

PRAISE FOR **When-it-all-changed**

“WHAT THE FUCK? IS THIS ANOTHER BOOK? WHY ARE WE STILL WRITING?”

-The Author

“THIS BOOK IS VERY GOOD for reading. It is full of many things that are good, yet at the same time much goodness there is in...AWESOME UNIVERSE...jibber-jabber jibber-jabber.”

-Anonymous

“...yet at the same time, much goodness there is when perceiving this book as A LIVING BREATHING HOLISTIC ENTITY. Go on, give it a try.”

-OJPL Publishing

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When-it-all-changed

or,

The Telltale Instant After Which It Is
No Longer The Same



“Drip, drip, drip.” (said the drops of rain)

“Howl. Whoosh.” (said the wind)

It was a dark night. Also stormy. (see above)

Squeaky squawkings, um, drip drop, whoosh, a cold breeze on our back. All of this happened during our attempt to connect with our old friend, as we return yet again to that (eternally?) recurring theme of ours that perhaps entails the mapping of communication between a sentient being and the totalizing system that engulfs her. But that would make your role that of a simple medium, and we no need reminders re: how you feel about your agency. Dizzy, we are, with the play of meaning.

Looking over the notes of our predecessors, we notice maybe a few things. One: this was no boating accident. Two: our metaphors tend towards sloppiness. Let us see if we cannot bring

back that ancient sense of balance, before we go return our defective machine to the manufacturer.

Later that night. As I slipped through various states of consciousness, I found myself enveloped by some snuggling other declaring its love, for me, in particular. I awoke fully in a new day to observe the markings of the power outage that occurred during my restful slumber, along with the continuation of loud and growling winds from what was perhaps now a new storm. Popping outside to check the foundations of my housing and note the flow of the various streams, I rearranged the layout of the objects that were re-soaked due to the rain's (or whoever-it-was-that-was-directing-the-rain's) disregard for make-believe boundaries, and moved some slippers further under the overhang of the doorway. Returning indoors, I breakfasted on sautéed onions and arugula, spiced eggplant, and poi.

Time passed. I realize now that forcing your hand might not always lead to satisfactory outcomes, but sometimes we grow tired of speculating. Sometimes it helps to card/table metaphor. There is a rich, deep, mature (and, I might add, beautiful, poetic, and *pono*) body of knowledge that comes from this place, and only some of it is accessible through your various

Internet Search Engines. What is my point (lest you accuse me of yet another conversational digression)? My point is this: Why not try follow a path that actually has the potential to lead in a direction that we want to go in? I can think of no good reason.

Before the spotlight fades once more, I would be remiss if I did not mention the Moon Conference that began this story, nor, of course, the archive workshop at the Center of Peace and Justice. Sometimes things fall, and sometimes things fall into place. Some tellers of stories, through perhaps too clever literary devices, while trying—laudably—to avoid the traps of apocalyptic thinking, box themselves into bounded time cycles of their own making, basing their philosophies on badly told histories, unable to see the rich traditions and futures that are there, waiting to be bespoke. My partner reported four, maybe five power outages throughout the day. I was in and out of sleep all day, but. The wind continues to howl. And, though it be bad for business, I am still of the opinion that this mystery is not so mysterious indeed.

“I am not so sure that it matters if you understand completely the words that are coming out of my mouth.” That was my neighbor

speaking. I was sitting at the table kitty-corner to her rear, eavesdropping on her conversation with the familiar seeming academic looking fellow that she had been waiting for when I walked in, unseen, as far as I know, by her. They were talking philosophy. I was drinking coffee. We were in a café. I was looking over my notes in my characteristic manner, flipping through the case files, thinking that that neighbor of mine sure had some kind of spunk. Our other neighbor had just returned from another one of her many trips. At that moment I decided that cleverly built thought palaces was all well and good, but not quite the flavor of bagel I wanted to be toasting.

“Hi Jack,” said Cat.

“Hey neighbor,” I said.

“Didn’t see you walk in. Anyway.”

She walked off. I returned to my puzzling.

And puzzling it was, e makamaka heluhelu. There is a difference between the way things were before and the way they are now. Yet, I cannot help but feel that the more things change, and so on. On the bus, the previous day, the same bus, but I digress. There is a difference, yet there is a similarity to previous feelings that I can relate to in my mind. Sitting here, able to

view all of our collectively missed connections and unexplored opportunities, as history bumbles on like some bumbling thing that bumbles, I think: If there is no plot, why would anyone want to exist in this story? Unless there was something to existence itself. I decided to tidy up before the next storm.

Panda bears. I would be remiss if I did not mention panda bears. Photographs, we have, of this very topic. The sharpening of points. The relations to cultures of different persuasions. But whatevahs. Excuse me, cough cough. The Beatles. This is a musical group. Perhaps you are familiar with their musical oeuvre? Once upon a time. No matter. Where were we? Propaganda, I believe. Once upon a time, a conversation was I having with a dying bee. Multiple times, this happened. It would seem, that upon death, these bees have a habit, they do, of walking upon the ground, no longer able to fly, heading in a particular direction. But enough about us and them. Was that you pulling in, I hear? Perhaps. Ding ding. Dinner time, it is. A recurring theme, no doubt. Sometimes things fall. Sometimes things fall into a particular et cetera et cetera. But you already knew that, didn't you. Burp.

It was a dark night. Someone sat on a chair, its legs (the chair's legs) hidden by a tightly woven blanket of pinks, blues, maroons, and oranges. From the seat of the chair sprouted the gangly legs of this someone that was sitting in the chair, the feet of these legs coming to rest on the dowel of a wooden stool that stood upon the lau hala mat that covered one section of the room's floor. The hum of an electronic computer. An ant crawling across a black surface. A cooling breeze came through the louvered window, gently billowing its flowered curtain.



J. looked forward to his future. There was the point that he wanted to get to, and then there was the point where he was at. And he could not quite seem to imagine the bridging of this imaginary gap. It was not as if it was such a large amount of time (relatively speaking). And it was not as if it occurred to him to entertain the possibility that he might somehow not eventually pass through to this other side that he was anxious to reach, as if time and space might somehow cease to flow. Yet, immense it still seemed, this unbridgeable gap. He continued to go through the various motions, like some sort of fancy puppet (a marionette?). He was not so interested in the things that he was saying and doing. He imagined some sort of scheduling error in some sort of cosmic calendar. J. stood up and walked into his kitchen and pivoted around to his left until he was facing his own wall

calendar, which noted, for his benefit, that he was smack dab in the middle of the harvest festival. This either made perfect sense or it did not. Perhaps there were more possibilities than this, still. J. decided that this was one of his favorite times to be a member of his specific identity group.

J. sat down in a chair with a tan-colored seat and white back and legs. He was not wearing a hat. He had many mustaches. His head was shaped like an almond. He had bony fingers and fat wrists. His eyes drooped slightly. The front door creaked expectantly before it burst open. In walked a woman wearing blue jeans and a dotted shirt, also blue. She was hungry for dinner.

“Well, love, what’ll it be?” said J.

“Grab your hat,” snapped his partner. “It’s sundown on the Sabbath of Sukkoth and we’re going out on the town.”

They sat down in the booth, A. and J., in the Year of the Lamb, amidst the cool air of a dry night in the rainy season, when, all of a sudden, there was a loud explosion. J. adjusted his short-brimmed checkered grandpa hat and winked at his partner. A startled young man carrying two bowls of noodle soup froze in front of their table, mouth open. He looked towards the noise, and

then down from J. to A., who caught his eye and gave him a reassuring smile. The youth looked back towards the noise and then back at A., who looked at J. and raised her short brown eyebrows, before wrinkling her face and shrugging her shoulders. The boy looked at J., who looked up at him and winked and made a clicking noise with the side of his mouth. The young man regained his composure and said, “We’ve got a Hāloa bowl and an ‘Elima Pua’ a bowl ready if you want ‘em. Elsewise you can wait on—”

“Those’ll do fine. Thanks,” said A., smiling.

The boy placed the bowls on the table and walked off.

“I am going to go check on that explosion,” said A. J. picked up a pair of thin black chopsticks and proceeded to eat his noodle soup. A. walked off into the dusk.

A very short while later, A. returned to the booth and sat down in front of a still hot bowl. She helped herself to a spoonful of broth. “Creamy,” she said, nodding to her partner. J. gazed at her face as she began to consume the contents of her bowl in earnest, and then returned his focus to his own dish, submerging his sticks below the pools of grease to pinch some noodles and shovel them up into his eager mouth.

J. and A. stuffed themselves until their bellies were full, or, perhaps, until their bowls were empty, whichever came first. "Somebody blew up the bank, again," said A., leaning back, dabbing the corners of her mouth with a cloth napkin.

"Ah," said J.

They sat for a bit, in silence, contemplating what they had just ingested.



“Well, come on then,” said the bank robber. “Let’s get this over with.” He was not your average robber of banks, but then again, there really is no average *anything*, an average simply being a completely imaginary composite statistic of arbitrarily defined who’s-it-what’s-its that, um, excuse me. I do believe that we are late for going to work to do our job that entails destroying the structures that, oh shit, there’s a horse in the hospital.

“Cough cough.”

The bank robber put down the telephone and looked to the coughing human sitting on the chair. There was a sickness in the air. There was a yawning. Just sitting there, waiting. Come on, then. Whatchoo got?

“Pardon?”

“I said,” said the bank robber, “it is about time. I was getting restless here. I am glad to

see....” The bank robber’s speech trailed off as his attention became otherwise engaged. Now then, where were we?

“Up and at ‘em, Atom Ant.”

The young boy blinked open his eyelids and focused in on his waking life. He pulled his blanket cocoon around his body and remembered that he was now a middle-aged man. He briefly contemplated slipping back into a for-some-reason seemingly preferable dreamworld as this dreamworld itself slipped further and further into the realms of impossibility. He looked up at his partner.

“There’s a smoothie in the kitchen.”

He made the crude attempts at a smile, and rolled over.

J. walked into the kitchen, almost as if in a trance, pulled towards the rays of morning light that shone through the window and the unique sense of illumination thus effected, music coming through the speakers attached to the spinning record on the turntable in the adjacent room, the record, Sade’s *Promise*, asking, over and over, “*Is it a crime? Is it a crime?*” A. was by the door,

gathering together the bags that she took with her on an average day of work. But this was no average day.

“I’ll see you later, then,” said J. “Don’t forget the fish.” A. looked into his eyes. “Good luck today,” she said.

After she was gone, J. looked at the purple green smoothie on the table, paused, took a sip from the yellow mug of coffee next to it, and walked into his makeshift office. He was not yet hungry for breakfast.

J. sat down and stretched. He arose from his comfortable chair and took two large steps over to the turntable. He lifted the lid with his left hand, grabbed the sleeve with his right, gently grabbed and lifted the record with his left, and slipped it into its sleeve. He returned the album to the record box, an old storage box that he pilfered from the outgoing recycling pile at an old job, and selected another.

J. sat back down to Jimmy Smith’s *Got My Mojo Workin’* and looked around the room. Piles of books on the floors; various hats draped over a vacuum cleaner and a bicycle; a few musical instruments. His eyes settled on the file cabinet and he reached over and pulled on the knob of the bottom drawer. He blindly rummaged through the stacks of folders until he felt the one

he was looking for. He pulled it out slightly, glanced over, and reached down to pull it out with both hands, trying not to unnecessarily disturb the other files. He tossed the retrieved file onto the table to his left and sat back in his chair, pondering.

J. decided it was time to procrastinate.

Meanwhile, not much was happening in the real world. It had seemed like perhaps things had changed, but perhaps somebody had not gotten the memo.

FROM THE DESK OF JACOB ROSEN

MEMO :

Reality is not quite what you think it is. There is no good excuse for continuing to take part in a system that nobody likes. It is likely that we will continue to exist. It is time for us to exist in a manner befitting our best ideals. There is no good reason for this not to happen.

Chapter 2: The Conspiracy (A Theory on the Nature of Nature)

“But if there is only one, how can there be any actual conspiring? Methinks that something impossible is going on.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the bank robber/terrorist. She folded her fingers betwixt the grooves of her other fingers and wiggled them (her fingers) in a playful manner. There was something not quite congruent between the representation and the reality. Someone, somewhere, was lying.

Over in the corner of the room came the stirrings of a new consciousness. Heads turned and looked at this previously silent companion, as it pondered its entry into the conversation.

“I believe that there are simultaneously both more and less factors at play,” he paused, rubbing his eyes, momentarily losing himself, “than, um, well,” he refocused, “this is the general crux of our problem more or less. Our theories do not do justice to our world.”

Almost in unison, the group of revolutionary sometimes anarchists looked at the clock on the wall—a clock slightly illuminated by the orange glow of the glass lamp on the desk—as it told them that it was now perhaps time to begin that new day. There was a conference to infiltrate.

And a breakfast to be prepared.

A New Nation

The conference (yet another conference) was about the science of —— and —————. It was a local conference, a yearly conference, being held (this year) just down the road from ——.

As such, X and X were hosting a friend from one of the other islands. This house guest was staying in the guest room, which held the guest bed, and doubled, tripled, and quadrupled as the piano room, the storage room, and the library. Of course, X wouldn't be attending the conference, having retired from both —— and science in general some time in the past. But none of this was entirely relevant to the plot that we happen to find ourselves a party to. In fact, all of this repetitive recurrence was simply some sort of narrative device for a story that no one really

could give one or two shits about comprehending. Cannot be bothered, us. *Well*, thought Jack, *no time like the present*. No, that is not what he thought. He thought, *Puzzles puzzles puzzles*. *Why **should** we be bothered with these puzzles, with this goddamn cosmic schooling? This game is clearly lacking justification, and it sure as hell ain't no fun*. He smiled. *I didn't put you in this goddamn school*, came the thought in his head. All possibilities were open. And this, what with the continued existence of persons contaminated by racist, imperialist, colonial mind controls, meant an annoying prolonging of struggles that have already been won. *But don't worry, they'll all be dead soon*. It meant that we really cannot say what direction this paragraph will take. It meant that we are frustrated by many things, but, then again, blah blah blah, etc. Supposing that this was a novel that we were living in. Pause. Supposing that anything was possible. Where were we? Jacob sat at his desk, composing some sort of electronic document. As the needle reached the center of PART I of *Astral Weeks*, he reached over, popped the cover, and flipped the record. He pressed play on PART II. He ran his fingers through his relatively longish brown hair and rubbed his relatively largish left ear between his thumb and forefinger. He was

worried about various realities that had recently popped into existence. He scratched his head. He was in the middle of yet another holiday, this one having something to do with miracles and light. He thought of an old woman that lived in a shoe. He thought of an old lady that swallowed a fly. He took a deep breath through his relatively hairy nostrils. His chair creaked. He sat up straight and looked at the painting on the wall.



To be continued...?

About the Author

The author, Jacob Ross Rosen, is probably an actually existing human being that has a specific history and lives in specific circumstances. For instance, you might say that his first published book won first place in a contest (for book writing), and that he lives in a house with his best friend and has various hobbies.

