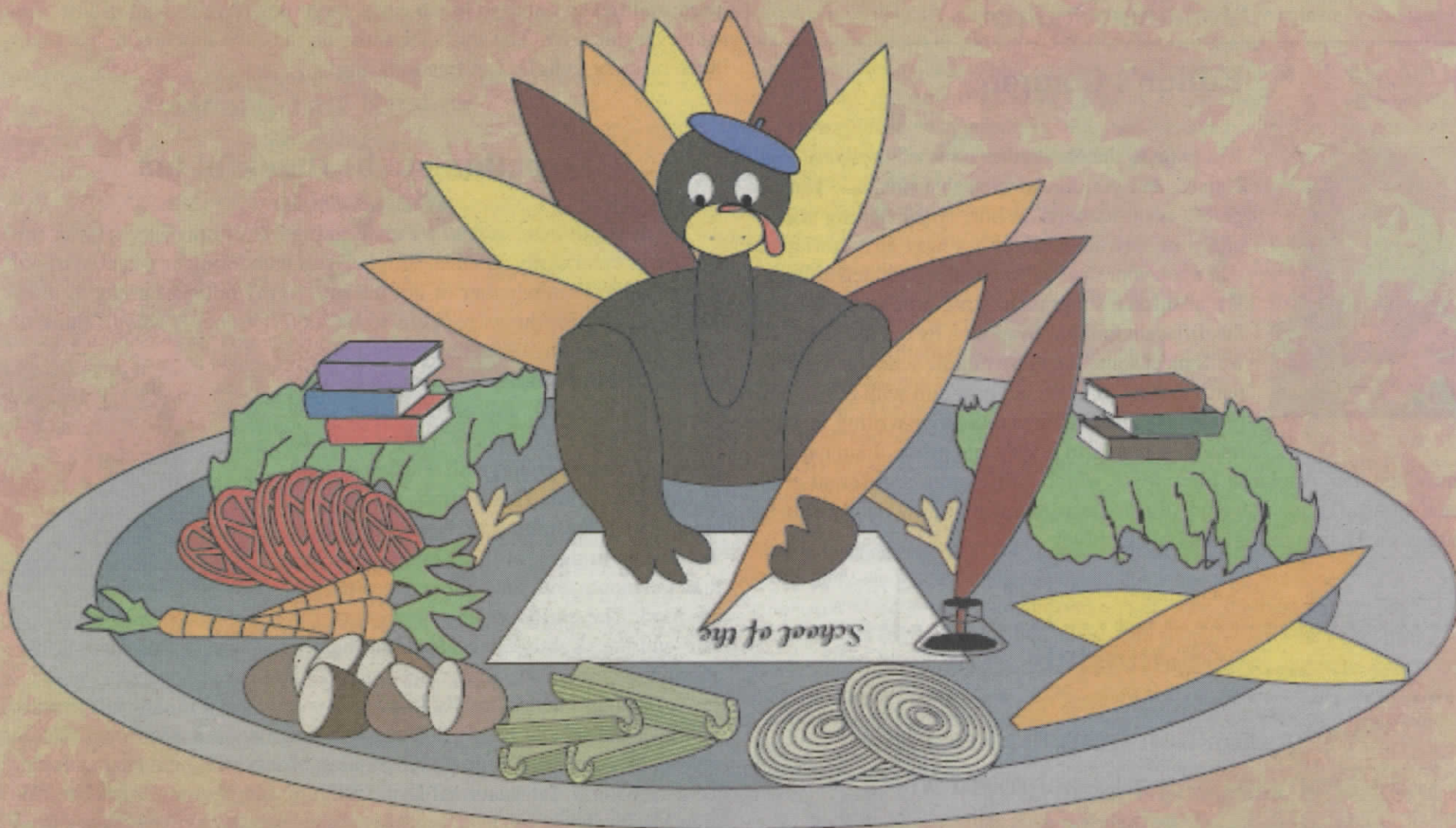


Applause

Volume 6 Number 3

Charleston County School of the Arts, North Charleston, SC

November 2004



Gobble up the Goodness of
Creative Writing!



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Applause is a student produced publication of the School of the Arts.
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Cover designed by Stephen Carlock and
Jonathan Squires

Editor's Column



Welcome to the November issue of *Applause*. Fall is here, and you know what that means... Thanksgiving is on its way. While Thanksgiving is definitely my favorite holiday, we have an editorial that will open your eyes to November's hidden holidays. We also have some interesting articles concerning the different languages spoken by our students, and we'll meet some Japanese middle schooler's that are participating in a pen pal program with SOA. This month's featured art area is creative writing, so delve into their beautiful poetry and prose. I am happy to

introduce the "Applause Interview," which will feature a different artist each month. I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I know I will enjoy the turkey on Thanksgiving! Gobble Gobble!

Casey O'Neill

Editorials

A Proclamation from the President: Demystifying a Lunchroom Myth

By Omi Naderi

Have you ever been the victim of unjust treatment in the cafeteria, standing in the lunch line as you patiently await a warm meal—however appetizing—when suddenly a starving senior moves in front of you, crying, "Senior privileges!" and you are left with no choice but to make way and let the senior cut, thinking that there is actually a law that allows these people to do such dastardly deeds? Does your blood boil at this injustice that you believe to be somehow legalized? Does your tummy rumble as you grumble,



"Why does this have to happen to me?" The time for your salvation from lunchroom atrocities has come. Behold! After being approached by the suffering underclassmen demanding justice, the Senior Class President, **Yeager Deas**, has uncovered the truth behind this myth of senior cuts that has been accepted by generations of oppressed SOA High School students:

"O high school students of SOA, I call thee to knowest that the senior privileges do not permit cutting in line during lunch. Let me be clear: I urge all freshman, sophomores, and juniors who do stand in line to defend their liberty and rejecteth the declaration of any senior who demandeth the right to cut in front of thee in the name of senior privileges. 'Tis only fitting that those who wait patiently be rewarded. My fellow seniors shall hate me for this proclamation, yet 'tis the righteous course of action to fight for the justice of many over the privileges of few."

It just so happens that the senior code of laws authorizes seniors to come to lunch five to eight minutes before the rest of high school students are released; however, there never has been any right granted for seniors to cut in line to quickly receive their lunch. If seniors don't take advantage of their abilities to come to lunch early, then they have to wait in line—just like everyone else. The truth about the myth of the lunchroom has finally been brought to light. Let freedom ring!

Something to be thankful for

by Noelle Williams

It is fall now, and as we are coming out of hurricane season and into the normal chilly weather, I find myself wondering more about trivial things rather than whether or not the roof to my house is going to blow off. One of those things happens to be food. Of course when I think of food, Thanksgiving is not far behind and neither is Christmas, for that matter. To be honest, I live for food, and unfortunately over the years, like many others, I have come to associate Thanksgiving with feasting instead of being thankful. This disturbs me greatly, since I love the month of November and I would like to think of it as something more than the month with the holiday when people eat food. The chilly weather, the coats, the fair, and the slightly cheerful atmosphere, are some of the things I love about November.

Though no one really knows, November is a month full of little holidays and special weeks that could be celebrated. Aside from Thanksgiving, November is National Ice Skating Month, National Peanut Butter Lover's Month, International Drum Month, and National American Indian Month. There are also tons of weekly celebrations. They range from National Pursuit of Happiness Week to Hug A Veteran Week to National Bible Week. Finally, there are daily observations such as Men Make Dinner Day and National American Teddy Bear Day.

I know it may sound crazy but there are so many interesting holidays that people could celebrate. If you don't see any that interest you from the ones I have listed, don't get too discouraged because there are many more holidays. There is even a Mickey Mouse Day and a National Chocolate Celebration Day! If you are interested in a list of all the holidays, I encourage you to go to www.Brownielocks.com and find something that you can really be thankful for and celebrate.

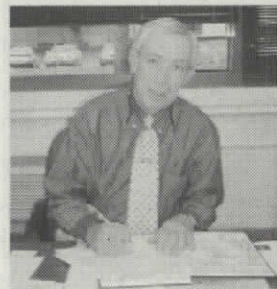


Features

The 3D's

by Kathleen Smith and Rachel Maguire

Recently, Mayor Keith Summey began tearing down the Public Housing Development surrounding our school. This has caused the ghetto personnel to flee into the School of the Arts parking lot and break into two cars. **Kati Ahearn** asks Mr. Davis: Do you have a solution for the recent break-ins and preventing them from happening in the future?



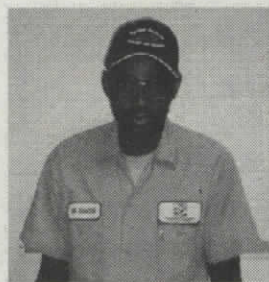
Thank you very much for your interest in such a serious issue Kati, Rachel, and Kathleen. There have been many problems in the school parking lot that are mainly caused because the student body is making it easy for these criminals to break into their cars. We are trying to advise student drivers to park with the noses of their cars facing the building. By parking parallel to the fence, students create a hidden area where a burglar can duck down and break into that car. Also, we are trying to remind students to hide their valuables from view and lock them in a trunk or a glove box. My solution to the problem, which I cannot guarantee will be effective but should help, is a police officer that I have called in via the North Charleston Police Department to drive around our campus on the hour every hour. The key to minimizing break-ins is simply to make it hard for the burglar, if they can break in roughly 60 seconds, they will.

We all know that Mrs. Darlene is very caring and generous; she serves us our food every day, so **Alison Smith** asks: Mrs. Darlene, what is your favorite food to serve-up in the cafeteria and why?



Well girls, my favorite food to serve in this cafeteria is chicken tenders, well, actually anything with chicken in it. When we serve chicken here the students go crazy, I would have to say that chicken is our best seller, whether it be chicken sandwiches, chicken fingers, chicken tenders, or popcorn chicken.

Rabid groundhogs are tunneling their way under SOA's campus (or are they)? This has caused us much trouble, for we trip over the dirt mounds rushing from class to class. Should we fear getting attacked? School of the Arts needs to be prepared so Mandy Stone asks: Mr. Dawson, why are there dirt mounds strategically placed all over campus?



For the best interest of the students, such as you girls, smoke detectors and fire alarms are being installed in trailers. This problem shouldn't last much longer. Once everything is finished the ground will be leveled, and there will no longer be a worry about being tardy to class and tripping over these foothills of dirt.

Around the world at SOA

by Lane Elsey

Not paying attention in French class? Well, you better get started because some students at SOA are way ahead of you. Like **Lukas Hadthtein**, who speaks German fluently, or **Mariana Salazar** whose second language is actually English, her first being Spanish. **Elizabeth Le-Tran**, a 9th grader, speaks Vietnamese. From our very own newspaper staff, **Omi Naderi** speaks Farsi, the language of Iran. **Braden Joyce-Schleimer** who speaks Hebrew told me, "I took three years of it so that I could read and chant from the Torah at my Bar Mitzvah." **Adam**, who speaks Hungarian, was born in Hungary and lived here with his family for six years. Some, like Mariana, even plan to use their abilities in the future to "help all the Spanish speaking people and get a lot more money as a translator." Others like Braden told me the only way he could use his second language as a career was if "I land a role in Fiddler on the Roof." Everyone interviewed plans to travel to the country their language is from to see family and experience what it's like there; Lukas told me that he's visited Germany many times and "they have a fun way of partying there." Adam's family is living in Hungary right now. To keep in touch, "I visit them during the summer break. Hungary has a lot of historic places, large cities, old castles, and even snow in the winter."

Ever been paranoid that when people are speaking a foreign language around you, they're talking about you? Well, Elizabeth assured me that she's never done this, but Mariana admitted to it. But she explained that "It doesn't necessarily have to be bad things or making fun of people, but usually most people take it the wrong way. I might say things like 'I really like her shirt!'" Braden even told me a story explaining how knowing a second language can help a lot in a big, scary city; "I was in New York City and this random guy was following us trying to get my friends and me to buy something, so I yelled at him in Hebrew. I'm not sure what I said, I just threw some mean-sounding words together." Everyone interviewed also told me that they're friends sometimes bug them to translate words so, for everyone at SOA you too can know at least a little bit of a foreign language: Farsi: Salaam - hello; Dasta shamah dard nakone - I hope your hand never hurts (used to thank someone).

Hebrew: Shalom - Hello, goodbye, and peace; Adonai - God

Spanish: Hola - Hello; Dame un beso! - Give me a kiss!

German: Kumpel - Dude; Geil - Awesome

Vietnamese: ui mung - Happiness

Hungarian: Te egy kolbasz vagy! - You're a sausage!

And for the *Applause* staff and just for my benefit, in German, Viet-
(continued on page 14)

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Ying Fang
10th grade



Grace Davis
11th grade



Addie Brown
11th grade



Lainey Harrison
11th grade

Student Art



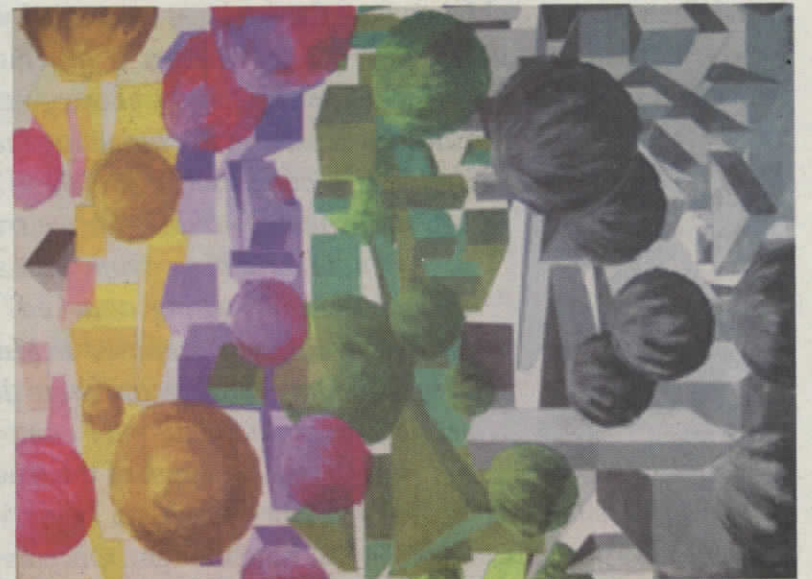
Anastasia Timina
8th grade



Allison Smith
11th grade



Dalia Dalili
11th grade



Rachel Epstein
10th grade

Feature

Seventh graders connect with Japanese pen pals

by Noelle Williams

Mr. Kreft and his seventh grade writing classes have found a new way to apply the national standard for writing friendly letters—participating in a pen pal program. Mr. Smyth, the academics coordinator, suggested the idea as a fun and interesting way to not only address the national standard, but to also teach the seventh graders about different cultures. So far, Mr. Smyth has contacted several English teachers in different continents including Asia and Europe. Originally, only Japan responded to Mr. Smyth's offer, but as of late, several countries are considering the program. Right now Mr. Kreft's writing class is writing letters to two Japanese middle schools in Yokohama and Tokorozawa city, and Dutch students in Arnhem, Holland.

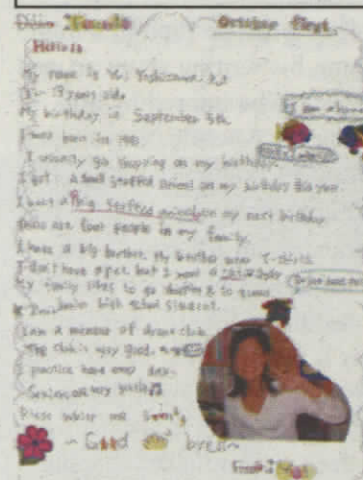
There are only 80 Japanese students participating in the program; which is not a lot compared to the 140 students who are writing in Mr. Kreft's writing classes. However, there are about 1200 Dutch students within the school in Arnhem. The teacher Mr. Smyth contacted, Robert Phillips, is still un-

sure how many will participate in the program. Both he and Mr. Smyth are hoping to get many of them to write back to the seventh graders who will probably be sending their letters first.

Topics for the letters were originally discussed between Mr. Smyth, Mr. Kreft, and Japanese teachers, Nobuko Sugiyama and Keiko Murayama. The students were supposed to write only four times a year, first about themselves, then about winter traditions, spring, and summer vacation. Since the program has expanded, both Mr. Kreft and Mr. Smyth are trying to adjust to writing to more countries. "We may have to go with the flow," says Mr. Smyth. He is currently waiting to hear news from Hungary and Israel; two of the countries he is hoping will join the program later in the year. "The students are having a blast," says Mr. Smyth excitedly. "They have really become conscious of their writing." Mr. Kreft's classes were very enthusiastic about starting their letters. Many of them are paying more attention to the geography of Japan and Holland. They are also paying attention to spelling, grammar, and word choice. "They have to keep their audience in mind," says Mr. Kreft. "They can't use any unusual words." The students have recently watched a video of Japanese schools that Mr. Smyth brought in for them to see, which has inspired them to ask questions about differences in school and family life.

Many of the seventh graders are still working on their first letters to introduce themselves to their pen pals. The seventh graders are encouraged to give information about their family, school, hobbies, and pets. In addition to sending letters, the students are going to be sending mementos of the Low Country and the US. They are planning to send flags, maps, pictures of the students, Art Smart shirts, a piece of the *Post and Courier*, *Applause*, and a dollar in exchange for a yen. Mr. Smyth is planning to mail the package himself after Mr. Kreft and the students are done editing the letters.

Mr. Smyth is hoping to continue to expand the program further so that the students can have pen pals all over the world. "I would like to get different countries to write to each other instead of one on one." He is still trying to get as many contacts as possible to other countries. So if you know someone who could get in touch with a school that has students in the age group of 12 or 13, then please talk to Mr. Smyth and help him to expand the program into a world wide learning experience.



TOKUMARU
得丸 静奈
SHIZUNA

My favorite KANJI are
希望
This means "hope"

MICKEY
MINNIE

Hello. My name is Shizuna Tokumaru. I am 13 years old. My birthday is November 11th I go to Higashimurayama second junior high school (東村山第二中学校) I think that it is fun. I'm in the badminton club. There are about 35 students in this club. My favorite subject is PE. I don't like home economics, geography and science. What subjects do you like?? I have a father, mother, sister and a pet. My pet is a rabbit. It's brown. It's very cute. Do you have any pet?? Good Bye!!

Shizuna

天畑 杜太

Hello!!

My name is Riko Umehara. I am 13 years old. I like Tennis. I'm in the tennis club.

Nice to meet you!
よろこび!!

Hello!! My name is Riko Umehara. I am 13 years old. There are four people in my family. I don't have any pet. I have father, mother and a sister. How many people are there in your family? I like English. But I think that it is difficult. So I study it hard. I take piano lessons on Monday. I practice "月光" it means moonlight. We will have a chorus concert on October 28th. I will accompany her on the piano. I practice the note too.

Good-Bye!!

Hello!!

My name is Riko Umehara. I am 13 years old. I like Tennis. I'm in the tennis club.

Nice to meet you!
よろこび!!

Hello!! My name is Riko Umehara. I am 13 years old. There are four people in my family. I don't have any pet. I have father, mother and a sister. How many people are there in your family? I like English. But I think that it is difficult. So I study it hard. I take piano lessons on Monday. I practice "月光" it means moonlight. We will have a chorus concert on October 28th. I will accompany her on the piano. I practice the note too.

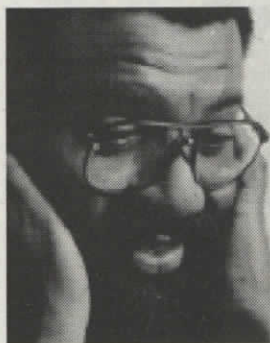
Good-Bye!!

Applause Interview

Kwame Dawes: actor, playwright, and poet

by LaToya Smith

Weeks of phone calls, e-mails, cancellations, and confirmations could not have prepared me for the response of Professor Dawes, actor, playwright, producer, broadcaster, accomplished story teller, former reggae singer, professor of English at USC, Poet in Residence, Director of the SC Poetry Initiative, and writer (phew!) - Prof. Kwame Dawes shared. Whether you are a creative writing major or a writer at heart, I am honored to present to you the unadulterated truth as told by the artist. Visit KwameDawes.com and pick up his books to explore a world of truth, and mysticism through this profound writer.



You wrote about your childhood in the introduction to

Lyrical Genius. How has growing up in Jamaica affected your writing?

I arrived in Jamaica when I was nine years old. That was in 1971. I would live in Jamaica for another twenty years before I left to live abroad. The decade of the seventies represented the period of my coming of age. There is no question that those years shaped my whole understanding of myself and the world around me. During that decade Jamaica struggled with the idealism of Democratic Socialism, and the very introduction of such thought to Jamaican society suddenly thrust us in a profound ideological discussion that affected me even when I was a pre-teen. I remember engaging in serious political debate from an early age because that was what people on the street were doing. I understood capitalism and socialism, I understood what Marx said and what anti-imperialism was all about. Words like the "non aligned movement" were not alien to me. At the same time, I was living in a society that was finally coming to terms with the history of slavery and with the problems of racism that had plagued it for years. We started to talk about the reason why black women did not win the Miss Jamaica beauty contest. We began to see Jamaicans facing the fact of their African past. It was a revolutionary time in many ways. Education was made free for all children, and many of the elite high schools were being filled with working class people for the first time. At the same time we suffered deprivations, we suffered from the lack of imports of American goods, and we had to make do with a great deal of sacrifice. We asked questions about loyalty, about commitment to country, about thinking of political ideology as element to defining our daily life. Crime rose during that time, reggae exploded as an international entity, and in the midst of all of this a different Christian movement was emerging called the Charismatic movement that was having an impact on many young people. We were engaged in a cultural war. Rastafarianism gained its fullest ascendancy and highest profile during those years, and Bob Marley led the march of great prophets and artists into our collective psyche. I learned to speak patois, I learned to stone mangoes off trees, I learned about girls, I learned to draw and to write, I learned about who I was, and I learned about God and accepted Christ all during those years. So that decade was critical in shaping the man I have become. No question about it. I have moved on, in some ways, but in others, I am still shaped by the music, the smells, the dress, the thoughts and the feelings that held my attention during those years.

Your father was a writer. How much did this affect the career path you chose?

To be quite honest, I spent much of my early twenties resisting any inclination to be a novelist like my father. I chose, instead, to be a playwright because I did not want to contend with the comparison. I was engaged in that rite of passage of a man trying to distance himself from his father's influence. Of course, we never realize it while it is happening, but such an act, while necessary, is quite futile. I did not become a writer because my father was a writer. I tried not to be a writer. But I could not live without writing. So I stopped fighting it. I think, though, that the fact that my father was writing and that he had so many friends who were writers, at least allowed me to believe that being a writer was not a strange and impossible thing. The fact of my father's writing simply allowed the space for possibility. Eventually, my father would teach me a great deal about being a writer. Ironically,

this would happen after his death. I was twenty-four when he died in a tragic accident, and soon I was studying his work, studying his writing about art and retracing the things he had said to others, in my effort to be tutored by him. It happened. In truth, my first book of poems, *Resisting the Anomie*, was shaped by my father's influence and my work at becoming reconciled with the fact of his passing. But my mother's influence, while not so obvious, may in fact be something for people to pay attention to. My mother is an artists—a sculptor and a painter. She is also a social worker. Her commitment to her art had a great impact on me as a child. I used to help her cast her work, fire her statues and do her amazing batik work. Being around her was like being in that constantly swirling world of creativity. But there was nothing otherworldly about her. She has always been a rooted woman, a pragmatic woman, a woman who cares about people before anything else. And I got that sense from her, that sense of priority. My father always credited her for helping him to set his priorities straight. He would line us up as children and declare, "My greatest poems." This meant a great deal to us. It meant that he saw the family as more important than even his art. I think I have learned this from them. Both of them.

Who or what are your influences?

I could write a long list, but it would not be exhaustive. Every book of mine emerges as I have read some artist or looked at some work of art. There are some poets I return to. Kamau Brathwaite is one. So is Derek Walcott, I return to them because they are successful and they have worked with the highest levels of excellence. They remind me of what I can be. I like to think of giants over me as it makes me push harder. But I adore the poetry of friends like Lorna Goodison, and so many others whose work sharpens me. I have been reading Gabriel Garcia Marquez a lot lately and finding so much in his fiction. And reggae artists like Burning Spear and Bob Marley and Peter Tosh are all constant presences in my imagination. Yet I cannot say that my work as a writer has not been shaped by the literature I have studied and read for pleasure over the years. All the classical western texts have been crucial to my own development and, at the same time, the stories I was told as a child and the songs I was made to sing, all of these things have been defining elements in my own work. So I would rather others did the work of tracing my influences.

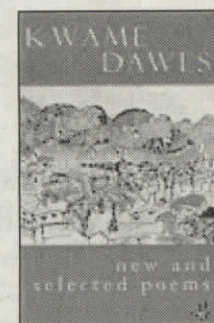
How, do you think, your musical inclination affects your writing?

I am not sure how. I don't think consciously of music when I am writing poetry or plays or fiction. But it is clear that my work is shaped by music—in other words, musicality and issues of rhythm and sound are all part of what makes my work what it is. It should be enough to say that I love music. I do. I listen to it all the time. I listen to reggae, I listen to folks like van Morrison and Bob Dylan, I listen to classical stuff, I listen to jazz. I don't always have a sophisticated sense of these genres, but I take what moves me and I run with it. All this must help to give meaning to my work and to affect my work in some way. My collection of short stories, *A Place to Hide*, is accented by some rather self-conscious efforts at writing reggae into prose. I think they succeed. But here is what we can't get away from: anyone who has lived during the last seventy years has been bombarded with music on radio and other sources of recorded sound. We have all lived with a defining sound track to our lives. We can't shake that reality.

The challenge is to see how we can use that sound track to help shape the art we make. I think this is what I have done with my own work. But I repeat that since I love music I suspect that it will appear in all kinds of ways in all my work.

What was your first reaction upon the completion of this ground breaking accomplishment, *Lyrical Genius*?

I really like the book. I liked writing it. I finished it thinking that I had achieved something important with it. But I was in London when the final draft was finished. It was a period of intense writing because I had to make major changes because of some headaches between my publishers and the Marley estate. So I



Applause Interview

really like the book. I liked writing it. I finished it thinking that I had achieved something important with it. But I was in London when the final draft was finished. It was a period of intense writing because I had to make major changes because of some headaches between my publishers and the Marley estate. So when I finished, what I felt was fatigue. Nonetheless, the book is a really important work because I think it finally does some serious justice to Marley's art and not just the legend of Marley. That is what I set out to do, and I think I accomplished. Lyrical genius is a very personal book. But it is a book that becomes personal for so many other people. It is the first serious treatment Marley's work by a black Jamaican. The difference is apparent, I think. I did not write the book as an authority, as a friend of Bob, or as an insider in the world of Marley. I wrote the book as a lover of his work, as a student of his lyrics and as someone who was a boy watching Bob play soccer as if that was the most ordinary thing in the world.

Marley has already been dubbed musical genius—who today would you say, embodies or at least tries to embody that individual ingenuity, intellect, creativity, truth and the dedication to music and the listeners?—in other words, where are our lyrical geniuses of today?

I have no good answers. I like Bounty Killer and think he is smart artist. But he is no Marley because he should not be a Marley. Bounty is not driven by religious faith and the quest to articulate it. I do not think I should spend my time searching for the next Bob Marley. That is a futile endeavor. I simply pay attention to what I like in music and I enjoy it. Eventually an artist will put together the kind of work that will be as influential and defining. I am not taster, I like what I like. I adore Sade's songs. I have admire Lauryn Hill. Wyclef Jean is a gifted artist. None of these can be compared to Bob Marley. It is hard to be a Marley in America. Hard because Marley was engaged in a world movement that was absolutely clear—revolution, liberation. Marley wanted to be famous, but his art was driven by something more compelling—his faith and his desire to see Africans Unite and to see the unification of the Rastaman. Asking who the next Marley is, is like asking who the next Ghandi is or who the next Mandela is. We are blessed with geniuses every so often in a given century. Any efforts to replicate their genius is futile. A cultural shapes an artist. When we understand the crisis of this new century, when someone states with the clarity with which W.E.B. Dubois declared that the greatest issue facing the US in the twentieth century would be the issue of race, at the beginning of the last century, I think we will begin to see the artists emerge who will speak to this generation. Hip Hop is moving along, but its very ethos, its heavy materialism, its nihilism, its egomaniacal drive are all elements that make it a different kind of radicalism, a tough one, and one that does not comfortably engage with the spirit that would have driven a Bob Marley. This does not mean that something is wrong with this new development, it just means that we don't yet quite understand it and are not critiquing it as we should. But it will happen. It is just a matter of time.

Could you please condense your writing process in a few sentences?

No, I couldn't. My writing process is my life process. I will say only a few things: I write quickly on the first draft. I rewrite a great deal. I am never confident about what I write—especially poetry. Not at first, anyway. Confidence comes when I understand what I have written which sometimes takes a while. I write in spurts, but sometimes I write with a disciplined system—certain time of the day, so many hours for the day, and so on. I panic when I have not written in a while. I write letters a lot. My work comes out of journal writing and letters. I don't write a journal now—haven't since my late twenties, but the instinct to chronicle is part of why I write. I enjoy writing.

You are a renaissance man and a very balanced and phenomenal writer, what advice would you give to up and coming writers?

You call me great, but I am not sure what you mean. So I won't take it to heart. Here is where I am. I have learned a great deal as a writer. I continue to learn. I am on a constant apprenticeship. I am always aware of what I can't do and what I need to do better even as I am aware of what I do well. I set high standards for myself. I admit to myself that since this is something I plan to do for the rest of

my life, I might as well be good at it. I don't like to feel ignorant about the technical elements of my craft. I want to have as many tools at my disposal. But above all, I want to be honest. I really do. I want to always find truth in what I write even when it is painful. I can tell when I have written something dishonest. I don't mean when I have written something that did not happen. I mean when I have written something that has no inherent loyalty to itself, something that is lazy, easy, and that has not been tested. I can tell. I try to avoid that kind of work. I have promised myself that I will be honest about what I enjoy reading so that I can understand my own tastes. I have also promised myself that I will read as much as possible and try and see how those other writers make it work. My advice: always have a sense of scale. Don't think of yourself more highly than you ought. Don't be lazy about your art. Don't fob it.

When it is all said and done, in what way do you want to be remembered?

That was I was kind to people. I want my wife to remember me with fondness, with a wealth of good feeling. I want my children to smile when they think of me. I want my art to somehow make through at least one generation of memory. I want people to see the God I serve and believe in somewhere in my wake. Oh, such lofty hopes, but there it is.

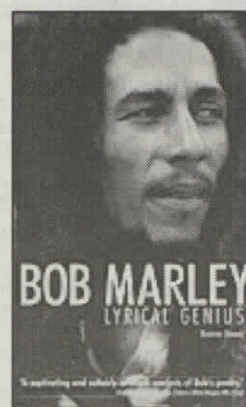
I know that a writers beliefs have a great impact on his or her creations, what belief system if any at all, do you attach yourself to?

I am a Christian. I am a born again, tongues speaking, Holy Ghost filled, Christian. But I am not your evangelical stereotype. I am a black man, born in Ghana, raised in Jamaica, a lover of reggae, a man raised in a socialist home and thus one who understands the horrors the church perpetuated on

my people over the centuries; and yet, even as I know all of this, I am a man who met Jesus one day, and found in the narrative of that man's life and in the palpable presence of this encounter, something I cannot deny: faith. The beauty of my faith is that I know that I have been embraced in my entirety. In other words, God speaks to me as much about what it means to be a part of the legacy and presence of the Middle Passage as much as he speaks to me about how to deal with the failures I have had in my walk and in my life. All of it is part of what gives shape to me. Yet, beyond it all, I am comforted always by a single image from the Book of Revelations when John promises that he will wipe the tears from our eyes. Such an eloquent promise of deepest intimacy. I remember when I first allowed that image to settle in me. I was an undergraduate at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica. I was sitting on the concrete balcony outside my dorm room. It was late at night. I meditated on this for a long time, and in that instant, I knew that my faith was built on something deeply personal—an encounter that I could not rationalize or deny. For someone who has read, studied other faiths and developed deep and lasting friendships with people of different beliefs, I remain rooted in the simple narrative of Christ's love. What can I say? It is what it is.

What major obstacles have you faced being the lead singer in a reggae band to being a professor at the college and from being a playwright to taking the stage as an actor?

No obstacles at all. I am not sure if I understand the question. There is no contradiction in being a lead singer of a reggae band and being a professor. Being a professor is the duller of the two, of course. Being a professor is no big thing. I teach. I teach. I teach. I adore teaching. It is what I like to do. But I also like singing and hearing a tight reggae band behind me. I have not changed my wardrobe. So I see no contradictions. Now with regard to the play writing and acting, I have to say that I am not fond of acting. I hate studying lines. I don't have the necessary self-absorption that the best actors have. When I am acting I am always aware of the pretense—the sham of it. Now Brecht and Stanislavski would say that I am an ideal actor. But I know that I am not given to it. I would not be satisfied with that alone. But I act to be a part of an ensemble. Still writing plays is always more satisfying for me. I want to be able to offer the full narrative, to construct the story to shape the way the audience come to it. I am into language.



Featured Art: Creative Writing

The Harry

By Cait Brennan

Strolling down the walkway that leads to Mr. Anderson's physical education class, I was certain that this exclusive interview with **Harry Harrison** was sure to be a laugh out loud (lol) occurrence. The moment Harry anxiously skipped from the classroom, I knew Mr. Harrison, a creative writing major in his freshmen year, had acquired a comedic aura that can light up a room. This unusual characteristic has surely aided this interviewee in his writings. I bet you are wondering how it all began. Well calm down! Harry and I have teamed up to give you the entire scoop.

When I asked Harry Harrison what brought him to this fair land we call School of the Arts, he admitted that when his sister, **Lainey Harrison**, and stepsister, **Ashley Chaplain**, were accepted into the school, he also yearned to be a part of such a unique atmosphere. Creative Writing fit like a glove. As Harry put it, he simply wrote a poem, went to the interview, was accepted, and that was that. He also tried out for visual arts, but that path was not as promising, considering he knew from the start that he could not draw. You win some, you lose some, right?

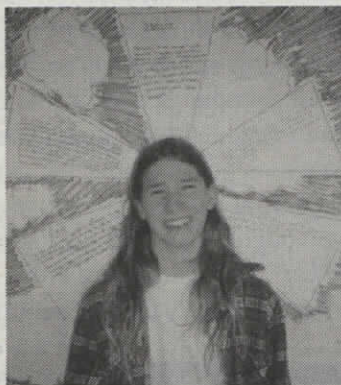
Creative Writing gives Harry a chance to get his creative juices pumping. Not only that, but he is given the chance to relate to the teachers who have educated him with such caring skill. "The teachers are great because we get a new one just about every year. I mean we go through teachers like Eminem goes through lawsuits. Anyway, its just fun to meet these new people and get to know their teaching skills and writing abilities. They really get us ready for life and teach us how to let go. We have had many writing teachers that we really loved, but you just have to let them go, as you do for most things in life. You just have to learn that some things come and some things go. Ms. Miles is great too! Don't get me wrong. I love Ms. Miles." This Creative Writing class does not just learn about grammar and sentence structure; they learn life lessons that will aid them in imperative decisions years after they sadly depart from School of the Arts.

Searching for a preferred genre is not always a straightforward task. So, Harry decided to take another approach, or so I thought. "I do not particularly have a favorite genre, I just have favorite books. Wait! I don't even have favorite books, I have favorite phrases out of books; favorite little sentences that I think are cute, or funny, or interesting. I like Science Fiction. But seriously, I just read what I like to read and if I like it, I like it, and if I don't, I don't." A bit astonished, I patiently recovered as my interviewee caught his breath from his obviously exhausting response. I could not help but wonder how long he has waited to toss that in someone's face.

Kurt Vonnegut is a favorite author of Harry's. "He's just a great writer. His characters and ideas are just so funny. You know, sometimes I look at Kurt Vonnegut and I think to myself, what a strange man." I know I think the same thing whenever I see Vonnegut leisurely walking the streets.

Harry's style and creative process are pretty nutty. Brace yourselves; he likes to keep things simple! I had to drag up the lost meaning of "simple" before I could allow Harry to continue. Who does anything the simple way these days? Apparently, this writer prefers a fascinating and enticing, uncomplicated writing style, as we all should. When he begins a new piece, he first thinks of a character. Someone interesting and funny tends to draw a crowd. Next, this writer racks his brain for a situation that his character can effortlessly ease into. The short story that he is currently working on, is an incredible example of just such a process. "DAN BANNER! I said Dan Banner in an early 1920s, 1930s voice, and I thought it was the funniest thing I had ever heard. So then I thought, Dan Banner, a 1930s police detective stuck in now-a-days Detroit, Michigan. And I wrote a story about this character. You would love it." Sounds like a knee slapper if I ever heard one.

According to Mr. Harrison, if you ever have a bad case of writers block, it can be cured by merely examining and analyzing your characters, your plot, and your past ideas. If you still can not seem to find an answer, find refuge in your peers. I



found this solution especially interesting, because when I am cursed with the ever frightful writers block, I usually punch a pillow until the seams burst and the white goose feathers coat the entire room like a snowy plain. However, Harry's way of dealing with this problem seems to be much more rewarding and cleaner.

"My personal best piece is the piece I never wrote. Not that my writing is bad. Sometimes I look back on my works and I think, man, I am the greatest person that ever existed." This is in fact a true statement, believe it or not.

In finding your personal best writings, a person must decide upon a theme. Harry does not have a common theme in his pieces, but there is always a theme. He believes all themes develop from the different ways people perceive dissimilar happenings and experiences.

Being the curious person that I am, I decided to ask about his opinion on the importance of grammar and word usage in everyday life. "I like to show people that I am an intelligent creative writer by using the word well, rather than good, or saying may I use the bathroom. This really seems to get under people's skin." I suppose Harry just likes to watch us non-creative writers squirm. What a doll.

I wanted my final question to leave a lasting controversial topic in Harry's mind for at least the rest of the day. I asked if he, along with other creative writers, felt out of the "artistic loop" writing all the way in the book building, which is a completely different world compared to the art building. Harry took a moment to gather his thoughts on the matter and surprised me by answering my question with another question, "Do you consider the block building an actual loop?" I was not exactly sure of the answer Mr. Harrison was looking for; after all, I was the interviewer. I should have been the one asking the questions. Despite all the hullabaloo, I answered him with a yes. "I also think it is shaped rather like a loop. Anyway, the answer is no, I wasn't even aware there was an artistic loop." I suppose Harry is right. An "artistic loop" can be found just about anywhere unless of course your loop turns into a square.

There you have it, an inside look into Harry Harrison's creative mind. It was like discovering new territory full of the perilous and the unknown. However, I was willing to jeopardize my life and walk the newfound land for this once in a lifetime opportunity.

Middle School Student Interview: Ian Brown

by Hilari Ross

Hilari Ross sat down with Ian Brown, an eighth grade creative writer, to ask him some questions about writing.

Why creative writing? What drew you to it?

Well, I have always loved writing and I like reading just as much.

When did you start writing?

I started writing when I was in the 6th grade and I have been writing ever since.

What inspires you to write?

I enjoy reading a lot so I decided that I wanted people to enjoy my writing as much as I enjoy their's.

Who is your favorite author and why?

My favorite author is Edgar Alan Poe because I like his style. The style of his writing is very dark and in his time people were afraid to think about certain issues yet he was daring enough to write about them.

What is your favorite genre? Least favorite?

My favorite kind of writing to do is free writing. There is this one activity where our teacher puts on some music and we have to just write for 20 minutes. You can just sit and write random words but you can't pick up your pencil. My least favorite kind would have to be script writing because you have to describe everything.

What kind of books do you enjoy reading?

My favorite kind of books would have to be fantasy, they're are so elaborate.

What is your favorite book?

No Ones Even Bleeding by Lenny Castalanetta

What is a typical week like for you in creative writing?

Our teacher gives us usually three different assignments at the beginning of the week and we have until the end to finish them. Sometimes she will add something to one of the assignments but you can pretty much do your work at your own pace.

Featured Art: Creative Writing

Getting to know Ms. Henry

by Kathleen Smith

On Tuesday, October 19th, I sat down with Ms. Maryann Henry, the new creative writing teacher.



Taking a seat on the comfy couches located in the center of the room, it occurred to me that I had not taken her picture. I assumed she would choose to be photographed at her desk, but to my surprise she led me outside to the giant M&M cone on the side of the machine. Cracking a smile, I took the picture and realized right then and there, Ms. Henry is anything but ordinary.

What is your educational background?

I went to West Virginia State, what they call a historically black college. I have a degree in sociology, psychology and a minor in philosophy. I have a master's degree in education. After teaching for five years I realized I was interested in radio and television, specializing in writing and production. I went to a higher university and took graduate classes in writing for productions.

What do you like to do in your free time?

I'm building a guest cottage next to my beach house on Folly. My evenings seemed to be filled with drywall, and plumbers. I have two Labrador retrievers, and they require to be taken on long walks on the beach. I still write professionally for my old clients, so I set aside some time each night to work on that. I go out to dinner with my friends, dance and play. I also take belly-dancing lessons.

What do you love about SOA?

I enjoy teaching talented writers. It's fun to teach students who are enthusiastic about writing; it can be very rewarding. All the staff seems to be so dedicated to helping the students. It's also rare that a school honors the arts.

What did you do before you decided you wanted to teach?

Since 1985 I have been doing video and film production. I have a project right now in Texas that I have been working on for four years about dinosaurs. It requires me to go hang out with paleontologists at a quarry. I look at the process through a child's point of view and design characters and write video and film stories that pop up on the monitors as you go through the exhibit.

What inspired you to be a creative writing teacher?

What I love about this job is that I get the chance to teach gifted writers; it's fun to teach students who love to write.

What was your favorite piece of work you have written?

I just wrote a story, "One Blind Eye," and submitted it to a contest and my work got published in the book, *Catfish Stew*, tender morsels of fine southern literature.

If you could have any job what would you be?

I would be sitting at home in my beach cottage writing a novel.

Who was your favorite professor and why?

My favorite professor was my philosophy teacher who taught me that "imagination is more important than knowledge," oh wait, Einstein said that.

The Secret Life of Mrs. Miles

by Rachel Maguire

Mrs. Miles, one of the creative writing teachers at School of the Arts

was an English student at Seaton Hall as well as the Citadel. After completing college, she attended graduate courses at Breadloaf. While at Seaton Hall, a professor, Marguerita Young, taught her to be tough and take criticism. This whole writing craze started in sixth grade and from then on, she knew she wanted to teach. To her, creative writing is a way to express yourself and learn about who you are. Creative Writing always seemed like an elective, but when she learned



about SOA she was thrilled that she could teach a creative writing course. Mrs. Miles was impressed by our school's small size and the opportunity to share arts with each other. "At School of the Arts, the students develop strong relationships with the teachers. We become their mentors and it shows. I still have students that call and come by to visit all of the time." Mrs. Miles remarked.

In her free time, she likes to garden, sew, walk, spend time with her family, read and do basically anything that has to do with her hands. When asked who her favorite author is, she looked a little puzzled, however, she narrowed it down to the Irish poet William Butler Yeates, and Carl Sandberg. She enjoys reading May Sarton's *Journal of a Solitude*. It is "a book that I could read over and over and never get tired. She also enjoys D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* and *Girl With the Pearl Earring*, by Tracy Chevalier.

Would you ever guess Mrs. Miles was so well rounded? One of the biggest shocks we learned about Mrs. Miles was that she used to dance with Robert Ivey and she was involved in many musicals such as *West Side Story*, *Cabaret*, and *Oklahoma*. Out of these three, her favorite is *West Side Story*. She still finds herself in the car singing "I like to be in America, okay by me in America, everything free in America, for a small fee in America."

Although she is a creative writing teacher, if she could have any job, she would be a writer. The more she is in class she learns, or at least thinks, that she could write a novel. One day she hopes to try, but she will never be sure until she does.



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Student Work

Pieces in Progress



They all had perfect little driveways going up from the main sidewalk, and perfectly green yards. Travis wondered what it would be like if the grass in his yard was purple. Purple seemed perfect right about now.

- from "Goldfish in Reverse"

Aubrey Isaacson

8th grade



In order to follow the law, everyone had their "heart" attached to their sleeves. Some were broken in two, some had stitches and scars, and some were tough and wrinkled like a sun dried raisin.

- from "Existentialism in a Bloody Sky"

Zan Isgett

9th grade

Timeless

by **Olivia Henderson**

As muted voices rise out of centuries old literature a hundred years feel as fleeting as steam streaming from a freight train.

Are words so precious that years, decades, eons, sustain them?

Voices from forgotten eras storm up from a yellowed page as powerfully as the day the writer first found his words.

If time wears every artist's instrument weary, these voices are sung by an immortal choir.

These words are the twanging of a violin that wrenches out the melody of eternity.

Timelessness cannot be tested by the ages, but by the depth of feeling that captures us as we read the words that cannot wither.

Literature rivals time

with the vain avarice of a hawk soaring forever into the future.

Chasing the moon's shadow,

frail voices find a moonbeam in the night,

a perpetual light to illuminate the yearnings of art that every artist knows,

whether his is a voice immortal or a momentary hope.



"She looked around surprised: The scene around her had change. The ice skates? A couple of pillows tied to her feet. The ice floor she had imagined? Merely the white tiled kitchen in her parent's two story house. The judges? Salt and pepper shakers. And the announcer? The talk radio host from the radio in the next room."

- from "A Shattered Dream"

DeAnna Kerley

7th grade

Loss

by **Meredith Jones**

I watched my father shave
the morning of the funeral.
I had always envied him,
the blade sliding ever so cautiously
down the line of his face
one hand rested on the edge of the sink
the other skillfully navigating the razor.
But his eyes were miserable in the mirror.



I sat on their bed
my hand gripping the tall mahogany post
as I swung my black leather dress shoes
back and forth.

Her pillow was cold.

No head rested there anymore.

I waited for my father to finish.
The scarlet tie
was curled around my neck.
I could never knot it.
It took him three tries
because she had always done it for us,
the silk loose in her rapid hands.

In the silent church
I sat beside him.
His body hunched over
fingers clasped round each other,
head down,
hands to his forehead,
and I could only do the same.

The next morning
the cold tile of my father's bathroom
pricked my toes.
Among his few medicine bottles
the razor was easily found.
Watching the mirror, I made the first stroke
slow and direct,
the blade moved effortlessly
and I wiped the blood up
with the back of my hand.

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Featured Educator

The life and times of Mr. Murray

by Omi Naderi

“Ask me some politically incorrect questions,” said the swashbuckling Mr. Murray, our beloved physics and physical science teacher here at the

School of the Arts. Mr. Murray’s life is filled with interesting stories. One can easily tell the wisdom he has cultivated over the years as a result of his many experiences, which he generously shares. Enjoy.

Omi: “Have you ever wanted to be a comedian?”

Mr. Murray: “Mmm-mmm. Never. I don’t think I’m funny. That’s the whole irony of it.”

Omi: “When did you first become interested in physics?”



Mr. Murray: “It was when I found out that I couldn’t teach certain topics in chemistry very well because I didn’t understand what was going on, and it turned out to be the physics of the chemistry that I didn’t understand. So that’s when I realized if I wanted to be a good chemistry teacher, I’d have to study some physics. I had some in college, but you know how that is. You breeze through it; you don’t learn much about it. Then when I got into teaching physics, I liked it even better than chemistry.”

Omi: “What is it about physics that makes you question why students enjoy it?”

Mr. Murray: “Well, for one thing it’s very difficult. And I’m a very difficult person to learn it from, because I have these exacting standards that I think you must rise to. And I think I know how it’s supposed to be taught and I think I know what’s important for students to get out of it, but in order to get it, they have to put up with my critical self. It always hurts me to give students bad grades, but grades aren’t important to teachers, you know; they’re only important to students and parents. We just do it to maintain our reputation of being worthy of the name ‘teacher.’

Omi: “I never thought it would be hard for you.”

Mr. Murray: “Well, it is.”

It was clear that the compassionate Mr. Murray truly desires to help students succeed. If the reader of this article is a struggling physics or physical science student, reckon that sympathy awaits your poor soul after all. If Mr. Murray wonders why his students enjoy his class, what about teaching does he enjoy?

Omi: “What is it that you love best about teaching physics?”

Mr. Murray: “It’s a chance to open people’s eyes, so they see part of the world that they couldn’t see before. Just like this thing we were talking about in class: when you drop something towards the earth, the earth rises to meet it—those kinds of concepts. The idea of normal force holding you up when you stand on the floor, and it moves when you move. It moves you. Now, the chemistry comes in when you start talking about what it really is that’s creating the normal force. When you go far enough into physics and far enough into chemistry, they turn into the same thing. That’s called physical chemistry. It’s the most difficult science course in the world.”

Omi: “Did you take it?”

Mr. Murray: “No—‘cause I was a biology major in college. I never took much chemistry or physics. I didn’t really get into chemistry until I started teaching it. And then I liked it a lot.”

Omi: “Did you have to go back to college to learn physics?”

Mr. Murray: “No, I taught myself physics and chemistry with a textbook. And that’s one of the things I worry about you being able to do.”

Omi: “Teaching myself?”

Mr. Murray: “When you get older, and there’s no teacher to ask, and you want to learn something, how are you going to be able to teach yourself? That’s what this ‘lifelong learning’ thing is that you hear teachers and principals and superintendents talking about. The goal is to make students lifelong learners so that they’re capable of teaching themselves and not just learning from somebody else. When I had to teach physics, I learned from the book I was using in the physics class, and Dr. Ball is doing the same thing.”

Omi: “In college, where you an ‘A’ physics student?”

Mr. Murray: “I don’t remember, but I was a ‘B’ student in college. I made ‘A’s in biology, but everything else was pretty much ‘B’s. I failed chemistry the first time; I took the first chemistry course twice.”

Omi: “Now I don’t feel so bad anymore! What made you want to teach chemistry?”

Mr. Murray: “I was assigned by the principal in Wando to teach physical science. I was hired to teach biology, and then I was assigned to teach physical science against my wishes. And in order to do that, I had to learn enough chemistry and physics to teach that ninth grade class. And then, a couple of years later, I was assigned to teach chemistry. I didn’t have the choice.”

Mr. Murray commenced his teaching career at Wando in 1987. Since he desired to learn and teach physics so he could become a superior chemistry teacher—he couldn’t teach physics at Wando—he had to switch schools and decided to come to SOA. He taught chemistry to the rising tenth grade class at the time (this was before SOA had juniors and seniors and was adding on one grade level at a time...yes, back in the good ‘ole days.) and when they reached eleventh grade, he taught them physics. Enter Dr. Price, who arrived in SOA to replace Mr. Murray’s position as chemistry teacher. Ever since, Mr. Murray has enlightened juniors and seniors in the intricacies of this challenging science.

Anyone who is or has been a student of Mr. Murray has surely noticed that his intriguing—even mysterious at times—history goes far beyond teaching. So, I initiated the next part of my search for Mr. Murray by asking him, “Before you started teaching, what did you do for a living?”

Mr. Murray: “I was a minor bureaucrat. I worked for the government, shuffled papers, and things like that.”

Omi: “So, exactly what type of government work did you do?”

Mr. Murray: “The closest thing I can tell you is that it wasn’t the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), but it was that kind of work. I was involved in workplace health issues, examining processes people were doing to see if they were going about it in a way that wouldn’t interfere with their health, to make sure they weren’t breathing in or absorbing anything through the skin that was toxic—health of the workers in the workplace, that kind of stuff. I did that for a few years. Also, I was trained in the Air Force to be an electronics technician, a computer repairman basically. And I did that after I got out of the service for about ten years or so.”

Omi: “You truly are a man of many experiences!”

Mr. Murray: “That’s what makes people interesting. One important thing for teachers, I think, is to have some experience outside of school. People that just go to college, step into a high school classroom, and start teaching the same thing they learned in college without any experience of the world outside of school are less interesting people—they don’t have much to talk about besides information in a book.”

For the privileged many who have heard Mr. Murray occasionally blurt out random words in Japanese, you may realize that the origins of this trait can be traced back to his stay in Japan when he was enlisted in the military. But what was life like for the young Mr. Murray before most of us had arrived on earth in the form of our physical bodies, long ago in the faraway land of the rising sun, Japan?

Omi: “I heard that you worked in a hospital, and you served in the military.”

Mr. Murray: “I was in the military when I was a teenager, from seventeen to twenty-one. But I worked in the hospital while I was in college, after I was in the service. In the last two years of college, I had a part time job in the hospital.”

Omi: “I gather that you were stationed in Japan. Were you there during the entire time?”

Mr. Murray: “No, just during the last couple years. They sent me to school for two years, then sent me to Japan for two years, and then threw me out.”

Omi: “Did you ever have to go into combat?”

Mr. Murray: “No. I was in Japan the whole time.”

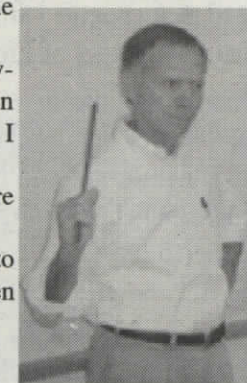
Omi: “What were your duties on the Air force base?”

Mr. Murray: “I fixed analog computers that were the guidance system of missiles. We were waiting for a possible attack from China.”

Omi: “It seems like you had a lot of good times in Japan.”

Mr. Murray: “Yeah! I traveled to remote areas in Japan where they’d never seen a Caucasian person in their lives. Kids would be amazed that I didn’t have black hair like them. They’d never seen anybody with blue eyes before. When I finished work on Friday, I would take off and spend the weekends traveling around up in the mountains of Japan on a motorcycle. You know, you could buy a hotel room for fifty cents. This was back in the sixties—early sixties. You could get a good meal for fifty cents. So you could go zooming around up in the mountains and just spend the weekends up there bumming’ around, looking at things, for just a couple of bucks. Well, you got the gas for the motorcycle, and you had the motorcycle payment, but you know, beyond that, it was a fun way to live. I did it for the whole time I was there.”

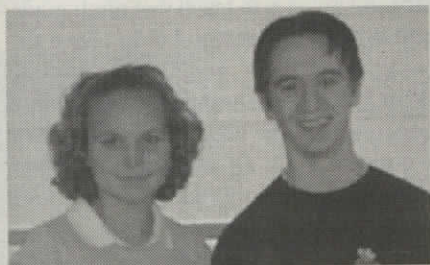
Omi: “When you were there, did you have to learn Japanese?”



(continued on page 14)

Features

Dear Brandi and Stephen...



"For a while now, my parents have been requiring me to attend church. I believe that parents should make some decisions in their kid's lives, but not in this situation. What should I do?"-

Anonymous
Dear Anonymous,

This is a very difficult situation, so tread carefully. Your parents hold their religion in very high regard - it is one of the most personal ideals a person can have - so when you let them know that it is not the choice for you, be sure to keep this in mind and be respectful. Don't even think of telling them that their faith is wrong, just that you have chosen to believe otherwise.

A good way that I have found to express a serious opinion like this to your parents is a letter. That's a letter, not a note. If this is really bugging you and you are serious about it, then you will find composing a letter to be no problem. Tell your parents that forcing their religion on you is not a good way to make you believe. Let them know, "...Mom, dad, I understand that you both have a strong religious conviction, and would like for me to share it, but what is right for you may not be right for me..." Perhaps, if you want to give them an idea of where you are headed religiously, or why you have chosen to veer from their path, you could outline your own beliefs.

Your mother and father care about you, and do not wish to cause harm in any way. All parents love maturity. They love to see it in their children. To get what you want, that little bit of freedom, you have to illustrate this maturity; handle this situation in a respectful manner. Be persistent, show them that you mean what you say, and why you believe it. Ask them for a mutual respect in this letter- you should get what you give. If you can give them a legitimate religious reason for why you do not wish to attend church then they will be more likely to consider it. With luck, this will at least be a step in the direction you want. Even if it's not, tough it out until that special 18th year and you will be released to worship as and how you wish. Best of luck. -Stephen

Dear Anonymous,

I understand that you are feeling forced to go to church with your parents but, are you feeling forced because you don't want to go to church at all, or just not with your parents? Either way, in a calm manner, you are going to have to try and confront them again. Sit them down and with an open-minded peaceful tone, speak what your feelings are and listen to what they have to say. In your defense, maybe give a solution to the problem like; going to church with your parents one weekend and trying out another church the other weekends, or go to church with them only every other weekend. That's just two solutions but, when your parents and you sit and talk, several different solutions may arise. Please, keep in mind that they are your parents and that parents are supposed to tell you what they think is best for you. A parent's responsibility is to pass their feelings and education (including religion) onto their children. Like you said, parents should make some decisions in their kids lives, that is exactly why they are trying to get you to go to church, they feel like this is an important decision that their making. If your parents don't guide you in the right direction in faith, where do you think you'll end up? So writer, please put yourself in their shoes and realize that they aren't trying to be mean, they just want you to live a good life.- Brandi

Where are they now?-Traci Trotter

by Kathleen Smith

What college are you attending, and what is your major?

I am attending Columbia College (Yeah, the all chicks school. Can you believe it?) I haven't decided on a major yet, but I think it's going to be psychology.

What made you decide to go there?

It was the first school I applied to, and like 50 of my grandmothers went there so I decided to try it.

What do you miss most about home?

I really really miss seeing the ocean everyday; it's really claustrophobic here.

Did you receive any scholarships?

I think only one.

When your not in class, what do you typically do around the town?

I usually go to my friend's houses or dorms.

Do you live with any roommates, and if so what are they like?

I have a roommate and two suite mates (the people my roommate and I share a bathroom with). My roommate is kind of annoying at times, she's pretty loud when I'm trying to study, but other than that I love my suite mates and my roommate like sisters.

What is a typical day for you?

I roll out of bed, grab a breakfast bar, run into class a minute or two late, watch Unsolved Mysteries with my suite mates (it's a daily tradition), take a really long nap, study for a few hours, and go out if I don't finish studying too late.

What are your teachers like?

They're teachers, ha, except for one of my psychology teachers, he reminds me of an older Mr.Orvin.

What is the greatest thing you learned from your years in SOA dance?

Considering I'm not dancing in college, I guess I learned a lot of discipline. Whenever I dance around in the bathroom my suite mates start lecturing me about starting dance again, then I throw a hair product at them.

When you first got to college, what were you most impressed by?

I was impressed by how concerned all of the professors are with each individual student. If you don't come to class for one reason or another they call your dorm to see if you're alright.

Do you have any advice for seniors this year?

Enjoy your free time and remember no matter how slack you were in high school, that just won't fly by here in college, you have to go to all of your classes and study like crazy if you want to pass.



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News

SOA kicks HSAP's butt

by Noelle Williams

SOA was the only school in Charleston County to have 100 percent of its sophomores pass the Language Arts portion of the HSAP (High School Assessment Program). SOA ranked second behind the Academic Magnet in the percentage of students who passed both sections of the test, 98.1 percent. The state exam was given to sophomores last spring in place of the BSAP (Basic Skills Assessment Program) to decide whether or not they will graduate from high school. It was the first time the exam was used seriously to determine if a high school student graduated or not. Like the BSAP, the exam tested skills in both English language arts and math; however, the HSAP is also based on the state standards, which makes the test more challenging and provides a clearer understanding of what should be taught in both subjects. The scores varied greatly, ranging from 47.8 to 99.2 percent of passing students.

Bob Dylan visits SOA Media Center



The SOA Media Center has obtained a collection of books by and about poet/musician Bob Dylan. The titles include Dylan's *Lyrics 1962-2001* and *Chronicles, Volume I*, his autobiography, both published in 2004. Also available are Dylan's poetic novel, *Tarantula* and two critical critical works; *Dylan's Visions of Sin* and *Behind the Shades*.

National Honor Society News

by Ben Forney

The National Honor Society has been very active this year. From car washes to beach sweeps, they have reached out into the community to perform many acts of goodwill. Led by a strong core of officers, this year's society has demonstrated their determination to make this year the best ever. Look for some changes in the after school tutoring program in the next few weeks. With all of the students coming for help, it is hard to meet the demands of such a large group in Mr. Murray's classroom. Stay tuned to the announcements for further developments. On October 23rd, the National Honor Society participated in the Race for the Cure on Daniel Island, and our own **Daniel Vincent** came in 3rd place. Way to go Daniel! We hope you'll keep up with what the National Honor Society is doing around the school and in the community because everyone is encouraged to participate in all of our functions and events.



TJ spreads the word



Olivia and Missy taking care of business



Katie waters the cars



Daniel displays his medal

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The beach sweep group takes out the trash



Keeping the driftwood clean

Events

(continued from page 3)

name, Spanish, and Hungarian we have: I love the SOA *Applause* Newspaper and Lane!
 German: Ich finde die SOA Applausz ei tung toll.
 Vietnamese: Toi vui mung SOA vo tay to bao va Lane.
 Spanish: A mi me gusta "Applause" el periodico de SOA y Lane.
 Hungarian - Szeretem az SOA Applause ujsdgot es Lane-t.

Although Omi and Branden couldn't translate this for me, they both assured me that they do love the Applause and me!

It's interesting and fun to speak a different language or know someone who can, but it also very beneficial. "I think it is good speaking two or more languages," says Adam, "because you can be understood more easily if you're traveling the world." So everyone who is planning on traveling (or if you just want to have fun saying things most people won't understand) learn a foreign language, actually listen to Ms. Emory in French class, it'll make your life more stimulating.

Opportunities

by Cait Brennan

Here are some fantastic opportunities so you can show your stuff!

Red Ribbon Players

The Lowcountry Aids Services Red Ribbon Players is taking applications for the 2002-2003 season. We are looking for students between the ages of 14-18 who write, rehearse, and perform skits about issues facing teens today. Call 747-2273

Film Crew Needed

Filming for local, independent film. Great Opportunity to learn from an experienced film crew. Call Larry, 723-5399

Saul Alexander Gallery

A call for entries for art exhibitions, solo or group, for one month duration. Preference give to pieces reflecting viewpoints and expiereinces in South Carolina life. Write for application to Public Relations Gallery, Charleston County Library, 68 Calhoun St.

Metropolitan Civic Orchestra

Open call for musicians, violinists, cellists, violists, wind, and brass. Meets every Monday, 7-9 pm. The Citadel band room. Call Dawn Durst at 883-3172

SC Arts Commision

The City of Charleston Office of Cultural Affairs and the City of North Charleston Cultural Arts Program, are administerng grants for Charleston, Berkeley, and Dorchester counties. The panel meets quarterly to review applictions. Call 724-7305 or 745-1087

St. Barnabas Lutheran Church Choir

Looking for singers to strengthen church choir. Practices held everyday Tuesday. Call 722-3380 for more information.

Calendar

Nov. 12 - MS and HS Strings Low Country Region Orchestra - Beaufort

Nov. 15 - MS Band Practice - 3:30 - 5:00pm

Nov. 16 - HS Creative Writing Performance - 7:00pm

SOA Symphony Orchestra Reversal - 3:45 - 5:00pm

Nov. 18 - HS Piano Recital

MS Vocal, Band, and Strings Symphony Concert Performance

of Hansel and Gretel -9:00am - 1:30pm at Gaillard Auditorium

Nov. 19 - HS Band Winthrop University Band Clinic at Rock Hill

Nov. 22 - MS Band Practice - 3:30 - 5:00pm

Nov. 23 - SOA Symphony Orchestra Rehearsal - 3:45 - 5:00pm

Nov. 25 - Thanksgiving Break (Nov. 25 - 28)

Nov. 29 - MS Band Practice - 3:30 - 5:00pm

HS Theater Adjudications - 7:00pm

Nov. 30 - SOA Symphony Orchestra Reversal - 3:45 - 5:00pm

HS Theater Adjudications - 7:00pm

Dec. 3 - Junior Class Ring Ceremony

Dec. 4 - HS Strings All State Solo Auditions

HS and MS Band All County Auditions

Dec. 6 - MS Band Practice - 3:30 - 5:00pm

MS Vocal and Strings Holiday Concert rehearsal

Dec. 7 - HS and MS Band Holiday Concert

MS Vocal and Strings Holiday Concert

SOA Symphony Orchestra Rehearsal - 3:45 - 5:00pm

Dec. 8 - HS Dance Composition Showing - 7:00pm

Dec. 9 - HS Vocal and Strings Winter Concert - 7:00pm

MS Vocal Exchange Club Holiday Luncheon - 12:00pm

(continued from page 11)

Mr. Murray: "I learned some—I was really interested in the Japanese people; that's why I was traveling up in the mountains meeting them. I wanted to see how they lived and what they were about."

Omi: "It must have been a great adventure."

Mr. Murray: "It was the most educational thing I've done in my life."

Omi: "During the time when you were in Japan, were you interested in any type of science?"

Mr. Murray: "No, I went to the service before I went to college. I remember when I was in college, I got very interested in biology, and the thing I got most interested in about biology was birds. And I recall the fact that when I was in really remote areas where there was a forest and an occasional village, riding the motorcycle up in the mountains of Japan, I didn't see any birds at all. It's because we take things like that for granted. I wasn't tuned into it, so I wasn't looking for it. They were there, but they were just birds; there are birds everywhere you go. But I didn't pay any attention to them. Now, I'm very interested in that kind of thing. I regret that I never had the chance to figure out what kind they were, what they were doing, whether they were migratory or permanent residents, and all those kinds of things that are interesting to me now that I didn't know about then—they were just birds. I would like to go back now to see what I missed."

"And that's why I like teaching physics. I think you touched on exactly the answer to the question about why I like teaching it, because I like the opportunity to expose, to point out to you that there's more to the world than what you might normally think about ... All those things will stay with you for the rest of your life—that's what's great about teaching kids something that they might not otherwise think about or be aware of. It's also great to teach kids biology, but unfortunately, for some mysterious reason, kids around your age aren't usually interested in things like that as much as they will be when they reach their mid-twenties or so. The older people get, the more interested they become in things like birds, trees, animals, and the natural world. I don't know why it happens, but it does."


To conclude the informative interview with Mr. Murray, I asked him one of my favorite questions: "If you weren't teaching, what else do you think you would be doing?"

Mr. Murray: "I don't know. I think if I stopped teaching, I'd start a tutoring business. 'Cause I like to teach, and just because I'm not in school doesn't mean I couldn't do it."

Omi: "Ok, what if NASA offered you a job right now. Would you consider leaving the school to come work for them?"

Mr. Murray: "What could they possibly want me to do? Maybe. I mean, I've worked for the government before; I've done a lot of different things. So if they had a job I qualified for, and I wanted to work, I guess I would."

Clearly, Mr. Murray has gained deep insight into life through his many varied experiences over the years—wisdom that can benefit us as well through his teachings. He truly is a wonderful teacher, and the great support from his students during his time of leave is a testament to the strongly positive impression he leaves upon their lives.



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Horoscopes and Reviews

Horoscopes

by the SOA Astrologer

Capricorn- Instead of punching your pillow, try jumping up and down.

Virgo- A single glass of orange juice can turn your frown upside down.

Aquarius- When you smell the paper mill blowing as a gentle breeze through your windows, know that the winds of luck have arrived.

Pisces- When you meet your good luck charm, try not to embarrass yourself.

Aries- Don't settle for noodles when you can have macaroni.

Taurus- That fish you have been admiring has an evil twin, tread softly.

Gemini- Feeling like you're doing too much? Slow down and pretend you are a mannequin for an hour or two.

Cancer- Since you usually hang your head when you walk, try looking up for a change. Trust your feet, they know to watch out for that stump.

Leo- The two types of Leos are the wonderful ones and the more wonderful ones, it is time to choose your group.

Virgo- You need a day free of loud noises and broken dreams.

Libra- Fall is quickly turning into winter, so grab your rake, gather up all those leaves, and dive in.

Scorpio- A few people need the support you give to your pet, so spread the love.

Sagittarius- Sometimes you just have to pull up your pants and lean back.

Shark Tale Review

by Devin Graves

The newest animated underwater movie, dubbed *Shark Tale*, focuses on an angelfish named Oscar (Will Smith). Working as a tongue-scrubber at the local whale wash, he dreams of power and glory. He works with receptionist Angie (Renee Zellweger), who happens to have a crush on Oscar, and his manager Sykes (Martin Scorsese). However, the reef they all live in is terrorized by the local mob-sharks, led by their mob-boss (Robert De Niro). One day, Oscar finds himself in an awkward situation as he was running away from the mob boss's son, and the shark was killed by an anchor. Now all of his dreams of glory have come true as the populace believes him to have killed the shark. However, the shark's father swears revenge on the "Shark Slayer".

If you've already seen *Finding Nemo*, then it's difficult to watch *Shark Tale* without comparing the two. You will see some similarities, including the physical design of the fishy characters and some comedic lines, but the similarities end there. While *Finding Nemo* focuses on touching family issues of life and the relationships between father and son; *Shark Tale* focuses on the already used idea of telling lies and the trouble they cause. This movie didn't have as many laugh-out-loud funny parts either. I'll admit that there was a hermit crab that made me laugh, but I generally laughed more during the previews than I did during the movie. This leaves a hollow feeling as you see that the movie tried to be very funny, but only partly succeeded.

My main problem with the movie was the storyline, and that was that it has been used many times before. It always happens the same way, too. Character wants more from life; character finds himself in an unlikely event; character lies about unlikely event; character gets into trouble as a result of lying about the unlikely event; character ends up confessing about lying and he ends up where he started but happier; roll credits. I'm sorry to say that *Shark Tale* follows this formula to the letter. I wish that the writers had thought up a more satisfying storyline, something unique. But, unfortunately, they didn't. In the end, *Shark Tale*, might amuse anyone under the age of about eight, but it isn't really appropriate for anyone else. It was not worth the exorbitant \$7.50 I paid to see the hour and a half movie.



All aboard for Avondale Station

by Sam Danna and Casey O'Neill

Avondale Station, located in West Ashley, is the new kid on the block.

As an addition to the many restaurants in this area, you may be worried about parking, well we've got good news for you. Complementary valet parking is available. With their festive atmosphere and Cuban influenced food, you'll feel like you've taken a trip to the Caribbean. Don't worry, though, there's no contraband on your leftovers. Since it's a new restaurant, and they don't take reservations, we



were a bit worried about the wait, but to our surprise we were immediately seated on one of their large covered patios. As we looked over their extensive menus we were drawn to their obvious flare for fine Cuban cuisine.

When our fabulous waiter returned with drinks, we jumped on the first raft to Cuba by ordering the Cuban Chips as an appetizer. The chips were slices of plantains, sweet potatoes, and yuca that had been fried to golden brown perfection, tossed in Avondale's special spice mix (that will knock your socks off) and topped with peppers, scallions, sliced jalapeno, manchego and extra sharp cheddar cheese. As experienced restaurant connoisseurs, we were surprised we had never encountered yuca in any of our gastronomic travels. We weren't disappointed, though. As Sam bit into the chips she was transported to her days as a cook in Guantonomo Bay when the days were long, but the nachos made it all worth while.

When we finally decided on our entrees, Casey ordered the taco de pescado (fish taco) and Sam ordered Avocado and Papaya Salad with Grilled Mojo Chicken. The fish taco was filled with seasoned Mahi-Mahi encased in flour tortillas, and topped with Jicama slaw. Casey, an avid fisher, was overwhelmed by the sheer essence of the moist mahi-mahi. Sam's salad was filled with exotic fruits like avocado and papaya, and topped with orange and vanilla vinaigrette and mojo grilled chicken. As she immersed herself in this delectable treat we were both reminded of our recent trip to the jungles of the Amazon where we feasted on the sweet nectar of tropical fruits.

When dessert arrived in the form of tres leche (three milks), we found ourselves in a hot Havana night that only Cuban sponge-cake with sweet milk, whipped cream and guava can cool. If you're looking for authentic Cuban cuisine that will make you say "ariba," then look no further than Avondale Station where your meal will heat you up and the dessert will leave you saying "no mas."



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Question of the Month



"I would be able to touch something and automatically know everything about it."
Abigail Brumme
8th grade
Theater



"I would be like Raven Baxter, on That's so Raven, and be able to have visions of the future."
Rachel Maguire
11th grade
Dance



"I would be invisible so that I could sneak out of tests."
Josh Fernandes
12th grade
Band



"I would be able to fly so that I could get to school faster."
Chelsea Adent
6th grade
Creative Writing

If you could choose to have a superhuman power what would it be?



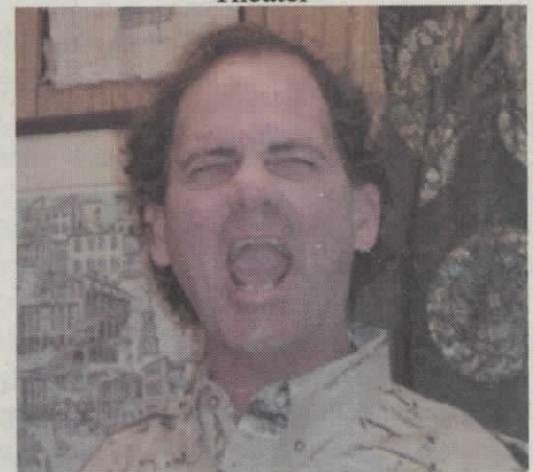
"I would be psychic, so that I could see what people are thinking and be able to see the answers to my tests."
Leila Gorstein
7th grade
Theater



"I would have the power to fly because I would not have to worry about paying for a car."
Alison Gelsomino
10th grade
Vocal



"I would be telekinetic so that I could move things without getting up."
Tristan Richardson
9th grade
Creative Writing



"I would be like GODZILLA, slave to none, Hei!"
Mr. Orvin
High School Globe Studies Teacher