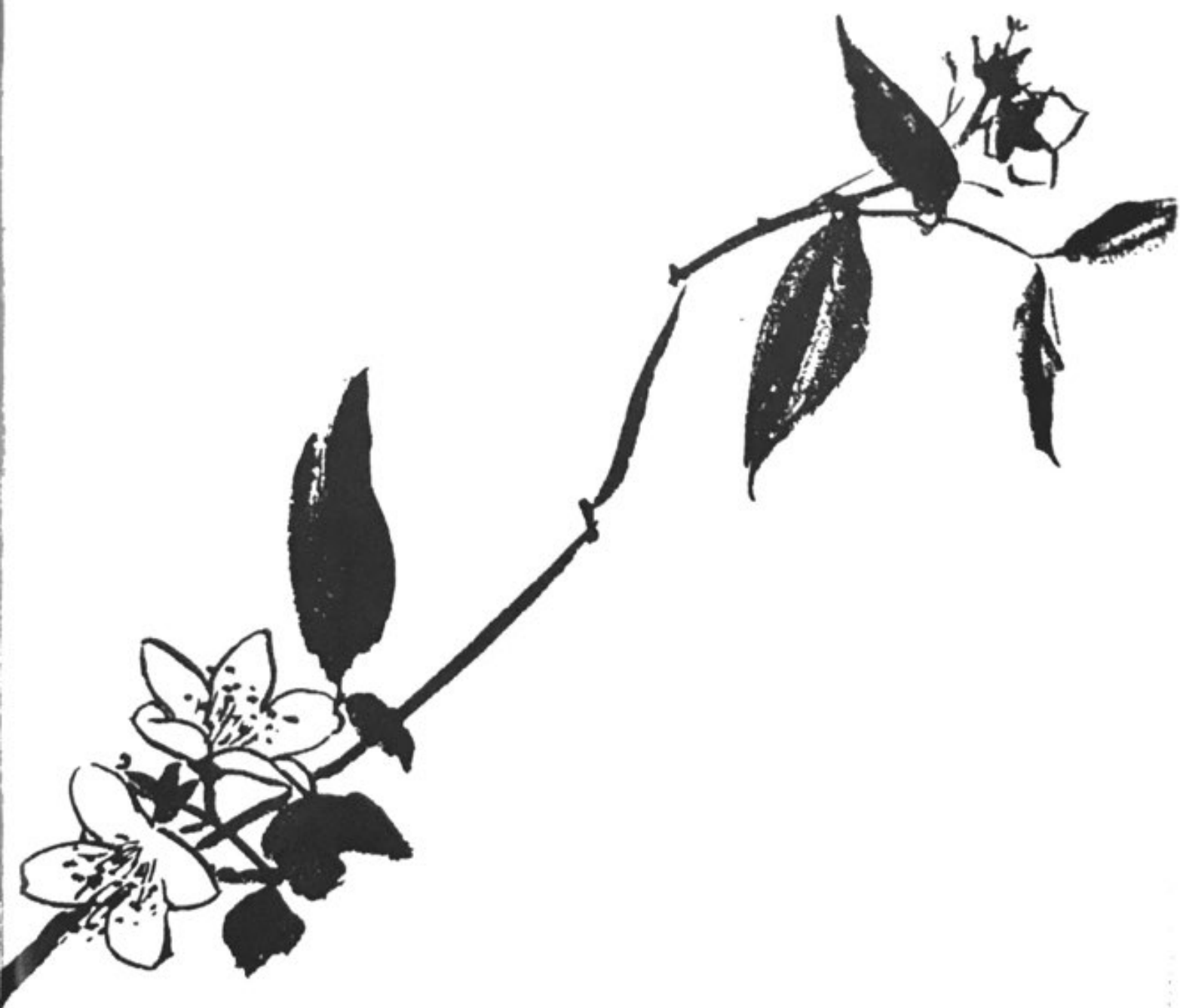


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EDITOR'S NOTE

Masayoshi Kataoka

In the summer of 1972 Dr. Glenn Doman, director of the Institutes for Achievement of Human Potential and a pioneer in the education of brain-injured children, visited Matsumoto to meet Mr. Suzuki. We are pleased to introduce his conversation with Mr. Suzuki and Mr. Suzuki's article on Dr. Doman's achievements. In the article Mr. Suzuki says, "As long as they are skillfully inspired, brain-injured children can grow. Every child grows. Please try hard."

Mr. Suzuki's article "The Skill of Inspiring Children to Practice" provides detailed instructions for parents and teachers. We must master every one of these points.

"A candle in the Heart" is a collection of writings by youths in the Matsumoto juvenile detention home. Mr. Suzuki visits there several times each year to help these unfortunate young people. We would like to introduce two of their moving essays on Dr. Suzuki's book, Nurtured by Love, from the Japanese magazine, Talent Education.

Training of memory is at the heart of education. The article "Repetition: Training of Memory" by Mr. Shigeki Tanaka offers detailed guidelines for stimulating the child's ability to memorize.

DR. DOMAN'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

Shin'ichi Suzuki

Left to their own devices, brain-injured children have no choice but to spend a sad, helpless, unfortunate life. However, Dr. Doman has demonstrated with many examples that such children, depending upon their upbringing, may even attain normal levels of intellect, ability and physical strength.

By his invaluable experiments over twenty-five years, many brain-injured children were saved. Some, I hear, went to college.

Brain-injured children, too, will grow if we foster them. Today this is a proven fact. Don't we then feel all the more strongly pressed by a responsibility to foster children, renewing our belief that "every child grows; everything depends upon how we raise them."

Dr. Masaaki Honda, trustee of the Talent Education Center, who visited Dr. Doman at his Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, translated his recent writing in the magazine Early Development (June, 1972). Let me quote a passage from it. It reflects Dr. Doman's great personality:

I have watched the fascinating process by which the brain-injured child pounds his way up impossible waterfalls against enormous odds. For more than a quarter century I have been a privileged observer of the brain-injured child trying to crawl across a room on his belly, moving against

paralysis, against uncontrollable and unwanted movements, with incomplete vision, incomplete hearing, incomplete sensation, using fingernails, his toenails, his teeth, using even the uncontrolled and unwanted movement if this chaotic flopping happens to push him forward and struggling onward against it when it pushes him backward.

Although I have watched this Olympian struggle on the part of a tiny child thousands of times, I remain forever involved as I sit silently watching. My knuckles whiten, my nails dig deep into my palms, I bite my lips, I am drenched in perspiration, I strain forward in my chair trying to push this heroic little child forward by my will if not by my prayers. Ten minutes pass and the struggle to crawl twenty feet continues and the tension increases as the child, against overwhelming odds, approaches the wall which is his goal. In my heart I cheer for him. I am not religious, but I pray for him. By God, I ask myself, why does he continue to try to gain so little at such cost in superhuman effort? But, by God, how I do admire this endlessly determined little bundle of terribly hurt humanity.

His hand flies out and touches the wall and the room explodes in wild applause. My office is filled with joy; parents, graduate students, physicians, staff are on their feet applauding, laughing, congratulating, and I find my own eyes wet with emotion for this little child. Not for a moment do I feel pity, which is a cheap and plentiful emotion; it is admiration which moves me

to tears and, more than that, it is respect which courses down my cheek.

Dr. Doman's worthy efforts over twenty-five long years toward the education of brain-injured children demonstrate the awe-inspiring power of life. How to skillfully stimulate a strong desire to grow, I think, is the crux for stirring that great power of life. As long as they are skillfully inspired, brain-injured children can grow. Every child must grow. Please try hard.

* * * * *

Please stop saying, "my child somehow doesn't want to practice." Stop passing day after day without trying to inspire your child. Don't give up. Think, "brain-injured children can grow. There is no reason why my child can't grow." A center for parents and teachers to study how to inspire and foster children-- that is the Talent Education Center. Please, talk to your teacher, talk to us, and discuss how to grow together, how to inspire your child. Whenever I accept a student, before I start I tell myself: "I won't allow myself not to foster him well."

* * * * *

I have come to firmly believe in the awesome and beautiful power of life. Some people criticize teachers for poor instruction. But remember our association is for fostering children through the combined responsibility of parents and teachers. It's not allowed for parents to foolishly blame their own failure on teachers. Please demonstrate to the world the fact that every child grows by the cooperation of both teachers and parents. Our mission is not to drop behind Dr. Doman in inspiring and foster-

ing our children, who are not brain-injured, with a shared resolution that "we won't allow ourselves not to foster our children well."

You, too, please resolve: "I won't allow myself not to foster my child well."

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"Man is a child of the environment."

"Sound breathes life—
Without form it lives."

"Strings are mindless
They only sing forth the heart
Of those who ring them out."

—words of Shin'ichi Suzuki

MR. SUZUKI TALKS WITH DR. DOMAN

On July 1, 1972, I was able to have Dr. Doman and Mr. Suzuki talk at the Talent Education Hall. Dr. Masaaki Honda was the interpreter.

Shigeki Tanaka

When did you hear about Mr. Suzuki?

DOMAN: Ten years ago. Ever since then, I have been wishing to meet Mr. Suzuki. I heard about him from many people, and instinctively thought he was correct. I knew it from my long experience even before seeing the reality. Though it may sound like an exaggeration, I have thought that only we two would be able to save the children of the world. Using completely different materials, we have proved the wonderful theory that children's ability grows, Mr. Suzuki with the violin, and I with reading. And that on the opposite sides of the globe, which is really wonderful.

So, for ten long years, I have thought I had to come to Matsumoto and meet this man. I am truly happy to see him today. Let me also cordially invite him to visit our institutes in Philadelphia.

SUZUKI: Thank you very much. I heard about you from Dr. Honda two years ago, about your miraculous work of fostering brain-injured children, and I have been waiting for your visit. I would like to offer you my great respect and gratitude.

I have argued that every child grows, but have not said that brain-injured children also

grow. Now that you have shown that they also grow, I realize to what a limited extent I have fostered normal children. I criticize myself for insufficient education. If insufficient education is culpable, then it's outrageous to spoil children—I would like to strongly appeal to our society on this point. I pay great respect to Dr. Doman who carried out powerful experimentation.

I have repeated that ability grows in accordance in response to the great life-seeking power toward external stimuli, that the growth of ability is part of the physiological processes, and that ability is not inborn. You have helped brain-injured children grow despite overwhelming difficulties. You gave me great joy and confidence, and at the same time a chance for self-criticism.

DOMAN: I, too, would like to thank you for many things. Many oppose us, feel hostile toward our efforts to foster brain-injured children. What you've done, Mr. Suzuki, gives us courage, confidence, and encouragement.

SUZUKI: That's what I should be saying to you.

DOMAN: You say that there is no limit to the growth of children's ability. I have been convinced throughout my life of this truth. If there is a limit, that is the limitation of the imaginativity of us adults.

SUZUKI: So right.

DOMAN: If we had higher imaginativity, children would be doing better.

SUZUKI: Even if children were born into as high a culture as ten thousand years hence, if we

were to foster them with the present cultural level, then they would be limited to that level.

DOMAN: Exactly. I believe that children have illimitable potentials which can grow further if only we guide them more effectively.

SUZUKI: I regret to think what a great error mankind has made for a long time. The real problem is not that of races, but simply the problem of human beings. To create a world in which human beings are recognized as perfectly equal with wonderful potential, and in which they respect and trust each other—we must advance our movement toward this goal with all our might. In my view, this must be the basis of preparing a new era. What do you think, Dr. Doman?

DOMAN: I have a friend who insists that religion is not cubic but horizontal. He means that religion relates man with man horizontally. I agree with you that our problem is between man and man. When I become fragile with age, I still would like to repeat the words that the Lord cried in the wilderness (Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself).

SUZUKI: If parents think their children no good, it is they who are in fact no good. If brain-injured children can grow, how is it that your child is no good, isn't it you who spoiled him—I think we must appeal in these strong words to people all over the world.

DOMAN: Exactly. The children are the only ones not responsible. Of course I think parents love their children very much. But specialists often keep children from being

respected. Real professionals like us teach that we must not just love children but respect them.

SUZUKI: Children grow according to the law of ability, and there is no inborn talent. In order to proclaim this clearly to the world, I think there is a need for gathering scholars to a world conference in Philadelphia. What would you say to that? No matter how many years an amateur like me repeats this, people don't believe it. But if scholars from all over the world declare it, it might work.

DOMAN: Right. I would like to do that. No, I must do that. I am planning to hold a world congress for human development finally next year. I would like you to be present to declare to the whole world that "children's ability can be fostered."

SUZUKI: I suppose Japan, too, should send scholars.

DOMAN: If you send me a list of recommended people, I will invite them. However, the first one up is you.

SUZUKI: I'm honored—but I'm just an amateur. You've repeatedly written about how to motivate children. I, too, think parents should really learn to inspire their children skillfully. I am grateful that your book helps them understand it. The teaching method of the mother tongue is almost always successful in motivating children.

DOMAN: Of course that is so. Today in the U. S. people discuss the problem of pollution and waste of water, air, and resources. However,

they are not aware that for many children the resource called the brain is wasted. If you cooperate with us, Mr. Suzuki, people throughout the world will attain greater sympathy and understanding. The reason is that as you probably say in Japan, too, prophets are not well received at home. However, five added to five can achieve more than ten can.

Another thing, I am getting old and feel my duty too big. So I was thinking of finding in Japan young and able people to share my work in many ways. Here I find a young person like you with wonderful ability—what a great boon this is for me. (Laughter.)

SUZUKI: It's decided that my retirement age is a hundred and ten. I'm good for forty more years. Let me work with you. (Laughter.)

Are there places in the U. S. where your method is applied to normal children?

DOMAN: Of course there are many. When I think of you, I realize how much more I have to do. But looking back, I have done a variety of things. The number of children you and I have handled certainly is small compared with the number of the children in the entire world, but if we can find in the future among these few children a method to cure cancer, to prevent war, to prevent the birth of brain-injured children, then we'll be able to say our work was really wonderful.

SUZUKI: Moving hands is important to the development of the brain. At the same time, we don't teach violin, but foster human beings with the violin. Our movement aims at fostering human beings with high sensitivity, not at fostering musicians. The violin, which

requires the most difficult technique, we find, ultimately fosters human beings to a height.

DOMAN: Exactly so. I agree.

SUZUKI: Concerning the problem of education, the state has to awaken and create a policy to change society. I have insisted as an individual for a long time that every child grows, everything depends upon the way of raising. When I went to the U. S., I asked in jest if anybody knew what Coca Cola meant. Nobody knew. So I said, "Okay then, I'll teach you. Coca means 'every child grows,' and Cola means 'everything depends upon how we raise them.' When you see a Coca Cola billboard, please think of this." We all laughed. Coca Cola billboards are conspicuous throughout the world. If we had that much publicity. . . . Regretfully, I have no money [In English]. (Laughter.)

DOMAN: That's a very interesting thought. I'm sure the world will gradually change. It's impressive that you have done so much with no money. Same here, I had no money either. Yet, I have somehow managed to do just this much. So, though it would be better if we had money, I think we'll be able to achieve a great deal, if you and I cooperate.

SUZUKI: I'm at your service.

DOMAN: Our institutes have experienced several economic crises, but each time a strange miracle occurred, and we have managed to survive. I think we'll manage somehow in the future, too.

I don't know about the Japanese government, but the American government spends money on ridiculous things. For example, if we had the money for cleaning all the windows in Washington,

we would be able to help the children of the world.

SUZUKI: In the face of such a great scientific advance as allowing man to journey to the moon, the most important problem of man fostering man is forgotten. How long are we to continue this way? Isn't it time now to start creating an age when all human beings grow with a beautiful heart, a world where there is no war and where people enjoy helping each other?

Scientific progress must be accompanied by the betterment of spiritual life. It is the duty of the people of the world henceforward to think this way.

DOMAN: In response to your very interesting views, Mr. Suzuki, let me tell you about how our institutes came to birth. A long time ago, I sent an invitation to people related to children's development. Among the group of people who gathered in Philadelphia, one had taught children who had lost half their brain as a result of operation, to walk, or to read. Another had taught children to read at a miraculous speed.

I asked each of them on the spot to draw up a budget indicating how much money they would need in order to more perfectly carry out their work. Those who gathered were all capable of carrying through difficult tasks. The only thing lacking was money. When I totalled their budget plans, they amounted to \$ 5 million. Of course we had no such money. I commented that they were wonderful ideas. Nothing else happened that day and they went back to where they belonged.

I read in the newspaper the following morning that it cost \$ 9 million per day for a rocket to fly to the moon. So I phoned up the same people and gathered them once more. I handed the newspaper to each one of them and asked them to read it.

I said: suppose the rocket arrived at the moon half a day earlier, there will be a surplus of the \$ 5 million we need. "Are you eager to do this job regardless of the presence of money" I asked. "Yes, I am," they all answered. Then why don't we start right away, I said, and the institutes were born. And after all it turned out that we ran up a deficit of \$ 5 million or so. (Laughter.)

Thank you very much for talking at length when you must be tired.

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Glenn J. Doman graduated from the University of Pennsylvania School of Physical Therapy in 1940, and was a staff member of the Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia. His research proved that brain-injured children can recover their ability. He received the Roberto Simonsen Award from Brazil, the Gold Medal of Honor of Brazil, as well as Brazil's highest decoration, the Knight Order of the Southern Cross. He has been the director of the Institutes for Achievement of Human Potential, Philadelphia, for the past thirty years. He is the author of How to Teach Your Baby to Read (Random House, 1964; Dolphin Books edition, 1975), What to Do About Your Brain-

injured Child, or Your Brain-damaged, Mentally Retarded, Mentally Deficient, Cerebral-palsied, Spastic, Flaccid, Rigid, Epileptic, Autistic, Athetoid, Hyperactive Child (Doubleday, 1974), and How to Teach Your Baby Maths (Simon and Schuster, 1979).

The earlier period
The better environment
The better teaching method
The more training
The superior instructor.

(Five mottoes of
Talent Education)



REPETITION

Training of Memory

Shigeki Tanaka
Young Children: Everything
 Depends on How We Raise
 Them (no. 5), continued
 from Winter 1980

It is generally thought that "a bright child equals "a child with good memory." It is also thought that to study means to memorize, to try not to forget, and to get good marks on exams. Therefore, if I refer to training of memory, mothers readily agree with me. On the other hand, there is also antipathy toward this trend, especially among teachers. They argue that "it is the worst approach to education, it merely reinforces the mentality of the entrance exam rat race which encourages cramming the undigestible." A psychologist wonders if such things as memory can be trained.

What is memory? That in itself is a great problem. There are at least five or six publications that are written in easy language for the public.

Difficult academic questions aside, for us, memory is life. What if we lose all our memory? We may not even be able to move our body freely. School work like learning to read and write or learning numbers occupies an extremely small portion of the function of memory.

Forgetting is not at all bad, either; it is even indispensable. If we had to remember every inch of our sadness, bitterness, and shame, we would go crazy. Yet, sometimes we

experience the heart rending pain from an occasional vivid recollection which is buried deep down in our memory despite our wish to forget.

According to a doctor's report, a weak electric current through a thin platinum needle in a part of the side lobe of the brain stimulates the memory of an amnesia patient. The patient starts to talk fluently about his experience on a certain day in the past. On checking afterwards, the weather, temperature and so forth are found to coincide with recorded facts.

It may be that all our experiences are retained in our brain as though recorded on microfilm. Only they may be closed by controls over the means of recollection. However, the data in the brain are not altogether useless just because we don't recall them. They are said to have an important function in the world of the unconscious. The great possibility exists that past experiences hoarded in the brain assist us in comprehending our present experiences.

Psychologists explain that young children can mechanically memorize what they don't understand but that they forget quickly too. Retention is difficult. However, I still remember a passage of a kanbun writing, "Mourning for the Old Battlefield," which I memorized as an elementary school student. This is despite the fact that I have never once seen any kanbun since middle school. I can not only correctly recite it but it occurs in my mind with no connection whatsoever. I don't know why it suddenly comes back to me.

How are we to train memory, this strange thing? I must say we are totally in a fog. However, through various experiments in teaching, the following points became clear, though a theoretical explanation has not yet been reached.

(1) What was repeated with interest in early childhood remains as memory throughout one's life. (Therefore, high quality things should be provided.)

(2) Repeated effort and concentration to memorize fosters sensibility and attitude. (When facing something that has to be memorized, there is a clear difference between those who have been trained and those who haven't.)

(3) As a hypothesis, memory remains as traces not only in the side lobe of the big brain but all over the brain including the muscles, old brain tissue, and the speech center. It supports daily life, and stimulates the brain activities (as we say "learn by the body" or "let the hand learn").

What we call memory training is not cramming, but, I am convinced, something that helps the basic activities of memory which is the action of human life, and stimulates the development of the big brain itself.

5. Finding Errors: Training in Observation

As we say "see but don't see," sometimes we see the same thing as others do and with the same eyesight but we retain no impression.

In an elementary school science class,

the teacher may say, "Go close and look at it well." Can students observe well when they go closer? A student who has no desire to see is like a blindman; he can't see, even though the object is right before his eyes.

Observation requires, besides eyesight, active functioning of the big brain which absorbs information from the object. Even if the image is projected through the lens, without the activities of other cells of the big brain, one is as good as blind.

By age five months or so, a child recognizes what is before his eyes and tries to grab it. When he succeeds in grabbing, he pulls it and puts it into his mouth. In other words, when he touches, grabs, puts it into his mouth, he is examining what he has seen. This is his first observation and also experimentation toward discovery of what is seen. This is the child's power of life; this is an important activity indispensable for living as a human being.

Children have wonderful powers of observation. By it the brain rapidly develops. Then what would a child without sight do? Once an NHK TV documentary included a record of American twins. One was totally blind. The film showed the father endeavoring to somehow let the blind child recognize the outer world in the same way as the other child did.

The blind child gradually complemented the lack of sight by developing touch, taste, and smell. Left on a wide field,

the child reeled, fell, grasped what touched the hands, became dirty, and concentrated the nerves on the feel of the wind, the smell of the air, and the sound of the leaves touching each other, while struggling to grasp the natural environment. It was moving.

The blind child "saw" some things better than the child with healthy sight. When the father realized it, he hugged and kissed the child.

It is great to be able to see. We must cherish this sense, and try to develop a superior function.

The basics of scientific learning lie in observation and experiments. We see an object, understand something, and experiment. Every child has this function. If a child can't do this as others do, surrounding adults have given him misconceptions, or else prepared the child so prematurely that he lost his desire for discovery. Some may be absent minded and have no desire, even without these reasons. They may have disturbances in the internal organs, or they may observe very well but don't express themselves or want to experiment.

In order to train many children at once to observe, I have made the following card games (cf. Part II, Chapter 4):

(1) Finding errors

- (a) Show a picture. Hide it and show another, almost identical. Let them find differences.
- (b) Show a picture. Let them discover what's wrong.

(2) Finding what has changed

Prepare four pictures. Show them one by one. Let them observe what changes from picture to picture.

(3) Guessing what was where

Hold a diagram showing the weather symbols from Monday to Sunday for a couple of seconds, then turn it backwards. Ask what the weather was on each day, or how many fair days there were.

(4) Flash cards

Flash a card with a hiragana (Japanese phonetic script), a Chinese character, or a number (three to six digits), and let them identify it.

The first game trains comparative observation, the second continual observation, the third recognition of signs, and the fourth instant recognition. Children enjoy such games, and make rapid progress. Whether or not they are given this training makes a great difference.

Besides these, notes played on the piano or recorder can be used: a certain note means a certain action. Clever use of this game is sometimes convenient in the classroom. For example, suppose they are to crouch on the spot at the C-E-G chord, and to do something else at the chord of D-F-A. When they are making a lot of noise, suddenly you play the notes for them. You can train them so that they respond unconsciously according to what the sound means to them.

6. The Sibling Method: Mixed Age Groups

Kindergarten children are usually divided by age into classes of three, four, and five years olds. When children of different ages compose mixed age groups, we call it the "sibling method."

Montessori schools adopt this approach, though I have not yet studied their aims. A comparison between the traditional age-by-age method and this sibling method convinced us of the superiority of the latter, and we have followed it many years.

The main purpose is this: while watching and imitating older children, younger children learn before they know it. While taking care of younger children, older children advance their learning. This resembles the way siblings at home grow while playing together. The big difference is that children learn from many older brothers and care for many younger brothers in a wider community, and at the same time receive appropriate instruction from teachers.

For a long time, traditionally, we taught by the age-by-age approach. We thought it natural, and never even thought of doing otherwise.

In branch schools in mountain areas with few pupils, for example, first and second graders, or grades one through four, were sometimes combined into one class. However, this was an irregularity, and when the children grew big enough to commute to the main school, wherever possible they were transferred to regular classes.

I have an experience of teaching such students transferred from branch schools. Some, though not all, were curiously outstanding.

In the old days, branch schools did not have a very good environment. They were located in remote mountains far from transportation and without cultural stimuli. At home children had to help with family work rather than being encouraged to study. Home-room teachers tended to be unenthusiastic about learning. Therefore, as a whole, children's academic standard was lower than at main schools. I wondered why nevertheless some students were outstanding even in comparison with main school students.

A branch school teacher said, "Isn't that because they've studied the same thing three times?" He taught a combined class of first to third graders. In those days, classes were conducted with emphasis on state-compiled textbooks. All that was required of children was to read, write Chinese characters, and to calculate. It was the age of the so-called "reading, spelling, and abacus."

A first grader, after finishing his own study, listens to the second graders' class. Before he knows it, he learns it. When he is a second grader, he listens to the first graders' work once more, while at the same time observing the third graders. In the third year, he repeats again the first, second, and third grade studies. That, the teacher concluded, may be how he masters the materials.

I have neither experience nor knowledge of how a combined class is instructed. So I can't tell whether this conclusion is right, but I think it clarifies an aspect of the sibling study approach.

The schoolmaster of a Kanagawa kindergarten discovered the method through observing the Talent Education Young Children's School, and experimented in just one class. At first it went smoothly, partly due to the novelty. Gradually, however, the teacher in charge seems to have had a hard time for the mothers' complaints grew: "my child comes home tired, all he does is take care of younger children;" "the use of easier materials than in regular older children's classes might hold back the abilities of the older members." In March, an achievement test was given to the regular pre-school classes and pre-school age children in the mixed class. The mixed class children scored much higher. After that, more people began to request to join the mixed class, and they ended by mixing all the children.

According to Piaget, older children, rather than younger ones, gain in a mixed age class. The reason is that older children, in the process of caring for, and trying to teach, younger children, are pressed to make their thinking more coherent.

What you think good, you must experiment with and without hesitation. If it proves correct, everybody else will adopt it. This, I think, is the moral of this example.

THE SKILL OF INSPIRING CHILDREN TO PRACTICE

Shin'ichi Suzuki

An adult can control his mind to act when there is something he must do. Even if the task requires great effort, he is capable of carrying it through: all he has to do is make up his mind.

However, young children are completely different. We have to be aware of this. They don't "do things because they have to." They live in a natural world in which they "do things they feel like doing."

* * * * *

Gaze at the reality of children who try to live vivaciously. Only then can we grasp the true heart of children.

When you look back at the environment in which your child has been fostered, you will be surprised to realize that the entirety of his being, including the heart, ability and personality, is the product of the history of his environment.

Among the abilities that grow in children, I have noted language ability. How easily and smoothly it grows in every child, and to such an extremely high level. How are we to explain this?

* * * * *

We don't clumsily get set by saying "Now work hard," when we teach children how to speak. While people live happily speaking the language every day, a young child

naturally adapts to that environment before one knows it, and "a desire to speak" germinates. That leads to daily training, and to smooth mastering of high ability. I have understood that the knack of the most skillful education must consist in this natural style. Teachers and parents should ponder on this question. One who tries to "skillfully inspire in a child a desire to learn" is one who is good at fostering.

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Let me tell you how it is done. Suppose a three year old, for example, starts the violin. In talent education classrooms employing our new teaching method, the training starts with hearing and seeing. At home, the child hears the first "Twinkle" record over and over till it becomes his daily environment. This is the same as the native language training in the environment in which it is constantly spoken.

Next, the child goes to class accompanied by his parent. He is allowed to leisurely enjoy himself in the environment in which other young children are playing violin. During that period, the teacher instructs the mother on how to hold the violin and the bow. He also trains her to play the first Twinkle variation. This prepares the mother to become a teacher at home when the child starts to play. Another purpose is to inspire a thought in the child: "Other children are all playing violin, how come I'm not allowed to play? Mother's playing the violin again, and I'm the only one not playing. I've heard the music every day at home. I've already memorized all the Twinkle variations."

A strong desire to join the others burgeons in a month or two. In other words, we aim at fostering the desire to learn. This is the most important.

Think of babies born into families where big brothers or sisters play violin. These little brothers and sisters, as many of you are already aware, grow well and fast when the time comes for them to start violin.

Again, in talent education classes, group lessons are given from time to time so children can enjoy practicing together. It's a great joy for them to play with friends. They start to play vigorously as though waking from a slumber.

However, those who don't attend group lessons have a smaller share of the joy of the heart. They also grow slowly. Please always let them attend group lessons. A child does not learn the native tongue only by daily one-to-one training but smoothly and rapidly learns it through talking with others.

This is the real teaching method of talent education. If there are classes which neglect to follow this thoroughly, please improve them quickly and let this method penetrate for correct fostering.

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Now, the first step of the training is to carefully create an environment. Next is "the skill to inspire the child to practice at home," i. e., the parent's educational skill.

Although the teacher teaches, the mother fosters the child in proportion to her skill.

However, many do the opposite. Thinking it educational, they say, "Come on, let's practice," "don't look sideways, now hold your bow." The harder they try "to make the child do it," the faster the child runs away the minute he hears a call for practice time. This creates contrary results.

Some neglect playing records every day at home, or go home after the lesson as quickly as possible thinking they are too busy to listen to other children's lessons. This ignores the preparatory training of inspiring the child. Then at home, they say, "Come on, practice." This is illogical. It naturally leads to failure.

Every child is at first disinterested. That is natural. However, gradually, the child begins to grab the violin when the parent plays takataka tatta in front of him. --Then it is time for him to start. For it means that he now clearly wants to do it.

Lectures on Violin Instruction
no. 1, Talent Education, no. 8.



PERFORMING ARTS DAY
AND THE VIOLIN

Kiyoshi Suzuki
from A Father's Record (1980)
(no. 5), continued from
Winter 1980

31. Performing Arts Day and
the Violin
--Six to Ten Years

On the first performance day after entering elementary school, Eiko played simple pieces on a percussion instrument as a member of the instrumental ensemble. She asked me to buy a xylophone to practice for the performance. "Eiko, you can play violin, why don't you ask to play violin instead of xylophone?" I said, and did not buy what she wanted. I saw no reason to buy her a xylophone. She had already completed talent education's elementary requirements and was soon to graduate from the advanced curriculum. Why she wanted to play the xylophone was beyond me. Probably it was a desire stimulated in a peculiar environment called school. It would have been nice if her small skill could be utilized, but, it never occurred to her teacher. Is it mere formality that we are required to write about the child's "special skills" in one of the blanks in the survey sheets at the time of entrance in the school? Or is it that the teacher knew what Eiko's skill was but did not know how to use it? I don't know. But Eiko gladly played a toy-like percussion instrument in the ensemble. "Maybe the school teacher's jealous that Eiko plays violin,"

my wife said, looking concerned. "That's beside the point. Those who can't understand can't because they have no ability to understand. So it can't be helped," I said, refusing to listen.

There was an instrumental club for higher grade students. They performed on each performing arts day. When Eiko was a third grader, this club decided to perform the "Beautiful Blue Danube." The music teacher who knew Eiko "especially" invited her to join, and had her play the simple cadenza at the beginning of the piece by herself. Eiko sight-read it smoothly. "Eiko-chan's so competent. She played that at first sight," the teacher said to me. I felt small hearing Eiko being praised like this, but thought it was good that a school teacher realized the high ability of a child fostered by talent education.

One year, they played Gossec's Gavotte on a performing arts day. On returning home from school, Eiko took out her violin at once, and played the piece. "This is ~~easy~~. How come it's difficult to be together when I play it at school," she shook her little head and put the violin back in the case. For her, it was an easy piece; but playing it together at school was hard.

Eiko is now a fifth grader. She told me that she's joining the instrumental club's ensemble again. "Who else is playing violin?" I asked. "Just me." "Just you! But there are ten violins at school." "There are, but it's just me." "I see, and what are you going to play?" "Well, we're doing Moment Musicale. You know the one that's on the radio in the morning? That piece. Three people play the

piano or organ. Thirty harmonicas. Thirty, papa." Eiko emphasized thirty. "And one violin?" "Yes." "Nobody can play violin, even though there are violins at school?" "I don't know, papa." Eiko seems perfectly happy. She stays long hours at school to practice this simple piece, coming home late. That influences the daily practice at home. However, that's all right; it's for the sake of group life. Eiko says, "But papa, I always play on the performing arts day. Some of my classmates don't ever get to take part. I wish we all did something together in the spring and in the fall so everybody can get on the stage."

32. On Allowance

—Age Six to Twelve

Eiko started to receive an allowance after entering elementary school. Until then she never spent money. We did not accustom her to beg ten yen from her mother and to go out buying sweets.

On entering elementary school, I said to Eiko, handing her ¥ 100: "You're a first grader now. I'll give you a hundred yen every month. You spend it on what you really care to have or, save it. Here's your first hundred." Eiko received it looking happy, and said, "Thank you." I added, "Keep an account in a notebook. Learn how to do it from your mother, okay?" "Yes," Eiko said, and remained looking at the money. Then, saying "Mama, keep it for me," handed it to my wife.

When she turned second grader, I increased the amount to ¥ 200. When she was in the

third grade, she received ¥ 300. I raised it again to ¥ 400 when she became a fourth grader. As a sixth grader, she still receives the same amount. When she enters middle school I would like to raise it to ¥ 500. She saves from this money both for the school savings account and for her own savings account, enjoying the way the savings increase. When I go to lecture at schools or women's associations, I take Eiko if asked to. Occasionally someone hands us an envelop specifically for Eiko, saying, "Get your papa to buy you something nice." Eiko puts this money into her savings account. I am not so dumb as to spend the money she receives. "It's not good to let a child have that kind of money," some say. However, I find it natural to keep the token for Eiko as Eiko's. Gradually she will gain some knowledge of money while handling it herself.

Already a six grader, Eiko seems to understand economics to some extent. "You have a hard time, papa, for you must earn all the money, money to buy the rice, money to buy clothes, money I want," she consoles me. "Absolutely. I'm a beast of burden," I smile. "Ha, ha, ha, a beast of burden he says. Mama, you shouldn't exploit the beast of burden here too much," Eiko says, making us burst into laughter. My wife also comments, "True. Unless papa works hard, this family won't function at all." —And I don't know if she means it to Eiko or to me.

Sometimes overhearing my wife discussing money matters in detail, Eiko sympathizes with me: "Mama, if you talk so much about money, papa'll have a hard time. Everything comes out of his wallet." She is growing in various ways. How she will mature in the future is

a happy and yet somewhat scary prospect.

33. Friends with Everyone —Age Six to Twelve

After entering elementary school, Eiko's community gradually widened as she made friends with other children than those she knew in the violin class.

She was a fifth grader. One day, when I was home, her cousin, about two years old, came to visit with her mother. After initial shyness, this little child started to play with Eiko. A fifth grader and a two year old, they were not expected to play equally. But Eiko kept on pleasing her cousin, doing things that were boring to watch. The little cousin demanded Eiko to do the same things over and over again. Eiko did the same things over and over again, loyal to her demand. At first I found it a little interesting and smile-inducing, but I just couldn't smile any more after the same things were repeated so many times. I watched faintly grinning out of courtesy. Eiko, however, kept company with this little cousin without a thought.

My egocentric mind could not have fostered such patience. My wife's endurance must have shaped Eiko's heart, I strongly felt. This occasioned me to observe Eiko's life afresh. I was struck by the wide range of age groups among her friends. She can play very well with toddlers. She can talk to middle or high school students. She even catches hold of the young woman who handles the business at the violin class.

I apologetically ask her, "Isn't Eiko disturbing you?" "Eiko-chan's fun," the young woman replies. I am grateful for her tolerance.

This has been a consistent tendency all through elementary school. Children are friendly with her, always calling her "Eiko-chan, Eiko-chan." Boys who were blocking the way for fun let her pass, saying, "Only Eiko-chan can pass." When Eiko said, "Let everyone pass, okay?" the little rascals said, "Okay, then everyone can pass," and let them all pass. Eiko cheerfully told us about this after supper. I could not help but pray that she would grow up as she is, a person loved by others.

34. A 100,000 Yen Violin
—Age Six till Now

In the fall of the year before Eiko entered elementary school I asked her violin teacher, "About how much does a moderately decent full size violin cost?" The teacher said, "Who's playing it? Are you playing it, Mr. Suzuki?" "Oh, no, of course not, not me." "Then who?" he asked. "I'm thinking of one Eiko will be using." "Eiko-chan! But, Mr. Suzuki, that will be ten years from now." "Yes, that's right. Suppose I get a violin for her then, what kind do you think will be appropriate?" "Well, it will be nice if she could have something in the vicinity of at least a hundred thousand yen." "A hundred thousand yen. I see. A hundred thousand yen, did you say? I'm sure you're right. Thank you very much," I said and returned home.

When Eiko fell asleep in her bed, I had a chat with my wife.

"Say, when Eiko is grown up, I was told she will need a violin in the vicinity of a hundred thousand yen."

"A hundred thousand yen? As much as a hundred thousand yen. . . ."

"Yes, a hundred thousand yen."

"What are we going to do to come up with such a huge sum?"

"I have no such money, so I'm consulting you, quite at a loss."

"Consult, you say, but how can you make as much as a hundred thousand yen because you've consulted me?"

"Well, you're right."

"What are we going to do? Oh what a big problem."

"Not so big; a piano would cost at least two hundred thousand."

"That's true, but what can we do? When there's none, there's none."

"So we consult about how to make some."

"How?"

"Wait a minute. Well, a thousand a month makes twelve thousand a year. Multiplied by ten, it is a hundred twenty thousand. When Eiko enters elementary school, let's save a thousand yen a month, starting next January, a thousand no matter what. In the

nine years between then and the time she graduates from middle school, let's see, it'll be a hundred and eight thousand. See, we can do it."

"I see, we can do it if we do it that way.

"Of course we can. Okay, we've made it."

"Now this is going to be serious."

Thus we decided to save a thousand yen a month starting from January of the following year. My wife and I promised each other that we would never touch this money no matter how tight we might be. We have been able to keep the promise until this day. At last, we feel confident that we can buy an instrument for around 100,000, when Eiko needs a full size violin.

When the monthly savings amounted to ¥ 20,000 or 30,000, I often thought, "If only we could spend this money." I am thankful that we have somehow managed without having to do that. Everybody wishes to do this and do that for his child, and yet many are unable to do anything however much they wish. I feel I am really lucky to have been able to do this.

There are also parents who squander any amount of money on their children. However, I have seen cases in which it's hard to tell whether they spend money to make the children happy or to satisfy their own vanity. I have seen children become unhappy. I am happy and grateful that I was given a chance to reflect upon child education and to foster my child.

35. Learn Well, Play Well —Age Seven

Soon after Eiko entered elementary school, neighborhood children started to come and call her, saying, "Eiko-chan, let's play." If this happened during her practice, my wife said to them, "Eiko's practicing violin now. She'll play after the violin, okay?" After a while they would come again and ask, "Has Eiko-chan finished the violin?" If she had, my wife would say, "Yes, she has. Come, Eiko, play with your friends," encouraging her to play. She added, however, "Until five o'clock, all right?"

Eiko's play time, therefore, was approximately from three to five in those days. If friends came to play during her violin practice, Eiko soon learned to tell them by herself, "I'm practicing now."

Once practice was over and she was free to play, it was a great mess. She invited in friend after friend who came to play, and pulled out her belongings all over the narrow house, playing school, playing house, till there was no space to plant a foot. My wife and I let her play as she wanted, without a word of complaint. When five o'clock approached, Eiko said, "Come on, it'll be five real soon. What do you want to play now? Let's get busy, it's almost five." She hurriedly decided what to play. When it was five, she made her friends leave: "Okay, five o'clock, that's it. Everybody go home now. Bye till tomorrow."

On occasion, I happened to be home, quietly watching her at play, in the corner of the

room. She was absolutely carried away in her play. "Is that because we don't let her play too freely?" --I thought, and talked with my wife. She was confident: "That can't be. She's just concentrating on what she's doing." Maybe so.

When small, I was taught to "Learn well, play well." I did play well, but, to my shame, did not learn well. It may be that if a child is taught to learn well, she can also play well.

36. Nothing to Be Proud of
-- Age Seven

This was when Stavonhagen Quartet's performance was held at Toyohashi. As a trustee of the Toyohashi Cultural Center which hosted them, I met the performers at the station and took them to their rooms. There were four hours before the performance. They were not going to rest or take a walk. They were not going to practice either. They said they would just while away the time. So I thought I might ask Stavonhagen to hear Eiko. I asked the interpreter to convey my wish. He answered that he would be pleased to do so. I fetched Eiko by car at once. Though Eiko appeared a little shy at first, having never played in front of a foreigner, she played the first movement of Mozart's Concerto No. 5. Stavonhagen said, "Suzuki method, right?" He knew well about Mr. Suzuki and his talent education. He said, "Play a scale on the G string." Since Eiko didn't understand what the interpreter said, I added, "Using the G string only, play do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do." Eiko played it hesitantly and not quite in tune. Stavonhagen listened to her all the while with a peaceful expression, and commented, "Study the scales

harder." I smiled, thanking him. One member of the quartet, watching this, said, "That Toshiya Eto, who I know well, also studied with Mr. Suzuki. He always played pieces, apparently never practicing etudes like Hohmann and Kayser which we all practiced. So we showed them to him. He played them smoothly, sight-reading. What a shock. We can't begin to imagine what kind of teaching Mr. Suzuki does." He looked at everybody. "Is that right? My child only plays pieces in Mr. Suzuki's textbooks. I don't know how she'll end up, but that's all we can think of for now," I said, to no particular audience. Another of the quartet members said, "It's a wonder, really. So small, and playing Mozart's No. 5." He added to me, "You must be having fun." As I tried to hand a token of gratitude to Mr. Stavonhagen, he stepped back, saying, "No, thank you," in English, and adamantly refusing to accept it. I thanked him deeply.

I had hoped that showing off Eiko would make my breast swell. Yet I had to realize that Mr. Stavonhagen, by declining to accept the token, scored a point against me.

37. That Note is Off
--Age Seven

Tuning before Eiko's practice was a big chore for my wife. Whenever I was home, I did the tuning for her if nothing else. But when I was out, my wife had to do it herself. When Eiko started to hear the correct pitch, she seemed truly relieved.

One day, I tuned Eiko's violin. I tuned

the A string to the A of the organ, and started to tune the other strings, when Eiko who was watching this by my side said, "Papa, it's wrong." "What's wrong, the A?" "Yes." "It's not." "I'm sorry it is." "But it's not." "But I'm sorry it is." Eiko insisted that the A was wrong. I checked it against the organ once more. To be sure, the violin A was different, though only slightly. Eiko repeated, "So it's wrong." "I see it is wrong. I apologize," I bobbed my head down. Eiko laughed innocently.

Unfathomable are adults' ears -- o-oh, excuse me, my ears. I lowered my sail to Eiko, a happy surrender.

There was a time when "absolute pitch training" was emphasized. It was in vogue to train hearing at school. But this evaporated somewhere at the time of the defeat in the war. It appears that absolute pitch is not necessary except in wartime. In fact, it is of course important in any age. And yet recently I hear even elementary teachers say apparently without shame, "I'm tone deaf, I don't understand music at all." Who suffers but children? Even if teachers might be tone-deaf, children should not be brought up tone-deaf.

It is well known that one's sense of pitch becomes gradually poorer as one grows up. If we wish to foster children's sense of pitch, we have to start when they are small--the smaller the better.

I did not start Eiko's music training for the purpose of absolute pitch training, but she seems to have acquired something like it

as she grew in music. I am sure she will eventually grasp the perfect pitch of the A sound.

I find it impressive when small children come out of the ranks of the great mass of players at the Talent Education National Concert and ask the teachers to retune their violins which have gone out of tune.

38. "Auld Lang Syne"

--Seven and Three Months

On October 25, 1953, talent education's second graduation ceremony was held at the hall of Aoyama Gakuin University, Tokyo. Eiko went to Tokyo to attend it as a graduating student from the higher level curriculum. Since seven graduating students rode the same train from Toyohashi with their mothers, the trip was very cheerful and pleasant.

The ceremony started, and the representative of the graduating students from the highest curriculum received a certificate. Then without advance notice, Eiko's name was called as a representative of the advanced students. I was surprised, but I had no way to go and talk to her as she was already seated in the front section with other graduating children. Eiko rose from her seat and walked forward. Since the stage was high, someone picked her up and put her on the stage. Eiko received the certificate holding it high above her head as if it were ineffably precious. I watched this with tears. A Toyohashi mother who sat next to me said, "Mr. Suzuki, how happy you must be."

"Yes, thank you," I barely answered, unable to check my tears.

I sang "Auld Lang Syne," too, crying.

I must not forget this fresh emotion.

Mr. Suzuki to me looked like a god.

During the performance, Eiko played the violin radiantly and merrily, swinging her body.

Japanese children are happy.

Such a thing never occurred before anywhere in the world. But it is actually happening here. More than two hundred children are playing the Bach Double and Vivaldi's Concerto. Where else would you be able to see this? If this were five years ago and these children were scattered in various localities, society would have made a fuss saying that geniuses had appeared.

Commonsense has changed. This great event happened because there was Mr. Suzuki here. His idea has changed a page of the history of world music, and that of mankind. We can be proud of this to anyone, but we must also endeavor to make many children happy by the talent education approach. If we merely wish that our children achieve fine growth and happiness, we will not be able to give them true joy. I hope, I wish, that all children will live happily and grow up as fine youngsters. To make efforts in our own limited way—that is the talent education movement.

A CANDLE IN THE HEART

Mr. Suzuki on his own initiative regularly visits the Matsumoto juvenile detention home. He wants to help, within the limits of his capacity, the unfortunate young people there. He visits several times each year. His talks and young children's violin performances have comforted the youths. This year on the Adulthood Day (January 15, the day celebrated in honor of achieving adulthood) he donated six hundred copies of his book, Nurtured by Love, to the young people and the staff. Following are some responses to the book.

An Unforgettable Experience

M. H., Branch School

I saw this book, Nurtured by Love, when I was attending the branch school. I was tempted to read it, but, revolted by the word "love," I pushed it back into the corner of the library.

I thought that such a thing as "love" never existed. I thought, "Nurtured by what love?"

Strangely, I can't even explain why to myself.

"What's 'nurtured by love'?" I was put off. But something happened that forced me to change my mind. This may sound exaggerated, but it was an event for me.

That was when I saw Mr. Suzuki's lecture for the first time. Why do I say I saw the

lecture? That is because many children who came with him played the violin before my eyes.

They were really small children. What are they thinking about, I wondered, while seeing us and playing the violin.

At the end, they said in unison, "Please stay well, friends." Seeing them, I could not check myself from feeling warm in the chest.

I wondered, what makes me feel this way, is this something that's called "emotion"? I had never once been moved by those words the children had said.

Why then? I asked myself, but found no answer. I heard a teacher say he was moved, too.

On returning to the ward, a roommate said to me, "That teacher wrote Nurtured by Love," but I remained silent.

The following day, with no resistance, I drew the book from the library, and read it through forgetting that the night was passing.

While reading, I thought of the children, and told myself that the words "nurtured by love" really existed.

On his second visit on Adulthood Day, Mr. Suzuki gave each of us a copy of Nurtured by Love. I thought at first that it was too precious for me alone to look at, but, thinking maybe everybody else thought the same, I felt growing joy.

My wardmates, though they never voiced their feelings, must have been moved. I read

the book over and over again, thinking of what they must also have felt. There is something moving in the book. That must be love, I thought.

Without love, isn't it impossible for human beings to live? The book taught me this.

When I go out to society, I will surely remember that there were small children who enriched our heart. And that Mr. Suzuki taught us to "make efforts." Thank you, Mr. Suzuki.

Suddenly a Wide Vista Before My Eyes

R. M.

I owed my low ability to my parents; it was inherited; it was inborn. —No matter how I struggled, I could not make myself enjoy studying. I often felt in a negative frame about myself. I'm no good, I thought. What inspired me to believe "if I try, I can do it; even I can foster an ability not inferior to others"? It was the visit of Mr. Suzuki about two years ago accompanied by little children. When I saw three or four year olds walk, sit, lift one leg, while playing the violin, I was really surprised. I was so moved I thought a miracle had happened. It continued for a long time after I returned to my room. Just by seeing the children perform, I felt courage rise within me, which I had never experienced before: if I try, I can do it.

Two years later, I still remember it. Each time Mr. Suzuki comes to lecture, I recall the children I saw for the first time and my feeling. Mr. Suzuki gave me the fine book called Nurtured by Love. I was carried away as I read it. It taught me his greatness in greater detail than I knew before.

When he was young, he did something clumsy and was scolded by the boss. He could not apologize smoothly, and told a lie to himself. He felt irritated with remorse and resentment for the self deception. Just then by sheer chance he read the words of Tolstoy and was terribly shocked: "to deceive oneself is worse than to deceive another." In the same way, on reading this book, I was bathed in a feeling as if suddenly a new vista opened before my eyes, and I grew all at once.

The book explains in simple terms that ability is not inborn but grows in response to the environment. It helped me strengthen my resolutions: "if I try I can do it," "the moment I think of it, I will do it." This was a great learning experience.

What especially moved me was the passage about how a five year old blind child, with the assistance of the parents' patience and devotion, acquired the ability to enjoy playing the violin. Ability fostered greater ability, and the child moved many people to tears at a concert. Reading this passage, I, too, felt something warm in my chest.

Looking back at my life while still in society, what ability did I have, I who was physically perfect? All I accomplished was something

bad that put me in jail. I feel miserable thinking of this. This book made me feel strongly that it's not yet too late. I will study every day to acquire fine ability.

Mr. Suzuki, thank you. As you awoke through Tolstoy's literature, I feel I have grown by your Nurtured by Love.

Talent Education, no. 8
(This and preceding articles
are translated by K. Selden.)

Fix my power
firmly on the tip:
bow won't wobble.
Move on, pony hair,
as my elbow moves.
I won't let you float,
I won't press you down.

--Shin'ichi Suzuki



ZEN AND DAILY LIFE

Osamu Yoshida

One hot summer day Dogen (1200-53) had the following experience:

I was on the way to lunch. I saw a cook monk (tenzo) drying mushrooms in front of the Buddha-hall. He was carrying a bamboo staff in his hand, with no hat on his shaven head. The sun was glaring from above, and the paved ground was heating below. Despite the streaming sweat, he was strenuously exerting himself. I watched for a while. His back was arched like a bow. His eyebrows were like a crane (white). I approached and asked his age. He said, "Sixty-eight." I asked, "Why don't you ask for manual workers?" He said, "Others are not I." I said, "You are right, old man. However, the heavenly sun is scorching like this. Why are you doing this?" He replied, "What should I wait for?"

Here is a man realizing the absolute here and now.

Earlier, while Dogen was in a harbor before landing in China, another cook monk visited his ship to buy Japanese mushrooms. In the course of conversation Dogen asked him, what was better about cooking than practicing zazen and reading scriptures. He smilingly replied, "Good foreigner, you have not yet realized the (awakened) way. You have not really read the letters." Later Dogen wrote Lessons for Cook Monks. He confessed that

what little he understood about Buddhism he owes to these cook monks. There Dogen teaches that one should wash rice grains like one's own eyeballs. The awakened (buddha) way is to master the total self, body, mind and environment. All department,

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Dogen says of walking, standing, sitting and lying down, should be in awakened forms. The mind and body must work as one.

Modern man lost this totality and unity. Idea-ridden man finds cleavage everywhere, between mind and body, self and other, ends and means, and so forth. The body is here,



but the mind is there. Pondering dishes, men chew tomorrow's schedule. Men live to feed themselves (on food and things, money and fame, idea and ism), and forget to live the enlightened self. Preparing for the after life, men seldom live life now. Living in the past and future, men are lost here and now. Men thus die amidst life.

Creation of the existential world here and now depends upon actions of the person. Cultivation makes verification, and vice versa, in endless relation in time and space. Putting shoes in order and playing instruments are interrelated. Children learn not only parents' words but all daily actions. If one can bow to everything wholeheartedly, bowing would be perfected. Each action, drinking tea or washing dishes, must embody one's fullest functioning. Then we can truly appreciate life, and create it ever anew. If we could live here and now fully, there would be no difficulty in leading daily life, and we would have no regrets in fulfilling it.



An artist cannot separate his artistic existence and his duty as a man to society. We are before anything men, and we have to take part in the circumstances of life. If one has a respected name, the responsibility is even greater. A good name has attached to it a human duty. One is at the same time a man and an artist. As a man I have sought justice; as a musician I have sought perfection.

Pablo Casals





