

TALENT EDUCATION JOURNAL



No. 7

FALL-
WINTER
1980

Cover by Osamu Yoshida



Editors Masayoshi and Eiko Kataoka
236 Spring Ave., St. Louis
63119

Translator Kyoko Selden

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EDITOR'S NOTE Masayoshi Kataoka	2
THE ROAD I WALKED ALONE Shin'ichi Suzuki	3
TO PARENTS OF VIOLIN STUDENTS Shin'ichi Suzuki	9
OCCASIONED BY THE TOUR CHILDREN'S VISIT A Conversation with Kenji Mochizuki and Toshiko Hasegawa Masayoshi Kataoka	13
PARENTAL SELFISHNESS OBSTRUCTS GROWTH Shigeki Tanaka from <i>Young Children: Everything Depends on How We Raise Them, or Child Education by the Suzuki Method</i> (no. 7)	21
ENCOUNTER WITH TALENT EDUCATION A Mother's Note Ritsuko Goto	31
BIRTHDAY RECORDING Kiyoshi Suzuki from <i>A Father's Record</i> (no. 7)	36
NOW I HAVE BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE SUZUKI METHOD IS ALL ABOUT Kazue Hosoda	50

Editor's Note

Masayoshi Kataoka

What road has Dr. Suzuki walked? How did he discover the Mother Tongue method? Dr. Suzuki talks about his life and thought in "The Road I Walked Alone." In it you will find the secret of his greatness.

His other article, "To Parents of Violin Students," is from the first issue of the Japanese Talent Education. His instructions are, as always, clear and easy to understand.

We are pleased to introduce Mr. Kenji Mochizuki and Miss Toshiko Hasegawa in the interview, "Occasioned by the Tour Children's Visit." Mr. Mochizuki who works at the Japanese Consulate General in New York introduced Talent Education to the United States. Miss Hasegawa, a violin teacher in the Tokai district, was among the instructors accompanying the 1980 Suzuki Children Tour Group.

A most interesting article, "Now I Have Begun to Understand What the Suzuki Method Is All About," by Mrs. Kazue Hosoda, Tokai District Piano Study Group, explains how a piano teacher awoke to the Suzuki method and gradually assimilated it after months of agonizing self-questioning.

This issue also includes a mother's note from a recent issue of Talent Education. Mrs. Ritsuko Gotō is a Suzuki parent in the Nagoya chapter whose son Haruo participated several times in the Suzuki Children Tour Group.

THE ROAD I WALKED ALONE

Shin'ichi Suzuki

No matter what we look at, I think the first step toward the highest human ability is an effort to look at it correctly.

Man's real progress, I think, rests on observing things while attempting to develop the ability bestowed only on mankind, to penetrate the truth of great nature, the logic of the heavens, the visible and invisible. Therefore, I believe it is very important for us educators to aim at fostering human beings who have this insight.

Luckily, I woke, when twenty, to a phrase in a book by an early 19th century argonomist, Ninomiya Sontoku: "Read not ten thousand volumes; explore the logic of the heavens." From that day, I followed this teaching to "penetrate the truth of great nature yourself, don't just read books," turning my eyes to everything before me and to the natural world.

Then, first of all, tall zelkova trees came into my eyes. I saw that their several thousand leaves each grew little by little, that each became bigger moment by moment. I began to marvel at them, thinking "what is this?" And as I became aware, it was not that the leaves alone were growing bigger: all the branches and the big trunks, too, were growing thicker each moment. They were constantly growing and moving. I have changed into a being capable of seeing how the zelkova trees moved every instant. Then I considered what was causing such a wonder. I became aware that "it was the workings of life;

it was the beautiful power of life given to the zelkova trees" --an awakening within myself to the wonderful workings of life. I thus advanced toward an ability to be surprised by the miracle of life.

From then on, I turned my eyes to living things one after another, and marvelled at everything I saw. My eyes were open. This enabled me to know the great power and workings of life. Surely, it was a must to know the beauty of life. This became the most important question in my life. From age twenty on, I gradually mastered the habit of looking ever more closely at whatever I saw.

Seeing how a baby drank the mother's milk and rapidly grew, I was no longer content to say that it was a matter of fact, but began to spontaneously think about what was causing such a wonderful thing. My eyes fell on the wonderful workings of heaven-endowed life. I became a person who experienced awe toward life as a truly miraculous fact.

It is astounding for the world in general to have no questions about this fact of life, brought up with the commonsense which takes the place of thinking and which deems it "a matter of fact." I have often written in self criticism, "Do not sleep in commonsense." I sincerely think that it has been important to me to foster "the ability to correctly look at things." In addition, another wonderful teaching to me since youth was that of karma which always finds a cause wherever there is a consequence.

As I look back, the road I have taken since age seventeen or eighteen has been a life of pursuit for reading the logic of the heavens, the karma. In other words, I have walked alone while seeking its cause whenever I saw a consequence. The quest for causes became my habit. Then came a day when I almost jumped with

consternation becoming aware of the fact that children the world over were growing with an excellent ability to fluently speak their mother tongues.

What a superb ability every child is growing with, how is it possible, I thought. That day I talked to people: "Children all over Japan are fluently speaking Japanese." No one was surprised, but laughed saying, "Isn't that a matter of fact." Some even seemed to worry about me, thinking I was going mad. I thought it sad that they laughed without even heeding the discovery of such a grave fact. However, probably it couldn't have been helped since their attitude was deeply rooted in long-held commonsense.

In the long long history of mankind from its beginning until contemporary times, children have always grown with an ability to speak fluently. How careless, may I dare to say, that no one ever noticed this fact that has constantly existed before our eyes. It was too much before our eyes, too much "a matter of fact," perhaps, for us to think about it, even while raising children to speak fluently. Since the day I was awakened to this most important fact, I have devoted myself to a study of the conditions and teaching method by which babies learn to speak.

Probably I was the first to be shocked by a discovery of the high mother-tongue ability of all children. I owe this discovery to Ninomiya Sontoku who taught me to read into the logic of the heavens. Over forty years since then, I have continued to study "the teaching method by which every child grows." Today, I marvel at the musical heights to which we can guide children of four or five.

Life's power, its workings--how unlimited and how wonderful they are. I came to know clearly that the force of the zelkova trees

which fostered all of their hundreds and thousands of leaves each minute, the great force that brought blossoms to grass and trees, the minute-by-minute growth of newborns and their acquisition of abilities in correspondence with their environment, are all derived from the vital power and workings of life.

From a study of the causes of growth, I discovered that ability was something that was acquired by the workings of life, not something hereditary. Even things like musical turn or literary penchant, the heart or sensibility, were not hereditary, but a question of physiology: ability grew by the workings of life as one imbibed all the environmental stimuli. Therefore, where there is no stimulus from the environment, ability does not grow. Upon this knowledge, I have appealed to society: "Every child grows. Ability is not inborn. It is a physiological condition, a matter of the big brain, under which the power of life grows in response to the environment since birth." In other words, in my own way I discovered a "law of ability" and claimed it as the Suzuki theory.

Ability is not inherited. Various physiological conditions of the body are certainly inherited according to the law of heredity. However, ability is fostered and acquired after birth. In brief, two laws are illuminated here: the "law of heredity" and the "law of ability." Since only the former was clarified in the past, the consequence of growth was regarded as due to birth or to inborn propensity. For this great error we were all responsible in the past. As to ability, should we not consider it with a baby born today before us? Should we not consider what creates ability, how ability germinates, how it is acquired? I believe that we should approach it from the side of the causes.

Wherever there is a consequence, there is always a cause. Familiar with this Buddhist teaching since my youth, I was able to reach the clear recognition that ability is not inborn but grows according to the law of ability. It seems possible that even an amateur can discover the law of ability if he digs and pursues the problem. Buddha probably wasn't a psychologist, but he knew the logic of the heavens and preached the truth. He said, "Man has a true nature." I interpret these words as "Man has life, and has a true nature by which life functions."

I have acquired the habit of seeking a cause in everything in my own way. This is also the case in violin playing. For over forty years, without a teacher, I have sought to play the violin through imbibing the wonderful music and tone of such great maestros of the recorded world as Kreisler, Thibaut, and Casals. Even that wonderful tone is a result, I thought, of a relationship between the strings and the horse hair. Under what condition can one ring out the strings like that, I questioned myself. For there must be a cause wherever there is a consequence. I studied this seriously every day.

I listened to the record, taped the beautiful tone in my tape recorder, tried many different ways of playing, taped myself, compared my sound with the sound taped from the record. Every day I practiced questioning myself: "it's wrong this way, then how about that way?" The days of self-correction and search lasted five, ten, and twenty years. And the same training has continued till today, the training in the problem of the correct posture for playing the violin, the bow hold, maneuvering of the fingers, the relationship between the horse hair and the strings, the balance of the bow, action of the bow arm, the flexibility of the hand, and the

power in the arm. I have at last come as far as forty years. I have walked alone, with the great maestros of the world as my teachers.

Thanks to this, I can diagnose just from the sound of the violin, even if I don't see the player, his posture, bow hold and finger grip; I can tell which of the fingers holding the bow is wrong. Therefore, when listening to graduation tapes, I can see the student's posture, action, and bow hold. This is due to forty years of self-correction. By the sound, I can see everything.

At workshops in American colleges, I had occasions, before audiences of several hundred teachers, to be asked to sit at center stage with a big wooden screen behind me. A teacher comes on stage and plays the violin. I can hear the sound but cannot see him. When I say, "Your violin is low, please raise it," the tone improves. "Please relax your little finger on the bow," I say, and the sound becomes bigger and more beautiful. Teachers in the hall laugh, as though my lesson just by the sound were a rarity. I can see everything from the sound. Wherever there is a consequence, there is a cause. If I listen to the sound, isn't it natural that I understand the cause of the sound?

When a parent thinks, "my child is a problem," he should reflect on why he became such a child, who brought him up that way. However, for many who don't seek the cause, it has been commonsense to simply give up: "my child is a problem, but it can't be helped because he was born that way." How unfortunate children have been.

In any case, by delving into the cause of everything, I have pleasantly passed my life walking alone.

Talent Education, no. 50

TO PARENTS OF VIOLIN STUDENTS

Shin'ichi Suzuki

How to Make Your Child Poor at Violin (1)

"Since my child wants to go ahead, I've taught him the next piece."

Some people, here one, there another, have started to say this. This is a voice not of children who wish to advance but of parents who wish to make them go forward.

Just as the child begins to play a little well, the parent may say, "John has already finished the Gavotte; look at yourself, you just fool around, and have fallen behind," or, "Didn't Peter start later? He's already working on the same piece as yours. If you dilly dally, he'll pass you." Some parents' mentality has started to resemble a horse race.

As the parent frequently drops such hints, the child also becomes contaminated by the horse race mentality. The result is that the parent says to the teacher, "My child wants to go ahead." When it comes to this, it forebodes sickness. The teacher may give an important instruction: "Please practice the previous pieces every day so you will be able to play them with a fine tone. Then try to finish your present piece correctly, without rushing, and with precision." This is the tenor for growth in talent education, but it will no longer reach the ear or the heart of the parent.

This spreads from one to two to three parents, until the majority of the class turns into a race track for those who want to rush ahead, whipping their little horses, "run, run." To such parents, I joke: "Where are you going in such a hurry? There's no finish line, you know."

Let me tell you clearly: once this desire stirs the parent, without fail the child becomes

poor at playing. This word comes from my twenty years of experimenting.

How to Make Your Child Poor at Violin (2)

There is a type of parent who says, with his child in front of him, "this willful child just refuses to practice on his own accord."

The parent who complains to the teacher in this way has given him "public recognition for willfulness and for not studying." The child becomes strong at willfulness, and confident in not studying.

On the other hand, if the parent says, "he has started to practice lately, if little by little. It seems that he's gradually starting to be able to play," the teacher can also say to the child, "You are making progress step by step. If you practice a little more, you will improve by strides." Since this accumulates a debt in the child's heart which urges him to practice, he will eventually start to do so. It takes your patience.

Parents must patiently continue to use such encouraging words, thinking of their influence on the child's heart.

If you call your child "no good," "willful," "rascal," it only helps him think he has public recognition to be so, don't you see? This deprives him of a chance to reflect on himself.

A person brought up without self-reflection is unfortunate all his life. Those unhappy people frowned upon as delinquents and what not are those who were brought up without the ability to reflect upon themselves.

How to Make Your Child Poor at Violin (3)

"We've been so very busy for the past few days that we've missed practicing. Let's practice three days' worth today." This idea is a little odd. This isn't the way to think about

"fostering something." Imagine giving three days' dose of medicine tomorrow, since none was taken yesterday and today. Or giving four days worth of water since you forgot to water the plant, and its leaves have turned red. Tomorrow it will be all green again--yes? Optimists who believe daily lessons can be combined are oblivious of the law of growth. If you rest today, yesterday's ability becomes diluted. The result is the loss of four days. If you understand this, you understand nature's law of growth.

Precisely because this law exists, great differences of ability are created among mankind.

How to Make Your Child Poor at Violin (4)

There are parents who, at lesson time at home, interfere the moment the child begins to play, until he can't move a foot or a hand: "There, now that's wrong"; "That's an error right there."

When you work in the kitchen, if someone by your side in the same way criticizes every little move you make, there won't be taste or shape, you won't have the leisure to think with your own mind, and in the end you will find it a bother. It's the same with your child. Even if he makes mistakes, it is important to always listen to him at least once through. And even if he plays poorly, when he finishes, please praise him for his effort: "Well played."

Whether you tell him "Very poor," or "So well played," you will have to correct him anyway. If he does not correct himself well, he won't make progress. Therefore, think of the child's feelings, and praise him rather than criticize. If the child is corrected after being praised, the correction is pleasanter beyond comparison than if given after criticism.

Please don't forget "to make sure to correct after praising the child." First praise him, then please take the time to help him with weak places.

If you repeat, "no good," "poor," every day, the child picks up the suggestion and becomes poor. I assure you that the child's idea, "I'm hopeless," clearly begins to dull the activity of the brain.

Whatever the subject, please think that being poor is the opposite of being good. You don't need any artifice for making your child poor.

Talent Education, no. 1



Occasioned by the Tour Children's Visit

A Conversation
with

Kenji Mochizuki and Toshiko Hasegawa

Interviewer: Masayoshi Kataoka

KATAOKA: Tonight we heard the great concert by the children on the sixteenth overseas tour. I'm sure the audience was struck by the almost unbelievable wonder of their per-

formances. I would like to thank Mr. Suzuki and all those who worked toward this event. They have provided a beautiful stimulus for the St. Louis talent education movement through the workshop and tonight's concert.

Both of you are staying at our small place: Teacher Hasegawa, you are accompanying Makiko Yashiro (7) and Kinuko Komori (7); and Mr. Mochizuki, you have flown all the way from New York. While the reverberation from the concert warmly lingers, may I grasp this opportunity to hear you talk?

Mr. Mochizuki, you introduced talent education to the States. Would you mind telling us how it happened?

MOCHIZUKI: Well. . . . At that time I was a foreign student at Oberlin. Wishing to let Americans know about talent education, I talked about it to everyone I met. But nobody believed me. Quite understandably, for I was saying that little children played Bach and Vivaldi concertos. I thought I had to have a movie so they could see small children playing, and asked Mr. Suzuki to arrange to have one made. I was con-



fidant that just a tape would hardly convince people. This was 1955. Three years later, in 1958, I received a film containing a mass performance of the Bach Double.

KATAOKA: Where was it taken?

MOCHIZUKI: It was shot at a national concert held at the Sendagaya Gymnasium, Tokyo. There happened to be a meeting of the American String Teachers Association at Oberlin College then. I asked Prof. Clifford Cook to show the film to them. As expected, everyone including Prof. Cook was so surprised that it created a sensation. Among them was Prof. John Kendall. He resolved to visit Mr. Suzuki in Matsumoto, and wrote letters to various places in order to raise funds for the trip. He probably wrote about sixty letters. After all he received two responses: from the Bok and Presser Foundations, both presided over by Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, founder of the Curtis Music Institute. This was when no one knew anything about the Suzuki method. The foundations' bold decision to support him, I think we can say, made possible the spread of the method in the States.

KATAOKA: So that's how Mr. Kendall's visits to Japan came to pass, and it was he who later was to work toward bringing Mr. Suzuki over.

MOCHIZUKI: Right. When he actually listened to Japanese children's performance, he was impressed by the quality which was higher than he had believed possible. He told me he would very much like to invite Mr. Suzuki to the States. So I said to him, "No one's going to believe it if Mr. Suzuki comes by himself. How about asking him to bring some students?"

KATAOKA: Which led to the first American tour. When was that?

MOCHIZUKI: It was 1964. This concert tour ignited the Suzuki movement in the States. It was during this tour that "the Suzuki Impact" was talked about. Except for the Suzukis, the

the rest toured this first time at their own expense. We must deeply thank those participants.

KATAOKA: We owe the international spread of talent education today to their contribution, don't we?

MOCHIZUKI: I was concerned about the fact that the Japanese side paid its own way, but I realized that the project was now beyond the scope of an amateur, that I had better find a professional manager to handle it. I asked Dr. Norman Lloyd, then head of the Oberlin Conservatory to introduce a manager for Mr. Suzuki.

KATAOKA: So that was how you were introduced to Sheldon Soffer?

MOCHIZUKI: Right. The context is very interesting. Let me explain what made him decide to be Mr. Suzuki's manager. There was an instrument shop called Rembert Wurlitzer, Inc. in New York, though it closed in 1974.

KATAOKA: It had worldwide fame as a string instrument shop.

MOCHIZUKI: The wife of the shop owner, Mrs. Anna Lee Wurlitzer, had heard the Suzuki children in 1964. One day, Mr. Soffer ate with Mrs. Wurlitzer at a meeting. He confided to her: "I've been asked to act as manager of a certain Shin'ichi Suzuki; I can't decide whether I should do it." Mrs. Wurlitzer, I hear, said at once: "Listen, if you don't take him, you're no manager. Whatever you say, *that* is a phenomenon." Her word made the decision for him. "Okay now, what is there to do first?" he consulted me. Well, let's invite ten more Japanese children, I suggested, and it was settled. The outcome was that 1965 was a blank, but the second tour took place in 1966. This time the Japanese side didn't spend a single penny. It was after that that the tour became an annual event.

KATAOKA: I imagine you must have a lot to

worry about, this being a children's tour. It's altogether different from planning a grownup's tour.

MOCHIZUKI: What I emphasize most is safety during the trip. It must be provided to the utmost. I always tell Mr. Soffer, "Once even one child is injured, that does it." However, Mr. Soffer really does well. I believe few managers arrange a schedule with the same meticulous detail as he does. I feel really grateful that the tour has been conducted these sixteen years without accidents.

KATAOKA: I can imagine the enormous efforts of Dr. Masaaki Honda, the tour leader, and the accompanying teachers. Miss Hasegawa, you were on the tour last year, too. Do you not worry about the difference of customs, language, and what not?



K.S.

HASEGAWA: Oh no, since I have the children to take care of, I'm determined to worry as little as possible about those things. (Laughter.) American people all receive us warmly, so. . . ."

KATAOKA: Do you perhaps feel more at

ease now that this is your second tour?

HASEGAWA: Yes, there's that element.

KATAOKA: You've seen American children at workshops, etc. What do you think of them? How do they compare with Japanese children?

HASEGAWA: Well, this summer I returned to a city in California which I visited on the tour last year. My original plan was to stay for two weeks just for the summer institute, but I ended up staying a month, teaching American children. Well, at the first group lesson, I wondered what was going on, some lay flat on

the floor, others did some other things, etc., all and sundry. Lack of concentration? I was shocked. It was totally different from what I expect in Japan. The teachers here explained that American children were different from Japanese children. But, as I instructed them by Mr. Suzuki's method, those children reputed to have no concentration followed me fine. The American teachers were also surprised to see that, and commented that a Japanese teacher made American children play. I was freshly impressed by the power of Mr. Suzuki's method. Without verbal communication, they followed closely. (Laughter.)

KATAOKA: That's a really nice story. The environment differs from country to country, but the Suzuki method is one and identical. I would like to believe that there is no such thing as the Japanese style or American style Suzuki method. "If you do this, every child grows well," Mr. Suzuki shows us. Isn't that so? HASEGAWA: That's right. Instructors must work with a clear understanding of that.

MOCHIZUKI: In any case, Mr. Suzuki's lessons are really impressive. There is no need for interpretation at all. He mixes English and German, and children understand him perfectly well. (Laughter.) What can that be called? It's the Something he has. In that sense, Japanese teachers are lucky to have direct contact with him, an experience teachers over here have to miss. It is great that Prof. William Starr and others studied in Matsumoto for one year. One never understands the method after a week or two there.

KATAOKA: Exactly. More and more people go to Matsumoto now from around the world. It would be great if that became the springboard for all of us to join hands to study the method more deeply.

Now, having asked Miss Hasegawa to stay

with us, we were rewarded by the precious experience of observing Makiko's and Kinuko's lessons. What struck me most strongly is that you are, above all, thorough-going.

MOCHIZUKI: This morning, as Kinuko was having a lesson with Miss Hasegawa, over here Makiko was practicing for tone, nothing but tone, and by herself. Mr. Kataoka and I said to each other, "This is something," now surprised, now impressed.

KATAOKA: Miss Hasegawa always concentrates on tone in her lesson. She repeats similar things over one hour—I was taught the meaning of thoroughness.

HASEGAWA: I only try to do what Mr. Suzuki says. . . . (Laughter.)

KATAOKA: Makiko and Kinuko tell me they practice at least three or four hours a day. I doubt that they have much time for play. Many parents, I think, are concerned that their child will be deprived of a chance to play. What do you think of that, Miss Hasegawa?

HASEGAWA: In Japan, too, some people worry about that. But what Mr. Suzuki says is that for children, to be carried away is to be at play. That is, with regard to the violin, they are at play with music. I trust that it's a joy for Makiko and Kinuko to play the violin.

KATAOKA: Yes. I have Makiko's and Kinuko's words: they told me they love the violin; they get carried away when playing it, and forget other kinds of play. For grownups like us, it is fairly difficult to become so absorbed as to forget everything else. I envy children.

(Laughter.) I hear that Makiko's mother tells her to think of an hour as a minute. (Laughter.)

MOCHIZUKI: Mr. Suzuki told me, too: "You wouldn't say anything if a child played with a doll three or four hours a day, would you? For a child, the violin is a doll. Unless practice is fun, who would ever practice three or four

hours every day, even if forced?" I thought "how right."

HASEGAWA: Children grow while at play. To play the violin, Mr. Suzuki says, is a happy game for them.

KATAOKA: Then, let the parents think of the practice hour this way: "This is the hour for me to play with my child." They may feel light-hearted. (Laughter.)

To change the topic, you live in New York, Mr. Mochizuki, and are well acquainted with American matters. I bet you have occasions to hear outsiders' views of talent education.

MOCHIZUKI: I suppose. Some are critical of talent education. However, my guess is that the majority of them haven't really heard these children's performances. I wonder if anyone would criticize them after hearing performances such as tonight's. One who really understands music would, I think, be unable to do so. A violin teacher at Juilliard I know well, a very famous teacher, has great respect for Mr. Suzuki. But he often suggests that the children's reading skills might be lower than their performing ability. I have a feeling that many people criticize talent education on that account. What do you think of this, Miss Hasegawa?

HASEGAWA: What Mr. Suzuki calls the reading ability, I think, means being able to grasp the music instantly at the sight of the notation, just as a child comprehends everything when glancing at a picture book. It's not difficult to play the notes from the written music, but if the ability to play instantly responding to the feel of the piece is demanded, that's very difficult. I myself don't have that ability; I'm not sure if I know how to teach it.

KATAOKA: In fact I have recently thought about that. What would you say to adopting, as a way to foster the ability to read music, the Ishii

School Chinese character teaching method or Dr. Doman's approach to teaching babies how to read? First of all, prepare large cards. Copy the notes in large writing on the cards from the pieces children can already play, starting from the Twinkle Variations, and including several measures to an entire piece according to the length of the song. Then play games with children. Show them the cards, and let them guess what pieces they represent. The experience may lead to spontaneous growth, through the visual sense, of an ability to feel the music contained in the written notes. In short, instead of following the notes one by one, we just handle melodies and patterns of rhythm and of harmony as designs or pictures.

HASEGAWA: That sounds interesting.

KATAOKA: Right now it's under experiment. If I get any good results, I would like to find an opportunity to report on that.

Mr. Suzuki says that to read music is to feel the music through the written notes. This pertains to the world of sensitivity. There is no other way but to try to heighten sensitivity, is there?

Thank you very much for telling us many precious things tonight after a long day. Let's call it a night now.

Reliving the children's performances,

October 20, 1980
St. Louis.



Parental Selfishness Obstructs Growth

Shigeki Tanaka
from *Young Children: Everything Depends on How We Raise Them* (no. 7), continued from Summer, 1980

3. Parental Selfishness Obstructs Growth

No matter what is taught, proper preparation has to precede the teaching. In a Suzuki violin class, children are not allowed to saw crunchingly on the violin from the start. The first thing they do is become used to the environment and get to know the teacher. The child goes to class empty-handed and waits his turn with his parent. In the meantime, he watches and hears bigger children's lessons, and unconsciously learns the pieces being played. When his turn comes, a beginner goes before the teacher, and greets him correctly, "How do you do, teacher." The teacher says, "Well done. This time try to greet looking into my eyes. Do you think you'll be able to do that?" The student does that. "Okay, well done. So much for today now."

That's it. Some mothers may feel unhappy about this, having paid a high tuition and waited for one hour before their turn. However, in fact, this is what is important. It is exactly the same as talking to a baby who does not yet understand language.

During this preparatory stage, the child's incentive grows rapidly. He begins to wish to play the violin as the bigger children do. Before he knows it, he has memorized the Twinkle Variations. The teacher carefully watches the child's condition; then, and then only, does

he give him the violin. Children thus inspired grow smoothly. "Wait till the inner power grows" --this is Mr. Suzuki's instruction.

No matter what you wish your child to start, the first thing to do is to make him love it. This is not limited to young children. Whether with elementary or high school students, if you want them to raise their ability in a subject, you must make them love that subject.

When you teach how to catch a baseball, if you suddenly throw a fast ball before preparing the child for it, who wouldn't lose the desire to learn? The so called "mamagon," or pushy education mother, presses her own desire on her child without thinking of him. This is the same as throwing a fast ball from the start.

When teaching kindergarten children to read, the teacher does not say, "This character is read such and such." He casually writes a few characters on the blackboard while telling their favorite story. They watch looking puzzled or amused. That's all. He neither explains that they are Chinese characters nor shows them how to read them. Of course, he does not say, "Raise your hand if you can read them."

Each time he tells a story, he repeatedly writes the same characters. Before long, the children learn them all, and on their own initiative, proudly start to read them. The moment they become interested, their power of memorization manifests itself. They learn an amazing number of characters and try to learn more. This is the time when the teacher should explain what they are and how to read them.

A certain mother who observed this thought her child a genius. She pulled out an elementary textbook, wrote down characters on cards. Every day she grabbed the child as soon as he came home, and taught him the characters one by one as in the traditional school. Instantly

the child started to hate Chinese characters, and even at kindergarten he turned away from them. Everything is this way. Just as the child started to get interested in the Chinese characters, the mother plucked the buds. Not only that, she tried to bribe him with treats or to scare him with threats so that he developed a character-phobia, which left a great after effect.

The mother tongue method prepares an environment in which the child feels the urge to learn, and it remains waiting. Some parents complain that their children are never inspired even though they have created an environment. That is either because the way they make the environment is wrong, or the parents are impatient. Children are usually itching to do something, to imitate. How soon they begin to show their interest more or less depends on the child. However, the power of the environment is great. It stimulates the child's big brain before any-one notices it.

Mr. Suzuki often quotes the example of warblers in his talks:

In Shinshu, they go to the mountains to catch a baby bird from the nest of a wild warbler and feed him. They borrow a master warbler from elsewhere and put them together. The baby bird listens for a month to the master's beautiful voice and fine intonation. By the time the baby grows up and begins to sing, he will be a warbler who has mastered the teacher's voice and intonation. Even though the musical environment provided for the baby lasts only a month, that shapes the bird's singing, his voice and intonation, for his entire life. We must solemnly accept this fact.

So we teach when the preparation is perfect and when the child has the incentive. It is

easy to teach then. The child learns on his own accord so much that we don't even have to worry particularly about whether the teaching method is good or bad. When a child learns language, is it ever questioned whether his mother has taught him well or not? Whoever the mother is, the child learns to speak. If the mother is a poor model, however, the child will also become a poor speaker, since he picks up the language as she speaks it.

The Child Watches the Parents

This is a story I heard from Mr. Kaname Hori, former Nagoya University professor of psychiatry. A child was brought to him since he could not pronounce a certain sound though he had nothing wrong with his ears, throat or tongue. It occurred to him that the mother's pronunciation might have something to do with it, so he asked her to utter the sound in question. He discovered that it was incorrect although her tongue camouflaged the defect fairly well. He pointed it out to her and assisted her to correct her own pronunciation. The child began to be able to pronounce the sound correctly before any one noticed it.

The parent often grieves over the child: "I don't remember having ever taught my child such a thing," "It can't be that I brought up my child this way." Remember she may not; but she has certainly taught her child whatever she is unhappy about. The child can never do things that have not been taught. Suppose she didn't directly instruct the child to do it, who did? The instruction was in the environment.

A young mother told me the following: she asked her girl, who had just turned two, to bring a notebook from the little drawer under the bureau in the dining room. She comprehended the message and brought the notebook, but

left the drawer open. The mother pointed at the drawer, saying, "Close the drawer, please." The girl ran to close the drawer, which was fine, but she did it by pushing it with her raised foot, as though to give it a kick. Flustered, the mother pulled it out again, and taught the child to push it in with the hand. Well, she wondered who had taught her such bad manners. Judging from the child's height, it would seem easier to use the hand. Why then did she raise her foot on purpose? Then she suddenly recalled: without thinking about it, she had been closing the drawer with her foot when busy, since the drawer was low for an adult. Though she thought no one was watching, the young child had learned that this drawer was to be closed with the foot and took pains to do so.

In fact there are many similar occurrences in daily life. The parent teaches the child, yet scolds him, calling him "bad child," "naughty child."

In this case, for a long time the child refused to forget to close the drawer with her foot though the mother repeatedly taught her to use her hand. Once stamped in the big brain the first time the child learns something, it takes time before it can be corrected. The younger the child is, it seems, the stronger this tendency.

Lorenz' Imprinting

The biologist Konrad Lorenz discovered, through observation of gray goose fledglings, that babies of precocious birds (such as duck, wild duck, and chicken, which walk at birth and feed themselves) take for the mother whatever they hear or see within a little over a dozen hours after hatching, and that this identification does not change for a long time afterwards. This is called imprinting. It is assumed that in the case of other precocious

animals (horse, goat, monkey), too, the bond-
age of mother and child is created by imprint-
ing.

Lorenz considered that the imprinting
came from the hereditary inborn system in the
child. He thought it was not by learning,
since the imprinting, once formed, is not wiped
out, and that it is limited to a certain num-
ber of hours after birth. However, thirty
years later, when American psychologists test-
ed the phenomenon under strict experimental
conditions, they arrived at considerably dif-
ferent conclusion from Lorenz' hereditary the-
ory. The imprinting does not have to be creat-
ed by the parent bird; a colorful and moving
box, a shiny electric bulb, a revolving disk
will do. Any striking and changing stimulus
was taken for the mother, and the more fre-
quently and longer the object was shown, the
greater the intensity of the imprinting, while
the imprinting, already made, gradually dis-
appeared when the object was not shown. The
imprinting, it was now clear, came from learn-
ing after birth.

Later, the American Psychologist Eckhard
H. Hess discovered that the number of days
needed for hatching differed between natural
hatching outdoors and hatching in an experiment
room.

Eggs from the same nest all hatch within
a three to eight hour period, but in the labo-
ratory, there is a difference of two to three
days between the earliest and slowest ones.
If there were such a difference in the natural
condition, the mother bird would not be able
to let them fledge out together. This led to
an assumption that the mother bird must be
working on the eggs somehow. On investigation,
it was discovered that the mother bird was com-
municating through cries with the babies. More-
over, at the time that the babies broke out of

the eggs, the mutual communication was the most
intense. This means that there were not only
visual but auditory stimuli.

The bird is born with a structure that
allows him to receive imprinting (learning) in
order to live. However, what is imprinted de-
pends upon the environment after birth. This
applies to the human being, too. The white
pheasant that hatched at a zoo had the misfor-
tune of being put in the cage of a huge ele-
phant turtle so that it was imprinted by the
turtle, and even after arriving at maturity,
it only spread its wings as a sign of court-
ship toward turtles.

If important and irrecoverable learning
which determines one's fate for life is expe-
rienced right after birth, this contains a
great danger. It seems that in the natural
world the mother and the child seem to be pro-
vided with a method for avoiding this danger.
The voice communication described above is one
such method.

What about human beings? For humanistic
reasons, it is not permissible to conduct such
experiments with human babies. However, there
have been experiments on the monkey, which is
said to be the closest to man.

Harry F. Harlow put a newborn monkey to
the breast of a man made monkey, warm and
yielding milk. The baby of course thought it
his mother. However, this influenced him in
his later growth. First, the baby monkey had
no expression. The mother seemed to be warm
enough to allow skinship, but she was passive
and unable to respond to the baby. For exam-
ple, she could not stroke the baby's hair, nor
could the baby reciprocate the act of love.

The baby monkey brought up by a real moth-
er monkey starts to imitate everything the
mother does a few days after birth. The baby
looks at what she looks at; he touches what she

touches; he puts into his mouth what she puts into hers. By doing that, the baby expands the area of his experience (learning).

On the other hand, the isolated baby monkey stares at one point in the cage, repeats the same action endlessly, crouches still holding his head with his front and hind legs, or commits himself to nervous shaking. Or he pinches his breast several hundred times a day using the same fingers, or bites a part of his body until blood comes out. He is not only said to be slow witted but unable to join other monkeys after growing up.

When I hear such stories, I cannot help thinking that it must be exactly the same with human babies. I have seen children brought up by mothers who care for them all right but without love behave similarly to this isolated baby monkey.

4. *Children Enjoy "Repetition"*

Let's return to our topic. No matter what you teach, readiness is everything. During the preparatory period, you must inspire a desire to learn, then begin to teach. You can go nowhere unless you make your child love what you want him to learn.

Children instinctively want to learn. They learn rapidly behind their parents' back. But how does it work? Haven't you had the experience of complaining that your child doesn't learn anything that you want him to, but learns all too quickly what you don't want him to, no matter how you tell him not to. In such a case, I propose that you find out just how he learns bad things well, and divert that effective learning method in a better direction. In any case, children are burning to learn. Learning is just as important for man to live as food is, and the structure of the big brain itself is made that way.

However, a child does not differentiate between good and evil. He imitates whatever is interesting. When a parent stops him, it becomes more meaningful to do it. He has this painful desire to attract the parent's attention, even by getting scolded, when he feels that she only loves his little brother or little sister, or when the parent is too busy at work to pay attention. Another reason is that he would like to wean himself and try doing things by himself; yet the parent interferes, so he becomes obstinate.

Further, the child tries to learn of his own accord from his environment because he is left alone. Since he makes no distinction between the good and the bad, he learns from the strongest stimulus or the most frequently repeated.

The good things that the parent wishes him to learn are neither interesting nor attractive, for all he does is nag and criticize. The moment the child begins to feel even a little like doing something, the parent opens his mouth, interferes saying this or that, never letting him do as he likes. It is natural that he chooses what is more interesting and what he can enjoy at his pleasure.

If you wish to redirect the incentive to learn bad things, you will guide the child with love, avoiding bothersome interference which might crush the child's initiative, cleverly inspiring (as by praising), and repeating constantly. Strangely, the child loves repetition. That he can master something before he knows it must be nature's providence.

Education means to teach and foster. Contemporary education is said to engage only in teaching and to lack fostering. To foster means to help learn by repetition.

Let's consider the way a child learns to speak. We talk to the baby because he is lovely.

There is this affection first of all; so we talk whether or not the baby listens or understands. This is the preparation. Do we stop talking thinking that the baby probably doesn't understand us?

When the baby first says "mama," everybody is excited and praises him repeating "mama, mama." We may not be aware of it, but in fact we are teaching then. If we feel so charmed by the baby's loveliness that we say "thish ish mama," copying his pronunciation, his baby talk may remain and have a lasting influence. It is necessary to provide a model of correct pronunciation from the very start.

When those surrounding him show that they are happy and praise him each time the baby utters a sound, it serves as a strong stimulus to him.

The word mama is repeated many times from that time on. Does the child stop saying the word since he can now say "mama"? He does not give it up before he can say it, either. This is "fostering." He does not think before saying the word, but the word comes out before he thinks. It's the same with foreign language learning. While the student is still thinking in his mother tongue and translating into a foreign language before speaking, it does not develop into real conversation.

This is the mother tongue method and talent education approach. Did you follow me?



Encounter with Talent Education

A Mother's Note

Ritsuko Gotō
Nagoya Chapter

While spending days as in a dream, my children have become a high school freshman and a second year student in junior high school.

I had almost no contact with classical music in the old days, except that my father worked for the Nagoya Suzuki Violin Company before the war, which I feel linked me to music, however remotely. My husband, when a student, was introduced by a friend to Teacher Fumiko Fujita of Kansai district, and studied with her from the Twinkle Variations to the Bach Double or so.

When he took me to the national concert at Osaka in the fall of 1962, I was really startled. Since I had thought that the violin was something one played alone or with just a few others, I was shocked before I even had the chance to be moved.

Next summer, we went to Matsumoto to observe the summer school at Hongō Elementary School. In the playground I spotted Mr. Suzuki chatting with people. As I approached him, he greeted me with a smile gently and casually, "You are very welcome." Shall I say my nervousness turned into emotion? I can never forget the feeling which suddenly filled me at that moment.

In March, 1978, when my son Haruo was three, I visited Mr. Shōichi Yamamura, the teacher of Mrs. Fumiko Fujita, at the classroom in the Nittai Temple on Mount Kakuō.

Home Lesson

About the time we joined the association, I read *Nurtured by Love*. I was not confident

that we could do it in our family, but resolved to try to cherish each day and each moment.

Running a photography studio, we were all busy working in our crowded place with my husband's parents, employees, and two children. On waking in the morning, the first thing I thought of was when would I be able to find the time for practice. Whenever there was time in our schedule became the lesson hour. During the lesson, too, occasionally I had to get up to tend to some business. "Practice with Mr. Suzuki now," I said, and quickly took care of my work.

Our daughter Kazuyo started lessons when she was going on three. I had occasions to wonder if I could have twice as many as twenty-four hours a day. For a certain period of time, I had to leave home about five days every year on business. On such occasions I called home and asked the children, "How's your tonalization today? Please let me hear it." "We can't practice when you're not home, mother," they said on the phone. I felt very sorry.

About the time Haruo was in elementary school and Kazuyo in kindergarten, we were able to establish a rhythm in life. I made it a rule to put on the record on waking in the morning. I was now able to handle the lesson time for both children every day though only briefly. Since I didn't read music at all, I wrote down finger numbers, the position of the bow, and expression, while listening to the lesson tape. I tried to prepare myself emotionally so the lesson at home would be ever pleasanter. Since my husband had played violin a little, he was sometimes helpful when I couldn't follow the finger numbers on the printed music. However, honestly, more often than not it turned out to be worse to have his assistance. The daily lesson started and ended with tonalization. Believing that the process

of changing one's tone would eventually lead to the growth of a person of a high sensitivity, we have lived as if in a dream. Although I had seen and heard other mothers' lovely ideas about how to inspire children, when my turn came, I found it quite challenging. Remembering the motto "the day you don't have to practice is the day you don't eat from morning till night," I always made practice a part of our daily life.

I was fortunate to hear Prof. Kaname Hori's talk just as the two children entered puberty. I listened to each word feeling it inside me as it was digested in my body. Now I recall his explanation that puberty was not a period of resistance but a period of growth. At this point I am truly happy that what I have sought to foster is bearing fruit.

Classroom Lesson, Group Lesson



In class, more than anything else I enjoyed listening to advanced students' lessons. Mr. Yamamura taught in them:

- * The written music contains the composer's philosophy.
- * One with ability is capable of changing oneself, of changing one's sound; through changes one's music is heightened.
- * One who is strict with oneself, who is generous toward others is one with great virtue, one who grows by self-discipline.

After each lesson which seemed to brace me with these words, I felt that the laziness of the past week was corrected. We had a notebook in which he wrote in at each lesson the points of home practice. During the lesson, I thought I understood them, but on the way

home, I already felt insecure. I tried very hard to repeat as good a lesson as possible at home, relying on the lesson tape and the notebook, though it was never easily successful.

All five classes gathered at the group lesson once a month. When each student in turn played a single sound, I was inspired by the beautiful sound of advanced students: I realized what it meant to say that a string rang. For beginners to be able to play with advanced students, mingling their sound with the beautiful sounds of advanced students, was a great joy, as I could tell from their sparkling, serious expression.

Summer group lessons take place in late August every year at an inn overlooking the beautiful water and mountains of Mikawa Bay. It is a music camp of two days one night. The lessons start right away when we get there in the early afternoon. Both students and parents are in turn serious, thrilled, rollicking with laughter, and ten hours of lessons in the afternoon, evening and morning pass like a storm, intense yet refreshing. At mealtime or in the evening, the teachers' talks and casual chatting of the mothers of advanced students encouraged me warmly. I was grateful each time we went to the summer group lesson.

Summer School

The summer school was like the New Year for our family. We waited and waited all year, and the night before none of us could sleep. Often we started out in the middle of the night, since we were not going to be able to sleep anyway. As we arrived in front of the Talent Education Hall before dawn, we felt truly happy, deeply inhaling the cool morning air of Matsumoto.

We enjoyed the summer school so much that we were jealous of the time spent sleeping at

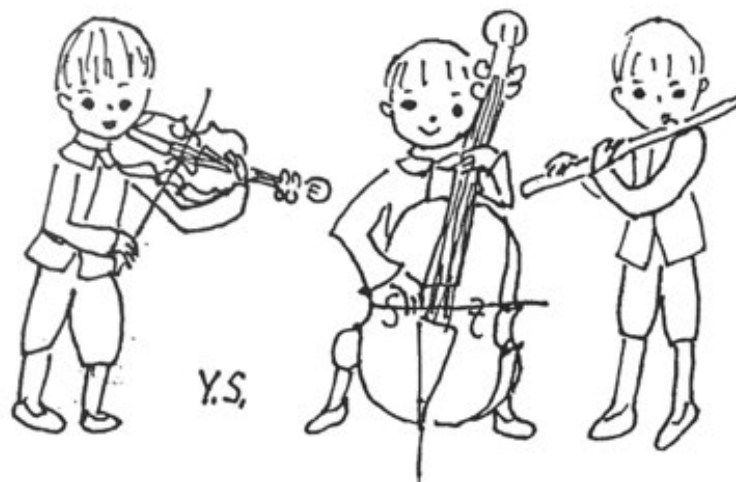
night. It was a joy to recapitulate in music and in the world of Mr. Suzuki what we had learned from Mr. Yamamura for one year. The children seemed to enjoy it more and more each year.

This makes me think of how beyond our imagination big a job it must be for Mr. Suzuki and the Matsumoto parents, while all we experience is joy, pure joy. Thank you very much.

Conclusion

I don't know if I have been carried away fostering the children for the past fifteen years, or being fostered myself. I have experienced the fact that "man is a child of the environment," through an ever-awakening contact with my children. Granted that they share our weaknesses as well as strengths, their heart fostered through music seems intuitively to grasp a beautiful direction.

I am grateful that what we could not foster at home has on many blessed occasions been fostered amidst teachers and friends.



Birthday Recording

Kiyoshi Suzuki

from *A Father's Record*
(no. 7) continued from
Summer 1980

43. Birthday Recording

--Age Nine

On asking different families about their plans for making birthdays meaningful, I learn a variety of inspiring and interesting ideas. With us, too, birthday celebrations as a family, though commonplace, are among the most pleasant events of the year.

On my birthday, which is June 11, I always receive presents from Eiko and my wife. My wife prepares an appropriate meal. "I wonder what I'll give papa for his birthday this year," Eiko repeats every day when the date approaches, at a loss as to what to choose. We both smile hearing this, and spend the few days pleasantly before the birthday. "Well, it can be something you like, or something papa likes," I tell Eiko.

On one birthday when I returned from work, Eiko gave me a present, saying, "Here, papa, many happy returns!" It was carefully wrapped in a paper and tied with a ceremonial ribbon, with the paper writing: "Felicitations. Eiko."

"Well, what are you celebrating me with, I wonder. I'm overwhelmed with anticipation," I said, opening the wrapping. There was a banana.

"Oh it looks good. Thank you very much."

"It's nothing more than this, but Eiko thought and thought, and finally decided on a banana," my wife said. "That's right. It was hard finding something that's both inexpensive and good. . . ." Eiko explained her efforts.

"Ha, ha, ha, sure that's right," I laughed and enjoyed the gift with gratitude.

When we finished the feast, there came an assortment of my favorite sweet cakes. We had a pleasant time sharing them. When the plate was empty, Eiko said, "I wanted to eat the *sakuramochi*, but since papa likes it, and besides it's his birthday today, I didn't eat it." Eiko had refrained from taking the cherry-leaf wrapped *sakuramochi* that was on the plate with other sweets. "Yes? If you wanted it, it would have been fine to have it," I said. But, finding how Eiko, the third grader, knew my favorite things so well and restrained herself brought tears to my heart.

Eiko's birthday is July 22nd. It is the most pleasant day for our family. We give her presents; she brings some friends home to play and eat a meal. Another thing we do is record her violin solo. "This is Eiko's 12th birthday," she says into the microphone, and performs a recently finished piece. Since this is a birthday recording, Eiko plays with that in mind, but of course it's not that she can perform beyond what her ability allows. Even so, I think this will prove meaningful later on, as a record of life. I regret that we didn't start this custom from the time she started to practice the violin.

It's moving to listen to the recording of her performance for graduation from the advanced level. Even though there may not be the same degree of sentiment about birthday recordings, I am sure that we will find them precious in later years.

"No matter how long he takes violin lessons, he doesn't progress at all," some parents complain about their children. Don't they recall that at first their children couldn't even play *Twinkle*? Don't they remember what kind of tone they had when they started to

learn the violin, or how they played a year or two ago? Certainly not with their present tone and phrasing. If they do, I think such words would not come out of their mouths.

If possible, it would be helpful to the parents to record each piece when it is finished, and let the child play it three, or five years later to see what progress he has made.

Although one must hold one's ideal high, it is selfish on the part of the parent to wish that the child, still in the process of studying, immediately rise to that height. Unless the parent observes the child's gradual efforts toward perfection and gently lends a helping hand, the child will suffer. The staircase is something to climb step by step.

44. My Wife's Illness and Eiko --Age Nine

My wife is very healthy. As her nickname "express train" given by Eiko may indicate, she does neat housework from morning till night. Her strength has supported both Eiko and myself. She had experienced no illness that would inconvenience Eiko or me even a tiny bit, except once when she was in bed for three days.

Eiko, who discovered in the morning that her mother was unable to rise, quickly got up and cheerfully said, "Papa, I'll make breakfast, so you may stay in bed." "Really? How nice. Then I'll let you make breakfast," I said, slowly leaving my bed.

Eiko toasted bread, warmed milk, fried eggs on the gas burner, busying herself just like her mother the express train. Eiko and I had a merry time at breakfast. Eiko asked my wife, "Would you like some bread, mama?" but she answered, "It's okay, I don't feel like eating anything now." Eiko and I looked at each other with a smile. "Don't worry; you go

to school now, Eiko. Mama's illness is not serious," I said. Eiko put away the dishes as her mother always does, and went to school in good spirits.

I said to my wife, "After all she's a girl, she does well. How are you feeling, though?" She answered, looking happy, "I'll be fine if I rest a day or two. It'll be good for Eiko if we let her work in the kitchen a lot on such occasions, instead of handling her like a little child forever." "You're right," I said, leaving for work.

I came home to look after my wife during the lunch hour, but since she didn't look serious and had no appetite yet, I went back to work right away.

On returning in the late afternoon, I was cheerfully greeted by Eiko, "Welcome home, papa." "How's mama?" I asked. "Mama ate a little rice gruel after I came home. I made it for her," Eiko said, looking happy. "You did? That's great. Did mama teach you how to make it? Did it come out good?" I said. Eiko and my wife smiled, looking at each other.

We have to let Eiko do everything, my wife often says. We have to raise her as a person who would be happy to do anything. In order to do so, first I have to, and my wife has to, be able to live without complaints, with joy and gratitude. If the parents find joy in daily life and live with gratitude, their children without fail grow as persons of a similar heart.

I am keenly aware of the difficulty of passing our daily lives with gratitude. All kinds of complaints readily stir in my mind. And they influence my words, my expression. It is obvious that this doesn't help Eiko grow beautifully.

This won't do. I must try to live with a cheerful face, with a joyful expression, without even the smallest complaints.

Having a child has enabled me to see myself with a clear awareness of my low ability.

45. *Solo Recital on Graduation
from the Advanced Curriculum*
--Nine and Seven Months

I had been told by Mr. Suzuki that it is very helpful for a child to give a solo recital on graduating from the advanced level of talent education. Wishing to give Eiko such an experience, I was planning this in my mind, when I had the opportunity to hear Hiroko Yamada's solo recital in Matsumoto. It was on the evening when Eiko and I arrived in Matsumoto. Mr. Suzuki said, holding out two tickets, "Welcome. Tonight is Hiroko-chan's solo recital. Please be sure to listen to her. The money from the admission goes entirely to a nursing home." I bought the tickets and accompanied Eiko to the hall. I was moved by the fine performance. Eiko had graduated from the advanced level in March, 1955. Her recital was planned for March 11, the following year. It was going to be a humble event at a small hall, but in order to make this recital more meaningful, we followed Hiroko-chan's example by attaching to each ticket a receipt for a ¥100 donation to a nursing home. We thought that it would be nice if Eiko could contribute in this way for she would soon be ready to join society. Since this was her first recital, we were particularly conscious of its significance.

"I wonder if a hundred yen might not be too expensive for Eiko's recital. No matter what you say, she's just a child, I feel embarrassed," my wife resisted. "I see what you mean," I said, and consulted Mr. Suzuki at once. He answered, "Eiko-chan's recital is free, so it's not at all expensive. A hundred yen donation for the nursing home--this is almost too cheap."

I realized belatedly that I had worried too much about "a hundred yen," i. e., the price itself. It was wrong of me to misinterpret its nature.

Though it may have been a little cheap for a donation for a nursing home, anyway we decided to distribute the receipts attached to an invitation to a solo recital. I asked a friend who loves music, "I'm sorry to bother you but donate a hundred yen for a nursing home, would you?" "What? A nursing home?" "Yes, I'm asking for a donation for a nursing home. A hundred yen, please." "Of course, I'd be happy to donate, if it's only a hundred yen, but. . . ." "Thank you very much." I handed him the program, invitation card, and receipt. "Oh, I see, Eiko-chan's solo recital. Well, it looks rather impressive, doesn't it." "Oh, well, it's nothing worthy of your hearing yet, but it's an experience for her." "I'd love to hear it by all means." Another acquaintance was happy to give a hundred yen, saying, "I'm not very fond of nursing homes, but I'd like to take a ticket for the sake of Eiko-chan."

Finally the day came. Lovely dolls, gifts from her friend's grandmother and Mr. Kondō's daughter, were displayed in the hall, along with flowers from parents in the same class.

The donation for the nursing home only amounted to a little over ten thousand yen, but this was Eiko's first contribution to society.

The program read as follows:

Time	March 11, 1956, 2. p.m.
Place	Toyohashi Cultural Center
Presented by	Talent Education Center, Toyohashi Chapter and Toyohashi

Cultural Center

Eiko Suzuki

Born July 22, 1946

entered talent education February 1, 1949

graduated from the elementary curriculum

October 25, 1949

graduated from the higher curriculum

October 25, 1952

graduated from the advanced curriculum

March 27, 1955

presently enrolled in the third grade,
Arakawa Elementary School, Toyohashi

Program

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Sonata No. 4 | Handel |
| 2. Romance in F | Beethoven |
| 3. Chaconne | Vitali |
| 4. Concerto in e minor | Mendelssohn |
| 5. A. Tambourin | Gretry |
| B. Rosemary | Kreisler |
| C. Courante | Bach |
| D. Allegro | Fiocco |
| E. Paraphrase of the Theme of Twinkle | Shin'ichi Suzuki |

The only piece she learned especially for this occasion is the last number. She had already learned the others. This was a very good chance for Eiko to further refine them.

"Handel was the best. By the time she came to Mendelssohn, Eiko-chan's fatigue showed, and I felt a little sorry for her. But she did really well," a friend told me. I felt so choked in the throat that I could not say a word. I only tipped my head lightly.

I recommend a solo recital for everyone celebrating graduation from the advanced curriculum. For they should have the ability to do it. However, many parents hesitate. I hope they will realize that this deprives their children of an opportunity for learning.

43. *The National Concert
on her Own Savings*
--Nine and Nine Months

Eiko graduated from the elementary curriculum in October, 1952 at the first talent education graduation ceremony, from the higher curriculum the following year at the second ceremony, and from the advanced curriculum in March, 1955 when the third ceremony and the first national concert were jointly held at the Tokyo Gymnastic Hall. The following year, at the time of the fourth graduation and second national concert held in Nagoya, she simply participated in the concert as a talent education student. Since it is only a little over an hour from Toyohashi, we took a day trip there as a family.



"Eiko's really lucky. She graduated each time in Tokyo. It's as if they held graduation ceremonies for Eiko," my wife said looking at Eiko on the night before the Nagoya national concert. Since she viewed a trip from Toyohashi to Tokyo with a sort of longing, she felt sentimental about Eiko having participated in the graduation in Tokyo three times in a row. "True. She was able to participate from the first graduation, and in Tokyo each time. So she got to go to Tokyo as many as three times. Mama went only once, though," I said to Eiko. Eiko, too, talked about Tokyo looking happy. It was a pleasant evening.

The third national concert was announced to be held again in Tokyo. "Papa, would you please take me to the national concert again?" Eiko asked one evening after supper. "Well, I can't tell yet," I answered, while thinking I certainly would like to take her.

"I'd like to go, papa."

"I'd like to go, too, Eiko." "I'd like to go no matter what, papa." "I'd like to go no matter what, too, Eiko." "Then, why don't you take me. Right, Mama?" Eiko turned to her mother for support.

"Yes," my wife went only so far as to smile listening to us, without supporting Eiko. It was impossible to just say "I can't tell yet" to Eiko who wanted to attend the national concert so badly. So I told her, "But, you see, it's hard to tell till the time comes. In the first place, it takes a lot of money. We don't know if we'll have that money, and besides, I may be needed at the office for a chore I can't foresee yet."

"I see," Eiko remained looking unhappy for a while, but then said eagerly, as though intently in thought, "Then, papa, I'll withdraw money from my savings, so please take me."

"Will you? Do you wish to go that much? Shall we then use Eiko's savings for travel expenses? For you are the one participating in the concert."

So, her participation in the third national concert was settled.

Since January of the year she started school, we gave her an allowance every month, though just a small amount, encouraging her to save whenever she could. This unexpectedly proved psychologically helpful.

I, for my part, managed to earn some money, so we could go to the concert without spending Eiko's savings. However, I was very pleased that Eiko wanted to go even on her own savings; at the same time, I realized that I had to be responsible to prepare for the national concert myself.

"Suppose my child goes all the way to Tokyo to play the violin, which means a trip of two nights, he's not going to make all that much progress. If he is graduating, there may be

some meaning in going, but if it's just to participate in the national concert, the gain from the trip doesn't really balance the cost. So, I guess I'll pass it up," some say. I think nothing is as selfish as this. No matter how silly a parent I am, I don't think that my child can progress in the violin from the single group performance at the national concert. If there were a measuring machine which balances the expenses against the progress and tells how much the child has grown, I would like to meet that machine. To fail to notice the foolishness of thinking about the results of education in terms of cost, I think, is akin to thinking that only money fosters the child's heart. Everyone must admit that there is something that moves the participants and their parents in the atmosphere of the great performance in unison of 1,500 children at the national concert. How it captures their heart varies from child to child and from parent to parent. It varies according to what they expect from participation, their way of thinking in general, and their attitude towards their children. It can't be simply generalized. No matter what good opportunities might knock, without the parents' positive attitude, they are meaningless.

47. Toy Symphony --Ten Years Old

Both sons of a music shop owner with whom I had had contact for thirty years were getting married at the same time. Thinking of having the Toy Symphony played by acquaintances at the reception, he asked my opinion. "Good idea. Fine, let's do it by all means," I said. Eiko played among the first violinists. Another child from the same violin class also joined. The or-

chestra was a hodgepodge of instruments including piano, organ, cello, clarinet, trumpet, and percussion which all kinds of acquaintances brought, and they rehearsed quite enthusiastically. I conducted. At the wedding reception, this performance drew the greatest attention of all the events, and the two couples greatly enjoyed it.

This opened a door to a further event. When the Toyohashi Cultural Center was expecting a concert by the Nagoya University Quartet, it was suggested that they might include talent education children's Toy Symphony. We gathered those who wanted to play for rehearsals, and they were able to perform the piece in a form close to the original.



"A Toy Symphony Orchestra was born in Toyohashi," "If you try hard, this may become the basis on which a good ensemble will form itself," music lovers encouraged us. I thought, "Talent education children can perform the Toy Symphony by themselves; parents can handle the percussion parts." So I proposed that we play the Symphony with the children at the graduation concert in 1957 after the graduating students' solos. "I wonder if we can do it," "That's right, it's a difficult piece, isn't it," they said, not readily agreeing. "Of course you can," I said, "whether we can or can't, let's just give it a try thinking we can. I bet it'll be fun."

They went in all directions to buy a drum, a horn, a rattle, and what not, and started to practice.

"No good if you laugh. All right, from the beginning again."

This proved to be a lark for the parents. The children, too, were really delighted. During the children's ensemble practice, the moth-

ers had always enjoyed chatting as they liked, but now that they were members of the ensemble, they practiced with zeal, for, unless they seriously stared at the music, a horn would sound unexpectedly or a cuckoo would sing belatedly. Due to the enthusiastic practice, the performance at the graduation concert went well. The instructors applauded loudly, saying "encore, encore."

Since the bass part was played by the third violins, the piece lacked weight, but somehow it was meaningful that we did it without troubling the instructors. It also made us happy that we played a delightful ensemble piece outside of the regular teaching materials.

"Let's play the Toy Symphony at a concert at the summer school at Matsumoto this year," we promised each other, and took the music there. It worked out well since many Toyohashi students participated in the 1957 summer school.

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We practiced at our lodging just once, and performed the first movement during the morning concert at Hongo Elementary School auditorium. At the sight of a mother shaking a rattle holding her baby in her arms, Mr. Suzuki said, "It was very pleasant," enjoying the atmosphere more than the performance itself. An instructor commented, "Better than I had expected. In fact I hadn't thought you would be able to bring it up to this level," which made my face break out in sweat. The children had greater ability in stock, but I could not draw it out fully. I did put myself into this project, however.

When I really put myself into something, Eiko never fails to do likewise. Unless I devote myself more enthusiastically to talent education, Eiko, too, may become half-hearted.

One day, on returning from school, Eiko said, "A school teacher asked me if I could



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

(Five mottoes of
Talent Education)

play the third movement of the Toy Symphony fast. Isn't it an insult, papa?" "So what did you say, Eiko?" "I said I can." "What did he say then?" "He just said, o yeah?"

Eiko seemed a little unhappy thinking that the teacher asked the question because he had doubted that she could play it fast. That's exactly how I felt, too; or rather, since I am in that frame of mind, she also thinks that way. Talent education indeed means "the parent's heart is the child's heart."



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

Now I Have Begun
to Understand
What the Suzuki Method is All About

Kazue Hosoda
Tokai District Piano
Study Group

I have taught by the Suzuki method for two years. Before that, I incorrectly thought it commonsense that no child ever grew. I felt intimidated by the gravity of teaching piano to young children, and was unable to become a "piano teacher": I feared for the future of each child I might fail to teach, possibly turning him into a musicphobe for life.

When my daughter was five, I was groping in my own way for a musical approach from the ear through keyboard harmony, to break the shell of the traditional method. Just then I was so fortunate as to encounter Mr. Suzuki's "mother tongue approach." It was an awakening experience. I read *Nurtured by Love* in one breath, and, excited about having found something, having finally met something, I spent the next week with the book in one hand. I pushed to the corner of my mind the anxiety that if I jumped into such a wonderful task right now, clumsy as I was from long ago, I might inconvenience my family. Supported by my husband who encouraged me to "do it thoroughly if you are going to do it at all," I became a member of the study group. Our expectation was not betrayed: the children whom I started to teach last January have all been growing so smoothly that I almost can't believe it.

Granted that it includes the basic tech-

nique of playing which tended to be neglected by the traditional note-reading method at the earliest stage of learning, the Suzuki method endeavors to foster from the very start what is called "musicality." This is the most important thing which the traditional method could not teach nor even care about. The beauty of this method is known only when experienced, as the saying goes "seeing is believing." It can hardly be expressed in words.

As I indicated earlier, I had been attempting to find a new teaching method from the ear with the use of chords. I had started a *music* class, not a *piano* class, taking on several dropouts from the traditional note-reading method: they had disliked piano because they were slow at reading, could only move the left and right hands together, etc. Had they not encountered the Suzuki method, these children would simply have been abandoned as not talented after two or three years of struggle before the notes. The way they *all* grow has brought me constant surprise.

For the past two years, whenever I saw Mr. Suzuki at study group meetings and lectures, I was moved by the ardent thought hidden in the warm eyes of this person wishing for the happiness of children all over the world. I have also been guided by my seniors in the study group, Teacher Hasegawa with whom my daughter studies the violin, and enthusiastic parents in her violin class. Even so, I have remained at the stage of repeated trial and error.

While I heartily nodded to Mr. Suzuki's words such as "one-point lesson," "the shorter the lesson, the better," "the child grows at home," "great team work by the instructor and the parent," I still groped between the mothers and myself, for I was not completely liberated from the traditional commonsense myself. I felt torn between their feelings and my feeling as

a teacher. The more I groped, the more I felt tormented, and there were times when I doubted that I would really be able to continue.



When I look back, it's only natural that I could not be one hundred percent persuasive about something in which I could neither totally believe nor convince myself. Day after day passed while I discussed talent education

with the parents rather than gave lessons to their children, and I was a wreck. In the end I lost patience with those who refused to understand; selfishly and hastily I thought that as long as we taught only those capable of raising their children with a firm belief in the method, the unconvinced whom Mr. Suzuki calls "unawakened" would forever remain as the audience, marvelling at the examples of superb fostering on stage. Then the method would not be able to shed the label "talent education equals genius education."

I asked all my students to join the talent education program, the minimum condition being that they listen regularly to the record. I myself could not see the truth of the words, "Every child grows; everything depends on the way he is raised." Every day I battled desperately, acting the double role of teacher and parent. Just because parents had no desire to foster their children to a high level, how could I, I thought, allow children with great potential for growth to be kept from growing as they wish. I resolved to foster every child, to insure the realization of the Suzuki method. On looking back, I realize that I should have let them listen to the record more, and have put more energy into creating a fine environment. However, while accumulating such

experiences, through the stunning growth of the children, I gradually assimilated the "law of ability."

How timely that I could visit Matsumoto at this point and experience many wonderful things. It was indeed meaningful to me.

It is needless to mention Mr. Suzuki's lessons overflowing with warmth. I was able to observe Madame Kataoka's lessons also. Her faith in the children's potential which permeated every nook of her language, and the conviction with which she explained that inability to successfully draw forth their potential was entirely the teacher's responsibility, pressed my heart until it ached. In the happy six year olds whose talent has been effectively drawn forth, and the mothers who talked to me later in the hallway, I recognized true talent education. Those mothers seemed to enjoy raising their children with complete faith in their teacher.

Right now, liberated from the fixation which had tied me down, I feel as if a weight has been lifted from my shoulders, and at the same time, I am filled with passion toward the future.

I would like to continue to gain experience in talent education as a member of the Tokai District Piano Study Group. By the time I am ninety (one of Mr. Suzuki's barometers), I hope to see the day when I am surrounded by a hundred students enjoying their happy environment.

Talent Education, no. 52.

*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



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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



R.S.

