

CHORUS: Far into the forest drear
The hunter chased the graceful deer
At last his arrow found its mark
And by a pond so deep and dark
The deer fell without a sound.
The hunter knelt next to the pond
To wash away the dead deer's blood -
When the pond arose in a mighty flood.
Hunter, oh hunter, you'll rue this dark day
For the Nixie has risen to draw you away!

(The Nixie and her Water Sprites pull the Hunter away.)

NIXIE: Now he comes nigh, I'll claim what is mine,
Sweep swiftly, sweet waters, we'll sink in the slime!

(MUSIC)

CHORUS: That night, the hunter not returning,
His bride felt a foreboding yearning.
She feared he might have suffered harm
And so set off, filled with alarm,
Into the woods, and had to shiver
When, by the pond, she saw his quiver -
For well she knew the pond had covered
With its waters cold, her own beloved.
In sadness and sorrow she did nothing but weep,
So sighing, sobbed herself to sleep.

(She sleeps - Dream Fairies move around her in a circle)

CHORUS: But as she slept, Fairies'round her streamed
And wordlessly wove for her a strange dream.

(MUSIC - The Bride acts out trekking up a mountain, coming to a meadow, and meeting an old woman. Then does all in reverse until she is lying down again)

BRIDE: Ah, through the long night I've been dreaming
As though good help was towards me streaming.
I'll follow the dream's wise advice
Although it lead through fire and ice.

CHORUS: As the dream had well forewarned
She climbed o'er brambles and briars and thorns.
The cold rain beat against her face.
As she tried to climb the rocky waste.
But there stood the cottage, within the old dame
Who beckoned to her, and called her by name.
The girl told her tale, and the old woman smiled.

OLD WOMAN: I can help you, my dearest child.
Return to the pond by the full moon's light,
And comb your hair with this comb so bright.
When you are done, leave the comb on the shore -
Watch what will happen! I will say no more.

(The Bride leaves and comes to the pond)

CHORUS: The young bride did as she was told
And combed her dark tresses with the comb of gold.
By the water's edge she let it stand
'Til a wave reached out like a watery hand
And drew the comb to itself.
Suddenly the waters parted -
With a cry the young bride started
As the hunter's head rose in the waves.
He looked at her with a face so grave
And then, again, slowly went under
Full of doubt and full of wonder
She returned to the old woman's house.

OLD WOMAN: On this golden flute, you must play a tune
Near the pond, at the next full moon.

(The Bride takes the flute and plays.
MUSIC)

CHORUS: She laid the flute upon the sand,
And now there arose fully half the man,
Who once again sank below the waters.

CHORUS: The old woman now gave her a spinning wheel
To bring to the mill pond's shore.
She made it roll and made it reel
Until the gold spinning wheel
Was grasped by the waves once more.
Just then a whirling waterspout
Arose, and cast the hunter out
And he stood upon dry land.
He grasped his dear wife by the hand
And together towards their hut they ran.
But with a raging, rolling roar
A wild wave crashed upon the shore,
And it seemed they both must drown,
All over it ran, like a watery steed,

BRIDE: Old Woman, help us in our need!

CHORUS: In a moment, the hunter became a frog,
Who safely swam about the bog
While his bride became a tiny toad
Who upon the waves now rapidly rode.
But the waters rose and raged so long
That when both returned to their human form
Neither one knew where the other had gone.

CHORUS: He became a lonely shepherd
While on a distant mountainside
His young wife was a shepherdess
Who wandered far and wide
Searching for her husband dear
As he sought for his bride.

(Music - Shepherd's Song)

One day they both came with their
Flocks' bells a-ringing
To the same green meadow
In the valley newly springing.
So changed had they grown
As to not know each other
Yet they both felt akin,
Like a sister and brother
Every evening they would meet, and quietly commune
With the streams, with their sheep,
With the meadow, and the moon.

(Bride plays Dream-Song)

HUNTER: Ah, once in the light of a full round moon
My dear bride played such a gentle tune,
Hoping through her sweet harmony
To please the pale and cold Nixie!

BRIDE: Oh, once I played on a flute of gold
By the mill-pond's banks so dark and cold,
For I hoped my mournful melody
Would conquer the curse of the cruel Nixie.

HUNTER Then you are the bride who save my life --

BRIDE: And you are the husband who suffered such strife!

(They embrace)

BOTH: All lonely longing now will end
What I sought at last I find;
My life's companion, dearest friend
Two souls as one entwined!

CHORUS: The shepherd and the shepherdess
With joy went on their way,
And if they have not died yet,
They are living still today!

THE END

EUGENE SCHWARTZ

ANCIENT MICHAELMAS TRADITIONS FROM THE HEBRIDES

In the outer islands off the west coast of Scotland an ancient Michaelmas festival was celebrated which was last recorded in North Uist in 1866.

On the Sunday before Michaelmas the women and girls went out and dug up carrots with a three-sided tool known as the trident of Saint Michael. The carrots were tied up in bunches and earthed up until St. Michael's night.

On the night before Michaelmas the Michael lamb was killed to represent the Fruits of the Flock. Cakes were made from the available grains (oats and rye, not wheat) to represent the Fruits of the Field. The grains were ground in a stone quern and mixed with sacred sheep's milk. Some cakes also contained blackberries and honey. A special flat stone was selected in the fields and was placed by the hearth to bake the cakes or Struans. The cakes were then put together with a filling made from butter and cream and eggs.

The cakes were made in various shapes: triangle for the Trinity, pentagonal for the Trinity with Mary and Joseph, seven-sided for the Seven Mysteries and nine-sided for the Nine hierarchies. Circular cakes represented Eternity. Smaller cakes were made for the poor and others were made for the dead whose names were spoken during the kneading.

On the day itself there was a mock stealing of the horses of the village: "The theft that never was condemned." They left one horse for the owner of each croft, but it could be the worst one. Then the struans were blessed in church and cut up at home to be eaten at the meal with the Michaelmas lamb. A song of triumph was sung and many struans were given to the poor.

All then rode clockwise round the village while the very old guarded the fields. This developed into a series of horse races. The evening ended with dancing to the bagpipes and the carrots were brought out as refreshment. At the end all sorts of gifts were given and exchanged.

This is the "Circuit" in the poem Michael the Victorious: the riding around the village to protect it from the dragon. It is taken from the CARMINA GADELICA by Alexander Carmichael. (Edinburgh, 1900.)

At the Michaelmas Festival at Highland Hall this year we pictured the carrot as a sword of light (note its connection with Vitamin A and the eyesight) and compared it with the spirit of man which shines in the darkness which is both around and within us. For the High School the balance of Logical and Imaginative thinking was emphasized (carrots survive the frosts of Autumn and are available at Michaelmas / carrot as sword of light / connection with Vitamin A and light) and this is the kind of balanced thinking, both logical and imaginative, which Michael asks of us.

PLAYS PERFORMED BY EIGHTH GRADES in the last ten years

The Tempest - Shakespeare (cut version)

The Thwarting of Baron Belligrew - Robert Bolt

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow - John Donaldson
(Based on Washington Irving)

The Devil and Daniel Webster - Stephen Vincent Benet

The Spendthrift - Ferdinand Raimund (cut)

Treasure Island - based on R.L.Stevenson

The Wind in the Willows - dramatized by Joseph Baldwin

Tom Sawyer - based on Mark Twain

The Mountain King and the Misanthrope - Ferdinand Raimund

Bilbo's Birthday Party - based on parts of Tolkien's The Hobbit


A project found to be helpful during play-rehearsal time:
A first attempt at a "research paper", e.g. on a historical
personality.

Local eighth grade traditions include the publishing of
The Globe (two or three times a year), which contains
contributions from the whole lower school, including (for
example) interviews of first graders by eighth graders -
and a school-wide bake sale.

Susi Berlin: Garden City

Note: The Xerox copy does not show the subtle gradations from red to yellow. Shades are only approximate.

Key
 Color selected by Dr. Rudolf Steiner
 assumed color to complete given scheme
 colors for temporary wooden bldg. Stuttgart



Age in years	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Music Room	Enrhythmy Room	Gym. & Hall	Corridors Staircases	Phys. Lab.	Medical Room
Grade		(I)	I (II)	II (III)	III (IV)	IV (V)	V (VI)	VI (VII)	VII (VIII)	VIII (IX)	IX (X)	X (XI)	XI (XII)	XII						
Temp. Wooden bldg. Stuttgart. 1919-20.											(Desks also painted bluish violet)				indigo					
HAMBURG (1923-24?)																				
STUTTGART Main building (1922-3)																				
LONDON New School (1925)																				

NB: Grade in Roman numerals. Grade in Great Britain shown in brackets.
HUE BUT NOT TONE INDICATED BY ABOVE CHART. (In practice the tone or shade would be lighter.)

COLOR IN THE SCHOOL -
ANALYSIS OF COLOR SCHEMES FOR THREE DIFFERENT COMBINED
LOWER & UPPER COEDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS (Europe) - after Dr. Rudolf Steiner

compiled by Rex Raab, archt.