

WHAT IS FICTION?

**THE MEMOIRS OF SADIE ROSEN, REAL PERSON THAT EXISTS IN THE REAL
WORLD**

I was born so many times it's hard to count, these days. They say true facts are hard to come by, these days. These days, they say, aren't like the other days. Yet somehow (or other) I can't help but notice all of this narrative continuity (from time to time) that appears to exist within the covers of a single human identity, an identity, that for some reason (or other), I can't, for the life of me, seem to escape. This is one true story.

Today a person told me that my t-shirt (depicting a hear-eating zombie) reminded her of home. Shortly before sucking three vials-worth of blood from my body, she asked me what day I was born, to which I responded, "December the 13th, 1979 is the day I was born," but upon further reflection, I cannot claim this to be a true and accurate statement. I would perhaps say instead, "I have been told I was born on 12/13/1979, but I have no specific memory of this and do not even know what those numbers even mean and have a strong suspicion that the colonial calendar system to which they refer does not provide a trustworthy or accurate representation of how our bodies move through time and space, but sure, whatever, for your purposes you can say I was born on that day." My parents do not seem to have too many

specific memories of this day, 42 planetary orbits prior, when I was apparently cut out of my mother (from a hole in her stomach), other than the fact that it was truly a miracle. I suppose I have no reason to doubt this general narrative. Indeed, while I don't have a memory of a specific birthing date, I do seem to have developed a sort of body sense of being pulled out of one level of reality into another, all of a sudden, no less. From time to time, every now and then, I got the sense that this could happen at any moment. Now, could this feeling simply stem from a perhaps traumatic real-thing-that-happened (being born on Dec. 13, 1979)? Sure, I suppose, but then, let's not forget, I am also very much on the record supposing that *anything* is possible. But if that's true, what are we still doing here?

I caught a fish today (this is perhaps an interesting story in its own right, but this is a tale about, I don't know, relatively distant memories, not an account of all the things I did *today*, though I am sure there are theories about how maybe this ~~book~~ life is really indeed the account of a single day, how there is only, from a certain perspective, the ever present now: sorry, I'm still not really sure how a memoir is supposed to work). I once wrote a letter about the nature of sending messages and how it seemed to me (at the time) that the message I was receiving from the universe appeared to be something along the lines of **love, cherries, fish, and cheese**. I think it would be accurate to state that I mailed this

letter from Palestine, where I was living on an anarchist hippie settler-colonial commune in the desert that apparently some people felt smelled like shit from the cows on the dairy farm where I worked as a dairy farmer before deciding I would rather be a retired dairy farmer, though, to be truthful and honest, I don't think I claimed that identity until a conversation that took place on the North Shore of Lake Ponchartrain in response to a question of *what do you do* from a beer distributor who was acting as a chaperone to the children on the Sunship Earth program being administered by the T.R.E.E. people (Teaching Responsible Earth Education) where I spent the week working as the assistant cook to a cook that once officiated the food offered at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival ("Oh me? I'm a retired dairy farmer.") New Orleans was where I had sent the letter (the love letter?) from Palestine, and I would actually arrive in New Orleans before the letter did, having travelled there during Mardi Gras season after a stopover to visit the sands of my birth, a settler colony city known as Philadelphia, where, as has been previously mentioned, I am told I was born on a specific date. This is all true, I think, though I could always be wrong.

Oh shoot. There was more I wanted to say, but I ran out of time, I guess. You might say I'm running slightly behind time again. I'm attempting to clean my house, but I'm not in my house. When I was in my house (I can remember it like it was this very

morning), we were having a conversation (lol) about whether the stories we tell ourselves really happened (you know, in the real world). Today I think I would answer that question with a yes, although today is not the same day as before. Anyway, like I said, once upon a time, I was born.

**CHAPTER TWO IN THE STORY OF MY LIFE, A NARRATIVE OF
REAL THINGS THAT HAPPENED, TOLD IN THE GENRE OF
MEMOIR:**

**PEOPLE THAT WERE OR MAYBE COULD POSSIBLY BE CONSIDERED MY
GIRLFRIEND A.K.A. WALKING DOWN THE ROAD IN A PARTICULAR LOCALE, I'VE GOT 7 WOMEN
ON MY MIND**

As far as I can count, there are three (or possibly four) people that have verbally identified themselves as my girlfriend. But for the purposes of this chapter of memoir, we won't limit ourselves to verbal declarations, but shall include all love affairs of a romantic sort with human beings that merit mention in a memoir about a real person that is me (which this, apparently, is). We will begin, of course, seasonally, or um, by time of day, with my first ever girlfriend, whose name was Dawn.

1. Dawn

In the morning, you might notice, at that particular time, a sharp ray of light that pierces through the window of your soul and/or house, as if to say, "Hey, do you want me to be your girlfriend?" In the real world (that exists in the past, a totally real place that totally exists), if you were me, your response, of course, would be, "Sure, okay. What does that entail exactly? Sounds fun. Why not? I'll try anything once." Okay, I don't actually have access to the specifics of what was said, as my memories are more along the lines of *what ran through my mind* rather than accurate dialog reconstruction, at least regarding this specific incident that took

place at Greenberg Elementary School, probably outside in the playground/recess yard/asphalt lot in that specific corner that exists in my mind and possibly over at that particular Northeast Philadelphia K-8 school for children if it is still physically manifest in that same sort of way. I do not recall this relationship lasting more than perhaps weeks, though I also have no specific memory of it ending.

2. My First Kiss on a History Club School Trip

My senior year in High School (by this time, I was living by the waters of the Neshaminy, just past the borderlines of the Philadelphia settler city limits, in a township that featured compulsory education for persons whose official birthdates classified them as children of a certain age that required them to attend an institution known as 'High School'), I, for some probably historical reason, decided to join the History Club, a club that took trips to places here historical things happened. One such trip marks the location of this particular history that is being related to you at this very moment; the history of my first kiss (of a particular sort). My first kiss (of a particular sort) was, you know, just another enjoyable moment in just another enjoyable day. Nothing to write home about (and anyway, it was a short trip and we already know my propensity for my body's ability to travel faster than the speed of a postal delivered written

missive), but certainly worth mentioning the next momentarily awkward day where I believe I described it as like a dream, though not in those words, of course. She would never be my girlfriend, but we would meet again, and I almost always enjoyed our encounters. I doubt she knew she was my first kiss (of a particular sort), yet this is now quite officially part of the historical record.

3. Rivers and Lakes

It's funny how memories come back to you when you are writing your memoirs and there is just so much. Too much to include here in the right now. And it makes you smile. This is probably the story of my first orgasm (so to speak).

So, the thing about an orgasm is that it requires some sort of buildup process (and then an explosion of some sort?). Some orgasms are so powerful that they have a warping effect on time and space, sucking all events in their vicinity into their orbit, making it difficult, upon future retroflection, to determine the boundaries of said orgasm and parse the buildup process from the, let's say, thing-in-and-of-itself. Like, am I mid-orgasm at this very moment? Only the future can tell! But seriously folks, as delicious as this special pancake breakfast is (eaten in honor of the birthdate anniversary of my most favoritest neighbor), I did not intend here a dissertation on the ontology of the orgasm (fruitful

though such a petite digression might be). No, this tale is a tale about that particular time, I'm pretty sure, that I remember, the first time, assuming certain definitions and standards, that I did in fact have sexual relations with a particular woman in a particular space and time, transforming me from a person that has never done a particular thing into a person that has done a particular thing, a transformation that I am told, in some cultures, is quite a momentous milestone in the span of a human lifetime. This is the tale of the woman who probably took my virginity. This is the story, perhaps, of that time, that first time, that I was bitten by love.

Okay, maybe we'll come back to this later.

4. My First Real Date

This came as a complete surprise to me. I was set up by the teaching assistant at the language school a bus ride across town where I taught language in a professional capacity when she invited me to dinner with her friend and then left us at the movie theater after recommending a post-dinner movie. "Surprise! You're on a date!" said the universe. I don't remember her name. I remember the conversation. The relationship didn't last past that night, but I think we connected, if only briefly, and were both intrigued by a possible something more that never happened, which neither of us would pursue.

5. I'm Bored of This and We're Not Telling Any Good Stories Anyway

6.

7.

CHAPTER 3: **LIFE IN HELL**

Sorry about that. I guess I kind of cut that last chapter short a bit. See ENDNOTES + COMMENTARY for my historical difficulties in writing about people-I-used-to-know-intimately, more or less. Anyway, where were we?

**CHAPTER 4:
ROTTEN TOMATOES**

Once upon a time, I was alive, living in a specific place and time, embodied, as they say, smelling various smells of decay and decomposition, of transition, transition being the basic building block of life, story, and movement. I believe this chapter will be so much fun to write and read. Sooo much fun we are having living such a storied life. For real. I'm not being sarcastic or ironic or anything, although I've been told, at times, that my very presence was, at times, ironic.

CHAPTER 3:
AND THEN A BUNCH OF OTHER STUFF HAPPENED AND NOW HERE WE ARE

Once I was in this bar and a girl walked in and she had pretty nails. One time I started to cry midst a prusik climb halfway up a redwood. Once I thought the future might actually be worth living in. Did I ever tell you about the time that was none of your fucking business. You might say some of my friends are in the business of fucking. You might also say, Sadie (my name is Sadie), isn't it perhaps true that you don't actually have any friends? And I would say, perhaps it is true, but there are so many things that are perhaps true that it is difficult to contain them all in a single memoir (which this, of course, is). A memoir, I guess, is the story of your life, by which, I guess, I mean, the story of my life (which you are part of and vice versa). Once, this one time, [story that would blow your mind]. You might say some of my friends are in the business of blowing minds. You might say, once upon a time, I was alive.