

MOPS Transcript:

PSA: People Speaking Art

Kaylee Sue Lockett

Jake Jones

The following experimental audio essay documents the radio art show, PSA: People Speaking Art, curated and read by Kaylee Sue Lockett and Jake Jones. The show took place on July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2020, from 7 to 8 PM and was broadcast terrestrially in Iowa City, Iowa on KRUI 89.7 FM and online at [krui.fm](http://krui.fm)

This document begins with a rerecording of the script used to introduce the broadcast followed by an uninterrupted remixed collage that we believe captures the spirit of the event most effectively for this format. All material after the introduction is from the input of the microphones used in the broadcast.

We would like to credit all of the participating artists now for their contributions as to not interrupt the flow of the following audio material.

PSA: People Speaking Art, features text-based work by:

Annalyse Gelman, Auden Lincoln-Vogel, Bianca Rae Messinger, Colin Ferguson, Kelly Clare, Kirsten Ihns, Kylie Gava, Nora Claire Miller, Scott Daughtride DeMer, Tracie Morris

PSA also features music by:

Wombat Trio, Ligament Duo, and Lex Letourneau

We begin with the introduction script:

Hi, Welcome to PSA: People Speaking Art! On 89.7 KRUI Iowa City.

I'm Kaylee Lockett, a translator, poet, sound artist

And I'm Jake Jacobs, an intermedia artist and Production Director at KRUI 89.7FM

We are so excited to be presenting this project. We had initially planned to broadcast much earlier in the summer, but it was important to us to focus our energy on local protests and to support Black Lives Matter with our platform in Iowa City. We hope you'll join us in continuing to support those efforts whenever possible.

Today we are reading text-based works by many incredible artists. We are so grateful to each and every one of them for their contributions and their willingness to work with us on such a special project.

Because we are not in the studio today, we do not have access to our usual broadcasting equipment. It is for this reason that the two of us are reading every work live into the microphone. We are playing a few pre-recorded tracks into the mic and we're hoping that the quality of these wonderful pieces translates.

When we initially wrote the call for works, we asked contributors to send pieces that demand to be heard. We love community-based radio because it transcends physical barriers, something we are all learning and become accustomed to these days, as well as barriers such as literacy and media monopolies that control how we access art and information. We believe art is for everyone, and that we can invest in our communities by providing a platform for artists and listeners.

Without further ado, we begin....

[Many layers of sound begin. A cacophony of voices, like those chatting just before a concert begins, with certain sounds cutting through. A bag of coins jingling, the voice of a computer speaking, a flute is blown with no musical skill, Jake yelling above the voices]

[the sounds fade as only Kayl's remains]

Kayl:

(Pause.) *He's blocking the door.*

Then I had to say *Is he dead?*

so the neighbor could say through

the static, the snow, *Yes, pause.*

*He's dead.* I hung up. I cried.

I tried to imagine my father, or my father's

body, prone at the foot of the stairs

for five days, but could only imagine

the reproduction of Hieronymous Bosch's

*The Garden of Earthly Delights*

hung over the landing. In particular

the man bent over the enormous strawberry,

its burrs pressed into his naked flesh.

He and the strawberry, eating each other.

Is he happy or unhappy? Most sadnesses

are terribly ordinary. It's the ordinariness

that's terrible. Having it all to yourself.

[Jake's voice begins to speak over Kayl's for a moment before only Jake is speaking. Two layers of audio as Jake reads two poems simultaneously. The words meanings are lost as Jake over enunciates certain words. The word "experimental" stands out before the computer voice from before begins to speak again. The robot is speaking about magic. It is difficult to listen as your focus moves back and forth between the layers of audio. Your brain grows tired from aural gestalt. The other voices fade and only the robot remains. Between each line of the robot's speech, you hear a mechanical keyboard pressing a few keys.]

Robot:

a sofa a love seat a sectional

magic is anon, propositional

magic is non propositional

magic is non propositional

magic is non propositional

magic is non propositional  
non non non non non propositional  
!  
repeat  
three times

[A play about racism begins. Each character speaks all of their lines in the play at one. John Brown speaks all four of their lines simultaneously, Pete Seeger does the same, and so on until four characters have spoken. Music that sounds like glass groaning on a rainy day in an abandoned house plays as Kayl reads. Jake begins to read over her.]

Kayl:

individual behavior can escape from this overdetermination, since then the individual would remain free to call into question the system of domination itself. Any system based on exploitation cannot avoid being “totalitarian”. Every area of life (every little ordinary happening) is integrated into the system with a specific role. It is for this reason that all private acts and all communal acts by all individuals (be it football, vacations, love, consumption) end up becoming acts that fulfill a political function.

...

The domination of the libido (sexuality) culminates with its reduction to determined parts of the body, especially the genitals. In reality, the entire body is capable of providing sexual pleasure, but the society of domination needs as many zones of the body possible to be able to attribute them to work. Genitalization is destined to remove the function of producing pleasure from the body in order to convert it into an instrument of alienated production, rendering sexuality as only that which is needed for reproduction. It is for this reason that the system condemns all forms of sexual activities that are not the introduction of the penis into the vagina with special severity, calling them “perversions”, pathological deviations, etc. In order to chain the human being to alienated labor it is necessary to mutilate them by reducing their sexuality to the genitals.

Jake:

if you like a projector, you might not do it  
metabolic metabolic relationship  
a long strip of grass, very pale, the winter  
shape  
what is the shoveling for  
glass when the moths go up  
are they flying  
and a \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ sat waiting in the corner  
licking the brush  
just  
licking the brush  
sometimes that's all u need  
if you  
felt summoned into phase  
in the film strip  
when i needed a mooring  
elaborated over fifty years  
like a fog entering into me  
it *was* a fog, i was so uncertain—

i was holding the one take in my head  
another  
it took up the room

[Jake begins saying, “The Lunatic...tic tic tic...” repeatedly until you hear her just saying tic. It takes on a musical quality, like a metronome that is being random adjusted and delayed. This provides a brief moment of relaxation for a brain tired of listening to many layers of audio simultaneously.]

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Kayl:

WOW!

Jake, in a sing-song voice:

I’m really goood at swimminggg

*a stringed instrument and vocalist begin to harmonize*

*mouse click, mouse click*

Kayl:

Um, um, um, um...

Jake:

(sighs)

Do you like these pants?

*vocalist and stringed instrument waver, eerily*

*click, click*

Kayl: Jake:

Do you think we could go out to dinner tonight?  
All pants are bad.

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

hahahaha

hahahaha

*vocalist’s note slips into a wail*

Kayl:

One time, I remember being in Lake Tenkiller...

Jake:

We're all gonna DIE

Kayl:

...and feeling something brush by my leg and thinking it was a really big catfish but it was a piece of trash  
~~You might outlive everyone you love. You'll be the last one!~~

Kayl:

Dear angel from heaven, dear burning beauty from the core of Earth, dear iron of the stars, dear lichen  
lasting all of time, dear ocean vast and deep, dear blue eyes dear strength dear chaos dear magnetic  
charm dear belly button ring scar dear tooth out of place jutting back dear rattling truck heard blocks

~~WE~~

gathered in the pink and yellow room on the first blue Sunday of that gray year

dear coke dear adderall dear LSD dear cigarette dear rye dear last week dear  
january dear september 18th dear purple crocus...

six to a pew ~~WE~~ wedged, folded, squeezed, close enough to feel each other's hearts

dear daffodil dear grey cat dear

grease stains dear tourmaline dear hip scar dear stomach ache dear

image of GOD dear forgiveness dear desire dear laughter dear down  
comforter dear tomorrow dear next year dear middle of the night

(pause)

Jake:

(inhales)

Dear unknown:

Kayl:

At the front of the room, under the milky light, stood the table. Teeth of several varieties, glistening  
feathers arranged in branching shapes, blue eyes, jars of green gems, intricately decorated relics carved  
from yellowed bone, so many flowers, dried and dead: all the bloomings from previous years, humbly  
piled, smelling like ash

Jake:

smoke

Kayl:

begging to see what ~~WE~~ brought to add.

Jake:

I can't thank you yet, but maybe some time in the future... ( ~~WE~~ )

Kayl and Jake:

...each walked the soft red path to the future... maybe behind my lids as I fall... uncaged... purple birds... maybe we could bury ourselves in an ambulance... thimble-sized... so bright and jagged... I don't know if I miss you and I don't know if I miss *you*, either... they ignited with radiant energy... dear person who snorts cocaine with other people who snort cocaine...

Kayl (giggling):

Ok, so... a horse walks into a bar

and the bartender  
says,

Jake:

You'll *never* guess how I cleaned the #@\$\$\*?)

)\*#\$(714

"Why the  
long face?"