a magazine for the alumni/ae of the Toronto Waldorf School

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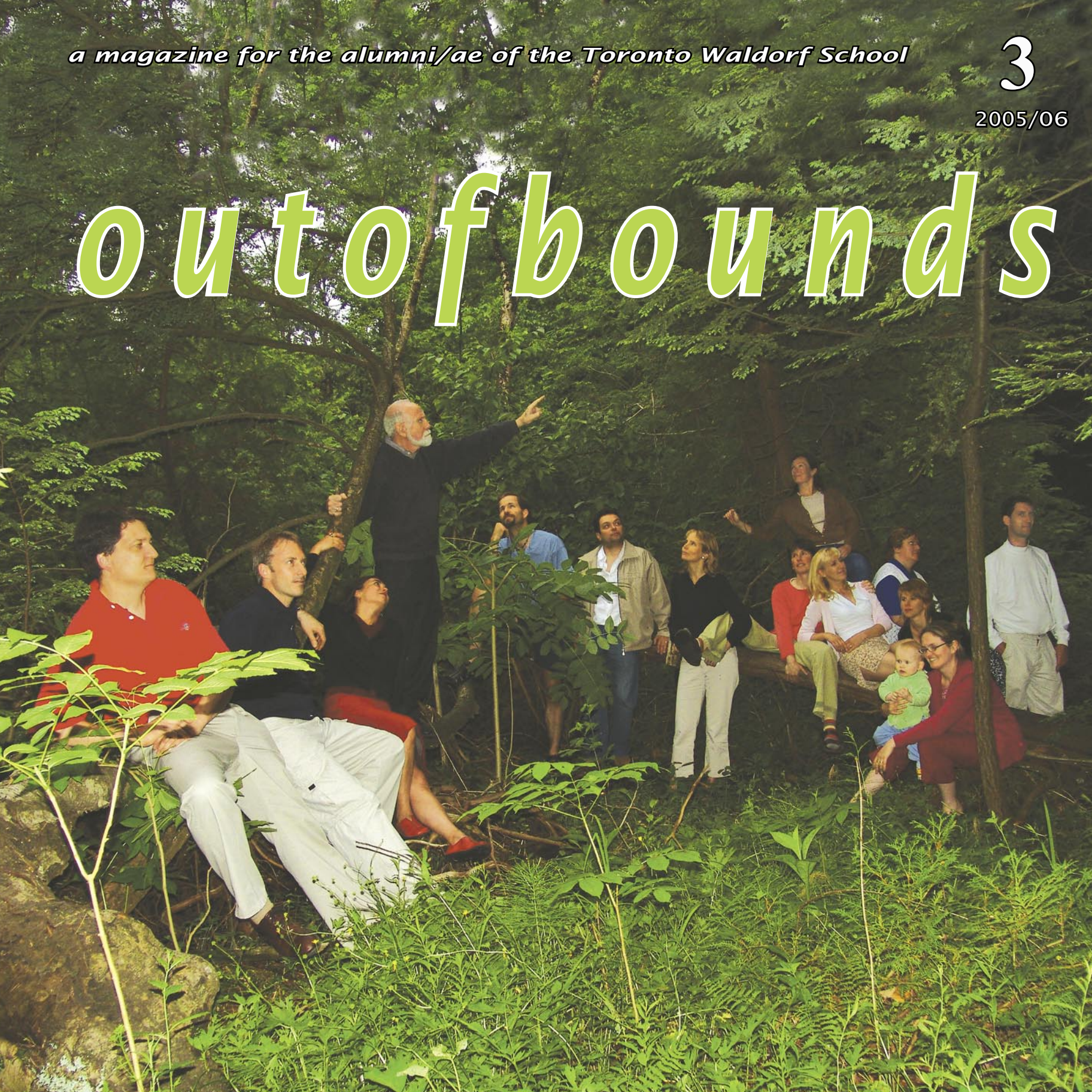
2005/06

outofbounds



editorial

Katja Rudolph '84 attended TWS from Grade 2 to 12. After graduating, she travelled for a year in Europe and Canada and then completed a BA in cultural studies and political science at Trent University. She moved to England to do an MA in social and political science at King's College, Cambridge. After a two year break during which she worked and traveled to India, she began a PhD degree in the Theory and Policy Studies in Education Department at the University of Toronto. Her doctoral work developed a theoretical argument for a post-liberal choosing subject and the socialization of choice in education (an anti-privitization model) by deconstructing liberal accounts of subjectivity, agency, choice, and the welfare state. She received her degree in 1999. She now works as a researcher and writer, and has just completed her first novel. She lives in Toronto with her partner who is a set and costume designer for theatre and opera.

They meet once a month or maybe once every six weeks in someone's living room or in a restaurant downtown that allows them to sit for several hours over their drinks. At the moment, they range in age from early twenties to early forties; their interests, occupations, preoccupations and areas of expertise are diverse. In the beginning, their discussions focus solely on why they are getting together, but they know at least that they want to be part of some movement for change in the world. After a while, they hone in on various topics that seem pressing to them, global and local, personal and grand historical; they do some reading, they come up with ingenious ideas about their possible role in the global conversation. They are not sure whether being Waldorf alumni/ae makes their group any different from the thousands of other groups out there – reading groups, secular and religious discussion groups, volunteer organizations, political meetings, social justice initiatives. This is something they also discuss. They know that they feel comfortable with each other, a level of familiarity that seems to arise from their shared experience in a Waldorf classroom.

They get satisfaction out of this space for conversation, this exchange of views. It is free of judgment, expectation, prescription, pressure - it's open and unofficial. They feel that it augments the work of the TWS alumni/ae programme - the reunions, the activities, the general alumni/ae support of the school - and they find each other in part through this magazine. They feel confident that together, with time, they will come up with their *raison d'être*. They know that they want it to be more than a study group. They think that in the future they will be able to write a mission statement, have concrete goals, create a clear identity as an activist group. They think that they will eventually make connections with other like-minded groups, Waldorf and non-Waldorf. In the meantime, they set up a web-site. Someone writes a blog about the meetings. Alumni/ae from other Waldorf schools around the world chime in. Lots of other people visit as well.

It's a kind of big party of ideas leading to something else, something more, something not-yet named, with that particular Waldorf alumni/ae multi-flavour giving it its intangible distinction.

Of course, this is all fiction. Such a TWS Waldorf alumni/ae group does not exist. But it could.

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FRONT COVER MODELS: SOME OF THE CLASS OF '85 20 YEAR REUNION ATTENDEES

COVER PHOTOSHOOT:
June 18, 2005, somewhere in the school's ravine

COVER PHOTO BY
TANYA ZOEBELEIN '88

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Höhere Bundeslehranstalt für

Wirtschafliche Frauenberufe, Graz, Austria, Class of 1972

Ilse in Kindergarten

St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, New Brunswick, Class of

Beth in Grade 11

1968

RECENT PHOTOS BY KATJA RUDOLPH '84

Beth Currie

Early Childhood Faculty Chairs

On behalf of the Early Childhood Faculty we send you a warm welcome!

by Ilse Black and Beth Currie

When we sat down to think of many of you who once upon a time were skipping and hopping through our rooms, the question came up, what do people remember of their early years?

A young mother came to mind who on her first visit to our school requested to take part in our weekly tour. When she stepped into one of our kindergarten rooms, she immediately remarked, "I know this place, the feel of it, the colour of the walls; even the smell is familiar. Yet I am sure I have never been here before!" Intrigued by the experience, she went home and checked with her mother. The latter confirmed that as a three-year-old she had been sent to a small nursery in a church basement in Willowdale that had "something to do with Waldorf." (A small nursery on Lilian Street in Willowdale had indeed been the first Waldorf initiative in Canada, the young Toronto Waldorf School.) When she shared this story with us in one of our Parent & Tot classes, we were once again reminded how powerfully sense-impressions imprint themselves on a young child and how, many years later, they come back to us as vivid memories.

This story illustrates a principle of Waldorf education on which much of our work as early childhood educators rests: the understanding that we remember *everything* of our early years, but not necessarily consciously. It is stored as sensory memory that is constantly rekindled by present situations, evoking a strong visceral and emotional experience in us today as conscious adults. The next logical question is, given that our childhoods are "stored" in this way somewhere in us, are these visceral and emotional experiences *good ones,* ones which enliven our present lives, nourish our present aspirations, make us feel confident and enthusiastic about our place in the world? Did the young mother step into our room and have a sense of well-being, calm, safety, and joy accompany her sensual memory, or did she feel stressed and anxious?

Today, it is a recognized fact that we are all being challenged by an ever faster-moving world, one which presses its hectic energy on the youngest and most vulnerable among us, and ironically, creates a situation in which children are more sedentary than they have ever been. They sit still for hours in front of the television or computer, the content of which is frenetic, while caregivers fly around them doing their best to make a living and to keep up with life. The causes of this are manifold, and their analysis complex. It would be simplistic to point our finger in only one direction. In the end, however, we cannot turn away from our findings that an ever growing number of young children are highly stressed both physically and emotionally in the environments in which they live and play. This manifests already early on in severe sleep disturbances, eating and elimination problems, sensory integration difficulties, restlessness and aggression, to name the most obvious, and we believe it will continue to manifest in various ways into an adulthood plagued by anxious, stressful echoes from the past.

So, how do we try to offer an antidote? As Waldorf early childhood teachers we have always been guided by the principle that to help young children to develop a strong and healthy body within a calm, steady, and beautiful environment lays the foundation for later emotional and mental health. Now this principle is more vital than ever. Our ideal is to allow young children to be as physically active as possible within the context of a "slow," measured day, in which each activity can take its time and be completed from beginning to end without rush or short-cuts.

The tremendous importance of natural movement (as opposed to the instructed kind) for the young child, especially in the great outdoors, cannot be overemphasized. Current research in neuroscience strongly points to the relationship between physical movement and its enhanced brain development. Therefore, we either begin or end our day by going for long hikes in nearby field and forest. In spring and fall we also visit our farm animals, haul compost, plant gardens, collect fallen branches to be cut up, and we swoosh down snowy hills in winter. Exposing children to the natural world restores interest in their surroundings, slows them down so that they can observe and experience more carefully, re-enlivens their play, improves sleeping and eating, and fosters a much needed sense of wonder for all of creation. Needless to say, much meaningful work and play continues indoor, as well, all guided by a regular daily rhythm and the principle that children should be engaged in real-life tasks. To mention baking bread, preparing soup, washing and cleaning, artistic and craft activities, sharing snack together, the circle and story-telling, may bring back memories for many of you.

Waldorf education in its very nature is increasingly referred to as a healing education, and we as teachers of the very young are privileged to experience that almost on a daily basis. The scope of our work is ever expanding as the number of our programmes testifies. What was once exclusively referred to as "kindergarten work," now includes Nursery and Parent & Tot programmes, with a post-natal programme being planned for the near future.

It has been to our great delight that former students have returned to our school as parents themselves. We have been struck by their warmth, openness, common sense, and wish to take control of the pressures of life rather than be controlled by them, informed, perhaps by their own visceral memories of a calm, unhurried childhood. We sense a great striving in these parents to provide a healthy childhood for their children, one that allows them to discover the world by themselves, in their own time, through active, open-ended play.

It is our dearest hope that all of you who skipped and hopped through our rooms carry in you the qualities that can help you to meet the challenges and pressures of contemporary life with joy and energy, enlivened and nourished by the memories of your early years. ■

Ilseblack@sympatico.ca, bethcurrie@sympatico.ca

GREETINGS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

Dear TWS old scholars,

Greetings from Michael Hall School in Sussex, England. We recently celebrated our eightieth birthday and in each of the classes, during morning verse, the children sang "Happy Birthday to *us,*" for while we are blessed with beautiful historic buildings and extraordinary grounds, it is the people that make a school.

Michael Hall was founded in Streatham, London, in 1925 by Cecil Harwood and Francis Edmunds. The school was evacuated to Minehead, Somerset during the Second World War and moved to its current location, Kidbrooke Park, Sussex, in 1945. Over the past eighty years, some six-thousand students have passed through the school. Some on a summer EFL course, some not staying a full term and others spending fourteen years from kindergarten to Class 12 graduation.

Indeed, finding all of these six-thousand old scholars and entering them in a useful database is one of the many tasks facing the current Old Scholars Association Co-ordinator, a task shared by Waldorf alumni/ae co-ordinators all over the world, including TWS's. Michael Hall Old Scholars Association (MHOSA) receives many wonderful letters from its former pupils and it's not unusual to get to the end of a missive, praising the life-changing experiences of their school days, to discover that the author spent less than one year here. Such is the long-lasting effect of Steiner education.

It is traditional for our old scholars to join us for our midsummer festival at the end of June each year. We set up a meeting room and display the school's photo archives, which are enjoyed by present students as much as past. The following Sunday is often a day for various class reunions (25, 40, 50 years since graduation and so on), making the whole weekend worth the extra travel for those living farther afield.

MHOSA has been very active during periods of the school's history, but sadly falling into decline in others, with one enthusiastic volunteer after another moving away from the area. MHOSA has existed in its current form since 2003 and we have high hopes that the technological age will assist us in staying in touch with our members in a cost- and time-efficient manner. We currently produce three newsletters per year, and try to re-connect former pupils with their classmates.

Despite our size, age and the prestige of being the first Steiner school in the English speaking world, there never seems to be enough time or funds to implement all the wonderful ideas that come forth from our former pupils. But in the truest English tradition, we *"mustn't grumble!"*

Donna Kerridge
MHOSA Co-ordinator
(2003-2004)
Email: oldscholars@michael hall.co.uk

Find copies of newsletters at www.michaelhall.co.uk. There are some wonderful stories of school memories from our older former pupil who attended during and after the war years.

Dear former students of TWS,

Each Waldorf school, while sharing a common philosophy and approach with other Waldorf schools, has a unique character. The Rudolf Steiner School of New York City came into being through the initiative of an inspired group of teachers, doctors, artists, and parents who had met and studied in Europe with Rudolf Steiner. After his death in 1925, these individuals met in New York City to discuss the possibility of bringing Waldorf education to America. They purchased a small brownstone at 111 East 39th Street. It housed twelve students, five teachers, and two floors of classrooms that doubled as living space at night. The Rudolf Steiner School opened in October 1928, the first Waldorf school in North America. After only one year, the school moved to 20 West 73rd Street, on Central Park West, and remained there for twelve years as enrollment grew to over sixty students. In 1938, the school purchased an elegant townhouse at our present site on East 79th Street designed by McKim, Meade and White.

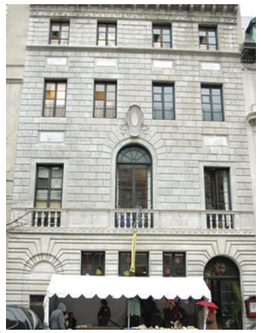
By the early 40s, a dynamic force in the person of Henry Barnes had come to the school; he remained our faculty chair for thirty years. By 1954, the faculty, students, and parents were prepared to make all the necessary sacrifices to begin the first American Waldorf high school. Miraculously, a building close by, at 15 East 78th Street, was found. Funds were raised, and a ninth grade, which was established in 1955, became the first graduating class of the Rudolf Steiner High School.

Before Henry Barnes retired in 1977, he was able to realize one of his most ardent dreams - to create an opportunity for the students to live and work in a natural environment in a place outside the city. In 1972, he found a farm in Harlemville, NY, just two hours away, and again the school community joined forces to purchase it. Each year many elementary school classes and some high school classes spend a week at the Visiting Students Program at the Hawthorne Valley Farm.

Alumni/ae relations has taken a variety of forms at Steiner. Until this year there has not been a full-time staff position dedicated to serving the alumni/ae community. The development office, in conjunction with alumni/ae faculty members, is initiating an alumni/ae committee to help create and advise an alumni/ae association. The school's immediate goals include formulating a yearly calendar of events, developing a sustained approach to annual giving and maximizing participation, and working on one event that links our alumni/ae with the current senior class.

Now in our seventy-sixth year, the Rudolf Steiner School educates over three-hundred and fifty students, with waiting lists for enrollment in many classes. We welcome all Steiner families to join together in a spirit of community in an effort to provide our children with the best possible educational experience and to continue to fulfill the hopes of our founders. To view a ten-minute video on the history of the Rudolf Steiner School, we encourage you to visit our website at www.steiner.edu.

Rhoda Lauten
New York City Steiner School
RLauten@steiner.edu



PHOTOS COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE

ALUMNI/AE NEWS

Katja Rudolph '84, Alumni/ae Coordinator

Candlelight Fair

Last year we held our first alumni/ae arts and crafts sale at the Candlelight Fair. This event will occur again this year. All alumni/ae are welcome to sell their wares - hand-made arts and crafts, CDs, books, etc. - offering you an opportunity to make some money while at the same time supporting the school's Tuition Assistance Fund (a percentage of sales goes to the school) and connecting again with other alumni/ae and teachers. Last year we were in the Grade 9 room. This year we hope to be in a higher traffic location and to have more alumni/ae participants. To participate, and for more information, contact Katja Rudolph at *katjarudolph@aol.com.*

ALUMNI/AE AT CANDLELIGHT FAIR, 2004 - PHOTOS COURTESY OF HELGA RUDOLPH

New Alumni/ae Coordinator

I am stepping down from the alumni/ae coordinator position, after three years, because of other commitments. We will announce the new alumni/ae coordinator soon in an e-mail to you. It has been fun to be in touch with all of you and to begin to shape a viable and interesting alumni/ae programme, one which will continually grow as an organization for alumni/ae and as a presence in the Toronto Waldorf School community into the future. Thanks to everyone who has been so supportive with time, ideas and good energy. I will continue to serve as the editor of this magazine.

Alumni/ae Committees

In the next few years, we will establish alumni/ae committees to get more alumni/ae involved in the running of our association. We will call on you for your ideas, expertise and energy.

Volunteering

Once again, a big thanks to alumni/ae who have volunteered. Volunteers have helped at open houses, the Candlelight Fair, the Grade 12 graduation, the Class of '85 reunion, the York Region Private Education Fair, and most notably with this magazine.

Web-site & Database

In last year's edition of *outofbounds,* we said that the alumni/ae database would be on-line soon. Well, it's not yet on-line. But we're working on it - it will be sometime. We'll keep you posted. The alumni/ae pages on the TWS web-site have been less dynamic than we would like but we're working on this as well. For those who have not yet visited, go to *www.toronto waldorfschool.com*. To be included in the alumni/ae database (so your friends can find you), contact Katja Rudolph at *katjarudolph@aol.com*, 416.538.9536.

Donations

Many, many thanks to those who have made donations to *outofbounds* and to the school. Donations have come from alumni/ae, faculty, former faculty, and former parents. The 20 Year Reunion class, the Class of '85, very generously donated $1,300 to the school.

Reunions

See following page. Note: we are planning to add a reunion evening at the school for *all* alumni/ae in the near future.)

20 YEAR REUNION Class of '85

For the third year, a 20 Year Reunion was held at TWS. Ours took place on June 17, 18 & 19, 2005. Class teacher Gerhard Rudolph was present, as were class advisors Martin Levin and Susan McLeod, who now both live in the States, Marty in Washington, D.C., and Susan in Santa Fe, New Mexico. A number of other teachers attended, as did some parents of class members. The reunion began with a presentation by myself and Jorrit Wit to the Class of '05 at their Grade 12 graduation welcoming them into the alumni/ae community. The next day we planted an apple tree, dedicated to them, in our growing alumni/ae orchard next to the TWS garden as part of a full day of activities: welcome, catered lunch, school tour, class circle, party at a private residence in the evening - there was also a Sunday brunch the next day. The most important part, of course, was seeing each other again. Class members came from as far away as the States and the west coast of Canada.

Why should we be friends? Circumstance has thrown us together, yet we are close and easy with one another. We feel safe in each others' company. We skip meaningless small talk and get straight to the heart of the matter. It is a comfortable safety built on years of proximity and familiarity, having in common those endless days spent together sitting in a classroom. For some of us, it has been twenty or thirty years since we have seen each other, but time doesn't seem to matter. We reveal who we really are, truly, unselfconsciously. Childishness outgrown, we reminisce about the children we once were and get to know the adults we have become.

Sara Anderson

- photos courtesy of Jorrit Wit, Sara Anderson, and Tanya Zoebelein

The next generation

Class of '85 in Grade 8

15 YEAR REUNION Class of '90

In July 2005, Daniel Schulbeck hosted a BBQ get-together at his Nobleton abode for those who had at any time been part of the Class of '90 (Ray Haller's class). Nine of us came from all around the area, one even all the way from Quebec City. It was a wonderful evening of catching up on the many years that had passed, seeing changes in everyone, meeting partners and spouses and children, recognizing and enjoying certain character traits and interests that had held strong through the passing of time, reminiscing … and the whole evening concluded with an intimate circle in the kitchen (around the desserts, of course) telling stories and laughing at past hi-jinks. So many interesting folks! Thank you Daniel (and Natalie).

Julie LeGal Brodeur

- photos courtesy of Julie

10 YEAR REUNION Class of '94

Marking ten years since the graduation of the Class of '94, our reunion was held in the spring of '04 at the house of Steph (formerly Miller) and Trevor Brenham. That feeling of talking and laughing once again with people with whom you have shared so much intimacy and so many experiences in the past is wonderful, buoyant, and energizing. Thanks for being you, everyone. And the fine folks we were missing that day, have no doubt, we sent you a smile and a sparkle too!

Seth Coyle

- photos courtesy of Jenn Tough

Rhys as a baby
Receiving a TWS Track & Field medal
Winter camping in Grade 10
Grade 12 graduation, with his father, Denis Bomwan
Rhys post-TWS, 28 years-old

In Memoriam

From the Quiet Cocoon...

Rhys Bowman '85
1967-1995

by Sara Anderson '85
photos courtesy of Denis and Dion Bowman

Rhys Bowman was my classmate. He and I both began our journey through the Toronto Waldorf School in Mr. Rudolph's Grade One class. I remember Rhys as a shy and quiet boy who had difficulty fitting in. He was something of an enigma to me. Although we spent each school day together for twelve years, I can't say that I knew him well.

School was a challenge for Rhys, and he struggled with his daily work. When it was his turn to read aloud, I remember forging on ahead impatiently as he laboured over the words in the paragraph. He took a bit longer and was a little slower, but he pushed himself much harder than most.

Throughout the years, TWS held Rhys in its protective embrace, yet the school was unable to shelter him from all harm. He was small for his age when he was young and he was teased a lot. It pains me to recall how the class could be unkind to him. Could I, too, have been so callous by my complicity or inaction? I wither at the thought. What could have been done to prevent such cruelty?

Despite these injustices, or perhaps because of them, Rhys was a kind and enthusiastic person. He was generous to his close friends and stood by them in their times of need. One year in high school, Rhys finally got contact lenses. I recall seeing for the first time what astonishingly crystal green eyes he had. He had always worn glasses, and I had never looked beyond them.

Rhys enjoyed history, art, poetry and drama. He loved to play football and would eagerly do so in either mud or snow. He was a very good long distance runner (thanks to our gruelling 10K runs along Rutherford Road!) and he completed the Ottawa marathon while still in high school. He also loved camping and canoeing, and bravely faced the rapids alone on our Grade 9 trip. Rhys always challenged himself to do better and was not afraid to take risks.

In many ways he was a boy like any other, but there was a darkness deep inside him, as if he were struggling with inner demons. During his adolescence, I think he may have been battling depression, and it was at this time that he suffered a breakdown. He left our class for a while, and when he returned he was stronger. It was also at this time, I think, that the class truly accepted him. His lively character started to shine through and we saw a bright young man begin to emerge. He hosted a great party once and I remember us dancing with teenage abandon to Depeche Mode, The Jam, and Men Without Hats.

After graduation, he stepped out into the world with newfound confidence. He went on to King City High School, becoming an Ontario Scholar, and won scholarships to both Guelph and York Universities. At York, Rhys completed a BA in history and political science and a concurrent BEd in the intermediate/ senior division, achieving excellent marks.

Rhys was on the York Student Council and sat on the committee responsible for the creation of the York Student Centre. His passion for politics and social justice issues was attractive and he made many friends.

I spoke to him once while he was doing his undergraduate work. He was very active in the life of the university and spoke eloquently on the political issues of the day. He also had a girlfriend, who later became his fiancée. In sharp contrast to the introverted boy I once knew, there was a self-assured and intelligent man. I felt happy for him and proud, too.

Rhys' interest in social justice led him far afield to Columbia where he volunteered with Canada World Youth. He picked coffee below the Andes and became comfortably fluent in Spanish. He also travelled to India and later taught English in Japan, following his dream to become a teacher.

Tragically, Rhys did not return from Japan. What happened? No one will ever really know, yet it was deduced that Rhys took his life. Those who worked with him there were shocked and dumbfounded because this explanation did not fit the Rhys they knew. For others who knew him well, however, this explanation was not unbelievable. Whatever the circumstances of his death truly were, those who loved him were suddenly, shockingly left without him with no reason or explanation.

At his memorial service, his fellow students, friends and family came to express their admiration of and their affection for him. The forum at TWS was filled beyond capacity and many had to stand. Rhys' desire to make a difference in this world touched many lives across the globe. His accomplishments in life are admirable. It was obvious to me then that Rhys had had a strong impact on those around him and that the world was a better place for his contributions to it.

Though Rhys faced much hardship in his life, he achieved so much. Those who were close to him think of him often and remember his wry sense of humour and gurgling chuckle. My own memories of Rhys are imbued with a gentleness and a hint of sadness. When our class came together in June 2005 for our 20th Year Reunion, we remembered Rhys and wished that he were with us. ■

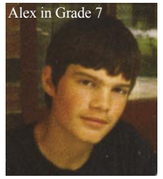
With many thanks to Rhys' classmates, Jorrit Wit and Anthony Chris Hassell. Thank you, Dion, for speaking from the heart.

dansar@sympatico.ca

Hundreds of volunteer hours have been dedicated to this magazine - many thanks to the

contributors

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 and her husband, Dan Jaciw TWS '83 (featured in *outofbounds 1*), live in Toronto with their three children, April (6), Ruby (3), and Jasper (1). April is now in Grade 1 at the Alan Howard Waldorf School downtown.



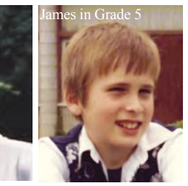
Alex Belenson '88 was raised in a TWS family. Both of his parents worked at the school and his brother, Matthew '91, was also a student. After graduating, he worked in construction and banking. Alex graduated magna cum laude from San Francisco State University with a bachelor of science degree in business administration in 1996. He started his out-of-home media career at the billboard and transit advertising divisions of media giant Viacom as a college intern and eventually became the West Coast Regional Marketing Manager. In 2003, Alex launched a growing out-of-home media consulting business specializing in developing and managing advertising franchises and securing business partnerships to develop new streams of revenue for public transit agencies and local governments. Alex lives in San Francisco with his wife, Jennifer.

Philipp C. Bleek '95 spent 11 years at TWS. After graduating, he attended Princeton, where he initially focused on environmental economics and later nonproliferation of unconventional weapons. He moved to Washington, DC as a Herbert Scoville Jr. Peace Fellow and subsequently worked as an analyst at the nongovernmental Arms Control Association. He received a master in public policy from the Kennedy School at Harvard, where he began to write on the need for more vigorous efforts to secure vulnerable civil stockpiles of nuclear weapons-usable material. He is currently pursuing doctoral studies in international relations and international security at Georgetown University and is active on nuclear nonproliferation and other international security issues in the Washington think-tank community. He continues to pursue his love of the outdoors, most recently through a nine-day canoe trip in Temagami, Ontario with his father.

Class of 1972
Dorking Grammar School,
Dorking, England

Timothy Clegg TWS's drama teacher
Previous lives: probable, not proven.
1954 Debut as an embryo in 'The Life of Timothy Clegg.'
July '54 embryo begat baby, Sussex, England.
Bald, bawling baby begat
Boy begat
Increasingly hairy youth
Begat rebel begat seeker
Begat wanderer begat aspirant writer
Many temporary trades
Begat mature student
Begat actor begat
Teacher at TWS, 2002 -
Future lives probable.

Katherine Dynes '84 studied theatre at Ryerson University after graduating from TWS and completing her Grade 13 year at Earl Haig Secondary School. She spent the next ten years working free-lance as an actor. Her acting career brought her to strange and exotic places such as South Porcupine, Red Lake and Wawa. Her own personal travels have taken her to Europe, Thailand and Vietnam. Despite recent attempts to become "serious" and "practical," Katherine found herself enrolling at the Ontario College of Art and Design in Toronto where she is currently enjoying experimenting with print-making, photography and book arts.



James Garrick '88 was born in the UK and immigrated, with his parents and sister Jinjee '85, to Toronto in 1976. Enrolled in Ms. Hoffman's 1st grade class he stayed at TWS until the 6th grade when the family packed it up and headed for LA. 4 years and 4 schools later, James' parents decided that the school of "life" might be the solution for their darling little troublemaker. Off to sea he went at age 16, with his uncle Peder. By the age of 18 he took command of his first vessel on the west coast of Sweden and now works worldwide for Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines as a Chief Officer. James lives in Auckland, New Zealand with his beautiful wife Victoria and daughter Faith. They eagerly await the newest member of their family.

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PHOTOS BY KATJA RUDOLPH '84

TWS NEWS

Aileen Stewart

The school year began with the usual "pass-the-tissues Rose Ceremony," during which Grade 12 welcomed the Grade 1 children into the school community. The year continued to unfold with many returning, familiar activities:
- Michaelmas for the lower school and the high school camping trip/ initiation.
- Grade 12 trip to Maine for their Zoology Main Lesson.
- Martinmas play and Lantern Walk
- Candlelight Fair
- Advent Assemblies
- Wooden Ships, Just Desserts
- Springtime activities: Grade 4 week at Black Creek Pioneer Village; Grade 5 Olympiad; Grade 6 Medieval Games; Mayfest; high school Work Experience Program, also known as the "practicum"; high school volleyball tournament for Waldorf schools.
- Out in the community: Village Market, Community Garden.
- Parent Festivals continue to offer parents and the community a window into the many varied and creative activities in the classrooms.
- High school end of year trips foster outdoor skills and team building: Grade 9 - Killarney for wilderness camping; Grade 10 - Madawaska River for white water canoe skills; Grade 11 - Spanish River canoe trip; Grade 12 - Pinery Provincial Park.
- In April, we hosted the three-day Small Schools Athletic Federation Badminton Tournament.

What's New or Almost New
- Grade 4's bicycle shed is in the second year of its three year plan. Archeologists may someday uncover the initials of the hands who took part.
- This year's Grade 3 will be working on a bread oven: "from sheaf to loaf"...
- The Grade 8 play this year was William Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* This class did their end-of-year trip at the beginning of the year: they worked with the crew to run two Tall Ships on Lake Ontario for four days.
- Grade 6 to Grade 12 awed, oohed, and wowed the school with their amazing circus performance.
- Grade 12 had the opportunity this year to meet with other Waldorf Grade 12 classes from around the world at the "Connect" youth conference in Dornach, Switzerland.
- Grade 12 performed *An Acre of Time*, by Canadian playwright Jason Sherman.

In The Community
- Our permanent sign on Bathurst Street got a face lift: gold lettering on a deep blue background and new landscaping.
- New signage: the unique "rainbow" sign advertising upcoming events at the school and the Waldorf School Association of Ontario sign advertising the bookstore.
- TWS had a strong presence at the York Region Private Education Fair in January. We are still fielding inquiries from this event.
- We invited prospective families with young children to a number of "play mornings" where parents and children could experience a Waldorf approach to early childhood education.
- "Quarks, Quirks and Waldorf Education" was an evening of music, food and inspirational talks by faculty, a parent, an alumna (Julie LeGal Brodeur '90) and Ontario's Finance Minister, Greg Sorbara, former parent and current grandparent of students at TWS.

The school year ended as it had begun, with the Rose Ceremony, and this time Grade 1 presented roses to the graduating Grade 12s. That same evening, the Grade 12 graduation ceremony took place and this class was officially welcomed into the alumni/ae community by two members of the Class of '85, Sara Anderson and Jorrit Wit, who were celebrating the 20th anniversary of their Grade 12 graduation with a weekend-long class reunion. ■

astewart@torontowaldorfschool.com

TWS Faculty and Staff

FACULTY/STAFF LEAVING JUNE 2005

Kathleen Edmison - Administrative Coordinator 2004-2005
Brenda Kotras - Registrar 1991-2004
Eunice Reynolds - Afternoon Kindergarten 2004-2005
Susan Young - Business Office Staff 2004-2005
Heidi Vukovich - Afternoon Kindergarten 2001- 2005

FACULTY/STAFF JOINING SEPTEMBER 2005

Eleonora Ebata - Grade 6
Darlene Gregoire - Business Office Staff (joined fall 2004)
Anna Gruda - High School Art (one year)
Ryan Lindsay - Development Coordinator
Mary Meschino-Natale - Kindergarten
Mascha Perrone - Grade 1
Michèle Rossi - Administrative Coordinator
Aileen Stewart - Admissions Coordinator

CHANGING POSITIONS

Elisabeth Chomko - from class teacher to lower school subject teacher - music and French
Yasmeen Mamdani - from class teacher to lower school subject teacher

RETURNING

Anneline Koopman - Parent & Tot (one year)
Deborah McAlister - Kindergarten
Brian Searson - Grade 3

ON SABBATICAL

Sandi Churchward (Art)
Kathryn Humphrey (Class Teacher)
Patti Wolfe (Parent & Tot)

MATERNITY LEAVE

Natalie Semenov (Business Office Staff)
- to January 2006

In Memoriam

Elisabeth Lebret	1907 - 2005
Julyan Mulock	1922 - 2005
Alfred Körber	1922 - 1999

DRAMA

by Timothy Clegg, TWS drama teacher

The backstage area is inhabited by the tangible ghosts of 'Just Desserts' past. You may be one of them; did you know you are still there? Occasionally a disoriented student drifts in, shamefacedly seeking refuge from the deluge of end-of-semester assignments and drawn by the irresistible longing to revisit the place where, only two nights ago, they experienced themselves and their now too familiar colleagues living other lives infused with a strange intensity in which it was possible to say and do unthinkable things.

An improbable collection of items, including a selection of lurid looking liquids, meant to resemble alcohol, in shabby bottles; the discarded carcass of a blubberless, severed white sperm whale, fondly known as Moby; a pair of crumpled black tights (please claim them, Hamlet); the original Remy Van-Gogh self-portrait (for sale by silent auction, any offers?); and some rather hefty, minimalist, post-modern (ha, ha – i.e., low budget/no budget) looking sets are the residual memorial to a staggering range of work undertaken in this year's show 'To Die For,' an exploration of the themes of Death and Money that included everything from Aristophanes to Jason Sherman.

Drama in the TWS High School is flourishing and currently includes regular classes in Grades 9 and 10, a new performance option open to all grades, 'Just Desserts,' as always, in Grades 11 and 12 and the annual Grade 12 Play. New performance opportunities last year included, for the first time, the school's entry in the Sears Ontario Drama Festival (for which we won an award of excellence for ensemble playing and an award of merit for design) and participation in The Canadian Improv Games. Students are inspired by the success of alumni/ae in the professional theatre and continually encouraged in their work by those of you who come to their performances (feel bad if you don't). A further development, which would not have been possible without the generous support of alumnus Martin Kelley '93, has seen the creation of a high school stage lighting crew. We hope to integrate more production and design related activities in the drama programme as we move forward.

As drama teacher in the high school over the past three years, I have been intent on maintaining and extending the programme. In the thick of pre-performance preparations, I sometimes ask myself why I am doing this and the answer comes back (not in so many words): I have a deep belief in the transformative power of drama a an educational, social

AT TWS

and artistic medium. Like many of the committed students I have the good fortune to teach, I am possessed in spite of myself by the unspeakable magic of the theatre and by the intuited, irrational conviction that it has something to tell us that nothing else can.

Support our work and be surprised! Check the school's web-site for details of upcoming events. Thanks and best wishes to all those recent alumni/ae who have made my job a challenging and pleasurable one. If you have any expertise or resources that you would like to contribute to TWS Drama don't hesitate to contact me at the school. ■

Break a leg,
Timothy Clegg
Timothy_Clegg@yahoo.co.uk

Left: Timothy and Grade 12 students preparing for the Grade 12 play

Below: previous drama productions

Bottom left: Grade 12 play, June 2005

PHOTOS COURTESY OF TIMOTHY CLEGG

GRADE 12 PLAY

An Acre of Time by Jason Sherman
Class of 2005, June 2005

Water-colour painting, Hermanus, South Africa

COURTESY OF FREUNDE DER ERZIEHUNGSKUNST RUDOLF STEINERS, BERLIN

Alexander Koekebakker '84

INTERNATIONAL WALDORF NEWS

Every year, numerous delegations of politicians from Asia come to visit Europe. Their interest concerns not only economic issues, but educational ones as well. This interest is reflected in the many Waldorf school initiatives all across Asia. Among the existing Waldorf schools in India (3), Japan (2), Kazakhstan (1), Kyrgyzstan (1), Nepal (1), Philipines (1), Taiwan(1) and Thailand (3) are three new initiatives in Pakistan as well as a growing interest in China.

In Korea, the pressure on children in school is enormous, with the result that, as of several years, more and more students fly to Canada to attend the Vancouver Waldorf School. But things in Korea are changing as well. The Free School Gwa-cheon is a school run according to Waldorf principles with fifty children. It is parent-funded, as there is no support from the government.

Below is a more detailed look at the Waldorf movement in India, Thailand and Taiwan.

Waldorf Schools in India

The general school system in India is varied indeed. There are state schools in the towns and in the villages that are free, or there are private schools, some of them very expensive. The different religions also have their own schools; for example the Catholic convent schools, the Hindu ashrams or the Muslim Koranic schools (Madressas). There are also night schools for children who work during the day and many kinds of alternative schools based on the philosophies and ideas of individualities like Sri Aurobindo, Rabindranath Tagore, Jiddu Krishnamurti, Mahatma Gandhi and Maria Montessori. Rudolf Steiner/Waldorf schools are included in this category.

....In general, especially in the cities, the children start school very early, sometimes even before they are three. In these schools a uniform is mandatory, the discipline is strict and the curriculum is exam-orientated. There is very little art or craft and a huge amount of subject material to be mastered, which has very little to do with the realities of life, is very theoretical and leaves no room for the development of the child's own thoughts or imagination.

It was not always so one-sided and regimented. In earlier times, children were first admitted to school after the change of teeth and when they could touch their ear with their hand over the top of their head (the correct proportion of head to limbs). These ashram schools, also called *Gurukul* were true schools for life, in which the children were also educated in artistic and practical subjects. Although the British brought the idea of early education to India, the Indians have pushed the age for beginning school lower and lower, and made the education more and more head-oriented. The curriculum is drawn up by the Indian Ministry of Education; parents and teachers just have to go along with it. However, in the past few years people in certain circles have begun to think seriously about the welfare of the children trapped in this school system. Alternative methods are being sought...

Steiner/Waldorf education, with its own curriculum based on the soul-needs of the growing child at each stage of development, has awoken a great interest in a group of parents and teachers in India. The idea of the child as a threefold being, developing within the stream of reincarnation, is not a strange idea to the people in India. Through this, Rudolf Steiner is acknowledged as a modern rishi.

Waldorf education was introduced to India through Major Ramachandra in 1969. He left the Indian Army after meeting Mahatma Gandhi and dedicated himself to the philosophy of non-violence. With the help of three Dutch Waldorf teachers, a Waldorf school arose in Dalhousie, North India, which ran very well for several years before having to close.

The new beginning of the Waldorf impulse in India came in 1995 in Hyderabad. In 1997...the Sloka Waldorf School was founded and now has five Kindergarten groups and seven classes. In 2000, there followed the founding of the Tridha Rudolf Steiner School in Mumbai, with three kindergarten groups and five classes. Two years later came the founding of Diksha Waldorf School in Secunderabad....with two kindergarten groups and three classes. There are also several Waldorf-inspired schools in India...

(by Aban Bana in *Journal of the Pedagogical Section at the Goetheanum,* 2005 – translated by Chris Bennett, edited by Alexander Koekebakker)

Waldorf Schools in Thailand

The Waldorf school initiative in Thailand is almost ten years old. In Bangkok, the eclectic capital city of Thailand, there are now two Waldorf schools, one kindergarten and a day care.

The Panyotai Waldorf School has one hundred students, from kindergarten to Grade 7. The school has grown with strong support of the parents. The foreign languages taught are English and Chinese and art and music are a main part of the curriculum. One of the parents has designed a new building in traditional Thai style, which they will move into in three years and then build up to a high school.

The Tridhaksa Waldorf School arose out of a social impulse for the good of the Thai community in Bangkok. It was founded as a non-profit organization of the National Unity Foundation and is directed by Usa Tanompongphand. They now have two hundred children with six kindergartens and Grades 1 - 4. The threefold nature of the human being is as central to the principles of this school as the Buddhist principles of silas (exercises for moral action), samadhi (for the peace and harmony of the soul) and punya (for the development of wisdom).

Waldorf Education in Taiwan

The first Chinese speaking Waldorf school is a flourishing initiative in I-Lan, Taiwan. The Ci Xing Waldorf School is now five years old with one hundred and eighty pupils in eight classes from one to six. The kindergarten has five groups with over eighty children.

The national educational reform, which started in 1984, made the introduction of Waldorf ideals in Taiwan possible. Through this process, the I-Lan local authority released two state schools for private management. And so, Ci Xing was accepted as state-supported Waldorf school in 2002, recognized as a public school but with control over its own curriculum and employment. This new element in the educational system in Taiwan brings inspiration into the reform process and the national education department acknowledges the efforts of the Waldorf movement in many ways.

Seeing the need to cultivate the ideals of anthroposophy and Waldorf education at such a developing school, teachers initiated a part-time training for kindergarten and class teachers. There is a great interest in the training. Forty participants attend the second year and thirty the first from all across Taiwan. The delicate and demanding work is done out of the feeling for the necessity of taking on social and spiritual responsibility for the future of Taiwanese education. (from *Journal of the Pedagigical Section at the Goetheanum, 2004)* ■

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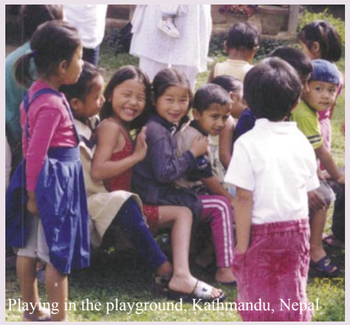
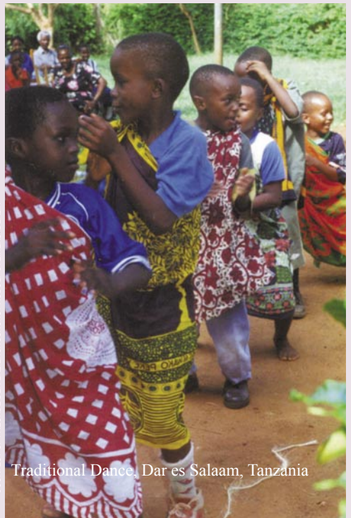
House-building, Manila, Philippines



Playing in the playground, Kathmandu, Nepal.



Traditional Dance, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania

COURTESY OF FREUNDE DER ERZIEHUNGSKUNST RUDOLF STEINERS, BERLIN

TWS HISTORY PROJECT

The Times of Rudolf Steiner

by Graham H. Jackson

It is only now, a century later, that we see how revolutionary were the times in which Rudolf Steiner lived (1861-1925). Although there were major changes in the preceding few centuries, they pale in comparison with the massive changes in life and culture ushered in by the 20th Century.

As the century began, the British Empire still covered a quarter of the globe, and hoped to spread its rule still farther. The huge Ottoman Empire still united the largely Muslim world from its centre in Turkey, including much of the Near East and Eastern Europe, as it had for centuries. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was still intact. The Far East was an "exotic," distant world. The First World War broke up these empires (except for the British), changed the maps, shook people's faith in the established order of things, and opened the way for change.

Before the telephone and automobile, the genteel society of Europe had still got in touch with each other by leaving calling cards, then dropping by the next day. Everything moved more slowly; local customs remained local; new ideas spread gradually through print. The churches still had a great influence on debate and life.

In this context Rudolf Steiner developed his revolutionary ideas which not only influenced his own era but have proved to be far ahead of his time.

Science

Steiner's main concern was with the basic ideas underlying these changes, as we see from the very title of his doctoral thesis, *Truth and Science*. Already early on, he foresaw the dangers of a science that relied too much on technology and an exclusively materialistic outlook. The emphasis in scientific research at the time was to obtain results that were as independent as possible of human subjectivity. If the equipment did it all, and scientists only had to read dials, this was considered the ideal way to find the truth about the world.

Steiner urged rather the development of a kind of science already begun by the poet Goethe in which the scientist's own subjective human perceptions, even his or her artistic intuitions, are an integral part of the process of research. For instance (to take an apparently trivial example, but one with huge implications) one can tell from the ungraceful curve of a leaf, that a plant needs water - an artistic perception that tells you a scientific fact. Form, in other words, can speak a language, as it does to the artist and musician. This principle has proven useful in anthroposophic medicine, for instance, although further examples would take up too much space to explain here.

The point was that consciousness is not a mere by-product of material processes, but an integral part of the world, and even affects matter, especially in living creatures. In fact, according to Steiner and philosophers who influenced him, like Hegel, consciousness precedes matter, not the other way around. Hence there is a consciousness-aspect to everything, and to exclude that results in a deficient science. This, in effect, is what we have today, and the results are the many dilemmas in medicine, genetics, energy production, ecology, etc., which trouble our new century.

If the goal of science is just to make things that work, technology will often suffice. If we want knowledge or understanding, however, this involves our participation in many ways that rest on assumptions not really examined by most. The very nature of awareness itself, of understanding, of perception, of where new ideas come from, are all matters scientists admit they do not understand. And the result of this neglect is a science which has brought us, along with great benefits to comfortable living, huge problems that threaten our very survival.

Marconi with his radio, Thomas Edison with his electric light and gramophone, Alexander Graham Bell with his telephone, Henry Ford with his car, Nikolai Tesla with his remarkable inventions, leaping so far ahead that we still have not caught up, were all active at that time, boosting the great technological advances of the previous two centuries. Still, at the turn of the 20th Century, chinks were opened in the comfortable materialistic view that everything had essentially been discovered, with Mme Curie's discovery of radio-activity, Max Planck's quantum physics and Einstein's theories of relativity, all scientific models that began to hint at how one could begin to see the worlds of matter and energy as poles of a continuum, rather than radical opposites.

Darwin in 1859, and Haeckel following him, meanwhile had challenged the religious views that saw man as a spiritual being. Their theory that humans and monkeys evolved from a common ancestor aroused storms of controversy. Steiner met Haeckel and was in touch with a number of the scientists of the day.

Spirituality

From his own inner experience, however, Steiner was convinced that it is not adequate to describe human beings as evolved animals. He saw human capacities as not just quantitatively different, but as qualitatively different - in other words, as different in *kind.*

Hence he was glad to find the books of theosophists who were writing along the same lines. Mme Blavatsky with Col. Henry Olcott had founded the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875 and were arousing quite a stir both in America and Europe, partly through her ability to produce apparently miraculous phenomena. Since the 1840s the descent into scientism and materialism had been challenged by a sensational outbreak of inexplicable phenomena - apparitions, voices, objects floating in the air - produced by entranced mediums in seances, apparently by the help of spirits of the dead. Mme Blavatsky undertook to show - partly by demonstrating that she could do similar things consciously just by her own will - that it was more complex than this, that these "spirits" were not what they seemed, then wrote two massive books that showed how the comprehensive explanation of all this was to be found in an age-old esoteric teaching. This "theosophy," which, according to her, underlay all the popular religions whose images and rules were really designed for the masses in both East and West, used to be reserved for the elite few who were admitted to secretive "Mystery Schools" in ancient cultures. It had gone underground for many centuries and was now surfacing publicly, to be revealed to a more mature humanity. Included in it were methods for a training, a spiritual path, that would enable the sufficiently prepared and persistent student to find access to this spiritual knowledge directly, through his or her own efforts. The sensational "parlour tricks" were incidental; the core of the teaching, and precondition of progress in it, was total unselfishness, and the realization that in the long run, the only way to further one's own good was to further the good of all. In other words, the ability to do such "tricks," or to see into the worlds of pure energy, was a side-effect of a moral development and a disciplined heightening of consciousness to the point where it is not merely an ideal, but an experience, that you and "God" and all of humanity and nature are really one - an inseparable unity.

Some people who are impressed with Waldorf education and its results, are wary of the "weird" spiritual ideas behind it. They want nothing to do with them and believe the pedagogical insights of Waldorf

"That solitude which former ages regarded as the prerequisite of higher knowledge has now no place in our view of life. If we are to believe in a person today, he/she must be a person of action, one who enters into life, not one who retires from it." Steiner

RUDOLF STEINER AT 21, 1882, & STEINER TOWARD THE END OF HIS LIFE, 1923

RECENT PHOTOS BY KATJA RUDOLPH '84






GRADE 2 STUDENTS, JUNE 2005; CELESTIAL NAVIGATION MAIN LESSON, LATE 80S, TWS ARCHIVE; FROM A MEDIEVAL HISTORY MAIN LESSON BOOK, 1983; THE PLAYGROUND; THE HALLWAY; PLAYGROUND IN SUMMER, 2005

education can be achieved through common sense and observation. The fact is - though many will want to dispute it - that significant new steps in knowledge or cultural production nearly always originate in this underground current of esoteric knowledge. One could spend much space in demonstrating this. What Blavatsky brought however was vague in practical details and applications, at least in its public teachings, and its path seemed difficult and too "Eastern" for most. The watered-down versions of yoga now popular were a small part of it.

Rudolf Steiner meanwhile had realized early on that consciousness is as much a part of the world as matter, and as worthy of research, on its own terms. He therefore applied his scientific mind to disciplining his natural capacities for inner perception, and came to results which he then amalgamated with the current theosophy. He kept it all to himself however while becoming a recognized scholar and lecturer in the academic and cultural establishment of the time. It was only in 1900 that he "came out" as a theosophist in a public lecture and then in a series of lectures on these teachings to a small group. Academia immediately turned its back on him, but the Theosophical Society welcomed him, making him in 1902 not only a member but the General Secretary of a newly formed German Section. Ten years later they too expelled him, basically not able to reconcile his ideas about Christianity with their program at that time. Most of the German Section however left with him and he formed the Anthroposophical Society, now able to carry on his research in the way he felt more suitable for his culture, i.e. more permeated with philosophic and scientific thought. The result was an amazing amount, range and depth of practical hints for almost every human activity - medicine, agriculture, nutrition, science, sociology, religion, all the arts and crafts and, of course, education - that are still being applied and bearing fruit today.

Teachings of the nature of theosophy or "anthroposophy" are so seminal that they tend to profoundly alter the outlook of whomever they touch. But those who are so touched also realize that to speak openly of them often invites ostracism from a world not open to them. Hence, for centuries people in whom such esoteric teachings have given rise to new ideas or creations, have had to conceal their origins, or biographers and media have done it for them.

DRAWINGS BY TWS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, 2005

Culture

In Steiner's day, however, as now, many more people became involved with some form of theosophy than let on. Interestingly, a number of the leading scientists were among them, including Thomas Edison (who became a member) and Alexander Graham Bell. Albert Einstein, according to his sister, kept a copy of Blavatsky's major opus, *The Secret Doctrine,* on his desk, and wore out his first copy. And of course there were countless writers and artists, like W.B. Yeats (also a member), and composers, like Gustav Holst, Arnold Bax, Cyril Scott and Alexander Scriabin. Kandinsky really started the abstract art movement when he was stimulated by the illustrations in a book called *Thought Forms* by two clairvoyant theosophists. And of course his important book *On the Spiritual in Art* quotes Steiner as well as theosophists. Piet Mondrian, Paul Klee, Franz Marc, our own Group of Seven and later Joseph Beuys were others touched by at least theosophy, if not anthroposophy.

Sigmund Freud developed the psycho-analytic method in the same period, drawing attention to the mysterious forces in our subconscious. Freud was however opposed to any sort of "occultism," while it was the fact that Carl Jung took up studies in alchemy and such subjects that eventually, it has been argued, gave his school the ascendancy over Freud's. Although Jung declared that he did not accept the teachings of Steiner which his anthroposophist wife, Emma, "bothered" him with, there are elements in his work that strongly suggest this influence, such as his advocacy of a "collective unconscious," which necessarily implies a medium able to carry such a universal consciousness.

Evidences of this influence pop up everywhere still. What are the great myths of the 20th century? *The Wizard of Oz* was written in 1900 by a theosophist, L. Frank Baum, who consciously embedded the idea of the threefold human being in it. C.S. Lewis was part of a group at Oxford University in the 1930s called "The Inklings," and Cecil Harwood - the Waldorf teacher who was also part of it - told me that C.S. Lewis was greatly influenced by the ideas of anthroposophy put forward there by Owen Barfield and himself, but would not commit himself entirely to them. His immensely popular Narnia stories, however, clearly show that background.

J.R.R. Tolkien, author of *The Hobbit, The Lord of the Rings* and other books was also part of the group. The influence of anthroposophy can be detected throughout the latter work, most obviously perhaps in his description of the Ents, the tree-people. In the book (though not in the movie trilogy) these plant beings speak as organic processes work, i.e. very slowly, step by step, and never condensing or skipping ahead. Hence it takes enormous patience to listen to their interminable speeches. But this is what gives them the strength to tear up the granite fortress of the evil Sauron at the end. George Lucas, creator of *Star Wars*, was a Waldorf student, and one suspects from the content that Gene Roddenberry, creator of *Star Trek,* has been strongly influenced by theosophy.

The whole cultural revolution of the 1960s was in fact based on a kind of dilute theosophy, filtered through Eastern sources. Although the experimentation with drugs did much damage - and does still - it at least made a whole generation aware that there are other states of consciousness and that important things can be learned through them. It took some time before it sank in that the only way to achieve these states that will give productive results is through one's own self-training

Education

Education in Germany in the later 19th Century was still much influenced by the Prussian military emphasis on discipline and obedience, although Johann Pestalozzi already at the beginning of the century had started an education of seven- to fourteen-year-olds that instead emphasized love and understanding. Like Friedrich Froebel in the 1840s, who started the kindergarten movement, he advocated learning from direct observation and experience.

Maria Montessori in Italy followed their example, but based her work particularly on two men who had carefully observed and worked with handicapped children, Jean-Marc Itard and Edward Seguin. She worked with handicapped children also and then in 1907 opened her first Children's House for elementary school age children, where she applied her methods. They were spectacularly successful and were taken up quickly in America and elsewhere, leading to the present widespread movement, Waldorf's greatest "rival."

Montessori explained that all her work sprang from her initial discovery that young children aged three to seven, left to themselves but with the right materials spread around them, will spontaneously educate themselves. The resulting "explosion" of learning arises, according to her, out of the innate spirit in the individual. The leading theosophists of the time enthusiastically backed the education, and by the Second World War, Montessori herself took up theosophy, seeing it as a vindication of her intuitive insights.

Montessori schools today, however, seeing that this capacity dwindles as the children get older, advertise that they teach reading, maths, science, etc. already to two- to six-year-olds. The fact that Steiner's Waldorf education doesn't, with proven good results, is an example of how his deep penetration into the way consciousness works into the body led to practical applications that bridge the gap between spirit and matter. Steiner said that there are various energies or forces through which the spirit works into our life, and in the growing child, these forces perform different functions at different ages. They move up, so to speak, forming different layers of consciousness. The forces he called ethereal, or etheric, for instance, which are largely what children use in intellectual learning, are still, during our first seven years, occupied in forming and elaborating our physical bodies. The signal that this process is finished is the appearance of the second teeth - the hardest part of the body. For the rest of our lives, this physical body (especially, but not only, the brain) acts as a kind of reflective mirror by means of which we become aware of what our essentially independent consciousness is doing. (That is why we go unconscious in sleep - the consciousness has withdrawn from its mirror.) To draw on the intellect too early, however, diverts these ethereal forces away from their body-forming task, leaving the body weakened in subtle ways that undermine our abilities later for creative thought and initiative.

Waldorf Schools

Only a century earlier than Steiner, as the industrial revolution sped up, many still doubted that it was worthwhile to educate the working classes at all. Then, grudgingly, a little later, they said maybe they could have two years of school. But it was common well into the 20th Century for working-class children to leave school at the elementary level.

Then, when Emil Molt asked Rudolf Steiner in 1919 to set up a school for the children of the employees of his Waldorf-Astoria cigarette factory, because he felt that such wars as the one just ended could only be prevented by starting with education, Steiner came forth with a fully fledged system that soon encompassed the whole spread from kindergarten to university entrance.

Though based in his anthroposophy, it was not intended to teach it. It had the spiritual perspectives of theosophy, but with the practical details theosophy lacked. Though general enough to be applied differently in different contexts, it was specific enough to give exact indications of the appropriate subjects and style of teaching for every grade. In its scope and depth, there was not anything like it at the time for any class of children, nor is there still today.

Hence, the work Steiner accomplished in the context of his revolutionary times continues to spread and flourish. Today's climate of thought is, on the one hand, more accepting of broadly spiritual viewpoints, but on the other, is threatened by fundamentalisms of various colours that are alarmingly narrow, rigid and paranoid. As these have been coming into positions of power, perhaps it is necessary to acknowledge tactfully but more openly that spiritual insight is the source of the ability of Waldorf education to draw forth the basic humanity in each one of us. For this is what is needed in our own rapidly changing world today, more urgently than ever. ■

grahamhj@grahamsmusic.com

ALUMNI/AE FEATURES

class of '80
hilary cook

by Luke Wintjes '84
Luke.Wintjes@tel.tdsb.on.ca

photos by Katja Rudolph '84
katjarudolph@aol.com

As I lock my bike to the fence, I wonder if I will I recognize Hilary or if we will have anything to talk about. We were both once TWS students but she graduated from Grade 12 in 1980, the year I graduated from Grade 8. We were in the building at the same time, but I never consciously noticed her.

If people's houses say anything, I can relate to her so far; a nice old detached Victorian, just steps from the action of College Street, Toronto. I appreciate the great location, and the few rough edges. Unless one is either very wealthy, or a contractor, a century house has a certain unfinished look about it – a look this place shares with my own, as I live just a few blocks north. The wide assortment of bikes on the porch warms my heart; this is a family home.

When the door opens and Hilary Cook welcomes me, I am immediately relieved. Not only do I recognize her, I know at once we will have much to talk about. She strikes me as smart, upbeat, considered and just a bit sassy.

I have interrupted Hilary preparing a case she will argue tomorrow. Hilary is a labour lawyer and works as a grievance officer for the Ontario Public Service Employees Union (OPSEU). She mostly represents union members at grievance arbitrations, and this means arguing cases before a variety of boards and tribunals like the Ontario Labour Relations Board. She deals with all sorts of issues from human rights to finicky interpretations of contract obligations and benefits, often traveling to Ottawa to argue French language cases. She finds her work calls on divergent skills: on the one hand, the ability to really listen to what union members are telling her about their case, both verbally and non-verbally, and to help them focus on what they really hope for from the process, and on the other hand the ability to take a hard-headed look at what the arbitral process can bring to the real problem. Hilary finds a large part of her job is helping individuals understand the grievance arbitration process, including its advantages and limitations.

As we enter the kitchen/dining room, I provide an extra pair of hands to wiggle the extra leaves out of a gorgeous antique table. It normally accommodates two adults and Hilary's two children, but over the past few days has held a dozen revelers celebrating Carter's tenth birthday. Carter is Hilary's eldest and she is also mother to eight-year-old Katie. The kids are Hilary's primary concern in life: we are soon talking about their schools, extracurricular activities and friends. Being a teacher myself, I appreciate the care she shows in finding the right programmes and social activities.

Hilary began at TWS in 1974 when she was in Grade 7. At the time her family lived in the Beach area and it was a long commute. She wasn't alone however, as she was joining her brother, Jesse (Class of '82), who had started at TWS the year before. She remembers having a really difficult year at her previous school while her younger brother had immensely enjoyed his start at TWS. He would come home happy and singing. She so looked forward to going she can still remember clearly the songs that Jesse learned. (The rest of the world is humming along to his tunes more recently as Jesse Cook, virtuoso guitarist, has produced a string of very successful albums.) When Hilary finally arrived at TWS, she was not disappointed. She remembers her class as a pretty wild bunch, but appreciated the sense of community. The class was a healthy mix of arty and academic types and she remains in touch with several of them to this day.

After TWS, Hilary completed an honours degree in English and French at the University of Toronto. Being bilingual and having strong communication skills opened the door to the CBC where she worked in an administrative role for the *Morningside* radio show. This in turn led to a position as a Network Scheduling Coordinator for CBC. It was a stressful administrative position that was not particularly creative and there were few prospects for growth. Hilary cast about for something more.

Something more turned out to be a law degree at University of Western Ontario in London. Hilary sensed that a law degree would give her more options; if nothing else it is a ticket that tells the world "this girl is smart." In retrospect, it was an excellent way to hone research and thinking skills. While the school specialized in corporate and tax law, she nonetheless gained a foundation that she has put to use in her work with current social issues.

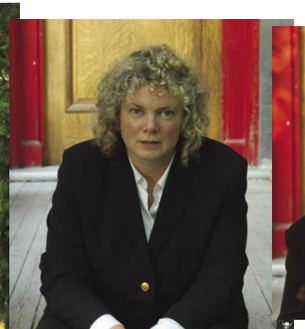
After law school Hilary moved to San Diego with her husband, John, where she gave birth to Carter and Katie. While she had long thought of herself as bisexual, Hilary also became more involved with the gay community at this time. "I decided to stop standing outside the door of the "gay and lesbian" community waiting to be invited in," says Hilary. "I just started attending events and volunteering." In 1998, she moved back to Toronto with an American she met in San Diego. She separated from her husband and has lived ever since with Karleen, a writer who recently received a doctorate from York University. She worries that coming from a lesbian household will make the lives of her children harder, but she is proud to represent herself honestly, even when assumptions and stereotyping make this difficult. Here the lawyer and social justice advocate have dovetailed nicely and she has been active for years as a spokesperson and chair of the legal committee of Egale Canada (an organization that works to advance equality for Canadian lesbians, gays bisexual and transgendered people and their families.)

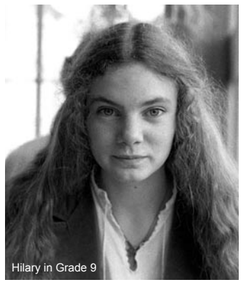
Hilary wonders if the experience of being just a little different from others has made her more aware of civil rights and social justice issues. She was always an advocate for marginalized groups, from volunteering with Toronto's St. Christopher House Literacy Programme to her more recent work with Kensington-Bellwoods Community Legal Services. As a long time advocate for environmental and social justice issues myself, it turned out that we have a lot in common as activists. We both shy away from the lie-down-in-front-of-the-bulldozer role, and would rather work the levers within the system to defend the interest of people and causes that we support. It is not easier, but maybe a more strategic use of our skills. The rules of the game are often biased to favour traditional and wealthier interests, so sometimes it is the rules themselves that need to be changed.

Currently Egale is embroiled in the same-sex marriage issue. Hilary worried that her kids would be emotionally hurt if our current crop of politicians had taken the narrow road in the house of parliament. They are young enough that they may take personally a backlash against equality. Hilary feels for them as a parent, fuelling her passion to fight at all levels for tolerance, understanding and equality.

While I am visiting her, Hilary pulls out a gigantic needlework rug to work on as we talk. Its size is impressive, but she admits she has been working on it for years. She shows me a spectacular needlework design she created and had mounted on a beautiful armchair. This girl is smart, but also clearly has an impressive artistic talent! I too have managed to keep alive a passion for handwork that was nurtured as a child at TWS, still regularly sewing and doing woodwork. I wonder how much of what we have in common shares a root in the unique marriage of academics and arts in the Waldorf curriculum and how it was presented with such idealism and hard work by the group of teachers who collectively held TWS together so many years ago.

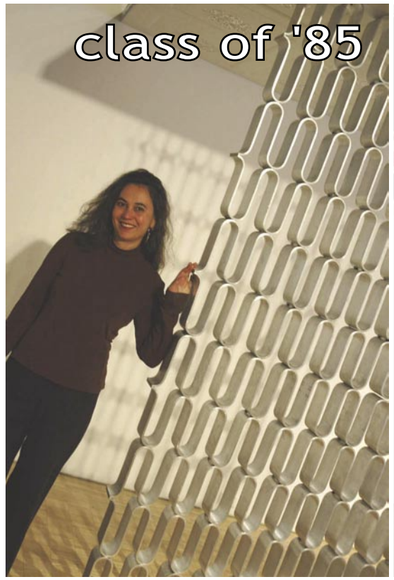
Too soon I have to leave for another appointment. At the door we have a conversation about the programmable thermostat that Hilary just installed and I am not too surprised to learn that it is also Hilary who is stripping the paint in the front hall. I wonder where she finds the time for even half her commitments. I hope she will find time for another meeting with me. ■





Hilary in Grade 9

corinna ghaznavi



by Shahnaz Khan '86
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photos by Kierstin Henrickson '93
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at "The Conative Object," curated by Corinna at the York Quay Gallery, Toronto - January 2005

Corinna Ghaznavi is a curator of conceptual art in Toronto, with shows touring in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Three years ago, she bought and redesigned a cottage for one on two acres in Durham. Since then, she and her Miniature Schnauzer, Jacques, spend most of the time "in the country," where Corinna is adjunct curator of the Tom Thompson Gallery in Owen Sound. Once or twice a week, she drives the two hours to her studio apartment at Dupont and Dovercourt in Toronto to work on upcoming exhibitions, stopping to and from to teach art history at Sheridan College in Oakville, and downtown, at the Ontario College of Art and Design (OCAD).

Corinna traces her devotion to serious contemporary art to her upbringing in an independent - even insular - four-person family steeped in German and anthroposophical culture. Made to wear woolen stockings and undershirts as a child, and convulsively guilty for even imagining she might see the new blockbuster *Star Wars*, she nevetheless liked her Waldorf-teacher mother's style. She wore lipstick, taught her first Eurythmy class in a miniskirt with a slit up the side and, along with her husband, accepted her daughter's decision to smoke from age thirteen.

Being sheltered from pop culture did create an ironic handicap for Corinna. "It's really funny that I work with certain pop culture themes now because I don't really know anything from experience about that stuff, all of those shows and those records that are referenced now." Yet all that is disproportionately important in North America, she argues, where to stay with the times means making the world "flatter and flatter" through constant conversation about TV, Hollywood, and the Internet. Exposure to art and literature gave her an edge. "They used to drag us through all the museums," she says of her parents who took her and her brother, Nadim (Class of '88), regularly to Europe. "When we travelled we didn't go to beaches, we went to cities, and what you did was go to look at art." At age eighteen or nineteen Corinna obtained her own Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO) membership.

In Grade 6, when her father, a computer executive, was transferred to Detroit, she had to switch Waldorf schools, an experience she thoroughly hated. A year later in Hong Kong, she was enrolled in an American International School. Each year, she increasingly saw herself as distinct from the mainstream. Although she maintained an A average at the Ivy League prep school, she failed to feel comfortable among either the preppie "cafeteria crowd" or the studious "library crowd," identifying mainly with the dope-smoking "third floor" kids who skipped class and hung out at the "shack" down the road which served noodles and beer to the locals.

Like her parents, she was drawn to European counterculture. The summer after Grade 9 was spent with friends in Switzerland where "they all had the European grunge kind of alternative look, that's what I came back with." She resisted university for three years following high school, so when she finally went to Trent University for Cultural Studies she says, "I knew what I wanted, I was ready." To her disappointment, the North American system felt busy and infantile, so on the advice of a professor, she went on exchange to Freiburg, Germany. This experience was incredible. "In Germany, the attitude to studying the humanities at university is still in the Enlightenment period. I worked hard, and did really well without structure. It was like one big Independent Study. I loved that." It was a Canadian professor of Culture and Civilization whose course convinced her to step consciously into art history and stay for an MA. It gave her an insight that informs the defense of art in modern society. "Art and artifacts are the markers of civilization. If you take those away, you have nothing."

She went to Germany for eight months and ended up staying eight years. Outside university circles, however, she began to find Germany aggressive and segregated. Living there threw into relief uniquely Canadian possibilities in curating, and she returned to Toronto where the opportunity exists to "bring together different artists from different backgrounds and explore the meanings of their work in a third context." In her most fulfilling shows, namely *Poiesis* (Mercer Union, Toronto, 2001 and Kenderdine Art Gallery, Saskatoon, 2002), *ReCollect* (La Centrale, The Powerhouse, Montreal, 2004, and A Space Gallery, Toronto, September 2005), and *SuperNatural* (Open Studio, Toronto, 2004), Corinna introduces artists who may have never met, whose work the other isn't familiar with, and watches them be inspired by the connections in their work through her curatorial ideas. Although she's not particularly interested in the idea of beauty, she says that it's this connectivity that makes all of her shows "very beautiful."

Her rebellion began with the discovery of Eurochic but gradually matured into a constructive use of art to confront societal assumptions. In her opinion, curators, artists, and viewers just aren't doing enough to push the boundaries. Corinna now disdains to speak about the AGO's "dire contemporary programming." The quaint Distillery District is a "disaster," a "tourist trap, very craft-oriented, so that's not going to go anywhere." What's needed is "art that has a conceptual foundation while remaining visually compelling and culturally relevant." Artists like Sheila Moss, Marianne Lovink, Natsuko Nakata, Maria Anna Parolin and galleries like Olga Korper, Susan Hobbs, and Robert Birch allow us to see art "as a way to investigate how we put forth ideas about culture and about science and about art history - about how we construct meaning, how we make sense of the world."

The cultural relevance of some of the more exciting conceptual art, however, is questionable when there's a lack of accessibility. While fully funded art shows in Toronto that don't need to justify themselves through sales are generally a good thing, she says, it's really just the art world that attends. The Queen Street art community "can be somewhat self-referential." The challenge, according to Corinna, is to make art relevant to everyone, to keep it moving "out and out and out," beyond class and geographical boundaries, to include, for example, her own rural neighbours in Durham. "What can I do that is going to make sense to them? Cause they'd get it." Maybe it's a question of venue, maybe "you could rent the local motel and have artists do a project in each room."

While work on shows allows her to keep a "foothold in the city," Corinna loves her custom-designed Durham home, her gardening, snow-shoeing, lying by the pool. She's noticed that she doesn't really come down to her dusty, noisy place in the city more than she has to, and worries somewhat that she might "disappear into the countryside." It's a phenomenon that's happened to a number of artists up there who no longer make art or see shows, but just "do different things like run the local health food store." With an anthroposophical community right in the area, might she be drawn back into that circle, I ask. Her response is clear. No longer does she feel a need to identify with a particular group, nor, she has decided after some years of personal adversity, will she have children.

No, Corinna is not escaping her calling. She finds that a creative intellect requires privacy and solitude. From here she generates ideas for uncompromising shows that keep her living mostly "just above the poverty line." Finally within the past year, "the phone's begun to ring, finally people seem to know my name and work." When it comes down to it, though, making a meaningful life is all she really wants. "I don't feel like I need to change the world…but I need to get up in the morning and feel that what I do for the rest of the day makes sense. And art is that thing, and it gives me hope, because if I sit down with newspapers, you know, or listen to what goes on in the world, be it war, be it corruption, all that stuff that seems so sickening, so dead-ended, then I can look at this artwork and say, there are *these* people who make the time to put something else out there." ■


Corinna in Grade 6, with brother, Nadim '88, and father, Yaqoob

abbas ali khan

class of '91

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Abbas in Grade 2

Husain in Grade 5

The two men are seated side by side at a small, round table in the front of a bakery-café on that stretch of Yonge Street north of St. Clair that can't quite decide if it's uptown or downtown. The brothers Ali Khan - Husain, the elder and Abbas the younger - are both well dressed and it is difficult to tell who is older despite the six or so years that separate them. This makes it hard for me to figure out who is who especially as I never knew either of them particularly well and haven't seen them since we were in school together more than twenty years ago.

At first glance I figure it's a good bet that Husain is the one dressed comfortably in a well-fitting, dark grey suit. After all, he is a prominent plastic surgeon and doctors are often suit guys. That would make Abbas, a corporate securities lawyer working in Toronto, the one dressed in pale blue sweats and an Argentina soccer shirt - the kind of outfit that is too neat and fashionable to be actual work-out attire.

This seems reasonable. I remember Abbas as the kid from my sister's class who played baseball when we were at school. As it turns out I am wrong - it is Husain who sports the more casual attire while Abbas sits erect in his lawyer's suit.

We shake hands and I manage to muddle my way through my initial confusion. Each of us does our best to overcome the initial awkwardness that always attends blind dates and high school reunions; this meeting being a bit of both. It doesn't take long, however, before we are engaged in easy conversation.

Husain graduated from Grade 12 the same year that I was in Grade 8, having started at TWS in Grade 2 in 1973, before the building we all know as 'The School' existed. He can recall the early years when, as a student in Allan Hughes' first class, the building was just beginning to take its shape and classes took place in its evolving shell. I vaguely recall him and his classmates as twelfth graders. Abbas, three grades below me in Mr. Krause's class, I remember somewhat better.

We talk about those early days and some of the teachers that we shared and what it was like to eventually leave Waldorf and take up the challenges of education outside that sheltered world. Both Husain and Abbas went on to complete their high school education at large high schools in the area - Husain at Richmond Hill High and Abbas at Bayview. When asked the question that Waldorf grads are invariably asked, "Did you find it difficult going from TWS into a large, public high school or university?", both reply that though they had to adjust to the more anonymous and impersonal milieu of a public high school, academically they had no problems at all. Indeed, with an OAC art credit from TWS, Abbas, who left the school after Grade 11, managed to complete his high-schooling in three and a half years. Why did he choose to leave TWS? "I don't know" he says, "I was rebellious I guess. I wanted something different."

Husain, on the other hand, would have preferred to remain at TWS had the option been available. As he recalls, at TWS you knew everyone. "It was smaller and familiar. At Richmond Hill there was no one to show you around. I looked very young. I was in Grade 13 but looked like I was in Grade 9 so that was kind of hard. Socially it was an adjustment."

It was obviously an adjustment that neither of them found terribly difficult. Husain went on to pursue a life sciences degree at the University of Toronto, his mind already set on a career in dentistry. For Abbas, academia was by no means the only option. Following high school, at the age of seventeen, he was scouted by several collegiate and professional baseball teams and almost accepted an offer to play for one of the junior collegiate teams in the States. Instead, he chose to pursue a degree in psychology at York University. Husain teases Abbas about setting academic records there. Whether the record still stands or not, Abbas took home the Faculty of Arts Book Prize in 1995, the year he graduated, for the highest grade point average in his year.

Why did he decide not to pursue a career in the Major Leagues: "Quite honestly, if I thought I had the opportunity to play professionally I would have gone for it." Does he have any regrets? There is a long pause which perhaps makes his answer somewhat redundant. "In the grand scheme of things, no" he finally says. "Ah, that'd be lying," he quickly adds. There was the worry about education and careers and about the long-term prospects for pro ball players who did not end-up playing at the major league level. But, he emphasizes, "looking back you can always finish your education. I could have become a lawyer at twenty-four or at thirty-five. What's the difference? I mean you're seventeen, eighteen or whatever…you're at an age when you can take risks. If you don't take them then when can you? This might not be a very popular thing to say," he goes on, "but I remember something that Bob Pickering said, that not everybody should necessarily go straight to university. You should see what the world is about. It's a lot harder to do it once you're older and have a career and a family."

With several scholarships in hand, Abbas elected to pursue not one but two subsequent degrees, taking the joint Masters of Business Administration and Bachelor of Laws degrees offered through the Schulich School of Business Administration and Osgoode Law School at York University. As a student, he worked at CIBC as a financial and business analyst doing research and drafting a proposal for an organisation-wide support centre. He articled at Donahue LLP, a member of the international business consulting firm Ernst

husain ali khan

class of '84

Husain in surgery, spring 2005 - courtesy of Husain

and Young LLP, and was called to the Bar in 2001. He now bears the title of 'Associate' in the Business Law Group at law firm Fraser, Milner, Casgrain LLP, where he assembles all the necessary minutiae of law and corporate finance required to enable businesses to merge, acquire other businesses, go public or do whatever it is that businesses, seeking the services of a corporate securities lawyer, are wont to do.

When I ask him what he likes best about his work, it is the care and attention to detail that he highlights. He likens it to the illustrated manuscripts of medieval monks . . . or Waldorf Main Lesson books. "A lot of care and patience in writing is required," he says. When I remark that I can't fathom how lawyers manage to read and compose in a language that to me seems an arcane and opaque linguistic labyrinth he laughs and agrees that it can be a challenge. "You get some three hundred page document that is going to be in the public domain and there is no disclaimer on it that says that Abbas wrote this at three o'clock in the morning."

Like his brother, Husain has excelled in his chosen profession. His post-Waldorf educational and career trajectory can serve as potent reassurance to parents concerned about the pedagogical value of knitting and form-drawing. Out of high school, Husain first attended the University of Toronto, where, despite his claims that he found studying from books very difficult, he was accepted into a dental program at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. There he worked hard, burying himself in his studies. Of course, if a dental degree is good, a dental *and* medical degree is even better. Spurred on by his experience in second year assisting surgeons with the repair of cleft lip and palates, he became unsatisfied with where he saw dentistry taking him and decided, despite the prospect of a further eight years of school, to go on to a career in medicine. Graduating top of his class at the University of Kentucky gave Husain advanced standing at the University of Miami's medical school. From there he went on to complete the two years of general surgery required to specialise in head and neck, or maxillofacial, surgery. His special interest became reconstructive surgery for patients with cancer of the head and neck and victims of trauma.

In a profession which I am sure has somewhat limited membership and its fair share of stars, Husain has distinguished himself through some remarkable achievements including his work as a volunteer surgeon working with patients from Haiti. He headed a team of surgeons that removed a large tumor from the face of a Haitian man - the largest tumor to be removed from a person's face. The surgery took eighteen hours and landed Husain in the spotlight. "I was actually famous for a week," he notes. "I was even interviewed by CNN and a whole bunch of other local news stations." As a result of his achievements, he now gives lectures on his specialty around the country.

Husain now lives in Atlanta where he runs a large practice, reconstructing the features of those who have been disfigured, and helping those unfortunate enough to be dissatisfied with the features they've inherited. While he enjoys his work, it is very much a business, he says. He preferred his days as a resident when it was all about the challenge of learning.

As he talks about his work, about, "molding cartilage like clay . . .working in three dimensions with shadow and light," Husain directly and unreservedly links the unique aspects of his education at a Waldorf school - things like art and handwork and woodwork - to the work that he does now. He contradicts most assumptions about the educational foundations for a career in medicine. "If you look at the work that I do it is probably ninety-nine percent Helga and Ed," he says, referring to Helga Rudolph and Ed Edelstein, our handwork and woodwork teachers respectively, "and only one percent Dr. Levin." Dr. Levin was our math teacher and I'm not sure how thrilled he'd be about these numbers.

In his descriptions of what he does and why he is good at it, Husain very clearly paints a picture of himself as a doctor whose work is an artistic undertaking. This, he proffers, is what differentiates most surgeons from those that are really good at what they do: the ability to take their artistic sensibility and give it shape through their manual dexterity and clinical skill. "Most surgeons," he confides, "are not as good as you think." This is not something I want to hear. "It's possible to train a monkey to do surgery," he jokes, "and you just happen to be lucky enough to be the monkey that they pick." I don't know if I should be reassured by that or not. "A lot of surgeons know the science, but they don't have the eyes and the feel. Sometimes when I am working on a patient, I don't even need to see – I can feel with my hands the different layers of tissue." I imagine him, like a blind man, "seeing" his patients' facial anatomy with his hands, his fingers slipping between layers of flesh to mould new features. Compared with plastic surgeons in other practices, he claims, his production is almost doubled because of this ability to effectively combine his aesthetic and manual skills. "It's a question of training the eye and the hand," he says, "and working in millimeters." This is what makes his work better than that of many of his colleagues, because, as he says, "I see things differently, I use my eyes differently."

I think about the manifold ways in which this integration of intellectual, aesthetic and manual learning was part of our education at TWS, from sculpting, weaving, woodworking and yes, knitting too, to the Main Lesson books we (perhaps some more than others) spent hours painstakingly illustrating. At the time, it didn't seem like training to be a future surgeon, but apparently it is. Husain's work represents a very dramatic example of how that holistic approach to learning is invaluable: how, in developing all sides of our child-selves, it gave us the preparation and the possibility not only to pursue different fields, but to see the possibilities for carrying them out in ways that combine the artistic, the intellectual and the manual. And, though he may be long past the era of Main Lesson books, recorder cases and wooden eggs, Husain is still illustrating his work, sketching on paper his patients' faces and the work that he will need to do, and even producing art for sale. "My art is getting pretty good," he says, describing how he is getting better at working in very fine detail. "I've even had a couple of drawings bought by galleries."

In his work as a lawyer, Abbas too recognizes the value of that holistic approach. As we talk about the way that Waldorf education fostered assuredness and confidence, Abbas jokes about the value of eurythmy. "I mean, if you can get up on the stage in one of those flowy gowns and wave your arms around in the air you've got to have self-confidence." Part of the credit for the relaxed assuredness that these two men emanate may, it seems, be attributable to performing in silky garments, twirling copper-rods around in the air. Go figure.

Hearing what busy and intense work lives both Abbas and Husain lead, I am curious about what they do for fun. Husain mentions his love of travelling, particularly the areas of southern France and Italy. But both brothers' main hobby is fitness. This leads us into a discussion about the importance of physical exercise in both of their lives. Both have always been avid athletes. Husain mentions Abbas' early baseball career and his own entry at fifteen in the Ottawa marathon which he ran with then Phys Ed teacher Larry Ney. Both continue to enjoy running and working out, often every day, despite their busy professional lives. In fact, Husain is almost evangelical in his zeal for exercise and fitness and his highly structured day is bookended by six-mile a morning run on his treadmill and another round at the gym after work. "I'm forty and I'm probably in the best shape I've ever been in," he says. Indeed, Husain is in the process of writing a book about fitness. The subject? How people can stay fit through simple exercise and healthy diet regardless of how busy their lives are. This is clearly a subject about which his lifestyle makes him somewhat of an authority.

Say what you like about Waldorf (and we all have), these two men are a fascinating testament to the remarkable relevance a Waldorf education can have even in fields as diverse as plastic surgery and corporate law. We alumni/ae have each gone our separate ways, but we bear a distinctive signature from those years as students, not just the ability to recall at least some of the words to "People Look East" or a better than average grasp of Norse mythology, but a truly holistic education that can turn out to be valuable in many surprising ways. ■

seth scriver

class of '96

Seth in kindergarten

For Dose Magazine

by Katherine Dynes '84
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photos by Katja Rudolph '84
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illustrations courtesy of Seth

Seth Scriver greets me at his apartment in Kensington Market. After offering me the best cup of coffee I've had in ages (one of the many bonuses of living in the market), he asks whether I would mind if he packs a box while we talk. A fashion magazine in Germany has contacted him about doing a feature on his sock sculptures, and he has to get a parcel off to them today.

Seth grew up in this neighbourhood. His parents own *Courage My Love*, a store that is an essential part of the culture of the market. "I went to Kensington Public School for a while and then in Grade 4 or 5 I went to TWS. I graduated... ah…I don't know when it was. Maybe '98? No it would have been before that …'96 maybe? I dunno." Secretly I am comforted by being in the presence of someone who shares my ambivalent relationship to time.

For Coast Magazine

After high school at TWS, Seth began his formal art training at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD). Although he began his career there in the sculpture department, he chose the school because of its excellent interdisciplinary program. Seth has gone on to build a career on the remarkable diversity of his talent, working in illustration, sculpture and animation. I was curious about the kind of art he was making before college. "I did psychedelic drawings, which I kind of do still. Found-object sculptures and stuff like that. I hadn't really done that much sculpture, that's why I went into sculpture." After exploring the fundamentals of sculpture he gravitated towards other things. "I did lots of drawing, some print making, and some multi-media." After graduating from NSCAD, he stayed on in Halifax for about six months and his career there really

For Walrus Magazine

started to take off. He did illustrations for the now defunct Shift Magazine which led to illustration work for Coast Magazine (the east coast equivalent of Now Magazine). In fact, Seth figured that if he was getting so much work in a smaller community like Halifax, Toronto would be a cash cow. The reality was that it took him about a year and a half before things started to take off for him here – an amazingly short amount of time when you're not the one living it.

Before meeting Seth, I had looked him up on the Internet and seen several references to his graffiti work. It turns out the graffiti was mostly from an earlier stage of his life. "It takes a lot of balls, and once you stop, it's hard to start again." He was inspired to do graffiti simply by "seeing it around Kensington and wondering what it was all about. It also came from being into art and wanting to be bad-ass. It made perfect sense." Some of Seth's graffiti work was included in a book about graffiti around the world, and from that came a very unlikely e-mail from the people at Prada. At the time of our meeting, the high-end clothing designers had just recently contacted Seth to ask him to submit some sports related images for a line of t-shirts. He showed me some preliminary sketches. "I'm just doing disgusting things that I might do anyway. So this guy's kicking this guy's head off." He turns the page. "This one's good, it's kicking off a bunny's tail." Seth describes his work as "fantasy cartoons, or fantasy art." His drawings are inhabited by tree-people, pointy headed humanoids, and all manner of fantastical creatures. There is often an underlying grotesque element to his drawings. Naturally, the idea of simultaneously poking fun at high fashion and the violence-prone culture of sports is greatly appealing to Seth.

For the Toronto Star

"Do you think this smells? Just out of curiosity…" Seth passes me a sock doll he is about to stuff into the Germany-bound box. I smell it. I agree it does have a slightly musty odor, but offer that it seems to be coming from the bag it was stored in rather than the doll itself. He smells it again "it smells kind of like cow shit" then compares it to another doll. "This one just smells of dirty socks. It's pretty funny that a glamour magazine would be interested in these worn-out things." I ask how this came to be. The story begins on Queen Street West in Toronto's trendy Drake Hotel. Each hotel room (as well as the lobby) features one of Seth's sock dolls. A visiting artist came to Toronto to lecture at the

For Dose Magazine

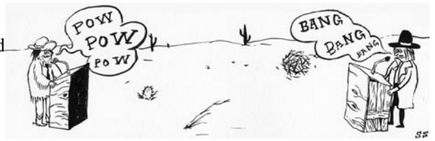
Art Gallery of Ontario and was put up at the hotel. He loved the dolls, got Seth's contact information, and arranged to go by his house to do an art swap. Some time later, this same artist was involved in a fashion shoot and the photographer saw the sock dolls and contacted Seth about doing a feature in the magazine.

Last summer, Seth attracted media attention when he participated in the 2004 Outdoor Art Exhibition in Nathan Phillips Square. The show has become a major happening in the city, and many artists make a substantial portion of their yearly income during the three-day event. Seth's biggest attraction (literally as well as figuratively) was his ten-foot sock sculpture, which he suspended beside his booth. His intention had been to make the world's largest sock doll, but preparing enough of the "regular sized" creatures for the sale took hundreds of hours, and he ran short of time. He still hopes to beat the record however. "I forget exactly how big the biggest one is, but it fills a mini-van." The sock sculpture/dolls have taken off in a way Seth would never have predicted. "I was just making them for my nieces for Christmas presents. It's a bit annoying, because I didn't plan on making that many, but they just sell so well."

I ask him what aspect of his art practice he favours. "I'm going to start focusing on illustration because I'm just realizing how well it pays." On further reflection he adds, "I don't think I'd want to focus on any of them when I think about it, because it's always nice to switch from one to the other. I have a short attention span. When I get tired of drawing I start doing some animation, then when I'm getting tired of that I start doing some sculpture. It's nice to switch around."

Seth currently boasts illustration credits in Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Business Magazine, The Walrus, and Dose Magazine. He builds some of Mr Wooka's puppets for the popular CBC children's show, *Nanalan'*, and has done animation for the CBC TV show *Nerve*. Two reputable Toronto galleries, Katharine Mulherin Contemporary Art Projects and the Clint Roenisch Gallery, represent him. Toronto's Magic Pony (a designer toy store and art gallery) has approached him about producing a book/DVD of his drawings and animation. Put all these projects together and he is making living as an artist, something many aspire to but few achieve.

For Dose Magazine



The upcoming generation of artists inspires and excites me. There is a generosity in sharing ideas, a prevailing interest in making art that is accessible (both physically and financially), and a growing impulse to work collaboratively. Seth Scriver's work falls firmly into this camp. He is an immensely talented artist whose work is playful, eccentric, and truly unique. ■

To check on up-coming exhibitions and to see more work go to Seth's website: **peanutbreath.com**. Seth asks me to mention that viewer discretion is advised because of the afore-mentioned occasional gross-out theme.

nathaniel anderson-frank

class of '03

by Larissa McWhinney '88
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photos by Kierstin Henrickson '93
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It is a cold, late-winter March day on the prairies when I call Nathaniel in Toronto for our interview. Spring is reluctant this year, and skies are grey and dreary. I am longing for a sign of a new season. And then, unexpectedly, it comes: I feel the warmth of mellow sunshine wash golden over me…. *"Summertime...And the livin' is easy..."* Gershwin's languishing melody wafts through the receiver like a soft breeze as Nathaniel serenades me with his violin from the other side of the country. At times it seems as if he is playing two violins at once - holding one note steady while the melody dances around it; playing two sets of intervals simultaneously. The sound is so rich and enchanting I am almost taken aback: this is more than music.

Nathaniel and I have never met, but our paths have intertwined like a double helix. In the process of exchanging introductory emails we established that Nathaniel's aunt - who has always played a key role in Nathaniel's life, particularly as a musical mentor - is a long-time friend of my parents and was my own once-upon-a-time piano teacher. It turns out that I had encountered Nathaniel's father, a champion of public health care, during the Romanow Commission in Regina. In turn, Nathaniel had recently met my parents at a Christmas party. And all of this independently of the well-woven Waldorf web.

But despite our kindred connections, there was still a lot I didn't know about Nathaniel. He was a nomadic Steiner child, having roamed the territory of eight Waldorf campuses and five different Waldorf schools in just fifteen years. His kindergarten years were spent on the first campus of the Alan Howard School on Merton Street, which his parents had been involved in establishing, as well as in the Honolulu Waldorf School during his father's sabbatical: "The sun with loving light" in groves of banana trees! After his Grade 4 year, the Alan Howard School moved from the St. George location to its third campus on Madison Avenue - a move that was made easier by his new class teacher - Robert Teuwen, TWS Class of '84 - who remains a friend and strong figure in Nathaniel's adult life. One's experience of Waldorf is strongly influenced by one's class teacher, Nathaniel reflects. I agree, recalling how much my own, Elisabeth Chomko, still means to me.

When his father took a job at the University of California, Berkeley, Nathaniel went to the East Bay Waldorf School for Grades 7 and 8. In Grades 9 and 10, he attended the newly established San Francisco Waldorf High School. This turned out to be the Waldorf experience with which Nathaniel resonated most. The essence of the Waldorf spirit was truly alive at this school, he reminisces. Perhaps it was that the newness of the school manifested the creativity and inventiveness that typifies Waldorf education: renting old naval buildings on a pier under the Golden Gate Bridge and using local parks for gym class before moving to a Greek Orthodox Church in an Hispanic neighbourhood. Or perhaps it was the juxtaposition of Steiner's idealism with urban reality: taking black and white drawing classes while being asked not to wear red to school - not because of anything esoterically Waldorfian like a conflict with Goethe's colour circle - but because the school was located in "Blue Gang" territory!

There was a magnetic energy at this nascent school that helped Nathaniel's life compass find its true north. Having been born into a musically attuned family, it was *de rigeur* that Nathaniel start Suzuki lessons when he came "of age." So at three years old he began the Suzuki method on the violin. Like any young child, Nathaniel needed to be encouraged to practise - and at twenty, still occasionally does! But by the age of fourteen, after ten years of putting violin to shoulder, there was a decisive crescendo: his violin teacher in San Francisco asked Nathaniel in her thick, Russian accent if music would be in his "bigger picture." He found himself answering "yes."

but has a communal rather than an individualist ethos. In more (or less) romantic terms, Nathaniel describes it as a four-way marriage without the sex! As for where his career will take him, Nathaniel's Bedouin childhood has freed him to let music take him where it will - though he will always remain Canadian at heart: a love of winter camping inspired by Robert Teuwen has made sure of that!

Few of us know as clearly as Nathaniel did by the age of fourteen what our destiny will be. For Nathaniel, music is not simply a career choice, it is an existential reality. He suggests that being a musician for him is analogous to what being a woman is to me: life without music has almost ceased to be imaginable. Not that Nathaniel hasn't considered roads more travelled, such as medicine or science. And he still occasionally asks himself why he has taken the path he has, and wonders if music is merely a selfish and solitary pursuit that makes little difference in the world. Indeed, the many hours of daily practising may make it seem either self-sacrificial or self-involved. But as Nathaniel notes, every profession requires its sacrifices, and there is no other existence for which he would rather work so hard. Moreover, he has come to realize that he can have a strong and deep effect on others. Nathaniel hears music not only as his calling, but as his voice, and his ultimate goal is to mediate its transformative power.

Nathaniel in Grade 4

And he does - even from across the country via a telephone wire. After we say our goodbyes, I sit quietly watching the snow swirl, the flakes drifting aimlessly over acres of slumbering ground. Then, the beckoning melody of *Summertime* from Nathaniel's violin echoes softly and encouragingly over the prairie landscape: *"One of these mornin's, You's gonna rise up singin'...Then you'll spread yo' wings, An' you'll take to the sky..."* And as I watch, the drifts seem to transform from white to gold, and the swirling flakes become dancing heads of wheat, gleaming in the hot sun. Thank you, Nathaniel. And play on. ■

Given his virtuosity, Nathaniel could no doubt be an acclaimed solo violinist, following in the footsteps of his musical heroes, Russian Jascha Heifetz and Canadian James Ehnes. Indeed, just after our interview he was accepted to the prestigious Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara for a summer program, where he plans to accompany his playing with "chilling on the beach." But Nathaniel's current dream is to devote himself to the Vesuvius String Quartet he established with colleagues in Cleveland. A quartet requires all the rigours of being a soloist, Nathaniel explains,

class of '04

shruti krishnamoorthy

by Corinna Ghaznavi '85
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photos by Tanya Zoebelein '88
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Shruti in Grade 12

I have never met Shruti despite our best efforts to get together. With her in London at university and me in Durham, we were unable to coordinate a face-to-face interview and therefore had to settle for a phone conversation. So apart from some facts about her life, all I had to go on was a voice. Hers is lively yet focussed and when I looked up her photograph in the last *outofbounds* issue, it precisely materialized what the voice conveyed: a gigantic smile and a direct, animated and eager outlook on the world.

Shruti came to TWS for the last three years of high school after an adventurous and varied life. Until Grade 5 she lived in Bahrain, a small island country off the shore of Saudi Arabia. Then, for Grades 6 to 9, together with her brother, she attended a boarding school in the southern part of India. Images of Victorian England came to mind when I hear the words 'boarding school' but Shruti assures me it was 'so good' and quite the opposite of what one imagines. The Rishi Valley School lies in a valley surrounded by small villages. Based on the philosophy of J. Krishnamurthy, Shruti found the principles lived there and those she found at the Waldorf school to be quite similar. Rishi Valley School is located on a large acreage and grows all its own organic food, which nourishes the school's population, three-hundred and sixty people in Grades 4 to 12. It, like TWS, downplayed the competitive aspect of schooling and emphasized, instead, the enjoyment and thrill of learning.

When her parents decided that they wanted the family to be together before all the children grew up, they chose Toronto and the Waldorf school community in which to settle. When asked about adjusting, Shruti exclaims that it was 'not too hard' despite it being a new country, school, culture and environment. I am beginning to sense that her approach to life, marked by an openness and interest as well as a remarkable fearlessness, makes obstacles a lively challenge rather than something ominous and to be avoided. Canada and Waldorf posed few initial difficulties; mostly Shruti needed to learn how to relate to the North American culture. School helped, because she felt Waldorf gave her the chance to make friends quickly, and both she and her parents were impressed by the people in their immediate environment. The transition was made easier by the fact that people were open and interested. "They asked so many questions, they really wanted to know," which, as I know from my own experience of returning to North America, is not always the case and definitely makes moving a more integrated experience. She found that schoolwork was about learning, about understanding the work and taking interest in the world rather than about completing one more chore to hand in for a grade. Oh, and the music! "I love music, and music was everywhere!" Shruti exclaims, and goes on to relate how, coming out of the classroom during recess it was not unusual to find ten people hanging out and playing guitar, an instrument she also plays, after having played the Indian Drum.

Not all things were easy, however. Art was hard, she recalls, and claims that this was one of the main obstacles. When she handed in her first Main Lesson book Mr. Pickering came back to her and said, "you need to colour." "Why?' she asked flummoxed, "it's physics." In time, she learned to enjoy even that, although she says that it was always a joke, how much trouble she had with making artwork. She laughs too when she recalls the intermurals at TWS: "we barely won, but it was so much fun!" What she emphasizes and what became important is that though there were few wins, they were always the team with the *potential* to win. This positive attitude is reflected in Bob Pickering's words that rate Shruti in the top five percent "of students he has taught in terms of a positive teacher student dynamic, and someone who really knows how to learn, a person with a great sense of humility."

Shruti's gifted approach to both learning and life is something she is able to bring across, even in a telephone conversation, while firmly downplaying her achievements in favour of discussing vital experiences and an appreciation of those around her. In fact, she was the 2003-04 recipient of the Governor General's Academic Medal, an award given to a graduating student with the highest academic average. Apart from the obvious recognition of academic performance that comes with this award, it clearly demonstrates that Shruti, although not primarily out to win, is able to achieve the highest level of excellence. In addition, that she is truly humble about what she has accomplished. When asked to comment on her as a student, Bob Pickering described her as a "Renaissance" student, "a brilliant and hardworking academic, a talented athlete, a gifted musician, a friend to all and a leader in her class."

This assessment continues to hold true in her current work at the University of Western Ontario where she is enrolled in the Honours Science program. And where, although I hear this only in passing, she lives in residence on the "Leadership and Development" floor, another indication of her outstanding track record and the impact she has made. Yet, rather than emphasize this, she talks about the difficulty of being in an environment of students driven by competition and ambition rather than one in which one "*wants* to know things, rather than has to know them."

Her decision to attend Western rather than Guelph, a smaller university, was based on discussions with her parents who urged her to try new things and forge into new territory. University, she thinks, is a time to enter into a new world, a larger place, and to be able to create a new image of herself. Western is, indeed, a bigger place, "so big!" In fact, "huge!", she says. Her first biology lecture took place in a hall holding one thousand students. In what I'm beginning to believe is typical of Shruti, she managed, in a school that has the reputation of being a "prissy girls school," to find "down-to earth" friends who share her philosophy of learning.

And what is Shruti aiming for at Western? An honours degree in medical bio-physics. A combination that may seem daunting to some but perfect, she says, for her interests in both physics and biology as well as medical issues like "what causes a stroke." Though she is not entirely sure what she wants to do with this degree, she is certain that it will not be anything usual, like med school. "A scientist in a hospital" is a career she recently learned about, in which one combines both research and practical medicine. This is what is intriguing Shruti right now, the combination of several applications which is also, importantly, something challenging and different, something she has not heard any other student want to do. And Shruti definitely wants to do something different. After all, both the boarding school and TWS were places where things were a little different, more open, and more interesting. The road continues to be challenging, but Shruti seems to be able to come out ahead. Classes she took this past year included biology, genetics, calculus and French. At this point in our conversation, I feel I don't even have to ask her: I just assume that she is acing them, and need to read between the lines when she claims that genetics takes way too long and that she "still doesn't get it." Calculus, on the other hand, she loved despite the fact that she couldn't figure it out in class and so decided, with a group of other people, to teach herself instead of going to class.

"First year" is over and she is happy to have done it and yet never wants to do it again. Before moving into her house with her friends in the fall she is going on a three month trip to Europe (with another Waldorf alumna), the Middle East and India. Then she will be ready to come back and work hard. In the mean-time, it seems to me that there is only one thing that strikes fear into Shruti's heart, and that is turning twenty, which, she wails, is "so old!" When I try to reassure her that things only get better, she points out that twenty is halfway to forty and, "when you're forty you're done!" I suggest we speak again in fifteen years and see how she feels then. For a girl who has travelled the world, learned how to use colour in her physics books, has taught herself calculus and regards the world as a place full of interesting unknowns to be discovered, I can't imagine that aging is going to pose any real problem. It will be addressed in a manner that is graced with brilliance, laughter, common sense, and a dedication to adventure. ■

Corinna Ghaznavi '85 left TWS after Grade 6 and subsequently attended the Detroit Waldorf School and the American International School in Hong Kong. After graduating from high school, she attended Trent University in the Cultural Studies Programme for a brief time before transferring to the University of Freiberg in Germany, where she completed an MA in art history. She is now a curator of conceptual art and teaches at Sheridan College and the Ontario College of Art and Design (OCAD). She lives in Durham, Ontario.

Nadja (Gold) Hall '85 attended the Vancouver Hospital Nursing Programme after completing Grade 12 at TWS. During this time she met her husband, Ted. They married shortly after and had their first child. Nadja worked as a part-time nurse for five years. Now, Nadja lives in Nelson with Ted and her three children, Natasha, Joshua and Benjamin, who attend the Nelson Waldorf School. Ted owns Spearhead Timberworks, a company that builds timber houses using largely recycled timber. Nadja teaches cello.

Kierstin Henrickson '93 is a true Waldorfian after 13 years at TWS. 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 at Ryerson University, in the Photographic Arts Department. Her passion for photography has always run deep, through all the mini-careers along the way. 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.

Allan Hughes - former TWS faculty member - grew up in the Toronto area. He was educated in schools in north Toronto and Willowdale. He worked his way through to a BA in English and history at the University of Western Ontario, and then taught high school English for seven years before finding TWS. He did his Waldorf teacher training at Emerson College in England and was a class teacher at TWS from 1972 to 1994. He was also a faculty chair and board member at various times. On a committee with Aedsgard Koekebakker and Gehard Rudolph, Allan helped launch the TWS High School and taught Grade 9 English in its first year. After leaving TWS, he taught for three years at the Alan Howard Waldorf School and then was founding class teacher at the Huronia Waldorf School, where he taught for five years. He is, at present, retired and satisfying his Wanderlust.

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ALUMNI/AE,

James Garrick '88

Grandeur of the Seas, James' ship

James, Chief Officer Safety

James sending divers to check the hull

Mom, known affectionately by TWS students as Mrs. G., sails along

Photos courtesy of Mrs. G. (Christel Schmidt) & James

My passion? Still haven't quite figured that one out. The more I see and do, the more it changes. I suppose, after my wife and daughter, Victoria and Faith, my passion would have to be travelling the great outdoors and more specifically the sea.

Although I can't recall having been drawn to it as a child, something must have happened when I was sent off to my uncle Peder, a salty ol' dawg born in the wrong century. Peder was captain of a general cargo-vessel running all over the Caribbean, South America and Africa. It wasn't until years later that I found out that he wasn't even a licensed master mariner. That didn't seem to matter as no one would dare to assume otherwise. He had the hat, the pipe, the parrot and the swagger so that one could only assume he was the real McCoy. Anyway, off we sailed on my first stint at sea, aged sixteen. The world changed literally before my eyes. I went from the safety of upper-middle class Toronto to the swashbuckling world of the motor-vessel Wind Eagle and the life that this entailed.

WHAT'S YOUR PASSION?

In that first year at sea with Peder, my experiences included a coup d'etat in Haiti (thanks to Mme. Van Boxel for teaching me enough French to stay alive and out of a Haitian prison), a mutiny in the Dominican republic, running out of food and money and therefore having to learn how to scuba-dive with the ship's fire-fighting gear in order to catch enough lobster for dinner, and numerous other adventures that got me hooked on the lifestyle of an able-bodied seaman.

Today, after a career as a tug-boat skipper in Sweden, a scuba instructor in Thailand, a paramedic in LA and briefly as a commercial diver for Chevron oil in Nigeria, one thing's for sure: I can't get enough of the sea. With a wife, daughter and a second baby on the way, I've had to lean somewhat more to the side of safety and after a few years of maritime studies in Victoria, Canada, and Auckland, New Zealand, now enjoy a career as chief officer for Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines and hope to become captain shortly.

It might not have the same excitement as my earlier days, working for Captain Peder, not knowing what kind of cargo we would be taking on or from which war-torn third world country, or offer the adrenalin kick of exploring under-water caves or swimming with fifty-foot whale sharks in the Andaman Sea, but nonetheless, each day is different and provides its own adventure. Life on a cruise ship can go in minutes from hosting bingo for our eight-hundred plus crew members, to a quick launch of the rescue boat, to picking up near drowned Cuban refugees; from champagne on the pool deck to extinguishing a fire in the main galley. Whether it's the ship getting covered in volcano ash, racing hurricane Isabelle back to port, the FBI rerouting us due to unsubstantiated bomb threats, a helicopter medical evacuation taking place while we're on approach to Hubbard glacier, or just the thrill of docking one of the biggest cruise ships on earth, this job rocks!! One thing's for certain: as long as I wake up each day smiling and with no idea what the sea has in store for me, this is the ideal place to be searching for my passion. Do you sea? ■

james_garrick@hotmail.com

Nadja (Gold) Hall '85

As a child, I was privileged to live and grow up nestled between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean on Vancouver's coastline. Our winter activities consisted mostly of cross-country and downhill skiing. During the summer months we were often taken hiking, which included an annual trip up Mt. Baker in Washington State. Our family was fortunate to spend much of the summer holiday at our cottage in Tofino on Vancouver Island. Hours of playing in the rolling waves on Long Beach, looking for sea life and breathing salty air has imprinted itself as a lasting memory. I remember loving the feeling of skiing as a child, but never looking forward to the whole experience on the mountain, as I was always freezing cold. We did not have the gear that we have today. But as an adult, skiing has become one of my favorite passions in life.

The first winter after leaving the Toronto Waldorf School, my sister, Celina, convinced me that Telemark skiing was the way to go. She dragged me up to one of Vancouver's local mountains with Telemark equipment and said, "Lets learn together!" She had a pass, and as it was 9:00pm we decided that the mountain would soon close and there was no point in me buying a lift ticket (besides we wouldn't last long after trying to do the Telemark knee bends). We proceeded to the rope tow. She got on and away she went. I was very aware that I did not have a ticket and decided that if I was graceful on these skis then perhaps the lift operator might not notice me. I skied over with great confidence and before I knew what had happened I was sprawled on the snow at his feet. He looked down at me and with a smirk said, "Can I see your ticket?" When I regained my upright position, he asked me if I would like som pointers on Telemark skiing. From this moment forward Ted became my own personal Telemark coach. We were married soon after. In Ted's company, my early misadventures with Telemark skis turned into a love-affair with the sport and years of Telemark racing.

Telemarking originated in Norway and is the oldest form of skiing. The skis have metal edges, much like downhill skis, but the heel is free to move up and down allowing the knees to bend as you turn. It is tricky to learn, but very rewarding and I have never gone back to downhill skiing. Every year the new equipment improves making it much easier. Telemark skiing offers the possibility to explore the back country as well as ski the lifts. Not having the foot locked in enables one to turn gracefully yet aggressively in varying conditions of snow and gives one an incredible feeling of freedom.

Ted was involved with organizing the Canadian National Telemark circuit. Before long we were both racing on the local mountains, Cypress, Grouse and Whistler, which were often hard pack snow and sheer ice. When we moved to Nelson, BC, in 1995 we were met by a very humbling situation…powder! Our skiing styles had to change drastically in order to ski in the deep, fluffy snow. As new-comers, we were told to bring snorkels! Soon we were racing here, competing with a crowd of excellent skiers and experienced racers and loving every minute of it. After I won the women's category several times over a period of four years, Ted suggested that I think about skiing in the Nationals, which were held in Kimberly BC that year, only three hours away.

I decided to be brave. We left the three children at home and drove to the race location. Ted was recovering from a back injury and was therefore unable to compete. The day before the race, we checked out the course and much to my horror there were three big jumps in the middle of it. I detest jumping. One of the jumps was so big you were expected to slow down drastically as you skied up it or else you would fly into the trees on the other side! If I wasn't freaked before, I sure was now. The course consisted of a number of gates, a jump, more gates, the huge jump, an uphill section, more gates, another jump and more gates to the finish line. The event was held over two days.

The morning of the first race Ted's back was too sore to accompany me up the hill and I had to face my fears alone. I was surrounded by skiers from every province and many from USA dressed in flashy lycra suits with their coaches doing last minute ski base prep before the competition. The loud speakers were audible across the entire hill. I was extremely intimidated.

As I stood in the starting gate my heart was pounding so hard I thought everyone standing at the sidelines could hear the thumping. After the count down and once my legs had pushed through the starting wand, I felt an instant adrenalin rush and an overriding excitement about what I was doing.

On day two, I felt much more confidant and was not quite as freaked about the jumps. As I came down through the last set of gates before the final jump the thick fog set in. I could no longer see any gates in front of me. I was surprised to find I was flying through the air over the last jump. This resulted in a poor landing. I crashed and all I could hear over the loud speakers was, "Get up! You haven't missed any gates, you can take the silver!" I knew there was no way to finish the course even though there were only five gates left. I skied to the side of the course and felt that my knee was badly injured. I was told by the surgeon and physiotherapist that I would never be able to run or ski at a competitive level again, but after a full ligament repair of my left knee and a year of rehabilitation, I have proven them all wrong and do both.

This winter, I entered my first race after the accident, which was five years ago, and much to my horror there was a jump. I knew I had to get over my fear. This was a dual course consisting of two sets of gates set up parallel to each other allowing two racers to compete at the same time. Each skier must ski twice down each course. I fell after the first jump and realized this was because my mind was getting in the way. I skied the second course cleanly, skiing it with the speed I was used to achieving. The combined times of both runs put me into second place, one and a half seconds behind first.

I can't wait until next winter! Ski racing for me is about feeling the clean fast lines of the course rather than winning, although winning is a great help in pushing my ability even further.

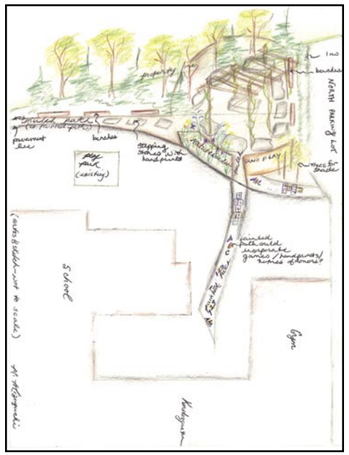
All of our children grew up skiing, having started at the age of two. I remember them in the backpack on Ted's back calling, "Faster, Daddy, faster!", as we skied down the hill.

Now our two boys love to cross-country ski and spend many weekends traveling to compete throughout the Kootenays and other parts of B.C. This is a lovely sport as we can all take part in the training sessions as well as the races in our own categories.
None of our three children, ages 10, 12, and 15, have an interest in watching TV, movies, or playing computer games. The boys are very committed to excel in their skiing and show that their love of racing goes far beyond winning. Natasha, the oldest of the three loves to ski, but has no desire to race. She is a very committed violinist and her passion is sharing her musical gift with others.

Skiing is a passion that Ted and I have nurtured and developed, and it gives us great pleasure to find that our three children have chosen to follow their own unique interests, one of which happens to be skiing and a love of the outdoors. ■ *nadja_ted@shaw.ca*

Nadja receiving medal from Nelson's mayor, Dave Elliot
The whole family, kayaking in the Broken Islands, summer 2004
Nadja's children, from left to right: Benjamin, Joshua, Natasha
Photos courtesy of Nadja

Michele (Bigelow) Mizuguchi '84



Photos courtesy of Michele
Left: Michele's initial drawing of the planned garden

When I returned to the Toronto Waldorf School for my twenty year reunion last year I began to think about what attending Waldorf had left me with. I found that I remembered most fondly the natural beauty of the surroundings. What I did not realize as a young person was how truly lucky I was to learn in such an inspiring environment. Now I know that it planted a seed in me, the idea that all children should be able to learn in surroundings such as this.

Through the years I have developed a passion for organic gardening, creating a naturalized front yard for myself, then for friends and neighbours, by removing the chemically dependant grass and planting hardy perennials, which naturalize, are drought tolerant, and attract wildlife. This led to me to become involved with two other parent volunteers, Marriane Wilcock and Dave Douglas, and a teacher, Andrea Sargeant, at Regency Acres Public School in Aurora where my children are students. Together we created an environmental committee. There had been a fund growing through fundraising at the school and we sought to ensure it was used to improve the children's environment rather than for something else.

The mission of our committee (The Regency Acres Environmental Committee) was to improve the environment of the school for the students and community members present and future. We planned to excavate part of the existing tarmac and create an environmental garden, which would provide an outdoor teaching area, supply necessary shade and windbreak, and attract local flora and fauna through naturalized plantings. Our school, like most public schools built in the sixties, was institutional and barren, providing none of what I have come to understand is important for children and their education. It cried out for greening.

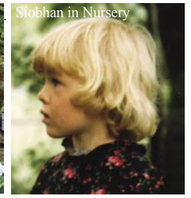
In order to achieve this we realized we would have to find community partners. Through the Town of Aurora "Adopt A Park Program," we adopted the surrounding green space called Confederation Park. In return for our involvement in organizing park and creek cleanups, the town committed to donating all labour for our school project. We were also able to get local businesses such as Miller Compost, Stonemen's Valley and Lomco Lanscaping Contractors to sell us materials at a lower cost. Finally, just as we were experiencing a funding shortfall, TD Friends of the Environment came through with a donation.

Over a period of about a month the town landscape technician Ingrid Coney, town labourers, school children, parent volunteers and teachers all pitched in to help, and on Earth Day 2005 our learning garden, the "Growing Place," was finally open. The garden includes red maple, hackberry and shademaster honey locust for shade and fall colour; also spruce, and white pine, for winter colour and windbreak. The plantings of dogwood, sumac, pussy willow, witch hazel and hydrangea will provide seasonal interest. Butterfly bush will attract butterflies, as will plantings of native flowers in the front bed. High bush cranberry and serviceberry will attract birds. A centre piece to our garden is a stone table carved by artist David Hart that depicts native symbols and stories, and reclaimed hydro poles topped with bird houses created by the Grade Two classes and donated by Home Depot. To celebrate the opening of the garden all the community partners came to the school to receive plaques and a thank-you from the children and school community.

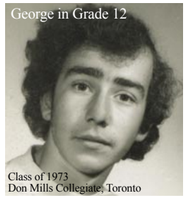
For us this is a long term project, and we're just at the beginning. Future project ideas include: a working organic vegetable garden, improving the kindergarten play area, and a school environmental club, which will give the children an opportunity to learn about, get involved with and take ownership of their "Growing Place."

It felt wonderful to see something accomplished that took two years for us to plan. The greatest satisfaction however, comes from seeing the children and community members enjoying and caring for the garden. ■

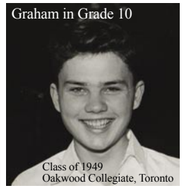
MicheleMizuguchi@aol.com



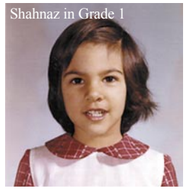
Siobhan (Sarah) Hughes '92 began attending TWS at the age of 3 ½. After finishing her OACs she traveled to Peru where she worked in a Waldorf inspired kindergarten outside Lima. Back in Toronto she worked for a chiropractor for three years before attempting university. It did not live up to her expectations so she went back to work, first at U of T and then as Human Resources Administrator for a small Canadian company. In 2001 Siobhan decided she had better get a BA or it was never going to happen. Her four years at the University of Waterloo have been a challenging and enriching experience. Siobhan traveled to India for four months last year and plans to go to the Middle East in the fall and then perhaps to Eastern Europe or Central Asia. She is pursuing a career in community building within diverse communities, in peacebuilding, and in mediation.



George Ivanoff - TWS parent and former faculty - was born in Toronto, then in 1962 moved to southern California to learn to surf and star in beach movies (his Dad's). He returned to Canada and graduated from Don Mills Collegiate. After some wandering time, he found himself at Guelph and completed a BSc, then an MA in landscape architecture. After his first year as a parent at TWS in 1987, he helped the Building Committee rethink the location of the new high school wing from the edge of the forest playground to "the field out back." He has been involved in some aspect of building and grounds around the school ever since. He was TWS Board Chair from 1993 to 1997, then took the Waldorf Teacher training. He taught part-time for several years before teaching full-time in 2002-2003. He is back working as an environmental planner for MTO, keeping an eye out for archaeological sites that may stop a highway. If you know of any, call him.



Graham H. Jackson - TWS piano teacher and accompanist - was born in Toronto in 1931 to theosophist parents, went to Brown P.S. and Oakwood Collegiate and graduated from Grade 13 in 1949, when he also took his ARCT diploma in piano. After taking a MusBac degree in School Music at U of T, he spent a couple of years studying composition. On discovering Waldorf education, he went on to train and teach in New York City and England. In 1963 he married, returned to teach piano at the Royal Conservatory, keyboard harmony at the U of T, and help found TWS. After working in Camphill communities in the USA and South Africa, he returned again in 1983, taught at the Rudolf Steiner Centre, gave piano lessons at TWS and now plays for eurythmy classes. He has also recorded a CD of improvisations (and just now a second one), written a big book on music, and sometimes has time to enjoy his four sons and five (so far) grandchildren.



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

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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*

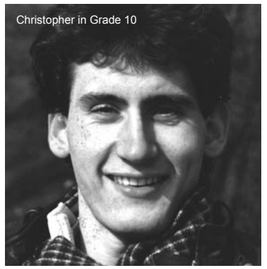
alumni/ae art

Artist's Statement:

My art is about reverence – the forests, the water, the feel of the wind, the apple blossom that stretches across the gold frame. My work is about what we have, something we all share: the fragile and unpredictable environment, the beauty around us, with humanity stretching into new realms – our architecture, our history, our heritage.

I urge you to look for the simpler things – the massive splendour of our cities, the expressions of the inhabitants and the pride of all Canadians. Let us express our reverence for the places that give us peace, stir our souls, quicken the spirit, and enlighten our minds.

Christopher Lucas (formerly Podolski) has painted more than 5,800 works, including architectural renderings, portraits, prairie and mountain scenes, and West Coast landscapes. The Thai royal family, the Suzuki Corporation in Hokkaido, Japan, British Airways, the CIBC, the Fairmount Hotel, Hotel MacDonald, Syncrude, Labatt Breweries and the Alberta government are among those who own Christopher's originals. A Lucas original of the Edmonton skyline was also presented to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien.



christopher lucas

class of '85

Christopher writes: I arrived in Toronto from Edmonton with my family, four boys, mom and dad and one dog. The Podolski's, a hearty bunch, descended upon TWS with enthusiasm and vigor. Thus we began a rewarding educational experience. I admired my teachers, their selfless devotion and dedication to providing a superb education. I thank my parents, Eunice and Reinhold, for all the many sacrifices that were made so we could all attend this school. My mother says that I was painting before I could walk. My time in a Waldorf school fostered this passion in me.

In conjunction with painting, I tour schools and special events, speaking about the country of Canada, how important it is and how we can make it better. One of my projects included painting all ten provincial legislative assemblies, the three territorial assemblies, and the parliament buildings in oil on five foot by ten foot canvasses. Presently, I am working on an eight by four foot canvas that now has over two thousand signatures on it. This project is to raise awareness about the nature of our country. Called the "Legacy of the Land" tour, I speak about environmental issues, how the Canadian government works, and how we can enhance our cultures and identities. ■

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: Mollianne Reynolds '90, of the Alta Lake School, Whistler, and Robert Teuwen '84, of the Alan Howard Waldorf School, Toronto

Mollianne Reynolds '90

Grade 7 teacher, Alta Lake School, Whistler, BC

by Carabeth Reynolds '89

PHOTOS COURTESY OF CARABETH AND MOLLI REYNOLDS

In December, my husband Lance, baby Amelia and I visited Molli in Whistler, where she is a class teacher at the Alta Lake School. We visited for the Christmas Fair as well as a community concert at which Molli's class was performing. When I saw her leading them in song, I was amazed. How many times had I seen other teachers in this position, but this was my sister to whom these six children were looking for direction. I was so proud of her.

After completing a BA with a major in English by correspondence through Open Learning University, Molli worked in the health food business for a couple of years. She then decided that she wanted to be a Waldorf teacher and began saving money to do the training.

When I asked Molli why she made this choice, she spoke of the desire to be a lively, fun-loving and inspiring teacher, like some teachers she herself had experienced as a student in Waldorf schools. At first, she wanted to be a language teacher in the high school, but once in the training programme in Stuttgart, Germany, she became inspired and excited by the challenges of class teaching. The lesson planning for the whole year, the variety of subjects that a class teacher teaches, the child studies, the chance to get to know a group of children over several years, the task of finding a variety of approaches to meet the individual needs of each child: all of these motivated her to continue on this path. Molli and I speak often on the phone, and she shares with me her excitement about the current Main Lesson block she is teaching. The books that her students make are beautiful and funny and individual. I wish that I could join her class and make Main Lesson books again too. As Molli shares her experiences with me, I am increasingly able to recognize the children by their work or actions before she tells me their names. Molli describes this experience in familial terms: "One of the things I always loved about the Waldorf schools I went to, especially felt for the Vancouver Waldorf School because I was there the longest, was that I had a feeling of being a part of a very large family. I was always comfortable there, even after graduation. It is not surprising that I called my class teacher Dad a few times. In doing the Waldorf teacher training, I learned that it is a vital part of every Waldorf teacher's day to think consciously and carefully about each and every child in her or his class, about their needs, their talents, what they are here to do in this life, what they have brought with them to teach others. I realized that that was why I always felt so comfortable: the teachers were looking at the students not in terms of *tabulae rasae* but as whole individuals, as expressed through their speech, their movement, their approach to math and other subjects, and even through their knitting."

I have always had a great deal of respect for my sister and her dedication to the goals she sets for herself. Molli expected being a Waldorf teacher would be demanding. There are the challenges of preparing interesting and varied Main Lesson plans, of teaching the whole day and then preparing and reflecting in the evenings, of holding each child in her mind and heart, of learning enough about new subjects to be able to teach them to an active and enthusiastic class. The excitement she felt in the training programme is beginning to return after being somewhat buried by the almost overwhelming intensity of it all in the first few months of teaching. She is adjusting to the all-consuming schedule and enjoying the full and rich life on the other side of the desk. ■

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Robert Teuwen '84

Grade 8 teacher, Alan Howard Waldorf School, Toronto

PHOTOS COURTESY OF ROBERT TEUWEN

How did I get to be here, on the other side of the desk? I wanted to be a fisherman, then a sailor…an aeronautical engineer. I was going to live off a wealthy dowager…I was going to stay in school forever and hide behind the bookshelves of U of T's Robarts Library - during winters, at least.

I was fresh out of university with a very unmarketable degree in philosophy and was not reassured by a friend who had conducted market research and said that philosophy graduates make wonderful used car salespeople. I had also spent a year traveling in Europe and India and now faced a long cold winter in Toronto. I heard through the Waldorf grapevine that a teacher was needed to take over an eighth grade class at TWS (the Class of '97). *Hey, I can do that* - although I had no memories of Grade 8 whatsoever since I had been home-schooled until high school! Nonetheless, it sounded like fun to me - better than door-to-door canvassing for Pollution Probe, particularly in November!

Gerhard Rudolph, who had stepped in as class teacher temporarily, made it seem so easy for the month I spent shadowing him before taking on the task solo. Then came the moment when the flight trainer lets go of the controls and jumps out of the plane onto a cloud to watch as you face twenty-eight hormonally charged suburbanites! *Hmm, Gerhard said they needed to finish a history block. So they are studying The Age of Revolutions and Twentieth Century history? How about some Karl Marx? Nothing like a little dialectical materialism to serve as an antidote to Blockbuster. We'll start by reading a wonderful little poem written by a young socialist working in a factory during the sixties. I'll just white-out a rather strong expletive before photocopying the piece for the class. Five minutes before class. Okay, place the paper in the copier, hit the button: twenty-eight copies (the original for me). No problem.* I slide into the room feeling very teacher-like. "Class, please take one copy and pass the rest along…hey you in the back row, ease off on the spit balls. Who would like to start reading?" *Off to a smooth start, yes indeed.* "Who wants to read next?" A sudden pause in the room, then hands shoot up in the back row: "Me, me, I'll read!" *This is wonderful, such enthusiasm for activist poetry. Funny how this section contains the profanity I deleted.* I soon find out, broadcast throughout the room with tremendous glee and gusto, that I had copied the uncensored sheet for distribution! *Horrors! The parents will be lining up at the door the next day to demand my head… I want to run out of the classroom and hide in the ravine…*

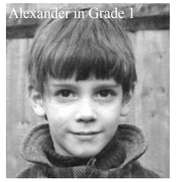
Since then, I have been fortunate to be able to take my students out into the ravine and beyond, getting muddy, bug bitten, and soaked. It also takes stronger stuff to unnerve me these days.

Twelve years of teaching middle school and four classes have left me with a wealth of memories that keep me coming back for more. The warmth of each handshake, the silence before we say the morning verse, the zaniness of rehearsals for the class play, the impassioned discussions, the music and stories around the campfires, the satisfaction of ignited understanding, the moment of future that shines through each young person…all of this remains indelible after each group graduates and disperses.

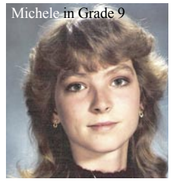
I have been very fortunate to keep in contact with many of my former students: some have returned to help with play productions or canoe trips, others join me in the summer on my annual sail challenge trip in Nova Scotia.

With each class, I have been able to raise the level of challenge. My current class at the Alan Howard Waldorf School and I are preparing for our Grade 8 trip in September: we hope to be one of the last groups to paddle down the Rupert River into James Bay before this mighty river is diverted for a hydroelectric project.

Come to think of it, this is a perfect metaphor for my work with young folk. I get to guide them where the waters can be most turbulent, and each set of rapids is new and exciting. Young people have a power and force that is still largely undiverted by the preoccupations of the adult world. It is always an honour to be part of their journey. ■ *rteuwen@allstream.net*

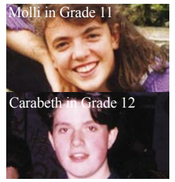



Alexander Koekebakker '84 completed a BA in German literature at the University of Toronto, after a two-year trip through Europe. Subsequently, he trained in Bothmer Gymnastics in Stuttgart, Germany. In 1995, Alexander joined the faculty of the Freie Waldorf Schule in Freiburg, Germany, as its phys ed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

Michele (Bigelow) Mizuguchi '84 attended York University after graduating from high school, receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree from the sociology department. She married Jeff Mizuguchi and has three children, Michael, age 15, Jason, age 10, and Adam, age 5. She currently resides in Aurora and is enrolled in the Paralegal/ Law Clerk program at Seneca College, graduating in 2006. She developed a passion for organic gardening, creating a naturalized front yard for herself, and then for friends and neighbours.


Jane McWhinney - former TWS French and English high school teacher - was born in a part of India now in Pakistan. Once in Toronto, she attended Blythwood Public School and St. Clement's School, and studied Modern Languages at Trinity College (U of T). After a year of "*civilisation française*" in Paris, she completed an MA in French and taught in a Toronto secondary school. Childbirth education became her passion while her children were young, and she worked energetically to widen the choices available to birthing parents. She soon became whole-heartedly immersed in the TWS community, as both parent and teacher. An avid choral singer and amateur musician, she participated enthusiastically in CAMMAC and sang with the Orpheus Choir. Now, she is editor-in-chief of her very own freelance book-editing business.

Carabeth '89 and Mollianne Reynolds '90 joined the Vancouver Waldorf School in Grade 5 and 4 respectively. In 1988, the family moved to Toronto. Carabeth completed Grade 12 at the Toronto Waldorf School while Molli lived in Überlingen, Germany, completing her Grade 11 year at the Waldorf school there. Molli then returned to Toronto for Grade 12. True west-coasters, Carabeth moved back to Vancouver the year after she graduated, and Molli a year later. Carabeth has worked and gone to college, studying mathematics. This past year, she got married and gave birth to Amelia, who recently turned one. Molli has worked, studied and travelled back to Germany a couple of times, most recently to live in Stuttgart and complete the Waldorf teacher training. She is now the Grade Six teacher in the Alta Lake Waldorf School in Whistler, BC.


Larissa L. McWhinney '88 entered Waldorf in kindergarten. After graduating from TWS in Grade 12, she worked on a BA in Philosophy & Ethics from the U of T's Trinity College. She moved to Vancouver in 1992 to do an MA at UBC, and returned to Toronto in 1995 for a PhD at U of T as a Junior Fellow at Massey College. In 1999, she was awarded a two-year Bioethics Internship at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital. In 2001, she moved to Regina to work as a policy analyst on Premier Romanow's *Commission on the Future of Health Care in Canada*. While in the "Queen City," Larissa met Randy Widdis, a geography professor at the University of Regina. Now happily married (May 2004), Larissa teaches philosophy at the U of R, consults for government and policy organizations, and occasionally writes creatively.


Michael Ryan '79 attended TWS for about three years during the early seventies. After high school, tired of Toronto, he travelled extensively throughout Canada and Europe. He attended Concordia University in Montreal in 1985. Unexcited by academic life, he decided to visit some friends that he had made in Berlin, who were part of the then successful band *Alphaville*. He soon started making music with a friend of his and they eventually had good success with their own band called *Chinchilla Green*, releasing two albums. He now makes music for television and advertising, as well as playing live with *Nina Hagen* and his own urban-country band called *Dog*. He has two children, Greta, age six, and James, who is three. His beautiful wife, Leonie Heilmann, is an architect who is presently working as a stage designer in Berlin's renowned Schaubühne theatre. He loves Berlin.

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- WAY OUT OF BOUNDS - WAY O
OUNDS - WAY OUT OF BOUNDS

Alex Belenson '86

way out of bounds in San Francisco

PHOTO BY ALEX BELENSON

When approached to write a Way Out of Bounds piece, I gladly accepted the opportunity to reflect on how I came to be where I am today. As I thought about what to say, I kept coming back to the fact that I don't feel way out of bounds living in the best place on earth, also known as the San Francisco Bay Area.

After graduating from TWS, I worked as a house painter, a general contractor, and a mortgage service representative. I always knew I wanted to do something big, but I had no idea what I was going to do or where I was going to do it. I considered architecture, which led to real estate, which led to business development. Still uncertain about the details, I decided to make a fresh start, and in 1991 moved across the continent and an international border to the San Francisco Bay Area.

The Bay Area is an incredibly diverse region with a very rich history. From the Mediterranean climate of the Bay to the cool Pacific coast to the hot inland summers to the winter blizzards of the Sierras, there is always somewhere to go, some place to explore, some activity to enjoy. Major cities include San Francisco, San Jose, Oakland, and Berkeley, each with its own history and identity.

Northern California was discovered and settled by different waves of explorers including ancient Chinese, Russian, and early European, creating the intricately woven foundation of cultural and ethnic diversity we enjoy today. The Bay Area has been at the forefront of development and change in much of modern history: San Francisco was at the centre of the California Gold Rush; San Jose and the surrounding towns, collectively referred to as Silicon Valley, were at the centre of the technology revolution; and cultural changes including the labour movement, civil rights, the free speech movement, gay rights, women's liberation to name a few, have significant roots in Oakland, Berkeley, and San Francisco.

As I discovered and explored San Francisco and beyond, I realized that this was where I had to be. I still didn't know exactly what I would do, but I knew I would do it here. The energy of the people, the influence of so many different cultures (112 languages are spoken in the Bay Area), the history of creativity and innovation, and the tradition of progressive thinking coupled with the stunning geographic features make this the true land of opportunity.

I spent my first decade exploring the region and getting established, going to school and building a career in outdoor advertising, where I experienced the once-in-a-lifetime craziness of the dotcom boom and bust first-hand. After surviving my fourth corporate merger/acquisition, I realized it was time to venture out on my own and started a consulting firm that specializes in developing and managing revenue programs for transit authorities and municipal agencies throughout the United States.

I moved to the Bay Area on a whim. I choose to stay and make this my home because of the people, the places, and the incredible flow of energy and ideas. I cannot predict where I will be in five years, but I cannot imagine leaving the Bay Area, and if I am out of bounds, I'm happy that it's here in the best place on earth. ■

I look forward to reconnecting with old friends, classmates, teachers, and can be reached at *Alex@Belenson.com.*

Michael Ryan '79
way out of bounds in Berlin

The question I'm most often asked is, "What's a Canadian doing in Berlin?" It's a question that I have often asked myself. To most Germans (at least the ones I seem to meet), Canada is something like the Promised Land, the very antithesis of their own homeland. Boundless, free, young, and seemingly unburdened by an uncomfortable history. A Canadian in Berlin inevitably incites a bit of suspicion; it seems only a madman or an idiot would want to come here. Sometimes, I think they're right. Why leave such a beautiful haven, with its stunning nature, its clean cities, its liberal attitudes and its bright future, to come to Berlin, this strange, almost cursed place? Well, you live in your dream, I'll live in mine!

I arrived here in 1986, when the Cold War was very real, when cruise missiles and nukes were all the news, and when Ronald Reagan, who was pretty scary in his time, was talking tough and sitting tall in the saddle. The city had a morbid charm, with whole neighbourhoods lying in decay; great villas and once-important embassies were covered with creepers, hollow and dead, their windows gouged out and their properties overgrown. Black was the colour. The wall stood, formidable and frightening on first impression, reminding you that this was indeed the western world's outer edge. It was fascinating.

The wall had an incredible effect on the city. It and the billions of Deutschmarks that Bonn pumped in, overheating Berlin's glittering boulevards, keeping the populace, who would have otherwise long since left, well-fed and almost happy. Its most remarkable effect was to make a city of some two million feel like some mad village. You always knew where the village ended. It took a real effort to leave; a long wait at one of the checkpoints, followed by a dull drive through East Germany on lousy roads. The drive inevitably included a stop at the duty-free *Intershop*, where westerners could shop for a carton of Marlboros, chocolate and maybe a bottle of sparkling wine. Arrival in West Germany inevitably felt oppressive. Border guards would search the car, look at passports, make mysterious phone calls, then let you drive on, only half convinced that you weren't a Baader-Meinhoff terrorist.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MICHAEL RYAN

Berlin was, and to some extent still is, a "free" city. Berliners (at least in the west) were not bound by Germany's compulsory military service, making it a haven for pacifists, non-conformists, and thousands of young, politically active Germans, all seeking an alternative to the stuffy mores of the Bonn Republic. Empty houses were occupied, parties were formed, dissent was expressed, and demonstrations were part of daily life. The state was worried, police brutality was common, and black eyes and bandaged heads were a common sight in the bars after a presidential visit or other major political event.

I was in bed when the wall fell. I awoke, somewhat hung over after a late night in the studio, having slept through the event. Unshaved, I proceeded to my local department store to find it mysteriously stripped of razor blades and many other useful commodities. Long lines of oddly dressed people stood at the cash registers, their shopping carts all but empty, perhaps adorned by a can of beer, a package of cheap chocolates, or... razor blades. It was surreal. It was the end of the village. I now live in the former east, a few hundred yards beyond the old guard towers, in the heart of former "enemy" territory. In August, my daughter will be attending what was once a communist school. It gives me no small degree of hope. I like the East Berliners. They're pretty unassuming for the most part; not too loud, pretentious, or smug. A lot like Canadians really.

At the moment I play with Nina Hagen, which is one of the absolute musical highlights of my life. For a musician, or indeed any artist, this is a fantastic place. Opportunities abound, and it's easy to get by without a lot of money. There are plenty of live venues, and I've played everywhere from tiny clubs to huge arenas. Rents are affordable, and a night out is possible on any budget. Despite many cutbacks, culture is still heavily subsidized. Theatres, orchestras, opera companies, and excellent galleries are available in abundance. And the city, literally, never sleeps.

Since 1989, Berlin has been in a constant state of upheaval, re-inventing itself every year or two. Whole neighbourhoods have been swallowed up and spat out. Squats have become slick restaurants, an empty field has become a glitzy, Vegas-style entertainment district, the wall is but a vague memory, and the ruined villas are simply gone. I don't even know where they were. The bureaucrats of Bonn have arrived, throwing up enormous governmental temples, and the city grows like a great concrete termite mound. Fritz Lang would have loved it.

Heading up to Thornhill on my way to TWS in the morning, I used to love sitting in the front car of the subway, watching the lights whiz by, listening to the roar of rushing air and the shrieking of steel wheels, exhilarated by the feeling of speed. That's a bit what it's like living here. Guess that's why I've stayed. ■

mrclean@snafu.de

PHOTOS COURTESY OF EMILY WHITE

Emily White '95
way out of bounds in Igloolik

I live where walrus live. On my walk to school in the morning I am often graced by the northern lights overhead or, now that the two month dark season is over and the sun has miraculously returned, the rosy glow of the sunrise over the sea ice.

By accepting the position as a Grade 4 teacher in the community of Igloolik, I have realized what has been a desire of mine for many years: to live and work in the arctic. Igloolik, "A place of many houses", is a small isolated island situated above the Arctic Circle on the Melville Peninsula and is an ancient Inuit stopping place. Today Igloolik has a population of about fourteen-hundred people and is considered to be one of the most traditional and culturally alive communities in Nunavut. The language spoken here is Inuktitut and many families are still subsistent hunters. Television and public radio were first introduced to the island in 1981. Prior to this, the community voted to keep both radio and television out of Igloolik in an attempt to preserve Inuit values.

Today Igloolik is an intricate mixture of Inuit tradition and southern pop culture; kids wear Spiderman sox under their seal skin kamiks (moccasin-like boots); homemade parkas often flaunt popular sports logos that the wearer's mother or grandmother has carefully stitched; and Rubbermaid containers are used to store a winters' supply of caribou meat or beluga muktuk.

From October to July, Igloolik is frozen in by sea ice and accessible only by plane. In early September, the community receives three big freighters or sea-lifts from the south, one for fuel: oil, gas, and diesel (for the town's generators), and two for supplies that consist of goods as varied as skidoos, food, and clothing. The first thing I was advised to do after being hired was to get my sea-lift order in. Grocery shopping for the year was no easy feat. I ran out of chocolate chips sometime into November and I have enough tinned tomatoes to last me the next three years.

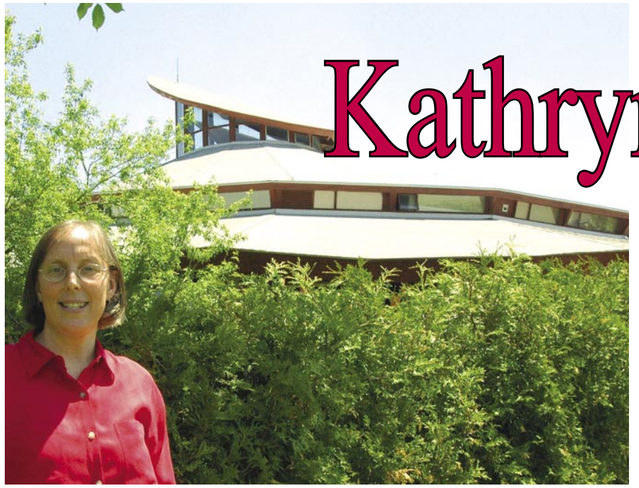
I find it hard to separate my experience living in the Arctic from my experience as a first year teacher. Often I feel like I spend every waking moment thinking and breathing school. The exhausting daily task of teaching twenty-four nine- and ten-year-olds doesn't allow me much time to intellectualize my experience or ponder the deeper questions I have regarding the education system in which I work or its impact on Inuit children. Rather, I fill my days disguising reading and writing lessons as games to avoid hearing the dreaded "boring," a word which here in the arctic has somehow mutated into an all powerful insult, almost a swear word.

My students are eager and excited and demand a lot of attention. They love math, they don't like to sit still, they don't like writing, and they don't hesitate to boo loudly if they are unhappy about something. Many of them speak very little English, and have never seen a tree, a car, pavement, or a stoplight. My class likes to laugh at me as I try to work my tongue around the Inuktitut words they teach me and all of them love the novelty of the apples and oranges that the school's snack programme offers them twice a week. After being here for almost eight months it still amuses me that these kids are expert drawers of snowmobiles, motor boats, Inukshuks, and canvas-wall tents rather than the house, tree, and car images that are found in children's drawings in the south.

As much as I am enjoying my experience here, the arctic will never be home for me. I could never live forever in a place with no trees and only two distinct seasons. I do feel, however, that I am just at the beginning of my adventures here and I hope to stay for at least another year or two.

On my walk home from school at night I often stop at one of the two stores in town in hopes of finding fresh vegetables. If I'm lucky I'll leave with a head of lettuce or a cucumber carefully tucked into my bag, each worth their weight in gold. It is usually at night on my walk home as I view the frozen world from inside the hood of my parka that I have a moment when I say to myself, "I am here, I live where walrus live." ■

emwhite@canoemail.com



Kathryn Humphrey

17 years at the school!

by Kathryn Humphrey
recent photos by Katja Rudolph '84
other photos courtesy of Kathryn Humphrey

The notion of being "out of bounds" is an interesting one. I have pondered boundaries and borders both "at home" and as "a foreigner." I have experienced myself at home in places where my appearance was foreign, my command of the language and understanding of the culture incomplete. I have experienced myself as a foreigner within my own culture.

Growing up in the small, isolated town of Dryden in Northwestern Ontario was a rich experience. On the one hand, boundaries and identity were very strong and continue to be. Though I have now lived away from Northwestern Ontario longer than I lived there, my way of relating to Canada, the place I call my own in Canadian culture, is tied up with what it means to grow up in that landscape, climate and culture. On the other hand, since I was a teenager with no interest in hockey or baseball, a lively imagination and library membership opened up broader vistas to me. My home life was perhaps not stereotypically Northwestern Ontario. My father had no idea where he was going when he accepted his first job offer as a new teacher. He couldn't find Dryden on the map of Ontario. To his surprise that was because Dryden was on the "other side" of the map. Despite the distance from his hometown of Dunnville (Southern Ontario), he decided to go on this adventure to the north for a year or two. My mother, a public health nurse, had been working in Winnipeg with dreams of the Northwest Territories. Convinced by a supervisor that she needed some rural experience before heading north she took the job at the brand new Dryden Public Health Unit as a stepping stone to her adventure. My parents' interest in adventure and the world, their "open door" policy and the contacts they established fed my imagination and spawned in me the ideal of being a world-citizen. This ideal has lived in me and informed many decisions that I have made. Through experience and growth, its meaning and expression constantly evolve.

Family trips, which took me to all but the far northern coast in Canada, gave a sense of being a foreigner in my own country. Hearing French spoken in Montreal at Expo '67 before I had started to study it at school was a profound experience. They seemed to say so much so quickly, I wanted to learn to do that as well. Visiting families on farms in Ontario and Nova Scotia, experiences of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the prairies, the mountains, the badlands, each gave me a sense of being "out of bounds," a little bit daring, a little bit fearful, and yet

proud that as a Canadian this foreignness was actually a part of me.

A one year move to England when my father took a sabbatical gave me several new opportunities. My parents were determined to provide the family with as many enriching experiences as possible while so close to Europe, no matter the financial cost. For me this meant first experiencing the daily life of an English school-girl, which may sound mundane, but for one who had read many books set in England was an exciting prospect. It also included a two week family stay outside of Paris, a family trip through Portugal and a school cruise visiting Italy, North Africa, the Middle East, including a Turkish fishing village and Greece. This gave my fifteen-year-old self plenty of grist for the mill of ideas and ideals. What wonderful riches the world had to offer in culture, history, and landscape. Wasn't the whole world the heritage of every human being just as all of Canada was the heritage of all Canadians? How then could the lives of some be so difficult while others with their material riches lived in ease? My image of the "world-citizen" as one who spoke many languages and had travelled widely, experiencing many different cultures, shifted. It now included

Kathryn in Grade 5

Kathryn in the Swiss Alps, 1981

Kathryn in Grade 13

questions of justice focused mainly on the sharing of wealth. I had always heard of the importance of such an attitude form my parents and knew of their efforts to "do their part" in easing suffering in the world. Witnessing, albeit in a very protected way, the suffering of some made this ideal my own. If the whole world were my heritage how could I complacently live a life of plenty? How could my life be lived as an engaged citizen of the world where everyone was my neighbour?

Graduation from high school brought the time to make decisions and take responsibility for my decisions and actions. I looked for the ways and means to become more "worldly" in my citizenship. This included living, studying and working in a variety of cultures, languages, and philosophies.

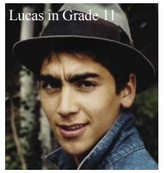
My friend abandoned our plan to travel and work in Europe for a year after high school graduation. Being too timid to go alone, I looked for an alternative. Canada World Youth seemed like a good option. Their final selection process, however, was a random selection that left too much to chance for my liking. (I later learned that their process was random based on the demographics they were looking for and, being female and from Northwestern Ontario, I would have very likely been chosen.) Searching for a sure prospect so I would not remain stuck in Dryden, I took an au-pair job in Switzerland in a mainly Swiss-German speaking family. It was a wonderful year of adventure and learning. It was also where I first heard about Waldorf education.

I enrolled in the University of Ottawa's Linguistics Department. Seeking to spend more time in Europe and improve my proficiency in German and French, I found work in a German hotel restaurant for part of a summer between years of university and was awarded a scholarship to study for one year at a French language university in a foreign country. I was accepted to take my third year at the Université Nancy in France but circumstances beyond my control kept me out of France and I spent the year at Université de Neuchatel in Switzerland. It was during these fifteen months in Europe, which included some research work done with foreigners on restrictive work visas in Switzerland, that I became more aware of the impact of social policies on the well-being of people. National boundaries began to look different to me. My studies in geographic linguistics and dialectology showed clearly that culture did not follow national borders. Why should opportunity for work?

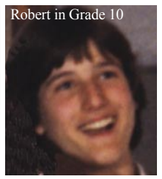
Opportunity to complete my studies in Europe existed but I felt the strong need to be in the place where I was counted as a citizen, where I would have a voice. Being a world-citizen now meant taking responsibility, working for change in the world. This meant not only sharing resources but also encouraging and supporting change in policy - that is, changes in social, political and economic structures and government agendas that would lead to a more just Canadian society, as well as a justice and peace seeking Canadian presence in the world.

With this yearning, I returned to the University of Ottawa for my final year. I joined the U of O local committee of World University Service of Canada (WUSC). We worked with refugee students on campus, ran information sessions on situations in countries from which refugees were arriving in Canada (and the Canadian government's position on this), and initiated action on a number of questions of international relations and development. We wrote letters to the government and raised funds on behalf of refugee students.

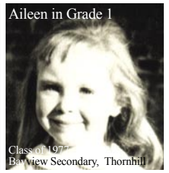
When that final year of university was over, graduate school beckoned. The study of linguistics was fascinating to me, especially the theoretical investigations of the acquisition of relative clause formation that I worked on in my fourth year. However, the strongest call was the one to be practically active in the world through my work, to seek a way through work to express world-citizenship, and thus my next step was obtaining the very practical Bachelor of Education degree and teaching certificate.

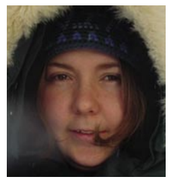
Lucas Sorbara '88 arrived at TWS in 1979, joining Miss Hoffman's (now Chomko) Grade Four class, an experience which still recalls a profound sense of joy and gratitude. After one year at York University directly after graduation Lucas spent the next few years working with his close friend Laurens Wit '88 and traveling around the world before finally returning to university in Halifax filled with a renewed passion for school and for a certain girlfriend, Amanda Murray, TWS '91. She would marry him in the summer after third year, with the first of their three children born while trying to complete the last few courses of their undergraduate degrees. He earned his BA and MA in social anthropology from Dalhousie University and received international scholarships to pursue doctoral studies at the University of Sussex in England. After a year at Sussex, Lucas abandoned his PhD work to return to Canada with his family. He is now working in the area of healthcare research and happily raising his kids, Freedom, Noa and Mason, who are all now finding the joy in learning at TWS that he discovered as a young student in Miss Hoffman's class.

Robert Teuwen '84 graduated from U of T's Trinity College with an Honours BA in philosophy and physics. As an undergrad, he claimed two world championships in sailing and a World Amateur Sport Award. After a year of travel in India and elsewhere, he began his teaching career at TWS in '92. This year Robert will graduate his fourth Grade 8 class at the Alan Howard Waldorf School, where he has been a strong foundation within the middle school program. He lives in downtown Toronto with his wife, Cate, and their two children, Alex (5) and Aryn (3), and summers in Nova Scotia where he runs a sailing program for youth. (www.bluemoonadventures.ca)

Aileen Stewart – TWS's admissions coordinator - was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and her family immigrated to Canada in 1968. She attended a variety of public schools in Toronto and the family finally settled in Richmond Hill. In 1977, Aileen graduated Grade 12 from Bayview Secondary School and then attended Seneca College where she obtained a diploma in Travel and Tourism. In 1985, Aileen entered the Sutherland Chan Massage Therapy program and, after graduation, worked in this field for 15 years. During this time she moved back to Richmond Hill to "spawn," had three children and discovered the Parent & Tot program at TWS. The three children are all enrolled at the school: two in high school and one in Les Black's Grade 5 class. In 2001, Aileen began the training process for Life Coaching which she completed in 2003.




Emily White '95 graduated with an Honours BA in Contemporary Philosophy and English from the University of King's College in Halifax. After her first year of university, Emily headed to Northern Ontario to plant trees, thus beginning her seven year career as a tree-planter and crew boss. After several years of aimless adventure, Emily found herself in the Outdoor and Experiential Education program at Queen's University. Shortly after graduating with her teaching degree, and somewhat to her surprise, she was hired to teach Grade 4 in a school above the Arctic Circle. Emily is currently enjoying the challenge of teaching in Igloolik, Nunavut.

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My life as a teacher began at a young age. By the end of Grade 1 with Mrs. Sergeant as my teacher, I wanted to be a teacher too. Santa Claus brought me some of the current tools of the trade. I chose the star stamp pad over the pitch-pipe and delighted in using it when later I had a little sister who became my pupil. Regular baby-sitting jobs for infants to twelve-year-olds, recreational summer school jobs, my year as au-pair, showed me that I enjoyed work with children. But I wasn't sure when I entered the Faculty of Education at Queen's University, MacArthur College, that public school teaching would be my career destination. I had been trying for a few years to lead my life in a way I thought most responsible, leaving as light an ecological footprint as possible and actively seeking and promoting a just and peaceful way of life as best I could. This led me to investigate alternative philosophies and practices in education within alternative parent-run schools in Ontario and then to South East Asia. I found it hard to stick to my ideals for every day life and thought that perhaps if I had the experience of living and working in a place where I could experience extreme negative effects of our consumer lifestyle my resolve would be easier to keep.

With that in mind, I applied to work with CUSO, a Canadian non-government development organization originally called Canadian University Services Overseas, but no longer connected in any way to universities. and spent three years teaching in Thailand. My time there passed very quickly. I loved many aspects of my life there and learned much that would equip me to better live and work with people of any other culture. I did have some experiences also that remain with me as "resolve strengtheners." The option to remain in Thailand was open to me, but as three years drew to a close the lack of a voice in the political process and distance from the Canadian reality in which I did have a voice led to my return.

When I returned "home," the place was familiar only in appearance. Culture-shock struck me with a far greater force than I had ever experienced when away. This was an unsettling feeling and I was filled with doubts for many months about my decision to live in Canada. Teaching for the Toronto District School Board in programmes for adult newcomers to Canada and First Nations adults recently arrived in the city, and developing and delivering a programme called "Canada and the World" to children in TDSB schools provided me with a bridge to Canadian culture, and more specifically to Toronto, a city which had always been foreign to me. Through this teaching I was learning who I was in the Toronto context, who I could become, and how I could continue to strive toward living my ever-evolving ideal of active, responsible citizenship that considers the world one's community. My experience had become more global and now I had to find a way to be effective locally. The slogan had real meaning for me.

I thoroughly enjoyed working with adults and yet had the feeling that the most profound work I could do would be with children. Over the years since I had first heard about Waldorf education in Switzerland, I had encountered it in a several places, but had never considered it as an option for me. Living in Toronto, I learned of the Waldorf teacher training programme here.

Investigation into anthroposophy brought me a deepened sense of the actual world-citizenship of all humanity. It also gave me appreciation for and insight into the wisdom of my parents in their parenting. Waldorf education spoke strongly to my ideals as it is an international movement with a nonhierarchical structure. Its philosophy of offering teachers and staff a salary in order that they may be free to serve and grow, rather than paying for services rendered felt just and progressive. Its dedication to the healthy development of all aspects of each child, based on an understanding of human development that includes the spirit as well as the physical, emotional, and intellectual aspects spoke to me of hope for a healthier future for the world. Its reverence for all of life and creation could be world-transformative. I felt I would be a working as an engaged, responsible citizen of the world in such a school, one in which I would have to think globally and act locally. Since a crucial aspect of Waldorf education lies in each teacher, through study of anthroposophy and each child in the class, delivering the curriculum as s/he deems best, I would be responsible for my decisions and my actions. And since Waldorf education has as a vital social justice principle that it be available to all who seek it, I had hope that this could become a reality through creative thinking and political work even in jurisdictions, like Ontario, where there historically had been no state subsidies of alternative schools. Fulfillment of this principle will require us to work together with ever greater strength.






Top: Kathryn in a rural Thai school, 1984
Bottom: Grade 4 Black Creek trip, 2001, with Class of 2009; Grade 5 Olympiad, 1993, with Class of 2000; Grade 8 Tall Ship expedition, 2004, with Class of 2009

I began teaching at TWS in 1988 with my first Grade 1, the Class of 2000, after completing the teacher training programme at the Rudolf Steiner Centre, Toronto. Now seventeen years after stepping into the position of class teacher my ideals, self-knowledge and understanding of the world continue to develop and grow. I have boundless admiration and gratitude for the parents who have shared the joys and the struggles of parenting and of being adult human beings with me, and who have entrusted the schooling of their children to me and my colleagues. I consider myself to be one of the fortunate ones who in this age have the opportunity to be part of a "village" that is raising its children. There is no job more important or demanding than caring for children and youth. We need each other and a lot of grace to do it well, and so much depends on our ability to do this with consciousness. I also have immense gratitude for the students with whom I have shared life over these seventeen years. We are a community of learners. Each one of them has taught and continues to teach me many lessons about myself, about the wonderful people they are, and about the world.

I have heard it said that when one enters a Waldorf classroom anywhere in the world one should feel completely "foreign" and completely "at home" (both "out of bounds" and "inbounds") at the same time. While teaching about many cultures and traditions, Waldorf schools strive more and more to work within the diverse local cultures in which they find themselves, through festivals, crafts, arts, architecture, décor, as well as music, stories and mythologies. Hence a Waldorf teacher from South America, for example, will find Canadian Waldorf schools somewhat foreign. Yet equally, wherever they are, Waldorf schools strive through the common insights of anthroposophy to address what is universal in the developing human being. Familiar to any Waldorf visitor to any Waldorf school is the common understanding of the humanity of every global citizen, the balance among thinking, feeling, willing and between the spiritual and material in life, which is developed and nurtured through the shape of the curriculum and its particular pedagogical practices. Every Waldorf teacher and student has the possibility, therefore, of being a global-citizen at home in the local classroom each day. ■

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Elisabeth Chomko

by Elisabeth Chomko

recent photos by Katja Rudolph '84
other photos courtesy of Elisabeth Chomko

22 years at the school!

I still remember the first time I came to Canada in May, 1976, from Garden City, New York, where I had been doing my Waldorf Teachers' Training. It seemed to me that the air changed as soon as I crossed the border at Queenston. It was a sunny, shining spring day. The sky was high, deep, blue, as if it had been washed in a clear river.

I remember Gerhard Rudolph showing me the forum. Although I think that the second floor was not yet in use that year, I was impressed with the space, with the way the wooden beams reached up and joined together around the sky-light. Gerhard's twinkling eyes were steady and reassuring. The faculty members at the time warmly greeted me: Helga Rudolph, Helmut and Renate Krause, Barbara Sparling, Edith Smolski, Mieke Cryns, Maren Glockmann, Helen Coleman, Charlotte Chambers, Ray and Dorothy Haller, Eleanor Fruchtman, Mel and Ingrid Belenson, Rita and Gary Kobran, Aedsgaard and Elisabeth Koekebakker, Antje Ghaznavi, Allan and Diana Hughes, Renate Kurth, Augy van Boxel, Helga and David Taylor, Doreen Rawlings, Annemarie Heintz, Irene Smedley, Shirley Routledge, and Elisabeth Lebret. I felt at home.

I met my first class, the Class of '88, in the forest that spring. From the quivering aspen trees that line the pathway up to the playground fluffy seeds were gently wafting down on us like blessings from on high. (Larissa and Jennifer remember their new teacher's red and blue polka-dotted long skirt.)

I was twenty-six years old when I started. I remember wringing my hands, figuratively speaking, that summer wondering what I had gotten myself into – taking on the responsibility of influencing a class of little souls for the next eight years. Saying, "behind each one of us, there stands her own angel...." in the faculty room every morning helped.

We had our struggles, but we also had many wonderful moments. Hearing stories, drawing pictures, learning letters and math, playing outdoors, starting what is still a tradition here – Saint Lucia – in Grade Two. We went to Pioneer Village in Grade Five. Another TWS tradition had started and from that time on, I believe, all Grade Fours at TWS have spent a week at Pioneer Village.

Just before the start of Grade Six in 1981, as I was getting the classroom ready, a parent stopped by and asked me a personal question: "Are you in love?" I answered evasively. But, in fact, I was – with Richard Chomko, with whom I had become acquainted that summer during a thirteen-hour car ride back from the Rudolf Steiner Institute, which that year had been located outside Boston, Massachusetts.

The next summer, the class was invited to our wedding – in the forum. My father, a minister in the Swedish Lutheran Church, and Richard's father, a deacon in the Catholic Church, both took part in the Christian Community ceremony officiated by Hartmut Junge. The parents of the class very generously catered the reception in the downstairs gym and then there was folk dancing in the forum. It was a gala event!

In Grade Six, we attempted to see the stars while camping on the school grounds, but there seemed to be greater interest in running from tent to tent. In Grade Seven, the class camped at Albion Hills and Richard showed up there after work on his motorcycle. In Grade Eight, the class went to Camp Catchacoma, in the Temagami area, I believe. The roof at school leaked and Marisha still remembers her Main Lesson book suffering permanent water damage. The Grade Eight play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was thrilling. And then, after a beautiful graduation ceremony, the eight years were over – in 1984. This class was like my family and, although they are now in their thirties, I still often think about them and wonder how they are doing. I love hearing from them.

Elisabeth in Grade 4

1984, that was a year which to me had seemed impossibly far away when I first read George Orwell's book, 1984, in the 1960s. Where were we politically now as a society, I wondered? Had we become that which Orwell had warned against? These are still questions worth asking today. Waldorf education has certainly brought a healthy antidote to a society which can see time as money and nature as a commodity.

While my first class, my "babies," went on to high school, I remained at home expecting Sylvia. What a different perspective expecting a child gives you! You are feeling physically uncomfortable yet also looking with sweet and sometimes fearful anticipation into the future. For Richard and me, giving birth at home with loving help from my midwife, Mary Sharpe, the mother of one of my students, was a wonderful experience. A year and a half later, Erik received the same loving welcome in the same apartment on Inverlochy Boulevard, but then we decided it was time to move.

We bought a little house by Lake Simcoe, which is where, a year and half later, Jonathan was born. Mary and Chris, our midwives, made it all the way up there from Toronto. I was delighted that many of my former students could come and visit our children.

Being at home with three little ones was deeply rewarding and very challenging. I wondered how younger parents managed. I had at least had the benefit of learning a bit about children from my eight years with the same group. It is amazing how isolating being a mom can be in in our society. It is also, as any parent knows, a completely all-consuming task.

For seven years, I had the privilege of staying at home with our children. During this time, we moved back to Richmond Hill. So that we could afford to send Sylvia to kindergarten at TWS, I offered daycare for one year in our rented house on Carrville Road. That experience made me painfully aware of the economic challenges parents face if they are not in a very high income bracket and yet wish to send their children to a Waldorf school here in Ontario - and we were only sending one child to the school.

The following year, 1991, I took over Augy van Boxel's French program. Augy was a stylish, charming and well-loved Belgian woman who had been with the school since 1974 but now wished to retire. I had taught French to Grades One and Two when I was a class teacher and it was her wish that I would return and take over her program, so I applied and was given the position.

I was a little hesitant to return to work while Jonathan was still only three, but Richard and I were very fortunate to have Richard's parents close by – at Hesperus - and Debbie McAlister by the Mill Pond! In the mornings, I would bike up to Debbie's (well, sometimes I drove) with Jonathan while the two older children walked over to Grandma's and Grandpa's house after school on faculty meeting nights so that Dad could pick them up later after his work. When the children were sick with the measles, Grandma helped nurse them.

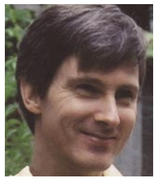
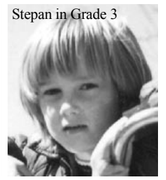
After two years, I was asked to become a class teacher. Richard resigned from his full-time job as an electronics engineer and became the support at home. This was a welcome change from the hectic pace we had led.

Thus, I had the privilege of being a class teacher again. This wonderful class – the Class of '05 - has just now graduated from high school. Fourteen of them were my students in the lower school.

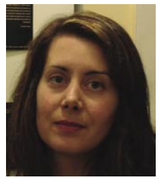
I remember them in Grade One each receiving a sunflower from Grade Twelve students. In Grade Three they looked angelic with tinsel in their hair, telling the story of Adam and Eve. In Grade Six, I remember our trip to Bancroft in October when the weather held, just for us, it seemed, and where the class sang one of their rock opera songs in a quartz cave. Earlier that spring, we


Luke Wintjes '84 worked for a number of NGOs in the realms of social justice, environment and education after graduating from Trent University with a joint major in Environmental Studies and Geography. Supplemental work on construction sites paid the rent. He completed an MA in Environmental Studies at York University and has lived and worked in Montréal, Saskatoon, and on Beausoleil Island in Georgian Bay Islands National Park. Environmental education work for Parks Canada segued into a teaching degree from the University of Toronto and now Luke is the teacher-librarian at Ursula Franklin Academy in Toronto. Luke lives in downtown Toronto with his wife, Sheila, in an old house that still needs work!


Christine von Bezold - TWS's receptionist - 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. They have now graduated and gone their separate ways. 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.

Stepan Wood '83 attended TWS from Grade 3 to Grade 11. He would have graduated with his Grade 12 class had he not departed for a public high school under the mistaken impression that he would have a better chance of getting lucky in a larger school. Stepan obtained his undergraduate and law degrees from York University. He has worked as a law clerk at the Supreme Court of Canada and a lawyer with White & Case in New York City. He received his doctorate from Harvard Law School, and has been a law professor at Osgoode Hall Law School, York University, since 1997, where he teaches environmental and international law and coordinates the Master in Environmental Studies/Bachelor of Laws joint degree program. He is currently a Virtual Scholar in Residence with the Law Commission of Canada, where he is working on a project on the impact of globalization on Canadian law and politics. He lives in Toronto with his two children and his wife, who teaches biogeography at York University.




Tanya Zoebelein '88 is a trained professional photographer who loves to write. After both 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 was 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.

Thanks to Mark Klein (former TWS parent) &
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had performed a rock opera entitled *The Stones Cry Out*, a mineralogy musical by Merwin Lewis. Much work was also accomplished in the classroom: we all put copper strips in our mouths and conducted other amusing electricity experiments. As part of our study of optics, we sat in the metal work room in the dark, then lit a candle and observed exactly how the light of a candle illumined the room. We also experienced a huge camera obscura in a blacked out classroom on the first floor and saw upside down images on the wall of class members jumping outdoors. In history, I remember our studies of Mohammed, Jesus, Joan of Arc, Leonardo da Vinci, Martin Luther and Elizabeth I, as well as the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution and then later the inspiring life of Nelson Mandela. There were (and still are) many keen and very able math students in this class. They liked the challenge of working with our then high school teacher Paolo Tommasini for a math block in Grade Eight. Bonny Hietala who was their English and drama teacher during the middle school years, planned a literary soirée with the students in Grade Seven which highlighted portions of their well written short-stories. Their Grade Eight play, *Momo*, still echoes in my mind. Michael Ende's message, juxtaposing the greediness of the little grey men with the joy and naturalness of Momo is a strong message for our time.

After the graduation, during my sabbatical, my mother and I made a nostalgic trip to Europe where we had lived for many years. This trip was a wonderful opportunity to revisit our time in Geneva, where my younger sister was born and where we spent altogether nine years as a family.

My parents met in the spring of 1947 in Geneva. My mother, a farm girl from Iowa, had left the United States in 1944 to teach in Teheran at an international school. War-time travel and exposure to life in a cosmopolitan city filled with refugees provided her an insight into international conflict and human suffering.

In June, 1946, she moved to Beirut to work as an administrator at a women's college. At the University of Beirut, she also volunteered to be a co-leader of a Christian fellowship group to which some Muslims also belonged. One of the major concerns of all students, many of whom were Palestinians, was the uncertainty of the political future of Palestine because of the influx of Jewish refugees from Europe. Palestinians had compassion for the Holocaust survivors but they felt that the desire of Palestinians to become an independent country was being overlooked by the West.

In 1946, international Christian organizations in Geneva planned the first world conference for Christian youth, which was to meet in Oslo, July, 1947. My mother contacted one of the organizations to suggest that Arab students be invited to participate. To her surprise, she was invited to come to attend the Youth Leaders' Course in Switzerland. Reconciliation was a very important part of this course. It was the first time that Christian youth from Denmark, Norway, Holland, France, and other occupied countries, met with German youth after the terrible years of the war and of occupation. Her Beirut mentors urged her to attend and, subsequently, both she and some Arab youth were invited to attend the Oslo conference.

It was at the course outside of Geneva that she met my father. He had been invited to work at the Geneva headquarters of the World's Student Christian Federation for one year in preparation for an assignment in Shanghai. During the war my father, being a pastor from neutral Sweden, had visited prisoners of war in England, Canada, and the US. In this context, he met a leader for the Chinese Student Christian Movement who urged my father to come to China in the fall of 1947.

After a whirlwind courtship, my father proposed, asking my mother to join him in China. Their marriage was planned for 1948 because my mother wanted to return to Beirut for another year. However, that summer her father learned that he had leukemia and my mother was advised to return home in the fall. My parents were married in Iowa that fall before my father departed for China to be joined by my mother early in 1948.

In the spring of 1949, all foreign residents were advised to leave China due to the civil war. My parents left on the last boat that could dock at the pier. Their final destination was Geneva, Switzerland, but first they stopped for an extended stay in Iowa, where I was born.

At Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania, I had studied French and music, but I had also been active in social programs. One summer, for example, I helped set up a cooperative day care in town. Despite this work, I felt that there was something lacking. Our projects did not attempt to transform society deeply enough, as far as I was concerned.

In 1970, the year I graduated, a childhood friend in Sweden wrote to me about an international youth conference taking place in Spring Valley, New York, that August. It was going to be about something called anthroposophy. I think the theme was "the individual in society." Even though I didn't think I had ever heard about "anthroposophy" before (though it turns out that my father had several of Steiner's books), I went to that conference. I was very impressed. Here were hundreds of dynamic young people from different parts of the world with an awareness of the importance of spirituality in contemporary life, and here were also dozens from an older generation, who, it seemed to me, had something to say to us that went beyond mere platitudes, that arose from deep wisdom.

After this conference, I spent some time in Sweden where I had lived as a preschooler and as a high school student. It was here that I decided I would eventually like to be a Waldorf teacher because I could see that this vocation centred around several of the impulses I wanted to help to bring into the world – awareness of a loving spiritual presence around us, weaving the artistic impulses alive in disciplines such as architecture, interior design, music, movement, gardening and nutrition into daily life, working in community with others.

I realized then, as I do now, that the task of a Waldorf teacher is daunting, but I decided to be brave and try. What greater challenge could there be than to provide for young people an education that allows them to connect to their own true selves, helping them to go out into the world with love and confidence?

Working as a class teacher at the Toronto Waldorf School has been tremendously enriching. What a gift to be together with the same group of children and their parents for eight years! What a gift to work with a community of like-minded teachers! What a gift to have as your task to research, to learn, to make art, to become more in-tune, more honest with yourself! What a gift to be presented with a mirror image of yourself, your triumphs and your failings every school-day!

Now I enter a new phase. After having started on my third round as a class teacher two years ago, I will be stepping down from this role in the fall because I eventually would like time to pursue other interests. I had been thinking that I would perhaps not continue up to Grade Eight with this class. When it became apparent that an excellent teacher, Brian Searson, would be ready to take over the class this year, I felt free to change direction. I am looking forward to teaching French and music this fall and to seeing the children grow and develop under Brian's care.

It is true what Anahid Movel said in the last issue of *outofbounds.* Each group of students you teach, each child, enters into your heart and stays there. The children in the three classes I have taught will always remain in my heart. ■

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Elisabeth's and Richard's wedding at the school, 1982

Grade 1 class photo, Class of '88, 1976

TWS faculty, 1979

Electricity experiment in Grade 7, Class of '05

Saint Lucia ceremony with Class of '88 in Grade 4

FORMER FACULTY REMEMBER

Jane McWhinney

TWS French & English teacher, 1976-1990

by Jane McWhinney

"Madame, can we talk about natural childbirth?"

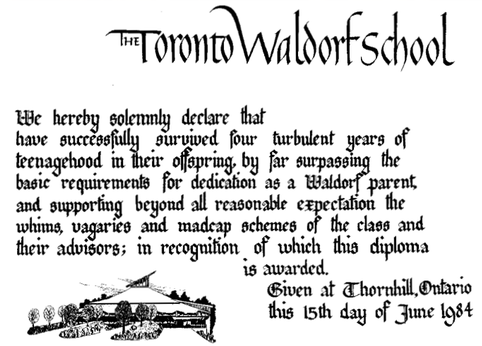
That's the first phrase that pops into mind when I look back on those fifteen years of teaching French at TWS. Well, why not? I had just been teaching "prepared childbirth" at the Toronto Childbirth Education Association, and it was in offering programs for CEA "graduates" interested in finding out about pre-school possibilities for their new children that I first heard about Waldorf education. My husband and I were looking for an education that included the soul, and Waldorf seemed compatible with our world view.

So, we chose Waldorf education for our two children (soon to be dubbed the "mini-McWhinneys"), and I became an apprentice Waldorfian. The school was still new: our daughter's first day had to be postponed because the Kindergarten roof hadn't yet been put on! Along with her – in the midst of magical moss gardens and advent circles – I received my own Kindergarten education and graduated to being a Grade One parent. At my first parent interview with Mme van Boxel – in French – Augy said, "We need a French teacher for the high school. You have experience… why don't you apply?" At least it would cut down the commuting from downtown, came one thought. And I'd have the chance to get a Waldorf education along with my children by being a teacher at this pioneering school. In my heart, I was honoured.

In Kindergarten, I had started to learn how to play – and to appreciate the value of play in learning and loving to learn – so in French classes we carried on playing. Along with the conversations and the quizzes, the verbs and the agreements…and of course the disagreements…we played. We played ball to practise pronouns. We played French Scrabble to help think in French. We played French music, sang raucous rounds and plaintive French ballads. We juggled to accompany the medieval story of the *Jongleur de Notre Dame*. We re-enacted the *Chanson de Roland* with the Charlemagne of the day enthroned on a chair on top of a desk. We viewed Roch Carrier's quintessentially Canadian "The Hockey Sweater" in the pre-video days – a squeaky movie treat in the darkened science lab. We played our attempts at Molière in the forum and watched more professional players at the Théâtre Français. We read the tragic love story of *Tristan et Yseult* out under the trees, with our toes playing in the grass and the breeze playing gently overhead…We laughed (playfully, of course!) with the student who, when asked if a character was "pauvre" or "riche," responded, "Do you mean 'Is he Polish or Irish?'" And lots of students played lots of guitars. And when we were all played out, we did talk about natural childbirth!

And then there were the class trips with co-class advisors – Eleanor, Ed, Niek, Gerhard – riding the "cushy" converted school bus to Georgian Bay, backpacking (in the dark!) to Tobermory, summer-solstice canoe-tripping in Killarney, horseback-riding through aspen forests in the Rockies, "aerodynamic" sailing through the 30,000 Islands, a Grade 12 Main Lesson exchange to Sacramento, California, tenting (surprised by snow!) in Yosemite National Park, trying to keep up with Gerhard on Laurentian trails. These were the true highlights…

PHOTOS COURTESY OF JANE MCWHINNEY



Clockwise from top left:
Jane with Niek Wit, class advisors of the Class of '84, on a canoe trip with the class, circa 1982
Class of '84 Christmas party, Grade 12, 1983
Warding off Grade 9ers after winning the gingerbread-house raffle, Class of '84, 1981
"Graduation certificate" given by Jane and Niek to parents of the Class of '84 graduating class

the times when teachers and students and parents got to know each other in ways they couldn't possibly do in the school setting alone, looking – and going – out into the world together.

And so, with the passing of the times and the coming of jeans, I passed from being called "Madame" to being known as "Jane," and we talked about lots of other things as well as French and natural childbirth. Of course, we passed "departmental inspection" with flying colours. And when I passed the baton to Sara Anderson '85, one of my first Waldorf students, it felt very good.

Later, when I was teaching English in a program for adult new Canadians from all over the world (playing there, also, of course), my colleagues would ask me how that compared with teaching at TWS. Waldorf offers an education for the whole teacher as well as the whole student, I would respond…an education in which teachers take their profession seriously for their own inner life…an education in which both teachers and students can involve themselves wholly and whole-heartedly. And (I now realize) it offers a larger community through which, even though we no longer see each other regularly, we have a deeper, quiet bond that continues.

And every time I visit the school, I try to find a moment to sit down for a while in the Kindergarten rocking chair, just to remember how I first fell in love with it. ■

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Allan Hughes

TWS class teacher, high school English teacher, 1972-1994

by Allan Hughes

I am sitting in our cabin "on the marge of Lake Lebarge" in the Yukon reflecting on my thirty years as a Waldorf teacher. I have taught in three Waldorf schools as a class teacher: twenty-two years at the Toronto Waldorf School (plus two sabbatical years), three years at the Alan Howard Waldorf School and five years at the Huronia Waldorf School. It has been said that Waldorf teaching is a path of development for the teacher. My career has indeed been that and, in particular for me, it has been a voyage of discovery.

When I first encountered the Toronto Waldorf School, in January 1970, I was a thirty-something single-parent father of six-year-old Erik, an experienced high school English teacher and the product of a typical Canadian middle-class family, born, raised and schooled in Toronto, North York and the University of Western Ontario. At that time, I knew I had to find a school for Erik that was more nurturing, life-affirming and child-centred than the Ontario education "factories" in which I was then working.

Luckily, my sister found the listing for the Toronto Waldorf School in the Yellow Pages, liked what she was told on the phone and recommended that I should arrange a visit. What I experienced there, in that modest little school housed in the Sunday School wing of a church in Willowdale, was the first of a series of intuitive feelings I had that this school not only satisfied all the criteria I had inwardly established as a place for my son but that it was also where I wanted to teach.

Erik, Class of '81, was enrolled in Helmut Krause's Grade One class and I began discovering what Waldorf education was all about. During this time, I met Diana Lawrence, one of the core faculty of class teachers who helped to launch the grade school of TWS. In what could be described as a "whirlwind romance," Diana and I decided to marry in October 1970, and had our reception at the school with all the parents and children as guests. In the summer of 1971, we left for Emerson College in England with Elisabeth and Aedsgard Koekebakker. Both families lived there for a year while Aedsgard and I did our Waldorf teacher training. It was at Emerson that I began to understand more deeply Rudolf Steiner's conception of the human being and how each of us, as a microcosm, lives in a reciprocal relationship within the macrocosm around us. I also had, in practice teaching, my first experiences of using Waldorf pedagogical principles in the classroom. It was a challenging but satisfying time. Erik was enrolled in Grade Two at Michael Hall School and in November, Fiona was born.

We returned in the summer of 1972 and with some trepidation and excited anticipation I began my career as a class teacher at TWS, standing before a Grade One of ten six-year-olds on the first day of school. It was with that first group of students, from Grade One to Grade Eight, that I really learned to appreciate the extent and depth of Waldorf pedagogy as the gift which Rudolf Steiner had given to the world. Each year's curriculum, whether in the academic subjects, the arts or in movement, met the needs of the children in a comprehensive way. It was a pleasure to see how my students were outwardly and inwardly met by what I was bringing them each day in the classroom.

The planning towards the construction of our own school building was underway when I joined the school. After Herculean efforts by the whole school community over the summer, teachers working shoulder to shoulder with parents and giving up any thought of holidays, we moved into the unfinished building by mid-September to begin to "ensoul" this remarkable structure of cement, wood, glass, drywall and paint.

Thinking back on all the growing pains the TWS school community struggled through during my decades there, I realize that the mutual bond between the parents and the teachers at the school was strongest during that summer of '73 and the following year or so, when we shared our joined efforts towards a common goal. The concrete task of spackling drywall together was so much easier than deciding how much the tuition fee increase should be for the coming school year!

In my time at the school, I was a class teacher for three classes, taking two classes from grades one to eight and the third class from grades five through eight. The memories of those classes that are strongest have to do with our Grade Eight plays, those plays calling on all the qualities of artistry, teamwork and patient determination that we as students and teacher had developed over our years together.

My first class, from 1972-1980, was my "pioneer' class, a group of young people to whom I owe a great deal. They had the benefit of a youngish teacher full of ideals and were also part of a mutual learning environment, helping me to find out, on a daily basis, what Waldorf teaching really entailed. As a group they were imaginatively alive, enjoyed artistic endeavours, wanted to learn and were immensely patient with me. There were times in the later grades when some were too "full of themselves" and had to be gently "brought down" to earth, but all of their adolescent energy found its ideal outlet in our Grade Eight play, *The Devil and Daniel Webster.* This depiction of the struggle for the soul of a simple pioneering farmer included folk-dancing, a violin-playing devil, the farmer's soul flying around the stage and a trial before a ghostly jury enveloped in dry-ice mist.

In 1976, with Aesdgard Koekebakker and Gerhard Rudolph, I was part of a committee to start the high school at TWS. In that first year, I taught Grade Nine English in addition to my class teacher schedule. One of my most challenging students was Eric Philpott '79, who did as little work as possible and liked to fool around in class. Isn't it amazing how people turn out! For a number of years Eric was a very successful high school history teacher and lower school German teacher at TWS.

After a sabbatical year in 1980/81, during which I did some substitute teaching in local public schools, I began my second class with thirty-one pupils. This second group was quite a diverse one, having a variety of talents. It sometimes took all of my efforts to keep them challenged and interested. However, they could also be a joy to teach. In the later grades, there was a small group of girls in the class who tended to dress alike and went everywhere together. They came to be known as the "granola girls." Was it because of their "wholesomeness"? Perhaps that was it. Our Grade Eight play, *The Wizard of Oz*, required a degree of patience and organization that was almost beyond us. There were two separate casts, with most students playing two separate roles, requiring each student to have two costumes and learn two sets of lines. It was a play which appealed to all ages in the school and the class made a great success of it, a satisfying outcome to our eight years of work together.

After another sabbatical year in 1990/91, which included mentoring other teachers in Waldorf schools in Canada and the US, I took over a class that had had Niek Wit for grades one and two and Flora Jane Hartford for grades three and four. The class and I experienced an adjustment period that September and I soon learned what a lively and interesting group of students they were. They all seemed to feel more secure when I told them that my intention was to take them through to Grade Eight graduation. The Grade Eight play I produced with this class was a student play adaptation of the Broadway hit, *Les Miserables*. It had the double benefit of being fun to perform, with a variety of minor and major roles, and tying in with our class discussions about the French Revolution. The class rose to the challenges with gusto, enjoying the chance to dress up in period costumes, depict tragic and romantic characters and sing some of the songs from the musical. It went over well with the audiences and was a great climax to our four years together.

Deciding it was time to spread my wings beyond TWS, I took a combined Grade Five and Six class at The Alan Howard Waldorf School in downtown Toronto. This was the top class at the school at that time. I was a pioneer again in having to create and obtain materials for the teaching of the curriculum to these older grades. I graduated the first two Grade Eights at AHWS and then decided to answer a request from the board of the Huronia Waldorf School in Barrie to come and start their grade school and become the class teacher of their first Grade One. Again I was "breaking new ground" in introducing the grade school curriculum to the whole school community and preparing everything necessary to begin teaching that September of 1997. I took that class through Grade Four and then retired for two years. In 2003, I was persuaded to come back and take a very small Grade One at the school for one more year of teaching. It was fun to experience the Grade One curriculum one last time before retirement. I had come full circle.

I am now able to relax and think about those very full and demanding years as a Waldorf teacher. I have much to be grateful for, having had my four children, Erik, Fiona, Siobhan (Sarah) and Rowan educated at TWS and my own life incredibly deepened and enriched through my commitment to the community. Having been the first Canadian-born class teacher to teach in a Canadian Waldorf school, I feel that I was the first to bring a little of the Canadian folk-spirit to Waldorf education. Although I couldn't have formulated it in this way at the time, I found what I had been looking for in 1970: a system of schooling based on a spiritual image of the human being. Out of this I have been able to work and grow. ■

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PHOTOS COURTESY OF JANMARK, ALAN HUGHES, KERSTIN HENRICKSON '83, RACHEL LAMARGUE '83, HUGHES '98

Left: Allan in 1962, graduating from the University of Western Ontario
Left Middle, Top & Bottom: Class of '84 Grade 1 class photo and Grade 8 play, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*
Right Middle, Top & Bottom: Class of '93 Grade 1 class photo and Grade 8 play, *The Wizard of Oz*
Right, Top & Bottom: Class of '98 Grade 8 graduation and Grade 8 class photo

TWS: Building and Land

Left:

Carrville School way back when

School from the air before development

The fields around the school

Right:

Development begins

A History of a Landscape

by George Ivanoff

photos by George Ivanoff
archive photos and plans courtesy of George Ivanoff

George Ivanoff is an Environmental Planner with the Ministry of Transportation Ontario, responsible for ensuring highway planning, design and construction meet the spirit and intent of all environmental legislation. He is a TWS parent, past building committee and board member and chair. He taught at TWS from 1998 to 2003. He currently chairs the Land Use Committee of the board.

We are crawling along in a double line of cars, many of them SUVs or minivans, going south on Bathurst Street toward the school. Two lines barely move from Elgin Mills all the way to TWS. I have been driving this route since 1986, when our youngest daughter started kindergarten. That was nineteen years ago. What used to take twelve to fifteen minutes often takes thirty each morning, and has taken over an hour when the snow falls heavily.

It is not hard to see where this extra traffic has come from. Houses have been springing up on both sides of Bathurst Street since I have been driving the route. Those who have not been in the school neighbourhood for a few years would be surprised, and perhaps saddened, at the great changes that have occurred. Where TWS students used to go out at recess and see farmers' fields, now they see a housing development beyond the school boundary.

Yet this little acreage has been undergoing changes for many years. It is just the pace of change that has accelerated in the last five years. You are all familiar with time-lines showing a very slow and steady growth up until sometime in the past century where the graph explodes (e.g. world population). The development of the land around the school might be shown in a similar way.

It is March and it is snowing. I long for warmth and greenery and know that spring is coming. But if I imagine back to fifteen thousand years ago, this land was under thousands of feet of ice. Spring took thousands of years to come. When the ice did finally melt, it left behind a variety of clay, sand and gravel formations through which the melting waters carved valleys, like the Little Don between Bathurst Street and the school.

West of the Bathurst Street parking lot, beyond the valley and beyond the school, is the southernmost finger of the large glacial sand and gravel deposit known as the Oak Ridges Moraine. Its slopes come down forming some of the lands that the school now owns. Farmer Baker used to come in the late 80s and early 90s to plough the small field we had hoped to turn into our garden. The children were amused when his tractor got stuck in the wet soils several times. It was an area where groundwater up-welled, the source of which is the Oak Ridges Moraine. Out of this area flows the Little Don River, which used to have trout spawning in it.

Paleo-Indian hunters came into this part of the world about eleven thousand years ago, just after the massive ice-sheets had melted. There was a Paleo-Indian site discovered north of TWS near Lake Wilcox a few years ago, much to the surprise of many archaeologists, who had previously only encountered these sites along the shores of the glacial lakes.

Within a few thousand years, the landscape went from an arctic to a woodland ecosystem. The climate warmed, the vegetation changed and the people adapted to the changes, leaving signs of what is now referred to as the Archaic period (from 7,000 to 1,000 BC).

The peoples of the early and middle Woodland periods, from 1,000 BC to 800 AD, have left remnants of pottery, along with traces of bows and arrows. But their population was still very small, until the introduction of agriculture from peoples to the south. This change marked the start of what archaeologists refer to as the Late Woodland period. The agricultural practices of these people, relying on "the Three Sisters," squash, beans and corn, for their staples, along with the more traditional hunting and gathering, resulted in a growth in population and a change in living. Permanent villages became common. The later part of the Late Woodland period saw the rise of tribes we have names for, such as the Huron, Iroquois, Neutrals. These peoples did leave their mark in the TWS area, displacing each other over periods of time.

There are several Iroquois villages sited within view of the school lands. I am currently an Environmental Planner for the Ministry of Transportation, trying to mitigate impacts of highway projects on the environment. I was involved in the planning of Hwy 407 when archaeologists discovered a village with four long houses just north of Hwy 7, east of Yonge Street, practically underneath the present day Indigo Books store (where many Wally grads work!). There were several others nearby, for after about thirty to fifty years of cultivation, the soil lost most of its fertility, and new forest area had to be cleared and the village relocated.

We know that the Iroquois once farmed the land where the children play and the seniors from Hesperus walk. Think of the playing field and imagine corn stalks and longhouses. I once took a Grade 10 geography class for a walk west and south past the Yeshiva to a spot near the Baker Sugarbush. Archaeologists were digging up a small village site of about five longhouses from around the year 1400AD. These people would have hunted in the valley and fished in the Little Don River to supplement their grain stores.

Unfortunately, some white strangers came through the area in the early 1600s and left a legacy of death. Though Etienne Brulé, travelling just west of the school along the Humber River, did not intend to bring death to the people he met, he and other French explorers did carry death in them. Disease took a drastic toll on the native population. This, along with the traditional antagonism between tribes, led to the entire area around Greater Toronto being essentially depopulated by 1652. The forest around the school began to grow back.

It took another one-hundred and fifty years for the land to feel the effects of human activity again. Lord Simcoe wanted these lands opened up and gave land-grants to many settlers leaving the United States. Those who settled the land in this concession block came from Pennsylvania. Some were Mennonites, named Baker and Reaman, but there were also United Empire Loyalists with names such as Brillinger and Bennett. These settlers came to Upper Canada in the 1790s and 1800s to get away from persecution that they suffered after the American war against British rule. Canada has been taking in persecuted and displaced peoples from around the world for a long time. They weren't the first, nor will they be the last.

Up stream along the Little Don, on the north side of the road that is now called Rutherford, a settler built a dam and a sawmill on the river. The old trees that had grown since the Iroquois left were tall and very useful for an increasing population. Around that saw mill a village developed called Carrville, with a post office, store, church and school. Many of those buildings are still there, except for the school, which was torn down to make room for a house. The old storage shed of the school was still there until it became dilapidated and had to be removed just prior to the Christian Community Church purchasing the house and property a few years ago for their new building. I imagine the school-children attending there, just across the valley from TWS, were also enticed by the river and the forest and its "hide and seek potential" and told that the valley was out of bounds!

In *outofbounds 1*, Gerhard Rudolph described the development of the school from a glint in the eyes of a few people meeting together, to the purchase of a nursery in North York and the move to the current location. When the founders, faculty and parents of the school in North York were looking for a new location to develop, one of the parents, Don Stewart, offered three and a half acres of land next to the private convalescent hospital he owned on Bathurst Street. It was a beautiful rural location next to a flowing river, but not really big enough for the plans the community had to develop a full Waldorf school.

Alan Howard, one of our founding teachers, described to the neighbouring farmer how the children would derive great benefit from the forces of nature on the land. After negotiations with this farmer, Mr. Reaman, and Don Stewart, an additional ten acres were purchased on the west side of the river valley. Denis Bowman was then able to begin his design for this new site protected by the valley and overlooking working farm fields. This was 1972.

By 1982, it became clear that development would soon explode across Bathurst Street in Richmond Hill. In 1984, the whole area north-east of Carrville Road and Bathurst Street was being cleared for homes. Members of the board and faculty at TWS knew it was time to plan for additional uses around the school. Thoughts had turned to community or faculty housing, and perhaps other uses. An additional ten acres to the west of the playing field was purchased from Mr. Mitchell and his wife (daughter of farmer Reaman), with an option to purchase another five acres within five years.

The 1980s saw a booming economy and soaring land/housing prices. While developers completed one subdivision after another, they were buying more farmland all around the outskirts of Toronto. Mr. Mitchell was approached for the remainder of his land with bids ten times the price he had received from the school.

Plans for community/faculty housing had difficulty finding enough support, but out of that effort came an idea to develop a facility for senior housing. Hesperus Fellowship Community (HFC) approached the school to lease or buy some of this new land. Because of the location of this land behind the school, access had to be negotiated as an easement over the school lands to Bathurst Street. In 1985, Hesperus bought five and a half acres from the school (with a long finger going into the valley), and was given the opportunity for half of the optional five acres when it became available. Hesperus opened its doors in 1987, and soon after the school asked to purchase the additional five acres from Mr. Mitchell. There was considerable hesitation from the Mitchells because the value of the land had increased so much. In the end, the school was forced to go to court to ensure the contract was honoured.

During this time it had also become clear to the faculty that the TWS High School needed additional space for student sports and to gather away from the lower school classrooms. Gym classes in the forum and Eurythmy in the backstage often conflicted with other activities. Plans had been developed for a new high school building connected at the high school stairwell. It was to be a small round two story building, partly on the blacktop and partly in the forest, and very close to the valley. The Conservation Authority would not approve the plans, saying the valley was out of bounds.

So a new location and a new design were chosen for the Arts and Sports Wing, but this new location required that the road to Hesperus be moved. Don Stewart was approached again to sell an additional two acres to enable us to move the road to Hesperus around the new gym.

In the early 1990s the developers, who had over the years purchased the surrounding lands, including all the Mitchell and Bakers farmsteads, began to create development plans for approval by the Town of Vaughan. We at the school received notice of meetings for Official Plan Amendment #400. What we saw in the initial notice concerned us greatly. The plans showed a proposed major east-west road corridor just to the south of the school. It would have gone right through the buildings of the Villa Hospital, some fifty to one hundred feet from the school, which had now been sold to an Islamic Education and Community Centre.

Our school land-use community became active in studying the proposed plans, speaking to municipal planners and the developers to understand their intent and express our interests. We learned that the plans had been developed using principles of transit-friendly densities and larger areas of natural preservation. It was, after all, the NDP era of environmentally conscious planning using principles that would try to preserve farmland and natural areas, and create urban nodal centres and population densities that would support transit lines. After months of meetings and an appeal to the Ontario Municipal Board, the plans were modified and the major road was realigned away from the

school and the new Islamic Centre.

While many faculty and parents were not overjoyed at the thought of subdivisions around us, at least the province had planning guidelines to protect the large woodlots and promote transit. A few of us "in the know" were glad as well about the prospect of a municipal sewer connection that these subdivisions would bring, because by 1995, the school's septic field was acting old and tired. It was that year that Paul Sheardown, Denis Bowman and I attended a sustainable development conference and learned about John Todd's "Living Machine" for treating sewage and waste water. We then convinced the school that this would be a reasonably priced and ecologically wise method of reducing the use of our well water and the load on our septic field (see Geoff Chan's article *outofbounds 1*).

Something else happened in 1995: the "Common Sense Revolution." With the new provincial Conservative government, we quickly saw the NDP planning guidelines replaced with a *laissez faire* approach to development. In light of the pressures we expected from adjacent development, members of the school, Hesperus, the Rudolf Steiner Centre and the Waldorf School Association started to meet to discuss how we would like to develop the lands we occupied. We knew that we would be asked about servicing, road connections and other issues related to the community arising around us, and that our ability to negotiate had been reduced with the new government.

In 1998, a Community Land Use Concept was prepared by TWS showing a number of new uses all on the periphery of the property, leaving the centre of our land open for common enjoyment. The new uses included Phase 2 Hesperus development, a medical-therapeutic centre, a building for the Rudolf Steiner Centre, a farm and garden area, an early childhood centre, and, up on Bathurst Street, a commercial development that could house the growing Village Market, and other ventures. This concept plan was approved by the boards of the campus organizations, and was used then to negotiate access-roads and guide servicing discussions with the developers and the City of Vaughan.

The issue of access roads from the adjacent developer was the most difficult. The City took the view that at some point in the future TWS might sell the land for a subdivision, therefore requiring strategically located access roads coming into the property. After much internal debate, and negotiations with the developer to the east (Thornhill Woods), we were able to secure a road from the north, at our western end for Hesperus, and a road from the south coming in near the compost and gardens.

We still have outstanding issues, such as the sewer and water connections for TWS and Hesperus, and the costs to hook up to the roads that were built one foot from our property lines. You can see from the photographs that all the houses immediately surrounding the school have been constructed. This is what is officially called Patterson Urban Village, even though Patterson was the small community between Richmond Hill and Maple on Major Mackenzie Drive. When the development is completed there will be more than five thousand houses where four hundred years ago there were only five, though those five longhouses may have housed fifty to seventy people each. The entire population of the TWS neighbourhood would have been about five-hundred people. Today it is twelve thousand, just in our concession block. When all of Patterson Urban Village is completed, it will house sixty-thousand residents.

In 1972, this land was countryside. Bathurst Street was only two lanes instead of the current five lanes, and Rutherford Road was still gravel. Did the school's pioneers have any sense of how quickly the city would wash over this area? The school is still "North of 7," that is, north of Highway 7, the line Torontonians have used to demark the beginning of rural areas north of the city and the change of weather zones. But today that line is only noticeable because of the new highway, the Express Toll Road 407. Not only do the houses look the same as suburbs to the south, but there is also a similar diversity of cultures that one can find in the city. We have had the Yeshiva as neighbours for many years, then the Islamic Community moved next to us. As Richmond Hill grew, the plaza on the NE corner saw Greeks open Andy's Donuts, then sell to Chinese, who in turned sold to East Indians who have opened an Indian Restaurant. So TWS is no longer the school in the countryside. The benefits of country living have been exchanged for transit, greater diversity of cultures, a wider range of housing for parents and teachers, good restaurants close by, and even a Tim Horton's on the corner of Bathurst and Rutherford where high school students sometimes sneak.

So the traffic I battle each morning is understandable. At least there now is a regular bus that runs from the King Campus of Seneca College, stopping in front of the school on its way to the Finch subway-station. But some mornings the traffic seems to be moving slower than a retreating ice-sheet, the only slow-moving aspect of life remaining in this quickly changing landscape with its hectic lifestyle. ■

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The Subdivisions are Coming! The Subdivisions are Coming!

by Stepan Wood '83

Stepan Wood (B.A. (York), LL.B. (Osgoode), S.J.D. (Harvard), of the bar of New York) is an Associate Professor at Osgoode Hall Law School of York University, in Toronto, and coordinator of the university's LL.B./Master in Environmental Studies joint program. He specializes in environmental and international law.

Urban sprawl has finally caught up with the Toronto Waldorf School. For years suburban development advanced toward the school, but the block of land between Langstaff and Rutherford, and Bathurst and Dufferin, remained relatively untouched. That has now changed. The school is being engulfed by a wave of subdivision building that is well on its way to taking the population of this block of land from several dozens in 2001 to a projected 17,000 this year or next. Like the Russians in the Norman Jewison film that inspired the title of this article, the subdivisions are not just 'coming' to TWS, they're already here; but unlike the hapless Russians, they won't leave anytime soon.

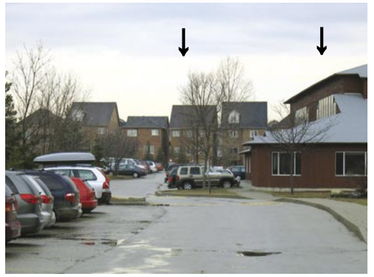
Coincidentally, the provincial government chose this moment to introduce a suite of new policies to limit urban sprawl and protect green space in the Greater Toronto Area ("GTA"). Are these policies too little, too late for TWS?

Between Moraine and Metropolis

TWS is located right where the sprawling metropolis of the GTA comes up against a unique physical feature, the Oak Ridges Moraine. The Moraine is a 160 km-long glacial deposit of sand and gravel that acts as a "rain barrel" for much of Southern Ontario, storing and filtering groundwater, providing drinking water to some 250,000 people and habitat for wild flora and fauna.

The southern edge of the Moraine lies less than a kilometre northwest of the school. The ravine that crosses the TWS property – and represents "out of bounds" for all TWS students – holds one of the many streams originating in the Moraine.

The Moraine recently became the focus of an intense struggle over urban expansion. Given its proximity to both the Moraine and the advancing edge of suburban development, TWS finds itself on the front lines of the struggle between urban sprawl and green space preservation.



The latest development in this struggle is the provincial Liberal government's Greenbelt Plan, introduced in February 2005. The Plan's goal is to protect more than a million acres of agricultural and ecologically significant land in southern Ontario permanently against urban development. In this new situation, the fate of a given piece of land will depend largely on whether it is inside or outside the Greenbelt area.

Inside the Greenbelt

The Greenbelt area consists principally of the Oak Ridges Moraine, the Niagara Escarpment and lands designated as "Protected Countryside." The Protected Countryside includes rural and natural areas north of the Moraine, east of Oshawa, on either side of the Escarpment and around some of the major river systems in the GTA. Urban development in the Greenbelt Area is limited to existing or already-approved urban areas. Important natural features are to be protected against most forms of development.

The current provincial Liberal government cannot take all the credit (or blame) for the Plan. The previous Conservative government, to the surprise of many of its critics, froze development on the Oak Ridges Moraine and passed legislation to protect most of the Moraine from future development. Furthermore, the Niagara Escarpment has had its own Plan in place for twenty years. The Greenbelt Plan adds almost no new protection for the Moraine or Escarpment. The main new impact of the Greenbelt Plan is to extend these protections to the "Protected Countryside."

Where does this leave TWS and its immediate surroundings? The school is just outside the official Moraine area and was not included within the Protected Countryside, mainly because the block on which it sits was already approved for development before the drafting of the Greenbelt Plan began.

Outside the Greenbelt

If the Greenbelt Plan is about where not to grow, the Liberal government's new "Places to Grow" program is about where and how to grow. The population of the Greater Golden Horseshoe area (from Peterborough to Niagara Falls) is expected to grow by 3.7 million people by 2031. The Places to Grow Act, introduced in October, 2004, will authorize the provincial government to develop growth plans for specific areas of the province.

The Act is expected to become law later in 2005, but the government has already released a draft Greater Golden Horseshoe Growth Plan. The Growth Plan sets out strategies for where and how the Golden Horseshoe region will grow over the next 30 years. It applies everywhere other than in Greenbelt areas. Together it and the Greenbelt Plan constitute an integrated framework for directing and managing urban growth in the GTA.

The Growth Plan aims to direct growth to already built-up areas, promote public transit both within and between built up areas, promote transit-supportive population densities, encourage development patterns that allow people to live near their work, provide a broad mix of housing and employment opportunities, ensure that infrastructure investments are concentrated where they are most productive, ensure that water and sewage systems are environmentally sustainable, protect key natural features and prime agricultural land, and reduce urban sprawl, smog and traffic congestion.

The McGuinty government also recently introduced a new Provincial Policy Statement (PPS) under the Planning Act. The PPS provides a basic framework for everyday planning decisions. More than ten years ago, the NDP government issued six environmentally-friendly PPSs addressing everything from wetland protection to sand and gravel extraction. The Harris government, arguing that the NDP policies were crippling the real estate economy, replaced the NDP Statements with a single PPS that removed many obstacles to development.

Ultimately, the consequences of the Harris government's approach to environmental and land use regulation, including the Walkerton scandal and the Moraine showdown, became more than many Ontarians could bear. The new Liberal government was elected on a platform promising comprehensive reform of the planning system. Its first major step in this direction was the new PPS, which took effect March 1, 2005. The new PPS reinforces the government's emphasis on urban intensification, public transit, energy efficiency, green space protection, natural resource conservation, air and water quality, protection of prime farmland and restriction of development outside existing settlement areas.

Where does this leave TWS?

These new developments are very encouraging from the perspective of ensuring that future urban expansion in the GTA is environmentally and socially sustainable. They represent substantial steps toward a coordinated, long-term approach to planning that places high priority on urban intensification, quality of life and natural conservation. If fully implemented they will mark a genuine departure from the uncoordinated, reactive, shortsighted, ecologically unsustainable planning approach that got us into the mess of urban sprawl in the first place. And they have legal teeth. While official plans, zoning bylaws and planning decisions only needed to "have regard to" the previous PPS, they must now be "consistent with" the new PPS and must "conform to" the Greenbelt Plan and Greater Golden Horseshoe Growth Plan.

All of this, unfortunately, comes too late to protect the countryside surrounding TWS. The Mennonite farmers are long gone from the area. The Baker Sugarbush at the corner of Bathurst and Langstaff is besieged by subdivisions and the concrete expanse of Highway 407. The Greenbelt boundaries were drawn in a way that puts TWS

in a designated "settlement area," right beside a proposed "Richmond Hill/Langstaff Gateway" urban growth centre. One potential bright spot is that the ravine next to the school may get some protection as a "river valley connection." With that exception, the land around the school has been sacrificed definitively to suburbanization.

TWS's fate aside, who knows whether the government's promising new policies will take root? Landowners are challenging the Greenbelt Plan in court, and the city of Pickering is fighting the Province over the Plan. The problem of urban sprawl and the solutions proposed by the province have been known for at least thirty years. Why should we expect them to stick now when they haven't before? Highway 407, for example, was built on land originally envisaged as a green belt around Toronto.

As many environmentalists know, victories for the environment are temporary, while defeats are permanent. Portland, Oregon is often cited as an example to follow in the field of greenbelt protection. Thirty years ago, it implemented a greenbelt protection system similar to Ontario's new plan. The system worked well, perhaps too well, because it is now being dismantled under pressure from developers, property rights activists and from farmers who quite understandably cannot resist the prospect of becoming millionaires. What will protect Ontario's Greenbelt from a similar fate?

Anyone with a Waldorf education knows how important green spaces and well-functioning ecosystems are to the formation of healthy human individuals and communities. The Waldorf movement has produced generations of educators and students with a keen understanding that the flourishing of modern urban-industrial civilization is inseparable from, and impossible without, preservation and celebration of the natural systems that support life on earth. The readers of this magazine, then, have an intimate stake in these issues. So, don't just read, do something! ■

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For more information:

- The Greenbelt Plan and the new Provincial Policy Statement: visit the Ontario Ministry of Municipal Affairs and Housing, http://www.mah.gov.on.ca
- The Places to Grow Program: visit the Ontario Ministry of Public Infrastructure Renewal, http://www.pir.gov.on.ca
- The Oak Ridges Moraine: visit the Save the Oak Ridges Moraine Coalition, http://www.stormco.org

POINT OF

Reflections on Nuclear Terrorism

by Philipp Bleek '95

Philipp Bleek is a doctoral candidate at Georgetown University in Washington, DC. He attended the Toronto Waldorf School from 1984 until graduation in 1995. His paper, "Global Cleanout: An Emerging Approach to the Civil Nuclear Material Threat," recently published by Harvard University, can be accessed at http://bcsia.ksg.harvard.edu/publication.cfm?program=ISP&ctype=paper&item_id=464&gma=27

I work on nuclear proliferation and nuclear terrorism. The latter term is unfortunate in some respects. The word terrorism now verges on meaningless doublespeak, while nuclear conjures up all sorts of fears, some more rational than others. So when I say that I work on nuclear terrorism - or more accurately, that I study its prevention - what does that mean?

It means I've spent a lot of time over the last few years thinking, writing, and occasionally speaking about ways in which non-state actors might get nuclear weapons and use them against civilian targets, and about how those paths might be barred. Hence I'm using "terrorism" simply to refer to non-state violence targeted against civilians. The term admittedly carries broader discursive baggage, but that is a separate issue for a separate article. As for nuclear, I'm referring only to weapons that derive their explosive power from a nuclear chain reaction, and not to the over hyped "dirty bomb" that would spread radioactive material - causing panic and economic damage but not mass casualties - using conventional explosives.

Admittedly, nuclear terrorism is only one part of the problem. If a nuclear weapon is detonated offensively in the next few years, a state will still be a very likely culprit. But nuclear terrorism is a significant problem nonetheless. If a nuclear bomb goes off in the United States, or Europe, or Canada in the coming years, it is likely to be a non-state bomb.

Working on nuclear terrorism is both gratifying and frustrating. It is gratifying because the threat is so tractable; it is frustrating because it is nonetheless being neglected. Before addressing the threat's tractability, just how might non-state actors acquire a nuclear weapon? Stealing or otherwise obtaining a complete, operational nuclear weapon from a state remains unlikely, if not impossible. And fissile material - the highly enriched uranium or plutonium that is an essential bomb-making ingredient - does not occur in substantial quantities in nature and remains difficult for many states to manufacture, never mind non-state actors.

But you don't have to make fissile material if you can steal or covertly buy it, and a few tens of kilograms are sufficient for a primitive truck bomb whose construction poses only moderate technical challenges. (Forget the media darling "suitcase bomb"; the technical challenge is considerable.) And *millions* of kilograms of fissile material lie in storage around the world - in countries as disparate as Canada and the Congo - some in non-military research facilities guarded by little more than a single sentry and a padlock. "Civil" nuclear material is like a weapon that belongs to a private citizen; just because they're not military-issue doesn't mean the bullets hurt any less.

The good news is, these fissile material stockpiles can be and are being secured. The United States, working with the International Atomic Energy Agency and occasionally European allies, has begun to negotiate with former Soviet countries to remove and destroy some of the most vulnerable stockpiles. I've researched these operations sporadically for several years, interviewing senior U.S. and other government officials to try to glean lessons for ongoing efforts. That research has culminated in a series of publications and, most recently, an episode of the television show *The West Wing* that has helped raise public awareness.

But frustratingly, while much is being done, too much is still being left undone. Substantial blame lies with the current White House. President George W. Bush has consistently and somewhat bafflingly failed to match his ardent rhetoric about "weapons of mass destruction" (another problematic term) with the needed political capital. At times, the president has actually publicly praised "threat reduction" programs - which seek to address the broader universe of civil and military fissile material as well as chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons - while his administration simultaneously sought to curtail their funding. In early summits with Russia's Vladimir Putin, when a well-placed word could have cut through Russian bureaucratic red tape that was stymieing progress, the president suggested moving beyond supposedly outdated Cold War arms control agreements and focused instead on the deployment of missile defenses. The embarrassing string of recent missile defense test failures only highlights the failure of the latter effort to contribute to the security of the United States and its allies.

But while U.S. engagement has been far too modest, it easily trumps the combined efforts of all other developed countries, Canada and Europe included. More money would help, but political capital is just as important. Canada and Europe may not feel as responsible for the nuclear mess the Cold War left behind, but that does not make them any less vulnerable.

Former U.S. Senator Sam Nunn, who heads a think-tank that has supported my work, recently asked, "The day after a nuclear terrorism attack, what will we wish we had done?" Without concerted action now, neutralizing the threat posed by a vulnerable nuclear material stockpile will be the rueful answer to that question. ■

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VIEW

This section allows alumni/ae to share their knowledge, opinions, & observations with each other. The views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the views of the Toronto Waldorf School.

Road-Map of Another Kind

by Siobhan Hughes '92

Siobhan is completing a joint BA in peace and conflict studies and comparative religion at the Univeristy of Waterloo. She plans to travel to Israel this fall and then to find work with NGOs that are actively working on conflict resolution and post-conflict community building.

Eight years ago, I picked up a book in a second hand bookstore in Boston. This book started me on a journey of inquiry into the history and ongoing conflict in Israel and Palestine. The book that first prodded me to think about the Middle East was *From Beirut to Jerusalem* by New York Times columnist Thomas Friedman, chronicles Friedman's observations and insights while living and reporting from first Beirut and then Jerusalem in the 1980s. It was during this time that Israel invaded Lebanon in an attempt to destroy Palestinian forces that were residing in south Lebanon. His writings were pessimistic about the ongoing conflict and he suggested that it was the Palestinians who should make the initiatives towards peace. It was this that intrigued me, for I saw it as a complex problem involving two peoples (plus their backers) who both needed to make compromises and take initiatives towards peaceful coexistence. Reading this book stimulated me to think about the relationship between politics, culture, religion, and conflict resolution. Gradually I began to read journals and articles that addressed these issues. Four years ago, I moved to Waterloo to complete a degree in peace and conflict studies and comparative religion. My goal was to learn more about world cultures - their histories and points of intersection - and to learn about methods of resolving conflict both at the local and international level.

Finding a durable, balanced solution to the conflict in Israel/Palestine is crucial because the continuing violence not only destabilizes the entire region but also affects the relationship between the West and the Arab world. Civil war is also a threatening possibility as the various camps within Israel and Palestine try to push their agendas.

Despite the obstacles and pessimism surrounding this conflict, I choose to remain hopeful. Not impressed with the ongoing political discussions, where both sides talk but don't really listen to the other and where they make promises they can't keep, I sought to find other avenues that were effecting real change. This led me to the work of non-profit and non-governmental organizations. There are many organizations in Israel/Palestine (most funded by foreign countries or foundations) that are actively working to foster a deeper understanding of the "opposing" side. These organizations include Givat Haviva, a Jewish-Arab Center for Peace Programs, B'tselem, a human rights organization, and Women in Black, an international women's organization for justice. By choosing to work together Palestinians and Israelis are demonstrating that coexistence is possible. In 1972, in a valley not far from Jerusalem, a village was established called Neve Shalom/Wahat al-Salam (Oasis of Peace). Fifty families with an equal number of Jews and Arabs live there and their children attend a bilingual school. The village has a School for Peace and holds regular discussions on the conflict situation.

This fall, I will complete my last undergraduate course by interning in Israel/Palestine with the hope I can find out what actually works in a situation as desperate as this. I am planning to work with a new peace centre in northern Israel that will offer programs on peace, justice, reconciliation, and conflict resolution. They will also reach out into the community to promote peacebuilding initiatives. Peacebuilding is a broad term used to describe actions that go beyond managing conflict to addressing core problems in a society. Peacebuilding works with grassroots organizations to find long-term solutions to conflict, believing that stable peace must be built on strong social, economic and political foundations as well as healthy interpersonal and inter-group relationships.

Arabs and Jews come from societies and cultures that start off with different assumptions about their purposes and their structures, that have different histories and languages, that have spent three or four generations in direct conflict. Members of these groups have to work out the smallest details as well as the broadest principles of their shared organizations. And from this they should be able to build models of collaboration and conflict resolution that will serve the two communities in the future.

The next time you read about suicide bombers in Israel think also about the wall, the concrete barrier that is splitting villages in half, separating people from their jobs, their land, and their families. Think about housing demolitions, the destruction of olive trees and other agricultural lands, the lack of medical care and education. At the same time, remember that Israelis deserve a place where they can live and flourish as a community without being threatened. After all isn't that what every human being has the right to? ■

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WELCOME to the alumni/ae community....

PHOTOS BY KATHERINE DYNES '84

Zachary Hefner	Julia Riley	Michael Iannicello	Claire Greenaway	Ariel Massett	Taylor Dyon
Gregory Nesbitt	Levi Kent-Hickman	Caitlin Duguid	Andrew Tarrington	Alice Hietala	Erik Chomko
Elijah Digby	Hannah Ivanoff	Michael Karacsony	Katie Gladden	Anahita Taghi Ganji	Bethany von Bezold
Jamieson Myles	Yanina Chevtchouk	Sonja Wright	Silas Pickering	Andrew Bick	

...grads of the Class of 2005

and the rest of the Class of 2005

Sumant Advani
Sacha Babin
Tyson Baumgarten
Zachary Berry
Jeanette Boltyansky
Alexander Broughton
Rex Chiu
Erik Cordes
Justin Crabbe
Rushi Dave
Gabriel Escobar
Sophia Fin
Caitlin Frame
Anna Gordezky
Anemone Grunenberger
Omar Guzman
Anton Jivov
Igor Kastelyanets
Daniel Leake
Taeo Levine
Alaina Lorriman
Angelique Lucas-Witte
Laura Luxner
Laura Mallory
Sami Masri
Gregory Matiichyne
Megan McMonagle
Mikhala Miller
Christophe Mousa
Justin Nigh
Philip Nozuka
Corey Posesorski
Keygan Ricketts
Baptiste Rouhier
Aili Searson
Martin Skup
Anthony Smith
Perry So
David Steinbauer
Jeffrey Wah Kan
Danielle Yamashita

Apologies if anyone is missing from this class list - if so, contact Katja at katjarudolph@aol.com, 416.538.9536

TWS events 05/06

This 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
www.torontowaldorfschool.com

visit the
Rudolf Steiner Centre

located in the Arts and Sports Wing of TWS - it offers adult development and Waldorf teacher education programmes.

Alumni/ae always welcome!

For a schedule of events call or e-mail:

905.764.7570
info@rsct.ca

SEPT 06	Beginning-of-Year Assembly, 8:30 am
SEPT 29	Michaelmas
OCT 21 & 22	Pathways Conference - Movement in the Education of Adolescence - for parents & educators of adolescents.
OCT 22	Open House - Alumni/ae presenting
NOV 11	Wooden Ship - open stage evening, call for details
NOV 19	Candlelight Fair - Alumni/ae arts and crafts sale
DEC 03	Parent Festival
DEC 22	Advent Assembly & Grade 12 Christmas Party, 8:30 am
TBA	Shepherd's Play
JAN 27 & 28	Just Desserts Theatre
FEB 04	Open House - Alumni/ae presenting
FEB 24	Wooden Ship
MAR 03 & 04	High School Volleyball Tournament
APR 14	Wooden Ship
APR 21 & 22	Gateways Conference - An Early Childhood Conference for parents and educators of young children.
TBA	Grade 8 play
May 05	Lower School Parent Festival
May 12	High School Parent Festival
MAY 28	Mayfest - bring your children!
Jun 09 & 10	Grade 12 play
Jun 14	Grade 8 Graduation
Jun 16	Grade 12 Graduation
TBA	Class of '86 20 Year Reunion

MESSAGES

Dear Class of 2005,

Congratulations on your graduation and best wishes for what is to come.
You are great!

Elisabeth Chomko *ke@chomko.ca*

Greetings to all my former students, TWS staff and teacher colleagues!

Allan Hughes *travelallan@yahoo.com*

My very dear alumni/ae friends in the Class of 1996 and the Class of 2004. Having moved beyond the garden gate of your childhood years, each one of you has a new story to tell. While I eagerly await your lighting of a story candle about your news, I know that your classmates share my enthusiasm to be your audience. Therefore, I encourage you to develop a list of contact addresses of your class.

I have some notion that a means of e-contact will soon be constructed within the school's web-site. The scary bit is that I will reveal my e-mail address to you.

Yours, with warmest best wishes, and at six words-per-minute, Great Snapping Bananas! - aka *lesblack45@yahoo.ca*

Greetings and love to the Class of 2000, graduates and all! (now celebrating your 24th birthdays!)

Kathryn (Humphrey) *kvjh@ca.inter.net*

Dear friends, far and near!

As we look forward to the fourth 20 Year Reunion - the Class of 1986 - our thoughts go to *all* of you "out there."

I send you my very best wishes,
Helga, aka Mrs. R
hrudolph@sympatico.ca

A big Hello to all of you from the *French room!*

Anahid Movel *movel@rogers.com*

THANKS FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT OF THIS MAGAZINE

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

COURTESY OF TWS ARCHIVE - TWS STUDENTS IN PLAYGROUND, LATE 1990s