

TANGO



Spring 2009

Number 1

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Senri and Osaka International Schools

Journal of creative and critical thought

Tango. 單語
Dancing with words

In this edition ...

2	Editorial.....	Paul Sommer
4	Student Editorial Feature....	Sakura Murakami
6	News	SIS Middle School
8	And the beat goes on	Arie Moriguchi
14	Poetry	Aoi Matsumura
16	Haiku.....	Maya Houser, Emi Meren, Mizuho Kansha, Sakura Murakami
18	Science Club Report	Joon Hyun Paik
22	Flight Paths.....	Joon Hyun Paik
26	Two Poems.....	Shuzo Tani
28	Poems inspired by Art.....	OIS Art Students
30	T-Shirts of Fate.....	Mizuho Kansha
34	In their shoes.....	Daniel Kellett
36	I am generic map.....	Cherry Ishida
38	Moving.....	Kaya Doi
40	Car Troubles	Aerina Wada
42	What's the <i>pointe</i> ?.....	Eri Hatanaka
48	Dance poems	<i>Spike & Daniel Kellett</i>

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All contributions are welcome.

Please send them, in an electronic form, without special formatting, to

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Dancing with words

Welcome to *Tango*.

Names are so important. When we were looking for a name for this journal we wanted something that resonated in both Japanese and English. *Tango*—meaning *word* or *words* in Japanese—fits the bill perfectly. The English has connotations of energy, sensuality, creativity. It suggests free movement and abandon, but the tango as a dance is actually very deliberately structured and based on strong technique. It also has regional variations. The more you think about it, the better it becomes as a way of thinking about writing.

“Dance,” said the Sheep Man. “Yougottadance. Aslongasthemusicplays.

Yougotta dance. Don’teventhinkwhy. Starttothink, yourfeetstop. Yourfeetstop, wegetstuck. Wegetstuck, you’restuck. Sodon’tpayanymind, nomatterhowdumb. Yougottakeepthestep. Yougottalimberup. Yougottaloosenwhatyoubolteddown. Yougottauseallyougot. Weknowyou’retired, tiredandscared. Happenstoeveryone, okay?” Justdon’tletyourfeetstop.”

From *Dance Dance Dance*

[*Dansu, Dansu, Dansu*]

Haruki Murakami

Translated by Alfred Birnbaum

1988
Kodansha Ltd
Tokyo

No-one writing today dances better with words than Haruki Murakami. Students at OIS are aware of The Sheep Man from their study of the novel *A Wild Sheep Chase*. His distinctive way of speaking is as much a call to be playful as what he is saying.

Tango aims to give students a place to publish their writing. So much good writing is done in schools, and usually the only one who reads it is the teacher.

Speaking for the editorial team, we did not want to limit this to a creative writing journal. You can just as easily dance with words in the sciences, humanities and arts. In this edition we have a report from the newly formed Science Club and poems written by Art students after an excursion to a gallery. We have students putting themselves in the shoes of historical figures and wondering what they would say, and we have students looking around themselves and making connections with other cultures.

In fact the next edition will be dedicated to exploring what it means to be living in a global world. Is it just rhetoric or are students genuinely

by Paul Sommer

motivated by the school mission statement? Is globalism only a code word for a stage in capitalism that seeks new markets or is there a genuine awareness of others? To extend Marshal McLuhan's metaphor, is the heart of the global village an office block or a *piazza*? That's for next time and we welcome essays, letters, or articles on this theme.

No-one has contributed more to the dance theme to launch this first edition than two Grade 12 students Arie Moriguchi and Eri Hatanaka. Eri closes this edition with a history of *pointe* shoes in classical ballet. It is a well researched piece that offers some interesting insights. It is always fascinating to understand that something commonplace and largely taken-for-granted has a history.

Arie looks for and finds connections between rap music and music from an Indonesian village. Arie has also written a wonderfully insightful piece on *Rakugo*—the so-called Japanese Sit-Down comedy. We are saving that for edition two.

Both of these pieces, and Eri's, were written for the IB Diploma course. They are good examples of what I was saying: great work, but seldom reaching a wider audience.

Finally, we want to encourage writers and artists in the broader community to submit material—parents, friends, and students from other schools and universities. Please send any writing or reproducible artwork to my email address, below.

Paul Sommer
Editor
psommer@senri.ed.jp

Our mission states that we educate our students to become: "Informed, Caring, Creative Individuals Contributing to a Global Community"

McLuhan.

Global Village is a term closely associated with Marshall McLuhan, popularized in his books...

McLuhan describes how the globe has been contracted into a village by electric technology and the instantaneous movement of information from every quarter to every point at the same time.

[Wikipedia]

"Dancing is everything," continued the Sheep Man.
"Dance in tip-top form. Dance so it all keeps spinning.
If you do that, we might be able to do something for you.
You gotta dance. As long as the music plays."

Dance. As long as the music plays, echoed in my mind.

Caught in Sunlight

This Student Editorial Feature is designed for a perspective from a member of the editorial team.

Sakura Murakami has recently graduated from SIS.

She takes an allegorical approach to the process of writing.

And so he wrote a story. The words that flowed through his pen arranged themselves neatly on the blank page and buried the snowy whiteness in flecks of black ink.

And in the papers there was a little world, complete with the house and river and the clouds. There were little people moving about and enjoying the sun, people who had black eyes and were happy under a blue sky.

And they were brought to life by words on the page. The black letters and the spaces between made these characters move, talk, and feel.

This author, he knew that the world people live in was created by words. He knew that people recognize objects and feelings because there is a word for each of those factors. If there is no word for a feeling, the feeling perhaps does not exist. But to him, it didn't matter that the whole world was connected and separated by 26 letters and thousands of words. Chains and chains of unformed sentences overflowed from his small soul.

Each moment that passed was a page of gold. They flew out of the open window on white wings. And he grew older and older with each word he wrote, each moment that passed, each wing that soared out into the bigger world.

Even as he grew older, the people in the minuscule world set out on the blank page were young and blessed. They were still alive and they still talked. Still loved and despised, according to the words he created.

But the end was coming. The moment that the final full stop of the last sentence was nearing, and the people in the story were unaware of this. They were always happy, dancing in the sunlight, because he made them this way.

He dropped the pen without warning. It clattered onto the blank page, leaving three black marks on an unwritten sentence. It rolled away to the right for a little, avoiding his touch, and then settled on the edge of the wooden desk.

He sighed. He breathed an inaudible word, and that too flew out of the window along with the time that was slipping slowly away.

He was left without words to give the empty page, and he closed his eyes so as to see the bright lights that appeared behind his eyelids. His arm hung loosely next to the chair and his fingers whispered among themselves, exasperated from the long session of creation.

There was no end to the story. The people were too perfect, the world too beautiful to kill. The death that hid in his left drawer waited in the dark for its moment to come. It would creep out onto the page and create the black hole that is placed after the very last word of the story.

But he was not so keen on opening his drawer so soon. He wanted to find some other way. There must be a way that this perfectly balanced world on his white paper could avoid the inevitable. There must be. Anything should be possible. It was all up to the words.

As he sat there, the lazy sunlight coming in through his open window, his breathing became even and slow. Before anyone knew it, he slid out of reality and floated off into a world of silent dreams and color.

And still the golden pages of time flew out the window.

It was after a while.

A breeze fluttered into the room. It settled on to the shoulder of the sleeping author, miles away in some unknown land.

Then it murmured several words into the empty ear of the author. It was the ending of the book, the secret the author was looking for.

And as the soft whisper reached him, his eyes suddenly sprang open and they were full of wild excitement. An exuberant and raucous laugh escaped his throat and he fell heavily from his chair as he was overcome with enlightenment.

He could not stop laughing. His joy filled the room, jumped out of the window and soared high into the sky. The breeze that had carried the joy also flew out, whistling to itself as it smiled. He rolled and rolled and rolled on the floor laughing.

Suddenly there was a heavy silence that filled the room. When his head hit the floor he was dead, caught in mid laughter.

And so the secret was kept.

As for the people in the story, they are caught forever in the pages of the story. Captured in moments of happiness and sunlight. And there will perhaps come a day when a wind will blow through that open window and take them far, far away, to a place where nobody knows.



Masato Fukuda
Lino Dolphins

News and views



SIS student on Radio

An SIS 8th Grade student, Yuko Isakai, works mainly on Saturdays as a news reporter at FM Senri, a radio station in Suita City. Her program starts at 11am on Saturdays.

Yuko has wanted to be a news reporter since she was a little child. FM Senri employed her as a volunteer news reporter in April 2007. Now she is thinking of becoming a multi-lingual news reporter in the future.

Yuko works at FM Senri, but at the same time she goes to school from Monday to Friday. She says she wants all the students to look at the FM Senri homepage, to listen to the news and her reports, and to enjoy them.

Yuko said, "I enjoy reporting about the foods and flowers of the season," but also said, "I don't like it when I have to report a serious meeting, which does not allow me to speak loudly." She said that the most important thing in reporting news is to be careful to deliver the situation without bias.

Yuko went to report on a restaurant in Suita. The name of the restaurant is "Tosa-Senri". This restaurant's specialty is good food made from katsuo. *Reports info:*

<http://bit.ly/WLAPP>

Homepage:
<http://www.senri-fm.jp>



Influenced by Fashion

By Karuna Miyahara

Australia's Fashion

Australian students who visited SIS in September were surprised by the difference in fashion between SIS and their school in Australia, Narangba Valley. They felt that the biggest difference between Australia and SIS is that in SIS a few of the clothes are baby cute and in Australia, they are more adult fashion. They often wear checkered shirts which are rolled up half way. Also they wear stylish jeans and flat shoes. Others wear long shirts or blouses and leggings.

In SIS there are students from many countries who know about fashion in other schools. They observe Italian trends with fashionable jeans and very colorful tops. Cuban trends are short pants, mini skirts, tank tops with sleeves that are a little bit small, because the temperature is hot. Orange, blue and black are popular colors, perhaps suited to the hot climate.



The Difference

"The difference between SIS and Italy is that in Italy they wear unique and individual styles and, in SIS, many students wear what is popular right now," said Grade 8 student Mana Ikeda, who used to live in Italy.

"Some SIS people wear black and white which are quiet colors, but in China they wear red, green, shocking pink, which are the colors that are attractive," said Haruna Yamazawa, another Grade 8 student who lived in China.

In Cuba, fashion isn't really a high priority according to Kayo Morioka who is also in SIS but originally lived in Cuba. SIS is an interesting place to look at fashion because it has students who have been influenced by fashion from all over the world.

Two schools, one sea trip

by Haruha Tani

Spending time together

Last September, SOIS 7th Graders went to Misaki-koen to study sea creatures. They went into the sea and found lots of amazing sea creatures like sea anemone and star-fish.

They also played games on the bus. One game was to introduce each other and to collect ten names.

The trip was to understand more about sea creatures, and also to give OIS and SIS students a chance to get

to know each other and become friends.

At first, the coast didn't seem to have any living creatures, but in fact, it was full of them.

When students entered the ocean, the water was cold and some of the students weren't too happy about getting their clothes wet. But eventually they all went into the sea and got wet with seawater and sweat. They had lots of fun searching for sea creatures. At about noon, they had lunch and then went back to the coast to continue their search.

When they returned to the coast they were surprised by the receding tide. The sea had retreated far back and the rocky seabed was in reach. This time they went down to do their assignments. After that they went back to the bus and returned to school.

Mr Saito said that Misaki-koen was chosen for its convenience. Also, games that they played had never been done before, but were very successful.

An OIS student said that SIS students were friendly and they cooperated nicely with OIS. Also, an SIS student said that she enjoyed catching fish on the trip.

Students searching for sea creatures



And the beat goes on ...

A Little Hazy Morning,
a Techno trance piece
by Progresia

Tabuh Gari, a Gender Wayang piece of the Sukawati Village
Performed by:
I Wayan Loceng,
I Wayan Sarga,
I Ketut Balik, &
I Kietut Sukayana

Definition of "Gender"
Similar to a xylophone, the gender is played with two disc shaped hammers. The hand acts as a damper, so that each hand must hit a note while damping the preceding one.

Twentieth Century Techno ~

Traditional Balinese Gamelan.

Simply stating the two styles one after the other seems to make a strange dissonance. But when these musical cultures are further analyzed, a multitude of similarities between the two cultures seem to stare at you as if to say, I told you so."

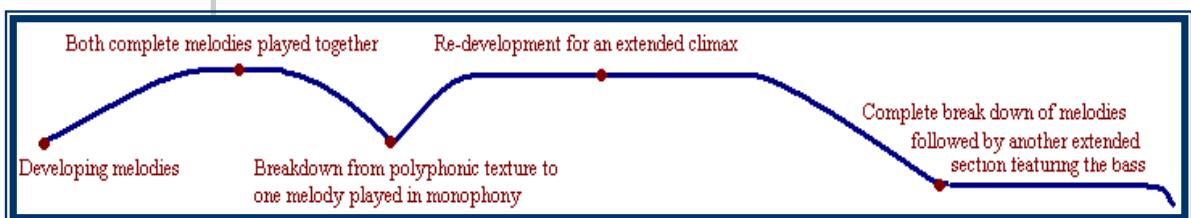


A Little Hazy Morning, by Progresia, is a 20th Century Techno piece designed for entertainment in clubs or raves as dance music. The melody line is composed of synthesized sounds. Two simple melodies trade off in various ways, creating a sense of repetition and familiarity. The piece begins with one melody, and builds in complexity. Gradually, the listener becomes lost in a series of complex rhythms and textures when both melodies are sounded together in completion. Tension is released similarly, through removing material piece by piece. A driving tempo, usually between 110 and 160 beats per minutes, provides a force that is typical for most Techno pieces.

Tabuh Gari, from the Sukawati Village, is a gender gamelan piece used during religious ceremonies. Like many other gamelan works, *Tabuh Gari* portrays complex rhythmic patterns and melodic sections.

The main melody depicts a child-like tone that is emphasized by the usage of hemiola [see page 10] in unexpected moments. Furthermore, its cyclic nature includes extremely gradual tempo changes, followed by sudden pauses in the music, as if the melody line were being clumsy or unfocused. These changes make it hard to allocate any specific time signature or tempo for most Gamelan works.

The beat of *Tabuh Gari* is supported by the bass line enhancing the piece so that it has a mystical, trance-like atmosphere. Similar to *A Little Hazy Morning*, it develops the melody through adding or removing different parts to the melody. However, it has no suggestion of when the changes occur, making the piece more unexpected and complex.



by Arie Moriguchi

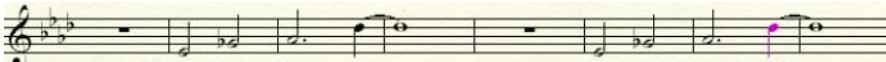


Before the twentieth century, Western ideology might not have recognized many types of music with a very weak or complete absence of form. However, recent awareness of World Music shows that Balinese Gamelan music and Techno Music share a strong link in a minimalist form. That is, both cultures are mainly “characterized by steady pulse, clear tonality, and insistent repetition of short melodic patterns.”

In both *A Little Hazy Morning* and *Tabuh Gari*, a steady pulse is generated by the bass line. Both pieces also portray a clear tonality and emphasize a simplistic melodic phrase. In *A Little Hazy Morning*, there are two main melodic phrases that are continuously repeated in different forms, while in *Tabuh Gari*, there is one main theme which is first introduced, then “hovers” above the sounds given throughout the piece. In other words, though new material is introduced into the music, the main theme holds a lasting presence in the music.



Main melody line A from *A little Hazy Morning*



Main melody B from *A Little Hazy Morning*



Main melody from *Tabuh Gari*

The minimalistic changes in Techno Culture are not as extreme, and are easier to identify. This is because changes are made mainly through removing and adding new material, rather than altering the existing melody. For example, at one point of *A Little Hazy Morning*, the main melody is played completely mono-phonic. Then, it is repeated with its harmonic line, and repeated once more with the bass part, and again with the percussive snare section. Because of this, changes in other musical elements such as dynamics and tempo are not as frequently used.

This is from a website developed by Arie as part of her IB Music Study.

It has been edited slightly for more general readers

20th Century Techno - Traditional Balinese Gamelan.

*Definition of
“Hemiola”
(Wikipedia)*

The articulation
of two bars in
triple time as if
they were three
bars in duple
time.

In Gamelan pieces, the changes that can be inflicted on the melody line are almost infinite. *Tabuh Gari* includes changes such as adding an extra note in any beat within the main melody, spontaneous points of hemiola, unexpected moments of transition, sudden pauses, terraced and gradual changes in dynamics, and tempo changes that are so gradual they are almost unrecognizable. The piece further includes sections in which the same melodic phrase is repeated numerous times with no changes at all.

Style of variations in the minimalist melody

Because minimalism emphasizes repetition as a main aspect of the form, changes that occur in the melody must be subtle and gradual, as if the music were seamless. The means through which these changes occur in the two cultures are different. Generally, Balinese music is capable of making a wider range of minimalist changes than Techno music.

The points at which the minimalist changes occur in a piece also differ for both cultures. The transitions in Balinese music are more flexible, whereas the Techno style tends to follow a structured pattern. In *A Little Hazy Morning*, I identified certain patterns that stayed consistent throughout the piece:

- A melodic phrase to be made up of 8 beats.
- Minimalist changes to occur after measures of 8, 16, or 32 beats, at the beginning of the phrase
- One minimalist change to occur at a time.

Though it is not possible to state that all techno pieces follow the same pattern, it is true to state that many songs from the Techno culture include the same types of patterns that make the form slightly more predictable. In *Tabuh Gari*, however, the changes in melody, rhythm, or tempo can occur at any point of the piece. This is prevalent in all sorts of Gamelan music. The ambiguity of the piece is so strong that it seems to suggest the absence of a form.

Despite minor differences, it is still true to say that minimalism is at the core of both Balinese Gamelan and Techno music. Furthermore, there are other links between the two cultures that help to emphasize the features that make the music minimalist.

Melody Voices

Balinese and Techno music both clearly present music which has many layers of voices. In my two examined pieces, the intertwining of different sounds is central to emphasizing the minimalist form in both musical cultures. In Gamelan music, the playoff between melodic voices is used to give a sense of continuity to the piece, further emphasizing its minimalist features. This is achieved through the specific roles each voice is given:

- Nuclear Theme – presented in longer note values and little rhythmic differentiation
- Elaboration – builds complexity using shorter note values
- Punctuation – accents, usually played by a gong, to emphasize an important part

of the theme.

- Counter Melody – another voice which tends to have more flexibility from the nuclear theme.
- Rhythm – provided with specific rhythm instruments

Tabuh Gari utilizes three of these voices; they can be identified from the opening measures;

The musical score is presented in a red-bordered box. It features three staves, each with a different melodic line. The top staff is labeled "Nuclear Theme" and shows a steady, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is labeled "Counter Melody" and consists of mostly eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is labeled "Punctuation" and includes a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The music is written in common time with a key signature of one flat. The notation uses standard musical symbols like quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

The combinations of all three voices create a somewhat ambiguous melodic line. When a voice is taken out or returned to the melodic line, it occurs so subtly that a listener unfamiliar to the culture may not be able to recognize the change. Furthermore, the role of each voice stays consistent for the whole of the piece. Through these characteristics, the many voices are able to support the minimalist form that Balinese music embraces.

In Techno Culture, separate melodies are used to emphasize the driving atmosphere of the minimalist form. *A little Hazy Morning* has two independent main melodic lines that are both made up of an 8 measure phrase, as well as a bass line that gives a steady drive to both melodies. Despite the fact that the role of each voice is not as determined as Gamelan Gender pieces, each voice represents its own melodic line that can be clearly identified by the listener. Therefore, the adding and removing of voices can easily release or build up tension in the piece. A steady increase and decrease in tension becomes a second frequency that supports the pulsing tempo. The strong reverberation of sound is what denotes Techno as a genre of music that hypnotizes the listener, as if they were drugged. By having many independent sounds, Techno music is able to “over-drive” the pulse which already exists in its fast tempo.

Therefore, not only do both musical cultures present a variety of voices, but the voices are also utilized for the same purpose.

In both *Tabuh Gari* and *A Little Hazy Morning*, the dynamics changes are parallel to the texture of the sounds. When the melody is polyphonic and intricate, the volume tends to be above or at forte, and when the melody becomes monophonic, the dynamic level is very

20th Century Techno - Traditional Balinese Gamelan.

low, about mezzo piano or piano. This is more clearly evident in *A Little Hazy Morning* because the types of transitions between texture and dynamic level are also parallel. If the transition is sudden, the dynamic change is terraced; however, when the transition is gradual, the dynamic change is smooth. The use of dynamics proves that in both cultures, sections that are more intricate in texture tend to be highlighted because of the high dynamic level.

Rhythm

Complex rhythmic patterns are one of the clear links between Balinese music and Techno music. It is also one of the few elements which can emphasize all aspects of a minimalist form. Both cultures are known to embody fast tempos (130; Allegro) that give any piece its “drive.” Furthermore, the repetition of a specific rhythmic pattern helps Balinese music to create its cyclic atmosphere, and similarly produces the ecstatic, reckless incessantness which dominates 20th Century Techno. *Tabuh Gari* and *A Little Hazy Morning* are typical examples of complex rhythmic patterns.

One technique which both cultures use regularly to increase the complexity of the rhythm is hemiola. Though this rhythmic technique, it is possible to identify all aspects of the minimalist form. Hemiola is prominently used to produce a minimalist change in the melodic line. *Tabuh Gari* (3'44") embodies this method perfectly as a minimalist change. The melody moves in a duple meter fashion, until it reaches a short repeated melodic phrase depicted below.

In the first three measures of this excerpt, the accents are placed every three beats so



that it seems as if the accented note is the down beat of a triple meter. Then, from the 4th measure accents are indicated every second beat to indicate the return to the duple meter. The rising and falling of notes is another way that the hemiola is emphasized. By making a smooth, yet quick transition from a duple meter to a triple meter, then back to the duple meter, the change passes the listener's mind barely noticed. Furthermore, by altering only the rhythm, the section can still retain its driving tempo and incessant repetition that is central to minimalism.

A Little Hazy Morning depicts hemiola in one section between its percussion snare line and bass line.



Similar to the excerpt from *Tabuh Gari*, hemiola is achieved when the accents are placed every three notes, and the percussion line remains at a fast-tempo repeating the same 1-beat rhythm pattern for an extensive period. Through hemiola, both cultures can produce interesting and complex rhythmic patterns without deviating from the minimalist form.

Both Balinese Gamelan music and Techno Trance have a driving melody and minimalist form which is hard to miss. They are also closely linked through complex rhythmic patterns and melody texture. After conducting my research, I find it is hard to imagine that the two musical examples from very different cultures were created without any influence from one to the other.

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Computer Software

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Chocolate

by Aoi Matsumura

That sky was wrapped in stars.

I knew you didn't like chocolate from the start.

You made everything gleam that night.

Tomorrow made our eyes bright.

The little girl was dancing in my heart.

My heart started beating hard,

On the day we met.

The air was sweet.

Suddenly, the weather broke.

Sharp pain, it was my worst memory.

I saw your small shadow in the downpour.

The tears were bitter.

Now, the rainbow smiled.

The chocolate held in my hand has melted.

But our story never ends.

It just changes shape, to true friend.

The Slope

by Iku Ogata

Open your eyes

To the people who live at the bottom of the hill.

A long time they live in the dark and within narrow rules.

Their hands talk of their life.

The people know the rain is cold

the sun is hot.

Open your eyes.

The people who live at the top of the hill.

Their skin is smooth and rosy.

And their children can get toys.

Are you opening your eyes?

Do you think it is from an old time?

It's not our old culture

It is now.

Who makes our festival's cuddly toys?

Try to open your eyes.

You should see real the world.

Open your eyes.

Haiku

A friend walks in
when the rest of the world
walks out

Maya Houser



Changing
That's why
The life is Beautiful

Emi Meren

Students from
an SIS English
class studied
and wrote their
own free form
Haiku.

Tree plus fire
Water plus ground
Equals Earth

Mizuho Kansha

Lino block
Sakura
Family Crest
by
Kaishi
Yamamura

Four Haiku

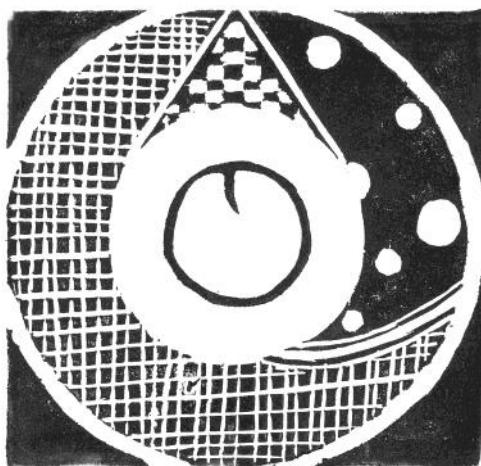
Sakura Murakami

Silent childhood dreams
Paper airplanes facing death
Burning in the sun

Touching cold water
The warm sunlight turns into
Flecks of shining gold

A ringing laughter
From the people walking free
In the summer sun

Unexpected rain
Bustling crowds disperse and leave
A deserted street



Lino block
Kamon Peach
Family Crest
by
Shaoai Li



The Science Club started late last year. OIS 9th and 10th Grade Science students meet every Tuesday or Thursday after school to research, discuss, and experiment on a range topics. Recently, it was about natural disaster. They researched different types and later focused on the whirlpool.

Vortex Definition:

a mass of air, water, etc. that spins around very fast and pulls things into its center.

In the air:

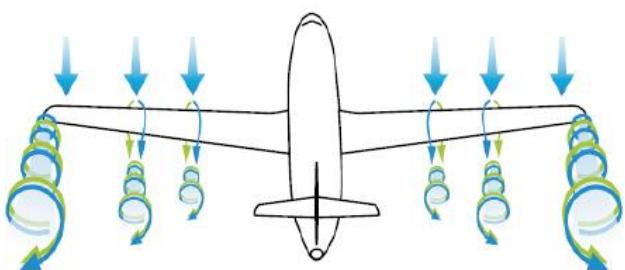
In 1994, US Air Flight 427 crashed into the ground killing 132 passengers. In November 13th 2001, an American Airlines Flight 587 crashed into the ground killing 262 passengers. In November 4th 2008, a Lear 45 crashed into the ground in Mexico City killing all passengers. All these airplanes were in perfect shape, right on route, no climate disturbance, and there was no hijack. Yet they crashed into the ground just like origami airplanes. What caused this? All these airplanes were flying very close to other planes ahead of them. Investigators concluded these airplanes crashed due to wake turbulence.

Wake turbulence is one type of vortex that occurs in the air. It is also called wingtip vortices or wake vortices. Wake turbulence is often described as a mini-horizontal tornado and forms any time an aerofoil is producing lift when pressure over the wing surfaces differentiates. In an airplane, the lowest pressure occurs over the upper surface of the wing, and the highest pressure is formed under the wing. Thus, air moves outwards under the wing towards the wingtip and curls up and over the upper surface of the wing as the air tends to move towards the area of lower pressure. This movement starts the wake turbulence.

Anyone interested in joining the Science Club can contact
Joon Hyun

Joonhyun92@yahoo.com

Wake turbulence vortices mostly develop a circular motion around a core region. The core region's size can vary depending on the type of aircraft. If the aircraft is large, the size of core region can be as large as 30 meters in diameter. This kind of wake turbulence can persist



for three minutes or longer. Thus, the length of the vortex can be up to 5 miles and, as the wake turbulence tends to descend slightly, its range is 500 to 900 feet horizontally.

The greatest hazard from wake turbulence is called “induced roll and yaw”. In its mildest form, pilots may experience only a slight rocking of the wings, while in its most severe form, a complete loss of control of the aircraft may occur. Induced roll and yaw depends on many factors. Its severity increases when a small aircraft follows a larger aircraft, and when a small aircraft flies beneath the flight path of a larger aircraft, severity reaches its apex. Induced roll and yaw is most dangerous during takeoff and landing and in situations where there is little altitude for recovery.

Not only airplanes but also helicopters generate wake turbulence. Unlike an airplane’s wake turbulence, a helicopter’s takes different forms depending on how it is flown. During a stationary hover, an outwash vortex circulates outward, upward, around and away from the main rotor in all directions. During forward flight, a pair of spiraling wake turbulences from the rotor blades is generated.

It is mandatory for pilots to learn about wake turbulence and to train to operate an aircraft so as not to get involved with wake turbulence created by another aircraft. They need to know, also, how to operate an aircraft when they are experiencing induced roll and yaw. However, accidents keep occurring as there are no exact measurements of wake turbulence. It is because the wake turbulence’s size and persistence depend on many factors such as the size and speed of an aircraft, air temperature, climate, wind and so on.

In the ocean

The picture (right) is from *Pirates of Caribbean 3*. There is a giant vortex that is spinning around in a right direction sucking in water to its center. This kind of vortex can be seen in Bodo in Norway (called Saltstraumen), in the Lofoten islands in Norway (called Moskstraumen), in New Brunswick in Canada (called Old Sow), in Scotland (called Corryvreckan), and even in Naruto in Japan. This kind of vortex is called a whirlpool.



A whirlpool can be formed in many ways. It can be formed by the configuration of the shore, irregularities in the bottom of a body of water, the meeting of opposing currents or tides, and the action of the wind upon the water.

A whirlpool can be seen in many other places besides than ocean. It can be seen in a bath or a sink when the water is draining. It can be seen when a bottle containing a beverage is spinning. Of course, these whirlpools are produced in a very different manner from those in nature.

Unlike whirlpools in movies and books, whirlpools are not actually as dangerous as we think. They may sink or suck in small boats such as fishing boats, but there has been no report of a large ship being sucked in or sunk by a whirlpool.

Pictures

- SELF Platform:
Collaborative
course builder
- Canada's Air
Force / la Force
Aérienne
Canadienne
- Visual FX blog

Vortex — the experiment

If you want to
see a sample
ask :
Joon-Hyun Paik,
Nur Zawarah
Zabidi,
Razan Rosli,
or Dr Nannes .

*There is a very simple and easy experiment that you can do to see a whirlpool.
Here are the steps!*

Materials

Two un-crushed, 2 or 1.5 liter soda bottles
3 to 5 cm 1/2 inch diameter PVC plastic pipe
Clear plastic food wrap
Electrical tape or duct tape or masking tape
Scissors

Procedure

- Rinse out bottles.
- Peel off labels. Save a colorful piece for the next part.
- Cut the plastic labels into small pieces and put the pieces into one of the bottles.
- Fill one bottle about 2/3 full of the coldest water you can get.*
- Wrap the tape tightly around the middle of the pipe.
- Push the pipe into the filled bottle until it gets hard to push because of the tape.
- Turn the other bottle upside down and push it on the other side of the pipe.
- Turn them upside down so the empty bottle fills.
- Pull the bottles apart for an instant to let more air in.
- Seal the bottles together using tape.
- Seal the bottles together using plastic wrap
- Wrap tape a few of times around the plastic wrap.
- Turn the bottles over.
- Grab the very top and swish it in a circular motion.
- Stop suddenly.

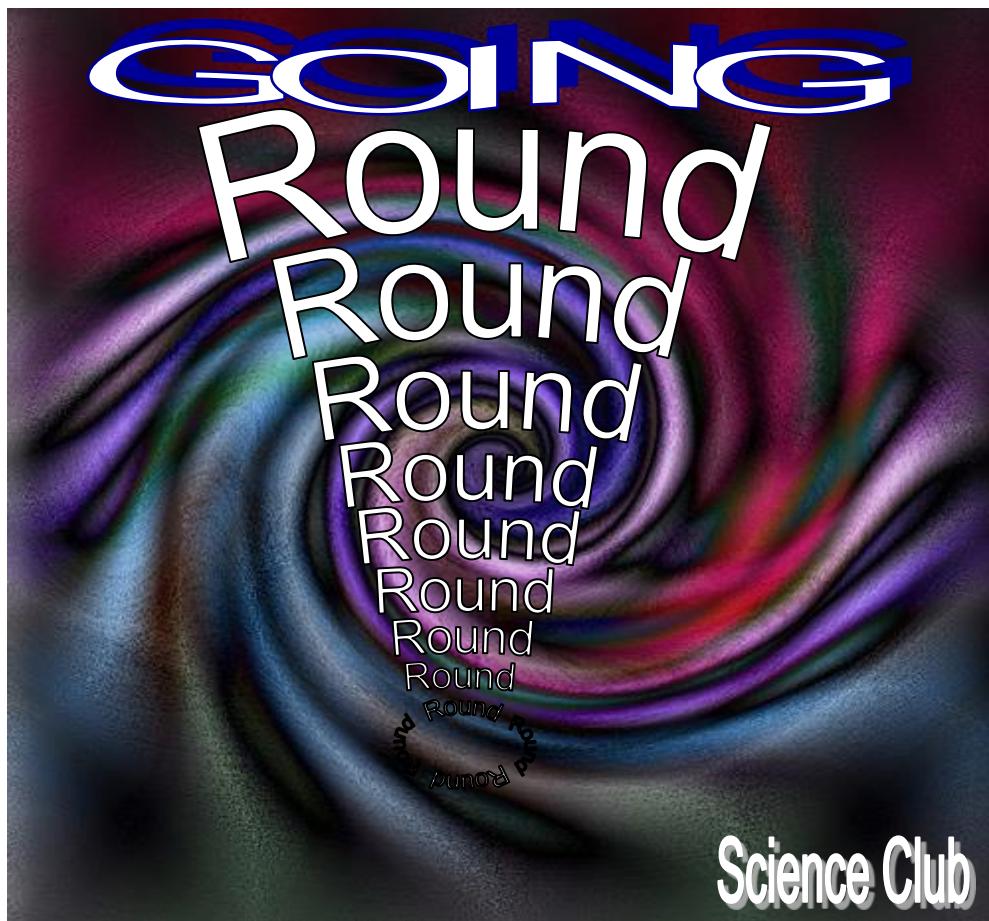
* use cold water because warm water makes the water bottle dent which disturb forming whirlpool

You can read more

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- Civil Aviation Authority of New Zealand. 05 Mar. 2009 <http://www.caa.govt.nz/safety_info/GAPs/Wake_Turbulence.pdf>.
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from The Science Club

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- Visual FX blog: for all your visual effects news and reviews. 05 Mar. 2009 <http://www.visualfxblog.com/reviews/potc3/potc3_maelstrom.jpg>.
- "Whirlpool -." Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia. 05 Mar. 2009 <<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whirlpool>>.



Flight Paths

2004

Airport

He was sitting down on a chair; a chair that could be found anywhere in any airport. He was with his family (a wife and a son). They were in the airport to start a new life in a new place. They were not afraid. They were not scared. They were ready and determined; not happy but they were definitely not sad. They were filled with this strange feeling that they never had felt. It was full of hope and excitement but yet full of nostalgia and anxiety.

There were people around him. Some were full of happiness because they were with people whom they loved. Some were full of excitement because they were looking forward to the adventure they would encounter soon. Some were full of tiredness because they were on the way to work. All people were having different feelings but he could not find a single soul feeling nervous, scared, frustrated, or sad.

His family had just come out of Starbucks. His wife was holding two hot coffees. His son had a drink in his left hand and donut in his right. The donut was full of sugar and cinnamon. He asked his son to finish eating the donut as fast as possible because they needed to be on board soon. The son nodded and quickly finished his donut. He stood up and started to move. His family followed him.

His wife wanted to shop in the free duty store for a while. He looked at the time and thought 30 to 40 minutes of shopping might be ok. They went inside the duty-free store. His wife was looking at the newly released bags. He was looking at the liquors. After awhile, he bought the liquor and his wife bought cosmetics. After the purchase, they felt better. They didn't know why but they felt better.

July 5th 1944

Upottery, England

He was sitting down on a floor; an airfield floor that everyone else was sitting on. He was checking his supply list: Three-day supply of K rations, chocolate bars, charms, candy, powdered coffee, sugar, and matches, compass, bayonet, entrenching tool, ammunition, gas mask, Musette bag with ammo, webbing, .45, canteen, two cartons of smokes, Hawkins mine, two grenades, smoke grenade, gamma grenade, TNT, a pair of nasty skivvies, chute, reserve chute, Mae West, M-1, and brass knuckles.

There were his companions all around him. They all looked anxious and nervous. They listened to so many instructions. They had trained for over a year. But that didn't matter now. Didn't make any difference. Each was feeling like a freshman. When they signed that little paper, they thought they would become cool and admirable people. However, nobody felt cool or stunning.. They were just anxious and nervous.

He came out from the headquarters company tent. Now he would be able to die honorably. After signing that GI life insurance policy, he finally felt like a man. He finally did something good for his family.

Everyone's movements started to get faster. He started to run now. He had to pack up as soon as possible because the boarding is near. He quickly finished packing all the stuff. He started to move the backpack that weighed more than him to the airplane.

His companions and he were listening to the Captain. He was giving a speech about how he was proud of them and how the world was proud of them. Nobody gave attention to the speech though. They were too busy thinking what they would face in the near future. They were too busy thinking about their families and their girlfriends. They just couldn't focus on what the Captain was saying. It seemed even Captain couldn't focus because he kept making mistakes during his speech.

After the Captain finished his speech, the pilot gave

A short story or two

2004

[2004 story continues in the left column]

After 15 minutes of walking, they finally arrived at the gate. He was amazed that the airport was getting longer and longer. He was a bit annoyed about it too. There was a line towards the gate. Happy and excited people were making the line. People were with their families, friends, and lovers. His son who already was lining up waved at him. He and his wife joined and waited for the line to move.

The line finally started to move. People were giggling, laughing, and smiling. He observed all the faces. Everyone had positive facial expression. He was not sure about his face, though. He didn't know if he was smiling or just looking nervous. But when he saw a flight attendant smiling and welcoming, he knew he was no longer nervous. He was smiling.

He sat next to his wife. The chair was very comfortable, even though the space between each chair was very tight and close. As soon as he sat down he opened the newspaper he had received from the flight attendant. The newspaper was full of nothingness. All it talked about was how the economy was falling and how citizens should buy stuff for the country. He ignored all that nonsense. He opened the sports section. It was the only place where there were no lies and no propaganda! After he finished reading the newspaper, he looked at his son who was watching the airport through the airplane's window. His son was very excited. It was not his son's first time on the plane. It was about his fifth time. His son flew a lot because his family loved to travel to foreign countries. His son was always excited about traveling.

Right next to him, there was a girl. She seemed to be around 15 years old and was reading a book called *Secrets of the Millionaire Mind* by T. Harv Eker. The title seemed to be very mature for her age. Suddenly, the seat in front of him moved toward him and back to its position again. There was an old man in front of his seat looking a bit nervous.

by Joon Hyun Paik

1944

[1944 story continues in the right column]

the sign. It meant that the system was working. It meant boarding would be soon. He felt frustrated, scared, and worried. His companions and he were sitting down in two lines. His companions all looked scared and worried. They were some people who looked fine and ready. However, their insides were all torn and their minds were just as unstable as the others. They were waiting. They were waiting silently.

Boarding started. The Captain gave a hand to the guy in the front who was carrying the baggage that was heavier than him. With the Captain's help he stood up. Then he made a heavy step to the gate of a giant dropping machine. The Captain kept helping other soldiers to stand. The first man finally got onto the plane with the help of pilot who was pulling him from the front and the guy who was pushing him from behind. Those stairs and the heavy baggage made everyone tired.

Everyone was on board. He sat down on the bench that stretched out from the front of the plane to the back. The bench was very uncomfortable as it was made out of metal. As soon as he sat down, he picked up an airsick pill and swallowed it. Then he took out the paper that he had received from mailman. It was from supreme headquarters. It started like this: *Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force! You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade...* It was all about propaganda. How the Allies were beating the Nazis. He folded it carefully and put it in his front pocket. The guy next to him, his best buddy, was looking at the engine as it started. He looked around the airplane. Each companion was sitting right next to the other. But nobody was talking. Some were looking outside. Some were looking at the ground praying. Some were looking at pictures. But nobody talked.

The Captain sat next to him (right side). He was holding less baggage but the Captain's body and mind were more exhausted than any other guy's in the plane. He was looking outside through the open door. Suddenly, the guy in front of the Captain coughed. He was wearing all this jewelry on his neck and his fingers. He looked tough. He was the best of the best. He always had the best record during training. However, right now he was not the best

2004

The flight attendant came and asked if he needed anything. The old man said no, he was fine. The old man was with an old lady who was sitting right next to him. She didn't look nervous at all; rather she looked excited. The airplane started moving as soon as the fat man (seemed to weigh more than 140kg) sat down on a double chair placed near the exit of the airplane. The television in the back of the front seat was showing a safety lecture. He listened carefully just to make sure. However, other passengers including his family were neglecting the lecture and focused their concentration on other things such as the airstrip, small remote devices attached to the airplane, newspapers, books, and the beautiful flight attendant.

The airplane started moving. Here we go. He looked at his family. This was it, as soon as this giant bird flew to the sky, his family would face whole new world. The airplane started to speed up. The passengers kept serenity. However, nobody except for the old man who was afraid of flight looked worried or nervous. They were just busy adjusting their ears to the increasing altitude.

The airplane stopped increasing altitude. The passengers couldn't tell if the airplane made any change in direction or altitude due to well trained and educated pilots in the cockpit. The passengers finally realized that the airplane was moving just horizontally as the seat belt sign on the top of the ceiling went off. The flight attendant made an announcement. Then the Captain started to say things. He didn't pay any attention to that; nobody did. He started to change the channel to find the channel that had good comedy shows. His son was already watching a movie. His wife was looking at the duty free fashion magazine.

He put the headsets on his head and started to enjoy the comedy show. Everyone was enjoying the flight. Even the old man who was afraid of flight was laughing hard as the comedian in the show made a great joke.

The flight attendants started to move around the aisle. They were offering drinks. When the flight attendant arrived at his seat, he asked for a beer. The flight attendant brought a beer within a minute. His

1944

of the best. He was one of them. He looked as nervous as other guys. He took out the cigarette from his front pocket and lit it. The smoke filled half of the airplane already. However, it didn't bother anybody. The airplane started to move as soon as pilots stopped their conversation. Those pilots were not veterans. He was not even sure if they had ever flown this giant dropping machine before. Engines started to roar. Too loud. It didn't really matter because nobody was talking in the airplane. Everyone was holding something tight as the airplane moved. Some were holding Christ. Some were holding pictures. Some were holding their gun. Some were holding cigarettes. Everyone was holding something very, very tight.

The airplane's speed reached its peak. Here we go. He looked around the airplane. This was it, as soon as this giant dropping machine reached sky, they would face a whole new world. And some would never be able to come back. As altitude increased, the wind inside the plane got stronger and colder. However, nobody could sense it because their minds were too confused and there was simply no place for sensitivity.

The airplane stopped increasing altitude. He stopped looking at his family picture and put it in his helmet. Everyone else started to look less nervous. However, somehow they now looked hopeless. They looked like they had given up on hope. They all looked dead, but little conversations began. Talking lessened their nervousness. Talking made them feel warmer and better. Most importantly, they could get away from all those horrible thoughts they were having.

The Captain stood up and started to talk with the pilots wanting to know if everything was going well. He listened and tried to remember all the words the pilots said even though the engine made it hard. Everything was fine. Everything was in order. The Captain told everyone that they were already past Normandy and entering France. Everyone started to change. Their warm-blooded bodies changed to cold-blooded bodies. Now, it was matter of survival. To live, they would have to kill others.

The captain and medic started to move around the plane. They were checking everyone's condition. Everyone replied with their shaking voice. I am fine, Captain... Thanks... He was eating chocolate to ease

A short story or two

2004

son was drinking Pepsi and his wife was drinking orange juice. When he sipped that cold and fresh beer, he felt like he was at home.

When the comedy show was over, his beer was empty. He stood up and walked to the toilet. Even though the restroom was very small, it was better than nothing. The sound of flushing agitated his ears. As soon as he sat down on his seat again, the seat belt sign went on again followed by the Captain's announcement about landing.

The airplane started to decrease its altitude. The serenity once again covered the airplane. When his son opened the window cover, he could see a land covered with green plants and some small houses that were forming a village. It was a beautiful sight.

The airplane started to make noises. He could feel the wheels of airplane touching the ground. The noise of brakes annoyed his ears but it stopped very soon. When the airplane was moving with extremely slow speed, the flight attendant made an announcement about how nice the country's weather was. As soon as flight attendant finished the announcement, people started to stand up and pick up their baggage. He stood up and picked up the bag that contained the liquor and cosmetics. A line was forming to get out of the airplane.

When he got out, he could feel warmth, excitement, and happiness. The whole new world was in his eyes. His wife and his son looked pretty happy and excited too.

Now what?

He thought.

Let's go to a new home in a new world....

by Joon Hyun Paik

1944

the pain. It didn't work. It actually back fired. His stomach was being torn into pieces. Yet, when Captain asked him the question with a big smile, all that pain evaporated.

When the Captain sat down, the clouds that were covering the airplane dissipated and the giant birds carrying hundreds of soldiers were shown to the enemies. All that artillery of the enemy was shooting at the giant birds. Some hit the birds. A few exploded very close: shaking and falling. The Captain stood up as the bird shook.

Get Ready! Stand up! Hook up! Equipment Check! Sound off for Equipment Check! Little soldiers inside the bird were getting ready to drop. His equipment was checked by the guy behind him and he was checking the equipment of guy in front of him. His hands were shaking. This is it...

The sign went off as the equipment check finished. One by one people started to fall off. He saw everyone's face as they fell. Some looked terrified. Some looked frustrated. Some looked scared. Some looked hopeless. As soon as the guy in front of him jumped off the plane, he jumped too. He looked around. There were hundreds of airplanes. Some were covered with fire. Some were falling to the ground with incredible speed. Beneath him, he saw a dark green forest. There were thousands of small stars coming out from it. Of course these stars were just like Ninja's stars. If you got hit, you would die. He crashed into the ground. He finally was in hell.

When he took off his parachute, he could feel cold, fear, and death. The hell was in his eyes. People were screaming, killing and dying. He looked around. Nobody was there. He was all alone in hell.

Now what?

He thought

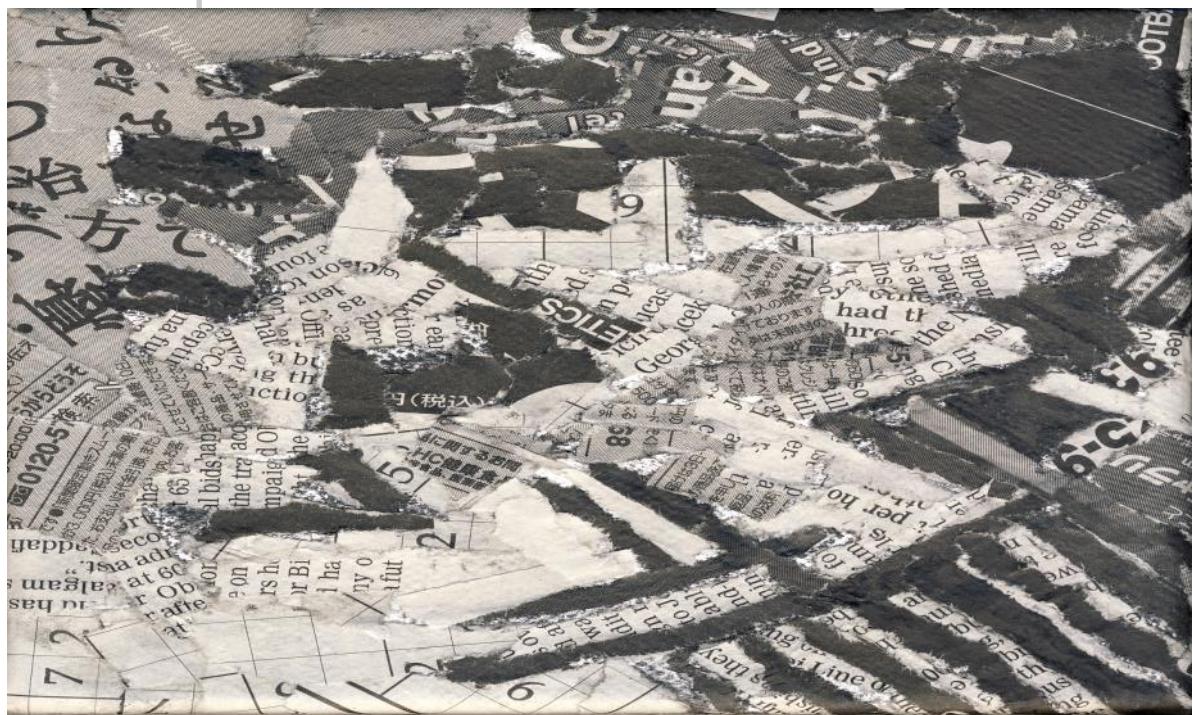
He... He... He... just stood there thinking.

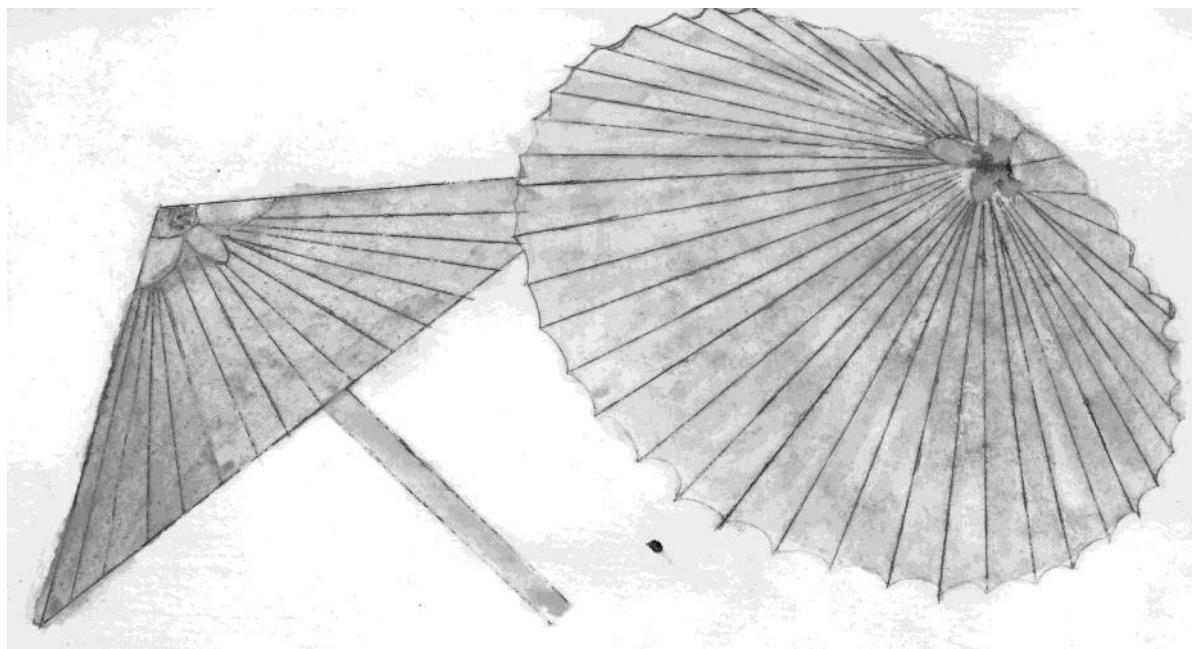
Two poems

by Shuzo Tani

Telescope

On the summer field, take a look above.
Nebulae of red, with stars shining white inside them.
Galaxies of blue and inky black that surrounds them.
A glimpse of the universe through a narrow tube.
"Is that you, blinking in the dark?"
"That's me. Glowing red in the milky way."
Flying further and further into the unknown.
I am a witness for curiosity and knowledge.
Searching for tomorrow and finding yesterday.
Saying hello to a thousand year old light.
A journey that starts by simply looking up.





Time

Time, flowing away and never to return.

"Time is precious" men say, because it is life itself.

"Time is money" men say, but it is greater than money.

Time has its own feelings.

Sometimes it's so sad that it almost stops.

Sometimes it's so happy that its dash is a blur.

It disappears as we go to sleep and emerges again as we wake.

Yet, all the time it is moving without a break.

Time flows on, indifferent to our thoughts.

Etching

Bangasa Japanese

Umbrella

by

Ayako Wada

Newspaper Collage

[Opposite page]

by

Sophia Richfield

Inspired by art....

Insanity slowly passing through a slime tunnel of realities,
Where the art galleries are painted with memories of fatalities,
Solutions to who's in, or who isn't,
I live in a society where the president could be a peasant.

by The B Senate

/ am

a man who abruptly stares at the darkness of the universe
a man who is astonished to see the calamity of the universe
a man who is overwhelmed by the coldness of the earth
a man searching for hope in the nothingness of the universe
a man creating his own personal planetarium
a man wondering where my ancestors could be
a dead man waiting for an invitation from the universe

| am
a man

Inspired by Anselm
Kiefer's painting,
Sternenhimmel

by Han Bin Park

by The B Senate, Han Bin Park, Erica Otawara, Satoki Nakamura

I am there

I am here
I am nowhere
I am underground
lonely
I am the only hope
the light
I am two
I am one

by Erica Otawara

Inspired by
Naoya
Hatakeyama's
painting,
Underground

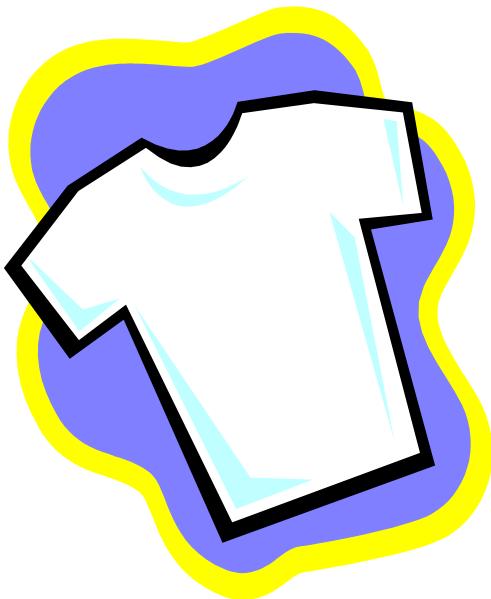
I open my eyes and realize

I see silver everywhere.
They respect me. They protect me
My space... inside my silver coffin.
They surround me with soft potato
walls, and on the top, they decorate
with fresh silver vegetables. I see
shoes, silver shoes guarding me
from danger, at last I can rest,
at last I can sleep eternally.

Inspired by a
sculpture at the
museum

by Satoki Nakamura

The T-Shirts of Fate



Characters

MIHO: 24-year-old woman who works in a clothing store. She is a charming person who cares about other people. She is very active and has her own, strong thoughts but sometimes she becomes forceful.

TAKU: Miho's fiancé. He will do anything for her. He is a 23-year-old businessman.

TSUYOSHI: Miho's elder brother who cherishes Miho. He is 27 years old. He thinks differently from most people. He does not get on well with Taku.

NOBUYA: Miho's childhood friend who lives next door. Tall, 24-year-old man, easy-going. He used to be a good friend of Tsuyoshi, but since he became obsessed with fishing they don't have a good relationship.

Scene ONE

Int. Miho and Taku are sitting on a sofa, in Miho's house. They are looking at a magazine and Miho is pointing at something she is interested in.

MIHO: (*sweetly*) Taku? Which dress should I wear in the wedding? This pink one is sweet, but this white one looks good too.

TAKU: (*gently*) Oh, you can choose the one you really wanna wear. I like both of them.

MIHO: Okay. Oh I'm getting so excited! Aren't you?

TAKU: Yeah, me too.

MIHO: (*a little serious*) Oh yeah. I was thinking about it for a long time but, can't you and my brother, Tsuyoshi be friendlier? You guys are gonna be brothers soon, right? I want you and him and... oh yes, do you know Nobuya next door? I want you three to be good friends, you know.

TAKU: (*gives a wry smile*)Ah, I don't think so. You know that me and Tsuyoshi don't get on, right? I do want to try the things you say, but I can't change this problem.

MIHO: (*angrily*) Taku! I really want you guys to get along well. Why don't you three go to the beach together? It would be nice.

TAKU: (*helplessly*) No, Miho. I really don't think I can.

MIHO: Nooo. It would be alright. You can always find something in common if you look hard enough. Oh! We must decide the date. How about next Sunday at 10am! At the station, OK?

TAKU: Miho, Stop it! I really don't want to go with them.

A little pause.

TAKU: (*calms down a little*) I'm going home for today. I'll not go on Sunday.

Miho squats down and starts to cry. Tsuyoshi comes in to the room, sees her crying, he runs up to her.

TSUYOSHI: Oh Miho, why are you crying?

MIHO: Oh, it's nothing, Tsuyoshi.

TSUYOSHI: But you don't look alright. Tell me.

MIHO: (*stops crying*) It's about Taku. I asked him to go to the beach with you and Nobuya, but he refused to go. I just wanted you guys to be friends...

TSUYOSHI: Oh, really... With me and Nobuya... Do I have to go? I don't like them so much...

MIHO: Oh, brother! Are you gonna say that too? I thought you would always support me. (*Makes a gesture like she is going to cry*.)

TSUYOSHI: Oh, don't cry! Okay... I'll try, if you say so. I'll phone the other two.

MIHO: (*with a great smile*) Thank you Tsuyoshi!

Miho jumps to Tsuyoshi, and hugs him. Tsuyoshi looks happy.

Scene TWO

Ext. At the entrance to the station. A lot of people are passing by. Taku and Miho arrive. Taku has his beach ball and a float ring.

TAKU: Phew, we're just on time.

MIHO: I'm so happy you decided to go.

TAKU: (*makes a bitter smile*) Well, I don't really like those two, but I changed my mind. (*Smiles*) I haven't swum at the beach for a long time.

MIHO: Yea. Well then, I'll go now. Have fun!

Miho leaves, and from the different direction, Nobuya arrives with his fishing tackle, he looks around restlessly.

NOBUYA: (*timidly*) Hello, Taku. Um... Why do you have that beach ball and stuff with you?

TAKU: (*plainly*) Oh hey Nobuya. Long time no s..... (*surprised, and in a big voice, pointing at Nobuya's belongings*) Why do you have those with you?

NOBUYA: (*hesitantly*) Well... aren't we going to go fishing in the sea?

TAKU: (*getting upset*) What? We're going to the beach, man! Why do you think of fishing on the BEACH!?

Tsuyoshi arrives with his bucket and a scoop.

TSUYOSHI: Hey, you guys. Ready for shellfish gathering?

TAKU & NOBUYA: (*very surprised, together*) What?

TAKU: I thought we were gonna swim and play on the beach!

NOBUYA: (*timidly*) w... well... I, I thought we were going to f.... fish.

TSUYOSHI: Huh? Are you guys serious? It's the beach! There's nothing to do except gather shellfish on the beach!

TAKU: (*in a big voice*) Uh-uhh! Every normal person would think of swimming on the beach! You're wrong!

NOBUYA: W....well, I thought of fishing....

TAKU: (*angrily*) That's because you're strange too Nobuya! Ah. I will never understand you guys. I'm going home!

TSUYOSHI: Well go then! I'm going home too.

Abruptly, Taku and Tsuyoshi turn away their face, and walk away with a quick step in different directions.

NOBUYA: (*panic*) A.....a.....a.....

Nobuya runs away in a third direction.

The T-Shirts of Fate

Scene THREE

Int. At the entrance of Nobuya's house. Miho passes by when Nobuya comes out of the house. They start talking.

MIHO: Oh hi Nobuya.

NOBUYA: (*timidly*) ...Hello.

MIHO: I heard that you guys didn't go to the beach last Sunday! Can't believe it!

NOBUYA: W.....well, we had a problem so.....

MIHO: (*not listening to what he says, haughtily*) I've planned for you guys to go to a hill next Sunday, so meet at the station at 10am, okay?

NOBUYA: (*timidly*) I... I don't want to go so much. I think they would never understand me, and I can never understand them.

MIHO: Huh? You don't want to go? I don't care. I need you guys to be in a good relationship, and this is the only way I can think of! So, 10am at the station, OK?

NOBUYA: (*pleading*) Oh please Miho, I know I can never get along with them.

MIHO: (*strongly*) Nobuya. Don't you remember what I did for you last month? I won't let you say you've forgotten it.

NOBUYA: (*frighteningly*) Wa! No please don't say that. A....Alright, I'll go.

Scene FOUR

Ext. At the entrance of the station. Taku and Miho arrive at the station. Taku with his backpack and a hiking stick.

TAKU: Okay. So today, we're going to a hill, and hiking is the only thing to do at a hill. No misunderstanding, no problems, we just can have fun.

MIHO: (*smiles*) Yes. And you guys WILL be good friends.

TAKU: (*makes a bitter smile*) Hope so.

MIHO: Well then, see you later.

Nobuya arrives at the station, with his fishing tackle.

NOBUYA: Um... hello. (*makes a bitter smile*) So, y...you brought those sticks today.

TAKU: Hel... (*surprised*) What! You brought the fishing tackle again? I can't believe it! (*sighs*) Why do you think of fishing, not hiking when you go to the hill?

NOBUYA: I thought we were gonna fish in a river. I would never have thought of hiking. (*sighs*)

TAKU: (*shouting*) Well why can't you be normal? We're going to a hill! Hills equal hiking! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

Tsuyoshi arrives with a plastic bag and a tongs in his hands.

TSUYOSHI: (*sprightly*) Hey guys. Ready for garbage collecting?

TAKU & NOBUYA: What? Garbage collecting?

TAKU: (*Shocked, shouts*) WHY do you think of garbage collecting from a hill?

TSUYOSHI: (*looking upset*) Oh My God! Are you a dumb? It's a hill! Garbage collecting is the best thing to do on a hill. Or did you think of stupid hiking? Huh?

TAKU: (*trembling with anger*) How... could.... you...

NOBUYA: (*timidly*) I... I think it IS a little strange to think of collecting garbage....

TSUYOSHI: (*exploding*) Oh, shut up. You mad fisher! I will never understand you guys! I'm going home.

TAKU: Oh yeah? I'm going home too. I never want to see your face again!

Abruptly, Taku and Tsuyoshi turn away their faces, and walk away with a quick step to a different direction.

NOBUYA: (*panic*) A.....a.....a.....

Nobuya runs away in a different direction.

Scene FIVE

Ext. At the entrance of Miho's house. Tsuyoshi comes home, and Miho comes out from her house.

TSUYOSHI: (*tired*) I'm hom....

MIHO: (*interrupts Tsuyoshi's words, surprised*) Tsuyoshi? Why did you come home! You didn't you go to the hill?

TSUYOSHI: um... no.

MIHO: (*angrily*) How come?

Taku comes to the entrance.

TAKU: (*brightly*) Hey, Miho!

TSUYOSHI: (*shouts*) Taku! Why are you here?

TAKU: (*annoyed*) I just came to see Miho.
(Takes Miho's arm)

MIHO: (*happily*) Oh! What good timing. I wanted to talk to you guys. I'll call Nobuya too. (*screams at Nobuya's house*) Hey Nobuya! Can you come down?

Nobuya comes to the entrance.

NOBUYA: What is it, Miho?

MIHO: Well, now I understand that you guys always have some misunderstanding, so I planned for you three to go to an amusement park.

TSUYOSHI: Oh... really?

While Miho is speaking, Taku, Tsuyoshi, and Nobuya are pushing, kicking, bullying each other.

MIHO: So, you guys don't have to bring anything but yourselves and some money. Meet at the same place, same time on next Sunday, OK?

TAKU & TSUYOSHI & NOBUYA: (*tiredly*) Alright.

Scene SIX

Ext. At the entrance of the station. Taku and Miho arrive. Taku is wearing a T-shirt from a music concert.

MIHO: So, today, you're going to the amusement park to get on with them. No more misunderstandings, no more fighting, you'll only have fun. OK?

TAKU: (*sadly*) Alright... (*sighs*)

Miho: Okay then, bye.

Miho leaves. Nobuya arrives. He is wearing the same T-shirt as Taku.

NOBUYA: Hi, Taku.

TAKU: (*turning around*) Oh hi Nobu....
(surprised) Oh, My, God!

NOBUYA: (*very surprised*) Oh My! We have the same T-shirt!

TAKU: (*getting excited*) You went to the concert!? You can only get this T-shirt at the concert!

NOBUYA: Yes.... Yes! I did! I love MICHAEL JACKSON!

TAKU: (*almost screaming*) Really? I love him too! Do you know the CD...

Tsuyoshi arrives. He is also wearing the same T-shirt as Taku and Nobuya.

TSUYOSHI: Hey guys.

Taku and Nobuya turns around. A short silence.

TSUYOSHI: (*surprised*) Oh... My.... God!

TAKU: You too? You also like him?

NOBUYA: (*happily*) We all like the same artist! What a great coincidence!

TAKU: I though I would never understand you guys, but I was wrong!

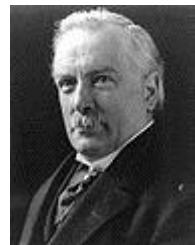
TSUYOSHI: Me too! Now I feel I can get along with you guys for ever!

NOBUYA: Yes! Me too! Now let's go to the park!

TAKU & TSUYOSHI: Yeah! Off we go!

The three of them skip off, arm in arm.

In their shoes...



The ability to be able to put yourself into someone else's shoes — to see things from another point of view — is an essential part of a well rounded education.

In this piece, Daniel Kellett imagines a representative of the German government of the time responding to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles at the end of World War One

Dear Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Woodrow Wilson,

I am writing this letter to express my disdain and anger at the Treaty of Versailles. The Entente tricked us into agreeing to an armistice but we did this thinking that the peace treaty would be based on Wilson's Fourteen points. The Entente has deceived and betrayed us and Germany will just not accept this. I will address this letter to each of you individually. Georges Clemenceau, I understand that you are angry with Germany because we humiliated you in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 but that does not mean that you can blame us for your loss and try and take revenge on a country for a war that happened 49 years ago. And because of this war you seem to think that it's acceptable to force the diktat on Germany. Germany didn't even start the war so we have no idea why the Entente would make us accept the war guilt clause.

Germany is extremely angry at losing Alsace Lorraine to France and also at the fact that the Rhineland will be demilitarised and controlled by France. The Rhineland is German territory and we should be the ones deciding about what is in the Rhineland and if France should be given Alsace Lorraine. Why can't the border between Germany and France become demilitarised? And as for changing borders, Germany is furious with the members of the Entente because they have divided Germany in half! The Polish corridor divides Germany from East Prussia and this just doesn't work. You can't divide a country in two and still expect it to function properly. Germany will not accept this.

Germany also knows that it was you, Clemenceau, who wanted to weaken Germany so much that it would never be able to fight a war again. And to do this you want to make Germany pay an indemnity of 6,600,000,000 pounds. This is an outrageous sum and it is impossible to have come up with that exact figure. Where on earth did you get that number from? If we have to pay all that money what happens to Germany? We also have our own war damages to pay for so Germany is going to have to come up with a total sum of money that is more than 6,600,000,000 pounds in order to keep its citizens alive. It is absurd that Germany must suffer this because of a man who can't get over a war that happened 49 years ago. And this is all being forced onto Germany because we were tricked into signing an armistice. The Entente claims to be the side of "good" but Germany sees nothing but evil in you.

Germany is also angry with Lloyd George. The Entente has taken away all German colonies when the colonies had nothing to do with the war! And now that the colonies are not ours anymore you, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, go and take them for yourselves. Our colonies, such as Cameron, Togo, and others have been taken away from us. Once again, this is highlighting the fact that Great Britain and France are realpolitik and do not care about the people of Germany. You are making us accept this war guilt clause so that you can have a pretext to take away our colonies.

by Daniel Kellett

Germany will lose 13% of its land to other European countries as well as its colonies. This is simply unheard of! We are also losing one of our mines, the Saar, to France until they can get their own mines working again. Where are we going to get our gold and mining goods when our main mine is in French hands? It makes Germany sick to see this happening.

We are also very angry with your views of Germany and what you want to do to us. You display banners and say, "Hang the Kaiser!" Or "Make Germany pay!" You are angry with us because we killed your soldiers but you killed our soldiers too. Germany has the second most deaths in the Great War yet you complain that Germans killed your soldiers. You lost 900,000 men to our 1,750,000. The Entente should have the war guilt clause forced on them for killing so many Germans.

And you, Lloyd George, are worried about Russian Communism spreading into Germany so you allow us to have 100,000 soldiers, once again, showing that you believe only in realpolitik. You want to protect yourself from Communism so that it doesn't spread across Western Europe. Germany has never seen such a selfish group of three people. You, Clemenceau, and Woodrow Wilson.

And now, moving to the man that is responsible for this whole mess, Woodrow Wilson. You claim to be trying to make a new world order where all countries are treated equally yet you allowed Clemenceau and Lloyd George to make this punitive treaty. Germany thought that the treaty would be based on your Fourteen Points but it didn't even resemble them. You manipulated Germany and tricked us into signing the armistice. And now, because of you, Germany will struggle to survive in the coming years because of the enormous reparations we have to pay. That doesn't sound very just, does it Wilson? You have betrayed Germany and for this, we will never forgive you.

Germany can not express in words how furious she is with you, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Woodrow Wilson. You make punitive treaties when you did not beat us in a war. You merely beat us in politics for you tricked us but you did not defeat us on the battlefield. Among the things we have to do are demilitarize the Rhineland, give France the Saar, lose 13% of our land as well as all of our colonies, and accept this ridiculous war guilt clause. Just hope that our paths never cross in a war again because if they do, we will do to you what you have done to us, only we will make it harsher. You may think that Germany is finished but remember, Germany will have the last laugh.

Sincerely,
Keifer Metzger

Entente:

The Triple Entente (from French "agreement") was the name given to the loose alignment between Great Britain, France, and Russia after the signing of the Anglo-Russian Entente in 1907. The term came to represent the Allied Powers of WW1, generally.

[Wikipedia]

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Notes from
Mr. McGill's
Humanities class.



Hello, I am a generic map.

In Grade 8 Humanities, students were asked to become a *map* and trace its evolution from ancient to modern times.

In this piece, Cherry introduces herself as a generic map and describes her first appearance in history as a "scientific" attempt to portray the world.

I was made to help you find your exact location on earth and show you the location which you want to go. You can use me to find the time in different countries, but of course you have to use a bit of math skill. I am very useful when you are lost and you need directions. Yes I know, I may seem perfect and wonderful, but I am not perfect, but then again it is not completely my fault. It is just that it is impossible to project the spherical shape of the world onto a flat piece of paper. There is distortion of my islands and I cannot show the beautiful curves of the world, unlike my friend the globe. I am not a big help for pilots either, because I cannot show the circle routes that they need to travel from one place to another.

The globe and I are similar, and yet very different. The globe is far more detailed and accurate than I am, but I am compact and foldable. I can be slipped into your back pocket, unlike the globe. It is also much easier to see lines of longitude and latitude on me than a globe. But there are no hard feelings between me and my friend the globe; we are still both wonderful in our own ways. I am sad to say that I do not know my parents and I do not know where I originally come from. All of those memories have been erased by time. Maybe someday time will bring them back. I may not be perfect, but give me a chance to tell you my story.

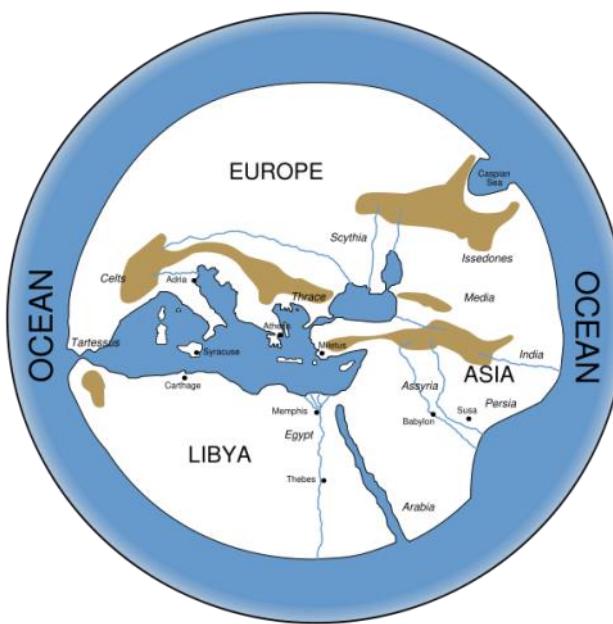
Let us begin with me as the first scientific map. As far as we know, the first scientific "me" which attempted to portray the earth as accurately as possible was made around 500 B.C by Hecateus, a Greek cartographer. I give some hints that tell you I was made by a Greek. For example, Greece is in the middle of me because Hecateus was ethnocentric.

Despite the lack of technology during that time I was a good attempt at mapping the world. I was very accurate around the Mediterranean probably because Hecateus must have sailed around there; moreover, wherever you are in the Mediterranean Sea there is land close by. If you look further away from the Mediterranean my continents are in the correct relationship to each other.

In Africa you can see that the Nile is in the correct place but because Hecateus thought the world was a disk and water flowed around the edge, the Nile flows from one ocean to another. A river's source must always be at elevation. Hecateus should have known better! I do not show the Southern Hemisphere, most of Asia nor any of the Orient. At least you can clearly see two very important rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates.

There are beautifully written labels on me, but if you got rid of those, you would not know which way to orient me. The top part towards Europe was obviously rounded off probably because the Greeks had not traveled that far yet.

The biggest error I have is that Africa is truncated. When the Greeks decided to get out of the Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar (which they thought was the way to the underworld) there were so scared that they groped their way to the bulge of Africa and thought it would just simply connect to the Red Sea. But obviously they were wrong. I can tell you where exactly the Greeks had travelled and places they had not visited. They had traveled all the way to India because the Indus River is drawn on me.



Reconstruction of
map of the world by
*Hecataeus
of Miletus*
(6th century BC).
[Wikipedia](#)
Hecatae-
us_world_map-

White, whittling and wistful

Moving is one thing I will never get used to, no matter how many times I experience it. “Good-bye to Forty-eighth Street” reminds me of a particularly challenging move from the States to Japan. However, E.B. White’s essay neither put me in a sad mood nor made me nostalgic for New Jersey. White’s usage of figurative language and imagery helped me relate to his experiences and gave me a better understanding of my own emotions from the past. “Good-bye to Forty-eighth Street” speaks most directly to my own feelings because White’s fresh approach to the challenges of moving lets me perceive my own experience of “throwing away” tangible and intangible things in a different and more positive way.

Dumping out the house’s dust covered contents is the most draining activity during a move. While some people may be skilled at this, others, like E.B. White, end up pulling their hair out in exasperation. The issue here is not so much the actual dispensing itself as trying to decide what goes and what stays behind. No matter what White does, the amount stays the same. “You can whittle away at it, but to empty the place completely takes real ingenuity and great staying power,” says White in reference to the paraphernalia in his house (p.3). Usually, “whittle” is used to describe the action of chipping away little pieces from a large block of material like wood. His word choice not only conveys futility, but even sounds like it.

Unfortunately, I am like White in the sense that I rarely see anything to be unimportant enough to throw away. I lack the stamina and strong personality that it takes to empty out anything. Proof of this was everywhere in our American house. Taped, brown boxes were stacked together like bricks to form a wall in the living room. It was hard to believe that our house was home to so many objects.

It was only with the arrival of elimination time that the house’s contents became unusually prominent. Suddenly, everything from childhood storybooks to art projects I had clumsily made in elementary school seemed to plead me a position in those stale brown boxes. A distant memory would pop up in my mind with the finding of these “undisposable treasures”, further swaying my decision towards keeping them. White says “... a little trickle of indestructible keepsakes appears, to swell the flood” (p.4). He uses the phrase “swell the flood” effectively. It reminds me of myself trying to desperately stuff keepsakes into boxes that clearly have no room for it.

White’s connotation of moving is not limited to the frustration of disposing of objects. In fact, the word also holds a feeling of melancholy when he thinks back to the “nameless actors” in his life. He knows nothing about these people except for their appearance and when and where he usually bumps into them. When I lived in America, I considered everybody, other than my “supporting actors”, to be strangers and nothing more. White’s story made me realize though that some of these strangers in my life had had simple yet memorable roles too. There was that African American bus driver who would always say, “So long” in a raspy voice, to each and every kid when he dropped us off his yellow school bus. Or even the shaggy, salt and pepper hair dog that would bark and glare at anyone who was unlucky enough to meet him in the streets; he too was one of the walk-on characters. The “nameless actors” are no more than strangers to White, yet their familiar presence is reassuring as that of an actor’s in a drama series.

Everybody has their own set of “nameless actors” in their life and this awareness strengthens when living in the same place for years. Moreover, we ourselves are “nameless actors” for others.

Kaya reflects on shared experiences with one of the great essayists of the 20th Century, E B White.

In “Good-bye to Forty-eighth Street”, White is the main character and everybody else plays their part to support him. But in fact, everybody is the main character of his or her own play. Abandoning a place marks the end of our part in someone’s play and opens the curtains to a new one in our next destination. I was reluctant to leave my part in my own drama. I was scared that my absence, a tiny gap in New Jersey, would quickly be filled again by the progression of everybody else’s drama. Soon, matters would proceed as if I had never lived there.

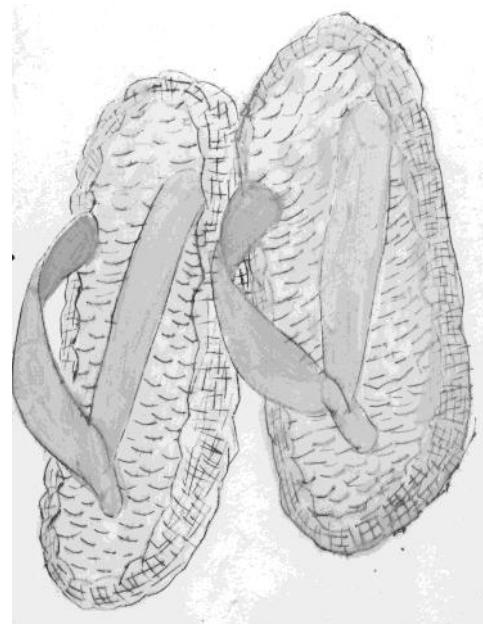
However, I was hit with a peculiar line at the end of this essay which made me reconsider my idea of a “gap”: “And in every place he abandons he leaves something vital, it seems to me, and starts his new life somewhat less encrusted, like a lobster that has shed its skin and is for a time soft and vulnerable” (p.7) In this final line, White implies that whenever people move, they leave the outer layer of their personality like a lobster sheds its own skin. This “something” represents an added layer of character developed by influences from the environment and the people unique to that place. Described as similar to a lobster’s crusty outer skin that gets thrown away, it seems undesired or purposeless at first. However, White calls it “something vital.” This familiar tone of regret for “rubbish” calls our attention to its value.

I believe I had been desperately trying to hold onto my own “lobster skin,” a special layer of character I had attained through living in a town called Mahwah, in a state called New Jersey, in a country called the United States. I was reluctant to move because I did not want to let go of my shell. I could not leave my friends, home, school – the environments and people who kept me exactly who I was at the time. White says that by abandoning their layer, people are left “vulnerable” for a while. They are weak and do not have enough strength to block out new, unfamiliar influences.

Eventually, these influences would mold the soft, vulnerable parts into a different shape of personality. I was not ready to accept this change back then. Though White begins this essay talking about the challenges of ridding tangible objects, he ends it by stretching that idea to leaving behind intangible characteristics and accepting new influences.

It has been no more than three years since I moved back to Japan. Over those three years however, many things have changed. I used to think that I would be throwing away my English, my friends, and my identity by moving. Like White, I also have “too weak a character” to throw anything away, thus I held onto anything and everything I could. In spite of this, White points out that we inevitably leave “something vital” behind: a part of ourselves that developed while living in that particular place.

My reluctance to let go of things varying from storybooks to personality traits was my attempt to live unchanged. White’s perspective on moving has helped me sort out my jumble of emotions from the past and has redefined the meaning of “throwing away” in my dictionary.



Zori straw sandal
by
Kaishi Yamamura

“Goodbye to
Forty-eighth Street”
from
Essays of EB White
Harper Perennial
Modern Classics
(2006)

Car Troubles, Personal Troubles

What happens when two characters meet?

These two might never have met if it was not for Aerina.

You see, they are characters from two different novels. The interesting thing about them is that *had* they met, they would have plenty to talk about. But it might not be easy.

They are kindred spirits. Life was tough and they had to make it on their own.

They shared an interest in cars. The car was a way out — a way to move on.

Taylor walked to the door, putting her luggage down with a sigh of happiness. Finally after two years she was ready to go visit her mama and Harland. It had been a tough two years, what with trying to get over Estevan, getting a new job, finding Turtle a new school and so on. But now that her life had stabilized, she decided it was time to take a little vacation with Turtle to Kentucky.

"I'm going to miss you. You guys have fun!" Lou Ann said giving Taylor and Turtle a hug.

"Three weeks, that's not long right? Miss you too." With a smile Taylor picked up her luggage and headed for the car. Strapping Turtle in the baby seat and her bags in the trunk, they waved goodbye and set course for the highway out of town.

It was a long ride, going on the freeway, across the border to New Mexico, and then out into Oklahoma, but it was a pleasant ride unlike the one she had the last time she went this way. Now that Turtle's vocabulary had expanded, they had plenty to talk about other than the vegetables. Cars were another subject Turtle found entertaining but just as they were talking, her car slowed down to a stop.

"Damn you car! Why do you have to do this now!?" Taylor exclaimed and slumped back in her seat with a sigh. The car was old and it was the same '55 Volkswagen bug that she bought in Kentucky. She had meant to get rid of it someday.

"What should we do Turtle? I knew this would happen someday, but not now..." Turtle shrugged. Taylor stepped out of the windowless car to look at the flat plain around them, thinking what to do. They were in the middle of Oklahoma and with no place to stay nor a car in sight; she could do nothing but wait for help. Just as she began to poke around under the hood, touching this, wriggling that, a car pulled up behind and a man stepped out: "Hey lady! You need some help there?"

"Yah that would be great," Taylor said peeping from behind the hood of the car.

The man was slim and fairly tall. He didn't look very young, older than her, probably in his 30's or 40's. He walked around the car to the front and stood next to Taylor and started to fiddle with the engine. "It looks pretty bad to me; I don't think I'm a good enough mechanic to fix this..." She noticed he had an Alabama accent.

"You know what; I think I'm going to dump this car here! I've always wanted to anyway."

Hesitating for a second, he said: "I could offer you a ride if you want?"

"Really? I mean that would be great, it would save us a lot of time."

"Us?" he said with a concerned expression.

"Oh right, I haven't introduced myself. I'm Taylor. Taylor Greer and that's Turtle, my daughter," she said pointing at Turtle still snug in the baby seat.

"I'm Tobias Wolff, but you can call me Jack."

As Taylor gathered her luggage and picked up Turtle, there was something about Jack that she couldn't put a finger on. He seemed nice enough and friendly but she could feel he had a bit of a dark side to him. "So," Taylor said continuing the conversation, "Is Jack your middle name or something?"

"Actually that's my *other* name. I changed it when I was thirteen. I didn't like the name Tobias."

"Same here, my name used to be Marietta but I changed it to Taylor. I think it suits me better," she said smiling, feeling a bit relaxed, knowing that they had something in

common.

“I forgot to ask, where are you heading? Because I’m trying to get to Kentucky.”

“I live in Alabama so if we go through Arkansas to Tennessee and drop you there, then maybe you could find your way to Kentucky.”

“Sure, sounds like a plan,” Taylor looked back at Turtle checking if she was OK with it but saw her already sleeping.

“So is Kentucky where you live?”

“No I live in Tucson Arizona. I’m going to Kentucky to visit my mama and her husband, Harland.”

“So does that mean your parents are divorced?”

Surprised at the directness of his question, she stammered: “No, I’m not sure. I never met my dad before. I’ve only known my mama my whole life.”

“I understand, it was the same for me too. My childhood was like crap. My mom and I left my father when I was six and I had to live with her new husband who abused me.”

Surprised at such intimate revelations from a stranger, Taylor looked at Toby. Obviously he had some problems in his life.

“Sounds like your past is still very real for you. You’ve got to put these things behind you. Let the past be the past. We all have had our nightmares. You have to get over it and reinvent yourself. Make yourself who you want to be.”

“I don’t know, I can’t seem to let it go, that’s just who I am. I’ve always tried to be someone I’m not, tried to assume a pose but I’m tired of that now. So let me be.” Toby said a little annoyed.

“I’m trying to understand you here but you’re just making things difficult. Maybe if I understand you, I can help you.”

“Look I don’t need your help. And who says you need to understand me, you won’t anyway. Nobody really cares or understands so why should you?”

“Fine, maybe I won’t but that doesn’t mean you can go around looking so miserable and expect people to be okay with that. Because I think you’re just blaming the abuse because you don’t know how to be happy,” she said, feeling irritated at his rejection of her help.

Neither of them talked for a while, unsure what to say next. The awkward silence made Taylor fidget in her seat. Then looking out on the scenery in front of her, she continued: “What I was trying to say is that, maybe you can try to change. It might be hard to forget the past but the pain the abuse has caused you can heal. I know this because my daughter has been abused and she...” Taylor said looking at Toby in the eye with a stern expression, “she has changed so much. She makes me proud, she’s gone through horrible, tormenting things and she has managed to cope with that. She’s so cheerful and full of life, maybe you should try acting like that too.”

While speaking she looked intensely into his face but couldn’t decide by his expression whether he was taking her counsel to heart or not. She vaguely felt that something in his eyes said he probably wouldn’t. But that didn’t really matter to her; a voice in the back of her mind consoled her: “You’ve done what you can. You can’t help those who don’t want to be helped.” With that she abandoned his problems. Yet, she felt a sense of pride and happiness.

A good thing that had come out of this conversation was the realization of how much Turtle had moved beyond similar problems.

Taylor is the main character in *The Bean Trees*, by Barbara Kingsolver.

Turtle is her daughter and the other characters are from the novel.

Tobias Wolff tells his story in *This Boy’s Life*.

These texts are studied as part of the literature course in OIS Grade 9.

What's the *pointe*?

Many beautiful things may have had mediocre beginnings: the ugly duckling turns into a swan; a caterpillar comes out of its cocoon to grow to be a butterfly. Things change overtime, sometimes into a more amazing thing. Ballet is one of those things that has changed to become a more beautiful form of art as time has gone on.



The IB's Extended Essay allows students the scope to research and study a topic in great detail. This piece fits well with the Dance theme of this first edition of *Tango*.

Eri Hatanaka decided to re-search one of her great loves—classical ballet. In particular she focused on the shoes: *pointe* shoes.

The depth of her research makes it an interesting read, but even more than that, it is fascinating to learn the history behind objects we take for granted.

There are many things that changed ballet to give it such beauty, for example the structure of the stage, the costumes, the directors, choreographers, and composers, and one of the most essential parts: the shoes. Now, the ballerinas wear hard, stiff shoes that have *boxes* at the end of the shoes, which surround the toes, supporting them. The edge of the box is molded into a flat *platform* so the dancer can balance on her toes. There is a *shank* inside the shoes, which is a long thick piece of material usually made of leather, plastic, burlap or cardboard.

This lets the dancer maintain the arch of her foot as she rises *en pointe*. However, since the shank is made of such hard material, dancers usually break their shoes before wearing them, such as by hitting them against hard objects, wetting them or bending them on doorframes.

Pointe shoes usually last from one to three months for students with regular classes, but if broken too much, they will support the toes for a shorter time. For professional ballerinas, the pointe shoes often last as little as two weeks or less, even just one performance. Pointe shoes are usually covered in pink satin, but the colour of the shoes may vary in order to fit the character's costume: the black swan Odette in *Swan Lake* wears black pointe shoes to suit her character and costume.

There are a lot of injuries that can occur if one does not know the basics. Moreover, the girls must be able to realize if the shoe fits just right for her, since wrong sizes create injuries. It is not only the size, however, but whether she can still feel a bit of contact with the floor, and if she can create an arch when standing *en pointe*. The arch is important, since a good arch lets the dancer really stand on her toes, therefore balance. On the other hand, if the arch is too big, there is a possibility for the dancer's foot to bear too much weight, and the feet may collapse under it. Thus the dancer must know her limit to how far she can stand *en pointe*.

by Eri Hatanaka

Compared to the first pointe shoes worn, the shoes now must be a lot easier to dance in *en pointe*. Now, there is a lot of information on the physics of ballet, and much more is known about the human body. People take pointe shoes for granted, without properly acknowledging its history and purpose of its appearance. Some may think that the pointe shoes appeared just as they are right now, but it was not soft ballet shoes and satin pointe shoes from the beginning.

Before Pointe

Ballet used to be danced with heeled, noisy shoes that tapped the stage whenever the dancer walked. It was part of the costume for women – only men were able to wear tights and more flexible shoes to allow more movement and jumps. On the other hand, women had to endure heavy costumes, such as wigs, long dresses that had to cover their ankles, head-dress and the heeled shoes. Because of this, the female dancers were limited in their steps, while the men took centre stage.

Around 1730, ballet began to become more a form of movement rather than changing from one pose to another. It included movement in between those poses, steps such as delicate footwork and jumps. To be able to incorporate these new steps, and to be able to dance more freely, as women, they began to react against their conventional costumes; they shortened skirts and took the heels off their shoes.

Their dance setting had changed as well; ballet was no longer danced in a ballroom as it was originally, but they stood on stage where the audience had a better view of the feet. Therefore freedom of movement of the legs was required and the feet became more important. This could not happen with the heeled shoes. Consequently, to be able to turn out the legs more and to perform more complicated steps, Marie Camargo introduced flatter, softer and more flexible shoes that outlined the dancer's foot more clearly.

Dancers started to adapt their shoes so that they could dance and perform, with clearer foot movement. Then, after the French Revolution, the costumes changed dramatically and became the foundation of costumes used now: skirts became lighter and made of more flowing material, and the shoes became flat and pleated at the back so that they would bend along with the dancer's feet. This is exactly like the shoes that dancers use in class presently: the soft ballet shoes.

The Beginning of Pointe Shoes

After the soft ballet shoes were introduced to ballerinas, choreography became more complex as the dancers were able to use their feet more clearly (this was also because costumes were made lighter by this time). The first noted dancer to dance a ballet in full length *en pointe* was Marie Taglioni who, in the early 1800's, appeared on stage to dance *La Sylphide*, *en pointe* throughout the story. This started for a reason completely unrelated to shoes.

In the stories of ballet, female characters were most likely to be out of human (men's role) reach. A good example of this would be *Swan Lake* and others such as *Giselle* and *La Bayadere*. Female roles were often eerie, and had an other-worldly quality which made them

What's the *pointe*?

hard for the men to reach. They were surreal, and indeed, the choreography of each of the titles mentioned above show this: the female characters escape the men's arms when they try to hold them; they push away the male characters, and have a "hard-to-get" characteristic in their dancing. Therefore to be able to better express this other-worldly quality of the female characters, Charles Didelot introduced the "flying machine" in the late 18th century.

This flying machine carried the women dancers across the stage in the air by carrying them on a hidden wire. This created the illusion that the ballerinas were light, eerie creatures, just as it was portrayed in the stories. This was very much appreciated by the audience in 1796; a year after the flying machine was first introduced. The audience cried with delight as they watched the dancers "fly" across the stage and delicately land on their toes. This gave dancers the idea to stay dancing *en pointe* for a longer time since it gave more enjoyment to the audience this way.

The Development

By attempting to stand, dance and move across *en pointe* without being supported by wires, ballerinas found out that by gradually rising higher and higher on half-pointe, they were able to stand fully on their toes. However, this was only for a few moments, as the shoes did not have a flat and hard platform on the toes, as we do now, to balance on.

Taglioni's shoes worn on the first full performance of *La Sylphide en pointe* were exactly the same as the soft shoes we wear now, only hardened by thick stitching. It did not have a box that covered the toes, but just a flexible strip of leather underneath the arch of the foot. The heavy stitches were embroidered on the sides as well to support the dancer's foot. Because it was still very similar to the soft shoes, the pointe shoes then only had a very thin narrow platform that made it difficult for the dancer to balance. Also, during that time, shoes were not made to suit the dancer's comfort but for the audience's likes. However, because there weren't long steps to be danced, it was not such a problem to have such a narrow surface to stand upon.

Dancers of the early 19th century started to dance *en pointe* full-length ballets with a wider variety of techniques, as dancers explored and used pointe shoes to their limits. They wanted to discover new uses for the shoes in order to achieve fame and gain larger audiences. Pierrina Leganini who danced *Swan Lake* with the 32 *fouettés* in 1892 expanded the vocabulary of pointe shoe technique for women dancers. It gave them more liberty to dance on stage without being frowned upon by the audience with its expectations about women's role in society and in dance.

From this time, ballerinas competed for audiences using pointe as the key to success. As great classical works were created, dancers were able to perform a string of intricate steps one by one *en pointe* without pausing to stand on the stage floor. Ballets such as *Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake* were danced entirely *en pointe* through wearing pointe shoes that were hardened by newspaper and floured paste.

With 20th century ballet, pointe shoe manufacturers explored making different shoes to suit the many different ballets created and the different ballerinas of the 20th century. Also, the manufacturers came up with different types of shoes, such as light, heavy, and softer shoes that would last a month and harder shoes that dancers could use for at least three months. One might wonder why dancers would want shoes that only last a month when there are shoes that could last three. Shoes that last only a month let a dancer get used to the shoes quickly so that if a performance is coming up and their shoes become unusable right before, they will be able to buy softer shoes to get used to the shoes in time. This is the case for students, since they usually have only twice a week to get used to their shoes, while professionals often have every day to prepare for their performances. It is also clear that pointe shoe manufacturers benefit by selling greater numbers of existing shoes, rather than developing more durable alternatives.

The contemporary/modern pointe shoes we have now weigh about a hundred grams more than the first pointe shoes worn by Marie Taglioni, which were hardly any different from the satin soft ballet shoes that dancers wore for practice or warm-up.

Since ballerinas experience heavy injuries of the feet and ankles, “there is actually an aesthetic against the pointe work now, just as the cultural climate favoured pointe work in the age of Romanticism.”

The Injuries and the Consequences

There are many injuries to which ballerinas are prone. Many are related to the legs, feet and ankles, and originate from the use of pointe shoes. Because there is a very limited number of pointe shoe injury specialists, ballerinas find it hard to find appropriate medical care. Their injuries are different from ones that a normal doctor looks at. Very few dancers have medical insurance from their company so dancers cannot consult a doctor every time they are injured. When faced with a minor or light injury, they leave it alone, hoping it gets better as time goes on. However, this can lead to a heavier level of injury.

Ballerinas face problems related to sickled feet, weak ankles, arches and weight problem. Sickled feet are when the heel of the foot is turned in, due to weak ankles. It could lead to sprained or broken ankles when standing *en pointe* as the ankle to the toe is not in a straight line. This makes it hard for the dancer to balance on her toes. To prevent this, the dancer must have strong ankles to support her foot and balance. As for the arches, as mentioned, if the dancer pushes it too far, she could break her ankle. Lastly, if the dancer does not pull her body upwards, all weight will be pressed upon the toes, therefore the feet will be damaged due to all the weight.

There is also the case where dancers want to have cosmetic surgery, and this is increasing in recent years as technology developed. The reason for this is to have a better-looking arch under their feet when they are *en pointe*. However, this surgery is, of course, not recommended, since even the best surgeon’s success probability is 2.5%.

There are four major factors that contribute to the cause of injuries; temperature, floor construction, floor angle and floor surface, and all except temperature relate directly to the reasons for pointe shoe injury.

What's the *pointe*?

by Eri Hatanaka

The floor of the stage or practice studio for a ballerina is one of the most major things that can lead to injury. The floors that “do not breathe and rebound are responsible for many dance injuries”, so the ideal dance floor has come to be one that “floats”, in other words one that responds to the dancer’s landing. A wooden floor is best, as it springs a little, and it is not as hard as concrete.

As for the floor angle, some dance stages are slightly slanted to give a better view for the audience. As it makes it harder for the dancer to dance on it, dancers create bad habits such as putting their weight back, so the ideal floor angle would be straight.

Finally, the floor surface must be non-slippery, so rosin is often used on stage or on practice surfaces. As pointe shoes have less resistance compared to soft ballet shoes, if the floor is not waxed enough, there is a large possibility that the dancer slips and falls. On the other hand, if the floor is too waxed, there is a danger that the dancer trips while moving across the floor.

Despite the many injuries prone to ballerinas regarding pointe shoes, they wear them anyway. Why could this be? There are a few possibilities.

Pointe shoes differentiate classical ballet from other kinds of dance forms such as modern ballet and contemporary ballet. For example, because of the shoes, modern ballets are different in technique, expression of emotion, and appearance. Costumes can be freer and more flowing, with vivid colours and simple designs, in comparison to the wheel-shaped or bell shaped skirts. When the shoes change, choreography will change greatly, because there are some techniques that cannot be done *en pointe*, in soft shoes, and vice versa. In this way, shoes play an important role in separating the different types of dance form.

Another reason may be to keep the tradition of pointe shoes in classical ballet that started since the early 19th century of Taglioni’s time. Some may argue, why didn’t they keep the heeled shoes as a tradition? But then there is ballroom dancing, salsa, and all sorts of dance with heeled shoes. Moreover, if ballet was aimed to be an elegant form of dance, heeled shoes are not appropriate.

Finally, if pointe shoes are not worn, there is the question of “what will be worn?” There are the soft ballet shoes; however these will not satisfy the audience as much as the pointe shoes. Again, this goes back to the topic of pointe shoes developing to welcome the idea of virtuosity and technique.

Because of all these problems and injuries due to pointe, in the 20th century, along with music, there was a change in dance. A new form of art dance appeared – “bare-feet dancing” or sometimes called the “aesthetic”. It had elements of ballet, however, there was a freedom in dress, so the dancers wore loose costumes that billowed along with the movements, and most important of all, they had abandoned the pointe shoes. This portrayed the early form of New Women, as “strong, independent, physically daring, self-sufficient”. It was another way for women to express their feelings in a freer way.

The role of the pointe shoes, changed from presenting women's existence on stage as an other-worldly, fairy-like character, to being used as something that makes the audience admire the dancers for their intricate movements. In reality they are complicated and hard, but on stage seem easy and simple.

Due to the injuries that pointe shoes can cause, there has been an aesthetic formed against pointe shoes. Consequently, the new dance form, "contemporary dance" was formed, a modern type of dance that may have used ballet as a foundation. As it was the result of anti-pointe, contemporary dance often does not use pointe shoes preferring bare feet or soft ballet shoes. Nevertheless, as contemporary dance and ballet fused together in mid-20th century, another new art form called "contemporary ballet" appeared on the stages of America. This, however, is sometimes danced *en pointe*, but does not have so many techniques involving the pointe shoes.

Because of the development of pointe shoes, many other different forms of dance arose. Consequently, the change from heeled shoes to hard pointe shoes was indeed not a change from the bad to good, but from good to better, regardless of the fact that the history of pointe is diminishing. However, this is the "pointe" of this paper, to let more people acknowledge the pointe shoes' reason for its original appearance and purpose on stage.

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**Note: This is an edited version of Eri's original Essay.
Academic referencing has been minimized.**

Graphic design: Arie Moriguchi



Dance

by "Spike" & Daniel Kellett

Dance with the elements

dance with the wind

free yourself

dance on the earth

get in touch

dance in the water

stand strong.

dance through the fire

learn patience

dance towards the sky

keep trying



Spike

Dancing with Words

Dancing with words

dancing and jumping, dancing and jumping

after the poem has finished dancing

everyone thinks about the dance they just read

the words are the dance

they feel alive as they flourish, and jump, and dance

and then the dance stops

the words remain silent

and the reader comes back

to the world.

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