

“Koreatown Bok Choy, Part 1”
(Subtitled: “Chapter 6: What is the point of numbers?”)
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Abstract: Jo Yu-Ri hires this well-endowed Greek demigod named Priapus to help cultivate her bok choy in Midtown Manhattan with his curiously botanical phallus, but he's kind of promiscuous? Is that an issue? Or do her and her friend Araqi fundamentally misunderstand the nature of numbers?

Quadratic Mode: >75%
2,908:3,781 — 76.9%

(1) Abstract
(n/a)

In 387 BC, around the age of 40, the renowned Hellenist philosopher Plato (428-348 BC) founded his Academy in the then flourishing city of Athens, only a dozen or so years following the execution of his mentor Socrates, whose purported last words were, “Crito, please remember we owe a cock to Asclepius.” By contrast, around 390 AD, on nearly equal opposite sides of the so-called Christ event, the Neoplatonic philosopher Plutarch of Athens (350-430 AD) would re-establish the Platonic Academy in Athens, at age 40, where the last of the great Late Antique philosophers—Syrianus and Proclus and Damascius—would work in the shadow of Constantinople. The last of the Academies were shut down by the Imperial decree of Justinian in 529 AD. Yet the birth of Parmenides, one of the great mentors of Socrates (and, via osmosis, of Plato), is believed to have taken place somewhere between 540 and 520 BC, on

the equal opposite side of the so-called Christ event as Justinian's decree.

1.1 (.769)

Araqi told Jo Yu-Ri,
as they sat in the small hallway wide
Udon Lab on West Thirty Second,
right next to the Martinique,
how he had no recollection
of re-reading Rings of Saturn whatsoever—
in fact the only reason
Araqi even realized
he'd started re-reading Rings of Saturn
at all was a sole blue pen underline strike
under the word Rumelia,
right on top of page ninety nine
that, now re-reading it yet again,
Araqi knew all too well
he would have never made
when he initially read Rings of Saturn,
because at that time
Araqi barely knew what Rumelia referenced,
but upon a second reading,
assuming said second reading
took place when Araqi believed it did,
he was totally balls deep in Rumelia lore.

For all of these reasons
Araqi believed
he'd only began his
second reading of Rings of Saturn
when he picked up the book again
just the other afternoon,
but in actuality,

according to this particular blue underline
on the ninety-ninth page of the novel,
it seemed like he'd actually,
in fact,
recently started a third reading, not a second,
but wasn't it a bit befuddling,
a tad disconcerting perhaps that a person
could have absolutely no recollection of reading
a whole fucking hundred pages
of a novel less than five years prior,
Araqi thought, a sentiment he expressed to Jo Yu-Ri,
and she agreed that it did seem egregious,
but also perplexing and maybe even,
not to be hyperbolic, but a bit ominous?

But all this,
the entirety of the pair's specific stream of dialogue
was abruptly interrupted
when Jo Yu-Ri noted Araqi's
visibly concatenating frustration
as they were suddenly, violently
upstreamed at the bar
by some greasy fuck in a cobalt blue
soccer jersey—
the fact of the matter was
the two friends only popped in the spot
to begin with to take a quick listen
to a particular "xylophone jazz trio"
Araqi and Jo Yu-Ri heard playing
from the foyer as they walked past
on West Thirty Second,
Araqi being intrigued by a trio
led by xylophone,
but once in line at the bar
they both slowly realized

how loquacious
this bartender was with each customer,
Araqi's frustration concatenating
with each second he continued to wait for a beer,
and now, this customer in a cobalt blue soccer jersey,
popped up out of seemingly thin air
to upstream them, this customer,
who, for his part,
had apparently been repeatedly
scorned in his quest to get a second
beer himself,
by none other than this loquacious bartender,
who kept continuing on about
checking the pipes in the basement,
and now this customer
in the cobalt blue soccer shirt
audaciously cut them both in line
to ruthlessly expedite his
subsequent beverage.

Araqi was abutting an audible complaint
but remained unwilling to abandon
his just-discovered excitement
for this "xylophone jazz"
as Jo Yu-Ri noted that there was a
Vietnamese food truck outside,
right on the corner of Sixth and Thirty Second,
that she could go get a few egg rolls
if they wanted?

Araqi wasn't really in the mood,
but this didn't deter Jo Yu-Ri
from ambling outside to see
"what was up with their dumplings",
right as the bartender finally attended to

Araqi's pending request
for an overpriced quote-unquote
Italian style beer,
which didn't taste like Peroni at all,
and by the time the two got to a seat
the jazz trio finished its first set
and began its break,
lighting cigarettes and walking back to the bar
for their respective,
Araqi assumed,
free refills.

1.12 (.775)

Of course it was the case
that Araqi, despite his agitation
at the fact he and Jo Yu-Ri
entered this establishment
with the explicit intent of listening
to this "xylophone jazz trio",
only to get stiffed
by a prevaricating bartender,
by a mysterious shit stain
wearing a cobalt blue soccer shirt,
to the extent that by the time
they were seated with an overpriced beer
and a handful of subpar Vietnamese egg rolls,
the fucking trio itself
stopped pounding xylophones
and ceased playing jazz.

But Araqi had other more pressing
and dire topics of discussion,
despite the sudden silence

in the corridor wide restaurant,
specifically about Jo Yu-Ri's
new so-called employee,
Πρίαπος,
because the fucking guy
had been talking his ear off about Soju
for like the whole last week.

Jo Yu-Ri
nodded at the comment
without even an inkling of a hint
of shock in her gaze.

She wasn't caught off guard at all,
as Araqi continued to recapitulate
the guy's monologues,
about how this country,
if this nation had any chance at all
whatsoever, then it needed to immediately
adopt Soju as its national drink,
that there was no other option
but to adopt all iterations of Soju,
of Korean Rice Wine
as the proper Bud Light replacement,
to co-opt this Korean wine
and rebrand it as essentially fucking American,
Araqi said.

That the Joe Rogans of the internet sphere
had prescribed the Donald Trumps
of the physical world
as the panacea this country needed,
via reactionary channels
posted on a platform
that ironically enough

started as a CIA front,
yet the reality was the true corrective
could never be found in a Donald Trump.

No, only in Korean rice wine,
according to Πρίαπος,
people needed to start drinking it in bars
and restaurants in place of carbonated light beers!

Araqi and Jo Yu-Ri both noted
that they respected the passion of Πρίαπος,
and that he was essentially correct
in his assessment
that nothing was more American
than stealing the domestic culture of others
and rebranding it as our own,
and Soju was in fact, after all,
an optimal bar drink,
as it was specifically designed
to provide more of a buzz than beer,
but not quite the ill-advised lift
of the average eighty proof
grain alcohol.

Yet, according to Araqi,
Πρίαπος was dubious that the country
could actually adopt Soju,
primarily because of people,
he said, like the median second cousin,
people who would be reticent to drink
something quote-unquote Korean
on the regular,
people who clung to beliefs
that people like Ted Cruz
actually had decent ideas

about the world,
that any person who found Ted Cruz
to be philosophically intriguing
would obviously be a little reticent
about imbibing Soju,
when it was obviously the case that,
in fact,
Ted Cruz was probably one of the top ten
most despicable people on the planet?

Πρίαπος noted Cruz's prevarications
when asked questions
like 'Does AICAP ever interact with Israel,'
saying how it once again demonstrated
the innately despicable baseline
of his personality.

But people like the median second cousins
of America would actually prefer to discuss
Ted Cruz with a modicum of nicety
than just imbibe Korean rice wine
as their default drink of choice,
which was clearly why this country
was on the precipice of an
irreversible decline,
if not in the midst of it already!

This country was clearly fucking finished,
Πρίαπος said,
and it was solely because of this intersection
of Ted Cruz, Soju,
and the conceptual second cousin of course,
Araqi repeated,
slowly almost believing
what Πρίαπος had repeated

into his poor eardrums
day after day that week.

It was clear to Πρίσπος at least
that the second cousin was a topic
they must actually legislate against.
No, not just pontificate about,
because these second cousins—
they wouldn't just rescind of their own accord,
second cousins were instead indicative
of a structural rot.

Πρίσπος thought
that he Jo Yu-Ri and Araqi
should all move to communicate
with their New York state
representatives to see
if they could begin drafting a bill
opposing the concept of the second cousin
in this country.

Was that doable, did they think?

Araqi took a bite of an egg roll
that was somehow still scorching hot
five minutes after Jo Yu-Ri
put the plastic plate
down on the table.

The fact it felt a hundred fucking degrees
out in Midtown
probably didn't help.

1.13 (.754)

Jo Yu-Ri, wiping her petite fingers
on a thrice folded napkin,
smearing select remnants
of truck cooked egg roll grease
onto the pure white paper,
shook her head side to side
and showed Araqi
the page of the book she'd just opened up,
Ashbery's
Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror,
and muttered look at all this scribbling!—
in reference to the inane notes
the previous owner
of the paperback had strewn
all over the first page in pencil.

Araqi asked her what condition
she'd bought the book in exactly?

Was she aware of that level
of scribbling prior to buying it?

No, she replied,
but to be fair nearly every other page of the book
was entirely clean,
until of course this final poem,
the self-titled entry of the collection.

Obviously some nitwit
who probably had to write, like,
a term paper about it,
Araqi suggested,
some kind of dissertation,

and Jo Yu-Ri agreed,
head bowed in defeat.

Araqi alleged it remained readable even if,
sure, the incessant pencil scribbles
were a little distracting,
certainly off-putting,
he could totally relate to that!

The fact of the matter
was it was increasingly difficult
to pay discounted prices
for used books these days,
without some incessant and/or inane
scribbling dominating the margins
of select pages,
without delays
in shipping or unexpectedly bent covers
or subpar paperback bindings,
although Jo Yu-Ri did note
of all the fine poems the collection consisted of
she found the title poem to be the least essential—
so if one particular poem had to be ruined
by said scribbling she was at least
glad it was that one.

Books, Araqi asserted,
were actually becoming slowly
impossible to acquire,
as production volumes dropped due to
the increasing illiteracy all around them.

It was basically a case of when
before a functional embargo
would take hold

in terms of acquiring decent books
at affordable prices.

They were rapidly reverting back
to the Middle Ages or something,
with rare libraries gated away
from aficionados jizzing themselves
over simple access to printed paper.

Jo Yu-Ri thought the emergence
of the PDF black market
ran counter to Araqi's hyperbolic claims
but of course she preferred to peruse
physical copies as well
so she felt
the overall pull of his lament,
but Jo Yu-Ri then abruptly continued on to note
in a more vigorous fashion
her agreement with Araqi
regarding Πρίαπος—
did he know that just the other day,
while watering her bok choy plants
with his massive phallus,
he told a story about
rendezvousing with an exotic dancer?

Πρίαπος said he'd met the stripper
just a couple weeks previous
and that she'd asked to meet with him,
which he said to Jo Yu-Ri
he assumed meant she intended to bilk him
out of some cash at her club
in Astoria, but apparently—
to her surprise—
Πρίαπος wasn't above that,

so he actually showed up to the club,
Jo Yu-Ri told Araqi,
but then, the dancer,
half in the bag according to Πρίατος,
told him she actually meant to meet
outside the club, so as her shift ended
he took the dancer down the street
to some hookah spot,
smoked shisha then,
according to Πρίατος, quote-unquote
railed her in her SUV on a side street
after she moved her kid's carseat
to the side.

Jo Yu-Ri
was slightly flabbergasted
at the anecdote,
which Πρίατος continued,
noting how the chick had some issues
with "suicidal ideation",
but to Jo Yu-Ri,
she relayed to Araqi,
it was a little concerning, no?

Just because she'd hired the guy
because his phallus was supposed to be
beneficial for plant growth,
and while clearly that was ideal
for bok choy cultivation
in Midtown Manhattan,
she wasn't so certain
she'd get the maximum value
of his phallus
if he was—plowing sluts in SUVs
on side streets

next to shisha
establishments,
Araqi finished?

1.14 (.768)

No, Araqi noted,
it was certainly uncouth
that Priapus was, you know,
potentially having sex
with strippers
outside shisha spots
in Queens,
but still with
that said
he had come to question
Jo Yu-Ri's arithmetic
just slightly,
mostly because
while he understood
the phallus of Priapus
was being employed
for bok choy
cultivation
and engaging
in illicit activities,
and that that
particular addition
seemed to portend
poor outcomes.

But three plus four,
Araqi said,
didn't equal seven,

not exactly,
because truly
it equaled seven
plus the Form seven,
because sans
the Form seven
it would be basically
impossible for them
to even conceive
of seven.

But, Araqi noted,
Form seven by its
very nature
didn't engage in
the same unitary mixing
that the mathematical seven did,
what Araqi was saying,
he reiterated
to Jo Yu-Ri,
was it was possible Priapus,
being a divine being
(of sorts!), was probably
not tethered
to the same rubrics
of arithmetic as others,
that Priapus was
very possibly closer
to the Form seven
than the mathematical seven,
in which case,
while sure,
his sojourns
with certain Astoria strippers
was probably in poor taste,

it might not actually
have a palpable
effect on her bok choy?

1.15 (.794)

Jo Yu-Ri flashed back
briefly to a bulbous penis
that was sprayed in graffiti
onto the foundation of a home
on Bridgham
that she passed
while walking to a Family Dollar
the other day.

It was like ever since
she employed this
Πρίαπος she'd been surrounded
on all sides by unrepentant penis,
which probably,
she reflected,
served her right for going into business
with a Hellenic entity
(especially a so-called deity).

At the same time
growing fresh bok choy in Midtown
gave her a competitive advantage
no one else had in Koreatown,
so was it all possibly worth it?

As Araqi received the tab
(after drinking his second shitty
pseudo Italian pilsner),

at four twenty pm
(as opposed to Jo Yu-Ri's receipt
being received
at three twelve pm)
he wrote out the tip and,
when laying the paper
down on the table
next to Jo Yu-Ri's
the two realized both tabs
came to exactly
twenty-nine eighty-four a piece,
with each tab exactly consisting
of a twenty three buck subtotal
with a dollar eighty four tax assessment
and five even tip,
which was a bit of a coincidence,
almost like a chance event
that had some sort of cosmic significance?

The two stared at the two tabs
in silence as a chubby white guy
hammering away
on his xylophone slowly faded
to black.

$(2 + 3 - 0) = 5$
 $(1 + 8 - 4) = 5$
 $(5 + 0 - 0) = 5$

3:12 pm
subtotal: \$23.00
sales tax: \$1.84
tip: \$5.00
total: \$29.84

4:20 pm
subtotal: \$23.00
sales tax: \$1.84
tip: \$5.00
total: \$29.84

$(2 + 3 - 0) = 5$
 $(1 + 8 - 4) = 5$
 $(5 + 0 - 0) = 5$

Footnotes

1.1 A[r][a]q[i] t[o]ld J[o] Yu-[r][i], as they [s][a]t in the [s]m[all] h[all][w]ay [w]ide Ud[o]n Lab [o]n [W][e][s]t Thirty [S][e]cond, [r]ight [n][e]xt to the Marti[n][i]que, [h]ow [h][e] [h]ad no [r]e[c]oll[e]c[tion of [r][e]-[r][e]ading [R]ings of [S]aturn what[s]o[e]ver, in fa[c]t the onl[y] [r][ea]s[o]n A[r]a[q]i [e]v[e]n [r][ea]lized h[e]’d [s]tarted [r][e]-[r][e]ading [R]ings of [S][a]turn [a]t [a]ll was [a] [s]ole b[l]ue pen [u]n[d]er[li]ne [s]t[r]i[ke] [u]n[d]er the w[or]d [R]umelia, [r][i]ght [o]n t[o]p of [p]age [n][i]nety [n][i]ne that, [n]ow [r][e]-[r][e]ading it yet [a]gain, [A][r]aqi k[n][ew] all t[oo] [w]ell [h]e [w]ould [h]ave [n]ever made [w]hen he [i]n[i]t[i]ally [r]ead [R]ings of [S]aturn, [b]e[c]ause [a]t th[at] time A[r]a[q]i [b]are[ly] knew what [R]ume[li]a [r]efe[r]enced, [b]ut u[p]on [a] [s]econd [r]eading, [a][s]suming [s][ai]d [s]econd [r]eading [t]ook [p]lace when [A][r]aq[i] [b]e[lie]ved it [d]id, h[e] was [t]otal[ly] [b]alls [d][ee]p in [R]ume[li]a [l]o[re]. F[or] all of th[e]se [r]ea[s]ons A[r]aq[i] [b]e[lie]ved h[e]’d on[ly] [b]eg[an] his [s]econd [r]eading of [R]ings of [S][a]turn when he [p]i[c]ked u[p] the [b]ook again just [th]e [o]f[th]er [a]fternoon, [b]ut in [a]c[tu[a]lity, a[c]cording to th[is] [p]art[i]c[u]lar b[l]ue under[li]ne on the [n][i]nety-[n]i[n]th [p]age of the [n]ovel, it [s]eem[ed] [i]f[k]e h[e]’d [a]c[tu[a]l[ly], in f[a]c[t, [r][e]c[ent[ly] [s]tarted a third [r][e]ading, [n]ot a [s]econd. [B]ut w[as]n’t [i]t a [b]i[t] [b]efud[ding], a tad [d]i[s]c[on]c[er]t[i]ng [p]erh[a]ps th[at] a [p]er[s]o[n] [c]ould h[ave] [a]bso[lu]te[ly] n[o] [r]e[c]o[l]l[e]c[tion of [r]eading a wh[o]le f[u]c[king h[u]ndred [p]ages [o]f [a] n[o]vel less than f[i]ve years [p]r[i]or, A[r]aqi thought, a [s]e[n]tim[e]nt he [e]xp[r]e[s]sed to Jo Yu-[r][i], and sh[e] ag[r]e[ed] that [i]t d[i]d [s]eem eg[r]e[gious, [b]ut all[s]o [p]er[p]lexing and may[b]e [e]ven, [n]ot to [b]e

hy[p]er[b]ol[i]c, [b]ut a [b]i[t] om[i]n[ou]s? [B]ut all [th]is, [th]e en[t]irety of the [p]air's [s][p]e[c]i[f]ic [s][t]ream [o]f dial[o]gue w[a]s ab[r][u][p]tly inter[r][u][p]ted when J[o] Yu-r[i] n[o]ted A[r]aq[i]'s v[i]s[i]bly [c]on[c]ate[n]a[ti]ng f[r]ust[r]a[ti]on as th[ey] were sudden[l]y, vio[l]ent[l]y up[s]tr[ea]med at the [b]ar [b]y [s]ome gr[e]a[s]y fu[ck] in a [c]o[b]alt [b]lue [s]o[c]cer jersey - the [f]a[ct] of the m[at]ter was the two [f]riends only [p]o[p]ped in the [s][p]o[t] to beg[i]n w[i]th [t]o [t]a[k]e a [q]u[i]c[k] l[i]s[t]e[n] to a [p]arti[c]u[l]ar xyloph[o]ne [j]azz t[r]i[o] A[r]aq[i] and [J]o Yu-R[i] heard [p]l[ay]ing [f]rom the [f]oyer as they [w]alked [p]ast on [W]e[st] Thirty [S]e[c]ond, A[r]aq[i] [b]e[ing] in[t]r[i]gued [b]y a [t]r[i]o [l]ed b[y] xyloph[o]ne, [b]ut [o]nce in line at the [b]ar they [b]o[th] s[l]o[wl]y rea[l]ized how [i]nq[ui]sitive this [b]artender [w]as [w]ith each [c]u[st]omer, A[r]aq[i]'s f[r]u[s]t[r]a[ti]on [c]on[c]aten[ati]ng with [e]ach [s]e[c]ond h[e] [c]ontinued to w[ai]t for a [b]eer, and now, this [c]u[st]omer in a [c]o[b]alt [b]lue [s]o[c]cer jersey, [p]o[p]ped [u]p out [o]f [s]eemingly thin air to [u]p[s]tr[ea]m [th]em, [th]is [c]u[st]omer, who'd, for [h]is [p]art, [h]ad a [p]a[r]ent[l]y been [r]e[pe]ated[l]y [s]c[or]ned in his [q]ue[st] to get a [s]e[c]ond [b]eer him[s]e[l]f, [b]y none o[th]er [th]an [th]is lo[qu]a[c]ious [b]a[r]tender, who [k]ept [c]on[t]inuing on a [b]out che[c]king the [p]ipes in the [b]a[se]m[e]nt, and now this [c]u[st]omer in the [c]o[b]alt [b]lue [s]o[c]cer shirt au[d]aciousl[y] [c]ut them [b]o[th] in [l]ine to [r]uthl[ess]l[y] expe[d]ite his [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent [b]e[ve]r[age]. [A]r[aq]i was [a]b[ut]t[ing] an [a]u[d]i[b]le [c]omp[ai]nt [b]ut [r]em[ai]ned [u]nwil[l]ing to [a]b[an]d[on] his ju[s]t-[d]i[s]c[ove]red ex[c]itement [f]or this xyloph[o]ne [j]azz as [J]o Yu-r[i] n[o]ted [th]at [th]ere was a Vietnam[e]se [f]ood truck out[s]ide, r[i]ght on the [c]orner of [S]ixth and [Th]irty [S]e[c]ond, [th]at she

[c]ould [g][o] [g]et a [f]ew egg [r][o]lls i[f] they [w]anted? A[r]a[q][i] [w]asn't [r][ea]ll[y] in the mood, but this [d][i][d]n't [d][e]ter Jo Yu-r[i] from amb[l]ing out[s]ide to [s][e]e "w[h]a[t w][a]s [u]p [w]ith their [d][u]m[p][l]ings", [r]ight as the bar[t][e]n[d]er finally [a][t][t][e]n[d]ed [t]o [A][r]a[q]i's [p][e]n[d]ing [r]e[q]uest for an [o]ver[p][r][i]c[ed] [q]u[ot]e-un[q]u[ot]e I[t]alian [s]t[y]le beer, wh[i]ch [d][i][d]n't [t]aste like Peroni [a]t all, [a]nd b[y] the [t][i]me the [t][wo] got [t][o] a s[ea]t the jazz [t]r[i]o [f][i]n[i]shed [i]ts [f]irst [s][e]t and [b]egan its [b]r[e]ak, lighting [c]iga[r]e[t]tes and wal[k]ing [b]a[c]k to the [b]ar [f]or their [r]e[s]p[e]c[tive, [A][r]a[q]i [a][s]sumed, [f]r[e]e [r]e[f]ills.

η/ω 713:927 .769

1.12 Of [c]our[s]e it was the [c][a]s[e] that A[r]a[q]i, de[s]pite his [a]git[a]tion [a]t the f[a][c]t h[e] and [J]o Yu-[R][i] [e]n[t]ered this [e]s[t]ab[l]ishment w[i]th the [e]xp[er]i[en]c[e] [i]n[t]ent of [i]n[s]t[itu]t[ion]ing to th[i]s xy[l]oph[o]ne [j]azz tri[o], [o]n[l]y to get s[t]iffed [b]y a preva[r]i[c]ating [b]artender, [b]y a m[y][s]t[er]ious [sh]i[t [s]t[ain] w[ea]r[ing] a [c]o[b]alt [b]lue [s]o[c]cer [sh]irt, to [th]e ex[t]ent [th]at [b]y [th]e [t][i]me [th]ey [w]ere seated [w]ith an over[p]riced [b]eer [a]nd a h[a]nd[f]ul of sub[p]ar Vietnamese egg [r][o]lls, the [f]ucking [t]r[i]o it[s]elf [s]to[p]ped [p]ounding xy[l]oph[o]nes and [c]eased [p]l[aying] jazz, but A[r]a[q]i h[a]d other more [p]r[e]s[s]ing and [d]ire to[p]i[c]s of [d]i[s]c[ussion], [d]e[s]p[ite] the [s]u[d]den [s]i[l]ence in the [c]o[r]ri[d]or w[i]de [r]e[s]tau[r]ant, [s]p[e]c[i]f[i]c[al]l[y] about Jo [Y]u-[R][i]'s new [s]o-[c]alled [e]mp[lo]y[ee], [P]r[ia]p[us], [b]e[c]a[use] the [f]u[c]king guy had [b]een tal[k]ing his ear o[f]f a[b]out S[o]ju for [i]k[e] the wh[o]le [l]ast w[ee]k. J[o]

Yu-R[i] n[o]dd[e]d at the [c][o]mm[e]nt without ev[en] [an]
 [in][k][i]ng of a h[i]nt of sh[o][c]k in her [g]aze, she wasn't
 [c][au]ght [o]ff [g]u[a]rd at [a]ll, [a]s A[r][a]q[ui] [c]on[t]inued
 [t]o [r]e[c]apitu[l]ate the guy's m[o]n[o]l[og]ues, ab[ou]t
 [h]ow this [c]ountry, [i]f th[is] [n]ation h[a]d any ch[a]nce
 [a]t all what[s][o][e]ver, th[e]n it [n][ee]d[ed] to
 imm[e][d][i]atel[y] a[d]opt [S][o]ju [a]s its [n][a]tional
 [d]rink, [t]hat [t]here was [n]o [o]ther [o][p]tion but to
 [a][d]o[p]t [a]ll ite[r][a]t[i]ons of Soju, of [K]o[r]ean [R]ice
 W[i]ne as the [p][r]o[p]er [B]ud [L][i]ght
 [r]e[p][r]e[s]e[n]t, to [c]o-o[p]t this [K]o[r]ean wine and
 [r]e[b]r[a]nd it [a]s e[s]sentially fu[c]king [A]me[r]i[c]an,
 [A]r[a]q[ui] [s]aid. [T]hat [t]he J[o]e [R][o]gans of the
 in[t]er[n]et [s]p[he]re had [p]r[e]s[c]ribed the Do[n]ald
 [T]r[u]m[p]s of the [ph]y[s]i[c]al world as the
 [p]a[n]a[c]e[a] this [c]ountr[y] [n][ee]d[ed], via
 [r]e[a]ctiona[r]y ch[a]nnels [p]o[s]ted on a [p]latf[orm]
 that i[r]o[n]i[c]ally e[n]ou[gh] [s]tarted as a [C]IA [f]r[on]t,
 yet the [r]eality w[a]s the t[r]ue [c]o[r]r[e]c[t]ive [c]ould
 [n]e[v]e[r] be [f]ound in a Do[n]ald T[r]u[m]p, [n][o],
 [o]nl[y] in [K]o[r]ean [r]i[c]e w[i]ne, a[c]cording to
 [P]r[i]ap[us], [p]e[ople] n[ee]d[ed] to start dr[i]nk[i]ng [i]t
 [i]n [b]ars and [r]e[s]tau[r]ants in [p]l[a]c[e] of
 [c]ar[b]o[n]at[ed] [l]ight [b]eers! A[r]a[q]ui and J[o] Yu-[R]i
 [b]o[th] [n]o[t]ed [t]hat [t]hey [r]e[s]p[e]c[t]ed the [p]assion
 of [P]r[i]ap[us], [a]nd th[at] he was e[s]s[e]ntially
 [c]o[r]r[e]c[t] [i]n h[is] as[s]e[s]m[en]t that nothing was
 [m]ore A[m]e[r]i[c]an than stealing the do[m]e[s]t[i]c
 [c]u]lture of [o]thers [a]nd [r]eb[r]a[n]ding it [a]s our [o]wn
 - and S[o]ju was in [f]a[c]t, [a]ft[er] all, an o[p]timal bar
 [d]rink, as it was [s]p[e]c[i]f[i]cally [d]e[s]i[gn]ed to
 [p]rovi[de] more [o]f [a] [b]u[zz] than [b]eer, [b]ut not
 qu[i]te the ill-[a]d[v]i[s]ed lift of the [a]v[er]age [ei]ghty
 p[ro]of g[r]ai[n] a[l]c[ohol]. Yet, [a]c[c]ording to [A]r[a]q[ui],
 [P]r[i]ap[us] was [d]ub[i]ous [t]hat [t]he [c]ountry [c]ould

a[c]tually [a][d]opt [S]oju, [p][r]ima[r]ily be[c]ause of
 [p][e]o[p]le, h[e] [s]aid, li[k]e the m[e]d[i]an [s]e[c]ond
 [c]ousin, [p][e]o[p]le who would b[e] [r]eti[c]ent to dr[i]n[k]
 [s]omething [q]u[ot]e-un[q]u[ot]e [K]o[r]ean on the
 [r]egu[l]ar, [p][e]o[p]le who [c][l]ung to be[l]i[e]fs that
 [p][e]o[p]le li[k]e Ted [C]ruz [a][c]tual[l]y h[a]d [d][e]c[en]t
 i[d]eas about the w[or]ld, that any p[er]s[on] who [f]ound
 [T]ed [C]ruz to b[e] [ph]i[l]o[s]o[ph]i[c]al[l]y in[t]r[i]guing
 would obv[i]ous[l]y [b]e a [l]ittle [r]eti[c]ent a[b]out
 im[b]i[b]ing [S]oju, [w]hen it [w]as obviously the [c]ase
 th[at, in f[a]c[t, [T]ed [C]ruz [w]as [p][r]o[b]a[b]l[l]y [o]ne
 of the [t]op [t]en most des[p]i[c]a[b]le [p]eo[p]le on the
 [p][l]a[n]et, [P][r]ia[p]us [n]oted [C]ruz's
 [p][r]eva[r]i[c]a[tions when [a]sked [q]uestions li[k]e
 'D[oes] [A]I[C]A[P] ever [i]nte[r]a[c]t w[i]th [l]s[rael],'
 [s]ay[ing] how it once again [d]emon[s]tr[ate]d the
 i[n]n[at]ely [d]e[s]p[ic]a[b]le [b]a[se]l]ine of his
 [p]er[s]o[n]a[l]ity. But [p][e]o[p]le li[k]e the [m]e[d]i[an]
 [s]e[c]ond [c]ousins [o]f [A][m]e[r]i[c]a would a[c]tually
 p[r]efer to [d]i[s]cuss Ted [C]ruz with a [m]o[d]i[c]um of
 n[i]c[e]t[y] than just im[b]i[b]e [K]o[r]ean [r]i[c]e w[i]ne as
 their [d]efault [d]r[i]n[k] of choice, [w]hich [w]as
 [c][l]ear[l]y [w]hy this [c]ount[r]y [w]as on the
 [p][r]e[c]i[p]i[c]e of an i[r]rever[s]ible de[c]line, [i]f not
 [i]n the m[i]dst of [i]t al[r]ead[y]! This [c]ount[r]y was
 [c][l]ear[l]y [f]u[c]king [f]i[n]i[sh]ed, [P][r]ia[p]us said, and
 it was [s]olely be[c]ause of thi[s] in[t]er[s]e[c]tion of
 [T]ed [C]ruz, [S]oju, and the [c]o[n]c[e]ptual [s]e[c]ond
 [c]ousin of [c]our[s]e, A[r]a[q]i [r]ep[re]s[en]t[ati]ve, [s]l[ow]l[y]
 alm[o]st [b]e[l]i[e]v[i]ng what [P][r]ia[p]us had
 [r]e[p]re[s]en[t]ed into his [p]oor ear[d]rums [d]ay [a]fter
 [d]ay th[at [w]eek. It [w]as [c][l]ear to [P]ria[p]us at
 [l]ea[s]t [th]at [th]e [s]e[c]ond [c]ousin w[as] [a] to[p]i[c]
 they mu[s]t a[c]tua[l]ly [l]egi[s]l[ate] a[ga]inst, [n]o, [n]ot
 ju[s]t [p]o[n]t[i]f[i]c[ate] a[b]out, [b]e[c]ause these

[s]e[c]ond [c]ousins, they wouldn't ju[s]t re[s]cind [o]f their own [a][c]cord, [s][e][c]ond [c]ousins were [i]n[s]t[ea]d [i]nd[i]cat[i]ve [o]f a [s]t[r][u]ctu[r]al [r]o[t], [P]r[i]a[p]us [th][ou]ght [th]at h[e] Jo Yu-[R][i] and A[r]a[q][i] should all [m]o]ve to [c]o[mm]u[ni]c[a]te with their New York [s]t[a]te [r]e[p]r[es]entat[i]ves to [s]ee [i][f] they [c]ould [b]eg[i]n dra[ft]ing a [b]i[l] o[p]posing the [c]on[c]e[p]t of the [s]e[c]ond [c]ou]sin [i]n th[is] [c]ou]ntry, was that [d]oa[b]le, [d]id [th]ey [th]in[k]? [A]r[a]q[i] took [a] [b]ite of [a]n [e]gg [r]oll that was [s]ome[h]ow [s]till [s]c]orching [h]ot five minutes af[te]r Jo Yu-Ri [p]ut the [p]l[as]tic [p]l[as]te [d]own on the t[ab]le. The [f]a]ct it [f]elt a h[u]n[d]r[ed] [f]u]cking [d]eg[r]ees [ou]t in Mid[tow]n [p]ro[b]a[b]ly [d]i[d]n't hell[p].

η/ω 920:1187 .775

1.13 Jo Yu-R[i], wi[p]ing her [p]et[i]te [f]ingers on a thri[c]e [f]olded na[p][k]in, [s]mea[r]ing [s][e][l]e]ct [r]e]mnants of t[r]u[c]k [c]oo[k]ed egg [r]oll g[r]ease onto the [p]ure white [p]a[p]er, sh[oo][k] [h]er [h]ead [s][i]de to [s][i]de and [sh]owed A[r]a[q]i the [p]age of the [b]ook [sh]e'd just o[p]ened u[p], A[sh][b]e[r][y]'s [S]elf-[P]ort[r]ait in a [C]onvex [M]i[r]ror and [m]uttered [l]oo[k] at all th[i]s [s][c]r[i]b[b]ing! in [r]e]fere[n]ce to the i[n]ane [n]o]tes the [p]r[e]v[i]ous [o]wner of the [p]a[p]er[b]a]ck h[a]d [s]trewn all over the first [p]age in [p]en[c]il. Ar[a]q[i] [a]s]ked her what [c]ond[i]t[i]on she'd [b]ought the [b]oo[k] in ex[a]c[t]ly, [w]as she a[w]are of that [l]evel of s[c]r[i]b[b]ing [p]r[i]or to [b]uy[i]ng [i]t, no, she [r]e[p]l[i]ed, [b]ut to [b]e [f]air n[ea]r[l]y [e]ve[r]y other [p]age of the [b]ook was [e]n[t]ire[l]y [c]l[ea]n, un[t]il of [c]ourse this [f]inal [p]oem, the [s]e[l]-t[it]led [e]n[t]ry of the [c]o[l]l[e]c[tion -

obvious[ly] [some n[on]tw[ist] w[h]o [p]ro[b]a[b]ly [h]ad to w[r]ite, like, a term [p]a[per] a[b]out it, [A]a[q] suggested, some [k]ind of [d]i[s]sertation, and Jo Yu-[R]i [a]g[r]e[ed], head bowed in [d]e[fe]at. [A]a[qi] alleged it r[em]ained r[e]adable [e]ven if, s[ur]e, the in[c]e[s]sant [p]e[n]c[il] [s]c[r]ibb[ings] w[er]e a [l]ittle di[s]t[r]a[c]ting, [c]ertain[ly] off-[p]utting, he [c]ould [t]otal[ly] re[l]ate [t]o th[at]! The f[a]c[t] of the m[at]ter [w]as it [w]as in[c]r[e]a[s]ingly [d]iff[ic]ult to [p]ay [d]i[s]c[ount]ed [p]r[i]c[es] for used boo[k]s these [d]ays, without [s]ome [i]n[c]e[s]sant and/or [i]n[a]ne [s]cribb[ling] [d]o[m]i[n]a[ti]ng the [m]argins of [s]e[ct] p[ages], without de[l]ays [i]n sh[ipp]ing or un[e]xp[ect]e[d]ly [b]e[nt] [c]o[vers] or s[ub]p[ar] [p]a[per]b[ac]k [b]indings, alth[ough] J[o] Yu-Ri did n[ot]e of all the [f]ine [p]o[ems] the [c]olle[ct]ion [c]on[s]i[s]ted of she [f]ound the [t]itle [p]oem [t]o b[e] the [e]ss[ent]ial, [s]o if one [p]articu[lar] [p]oem had to [b]e [r]uined [b]y [s]aid [s]c[r]ibb[ing] sh[e] was at [l]ea[s]t g[ra]d it [w]as th[at] one. [B]oo[k]s, [A]a[qi] [a]s[s]erted, were [a]c[tually] [b]e[c]o[m]ing [s]low[ly] im[p]o[ss]i[b]le to a[c]quire, as [p]ro[d]u[ct]ion volumes [d]ro[p]ped [d]ue [t]o the [i]n[c]r[e]a[s]ing [i]l[ite]r[a]c[y] [a]ll [a]r[ound] them - it was [b]a[s]i[c]ally a [c]a[s]e of when [b]ef[ore] a [f]unctional em[b]argo would [t]a[k]e hold in [t]erms of [a]c[qui]r[ing] [d]e[c]ent [b]oo[k]s at [a]ffo[r]d[ab]le [p]r[i]c[es], they were [r]a[pid]ly [r]evert[ing] [b]a[c]k to the Middle [A]ges or something, with [r]are [i]b[r]a[r]ies g[ra]ted aw[a]y [f]rom [a]f[ic]ion[a]dos [i]zz[ing] them[s]elves over [s]i[m]ple a[c]cess to [p]r[i]nt[e]d [p]a[per]. [J]o Yu-Ri [th]ought [th]e e[m]ergence of the [P]DF [b]a[c]k [m]ar[k]et [r]a[n]c[ounter] to A[r]a[qi]'s hy[per]b[ol]i[c] [c]l[aims] [b]ut of [c]our[s]e she [p]r[e]f[er]red to [p]e[r]use [ph]y[s]i[c]al [c]opies as w[ell] [s]o she [f]e[lt] the ove[r]all [p]ull of his

[l]ament. [B]ut J[o] Y[u]-Ri then a[b]ru[p]t[ly]
 [c]on[t]in[u]ed on [t]o n[o]te [i]n a [m]ore v[i]go[r]ous
 f[a]shion her [a]g[r]ee[m]ent with [A][r][a]qi [r]egarding
 [P]ria[p][u]s, [d]id he kn[o]w [th]at j[us]t [th]e [o][th]er
 [d]ay, [w]hile [w]at[er]ing h[er] bok choy p[l][a]nts w[i]th
 h[i]s m[a]s[s]i[ve] ph[a][ll]u[s], he [t]old [a] s[t]o[r]y [a]bout
 [r]en[d]ezvousing with [a]n [e]xotic [d]an[c]er?
 [P][r]ia[p]us [s][ai]d he'd m[e]t the [s]t[r]i[pp]er just [a]
 [c][ou][p]le w[ee][k]s [p]r[e]v[i]ous and th[at] sh[e]'d
 [a]sked to m[ee]t w[i]th h[i]m, which he [s]aid to Jo
 Yu-R[i] h[e] a[s]sumed m[ea]nt she [i]n[t]e[n]ded [t]o b[i]lk
 him out of s[o]me [c][a]sh [a]t her [c][u]b in [A][s]toria,
 [b]ut [a][p]parently, to h[er] s[ur][p]r[ise], [P][r]ia[p]us
 wasn't [a][b]ove that, [s]o h[e] actual[ly] showed [u]p to
 the [c][u]b, J[o] Yu-[R]i t[ol]d A[r]a[qi], [b]ut [th]en, [th]e
 d[an]cer, h[a]l[fo]w in the [b][a]g [a]c[c]ording to [P]ri[a]p[us],
 t[ol]d him she [a]c[tual[ly] [m]eant to [m]eet out[s]ide
 the [c][u]b, [s]o as her shift en[d]ed he too[k] the
 [d]an[c]er [d]own the [s]treet to [s]ome hoo[k]ah [s][p]ot,
 [s]m[o]k[ed] [sh]i[sh]a then, a[c]cording to [P][r]ia[p]us,
 [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote] [r]ailed [h]er in [h]er [S]U[V] on a
 [s]ide [s]t[r]ee[t] after she m[ov]ed her [k]id's [c]ar[s][ea]t
 to the [s]ide. Jo Y[u]-R[i] was [s]t[r]ight[ly]
 f[l]a[bb]erg[a]st[ed] [a]t the [a]n[ecd]o[te], which
 [P]ri[a]p[us] [c]ontinued, [n]o[t]ing [h]ow the chi[c]k [h]ad
 [s]ome [i]ssues w[i]th [s]u[ic]i[d]al [i]d[e]a[t]ion, but to
 Jo Yu-[R]i, she [r]e[pl]ay[ed] to [A][r]a[qi], it was [a] [l]ittle
 [c]on[c]er[n]ing, [n]o? j[us]t [b]e[c]a[us]e she'd h[i]red the
 g[uy] [b]e[c]a[us]e his [ph][a]ll[us] w[as] [s]u[pp]osed to
 [b]e [b]ene[f]i[c]i[al] [f]or [p][l]a[n]t growth, and [w]hile
 [c][l]ea[r[ly] that [w]as id[e]a[ll] for bo[k] choy [c]ul[t]ivation
 in [M]id[t]own [M]anhattan she wasn't [s]o [c]ertain she'd
 get the [m]axi[m]um v[a]l[ue] of his [ph][a]ll[us] if he was -
 [p]l[ow]ing [s]u[its] in [S]U[V]s on [s]ide [s]t[r]ee[t]s [n]ext
 to [sh]i[sh]a e[s]t[abli]shments, A[r]a[qi] [f]i[n]i[sh]ed?

η/ω 751:996 .754

1.14 [N][o], A[r]a[q]i [n][o]ted, it was [c]ertainly un[c]outh that [P][r]ia[p][u]s was, you k[n]ow, [p]otentially having [s]ex w[i]th [s]tr[i][pp]ers out[s]ide [sh][i][sh]a [s][p]ots in Qu[ee]ns, but [s]t[i]ll w[i]th that [s]aid [h]e [h]ad [c]ome to [q]uestion Jo Yu-[R]i's a[r]ith[m]etic just [s][i]ght[!][y], [m]o[s]t[!][y] [b]e[c]ause while he under[s]tood the pha[ll]us of [P]ria[p]us was [b]eing em[p]l[o]yed for [b]o[k] ch[oy] [c]ultiv[a]t[i]on [a]nd [e]ng[a]g[i]ng [i]n [i]ll[i]c[i]t [a]ct[i]v[i]ties, [a]nd th[at] th[at] [p]ar[t]i[c]ular [a]dd[i]t[i]on [s]eemed to [p]ro[tr]end [p]o[or] out[c]omes. But th[r]ee [p]lus f[our], A[r]a[q]i [s]aid, [d]i[d]n't [e][q]ual [s]even, not exa[c]t[!][y], be[c]ause tru[!][y] it [e][q]ualed [s]e[v]en [p]lus the [F]orm [s]e[v]en, [b]e[c]ause [s]ans the [F]orm [s]e[v]en it would [b]e [b]a[s]i[c]ally impo[s]si[b]le [f]or them to [e][v]en [c]on[c]e[i]ve of [s]e[v]en. [B]ut, A[r]a[q]i [n]oted, Form [s]e[v]en [b]y its [v]er[y] [n]ature [d]i[d]n't e[n]g[a]ge i[n] the [s]ame unitary [m]ix[i]ng [th]at [th]e [m]athem[ati]c[al] [s]even did, [w]hat Ara[q]i [w]as [s]aying, h[e] [r]e[ite]r[ate]d to Jo Yu-[R]i, [w]as it [w]as [p]o[s]si[b]le [P][r]ia[p]us , [b]e[ing] a divine [b]e[ing] (of [s]orts!), was [p]ro[b]a[b]ly n[ot] [t]ethered [t]o the [s]ame [r]u[b]r[i]c[s] of a[r]ithmeti[c] as o[th]ers, [th]at [P][r]ia[p][u]s was ve[r]y [p]o[s]si[b]l[y] [c]o[s]er to the Form [s]e[v]en [th]an [th]e [m]athem[ati]c[al] [s]e[v]en, [i]n [w]h[i]ch ca[s]e, [w]hile s[ur]e, his [s]o[our]ns with [c]er[tain] [A][s]to[r]i[a] [s]t[r]i[p]ers was [p]ro[b]a[b]l[!][y] in [p]oor taste, it might not [a]c[tua[!][y] h[a]ve a [p]a[!][p]a[b]le effe[c]t on her [b]o[k] choy?

η/ω 258:336 .768

1.15 Jo Yu-[R][i] [f][a]shed [b][a]ck [b][r][ie]f[y] to a [b][u][b][ou]s [p]enis that was [s][p][r]ayed in [g][r]a[ff][i]t[i] onto the [f]oun[d][a]tion of a home on B[r]id[g]ham th[at] she [p][a][s]sed [w]hile [w]alking to a [F]ami[l]y [D]o[l]ar [th]e o[th]er [d][ay], it was [l]ike [e]ver [s]in[c]e she [e]m[p][l]oyed this [P][r]ia[p]us she'd [b]een [s]u[r]rounded on all [s][i]des [b][y] un[r]e[p]resent [p]en[is], which [p][r]o[b]a[b]l[y], she [r]e[f]l[ect]ed, [s][er]ved h[er] [r]ight [f]or going into [b]usin[ess] with a H[e][l]l[e]n[i]c [e]nt[er]t[er]y ([e][s]p[e]c[i]a[l]l[y] a [s]o-[c]alled d[e]i[t]y). At the [s]ame [t]ime [g][r]owing fr[esh] [b]o[k] choy [i]n M[id][t]ow[n] [g]ave her a [c]ompet[i]t[i]ve [a]dv[an]tage no one else h[ad] in [K]orea[t]ow[n], so was it [a]ll [p]o[s]sibl[y] worth it? As [A][r]a[q][i] [r]e[c]eived the [t]a[b] ([a]fter [d][r][i]n[k]i[n]g h[is] [s]e[c]ond sh[i]t[ty] p[s]eu[d]o [l]i[t]ian [p]i[s]ner), at four [t]wenty [p]m (as op[p]o[s]ed to J[o] Yu-[R][i]'s [r]e[c]eipt b[e]ing [r]e[c]eived at th[r]ee [t]welve [p]m) he w[r]ote out the [t]ip and, when l[ay]ing the [p][a]p[er] down on the [t]a[b]le next [t]o Jo Y[u]-[R][i]'s the [t]wo [r]ea[l]iz[ed] [b]oth [t]a[b]s [c]ame to ex[a]c[t]l[y] [t]wenty-nine [ei]ghty-four a p[ie]ce, with [ea]ch [t]a[b] ex[a]c[t]ly [c]on[s]i[s]ting of a [t]went[y] thr[ee] b[u]c[k] s[u]b[t]otal with a dollar eighty [f]our [t]ax a[ss]e[ss]ment and [f]ive even [t]ip, [w]h[i]ch [w]as a b[itt] of a [c]oin[c]iden[c]e, al[m]ost like a ch[a]nce event th[at] h[ad] s[ome] [s]ort of [c]os[m]i[c] [s]i[gn]i[f]i[c]an[c]e? The [t]wo [st]ared [at] the [t]wo [t]a[b]s in [s]ilence [a]s [a] chu[bb]y [w]h[i]te g[uy] hammering [a][w]ay on his xylo[ph]one [s]i[ll]o[w]l[y] [f]aded to [b]l[ack].

η/ω 266:335 .794