Behold the horror that is...

GABBO

The Chapman Honours Literary Magazine

FEATURING:

ESSAYS!

POETRY!

SHORT STORIES!

RECIPES!

PHOTOS!

TED!

IT'S ALREADY GOT ANDREA!
AND NOW... "choke"
IT'S GOING TO GET ME!

SEE THE JOURNAL!
READ THE JOURNAL!
TELL THE PEOPLE!
Publisher's Note:

This is our first issue of Gabbo... so please be kind. As I was in charge of formatting and publishing this particular magazine I would like to mention a few things which might make your reading experience more enjoyable. First, this journal's binding conforms to all state and federal publishing standards. The guidelines set down by the Federal Bureau of Books, Alcohol and Firearms clearly state in Article 4, Section 2 of the FBBAF Handbook:

"Any book, periodical or pamphlet which consists of more than three pages must be bound in a manner which will reduce the risk of civilian casualties due to "book-flying-apart" mishaps."

Unlike in most other countries - where there are no federal standards for binding of books - you, as an American reader, need not fear the tragic misfortunes suffered by those who have needlessly died when their books came apart. Gabbo is bound by three tempered stainless steel staples which were thoroughly inspected before they were placed in our regulation Swingline stapler. Further we have used only the strongest, most resilient electrical tape to further protect the spine of your magazine from harm and in so doing... protecting you from harm. In fact, this is the top of the line when it comes to tape. For the past few decades it has been used by NASA to hold heat shield tiles in place on the underside of the Space Shuttle.

ATTENTION:
TO READ THE SECTION THAT
THIS ARROW IS POINTING AT
TURN PAGE SO THAT
ARROW POINTS UP

We shall define 'up' as the direction of a line originating from your chin and proceeding towards your nose.

We here at the Chapman University Honours Printing Office sincerely hope that you enjoy this inaugural collector's edition of Gabbo. If you have any complaints or concerns please feel free to write them out on a clean sheet of standard 8x12 inch paper and after having sealed it in a standard envelope and affixing a stamp to it you can shave it right up your cornhole! Signed, Richard M. Nixon; Yorba Linda, California. Enjoy!

Approved by:

Paul Traska
Publisher-in-Chief
From the Office of the Editor
[It's an office because we say it is]

Well, kids, the war's pretty much over, at least as much as it was a "war" and as much as anything can be "over," and if that sounds pretentious, it's only because I don't really have any way to make sense of any of this, so I'm hiding behind my bunny-ears quotation marks. They've got bulldozers and fences set up all around campus these days. Preparing a new pipeline for the new library I guess? The entry to the old library is filled with felt-tipped graffiti on the designated memory walls, and it's strange because I never knew that so many people had so many things to say about the library in so many different colors, and now that the sterile, white walls have come alive so vibrantly, the whole thing's about to be reduced to dust and sheetrock.

But then, history's always been a strange place to find yourself in the middle of.

So here's Gabbo, the historic first issue. We're not really sure what it means, because we're still stuck in the thick of things; I'm sitting sideways, crammed into a cubicle in the Roosevelt computer lab wearing a superfluous tie and holding a keyboard in my lap, listening to Thuy, Ashley and Tiffany talk about traffic and somebody's phone is ringing. I have no idea why I put this tie on today, I don't have anything formal to go to, and even if I did, I'm wearing jeans for crying out loud. I couldn't tell you what prompted my choices of fashion; I can't tell you why I wrote "GABBQO" on the library wall with an orange marker. None of us have a clue why we're doing any of this. But the fact is: we're doing it.

So here's Gabbo. We threw it together in a mad couple of weeks and we're still running around trying to fit everything together. Copies and staples and pictures and words, words, words. But if you're holding this, then we did it. And we just ran with our instincts, because we're in the middle of history, of life, where everything flies so fast that your instincts are all you've got.

So here's Gabbo. We didn't have a clue. We still don't. But we've struck out at history, we've made our mark. Now it's all in your hands.

Aaron Humphrey
Editor-in-Chief
GABBO.

It's art
because we say it is.
Nate Tarvin is a senior legal studies major.
All your base are belong to us.

One time when he was in the library
someone passed him the following note:

Excuse me.
Your Earphone-sound is heard outside.
Please down volume little.
Thank you. ^~
Paul Revere  by Nate Tarvin

"Pack of Camel Turkish Royal."

The clerk is fumbling behind the counter and has been for a minute now. I'm thinking about the last inbred Midwesterner that handed me Turkish Gold instead of Turkish Royal and, for some reason, I've stopped feeling guilty. I see this one, her name tag says "Bobby" with acid washed jeans and an apparent distance for the letter Y. Reach for the white pack of Turkish Gold and I shrug as I reach into my pocket for the white pearl handle of my revolver.

"Three dollars and fifty three..." The .38 caliber slug between her eyes mercifully cuts short the abrasive snarl. I put the gun back in my pocket, poke my head behind the counter, grab a blue pack of Turkish Royal, and am on my way. I used to leave the $3.53, but once you come to terms with the killing you'll realize that digging the change out of your pocket is less convenient than another charge of petty theft.

Sheera, with a distaste for shoes and the letter H, is sprawled across the back seat of the Charger with her dirty feet hanging out the passenger side window. She won't sit in the front seat anymore; she says the back is more comfortable, besides she wants to give me as much privacy as a broken down car will allow.
I reach for the door handle so
I must be more tired than I thought.
The handle fell off in Phoenix - the door's been gone since Austin. I light a cigarette and lean back across the seat. All those things they tell you about not smoking at a gas station, it's all bullshit. If it were really that easy to start a flash fire then none of those clerks would have to die.
"Turkish Royal" I say aloud in the tone of a stuffy connoisseur. "The Turkish tobacco mixed with the flavoring agents produces an extra 2.4 degrees of heat than your average cigarette." Sara mouths the words along with me and nods apathetically as I turn the glowing tip of the cigarette toward my scarred arm and extinguish it on one of the cleaner patches of skin. My entire body shakes as I squint another stain into my crusty boxers. I turn the key, or the broken butter knife from the diner in Lincoln that's duct taped into the ignition, and this piece of shit, held together by primer, duct tape, and the liquid evidence of 2000 cigarettes, is on the road again.
The radio, stuck at 89.5 FM, is now receiving a classic rock station playing Eric Clapton's cover of Bob Marley's "I Shot the Sheriff," a song...
I've grown a bit tired of so I reach for another cigarette to make it better. There is a loud THUD from the backseat as Sara hits the floor and spills the tube of Crazy Glue™ she had her face buried in all over her dirty jeans. It will take about ten minutes to pry her from the exposed floorboards, up from forty five when we left Barstow. Her pants are beginning to look like mine.

With 30 miles left until Lancaster, we'll be able to leave this car by the side of the road and put a match in the gas tank sometime tonight. There was another "witch" burned last night in a field. If they set you on fire for casting spells, I'm sure there won't be any objections to torching a sex addict who coincidentally happens to end his cross-country killing spree in their little town. I can smell the smoke already. There's another stain from just thinking about it.
Black History, BLACK History

To some it's a mystery
Whether Black History is BLACK History
When your professor rep's ivory
And spits intellectually

But it's the story that extraordinary
Ain't no doubt about that
The struggle, the victory(s),
That's what's bringing me back

We're all brothers and sisters-
brotha's and sista's

Assaying the same scenes
Of obscene smoke screens
Of the insidious hate machines

Mean derivation of the mean

---

Tyler Malotte is a sophomore political science major
who plays on the Men's Soccer team and is also
a member of the Adelphos.
Diseased

INSANITY

We are not our own tonight,

Reflections of the face next door.

Beaten paths trod deep inside

To the tortured mind and more.

It is not easy to define insanity or mental disorders because of the varying degrees of illnesses. I personally cannot simply read statistics and facts in order to understand what it is like to be one of these people affected by some sort of common mental disease. So, for this paper, instead of putting forth just the facts, I decided to write poems about certain diseases that affect millions of people daily.

The first disorder I wrote on is alcoholism, which currently affects over 14 million Americans (Santrock, Psychology 7, 254). According to George Valiant’s studies, only one-third of all alcoholics recover by the time they become 65 (Santrock, 255).
ALCOHOLISM

Darkness filled the room and struck me with my hands open and mouth wide.

Fear followed, panic set in, and I fell to my knees and cried.

Darkness knows my name now, evil feeds my soul,

This drug, this pain, my torment, has swallowed me up whole.

I seek redemption, forgiveness, for help along the way,

For this cross upon my back will drag behind me ‘til my dying day.

Alcohol is only one of many addictive substances. Drugs can be even more harmful to your physical and mental health. PCP is known for its “unpleasant psychological effects” and other illegal drugs have shown long-term damage to the brain (http://www.nida.nih.gov/).

DRUGS

And it comes.

Swarming around me like ants swallowing the earth, swallowing me.

Buzzing in my ears; my brain.

Dizzily I stumble farther into my grave, drinking my sin, consuming my flesh, breathing in my death.

All around me the earth heaves but I sink beneath its calm waves.
Bulimia is a cycle of binging and purging and anorexia is a refusal to eat because of a fear of weight gain (Denhart, “College Eating Disorders”). Many women and some men are affected by this disease, especially in high school and college.

ANOREXIA/BULEMIA

“Is that all?” screams constantly in my empty, hollow ears.

“Is that all you got?” from mouths who’ve grown hungry through the years.

“Is that all?” fighting, losing, don’t show any tears.

“Is that all you got?” fingers digging, bleeding, tearing down the mirrors.

Not all mental disorders are influenced by external factors. Diseases such as obsessive compulsive disorder happen because of a brain malfunction. In severe cases, it is marked by intrusive thoughts and repetitive actions (http://www.ocdresource.com/)

OCD

Click, click, click, one, two, three.

Click, click, click, one, two, three.

I must hear that one sound.

I can’t stop it right now.

Just one more then I’m free.

Click, click, click, one, two, three.
Another obsessive behavior can take the form of stalking. Erotomania is the feeling of love for someone, usually a stranger, and a sense that the two of you are perfect for each other. People suffering from this often do not tell the person being stalked about their feelings for them (http://www.stalkingbehavior.com/definiti.htm).

STALKING

My heart starts to ache for him, long for him, wish I could be near him.

Every touch, every glance makes me shudder.

Once or twice I wanted to utter My feelings and desires-

Like he cares about either.

I watch him through his window, he must know we’re meant to be.

I may write these words, but he’s the melody.

One final mental illness I wrote a poem on was Alzheimer’s, which effects older men and women. Alzheimer’s include loss of memory, language, and reason (http://www.crha-health.ab.ca/hlthcom/items/alz.htm).

ALZHEIMER’S

You speak in colors; the words fold and bend.

I try, but cannot hear the messages they send.
My memory is true, but the images are faint.

Where feelings still remain, faces become blank.

Writing poetry has always kept me sane in the hardest times of my life. I use my poems as an outlet for pain, anger, and sadness. I often write in order to put myself in a position that I have never been in before, as I did for this paper. I still cannot imagine having a mental illness, but I do know what it is like to be a little neurotic. I suppose we all do, and that is what keeps life interesting.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


The Dark Side of Religion:
A Justification for Separation of Church and State

Liberal democratic societies need a public area for the free exchange of ideas. In this space the members of society debate issues, always mindful that their opinion could be changed by a rational argument. Can this arena of ideas function when any portions of the members are willing to commit acts of great violence in order to persuade others? The wall built to protect the public area from potentially violent members and institutions is called the separation of church and state.

In a law review essay, The Other Side of Religion, author William Marshall focuses on, "...the nature of religion itself" to see whether or not the special constraints placed upon it, in the area of politics, are justified (Marshall 2000:96). The title of the essay suggests another side of religion, other than tranquil and benign. Marshall explores, "the dark side of religion" (Marshall 2000:104) that makes religious aggression, even violent fundamentalism not only possible, but probable. The article also examines the reasons why individuals believe religion is necessary and how that necessity disallows tolerance of opposing views and in turn substantiates the need for separation between religion and state. Marshall illuminates the volatile actions provoked when religion is allowed to invade the public space by recounting the story of the Grand Inquisitor, given in Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov. ¹

¹ Karen Armstrong refers to Tomas de Torquemada (1420-98) as the first Grand Inquisitor. She believes, "The zeal with which he attempted to stamp out residual Judaism in Spain may perhaps have been an unconscious attempt to extirpate the old faith from his own heart" (Armstrong 2000:15)
In the story, "the Grand Inquisitor accuses Jesus of causing unbearable unhappiness by offering humanity the terrible gift of freedom" (Marshall 2000:99). He condemns Jesus for allowing people to suffer with the notion of free choice and insists that the church's role in society has been to rectify the situation by placing strict rules on individuals. It is the Grand Inquisitor's contention that people need and want to be given rules for which they must follow or face persecution.

The Grand Inquisitor is absolute in his belief that what he is doing, which includes burning people at the stake, is for society's own good. He is confident that his actions benefit the people and he is willing to make the sacrifices necessary to insure humanity is saved from the unbearable weight of choice (Marshall 2000:101). His sacrifices include carrying the burden of having to torture those who would not accept the church's version of the truth. He tortured disbelievers for their own good, so that they would come to know and accept the one and only truth. This sacrifice was worth it to the Grand Inquisitor because his love for humanity was so great.

The story of the Grand Inquisitor illustrates how religion can provoke, in some individuals, an extreme intolerance and indifference in the name of what is best for the people. In this case, religion has blinded the Grand Inquisitor to the notion that some may not find the thought of choice as offensive as the thought of burning people at the stake. Marshall writes that ultimately the story exposes "...the dark side of religion" (Marshall 2000:104) which is quite incompatible with democratic values such as freedom of thought and speech.

William Marshall asks, "...if religion poses the threats to the political process suggested above, then why have these threats not materialized in the United States history?" (Marshall 2000:105). He answers this question by suggesting the diversity among the
citizens of the United States disallows leaders the opportunity to uphold one religion’s fundamental tenants without alienating a large enough section of the population needed to insure their election to office. In addition, the idea that social norms require a separation of religion and politics leads those with strong convictions to address their concerns in a political rather than religious based argument (Marshall 2000:106).

Although I agree with almost all of William Marshall’s assessments of religion in his article, on the issue of the United State’s ability to avoid the dark side of religion (Marshall 2000:104), I must disagree. I believe the idea that the dark side of religion has not materialized in the United State political system is simply false. I would argue that there have been many leaders that have been elected with platforms that blatantly espouse Christian values. I also contend that these same elected officials have used their power, in the name of Christianity, to relegate portions of the population to a status of undeniable inequality and in some cases persecution and even death.

In the book, *Terror in the Mind of God*, author Mark Juergensmeyer writes that religion, “supply not only the ideology but also the motivation and the organizational structure” necessary, “for the perpetrators” of violence to commit devastating acts (Juergensmeyer 2000:5). It is his argument that, “Within...religious traditions ...violence has lurked as a shadowy presence” (Juergensmeyer 2000:6).

I argue that groups such as women, homosexuals, and minorities have all at points in our past been marginalized by the United State political system. Fears overwhelmed those who believed equality would cause a breakdown of Judeo-Christian values, leaving
society void of an important moral coompass. The results of this type of neuroticism can be intolerance and persecution as in the following examples.

Religion played a key role in the state denying women access to family planning and the use of contraceptives, which was illegal until the 1970's. A bill guaranteeing women suffrage was not passed until 1920 thanks in part to those who espoused the sanctity and virtue of traditional “Christian” values, such as the subjugation of women. In addition, thirty years after Roe v. Wade women still find themselves locked in a battle to retain a fundamental right to privacy. According to Mark Juergensmeyer, one group often associated with violence and abortion clinics, Reconstructionist, accept the use of violence in order to stop abortions. He says that members of this movement “see legitimacy of using violence not only to resist what he regards as murder-abortions- but also to help bring about the Christian political order envisioned by Reconstruction thinkers” (Juergensmeyer 2000:30).

Homosexuals make up another group marginalized by some religious leaders. It is a common belief among fundamentalist Christians that allowing homosexuals the right to marry, or in some cases the right to exists at all, would bring about the end of morality, plunging society into the depths of hell forever. Juergensmeyer talks about the Reconstruction movement believers who think secular laws are “moving in ... a decidedly un-Christian direction, particularly in matters regarding abortion and homosexuality” (Juergensmeyer 2000:28). These individuals are willing to go to violent extremes in order to stop what they see as deviant behavior. Their faith teaches them that they must change the direction of society because Christ will return “only after the thousand years of religious rule that characterizes the Christian idea of the millennium, and therefore Christians have an obligation to provide the
political and social conditions that will make Christ’s return possible” (Juergensmeyer 2000:28). There is no question, in their minds, that they possess the one and only truth, and that through their guidance society will live a truly moral existence.

For decades some white Christians have used the Bible to justify enslavement and inhuman treatment, including death, of African Americans. It is for just such a reason that I believe religion must never be allowed to enter the public arena. Religion’s ability to provoke such blinding faith that one could not see the blatant irrationality of behavior that lends itself to the destruction of another person is frightening. The Christian Identity movement disagrees and insists that this struggle is “a contest between the forces of spiritual truth and heathen darkness, in which the moral character of America as a righteous nation hangs in the balance” (Juergensmeyer 2000: 36). The weight of the nations rests in their hands and they are will to go to any length necessary to insure their victory in this struggle for America’s soul.

Any religion that promotes the belief that they alone posses the truth is a threat to individuality, creativity and diversity. These people claim to know what is and is not acceptable for society, as if society was not pluralistic. Some religions offer rewards, such as a glorious afterlife or the favor of a God, to those who commit acts of great violence in the name of their religion or god. It is religion’s power to control an individual to the point where they no long see the absurdity in their actions that terrifies me the most.

The pluralism in America enriches the lives of every citizen. The ability to think for ourselves, discover truths, and voice our opinions makes our country acceptable as a liberal democracy. Those who feel they alone know what is best for the polity and insist on conformity to their ideas of right and wrong threaten that status. I am not arguing for the exclusion of religious ideas. I believe
everyone should be allowed an equal voice, but once the individual's argument is founded on beliefs exclusive to their religious theology they no longer can be considered as offering a rational, publicly-accessible basis for the state to act on, thus permitting for their limited exclusion.

I would argue that the idea that moral conduct can only come from following the tenants of their particular religion is absurd. Decency to fellow human beings does not require the belief in a religion. In fact, some might say religion's idea of morality has been the causal, mitigating factor in the unjustified deaths of thousands of innocent people. Throughout history these beliefs have fostered an air of superiority and allowed religion to claim their actions were committed for the good of society.

William Marshall concludes his article with the statement, "Special constraints upon religion in the public square are warranted…not because of any second class status of religious ideas but because of the way…religion and humanity…interact" (Marshall 2000:107). To this I agree wholeheartedly.


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Laurie Chamberlain is a senior Political Science major. Her interests include reading philosophy and hanging out with her husband and daughter. She has recently been elected Queen of the Universe.

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I wish I could fly its amazing how fine down there

I see them jamming away in their radio
Yep, they definitely can't dance
But neither can I
Whitney Owens is an almost-junior film major. She currently drives a white 1984 pair of Chevro-legs, and has an Arizona driver's license that doesn't expire until 2046.
Side of Traffic

I'm walking home on the sidewalk
and I just realized something

I'm racist --
I prefer Cameros
Over the trucks of yard hands that stare
And I'm prejudiced against those drivers
Who decide to pull completely into the crosswalk
And then motion me to go ahead and cross

I don't know how to dance
Neither do some other people though
Even through their tinted windows
I see them jamming away to their radio
Yeah, they definitely can't dance
But neither can I

I wish I could fly
It's amazing how the birds have
No roads, no construction, no traffic lights
But they stop anyways to sit on telephone wires that parallel the street
If I could fly, I wouldn't do that
And I wouldn't be walking home either
Whitney Owens is a sophomore screenwriting major. She enjoys chocolate, her virginity and dancing to the 'I am Sam' soundtrack.
Better Than Sex Cake (or so I've been told)
by Whitney Owens

1- chocolate cake mix
1- (4oz) box of chocolate pudding
1 cup sour cream
4 eggs
1/2 cup oil

Mix ingredients together with 1 1/3 cups of water and bake until cake is not gooey, but still moist. (I'd advise greasing the pan, and baking at 375, how long depends on what pan you use. Just look at the cake mix box for guidelines and remember to check it often)

When the cake has cooled down, poke holes throughout out the cake. Try using the end of a wooden spoon instead of just a fork. You want some decent sized holes.

In a bowl, mix together:
1 jar of caramel sauce
1 can sweeten condensed milk.

Then pour it on top of the cake so it can soak into the holes. How much you want to add is up to your individual taste.

Give it time to soak in, then top the cake with whip cream (I prefer the tub kind... and lots of it!) Now you’re ready to go!

For variation, try adding some chocolate chips to the cake mix before baking it, or use some as a garnish with the whip cream. Also, instead of plain chocolate cake and pudding mixes, you could try devil's food, or chocolate fudge.

When I made it, my friends and our dates all just sat on the floor and ate straight from the pan. It was a lot of fun, and it tasted so good (it's incredibly rich). Plus it provided lots of conversation. It is a definite dessert must!
Kimberly Takagi is a sophomore majoring in Environmental Science. When not overwhelmed in studying, she can be found researching sea slugs, working or relaxing.
Dancing Balance

step forward – too much work
overwhelmed, stressed
step back – too much time
idle, lazy
step right – 2..., 3..., 4..., lost in love
delirious, dreamy
step left – 6..., 7..., 8..., disparity arises
alone, afraid

waltz ahead, don’t look back
remember your past
–keep some of the best
learn from some of the worst

swing toward your partner 3 – 2 – 1
just in time... security, support, family
swing slightly away –can’t be too close
control, dependency, grief

faster, faster
quickly reaching –give to others:

1 –love
2 –generosity
3 –consideration
4 –completely
5 –given... away...

......

where are you now?...
slowing, slowing,
methodically plodding –give to you
internal growth...5
finding yourself...4
be an individual...3
becoming materialistic...2
self indulgent greed...1
too slow, too fast
go left, now right
jump up, squat down
waltz, trot, swing...
live
moment to moment
day to day
observing
absorbing complexities
appreciating anomalies
defining life

balanced dance.

Kimberly Takagi
04-26-03
Ashley Carlson is an English and French student.
Sie liest Trogdor!

The following is her compilation of many verbal exchanges and bizarre statements culled from a semester in an equally bizarre Honours class: Urban Literature and Life.
This is a marker.

- What did I miss?
- They introduced Gabbo.
- I thought we were reading Mumia.
- Yeah.

- I hope she comes.
- Who? Hope?
- Droll.

- We [as adults] have bigger buns.
  "Pause"
  I mean bigger guns.

- Do you have SARS?
- No, but my mom does.
- Really?

- Jesus told the leopards to wash in clean water.
  Some were healed.

- Well duh!
Everything I need to know about life I learned from PAT

✓ I am the most important person in the world. ✓ The person next to me is also the most important person in the world, but that’s a different world. ✓ Having a “bad day” is a good reason to ditch class. ✓ The harder you look for an answer the more likely it is to be sitting right in front of you. ✓ Procrastination is an acceptable way of life. ✓ Sometimes your friends know more about you than you do. ✓ Dreams are worth paying attention to. ✓ Everyone’s family is screwy. ✓ Sometimes, it IS just you. ✓ A paper should only be as long as it needs to be. Unless it needs to be as long as a book, in which case it needs to be shorter. ✓ Banned books are better than generally accepted books. ✓ Working hard is good. Working harder is dangerous to your health. ✓ A grade is only a small letter, not the end of the world. ✓ ADD is a great excuse for temporary insanity. ✓ Honors is a reward for working hard, not hard work. ✓ Sometimes tears are healthy. Too many tears may mean you need Zoloft or Prozac. ✓ If you didn’t have an “AHA!” the class probably wasn’t worthwhile. ✓ If you are abnormal, something may have been wrong with your upbringing. ✓ If you are normal, something was really wrong with your upbringing. ✓ If you have a secret you don’t want to share, you’ll probably end up sharing anyway. ✓ Quantity has nothing to do with quality. ✓ When in doubt, sleep in. ✓ If you are sick, or may be sick, sit somewhere else. ✓ Chapman offers a personalized education of distinction, which in some cases can outweigh the Chapman Experience. ✓ If it made you angry, it was a Chapman Experience. ✓ On any given day of life, you probably have a good excuse for being a bit “off.” ✓ Well duh!
Gee Gin Apology

Daniel Yoo is a sophomore psychology major.

The smell of streets fume down and through,
Of withered beer, and sweet stale flesh,
Which cloaks the cloths between fathers and sons
And froths the lights of manmuggy lamps.

But midnight passes and so he utters:
"Is it noon yet?"
And here it is: a discreet accent,
From past translations and
Poor generations.

Yet we forget to answer without deliberation.

Stiff and sober, hey some bliss,
Yet smells as a dog,
Among rancid cheese,
And liverwurst trees.

Combat the aches in your citadel father,
Of wroth whiskey walls
In a limp noon niche.
For we will have none;
Neither with apologetic
Smiles or cocktail grins,
Nor with absent frowns clownish and all.

For mother we will please.

She smells of fragrances fit to
Fix me meals and fold my clothes,
And feel me sleeping,
And feed my soul.

This is the way Eliot wrote of
Truths to tell and toddler tales
On fathers and sons
With mothers
And brothers
With and without
The charming pleas of tea
And gin.
I am acquainted with the glass ghosts tonight

I am acquainted with the glass ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the saddest panes,
Whose temperament,
Fades from pale to blue
As the garish stretch of ceiling stars,
Sends envoys of vowels
Slow, from the sober sea.

I sit and listen for reply,
And in my heart there sits
Or lingers,
The soft fall and swell
Of sweet unrest.

Subdividing shadows scrawl
Onto the gigantic glass in pantomime,
Moving in vapors like the fume of pianos;
Limbs fill the windows elongated, with
Shadows wintry and thinned.

Here are the ash-strewn shades of
My children,
Young and old,
As my last hour grows wan and white,
Remembering invisibly,
The sea dusk silence,
And familiar skies.

She was met with blushed lips

A slender woman pleased
A wildly violent,
purple plum,
pressing the flesh of
Of the fruit to her lips,
Against the vermilion Sunday.
February 12 2003
Woke up Tuesday morning underneath warm blankets to the sound of someone in the bathroom singing just loudly enough to seem like a dream, and outside it was raining just like at home.

Rain here is different than in Oregon; there isn't any natural ground, just flimsy spots of transplanted grass breaking up miles and miles of pavement. When the skies open up there's no amount of urban planning that can hide the fact that underneath this concrete mask is a desert, and the desert can't take the rain. It piles up on the sidewalks, fills in dips in the parking lots and rushes along the curbs into storm drains, which by the second day are already overflowing. Anywhere you look down it's a liquid mirror.

The wheels of my skateboard slice through the standing water on the walkways that reflect me and the trees, sending out ripples in double diagonal lines, mixing their patterns with the splatter of raindrops and I remember why grade-schoolers make sure never to walk around a puddle. My arms are spread open, parallel to my board, even though I don't need them for balance, and the legs of my jeans are soaked. I was on my way home, but there's no way I'm giving this new playground up, who's having more fun, you or me, Mr Red Umbrella?
This rainy day could last forever and I wouldn't mind.
'March 15, 2003'

Publisher's Note:
The original source document of this journal entry was specifically targeted and stolen during the looting of the National Museum in Baghdad. Sources outside of 'Gabbo' have recently discovered that it was put up for auction on e-Bay and sold to Sherpas living in the mountain regions of Nepal for $930,000. The Gabbo Security Council has already convened and authorized the deployment of an assault force to march deep into the Himalayas with orders to recover the document and 'eliminate' its owners. Upon doing so they will put a democratically elected leader who is sympathetic to Gabbo in control of the area and its newly freed people. The vast reserves of snow in the area - the treasure of the Sherpa people - will be exported to Mammoth Mountain so that spoiled, upper-class Southern Californians can ski in the middle of summer as is their God-given right! Gabbo will triumph over these evildoers. Yippy-aye-oh kal yah!

The following version is a contemporary retranslation of a copy found in a Norwegian monastery.

That car alarm sounds like it's going off inside my freaking room. Maybe I should close the window.

It's raining again today. Usually the California sun floods our room with urgency in the morning, but today nine a.m. was soft and quiet. Grey's not always a bad thing. Around noon I skate to the library and splash through puddles that soak my jeans and submerge my skateboard. The city is more like a river today than I've ever seen it and this isn't really ground transportation any more, it feels more like I'm rafting or canoeing. The water parts against the bow of my board and splashes up onto the deck.

And I'd nearly forgot: I almost drowned, once.

When I was eight or ten we'd gone to visit my grandparents for the day. After lunch my sister and I ran off to play arts and crafts while mom and dad got ready to set out for the afternoon's canoe trip down the Willamette. When they were all packed up I had to decide whether to go with them and be brave and grown-up, or stay with my sister and Grandma's well-worn, welcoming supply of Crayola markers and stubby crayons.

It was one of those pit-of-the-stomach decisions where no matter what I chose knew I'd regret it, but my mom told me it was ok if I didn't go, so I decided to save growing up for later. I spent my Sunday staying warm and safe and eating oatmeal raisin cookies. My parents, usually pretty adept on the river, misjudged the current that day. It had rained recently and the river was fast and littered with debris. They tipped, were thrown into the cold, violent water and the boat, which my dad scrutinized mercilessly for scratches
after every voyage, hit a snag and jack-knifed around it, bent completely in on itself. My grandma got a call from my mom a little while later, and we drove down to pick my parents up, soaking wet, at a stranger's house. My mom had trouble swimming to shore against the current, and my dad told me, his voice layered with laughter of relief, that if I'd gone with them, I probably wouldn't have made it. But I was in a less dangerous world of construction-paper comic books, unaware that at that very instant I might have been sucked underneath a roaring current, silently struggling for air.

So I'm 20 years old, standing in the library in a 3-dollar thrift-store jacket, my hair dripping on the carpet, facing a shelf full of books about movie stars, pages and pages about Brando and the Marx brothers. And the water rushes down the sidewalk outside, and I pick up a book of art photography and sit down at a table, thankful for glue sticks and safety scissors, and now for stacks of words I've never read before. I could be drowning, I could have drowned, but once again I'm idly lost, absorbed in another quiet, lazy afternoon.
Zoey Smith is a sophomore English major with an emphasis in journalism. Her plans to write the next Great American Novel have been temporarily put on hold while she writes a much more financially advantageous romance novel.
"Figures," Virgil muttered, peering out his windshield. He fired the wipers, the high beams, even tried the defroster. Not that it did any good - he still couldn't see a damn thing.

Start early, she'd said. Don't take the five or we'll hit that fog, she'd told him, along with pointing out the nineteen other little things he'd screwed up for sure. He stared out at the milky white roadblock and chalked another one up to good old Lucy.

"Yeah Luce, you win," Virgil said, tapping his fingers on the dash. It was creepy the way the road kept on disappearing like that. One minute he'd think he was passing through a long string of fields, could swear he knew exactly where he was. Next minute there'd be a break in the fog and his pasture turned into a forest - nothing but trees far as the eye could see, which at this point was a grand total of about ten feet. Lovely.

Hell, he thought, fingers twitching uneasily in the silence, he wasn't even sure he was still on the right road.

So he slowed down. Hit a pothole, swerved, and slowed down again. He rounded one bend, then another, and partway through the turn almost slammed into the back of a stopped car.

"Holy Mother!" Virgil yelled, throwing on his breaks and veering to a halt, bumper
just inches from a roadside oak. No wonder he'd hardly seen the car - the damn lights were off. He cranked down his window (muttering all the while) and prepared to give the owner a piece of his mind.

But there was no one in the beat-up white Subaru. Must have ran out of gas - but even so (Virgil thought, still mad) the idiots should have had the common sense to get off the road.

"Huh," he said, looking closer. That was odd. They'd left the car still running. And the front doors were open. Like someone had left in a hurry.

Virgil sighed, wiped away his anger, and started driving, fingers climbing up and down the wheel.

He'd gone a little further, not much really, when he saw two shapes on the side of the road slowly condense into people.

He saw the man first - tall, wearing a dark jacket - his face nondescript. In his arms, the man was holding a large Christmas package.

That's just fabulous, thought Virgil. I'm driving virtually blind and almost run over a group of drunken partiers. Though where in the world they were headed on a night like this was completely beyond him.
The woman was closer to the road. She jerked at the sound of his car (fearing cops perhaps? Could be worse - they could be driving) and whirled to face Virgil's ancient Volvo.

She stared at him for a moment through the glass, her face just inches from his own - lips twisted in emotion, smiling, he figured - and then the fog shifted, his car moved, and she was gone.

Virgil just kept creeping along.

Funny, he thought, tap tapping on the dash. He'd been hoping to see a sign of civilization for miles. It should have helped, seeing them. Just knowing he wasn't the only one out here struggling through this stuff. But instead he was left feeling uncomfortable and alone.

It was the fog, he told himself. It was the way they just appeared like that, like apparitions instead of people. Nothing human should be alone out there, wandering around on a night like this. Silly, he knew. Lucy would laugh at the very idea - laugh at him in that hard, scornful tone she used.

So he inched on, going slow. Maddeningly slow. Infuriatingly slow. He tried whistling, but kept forgetting which tune to hum.
The wind kicked up a few miles later. Not that it budged the fog any - made it worse, if anything. Caused the tree branches to move in strange, unnatural jerks. Whistled its own song as it ran through their branches. It bugged the hell out of Virgil. For some reason, it kept sounding to him like crying.

It was the woman he kept thinking about - wasn't quite sure why. Her image following him down the highway, rewinding, fast-forwarding until her face was all he could see.

"All," he said, looking close. That was Old. They'd left the car still nagging, nagging, nagging.

Virgil rounded a corner, and there she was, pulling at the man's arm. He jumped, braked, said half a Hail Mary and opened his eyes to see just a plain old pine. There was no woman, just a strange noise that sounded like weeping. He took a deep breath, called himself names, and drove on. The fog parted and pulled and mocked him as he went.

"Just leave it alone, Virge," he muttered, talking in that nervous fast paced way people sometimes take with themselves. He hit a bump and the cross on his mirror swung violently back and forth.

Her face. Those eyes. She had looked directly at him when he passed. And then, her lips had moved, she had been speaking to him. Mouthing words, begging him to - oh God.
Virgil stopped the car.

He saw the scene all over again, played out in the mist. The man turning, the woman begging, the box moving but not because of the man's hands... There had been something in it. He'd seen it out of the corner of his eye, just as he was passing.

A small hand, a baby's hand, had reached up out of the box.

The woman hadn't been laughing, she had been pleading for help.

Lucy would say just leave it alone. Lucy would question. She would have seen a Christmas present and a happy couple and something that was none of their business. Just keep driving, she whispered in his ear. Don't get involved in other people's messes.

But he wasn't Lucy.

Virgil threw his car into reverse, silencing whatever was left of Lucy. Lucy, who was probably still sitting stranded by that Arco payphone, waiting for him to come back. Waiting for him to turn around, return with apologies, smooth over yet another fight. But he wasn't going to. Not anymore. Not for her, at least.

He drove carefully, feeling concerned, feeling foolish.

After what seemed like hours he made it back to the spot where he'd seen the couple. Might have made it sooner but all the damn corners looked the same. He could be
driving through Siberia for all he knew. But this was in the right place - there was a fork in
the road and that funny large sideways tree.

He opened the car door. Maybe he was making it up, maybe there was nothing
there. The Subaru was gone at least - must have left a while ago, because he hadn't seen any
headlights. He scanned the ground, hoping to find nothing. Walking the white line like a
tightrope. Better to be ridiculous than right. But sure enough, there was the box - he hadn't
just imagined it. It was tipped over on its side, a bottle of milk spilling out onto the
pavement.

He reached the box, grabbed it with shaking hands, and reached inside.

It was empty, save for a small red baby's blanket. The color of Christmas paper.

He stood there for a long moment, holding onto that small little blanket.

Thank God, he thought, illuminated by the long thin beam of his headlights. They
couldn't do it. They took the child back. It was okay.

He clutched the blanket, turning away in relief, when it dawned on him that the
little blanket, the baby blanket, was still warm. The baby had been there just moments ago.

Had to have been. He fell on his hands and knees searching for the child. It had to be
there - had to be close. Its body heat hanging off the blanket now crumpled between his
fingers. He clawed at the pavement, fumbled in the dirt. Ran through the weeds, then stumbled back on the road, moving desperately through the milky white maze.

But Virgil had been too late. Whatever had the baby wasn't about to give it back.

Somewhere in the night, a woman began to weep.
Liz Nesbit is a second year English Literature major. She plays tennis and is in too many clubs and organizations to be worth mentioning.
The Final Cut:
A Piece About Hair

Everyone gets that hair cut at least once (and many of us, more than once) that just sucks boba balls

[boba: bow <like the one you shoot> -ba: gelatin balls at the bottom of various types of drink. Such drinks include: milk tea, strawberry slushies, and even avocado smoothies].

Now I don't mind short hair - in fact I envied it for the past few months. I wanted to cut my hair but reason kept rearing her ugly face. Before I continue on, maybe I should describe the hideous hairstyle that I obtained in the 7th grade.

I am a person who likes to change from one stage of life to another. Maybe I forced the change a little too fast going into that all important period of life: junior high. I mean, it wasn't like I even had to drive any further to go to school - the schools faced each other. Yet I thought everything would be different, there would be lots of new people, etc. (There were some new people, due to the fact that many different elementary schools combined into one at this point, yet being the naive little summer of 7th grader that I was, I thought it would almost be equivalent to that of college.) To get to the point, I cut my hair. Cut off 7 inches I believe. The result was a blunt cut that ended at my shoulders with bangs. Granted, I had bangs all my life so I can't blame that on the hairstyle, but it kinda didn't help the ugliness of the haircut. [Disclaimer: I love bangs on other people, but they happen to emphasize my very round cheeks so much that my friend claims I must have been a cherry in my past life.] Funny thing is that I kept that hair style until the 8th grade when I finally decided to grow out my bangs and my hair. Why? The lady who used to cut my hair cut it up to my chin, in that same blunt cut. No layers, nothing. It looked so bad that I decided it was time for me to grow it way out. Of course, this was just in time for all the yearbook pictures. So my bangs were just long enough to make me look extremely unkempt.

It did finally grow out and from that point on I never cut more than 2 inches off my hair. Until now. I'm not sure what it is about long hair, but other people love it while the person who has it often does not. I know my hair had its occasional day where it looked decent, but most of the time I did not want to take 30 minutes to blow dry my hair. Thus, I would stick it up in a pony tail. Basically, I didn't want my hair long anymore. People told me not to do it. (Mostly guys and a couple of girls. However, I've found guys tend to like girls not cutting their hair and girls love it when girls cut their hair short.) Others told me it would look cute. It didn't matter though; I was going to do it because I wanted to. I was going to wait until after finals, which is my birthday (May 15 for all the people that would like to shower me with gifts) but one of my friends got her hair cut (and it looked soo cute!) and I just couldn't stand it any longer. So I decided to go to my friend's cousin's girlfriend in Whittier. (I'm from Garden Grove, in case anyone is looking for a good stylist, and it wasn't that far of a drive.) For $35.00 not only did I get my hair cut, I got it washed, I got a massage, and they put make-up on me. Normally haircuts cost me around $12.0, but I decided to splurge so I wouldn't have the result of last time. 9 inches she took off and now I am loving it more than ever and there will be a kid who will love my hair and get a wig from something I had grown tired of.

Trying something new was exciting and beneficial. Sometimes we get caught up in the routine of life. It's hard to break it, but sometimes a little change can go a long way. 😊
Andrew Holmer is a sophomore Social Science major. He enjoys summers in his chateau in France, good brandy, and corrupting the American youth.

The following is his justification for not submitting anything to 'Gabbo':

the bastard.
A Terrible Dilemma

Seeing Aaron Humphrey several times a week and having shown a general interest in the project, I have been questioned many a time: "Where lies your [my] contribution to the Honors journal, code-named 'Gabbo'?". Having nothing of my own creation worthy to contribute to such an esteemed publication as the renowned Gabbo, I thought it appropriate to present a justification for my disgraceful lack of appearance.

Despite being known the world over for my countless extraordinary gifts and abilities (my dashing good looks, the least of these), the fine arts, alas, seem to elude me. While the abilities for all things intellectual, social, and physical seem to come to me as naturally as sex drive to a teenaged boy, the fine arts seem to be ever eluding my grasp. Perhaps, had I ever had the opportunity to be trained in such splendid skills, I might have been able to add yet even more credentials to my repertoire of talents. But alas, the wonderful diversity and scope of my natural abilities keep me so preoccupied with my obligation to use them that I rarely have a free moment to spend on such luxuries. For I dreadfully fear that were I to neglect my responsibility to apply my many skills, such chaos would ensue as to tarnish my spotless moral and ethical record with reckless, irresponsible behavior. It is, therefore, with great regret that I must refrain from submitting anything to 'Gabbo', for to submit an incompetent work to the periodical would be doing a disservice to the Chapman community, but to take the time to submit something of substance and wonder as would be expected of such a reputable publication would be doing a disservice to the world.
Patricia See majored in Sociology/Anthropology/Psychology a long time ago. She is technologically challenged, but likes animals.
Afterword.

Renate and Paul asked me to write an afterword for 'Gabbo'.

... ... Afterword.
Have a neat summer!
TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.