



# Library podcast

## Clarion West presents Daniel José Older

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[00:00:38] Hey how ya doing. That last song if anybody was wondering was a group call everything is recorded featuring the artist named sampler from a man they just asked. My name is Gabriel Teodros. What's up. Uh. And uh. Yeah. I don't. I don't normally DJ out in public so y'all saw something kind of rare. I do. I do DJ now. Uh I'm able to be public about it at this point every Friday night on KEXP. Yeah. It's really from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m. but the cool thing about KEXP is it's archived so you can put it put that time in the playlist and listen back. Um my main thing is uh I also went to Clarion West last year. I am I am a shout out shout out to the class of 2017. I see you good writing. Thank you for taking. Time out of your writing schedule to come kick it with us. Um. My main thing is music though and uh I was gonna do a couple of my own songs is that all right. Cool. I had this little surprise for ya all. I messed with a little bit of video editing. You know I wear a lot of hats so I got these songs that kind of synced up with the visuals behind me and uh we're just gonna get into it. This first piece is called Trans Africa Highway and it features circus debra barhan from Addis Ababa think it's okay. I'm happy. That I'm. Such

[00:02:11] Addis Ababa, Nairobi, Asmera, Khartoum, Harare, Hargeza, Mogadishu, Kigali, Kinshasa, Dar es Salaam, Lagos, Accra, Dakar, Kampala, Lusaka, Johannesburg, Durban, Pretoria, Freetown, Cape Town, Cairo, Casablanca, Tunis, Algiers, Tripoli, Luanda, Bamako, Maputo, Abuja, Kumasi, Yaounde, Mwanza, Dodoma, Niamey, Ouagadougou, Juba, Lilongwe, Bujumbura, Bangui, Brazzaville, Mombasa, Lomé, Bissau, Djibouti, Monrovia. city to city, whole continent, Africa... unified especially in the mind of diaspora

Slums to the village, townships to the gritty core to refugee camps and lands plagued by war youth that don't speak their language no more ancestors kidnapped off shores empires built by work that's forced for hundreds of years there's an African source for all american culture exports there's nothing more beautiful than Black to me nothing more complex then our history. Sankofa followed me since they first said go back and get what you lost, fractals in a cross everytime I rhyme I'm carrying a torch can't shake it. It's more sacred than i could say in some ways, a stage is the only place I'm safe to shine all ways with my true spirit face Mulatu Astatke taught me bout grace. I'm still learning, may my actions give thanks for all those who came, and walked through

the flames carried scars and the pain and lived anyway who passed on a joy deeper than any shame we are healing in public you call it a game. I want my heart to touch yours and to break all chains free the land, free the people, may the borders erase to build a future, know from where you came.

[00:03:52] Thank you guys so much. Gas and technical stuff between videos so I read this book last summer right after I finished clearing a West Coast shadow shaper. It was by this guy named Daniel Jose Older maybe a few heard of him and it was dope for a lot of reasons but one of them was like it's so rare that you read a fantasy or a sci-fi book that touches on the topic of gentrification and

[00:04:23] I talk about that too.

[00:04:25] I think gentrification is too nice of a word. I think a more apt term is domestic imperialism because gentrification isn't gentle

[00:04:32] It's often very violent. So this song is called domestic imperialism and a quick story about it.

[00:04:41] I actually had to move out of my house out of the neighborhood where I've spent most of my life.

[00:04:47] Beacon Hill Seattle Washington the day before I went into clearing you West you know a super setting.

[00:04:54] I had written this song about like what if I'm just used to talking off the mike now.

[00:04:59] What if if I get kicked out of this house I don't think I'm going to be able to live in Seattle anymore. So

[00:05:05] I wrote that as a what if song and then it actually happened right before cleaning out west. I had to move so I was like you know what this is this is messed up. This is heartbreaking but. I'm going to call on the people that hold me up in life to help me move these boxes into storage.

[00:05:21] I don't know where I'm going at the end of this but we can't turn it into a video documenting the moment. So this is that moment domestic imperialism hope ya all dig it. Soul Chef is on all these beats

[00:05:48] the guy with the beard and the boxes. Its heavy but you can dance to it. Let your hand up at The library. It feels like we all in a war with time cities toss and turn with us on their spine it's been dark for months, you barely feel the sun through the brick cold hearts that surrounded us the ancients be with you, but you don't notice em. I am a vilified species and I don't run bombed buildings with ghosts, I'm at home with em they tell stories of a world that I've grown within and it's changing quick, between coffee sips of gentrified beans in this place I live, or this place I lived, all of the soul I give that survivors grit made people flock to it they complain about changes after they move

in but they could go back... we got nowhere now my Grandmother's house is a hole in the ground and it'll be a high-priced highrise no doubt. I just made a couple songs about where I'm from I know they sound dope, but it don't mean come when you move in, somebody else moves out and I can't afford my city if I leave this house the place that raised me, neighborhoods that made me I walk around and don't recognize it lately the price goes up, we all get pushed out it's gonna hurt when we finally gotta leave this house.

[00:06:52] I can't afford my home, they can't afford my soul we both stand in the rubble like where do we go? one of us must be from another world maybe aliens came with these cranes to work they litter the sky to rearrange the earth and it has warmed up some since they came for sure but we know about greed and of industry how the colonizers came and claimed history we repeat it so much and so intimately it's like we are all born into bodies with disease art is more than a form of our therapy but Barnes told me to watch out for the 3 P's they'll try to change the Purpose, of what you do to discard the People, they can replace you and then take the Place, gentrification's through now look where we live, what did Hip Hop do? I just made a couple songs about where I'm from I know they sound dope, but it don't mean come when you move in, somebody else moves out and I can't afford my city if I leave this house you could look, listen, but don't move in spend money with the mom & pop businesses when you move in, somebody else moves out we can't afford our city if we leave this house.

[00:07:50] So that's the real moment, domestic imperialism. I've got like one more song. I got to stay in Seattle though. Obviously I'm up here

[00:08:09] You ain't no ghetto don't ever get us to trash. You will understand. Get. Stay the

[00:08:16] Fuck out. I'm a do one more song for ya. Before giving at this stage. Thank you so much for rocking with me.

[00:08:23] Put the mike down. Two hands. I so this next song is my favorite song I've ever written.

[00:08:31] This is a little piece called Black love. Sometimes a computer doesn't want to work with you when you do it too much but it's gonna work right now.

[00:08:39] Mongro did this video she she did it on one of those old school cameras that don't have electricity and you wind it up you know any. She cut everything by hand put sage in there Rosewater.

[00:08:55] This is black love. something bout your happiness feels like freedom.

[00:09:05] Something bout your happiness feels like freedom. Something bout your happiness feels like freedom

[00:09:12] I don't want to chill but I keep getting these tracks so I ease back and breathe raps like a slow burn meditative contemplative. I say it's prayers. I know it's many layers

When music hits it can leave craters far enough away you could see a face in it mask or an image. I'm tracing the imprint left and never get it quite correct it's just a breath on the nape of your neck at best we all long to connect like spirit and flesh with no restrictions. It's not about sex but could be too. I want to stand in my truth naked and bare totally cared for sacred and rare with a nature to share some can't handle the glare and that's fair. I am daring can be too much. I don't rush maybe I'm not easy to love or I set myself up with high expectations that no one can touch but I feel it in friendships feel it moments and feel beautiful when I am seen in wholeness. A sensuality that I believe my home is but some days I still feel homeless even in my own house so I get out and dream as loud as my body can project unprotected, vulnerable, respected feared and admired but rarely met we are all at our best when connected just watch for sharp edges when involved with reflection.

[00:10:23] Black love. I don't gotta explain too much my folks got my back like no one does something bout loving you in our native tongue opens up possibilities and heals where I'm from I love the way my name feels in your mouth. I hope I hold yours as delicate and proud. I wonder if the ancestors smile when they see us something bout your happiness feels like freedom. Black love. I don't gotta explain too much my folks got my back like no one does something bout loving you in our native tongue opens up possibilities and heals where I'm from I love the way my name feels in your mouth. I hope I hold yours as delicate and proud. I wonder if the ancestors smile when they see us something bout your happiness feels like freedom. Black love.

[00:11:06] Peace ya all. My name is Gabriel Teodros, thank you so much.

[00:11:10] Wow another round of applause please.

[00:11:22] Good evening. My name is Misha Stone I'm a reader services librarian here at the Central Library. That's so nice. But really what I find to be my favorite time of the year when Clarion West has the reading series so thank you so much for coming out tonight on a beautiful evening to share this with us. Just a few orders of library business before I turn this over to Clarion West and Daniel Jose Older.

[00:11:46] This event is supported by the Seattle Public Library Foundation author series sponsor Gary cuteness and media sponsor the Seattle Times and presented in partnership with the university bookstore. By book support your independent booksellers. And I should also mention that Gabriel will be selling seeds tonight. So when you're buying books you can buy music to support your local artists.

[00:12:13] This program is being recorded for a library podcast. You can subscribe to our free podcasts at the library's Web site. W w w dot SPL that org. Turn off your cell phone. Nice reminder I should also mention just as a detail that the bathroom's too close. 10 minutes before the library closes at 7.50 they reopen at 8.05. If that hasn't happened please let staff or security know. We want to make sure that that happens and I also want to mention that we love it when you promote our events. We have a hashtag tonight SPL older. I also have the Twitter handles of the bookstore Clarion West Gabriel Teodoro spaniel who is a older so show some love tonight and we also passed out some

surveys. We'd love to hear from you so please hand those back to us. You can just drop them on the table or hand them to us and I just want to say I'm so happy to have Daniel Jose Older here is is a voice that I appreciate so much both in his writing and online. I appreciate his advocacy for diversity in children's literature and fantasy and science fiction. And if you're not already following him on Twitter it's worth getting an account. I'm just going to say. And now I'm turning it over to Todd McCoy from Clarion West to get us started. Thank you.

[00:13:30] Hello everybody you doing. Thank you all so much for coming out tonight. Claire in West 2017 reading series. My name is Todd McCoy and one of the board members of Clarion West. Thank you gabrielteodros.com. You could find their. KEXP Friday mornings or Saturday mornings. Friday night Saturday morning. OK. Awesome. Thank you all for coming tonight. This is the thirty fourth year of the annual Clarion West writers workshop thirty four years which means that next year the workshop will be old enough to run for president. Maybe should our mission is to provide a world class educational opportunity to emerging writers as speculative fiction. This series would not be possible without the generous support of the National Endowment for the Arts. Amazon.com Seattle office of arts and culture. King County for culture. The University Bookstore. The Seattle Public Library and many individual donors just like you would do Roth donations. So please consider a donation of any amount we're five one three C and eligible for matching donations from your employers. Thank you again for your support and I'm going to turn this over to our workshop director Phil brand. Thank you.

[00:14:40] Writer Editor composer Daniel Jose Older is the best selling author of the young adult series The Shadowshaper, the Bone Street Rumba urban fantasy series and the upcoming middle grade sci-fi adventure Flood City. He won the International Latino Book Award and has been nominated for the Kirkus award. The Mythopoeic Award, the Locus award, the Andre Norton Award and the world fantasy award. Shadowshaper was named one of Esquire's 80 Books Every Person Should Read. He is an activist both in his geographic community Brooklyn and in the literary community. His stories essays and tweets are viscerally and articulately helping change the literary landscape breaking down walls and demonstrating that why a an urban fantasy can have powerful and vulnerable meaning realistic characters of color and still hit best seller lists get stellar reviews and appeal to readers already in the genre and new to it and especially to those who have always longed to see themselves represented in the genre. An interviewer introduced him in rumpus saying his stories reflect the detail and rhythms of real life. Whether his own or the lives of others in small details and broad strokes which is precisely why his writing is so strong and relevant for readers when talking in another interview about the problems involved for writers attempting to expand the diversity of their characters Daniel said. We talk about physical features a lot with representation and simplify it that way. Then he goes on to say but really we're talking about something as deep as spirit. And rhythm and soul and narrative power to me that's exactly what we're talking about when we're talking about his writing. It expresses and shares with his readers that which is his deepest spirit and it carries its rhythms and its soul and its narrative power. Please help me welcome in his first appearance ever in Seattle.

[00:16:50] Daniel Jose Older That was beautiful.

[00:16:53] Give it up one more time. Thank you for that. As was the best introduction I think I've ever had. I'm not making that up. Thank you. Thank you all so much for being here.

[00:17:03] Thank you. Perry and the board Niecy always thank you Neil and Hugh students. What's up Clarion students.

[00:17:11] All right.

[00:17:12] Yes. Great that you're here. Thank you Twitter motherfuckers for being here.

[00:17:16] I appreciate that. Yes I see. That's great. Thank you. Whono represents a.

[00:17:25] Oh yes. Clearly out west is an amazing institution.

[00:17:28] And I am just so honored to be part of it. I was telling Ty I remember getting the email asking me to teach and I was just literally was like Oh my God you are going to teach that. I applied and got in in 2010 they just found that email that I sent you Niecy where I said I had to decline because of actually initiated into the priesthood of Santeria. So that was dope. But it also meant I couldn't come here. I mean it was worth it. Nothing nothing. But you know I'm glad to finally have made it here. It's very exciting. It's a really huge honor and I'm glad to finally be in Seattle. I've been wanting to come to this motherfucking city for a minute so it's great to be here. Thank you. And thank you for coming out and supporting.

[00:18:06] Thank you for sharing this moment with me because we are we are living in a very momentous time. You know storytelling is a sacred art and so it's important that we gather in difficult times and share in the sacred art of storytelling because that's how we survive. That's how we've always survived and made it through. That's how we're gonna keep surviving whatever they try to take from us. They cannot take our stories and they cannot take our ability to tell our stories. And so that's what we're gonna keep doing. And thank you.

[00:18:38] Gabriel that was a beautiful scene.

[00:18:41] Please give it up for him.

[00:18:44] I was some shit. I was just telling him I actually followed him back in the MySpace days. He has a myspace page. Sorry to put you out there like that but I too have a MySpace page somewhere. Anyway all right. I'm afraid so I'm gonna read you out from Battle Hill Bolero

[00:19:00] which is the third in the Bone Street Rumba series. It's for sale over there. They also have sales and I turn by the way in hard copy which is really cool. So pick that shit up. So if you haven't read the books you're fucked. Because

[00:19:13] I'm about to spoil literally the whole series. I'm sorry. It's your own problem really. You should have read it by now.

[00:19:21] It's been out since 2015. You're gonna go with it. I have no sympathy for you but just to catch you up real quick and spoil books one and two literally entry two and a half. Carlos De La Cruz is a half dead half alive hit man basically and he's been doing the dirty work of the Council of the dead which is basically the bureaucracy of the afterlife as far as he can remember which is when whatever he got his resurrected a couple of years ago or half resurrected he's able to walk that uneven line between the living and the dead.

[00:19:51] He can he can see and deal with ghosts and spirits and he can see and deal with the living.

[00:19:57] So the council the dead uses that and sends him out to do whatever dirty work they have. But those are some corrupt bureaucratic motherfuckers and he's tired of this shit in fact everybody in the Ghost World is really tired of their shit. So by the time we get to book 3 Everybody is fed up and they're just about well we're reaching boiling point. I'll put it like that. Meanwhile Carlos has a lot of personal problems going on because he met the one other half dead person that he's ever heard of. And of course killed him right away. Technically he was under orders but he still killed the guy. And then it turned out that the guy had a really hot sister.

[00:20:34] This is all like Chapter 2 of Book 1.

[00:20:36] So and so he you know he he asked her out and he didn't mention the fact that he killed her brother.

[00:20:43] You've got to really like Put that stuff. Got to lead with that. You know what I mean. He didn't son.

[00:20:47] So when she found out she stabbed him which is the correct procedure when you find out because they already had sex at that point spoiler twice and it was good sex it was like really good sex.

[00:21:03] So anyway that's all. Book 1 and then she like walks away. It turns out she's pregnant. I know it's just gets worse and then she walks away. She's like yo bro this isn't gonna work out. I'm I hate you stab you again. So he does save her life but she also is like that. So she walks away and back to. They're not talking but then it turns out she's got twins which means he's got twins. What the fuck right. So they're actually just do the whole series but I'm not going. I'm actually going to read it anyway so it's just a hot mess and then it turns out that not only did all this happen but they start resurfacing some of their memories because they don't have any memories from their actual life life and it turns out Sasha was a good note that the woman she actually killed Carlos in the right. So because he they find out by tapping into their old memories through hypnotists and she gives him that memory and she's like look this is my last memory it's me killing you.

[00:22:00] And he's like this motherfucker literally. And so at the end of Book 2 He just walks away because he's like I can't I can't be with the woman who killed me. I feel like that's a valid concern but he's still trash for walking out on you know his baby mama and the two kids basically.

[00:22:20] So during and I turn up he's kind of just out in the world trying to pretend he doesn't have a woman he's in love with and two babies and Battle Hill Bbolero. He's trying to reconcile all these things where we where we chime in. So. I hope that was a good summary.

[00:22:36] I enjoyed it. Thank you. Thank you. I really had a good time. By the way I hope we have time for a Q and A at the end of all this. We'll see but that will be fun because I like to hear myself talk as my Clarion West students will tell you.

[00:22:47] All right. So here we are. I think that's all you need to know. Carlos De La Cruz should I cut him.

[00:22:53] Harrison Ranger's voice Shivers I mean I mean I feel that I should probably cut him right. I'm not sure though to be honest. I really hate new guys. Harrison is clinging into a support beam of the Manhattan Bridge. He's a ghost and ghost don't really fall unless you push them. So there is no need to be clinging but that's not what's put the tremor in his voice at least not the only thing. A river giant stands astride the Manhattan bound lane of traffic sobbing.

[00:23:21] The answer to Harrison's question is an unequivocal and enthusiastic yes. According to Council protocols. But it's Saturday and I haven't had any coffee yet and I'm not in the mood for even the pretense of following these inane bylaws. Anyway I think I know this river giant got into a tiff with a group of them not too long ago on the west side. They were trying to resurrect an ancient serial killer. God we murk the whole squad except the one who disappeared back into the dirty waters of the Hudson. I think this is that one. Even though my friend Chris warned him not to come back with the business end of a ghost bazooka. Then again all river giants look alike to me. So what do I know. Do whatever you want. Harrison Harrison whimpers the giant sniffles and sobs. Traffic is snarled mostly because our lumbering distraught friend caused a fender bender. No one can see him at least not most folks but his very presence sends discord rippling through the congested air above the East River. It's the third mash up this week and the council finally caught wind and well here we are. I'm just not sure I should cut them. Harrison reports surely one of these passing cars has a spare cup of coffee in it.

[00:24:28] The thing is according to council bylaw eighty nine point to the River Tyne is a casual disturbance entity and I should thereby cut him and send him to the deeper death thereby ending his existence entirely and for good. I peered through the criss crossing tension wires into the window of a black SUV. That guy has two coffee cups in his drink holder and no one in the passenger seat.

[00:24:53] I lost my play. That's what I get for being mean decal.

[00:25:01] However there are two complications. The river giant has not technically made himself visible to the general public and he hasn't caused any mass loss of life or property damage in excess of forty thousand dollars. Not by my guess anyway. Wouldn't you say Carlos. Not unless that Winnebago they got trashed on the exit ramp was full of cocaine My arm doesn't quite reach so I slide my cane through the steel cross beams. I know we probably would have heard about that if it was. What's the other thing. One other thing. Success. The tip of my cane clacks against the side of the SUV the window slides down with a word. What the fuck. The driver yells He's burly and he's wearing those terminator sunglasses that grandma has realized weren't cool. In 1994. I will just take the El. You said there were two things Harrison. I walk a few steps out of range while the driver continues his curse out. What is the second one. Oh river giants are almost extinct. How can a dead thing be. Therefore as per sub guidelines 91 a they are technically protected entities. It really didn't seem like that a few months ago when we were trying not to get stomped by them on the banks of the Hudson. Well damn I didn't realize that. So what are you going to do man. I'm cold and I gotta be somewhere at 2 above us. The river giant lets out a warbling cry something like a thousand dying goat salmon cast through a screeching megaphone. I scowl. I'd forgotten about that shit. Harrison squints steeling himself I'm gonna cut him. He announces as it turns out I have my own little set of protocols and one of them is don't announce you're going to cut a gigantic river demon right before you do it. It's too late for all that though. The warbling peaks in intensity and then cuts suddenly short. The giant looks at Harrison Harrison says Oh shoot. And then the giant bank hands him off the bridge

[00:26:50] Fuck. Then the river giant looks at me double fuck. You.

[00:26:57] There aren't enough fucks in the world. I turn around and run.

[00:27:02] I shove through a gaggle of tourists German. I think I'd grown an apology without stopping. None of them mind too much apparently assholes are just part of the local flavor. One even snaps a picture but then the river giant is on them which must feel like some huge invisible tornado just dropped out the sky. They collapse screaming the river giant doesn't apologize. He just roars towards me with those humongous strides crashing along the walkway like a deranged oak tree. I turn back to look where I'm going just in time to see the cyclist that I'm crashing into. For a few seconds everything is a tangle of gears and sudden aches and the bikers cursing. Then I'm right side up again and still running. My odd lopsided gait even more slanted.

[00:27:43] You can't goddamn just do that man. The guy yells. I mean. I mean.

[00:27:50] And then he too is swept aside with a yelp. The whole fence shivers. The cyclist grunts and collapses and me I run. I'm only halfway across the bridge when I start running out of breath. Blame the Mulligan your cigars that I do love so much but I still hear the thing clamoring along behind me.

[00:28:07] Even if a little less enthusiastically now I steal a glimpse and then stop entirely leaning my hand against one of the huge concrete support pillars to catch my breath.

[00:28:17] The Giants wild Flash Forward has slowed to a pathetic uneven clamor. He keeps stopping to wipe his eyes like he has something in them. And then Huck giant ghost Louise into the river below the bumps and bruises carnage we caused is far enough back not to trouble us. And besides the gridlocked traffic and passing singles we are alone on the bridge the giant steps a few feet away from me and just breaks down sobbing one hand clutches the tension wires above him the other massages the center of his wide face right between those beady eyes a I say McCain unsheathed to reveal a blade and it's a blade the deals the deeper death to spirits like this with a quickness plus my breath his back.

[00:29:04] Mostly I take a step toward the river. Are you all right.

[00:29:08] He's an and snuffles wipes the two slits where his nose should be and looks up at me for a second. I think I'm gonna have to make a break for it again. Then he says course and goes back to sobbing

[00:29:21] And I've had days like that.

[00:29:25] More than a few in fact especially since I murdered the brother of the woman I love before I even met her. And then father to children and then found out she murdered me. I just usually stay in my apartment instead of terrorizing major through ways though. I don't know what Lucas means but I know what I do when I'm sad because I say retreating to my like angels from inside my pocket.

[00:29:47] Lucas He looks up again wipes his eyes. Then the river giant reaches those long fingers out and daintily accepts the gift. I'm wondering if I'll have to explain what to do with it. But he just puts it right into that big ole mouth and leans forward putting his face all up in mine for a light and then

[00:30:07] She showed me her memory. I say two hours and six Mulligan. Years later

[00:30:15] The one memory she had of her life before she died.

[00:30:19] And it was me. LUCAS It was me. My final moments she. She killed me man

[00:30:29] Small gated in enclosures lined the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge empty 40s crumpled paper bags and cigarette butts cover the ground and graffiti commemorates the many exploits each alcove has witnessed. But the view is unparalleled. The shimmering towers of Manhattan's financial district to stare down Brooklyn's newly converted warehouse apartments as the East River swirls between the scattered islands of the open bay Lucas looks down at me aghast. We've cleared the trash out of the way and sit facing each other backs to the colorfully cast upon stone walls of the enclosure. At some point during the conversation God of the creatures or new Rican Jesus sent one of those food cart guys past on his way to catch the late lunch crowd and I snagged two coffees for us. Lucas but about Kimball Lucas says glumly right.

[00:31:21] I don't know what that means but it really seems genuine. He's he's probably been in a similar situation and feels my pain

[00:31:29] Thanks man. I shake my head sip the now cold food cart coffee. I was pretty mad

[00:31:35] At him. I mean I walked away never looked back. Sorta sought and never looked back. Is that a thing. Look I pull a scrap of folded lined paper from my pocket and pass it to Lucas. Then I Relight My cigar while he reads busting up. But I don't see Lucas says exactly. I just feel like they should know something about their father's life half life whatever. So I pass him along with Gabon. Got a babysitter. You know. Letters about my everyday life.

[00:32:04] But I know what we did before we dad was happy Hafiz I mean we can't be held responsible for it. Not really. I have no idea what I did or who I was before that night. I could have been a hellish human being. What matters is what we do now. And now I'm the one that was in the wrong more than Sasha and I mean when it comes to those letters they're nice I guess.

[00:32:25] But really and truly I ain't shit for it. I know I know I gotta suck it up and face them. Her

[00:32:31] So Lucas peers over the lined paper at me nods Lucas. I know man.

[00:32:39] I know I'm gonna he passes the paperback but I keep seeing that night the night I killed her brother and I really think she forgives me to be honest I just don't think I do. And you know what's really fucked up about it. Lucas behind everything that went wrong in my life starting with that single night lurks the mother fucking Council of the dead Lucas brow furrows. The council sent me to kill Trevor. I Relight My leg Enya and pass Lucas the lighter. And when I did the council sent me to kill Sasha which I didn't. Of course the council backed Caitlin Fern who's fucked up cockroach cold almost turn my babies into a demon insect hives my babies Lucas and my best friend Riley had finally had enough. The council wanted me to kill him too and his ass already dead. Lucas shakes his head. How the council sent me to kill you. You know that. You know what Lucas but the council took them in the face. Lucas nods. Fun park on Seeley. Exactly. Not anymore.

[00:33:41] Anyway that's my story. What's got you so upset. Jump ahead to another part of the book. This is gonna be from Chris's point of view. Chris is a teenage ghost. She's a punk rock back chick.

[00:33:53] She's awesome. She's the one that carries the bazooka round fucking up ghosts. She's been mad at the Council for a minute. She kind of entered the council as like knowing that she was going to be a double agent and just go in and cause lots of chaos.

[00:34:05] Much like myself in the publishing industry and and so once the revolution kind of kicked off which it does pretty soon after that scene she was just like Let's do this. So now we're in the middle of it. There's just it hasn't gone into a full fledged battle yet but folks are getting God on both sides and it's a hot mess. They just came from a battle and one of their one of the resistance is kind

of important landmarks was just taken out by the council so everybody's fucked up about it but especially Chris and that is where we find her.

[00:34:34] He dipped out a half hour ago left this place a chilly grey splatter of steel and concrete in the living and dead and then darkness at the sky.

[00:34:43] The street lamps blinked on and the temperature dropped. Car headlights and the dull glow of Bodega signs and the flicker of lighters and cell phone screens illuminating faces reflecting off windows along the river and still. All those billions of megawatts surging through millions of bulbs. Tiny and huge and they only barely hold back the night. The empty industrial back alleys of Williamsburg rat infested rock piles by the river frozen puddles and frost covered trash bags waiting on the curb like fat old men who have given up every now and then a bar

[00:35:17] Inside strangers seek warmth from the weather and half reckless intimacies and missed connections and drink a gaggle of hipsters huddled close to each other. Smoke and steam rising from cigarettes and lips shadows still long and wavy into the deserted street.

[00:35:33] They don't see me. No one sees me south along the river.

[00:35:38] Manhattan begs my attention I keep eyes ahead. Projects loom Hasidic bustle back and forth in the distance a synagogue.

[00:35:45] Beyond that another glass tower cuts the city scape the Brooklyn Queens Expressway stretches like a corroded metal snake through the heart of the burrow. Here it slides below ground and arches up between brick towers and loops around over the water and shoots off towards Staten Island. If you followed around that bend and past Red Hook you can see the dusty warehouse where the counsel of the dead make their home. I could show up I could kill

[00:36:11] Be destroyed in a blaze of glory.

[00:36:14] It's tempting I would be talked about for ages my memory a banner beneath which the revolution would swell. But we already have our martyr my face Titans I cut sharply south and blazed through the streets. The gourmet pizza spots and wine bars and Chinese spots and nail salons become a blur. The hipsters and homeboys and homeless blend into each other as I were past.

[00:36:36] They don't see me no one sees me.

[00:36:40] I myself blur into a shining spectral woosh as I cascade through the bedside streets. I pause on Atlantic let the bustling night traffic blast through me even now. A couple of years into being ethereal and barely there. Watching those headlights lurch toward me sends a shock. Dancing out from my core I still wait for the screeching brakes the shrill Horn the cursing driver is dead. The car doesn't even slow just blast through with a prickly ice penis and I close my eyes stabilized and taken each flashing millisecond of rushing steel and cushion and flesh and bone and then it's passed and

another comes along with it. Memories regrets fear I zip up Bedford given the monstrous old fortress men's shelter a wide berth I swing right toward Franklin slow as I approach where the house once was. Try to pull loose from the mire of memories fail around the corner onto Franklin the night has become crisp the air whispers of snow

[00:37:44] A bodega on the corner brownstones lined the block and there except no I pause across the street where I expected a pile of rubble hidden by a construction fence there is a cheerful neon sign on a brand new brick storefront Juniper is pet grooming and organic cupcake 3 Juniper pets cupcakes. How can one even put those two. You know what. It doesn't matter.

[00:38:17] Confusion flattens and disperses beneath the sudden onslaught of rage.

[00:38:22] It covers me Burns and glistens inside me across the street oblivious to the passing cars the passers by Smiley faces glowed around the words on a sign saying there'll be a grand opening next week complete with D.J. and a pet costume slash cupcake contest through the window I can see the darkened front room with cartoony arrows pointing to the grooming area and the bakery.

[00:38:49] Some cans of paint and rollers lie around on the floor. But otherwise the place is pretty much done. Some entrepreneurs lifelong dream perhaps or maybe not.

[00:38:59] You never know what people with extravagant resources will do on a whim. The rage somewhat subsided as I took the place in reignites. I enter the window panes density prickle through me as I breach then the stillness surrounds me. This was once the empty front room. Just two weeks ago. How does the world move so fast. I would step in and take a deep breath. Like I just crossed a border to get back home. Here I was safe. Now a Saab that comes out doesn't sound like me. It's high pitched and it catches me off guard. I only know it's mine because I feel my whole body heave when another one comes out. This was my safe place. This was my safe place and now we are at war.

[00:39:52] We are at war and I've already killed my own teacher and ahead. There is only more killing and this my safe place is no more. The 3rd and 4th and 5th sub come in Gopi hiccups and there is a precipice. That moment when the day lose will either burst forth or fall back I wipe my eyes and walk away or I will fall apart. The strength of this rage and sadness is such that I don't know what will happen if I let go.

[00:40:20] I feel I may never come back. I hang there for a good few moments barely breathing just a fat flickering shroud in an empty room on a winter night tiny flickers erupt within me flashes of bright amidst my vast darkness my safe space gone I am untethered.

[00:40:41] Here is where I would have come to cool this hatred more flickers. I don't know what they are what they mean. They register as momentary condensed unraveling like slivers of my DNA are coming undone each sending out little blasts of light as it trembles and then dissolves. A pause and then more flickers many more bombs exploding across a darkened city flares in the night sky. Then

they catch and spread unchecked. A million now blistering and burning across all of who I am. Each miniscule spirit cell explodes to life and light. Finally I look up from the crouch I've been trembling. That night has caught fire around me. No. I am on fire. The flames spit and lash from my shining translucent arms my belly my heart the rage issues forth and bright yellows and purples. It is real not just a spectral illusion. The quiet lobby glows now with all this rabid heat. I am a flame. The first thing that catches one of the drapes that they've laid out for painting flames tiptoe along the edge find some flammable bit of chemical along its surface and then scream to life soon.

[00:41:56] One of the walls has cut me I keep burning but there's no pain. The fire is me.

[00:42:05] It can no more burn me than burn itself. We are together one I wonder briefly if I'll ever be able to put it out if it'll matter because maybe I'll be gone soon anyway. And then it doesn't matter. But not because I'm gone because it's simply what I am. There are no more questions inside me as a tip to one side. Just so lighting the reception desk with its cartoon puppy dog explaining in bubbly letters how to follow them on social media. The desk explodes into a million shards of wood and glass shattering the front window from the wreckage. I gather someone had stored a 12 pack of PBR as in some bottles of Captain Morgan and one of the cabinets. Probably for the grand opening I'm not too far away sirens and more they're coming from all sides.

[00:42:54] Now in an irrational panic wells up within me cops firemen will find me destroy me somehow.

[00:43:04] But no no it's not just that I'm invisible I am fire. There is no finding me there is no catching me. These flames keep up their steady dance along my shoulders and my back. The crown of my head as the engine screech up. I walk forward as slow as I feel to arms outstretched out of the flaming wreckage and into the street. Their eyes sway past me. There's too much going on to bother with glints of flame sparkling in the air in front of a massive four alarm fire. The first pressure blast from the hoses rises into the night sky as I turn my back on all that carnage and stroll slowly down. FRANKLIN Abbey.

[00:43:46] Thank you. All right. I'll read a little more than others and questions. Okay. All right. I'm going to continue from where that's left off. You're gonna meet a couple of characters. Yeah yellow is a teenager named Kia. And the other books she's in the process of initiation. They're all these characters are basically teenagers. Red is a trans man ghost from back in the Civil War era in New York. I used to go liberate enslaved people off slave ships in the harbour and he came back around and they're all a part of the resistance basically to topple the Council of the dead and they all kind of accrue together along with Chris who again is the narrator that we just were with the tiny lights are still glinting across my body when Jimmy the yellow and red find me around the corner from the wreckage. I look up from the ball I'm curled and there they are too full of flesh and blood humans one shining in her white puffy jacket against the night and a ghost. They've become friends over the past weeks. We all have the coming war gave us common cause Baba the is a place to meet and then grieving cemented the bond.

[00:44:43] I still want to slide all the way up on the wall when I see her and every time red flashes that huge grin I want to take all of him in my mouth. But somehow I managed to put all that to the side and just be cool with them anyway.

[00:44:55] Yeah. What was the first to speak. Did you. She nods to where the pulsing emergency lights beat against the sky. I nod. You still got some on you. Red says. He smiles hugely. Like right there he points out a random spot himself no way. Now they're actually over there. Jimmy says pointing at his knee. I roll my eyes. Y'all found me for the purpose of annoy me. Or what. But how did you even do it though. The. Well asks.

[00:45:21] I mean what happened. I'm not sure.

[00:45:24] Are you OK. She looks more concerned than I've ever seen her. That big ole far head of hers. The only thing big on her creased with worry. I don't know. I say no neither are we.

[00:45:35] Red says that's why we found you. We figured you'd be as fucked up as we are. The basis for friendship. Jimmy muses. It'll do I say.

[00:45:43] Red spits a gooey translucent Luigi Luigi into the ether a fuck a cupcake tree though the fuck is that and how I look it in baked goods at a spot where they clean a dog's anus. Gonna get some literally ass flavored ass cupcakes is what Jimmy is laughing uncontrollably.

[00:46:02] You sure got a 21st century Brooklyn eyes real quick for someone who just walked out of the slavery area a couple of months ago. Red shrugs. You know I've been hanging out with a black hoodie since I showed up. I guess you could say they initiated me into the ways of today. Let's get out of here. The yellow says council probably gonna have some goons out Sue just to see what's up. And anyway I'm not even supposed to be out at night. Oh no. The ILO yells. Then she giggles. She never giggles again I imagine an imaginary phallus rising through my translucent pants. As it is I'm soaked. Bitch Red says without looking up from his cards you always on.

[00:46:36] No. How is it Jimmy. You'll go man. Jimmy out. I say what. He had like 80 cards. Oh he finally looks up and sees Jimmy leaning against the I was bad with his head slumped over a little Gob a jewel dangling from his open mouth. Well damn that is my go. He drops a drawer for what's good now son. I add four more cards to my already mountainous his hand. This is some bullshit. Whoa.

[00:47:00] Red says you know you're still kind of lit up and it flared again just now when you cast a shrug. I don't know what's going on with me. Don't know what these flames mean. Truth is though I like them. It's like a moving fire tattoo reminding me that I brought Hell to the establishment that tried to replace the only place that I felt safe. I hope it never goes away. Yeah well taps. Which brings it back to red. Who drops a draw to shit I say. Laughing Now. And sure enough the tiny flames dance to life along my arms and down my chest. She gapes at me. That's amazing. Does it hurt. Not exactly a prickles I guess but I like it. Me too. It's pretty bad ass right agrees. Let me feel the elbows is red and I lock eyes. We've talked about the well before chewed over and over whether it's the forbidden thing

or the curve of her spine or the full picture of her fineness. Many hot parts read said and an even hotter hole. Or how she doesn't take any shit whatsoever from anyone. We never came up with one answer but it was fun try and add a relief to be able to talk about it with someone who agreed but magically doesn't feel like competition. Maybe it's because I want to grind up on red too. And yeah. First I got glints of jealousy when I see them talk together but pretty quickly those got swallowed up by how much fun we all have. Wear a bright white gym shorts and a wife beater which reveals a generous portion of side. Very slowly I place my shimmery hand on her knee. She watches then meets my eyes.

[00:48:21] I feel naked even amidst my wildfires. It is terrifying. It is thrilling.

[00:48:28] Normally now the terror would win. I would try to shrivel up inside of myself somehow become small vanish maybe all this book all these layers of me. I would wish them gone even ghostly. My flesh is mountainous. I am girth but instead the terror and excitement combined into something brand new. A wild cocktail. I have no name for these fires have birth to bravery in me now swear or something. The elbow says with a mischievous grin that grin. I don't have to swear. The lights sparkle on their own a direct response to the gap in her teeth. The side boob the warmth of my translucency on her brown knee. The possibility of closing the gap between us sliding along her skin and letting these lights light her up too. And then as red watches with wide eyes and an open mouth and a million explosions of rupture across me I do thank you.

[00:49:20] I really appreciate it. Appreciate you all being here. I could feel your engagement which is isn't always true. So thank you. Let me take some questions. Don't be shy.

[00:49:28] Yes. In my voice Yes. Thank you for asking. Yes because I always forget to shout that out.

[00:49:32] Yes I do the audio books for the hobos remember series and Salsa Nocturna which doesn't turn about the it comes in in between.

[00:49:38] It comes right before this book so it goes half Resurrection Blues, Midnight Taxi Tango Salsa Nocturna which is published independently so it gets a little confusing and that's a collection of short stories and then Battle Hill Bolero which is this book which closes out the whole series and I do all the audio books you can find them on audible.

[00:49:55] Question. Yes. Yes.

[00:50:00] That's a great question and I think process is like an under discuss but super important element of writing. I mean I guess the writers do talk about it a lot but the process is like every writer is there are really as many different processes as there are writers in the world.

[00:50:15] And the biggest mistake I think we make is writer is presuming that someone else's process is our process. It's devastating to your whole flow if you try to write in someone else's way and you try to sort of. It's like shoving you know something into a box that doesn't fit. So my main

advice about process is to be self reflective know what it is. I've built that into my process in the sense of I I pretty much just jot down notes about how I'm feeling. That's the first thing I do when I write every day I'll just sit down and open up a word doc and just talk some trash about life in general what when I'm when I'm feeling with the piece you know some notes about the story whatever might come to me and that way I'm automatically just charting how things are going so I can look back on it and be like Oh that day sucked. Maybe it's because I tried to write before I drank coffee dumb ass maybe whatever you know so you can get a sense of that and then you can say and the hardest part about process is it's fluid. It's not as a set thing. It does change over the course of your journey. So it really requires you to be clear about what to be able to look at yourself. But I think that's also a good practice because writing to answer your next question writing at all and especially writing characters especially writing characters who aren't you really does require that you be introspective on some level you can't you can't fake the funk and you can't half step talking about people who aren't you.

[00:51:32] Especially if you haven't done the work to figure out who you are. Especially right now where you know diversity is in danger of being something that's cool instead of something that's true in publishing know the conversation about writing the other is is a really clutch when it's happening all over the place as it should be. But I always challenge people who ask me about writing the other also and first and foremost think about writing the self because I think that's where we fail first. That's people with privilege on any level. It's very easy not to look at ourselves and it's very easy to. Instead of looking at ourselves look at someone else and try to fix their problems when we're causing their problems. So I think it's really important that we examine that and get into it. And then finally I would just say you know voice really matters and that's when that's when a character is true is when their voice starts to click and do its own thing and then it's a question of how to structure a story around them. And the one thing I'll tell you about story that I know to be the truest is that we were talking about this in class today is that every story requires a crisis and we've come to think of crisis as a bad thing always and most always it is.

[00:52:39] And that's because that's more interesting. But the truth is crisis at its heart is just a turning point. It's just a turning point. And that's what it's root is in Greek there's a medical term and it just meant when when a disease process changes course for better or for worse. And that's what every story needs and needs then needs to be a turning point that gets us somewhere different like we say at Passover why is this night different from all of the nights right. And that's what that's what makes it a story and not just an anecdote as some do told you at a party but really that it matters. And so that's what I look for when I'm thinking through a story once that character voice clicks. What's the turning point here. What matters in every single scene and then in the larger. How do they form together to tell this larger story of this great big turning point of our time or in the life of somebody whether it's this my new moment asking somebody out for the first time or whether it's something gigantic and momentous. You know the job of the writer is to make it matter.

[00:53:30] Great question. Thank you. Yes.

[00:53:33] I don't think there really is such a thing.

[00:53:35] But you know I mean you know what's going on now is it is an extreme extension of what's been going on for hundreds of years.

[00:53:42] So a lot of us you know we've been doing this work and we're gonna continue to do the work. And it's it's you know it is extreme right now but no I've been working in my both organizing work and my literary work to destroy white supremacy and patriarchy.

[00:54:00] That's the job right. That's been the goal for a long time and tell a good story on the way for sure. So now it's heightened for sure and there's you know there's strategic conversations we need to have but it's not like everything was hunky dory and then suddenly it's like shit.

[00:54:16] It's like everything was like shit and now it's like Fuck fuck shit shit shit fuck you know.

[00:54:19] So you know we had strategic conversations again to be had but I wouldn't say it's changed the work.

[00:54:25] I mean if anything like it's sort of brought I think a lot of people to realize that the conversations we've been having are now even more relevant. So like the book coming out in September the sequel to Shadowshaper. Shadow House fall is very explicitly a protest book. And it was written long before the election happened and it was written while I was marching through the streets for the black lives matter movement which was way before Trump. So but that conversation is if anything even more relevant now. So these conversations are sort of cyclical and that's the danger of them is that we kind of get fatigued and everything but the work is to keep moving forward.

[00:55:04] Question Thank you for the question. Yes yes.

[00:55:08] You mean which like publications there is strategy and also there's a lot of instinct to it.

[00:55:14] I would say it also the kind of simplest way to put it is that fiction is my first language. And but there are still moments when nonfiction that there's some thoughts and ideas that have to come out as an essay or a tweet thread or what have you or just me talking trash at that event. And that's just what it is like. That's sort of how I process the world is that it's mostly through story but sometimes through analysis and sometimes it's just because something really is asking me in a way that I can't put into a narrative and I need to just get it out into theory. And sometimes you know I don't know it's sort of just how things come to me. But there are things that I've strategically needed to say you know the whole Lovecraft situation that was not something I could approach through fiction necessarily. I mean I think there's ways of approaching that. I love it Viktor Laval and a lot of folks toward Cobb have been putting out these amazing counter narratives of Lovecraft so I think that's one really important approach and I think also doing the literary activism is another one and this particular thing really just hit me in a way where I just needed to say fuck this guy. And let's move forward from it. In part because it's such a nuanced conversation too like I joke and say fuck this guy but really there's ways of valuing things that he left behind and his legacy and still calling him for what he is which is a trash racist motherfucker.

[00:56:31] And that's fine. Like we can do both. As it turns out because a lot of the a lot of the critique is like oh you just want to discard everybody and blah blah blah. It's like well yeah we want to discard the shitty parts and talk about them and you know and still you know I've read Lovecraft plenty. Like I started them off I got my first essay online basically was a whole long ass thing about him. So. It's certain things that have a certain kind of nuance that I really want to get at. Just say it outright. This is what it is. What I'm feeling is the complexity of it boom. And then you know other stuff really just comes through a story.

[00:57:01] It's a great question. Thank you.

[00:57:02] Right. I might. Now what do you say. Yeah that's a great question. But the next series that I'm writing actually takes place in New York during the 18th 60s. But there's dinosaurs. That's actually a secret

[00:57:13] Which I keep telling people. Sorry.

[00:57:19] I know I told the Clarion recipe book and then I was like Don't tell anybody. And then I stood in front of a huge room full of people and told them all because it's my fucking secret. Anyway that's all I must say about that. But so did New York and I know there's dinosaurs I really I can get away with having some modern slang in there too because there were dinosaurs some people might call each other brah.

[00:57:39] But to sort of go back to what you said earlier I do think like listening is a very lost art for writing and we're not really we don't talk enough about how important that is as a skill. You know we talk about craft and we talk about story structure and did a worldbuilding lecture today in class and those are crucial elements. But to truly be able to listen to another person into the city itself I think is like that's the most important thing that we can do as writers if we can't listen we're nothing. Oh we're just gonna be writing diary entries basically all the time whether we know it or not. You know we might be writing a diary entry that star someone totally different than us but we're still writing a diary entry. And so I think it really is upon us to just take that seriously and be you know look really like Shut the fuck up for two seconds and listen and breathe and particularly we need to listen to women and people who are men because we're as especially since men are just taught not to do that. That's not a that's not a skill that is ever that patriarchy lets us know matters right which means we a really particularly have to be intention on specific about doing it and learning what that means to really listen in a deep way and not just in a way we're trying to figure out how to argue back.

[00:58:52] So that's been that's been a part of my process that I've tried to cultivate and I would like to think that's why the city sings the way that it does in my books unless I say. I do want it to be like a character. And I also think it's important to think of the city in terms of conflict because the city is always in crisis particularly American city. We're looking at a constant state of crisis and crisis again is what makes stories stories right so we understand the ongoing crisis in the context of the story. I think that allows us to then have a deep conversation about the conflict and the characters and how it's

relating to the conflict of the world that they that they inhabit. And that's when things get really exciting.

[00:59:33] As far as what it's like for you. Yeah. So the question is about fatigue just you know.

[00:59:38] I think it's particularly important in this day and age and just how to function as an artist you know self are so important. And that's along with listening I think and under discussed aspect of just being alive and particularly being alive as an artist you know as Eric about to say we are sensitive about our shit and that that sort of extends to the wider world right. If you're sensitive about your shit and your shit is talking about the world around you then you're just sensitive period. And that's that's good. You should be because that's what makes artists great is that you know we're listening and we're paying attention. But that also requires us to know who we are and where we're at. And so that we can know when to step back. It's back to the self reflection question. You know we do nobody any good if we just push it Push it push it and grind ourselves into the ground and then burn out and then our horrible people to be around and then are dead. That's just not helpful. We're not changing the world. We're not saving the world. We're just you know making ourselves into corpses. And that's the opposite of what needs to happen. So mainly I would say I would encourage everyone and I will say this is part of my own process is to actively shed shame from your process in every possible way. Shame is really what holds you back more than anything else.

[01:00:51] Shame is what holds you back much more so than for instance missing a single day of writing which does not turn you into an automatically non rider. The second that it happens at the 24 hour mark. You don't just magically not become a non rider but Shame will make you stop riding because the feeling that you should have written yesterday and so you're not really worthwhile. You don't deserve to write today because you didn't write yesterday. That will stop you from being a writer because you will start to hate the blank page and more than anything we need to love the blank page put the blank page is also our source of survival. For those of us who are writers that's how we make it through. Is by processing the world and turning it into story into song. So if we then allow shame to create an adversarial relationship with the one bread that we have that will pull us out of this mire that's how self-destruction happens. So it's hard because we're taught to hate ourselves again and again particularly writers who who are marginalized on one level or another. There's always the sense that we don't deserve to be there or we should be grateful just to be at the table at all. We just have to take whatever scraps are given to us and that's not true.

[01:01:57] But we believe it.

[01:01:59] No they tell you shame is the lie that someone else told you about yourself.

[01:02:04] As the great writer nice man said and that's the truth.

[01:02:08] And that's I think the process of self care really is a process of finding and uprooting and destroying shame inside of you as much as possible which means allowing yourself to take breaks like the Hamilton songs.

[01:02:21] Yes it's easy shall it ever fair. Books on writing the other. She's amazing. Sherie Rene Thomas who was my mentor like from jump from back in the day. Incredible writer and person an editor to not you do is also amazing and doing amazing work. There's just so many people doing great. This is a really exciting time to be a writer because there is so much happening right now both in the realm of young adult fiction and the realm of fantasy and science fiction and the adult world. There is so much happening there's so much good work being made and it's not just that it's diverse whatever that means. It's that it's bad ass and it's talking about the world the way that it really is and it's telling these stories from the different rhythms and truths that we know that we survived through and that we live through every day. When I set out to write Charlotte Labor in 2009 you couldn't find a book critiquing white supremacy in the fantasy realm besides the very very few that were out there that we read over and over like Octavia Butler's books to remind ourselves that it was possible to tell an amazing story and launch a deep and penetrating critique of the powers that hold us down at the same time. That level of multitasking was just like just found so few and far between for so long and it's so exciting that now there is this renaissance of writers just coming up and being bad as being ridiculous and not taking any kind of shit and telling our stories like that's what's happening right now. And you know if we're not careful of course it can become a flash in the pan. But what I see is the sustainability work happening around it and people really digging in to tell these stories for a long time and that's why it's just it's great to be a writer today. So I might end on that note because it's uplifting. Thank you so much for being here.

[01:04:01] You guys are great. Thank you Clarion West.

[01:04:07] And I'll be signing books. Books are available over there. Please pick up Gabriel's music. And thank you once again

[01:04:19] This podcast was presented by the Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to the Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.