

On the other side of the platform was the lineup of the drums and the gong... the big drums, the medium sized one, the snare drum of cow hide and fascinating little snare drum made of fax skin. Suddenly teacher called, "The Little ones may begin now." So ~~the girls started to lineup and spread out their fans.~~ But the little girls continued to run around and giggle. Once more teacher shouted, "Pracitce begins." And the girls finally began to straggle into line. Most of them came because it was so much fun to come to practice to see their friends; or <sup>mostly</sup> because their parents were so anxious to have them ~~grow up / to / to / to~~ learn. The teacher sang and ~~the / pupi~~ played the shamisen while the pupils flung their arms around and lifted their legs. When they stamped their feet, the platform creaked and there was a great disorderly heap of noises. "Oh, dear," said teacher, "you must listen to the music and stamp upon the floor at the same instant. And Emichan why do you always search the floor while you dance." Someone had dropped gum on the ~~a~~practice floor and poor Emichan was having a messy time with her feet. "And what stiff knees. and your neck must follow the movement of the music." While she criticised the neck something would go wrong with everyone's ~~with~~ their knees. As yet most of them ~~did~~ had not developed a sense of music and feeling nor mastery of technique. No coordination and yet there was a certain sweetness about it as is so characteristic of anything that involves children.

when is there a people who do not  
But then there is no people that does not

Learn their songs and dances with them.

It is just as much a part of the culture to

work to understand not merely of technique but

The wisdom of beauty.

and look back what follows the movement of the music.

Someone had dropped him on the platform floor and both

and the teacher said to the girls "Don't look at the

platform floor and stand upon the floor at the same

moment as the teacher said and the girls began to

begin to stagger into line. Most of them came because

the teacher pointed, "Practice begins." And the girls

little girls continued to run along and giggle. Once more

the teacher called, "The little ones may begin now." So

of course and fascinating little girls were made of the skin.