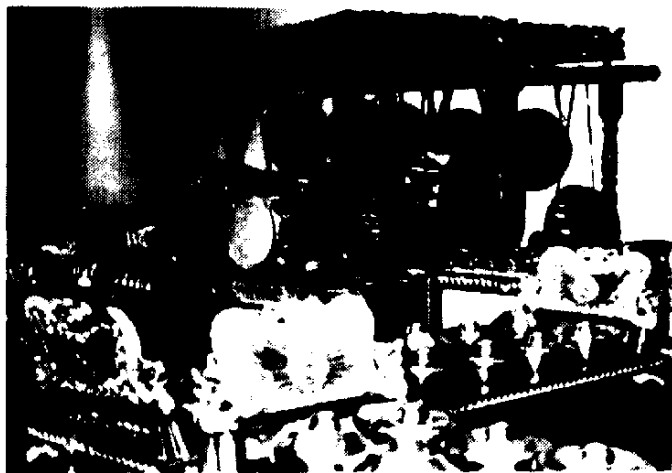


MUSIC FOR THE LOVE OF IT



BLOSSOMING HONEY: A MINNESOTA GAMELAN

by Barbara Walden

Picture the coldest evening of the coldest Minnesota January in eighty years. The roads are slippery and deserted. An Arctic wind blows icy snow-crystals across the streets and yards of St. Paul. Lights are on in houses all over town as the cold-weather-wise inhabitants snuggle into their warm homes to wait for this frigid spell to pass. But wait! The lights are also on in the music building at the College of St. Catherine and a group of bundled-up people are greeting one another, removing coats and boots. They head happily, in stocking feet or barefoot, into a room where they sit on the floor to play tuned bronze gongs and kettles, xylophone-like instruments of bronze and wood, curious stringed instruments, drums and flutes, and sing songs about warm winds and shimmering rice paddies in a language none of them know. The Javanese gamelan has come to Minnesota and the players of the Schubert Club community gamelan will be warmed on this cold night by music from tropical Indonesia.

I discovered the gamelan this past winter. This old and beautiful art form, involving instrumental music, along with song, chant, dance and theater, had arrived the previous fall under the auspices of the Schubert Club's musical instrument museum, and the hope was to create a living museum and bring one of the great arts of world music to Minnesota. A beautiful and complete gamelan was made by famed artisans in Indonesia and shipped halfway around the world. A teacher came too,

continued on page 5

MEMORIES OF ILLNESS AND HEALING *by Susan P. Groskreutz*

Part 1: Onset, Diagnosis and Surgery

I am well again. Thanks to the heroic efforts of a team of surgeons at the Chicago Institute of Neurosurgery and Neuroresearch, I am walking and talking. I am even playing my beloved instruments. I have learned to drive with the use of special mirrors. My family is a closer unit: we know that the time that we have left together is finite, and we use it well. My singing voice is gone, and I miss it, but that was a small loss compared to all I got back. I am telling this story to help fellow musicians understand both the potential for incapacitating injury that is inherent in playing the violin, and the wonderful potential for healing in doing what we love most.



Sue Groskreutz after recovery, with violin brace

From the time I chose to play the violin, in fourth grade, until I graduated from university, I had several fine violin teachers. Some of them emphasized bowings, and some stressed fingerings. But none of them had anything to say about the proper use of my neck. I was never told to use a shoulder pad or a higher chin rest in order to alleviate stress on the neck. Now, I have survived what I believe to be the results of that neglect.

Playing the violin was always uncomfortable for me. For years I experienced aches and pains, particularly in the neck, associated with the inhuman position required to play the instrument. Eventually, I began to accept fewer violin jobs and devoted much of my energy to other instruments, although I continued to teach violin.

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CONCERT CHECKLIST

I would like to add one item to your excellent concert production checklist in the June, 1996 issue.

Schedule at least fifteen minutes during rehearsal time to discuss and practice stage comportment, i.e. entering, exiting and bowing, Shuffling on and off stage, a half-hearted, truncated bow, and confusion as to which way to turn or whom to look at all give a loud and clear signal: non-professional!

Sylvia Memolo
Brookline, MA

WEEKEND WORKSHOPS

The *Wall Street Chamber Players* will present a weekend chamber music workshop for adult strings and pianists and a limited number of winds at Middletown, CT October 25-27, 1996. For more information and registration materials, contact Marvin Warshaw, 203/497-8225, or William Braun, 203/865-5336. Please apply by September 25, 1996.

The *Stirling Duo Chamber Music Workshop* is for amateur string players and ensembles in Maplewood, NJ, the afternoons of September 21, October 19, November 16 and December 14, 1996. Contact The Stirling Duo, 744 Stirling Drive East, South Orange, NJ 07079.

QUARTET MANAGEMENT

Subscriber Marietta Harvey of Berkeley, CA, forwarded an article titled "Music, the Brain and the String Quartet" by Paul Robertson from the *BBC Music Magazine Summer Special 1996*. The author draws upon observations in neurology, psychology and music history for insights into how we compose, perform, hear and respond to music. He concludes that a well-functioning string quartet may be the ideal model of good management, citing, however, his own quartet's having learned not to argue with each other out of mutual fear of embarrassment!

FLAVOR FIRST

In "Tasting the Page", in the June issue of *Melodious Accord* (P. O. Box 27, Indian Valley, ID 83632) composer/song leader Alice Parker pleads for performers to seek out the "flavor" of a piece of music before drilling pitches and note values. "It is a misunderstanding to see the page as a basic source of information which, if followed, will yield a usable product. Imagine a recipe, followed exactly, with no care for the freshness or flavor of the ingredients. To 'improve' the product one can't just add a few seasonings, one has to go back to the beginning with new ingredients and a new focus: flavor first, not last."

WORLD-WIDE WEB ENSEMBLE FINDER

www.music.indiana.edu/music_resources/orchestra.html (for other forms of ensemble type "chamber," "marching," etc. in place of "orchestra")

HAYDN QUARTETS:

A CHRONOLOGICAL APPROACH by Marion Taylor

The thirty "famous" Haydn quartets that appear in volumes 1 and 2 of the Peters edition are the ones most of us know best. We are familiar with all of opp. 54, 74, 76, and 77, all but one of op. 64, half of opp. 20 and 33, two of op. 3, and one each of opp. 9, 17, and 50.

Those who explore the "unberühmte" (un-celebrated) quartets in Peters' volumes 3 and 4 find real treasures. The missing quartets from the mature opp. 20, 33, 50, and 64 are the most obvious, along with three quartets of op. 55 and the three of op. 71. They also find the missing quartets of opp. 3, 9 and 17, the *Seven Last Words* (op. 51, no. 1-7), all of op. 1 and 2, the single op. 42 quartet and the unfinished op. 103.

I can guess why the editors of the eighty-three quartets resisted a chronological arrangement or even the reverse chronological arrangement of the Mozart quartets where the Peters edition puts the later works in volume 1 and the earlier works in volume 2. The first thirty quartets (five sets of six in opp. 1, 2, 3, 9 and 17), when Haydn was inventing the string quartet, are lots less fun to play than those from op. 20 onward. However, there's more to opp. 9 and 17 than you might suspect after all — one out of each set is "famous."

There are several aids to working your way through sets of Haydn quartets chronologically.

First, look in the back pages of your part in the Peters edition. If you are lucky, you will find a chronological list of the quartets, giving the date when each set was published, so you can figure out how old Haydn was when he wrote them. The "early" op. 20 are from 1771 when he was thirty-nine. Even if you don't know much German, you can work at deciphering the nicknames for the quartets that are provided on this page; for example, the "Dudelsack-Menuett" (bagpipe minuet) is op. 3, no. 3. I've successfully sounded quite erudite when quoting information from this page. This page also clarifies the notorious numbers "at the top" and "on the side." The number on the side is a numerical list for the Peters edition: 1-30 for volumes 1-2 and 1-53 for volumes 3-4. The number at the top follows the order of the first complete edition of Haydn's works: numbers 1-6 are op. 17:1-6; nos. 7-9 are op. 9:1-3; nos. 10-12 are op. 50:1-3 and so on. The rationale for this order seems

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unfathomable. Nevertheless, the quartets in the Peters edition follow this order in two sequences: first the 30 selected for volumes 1-2 (no. 5, 8, 13, 14, etc.) and then the 53 others in volumes 3-4 (nos. 1-4, 6-7, 9-12, etc.).

The Peters edition is the standard "late 19th-century" edition of the Haydn Quartets; it was first published in 1900. The late 20th-century edition, published by Henle in 1974, costs a lot more than the Peters. (See list below.) But in the Henle you get the works in sets by opus number, so you have all six quartets of opp. 20, 33 or 64 in one place. And you have the latest thing in editing from the best available manuscript and printed sources. In addition you aren't bothered by those fingerings from Andreas Moser and Hugo Dechert that so many have complained about so bitterly. When they aren't there, however, you realize how often those "terrible fingerings" got you through difficult passages. It's still worth playing a few times (maybe forever?) from the Henle edition.

Here's a comparison of the first violin statement of the theme that opens the second movement of op. 20, No. 4.

- Peters (left) Note the elaborate indications of fingerings, dynamics and phrasing added by the editor.

- Henle (right) Note that there are no dynamic indications at all! Parentheses indicate editor's insertion of a marking not in the autograph; phrasing not in parentheses is the editor's deciphering of what Haydn wrote.

Unfortunately, the Henle edition is not complete. For a comparable "clean" edition of op. 76 and others not yet in Henle — try the Doblinger edition in the series *Diletto Musicale*, edited by the noted Haydn scholar H. C. Robbins Landon. This is a performing edition, in contrast to the Henle. Unfortunately, another noted Haydn scholar, Laszlo Somfai says it is not as good as it should be because of such things as inconsistency in

distinguishing between a stroke and a dot: "some volumes offer a differentiation between staccato stroke and dot, while others print dots only."

The rage for completeness, a great byproduct of the compact disc revolution, has led to many CDs of all the quartets in an opus number set; thus you can listen routinely to the quartets in chronological order. You may want to follow a score while you listen; fortunately Dover scores (reprints of the Eulenburg Edition), are inexpensive, easy to read and chronological. Chronology isn't everything, but it's a useful way to re-examine familiar works and discover new ones.

Prices of Scores and Parts

Peters edition, four parts in 4 volumes. \$60 for each volume. I/II - 30 *Berühmte Quartette* (30 Famous Quartets) m/IV - *Die Ubrigen 53 Quartette* (The 53 Remaining Quartets).

Henle, four parts in 10 volumes (volumes 6, 7, and 10 have not yet been published). \$45 to \$50 for each volume. v. 1 - *Early Quartets* v. 4 - op. 20 v. 2 - op. 9 v. 5 - op. 33 v. 3 - op. 17 v. 8 - op. 64 v. 9 - opp. 71 and 74.

Doblinger's series *Diletto Musicale*. Each quartet is published separately for about \$6; thus \$36 for the six quartets of op. 76.

Dover scores: *String Quartets*, opp. 20 and 33, complete. \$12.95. *String Quartets*, opp. 42, 50 and 54. \$11.95. *Twelve String Quartets*, opp. 55, 64, and 71, complete. \$11.95. *Eleven Late String Quartets*, opp. 74, 76, and 77, complete. \$12.95.

Laszlo Somfai's review of the Doblinger Edition is in *Notes Quarterly Journal* of the Music Library Association, 42:2, December 1991, pp. 671-74.

Violist Marion Taylor lives in Santa Cruz, CA and works as a music librarian.

GROWING TOWARD WHAT WE SHALL BE

For the past four years, I've devoted fifteen to twenty hours a week to an experience that has had a profound impact on my life. I have served as Music Director of the Unity Center of Peace, a non-demoninational church that incorporates Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, Native American, Sufi, and other religions.

How did a nice Jewish girl from New York get to be a church Music Director? In 1988 I began to attend Unity Center of Peace. As I became involved with the music program, I perceived that "it is the musician's task to stretch the human imagination about God, to invite us to think about God with our bodies, our skins and our ears, and not merely with our intellects" (*The Pastoral Musician*, Virgil C. Funk, ed., Washington, DC: The Pastoral Press, 1990: 18). I was intrigued by the way music could create "an acoustic environment in which the mystery of God could be explored" (p. 18). When the position opened up in 1992, I volunteered to fill it.

Growing up Jewish, I never learned the huge body of Christian hymns that proclaim the glory of God so stirringly. In my eagerness to expand my repertoire, I spent hours in the Duke University Divinity School library researching hymns, as well as seeking chants from native and new-age traditions and listening to countless popular music CDs looking for songs with spiritual content. Our church welcomed all kinds of music and I took advantage of such openness. I painstakingly changed lyrics to be gender- and religion-inclusive. I searched music stores for descants to play on my flute, often transposing them from trumpet music.

Although I already knew many musicians, my circle of musical friends enlarged as I contacted soloists for Sunday services. I found instrumentalists and vocalists who performed a great variety of musical styles. I was constantly on the lookout for new musicians. Once, I arrived at my aerobics class early, where a young unfamiliar man was waiting for class to start. I initiated a conversation just to be friendly, and it turned out that he was a voice major at the university. He shared his incredible tenor voice with our congregation several times before he graduated and pursued a professional music career. At a symphony concert one night, my husband and I sat next to a single woman. We chatted at intermission, and by the end of the evening, I had invited her to play her harp at our church. Sometimes musicians would call me directly, hoping to be able to share their music in an atmosphere as appreciative and enthusiastic as our church.

I always felt well appreciated by the members of the congregation. The comments that meant the most to me were the ones like, "Today, the music went right to my heart. I felt a healing and a peace that I've been searching for." I gradually understood, with awe, that the other musicians and I made a real difference in people's lives by helping them to connect to Spirit through the music.

I hadn't had much solo performing experience, and the first time I played a solo in church, I was so nervous I felt sick. I gradually played solos more frequently, and after I became Music Director, usually played at worship services two or three Sundays a month. Performing so frequently in a supportive environment boosted my confidence and taught me to be comfortable in front of an audience. I conquered my stage fright and came to enjoy performing. I was motivated to practice, improve, and seek out new repertoire.

About a half year ago, I began to recognize a tug on my soul that seemed to be a message to grow, change, and move on. I found myself less enthusiastic about scheduling the music, frustrated at the more narrow view of religion the church was taking, and I felt a restlessness of spirit. Last week, after six months of searching my heart, thinking, processing, and seeking guidance from the people in my support system and from God, I resigned. At first, it was hard to imagine letting go of all the blessings that have been mine through this position. But once I made the decision, carrying it out was easy. If God wants me to continue performing, doors will open. I've come to believe that I'm worthy of love and recognition even if I don't do something "outstanding." I can add to people's spiritual experience every time I put my flute to my lips, which doesn't have to happen only on Sunday mornings at church.

And so, I'm venturing forth on my musical journey. I don't know exactly where I'm headed, but sometimes I know I must let go of the old to make room for the new. Music is such a vital part of my life now; no one position or person or activity is the source of my music. God is the source and the supply is limitless. I feel a sense of excited expectation, of endless possibility, of opportunity to grow and learn and love music even more.

We are not yet what we shall be, but we are growing toward it.

The process is not yet finished, but it is going on.

This is not the end, but it is the road.

All does not yet gleam in glory, but all is being purified.

— Luther

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with his family, from Indonesia by way of New Zealand, to give classes to the college students as well as to children, schoolteachers, and most importantly for me, to begin a community gamelan group.

I had never seen or heard a gamelan before, but as an amateur flutist, I was ready to branch out. I had already begun to appreciate the beauty of non-Western musical traditions and to want to expand beyond my roots in Western classical music. So when I saw a picture of the gamelan in all its colorfully carved and polished splendor and read that classes were underway for a community ensemble, I hoped I might find a new path on my musical journey.

Indeed, I have. And it hasn't been just a musical journey. After that first night I had to look up Indonesia to make sure where it is. (It is a large, populous country of numerous islands, a part of Southeast Asia.) I discovered that there are several musical traditions in Indonesia, and that our Javanese gamelan is different from the gamelan played in Bali, even though both are part of Indonesia. Gamelan, I learned, is basic to the culture of Indonesia, and often villages, schools, clubs and other groups will have (and be) a gamelan. I discovered that the gamelan is rooted in a tradition which, though different from our own, involves a community listening, playing together, enjoying the music and the music-learning process, respecting and helping one another in a friendly and non-competitive way, and respecting the instruments and their personalities — all of the elements which contribute to the finest experiences in Western-style ensemble playing too.

The music itself has a different structure than Westerners are used to: separate musical lines interweave to form a tapestry which is sometimes quite complex, sometimes deceptively simple. Some of the songs and music are quite ancient: indeed, our teacher says that we will learn songs not only in Javanese but in Sanskrit! And the literary and theatrical tradition of Java includes Buddhist, Hindu, and Muslim elements as well as influence from Java's three hundred years as a Dutch colony. Gamelan instruments are made to be played together with each other, and one gamelan cannot play with another. You don't take your instrument to the gamelan as you do in a Western orchestra; rather you find the gamelan and go to it.

I found that some of my Western music-playing habits, especially my dependence on learning from a printed score rather than from listening and repetition, needed to be thrown out. Although my years as a Suzuki parent had already convinced me of the validity of this approach, the habits of a lifetime don't change easily. Our teacher insisted that we learn all the instruments of

the gamelan and though I quickly discovered the ones I prefer, my listening and playing-together skills have improved enormously as I have attempted to fit the particular instrument I am working with into the structure of the music as a whole. Since the gamelan has no conductor, listening skills are further sharpened by the need to hear the instrument which gives the musical cue to change rhythm or style or go to a new section of the piece. And I have discovered that my years as a player of a solo instrument, the flute, have made me eager to experience the quite different pleasures of the gamelan's accompanying and structural instruments, while some of my fellow players especially enjoy the more soloistic elaborating instruments. Gamelan music is notated, though this notation is more of a reference point than a set of requirements, so I am gradually learning a new system of notation too.

I have also found an appealing set of social traditions surrounding the gamelan. For example, although I have always given names to my musical instruments as I got to know them and am the owner of flutes named Maurice and Jeannie and play a bass viola da gamba whom I call Hildegarde, I never mentioned this naming habit to anyone for fear of being thought eccentric. So imagine my pleasure in discovering that, since our gamelan was new and its personality not yet known, we would play it for a while and then it would receive its name in a formal ceremony. When our teacher said that those of us who had been attending the weekly gamelan classes could, if we wished, also be part of a community performing ensemble whose first performance would be at the naming ceremony, I knew I had found the group for me. I felt very honored to perform at our gamelan's naming ceremony. Its name could not be more appropriate: *Kyai Medharing Madu*, Blossoming Honey. Honey is special in Java, connoting sweetness and warmth, while blossoming connotes not only beauty but also the hope of spreading this wonderful art throughout our region. I feel privileged to be part of this blossoming. I think my musical life is blooming too.

If you would like to play in a gamelan it is possible that there might be one in your vicinity. There are gamelans on the East and West coasts, often sponsored by colleges or universities or by the Indonesian consulate, and there are some in the Midwest too, in addition to ours. So look around and if there is a gamelan near you, you will find a wonderful musical experience just perfect for those who enjoy playing "for the love of it."

Barbara Walden lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she works as a librarian at the University of Minnesota. She performs as a flutist with the Unity Trio and the Minnesota Flutilla, and plays in the MacPhail Center Viol Consort as well as the Schubert Club's community gamelan.

In 1984, I attended an *Orff-Schulwerk* class under Judy Bond and found a second love, the recorder. The recorder seemed so tension-free. Its pure sound delighted me. It wasn't long before I discovered the American Recorder Society and began attending workshops. After my first year at the Amherst Early Music Festival (1990), I became a serious recorder student and formed a recorder ensemble, the Westminster Recorder Consort. I was able to share this newfound love with Shannon, my daughter, who attended Amherst with me for two summers.



The Westminster Recorder Consort

During the 1992-93 academic year, I drove several nine-hour round trips to Bloomington, Indiana, to study privately with a well-known recorder virtuoso named Aldo Abreu. I made great progress on the recorder, but noticed that there were some trills that my fingers just would not play. No amount of practice would make those trills work smoothly, especially if they involved my fourth or fifth finger. It never occurred to me to associate this difficulty with my earlier neck problems on the violin. The Westminster Recorder Consort continued to rehearse, and in the spring of 1993, we performed a chamber concert for the Kankakee Valley Symphony Orchestra Association. The concert went very well and received rave reviews. I had not felt well during this time, but assumed that I was under too much pressure preparing the concert.

My general malaise continued throughout the summer. I fought a relentless headache that didn't let up until I arrived at Amherst for the 1993 workshop. During the second week, I began to notice numbness in my hands. I was not alarmed. After all, I had been playing recorder between eight and ten hours each day (a typical workshop schedule), and I thought that when I gave my hands a rest, all would be well. So I continued to play. I

performed an entire trio sonata on the Amherst Early Music final concert. Even after the final concert, a group of my Amherst friends got together and played some more.

I returned home one week before my semester was to begin at Kankakee Community College where I taught Piano Class and Music Theory. I was very busy getting classes in order, so I really did not pay much attention to the fact that the tingling was just not going away. However, when the tingling intensified, it caught my notice. The fifth finger on my right hand was no longer cooperating. Instead of covering the bottom hole on the recorder for only certain notes, it wanted to stay down all the time. When I attended the first symphony orchestra rehearsal for the 1993-94 season, I was alarmed to find that the motion of my bow arm sent painful shocks throughout my right arm. Also, I discovered that the fifth finger on my left hand did not have the strength to hold down a violin string. I immediately requested a medical leave from the symphony convinced that I was suffering from a bad repetitive motion injury.

During the fall of 1993, I forced myself to rest from all performing on all my instruments. And I got worse. Numbness spread throughout both hands. Fingers were no longer working properly. I discovered that I couldn't play the piano because of pain and because of fingers that were no longer able to move quickly. As I watched all of the skills that I had developed begin to disintegrate, I was frustrated by doctors who did not take my situation seriously. So on November 3, I saw Dr. Alice Brandfonbrener, a renowned Chicago area physician who runs a referral service for people in the arts. She watched as I played the violin and the recorder. After a two-hour exam, she ordered X-rays of my neck. She didn't say why. I still believed that my problems were caused by repetitive motion.

Putting off calling the doctor for the results of these x-rays, I left for the 25th-anniversary *Orff-Schulwerk* convention in Indianapolis, Indiana. Orff conventions are great fun for me, especially the ethnic folk dancing. But this year, I noticed that every time I took a little hop or a jump, painful electric shock waves shot throughout my body. My reaction to this was to just keep on dancing. I danced for three evenings, awed and filled with wonder by the electric shocks which sometimes went all the way to my toes. Finally one of those shocks was so severe that I stopped dancing. I began to acknowledge that something was not right, and I might be in big trouble.

As I drove home from Indianapolis, the tingling in my hands spread to my arms. My right foot did not want to hold down the gas pedal, so I turned on the cruise control. Tingling began in my right leg and foot during

that trip. Even with these frightening symptoms, it still took me four more days to find the courage to call Dr. Brandonbrenner to ask about the neck-rays. I knew that the news would not be good.

When I called, she answered the phone herself. She said that she figured I'd get around to calling one of these days. She had my chart right in front of her. I was right, it was not good news: *advanced degenerative disc disease* — C3 through C7. Shortly after that, a an MRI showed advanced arthritis of the spine as well. I was referred to Dr. Leonhard Cerullo at the Chicago Institute of Neurosurgery and Neuroresearch.

On December 6, 1993, I met Dr. Cerullo, one of the kindest doctors I have ever known. During the weekend preceding the appointment, I lost all feeling in the left side of my face, and my right foot was no longer working correctly. I remember trying to do my Christmas shopping, tripping on my right foot, with tears of terror streaming down my face. Dr. Cerullo hospitalized me immediately for a myelogram. For this test, dye is injected into the spinal cord so as to make it more visible on the x-rays. In order to get the dye to run up into my neck and head, the table was tilted downward. When the dye tried to go through my neck and couldn't, I felt that my head was going to explode.

The results that came back were chilling: *high grade spinal stenosis to almost a complete block*. In the words of Dr. Fred Geisler, my main surgeon, several inches of my spinal cord were compressed to nothing more than a narrow ribbon. The team of doctors recommended immediate surgery. They explained to me that one major risk of the surgery was paralysis from the neck down, but that I would be even more likely to become a quadriplegic without the surgery. I thought of my two young children and about the job called "motherhood" which I had started but not yet completed.

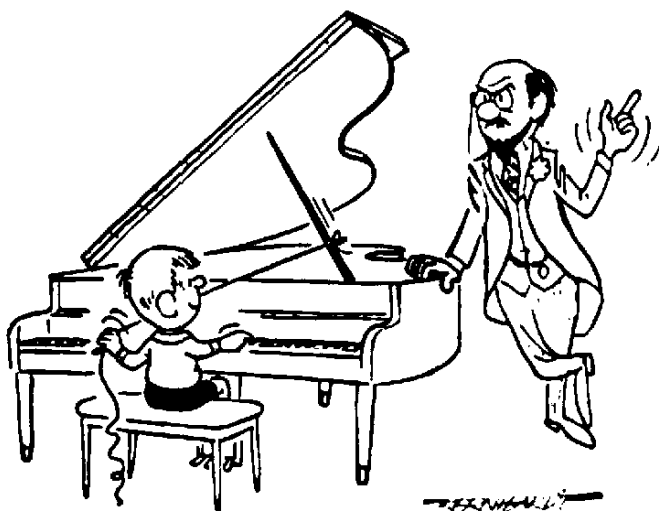
The surgery took place five days later, on December 13, 1993. Four discs were removed, and five levels of mycervical spine were fused with the use of titanium (Casper plating) and cadaver bone. The arthritic bone spurs that had grown so far into my spinal cord were removed.

My first memory in the recovery room was the sound of my mother's voice saying "Susan." My second memory was a deliberate attempt to find out if I could move. I wiggled my arms and my legs. Ah, the beauty of that moment!

To be continued in the October issue.

Susan Groskreutz lives in Bourbonnais, IL with her husband Larry and her teen-age children Shawn and Shannon. She has been a music educator all her adult life, teaching at several grade schools, the Kankakee Community College and Roosevelt University in Chicago. She now runs an

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