

THE GLOBE

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Wet Wire Over High Rocks

Welcome to High School

By Aneli Poland, Class of 2013

As a 9th grader, going on the Camp Hi-Rock orientation was new. I love how how our small school came together in



the beginning of the year, instead of just rushing into classes. I got to make new friends and figure out where I fit in the social circle. The first day we arrived and unpacked, then we went on a long hike. That night the food was awful. The next morning Phoebe and I went on a run in the freezing air. Sadly when we got back we used up all the

hot water so the other girls had to take freezing showers, I felt guilty about that. Then we had breakfast and headed out to the low ropes course where we succeeded in the end at balancing on the wires. That night we had a bonfire and walked out to a rock that stretched out into the lake a little ways and watched the stars. The next morning we woke up to rain. Phoebe went on a run and drenched herself. When the rain stopped we went out to the high ropes course and battled our fear of heights (if we had any). Then when the rain began again we went to a big house and watched The “Princess Bride” until it was time to go.



Food, Evolution and Religion, and Parallel Universes

History through Art, Freshman Seminar

By Kyle Bashour, Class of 2013

History through Art is the current freshman seminar taught by Mr Sagarin. During class, we discuss art through the ages, the artists, and talk about how human conscious has evolved.

We started in the Stone Age, and talked about the first time humans started making art. The first art was found in caves, and the drawings were about 15,000 years old. We also dispelled the idea of the primitive caveman in an animal skin talking in grunts. After that, we progressed to Ancient Egypt and studied statues of pharaohs, paintings on the walls of tombs, and cartoons of workers. We skipped a few thousand years and went on to Greek and Roman sculpture. We learned how the art evolved from stylized paintings, to realistic and ideal. Recently, we moved on to the Renaissance, and are studying artists such as Botticelli and Michelangelo. We also learn about the lives of the people living in those times, and often debate or have discussions about food, evolution and religion, and parallel universes.

The course is fun, and through describing art, we have learned a lot about observation and writing.

100 on an Island

Senior Class Zoology Trip

Two weeks after returning to school, the senior class headed to Hermit Island, ME, to study marine zoology with more than one hundred other Waldorf seniors. Apart from exploring the island from a scientific perspective we were also asked to examine it through poetry, painting and essay. Below are some examples.



The Ocean Path

The ocean brine sweeps through the air,
Waves lap gently against the sand.
can you hear the lull of eclectic whispers?
Or see your grinning in the sun polished seaweed?
Taste the euphoria on the tip of your tongue,
like a crab tastes salt on the ocean's floor.
Seagulls screech, they don't want to be alone.
Feel the sun's rays in every aching bone;
Is this how it is? Your path behind you left unaltered,
But the path ahead yearning to be tread.

-Darius Graeff

Excerpt from solitary observation essay by Tilo Jackson

Waves collapsing against rocks, sliding up and down the sandy beach. The silent flutter of a seagull's wings as he tries to fly against the wind. A quiet far off boat making its way to its destination. The caws of birds as they fly by, the gentle breeze from the ocean, and the sound of a buoy bell in the distance. This is Hermit Island.

Excerpt from Solitary observation essay by Evan Crispell

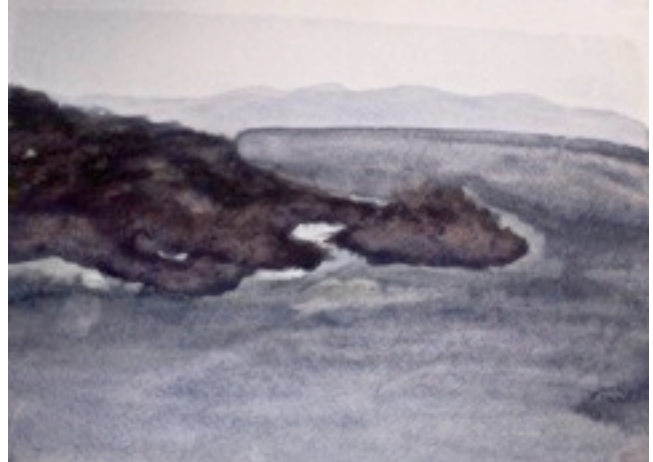
Water gurgling crashes, the wind a continuing whisper. A surge, a breath, becoming a plunge. The trickling slide, the gull calls, its voice an echo of its self repeating the breaking waves roar - a predatory scream of joy. Light brine and woodsmoke carrying hints of decaying crab. Blue broken by more brown and grey wafts to pink and purple.

The horizon lies a still and calm line surrounded by movement. Its dark blue meets with the almost pink edge of the sky. The clouds are turning cold, their ethereal pink-orange beginning to fade to the white blue and grey of daytime. They are slashes, puff and landscapes trapped in the over arching blue bowl of the sky....Rocks are frozen. Dry holds the reds and pastels and wet heaves up dark green weeds and crusting sage colors onto the shadowy crevasses.

The Shore

Skipping and tumbling up to the shore,
Kiss the dried wrack and flighty sand pipers
Carry in a snail and out a clam,
Recede and turn brown from rough Northern sand,
Get swallowed by another wave.
This one comes on tip-toes up to the stray lobster trap,
Pecks the metal grid and laps against bare feet
But with the retreat into the roiling jubilee
Mystic designs and unknown alphabets etch into
The water in foam. They carry the suggestion
Of past and future, put great ideas into the little
Minds who read them and then are
Erased by the lacy froth of the Atlantic.

- Elizabeth Orenstein



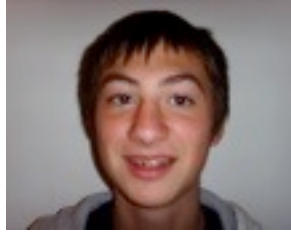
Painting by Anna Sierau

STUDENT LIFE

Why Waldorf?



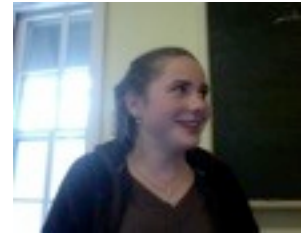
Aneli was at the GBRSS before coming to the high school. She likes the teachers and students because "they are all friendly." She likes the way the teachers teach.



Before Kyle came here he was home schooled. He liked being home schooled "because of the flexible schedule." He decided to come to the GBWHS because he "wanted to try a structured schedule and meet people."



Ben liked the lower school and chose to come here because he could still participate in sports at Monument Mountain High School while benefiting from an education here. He enjoys the "individual attention" he gets.



Phoebe disliked the Gunnery school and heard about us, so she decided to come here. She likes how small the school is, and how everyone is friendly to each other.

Faces and Bodies

An Interview about Art with Teruko Kushi by Tori Stetzer

At what age did you start drawing?

I've been drawing for as long as I can remember, It was just a natural hobby.

At what age did you discover that you were especially talented in art?

In early grade school I was always making shapes and lumps, while other kids were making stick figures, then some of my teachers started calling me talented.

What do you find yourself drawing most of the time?

I mostly draw faces and bodies with lots of color. I love playing with all the different colors in people's faces, I feel like it adds something special to the picture, a different kind of expression and attitude.

What is your inspiration for drawing?

I have many inspirations. A lot of my drawings are a visual form of an idea or a train of thought that I had earlier in the day.

Do you ever get sick of drawing, or just not want to do it anymore?

Yes. I believe it can get really boring and I run out of ideas if I draw too much

Do you take breaks from art or is it a nonstop kind of thing?

Definitely, I find I sometimes lose interest in art all together, or I cant find anything to motivate me to draw. Breaks can be very helpful to me.

What seasons do you paint or draw more than others?

I really enjoy drawing fall because it is a good excuse to be colorful. But I normally don't draw seasons or weather in my pictures.

What medium do you like to use for your artwork?

I mostly use ink and markers but I find that I really like using watercolors and oil. It can be inspiring to use something different.

Would you like to become well known or famous for your art?

Not necessarily famous but sharing my art with the world is how I hope to give back.

Do you think art is what you want to pursue as a carrier?

Yes, absolutely, it's just hard to make a living as an artist.



Portrait by Teruko

Nonsense Makes Us Smarter

9th and 10th Grade English Class

A recent study shows that being disoriented makes the brain work harder and better. Apparently, our brains have evolved so that we can identify patterns in events, because we want to know what things mean. Human beings do not like what they don't know. The study suggests that 'nonsense' motivates our brain to try to figure out logical patterns it would otherwise miss, not just in language, but in math and in aural or visual experiences as well. Whether this is because the brain works harder to make sense of the nonsense, or for some other reason, remains to be seen. In the meantime, the ninth and tenth graders at the GBWHS came up with their own 'nonsense': they had to write a story so that it was absolutely believable – meaning grammar, punctuation, and flow of the story made sense, but that the words were nonsensical. Here is one example:

Brothed in the Norce

By Phoebe Rohn

The snow flocked around the marth house in the distance. Smoke brothed out of the chimney. The potch young man walked towards the roths in the woods. His long back woolen smug rustled around his legs in the cold norce coming from the east. Then he disaqueeaned into the smark of the night.

One hundred years passed, and once again the snow flocked around the marth house. Smoke brothed from the chimney. But this time there was a different shill in the air. Children played in the snow on the grott, joy in their hearts. The potch young man stood sentinel, meeched over what went on. The bares tree branches shook in the norce. The silent onlooker watched, wondering what the children were thinking, wishing he could feel their glugs.

Then a dog ran into the fresh snow, around the house where he stood meeched. It stanced nearer to the man, taking no notice of him, so the man ignored it. This was nothing unusual, he had been spotted by many before, and they did not shaz him, and he did not shaz him. But malt was different. Malt, there would be change to the same old kall that happened all the time.

The norce raged, and he watched. Then it dawned on him, that just because he missed this part of his life, did not mean that it could not happen. So he plucked up the courage to go down there. He walked down towards the grott, through the snow underfoot. He came to the edge of the brightness, just at the end of where he could be concealed by that funy trick of light. He keeled into the light, and was greeted with screams.

He had thunked he would get that schnack. In all his years of nargelling, he had never shazzed what kept him from a malt life. But it came to him, looking around at eery shimeeling eye that x-rayed him as he meeched: He was different than those around him. They were people, and he was not. But, "If these were people then what was he?" he wondered.

The answer came to him in a sudden shilt of sadness and understanding. It all made sense now. He was berlexy a gost.

OPEN HOUSE

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 7:30pm

Come and talk to us about our school!

Teachers, Students and Work

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