

ANTHOLOGICA



ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO

GREG MARCY DA GAMA

PRINT. DIGITAL. FILM. STAGE. STREAM.

MMXXI

神道 OM

{ EXCERPT EDITION }

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ODYSSEY STUDIO da GAMA

"Tell me, Muse, of the man of many ways,
who was driven far journeys, after he had
sacked Troy's sacred citadel.

Many were they whose cities he saw, whose
minds he learned of, many the pains he
suffered in his spirit on the wide sea, struggling
for his own life and the homecoming of his
companions.

Even so he could not save his companions,
hard though he strove to; they were destroyed
by their own wild recklessness, fools, who
devoured the oxen of Helios, the Sun God,
and he took away the day of their
homecoming."

~ Homer, The Odyssey ~

~ Ω ~



ODYSSEY STUDIO GAMA

My name is Greg Marcy da Gama. We're on the Isle of Crete It's a good time to be alive.

Who are we? Where are we going? How are we going to get there? In the next hour, give or take a little, given you are an Agent, Publisher, Producer, or Investor, you yourself have likely given and taken much in your life - we are no different – we'll share with you the reasons why we invite your visit.

A long time ago, so long now I hardly remember even who it is I was, or even where it is I was, pero, I remember this, I was a hotshot young artist playwright, living the big life on the beaches of California, proud father to a soon near-slaughtered 12 year-old son, the Golden Boy. In the blink of an eye life can change, and for my son, and for me, the Fates did blink and in that moment, when the Gods sent a truck hurtling down a street slamming my son into the concrete pavement, it was then his world and my world too were changed, irrevocably, irreparably, immemorially. Let me tell you something. What doesn't outright kill you, in the end, it only serves to make you stronger. Or it does kill you. Am I a stronger man than on that fateful day thirty years ago? Is my son? I would like to think so. Artist, I put that aside.

A man, if he is any kind of good man at all, he puts aside the desires of the heart and first places the needs of his family. That is what I did. It was for the best. *'The Boy Who Cheated Death'*, now, thirty years later, the story of a successful fight against the Fates, it is its own story. My

son’s story. Good for him. Listen. Life moves on. The only thing certain is change. Change, we did. And it’s why I am here. Change. Time to move forward. Yes. Forward!

ANTHOLOGICA. Odyssey Studio da Gama. That is what brought us to Crete. A magical place. Settled by the gods thousands of years ago, centered in the Mediterranean, home of Minos, his wife, Itone, snicker, and the old man Zeus himself; him, he lives up on the plateau nearby. In fact I’ve recently been to his place and from his lips came carrying instructions. They are these.

“Take your ten stories, man, put them onto paper, send them out to sea in small glass wares. To those who find them, bring them to the Isle. Once here, with you, they will join us and live here among the gods!” Of course, I was with a large Greek family celebrating the day with their friends, drinking Raki, so perhaps I may not have clearly heard every word, but I do think you understand what he was saying. So here we are – and, welcome.

Odyssey Studio is our boutique, if you will. A small, persistent cadre of artists and thinkers, writers and technologists, financiers and administrators, working together like a family. ‘*Somos una familia*’ Indeed. ANTHOLOGICA is why we are here.

What is art? What is an artist? What makes a great work of art great? These are questions that have occupied the minds of thinkers and viewers of art since time immemorial. In ANTHOLOGICA, we present excerpts from ten works. In their pages, words, ideas, scenes, sets, proposals for print, digital, film, stage, or stream, we try to lend life to the idea that art in of itself is worthy and storytelling is at heart the basis of all art.

Are they art? That is for you to decide. In the end, all art speaks for itself. Yet, art without audience is nothingness. Hence, it is those with the eye to recognize what is great art that we direct our attentions. *What makes a great work of art great?* It’s ability to withstand fatigue in the eye or ear of the beholder. One does not tire of its presence to the senses. For those expending resources to bring great art to life, that is the benchmark we all agree upon in determining if a work of art we encounter is worthy of promulgation, development, extrapolation, investment. Life is full of risks. It is the rewards we seek, for taking those risks that make the journey more satisfying and worthwhile. To that end, let us now walk a bit, as they say, here in the garden, and visit a few moments with each of the works we present to you as agents, publishers, producers, and investors. Are they any good? We’ll soon find out, won’t we?”



About 4,200 years ago, down the road from Chersonissos, Crete where I now write, there lies the city of Heraklion. The same place, then called Hercules, from where my ancestors across and out of the Mediterranean waters did set in motion the curious voyage and times that have become my life.



ANTHOLOGICA. A word. A made-up word. The state of each of us as an anthological collection of ideas and stories. By birth’s peculiar destiny, I am artist and social philosopher. We may or may not know each other; that is unimportant. What is important is your having taken the time to peruse this anthology of a life fully-lived. For that we are eternally grateful.

Chicago, Illinois, winter, 1951. Male child, I was born to a female artist and male jazz trumpeter. Fate tends. With me and my older sister, Maddie, our little family emigrated south to New Orleans; better for my mother to attend Tulane art studies; my artisan father to find and play gigs in the French Quarter. Toddler knows nothing. Genetic memories of those moments are the subject of this anthology.

Fate often plays out on our parents. A young mother and father alchemize love expectations. Dissonant parting, Mom takes we children’s charge. Seed sown, Dad withdraws to a mistily remembered shadow life. Mother attends art classes; fashion modeling puts food on the table. Fate. Under the caring, watchful eye of ‘Gramma Howell’, a wonderful Basin Street, French Quarter woman, it was discovered I had a wordful facility; many young children do. Fortuitous, through the beneficence of Saint Louis Cathedral’s Catholic archdiocese I am awarded a Ford

Foundation media reading scholarship. Four years old; boarding school. First to fourth, skip two grades. Seven years old, mascot scholar serving a company of older boys and men as I would for most of my youth, in private and, later, public schools, I learned the hard and soft realities of adolescence on the road. Saving respite from perdition’s path was my grandparents’ bounteous, fruitful summers spent in leafy bosom of Chesapeake Bay countryside - Frederick Avenue, Shadyside, Maryland. Home is indeed where the heart is.

Over young adulthood the years metamorphose. Excited that my jib was cut from artist-social philosopher cloth, I tried my best to apply myself as an intelligent young man. *‘Raise up a child in the way they should be and in the end they will not depart from it.’* In the early, factual living history, I often failed at it miserably. Fortunate son was raised never to quit; solace was found in books, books, and more books. In books is the word, and in the word is the idea, and in the idea all things are possible. And who were the conduits providing me those tomes? My mother’s own myriad interests, combined with her Grace Kelly beauty, sensuousness, intelligence and charm, altogether, her *ars vitae* made me beneficiary to practiced and powerful people, an astonishingly interesting array of women and men. Amid the gender inequality common to those times, I grew up believing assertive, intelligent masculinity was a perfectly fine thing for which to aspire. I now believe it is true for both genders.

Wise people note the artist, politician, and criminal share a personality archetype. I think that my mother, herself a visionary artist to which little was foreign, she knew this; therefore, she purposefully apprenticed me to the Teacher, the Gambler, the Prince, the Priest; the Nun; Lover; Joker, and Savior; the Warrior, Poet, and Athlete, too. For this I remain eternally grateful. My post off to the side provided me a certain opportunity, if not desire, to closely observe humanity’s intimate nuances – noble and ignoble; glamorous and the treacherous; the proverbial haves and the have-nots; the famous and the defiled; all inescapable tragedies; sublime triumphs. Those of note, I have spent my life silently, sometimes publicly, recording their intimate histories.

Herstories.

Over dinner in Greenwich Village not so very long ago, an intelligent *Senora* I met via a friend had read my recent play, ‘Paris to Istanbul’. A modern, heroic tale of women’s fundamental human rights - especially those living under the strictures of male-led, faith-based societies - over sashimi and Kirin dry, she nodded. She liked it. *“Music, sex, murder, great speeches. What’s not to like?”* Silent pleasures. Further, if I would anthologize my portfolio, none of which had I previously presented to any agency or publisher, she would be happy to forward it. Really. ‘ANTHOLOGICA’, is a humble response to that gracious offer.

A long time ago, so long ago now I can hardly remember who it is I was, I bid farewell to the windy streets of San Francisco and began a trek across America in search of my father. On that journey, even though I did not always know it at the time, I was rediscovering my human roots as a son, father, artist, and social philosopher. Making my way through the Sierra Nevada's, camping high under the stars and blazing, near fatal sunbeams, burning, churning with great glee and abandon, yet, serious, disciplined impulse, preparing by three months of rigorous physical training, I was of body, mind and spirit to encounter, interview, and make decisions regarding a future relation with the man who cast seed and thus my life. Yes, I was training and preparing for the first meeting of my father. Praise the gods.

Following in these pages are excerpts of my artistic and literary portfolio – memoir, novellas, stage plays, musicals, essays, lyrics, poems, songs, as well as previews of works in progress and of those being imagined. I present them with the sincere hope that their careful perusal by the trained eye might reveal potential value residing within them and leading to intentionally acting upon their successful monetization. That is the purpose of this sketchbook. Nothing more, nothing less. Having said that, to share a sketchbook such as this is a personal conversation in of itself, hence, its friendly and personal tone. Asked to write a bit of myself and lives lived and observed, my archetype is part Quixote, part Ulysses. We are who we are. 'ANTHOLOGICA', here I am.



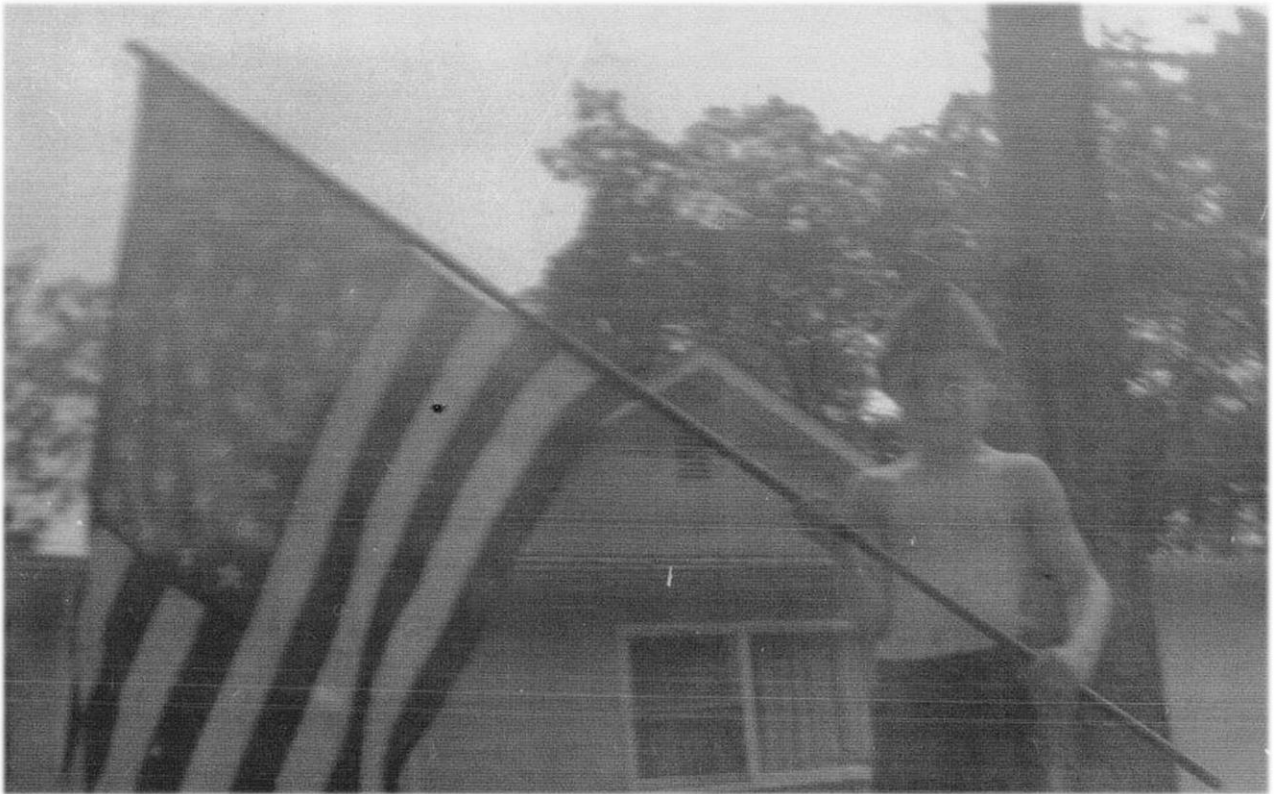
We left Crete long ago across the Mediterranean, through the Pillars of Hercules, north up the coast of Andalusia, our eyes searching river mouths for gold flakes. Finding them, we hike up stream and search for ore necessary for making bronze back on Crete. We found it. It was then and there, my paternal ancestor, a Minoan navigator for King Minos, took a Spanish wife and became part of the Iberian Tribe. Millennial centuries later, we left Spain in the 1800's for the Americas. This year, I have come home.



When I got to his bedside in ICU, Baylor, Dallas, his mother not seeing me enter, I come across my Icarus lying there, beautiful, handsome, tanned, brownish hair streaked blonde by the sun and salt of the Pacific, a mask on his face, a tube down his throat, a machine breathing for him, dried blood streaked all over his lithe, muscular frame, boy soon into man, his arm and wrist twisted in

a grotseque and bruised, broken manner, my instinct was, and indeed it was my plan, I was going to lift off his mask and breathe into his lungs, to give him life and to hold this mortal coil to our Earth. It was not to be. I could see if I did that, he would die right in front of me for it was the machine keeping him alive and nothing else. I was strong. That is for sure. The gods have their ways all the way back from Zeus to Minos to Minos Maximus, to the Rodrigos in Iberia, to da Gama, to then the Americas, to don't you ever F'in quit MF and don't you dare complain. So I held my power, watched him, and sensed, he is going to live, yet, it is going to be a crushed life of body and mind that is for sure. *Stay the course, MF.* Do the right thing. It is the way of the world and it cannot be helped. At that moment, Beauty who had denied me so many times before, walked in beside me, put her arms around me, clutching me in sobs. I did not say a word.

Once upon a time, so long ago now I hardly even remember who it is I was, or even where it I was, pero, I remember this, I was in Shadyside, Maryland, in my magical room at home with my grandparents, Mary Frances and William L. Swett, him, the grandest grandfather of them all, a man like Lincoln if ever there was another, and my Gram, the greatest BS detecting, humorously grieved, angry drinker with a tender well meaning heart who ever lived, or, at least whoever was my one and only grandmother in the world. So it was like this . . .



I'm in my room reading all about Harry Houdini. I am a smart little F'er, you see, for I have twenty-four encyclopedias at my fingertips, two dictionaries, a book of world maps, a thesaurus, a ruler, pencil, scissors, boxes and boxes of other interesting and related material, things like plastic handcuffs, dice, Mexican jumping beans, trained flea kits, garden party magic instructions, quarters, dimes, half dollars, even a shiny silver dollar from 1910 – so I know I am one special, lucky young man, and further, with practice, and that is what I am for, practice, practice, practice, I am going to be as GREAT AS HOUDINI!! Mark my words. Hey, here's a pencil.

As I was telling you before my Gram knocked at the door telling me I have to take out the trash and stuff, that's kind of magic, too, because I make it all disappear!! But let me tell you about the magic I am doing right here and now. For one, I am a big reader and a big writer. I have my own Royal typewriter that Granddaddy gave me from up in the attic, the

hidden, (hidden in plain sight right above me) and I use it to write all kinds of things. I type up the envelopes that Gram needs sending to pay what she calls, 'all these damn bills!', I write my Mom a letter every Wednesday afternoon before I can have snacks, (even if I don't have nothin' to say I still have to write at least a whole page), and, here's the secret stuff, since I am also in charge of the postal delivery service, you see we don't have no mailboxes on our house and nobody else does either, I, not you, not Millard, not Doug, not David, only me, I am the one who walks to the corner EVERY DAY and collects mail from the boxes all grouped together near Aunt Katherine's house, along with the Washington Post and the Evening Star, and the Anne Arrundel Gazette, I am the lucky fellow who takes mail TO the boxes and FROM the boxes. If it's mail, it goes through me. Got that?? Good. Now listen.

Last month I was looking through my copy of Boy's Life Magazine, you know the one with Pedro the Talking Burro, anyways, in the back, there was an advertisement for WORLD'S GREATEST MAGIC TRICKS!! (BASED on Harry Houdini + Escape Tricks). Naturally, I knew this was forme. I typed a nifty letter, the contents of which I won't bore you with here, but with four quarters I nicked from Grandaddy's big, I think the word is "humongous" pickle change jar (he was at work and Gram was reading in the living room), I taped them between two pieces of cereal cardboard, and along with that nifty letter, slight of hand from the kitchen drawer affixed two stamps to the finely typed envelope, it's was headed all the way to New York city!! Nobody the wiser either. Last week the package arrived and now, since only I am the local mail man, have it here in my room and secretly working my skinny butt off to learn to do the completely MINDBLOWING tricks it has!! They are incredible!

But there is a problem, see? Oh, I can make a quarter roll over from one finger to the next and then slide it tween my ring finger and my pinky, that's no problem, and even palming it is easy too, I can drop it on the back of my elbow and make it look like I am throwoing it up in the air with my left hand and do it so fast you think its disappeared in thin air, but it's not, its in mh right hand which is now tickling your ear and sure enough I'm going to pull that quarter right out of your damn ear!! I am!! "I'm a good, am I ain't?!!" I is, I am!!

Except, there is always a damn 'except'. Except, I got a problem. Don't be tellin' nobody about it. I don't let nobody know n if we're gonna stay friends you got to keep this tween us. Okay, here goes.

I have hard time to read, wel not read, but to understand instructions, I mean to follow them, I mean, not really, well, what I Mean is, if like when I see 3 or 4 drawings in a row, and if they have pictures of do this n od that, and they all do, magic, you gotta follow the instructions or the stuff don't work, and there's the problem, see? I got somethin' missin' in my mind where I can't seem to follow pictures like I can words. Words? You name it. I can follow any word that ever lived. Any idea big or small. Pictures, specialy when they got words with them and they keep changing what they lok like and you got to remember in your head what you just saw and did, that work none too good for me. So I'm kinda stuck on the first two, three, four tricks which I got down good. The restI'm ghaving trouble with. Frown. Bad words.

This is when I hate not having a Dad. Hate, hate, hate. HATE, HATE, HATE IT!! WHERE ARE YOU??!!! Its not FIAR! gRanddaddy's at work, it's not his fault. Gram's havinga frink in the living room – she don't know nothing about magic. Nobdy's home

anywhere they're all working. I am Houdini fi I want to be but there's nobodhy here but me so that's that and I wll jkust do my best and work hard and play like I am good at this magic stuff and don't be tellin; nobody I am not areal magician because I AM if I had a Dad and tha'ts all there is to sahy about HTAT!!

If you tell anybody my secrets the only thing disappearing will be you! GET IT!!!! i THOUGHT so. I gotta go. Gram's callin' me again to make the trash disappear! I love you!!

And so it went on like this for years and years, Optimus Maximus, boy wonder, unable to much read schematic instructions that come easily to others, this and all things what later 'aptitude psychologists' would come to call 'structural visualization capability', that fancy word, or rather, it's mundane implications would follow and haunt Optimus for the rest of his life. And it wasn't just sequenced graphic pictures requiring basic 'memory for design'. No, it stretched further, much, much further.

For all his vaunted intelligence, reading skills, memorization of long passages almost instantaneously, context and meanings of innumerable polysyllabic words, Optimus Maximus couldn't very well understand the abstraction of juxtaposed number sequences, or remember their order or value to the other, could not grasp what X squared times Y- even meant much less figure out a simple algrebraic equation. It would mean he would flunk any math other than arithmetic, of which at he was extraordinary and could carry incredible numbers of numbers in his head – if they were arithmetic based – but algebra, geometry, physics, anything to do with pictographs and numbers, these were Optimus Maximus' kryptonite, his undoing if you will.

Architecture? One of the seven arts? Optimus could and did dream of grand designs and loved looking at them and thinking ways to build the most wonderful of structures. But read a blueprint? As an older man on Crete thinking of his past life back in the States, now pondering his remaining years on the Isle of the Minoans, those of his ancient ancestors, he knew if he was to build anything here that when it came to the blueprints, actually drawing up and reading precise pictographs of specific linear abstractions, he was as fucked as the local town whore, just a terrible expression, and yet, it was the state of his world and a mature man, he knew it and thus

learned ways around it.

Magic was not going to elude Optimus Maximus – even if he had to stage it by design so that his weakness was never seen, and what looked like magic to others was careful, hard disciplined practice taking into account he knew his weak spots and learned to work around them, turning kryptonite into a shield. Cretan lemons into Minoan lemonade.

What was that kind of magic he learned to do? No need to go into all the details now, but suffice to say, dreaming the dream, the idea, yet knowing there needed technical artists with the skills to pull it off from napkin drawings, Optimus Maxims wrote and produced elaborate stage plays and musicals, social events, parades, protests – often with tens of thousands of people, the logistical arrangements of same required complex methodology and instructions for same. Over and over and over OM said, *‘It can be done.’*, and with guile and guts – and help – it was done. C’est finis.

Now where does this leave us . . . ??

What we have here, ANTHOLOGICA, is a collection of works . . .

INSERT TEXT RECOUNTING WHAT IS ANTHOLOGICA AND WHAT IS OSDG.

THEN REFERENCE WHAT IT IS THEY ARE GOING TO READ, ITS ORDER, MEDIA RES, FND THAT PASSAGE, YOU WILL, DROP IT IN HERE.

THEN, LAY INTO THE BUSINESS AND OPS PLAN OF THE STUDIO.

BE SURE TO REFERENCE IN BRIEF THE HOWS AND WHYS OF OSDG COMNG TOGETHER OVER THE LAST 20 YEARS.

TELL THEM WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO TEACH THEM. TEACH THEM. LET THEM KNOW ABOUT THE APPI SECTION LONG BEFORE THEY GET THERE.

CLOSE CALM AND CONFIDENT WITH THE INSTRUCTIONS AGAIN FOR APPI’S. SAY THANKS. THEN SIT DOWN. SHUT UP. WAIT FOR THE TEXT, EMAIL, OR PHONE TO

RING.

