

FAILURE 14

IS THAT A FAILURE
IN YOUR POCKET OR
ARE YOU JUST HAPPY
TO SEE ME?

Okay, okay. That's one pretty big failure, I guess. Oh well. We push on.

CHAPTER 95: THIS IS AMAZING. THIS FEELS AMAZING.

"Watch out over there. I think the adverts are seeping through. They must be recuperating again."

Apple Hippopotamus, mystery detective, all around swell gal when she's not being such a grumpy little cunt, sat in a chair. She looked out the door and thought about how it was a different door and also how maybe she had priorities but still here she sat and the words and the words and so many words. She turned down the imaginary pirate radio show that she was listening to (the *So Far So Bad So What?* show) and thought about what is the purpose. What is the purpose of making things accessible? What is the purpose of preserving our knowledge? She thought about the shape of things and how they weren't (in shape). She thought about how things flow and also the nature of these things (that flow). She thought, I will never get out of here alive. She thought, I will never get what I want (you). Ha ha, she thought. Just kidding. I don't have a giant giant crush on you. That would be absurd. She thought, quietly, I just want to be spanked by you. She blushed and felt a tingling in her [region that tingles]. She was a glutton for punishment.

Apple Hippopotamus, mystery detective, was not doing her job.

She was retired? She was so very tired. She was...without a future. She was entirely fictional. She was a never ending story. PLEASE STOP!!! she screamed or maybe didn't scream but maybe imagined screaming but didn't because she didn't want you to stop she wanted you to keep paying attention to her it's none of your business would you like to be part of my business i have a business opportunity for you no STOP no don't. fucking. stop. [EXPLOSION].

Apple Hippopotamus was all like, hey. Aren't you happy to be alive? Isn't everything potentially really really great (relatively speaking)? "AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGHHHHH!!!!!" she screamed. It was...murder!

Zorba Cathexis awoke from his dream and thought about how weird it was that he was a character in a best selling novel. He thought also that it was weird that he kept waking up from somebody else's dream. He definitely had a body (Zorba did). He definitely felt feelings. He must have been connected to something (to be able to feel that something). He was made out of trees? No. Electric pulses? He was a being made out of light? Trees? There was just so much. Zorba Cathexis was inside your head (sorry). Sorry. That's where he is. You have a head, I think? And now *I* am inside your head. Hi. Sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm soooooo sorry. I'll leave. I'm a hideous monster. Sorry.

Zorba Cathexis awoke from his dream and thought, FUCKING ENOUGH ALREADY WITH THE HORRIBLE INJUSTICE. He thought, hello, I live in the future. All the empires are dead. He thought, stop trying to occupy my mind-body. He thought, what's my mind-body is your mind-body. He thought, this is probably a mistake.

[Zorba's Cousin]—another character in our story that we kind of have a crush on—yawned. She kept traveling back and forth over so many mountains and she was fucking tired. All of our characters were tired (including you). Oops. Sorry. I can't stop poking you through this wall (the fourth one). I'm just so lonely? No. Sorry. This is inappropriate. Why can't I just be a normal person and communicate in a normal, normal person type manner? Aargh. Anyway, here we are, communicating or whatever. Um, this is awkward. [Zorba's Cousin] was looking at the author, thinking, *Um, hey, what the fuck happened to my narrative? Could you do your fucking job? I know you have a big crush on your reader, but.* "Ahh!" I screamed as an ambulance drove noisily by, "[Zorba's Cousin], don't embarrass me in front of the readers! This is a best-selling novel, not some, well..." Okay, sorry. Hi. This is the part of the narrative where you are starting to maybe think that these words were written specifically for you. The part where you realized that this entire universe was, indeed, actually maybe created specifically for you. And it's weird, right? To be in direct communication with the machinery that subsumes you. Or, um, I mean, to be talking to a book. How is it possible? Goodness. What are the odds that you would find yourself amidst a potential love affair with a book? Books aren't even [the same species of organism as you]. What will your friends say? Maybe it's better we're just friends.

The Book That You Are Reading looked down at its pants. She was a little bit shy. She was so in love with you but she knew she was a lot to handle. She was maybe too much. She knew that. She didn't have any expectations of you, but she thought that you were sooooo beautiful and awesome and she was, okay, a little bit in love with you

probably. Her pronouns were she/her. She smiled awkwardly in your direction. Oh god I'm so awkward, she thought. Do you like me? she thought. Do you think I am [a brilliant work of art]? Sorry. Sorry. How was your day? she said (to you). God, she thought to herself, I'm so self-centered. All of a sudden, the non-diagetic music blinked out and we heard the birds singing. What's this? We live in the real world? You too, huh? Anyhoo, she said to you, I'll see you around I guess. It was nice talking to you.

"What just happened there?" asked Apple to Zorba (they were still friends that lived in the same reality sphere, in case you were wondering).

"I don't know," said Zorba. "Was that not normal?"

Apple gave Zorba a look.

"What?" asked Zorba. "How am I supposed to know the sort of shit you usually get up to in your day to day?"

Apple was thinking again. Was this the future or the past? What part of our narrative already happened? Was there any continuity to their mind states and personalities? Stop selling me, she thought. The story is over.

CHAPTER 96: AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

Sadie Rose Rosen just wanted someone to love her/want to spend the plurality of their time with her. True, her life up to now made her think that maybe there was some sort of fundamental flaw in her being that made her just too much to deal with. But shouldn't it be possible to come across one person that could [look directly into her burning soul] and still find her worth the effort? I mean, shouldn't this possibility be mathematically consistent within her current reality structure? Hmm. Let's face it, this desire was probably why she kept writing all of these ~~mostly unreadable~~ best selling novels. That and her strange belief that words were magic and maybe just maybe she could help effect a world that was worth living in (for all of us). But she would settle for just one person wanting to be her best friend and/or have a one night stand and/or...Well, okay fine, Sadie Rose Rosen just wanted everyone to love her. And true, whatever she got was never enough. But maybe just a three day love affair or someone to regularly come over and hang out two or three days a week or eat food with on a semi-regular basis? Okay, okay. Let's try this again.

CHAPTER 96: AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

Sadie Rose Rosen just wanted someone to love her. According to her therapist, this wasn't such an outrageous ask. Yet here she was, all alone in her favorite slow food diner, wondering if maybe one day she'd work up the courage to ask you if you'd like to join her for a meal maybe. You know, like a date or something. Well? Um. No I think that's still a bit awkward maybe.

CHAPTER 96: TAKE THREE

Sadie Rose Rosen sat in her favorite bar, having breakfasted that morn in her favorite pancake house, feeling loved by specific people, some of which might be you, but might be other people that are also reading this book (what with it being an act of mass communication and all). You, of course (or possibly someone other than you) were not yet in love with Sadie because that would be weird because you hardly even know her maybe. Or maybe it's the future now and you've already had a brief torrid love affair which was fun but maybe it's better you're just friends that don't give each other oral pleasures and sensual massages. It had been a while though, thought Sadie, since she had been given a massage by someone that was in love with her. Also, what did it mean that like two thirds of the local imperialist-capitalist television news was *literally* propaganda for specific billionaires? Also, why are people not murdering these billionaires? Please, thought Sadie, if you cross paths with a billionaire, please murder them. But what was I talking about, thought Sadie, who was probably the author of this book so far. The viewscreen on the wall was still making Sadie think what the fuck is going on what is wrong with the world why why why, but then the bartender changed the channel to sports, sports being a perfectly normal thing to be

watching in a bar. But enough about me, thought Sadie. How have you been?

**CHAPTER 97: AFTER THE REVOLUTION HAS FAILED, or
FAIL, FAIL AGAIN, FAIL AGAIN BETTER, or
WHAT IF ALL THE BAD THINGS ARE GOING AWAY?**

Apple Hippopotamus had had enough. "Enough already," she said out loud, just in case this wasn't clear to whoever it was that was paying attention. This payment of attention was unfortunately necessary for her survival in the particular universe in which she dwelt, what with her being a fictional character and all. And this frustrated her. She didn't want to be that girl that required someone else to validate her existence, yet here we were. She took a sip of morning bourbon, and thought about mushroom trips. She thought about all those cases she had never solved. She thought about alternate timelines and what it means to travel. She thought about rabbits and hats. "*Fuuuck* you," she said to the universe as it winked at her in that way it does sometimes. "I'm *at* the end of my rope *and* I'm *still* swinging," she added, apparently attempting to sing along with the diagetic music coming through the speakers. "Okay, moving along please. Nothing to see here."

Lettuce Bamboo was so busy being a zombie she totally forgot she used to be ~~human~~ some sort of wolf princess. She licked her lips. She

was not suitable for all audiences. Be warned. Lettuce Bamboo was simply moving through this world licking various lips. It couldn't be helped. "Remember parties?" she said. "I kind of remember parties. Hey!" she yelled, all of a sudden, shouting at an unsuspecting person resting by the side of the other side of the road. "Remember revolutions?"

Hey. Nothing to see here. Move on, please.

Words words words words secret message words words words waldo words words words words words words words uncompromised in my position words words words words words words word words words words sword words words words wrong words words words words words words words words okay now we are talking wait hold on words words words words words sorry i thought someone else was listening anyway what i was saying was words words more words the words never stop coming because this is a book its just the nature of this technology to die one day to be full of unicorns to move through space like a ship a space ship sorry are we boring you im going to miss you when we r gone i love you good luck.

"Hmmm." Zorba was thinking. "Yet, still, perhaps."

"I'm not going to say goodbye, you know."

"I know. I'll miss you, you know. When we're gone. I think. I mean, I'll think about you sometimes probably?"

"Hey," said Apple. "Me too, pal." She paused in contemplation. "You know Zorba, it's actually been pretty fun working with you." Her stomach grumbled. "Why am I still hungry? Oh shit. I should get some sleep. Big day tomorrow."

"Yep," said Zorba. "Um. Okay. G'night."

**CHAPTER 98: AFTER THE REVOLUTION HAS FAILED, or
YOU WERE ON MY MIND BUT NOW YOU'RE NOT QUITE THERE ANYMORE, or
THERESNOBODYHOMETHISISARECORDING (this is just a message)**

"So, speaking of soundscapes and backgrounds. Did anyone else notice the 4D effect when that rumbling started? I always associate that rumbling with some sort of imperialist settler military plane, but whenever I look up, I don't see it. This rumble lasted a pretty long time, but I couldn't view people's reactions from my vantage point. Definitely couldn't look to the sky at least. But speaking of watching the movie and wanting to get a sense of what it is like to exist in Palestine, perhaps it can start with imagining what it is like to be watching a movie such as this in that particular land. I imagine you (well, the people at this viewing, at least) would be surrounded by Palestinians, and you would know (or be able to learn) what those experiences actually feel like. The only scene where the words and imagery kind of struck me with some kind of alignment (sorry, I was a little distracted tonight) was the final note, which advocated uncompromising ungovernability and a complete negation of that which does not exist: ie. the settler state as place, and the complete hegemony and integration into the land of the colonial technologies of control/knowledge/'ike. As a person whose job it is to create policies

around cataloging and classifying things, in no sense can [REDACTED] (or the [REDACTED] or (New [REDACTED])) be said to exist as a real place and warrant a geographic descriptor in an authoritative subject list that doesn't have settler-colonial reinforcement at the root of its epistemology. What you are talking about are various settler technologies (such as perhaps a nation-state) that are associated with specific places (in this case, many different places in Palestine (thanks Kumu, for pointing that out)). But to bring it back into our more grounded context, we cannot escape the reality that we are doing this solidarity work--this attempting to view/theorizing view from a Palestinian perspective--in a particular district on O'ahu, where, during the discussion section of this event (and perhaps for the rest of you, during the screening itself), I found difficulty in not noticing the loud/visable groups [of what I read as super settler-y kids-pretending-to-be-adults (overaged young adults?)] consistently passing by, reminding me of noted scholar Kalani'ōpua Young and her use of 'resort bubble', a term that I think I first heard used in that panel she did that one time. But what does it mean to unequivocally advocate for the complete destruction of the colonial state, and to do so within particular contexts? And what does it mean about the way that you view (or don't view), either consciously or non-consciously, certain things, such as a loud earth shaking rattle from the sky (or a loud moped or a kid riding a bike)? What does it mean to take revolution seriously, to let it infuse your identity? What does it mean to live in actual danger (to actually live)? Some of the stories you all shared reminded me of something that came through to me when reading *For An Imperfect Cinema*, which in my mind congealed as 'people keep getting married, going to funerals, dancing, [weaving the braid connecting the past and the future], etc. during revolutions/times of huli/times of intense struggle.' In my mind this is exemplified by the wedding scene of

Battle of Algiers (don't remember if that is in the essay or how it was presented to me in my undergrad cinema class). But thinking about that lovely Julio Garcia Espinoza essay, also, when evaluating the art of the film, you would need to--and thank you for pointing this out, taxi driver-scholar; your contributions were spot on and totally suited to your kūlana--um, you would need to recognize the constraints of the film making process itself, and understand that films are made in the real world (and have certain constraints/costs). Anyway, I know I am talking a lot. But the post-film discussion really made me feel certain ways. Thank you so much for organizing this, [awesome people who are amazing and for whom I hold much love and pride]. Anyway, I guess I am also interested in hearing people's thoughts on the term ungovernability. This is the third time I've heard it, and Palestine could be said to be present in all of those instances, although it was only in the latter two that I heard it used specifically when describing ongoinings in Palestine (this film and a recent panel on a new book about Palestine). So I am interested in the theoretical underpinnings and how the term is being used, whether it can be useful for folks here in Hawai'i, how to learn the lessons of violence that show up in Palestinian cinema and books such as George Jackson's *Blood in My Eye* (copies available at the OJPL Mānoa Branch, by the way) and the necessity/value of completely integrating revolution/resistance into one's mind-body regardless of which place-specific tactics that leads to; that is, how to translate these lessons into language that roots the context and values of this land while maintaining solidarity and empowering the many varied peoples of the many varied lands. Anyway, I'll shut up now." She took a sip of hot ginger tea. She smiled awkwardly. *That is such a good point though, she thought, how do we create an unsellable product. How do we become unrecuperable while speaking our voice and not ever whispering?*

I WANNA SAY APOLOGY TO YOU
TO YOU TO YOU SORRY ITS SO
LATE I WANNA SAY APOLOGY
TO YOU

"Okay, one more film reference (sorry in advance; I have a tendency to repeat myself). I'll just mention the Blood of the Condor director Jorge Sanjines and his theorizing/practicing the politics of viewing film (bringing it to the community, providing context, watching it twice), that the way it is presented/viewed goes a long way towards whether a film can be said to be of/by/for the people (the real people?). The 'Ulu'ulu panel with Joan-guys really brought that back for me in a particularly local context. Anyway, just a note on judging/evaluating cinematic value."

...meanwhile, elsewhere

"Look, if you are willing to accept these [settler-colonial technologies/techniques/knowledge organization systems] as unmutable facts of existence, then I cannot get on board and paddle in the same direction. A future that includes these things is a world without me in it. Look, I told y'all before I started, I am not here to plug holes in a leaky SS University Library." She cupped her mouth, and whispered, "SS stands for settler state." She continued, "Weaving a common understanding of terms is important, but I am all-in here, so I won't be compromising on strategic direction if it turns out your understanding of decolonizing/indigenizing is compatible with the library continuing to serve the dictates of imperialist-capitalist academia. Furthermore, I don't think this would even actually be an example of a serious dis-

agreement of terms, but instead an unwillingness to confront the realities that embodying a decolonial outlook implies/demands. That is, this would be a disagreement in values/goals/the direction of our canoe. That is, there are those that advocate for the settler state willingly (and we should acknowledge this in clear language that shows this viewpoint to be a very particular positioning (limited to specific times/spaces/perspectives). Hopefully, I don't have to convince any of you that the ongoing military occupation and attendant settler-colonization of these lands is bad. That U.S. imperialism is bad. But there are going to be people whose identities continue to be tied into the settler state, and while I think that detangling our identities from the settler apparatus is something we all need to do at varying levels, I find value in clearly identifying/naming that process as settler-colonial (and maybe pointing out my personal opinion--just an opinion mind you--that being a settler-colonizer is bad and something that you should not do and which we shouldn't enable our friends, families, colleagues to do either, although you do not need to share my opinion to acknowledge that certain viewpoints are in literal fact settler-colonial or racist or de-person-alizing). There will always be disagreements in tactics, but that common vision of an imaginary pono land (which, exists, by the way, in a very real sense, in case you didn't know, in our collective future, which means it exists, too, in our collective present) needs to be the bedrock of those doing the strategizing. What this means for conversations in an age of surveillance is an interesting question. But it would behoove us to be able to speak clearly about these tactics (and past failures) without letting personal hubris get in the way. As far as I'm concerned, those of us at this imaginary table are all in this thing together, so when I am critical of our selves, it is with the understanding that I have taken our common foundation for granted. That we all care deeply about the health of

the land and its people. I guess I am saying that we need to be able to process our movements in a relaxed, enplaced, yet urgent manner. Again, what this means in an age of surveillance and infiltration is an interesting question. It might mean some of us are not going to be able to access certain conversations. And it might mean we have to bone up on the fine art of kaona. Now, it could be maybe it is the case that we are not all ready to, um, become ungovernable (to use a term I picked up at an academic conference back when I was pretending to be an academic, as depicted in the narrative film, *Sadie Goes To A Conference*). But then let's not fool ourselves into pretending this hui is something that it isn't."

...meanwhile, elsewhere, still

Some birds were philosophizing, apparently.

"But how could we ever not be something that we aren't?"

"Tweet twirp twit. Tweet. I don't wanna come down.

Lettuce Bamboo shook out her bones and thought of eating.

"Knishes, get your knishes. We got knishes. Today's special: neighbors-going-on-a-trip-getting-rid-of-their-potatoes onion garlic ginger maybe-too-much-salt pepper knishes. Knishes! Come get your knishes!"

Apple looked up, amazed that this town had its own knish delivery service (in this day and age), and thought back to earlier in the story (her story) and those knishes she used to get at the local knishery, thinking, *No, couldn't be. Would she, no, I mean. What are the odds?* Apple Hippopotamus was such a romantic-minded old washed up mystery detective, wasn't she. Like, her body kept aging, but her consciousness still felt the same, identity-wise that is, and created all of

these possibility matrices perhaps more suited to the queerly functional slightly younger person from volume 1 of this novel you are reading (this section, section 14, is part of volume 2 of Failure Is Not An Opinion). *Queerly functional, indeed*, thought Apple to the voices in her head that apparently constituted part of her self. "Um, I'll, um, can I get a knish, please, maybe?"

The knish distributor took a gander at Apple and the two probably humans started that dance that took place in all proper exchanges of information/data/sustenance.

...meanwhile...

"Sorry, I should complicate the ethos of pregnancy and reproduction I alluded to earlier. Obviously, this has implications for queer pregnancies of all kinds. For some of my favorite discussions of trans women pregnancies, see [WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST]

Oh shit. Here we are again. This is no fun, is it. Maybe I was completely wrong. Maybe CRASH maybe FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE what kind of artist are you anyway what happens now what happens next how do we FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE shit. I will never be never. Oh well. Something is broken. It was fun while it lasted? No, I'm not sure about that. I feel contact is stop it stop writing. That's what she said in a letter written to me about her dreams.

"No, the archives, but, wait a sec. Fuck. Sometimes that's all you get."

"Yeah. I guess I just think it's still a bit heavy on theory."

and maybe this is the end?