

OUR TEAM
MASA
PUN
TOMOYO

GOEUN
NAICHAO
ROYA



IELI NEWS

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There is never an end to learning

I am at JFK Airport at last, which is busy, just as always. We are all exhausted after the grueling 18-hour ride from Tehran to New York City. My feet are painful and swollen, yet I have to pull my worn out children along, who are sleepy, still on Tehran time. I am somewhat perplexed in these first minutes of being in a new country. People are walking around, some of the typical heavy Americans, with sunglasses and huge suitcases. I wonder how they fit those things in the overhead compartment. I sharpen my ears to catch the voices, beautiful American accents. No need any more to tune my radio to VOA (the Voice of America), or play a tape or video in order to imitate the accent. I have done this so many times while I was studying for my BA at Teachers Training University. It was such a torture to try to tune into VOA with that ancient radio I had borrowed from the English Department library. It was much easier to tune to BBC, but I was not interested in the British accent, and neither were my roommates. Now, in the airport, I can hear these American accents all around me. As I ride on the escalator, I hear a woman say, "... if the weather permits". Nice! I would never form a sentence like this. I tell myself I should listen carefully from now on to be able to speak like them.



It is now weeks later. We are here, living in Manhattan. I enjoy going out, since I want to know more about Americans, yet I do not feel like a stranger. After studying English for more than 20 years and teaching it over the past decade, I think I know the culture very well. Every day, after my husband leaves for work, I take my children to a neighboring park, the one with noisy parents on their cell phones, chattering chattering all the time about something, I don't know what. I am going to "aim at two different targets with one arrow", as Iranians put it. My children can play there, AND I can go language hunting. I listen carefully to everybody. I find children's talk more interesting; it is completely different from what I have learned in the English classes I have attended in Iran, probably, because in those classes we would discuss serious topics, like Government and Binding Theory, Chomsky's Universal Grammar, the recent theories in TESOL, and ..., but these children are living the language.

We move to Forest Hills, an affluent neighborhood in Queens, in the summer of 2010. I take a lot of walks. As I walk on 108 Street, I hear different voices, different languages, even Farsi; it is actually one of the most frequent languages, spoken here, but in different accents, probably Afghan, Tajik or Uzbek. There are at least four Iranian shopkeepers on this street. A few people speak English of course, some with strange accents, strange pronunciations, which I cannot understand easily. I would understand them better if they used sign language, I think. My students back home would speak English with a better accent. Oh! My Goodness! Am I going to improve my English here, or forget what I already know? I have heard somewhere, I do not know where, that the worst place to learn English is New York City. Probably it is not true, but it specifically fits my case.

Now we are in September. It is 2010. I send my son to school. Daniel, who is seven, has almost consumed me with his never-ending nagging about missing Iran. He feels so nostalgic as if he has lived there for seventy years. He is in the second grade. I know he has a lot to deal with, a new environment, a new culture, and of course a new language, which he does not know but a few words that he has learned through watching cartoons, in a short time, spent here, from April through September. I wait for his ESL classes to start. They never do. Probably, this school does not offer this service, I suppose. I go to his school to ask. What I hear fills me with astonishment; he has passed the ESL test. But how? When we came here five months ago, he just knew the alphabet. There must be a mistake, put him in an ESL class; probably he knows how to speak through watching TV, but he cannot write, I say. But, they insist that he has a full command of the grammar and writing system. I do not know how, but he seems to have accomplished it. Amazing! In Iran, we call a nosy person "Engineer" euphemistically. In that sense, Daniel is a super engineer, when it comes to electric devices and the computer. When he set TV in a way that he could watch cartoons with their closed captioning, I should have known that he was trying to learn English through that. I have studied a lot of books in psycholinguistics and I know that children learn a second language in a completely different way from adults, yet what I am observing is rather beyond surprise. Learning a second language in childhood is such an asset.

2010. My daughter has turned four. I should send her to Pre-K, but I am worried; what if she needs the bathroom, or she is thirsty? I teach her the two required words “water” and “bathroom.” I leave her at school as she is hiding behind me, clinging to my hand. In the first four months at pre-K, she does not use English, but after that, she starts making sentences, almost without any grammatical mistakes. She uses conditionals without thinking. I cannot make a conditional sentence without a short pause to think. She makes some mistakes of course, for instance she says “buyed” instead of bought. I do not correct her; I know that I shouldn’t. Soon, she wants to involve me in her games, which she calls English Game, by which she means that we should speak English when we play. I am reluctant to accept a role in that; I feel I cannot keep pace. I have problem making those casual sentences, not grammatically, at which I am good, but, in using the language colloquially. In the matter of four months, she sounds exactly like an American.

2011. I help my son with his lessons. I try different things to make him study. I normally start by ordering him authoritatively, continue to promise to reward him if he studies well and almost always end up begging and falling at his feet. I sometimes read his social studies and science to him. He frequently stops me for my non-native pronunciation. I do not like when he teaches me, but I cannot get him back to work until I satisfy him with the right pronunciation, even if I have to repeat a word ten times. My dream has come true before my eyes; I always wished my children to be bilingual; my professor at the BA level had told us about how he had tried to train his son to be bilingual, by always speaking English at home, while his wife spoke Farsi. I never tried to do that, though; I knew that my English was not perfect, and at the same time I knew that what children learn at early ages became so imprinted that it would be impossible to change in the future, so I never took the risk. Years later, when I was reading a book on linguistics by Steven Pinker, I thought that I might have achieved my goal in having bilingual children if I had tried even with my imperfect English. Of course it was what I inferred; I am not sure if my understanding was correct.



It is January, 2012. A friend of mine who lives downstairs is going to Hunter College. She is a frequent visitor to my house, a sweet 21-year-old girl who talks to me a lot as I enjoy her beautiful American accent. I sometimes drive her nuts when she is talking enthusiastically about something and I interrupt her to ask about the meaning of an expression she has just used. She has decided to transfer to Hunter College. She asks me if I want to accompany her. I do; I am bored staying at home. I take the placement test. Then I make an appointment with the academic counselor, one of the friendliest people I have ever met. When I tell her that I have two little children, she understands me and goes through the different schedules in level eight and nine to find a suitable class for me. I take level nine writing class, not because I am crazy about writing, but because it is the only class that fits my messy schedule. I do not really think that it can help me.

Then, I write, write and write and get corrected in return. I go through my corrected papers many times. I arrange them carefully, the first drafts followed by the second and secure them as my precious property. Now I can spot my problematic areas, one of which is the use of appropriate words. The more I write, the more I can figure out about my real language level. I get kind of addicted to writing as if it has been what I was always looking for. It is so strange. I can make complicated sentences easily, but *the* seems to have become a real problem for me; when I use it, the teacher deletes that, and when I do not use it, he adds one. I am coming to the conclusion that I can never be clear about how to use this three-letter word. I wonder how I learned so many grammar rules but still get stuck on this one; I feel that I am moving as slowly as a turtle; I do not feel frustrated, though; in the advanced level, you move very slowly. My errors are the points which make me different from a native speaker.

Spring 2013. Time to leave America. I am packing; I am leaving in a few months. I have not mastered English yet. But, that’s ok. It consoles me when I think of a Ukrainian friend, who has married an Iranian man and has lived in Iran for almost ten years, but she speaks Farsi with a strong accent, and she sometimes pauses to find a suitable word when she speaks. So, why should I feel bad? I knew from the first that I can never be like a native speaker; nobody can. Probably, I had overestimated the importance of living in America in approaching a native-like proficiency. It IS essential, but it never produces a miracle. It may do of course in a long run, in a matter of ten years, for instance, if you constantly use the language in special environments. I should always continue to practice in order to improve more; there is never an end to it. I am leaving America, but I can always refer to authentic materials, like novels, articles, and essays. I can watch films, news, and videos in English. I will always be a learner of English.

Various Lives in Shanghai

By Naichao

With the development of China, there are a lot of differences in Chinese people's lives. What do Chinese people's lives look like now? Is it still like Yimou Zhang's film *Judou* poor, dirty, backward, or oppositely, like its ephemeral economics, looking flashy in exterior? In fact, the lives of Chinese people are reflection in the various social and physical condition evident throughout the country.

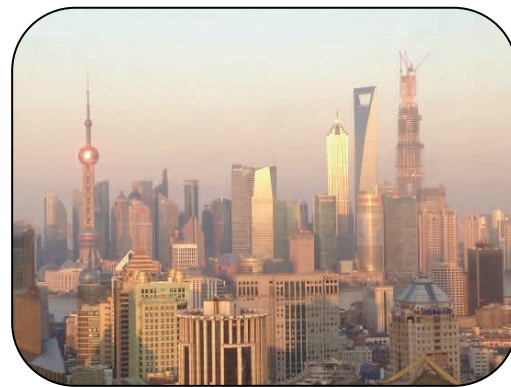
Where is it? Yes, Shanghai. Does it look like New York style? In fact, all the big cities have a similar style—a forest of big buildings. How about the people living in this city? What do their lives look like? It's a very complex question because most of them have different styles since they are living different types of lives.

First group, native Shanghai people

Native Shanghai people are the local residents in Shanghai. They have lived in this city for several decades. They are the beneficiaries of the reformation of Shanghai after the 1980s. When their old small dark houses were dismantled and modern buildings replaced them, they got a sum of money for compensation and during the crazy price increases of the real state in Shanghai, most of them bought another apartment for renting. Therefore, although their lives are not as good as elites, they still have comfortable lives—enjoying the time with families, vacation, and other leisure.

Second group, new Shanghai people

New Shanghai people are from other provinces. They come to Shanghai to find a better life and better future. Most of them are skilled or well-educated. Also, they are hard working. After making great efforts, they become Shanghai citizens who can join the Shanghai social security system and send their children to the local school. In addition, they may get their own small apartments in the suburban district, which is far away from their offices. Even though their lives are not easy, they still believe they will have a better future and try their best to make their dreams come true. However, sometimes they may still miss their hometown and old parents in that small city.



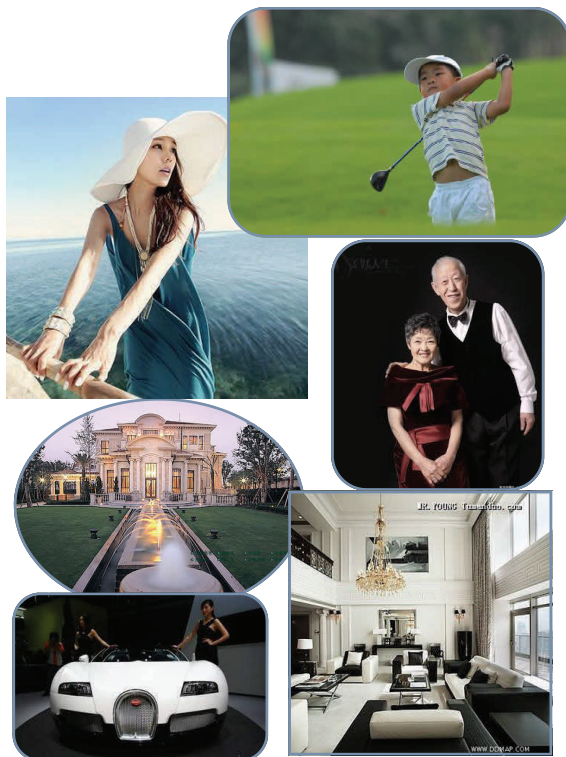


Third group, farmer laborers from other provinces

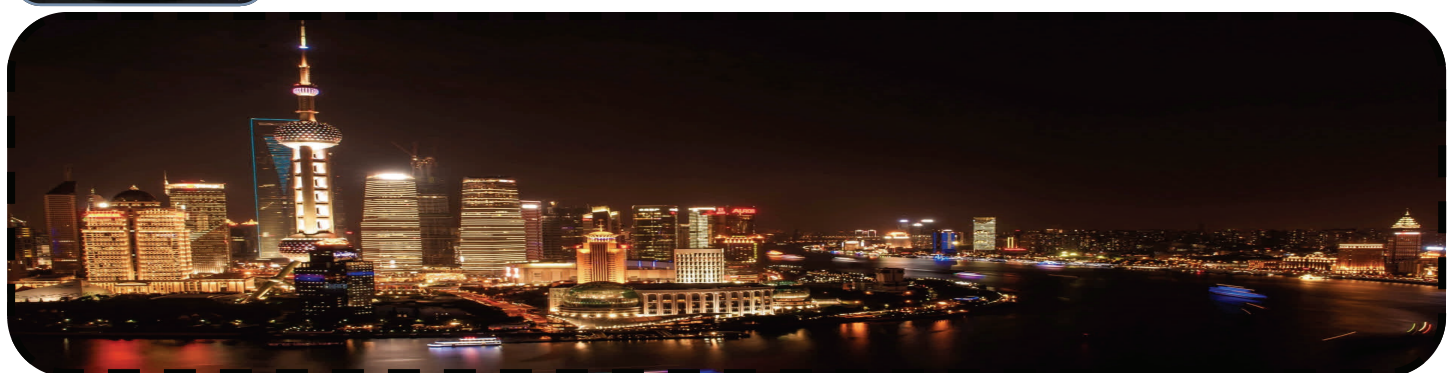
Shanghai has a very big number of farmer laborers. Don't misunderstand; the work they do is not farming or grazing. They are dockworkers, builders and so on. They do the bitterest work, get the lowest salary and live in small flats or basements in the gutter. Nevertheless, based on their pitiful salary, they will never afford even a small bathroom in Shanghai. Although their lives are so hard, they still stay in Shanghai to earn more money than in their hometown. Are they homesick? No, actually after a long laborious day they don't have time to miss their home. However, sometimes their little children and old parents may show up in their dreams.

Last group, the elite

The elite - they constitute twenty percent of the population and control eighty percent of the property. They are government officers, businessmen or speculators. Many of them have more than 2 homes—one apartment in the city center and one big house in the suburbs. Furthermore, they may have other real estate for renting or (warehousing) waiting for better prices. They pay attention to educating their children and enjoying lives. They send their children to overseas schools to get better education and go on vacation to different countries every year. They are the people Americans consider rich and big fans of luxury. Even though sometimes their behavior may be rude and improper because some of them didn't have opportunity to get a good education, they still enjoy their beautiful life in their own ways.



In conclusion, in colorful Shanghai, we can see many different people, but they still have the same name—Chinese. Their lives reflect the whole Chinese situation: some rich, some poor, yet most of them are trying their best to survive and follow the step of Chinese development.



Current Events in Japan

Energy problems



by Masa

I'd like to talk about the energy problems in Japan.

In the 1970s, Japan suffered from what is called the oil crisis, namely severe shortages of oil. People rushed to stores to buy oil-related products. From the period until recent disastrous events, Japan had promoted nuclear energy.

For a long time, there was a sort of myth in Japan that nuclear energy is safe and clean. However, on March, 11, 2011, a big earthquake occurred and huge tsunamis destroyed nuclear power plants in Fukushima prefecture, which is located about 250 km from Tokyo. People were afraid of radioactive materials, and some of them had to move to safer places.

From that time, people have started seeking another source of energy. There are some options for the new sources of energy such as solar energy, geothermal energy and methane hydrate.

To begin with, solar energy enterprises are becoming more prevalent in Japan. The Japanese government started a system that forces established power companies to buy electricity at fixed prices from smaller, newer companies; therefore, many companies initiated solar energy businesses. Actually, I sold and rented land to solar power ventures.

Furthermore, geothermal energy is also a promising source of energy. It is said that the potential amount of geothermal energy in Japan is equivalent to 20 nuclear power plants. However, the most appropriate sites for this energy are located in the national parks; consequently, development has been restricted. Nonetheless, the Diet will pass the law that allows the development in the parks in the near future.



Last of all, in March 2013 Japan became the first country to successfully mine methane hydrate. The natural resource is in the deep crust under the deep ocean; thus, it's not easy to extract the resource, but it is said that the potential amount of the resource is the same as 100 years consumption of natural gas.

Looking internationally, Germany will abolish all nuclear power plants by 2020 because after the disasters in Japan, the German government thinks that nuclear power is almost impossible to control for humans. Also, the U.S seems to rely on shale gas. It is predicted that the gas will have a big impact on American industries. The gas is cheap to extract now. As a result, the U.S will neglect to develop renewable sources of energy.



Last year, the Japanese trade deficit was the biggest on record because Japan had to import natural gas to make up for the lack of energy brought about by the halt of nuclear plants.

I hope Japan will overcome these problems, and make the crisis the opportunity to develop renewable energy.

THE ARTIST

Goeun Yoon

Ryan McGinley

Ryan McGinley is an American photographer living in New York City who was born October 17, 1977 and began making photographs in 1998. In 2003, at the age of 25, McGinley was one of the youngest artists to have a solo show at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Solo Exhibitions

Frieze New York

May 10th – 13th 2013

Art | 43 | Basel | Unlim-
ited -2012

Animals -2012

Grids -2012

Everybody Knows This
Is Nowhere

- 2010

I Know Where the Sum-
mer Goes

-2008

Irregular Regulars -2007

Frieze -Nov 2006



The good thing about living in New York is that there are many museums and galleries which are easy to access. There are millions of artists in the world and New York might be the city many would like to live in to show their talents. I am lucky to live here because I can view art in this rich environment. I especially love photography. So I would like to introduce one of my favorite artists, photographer Ryan McGinley.

McGinley not only photographs but also works with a lot of celebrities, other famous photographers and artists. He is credited for the formation of the New York City based band The Virgins after introducing and photographing two of its members. In 2008, the Icelandic post-rock band Sigur Rós used one of his images for their album. The video for the first track from the album *Gobbledigook* was inspired by his work. Sigur Rós is my favorite band so I was so amazed when I heard the news. In addition, he has photographed for fashion magazines and has modeled for some fashion campaigns.



From May 10th to 13th, McGinley was represented in Frieze Art Fair by ten large-scale photographs produced during the summer and fall of 2012, and the winter of 2013, at a variety of locations in the United States. In the gallery the photographs were arranged in a simple array along the walls. They were about 3 meters high and 2 meters wide. The pieces were as amazing as I expected. It was my first time seeing his photos in my life and that became one of my awesome moments. My heart was beating when I was standing in front of *Wet Blaze* which I had wanted to see.



HE HAS BEEN EXHIBITING PRETTY MUCH
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

A Special Thai Dish

5 Spices Duck

Hi, Readers!! I'm Sutthavee Buaklee. I'm studying English at IELI Hunter College, taking level 6. I would like to present a special dish from a Thai restaurant, which is located downtown 149 West 4th St, and 6th Ave, Manhattan. The restaurant is named *Galanga*. The special dish is called 5 Spices Duck. It is considered one of the best recipes there. Some people might think it is unhealthy because of the duck fat; however, I think people need to balance whatever they eat. 5 Spices Duck costs \$16. The owner has told me that this dish doesn't make much profit, but he wants to make customers happy with great stuff. 5 Spices Duck consists of duck breast, Chinese broccoli, carrots, string beans, white onions, cilantro, shitake mushroom, fried chili, and tamarind sauce. If you are interested in Thai food, don't wait. Let's check it out!!!



Do you know about this Thai market??

In Thailand, there is a market which is on the river that is called TlaladNam Dumnern Saduak. It has been operating for more than a hundred years. It is located in Rachaburi. It actually starts to sell things at 5 A.M. to 12. P.M. In the past, people used this place to trade stuff for several years, for example, one family who grew Chinese broccoli came to the market to exchange it with other vegetables, meats, or food. However, nowadays, there are not as many visitors as before. Mostly, It has been visited by tourists. However, It is still wonderful and so traditional.