

# The Suvo

I s s u e 1 : N o v e m b e r 2 0 1 7

# Editor's Note

Dear Readers!

Our inaugural issue is a small but exciting mix of inspiration and skill. We hope you will enjoy this issue, and continue to show your love for The Suoo when we come out with our Spring publication in 2018. Until then!

Best,  
Chloe Kang  
Editor-in-Chief

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by Chloe Kang, Editor-in-Chief

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# Mira Chiruvolu

## Los Altos High School

### **This is just to say**

I took the money  
I drove to the store  
I bought some pop  
Some chewy candy  
It was pretty good

The truth of the matter  
Is that I was hungry  
And I had no money  
Except the money you gave me  
That I used for gas

Sorry about that

### **Summer**

Jailed to express himself  
Summer Holidays  
Uniformed childhood  
'I needed time to think'  
Secret letters hidden  
Wasn't easy glued to you  
Crush an attempt to exist  
A crime? A personal risk?  
Divert to rubble  
Society locked in a bubble  
Unearthing hearts  
Educated in lies . . .

### **The Match**

Rapturous crowd  
Down to the wire  
Gripping break between them

Racked up the lifeline  
Edgy, long forgotten  
Give the momentum  
Coming through a shoot-out

Converting her down  
"I'm sorry"  
Match point

BANG

# Yeeun Cho

## Global Vision Christian School

### This is Me

This is me. The drawing on the wall. The one done by that cute, pale girl, with curly hair who is nearly disappearing in Ms. Anthony's class. I have been hung on the wall of her class for about a year now. Every time students see me; I try to stare at them. I want them to pay attention to me. I love to feel the gaze of others. Unfortunately, no one pays any attention. But I have one secret to tell you. I'm alive. Yep, that's right. Actually, we all are. Any drawing that looks like a girl, or a boy, is as real as the person reading this story. But let me tell you, it is a pain in the neck to bear such a secret. What a life.

Surprisingly, I have a voice. The day I figured it out was the day I was born. That night, inside the empty dark classroom, I tried to imitate the sound of the student who drew me. As she finished her drawing she yelled out, "I'm finished, Ms. Anthony!" Unfortunately, all I could mumble was an "Emfishanth!" That was the last time I dared to behave like a real human. What a life.

I didn't know what I looked like until I was moved to the wall facing the mirror. I looked much prettier than I imagined. A pair of thin eyebrows, delicately drawn, above moon shaped eyes that only a master artist herself could have drawn. Eyes like blue pearl oysters locked together like a pair of magnets. And my nose! My nose is so humongous that even an elephant would envy it. And my hair! So adorable and curvy that I do not need to pay any hairdresser for perming. It sometimes looks like a wig that I can take off whenever I wish to. Oh, how lovely it is. How lovely am I, even without any color but white and black. How can anything be so beautiful with just two colors! The only thing that I can complain about is that I have nobody. With this child's imagination, who knows what incredible arms and legs she would have come up with? Praise to the girl who drew me so nicely. And praise to that mirror from which I look for hours upon hours. What a life.

I see many other drawings that align the walls that are pretending to be flat just like me; a boy colored poorly with broken crayons, a girl in a window with a forced smile locked up in a small brick house, a bald guy grinning with no teeth. I call this boy "crayon," and whenever I do, he bursts into tears. It makes him look uglier than ever. And what a joke that girl is! Locked up thinking that one day she would be able to get out of that cramped place. So stupid she is. And for the bald guy, I tell him to shut his mouth every time. But my beauty

already has attracted him. He continues grinning even after his mouth is closed. Every drawing here is disgusting and hilarious, and I do not make any effort to keep it secret from him or her. It's better for them to realize it than to live the rest of their lives without knowing how hateful and pitiful they look.

We try to communicate with each other, rolling our eyes and sending signals with our hands...if we have a hand that is. Most of the pictures drawn have no eyeballs; their eyes are long, curved lines and some with no eyelashes. They can't even blink when the dust tickles their eyeballs. To be honest, I am the luckiest among all. When we are happy and alone, we move freely and try communicating by making single clicking and popping sounds. Most of the time it sounds awful. If one were lucky enough, he or she would correctly pronounce a word. They would all cheer for them. Their faces would fill with joy. But still sounds just plain awful to me.

On rainy days, the paper edges shrink and droop, and we go all mad about it. Nobody makes any sounds or laughs during this time. The young begin to cry along with the raindrops. Their colored tears appear as drawn lines and spread to the sides. I enjoy watching those moments. What a life.

Most of the paintings are born with one particular skill, but I have the most special one: beauty. I think I am the best painting ever in this world. This is a fact. The best-best. Every parent and teacher worships my beauty and looks at me with sparkling eyes. I cannot be stuck in this filthy classroom full of smelly kids forever, allowing my glorious figure to die out without being introduced to the world. I should be ranked as the best art pieces ever. Hung right next to the Mona Lisa!

This is one of the biggest reasons why I'm planning to escape from this rusty old place someday. I desperately need to find out where I stand in the real world. At least within the top ten, I'm sure. I think I heard the words "art major" when that beautiful little girl was having a conversation with Ms. Anthony. After listening to that, oh I felt so proud! She will soon be famous! And then what will become of me?! Which gallery or museum will be first? I could travel the world! What a life!

Last week students started packing up their stuff. Ms. Anthony keeps talking about the upcoming vacation and reminding them to bring their drawings back home. It is certain that this is a golden opportunity to carry out my long plan. I do not belong here: I can feel it from deep in my heart that my real home is the museum, where everyone in the world will finally be able to discover me. I should, and already am, the best painting on earth. It is certain that there will be an empty place reserved for me in every museum. All the visitors will want to get a copy of me on their walls at home. The time has ultimately come to leave this place. Adios, my gross friends.

# Michelle Lee

## North London Collegiate School Jeju

### Essential

Embraced by the endless darkness, I thought I would never see the bright world. I thought I would face the end, before I even start. I could feel the aura of darkness and negativeness. The only thing I could do was to wait silently, with an anxious manner.

Then, I met you. You were so clear and innocent, and you soothed and filled me with vim and vigor. You absorbed into my life, and together, I could endure the stygian gloom, and grow. I knew that I cannot live long without you, and I did not want to even think about the world without you.

I started to see things I couldn't see, and I received the power I didn't have before from you. Following the guide of illumination, from a beam of incandescent white light, I could pull through and find my way. And we could finally reach the resplendent world full of delight. I recovered from blindness. We were embraced by Mother Nature, the vast plains full of verdancy and lushness. I remember your eyes twinkling with excitement when we first saw the magnificent scenery and the splendid array of colors. We spent days and days under sky without a speck of cloud. We stood basking in the warmth together, and my face wore a radiant smile. I realised that I had nothing between my ears. I thought everything would be fine and only the bright future was out there for us. That was what I expected and wanted.

Only then, I realised that the brightness can also bring darkness. Under the blazing sky, I could feel you fading away, becoming semitransparent. Watching you stabbed brutally by the sharp rays of light was hard, but there was nothing I could do. You sacrificed everything for me, but I could not do anything for you. This was the severe reality.

You had to leave me, and I know that there was no other choice. The vital spark escaped rapidly from my body. By degrees, I shrunk to the ground, shrivelling and withering.

# Shunto Shigetomi

## North London Collegiate School

### Carnavalesque

Let me start off with a brief outline to explain what a carnival really is. Carnivals, also historically known as the Shrovetide (Pre-Lent), are what takes place during festive seasons before the Christian Lent which mainly involves parades, celebrations, and the excessive consumption (abuse) of alcohol and food products. This event is widely regarded as a chance for the public to abandon their everyday "identity" to experience a heightened sense of unity, while also being permitted to commit any debasing acts that go against the general norm. Carnivals usually portray liberty, as displayed by events such as food fights, social satire, violence and abuse, hyperbolic representations of the "grotesque", and depictions of disease and death.

Now that's done, lets get right to the point. Carnivals are usually joyous, stimulating, breathtaking, and, of course, chaotic. We use words like these to describe wild, partying environments everywhere around the world, but this also raises a question: is there actually a term for this particular atmosphere?

Yes. It's carnivalesque.

Carnavalesque, noted by Russian literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin, is when referring to "moments when traditional rules and order are put aside, the world is turned upside down, and the routines of daily life are suspended." This terminology was used to describe the destabilisation and reversal of the social hierarchy, both temporarily or long-term, which quite often happens to occur during carnivals. For instance, it was quoted to be an "utopian antidote" for soldiers during the Second World War, as it was one of the ways to practice escapism on the grim realities of the ongoing war, allowing them to entrust their lives on behalf of the possibility of an affirmative change. On the other hand, Terry Eagleton, a English literary theorist, critic and public intellectual, argues in one of his novels that a carnival is "a licensed or approved form of transgression and

therefore offers nothing more than the mirage of change." Although the public opinion on this subject varies greatly, the one thing in unity is that it is acknowledging the depiction of the "reversal" of the power structure, despite the methods being distinctive. Real life examples range from swear words to graffiti, both which are considered "remnants of the energy of folk culture and carnival", where they depict the subversion of the dominant norm, whether its vandalism, the undermining of the contemporary aspects or the prevalent speech genre. Although it's possible to delve further into the ideological reproduction of the term "carnavalesque", what we ought to be currently focusing on is the philosophical and literary adaptations of carnivalesque, and therefore will proceed into the explanations of the primary subject matter.

As mentioned earlier in the enumeration of the attributes a carnival pertains, Bakhtin approaches carnivalesque images specifically with the term "grotesque realism", meaning his views on the objective depiction of carnival is summarised through the term grotesque. The reason is due to the forceful drawing in of bodily qualities and biological human characteristics into the realm of art, an example being the hyperbolic expression of the human body and its functions during carnivals. It is also because it "it also celebrates incompleteness, transgression and the disruption of expectations", as it opposes on the idea of naturalism and social taxonomy through different parameters or on the basis of their profession. Yet he also describes this not as absolute destruction or the descent of anarchy, but as the return of regeneration due to it supposedly uniting the population under one social construct. He even went as far as to saying that the spirit of carnival " was personified as a fat, boisterous man who consumed vast quantities of food and alcohol – similar to Dickens' Ghost of Christmas Present.", and commented on the fact that carnivals are transgressing its own respective limits.

Although the essay requires more clarification in terms of the philosophical definition of carnivalesque, there is one major literary piece that holds significant relevance to the subject at hand, the Shakespearean all time classic, "A Mid Summer Nights Dream." In this play, Shakespeare closely relates to the short lived, potion induced love life of Nick Bottom, a extroverted, overconfident weaver whose head was magically transformed into a donkey (more precisely an "ass") throughout the course of the play, and Titania, the dazzling queen of fairies who suddenly fall in love with Nick Bottom and his metamorphosed head. The very fact that a queen falls in love with a semi-equine human is absurd, but the allusion to carnivalesque is the difference in social status. Tatiana is a queen, despite the mythical background, whilst Nick is a "mere mortal". This not only represents the unification of social constructs, but also the breakdown of traditional rules and the general norm. In addition, the metamorphosis of Nicks head is also a clear depiction of the "grotesque realism" Bakhtin mentions with great eagerness, which unequivocally shows that this play is linked to Bakhtin's notion of the essence of carnivalesque: the abandonment of social constructionism.

Carnavalesque, an ideological theory engendered from the ingenuity of Mikhail Bakhtin and the principle of carnivals, undeniably holds significant presence in numerous aspects of the realm of literature. Though the evidence presented by the use of the "Shakespearean Fool", a recurring character in many of Shakespeare's plays, we are able to deduce the influence over countless masterpieces this very notion held, hence being able to appreciate the prominence of carnivalesque in our literary career. Through philosophical logics, it isn't an overstatement to say that "carnivals affect all people into the behaviour and rituals in to the carnivalistic life, as in every individual is affected by carnival, meaning everyone is a constant participant of carnival." Why is this not an exaggeration? No one knows, not even Mikhail Bakhtin himself, but one thing that reaches universal consensus is the prestige of his idea of carnivalesque and the sheer number of effects carnivals have on our everyday lives.

# Clara Hong

## Rabun Gap Nacoochee School

### Carnavalesque



**Chloe Kang**  
**North London Collegiate School**

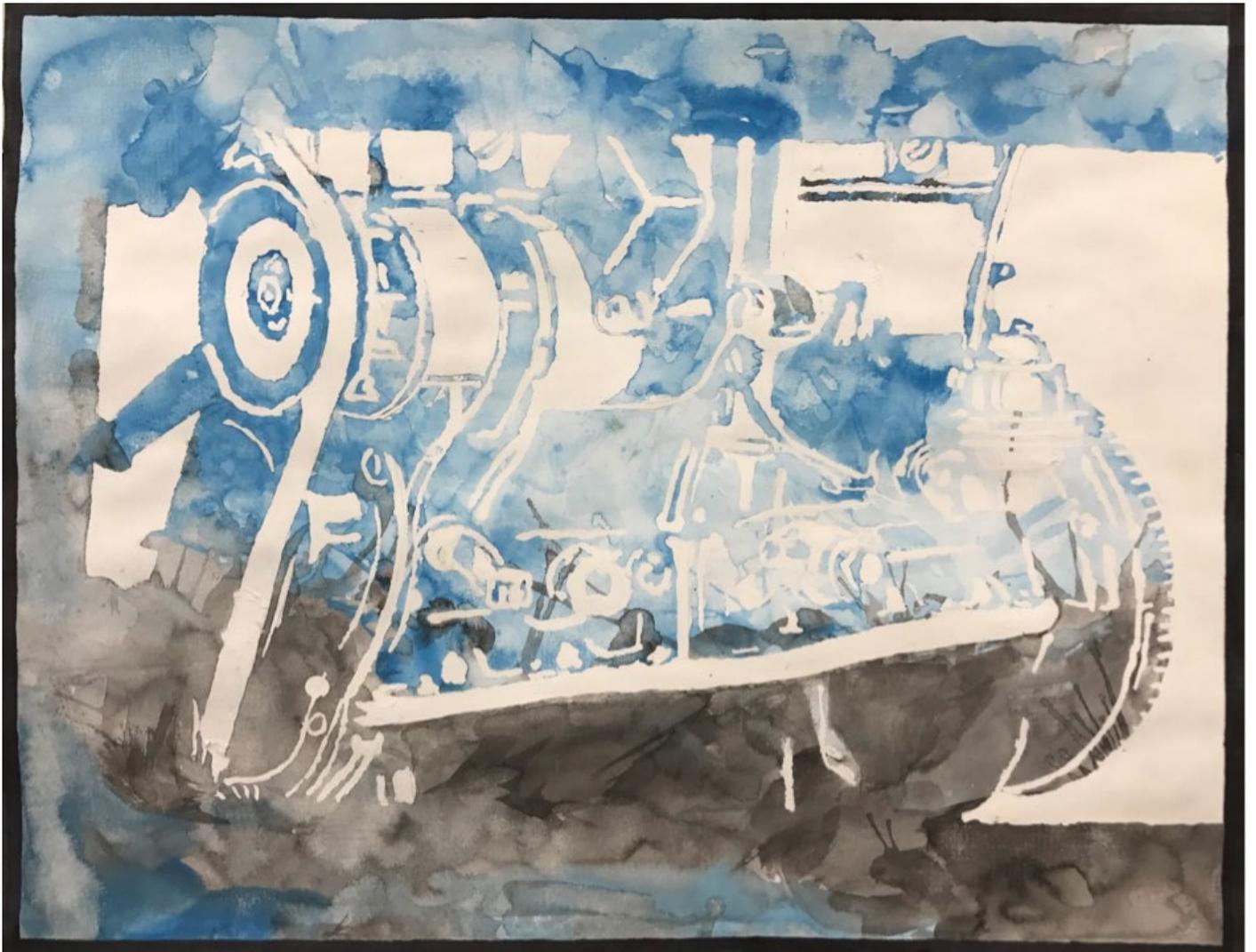
**Molly**



# Yuchan Kim

## Korea International School Jeju

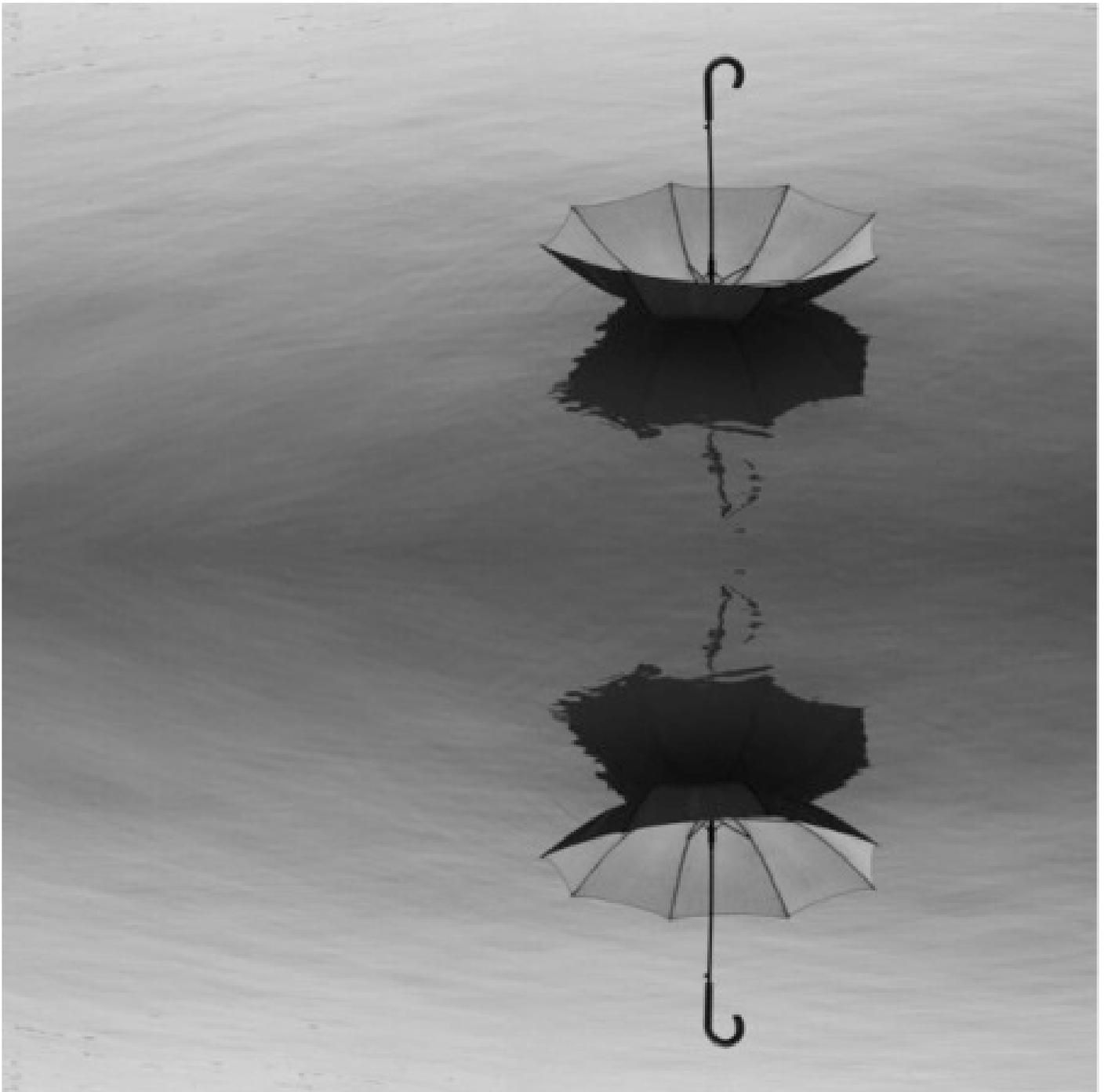
### The PM



# Hyunseo Noh

## North London Collegiate School Jeju

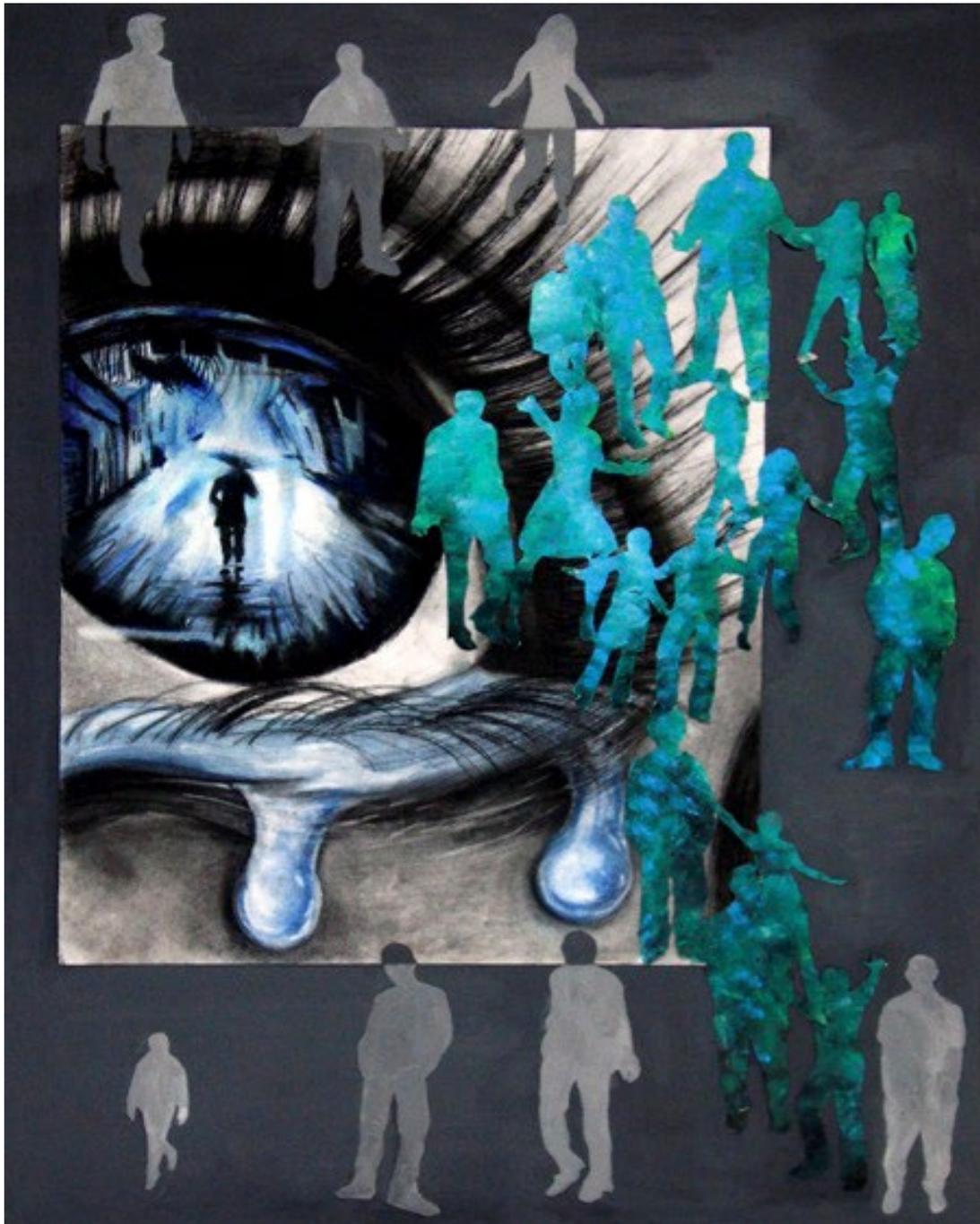
### Contrast



# Janice Roh

## Seoul International School

### Through the Eyes

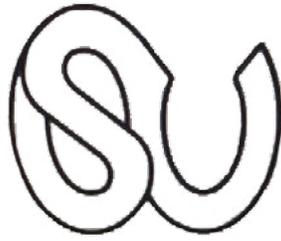


# Somin Song

## North London Collegiate School Jeju

### Light





## **The Suoo**

The Suoo is biannual arts and literature magazine that features work done by high school artists. We currently accept written submissions (poetry, prose) and artistic submissions in any media throughout the year. Feel free to share with us your work – we can't wait to show it off to the world.

For more information about The Suoo, including the submission guidelines and process, please visit our website or email us at the following:

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