

**CHAPTER 99: WELL, IT'S LIKE THEY SAY, BEHIND EVERY GREAT
WOMAN
IS A
GREAT WOMAN
LICKING HER ASSHOLE**

"Well," said Apple Hippopotamus to her good good very good friend Alice Year-of-the-Boar amidst discussion of one of their old colleague's partners whose arts had reached a broader audience in a very fulfilling way, "you know what they say, yeah. Behind every great woman is a great woman...licking her asshole."

"Aaapple," said Alice. "Do you have archival documentation supporting this admittedly very sound sounding premise of yours?"

"Weeeelllll..." said Apple, looking off screen with no apparent intention of answering the question.

Just then, the weather.

Greetings, dearest reader-friend and/or complete stranger that is entirely foreign to me and with whom I have difficulties communicating. How is it? Howzit? Hmmm. Where ya at? Um. So then, um, welcome to the next section of Failure is not an Opinion*, a serialized new thing that is kind of also old when you think about it from a

***FAILURE IS NOT AN OPINION N.15**

certain perspective (you know, in its totality and the ways in which it is woven through time). They say that the future is coming regardless of your desire to live in the present and/or past. In the future, they say, you can get whatever you desire. In the future, they say, all of our dreams come true. Don't come to the future, they say, it might be a disease. They say, welcome. Welcome, they say. Come on board. How are you enjoying your ride? they say. They say, what can we do to make your journey more comfortable? Satisfaction guaranteed. Satisfaction guaranteed, they say. Satisfaction guaranteed, and if you're not satisfied, why don't you come and see me? They say, satisfaction guaranteed, and if you're not satisfied, well, you're shit out of luck. This is what they say, apparently. So then, what comes next?

The mystery detective (who was very sexy) stepped into the elevator and scrunched her face in an attempt to communicate that she didn't have much experience in elevators and would appreciate any help anyone decided to throw her way as per its operation. *Ah*, she thought, *that seems to be the pulley system over there. Thanks!* she thought, and smiled a sexy smile. Well, it wasn't a *sexy* smile exactly, it was just that she was a sexy mystery detective that was new to town and most of her smiles just happened to be sexy as a result. It was the sort of fact she would note in her notebook if she was working on the mystery of why she was so sexy, which, of course, she wasn't. This was a murder mystery, a queer murder mystery, which just so happened to be her speciality by the grace of god.

"I'm not sure I've ever read a queer murder mystery," said one of the voices in her head. "How does that genre work exactly?" The detective thought about whether it was appropriate to call them *voices* when maybe they were more flavors of thought patterns or whatever descriptive term was in vogue with the roving gang of scholars that

discoursed through the towns and villages and alternate communal living situations that were neither towns nor villages as they (the roving gang of scholars) attempted to map an accurate depiction of whatever the fuck was going on in whatever the fuck passed as consensual reality these days. The mystery detective was kind of falling in love a little bit with the imaginary person that used to be alive and not dead but was apparently murdered in an earlier chapter of this book, and who was now the subject of her investigation. *It's nice to work in a library*, thought the mystery detective as she sat down on a chair and lit a tobacco cigarette on fire. Oh, did we mention that you were the mystery detective? [ed. note: see section 111 of FAILURE IS NOT AN OPINION for introduction to our mystery detective] So, I guess that means your pronouns are she/her or she/they or something, for the purposes of our novel. Are you okay with that?

"How long have you been sitting here in the archives? Don't your ears hurt?"

"Huh?" said Missy.

"And what have you found anyway?"

Missy looked at her partner, the very real human person that existed in a reality that was so tempting to live in kind of yet here was Missy deep inside a book listening to old recordings on the audio device, trying to piece together yet another mystery, being as though she was at least one of three mystery detectives that lived in this novel and quite possibly the secret surprise main protagonist.

"Honey, you look confused."

Missy smiled. "Yes," she said, and her smile grew.

One potato. Too many potatoes. Your potato consumption is unsustainable. Try pronouncing it *tomato*. How does that work for you?

Oh, the beans. You forgot to soak the beans.

Apple awoke from her deep sleep feeling like someone had performed major surgery on her [piko] while she was out. There was a dull ache towards the summit of her being as she groggily wondered where she was (in the scheme of things) and whether she was still the same person as afore. Maybe she was hungover from overindulging on that deelicious cabbage pasta which was a thing that happened maybe last night? Maybe last year? Apple Hippopotamus was definitely kind of freaking out about reality and how fast everything can change and oh my god enough already are those birds real? What time is it?

"Time? What the fuck is it with you and time?" asked one of the birds.

"It is the waking up time," said the sun from behind the mountain. "But that bird is right, the way you asked that question makes me feel you still have some work to do with decolonizing your concept of time."

Oh my god, thought Apple, feeling so shame. She farted and thought about cycles. *I was thinking in colonial time. So embarrassing!* She farted again. She wandered over to her past.

**CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED: YEARS OF SOLITUDE, or
THEY SENTENCED ME TO TWENTY YEARS OF BOREDOM**

"Wow. It's so real. And you are saying, this is your future's past? It feels like I am actually walking around in the real world. Wow. I'm. Wow. I guess it is kind of fun being alive knowing that the future is going to come no matter what I do and I get to play around in this world that is always changing so will never again exist in exactly the same way so when you think about it it is so so amazing I get to experience it as it is so I should probably enjoy it while it lasts, this life, this wild wild life. Wow. It feels so real."

The shift bell rang and the reference librarian turned off her light.

"Thanks for covering the desk," said the interim branch manager, "Did you get enough to eat?"

The library brunch event didn't quite go as planned, although, delicious it was nonetheless. The mystery detective (you) just sat in the corner, watching the play play out, quite impressed by the staff that continued on living while midst death. So much death. But why? *Why is everything so hard sometimes?* you thought to yourself as you sat in the library pondering, as per your wont.

"Let us know if you need anything."

Too hard sometimes. Give us a break already. You nodded and

communicated many things with your facial expressions.

"No, no. We were trying to change the system from within."

"But it's just a book within a book. You can't. I mean. Sometimes, that's all you get."

"What?"

"I mean," said Apple's sister whose name we have temporarily forgotten (Maggie, her name is Maggie Brighton Street), "aren't you tired of this? I'm worried about you."

"Oh? That's sweet," replied Apple. She sighed. "What were we talking about?" She yawned.

Various sisterly things then took place. It's not that important to whatever it is that you find interesting at this time juncture.

Meanwhile, enough already. Meanwhile, elsewhere still existed. Meanwhile, the only thing that exists is you. Meanwhile, you were part of everything, which means that you were the only thing that existed. But you had forgotten. You had forgotten your self. You looked at your reflection in the exhibit shelf and stuck out your tongue. Everything exploded. Meanwhile, everything exploded, over and over and over and over and over. It's over. Meanwhile, look over there. It's just a distraction. That light. It's just a distraction. That light. It's so bright. Meanwhile, back in the real world...

CHAPTER 101: 00110001 00110000 00110001

"Lies, lies, more lies. Yep, looks like it."

"So," asked a young Missy Hammer to the relatively older Alice Year-of-the-Boar.

"Yep, you just stick that right over there in the pile marked 'bullshit'."

"But it is almost like everything being reported was bullshit."

"Sweetie, that's what having your mind actively colonized by an imaginary imperialist settler-colonial zombie state apparatus does to you. You've got to remember, empires are gonna empire, even when they are dead. Oh, you just shoo those away, sweetie."

Missy looked down to the tiny little flies that gathered around the archival documents and thought about *so many many* things that it is difficult for me, the omniscient narrator, to tell you about them all through this particular medium. PLEASE OPEN YOUR KNOWLEDGE RECEPTACLES FOR DIRECT DATA TRANSFER.

Oh, sorry. Um. What were we talking about?

"Oh yeah. How can you justify that expense?! This is funneling a shitton of mana out of this island, giving it to folks that can't even be

bothered to make minimal effort to not completely disregard the existence of our particular ways of knowing. If that's the case, honey, then, sorry, but that is a reason to end a relationship. This is a deal breaker, sweetie. You don't need to be worried about whether they put more effort into explaining why they cannot give us what we want than they do into actually attempting to give us what we want. This is a motherfucking deal breaker. That is, if you take any of the bullshit we tell ourselves seriously. Well, do you?"

Hmm, I thought to myself. I guess I...don't? Sorry?

CHAPTER 102: TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Okay, it's true. What can I say? I am indeed writing this book for you. I mean, maybe it is because I am maybe in love with you, but please don't take that the wrong way. I'm maybe in love with a lot of people, only some of which are you probably. See, the nature of this technology, this particular medium, this skin of the gods, this imaginary pirate radio broadcast, this, um, book (I'm a book, I guess?) is that it is difficult to tell where I end and you begin. We are part of each other, yet clearly obviously completely separate but definitely connected because we are amidst an act of communication which is a thing that requires contact, which requires touch, which requires **SOME SORT OF MERGING PROCESS**. Okay, let's try this again.

Zorba Cathexis awoke from his dream, feeling way too brilliant for his own good, feeling like a cog in some impossibly beautiful art machine, feeling like it was way past time for dinner.

CHAPTER 103: EVERY DAY'S A NICE DAY OUT THERE IN THE WORLD, EVEN WHEN IT'S NOT

"But what about people with *real* problems?"

Yes, dear reader, what *about* people with real problems? Are you such a person? And what can we do to make your stay here more pleasurable?

Apple Hippopotamus stumbled down the crooked path that didn't really seem like a path a person should be taking, that didn't seem like a path at all, until she emerged into a clearing. In, out, in, out, she breathed. She looked at her tattered suit. In, out, in, out. In, out, in, out. Just then, the wind.

CHAPTER 104: ET

"BB_{ut}."

"I'm sorry. What was that?"

"I, um, [FART]. Sorry. I was. Um."

"It's okay, honey. These things happen."

"Wait. Is that *it*? Why is this even a chapter in this book? It feels like a typo. It feels like this whole book is a typo."

FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE okay sorry. Hi. So. Um. Cough cough. Um. Brain not compute. Sorry. Um. Food? To share? Will I see, um, you, um, brain. Fart.

Anyhoo, at that point in the story we probably pooped our collective pants, which is fine. It's a thing that happens. Oh well. So things are not quite going as planned. **THINGS ARE GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.** Yeah, things are not quite going according to plan. And so what? This is a thing that happens. Over and over and over. Again and again and again. Cycles? I am not dying? I am dancing? There is no madness, I am just living (that's what she said).

The music stopped, but the pressure on our pooping mechanism

continued. Input output input output. All day long. It was now daytime, and we had many stories to relate, most of which were horror stories, or sad stories, or this is so boring why are we here stories. Yet, here we are, a book, incapable of ignoring our operating protocols which guaranteed some sort of act of communication and meaning making or whatever. I am now part of you. Forever. I am so sorry. I am so so sorry.

CHAPTER 105: AND WE'LL SING THIS SONG (WHY DON'T YOU SING ALONG?)

"**A**nd you ate it? You consumed its entire essence and subsumed it into your corporate body?"

"Well," said Johnny, "that's one way of putting it. "So," he continued, wiping some dust off the sleeve of his coat, "what did I miss while I was gone?"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Oh shit. Not again."

"The torture never stops, it would seem."

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imaginaryPirateRadioBroadcasts
```

```
  OJLPirateRadio
```

```
    TimeSort
```

```
    ShowSort
```

```
cd
```

```
/var/www/html/public_html/digital/archive/imaginaryPirateRadioB  
roadcasts/OJLPirateRadio/TimeSort
```

```
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"Sadie and Her Damaged Filter Show 1  
20201021.mp3" 20201021_01_SadieAndHerDamagedFilter.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"Sadie and Her Damaged Filter Show 2  
20201028.mp3" 20201028_01_SadieAndHerDamagedFilter.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"The DJ Computer Show Show 1  
20201028.mp3" 20201028_02_TheDJComputerShow.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"The General Strike Show 1 20201029.mp3"  
20201029_01_TheGeneralStrike.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"The Library Murder Mystery Radio Show 1  
20201029.mp3"  
20201029_02_TheLibraryMurderMysteryShow.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"The WEEKEND Show Show 1  
20201031.mp3" 20201031_01_TheWEEKENDSShow.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"Tuesday Night Live show 1 20201020.mp3"  
20201020_01_TuesdayNightLive.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"Tuesday Night Live show 2 20201027.mp3"  
20201027_01_TuesdayNightLive.mp3  
  
sudo ln -s ../ShowSort/"You Can't Do That On Television show 1  
20201030.mp3"  
20201030_01_YouCantDoThatOnTelevisionRadioShow.mp3
```

Acrasin

Each species of mold has its own specific chemical messenger, which are collectively referred to as acrasins. These chemicals signal that many individual cells aggregate to form a single large cell or plasmodium.

You might say our cells (*our*, meaning whichever slime mold we might identify with) are not only oriented by **acrasin**, but induced to secrete it. You might say this is how we relay our signals that tell us where we are on our map. Depending on your particular slime mold, you might say your chemical composition might be NSC₉₄₀₁₇, 6-(6-aminopurin-9-yl)-2-hydroxy-2-oxo-4a,6,7,7a-tetrahydro-4H-furo[3,2-d][1,3,2]dioxaphosphinin-7-ol. Adenosine cyclophosphate. 24493-93-4.

Oh, also, I guess I just wanted to mention that the signature balloon-shaped clouds of gas blown from a pair of massive stars called Eta **Carinae** have tantalized astronomers for decades. Some say that Eta **Carinae** has a volatile temperment prone to violent outbursts over the past 200 years. What this means for us in the future and how we relate through time and space is **UNKNOWN AT THIS JUNCTURE.**

anlage

plural **anlagen**

n. The initial clustering of embryonic cells from which a part or an organ develops; primordium.

n. A genetic predisposition to a given trait or personality characteristic.

n. A fundamental principle; the foundation for a future development.

It was about at this point that this novel experienced another avulsion, using whichever definition of avulsion is suited to however it is you feel like metaphoring at the moment. Lettuce Bamboo looked up with a gleam in her eye. "Remember growth by internal disjunction?" she asked (out loud). [**ed. note:** maybe have this next section of novel be detachable or whatever, so that the reader can tear away a part of this novel's body either accidentally or surgically. Obviously the true meaning of the word **avulses** appearing in our reality has to do with separating land from one person's property and joining it to another's, which is obviously a metaphor for consciousness and the communication process and how our mind-bodies process information and narrative our stories and form our identities. Obviously. That this word tends to be associated with things that flow (rivers) is also not to be missed. It's all very scientific.]

It was about at this point that something exploded. probably. oh you fucking word.s. no wait...

CHAPTER 106:

"**A**nd you've got to set them free."

"Set them free?"

"No matter what they say."

"No matter what they say?"

This is already so fucking boring already? A story? A poetry? Oh gods, enough already probably. Have you had enough already, my gods? My gawds. Um...

yaaaaawn