

DESPERATION RADIO – LOGAN ROBINS

Elysse Cloma and Kat Estacio - Water

Sites

- Hello, we are Elysse Cloma, and Kat Estacio. We are Filipinx-Canadian musicians. Elysse is based on Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh territory.
- And Kat is from Tkaronto, Treaty 13, Dish With One Spoon Territory, on the traditional territories of the Haudenosaunee, Anishinaabe, Wendat, and Mississaugas of the Credit.
- We have created a sound-based narrative, focusing on ways that water connects us to memory, place, and each other.
- From the work of climate scientists, Michelle Koppes, and sound artist Susie Ibarra, called *Water Rhythms*, we are inspired by cataloguing the sound of water through time, and the way that it connects nature and humans.
- In the process of creating this project, we collected field recordings of select water sites, chosen because they are places that hold meaning in our lives. Horseshoe Bay, Wag Creek, Wichwood Barns, and Halfmoon Bay. Let's start our journey with this quote. "I remember that not only is my mother an immigrant, but that there is something immigrant about the air I breathe, the water I drink, the carbon in my bones, and the thoughts in my mind. An ecological understanding allows us to identify things, rain, cloud, river, at the same time that it reminds us that these identities are fluid." By Jenny Odell. *How to Do Nothing: Resisting the Attention Economy*.

- That was the sound of the shore at the Horseshoe Bay ferry terminal, located on Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh territory. I used a Zoom H4N to record the sound, and found that there's a lot of activity, like people and birds captured as well as the water. I chose that place because it's where my father worked for many years. He is a captain for BC Ferries. And he used to work in Howe Sound, on the ship that crossed the water from Horseshoe Bay to Nexwlélexm, which is the Squamish name for Bowen Island. When I was a child, I thought that only white settlers lived on Bowen. But I recently learned that a small Filipino community lived in Bowen Island in the 1880s, some of the earliest documented Filipinos in Canada. Basically, I visited Horseshoe Bay to connect to my father's story, and to try to understand him better by being somewhere he spent a lot of time. I imagined that I would have a stronger feeling when visiting this site. But I still feel disconnected from my father in many ways. So I was sitting with that as I recorded and listen back to the sound. I realized that I also have a somewhat mythic view of my ancestors, of men as seafarers in my family, because my father's father and his uncle also sailed. So I derive a lot of meaning from the water, as if it connects us. I've been thinking about the expansiveness of water, how it is a witness to my experiences, a container to my emotions, and a way to connect to the past and to the future.

- We just listened to the sound of the Splash Pad at Wichwood Barns, recorded in front of fountains and near drainage basins on a weekend using a Zoom H5 recorder. We also hear children at this playground. I chose this water site because I was looking for a family-friendly facility that is close to my current home, near Davenport Road. A big chunk of my childhood memories in the Philippines involved weekend trips to beach towns, pool resorts, hot springs, and waterfalls. Close our home in Pasig City, my father worked at an electric power utility provider, similar to hydro companies in Canada. During the week, he had worked visits to the company's branches, spanning from urban centres to rural areas. Weekends then became an opportunity for my father to have some play time with the entire family, and show us the places

he liked the most from his work travels. Physically being in this Splash Pad makes me see parallels. I see the distance between the water sites of my childhood and where I am now as an adult, and I also see the growing distance between my father and I over time. Historically a significant link for indigenous peoples, Davenport's winding road served as an ideal path when traveling between the Humber River on the west and the Don River to the east. I felt grateful visiting this water site, no matter how ordinary it may seem. It is a great reminder of my family traveling from one side of the world to another, and the privilege and sometimes painful experience of migration.

- That was the sound of Wag Creek, located on unceded Squamish territory using a hydrophone and a Zoom H4N recorder. Wag Creek runs behind the house where my parents live and where I grew up. There is a forested trail that runs along it. I would ritually spend a lot of time there, especially as a teen. When going through my deepest angst and loneliness, Wag Creek was always there for me, and I used to love to take photos there. So recording the site sounds allowed me to hear and to listen to it in a new way. I realized I've always loved to document this place, just in different mediums. I thought that some of the water sounds were almost techno like, and they had unexpected rhythms deeper inside. It's like there's all these little subdivisions and patterns. Being there just to listen and to document was sacred to me. As a settler, I feel very privileged to cultivate this connection to the land and this relationship to that site.

- That was the sound of Halfmoon Bay, located on the lake shore of Tkaronto using a Zoom H5 recorder, and a hydrophone. In addition to the sound of waves lapping, we can also hear wind chimes, the constant din of Gardiner Expressway, children playing, and people chatting, sirens from emergency vehicles, and sounds of city animals, like seagulls, ducks, geese, and dogs. I come to this water site mostly in solitude as a way to reconnect to myself and nature. As I witnessed the abundance and magnitude of the world around me, I also feel the fullness of my queer brown immigrant body. I reflect on the capacity that my body can hold. Thoughts,

emotions, memories, skills, experiences, quirks, twitches, and mannerisms. In the same way, this waterside reflects back its capacity to share the weight of the same that I wish to release. I regard my connection to this water as sacred. It continues to be a container for my relations to myself, and to beings I have shared this space with, both human and non-human.

- To end this piece we want to share this quote by Rumi. "Let the water settle and you will see the moon and the stars mirrored in your own being."

- Thank you for listening to Water Sites. We are Elysse Cloma, and Kat Estacio. We thank programsound.fm for bringing us together, and for their support in the creation of this project. Salamat.

Shawn Martel - Technogeist, Episode 1:

Pilot

Commencing introduction. I am AM-21, the security and logging system for Halcyon 2159. I oversee the security, accountability, and logging systems on Halcyon 2159. This logging data is used for evaluations, reporting to the post union, and organization of shipping and receiving of goods across the galaxy. On the fifth of February 3043 at 1100 hours, audio and visual activity of daily communications was captured and assigned to the work log. Four humanoid forms with voice and physical resemblances to Kirsch Lauren, comms, overseer, worker 728, and Jake Toby, shipping, receiving, worker 435, Carrie, spare, health worker 5673, and Earl March, health worker 6483 were recognized. Kirsch Lauren, comms, overseer, worker 728 has requested for your access to the log files and security footage for Halcyon 2159 in the case of

unexplained phenomena at 1300 hours on February 5 3034. Halcyon 2159 was being hailed by a ship that was not on the log for orders for the day of February 5 3034. Due to pay wall restrictions, I am limited to forwarding audio recordings at this time, streaming playback of security footage now.

- I'm getting a signal request to dock for a ship that's not on the list for today?

- Contact them. Tell them to state their business.

- Hello. This is Halcyon 2159, come in. There's no answer. But the sensors are picking up something in the close distance. You're not on our list for today. We'll have to flag you in manually without the proper clearance. Hello? What's that, what's that sound? I can't hear, ah!

- That looked like it hurt. You okay?

- Yeah. Just give me a minute.

- This must be an early shipment. It's been pretty slow lately. Getting something to take up some time would do some good. I don't mean to rush you or nothing.

- Certainly makes my life easier on a slow day. I'll, I'll start getting the files ready for signing.

- You get on that. I'll go down to the Bay Area.

- This ship has definitely seen some better days. They must have encountered some marauders on the way here in flying autopilot. Let's call sickbay and have them check it out. Shipping to med team, Carrie, Earl? Got a ship coming in with some serious damage. No weapons on scan. No signs of a pilot. Standby for the worst case.

- We'll be on standby in five.

- Kirsch. Regarding 2 Reds. Did you load the manifest for autofill?

- Sorry, Toby. I must have loaded the one for today. I'll have to format a new one for tomorrow. It shouldn't take long.

- It's no problem. Just glad it's happening now. Get it out of your system before tomorrow, though.

- Yeah, like somehow I'm not needed to be on my A-game at all times with this place.

- All right, the doors are opening now.
- Whoa. You weren't kidding about the damage on this thing. Is this for the lawns? We only seem to deal with the rustiest buckets this side of the belt, huh?
- Who else, really? I'll give you two other guesses for a system this small. Med team standby. No signs aboard.
- I don't think these sparks mean this door will open by itself. I'll take a crack at it.
- Go ahead.
- There's someone on the ground. They got an implant hardwired to the ship. They seem real busted up. Call, call Carrie.
- Med crew, get down here.
- Hey, I'm gonna get you some help, okay? Let me just unplug this thing here.
- Uh, Kirsch? Something's happening in here.
- Toby, are you alright in there? I think it's safe. I've overwritten the power from the office computer. Carrie and Earl are coming.
- What the hell was that?
- No idea, Carrie.
- Everything's been going haywire since before the ship got in. We just found this unresponsive cyb aboard. At the very least we're looking at bleeding from the nose and stitches for the head gash. So a concussion is more than likely.
- How bad is it, Earl? Are they look extremely malnourished. It's too early to know anything for sure. We'll get them on the monitors in the med bay, and we'll keep in touch.
- Not good that they passed out but waking them now is worse. We'll let you know when they wake.
- Thanks for the help. Hey, Toby, are you going to be alright? What the hell happened in there?
- Cyb kid jolted awake just started yelling. The cyb's eye, it started to glow, and it just, I don't really know what it was trying to say to me with what sounds were coming out.

- I'm glad you're alright. Take the rest of the night on me and go take care of yourself.
- I don't know, man.
- I'm sure. I don't know what that was, but that's not something I want to have floating in the back of your head all night while we try to get work done. I know I would if it happened to me.
- You're right. Thanks again. I'll probably just go lay down or something. Something isn't right with this whole thing. We need to get rid of the ship.
- It's much too early for that. For all we know it belongs to the cyb. Especially for how young they look. I can't have the union breathing down my neck for keeping some underage cyb on the Halcyon without their property.
- Yeah, I guess you're right. First chance we get we jettison that thing on course for the rolling sun.
- Ah, for sure. Now get out of here.
- All right.
- Hey, Toby.
- Yeah?
- Slow night, huh?
- One for the books. I'll see you tomorrow.

This concludes the transmission of audio logged from February 5 3034 at 1300 hours. It is advised that prolonged listening is harmful to hearing receptors. It is written in my code that the post union instills a break between log consumption. Powering down now.

Kirsch is played by Michael McCaw. AM-21 is played by Ray Azzopardi. Carrie is played by Marc Rosi. And Toby and Earl are played by Shawn Martell. This is *Technogeist*, Episode One produced by Shawn Martell, and funded by programsound.fm. If you'd liked this episode, please review and share widely. It would mean a lot. Thank you for listening.

Jennifer Alicia Murrin - To Go Home

“To Go Home,” by Jennifer Alicia Murrin.

Scene one.

- It's one of those days where the ocean could be mistaken for a freshly cleaned skating rink.

The sky is cotton candy, purples and pinks and baby blues. The sun is glistening on the mountains and dancing on the water. A warm breeze brushes my face, and I can taste the salt on my lips. Suddenly, the seagulls take flight. Dark clouds roll in. I feel a damp coldness rise from the tip of my toes, through my legs, spreading through my whole body. I can't feel my feet. And then I hear my Pop's voice.

- Remember.

- That's it. Just one word. Remember. Remember what? What am I supposed to be remembering? Pop? What am I supposed to—Hello? Dad? What's wrong? It seems like the only time I go back home nowadays is in my dreams or for funerals.

Patricia has returned to her home community in Newfoundland. She has just come back from her pop's funeral. The bed is now an orange dory in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The water is calm and blue, the same colour as the clear sky. The sun is shining gold, reflecting on the mountains and water.

Scene two.

- Pop. I'm so sorry I didn't come home any sooner. I really wish I didn't stay away for so long. I thought getting out of this place would mean a better life for me. I had big plans, and Toronto had my name written in the stars. I wanted to live my dream, maybe even become a famous actor. I wanted to eat different foods and learn about other cultures. I wanted to experience more than what this island had to offer. I couldn't end up being one of those people who never leave the island. Was I supposed to work at the fish plant? The mink farm? That life just wasn't

for me. When I left, I left everything and everyone, including you. And I'm so sorry. I was ashamed of this place. I can't believe I allowed what other people thought of us to get in the way of actually learning about this place. Having some pride in where I come from. I thought moving to Toronto would fill me up, but I've just been filling myself with empty promises. I'm just a tiny speck, floating amongst millions. I want to know more about who you were. What was your pop like? Did he teach you how to make fishing nets? I remember watching you make yours in our little house. You would hook one end of the net on a nail stuck in the window frame, then you would stretch and tie and weave and mend, until the whole house was a sea of green. I would just sit there by the wood-stove and watch. I didn't even say anything to you. I could have asked you so many questions like, how did you learn to make this dory? You built this with your own two hands. I want to know about your people. My people. Did you understand the language? What were your dreams? Did you ever feel lonely, pop? I'm so sorry. I haven't been a good granddaughter.

- You're never really alone out here, Patty poo.

- Pop? Pop! It's really you. Pop, where did you, how did you?

- We've had some good times out here haven't we, Patty poo. You were fishing even before you could walk, eh? You practically grew up here in this old dory. Do you remember where you used to take your naps?

- Yeah, we used to be out here for hours. I would crawl to the top of the dory and lie down wherever I could find a spot. Sometimes I would even lie on my back and pretend I was Glooscap stuck to the ground, watching all the gulls flock and squawk while you hauled your nets. Being out here always made me feel so calm.

- Yes, you had a scatter nap out here, eh Patty poo? Can you see what that rock is coming up over the water over there? That's where I saw Aelia for the first time. Hey, have you met her yet?

- Aelia? Why was she out there in the middle of the ocean on that rock?

- Aelia's a Sabawaelnu, a mermaid, just like the one used to watch on that movie all the time, Patty poo. I was out in this very spot checking me fishing nets. It was like any other day. There was just little peek of light there, where the sky and ocean meet. It was just me and this here old dory. I hauled up me first net, and I was floored. They just kept rolling in the boat, one after the other. One fish, two fish, fifty fish, two hundred fish! I felt like I was in one of those money machines trying to grab them all eh? They were jumping and squirming. When I was all done, there were so many cod fish that they were even jumping out of the boat back in the water. But I didn't even care. I had cod piled as high as those mountains back there. I didn't even know what I was going to do with all those fish. But I was some happy eh. I sat here, lit up a smoke, and watched them all dance around the boat. The sun was starting to rise, and I could hear something fluttering around and off in the distance. I thought it might have been a whale or even a seal. Well, it jumped off that same rock over there and started swimming right for me. Closer and closer. My heart felt like it was one of those cod fish bouncing around in the boat. It was coming so fast, Patty poo, that I didn't even have time to think. It came right up beside the dory and then it just stopped. Complete silence. I peeked out over one side. Nothing. I peeked out over the other side, and I could see some colours just under the surface. Then all of a sudden, the most beautiful being I ever seen emerge from the water. Well, besides you, Patty poo. She was as big as a dory. Her skin was blue and glowing, almost like she was part of the sky, eh. And she had markings all over her body to almost look like the petroglyphs. Do you remember the petroglyphs, Patty poo?

- I think so. I do remember you took me to a place once and told me that it was a special place. It was like a huge cave on the side of the mountain. We drifted there in a boat and there were all kinds of pictures on the rock. You told me that the old people put these here to remind us of who we are. Oh, Pop, I wish I could remember what they said.

- My little Patty poo, you'll get back to that special place one day. Well, she had those same markings all over her skin. Her hair was long and dark swirling around in the water. Her tail was

bright green. Just like those big eyes of yours, Patty poo. Her eyes were as dark as a night sky. When I peered into them, I could see the whole ocean. Jellyfish and codfish and lobster. Even some fish I've never seen before eh. Then she lifted one of her blue hands, and she reached in over the boat. Well, I didn't know what to do. I've heard stories about what happens when the water people get angry and I didn't want to find out that day. Well, I searched and searched and searched around the boat. And the only thing that I could find was codfish. Well, she grabbed it right out of me hand and threw it back into the water, then snapped back and grabbed me wrist. I felt a jolt of electricity run through my body. I saw flashes of images, horrible, horrible things. The fish were sick, the animals were sick, and even the people were sick. Then I heard something in my boat. And when I looked, all of the codfish started exploding, one after the other. One fish, two fish, fifty fish, hundreds of fish, fish guts and maggots everywhere. I've never seen anything like it, Patty poo. My best haul of fish, gone. I turned back towards the water, and poof! She was gone. Just like that.

Scene three.

- Pop. Pop? Pop, are you there? Where did you go? Pop, wait. What am I supposed to remember? Wait, I don't know what I'm supposed to be remembering. What was that? A seal? I should probably get back before they start worrying about me.

Patricia starts to motor and heads back to shore. She sees a crowd circling a beached whale nearby.

- I wonder what's happening over there?

- No, it's true my nugumij told me. She told me about the time the community forgot their ways, and then all of the fish got sick.

- Bah, those are old tales and nothing more. I heard Earl cut open a codfish last week and it was full of maggots.

- Yeah, and what about Rhonda? Remember what happened to her when she moved away to Halifax? Her mother told me that she got sick. So sick that she had to go to the doctor and he diagnosed her with that C.O.D., cod illness.

- Nah, she just forgot her ways, that's all.

- Cod illness? Whoa. I wonder what's going to happen to this poor guy? Ew, gross. Is that a maggot in his blow hole?

Patricia portals through the whale's blowhole.

Scene four.

- What? How did I get here? My pop spent so much time out here in this little shed. He would never let any of us in here. But sometimes, when I knew he would be gone fishing or trapping for a while, I would sneak in. I'm not sure if it's because I wasn't allowed in that I was so interested, or if I just was really interested. I see the lock which is a piece of green rope wrapped around a nail. And it still smells like algae and fur hides in here. Phew, still so much stuff. Just look at it all. Pop's most prized possessions. All of these random objects he collected from his travels. Shells, beach glass, bones. I see he still has a gemstone collection. He loved those gemstones. He would never tell anyone where his spots were, but he always came home with the most beautiful rocks. Quartz, jasper, amethyst. Oranges and greens and purples and blues. I remember one time he came home with a hunk of Labrador right the size of my whole torso. I've never seen anything so shiny and so blue. A very bright blue. Nothing like I've ever seen before. I wonder if he still keeps them in this barrel over here? He does. He does still have them in here. I can see them all glowing under the water. Wow, it looks like the Northern Lights. And there's that blue beauty. Okay, I can do this. The algae makes it slightly gross, but it can't be that bad, right? Oh, it's cold. Oh, oh, okay. Got it, ah. Wait, what the heck? What is that? Is

that a, is that a... Aelia? Um, uh, I'm Crawford's granddaughter, Patricia. I've been away from, for a while in Toronto, so you might not know me, but my pop told me about you, I think. Here, this is a fishing needle my pop used to make his fishing nets with. It's been passed down for generations starting with his great grandfather. I was told that he carved it from a rock with his own two hands. It was very important to our family, and maybe it might be of some use to you? Would you like it?

Patricia reaches out her hands Aelia, and Aelia grabs her wrist. A jolt of electricity pulses through Patricia's body, and she is pulled into the barrel. Patricia is screaming and choking on the water.

Scene five.

Five-year-old Patricia is in bed listening to a party at her house. There are lots of loud voices, laughing, beers clinking, and music playing.

- Oh, Tom Petty. That's my favourite. I really want to go out and join the fun. I don't want to sleep. Maybe if I wait here, someone will come and get me. Yeah, they always do.

- Little Patty poo. Are you awake?

- Oh, yeah. I can't really sleep.

- Did you want to come out here and show everyone your dance? Maybe you can have a Pepsi if you're good.

- Really? Okay, can I do "Free Fallin'?? Yes, you can have whatever song you wants, baby girl.

Patricia hops out of bed and follows her dad into the living room with a party is happening.

There is a spotlight on Patricia on the stage.

- Hi, Hi, mom. Hi, pop. Hi, Auntie Betty. Oh, hi, Mr. Park. Okay, ready.

Tom Petty's "Free Fallin'" begins to play. Patricia starts dancing and singing along with the song.

- She's a good girl, loves her Mama. Loves Jesus, and America too. She's a good girl, crazy bout Elvis, loves horses, and her boyfriend too.

The people at the party are happy, clapping and watching Patricia perform.

- And it's a long day, living in Reseda, there's a free way running through the yard.

People start having their own conversations. Patricia's singing becomes more amplified to try to keep everyone's attention.

- And I'm a bad boy, cause I don't even miss her. And I'm a bad boy, for breaking her heart. And I'm free, free fallin'. Yeah I'm free, free fallin'."

- I told you Budweiser. What am I going to do with this shit?

- And I'm free, free fallin'. Yeah I'm free, free fallin'.

- Can you even taste the difference after having a few dozen beers in your gut?

- Oh, I'm free, free fallin'.

- You can never do anything right, can ya. Now look what you're going to make me do.

- How did I get here? Aelia? Did you have something to do with this? What did I do? I can't remember.

- Cod illness is defined as a dual diagnosis condition of suffering from a mental illness and a comorbid substance abuse problem. For example, panic disorder and alcoholism. Those with co-occurring disorders face complex challenges.

- Pop, pop? I don't know what I'm supposed to be remembering. Pop. Can you hear me? I can't remember. But whatever it is, I'm ready to learn.

Scene six.

Patricia pulls into the beach in Seal Arm in her pop's orange dory with her dad. It's a beautiful bright sunny day. The sun is glistening on the mountains and illuminating the large grass field where her pop's cabin is.

- Wow, this place still looks the same as the last time I was here. I can't even remember how long ago that was now.

- Yes, b'y, you were last here when you were about seven or eight, I'd say. Geez, I haven't even been up here in a few years. I still remember taking you on walks to collect beach glass and rocks. The round white ones were your favourite, weren't they? Do you still have those?

- Yeah, I have a tin full of them back in Toronto, but haven't taken a look at them in years. I used to love our little adventure walks. Do you think we might be able to do that again this time?

- Yes, I'll tie the dory on here now and we'll take a stroll before we heads up to the cabin for the night.

Dad leads the way along the rocky beach. Patricia follows behind picking up small rocks and jumping from rock to rock. They come across a big rock on the beach and the side of the mountain.

- This is where pop used to set his traps and where I used to. This is one of the best spots in the whole Arm and it's been in our family for years. We caught some nice foxes and otters here. A couple of years ago I caught an otter over five feet long. Man, she was a beauty. Can't get much for them anymore though with all those environmentalists and people protesting them furs. What odds. We haven't had much luck here lately anyways.

- Well, that's sucks. So how do the people protesting trickle down to you?

- Well, the big organizations influence the market overseas and drives the prices down, or they just don't want to buy them at all. At one point, we had Hudson's Bay pounding on our door for furs.

- Like, the store?

- Yes, like the store. They would come right to dad's door and buy everything he had. Red fox, silver fox, otter, beaver, mink, you name it. They would mark it down ad write him a big fat check. Dad was making so much money you could mistake it for a dictionary it was so thick.

- I had no idea about that. I only learned about Hudson's Bay on the mainland and didn't realize it came down here too.

- Yes, that went on for years. There's probably some old white fancy ladies wearing dad's foxes on their backs.

- That's funny, dad. So if you can't get much for them anymore, is that why people stopped?

- Partially, yes. This is what I know and this is what I enjoys. I was raised here on this trap line and this is what we do. Well, what we used to do. I started working with my father when I was just a young boy. So many memories up here in Seal Arm. Your pop even lived up here before they all got moved down to the cove, but all of this still belongs to our family. And you know what? Maybe one day you might even build a cabin up here eh?

- Oh, I don't know about all that, dad. Can you tell me any stories about when you were a young boy up here with Pop? I don't remember ever hearing much about those times.

- Yes, b'y, I can tell you a scattered story. Your pop and I used to come up here for weeks at a time, checking traps. We would start early in the morning, right before the sun peaked above that big ol mountain over there. We'd go around from trap to trap, snare to snare. We would walk through the woods and all along this beach here. I would carry everything we caught on me back. Rabbits, foxes, otters, sometimes the odd lynx. Man, I used to be some tired, but that's how I got so strong today eh. I remember one time, we went checking a snare. And when we looked, there was a big bald eagle caught by her leg. Well, what a sin. Probably was trying to get a rabbit. Instead of the rabbit getting caught, she did. She was still alive though, so dad walked right up to her and she wasn't even afraid. It was almost like she was waiting for us to come and help her, eh. Dad cut out the snare and she took right off with one big swoop, flying off into the mountains and never looked back. I've never been so close to an eagle before. Now that's an experience I'll never forget.

- Yeah, I'd say. That's an amazing story, dad. I mean, it's sad, but I'm glad she was still alive and that you were able to cut her free. I wonder if she's still out there.

- I'd say she's still out there flying around Seal Arm. This is the best spot for anyone.

- Yeah, I guess it is kind of peaceful here.

- Yeah, and I guess I should try to get up here more. Well, come on. Let's keep walking. Just up here around the bend is a place we call Crawford's Cove.

- Like Crawford, after Pop?

- Yes, b'y. It's not an official name or anything like that now, but this was our spot.

Scene seven.

Dad and Patricia walk along the beach. Patricia keeps picking up small white rocks she finds along the way.

- Well, this is it. Crawford's Cove. What do you think?

- This is a nice little spot. It even has some sand here, not like the rest of the beaches, just all rocky.

- Well, you know that's why they call this island The Rock. But yes, this is where your Pop and I would take our breaks. We would have a nice little boil up here on the beach until it was time to go at it again. - A boil up?

- Yes, maid. A boil up is when he makes a little fire and then boils out some tea and warms up a lunch, like maybe some bottled moose meat, or bottled rabbit, whatever we had at the time. This is the spot we used to stop and do that. And that's why we call it Crawford's Cove. Everyone knew that this was his spot. This here whole area was our family's and people would respect that.

- Oh, that sounds so nice. And this sure is a beautiful spot to stop. I wouldn't mind having a boil up right now, my stomach is starting to talk to me.

- Yes, b'y. We'll head back to the cabin now on the once. I just wants to take a little look around here before we goes. I haven't been up here in years.

Dad and Patricia search Crawford's Cove.

- Dad, look. I found an old hat. Do you recognize it?

- Yes, b'y. That looks like an old hat that belonged to me father.

- You don't say. Do you think it's okay if I keep it?
- Yes, I'm sure the old man wouldn't mind, would ya? And look what I found.
- Wow, is that what I think it is?
- Yup. A bald eagle feather, and a young one too.
- How can you tell?
- Well see these brown little spots here on the bottom? That's how you can tell it's still maturing.
- That's so cool. How do you know all this stuff?
- I listened. Dad knew everything about the land. The more times you spend out here the more you learn, and I spent me whole life out here. I knows these parts like the back of me hand. I can tell you more about this place than that old Googles, or whatever the kids calls it.
- Google, dad. It's just Google. So do you think it just fell off the eagle?
- Yes, I think so. They lose their feathers from time to time, but I also think this wasn't a coincidence either. Here you have it.
- Are you sure?
- Yup.
- I don't even know if I'll be able to take this back on the plane with me.
- That hasn't stopped us before. We snuck all kinds of bottle meats and frozen fish and even moose antlers in our suitcases. You'll be fine, and if they do say something you slap down that status card and tell them who you are.
- Yeah, right. Okay.
- Okay, come on now, let's head back to the cabin.
- Did you hear that?
- Hear what?
- I thought I heard something, like a splash.

- Probably just the waves hitting the rocks or a hawk diving for fish or a whale coming up for air.

This little bay is full all kinds of life. There's probably even things in there that we don't even know about.

- Like merpeople?

- Mer-what?

- Merpeople. Like, like a mermaid.

- Yes, b'y. Maybe even Aerial's swimming around in there, who knows?

Scene eight.

Dad and Patricia are sitting inside Pop's wooden one-room cabin. Dad is warming up moose meat, onions, and potatoes on the Coleman stove. Patricia is warming up by the woodstove.

- Here. Get some of this good stuff in your gut.

- Mmm, smells so good. Thanks, Dad.

- What do you want to drink?

- I'll take a Pepsi.

Dad grabs a Pepsi and a bottle of beer from the cooler. Dad hands Patricia the Pepsi.

- Did you hear that?

- Hear what?

- Nevermind, I just thought I heard something.

- Don't worry, you'll get used to this place again.

- Yeah, it's been a while. Hey, remember when I was little and you would wake me up to sing and dance for everyone all the time?

- Yes, b'y, you were some good at that. And you loved it too eh. It didn't matter what time it was.

- Yeah, I did enjoy performing and mostly just being the centre of attention. I think that's why I wanted to become an actor, but there was some not so nice times too.

- You know what? I'll join you and grab a Pepsi. We do have an early morning.
- How early are we talking?
- Before the sun peeks above that big mountain over there. I'd say about six o'clock or so. That's the best time for fish.
- Sounds good. I'll be ready. Thanks again for bringing me up here. It's actually been really nice.
- No worries, maid. It's been really nice for me too. I'm glad you finally came home.
- Yeah, I guess it was time. Sad that it had to be under these circumstances though.
- That's okay. You're here now.
- All right. Well, I'm gonna go to bed. I want to be ready for the morning. Good night, dad.
- Good night, me lovey. See you in the morning.

Applied Science – Ghost Weight (Binary Star)

- The first time I thought we were lost in a foreign city. You took out your phone, opened the navigational thing, pointed out that blue dot and said this is the blue dot that represents us. One luminous blue dot contains the two of us.
- Yesterday, I see a colossal plume of smoke quietly tumble down the street, three stories high, filling every last pocket. It had no discernible provenance, and for no discernible reason, made me think of winding our way up to that glacial lake.

- Our travels full of night walks, long hunts for some peculiar discount delicacy, native to the region, afternoon pitstops in no frills bars. Bad beer, worse whiskey, and every face a mug shot.
- You get to thinking about space, materials, reverb, airflow, people flow, angles. You get to listening to space, thinking everything's built wrong, no one's paying attention.
- You told me about buildings that had been repurposed over their histories.
- What do you hear?
- A museum that was a panoptical prison.
- What's in the bricks?
- The soccer stadium that became a site of torture and disappearance.
- You told me architecture was permanence, and dance ephemerality. I said you were dead wrong. You climbed all over my body.
- I told you about gestures, semaphores, glances that had been repurposed as dance.
- I remember knocking on your studio door, waiting for the locomotive thunder of 50-foot Queenie to finally grind to a halt so you could hear. You answer, all sweat, glistening, gorgeous and say, oh, come in. I thought, I'm done for.
- Where dances come from. Bottom of the ocean. Stock market exchange. Teenage protesters staring down a tank. Corrugated puddle in a storm drain. A mountain on fire.
- Before the nineteenth century, before Emerson and Thoreau, the term wilderness was pejorative.
- The conversations we never quite had about whether or not to make a child. That's a dance, too.
- Everything falls. Trees, buildings. I fall, keep falling, can't help it. You don't fall, never fall. You turn falling into dance.

- Our strange visit to Spiegelberg. The house on the mountain. Your meteorologist, collector friend. The affluent eccentric. That house a self-portrait teeming with varieties of collection. An extension of its owner. You tell me architecture is sculpture you can live in.
- In the documentary *Downtown 81*, Jean-Michel Basquiat spray paints origin of cotton on a wall in lower Manhattan. And when you see it, you realize the real purpose of that wall's existence, a purpose hidden until the artist revealed it.
- Walking through Dunkirk, which was pulverized during the war and reconstructed postwar to replicate in minute detail what was lost. You told me every building here contains the ghost of its decimated double.
- I have no interest in the supernatural. But at some point, I find myself gnawing on this question, what is a haunted house?
- And I think maybe I'm like that. Making plans, going places. Little gestures, ghosts of everything we did between us.
- What is a ghost? I know enough to know shit gets left behind over time. It accumulates, like dust.
- Each of us was overwhelmed by certainty. Certainty we were meant to be this way. Together in love, apart in love, fucked over in love, enlightened in love, diminished in love, extinguished in love, lost in love, irrevocably. Otherwise rational people surrendering to signs and portents. I had my solitudes and you had yours. But over time, your solitude left me an ever-widening space.
- What happens when we pass the threshold? Where more time's been spent apart than was ever spent together?
- That night in Barcelona, out drinking with my cohort, ended up with me fumblingly making out with Madeline, all fingers and lips. It was months before our parting and felt like nothing. A fleeting thrill, a hot twitch of embarrassment upon seeing her again for rehearsal. But all these years later it feels like a splinter, a loneliness, a sign.

- You are my ghost.

- I saw you. You didn't see, couldn't see me wriggling to come to you in the slinky evening dress I didn't want, not for these people. This is how parting starts. You couldn't see. I saw you.

Waxing, charming active listening. Attractive listening. You doing nothing wrong except not seeing, except seeming so at home at this opening, in this museum, with this whatever woman.

Fetching, she was, sizing you up, while I, wriggling between elbows and luxury eyewear, trying to get to you, just wanting you to take me to our home, our bed, out of this. I was willing to do one flute of free booze, but you looked happy. I'd seen many of your happys but never this one.

After having sweated, moved, struggled on a poorly prepared stage under gaudy lights, hemorrhaging unfinished choreography, might as well have just had my hands out begging. I felt the first sliver of a larger slight. Before I finished wading through patrons to intercept your interlocutor, I stopped, changed course, and slipped away.

- You didn't know it because I didn't tell you, but I saw you come out, saw you exit the, what was she? Palm reader. I'm whizzing on bike so it's only seconds and from behind, but you know your wife's shape. You'd forgotten I was running errands in the area. You didn't care that I might see when I guess I wasn't supposed to? That stung. The maybe not even caring. It's not like you have to report, or like we had some lover's contract about fortune tellers. I mean, are we the people goes to fortune tellers? But secrets. You tell me what, a couple days later, but only after you'd staked the decision. Without me. Did the palm person really read your palm, or just clock an unhappy spouse? Did you actually need your palm read, or was this just random validation? Your favourite kind. Signs and portents.

- Less than three weeks after our party my father contacts me for the first time in seven years. I see bears, deer, porcupine cross the highway, husband receding, father resurfacing. Also dying.

- Saw you coming out. Didn't know what it was all about. I kept biking, biking, biking long enough, far enough, to stop thinking I'm going to turn around and go to this fortune teller on my own and ask them, tell me what it is I fear so bad.

- Smoke and haze. I drive across the interior desperate to see him before he dies in Foothills Hospital. And the landscape is on fire. Red sun, panicked animals, evacuations, heat, traffic, no map.

- At the bagel place all the chairs on top of tables. My guy is wearing a doctor mask. I see him put on latex gloves to make my bagel. Then take off the latex gloves and put on another pair of latex gloves to take my money. At his feet I see a trash can full of latex gloves like a heap of human hands turned flaccid from lack of touch.

- Say the words. Thoughts move in circles, words once spoken become things, embodied, released. Feet on the ground. Don't trust words with no outlet. Make a choreography out of nothing but words, forged, repeated, erased. Forge, repeat, erase. Forge. Repeat.

- Increasingly I feel if I don't tell you something, write you something, I won't retain it. I'm forgetting everything if I don't write it down, and if I do write it down I'm writing to you.

- Not long before all this started, I was ordered to get an MRI. I'm claustrophobic a little, you remember. Get the fidgets. I worry for my capacity to adhere to the absolute rigidity required for the machine to do its thing.

- We are on the other side of something. An emergency. We're together, breathing the same smoke.

- As the machine tractor-beamed me into itself, that tube of white light and extraterrestrial clamour, the only way I could be still was to imagine your body on top of mine. Giving me all your weight. Your arms on my arms, your legs on my legs. Your breasts pressed against my chest, your hips parenthesizing mine. Your face. Ghost weight. Somewhere in there I feel air fill your belly. Guess I made a tear. Machine didn't care. They told me no tumour.

- That day we drive up the mountain. I drive, I'm the driver of us. It's summer. You fiddle with the radio until you turn it off. Then you fiddle with me, trace breast edge. Eyes on road, Fati. Nipple brush through thin fabric. Eyes on road. Stiffen nuzzle neck, unfasten top button, slide fingers into my, find pulse. Fingertip. Pulse. Little by. Eyes on road. No one on this summer pulse morning mountain.

- Last thing this morning I dream myself in mountains, looking down a dry well. I see shards of broken china gleaming in shaft of daylight.

- Careful as can pull this car over narrow shoulder. You open your door, back up. Tug off my shorts, hand starfish. Bury curly head between thighs, supple tongue, tiny circles. I'm on my back across the driver's seat looking up and out. The driver's side window directly behind above my head. Rectangle of upside-down sky.

- Light kissed shards, way down there, gleaming.

- Colossal clouds tumble into frame of this window above my head. Fingers tug hair. My legs high in the air. One sneaker half on foot kicking the car ceiling, crushing your face. And I say to you this, I love you so much, I know it's going to kill me. I come so hard I see stars.

- You see a fortress where there is no fortress. A closed door that can't be opened. I was never more than a whisper away. A knock.

- We're hiking around the glacial lake, terrain inhabited for 10,000 years by the Sinnite. You ask, Baby, what'd you mean it's going to kill me? I was waiting for this and said something about peak pleasure and little death. You smile and I smile, and when we sleep that night I never feel so in love. Never felt so absolutely certain this cannot last.

- I asked loose, what it was like to have someone disappear. She said it was like having a shape cut out of a landscape.

- These moments, they recede, yet remain preserved. Every one a shard of china at the bottom of a well. Repairable, yet out of reach.

- Many words feel superfluous. Yet without them this is all just bad haiku.

- First time I saw you, you were looking into space while someone was talking to you. Moment later, that someone still talking, you were looking at me, and looking at me, and looking at me. And you would never stop.

- I'm sleepless by the window, curtains apart, street below vacant save a stray dog scampering under high-pressure sodium. Clouds recede and moon moves like smoked glass in the firmament. It's hard to believe here in the city, but the stars are really hanging out tonight, and one in particular seems to sing across eons. So immense, it might be a pair. I'm all turned around down here in this hemisphere, so my patchy grasp of constellations is extra useless, but my god, it's so bright. Can you see it, Fati? Upstage right and luminous enough for two.

Roberta McDonald

If I get up now, I'll have time to do the dishes. And then I'll. But if I snooze for 10 minutes, then I'll feel better. I'm going to snooze for ten minutes. What is going on with my leg? What does that mean, does that mean I'm having a stroke? Am I having a stroke? I should probably stop taking that medication. Why did I click on that. Why did I click on that. Who puts that kind of stuff on the internet anyway, like there's just no way, I don't understand. If I stop taking that medication I'm not happy, like. Maybe it's just a cramp because I stepped funny on it yesterday. Like I just don't understand how peoples' minds work.

Why would you want to scare people like that. Or maybe I hurt myself sleeping wrong, that happens in middle age I guess. God, I feel like my body's falling apart. Crap, if I could just take another ten minutes. In that group of people. Yeah right. And my God. Like I'm gonna go back to sleep now, my mind is awake. Thanks, ADHD. Start the day, because we're, why am I like this? Eat something. What is going on? Why did I say that? It's like the dumbest thing I can

possibly say to somebody, when we were having such a nice conversation, complimenting on her one-and-done jumpsuit, and everything was lovely. And then she goes to leave with her dog. And I say, okay, thank you, like, geez Louise, why do people go to the trouble of bending over and picking up dog poo, putting it into this silly little bag, and then dropping it, 10 feet away from the garbage can? That's my little harbour seal, oh my god, look at those polka dots. Who's my little harbour seal, you're my little harbour seal? Are you my little polka dotted girl? Oh yes you are, good girl, my goodness, oh my goodness. Are you ready to go outside? Want to go for a W-A-L-K? We're not going to go for a W-A-L-K yet, because I still need to have my coffee. And I still need to put my hearing aids in. And I still need to make sure the dishes are done. And I still need to clean up the mess I made before bed last night, but we are going to go for a W-A-L-K very, very soon, I promise. Am I the worst dog owner in the history of the world? Like why can't I get, she needs to go outside, and I need this coffee, this coffee is so important. If I don't have this coffee, then I won't be awake enough to react if a squirrel comes into our life. So I need this coffee. Just I'm just gonna have this coffee and it's gonna be fine. Oh, nectar of the gods, oh my goodness. Oh boy, coffee time. The, why is it that I homemade ice cubes are never quite as crushed and satisfying as when you get it at a coffee shop. I suppose I could crush them, but then that would take so much time. I think Michael Pollan is right. Coffee is probably the most widely used and abused substance and stimulant in the world. But honestly, now that I'm not on medication, I need this so bad, okay, good, good times. If Pedro Pascal and Stanley Tucci got together, they could have their own like cooking and travel show, and it could be called Taste Daddys. Yeah, I should post something about that somewhere, but I don't really have any followers, so no one's gonna notice it anyway. I amuse myself. Do I have the kind of face that people don't want to say hello to me, or did something happened during the pandemic? Did I develop a sour face? Do I have the kind of face that I look like, I don't want people to talk to me? Or, do I actually not want people to talk to me? And I'm just moving through the world with that expression on my face? I think I smile at people, but maybe I look

like, unhinged. And they just think oh, dear, like she, she needs space. We better not talk to her. What if we were actually part of kidnapping our dog. Beautiful little Chula, our little dog Chula, what if we stole her and didn't mean to steal her but that we paid a bunch of money for some other people to steal her. What if we're actually dognappers? And what if there's some family that's like missing their dog right now because I saw her picture on the internet and I thought she was living on the street and she'd been through all this turmoil and we were going to save her and now she's living with us and we love her and I don't know what I would do without her but, oh my god, we're dog kidnappers, I'm the worst. What ever happened to Lisa Bogut? Too bad I don't have Facebook anymore. Did I ever look her up on Facebook? I don't even remember. I hate Facebook. Instagram too, stupid. But I'm kind of addicted to all the dog videos on Instagram, and there's a few smart people on there too. I don't know, I don't know if I'm gonna keep doing that whole social media thing, it makes me so tired all the time. Or maybe I'm just tired because the world is just burning and everything is terrible and we're all gonna die. Wow, I'm really in a weird mood this morning. Do I need more coffee? I don't think so. If I have more coffee, I'll just get anxious. Oh boy, coffee time, though why is it that homemade ice cubes are never quite as crushed and satisfying as when you get it at a coffee shop. I wonder why that is. I suppose I could crush them, but then that would take so much time and I don't have that. Do I have to deal with anybody today? I think I have a Zoom meeting. God I hate Zoom. I hope they're mercifully short. I better turn the captions on too, those jerks. What is going on with me today? I just can not get out the door. Oh my goodness. What day is it. Is it Tuesday or Wednesday? I don't remember. I think it's Wednesday. Yeah, it's Wednesday, I have a Zoom call today, it's definitely Wednesday. I'm pretty sure I'm killing that fern. I thought you were supposed to water them a lot, I thought they were like a Pacific Northwest thing and you were supposed to get them lots of humidity and moisture. Why does it look so skeletal. Maybe it's not enough light? But I thought they were plants, like they were, I thought they were like ground plants. What is that even called, when they get underneath the canopy or something? I should

Google that. I should definitely Google that. Then if I google that, then that means I also have to check my email, which also means that I better check LinkedIn. I don't know even like that website. Like, what's going on there? Ew. My hearing aids have AI in them. Does that mean I'm a cyborg? I think it does. Yeah. Sometimes I think that's cool. And then sometimes I think, is my brain being colonized by AI? And some of the thoughts that I'm having aren't actually mine, but they're from a scan of my environment and the internet? And they're actually going to take over my personality? Am I going to become like Captain Picard where he gets like taken over by the borg? Is this a resistance is futile thing? I don't even like Star Trek. Where did that come from? Anyway, it is kind of nice that they're rechargeable, except that they keep adjusting the volume all on their own, and then I try to turn them off and then they start squawking in my ears, but hey, at least I can hear some things now. Good times. Oh, what a big stretch. That's a perfect stretch, Chula. In the history of stretches that is the absolute best stretch I have ever, ever seen. You are the cutest and the best and the smartest and I love, love, love, love, love, love, looove you. Oh my god, what happened to that squirrel's tail? Did something chew on it? Good grief. I swear sometimes people just let their dogs do whatever. Or maybe it was a coyote. Or maybe it was another squirrel. Hmm, interesting. They do look super cute though. I wonder if I could adopt a pet squirrel but Chula wouldn't like that should probably eat it so we better not.

Nasturtium. All this time. I really need to get going. Okay, get going, it's absolutely time to get going. Nasturtitium? Nasturtitium? I was pretty sure it was nasturtitium. Yes, I fed the dog. Did I feed the dog? Yes. But then of course the lady that knows all about the gardening. I definitely fed the dog. She told me it was nasturtium. Did I take my supplements? And that just doesn't make any sense to me. And I brushed my teeth, yes. Yes I took my supplements. Why nasturtium? It doesn't even look like that. I definitely had coffee. The word doesn't look like that. Am I thirsty now? The flower's don't, they look like nasturtitiums. Should I fill up a water bottle before we go? Are we going to go to the park? I'm going to keep calling them nasturtitiums. Or

should I just take her out to that like dinky little excuse for a park on the corner. Okay, Chula really needs to go out. That's it. We're going, we're going, for sure, we're going.

TODDROD SKIMMINS - SELECTIVE MEMORY STORY #1, ALL OUR HEROS EXPOSED

Interactive multitrack record. Selective memory. Messages from beyond the groove.

Hello, hello, and welcome to selective memory. Let's begin. Physical objects hold and store memories. The act of holding or playing of a record is the catalyst to making, storing, transmitting, and remembering past sensory stimuli. Consider then, how the creation of music and the physical mechanisms involved in its production are also vehicles of transmission and preservation of memory. We will examine how vinyl records outlive us, as our personal stories become part of the story of the record itself. And meshed within the grooves, peaks, and valleys, like fingerprints of lives lived. As a physical record is passed on to another, it becomes a router for an unending circuit of connectivity between people, between all of us, and our selective memories.

Please select a record to begin. You have chosen Teddy Pendergrass, *Life is a Song Worth Singing*. Album 12-inch, mastered at Frankford/Wayne Recording Labs. Pressed by Keel Manufacturing Corporation. Released on June 2, 1978, by CBS Records.

All Our Heroes Exposed.

I didn't really grow up around many men. So although now that I'm grown, I feel like I've seen a good amount of naked men for my age, which shouldn't really be a big deal, and isn't. But what

was a significant deal was the first time seeing a man I respected, very much exposed. Growing up my mother understood the value of male role models, and so she would take me to the barber shop every two weeks for a cut. The brothers there took a liking to me, and when my mom told him that I wanted to learn how to cut hair, which I don't actually remember doing. The owners, Ron and Trevor, offered me my first job. I was seven years old. Every Saturday, I woke up early and took the 20 minute bus ride by myself to Paint Barbers for work. My official job was sweeping up hair after every cut, but I also ran errands, which meant picking up roti for the shop, and buying lottery tickets. They called me the plugin man. Because anytime someone asked what my job was, they'd say look, anytime we need something plugin we say plugin man, go plug that in. This was the place that fostered my love for soul music. The countless Saturdays and Sundays spent working and listening to them tell me about life and music and love. Even before I understood my attraction to women, I was learning how to be with them from the brothers at the barbershop. You know, come to think of it, the shop was really such a huge part of my life and my connection to community. It showed me what it meant to be respectable and respected. Though some of the lessons didn't really stick later in life, but they were there in the background. Besides always having the freshest cut in school, or even in my neighborhood, that shop did a lot for the person that I am today. Now, I know what you thinkin, a bunch of cis men together in a cis men's space, it had to be some locker room talk going on there, but no. It was never disrespectful. Even when the wives weren't around. I'd like to think they gave me a pretty good foundation. Basically, give the same respect to a woman that you'd want for yourself. I remember one of the regulars telling me, so you know what is a prick? Right. So you can think with your prick. But just don't be a prick. Again, some of those lessons didn't quite stick later on in life, but they were there in the background. There was one particular regular named Spencer, nickname Spen on account of the money that he had, and how he was always real generous with it. He was a friend of the family that my mom knew from back home in Trinidad. Spen was there almost as much as I was, and the guys even joked that maybe they

should give him a job too, though there could only be one plugin man. Pretty much every week his wife Georgia Lynn would drop him off and stay a while before taking off to do her own thing or to go and drive back to Hamilton where they live. She'd say something like well, I gonna go knock about and leave you to it alright. And then he'd walk her out to the car before coming back to the hang out for the day. I was used to my married neighbours fighting, or my mom with Nolan. So watching Spen and Georgia Lynn together was lovely. Warm, not over the top syrupy, just normal. And I mean, like not the norm from my perspective, but just normal. Their example gave me hope, where I didn't even know I needed it. Yeah, the barbershop was one of the things I missed most when my mom moved us to London, Ontario in the summer of grade eight. Fast forward to a decade and a bit, I was in my 20s when I made my first attempt to get the hell out of London and back to Toronto. I bought a one way bus ticket, packed a bag full of my best records and a bag of my freshest gear, and I was out. I stayed with my uncle Oliver and his wife Sherlyn back in Flemo, rest in peace to Auntie Sherlyn. So the plan was to get a job and a steady DJ gig, save up some money, and get out of their cramped apartment as soon as possible. But after about two months with no luck and no prospects, I went by the barbershop to get a cut and see if they had any leads for me. As soon as I walked in the door Trevor called out to me, hey, plugin man, what going on boy? Spen was there and I sat next to him while I waited for my turn. I told him what I'd been up to all of these years. DJ-ing, radio show, that kind of shit. When I told him about coming here to DJ, he was like, eh, eh, watch plugin, man. So he's a big time DJ now? Nah, not big time at all. It's just one of the things I love doing, and maybe I can make some money with it. When he heard about me needing to get out of my uncle's spot, he told me, so why you don't just stay by me? I have a place downtown, I only there like two days a week for work. And I go back in Hamilton for the rest of the week. Yeah, man, you can stay by me in my new place, that is a small thing. A place to myself. Right downtown? Yo, I was with it. I was planning on heading back to London that weekend to bring some of my records to Toronto, so I could pick up the key from Spen on my way out. I took the milk run bus from Toronto to

London, and stopped in Hamilton on that Friday. Spen picked me up at the station and invited me for dinner at his place. Yo, there was no way I was going to say no to a free meal, although my aunt really was a good cook. While we waited for dinner, Spen and I went to the den where he was in the middle of ironing laundry. Georgia Lynn was a nurse so it was all scrubs. We talked and half watched the soccer match on TV as he lovingly took each item out of the basket. First the pants, then the shirt, both ironed to perfection and hung up on the rolling rack next to him. He moved so calmly and methodically, it was like he was in a meditative state. I couldn't help but imagine myself in his role, lovingly taking care of the woman I was with at the time, and maybe her doing the same. After dinner, curry chicken and rice, Spen drove me to the bus station with a Tupperware full of leftovers that was already stained yellow from curries past. He said so plugin, ya have a girlfriend or what? He didn't realize how much of a loaded question that was. My girlfriend at the time, it was, there was a lot there. I mean for one, it was a long-distance relationship. She lived in Ottawa, and I was in Toronto like, four and a half hours away. We met through my friend, her sister, on a road trip to go and party with my boy D, who was at school at Carleton. The foundation of our relationship was a shared spirituality. Just like Spen and Georgia Lynn, though they were on that West Indian Protestant tip, and we were more Sufism and Islam. Either way, that adage, the couple that prays together stays together, though it held some truths, I mean, we had a pretty intense connection in some ways, but our lives were just too different. Man, I would have married that woman. We talked about it all the time as we talked until we both fell asleep on the phone. But, as it would turn out, it wasn't enough to hold us together. And this was in my 20s, when most guys my age were out looking to, well, let's just say they weren't looking to settle down, that's for damn sure. She was everything that I wanted at that time, and I made sure she knew it. But again and again, she would use that knowledge as leverage to pull some. She asked, and I was happy to open up about some of my deepest wounds, because she told me that she had me. And as soon as I did she kicked the floor out from underneath me. And then she set that shit on fire, and then put that fire out with acid. Look,

I dislike speaking ill of people just as much as I dislike hyperbole. I just try to speak the facts, and the fact is, that was the first abusive relationship I would ever experience. I was so deep in thought about her and our relationship that Spen had to snap me out of it. Eh, eh, plugin. You plug out or what? You're dropping off. Ah, I said, nah. I mean, yeah, I'm with someone but, I honestly don't even really know how she feels about me. But wait, you have all kinds of all old records and ting right? You must play her some Luther Vandross and Teddy Pendergrass, then man you will find out real quick if she like you. I smiled politely. I was a little bit more than a little bit embarrassed to tell him my situation. We talked about life and relationships and marriage all the way to the bus station. Well, he talked. I just listened and got lost in his description of what could be. And though he spoke kindly and gently, the sentiments of his words banged and clanged around in my head on the quiet bus ride home that night. Spen's condo in Toronto was nice. Not too nice that anyone I brought over wouldn't be able to tell that I lived there, but nice enough that it would impress anyone that I did bring over. The spot had just the right amount of like, typical older West Indian man vibe. I'm talking like the gray all-in-one Hi-Fi system with the belt drive turntable and a cassette player in a glass case. Oh yeah, the shaving kit on a silver mirrored platter with like a half-used bottle of Brut cologne on it. Oh, and he had these silk robes, like something out of Hugh Hefner's closet. It was all super comforting. For three or so months, I hustled and did some work flyering and eventually got a job at Nabisco doing some admin work. And I was eventually able to afford a spot on my own in Eglinton West and get out of my aunt's place. Since Spen's place was right downtown, I'd still watch his place on Fridays and Saturdays while he was back home in Hamilton so I could be out in the scene and connect with people, and hopefully get some DJ gigs. Finally all that going out paid off, and I got an email one Tuesday, from Dahlia, who I met through my homie from London, Fritz the Cat. Dahlia was running Fritz's night called "In Divine Style" on Thursday nights at Gypsy Co-Op. And they wanted me to run the instrumentals for the open mic. I said hell yeah and asked if I could play the early set from 9 to 10 when the doors open. I'd basically be playing to no one but

the bar staff, because no one in Toronto is reaching anywhere before 11:30 or 12 in the damn morning. Me asking to open was a strategic move, but I think it made me a better DJ. It taught me restraint. How to take my time and tell a story. It's how I honed the craft of curating the vibe of a room and decorating moments in time with sound from the very beginning of the night.

Thankfully, they were down to have me on, and happy for me to open. I planned out a short kind of chill set, but I needed my Teddy Pendergrass record with the sample for "Elevation" by The B.U.M.S. on it. I had left it at Spen's place the weekend before, along with some leftovers my mom had for me. I got up mad early the next morning to get by Spen's place. Even though I was basically like a roommate that he never saw or that didn't pay rent, I felt it weird to go and not at least say what's up, especially since I usually only went there on Thursday evenings. I knew that if I got there by 8:30, I'd catch him right before he left for work. But I got caught up in a call with my girlfriend and ended up leaving late. I tried his cell on my way over, but got no answer. I tried his work phone once I got to the lobby, just before nine, but they told me he wasn't there. So I must have just missed him on his way out. I took the elevator up thinking about what I was going to do for the rest of the day now that I was already downtown. I got to the door, and somehow I put the wrong key, and it slipped out of my hand and just, blang, fell right on the metal runner at the bottom of the door. I fumbled for the right one and pushed it into the keyhole, but before I could even turn the key, the door just swung open into the apartment and I looked up, and standing there in the doorway, fresh out of the shower, barely draped in one of those silk Hugh Hefner bathrobes, opened in the front, was a woman. Who definitely was not Spen's wife.

Close the door

Let me give you what you've been waiting for

Baby, I got so much love to give

I want to give it all to you

Close the door

No need to worry no more

Let's bring this day to a pleasant end

Girl, it's me and you now

I've waited all day long just to hold you in my arms

And it's exactly like I thought it would be

Me loving you and you loving me

Close the door

Let me rub your back where you say it's sore

Come on get closer and closer

So close to me

Let's get lost in each other

Come here, baby

I've waited all day long just to hold you in my arms

And it's exactly like I thought it would be

Me loving you and you loving me

Close the door, baby

And let me blow your mind

Plenty good lovin' all through the night

And then again and then again

When the morning comes

Come here, woman

Come here baby, let me blow your mind

Let me do what I want to you

Let me do what I want to you

Let me make sweet love to you, baby, uh

Ooh, baby, oh baby, so good, baby
So good, so good, so good, baby, uh
Let me do what I wanna do
All I wanna do is make love to you
Let me do what I wanna do
All I wanna do is make love to you
Let me do, do, do, do, do, do, do, uh.

This concludes your selective memory program. To continue your journey, please select another record.

Gabbi Greco - MINDFUL MOMENT 4

SHAKING IT OUT

It's time to slow things down. For a mindful moment. With program sound. This mindful moment is dedicated to, this one's a little different, shaking it out. When Taylor Swift says shake it off, she means it. You really can shake it off. Shaking of the body is a natural response to extreme stress. Shaking helps regulate the nervous system and calm the body when it's overstimulated. And when doing it voluntarily, it has the same effects. It's a safe and easy way of releasing tension and waking up your body. So let's get shaking. Stand with your feet hip width apart. Bend and soften your knees. Soften your jaw, drop your shoulders and start bouncing. Feel the vibrations spread to your arms, and shoulders, and through your whole body. Let all the tension and stress loosen up. We are shaking. What a shake, pals, what a shake. Thanks for joining the mindful moment. With programsound.

Amy Hoskins

My name is Amy Hoskins, and I'm a writer, visual artist, and survivor creating with disabilities from my home studio in South Nashville, Tennessee, USA. You can find out more about me at www.amyhoskins.com. Thank you so much to programsound.fm for hosting me, and to you for listening.

Angels needed. U2 sings "I Will Be with You Again," gospel revival pulses in Saturday's wind. Villa-Lobos Bacchanalian symphonies to a primal rain forest no longer there. The rain forest on fire, fires people set, poison the water. We loop nature videos and television. What if those forests, birds, beaches were no longer there? We loop on them just the same. Remember when? Can it be better? Hard not to fall for the gospel spells hour after hour broadcast into the spring air. Now it's Monday morning, a beautiful day. The news is chilling. Now it's in our town. Three children, three adults killed by an active shooter at the elementary school. A beautiful day, and blood spilled in the classroom, again. Six spirits this time lamenting and being mourned. This is my appliqué for the fresh trauma, for our children and families. Kids on lockdown facing death in such a way, such an early age. The world should stop each time. Go absolutely silent. After the shooting, we walk with every step weighted. Grief again for today's victims, no solution in sight. Every action we take, every breath, is a journey forward and away from death. We mourn with many layers, perspectives, the stages of grief. It takes time to lift our heads again for what the new day brings. It's spring. And on a beautiful Monday here, blood was spilled and lives shattered. Needlessly. Senselessly. U2 sings "Elevation," lifting everything up. Hope floats in the mix of shark and anchor. Hope is action. Disbelief, all these stages of grief, this anchor of sadness. I have to surrender. 2012 came and went with the Mayan

calendars, and Y2K also passed without incident. How do we prepare ourselves for where we find ourselves? Calling all angels. We need you now.

This stillness. Green is a beetle, luminescent, floating like dandelion seeds and plastic Dollar General bags. It's a war of culture now, it's on, literally fighting to save innocent people's lives. Where's your heart? Is it bought and sold? Her ghost seeks refuge, even the killer. I can't let you in, it's not on me to forgive you. Bitter since Monday. I can't forget. It's Easter again without you. Keep watching for soft signs springing up green, blooming from the earth. Editing the landscape one weed at a time, I feel as awful as thinning carrot seedlings. They resist, and I have to pull them out by their roots. The man in a white fedora, Ricky, has driven a golden sedan to the park across the street. He visits the memorial he made for his son who died of a heart attack last year, right there in the park. He drinks a beer, waves at passersby who honk if they know him. Sometimes he shot off a gun there out of desperation, hurting no one. Today he's parked his car in front, standing up on the grassy bank. It's Easter, and he remembers his lost son. He gets in his car and stays there for some time. I worry he might hurt himself. But he soon drives away. Today the mass shooting is in Louisville. I can't hear the numbers. None of it makes sense. Nightmares of everyone fighting, the wars we find ourselves in. I'm still breathing through all the things you did in the 1960s, 70s, 80s, distant times that suddenly feel present, tumultuous, wrong. Full of rainbows, of colours, as a counterculture explosion, then a return to brown, harvest gold, green, cream, black, as if the 60s never happened. The war and the blood, monotone, monotony. Everyone's fighting a new culture war. The world is turning in on itself, trying to erase its own history with lies. All the surfers line up to catch the waves of the day, ancient yet always changing. Pale pink nail polish in early April. It's like I'm at the beaches again. All of them wind up so simply, yet profound. Used to be you could get just about anything, 24/7, at the park across the street. Sex, drugs. A woman told me to tell the city that it wasn't safe for kids anymore, too many needles and used condoms. Now, all in a memorial for

Ricky's son. Little Ricky is there beneath an oak tree that makes us tiny in comparison. The lesson is it's empty now. There's one mother who walks her two toddlers there. It's surreal. That's what parks are for after all. Grief everlasting in every step, beat of my heart. The stillness is not peace.

True love. The heart has to shine, not hide. When I breathe, tectonic plates shift deep inside. Water wrinkles with light and wave forms. Ocean and lake, silver rivers all lap the shore. New Zealand blues. We are all home under the same sky, same sun. Breathe in light and darkness, they are equal. Bumblebees are sleeping still, true spring is not arrived. On midsummer mornings, I found them sleeping in the flowers. The universe is a system of systems, language of languages. Every atom, every molecule sings its song. We only have to listen deeply to translate a new ancient rhythm. Liquorice midnight sky abounds with infinite stars. Spirits of bumblebees, visit us, remind us, respect instead of poison. Crickets out of sync would never happen. They sing the bright world all night. Nature of freedom, freedom of nature. Music of the spheres is true reality. Industrial magnates long forgotten, moral centres pulled out from the planet what profits them. No respect, no respect. Austerity for most, while some get rich. It's gotta flip. Heart song. Love songs that are true. Frogs orbit the moon when they dream in and out of water and science. Water sustains us, we are made of it. We poison our love, our water, only to hurt ourselves. Consuming the earth? Nurturing the earth as good stewards instead. Sweet animals we eat instead of revere. How do we speak this world into a better existence? What is the spell that stops brainwashing the status quo? She is equine, she leads us. It should be women and children leading us to true love, after all.

Lindsay Jacquard - Cornelia Webster

He saw something in you, yes. But that was just the start. A hop, a skip, a leap into his boat. Eyes watching you, inciting instinctual panic. You swallow that squirming, and down it goes like crane flies. A pause, eyes evaluating you, seeing potential? Does the small ship rock and spill his flask? Or does he offer you a splash? Either way, your tongue snaps from your mouth to gather the drink. It burns, and emboldens. As you let yourself be transported from this lake, the only place you've ever known, you let everything that was fall away. He doesn't know what to feed you, so he tries a bit of everything. You take to his food immediately, like you'd never known a snail or worm. What could be larger? Your stomach, or your eyes? The clatter and clamour of his hotel overtake you, in a way that the forest murmurs never could. Guests flock to your side, but you don't flinch or hesitate. You're Cornelia, now. Their praise stokes the flames in your belly, burning at all hours. Well, it's either that, or your appetite. You hear the man's call cutting through the din and rush to squat by his side, to be slipped a June bug under the table. You nudge him for another. He looks down at you, all smiling, all what can you do? You can give me another, you think. Eyes are watching you now, but there's no panic. You find power in performing, showing off just what you can do. You recall a time when you could fit in his palm, slick and small. These days, you don't need him to carry you. You're so much more now. Or does he just shrink in your company? Each pound was earned, in cornmeal and in whiskey, and yet he looks to you, as if you haven't earned your keep. It's when he finds you guzzling whey that he finally throws you out. If your stomach wasn't curdled before, it is now. You stumble your way back to the lake, though it pains you to go home. You see the others, but they're nothing like you anymore. Their peeping echoes out through the dim evening light, a psalm your bass tones would struggle to conjure these days. You lunge out towards the voices, but the lake shore comes at you dizzyingly fast. A splash, little waves course out from around you, one by one, until the lake begins to still. You steal yourself for their ribbing and ribbiting, but instead, you are alone. Is it your reflection dancing in the ripples? Or is it the liquor swimming in your head? You can't help but to admire your broad shoulders, your power and magnetism. The night

sky is mirrored around you. Little pinpricks of starlight, spinning. You. You're a star. The water erupts around you, but this last thought, it carries you into the dark.

Admittedly, you've never had the best sense of time. The passing of a single day was slow, but the changing of seasons, well, you were always surprised by how suddenly winter fell upon you. The first snowfall as a sign to slip below the water surface and sleep among the lake bed stones. But your time with Mr. Coleman, it felt like an endless summer. Both in its joy and in its impossibility. Here you are, you have known him for mere seconds. A miscalculated landing has brought you face to face with a stranger. The space that separates you is impassable, incommunicable. And yet, he crosses the divide like it's only air and inches. All you've known of hands is force and grasp, but his move slowly and openly. They read to you like palmistry, and suddenly it's not fishing line, it's a faded line between you. You've known him for days now and formed an unlikely truce. What to make of this man who makes these soft offerings? You sniff the shallow dish placed at your feet, large enough to swim in. You lap at the buttermilk, drink in the golden light of dusk through the main street windows. All it takes to stroke your head is a single fingertip. He lifts you up to see the city. Today, you are just a little thing looking out on busy people. Tomorrow, you can reach a little higher. Countless tomorrows come. You have known this man for months, a time which has changed you quite measurably. Where once you could be held close in cupped hands, he now struggles to hold you in his arms. You watch carefully for that silvery line which joins you, hoping this doesn't begin its unraveling. You are always close enough to hear his call. Dear Cornelia. Be near, Cornelia. Sometimes you wish it wasn't just to impress a crowd, or to achieve some feat. Is it not enough to share a drink when the lobby is empty and the lanterns are out? Ah, but you have known each other a long time. You sit together on the mossy bank, a pleasant change from carpet underfoot. Back at the lake, to the beginning, and for the end. You slip into the water feel the chill wash the summer dust away. Neither of you notice the fishermen across the lake. Today they reap their haul not with

hooks but with a blast. If only there was a line tethering you back to him. Your bond a sturdy thread, maybe then he could reel you in to safety. Instead, he calls for you, desperately. One last time. Each thing can be measured. Your body weight in pounds, the duration of your friendship in seasons. How will they measure your impact on this man? He could not pull you in. But he will find your body and carry you home.

Your memories of a time before Frederick B. Coleman are dim. As though your life before was nothing. If it's true, that he made you what you are now, then you can only imagine what he'll make of you later. Your bloated body, once a spectacle, is now the propulsion that you need to stay just a few bounds ahead of your pursuer. You don't owe him anything. For all you brought to him. What did he ever give you? June bugs, whiskey, and whey. The blood rings in your ears as you race for the lake, drowning out his shouts. Ringing, ringing for you, calling you not to the water but to the dining hall. His guests' warped faces, both amused and disturbed, gave hint to what you were. But it was not until you caught your reflection in his sparkling silverware that you knew you'd become monstrous. You were afraid, too. You leap and lunge, the force of each landing stirring mosquitoes from their patterns. Your tongue had been a fly catcher, but these massive feet, they slap like fly swatters. You've never gotten used to your mass, you struggle to bend this body to your will. Your skin stretched, taut and slimy. Your bones are heaving beams. Just ahead, the lake beckons. New ice forming on the water's edge gives way to you. Crashing through, you are but one of hundreds swimming in the darkness, drifting shapes and closed eyes. But you aren't the only apparent form sinking deeper. A bottle has been dropped, packed full of some foreign substance. With it comes understanding. You may have only a moment more before the shockwave hits. Still, you spend the moment thinking of him. Blasts such as these are known to take bystanders. You hope he's watching, closely. Close by. Maybe your body will drift away. Maybe your body will be rent apart. Maybe no one else will ever know of your existence.

You hear him before you see him. The boat scraping across the rocks. The sun is high overhead, and the water level low. Where the others might see him and think danger, you only think opportunity. You spring from the lake, eyes ahead, not seeing the ripples that you're creating. The dark water bids you farewell, and you hope you're making the right choice. No, there was no choice. To stay here was to wait for jaws to close around you. Now, you will be the one who eats, and eat you do. New, strange, gritty, burning. You swallow them down and it builds you up. This is where the plan begins. He is the showman, you are the show. Today, he can no longer hold you. Tomorrow, you're a sight to behold. His hotel has never seen so much business. All thanks to you. Sometimes you're satiated by the cornmeal and victory. But when the guests go home and the table is cleared, you're still hungry and you're still searching. You don't feel on the brink of greatness. You just feel your toes dangling off the edge of some void on the inside. It's all about parading you, pushing you further. You want to go, he wants you to come, come here now. As you stare down at another whiskey he set in front of you, the condensation drips slowly. It makes the glass slick and wet. Just like your skin. You nudge it, creating ripples, waves which have carried you here. This isn't the partnership you were promised, but whose fault is that? Even after all the things you've eaten, the only one that makes you sick is swallowing your pride. You will show him you can still make choices for yourself. And so it's back to the lake. As you wade out further and further, distant voices carry from the shore. You hear the poachers even if you don't see their readied charges, angling for opportunity. This moment too is your choice, and your massive feet tread currents in place. That man will outlive you, use your name and face, and he'll get away with it. But it's still your legacy, isn't it?

You sit nestled among the reeds. The soft lapping of lake water nudging you awake. A small boat crests by you, a man at its helm. At the centre of disturbance, you spring, tumbling forth. But today the world guides you into, not away from the vessel. The landing is stuck, but your

eyes are struck by the sun and you blink, just as a hand reaches out and snags you. You squirm and kick, your slippery feet sliding through the jail bars of this man's hands. You do not know yet. But this is the beginning of something big. He takes you away from the lake, farther than you've ever known or could ever imagine. Your heart aches for the water skaters, the lilies, the silt, but your stomach aches to be fed. You want to resist, to deny the man the satisfaction. But when he prods you with a June bug, you cannot hold back. The quick snap of your tongue, the crunch of its shell, the croak of contentment. You watch the man suspiciously. He offers you another bug. The days pass and you surprise yourself. The energy you keep tightly coiled in your legs has yet to come unsprung. The man with his bottle and drink sloshes some upon you. The acid rain burns, but you lick your lips and feel both a stupor and a strength. You aren't afraid of him. You take his offerings. You tolerate his company. And you eat. And you eat. And you grow. The lightning in your limbs is gone. Now your croak is thunder. Of course you aren't afraid of him. You think that one day you could dwarf him. You are beyond compare, and he brings others to bear witness. Now the waves that wash over you are that of awe. Some days, your ego outweighs your instinct, and you leap out to meet his call. His pride is sunshine on your back. Other days, you do not answer. You aren't shy. You're unfathomable. You long for the reeds, for a body that is your own again. How did you find yourself back at the lake, Cornelia? As you drop into the water, you bobble with a buoyancy unexpected. You work against yourself, paddling out into the lake. It's smaller than you remember it. If you close your eyes, you are small again. You are enveloped in the waves and the buzzing insects and the wind stirring the whole forest to welcome you home. But then, everything is loud. And you sink.