This thesis offers a “Defense of Art,” building on the Romantics’ use of imagination by analyzing the transformative and therapeutic power of artistic processes evident in the Japanese craft of mending broken ceramics with gold (kintsugi) and the Broadway musical Come From Away. I interweave perspectives that derive from anthropology, historical narratives of the Japanese tea ceremony (chadō), aesthetic theory, geo-cultural considerations of shifting tectonic plates, sociopolitical necessity, theories on autobiography and metaphor, and cross-cultural differences in self-construals and systems of thought to argue that kintsugi-ware is both the prompt for and record of our collective best human aspirations. Further, using the story of Operation Yellow Ribbon & 9/11 as told in Come From Away, I contend that art transcends specific cultures, histories, and heritages to transmit universal aspirations of healing by acting as the basis of both personal integration and the integration of individuals into communities. Theoretical lenses employed in this section of my paper include psychological research on collective catharsis, social sharing of emotion, humor, and self regulation; Schopenhauer’s perception of music as a universal language; religion and metaphysics; and globalization theory. By reappraising traumatic or mundane experiences, expressing the inexpressible, and identifying with cultures and people around the globe by means of artistic processes, we are able to pick up fragmented pieces of ourselves and glue them back together.

**Keywords:** psychology, globalization, catharsis, social sharing, universal language, geology, narrative, anthropology, metaphysics, aesthetics, philosophy, kintsugi, Come From Away
Restoring Integrity: How Artistic Processes Initiate Therapeutic Transformations

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This thesis has been submitted on this day of April 19, 2019 in partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the NYU Global Liberal Studies Bachelor of Arts degree.
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The ideas that come together in this thesis didn’t reveal themselves to me at one moment, but are a steady accumulation of epiphanies elicited by a few special people from whom I have had the great pleasure of learning over the past several months. To these wonderful humans I not only owe much of the development of this thesis but also much of my personal integration as a learner, friend, creator, and community member.

I first became obsessed with embracing and repairing the broken in the context of my own experience in psychodynamic therapy. Thanks to the remarkable dedication of my therapist, Dr. Graham Taylor, I was able to learn about the mechanisms underlying my depression and bring into consciousness thoughts and patterns of thinking I had unwittingly obfuscated in efforts to shield myself from threat. This process of healing taught me the power of meaning-making, and showed me that, with acute awareness, earnest perseverance, and exceptional self-control, my perception of the world could be altered in a stunningly drastic way. Graham’s intense listening, valiant insights, and unconditional acceptance of every idea I brought to our sessions coupled with my tenacity to restore myself to psychological health brought about substantial transformations in my self-concept.

A world that was once dreary, hopeless, and unsafe became vibrant, fascinating, and saturated with color. I once felt as though I was living a hand-me-down life; nothing I felt, said, or did came from me but was a reaction fabricated to shield myself from harm. By reconstruing, reappraising, and rewriting my personal narrative, I was able to bring truths about my core needs and fears to the surface and fall in love with the world and, simultaneously, my self-becoming. It was during this incredibly rewarding process of restoring my personal integrity that I began to
notice that the art that touched me the most as I grew had common themes: meaning-making transformations, social cohesion, and belongingness.

I was then inspired by the teachings of Dr. Susan M. Andersen, whose lectures on the psychology of human personality were so stirring I left each class dizzy and mind-blown. It is rare to have such a visceral experience in a huge lecture hall, but the anecdotal and authentic way Susan taught made me feel like I was being spoken to directly. The theories to which I was introduced in her class became the matrix through which I perceive life both internally and externally, and much of this thesis builds upon them. The many poignant vignettes that she painted became the subjects of late-night conversations and musings with my friends. As far back as I can remember, I’ve always loved learning, and Susan’s teaching exemplifies the education I’ve always yearned for, one in which she shows me something about the world that I didn’t see before but, with her help, can now see for myself.

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Nancy would come to every single class curious to hear about our experiences with the
writing process and thrilled to watch us and our ideas grow. I came to anticipate and look forward to her red marks on my paper, as I knew that the woman behind them was a thoughtful genius intent on helping me create the best possible product such that I could display it with a sense of pride. Her standards are so beautifully high that they inspire me to push even harder, to never stop raising the bar. Because of Nancy, I have a renewed appreciation of the artistic process and, more importantly, this thesis has come to represent so much more to me than a graduation requirement. It is me on paper.

Nancy once said that her ex-husband, who works in the publishing industry, would read manuscripts written by the same authors, and he came to realize that every writer is trying to declare her truth about the world. He’d notice how every book was a different iteration of that truth she was endeavoring to express, and that through-thread was quite literally who she is. This thesis is who I am — it is my through-thread that has allowed me to bring together my seemingly disparate interests in one body of work. I am so grateful to have had Nancy as my colloquium advisor because she is so well-versed in so many disciplines that she was able to highlight the advantage of an interdisciplinary perspective. Eternal gratitude for her and her notorious red pen.

It is quite a beautiful and fortunate thing that we are given four years to think thoughts about the things we care about. How lucky we are to have been born into bodies and minds that were gifted this time and space to reflect upon the things that most matter to us. The time that I’ve spent thinking about kintsugi and Come From Away and learning has been a time of tremendous growth and compelling possibility and I am so thankful for all of it.
Introduction

You that see now with your own eyes
all that there is as you suppose
though I could stare through broken glass
and show you where the morning goes
though I could follow to their close
the sparks of an exploding species
and see where the world ends in ice
I would not know where Maoli\(^1\) is

For thousands of years before the invention of compass, sextant, and clock, Pacific Islanders navigated long-distance open ocean voyages in double-hulled sailing canoes by carefully observing and reading the signs of the stars, sun, and ocean swells. It was this wayfinding tradition that enabled them to discover and settle the islands of Polynesia. Having survived American imperialism and annexation, the loss of their nation, and erosion of their culture, Native Hawai`ians along with other Pacific Islanders in 1975 launched Hōkūle`a, Star of Gladness, a voyaging canoe the likes of which had not been seen for more than 600 years. The art and science of traditional Polynesian wayfinding was thus revived, and a culture that had been on the very brink of extinction was renewed. In 2015, after sailing in the wake of her ancestors and successfully completing voyages to Pape`ete, Tahiti; Aotearoa; Rapa Nui; and back home to Hawai`i, Hōkūle`a and her supporters worldwide celebrated forty years of renewed traditional Polynesian voyaging. Clearly, she is no ordinary boat. Hōkūle`a has been imbued with profound meaning; she represents both a link to a storied past and also a bright hope for the future. She embodies the legacy of Polynesian wayfinding and the most cherished values of a culture.

\(^1\) In a Hawaiian-English dictionary, “maoli” in its adjectival form means “native, indigenous, aborigine, genuine, true, real, actual” (“Nā Puke Wehewehe ʻŌlelo Hawaiʻi”).
In much the same way as Pacific Islanders navigate the open seas relying on courage, ingenuity, resiliency, and resourcefulness, so too must we all navigate life; there is a wayfinder in each of us. Have we a lodestone or North Star? What is our code or map or moral compass? Though each of us starts his journey at a random given place depending on chance of birth, we each then face many choices. There is no universal life map, nor is there a predetermined destination; we are left to chart our courses and find our own ways. In much the same way as Native Hawai`ians have imbued Hōkūle`a with meaning, so too do we each imbue people, objects, and events in life with meaning.

There are many ways to describe those moments of inspiration and insight that knock us out of our stupor or workaday mindset and give meaning to otherwise ordinary objects and events. Some call it bliss, others enlightenment, an “aha” moment, emotional resonance, a revelation or an epiphany, a quest, pilgrimage, or the Force. Some cultures teach that the experience resides in our minds; others, our hearts; others, our gods; yet others our bellies or “ki.” The English Romantic poet and engraver William Blake called it “infinite,” “eternity,” and “genius,” and centered our capacity to perceive it in our souls, describing our five senses as inlets to our souls (Blake 34). He and the American physician and writer William Carlos Williams said that it is the human faculty of imagination that enables us to powerfully and productively experience such insight. Williams described his mother thus: “She is a creature of great imagination. I might say this is her sole remaining quality. She is a despoiled, molted castaway but by this power she still breaks life between her fingers” (Williams 11). The Buddhist concept of *tathata* literally means “thusness,” or “the true state of things,” but suggests the “ultimate inexpressible nature of all things,” and, further, the notion of enlightenment through the
It is a paradoxical endeavoring to express the “ultimate inexpressible nature” of a thing that drives an artist to create. It is recognizing the “ultimate inexpressible nature” of a thing that communicates to us its meaning. Somewhere between what is and our perception and response to that which is lies the meaning that we make. Art, therefore, is the meaningful interaction, the impetus for and record of conversation between an object and its observer. Art is all around us, bearing the potential to evoke within us emotional resonances and/or profound awakenings. It invites us to engage in conversation with it, and when we accept its invitation, takes us to a state in which we are permitted to simply experience, then adjust and respond to our feelings accordingly. It forces us to reevaluate our concepts of self. This mental space to which art transports us is where meaning is made, facilitated by higher order cognitive processes. Thus, the appreciation of art is entirely idiosyncratic. Art is in the perceptions, mind, heart, belly, and soul of both beholder and creator. Any craft or endeavor done well, with intention, care, and attention to truth, excellence, or beauty, is art. Any work that seeks to express the inexpressible nature of its subject is art. Any action, however mundane, be it drinking tea, practicing a skill or discipline, or making a meal, when imbued with extraordinary meaning, is art. For these reasons, Hōkūle‘a was elevated from a mere boat to a work of art, and those who went with her did not just sail but, rather, followed The Way of Traditional Polynesian Voyaging.

The Japanese term, michi, “The Way,” points to a philosophy of life that strives for an ideal state of being via mindfulness, right conduct, and careful practice. In medieval Japan, samurai warriors followed The Way of the Sword or The Way of the Bow. Today, many continue to practice The Way of Flowers and The Way of Tea. Not all “Ways” are formalized rituals,
though. Art is all around us. It is in the Way we do certain things, the Way we care, or give, or see, or respond.

After Hōkūleʻa’s successful maiden voyage to Tahiti guided by traditional navigator Mau Piailug of Satawal, Micronesia, disaster struck on the second voyage in 1978. Capsized in stormy seas, her crew suffering from exhaustion, exposure, and hypothermia, Hōkūleʻa was hours away from losing her people when crew member Eddie Aikau, the legendary big-wave surfer and lifeguard, paddled off on his surfboard to get help. He was lost at sea; the rest of the crew was later rescued. “Eddie Would Go” is a well-known refrain in Hawaiʻi, a way of remembering Eddie’s love of big waves that others would not dare surf, and his courage in risking his life to save others. Eddie’s was The Way of the Waterman.

Though Eddie’s passing was a tragedy and the failed voyage a huge setback, in time his story was transformed into new motivation to fulfill Eddie’s dream of raising Hawaiki, the legendary Maori place of origin, from the sea by finding islands using the traditional way of his ancestors. Thus, terrible loss once again became hope. The experiences of hope, terror, loss, failure, grief, followed by hope again are common to all of us. We are born to uncertainty and dichotomies, a life of beauty and sadness, drudgery and inspiration, pain and pleasure, and brokenness and redemption. It is for this reason that we are also born meaning-makers. Without imposing sense and meaning on our experiences, we would be lost. In Man’s Search for Meaning, neurologist and psychiatrist Viktor Frankl chronicles his experiences as a World War II Nazi concentration camp survivor and describes the psychotherapeutic school of logotherapy, which he founded after his release. Frankl learned from his ordeal that those who survived the terrible conditions the longest were not the physically strongest as one might suppose, but rather,
those who were somehow able to retain a sense of control despite the hellish environment. His message of hope is that even in the worst of circumstances, one can find meaning in life. Indeed, suffering itself can yield meaning, for people are not driven by the need for pleasure or power. Rather, they are motivated by the meaning they make.

Not all of us identify strongly enough with an ethnic, cultural, social, or socioeconomic group to be motivated to find our life’s work in protecting the heritage and advancing the rights of the group. Some of us who do identify strongly with a group are not motivated by our membership but, rather, disenfranchised by the larger society. What baggage do we bring, and how does it limit our experience of what is and our vision of what could be? Once we are aware of our limitations, both external and self-imposed, how can we dispel them? What enables us to be deeply moved or motivates us to create something that might evoke a powerful response in others? How can we see and know more truly, and thus become more fully ourselves, more fully human?

If the daily grind of our workaday existence has worn us down, and the walls are closing in instead of opening outward, what strategies are there for expanding consciousness so we can be more responsive to art? As an engraver and poet, Blake metaphorically recommended a corrosive technique familiar to him, calling attention to the apparent violence of a process that could reveal such tenderness, such exquisite sensitivity and compassion: “melting apparent surfaces away and displaying the infinite which was hid” (Blake 39). The fox in Antoine de Saint-Exupéry’s *The Little Prince* teaches that when life becomes monotonous, we must reach out and establish ties, take the time and care to tame others and allow ourselves to be tamed, accept responsibility for those we tame, and then “it will be as if the sun came to shine on [our
lives)” (Saint-Exupéry 18). Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī, the 13th-century Persian Sufi poet, wrote, “There is a candle in your heart, ready to be kindled. There is a void in your soul, ready to be filled. You feel it, don’t you?” (Rūmī 21). We are born meaning makers, and also born light seekers. Whether expressed in the instinct of self-preservation, a homecoming, or a hunger for spiritual fulfillment, people naturally seek light and turn from darkness. What renews us? Many people practice meditation, travel, climb mountains, listen to or play music, read, or run. Mine has been The Way of the Learner: learning, learning about learning, learning how to learn, learning about art and making art; and, more recently, learning about psychology and human personality theories.

Through the examination of two art forms — kintsugi, the Japanese art of repairing broken ceramics with gold and the Broadway musical, Come From Away, my thesis will provide new lenses through which we may perceive, recognize, understand, appreciate, respond to, and create art as a way of life and means of conscious living. I define art broadly as meaning-making, an intentional and purposeful product, event, experience, or way of being that either makes sense of life or gives life meaning. Further, I argue that both the work of art itself — its creation, and interactions with environments, viewers, and participants — and also the appreciation of or response to art are cognitively mediated expressions of what it means to be human. Finally, I maintain that interactions with art, and the resultant flashes of insight or even enlightenment, are essential to our deepest humanity; such interactions are both the prompts for and records of our collective best aspirations.
1 Kintsugi: Historical Background & Anecdotes

*Kintsugi* literally means “to patch with gold”; it refers to the Japanese craft of mending broken ceramics with *urushi*, a viscid natural latex found in the sap of the Asian lacquer tree, and decorative gold powder. Although its exact origins are unknown (i.e., there exists no single individual to whom nor one particular day inscribed in historical records to which the momentous discovery of ceramic repair is attributed), the roots of this elegant craft can be traced back, through anecdotes, to the assimilation of aesthetic ideals into *chadō* (The Way of Tea) by tea master Takeno Jōō (1502-1555) and his legendary disciple Sen no Rikyū (1522-1591). Thus, in order to fully shed light upon *kintsugi* one must first consider the sociocultural circumstances and philosophical underpinnings of *chadō*.

Evidence exists cataloguing *urushi*-based ceramic mending as a repair craft; in Japan, prior to the 16th century, it served a function that dovetailed with the Japanese philosophy *mottainai* (the sensation of regret experienced with waste), but *kintsugi* transcends functionality in that it is a transformative ceramic restoration, one that highlights the damaged area of the piece, bringing it into high relief. As opposed to basic types of repair involving transparent or invisible glue, which seek to shroud a damaged object’s shameful history of imperfection to maximize pristine aesthetic appeal, *kintsugi* aims to emphasize an object’s flaws, thus making tangibly engaging and philosophically meaningful its fractures and splits and emotionally imbuing the ceramic article with multidimensional significance—including a philosophical play between an ideal and the perfection of the “real world.” Most cognizant of the profound implications that this intentional embrace of fragmentation and apparent misfortune had symbolically were the 16th-century aesthetes and tea masters, who were intent upon integrating
Buddhist tradition and poetic ideals into the tea ceremony. One notion in particular demonstrated itself especially germane to chadō and, subsequently, kintsugi.

Wabi-sabi, the Japanese Buddhist worldview of the appreciation of beauty in the transient, fleeting nature of all things, gave rise to a perception of rupture as an opportunity for metamorphosis and rebirth psychologically, socially, and culturally. It is quite inconceivable to do these four syllables any justice in English; therefore, I shall expound upon their import in the next sentences in an attempt to hint at the exhaustive, ineffable, ethereal essence of this originally Buddhist conception. Wabi signifies understated grace, austere dignity, rustic elegance, and spiritual solitude. Furthermore, it refers to unforeseen idiosyncrasies and quirks that emerge during the creation or evolution of an object or being. Sabi connotes the beauty and tranquility that are revealed with the vicissitudes of time, for instance the accumulation of rusty desert varnish on tuff in an arid climate, the dull patina on a church steeple, or the delicate dermal seams around an old woman’s eyes accrued from decades of mirth and Duchenne laughter. The conjunction of these two disyllabic words in wabi-sabi evokes the sense of a certain yielding, an inevitable surrender to the capricious character of time. Moreover, the concept embraces the idea that impermanence is not only an inevitable and natural part of life but a truth that should be understood, appreciated, and even revered. Each entity on earth erodes and decays, only to cyclically resurrect itself in a new embodiment—every year the leaves grow, transform in hue and texture, fall and perish with the seasons; time and experience gradually, painstakingly carve the fine wrinkles on the venerable lady’s visage, much like cascading water sculpts a riverbed; a therapist helps her patient work through trauma by finding meaning in suffering, such that the client’s mental perceptions change so drastically he considers himself an utterly new man, the
neophyte who had entered therapy deceased or unrecognizable, a distant memory.

The goal is that once an individual has internalized *wabi-sabi* and humbly accepted his fate, his lot, the poignant aesthetic of his existence, community and selflessness are far easier to come by, for the senses have been rejuvenated by empathy. The Japanese have a locution for this as well—*mono no aware*, the sensitive pathos of ephemera, the wistful empathy for all things. Sen no Rikyū, the revered tea master whose reticent demeanor and modest upbringing most profoundly influenced the evolution of *chadō* into the ritualistic art form of the modern day, proliferated the emphasis on Buddhist philosophy in the tea ceremony. Thus, a profusion of anecdotes concerning *chadō* that were documented during the Azuchi-Momoyama period in the late 16th century attest to a fascination with shattered and restored ceramic pieces, for reasons that go beyond aesthetic appeal.

Most notable is the story of *daimyō* (Japanese feudal lord) Toyotomi Hideyoshi’s cherished Ido-style tea bowl, known now as “Tsutsui Zutsu.” The sturdy-walled, loquat-hued bowl had been bestowed upon Hideyoshi by fellow *daimyō* Tsutsui Junkei, and it was treasured by the preeminent warrior (Bartlett 8). It was said to possess a “commanding presence,” not unlike the disposition of Hideyoshi himself. One day, during a gathering of feudal lords, a lowly page in Hideyoshi’s entourage fumbled the prized apricot-glazed bowl, causing it to plunge to the ground and smash into five pieces. In the deafening hush that ensued, those present could hear the blood pounding in the temples of the errand boy, for it was widely known that Hideyoshi was despotic and ill-tempered, and the company feared for the poor child’s life. Bracing themselves for an inevitable tornado of wrath, the lords were astonished when the first to shatter the paralyzed silence was not Hideyoshi, but his guest Hosokawa Yusai, who extemporized a
playful and witty poem based on a verse in *The Tales of Ise* (a famous collection of poetry from the Heian period):

Tsutsui’s well curb
Became split into five
Alas for that well-deep bowl
All of the blame -
It seems to have been mine.

*Tsutsui zutsu*
*Itsutsu ni wareshi*
*Idojawan*
*To ka oba ware ni*
*Ohi ni kerashina*

(Kaisen 626)

Yusai’s clever, poetic incorporation of the former owner’s name (Tsutsui), the style of the bowl (“well curb” and “well-deep” both indicate the sturdiness and structural integrity of the clay body), the incident itself, and the five segments (five fragments / five lines of verse) into which the bowl shattered induced laughter from everyone present at the gathering, including Hideyoshi himself. A potentially catastrophic event was averted by Yusai’s shrewd intervention, and from that day onward, the bowl came to be referred to as “Tsutsui Zutsu” (an homage to the event that could have been its demise but came instead to represent its rebirth). In fact, the unspoken yet firmly established social rules allowed both a young man’s life and a humiliating social situation to be saved by the swift mind of a brilliant poet-scholar.

The true life of “Tsutsui Zutsu” began the moment it was fumbled, which allowed for the poem to be improvised. One could say that an apparently “broken” situation was “mended” and thus buttressed by the power of Yusai’s poem under the watchful eyes of all those present. Like a life-altering traumatic event, a nation-fracturing act of terrorism, or a devastating natural disaster,
the mutually experienced accident allowed those affected by it to come together in a moment of fellowship and healing because of the application of artistic vision and skill. “Tsutsui Zutsu” thus became imbued with a sense of resilience, camaraderie, and vivacity once it was mended, its hairline fissures a tangible portrayal of the social and metaphysical factors that became inextricably entwined with its essence. The restored bowl, with its striking chasms, exists as talismanic affirmation that the imagination and the social situation have the power to make meaning by allowing for reflection and an integration of individuals into communities, fusing immaterial with material qualities, and infusing the physical world with spiritual and emotional life. After the incident, for generations to come, “Tsutsui Zutsu” would continue to be used and treasured, with each of its owners passing down the immaterial anecdote of short-tempered Hideyoshi, the clumsy errand boy, and Hosokawa Yusai’s heroic improvisation along with the material bowl. Occasionally, it would shatter into the same five fragments, only to be repaired once again. Today, “Tsutsui Zutsu” is protected under the national designation “Important Cultural Property” (Bartlett 8).

Art bridges the gap between the individual and the community—it is one of the important means of expression that makes us fully human. We are driven by a need to make meaning out of seemingly disparate elements or situations, and it is this drive that differentiates us from other species and binds us together. Thus the history of the bowl, at this point encoded in the object itself, offers itself as impetus for both social cohesion and philosophical reflection—reflected in both the history of the transmission of the bowl and, in modernity, the “Important Cultural Property” designation through which it has been publicly recognized.

Less well known is the tale of “Unzan Katatsuki,” a Chinese Song Dynasty (960-1279)
One day, a Sakai tea man made the fortuitous discovery of a spectacular tea jar of beautiful shape and rare color. Intoxicated and astonished by his find, he swiftly made arrangements to receive Sen no Rikyū, among other guests, for the inauguration of the chaire. Eagerly anticipating the attention he was certain the magnificent stoneware would receive, the Sakai man was dumbfounded when the long-awaited hour of the tea ceremony arrived and his chaire went completely unnoticed by Rikyū. In a moment of resentment and frustration that stemmed from the vast discrepancy between his high expectations for validation and the reality that was completely without anticipated praise, the tea man petulantly launched his beloved jar against an iron trivet, causing it to fracture into many small pieces. A few of the remaining guests salvaged the broken pieces and mended the chaire with urushi. They then invited Rikyū to a tea ceremony of their own, and the moment the fabric in which the jar was stored parted to reveal the chaire’s fractures and splits, Rikyū declared, “Now, the piece is magnificent” (Bartlett 9).

Unlike “Tsutsui Zutsu,” “Unzan Katatsuki” is an example of an object that had been cherished and admired by its owner that went utterly unappreciated by other aficionados. Only after its unflawed appearance had been obliterated and then redefined with kintsugi did it engender considerable acclaim. Rikyū is later quoted as having said, “It is good for the utensils of a small room to be lacking...though the use of cracked Raku ware is problematic, suitable utensils such as Song Dynasty tea jars that have been repaired with lacquer become all the more fit for use” (Bartlett 10). The worldview of wabi-sabi is evident in the appeal of these mended Daitetsu Suzuki’s Zen and Japanese Culture, 323, and the collection of essays, The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics, 9, both make reference to this same chaire as “Unzan Katatsuki” but fail to explain how it acquired its name. Perhaps unlike “Tsutsui Zutzu,” the name of the vessel had less to do with the historical/philosophical interpretation of the material object and thus the significance was lost throughout the years, but I can only speculate.
tea room utensils, as those that succumb to a seemingly unkind fate only become imbued with greater significance and thus exude a palpable resilience and idiosyncratic character, as well as a tangible moral lesson that all things can break and what matters is what one does in response to that inevitable occurrence.

An aesthetic argument that goes hand in hand with Rikyū’s blatant disregard for the exquisite chaire before it had been hurled by its owner in a fit of rage and his subsequent declaration of the mended piece as “magnificent” is that of the heavily-researched peak shift effect. Hypothesized to have evolutionary relevance, the psychological peak shift effect asserts that animals are biased toward responding preferentially to a variant of an orthodox or usual stimulus, as long as the degree of deviation stays within acceptable limits. Studied primarily in the realm of aposemetic coloration and sexual dimorphism, this theory can also be applied in the domain of aesthetic reactions and judgments.

Prior to the discovery of this phenomenon, which propounds a certain amount of variance as attractive, it was believed that “averageness” (denoting the technical definition of a mathematical mean, not the connotation of “mediocrity” implied in the quotidian sense) exemplified beauty. This effect was first described by Francis Galton in 1878, when he combined portraits of many different people into single resultant composites and had participants judge the attractiveness of the individual faces comprising the set versus the composite face (Galton 132). The composite pictures, which “averaged” the features of a set of human faces, were deemed more attractive than the individual faces composing the set, thus leading Galton to conclude that “human faces are considered to be more beautiful the closer they fall to the average in the disposition of their features” (Davies 90). Theories of category formation in cognitive and
Developmental psychology support this notion as well, postulating that both infants and adults organize and consolidate sensory information into mental bins (e.g., “trees,” “dogs,” “office supplies,” etc.), thus forming category prototypes, or central representatives of the categories. A 1998 study conducted by developmental psychologist Alan Slater demonstrates that 72-hour old men’s opinion of her attractiveness.

babies stare longer at faces deemed attractive by adult raters than faces regarded as unattractive by adult raters (Slater 346). It is surmised that this incredibly swift development of recognition of facial beauty is due to an intrinsic, “hard-wired” attraction to prototypical faces.

Though averageness and prototypicality are regarded positively as attractive, there are many data to suggest that the most attractive or most beautiful stimuli are, in fact, special deviations from the norm (and it is to this notion that the aforementioned peak shift effect speaks). Christian Rudder, co-founder of OkCupid (an American-based, international online dating and social networking site) and avid writer, corroborates this effect in his blog post, “The Mathematics of Beauty.” From data collected across a sampling of 5,000 female users, Rudder finds that women who get messaged the most on his site are those who elicit stark variation in male opinion. The less-messaged women are judged most consistently attractive, yet receive less attention. Using the celebrity examples of Kristen Bell and Megan Fox in order to explain this seemingly counter-intuitive phenomenon, Rudder states that Kristen Bell is rated as consistently good-looking by male judges (4/5) and Megan Fox is rated both as the most beautiful woman alive (5/5) and as very unattractive (1/5) by male judges. Although both women amass similarly high attractiveness ratings on average, the distribution of their scores is completely different, and Megan Fox, in her appearance, would presumably garner much more male attention than Kristen Bell (according to data collected from real OkCupid users) if they were members of the online community. Basically, the implication of these data are: in order to get more messages, it is best to stand out in a way that may appear ugly to some and exceptionally beautiful to others, not to be typically “cute.” Furthermore, neuroaestheticists V. S. Ramachandran and William Hirstein bring the peak shift effect into the realm of art by arguing that it is what underpins the human
It might seem a bit strange to regard caricatures as art but take a second look at the Chola bronze—the accentuated hips and bust of the Goddess Parvati and you will see at once that what you have here is essentially a caricature of the female form. There may be neurons in the brain that represent sensuous, rotund feminine form as opposed to angular masculine form and the artist has chosen to amplify the “very essence” (the rasa) of being feminine by moving the image even further along toward the feminine end of the female/male spectrum. The result of these amplifications is a “super stimulus” in the domain of male/female differences. It is interesting, in this regard, that the earliest known forms of art are often caricatures of one sort or another; e.g. prehistoric cave art depicting animals like bison and mammoths, or the famous Venus “fertility” figures (Ramachandran 18).

Similarly, the peak shift effect may account for Rikyū’s interpretation of “Unzan Katatsuki” as spectacular only after it had acquired its special character through being broken then mended. The tea master had had no interest in the chaire before it had been shattered because it did not deviate enough from the norm—it was the Kristen Bell of pottery, regarded as any other prototypically high-average ceramic vessel which lacked a risky but distinctive emotional character. Clearly, much can be taken from the kintsugi fascination with mended objects—metaphorically, socially, philosophically, culturally, and psychologically. Although the topic of this chapter is the craft of kintsugi, in order for its meaning to be fully understood, the rituals of chadō must be explored; thus the social context of material objects must be taken into consideration. Unlike so many Western conceptualizations of art, which emphasize modes of representation and aesthetic theory over process, kintsugi is all about process and an integration of many physical and imaginative factors into a tangible object.

Teaism (a word first used in The Book of Tea by Okakura Kazukō in 1906) is a “religion” grounded in aestheticism and founded upon practices of collaboration, both in the ritualistic interactions taking place during the Japanese tea ceremony and in the personal histories of the
dōgu (the collection of artifacts and utensils adorning the tea room) (Kazukō 5). These utensils, besides performing functions related to making and sharing tea, serve as expressive tools that allow the tea practitioner to non-verbally communicate the theme of any particular gathering to his/her guests, thus creating a distinctive atmosphere through the careful selection of artifacts. The themes can be as broad as a season (e.g., a winter-themed tea ceremony) or as specific as an individual’s life transition (e.g., a tea ceremony held to commemorate a guest’s birthday). In his essay “Mending Ceramics — An Anthropological Context,” James-Henry Holland makes the distinction between public and private allusions in the Japanese tea ceremony:

Public allusions might refer to seasons, historic times, places, public figures, degrees of ritual formality, or even abstract concepts. A public allusion is something that any thoughtful and well-informed guest should have a chance at understanding. A personal allusion, on the other hand, is the host’s attempt to evoke a personal memory in a particular guest. Any guest might be thrilled at solving a difficult public allusion, but the personal allusions are usually the most emotionally charged (Holland 15).

The meaningful deployment of utensils by the host in a way that inspires community and a sense of group membership among those in the tea room is called toriawase. A host is also cognizant of the historical significance of each of his utensils and takes care to document the origins of his pieces and the many stories that they accrue over time. Aware of the fragility of his own human existence in accordance with wabi-sabi, a host expects his dōgu to outlive him. He hopes to be remembered and immortalized through the use of those utensils by coming generations, so he handles them with respect and care. Some utensil owners even record notes in the wooden boxes in which their ceramic pieces are stored.
Figures 1 & 2: Teabowl (*chawan*), owner Kato Shirozaemon Kagemasa (1169-1249), Seto ware, H.: 6.7 cm, D.: 17.2 cm. Calligraphy on a cropped poem sheet (*shikishi*) glued to the inside of the box cover: “That is not the moon / Nor is this / The spring of years gone by. I alone remain / As I was before.” Source: *The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics*, 27.

Figure 3: Dish (*zara*), 17th century, Karatsu ware, H.: 2.8 cm, D.: 12.2 cm. Source: *The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics*, 39.

Figure 4: Teabowl (*kutsugata chawan*), 18th century, Karatsu ware, H.: 7.9 cm, D.: 14.1 cm. Source: *The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics*, 39.
Figure 5: Food container (mukozuke), 18th century, Karatsu ware, H.: 7.9 cm, D.: 14.1 cm. Source: The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics, 40.

Figure 6: Teabowl (chawan), 15th century, Tokoname ware (repairs with 18th century porcelain), H.: 5.9 cm, D.: 16.4 cm. Source: The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics, 41.

Figure 7: Tea container (chaire), 18th century, Karatsu ware, H.: 6.8 cm, D.: 6.1 cm. Source: The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics, 42.
1.2 Philosophical Significance

Even without knowledge of the historical background of a mended piece, however, one’s eyes are still drawn to the golden seams that run across an otherwise flawless ceramic artifact. I remember the first time I saw an object repaired using kintsugi—I was sitting on the couch in my therapist’s office waiting for our session to begin when I looked to my right and my eyes immediately alighted upon a cerulean ceramic bowl on my therapist’s desk. Most striking were the intricate golden fissures cascading across its smooth surface. It is an aspect of our human nature to seek to make sense of our realities; thus, we are captivated by unusual or ambiguous stimuli in our environments and hasten to make meaning of them. I immediately registered that the clay piece was special and wanted to know more about it. When I told my therapist how beautiful the bowl was, he took it up in his hands, smiled knowingly, and said, “This is a metaphor for therapy.” Though I didn’t think much of this remark at the time, through writing this thesis I’ve come to understand and appreciate the full meaning of my therapist’s statement.

Figure 1 is an example of a teabowl that had three chips around the edges, each of which was repaired using red urushi, which complements the rich bronze tones of the piece by drawing attention to the three unevenly spaced patches around the edges. Notice how the juxtaposition of colors isn’t the only apparently contradictory element of the repair—the red urushi is smooth and highly reflective, in stark contrast to the rough, muted texture of the bowl.

Through my experience learning kintsugi techniques from ceramic repair master Gen Saratani (the only craftsman in the United States who offers kintsugi repairs using entirely traditional methods), I am now more consciously aware of the exacting skill and meticulous effort that goes into mending a piece with a small chip as opposed to an object-splitting crack.
The craftsman must first mix a putty made of whetstone powder, water, and urushi to fill the space of the chip with material that will later be painted with urushi. This is no easy feat—the proportion of the constituents must be precise so the putty is of a malleable, clay-like consistency; it cannot be too dry, yet it must be able to hold its own shape when applied to the damaged area. Attention to time is of crucial importance during the process of repair, just as it is a critical part of chadō and the interpretation of a mended ceramic piece. The putty must quickly be applied to the cavity in the piece as anything with urushi in it is quick to dry. However, in order for the piece to dry through and through such that it can be sanded down and later used as a surface for painting with urushi, many days must pass. Thus, the dance with the fickle disposition of time is echoed in the repair process. From the abrupt incident that caused the piece to shatter to the steady elapsing of years as the multiple apprehensions of the vessel pass through many generations of owners and users, the temporal intricacies of kintsugi are evident in the body of the piece and the hands of the craftsman.

The chawan in Figure 1 is an example of a piece that required three different patches of putty to be restored to its original shape. Interrupted at three different points in its elliptical mouth, the repaired bowl conveys a sense of resilience and respect for the demarcations that were originally unintended but then allowed it to be painstakingly mended and thus perceived anew. The craftsman’s choice to leave the red urushi mostly visible instead of covering it in gold powder creates a naturalistic effect that enhances the subtle statement made by the thin golden seam trickling modestly across its interior. This vein makes salient the teabowl’s history of rupture by tracing the line (literally and figuratively) where a part of its old form was severed; this type of mending is unusual in that it is superimposed on the field of red lacquer; it seems to
transgress the field as if gravity pulls it toward the interior core of the bowl.

Figure 2 is an image of the box in which the teabowl is stored when not being used for a tea ceremony. Whereas many of the storage boxes for dōgu are used as receptacles for idiosyncratic memoirs pertaining to a specific gathering, the one pictured in Figure 2 is different in that it contains the inscription of a poem by ninth century poet-genius Ariwara No Narihira (825-880):

That is not the moon
Nor is this
The spring of years gone by
I alone remain
As I was before.

(Hare 281)

The empathic sensitivity and emotional resonance that the chawan engenders in its perceivers simply through its physical appearance is bolstered by this poetic reflection attached to it; and how fitting that the calligraphy literally embraces the teabowl as it rests in desuetude, only making itself visible as an inextricable part of the experience with the object every time it is brought out for use. Christy Bartlett, director of the Urasenke Foundation of San Francisco and scholar of Asian Art, speaks to the significance of the verse in her essay “A Tearoom View of Mended Ceramics”:

As the poem expresses, mended ceramics convey simultaneously a sense of rupture and of continuity. That one moment in which the incident occurred is forever captured in the lines and fields of lacquer mending. It becomes an eternally present moment yet a moment that oddly enough segues into another where perishability is circumvented by repair. Simultaneously we have the expression of frailty and of resilience, life before the incident and life after. Yet the object is not the same. In its rebirth it assumes a new identity that incorporates yet transcends the previous identity. Like the cycle of reincarnation, one life draws to a close and another begins…Rather than excluding the object from aesthetic consideration, the mending stands as evidence of the regard in which it
has been held. It attests to its inherent worth. Such a disregard of pristine artistry emphasizes the qualities of the object that transcend physical beauty. Its appeal is situated precisely in its emotional qualities (Bartlett 12).

The wistful, poignant tone of the poem attests to an illusion of “before” and a reality of “after,” without making explicit reference to the demarcation itself—or to the agent who occasioned the change. Allusions to nature are mentioned, making salient to the reader the fragility and cyclical disposition of life, and implied is a serene sense of loss and a heightened urge to honor that which remains. Imagine the experience of being the tea master who removes the *chawan* from the box in which it has been kept—your eyes initially alight upon the mossy, understated hue of the bowl, then simultaneously observe the fields of lacquer and the calligraphy inscribed on the box’s interior as you bring the bowl closer to your face. Because you are aesthetically impressionable, the significance you ascribe to the *chawan* only grows as you read the poem and further observe the way the *kintsugi* craftsman chose to integrate the old with the new, the before with the after, in each of his deliberate color and arrangement choices. The material idiosyncrasies of the object conjoin with its vibrant, immaterial stories, sparking conversation and a sense of cohesion among the guests present at your tea ceremony. Thus the cycle of integration continues, with the *chawan* acting as the impetus for bringing individuals together while also serving as the vessel that accrues the memories and features of the events and people it experiences, adding archetypes and emotional layers and resonances to its character.
1.3 Geo-Cultural Conditions of Kintsugi

In Figure 3, the mending is purposely imprecise in many respects, most strikingly in the mismatch between adjacent fragments that is apparent due to the abrupt change in glaze pattern and subtle shifts in angle between disparate pieces. Upon initial inspection, the dish gives the impression of paying homage to a geological phenomenon: the tenuous parallel lines running organically around the circumference of the zara give the piece a banded effect, reminiscent of the markings found in transversely cut agates and geodes. A geode develops over thousands of years, as mineral-flush rainwater slowly infiltrates a cavity in an igneous rock through microscopic pores and ossifies into layers of crystals. Only when it is cut in half is its beautiful pattern revealed, each layer of crystal a new testament to the metamorphic process through time to which it has been subjected. One does not have to be an expert in geology to appreciate the captivating, alluring effect that geological designs such as the one in Figure 3 exert on the human mind. In The Shawshank Redemption, protagonist Red (played by Morgan Freeman) remarks, “Geology is the study of pressure and time. That’s all it takes, really. Pressure and time,” after his longtime friend and wrongfully convicted fellow prisoner Andy Dufresne escapes Shawshank Prison by patiently excavating a tunnel in his cell wall with a rock hammer over a period of nineteen years. Andy’s extraordinary escape was the first of its kind, and it was especially significant due to the stoicism and tenacity it required. Similar tolerance and perseverance is not characteristic of many modern-day activities but is often captured in nature; and, as children of nature, humans have innate appreciation of such processes (hence an appreciation of and reverence for continuous and understated natural change). The Japanese worldview of wabi-sabi encapsulates this appreciation for the inevitable but gradual metamorphosis that only time can
produce and that is most readily visible in natural phenomena. A certain nostalgia is immediately evoked upon encountering the *zara* in Figure 3 because of the visual allusion it makes to time through activation of the mental schema related to geology, as seen in its graceful (yet deliberately interrupted through restoration) taupe and sepia ripples.

The repair craftsman’s decision to leave the slight dip in the lip of the dish as it is without filling it with putty (in the photograph, this feature is visible at “10:00”) also contributes to the distinctive character of the piece. Red *urushi* is used to fill a long but thin chip on the mouth of the *zara*, and thick strata of gold powder extend like a spiderweb over the broken portion of the bowl in a crescent shape. The confident angularity of the thick golden striations is in stark contrast to the gentle flow of the banded, earthy undulations of glaze. Another impression of this piece, one that goes hand in hand with the geological association, is that of shifting tectonic plates. This interpretation is buttressed by the early observation the perceiver makes that the broken pieces obviously do not fit together as they did before the incident that caused the dish to fracture—the glaze pattern is discontinuous and interrupted by pronounced chasms of gold, but instead of being unsightly or disturbing, this adds to the object’s beauty.

In his paper “The Geo-Cultural Conditions of *Kintsugi*,” Guy Keulemans explores the technique of *kintsugi* as a culturally and geologically-grounded response to the frequent earthquakes that Japan experiences as well as a process that allows material objects to evoke visceral, affective reactions in their perceivers. He uses concepts of affect originating in the work of philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari to develop his argument; Deleuze and Guattari state that affects are not emotions or sensations themselves, but are characterized by their capacity to elicit emotional responses and to provoke new perspectives, reflections, and actions.
in their experiencers. According to Deleuze and Guattari, “art is the language of sensations”; from their perspective, the visual expressions encoded in the aesthetic elements of *kintsugi*-ware are, first and foremost, communicative (Deleuze 34).

Keulemans believes that forces of affect move through material such as earth, clay, glaze, and lacquer, and make themselves especially evident through cracks: “A crack is a diagram of the flow of applied force moving through [a] ceramic at the time of impact” (Keulemans 22). Thus, because *kintsugi*-ware has experienced a profusion of varying pressures throughout its life—even more than the average ceramic vessel—it serves as an especially germane example of how affect moves. Starting as a ball of wet clay, shaped expertly by the hands of its potter, painted thoughtfully with glaze, then exposed to the heat that hardens and colors it during its firing, *kintsugi*-ware at this stage has yet to undergo the transformative forces that will later distinguish it as distinct from other pieces of pottery. When the concussive force that causes breakage is applied to the ceramic, despite often being prosaic, mundane, or domestic in nature (whether the result of an askew elbow or a child’s moist palms), it is necessarily related to all other fragmenting forces, no matter the circumstances that induced it. Keulemans contends that ceramic-cracking forces are inextricably related to external forces that cause analogous cracks on a much larger scale: “So, just as cracks in a bowl may illustrate concussive force moving through ceramic at the point of impact, the cracks of earthquakes in the ground illustrate the breaking force of tectonic energy moving through the earth” (Keulemans 23). This surrendering and being physically vulnerable to unpredictable natural forces on the part of the clay object itself is reminiscent not only of the forces that govern the very earth that anchors us in the physical world but also the vulnerability of infancy and, more extensively, the plight of the human condition in
Within a Deleuzian-Guattarian framework of affect, the crack that testifies to the point of impact is termed a “compound of sensations,” and it is this force-expression, an “affect of shattering forces” that *kintsugi* objects and earthquake damage share (Keulemans 22). This articulation of a relationship between a small object and large-scale, geo-ecological phenomena is not foreign to the tea ceremony: “The tea experience is a miniature world-experience taking place in the tea room…In the noise of the boiling water we hear the living strength of the sea; in the steam rising from the tea we catch the scent of pines on a distant hill” (Hasumi 85). The Japanese archipelago is situated in a volcanic zone on the Pacific Ring of Fire, which is where 90% of the world’s earthquakes occur (Rosenberg 2). Keulemans contends that it is no coincidence that a ceramic restoration technique is popular in a country that regularly experiences earthquakes—not only because the Japanese people are presumably accustomed to rectifying damage as a result of their geographical locale, but perhaps more prosaically because
cherished ceramic objects themselves are often broken during tremors, thus warranting a direct need for ceramic repair. Furthermore, he notes that a meaningful correlation was found between the number of documented earthquakes during the Edo period and the development of kintsugi. Though this does not necessarily demonstrate increased frequency of seismic activity, it does indicate a heightened awareness of this natural disaster within Japanese society. Recently, it has also been proposed that the Tōhoku earthquake of 2011 (one of the biggest earthquakes recorded globally in the last 100 years with a magnitude of 9.1) initiated a 21st-century resurgence in the popularity of kintsugi. In Figure 8, the force of the 2018 Osaka earthquake is visible in the damage it inflicted in asphalt, splitting open layers of concrete and tar to lay bare the earth that had been supporting them. Attracted to the area of fracture are many people, some with cameras for documentation, all intent upon surveying the damage. Though potentially lethal, natural disasters are both fascinating to humans and provide motivation for them to come together within communities.

This notion that kintsugi has broader sociocultural ramifications is especially provocative.

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3 I am reminded of a snippet from an essay entitled “Taste for Makers” by Paul Graham, computer scientist and author: “The inhabitants of fifteenth century Florence included Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Donatello, Masaccio, Filippo Lippi, Fra Angelico, Verrocchio, Botticelli, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. Milan at the time was as big as Florence. How many fifteenth century Milanese artists can you name? Something was happening in Florence in the fifteenth century. And it can't have been heredity, because it isn't happening now. You have to assume that whatever inborn ability Leonardo and Michelangelo had, there were people born in Milan with just as much. What happened to the Milanese Leonardo? There are roughly a thousand times as many people alive in the US right now as lived in Florence during the fifteenth century. A thousand Leonardos and a thousand Michelangelos walk among us. If DNA ruled, we should be greeted daily by artistic marvels. We aren't, and the reason is that to make Leonardo you need more than his innate ability. You also need Florence in 1450. Nothing is more powerful than a community of talented people working on related problems. Genes count for little by comparison: being a genetic Leonardo was not enough to compensate for having been born near Milan instead of Florence. Today we move around more, but great work still comes disproportionately from a few hotspots: the Bauhaus, the Manhattan Project, the New Yorker, Lockheed's Skunk Works, Xerox Parc” (Graham). Here, Graham mentions the elements of cross-fertilization, political and social necessity, political and social validation, and material support that are essential for the birth of great art. The same can be said for the geo-cultural conditions in Japan that gave rise to kintsugi.
and hopeful during its process of repair, when broken pieces are pulled together by *urushi* (which fittingly comes exclusively from the sap of the Asian lacquer tree, thus precipitating the ongoing connection with nature, both destructive and constructive). Going back to Deleuze and Guattari’s compounds of sensations, the two philosophers designated the expression the “clinch” to illustrate a certain binding or embracing sensation. Keulemans argues that when the fragmented material is drawn together by *urushi* (a natural and very durable glue) then decorated with gold (a dense, heavy metal known for its qualities of immutability and resilience), the affect of shattering forces is softened and reduced, moderated by the repair. The affective sensation associated with the “clinch,” the coming together, is communicated more than once—first, during the physical process of mending, then again every time the mended object is looked upon by a perceiver: “Therefore, [the clinch of *kintsugi*] binds material, but also binds to the sensation of *becoming bound*...[it] manifests and potentializes perceptions of community bonding via affects of becoming bound, and the cracks...manifest and potentialize sensitivity to the calamitous potential of life” (Keulemans 25). Thus, by encapsulating expressions of shattering and of repair, *kintsugi*-ware contains a dichotomous sense of omen and solace, all the while fitting in the palm of one’s hand. The *zara* in Figure 3 is especially representative of these affective sensations, as its parts obviously do not fit together as they once did, eliciting a bittersweet feeling consisting of nostalgic yearning, uneasy premonition, and communal intimacy:

> The smoothed, golden seams that bind the ceramics together suggest a life of quality beyond catastrophe and are an expression of a binding force that ameliorates the oppositional forces that pull apart. The affective strength of this binding is also suggested by the second use of the word *tsugi* (縫ぎ, connecting) in the Japanese language to describe family bonds in regard to inheritance,
succession and the continuation of family traditions or craft. The sense of this binding is a becoming for the Japanese—a way to move beyond the affects of alarm and danger inherent in the sensation of the crack and towards the sense of community and togetherness embodied by the “clinch” (Keulemans 26).

Ceramic pieces, which are already tremendously affect-laden due to the intimate sculptor-clay relationship that is inherent in the nature of their creation, are given the chance to be elevated to what Ramachandran called and I earlier alluded to as “super stimuli” by breaking, then being restored through kintsugi. Roderick Bamford’s essay “Ecology and the Aesthetics of Imperfect Balance” expounds on the ideas presented in Keulemans’ argument by claiming that kintsugi-ware evokes our human capacity to care. This involves not only experiencing sensitivity, communality, empathy, and understanding of other people or ephemera, but also energizing action. Just as goals are empirically proven to behave differently from a mental construct or concept by possessing the odd quality of energizing behavior (this is known as the Zeigarnik effect), Bamford contends that care, as a “barometer of our morality,” induces our potential for responsible, community-centered action (Bamford 62).
1.4 Valtonen’s Autobiographical Writing

Don’t turn your head. Keep looking at the bandaged place. That’s where the light enters you.
(Rūmī, The Essential Rūmī, 142)

It has been established that *kintsugi*-ware possesses the distinct capacity to educe visceral reactions in its perceivers by compelling them to reflect on its history, by deviating from more typical ceramic objects both visually and affectively, by enfolding action-enkindling sensations in its mended seams, and by initiating the formation of mental connections between its visual appearance and large-scale, geological phenomena. Mended ceramics are evidently vessels laden with myriad significant modes of meaning-making. In this section, I use novelist and psychologist Jussi Valtonen’s paper, “The Health Benefits of Autobiographical Writing: An Interdisciplinary Perspective” to explain how *kintsugi*-ware is distinctive in tangibly portraying healing through its communicative power; it is the physical manifestation of the human desire to fix and make whole what endures. Though each of the segments of my argument intertwine and inform one another, in a sense establishing a complete Gestalt, this piece speaks perhaps most directly to what my therapist meant when responding to my remark about his *kintsugi*-ware (“This is a metaphor for therapy”).

Valtonen’s main argument builds upon a large body of past empirical literature attesting to a causal link between writing about one’s own life experiences and an amelioration in both physical and mental health. Although this association between autobiographical writing and the emergence of health benefits has been thoroughly substantiated, the specific *how* underpinning this effect has not. Thus, Valtonen’s perspective on the topic is unique, for it seeks to discover the
underlying mechanisms that render writing about one’s own life experiences therapeutic by using methods and concepts from narrative theory such as conflict, metaphor, and intertextuality to inform empirical evidence that has already been compiled.

It has been argued for a long time that storytelling plays a psychologically crucial role in meaning-making, providing humans with the means to make sense of their experiences. This may be due, in part, to the narrative tool of metaphor, which allows writers to reconceptualize the significance of influential moments in their lives. Metaphor requires that an author at least partially structure his perspective on his topic by classifying disparate ideas, choosing what to bring into focus and what to conceal:

Conceivably, discovering a metaphor that can perform this function can enable the writer to mentally represent the emotional impact of any life-changing moment in a newly discovered way, to become aware of its creative and meaning-expanding dimensions in new ways and to be affected by its power to represent important aspects of life in newly discovered ways. Through the discovery of this central metaphor, a writer may be able to mentally discover and reconceptualize the psychological significance of any such impactful moment (Valtonen 31).

This same effect is echoed in the mending of broken ceramics—through painstakingly binding the disparate pieces together with urushi, the kintsugi craftsman enables the vessel to take on a second life, to be reborn in a manner that represents life in a new fashion. Ceramic restoration yields a corrective ending to a traumatic event, altering the emotional impact of the moment the piece shattered by allowing that same moment to be psychologically reconceptualized. Thus, like a written metaphor of a life-changing event, kintsugi-ware is both the means and the product—through the process of mending, a piece allows a craftsman to work through the trauma that has been inflicted upon its body, simultaneously becoming a physical testament to both its past wounds and their restoration. Kintsugi, like autobiography, is an “over-
writing” of a new narrative, in which the artist can approach her present anew, with a new narrative contextualization.

Whereas kintsugi’s metaphor is visual, *Come From Away*, which will be discussed below, employs psychological metaphors. On Broadway, the show’s company and audience members are reconceptualizing the significance of 9/11 through song and dance, which is a retelling of how the people of Gander and those whose planes were diverted on 9/11 reconceptualized the traumatic hijackings by coming together and caring for one another.

Valtonen maintains that narrative is particularly emotionally powerful because the resonance it can evoke in its readers is incredibly diverse and contingent upon the readers’ idiosyncratic experiences, upbringing, and proclivities. He believes that this is due to storytelling’s utilization of conflict, which has been the crux of human narratives throughout history and across cultures. Thus, the way one reader may interpret a text could be diametrically opposed to how another reader interprets the exact same passage:

Because of the way narratives are centered around conflict, Abbott calls narrative “a form of passionate thought”: the reader makes sense of the conflict in narratives by relating [it] to [conflict] they have experienced, observed or imagined in their own lives. This makes the reader concerned for, and engaged in, how the psychological, social, and cultural aspects of conflict are resolved that are at play in a narrative, and makes our emotional responses closely tied to our interpretations of the narrative (Valtonen 24).

Similarly, with *kintsugi*-ware, the different interpretations of a piece are endless, depending on where each perceiver chooses to direct his awareness and concern. Though perhaps a specific conflict written about has not been experienced by a perceiver, the emotions elicited during reading about conflict are reflective of the human condition and, thus, universal. The narrative has a communicative function, allowing its reader to identify with the story’s characters
and to perhaps be moved by the emotions it arouses despite his/her not having gone through the same struggle. *Kintsugi*-ware evokes analogous emotional responses from perceivers through reminding each of them of the fact that dealing with imperfection is a shared human experience.

While learning traditional ceramic repair techniques from master Gen Saratani, I studied with one other student. When I asked her what had attracted her to the class, she told me that she had recently become disillusioned by the rote, trivial tasks of her mundane job, and this disenchantment had led her into an existential, downward mental spiral. One of her colleagues at the bank she worked at had a lacquer-mended dish that lived in his cubicle, which sparked her interest in *kintsugi*. She was especially riveted by the philosophical implications of the repair technique and curious to learn about it because she hoped it would have meaningful ramifications in her own life. Laughing a bit sheepishly, she told me that she felt broken and hoped that the course would somehow enlighten or inspire her to have the courage to restore herself. Her story made an impression on me because she had not only sought out the class because of a personal conflict, but symbolically viewed the lessons as the beginning of a new phase of her life.

In his essay “First Art and Art’s Definition,” Stephen Davies grapples with the definition of art—specifically that of first artworks. Though most of *Philosophical Perspectives on Art* tries to tackle the daunting undertaking of defining art, Davies’ endeavor in this essay is particularly revealing in that it strives to do away with the chronologically recursive form that philosophical definitions of art often have (i.e. defining art in relation to its predecessors), and instead focuses on pinpointing a distinct character that first artworks should possess:

We know yet more about the setting in which first art was produced because we
share the human condition with the makers of first art. Despite many differences of detail, the lives of human beings, both as individuals and as members of communities, have much in common. There are tasks and difficulties, along with many experiences, beliefs, emotions, desires, and fears, that are the stuff of human existence when and wherever it is lived. To acknowledge this is also to allow that the physical and social world occupied by the makers of first art is not so foreign to us as to be irredeemably impenetrable (Davies 81).

This exact notion is what makes kintsugi-ware evocative despite it being seemingly so psychologically distant from most experiences in the modern day. Psychological distance can be varied and expressed in many dimensions, but is generally defined as “the extent of divergence from direct experience of me, here and now along the dimensions of time, space, social perspective, or hypotheticality” (Liberman 364). Take Figure 6, for example. A 15th century chawan is divergent from a modern viewer’s experience of time (it is very old), space (it is from a very faraway place; that is, if “here” is New York City), and social distance (it is part of a very different culture; that is, if the percipient’s “in-group” is defined as American). Despite being remote from anything experienced in the cognitive “here and now” of a young American living in New York City, kintsugi-ware nevertheless elicits emotional resonance because, as Davies leads us to appreciate, its original makers, consequent repairmen, and perceivers all share the human condition. This “stuff of human existence”—beliefs, social experiences, emotions, desires, fears, etc.—is enough to unite seemingly disparate aesthetic elements in a common appreciation, thus resulting in an intimate, shared experience.

Valtonen alludes to the work of Rita Charon, literary scholar and founder of the field of narrative medicine, to endeavor to explain what it is about writing about one’s own life experiences that leads to psychological and physical well-being. Her argument has to do with both distance and self-knowledge, and it ties in nicely with Davies’ reflection on first art:
Any time a person writes about himself or herself, a space is created between the person doing the writing and the person doing the living, even though, of course, these two people are identical. Called the “autobiographical gap,” this space between the narrator-who-writes and the protagonist-who-acts confers the very powerful distance of reflection, without which no one can consider his or her own actions, thoughts, or life. Within this reflective space, one beholds and considers the self in a heightened way, revealing fresh knowledge about its coherent existence (Charon 70).

Charon’s *autobiographical gap*, which refers to the distance between the old self (who is now a character in one’s autobiography) and the self-becoming (who is transient, dynamic, in the “here and now,” and constantly developing as the writing continues) is what allows one to make meaning of life events. It is the writing process that allows the former person to become the writing person; and the process, by definition, can’t really “finish,” even though the autobiography can “sort of” catch up to the present. This same gap is an essential part of therapy; it is what allows the patient to slowly distance himself from his past by making the unconscious conscious. When I started to emerge from my depression after months of intensive psychodynamic therapy, I experienced this separation from my old self and a redefinition of my working self-concept. Counterintuitively, it is precisely this distance that allows for an integration of the self—only by giving myself the space to make meaning was I able to understand my emotions and motivations. This is what my therapist meant when he indicated that *kintsugi* is a visual representation of therapy—the pulling together of individual pieces into a coherent whole, a complete Gestalt, is proudly represented by the fissures of gold in the clay body. Without the moment of rupture, the ceramic vessel would never have required the redefinition, an analogue to an *autobiographical gap*, a psychological space for reflection that is an absolutely crucial prerequisite for integration.
This brings us to Valtonen’s third factor of meaning-making in narratives—intertextuality. Valtonen contends that the interconnectedness of narratives is what gives them such psychological power; in fact, they cannot be thoroughly understood alone: “in the reading process, every text one reads will inadvertently be mentally placed not only in the psychological and social context of the reader’s own life, but also in the context of all the other texts in the world” (Valtonen 32). He goes on to quote novelist Virginia Woolf:

> There they hang in the wardrobe of our mind—the shapes of the books we have read, as we hung them up and put them away when we had done with them. If we have just read “Clarissa Harlowe,” for example, let us see how it shows up against the shape of “Anna Karenina.” At once the outlines of the two books are cut out against each other as a house with its chimneys bristling and its gables sloping is cut out against a harvest moon (Woolf 51).

This perspective is especially relevant to appreciation of kintsugi-ware because restored ceramics, in the tradition of chadō, necessarily have narratives attached to them. The act of mending that which has been broken provides the impetus for contextualizing and making meaning. My kintsugi classmate is a pertinent, modern-day example of how the act of repair is inextricably linked with meaningful storytelling—without intending to do so, she had constructed a charged narrative in the two minutes before class started by telling me about her situation. I recognized her story as a very purposeful reason for engaging in and learning about a craft that is centered around proudly displaying points of rupture. By the same token, the anecdotes in the first section of this thesis are from centuries ago, yet people today are still able to relate to the actors in those stories because they share the same human existence. As Valtonen eloquently states:

> [E]ven outside of their own genres and storylines, narratives create connections to all other stories that share similar structures and narrative universals, placing the
protagonist on similar ground with all other protagonists arguably in all other stories, as singular yet universally recognizable instances of the human condition…Conceivably, then, one of the reasons why constructing a written narrative of our difficulties may be healing is that through bridging our situation with those of others before us, writing can help us feel the psychological, cultural, existential and other connections between our plight and those of others and hence, help us feel less alone…[T]he power of a narrative surely lies partly in its capability to reveal and forge these interpersonal connections that cross generational and cultural boundaries (Valtonen 34).
1.5 Global Perspective: Culture and the Self, Systems of Thought

As was just expounded through the discussion of Valtonen’s paper, the communicative power of *kintsugi*-ware is, in part, due to the innate human capacity to make meaning of our human motivations, desires, fears, and actions through storytelling. *Chadō* is a ceremony that ritualizes storytelling and meaning-making through engagement with history-laden *dōgu*. This inclination to make sense of our surroundings and experiences is a universal human tendency, thus transcendent of the specificity of any particular culture and heritage — even though such meaning-making can indeed be locally inflected.

In this next section, I take the opposite approach—instead of highlighting what it is all humans have in common that makes *kintsugi*-ware evocative, I shed light upon cultural *differences* in perception of the self and systems of thought between the East and the West that affect the way in which *kintsugi*-ware, and narrative meaning-making more generally, is perceived. All humans fall victim to the *false consensus effect*, which is a cognitive bias that leads people to overestimate the degree to which their own opinions, beliefs, and values are typical of other people, thus creating the incorrect impression of a majority opinion that does not exist (i.e., a “false consensus”) (Bauman 293). While this bias is especially prevalent in groups in which people believe the collective group opinion to be representative of the opinion of the population at large (e.g., intelligent students assuming that test-taking and studying comes easily to everyone), I conceptualize the “false consensus effect on steroids” as nescient entrenchment in an inherently biased cultural perspective that influences perception and cognition, which applies to all people.

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4 My mentor, Ethan Ludwin-Peery, calls this phenomenon the *typical mind fallacy*, which I like more than the *false consensus effect*, as it makes more intuitive semantic sense to me.
By presenting two innovative, cross-cultural investigations, “Culture and the Self: Implications for Cognition, Emotion, and Motivation” and “Culture and Systems of Thought: Holistic Versus Analytic Cognition,” I hope to bring attention to a polarity in thought that has weighty implications for perception. Both articles underline differences between Eastern and Western cultures in the way humans process thoughts, and in both papers it is revealed that members of Eastern cultures conceptualize their worlds far more relationally than do people in Western cultures. This disparity in cognition between societies can explain why an art form such as kintsugi came to exist in an Eastern civilization, as it is ensconced in not only the rituals and traditions but also the very worldview that characterizes the Japanese culture.

In 1991, psychologists Hazel Markus and Shinobu Kitayama published a groundbreaking article entitled “Culture and the Self: Implications for Cognition, Emotion, and Motivation” that explored construals of the self as partial functions of culture through an examination of Japanese and American self-construals. The cross-cultural paper would continue to influence the field of psychology for decades after its publication. It was radical at the time of its publication in that it was one of the first instances the empirical literature started to grapple with how culture influences the manner in which people interact with themselves, others, and their social worlds. Until this point, the field of psychological anthropology had been tremendously influenced by Freud, meaning that it was less empirically sophisticated because it was so heavily laden with Freudian psychoanalytic assumptions (i.e., that cultural symbols could be interpreted using psychoanalysis and that child-rearing techniques shaped adult personality).

Thus, the upside of this article was that it created a brand new sub-field within psychology, designed to ask empirical questions about the role of culture in various kinds of
phenomena psychologists had studied so far (Andersen). The deep dive that Markus and Kitayama took into the ways in which people in Japan conceptualize the self and the specific implications of words that they use began to foreshadow phenomena that ended up becoming beautiful lines of research in the field, such as cross-cultural work on egocentric biases (the tendency to hold a higher, accentuated opinion of oneself than is actually accurate) and compensatory self-enhancement (the tendency to puff oneself up in a threatening situation in order to self-protect).

In Markus’ and Kitayama’s paper, the distinction is made between independent and interdependent construals of the self. In Japanese culture, people’s conceptualization of individuality insists on the fundamental connectedness of individuals to each other. Harmonious
interdependence with others is a goal, as is perceiving oneself as part of an encompassing social relationship. A large part of one’s behavior, then, is contingent upon what the perceiver believes to be the thoughts, feelings, and actions of others: “Within such a construal, the self becomes most meaningful and complete when it is cast in the appropriate social relationship. According to Lebra (1976) the Japanese are most fully human in the context of others” (Markus 227). In contrast, the Western, independent self-construal believes in the inherent distinctness of separate people. To discover and convey one’s unique attributes is a goal; within this construal, the person is viewed as “a bounded unique, more or less integrated motivational and cognitive universe, a dynamic center of awareness, emotion, judgment, and action organized into a distinctive whole and set contrastively both against other such wholes and against a social and natural background” (Geertz 48).

In the Nisbett et al. paper, “Culture and Systems of Thought: Holistic Versus Analytic Cognition,” it is found that East Asians are holistic in their thought processes, whereas Westerners are more analytic. These two differing types of cognitive processes affect what individuals attend to in their environments and how they shape their naive metaphysical systems, everyday reasoning, and tacit epistemologies. Westerners attend to an object itself and the categories to which it belongs in order to understand its behavior. Additionally, they employ formal logic and rules in order to come to decisions. East Asians, contrarily, make little use of formal logic or categories, and instead place reliance on dialectical reasoning, paying attention to the entire field and appointing causality to it.

Using the findings of both of these papers and applying them to kintsugi, one is hardly surprised that a repair technique such as this was created in Japan. A culture whose self-system is
interdependent and thus reliant upon other people to feel most human is one in which a ritualized
ceremony such as *chado* and a repair technique that symbolizes integration would flourish. The
sensitivity that one must have as a tea practitioner, guest at a tea ceremony, or *kintsugi* repair
artist requires patience and thoughtful consideration of one’s surroundings.
2 Welcome to The Rock

_Come From Away_ is a musical chronicling events that transpired during the week following the September 11 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. Specifically, it tells the stories of approximately 7,000 stranded passengers who were unexpectedly rerouted to Gander, Newfoundland as part of “Operation Yellow Ribbon” and the townspeople of Gander who came to their aid. I happened to see _Come From Away_ by chance; relatives were visiting NYC and had managed to procure first-row seats to the Broadway play “about 9/11,” and I was invited to tag along. Little did I know that I would have an emotionally transcendent experience in the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre, nor that my visceral reaction to _Come From Away_ would lead me to muse upon my own life for weeks and inspire me to honor it in my thesis as a substantiation of what art can be at its very best.

My rationale for choosing _Come From Away_ as an example of how art integrates individuals into communities by acting as both the means for and the product of meaning-making is reflected in countless pundit reviews. Ben Brantley, _The New York Times_’ chief theatre critic, wrote: “Try, if you must, to resist the gale of good will that blows out of ‘Come From Away,’ the big bearhug of a musical that opened on Sunday night at the Gerald Schoenfeld Theater. But even the most stalwart cynics may have trouble staying dry-eyed during this portrait of heroic hospitality under extraordinary pressure” (Brantley). Robert Kahn of NBC designated the piece “a dignified, often funny new musical” which “find[s] a spiritual angle to a horrific story, depicting the goodness in humanity while still allowing us room for the feelings of loneliness and fear that will always be connected to that time” (Kahn). _Newsweek_’s Joe Westerfield stated that “‘Come From Away’ accomplishes what all the best musicals do: It takes you to a place
where you didn't know you wanted to go, and makes you not want to leave” (Westerfield). Frank Scheck with *The Hollywood Reporter* dubbed the musical “heartwarming and thoroughly entertaining, especially in these politically fractious times” (Scheck). The *New York Daily News*’ long-time, revered theatre critic Joe Dziemianowicz proclaimed the show “a singing reminder that when things are at their worst, people can be at their best” (Dziemianowicz). Peter Marks of *The Washington Post* named the show “an effervescent musical” and “an antidote for what ails the American soul” (Marks). Combined, these sentiments paint a picture of the dramatic effect the show has on its audiences. A recurring theme throughout these reviews is how *Come From Away* captures the essence of human connection in the midst of trauma. Just as an incident that causes a ceramic vessel to shatter also facilitates the *kintsugi* restoration process, a nation-fracturing act of terrorism that acts as the impetus for people to come together in an intense gesture of solidarity, is commemorated and celebrated in *Come From Away*.

“Operation Yellow Ribbon” refers to the rapid protective response action that Canada took in the immediate aftermath of the September 11 attacks. In an effort to clear American territory of other potentially dangerous aircrafts, the United States shut down its airspace, and hundreds of international flights that were crossing the Pacific and Atlantic oceans were ordered to land in Canada. Now, “Operation Yellow Ribbon” has come to be recognized as the heartwarming story of how a town of merely 10,000 Newfoundlanders jumped into crisis mode, swiftly assisting their American neighbors by welcoming more than two-thirds the number of their own population into their communities and homes. It has become a narrative that emphasizes the triumph of generosity and benevolence over violence and hate.

Gander holds a special place in aviation history as it is the easternmost territory in North
America, making it the ideal refueling spot for Allied transatlantic flights during World War II and the home of the Area Control Center (the gateway facility for all transatlantic flights). In 1940, Gander International Airport—fittingly referred to as “The Crossroads of the World”—was the largest airport on the planet and the source of employment for thousands of civilian workers in neighboring communities. However, after the war, with the invention of and ensuing surge in popularity of jumbo jets, there was suddenly no need to refuel mid-flight, and much of the expansive airport plummeted into disuse. The sweeping runways, which had supported hundreds of planes daily during their heyday, went mostly deserted, and Gander’s role in aviation considerably diminished, until becoming essential once more on September 11th, 2001, when it welcomed the world.

Hastening into action, the Gander ACC effectively rerouted almost 200 transatlantic flights on the morning of September 11. Gander International Airport, whose extensive runways had fallen into obsolescence, remarkably received 38 jumbo jets within a time span of a few hours. The planes entirely filled the tarmac, lined up wingtip to wingtip. *Come From Away* tells the story of this fraught but uplifting “Operation Yellow Ribbon,” weaving personal anecdotes in solo songs with communal sentiments performed by the entire ensemble. The music and lyrics were written by a Canadian married couple, Irene Sankoff and David Hein, who visited Gander on the tenth anniversary of that pivotal day in order to interview the former stranded passengers (or “come from aways”) and the “islanders” who had opened their homes to those “plane people.” Thus, part of what lends such weight to the musical is the understanding that, as the actors sing and move on stage, they are recreating real events that occurred and profound emotions that were felt by people in the midst of a terrifying and historic ordeal. This effect is
reinforced by the fact that the cast consists of just twelve people, with each actor playing multiple characters, switching on a dime from one accent to the next. Though they are a small crew, their voices are so laden with resolve and force that their chorus sounds like it is comprised of dozens of performers. Furthermore, the multiplicity of roles played by each actor not only seeks to represent the thousands of narratives birthed following the brutal attacks of September 11, but seems to remind the show’s audience that those people in Gander, in flight, or in the World Trade Center could have been any of us. Because we each have a beating, human heart, it is natural to care for and empathize with those whose stories are unfolding on the stage in front of us. As mentioned before in the context of Valtonen’s manuscript, both the interconnectedness of narratives and their evocation of passionate thought enable them to have an intimate effect on the human psyche by encouraging thoughts that highlight the interrelatedness of conflict and the human condition. And just as Bamford argued that kintsugi-ware awakens our human capacity to care, so too do the stories shared in Come From Away.

Twenty-three musical numbers intermingle with the dialogue of the play, although it is often difficult to determine when the songs stop and the speaking begins. This singing-to-speech fluidity is only enhanced by the fact that most of the song lyrics, stripped of their melody, could stand on their own as conventional sentences; in an interview with the writers, Hein says:

We never set out to write a Broadway show. We went out to Newfoundland on the tenth anniversary of September 11th and we fell in love with the people there and we fell in love with the stories and we wanted to share it with as many people as possible (Bambury).

Sankoff goes on to say:

We set out to write a show that would honor them and would celebrate the kindness that they had shown to the world. And…you know, there’s been this
whole journey of us looking at it as a Canadian story that we thought high schools would do and then learning that it’s not just that; it’s an American story, it’s an international story, and it’s a story that we were all feeling on that day (Bambury).

Thus, the raw quality that the musical numbers exude is partially a result of the candid, sincere lyrics which are, in essence, a potpourri drawn from thousands of unembellished stories. In order to accrue as many recollections and tales as possible, the husband and wife duo not only took copious notes during the interviews they conducted at the tenth anniversary remembrance, but photocopied all the letters that were sent to the Newfoundland schools, libraries, and town hall. They even reached out to people around the world via Skype to paint a detailed picture of the myriad converging perspectives that came together on an island off the northeast tip of Canada during an emotionally-charged week. *Come From Away* is only one hundred minutes long, meaning that of the 16,000 stories Sankoff and Hein listened to, only a small percentage would ultimately make the cut. This was no easy feat, as Hein reflects: “We wanted to tell every single story that we heard because they were all amazing and, you know, we came back from there with papers and papers and papers” (Bambury).

The show opens on the morning of September 11th with the first number, “Welcome to The Rock,” which depicts the townsfolk of Gander going about their morning business in Newfoundland, first describing and reenacting their routine quotidian affairs, then moving to the moment each learns about the terrorist attacks taking place in New York City. Below are the complete lyrics to give the full effect of the style in which Hein and Sankoff write and to visually portray how intricately woven the dialogue is with the music. Because this is the first song I will present, the entire number is included; for the remaining numbers’ full lyrics, consult Appendix Two. The words that are capitalized represent sung lyrics, whereas the words in lowercase
designate spoken dialogue. Additionally—and this applies to all of the music and lyrics that I will incorporate in this thesis—group numbers exemplify a community zeitgeist, whereas solos convey instances of isolation. Since the overall tone of *Come From Away* is inclusive and does not focus solely on the stories of a select few (although special attention is paid to certain characters during their most vulnerable moments), it is only fitting that the opening number is performed by the entire company. This is also a noteworthy trait of the show that sets it apart from other Broadway musicals that emphasize the narratives of an exclusive few characters and voices. It is similar to films such as *Crash* or *Babel*, whose plots interweave several connected stories without emphasizing a single narrative. Though there are moments that require that the beam of the spotlight concentrates on one person in particular, the play does not revolve around the trials and tribulations of a fixed set of main characters. Instead of the audience members feeling as if they are constantly having to switch mental gears in order to follow the emotional direction of the play, however, Sankoff and Hein create an atmosphere that gives the impression of all the character’s voices, stories, and feelings intermingling to form one collective, human heartbeat. This ambiance is also reflected in the diverse instrumentation in the soundtrack. In the note from the creators in *Come From Away*’s lyric booklet, Sankoff and Hein write:

> Newfoundland music draws on unique instruments which make up the heartbeat of our show: button accordion, bodhrán, over twenty high and low whistles, Celtic fiddle, mandolin and a mop-and-bottle-caps-screwed-into-a-boot called an “ugly stick” — not your traditional Broadway sound…Hand drums from Newfoundland are contrasted with hand drums from Africa to find commonalities, fusing to create a musical metaphor that says we are greater together than apart.⁵

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1. WELCOME TO THE ROCK

**CLAUDE**

On the northeast tip of North America, on an island called Newfoundland, there’s an airport — it used to be one of the biggest airports in the world. And next to it, is a town called Gander.

**CLAUDE**

Welcome to The Rock! IF YOU COME FROM AWAY YOU’LL PROBABLY UNDERSTAND ABOUT A HALF OF WHAT WE SAY THEY SAY NO MAN’S AN ISLAND, BUT AN ISLAND MAKES A MAN

**CLAUDE, OZ, BEULAH & BONNIE**

‘SPECIALLY WHEN ONE COMES FROM ONE LIKE NEWFOUNDLAND

**ALL**

Welcome to The Rock

**BEULAH**

That morning, I’m in the classroom. It’s our first day back and the school busses are on strike, so I’m covering for Annette, who’s running late!

**ANNETTE**

Sorry, Beulah! How’s the kids?

**BEULAH**

Not exactly thrilled to be inside on such a gorgeous day, so I told them we’d only have a half-day this morning — and they were quite pleased — until I told them we’d have the other half in the afternoon!

**ACTOR 8**

WELCOME TO THE WILDEST WEATHER THAT YOU’VE EVER HEARD OF

**ACTOR 12**

WHERE EVERYONE IS NICER, BUT IT’S NEVER NICE ABOVE

**ACTOR 6**

WELCOME TO THE FARTHEST PLACE YOU’LL GET FROM DISNEYLAND

**CLAUDE**

FISH AND CHIPS AND SHIPWRECKS

**WOMEN & CLAUDE**

THIS IS NEWFOUNDLAND

**GROUP 1**

Welcome to The Rock

**GROUP 2**

I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER ALL

I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER

**OZ**

That morning, I’m in my car. The kids cross Airport Boulevard to get to school — and that time a day people are in a little bit of a rush to get to work and stuff, so normally I sit there and run my radar.

*Oz cues the cast to make a "WOOP-WOOP" sound.*

**OZ**

And if they’re speeding, I’ll stop ’em and write out a warning ticket. I’ll write “STFD” — Slow The Fuck Down.

**ACTOR 2**

WELCOME TO THE LAND WHERE THE WINTERS TRIED TO KILL US AND WE SAID

**ALL**

WE WILL NOT BE KILLED

**ACTOR 9**

WELCOME TO THE LAND WHERE THE WATERS TRIED TO DROWN US AND WE SAID

**ALL**

WE WILL NOT BE DROWNED

**ACTOR 3**

WELCOME TO THE LAND WHERE WE LOST OUR LOVED ONES AND WE SAID
ALL
WE WILL STILL GO ON
ACTOR 10
WELCOME TO THE LAND WHERE THE WINDS TRIED TO BLOW
ALL
AND WE SAID NO
BONNIE
That morning, I drop my kids off at school and head to the SPCA, where I’m greeted by my other kids — all barking and meowing for breakfast and a belly rub. Not that I’m complaining. I loves ‘em. But by the time feeding is done, I’ve got to get back to pick up my human kids. So, I take just one second for myself. And I’m sitting in my car.
ANNETTE
I’m in the library.
BEULAH
I’m in the staffroom.
BONNIE, BEULAH & ANNETTE
And I turn on the radio.
ALL
YOU ARE HERE
AT THE START OF A MOMENT
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD WHERE THE RIVER MEETS THE SEA
HERE — ON THE EDGE OF THE ATLANTIC ON AN ISLAND IN BETWEEN
THERE AND HERE
OZ
I’m running my radar when Bonnie comes by. She pulls up, and she is waving at me like mad, so I roll down my window and she says
BONNIE
Oz, turn on the radio!
OZ
Slow it down, Bonnie.
BONNIE
Jesus H.! Oz! Turn on your radio!
COMPANY
WHERE OUR STORIES START
JANICE
It’s my first day at the station.
COMPANY
WHERE WE’LL END THE NIGHT
GARTH
I’m getting coffee for the picket line.
COMPANY
WHERE WE KNOW BY HEART
CRYSTAL
Five minutes ‘til my smoke break.
COMPANY
EVERY SINGLE FLIGHT
DWIGHT
I’m off to work at the airport.
MEN
WELCOME TO THE FOG WELCOME TO THE TREES
TO THE OCEAN AND THE SKY
AND WHATSOEVER’S IN BETWEEN
TO THE ONES WHO’VE LEFT YOU’RE NEVER TRULY GONE
A CANDLE’S IN THE WINDOW AND THE KETTLE’S ALWAYS ON
ALL
WHEN THE SUN IS COMING UP
AND THE WORLD HAS COME ASHORE
IF YOU’RE HOPING FOR A HARBOR THEN YOU’LL FIND AN OPEN DOOR
IN THE WINTER FROM THE WATER THROUGH WHATSOEVER’S IN THE WAY
TO THE ONES WHO HAVE COME FROM AWAY
WELCOME TO THE ROCK
Section 1.5 of this thesis, which introduced the seminal cross-cultural research of Markus & Kitayama and Nisbett et al. in relation to *kintsugi*, is germane here. The conceptualization of *Come From Away* is thoroughly interdependent and relational, as it focuses on the collective experience of a temporary society created by coincidence in the aftermath of a heinous act instead of individuating single people and making paramount their independence.

A percussive foreshadowing sets “Welcome to The Rock” in motion, the insistent and urgent striking of the bodhrán (Irish frame drum) establishing an ominous foreboding of a moment on the brink of havoc. The reverberating, assertive timbre the instrument exudes is reminiscent of battle drums, leading one to expect an accompanying tribal chant, only to be disoriented when the steady beat is eclipsed by a brighter, more hopeful sound emanating from a Celtic fiddle. The audience is first introduced to Claude, the mayor of Gander, as he confidently strides onstage and announces the geographical location where the events of *Come From Away* will unfold, establishing context. Immediately upon hearing his voice, non-Newfoundlanders in the audience are struck by Claude’s distinct accent—a fusion of West Country, England (particularly Bristol); southeast Ireland; and Scottish dialects (Hiller). The happy, piercing notes of the fiddle neatly finish off Claude’s spoken statement (which, like the other spoken lines throughout the show, possesses stress and meter) and give way to the percussive metrical pulse, which sounds not unlike an anxious human heartbeat, as the mayor seamlessly transitions into expressing himself in melody.

As he is joined by Oz the policeman, Beulah the schoolteacher, and Bonnie the SPCA worker (among the rest of the townsfolk), Claude and the company proudly welcome the audience to their island as the upbeat strumming of a mandolin accompanies their jovial anthem.
It is quickly established through flippant remarks and witty wordplay that *Come From Away* incorporates plenty of humor despite its heavy subject matter. Although it is obvious that the islanders love their town, they are quick to mention its flaws, calling attention to its temperamental weather, the strong accents of its locals, and insipid clichés for which it is notorious (fish and chips and shipwrecks). The stichomythia between Beulah and Annette, then Oz’s witty anecdote about running his radar and employing his crude acronym (“STFD”—Slow The Fuck Down) when handing out warnings to speeding drivers establish rapport among the islanders as well as between the characters and the audience. Being privy to the mundane circumstances of the townspeople’s lives is much like eavesdropping on a relatable conversation or people-watching from a secluded vantage point; a certain cast-audience affinity is established through the mutual understanding that we all have experienced mornings, stresses, motivations, and emotions the likes of which are being displayed onstage. The self-deprecating, playful banter in which the Newfoundlanders engage presupposes a greater love for their town than any morally superior, self-righteous statement could have established. Although the news of the attacks has not yet reached the ears of the locals, the early demonstration of humor sets the stage for the rest of the production.

A large area of interest in psychological research on emotion regulation considers humor as an adaptive and effective coping strategy. However, given the fact that humor can take so many forms, empirical literature has often been inconclusive in this domain. In 2011, two Stanford psychologists were able to convincingly demonstrate that comedy, when good-natured, indeed has a positive effect on wellbeing (Samson 375). It was found that, when people are faced with unnerving or negative scenes (e.g., car accidents, dead bodies, dental exams, aggressive
animals), if they are able to “reappraise” them cognitively such that they force a change of perspective, they will experience an increase in comfort. While disparaging, scorning, humor also leads to an increase in wellbeing, the effect is much greater for quips that are pleasant and non-hostile. Clearly, Sankoff and Hein are aware of the powerful impact that humor has on the human brain, and their research suggests that it is important to utilize a tactic like comedy in a show whose subject matter could easily be extremely distressing.

Figure 10: At 8:46 a.m, September 11, 2001, American Airlines Flight 11 was flown into the North Tower. Seventeen minutes later, United Airlines Flight 175 struck the South Tower. Both buildings collapsed from structural failure, caused by the intense fires started in the crashes. Source: https://www.msn.com/en-ca/news/canada/on-9-11-a-tiny-canadian-town-opened-its-runways-and-heart-to-7000-stranded-travelers/

The sung lyrics, which build upon one another as they attest to the resilience of the locals, are accompanied by string instruments that seem to swell and expand, growing with the dignified
voices of the company. The first inkling that something is wrong is brought on by the entwined
narratives of Bonnie, Beulah, and Annette, each in her own sphere (Bonnie had just paused to
take a moment for herself in her car — familiar to any of the audience members who has ever
slumped over her steering wheel in a private expression of exhaustion) while simultaneously
turning on the radio. The audience senses the tension reaching its peak before it is expressed
lyrically when the soothing sounds of the fiddle and the persistent strumming of the mandolin
abruptly come to a halt as the women state: “And I turn on the radio.” The next lines, sung by the
entire cast and accentuated in blue ink in the full lyrics above, are bone-chilling and
metaphorically charged:

You are here
At the start of a moment
On the edge of the world
Where the river meets the sea
Here — on the edge of the Atlantic
On an island in between
Here and there

The mounting hubbub of the previous chorus is starkly contrasted here with the quiet,
intense, and eerily beautiful melodic line that encapsulates the feeling of bringing the globe
together in a moment of horrified awe. The bubbling energy of the various townsfolk plugging
away in their separate workaday worlds is the antithesis of this reflective, spiritually-suffused
verse. Both the company and the audience are dangling in emotional limbo, not knowing how to
process the catastrophic event about which they have just learned. The timid pulsing of the piano
and the shy addition of the fiddle warbling softly in the background support the

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6 These lyrics are sung; though I indicated earlier that lowercase text symbolizes dialogue, I was
exclusively referring to my initial presentation. Here, for aesthetic purposes, and to refrain as much as
possible from activating the mental schema that associates capitalization with shouting, I use lowercase
text to indicate the presence of melody.
Newfoundlanders’ voices as each of the cast members gazes wide-eyed at a point in the distance. It feels time has been suspended as the seemingly spellbound islanders sing a haunting tune that is both poignant and strangely sanguine.

Much like the story of “Tsutsui Zutsu,” these lines exert their power over the mind by means of profound paradoxes. Just as mended ceramics have contradictory capacities, as Christy Bartlett notes, the lyrics “You are here / At the start of a moment / On the edge of the world” elicit the simultaneous sense of an irreparable rupture in time and an eternal continuity. Life now comes to be conceptualized as “life before” and “life after” the September 11 terrorist attacks, a synchronous illustration of both the fragility of human flesh and the resilience of the human mind and spirit. The inclusivity of the lyrics suggests that we are all in this together, teetering on the precipice of redefinition. The final line of the verse, “Here and there,” places the islanders, senses stirred by the terrible incident, in states of metamorphosis; although they do not yet know how to make meaning of the attacks or where to place themselves in the context of this monumental tragedy, they have been jolted by the recent events and have to reassess, reappraise, and reimagine themselves as they come to understand these strangers in their world.

The “suspended in limbo” sensation that this verse evokes can be explained through the lens of Schopenhauer’s metaphysical and aesthetic philosophy, which asserts that music is a “universal language.” Arthur Schopenhauer, a German philosopher notorious for possessing defeatist, pessimistic tendencies and best known for his 1818 book *The World as Will and Representation* ("Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung"), was beloved by composers in the 19th

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7 Harry Stack-Sullivan theorizes that when an especially traumatic incident occurs, we throw any memories of the incident/anything associated with it into our “not-me” - a receptacle that is completely cut off from consciousness, thus “fragmented” away such that they do not exist.
and 20th centuries, for he believed that music, unlike all the other fine arts, has a special relationship with the will, thus making it inextricably linked to and rooted in human nature. L. Dunton Green argues in his essay “Schopenhauer and Music” that, before Schopenhauer, philosophers generally treated music quite inadequately:

Among the [philosophers] the Ancients were preoccupied with music’s ethical (Plato), or purely scientific side (Aristoxenus), or both (Aristotle), rather than with its aesthetic aspect, and up to the 19th century music received much the same treatment. Rousseau inclines to technical, Leibniz to mathematical explanations; Diderot touches the fringe of an aesthetic solution of its mysteries; Feuerbach, mental principles. Hegel might have succeeded, but the very vagueness and verbosity of his language, far from illuminating, obscured and confounded the issue (Green 199).

Schopenhauer’s metaphysical concept of the will, which is the basis of his whole philosophy, is the spirit that pervades all existence in nature: a blind, aimless urge akin to energy that Schopenhauer himself likened to Immanuel Kant’s thing-in-itself (Shapshay). Schopenhauer’s concept of the will evolved as a response to Kant’s philosophy. For fear of taking a deep dive into Kantian philosophy and neglecting the treatment of Come From Away, I will considerably abridge and definitely not do justice to Kant’s ideas in the following summary. A thing-in-itself, in Kant’s philosophy, is a noumenon, or a thing as it is in itself, thus distinguishing itself from a phenomenon, which is a thing as it appears to or is known by the senses. Furthermore, a thing-in-itself is mind-independent, meaning that it exists regardless of a perceiving individual. This is where Schopenhauer’s will and Kant’s noumenon diverge from one another—the will is mind-dependent, meaning that it is inextricably linked to an individual’s identity because it acts as the impetus for self-awareness and the acquisition of self knowledge.

The World as Will and Representation is divided into four parts: epistemology, ontology,
aesthetics, and ethics. In his examination of aesthetics, Schopenhauer explores the relationship between the will and various forms of art, positing music as metaphysically superior to all other art forms. Profoundly influenced by his own musicianship and the musical geniuses of his generation, Schopenhauer was trained to attend to the immediate effect of music on the emotions. Thus, his sensitivity to the art of sound led him to conclude that, while arts such as painting, architecture, or sculpture are symbols of external phenomena, mere mimetic representations of the physical realm, music is the lived experience itself, “a parallel form…of the world as our intellect perceives it” (Green 200):

[Music] never expresses the phenomenon, but only the inner nature, the in-itself, of every phenomenon, the will itself. Therefore music does not express this or that particular and definite pleasure, this or that affliction, pain, sorrow, horror, gaiety, merriment, or peace of mind, but joy, pain, sorrow, horror, gaiety, merriment, peace of mind themselves, to a certain extent in the abstract, their essential nature, without any accessories, and so also without the motives for them. Hence it arises that our imagination is so easily stirred by music, and tries to shape that invisible, yet vividly aroused, spirit-world that speaks to us directly, to clothe it with flesh and bone, and thus to embody it in an analogous example…Everywhere music expresses only the quintessence of life and its events, never these themselves, and therefore their differences do not always influence it. It is just this universality that belongs uniquely to music, together with the most precise distinctness, that gives it that high value as the panacea of all our sorrows (Schopenhauer 261-262).

Thus, as in the heart-rending verse from “Welcome to The Rock,” which contrasted heavily with the cheerful comfort of the lines leading up to it (both in the meaning of the lyrics and in melodic timbre), and in many of the examples to come, the superphenomenal quality that the melody employs can be explained (or, as Schopenhauer would say, not explained, because to

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8 Schopenhauer’s musical propensity was influenced heavily by his mother, whose salon in Weimar was regularly visited by the most prominent artists of the day (Goethe, Schlegel, Grimm, Wieland), and by his own passions for playing the flute (his favorite instrument) and religiously attending opera and concerts in Berlin and Frankfurt. Thus, Schopenhauer’s philosophy of music is a direct product of his own experience with it as an essential, formative part of his life and daily meditations.
elucidate would be to move away from the essence that simply *is* by Schopenhauer’s understanding of the relationship between the will and music. The audience members are each being spoken to directly, and in their velvet-covered seats in the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre in the middle of Midtown Manhattan, they are then transported to a place where they experience the affliction, pain, sorrow, and horror of that September morning. In this way, the audience is inexorably connected to the cast members onstage who, in turn, are connected to the thousands of people whose stories they are telling, which links the audience to the plane people, to the islanders, to the cast members — to anyone who lost someone dear on 9/11 — in an infinite loop, through shared human emotions. The line “Where the river meets the sea” now comes to be suffused with additional significance, as estuaries are transition zones where freshwater intermingles with saltwater, thus symbolizing the integration of diverse individuals into one homogeneous culture.

The inherent beauty of the honest lyrics coupled with the unearthly, metaphysical melody seem, upon contemplation, too enchanting to be illustrative of the moment that a savage and incomprehensible act of terrorism is brought to light. How can a barbaric, unfathomable, world-splitting deed bring such a tender hymn into the world? Just as Hideyoshi’s cherished, citrine-tinted bowl crashed to the floor and shattered into five pieces, causing the guests of the tea ceremony to freeze in anticipation and fear, so too does the knowledge of the 9/11 attacks cause the global community to become paralyzed. And just as the damaging fragmentation of “Tsutsui Zutsu” paradoxically allowed for the dawn of great beauty and *esprit de corps* through healing, the likes of which would never have been possible without the incident of trauma, so too did the attacks enable people from disparate cultures all around the planet to come together in a
compelling display of humanity and compassion. Section 1.3 of this thesis, which analyzed the geo-cultural conditions of *kintsugi*, is also applicable here. Exactly as the geode-reminiscent *zara* calls to mind a relationship between itself and a much larger-scale, geo-ecological phenomenon such as an earthquake, the 9/11 hijackings not only actively affected those in Lower Manhattan, or even the United States, but had repercussions for people around the globe both palpably and symbolically.

In his essay, “The Elusive Concept of Globalization,” Cees J. Hamelink, Emeritus Professor of International Communications at the University of Amsterdam, seeks to examine the meaning of globalization, discriminating between its application as a political program and an analytical tool (Hamelink in Lechner 25). The effects of globalization are especially transparent during travel, and are made palpable in *Come From Away*, when individuals from the farthest reaches of the earth are forced to live in close quarters in the aftermath of a world tragedy. Hamelink points out that globalization necessarily entails both integration and polarization, thus becoming a topic of heated debate among both its advocates and its critics. Supporters of globalization posit that economic interdependence will inevitably effectuate social interdependence and that “global consciousness is fostered by the growing density of communication flows around the world” (Hamelink in Lechner 27). Skeptics, on the other hand, argue that “although more people may have become more cosmopolitan than ever before, this does not yet create a collectively shared cosmopolitan consciousness” (Hamelink in Lechner 26). Hamelink asserts that, at its finest, the concept of globalization can be used as a blueprint for the kind of world in which we want our children to prosper—but it comes at a cost:

The concept “globalization” could be used to represent the aspiration of a world
community that respects universal standards of fundamental human rights and is characterized by a sensitivity to the need for global solidarity and a recognition and acceptance of sociocultural differences. This aspiration requires the worldwide development of a human rights culture. This is a tall order. We have to learn to become global citizens. People around the world need to learn the sensitivity for living in a multicultural arena. Global citizenship does not come with our genetic structure but is acquired only through extensive training…If we aspire to “global citizenship” and want to educate ourselves to implement it, it is essential to overcome a complex moral challenge…The plight of the poor cannot be changed without reducing the privileges of the rich. If the poor and rich continue to live in different moral universes, education to produce global citizens is doomed to fail (Hamelink in Lechner 30-31).

The story of “Operation Yellow Ribbon” as told in Come From Away is a reminder of what globalization can be at its very best — and that its reasons for being are not always foreseeable or controllable. As the lines of the “You are here / At the start of a moment” verse call attention to the transience of the moment by alluding to the isolated location of Gander while also hinting at the town’s aviation history, the audience members, wherever they live or travel or visit, are inspired to consider their own places in the world as relational beings and global citizens.

The final lyrics of “Welcome to The Rock,” also accentuated here in blue ink, are sung valiantly and proudly as the opening number comes to a close with a triumphant bang, the boisterous sounds of the various percussion instruments, accordion, and fiddle intermingling with the exuberant vocals:

Welcome to the fog
Welcome to the trees
To the ocean and the sky
And whatever’s in between
To the ones who’ve left
You’re never truly gone
A candle’s in the window
And the kettle’s always on
When the sun is coming up
And the world has come ashore
If you’re hoping for a harbor
Then you’ll find an open door
In the winter from the water
Through whatever’s in the way
To the ones who have come from away
Welcome to The Rock!
2.1 Darkness, Trees, and Prayer

“Welcome to The Rock” successfully acquaints the audience with the spirit of *Come From Away* by introducing the company and evoking the audience’s capacity to undergo experiences of shared sensibility, especially during the moment when the Newfoundlanders first learn of the attacks. Immediately following this opening number, the islanders confront the realities of hosting nearly 7,000 strangers, determined to house every stranded passenger despite their town being downright unequipped to handle the enormous influx of travelers. In the number “38 Planes,” the mounting pressure the townsfolk feel is expressed through what is initially the gradual, then swiftly becomes the rapid, announcements of planes lining up (“like sardines”) on the runway.

![Figure 11](https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/en/2/2b/Operation_Yellow_Ribbon_at_CFB_Goose_Bay.jpg)

Figure 11: Gander International Airport on September 11, 2001; by 4:30 PM, 38 planes had landed. The rupture of 9/11 is visually represented here, with the overlay of the planes (and the people from all around the world on them) restoring the air strips — the planes as *urushi* with gold powder, mending the “broken” runway lines. Source: https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/en/2/2b/Operation_Yellow_Ribbon_at_CFB_Goose_Bay.jpg
In “Blankets and Bedding,” the feeling of urgency intensifies as the Newfoundlander frantically hasten to ready their town by setting up bedrooms in the schools, picking up toiletries from the grocery store (“So I go down to Shoppers and the manager says to just take what I want off the shelves”), filling prescriptions at the pharmacy, and preparing trays of food. This gets us back to Kant’s noumenal / phenomenal as fixing/feeding/comforting the body transitions into fixing the souls/spirits/hearts of these guests — and others around the world.

In “Darkness and Trees (Reprise),” a bus with people from Africa arrives at the Salvation Army camp, where the guests will be staying while the American airspace is shut down. This number is interesting most notably because it is sung partly in Swahili. After every line of the chorus that is sung in English (“Out of the darkness / Suddenly brightness / Everything changes / Darkness and trees / Out of the darkness / Suddenly light”), the Africans on the bus answer back with the same ideas expressed in Swahili (“Kati ya giza / Ghafla mwangaza / Ma-badiliko / Giza na miti / Kati ya giza / Ma-badiliko”). Muhumuza, an African husband and father, shares his perspective with the audience (though he speaks in accented English, the audience knows that this is only for their comprehension; in the show, he and the other African guests do not understand English), explaining in a low and commanding voice that his family is scared, there are soldiers everywhere, and that they feel vulnerable in the dark on an unknown island. Garth, the bus driver and a Gander local, tells the passengers that it is time to get off the bus, but no one moves because they do not understand him. Not knowing how to communicate with the African people on his bus and frantically looking around for help, Garth realizes Muhumuza’s wife is clinging to a bible:

But then I notice his wife — well, she’s clutching a bible. Now, obviously I can’t
read it, but their bible — it’ll have the same number system ours does — so I ask to see it and I’m searching for something and then in Philippians 4:6. I give ‘em their bible and I’m pointing, saying, look! Philippians 4:6 — Be anxious for nothing. Be anxious for nothing.\(^9\)

The next line is spoken by Garth and Muhumuza together: “And that’s how we started speaking the same language.” Muhumuza and Garth were able to exchange thoughts and emotions and enhance understanding not only between themselves, but between their two cultures simply by pointing at a mutually understood Biblical verse.


As the plane people get settled in, whether in a Salvation Army camp or a school gym, they are tended to and waited upon by the Gander locals. In “Costume Party,” the guests wake up on the morning of September 12 to the smell of breakfast being cooked for them. As they change into clothes provided to them by the locals, the “come from aways” sing, “And it’s somehow like

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we’re at a costume party / And for a second you are not yourself / And you look around and blink your eyes / And barely even recognize / The person in the mirror who’s turned into someone else.” These lines are significant because they call attention to the guests’ shift in self-concept that was induced by the shock of the attacks and resultant sudden changes to their travel plans. It is also a metaphor for the mutability of perspectives that somehow cohere — at this moment, in the wake of the events that have just occurred, they are all experiencing similar emotions, and it is the sharing and collective experiencing of these emotions that allow for social integration.

In the number “Prayer,” Newfoundlanders and guests gather in a church to pray together. What starts out as a single American character, Kevin, singing the “Prayer of Saint Francis,” quickly becomes a duet with Hannah, another American passenger. Then, a rabbi joins in with “Oseh Shalom,” the Jewish prayer for peace, and, lastly, Hindu passengers complete the song by chanting the “Pavamana Mantra,” a Hindu mantra meant to be recited during Yajna (a Vedic tradition that refers to any ritual performed in front of a sacred fire) (Nigal 80). In the paper “An
Introduction to Religious Chant” by Nancy M. Reale and Brian Culver, religious chant is distinguished from secular music by “its transcendent function and its relation to either liturgical, other ritual devotional, or monastic practice” (Reale). Attention is also brought to the broad geographical and temporal reach of religious chant: “[T]he historical reach takes us back to early points in many cultures when there was no clear distinction between the religious and the secular. Thus, when we study religious chant, we study not only distinct and specific musical idioms and periods but also some of the earliest information we have about how people the world over have thought about, made, and transmitted music” (Reale). Reale and Culver go on to cite Selina Thielemann’s discussion of the role of music in religious expression:

It is proper knowledge of the cosmic significance of the sounds which is of utmost importance for the accurate performance and hence the success of the sacrificial rites. The chanted syllable not only symbolizes a certain cosmic principle, but is conceived as the respective cosmic reality itself, hence uttering the syllables evokes a direct communication with the primeval energies of the universe. Sound is sacred because of its identification with the universal principles, because of the identification of the chanted syllables with the divinities. This identification occurs on the spiritual, or transcendental plane. The human mind, however, perceives on the phenomenal level, and transcendental realities need to be translated into phenomenal symbols in order to become accessible. This process of transformation of transcendental into phenomenal realities requires a medium of such quality as to permeate both the transcendental and phenomenal realms. Sound is the medium that inherits this quality: it is non-material, hence transcendental, yet conceivable by the senses, hence phenomenal. (Thielemann in Reale)

Thielemann’s argument is reminiscent of Schopenhauer’s in that she posits religious chant as a direct system of communication, one that occurs on a metaphysical plane. However, unlike Schopenhauer, Thielemann believes that, in order to become accessible to the human mind, spiritual realities must be translated into perceptible symbols. It is this dual nature of religious chant that allows it to be so stirring and visceral. The triad of religions — Christianity, Judaism,
and Hinduism — brought together in “Prayer” is about as close to a universal language as one might get to experience. Though overlapping and muddled lyrically (or perhaps precisely because of this), the chants work together on a transcendental plane, fluidly embracing and intermingling with one another to impress upon all those stranded that they are not alone.
2.2 Collective Catharsis

“Screech In” is a buoyant number that depicts the merry gathering of islanders and plane people that takes place at a local bar. The band employs all of its instruments for this exuberant piece, including accordions, fiddles, and even an ugly stick (fashioned out of a mop, bottle caps, and a boot). Meant to represent the bonding and integration of people from all around the world, the heart of this number centers around what islanders call a “Screech-In Ceremony,” which is an initiation ritual in which outsiders—here “come from aways”—can become honorary Newfoundlander. The ceremony is named after Newfoundland Screech, which is a Jamaican-style rum sold in Newfoundland and Labrador that is highly alcoholic (40% alcohol by volume). Often performed in town pubs, the Screech-In Ceremony consists of a mainlander kissing a codfish, answering the question “Is ye a Screecher?” with “Deed I is, me old cock, and long may your big jib draw!” (which can be translated as “Yes indeed, my friend, may there always be wind in your sails”), then taking a shot of Newfoundland Screech.

Figure 14: Newfoundland Screech. Source: https://www.canoerestaurant.com/news/recipe-screech-manhattan/
Amidst the other heart-wrenching, melancholy numbers, “Screech In” is a celebration of life and community. Packed in a bar in Gander with people from all around the globe, everyone is sharing stories, talking about what they have seen, and drinking together. Bernard Rimé, Belgian social psychologist, studies how emotional episodes elicit the social sharing of emotion. He found that, after the collective traumatic events of September 11th, more than 80% of respondents reported speaking with others about the events and disclosed how they felt with others. Rimé also found a positive correlation between emotional intensity and extent of social sharing, meaning that the more intense an emotional experience is, the more it is shared, with a greater number of people, and for a longer period of time. “Studies confirmed that interpersonal communication as well as participation in collective ceremonies with symbolic meaning strengthened wellbeing and positive affect, and increased interpersonal attraction, empathy, and prosocial behavior, as well as positive emotional climate” (Rimé 61).

“Screech In” pays tribute to the compassion that was on display during the days the plane people stayed in Gander. The islanders needed the “come from aways” just as much as the plane people needed the Newfoundlanders, and their caring for each other acted as a buffer against psychological harm during those unthinkable days of vulnerability. During one of the final numbers, “Something’s Missing,” when the “come from aways” have all returned to their homes around the globe, Bob delivers this chilling line: “My dad asks, ‘Were you okay out where you were stranded?’ How do I tell him that I wasn’t just okay — I was so much better.” This encapsulates the gist of Rimé’s research and the spirit of Come From Away in general, as does perhaps the most noteworthy line of the show, which is: “Tonight, we honor what was lost. But

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we also commemorate what was found.”

2.3 The Dover Fault / Stop the World

Of the many stories that *Come From Away* recounts, one of the most heartwarming is that of British expat Nick and Texas local Diane who were on the same flight from London to Houston when their plane was diverted to Gander. Nick, an oil industry engineer, was on a business trip, and Diane was on her way home from visiting family in England. The two fall in love during their stay on the island and, unable to bear the separation after they have returned home, Nick proposes to Diane two months later. They then honeymoon in Newfoundland and start a life together in Houston. When the couple met in 2001, Diane had just celebrated her 60th birthday. Neither she nor Nick was looking for romance, but romance is what they found on The Rock.

“The Dover Fault” and “Stop the World” are duets that depict the experience Nick and Diane have when they go sightseeing the day after the attacks and stumble upon the Dover Fault. As these numbers are performed, Lee MacDougall (the actor playing Nick) and Sharon Wheatley (the actor playing Diane) stroll clockwise inside a circle of slowly-counter-clockwise-revolving chairs that the other cast members quietly replace such that Nick and Diane themselves do not change position, but there is an illusion that they are in motion.

Immediately upon their arrival, Diane exclaims, awestruck, “Look at this: Five hundred and forty million years ago, the continents of the world crashed together right here. And two hundred million years ago, they separated again, moving apart from each other. But a little part of them was left behind.”¹¹ Nick takes pictures of the fault with his camera and tries to get a shot with Diane in it. In an interview with Theater Mania, Diane says, “Nick was going to take some

pictures, and I went to step out so I wasn’t in it, and he said, ‘No, no.’” “I wasn’t interested in the photograph of the place,” Nick adds. “I wanted a picture of Diane for my memory.” “We had known each other for two days, but that’s how I knew he was interested in me,” she reflects.12

After he takes the picture, the two share a duet in which they express their desires to freeze time and stay in that moment forever:

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**Figure 17:** The real photo taken by Nick Marson of his future wife, Diane, at the Dover Fault. Source: https://pbs.twimg.com/media/DCOvCosXgAMDL_Y.jpg:large

**Figure 18:** Lee MacDougall (Nick in *Come From Away*), Sharon Wheatley (Diane in *Come From Away*), Diane Marson, and Nick Marson pose at the Dover Fault. Source: https://www.theatermania.com/broadway/news/nick-and-diane-marsons-come-from-away-love-story_83995.html
Diane:
But here we are
Where the continents once
    Crashed together
Before they went
    Their separate ways forever, so

Diane & Nick:
Stop the world (stop the world)
Stop the world (stop the world)

Diane, Nick & Chorus:
Stop the world from spinning round
I’m on a lookout
Overlooking something
Worth taking the time
To stop flying by
(And look down)
And look down
(Stop the world)
Stop being scared
(And look round)
And look round
(Stop the world)
Just tell her/him now
And look now
Take a picture of the scenery
    Of a lookout
    Of a moment, which is over
    Of the ocean, of the river
    Of the trees
They look at each other and then turn away.
Stop the world please

The instrumentation during this duet (which becomes echoed by the entire chorus) is light and wistful as Diane and Nick’s pleas to stop the world build upon each other. The imagery of the continents crashing together and then going their separate ways, leaving behind the island of Newfoundland, is a metaphor for the bonds forged between people during Operation Yellow Ribbon. Individuals from all around the world collide with each other during a week of stress and high emotions only to go back to their homes after having healed with one another. Let us
not forget as well that continents crashing together suggest the geological upheavals of earthquakes mentioned earlier in relation to kintsugi-ware. In this case, the places in each of the islanders’ and plane people’s hearts for the memories and connections that were created during the week they spent together are symbolized by Newfoundland itself, the island that was left when the continents split up.

In a recent New York Times column entitled “Longing for an Internet Cleanse: A Small Rebellion Against the Quickening of Time,” David Brooks shares his experience of holding a kintsugi bowl in his hands:

There’s a dimension of depth to them. You sense the original life they had, the rupture and then the way they were so beautifully healed. And of course they stand as a metaphor for the people, families and societies we all know who have endured their own ruptures and come back beautiful, vulnerable and whole in their broken places. I don’t know about you, but I feel a great hunger right now for timeless pieces like these. The internet has accelerated our experience of time, and Donald Trump has upped the pace of events to permanent frenetic. There is a rapid, dirty river of information coursing through us all day. If you’re in the news business, or a consumer of the news business, your reaction to events has to be instant or it is outdated. If you’re on social media, there are these swarming mobs who rise out of nowhere, leave people broken and do not stick around to perform the patient kintsugi act of gluing them back together. (Brooks)

The column goes on to mention the ways different cultures conceptualize time. Brooks points out that the Greeks had Kairos time, which is not measured quantitatively like our standard concept of time, but instead qualitatively through its nature of being full or empty, meaningful or superficial. He also alludes to Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel’s notion of Judaism as a religion of time in his book The Sabbath: “The seventh day is a palace in time which we build. It is made of soul, of joy and reticence. In its atmosphere, a discipline is a reminder of adjacency to eternity. Indeed, the splendor of the day is expressed in terms of
“abstentions” (Heschel in Brooks). This idea of meaningful time is what “The Dover Fault” and “Stop the World” are honoring, and it is what Nick and Diane sing so longingly for in the moments before their duet ends. The couple yearns to freeze the moment they are in, where they stand on the brink of redefinition, at the exact location where the ancient rocks of Gondwana parted to form the island on which they found one another. The geographical significance of the Dover Fault as the remaining bit of land in the aftermath of colliding continents is both the urushi flecked with gold powder and the psychologically healing power of belonging and community that the “come from aways” and islanders found during the slice of time they were given with one another. Just as the act of repairing broken ceramics seeks to expand and restore the moment of rupture such that it becomes more beautiful with its faults displayed, so, too, Nick and Diane, representing all the guests and locals in Newfoundland during the week of September 11th, endeavor to immortalize the moment of collective post-traumatic growth they experience following the horrific hijackings.\textsuperscript{13}

\textsuperscript{13} They do this in a way, by choosing to spend their lives together.
Conclusion / New Beginnings

Through the exploration of the Japanese art form of *kintsugi* and the Broadway musical *Come From Away*, I demonstrate that interactions with art are both the prompts for and records of our collective best aspirations—artistic production is one of the most important means of expression that makes us fully human. Art is the basis of both personal integration and the integration of individuals into communities, and it is what allows us to fuse immaterial with material qualities and suffuse the physical world with spiritual and emotional life.

*Kintsugi*-ware encodes its history on itself, offering itself as impetus for both social cohesion and philosophical reflection. The restored ceramic bowl, with its hairline fissures and/or other “imperfections,” exists as talismanic affirmation that the imagination and the social
situation have the power to make meaning by allowing for reflection and integration; its golden seams are a tangible portrayal of the social and metaphysical factors that became inextricably entwined with its essence. The worldview of wabi-sabi is evident in the appeal of kintsugi-ware, as ceramics that succumb to a seemingly unkind fate only become imbued with greater significance after the repair and thus exude a palpable resilience and idiosyncratic character, as well as a tangible moral lesson that all things can break and what matters is what one does in response to that awareness. Thus, by encapsulating expressions of shattering and of repair, kintsugi-ware maintains a dichotomous sense of omen and solace, all the while fitting in the palm of one’s hand. Ceramic restoration yields a corrective ending to a traumatic event, altering the emotional impact of the moment a piece shatters by allowing that same moment to be psychologically reconceptualized.

Just as an incident that causes a ceramic vessel to shatter also facilitates the kintsugi restoration process, a nation-fracturing act of terrorism acts as the impetus for people to come together in an intense gesture of solidarity, which is what is commemorated and celebrated in Come From Away. Just as Hideyoshi’s cherished, amber-hued bowl crashed to the floor and shattered into five pieces, causing the guests of the tea ceremony to freeze in anticipation and fear, so too did the knowledge of the 9/11 attacks cause the global community to become paralyzed. And just as the damaging fragmentation of “Tsutsui Zutsu” paradoxically allowed for the dawn of great beauty and esprit de corps through healing, the likes of which would never have been possible without the incident of trauma, so too did the attacks enable people from disparate cultures all around the planet to come together in a compelling display of humanity and compassion. The striking line “Tonight, we honor what we lost. But we also commemorate what
we found” acknowledges that, despite the great loss and psychological fracture that was felt by
the nation and globe at large, much was gained after the September 11 attacks by way of social
sharing and cohesion. The rupture allowed for the best of humanity to show its face, while also
giving people space to grieve.

Though this marks the end of my thesis, this by no means marks the end of my
exploration of and obsession with embracing and fixing the broken. In the few weeks leading up
to the due date of this work, I discovered two especially germane examples of art that exemplify
this concept; I will present them in small here. First is the work of Aliza Olmert, an Israeli artist
and photographer whose exhibition “Tikkun” seeks to transmit universal aspirations of healing
by considering the restoration and reconstruction of fragments and shards. Olmert was born in a
dispersed persons camp in Eschwege, Germany in 1946 as a daughter of Holocaust survivors. It
has always been a goal of hers to manifest the strengths of survival in her art. “Art suggests
options for a renewed ordering of realities,” says Olmert.\textsuperscript{14} \textit{Tikkun} literally means “fixing/
rectification” and is the Jewish charge to heal, act constructively, find serenity, and reinstate
balance in the world. Olmert’s work expresses this sensibility through the mending of shattered
fragments using various materials.

Meant to be accessible to cultures, histories, and heritages of all kinds, Olmert’s work is
infused with existential ideas and aims to examine the essence of the human condition. Laura
Kruger, curator of “Tikkun,” states:

Olmert’s questioning work examines the desperate, futile efforts to repair flawed
perfection. Through her photographs and constructions, we are forced to see that
the parts are, in of themselves, transcendent. Her valiant efforts to repair damage,

\textsuperscript{14} “Aliza Olmert: Tikkun.” Hebrew Union College - Jewish Institute of Religion, 2005, www.huc.edu/research/
Figure 20: Aliza Olmert’s “Tikkun” exhibit. Source: http://www.navishira.co.il/book15.php
to regain the whole, by piercing, pinning, and wiring disintegrating fragments
offers deep symbolic meaning fraught with poignancy and vulnerability.\textsuperscript{15}

In her catalogue essay, Hana Kofler notes: “Absurdity and the search for consolation are
essential components in Olmert’s works. There reverberates the existential paradox realized
through the Hasidic saying, ‘There is nothing more whole than a broken heart.’”\textsuperscript{16}

The second piece of art that I stumbled upon too late to critique more rigorously is a
dance called “Cross Transit” choreographed by Akiko Kitamura. Set to the backdrop of
fragmented screens with flickering images of buried memories lost during the reign of the Khmer
Rouge, Japanese and Cambodian dancers ripple and crumple as if in response to the projections.

\textbf{Figure 21:} Akiko Kitamura’s “Cross Transit.” Source: https://washington-org.s3.amazonaws.com/s3fs-public/
image-19dm_cross_transit-12694.jpg

\textsuperscript{15} “Aliza Olmert: Tikkun.”
\textsuperscript{16} “Aliza Olmert: Tikkun.”
Kitamura, in collaboration with Cambodian photographer Kim Hak, seeks to tackle the trauma and loss associated with the years of brutality and some of the worst mass killings of the 20th century. Through narrative and dance, Kitamura is working to preserve and heal Cambodia's past using the human body, just as *Come From Away* attempts to alleviate the pain of a world-fracturing act of terrorism through storytelling and song.

Examples of art that seek to embrace and simultaneously restore the broken abound in our society; they are all around us. We are born into uncertain dichotomies, and the hardships we face are inevitable facets of human life. It is not that we encounter troubles but what we do in times of affliction that determines our psychological, metaphysical, and aesthetic soundness. Hōkūle`a has been imbued with profound meaning by embodying the legacy of Polynesian wayfinding and the most treasured relics of a lost nation; she represents the simultaneous erosion and renewal of Hawai`ian culture. In much the same way, artistic processes elicit therapeutic transformations by allowing us to express the inexpressible, identify with cultures and people around the globe, and reappraise traumatic or mundane experiences by making meaning. Because there is not one Way, it is the essential job of the artist in each of us to pave his or her own idiosyncratic path to understanding.
My *kintsugi*-mended bowl, completed under the instruction of repair master Gen Saratani. Ironically, small chips (as opposed to object-splitting cracks) require more time and expertise to repair, as the craftsman must first fill the empty space with putty before applying *urushi*.
More examples of *kintsugi*-ware taken from *The Aesthetics of Mended Ceramics* catalogue:
Appendix One

 의해

ōtsu 88
Appendix Two

Full lyrics of the *Come From Away* soundtrack taken from the lyric booklet:

**2. 38 PLANES**

**BEVERLEY**
On final approach, we’re coming into runway two-two, and I think, “Where am I gonna park this thing?” There are planes lined up like sardines. And as far as I can see, there’s cars lined up too. It looks like everybody in Newfoundland is here.

**ALL UNLESS SPEAKING (underneath)**
ONE PLANE
THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
THIRTEEN PLANES THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
NINETEEN PLANES THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
TWENTY-SIX PLANES THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN AND THEN AND THEN AND THEN
TWENTY-NINE PLANES (TWENTY-NINE PLANES)

**THEN ANOTHER**
AND THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
THIRTY-TWO PLANES (THIRTY-TWO PLANES)
THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN ANOTHER
AND THEN ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER
THIRTY-EIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT PLANES

**JANICE**
Is this on? Sorry. I’m new. This is Rogers TV Channel 9. My name’s Janice Mosher and I’m reporting live from Gander Airport where the 19th plane has just touched down. I’m here with...

**BONNIE**
Bonnie Harris. On a normal day, we get a half dozen flights — now we’ve already got three times that many landing in two hours. It’s a lot of noise. You can smell the fuel. You can smell the exhaust.

**OZ**
Jaysus, that’s a jumbo! There’s gotta be two-fifty or three hundred on her. That’s a fairly large one, there’s gotta be two hundred on her — now, I’m adding this up. We got 38 planes — we got two, three hundred people on the average... Holy shit!
3. BLANKETS AND BEDDING

JANICE
11:53 a.m.
ALL
Tuesday.
JANICE
September 11th, 2001. Any available community buildings will be converted into shelters. With thousands of passengers arriving at any minute, the town is asking for help with — well, anything you can do...

BEULAH
CRYSTAL, I SAW ON THE NEWS THAT THEY’RE LOOKING FOR BLANKETS AND BEDDING AND MAYBE SOME FOOD

CRYSTAL
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY NEED AND HOW MUCH

MARTHA (ACTOR 5)
I NEED SOMETHING TO DO

MARTHA, CRYSTAL & BEULAH
‘CAUSE I CAN’T WATCH THE NEWS ANYMORE

ANNETTE
CAN I HELP?
IS THERE SOMETHING?
I NEED TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP ME FROM THINKING OF ALL OF THOSE SCENES ON THE TUBE

CRYSTAL
I NEED SOMETHING TO DO ‘CAUSE I CAN’T WATCH THE NEWS

WOMEN — GROUP 1
NO, I CAN’T WATCH THE NEWS ANYMORE

WOMEN — GROUP 2
IN THE WINTER, FROM THE WATER, THROUGH THE WIND

ALL WOMEN
IF A STRANGER ENDS UP AT YOUR DOOR

BEULAH

YOU GET ON THE HORN
(on the phone)
Hello? This is Beulah Davis down at the Academy. I heard we might be getting some guests and I thought I’d see if I could help whoever in charge of getting the school organized — How many passengers can we take? Uh — well, we fit about 400 students — yes, we could probably do 600. Yeah, or sure, 700, if we really pack them in. When are they coming? Could be any time now? Well, I’m glad I phoned!

OZ
I get a call from Beulah looking for “anything 700 people from around the world might need.” So I go down to Shoppers and the manager says to just take what I want off the shelves - toothbrushes, floss, mouthwash, deodorant. And I’m back at the school, when Beulah says...

BEULAH
You know, those planes probably got some babies on them...

A slight pause.

OZ
So I’m back to Shoppers for diapers. And we’re unpacking them, when Annette says...

ANNETTE
You know, those babies are probably gonna be hungry...

A slight pause.

OZ
So I’m back to Shoppers for formula and baby food. And when I get back, Beulah says...

BEULAH
You know, those planes are probably filled with women of child bearing age...

OZ
Sooo...?
Beulah
So I’m back to Shoppers to pick up as many pads and tampons as they have.

Janice
The Baptist Church needs a hand moving their pews... Doctor O’Brien down at the pharmacy is ready to fill any prescriptions. Oh, and the Lion’s Club is looking for some toilet paper, if you have any extra.

Annette
Medicine

Margie
Toothpaste

Martha
Underwear

Beulah
Aspirin

Crystal & Annette

Jackets our kids grew out of last summer

Janice
And down at the station, we’re taking donations out by the door.

All
Holy Jesus, there’s more!

Annette
It’s better than being at home alone wondering what’s really happening

Margie
Everyone’s phoning

Annette & Beulah
We’re setting up rooms in the schools

Margie
Been crying all afternoon wondering what can be done

Men
What do we need?

Annette
I made a tray of sandwiches.

Beulah
We need 50 more.

Annette
Sandwiches?

Beulah
Trays!

Men
What do we need?

Dwight
200 gym mats! Is that enough?

Beulah
You tell me and we’ll both know.

Men
What do we need?

Janice
For the love of God, stop bringing toilet paper to the Lion’s Club!

Men - Group 1
How do you know what you need when you don’t know how many you’re needing to feed

Men - Group 2
When you don’t know how many are staying

Men - Group 1
How long they are staying

All
We better start praying the weather stays nice

All
In the winter, from the water, through the wind

(In the winter, from the water, through the wind)

In the winter, from the water, through the wind

(In the winter, from the water, through the wind)

If a stranger ends up sent by fate

Annette
Are we gonna be ready?

Beulah
Well we have to be, don’t we?
4. 28 HOURS / WHEREVER WE ARE

PASSenger 1 (DIane)
When you include the original flight, we were on the plane for probably 12, 13 hours.

PASSenger 8 (KEVIN T)
We were on there 15 hours.

PASSenger 9 (KEVIN J)
(correcting him)
20 hours.

PASSenger 10 (BOB)
28 hours. We were on the plane for over an entire day.

ALL
28 HOURS
OVER AN ENTIRE DAY
THERE WAS ONE AISLE IN THE MIDDLE EVERYONE KNEW EVERY INCH OF THAT PLANE (repeated underneath)

PASSenger 11
We were allowed out of our seats, but not off the plane.

PASSenger 8 (KEVIN T)
You never think about it, but airplane doors are twenty feet in the air.

PASSenger 9 (KEVIN J)
And even if you survived the jump, they probably would’ve shot you.

PASSenger 3
You could go up to first class. You could stretch in the aisles.

PASSenger 7
It had three seats on each side. There was only one aisle in the middle.

PASSenger 10 (BOB)
Everyone knew every inch of that plane.

PASSenger 4
Our flight was full — there were children sleeping on the floor.

PASSenger 2
We had no way to get information.

PASSenger 12 (NICK)
This is before most people had mobile phones — and only a couple people got through.

PASSenger 8
Hello?

PASSenger 7
Mom?

PASSenger 5
Bonjour.

PASSenger 2
Operator?

BEVERLEY
TOM? OH, THANK GOD.
I FINALLY GOT THROUGH.
I BORROWED A PASSENGER’S PHONE.
HOW ARE YOU? ARE THE KIDS OKAY?
NO I’M FINE, TOM. I’M FINE.
SAFE AND SOUND ON THE GROUND HERE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.
WE DON’T KNOW MUCH — EXCEPT FOR THE BBC
LISTEN, I CAN'T TALK LONG
CAN YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?

PASSenger 8
I’m okay.

PASSenger 7
I’m fine.

PASSenger 5
Oui. Bien.

PASSenger 2
Pick up.

BEVERLEY
TELL THE KIDS I’M ALRIGHT TAKE THEM IN TO THE KITCHEN AND SHOW THEM THE MAP
THAT WE USED TO PUT PINS IN FOR EACH DESTINATION
THAT WE FLEW TOGETHER
TELL THEM I’M FINE
PUT A PIN HERE IN GANDER

PASSenger 12
On our plane, someone has a cell phone.
PASSENGER 10
But then the battery dies.
PASSENGER 9
There are phones in the backs of the seats.
PASSENGER 2
But they don’t work.
PASSENGER 4
Half the passengers on our plane don’t speak English.
PASSENGER 11
Even if we knew what was happening, we don’t speak their language.
PASSENGER 10
On our plane, we ask the flight attendants.
FLIGHT ATTENDANT (ACTOR 3)
But the captain says not to say too much. And that's when rumors start flying.
PASSENGER 5
There was an accident.
PASSENGER 12
An accident?
PASSENGER 9
The US airspace is closed.
PASSENGER 8
For the first time in history.
PASSENGER 11
Why won’t she tell us what’s happening?
PASSENGER 9
A helicopter crashed in Pennsylvania.
PASSENGER 5
A helicopter crashed into a building.
PASSENGER 10
A building?
PASSENGER 8
The white house!
PASSENGER 7
The white house was bombed.
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I need you to calm down, ma’am! Everyone calm down!
PASSENGER 9
We need to do something.
PASSENGER 4
Tell us what is going on!!
PASSENGER 10
It’s World War 3! Ohmygod, it’s World War 3!
JOEY
WOOOOOO!
MEANWHILE ON OUR PLANE
WE DIDN’T HAVE A CLUE
WE WERE ALL GOING INSANE
BECAUSE
ALL
THERE WASN’T SQUAT TO DO
JOEY
THEN THE CAPTAIN STARTS
APOLOGIZING SAYS ON BEHALF OF THE AIRLINE,
I’M GIVING EACH AND EVERYONE SOME ALL
COMPLIMENTARY BOOZE!
OPEN THE AIRPLANE DOORS WAVE AT ALL THE CARS
HELLO TO WHOEVER YOU ARE — WHEREVER WE ARE
PASSENGER 1
The ground crews supplied whatever we needed.
PASSENGER 9 (KEVIN J)
Nicotine patches.
PASSENGER 12 (NICK)
Medication.
PASSENGER 5
Pampers.
KEVIN T, KEVIN J, JOEY, BOB & PARTY GIRLS
Something to drink!
JOEY
SO THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS BROUGHT OUT ALL THE MINI BOTTLES OF LIQUOR
AND DELIVERED THEM TO EVERYONE
ALL
SOON EVERYONE GOT FRIENDLIER!
JOEY
I TOOK A COUPLE OF PICTURES OF
THE VIEW THERE WITH MY CAMERA
WE DIDN’T KNOW WHERE WE WERE
ALL
BUT WE KNEW THAT WE WERE
HAMMERED! OPEN THE AIRPLANE
DOORS
WAVE AT ALL THE LOCALS
SURELY THERE’S SOMETHING
BETTER TO DO THAN PARK
WHEREVER WE ARE
KEVIN T
We’d been sitting there for 14 hours when
we pull out the Grey Goose.
KEVIN J
Kevin and I were kind of hiding it because,
well...
KEVIN T
Because we (indicating Kevin J) didn’t want
to share it. Anyway, this woman — this hot
mess behind us kept completely freaking out.
DELORES
I don’t understand why they can’t let us off.
I mean, just to stretch our legs, I mean
really? I need to get some air! Oh my god! I
need to get off this plane!
KEVIN T
And my boyfriend, Kevin — we’re both
named Kevin. It was cute for a while.
Anyway, Kevin was not dealing with it well.
KEVIN J
I’m going to kill her.
DELORES
Excuse me?! I would like to get off the
plane. I am claustrophobic!
KEVIN J
Excuse me! Would you like some Xanax?
Because you are freaking out and it is
freaking me out and we are all FREAKING
THE FUCK OUT!!!
ALL
OPEN THE AIRPLANE DOORS! LET A
LITTLE AIR IN HERE
‘CAUSE I COULD USE A SHOWER —
OR A BAR (OR A BAR!)
OPEN THE AIRPLANE DOORS!
LOOK AT ALL THE PLANES OUT
THERE THERE MUST BE A
CONVENTION,
IT’S BIZARRE WHEREVER WE ARE
ALL
28 HOURS — 28 HOURS — OUT OF THE
WINDOWS
28 HOURS — 28 HOURS — NOTHING
BUT DARKNESS 28 HOURS — 28
HOURS —
DARKNESS AND HEADLIGHTS 28
HOURS — 28 HOURS —
NOTHING TO SEE
HANNAH
The flight attendants keep telling us
nothing’s wrong — but I’ve got kids and I’ve
got grandkids — I know when someone’s
hiding something. And when parents need
their kids to stop asking questions... They
start playing movies.
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
We ran through every movie we had: Legally
Blonde, Doctor Dolittle 2, and... Titanic.
DELORES
NEAR... FAR... WHEREVER YOU—
ALL
NOTHING TO DO, NOTHING TO SEE
THANK GOD WE STOPPED AT THE
DUTY FREE WHEREVER WE ARE
NICK
Do you mind if I sit here? I need to get some
work done and there’s some drunk people at
the back of the plane singing at the top of
their lungs.
DIANE
No... of course. I’m Diane.
NICK
Nick. How are you doing?
DIANE
I’m worried about someone. He was flying today. I just wish there was some way to tell
him where I am.
NICK
Newfoundland — oh — no, you know that —
you just can’t tell him. Right. I’m hoping
you’re one of those people who laughs when
English people say awkward things.
DIANE
I just wish we knew what was happening.
ACTOR 2
What’s happening?
ACTOR 5
What’s happening?
DIANE & NICK
SOMEBE WHERE IN BETWEEN
DIANE
YOUR LIFE
NICK
AND YOUR WORK
ALL
WHEN THE WORLD MAY BE FALLING
APART
NICK & DIANE
AND YOU THINK
DIANE
I’M ALONE
NICK
I’M ALONE
NICK & DIANE
AND I’M SO DAMN HELPLESS
KEVIN T, KEVIN J, JOEY, DRUNK
PASSENGERS
THERE’S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT
DRINK
PARTY GIRLS (ACTORS 2 & 3)
WE OPEN THE AIRPLANE DOORS FLASH
ALL THE CARS
WOOO! I’VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE
KEVIN T, KEVIN J, JOEY, DRUNK
PASSENGERS
28 HOURS GONE OVER AN ENTIRE DAY
RUNNING OUT OF THINGS TO SAY
AND WONDERING IF THERE’S SOMEONE
ALL
GOING TO CLUE US IN
TELL US ALL WHAT’S HAPPENING
BECAUSE THE SUN IS SETTING
AND WE’RE SITTING IN THE DARK
WHEREVER WE ARE
BOB
Later that night, I’m up in the cockpit with
some of the other passengers when the pilot
puts the radio on over the intercom — and the
whole plane goes silent when the President
gives his speech.
PRESIDENT BUSH (ACTOR 8)
I ask the American people to join me in say-
ing a thanks for all the folks who have been fighting
hard to rescue our fellow citizens and to join me
in saying a prayer for the victims and their
families. The resolve of our great nation is
being tested. But make no mistake: we will
show the world that we will pass this test. God
bless.
BEVERLEY
YOU GOT THROUGH TO THE AIRLINE
TOM, I’M OKAY — TELL ME WHAT’S
HAPPENING OUT THERE
HOW BAD IS IT — TELL ME EVERYTHING
TOM. WHO WAS IN THE AIR?
NO — NO, I WOULDN’T HAVE KNOWN
THEM NO — NO ONE ON THAT AIRLINE
Charles...
Are you sure?
NO,
I’M FINE, TOM. I’M FINE.
BOB
We can see them from the plane — this long line of headlights coming through the darkness.
ALL
OFF OF THE AIRPLANE
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Ladies and gentlemen, you can take only your carry-on items. Checked luggage will remain in the hold.
ALL
INTO THE AIRPORT
DIANE
The captain and the flight attendants tell everyone to take their blankets and pillows off the plane.
ALL
OUT OF THE WINDOWS
KEVIN T
We grab bottles of water too — no one has any idea where they're taking us.
ALL
DARKNESS AND TREES
BOB
As we enter the airport, all those car lights are still aimed at us.
HANNAH
We’re scared. They’re probably scared too.
FLIGHT ATTENDANT
The people here don't know what to expect off these planes.
KEVIN T
The airport looks like something left over from the Cold War and Kevin's like:
KEVIN J
Ohmygod. We’ve gone back in time.
BOB
The whole procedure — the soldiers and all the formality — it just makes me really nervous.
BEVERLEY
There’s a giant map on the wall of the airport and someone has written in red marker, “You are here.”
DIANE
Excuse me. I need to find a phone.

HANNAH
I need to call my son.
CUSTOMS OFFICER
I’m sorry. The payphones are out of order.
OZ
They’re all lined up at the airport payphones — so eventually we put an “Out of Order” sign on them just so we can get people on the busses.
CLAUDE
11:48 pm. Busses and drivers are now taking passengers to shelters, not just in Gander, but also to Gambo, Appleton, and farther communities of Lewisporte, Norris Arm, and Glenwood.
PASSenger 12
Our bus sits there forever.
PASSenger 5
While all the others leave.
PASSenger 4
Finally, this other passenger gets on.
PASSenger 11
This guy from the Middle East.
PASSenger 2
Someone says he got questioned.
PASSenger 7
Someone says he got searched.
PASSenger 1
And now... he’s on our bus.
JANICE
I try to interview the Red Cross, the Salvation Army — but they’ve got more important things to do than to talk to me. That’s when I see them — the Plane People — through the bus windows. The terror on their faces. They have no idea where they’re going.
BEVERLEY
They take me and my crew in a separate van and I'm looking out the window, trying to see where we are, but it is pitch dark. Now, I have flown over this area hundreds and hundreds of times. And it is just darkness – hardly any lights anywhere. And now here I am. Oh my god, this is just so remote.
5. DARKNESS AND TREES (cont’d)

MEN
INTO THE DARKNESS

WOMEN
STARS AND THE MOONLIGHT

MEN
BUT ALL AROUND US

WOMEN
NOTHING BUT DARKNESS

MEN
OUT OF THE WINDOWS

WOMEN
INTO THE DARKNESS

ALL
DARKNESS AND TREES

GARTH
Every school bus we got is goin’ back and forth all night. Out to the Salvation Army Camp, we’ve delivered passengers from Germany, England, and France. And around three in the morning, my bus is designated to take all these African people out there.

ALL
INTO THE DARKNESS

MUHUMUZA (ACTOR 10)
My family and I try to see out the bus windows. No one tells us where we are going.

ALL
ONTO A GRAVEL ROAD

GARTH
Silence comes on the bus. We get outside of Gander and you could hear a pin drop.

ALL
AND ALL AROUND US

MUHUMUZA
My wife and daughter are scared. They ask me what is happening and I do not know.

ALL
DARKNESS AND TREES

GARTH
Behind me, this big man comes up to me and he says in this low voice...

MUHUMUZA
Wewe watuchukuwa wapi?

GARTH
What’s that, now?
6. ON THE BUS

MICKY (ACTOR 2)
Climb aboard.
TERRY (ACTOR 7)
Hop right in, m’ ducky.
MICKY
Let’s get you where you’re going.
TERRY
You’ve all seen the airport — used to be the biggest airport in North America. Planes used to stop here to gas up from everywhere.
MICKY
Frank Sinatra, Albert Einstein.
TERRY
Muhammad Ali.
BOTH
The Queen.
TERRY
Then they invented jetplanes that can get across the ocean on one tank...
MICKY
So there's no need to refuel anymore —
TERRY
Leaving us with this giant airport.
They brake suddenly, screeching.
MICKY
Now there’s the reason I drives slow.
TERRY
That there in the middle of the road.

BOTH
Yeah. That’s a moose.
MICKY
She’ll move when she’s good and ready...
On one of the busses, Nick approaches Diane.
NICK
Mind if I sit here?
DIANE
Oh, hello Nick! I thought we’d lost you.
NICK
No — I just needed to get an emergency prescription filled. Nothing serious. It's not like, “ohmygod, he’s off his medication.” I'll stop talking now.
DIANE
It’s fine.
NICK
Any news yet about your husband who was flying today?
DIANE
My—? No — do you mind if we just don’t talk about that. I haven’t been able to get to a phone.
NICK
I’m sorry. I’ll help you find a phone as soon as we get... wherever we’re going.
Finally, out of the darkness, my bus arrives at the Salvation Army camp. 

We pass through a large gate and the bus pulls to a stop. And through the windows — out there in the darkness — we see all these people coming out of the buildings. 

We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

There are soldiers everywhere.

The man at the front opens the door.

I say, “Here you are. Out you go.” But he doesn’t understand. And he’s not getting off. None of them are.

But then I notice his wife — well, she’s clutching a bible. Now, obviously I can’t read it, but their bible — it’ll have the same number system ours does — so I ask to see it and I’m searching for something and then in Philippians 4:6. I give ‘em their bible and I’m pointing, saying, look! Philippians 4:6 — Be anxious for nothing. Be anxious for nothing.

And that’s how we started speaking the same language.

And that’s how we started speaking the same language.

GARTH & MUHUMUZA

Finally, out of the darkness, my bus arrives at the Salvation Army camp.

ALL EXCEPT GARTH AND MUHUMUZA

KATI YA GIZA

MUHUMUZA

We pass through a large gate and the bus pulls to a stop. And through the windows — out there in the darkness — we see all these people coming out of the buildings.

GARTH

We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

ALL

GHAFLA MWANGAZA

GARTH

We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

ALL

GHAFLA MWANGAZA

GARTH

We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

ALL

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MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

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MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

ALL

GHAFLA MWANGAZA

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We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

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MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.

ALL

GHAFLA MWANGAZA

GARTH

We rarely use them, but everyone’s dusted off their Salvation Army uniforms to welcome these people.

MUHUMUZA

There are soldiers everywhere.
8. LEAD US OUT OF THE NIGHT

BEULAH
Welcome to Gander Academy — I’m gonna show you now to your rooms, and then if you want to come back, we’ve got two TVs set up in the cafeteria with the news on — so you can see what’s actually happened for yourself...

JANICE
I didn’t even think — they haven’t seen any of it yet.

ALL
LEAD US OUT OF THE DARKNESS

HANNAH
We’re all staring at those images.

BEULAH
And we just stand helpless watching them.

ALL
LEAD US SOMEWHERE TO SAFETY

BOB
We barely know where we are. But we know it’s not there.

ALL
LEAD US FAR FROM DISASTER

BEVERLEY
Charles Burlingame was the captain of Flight 77 that crashed into the Pentagon. I just saw him at a pub in London. You can’t imagine. A pilot will fight to the ends of the earth to save his airplane. He just will.

ALL
LEAD US OUT OF THE NIGHT

KEVIN T
We watch those images for hours. Until someone finally turns it off.

9. PHONING HOME

CLAUDE
1:15 a.m.

ALL
Wednesday.

CLAUDE
September 12th. Crisis counselors are called to Gander Academy.

BEULAH
The plane people — they’re exhausted — but they don’t want to sleep. And we’re standing there, ready with all that food. But that’s not what they wanted. They wanted phones.

JANICE
1:45 a.m. — Six phones are put on tables for the Plane People to use free of charge — lined up alongside the road by the Newtel building.

BEULAH
An hour later, they set up 20 more phones.

CLAUDE
An hour after that, there’s 75 phones and computers with internet — all being used ‘round the clock.

Passengers make phone calls.

PASSENGER 5
HELLO? YES — IT’S ME.

BOB
DAD, I’M OKAY. IT’S OKAY.

HANNAH
I’M CALLING FROM CANADA.

KEVIN J
SAFE AND SOUND ON THE GROUND HERE IN ICELAND.

KEVIN T
NO, NEWFOUNDLAND

BOB
YEAH.

ALL
WE JUST SAW THE NEWS

HANNAH
HAVE YOU HEARD YET FROM KEV?

KEVIN J
OR CELENA

PASSENGER 5
CALL MICAH

PASSENGER 7
AND LAUREN

KEVIN T
MY PARENTS

PASSENGER 6
MY AUNT

DIANE
IT’S DIANE. NO, I’M FINE. WHERE’S DAVID?

Oh, thank god.
10. COSTUME PARTY

JANICE
3:45 a.m. Overnight, the community’s population has gone from approximately 9,000 to 16,000. I’m sure barely any of us have slept tonight. We’re hopeful that our visitors will be back in the air come morning.

KEVIN T
I woke up from this dream which I can’t quite remember, but there was this music in it that I’d heard somewhere before.

KEVIN J
I woke up from a dream that we were stuck in some backwater Canadian town and that my air mattress deflated.

BOB
I woke up to the smell of... freshly baked bread?

ANNETTE
4 a.m. in Newfoundland is breakfast time in Germany. And we got a lot of passengers here from Frankfurt, so breakfast starts at 4 a.m. and we start scrambling eggs.

BOB
Poached eggs, scrambled eggs, omelettes.

DIANE
Fried Bologna.

NICK
Something called “toutans.”

KEVIN T
I saw a casserole dish I don’t think I could lift.

BOB
They made enough food to feed 7,000 people. It’s like they never slept.

BEULAH
There’s this one man — from the Middle East — well, we don’t really know. Hasn’t said a word to a soul — and some of the other passengers seem a bit wary of him. So it’s a little odd to find him poking around the kitchen.

ALI
(surprised)
Hello.

BEULAH
Hello. Can I help you with something?

ALI
I would like to be of assistance. With the food.

BEULAH
Oh, no. That’s not necessary.

ALI
But I am—

BEULAH
Really. You go out there and sit down.

CLAUDE
I’ve been going all night, but I can’t stop. None of us can. I splash some cold water on my face and just keep going. We’ve got 7,000 scared and angry people who don’t want to be here. And they’re about to wake up.

DIANE
IN A CROWDED ROOM FILLED WITH STRANGERS SLEEPING

KEVIN T
AN AIRPLANE BLANKET AND PILLOW ON THE FLOOR

DIANE
THE SUN COMES STREAMING THROUGH THE WINDOW

KEVIN T & DIANE
AND I CAN’T SLEEP ANY MORE

KEVIN J
STARING AT THESE STRANGERS WAKING UP AROUND ME

HANNAH
SITTING IN A CROWD OF PEOPLE WAITING FOR THE PHONE

KEVIN J
AND IN A TOWN THAT’S SUDDENLY DOUBLED POPULATION
Appendix Two

10. COSTUME PARTY (cont’d)

KEVIN T, HANNAH, DIANE, & KEVIN J
I FEEL SO ALONE
KEVIN J
IT’S LIKE ANY OF US COULD HAVE
DIED ON TUESDAY
KEVIN T
AND LIKE WE’RE DARED TO SEE
THINGS DIFFERENTLY TODAY
DIANE
I’M FEELING DIFFERENT
HANNAH
DISTANT
KEVIN J
STRANGE
KEVIN T
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE HERE?
HANNAH
WHERE AM I?
DIANE
NO ONE KNOWS ME HERE
KEVIN T, HANNAH, DIANE & KEVIN J
WHO AM I IF I DON’T FEEL LIKE THE
ME FROM YESTERDAY?
NICK
I wake up in a crowded room full of people
sleeping on the floor and I see Diane and ask,
“Are we leaving?”
DIANE
Any time now.
NICK
Is your hair different? I mean...you look good.
I like it.
DIANE
Hm! Thank you. No shampoo for three days.
KEVIN T
They start handing out clothes to anyone who
needs them.
KEVIN J
I haven’t changed my clothes in 39 hours.
BOB
I wanted to burn my socks.
KEVIN J
Kevin puts on this plaid thing. He says he’s
“incognito” and that he’s going to “blend in
with the natives,” but he just looks like a gay
lumberjack.
DIANE
CHANGING INTO ANOTHER WOMAN’S
DONATED SET OF CLOTHES
KEVIN T
LOOKING DIFFERENT —
FEELING KIND OF DIFFERENT TOO
DIANE
I CAN’T QUITE EXPLAIN
KEVIN T
BUT WHEN I WOKE
DIANE
WHEN DAVID WASN’T ON THAT PLANE
KEVIN T & DIANE
IT’S LIKE I CHANGED INTO
SOMEBODY ELSE BUT WHO?
AND IT’S SOMEHOW LIKE WE’RE AT A
COSTUME PARTY
KEVIN T
AND FOR A SECOND YOU ARE NOT
YOURSELF
DIANE
YOU ARE NOT YOURSELF
KEVIN T
AND YOU LOOK AROUND AND BLINK
YOUR EYES
DIANE
AND BARELY EVEN RECOGNIZE
KEVIN T & DIANE
THE PERSON IN THE MIRROR WHO’S
TURNED INTO SOMEONE ELSE
KEVIN J
(On the phone)
Hey Little Sister — Yeah, still here where
they eat rainbows for breakfast. Are you
taking care of Mom? No. I just wish I was
home. No, not L.A. Brooklyn. Shut up.
You’re such a brat. No. I just needed to hear
your voice.
10. COSTUME PARTY (cont’d)

BEULAH
Excuse me? Are you Hannah?

HANNAH
Yeah — that’s me.

BEULAH
My name’s Beulah — someone told me your son’s a firefighter... Yeah, mine is too. Here in town. And I know Gander’s not New York, but... Is there anything I can do?

HANNAH
No. I just need to hear from my son.

BEULAH
I understand.

Beulah leaves.

HANNAH
PRAYING FOR A PHONE CALL

KEVIN J
PRAYING FOR A WAY HOME

HANNAH & KEVIN J
ASKING QUESTIONS

KEVIN J
ASKING CAN I GET BACK ON THAT GODFORSAKEN PLANE?

HANNAH
AND ALL AROUND ME, PEOPLE CHAT

KEVIN J
AND PEOPLE SNACK

HANNAH & KEVIN J
LIKE NOTHING’S HAPPENED
AND I NEED TO HEAR WE’RE GOING BACK

BEVERLEY
Good morning. I’m Captain Bass. I’ve just heard from the airline. Now I know this is going to be hard to hear, but the American airspace remains closed. I can’t tell you how long we’ll be on the ground. But, we are going to be here for some time.

DIANE
HERE FOR SOME TIME

KEVIN J
HERE FOR SOME TIME

HANNAH
HERE FOR TOO LONG

KEVIN T
HERE FOR HOW LONG

KEVIN J, ACTORS 10, 12
WHEN WILL WE KNOW

ACTORS 4, 5, 6 & 7, 11
WHEN WILL WE KNOW

ALL
HOW MUCH LONGER?

HANNAH
Beulah. Wait. Can you help me find a Catholic Church?

DIANE
I can’t sit here. I need to get some air.

KEVIN T
Let’s go see where we are. The sun’s out. It’ll do you good.

KEVIN J
Seriously? You know what, go get lost in the woods. I’m going to be ready when we leave.

HANNAH & KEVIN J
AND IT’S SOMEHOW LIKE WE’RE STUCK HERE AT A MESSED UP COSTUME PARTY

DIANE & KEVIN T
AND THERE’S NOTHING HERE FAMILIAR

HANNAH & KEVIN J
FAR AWAY FROM THOSE YOU CARE FOR

KEVIN T, KEVIN J, HANNAH & DIANE
ON AN ISOLATED ISLAND IN BETWEEN THERE AND HERE

ALL OTHERS
THERE AND HERE
I. AM HERE

BEULAH
Anyway I get lunch set up, labeling anything that’ll go bad with the date and time. I let the pants out for one of the pilots who’s been enjoying our cooking. I make a balloon animal for a crying toddler — and then I check on Hannah, leaving messages for anyone she can reach.

HANNAH
I AM HERE — I AM HERE ON AN ISLAND HELLO? HELLO. IT’S ME AGAIN
YEAH, MY SON — HE’S WITH RESCUE TWO — ANY NEWS?
I AM HIS MOTHER
I’M FAR AWAY — STUCK HERE I’M TRYING TO FIND OUT IF — FINE — I’LL HOLD AGAIN
I SHOULD BE DOWN THERE AND CHECKING THE HOSPITALS PUTTING UP SIGNS
DOING SOMETHING, INSTEAD
I AM HERE — I AM HERE IN CANADA

I AM TELLING YOU, LISTEN, MY SON - HE TAKES RISKS HE’S NOT MISSING,
HE’S HELPING OR HURT HE’LL GET OUT OF THIS
YES, I’LL KEEP TRYING
AND YES, HERE’S THE NUMBER
AND YES, AT THE LEGION IN GANDER
I’LL BE RIGHT HERE
I SHOULD BE THERE
WHEN IT’S OVER AND DONE
WHEN HE COMES THROUGH THE DOOR AND SAYS, “I’M HOME, MOM”
I SHOULD BE THERE FOR MY SON BUT INSTEAD
I AM HERE — I AM HERE

BEULAH
She leaves message after message for her son. Until there’s no more room on his answering machine.

HANNAH
ALL I KNOW IS YOU ARE THERE
YOU ARE THERE AND I AM HERE
HANNAH
Beulah walks me to church — and when we get there, I light a candle for my son.

BEULAH
And I do too.

KEVIN T
I suddenly realize what that music from my dream — it was an old hymn from when I was a kid. I haven't been to church in years, but for some reason that song was in my head.

KEVIN T
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE: WHERE THERE IS HATRED,
LET ME BRING YOUR LOVE, WHERE THERE IS INJURY,
YOUR PARDON, LORD,
AND WHERE THERE'S DOUBT
TRUE FAITH IN YOU.

HANNAH (& KEVIN T)
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE
(MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE) WHERE THERE'S DESPAIR IN LIFE,
LET ME BRING HOPE
(WHERE THERE'S DESPAIR IN LIFE,
LET ME BRING HOPE)
WHERE THERE IS DARKNESS, ONLY LIGHT
(WHERE THERE IS DARKNESS, ONLY LIGHT)

HANNAH
AND WHERE THERE’S SADNESS

HANNAH & KEVIN T
EVER JOY

RABBI
OSEH SHALOM BIM’ROMAV HU YA’ASEH
SHALOM ALEINU V’AL KOL YISRAEL
V’IMRU, V’IMRU AMEN

There is a man here in town. He’s lived here nearly his entire life. He heard that there was a Rabbi diverted here and he came to find me and tell me his story.

EDDIE (ACTOR 11)
I was born in Poland, I think. And my parents — they were Jews — they sent me here before the war started — I still remember some of the prayers they taught me. As a boy, I was told I should never tell anyone I was Jewish. Even my wife. But after what happened on Tuesday — so many stories gone — just like that. I needed to tell someone.

ALI
During El-Fagir, when most people are asleep it is easier to pray. But at Dhuhr, I can feel them watching me. Sometimes I catch them when they think I’m not looking — and I can see the fear in their eyes.

ANNETTE
Excuse me? Beulah wanted me to check on you. The library’s open — for anyone looking for some peace — and a quiet place to pray.

Ali lays out a prayer mat and begins to pray.

RABBI (& EDDIE, hesitantly) YA’ASEH
SHALOM (YA’ASEH) YA’ASEH SHALOM
(SHALOM) SHALOM ALEINU V’AL KOL
YISRAEL YA’ASEH SHALOM (YA’ASEH)
YA’ASEH SHALOM (SHALOM) SHALOM
ALEINU V’AL KOL YISRAEL

HINDU PASSENGERS
ASATO MAA SAD-GAMAYA TAMASO MAA
JYOTIRE-GAMAYA TAMASO MAA JYOTIRE-
GAMAYA MRITYOR-MAA- MRITAN
GAMAYA
OM SHAANTIH SHAANTIH SHAANTIH

BEULAH, HANNAH, KEVIN T & SINGER 10
O MASTER, GRANT THAT
I MAY NEVER SEEK
SO MUCH TO BE CONSOLED
AS TO CONSOLE TO BE UNDERSTOOD
AS TO UNDERSTAND TO BE LOVED
AS TO LOVE WITH ALL MY SOUL

JEWISH PASSENGERS
OSEH SHALOM BIM’ROMAV HU YA’ASEH
SHALOM ALEINU V’AL KOL YISRAEL
V’IMRU AMEN

PASSENGERS 1 & 6
YA’ASEH SHALOM YA’ASEH SHALOM

ALI
Allahu Akbar
Subhaan Rabbi al Azeem Allahu Akbar
Subhaan Rabbia Al-Aala’a Allahu Akbar
Alhamdulilah

KEVIN T
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE
WHERE THERE’S DESPAIR IN LIFE,
LET ME BRING HOPE
WHERE THERE IS DARKNESS, ONLY LIGHT
AND WHERE THERE’S SADNESS, EVER JOY
13. ON THE EDGE

CLAUDE
Some people spend their days crammed inside — shoulder to shoulder with nothing to do
but watch the news and wait for something to happen.
ALL
ON THE EDGE
BEULAH
We’ve got the TVs going 24/7 in the cafeteria. And the more they watch, the more scared and angry they get.
ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE OZ
Some of the Plane People haven’t slept in three days. None of us have either — and we’re jumping at our own shadows.
ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD
BEULAH
Around suppertime on Thursday, people are waiting to use the phones and there’s a fight in the hallway —
ALI
(on the phone)
PASSENGER 11
(to Ali)
Hey. Hey! What the hell are you saying?
ALI
I beg your pardon?
PASSENGER 11
You celebrating this? You praying for your friends?
ALI
(into the phone again)

MaaMa, Laazim ‘afil el sikha delwaa’ty — salaam. Bahibik —

PASSENGER 11
Why doesn’t he speak English?
ALI
Excuse me?
PASSENGER 8
Are you telling your Muslim friends where to bomb next?
ALI
This was not all Muslims! And I was not—
PASSENGER 11
Go back where you came from!
PASSENGER 2
I’m Muslim and I was born in Connecticut!
I’m an American citizen!
PASSENGER 11
You don’t look American.
PASSENGER 2
What does that even mean?
ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD OR WHEREVER WE ARE
WE ARE — WE ARE — WE ARE ON THE EDGE
IS THERE SOMETHING —
I NEED TO DO SOMETHING
TO KEEP ME FROM THINKING OF ALL OF
THOSE SCENES ON THE TUBE I NEED SOMETHING TO DO —
‘CAUSE I CAN’T WATCH THE NEWS
NO I CAN’T WATCH THE NEWS
ANYMORE ON THE EDGE
CLAUDE
The FAA keeps delaying opening the airspace — and here on the ground, we’re dealing with a whole mess of other problems.
ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE
13. ON THE EDGE (cont’d)

BEVERLEY
Some of the planes are parked on a runway where the surface is all torn up. That debris gets into an engine and they’ll never leave.

ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

DOUG
One of the big planes — a triple 7 — is sinking into the asphalt. If we don’t do something, she’ll be stuck here forever.

ALL
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD OR WHEREVER WE ARE
WE ARE — WE ARE — WE ARE ON THE — ARE — WE ARE — WE ARE — WE ARE ON THE EDGE!

JANICE
I interview a woman from Queens — a mother. Her son’s a firefighter and they still can’t account for him. She starts crying and I start crying too. And I can’t stop shaking. I don’t want to do this anymore.

BEVERLEY
I check in with Air Traffic Control again and it’s more bad news. Not only is the airspace still closed, but there’s a storm headed for Newfoundland. Hurricane Erin is making landfall tomorrow or the day after. If we don’t get these planes in the air soon, no one’s going anywhere.

OZ
Claude, people are starting to crack.

CLAUDE
Let’s get everyone down to the Legion.

KEVIN T
Everyone’s going down to the Legion for a drink.

KEVIN J
Hi, have you seen my boyfriend? His name is Kevin, he’s about this tall, and he’s lost his mind.

KEVIN T
I just want to go out!

KEVIN J
Well I don’t!

KEVIN T
Well I’m not going without you.

KEVIN J
Well I’m not... staying for a long time.

KEVIN T
One drink!

KEVIN J
One drink!

BEULAH
Hannah? Everyone’s going out tonight.

HANNAH
You go on without me, Beulah... I need to wait by the phone.

BEULAH
... I’ll wait with you.

BEVERLEY
I keep waiting to hear from the airline. So I’ll just be here by the phone, Tom, if the kids want to speak with me.

DOUG
Bonnie? I know you’re not leaving the animals, so I brought you some chili. But I really think that tonight, you should come home and get some sleep...

BONNIE
Doug! Oh my — get in here! We are about to have the first rare Bonobo chimpanzee born in Newfoundland!

OZ
Beulah! They need some food down at the Legion if you can spare any.

ALI
Miss Beulah. Please let me help with the food.

BEULAH
No, m’love — you’re a guest—

ALI
Please. I am a master chef for an international hotel chain — I oversee restaurants around the world. I would like to help with the food.

BEULAH
Get in there!

DIANE
Everyone’s going out to the bar — and Nick is going.

NICK
I’m going if Diane is going.

DIANE
And I think, nobody here knows me — I can be whoever I want to be...

BOB
I’m not worried about my wallet. I’m not worried about getting shot. I am a little worried about how much Irish Whiskey I’m drinking...
14. IN THE BAR / HEAVE AWAY

**OZ**
By eight o’clock the bar is completely packed with people from around the world. Everybody’s talking about where they’re staying and what they’ve seen — and the bar staff keep making runs for more beer and liquor. After an hour, people are swimming in the river out back. And no, no one brought their swim trunks!

A couple of the local b’ys get up with their accordions and fiddles — and someone brings out an ugly stick.

*The band joins in.*

**MEN**
FAREWELL TO ALL YOU PRETTY LADIES WAVING FROM THE DOCK
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY AND IF WE DO RETURN TO YOU WE’LL MAKE YOUR CRADLES ROCK
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLY BOYS, WE’RE ALL BOUND AWAY

---

**WOMEN**
FAREWELL YOU NEWFOUNDLANDER BOYS YOU’RE LEAVING US ALONE
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY AND IF YOU FIND ANOTHER WE’VE GOT LOVERS OF OUR OWN
ALL
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLY BOYS, WE’RE ALL BOUND AWAY
OZ
And then we get the karaoke going.

**DELORES**
NEAR... FAR...

**ALL**
WHEREVER WE ARE!

**OZ**
Then we decide to have a bit of a ceremony.

**CLAUDE**
Let’s make these people honorary Newfoundlanders!
15. SCREECH IN

CLAUDE
NOW THERE’S A SOLEMN, OLD TRADITION
FOR ADMISSION — OR AUDITION — TO
TRANSITION FROM A COME FROM AWAY
ALL
TO BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER
CLAUDE
THE ONLY OTHER WAY AT ANY RATE
IS PASS AWAY AND PRAY TO FATE AND
WAIT TO REINCARNATE
ALL
AS A NEWFOUNDLANDER
HEY HEY — COME ON INSIDE NOTHING
VENTURED NOTHING TRIED
ACTOR 5
ONLY A COUPLE PEOPLE CRIED
ALL
YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER
HEY HEY — SIT DOWN RIGHT HERE
YOU’LL FEEL BETTER IN A YEAR
ACTOR 7
TRY TO IGNORE YOUR DOUBTS AND
FEARS
ALL
AND YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER
CLAUDE
Now we needs a couple volunteers — who wants
to become a Newfoundlander?
BOB
Right here!
CLAUDE
Good man! Who else?
KEVIN T
I have no idea why I put up my hand. And
Kevin’s like
KEVIN J
Ohmygod are you serious? Ohmygod — you are
serious.
KEVIN T
Yes — I’m serious. Don’t do it if you don’t want
to.
KEVIN J
I won’t.
CLAUDE
Where you from, Buddy?
KEVIN T
Los Angeles.
CLAUDE
LA! Who else?
DIANE
Us!
DIANE
We want to be Newfoundlanders!
CLAUDE
Alright. Where are you folks from?
DIANE
Texas and—
CLAUDE
Texas! (to Nick) What part of Texas are you from,
buddy?
NICK
No. I’m from —
DIANE
No! I’M from Texas. He’s from England.
CLAUDE
Wait. Now how does that work?
NICK
How does what work?
CLAUDE
How does your marriage work with you being in
England and her in Texas?
DIANE & NICK
No — we’re not married.
CLAUDE
Oh, I’m sorry — I just assumed you were
married... Well, would you like to be?
NICK
Ah—
DIANE
Well, why not?!
NICK
Diane had had two beers by then, so it was
probably the alcohol talking.
DIANE
I’ve never had more than one beer at a time
before, so it was probably the alcohol talking.
NICK
I went and got her two more beers.
CLAUDE
NOW THE FIRST PART IS THE EASIEST
WE’LL SOON GET TO THE QUEASIEST I’LL
NEED YOU TO REPEAT THIS MESS
ALL
WHEN YOU BECOME A
NEWFOUNDLANDER
CLAUDE
‘CAUSE WE SPEAKS A DIFFERENT
LANGUAGE, SON
WE ADDS SOME ESSES AND SOME RUM
YOU’LL HAVE TO TRY A GOOD COD
TONGUE
ALL
WHEN YOU BECOME A
NEWFOUNDLANDER
HEY HEY — JUST DO YOUR BEST NOTHING
SCARY — NOTHING YET

ACTOR 3
YOU’LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE WAY
YOU’RE DRESSED
They put Sou’wester hats on each screechee.

ALL
AND YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER
HEY HEY — JUST SING ALONG NOTHING
VENTURED JUST PROLONGED

CLAUDE
THERE’S THIRTY VERSES IN THIS SONG

ALL
THEN YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER

CLAUDE
(pointing at a bottle)
Ladies and Gentlemen. This is Screech. Back in
World War 2, an officer was stationed here and was
offered some of this stuff. All the locals were
tossing it back with nar’ a quiver, so he does too,
and lets out an ear-piercing
All the locals howl.
Everybody comes to see what’s happened and says,

ALL EXCEPT SCREECHEES
“What was that ungodly screech?!”

CLAUDE
And now it’s your turn. Are you ready?

NICK
Um... I’m not sure that—

DIANE
Wait — did you just say—

BOB

KEVIN T
Do we have to drink this?

CLAUDE
Good! All together now. One!

ALL EXCEPT SCREECHEES
ONE!

CLAUDE
Two!

ALL EXCEPT SCREECHEES
TWO!

CLAUDE
Three!

ALL EXCEPT SCREECHEES
THREE!

CLAUDE
Down the hatch!

Everyone cheers as they drink. Bob howls. Nick
grimaces. Kevin T shakes his head. Diane taps her
glass, getting every drop out.

KEVIN T
Screech is basically bad Jamaican rum.

NICK
Screech is horrific.

DIANE
Screech is delishush!

BOB
And then they brought the Cod.

KEVIN T
The Cod.

NICK
The Cod.

DIANE
The Cod.

A codfish is handed to Claude.

CLAUDE
NOW WITH EVERY TRANSFORMATION
COMES A TINY BIT OF RISK
YOU’VE GOT TO WALK THE PLANK AND
THERE’LL BE BLOOD
OR THERE’LL BE BLISS
AND IT’S THE SAME TO BE A
NEWFOUNDLANDER
EVERY PERSON’S WISH SO DON’T BE
DUMB
JUST TAKE THE PLUNGE GO ON — KISS
THE FISH!

NEWFOUNDLANDERS
(continued underneath, building steadily)
I’M AN ISLANDER — I AM AN ISLANDER
I’M AN ISLANDER — I AM AN ISLANDER...

CLAUDE
Ladies and gentlemen — this is a genuine freshly
captured Newfoundland Cod — and if you want to
become an honorary Newfoundlander, you’ll have
to give her a smooch!

Bob kisses the fish and cheers.

CLAUDE
One!

KEVIN J
If you kiss that I am never kissing you again!

KEVIN T
I’ll risk it!

Kevin T kisses the fish.

CLAUDE
Two!

NICK
I’m not kissing a fish!
DIANE
Come on, I will if you will!

NICK
Oh my god. Fine.

*Nick kisses the fish and grimaces.*

CLAUDE
Three!

DIANE
I can't do it!

NICK
What? I just did!

CLAUDE
Now you've got to kiss the cod — it's a vital part of the ceremony.

DIANE
I can't do it!

CLAUDE
Alright — look. I'll make you a deal. Either you kiss this fish — or else you kiss this Englishman that you're not married to.

*Diane kisses him.*

ALL

**HEY HEY — COME ON TONIGHT**
**TAKE A RISK AND TAKE A RIDE**
**JUMP RIGHT IN WITH BOTH FEET TIED**
**AND YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER**
**HEY HEY — COME ON ONCE MORE**
**NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING SORE**
**AFTER IT’S OVER, OUT THE DOOR AND**
**YOU’LL BE A NEWFOUNDLANDER**

CLAUDE

**AFTER IT’S OVER YOU’LL REMEMBER**

ALL

**THAT YOU’RE A NEWFOUNDLANDER**
BEVERLEY
MY PARENTS MUST HAVE THOUGHT
THEY HAD A CRAZY KID
‘CAUSE I WAS ONE OF THOSE KIDS
WHO ALWAYS KNEW WHAT I WANTED
THEY TOOK ME DOWN TO THE AIRPORT
TO SEE ALL THE PLANES DEPARTING
WATCHING THEM FLY SOMETHING
INSIDE OF ME WAS STARTING
I WAS EIGHT WHEN I TOLD THEM THAT
I’D BE A PILOT
BUT I WAS TOO YOUNG AND TOO
SHORT AND THERE WERE NO FEMALE
CAPTAINS
AND MY DAD SAID BE PATIENT
HE SAID “JUST SEE WHAT HAPPENS”
BUT I TOOK MY FIRST LESSON CAME
DOWN FROM THE SKY
AND TOLD MY FATHER I’D FLY FOR THE
REST OF MY LIFE
AND I GOT MY FIRST JOB FLYING FOR A
MORTICIAN
IN A TINY BONANZA
JUST A CORPSE AND ME
FIVE DOLLARS AN HOUR FOR FLYING
DEAD BODIES
I HAD TO CLimb OVER THEIR FACES
JUST TO GET TO MY SEAT
THEN SUDDENLY THE WHEELS LIFT
OFF THE GROUND IS FALLING
BACKWARDS
I AM SUDDENLY ALIVE
SUDDENLY I’M IN THE COCKPIT
SUDDENLY EVERYTHING’S CHANGED
SUDDENLY I’M NOT TOO YOUNG
OR TOO SHORT
AND THE PASSENGERS IN THE BACK
DON’T COMPLAIN!
SUDDENLY I’M FLYING COMPANY
CHARTERS SUDDENLY EVERYTHING’S
HIGH
SUDDENLY THERE’S NOTHING IN
BETWEEN
ME AND THE SKY
AMERICAN AIRLINES
HAD THE PRETTIEST PLANES
SO I APPLIED AS A FLIGHT ENGINEER
BUT THE WORLD WAR 2 PILOTS,
THEY ALL COMPLAINED
THEY SAID, “GIRLS SHOULDN’T BE IN
THE COCKPIT — HEY LADY, HEY BABY,
HEY, WHY DON’T YOU GRAB US A
DRINK?”
AND THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS
WEREN’T MY FRIENDS BACK THEN
AND THEY SAID, “ARE YOU BETTER
THAN US, DO YOU THINK?”
BUT I KEPT GETTING HIRED AND
THE WORLD WAR 2 CREW — THEY
RETIRED
AND THE GIRLS ALL THOUGHT MUCH
HIGHER OF ME
1986 — THE FIRST FEMALE AMERICAN
CAPTAIN IN HISTORY
16. ME AND THE SKY (cont’d)

LOOKING DOWN — PASSING THEM BY
SUDDENLY THERE’S NOTHING IN
BETWEEN ME AND THE SKY

SUDDENLY I’VE GOT AN ALL FEMALE
CREW THE NEWS CAUGHT AND MADE
HEADLINES
ACROSS THE WORLD
SUDDENLY IT STOPPED, NO—ONE’S
SAYING

BEVERLEY (WITH FLIGHT
ATTENDANTS)
(YOU CAN’T) OR (YOU WON’T)
OR YOU KNOW YOU’RE NOT ANYTHING
(‘CAUSE YOU’RE A GIRL)

BEVERLEY
SUDDENLY I’M GETTING MARRIED AND
WE’RE PUTTING PINS ON A MAP
WHERE WE’VE FLOWN
SUDDENLY I AM A MOTHER
AND SUDDENLY SHOCKED AT HOW
MUCH

THEY’VE GROWN SUDDENLY I’M
WONDERING
HOW MY PARENTS WOULD FEEL
SEEING ME TEACHING MEN TO BE
PILOTS ‘CAUSE SUDDENLY I AM A
SENIOR
INSTRUCTOR
AND SOMEHOW I’M FIFTY-ONE

SUDDENLY I’M FLYING PARIS TO
DALLAS, ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, AND
FEELING CALM WHEN SUDDENLY
SOMEONE ON AIR-TO-AIR
TRAFFIC SAYS AT 8:46 THERE’S BEEN A
TERRORIST ACTION
AND THE ONE THING I LOVED MORE
THAN ANYTHING WAS USED AS THE
BOMB

SUDDENLY I’M IN A HOTEL
SUDDENLY SOMETHING HAS DIED
SUDDENLY THERE’S SOMETHING IN
BETWEEN
ME AND THE … SKY
Appendix Two

17. THE DOVER FAULT

DIANE
We’re told by our pilot to stay close to our shelters so we’re ready to go again. So we end up on one last walk to this gorgeous lookout: the Dover Fault.

NICK
There’s about a million stairs.

DIANE
It’s beautiful. Nick! You’ve gotta see this.

NICK
Wow...

DIANE
I can’t believe we’re here.

NICK
I know.

DIANE
I can’t believe we’re leaving!

NICK
I don’t want to go.

DIANE
What did you say?

NICK
Oh, I don’t know. I’m going to get a picture or two.

DIANE
Oh, okay.

18. STOP THE WORLD

Nick takes a picture of her and Diane freezes.

NICK
STOP THE WORLD TAKE A PICTURE TRY TO CAPTURE TO ENSURE THIS MOMENT LASTS WE’RE STILL IN IT BUT IN A MINUTE THAT’S THE LIMIT AND THIS PRESENT WILL BE PAST SO HERE WE ARE WHERE THE WORLD HAS COME TOGETHER SO HERE SHE’LL BE IN THIS PICTURE FOREVER

DIANE
Look at this: Five hundred and forty million years ago, the continents of the world crashed together right here. And two hundred million years ago, they separated again, moving apart from each other.

NICK
Huh.

DIANE
But a little part of them was left behind.

Nick points the camera at her.

I should move. You’re missing all the scenery

NICK
No, no. Stay where you are.

DIANE
Really?

NICK
Really. It’s perfect.

He takes another picture and this time Nick freezes.

DIANE
STOP THE WORLD

SEIZE THE MOMENT BUT THE MINUTE HE GOES YOU’RE ALONE AND IT’S THROUGH PINCH YOURSELF TELL YOURSELF YOU’RE JUST DREAMING THAT MEANS HE’LL FORGET ABOUT YOU BUT HERE WE ARE WHERE THE CONTINENTS ONCE CRASHED TOGETHER BEFORE THEY WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS FOREVER, SO

DIANE (& NICK)
STOP THE WORLD (STOP THE WORLD) STOP THE WORLD (STOP THE WORLD)

DIANE, NICK (& CHORUS)
STOP THE WORLD FROM SPINNING ROUND I’M ON A LOOKOUT OVERLOOKING SOMETHING WORTH TAKING THE TIME TO STOP FLYING BY (AND LOOK DOWN) AND LOOK DOWN (STOP THE WORLD) STOP BEING SCARED (AND LOOK ROUND) AND LOOK ROUND (STOP THE WORLD) JUST TELL HER/HIM NOW AND LOOK NOW TAKE A PICTURE OF THE SCENERY OF A LOOKOUT OF A MOMENT WHICH IS OVER OF THE OCEAN OF THE RIVER OF THE TREES

They look at each other and then turn away.

STOP THE WORLD PLEASE
The winds start to pick up. Fifty mile an hour winds. We have been here too long. We’re still on the ground – there’s a hurricane is coming. And I’m thinking – we’re running out of time. We have to leave. We have to leave now.

ALL


On her plane, Beverley makes an announcement.

BEVERLEY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
IF YOU LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOWS UNDERNEATH ALL THAT RAIN – IS MAINE WE’VE JUST CROSSED THE CANADIAN BORDER WELCOME BACK TO THE U. S. OF A.

BOB

IS THIS ON? OH, IT’S ON. SORRY, EVERYONE – HI!
LIKE MOST EVERYONE,
I AM SORRY SAYING GOODBYE
SO I WANTED TO THANK THEM FOR ALL THAT THEY DID
SO I’M DOING JUST THAT AND I’M PASSING A HAT
FOR THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE UP THEIR TIME AND THEY GAVE UP THEIR TOWN
SO LET’S GIVE THEM A SCHOLARSHIP!
PASS THE HAT DOWN, ’CAUSE
Bob passes his Sou’wester hat along.

ALL

SOMEBEWHERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF WHO KNOWS WHERE (WHO KNOWS WHERE)
THERE’LL YOU’LL FIND SOMETHING
BUT LEFT A PART OF YOU BEHIND

DIANE

Nick and I sit together and I just - I want to say something, but we’re leaving and it’s over...

NICK

And then she starts crying. And I don’t know what to say, so I just put my arm around her – and I go to kiss her on the forehead – to comfort her.

DIANE

Well, there was some turbulence – and honestly I just thought he missed! So I –

She grabs Nick and kisses him.
Beverley
Ladies and gentlemen, if you look out your window you won’t want to miss this – we just entered Texas!

All
Somedewhere (somewhere)
In the middle of nowhere
(nowhere) in the middle of who knows where
there’ll you’ll find
(something in the middle of)
something (something)
in the middle of nowhere
(nowhere) in the middle of clear, blue air
you found your heart
but left a part of you behind

Joey
Everyone’s drinking and comparing stories.

Delores
Where’d you stay? What’d you do?

Diane
But mostly Nick and I spend the plane ride home canoodling in the back.

Nick
At one point, a flight attendant comes ‘round saying...

Flight Attendant
Hot towel? Hot towel?
She looks at Nick and Diane.
Cold towel?

All
Somedewhere in between
The pace of life and work and where you’re going
something makes you stop and notice and you’re finally in the moment

Somewhere
In the middle of nowhere
In the middle of who knows where

WHERE (WHO KNOWS WHERE)
there you’ll find
something (something)
in the middle of nowhere
(nowhere) in the middle of clear, blue air
you found your heart
but left a part of you behind

Beverley
Ladies and gentlemen
put your seatbacks and tray tables up
right below us is the city where I grew up
coming ‘round past the field
then the wheels touch the ground

All except Bevery
(repeated underneath)
home, America home in America
home, America home in America...

Beverley
Taxi-ing, we’re all cheering,
we’re down!
Thanking everyone –
thank you for flying American!
Hugging them, hugging my crew
‘cause we’re home again
past the gate, up the stairs and we’re there
and he’s waiting in line
no, I’m fine tom, I’m fine
DIANE
So...

NICK
So...

DIANE
So you’ll call?

NICK
As soon as I get back.

DIANE & NICK
And then he/she left And then I was alone.

JANICE
BACK TO THE WAY THAT THINGS WERE

OZ
BACK TO THE SIMPLE AND PLAIN

DWIGHT
FOR FIVE DAYS THE WEATHER HAD

BONNIE
BEEN SO NICE

BONNIE
BUT AS THEY BOARDED IT STARTED TO

BEULAH
RAIN

Oz
AT THE END OF THE DAY, AFTER

EVERYONE LEFT

Oz
WE ALL TRIED TO GO BACK TO

NORMAL EXCEPT

CLAUDE
THE TOWN WAS MORE QUIET AND

SOMEHOW FAR EMPTIER

BONNIE
WE ALL LOOKED THE SAME,

BUT WE’RE DIFFERENT THAN WE WERE

BEULAH
THE GYM WAS A SIGHT

AS I STACKED THE LAST COT

DWIGHT
THANK-YOU’S WRITTEN EVERYWHERE

AND THINGS THEY FORGOT

CLAUDE
THE BOARD OF HEALTH SAYS CLEAN IT

UP – EVERY PART

ALL
SO WE START

CLAUDE
7:42 a. m.

ALL
Sunday.

CLAUDE
September 16th. After five days, they just ran

the zamboni over the ice. And played hockey.

With the Plane People gone, Gander Town

Council declares the state of emergency over

and I head home. We were all exhausted – just

spent – most of us had been up for five days

straight working. But somehow I can’t sleep,

so I sit down and turn on the television. And I

just start crying. I hadn’t let myself cry the

whole time.

ALL
SOMETHING’S GONE

BOB
Out the airplane window, I can see Manhattan

and there’s still smoke. And suddenly I’m

afraid all over again – and there are others

afraid too.

ALL
SOMETHING’S OVER

BOB
I know Newark airport. You could pull a truck

over on the side of the turnpike and shoot a

grenade launcher at a plane coming in.

ALL
SOMETHING’S DONE

BOB
But nothing happens.

KEVIN T
I drive Kevin back to his place. We don’t say

much.

ALL
SOMETHING’S MISSING

HANNAH
I go straight to his firehouse. Part of me

wondered if they just weren’t telling me, but...

they still don’t know.

ALL
SOMETHING’S CHANGED
NICK
My flat is the same as I left it. But emptier. Quieter. I start to unpack – and I find the camera.

ALL
SOMETHING’S REARRANGED

ALI
On the way to my restaurant, I drop my daughter at school, but she won’t go in. She says she’s scared. What do I tell her?

ALL
SOMETHING’S STRAINED

BOB
Back at my dad’s house, I look out the window – at this view I’ve looked at my whole life. And now a part of it – something’s missing.

ALL
SOMETHING’S MISSING

KEVIN T
Kevin breaks up with me. And then he quits and moves back home to New York. And I miss him. I miss his jokes.

ALL
SOMETHING’S LOST

DIANE
Nick and I call each other when we can. But... it’s awful. The only reason we met was because this terrible thing happened.

ALL
SOMETHING’S COST

BOB
I go down to Ground Zero, which is like the end of the world. It’s literally still burning.

ALL
SOMETHING’S NOT

BOB
My dad asks, “Were you okay out where you were stranded?” How do I tell him that I wasn’t just okay – I was so much better.

ALL
SOMETHING’S MISSING

BEVERLEY
I phone American and say, “I’m ready to go wherever you want to send me.” But they say take a few days off. I phone every day and I am back in the airport by Thursday, and it’s empty. Silent. It’s just – a different place. And I stop what few passengers there are and I say, “Thank you for still flying.”

BEULAH
Hello. You’ve reached the Gander Academy, this is Beulah Davis. How can I help you?

HANNAH
...He’s gone. It’s over.

BEULAH
... Oh, no. I’m so sorry, Hannah. I’m so sorry.

HANNAH
YOU ARE HERE
AT THE END OF A MOMENT AT THE END OF THE WORLD YOU ARE HERE
ON THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN WHERE THE STORY ENDS

BEULAH
WHERE THE RIVER MEETS THE SEA

HANNAH
HERE

ALL
(underneath)
SOMETHING’S GONE SOMETHING’S OVER

NICK
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

KEVIN T
AT THE OFFICE

BEVERLEY
IN AN AIRPORT

DIANE
IN MY HOUSE

BOB
ON AN ISLAND

ALL
(underneath)
SOMETHING’S REARRANGED

BEULAH
IN A CLASSROOM.

JANICE
AT THE STATION

OZ
IN MY CAR

ALL
AND WHEREVER YOU ARE

(SOMETHING’S GONE) YOU ARE HERE
21. 10 YEARS LATER

REPORTER 9
I’m reporting live from Newfoundland for BBC.

REPORTER 8
CBC.

REPORTER 7
CTV.

REPORTER 5
Al Jazeera.

JANICE
For Rogers TV, I’m Janice Mosher – on September 11th.

ALL
Two thousand eleven.

JANICE
The town is again filled with Come From Aways. On the tenth anniversary, from all around the world, we welcome back the Plane People.

CLAUDE
One! Two!

ALL
One two three four!

CLAUDE
WELCOME TO THE FRIENDS
WHO HAVE COME FROM AWAY
WELCOME TO THE LOCALS WHO HAVE ALWAYS SAID THEY’D STAY
IF YOU’RE COMING FROM TOLEDO OR YOU’RE COMING FROM TAIPEI BECAUSE WE COME FROM EVERYWHERE

ALL
WE ALL COME FROM AWAY

MEN
WELCOME TO THE ROCK

ALL
I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER I’M AN ISLANDER, I AM AN ISLANDER

ANNETTE
WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND
WITH ITS INLETS AND ITS BAYS YOU COULD KEEP ON HEADING EAST, BUT THERE’S AN OCEAN IN THE WAY

GARTH
WHERE EVERYTHING IS MEANT TO BE, BUT NOTHING GOES AS PLANNED

22. FINALE

OZ
AND THE DRUNKEST FELLAS IN THE ROOM ARE PLAYING IN THE BAND
The band rocks out.

ALL
WELCOME TO THE ROCK
A reporter interviews Beverley.

BEVERLEY
With all the new security, kids aren’t even allowed up into the cockpit anymore. Of course on my retirement flight, I brought my whole family into the cockpit, on our way back to Gander.
A reporter interviews Bob and Derm.

BOB
I came back with the scholarship money we raised – now worth over a million dollars.

DERM
I bring out the Irish whiskey and we have ourselves a toast.
A reporter interviews Diane.

DIANE
Nick and I just couldn’t make the long distance relationship work.
Nick joins the interview.

NICK
So, I moved to Texas – and then I proposed!

DIANE
And we honeymooned in Newfoundland.
A reporter interviews Kevin T.

KEVIN T
My new secretary’s name is Robin.

ROBIN (ACTOR 10)
What’s up?

KEVIN T
Every year on September 11th, I close my office and give each employee 100 dollars to go and do random good deeds for strangers. It’s my way of remembering what happened.

A reporter interviews Hannah and Beulah.

HANNAH
Beulah and I still keep in touch. She even came to visit me in New York – and I’ll still phone her if I hear a really stupid joke. Beulah. Why are Newfoundlanders terrible at knock knock jokes?

BEULAH
I don’t know, Hannah.

HANNAH
Well, try it. I’ll be a Newfoundlander.

BEULAH
Knock knock.

HANNAH
Come on in – the door’s open!

JANICE
The donation we are most honored by just arrived today.

OZ
It’s about four meters long and twelve hundred kilograms.

JANICE
Newfoundland is the only place outside of the United States, where we share the steel from the World Trade Center.

CLAUDE
On the northeast tip of North America, on an island called Newfoundland, there’s an airport – and next to it, is a town called Gander. Tonight, we honor what was lost. But we also commemorate what we found!

ALL
YOU ARE HERE
AT THE START OF A MOMENT
ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD WHERE
THE RIVER MEETS THE SEA
HERE ON THE EDGE OF THE ATLANTIC
ON AN ISLAND IN BETWEEN
THERE AND HERE
(I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER)

22. FINALE (cont’d)

I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER
THERE AND HERE
(I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER
I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER)
THERE AND HERE
(I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER
I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER)

MEN
WELCOME TO THE FOG WELCOME TO
THE TREES A KISS–AND A COD
AND WHATEVER’S IN BETWEEN
TO THE ONES WHO’VE LEFT YOU’RE
NEVER TRULY GONE
A CANDLE’S IN THE WINDOW AND THE
KETTLE’S ALWAYS ON
ALL
TO THE COVES AND THE CAVES
AND THE PEOPLE FROM THE PLANES
CLAUDE
5 DAYS!
BONNIE
19 ANIMALS!
BEULAH
AND 7,000 STRAYS!

WOMEN
(underneath)
I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER
I’M AN ISLANDER – I AM AN ISLANDER...

MEN
WHEN THE SUN IS SETTING
AND IT’S DARKER THAN BEFORE
IF YOU’RE HOPING FOR A HARBOR THEN
YOU’LL FIND AN OPEN DOOR
IN THE WINTER FROM THE WATER
THROUGH WHATEVER’S IN THE WAY
ALL
TO THE ONES WHO HAVE COME FROM
AWAY, WE SAY
WELCOME TO THE - WELCOME TO THE
WELCOME TO THE - WELCOME TO THE
WELCOME TO THE - WELCOME TO THE
WELCOME TO THE ROCK!
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