

Re: Nanitozo

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- *From:* Cindy <leftlateraldecubitus@xxxxxxxxx>
 - *Date:* 3 May 2007 06:18:11 -0700
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On May 2, 7:42 pm, "John R. Yamamoto-Wilson" <j...@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx> wrote:

Now I don't feel angry. I feel sad and frustrated. Tapping at a computer keyboard is so inadequate for saying, "Hey, it's all right. I understand what you are feeling, or if I don't at least I want to try. I'm not the enemy. I'm sorry I upset you."

I feel sorry for you when you upset me. When it happens, all the similar bad memories from the past come back like a seasonal attack and make my bitching way too worse. You never know it unless I tell you, that's an unfair part. Sadly I can not control it. It is just like a disease. It is true that when Paul Blay was so conceited and obnoxious, unpleasant memories of Kevin Gowen came back and caused me nausea — something like that. I bet everybody has the same thing. That's how you build your stereotype or baseline or impression about the person. You may not believe, but it was traumatic in earlier days. I admit I was very naive as well. I came to the conclusion that I would not read the posts that were written by the ones who gave me grief. That was easy! I am still doing it.

I'm an emotional person, too, you know, and I have the greatest respect for your emotional honesty in what you have just written. I am a teacher in "real" life, and my job is to nurture, not to hurt. I suppose you're right; we don't know what lies behind the words we see on the computer screen — we don't know what sort of *person* is there, behind the words, and we forget, in the war of words, that there is someone behind the words who may be vulnerable and feel hurt.

Oh, Jim, Bart, Sean, and Tony Gonzales are teachers too. Interesting! We can compare and decide who is the best teacher. I am joking. But, let me comment something. Jim's language — is too specialized or

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something. It's too hard for me to understand sometimes. When it happens, I just tell myself "Cindy, you are not smart enough" and go to next. Bart, I think he is a great teacher because his jokes are funny. Sean -- no comment. Tony Gonzales -- I had email conversation a couple times. It was like talking with a Japanese person. He had a modesty, but when he explains something, he did with confidence and provided a source and examples. I thought he was a true math teacher.

What I think is that you must be a very brave person, to feel so scared and still to carry on. Being in between two cultures is terribly hard -- no one pays you for it, a lot of the time you don't have any choice about it -- and yet perhaps it is one of the most important things in the world. You ask what I can offer you. At the very least I can offer a recognition...

I work in a hospital now. I used to take care of airline passengers -- healthy people, but now I am taking care of patients everyday. They make me more aware of being healthy and what real health is. There are many things I am not allowed to tell the patient. There is a certain way that I have to tell the patient. I have to touch AIDS patients to position for an X-ray and place them into a wheel chair. Alzheimer's patient -- their family members are usually having harder times than the patient. I must understand it and make their job easier in the hospital. I have to evaluate and report for abused patients. I can do all these because I am trained. I have to do everything correctly and nice as needed so that the patients have "pleasant experiences" in the hospital. After all these, I must criticize that all those past abusive posters were just flat impatient and there was no way of knowing how their hostile attitudes would affect others in the future. Well, it's like a hereditary disease, it will be passed on to next generation, I guess.

Well, it's all right. Newsgroups are not hospital, so it's my turn to be a customer and you guys have to suck it up. I don't care who hates me. I hate them too. If I don't like their comments, I don't read them. But, it will come out from me some time in the future by an unknown trigger. It seems like that's the way it is. That's so mysterious and exciting. This reminds me of the Virginia Tech Killer. Maybe, I had a lot of problems like him.

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i am a door ...
i am caught between two rooms
swinging from one to another.
grasping moments as the wind
sways me from the first to the next.

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living, loving, caressing life in each
taking a little from one
and giving to the other, and back.

i hear the strains of my mother's voice
over the aroma of the eggplant curry
wafting over my father's intense study
of the Indian Express -- his favorite newspaper.
the aunts and uncles came in droves
to my sister's wedding to eat
and gossip during the ceremony,
and through the night.
glimpses of life ... very Indian.

in the other room, the surround sound
heard Simon and Garfunkel over troubled waters,
while Pink Floyd cried about the walls in our lives.
Simpsons and Butterfinger were definitely in
as Gore and Quayle babbled using innocuous verbiage.
the computer was never shut off
as reams of paper saw term papers
discuss new ways to communicate.
glimpses of life ... very American.

between these two worlds
i am happy, confused, angry
And in pain -- all at the same time.
for i am a door caught between two rooms.
i see and feel both of them
but i don't seem to belong to either.

(Nagesh Rao)

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We doors should stick together, huh?

There will be no room to fart?