siobhan Hughes '92 - Mark Molder & Willow Currie '94 - Metello Levi '96 - Ting von Bezold & Laurel Currie '98 - Layah Singer-Wilson '00 - Lynn Cullen '02 - Lucas Black '04

outofbounds IS:
Publisher Toronto Waldorf School
Editor Katja Rudolph '84
Designer Katja Rudolph '84
Features writers Shahnaz Khan '86
Jessica Moore '96
Wendy Philpott '82
Katja Rudolph '84
Denise Ryan '79
Bruce Thomson '84
Photographers Katherine Dynes '84
Kierstin Henrickson '93
Katja Rudolph '84
Tanya Zoebelin '88
Illustration Bruce Thomson '84
Scanning Garrett Laffree '88
Equipment loan Ettore Baron '80
Proof-readers Christine von Bezold
Katherine Dynes '84
CONTRIBUTORS Page 6



Hastings High School, Hastings, Michigan, USA, Class of 1979

Todd Royer '79 - Faculty Chair

Greetings from TWS to our alumni/ae, especially the recent members, the Class of 2004!

As Katja noted in the first publication of *outofbounds*, one purpose of our alumni/ae programme is to see how you are doing and whether our work is effective. One of the comments Rudolf Steiner made to the first group of Waldorf teachers was, “Our highest endeavour must be to develop free human beings, who are able of themselves to impart purpose and direction to their lives”.

This is one of the main bars by which we evaluate our work: how are you imparting meaning and purpose to your life? Standardized tests tell us little. Statistics about how many have gone on to university tell half the story. Recently I was dismayed to hear of a Web site devoted to tracking “famous Waldorf graduates,” as if our success is measured by those who make headlines. (I had the wicked little inspiration that all our alumni/ae should send a copy of their biography to the site and demand it be posted.)

Despite its objectionable over-tones, Web sites like this do arise out of good intentions and a hope that our alumni/ae are “noticeably” engaging life with passion and purpose - that Waldorf education is making a difference. The advent of *outofbounds* lets us glimpse into the lives of many of you to see how you are doing, and for you to glimpse at each other and back at us to see how we are doing. It is a dialogue that we enjoy carrying on with you in person whenever our paths cross.

In the last edition of *outofbounds*, faculty chair Helene Gross described how the buildings, grounds and programmes have shifted over the years. Other more subtle changes have occurred as well. One of these changes has to do with the dramatic rise in the number of children in our school who have need of special care. This is strongly connected to our culture’s growing inability to protect and nurture our children in their development. In response to this, our school has hired a full-time remedial teacher and a full-time school counsellor. We are the first Waldorf school in North America with a full-time counsellor, which we have been told eventually will become the norm. There is still much more work needed in this area.

A second major issue we face is accessibility. Over the past few years we have seen a dramatic rise in the cost of the education. We are concerned about finding ways to make this education accessible to families of all economic backgrounds, because we value having a mix of people that most closely replicates real life. I tell you this not as an appeal for a donation (although, if any of you are on the list of the “rich and famous Waldorf alumni/ae” Web site...), but more to let you know of realities that we continue to face at TWS. In Spring 2004 we brainstormed ideas about how we can develop alternate revenue-streams that will help us foster a diverse community. More ideas are welcome.

Along the same theme of fostering a diverse community, we have also been facing the question of the religious nature of the school. Although the school has been growing and renewing its traditions over the years to adapt to our changing social landscape, these issues are being raised with increased intensity. Curiously enough, Waldorf schools around the world are facing this same question. Schools on this continent and in Europe are being asked, “Why does the school celebrate Christian festivals? How can we include non-Christian children?” In an interesting twist, a Waldorf school in Israel reported they were being asked, “Why do we celebrate Jewish festivals? How can we include our Arab families?” The fact that this is happening on a global level is fascinating. It appears as though something new is struggling to emerge through this dialogue, some new experience of festival life that is deeply meaningful and transcends the boundaries of traditional religious/spiritual experience. This makes the discussion particularly exciting, and I think Waldorf schools are the perfect place to give birth to this. Like all births, it is not without its share of struggle and pain.

This is a brief look at what is happening in the world of TWS. We hope you are well, that your life is interesting and rewarding, that in between moments of being “famous,” you are being human in the fullest sense, and that somehow your experience at this school has equipped you to meet the world with love and courage. ■

All the best,
Todd Royer
troyer@torontowaldorfschool.com

Langstaff Secondary School, Richmond Hill, Class of 1984



PHOTO BY DAVID WEST

Michèle Rossi '84 - Board Chair

I first came to the Toronto Waldorf School in 1981 to see the Grade 12 play, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, with a friend, Vivienne Wit '84, who lived in my neighbourhood and attended TWS.

I attended the local public high school, and was involved in the drama programme there. I can still remember quite vividly being struck by both the school and the production. Something felt different: richer, warmer, more solid than my high school. It was hard to put my finger on it, but I knew it was something more than simply the fact that they didn’t have to perform their play at one end of the athletic gym with the basketball net cranked just above the spotlights.

I didn’t come back to the school until early in 1995 when my husband and I brought our young daughter to attend an open house. I had moved back into the neighbourhood, and had started a family, and was curious about the school, still remembering my feelings from years earlier. We enrolled in the Parent & Tot program in 1996 and have been here ever since.

I remember explaining to my family and friends that enrolling Madeleine in kindergarten was much more than a choice about where to send Madeleine to school – it felt like a choice that would be good for our whole family. Eight years later, I know we made the right decision. Our three children are growing up amidst the love and support of the faculty, staff, children and parents, and

other members of the TWS community. We have made many new friends and brought some of our own long-time friends to join us at TWS.

If Waldorf education is about educating the “whole child,” then TWS to me is about creating a “whole community.” The alumni/ae are without question a significant part of that whole community, and one we are thrilled is becoming more connected to us again. Over the past year we have seen and felt your presence at the festivals, graduations and other events around the school. We are reading more about who you are, and how your experience at TWS has contributed to your growth and successes in life. For parents and students who have found their way to this community recently, and for those who have been here a long time, meeting you and learning more about you helps us reconnect with why we are here.

On behalf of the TWS Board of Trustees, I want to express our very sincere appreciation to all of you who have contributed to the alumni/ae programme over the past year, whether through your volunteer work, or simply by updating us on your whereabouts. And I invite you to tell us what else we could do to allow TWS to become more a part of your lives again. ■

With warm regards,
Michèle Rossi
michele.rossi@rogers.com



COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE - MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1981, CIRCA GRADE 3, 1972

TWS ALUMNI/AE

includes anyone who has attended the school for at least one year

If you are not yet in touch with our alumni/ae association, contact the Alumni/ae Coordinator, Katja Rudolph, at katjarudolph@aol.com 416.538.9536

why ALUMNI/AE with all those letters and the awkward slash?
alumna = feminine, singular
alumnus = masculine, singular
alumnae = feminine, plural
alumni = masculine, plural
alumni/ae =all together now!



COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE - MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1981

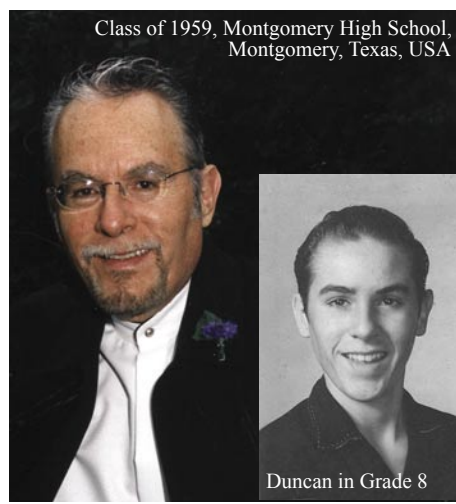
Visit the official TWS Web site at www.torontowaldorfschool.com

Check out the alumni/ae pages. As of June 2004, the database is not yet on-line. But it should be soon, we hope. When it is, you will be notified and will then be able to find and connect with your friends once you have registered yourself.

Hundreds of volunteer hours have gone into this magazine. The number of contributors has DOUBLED since last year's edition. MANY THANKS to the

CONTRIBUTORS

Duncan Weymouth Alderson '59 grew up in Houston, Texas before the advent of air conditioning. As a child he created his own theatre, making curtains out of scorched linens thrown away by the nearby Alamo Linen Service. His family sat through the performances graciously, in spite of the smell. In his twenties, he wrote fashion advertising, finding clever ways to promote the annual Pechglow Panty Sale. Duncan received his Waldorf training at Emerson College in England and researched his master's thesis in the Reading Room of the British Museum, hoping he was sitting in the same seat where Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital*. He was TWS's high school English and art teacher from 1976 to 1988. He now teaches creative writing at the Literary Guild in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he is just completing a novel.



Class of 1959, Montgomery High School, Montgomery, Texas, USA

Duncan in Grade 8



Class of 1985

Sara in Kindergarten

Sara Anderson '85 first attended a Waldorf nursery school in the basement of a church in Willowdale. When the Toronto Waldorf School was built she moved into the first Grade 1 classroom. Making her way through the corridors and up the stairs, she ended up in the Grade 12 room - a true Waldorf 'lifer.' She holds a BA in Linguistics from McGill University, and a BEd and MEd from the University of Toronto, both specializing in Second Language Education. Sara is now an EFL instructor at the University of Toronto's English Language Program. She is fluent in French and Spanish and looks forward to the day when she can spend more time learning new languages - perhaps Japanese? Sara and her husband, Dan Jaciw '83 (featured in *outofbounds* 1), live in Toronto with their two daughters and are expecting their third child (a boy) this September.

Ettore Barone '80 attended the Toronto Waldorf School from Grade 5 to Grade 10. After leaving, he sporadically continued his education at night school. For various reasons, he had to leave and began working at the age of 18. He has worked in a number of fields, among which are Security, Laser Printing, Client Services. Presently, he is an account consultant at Formost MediaOne, where he has been employed for six years. His special interests in life are helping others, desert, music, movies, reading, more desert...



Class of 1980

Ettore in Grade 7

WALDORF NURSERY SCHOOL
WID FRIEDRICH

CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE - MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 2001 LEARNING TO KNT

Alumni/ae News

by Katja Rudolph '84

Much was accomplished in the 2003/04 year:
► The alumni/ae pages of the TWS Web site were developed and are now up. As more of you submit material (announcements, profiles, ideas), these pages will become a robust site where alumni/ae can get in touch with friends, read the latest alumni/ae news and announcements
► More work was done on the alumni/ae database, which is now on-line, though not yet up on our site. (There have been delays). As soon as it is up, we will notify you so you can register and have access to your classmates and friends. Still, much more work needs to be done. Beside

the magazine, this is the most labour-intensive aspect of alumni/ae work at the moment. Tracking everyone down takes a lot of time. Once our database is the TWS site, our task will be a little easier. **But I am grateful for any contact info you can give me for TWS alumni/ae.** I imagine that some of you have extensive e-mail lists of your class-members, especially the more recent classes, from 1995 through 2002, which you could pass on to me. Since the alumni/ae programme began in 2002, we have kept in touch with current graduates, but each class includes many alumni/ae who

do not graduate from Grade 12. We want to be in touch with these people, too. Remember, all the information that you give us is strictly private - it is never given to other organizations and the only information that will appear to other alumni/ae (only alumni/ae will have access) on the Web site is your name, a link to your e-mail address (your actual address will not be shown), your class year, a bio if you choose to submit it, a photo if you choose to submit it, a business card if you post one, your Web-link if you choose to submit it. In the next few years, I hope to complete the database project, so that all thousand plus TWS alumni/ae

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

Class of '84 in Grade 8, 1980



Photos from this year's 20 Year Reunion, Class of 1984 - courtesy of Karin Zoebelein '84



Outofbounds Launch Party October 10th, 2003

by Les Black

On a starlit, fall evening in October, 2003, Dany Lyne and Katja Rudolph opened their lovely home for a very special inauguration. The first edition of *outofbounds* was unveiled and feted by faculty and alumni/ae.

I spoke for the faculty and the board of TWS.

“It is really a great pleasure to be able to express heartfelt thanks on behalf of the faculty and the board of the school to you, Katja, and to those who supported you in bringing *outofbounds* to birth.

The cover image and its title so well serve to draw all of us from the past and the present, who have experienced the “in”side of TWS life, into our memories of the playground. Patterns of play: making houses and stores with “hay” (pine needles), games of tag, capture-the-flag, hide and seek, building “forts” with anything you could drag from nature’s store of old logs. These activities were supposed to keep everybody *inbounds*!

I cannot help but recall Ray Haller’s approach to establishing *inbounds* obedience in the Grade 1 children, each September. As he moseyed his way through the playground forest at recesses, he would take a bunch of grade ones to the edge of the ravine, put on his story-teller voice and demeanour and warn them that Baba Yaga and her chicken-legged house were down there in the ravine. And everyone knows that she eats wayward-straying children!

Outofbounds is also a great salve on the worrisome loss of connection between the school and its community of former students. The energy which has arisen from the new alumni/ae programme brought back members of the Class of 1983 to make a direct connection with the graduates of the Class of 2003 last June and to enjoy a reunion together as a class.

The school’s well-being will always be linked to the interest of its former students. We can look forward with great anticipation to the fruits of various projects of the alumni/e programme, as well as of this publication as they nurture this essential relationship with the unfolding of each new year.

To all those who have supported this new and vibrant initiative in the life of TWS, we are grateful to experience such a quickening in the alumni/ae bed of our school garden.” ■

ilseblack@sympatico.ca

Candlelight Fair & Gr. 12 Christmas Party, 2003



Class of '84 Reunion June 11-12-13, 2004

by Katherine Dynes

This June the class of 1984 became the second to participate in a new TWS tradition – a school-facilitated 20th anniversary reunion. For a handful of us the reunion began on the evening of Friday June 11th at the graduation of the class of 2004. Although none of us knew the members of the class of 2004 personally, the ceremony brought back a flood of memories and gently re-introduced us to rhythm of the school. An apple tree was presented and later planted by our class to honor the graduates.

The official reunion began the following morning in the “new” wing of the school. Any anxiety we had about the weekend was soon replaced by joy at seeing faces that were so familiar, yet somehow even more themselves than when last we met. Equally moving was the number of “adults” from our past who made the effort to be present: our class teacher, high school advisors, and a number of class parents and subject teachers. The official reunion was followed by a BBQ (graciously hosted by class parents Camilia and Frank Zoebelein), and an informal brunch the following morning. It would be hard to put into words the magic that unfolded over the course of the weekend, but it was a powerful feeling to know that this incredibly diverse group of people share so much common ground after all these years. ■

katherinedynes@hotmail.com



Class of '83 in Grade 8, 1979

are in there, and each alumna/us can easily update her or his info on-line.

► A launch party for *outofbounds* was held at my College and Dovercourt-area home on October 10th, 2003. It was the Friday evening of the Thanksgiving long-weekend, which meant that fewer of you showed up than was hoped for. But those of you who did, as well as the *many* current faculty members who attended showing us such great support, formed a quorum of about fifty people to give this publication a good welcome.

► Many of you were there at the 2003 Candlelight Fair (formerly Christmas Fair), and popped in for a coffee at our Alumni/ae Café. Next year, we are hoping to do something that actually raises revenue for the Tuition Assistance Fund, which is the point of the fair. Craftspeople and artists, await my call, or better yet, contact me (katjarudolph@aol.com, 416.538.9536). The way it works is that you rent table space or wall space (nominal fee) on which to show your wares. You set up in the morning, make your sales, and at the end of the day give a percentage to the fair. It’s worth your while to come out. You can see your friends, support the school *and* make some money for yourself.

► A few of you showed up for the final advent assembly. Jean-Michel LeGal Brodeur '94 lit the advent candle on behalf of all of you!

► Quite a number of you attended open houses and talked to prospective parents about your experience at TWS. Thanks to you.

► The Class of 1984 Twenty Year Reunion took place on June 11th, 12th, and 13th. Two members of the class, Alexander Koekebakker and Darron Smith, welcomed the Class of 2004 into the alumni/ae community at their Grade 12 graduation on June 11th. There was a full schedule of events at the school on Saturday, June 12th, culminating in a BBQ/party at a class-member’s home in the evening. The reunion ended with a Sunday brunch and raucous football game on the 13th at a home downtown. Five 84ers flew in for the event, coming from as far afield as Germany, California, Georgia and NY. As well, former faculty showed up – Allan Hughes, class teacher, Niek Wit and Jane McWhinney, class-advisors, Larry Ney, phys. ed teacher, and Bob Sutherland, music teacher. Current faculty were also present. The class made a reunion gift of \$500 to the school. Also, Dr. Husain Ali Khan MD, DMD, member of the Class of '84, is setting up an annual scholarship in memory of Helmut Krause (his brother Abbas’ class teacher), which he will fund each year and which will be presented by his mother, who has been a long-time supporter of TWS.

► In June 2004, the Class of 1979 reached the **25th** anniversary of its Grade 12 graduation!! Congratulations to the class for leading the way, and to the school for a quarter century of Grade 12 graduations! There are now twenty-six alumni/ae classes officially “outofbounds.”

► I was pleased to hear that the Class of 1983 is maintaining the connections established last year. They held a BBQ on June 18th, 2004, gathering the class together again after last year’s reunion.

► This edition of *outofbounds* has been fun to work on. So many of you have taken an interest and have been willing to contribute your time. I anticipate that this willingness will grow with each year, along with alumni/ae advertising and donations. I have realized that the magazine is much more than a product for alumni/ae to consume. It’s a “place” where alumni/ae can work together, thereby getting to know each other in that special way one does while working on a common project, and offers a venue for alumni/ae to do what they like to do, whether it harnesses their professional skills or feeds an abiding interest: writing, photography, illustration, design, editing.

► **THANKS** to all of you who have donated your talents, equipment, and funds to the magazine and the school. Volunteers have appeared when they were needed: to help with last year’s *outofbounds* mailing, to help with the Candlelight Fair and the Class of '84 reunion. This support is very much appreciated, and more is always needed and welcome. ■

In Memoriam

Silvester Adamcik '97 1979-2003
Fred Gloger '79 1960-2004

Galen Kuellmer, beloved partner of Jessica Moore '96, son of Jan Mackie and Jim Kuellmer, brother of Neil, was killed in a bicycle accident on May 12, 2004. Galen was a true artist who leaves a profound trace on this earth. His love and his generous spirit give us inspiration.

In Memoriam

UNE GRANDE DAME

Augy van Boxel
1928-2002

*by Sara Anderson '85
photos courtesy of Claudia Arrigo*

Not many people would say that their favourite subject in school was French, but it was mine. I had the most wonderful teacher. Madame van Boxel was the classiest teacher in school. She dressed elegantly and her hair was always coiffed perfectly, as though she had just been to the salon. There was usually a string of pearls around her neck, and she always wore a particular perfume. If Mme van Boxel had walked through the corridor only moments before, you knew – her perfume lingered languorously after her.

Mme van Boxel was all about poise, panache and professionalism, and when we got out of hand she would shout “*Taisez-vous!*” and order would be quickly restored. We began every class formally with “*Bonjour Madame.*” We learned the days of the week to a pretty melody (I can still sing it), and memorized the seasons by reciting an appropriate activity for each, *par exemple*: “*En Mai, je roule à vélo.*” We did not know that she had developed the entire lower-school curriculum on her own.

There were many things we did not know about her. I did not learn until much later that she was actually of Belgian origin; I had always thought of her as a true Parisian. Augy van Boxel, née Bocqué, was born on January 13, 1926, in a suburb of Brussels. She grew up in wartime and survived



the German occupation of Belgium. Despite curfews, Augy would often go out daringly under cover of darkness, risking arrest, to meet with friends for a glass of wine or a cup of coffee. However, her best friend, who was Jewish, was captured and sent to a concentration camp. Sadly, she was never heard from again.

Augy was passionate about reading and creative writing. She was the strongest student in her English class. Later, in college, she took up stenography and won a contest, becoming champion stenographer of Belgium. Although her family could never afford to send her to university, she studied all the classics on her own. She read books on world religions, history, art, and music, especially jazz. Augy was an intellectual and a free spirit.

After Augy was married, she and her husband left Belgium. It was 1951. Following his job transfer by the Bata Shoe Company they moved to Kinshasa, Zaire (then the Belgian Congo). There, Augy’s love for jazz led to a job at the local radio station, where she hosted her own daily show. Several years later, her husband was transferred again, this time to the small town of Batawa, Ontario. Soon, they ended up in Toronto where Augy continued her career in radio, working for the French-language station, CJBC.

I did not know that Augy had been involved in the founding of the Toronto French School before making her way to TWS. Obviously, her interest in quality education led her to a place that resonated with her passion for learning. Her love of the French language and culture translated well into the classroom. I met Augy for the first time in Grade 2 and immediately developed a passion of my own for French.

Mme van Boxel was someone who held a special place in my life and in my heart. It was she who inspired me to go on a student exchange to Paris in Grade 11, which was one of the most exciting adventures of my life. Thanks to that trip, I am comfortably fluent in French, and I have travelled to many other countries since then.

When I began teaching high school French at TWS in 1990, a year before Augy’s retirement, she was more than happy to offer up words of wisdom and encouragement. Most certainly, my current profession has much to do with the love for language that Augy nurtured in me in my early years. I now teach English as a Foreign Language (EFL) for the University of Toronto’s English Language Program at the School of Continuing Studies, and I love my work.

We stayed in touch after both she and I left Waldorf, and I can happily say that we developed a special friendship over the years. We always sent each other Christmas cards, and Augy was an honoured guest at my wedding in 1995. When she passed away only a few years ago fond memories flooded back through my tears. I had not spoken



to her for some time and did not know that her health had been very poor. I regretted not having visited her. I wished that I had taken my beautiful little daughter to meet her.

I now have two lovely daughters and am expecting my third child. As I get ready to send my eldest to the Alan Howard Waldorf School this coming year, I find myself looking forward to her learning French. I can’t wait to learn the songs with her and teach her the ones that Augy taught me. For those of you who remember, you might find yourself singing along:

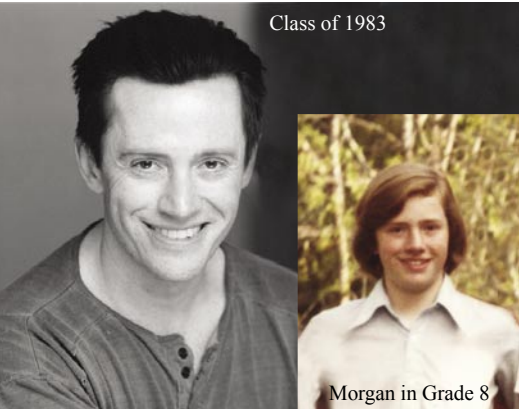
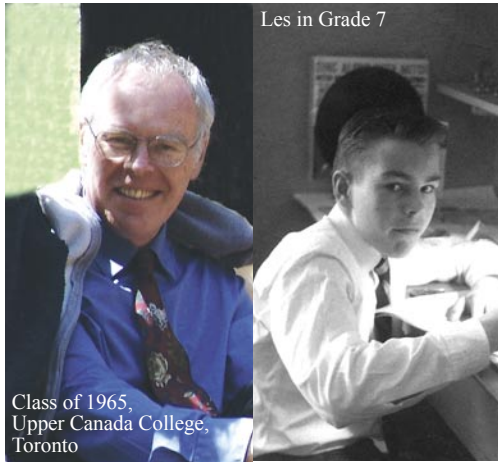
“Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi,
Jeudi, Vendredi, Samedi,
et Dimanche.” ■

sara.anderson@utoronto.ca

With special thanks to Claudia (van Boxel) Arrigo, Augy’s daughter.

CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

Les Black '65 was educated at Upper Canada College from primary school through to Grade 13 graduation. A BA from Bishop's University and subsequent teaching certificate from Poulton-le-Fylde College of Education, University of Lancashire, England, prepared the ground for a teaching career. Disatisfied with the lack of understanding of the needs for a healthy learning environment for children, he sought a path of education that would see deeply into the human being. He met Waldorf education in 1974 and continued to work his life path toward a merging with the Waldorf stream. This occurred in 1983 at TWS. He has since graduated two lower school classes from full eight-year cycles, watched his three sons, Ben, Noah and Lucas, become "lifer" TWS students and graduates and supported his wife, Ilse, in her taking up of the mantle of nursery teacher. He was lower school chair, faculty chair and TWS board member at points in this journey. He is currently seeing his third class into Grade 4.



Kathy Brunetta '71 was born in Fort Frances, Ontario, in 1953. She attended the University of Western Ontario and graduated with a BA in English literature in 1975. After a volunteer service with Canada Crossroads International, she obtained a Professional Teaching Certificate in 1978 from the University of British Columbia. She taught in British Columbia for five years during which time she married and her two sons were born. In 1985 she graduated from the Waldorf Teacher Training Program at the Rudolf Steiner Centre in Thornhill and took her first class at the Toronto Waldorf School in 1987. Kathy also taught Grades 5–8 at the Alan Howard Waldorf School following which she returned to TWS in 1998 to teach high school English. She currently works out of Vancouver for the Association of Waldorf Schools in North America and is enrolled in a Masters of Arts program with the Faculty of Education at the University of British Columbia.



CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

TWS

Wheh! Where did that school year go?

A few comforting consistencies at TWS

- Canada geese sweeping over the property in autumn.
- Early childhood faculty and student laughter in their daily rhythm.
- Grade 12 heads off to Maine for their biology trip.
- Michaelmas play presented by Grades 2, 3 and 4 in our timeless forest. What a match for the high school initiation trip happening somewhere in southern Ontario.
- November finds lower school families digging out their lanterns (you can never have too many) to meander through our forest and fields together with the Grade 2 Martinmas play - we somehow feel strengthened.
- The Candlelight Fair - yes, we do take visa. Although exhausting, this traditional event at our school continues to take hold of our hearts and calendars. Intended to be a multi-purpose gathering for fundraising, community building and the enjoyment of our young children, there comes a point where we wonder. Fortunately, there are new waves of families joining our school community offering renewed energy and creativity - thank you.

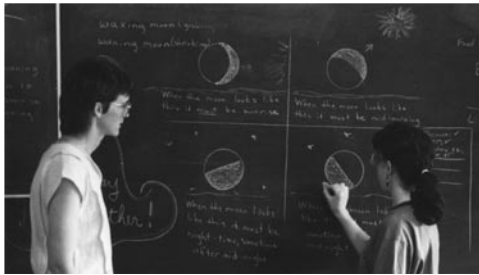
News

Through the eyes of Leslie Dyon

- Little polished shoes lined up by the door remind us that St. Nicholas is soon arriving.
- Advent - In its traditional form of celebration at TWS, advent holds a powerful message for each of us to reflect upon.
- The Tomten Farm Experience, a week at Black Creek Pioneer Village and the Greek Olympiad take us through the spring.
- The medieval games and feast, a Grade 6 event, is continuing to be a highlight and evolve with the personal qualities of each class.
- The intensity of life in Grade 8 keeps young and old on our toes. This year's play *The Three Musketeers* was absolutely amazing.
- The Village Market continues throughout the year, setting up every Saturday morning even through the summer months.
- The Wooden Ship is always anticipated as a great evening by performers and audience alike.
- Just Desserts keeps getting better and better. Come and see next January.
- The high school accreditation by the Ontario Ministry is solid and strong.

A few of the shifts and changes

- As our school property becomes surrounded by residential and commercial development, The Property Management Department has continued to alter and augment the safety measures at TWS.
- There has been a concerted effort with students from Grades 5 through 8 to re-inspire a love of orchestral music. Opportunities beyond the basic curriculum and off-site from TWS have occurred throughout the school

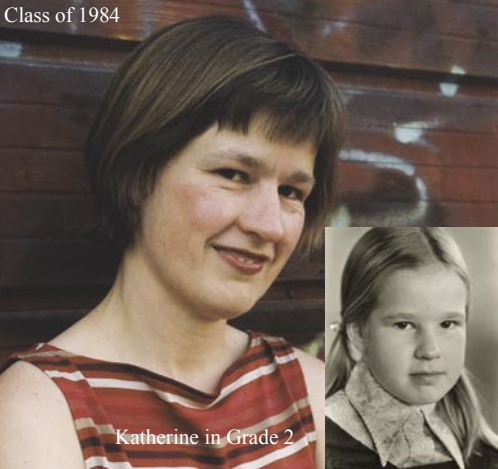
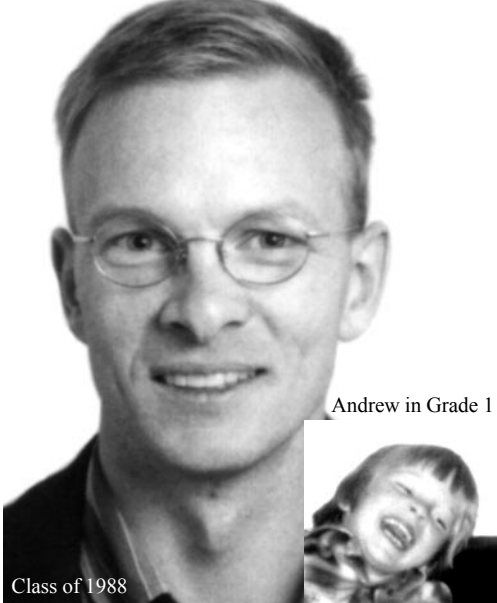


- year. We hope that this will begin to help generate an interest in reclaiming our high school orchestra.
- Circus Arts - it's on the move. Our students in the middle school are being guided to develop their skills and enthusiasm with an eye to the evolution of a circus troupe in their high school years.
- The student exchange program is alive and well. Due to the changes in the Ontario high school curriculum, TWS students are travelling in Grade 10 or the first semester of Grade 11. Many international students have requested an opportunity to live and study within the TWS community.
- The Sears Drama Festival - enjoy the inclusion of work presented by faculty and students of the high school. This was the first time TWS has been represented - but not the last.
- Strategic Planning Events involving the entire TWS community are under way. Relentless task though it is, our maturity as a school warrants this time for regrouping. Looking for ways to ensure our strong step forward into the future.
- *The Toronto Waldorf School Parent Resource Guide* CD Rom 2004 - Administration, parents, faculty and board members worked collectively to produce this document in an electronic format. This provides us with a means of giving consistent communication regarding Waldorf education in general and TWS in particular. The intention is to update the document on an annual basis in a cost effective and environmentally friendly manner. At this time, the parent resource guide is available to families currently registered at TWS.

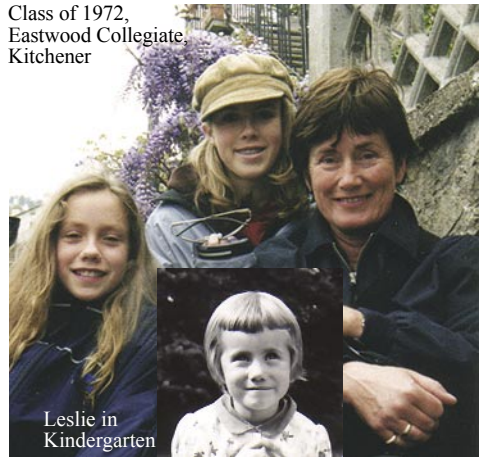
CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

Andrew Cowderoy '88 embraced Waldorf education at the age of seven and held on tight for a twelve-year ride. After graduating, he shipped out to Queen's University for a year, where he studied English literature and film. Having more or less realised just how implausibly large and varied the world is, he left determined to fold it up and put it in his pocket, one way or another. He subsequently laboured away the next six months on the building site of what was to be the new Waldorf gym, saving up for the road trip to end all road trips. On a whim, he sold his car and flew to Europe instead in January 1991. Once overseas, he never looked back (although he does still call home from time to time). Setting himself up in Strasbourg later that year, Andrew studied French literature, German, general linguistics, Hungarian and finally trained as a translator, got married to *boldog* Natália and became the father of the entrepreneurial Ilona. He now works as an editorial assistant, proofreader and desktop publishing operator with the Council of Europe, a human rights watchdog. He hopes to get back into translation sometime soon and still plans on wrapping up the world, once he can find a pair of pants with pockets big enough.



Leslie Dyon '72 moved on to Toronto after emerging from a public high school in Kitchener, Ontario. A Bachelor of Science and Occupational Therapy from U of T led to a short stint working in Dundee, Scotland. This followed travel in Czechoslovakia, Greece and France. Following that was a period of ten years working in numerous specialties within rehabilitation medicine, a term spent on the Board of the College of Occupational Therapists, giving a different perspective to health care and professional accountability. She came to the first "Parent and Tot" group ever held at TWS in 1989. Taylor (entering TWS Grade 12), Ade (entering TWS Grade 9) and Molly (entering TWS Grade 6) are continuing to evolve! Class life is relentless with opportunities to volunteer; TWS events, driving the school van and reception duties provide a great balance!



CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

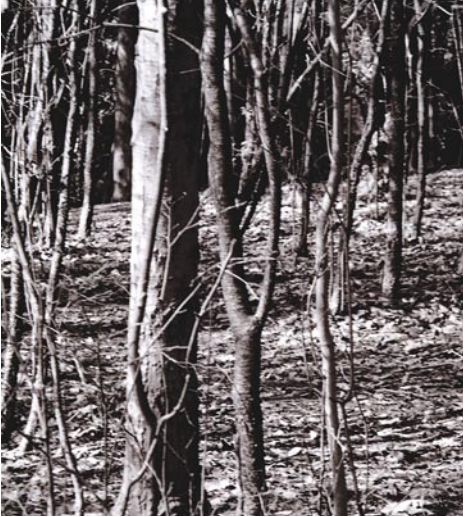
TWS News cont'd

FROM PAGE 13

► Did you know that TWS is the only Waldorf school in North America to have a full time school counsellor on staff? Michelle Frank's presence and contribution to family and school life is invaluable on so many levels.

► This year we were given a poignant gift by Annie and Desmond Gross. Their decision to engage themselves in a new way of life on Saltspring Island demonstrates courage and creativity (not to mention the impulse to cry on our part...). The gift? Our school community generated a genuine outpouring of activity to feed their souls with our love and appreciation. Parties, baking, knitting, crocheting, quilting, painting, artwork AND the planting of a magnificent maple tree on our school property. A very strengthening experience for those in the community involved. THANK YOU, ANNIE & DESMOND.

► The 2004 Grade 12 graduation programme included members of the TWS alumni/ae world. Thank you for bridging school life and real life with gifts of word, an apple tree (for the dedicated alumni/ae orchard), and a sense of community extending long beyond these brief twelve years at TWS. ■



Handwork - Jerusalem, Israel



COURTESY OF FREUNDE DER ERZIEHUNGSKUNST RUDOLF STEINERS, BERLIN

by Alexander Koekebakker '84

International Waldorf News

Pisa Survey

In September 2000, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) came out with its report on the Programme for International Student Assessment (PISA), a three-yearly survey of the knowledge of fifteen-year-olds in the principal industrialized countries. The survey wanted to find out whether the students were well prepared to meet the challenges of the future, whether they were able to analyse, reason and to communicate their ideas and whether they had the ability to continue to learn throughout life. It shows student performance in reading, mathematics and scientific literacy and reveals the factors that influence the development of these skills. The internationally standardised assessment was carried out in forty-three countries, including all European countries, Scandinavia, USA, Canada, Japan, Australia, Brazil and more.

One interesting result of the survey was that Finland ranked first in many categories. The Finnish school system is decentralized, schools are autonomous, and private and alternative schools are part of the general educational system. Finnish children start school at the age of seven and each school is legally obliged to care for the health and well-being of the students. In addition, marks

are given according to the potential of a student and thus do not exercise such pressure. Failing virtually does not exist.

These facts show many parallels to the principles by which Waldorf schools work. The result is apparent in Finland as well as in Waldorf schools. Hopefully other countries will have the courage to take such innovative steps in education. This would also give Waldorf schools a certain acknowledgement and support.

Source: *Erziehungskunst* 12/2003, www.pisa.oecd.org

Tashi Waldorf School in Kathmandu, Nepal

Nepal is one of the poorest countries in the world. It is estimated that twenty million Nepalis will be

living in absolute poverty by the year 2010. The average life expectancy is fifty-seven years, and up to sixty-five percent of the population is illiterate. The government has taken steps to address the problem of illiteracy by introducing free education from Grades 1 through 6 in formal public schools, as well as committing itself to giving free education up to the secondary level. (www.childrenofnepal.org)

In the midst of these alarming statistics, the project Children of Nepal was started. After training staff in teaching and management, a Waldorf kindergarten was founded in 1997 in Kathmandu, followed by the Tashi Waldorf School in 2000. Now there are three

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

House Building Main Lesson - Bangkok, Thailand



COURTESY OF FREUNDE DER ERZIEHUNGSKUNST RUDOLF STEINERS, BERLIN

House Building Main Lesson - Nairobi, Kenya



CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

Kierstin Henrickson '93, a true Waldorfian after thirteen years at TWS, has had many adventures since 1993. After a brief jaunt on the West Coast, and many visits since, capturing the mountains and the ocean on film, working as a vegetarian cook, organic gardener, and frame builder, Kierstin made her way back to complete her BFA in photographic arts at Ryerson University. Her passion for photography will always run deep, through all the mini careers along the way. Having had such jobs as a Canada Post letter carrier, retail sales woman, children's drama teacher, wedding photographer's assistant, independant film actor, and the list goes on, Kierstin has always kept her photography alive. She has just launched her own business as a pregnancy and baby photographer (see www.artecaphoto.com) and also works on her fine art photography.



Class of 1993

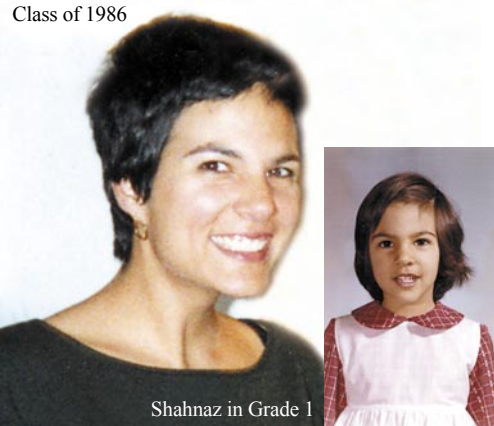
Kierstin in Kindergarten.



Class of 1946, Felsted School, Essex, England

John in Grade 5

Shahnaz Khan '86 was a student in Mel Belenson's class at TWS from 1974 to 1982. She completed a BA in English, psychology and German from U of T, an MA in English from U of T, and a BEd from U of T with teachables of English, drama and ESL. She teaches high school English and drama at a Toronto public school, and lives with her husband in Toronto.



Class of 1986

Shahnaz in Grade 1

CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

International News cont'd

FROM PAGE 15

kindergartens and Grades 1 through 3 attended by ninety children. In a country where it is not unusual for children to start working at the age of seven, the school is an oasis where the children are able to learn in peace and are also given balanced and nourishing meals. As wood is virtually not available and fossil fuels are expensive, a solar-cooker was developed so that meals could be cooked for the children. Other social institutions beyond the Waldorf schools now also benefit from this development. More information is available at www.solarpowernepal.de. (There are some good pictures on the Children of Nepal website. Donations can be made through the Waldorf School Association of Ontario - info@waldorf.ca.)

The Windhoek Waldorf School in Namibia
The Waldorf School in Windhoek is now four years old. Eighty children get together each morning and form a big circle outside to start the day. They say a verse, sing a song and then they go into their classrooms, two grades together. Languages are a big issue in Namibia. As a former German colony, German is still spoken quite a bit. The official language is English, and Afrikaans is most commonly used in day-to-day business. In addition, the children learn two African languages. Thus the school performs an important task in bridging the gap between black and white as well as between the various ethnic groups. The school is growing rapidly and in a number of years Waldorf students will be able to pass directly on to a training or post-secondary educational institution. *Erziehungskunst 11/2003* ■



Main Lesson - Tiflis, Georgia

COURTESY OF FREIZE DER ERZIEHUNGSKUNST RUDOLF STEINERS, BERLIN

TWS Faculty and Staff

FACULTY/STAFF LEAVING JUNE 2004

Annie Gross 1990-2004
Desmond Gross 1990-2004
Lisa Daniels 1999-2004

FACULTY/STAFF ARRIVING SEPTEMBER 2004

Heather Church - Kindergarten teacher
Susan Dibgy - Grade 1 teacher
Kathleen Edmison - administrative coordinator
Anne-Marie Macdonell - Nursery assistant
Desmond Seed - Kindergarten assistant

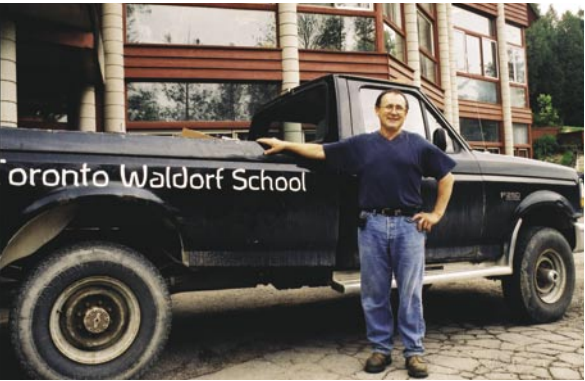
OMISSIONS FROM LAST YEAR'S LIST

Armando Reis 1984-present
Susan Conolly 1988-1991
Brenda Kotras 1991-present
Louis Pickering 1996-1999

CORRECTIONS

Allan Hughes 1972-1994

- Apologies for omissions and mistakes in *outofounds 1*.
Contact katjarudolph@aol.com 416.538.9536 if anyone is still missing...



Armando Reis
20 years at the school!

Thanks, Armando, for your dedication to keeping the school beautiful and clean and for all the hard work this entails. It is appreciated by all who are at the school every day and by those who remember your unfailing presence.

Dear Class of 2002,

I recently received a post-card from an alumnus mailed from an island in the Thai Gulf near Cambodia, wherein the author mentions being reminded of the very first Grade One story of embarking on a grand journey into the unknown. Little did I know, thirteen years ago now, what a tremendous impact that theme would have on all of us!

That theme of sailing is rearing its head again in my life as Annie and I prepare to set sail for Salt Spring Island, British Columbia. We leave with gratitude for the opportunities that have been given to us, sadness for what we leave behind, and with excitement and enthusiasm for the future.

We have been truly blessed to have enjoyed fourteen incredible years at TWS, guiding many students through both calm and stormy waters. We will forever treasure our years together, and we are grateful for all that you have brought to us. Even though our crew has indeed dispersed, it has been wonderful to keep in touch with many of you, and to hear about where your paths are leading you. We hope that we will meet again in the future, but in the interim we wish you all continued success and good wishes in all that you do.

Do keep in touch!

With our love and best wishes, Desmond and Annie Gross desmondgross@hotmail.com



PHOTO BY SHELLY DAVIS

GRADE 12 PLAY Class of 2004, June 2004

Departures and Arrivals by Carole Shields

From left to right: Artem Deretchouk, Consuelo McAlister, June Chen, Magda Eden



Deigo Catala, Emmy Churchward-Venne



PHOTOS BY AL PEACOCK 2004

TWS HISTORY PROJECT

How it Was



by John Kettle
hjke@pteron.org

When we began to think about starting a Waldorf school in Toronto, it was 1954, nine years after the end of the Second World War. Rudolf Steiner had started the Waldorf school in Germany in 1919, less than twelve months after the first of the two great wars of that murderous century came to an exhausted halt. Obviously there is something about cataclysmic wars that pushes people to do something about the future, not just wait for it to happen. Most of the people who wanted to start TWS were immigrants. Several were former Waldorf pupils in Germany or Britain, who

wanted a Waldorf school in Toronto for their own children, or wanted to teach at a Waldorf school, or were inspired by anthroposophical spirit, the sense that only Waldorf schools or

outofbounds1 names all the early supporters and shows how much they contributed.) All four of us knew something about Steiner and Waldorf, I the least; I was the last to hear



PLANTING THE SEED - ELSE ANDRESS, DOUGLAS ANDRESS, WERNER GLASS, JOHN KETTLE, PAT KETTLE & BOB ROUTLEDGE, COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE

something very like them offered a chance of surviving the spiritually desolate world that had been looming since the start of the century. I think specially of four of us who were close friends at the time, Helga Krause (later Rudolph), Gerhard Rudolph, Pat Kettle, and myself, all in our twenties or early thirties, who had been in our teens during WWII and who had come to a new country, a new continent, with (at least in part) the idea of getting away from everything that had happened in Europe. We felt we were a new generation who were somehow free of the prejudices that still clung around adults in the previous generation. But as we were nearly all immigrants, I don't doubt the people in the anthroposophical society and the prospective school in some way stood in for family and community. (I speak here mostly of four people involved in starting the school. It is not because we did more than the others, or anything like that, but rather because we were close friends. Gerhard's history in

of them. I won't presume to identify the others' thoughts and feelings so many years later. For me, the Waldorf schools I visited in England and the United States seemed the opposite of my ancient spartan boarding school, with its spiritless formal teaching, its cold routines, its disconnected curriculum. I went straight from high school to the army, and hardly noticed the difference. The Waldorf schools made an amazing contrast. Here was colour, life, enthusiasm, warmth. Here were pupils who revelled in their school time. Teachers who knew where the work of the school days (and terms, and years) was leading, who knew how school experiences would echo on into adult lives, even how the human spirit could be liberated. What Waldorf promised was the most advanced, hopeful idea I had ever heard of. The countries we left were still in post-war gloom, their cities ruined, their economies stagnant, their prospects grim: Germany incomparably more desolate than Britain. We came to a country that hadn't been bombed

or invaded, a country that had certainly suffered through a huge financial crash and the long, deep depression of the 1930s (twenty percent unemployment in the worst year) and the years-long absence overseas of what seemed like most of the country's able-bodied men in the armed forces, but a country that was now starting on what would turn out to be a quarter of a century of extraordinary economic growth. And with it went an enormous baby boom, the largest in the world in relation to population. And, already pouring in, a flood of immigrants, also by the hundreds of

and the clerks filled in the date and the number of bottles so they could keep an eye on your progress toward alcoholism or bootlegging. The big excitement of the year was the Orangemen's parade, a solemn march of black-suited, bowler-hatted men down Yonge Street to celebrate the Irish Protestants' 1690 victory over the Catholics. (What had that to do with Toronto? This part of the country was settled by stern and diligent Protestants from Ireland and Scotland, who needed reminders of past glories, and who, it was well to remember,

The 1960s, though, was a special time, when North America and Europe both seemed to be trying to shake off old baggage, including a lot of bad things, and find a new way to live. I know that many, many people, not just us trying and hoping to start TWS, felt something new was coming. The green movement was starting, feminism, reform, revolution. In Ontario there was a huge swell of educational reform under way; the Hall-Dennis report, now pretty much forgotten, talked of whole new approaches to education.



READING IN THE LIBRARY, BY KATHERINE DYNES; PARZIVAL MAIN LESSON BOOK TITLE PAGE; SWINGING IN THE PLAYGROUND, BY TANYA ZOEBELEIN; TWS, PAINTING BY CHRISTOPHER LUKAS (PODOLSKI) '85

thousands each year. Canada still thought of itself as it had been until the war, a land of farmers, miners, and loggers, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" as Canada's pious founders sometimes said. All that was about to change abruptly. Where Canada and Toronto were going was into a society of high consumption, long work-hours, frantic pace, and a million choices. Some of the elements were already in place, often astonishing to people from across the Atlantic: huge cars, huge refrigerators, proliferating multi-lane highways. It was startling, exhilarating, alarming. Many thoughtful people, we couldn't fail to notice, sought refuge against consumptionitis. Anthroposophy offered a shield. The Toronto we found on our arrival was still pretty bleak even on its best days: plain and subdued by intention, parochial by any metropolitan standard. If you wanted to buy anything but the essentials, you hopped off to Buffalo. In Toronto you showed your own personal liquor control booklet to buy a bottle of wine in the gloomy back-street government store,

had managed to bring Ontario through the depression and the war.) The streetcars ran on Sundays only because people needed them to get to church; there were special Sunday stops outside places of worship. Starting in 1952 you could get three TV stations, all black and white and often fuzzy: one was the CBC, earnest and long-winded, the other two were on the American side of Lake Ontario, broadcasting what in memory seem like endless hours of wrestling. (Though I have to add that no anthroposophist we knew actually owned a TV set.) Restaurants, even good ones, offered menus that focused on meat and potatoes. In the whole city there was one small French-style restaurant that was famous for its reckless hors d'oeuvres cart and its egg mayonnaise. But somehow we knew it was a city that was just waiting to throw off its grey, strict, suffocating armour and blossom into somewhere Waldorf would be at home. If only we could crack it. That was the 1950s, and in fact not a lot of progress toward TWS was made in that decade.

It was an amazing, exciting time in many ways (though all the men still went to work in white shirts and ties and the women in skirts below their knees). Canadians felt almost as excited as Americans about John F. Kennedy's election as U. S. president, pleased by this articulate, vigorous man who viewed the world with more subtlety and more concern than any president for a generation. The sudden widespread experimenting with drugs — LSD and pot particularly — seemed more like an effort to liberate feelings than simple intoxication. Rock music, the Beatles, Janis Joplin, looked like a further release of buttoned-down emotions. It seemed to be, as they sang on stages all over, the Age of Aquarius. Women's lib was a wonderful and often raucous move toward equality of the sexes. Canada celebrated its 100th birthday with Expo 67, the most brilliant, successful, and yet human of the 1960s' four world fairs. Pierre Elliott Trudeau

became Canada's leader in 1968, a prime minister like no other in the country's history, as vigorous as Kennedy had been and arguably even more subtle and imaginative.

The United States and the Soviet Union both sent astronauts orbiting the earth, and by 1969 the US teams were off to the moon. And here and there you would meet people who had actually seen a computer. But hanging over this new age — this giddy, glittering, sparkling new age — were some pretty horrible black clouds. The Cold War between the Soviets and the West — led by the United States — had been rumbling since 1948. It started in Germany when the Russians closed the roads and railways between Berlin and the western zones. (As it happened, all four of us were in Germany at the time, though we didn't know one another: Helga and Gerhard because they lived there, Pat and I because we were in the British army of occupation.) With troops, tanks, guns, planes, and before long nuclear weapons jammed face to face along hundreds of miles of borders, this Cold War had the potential to turn into a hot one, World War III, and clearly it would be the most devastating of all if it ever came. In 1962 the confrontation heated up. Soviet ships carrying nuclear missiles headed toward Cuba. Nuclear war, for years a frightening threat in everyone's imagination, was suddenly on our doorstep. Just in time the Americans stopped the Soviet ships with a line of destroyers and some heavy diplomacy. The assassination of Kennedy a year later ended a lot of hopes for a more thoughtful, adult tone in world affairs. And then the US started to grind its way into the Viet Nam war.

Though most people at the time saw the Soviet-American face-off as being about power and world conquest, underlying it were two widely different views of how the world ought to work, how society ought to be managed — a moral antithesis between the socialist-communist idea and the free market-democracy idea. The Depression and the war gave many people reason to ask themselves which side they were on.

In the early years of the Cold War people still wanted to talk about the moral conflict.

As I said, most of the people interested in starting TWS were immigrants. Living with the down-to-earth, comfortable Canadians, we discovered it would be difficult to get much going just on the basis of talk, though obviously lectures by Francis Edmunds and others helped a lot — maybe more with those already involved or committed than with people still outside. Show me, don't tell me, was the Canadian attitude — what you could call a decent scepticism.



TWS STUDENTS, 1990s, COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE

We were talking about this with Werner Glas, director of the Waldorf teacher training course in Detroit, after he gave an anthroposophical lecture, and he suggested opening a sort of Waldorf exhibition in a strip mall storefront. We did. It was on Yonge Street, near Finch. It included Main Lesson books, paintings, knitting, things that children had made themselves, sent by students in schools in the US and UK. Visitors to the exhibition could almost always talk to someone who had been a Waldorf pupil. It was a great success. Werner became a brilliantly practical adviser to the school waiting to be born. His storefront idea began to turn Canadian parents' thoughts from interest to action. There ought to be a historic-site plaque.

As Gerhard described in *outofbounds* 1, the Andress' purchase of the Bunny Hop Nursery School planted another Waldorf

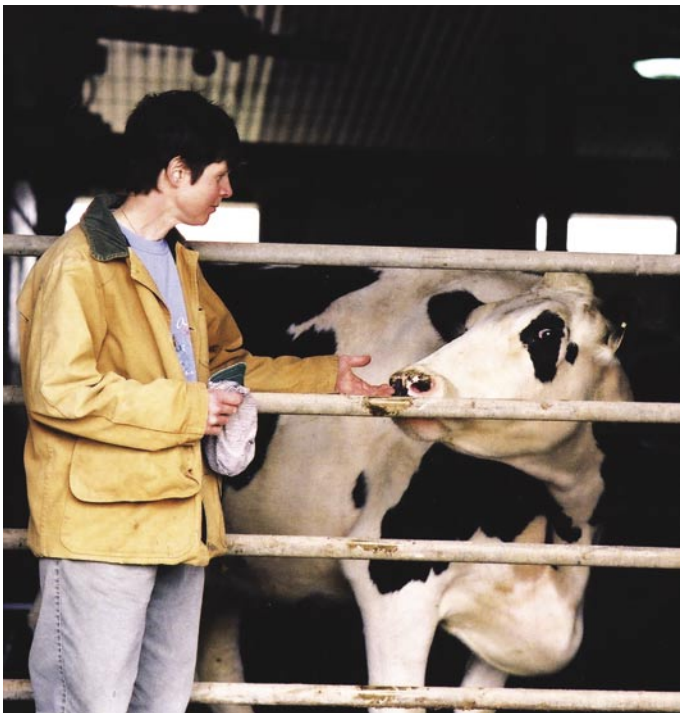
seed in Canada to join the Yonge Street storefront and the Main Lesson books and the knitting. Soon parents could see that something, however small a footprint it made in the soil of Toronto, was beginning to happen.

Since the 1960s, my life has gone one way and TWS and the Waldorf schools have gone another. I look at what Waldorf has become in Canada and I feel a bit like the man who helped plant an acorn and then turned his back for half a century. It's an astonishing tree, this Waldorf in Canada: the twenty-two Waldorf schools now open from coast to coast, including the two in Toronto; the twenty-six classes that TWS has graduated; its thousand and more alumni/ae; the impact Waldorf graduates are making on the world. Did we foresee what would come of all the rushing around and head-scratching and late night talk-sessions in the '50s and '60s? Did we look at this strange country that was gradually realizing it had to build a new society as well as a new economy, and see how Waldorf could play its part? Could we have said we were trying to help society change, trying to make it better? How does destiny work through the people at hand? Among the motives that I think were floating around were these: teaching at a Waldorf school would be a more interesting job. A Waldorf school would be a refuge from the growing deluge of high-tech mass consumption society. It would be a chance to do something larger than was possible in the old country. Waldorf seemed to us a brilliant educational idea. The passionate urgings of Else Andress. The anthroposophical society and the Waldorf school as stand-ins for family, friends, and the familiar culture left on the other side of the Atlantic. And not all of this would apply to each of us.

But of course when we looked at the storefront and the Bunny Hop and the other small steps on the path, we didn't just see the prospect of a little school for a few kids in north Toronto. We knew something bigger was about to happen. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE PRIESTLEY
FOR *OUTOFBOUNDS*, 2004





marian sinclair noble

class of '79

by Denise Ryan '79
denise.ryan@telus.net

photos by Katja Rudolph '84
katjarudolph@aol.com



Marian in Grade 6

People, plants, animals: the three loves of Marian Sinclair Nobel

“I don’t think I would have been a farmer if I hadn’t gone to a Waldorf school,” says Marian Nobel, whose days on her Meaford dairy farm start with a 5:30am trip to the barn to milk the cows with her husband, Dick. She also runs the feed, cleans up what they didn’t eat, gets the stalls ready, and knows cattle prices the way the rest of us know the cost of a cup of coffee at Starbucks.

Marian came to the Toronto Waldorf School as Marian Sinclair, a Grade 7 student seeking an

alternative to the public school she was slated to attend in Etobicoke, where she lived with her parents and two brothers. One of her brothers had a rough go at the local junior high, and she was leery. “When I said I wanted to go to private school, my parents just about sent me off in a rocket, they were so happy. If I’d been told to go to private school it wouldn’t have worked, but because it was my choice, I was happy to go.”

After visiting several Toronto private schools for interviews, her father brought her to TWS. Her

interview with Aedsgard Koekebakker, who had taken over from Alan Howard as head of the school’s first class, was pleasant, she recalls, but that wasn’t what sold her on the school. “I met Elaine Smedley who was painting her own classroom floor,” says Marian, “and I thought, if you get to paint your own classroom floor that’s where I want to be. The school was still under construction, there was mud everywhere, no roof and it just felt right.”

Marian and Mr. Koekebakker bonded through a shared love of the outdoors. She says it was a field of winter wheat the class cultivated that fuelled her early interest in agriculture and farming. “Going out to plant the winter wheat was one of the things I loved. And so did Mr. Koekebakker. It was easy to get out of the classroom, I’d just say, ‘Don’t you think we should check on the wheat,’ and off we’d go.”

If her parents were surprised by her desire to attend private school, they were even more surprised by her growing interest in agriculture. After graduating from TWS in 1979, she went on to earn a diploma in agriculture with a focus on horticulture at Ontario’s Kemptville College. “My parents mortgaged their house to send me to private school and then watched me become a farmer,” laughs Marian. “They were saying, ‘Oh my god what did we do!’”

As amazing as it was for her family to watch Marian’s interest emerge, her passion for it was undeniable. It was only later in life that

Marian learned that her deep attraction to rural life had, at its roots, a connection that was both profound and mysterious. Although Marian always knew she’d been adopted, it wasn’t until she was a mother herself that she was able to trace her own birth mother - a rural woman, Marian discovered, who’d grown up on a farm in Quebec. “She had a pet pig, I had a pet pig. She had a menagerie, I did too,” said Marian.

After graduating from Kemptville, and completing a challenging stint with Katimivik, Marian spent twelve years working at Toronto’s Riverdale Farm, enjoying urban life and keeping in touch with Waldorf classmates by hosting an annual Christmas reunion at her apartment.

“Then,” she says, “my brother put out an APB for me to find a husband. I was thirty with no prospects, happily single, but he found this guy that he thought would be really good for me.” Dick Nobel turned out to be someone who had also attended Kemptville, and who knew of Marian by reputation, although they had never met. “We went out for dinner a couple of times. I was a vegetarian living in downtown Toronto, he was a farmer from rural Ontario, but the rest is history. We got married a year later, and had twin boys, Curtis and Tyler, a year after that.”

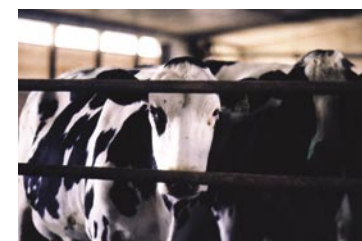
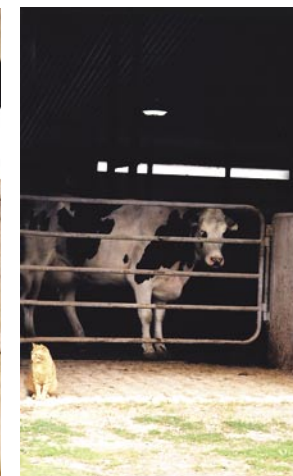
After marrying, they moved to his family dairy farm in Manilla. “It was a shock,” says Marian. “You picture it all rosy and nice, but our first winter was horrid: storm of the century, pipes freezing, everything going awry.”

She soon found herself pregnant with twins and preparing for what people cheerfully

assured her would be the worst year of her life. She survived the steep learning curve, and has earned her place in a community that both demands and values hard work. “Now if I tell people I grew up in Toronto, they don’t believe it. The country people jokingly call them city idiots, but I think Waldorf helped me have a sensibility that spans both cultures.”

The sensibility Marian’s Waldorf education gave her is also connected to the idea of responding to a calling, rather than simply doing a job. When she thinks back to the teachers she had, she remembers being inspired by “how dedicated they were, how hard they worked for little pay and few material rewards.” What they did have was a close-knit community and fulfilling work they enjoyed. That is what Marian has sought and found, though in a different setting.

“You have to like it,” she says of the farm life. “I don’t know whether that came from Waldorf to want to do this kind of thing. I remember Mr. Koekebakker talking about his farm experience. He was my mentor, and helped me realize I love working with animals and plants and love being outside. People who know each other, plants and animals; there’s not a lot of that in the city, but there is in this community. I know most of the teachers at my children’s school, play hockey with them. It’s a good lifestyle for kids. They may not grow up to be farmers, but they’ll respect farmers, they’ll grow up knowing that farmers are hard workers.” ■



bruce thomson class of '84



him to explore new directions in a safe environment and simply to work hard from early on. Tucked in amongst Hosni Barghout, Katja Rudolph, and Alexander Koekebakker for Main Lesson, he soon realized that “if I wanted to be near that good, I’d have to work my arse off,” he says with a hint of the Belfast lilt he picked up from his father, an English supply teacher and “weekend painter.” As well, the Main Lesson book turned out to be an ingenious primer in graphic design and discipline.

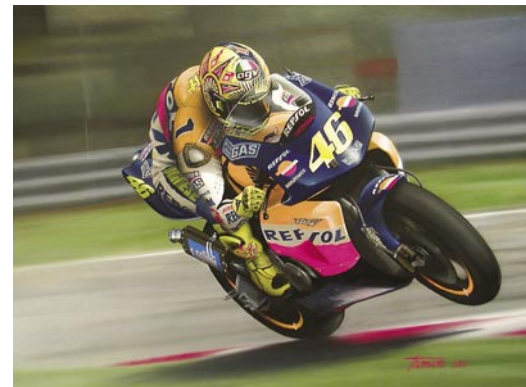
Bruce’s childhood interest in cars was escapist. He followed Formula One racing, collected and built every model, fantasized about racing a car himself, and lusted after the Suzuki Katana motorcycle, which he’s since acquired and now rides in favourable weather, though the racing is still a dream. He was keenly shaken when Gilles Villeneuve was killed in his Grade 10 year, and talked to Rudolf Schneider for a long time about it that morning. Still, cars and art didn’t seem to have anything in common. However, when Mrs. McWhinney and Mr. Wit allowed him to mount his own framed drawing of a car alongside works with nobler subjects, it dawned on him that possibly what he had done was art too.

Travel led him specifically to design. To an eighteen-year-old, just out of high school, Europe was “such a different world.” He noticed this in the cars, newspapers, products, advertising. That everything could be this different because of design was an eye-opener. He returned to Canada to attend the Ontario College of Art and Design for industrial design, commuting for a good portion of the program from Hamilton where he lived with his future wife. Because of OCAD, he had a chance to refresh his inspiration through travel again, this time to Tokyo, Hong Kong and Bangkok, where he got to see the inside of design houses.

He’s now been to every continent except South America and Antarctica.

Upon graduation, he sold a couple of freelance designs, but because he had learned at OCAD how to use a Macintosh computer, he easily got various jobs as a computer jockey in advertising, a field in which the Mac is requisite for graphic design and computer generated design. Eventually, he “achieved the exalted position of creative director,” he says sarcastically. Actually, he hated this work, the pushiness, crassness, and sales, sales, sales. “Advertising just seems to me an inherently dishonest profession.” When he had the opportunity, he quit.

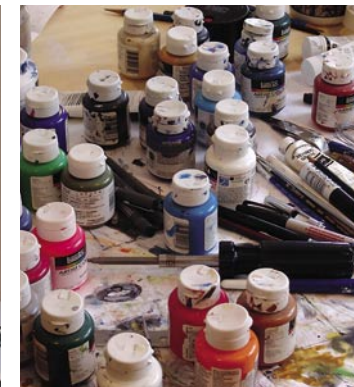
Walking in Yorkville one day, he stopped in front of a large painting of the racer Nelson Piquet and thought, I can do



better than that. His wife had finished medical school and was newly able to support the family on her salary, so he was suddenly able to take up car painting. “a fortuitous marrying of his loves.” He found out quickly that he *could* do it better and that there is a distinct niche market for his type of work. He now reaches the affluent followers of Formula One racing via local galleries, his Web site affiliation, *atlasf1.com*, and a sales representative at the races. His subjects are commercial, archival renderings or cartoons featuring particular cars and racers, with the realistic detail to immortalize the races that his clientele covets: Marlboro and Shell logos, helmets as precise and colourful as Faberge eggs, Monaco’s shops and classical buildings which surround the track, that particular race, that particular day. “That one looks like a photograph,” I say admiringly about his Valentino Rossi. That’s not a good thing, apparently. “People want detail, but not paintings or marker renderings that look like a photograph or computer drawing; they want a unique, painterly technique.” He’s worked on developing his own style by playing with lines that don’t exist in a photograph, underpainting, avoiding the overuse of airbrush, layering with colour, attending the races to capture living colour. “All of this makes it a more marketable piece.” But no, he doesn’t erect his easel on site - the cars move just a little too fast for that.

Immersed in his work, he wasn’t expecting a friend’s suggestion that he interview for a part-time teaching position in Art Fundamentals at Sheridan College, but since it again involved a lengthy commute, this time from Unionville to Oakville, he should have recognized it was for him. He now teaches Graphic Design, Computer Application, Colour Theory, Imaging Systems, and 2D Design at Sheridan

Bruce in Grade 9



and Humber Colleges. His students’ ideas keep him fresh, and the teaching schedule affords him time to paint, mostly obsessively late at night, and in the summer. But it’s hard work, not just putting in up to one hundred and twenty hours per piece, but then flogging it to printers and merchants. The desire for a change of pace and environment, as well as the increasing demand by colleges for instructors with postgraduate degrees as a condition for tenure, hearten Bruce that foregoing, at least temporarily, his cherished roles of father and teacher for the two-year RCA programme in a foreign country, with foreign student fees, is worth the risk. “Up until now, I’ve been a risk-taker who’s erred on the side of caution. Maybe that’s about to change.”

The plan is to go to school for two years, where he will learn to create models of vehicles to design-company specifications, and then return to teaching in Canada, unless someone gives him the opportunity to “make a difference,” which could mean working for an upscale design house in Barcelona, or developing transportation systems in Milan. By the chance to “make a difference,” he means seeing his designs make it past the file folder to the production floor. Given that the automotive industry is a “necessary evil,” vehicle designs, according to Bruce, must be beautiful and technologically progressive, with particular consideration for the city environment. They also need to possess a personality to reflect the special relationship that people have with their cars. An example is his reinvented, rounded New York cab with tiny gas hybrid engine underneath the driver seat, which

is safely separated from the passengers who sit three on two in an airy compartment. There’s a slightly looser and heavier suspension, and a compact trunk to increase efficiency. Realizing this design is in part a question of political will. He believes it would be “brilliant” if gas prices continued to climb, not so that the government could collect more taxes - “they might start another gun registry” - but because a significant trend would spur the demand for smaller cars and alternative technologies in North America, just as it has in Japan and in Germany, which even has a hydrogen filling station. Imagine, in a hydrogen economy, it wouldn’t matter if you drove an SUV.

Bruce considers his work more craft than art. It serves a commercial and archival purpose rather than a soulful one; and personally he’d rather express the human condition in a fast motorcycle ride than in splotches of paint. But, he asserts, however tight the specific medium, art can’t help expressing something, “even though it’s really strongly masked in tires and carbonfibre and logos.” He loves Formula One cars because nothing is designed better, with a greater sense of purpose and attention to every millimetre. Formula One racing is literally awesome, a unique sport displaying the symbiotic interaction between human and machine. “Maybe I’m being too poetic about it,” he says, “but when you get a brilliantly designed machine and somebody who is in their own right an artist in the car, they can really take it around the track and make it look like they’re dancing.” ■



by Shahnaz Khan '86
shahnaz_k@hotmail.com
photos by Tanya Zoebelein '88
tanya_pandora@hotmail.com
paintings by Bruce Thomson
thomson@atlasf1.com

A panacea to surfing the couches of sympathetic family and friends is the knowledge that in September he’s off to the Royal College of Art (RCA) in London where he has been accepted into the leading programme in the world for Vehicle Design.

His family having to creatively overcome the hindrances of distance and impecuniousness, Bruce Thomson was fortunate to attend the Toronto Waldorf School from Grades 8 through 12 with the exception of his Grade 11 year, when he attended Pickering High School. In his graduating year, 1984, he could even drive himself to school. Waldorf gave him an edge as a designer and illustrator because it encouraged



natalie semenov

class of '86

Natalie in Grade 9



by Katja Rudolph '84
katjarudolph@aol.com

photos by Tanya
Zoebelein '88
tanya_pandora@
hotmail.com

counting them as colleagues and friends.

I am interviewing Natalie, appropriately enough, in the school's interview room. In the course of our two-hour conversation, a steady stream of teachers come by to ask her questions. "It's stressful sometimes," Natalie says, of the work required of her at TWS, "but it's what I wanted. I got my life back, I put my family first, and I can give back to the community. I believe in it."

In other words, it's not nearly as stressful as working an accountant for Ernst & Young, first in LA and then in Toronto. Her position there had her flying around North America, sometimes for up to five consecutive weeks, and working long hours, which is gruelling at the best of times. As a single mother, it was even harder. Natalie remembers sitting in hotel rooms pining after her son, and trying to quell the guilt that she felt. "But I wanted to jump-start my career, to be financially independent, and I was learning so much."

Natalie tells me everything there is to know about audits. My hair stands on end. It all sounds very daunting. "There are internal and external audits. I conducted internal audits, which involves looking at every aspect of how a business runs. First you have to do intensive research. You have to learn the industry-speak, get up-to-date on current issues facing the industry. You puff yourself up with all the information and then meet the client. You get a tour of the site and familiarize yourself with the physical environment. All of this before you begin the actual review process, which entails examining business processes, verifying

compliance with policies and procedures, determining whether best practices are in place, looking for weaknesses in procedures and processes, interviewing employees, posing difficult questions." I ask what kind of companies have themselves audited. Most of them, it seems. "There are transportation audits. School bus audits, ambulance audits – where you go along for the ride and see whether everything is working as efficiently as it can. There are environmental audits – for example in the pulp and paper or newspaper industries there are strict government regulations that impact upon their operations. They want to be sure they are not breaking the law. There are forensic audits or fraud

audits, which are the most difficult. You can be going through the records and computer files of someone who is in prison. You read their e-mails and post-it notes." Natalie smiles and shrugs her shoulders. "It's an odd feeling."

Natalie's manner belies the nature of her job. She has a radiant, inviting smile and a gentle way about her. But it's clear that this business requires a steely resolve and a thick skin, not to mention a sharp mind with a penchant for crunching numbers. This facility came later in life for her, but was nurtured, she feels, in her early years at the Toronto Waldorf School.

She arrived at TWS at the end of her Grade 5 school-year in 1979. It was meant to be a two-week visit, but she never went back to her former school. She says that she was immediately enthralled by "how different things were." She remembers Mel Belenson, her class teacher, getting down on one knee and lifting his arms to the sky as he acted out a particularly dramatic part of the Main Lesson. "He seemed to really feel what he was teaching," says Natalie. "I wasn't used to being captivated by the lessons at school, or to the teacher being captivated by them too." She remembers once having a mental block about adding negative



numbers. "Mr. Belenson brought a thermometer to school and used it to get me to picture what a negative number is. It was this way of teaching that I believe led me to be a logical and analytical thinker. I am generally confident that if I put my mind to it, I can figure anything out."

Always a somewhat withdrawn and shy girl, she was surprised also by how subtly Mel Belenson addressed this propensity in her and how perceptive he was to see the assertive, adventurous side of her. "He was able to bring

me out, somehow. He slowly reduced the size of the groups in which I was participating. It evolved from singing with a whole choir on stage, to acting out a role in a group of four others. And then somehow I was on stage all by myself. And I liked it. I wanted a bigger part. I clamoured to be allowed to speak at our Grade 8 graduation."

A move to Peterborough to live with her mother and new step-father meant that Natalie had to leave TWS at the end of Grade 10, after five years that she considers to be foundational. She was sad to go, but says that she wasn't afraid to move on. "I felt secure at the school, therefore I was ready for challenges. I did very well in the public school and excelled in math in my OAC year."

The following year, with a full scholarship to Western, Natalie began her degree in Administration and Commercial Studies, entering the Human Resources stream. I ask her why business, and how she knew so early that this is what she wanted to do. "I was an ambitious teenager and knew that I wanted to be a career-woman in a fast-paced environment offering a lot of opportunities. I didn't know much about the business world and I enjoyed



the challenge of the unknown. It seemed the perfect combination of attractions."

Natalie completed her degree, but wasn't quite convinced that HR was her field. True to her willingness to jump into the unknown and her faith that with clear and systematic thought she could conquer any discipline, she set out to train herself in the use of computers by taking a course. Within a week, she was offered a job as a computer trainer at the computer school in which she'd just enrolled as a student and

taught there for two and a half years. Then she decided to obtain a second degree in accounting.

The birth of her son, Zachary, in 1993, and a divorce slowed Natalie down for a short while. She moved in with her parents again. Nine months later, she began her accounting studies. The next years saw her move with her parents three times, following her father's job transfers. Each time she attended a new university. Rutgers University just outside of NYC, Seattle University, and California State University. Each of these chapters Natalie remembers fondly. "Zak and I travelled and explored a lot. He still remembers California: the tidal pools, the desert, the national parks, the hiking."

Eventually, Natalie completed her accounting studies and found herself back in Toronto with Ernst & Young, after working for them in LA. Feeling that she wanted to settle down and lead a less crazy work life, Natalie was casting about for other options in the spring of 2002 when her brother brought her an ad posted by TWS in a local newspaper. The cut-off date was that afternoon. Without thinking too much about it, she threw together a cover-letter and faxed it with her resume to the school. She got her interview and connected immediately with Lisa Daniels, then the school's administrative coordinator. The rest, as they say, is history.

Now she has everything just as she wants it: a challenging but sane professional life with a charitable, not-for-profit institution that she can feel good about, a stable and happy relationship (she married Kirill Semenov in 2002), a new house, and more time for her son. And she's back in the community that encouraged her to emerge as the person she is today. "The creative thing, forget it" says Natalie. "I can't hold a tune to save my life. When the faculty sings I fade into the back and mouth the words. Some of them can't believe that I attended this school. My brother, he's creative, but I never had it, though my Waldorf education gave me a real appreciation for the arts. It's the clear, rigorous, and systematic thinking that was fostered in me here at TWS that stimulates me and keeps me engaged." Considering her position, I'm sure the school is very thankful for that! ■

jean-michel leGal brodeur

class of '94

We might have talked a lot more about Julie and Jean-Michel's work as actors (which we did later by phone). We might also have whiled away the time exchanging stories of our common past at TWS, including those about Ray Haller, who was Julie's class teacher after he saw my class off to high school.

Nostalgic anecdotes aside, this meeting was really intended to discover who Julie and Jean-Michel LeGal Brodeur are today and how they have each defined themselves in the acting profession.

When they were kids, Julie, Jean-Michel and their brother Marc-Antoine played dress up, invented stories and created puppet plays; they lived in that rich world of childhood, moving easily between imagination and imitation. They were Waldorf children for sure, but, as they told me, they also lived with equal comfort and ease among actors, directors and technicians in the lands of television, film and theatre. With their mother working as an actor, they took occasional parts in television ads and programmes. And to this diverse childhood was added time spent in England (at Michael Hall, the oldest Waldorf school in the UK), while their mother pursued more acting and speech training.



Julie in Grade 4



Jean-Michel in Grade 2

After school, Jean-Michel landed in Vancouver where he spent three years training at Studio 58, probably Vancouver's most recognized theatre school. He describes himself at that time as obsessively driven to make acting his livelihood and refused to be swallowed by those default gigs like waiting on tables. He got pretty thin, but he was supporting himself by taking roles in a range of performance projects, festivals and theatre companies around Vancouver.

By allowing himself to follow this drive Jean-Michel says he found a strong faith in himself as an actor, and this kind of dedication and focus has recently brought him to the Stratford Festival.

Julie went to New York City to study the Michael Chekhov acting technique and later joined the Actors' Ensemble. She developed a mastery of this technique and today runs workshops to share what she has learned. Michael Chekhov was a Russian actor whose career spanned studies with Rudolf Steiner to coaching Marilyn Munroe.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



julie leGal brodeur

class of '90

by Wendy Philpott '82
houston.philpott@sympatico.ca

photos by Tanya Zoebelein '88
tanya_pandora@hotmail.com

The traffic on College Street was chaotic so I was late getting to Julie's, and Jean-Michel would have to leave soon to catch his train back to Stratford. But when I arrived full of excuse and apology, the two of them were perfectly relaxed and welcoming, ready to chat. Under the time constraint the conversation had to end too soon, just like a good story left dangling until next Main Lesson.



I imagine Julie could speak for hours about this approach that has become so ingrained professionally and personally. I wonder if it's like trying to describe Waldorf education in twenty words or less. She tells me that the Chekhov technique works on developing the body as a sensitive instrument so that it is more receptive to the imagination; the actor finds a healthy centre of self-knowledge and vastly creative and playful tactics for finding his/her character, as well as giving generously to the other performers.

Jean-Michel was relatively green to classical acting when the Stratford Festival invited him to work in its conservatory programme, a kind of “farm team” as he described it. But this is Stratford and it included a wealth of technical and creative resources not experienced in the many lesser-resourced theatres of this country. The conservatory provided in-depth training, perhaps more of a masterclass than farm team. He must have done very well because this season Jean-Michel is appearing in two of Stratford's shows. And when I checked, there he is in the season brochure, in a preview shot, playing a disheveled young man lunging for a scantily clad woman in Michael Frayn's farce, *Noises Off*. He will also appear in *Henry VIII*.

I asked Jean-Michel about his main focus as an actor. He says that at this point in his career he wants to work in all forms or genres of performance. This broad spectrum requires a flexibility that he enjoys and of course keeps the work challenging and dynamic. But we also talked about this unstable quality of the actor's life, the dynamic and erratic movement from one gig to another with occasional lulls in the action. He has learned how important it is to impose some kind of routine on himself, even when the rehearsal or show schedule is not there to do it for him. As he settles into his Stratford apartment and rehearsals begin, he mentioned the blessedness of this prescribed routine, at least for a while.

Having spent quite a few years in Vancouver, I wondered if it is still home-base for Jean-Michel, but he felt that no, even though he maintains an agent out there, he feels Toronto will probably be his focus, or ideally Montreal, if he can get enough steady work there – the competition for bilingual actors is pretty tough, he tells me.

Trying to trace Julie's life from her actor training to the present seems anything but linear. She spent years moving ‘all over the place’ - between Berlin and New York City, with extended trips to Russia and Australia, and more recently she spent over a year in Vancouver. In these international contexts she worked on many performance collaborations, sometimes very intensely (‘we were like a theatre machine’) and studied languages. She went wherever work and the spirit to explore and create took her. But now, like her brother, Julie feels Toronto is the place to be. Although the global experiences are obviously enriching, Julie also points out that the consequence of not staying in one place for long is a lack of community and having relationships to really build on.

Professional reasons aside, I also wonder if there is a certain familial gravitational pull back to this area where they grew up. Although Julie and Jean-Michel no longer have living parents, they have an extended family of half siblings in the area, with whom they share a car (among other less material attributes, I'm sure). There must be plenty of opportunity to see each other. And Julie mentioned a dream/plan they have of buying a farm together for basing their creative work – a performance lab or retreat, perhaps.

Both Julie and Jean-Michel mentioned film when I asked about other particular interests or goals. For Jean-Michel, it is Canadian film and television in particular that appeals to him. He describes the industry in this country as “more humane, more compassionate, giving high production value by combining qualities of European detail with American intrigue.” For Julie, during the past few years she has had a growing interest in photography and, as she realized, “in moving images, which is, well, film, of course!”

When I listen to Julie talk about her work, I hear the voice of both creator and performer. With her background of many collaborative projects, she seems to have the spirit of a self-producer. In addition to photography and film, she mentioned writing projects in



the works, with no concrete plans yet, but rather allowing these activities to exist in that essential creative brewing phase. In fact, she describes these relatively early days back in Toronto (she moved back June, 2003), as “a gathering time,” a time for exploring, for building links with the artistic community and, of course, for doing auditions. Running a Michael Chekhov acting workshop is part of this impulse to reach out to the acting community, to share knowledge and experience.

And what's most meaningful to Julie? She explains that her fundamental motivation is to “use whatever expression it takes to explore the bridge between contemporary consciousness and a dawning consciousness of the spirit.” Does she study Steiner's works? Yes, quite seriously, in fact. And Jean-Michel also mentions that anthroposophy is an on-going interest, if slightly less intense than his sister's.

Although I hesitate to ask the question about influences of a Waldorf education - because I think it's probably impossible to really know - I still

wonder about it, so I ask anyway. Both Julie and Jean-Michel smile knowingly. Jean-Michel, whose class teacher was Mel Belenson, talks about the sense of magic and wonder instilled, and about the work ethic of taking care to do things beautifully and to complete a task. He speculates that the physical activities, the classroom circle work and eurythmy, must have contributed to the comfort he feels as an actor in using movement and spatial awareness. Julie mentions the rituals, such as the morning verse, the circle work, the festivals; all of these are found in the origins of theatre. She points out the reverence for community and how Waldorf attracts and fosters meaningful community.

When they were discussing motivation and focus in their careers (two fundamental ‘actions’ of the actor in performance), Julie and Jean-Michel referred to Goethe's famous passage about commitment to action as a kind of guiding or inspiring principle for themselves and, really, for anyone who takes the path of creative work. The passage includes these lines: “...the moment one commits oneself then Providence moves too...Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now.” ■



daniel lerner

class of '98



by Bruce Thomson '84
thomson@atlasf1.com

photos by Kierstin Henrickson '93
Dunlap Conservatory, May 2004
kierstin_h@hotmail.com

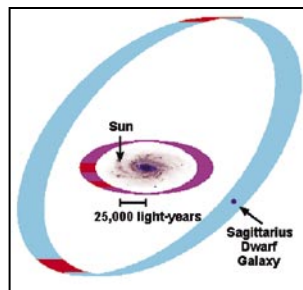
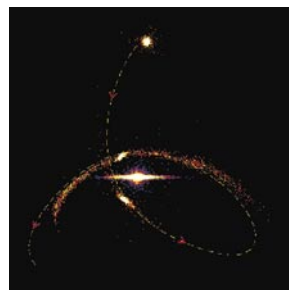
are all from the *Star Wars* movies and instead of the familiar houses and hotels, the board is peppered with Alliance and Empire spacecraft. The game provides a clue to Daniel's interests and it isn't long before we are immersed in a conversation about his favourite science-fiction authors, Isaac Asimov and Douglas Adams. In truth, the conversation is a little one-sided, with me doing my level best to keep up with Daniel's thoughts about the authors and his interpretations of the more theoretical aspects of their work. I don't feel badly about my inability to grasp all of the concepts that Daniel is introducing though, as he is a little better qualified to have this conversation than I am; you see, Daniel has a degree in astrophysics.

I'm curious to find out what prompted Daniel to pursue study in this field. "A great teacher" he replies. "Louis Pickering (Bob Pickering's dad) taught us OAC Physics at TWS.

Prior to taking his course, I was planning to study medicine and genetics. I'd always been good at math, but hadn't really enjoyed it on its own merits, but when I found that I could apply math to practical problems in physics, I knew that this was what I wanted to pursue." Daniel's keen interest in science-fiction and the physical aspects of the universe made astrophysics his obvious choice.

Daniel applied, and was accepted to the Astrophysics Department at Queen's University in Kingston. When asked about his thesis, Daniel becomes animated. "We live in a giant spiral galaxy" he says, arms moving to demonstrate, "and there are other smaller galaxies out there called dwarf galaxies, which are like spheres or tiny little balls of stars. In 1994 they discovered the closest dwarf galaxy to the Milky Way, which in fact is so close that it is actually inside our galaxy." I'm gamely following along at this point, but Daniel throws me a curve; "You know how you think of our galaxy as a disc?" I elect to nod in

Images from Daniel's Thesis
The Sagittarius dwarf galaxy is a small dwarf galaxy that is being 'cannibalized' by the Milky Way (our galaxy) - that is, the dwarf galaxy was caught by the Milky Way's gravity and is now being ripped apart. The process leaves behind a ring of stars around our galaxy, which we are starting to observe in detail. The pictures show the process of how the ring is created, and which parts of the ring had been observed by 2001. Daniel Lerner's thesis was to create a new, improved model of the creation of the ring, and what it would be like today when observed from Earth.



sympathetic agreement rather than admit to ignorance of what is clearly a basic and accepted concept. "Well," he explains, "it's not really a disc, only the elements we can see form a disc, there is something else called dark matter." Ah, dark matter. I'm nodding almost constantly now in the vain hope of looking knowledgeable and intelligent.

Daniel continues his explanation, leaning forward, hands moving to assist my understanding. "They reckon dark matter makes up ninety-eight percent of the universe, so it's huge. In the 1990s there was a model made of what they thought the ring around our own galaxy would look like. Just as they finished the model, astronomers discovered that they could see parts of this ring, which is caused by the nearby dwarf galaxy, that matched the model and so it seemed that we were actually finding proof of the shape of the ring, which could lead us to better understand the shape of dark matter." Despite the complexity of the subject matter, Daniel's explanation is so clear that I'm actually following along, and am rewarded when he comes back to the subject of his thesis. "So my thesis was to create an improved model of the dwarf galaxy and the ring it forms, in the hopes of getting more accurate results."

His thesis involved creating computer models of galaxies and running them for twenty-four-hour periods to ensure the viability of the model universe. Daniel laughs, "I was creating my Milky Way Galaxy and it was destroying itself after a million years, and the Milky Way is a lot



older than that!" His explanation makes it clear that the creation of these models requires endless input of specific parameters to represent different elements of the galaxy. It gets far more difficult than that, though, as the parameters have to be translated in such a way as to allow them to be read from our perspective in terms of ascension, declination, hour angle and such. The smallest imprecision could send his model galaxy spinning out of control, sending him back to the drawing board. "It takes a certain mind-set to be able to do this work," he muses. A bit of an understatement, as far as I'm concerned.

When he was at Queen's, Daniel became very involved in student government. In his first year he was elected Student Representative for the first year physics class, and by his final year he was involved in the Faculty Student Society and various committees. "I was something of a

black sheep in my department," he admits. "Politics and science were almost mutually exclusive at Queen's and I think I was viewed with a little suspicion because of the active role that I took." In reminiscing, Daniel mentions being involved in the debate on deregulation of tuition fees; "It became apparent early on that, although I was against deregulation, simply saying "No" to higher tuition fees wasn't a viable answer. It's important to see the problem from more than just your own perspective if you want to come to a solution. I tried to moderate in this instance, realizing that locking yourself in the principal's office for the weekend, as some students did, was counter-productive." Daniel didn't consider himself to be very politically active when he was at TWS, in spite of the fact that he was on the student council. "There were others in my class who were far more active in that direction than I was." He found, however, that in university he really enjoyed being involved in the problem-solving aspects of student government, and following his graduation from Queen's this led him to reconsider his future. Daniel will take up a position in the Law Program at the University of British Columbia this September. "Well, the world really needs another lawyer, doesn't it?" He laughs.

Daniel is pursuing the study of law in the hopes of one day becoming involved with government. He has analyzed the means by which he might get involved in that world and decided that obtaining a law degree offers him his best chance. In the beginning, he was unsure as to whether he would pursue a political or civil career, as both interested him. In the end, he decided to concentrate on the political arena, as he feels it jibes with his problem-solving nature. Ideally, he'd like to go straight from university into politics, but realizes that he may have to spend some years practising law before achieving his goal. I asked him what he thought makes a good politician. "I think the ability to be flexible, to not be hijacked by your own agenda.

As you get more and better information you need to adjust yourself and your opinions. I don't have a problem with politicians who change their minds." Would he aspire to being prime minister? "No," he smiles, "I'd much rather be the guy behind the scenes giving advice and making decisions!" Modestly, he qualifies this. "I don't know if that's even possible though, it's an awfully long way away." If the intelligence and thoughtfulness he has shown me in our hour together are anything to go by, perhaps it's not as far away as all that.

Now if he could only figure out how to beat his sister at Monopoly...■



Daniel in Grade 10



by Jessica Moore '96
loverly_lois@yahoo.ca

photos by Kierstin Henrickson '93
kierstin_h@hotmail.com
Burkina Faso photos by Arie Molema
ariemolema@hotmail.com



arie

projects ranged from organic farming, to teaching in schools, to aiding an NGO with outreach projects, including a campaign against female circumcision and an AIDS awareness day.

Arie and his counterpart, Rabila Sawadogo, were welcomed into a compound with twenty-five family members. Arie learned quickly that family relations did not necessarily mean blood relations; his photos show an open, dusty courtyard, and the smiling faces of his host mother, Albertine, her husband, sons and daughters, as well as six orphaned babies she cares for, and her helpers. Albertine was waiting for funding to complete the construction of an orphanage. During the time that he was there, one of the babies died. Another was named after him.

When he describes Albertine, Arie's face lights up. "She is pure love," he says. "She worked so hard to make me feel comfortable there." He tells me that she asked every morning, for several days after he arrived, how he slept, and that he finally told her that the guinea fowl in the courtyard kept him awake at night with their clattering on the roof – "it sounded like hailstones." The next day he didn't see the birds in the yard and asked her where they were. "Oh, I killed them," she said. That night, their dinner was one of fresh poultry.

Arie, who operated under two accidental aliases during his exchange (called 'Harry' in Quebec and 'Henri' in Burkina Faso) became quickly well known in the town. "Little kids would run up and shake my hand and call me by name, asking for 25 francs (equal to 6.25 cents here)." Acquaintances

molema

would stop and give Arie a warm, deferential handshake, which he learned to imitate, to denote mutual respect. There was a prescribed set of questions to go with such an interaction, including 'How is your family?' and 'How did you sleep?' Each question would be answered with the word, 'Health,' indicating how precious and sometimes tenuous good health is for people there. Arie learned these and other customs, but could still always be recognized as a foreigner – besides obvious physical differences, he says his pace distinguished him: "Even in the dark, they could tell I was white just from how quickly I walked. Everything is much more relaxed there."



The work project Arie chose was a position teaching English conversation to high school students. He enjoyed being in the huge classrooms, but had a strained relationship with his supervisors; they chastised him for his friendly demeanour with the students, who 'should be afraid of their teachers.' January was a hard month for Arie because of this conflict.

By February, though, he had dealt with this discord, and says he "felt totally at home." I ask Arie about his motivations and expectations in choosing this exchange. "I saw it as an initiation into international development," he says, which is what he plans to study at the University of Toronto's Scarborough International Development Co-op in September. He tells me that after Waldorf's World Issues trip to Peru, he was excited about seeing other parts of the world. It is clear from his answer that he is committed to social justice and careful in speaking about international development: "I prefer to say, 'materially developing countries' than 'developing countries' because in many ways they are far beyond our state of development." The strength of their community is one way in which he saw how the Burkinabé are more evolved than we are.



class of '02

The transition, coming back to Canada, has been a difficult one for him. When he arrived in Montreal, he experienced a 50 degree temperature drop – from plus 40 to minus 10! "I hadn't heard a telephone ring in four months. Most of all it was the stress here that shocked me – all the cars, how quickly people rush into conversation, and how fast everything moves." He misses the strong community he found in Burkina Faso and is trying to find his balance here, and find a way to convey the things he has learned. "I want to



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ARIE
ARIE IN BURKINA FASO, 2004

share my experiences so that people in Canada know that there is this other way of life, where solidarity is powerful between people." He also plans to do more volunteer work.

He is earnest and open, much like the way he describes the people in Burkina Faso, when he tells me about his intention to return to Africa. His best friend there, Emmanuel Nanema, has plans for a project in his hometown in Burkina Faso. Arie has some contacts with Canadian NGOs in Africa, and through these connections was already able to help set up funding for a poultry farm co-operative, a project begun by his counterpart. "After first year at university, Emmanuel and I are going to try and build a youth centre in his village. My first real development project on my own! I'm excited. So I need to network. I already know some of the Canadian aid agencies that operate specifically in Burkina Faso. Emmanuel is working on a grant request." Though he struggled with feelings of guilt over his privilege, coming from the relative wealth of the West, it seems that Arie is beginning to find a way to use that very privilege to make a difference.

His strong "heart connections" pull him back to Africa. Arie has realized his 'Power of One' in the middle of Burkina Faso's strong and beautiful community. ■

ARIE CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

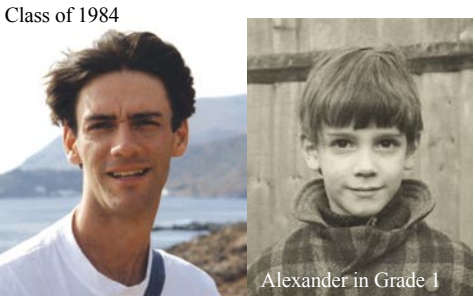
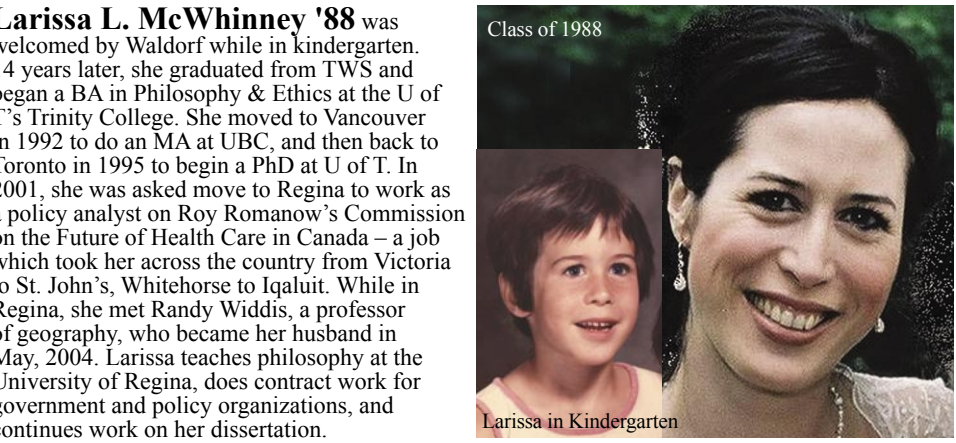
Alexander Koekebakker '84 completed a BA in German literature at the University of Toronto, after a two-year trip through Europe. Subsequently, he trained in Bothmer Gymnastics in Stuttgart, Germany. In 1995, Alexander joined the faculty of the Freie Waldorf Schule in Freiburg, Germany, as its phys ed teacher. Extra time is devoted to an ongoing circus project at the school.



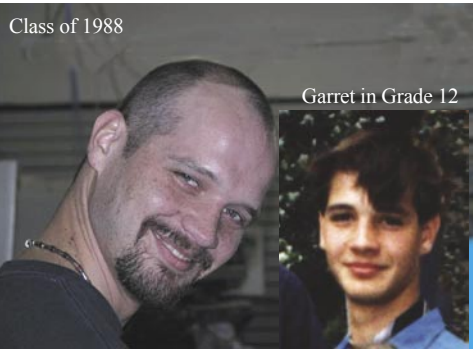
Garret Laffree '88 started at TWS in pre-kindergarten in 1974 and went all the way through to Grade 12, graduating in 1988. He went to Brock University briefly to study phys ed and perhaps become a teacher like Larry Ney, who inspired him towards this career. After a couple of years at school, he came to the conclusion that teaching was not for him. He worked and then went to Europe for some fun. When he returned, he decided to go back to school and take a course in graphic design. He has been in the graphic arts field ever since.



Larissa L. McWhinney '88 was welcomed by Waldorf while in kindergarten. 14 years later, she graduated from TWS and began a BA in Philosophy & Ethics at the U of T's Trinity College. She moved to Vancouver in 1992 to do an MA at UBC, and then back to Toronto in 1995 to begin a PhD at U of T. In 2001, she was asked move to Regina to work as a policy analyst on Roy Romanow's Commission on the Future of Health Care in Canada – a job which took her across the country from Victoria to St. John's, Whitehorse to Iqaluit. While in Regina, she met Randy Widdis, a professor of geography, who became her husband in May, 2004. Larissa teaches philosophy at the University of Regina, does contract work for government and policy organizations, and continues work on her dissertation.



Mary Anne Koekebakker Anderson '82 studied biochemistry at McMaster University after completing high school at TWS. She then went to live in Ghana and Pakistan for three years, before returning to Canada to study occupational therapy. She has since worked in rural western Canada and in the Netherlands. She now lives in Australia with her husband, Bill, and her three sons, Lorne (16 years), Kevin (14 years) and Trevor (9 years).



Katie Lowry '93 attended Trent University and completed Bachelor of Arts Honours in Canadian Studies and Women's Studies after graduating from TWS. After some vaguely unsatisfying office jobs, she moved to Ireland in autumn of 1999, where she undertook another office job (details of which are too boring to go into!) and then began working for the Irish Film Board in summer 2000. She has one ginger cat named Frank.



ALUMNI/AE FEATURE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

A Typical Day

by Arie Molema '02 ariemolema@hotmail.com

6:00 AM – Alarm goes off. I realize the popular belief that a rooster will wake you up at dawn is a misconception, they have simply been crowing all night. I stir a little, looking out through my mosquito net from my mattress which is placed outside. Rosalie, my host sister, is not yet up. I decide to go back to bed.

6:13 AM – Rosa is up, gathering sticks from the hut outside for our cooking fire. As she starts boiling water, I raise myself from bed and go back to my room, where I no longer sleep due to the heat. My counterpart, Rabila, is just getting up; I say good morning after he has washed his face.

6:19 AM – I brave the WC; this is really the best time of day for it in order to avoid the noonday flies and evening cockroach infestation.

6:21 AM – I get ready for my shower, grabbing the bucket we use and making for the water barrel on the pushcart. My host sister, Anne, races to take the bucket and fill it up for me. Still the same battle, West vs. South: I always go to fill up my own bucket, and then someone will go to do it for me.

6:33 AM – Breakfast is served... our invariable Nescafé instant coffee with sweetened condensed milk and a crunchy baguette. Rabila and I chat about our plans for the day as he lathers his baguette with sweetened condensed milk.

6:47 AM – Rabila is off to the high school where he works in the library, I dawdle around for a few minutes before heading to the other high school, carrying my huge water bottle in hand. I know it separates me from the locals, but I can't help it, I need to drink and am not acclimatized to their water. A nice walk, bright and sunny: morning temperature, 30°C. The high school is just past the big baobab in Sector 4 of Yako.

7:05 AM – I arrive at school, a few minutes late as usual, which just allows me to fit in

with the teachers. I realize I will miss being on WAIT (West African Internal Time), the pace is so natural and unhurried, as if in recognition that everything will happen in due time. I pop into the *troisième classe*, where Monsieur Karanga is just settling in for the English class. Today the lesson is on direct and indirect quotations.

9:00 AM – Someone rings the huge bell outside and Monsieur gets ready for his next class, leaving me with the 98 students for English oral practice. We begin with a brief question and answer session on Canadian culture – always fun. Do women work in Canada? How many wives can a man have? How many husbands can a woman have? What is the unemployment rate?

9:20 AM – We do a reading exercise on natural resources. I ask students comprehension questions in French, and some of the brave ones can answer me in English.

9:40 AM – We do our usual translation session. The students ask for words in English that they use frequently in French, as well as English words they have come across and do not understand. This is probably not the last time someone will coyly ask for the meaning of “I love you” or “I kiss you.”

10:00 AM – The bell rings for recess, I dismiss the class. Yes...the lady is here with her basket of sandwiches and yogurt today. I chat with some of my students, making sure the principal is not around to see.

10:15 AM – I head over to the monitor's office, where the monitor and Rahim, my work counterpart, are already seated around the desk. I get out a book to read, it's quiet time.

12:00 PM – I shake hands with the monitor, wish him *bon appétit*, and am off home.



12:10 PM – Back in my yard. I find lunch is already served outside under the straw canopy. It's *riz sauce* today, my favourite: rice with a spicy sauce of eggplant, tomato and sorrel leaves. Rabila joins me soon after, we talk over lunch and he conks out on his chair soon after. I contemplate taking the *sieste* and decide against it.

1:05 PM – I head over to the house of Nicholas and Emmanuel's host family. Afternoon temperature, 42°C. Nicholas is one of the Canadians in our program, Emmanuel is his counterpart and my best friend. Nic is sleeping, while Emmanuel as usual is not. We walk down the *goudron*, the paved road that is the main drag of Yako. I say a hundred hellos. We check out a few little clapboard clothing shops along the way, and talk to some shopkeepers we know. Many people speak French, otherwise Emmanuel will translate from Mooré for my benefit.

2:50 PM – Back home in time to get ready; I am back off to school for the afternoon class. I pause in front of the row of food and drink vendors outside the high school, one lady takes advantage of my hesitation and coaxes me into buying my usual *bissap*, a sweet frozen tea made from dried hibiscus flowers.

3:00 PM – Time for English with the senior class. Monsieur Ouédraogo leaves me with a text for the students to study, on famine and the need to develop alternate food sources. The students have comprehension questions to answer, and also questions of opinion. We then proceed into a discussion of a number of world issues, including global warming, overpopulation and same-sex marriages. I speak in English, very slowly, and the class can mostly follow what I'm saying. School wraps up at 5:00 PM.

5:10 PM – Rabila and I meet up at the *buvette*, my host mother's outdoor bar. We order something to drink and go buy fresh-made salad and a baguette. The lettuce probably isn't washed with boiled water, but I can't help myself. We hang around for a while and talk. Some friends join us.

6:00 PM – We head over to the house of Ariane and Habibata's host family, two other participants in the program. We catch the latest soccer match on their colour TV: another defeat for Burkina. Looks like Tunisia might win the African Cup this year.

7:30 PM – Back home to find dinner served on our little table outside. My host mother, Albertine, talks to us while we have dinner. She is quick to make sure that I'm enjoying my oily spaghetti. My host sisters are clustered around our tiny black and white TV watching *Secrets de Famille*, a Brazilian soap opera dubbed over in French.

8:00 PM – My host sisters rush over when I get out the little memory match card game that my Canadian host mother gave me before I came. We play a couple quick rounds where either Chantal, Anne or Justine will be glad to beat me to a pulp.

8:30 PM – Rabila and I meet up with Nic and Emmanuel on our way to a group meeting at the house of Éric, our Canadian supervisor. We are discussing our plans for the AIDS awareness day. Everything is minutely organized; I am on the planning committee, and we have divided our tasks into committees, sub-committees and sub-sub-committees. Our meetings are long; there are 21 of us and everyone's ideas have to be heard. The meeting finished at 11:00pm, but we are energized after our discussion and go home ready for the next day. ■



PASSIONATE UNDERSTANDING

by Sandra Widmer '91
swidmer@YorkU.CA
photos courtesy of Sandra

If there is a passion that is more or less consistent in my life, it is for trying to understand people and our endlessly complex ways of relating to each other. There are less demanding pursuits. It is a passion that has led me through (nearly) three degrees in social anthropology. It’s meant nineteen homes in four different regions of the world and forty-three roommates. Oh, and more than twenty jobs!

Being in awe of the world in all its wackiness, as well as cultivating critical perspectives is a delicate balance. I think I received a solid grounding from TWS for this. Hearing the Big Bang and the Old Testament creation myths in the same morning was good preparation for social anthropology. Being told, as a cheeky teenager, that freedom is doing what you have to do *willingly* was also good advice for the grind of graduate school. (Thanks, Mrs. Rudolph!)

Research for my PhD dissertation on the relationship between health, medicine and notions of the self took me to Vanuatu, a country in the south-western Pacific. (It’s between Fiji and Australia.) I lived in a village called Pango outside the capital city of Port Vila, in a small house that had electricity but no running water. We could always hear the sound of the South Pacific Ocean crashing on the nearby coral reef. When I sat on my doorstep, I could see men and women returning from their gardens on narrow paths between coconut trees with root crops and fruit in wheelbarrows and massive branches of bananas slung over their shoulders. The kids in Pango loved watching DVDs on TV. Their parents were annoyed that they wanted to play computer games during dinner.

While living in Vanuatu, I thought a lot about how ideas, people and things travel and end up on some islands far from whence they came. I learned as much about Western ways of being in the world as I did about ni-Vanuatu ones. What sticks out for me is the remarkable (and arguably misplaced) self-confidence and sense of entitlement of the Westerners who ended up in Vanuatu. The remnants of their ideals and activities are apparent throughout ni-Vanuatu social and natural landscape.

The first missionaries to stay in Vanuatu were Presbyterians from Nova Scotia and PEI who arrived in the 1850s. In addition to spiritual conversions, they tried to change ni-Vanuatu family relations, domestic living spaces, the way ni-Vanuatu dressed, and how they healed their sick. The missionaries

alumna, alumnus,

tried to be peace-makers in inter-village warfare and thought they were increasing the status of women by making them home-makers in nuclear families.

In some parts of Vanuatu, the rolling hills are covered in tenacious vines introduced by the Americans during the Second World War to camouflage their installations. The vines are unstoppable. There is a place in central Vanuatu, now called million-dollar point, created by the American military at the same time. At the end of the Second World War, the Americans had literally mountains of equipment and supplies they did not want to ship back to North America. The colonial government at the time (a French and British Condominium) refused to buy them, even at bargain prices. So the Americans dumped tons of food tins, hospital equipment, dishes, bulldozers and other useful things into the sea. Snorklers can admire this macabre installation of wasted goods, now rusted and covered in coral. Ni-Vanuatu, of course, have all kinds of ways of innovating and resisting the effects and ideas of the visitors they receive. Some ni-Vanuatu also benefit. Their resilience and creativity will continue to be necessary as they are now a tourist destination and tax haven with an off-shore banking industry. Their strongest reserve is that they have not wholeheartedly adopted Western patterns of landownership. As a result, 96% of households have access to land, as land is not owned by individuals, but by extended families.



Doing anthropological research is a rigorous practice. It involved, in my case, interviewing different kinds of health workers in Vanuatu, such as Western medical doctors, ni-Vanuatu Christian charismatic healers and HIV-AIDS educators about. I also spent time in six different archives reading, among other things, missionary doctors’ letters and diaries and colonial administrators’ attempts to use Western medicine to “bring the uncontrolled bush natives under control,” as they put it. But most of all, doing anthropological fieldwork means participating in and being attentive to everyday events with an awareness that every individual’s experience of themselves and his/her society is contingent on their location in historical, cultural and socio-economic processes at local, regional and global levels.

For me, honouring a passion for understanding human relationships has meant having a life that does not have obvious milestones or tidy

what’s your passion?

answers to “What do you do?” or “What will you do with an anthropology degree?” But I seem unable to compromise. Through all of the uncertainties and financial sacrifices, somehow I remain convinced that there is value in understanding different ways of being in the world and that social anthropology is a means of achieving that end. Critical understandings of how history and culture affect social life are vitally important for vibrant societies and positive social change. And, although my work now is at times at odds with some tenets of my early schooling, I’m sure my present expertise in thinking, writing, teaching and researching was amply nurtured by producing Main Lesson books and in reciting verses urging me to Wonder at Beauty and Stand Guard over Truth. ■

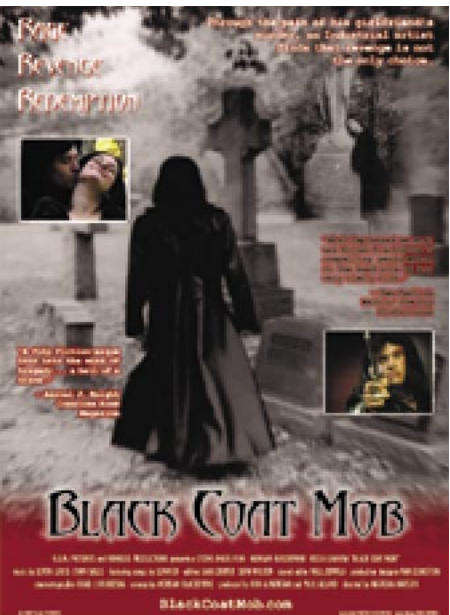


ACTING PASSIONATE

by Morgan Blackbyrne '83
blackbyrne@hotmail.com
visuals courtesy of Morgan

“Well it’s kinda dull just sittin’ here watchin’, Suh.”

That was my line in the film, *Gettysburg*, and it captures much of my state of mind about ten years ago when I decided to follow my passion - acting. I had been in the production side of the film/TV industry and found myself constantly watching the actors and, while that proved educational, sooner or later the impetus to get up there and “do it” myself just took over.



My passion for the performing arts, of course, blossomed at TWS. Performing in both the Grade 8 and 12 plays, Just Desserts Dinner Theatre, and countless drama classes ignited a spark in me. I had discovered my passion early. As in Wolfram von Eschenbach’s *Parzival*, it seems I had indeed found my ‘grail,’ but I didn’t quite listen or look deeply enough. Hence, I walked away from it when I discovered filmmaking during high school.

I enrolled in film/video production at York University and graduated with an Honours BFA, having made three key productions of my own there. While my journey as a filmmaker naturally would not let me forget acting completely, for obvious reasons, and I did act in some of my work in film school, I focused mostly on screen-writing and directing. For these roles, I found my inner Sergeant Major: a much needed persona in the world of movie-making since someone has to crack the whip.

Yet after two years out in the film industry I decided that a purely production or writing career was not for me. I looked inside and found a little flame, much like a pilot-light in a stove, still burning. It was my passion for acting.

My retraining was fraught with many challenges, for having the passion alone is usually not enough. I had to harness it and I did just that, once I really discovered my own ways in which to totally commit myself to my choices as an actor and dive into the often scary deep end.

What I love most about acting is that one can use just about any of one’s own experiences to make a character and performance real. All events, emotions, imaginings, concerns and issues, no matter how grim they may be, can be transformed into (dare I use the “A” word)...art. And seeing as how we humans seem to be by nature rather narcissistic beings, audiences enjoy going on a journey with you that mirrors their own lives. For me, it’s part of what I feel is the higher purpose of my work. We can all learn so much from our entertainment. Yes, even that which we often consider to be cheap thrills in the movie theatre.

Within the last two years, my journeys as actor and filmmaker have dovetailed: two passions, actually, symbiotically serving one another.

Currently, I’m marketing my own film called *Black Coat Mob* (www.blackcoatmob.com) in which I’m lead actor, screenwriter and co-producer. Simultaneously, I’m building a team to produce an American Civil War drama that I wrote, and will soon be brainstorming on two other scripts. Hey, if they’re not handing you roles on silver platters, you have to create them yourself.

Many have asked me if the actor’s life is tough. It can be, but no more tough than many paths. What’s truly tough, in my estimation, is not living one’s passion, whatever that may be. Not to sound like some kind of a zealot, but once you’ve found your light, you cannot turn your back on it. To do so is truly to commit the sin of “dullness.” I, for one, don’t want to just “sit and watch.” ■

In 2003, *Black Coat Mob* won Best Drama, Best Actor and Best Supporting Actor in the Twisted Cinema Film Festival.



What’s your passion?

Arie Molema '02 is now fully acclimatized to everyday Canadian life, after a summer of working in a lumberyard and lounging in cottage country. This fall he will study international development as well as neuroscience at the University of Toronto. His co-op program will give him a year-long international placement in fourth year. With the time he has left, he jogs and volunteers with AMREF, the African Medical & Research Foundation. His future goals are beginning to form: internationally, he would like to be involved in projects the goal of which is to give all people equal chance at a healthy and personally rewarding life; with his study of the brain, he would like to research human ability and find ways of expanding it.

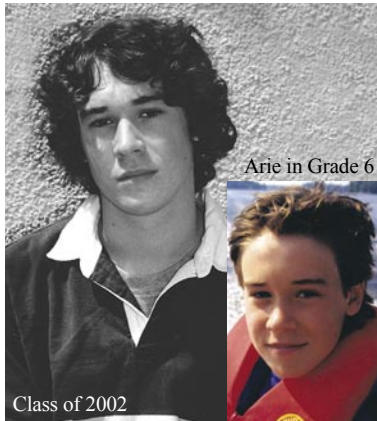
Class of 1996



Jessica in Grade 9



Wendy Philpott '82 earned a BA from the University of Guelph and later completed her MA in dramaturgy and criticism at the University of Alberta. After Edmonton-based jobs in dramaturgy (play development) and theatre review writing, she moved to England in 1993. She studied Waldorf teaching at London's Rudolf Steiner House and otherwise stayed home with her boys. In 1997 she found herself strangely displaced on the Canadian prairies where she taught extra curricular courses at a college, wrote two plays (stage and CBC radio) and worked as a technical writer. In 2002 Wendy and family moved to Kitchener-Waterloo where she currently works in communications for Manulife Financial; her husband teaches performance studies at the University of Waterloo and the boys attend Trillium Waldorf School in Guelph.



Class of 2002

Arie in Grade 6

Jessica Moore '96 writes poems, fiction, and music. She left TWS to study at the University of King's College in Halifax, where she developed her writing style and graduated with an Honors BA in English and French. In Toronto, Jessica has taught English and French to children from Grades 1 through 10, and worked with children with disabilities in the Spiral Garden summer art & play program. She continues to write, bake bread at the Dufferin Grove organic market, and volunteer in the office of Medecins Sans Frontieres. She gives readings and performances in Toronto – most recently at a benefit for the Redwood Women's Shelter at the Gladstone Hotel. Jessica has won awards for poetry and her poem "Wordless" has been accepted for publication in *Room of One's Own*. Jessica plans to work on a book of poems this year, and to pursue graduate studies in translation.



Class of 1982

Wendy in Grade 1



alumna, alumnus,

PASSIONATELY ACTIVIST

by Varya Rubin '93
varyafelicity@hotmail.com
photo courtesy of Varya

April, 2001. I am sitting in a dressing room, being made up by a middle-aged ex-opera singer who insists on covering my face with way too much blush. I feel as though I'm about to be thrown to the wolves, and the reality isn't that much different: I'm about to enter a live, televised, political debate. Two weeks ago I was a young hippie running an organic juice bar and a hemp/eco store. I've never had any political aspirations, but somehow I've become a political candidate, running for the BC Green Party in Vancouver.

As we're herded into the gray-walled studio, I watch the faces of the other candidates. All clearly nervous. My main opponent is the NDP fella, but we've agreed to save our ire for the Liberals. The seconds tick on. Then the questions start. I do well throughout most of the hour, but when I do fumble, time seems to slow as my heart speeds up. At least I have my little green book that contains the official party platform.

In 1994, I moved to Vancouver to finish my theatre degree at Simon Fraser University - something about the ocean and mountains appealed to me more than the concrete wilds of York University. In '95, my boyfriend and I opened Kitsilano Hempcos, an eco-clothing store; in '96 we expanded to include an all organic, all vegan café called Green V Organics ('V' like vegan), providing the Kitsilano neighbourhood with convenient, 'green' shopping alternatives.

At the back of the Green V was a small stage where we hosted all kinds of performers. During the winter, there were speakers on environmental and human rights issues, as well as puppet shows, reggae, jazz and rock bands. Summers were spent traveling to music festivals, where we sold organic smoothies made on our pedal-powered blender bike while wearing psychedelic costumes and playing rock 'n roll tunes on kazoo. Somewhere there's footage of me being interviewed on the news while riding a smoothie bike, dressed as a giant ladybug. Not exactly the life of a budding politician.

In April 2001, I was at a conference on ancient trees. The devastation I have witnessed in the temperate west coast rain forest is something I feel passionately about resisting. Many of my friends have been arrested for blockading logging

what's your passion?

roads, and one great-grandmother I know spent almost ten months in jail this past year for standing up to the multinational logging companies. The stakes were high in this province, and the spectre of the BC Liberals, with their atrocious environmental record, gaining power was upsetting a lot of people. Gordon Campbell, leader of the BC Liberals, was the incumbent, and there was no Green Party candidate in my riding. I knew the issues, and was a well-known figure in the neighbourhood. I was also very comfortable interacting with the media, given my performance background. I wanted the option of voting Green. So I offered to run, and less than three weeks before the provincial election, I became the Green Party candidate for Vancouver-Point Grey.

The BC Greens have no financial resources to offer, and little practical support. This is the first time we're running candidates in so many provincial ridings: 76 out of 79. My stores are along a busy stretch of 4th Avenue which is a great boost to publicity, so the Green V becomes campaign headquarters. My friends quickly organize a couple of benefit concerts so that I can at least afford some lawn signs.

Over the next week or so, I become really media savvy. There is a fantastic publicist in the Point Grey Riding Association who used to work for the Suzuki Foundation, and he puts together daily press releases for me. Radio stations keep calling while I'm at work, then there is the live televised debate. I do a photo-shoot and interview with the Vancouver Sun, and a few days later Adrien Carr, leader of the provincial Greens, shows up at the Green V with a television crew. Everyone seems fascinated by the fact that I own a hemp store and an organic café. There's even an interview published in Sing Tao Daily, a Chinese-language newspaper, with a picture of me standing in front of one of my campaign signs.

The two and a half weeks speed by. In addition to running a political campaign, I have two businesses, and I work every day. I'm also in the midst of selling the Green V, looking for a new home, and ending a seven-year relationship. I should be knocking on doors and standing in front of stores with campaign signs and flyers, bells and whistles, but I simply don't have time. So I sit tight and wait for people to find me.

Somehow, they do.

On election night there is a party for all of the Green candidates. There's an electric energy in the room as the results begin to roll in. Poll after poll, riding after riding, the numbers rise. When it gets to Vancouver-Point Grey, I hold my breath. I can't see the television over the heads of the crowd, but I hear a gasp and a surprised laugh and someone shouts, "You're ahead of Campbell!" That changes quickly, but it is a nice feeling while it lasts. The celebration begins.

In the end, I received over 22% of the votes in Vancouver-Point Grey,



about ten times more than the Greens got during the previous election, and more than any other Green candidate in the Vancouver area. Provincially, I was among the top five Green Party candidates. All in all, I had a fantastic time during my brief political career. It felt great to campaign, to debate, to have a forum for my passionate beliefs.

The Federal Green Party contacted me to run in the June 2004 election. They were looking for candidates. That was a hard question to answer. I want to change things for the better, and the earth is in crisis. I have integrity and passion; I'm comfortable debating, and speaking to large groups of

people; I understand the issues. But what I finally realized was this: I don't want to be a politician, at least not right now. So, after a few days of soul-searching, I said no.

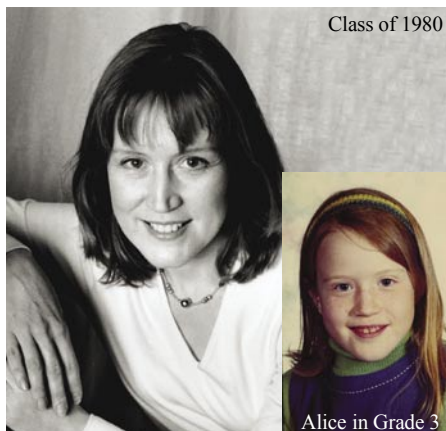
Now, I am learning to incorporate my activism with my original passion, which is performing. Since selling the Green V in September 2001, I have acted in seven Shakespeare plays and was the music director for all of them. I'm currently producing an independent film, and acting in another. Creativity is spilling over into all aspects of my life; I feel more free and joyful than I have in years. And during the 2004 election campaign, I was around, coaching from the sidelines, helping all those shy candidates overcome their stage fright and get their message out loudly and clearly. ■

CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

Marisha Plotnik '88 completed her BSc at Trent University in, to her astonishment, physics, followed by a BED at Western. She has defected to the States and now lives in Manhattan, where she teaches at the Rudolf Steiner School and loves hosting visitors. She married her long-time love, Ihor Radysh, in April 2004. Her e-mail address is mploolik@aol.com



Alice Priestley '80 has been working as an illustrator since 1986. She has illustrated 10 picture books and 2 children's novels and her drawings appear in numerous school textbooks and anthologies. Her picture books include *Lights for Gita* by Rachna Gilmore, *Someone is Reading This Book*, which Alice wrote herself, and *Hush* by Anna Strauss. One of Alice's earliest books, *Out on the Ice in the Middle of the Bay* by Peter Cumming, is due to be re-released sometime this year. Alice obtained a fine art and English degree from U of T after graduating from TWS in 1980. She is married to videographer Peter Jestadt and they have two children, Ilissa (12) and Malcolm (8).



CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

karin

Fashion Institute of Technology, New York, NY
Associate in Applied Science Degree – Cum Laude, 1992
Fashion Patternmaking Technology and Manufacturing
Ryerson Polytechnic University, Toronto, ON
Bachelor in Applied Arts Degree, Interior Design, 1990
King City Secondary School 1980-1984
Trafalgar College 1979-1980
Toronto Waldorf School 1975-1979

I can think of numerous influences that have led me in the direction of fashion design, one being my five years at TWS. I know that being in that environment made me receptive to the creative process. I understand colour, composition, texture – and feel free enough to express myself creatively – which most people don't have the opportunity to experience in solely academic schools, with cutbacks in funding that make schools eliminate art and music classes, not to mention extra-curricular activities. The other main influence would be my first working experience, at Reff, the furniture design/manufacturing company my father and his brothers founded. The people in the interior design department always looked like they were enjoying their work. So that is what led me to the Ryerson School of Interior Design.

After leaving TWS in Grade 8, I went to Trafalgar in Whitby for Grade 9. A painful shock compared to where I was coming from. It was a girl's boarding school, away from home. I was gated I don't know how many weekends, and was homesick. I survived there only one year, and then was off to my neighborhood public high school in King City. High school was quite a bore, so when I graduated and moved on to Ryerson School of Interior Design, it was like dying and going to heaven! Classes in painting, freehand drawing, technical drawing, photography, etc., and being surrounded by people with similar interests, made me feel like I finally belonged.

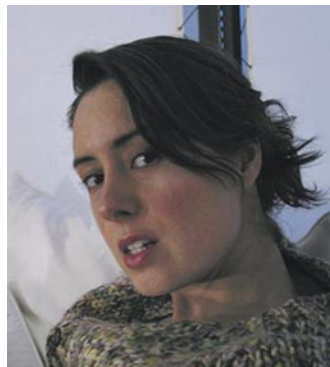
It was while here at Ryerson that I fell into the habit of making my own clothes. I was inspired by the creative scene downtown, and the environment at school as well. I was sewing all the time, making my own patterns too. However the problem was that at some point during my interior design studies, I realized that I was spending far too much time on my clothing hobby, and less and less time on my studies. I wanted to change majors, but had already come so far, so decided to get the degree, and consider going back to school for fashion at a later date. Which turned out to be immediately, after doing some traveling in Europe, half a year later.

I decided to go either to Paris or to some other fashion capital, like New York City. My parents had a fit when I told them that I wanted to go to Paris - so New York it was. I went to the Fashion Institute of Technology and took a two year course in clothing construction. I loved being in New York. Such a diverse city, people from all over the world. Such creativity and energy. I had planned to be there for only two years - long enough to complete my studies - but then found myself wanting to stay longer. I got a job working for a small designer downtown, and then after that I got a job working for another designer doing outerwear. With long hours, no or little pay, and not much creative fulfillment, I decided to start designing and selling my own designs. I truly thought that I could do better than they could. Working for myself was more enjoyable, but all the smaller details of the business, like getting people to pay you, was a second job in itself. I kept doing it though because I loved it. I did this for numerous years. And I knew I was doing alright when I finally got my clothing collection into a department store! I was so happy.

Then one year, I decided to make myself a handbag - my inspiration being that I had just had mine stolen. It was a beautifully embroidered and beaded bag. Feminine and bohemian chic. Nothing like the modern clothing that I was designing. I loved it so much, and got so many compliments on it just walking down the street, that I decided it would be a good idea to make a few more. Then on a whim, I hired a photographer to photograph



Karin in Grade 4

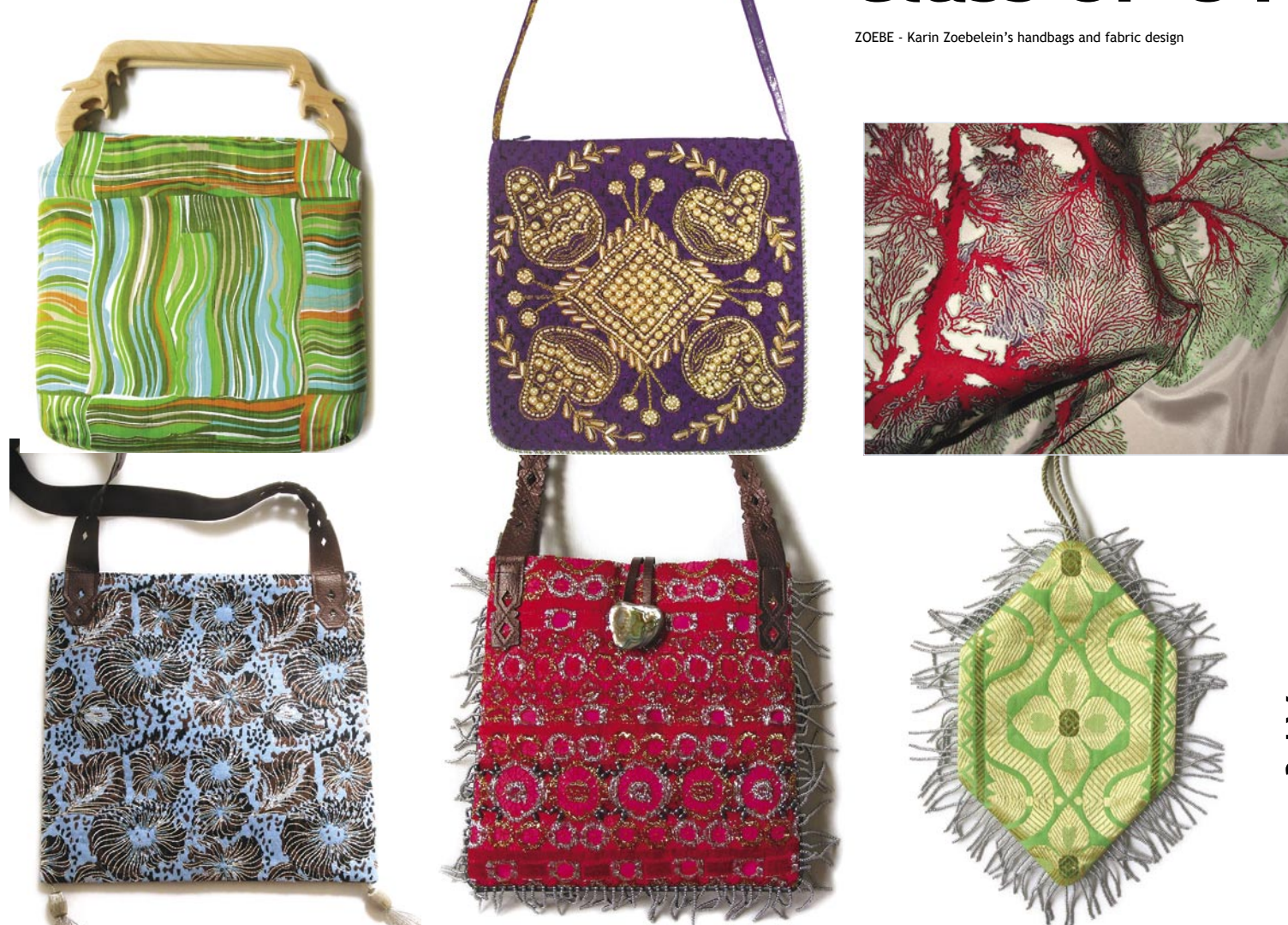


contact Karin at:
kzoebelein@nyc.rr.com
available online at:
www.zoebe.com

zoebelein

class of '84

ZOEBE - Karin Zoebelein's handbags and fabric design



them all, and put together a catalogue. I mailed it out to every magazine editor and boutique I could think of in the New York City area, and got a great response. Before I knew it I was booking appointments to show the collection - a collection I didn't even have yet - to store buyers. At that point I had to pull I don't know how many all-nighters to design and sew the bags. All went fine: I got many orders in the best stores, and got great magazine editorials as well. Now I have a sales representative to sell my line and do press. For my newest collection, I didn't source the fabrics, but designed them myself. I took photographs and scanned them into my computer and then used Photoshop to create the artwork. This artwork was then given to a printer in order to generate screens for making the printed silk scarves, as well as the printed linen for the matching canvas bags. From there the process is as follows: you must wait for the printer to send you the 'one-offs' of each piece of artwork,

so that you can approve it or not approve it! If you do approve it, you ask them to print you samples in quantity. Enough samples to supply your showroom and the press in order for them to show the line and generate sales. While all of this is going on, you also have to design the actual pattern pieces for the handbags, or make sketches of what you would like them to look like, and then hire a pattern-maker to make the patterns for you. I do not do this. I make the patterns myself, at least for the original pattern, and then the factory may change the pattern to make corrections. Down the road, when enough sales have been gathered, you contact your printer and place an order for the amount of scarves and fabric that will be needed to fill the orders that you have received. And this is when actual production starts - only when you have a projection of what your sales will be. While you are taking the orders on this collection in the showroom, you then start thinking of your inspiration for the next collection. And the cycle continues...■

Alumni/ae
Art

on the other side..... of the desk

*TWS alumni/ae Waldorf teachers, and there are a lot of them, reflect upon life on “the other side...”
This edition: Marisha Plotnik '88, of the Rudolf Steiner School NYC, and Greg Scott '85, of the Toronto Waldorf School*

Marisha Plotnik '88 - Physics Teacher Rudolf Steiner School, New York City, USA

*by Marisha Plotnik
photos by Larissa L. McWhinney '88*

New Year’s Day. I’m on an early morning flight across the continent to San Francisco where I’ve been invited to a “Young Colleagues” conference. I’m writing this on my laptop after just having finished my other work: marking Main Lesson books. Welcome to the life of a Waldorf teacher. I moved to New York City eight years ago to take a job teaching high school where the basketball uniforms say “STEINER” across the back. My first clothing purchase was my black leather jacket and it took years before I spotted a faculty member wearing Birkenstocks. Our elementary students go to Central Park for recess while high schoolers buy a coffee and bagel from the cart on the corner. Our building is on six floors and every angle in it is ninety degrees. Can this really be a Waldorf school? When I graduated, I thought all Waldorf schools were like TWS. The things I most remembered: Michaelmas bonfires, ninth grade initiations, camping trips, advent assemblies: those were Waldorf. Yet I came to a school without any of these things.

I spend a lot of time trying to articulate what makes a Waldorf high school Waldorf. The longer I teach, the more I believe that its uniqueness doesn’t lie in any of the externals. They are important, yes, even essential, but only because of the intention behind them, not because of the particular form that emerges. The heart of Waldorf education for me lies in the freedom to create my classes out of my own intentions. It is an awesome responsibility to stand before ninth graders for a full hour and a half. How will I use that time? Yet this freedom to be the author of my

classes would be empty if I could not constantly draw on the work of Rudolf Steiner. His writings are often obscure, even contradictory, and he left not even the skeleton of a physics curriculum, just a few scattered bones at best. But his insights into the nature of the human being and the development of the child always provide me with ideas that resound with my experience and provoke a fresh direction for my teaching. It is difficult to articulate what lies at the foundation of Waldorf education. Waldorf is not a method, nor a system of beliefs, nor a way of life, nor even a philosophy. My best description is that Waldorf offers to the teacher a set of “working hypotheses” and the freedom to test them. Steiner asks us to consider certain ideas with an open mind and see if they bear fruit for us. If they do, the teacher gradually experiences them as truths. If not, the teacher sets them aside, perhaps to try them another day. And for me, there is always another day of school.

It is now sixteen years since I graduated from TWS, and I am still just coming to understand my experience there. Being a student is like sitting down to a meal every day. If you really try, you can identify some of the ingredients, but most of the time you don’t bother to. Being a teacher means cooking that meal. Suddenly you need to think not only about the ingredients, but about preparation and presentation too. The longer I teach, the more I think about where that meal will come from. Will I shop at the supermarket?

The farmers’ market? Or will I grow the food myself? It is astonishing to learn how much went into that daily meal I took for granted, and there is no doubt that I draw constantly on my own Waldorf education. Some recipes I have stolen outright, but many I can invent because I myself was well nourished and I remember how good food can taste. ■
marishaplotnik@aol.com



A DAY AT SCHOOL The Teaching of Friendship

by Larissa L. McWhinney '88

The wonders of evolution: I, at thirty-three, a progeny of the Toronto Waldorf School, sitting at the back of a Grade 9 class at the New York City Steiner School visiting a Physics Main Lesson taught by my best friend from school since Grade 6, Marisha Plotnik. How the world turns.

I was in the Big Apple visiting Marisha and her fiancé, Ihor, and the three of us had gone out for dinner the night before. During the course of our prandial prattle, I asked Marisha about what she was currently teaching: a Physics Main Lesson. A Physics Main Lesson?! I used to love those. What are you teaching them, Mish? “Well, tomorrow’s experiments include watching a balloon invert itself over an Erlenmeyer flask as the steam inside it cools and condenses. Another one involves watching a blue liquid get sucked upwards though a tube into a round-bottom flask and exploding against the concavity of the glass like a volcano; the students love that one.” As Marisha described the experiments I felt that familiar surge of ecstatic excitement and joy at something new and amazing that had so often pervaded my days at Waldorf. The “Eureka” feeling, I used to call it: it buoyed me up, displaced the heavy liquid of daily mundanity and replaced it with what is of true value: voluminous wonder. The feeling welled and overwhelmed me: I shrieked with delight, my exuberance rendering me as visible to nearby diners as Archimedes was to his fellow Greeks as he ran naked down the streets of Syracuse. I asked Marisha if I could possibly accompany her to her class the following morning if I promised to keep my enthusiasm under wraps. To my delight, she happily agreed.

The next day I was woken at six in the morning – an uncivilized hour – but the way of the world in the city that never sleeps; especially since class began at 8am. But despite the wee hour, my anticipation got the better of me and enticed me out of bed like a good cup of coffee. When we stepped out of Marisha and Ihor’s fabulously bohemian, spacious 4th floor brownstone, the chill of the air stuck to our lungs like a tongue to ice. The city was beginning to rumble as we rode the bus through Central Park, the purply-blue sky warming at the eastern edges where dawn’s embers glowed through the skyscrapers. We joked as we jolted along, Ihor

and Marisha bringing out the best in each other. How lovely to ride to work together this way I reflected to the soon-to-be-weds. Embracing each other, they agreed as they disembarked and headed off to their respective wards – the Upper School for Marisha and the Lower School for Ihor – located at the same address of 78th and 79th streets: the heart of Manhattan.

And perhaps the soul.

As I watched Marisha begin her class I felt sororal pride and admiration. She was so professional and poised, and so attentive and accessible. The students seemed older than I remembered us in Grade 9. But the archetypes were the same: some were chipper and chatty, some bellicose and brusque, some quietly lost in dreams. Was it really sixteen years ago that Marisha and I sat side by side reviewing homework? It seemed both so long ago and so recent. We were adults now, I realized suddenly. And yet, as I watched Marisha handle the early morning chaos with an ease and composure that awed me, I still saw in her my desk-mate of so many years ago: the blithe, joyful, caring, infinitely good, wavy-haired girl with the intense brown eyes and broad smile who had shared so much happiness with me over so many years. With the same youthful lightness of being, yet completely unshakable and with adult poise, she quietly drew the students’ attention with a gentle but firm hand. And class began.

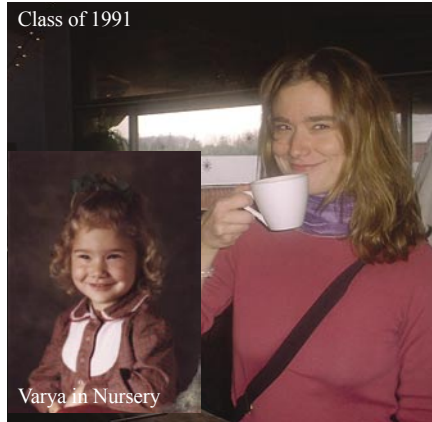
It came flooding back. The coiling of a bimetallic strip when heated; the thermostat which worked as a function of the stunningly simple genius of different rates of metal expansion. I watched avidly as Marisha read the room and intuited her students. Her patience with confusion and her encouragement of clarity was a testament to her absolute and unconditional love of teaching. The way she kept the eager student engaged while enticing the less enthusiastic, demonstrated her deep appreciation for those in her care. Part of me still felt the urge to shoot up my hand at each question and shout out the answers. But a deeper part of me was even more fulfilled by watching the waves of Eureka wash over younger minds for the first time. Marisha caught my eye and we locked looks in an exchange of complicité and long-standing friendship. This was our history. And our future.

As the class became restless and eager to move from the cognitive

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



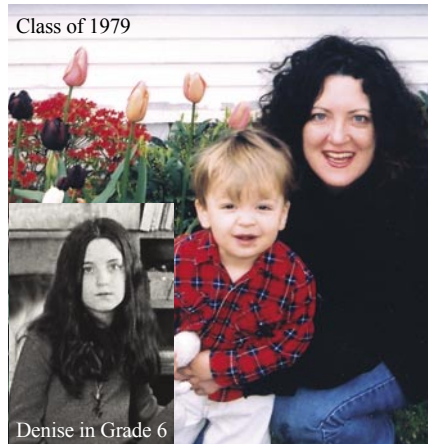
Varya Rubin '91 is an actor and activist living in Vancouver, BC. She completed her theatre degree at Simon Fraser University after attending York University. She has performed in close to a dozen Shakespeare plays in the past two years, and has written music for many of them. Varya is currently directing a documentary about Betty Krawczyk, a great-grandmother who has spent time in prison for her commitment to preserving BC's temperate rainforest.



Katja Rudolph '84 travelled for a year in Europe and Canada, after graduating from TWS. She spent the next eleven years obtaining a BA from the Cultural Studies and Political Science Departments at Trent U, an MA from the Social and Political Sciences Department at Cambridge, England, and a PhD from the Theory and Policy Studies in Education Department at U of T, with a break between degrees to travel and work. Her doctoral dissertation (1999) is entitled *The Politics of Choice in Education: Theorizing a Post-Liberal Choosing Subject*, and develops a theoretical argument for the socialization of choice by deconstructing liberal accounts of subjectivity, agency, choice and the welfare state. She is presently writing a book, before considering teaching in the university. To support this project, she is a researcher for her partner (who is a dance, theatre and opera designer) and is TWS's part-time alumni/ae coordinator.



Denise Ryan '79 was a student for five years at the Toronto Waldorf School, and counts Alan Howard as one of the major inspirations and influences of her life. She went on to graduate with a degree in creative writing from the University of British Columbia after living and working in New York City. Her fiction and journalism has been widely published in magazines, newspapers, literary journals and featured on CBC radio, and she has written for Salon.com. She now lives in Vancouver with her husband and young son, and is Features editor for the Vancouver Sun. Her first novel will be published by Thomas Allen in fall 2005.



CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

to the empirical, Marisha led them into the laboratory next door. As she set up the time-sensitive experiments she moved quickly and with intent. The students became quiet and gathered closer. This was the moment we'd all been waiting for. The anticipation was palpable. Marisha boiled some water in a beaker, let it cool and put a balloon over the top. The balloon, rather than inflate, turned inward on itself, inverting and inflating "backwards" to fill the inside of the flask. And then, the *pièce de résistance*: almost with a sense of urgency and with complete focus, Marisha boiled some more water in a beaker, put a stopper with a tube in the top and flipped it over, inserting the other end of the tube into a container of blue-coloured liquid. Just as she had predicted the night before, the blue water was sucked up through the tube and forcefully sprayed into the glass sphere of the beaker like liquid fireworks. The eager hush in the room turned to awed gasps. Then to wondrous "wows!" And then, to persistent requests: "Miss Plotnik! Can you do that again?!! Please. Can you do that again?!"

But class was over, as was my visit. Marisha and I headed down the stairs from the fourth floor of the narrow, typically New York brownstone in which the school is housed, reminiscing, savouring, looking forward. For us, this magical matinal experience was the legacy of Waldorf, a philosophy and approach which Marisha now understood and appreciated theoretically as well as practically, and of which we were both forever grateful beneficiaries: a rite of passage through which we had both been graced to go. And soon, for both of us, another. From wonder-filled Waldorf schoolmates to grown women exchanging wedding vows: Marisha with Ihor on April 2nd and me with my fiancé Randy on May 22nd. And, serendipitously, just as we had celebrated the initiations of adolescence arm in arm, we are now blessed to celebrate this joyous milestone heart to heart.

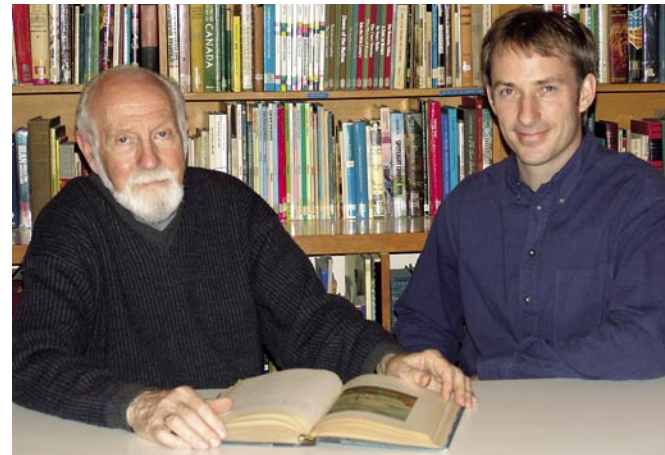
I said goodbye to Marisha, opened the Narnian door of the New York Steiner School and walked back onto the chilly streets of Manhattan. Yes, I thought; the wonders of evolution. ■ larissa.mcwhinney@utoronto.ca



Greg Scott '85 - Woodwork & History Teacher, Toronto Waldorf School

by Greg Scott

photo by Tanya Zoebelin '88, May 2004



This past summer, one of the founding members of the Toronto Waldorf School, Gerhard Rudolph, celebrated his 80th birthday. I was a student in his lower school class, the Class of '85, from Grade 1 through to Grade 8, and find myself once again greeting my former class teacher on a daily basis. This time, however, it is not from behind a small wooden desk, but as I rush between classes. He no longer stands before me in the classroom ready to guide me through my next lesson, but sits high up in the school library and awaits the prompt return of overdue books.

It is with great joy that I now find myself working as a Waldorf teacher at TWS, but it has been a long and sometimes difficult journey. I am not sure what finally turned me onto this path, but part of it had to do with what was instilled in me in those early years with Mr. Rudolph.

During my year of teacher training at the Rudolf Steiner Centre, which is connected to TWS, I had the great fortune of being taught by many wonderful people including some of my former teachers, such as Renate Krause, Elizabeth Koekebakker, and of course, Gerhard. Great trust and courage was needed by all of us in the training that year as we attempted to apply our fledgling skills in the classroom and sought guidance from the cosmos to help us find our path in the year to come; as I awaited a response from said cosmos, I could always rely on Gerhard to prompt my memory of my own Waldorf schooling, when he'd turn to me during class and say, 'you must remember doing this, Greg!'

Although my teaching talents may have been elusive at first, my path was not. Before there was a chance to look anywhere else, my contract was signed with TWS for the following year. I had been determined to go somewhere exotic to teach, like Hawaii or New Zealand, but was compelled to change my mind when I was offered the woodworking position. Well, Thornhill has its exotic moments. So now the image of Gerhard sitting behind his desk at the front of the classroom with his beautiful chalk-drawing on the board was traded in for one of me standing behind my woodworking bench with my apron on. The children are not quietly drawing in their Main Lesson books or reciting lines for their

next play, however, but are hammering vigorously at wooden bowls, sanding spoons, and splitting logs.

In that first year, I found myself moving through the halls of the school in which I had grown up not as a visitor, but as a member of the faculty. People who had once taught me were now my colleagues, and my former class teacher was just upstairs in the library where I could find him anytime

One of the extra duties for which I signed up was monitoring the playground. As I would make my way through the forest, I watched the children climb the trees which I had once climbed and found myself whisked back twenty-five years or more. I stood on the spot where my classmate, Robert, broke his arm, and found the rabbit hole in which lost his shoe. The ring-road which we used for track and field races was only partially there, but the pathway at the back of the school, where we used to build toboggan runs, had not changed a bit. In fact, this year's 'bobsled' run nearly equaled one of Gerhard's feats of engineering. Although a lot was still the same, many changes had occurred. The cedar rails, with which we made forts, were gone, and the trees in which the high school had constructed a tree house were much larger. A whole new wing had been added to the school, and a retirement community now stood near by, not to mention the thousands of new homes of nearby developments that have been added to the landscape.

Slowly my memories faded into an underlying familiarity. What began to live then was my present work with the children. As a new teacher, I was continually faced with challenges from both the students and myself. Once I figured out how to teach finger joints to the Grade 9 class, I was faced with the social aspirations of the girls in Grade 7 through their endless chatter. However, as I stepped into the classroom, I found myself equipped with something more than I had learned in my one year of training, something which stretched back much further in time and was coming from a level far deeper within. While looking upon these new students, I began to reflect on all the wonderful things my old class had done and the great adventures we had had, the beauty in the art that surrounded us and wonder for the world in which we lived. It was from this place that my strength was coming, and it was this that had been imparted to us through the love of our teacher, Mr. Rudolph. ■ *gspathfinder@hotmail.com*

Class of '85 in Grade 4, 1977 - Gerhard and Greg 27 years ago - courtesy of TWS archive



far-flung alumni/ae write about being far-flung



PHOTOS COURTESY OF MARY ANNE KOEBACKER

Where Do I Belong?

*by Mary Anne Koekebakker '82
way out of bounds in Australia*

How should I know where I belong in the world? This is a question I have wrestled with for many years and I have come to learn that the sense of belonging is something that grows, but only if I give to my community first.

Over the past eighteen years my family and I have been very lucky to be posted all over the world. We have lived and travelled in Africa, Asia, Europe and, most recently, in Australia. With each move I have had to work hard to develop a sense of belonging. I've been forced to step outside my boundaries, to challenge my ethnocentricity and to question my values.

Several strategies have helped me to develop my sense of belonging in each new place. Participating in everyday community life, eating and cooking the local cuisine, learning the local language, and making music with the local people have all helped me to belong. Through these simple activities I found meaning in what often initially appeared to be a bizarre approach. The great sense of "ah ha" gained as the local culture unfolded its mysteries was transformed into a form of acceptance. The sense of belonging deepened.

Participating in daily local life invariably meant leaving my safe and comfortable surroundings. The rewards for being exposed and vulnerable were many. Shortly after arriving in Africa, I assisted with the birth of a child along a dusty village pathway. Later I learned to carry my first child on my back like the Ghanaian women. It worked so well that I carried all three of



my children on my back, even in Canada. In Pakistan I learned the benefit of the long black veil – it worked a charm to stop unwelcome prying men. In small town western Canada, I learned the value of sharing amongst women in a weekly sewing group (the Stitch and Bitch club). I felt the healing power of a local prayer group when I awoke one morning to find my mastitis had suddenly disappeared (the doctor had intended to treat it surgically).

My favourite story of challenging ethnocentricity comes from my middle son when he was eight years old. (We were newcomers in the Netherlands.) He was struggling to understand the concept of foreign languages and why he could not understand what people were saying. "Mom, I used to think that Jesus spoke English, but now I am not so sure!" Speaking the local language has been a powerful way for me to embrace and accept traditions of a community. In the Netherlands, I worked very hard to improve my Dutch. It was very rewarding when some of the locals didn't recognise me as a foreigner!

Food, food, glorious food! This too is an important bridge into a culture and appreciating cuisine helps to deepen the sense of belonging. I must admit that often new dishes hitting the palate for the first time could be anything but glorious. Nevertheless over time I came to enjoy the additions of tee-zed with slippery soup, fufu light soup, pito, gobi alu and barfi in my culinary repertoire. Perhaps best of all was in Venice where a professional chef demonstrated crafting sumptuous Italian dishes. That event transformed my view of cooking from a chore left to women trapped in the kitchen to a beautiful and creative art.

Music provided an interesting opportunity to communicate where a linguistic gulf could not be bridged. In Pakistan I learned to play the sitar (a bit) in a group taught by a betel nut-chewing musician. In the Netherlands, I made the most passionate Hungarian music with people who had nothing in common beyond the love of making music.

Out of all the strategies that I have learned over the years, none of them bear much fruit if they are not given time. Someone once said to me, "Mary

Anne, it takes at least five years before you can truly feel part of a community." My experience has proved this to be true. The first year in a new place I generally spend gawking – just taking in all the differences. The second year I begin to see and develop patterns. I start to understand different viewpoints and approaches to life. In the third and subsequent years I start accepting these differences and begin to reap some benefits from my investments.

And now we start the cycle again. We have very recently moved to tropical Queensland in north eastern Australia. We hope this will be the last move for a while so we can implement the many lessons of belonging "for keeps." Currently I am still getting my head around all the differences. The birds sing different songs; the people speak a different "dialect." English yes, but I sometimes have no idea what they are saying. "She's crook today" (she's sick), "she lives out in Wupwup" (the back of beyond), "she works like a blue-assed fly" (she works very hard), and "I have just given you a bum steer" (I have led you in the wrong direction). Oh, I have a lot to learn.

But change is not easy and once again the foundations of my identity have been shaken. That vulnerable me clambers out of bed each morning sometimes wishing nothing more than to crawl back under the sheets (notice I have not said quilt)! But now I know this is just par for the course. I have to ride the waves whether they are high or low and I know I will not drown. I also know that I have to take small steps to make a new life. So Australian dialect, food, music and life – here I come!

Am I any closer to knowing where I belong? Definitely. I now know that it is actually a question of "how do I belong?" The "where" has a simple answer: I belong to myself wherever I am. This also means that I take myself wherever I go, my strengths, my fears and my foibles. I have also taken them way Down Under. This time, however, they are sprinkled with a bit of wisdom. And that has made all the difference. ■ bill.anderson@optusnet.com.au

From Meeting Place to Crossroads

Events that belong to the past can easily be qualified as inevitable, but I really feel my arriving in Strasbourg some thirteen years ago was just that. This town, as its very name suggests, is a Crossroads, not only as in the title above, but in a wider historical context as well. Anyone who goes anywhere inevitably comes to such a place, and my travels have ever brought me back to this point. There was something in the air that April morning when I stepped off the train all those years ago. Diesel fumes? Destiny's siren song?

This place, so often the theatre in which conflicting military ambitions were played out, this "other capital of Europe", Stressburg for the Members of the European Parliament who fly into town just long enough to vote on decisions made in Brussels; this "capital of Christmas" for the enthusiastic municipality, catering to droves of German tourists with its characteristic *Christkindelsmärik* in December; this quaint old town, whose city centre hosts film crews looking for medieval settings; this village/city, with the best and the worst of both; this place, now home to me and my family.

Just what drew me out from my relatively sheltered life in Canada can only be described as ignorance: I was compelled to stretch my legs and my mind, to push back the envelope of my experience. Going out of bounds, both literally and figuratively, was also part of our education at TWS; it somehow still smacks of transgression, though, so imagine the exhilaration of going way out of bounds.

What kept me here at first was the challenge, that feeling of sheer freedom. In the long term it was my confrontation with the human capacity for language which made me begin to suspect what can be learnt through the study of its infinitely varied manifestations. Learning to express myself in French, German, Hungarian and above all English is my ongoing challenge. Language draws me out, pushes me onwards, brings me into the world again and again. An anonymous proverb says, "As many languages as a man speaks, so many times is he a man." I like to think I've been born anew and am growing up in each language I speak.

I've avoided speaking of the concrete realities of my existence as these things inevitably change. Briefly put, I'm a translator by training, having followed this calling for reasons the above should suffice to explain; a proofreader, assistant editor and desktop publishing operator by trade (working for the Council of Europe, a human-rights watchdog), having followed this route first by necessity and later by interest and fascination with computers; and a husband and proud father, a state which I will not even try to qualify here.

Ambition inevitably places us at a Crossroads again and again, raining choices down about us, similar to the one that led me away from the Meeting Place of my birth. The future, as always, is full of mystery. Either of us might find that opportunity we just can't turn down, leading us on to new adventures before we realise it. Until that day, and well beyond it, great and many thanks to those who helped me on my way. ■ kowderoi@noos.fr <http://kowderoi.free.fr>



PHOTO COURTESY OF ANDREW COWDEROY

*by Andrew Cowderoy '88
way out of bounds in France*



PHOTOS COURTESY OF KATIE LOWRY

by Katie Lowry '93
way out of bounds in Ireland

I came to Ireland four years ago on an impulse and somehow, am still here at the western most point in Europe. I am working in script development for the Irish Film Board in Galway City, which entails all the editorial work and editing that goes on before a film makes it into production. It was great to be at home in Rogers Video and see films on the shelf that I’ve worked on. Some days when I realise that part of my job is reading for a living I feel incredibly privileged. Galway City is a great place to live...small enough that I can walk practically everywhere and large enough that I don’t go crazy. Galway is a university town that plays host to both an arts festival and a film festival each year. Living here has also offered me the opportunity to see parts of Europe, like Greece and Spain, which I probably never would have living in Canada. Of course there are times when I would give anything to see a movie that is less than seven months old, not pay \$5 for a coffee, meet and chat with friends and family face to face or get really great Thai food. However the Irish really seem to have their priorities in order: working to live, rather than living to work... plus there seems to be a bank holiday every month here. I, of course, wonder when the trans-Atlantic bridge will be started, as that would make my life and choices a lot easier. However, I’m happy here for now...and when I’m convinced my cat is up for the journey, I’ll be heading home. ■
katie@filmboard.ie



PHOTO COURTESY OF MOIRA WALSH

by Moira Walsh '97
way out of bounds in Switzerland

Perhaps you wonder where I am climbing these mountains? Is it New Zealand? No, but that would be a good guess. Six years ago you would have found me there. However, in 2002 I moved to Switzerland; these Alps in Oberengadin are only a day-trip away from my home.

Since graduating from the Toronto Waldorf School seven years ago I’ve lived and worked on three continents and in many fields: on a biodynamic dairy farm, in an organic bakery, at Boston College studying molecular biology, and as the receptionist at a pioneering anthroposophical medical practice. Here, *way* out of bounds, I often think of my time at TWS. The high school gave me such a rich variety of experiences and challenged me on all sides. Moving away from my parents in Michigan and boarding with a family in Richmond Hill was also a big step toward independence. Now I am increasingly able to set and pursue goals - my own! - and have met with success in almost every situation. And I keep on learning...

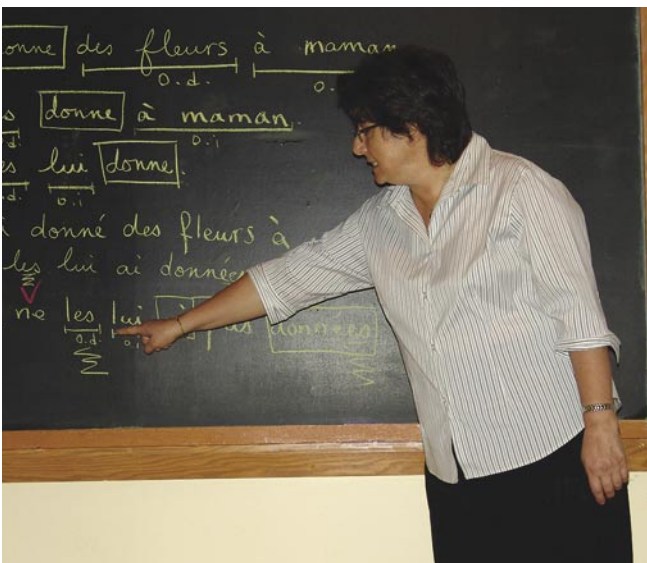
Often I am asked why I left my university studies and did not go on to medical school. My answer: I want to do something with the arts to counteract the destructive tendencies in our world. I see fear, greed, and distrust polarizing and endangering our social circles, education, agriculture, politics, the media. A “no!” and a shudder will never suffice. To be effective, I must be *for* something, for a positive counter-action. I have decided that my time and money is best spent learning

- to listen
- to think clearly
- to feel honestly
- to increase my awareness of the world around and within me

- to confront myself and others constructively
- to promote cooperation and trust
- to create beauty and share it

My way of combining these aims is to study eurythmy, then perform and teach it! And I intend to stay very much in the real world, because that is where I am needed. I go to school in Aesch, Switzerland and at the Goetheanum in Dornach. The eurythmy diploma is a full-time four-year course of study. Each semester we have classes in speech- and tone-eurythmy and related subjects such as music theory, anatomy and physiology, poetry and speech, pedagogy, choir, painting. To pay my bills I am also gardening, cleaning houses and ...tutoring English! Anne Greer’s love of grammar is infectious (notwithstanding an incubation period of, in my case, seven years!).

There is so much to say about my life here, and I can only give a snapshot. Public transportation is excellent here; I travel as much as I can. Life in Europe, and Switzerland (which is politically “outside Europe” while being surrounded by European countries!) still feels very different from North America, although entertainment and education are becoming more “americanized” daily. Being in Europe I am just “around the corner” from Chechnya and Iraq and so I feel more connected to people there. And I have made friends with students from the Republic of Georgia (Sakartvelo), the Ukraine, and Israel, which expands my sense of what it means to be a world-citizen. Here in the midst of East and West it is easier to remember: we are all in this together. ■
moira@gmx.ch



Anahid Movel '70

17 years at the school!

by Anahid Movel
current photos by Tanya Zoebelein '88
other photos courtesy of Anahid Movel

My love of languages paved the way for my life's journey that has taken me from East to West. I am a living example for my students when they wonder why they have to study another language. Learning languages has allowed me to engage with the new cultures that I came in contact with during that journey, while remaining connected to the spirit and sounds of my roots. I always say to my students: you never know where you will end up when you are an adult and it is the teacher's task to ensure that you meet the unknown well prepared. I

certainly had no idea, as a young Armenian girl in Iran, that I would one day be a French-language Waldorf teacher in Canada, the country my geography books depicted as the coldest land with the smallest population and lots of bears!

My Armenian parents left Russia, where they were born, in 1933 due to the Bolshevik regime. They immigrated to Iran, where I was born. Growing up, my father's family spoke Russian and my mother's family spoke Armenian. I went to a French school run by Catholic

nuns, which was very strict and highly academic. By the age of ten, I was fully conversant in four languages – Armenian, Russian, Persian and French. My sister and I never mixed up the languages. We switched from one to the other effortlessly at home and, as the need arose, outside of our home. And the need arose regularly since we were wine-makers and I grew up in the world of business in which many different nationalities interacted.

When I graduated from high school in 1970, my wish was to study industrial engineering but I didn't make the entrance exam because the demand was high and the spaces were few. In the meantime, I was accepted into a French-language undergraduate programme at a school of the University of Tehran.

In the summer of 1970, the mother superior of my school called and asked me to help out. The Farah Pahlavi Orphanage (named after the late shah's queen, who was an alumna of our school) had invited a renowned pedagogue to come from France to work with the teachers and supervisors and they needed a translator. So I went to the orphanage's summer retreat and worked for a month translating all the lectures and workshops from French into Persian. This was my first encounter with pedagogy and teaching.

I sailed through four years of university because of my strong background in French. During my second year, a teacher got sick in

to a fifth language.

I was now enjoying teaching but didn't want to close any avenues. I was also intensively involved in my family's wine business. Later I worked for French international companies in the capacity of director of general services, had great experiences but always loved working with children.

At twenty-five, I married William Movel, who shared my ethnic background. He had spent seventeen years in Italy – eight years in a boarding school in Venice and nine years in university in Parma, culminating in a PhD in Geology - and had Italian living in him. So what do I do? I learn the romantic language of Italian, which is really easy after French. Two years later in 1979, our daughter was born - on the same day and time as Ayatollah Khomeini came into the country. Bullets were flying through our backyard and we were contemplating our new born fearing for her life and asking ourselves what was in store for her. What a difficult time! We all had overlooked the warning signs of a revolution in the works - I guess we were too comfortable to bother. Everything changed so fast; there were no more parties or good times. We were shell-shocked. People were being killed in the streets. The reality of our lives changed so much that it was as if we were living in a new country. There was absolutely no guarantee of anything, including life. There is so much to be said about the revolution and the terrible war with Iraq that followed it, but this is a story for another time!



Little Anahid, aged 3, 1954



Anahid in Grade 5



Anahid and soon to be father-in-law, afternoon before wedding, 1977

the French school and I was once again asked to help out. Subsequently, I became a Grade One French teacher.

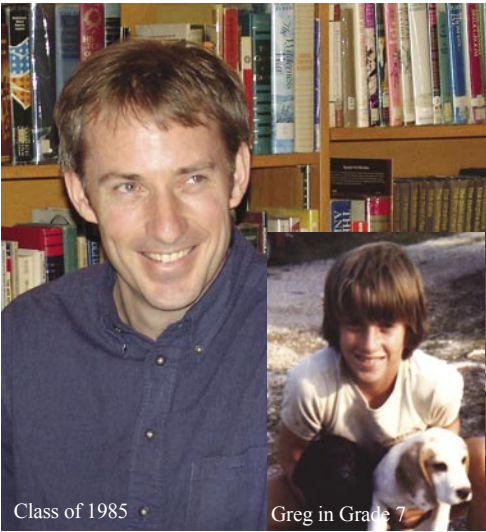
I traveled a lot in my youth. Some of the places I went, before coming to North America, included all western countries of Europe, Morocco, Israel, Greece, Lebanon, and Kuwait. At age twenty-two, I accepted a job to chaperon forty students, ages seven to sixteen, who were going to the American School of Switzerland at a summer camp. Since my English wasn't strong, I became friends with the French faculty members. Subsequently one of them had an accident, was hospitalized for a long time, and I became the French teacher for ages twelve to fourteen. My roommate was a young teacher from North Carolina who was born the same day I was. I was forced to speak English with her because this was all she spoke, and so began my connection

Soon after, our factories and all the belongings of the family were confiscated because we had been wine-makers when it was legal. As Christians in the past regime, we were more than welcome and were allowed to produce and sell alcohol. As ex-winemakers, however, we were at some risk in the new Islamic Iran. My parents, who were living in Boston at the time, urged us to leave the country after my uncle was arrested also for having been a wine-maker, but William and I were too idealistic and did not want to leave the country in which we had grown up during its time of difficulty.

Then William was recalled to the army. Since he was a geologist, he was to be sent to the war-front to direct land-mine search operations. This was the mind-set of the new rulers of the army!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

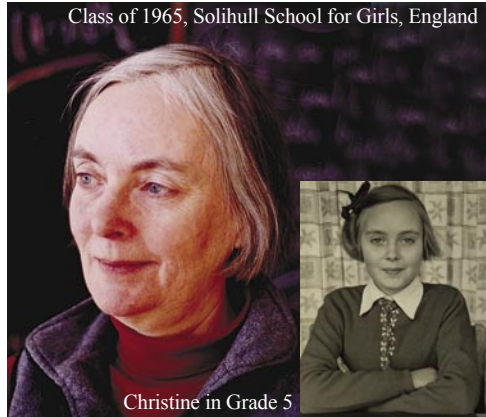
Greg Scott '85 was fortunate to have been in Gerhard Rudolph's class from Grade 1 through 8 without any interruptions. Unfortunately, it was not possible for him to continue into the high school and in 1981 he had to go into the public system. He spent his high school years at Thornlea Secondary after which he attended York University. It took him a few years to figure out what to major in, but finally he committed to history and fine arts. It was during this time that he reconnected to the Waldorf school community and discovered the philosophies behind it. This struck a resonant chord within him and he spent the next number of years trying to figure out how and when he would become a Waldorf teacher. The cosmos smiled down on him in 2001 and he began the teacher training at the Rudolf Steiner Centre (located on the TWS compus). A year later he started at the Toronto Waldorf School teaching woodwork and high school history. He is presently going into his third year of teaching in that position with the addition of being a Grade 12 class advisor.



Bruce Thomson '84 graduated from the Industrial Design Program at the Ontario College of Art in 1990. A dearth of design jobs in Canada led him to work in advertising, starting as a Mac jockey in 1990 and finishing as an Art Director in 1996. It was about this time that Bruce realised that he was becoming dangerously close to being “successful,” so he did the sensible thing and quit, taking up illustration full time. Formula One and motor racing had been a passion of his since high school, so it was natural that the subject matter that should occupy his interest would be cars. In 1997, he took teaching jobs at Humber and Sheridan Colleges and discovered that he really enjoyed having a captive audience. He took on more courses, splitting his time between teaching and painting. Bruce is once again getting dangerously close to being “successful,” so he has sensibly quit his teaching jobs to take up a position in the Vehicle Design master's degree course at the Royal College of Art in London, England.



Christine von Bezold '65, having had an excellent academic education herself in England, found that and much more in Waldorf education, notably at a TWS open house in the late '70s. This inspired her to join the group starting the London Waldorf School, where she became the school secretary. She came to the Toronto Waldorf School in 1991, so that her children could go to high school. Penn and Emily Davies and Ting von Bezold have now graduated and gone their separate ways. Bethany von Bezold is still in high school, and Christine continues to watch the world go by (and help it along) from the vantage point of the school's front desk. She has also taken up bookbinding, and has been able to substitute for Helga Sieber in the Grade 11 bookbinding course.



We decided that he wouldn't go, and we fled from our house. He quit his job the next day. He was now officially missing!

I had to run around the revolutionary headquarters to get our belongings back and my uncle freed. At the same time, I was called to the headquarters because I had worked for the deputy prime minister of the old regime. Fortunately, I was pregnant with my second child so they did not incarcerate me, but called me many times and every time I was interrogated; with the constant uncertainty, it was a very hard time.

In 1982, we built a house and four stores in Tehran and moved there (from my parents' house where we had been hiding) under my maiden name. Everyone knew us as Mr. and Mrs. Ojaghian. We ran a store that sold children's clothing and toys. Soon after, the Iraqi missiles started to pour down on the capital. Many times we fled to the security of the countryside. I experienced first-hand how in difficult situations, when everybody is in the same boat, you just deal with what comes your way and do not realize the severity of your problems.

In the summer of 1985, we applied for passports and got them. It had been six years since we'd been out of the country, so we went to Europe with the children for a vacation. When we were ready to return, my uncle told us that it was dangerous for William to go back. The situation was getting worse with the war. We were in Italy with only two suitcases of summer clothes, but the uncertainty at home was just too great. We decided to go to Portugal where a very good friend of ours, a Portuguese man, was going to help us get residency. Imagine, we didn't even have a winter coat. But that was not the straw that was going to break the camel's back. So, we moved to Portugal and stayed there for a year and a half. Of course, I learned Portuguese, my seventh language, and loved the country and the culture.

My sister and mother were residents of Canada by now and encouraged us to apply for immigration visas. But we had started a business in Portugal and wanted to see it grow. Since we are a very close-knit family



and upon my sister's insistence, finally we applied and got our residency permit and arrived in Canada on Christmas Day, 1986.

My sister, who is a financial analyst, had decided to explore another career. She had worked at TWS as a French teacher for two months and had left the job rather promptly. She didn't find teaching to be her calling! I was in Toronto and had no job. As she had no time, I volunteered to return her keys to TWS. I brought the keys to Augy van Boxel, and to make a long story short, she asked me to help them until they found another teacher.

You know what happened from there! I am still helping!

Augy was my mentor and my best friend. Without her I don't know how I would have ever made it. At TWS, I encountered a different educational method in a different culture altogether. I owe her my joy at being in this school. I should not forget that all my colleagues had a big role in helping me integrate and little by little discover the gems of this education. The more I experienced the “method,” the more it seemed to me to fit the human way of being, as I knew it. Little by little, I discovered that it upholds my Eastern values as well as allowing me to grow in a Western society. So, needless to say, I fell in love with it and the philosophy standing behind. Finally, here was an education that was not teaching language for its commercial value (i.e., what can it get me in terms of financial gain) but to provide the student with flexibility of thought and openness of mind. It promotes acceptance and appreciation of others and opens the ear – both outer and inner – to the poetry of other cultures. This is the true value of language.

And my students? From day one, they played a big role in my life. They have been my greatest teachers. I remember in the beginning I was so eager



Anahid and William are married on February 14, 1977

Anahid and baby Teny, 1979

Anahid and her children, Teny and Alex, 1984

Anahid in Lebanon



to learn English that I would jump on any new word they would use and ask for its meaning. They were happy to tell me what it meant, and in some instances they would add, “But Madame, you can not use that in the faculty room!” They have also taught me teenage slang. You can imagine in what kind of situations I ended up because of that!! Oh, the good times we have had together! My students have protected me (the city girl) from cows and horses on farm visits. We have eaten hot dogs in sliced bread together, we have baptized canoes together, they have pitched countless tents for me. We have laughed together to the point of tears. In my opinion, this is how education should be, a pleasant balance of give and take, work and play, where everyone feels useful.

I have been an advisor to two classes and am currently advising a third. After my first class graduated, I thought I would never love another class as much. After the second one, I thought these two were special and I cannot have a third one. Here I am advising a third class and loving it.

I guess I am a romantic beyond reason. I love my students back in Iran, in Switzerland and here. I am privileged to have lived in a variety of contexts. I feel I am so much richer because of these different cultures and languages. As I moved through Europe toward North America, I cherished the opportunity to speak to people in their own tongue and thereby understand the nuances of their personalities and cultures. The sky is blue everywhere and the people are the stars. ■ movel@rogers.com.

Les Black '65

21 years at the school!

by Les Black
current photos by Tanya Zoebelein '88
other photos courtesy of Les Black

The sun and blue sky of this beautiful, late February day promise spring. The black top is quiet and warm, but for the colourful flashes of multi-coloured wool tuques streaming down the snow-slide which is beginning to suffer from heavy use. Screams of delight accompany each slider as he or she whips high through the third banked turn and heads for the straightaway.



With members of his Grade 3 class, Class of 2013, in May 2004

I wince! Nuts! Over the edge goes one. Laughter and flying snow tumble over and over down into the ravine. Out of bounds, again! How I looked in wonder at the first snow-slide track I was to experience in 1983, built by Ray Haller. I had heard about this slide from Jack Schneider, a long-time school friend of mine whose sons, Jack and Mark, were students here in Ray's class and Ruth Bednar's class.

I was born the middle of three sons in 1945. My father was a Toronto orthopaedic surgeon. My schooling was at Upper Canada College, for the most part (Grade 1 to Grade 13). My memories are mainly of sports and recesses. Rough recesses and rough sports stand out. (We had to box every spring, from Grade 1 to Grade 8.) No girls, except before school, after school and on weekends – and intensively each summer; during these times, when I was figure-skating, there was some balance in my life. As a childhood asthmatic, my parents brought me to figure-skating as a healthy winter-time activity – my brothers were dragged along too. I remained heavily involved competitively through to competing at a junior national level in dance sometime in the pre-historic 1960s. My great enjoyment however was in free-skating, which allowed for greater athletic challenge (I stopped competing at age sixteen).

Cadets, rifles, football, cricket, tennis, squash and more figure-skating provided the backdrop (or perhaps foreground) for my high school years at UCC. But also, I could take time to work helpfully with younger students. This was an early experience that would anticipate what I was to love doing later in life. I could recognize that patience was a gift that a teacher could give to a student.

As it should be, I have watched the high school journey of the Class of 2004 as an outsider. From my time as their lower school class teacher, they taught me about the devotion of the seven-year old in observing each day in spring: the budding, leafing and flowering of apple boughs; the sustaining wonder of finding King Winter's "foot print" under the needle-fall in the playground forest some time after the snow had disappeared and, at the close of their Grade 8 year, well-crafted, courageously-presented individual Grade 8 projects (!) which showed the diversity of their interests and, so



Les in Grade 7

often, their compassion for others and interest in life's myriad wonders.

I have been able to work in an environment that asks me to draw upon the full range of gifts I have been given and to develop abilities in many other areas that I would not have

thought to explore. Because I was trained "in-service" at TWS as I began with my first class, the awesome demands of the teaching task rushed upon me continually; however, the excitement of working with the daily drama of so much youthful warmth and potent humanity overcame illnesses and self-doubt (most of the time).

It was at Lakefield College School that I completed Grade 13 with its high-pressure provincial exams – high-pressured for those of us who were ill-equipped for an assessment tool:

everything depended on the exam results. Now I realize that living as a child within environments that constantly evaluate through testing, as I did in school and concurrently in figure-skating, is a path injurious, for many, to one's self confidence.

Three very fulfilling years at Bishop's University (Lennoxville, PQ) followed for a BA in English and history. I was able to play football there and enjoy free use of the arena for my own figure-skating. The student within also was awakened for me during this time and I formed very critical views of the education of my youth, which eventually drew me towards becoming a Waldorf teacher.

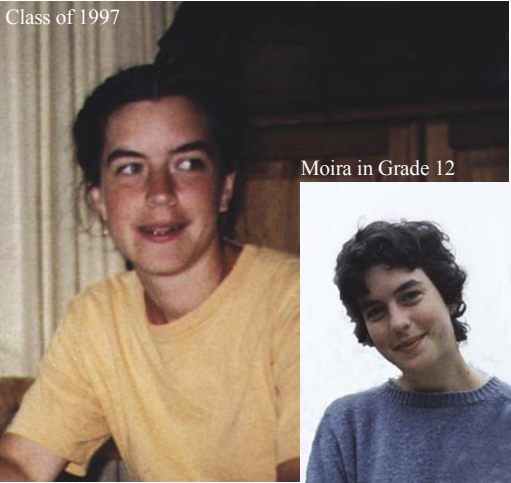
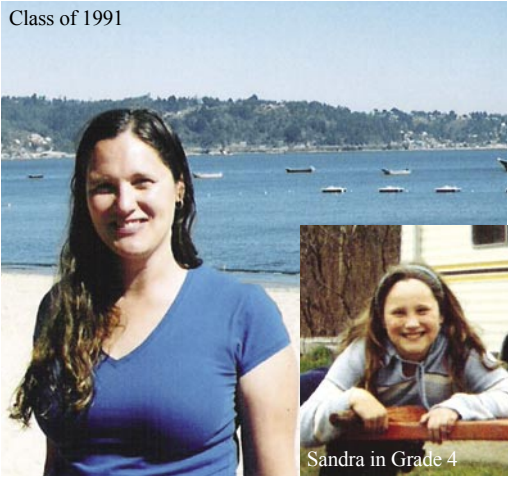
A flirtation with law as a career lasted two years before teaching became my certain, passionate focus. From Bishop's, I went to Queen's Law School. My first year was not successful, so I got a job with three lawyers in Peterborough and lived at Lakefield College School. This allowed me to clarify that I wanted to work with young people as a teacher.

I became "Monsieur Noir" at Crescent School and then at Lakefield College School, teaching French before reclaiming my proper identity at the Country Day School where I was a general classroom teacher. After that, in October of 1973, I began a nine-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

CONTRIBUTORS cont'd

Sandra Widmer '91 has lived in Switzerland, Nova Scotia, Costa Rica, Vanuatu and Toronto, since graduating from TWS, and has completed a BA and MA in social anthropology and international development at Dalhousie. During this time she has learned a heck of a lot from friends and she taught a number of them how to knit. Among her umpteen jobs, she has organized environmental and development education projects for government and community organizations, marked over 1,500 undergraduate assignments and represented youth concerns at the UN in New York City. Sandra has hiked many trails, smashed countless squash balls, swam in scores of lakes and oceans and made a very lovely quilt. She lives in Toronto with her partner, Jorge, who has made the last few adventures even more joyful. Once she completes her PhD in Social Anthropology at York she hopes to get an academic position or work in cross cultural health research.



Karin Zoebelein '84 studied interior design at Ryerson School for Interior Design in Toronto afte completing high school. There she discovered her love of fashion design and decided to explore that field. She attended the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City, after which she worked for several designers. Not content to do all their hard work for little recognition, she branched out on her own and launched her own design label, ZOEBE. She now lives and works in New York City, designing and distributing her own collections.



CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

month journey across Canada, living in a truck, to visit alternative schools. This journey began with a visit to TWS, in its first year at the present Bathurst location, and finished in the Waldorf classroom of Jacques Goldman on Saltspring Island, BC. Through conversations with Jacques, I was introduced to anthroposophy and a deepened interest in Waldorf education took root.

Three days later, in Victoria, I made a decision to do a public school teacher training near Blackpool, England, commencing three months hence. I made this decision because many had said, “You must work for change from within the public school system – get qualified and get involved.” England would be an adventure!

My mentor at Poulton le Fylde College of Education, Lancashire, was David Mollet, an anthroposophist! Previous notions of “grand coincidence” translated as “karma.” Karma unfolded with broad brush-strokes in England – by the next summer I had met and entwined life journeys with my Ilse of Austria, who was in England to try living an adventure in a hippie commune with some friends.

For seven years, when we subsequently settled in Fort Frances (north-eastern Ontario), we grew a family-foundation, with our sons, Ben and Noah, while I taught at Alexander MacKenzie Public School and at the Sixth Street School as an elementary teacher (Grades 1 through 5).

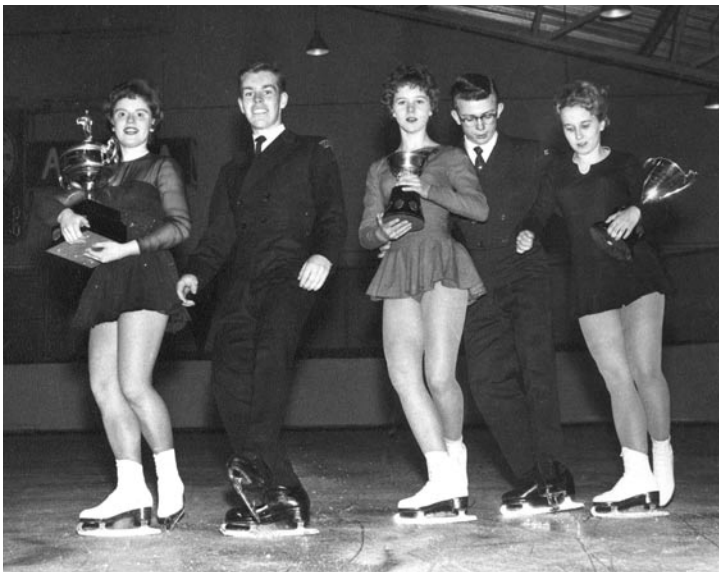
Public school teaching became increasingly dispiriting for me and we were at last primed to sell our



newly-renovated house so that I could join the first Rudolf Steiner Centre Teacher Training group in 1983. But I was asked to take that year’s new Grade 1 class instead and be mentored by Mel Belenson, Helmut Krause and Renate Krause at TWS. Our third son, Lucas, arrived soon after school began in 1983.

Beloved habits of making compost, preparing garden beds, teaching from Grade 1 to Grade 8, asking whether all Canadians have the right to choose education have led me to believe that my life’s interests are focused on foundation-building. That I can see this thread in myself is a gift from the increased attentiveness to everything in one’s life that can derive from a Waldorf-inspired world-view.

How blessed I am to have been surrounded by the joys and challenges of so many young, talented and warm individuals – my former students - whom I can ask at any time to step forward from my panorama of memories. You continue to teach me in these moments and I am very grateful. ■ ilseblack@sympatico.ca



Les Black at Central Ontario Sectionals, 1960



At Bishop’s University, Lennoxville, Quebec - hockey intermission

Tanya Zoebelein '88 is a trained professional photographer who loves to write. After her high school and university years, she traveled much and sees life as a long journey. As one of the *outofbounds* contributing photographers, she claims that observing human interaction in public spaces is one of her favourite things to do. She mostly concentrates on the genres of photo essay, documentary, fine and folk art. Her last project focused on several houses designed by a notable Mexican architect. Her current writing project is a fictitious piece about the comical social dynamics between men and women. At the moment, she is freelancing and looking forward to being an on-staff photographer and writer for a magazine.



The sun with loving light

I look into the world

Alice Priestley's *outofbounds* Morning Verse illustrations 1 & 2 are for sale in poster form! Contact Alice to place an order: 416.488.7491 alicepriestley@rogers.com

TWS's

Diversacare

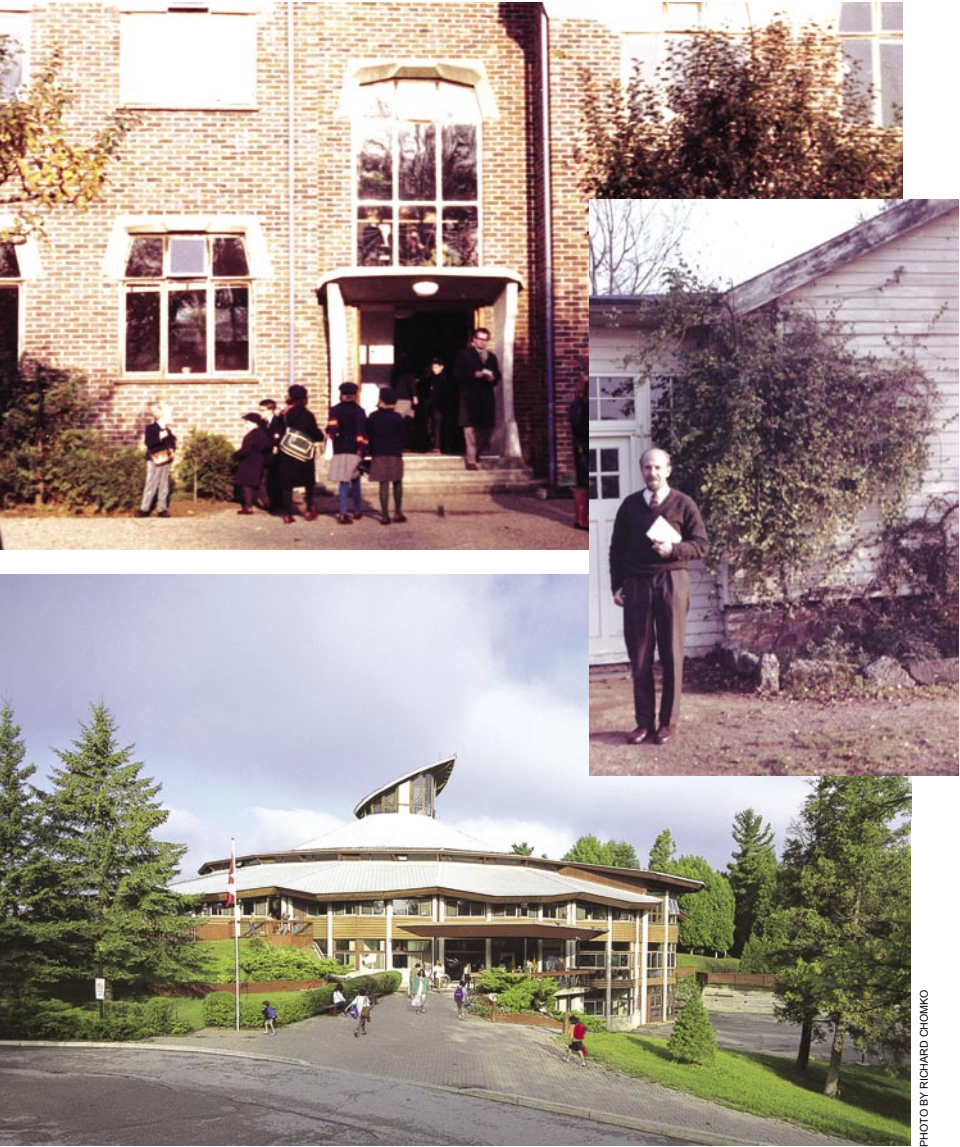
Diversacare-Waldorf has been established to help provide a safety net beneath the tuition assistance fund to help keep students in our high school who might have to leave, in spite of tuition assistance. From the sale of student-made greeting cards, funds are generated for those who need help to complete their final years, but they may be applied to others in the lower school as well.

So, to support current TWS students, buy your holiday cards from Diversacare - personal or company orders. Enquire soon!

call 905 707-8714

Happy 80th Birthday, Mr. Rudolph!

40 years of Waldorf teaching at Michael Hall School, England & the Toronto Waldorf School, Canada



Yes, Gerhard does have a private life:

Top: at two years of age - the youngest of four siblings, 1926

Second from Top: at 18 in 1942 with mother

Below: In his 20s, studying engineering at Munich University - rowing on Arbersee, 1950

Second from Bottom: In his late 20s, just arrived in Canada, early 1950s

Bottom: Marriage to Helga Krause at 32, 1956



Many adults who have just begun to meet faculty members at TWS and who have heard good things about them from other parents or teachers may be excused for anticipating discovery of a glowing cushion of hallowed air beneath the gliding steps of the Esteemed Ones as They flow gracefully about its Love-imbued Halls. In 1983, when I joined the faculty, I had just this feeling of awe for Gerhard. Over time, I let go of this reverential attitude but gently it has re-emerged as a loving respect. It is the appreciation of Gerhard's careful study of the grand in life's fine details and also his humility in spite of the deep wisdom he has accumulated that now gives him such a special aura for those of us who still count him as a dear friend and colleague.

This is not intended as a biography (see page 12 in last year's edition of this magazine) but as a celebration of Gerhard's 80th birthday, which took place in August of this year. He is a strong, vigorous octogenarian whose interest in the material and spiritual worlds have only heightened with time. Even before being asked to write this tribute, I have occasionally paused to think *into* his life. He has lived through hardship that few of us who are much younger could even imagine. Gerhard is of a different era, an era that still produced strong, non-allergic people who were nurtured by foodstuffs grown in soils that were still radiant with potent life forces. He emanates human endurance and vitality. Indeed, very few, at 80, would be able to continue daily work in an environment permeated with the myriad energies and mood swings of Youth.

Gerhard's adult life has mostly been lived in service to humanity. His patience, orderliness, attention to detail, thoroughness of preparation and regular contemplation of life in the light of his studies made it possible for him to make the transition from excellent lower school class teacher (the renaissance person) to appreciated high school teacher (the specialist). He is a rare individual who has experienced great success in two professions, each of which involved building.

The choice he made, to be a builder of human inquisitiveness and self-confidence as opposed to a builder of concrete bridges, has resulted in so much of the achievement of the Toronto Waldorf School through its developmental phases of Childhood and Youth. From civil engineer to class teacher to high school history teacher and advisor to school librarian, not to mention his service as faculty chair, board chair, and Rudolf Steiner Centre teacher, Gerhard has proved himself a master of transition – the art of crossing bridges (especially the ones you designed yourself!).

From the widest reaches of the Toronto Waldorf School community and beyond into the international community of Waldorf teachers,

Happy 80th Birthday, Dear Gerhard!

Les Black



Top: In his 30s - early 1960s.
- with Helga & little Thomas
- civil engineer for the Township of Etobicoke

Left Top: In his 40s, Emerson College, England - holding new member of the family, 1966

Left Middle: In his 50s, back in Canada at TWS - dress-up party on New Year's Eve, 1975, with Helga & little Katja

Left Middle: In his 60s, after dinner with little grandson, Max, 1990

Second from Bottom: In his 70s, with niece and brother, Germany, 1995

Bottom: at 80! 2004

FORMER FACULTY REMEMBER

Duncan Weymouth Alderson TWS English teacher 1976-1988



Type A Humor (Oops, Humour)

by Mr. A

When I accepted a job teaching English at the Toronto Waldorf School in 1976, I didn't realize that - as an American - I would be expected to learn a foreign language (Canadian English) and to teach something I'd never heard of - Canadian literature! Being the typical ethnocentric yankee, I thought I could simply walk across the border brandishing a copy of *Moby Dick* and impress my students with the glories of American literature. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the students were more interested in the glories of their own culture! Melville was quickly replaced by Mitchell, as in W. O. His famous novel, *Who Has Seen the Wind*, was close to the heart of every Canadian because it described such national rites of passage as getting your first pair of ice skates.

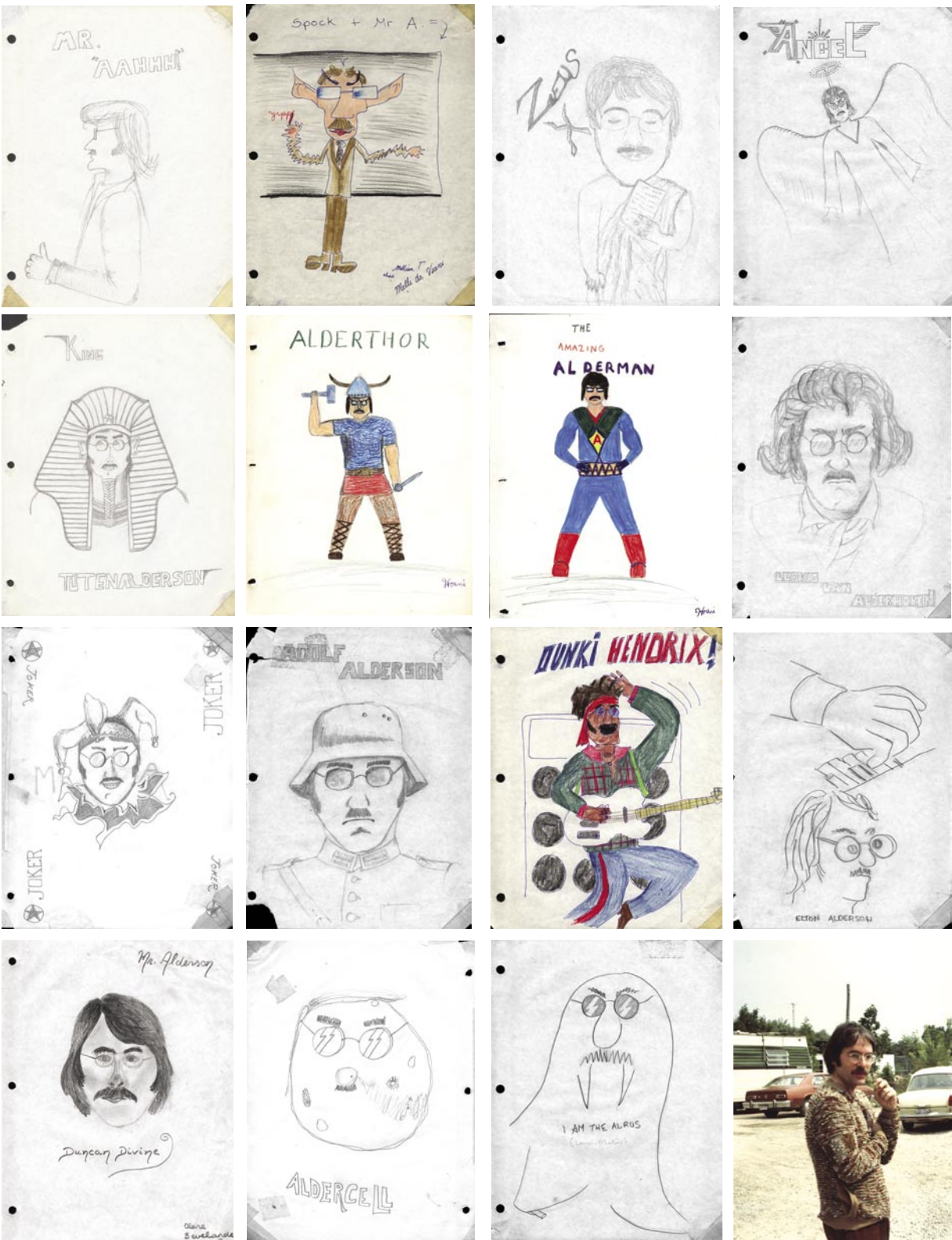
I distracted the students from my ignorance of their native literature by quoting the romantic poets and making puns. The students paid attention in class waiting for me to drop the next bad one. When they groaned, I would respond by saying, "if puns were good enough for Shakespeare, they're good enough for me." Privately, I realized that I had a monumental task ahead of me: I, Duncan Weymouth Alderson, a simple boy from South Texas who pictured every European novel I read taking place in my hometown of Houston, was going to have to create single-

handedly the world's first English curriculum for a Canadian Waldorf school. How could I do this? Although I had worked hard to develop an International Accent like Madonna, the students claimed that my Early Greek sounded suspiciously like my Early French, and that I pronounced poem as PO-YEM. Would they ever take me seriously? It was bad enough that I spelled "cheque" like "check" and rhymed Etobicoke with a popular soft drink. Would I ever be able to win the students over?

Then I remembered something Rudolf Steiner had said. When you find yourself taking yourself too seriously, look at caricatures. I mentioned this to the Grade Eleven class. That was all it took. They christened me Mr. A, and caricatures of my new persona began to appear in mysterious places. I was depicted in many different guises: Ludwig van Alderhoven, Mr. Ahhh!, Dunki Hendrix, Duncan Divine, The Amazing Alderman and AlderThor. The students couldn't believe that I not only permitted this, but encouraged it. I knew a good thing when I saw it. I was showing them that I could laugh at myself, which made me human.

And being human is what the humanities are all about. I could now deliver with confidence the curriculum I was able to develop with hints from Rudolf Steiner and help from mentors such as Werner Glas and Leonard Priestley. All the Main Lessons fell into place like pieces in a puzzle, beginning with the contrast of Comedy and Tragedy in Grade Nine and peaking with Parsifal and the Grail Quest in Grade Eleven. Canadian English appeared as an offshoot from the Flowering of English in Grade Ten, with Canadian fiction as an important branch of world literature in Grade Twelve. Along with the students, I discovered the literary riches of my adopted country and later had the opportunity to study personally with two of its leading authors: Margaret Atwood and Austin Clarke.

It was my privilege to teach the high school English curriculum for twelve years at TWS alongside Anne Greer, who took my place when I left. I only hope my students will give me an A, a good old Canadian "eh!", for the Attempt. ■ weymouth@ptdprolog.net



CARICATURES BY FORMER TWS STUDENTS, COURTESY OF DUNCAN



DUNCAN AND HELGA, CLASS OF '83 CLASS ADVISORS CIRCA 1982

FORMER FACULTY
REMEMBER

Kathy Brunetta

TWS class teacher, English, drama & phys. ed teacher
1987-1992; 1998-2002

The Little Cupboard Under the Classroom Sink



by Mrs. B
kathybrunetta@
hotmail .com

My passion for education began with teaching students who were brothers, sisters and cousins in my large Italian Catholic family when I was still a child myself. Our classrooms were my grandfather's bicycle shop and the rugged wilderness of the Canadian Shield. After completing a BA at the University of Western Ontario, I taught in India through Canada Crossroads International. It was here I first heard of Waldorf education but it wasn't until I returned to Ontario years later with a Professional Teacher Certification from UBC that I seriously looked at Waldorf schools. By then I'd taught at a Quaker boarding school and in public schools in the interior of BC and was searching for some kind of educational system with more depth and meaning than I'd found to date. I'd also married, homesteaded and had two sons who would soon need schooling.

While visiting my friends Les and Ilse Black in 1983, Les arranged for me to observe classes for a day at TWS and I returned home to Waterloo with a Waldorf Teacher Training brochure in hand. Coming to Richmond Hill a few months later

was intended to be a ten-month interlude to take the course, not a seventeen-year stay! The learning curve was high that year and my point of no return came when Helmut Krause, then teaching Grade 7, called the day before I was to begin as his student teacher saying he was ill and asked if I would substitute for him. Well, there is no substitute for Mr. Krause. By the end of the day, the Grade 7 students (members of the Class of '91) had engaged in such adventures that Helmut and I had weeks of follow-up repair to deal with. Did you know that it's possible for a single student to fit into the cupboard under the classroom sink and that a bell when rung from that small space sounds as though it's coming from somewhere else? That a whole class of students can almost instantly and silently disappear if you turn your back on them for a moment to write on the blackboard? That the ravine is an excellent place for thirty students to hide and that when you go to look for them it's possible for all the desks and chairs from the classroom to be gone by the time you return? Students are also able to break their arms, break windows and cause general havoc around the school with great enthusiasm. It was clear after that day, I could only improve as a teacher and besides, students with such imagination and creativity were the students with whom I wanted to work. I became Helmut's Grade 8 assistant the next year and had the delight of working with them on their Grade 8 play, *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Does anyone ever feel truly ready to be a class teacher? I didn't, but I was fortunate to have an enthusiastic and capable crew of students (members of



CLASS OF '99 TOP: ANDREW BIELER (GLASSES) AND TYLER CHURCHWARD-VENNE (MASK), GRADE 4;
MIDDLE: HALLOWE'EN, GRADE 2; BOTTOM: ALL HATS COMPLETE, GRADE 3; RIGHT: GARDEN SHED, GRADE 3

the Class of '99) on board for the journey with Mrs. B. Many were leaders, first born children in their families who kindly took charge and showed me the way they needed to be taught. I am forever grateful to them for their patience, generosity and wonderful senses of drama and good humour. The rich curriculum and artistic method of Waldorf teaching provided me with the education I'd always longed for and never had myself, but I would never have ventured into the amount of work required if the students hadn't been there to do it for. Waldorf education is a deed of service where all participants gain. These children instructed me daily in how to become a better teacher. I feel fortunate for the continuing relationships I have with them today as they venture into the world of higher education, work and exploration.

Before the Arts and Sports Wing was built, gym classes in the forum were concurrent with eurythmy classes behind the stage. The woodworking shop was beside the kindergarten rooms, organizing a class play was a miracle of scheduling cooperation and it seemed that class teachers were largely men with beards. When I applied to teach at TWS again in 1998, after teaching at the Alan Howard School from 1994 to 1998, TWS had changed and so had I. I was delighted to be invited to teach high school English and phys. ed. The new gym was fabulous and this time colleagues included more women and some of the men were beardless! Even though my degree was in English, I didn't know literature and drama could possibly be so interesting until I began teaching in the high school. Waldorf students ask profound questions and make observations that lead a study into rich new depths.

I've been consulting in Waldorf schools for the past two years and recently spent a week at the Alan Howard Waldorf School. While observing a Grade 1 lesson, a little girl caught my eye and strongly reminded me of someone. Imagine my surprise and delight to discover this child was Carla Sorbara's daughter. She was as lively and dynamic as Carla had been when she was a student in Helmut Krause's class that day long ago. ■



AQUARIUS

Kathy Brunetta

A new age dawned,
Aquarius.
Dress code:
bluejeans.
We painted our lockers and
restructured the student body
into planetary houses.
Mine was Pluto.
It was an inspired time.
Let the sun shine in.

We're children of the fifties
born to be Boomers.
We boomed
Beyond the available room.
School was in shifts.
I was predawn.
The setting stars led me to school
over icy puddles that my boots
were the first to crack.

By the time the second shift arrived
so had the light
and the school was bursting
while the two shifts
overlapped.

Miss Dove told us to
rest our heads on our desks
eyes closed
to the poetry of
Rod McKuen over the
symphonic crashing wave soundtrack.
She walked by the river
every day
for her weak heart.

Sloppy Joes were the cafeteria fare but
we really devoured each other.
The guys contested.
How many napkins can you stick in your mouth?
A guy thing.
Tent dresses, hip huggers, bell bottoms, love beads
Latin, band, French, physics.
No nuns, no catechism, no Catholics
no residential kids.
One Indian classmate.
Where did they go
the Indian kids?

Football,
parades, floats, kleenex flowers.
It was Aquarius not ecology.
We didn't know kleenex was a forest.
Beauty queens, homecoming.
Drinking, cars, boats, deaths
walkathons, dances, energy.
In the cool of the evening
groovy.
It was a whiter shade of pale
Jezebel.

And we were the muses
to romantic idealists –
boys with soul.
Poetry was written
paintings inspired
races run, games played
hearts broken, jealousy felt
friendships made
new thoughts, ideas born, dialectic
and the mind through liberation went
Aquarius.

Hockey season
a snow queen, MVP
all night curling bonspiel.
Winter.

The prom
graduation
year book.
Spring.

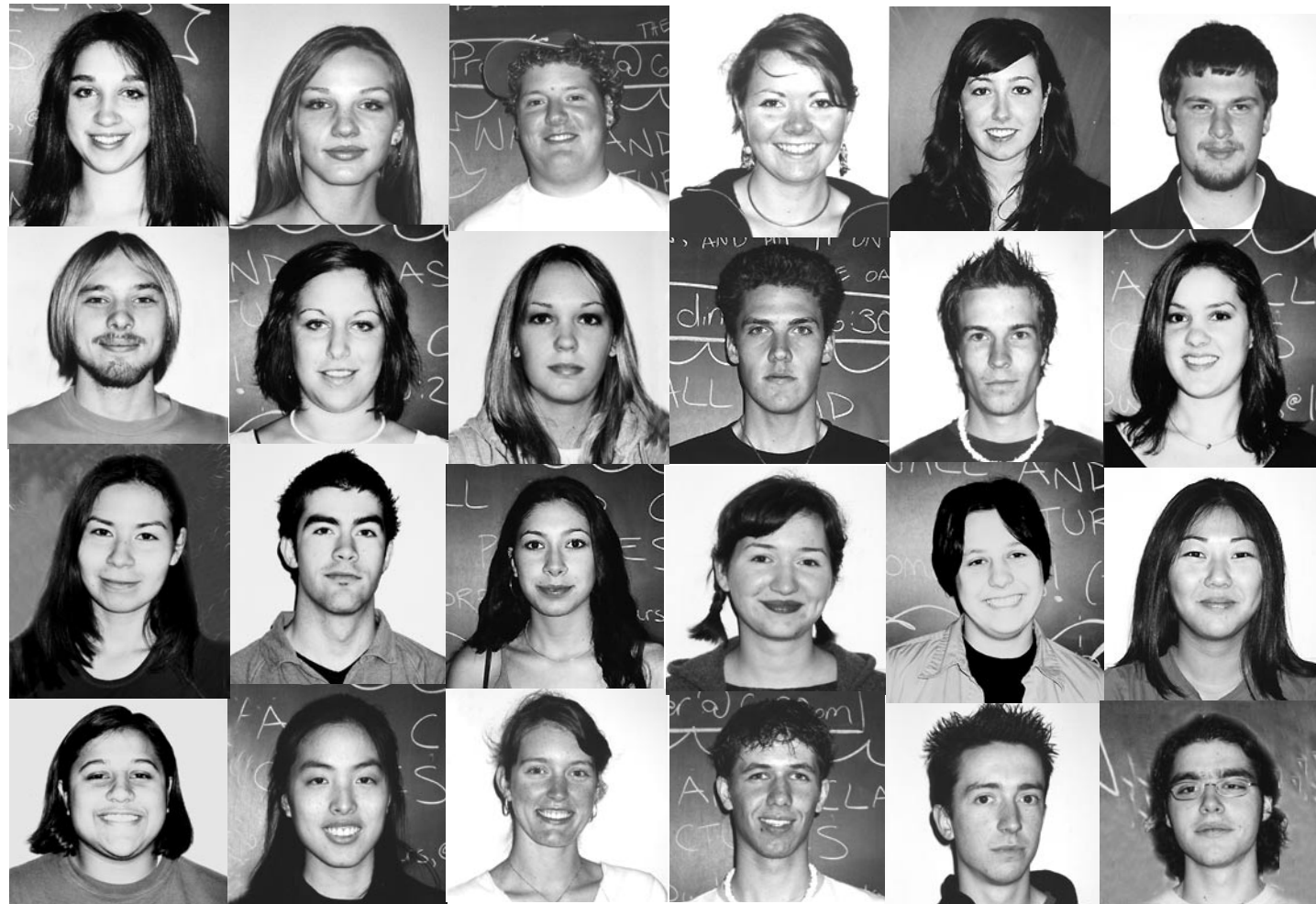
Aquarius
A strike
Let us wear blue jeans or we won't come to school.
A walkout.
Uncut hair
Rebellion.

Feminism wasn't.
The women's movement was.
Kennedy and King
were and then weren't.
Viet Nam
and the American boys were gone.
It was a cold war
radioactive, chemical.
Anarchy in the school newspaper.
Christ was a pacifist.
Joan, Bob and the Beatles were singing to us.
Woodstock happened,
Janis died. Jimi died.
The times were a changin'.
Trudeau called a state of emergency.
There was a crisis in October.
From Centennialism to terrorism.
Ontariario.

Easy rider,
one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
It was catch 22, love story, Danny's song and
the godfather.
Divorce happened. We became vegetarian.
People lived together and left their churches.
We read Siddhartha, Daybreak, the Road Less Travelled
the Communist Manifesto and Mao's Little Red Book.
There was a space odyssey and a man on the moon
taking a little step,
and planet of the apes and soylent green.
Jesus Christ became a super star
so did Hair and Twiggy Downtown.
What would you do if I sang out of tune mellow yellow?
Ten soldiers and Nixon coming we're finally on our own.
When you're down and troubled
Flash water jack
you just call my name and I'll be there
but where have Rachel Carson and all the flowers gone?
I'm leaving on a jet plane.
Farewell Angelina.
I left a good job in the city
Proud Mary.
How many roads must a man walk down?
We're blowing in the wind. ■

FORMER FACULTY
REMEMBER

WELCOME to the alumni/ae community....



PHOTOS BY KATHERINE DYNES '84

Megan Walberg
Adri Juricka
Melony Wathey
Shruti
Krishnamoorthy

Robin Buss
Sasha Singer-Wilson
Asa Greenberg
June Chen

Otis Edelstein
Emmy Churward-
Venne
Laura Loberto
Heather Cullen

Karla Hewitt-Blackie
Diego Catala
Magda Eden
Artem Deretchouk

Michelle Terry
Lucas Black
Viktoria Koroknai
Michael Higgins

David Steinbauer
Consuelo McAlister
Amy Martin
Marcus Troiano

...grads of the Class of 2004

and the rest of the Class of 2004

Jason Anton
Rohit Barreto
Brianna Ber
Natalie Constantinou
Leah Dacks
Daniel Danzig
Tim Descombes
Katherine Faria
Joshua Garber
Justine Giancola
Naomi Gilad
Nick Gvelesiani
Gifford Harper-Burgess
Milena Iaizzo
Nora Kirov
Christopher Knight
Magdalena Koch
Anne-Christian Krieg
Katharina Lechner
Grena Lynch
Alexandra Maczka-Adams
Michael Martin
Kyle McKenzie
Ryan Minton
Frank Mora
Davis Morgante
Stephanie Munger
George Nozuka
Hiroyuki Onishi
Lukas Pazmandy
Frances Philpott
Greti Pilscheur
Desiree Segal
Nicola Tibbetts
Altung Turksen
Alexandra von Kanel
Christopher Wetmore
Andre Zanoncello

Since the TWS Alumni/ae Association includes anyone who has attended the school for at least one year, all members of each class are equally valued in our community and will be listed, regardless of whether they graduated from TWS Grade 12. Apologies for omitting this comprehensive Class of 2003 class list from last year's edition.

→ Creating and publishing lists like this runs the risk of leaving someone out, but they also enable us to gather complete information. So, please let me know if these class lists are incomplete.
katjarudolph@aol.com 416.538.9536

Feedback from last year's edition:

"- it's confusing to include teachers' class years - makes it seem as though they attended TWS." Yes, I can see that it's a bit confusing, but I include them as a way of pointing out that they were students once too and to give us a sense of their generational connection to us. For instance, the current board chair would have been a member of my class, Class of '84, if she'd attended TWS. KR

"- the magazine should include a biography of all of those who have passed away." This is a good idea, and I will try to include one in each future edition and thereby properly remember all faculty and alumni/ae who are no longer in the world with us. In this edition, Sara Anderson has written an excellent piece about Augy van Boxel. KR

"- what about a section about alumni/ae who live outside of Canada...call it "way out of bounds." Great idea. It's in. KR

"- a poster should be made of Alice Priestley's illustration." Again, great idea. We did it. We will most likely make one of this year's illustration too. They are being sold to alumni/ae, the TWS community and to other Waldorf schools. KR

"- class members of the Class of 2003 who did not graduate from TWS Gr. 12 with the class - sometimes because of financial reasons - were not included in the welcome-into-the-alumni/ae-community. This isn't right." I completely agree. This was an oversight that I've corrected in this edition. KR

PHOTO IDENTIFICATIONS, *outofbounds* 1:
- page 6: student in construction site is Olaf Haeussler '83
- page 7: the students are: Marcus Schmidt, unknown, Ariane Rhoem, Katja ?
- page 7: Class of '82 in Gr. 2, 1972/73, not Gr. 4
- page 14: Class of '79 photo was taken in Gr. 5, 1971/72, not Gr. 6.

The rest of the CLASS OF 2003

Class teachers:
Flora-Jane Hartford,
Robert Teuwen
Class advisors: *Inge Shukla,*
Bob Pickering, Paul Heitala

Claudia Aurbach
Ali Awan
Françoise Babin
Isabella Bedford
Claire Bennett
Emma Bongers
Emma Lois Cohlmeier
Harshal Dave
Joel Den Boer
Micaela Escobar
Nico Fernex
Daniel Gerber
Isaac Gordezky
Stephane Grandgirard
Lea Guzman
Kentaro Habgood
Rolan Ivker
Simone Jost

Emily Joyce
Keshev Krishnamani
Adrian Kutschera-Reid
Clara Locey
Luke Madonia
Alan Mallory
Bernadette Maringer
Gareth McGorman
Tyler McMaster
James Millers
Adrian Molder
Jay Morris
James Musson
Sophia Nasr
Polina Nassereddine
Sandy Nozuka
Julian Rankine
Christian Renner
Sigrid Ryberg
Jeffrey Shaw
Daniel Silverman
Jason Suvári
Jonathan Tam
Natasha Ustel
Laura Vickery
Paul Widmer
Oscar Yu
Aviv Zimmerman

CORRECTIONS

- apologies for typos in some Class of 2003 names listed in *outofbounds* 1

Alina Ianovskaia
Rebecca Rapoport
Ilyas Searson
Ingmar Buchweitz
Sylvia Chomko
Lauren Joyce

Many, many **thanks** to those who have made donations to **outofbounds**. Donations have come from alumni/ae, faculty, former faculty, and former parents. Anything that you can give ensures that the magazine will develop and thrive into the future.

A heartfelt **thanks** also to alumni/ae who have **volunteered**. Volunteers have helped at open houses, the Candlelight Fair, the Grade 12 graduation, the Class of '84 reunion, with this magazine and its mailing. A volunteer page will be developed on our Web site in the next year, listing those who have helped and how you can pitch in from time to time.

The TWS schedule lists some of the dates that might be of interest to you. For a complete schedule contact TWS.

Alumni/ae, you are welcome at all of these events! Times and dates may change, so call ahead. Where times are missing it is because they have not yet been established.

Toronto Waldorf School
905.881.1611
general@torontowaldorfschool.com

Rudolf Steiner Centre,
located in the Arts and
Sports Wing of TWS, offers
adult development and Waldorf
Teacher Education programs.

RSC
905.764.7570
info@rsct.ca

events 04/05

ALUMNI/AE & TWS SCHEDULES

SEPT 7 Beginning-of-Year Assembly, 9am
29 Michaelmas
OCT 23 Open House - **Alumni/ae presenting**
NOV 12 Wooden Ship - Open stage evening - call to find out more.
20 Candlelight Fair (formerly Christmas Fair) - 11am to 4pm
Alumni/ae Room
DEC 4 Parent Festival
17 Advent Assembly & Grade 12 Christmas Party: 9am
TBA Shepherd's Play - call for date and time
JAN 28 Just Desserts Theatre
& 29
FEB 26 Open House - **Alumni/ae presenting**
MAR 4 Wooden Ship
APR 15 Gateways Conference - A conference about education,
& 16 open to educators - call for details
22 Wooden Ship
28 & 29 Grade 8 Play
MAY 6 Lower School Parent Festival
13 High School Performance Evening
29 May Fest
JUN 10 Grade 12 Play
& 11
15 High School Olympics
15 Grade 8 Graduation
17 Grade 12 Graduation
TBA **Class of '85 20 Year Reunion**

RUDOLFSTEINER CENTRE SCHEDULE

SEPT 10 Rudolf Steiner Centre Open Morning
15 Foundation Studies Free Introductory Evening
28 Watercolour Painting - Temperaments of Colour
OCT 7 Explorations I - An Introduction to Anthroposophy
8 Friday Morning Program - Stories of the Human Journey
12 Tuesday Morning Program - Walking in Beauty
16 Arts Day
20 Skilled Friends I - Frontiers of Relationships
NOV 20 Coffee House at TWS Candlelight Fair
JAN 13 Explorations II - Introducing a Path of Inner Development
15 Destiny Learning - Entering the Force Field of Karma
26 Skilled Friends II - From Dialogue to Dyads
FEB 6 And Introduction to Biodynamic Farming & Gardening
11 An Introduction to Anthroposophical
Medicine for Health Professionals
26 Teacher Education Open House
MAR 30 Skilled Friends III - Steps Towards Self-Experience
APR 7 Explorations III - Initiatives
9 Destiny Learning
13 **Teacher Education Program Application Deadline**
30 Exploring Organization Health
MAY 2 Connecting Soul and Spirit to World Events
3 The USA and its Threat to World Peace
9 Schooling Week: Clay Modelling
16 Schooling Week: On Meditation

DOWNTOWN EVENTS - 6 Joseph Street

SEP 28 Free Tuesday Evenings - Fall
25 Biography - Shifting the Perception of Your Life
27 Eurythmy - Sounds Made Visible
OCT 14 Explorations I - An Introduction to Anthroposophy
NOV 6 Destiny Learning
8 Skilled Friends II - Frontiers of Relationships
JAN 11 Free Tuesday Evenings - Winter
13 Explorations II - Introducing the Path of Inner Development
24 Skilled Friends II - From Dialogue to Dyads
MAR 31 Explorations III - Initiatives
APR 4 Skilled Friends III - Steps Towards Self-Experience

BARRIE EVENTS - call for location

OCT 6 Explorations I - An Introduction to Anthroposophy
JAN 12 Explorations II - Introducing the Path of Inner Development
APR 6 Explorations III - Initiatives

performances • workshops • conversations • creativity

"... become masters of an endless play and forget
all our foolish striving in an eternal, self-nourishing,
and ever-increasing pleasure..." novalis

www.novalisproject.com
705-722-5408
info@novalisproject.com

novalis project
arts inspiring social renewal

Sponsored by: Camphill Communities Ontario

Café Downstairs

Catering services
With a different flavor

905-881-6137 ext. 755
905-889-1897
move1@rogers.com

*Why is Waldorf Education
Still Unique?*

Is it time to find out more?

Visit us at the

*Rudolf Steiner Centre
Toronto
(on the TWS campus)*

*www.rsct.ca
905-764-7570*

This magazine is printed on 10% post-consumer
recycled paper using vegetable-based inks.

If you discover an error in this edition, know
a photo credit or have some information that
is missing, please contact Katja Rudolph at
416.538.9536 or katjarudolph@aol.com

MESSAGES

Dear Class of '85,
Believe it or not, summer of 2005 is the
time for our 20 year reunion!
Yes, it has really been that long since
we graduated high school. Feeling older
and wiser? Looking forward to getting
together with old and dear friends? Let's
start thinking about our reunion and gather
up a core group of us, say five people,
who will be the brains behind this event.
So, here is a call to you five motivated,
brainy and lovely people out there.
Please contact the alumni/ae coordintaor
(katjarudolph@aol.com) by Hallowe'en
2004 and let her know who you are. Let's
make it into what we want it to be.

Thanks,
From a Class of '85er

Stay the course and keep your eyes
on the distant shore. All the best,
dear classes of TWS.

Warmest Greetings,
Leed Jackson
leed.jackson@sympatico.ca

THANKS to all the amazing contributors
to this edition of *outofbounds*, including
all those featured. You have volunteered
your time and patiently put up with my nit-
picking, as well as with the ups and downs
of life-with-computer! I feel privileged to
have worked with you and happy to have
come to know each of you a little.

Katja Rudolph, editor
katjarudolph@aol.com

Dear Class of '84,

I wish fulfilling experiences
for all of you!
Regards, Allan Hughes
allanhughes@sympatico.ca

Dear Class of '85,

I look forward to seeing you next year at
your 20 year reunion. I hope many of you
attend! Until soon,
Gerhard Rudolph
gerhardrudolph@aol.com

To all my students,

Chip, Chip!
Have a great year!

Anahid Movel
movel@rogers.com

Greetings and happy anniversary to my class, the first
TWS graduating class, June 1979.....Wow, 25 years!

Elaine Smedley Grech '79, Calgary
emgrech@shaw.ca

To all my former students,

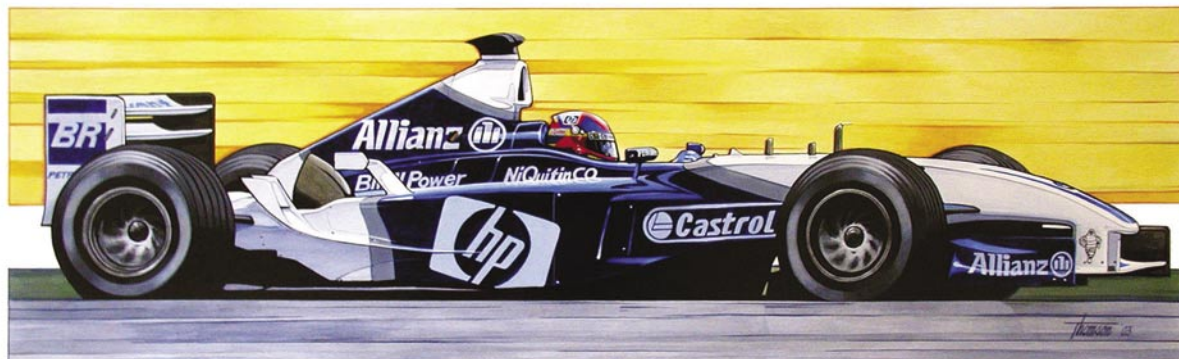
Thanks for all those caricatures you did of
me. I'm trying to live up to them. E me!
Cheers, Mr. A
weymouth@ptdprolog.net

Dear *outofbounds* team,
You have done it again and once more
in an impressive and admirable manner!
With best wishes and love to all of you,
Mrs. Rudolph (aka Mrs. R, Helga)
iknit4utoo@aol.com



THANKS FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT OF THIS MAGAZINE

thomson
DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION
thomson@atlasf1.com
www.thomsonart.com



Mark L. Levine B.A., R.M.T.

Pediatric and family
Craniosacral Therapy

310 Kerrybrook Drive
Richmond Hill, Ont. L4C 3R1
Tel: 905-780-2468

Bibbity Bop
Handmade Bibs, Mats
and Aprons

Available online at
www.bibbitybop.com



Donations to the magazine are VERY welcome! If a donation is not possible for you at this time, think about sending us the cost of mailing - this is only a few dollars, but will help the magazine tremendously.
Payable to:
the Toronto Waldorf School
Send to:
Katja Rudolph,
52 Rusholme Road,
Toronto, ON, M6J 3H5

Bibbity Bop is Alice Hiller's (Jackson) business. She is a member of the Class of 1983

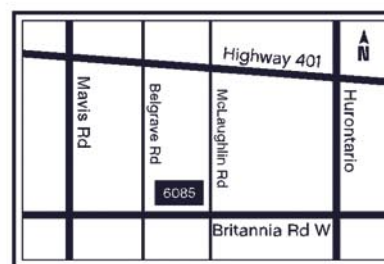
**ATHLETIC LOCKER
OUTLET**

**GRAND
OPENING!**
YOUR SOURCE FOR SPORTSWEAR, UP TO 70% OFF RETAIL!



Address:
6085 Belgrave Road
Mississauga, Ontario L5R 4E6
(905) 564-6830 ext: 364

FEATURING LEADING SPORTS BRANDS



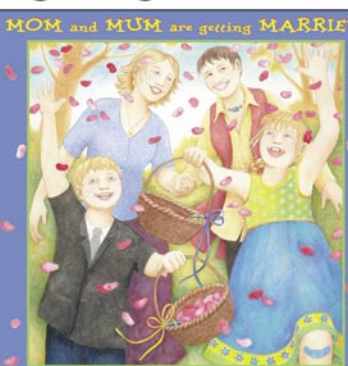
**Full-time Painting Study
Programme**

**Lay Courses
for painting enthusiasts**

**Part-time and personally
tailored programmes**

Sekretariat
Geotheanumstr. 16
Ch-4143 Dornach
Tel: 0041-61-701-4877
info@malschuledornach.ch
www.malschuledornach.ch

available this fall ...
**MOM and MUM are
getting MARRIED!**
MOM and MUM are getting MARRIED!



written by Ken Setterington illustrated by Alice Priestley

by Ken Setterington
illustrated by Alice Priestley
Join Rosie and her two mothers as they prepare for this wonderful party; family, friends and fun come together for a joyous celebration of love in a changing world. For ages 8 and under. Full colour.

\$14.95 hardcover ISBN: 1-8967654-84-3
For more information please contact
Second Story Press 416-537-7850
info@secondstorypress.ca

THANKS FOR YOUR GENEROUS
SUPPORT OF THIS MAGAZINE



**BREATHING SPACE
COACHING**
Aileen Stewart 905-508-1390

IMAGINE a relationship where the entire focus is on you, on what you want in life, and how you can achieve it. This is the coaching partnership! Aileen is a certified, professional coach who helps you simplify your life. Create space for more of what is meaningful to you! She can be reached by phone or at:
breathingspacecoach@rogers.com

Thanks to Mark Klein (former TWS parent) and In-House
Printing Services
416.667.0088 ext. 223
1.800.259.0945
mklein@inhouse.ca

Challenge the Mind. Engage the Spirit.

Far from being a 'system', Waldorf education is an art. At the Toronto Waldorf School, it is the art of nurturing and preserving that most precious of childhood gifts, the imagination. In the early years, the creative use of songs and poems reveals the underlying melodies of language while a class play may dramatize the operations of arithmetic. From Parent & Tot to Grade 12, it is the art of bringing traditional education to life and joy to the learning process. Through a unique integration of the arts and sciences, TWS graduates students who are well-rounded, well-grounded and fully capable of meeting the challenges of post-secondary education and adulthood.

Come and visit our unique campus again; reacquaint yourselves with the beauty of the school you attended. Bring some children to play in our forest playground and see our farm and garden.

Stop by to say hello; we look forward to seeing you.

Toronto Waldorf School

Parent & Tot through Grade 12 • 9100 Bathurst Street, north of Hwy 7 • 905.881.1611 • www.torontowaldorfschool.com





inbounds