

4:30pm Episode Transcript

Cycle 2, *Idiosynchrony*
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Changes in speaker are indicated by headings, which use speakers' initials.

00:01 JS [SH talking in the background]
Yes, it is time now, it is 4:29...55, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59—it's 4:30!

00:17 [*Idiosynchrony* title: overlapping voices echo and repeat "Idiosynchrony for 5 seconds"]

00:23 AJB
Sometimes writing feels like the only way to have conversations with myself.

00:29 JS
Okay, and can you sing a song now? [tinkling of a toy piano] No, you have to sing song. Twinkle, twinkle [sung with SH] Twinkle, twinkle little star... I wonder what you are. [toy piano].

00:48 EM
Lingering over from the last sun rays on the dock or being astounded at how this feeling can stretch on to eight, nine pm. Lower sun, gentle breeze, easy thinking.

01:05 AJB
All I want is to make peace with myself, that there is a whole world out there full of people who matter, opportunities to love and be loved, to exchange ideas and grow from one another. And I want to offer my creations to that stage.

01:19 EM
Of 30 more minutes until I could put blister band aids on my heels from the shoes I would have to wear, that would pinch and make my skin bleed.

01:23 JS
We jumping, jump, jump, jump, yeah, yeahyeah. [spoken with SH] Jump, jump, jump. Jump.

01:43 AJB
There is a practice of growth that I can feel very distinctly because I feel its opposite. And the opposite sometimes rips through my days with a heavy force I have a hard time competing against. The opposite is pressure, uncertainty, the flurry of never ending questions in my mind. The voice that thinks it's pushing me to grow is actually a shifting shadow blocking the sun. Because I actually think growth is not about pressure, or at least

not in this analogy. Plants need water and light and conditions in which to thrive. The universe is the water, the light, the natural things, that help the plant grow without conscious thoughts or striving. The leaves must be positioned to face the nutrients the universe provides. In the case of humans, we're the leaves but I also believe we are the hands that position the body of the plant for growth. It is an uncovering, an unveiling of shadows and other obstructions that in this situation allows the plant to grow. We might have ideas about what the optimal version of that plant looks like. How big are its leaves? How tall does it grow? Does it have flowers? Sometimes I have looked at my house plants in disappointment, fingering the nub of a new leaf, small and sickly.

02:48 JS

And who is Tigger and who is Pooh? [SH: Tigger and...] Who is Tigger and who is Pooh? No, no, no, nonononono. [briefly speaks another language]

03:04 AJB

I judge it against my idea of the ideal version of this plant. But do we still not—[laughs] but do we not still love her? Water her, try our best. Ideal ideal ideal. We want the plant to have large leaves so it can be beautiful, get more light, live longer, etc. We're naturally repulsed by death as an instinct of survival. Right? This is how it feels to me, at least, sometimes. Um.

03:30 JS

Nana, you take this, you take this. Like this?

03:38 EM

In early days, 4:30, after school, used to be the time of activities and volleyball practice 4:30 was that dreaded after school practice, have to hop in the car, drive an hour, get to 4:30, speed, agility, and quickness training. Get on the weights, strap them to my feet, and jump for hours on end. 4:30 meant hydration and a quick, quick dinner, so I wouldn't puke during practice. 4:30 practices were the worst—have I ever had a good relationship with 4:30?

04:11 AJB

We only have one chance, one life, to do whatever we think is important. There is only one death too, and in a sense, in our individualistic sense, it is so final.

04:21 JS

Tigger and Pooh-y! And you were watching Tigger and Pooh-y! When Papa—

04:27 AJB

But if we look at this another way, it is not final, and the barriers around it and life are transient and paper thin. We argue in favor of our single or singular— Okay, let me start that sentence again. [laughs] We argue in favor of our singular consciousness, our singular

experience, rightfully at times because nothing else can really exist inside us but our own selves. And I'm not saying I think that is wrong. I think it's true, but it's not the only truth.

04:53 JS

What is happening? [SH's voice, toy piano, a stringed instrument strumming]
Nononononono. [SH's voice] Ah, ahhh. Hari, can you tell me a story?

05:12 EM

4:30 on a Saturday, and everyone comes in the living room and asks what are we doing tonight. 4:30 means maybe I'd pop on some U2 on the radio and start cooking, maybe baking some bread. 4:30 means I start thinking, what kind of movie are we going to watch as a family? Maybe a comedy, maybe a documentary. Maybe it's game night. Do we visit Dairy Queen for ice cream? 4:30 is planning, 4:30 could be the beginning of Thanksgiving dinner, 4:30 could be the beginning of a feast.

05:48 JS

It doesn't go like that, you have to recall your voices.

05:51 AJB

I can feel my perspective changing, like someone is replacing the projector slides slowly, the outlines of images interlocking and fading one another. I can't see either clearly from this angle, but it's okay. I'm starting to believe in myself more and in the promise of a new perspective. For so long, I've allowed others expectations to stifle me even as they tried to raise me up with their loftiness.

06:15 EM

4:30 could be repose... There's so much possibility with 4:30.

06:24 JS

[SH singing "Twinkle Twinkle"] Are!!

06:32 AJB

I want to release my fears of not being loved and accepted by my parents. I want to release the desperate need for their approval, cease the constant shape shifting to please that's become so a part of me I sometimes mistake it for a permanent piece of my personality, and not just something lodged there by pain or by fear of being forgotten. I want to be the voice that tells myself—I want to be the voice that tells myself and my inner child, it's okay. The hands that regard a new sunstarved leaf with compassion and gently repositions the plant to receive new light, sun, nutrients.

07:05 JS

A moment, inside me. [ball bouncing] It's a difficult moment, when [too soft to understand]...and it's just the beginning of something. Something just started, I don't know what is going to happen next. I'm not feeling empty.

07:31 EM

And wisps of wild rice....are wicking through my hands.

07:42 AJB

I am the love I have searched for. There is no need for me to look outward holding up the construction paper snowflakes of self to the others waiting for someone to tell me mine is normal, or acceptable, or part of some preestablished pattern that makes sense. These are the snowflakes I've made with my own hands with scissors and the impulse to create and share, to be hung above our heads spinning lazily in dim, blue light in the hominess of uh [laughs]. In the [laughs], sorry, in the hominess of a classroom with the fluorescent lights turned off.

08:14 JS [a ball is bouncing under this section of audio]

But surreal the feeling is, really surreal. What to do next, something I have to do next, but despite I don't know what, what needs to be done next. [ball bounces] Loss of words, at times.

08:39 AJB

I am the hands, and the plant. And the snow, and the scissors. My goal is not to make something that makes sense, but I do crave acceptance and love, and sometimes others may give that to me and it is beautiful. But why can't I give it to myself, too? The gift of my own love is the greatest gift of all, because I'm the only one who knows the calls I want to have answered. I have screamed them into the hollow night air, bright stars and no echo.

09:06 JS

[JS speaks in another language to MJ] Is it a good photo? I don't know. [MJ: Any other any other than.] I don't know. [MJ:...photographer, I'm the only one who has a good eye for your what-whatever...Nothing, I just need to have some...] Easy...

09:31 AJB

Because I was taught that my own answer was not enough, that love is something you earn that can be revoked. That is externally applied.

09:39 JS

[MJ: Because all your photographs are more funny.] Yes, I'm a funny man. Hari, I'm a funny man. [MJ: You're not a funny man...]

09:46 EM

It's a type of rice that grows in the lake.

09:50 JS

Tigger! Pooh!

08:52 EM

And it's so beautiful.

09:57 AJB

Okay! [giggles]

10:00 JB

Idiosyncrony is a podcast that explores the moments we share and the experiences we don't. We want to thank our Contributors for this episode: Annie Jo Buchanan, Mee Jey, Sabad Hari, Jey Sushil, and Ellie Maag.

10:16 HG

Idiosyncrony was created by Jay Buchanan and Holly Gabelmann. Kedar Dange is our Featured Musician. Caroline Neelley is our Accessibility and Transcription Volunteer. You can follow us on Twitter @idiosyncrony or email us at idiosyncronyproject@gmail.com. Visit our website, www.idiosyncronypodcast.com to learn more about the project and how to become a Contributor yourself.

10:46 HG

Idiosyncrony:

10:49 JB

What does it sound like when *you* are?