

Friday Bulletin

10th April 2020

Class 12 Eurythmy: *In Trutina* from *Carmina Burana*

(Constance, Charlotte, Leila and Caspian)

This year four students from Class 12 elected to do eurythmy and chose a song from the Carl Orff's opera *Carmina Burana* called "In Trutina". Do look it up, it's beautiful. Stella kindly agreed to sing for them and brought much beauty to their creative process.

As they entered their project, it became increasingly clear that they were unravelling some of the deep mysteries of Eurythmy, without even knowing it.

Leila chose to work on the **Planets** (bringing into expression the Planets and their corresponding vowel sounds, colours, tones and intervals) and the **Zodiac Constellations** (bringing into expression the 12 Zodiac gestures and their corresponding consonant sounds).

Constance chose to do the **Melody** of the song (bringing into expression relevant aspects of tone eurythmy; tones, intervals, chords, colours, phrasing, pitch, rhythm).





Charlotte chose to do the **Accompaniment** to the melody (bringing into expression the relevant aspects of tone eurythmy; harmonised chords, intervals, inversions, pitch and rhythm).

Caspian chose to work on the **Words** of the song (bringing into expression all the elements of speech eurythmy; Vowels, consonants, colour, pace, texture, dynamics, meaning, etc....).

Effectively, they all had a solo act, but they needed to bring these together into meaningful aesthetic expression (self) and fusion (with others). This could only happen by working very closely and purposefully with each other.

In so doing, they unravelled the *mysteries of creation*.



From out of the Cosmos (Leila), the dances of the planets produce their unwavering celestial sounds (Constance), sounding through the ethers and constellations (Leila), which in turn emit their formative frequencies through the sounds of the consonants, which in turn enter the realm of matter (Caspian), the earth and man, who is then receptive or not to receive the gifts of imagination, inspiration and intuition to then carry out their deed (Constance/ Charlotte) into humanity through art/ expression/ beauty/behaviour ensouled with the essence of Divine

Creation (Leila, Constance, Caspian and Charlotte).

It will be difficult to perceive all this through the photos, especially with Leila missing the day these were taken, but I do hope they invite you through a little journey and help you to appreciate a little of what becomes possible in eurythmy and what they created for their “Finale” piece at St Michael’s.

Michèle Hunter

Class 2 Lockdown Eurythmy

Amy demonstrated in her kitchen some of the things Class 2 did last term in their eurythmy lessons...

Top: A big R for the roaring, raging, rushing river in the story.

Bottom: A very poised and focused Prince crossing in a straight line, the old rickety bridge which was as narrow as a spear.

From her mum, Janice:

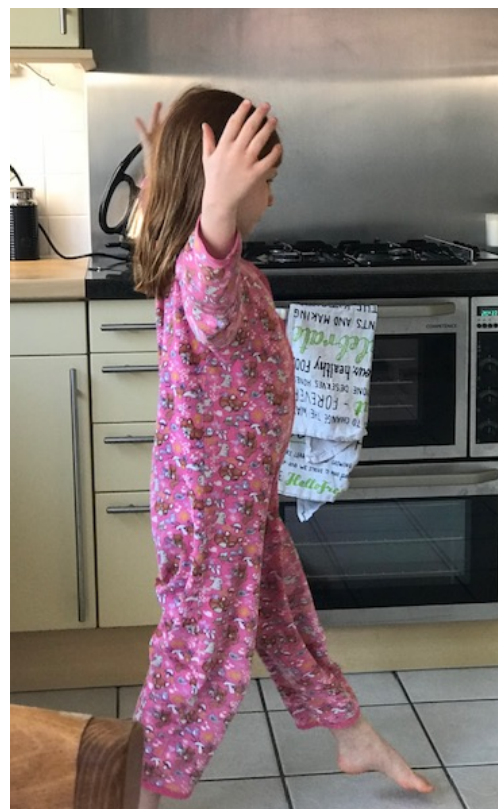
"Amy did indeed remember pieces of it - for example she showed me the ladder and was happy to make up the movements for the crystal.

Amy then said "mummy, I need the piano playing!" Sadly I'm not a pianist, otherwise I would have been delighted to accompany her movements with music.

Something interesting then happened. Zoe walked into the room and saw what we were doing. She asked me to read the verse to her, line by line. Then she began showing me the sounds and the corresponding movements. It was fascinating! I had no idea that the sounds of the alphabet actually correspond to movements.

So all in all, the 3 of us had a jolly good time and there was a lot of giggling when mummy danced too!"

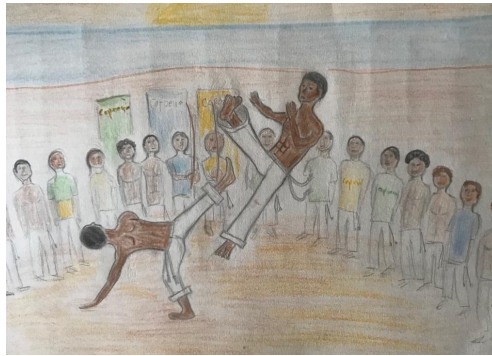
If you have photos or a story like this about how you and your children are managing during the lockdown, please send them to us and we will put them into the next Friday Bulletin



More from Class 8 Projects

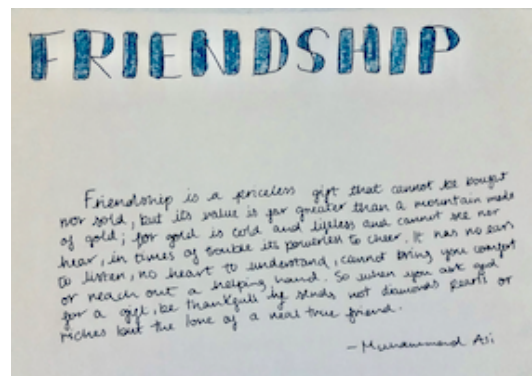
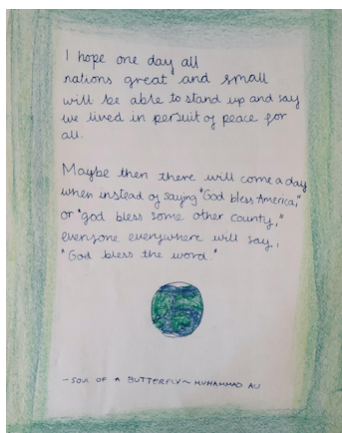
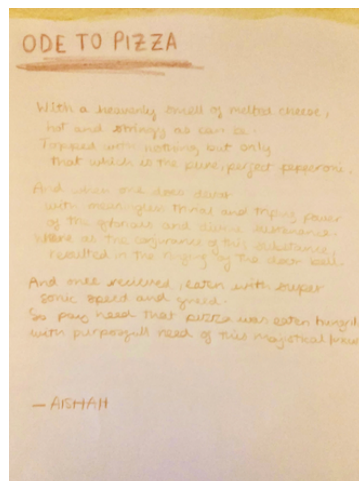
Matthias Aikins-Pascal

I chose this project because I love Capoeira and playing the instruments. I love the rhythms, the history and how Capoeira has developed through the years. I love that Capoeira has been on a journey from Africa to Brazil and has still kept its roots.



Aishah Malcolm

For my project I made artwork on Muhammad Ali's and some of my own poetry. It wasn't all sunshine daisies and daffodils and at times dragged on quite a bit; but what matters is that I got there in the end and am happy with what I've done.



Class 10

During the last week of term Class 10 had daily Short Story Seminars in which they studied well-known stories and then wrote their own. The requirements were that the stories take place in one scene and have a basic four part structure of (1) Situation, (2) Problem, (3) Solution/Solving, and (4) Outcome. At the end of the week I received a wide range of stories containing ghosts, fish and chip shops, train journeys, outings during quarantine, and Lovecraftian fishermen (to name but a few). Most of the stories are in the process of being reviewed and edited, but I am pleased to be able to share with you one finished piece titled 'I want, I want, I want'; a fairytale of sorts, by Rose Dowsing.

Stella Ottewill

“I want, I want, I want”

By Rose Dowsing

It was a beautiful still evening, the swallow's lilting melodies were carried by the sultry breeze, frogs wallowed in shallow waters and drifts of primroses bestowed their soft petals upon the mossy floor. All the beauty of the world was present that night, yet the Duchess was wearied by it, for she had seen this sight so many times before. Jaded with boredom she sat on the window sill twirling a tiny corsage of blue violets and peonies, to the Duchess the vastness and worth of the world was as little as the bunch of flowers she held in her own two hands. It was almost midnight now, the goldfish swam feverishly around his bowl while the cat eyed him hungrily, it was past his supper time, yet the Duchess did not care for she wished to satisfy her own appetites. And as the wind whistled through the silver birches and fluttering moths perused the sweet air, her glassy eyes were drawn to the moon that lay lowly in the sky. "I want to go to the moon" she thought to herself "I know that the moon carries all the riches I could ever ask for, only there will I be able to fathom worth, only there will I fulfil my relentless longing".

The temptress let down her beams, "I want to go to the moon" said she. So she took a pair of binoculars, a pocket knife, a needle and thread, and a jam sandwich in case she got hungry and climbed the steps of a rickety ladder that lay in the rose garden, propped up against the stone wall.

When she reached the exit of our world she clawed at the seams of the sky and stepped through, and it wasn't very long until she reached the moon. The moon was shrouded in a pearly haze, more lovely than lovely can be and as the Duchess basked in its silvery light she felt content for the very first time, and she wished never to leave. The beauty of the moon was like a vivid dream to the Duchess. She danced with the luna nymphs, bathed in crater pools, crocheted moon silk doilies, rode a silver mare and even engaged in conversation with the wise old man who inhabited the domain. He told her of his loneliness and how he wished for companionship.

“I stare at the earth, and long for the simple things the humans have, I wish I could be part of it all”.

The Duchess found this very strange, for how could anybody long for something that lay below them instead of above. Yet gradually as the night lingered on even the riches of the moon could not satisfy the young Duchess. It was very cold, the sky was too infinite, and the vastness and emptiness of it all began to sadden her, as if she was floating in a darkened abyss. She soon was wrapped in the familiar state of longing and she peered down upon the little world she had rejected, and saw how warm it looked, and thought of all the comforting and extraordinary things that it carried, and suddenly for the very first time she fathomed its worth and missed it. Nearby the Duchess could hear the jingling of faint laughter, she turned around to meet the gaze of the stars, all twinkling like jewels in the velvet night.

“Why do you laugh and mock me so” she enquired.

“You amuse us” they replied “constantly searching for a faraway desire, yet when you find it you are not gratified”, they chuckled and grinned at one another. The Duchess merely looked at them in bewilderment.

“I do not understand you” said she.

“Well first you gaze up at the moon and now down at the earth” and they smirked and giggled some more.

“I suppose I desire the things I cannot reach and now that I have reached them, I wish to go home”.

They nodded in agreement and told her never to return or surrender to her appetites again. And so she promised them dearly and left the moon and the stars behind her, once again climbing down the weary steps of the ladder. When she reached the hole in the sky she stitched it back up again with her needle and thread and bid farewell to the celestial world. Down and down she went until finally she arrived home. Everything was as it should be. The fire crackled in the hearth, the corsage of violets sat upon her dresser, in the far distance the lament of the swallows drifted through the velveteen night and upon the floor lay the skimpy remains of the goldfish while the cat was looking very fat and chuffed.

The Duchess despairingly smiled and thought to herself “I shall never revisit the moon, in case such an incident should happen again”

