

Transcript for the podcast Tide to the Moon

Episode 4: Apropos of Not Much

Its a full moon. There's another episode due. Gotta get it done. Gotta write something.
What am I doing? This is shit. I've got nothing else to say .
I've written $\frac{3}{4}$'s of a piece about time
I've written $\frac{3}{4}$'s of a piece about house of sorrows
I've written $\frac{3}{4}$'s a piece about writing a piece
Produce something Kate. You're only as good as your last episode
Don't doubt yourself, just hesitate, vacillate, procrastinate.
Dither, waffle, waver.
Is this really what I want to do? Second guess yourself, that'll help.
Pile on more self doubt.
Make it poetic, make it reflective, make it Funny
Never ever ever ever be boring.
I'm empty, done. I'm speaking to the void, from the void
Who am I to speak anyway? To be heard. I know nothing
It's all apropos of nothing. Crickets, that's all can hear
So write as if no one's listening? No you must know your audience.
No you should Write for one specific listener get an avatar.

No, relax, do nothing until the full moon comes over the hills and spills light onto the page
And the words will appear.

Well that at least I know is bullshit.

MUSIC

Welcome to Tide to the Moon, coming to you on the Full Moon of the Easter long weekend. My name is Kate Lawrence and I am your host.

Here in Macedon seemingly out of nowhere the colours of the harvest season are arriving, the beauty of reds and golds catches my breath and the dancing light sliding off autumnal trees is magic.

But it is the weather that is the real flag that things are changing.

While this easter weekend is blessedly warm - which I am so happy about because a dear friend is to be married so we will all be able to enjoy the full moon, fire and feasting that her and her partner have been dreaming of this last 6 months.

And on Sunday I will gather with my sisters, and hopefully my brothers, and our children, for an Easter family picnic at Williamstown beach, and as the temperature is predicted to be 28 celsius, I for one will be taking to the water.

But before unseasonable warmth of this weekend, we had a short stretch of grey, damp and cold weather. The fire was lit for the first time since last year, my crochet work came out and I've found a happy marriage between crocheting and listening to audio.

But despite this bucolic backdrop, the audio collage at the top of this episode is really where things are at in making Tide to the Moon.

For me there is only one direction, through to the end of this recording but you lovely listener, your escape route at this point is to press the stop button. Go on, do it, I really don't care if you listen or not, in fact it's better for me if you don't, no really, the pressure....

Look, you know you've got better things to do, millions of other podcasts you could be listening to...

Sigh

Oh well If my pettifoggery has not stopped you listening, I must slip into my lickspittling self and desperately hope you like this, that its sort of ok, or ok enough. I hope it gives you something. And if you don't like, I'll tug my forelock, assume my true troglodyte form and snool my way back to my cave never to speak again.

Apropos of nothing, Here is something:

MUSIC

Mama: 'C'mon Ellie, we have to get cracking if we're going to get to market in time, we don't know how fast that beast is going to be, could be a lollygag for all we know.

I can't believe we've finally got a donkey, and the best part is, it just turned up free. Now I won't have to carry everything back from market. No more

Cabbage baby strapped on my belly; No more Pumpkin hump on my back, And never again the humiliation of butter soaked chicken shit dripping through my hair.

Oh that was a bad day. The cockolorums and jackanapes and hobbledehoys had a field day, laughing till they fell over.

There you are Ellie. Did you give the beast some hay and water?

Ellie: Yes mama, although I don't think it ate much.

Donkey: Excuse me, If you don't mind, I do have a name and a gender, although I'm fine if you want to use they, but 'it' and 'beast' will never do.

Gasp and squeals and cry out.

Mama: What? You spoke? Oh my lunar longings, what on earth? Since when do donkeys go round speaking?

Donkey: Well I don't always speak., I'm more fond of mind-reading humans than actually talking to them, but really I can't bear being called beast, it just drives me bonkers. My name is Ingrid.

And you can both stop thinking that having a talking donkey is going to result in pots of gold turning up and you never having to work again. It is not like this is a fairy or folktale. Let's get going to market shall we?

Ellie: 'Mama look there's the woman from the market...

Bystander One: You fools, what is a donkey for but to ride upon?

Mama: Quick ellie, get on the bea... sorry Ingrid. Get on her. You don't mind do you Ingrid?'

Donkey: Herumph Looks like my opinion doesn't carry much weight - I just have to carry the weight. Ha, did you get it. I guess not. Dog did warn me you were pretty simple folk'.

Ellie: Oh look mama there's the women from the pie stall.

Mama: Oh God, don't wave child, they're the slangwhangers that laughed at me last time.

Bystander Two: Look at that lazy girl, she makes her mother walk while she gets to ride.

Mama: Quick get off Ellie, I'll get on the... Ingrid.

Donkey: Don't mind me, just treat me like a beast of burden, just because I'm a donkey.

And look who's coming up ahead, an old gabberlunzie. Bet you're even going to listen to him.

Mama: Shhhhhh

Bystander Three: Shame on that lazy mother to let her poor little daughter trudge along while she rides.

Mama: Well what on earth are we supposed to do now.

Donkey: I say just ignore them... but who am I...

Mama: Exactly, what would you know you're just a donkey. Ellie you better get up here. If a donkey can carry a grown man....

Donkey: There is nothing that says a donkey can carry a grown man - just google it - 57kg tops. I'd put money on that you two are, aaarrghhhh... definitely well over 57 kg.

Mama: When we pass the hootenanny hold your head up donkey, sorry Ingrid, lift your feet, c'mon, just until we pass the hootenanny....

MUSIC

Oh god they're all gonggoozleing us

I do not want to be the laughing stock again.

Donkey: think it's a bit late for that, do you want to know what they're thinking?

Mama: Yes

Bystander Four: Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor donkey of yours — you and your great lump of a daughter?"

Donkey: Guess I don't need to tell....

Mama: Oh shut up, just shut up you stupid beast. It's bad enough having a donkey we can't walk beside, ride one at a time or ride together, without having a donkey that can talk and give lip all the time.

Ellie, there's only one option left. We have to carry the dam donkey.

Donkey: I told you I don't like being called donkey or beast.

Are you really so stupid... No don't answer that. Let me try that again. I've been given the gift of reading people's minds and I can tell you that you can never ever, not in a million years, not in a million donkeys years, not if there were a million mind reading, talking donkeys called Ingrid, which I know would make the world a great place, probably even solve climate change, but personally would not help my panjandrum issues.

Not even then would you be able to please all of the people all of the time.

Your human brains are measure and judging machines. All day that's all you do - measure and judge, measure and judge either yourselves or everyone around you.

The only way for you to be happy is to....

Mama: Yeah yeah, I know, the only way to be happy is to just do what the last person says. You can't please everyone so you just have to please the last person and keep doing that every time it changes. Well Donkey, I've had enough - and yes I am calling you Donkey because I don't care anymore, I don't care what you think or they think or even you Ellie. The only person I'm going to listen to now is me.

So get off Ellie, I'll get off too and we'll go back to where we started with all three of us walking, and Donkey if you so much as open your mouth to bray I will take that rope off, and slap you so hard you'll run away and we'll never see you again.

SOUND donkey braying.

Music:

Outro: Thanks for listening to 'Tide to the Moon'. If you like this podcast please rate and review us on itunes or wherever you listen, and tell other people about it. And if you have any ideas, suggestions, requests, comments or feedback, I would love to hear from you.

This podcast is made on the lands of the Gunum Willam Balluk, at the foot of Mt Macedon, 65 km north of Melbourne, Australia. This podcast is a production of Story Ground, and me, Kate Lawrence.