



Hit Play Transcription

Episode 51: Here We Go Again Again

[Episode 51: Here We Go Again Again](#)

[Show Intro](#)

[Play 1: Neo-Futurism a year later in 7 parts \(2:16\)](#)

[Play 2: greens. \(5:38\)](#)

[Play 3: On going back inside to shower at night \(6:53\)](#)

[Play 4: Breath Levels \(10:47\)](#)

[Play 5: Practice Collage \(14:40\)](#)

[Play 6: Sir Gregolas Radio: BRITA \(18:20\)](#)

[Show Outro](#)

Show Intro

Video game jangly electronic theme music plays underneath.

Julia: 51. Here We Go Again Again. Hi I'm Julia—a New York Neo-Futurist. While our on-going, ever-changing, late-night show, *The Infinite Wrench*, continues to be on hold for the foreseeable future, we wanted a place to keep making art for you. And so we're back with season 2!

If you're already a fan of The New York Neo-Futurists, or any of our sibling companies, hi! We can't wait to throw a really big party to celebrate this season with you. 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 that we're blowing up a balloon to celebrate the beginning of season 2, we're really blowing up a balloon in celebration.

Julia blows up a balloon and ties it off.

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

All of the plays in this episode are responses to plays and ideas from season 1. Very exciting.

Julia: And now, we'll Run the Numbers together!

Michael: Testing

Rob: We're back we're back we're back!

Greg: We're back bwoiiii

Layered Neos announcing our return

Kyra: We're back. A Dinosaur Story (does anyone else remember that movie We're Back A Dinosaur Story? It's really good) But anyway we're back. *Hit Play* this time, not dinosaurs.

Rob: In this episode we're bringing you 6--

Greg: Brand new plays. This week's cast is:

Michael: Michael John Improta

Julia: Julia Melfi

Rob: Rob Neill

Anooj: Anooj Bhandari!

Kyra: Kyra Sims

Greg: Greg Lakhan

Léah: And I'm also in this episode. It's me, Léah Miller!

Michael: And all that brings us to 205

All the Neos say "205"

Rob: 205 audio experiments on *Hit Play*. Nice.

All Neos say "Enjoy!"

Music winds down with a snap.

Play 1: Neo-Futurism a year later in 7 parts (2:16)

Michael: Neo-Futurism a year later in 7 parts. **GO!**

Underscore of subtle drippy notes

Michael: 1. I remember cleaning the fridge in the Kraine, late night last February.

I said something like "might as well do it now"

Bleach is a potent tool.

Spray. Erase Spray. Erase

What was there no longer is.

2. *[whispered]* The following measurements can't account for the distance between where we are now and where we were. Time, Length, Girth, Width, Height, Volume, Depth, Weight, Color, Speed

3. *[from far away]* Is there a fourth axis where I can find all of the lost things? Where is this other dimension located? What do I look like in there? Is my hurt visible to the naked eye? Is my joy? Can you read them like the words on a graphic tee? How did we travel through? Can you show me the way back? If I go there will I find all of my lost things?

4. *[distorted and layered]* Shoe laces

A night or two

A job or three

A whole category of friends

Dance parties

Chance encounters

Two birthdays

Some social skills

A lover

Excuses

Like, 8 bicycle inner tubes

5. *[outside sounds, cars passing]* In June I drove down about 14 hours to North Carolina in a car I rented. I didn't let anyone else behind the wheel. I told everyone it was because of the insurance on the car that held me alone liable. Really I didn't want anyone else to drive. I get a little anxious being driven by others, and the responsibility of ferrying friends far from home feels nice to me. It is an easy martyrdom that I slept off that night.

The next two weeks we spent drinking in the woods alone. Occasionally playing rounds of disc golf. Mostly sitting on the gigantic mansion of a porch in rocking chairs observing the wind. The Cardinals, and Hummingbirds that shared our space were the perfect neighbors. The horse down the road was fine when he didn't charge me.

There was a kind of silence found in North Carolina that was pregnant with healing. I kept saying, "This is God's country" and meaning it, even though I'm mostly sure I don't believe in God. But beliefs are just setups for big cosmic punch lines, and the joke landed on my thigh in the form of a golden hummingbird. It brought me something I had lost.

6. *[whispered and close to mic]* I. I am here. Sometimes.

7. *[normal volume]* Bleach is a potent tool.

What was there no longer is.

Spray. Erase. Spray. Erase

I haven't been inside of the Kraine in over a year.

But I'm glad that we took the time to clean out the fridge.

Music plays out

Play 2: greens. (5:38)

Julia: lime green, kelly green, forest green. greens. **GO!**

Audio collage of the following text bouncing from right to left. The lists of shades of green continue as underscore alongside the narrative pieces.

Rob: Forest, kelly, dark, sea foam, pine, emerald, olive, mint, lime, army, spring, grass, sage, hunter, chartreuse

So many things I have are green. It's pretty much my favorite color. I have this old pair of boots. One of my favorite pairs. I got them on the road. I think in California. Pricey but I worked a discount. They are so comfortable—were from the start. I would say they are a muted or chalky olive green for the most part. Sadly the tread is so worn down that I can't take them out when it's rainy or snowy. Too slippery. And I have found that out on multiple occasions the hard way. When I do wear them, when it's dry out, I still feel like I am heading out on the road and taking the world in.

Greg: Mint, Forest, Neon

I have my jade plant! It ranges from a deep Forest green to a brighter shade depending on how old the leaves are. I got it about 2 months ago. I heard Jade plants were supposed to bring good luck and money into your life so I keep it on my desk in my office. It's gotten a lot taller and it's really starting to flourish. Whenever I look at it and see its growth, it makes me feel like I'm doing things right and flourishing myself.

Kyra: Olive green, Army green, Guacamole green, Forest green, Blue-green, Vomit green

I have a massage ball that is a pale olive green. I can't remember where I got it but I've had it for a good while. Sometimes when I'm playing a lot of French horn my right shoulder gets really tight and the ball is so good for working that out. Also if I lean against a wall with it on a specific part of my back, it releases tension in several surprising spots on my body. It reminds me of how complex the human body is, and the wild way things are connected in it.

Michael: Hunter, forest, neon, turtle?, emerald, sea foam, money, olive, moss, baby diarrhea?

I have a pair of green jeans I bought at a thrift store. They're a bit tight and stretchy and I like wearing them to the Kraine when we do our show. They feel both like a costume and really comfy. I love them. And I often wear them with a red t shirt I cut the sleeves off of.

Léah: Lime, Forest, Teal, Vermillion (or is that red?), Chartreuse (or is /that/ red?), Vert(e), ירוק, Grün, Sage, Kiwi (is that ever a color?), Khaki, Mint, Seaweed, (Why can't I think of more?), Grass, Booger, Neon green, Spinach, (I'm really grasping at vegetables here), Cabbage, Split pea soup

I have many beloved greens but one of my favorites is my canopy of green (and blue) fairy lights. They make the room feel like underwater mermaid lagoon, they are calm and home-making. I think I got these at the 8th st party store or maybe from my recentish online haul to replace all my half dead strands from the 8th st party store. I don't feel at home without my

fairy light sprawl. First thing I decorate with, last thing I take down. Less than a year in this set up before I haul them across state lines.

Anooj: Seafoam, Forest, Neon, Light, Dark, Iridescent, Turquoise, Blue-Green, Yellow-Green, Kermit the Frog

I have this really lovely fleece that I wear all the time. It's a foresty-green color and used to belong to a student at one of the schools I used to work in and he was throwing it away and I was like oh hold on wait a minute, and now I have this really warm, beautiful layer of clothing that's probably seen too much of the insides of New York City public schools but now gets to float around the streets of Brooklyn and see what else is there.

Julia: lime green, kelly green, forest green, chartreuse, puke, pea green, kelp green, army green, teal, seafoam green, mint, blue-green, envy green, neon

There's this green I like to mix with paint that's always the first color I make. I start with yellow then add in some white, then the tiniest bit of blue at a time. It kinda makes a chartreuse green. I like colors that can really look like different shades when you put them up against other colors. This is why I also love stripes. I like this green up against a kind of bright pink or magenta-- something of a similar value so it makes my eyes buzz.

Play 3: On going back inside to shower at night (6:53)

Rob: On going back inside to shower at night. **GO!**

Outdoor noises

Rob: It is going to be hot and absolute, epic and cleansing.

The shower I want is going to be cleansing, full cleansing, feel cleansing, cleansing to the point of purifying,

Rings of a shower curtain scrape

And it will take me to another place, ideally

Shower water turns on and old timey radio music underscores

Music is playing nearby or in the distance

It could be radio--maybe from another state or country.

The place I stand

I stand to shower [I have sat a few times, but not my first choice]

I hope is already fairly clean and clear--

not tons of spiders like in the mountain shower

or grudge like in scotland

or splinters like at the shore

or buzzy bees, snakey snakes, sluggy slugs, or

even dogs just wondering 'Hey what is going on in there buddy, maybe I should be in there too, seriously let me in, come on you see me, I see you, you love me, love love love, let me in, LET ME IN!'

or tons of toys or sponges or sand,
damn sand can ruin a good shower
but sometimes you just have to get the sand off--now that's a different shower]

And sure if you want to join me you can, but that is not exactly what is expected or necessary
and probably, in most situations, you really don't want to be in there as long as i do
[if you do

then we are probably going to get married. or fight over showertime,
or at least have lots of meals together like we are married
or related]

Should I brush my teeth here?

Sometimes I do, sure, sure, not always
I have also shaved, peed, talked, puked, written
pooped, fucked, sang, cried, called out,
and taken a call in the shower--
and some of those events, some I hope will never happen again.

Most showers I find
are really essential for setting or correcting the day
I am told [did I read it or hear it?] there is something in the water
[not just wet and soap and scrubbing time and warm warmth]
the ionization, something in the water ions
[it's in the water]
to reset, reclaim, rebuild
who we are in the world
And I will go with that.

And let the waters cascade upon me *[repeats 4 times]*
like truth
like tomorrow
like everything in the world--
[well, the tiny part of world that I am talking about
Now--on a day where I just showered]
depends on it.

Water turns off, Rob gets out of the shower and towels off. Music fades out.

Play 4: Breath Levels (10:47)

Anooj: Breath Levels. **GO!**

1. This is the sound of an inhale. *[inhale]* And this is the sound of an exhale. *[exhale]* And this is a reminder.

Subtle underscore

On my 29th birthday a few months back I picked up a box of my dog's ashes from Detroit Dover Animal Hospital outside of Cleveland, Ohio. Before getting back in the car I opened up the box to make sure "everything was there," though I had no idea what I was checking for in the first place. I pulled out this little clay mould they made of his paw prints. I both love it and I don't know what to do with it, both want to hug it so so close and throw it to the floor from the top of the stairs and let it shatter. Since Milou died I've noticed a bit of the playfulness within myself fall out from beneath me; rather than doing the self work to address this I've been thinking more and more about the potential of maybe not really loving dogs in the first place but rather just the experience of what it means to have one that's yours; They look different than they used to when I walk down the street and this influx of people walking their four legged friends during the pandemic makes my chest beat too hard and then I feel guilty... like I need to hierarchize sad things in a world where I know my neighbor with that new dog may also be feeling so much loss.

2. This is how my breathing changes when I think about the space below. *[Anooj breathes and coughs and breathes]* The material weightlessness. *[Anooj breathes]* The work needed to keep it filled. *[Anooj breathes]* This is a bite.

If you ask me to describe home through sound I would talk about paws running up and down stairs. Sometimes these paws are moving, sometimes these paws were falling, and in any case, I immensely enjoyed the opportunity to be at the bottom to receive whatever was on its way. My new apartment building has a lot of stairs, dare I say "too many" and they creak too much as my body walks up. I feel a fair sense of paranoia about my new neighbors... not one in specific but all of them, and I swear I'm working through it but you know what they say, it's not paranoia if they're really out to get you and the they is just me and before my body makes the steps cry out I imagine the sounds dissipating into Milou's little body scaling up the steps next to me. When I open my arms there is a space I know I will never be able to touch in the ways that I used to. Things will always fit differently. Tactile loss is one of my saddest forms of grieving.

This is how my breathing changes when I try and take responsibility. *[Anooj breathes slowly]* That I am my own grief. That I am my own paranoia. That I'm the ashes, and I am the clay, and the creeks on the staircase. This is a bit of forgiveness. This is a bit of silence.

Anooj walks away. From far away: "I'm sorry". Music fades out.

Play 5: Practice Collage (14:40)

Kyra: Practice Collage. **GO!**

Kyra: Hey, Kyra here. So this was supposed to be a collage of five days of practicing, but I realized after I listened to it all, that it was too much to fit into a short podcast play. So I'm just going to focus on Tuesday. Which ended up being a masterclass in distraction.

Hello it is Tuesday, April 5th. Warming up.

French horn warm up underscore--layered with Happy Birthday to You. Underscore layers of French horn continue throughout as described

Warm up was pretty focused, here's a nice sound bed of them. Then I decided to film a birthday song for my friend's daughter, who turned 8 that day.

Later on I started picking out the notes to "For the Love of You" because I watched Verzuz on Sunday night with my mom over the phone. It was Isley Brothers vs. Earth Wind and Fire. It was super good. I wanted to play that song, I guess.

At another point I looked up and downloaded the sheet music for Emmanuel Chabrier's Larghetto for horn and orchestra because I listened to two seconds of it a week before and had a sudden desperation to play it. Not what I was supposed to be working on.

Being a musician means getting used to being alone a lot at an early age. Just you, your instrument, and four walls. But when I'm playing music I truly love, like this Larghetto, I'm more aware of how it's a strange kind of aloneness, because your presence is very much known to anyone who is sharing a wall with you. Every apartment practice session is secretly a dress rehearsal.

So, about 30 minutes into the recording, I pull out the etude I was supposed to be working on.

This week I am really working on doing more mouthpiece buzzing. It's really good for you. It's like eating your greens. I remember one time in college before an orchestra concert, I somehow ended up in a dressing room with all string players and no one else and when I got out my mouthpiece and started buzzing, some of them laughed at me. Being a brass musician is accepting a life of constant random moments of mild humiliation. But mouthpiece buzzing has its benefits. It helped me play this etude a little bit better.

Interlude of just horn. Kyra screams and yells NO!

At this point, I saw a roach run across my floor. I went to go deep clean my kitchen. Thus abruptly ending my practice session.

Play 6: Sir Gregolas Radio: BRITA (18:20)

Greg: Sir Gregolas Radio: BRITA. **GO!**

Rap song by Sir Gregolas

Co Pay always 15

Had a hard week, Let me catch you up to speed
Helped me gain clarity through weekly therapy
Nice while it lasted, Glad we got to meet

Most people tend to either disappoint or leave
But you helped me stand strong like a pillar
Always told me I could be my own best company
Taught me how to filter out the toxins like a BRITA

Always feeling anxious, always feeling pent up
Always feeling down and never have the strength to get up
Weights in my face I could never keep my head up
Opposite of zealous and far from fully developed

Battling these grim thoughts, wrestling depression
Circumstances changing in my late adolescence
Nowadays it's wiser not to lower my defenses
Taking shots at independence, fucking up my own progression

You always seemed invested
Came across as genuine
Asked the right questions
Gave reassurance when I got to second guessing

Maybe you were faking it
As part of your profession
But ever since you left
I feel like I lost a friendship

But now You out of practice
Susceptible to madness but I'm tryna be proactive
Turned me to a man whose learned to live and cope with sadness
Who keeps his circle tight and hopes to form better habits

Two divergent streams of a river
Chances that our paths cross again only a sliver
No longer part of the picture, differences are growing bigger
Sweet memories wither and you're stuck with the bitters

[sung chorus]

One lesson
I learned from all the things that you told me

Lone is not lonely
And you can be your own one and only
Lone is not lonely
[repeats under the next verse]

Always feeling anxious, always feeling pent up
Always feeling down and never have the strength to get up
Weights in my face I could never keep my head up
Opposite of zealous and far from fully developed

Battling these grim thoughts, wrestling depression
Circumstances changing in my late adolescence
Nowadays it's wiser not to lower my defenses
Taking shots at independence, fucking up my own progression

Lone is not lonely

Two divergent streams of a river
Chances that our paths cross again only a sliver
No longer part of the picture, differences are growing bigger
All the sweet memories wither and you're stuck with the bitters
Music cuts out

Show Outro

Buzzy 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, tell a friend, and leave a review on your listening app of choice! 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). We'd really appreciate any support in these difficult times. Contributing to our Patreon helps us continue to pay our artists.

This episode featured work by: Michael John Improta, Julia Melfi featuring this week's entire cast and Léah Miller, Rob Neill, Anooj Bhandari, Kyra Sims, and Greg Lakhan. This episode was conducted by me, Julia Melfi. Our new logo was designed by Gabriel Drozdov. And our sound is designed by Anthony Sertel Dean. *Hit Play* is produced by Anthony Sertel Dean and Léah Miller. Take Care!

Music plays out with a tambourine and a snap!