Mientras lejos de allí... ¡??!

La situación es crítica!

May 2005

Gabbo

Volume Four

the chapman honors journal.
In the beginning... there is peace
then an idea blooms
our authors compose
and present the Fruits of our labour...

we gather
we outline
we collect
we edit
we publish

Differentes Écritures vBatarvée.

2
On aime à revivre Les autres, mais
on n’aime pas à dire. Dévire?

5
Nous aimons toujours ceux qui nous aiment
et nous n’aimons pas ceux que nous aimurons.
PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD:
There are very few things in this world which are so detestable to us that when we arrive at the end or last of it we are wholly devoid of sentiment. Those who could never agree on anything may still shed a tear when they know that they stand face-to-face for the last time. A place often visited with little joy will still more often than not garner a final nostalgic glance back as it is left for the last time. Thus, even your stately Publisher with his normally considered and paternal facade is not wholly devoid of sadness as he realizes that the last Gabbo is before him. I think that we have come a long way from a humble packet of photocopied and stapled pages named for a freakish ventriloquist dummy on an episode of The Simpsons (which in turn took his name from an obscure 1920s silent film). And yet we have never veered too far. (We remain to this day a hastily collated set of xeroxed pages.) We have managed to remain relatively unstained of the pretense and snobbery which often attends seeing one's name in print. Most literary journals which you will find are rarely created for the excitement of authors and enjoyment of readers. They seek to impress through the rigor of their selection and the quality of their presentation. And yet for all of their thick, glossy pages; large publishing staffs and full-color spreads, I still believe that our humble journal has the better half. There is nothing in Gabbo to attract or please the eye and we shall probably never garner any awards for our work from councils, conferences or academies. But we have never attempted to court their favor. This journal is to be a possession for all time. We publish for the opportunity of our authors and the stimulation of our readers. Thus, the pleasure which you derive from perusing these pages is the limit of my aspiration. Gabbo will continue on thanks to the diligent efforts of the Ms. Jennifer Wiepert and Ms. Jasane Miller. I put my full confidence in their abilities and insist that each of my readers do the same. Now my pen reaches over and to bid you all farewell and encourage you to always read and write for the inherent pleasures which each will yield to you.

The eyes which read are never senseless and the hand which writes shall ne'er be wearless.
May 19, 2005

This issue of Gabbo may possibly be the best one ever. At the very least it contains many helpful nudges toward a more awesome way of life that could include gambling, piracy, James Joyce and/or cookies. There's a good dose of serendipity in this issue as well, which makes sense, since the whole ordeal was serendipitous to begin with. (Here's a definition of that marvelous word, by the way: Etymology: from its possession by the heroes of the Persian fairy tale *The Three Princes of Serendip*: the faculty or phenomenon of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for)

Gabbo has always been something that just sort of fell together through spirals of conversations and cross-country correspondence. Plenty of people, including myself, have promised incendiary entries which have never seen print — there's a lot more to Gabbo than any of us have ever seen — yet every semester I'm thrilled to see the unpromised, unexpected entries that find there way to us from the dynamic beings, met and un-met, imagined, real and suspected real, who show up to contribute.

I'm rather sure that Gabbo happened on accident, and even while hand-binding the first edition, I was not quite certain whether it would vanish or not in the morning.

Paul and I are not going to vanish into the morning, nor are we going to varnish there. We'll simply meander into the sunset of our over-graduate days and mutter something inspiring under our breath as we pass the last sagebrush.

We'll also leave Gabbo in the very capable hands of our bright-eyed interns Jenny and Janine, who may run this operation with a bit more precision (Jenny likes math an awful lot; Janine enjoys bouncing off of the walls — we shall see which prevails?), but I know they will not lose sight of the value of things not sought for.

I ran across this picture of myself today from my freshman year at Chapman, which was taken on the day I began to suspect I might be a hippie.

[Image of a person making a peace sign]

Look at that tentative peace sign. Those deep seeking eyes and mildly defiant tongue beneath an uncouth coif of hair. It seriously does not get more youthful or hard-core.

I'm pleased to report that I now am certain that I am not a hippie. I don't know what I am, except the presiding, and now resigning editor of this humble 'zine. J&I shall do us proud. We thank them for their bravery and remind them that hippies are like, 30 years old now.

:Aaron Humphrey, proud former wave of the future
It is probably time that you met our interns for this issue (relegated to a tiny corner on this page as a reminder of humility) who will be serving as the new Gabbo Publishing Staff in the coming years after our departure. Jennifer Wiegert will be serving as your Editor-in-Chief. She writes with sincerity:

As your intern and future editor, I promise to bring freedom and democracy to future generations of Chapman University Honors Folk. I do this in the immortal names of the Book Kids: Mr. Andrew Holmer (who is already awesome, but aspires to ever greater heights), Mr. Paul Traska (a bona-fide character and the closest any of us will ever come to knowing Richard Feynman), Mr. Scott Cline (Washingtonian, future hitman, and always fine), Miss Janine Miller (future Introvertologist and personal cohort, drinking buddy (hal), and Book Forum heir apparent), and Mr. Daniel Yoo (a man of extreme and exquisite passion). I love you one and all.

Janine Miller (mentioned above) will be your Publisher-in-Chief. She stubbornly insisted that she had no idea what to write about (a likely excuse). So I will just say that her hypenness, her assassin's wit and shockingly dirty mind will aid Gabbo in its ever-advancing quest to conquer the planet.
Brittany Goetsch is an anagram for "a betrothing cyst".

She found this in a magazine advertisement page while doing a mandala.
This Riddle is New

Hello there and how do you do?
This is a riddle for me and for you.
What do you get if a cat and a hare meet with a shrew?
Will the hare get the prize and the cat get them two?
Or the shrew dance away in a little pink tutu?
What would it matter if one of them is blue?
If the dinner bell rings then which one is through?
The cat won't get hair, that much is true.
The hare isn't shrewd and hasn't a clue.
The cat is quite cunning but quite caring too.
The hare is quite fast but takes to the shrew.
So now what are the animals before us to do?
The cat is still hairless but has something new.
The shrew no longer moves, but this we fact we knew.
And the hare seems to have found another aid for the flu.
What has transpired with this little crew?
I hope you guess right, the riddle is through.

There are no anagrams for Josh Oviatt which make sense.
When it was found that there was "no anagram"
"a moan rang".

Miles Leicher is an anagram for "cheesier mill".
(And you thought that mill over there was cheesy!)

The following is his flow-chart of an In Search of Relationships class.
Melissa observes that several people are wearing matching clothes.

AC back on

It's not in here

Paper criteria

Making up words for paper to follow

Back to book discussion

Kalender

Three topics up for discussion - which to choose?

Kalender decide sexism is not to blame

Next week is Valentine's Day

Discussion on "OCD" - inspired by Julie and Audra

No BS!

Relation of paper length to clothing length

Next poisonwood assignment

Break!

Rabble! Rabble! Rabble!
SIMPLE RULES AND UNDERSTANDINGS TO THE
GAME OF CRAPS

By Scott Cline
Honors Forum Fall 2004

POSTSCRIPT

This paper was originally written for the Fall Honors Forum Class this past semester, but the actual lab aspect of the paper waited until this Spring at the Western Regional Honors Conference, put on by the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, in the wonderful location of the Paris Las Vegas Hotel and Casino. This postscript will tell of the lab portion of the paper. The lab took place over two nights. The students in the lab section included on the first night Daniel “Bob” Yoo, Josh Oviatt, and me. After seeking out a few different casinos for their $5 min bet craps tables we settled on a good looking table in the Paris Casino. Daniel and I started by tossing down with $40.00 and Josh joined us after a few rounds. Both Daniel and Josh were fairly new corners to the game of craps. We started off with conservative bets on the pass line, and backing the pass line bet by taking odds. We were betting $5 with odds bets at $10 after the come out roll. We were making head room but stay right around our original $40.00 amount. The dice came around to Daniel who pass on the role and as Josh put it it was now upon me to make some money. I managed to hit some good roles and push the money amount to up around the $90.00 mark which is a good mark at which point you get out or pocket the first 40.00 you put on the table and keep playing with the casino money. After I had a good run with the dice, Josh took up the dice and started hitting the numbers all over the place. He was making people a great deal of money. With the point set at four, he kept hitting the five over and over again. He even managed to get tipped $5.00 from a man at the other end of the table who Josh probably made a few hundred dollars for on the five.

The second night of the lab and number of people split up for dinner that night and then meet again at Bally’s, which is next door to the Paris. We found Josh and the new comer Tyler Malotte at a $5 table in the bowels of Bally’s. Josh was about even and Tyler did not end out well losing his first $40.00. I suggested that the table was not ripe for good playing and decided to move back to the Paris next door. After finding many of the tables full and overcrowded on this Saturday night in the Paris we finally found a spot that Josh and I could move into. Tyler soon joined us. The table started to come alive. The dice at the other end of the table just started getting some runs. We doubled our money up to $80 and pocketed the first $40. We started growing the $40 into another 80, putting another $40 in our pockets. We turned that next $40 into again $80. At this point we had $120 in our pockets and still $40 out to play with. The man who had brought us to this point was literally on fire, he lit a cigarette at the table. While I will not condone smoking, at this point we were just riding the wave. At one point the point was set at eight and Josh and Tyler decided to put $1 on the hard eight, which means you win 8 to 1 pay back if the person roles a two fours to make the eight as well as backing their pass line between at three times instead of the usual two times. The next role, the smoking man hit the hard eight. The dice then pasted to the next person, and out box women switched. The table grew cold. We move out into the night. The 20-something-years-old men next to us expressed their sadness that we were leaving because the table had gotten hot just as we showed up.

All told for the two night lab experiment, I personally ended up $200.00 dollars, Josh and Tyler around 150 or so and Daniel up a few dollars because he did not jump in the on the second night. This paid for all of my meals and other forms of “entertainment” in Las Vegas for that
weekend with little more then an hour on the craps table. The following is an original copy of the paper submitted to honors forum class last semester.

**History**

The game of craps can be dated back to the simplest and first types of gambling—dice. Dice games can be found all over the world and the modern looking dice date back to 600 B.C.E. in Egypt. 2 Even though dice games can be dated over thousands of years of human history the actual game of craps only dates back a hundred years. An English game called Hazard was the predecessor to the modern game of craps. The game of Hazard dates to the Crusades. 3 The came probably traveled to the United States through New Orleans around 1800, where it gained the name “craps” from the French. John H. Winn is credited with the modern game of craps, which was adopted in 1931 when casino gambling was legalized in the State of Nevada. 4 The obsession with the game is from then on history.

**Basic Game**

In a casino there are four people who run the craps table. The four casino people are the boxman, who is the boss and oversees the table, two dealers one on each side of the boxman, take care of the money, including, changing money, paying off wins, and taking the “rake,” and also the stickman, who controls and watches the dice at all times. When the game starts bets are placed (see below about types of bets) and then the stickman offers a selection of dice to the “shooter” who picks two and then tosses them down the craps table towards the other end. If the dice his 7 or 11 on this first toss then you win the money that you bet on the pass line (see diagram). But if the person throws a 2, 3, or 12 on the first throw then it is called “craps” and you lose the money bet on the pass line. All other numbers, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10 you don’t win or lose and instead this sets the “point.” Now the object of the next rolls is to hit that “point” again and you win the money you originally put on the pass line before the person throws a 7 again. There are many other places on a craps table to bet, but this is the basic set up of the game.

**Basic Play and Best Bet**

I prefer to start the game by finding a table looks hot and looks like it will remain hot, usually you see a bunch of people around the table, yelling, screaming etc. There is no scientific basis for this it is just about feeling the table and the atmosphere. The idea is to get in when the going is good and get out when it gets bad. Usually in Vegas you can find a table that is $5.00 bets and I like to cash in with $100.00. You start off again in the simple manner of placing a bet on the pass line. This is the basic betting of the game. After the dice are tossed, you will usually get a point set, but sometimes, according to statistics you will win right away or lose right away. But if you get a point set, then you back your bet that you put on the pass line up to a certain amount depending on the casino. This is also a good bet in the game, especially if the point is set on 6 or 8 because there is more likely chance of hitting a 6 or 8 in craps then there is of hitting a 9 or a 5 and there is a better chance of hitting a 9 or a 5 then there is of hitting a 10 or a 4. But the pay out is different on the odds of backing the pass line bet depending on what number the point is set at. For a point set at 10 or 4 the pay out is 2:1 on your bet, for 0 or 5 pays 3:2, for 8 or 6 pays 6:5. So for simple play it is usually a good idea to back the pass line bet. When the point is rolled before rolling a 7 then the line bet is paid equal and the backing bets are paid on the above schedule. A new game then starts with a same person usually throwing the dice if they hit their point and a new person throwing if they throw a “craps” (a.k.a. 7).
The next type of bet that you will want to try is a come bet. This type of bet takes place usually after the point is set or any time after the first roll of the dice that sets a point. This is done by placing an amount of chips on the come section (see diagram) and waiting for the next roll of the dice. If a 7 or 11 are rolled next then you win the equal to your come bet. If a 2, 3, or 12 are rolled then you lose your come bet. If any other numbers are rolled then this come bet is placed on that number that was rolled and becomes a new hard bet. So in order to win in the game you want either your new hard number bet to be rolled or the originally point bet number to be rolled. You can also take odds on the come bet roll after it is placed on the hard number with the odds bet having the same pay schedule as the odds on the backing of the come line bet. (For a point set at 10 or 4 the pay out is 2:1 on your bet, for 9 or 5 pays 3:2, for 8 or 6 pays 6:5.)

Play the above way does not mean that a person will win at craps. Statistically speaking, if a person plays for long enough time the house will win. But with the above type of betting style the house odds are the lowest of any type of casino game. The odds for the house on the come bets is only 1.414 percent, while the odds for the house on a pass line bet are the same at 1.414 percent. The rest of the types of bets, as described below increase the house odds. So statistically the best way to play craps, or in many ways to lose money the slowest in theory, is to play the pass line and the come bets.  

OTHER BETS IN CRAPS

There are many other types of bets in craps that a person can place with different rules and different pay out schedules but all of them with the exception of the Don’t Pass Line Bet have odds for the house at usually range from 4 to as high as 12 percent.

Don’t Pass Line Bet - This is the reversed Pass Line bet. If the first roll of a dice is a natural (7, 11) you lose and if it is a 2 or a 3 you win. A dice roll of 12 means you have a tie or push with the casino. If the roll is a point (4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10) a 7 must come out before that point is repeated to make you a winner. If the point is rolled again before the 7 you lose.

Don’t Come Bet - The reversed Come Bet. After the come point has been established you win if it is a 2 or 3 and lose for 7 or 11. 12 is a tie and other dice rolls will make you win only if a 7 appears before them on the following throws.

Place Bets - This bet works only after the point has been determined. You can bet on a dice roll of 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 and 10. You win if the number you placed your bet on is rolled before a 7. Otherwise you lose. The Place Bets payoffs are different depending on the number you bet on. 4 or 10 will pay 9:5; 5 or 9 pays 7:5, and 6 or 8 pays 7:6. You can cancel this bet anytime you want to.

Field Bets - These bets are for one dice roll only. If a 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12 is rolled you win. A 5, 6, 7 and 8 make you lose. Field Bets have the following different payoffs: 2 pays double (2:1) while 12 pays 3:1. Other winning dice rolls pays even (1:1).

Big Six, Big Eight Bets - Placed at any roll of dice these bets win if a 6 or 8 come out before a 7 is rolled. Big Six and Big Eight are even bets and are paid at 1:1.

Proposition Bets - These bets can be made at any time and, except for the hardways, they are all one roll bets:
- Any Craps: Wins if a 2, 3 or 12 is thrown. Payoff 8:1
- Any Seven: Wins if a 7 is rolled. Payoff 5:1
- Eleven: Wins if a 11 is thrown. Payoff 16:1
- **Ace Deuce**: Wins if a 3 is rolled. Payoff 16:1
- **Aces or Boxcars**: Wins if a 2 or 12 is thrown. Payoff 30:1
- **Horn Bet**: It acts as the bets on 2, 3, 11 and 12 all at once. Wins if one of these numbers is rolled. Payoff is determined according to the number rolled. The other three bets are lost.
- **Hardways**: The bet on a hardway number wins if it's thrown hard (sum of pairs: 1-1, 3-3, 4-4...) before it's rolled easy and a 7 is thrown. Payoffs: Hard 4 and 10, 8:1; Hard 6 and 8, 10:1

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1 Gambling is a risk taking adventure that is not based on luck, but instead based on statistics. This document should not be construed in any way to endorse gambling in any form and only as a higher brain exercise done by the writer for the purpose of information only. The writer cannot and does not take any responsibility for actions of other people who act off of this or any other information in any form. Any loses of monetary substance is not the responsibility of the writer, even through blatant negligence or stupidity of the writer, but if large wins do take place, not that the writer endorse those in any way, shape or form, the writer would like to remind the person that tipping is a nice thing to do. By reading and/or this article in any way the user of the article or anyone associated with the user of the article here by agrees to the above stated terms of its use and hold the writer completely free of responsibility.


3 Ibid.

4 Ibid.


6 Information comes from a gambling website verbatim, see [http://www.ildado.com/craps_rules.html](http://www.ildado.com/craps_rules.html) for more information (December 8, 2004)

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Liz Nesbit is an anagram for “silent biz”.
(Shhhhh...)

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Liz's MmmmmMmmmm Brownies

Ingredients

- 4 oz unsweetened chocolate squares
- ¾ cup (1 ½ sticks butter)
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 tablespoons vanilla
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 ½ cup flour
- 1/3 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips*
- 1/3 cup white chocolate chips
- 1/3 cup milk chocolate chips

Directions

- Preheat oven to 350 degrees
- In a large bowl, melt the chocolate and the butter in the microwave for 2 minutes on high.
- Stir with a fork until the ingredients are completely incorporated.
- Stir in the sugar until incorporated completely
- Stir 3 eggs and vanilla into the mixture until smooth.
- Mix in milk
- Stir in flour until completely incorporated
- Stir in chocolate chips
- Line a 13x9 glass pan with foil and lightly coat with nonstick spray
- Pour mixture into the pan and lightly bang the pan on the table two times.
- Put into an oven for 30 minutes
- Test with a toothpick. If the toothpick does not come out clean, put in the oven for 5 minutes. Repeat as necessary.
- Wait until cool, cut, and enjoy!

*For better baking in general, buy chocolate bars and cut them up. There is a lot of wax in chips and this subdues the taste. For semi-sweet chips use dark chocolate. For milk chocolate, use regular chocolate.

** When testing with a toothpick, clean refers to the crumbs that appear. Ignore melted chocolate from the chocolate chips. Gauge only by crumbs.
Lauren Jackson is an anagram for "a cajun snorkel".

The previous was a project she did for In Search of Relationships as the class was discussing the book Final Gifts.

Aaron writes:
These are my religion notes for a week or two ago. Although I enjoy the class immensely, it at that particular hour in the afternoon when for the life of me I cannot stay fully rooted in the real world. I get sucked into a form of involuntary day-dreaming where time slows down and reality is almost wholly submerged by fantasy. I try to fight for consciousness by drawing or taking notes, but it's usually a losing fight.

As my pencil etched out letters in the top margin, I was unaware of what I was really writing until the word had been halfway finished. It was not until I'd sleepily laid down my pencil that I began to wonder if any of my classmates had watched me slowly write "MURDER" and if their hearts had been stricken with fear. In their own sleepdrunk frames of mind, did they suspect us all to be participants in some B-grade cinema horror cliché? I quickly hid my notebook from wandering eyes.

Why HAD I written "MURDER"? I could not remember the moment of inspiration. Was it spun from something the professor had said? Was it the dark side of my unconscious finally manifesting itself? Certainly it must have grown tired of watching me draw bunnies and butterflies. Perhaps I had been possessed by a wandering spirit of vengeance, or perhaps it was something far, far worse.

I don't know. But soon after I was sitting in the honors lounge with Paul and the interns and Sue appeared with a manila envelope. "This is for Gabbo," she said. Inside was the large word DEATH you see on the facing page.

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pull it together

Materialism - start with dualism, matter + emotion (human soul is body)

eventually just becomes materialism for life is movement in motion

Freedom is a gift that allows us to say: Yes to God

Self - succession of momentary happenings

There is a day of accountability - our actions are judged against all their possibilities

Being self-centered is self-less, alive because you are the product of relationships.
Jennifer Wiegert is an anagram for "jeering fire newt".
Coincidentally....

The amazing but true story of one midterm, one student, and the luck o’ the Irish.

Author’s Note: If in the past two semesters you have spent more than thirty seconds talking to me, visited the Honors Lounge, seen my bookshelf, received an e-mail from me, or noticed my “yes I said” t-shirt, then you already know. But for the uninitiated, I am a Joycean. I am Ulysses obsessed. I’m part of the Leo Bloom cult. And I’m loving every minute.

10 April 2005. The day of the midterm. The big midterm. The one for which I should have started studying a week ago. I spend my 8:30 am class arranging the rest of the day until 1:00 pm arrives. Study. Then eat lunch. Then go to the library. No, eat lunch, then study, then go to the library. No, meditate. No, study. I spend the rest of the morning reviewing. I highlight, I read, I plan. I’m in such a state that I forget my primary source book in my room. Twelve miles away. I go to the library, write down the call number on a scratch card, and check out Chapman’s copy. I’m nervous. Calm down, Jenny, they assure me. You have written before and you will always write. Walk in like you own the place. You’re a good student. You’re a woman of extreme passion. And a badass. No worries. And then it’s 1:00. I’m early to the test. I have three pens and an empty blue book. I have my library book. I flip through the pages to pass the time. I see the scratch card with the call number and decide to take it out. Better be safe than sorry, I think. And then I flip it over. Its one of those old, yellowy, dusty-smelling card catalog cards that libraries phased out in favor of flat screens and sticky keyboards. I don’t worry about this long, though. Because this is what I see:

PR 6019 .09 063 1960  
Budgen, Frank Spencer Curtis, 1882-
James Joyce and the making of Ulysses. With
a portrait of James Joyce and four drawing to
Ulysses by the author. Bloomington, Indiana
Press[1960]

4-3-61 Steckert Hafner 4.63

And then I knew. I had written before and I will always write. I own the place. I’m a good student. I’m a woman of extreme passion. I’m a badass. No worries. Coincidentally, I got an A.

ps. I also recommend the book ☺️
If triangle $\triangle ABC$ is an isosceles triangle where $AB = AC$, each leg can be extended so that $AB = BD$ and $AC = CE$.

In so doing, the base angles of triangle $\triangle ABC$ will be congruent to the base angles of triangle $\triangle EAC$.

There is a rather elegant proof for this, but I have no space to include it.

Tiffany Curtis is an anagram for "It's fancy fruit!"
Brilliant in my body
I twine myself wholly
Into that holiest of
Transcendent moments
We like pale silhouettes
Of a silken inheritance
Not won
Rather given with open hand
By that which can never be seen
Save through shadows and whispers
Never felt save through
The caress of a butterfly wing
Or the unutterable zenith
Of our shared song
Born out of the Earth
In all Her glory
Lineage stretching
To the womb of humanity
So too we are born
In each of these moments
Shadows of the soul
Dispelled with each elevated heartbeat
Reborn wondrously
To the truth in unity
Our pale personhood
Brightened with each breath
Until the Sun rises with the Moon
A perfect eclipse
Connects all that is
Bridging the deep water
Flowing between our gleaming shores
Truth glimpsed
Fades as the fleeting revelation
Is no more than a shuddering breath of memory
Only to be unlocked
Anew
With each rebirth
Into the Transcendent
Glory of our inheritance of Love

-Tiffany Curtis
December 13, 2004
Janine Miller is an anagram for “lime jar linen”.

She was kind enough to send along this Google banner which was altered in celebration of Bloomsday of this last year. The appropriateness of this will be revealed momentarily.

(All the Ulysses quotes I can come up with in 10 minutes.)

- Stately, plump Buck Mulligan...
- introibo ad altare dei
- Come up, Kinch! you jejune jesuit
- Cyril Sargent, his name and seal
- History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake
- Upon his wise shoulders the sun flung spangles dancing coins.
- The ineluctable modality of the visible...

Paul Traska is an anagram for “a parka slut”. (We knew it all along!)
INVITATION TO CURiosity

Ulysses, S. and Me

Yes, yes, here we go again... I read Ulysses with the book kids and I loved it. It is probably the single most important thing I have ever read and it guides much of my approach to and view of the world around me. Walking through Santa Ana a few months ago I encountered a young man in a white, short-sleeved, collared shirt and a thin black tie sitting on a bus stop bench. As he asked me if I was a Christian I noticed that he had his hands neatly folded over a thick, leather-bound Bible laying on his lap. I thought it humorous that I was carrying a similarly thick book which meant about as much to me as his book meant to him. I am not really equating Ulysses and the Bible in my life or anyone else’s; I am just using this story as an illustration of how I regard this book.

For those who need a primer, Ulysses is a novel by the Irish author James Joyce. Regarded as one of the most incomprehensible works of modern fiction (with good reason) it is the epically told story of a single day, 16 June 1904, Bloomsday, in honor of the protagonist, Leopold Bloom, an advertiser. [Did you see all of those appositives in the last sentence? I was getting close to needing a semicolon!]

There is no real “plot” to Ulysses. There is but it’s not the kind of thing you can put on the jacket and make someone say, “Wow! That sounds fascinating”. The story is not the point. The magic of Ulysses is in its irony, its humor, its use of language and the myriad of tiny ephemeral details which bring Bloomsday to glorious life. The novel is an exhortation for us to, as Baudelaire said, “caress the divine details”.

I say all this because it is necessary for you if you are to understand why it was so amazing. The incident, I mean. This one: I was sitting in Roosevelt 208 looking at the bookshelf of mostly outdated non-descript paperbacks. I am not sure exactly why but I happened to pick out a book entitled Invitation to Geology: The Earth through Time and Space by William H Matthews III. (I have never heard of him either.) I thought it was a geometry book (I love geometry and will peruse any book on the subject for a morsel of fascinating fact). Much to my chagrin I was slightly deceived. However, since I was there and the book was there, I decided to give it a flip (geology is also very interesting). It was in this process of flipping that I noticed a folded piece of paper. Always curious about notes left in books I plucked it from its place and opened it. It was too much. The note was written on stationary from:

Wahweap Lodge and Marina
Canyon Tours Inc.
P.O. Box 1597 - Page Arizona 86040

There in this book someone had left a love note — a poem — written in elegant script with an inky, black pen:
To Ulysses:

you are the bloom
roots of my soul push toward
sudden connection with sun

Tasajara
May 1976
I cannot quite read the name at the bottom, though it seems to be something like “Sandra D... ...”. I cannot say for certain so I shall call the mysterious woman “S.”

I actually did search for her through the old Chapman yearbooks on the third floor of the Library. I spent the better part of a morning doing so but unfortunately did not find her. I did find some really interesting things about Chapman though. Did you know Ray Bradbury once came to visit? Martin Luther King, Jr., too, but Ray Bradbury!

As for “Tassajara,” I did a Google search (the modern age pays off) fully expecting that Tassajara would prove to be a city in Arizona thus explaining the stationary. What I found was that Tassajara is actually a Zen Mountain Center located in the Ventana Wilderness inland from Big Sur, the mountain where Jack Kerouac spent three months in solitary meditation while he was employed as a fire look-out during the summer (read Dharma Bums). According to the San Francisco Zen Center’s website, it was established in 1966 by Shunryu Suzuki Roshi and was the first Soto Zen monastery established outside of Asia.

Although this did not explain the stationary it did hint at how the note came to be in the book. I remembered that there was a card in the back of the book identifying it as a library book. The card reads:

Library
Zen Mountain Center
Carmel Valley, Calif. 93924

The plot thickens! Tassajara is indeed in Carmel Valley, just 26 miles south of Carmel, California. So it would seem that Invitation to Geology once was sat in the Tassajara library. So, S. wrote the note but she stuck it in this book where it stayed for twenty-nine years traveling down from the mountain by some “commodius vicus of recirculation” back to a small liberal arts college in Orange, California, where one day a non-descript student of no stately bearing randomly picked it off the shelf to discover it again.

I got a slight lead on how the book may have ended up on the bookshelf in Roosevelt 208. As many of you may know, Dr Barney McGrane leads the meditation class here at Chapman and often takes students on meditation retreats at retreat centers in the area; so I decided to see if he might have visited Tassajara and brought the book back with him or if some student on a meditation retreat might have brought it back. He told me that it was probably him who brought it down at some time in the past. Apparently, he studied geology while working on his Ph.D. and still finds a great deal of satisfaction in the subject. He said that he has been to Tassajara a number of times and might have picked up the book and brought it back with him. He grants however that he has no specific recollection of the book nor of any library at all in Tassajara.

Further valuable information as I try to patch together the story of Ulysses and S..

But what of the stationary? Dr McGrane upon seeing the phone number asked, “Did you call?”. Hmmmm... I did another Google search (this whole thing is turning into an advertisement) for the area code of Page, Arizona. 928. So, I entered “1-928-645-2433”. Lo and behold, you can still reach the Wahweap campground in Glen Canyon, Arizona. Seems nice:
Large campground with picnic tables, grills, centrally located bathrooms in each loop, water is available. No reservations. One group site, reservations available. Fee is $18/night.

Not much of a lodge unfortunately. However I did find some interesting archival information through the Arizona State University Library:

In March of 1963 the final gate of Glen Canyon Dam was closed and the water began to accumulate, creating Lake Powell. The water would follow the same path as the Colorado but would seep into additional canyons not easily accessible in the past; at the same time the rising waters would cover from view rare petroglyphs and landmark formations.

The Greene family was, once again, pioneers in a new frontier. Nineteen sixty-four was a preview of what was to come for Lake Powell. The January 1964 issue of Arizona Highways that featured Lake Powell and Glen Canyon Recreation Area spiked interest in travelers and Canyon Tours, Inc received hundreds of letters requesting information. Princess Margaret and Lord Snowden of England visited the new recreation area in 1965 and were the first of many who followed.

Wahweap Lodge and Marina at Lake Powell became a recreation destination for dignitaries, politicians, celebrities and adventurers world wide. A.H "Bill" Greene, Jr., and his wife Evelyn were the General Managers. Evelyn was Wahweap Lodge's Hotel Manager and Earl W. & Irene Johnson managed the boat tours. The extended family was employed in a variety of positions in the company until it was sold to Del Webb Recreational Properties in 1976.

Interesting! Sold in 1976! "A recreation destination for dignitaries, politicians, celebrities and adventurers world wide". The description of the place perfectly matches the little drawing in the circle on the stationary. I also found on that web page a photograph of the place circa 1960:

Aerial view of Wahweap Lodge and Marina and Trailer Park. 1960s. The Greene Family Collection Acc# 96-1771 2/7
There's also this one of an actual Canyon Tours group:

A highly interesting fact about the above photo is that if you were to look extremely closely (try looking it up on the Internet) you would notice that the seal on the port hull of the boat is exactly the same as the one on the stationary!

This really is the magic of the Internet, people! I hate to say it but I did all of this research in a single night using nothing but Google and my wits. I am never going to be able to be a complete ludite as long as I am able to do cool stuff like this.

So, further leads yielding further curiosities! How did this stationary come to be in the hands of S.? It seems that Canyon Tours, Inc., did not exist past 1976. Perhaps upon hearing that it was closing, S. made a visit. Perhaps she was on an extended vacation and simply had the stationary with her when she went to Tassajara. Further mysteries of which I shall continue to explore.
This story seems mysteriously fated. It connects along the way with my love of *Ulysses*, Jack Kerouac, notes, libraries and love. It's a good mystery and I feel a part of this story somehow. Who is S.? Who is Ulysses? Why did S. write the note? All evidence seems to indicate that she never sent it. Why not?

Is the answer to all of these questions mundane or intriguing? Perhaps the mystery keeps it intriguing. At this point, perhaps I would be disappointed with whatever answer there is.

I have thought often about S. and Ulysses; trying to piece together their story as encapsulated in this note. I wonder most about S.. Why is it that she wrote a letter of such deep emotion and never sent it? What did the poem mean to her and to Ulysses? Whatever the case may be it certainly has come to mean a lot to me.

![Image](http://www.nps.gov/glca/pphtml/camping.html [17 May 2005])

![Image](http://www.asu.edu/lib/archives/redefining.htm [17 May 2005])

(More *Ulysses* quotes for fun and filler:)

- greasecbloom
- Love's Old Sweet Song
- Those Lovely Seaside girls
- simply swirling
- I AM A
- Gob.
- Hoopso hoopso bayaboy!
- They believe in rod the Scourger almighty creator of hell upon earth. And in Jacky Tar the son of a gun who was conceived of an unholy beast suffered under rump and dozen; was sacrificed, flayed and curried. On the third day he rose from the bed whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.

Aaron Humphrey is an anagram for "ah harmony pure".
Dear Aaron,

Avast, matey! And congratulations on your interest in our Bachelor of Piracy program! We pride ourselves in offering the finest, most comprehensive Piracy programs in the New World. We believe that Classical Piracy is the most comprehensive and rewarding approach to the craft, but also embrace the exciting new directions in Modern Piracy, and we produce the most well rounded students in the industry. All our professors are the scurviest of dogs with years of experience in the field and they are dedicated to training the next generation of swashbucklers. Not everyone is cut out for rollicking adventures on the high-seas, which is why Piracy is just one of the many programs of study here at Chapman University. Here’s a run-down of the courses you could be taking as a Piracy major.

**Required Classes (16 credits):**

*Swashbuckling 101* – Piracy isn’t just an act, it’s an attitude. Learn how to be a fearless, risk-taking adventurer, as fast with your wit as you are with your sword. A combination of physical education and philosophy that lays the groundwork for all other piracy classes. Incoming freshman and transfer students are required to take this broad-based seminar-style course their first semester. Three credits. PIR.

*Introduction to the High Seas* – Learn the basis of piracy and what happens in the day-to-day life of a swashbuckler. Course will culminate in a dramatic, real-life adventure on the high-seas that will make or break you as a pirate-to-be. Four credits. PIR.

*Principles of Keelhauling* – Murder, death and torture are elements of life that professional pirates face at least once a week. This introductory, lecture-based course will teach you how to be responsibly and effectively violent and is a pre-req for all upper-division combat classes. Three credits. PIR.

*History of Piracy* – From Erik the Red to John Paul Jones, learn how pirates have influenced history and fought for both Good and Evil. Emphasis will be on famous pirates, as well as the evolution of modern piracy. Three credits. PIR, HIST.

*Future of Piracy* – From media and Internet piracy to space piracy. What direction is our chosen art taken? How can we steer its course? Three credits. PIR, HIST.
Electives (33 credits):
Students must complete three areas of concentration, either Seafaring or Cultural Appreciation, plus two more. General Electives or courses from other areas of concentration can be used to fulfill credit requirements.

General Electives:
Modern Piracy: Sticking it to the Man – Are those who engage in file-sharing, culture-jamming and “pirate radio” the pirates of the 21st century? An examination of piracy as an expression of deliberate rebellion and social upheaval, with an emphasis on “taking down whitey.” Open to non-majors. Three credits. PIR, SOC.

Monkey Mania! – Handling and caring for monkeys, plus how they can help a pirate in the toughest of situations. One of our most popular classes! Three credits. PIR, BIO.

Cultural Appreciation:
Parrots, Patches and Peg-legs: Seminar in High Seas Fashion – Covers the history and development of this highly-specific sector of the fashion world. Students will design their own outfits. Three credits. PIR, ART.

Pirate Language and Etymology – Do you know your “Arrrgh” from your “Yar”? Where did “Avast” come from, and what does it mean? How pirates have created and appropriated language through the years. Three credits. PIR, ENG.

Land-lubber Relations – Dealing with those who’ve never braved a single sea. Fostering dialogue and raising piracy awareness with the yellow-bellied. Three credits. PIR, CH1, COM.

Seafaring:
Ships From Bow to Stern – Students will work together to man a real-life pirate ship, to learn how a crew works, and get a general understanding of what each position entails. Every student will man the crow’s nest as well as swab the poop deck. Three credits. PIR.

Navigation 301 – Students will become familiar with means of navigation both modern and classic and learn how to hold course with nothing but a wooden wheel beneath their palms and the open sky as a guide, or with boring old radar. Three credits. PIR, GEOL.

Fundamentals of Cannonry – Traditionally the largest and most misunderstood weapon in classic piracy, the cannon is a tool of grace and subtlety, and we shall treat it accordingly. We will also blow a lot of things up and learn about history! Three credits. PIR, PHYS.

Treasure-Hunting:
Cartography and Navigation – Navigating and charting trade winds, tracing the way to the X that may or may not mark the spot, making treasure maps, when and how to divide them into pieces for security, discovering new coasts and islands, and flat earth vs. round earth theories. Three credits. PIR, GEOL.
Basics of Treasure – The greatest treasures of all time, both lost and found. The best ways to hunt for a treasure, and how to keep it all for yourself. Precious stones, piece of eight vs. bars of gold, old Nintendo games. Three credits. PIR, FIN.

Philosophy of Treasure – Discovering that it is the quest that matters more than the destination, and that the true treasure lies within yourself. Three credits. PIR, PHIL.

Plundering:
Basic Pillaging – Principles of thievery and vandalism. Storming city walls, use of battering rams and grappling hooks. Students will be asked to participate in a number of petty burglaries and raids. Three credits. PIR.

Advanced Pillaging – Ransacking a village, loading up on loot and escaping to tell the tale. Commanding a mob, entrance and exit strategies, controlled use of fire and alcohol. We will burn a rival school to the ground. Three credits. PIR.


Fighting:
Basic Swordsmanship – General maneuvers. Sword-handling and etiquette, slicing, dicing. Stopping a fight without drawing the blade, defense in light skirmishes. Three credits. PIR, PE.

Advanced Swordsmanship – Finesse will be highlighted, although chopping and hacking will also be covered. The art of the duel, back-to-back fighting, crowd-control. Three credits. PIR, PE.

Truly Spectacular Swordsmanship 1 & 2 – General skills seminar and one-on-one lab instruction with a Master of Swords to develop the student’s individual talent. Skills learned could include: fighting with two-or-more swords, doing back-flips while sword fighting, fighting fifty guys and one time and still winning, slicing fruit awesomely, stealth swordsmanship, starting and stopping a melee, swishing, ka-chunking. Four credits. PIR.

Firearms 1000 – A crash course in ballistics, geared heavily towards flintlock pistols and authentic pirate weaponry. Modern firearms, including grenades, rocket launchers and machine guns will be touched upon, although students will not receive hands-on instruction in these weapons. Three credits. PIR, PYSC.

Captaining:
Politics of Mutiny – Why mutinies start, how they can prevented, and when they should be encouraged. Examination of case-studies from famous and influential mutinies, the role of the crew vs. the role of the captain. Three credits. PIR, PCST.

Aaron lost some of the next pages but he still has the final one if you turn the page...
sharks and octopi with your bare hands, cannibal persuasion and escape, repairing severed limbs, surviving on bodily fluids two months. Other topics as time permits. Three credits. PIR, FSN.

In Search of Pirate Quests – Students research, and then attempt to fulfill, legends of pirate lore. Projects may include: fabled treasures, lost cities, ancient quests for vengeance. Note that grade is based upon completion of the quest. Seniors only. Six credits. PIR.

Upon completion of these here courses ye will be ready for a long and satisfying career in debauchery and villainy within and possibly beyond the seven seas. We thank ye for your interest and hope that you will find us to be a worthy program as ye set out in search of plunder. Argh!

Chapman University
School of Piracy Admissions
Round about the mid-semester crunch while sitting in my meditation class, I was given the following bit of advice:

"You should meditate for at least one hour per day... except when you are very busy—then you should meditate for two."

While I did discover that meditating at times of extreme stress can actually be more peaceful, I discovered something else:

Reading at times of extreme stress can be more fun.

Going to the library or your local used bookstore (may I suggest The Bookman?) when you don't have time to be reading outside of classes is something akin to driving by In 'n Out when you've sworn off junk food or signing onto instant messenger when you should be writing a term paper. Rather than eschew the urge to start another book, however, dive in. The next time you pass by a book with a title like The Art of Tea Cup Fortune Telling or a first sentence like

Christmas Eve, 1955, Benny Profane, wearing black levis, suede jacket, sneakers, and a big cowboy hat, happened to pass through Norfolk, Virginia.

pick it up! Read it! Carry it around with you. Sneak in sentences between classes, stay up an extra 15 minutes, fit it in! Non-required reading makes life worth living. It is the key to your sanity, your sense of self, possibly—depending on whom you read—your whole reality. Thusly I say to you, 'round about the end of finals crunch:

"You should read at least one paragraph per pleasure per day... except when you are very busy... then you should read two."
Rachel Frankenfield is an anagram for "raffled neck inhaler".

This is a word collage she did while in an In Search of Relationships class using the discussion as a guide.

Thuy Pham is an anagram for "Thump yah...".
(Possibly the most threatening anagram yet!)

The next page is her reflection on what really matters.
A Semester of Learning Humbleness and Why to Count My Blessings:  
It Really Can Be Much Worse

Thuy Pham  
Global Family Systems

My body groans in protest as the sounds of my alarm fill the room to jolt my senses to consciousness. Allowing a few moments of lethargy to pass, I finally drag myself out of bed after a few hours’ sleep. It is 7:30 am. If I were a student in China, I would have had to be done and out of the door already. My senses and functioning are slightly emulsified; I have grown enervated from having had to work too many late nights over an extended period of time, though it is not quite equal to the 119-hour workweek of my Vietnamese people, or the 112-hour workweek of those in Mali.

I hardly look twice at the piles of clutter around my room, which I have worked so hard to be able to accumulate. But I can say, with a high degree of certainty, that my possession most likely to be stolen would not be my fish (as is so for the Chinese family). I hop into a quick shower (not out of a bucket—as in Mali) and get dressed quickly, because I am just about to be late.

I don’t eat breakfast because I am too much of a laggard to get up a bit earlier. I down a glass of milk and grab a banana—I know that I will be fine until lunch, when I can revive myself. Lucky for me, I don’t have to live off of rationed food as the Cubans do, or fight for it off of the black market. I do not have a 40% chance of suffering from malnutrition because food is not as scarce here as it is in India. Nor is anything close to half of my income spent on food, as is true for the families of Vietnam, Brazil, and Russia. Never in my life (future, present, or past) could I, or have I, imagined spending 90% of my income on food and clothes—but then again, I do not live in Mexico.

I am off to class after leaving the elementary school where I work. If those same children lived in Mali, they and their parents would only be expected to live until about 45 years or so. My parents, along with theirs, did not have as many children as they could conceive for fear of not knowing how many will make it into adulthood: a little more than 1 in every 10 children born are statistically destined not to make it. If those children that did survive ever get sick, luck is not on their side in terms of getting medical care—there is one physician for about 20,000 people, in contrast with the physicians per 600 people in America.

As I moan and groan about the million papers that I have in queue to be written, 75% of women in Mali could not even begin to put words on paper—they are illiterate. I refocus my attention, and continue to plow through. After a time, my mind drifts to boy troubles. I can be
comforted in knowing that I at least have a choice in choosing the man with whom I would [hopefully] be spending the remainder of my living days. Fear of being murdered in exchange of a dowry seems more like something out of a soap opera than reality. The same goes for fear of being killed by my family in protection of my honor, were I ever to suffer through rape, to then have traces of my existence erased… these are realities for the women of India and Jordan, not the creation of some primetime television writer thinking of poignant ways to gather an audience.

The end of the day comes quickly, and I am in a rush to head home. This is not for preservation of my life, but rather preservation of my sanity from sitting in traffic too long. My mind is not on the prior because my chances of being robbed or plunged into a state of crime commenced upon the fall of dusk are not present in sunny Southern California. Not so fortunate for other citizens of the globe. I would have a more present fear for my life were I in South Africa, where my father would be foretelling that the prospect for the future is “bad,” or Cuba, where an insanely imbalanced power distribution allows so-called policemen to be almost as bad as the criminals; or Brazil, where they have run out of room in jail because they do not implement proper trial or justice practices; or Russia, where my future husband-to-be could be murdered in front of our home without law enforcement giving any indication of having taken notice.

The basic, everyday components of living are so easily taken for granted. Any worst day ever I have, I have been presented with countless ways that it can be worse. I just might be tempted to consume those 107 bottles of wine per year, Italian or not. Perhaps I will find a nice Icelandic man (or woman) to marry and become a citizen of the happiest country in the world. Small sacrifice to give up 56% of my income in taxes—as soon as I can grow accustomed to the idea of being mistaken for a prostitute upon stepping foot out of the house post-nightfall.

Andrew Holmer is an anagram for “old wren harem”.
(I guess it’s true what they say about wrens.)
HERE'S THE THING

A Manifesto of Sorts

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY DEFINES THE WORD Philosophy as "the study of the fundamental nature of knowledge, reality, and existence" or "a theory or attitude that guides one's behaviour." Combining these, one might infer that a philosophy may be described as a theory of the fundamental nature of knowledge, reality, and existence that guides one's behaviour. Everyone has one of these. Whether well constructed or not, every human being operates on a certain set of suppositions about the world around them that allows them to function on a day to day level. I, too, have one of these "philosophies;" one which, despite the ever-changing nature of anyone's philosophy, I like to think of as fairly nuanced and well thought. This, of course, by no means implies that I assume all of my conclusions to date to be able to survive close scrutiny, but I do, in fact, do a good deal of thinking on these things, and I do my best to live my life with reason and purpose, and I, therefore, attempt to build the various facets of my philosophy on a rational foundation. I fear, however, that in my time at Chapman University, the efforts of some to reconstruct the nature of my actions to suit their own, snarky perceptions of my persona has forced me to present a defense for my "philosophy." In such a sad state is the world, that one man, doing his best to make it through his brief span of existence before he confronts that, which is the only thing ineluctable having done more good than harm must justify to those who enjoy nothing more than sneering from afar in disapproval at the actions of others, but such is the state of the world, and here I stand forced to do so for the sake of my sacred honor.

Being that those who peer at my "philosophy" from above the rim of their cold, steel spectacles and down the slope of their pointed noses do so from an academic armchair, it is my approach to the scholarly life for which I will mount a defense. I shall be forthright and say that the accusations leveled against me are that I have a propensity to go through entire semesters of a class and not read a single chapter of the required texts. To be sure, this is not something that I can honestly deny, for I have made this is something that has been incorporated into my "philosophy" and I embrace my choice. The problem with the claims made by my detractors is not that I actually do read all of the readings assigned for my various courses; instead, their fallacy lies in their implication of my motives for taking such action. As I said earlier, I do my best to have cause for my actions, and such a drastic decision as to not do assigned reading is certainly not one that could escape the mandate for such a test before application. Despite what my assailants would have the world believe, it is not a tendency of sloth that drives this habit. Nay, rather, it is a continual desire to take my education beyond the textbook that causes me to make this decision. Life is such a brief endeavour that every moment spent is a statement about what one values. The fact that I do read
the books that I find to be of interest is evidence that my study habits are not formed out of a dislike for intellectualism or even a lack of intellectual curiosity, but, instead, they are emblematic of the aspects of life to which I assign value. It says that instead of reading a chapter, I prefer to experience the fullness of life, from the dinner table, to the dance floor, to the campaign office, to the silence of a conversation that has slowly drifted away.

This approach to existence has a number of benefits, which easily make up for its perceived disadvantages. First among these is the startling boost that such a practice gives to my academic performance. When one hasn’t done the reading, it makes it all that more necessary that he be entirely present for the duration of the lecture lest he miss a key component of the knowledge imparted by the course. In any course worth its salt, the bulk of the learning occurs in the classroom, not when the pupil is at home reading. Instead, the reading is used as a foundation, a starting point from which the professor may take the student into the depths of knowledge. If one is able, as I seem to be, to infer the basic principles outlined in the course readings by paying close attention the lectures of the professor the learning experience can easily be just as fulfilling. Most of the professors that I have had the privilege of studying under during my tenure at Chapman would likely tell you that I am often one of the most consistent participants in class discussions because I pay attention, something dictated by my commitment to present living.

The second benefit conveyed by the adoption of this "philosophy" is the ability to live in a manner better rounded than that of a typical college student. I weep tears of rage whenever I encounter a fellow student so bogged down in studying that he or she is rendered incapable of discerning the difference between a smile and a wince, a rose and a tulip, or bourbon and Irish whiskey. How unspeakably disheartening it must be to spend 4 or more of the best years of one's life in textbooks and forever afterward regret limiting one's education to what can be taught in a classroom. I resolve, and without lament, to not let this become my model for higher learning, for what is a student if not also a human being? It is the denial of one's very own humanity that fosters such a vacant existence. I refuse to deny this humanity, which dwells deep within my being, and I make no apologies for it.

Mark Twain, the legendary wit who, incidentally, I read abounding, is quoted as having said, "I have never let my schooling interfere with my education." Likewise, let us resolve to do the same. Let us never become so committed to a system that we deny the very humanity within our hearts that the system itself is assumed to embrace. The world is so vast, and our time so limited, that it is our solemn duty to reclaim ourselves from a system that seeks to deny us of that which is most important – living.
From Aaron:

Steve Rogers was born during the Depression and grew up a frail youth in a poor family. While not superhuman, he is as strong as a human being can be.

**Occupation:** crimefighter, (former) freelance artist  
**Other Aliases:** Nomad, the Captain

Peter Parker was orphaned at the age of 6 when his parents were killed in an airplane crash overseas. He has developed a unique fighting style that makes full use of his agility, strength, and equilibrium.

**Occupation:** Freelance photographer, adventurer  
**Identity:** Secret
Notions of Nerdancholic Memories

Here's the thing!:
[deep breath].

Larger than the precipice of a madman's fatalistic temper,
The pantomime reveals along conversation lips
Six souls, searching
Friends,
Held in a lovely synthesis:

The books splutter,
She winks whispering
Notions of things infinitely gentle.

The mouths and laughs splutter,
Another dances and releases joke-stained tease remarks,
Which in a moment...
And the persistence of memory,
The man with the umbrella and curls—I try so hard, I try so hard
And all I come away with is this:

But there are interjections:

- Truly sir, you are beautiful. Do not presume.

And he begins again: I try so hard, and all I come away with is this:

- Bitten by flies, fought, my house vacant like street-lit midnight lamps. Time to go:
  "I love taking walks with the cool dark breeze."

And, constant meals, moveable and memorable fancies.
In them I read art such as these:

To be eaten, to be lodged and lost,
The feasts spume and another swaddled hesitation shakes the memory:

"Dandy, dandy, queer relations, isn't it funny?"
"Join me, I have seen the moment. Another life, another drink, twisted, wept, free, fasted
and prayed."

Isn't it funny?
Isn't it though?
The lucid accents, and inevitable rhythms,
This is what we see:
- A manifestation of hues, all hues in our controlling:
  Our clique, crew, our crowd, all colors come from the sun.

In a question like this, there will always be time:
- Can we measure out this book in ineluctable ways and days?
- I'm game.
- O-kay.
- Yes.
- Damn Skippy!
- Sure
- That's exactly what I was thinking! It's funny that you mention that because while I was in Greek class ...

  - For I have known you all, known you all in your formulated phrases,
    Pinned and submerged within the walls of my lungs, the beatings and wriggings of my heart,
    And the scents and smells of remembrance.
    So how should I continue?

    - I have invoked you all as my muses, and found such fair assistance in these ramblings. I have seen the greatness in you burn, and therefore...

After the spoils, smiles and sprinkled stories, I am dumb at the grace of your Patterns;

There is no prophesy here but this: as I scuttle through the seas when wintry and Old
To the end
Of all hours,
As I squeeze into a ball,
I have seen nothing greater in worth and wealth than you all.

And so how should I conclude?
In the undulation of these digressions?

Here you will find a moment,
A nerve,
A window into a variegated world,
The clouds, the roses, stars, and signs
And the chiming of happy fertile wines.

To the end of our true gathering, this I prefigure: beauty and fortune in brief minutes to tell:

To our end, all I ask is this:
"And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while," in the words of monsieur Eliot.

After the dancing, after the novels, dinnerpatterns and Peregrinations of constant swelling and progress,
After the untimely skirts, cheese-eating blurts, republicanized nightmares,
DaVinci analysis panics, and LA conversions,
After the almost ridiculous, almost Foolish,
Almost perfect times, growing old?

After so much in but a matter of a flicker, a smile, an embrace...one or four
After the impossibility of this stretched and great platter of marmalade and devotion?
And yet, with no visible answer, I have fortune's brief minutes to convert And prognosticate your reply:

Yes, all yes, and in our hearts, like
We are going mad,
"Yes [we] said yes, [it would have been worth it after all]. Yes."

I faithfully dedicate these last GABBO words to The loveliest and most candid folks I have come to know so well during my stay here. I love you all and may the year end with a Multitude of bangs, and the absence of whimpers. Cheers.

Daniel Yoo is an anagram for "an oily doe".
GABBO.

It's art because we say it is.