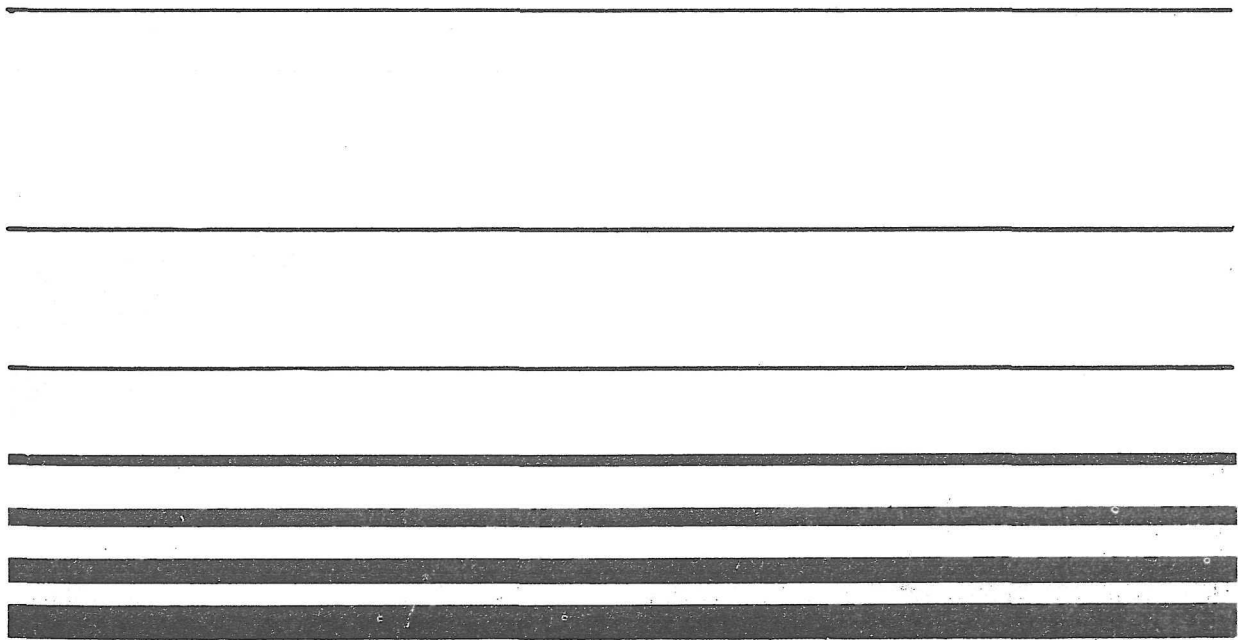


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# OUTLOOK

**MOUNTAIN VIEW CENTER FOR ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION**



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OUTLOOK

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Tony Kallet, Editor

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## THE FIRST PAGE

Theodore Weiss recently reflected on his thirty years as editor of The Quarterly Review of Literature and he states admirably the unique freedom and responsibility of "the little mag." OUTLOOK, a very little mag, subscribes fully to Mr. Weiss' views:

...if by its nature a little mag attracts a readership infinitesimal according to American standards, it also provides rare freedoms: aside from the fundamental problem of survival and the arduous work entailed for one or two people producing it, such a publication need not worry about advertisers or supplying a multitude with what it wants, that terrible American lust for numbers and steady gross growth. Like the best writing, the little mag is one of the few enterprises left which can address itself to its own ideal.

...Plainly it is of major importance for the little mag to continue and to exert more exacting standards than ever. Its opportunities and its responsibilities are immense: to serve amid the present welter as a clearinghouse, to provide models for readers and writers and to encourage the best work, which is often otherwise too self-contained to be heard above the growing uproar. /The New York Times Book Review, June 16, 1974./

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Man looks at the world from a position "nearly midway in scale between the atom and the star" and both extremes have long fascinated him. The quotation is from Julian Huxley's classic essay "The Size of Living Things" which we reprint in this issue of OUTLOOK. Fascinating as the extremes are, it is perhaps most important to understand thoroughly and be comfortable with our own part of the size range; to know how the laws of physics, biology, and chemistry set the limits on the size of creatures and to a surprising extent affect behavior. Readers interested in size and scale may want to refer to OUTLOOK #1, Winter, 1970, in which we reprinted an article which complements Huxley, dealing with the inanimate world of objects in "The Queen's Doll's House." The article is called "The Effect of Size on the Equipment."

Some of the impetus toward open education in this country undoubtedly can be traced to the impact good English primary schools have had on many American visitors. Philip Sherwood pays tribute to one of the most influential English Directors of Education in recent decades, Stewart C. Mason, while at the same time cautioning against an uncritical acceptance of "The Leicestershire Myth."

Much of the difficulty some children have in learning to read may result from parents' and teachers' anxieties. The father of one of the children Jean Katzenberg writes about in her latest "Leaves From a Teacher's Diary" seemed to have a personal stake in the diagnosis of "three physicians and umpteen tests" proving his son dyslexic. Evidence to the contrary came too late.

The heyday of the encounter group with its penchant for provoking confrontation and then picking it to bits may have passed -- or is this wishful

thinking? In either case there are still enough Esalen groups, "sensitivity" groups, and their kin, or next-of-kin, so that M.F. Cleugh's quietly barbed "Against Interpretation" is timely.

Completing this issue of OUTLOOK are Yvonne Mayer's reminiscence of a French nursery school in the 1930's, an account of work Tony Kallet has been doing with sounds and music, and a portfolio of painting, weaving, sculpture, and pottery by three Mountain View artists.

#### ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Yvonne Mayer ("Ecole Maternelle, 1935") has taught young children for many years. She was educated at the Sorbonne, specializing in English literature, and at Washington University in St. Louis where her subject was Russian. She also studied anthropology, linguistics, psychology, and art. Before coming to Colorado she taught in upstate New York and in Japan. She has been active in local chapters of the Association for the Education of Young Children. This fall she is starting a cooperative nursery school in Boulder. In addition to her teaching and related professional activities she is librarian of the Mountain View Center.

Philip Sherwood ("The Leicestershire Myth") has been a Leicestershire headmaster for many years, first of a small country school at Husbands Bosworth, then of a large school in Burbage. This year he is on leave of absence pursuing a long-standing interest in the history of education by taking an M.A. at Leicester University.

M.F. Cleugh ("Against Interpretation") recently retired after many years at the University of London Institute of Education, the last ten years as Reader. She writes: "My interests lie mainly in the borderland where philosophy, psychology, and education meet..." Her latest book is Discipline and Morale in School and College. Her first book, Time, and Its Importance in Modern Thought, 1937, has been reissued in the United States by Russell, 1970. She lives in Shropshire.

Tony Kallet ("Starting with Sounds") has been involved with sounds and music both as a maker and listener most of his life. Originally a cellist he decided that music would be a better avocation than vocation. He now concentrates on the recorder, which he teaches for fun to friends, and on learning to play the harpsichord.

Jean Katzenberg ("Leaves from a Teacher's Diary") writes that she considers teaching "the best way to spend a life -- and that includes parenthood, a form of teaching as well." She considers herself lucky to have become a teacher just before the crunch: "So many young teachers are bright, innovative, and committed. I only hope those of us who have lived and taught longer and have been parents as well can offer something helpful." This is the fourth "Diary" installment.

ECOLE MATERNELLE, 1935: A RECOLLECTION

Yvonne Mayer

Desks and chairs, lots of them...I am with les petits; les grands are in the other classroom. Desks and chairs, lots of them...and the teacher standing next to her big desk way down there in front. She wears glasses. Maybe to see me better because I'm so far away. Desks and chairs. Where are the children? Every morning the teacher calls the names. That's how she knows we're in the class. There are lots of names I don't know.

She talks about many things we have to do. It's very strange. You trace things with a pencil. She says pretty soon we'll do that with ink. She says you'll learn how to read with them. I don't understand.

The teacher says it's spring. We're making a big picture on the wall with colored paper. The teacher traces birds and flowers and the sun. We cut all around them. The part I like best is when it's my turn to paste it on the wall picture. She reads stories about spring. I look outside. I can see the top of the trees in the yard and the sky. It's not blue like in our wall picture. It's chilly and rainy. I don't hear the birds. I don't see pretty flowers. The teacher knows it's spring. I don't understand.

After a long time we line up in the hall. That's when I know there are lots of children. I am so excited. We're going into the courtyard to play. All along one wall there are many toilets with small wooden doors. I don't want to go in there. It stinks.

I know what happens if you pee in your pants again and again. I saw it before. I know. When it's time to go home we all go into the préau\*. We sit in a circle on little chairs. There is a very big round table in the middle. Grownups look at your hair to see if you have lice. They look to see if your pants are wet. When you're wet again you have to stand up on top of the table. They pull your pants down. You stay there a long time. I don't know why but it makes you cry. I'll go to the bathroom outside. I'll just pretend it doesn't stink.

We have nothing to play with in the yard. We can run, shout. It feels good. We have trees. They have steel fences around them. I wonder why; we don't have dogs or cats in school. I'd like to have a mouse here. We don't have anything. Maybe it would get lonely at night.

We play jump rope in the yard. Or with a ball. Or we draw a hopscotch game on the macadam. The teacher plays circle games with us. I like that. That's when I know the children and nobody minds the noise.

They give you those shots sometimes. We wait on line. I cry. It's scary. They say you can't go to school unless you get shots.

I don't like to sit down all the time at the desk. Except when you do those raffia things. I'm making a shopping bag for Mother's Day. It takes a

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\*A large hall at the entrance of the school for gathering before going to class, before going home, for singing, and sometimes gym.

long, long time. It's beautiful with red flowers on one side.

The part I like best is when all the classes get together in the préau. We sing all together. Nobody minds the noise. You're supposed to learn all sorts of songs. That's for the party at the end of the school year. That means everyone is coming: my mother and father, my sister, maybe even my aunts. They listen to you sing and clap because they like it. The teacher gives me a present and we eat cookies.

La directrice comes to the class many times. She walks around and pats our heads. Sometimes she says we are working well. Sometimes she says we make too much noise. It's funny.

One day my father takes me to school. There are only desks and chairs and no children and no teacher. It's scary. My father made a mistake. That's what la directrice says. She lives in the school all the time. I feel like crying. She says I can stay with her and she gives me some cheese. I don't like cheese. I cry. She gives me a banana. I like bananas. I feel better. It is so scary after my father leaves. I want to hide and cry. She says maybe I'd like to see where she lives. It's just above the classroom! She has an apartment just like me. She's my friend now.

## THE LEICESTERSHIRE MYTH

Philip Sherwood

Leicestershire has become a great bandwagon in America. "Have you been in Leicestershire?" elementary school teachers ask British visitors in awed tones. There are long articles in Life magazine about happy British primary schools and school boards boast vaguely of "introducing the Leicestershire model."

The only trouble is that more and more American teachers are flocking over to see for themselves and it is hard to find enough proud Plowden primaries for them to visit. "It's important to have a myth like that around," said a senior man at E.D.C., the powerful educational development center near Harvard, "but we sometimes wish Leicestershire was a bit more inaccessible -- like in Ethiopia."

Times (London) Educational Supplement,  
June, 1969.

This delightful gibe appeared in the Times Educational Supplement just as I was setting off a few years back to help with a workshop at Shady Hill School (also near Harvard). I wanted to discuss the Myth at the workshop but was discouraged. Perhaps others felt that it was premature to suggest that Leicestershire could be a myth. Of course, the myth has now become legend. Stewart Mason, Director of Education for Leicestershire for twenty-four years, retired in 1971. As of last April the old Leicestershire was administratively linked to the City of Leicester and to Rutland County, forming a new bureaucratic monolith.

It is good to have a myth -- the Nelson Touch, Drake with his game of bowls, the Minutemen. At that Shady Hill workshop we were approached most deviously by an improbable trio who called themselves "Trout Fishing in America." They proposed a sidewalk school for the dropouts of Cambridge and were sure that as Rosemary Williams, John Olive, and I came from Leicestershire we must be able to offer advice or at least give the project a blessing. We tried to do both, as Trout Fishing appealed to our imagination, but it was certainly an example of the myth at work. If the Trout Fishers could have seen the devotion to "Up the Down Staircase-edness" in some Leicestershire High Schools they would have been bitterly disillusioned. Fortunately for them, Leicestershire was an Ethiopian-like distance away and just the thought that somewhere there existed a liberal educational system kept them optimistic.

What is special about Leicestershire? Well, it is the only Authority with a school favourably mentioned in The Little Red School Book! But there are more important features than this. Between 1902 and 1972 Leicestershire had only two Directors of Education, both enlightened men: Sir William Brockington and Stewart C. Mason. Both initiated educational reform ten to twenty years before their ideas became acceptable elsewhere in England. Both were men of vision, rare in a country where educationists like to look back nostalgically to the Middle Ages as the halcyon days of classical education. Both achieved great change by persuasion. Brockington's own words in one instance when he wished to initiate change were, "There is much need for patience and courtesy." Brockington was described by The Times as "the senior and most eminent director of

education in the country. He has guided the County's educational planning for over forty years and interpreted the 1902 Education Act of Parliament for the benefit of Leicestershire children."

His successor, Stewart Mason, was left to implement the 1944 Education Act for the benefit of Leicestershire children. It was an Act that left much to the imagination of Directors of Education. It required local education authorities to provide education in accordance with the age, aptitude, and abilities of children. Most administrators were happy to accept the "Findings" of a committee of eminent educationists (The Norwood Committee of 1944) which had discovered that there were three identifiable categories of children:

1. Those interested in learning for its own sake, who can grasp an argument or follow a piece of connected reasoning.

2. Those whose interests and abilities lie markedly in the field of applied science or applied art. They have often an uncanny insight into the intricacies of mechanisms whereas the subtleties of language are too delicate for them.

3. Those who deal more easily in concrete things than ideas, because they are interested in the moment. They may be incapable of a long series of connected steps. Relevance to present concerns is the only way of awakening interest. Abstractions mean little to them.

Children were sorted into these categories by selection procedures such as the eleven-plus examination. As these three categories did not fit the existing school buildings, category two was unfortunately ignored. Stewart Mason, I suspect, had never noticed these divinely apportioned categories of humanity. He had different plans for Leicestershire. Slowly, with patience and courtesy, he sold the idea of a school system which made no effort to select and grade at eleven years of age, or at any age. It was the first of its kind in England. That much is history.

But there is always more to history than the mere writing of "About this time..." or "Shortly after that..." The achievement is well enough documented in terms of dates and statistics. Just how Mason created the climate for such dramatic change may never be chronicled. Certainly it was done with patience and courtesy and never by imperial fiat.

I came to Leicestershire from across the Warwickshire border. I noticed at once that the responsibility for my little village school at Husbands Bosworth was entirely mine. English schools have managers and governors with some of an American school board's powers. For Leicestershire managers a little book of notes had been prepared which defined succinctly the roles of headmaster and managers or governors. It has no credited author but the language and philosophy of the preface are Mason's:

The Headmaster is the captain of the ship and must be accorded the authority which such responsibility entails. No shore committee meeting once every few months could successfully participate in the day to day management of a liner at sea, and similarly no Governing or Managing Body should attempt to interfere with the Headmaster in professional matters such as methods of teaching and details concerning the curriculum.



It is obvious that Mason saw the responsibility of headteachers as similar to that of seagoing captains. He certainly treated them as such.

Another article, this one bearing Mason's name, was reprinted in the County Bulletin (November, 1968). It was called "An Inspector By Any Other Name Would Smell..." Mason did not want inspectors in his schools:

I don't believe local education authorities need any inspectors. Indeed I think they should get rid of the ones they have got, or rather translate into advisers those who have not overgrown their sense of humility.

Describing the difference between inspectors and advisers he wrote:

The Adviser must rely on his own intrinsic capability of exercising influence in the particular or broad area in which he has been appointed to advise. Influence may be powerful but it is not the same as power.

So for Leicestershire Mason chose advisers, while neighbouring school authorities added their own local inspectors to those already inflicted by Her Majesty. The music advisers gave to Leicestershire an unequalled eminence in music; primary school advisers like L.G.W. Sealey gave a dynamism to the primary schools which helped to generate the myth. What was not myth was this very precious truth: an inspector may enter your school as of right; an adviser may come to the school only as a welcome visitor or contributory worker. Leicestershire teachers have the rare privilege of being able to close their doors to advisers if they so wish. It is a privilege occasionally and discerningly used by some. The Advisory Centre organised workshops long before they came to be recognised as the best method for teacher revival. They brought to the County the expertise of studio potters, art teachers, sculptors. From England came Bill Newland and Willy Soukop; from America, Adelaide Sproul and Brenda Engel. You will find that some of David Hawkins' best educational philosophy was prepared for the Easter Residential Courses at Loughborough.\*

It was not, however, through bulletins, nor yet advisers, that Mason managed to ensure that his philosophy reached through to the classroom. On any particular issue he would sound out professional opinion -- not from the local University but from the schools. I remember being invited to discuss streaming (tracking) with him. There were a dozen of us sitting together exchanging ideas. I think we provided the support Mason needed to introduce the topic into wider discussion with other headteachers. Never once did he lay down a "county line" on streaming; you were free to do whatever you thought was best for the child, but you were made aware of the arguments both for and against the practice. It seemed to me that the Director always managed to marshal the arguments so that streaming seemed a somewhat unworthy pursuit.

It was through discussion, I think, that Mason most effectively built up the Leicestershire that was to become a myth. When he wanted to persuade County Councillors that money spent on buying a Welsh mountain estate was money well used he neither harangued them nor bombarded them with memoranda. He took them to the Welsh mountainside and let the majesty of the mountains dare them

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\*"A Bird in the Window," reprinted in OUTLOOK #2, Spring, 1971, and "I-Thou-It." -- Ed.

to withhold the money to buy the estate for Leicestershire children. Of course it was bought and it was converted into a residential center for use by County schools. To it Mason would now and then invite groups of headteachers for two days and in that peace and solitude would walk the mountainside with them, sit to discuss educational problems, take his turn washing the dishes, and at the day's end relax with a beer in the pub at Bedgelaert.

So, quietly, Leicestershire was moulded, good educational practise nurtured and encouraged. The bad existed and was regretted. In time, Mason could boast:

....and now I believe there can be few places in the world where a greater proportion of children under the age of eleven are able to work so creatively and individually with subject barriers down and in a situation where competition has been overtaken by cooperation.

That, I think, is no myth.

The myth arose strangely and its emergence is worth detailing. Any innovative teaching was welcome in Leicestershire schools and Mason welcomed Z. P. Dienes' early and tentative experiments in mathematics learning. Later Dienes went to work for a season with Jerome Bruner at Harvard and they chose Shady Hill School, in Cambridge, for some of the experiments. From that school came an early Leicestershire prospector, Bill Hull. He came to see mathematics alive in a classroom and stayed to see much more. When he returned home he discussed his finds with friends. After a second visit, with David Armington, he wrote Leicestershire Revisited. One of Bill's friends, Tony Kallet, came and stayed on for seven years at the County Advisory Centre. There was no official job title for him but means were found to employ him and the County benefited from his catalytic presence. Soon American teachers were assisting at Leicestershire workshops and, a bit later, student teachers, parents, and school board members all came as pilgrims. Many returned home to "do the Leicestershire method" in America, thinking that to "do Leicestershire" you needed only certain prescribed routines, equipment, and classroom layouts, no more.

I suspect that Bill Hull regrets promoting the Leicestershire Educational Gold Rush for in his recent article "The Case for the Experimental School" he writes:

How many of us have wished we could disavow responsibility when we have heard people say, "We are doing Integrated Day," or "Our school has adopted the Leicestershire Model?" ...Silberman and the rest of us may someday be accused of perpetuating a gigantic hoax because we have not included in our formulations an adequate acknowledgement of the complexities. It is time we were more aware of the power of myth-making in education and the responsibility which those who contribute to it take upon themselves.

Among the child crusaders who came were students from Wheelock College. They worked in classrooms for two months and found the "complexities involved" very apparent at the "chalk face." They wrote:

Westfield Infant, Little Hill, Battling Brook, Brocks Hill, and Burbage Junior were pertinent to their children. It may sound simple, but in actuality it is far more complex than we could possibly ever realize.... Each Leicestershire school is a creation of the people of its town, its staff, its children, and its history. They have taken a long time to become what they are....

If we are ever to approximate the success of Leicestershire here in America, we must throw out our lined-up desks, our hard-nosed expectation of achievement, our imported educational gimmicks, and our incredible inability to acknowledge teachers as human beings, until we have nothing left but the individual and plenty of room to grow.

Another perceptive visitor was Professor Schaftel of Stanford University. She wrote, in a letter:

I left England feeling that the schools I had visited had a concern for children as persons, not just learners, that American schools have lost. We had it in our progressive schools of the thirties. We buried it under the pressure of scientism and the post-Sputnik frenzy. It is my hope that efforts like yours will stimulate a new movement in our country. Certainly the number of American visitors to English schools suggests a new quest.

I have not seen the second Black Paper, but I hope that your people will not succumb to attacks on modern methods the way our schools did to our Council for Basic Education. I agree with you that we must accept legitimate criticism and lend ourselves to the task of defining more intelligently our goals and developing the appropriate methodologies. It would be disastrous to maintain a romantic attitude toward our experiments.

So, not all who came returned clutching straw myths. Some came questing and took back not solutions but a critical appraisal and an awareness of the complexities. Ted Chittenden, from Educational Testing Service, was one of the later prospectors; he brought a psychologist's training in observation and evaluation to the scene and wrote the one clinical observation of the English Primary School I know of.\* It is worth reading.

Some of the complexities are intangible. The influence of a Mason or a Clegg Sir Alec Clegg, Director of Education, West Riding of Yorkshire cannot be measured empirically. I think that it could be proven that where there are good primary schools in England you will find an enlightened Director of Education with vision and compassion. I have tried to show how one such Director created reality from which grew a myth. Wherever you hope to make changes in America you will need to seek out school superintendents of vision, compassion, and enlightened views. They are rarely found in politics, nor are they the products of special administrative training. That is the first com-

\*"Notes on Visits to Primary Schools in England," OUTLOOK #4, Winter, 1971, pp. 12-22.

plexity. Under such superintendents you would get the emancipation of American teachers from the tyranny of the Teachers' Manual and the oppression of the Metropolitan Achievement Test or its equivalent. From these beginnings could be renewed the promise of those earlier progressive schools which anticipated and had the same aspirations as our "proud Plowden primaries."

Bill Hull need do no penance for helping create the myth. Thomas Mallory lived just across the Watling Street from Leicestershire when he wrote of a myth and a quest. The myth of the Grail was not important; it was the questing and striving that altered so many things:

The Sir Beaumains...rode all that ever he might ride through marshes and fields and great dales, that many times...he plunged over the head in deep mires, for he knew not the way, but took the gainest way in that woodness.... And at the last him happened to come to a fair green way.

AGAINST INTERPRETATION\*

M.F. Cleugh

Some very strange ideas seem to be current in the study of group processes. I have met them in a number of places, of which the most convenient for the general reader is Elizabeth Richardson's recent book Group Study for Teachers (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1967). It seems to me time that these ideas were challenged, before they seep too far into the general climate of opinion. I would summarise the underlying ideas, which are implicitly assumed if not explicitly stated, in five statements, of which I shall pay most attention to the last.

--Anxiety and pain are an integral part of group experience.

--Relations among group members are of necessity frequently strained, with a good deal of scape-goating going on.

--An angry argument is to be welcomed as a sign of depth and commitment.

--We can learn best how groups function by setting up groups that have nothing to do other than study themselves. (Comparison: studying digestion in a body which has nothing to eat.)

--Interpretation is essential.

My experience in the last seventeen years in running university discussion groups has led me to very different conclusions. In a brief article I can only state them baldly, but they are not merely dogmas, and I can document them.

Anxiety and pain occur. They must be faced. They must not be unnecessarily increased or stimulated. Group learning is primarily a joyful process. Release, energy, and insight are the primary experiences: anxiety and pain are secondary.

Learning takes place rapidly in a friendly group: scape-goating is rare, and its occurrence need not be regarded with complacency, but on the contrary as a sign of lack of skill in its leader.

Expression of deep feeling is more likely to occur in a setting of trust, confidence, and security. Surface fireworks get nowhere and the entertainment they afford is trivial. Unacceptable feelings, including aggressive ones, need to be expressed -- and accepted: but their frequency and violence are not a barometer of the depth of issues tackled by the group.

A group which has nothing to do is an abnormal group. All normal groups have tasks to perform; as they get on with these, mechanisms are brought into play and these can be studied in retrospect. Some members become interested in the processes of group learning and spontaneously examine them for themselves with considerable insight and without anxiety. Others do not gain this, second order, insight, but they have benefited at the primary level from the achieve-

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\*Reprinted from Forum, 56 Elms Road, Leicester, England, by permission of the author and publisher.

ment of their learning task. This seems to me sounder educationally than dragging everyone through by the scruff of their necks beyond their level of comprehension, emotional as well as intellectual.

Interpretation, far from being essential, is nearly always either useless or harmful. Is it not, in essence, a claim to play God? It is my contention that the process of interpretation involves a contradiction with the expressed aims of group study which is not merely a surface inconsistency: this contradiction reappears at the second level, and the third, and the fourth, to an infinite regress -- in short it is fundamental.

Let us imagine a very skilled consultant, whose interpretations are always dead right (a tall order! but let it pass) and analyse the implications of his activities at the receiving end. If these are shown to be unhelpful, even though he is in fact right, then a fortiori there is still less to be said for the inaccurate, the biased, and the erratic interpreter.

Interpretation is always threatening. It involves piercing defences that have been erected to guard tender spots. There is all the world of difference between the voluntary dropping of defences in a situation of trust, and having them forcibly penetrated. The latter appears aggressive, ruthless, threatening: the defences become more, not less, necessary. When the sun and the wind in the childhood story made a wager who would get a man's coat off, it was the sun who won, because the harder the wind blew, the more tightly the man wrapped himself in his coat. If you know that comments will be made on the "meaning" of your behaviour, the obvious reaction is to mobilise your defences and retire behind them; they are going to be needed. So the person retreats, and shows only what is trivial. The consultant claims godlike omniscience and by so doing devalues the creatures wriggling in front of him of their humanity. He knows, and he will tell them what he knows, willy nilly. He is the authoritarian par excellence. So it is no good talking piously about a "climate of acceptance," or a "non-judgmental" attitude to the group, or "encouraging the expression of repressed feeling" -- the reality is other, it is an authoritarian, non-reversible situation, and here is the fundamental contradiction.

In my experience I have plenty of evidence for advocating the eschewal of interpretive comment. In groups where there genuinely is a climate of acceptance and a non-judgmental attitude, people are left unmolested. They can join in or be silent. They can learn to challenge ideas without attacking people, and, equally, learn to accept challenge without it becoming a personal threat to be countered aggressively. There is a lot of fun to be had from the comradeship of a harmonious working group. It is safe to express feelings spontaneously. Defences that are not needed against unwelcome invasions of personal privacy tend to drop. Discussions become more genuinely self-involving and may reach considerable depth, but easily and gaily -- in contrast to the exchange of barren trivialities, punctuated by explosions, of the defence-ridden interpretive groups.

In sum, I would rest my contention against interpretation on three counts -- it is authoritarian, it is bad-mannered, it is futile.

An exchange of assertion and counter-assertion accomplishes little. I have written this article because I did not want the case to go by default

while the opposite views become the orthodoxy in spite of their manifest shortcomings. But what is really needed is more evidence in the form of full transcripts of proceedings in discussion groups and these are not easily come by. Is there any reason for this coyness? Why should we be fobbed off with large claims of "great depth," "significant learnings," etc. and a general tone of mystique and long words, when the actual examples given are brief and of a startling and humourless banality? I have given full examples myself of group discussion (Educating Older People, Chapter 4, and University of London, Institute of Education Bulletin, New Series, No. 3, Summer Term '64) and of processes of change (Educating Older People, Chapters 8, 9, and 10). Please will those who dislike the views I have expressed here do the same?

STARTING WITH SOUNDS\*

Tony Kallet

The talk on which the following article is based dealt with music and with open education. I am omitting the section devoted to open education in which I drew upon the best practice I have observed in the United States and England to suggest a setting in which various interesting musical activities might take place. These activities are based largely upon my work with teachers at the Mountain View Center. They are not intended to represent a music curriculum, being far from exhaustive of what I think children's musical education should include; for example, there is no reference to singing, to playing standard musical instruments, or to listening to records. -- T.K.7

In working with teachers I've come to feel that I'm most successful treating music as a special case of sound, or sounds. And I've made a discovery: people don't listen, they don't use their ears very well. Compared with eyes, for example, ears are an underemployed sense. One interesting measure of this is the paucity of vocabulary specifically describing sounds. Of the words used to describe sounds and music many are borrowed from other senses. "Sharp" and "flat," for example, come from the senses of touch and sight respectively. "Major" and "minor," meaning "larger" and "smaller," come from perceptions of size or relationship. (It's interesting to note that the corresponding German words for musical scales are "Dur" and "Moll" which mean "hard" and "soft," a clear steal from the sense of touch.) We speak of a "sweet" tone and of "tone color." It would be hard to invent new words for sounds and music, but I have been playing around with one way of extending the range of common words which can be applied to sound. I'm using some rating scales based on the Semantic Differential technique developed by a psychologist named Osgood for determining the connotations of words. I list ten pairs of opposite-meaning adjectives at the ends of seven-point scales. I play a sound and the listeners rate it on each of the pairs of adjectives. The more the sound seems to a listener to be characterized by one adjective the closer to that end of the scale he places a check mark. (See illustration.) The ratings must be done quickly to get first impressions. If neither adjective applies, or if both apply equally, a check is made in the center of the scale. There's nothing special about the words I have chosen -- it would be well worthwhile to experiment with other pairs of adjectives. Surprisingly, there is usually substantial

gong  
(sound)

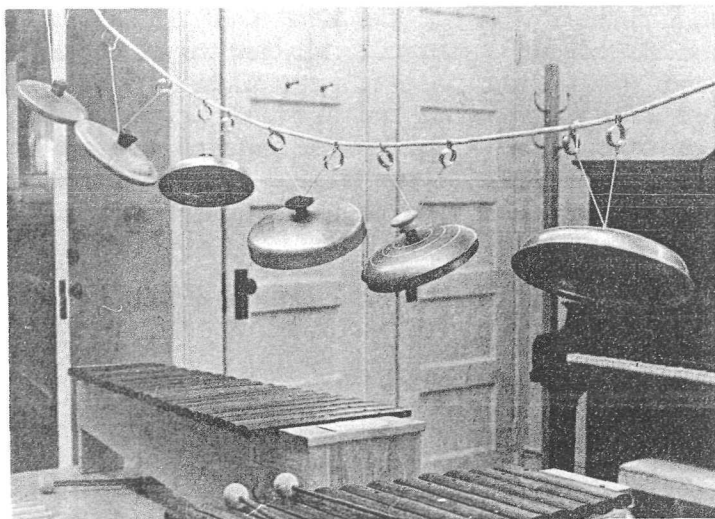
SOFT	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	HARD
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THIN	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	THICK
PLEASANT	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	UNPLEASANT
HEAVY	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	LIGHT
IMPERSONAL	___	:	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	PERSONAL
WARM	___	:	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	COOL
TENSE	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	RELAXED
BIG	✓	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	LITTLE
ROUGH	___	:	___	:	___	:	___	:	✓	:	___	:	___	SMOOTH

\*This is a revised version of a talk given at the School of Music, Ohio State University, in April, 1973. A transcription of the entire talk appeared in Music in the Informal School, Keith P. Thompson, Editor, published as Vol. 8, Current Issues in Music Education, Ohio State University. Used by permission.



agreement among people rating the same sound; usually on three or four of the ten scales most of the checkmarks are within one or two spaces of each other. At the least, I have found that this is a good way of focusing on the qualities of sounds and getting people to talk about them.

If ears are underused or, to put it another way, if we are so swamped by sound that we have learned to tune much of it out simply to survive, then it is important to find ways to help people retune their ears. This can be exciting. I've discovered that as the water coming out of the hot water faucet warms up it changes sound. I think this is because there are more, or smaller, air bubbles trapped in hot water than in cold. (There's a good lead into science here!) I mentioned this to the teachers in one of my workshops and the following week one of them came in and said, excitedly, "I heard it!" Well, that's marvellous because it's a complex and subtle sound change in an unexpected place, and this teacher may begin to be aware of such sounds everywhere. That evening we spent a lot of time going through the rooms of the Mountain View Center to find interesting sound-making materials. We ran our fingers up and down venetian blinds and those corrugated glass ventilation plates set in front of windows (try doing this with a variety of objects from pencils to solid chunks of wood instead of fingers -- I think there is the basis for a useful rhythmic instrument here). We dropped marbles into large and small containers. We listened to the sound a vacuum cleaner makes as it labors and "relaxes." I feel that the awareness of sounds which you can cultivate by deliberately listening in unusual places, as well as usual ones, is profoundly musical. The ability to discriminate underlies the ability to listen to music critically.



Now I want to talk about tapping. (A strictly legal kind!) I'm a compulsive tapper and I try hard to turn my friends into tappers too. You've probably all noticed that pot lids make interesting sounds. I sometimes go into a Goodwill store, or the Salvation Army, where they have boxes of lids (I suppose the pots are burned out and people throw away the lids) and sit for half an hour tapping lids to find those with full, rich sounds. I now have about a hundred lids and I have brought along a few of the

best ones. I usually hang them from a clothesline which can be raised and lowered. (See illustration.) They are in order of pitch but don't form a scale. You can, of course, play music on them, and the effect is truly remarkable.

I also tap other things. A couple of years ago I was in an Indian shop near Boulder and saw some ashtrays for \$1.25 each. I tapped them all and chose six having different pitches, five of which do form part of a scale (do, re, me, fa, sol). Water glasses also provide a range of tones even when they're empty. If you buy half a dozen Corning or Libby glasses, the ones that cost about a quarter each, the chances are good that you will have four or five noticeably different pitches even though these are supposedly identical, mass-produced ob-

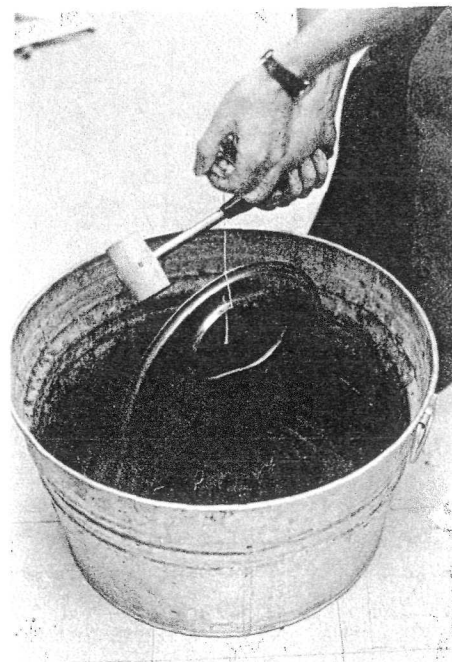
jects. This led me to formulate Kallet's Law: nothing sounds alike! There's some good physics involved in finding out why not, and I'll come back to this in a minute.

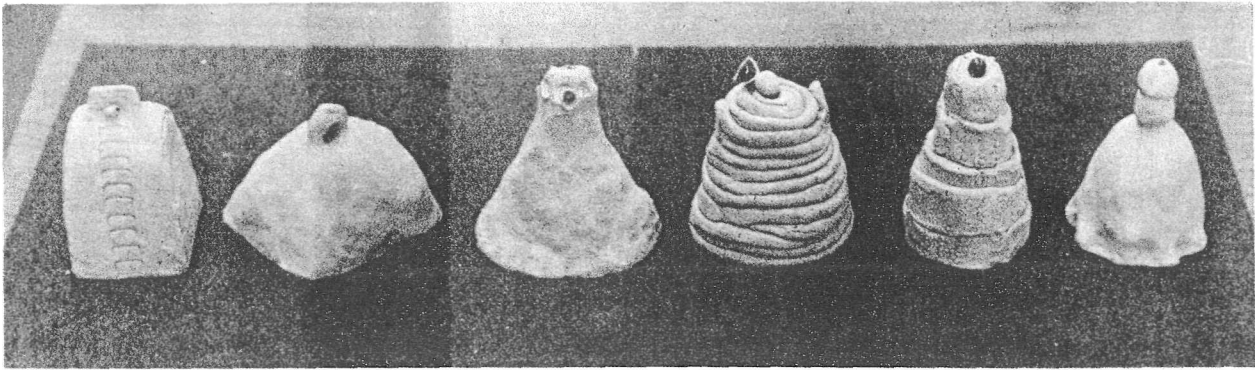
There are other kinds of tapping. You can take a wooden stick such as a thin piece of dowling about eight or ten inches long and tap it against the edge of a table at different places along the length of the stick. This gives a range of pitches and you can make a rather fuzzy melody. A pencil held by the point and tapped will also give you a range of muffled tones as you strike it against the edge of a table. You can make music by snapping your fingers (or a pencil or a spoon or...) against your tightened cheeks, changing the pitch with your mouth. It's really incredible how many things all around us make or can be made to make interesting sounds or even music if you just get into the habit of tapping.

I now want to discuss some other activities involving sounds and music with a particular focus on the way these can lead into other areas of exploration. I don't want to imply that all these activities should go on in all school music programs, but I do want to call your attention to them as examples of starting points which can lead outward. (I'm sure there are activities in other areas of the curriculum which can lead into sounds and music, too.)

I wonder if you have ever noticed what happens to the sound of a pot lid if you dip it into water after striking it? I know I hadn't until one of our staff members called my attention to her accidental discovery. I have a fine gong, called the Waste King Universal Garbage Disposal Lid! It weighs about three pounds and if you hit it with a rubber hammer, the kind used in repairing dents in car bodies, it reverberates for about a minute. Listen to what happens when I strike the lid and dip the edge of it into water; the pitch drops! Other nice things happen -- you get a fine wave pattern on the surface of the water, the sound dies out more quickly -- but the pitch drop really amazed me, and it amazes most people. One of my most vivid recollections from the past few years at the Mountain View Center is of the chairman of the physics department of a famous Eastern university who was visiting us. He became intrigued by the pitch drop, got down on his hands and knees, and spent about half an hour trying to predict what the interval of the drop would be for lids of different sizes. His conclusion was that "It's a very difficult problem." It's a real problem in the transmission of sound and it doesn't bother me too much that I don't understand any of the many explanations I've been given because I know that the question of why the pitch drops is a good question. Very few people, including some physicists, have had the correct intuition about this phenomenon. They know that the sound will die out more quickly when the lid is in the water but they are as surprised as I was about the pitch drop.

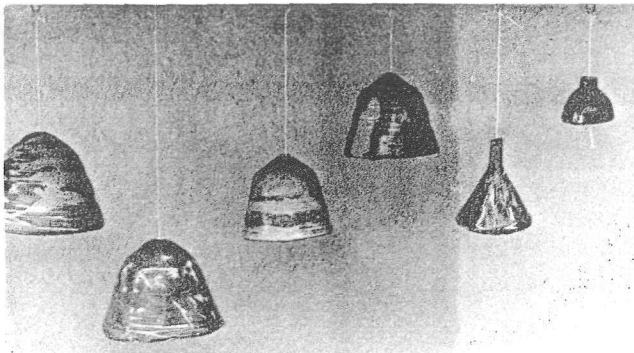
One of my favorite examples of branching out arose from these pot lids. If you just look at some lids, without hitting them, it's hard to predict which will have high pitches and which





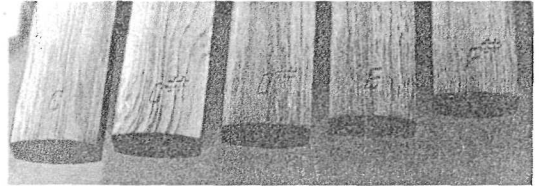
will have low pitches. I found it surprising for a long time that a heavier lid could have a higher pitch than a lighter one. My intuition said that it should be the other way around. A couple of years ago I visited a bell foundry in England where they make bells for church and municipal carillons. I watched and listened as a bell was tuned. They scraped off some of the bronze from the inside of the bell, using a lathe. I said to myself, "If you scrape metal away you make the bell lighter and the pitch will go up." A good guess -- but wrong! The pitch went down. This really threw me and now I can see that I was relying, inappropriately, on my experience with stringed instruments where the heavier, thicker strings have the lower pitches. You can use the analogy of a string, but not in that way; instead, you have to think of the effect of tension on a string. The tighter the string, the higher the pitch. Apparently a thick piece of metal acts like a tight string with respect to pitch -- being tighter it is less free to vibrate, therefore moves a shorter distance at a higher frequency, thus producing a higher pitch. With this background in mind I suggested to some teachers that we make some clay bells of equal weight but of varying sizes, thicknesses, and shapes. We each started with two hundred grams of clay -- this seemed a manageable amount -- and agreed to use it all in making our bells. When the finished bells were fired they weighed about 140 grams, and if you look at the ones I've brought along (illustration) you'll see that we got quite a variety. You can't see the thickness too well, and the shape probably has an effect on pitch, too. But close examination suggests that the main factor in producing different pitches is thickness -- and we got an amazing range. The lowest-pitched bell (far left), which interestingly both looks and sounds a little like a small cowbell, gives an E-flat. The highest bell (far right) gives a G, two octaves and a third up.

So, we started with a question which arose in the music lab, got onto some physics, and moved into the art room. You could take this a lot further than we did. You might, for example, try making a tuned scale of clay bells. You could decorate the bells. You could (and some teachers did) cast clay bells by pouring slip casting clay into plaster of paris molds made from glasses, funnels, etc. (Illustration.) You could easily get into the long history of



and the kinds of music they have made around the world. Music, physics, art and craft, history -- pretty clearly this is the kind of coming-together, or leading-out, that you want to have happening in open classrooms. While these bells were made by teachers, some second graders in Boulder have also successfully undertaken clay bell building.

I've long been interested in scales. Exploring scales adequately means that you need not only a suitable instrument but also plenty of time and a quiet place to take the instrument. I don't think you can understand a scale by having it demonstrated, playing it once or twice, learning the intervals, or even learning a piece of music written in that scale. You need to live with the scale, fool around with it. In addition to major and minor scales I've used the pentatonic, of course, and the whole-tone and chromatic scales. A year or so ago I had a letter from John Holt who, in addition to writing and lecturing on education, is an avid amateur musician. He said that he thought he had invented a new scale, which consisted of alternating half and whole tones -- for example, C, C-sharp, D-sharp, E, F-sharp, G, A, A-sharp, C. Years after "discovering" this scale he found out that Rimsky-Korsakov had composed music using it. Since I don't have a proper name for the scale I've been calling it the Holtsky-Korsakov scale! A good way to set it up is to rearrange the bars on a chromatic xylophone. (Illustration.) The ideal instrument, which I have in my music lab, is the Studio 49 alto-soprano chromatic xylophone which has a range of two-and-a-half chromatic octaves. Unfortunately, this instrument costs about three hundred dollars. If you have a nonchromatic xylophone and want to experiment with this scale you can probably purchase the necessary extra bars separately. I've also discovered that by removing the D from a C-major xylophone and substituting F-sharp and B-flat for F and for B (many good xylophones come with these extra bars so that they can be used in the keys of G and F) you get a partial version of the scale with some of the same properties. And these properties are spectacular. This is a scale in which it is hard to produce discord. I've had as many as four people improvising at once using it (the only guidance being a steady rhythmic framework) with intriguing results. The music may sound exotic, or just "different," but it doesn't sound "wrong." Since our ears have few expectations of this kind of scale they accept many combinations and progressions which result from almost random playing.



A scale like this can lead in many directions within the field of music. A few teachers have become interested in the theory of scales because of their experience with this one -- why doesn't it sound "wrong" or discordant? This is something older children might also get involved in. A useful concept for thinking about it is that of musical tension. The whole-tone scale is a zero-tension scale; it has no tonic, all intervals are alike, and there is no tendency for a given note to resolve to another. The half-whole scale, the Holtsky-Korsakov scale, is a little less tension-free but a lot more interesting as a result. You might say that while the whole-tone scale has no leading tones (such as B to C in the C-major scale) the half-whole scale has so many that they don't stand out prominently. From observations such as these, from a simple demonstration such as playing a C-major scale and stopping on B, you can get quite a long way into what it is that pulls a piece of music along. I recommend an excellent book called The Structure of Music by Robert Erickson, published in paper by Noonday Press. I read this first about fifteen years ago and I haven't been the same since! Erickson analyzes music from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the present day in terms of the concept of tension, a concept I've found as useful in my own thinking and teaching as any I've come across.

A fascinating instrument to explore with both adults and children is the Appalachian dulcimer. This instrument has the great virtue that you can play it by putting one finger on one string, behind a fret, and dragging a finger of your right hand, or a pick, across the strings. It's a friendly, approachable instrument, much easier to fool around with than a guitar. It is fretted in the mixolydian mode (that is, G up to G on the white notes of the piano) and, since this is not a chromatic fretting, you can't easily modulate. This makes it more suitable for some songs than for others and, once again, can lead to some interesting questions in music theory. The dulcimer can be played in a number of ways. You can strum it, use a pick, strike the strings (the top end of a Paper Mate pen is just the right weight!), use a single moving note and two or three drone strings (there are both three- and four-string dulcimers), make chords, etc. It's explorable and open. And it's another instrument you want to take off into a quiet place and get to know. You can try different tunings, experiment with tight or loose strings. (I tell people that if they don't occasionally break a string by over-tightening it they aren't experimenting freely enough -- the strings are banjo strings and they are cheap.)

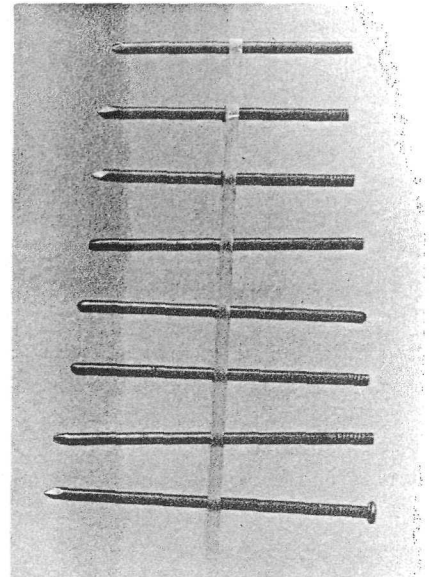
Another fine instrument for experimentation is a drum, which I suppose is among the commonest instruments found in schools. There's some interesting science in drums. If you put a couple of handfuls of rice on a drumhead and strike the drum repeatedly but softly the rice will distribute itself into a pattern. If you locate the places where the grains congregate and the places they "avoid" and strike the drum in those regions you'll find that the sound differs. Why? Good question! It's a mistake to hit a drum in only one way or with only one kind of beater. Drums can produce many kinds of sounds. You might want to involve one of your colleagues from the science department in exploring the drum -- and in investigating other questions that arise throughout the fields of sound and music.



There are a couple of other instruments I've found exciting. One is derived from an African instrument the name of which I don't know. It's easy to make and is about the cheapest instrument I know of. Get a thick cardboard tube, the kind fabric shops throw away, and into it drive a lot of nails, a hundred or more. I use box nails that are just a little shorter than the inside diameter of the tube. Cork one end (or use a wad of paper and some Scotch tape) and put into the tube -- well, just about anything small enough to fall through the nails: rice, dried peas or beans, gravel, marbles, etc. Close the other end and shake! The objects will take quite a while to fall through the nails and they make a fine sound onto which you can impose a rhythm as you shake the instrument. These instruments can provide a rhythm for moving, for dancing (this may well have been their original use), and they can also be used by the dancers themselves. The instruments can be decorated or left plain -- I left these plain (illustration) to show the pattern of the nails. There's no need to put the nails in in a regular pattern; I found it pleasing to follow the spiral of the tubes. Finally, try listening to the tubes through a stethoscope, pressing it against one end as the objects inside fall. A stethoscope is a useful piece of equipment in a music room provided you are careful not to listen to loud sounds which can be very painful. If you have a stethoscope, be sure to get a Slinky and mount it

so that it hangs freely, just touching the floor, from a metal plate. Press the stethoscope against the plate, or against the coils of the Slinky itself, and be ready for a surprising sound, one which has been variously described as sounding "prehistoric" (by a ten-year-old) or as coming from outer space, as being "underwater" or as resembling a Moog synthesizer.

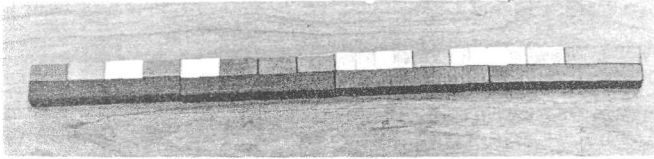
Many people have made metal xylophones by cutting lengths of pipe, or electrical conduit tubing, and mounting the cut and tuned lengths on soft rubber or felt. Not as many people may know that if you sort through a few ten-inch nails, pinching each tightly at its balance point and striking it with a wooden mallet (or an ever-handly pen), you are likely to find one with a pitch very close to a true "A." You can then cut other nails successively shorter and produce the A-major scale. The critical factor is the pinching which damps out a lower, muffled tone and leaves an exceptionally clear, ringing sound two octaves and a third higher. The pinching can be achieved with a tight rubber band or with a quarter-inch section of surgical tubing. The cut and pinched nails can be mounted in one of several ways. In the one I have the nails are inserted into holes drilled in a strip of Plexiglas so that they are held firmly by the rubber in the center. (Illustration.) The Plexiglas can be replaced by wood. Each nail could be hung from a string which was attached to the rubber. Finally, the nails could be set in V-shaped grooves cut into a board which was mounted vertically, the rubber pieces holding the nails firmly at the bottom of the V. By the way, the nails are easily cut with a sabre saw and can then be fine-tuned by grinding on an electric grindstone.



The music and rhythm of words has been explored by music teachers for years. It forms an important part of Carl Orff's pedagogy. I want to call your attention to an excellent little book which contains 40,000 American place names, an incredible trove of riches to play with and to use for many purposes besides musical ones. It's called National Zip Codes and costs a dollar. Just looking at Ohio I've picked out the following names which march off the tongue in fine formation: Magnetic Springs, Mechanicsville, Pepper Pike, Winkle; Sarahsville, Sinking Spring, Put in Bay, Shade! That list cries out to be chanted or sung, done in canonic form, rearranged, played with. Of course, picking up phrases and chanting or singing them can be done any time. My mother and I used to have long singing conversations about such mundane matters as missing sweaters and cleaning my room. A few years ago I was working with some teachers in Vermont on the rhythm of words. One of them told me that one day she and her children had been sitting on the lawn, shelling beans. Suddenly one of the children started chanting, "Green beans, August fourth, nineteen-sixty-three; green beans, August fourth, nineteen-sixty-three." Words form an important part of the world of sounds we live in and their sound value, entirely apart from their meaning, should certainly be a source of pleasure.

Finally, I've been experimenting with the use of Cuisenaire Rods to represent rhythm -- a good excuse for getting together with the mathematicians. If

you set out a row of brown rods, which are eight centimeters long, and let each of them represent one measure you can put down on top or alongside them white (one centimeter), red (two centimeters) and purple (four centimeters) to represent by their lengths the values of notes in the measure. (Illustration.)



The nice thing is that you don't have to get into the names of the notes' values. In fact, I've often found that if I point to a pattern of rods and hand someone two tone sticks they will start beating out the rhythm without my saying anything. A red is twice as long as a white and so they

can stand in the relation of quarter to eighth, eighth to sixteenth, half to quarter, etc. The brown rod could be a four-four measure, a two-two measure, a two-four measure, etc. Similarly, a dark green rod could represent a three-four measure, with the reds as quarter notes, or a six-eight measure with the whites as eighth notes. I haven't done any work with children using the rods but it seems to me it should be a worthwhile halfway house between simply making rhythms and writing them down in formal notation. The rods have the advantage of not being arbitrary. While there are only historical reasons why a hollow note with a stem lasts twice as long as a filled note with a stem, it is easy to see why the red rod should represent a note held twice as long as the white rod and to translate this perception first into patterns of sound and later into formal notation. If you then draw a large staff on a piece of paper and lay it flat on the table you can put the rods on the lines and spaces and have a fully notated composition.

Well, I think I'll call a halt. There's a lot more I could say but there's also a lot I'd like to hear from you. I hope I've said enough to give you some starting points for your own thinking and experimentation. Good luck!

### THREE MOUNTAIN VIEW ARTISTS

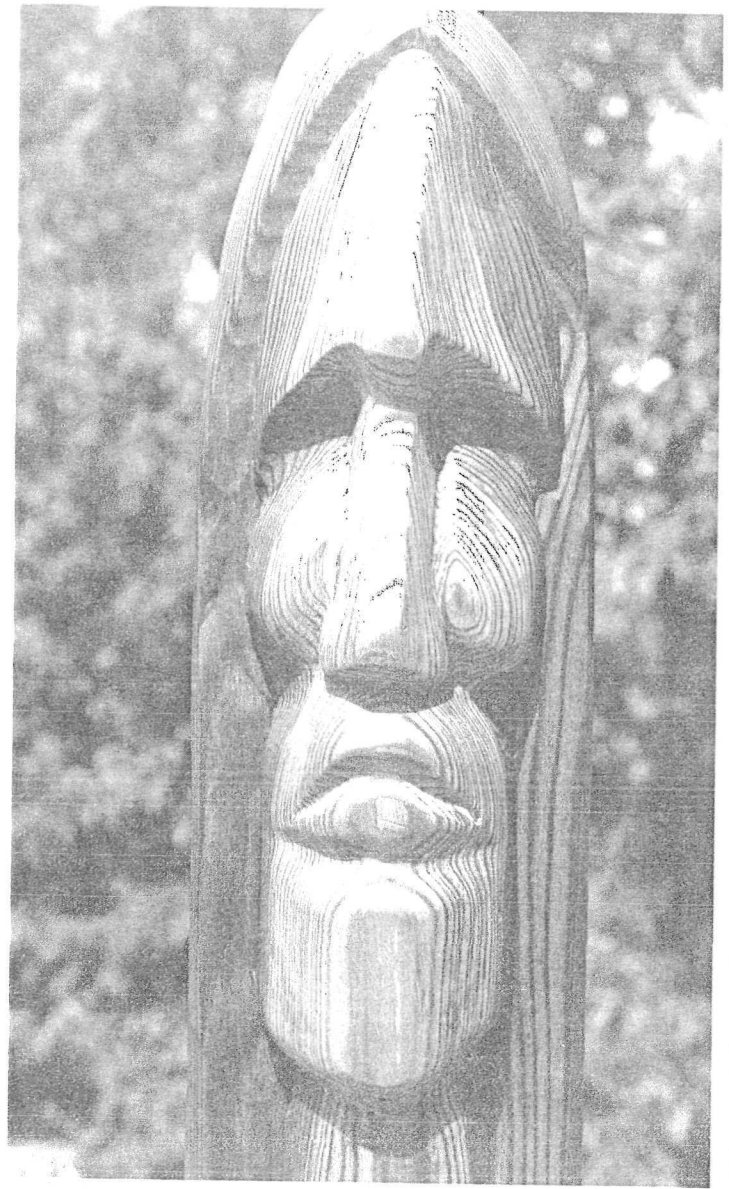
Through happy circumstance the Mountain View Center has been "home" to three artists during the past year. Jane Richtmyer has been on the Mountain View staff since the Center was established. Cecil Apple and John Denne are more recent arrivals in our midst and have found time to use our facilities to work on their sculpture and pottery while carrying out their other tasks. We have taken pleasure both in the art and in the presence of these gifted artists and want to share some of their work with our readers. The sculpture is by Mr. Apple, the pottery by Mr. Denne, and the painting and weaving by Mrs. Richtmyer.

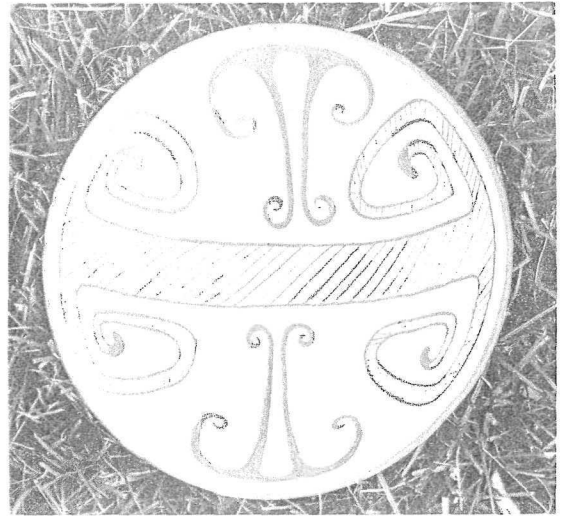
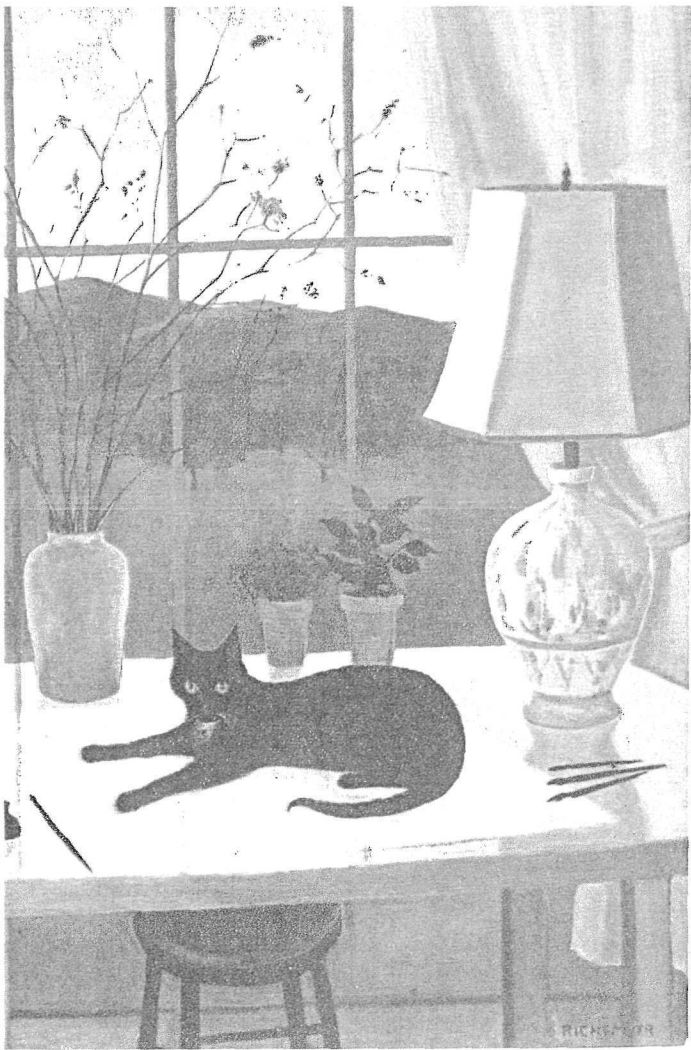
Cecil Apple was born in Kyle, South Dakota. He went to the Red Cloud Indian School in Pine Ridge where he started to paint. He was a student in the VISTA program on the Pine Ridge Reservation and was able to continue his work in art, branching out into silk-screen and other methods of printing. In the fall of 1972 he received a scholarship at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe where he did his first sculpture. He is now in his junior year in the Fine Arts Department at the University of Colorado where he is concentrating on sculpture, working in wood and stone. During the past year he has been an assistant at the Mountain View Center.

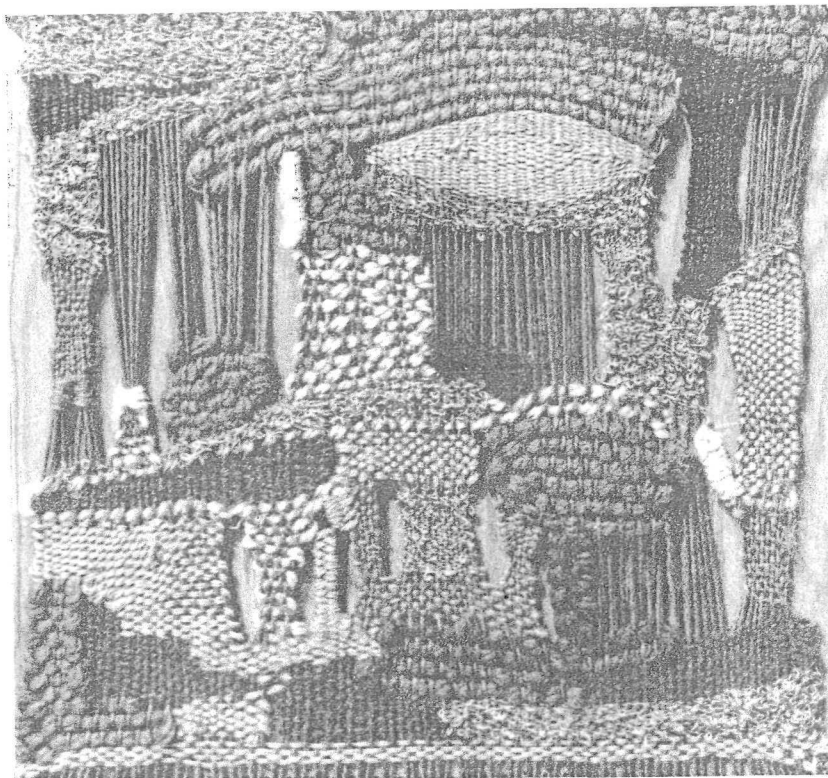
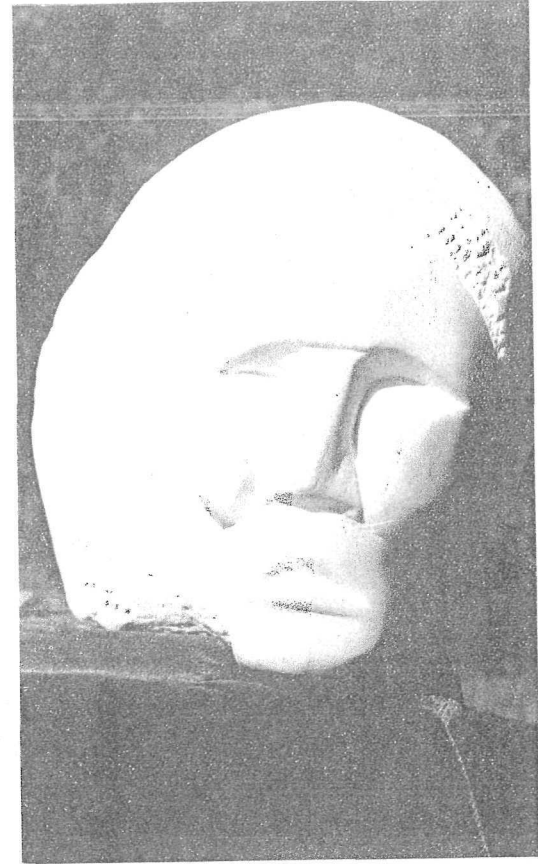
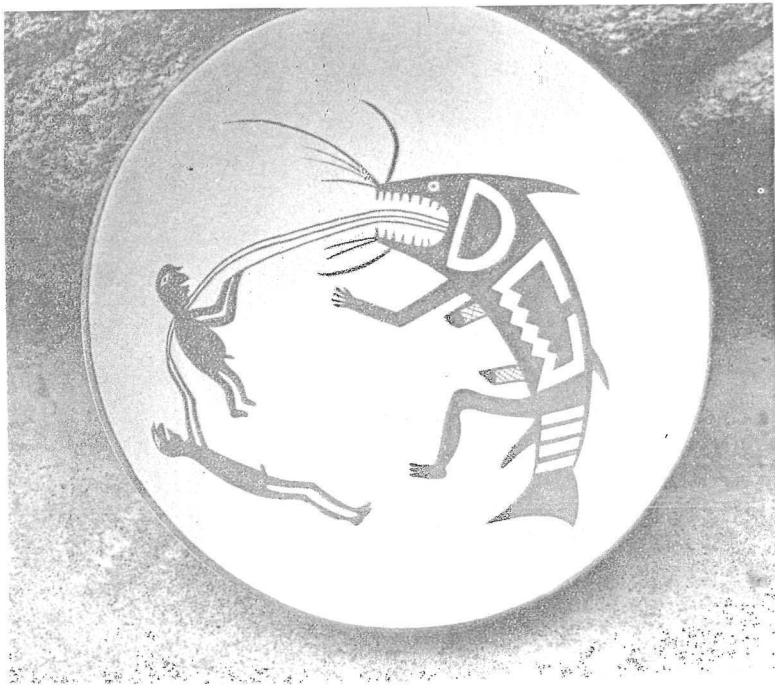
John Denne was born in St. Louis but grew up in Colorado. He majored in anthropology at Colorado State University and at the University of Colorado. Part-time work at the Denver Museum of Natural History led to an interest in continuing professional work in museology. In 1972 he began work on an M.A. in sociology, taking part in a field-oriented program. He also served with ACTION (part of VISTA/Peace Corps), working at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. His work with the Oglala Sioux was then funded by the Mountain View Center and at a Learning Center on the reservation he did extensive work in pottery, building a fuel-oil kiln. He has been an assistant at the Mountain View Center for the past year. He writes: "Exhibits and collections of pre-historic Indian pottery, combined with courses in archeology and ethnography, led me to experiment with coil and scrape pottery. I have endeavored to re-create pottery shapes of the past, incorporating traditional Anasazi and Mogollon black-on-white designs. I have achieved some proficiency at this elusive blend of artisan and technician."

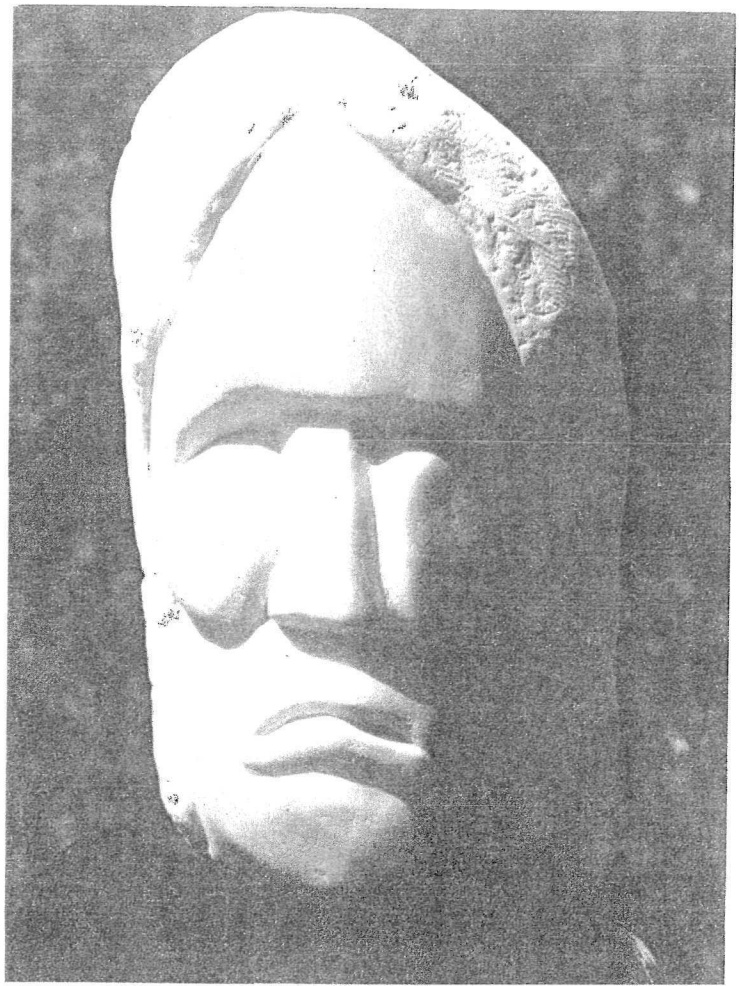
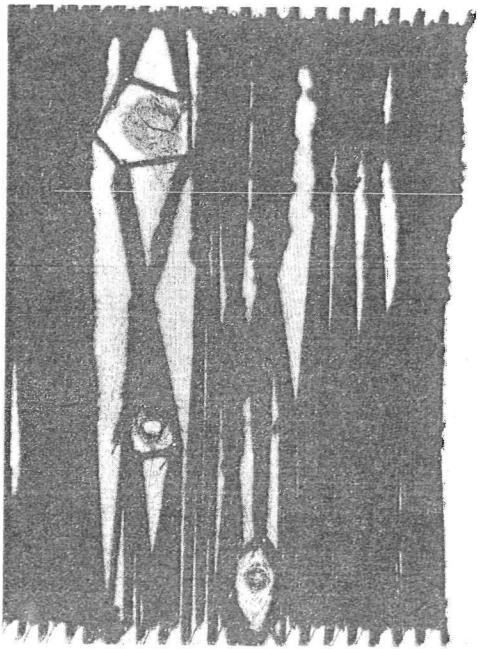
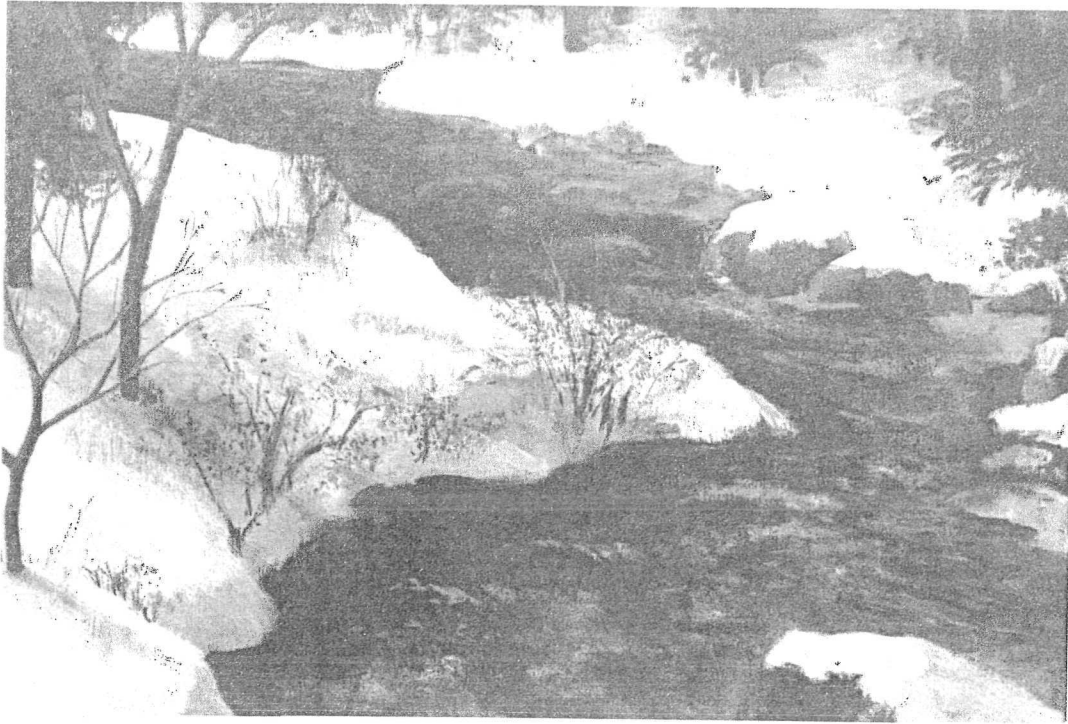
Jane Richtmyer was born in Idaho and grew up in New England. She attended Smith College, The Boston Museum School of Fine Arts, New York University, and the Art Students' League in New York. For many years she lived in New York City working at an assortment of jobs unrelated to art. But as an amateur she has always enjoyed drawing, painting and print-making. On joining the staff of the Mountain View Center, she began to learn something about weaving and its history in North and South America in order to help children and teachers get started on the beginnings of this fascinating art. In an after-school center she helps children with weaving, puppet-making, and reading, and provides the materials for painting which they do "prolifically, with great verve and little instruction."

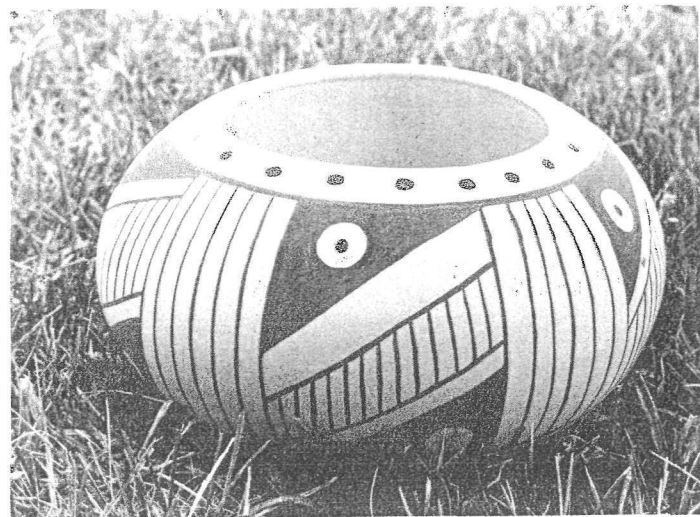
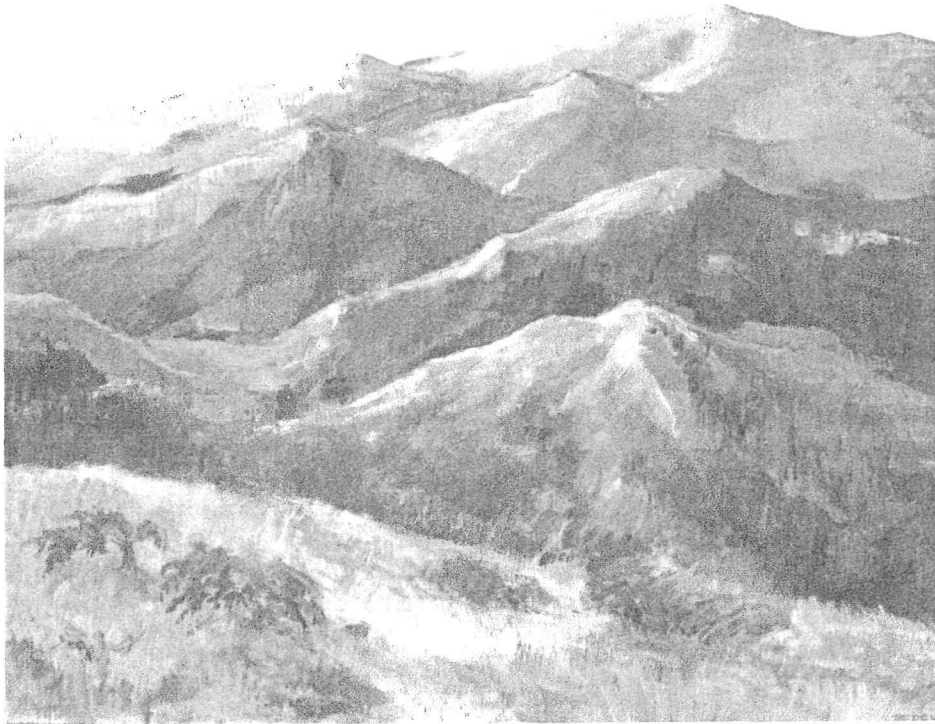
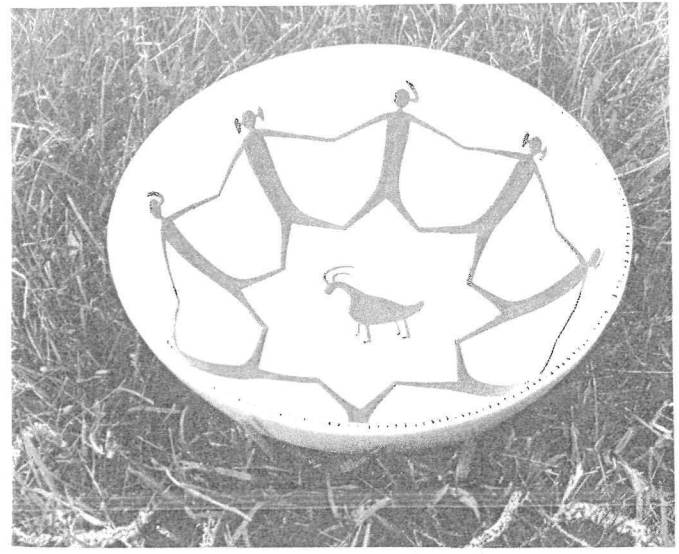












LEAVES FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY: TWO KIDS "WHO'LL NEVER READ"

Jean Katzenberg

September 21

For Allen W. (10) books are the enemy. I can imagine him crouched behind a desk, rifle in hand, taking potshots as a book comes into view. Bright, articulate, responsive to people and animals, how did he get that way? His lawyer father says it's "dyslexia."

September 22

The dictionary defines dyslexia as "an impairment of the ability to read due to a brain defect." But do we know how it starts, if it comes with birth or under emotional strain? Like an eating or toilet problem, mightn't it happen to a vulnerable child who's somehow too scared to see straight?

My aim with Allen is simply to make friends -- let him wander, feed our animals, handle math materials.

October 12

It'll be a long haul with John P. He needs lots of time with blocks, paints, scrap wood for boats and planes, a chance to talk with friends. When I attempt to get him to read he yawns, looks off into the distance. In a short, simple English picture book we must have reviewed one word alone fifty times -- and no recognition. John's almost seven, easily frightened, has no confidence at all. A specialist talks of "brain dysfunction." Another Allen?

October 21

Most kids will learn to read in the normal course of events...if we help, encourage, and don't press. But Allen W. and John P. are bewildering exceptions. Different as day and night, Allen is apple-cheeked and athletic, John, pale and vulnerable. They are alike only in their allergy to books.

November 12

I try unsuccessfully to capture Allen's attention for academic work. He trusts me enough to share a few confidences -- his enjoyment of bicycling and basketball, for instance.

Just today he surprised me by copying a class-written story perfectly from the blackboard. I sent it home with him.

November 18

Got a three-page detailed letter from Allen's father. He sounds suspicious of my encouraging reports about Allen. He cited three physicians and umpteen tests which prove Allen "indubitably dyslexic." If he is, what am I to do -- expect nothing and very likely get nothing?

December 8

Old hat: fire hats. The Fire Department gave them to the kids after a long talk about fire prevention. We followed up, Primary fashion, with a trip to the fire station. John was uncommonly interested. Back in school he dictated a detailed report showing unusual comprehension. We were both happy. The fog lingers, though, in his reading and math. Are connections crossed in John's brain? Does he see words and numbers the way the rest of us do? Would there be a difference if he had more faith in himself?

January 7

Allen has sunk back again, gerbil-gazing. Afraid, perhaps, of success. I've been so hamstrung by him and his father that I tried something unorthodox -- offering a present if he'd read a book once attempted. Allen considered thoughtfully, then answered.

"It's a deal, but I don't want a present. What I'd really like...is lunch at your house."

"Fine. And the menu?" I asked.

"Just a hamburger. And a glance later at your greenhouse."

"When we finish the book," I stipulated.

January 11

Allen did it! Every word of the book, slow and painstaking but read -- unmistakably; he even repeated a portion for Mrs. B., who was amazed. Then Allen and I drove off to lunch.

We had a great time with hamburgers, our plants, and our cat, and decided to keep our visit a secret. I couldn't resist a glowing note about Allen's achievement to his dad.

January 12

When his father listened, Allen couldn't read. Oh Lord!

January 18

The end of the line. Allen's father had him checked at a school for dyslexics and -- as I might have predicted -- he failed their reading tests.

Now he's been transferred permanently and there's not a darn thing can be done about it. I ask myself: Just who was threatened by the book Allen read? His father? The specialists? The school for dyslexics?

Will that charming, bright boy go through life an illiterate with perhaps a memory of a hamburger, plants in a greenhouse, a teacher's cat, and a book he really read?

February 5

John seems to learn only by sounds. I don't fancy an exclusively phonic approach but it seems the only system for John. He goes "a" "at," "ba" "bat," "cat," "mat," laboriously, looking anxiously at me for approval. Then he yawns to escape.

February 12

John and I are inching into new sounds. We took out the anagrams so he could put together his handful of words. Luckily the rest of the class was well occupied with storybooks, math games, carpentry, records and tapes, permitting us extra time.

March 8

John never forgot that trip to the fire station. Today he built a model of it out of scrap wood. I typed up his description and we glued it to the station.

Later I made a second copy of what he'd said, cut out the individual words, scrambled them, and asked John to identify them. He knew every single word -- and put them in correct order, to boot.

April 4

John dictated a delightful tale about a fireman to his mother. I copied it on the typewriter, separating each incident and pasting them in a homemade blank book. Members of the class volunteered to illustrate it page by page, and we're all proud. Of course, the proudest is John, who can read every word of his story.

It's been a long, arduous effort for both of us. But, no question now -- John reads.



THE INFORMED VISION

ESSAYS ON LEARNING AND HUMAN NATURE

David Hawkins

The Informed Vision: Essays on Learning and Human Nature by David Hawkins, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Colorado and Director of the Mountain View Center, has just been published by Agathon Press.

These essays appeared originally in more than a dozen publications over a ten year period and are collected here for the first time. Dr. Hawkins has written introductory notes to each essay. These notes set the essays in relation to one another, bring them up to date as necessary, and point out ways in which ideas in them have been reinforced or modified with time. The essays gain through proximity and through the linking comments.

Included are the following essays:

Childhood and the Education of Intellectuals	On Living in Trees
I-Thou-It	Development as Education
Mathematics, Practical and Impractical	On Understanding the Under- standing of Children
Messing About in Science	Nature, Man, and Mathema- tics
The Bird in the Window	Statement on Environmental Education
John Dewey Revisited	Mind and Mechanism in Education
Human Nature and the Scope of Education	

The Informed Vision

The Informed Vision, cloth, \$7.95, may be obtained at your book seller or by order from Agathon Press, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. Please include payment.

THE LOGIC OF ACTION: YOUNG CHILDREN AT WORK

Frances Pockman Hawkins

Since its publication in 1969 by the Elementary Science Advisory Center, predecessor of the Mountain View Center, The Logic of Action has sold nearly 8000 copies without advertising or bookstore distribution. We are pleased to announce that on October 1st, 1974 Pantheon Press will publish a new edition of The Logic of Action in both hardcover and paper. Frances Hawkins has written a new introduction and there are minor revisions in the text but the book remains essentially the same, including the photographs taken by Claire Grusin.

Here are some comments that have been made about The Logic of Action:

Those likely to read it with the greatest interest are the growing number of teachers and parents concerned with developing alternatives to formal teaching. They will find that it has one virtue that few books about schools and classrooms possess: it really is about what an adult has to contribute to children's learning.

Joseph Featherstone

While the action takes place among children who not only are from a deprived neighborhood but have a physical handicap (hard-of-hearing to deaf) the situations described are directly applicable to other situations.

The Instructor

...an extraordinarily interesting and important book....Mrs. Hawkins describes the wide variety of materials she brought to the class and the things she and the children did with them. She does so in detail and with great perception, vividness, and life....The photos in this book are especially lovely, among the best pictures of children I have ever seen.

John Holt

The Logic of Action: Young Children at Work by Frances Pockman Hawkins is available at bookstores. Hardcover, \$7.95. Paper, \$2.95.

As in the past, all royalties from the sale of this book will continue to be used for the advancement of children's education.

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