

Join me in the audio garden to cultivate our collective wisdom, nurture creativity, and spread love. My name is Martha Cinader. Welcome to Listen To Love.

We Heard. Today we're going to hear some more from the basket that Tony Robles brought to the garden last week, full of fresh recordings from the Juniper Benz reading series in Asheville, North Carolina. Carolina. We'll hear Kelly Kalbel and Amy Reed, another banned author in some parts of this country. They both will read from their work. A little later, we'll talk about books and writing.

I want to share what I've been reading, what I learned at Meg Reed's workshop in Spartanburg a couple weeks ago, and also Tony has been cultivating some lessons for the virtual workshop that he's been conducting and he's going to share some insights about poetry with us.

The harvest in the audio garden today is all the tender offerings of an early spring, deeply personal, showing the vulnerability of buddha budding youth betrayed. They are the unspoken stories behind the prevailing narratives that dominate the conventions we observe when we do speak to each other and don't speak to each other.

If certain writers are banned, it's because they speak about the unspoken, the things that make people unspoken. either because some people are bullies or because they don't want to confront the bullies directly, they clamor to cover what they don't like, as if they can deny the light. But their covers and their cause will be degraded by the weather, and where there is love, there will be light. Let's start off with a little poetry, something I never read before.

I'll call it "How to Pretend." how to pretend.

Don't think you're thinking what you're thinking. Your heart doesn't hurt. You're not shivering in the cold of a hot day. He didn't didn't say what you didn't hear.

You didn't ask. You're not going to ask. They exclude you because you exclude yourself. Tell yourself it doesn't matter.

Slow your heart down and just feel micro attacks at a time. Depress your diaphragm. and let go every 30 seconds while chanting that you are strong and the day is long.

The tears in your eyes make you wise. You can live with lies. Disguise your feelings. Have dealings with the devil.

Pretending cares. Today let's listen.

Let's listen in the audio garden to the stories. Let's listen to how they make us feel. Let's let our feelings be heard by our hearts and minds.

minds. Let's read everything and leave nothing unsaid, uncovered, unremembered, unheard,

by the loudest and the humblest, and the irritatingly truthful among us. Let's remember ourselves as children.

Some of us like baby children. ducks on the water, not knowing that the hawks have been waiting and watching since winter.

Let's listen now to Amy Reed. It is near sunset when Ivy comes back,

the sky is orange and the sun is the color of blood. I wonder if she can tell if she has a sense of what we've been up to, if she can smell us on each other's bodies. She will not tell us about the meeting.

She makes us promise to not ask questions. All her shiny things have fallen off and her skin is raw. She returns with more bottles, more vials, more pills, more potions to conjure magic. "I did everything you he wanted," is all she says. "I did everything I know how to do. "My rage is big enough for both of us. "It's source is infinite, as old as skin." The fires have gotten worse. They are coming down the mountains, eating up the small towns a hundred miles away. We have to stay inside.

Outside the glass walls is a thick soup of smoke. The world is on fire. fire." "We don't bother with fancy drinks anymore. We don't bother with clothes. Time is running out.

We burn the tiny paper umbrellas in the sink. Garbage piles up around us." "My foot throbs. I think it's infected." "Are you happy?" I ask Ivy.

A glass shatters on the floor. I cut my finger as I try to clean it up. "We said anything about happy," she says. "I'm just trying to survive." She takes my hand and puts my finger in her mouth.

I fear her warm wetness close around me and pull. My blood is inside her now. There is a piece of her inside my foot, turning into a pearl. We are fused, whole. We can never be separated. It is better this way. I am not enough on my own. Our teeth grind themselves in a stardust, sparks shoot out of our eyes. We are bottomless pits, we say. We are black holes. Ash says, but you're a star. We say, stars and black holes are related.

We look it up, we read, brown knitted. A black hole is a massive star that runs out of nuclear. nuclear fuel and is crushed by its own gravitational force. Ash says, look who's an astrophysicist all of a sudden. Some stars have twins. From far away, they look like a single star. But when you get closer, you can see there are two orbiting around the same empty center.

There is not enough to go down our throats or in our noses. There is not enough to fill a hole. up There is not enough to put the fire out Black holes are invisible.

You say Ash says, huh? There is never enough of anything a Black hole is a star dying Ivy has told the housekeepers to leave us alone outside.

Everything is brittle tinder Inside the smell is earthy moist moist. Ash pulls us toward him. We pulse with the chemicals inside us. We move in and out of each other's bodies and lose all of our edges.

We keep going and going, always just on the verge, but never finished. We are made out of want. We are made out of always needing more. Is this what I wanted?

We have churned. We have gone rotten. We are a mess of body parts. We are blood inside and out. We are gaping mouths. We are animals. We are holes.

We remember. Men. Expensive suits. Expensive couches. The couches are always leather. They tear at their skin.

I know because Ivy knows. I look at my foot. foot. It is reddish -purple. It is swollen and bubbled with something just wet, just barely in sign.

Elevators into the sky. Receptionists who say nothing. We are 18. We are 15. We are 12. More things in our noses, in our throats, in our other warm and empty places. We are desperate to be filled. We are made out of snow. fear of losing it all. Ash paints us with his breath. He does not know we are only our body parts. This body part remembers. So does this one. All the vials, all the pills, all the bottles in the world will never make us forget.

The hands, the mouths, the men. Now Ash is done. His glassy eyes close and you turn around. to stone, unreachable. He is leaving us.

He is going inward. He is going the wrong direction. This body part remembers too. We are afraid of falling asleep. We are afraid of that space between sleep and awake when everything opens.

We remember that time with our dislocated shoulder, our bruised ribs. We remember that time we tried to tell him. that time we tried to ask for help. We remember that time with mom slapped across our face.

We can never unrot, we can never unbreak. Everyone in the world is asleep except us. Our heart beats inside our chest at a troubling rhythm. We wanna scream, but there's no point. Ash cannot hear us inside himself. Well, the glass walls are thick and shatter proof. We are protected by gates and walls and smoke and mirrors and the best security money can buy.

What does a heart attack feel like? We remember. Mom already knew. Of course she knew. She's the one who made it happen. A black hole is a star dying.

This is the "Listen and Be Heard Hour" for readers and writers, and my name is Martha Senator. We've been listening to Amy Reed, recorded live by Tony Robles at the Juniper Benz Reading Series in Asheville,

North Carolina. Amy Reed is the award-winning author of several novels for young adults. [end of transcript] Most recently, tell me my name, one of the 50 most banned books in America in 2024.

She also edited our stories, our voices, 21 young adult authors get real about injustice, empowerment, and growing up female in America.

Let's go back and listen. to a little more from Amy Reed. "A pool can be drained. It can be scrubbed with bleach, but not us. You'll never really be gone, but we've made an agreement. I am here. I will always be here." here.

My job is to love you. We are broken and we are whole. We are discarded and we are loved. We are worthless and we are special.

We are everything in between. All of these things are true. All lies say something about the liar. I did not kill a man.

I did not, but I am complicit. My silence makes me complicit. Every moment I do not tell the truth I am letting a boy get away with murder. I am letting those men on leather couches break girls' lives before they even start.

They do everything they can to convince us that we have no choice. But they are liars. And we know the truth. No one can stay in the sky forever.

Not Ash, not Taylor. Tammy, not the men who make or break lives. There is no such thing as destiny. There are only choices made and not made.

Everyone has to come down sometime. Truth is contagious. It catches and spreads like wildfire. The whole world is tinder. Everyone can see through glass walls.

We just pretend that we can't. When glass walls get too hot, they shatter. Fire, ash, glass shards. This is the world we were given,

but I want something better. Go home, Breen. Go home and claim your grief. Go home and scream about the people who stole your life.

Tell everybody, tell them who hurt you. Keep it up. keep speaking no matter what they do to try to shut you up. There are so many endings. They are the ones we think we know.

We know what makes a tragedy. The hero dies. But what if someone dies and he's not the hero of any one's story? What do you call that? How much money was Vaughn's life worth?

What a vulgar question, and yet we ask it. We are telling the truth. to put a number on it, and that number is delivered to the yellow widow wheezing in her crumbling crowded home, and that number will be deposited in the bank where it will collect interest for the rest of her life.

That's what money does. It makes more money. This is not justice. This is not salvation. But maybe Rain will be able to breathe now.

She will be provided for, but it will not be enough. enough. Money can buy bodies, but it can never bring back the dead. Money can buy lawyers,

but what is the price of justice? What is the price of salvation? The rain will fall as it always eventually falls. The ashes will be washed away and what is left of the world will emerge sparkling once more.

But the fires claim claim closer to the island this time. What will happen next year and the year after that when things get hot? What will we do with the flying sparks that travel miles on the wind?

How do we keep them from landing? Miles of forest gone. Whole lives erased. Whole towns flattened. Suburbs of suburbs of suburbs.

The world expands and then it contracts. We are the the Big Bang. We are the massive black hole at the center of everything. And still, there are years ahead for those who remain.

Life will sprout out of the ashes. Whole mountains are empty, waiting to be filled with brand new life. Maybe the world is not built for us, but we are still in it.

The moon still pulls the tides even as the sea rises and we keep beating toward the shore, desperate for contact. Our fathers, the real ones,

they never leave us. Even if we have to build them out of earth and ruins, even if they are salvaged from broken things. They live somewhere inside, caring for the girl who was taken,

but whose outline is still discernible, faint whispers of her memory echoing our empty spaces, her knees. -like smoke untouchable but yearning to be held. "Help me," the ghost of myself says.

"Help me," she will always say. And maybe sometimes the best we can do is create other ghosts to listen. There's an ending we've been sold.

The one we've been taught to think we want. The happily ever after. after, the girl ends up with the boy or some other similar configuration, two halves joined, made whole, the origin of love. The girls have been taught all sorts of wrong things. That ending is a lie. Maybe the only real happy ending is this.

The girl ends up with herself. Once it's heard, it can't be unheard. in their psyche and the care of the women.

(upbeat music) - Pan America reported while the movement to ban books is driven by a vocal minority demanding censorship.

A 2022 poll conducted by the American Library Association found that over 70 % of parents oppose book banning, leaving many public school districts (upbeat music) a bind.

We want to hear from you to contribute to our Band Book segment here on Listen and Be Heard. You can use your voice memo app on your smartphone and record a short message.

Introduce yourself. Just your first name. Hi, my name is. Record no more than two to three minutes. Let's hold the phone about an inch or so away from it.

from your chin and find a quiet place to make that recording. Email it to us at [bbooks@listenandbeheard.net](mailto:bbooks@listenandbeheard.net).

[bbooks@listenandbeheard.net](mailto:bbooks@listenandbeheard.net), by hitting that share button in the app. All these instructions will also have [@listenandbeheard.net](mailto:@listenandbeheard.net) and when you submit that recording please share with us your name if you'd like to be added to our mailing list and also that you give permission for Listen and Be Heard to include your voice in the radio show and in the podcast.

Thanks. how to not pretend believe everything you feel if it felt like a punch in the gut than it was.

If you're dying inside, taste the poison that's killing you. If it's roiling your gut, suck it up. Feed your defense.

If it doesn't make sense, then it doesn't. Turn that pointing finger the other way and say what you feel. Because it is.

is as real as the deal they're sending you to sign. There's a line just for you. You've been directed not to speak. There's not a leak in the shipwreck.

Stay on your island where you should know that you belong. Be the island. Doing nothing is doing something. It turns out they don't need you to do it anyway.

It's a lie. They can still bomb the shipwreck whenever they feel like it. This is the Listen and Be Heard Hour for Readers and Writers.

My name is Martha Senator, and I invite you to now listen to Kelly Kellbell. Read her Creative Nonfiction.

When she was at the Juniper Benz Reading Series in Asheville, North Carolina, featured along with with Amy Reed, Tony Robles and Sebastian Matthews.

And thanks to Tony Robles for recording everyone so that we could hear each of the poets in the last couple of weeks here in the audio garden.

The piece that Kelly is going to read was published at J.M.W.W. a weekly journal of writing.

And if you want to read it there, you'll find a link to it by going to Episode 8, which is this episode of the Listen and Be Heard Hour for Readers and Writers at ListenAndBeHeard .net,

where you can also sign up for an email list and choose how to get up from the website about the podcast.

When we post videos, you could get it daily, you could get it weekly. I think you can even choose to just get it monthly. If not, if you're not satisfied, let me know. If you're satisfied, even more reason to let me know and make my day. Let's go now to the Kelly Kalbel at the Juniper Band reading series.

Muck Masking is a recording technique where a message is recorded backward onto a track that is meant to be played forward. It's a deliberate process and bands got sued for it.

Judas Priest was on trial for subliminal messaging on their album Stained Class. Assault described neuroscientist accused Len Zeflin of using backmasking to promote Satanism.

And Televangelist, critical of the impact of rock, pointed out that sometimes the words musicians are using have two meanings. Imagine. (audience laughing) Then came the founding of the Panet's Music Resource Center by Tipper Gore, whose obsession with Princess Darling Nikki led to her and her pills identifying the filthy 15. 15 songs that we must protect children from. Do you all remember what a big deal this is?

Yeah. Okay. I don't. But maybe I wasn't old enough. But I do remember other examples, like at the start of "Hell awaits," Slayer inserted a back mouse voice repeatedly chanting,

"Join us." And when that happened, I was at Catholic School wearing a Slayer T -shirt on our wrist. random casual Friday. This was amongst the greatest sins Satanic panic was alive and thriving But there's another kind of backmasking remember we just learned from televangelists that sometimes words have two meanings according to the dictionary of obscure sorrows Backmasking is the instinctive tendency to see someone as you

knew them and their youth a burned in the image of grasping knees, graffiti backpacks, or handfuls of birthday cake, superimposed on an adult with a mortgage, or even an adult behind bars. Have you ever loved someone because you backmasked? Because you remember the big sweet way they laughed at every joke like everything was funny,

or how they loved to hug dogs and believe that dogs dogs loved to hug them, or when they were a little older, even though it was kind of annoying, it was also pretty cute when they stole your Z -Cabarcis,

your cabbage patch and Running Man dance moves, and tried to use them on your best friend, along with the special nickname, Buttercup Nipples. And those little things made them precious,

and even though they went on to make big mistakes, to do egregious things, they you don't know how to forgive You'll always see that person as who they were at a moment in time.

You freeze them They are forever eight years old with a giant grin and a bull cut so many futures On my best days,  
that's how I see my baby brother. I Sent him a message wishing him a happy birthday with 50 bucks for the commissary I I remembered his childhood birthdays as if it were a movie montage of cherry coulis mustaches,  
sparklers waving in chubby hands, white sheet cakes saturated in confetti sprinkles, and icing smeared on sheets from shirbling in whole slices. I remembered how we scraped our bony hips on rocks while shooting down the slip and slide.  
Our bloody cuts magically healed by the song that lies. the ice cream truck. We'd stand there, flagging it down with our entire bodies. Moments later, fudgicles or bomb pops dripped on our hands down our arms as we raced to lick them clean.  
What I wanted to send instead of my floppy birthday wish was a slingshot of questions. Will you take note of your birthday this year, even if in a small way? Will the guards stand? around eating cake in front of you? Will the mailroom read your cards and then lose them? Will the officers at the front in AIMAS visit again because their bra contains underwear that the metal detectors don't approve? Will one friend in the ministry program quietly sing you happy birthday when you're supposed to be praying? Will you look in the mirror and mark how you've aged by the ink on your arms?  
and neck? What is it like to have a birthday when you're doing life? Can you even celebrate on the inside? My happy birthday might not have meant much, but 50 bucks in prison is something. It can get you 166 packs of the cheapest ramen, or 55 Snickers, or a pair of shower shoes and a handheld radio to play the filthy 15.

15." Songs like Madonna's Dress U.F. and Twisted Sisters, we're not gonna take it. So 50 can get you something, but it can't get you up. It can't get you back a single moment of freedom.

It can't promise you that you'll ever have a new moment with your face toward the sky and no bars coming through the sunshine. No bars holding you in when what you want to do is run and breathe and be.

be. I had forgotten about backmasking, but I'm pretty sure it's what got me wishing my brother a happy birthday after years of silence. Remembering when he was seven and with squish up his face every time he farted, well, denying it was him. Maybe he'll remember how I inhaled Doritos by the fistful covered in gloppy Frito -Lace cheese and then claimed a healthy the hours later. which irritated him, but he accepted because he was my brother. Or how I used to bite my nails and spit them out all over the ULTRAIN into a kind of mosaic, which he found to be totally gross and totally mean.

Maybe if he does this, if he backmasks the sh \*t out of me, he'll reply to my music. (clapping) This is WPVM LP, Asheville, North Carolina. 103.7 FM, The Voice of Asheville. What we're after here is an opening of consciousness and that opening of consciousness allows us to say do I have another option?

We We have been fed a fantasy that, you know, buying a certain kind of milk or,

you know, an organic Twinkie, that's always my favorite example, is going to solve the problem. And this is just one more example of this individualism that is taught. What are the implications of making a blanket decision about my diet on the socio-political community ramifications of food?

Those were the voices of Meredith Lee and Laura Lambert. Langnick, two experts on the subject of agriculture,

climate change and resilience. And because they are experts local to Asheville, it's really my honor and privilege to be able to come to Asheville and host a seasonal, seasonal hour-long special where I converse with one or the other or both of them and perhaps in the future will invite other guests to participate,

but it's an ongoing conversation about community, climate, climate change, and resilience. In the face of changing conditions,

conditions. And it struck me that as writers were in a similar position of cultivating the necessity of cultivating reliance on each other and a community to learn and grow with.

And also, that we face similar conditions to the giant, the giant forces that shape our food supply.

We have similar giant forces that shape our book supply. This point was brought home to me when I attended Meg Reid's workshop for writers paths to publishing.

Publishing, that she conducted at the Chapman Cultural Center in Spartanburg, South Carolina, a couple weeks ago. And one thing she pointed out is that there's four major publishers that really control the industry,

and the independent publishers are really just a minuscule. minuscule number in comparison, and where I live in South Carolina, for example,

Hub City is the only independent publisher in the entire state. So that gives you a little idea about the book supply,

and really, if you want to be published by one of those major four publishers, you have to have an agent. So it's almost like, you know,

the supermarket compared to the neighborhood farmers market. And it can be complex figuring out where you,

as an individual writer and individual citizen facing climate change like everyone else can fit into this picture of right.

getting published, and essentially so that you can listen to other people's ideas in the form of books and be heard by having your own books published.

So I want to thank Meg Reed for offering that very informative workshop and I know that Hub City does offer them on a regular basis.

basis, so you might want to go to [hubcity.org](http://hubcity.org) and look for when their next one will be. In the meantime, Tony Robles has a workshop coming up in May at Lenoir Rye University,

and he just finished a workshop over the course of the last few weeks that was a virtual one. one and he's going to share now a little of that in the garden.

A lot of us don't consider ourselves poets for whatever reason and a lot of us don't gravitate towards it because sometimes we find that it might be a little bit hard to understand.

But if we go to Al Young, the late great Al Young who was the poet laureate of California who he passed away, I guess maybe two or three years ago, rest rest in peace, met him a few times, really, really good brother. He said that poetry originates side by side, cheek by jowl, with dance and song. And what happened was that when printing started to burgeon and become, you know, more widespread. he says that the words started getting the attention and people tend to forget that the farther poetry moves from dance and song, the deader it gets. And I was actually at a jazz poetry reading where he was there, and that's what he said, actually, he said those exact words on the stage, and I made it a point to talk to him afterwards. I said, "Hey, that thing you were talking about." about, I need to write that down." You know, him being so gracious. But again, you know, poetry was something that was sung. You know, in ancient cultures, it was oral. You know, it wasn't something that was written down in ancient cultures. The picture that we see here is of the Ainu people of Japan. These are the indigenous people. of Japan. And they had an ancient poetic tradition again that was oral.

And it was recited, their poems were recited by a spiritual leader more often than not. And they incorporated poetry as part of their rituals and observances like after a funeral or after a wedding.

And it was coupled with... music and dance. And, you know, when the spiritual leader would recite the poems, he would be in a gathering, right? And the people in the gathering would be moving their lips because they knew the words, right? You know, it was something that as a collective, right? And the thing was, it wasn't as if the guy, you know, the leader recited them. okay, I'm going to read a poem now. And this poem is, you know, the poem was just the poem.

It was what it was. It wasn't a thing where, you know, this big, you know, like, I'm going to write a poem. It just, the poem was what it was. And to, you know, to go further on poetry, you know, novels are marathons. And There are stories that are kind of seen through the lens of, let's say, a large window. There are dips and valleys and respites in the novel because your reader might need a break.

If you have all this intensity, the reader might need a little respite towards the middle. So there are peaks and valleys, there's pacing. Poetry is a shorter form. Look at it as being firecrackers. It's like, right? And you have that intensity and that power and that spirit, all kind of like happening at one time. Poetry is a magnifying glass, where you can look at a particular thing and see the intensity of it. of an experience or even of an inanimate object,

let's say, right? And now this is my definition, okay, you know, to the cause. Poetry is the magnifying glass through which we can see metaphors and shape the language to fit the intensity of feelings and emotions that are inside us.

us. I was going for a haiku definition but I failed and that was this is the best I can do. Well we'll take that Tony.

I think it's a good definition even if it wasn't a short definition and whoo that intensity yes of the feelings and emotions inside us.

us. I think we spend a lifetime learning how to try to interpret, control, not control, share, keep to ourselves that intensity of emotion and feelings inside of us and learning about why we feel the way we do or just how to manage how we we feel.

It is a lifelong journey and one of the ways we can do that is through our dreams. And I wanted to talk to you for the next little while about some of the books that I've been reading that I am reading that are on my to be read list.

And the reason I bring up dreams is because one of the books I recently finished is The Wisdom of Your Dreams, Using Dreams to Tap into Your Unconscious and Transform Your Life by Jeremy Taylor.

And one thing he points out in the book is that people have been doing, interpreting their dreams and and making books of symbols to help people interpret their dreams for thousands of years.

And I am one of those people who have, you know, several volumes of dream symbol books in my house and if I have a memorable dream I will certainly look up some of those those elements of my dream.

What I found very different and enlightening, even exciting, about Jeremy Taylor's book was his suggestion of the power of both interpreting dreams in a group and also that that the idea that our collective unconscious and even the archetypes of our dreams that are part of our like non-verbalized subconscious collective conscious is also growing and developing and changing and that we have an influence on each other's dreams

and as our dreams change, they influence what happens around us.

So when we talk about climate change, for instance, a lot of us probably have some anxiety -type So when we talk about climate change,

for instance, a lot of us probably have some anxiety -type dreams about climate change, we have to think about what happens around us. climate change or some of us who are close to the data and closer to the understanding of some of the basic issues in hand are actively solving some of these problems in their dreams and by sharing our dreams together.

in a group of people telling them about my dreams. But he has many convincing arguments in here about why it's possible to overcome some of those reservations with some basic rules about what he calls dream groups so that all the participants can feel safe and not feel like any particular...

particular interpretation is being forced on them. And so one of his basic things about that was to, you know, if you wanted to tell somebody what you think about their dream,

you would start off saying, well, if it was my dream. And really in life, we could like stop ourselves to say that much like,

if I was was experiencing what you're experiencing, maybe I would do this and in that way not impose our thoughts and experiences and ideas on what really may not be relevant to somebody else's experience.

But so I highly recommend this book for a lot more reasons than the ones I just gave you. The wisdom of your dreams, using dreams to tap into your unconscious and transform your life by Jeremy Taylor.

And drop me a line if you want to start a dream group. I almost had this crazy idea, but maybe it's not so crazy that I could host a dream group on late night live streaming.

radio at WLPH.org so let me know, let me know if you're down for that. So the next couple of books I want to tell you about one I read and one I'm in the middle of reading and but they're kind of related because I get my morning therapy.

When I'm fixed. fixing breakfast, I turn on Dr. Romany on YouTube, and it helps me grapple with some of the daily issues I have with dealing with people who are difficult in my life.

And I've learned a lot of new concepts in the last couple of years by listening to her, and I read her her first,

well, I don't know if it was her first book, but it was the first book of hers that I read was, should I stay or should I go, which was actually helpful to me in determining whether or not I personally should stay or go in my own relationship.

But she mentioned, you know, so there's all these terms like, you know, in a family, you have the goal. child and you have the scapegoat as well.

And in a lot of ways, I've identified with the scapegoat and she brought up in one of her videos, a novel called *The Scapegoat* by Daphne de Morier.

And I got really curious about that and wanted to check it out. And so I did and I... read it and one of the interesting things is of course when she wrote the book back in I think it's 1956 no we weren't talking about narcissism like we do today and yet and yet I think this book could certainly be looked at through this lens and another thing that I thought was very interesting is that it seemed like conventional to me a conventional way to tell the story in comparison to all the different approaches of narration and everything that people are experimenting with these days in the publishing world.

But then I realized realized also that, you know, she told the story from the point of view of a man.

But through him, she told the story of all the women in his life, really, his mother, his sister, his sister-in-law, his mistress,

his daughter. And, um, was just a very interesting approach, I think, for a woman writer in the 50s to take.

And she really did actually illustrate what I would call the narcissism of the main character of the book,

who was not, well, the main character was the narrator, but he met his double. double who used him as a scapegoat. And so she,

I guess I never really realized it. She wrote *The Birds* that Hitchcock based his movie on, so chalk that up to my ignorance. And she's most famous for a novel called *Rebecca*,

none of which I've read, but the scapegoat is a very interesting novel. and really haunting tale by Daphne de Morier, which leads me to a couple of the books that I'm reading now.

"It's Not You" by Dr. Ramani de Versola, which if you're dealing with difficult people who never change,

or unreasonable, who don't listen. to you, don't care about your feelings. It's not you. Maybe you need to read the book to bolster your self-esteem.

That's what I'm doing and why I'm doing it because I need a constant reminder these days. It's not me. It's not me. I'm a nice person.

I try to be agreeable. I want to listen and and I want to be heard too. And the other book that I'm reading right now is about that too.

It's called *Outside Voices and Memoir of the Berkeley Revolution* by Joan Gelfand. And one of the reasons that I'm reading it now,

as opposed to to be read later, is because I will be interviewing Joan. I think it's next week, it's very soon, and you'll be hearing the interview within a couple weeks here on the Listen to Be Heard Hour for readers and writers.

And I've only gotten into the first chapter, but in taking it up after reading Daphne de Morier's book that came out in the '50s,

50s, where, you know, like in cinematic terms, she kind of does a fade away when the main character goes to visit his mistress and we just skip on to the next morning.

This book, *Outside Voices*, written a mirror about a time that's a mirror decade later is all about sexual freedom and I don't know what else.

I'm anxious to find out. I've just read the first chapter in which I find out that our our memoirist Joan Gelfand Guilfand,

liked to play baseball when she was young. And so, on my to be read list...

Are you still with me here? Okay, I got, in the mail, "Joy is the Justice We Give Ourselves" by J.

Drew Lanham. the author of "Sparrow Envy" This is his new book that will be coming out in April next month He's a professor at Clemson University and I am going to read his book but apparently he is not very easy to book an interview with so Hopefully we'll get him soon because he is one of those authors authors who was published by South Carolina's only indie press,

Hub City Publishers, and in the meantime, I've asked them to send along a few more books, and maybe some of those authors are a little more available than Drew is,

but we'll get him eventually. And the other one, I'm in a similar situation. with, it's another book of poetry. This one is called "Village," and it's by Natasha Diggs.

And it's a book of poems, as I mentioned. And Natasha, I've known about her, ever kind of followed her ever since the '90s in New York City when we used to-- to cross paths once in a while on that spoken word scene that was so hot at the time.

This has been the Listen and Be Heard Hour for readers and writers. I want to thank Davey and Dial for introducing Listen and Be Heard to the broadcast airwaves at WPVM in Asheville,

North Carolina. We are also heard on KCEI in Taos, New Mexico and WLVH .org in Greenville, South Carolina and around the world.

Thank you to DJ Jeannie Hopper, my associate producer. Jay Rodriguez Sierra provides background music and loops and you can learn more about him at JayRodrigasSierra .com.

Jeremiah Coethran does it. for us. Yvette Murray is the voice in the banned book segment of our show. Tony Robles is a co -host and contributor.

Living It is produced by DJ Jeannie Hopper and Sabina Wertman, featuring myself, Martha Senator, and released on Liquid Sound Nouns Records. My name, once again, is Martha Senator, and I want to thank you for listening. listening and for the opportunity to be heard. Living it,

giving it, having it, taking it, shaking it. Living it, living it is. Sewing a coat, investing each stitch with magic. Creating a unique design, putting it on and wearing it. it for the rest of your life.

Living it is knowing that what you see, what you hear is tangible. It's being a rock in the river and being the river too. It's here and you'll never be able to do that. Living it is knowing you will do it.

It's speaking the unspoken. It's thinking the unthinkable. It's doing the unexpected. It's quitting. Before you get fired. Living it is giving it,

giving it is having it, having it is taking it, taking it is... movin' it, shakin' it, creating it, lovin' it. Living it is lovin' it. Living it is lovin' a man you're not supposed to love.

It's givin' way to emotions, creating commotions, callin' attention to yourself. And I got that back. living it is learning from someone who can actually show you it's cleaning your teacher's house or helping her to find one it's never ever saying J -O -B is a one -way ticket and no solid plans it's smoking a J in a smoke cafe in

Amsterdam it's saying the day is pretty in the strange new city living it is giving it giving it is having it having it is taking it taking it is moving it shaking it creating it loving it Living it is Having nothing to lose and everything to gain It's putting all of your chants and attributes Every single one of them to good use It's knowing the kindness of strangers And love for sale Living it is Knowing where to buy rice and beans And bulk it's knowing herbs