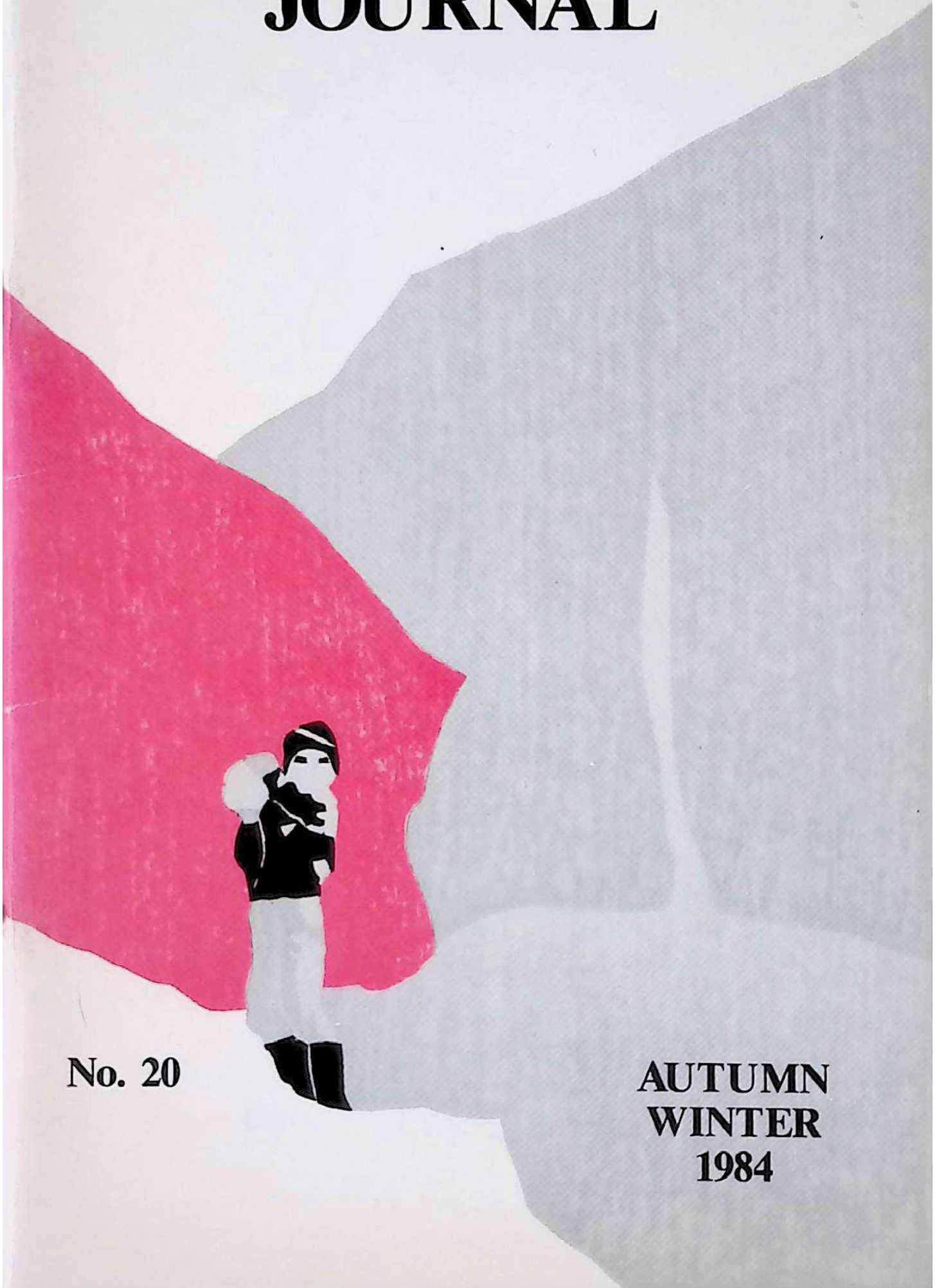


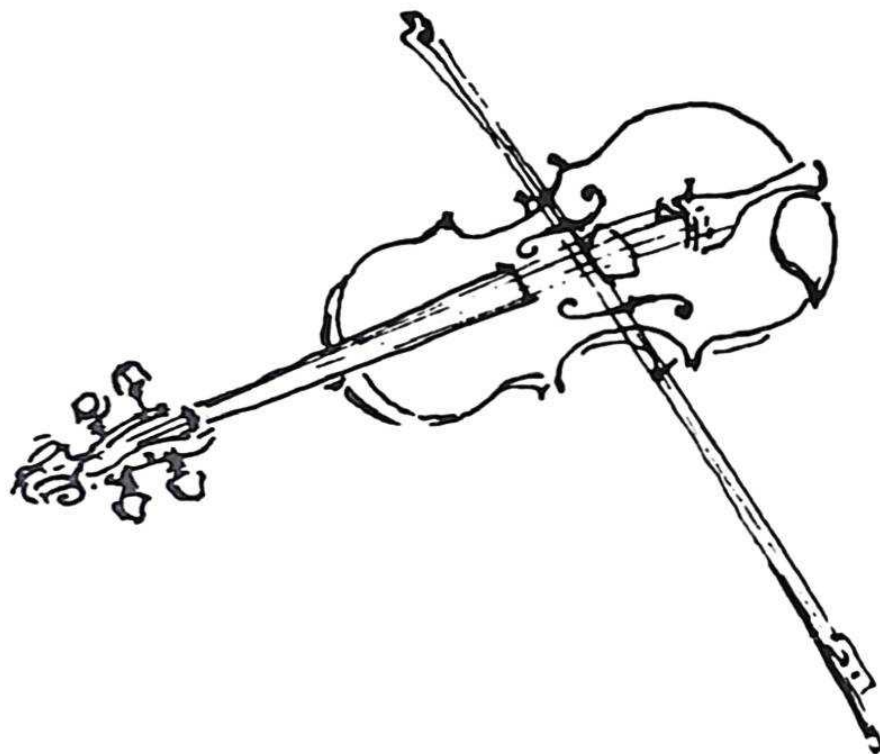
TALENT EDUCATION JOURNAL



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EDITOR'S NOTE

Masayoshi Kataoka

We are pleased to offer Dr. Shin'ichi Suzuki's lecture, "What Talent Education Aims At," which originally appeared in the first issue of the Japanese magazine, *Talent Education*. Through this lecture, readers may find the essence of his thoughts on life and talent education philosophy.

Talent Education of Japan, No. 68, contains a special issue on Yoji Gakuen (Talent Education Pre-school in Matsumoto). We have selected two Yoji Gakuen teachers' reports from the articles featured.

Dr. Suzuki's instruction is always fresh and unique. Even though he simplifies his instruction as a fun game for young children, it conveys a profound meaning, demonstrating the highest level of teaching. We have included two recent examples of such instruction in the present issue of *TEJ*. As Suzuki teachers, we must work toward mastering his instructions before practicing our own ideas.

This issue completes the English translation of 183 haiku by Issa, followed by Kenji Miyazawa's famous poem, "Defeated Neither by Rain Nor Wind." These exemplify materials used at Yoji Gakuen for fostering children's memory and sensitivity.

Mrs. Naoko Hasebe is a violin instructor at the Nagoya Branch. As a mother of two and a Suzuki teacher, she describes her daily life and thoughts in "Growing with my Children." This article, we hope, will be found stimulating to all parents, especially in families where both parents work.



Dr. Suzuki greets at the opening ceremony,
Summer School, Matsumoto

WHAT TALENT EDUCATION AIMS AT

Shin'ichi Suzuki

American Response

During my recent and fourth American visit, I discovered that already in the States many attempts have been made in response to what I had long been suggesting: let's take a fresh look at children's potential.

For example, typing is being taught to 100 two year olds. Aside from whether it is important, this made me realize that there is an uncommon desire to discover what potential exists in such small children.

In fact, I think we have not yet fully studied what human beings are potentially capable of doing.

In our experiences, the youngest student was a year

and seven months. By age two and three months or so, she played the entire Twinkle Variations, which takes approximately four minutes. In view of this, I think it easily possible for a two year old to type. Anyway, right now in the States human potential is being explored with a new look at every area, and my frequent visits are related to this exploration. "We are seriously tackling this problem; won't you live in the States and work with us?" someone asked. I replied: "Please work hard for American children; I will do the same for Japanese children. I am afraid I cannot immigrate to your country." Through this conversation, however, we promised each other that we will persue this theme together, while keeping mutual, horizontal ties.

Children's Potential

Mankind has a long human history of ignorance of children's potential. I think it is about time to take another careful look at what are called humans.

Look at today's elementary education: they teach the alphabet and 1, 2, 3 to six year olds. What an odd thing to do, future generations will say, finding this ludicrous.

I would like you to try listening to the performance of three thousand children at the annual national concert at Budokan.

When you see the grand unison performance of a thousand, or rather, fifteen hundred children who started training at three and now playing Vivaldi at age five, I would like you to view this as a question of human ability rather than simply as a question of violin playing.

Before the war, I taught at music school as well. This a minor concerto by Vivaldi was the graduation piece at that time. Small children can play the same piece now. An entirely different world is before our eyes.

This is a demonstration toward proof of children's potential.

Mr. Hiratsuka has just said in his talk that the true

road of education lies where truth penetrates. Human aspiration has been ascribed to instinct and what not, but this is simply rhetoric. I believe that human life always seeks love, truth, goodness and beauty. Life constantly seeks the more beautiful, and partly for the sake of self protection it seeks not evil but good. If this is humans' true road, we must try to free ourselves from the world warped by "wisdom" in order to create a true paradise on earth, where we can exist in the world of life and truth.

With faith in this, I have to advance in that direction starting today, together with thoughtful friends. Fine to suppose that the 25th century is the goal. However, in order for us in the 20th century to move toward that goal, I pray that together we will seriously think about mankind.

I seek the way to make all children happy. Since there is no other work for me except this, I am trying to live for this alone, making this my joy.

Death, as defined by Mr. Hiratsuka, was one enlightenment which I learned to achieve through art. That I was born is not due to myself; because of the presence of great nature's vast power, my life came to exist; I was born into this world as a human being. I have no recollection of placing an order. If so, neither is death at my command. Death is also heaven's job. Thus I have come to realize that to live, neither to be born nor to die, was within my power. Then, let me live till I die and work for children; I live solely for this purpose, I said to myself, and since then I have been treading this road.

Family Environment

When I think about how children's human formation occurs in accordance with the environment, I feel most strongly that their hearts and personalities develop while receiving the radiation of their parents' hearts. I think that you ought to think of this first. In other words, the child's life tries with wonderful strength to exist in the given environment. Education oriented

toward this life is, I think, real education.

Parents tend to educate children with words. "You must do this," they say, but this is a mere linguistic exercise; verbally expressing parental wishes are different from educating children. What parents do every day is all passed on to children. Everything including the beauty or evil of the parents' hearts, their emotions, and even the feeling of husband-and-wife fights, are inculcated in children, and may be demonstrated at any moment. Since life grasps it without any awareness on the children's part, nobody knows that this is happening. And while children remain unaware of this, these elements form their humanity.

If the father kicks the door open, the child does the same the following day. Then the mother yells at the child. Isn't this common family education? When I think of such a scene, I cannot resist sympathizing: how responsive and how miserable children are.

This applies to today's schooling. Although knowledge is of course an important aspect of culture human beings have created, schools teach knowledge and mistake it for education. This is the so-called knowledge education, or education in which ability is partially missing.

You have just heard the performance of kindergarteners. I would like you to realize what wonderful ability has grown in them, even if you judge simply by their Bach minuet. This is important to human beings. What I want to tell you is that mere knowledge of the minuet is one thing, and to be able to play it is quite another.



Do it if You Think it

I have found it a good learning experience to simply try to carry out in our daily family life what all of us think is good.

As I wrote in *Nurtured by Love*, the following incident occurred one cold February day when the temperature was 13° below zero C. My younger sister came home from outside and said, "Brother, I just saw a handicapped war veteran on the bridge. Though there was a collection box by his side, in this snowy weather nobody passed. I really felt sorry. I almost wished to ask him over to warm himself at the kotatsu over a cup of tea." I responded, "You wished, didn't you?" "Yes, that's right," my sister said and dashed out. In half an hour, she returned with the veteran. We made the room warm, invited him to sit at the kotatsu, offered him some sweets from Nakamura's, a gift from someone, and enjoyed a pleasant chat as a family until he went back. Even such a small thing we did as our own training at home.

Take for example a trivial matter like letter writing. If, instead of talking about writing tomorrow, you write right now when you have thought of writing, you will be through immediately. Yet those who postpone it till tomorrow will receive more letters tomorrow, so letters accumulate before they know it. Then they say they are so busy. They are busy simply because they accumulate without handling chores. I wonder if these are also people who need to carry out ability-training.

In this sense, I, too, whip and train myself thinking that what I can do and wish to do for others should be done now. For such a chance is not in the future; it always exists now.

On Love

On the question of love, too, a lot of thoughts come into my mind. When I had a chat on the train today with a talent education teacher who recently married and settled in Chicago, I told her my view of love as

follows.

Love is also ability. Although everyone is confident of possessing love, none of us as yet fully know how poor and insufficient our love is. There is a big gradation in love, from the humble affection of a pup to the lofty and all embracing love. We still have to learn vastly more in this area. For example, at the moment of marriage which will affect one's entire life, one offers a truly great love to one's consort.

A while after the loving couple marry, jealousy starts. It is said that jealousy grows out of love, its seedling. I do not agree with this view. Jealousy means taking a weapon with which to destroy love. What destroys love most is jealousy, for it is based on lack of faith.

If mutual love really exists, the two must train in unshaken faith. No matter what others say, they should try to believe in each other without a hint of suspicion. This training is what is important. Suppose jealousy succeeds, what remains after that? It is meaningless if love, which is the main thing, is lost. Love corresponds to the depth of this faith. This also applies to friendship.

This is the theory of love in talent education.

Long ago, I wrote on what I call "love's interest theory" in the *Bungei Shunju*, a monthly magazine. The married couple have put in a tremendous amount of principal for each other: for you I will not spare my life. Therefore, at the time of marriage, they are happiness itself with plenty interest on both parts. However, in five years, or in ten years, they will have eaten up the principal, without a single penny left. They will start to say to each other, "Lately you don't show any sign of love," "You don't love me as before, either." Both have completely forgotten about making fresh deposits.

After all love is interest on the principal that you have put in. There are wonderful people who return that small sum with great interest, and there are others who return but a little. However, that's what they decide. In love, if you repeat this, the other party

always begins to pay more interest.

Kindness is Also a Matter of Training

For over a dozen years, I have been serving as an advisor to a boys' reformatory, my job being to help without pay. I visit the place now and then and talk to the boys. Wishing to help friendship burgeon among these unfortunate boys, and thinking it best to first help them to exchange morning greetings, I tell them the following. When you say "good morning" and you are ignored, you may get angry. If you think, however, that the other person doesn't yet have the ability to answer "good morning," you won't particularly feel angry. Say "good morning" again next day. While you are repeating this every day, he will eventually come to respond with the same greeting, having no other choice. Since you are putting in the "good morning" principal every day, he just has to pay back an interest, if only a little — that's how human sentiment works. Instead, should you resent everything he does or says? Better to just ascribe it to his lowness. Then it becomes his problem, not yours. Suppose another person is poor at math, nobody resents it. It is the same. I tell the boys: "Be bold enough to put into practice whatever you think is good."

This way of thinking, or practice of kindness toward people, I believe, will eventually create a road to a world in which people really care for one another, a world of mutual human love.

School teachers now are working hard on education. I was able to see various results of study in the States, too. I admire their great enthusiasm, but what I most want is a beautiful heart in every child. And I would like to help every child develop, as ability, beautiful behavior. In other words, I am wishing for education which develops not only knowledge but ability.

How should this be materialized? If we spend the long nine years of compulsory education, it is not impossible, I think, to develop one really important thing. To see this in violin training, generally in nine years

Mozart concertos in A and E can be beautifully mastered. This ability approximates the music school graduation level. If you spend nine years, you can do this sort of thing.

As one such training, if kindness toward others is practiced every day at home and at school continually for nine years, every child will master kind behavior. Then the whole country will change. This is no joke. This achievement alone will be enough for calling Japan's education a success.

However, although you may know it important to be kind to others, knowledge alone does not help you carry it out, if ability is not yet fostered.

It is regrettable that, today, those who have received nine years of compulsory education, or even those who have studied in high school or college, cannot be kind to others. This is a grave deficiency in education. It is a deficiency in education in the area of the heart.

Music Is Alive

Many children are studying violin by talent education. We do not necessarily make them performers, but, through music, Bach and Mozart are directly educating them. In the music children play, they are still alive.

When listening to Mozart, I feel that Mozart really exists near me, talking to me.

Music is one of the greatest art forms that mankind has created. Even after a thousand years, music will continue to convey human life in its living forms, greatly affecting the minds of people. How wonderful it is that such great composers as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven help human formation of these young children by fostering noble souls and beautiful musicality even while they are unconscious of this. As children continue to handle these masters' great pieces using their own sensitivity and ability, step-by-step accumulation becomes an important factor in their growth.

In one of my relatives' family, children regularly

wipe the wooden floors before going to school. They divide the job so that the biggest child cleans this floor, the second biggest takes that floor, etc. When they are thus at work, the smallest one, aged two or three, claims a small wooden floor the size of one tatami mat, and gets busy cleaning with the others. This, too, is a matter of ability: eventually, it forms a good habit of doing what he has to before going to school.



Toward the World of Mutual Human Love

Human beings are still making many, many mistakes. If correcting them while reflecting on each one means progress, today's mankind is making a greater mistake than can be turned into progress. I say this because, while war may start which could annihilate mankind, people are going on with their lives looking calm and cool.

If the Buddha's prophesy were to come true, the moment when mankind is reduced to one third its size might be arriving now before our eyes. Considering this prophesy a warning for us, I think we should change the world into one of warless, peaceful, mutual human love.

In the States and Canada, an increasing number of people who agree with me are studying human potential with a fresh recognition of humanity, while at the same time tackling the question of how ability grows.

In this sense, I would like to have the understanding of many people, who will start as soon as possible to explore human development in all areas so as to open up the road to happiness of all people in the world.

I would like to continue to work with you through demonstrations which will stimulate such reflection among adults everywhere.

My proposal is this: together let us find a way by

which all children grow; and let us realize children's potential.

Further, with a fresh look let's discover the true wonder of human beings. I would like to continue making efforts with you toward this discovery. Thank you.

(This lecture was delivered at Iino Hall, Tokyo, on December 8, 1966.)

Talent Education, no. 1, 1967



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Special Issue:
Yoji Gakuen
(Talent Education Preschool)

CHILDREN ARE LINGUISTIC GENIOUSES

Toshihiko Nakagaki, English

At one o'clock on Saturday, sixty small children await my arrival with great mirth. For three hours in the morning at a nearby high school I teach college entrance exam level English, including reading, grammar and composition. Switching my head for young students, I then rush to Yoji Gakuen. Although my Saturday schedule is very full, an English hour with small children is a moment of great delight with which to end my week's work.

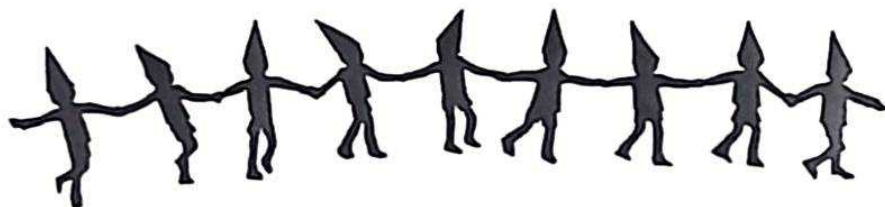
Hello, hello, hello!
I'm glad to meet you.
I'm glad to meet you.
Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello!

With this song our weekly lesson starts.

Hello, everyone!
Hello, Mr. Nakagaki.
How are you?
Fine, thank you. And you?
I'm fine, too, thank you.

Lovely voices come back to me in beautiful pronunciation. They all love English.

"My child had a 100 degree fever this morning, but she insisted on coming to school saying there's English today." When I hear a mother comment like this, I can't be lazy.



The Suzuki method is also called "the mother tongue approach." It is Mr. Suzuki's opinion that the process of learning the mother tongue contains a teaching method superior to all the methods ever thought of. This should also apply to the study of foreign languages: the closer to the mother tongue approach, the more effective the foreign language training is.

Mr. Suzuki has summarized the essence of the mother tongue approach in the following five mottoes of talent education: the earlier period; the better environment; the better teaching method; the more training; the superior instructor.

These five principles are applicable not only to music training but all areas of education. In particular, when dealing with the learning of a foreign language, these exhaust the secret of progress.

It has become an accepted fact that the learning of a foreign language can be most effective when introduced to children before school age or in early elementary grades. People now rarely oppose the idea that the earlier the education the better it is.

Nobody disagrees with "the more training" and "the better environment." However, when it comes to the matter of what is "the better teaching method" or who is "the superior instructor," arguments erupt.

Fortunately those of us who live in Matsumoto can constantly learn directly from the supreme teaching method and the supreme teacher.

*

The first step to the better English teaching method, I think, is to repeatedly expose children to *real* English while entertaining them and making use of tapes and tools.

For small children and elementary schoolers, middle school type academic teaching does not work. We might call our method a motor sense oriented form of learning. Anyway, what we need is a form of training which allows acquiring English without conscious effort while moving the body, putting the five senses fully to work so as to grasp things through them — training through happy activities which expand images and stimulate the imagination.

While singing songs, moving the body, enjoying games, and being drawn to *kamishibai* stories, children come to love English. They begin to sing in English on the flow and rhythm of the beautiful voice from the Mother Goose records. In children's English training, the voice must be emphasized more than anything else; and children's interest must be respected.

Unless we arrange materials from children's actual lives within a concrete situation in an inspiring way so as to evoke a happy English world, they do not follow the class. This is where small children's English is difficult in a different way from school English.

Recently I had opportunities to tour different areas from Hokkaido to Okinawa for workshops and lectures. Meeting many teachers and children, I was both impressed and saddened. It is wonderful to teach children English, yet forcing study on children by a wrong method hurts their minds and warps their hearts. On no few occasions I observe the class of a teacher who, unawares of this, pulls children around. Mr. Suzuki says, "Guide, but don't pull."

Some children's faces show no signs of childlike

vivacity: their expression is subdued, their eyes have lost brightness, and they even look scared. Each time I see such children, my heart aches as though being drilled. Among the saying Mr. Suzuki fondly writes on *shikishi* (poetry paper) is this: "Scar no gem, hurt no heart."

It is certainly better the earlier the study of English is started. However, at the same time, the earlier it is started, the warmer heart and the richer sensitivity for feeling children's hearts are necessary on the instructor's side. And the earlier the period, the higher teaching ability, I think, is required.

Talent Education, no. 68

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Special Issue:
Yoji Gakuen
(Talent Education Preschool)

YOUNG CHILDREN'S PICTURES EXPRESS THEIR HEARTS

Yoko Yoshizawa, Fine Art

It's been several years since I succeeded my mother, Michiko Tsukikusa, who taught art at Yoji Gakuen for nearly thirty years.

My mother received a great influence from *Young Children's Pictures Reflect Their Lives* by the late Tatsuo Miyatake, an authority on small children's drawings and paintings. She was also so inspired by his letters that she was able to have faith in children's art work. Since Mr. Suzuki and Mr. Miyatake were friends, my mother seems to have come to know Mr. Miyatake through talent education.

My mother's first motto through her sundry experiences with children's art was this: "The instructor must always be truthful to the little soul. Even if you think such a small child cannot understand, he receives whatever you convey through the senses. You must learn how to teach from children."

Although it sounds simple to learn from children, there is a profound meaning in it, and it is quite difficult. I would like to continue trying to fulfill her wish while studying myself. I hope to always cherish unchanging truth in the whirlwind of this changing world.

I teach art at Yoji Gakuen once a week in three different sections divided by age. Children's concentration is longer or shorter depending upon their age, and, although there are individual differences, developmental stages can be observed in children's art in the same sense as in mental growth. If something many steps ahead is demanded at any early stage, children may learn to dislike painting or lose their motivation for drawing.

In each section, children mostly use oil based pastel crayons in the first term, and go on to use water colors and other materials in the second term. For the oldest group, I introduce simple linoleum printing, paper construction, and teamwork production.

The essence of children's art is said to be expression from the heart. In order to have them make good, lively pictures, care should be taken for education outside of the art class hour. It is also deeply connected to their daily lives. That is why psychologists emphasize children's pictures as reference materials through which to explore their minds.

The instructor's first role is to see that children open up their hearts with a belief that their teacher won't scold them no matter what pictures they draw. I try to avoid having a teacher-like front and talk to them with the same eye level as theirs. With eyes shining, many of them tell me about the pictures. When I am able to enter the world of their work, I feel very happy. Although I do give them advice so as to help them enrich the content of their pictures, I am aware that it will lead to a negative result if I err in how I do it. That is because the child's truth is suppressed when a picture turns into a clever or neat piece of art from the adult's point of view. This is where the difficulty lies in teaching art to little children. It is easy for the instructor to teach children patterns for drawing a house or a person. However, this does not help them develop their own expression; they only learn to reproduce fixed concepts. In order for them to draw lively pictures, they need their own abundant experiences. Experiences amidst nature, especially, are said

to have great influence. Children today have much less contact with nature than in the past. They may live in a tall building; they may commute to kindergarten by car; and many routinely watch television at home every day. While the influence of TV cartoons and animation is unwelcome, we have no defense against the flow of the world. I hope that parents will teach children the presence of such other things as beautiful illustrated books and stories. I also wish that they frequently expose them to nature.



The other day, I took two flying fish to show to the oldest group. Five and six year olds are at a stage where they can make pictures from observation.

A few already knew flying fish, but all gave out a cry of joy when I spread the wings for them to see. They listened to me looking puzzled as I told them how they fly over the water with open wings. Then I put down the fish on two desks. They gathered around quickly, and made a big noise, opening the wings, commenting on the lovely black eyes, opening the mouth and poking a finger to find teeth, admiring the beautiful, shiny scales. A child held a flying fish's face with both hands and would not let go saying, "So cute." Another clasped something tight in his hand even after the class was over. On having him open his hand, I found many shining scales in it. Such circumstances, as you might expect, produce many pleasant drawings.

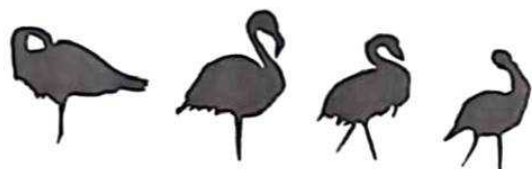
We adults may not feel like touching such fishy things; we see them at fish stores without emotion. All we say is that it tastes good or bad. For children, there is a great source of wonder and emotion in things which adults overlook. This, I think, may be connected to creativity.

Early childhood is said to be the period when the senses grow most. Many children know names of animals and birds through illustrated botanical books.

However, I feel that caring thoughts and affection toward living things can be gained only through keeping or touching.

How should I face children in the limited environment? I ask myself, hoping to study more and more seeking an answer.

Talent Education, no. 68



A NEW STUDY OF THE LITTLE FINGER OF THE BOW HAND

The Little Finger, too, Plays a Big Role

Lectures on Music Instruction, no. 41

Shin'ichi Suzuki

Since the placement and shape of the little finger of the bow hand play an important role, I would like you instructors to carefully examine the following. First, on what to correct:

Wrong Placement of the Little Finger; the Little Finger which Presses Down

1. Pay attention to students who place the little finger far away from the ring finger. Bring their little finger closer, almost touching the ring finger. The little finger should be curved round.

2. It is not good to put power in the little finger and push the bow down while playing.

If the little finger presses the bow down, the bow tip goes up, with the result that the tone is always small. Try having a student with a small tone play with his little finger lifted from the bow. If the tone becomes bigger, he was pressing the bow with the little finger. The little finger is not to press down the bow.

A New Study of the Little Finger for Creating Fine Tone

This is an important study on an important matter: the little finger which creates wonderful volume and tone color.

First, create the ability to move the bow tip up and down by the "panda" method, and to hold the bow

absolutely still with "Panda!" This is the most important skill for producing fine tone. It enables the student to achieve a beautiful, big tone while giving wonderful elasticity to the horse hair.

In addition to the "panda" technique, another important thing is to place the little finger next just below the first joint of the ring finger. The little finger should be on the corner close to you than the very top of the bow stick. When you try pushing the bow forward with it, the tip moves closer to the shoulder. Try "panda" here; the bow tip tilts downwards. Now hold it still right there.

With this bow, play on the Kreisler highway, i.e., close to the bridge and keeping the same distance from it whether at the tip or the frog; you will see that the string rings with a much bigger and more beautiful tone.

Pay attention to the bow tip in this instruction; make sure the student practises playing close to the bridge on the Kreisler highway whether at the tip or the frog. Thanks to the little finger, it is now easy to play near the bridge at the bow tip with the same volume as at the frog. When the student masters this ability and remembers to use it, he will probably become able to perform with superb technique.

*

Another important function of the little finger is, as you of course know, maneuvering of the bow in string crossing. What an important role it plays when crossing strings from G to D, to A, and to E, and how crucial it is to instruct in this. The role of the little finger, too, is essential. Please try hard.



THIS IS THE CRUCIAL NEW APPROACH TO LESSONS*



Summer School, 1984
Matsumoto

Shin'ichi Suzuki

Photographs A:

A new lesson approach involving the up and down motion of the right arm: instruct in repeated exercise of this vertical right arm motion as in the photographs.

- 1) Hold the left hand with the right; when lowering the arms, bring the hands forward and down over the left leg.
- 2) When going up, raise the hands near the left side of the head.

When playing, it is essential that the right elbow move up and down freely. Please watch this carefully at lesson. The elbow moving sideways or to the right produces "slip-tone," which is no good.

Photograph A-1



Photograph B-2

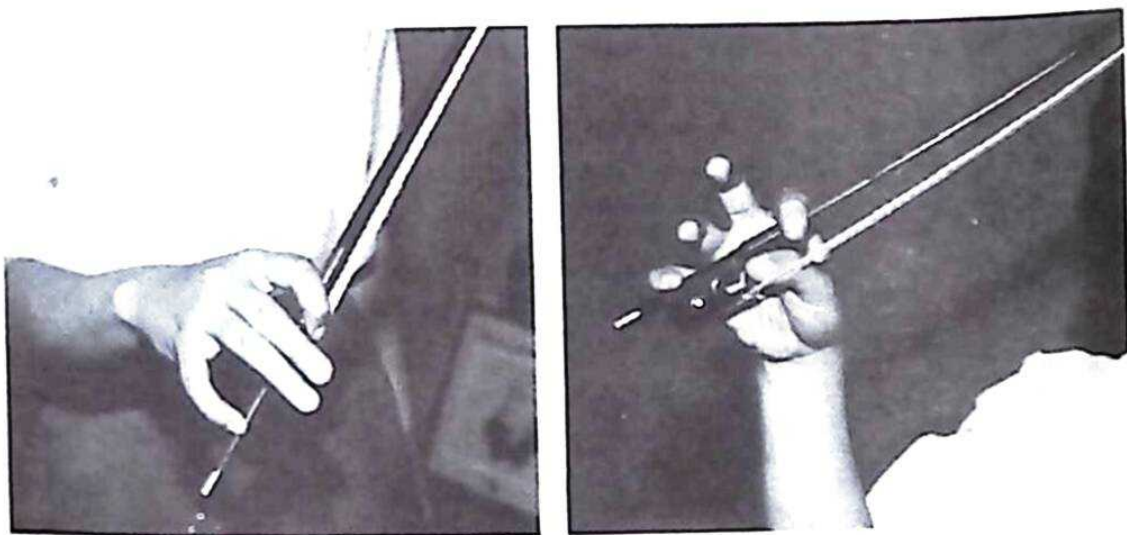


*Translated with the assistance of Lili Iriye Selden.

Photographs B:

As in photograph B-1, hold the bow with the right corner of the thumbnail, forefinger, and little finger. Instruct in producing fine tone with the firm and stable "panda" bow hold. At every lesson make sure to instruct, for tonalization, in playing the Chorus from Judas Maccabaeus with whole bows and in fine, ringing tone. (Play just the first eight measures, starting with the third finger on the A string, then on the D string.)

This helps correct the shape of the right hand when playing. Fine results have been observed.

**Photographs C:**

This is a great method of teaching the arm to understand how to produce ringing tone — a most effective approach which leads to bigger tone. (This is a new idea.)

Please let students play Chorus and lesson pieces using the same posture as in the photographs. The tone becomes bigger and more refined, the arm doing the playing. Continue this training with diligence. As a new idea of tonalization, it works beautifully for lessons. Try it at every lesson. After this practice, let the student play with normal posture.



Photographs D: "Arm-playing": simple instruction approach based on a new idea.

As shown in the photographs, hold the right elbow with the left hand, and make small clockwise and counter-clockwise circles, letting the right arm follow. Then swing back and forth repeatedly drawing semi-circles (which should correspond to the bottom half of the circles previously made). At home, too, have the student form the habit of making circular and semi-circular motions in tempo while singing the Twinkle theme. Through repeated exercise, tone will become more beautiful and bigger, and the basic ability to play with the whole arm will gradually develop. This is a new and simple teaching method for acquiring the ability of "arm-playing."



GROWING WITH MY CHILDREN



Naoko Hasebe
Violin Instructor, Nagoya

Although I repeatedly declined, fearing that my efforts would not meet Mr. Suzuki's expectation for a talent education instructor, in the end I was persuaded to write about my experience, in the hope that it might help younger people to succeed in better child rearing. I pray that wonderful records of parenthood closer to Mr. Suzuki's ideal will be produced in the future.

*

Long ago at the summer school, one after another I had three instructors' children in my class. I was deeply shocked when all three failed to concentrate on the group lesson, wandered from their row, or did not even have proper posture. If this was so with them (incidentally, they were male teachers), how would I be able to do any better, I wondered feeling flustered. Therefore when Yuriko was born four years after marriage, it meant the beginning of a new life, for I was resolved that it was not going to be likewise. Madame Kataoka of piano had said, "At one and a half, babies understand whatever adults say. The point is to keep talking patiently." With this as a guide, I talked to my child about everything, whatever the subject, and tried to raise her in such a way that she would cope wherever she went and whoever cared for her. With anxiety as well as joy in her growth, I raised her every day with this determination.

Further, I felt the responsibility of having a child while continuing to work. In those days most female instructors stopped teaching when they married. If I failed, I knew that young female teachers in the future would suffer from the reputation. I started out with a heavy burden.

Four months after her birth, I put Yuriko in a day care center which was open from eight in the morning till six in the evening. This is because I feared that the insecurity involved in having her looked after at different places each day during my lessons would be poor both for mother and child. So I decided to *found* a day care center I could trust, and to send my child there. Opening such a center was a tremendous job. It also involved a battle against my instinct which craved to keep the child by my side all day long. To digress, since creating an ideal day care center had proved so hard that with Ichiro, our second, I chose an easier route: I asked a friend in the neighborhood to take care of him on lesson days.

Already here, conditions were created for the development of two greatly different personalities. The one grew reflecting my determination to carry through no matter what, while the other developed mirroring my desire to somehow or other make things easier. As I watch them, I see what Mr. Suzuki talks about: in the children the parent's mind is preserved as a historical document. The efforts I saved then seem to burden me now when the children are bigger, like unpaid bills.

Something like practice started when Yuriko was about two. On busy mornings when I had to leave, say, for an instructors' seminar, practice was pushed behind other priorities and forgotten. Yuriko caught me on my way out: "Mother, what about practice?" After all I had better do it, I realized, and said, "Just the rhythm, then." It wasn't rare that I listened to her practice in a hurry at the door in this way. Since I had no leisure to find a practice time when she would want to practice, I always made it suit my convenience. "I have such and such today; this is the only time I have for your practice, so let's do it, okay?" Whether morning

or evening, and at various times depending upon the day of the week, I did it this way. Even if Yuriko was otherwise occupied, somehow I persuaded her to practice. To put it differently, I seem to have brought her up without giving her a chance to say "No!"

I resolved to take her to lessons when she was three and a half. Prior to this when I took her to the teachers' conference, to her great pleasure she was able to take a lesson at the inn from another teacher. Being praised by someone other than her mother meant a lot to her. I realized that when the parent is the only teacher it is difficult to punctuate the days by the weekly lesson. The target of the lesson shifted this way and that depending on my convenience on a particular day, and when busy weeks continued, the child had to play the same piece forever, dampening her morale. Deciding that this was no good, I asked to enrol her in the Hayashi class. Having joined the class, I had to share parents' rotating chores and committee responsibilities. This meant that I would be even busier. However, the weekly lesson proved indispensable for evaluating my week of child raising. When Yuriko kept glancing at me before her teacher, I had spoken too much that week. When she responded quickly and had good concentration, I had been able to give her lessons which grasped her heart. Although I sometimes felt disgraced, I was patient. Group lessons, in particular, gave me an important chance for overall evaluation of the child: in the group Yuriko could be seen as a summary of her past growth.

I had understood that we were absolutely obliged to participate in such gatherings as the teachers' conferences. Since I could not take Yuriko when she was an infant, I wrote menus for her diet of milk and solids, bought canned food, and prepared bundles of clothes, with a date on each bundle. Such occasions were pleasant because I could study free from child raising, but it was hardest when she was ill.

When she was two and a half or so, one day she ran a high fever with tonsillitis when my lessons and my husband's college entrance exams coincided. Normally, he

schedules his classes on the days when I don't teach, so that one of us can care for Yuriko should she get ill without sacrificing our work. This time, however, we both had to be out. She had a fever of 101 F, and the doctor said it would rise further. Still I took her to day care, and asked the attendant, "if it rises to 102, give her this antifebric and contact my husband at school." I know I can count on this attendant, I can trust my baby with her, I said to myself, yet I was torn when I left Yuriko's cry behind me: "After all shouldn't I skip lessons once and care for Yuriko myself? If I try to be overstoic and let her contract pneumonia or something, I won't know how to blame myself." However, possibly due to my habit of thinking of the sunny side of things and to my natural optimism, the moment I held my violin in class, my mind was sharp, having forgotten about my child's illness.

Both children frequently had attacks of whooping cough. Although Yuriko was cured in a year, Ichiro's case prolonged. My father was furious to see me leave the boy, thin from suffering, with my husband and go to lessons. Together with my husband's father, he accused me: "Leaving yours alone, how can you be qualified to teach others' children?!" "He'll be all right, he has one parent with him," my husband said confidently to save the situation. Attacks usually occurred in the middle of the night. Going to sleep finally around four in the morning, I was reeling with exhaustion, and I didn't have to be told by others that this was a painful situation. My heart really ached. Being a teacher himself, however, my husband supported me so I could devote myself to education. I smiled when his colleague described what happened at school. When a meeting was called on my lesson day, it was fine for him to be out until six when day care closed; but if it got later than that, he rose even in the middle of the meeting, and promptly left saying, "It's my turn to babysit today, so let me excuse myself." The friend commented: "Everyone just sat there, stunned."

It is hard to practice never missing a day. I really admire parents who do that. The teacher can simply

say, "Learn the next piece this week," but it may take the parent every day of the week to teach the fingers. To be sure, with a piece the child has listened to frequently on the record or at group lesson, the fingers move faster than the parent calls the number, whether it is high or low second finger, and even the slurs are observed. When Yuriko was studying the Vivaldi a minor in Book 4, we were in the middle of moving. Amidst dust and luggage, I made a desperate effort to help her learn the fingers until the end. With the Bach Double, she insisted on playing from the printed music on the music stand. She was proudly playing, when she stopped and asked, "Where am I now?" "Right here," I showed. "I see," she said, and calmly continued as if nothing had happened. But soon she would ask again, "Where am I now?" It was so funny that I remember how hard it was to keep a straight face.

Once I heard that the mother of Kyoko Takezawa, a student of Mr. Yamamura, played her lesson piece thirty times every day, not on the tape but on the record. I decided to try it once. It was quite a chore to go and put the needle down each time and this took a whole day. I realized that such a fine child grew precisely because of this mother who was diligent enough to do this simple looking thing every day. Even with the tape recorder at home which will repeat any number of times, it is hard enough to adhere to thirty times a day. Like parent, like child, I mumble, feeling guilty.

Anyway, the children's daily practice was a big job, and until it was done I never felt that the day was over. After supper, I left everything alone including the dishes and other housework, and started their lessons. It was my daily schedule to start cleaning after ten o'clock.



Since the family members shared the chores around the house, when a first grader, Yuriko started to fold the laundry and to iron her white gown for school lunch duty. When a fourth grader, in addition, she prepared breakfast two or three days a week. Daily cleaning of the bathroom was added when she was in the fifth grade. I had her do these things as no particular chores. It seems to easily become a habit if you let children work before they feel that they are forced to help, in other words, when they are young enough to enjoy helping.

Eventually I no longer had enough time to watch both children's practice, so I decided to let Yuriko study by herself. At first I had her handle only review pieces on her own. The next step was to let her record her entire practice so that I could listen to it later and comment, or if she was not home, record my comment for her, thus helping her to focus her practice on certain points. On returning home late from lessons, I didn't feel much like listening to her tape. "Enough!" I felt like saying, and just barely managed to continue. In the meantime, however, she came to be able to practice all by herself.

When she was to record her post-advanced level graduation tape, my father-in-law suddenly died, while his wife was also hospitalized with a serious illness. It was clear that I could hardly watch her practice even once. I told Yuriko before she started: "The post-advanced level tape is something that lets you see how far you can go on your own using what you have learned in the past. Use your head in deciding how to study, how to listen to the record, and how many times to listen; do your very best so you can tape a fine performance. That's what it is for." I can imagine what great effort the teacher must have made who guided her to this point. When she finished playing through the third movement, Mr. Hayashi said, "It was a good Mozart." Yuriko said that she felt like exclaiming, "I did it!" I understand that toward the end she was practicing four hours a day: I am sure she deserved this deeply felt joy.

Later, when Mr. Hayashi said that this was the best of her graduation tape performances, I felt a start. This meant that the result was more musical when she studied on her own. Had I been teaching her too much for a long time? I felt really sorry to realize this, and from this reflection I withdrew so that she could study by directly tackling the music (records) from then on. With her younger brother Ichiro, partly because I woke to this early, and partly because I cannot read cello music well, I have simply repeated, "Anyway, listen well to the tape," leaving him on his own. Although his progress is slow, I imagine that the difference in sensitivity will show sooner or later.

Since Yuriko now stood at the threshold of puberty, I tried to expose her to what Professor Kaname Hori calls "genuine things." I frequently bought tickets not only for concerts but for theatrical productions and ballets, even if expensive. Recently I have been enjoying being able to talk about various things with her on the way home.

When she was about to enter middle school, I said: "Up to now, it was my job to raise you, and I have made you a good girl who can do everything. From now on, it's all up to you." "It sounds scary," she said, although sounding quite confident. According to Professor Hori, puberty is "the last chance for the parent to correct the errors made in child raising." In fact, behind what I said to Yuriko was my wish that she would somehow correct the warpings which might have resulted from the way I raised her, suiting her to my convenience from babyhood.



In late March this year, she was given an opportunity to play all the movements of Saint Saëns' concerto in a concert. I was with her teacher in wishing that this would give her a chance to study with all her might in her youth and to "foster her own heart."

With the concert coming up soon, she still seemed to

enjoy her club activity (theater) at school. She never tried to skip either the early morning or the after school practice sessions. Moreover, as vice room president, she had miscellaneous chores toward the end of the academic year which caused her to come home late. While watching this without a word, I gradually became irritated. Yuriko finally realized the situation when her teacher discussed it at lesson, and she perhaps got nervous, for the sound of tonalization started to be heard at seven in the morning a month before the concert. With the date fast approaching, she must have thought about what time of day she could find a few moments in an apartment where practice time is limited. She told me that she decided to prepare for the concert by asking to miss the early morning practice sessions at the drama club. Since I sleep late the morning after the lesson day, Yuriko makes breakfast for both children and box lunches to take to school. She carefully fixes good lunches taking a long time, so she gets up quite early. Although I felt very much like getting up myself until the concert so she could practice instead, I purposely stayed in bed. I thought that, when she was trying to somehow manage on her own without asking for help, I should not get ahead of her; besides, this was part of the meaning of practice toward the concert. Leading such a hectic life that preview and review of school subjects as well as homework were handled in the brief moments after school, she was at a loss being unable to sing the peaceful, beautiful melody of the second movement, no matter how often her teacher discussed it with her. Wishing her to feel inside her body what a wonderful song it was, I made a video tape of the world figure skating championship which happened to be on TV at that time, and showed it to her many times. Although worrying about her limited practice time, as she watched the beautiful performances to the music, she repeated "how wonderful," with her eyes shining. I prayed that her heart would be enriched so that she would be able to play her piece singingly. "It would be nice if you could practice ten hours even if just one day. I am sure you'll be able to

feel that you've really tried hard," I encouraged her. When school was out for spring vacation, she practiced all day.

On the day of the concert, Ichiro was out in the lobby. "Aren't you going to listen to your sister's performance?" I asked. "I'm tired of listening to her piece," was his answer. I am sure it was hard on the family, too.

It was finally the day, the homemade program and invitation having been sent out to teachers and classes. In the joint concert with her two friends, all performed well. Moreover, Mr. Suzuki honored us with his presence, as he happened to be in town for the piano graduation. "When the concert's over, I want to cook all day next day and the day after," "Next I want to play such and such a piece and such and such a piece," she had told me of her many expectations. I was full of envy.



As her as school is concerned, she has been on her own. Through many years of reflection on child raising through the violin, I have a rough idea about where she is, and trust her to do fine without my help. She is a child who wants to try everything. For a chorus competition, she proudly accepted accompanying on the piano when chosen over others who were studying the piano (she taught herself to play the piano, never having had a lesson). At a school athletic meet, she was in a relay race. "Come see me, please. I'll run last: I'm the anchor of my team," she said.

In the second year in middle school, she was elected vice president of her club. "You are already on the class committee; don't accept too many jobs," I have to pull her back a little these days. Just a few days ago, she mentioned that her teacher had asked her if she wanted to run for the student committee in the second semester. "You are a little too busy; please give it careful thinking," I said, hinting a negative note. Her

world seems to spread wider and wider. Music is no exception: she listens to popular songs on a tape borrowed from a friend. When the tape is over, she can play Wieniawsky right away, a quick switching on and off of her mind which I cannot imitate. I don't comment, thinking that she will soon graduate from her present taste.

As I look back this way, although what she has really tried hard is limited to violin practice, she has become a child who can do many other things. I believe this is talent education, with its byproduct: family closeness. Can there be another arena where parent and child can grow together combining their efforts as unsparingly as in this case? I find talent education a really wonderful approach.

At the summer school this year, Yuriko played the third movement of the Saint Saëns. We both felt the difficulty of studying the same piece once again with greater depth, after thinking it finished. Yuriko loves playing new pieces one by one, and toward that goal she can work hard. I hope that she will one day grow out of this type of restless pursuit and taste the joy of studying a single piece with great care and penetration. Although I no longer directly give her my hand, I feel that childraising efforts and self discipline will continue to be required of me in the future.

Teachers' Bulletin, no. 3



H.S.

ISSA'S HAIKU



From Miwa Yano, "Fostering Memory"
 in *Talent Education for Young Children*
 by Shin'ichi Suzuki

Continued from TEJ, no. 19

Issa's Haiku (for the second term: September to December)

First wild geese of fall
 a line of three
 across the sky.

From today
 you are Japanese geese
 sleep in peace.

Shrike's cry
 bag of patience
 must have burst.

I'm off
 play together happily
 crickets.

Come again
 I will lend you
 my knees, cricket.

Into the Kiso mountains
 flows
 the Milky Way.

Beautiful
 through a tear in paper door
 the Milky Way.

Red dragonfly
 to the opposite bank
 smoothly smoothly flies.

Dayflies
 with their bottoms brush
 the Oi River.

Through a big flood
 alive as luck would have it
 a locust.

The full moon
 "I want to have it,"
 cries the child.

The full moon
 if only I had a child
 who'd crawl to my table!

White radish's
 first twin leaves so cheerful
 in fall wind.

Fall wind
 how she wanted to pluck
 these red flowers.

[Issa's daughter died a month after her first birthday.]

Morning glories
 now enough flowers
 to count.

Crisp crisp fresh, thus
 in bloom
 bellviolets.



At my foot
 sun is falling
 on wild crysanthemums.

Splendor
 morning sun pours
 over wild crysanthemums.

Dewy freshness
 from under a rock
 a wild flower.

Sideways the colt
 holds in his mouth a stem
 of wild flowers.

Scattering pampus flowers
 it's getting visibly
 cold.

Mouths open
 birds await the parent
 fall rain.

Walking in fall mist
 until riverbank pinks
 come into sight.

Evening dusk
 and moreover
 autumn rain.

Mushroom picking
 return empty handed
 oh what a clamor.

Acorns
 hushaby babies
 rolling babies.

Steamed chestnuts
skillfully with legs crossed
little child sits.

Late comer
picks up three perfect
triple chestnuts.

White radish picker
with a white radish
shows me the way.

I go out to pick
vegetables for soup
— but then this moonlit night.

Reed flowers
in such a place
such a house.

Autumn night
little crack in window
blows a pipe.

Bridge in view
begins to darken
autumn sky.

Once gain another
runs past us
at autumn dusk.

Under the fireplace
I sweep in
red leaves.

Paulownia tree
leaves briskly scattered
stands straight.

Kitten's pose
as it gently presses
a fallen leaf.

Over a sleeping dog
wafting, falls
one leaf.

At least enough to burn
wind's gift
fallen leaves.

Asleep, snake?
I'll close
the hole for you.

Evening dusk
as I chat with earth
leaves fall.

Splish splash
splash rain falls
on dry field.

Even when withered
like this, still rustles
pampas grass.

Pinks bloom
 all the drier
 the withered field.

Among tea blossoms
 sparrows
 play hide-and-seek.

Luscious
 snow flakes
 drifting, drifting.

Snow scatters
 can't even joke
 under the Shinano sky.

Baby on back
 monkey crosses a river
 a winter shower.

Fall hail
 fall all hail
 fall on my hand.

Fall, hail
 pillow-baby strapped
 on a child's back.

Morning frost
 a flower seller
 and that a little child.

The only hand towel
 at our house
 frozen stiff.

O nandin tree
 o kotatsu
 o loneliness.



Even to a patronizing eye
 you still look cold
 that gesture.

Barging through
 thin wall:
 Enter Cold.

Now play
 I've swept away the soot
 sparrows at the door.

Pine here
 pine there and
 sound of pounding rice cake.
 [Pine branches decorate entrances for the New Year.]

This is mine
 this is mine, says the child
 arranging rice cakes.

Beautiful
 yearend all dusked over
 night sky.

Issa's Haiku (for the third term: January to March)

<p>Crawl, smile you are two this morning. [Traditionally, a baby turned two on the first New Year.]</p>	<p>Happiness is about middling my New Year.</p>
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<p>Shuttlecock stumbling still she hits once.</p>	<p>Giant kite's presence taut and brave at dusk.</p>
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<p>Day dusks kites gather sky in town. [Children collect pine and bamboo ornaments and burn them with cheers on January 15.]</p>	<p>New Year's bonfire bountifully the snow has fallen.</p>
--	--

<p>After all the same single tray my New Year's meal. [Issa lost his children and wife one by one.]</p>	<p>Hole in wooden wall my New Year's sky is beautiful.</p>
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<p>There is a house then narcissuses and vegetable field.</p>	<p>Frost-withered world so dear is the fly on the paper slide.</p>
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<p>Frost withering behind the wall are Echigo mountains.</p>	<p>Waterbird going nowhere day has dusked.</p>
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Is it so that this
 will be a town of white New Year?
 the snow falls.

Under the rice cake decoration
clapping
pat-a-caking.

Heartily
I experience the Shinano
snowfall.

On purple
sleeves falls
spring snow.

Night snow
not without someone
passing silently.

A snowflake
another flake so fair
this moonlit night.

Shinano paths
mountains are burdensome
in this cold.

The hand that crumbles
charcoal—its loneliness
its thinness.

Spring starts
though old and familiar
still Mount Tsukuba.

Cropped short
a little springy
my fence.

Plum blossoms in bloom
warblers warble, yet
I am alone.

Throwing rice for them too
is sin, birds
kick one another.

Come, sparrows
a square thaw
in the snow by the door.

Old home
pounding into rice cake
spring snow.

Birds chirping
atop the main shrine hall
snow thaws.



Plum in bloom yet
charcoal smudge from the pot
does not leave wrinkled hands.

Whether I look at plum blossoms
or the blue sky
this is a countryside.

Warbler

dropping in for a second
after a visit at the neighbor's.

Crescent moon
lightly on the plum
a warbler.

Plum blossom fragrance
no matter who visits
a chipped bowl.

On the pot on fire
morning sun shines
this, too, is spring.

In front of the door
children make
a snow thaw river.

Spring wind
near a fence
red sandals.

Spring wind
cruel from the bottom
Shinano mountains.

Moon over plum
leaving one open
rain doors.

Along the fence
grass greens so
a cat sleeps.

Later on
don't let people be bored with you
plum blossoms.

Peacefulness
Mount Asama's smoke
noonday moon.

Drenched
thoroughly — as spring
mountain should be.

Musashino fields
in a pool of water
Mount Fuji.

Last of the season
it seems — what a lot of
spring frost.

Chicken
walks on the tatami floor
on a long spring day.

Backyard wicket
opens by itself
on a long spring day.

Plum blossoms on the hill
the branch I saw this morning
is already gone.

Spring wind
 pulled by a cow
 to Zenkoji shrine.

Spring rain
 duck totters totters
 by the gate.

[According to the legend, a greedy and impious old woman chased a cow which made off with a piece of cloth she had hung on the clothesline and ended in front of the main hall of the shrine. The cow vanished.]

Spring rain
 child teaches
 cat to dance.

On my palm
 I decorate
 dolls from the market.

[On March 3rd, the girls' day, a set of miniature figurines representing the court is displayed. Here we should imagine a tiny, rather humble pair.]

Court dolls
 wanting to eat them
 the child crawls.

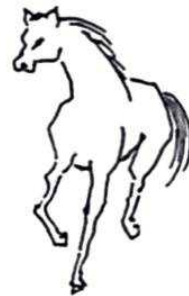
"Defeated Neither by Rain" (a poem by Kenji Miyazawa)

Defeated Neither by Rain

Kenji Miyazawa

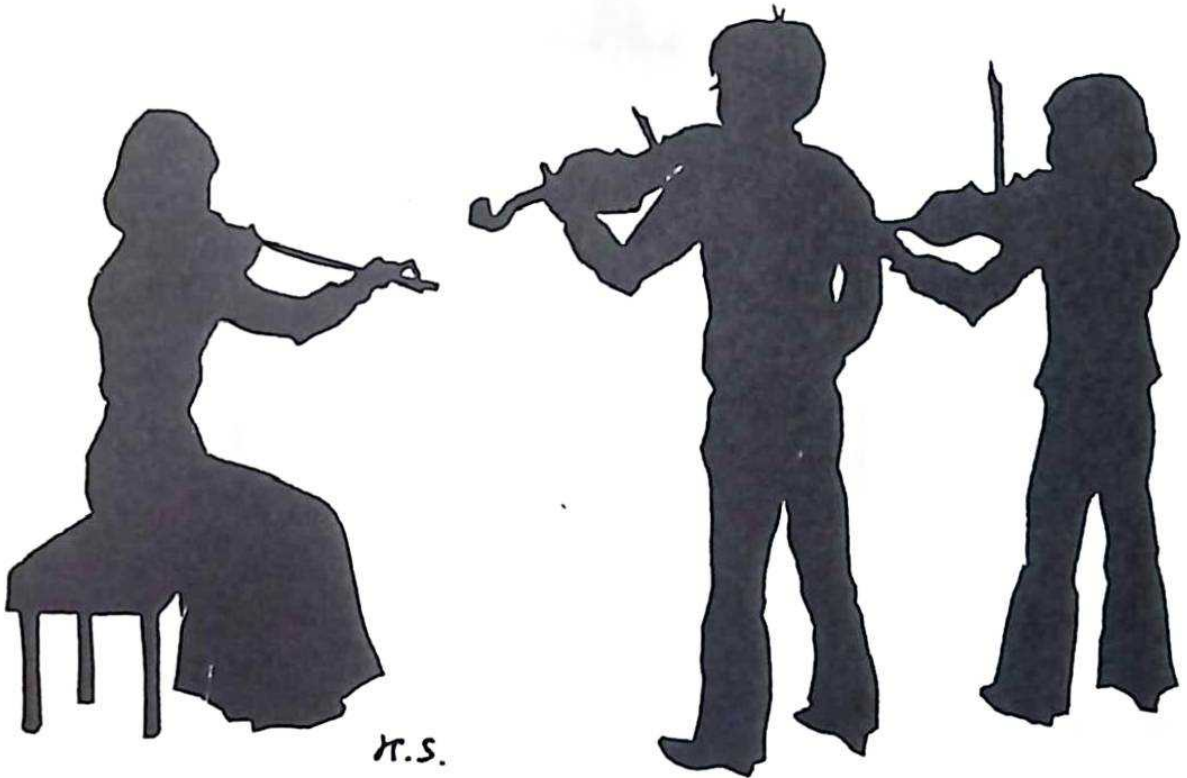
Defeated neither by rain
 nor wind
 nor snow nor summer heat
 with a healthy body
 without greed
 never angry
 always smiling calmly
 each day eating three cups of unrefined rice
 bean paste and a few vegetables
 no matter what
 never taking oneself into consideration
 carefully seeing hearing and understanding all

never forgetting
 living in a little thatched hut
 in the shade of a pine grove in the field;
 one who, if a child is sick in the east
 goes and tends him
 if a mother is weary in the west
 goes and carries her sheaves of rice
 if a man is dying in the south
 goes and tells him he needn't be frightened
 if a fight or a suit occurs in the north
 tells them to stop because it is of no consequence
 sheds tears when there is a drought
 walks in a fluster in a cold summer
 called a blockhead by everyone
 neither praised
 nor avoided —
 this is
 who I want to be.



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

*(Five Mottoes of
 Talent Education)*



H.S.

