new zealand Suzuki Journal

volume 13 no 1 summer 2002

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EDITORIAL
Catharina van Bohemen

summer, sand, songs

When I was a child growing up in Hawkes Bay, we went to the beach in January. We probably only stayed there for a fortnight, but I remember it as an endless time. There was the long sick-making journey through the hills in a car full of children and new Christmas presents - lilos, new togs, and surf boards for my brothers as they grew older and more adventurous - where did they put them? Across their bony knees?

Our car had a bench seat in the front, so one of us sat between my parents. I think it was often me, the oldest and most insistent, or my sister, the youngest, whose gentleness demanded protection from our restless brothers. There were no seat belts; we simply lurched and veered against one another as our father drove us across a stone bridge with arches, up, down, and around sheep-studded paddocks, until we reached a high hill where we could look down on the seductive and menacing ocean, with its own austere island, symbol of the uniqueness of 'our' beach.

My mother always sang to us on these trips: hymns from her childhood, *The White Cliffs of Dover*, a very long song about the Great American Railway, and we added songs we'd learnt from the Broadcast to Schools to which we listened at my convent primary school every day after lunch. I remember the instruction, 'Eyes on the wireless children,' and forty pairs of eyes swivelled obediently towards a small, crackling box high on a ledge, forbidden to all but authoritative nunly fingers.

We learnt wonderful songs - *The Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves, Spring* and the *Wild Rose* by Schubert, 'Down in Mexico, where the peppers grow...' I remember the song books with their covers of black birds twisting in and out of intricate pink leaves, but I learnt the songs effortlessly - by heart - because I loved them. My mother sang them with us - she was at home with the younger ones listening to the broadcast to schools too.

Our holidays were indolent, formless days of swimming, reading and straggling down to the only shop for a twopenny lemonade iceblock. Once we were at the beach, school, our other life, was hidden behind the hills. Even our parents seemed to recede: I remember only children dawdling and humming down to the beach, their voices muted by the sibilant metronome of the breaking waves.

It wasn't until 1989 when two of my children and I went to Snell's Beach for the first time, and I discovered a very different way to spend a week in January.

With the exception of Anna Percy's story about the connections and similarities of Music the Pacific way and the Suzuki Method, this issue of the Journal celebrates camps which take place all over the country in the summer holidays. The contributions come from teachers, parents and children, and they are all imbued with the delights, new and familiar, not only of making music together, but also of 'playing soccer with cellists,' 'trampolining with flutists', and indulging in 'late night talk-fests which masqueraded as Pictionary marathons.' I particularly enjoyed Sam Behrend' s use of the word 'song' to describe the pieces he prepared for the orchestra concerts. Some of the Snell's Beach camps began each morning with singing, and even though I hadn't sung for a long time, I remember those sessions with affection.

Dr Suzuki's mantra, 'where love is deep, much may be accomplished' underpins the writing from each contributor. I haven't been to a camp for a few years now, but the kaleidoscope of sensations - strangeness, intensity, excitement as we eased ourselves into routines, and the exhilarating experience of re-committing to our instruments after such overwhelming immersion - remains.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT
review, listen...

Val Thorburn

It was a great pleasure for me to attend two summer camps during the holidays, and to meet new Suzuki Tutors as well as new Suzuki families. The venue for the Auckland camp, previously held at Snell's Beach, seemed more than satisfactory. I enjoyed its closeness to the sea, and I know that our visiting tutor, Carolyn McCall, from America, loved being able to walk on the beach - something most New Zealanders take for granted.

There was a good number of teacher trainees in piano, violin and flute engaged in furthering their training - When I observe the growing numbers of teacher trainees and their commitment, I am most enthusiastic about the future of the Suzuki movement in this country.

The standard of playing at both camps was also encouraging. I particularly enjoyed the Concerto Concert in Auckland which gave quite a number of young people the opportunity to perform in an orchestra. Our visiting tutors were delightful, and so willing to share their expertise with everyone. Mr Shigetoshi Yamada from Chicago thanked us for listening to his practice! He played the first six Paganini Caprices in one of those sessions, and each time he practised, his audience grew. His wealth of knowledge of violins and bows was fascinating. He was at one time taught by Ruggeiri Ricci, and his reminiscences of discussing both technical problems and interpretation with his teacher was extremely interesting.

In my report for the first issue of last year's Journal, I mentioned my resolution to remind my students to REVIEW, REVIEW, REVIEW. This never changes, although, as Zohara Rotem mentions in her article, LISTENING is also crucial - listening not only to music, but also to one another.

With best wishes for a happy and music-filled 2002.

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HOW ARE YOU? listen to your heart

Zohara Rotem

How are you?'
'Very well, thank you.'
How many times have you heard these words? How many times do people ask us this question without listening to our answer? How many times do we ask someone this question without listening to the answer? It has become a meaningless phrase.
Why is it so? Why aren't we interested? Are we too busy to listen to other people's feelings? Are we threatened by the way other people feel?
'How are you?' has just become a way of greeting each other. Maybe it originated in times when people had time to wait for the answer...Maybe there are still places where people pause and listen to the answer...

Children start their life journey with awe. They absorb the world around them like sponges. Dr Suzuki has based his method on the extraordinary gift of children to learn naturally by absorbing and imitating. When children hear words, they take them literally. Adults do the same when they are learning something new. When I came to Australia for the first time, and was invited for tea, I said, 'Actually, I don't like tea. Could I have coffee instead?' I was amazed to see so much food served at this 'tea' event. A violin teacher told me that when she asked the parents in her studio to bring a plate for an afternoon concert, one of the mothers (recently arrived in the country) brought a plate with nothing on it.

The magic fades away when children learn that things are not always the way they sound. For instance, when somebody asks them how they are, maybe the best thing to say is 'very well, thank you,' even if they actually feel angry, hungry, upset, afraid or tired. This is what Mom and Dad always say; this is what Mom or Dad pushes them to say. Sooner or later, they become numb. They grow into adults who disown their feelings. They learn how to stay 'safely' in their heads - to think, but not to feel - unless they are lucky enough to have an experience in their lives that forces them to change and to awaken to a whole 'new' world of emotions.

We raise our children and students to become noble human beings. We want them to be sensitive and creative. We want them to appreciate the beauty of life, art, nature. For this they need an open heart. An open heart to learn and to FEEL. To feel and to acknowledge what they feel.

Emotions are not good or bad. Emotions are just emotions. They are they way our soul speaks to us. We need to listen. Emotions are like children. If you don't listen the first time, they will come back; they will whinge, yell, scream or even throw tantrums at you. They will eventually find a way to make you listen. They need to do so because they play such an important role in our development into whole human beings.

Anger is not a 'negative emotion'. To feel angry is not 'bad'; to act angry is a different story. If you acknowledge anger and validate its existence (and understand its role and the gift it brings you) then you don't need to act on it. In order to find ways of dealing with emotions, we have firstly to own them. Sounds difficult? No more than learning to ride a bicycle. It takes will and practice. Sounds familiar?

Children (and we were children once too, remember?) have a genuine ability to befriend their emotions. They can be our best helpers in the process. We need just to listen. Try it out. When your children come home tomorrow from school, ask them how they are, and listen to what they say. It might take some time if they are already 'well-trained' in giving you the automatic 'very well, thank you' response.

Be prepared and genuinely ready to hear all sorts of replies. 'And what if my child is sad?' you might ask.

Do nothing. Just listen. Let them tell you how sad or upset they are. Don't try to change things for them or to wrap up their emotions with false promises. If you find it too difficult to stay silent, you could rephrase what they say ('I hear that you are upset') but be careful not to put words in their mouths ('I think you are upset').

By doing so, you let your children own what is going on inside them which enables them to move on with their lives. You'll be amazed at how little it takes to make them more aware and in touch with their feelings. They do this naturally. And in so doing, you give them confidence in themselves, and the tools to live a full rich life, to become deep, sensitive human beings and musicians.

Zohara Rotem was a tutor at camps in Auckland and the South Island this summer. She loves coming to New Zealand.

TRICKED BY CAMP

it *is* fun

Sam Behrend

I hated the thought of going to camp. I couldn't sleep, due to anxiety. I thought it would be boring and horrible, and the only reason I went was because, unlike other unlucky camp participants, I was being paid. My mother had eventually agreed to pay me $40 two weeks in advance: of which I did not save a cent. So I had to go.

My first impression was that it would be incredibly boring, especially since I'd hurt my ankle. I was on crutches and couldn't walk easily or play sports. Another thing was that my mother had come with me. I had mixed feelings about that, you understand.

When I walked into my dorm room on the first day, I found only the unpacked bags of unknown room-mates. My room was not too small, but not that large either, with a window at the far end, a closet and mirror next to the window, and six bunk-beds taking up most of the floor space, each with a thin bare mattress and a pillow. Across from my dorm were the toilets, which was very convenient.

After scanning the room, I decided to check on my mother in her room down the hall, and then survey the premises. The camp was surprisingly large with a field, tennis courts, a mini-golf course and a very nice, large gym. The gym eventually became my main source of interest because every day during out free time, a different game was held there for approximately two hours. The downside was that while my injury was healing, my activities were restricted to half of the camp, so I was left watching. The only sport I could play was table tennis. By Wednesday, however, my foot had almost fully recovered, and I began to join in more sports such as soccer, volleyball, basketball, and various other activities.

The camp schedule was longer and more intense than my usual summer day, starting with breakfast around 7.30 am and followed by one hour music sessions. In the morning we were supposed to practise for one hour, and then I had a group lesson with around 15 people. After group lesson we had morning tea and free time for half an hour. Next was my master class. In it, me and three other students rehearsed our songs for the evening recitals. Then we had orchestra where we practised five songs to prepare for the end-of-camp concert. Finally lunch, which ended the camp lessons. Following lunch we had a free hour, then teen activities, which included lessons on the Alexander Technique, yoga, and a counselling session on how we felt about our practice and instruments. At 5.00 every day there was a recital which lasted until dinner, which was often followed by a concert.

All in all, even though my first impressions were negative, I enjoyed the camp to a large extent: it tricked me into thinking that violin was actually fun to play, instead of a horrible task set by my mother. I made a lot of friends playing soccer and other sports and eating together at the dining table.

I would love to go back next year (preferably without my mother).

A MOTHER'S PASSION
my first camp

Maren Behrend

It is Saturday morning, the day after the Suzuki camp and music is still swirling through my head - Vivaldi's Concerto in A Minor, Happy Birthday à la Beethoven, and my favourite: Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. I have had to put on a CD to quell the addiction I've developed for constant music, but a CD is a poor substitute for live recitals, concerts or the cacophonous blend of master classes heard from a patio bench in the sun.

It was my first, and perhaps, regrettably, my last Suzuki music camp. (I doubt my son at 14 will wish me close at hand at next year's camp). I've been a Suzuki parent since 1997 when my then eight and a half year old son took up the violin at my suggestion. We have tried faithfully to attend individual and group lessons, juggling them more or less successfully with soccer, baseball, and tennis, and have worked at practising regularly, with cycles of greater and lesser resistance. He has managed to make it to Book 6, though parts of Vivaldi in G minor sound more like a slog through mud than the 'swamp' and the 'jungle' ever did.

Music is my passion, but not my son's. Yes, he enjoys performing, smiles at the applause, and often seeks opportunities to play for others, but practising and lessons are hard work, and he does not appreciate the connection between work and performance. I know from personal experience that improvement takes effort and energy. But I also know that it is the rare individual for whom the energy comes solely from within. Music, like language, is a form of communication: it is meant to be shared. Playing for one's self (or one's mother) can be as tiring and boring as talking to one's self. What I want above all, is for my son to have a sense of sharing, a sense of communicating with others, a sense of belonging to a community that together can produce something more beautiful than the individuals alone. But the years of attending group lessons and year-end recitals did not socialise my son: he never talked much to the other students, and never felt a sense of belonging. Violin was something he did for his mother.

For several years I had read the notices about summer camp and wondered if it would make him feel more a part of the group. Unfortunately, my job, the cost of the camp, and the fear of pushing so much music on my son that he would find cause to quit, meant that we never committed to go. But this year, I knew he was growing old and time was running out: if he didn't go with me at 13, there was slim chance he'd go with or without me at 14. Two weeks after the camp deadline had past, when his teacher Simon asked, 'Why don't you come to camp?' my son responded, 'Well, maybe.' I knew *that* was my foot in the door: the application was signed and the cheque sent the next day.

I confess there was a small bribe involved. But to earn it, I made my son promise not to grumble or complain about the prospect of going and just accept that we would try it this year. For the most part, he complied. I subtly got him to practise the recommended pieces before camp hoping familiarity would foster confidence. So my son went to camp knowing a few violin pieces, a few violin students' faces, and fewer names to go with them. He did not greet anybody at the camp when we arrived, but kept his part of the bargain and merely scowled at, or was daunted by, the list of rehearsals and classes he would be attending.

It was a lot. Every morning at camp he joined a small master class, played in group lessons and ensemble rehearsals; in the afternoons he listened and played in recitals, and in the evening played concertos or attended concerts. It was a very intense week of playing, studying and learning. (Did you know that your bow may last longer if you rosin it one direction, bottom-up? That the bow hair is not dyed but comes from the white tail hairs of a particular kind of horse? That the Italian supply of wood used for making violins is nearly depleted because so much of the forests were destroyed during World War II?)

I can happily say my son and I both developed a little more understanding of music and the violin. But there's more. Yes, he went to master classes, groups lessons, recitals, and concerts. And yes, he heard a lot of live music - (and he didn't seem to mind that he couldn't play a single computer game or watch a TV programme for a week). What was probably more important was that he also joined in soccer games with cellists and pianists, took turns on the trampolines with flutists and teachers-in-training, and ate meals with beginning and advanced violinists. He hung out with groups of musicians and talked late into the night about school, sports, cars, girls, and even music. On Friday afternoon as we walked out to the car to leave the camp, he waved to many people and wrote down email addresses of his friends.

After that intense week of living and following the same schedule as many others, I too could finally name many of the faces, both children's and parents' that I'd seen at lessons and concerts over the years. I had met families and musicians from as far as Dunedin and Sydney. I had discussed children, books, and language over meals. I had stayed up for late night talk-fests that masqueraded as competitive Pictionary marathons. I had walked along the beach sharing frustrations and hopes over music lessons and practice. I even managed a few sessions of playing music myself. Also worth noting, I had made it through a week without having to plan a meal or vacuum a floor (though I did help clear and dry a few dishes). When we left camp, I felt I'd had a really relaxing and inspiring vacation.

So Saturday morning after the camp, my son joined me, appreciating the CD I was playing. I had to ask, just to make sure I understood correctly, 'So, did you enjoy the camp?' He answered with a hug, saying, ' I love that you made me go to camp.' He then went and practised without being asked.

****

By way of a footnote, one of the camp students suggested to my son that he join an orchestra. He later emailed my son and reminded him when the orchestra was auditioning. My son is now a member of the Aotea Youth Symphony. At his first rehearsal, two other members of the orchestra - also Suzuki camp students - came up and greeted him. Since camp, my son has been practising every day without the resistance of past times, and has even gotten his violin out at least once without being reminded. Today he asked again when his first group lesson of the year would be. I understand why. I look forward to seeing my friends too.

ALLEGRO

After a black day, I play Haydn,
And feel a little warmth in my hands.

The keys are ready. Kind hammers fall.
The sound is spirited, green, and full of silence.

The sound says that freedom exists
And someone pays no tax to Caesar.

I shove my hands into my haydnpockets
Nd act like a man who is calm about it all.

I raise my haydnflag. The signal is:
'We do not surrender. But we want peace.'

The music is a house of glass standing on a slope;
Rocks are flying, rocks are rolling.

The rocks roll straight through the house
But every pane of glass is still whole.

Tomas Transtromer, translated by Robert Bly

CAMPS a teacher's perspective

Simon Griffiths

It was my privilege to teach at two music camps this past January: the Auckland Branch Suzuki Music Camp at Willow Park, Eastern Beach, and the South Island Branch Camp at Oamaru.

Ive been attending camps since I was 12, and so have a few decades of NZ camps to draw on. There is something special about Suzuki music camps; in fact there are very many special things about Suzuki camps that can't be matched by any other musical event or experience.

One of the unique things about a Suzuki camp is that we have teachers from all over the world who share not only a common repertoire, but also a special philosophy about child education and music. They bring a colourful collection of life, music and Suzuki experiences with them from different cultures and environments that enrich our own lives musically and spiritually.

Another special thing about the camps is that students from all parts of the country - and the world - can get together and make music. Everyone just shows up and 'hey presto' a play-in concert happens. Everyone knows what they're there for, they have an idea of what's going to happen, and what these strangers will expect of them. They don't have to worry about teachers not knowing them or what they're doing because they all have so much in common. They don't have to worry about being the odd one out because everyone is pretty much doing the same things.

They are family affairs. It's particularly heartwarming to see families all show up to enjoy a week of music, even siblings and a parent who've never really been involved with lessons etc at home. Suzuki's spirit of nurturing the child is never better expressed than in this kind of family event. People value the experiences their children receive - so they make attendance at camp a priority. Students feel secure knowing their families are with them. They know that what they're doing is important because their parents value it enough to take a week out of busy lives to attend a music camp.

I love to teach at camps because it's a chance to meet other students, teachers and parents. It's a time to enjoy focusing on specific things and to revisit them daily. It's a time to enjoy the other aspects of Suzuki families' lives: sharing, eating, playing and having fun together. It's a time to focus intensively on playing the violin - much more so than ever happens in an average week during the year. It's also a time to have music-making blend in with the other aspects of life.

I get special pleasure from being at a camp with my own students. I learn so much more about them than I ever do seeing them once or twice a week. I discover other aspects about them that make them interesting and unique.

I have very fond memories of violin camps as I was growing up and hope that children attending camp now will look back on their own musical escapades at a violin camp one summer with the same delight. I look forward to many more years of Suzuki music camps.

I hope to see you at one soon!

Simon Griffiths teaches violin with his wife Stacey Shuck and Mary Watson in a Suzuki programme in Point Chevalier, Auckland. He has been involved with Suzuki in NZ since its early beginnings in Hamilton in the 1970s. Suzuki has taken him to Australia, Japan and the USA on wonderful musical adventures.

Half-size cello wanted. Phone Erin (collect) on (07) 533 1570

A CAMP OF FIRSTS we'll be back

Kim Choe

The Auckland Branch's Suzuki Camp of 2002 was a camp of firsts. It was the first time the camp had been held at the Willow Park Christian Camp at Eastern Beach, Howick.
It was the first time there was a programme for pianists, and it was good that after a few years' break, there was a programme for flautists again.

It was the first time teenagers were allowed to attend camp without a parent. I don't think the organisers knew what they were in for with this one. Trying to get a bunch of rowdy Pictionary-playing teenagers to meet a 9.30 pm curfew was no easy task. Somehow though, we managed to get enough sleep to carry us through 6 days of music, fun and sun.

From January 6-11, Suzuki students attended master classes, group lessons, ensembles, yoga and Alexander Technique classes at the camp. Through these classes, new skills, friends and sounds were made.

Many people also took part in the other activities camp had to offer. Afternoon sports were a great success, as were solo and concerto concerts. The fun concert, held by the 'Hogwarts School of Music', was participated in enthusiastically, and very well received. The teachers also performed for us as well as providing the accompaniment for the concerto concert as a 'barefoot 'professional orchestra. None of these concerts was incident free: there is still debate about whether the two power cuts were accidental or not.

Also included at the camp was teacher training for violin, piano and flute. Almost 20 eager teacher trainees took part in observing classes and learning about Suzuki philosophy. As one of the five violin trainees, I also had a lot of fun learning the surprisingly challenging task of teaching beginners and their parents how to make bow holds and box-violin holds. I picked up many new ideas and skills which I hope to pass on to my students in the future.

Summer Camp 2002 was a great success, and we were fortunate to have so many exciting and inspirational teachers from overseas to whom we owe huge thanks: Carolyn McCall, (USA, violin), Takao Mizushima (Australia, cello), Zohara Rotem (Australia, piano) and Julia Breen (Australia, flute and piano). Many thanks to all the wonderful teachers and organizers from NZ. I know it's a cliché, but we couldn't have done it without you.

And to those curfew-enforcers who crossed paths with us 'teenagers' so many times during the course of camp, I have just three words for you:

'We'll be back.'

SUPERGRANS and twinkle traffic-stoppers

Erin Hall

There is a special group of people who enjoy attending our summer camp whom I wish to acknowledge - and their numbers are increasing every year. They are our grandparents, and I call them 'our' because they are such a willing, sharing, positive humour-filled bunch.

Our kitchen duties are made easier by their willing assistance. Grandad amazes Grandma when he's pouring Milos at supper - usually he's in his armchair waiting for his own supper to be served!

The camera is always ready to capture the moment Mum or Dad is too busy to see. Even this Mum was sent a flattering photo from one of these adopted Grans: an unexpected surprise in the mail.

When younger family members are worn out, their loving arms support them during evening concerts, letting them sleep calmly.

The little ones aren't the only ones who are nurtured. I saw one Gran and a Mum drive out with big smiles during afternoon free-time. Later, I commented that they had an air of pleased escape about them, and asked if they'd gone shopping without their four children. No, better than that was the reply: they'd been soaking in the hot pools while Grandad looked after the troops. What wonderful family support.

If the evening social required willing dancers, Super Grans and Fred Astaire Grandads were first up. One of our Grans couldn't stop giggling and blushing as her husband of forty years 'whooped' his way round the dance set with his newly met partner! She was still blusing the next day.

Because our grandparents have no set obligations, they have the time to see all, and always acknowledge the good they do see. As convenor of our camp, I have appreciated the support and feedback from this sparkling group of gems.

This contribution is my thanks to them for enriching our camp and supporting the next generation. I look forward to their company next year and hope that I have their energy and wonderful outlook on life when I'm a Suzuki Grandma too!
Unfortunately, two of our Japanese tutors have stated that it takes two to three generations to produce a 'real' musician. Thanks Shigetoshi and Yasuki. I'll have to live until about 100 to witness that event.

CAMPS - WELLINGTON and the South Island

On a sunny January afternoon in Masterton, violin and piano music wafted through the grounds of St Matthew's College as 82 enthusiastic musicians launched the second Wellington Branch Violin AND piano Camp. While it was our second camp, it was the first time we had pianists join us, and it proved to be highly successful. There were a few teething problems - what about footstools? Adjustable piano benches? And HOW do you operate the master keyboard in the key room (thank goodness for Eric Baker, the theatrical whizz kid!) But these were soon overcome and Grace Nicholson and Christine Griffiths (both from Auckland) were passionately teaching about whales and dolphins, concert etiquette, crotchets and quavers, and creating beautiful music to keen musicians.

Anne Lewis, our overseas tutor from Sydney, was a genius with the children, keeping their attention for the whole of masterclass by getting everyone involved in a particular teaching point. Children and parents were enthralled - crying when her ears fell off (my son's intonation left a lot to be desired at times) chewing gum for legato bows, and popcorn breath for staccato, and Mr Gobbleguts munching bowhold. Our other violin tutors - Graham McPhail (Auckland) Kerry Langdon (Auckland) Hilary Ferral (Wellington) and Ann Goodbehere (Wellington) - were truly wonderful, imparting a sense of the joy and wonder of violin playing to willing young minds. I particularly enjoyed the group lessons with Victoria where everyone had a go at improvisation.

Two (of many!) highlights of the camp were the Concerto Night, where we were treated to a string orchestra of parents including Wilma Smith, whose children were at camp, tutors accompanied by violinists playing Seitz, Vivaldi and the Bach Double, and pianists playing Kuhlau and Clementini sonatas. It was great to hear these pieces played with the accompaniment and enthusiasm of our more skilled musicians. The second highlight was the public concert, where the ensembles performed enthusiastically, and conducted themselves very professionally. Group violin pieces were also played and we were treated to several piano solos. We were even famous for a day, with a photo in the local paper.

We had our AGM at camp, after an aborted attempt at such in October. It began with a short concert by David and Christine Griffiths (David is an opera singer) and was followed with wine and cheese and a little party. We have expanded our committee and are looking forward to a busy and exciting year.

Camp finished on a beautiful sunny day, amid a little administrative stress and many fond farewells, and compliments from attendees and tutors - many saying they would love to come back. Roll on 2003!

SOUTH ISLAND BRANCH

The South Island Branch held its 14th Annual Summer Camp at Oamaru in January, and once again it was a most successful event. We find the Waitaki Boys' High School facilities to our liking, even if the weather is a little cool!

The July workshop is being held in the **first week of the school holidays.**

Play-in and registration on Sunday 30th June.

Lessons on 1st, 2nd and 3rd July.

Play out concert on Wednesday 3rd July.Teacher training in piano, flute and violin will take place.

Contact Lois McCallum 03 3527 769, or Val Scott 03 3893 450 for further details.

Registration forms are sent out to Suzuki teachers who are members of the NZ Suzuki Institute. Please ask your teacher for a registration form early next term.

Lois McCallum

MUSIC: the Pacific way

Anna Percy

Dr Suzuki's insights into music learning in young children have shown many families around the world what children are capable of, given the right environment. His ideas still stand in stark contrast to a mainstream education which expects too little of children and which underestimates what they can achieve. But like most great ideas, Dr Suzuki's insights were not all new on the face of the earth. Many cultures around the world invest significant time and effort into teaching young children music. Here in New Zealand, a flourishing Pacific culture of dance, drumming and music is being passed from generation to generation using methods which are very similar to those advocated by Dr Suzuki.

I interviewed Mary Ama, an artist and organiser of Pacific events, whose work has included the Pacific Pathways exhibition, advising the Hawaiki documentary for TVNZ, and organising the Waitakere Pasifika Living Arts Festival and the Cook Islands village at Pasifika in Western Springs. Mary's two daughters are both accomplished dancers in the Cook Islands Tradition, and one is a professional dancer based in London.

Mary Ama

Here are Mary's views on why teaching children music is important, and how it is best done. I haven't added any comments of my own, but I hope you will agree that there are strong parallels between the traditional methods of teaching dance which Mary describes and Dr Suzuki's vision of a better world where all children learn music through love.

'Music is like language: it should be every where. I tell my friends who work in Pasific Islands language nests that it's no good speaking Tuvuluan to your children all day and then going home and speaking English. If you do that, you're teaching them that their own language isn't part of every day life. The same with music: it has to be woven ito your child's daily life.

'That's why, when I was teaching my daughters to dance, I danced all the time. I danced while I was cooking, while I was doing the house work. Your children absorb what they see you doing - it passes directly from you to them. This is the strongest sort of learning.

'The mother is the most important teacher. If you surround a child with music, you will wake up the music inside them. Listening to music and making music with your children is the way to start.

'Reading written music is an add-on - some Pacific musicians never bother to learn this, they just play all their lives building on what they hear. Others do go on to study and to read music, but that's just adding an extra skill to the music already inside them.

'A good musical education starts very, very young. When you sing to your baby, you show them that music is part of the love and warmth they need to feel around them. Dance for your baby, make them laugh - they will be learning a huge amount.

'When a child is crawling, that's when they're capturing their co-ordination skills. If music is part of their world, they will make it part of their movement also. You need a good sound system in the house, and lots of good music to listen to as your child grows up.

'When your children are older, they need to learn pride in their culture and respect for their parents. This is a time for sifting through the knowledge they have absorbed when they were very young, and making it their own. If you can help them to do this by teaching them music and dance from a position of strength and knowledge, this is something they can be proud of and live up to.

'Sometimes it happens that the mother isn't musical. Not back home in the villages - there shouldn't be anyone brought up in the islands who doesn't know how to dance. But here in the city there is sometimes a need to set up classes so people who do have skills can be the teachers and can share their knowledge with other families.

'Back home in the village, the need for a separate teacher doesn't arise. Everyone is naturally part of the musical life of the village. When you work with your child to make a beautiful dance costume that moves gracefully, you are helping them to make them proud of themselves and what they do. And then, when the whole village gathers together, and the sound of the drums starts up - well of course they are going to dance!'

See Pasific musicians and dancers at:
Pacifica Festival, Western Springs, Saturday 9 March.
Pasifika Living Arts Festival, Corban Estate, Henderson, 30 April - 4 May
Inter-Secondary Schools Pacific Dance Competition - later in the year.

Tuvalu Pre-School Group.

PAN PACIFIC NEWS

teachers' directory

Juliet Le Couteur

In the Autumn issue of the Journal, NZSI President, Val Thorburn reported on some preliminary discussions with her counterparts in Australia on establishing a Pan Pacific Suzuki organisation. Progress since then has been tentative in terms of reaching a consensus as to the shape and scope of that organisation. Nevertheless, there has been general agreement that communication between Suzuki organisations both within Australia and across the Tasman should be fostered, and that a formal entity is not necessary for initiatives on this front to get underway. To this end, the Suzuki Talent Education Association of New South Wales has offered to enlarge upon its existing directory to include all Suzuki teachers in Australia and New Zealand, and so serve as a regional Suzuki directory. It will be similar to that published by the International Suzuki Association which lists by country all teachers who are financial members of the ISA. The listing includes the teacher's address, phone number, and the instrument taught. The directory proposed by NSW will be the same but not restricted to ISA members It will include contact details for Suzuki organisations in the region and distribution will be largely confined to those organisations and Suzuki teachers.

There is no obligation for teachers to be listed in the directory. Any NZSI teacher who wishes to be included in it should complete the form below and send it to the NSW address provided, or the Administrator of NZSI. To be listed in the first issue, the form should reach NSW no later than 15 April 2002.

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND SUZUKI TEACHERS' DIRECTORY

NAME: _____

INSTRUMENT/S **1.** _____
2. _____
3. _____

ACCREDITATION LEVEL: _____

ADDRESS: _____

COUNTRY:

PHONE: (__)_____ **FAX:** (__)_____
EMAIL: _____

Please return this form by 15 April 2002-03-10
1 - Post to STEAA(NSW)INC
2 - Fax to: 02 9488 8601 (Aust) or 0015 61 2 9488 8601 (International)
3 - Email: admin@suzukitalenteducation.com.au
4 - The Administrator, NZSI, Box 74092, Market Road, Auckland.

GRADUATIONS congratulations

Piano Graduations October 2001.

Level 1

Michelle Dando	Oylen Moy
Christopher Jared Tan	Christine Griffiths
Miranda Webster	Grace Nicholson
Anouska Longuet	Grace Nicholson
Finn Sigglekow	Grace Nicholson
Tim Vickers	Grace Nicholson
Zachary Fowles	Grace Nicholson
Tiffany Eng	Daphne Stevens
Jack Hammond	Marilyn Petrie
Aaron Miller	Margaret Sime
Xindi Zhang	Margaret Sime
Waina-Rei Strickland	Frances Hadfield
Alex Shafer	Helen Kapma
Cheng Song Lam	Bella Gutnik
Harry Ellerm	Val Scott
Jessica Davenport	Val Scott
Kelly Hay	Val Scott

Level 2

Amanda Ooi	Oylen Moy
Andrew Errington	Marilyn Petrie
Jessica Jia Yi Chen	Maida Bousfield

Level 3

Anthony Utama	Oylen Moy
Michael Graham	Ruth Page

Violin Graduations. October 2001

Level 1

Erika Sirisomboonwong	Lynley Culliford
John Won	Lynley Culliford
Matthew Cook	Lynley Culliford
Cameron Miller	Wendy Hayes
Jessica Bond	Wendy Hayes
Francesca Chapman	Lois McCallum
Jessie Wise	Lois McCallum
Madeleine Gin	Lois McCallum
Laura Barton	Helena Sowinski
Brennan McDonald	Robyn Denize
Natalie Alyssa Wong	Thea Kotze
Christina Johnston	Claire Anderson
Natasha Dayal	Tania Dyett
Vicky Mack	Heather Miller

Level 2

Danielle Konig	Win Bickerstaff
Brett Po-Yao Yang	Joanne Kane
Olivia Francis	Maryla Endert
Stephanie Buzzard	Helena Sowinski
Branda Au Yeung	Lois McCallum
Hugh Mack	Heather Miller
Joel Miller	Lynley Culliford

Level 3

Margaux Gin	Lois McCallum
Daniel Hur	Lois McCallum
Lindsay McLay	Lois McCallum

Level 4

Rachel Mearns	Lois McCallum

Level 5

Hamish Cook	Lynley Culliford

Level 6

Thomas Liberty	Lois McCallum
Lyndon Rogers	Lois McCallum

GRADUATION preparation

Closing date for receiving graduation tapes for this first half of the year is **15 May 2002. Tapes should reach the Administrator of NZSI at Box 74092, Market Road, Auckland no later than this date**. Both student and teacher should be current financial members of their local branch of NZSI. (Please do not send your subscription for 2002 to the Administrator, but the address shown on the branch membership form printed at the back of the Journal.) Teachers should sign the label below provided below indicating that they have listened to the tape. Please print your name and other details clearly on the label. The fee of $30 per tape should be paid by cheque, made payable to NZSI Administrator, Juliet Le Couteur.

NEW ZEALAND SUZUKI INSTITUTE GRADUATION	
Instrument	
Piece	
Level	
Student's name	
Date of birth	
Teacher	
Teacher's signature	
Date of recording	
Years in Suzuki	

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TEMPO GIUSTO metronomes

Carolyn McCall

Metronome: an apparatus invented by Maelzel in 1816, designed to indicate exactly the tempo (speed) of a composition.

Things to consider when buying a metronome.

* It needs to be loud enough for 1-2 players to hear it (Some machines have jacks for headphones or amplifiers.)

* If you ever practise where there is no electrical outlet, buy a wind-up or battery operated metronome.

* When playing by memory, it helps if the player can SEE a cue in addition to hearing the metronome's click. Some metronomes have an arm that moves back and forth, and you hear the click at the peak of the arm's swing. Some metronomes have a light that flashes with each click. You can set the machine to have the light flash without clicking; this is useful if you want to check a tempo without disturbing other musicians around you.

* Some machines can be set to give a different sound every second, third, fourth or sixth pulse (beat). This cues when a new measure (bar) starts if the meter is in 2,3,4,5 or 6. You can do this with a less fancy metronome by having a reliable person say 'one' at the beginning of each measure. (This is useful if the player is reading music. Beginning readers can be helped by hearing a cue at the start of each new measure.) This pinpoints measures where the player is adding or deleting a beat.

* One machine (a newer Dr Beat model by Boss) features a woman's voice counting out loud. You can have a reliable person to do this for you instead of the machine, but it is not so easy to count steadily while someone plays - even with a metronome ticking at the same time.

* Some machines will also give an A-440 tuning note. This is handy because it keeps sounding that pitch while you deal with making the instrument match it. (An A-440 is the A above 'Middle C.' It has 440 vibrations per second.)

* Metronomes come in all shapes and sizes: boxes, pyramids, rectangles the size of credit cards...Wittner makes some in the form of owls and penguins, and a Yamaha QTI looks like a little flying saucer!

Activities to get you used to your new metronome:

* Set the machine for some medium speed. (The numbers indicate how many clicks there will be related to a second of time. 60 = one second per click. Marches are often around 120. The metronome clicks very slowly when set around 40.) Clap with the clicks. Try clapping twice as fast or slow as the clicks.

* Chant steadily an old favourite such as 'Five Little Monkeys' while the metronome clicks. Set the machine for fast/slow speeds so the monkeys jump fast/slow. Play a piece with unchanging rhythm such as Suzuki's 'Twinkle, Variation D' or 'Perpetual Motion.' Experiment with the machine and figure out what metronome speeds the player is already doing. (The Boss Dr Beat has a special button you can tap, and the screen will indicate at what speed you are tapping.) Then have the player play while the metronome clicks.

* Finally, begin using the metronome in the traditional way - to keep your playing speed steady. Use the machine to pinpoint your unsteady places, and then focus on those places without the machine. When ready, resume using the machine.

Other ideas to keep your playing speed steady:

* Have another person tap you gently on the shoulder as you play.

* You should be able to feel the pulse or the beat of the music internally.

* If you are desperate in a hard passage, tap your big toe inside your shoe. This will not distract musicians around you.

* Never click your teeth in time to the music: it is a bad habit!

* Musicians who tap, stomp, hiss, steam, scream out numbers or who bang drumsticks on music stands in time to the music are considered ill-mannered boors by other musicians.

Carolyn McCall (Myer) who was a tutor at the recent Auckland Branch Summer Camp at Willow Park, started learning violin in John Rendall's Suzuki programme in 1966, and received her undergraduate degree in music from the University of Illinois. She completed a Master's degree in violin performance from the Southern Illinois University at Edwardville (SIUE) where she did her Suzuki teacher-training with Kendall. She has lived and taught in Austria, Illinois, and Wisconsin, where she was instructor of viola at the UW-Eau Claire, and served as President of the Suzuki Association of WI. She now teaches violin, viola, and music and movement in the Suzuki Program at SIUE, and at many workshops and institutes. She has published 30 articles and the book Suzuki Repertoire Group Lessons (Summy-Birchard). She is Assistant Coordinator of the next SAA Conference to be held in May 2002 in Minneapolis.

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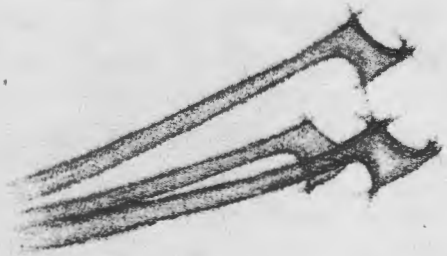

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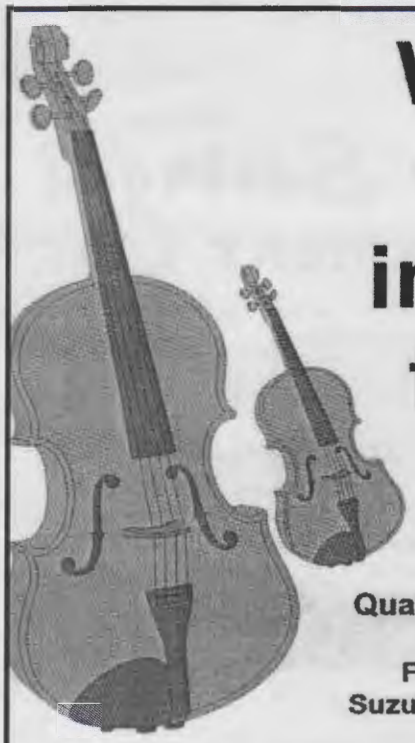
Piece

Juliet practises the violin
four times a week.
She wants to quit
At the end of the year and play
Tennis.
Olivia plays the flute because
Juliet's violin teacher
had a wife who taught it
and Mum thought
how convenient, even though
they lived in Albany.
Ros has a cello
and the front desk of the school orchestra.
She wants to quit and play the drums.
Charles (8)
is learning the quarter size violin
for the second time.
When he was four,
he would lie on the floor
and kick.
Mum hammers Handel on the piano
and tunes Ros and Charles every morning
and tells Juliet to practise
and teaches nameless small children
the recorder and learns it too
from a man, who, on Tuesdays, teaches
older children, also nameless,
in our sitting room
(so we must be quiet).
Dad plays rugby,
but he sings - we tell him out of tune.
So to embarrass us
he belts out
Santa Lucia on the chair lift.

Olivia Kember



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