

## Adjusted Paradise, Art v. Science

The following pieces are best looked at as one block, as opposed to three separate papers, despite the fact that they all started out as the same piece. The first page is the block format paper that is the inception of the two that follow. What I did was write a piece pondering the greatness of backpacking through a country and the greater experience that comes along with it, but with the increasing shrinking of the world, backpacking through places where only natives go, real untainted places of wonder, are becoming smaller and smaller. That is something that I have been thinking about more recently, I think back on if I will be able to see the same place in the Philippines that I write about in the piece, or if it will be another tourist destination like Orlando, which is the way of most places of this level of beauty.

How I appropriated these pieces was to have them to two of my friends who I know well, but are different people. One is a sound engineer and a musician, a truly creative mind. The other a person who is a very formulated, calculated, and a bio-chemistry major, someone who likes form and function. What resulted was an interesting dichotomy of two different papers that are similar in certain ways, such as the words that they chose to highlight or point out at several points turn out to be the same for both, the most interesting of these is the last words in the piece which are almost identical, despite the fact that the two never looked at each other's appropriation, other than they both knew there was another doing a similar task. I gave each of them the same starting point, but other than that, there was no direction.

As I suspected the first of the appropriated pieces that follows the block page, was done by the artistic friend, had less form, more done to it, and moved things around even. While the second one was more formulated, erased considerably more, and asked several questions while conducting the appropriation, while the artistically inclined friend asked nothing past reading the

prompt. What I found practically interesting was how my scientifically inclined friend deleted all of the passages that involved me describing things as art, while the opposite was true of the other, he merely changed the font to one where you can't tell what the word is. There was very little font change by the scientist, but dozens of changes by the artist, the scientist even chose to keep it in the standard format for turning in a paper to a class. The reason I had set it up between the two different people was for the reason of seeing how two different people could change a piece if they were told to do so, I wanted to see what would happen to something that I have written, if it was meant to be changed in a creative way, and how that means to the two different types of people. I intentionally made the starting piece as bland and irritating to follow reading as possible, in the hopes that they would be forced to delete sentences, since they were not allowed to go over a page.

Below is the prompt that I attached to the papers that they were told to read first before getting started on the appropriating;

“Above is the article that you will be appropriating. Currently, the piece is in times new roman 12 point font and is justified format. You are allowed to change anything you want, if that means move the order of the sentences, delete sentences, change the way that it looks in any manner. You could even change some of the sentences to coded fonts, but there are some rules that you have to follow. You are not allowed to add words, if you delete letters to make words, which is fine, but you are not allowed to add any words. You are also not allowed to go over a single page, if you reformat the piece to make paragraph portions, then you have to adjust for the page requirement. You are able to change the spacing on the sides of the page as well, so besides the rules the piece is yours to do what you please, get creative.”

I've recently learned a new art, it turns out I have been capable of this for some time now, just never was able to put it into practice before. This isn't an art form that requires much supplies or studying, but is purely based on experience and I think it takes an experience of exploring a place of wonder to flesh it out of you. All this needs is a pencil, paper, a backpack, sandals, a few shirts, swimsuit, add the clothes on your back and you'll have all that you need for an adventure. What I'm speaking of is backpacking, a hobby, and profession to some, where you spend a period of time exploring a new country by ways of dirt roads, boats, buses, any way to get around and with the aim of seeing it through the eyes of a native. Now there are many guides that will ensure you never get to experience being Lonely along the way, keeping yourself as busy every day, stretching into quick nights of sleep. But the purest way to do this is to take your pals and set out. While I was spending some time in Asia I had several of these adventures, and I could tell you a multitude of stories about backpacking. Either how I almost didn't get allowed into Japan, or how I got sunburn in the heat the same day that I slept in blow freezing mountains, or even how I learned how to meditate in a naked hot spring from a man who spoke no English, but the one that I will carry with me and I chose to write down is when I found this paradise. Now not in a sense of a heavenly perfect place, but rather the most perfectly imperfect spot of land I have yet to lay my head down for a nights rest. There were the majestic limestone islands that stretched for as long as my sight could reach, looking as if someone threw them in place, tossing them where they see fit, and throwing white sand beaches along them in a similar manner. A place where the air is a cocktail of humidity, salt, and the untainted nature of clean clear air that leaves you longing for it on those dreary city days. The idea I have of a paradise isn't the sort of getting fat and drunk at the side of the water, but rather one where I can lose myself in something larger than me, something that forces me to step out of myself and into a world where if I was to think for too long I would miss things like the green glowing water that at night lights up with a mere disturbance to its placidity. Kayaking, that was the best way for me to achieve this paradise goal and I did it by sharing a kayak with mates on an adventure into the tossed limestone isles. The mind clearing motion of the paddles hitting the water rhythmically while the aft cuts through the subtle waves. Having my eyes filled with the grandest scape of ocean trees, rocks, and sand. Finding monkeys and cats on islands that are well off of any main land that have either left them there for extended time or placed there of recent time. This new art gave me a new perspective on what can be described with the extent of a pencil and paper, how some things no matter how strong your pen is, can't be done justice. How learning what you can go without changes what you need. This, I fear, comes with a great cost. See I saw this majestic, mystic, land by way of spoken word through travelers and explorers the like. The more people that even read this story, and the more other people tell there's, the more this memory of paradise is nothing more than a memory. How that remarkable air is polluted with the air of tourists. How the dirt road that took claim to the skin off my knee is going to get paved over with the words of progress and economics. There then go the displaced animals on sandy shores and the kayaks, in the place for motorboats and resorts. It's amazing how much time causes things to change, and all I will be left with is the memory and these words on a page.

(I've recently learned a new ~" .)

This isn't an ~" form that requires studying, but is purely based on experience and I think it takes an **EXPERIENCE** of e.x.p.l.o.r...i.n.g a p.l.a.c.e to **WONDER** it out of you. All this needs is a backpack add the clothes on your back and you'll have all that you need for an ~^\*\*\ " . What I'm speaking of is ~ J ± √ ~ J ± X \ ° , a hobby where you spend a period of time exploring a country by ways of dirt roads, boats, buses, any way to get around and with the aim of seeing it through the eyes of native. Now there are many guides that will ensure you never get to experience Lonley along the way, keeping yourself busy every day, stretching. But the purest way to do this is to *take* your pals and set out. While I was spending some *Asia* time I had several of these adventures, and I could tell you stories. Either how I almost didn't get allowed into ù ~ √ ~ \ , or how I got sunburn in the heat the same day that I slept in freezing mountains, or even how I learned how to ∙ ∙ ≡ ↗ ♥ in a naked hot spring from a man who spoke no ā \ ° ≡ X ∙ ∙ ∙ , but the one that I will carry with me and I chose to write down is when I found this paradise. There were the *majestic* limestone islands that stretched for as long as my sight could reach, looking as if someone threw them in place, tossing them where they see fit, and throwing white sand beaches along them. A place where the air is a *cocktail* of HUMIDITY, salt, and the unTAINTED nature of clean clear air that leaves you longing for it on those dreary [city days]. 📖

~~The idea I have of a paradise one where I can lose myself in something larger than me, something that forces me to step out of myself and into a world where if I think for too long I miss the green glowing water that at night lights up with a mere disturbance to its placidity.~~ λ ~ ^ ~ ± X \ ° was the best way for me to achieve this paradise goal and I did it by SHARING a ± ~ ^ ~ ± into the tossed limestone isles. The mind clearing motion of the paddles hitting the water R..h.y..T.h..m.I..c.a..L.l..y while the aft cuts through the subtle waves. Having my eyes filled with the grandest scape of ocean trees, rocks, and sand. Finding monkeys and cats on ( islands ) that are off of any main land that have either left them there for extended time or placed there of recent time.

This new ~" gave me a new perspective on what can be described with the extent of a pencil and paper, how some things no matter how **strong** your pen is, **can't** do **justice**. This, I fear, comes with a great cost. See I saw this majestic, mystic, land by way of spoken word through travelers and explorers the like. The more people that even ~ ~ this story, and the more **other** people tell there's, the more this memory of paradise is nothing more than a memory. How that remarkable air is polluted with the air of tourists. How the dirt road that took claim to the skin off my knee is going to get paved over with the *words* of progress and economics. There then go the displaced animals on sandy shores and the ± ~ ^ ~ ± ∙ ∙ ∙ , in the place for ≡ ↗ " ↗ ∙ ∙ ∙ and " ∙ ∙ ∙ ↗ " ∙ ∙ ∙ . It's amazing how much time causes things to change, and all I will be left with is the *memory* and these words on a page.

All this needs is a pencil, paper,  
a backpack, sandals, a few shirts,  
swimsuit, add the clothes on your back  
and you'll have all that you need for an adventure.

What I'm speaking of is backpacking, a hobby, and profession to some,  
where you spend a period of time exploring a new country by ways of  
dirt roads,  
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any way to get around and with the aim of seeing it through the eyes of a native. While I was  
spending some time in Asia I had several of these adventures, and I could tell you a multitude of  
stories about backpacking.

Either how I almost didn't get allowed into Japan,  
or how I got sunburn in the heat the same day that I slept in *below freezing mountains*,  
or even how I learned how to meditate in a naked hot spring from a man who spoke **no English**,  
but the one that I will carry with me and I chose to write down is when I found this paradise.

The most **perfectly imperfect** spot of land I have yet to lay my head down for a nights rest.  
There were the majestic limestone islands that stretched for as long as my sight could reach,  
looking as if someone threw them in place, tossing them where they see fit,  
and throwing white sand beaches along them in a similar manner.

A place where the air is a cocktail of *humidity, salt*, and the untainted nature of *clean clear air*  
that leaves you longing for it on those *dreary city days*. The idea I have of a paradise isn't the sort  
of getting fat and drunk at the side of the water, but rather one where I can lose myself in  
something **larger than me**, something that forces me to step out of myself and into a world  
where if I was to think for too long I would miss the **green glowing water** that at night lights up  
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How that remarkable air is polluted with the air of tourists.

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