

**PREPARING TO PERUSE
A HISTORICAL MONOGRAPH
NICHOLAS KATSAFANAS**

Triadic Mode: > 66.7%
1554:2074 74.9%

01. 539:721 74.8% Well Mr Kazantzakis, if I'm being honest with you, completely honest with you, if I'm holding back next to no honesty whatsoever, I should note that, yes, it's indubitably true that of late I've found myself gluttonously chewing four to seven slices of gum in simultaneity for a variety of reasons—in fact, it was just yesterday afternoon, prior to leaving our apartment to go grab a coffee that I indiscriminately shoved an entire pack of gum into my mouth and exuberantly chewed this large ball of gum, wondered if chewing gum was actually good for your teeth, when the thought occurred to me: *Is emo the highest form of classical music America is historically responsible for?* When discussing American music, I thought while chewing an entire pack of gum, a litany of genres from post-bop jazz to experimental rock to avant-metal to the so-called classically trained composers of American descent are discussed as 'the truly classical music of America.' 'But what if emo is the truly classical American music?' I thought to myself, chewing an entire pack of gum, preparing myself to pay full-price for a coffee out somewhere, despite the fact I had an entire pot of coffee at my apartment, waiting to be imbibed for free. The primary conceit of emo music is that its creators are young and white and male and that

they originate from neighborhoods that are safe if not opulent and utterly hate their lives. Nothing, it should be noted, is ever proceeding well for the emo band, as the slightest deviation from the emo band's best case scenario is always apocalyptic, despite the fact that, sociopolitically at least, they have everything going for them. The emo participant exists at the apex of the American totem pole, and despite this fact everything remains essentially objectionable to them. Nothing is going well! The emo song is in practice the antithesis of the virtue signal. And it occurred to me as I left my apartment to pay four dollars for a coffee that would inevitably be co-opted by an art school professor with no regard to socially acceptable decibel levels pontificating about people as brands to a foreign exchange student that this type of wide-eyed narcissism, that this unironic ignorance of sociopolitical totem poles, this obsession with direct lived experience at the expense of everything conceptual, is perhaps the apex of what should comprise American classical music? And I nodded my head at this notion as we entered the Honda, asking Tina if she'd be willing to play 'One-Eighty by Summer' on our way to the coffee shop.

- 02. 413:542 76.2%** I suppose you could say it was fortuitous, if not a direct product of fate itself, that with these thoughts in mind, while browsing my Shopping List on Amazon dot com, while considering the merits of the so-called university professor after my encounter with this pea-brained art professor from Yoleni's I noticed that the Constantine Eleven monograph by my old

college professor, Marios Philippides, was now on sale—reduced from the borderline-insulting price of ninety dollars for the hardcover to the increasingly palatable price of nine dollars for the Kindle edition. I'd had no communication with Philippides since my time at Massachusetts, which is unsurprising, as I doubt strongly Philippides recalls me in the least, as almost the entirety of my late adolescence was marked by my dedication to my dissipation-process, which I'd extended into an era some may choose to characterize as a post-youth era, so the two of us had no need, no reason to communicate with one another, primarily because Philippides had no idea who I was. Just because two persons ostensibly share a modicum of so-called 'Greek blood' in no way means they should communicate with one another. For Philippides's part, he has no idea who I am, and for my part my only interaction with Philippides took place in the midst of my dissipation-process, of which I was dedicated to—yet being that I'd been looking for a monograph on the so-called 'last emperor of the Greeks', and being that Philippides was the only author with a recent monograph published on the final so-called Constantine of Helen, it just so happened that our paths would once again cross, this time on the Kindle app of my iPhone. Perhaps it was fate, just as it was fate that I'd sit through an ebullient bloviation session from a pea-brained art school professor on one day, then on the next day find my own old professor's monograph fortuitously on sale, reduced to a price more appropriate for the proletariat as such.

03. 602:811 74.2% After confirming the price reduction multiple days in a row I finally pulled the trigger and bought the book, only downloading said book during a solitary circular sojourn around Foxwoods, like busy attempting to continue his luck on the slot machines—having won two hundred dollars on one roll prior to our high class Chinese dinner, which he magnanimously comped, and Tina passed out in the car, tired and hungover after an ill-advised decision to daydrink prior to our venturing to the casino for the night. At first, in preparation of my reading, I sat in line at Dunkin Donuts, surprisingly the only coffee shop open at the expansive casino, and bought a medium iced coffee for myself with almond milk. Three men stood in front of me and struck me as abutting old men until I began to consider they very well could be the same age as I, clinging, it struck me, to perhaps some fading beacon of youth, one of them adorned in deluxe Michael Jordan sneakers, the other making a long speech to the Dunkin Donuts barista about how much he likes his Caramel coffee, yet curiously punctuating the note by repeatedly saying he's not that picky. In the rainforest casino, sipping my iced coffee with water audibly falling all around me, I got my five dollar double poker game out of the way, realizing slowly that the first two machines didn't work, then slowly realizing I completely forgot how to play double poker, despite being so exuberant at the thought of finally finding a double poker machine to play. I googled 'How to play double poker', but couldn't seem to find a concise explanation, an explanation that would allow me

to play double poker immediately, which was the extent of everything I wanted at the time. Leaving the double poker machines after immediately losing five dollars, I decided to spend the last of my cash on an ice cream cone, then begin reading Philippides' monograph. The ice cream barista informed me there were no cones left, which was disappointing in the extreme. Feigning no disappointment, I ordered two scoops of the cappuccino gelato and was subsequently given a spoon half the size of my own pinky finger, which isn't a particularly large pinky finger, I've never had my pinky finger described as abnormally large by anyone, to the best of my knowledge, to scoop out both scoops of ice cream from the surprisingly deep cup. I didn't object, instead feeling curiously lucky to pay seven dollars for this ice cream cup, then walking around to find myself quite enjoying said ice cream, the end-game of said ice cream of course being that I ate the last half scoop essentially with my bare hands, walking around by myself, enjoying nothing more than eating this ice cream with both an absurdly tiny spoon and also with my bare hands. Finally, after washing the cappuccino gelato off my hands in the Foxwoods rest area I sat on a park bench and opened up my Kindle app to open up Philippides' monograph on the final so-called emperor of the Greeks.

Footnotes

---01 539:721 .748 Well Mr [K][a]zantz[a][k][i][s], [i]f I'm [b][e]ing hone[s]t with [y]ou, [c]omp[ll][e]te[ll][y] hone[s]t with [y]ou, if I'm h[o]lding [b]a[c]k [n]ext to [n][o] hone[s]ty what[s][o]ever, I should [n][o]te that, ye[s], [i]t'[s] [i]nd[u][b]ita[b][ll]y tr[ue] that of [l]ate [l]'ve [f]ound m[y][s]el[f] [g]l[u]ttonou[s][ll]y ch[ew]ing [f]our to [s]even [s][ll][i][c]es of [g][u]m in [s][i]multaneit[y], [f]or a va[r][i]et[y] of [r][e]asons---[i]n [f][a][c]t, [i]t was ju[s]t ye[s]terday [a][f]ternoon, [p]rior to l[e]aving ou[r] a[p]a[r]tment to [g]o [g]rab a [c]o[ff][e]e that I i[n]d[i]s[c]r[i]m[i]nately shoved a[n] e[n][t]ire [p]a[ck] of [g]um i[n][t]o [m]y [m]outh and ex[u][b]erant[ll]y ch[ew]ed this [l]arge [b]all of [g]um, [w]ondered i[f] che[w]ing [g]um [w]as actually [g]ood [f]or your teeth, when [th]e [th]ought o[cc]urred to [m][e]: Is [e][m]o the [h]ighe[s]t [f]orm of [c]la[ss]i[c]al [m]usi[c] A[m]e[r][i][c]a [i]s [h]i[s]to[r]i[c]ally [r]e[s][p]on[s]ible [f]or? When di[s][c]u[ss]ing A[m]e[r][i]c[an] [m]usi[c], I thought [w]hile che[w]ing a[n] e[n]tire [p]a[ck] o[f] g[u]m, a litany of [g]en[r]es, f[r]om [p]ost-bo[p] [j]azz, to ex[p]e[r]i[m]ental ro[c]k, to [a]v[a]nt-[m]etal to the [s][o]-[c]a[ll]ed [c][ll]a[ss]i[c]a[ll]y trained [c]om[p][o]sers of [A][m]e[r][i]c[an] [d]e[s]cent, are [d]i[s][c]u[ss]ed as 'the tru[ll]y [c][ll]a[ss]i[c]al [m]usi[c] of A[m]e[r][i]c[a].' 'B[u]t wh[at] if e[m]o is the t[r]u[ll]y [c][ll]a[ss]i[c]al A[m]e[r][i]c[an] [m]usi[c]?' I thought to [m]y[s]elf, che[w]ing a[n] e[n]tire [p]a[ck]

[o]f g[u]m, [p]re[p]a[r]ing my[s]el[f] to [p]ay
 [f]ull-[p][r]i[c]e [f]or a [c]o[ff]ee out [s]ome[w]here,
 des[p]i[te] the [f][a][c]t [I] h[a]d a[n] e[n]t[i]re [p]ot
 of [c]o[ff]ee at [m]y a[p]art[m]ent, waiting to [b]e
 im[b]ibed [f]or [f]r[e]e. The [p]ri[m]ar[y] [c]onc[ei]t
 of [e][m]o [m]us[i][c] i[s] that i[ts] [c]re[a]tors are
 young a[n]d white a[n]d [m][a]le, and [th]at [th]ey
 or[i]g[i]n[a]te [f]rom [n][ei]ghborhoods that are
 sa[f]e i[f] n[ot] o[p]ule[n]t a[n]d utter[l]y h[a]te their
 l[i]ves. [N]othing, it should be [n]oted, is [e]ver
 [p]ro[c]e[ed]ing w[e]ll for the [e]mo band, as the
 [s]lighte[s]t [d][e]v[i]ation from the [e]mo [b]and's
 [b]e[s]t [c]a[s]e [s]cenario is [a]lways
 [a]p[ro]c[a]l[y]p[tic], de[s]p[ite] the f[a]c[t]
 th[at], [s]o[c]io[p]o[li]ti[c]a[l]l[y] at l[i]ea[s]t, [th]ey
 have [e]very[th]ing going for [th]em. The e[m]o
 [p]ar[t]i[c]i[p]ant [e]x[i]s[ts] at the a[p]ex of the
 A[m]eri[c]an [t]o[te]m [p]o[le], and des[p]ite thi[s]
 fa[c]t [e]verything re[m]ains [e]ss[en]tially
 o[b]je[c]tiona[b]le to them. Noth[i]ng i[s] going well!
 The emo [s]ong [i]s, i[n] pract[i]c[e], [th]e
 a[n]ti[th]e[s]i[s] of the virtue [s]ignal. [A]nd it
 o[cc]urred to [m]e, as I le[f]t [m]y a[p]art[m]ent to
 [p]ay [f]ou[r] dollars [f]o[r] a [c]o[ff]ee that would
 i[n]evita[b]lly [b]e [c]o-o[p]ted [b]y a[n] art
 [s]c[h]ool [p]ro[f]e[ss]or, with n[o] regard to
 [s]o[c]ia[l]ly a[cc]e[p]ta[b]le d[e]c[i]b[e]l
 l[e]vels. [p]ont[i]f[i]c[a]ting a[b]out [p]eo[p]le as
 [b]r[an]ds to [a] [f]o[r]eign exch[a]nge [s]tudent,
 [th]at [th]i[s] t[y]p[e] of w[i]de-[e]y[e]d
 [n]ar[c]i[s]s[m], [th]at [th]i[s] un[i]ron[i]c

[i]g[n]oran[c]e of [s]ocio[p]ol[i]t[i][c]al t[o]tem
 [p][o]les, thi[s] ob[s][e]ss[i]on w[i]th di[r][e][c]t,
 l[i]ved [e]x[p][e]r[i]en[c]e at the [e]x[p]en[s]e of
 [e]verything [c]on[c][e]p[tual---is [p]erha[p]s the
 a[p]ex of what should [c]om[p]rise A[m]er[i][c]an
 [c]la[s]s[i][c]al [m]usi[c]? [A]nd I [n]o[dd]ed my
 [h]ead [a]t this [n]otion [a]s we en[t]ered the
 [H]on[d]a [a][s]king [K][a]t i[f] sh[e]’d b[e] [w]i[l]ling
 to [p][l][ay] ‘[O]ne-[Ei]ghty by [S]ummer’ on our
 [w][ay] to the [c]o[ff]ee sho[p].

---02 413:542 .762 I [s]u[pp]ose you [c]ould [s]ay it
 was [f]ortuitou[s], i[f] not a [d]ire[c]t [p]ro[d]u[c]t of
 [f]ate it[s]el[f], that with [th]ese [th]oughts in m[i]nd,
 wh[i]le browsing my Sho[p]ping L[i]s[t on
 A[m]az[o]n d[o]t [c][o]m, while [c]on[s]i[de]ring the
 [m]erits of the [s]o-[c]alled univer[s]it[y]
 [p]ro[f]e[ss]or a[f]ter my en[c]ounter w[i]th th[i]s
 [p]ea-brained art [p]ro[f]e[ss]or [f]rom Yo[l]len[i]’s, I
 [n]o[tic]ed [th]at [th]e [C]on[s]tantine E[l]even
 [m]o[n]o[gra]ph b[y] [m][y] old [c]ollege
 [p]ro[f]e[ss]or, [M]ari[o][s] [Ph]i[l[i]pp]ides, was
 [n]ow on [s]ale---re[d]u[c]ed from the
 [b]or[d]erli[n]e-[i]n[s]ulting [p]r[i][c]e of [n]i[n]ety
 [d]ollars for the hard[c]over, to the
 [i]n[c]rea[s]ing[l]y [p]a[l]ata[b]le [p]r[i][c]e of
 [n]i[n]e [d]o[l]lars for the [K]in[d]le e[d]ition. I’d had
 [n]o [c]o[m]muni[c]ation w[i]th [Ph]i[l[i]pp]ides
 [s]in[c]e [m][y] t[i]me at [M]a[ss]achu[s]etts, wh[i]ch
 [i]s un[s]ur[p]rising, as I doubt [s]trong[l]y
 [Ph]i[l[i]pp]id[e]s re[c]alls [m][e] in the [l]ea[st],

as a[l][m]o[s]t the entirety of my [l]ate
 a[d]o[l]e[s]cen[c]e was [m]ar[k]ed b[y] [m][y]
 [d]e[d]i[c][a]tio[n] to [m]y
 [d]i[ss]i[p][a]tio[n]-[p]ro[c]e[ss], which I'd
 [e]xte[n]d[e]d i[n]to a[n] [e]r[a] s[ome] m[a]y
 [ch]oose to [ch]a[r]a[c]terize as a [p]o[s]t-youth
 [e]r[a], [s][o] the two of us had [n][o] [n][ee]d, [n][o]
 r[ea]son to [c]o[m]muni[c]ate [w]ith [o]ne a[n]other,
 [p]ri[m]ari[l]y [b]e[c]ause Ph[i][l][i][pp]i[d]es had
 [n]o [i][d]ea who I was. Ju[s]t [b]e[c]ause [t]wo
 per[s]ons o[s]t[en]s[i]bly share a [m]odi[c]um of
 [s]o-[c]alled 'Gree[k] [b]lood' in no way [m]eans they
 [sh]ould [c]o[m]mu[n]i[c]ate [w]ith [o]ne a[n]other.
 [F]or [Ph][i][l][i][pp]i[d]es's [p]art, [h]e [h]as no
 [i][d]ea who I am, and [f]or [m]y [p]art, [m]y on[l]y
 [i]n[t]eraction with [Ph][i][l][i][pp]i[d]es [t]ook
 [p]la[c]e i[n] the [m]i[d]st of [m]y
 [d]i[ss]i[p][a]tion-[p]ro[c]e[ss], of [w]hich I [w]as
 [d]e[d]i[c][a]ted to---yet [b]eing that I'd [b]een
 [l]oo[k]ing [f]or a mono[g]r[aph] on the
 [s][o]-[c]alled '[l]a[s]t em[p]eror of the [G][r]ee[k]s',
 and [b]eing that [Ph][i][l][i][pp]i[d]es was the
 [o]n[l]y [a]uthor with [a] r[e]c[ent] monogra[ph]
 [p]u[b]l[i]shed on the [f]inal [s]o-[c]alled
 [C]on[s]tantine of [H]e[l]en, it ju[s]t [s]o
 [h]a[pp]ened that our [p]a[ths] [w]ould [o]n[c]e
 again [c]ro[ss], thi[s] t[i]me on the [K]indle [a][pp] of
 m[y] i]Phone. [P]erh[a]p[s] it was [f]ate, just [a]s it
 was [f]ate th[at] I'd [s]it through an e[b]u[l]lient
 [b]l[ovi]a[tion] [s]ession [f]rom a [p]ea-b[r]ai[n]ed
 art [s]chool [p]ro[f]e[ss]or on one [d]ay, [th]en on

[th]e n[e]xt [d]ay [f]ind [m]y [ow]n [o]ld
 [p][r]o[f][e][ss]or's [m]onog[r]a[ph] [f]ortuitou[s]ly
 on [s]ale, [r]e[d][u][c]ed t[o] a [p][r]i[c]e [m]ore
 a[pp][r][o][p][r]iate [f]or the [p][r][o]leta[r]iat as
 [s]uch.

---03 602:811 .742 A[f]ter [c]on[f]ir[m]ing the
 [p][r]ice [r]e[d]u[c]tion [m]ulti[p]le [d]ays in a [r]ow
 I [f]inally [p]ulled the t[r]igger and [b]ought the
 [b]oo[k], [o]n[l]y [d]own[l][o]a[d]ing said [b]oo[k]
 [d]u[r]ing a [s]o[l]ita[r]y [c]ir[cu]l[ar] [s][o]urn
 a[r]ound [F]oxwoods, I[k]e busy a[tt]emp[t]ing [t]o
 [c]on[t]inue his [l]u[ck] [o]n the s[l]o[t
 machines---[h]aving wo[n] two [h]u[n][d]red
 [d]o[l]lars on o[n]e [r]oll [p][r][i]or to our [h][i]gh
 [c][l]a[s]s Chin[e]se [d][i]nner, wh[i]ch he
 [m][a]gn[a]ni[m]ou[s]l[y] [c]om[p]ed---[a]nd [K][a]t
 [p][a]ssed out in the [c]ar, [t]ired a[n]d hungover
 [a]fter a[n] ill-[a][d][v][i]sed [d]e[c]ision to
 [d]ay[d][r]in[k] [p][r][i]or to our [v]entu[r]ing to the
 [c]a[s]i[n]o for the [n]ight. At fir[s]t, in
 [p]re[p]a[r]ation of my [r]ea[d]ing, [l] [s]at in l[i]ne at
 [D]un[k]in [D]onuts, [s]ur[p]risingl[y] the on[l]y
 [c]o[ff]ee sho[p] o[p]en at the ex[p]a[n]sive
 [c]a[s]ino, [a]nd bought a [m]e[d]i[u]m i[c]ed
 [c]o[ff]ee [f]or [m]y[s]el[f] with al[m]ond [m]il[k].
 Three [m]en [s][t]ood in [f]r[o]nt of [m]e and
 [s][t]r[u]ck [m]e as a[b]u[tt]ing old [m]en un[t]il I
 [b]egan [t]o [c]on[s]ider they very well [c]ould [b]e
 the [s][a]me [a]ge as I, [c]l[i]ng[i]ng, [i]t [s]tru[ck]
 me, to [p]erha[p]s [s]ome fa[d]ing b[e]a[c]on of

youth, one of them a[d]orned in [d]eluxe [M]i[ch]ael
 Jor[d]an [s]n[ea][k]ers, the other [m]a[k]ing a long
 [s][p][ee]ch to the [D]un[k]in [D]onuts bar[i][s]ta
 about [h]ow [m]uch [h]e li[k]es his [C]ara[m]el
 [c]off[ee] yet [c]uriou[s]l[y] [p]un[c]tu[a]ting the
 [n]ote by [r]e[p]eatedl[y] [s][a]ying he's [n]ot that
 [p]i[ck]y. In the [r]ain[f]ore[s]t [c]a[s]i[n]o,
 [s]i[pp]ing my i[c]ed [c]o[ff]ee, [w]ith [w]ater
 [au][d]i[b]l[y] [f][a]lling [a]ll [a]round m[e], I got my
 [f]ive [d]ollar [d]ou[b]le [p]o[k]er g[a]me out of the
 w[ay], rea[l]izing [s][l]owl[y] [th]at [th]e [f]i[r]st
 two machines [d]i[d]n't wo[r]k, then [s][l]owl[y]
 rea[l]i[zi]ng [I] [c]om[p]l[i]te[l]y [f]orgot how to
 [p]l[ay] double [p]o[k]er, [d]e[s]p[i]te [b]eing [s]o
 exu[b]erant at [th]e [th]ought of [f]i[n]ally
 [f]i[n]ding a [d]ou[b]le [p]oker machine to [p]lay. I
 [g]oo[g]led 'How to [p]lay [d]ou[b]le [p]o[k]er' [b]ut
 [c]oul[d]n't [s]eem to f[i]nd a [c]on[c]i[s]e
 ex[p]lan[a]tion, an ex[p]lan[a]tion that would a[ll]ow
 me to [p]l[ay] [d]ou[b]le [p]o[k]er
 imm[e][d]i[ate]l[y], [w]hich [w]as the [e]xtent of
 [e]verything [I] [w]an[t]ed at the [t]i[me]. [L]eaving
 the [d]ouble [p]oker [m]ach[i]nes a[f]ter
 i[m]m[e][d]i[ate]l[y] [l]osing [f]ive [d]o[ll]ars, I
 [d]e[c]i[d]ed to [s]p[en]d the [l]a[s]t of my [c][a]sh
 o[n] a[n] i[c]e [c]ream [c]one, then begin
 [r]ea[d]ing [Ph]i[l[i]pp[i]d[e]s' monog[r]a[ph].
 The i[c]e [c]r[ea]m ba[r]i[s]ta in[f]ormed me
 there were n[o] [c]o[ne]s le[f]t, [w]hich [w]as
 di[s]a[p]pointing in the extr[e]m[e]. [F]eig[n]ing [n]o
 [d]i[s]a[p]p[oi]ntment, I or[d]ered t[wo] [s][c]oo[p]s

of the [c]a[pp]uccin[o] ge[l]at[o] and was
[s]ub[s]e[quentl]y given a [s][p]oon hal[f] the [s]ize
of my own [p][i]n[k]y [f][i]nger, wh[i]ch [i]sn't a
[p]arti[cu]lar[l]y [l]arge [p][i]n[k]y [f][i]nger, I'v[e]
ne[v]er had my [p]in[k]y [f]inger de[s][c]ribed [a]s
[a][b][n]orma[l]l[y] [l]arge [b]y anyone, to the [b]e[s]t
of my k[n]owledge, to [s][c]oo[p] out [b]oth
[s][c]oo[p]s of i[c]e [c]ream from the
[s]ur[p]risingl[y] [d][e]e[p] [c]u[p]. I [d]i[d]n't
obj[e]c[t, in[s]t[e]ad fee[l]ing [c]urious[l]y
[l]u[ck]y to [p]ay [s]even [d]o[l]lars for thi[s] i[c]e
[c]ream [c]u[p], then wal[k]ing around to [f]i[n]d
m[y][s]elf [q]uite [e]njoying [s]aid i[c]e [c]ream, the
[e]nd-game of [s]aid i[c]e [c]ream of [c]our[s]e
[b]eing that I ate the [l][a][s]t [h][a]lf [s][c]oop
e[ss]entiall[y] [w]ith my [b]are [h][a]nds, [w]al[k]ing
around [b]y m[y][s]elf, enjoying nothing more than
[ea]ting thi[s] i[c]e [c]r[ea]m with [b]oth [a]n
[a][b][s]urdl[y] tin[y] [s][p]oon and al[s]o with my
[b]a[re] h[a]nds. [F]ina[l]l[y], [a]f[ter] washing the
c[a][p]uccin[o] ge[l]at[o] o[ff] my h[a]nds in the
[F]oxwoods [r]e[s]t a[r]ea, I [s]at on a [p]ar[k] bench
and o[p]ened u[p] my [K]in[d]le a[pp] to o[p]en u[p]
[Ph]ili[pp][i][d][e]s' mo[n]o[gl]o[ph] on the
[f]i[n]al [s]o-[c]alled em[p]e[r]or of the [G][r]ee[k][s].