

MUSIC FOR THE LOVE OF IT

AUGUST 2004



West Coast Summer Music Festival, Vancouver, BC

GLORY FISHER'S CHAMBER MUSIC CLASS *by Hubert Schwyzer*

For the past 25 years Glory Fisher (piano, Pomona and Juilliard; formerly accompanist to the Robert Shaw Chorale) has been single-handedly organizing, running and coaching a free Adult Education chamber music class in Santa Barbara, California. You need to have had some experience with your instrument to attend the class; we are all somewhere in the "intermediate to advanced" range. There are usually three or four new faces each term, in a sea of smiling returnees. One of us,

Henry Null (violin), has barely missed a term since the class began. I (cello) have been a pretty regular attendee since 1986. We are of all ages, twenties to eighties.

At the beginning of each term Glory arrives early, trundling a little wooden wagon packed with music for the class to try out on scrambling night. She lays out the music, welcomes newcomers and oldies, and the class begins. And then we 'scramble'. The 20 to 30 string players, woodwinds and pianists enrolled in the class form ad hoc groups, grab music from the piles on the

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LIFE-LONG SERENADE: NURTURING A LOVE OF MUSIC IN CHILDREN

by Alyce Chiles

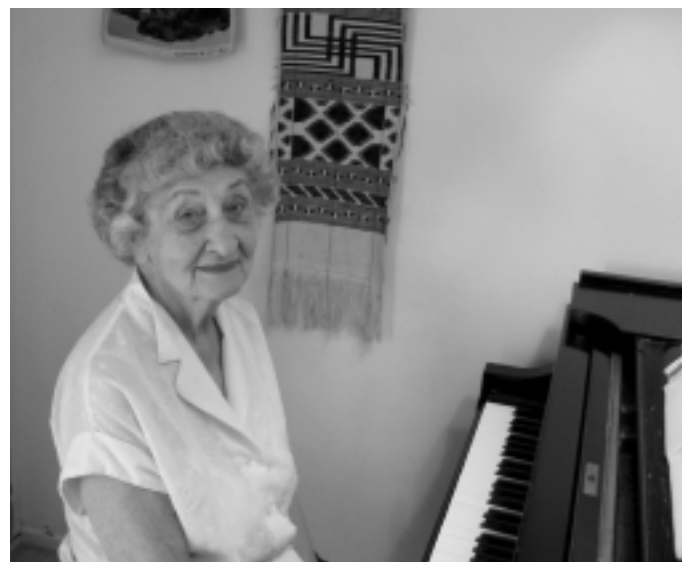
With all the modern day distractions and the business of living, how can we instill a love and appreciation of music in our children?

Children naturally respond to music from birth. Soft music calms babies, and older children dance and sing along with familiar tunes. As parents and music lovers, we naturally want to instill a life-long love of music in our children. There are several things we can do to foster that love.

From the day you bring baby home, sing lullabies while you gently rock your little one to sleep. Sing happy songs while changing diapers, feeding, and snuggling. They will come to associate this music with the bond that develops between baby and parent. And you don't have to be a vocal virtuoso or even be able to carry a tune. Babies don't care. They love to hear mom or dad make music.

As they get older, children automatically include rhythm in their play. Just watch! Bang-bang-boom, bang-bang-boom with the toys. Clapping, bouncing, and sing-song chanting are all rhythm activities. You can jump in and clap or sing along—make up your own songs or rhythm games together. They will come to recognize the music all around them. Play the radio or

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Glory Fisher

THE IN BOX

Editor:

Thanks for the great (February) issue. I drool over the workshops. I am a 6th-year student of viola. I am 66 and will not live long enough to achieve the level of play to attend one of these get-togethers. It certainly is fun to dream about them !!!!

Jane R. Foster
La Grange, GA

Dear Jane Foster,

Please don't consider yourself unwanted. I know how eager many workshops are to recruit viola players, foster their musical growth, and ease their entry into ensemble playing. Consider the 125 workshops in ten countries that have asked to be listed under "Beginners Welcome" in our Music Workshop Guide at www.musicworkshopguide.net. If you want to play chamber music, they want you!

Best wishes,
Music for the Love of It

NEW MAGAZINE FOR PHILLY MUSICIANS

The current issue of "Philadelphia Music Makers" offers a colorful array of short essays about classical musicians and music-making in the Philadelphia area, plus some broader topics like "Harmonic Analysis as a Trouble-Shooting Tool." For annual subscriptions (4 issues), send \$20 to Clark Groome, 700 Lower State Road, 4A8 English Village, North Wales, PA 19454, cgroome@netreach.net, or consult www.phillymusicmakers.org.

WHY WIND PLAYERS ARE SO DARNED TOUGH

Los Angeles Times, May 26, 2004

"Cyclists who are already in great shape may be able to go even faster with a new kind of training regimen—one for their breathing. University of Arizona physiology researchers conducted a four-week experiment with 20 competitive cyclists, including some triathletes, to test the effectiveness of endurance training on the muscles used to control breathing. Half the cyclists underwent 20 sessions. Using a metronome to pace their breaths, the cyclists gradually increased the speed and depth of their breaths during the 30-minute sessions. Afterward, those in the endurance training group posted a 12 percent improvement in the endurance capacity of their breathing muscles. Nine of the 10 cyclists dropped their times in time trials from an average of 47.1 minutes before training to 44.9 minutes afterward; the (control group) didn't improve. The study authors said no one knows precisely how respiratory muscle training enhances endurance, although they think it more efficiently rids the body of carbon dioxide and eliminates shortness of breath, said lead author Ralph F. Fregosi, a physiology professor.

The research was released May 6 in the online journal [BMC Physiology](http://www.bmcphysiology.com)."

CORRECTION

Editor:

Thank you for listing our up-coming workshops in your June 2004 [Weekend Workshop Guide](http://www.musicworkshopguide.net). However, there is a typographical error in the listing on Page 5 for the Chamber Music Society of Santa Barbara. Our fall 2004 workshop is not on October 2-3 as printed there. It is on October 23-24. Please print a correction in your next issue. Interested players may contact me at Chamber Music Society of Santa Barbara, 4461 Nueces Drive, Santa Barbara CA 93110, 805-967-3059. Email: webmaster@sbchambermusic.org. Details will be posted at www.sbchambermusic.org.

John A. Sonquist
Santa Barbara, CA

Five original piano pieces by Alan Duckworth

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Alan Duckworth, amateur composer and freelance thinker, is a retired research chemist. His music contains melody, coherence, clarity, and not too much dissonance, and employs a variety of styles.

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Asolo (Veneto, near Venice), Italy

September 2-10,
2004

Cratoule (Provence), France,
Ripatransone (Marches), Italy,
Jimena de la Frontera, Spain,

late September 2004
early October 2004
December 27, 2004 -
January 4, 2005

MUSIC MATTERS *by Katie S. Terry*

Nerves

Adrenaline. It is vinegar running through your veins, poisoning the heart and tensing the muscles. You want to scream, but you can't. You are in the middle of a crowded congregation, or a deep echoing recital hall, or a long stage lit by spot lights. Wherever you are, you must stay calm. It is your job. You chose to be there and now a hungry audience is waiting. They're waiting for you to present yourself like a polished jewel. You walk out smiling, pretend you know exactly what you are doing, and lift your eyes, fixing them directly over the heads in front of you. This is when your body fails. Your breathing becomes labored. Your legs and arms quiver with excess energy, un-channeled. You could run forty miles straight, never stopping. Your mouth dries and cracks as if a sand storm has raged between your tonsils. Swallowing takes concentration. Your mind sputters like an electronic marquee after a power outage. Random thoughts speed across in blazing yellow colors. Nothing makes sense. Everything is displaced, until you hear the piano play. The rising music triggers one spot of your mind, untouched by the adrenaline. The lyrics rise to your mouth, you breathe in and your jaw falls. Your voice soars out.

Lessons

I am tired of staring at black dots connected by solid lines. They shift and turn over the paper, like the roller coaster I rode when I was twelve. As I sing, my voice slides down their slippery angles, holding eight counts. I have time to take a breath here, but my teacher disagrees: "You need to keep this line legato! Make it smooth. Pretend like you are finger painting."

She sings the line and waves her left arm in front of her body. "Does this make any sense? Do you feel it flowing? Gounod's music needs to flow like water."

I pretend to study the music. In my mind I'm thinking, "Why did I choose this song? It moves so fast. I don't have time to breathe." I look Marta directly in the eyes. She knows me well enough by now; I don't need to say a word.

"Don't look so scared. You will be fine. It isn't too fast, you'll see. You just need to practice."

MUSIC FOR THE LOVE OF IT Volume 17 No. 4, August 2004. Published bimonthly at 67 Parkside Drive, Berkeley, California 94705, 510/654-9134, fax 510/654-4656, <www.musicfortheLoveofit.com>. Edgar (Ted) Rust, publisher. Edgar Rust and Janet Telford, co-editors. Subscriptions: print \$24/year in U.S., \$30/year elsewhere. Internet \$20/year as e-mail, \$30 with archive access. Single issue \$6.00/\$8.00. ISSN 0898-8757. © 2004 Edgar Rust.

Practice is a dirty word. It comes from the mouths of parents and teachers as frequently as words like "responsibility" or "No." But I know it works. I try to sing the line again. And again. And again. On the tenth try, I get it right.

The performance

I don't remember how it happened. I was in good voice that day. Each line was legato and my French pronunciation was clear. But, somewhere, I hit a pot hole in the lyrics. Three words fell out. I made something up. The rest of the phrase came back to me. Then, the next phrase was missing. I lost my place in the copy of music in my head. I exchanged phrases for others. My face grew hot. My hands were sweating. I felt every other student in the room staring through me.

The music ended and I smiled at the audience. When you perform, you have to pretend you think you're good, even if you're not. You have to smile and bow and walk to your seat saying, "thank you." I looked at my hands as they shook out the adrenaline. I held back tears. I had practiced, but it didn't matter this time. It hadn't been enough.

The rehearsal

"Can we try that line again? I can't seem to figure out the timing."

"Sure. Let's start on page 65, right here at the trill."

I swallow and breathe low. This time I count the rhythm in my head as I sing. Melanie's fingers move up and down the keyboard, spilling out Gounod's accompaniment. We work the tempo for another hour. Either it is too fast or too slow. When we get it right, I record it so I won't forget.

The pain of an extra long practice set in. My abdominal muscles are sore from working the nine-count trill. A fresh headache crawls up my neck from singing the high B-flat at least ten times. I fall asleep with the song circling my head. The French is now imbedded in my memory and I dream I speak it fluently.

The competition

Flaming hoops. That is what I like to call these things. Competitions, performances, master classes. They are flaming hoops I jump through to push myself a little further.

Mel and I have run through the song at least three times this morning. If I practice too much, I'll start making mistakes I've never made before.

We wait outside the Dumke stage for my turn to sing for the judges of NATS. I'm in College Division II. On the door, a name is given every ten minutes until 3:30 pm. I am third on the list and scheduled to sing at 1:20. People keep checking the list and milling around the

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