



Hit Play Transcription

Episode 46: For You//For Me//For Moo

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Show Intro

Low bouncy electronic instrumental music plays underneath.

Julia: 46. For You//For Me//For (*moo sound*). Hi, I'm Julia--a New York Neo-Futurist. While our on-going, ever-changing, late-night show, *The Infinite Wrench*, is on hold for the foreseeable future, we wanted a place to keep making art for you. And so we made this podcast!

If you're already a fan of The New York Neo-Futurists, or any of our sibling companies, hello! We can't wait to put our hand on your back in reassurance cause it is really rough out there. If this is totally new to you—welcome to it!

We make art by four rules: We are who we are, we're doing what we're doing, we are where we are, and the time is now. Simply put: we tell stories, and those stories are our own. Everything that you hear is actually happening. So if we tell you a sincere self doubt after every interrupting cow sound, that is really us sharing what we're doubting about ourselves in that moment

Mooo! Gentle cow bells and mooing underneath self-doubt

I'm concerned that I'm making a bunch of small mouth sounds that are bothersome to you. And that's something I'm always thinking about when I record this intro--that, and if you're tired of hearing my voice.

Back to intro music theme

Some of the plays in this episode may contain sensitive topics. For more specific content warnings, check the timecodes in the show notes.

Julia: And now, Joey will Run the Numbers!

Joey: Hi, I'm Joey, a New York Neo-Futurist alum.

In this episode we're bringing you 3 plays.

The first is by Anooj Bhandari, the second is by Shelton Lindsay, and the last one's by me, Joey Rizzolo. *Mouth sounds Rizz-- Mouth sounds, Bah!* Why do I have the hardest name to say? You can leave that gaffe in if you want. The last one is by me, Joey Rizzolo

That brings us to 177 audio experiments on *Hit Play*. Enjoy!

Music winds down.

Play 1: My Body Asleep (2:00)

Anooj: My Body Asleep. **GO!**

Percussive music underscore

Anooj: My body asleep is an outline drawn in sidewalk chalk of the way my knees rise up to my stomach when I fold in, is a reminder of fetal barings, of the way organs melt into the floor while my limbs build caves of protection.

My body asleep is the abundance of water, is hydration, is flow, it is a dam, a churn, a pour that seeps into the body before it knows it is thirsty.

My body asleep is a pile of dough on the street, kneading, churning under the sun, is a pile of dough, a hairy pile of dough, my hair, collecting in it, from the small of my back and the weird patches that appear on my chest, and my body asleep is the way the dough, if you close your eyes and press down, can feel like love handles, and as the hair thickens the mixture makes you think what happens to a body when it sheds its most natural parts; Fetal position, protection, churn, pour.

My body asleep is a container of reminders, my friends swim in it, don't mind the hair or the days that it feels tougher in its softest parts, in repetition, this walking thing, this laying thing, this monstrous thing, this is my body asleep, this is my body asleep, this is my body asleep, this is--

My body asleep is a portrait made of strips of newsprint dipped in flour, when it dries, you can feel the roughness of what didn't dissolve into the mache, it tells a story, when hands run over skin and the eyes are closed, what are the parts that whisper fiction into the body of another

Mooo! Gentle cow bells and mooing underneath self-doubt

I sometimes wonder if I'm actually good at anything besides being extremely lost in thought.

Moo and return to percussive underscore

My body asleep is home. Is a conviction in the journey of being formed in water, of being released from water, of forgetting the name of water, water, water, water, of working a whole life

to remember the simplest of words again. Protection. Baring. This is a dam. This is flow. This is my body asleep. This is my body asleep. This is my body asleep. This is my body...

Anooj's words fade out and music plays out.

Play 2: The email I wrote my conservative family members (5:13)

Shelton: The email I wrote my conservative family members, and their reply if they bother to send one. **GO!**

Shelton: Hey *bleep* and *bleep*, How are you two doing? I hope that you have been well in these Corona times, I just imagine you and the dogs taking nice walks out behind your house, which is essentially what I've been doing for the last 5 months. It's so beautiful to be able to be in nature during these times.

Now I'm writing because my mom mentioned to me that the two of you are considering voting for Trump. As part of your family, I am hoping you will take a moment to consider my words and to think about how that choice will impact me and my community before you do so. Specifically in the light of RBG's passing.

As a gay man, growing up in rural America was shitty. Maybe you never knew but I went home crying from school more days than not in my pre-teen years because I was so endlessly insulted by those around me for being either too feminine or obviously gay. I mean kids were making fun of me long before I was even aware of my own sexuality. This fear of my fellow Americans is in part what drove me to leave this country and move abroad as a teenager. I just could not picture a world where I could live in America and be happy, specifically be happy and secure in a relationship with another man that was recognized by the government. But then in 2015 that changed with the legalization of gay marriage.

I know a court ruling doesn't change the minds of individuals, but knowing that protection existed and that if I choose too I could legally marry a man and have the same benefits as any other married couple was a huge emotional weight off my shoulders. I cried openly in a bookstore cafe into a weak latte as I read the ruling.

Mooo! Gentle cow bells and mooing underneath self-doubt

Ooh am I making the wrong choice moving outside of New York City? I mean how does one even make plans in a year of chaos? What's the point?

Back to play

And I wasn't just crying for me, I was crying for the hope that ruling brought. That other queer kids would grow up more comfortable in their own skin than I did. That beyond queerness this showed a marked move in the cultural fabric of America towards a more universally accepting and loving country, be it based in gender, sexual orientation, race, immigration status, or

physical ability. That after so long pretending to be a beacon of light America was on its way to becoming what it had long pretended to be, the home of the free.

Now with a spot on the Supreme Court open, it's so important that we elect a democratic president who will ensure that not only can democracy continue, but that those who are the most disenfranchised by the system are taken care of and remain safe.

I know your religion is very important to both of you. I know you respect and meditate on the teachings of Jesus, and I am humbly begging for you to listen to his words outside of the context of pundits, religious leaders and news anchors and hear the truth in his words. Jesus would support the gays. Jesus would support the queers, the immigrants, the poor, the people of color, those wanting abortion. Please don't make a choice to strip away my rights just because they are not yours. Please don't vote out of some false fear the democrats are trying to dismantle religion. We're not. We're just trying to make sure that people are free to make the choices that are right to them.

Please hear my words. I'm afraid. My friends are afraid and we need good and righteous people, religious people, who are pillars of their community to stand up and support us. Regardless of what you choose, I am very interested to hear why you are making the choices you are making, or to answer any questions if you have them. Please let me know if you want to talk, I'm here to listen if you are interested in a dialogue.

Love,
Shelton

Play 3: Elegy for My Father (Now Deceased) (8:50)

Joey: Elegy for My Father (Now Deceased), Written While He Was Still Alive, Told as a Joke.
GO!

Joey: May fourteenth.

Clears throat

Here's a good one: I found out today that my dad is dying.

Crowd noise and music underscore

My dad was a son of a bitch.

I don't mean that in the wistful way that people talk about old folks,

The way the farmer talks about the rusty tractor that somehow still turns over and plows a field.

I mean he was impatient, belligerent, bigoted, mean, insensitive.

I'm pretty sure he voted for Donald Trump

And maybe for that reason alone, you're glad he's gone,

And I don't blame you.

When I say he was a son of a bitch,

I mean he was a son of a bitch.

Whenever people who knew my father told me that he was “nice,”
I knew they were liars, and I never trusted them again.
But so what?
He was my dad,
And I loved him.

Whispering

(He won't die for a few months yet, but I'm speaking about him in the past tense.
You'll think that's sad, probably.
I don't think it's sad.
I'm only disappointed that I don't find it funny right now.
Maybe it's a little funny.
Ask me tomorrow.
I don't know.)

Back to full voice

My dog howled tonight.

Echoing dog howl, mixes with the underscore in a nature cacophony

He rarely ever howls, and even then, only in his sleep.
I expect that when he howls that he's dreaming of the hunt
Or of laying claim to the land on behalf of the pack
Or of bending his nose to the wind to know what winter will bring
Or of finding his family.
He was, after all, separated from them as a puppy.
He had litter-mates; 4 brothers and a sister.
And a mother and a dad.
The romantic in me wants to think that tonight's howl was something more.
I want to believe that Marty McFly... (that's his name, because that's what happens when you
let the kids name the dog)
I want to believe that Marty McFly can feel my preemptive loss, even better than I.
I want that howl to be an announcement to the world that they have lost a hero,
Even if all we really lost is one son of a bitch.

He waited to tell me, that son of a bitch.
He held on to this diagnosis for two weeks before telling me that he was running out of time.
I was busy, and he didn't want to burden me.
Two days ago, he was bugging me
And I remember thinking “ugh, why doesn't he just die already?”
(I guess I'm a son of a bitch too.)

Howl-music returns

I didn't really want him to die then, and I don't want him to die now,
Still, I am ashamed
As much as I am more than a little relieved

To think back on that thought
And know that it absolutely was not true.
He was probably bugging me to find out when I wasn't going to be so busy
So that he could tell me that he was dying.
I mean, come on. That's pretty funny.

My dad used to joke that he wanted to live long enough to be a burden to his kids.
I used to joke that if that's what he wanted, then he could check out now because mission
accomplished.
For years I would joke that he would long outlive my mother and maybe even his children
For no reason other than that he's a son of a bitch.
But 272 days ago I took a picture of him while he was helping me rewire my kitchen.
The subject of the photo is not him;
It's his shadow,
Because something inside me told me that's all that was left
And since the day I took that picture, I stopped making that joke,
Which is weird, because now I finally have a punch-line.

Mooo! Gentle cow bells and mooing underneath self-doubt

You know, today's a day for me to really improve upon my circumstances and make something
of myself. Just like yesterday was supposed to be.

Back to play

I don't believe in God, I guess.
I wasn't really raised to.
I went to Sunday school,
But I think my parents just wanted to get rid of me on Sunday mornings.
They never went to church. Not even on Easter.
My mother sent me to Vacation Bible School, but only because she had a coupon.
So when I stopped by on a Sunday morning looking for my dad and my mom told me that he
was at church, I was pretty sure she was joking.
"How long has this been going on?" I asked.
"A couple of years," she said.
Years. I had no idea.
This was his dirty little secret: church.
That's pretty funny.
I concluded that he was,
In his twilight years,
Reckoning with the fact that he was a son of a bitch
And that he had to do what he could to get into heaven now.

I hope he does get into heaven
Because he wasn't that much of a son of a bitch. Not really.

There are far worse people in the world than my dad
Just as there are far better people in the world than his son.
If God calls me up and asks me for a reference on behalf of my father
I'm going to tell God that my dad isn't a son of a bitch at all.
I'm going to tell God that my dad is a goddamned hero
And that when he announced to the world that he'd be quitting it, the whole of nature cried
(Or at least my dog did).
And maybe God will know that I'm full of shit.
And maybe I'll be damned for lying to God's face.
But if there's anything my dad taught me, it's that you do anything for your family
And that everything, even God, comes second.
And I believed him, because he helped me rewire my kitchen and also the other billion things.
I believed him, and I think the world is better for it.
I know I am.
So maybe my dad really was a hero.
Even if he was a son of a bitch.

Underscore fades out

Show Outro

Plucky electronic instrumental music plays underneath.

Julia: Thanks for Hitting Play and then listening to *Hit Play*. If you liked what you heard, subscribe to the show and tell a friend! If you want to support the New York Neo-Futurists in other ways, consider making a donation at nynf.org, or by joining our Patreon—[Patreon.com/NYNF](https://www.patreon.com/NYNF). Patreon membership gives you access to bonus content like post-livestream hangouts and an invitation to our Gala! And if this episode gets over 1,000 downloads, we'll order one of our Patreon supporters a pizza on us. We'd really appreciate any support in these difficult times. Contributing to our Patreon helps us continue to pay our artists.

Take care of yourself, triple check your voter registration, and share it with us on Instagram, Twitter, or Facebook.

This episode featured work by: Anooj Bhandari, Shelton Lindsay, and Joey Rizzolo.
Our logo was designed by Shelton Lindsay. And our sound is designed by Anthony Sertel Dean.
Hit Play is produced by Anthony Sertel Dean, Léah Miller, and me, Julia Melfi. Take Care!

Music fades out! Moo!