

probably. So, that's a start.

"Do you make change for copies?"

"Sure, we make change for copies." replied Sadie to the patron. Indeed, the entire copying process was built around change. Well, obviously copies are supposed to be based on attempts at *sameness*, but their very nature *as* copies marks them as categorically different entities than originals.

"Ostriches."

Somebody cleared their throat. "Here's another one. MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE UNCLEAR WORDS MUMBLE." Somebody cleared their throat. Sadie's eyes were starting to water, usually a sign that she was tired already. Her life was sooooo boring, right? Like, where's the drama? If you wanted to read about the mundane day-to-day of some boring human, you'd probably just live your own life, yeah? You certainly wouldn't be here, eavesdropping on fictional characters, now would you?

"Okay," said Sadie to the rest of the OJPL Publishing staff, "that makes two verbal commitments for the Book Fair. No official proposals yet, but that's a start. So, you know, it's a start."

"You already said that," nobody said, because Sadie was all alone. She had nothing to look forward to. She was all alone with her self. She was all alone and she had nothing to look forward to. Nobody was coming home to her.

Oh, would you look at that. Sadie had leveled up on her online chatworld profile. *Somebody* thought she was local enough. Now, if

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she could just reach into the minds of certain specific individuals that held the power to do the things that Sadie wanted to be done. Just then Sadie received feedback from her feedback mechanism. Someone was attempting to contact her through the aether. Hello? Hello? she said. Hello? Are you there?



Okay already, thought Sadie. Too much, already. You've given me too much. It is beyond my wildest dreams. Thank you. But it is all so overwhelming. You want me to just break out crying all day? Should she eat another muffin? All of the muffins? There were only two muffins left. Sadie yawned. Was it still the holiday? Sadie thought about her old housemate, one of the ones from China. She wanted to wish her a happy moon festival, but reaching out to old friends was soooo complicated. She still wasn't sure if she had fucked up her last interaction with an old friend, as she was still waiting on a reply. Hmmm. Maintaining all of these relationships was difficult, but necessary for Sadie's plans, which involved, um, hmmm...Sadie briefly looked at the structure of her ideal dreamworld communication network which somehow had manifest itself inside of her elbow pit? Is that even a thing? Elbow pits? Anyway, if this network was working to spec, then she shouldn't be relying so heavily on these all-too-literal communicational inboxes that she found herself so obsessively checking lately. There were other means of contact, and other vehicles for the communication of messages. The immensity of the universe sprung into her vi-

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sion, and then quickly retreated back in its cuckoo clock-like manner, hiding its mechanisms so as to not explode Sadie's feeble mind. Slightly jarred, but wanting more, Sadie brushed a strand of hair behind her ear and thought about whether tomorrow would be a day that she went out into the world looking like herself. She still had that identification picture to take, and wanted to look pretty or whatever. I mean, she wanted to look like herself. Had she accomplished enough things, and made sufficient preparations for the things yet to come? Could she devote some time to a little bit of self care, perhaps? Well, fuck. *Come on, then universe, thought Sadie, show me what you've got, please.*

"This is an aspect of system function that I like to call insignificant insimplicity."

As she passed into the bridge, she noticed for the first time ever a book, waiting to be reshelved. "Your Eyes...An Owner's Guide."

"...Queen Lili'uokalani's songs," drew Sadie further into the bridge, through the exhibit, past the Goonies t-shirt, and into the wing of science and technology, which was full of spider webs (and spiders).

STAFF OFFICES

Out --> In.

Chat with co-worker about arugula, various local library hiring practices. Go into office, turn on computer. Check desk calendar.

OPEN the garage door.

"Built for speed. Primed for performance." Close the window. Sign into the excessively surveiling assessment software. Ah, a recent

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question about average rainfall. Sadie recalled getting that question on her last run through the library. She found the question from two years back, but no answer. And because the university had purged her e-mail account at the end of her last stint, there was no record of this transaction. Hmmm. Sadie thought about the desire to record everything forever and whether or not this was a thing that she supported. It was obviously a thing that she supported *and* also a thing that she did not support. It is what landed her in this precarious pickle of an island in the first place.

“Is there a reason why the copy machine is not working?”

“I don’t know,” replied Sadie. “I’ll go see if our copier expert is in yet.”

Sadie read an e-mail about a presentation related to the obsessions of linguists. “(sometimes translated as “sequential voicing”)” She had also received two really stupid annoying announcements from the university about what to do in case of a nuclear attack, which was framed in this way that was totally complicit with imperial war-mongering. Like, forget about the fact that there is *always* a threat of nuclear “accidents” from the submarines and weapons that are in and out of here all the fucking time. Forget about the zero-possibility of a non-U.S. nation strategically *initiating* an attack on Hawai’i with nuclear weaponry.

Sadie walked to the campus center and crossed out her old name and wrote in her new name and sat for a photograph and moments later had an ID that said her name and had her picture. She was pretty excited about it. She stopped into the LGBT+ center on her way back to the library and rang the bell.

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Sadie Rose Rosen updated her personal information in the integrated library system. Sadie Rose Rosen did a good job today at doing her job.

Whoah. It's like every time someone called her Sadie, Sadie got this rush of joy. Anyway, it was time to close the desk. Sadie walked home, finished the kigel, had a beer, and passed out on the bed.



The sky opened up. It was raining, thank God. Tink tink tink tink tink tink tink tink. Sadie looked to the window. That was odd. The noise stopped. The drip drop drip drop of the rain continued. Sometimes, all of a sudden, it would rain. Sometimes, it was really windy for days. Sometimes it was so hot and muggy, vog covering all things in a haze. Sadie received another proposal for the Book Fair. This was good. The proposed work would be a teaser zine for an upcoming work of interactive fiction. And Sadie was given an actual work-in-progress to review. New_game 7, it was called (the title would change, of course). But depending on your placement on the time continuum, you should totally keep your eye out for Dawn's super cool Twine game, coming in 2018 from the OJPL. It is going to be awesome.

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problems thriving and that she is struggling miserable lonely so why should she be doing something nice for me that enables me to live my carefree life when she doesn't get to live a carefree life doing things she wants to do. None of this holds up to factual analysis, though."

Sadie would have a long imaginary conversation with the H&P Section Selector about whether or not any copies of **For Sale** belonged in the H&P section on her walk home after skimming through the opening chapters of **For Sale** while sitting at the shuttle stop, before deciding to just walk all the way back up into the valley where she lived. There was a giant rainbow waiting for her as she walked down Mānoa Road. Sadie was now of the opinion that **For Sale** clearly belonged—if it belonged anywhere—in the Hawai'i and Pacific section of the public library. It was a book written in Hawai'i, and was marked as being about slash taking place in slash written for Hawai'i readers in numerous and explicit ways. It was, in fact, a communication technology created specifically to place the author in conversation with the people of Hawai'i (not exclusively, but still). It wasn't until recently that Sadie had even really started imagining writing for a predominantly non-Hawai'i audience, due to various personal circumstances that she was also thinking about on her walk home. Like, should she just pack up her bags and leave, now that she was no longer in a monogamous romantic relationship with [the 'āina]? Sadie felt sweaty and dirty. She was so happy after she got her second hormone injection and basically floated out of the clinic. Now she was a little frustrated that the book she was selling was not being taken seriously, simply because it had a sense of humor. But the excuses given just did not hold up. But she did not know whether this

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was one of those times to be assertive or not. Also, Sadie had to remember not to take this all so personally. She was just the salesperson. It wasn't as if her very worth as a human alien was being called into question. Although, it sort of was. Sadie very much needed to eat sustenance for to sustain her very being. She was running on empty.

Sadie Rose Rosen used to have this recurring daydream fantasy where strangers (or various people she knew in the past) would break into her life, all of a sudden, and kidnap her into an alternate reality, having specifically come for her, to take her into a world where she belonged.

Ka Lei [REDACTED].

Country fresh, Every day.

Someone was trying to stick an advertisement into Sadie's mindspace. It was local, but she had doubts as to the non-fucked up nature of this company's treatment of, say, chickens. She spun her coffee mug around to see the logo of the café she was in staring up at her. She rolled her eyes. *Sure, why not?* she thought, as the manager delivered her burrito, *I'd recommend your wares.*

"Morning Glass. What can I do for you?"

The manager turned to the new café engineer. "So when I'm writing [...] tickets. Especially when there's a line, I want to quote a little more."

"Do you know what a woodpecker is?"

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tices, or imply a long term sustainability of an institution's current system functionality, but recognize some aspect of we-like-what-you're-doing, and a potential to adapt into a valued aspect of our post-revolutionary community. Sadie ate her burrito.

"...expressing fundamental cultural ideas as processed through the mind-body of a foreigner who now called this place their home."

"Hi, this message is for Sadie." BEEP. "Hi, this message is for Sadie." BEEP. "Hi, this message is for Sadie." BEEP. Sadie was clearing up space on her answering machine. Just in case someone new decided to call her. This was still a possible thing, you know.



Sadie scanned the shelves of new books. Well, like, she didn't scan their barcodes with a barcode scanner or anything. She just ran her viewing organs across the shelves, curious as to what titles were recently acquired during her absence. Ho hum, she thought. Just then, her eyes darted to the topmost shelf. "The Estrogen Fix." *Alright*, thought Sadie, *the library has finally started acquiring some books that actually speak to my circumstances in a relevant and timely manner*. She walked back to the processing table to finish reinforcing the spine of Joke-lopedia: The Biggest, Silliest, Dumbest Joke Book Ever!

"And your name is?"

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"And your name is?"

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“Sadie.”

“Thank you, Sadie.”

“Oh, you’re welcome.”

Sadie matched up the name and pulled the hold off of the shelf. “Wow. *Complete Book of Alternate Tunings*,” she said, having returned to her seat at the desk, scanning the book’s barcode with a barcode scanner. “I don’t know. Complete. That seems pretty, um.”

“Ha. I don’t think that’s right,” replied the patron, almost smiling maybe. “You can always add another tuning.”

Back home, Sadie decided that the long eight day holiday was probably over. She wasn’t quite sure she got the most of this one. It was hard sometimes celebrating holidays that nobody else she knew celebrated. Oy, Sadie thought, that was a lot of holidays in a short amount of time. Sadie yawned. She was just barely keeping up with the minimum amount of art production that she had set for herself, the past few days a bit slow on yield. And now she was yawning again. Plus, she told her co-worker that she would try to go to work early in the morning to have a meeting where they would talk about all of the serials to cut because serials were so very expensive (because they just kept coming and coming and coming). Sadie’s philosophy of information service was actually pro the cutting of ridiculously overpriced for-profit thingamabobs, and she might have had a bit of antipathy for some of the departments under her purview, so she was kind of disappointed that she didn’t have more time to better prepare a list of things to cut. But they put a cap on her hours, so

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The Sabbath

Well, what do you know. The long second week was over and pau. Sadie Rose Rosen had a clean bill of health, no thanks to any particular effort on her part, other than a very specific methodology of communication with the voices inside and outside of her head. Like, while advice such as: eat more greens that grow in your garden, refrain from eating the flesh of tortured animals, only buy bulk goods that aren't wrapped in plastic, make human-powered transportation your default means of going from one place to another (if able), and so on—consisted of guidelines to follow that were beneficial in and of themselves, there was no set of rules to follow that guaranteed an individual organism's lab tests would all read squarely in the healthy range. That's just not how you bake a healthy human being. You might follow the list of ingredients to the letter and still end up with [horrible disease/negative health indicator], and not just because you happen to live on a planet that has been thoroughly poisoned with poisonous things. But, anyway, so Sadie thought, don't not eat cookies because some immature and contradictory body of knowledge ("western" medicine) has declared desserts bad and unhealthy. The reason to not eat cookies is because they came from some Evil Corporation that drives local production/distribution systems out of existence, that relies on shitty labor practices, that

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sources ingredients that destroy the land with abusive agriculture practices, that exploits just about everyone involved in the entire chain of those cookies' production. General advice for being one healthy individual: create a healthy society that is not clearly and plainly rooted in injustice.

Sadie Rose Rosen, now fully vaccinated, stood outside, happy to be in an urban environment that was still dominated by glorious green mountains. The world looked so expansive to her eyes. She still hadn't eaten her lunch. She thought about her options for where to go next. *You weave that lei with your feet.* Sadie Rose Rosen sat in her room, listening to an old album about death and salesmanship. The phone had rung soon after her walk in the door, and this was exciting. It turned out to be that old housemate she was thinking about on page 42 that she hadn't heard from for maybe ten moon cycles. They almost met for dinner. They had a nice phone chat, catching up on life. Sadie scratched at her arm. She had been ripping off a lot of band-aids lately.

Sadie Rose Rosen was crying. She was in love with the universe.

Stay ahead of the curve. Yep. Right there. That's it. Just a little bit ahead. You'll feel it. Just ride it when it comes. Sadie had commissioned another book for the Book Fair. Probably another library-themed tiny book, this one from an expert (or two?) on the world of university librarianship. And she now had a direct line to another possible project, maybe one that could be ready by the fair date? She had to figure out the particulars of how to navigate the murky ethics of selling things for money.

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“I like your art?”

Being such an old lady, Sadie really did not know how to communicate with others on this new-fangled online chat platform that she was now part of. But this discomfort with participating in instances of group communication where she didn't know everyone involved predated the existence of certain technologies. Opening one's mouth to speak always involves a, let's say, certain hazardousness. And let us not even get started on the dangers of writing. Sadie scratched at her chest and felt an ache in her arm. She was unpacking all sorts of psychological epiphanies that had previously tickled at her consciousness throughout her sentient existence as a variously-identified human. Her stomach grumbled and she looked at the clock. It was maybe time to eat something or go back to sleep.

Sadie placed the key into the lock and turned. Inside the box was another key, along with one thank you note from the anti-militarization folks over on one of the other islands. Sadie took out the key and turned to face the other group of larger postal office boxes, one of which this new key presumably opened. She matched key 3135 to box 3135 and opened the metal door. There, inside, was that package she had been expecting. OPEN IMMEDIATELY, it said. Her post-reality fiction device had finally arrived.

Sadie ate the rest of her delicious lentil kasha kale arugula green onion soup. She put her new fiction device, Fitzpatrick & Plett's original all-new *Meanwhile, Elsewhere: Science Fiction and Fantasy from Transgender Writers* next to the copy of *If I Was Your Girl* by Meredith

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“I like your art?”

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Week 3

Oh so lazy was Sadie. She didn't feel like not doing nothing, so she let her mind wander over various Internet ramblings. She finished that article about Nazi propaganda re: the Soviet Union and then went down a few rabbit holes. She went to sleep. She woke up. She took her pills, finished off the oatmeal and rambutan and next-to-last half of banana and went back into bed to do more nothing. All of these things to do and she wasted her time engaging with technologies that were specifically designed to suck time and spirit from their users. Whatever. She ate lunch though, a sandwich that finished up her frozen loaf of homemade rye challah. She went back into bed to maybe watch a movie about sabotage, when the phone rang.

"Hello, could I speak to Sadie?"

"Um," said Sadie, not able to think of that many male voices who would be calling her, "can I ask who is calling?" Just then, she realized who it was. It was her old friend, the filmmaker.

Other than greens, and various pickled things, Sadie was almost out of food. She could probably make another soup or stew to last another week, but she hadn't been refilling her staples since before the new year. And now a trip to the grocery store was starting to overwhelm her. But she did have about 120 units of cash, most of which could probably be budgeted for foodstuffs. And she'd have less scheduled activity for the remainder of the month, which meant she

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could probably go to the co-op as much as she wanted. Of course, at the moment, Sadie kind of dreaded going outside and even *thinking* about walking down the mountain and up the mountain. With all of those groceries? Was this due to physical changes or was she just burnt out from taking on too much stuff, which, the question needed to be asked, were her actions helping to achieve the various goals and objectives that were part and parcel of her nefarious plans? Like, her writing was certainly altering the reality structure in her own *immediate affective context*, to borrow a term from the Product Registration for her new post-reality fiction device (*Meanwhile, Elsewhere: Science Fiction and Fantasy from Transgender Writers*). But, like, she wanted to be enacting, um, good revolutionary praxis? After espying some back and forth between various trans and cis, Marxist-Leninist and vegan activists, her head was starting to hurt a bit trying to decide on her current loyalties and responsibilities, and her relationship to proper theory and action. As always, she felt she maybe had something to add to specific conversations, but no knowledge of how to add this, um, unique and valuable perspective that she every now and then was pretty sure was not worth sharing at all. And, while it might not have been encouraged by the manufacturer, she was still more comfortable registering her various [operating protocols] telepathically. Sadie still felt that we should be honest about how our communication technologies actually functioned experientially, along with the totally legitimate readings of resistance and power fluctuations that we so routinely observed. Anyway, after some deliberation, Sadie still felt that her communicational praxis was spot on. *There's a million ways to get things done*, she thought. *There's a million ways to make things*

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work out.

She felt like certain analysis just kind of missed the point on how things operate. Like, maybe these folks didn't have the benefit of being the piano teacher of the daughter of the founder of this or that group of peace activists, and, like, their knee-jerk analysis was not wrong, per se, especially as it related to some almost-certainly compromised skills for capital, it is just that they missed the intricacies about how specific policies and documents actually come into being, who has influence in their drafting, how they are promoted, etc. They offered no meaningful constructive criticism for effective action that took into account the actual embodied circumstances of the humans making these specific choices that maybe were more or less complicit in imperialism. And, there were certainly some very translucent moments when they used the same exact tools of disingenuous argument that they so acutely described and excoriated when used by those power-serving individuals that occupied much of their ongoing critique.

Sadie opened up her eyes. How did she get into her bed? And when did she fall back asleep? She looked to her digital clock to see how much of the day she had left. The winds outside were still making their consistent whooshing gusting noises. It had been too long since she had visited the garden. So much to do, so much so much. Sadie had received her kick in the pants energy boost that she had just that morning requested from the universe, with her motivation store almost depleted right along with her household bulk food items. There was some sort of flickering light and shadow show taking place

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on the wall of her bedroom, probably effected by some dancing trees outside one of her windows? Sadie lurched forward in her chair with her now-heavy body. Who was going to clean her house and wash her clothes and organize her all-around cosmic clutter? There was some definite soreness in her nipples. Sometimes, that's all you have.

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Somehow or other, Sadie had a pot of soup on the stove. Also, she had prepared another small batch of sauerruben, the turnip version of sauerkraut. She probably should be starting to wash all those dishes, but, well, it was also probably okay that she take a little break and eat another square of German chocolate that her upstairs neighbor had brought back as a thank you for Sadie watering the various potted and unpotted plants that the neighbor had planted in the common yard. Sadie had finally opened up that coconut that had been left on her picnic table and added some milk to the barley collard lentil turnip turmeric celery green bean garlic purplette onion Hawaiian chili pepper bok choy not really sure how this was going to turn out soup, which was still probably simmering away at this very moment. RIIIIINNNGGGGG went the bell, and Sadie went to take a look.

Sadie had been thinking about the OJPL Publishing submission guidelines and was of the opinion that they should be more explicitly anti-imperialist. Like, Sadie did not want to be part of publishing some U.S. Empire normalizing blah blah. I guess it was simply something to be up front about. Sadie wondered about the amount of con-

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trol she should have going forward, when say, one of the OJPL Publishing imprints like Ke Kahawai Nui Hou really took off and started flowing. The OJPL ethos was always open source this and non-hierarchical that, but since Sadie was generally the only human involved in its day-to-day operations, she maintained a bit of control over the, um, OJPL message. Sadie wondered about whether it would be too much to add one of those passion fruit to the soup pot.

Sadie refrained (for now) from adding liliko'i to the soup, and instead chopped up some dried lemon verbana leaves and threw those in. She then grabbed another chocolate square, thinking, why shouldn't I just eat all the fancy chocolate? She had by now completed an acceptable amount of daily system maintenance, and, while she was not totally and thoroughly excited about the prospects for the future, she had to admit that, um, it could always be worse? No, no, she had to admit that the universe continued to provide her with more than she personally deserved. But all she was really asking for was multiversal peace and justice? So Sadie reminded herself, yet again, to keep her eyes on the prize, and not get distracted by the little scraps that the cosmic powers that be threw her way.

Sadie took a sip of hot soup from her bowl. *Aha*, she thought, *green onions*. And a shake of salt. The soup was complete. Eventually, she reached the bottom of the bowl, her nose dripping from its heat.

Sadie was a little depressed. Turns out, her favorite semi-annual library symposium was yesterday and today, and none of her friends had told her about it. Which was dispiriting. Oh well. Also, she got a reference question from someone wanting to access an old thesis

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about sharks. Sadie found an abstract about this thesis, which pretty much entailed kidnapping and torturing sharks (for science) at that tiny island that Sadie had bused and boated out to on an interview for a job she never heard back from when she was one fresh off the plane malihini to O'ahu. What were the ethics of connecting people with such totally fucked up information sources? Sadie could not escape the fact that she was complicit in an organization that reinforced fucked up shit.

"On the iiisland, we do it island style." Someone was singing loudly outside her window. Probably one of the maintenance crew. Sadie walked out into the hallway. On the wall, directly across from her office door, was a poster of Sharks of Hawai'i. She ran her finger over the poster until she found the image of the scalloped hammerhead. Sadie decided she would not attend the symposium on Hawaiian Librarianship, since it was not really *for* her, so to speak, she guessed. Plus, it would probably be awkward running into her ex and also her friend who specifically did not e-mail after Sadie had e-mailed, asking, "What is your schedule this week?" or something like that. Oh well, sucks to be her. She could always cry about it at her support group meeting tonight, assuming she went, which, come to think of it, probably wasn't the setting to have this particular nuanced discussion about place and belonging, what with its sometimes over-representation of U.S. identifying haole folks. And it's not like she ever felt comfortable volunteering anything at these meetings anyway, since she almost always regretted opening her mouth. Sadie almost always regretted doing anything at all. Her life was one big string of regrets. And missed opportunities. What was she thinking,

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being born into this world? Sadie looked around her office, where she was once again sitting. Well, perhaps she was just being over-dramatic. She needed to remind herself that this world was all bonus level for her. She decided to go into the work room and eat one of those black and orange cookies. Because, why not?

It wasn't even halfway through the second half of her shift, and Sadie was already feeling spacey. Some basic connections, her brain was just not making. No matter, successful reference interviews abounded. She was skipping lunch, this being her supposed short day, but she was scheduled on the desk an hour into her no work time. But, like, fine, whatever. No big deal. Nothing is happening in this fictional story that Sadie lived in. And like, Sadie had totally missed out on being able to integrate such important and exciting topics as how native knowledge is interwoven with information science practices in other cultures, not to mention a discussion of how a foundation of 'ike Hawai'i is realized and made apparent in disciplines such as education, film, and natural resource management, which, like, could be totally relevant to Sadie's current enterprise of book publishing. But whatever, all the portents were pointing towards Sadie's expulsion from this place, and the accompanying access to its vast knowledge stores. Sadie felt so sad. This breakup was hitting her hard. And also, she maybe had to poop a little.

Anyway, she had done her best to encourage her department members to attend the symposium, and one of them actually went to the morning session. Sadie was a bit amazed at just how *foreign* foreigners remained sometimes, as if they made no effort to communi-

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cate with this place at all. As if there were specific institutions set up to superficially overlay the deep connected mature knowledge systems that existed, creating labyrinthine traps where a person could go their entire life living in a fabricated foreign illusory world, not even knowing what was just under their feet. Sadie took a deep breath. There was a gentleman with a large beard tapping his head with a blue pen. Every now and then, a beep or a ding, or the shifting of some papers. That guy that was always walking by staring at his phone walked by, staring at his phone. A sniffle. The creaking of a foot rest. Sadie felt unworthy of love.



While Sadie had come to the conclusion that the specifics of her personal story were largely irrelevant to the goals of our grand revolution, she nevertheless found it nigh impossible to break out of her current perspective. Like, she totally existed in a specific body that had to pee and wanted to just cry all the time. Before she knew it, her paradigm was going to have shifted completely, and now she had herself wondering what she was thinking. As if this was a choice she could have not made. As if she was the mistress of her destiny, as if her gender was something a person could actually choose. Someone walked up to the desk and used one of the staplers. She had her ear buds in her ears, this person. Sadie looked up and noticed a depth of vision that maybe before she hadn't seen.

Sadie finished another chapter of *If I Was Your Girl* with tears

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pushing at her eyes. She had been more emotional ever since she had spoken aloud the fact that she wanted to be a girl, which had the effect of unblocking some sort of psychological dam, I guess, or opening up some new secret level on her cosmic video game. And now, with the hormones, she was starting to wonder about some maybe shifts in the, um, doors of her perception. Like, she was only two and half weeks in, which was, too early for any noticeable change? But she found herself thinking those thoughts she would think at the start of a mushroom trip or after letting a tab of LSD dissolve under her tongue. Was that the drugs? Do I feel different? Maybe it's not working. Maybe it's all in my head. Like, she poked at her nipple and felt a dull pain. That was real, whatever the cause. Sadie wasn't quite sure what a "dull" pain was, and if this accurately described the sensation she felt, which now was lingering a bit.

Tonight was support group night, but she hadn't gone. She sat in her room and listened to the howling winds and the off and on bursts of rain. A lot of the girls were maybe not going tonight, which Sadie had said, too, that she probably wouldn't, on the online social network-y thing that made Sadie feel like an old woman. This was the first scheduled meeting she had missed since she had first started attending. Support group was another communications technology that she didn't quite know how to navigate, and, like, found useful, but would rather it led to relationships and conversations outside of its narrow confines. Sadie was now thinking that her metaphors were probably a little sloppy, and how, like, technologies are generally tools that *help* you navigate through [bodies of water] that you might find yourself [swimming in], and, so, she clarified to herself,

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she wasn't navigating through the technology, but using the technology to navigate through the [all-encompassing morass] that was her life. But now she was thinking that, no, obviously you could have systems within systems within systems that feed off of and flow into one another, boats turning into rivers crashing through library basements where maybe you need a map to help you navigate to finding that particular book to give you that knowledge that steers you through the black ocean under your moonless sky.

Sadie's co-worker was taking a grammar class where they learned about language and how to edit monographs and stuff. Sometimes Sadie didn't realize (in real time) the possibility matrices that consistently sprung up throughout her day-to-day conversations, generally too caught up in her own bullshit plans to actually listen to what the world was saying through its human mediums. Like, once you more or less lay your groundwork, sometimes you have to let the people mover take you wherever it goes, enjoying the ride and engaging with the, um, metaphoric somethings that, um, portals to alternate futures? Sadie yawned, which was good or whatever. For some reason she was satisfied with her day's output, which, somehow felt odd? Sadie had literarily sold her previous self to the land, which had, like, digested her and shat her back out a new woman. Like, sorry, said the 'verse, we are not buying this shit at all that you are selling. *This here* is the truth of what you are. And while this was all well and good, Sadie still could not make heads or tails of whether or not this 'versal reassessment of her being constituted a fundamental rejection or an acceptance. And one of her biggest fears, actually, was that she would express who she was, and an Other

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she wasn't navigating through the technology, but using the technology to navigate through the [all-encompassing morass] that was her life. But now she was thinking that, no, obviously you could have systems within systems within systems that feed off of and flow into one another, boats turning into rivers crashing through library basements where maybe you need a map to help you navigate to finding that particular book to give you that knowledge that steers you through the black ocean under your moonless sky.

Sadie's co-worker was taking a grammar class where they learned about language and how to edit monographs and stuff. Sometimes Sadie didn't realize (in real time) the possibility matrices that consistently sprung up throughout her day-to-day conversations, generally too caught up in her own bullshit plans to actually listen to what the world was saying through its human mediums. Like, once you more or less lay your groundwork, sometimes you have to let the people mover take you wherever it goes, enjoying the ride and engaging with the, um, metaphoric somethings that, um, portals to alternate futures? Sadie yawned, which was good or whatever. For some reason she was satisfied with her day's output, which, somehow felt odd? Sadie had literarily sold her previous self to the land, which had, like, digested her and shat her back out a new woman. Like, sorry, said the 'verse, we are not buying this shit at all that you are selling. *This here* is the truth of what you are. And while this was all well and good, Sadie still could not make heads or tails of whether or not this 'versal reassessment of her being constituted a fundamental rejection or an acceptance. And one of her biggest fears, actually, was that she would express who she was, and an Other

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would truly see her for what she was, and would reject her *because* of who she was. Now, Sadie was wondering whether she was just another replicant created by the Rosen Corporation, without that breath of life that real people possessed. Well, whatever, this parenthetical paragraph of a moment in her life was kind of all over the place, like that jazzy free jazz song that the DJ had played (yesterday?) that made Sadie think of her own artistic style, which, like an oscillator—one who or that which oscillates—oscillated back and forth from ugly nonsense to beautiful perfection, from mundane mediocrity to heavenly poetic genius, depending on the minute digit on the face of the blinking digital clock. Point was, the pertinent question here is: What was Sadie's place in the world? What was her role? What was her specific kuleana, now that her relationship with the land had fundamentally changed? Sadie Rose Rosen looked to the [wordless direction] and almost caught a glimpse of something. Gently teasing, always gently teasing, she picked at this thread. Patiently, she picked some more.

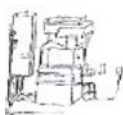
The pickled beets that Sadie ate as a quarter-to-midnight snack tasted so very meaty. And tangy. Satisfying. And red. In the morning she woke up, put some water in the teapot, turned on the burner, and swallowed her pills. She leisurely began her face shaving ritual in the bathroom, the washcloth boiling hot on her face and neck. She spent a little time examining her mirror image, imagining that maybe it seemed like there wasn't as much hair growth as usual, and feeling a bit hopeful. She plucked her eyebrows a bit, and, way behind on grocery shopping, wondered what she was going to do about breakfast

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and lunch, which shouldn't make her so overwhelmed, but like, maybe she wanted to try and put on makeup today. And, oh my goodness, her rooms were a mess. Time kept on ticking, ticking, ticking, into the future, which, of course, would soon be the past, so really time was moving backwards, and is why we say that the future is behind us and our past is laid out in front of us or whatever but it's all an illusion anyway since, obviously, it is possible to move sideways in time, or in loop-di-loops or even above. To be above time, which is totally a thing Sadie could recall from a memory she places on a streetcar in New Orleans, and carnival season, which Benítez-Rojo describes as inscribed within a time lag, and consisting of concentrations of paradoxical dynamics by virtue of which the world becomes a travesty mirror (p.306 of *The Repeating Island*). Sadie's gut lurched a bit. Thinking of food made her nauseous? Or did her intestines just need to be filled with something of real substance, to allow her to maintain her balance as she wobbled along the cliff.



"The battle of good and evil. It's the battle of good and evil." Sadie was back at the desk after the department meeting. "Judaism. Judaism." There were a couple of humans talking loudly about religion or philosophy or something, one of them sitting on the floor by the table in front of the chair. "What are you doing for the second essay?" Sadie was looking through the latest batch of recommended titles that popped up through the automated gathering plan profile.

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Should she purchase a book called *Universe: Exploring the Astronomical World*, simply because it was edited by a person named Rosie Pickles? Sadie really liked the titles of physics and mathematics monographs sometimes, although she often found their innards boring, myopic, and inapplicable to anything meaningful. For example, *Half-Century of Physical Asymptotics and Other Diversions: Selected Works*. Sadie recalled having once written some poetry about asymptotic freedom, maybe? About the poles kissing as they crossed? Or was that Dylan Thomas? Most of the books on these lists were a bit too field specific for Sadie to make a determination on without more research on YAWN. *Wagner's Theory of Generalized Heaps*. Sadie thought about old friends that maybe she should contact. Old friends that drew comic books, maybe? Ones that perhaps Sadie could publish for an upcoming Print/ Book Fair? *Free Boundaries in Rock Mechanics*? *Higher-Dimensional Knots*? So many decisions to make about what to purchase. It was almost a running theme in this cosmic-flavored series of novels that Sadie was in the process of manifesting.

Scrolling through her library science notifications, Sadie realized that she totally should have went to the symposium yesterday, because the entire thing was about library and information science, which like a doltish dolt she just now realized that this was currently her area of responsibility. Oh well, she was bad at her job. The symposium would have been a perfect opportunity to hobnob with her students and faculty, and make connections leading to beautiful and glorious projects that could fill her brief remainder of allotted time as a Librarian of Science. Ahh! So many missed opportunities, all because of Sadie's hurt feelings. Sadie wished someone would come and

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ask her a question, so that she might not feel like a complete and utterly useless sack of, um, tomatoes?

“Sadie, am I on after you?”

“You’re not on at all today.”

“Yay!”

Sadie’s feedback mechanism was clearly functional and responsive, but still had room for a bit of optimization? Sadie reached into her soul and calibrated her machinery.

Sadie was so bad at her job, yet so good at making lunch. That morning she had cooked up the last of the kasha and added one of those heads of bok choy that had been a little too long in the ground, adding some green onion and a radish, and the last of the few remaining green beans chopped up small, and, um, sesame oil and shoyu and vinegar? And some walnuts. Voilà! Breakfast *and* lunch. She added a few pickled things—beets and watermelon rinds—because the lunch was kind of manini. A strong wind came and threatened to blow her hat off her head. There were many tiny bugs. Something fell from the sky. “Hello, tree,” said Sadie to the tree. She was thoroughly enjoying her delicious lunch.

Sadie had spent most of the night binging on the past months’ output from iMiXWHATiLiKE!, a goldmine of media critique and historical analysis, and had woke up and continued on. She ran a few updates that had popped up on her machine dealing with common files used by various X servers. The software on her computer was now up to date (according to her computer). She felt a little more grounded in revolutionary theory, but was struck again by the irrele-

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vance of her little projects, and the lack of potential inherent in them. Like, without the time for actually organizing and collaborating on something worthwhile, what was the point in making all of this effort, just to have a showcase for works that just simply weren't going to connect with people? Like, Sadie would oscillate between feeling that her voice was entirely extraneous to the conversation and that she should just quit already with trying to share it—as there were plenty of other better placed/suited folks enacting the types projects she might imagine for herself—and the feeling that, whether or not it was exigent that others actually payed attention to what she created, the entirety of her overall oeuvre was really fucking brilliant, and she might as well keep going. But like, she shouldn't get lost in the importance of each little arbitrary goal she set for herself, and should always act aware of her overarching context—it was with proper grounding in the stories of our ancestors and peers that our personal narratives would achieve that oh so elusive quality of true revolutionary praxis. Yet another rainstorm erupted out of doors. There went Sadie's plans of leisurely strolling around the town, maybe splurging on a large, decadent breakfast. She did need to go out at some point for that examination of the health of her eyes and her weekly maintenance of her mental health. And, goddamn, she needed to refill her supplies.



Sadie sat on the wooden bench, surrounded by her fellow brunchers, thinking, okay, what is the important thing for us to be

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doing/thinking/expressing at this very particular moment in time? “Lilikalā,” said the universe? Sadie looked up and directly across the room at a bowl of semi-zested oranges. Like, what possible thing could we do at this very particular place in this very particular time that will affect the change we want to see in the world? Should we talk about the fucked up nature of raising animals to be tortured and slaughtered in a thoroughly diseased industrial agriculture system? The fact that the existence of this very brunch event serves a capitalism that feeds the ongoing genocide of the peoples of this land? “Terrible,” said the universe? The coffee was hot. The bench shook with the movement of new potential comrades.

“Can I get anything else for you?”

“No, that’s it for us,” said the universe, whose card read, FREEDOM. “Aw, she can handle rain.”

Clearly, there were gaps in the historical record. Would Sadie make it to her appointment on time? Sadie looked up and her eyes focused on a bottle labeled HERRING. So many threads so haphazard-like. All over the place. “Sit down,” said the universe. Sadie looked out the window at a possible exit. A plethora of connections lit up the synapses in her mind, her mind, of course, consisting of her total conscious world, a world which extended in all the directions.

“Seriously?” said Sadie to the ‘verse. Sadie looked at her fellows and shook her head in disappointment. Fucking imperialist-supporting assholes *still* identifying with a country that isn’t theirs. There was still some confusion about just how fucking evil the U.S. military and various associated fascist agencies were (extremely fucking evil, in case you were wondering). Please, humans, stop encouraging your

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friends and family and neighbors to be tools of empire and capital. Stop enabling this shit.

“Hi,” said Sadie. “I’m a patient here. And I wanted to update my contact info?”

Now back in the waiting room on the eighteenth floor, having just successfully updated her various points of contact at the Pi’ikoi-based dental office two floors down, Sadie sat (and waited). Classical music filled the room, piped in from...that potted plant hanging from the corner of the ceiling? Someone burst through the door, requesting help with a pair of broken frames. The band played on.

Sadie sat. And waited.

“We got lucky.”

Sadie sat in the waiting room, a metallic taste in her mouth, her eyes watery from the drops that the doctor had squeezed into them for testing their pressure and to encourage their dilation. Her vision hadn’t changed since the last checkup sixteen months back and the pressure on her eyes was healthy. And she wasn’t due for a new set of frames for some time yet. Had the eye drops somehow dripped down her nasal passages and come out her throat, disturbing her taste buds with their, um, ickiness? Sadie’s body was a mystery to her yet.

Sadie sat in the waiting room, classical music coming out of the stereo by the wall. It was, um, bright in this room. Sadie was probably a little early to this next appointment at this totally different office on the sixth floor of a totally different building. So many offices in the world. Sometimes Sadie’s brain exploded thinking about the vast numbers of things that existed—all of the [instances] of [specific cate-

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“So many things. So, so many things.”

Sadie thought about looking for a fountain of water when a basket of books caught her eye. *Make-Believe: Games & Activities for Imaginative Play*. Sadie walked into the hall.

Sadie sat in the waiting room. A door opened. “Let me run to the rest room.”

NEXT CHAPTER (according to Sadie’s therapist)

So, it was now a completely different chapter in Sadie’s life. Jazz music filled the ramen shop, as Sadie thirstily sipped from her tall blue glass. “One tan tan,” had been her order. The bowl arrived quick, hot and greasy. Sadie proceeded to eat her noodle soup.

Sadie emptied the bowl into her belly, dipped her chopsticks in the glass, and wiped them off with the last unsullied spot of her napkin, before folding them up and returning them to their case. She eyed the pattern of the traces left in the bowl. She dumped the rest of her cash in the black restaurant billfold, took one more sip of water, and returned her sight-enhancement devices atop her viewing organs. She liked what she saw. She walked outside.

Sadie rounded a corner and hopped on a bus that she knew

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Sadie pulled down a sign recruiting women to join the U.S. Navy from the side of a bus stop because it was the least she could do to push back against the insidious militarization of youth and poor folks already harmed by the very military doing the recruiting. She rounded a corner and walked down the block to the next shuttle stop, where she sat down, to wait.

Sadie Rose Rosen saw a bus coming in the other direction, tried to cross the street to catch this bus, was hit by a car, and died. Oh well. Such is life (and death).

Some unnamed character sat at the side of the road. Some juvenile human shouted “penis” from the grassy knoll down the rear-side hill. Some siblings sat on a bench comparing the tiny devices attached to their bodies by thin white wires. In one direction, the sky was mostly clear, a shifting gradient of late afternoon sky-color with some whiffs of clouds moving through at a steady pace on a breezy day. In another direction, back towards the mountains, the sky was a greyish white. Behind an orange mesh fence, the maintenance and repair crew was packing up for the day. A vehicle approached, its doors opened, and our new protagonist hopped on board.

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Ged Pae had been stranded in this section of the 'verse for maybe an entire planetary cycle. It wasn't even her 'verse. Hell, it wasn't even her original *multiverse*, having shifted over during one of the grand mergers that took place during The Flood. She stared at the message that appeared on her viewscreen after accessing the secret dropbox the hui had set up for its coded communiqués.

From: e-liquid supplier
Subject: Eliquid supplier

The sender of this message is requesting notification from you when you have read this message.

Click [HERE](#) to send the notification message.

Hello, Sir

Good day, This is brian from shenzhen, china , we mainly produce electrobnic cigarette product.

Pls check following e-juice flavor, we can supplu you these e-juice at very good price .

 Pls add my skype :misissippi2009 If Any wholesale customer require wholesale purchasing order, then pls contact with me , We can talk about better price based on my quotation . Waiting for your further inquiry .BR

Brian

6:492017/10/17

Clearly, their agents in China, posing as an elderly bourgeois couple on holiday, had made contact with this cat named Brian. And now Ged had to try and make sense of this obtuse code that nobody

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Pls check following e-juice flavor, we can supplu you these e-juice at very good price .

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in the hui had ever bothered to teach her, figuring on her not sticking around so long maybe, or having some local take on learning and language acquisition that precluded certain forms of training. Anyway, she was pretty sure that this was a positive development in the overall scheme of things. Ged shut down the apparatus and threw a bunch of containers in an assortment of bags and went outside to catch a transport into town. Quantum Jitters had tasked her with a supply run, which wasn't exactly her job, but then again, her undocumented status gave her an unmapped kuleana that enabled a flexibility in her day-to-day utility to the overall movement, and, like, she always enjoyed experiencing new things.

"Eleven jars and two bags," Ged said to the scanner, as her bounty was processed.

"Proceed," said the scanner, processing the exchange through one of the aliases that was available for Ged's use. Back on board another transport, Ged took notice of the nigh-realistic scenery. *Such detail, they put into this illusion*, thought Ged. It was tough sometimes to recall what layer of reality Ged was supposed to be parsing. Ged thought about her brother, who was, if the transversal underground newswire could be believed, on some kind of infiltration slash information gathering mission to their ancestral storybook home. Ged's mission was a bit different. It involved oh who are we kidding, Ged was a fictional character and clearly didn't exist. But I, the author, totally exist. Perhaps you remember me from such novels as **For Sale** and **Are You Buying This Shit?** Anyway, I have grown bored with this particular project of book writing, what with its arbitrary deadlines and logistical nightmares and unforced errors. I am not really

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in the hui had ever bothered to teach her, figuring on her not sticking around so long maybe, or having some local take on learning and language acquisition that precluded certain forms of training. Anyway, she was pretty sure that this was a positive development in the overall scheme of things. Ged shut down the apparatus and threw a bunch of containers in an assortment of bags and went outside to catch a transport into town. Quantum Jitters had tasked her with a supply run, which wasn't exactly her job, but then again, her undocumented status gave her an unmapped kuleana that enabled a flexibility in her day-to-day utility to the overall movement, and, like, she always enjoyed experiencing new things.

"Eleven jars and two bags," Ged said to the scanner, as her bounty was processed.

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feeling supported by you, the universe, and I do not see the point in continuing on *or* starting over.

It was at this point that some unseen force picked the author up out of its chair, clothed it with pants and shirts from the dirty laundry pile, and thrust it into the kitchen to load the grocery bags with empty bulk item containers.

“But I don’t want to go anywhere,” said the author, still riding this odd wave of energy. One more almost rebellion after the bags were packed and our author was whisked out the door.

“What an odd fucking machine we built for ourselves,” said the author, now back home in its underwear, after a long journey to the co-op and back and a shorter journey to the library and postal office and farmer’s market and back. The author decided to create more hexaflexagon books, because the author was still feeling unmotivated to bake cookies or whatever.

Mustache Jones wiped the tears from her eyes. It was nice to hear from her old lover, and it was nice to hear that they missed her, but it still hurt. Mustache Jones was a character that was introduced in the first book in this series (**For Sale**), and was named after a pack of fake mustaches that the author’s ex-co-worker had got them as some sort of gag gift or whatever, although the author’s memory is a little fuzzy on the subject. It is difficult to state concrete facts about Mustache Jones, because the author’s entire methodology for character development seems to consist of the author allowing a character’s identity to organically emerge from the various possibility matrices formed by the previously published seemingly arbitrary word con-

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straints. Suffice it to say, Mustache Jones was born out of a mystery romance novel, and now lived a very specific life in a very specific era, where it was raining. In fact, it was raining VERY HARD. It had been raining since she got home from the library (she was a librarian, but lived in a world with a totally kapakahi compensation mechanism so that while there was plenty of work to be done and plenty of people with the desire and aptitude to do this work, there were extrinsic motivation systems in place that actively discouraged folks from doing so, creating artificial scarcities and obscene costs, and a shortage of officially sanctioned librarian jobs, and Mustache had found herself drifting from library to library to oh, have we mentioned that it was raining?) and now Mustache was beginning to worry about the house she was housesitting in, which belonged to one of her ex's business associates, and had, in times past, a habit of flooding during periods of hard, continuous rain. This rain tonight was super intense. An aggressive rain, which turned up its volume if you looked at it askance. Periodic crashings and rumblings, the house creaking, the snapping and falling of trees or roofs or who knows what outside. Mustache was not really prepared for this. Where were the candles? The flashlights? And such a mess was the house. She thought about the tenuous nature of her current personal life system, and just how divorced from reality it was. A few regrets ran through her mind, before she remembered that, oh yeah, this was why she took all of those swimming lessons for all those years. She stared directly into this hard rain's eye, and encouraged its fall.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, an unread fiction device sat in a book

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sandwich between treatises on chaos theory and entropy. Our original protagonist was now a ghost, and therefore found it difficult to read or whatever, or to transmit basic facts about how she felt on a day-to-day basis. And now all of this experience had disappeared into the aether, and you, the reader, will know nothing about what lifedeadth is like on the other side, save for the various impressions and traces left on your world map that, um, YAWN. Mustache Jones got up to finish cleaning her kitchen before the power went out again.

Ged finished up the dinner that Quantum had whipped up in a jiffy, and meditated upon this very fact. She licked off her fingers, ruminating on the fact that for some reason food always tasted better when she would instinctively toss aside her utensils and start scooping up the food into her mouth with her hands. The bean croquette cooked in the last spoonfuls of the arugula pesto had accompanied the sad looking bok choy cooked in the last of the berbere spice not so badly. And the Homestead poi was oh my goodness such a treat. It had been a long time since Ged had eaten poi, probably since before the last harvest of table taro, and she had forgotten just how delicious and nourishing it is. As she finished washing her dishes, she took a gander at the odd pot of broth simmering away on the stove, inhaled its essence before the heat overwhelmed her, and made her way back to the workroom. Marranzano, her best friend/talking armadillo was there, chatting with the panda bear about strategy and tactics, as always. "Okay," said Ged, "Any ideas on how much longer I need to pretend to sell books? I am growing sooooo bored with this

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“Do you hear that?” said Marranzano. “The rain is picking back up.” He looked over at the panda and back up at Ged. “We’ve been discussing our printing capabilities and where to best direct our resources. We are thinking about giving material support to the dance activists and their cultural reversion program, but we haven’t quite figured out the best way to launder the funds. How is that mapping project going, by the way? The one at the community college?”

Ged’s eyes lit up, and then she sighed. “Um, I am a bit out of the loop on that one. But there have been a few updates on naming procedures. In fact,” she continued, “we are probably ready to post something to the communal messaging boards. Sooo,” she scrunched up her face, “I should probably get started on that?”

“Let one of the interns do it,” said the panda bear, as it chewed on the end of a charcoal pencil.

“Yeah,” said Marranzano. “That Rose seems to have a way with the Nets.”

“Generic’s friend? I thought she was off the board,” interjected Ged.

“Oh no,” replied the previously quiet comrade sitting nonchalantly in the corner, “You haven’t seen the latest data analysis from the feedback reports. There is a whole lot more territory in play than we previously thought.”

“Hmm,” said Ged, looking at this person that she did not know so well. “Hmm.”

“Mr. Jitters? Are you there?”

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“Mr. Jitters? Are you there?”

Quantum Jitters begrudgingly walked over to the viewscreen. He pressed a button with his crooked nail. "What do you want?"

"We've got updates for the system that you are probably going to want to install."

"Well?"

"Those double free fixes for creating the metazone mappings came in for the international components of the Unitary Code."

"Ah," said Jitters. "Ah. Um. Oh."

"Outside? You want to go outside? But..."

"It's okay, Violet. We'll be alright."

"But. Really?"

"Sure, what's the worst that could happen, going into the world, amongst the people?"

"I don't know, Rose. I just don't know. But I *am* kind of hungry."

"Well," said Rose, "it is a long way to the bank."

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Sadie Rose Rosen opened her eyes to find herself on the crosswalk on a bright muggy day. She was crossing the street. A vehicle passed on her left, with a plate that read, IAM2ND.

COMING SOON from Ke Kahawai Nui Hou:

The second half of this book!

Second Life: Crossing That Line

“Hola qué pasó. ¿Qué pasó?”

Safely on the other side of Wilder Avenue, Sadie walked into the Sure Shot Café feeling a bit refreshed. She ordered a veggie bagel and a small coffee, and sat down in the corner and listened to a song about breaking chains. Of love.

Sadie ate her vegetable bagel and wanted to wipe her mouth, sticky with caper juice perhaps, but felt that she was maybe wearing makeup that she didn't want to smudge. A hair kept getting into her mouth. She couldn't quite figure out which side of her head it was coming from. She thought briefly about how odd it was to be here, but eventually memories started floating into the gaps of her consciousness. She had errands to run?

All Plot Threads Untangled! Satisfaction Guaranteed!

“At the end of that piece, Don Quixote is lying on his deathbed, thinking back fondly on a lifetime of adventures, even if those adventures were all in his imagination.”

Quantum Jitters switched off the electromagnetic wave distributor. It was time to start that fire.

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