

**Sylvain Jaccard, Ph.D.**

I've only got one page to introduce myself...

One page to tell you about 54 years of existence.

So I won't have room to tell you about my childhood in Neuchâtel, Vancouver, German-speaking Switzerland.

I won't have room to tell you about my terrible violin teacher who decided one day to expel me from his class because I had fallen asleep in the middle of a D major scale that I had to play 50 times on the metronome at black = 30.

I won't have time to tell you about my terrible piano teacher, who watched me with his spyglass and lined his classroom with egg cartons that constantly detached from the ceiling, making me feel like I was in a horror movie.

I won't have the space to tell you about my joy at learning jazz piano with a fascinating teacher who just made me want to develop my ear.

I won't have room to tell you about my incredible piano teacher, János Tamas, who lit a fire when he introduced me to Mozart's Fantasy in D minor.

I won't have room to tell you about my adolescence in Le Locle and my years of consuming passion for the piano, which made me get up at five in the morning or take advantage of every five-minute break to run down five flights of stairs to a piano studio and just replay a passage I wanted to master before climbing back up the five flights, totally out of breath.

I won't have time to tell you about my years as a young adult in the canton of Berne, and to share with you the intense joys I experienced as a singer, particularly as Tamino or Rodolfo.

I won't have the space to tell you about my happy years in the world of music education didactics at the University of Berne and the Haute Ecole pédagogique BEJUNE.

I won't have room to tell you about my Quebec experience at Université Laval, where I discovered the world of research and the doctoral process.

Nor will I have room to tell you about the eight intense and stimulating years I spent as Director of the Conservatoire de musique neuchâtelois, implementing the ambitious "Music for All" program, or, today, as Director of the Haute Ecole de musique du Valais.

I won't have time to tell you about the extraordinary sensations I've experienced in conducting choirs, operas and orchestras, and currently with the Novantiqua choir in Sion.

I won't have room to tell you about my family, my bassoon, the school wide positive behavior instruction system, my chickens, cultural management, David Elliott's praxialism and the view of the mountains from my house.

And, what's more, I don't have the space to tell you about the wonderful years of investment in the Instrumental and Vocal Music Teaching Commission (IVMTC), the steps taken to enable the former Forum to become a commission, and the co-presidency I gladly assumed.

Worse still, I won't even have the space to share with you all my motivation for being part of the ISME board, and for being able to invest my heart and soul for the good of this incredible meeting place for musicians, pedagogues and researchers from all over the world.

Dear all, one page is too short to say how much I look forward to working with you and building the future with you.