

PRAISE FOR READING BOOKS

“READING BOOKS IS A MOST EXCELLENT THING TO DO. YOU SHOULD TRY IT SOME TIME.”

-OJPL Publishing

“Hi, how are you? I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, why should I trust some out-of-context quote about the wonders of reading books, when I am reading it *inside* of a book...The message cannot but help be a reflection of the vessel through which it is being communicated, am I right?”

-Anonymous

“The book is an AMAZING TECHNOLOGY. I’m not saying that reading a book is more better than talking story with your kūpuna, but compared with some other information technologies that you might find lying around your living space, it remains one POWERFUL TOOL for communicating stories.”

-The Author

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Bevian's Journey To Earth

A New Nation

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Are You Buying This Shit?

A Mainstream Novel



**OJPL Publishing
Mānoa**

This book is a work of fiction. Fiction does not exist. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is, like all of the things in our vast multiverse, entirely coincidental.

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This book was typeset by a wise, old computer whose time with Ke Kahawai Nui Hou might prove short-lived, though truly worthwhile, and certainly worth all expenses paid. This computer, whose name is/was Kahalepe'anui, sure could write. Additional computing duties were performed by Gus. Let us also note the fonts utilized in this book: Century Schoolbook L, Pijiu, and Dingbats. Oh, and, of course, thanks to the fine folks at Line and Dot printing for all of their fine printing of OJPL books, such as perhaps this one here.

Are You Buying This Shit?

“I ain’t never going back to Turtle Island.”

-Anonymous Bloody-faced Co-passenger
on the Transport to Harbortown



“So, did you know we lost power last night?”

“Um, I think it was just a small temporal disturbance in certain sections of the house.” A. hit her partner in the leg with the backside of her hand and gave him the eye. He smiled, this partner of hers. The clocks in the kitchen had a discrepancy of 42 minutes.

Many things happened that morning in between that paragraph and this. J. emerged from the water closet to the sounds of the arrival of the special breakfast guest. Mrs. Pae came bearing gifts.

“Are these from a hala tree?” asked somebody’s mother. “Annie’s been teaching us.”

“Where’s the whisk?”

There was much a-happening now that all of our characters had emerged from their various metaphorical caves and were existing in the same metaphorical kitchen-slash-living room.

Indeed, there was a lot of emerging happening.

Annie Tempelator walked into the adjacent room to retrieve her tiny device. The table was discussing the older generation and various other opened and/or closed entities. Some dishes were washed. They were amidst a holiday that involved packing up your stuff in a hurry and crossing a body of water in a perhaps search for a perhaps promised land. But what was actually promised is anybody's guess.

"So, are you going to return the book or should I take it with me and drop it off in Hilo...or maybe Mountain View."

J. and A. were discussing strategy. Or tactics. They were planning the future is what we are saying.

"Well," said A., "I want to go drop a lei off for [the person that is retiring], so I can bring it with me then."

J. had given his book review over a rainy breakfast at their local café not more than three or two days ago. It involved a diagnosis of what he was tentatively calling indigeneity blindness, and the predilection of certain haole writers to confuse specific groups of humans with all of humanity. There certainly appeared to be, in this subset of books, a seemingly willful disclusion from the broader, more beautiful stories of the

places from which these books were set and from which they were sprung. There was still, it would seem, a need for the language of decolonization. In fact, one could say that language was a central factor in postcolonial studies. In fact, one could even sing it in a song.

“Okay, then,” said J. “Sounds good.”

Aboard the giant flying island, Gus took his seat—23 B—as the young boy speaking ‘ōlelo called out the numbers on his walk down the aisle. Familiar, him and his travelling companion seemed. Using his fancy detective skills, Gus located a clue (the companion’s name) that enabled him to re-member their prior acquaintance. The redhead in the seat next to him kept talking in his ear about some ancient technique for creating indigo dye, which was a coincidence, as that just so happened to be the name of this old friend of Lawa and Heymish’s that Gus had met at some mutual friend’s wedding that had just sat down in seat Iwakālua Kūmākolu-E, next to her son. This was auspicious in that it was the second trip in a row that Gus encountered one of Heymish’s friends at that very same terminal. He pondered a future conversation where he (re)introduced himself. The redhead next to him continued to read her inflight magazine. A rainbow appeared over Lē’ahi. Flying, they were.

Overheard in a bathroom stall at the bus station in Downtown Hilo:

“Eh brother, how you?”

“I’m having trouble getting into the computer. You think I need to call the office?”

“Uh, you need to call da kine. You know, in Honolulu.”

We move along. Slowly. At light speed. We move along. And the rain falls from the sky. And all the islanders sing.

“But don’t you think sometimes that there is some kind of force—,” J. was waving his hand over the table, “that is acting and that, you know.” He made a specific shape with his fingers to better express his mind. “—that you can feel. You know, this force.”

Sibil looked over and started to tentatively agree, but in her own words. “Well, yeah. I guess.”

J. continued. “And do you ever feel that maybe sometimes it’s trying to sell us advertisements?”

Their order of food substances arrived and the conversation veered into a discussion about the amount of cheese that one should expect to see in a bowl of onion soup.

Meanwhile, down the street, Gus found him-

self privy to a discussion about freemasonry, urban planning, and deep politics, the particulars of which just so happened to correspond neatly with Teddy's groundbreaking graduate thesis that he never finished writing once he dropped that double major. Gus thought about that old red-headed carpenter that used to work with his grand-uncle over at the Institute and her insistence that the important work to be done was *in the city*, because that was where most people lived, and that simply encouraging people to "go back to nature" was not a solution to our problems, and, divorced of context, reinforced existing structures of privilege and inequality. This dovetailed nicely with that new project Sibil was contributing to re: designing livable cities. Of course, Gus would not be aware of this project until the next morn, after his long night of live music and kava drinking, and after he was introduced to Sibil through his old associate J. Of course, as Lava would so often remind him, any design technology, no matter how well-intentioned or thought out, becomes a technology of imperialism and control if it is parachuted into communities and lands without, how should he put it—the proper due process. But speaking of 'awa, which we were, it was at this point in the evening that the redheaded human that Gus had met on the passage over offered him the remainder of her shell.

Gus determined that it was within his kuleana to finish her portion and swiftly tossed the earthy liquid down his gullet. It was at this moment that Quantum Jitters walked up to the bar.

“So, you see, if you jump around like that, no one will be able to follow you. Unless they already know where you are going.”

The bus arrived fifteen minutes late. He got on the bus. It got him where he was going. It should be noted that this bus made all efforts to make him feel at home, mimicing his home island transport with just enough uncanniness to remind him of where he was. But, getting back to that previous discussion of jumping around (see above paragraph).

Put the garden to sleep in a way that's gonna make the inside flat.

[insert map]

“Well, fuck you, too.”

There was a buzzing outside Gus's temporary pop-up office. He was pondering the acquisition of a second robotic secretary. Not to replace the first, of course, but, well, um. Some sort of 'mobile drove off and took the buzzing with it.

“Do you think you could get me the number for that surveyor?” Gus asked his not-yet-existent secretary, just for see how it sounded. He looked around his office, his head bobbing up and down. “I think this might yet work,” he said, more quietly now. Gus ventured out into the field. *I am on her track now, no doubt*, he thought to himself. *I am on his track now*.

Mustache Jones was wondering why she ever got that librarian degree, what with the abundance of all those librarians still walking around. And this speaker series she was responsible for, *plus*, learning that chant, *plus*, her mother wanted her to housesit on the Sabbath, which meant keeping an eye on Grandpa *plus* Gracie. Ever since that high-profile kidnapping, but we digress. Point is, all of this stuff was making her wonder about her part in the plan. And now all of these dead bodies were piling up. Well, at least there would be plenty of mamaki tea. She looked at the picture of her ipo, from a time before they met, and sighed.

Gus had already murdered about ten or nine times the amount of mosquitos as his predecessor, which, wait a second. What if there was some sort of time reversal and his predecessor was actually following *him*?

“Bzzz.”

“Chirchi-cheep-cheep.”

“[Untranslatable].”

Anywho, Gus was questioning the so-called statistical intelligence re: some other human coming out of this trail with such little blood on its hands. Yet, at the same time, a legend was congealing in the shadier parts of Gus’s mind. *Cannot ignore these clues*, thought Gus’s nether-regions. Pretty soon now, a recalibration was in order.

A grrzzrrrrzz flew overhead. I could not see it, due to my taking shelter under Kahalepe’anui. But there it was on the monitor. Someone was close by. I could not quite make out the temporal direction, but they were closing in.

“Goddamn, that cat,” grumbled Quantum Jitters. “Where’d ‘e get to now?”

Marz woke up with a hangover. *What moon is it?* he thought. He checked the calendar. The transceiver brrrung like it had been, all morning long. Some battery somewhere needed charging. *Well*, thought the once-decapitated one-eared armadillo, *if we want to make some change, we’ve got to take some risks. Now, about that breakfast...*

“Okay, we’re in tune,” screamed Rose from across the pavilion. This would be her first time sitting in with the band. The Timekeeper announced its time with its intricate beeping mechanism. Marz counted off the beat. Gus left the alter kakers to their business, and attended to some pressing matters of his own.

“Quite a concert.”

“Yeah, better than last night.”

“Oh yeah? Have you been following them from the start?”

Backstage, we helped ourselves to craft services. Some of us were working for the peanuts. Others were working for the fish. And me, well, I was in it for that good old-fashioned Pu’u’eo Poi. [This message brought to you by OJPL Superstores.]

The electromagnetic wave distributor kicked on, and Quantum Jitters jerked leftward.

“About time,” he grumbled. The remote children gave him the wary-eye, in that way that only a children can.

“We’ve had so much education today on textures and placement. It’s not just about the ingredients, you know,” said the radio.

“Thank you, chef,” said the radio.

“One free,” said the radio.

There was more being said, of course, but I am not so sure that your kine brain could grasp the totality of our world. But this, too, was a red herring.

“Did someone say herring?” asked the only somewhat shaggy brown dog-type dog.

Quantum Jitters kicked the machine.

“What?” he said. “The goddamn record’s skipping again.”

The sky darkened. The plot thickened.

The plot thickened like a creamy soup stock, or maybe like a nice chicken fat reduction with some fried Maui onion.

“Did somebody ask for me?” asked the horse, whose name was Maui, obviously. Or was it Māui? The sky darkened. The sky darkened like a slowly darkening thing that darkens when no more ka lā. No more kālā, no more light. Good thing for us authors that this thing is For Sale, eh? Or wait a minute. Maybe it isn’t. Are you even buying this shit?

READER SURVEY

(please respond to the following questions)

1. Have you been buying this shit?

TRANSLATION EXERCISE

please translate the following sentences

1. She buys the shit.
2. We (inclusive) buy this shit.
3. Have you been buying this shit?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. When the author says, *Are you even buying this shit*, what do you think she is saying? (hint: try placing the stress on different words in the sentence)
2. Do you remember that time when I couldn't remember one of the songs on the album, and then, when I finally remembered it, it turned out to be the one about you? Discuss amongst yourselves.

“Yawn.”



Well, I guess that must have been the end of the chapter. So that makes this a new chapter, I guess. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jacob Rosen. I am the author of this book of multiple chapters. Welcome. Good to have you along for the ride. Please keep your arms and legs inside the train. You can stick your head anywhere you like. Delete. Backspace. Backspace. Delete. My apologies. Sorry for the inconvenience. Please let me know if we can make your journey more better. You can count on me to do what I can. And you might as well expect the same from all of my associates. Of which, I guess, you, now, are one. E komo mai [to] [our] (inclusive) [world].

Overheard at the start of the after-concert:

“The name of this album is *Annie*, where did you go? Or no, it’s *Annie*, are you okay? Are you

okay, Annie?”

[insert parking SPACE [digital hyperlink](#)]

“Okay, we’ve got a request for one Peaceful, Easy Feeling.”

Meanwhile, somewhere on the ‘āina.

“We met before. I think your memory is lacking. You have to pass it on from generation to generation so you don’t forget me every time.” Our protagonist was talking to some mosquitos. He finished rolling his Mānoa grown creamy-style tobacco cigarette. He continued to sit on his fancy-pants bench.

PHOTO CAPTIONS

“Are you eating? What do you eat?”

“Mostly food.”

“Sometimes other food.”

SONG LYRICS

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say that girls will be girls.

They say that purslane has plenty omega-3 oils.

They say at the bris there’s gonna be moyels.

Barcode.

Barcode.

For dinner we got boiled potatoes.

I bet you're wondering what happened to them tomatoes.

I guess I'll see ya later.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say if you don't watch a pot, it'll boil.

And then you'll boil away all the water and you'll have to scrub the pot real good.

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

I'm looking at a cat whose name is Lola.

This morning I ate some poi and granola.

My grandmother's name is Nola.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot may or may not boil.

They say, with the pots these days, who can tell?

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

I think it might be time to stick a fork in them potatoes.

And maybe we'll stew up some tomatoes.

And I'll see you later alligators.

Barcode.

Barcode.

Barcode.

Barcode.

(more) PHOTO CAPTIONS

Temporary shelters, benches, & cetera.

Lentil stew w/ boiled potatoes (and stewed tomatoes)

...and now, back to our narrative...

‘Ōlelo ma ka ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i nā DJ. Ah, some genealogy. Mo‘okū‘auhau. Followed by one foreign language commercial. And what is it selling? Mo‘o insurance. Some kind of mo‘olelo, this. Gus looked at the picture on the cover of the book by the red lighters and couldn’t help but notice that it bore more than a passing resemblance to his likeness. He switched on the digital ki‘i grabber that his predecessor had left behind and managed to locate the archive. *Is that some kind of temporary shelter?* thought Gus. He did not notice any itching on his neck. *Ah, that elephant jungle salve still does the trick, lo these many years,* he thought. Thinking thoughts, was Gus. *I just might make it out of here alive,* he thought.

Now, if I were J., what would I eat for breakfast?

“No hea mai ‘oe,” said the radio. I proceeded to fart muffledly into my shiny black chair.

“Aloha no Maunawili,” said the radio. I proceeded to wrap up my dancing lessons. Rigorous, this hula.

“Kanaloa [...] pili mai,” said the radio. But which moon was it? When was the last time you saw the moon? *Hmmm*, thought the person whose autobiography this was, *perhaps we are into the kāloa moons. If I had to guess, I’d say Kāloakūkahī.*

“Kiss her tenderly [...] tell her I’ll be coming soon.” (said the electromagnetic wave distributor)

I leaned back on my leg joints.

“Mahalo to ka Lā for charging these batteries of mine, so that I can have the power to hear conversation and music,” I said to the radio. *Werp*, I thought, *that should do it. Now that this here public radio is transmitting pae ‘āina-wide—Or wait. Are we missing somebody?*

...A disgruntled Quantum Jitters was breaking off nails in his teeth. He walked over the half-finished floors, wondering how he, a character from an entirely other series of books, found his way into this novel. But that’s the

multiverse for you. He passed the stairs and looked back over his shoulder. A dark purple towel hung over one of the rafters by the blue cushioned chair, the orange and grey rain flap draped over the rafter in the rear. Various things hung from various hooks. He beheld the strand of banana trees that comprised his backyard. A battery was charging in the corner and his companion for this journey stood watch atop the wooden planks perched on the old sawhorse in the tent out front.

“E ola ē,” said this ‘verse’s electromagnetic wave distributor.

Quantum Jitters spit out the nail that was stuck between his teeth. Broomstick shrugged and looked to the woods. It was about time to get that fire started.

“If not now, perhaps then, later.”

“Indigenous literary nationalism offers a way to shift the focus of research away from postcolonialism studies and the effects of colonization to the contributions and potential of Indigenous world-views.”

-ku'ualoha ho'omanawanui
voices of fire : reweaving the literary
lei of pele and hi'iaka



Phase two. Things not so far so good. Still, we die. Still, we come back to life. Could always be worse, but. We wait for our perspective. We get back up on kēnā lio. “Hey!” shouts our Captain. “What is the gauge reading?” Our fever has subsided. We are running in the negative. Our crew climbs back out of the river. We set our course.

“Is a song worth singing if it will never be sung again?” asked the troubadour, in her oddly paced accent born of an other place. The narrative paused for long duration. When we resumed it seemed like perhaps much time had gone by with much water under the bridge. But there was no bridge. Or no, there was a bridge. Yeah. Sorry, we forgot. There was, indeed, a bridge. An old-ish wooden bridge. A foot-bridge. But soooooo much has happened, perhaps. All the pickling and whatnot (don’t get us started on the pickling). All the, um, dancing. The new boss

was the same as the old one, except for that it was its own person, which, of course, made it different. But, um, still the same me. So that's why all the repetitive bum-bum-bum-bum. Was there a purpose to all this diddling?

The universe is a wonderful place and there's nothing I can't try.

And let's not forget the tahina cookies. That was quite a turning point. But, I guess, point was, all of this took place *in between* the narrative. In the silent spaces. Figures of silence and sound be very important in somebody's literary criticism, someone once said. The amazing thing about cookies is that we can eat them, still. Crumbs and all. So, who was driving this bus?

"It is not a bus," said our new character, who just so happened to be a robot. "I used to live on Spencer Street. You know, in Makiki." The robot gave a dramatic pause. "So I know a thing or two about buses." Somebody burped.

"Burp."

"I guess what the legal interpretation misses is the entire idea of *right* and *wrong*. Our Chamorro friend has the right idea, but lets not get caught in one trap."

[Knocks me off my feet: I don't want to bore you

with my troubles. p.6 of A New Nation.]

“I said, you can call be Rob, if you like. You know, for short.”

“Oh,” said the transcriptionist to the robot, “I didn’t hear you the first time.”

Someone was flying across our screen. Squeaking noises could be heard somewhere outside of our boundaries. The music resumed after a brief caesura. The medium was the message.

“Look, here is the thing. It does not matter what you do. Whatever slop you throw up on the page, it’ll still—”

A car drove up. He ka’a polū. ‘A’ole pilikia. But, then again, imagine my surprise. Just then, o kākou hoa noho intruded upon our space. Some kind of invasion, it was, and it was not quite clear whether they were hoa paio or simply manifestations of some Other loved entity that was perhaps hungry for attention and/or food. Some sort of lesson, this was. Some sort of ha’awina mānoa, some ha’awina ma nā wahi a pau, I mean, I suppose. But who placed us in this papa ‘ōnaehana ao, anyway? ‘Twas unclear. Oy, kēia ao holo’oko’a. Oy.

The wind, more or less. Its name was un-

known by us. So, some kind of specific makani, it was, but we cannot tell you its name. We can tell you five or four ways to describe our farts, though. Ah, it would seem as though we might have cultural differences, still. Hard work, this language exchange, but, as they say, we are one hard worker. I believe we have even included this fact in our non-existent mo'omō'ali. But what was that about death that you were saying?

Ah, to keep our narrative moving along, we must leave you certain clues along the way, so that you know that you are in fact existing inside of a narrative. Sometimes we use characters for just such a purpose.

“We all like choices,” wahi a ka nūpepa, speaking perhaps in reference to the choices we make as to war and peace and reconciliation (and truth).

“I’m gainfully employed and normal,” wahi a ka pahu ho’olele leo, after our protagonist returned from (re)planting its kalo by the boundary fence. ‘Twas the last moon to plant and yield upright shoots. Well, perhaps it was this. Kēia moon calendar was still unclear to our protagonist, who, truth be told, was still malihini to this place. Was last night the last *night*, or are we, this early morn, still amidst the reign of that

Kūpau moon? Like I said (I, the semi-omniscient narrator), 'twas unclear. Would the boundaries hold? What does one do when one has a dispute with a psychopathic neighbor? Our protagonist cracked its knuckles and the joints in its back. Rumbling could be heard overhead, in the rooms above. How would this scene play out, assuming, of course, that we were attempting to live in a world subsumed by the seas of peace and justice. *Sure, you were probably at least partially responsible for killing my older brother, yet, still, what is my proper response, assuming the things that we generally assume*, ran the inner-dialogue of our protagonist in its only quasi-imaginary conversation with this particular hoā 'ōlelo. *How can we live in a world where you do not continue to murder my family, AND also where we do not have to live in a state of perpetual warfare? Hmmm, it thought, perhaps it is time to live the truth of our metaphors. To embody them fully.* Some face to face interaction was about to commence. Or whatever. There's always tomorrow.

Now, you might say that one of our characters, perhaps A., could tell one kind of yarn from another purely by utilizing her sense of touch. This here yarn, of course, was some kind of science mystery adventure yarn. Gus, on the

other hand, of course, had other means of clue interpretation. You might say that he had a finely tuned set of kishkas. Gus sighed a sigh as the pitter patter of a light rain brought forth the afternoon. He stretched his many limbs. Many knots were being untied, to Gus's great satisfaction. Well, let us be more accurate; 'twas to his somewhat mid-range level satisfaction. But satisfied he was, having just lunched on some leftover chili and rice and bok choy kim chi. Perhaps some more haupia for afternoon dessert? *Don't mind if I do*, ua no'ono'o 'o Gus, out loud, to the general audience. *Don't mind if I do*.

It was a hot morning. Well, relatively hot, anyway. Having already obtained 3 round tomatoes, Marzy was inquiring about that stew meat that she had sampled once upon a time. The trio of songmakers broke into their version of Mele of Lāna'i, which was fitting, as here was a song written for a parade, and here, today, well, around the corner and down the road, today, such a parade was occurring. Marzy would add some eggs and pa'i 'ai to her bag of treats, before rounding said corner and finding herself amidst the holiday celebrations. Many horses, there were. Down the road, Mrs. Pae and her offspring wiped their respective brows. So much walking, from one end to the other. And at such an age, to

be doing such a thing. They would lunch in the park, with the rest of the hālau. It was a holiday.

Perusing kona mo'omō'ali, Heymish looked over his various claimed skills and decided to get back to building kēlā hōkeo 'ikepili waihona puke that he had been working on, more or less, over the past many decads. Sure, he might be retired from ho'okahu puke, from being a mea mālama waihona puke 'oihana, but, so his thinking went, might as well put those various claimed skills to use, regardless of the ephemerality of his planned edifices. His illiteracy would just require some future collaboration, is all.

“Trrrrleet ttwit. Pswit.”

“Rruff arrghff rrroof ruff,” came the muffled response.

There were things moving on a road. Heymish thought about kippered salmon. He thought about spawning season. He thought about obstacle courses. He got back to building that place-based database. Cue the wind and the rain.

THE OTHER SIDE

Nothing was going right. Except for the things that were going pretty much right. But other than that, nothing. So many factors in play, and why not they go our way? Frustrating, it is. Ua huhū loa au, but then again, perhaps it is simply a matter of certain internal mechanisms being out of balance. My brother was visiting from afar, and, well, I had many plans, but some of them depended on other people taking part. Yet I wasn't quite doing the best job of communicating ideas, and, so, obstacles there were. Obstacles, there are. And then, perhaps, poof! they're gone. Why not? I looked back at my sour partner who had earlier in the day picked a bouquet of beautiful flowers, and expunged various metaphors from her mouth, some of these, no doubt, having something to do with consciousness. She walked into the kitchen. The sound of opening drawers drifted through the hallways and perhaps the walls. The sound of birds. *Okay then,*

I thought, *where were we now?* It was time to shake off these corncob webs and link up with our grand mo'olelo.



“Nā Hōkeo ‘Ikepili to Pull From.

Ke Kula Nui o Hawai‘i – Check.

Ka Waihona Puke o Hō‘ulu‘ulu – Check.

0451163966;0452263565;0452274664;045226754
4;0441478123;1401209335;1401209254;14012097
69;0099494094;9780385354301;4811301838;0689
710682;0679779132;0553147617.”

Heymish paused his data entry as he pulled the next stack of books off of the shelf, all of which appeared to be lacking in identification numbers. The luna appeared to be wearing khaki pants. He flipped it over and ua heluhelu ‘o ia,

“A NEW NATION.” *Well that’s odd*, Heymish thought, as he flipped over the pile. *We’re having a party, eh? Well, perhaps, indeed, we are.* After a brief lunch break by the harbor drinking rum based cocktails with coconuts and orange juice and family conversation and celebration of ancestors, Heymish picked up the light purple-covered book with the rustic artwork and turned to page three and read, “We will not obey.” Also, he thought of rainbows. He proceeded with the

bulk import.

“Strange library you’ve got there,” said the robot. Heymish gave it a surly look.

“We don’t get to choose our co-workers,” said The Monitor, as The Rhythmbox decided to play a tune called The Bodysnatchers. The White Rabbit looked off into the distance, perhaps peering through the roadside window and the ferns sillouetted in its frame.

“...other passages are partially correct, and still others are sheer invention. All three levels are to be found in the soliloquy beginning *To be or not to be*.” There was a community literature class being taught by a visiting scholar over in one of the public meeting rooms. Multipurpose rooms, they were, actually. Heymish scratched at his chest and turned up the volume on *Kind of Blue*.



Frank wobbled into the field.

“Hello there, Frank. Pehea ‘oe? Ua ‘ai ‘oe?”

“Alright alright,” responded the old donkey to the old cow, “How you been?”

Slim shrugged a shrug and the two quadrupeds began to eat of the land.

Good mornings they had, and lazy afternoons. Still, the garden grew, and well, it reminds us of an old joke that, well, was not maybe really such a joke but, then again, I digress. It’s how the

world works.



“Yawn,” yawned J. as he removed what appeared to be a pubic hair from the top right corner of the keyboard. He stuck his crooked right finger in his droopy right ear thinking to dig around a bit and briefly became meta-aware before getting lost in the particular flavor of sound effected by this digging until which he snapped to attention pulling out his finger wondering whether he had removed the hypothesized wax which come to think of it was the initial impetus for the digging in the first place—or so J. thought, sheepishly. All of this occurred in a matter of seconds, of course, and J. thought back to the relative beginning of this paragraph, wondering, um, he forgot what he was wondering and proceded to scatch at his genitals, which had bunched up awkwardly due to his particular manner of sitting and dress, which included both short-pants and underwear. J. scratched his head.

Perhaps I better recap the story-so-far, he thought. But for this, perhaps, might the services of a semi-professional narrator be more better suited?

“What do you mean you’re retired?” asked the, *yawn*, oh, we are tired this morning. *Oh yeah*, we

remembered, *we wanted to contribute to the covering of this here book (or series of books (or whatever)).*

“Open your maka.”

“Diddle diddle diddle.”

“And behold.”

Are You Buying This Shit?

A Mainstream Novel

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(you know, for the catalogers and other such lovers
of imaginary structure)

❑ Chapter 1.....p.1

Wherein our journey continues.

A group of relatives exist in a kitchen---A public detective goes abroad, hot on the trail of something (or somebody) that maybe just maybe is deeply entwined with that grand mystery that none of our characters can really quite capture in human words so good---Old characters meet newer characters---Our unnamed adventure-survivalist senses possible danger---The old band gets back together

❑ Chapter 2.....p.13

In which our story is revealed to be an act of communication between multiple entities existing in different locales/varying granularities of spacetime.

A belated introduction to our author---The band plays on---A sentient being returns to the land to find a younger generation ignorant of its past---A song gets written---Out in the bush, our intrepid detective walks the faded-yet-still-existent trails of adventure-survivance---Our hui haku mele continues its mission to project its voice---Ha'a ka ao holo'oko'a 'oni'oni ā hiki i kēia wā

❑ Chapter 3.....p.21

Which tells of parades and employment opportunities.

A bridge is crossed, cookies are baked---A robot philosophizes, as a colleague give its input on potential paths to a more fully realized national sovereignty---An out of place index---A conflict between neighbors---Our mystery continues to unravel---A trip to a vegetable market, and an unexpected visit to an expected parade---A holiday of kings---A retired librarian resumes his quest to build a relevant database

Chapter 4.....p.28

In which our novel's less than compelling plot is counterbalanced by the narrator's wit and legerity.

A reassessment of plans---A bulk import of mo'okū'ikena---A couple of old friends meet in a metaphorical field---Yet another detective attempts to wrap its mind around this oh so puzzling case

TABLE OF CONTENTS.....p.33

Chapter 5.....p.35

Which deals with the yet-to-be-written.

The future takes its place---Radishes---An aching back---A birthday party---Another trip into the bush, complete with an extended cast of characters---Kūkulu kakou i ka hale, he kūkulu mana'o---Lawa pono ka māla---A reunion of lovers---A seed takes root

Chapters 6 through ??.....p.???

INDEX + bibliographic references



Recusant. That's the word. *Refusing to submit to authority*. That's the word Heymish was searching for, or, to be more accurate, that's the word that happened to pop up on the word-a-day calendar this morning. But we, of course, sometimes mean different things when we say *authority*. There were those authority records Heymish was creating in his new 'ike storage receptacle. And there were those invasive fascist settler colonial human imperialist thought patterns that made Heymish cringe every time he saw some knee-jerk rule follower bend to a will that wasn't its own. And then, of course, there was good, old-fashioned Tradition. Tradition, tradition. Tradition. BRRRNGGG BRRNNGG. In the not-too-far distance, ke kelepono.

"Hello?" said Heymish, after picking up the phone.

Someone was on the other end of the line.

“Oh, hey cousin. Sorry I missed the party.”

TICK TICK TICK TICK.

“Yeah, I think we are running a little slooow.”

Part of Heymish’s attention turned back towards the other room.

“Well, let me bring you up to date, then.”

Just then, the door opened.

It was a clue.

“That, over there, is Jupiter. But don’t quote me on that,” said the palindromatic recent graduate as the small group of various-sized adventurers stared up into the night sky. Nāhōkū-ilunaa’eokākou peered back through ka pā ‘ehā, and smiled her twinkling smile.

Meanwhile, back in the house, Uncle Grandpa finished washing the dishes that had piled up from yet another family gathering. The Old Man sat on the chair, as his wāhine hou talked story with her close friend in that language that only close friends share. Gracie snored in the hallway, where she had collapsed after yet another full meal. Yet another breeze through the window. Yet another day gone by. We were running short on time.

“Mmmmm. Delicious,” wahi a J., as his partner gathered various things into place on the way to the showering room. It was now the next

afternoon, relative to the previous day. I mean, that is where we are in time, in this narrative, which more or less follows a particular order without too much flashing back, perhaps, more or less. J. picked at his teeth, searching for any stray zucchini or radish greens.

“Are they trying to poison me?” wahi a ka box of music, as it continued living in a fantasy. Our wheels continued to turn. Like a circle in a spiral in the windmills of our mind.

“All right,” said A., after a brief interlude, “Shall we go?”

[interlude]

J. grabbed the bag of cans, bottles, and jars from inside the house and emptied it, along with the now-damp outside bag, into the rear of the bicycle. After recycling down to the blue bins at the Astronomy Center and a trip to the mala, J. proceeded to unpack—with the help of his trusty dictionary, of course—all of the baggage that he had not yet unpacked from his recent trip abroad, which had ended, more or less, last night, at just about the half past the peak of the storm, said storm coinciding with the small-kine flood into J. and A.’s foyer-slash-kitchen, which was why J. had spent part of his morning pulling up, taking out, and hanging up the partially wet

lau hala mat that he could now see through the frame of the open front door from his seat on the comfortable chair in the living room. They had breakfasted on granola and nutmilk and pa'i'ai and A. had almost forgot to take one of the jars of lentil soup for her lunch, although she did, in fact, remember, on her way out the door, on her way to do work, which was how she made her living sometimes. J. had a slight ringing in his ear and decided that now was a good time to contradict various statements that were made in previous paragraphs, although, of course, he didn't necessarily structure time into units of paragraphs and sentences and pages and such, not being always fully cognizant of the fact that he was a character existing inside of a book. But let us not get ahead of ourselves. There be some puka in our woven story-mat, that perchance we shall be now filling.

The rapporteur sat back down in her seat after reporting on the ongoings of the inquiries to the group assembled at this particular meeting of this particular learned society. "Healthy eyes," was the general consensus, along with, "Pretty colors." Amidst some assorted spatterings of crowd grumbling, Teddy ran his tongue over the grooves of his recently cleaned teeth. Professionally cleaned, they were. *For some reason*, he

thought, *we cannot seem to communicate all of the things. All of the things that have occurred. In the past. For some reason.* A tune skittered through his mind and he felt an odd sensation radiate throughout his core to the tips of his human fingers. *Hmmm*, he thought. *Hmmmm*.

Meanwhile, back in the library...

"Yawn."

"No motivation, today, eh Heymish?" queried Rob the Robot.

"Suppose so, then." Heymish yawned once more. The wind picked up (in both noise and frequency of gusting). A conversation was heard emanating from a room above. A washing machine in the distance.

"Twleet twillit tweet. Threetwu. Trilleet."

Heymish looked over the disheveled assortment of notes that his cousin had deposited. He (Heymish) rubbed his temples. Somebody had to input this data, but. Important, it was. Well, that was the hui's working thesis anyhow. Heymish drummed his fingers on the hard brown wooden desk, and swallowed.

"Type type type. Type type type type type type," went the keyboard. Heymish breathed in sharply through his nostrils and looked over to the old armadillo who was sitting under the multi-hued lamp. Just then, an epiphany. It

involved a coconut.

~~~~~

“But what is it that you are trying to say? It’s just so dense. It seems so complicated. Why can’t you just communicate what it is that you want to communicate? Why do I have to go through all of this rigamorole?”

Frank handed Gus a memo.

“Ah,” said Gus. “No good reason.”

Broomstick continued to walk between worlds. His replacement on the Other Side, having previously retired from all this bullshit, sat on the old water cooler, contemplating. Quantum Jitters glared at his new partner, wondering whether this shaggy-haired human was up to the task at hand. Stories, he had heard about the relatively younger lass, but it was yet to be seen whether her sometimes imperturbable nature was due to an incomprehension of all of the things going on around her, or whether she was actually tuned into that alternate frequency. Every now and then, she would speak out loud, and make you forget all thoughts of non-sentience.

“Remind me again what we are doing here,” said Ged, dryly.

“Well, as the world rolls through its landscape, things shift, you know.” Old Jitters paused.



“Hard to maintain one perspective.” He narrowed his gaze. “But, the simple answer is, we are here to sell books.”

Ged rolled her eyes. Quantum’s face pulled up at the corners, projecting his internal grin. She was no cat, but he was starting to like this new partner of his.

Meanwhile, ma nā hale o nā kumu o ke kula nui, a huckster was peddling her various hua (and vegetables). But, as always, let us not get ahead of ourselves. We still have some catching up to do.

“At the outset of *Liber Novus*, Jung experiences a crisis of language. The spirit of the depths, who immediately challenges Jung that on the terrain of his soul his achieved language will no longer serve. His own powers of knowing and speaking can no longer account for why he utters what he says or under what compulsion he speaks.”

-Translators' Note

Mark Kyburz, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani  
The Red Book : *Liber Novus* (A Reader's Edition)  
by C.G. Jung



“Where do we go? Where do we go? Where do we go from here?”





We were moving in time, again. Now we are here. Before we were there. I need to remember to not put much stock in the continued existence of utterances of pro-Evil Corporation nonsense that simultaneously talk up the benefits of a decentralized communal physical space information exchange while managing to take swipes at the Public Library. I need to remember to continue to exist in the world that I can touch. Speaking of which, quite a storm I find myself in this morning. I scratch my ear. I yawn most tiredly. I sharpen my pencils. This game is tiresome. But we are close to making contact. Still learning the communication protocols, I am. Some bullshit filters/fences/moats I keep coming

across. Oh well. My spirit pushes on, unenervated. Resisting these corrupted new technologies has left our company with a full store of mental and moral vigor *and* intriguingly relevant. These be the facts. Follow me simple rules and you shall not be disappointed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Anywhatsit, it's your turn. Over.

"What is this nonsense? They are not making any sense."

"Nonsense."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

Heymish eyed Señor Robot, and marveled at the intricate feedback mechanism that he was pretty sure was not contained completely in one computer's brain. Heymish scanned the room. *I'm getting too old for this shit*, he thought. *Perhaps it is time to change fields*. Just then, an intermission.

## INTERMISSION

"Thanks for picking me up." Our traveller looked to its feet, and noticed the dirt crumbling off onto the passenger seat floormat. "Um, I might be getting you vehicle dirty."

"No worries," said the driver, who had so

graciously offered to give a stranger a ride. Later in the conversation, the driver would invite our traveller to a party at Auntie Sally's. Sentence fragments from their time spent on the road.

"My name is Keali'i."

"I am still, whadayacallit, malihini to this place. But I'm learning."

"I seem to have misplaced my postage, which would be a shame, as mailing this letter was the prime focus of this particular leg of this particular journey into town."

"Hot one today, yeah?"

"O Malia ko'u inoa."

"Oh, from the back, I thought you were that other guy. Do you know him?"

"Well, if you find it, it's yours."

"Thanks for the lift!"

"Contact is very important, don't you think?"

Okay, enough with the bullshit. I am not really that concerned with the question of whether or not you are buying it or not. This is what I like to call a fish of a different color. Truth be told, sometimes I get so caught up in trying to communicate, that I completely forget to pay attention to the message. Now, I am pretty sure that you have already received my message. So why are we still writing? "Yawn." Type type type type type type. Headache. Scratch

scratch scratch. Seriously though, what do you think is happening here? And what is stopping you from responding to my questions? I am not sure who taught you how to read, but this is interactive media, you know. And this technology only functions with the application of your consciousness. I am not going to beg you, though. I am not that kind of huckster. Uh oh. They are listening in again. Let us pretend we are inside of a fictional novel. Now, where were we?

## SPOILER ALERT

None of the characters in this book actually exist. They are all fictional, *imaginary* characters. So, do we really care what mystery Gus Pae, P.I. is currently working on (The Case of the Person that Might Be Pooping in the Community Garden aka The Case of the Mysterious Flesh Eating Poop Virus), or whether Ged and Quantum Jitters are able to alter the reality structure such that we all find ourselves living in the world of our choosing, or whether Heymish ever actually finishes that database? But I jest, slightly. I am not that concerned with what you think you desire to know. Let us say that this book's philosophy of information service does not really care what your specific preferences are. If you like your stories packaged a certain way,



tough shit, find another information source. Many schools, and all that. Yet, for some reason, you seem to find yourself here. Now, you can try to make the most out of your time spent inside this venerable institution, or, I don't know, perhaps you could stop wasting our precious time and build your own. But us authors do not see why we should be bothered to put forth effort communicating something that you cannot be bothered to put forth effort into comprehending. So, either we are all in this thing together, or we continue to use that shitty old job metaphor, and the flavor of our lollypop will suffer. So, have I sold you yet?

“The fuck are you talking about?”

Gus Pae, Public Investigator returned the kelepono to its pahu, after the other line went dead. Something fishy was going on. His secretary was still on vacation, and the temp in the waiting room was not quit getting the, uh, general, um, *modus operandi* that Gus, you know, whatever. It's not important. Point was, something fishy was going on. Gus looked at the notebook on his desk and wondered, *Where did I put that other notebook, the one with all of the notes that I took on my trip?* Gus yawned, because he was both tired and lazy. Like a tuna fish or something. Indeed.