

“Koreatown Bok Choy
(Ch. 6: What is the oint of numbers?)”

Nicholas Katsafanas

Triadic Mode: >.667

5215:6786 .768

1.1

1.1.1 157:195 .805 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.

1.1.2 70:95 .737 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.

1.1.3 82:101 .812 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?

1.1.4 245:331 .740 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'd, 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.

1.1.5 159:205 .776 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

1.12.1 160;206 .777 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, Priapus, because the fucking guy had

been talking his ear off about Soju for like the whole last week.

1.12.2 111:150 .740 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.

1.12.3 193:245 .788 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 Priapus, 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 Priapus, 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.

1.12.4 174:227 .767 Yet, according to Araqi, Priapus 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, Priapus 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.

1.12.5 65:87 .747 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!

1.12.6 63:76 .829 This country was clearly fucking finished, Priapus 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 Priapus had repeated

into his poor eardrums day after day that week.

1.12.7 135:176 .767 It was clear to Priapus 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, Priapus 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.

1.12.8 19:20 .950 The fact it felt a hundred fucking degrees out in Midtown probably didn't help.

1.13

1.13.1 82:109 .752 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.

1.13.2 96:123 .780 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.

1.13.3 130:181 .718 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.

1.13.4 101:131 .771 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.

1.13.5 50:54 .926 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.

1.13.6 191:249 .767 But Jo Yu-Ri then abruptly continued on to note in a more vigorous fashion her agreement with Araqi regarding Priapus, 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? Priapus 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, Priapus 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 Priapus, 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 Priapus, quote-unquote railed her in her SUV on a side street after she moved her kid's carseat to the side.

1.13.7 113:149 .758 Jo Yu-Ri was slightly flabbergasted at the anecdote, which Priapus 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

1.14.1 89:116 .767 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.

1.14.2 45:60 .750 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.

1.14.3 124:160 .775 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

1.15.1 96:114 .842 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 Priapus 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).

1.15.2 143:188 .761 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?

1.15.3 27:32 .844 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		4:20 pm
subtotal: \$23.00		subtotal: \$23.00
sales tax: \$1.84		sales tax: \$1.84
tip: \$5.00		tip: \$5.00
total: \$29.84		total: \$29.84
	$(2 + 3 - 0) = 5$ $(1 + 8 - 4) = 5$ $(5 + 0 - 0) = 5$	

3.1

3.1.1 112:138 .812 Enzo told Daria how he was considering that it was perhaps with a tyrannical exactness that he proceeded about his life, right up through his weekly high fades, that he considered a latent geometrical tyranny to be possibly ruthlessly guiding his life as he took quick note of a quite sizeable posterior in light blue jeans that was walking right past him as he approached the large brick building that contained the Department for Economic Development on a quaint Friday afternoon at four pm on the dot.

3.1.2 75:86 .872 Daria was aware Enzo walked there to try and slip the clerk a quick so-called business registration form but before she could confirm

what she already knew for a fact Enzo went on to note that it turned out the city clerks' offices closed half an hour early for their so-called summer hours, which as it so happened was exactly at four pm.

3.1.3 60:72 .833 Enzo muttered what the fuck before continuing on to note he was wearing his new tan Walmart mesh basketball shorts with his white vans as the voluptuous woman walked past, by contrast, wearing wire rimmed glasses on the tip of her thin nose, surrounded on three sides by curly black locks.

3.1.4 103:139 .741 According to him sometimes it was just preferable to sit on a roof with your shirt off and think about fucking nothing for a little bit even if it was five fifteen on a Friday

afternoon, there was, after all, repetition and number, he noted to Daria, but did all numbers actually repeat? Daria noted she'd been noticing an insane amount of five fifty fives and two twenty twos plus eleven elevens and even one elevens of late but to date she'd refrained from any attempt to google an explanation.

3.1.5 105:146 .719 But wasn't it the case, Enzo interjected, since they'd gotten onto the topic of sequences of integers anyway, wasn't it the case that the second cousin as a conceptual artifice was collectively accelerating the downfall of their country, I mean, Enzo said, second cousins are in aggregate all basically cunts, right? In Enzo's mind it was clearly the case that the second cousin was basically objectionable, a pitiful clinging to a

so-called bloodline that was, even when more potent, still somewhat ambiguous if not nonsensical.

3.1.6 53:76 .697 What was blood anyway? Daria, for her part, didn't have a particularly strong opinion on the concept of the second cousin one way or the other, but she admitted that she didn't have as big of a family as Enzo, which perhaps played a part in her quizzical nonchalance?

3.1.7 46:68 .676 No, Enzo went on, the second cousin was something indicative of a structural rot, in fact it was something that probably needed actual legislation to be properly combatted, because these second cousins - they wouldn't just rescind of their own accord.

3.1.8 31:37 .838 No, Enzo and Daria both, they needed to start petitioning local representatives to abolish this concept of the second cousin.

3.12

3.12.1 51:65 .785 It was abundantly clear to Enzo that there was a recurring splitting into two that was perhaps the most nefarious act of all, that the first of this or that inevitably'd become extended to the so-called second of the same substrate, but why?

3.12.2 38:56 .679 It was this counting, this lurid linear extension that perhaps offended Enzo the most, to which Daria, thinking about her bok choy with an unerring sense of dread, was only partially paying attention to.

3.12.3 43:56 .768 They'd fundamentally forgotten something essential about number, Enzo said, they'd become addicted to dividing and adding, extending and subtracting, instead of focusing on concepts more steeped in purity.

3.12.4 61:73 .836 Enzo felt as though they were destined to recall something essential about number, but now, somehow, that'd become impossible for them, that they'd forgotten for perpetuity an essential aspect of number, which made every situation they encountered immeasurably more bleak.

3.12.5 36:48 .750 The second cousin itself was little beyond a symptom of a far greater sickness, the common cold

of counting numbers, of becoming unitary until they reached infinity.

3.12.6 54:61 .885 Nothing was more infinite than the unitary, yet the unitary becoming infinite was utterly absurd! Everything was split into two, or split into three, all around them were doppelgangers and trinities of what was what.

3.12.7 134:188 .713 Multiplicity couldn't exist this way! Enzo continued as Daria simultaneously considered bringing up a few concerns she had with an employee she'd contracted specifically in a botanical manner, but who, given his unorthodox methods, had started to concern her given some of his more licentious habits—of course botany and personal matters were probably, in most cases,

considered completely separate issues, but due to the specific nature of this particular job it had begun to bother Daria just slightly. Enzo, for his part, had an entire pack of cigarettes in his drawer, he said to Daria, because he'd bought a whole pack the other day, just purely out of spite.

3.12.8 115:162 .710 Did she want to go out onto the deck and whack a puff or two from one? Was she drunk enough yet? To smoke a quick cig? Because she clearly wasn't listening to any of the fucking shit he was saying about integers or second cousins, about the nonsensical division of everything all around them! No Daria was, she was listening (kind of ...), it was just that she was just a tad preoccupied, even before coming by she'd been walking through a small courtyard in

the city, taking note of the big trees growing next to the large brick condo buildings, contemplating connecting with nature, but also with inanimate objects as well?

3.12.9 149:203 .734 It was one thing to connect with nature and trees and plants, that was almost cliché, but what about connecting with inanimate objects made of plastic by wage slaves in East Asia? She'd recently attended divine liturgy for the first time in ages, she told Enzo, and while occasionally staring up at the series of icons people would have indiscriminately killed people for worshipping just a few short centuries ago, she could have sworn a set of voices were speaking to her, solely within her mind, comforting her but also informing her that there'd be an upcoming time that they'd snap

their fingers and she'd finally return to them, as if that was where she actually belonged, in this plane she could hardly comprehend, yet communicated directly to her with no problem.

3.12.10 38:47 .809 She exited her body just momentarily, filled with pure relief, then the beings reiterated a time would arrive when they would snap their fingers, then she'd return, finally, to them.

3.12.11 65:77 .844 Perhaps she'd have discounted the encounter if she hadn't, with complete caprice, she told Enzo, decided to go up to take communion with her dad, and as her turn finally arrived to imbibe the blood of Christ Himself, she noticed sitting calmly to the left of the priest was a Wind Tunnel brand floor fan.

3.12.12 71:95 .747 The exact same floor fan she'd, after taking entirely too many mushrooms one particular evening eons ago, engaged in an extended conversation with regarding the true nature of things, during which a certain clarity descended upon her, finally understanding, with the utmost purity, her true origin and, in turn, the primal source of all things.

4.1

4.1.1 49:60 .817 Ultimately, whether the cults of Aphrodite engaged in sacred prostitution or not is something scholars of history are still bitterly torn about, but there exist perhaps legitimate reasons to agree with either camp.

4.1.2 69:82 .841 On the one hand, if the Greeks engaged in, what certain participants of the Symposium at least believed to be, an abutting sacred form of pederasty, then is it really that farfetched to suggest dudes in Corinth were banging whores in an Aphrodite temple, but just in an intensely ritualistic way?

4.1.3 27:30 .900 Isn't it possible Aphrodite was, in some sense, a

pre-waifu? The true origin of the waifu as we know it.

4.1.4 69:92 .750 Later that night, at Itaewon Pochu in Koreatown, Araqi was surreptitiously saving hentai jpegs onto his camera roll as they sat at the small window table overlooking West Thirty Second, splitting an eel appetizer with Jo Yu-Ri, who after a couple shots of Soju, was suddenly more forthcoming than she'd been previously.

4.1.5 46:58 .793 Unaware of yet also unconcerned with Araqi saving hentai jpegs into his phone's camera roll, Jo Yu-Ri found herself more comfortable with, you know, sharing her feelings after about half a dozen shots of Soju.

4.1.6 16:23 .696 Was she herself possibly engaged in an ... iteration of sacred prostitution? No!

4.1.7 39:44 .886 Employing some Greek demigod to rub his cock on your bok choy plants wasn't - well, she didn't know what it was exactly, she muttered to Araqi—maybe avant-garde botany?

4.1.8 35:42 .833 But in any case definitely not prostitution!—Araqi noted that: wasn't it possible that something or some one had some sort of, you know, hold on Priapus?

4.1.9 37:51 .725 That maybe the dude just needed help, some assistance, that all this shit she was so concerned about, vis-a-vis his recent whore mongering was the result of certain

something having a vice grip hold on him?

4.1.10 14:21 .667 Well, clearly he was a little off-kilter! she said, that much they could both agree on!

4.1.11 84:118 .712 But the essence of that condition, the condition of being hypnotized in an abutting mystical manner, was she the most appropriate one to say, or was it possible she didn't actually care, that this was an exclusively capitalist endeavor, that her role in the whole matter was solely rationalist, that as long as her bok choy imparted a competitive leg up in the heat of Koreatown she didn't care one way or the other.

4.1.12 19:24 .792 And, by the way, the bok choy at Itaewon was atrocious, she noted, so at least that was good!

4.1.13 109:125 .872 The fact of the matter was Jo Yu-Ri could definitely question how she quote-unquote arrived here, so to speak, a budding, barely semi-successful, restaurateur in Midtown, a Johnson and Whales dropout and Food Network junkie, helplessly perusing Craig's List ads, desperate for a leg up in the most viciously competitive restaurant metropolis perhaps on the planet, when she stumbled upon Priapus's plight, deciding to take it on as a botanical advantage.

4.1.14 62:74 .838 People would always note in awe how her blue eyes displayed a certain reddish gold tint

about them, possibly some faint Spanish blood on her Filipino mother's side? It seemed her Korean-American identity was always slightly undermined by this Catholicism of her adolescence.

4.1.15 62:89 .697 Catholicism has a tendency of making everyone a fourth generation Italian-American, and Jo Yu-Ri felt this tugging at times as well, but then again, it wasn't quite like the guy necessarily owed her anything, because there was nothing in their contract (which was non-existent) that stipulated how he should spend his free time.

4.1.16 55:73 .753 Yet, Araqi interjected, is there not an implicit agreement in any business relationship to, you know, like, he said, when

George Costanza became a hand model in Seinfeld - he wasn't traveling around laying bricks and dipping his toes into amateur boxing in his free time!

4.1.17 57:78 .744 Yes, the Costanza analogy was an apt one here, yet again there was the question of the essence of Priapus himself, how he interacted, or was interacted with, in the corporeal sphere, which became an increasingly latent issue as the two requested a second bottle of Soju.

4.1.18 30:33 .909 It was possible, Jo Yu-Ri considered, that the cock of Priapus wasn't existent in the way she may have initially thought.