

Sound Effect:	00:01	[Wind Rushing, Dog Barks]
Marisa Gold:	00:04	Ancient ones stand tall in their wisdom, teaching us to be. The ocean wind speaks to and through the leaves in sky waves, dancing with the trees, whispering in voices unified yet unique, standing separate yet together, still beneath the ground and your feet gently rooted, intertwined, and held sweetly by the power of the earth inside the centre of your mind and heart aligned. This is how spirit sings to us, through the ocean winds, dancing with leaves [Pause] beneath. [Pause] Breathe, dear ones, and join the song. Let your own loving wisdom fly free.
Sound Effect:	01:41	[Wind Rushing, Dog Barks]
Christie Lee Charles:	01:45	[Speaks in hə́nq̓əmiṇəm̓]
Christie Lee Charles:	02:30	Good day, good day, good day my honoured and respected friends. My name is [Indigenous Name] and I come from this place called [Indigenous Place Name]. [Indigenous Place Name] is also known as Kitsilano Beach. This is the hə́nq̓əmiṇəm̓ name from our [Indigenous Group Name]—from the Downriver People. We have used this beach since time immemorial for various reasons. For gathering fresh seafood such as butter clams, ooligans, herring, crab, and all the different salmon that used to flow through all the different salmon streams that unfortunately are now covered through the city of Vancouver. But we’re still working on restoring and bringing [Indigenous Name] back to the great abundance that will sustain our people for future generations. I wanted to give a big shout-out to Vines Festival for always respecting the protocol and welcoming you to this place where we will be celebrating today. Much love and success for all that you’re doing for this beautiful festival. I’m so excited to see all the artists who will be sharing their talents, gifts, and telling stories through all these beautiful events that you will be hosting on our traditional territory—the unceded territory of the Musqueam, Sḵwxwú7mesh, and the Tsleil-Waututh. [Speaks hə́nq̓əmiṇəm̓] I am so honoured to be in this beautiful place today in the time of [word in hə́nq̓əmiṇəm̓], the season when it is hot—also known as summer. So thank you again for having me, enjoy the festival, much love and success. [Speaks hə́nq̓əmiṇəm̓]. Goodbye and good day.

Christie Lee Charles: 04:06 [Beginning cut off] Archaeological evidence, oral histories, and the belongings that have been unearthed from this place prove that our people have been here for thousands upon thousands of years. And I'm so thankful that we have these teachings, this culture, and this beautiful land that I'm able to pass on to the next generation. My children will be speaking this language and practicing our ways on this land until the last sunrise. Where we are today is at Kitsilano beach. This is a place where we'd come gather during [hənqəmihəm word]. [hənqəmihəm word] is the time when it's hot. We would come here to harvest and gather for our winter seasons. We'd come and harvest the abundant salmon that used to be here. But because of pollution and industrialization, construction there are no longer salmon streams that our people can feast from in these lands. It is overcrowded and there isn't much space for our people anymore. But yet, we are still strong and we are still surviving and we're still thriving off the little bit of salmon and fresh organic nutrients that we can harvest from this place called the city of Vancouver. Me and my children still come here to this day and feast off these waters and we will forever and forever. I want to thank you to the Vines Festival for hosting *your* event on *our* sacred land and always respecting the protocol when it comes to respecting the first people of these lands. Thank you for always walking with us and making sure that we are recognized on our own land.

Christie Lee Charles: 05:35 [Beginning cut off] —for always respecting the protocol and welcoming you to this place where we will be celebrating today. Much love and success for all that you're doing for this beautiful festival. I'm so excited to see all the artists who will be sharing their talents, gifts, and telling stories through all these beautiful events that you will be hosting on our traditional territory—the unceded territory of the Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and the Tsleil-Waututh. [Speaks hənqəmihəm] I am so honoured to be in this beautiful place today in the time of [word in hənqəmihəm], the season when it is hot—also known as summer. So thank you again for having me, enjoy the festival, much love and success. [Speaks hənqəmihəm]. Goodbye and good day.

Sound Effect: 06:24 [Wind Rushing, Dog Barks]

Matthew Tomkinson: 06:28 Hi there. The piece you are about to listen to is called “Wave

Tables.” In this composition we read line graphs as sheet music in an attempt to make local water data audible. Passing years since 1990 are denoted by a wood block every 10 seconds. The data we’ve drawn upon includes statistics on industrial marine traffic, petroleum use, pollution incidents, insurance claims for oil spills, and the mean sea level on Vancouver shores. Thanks for listening.

Music:	07:00	[Ambient Instrumental Music]
Sound Effect:	07:07	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect	07:17	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	07:19	[String Instrument Begins]
Sound Effect:	07:27	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	07:37	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	07:47	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	07:57	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:07	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:17	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:27	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:37	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:47	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	08:57	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	09:07	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	09:09	[Whistling]
Sound Effect:	09:17	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	09:27	[Wood Block]

Sound Effect:	09:36	[Whistling Stops]
Sound Effect:	09:37	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	09:47	[Wood Block]
Music:	09:55	[Music Intensifies]
Sound Effect:	09:57	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	09:59	[Drumming Begins]
Sound Effect:	10:07	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:17	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:27	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:37	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:47	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:57	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	10:58	[Drumming Fades]
Sound Effect:	11:07	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	11:17	[Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	11:27	[Wood Block]
Music and Sound:	11:32	[Music and Sound Effects Stop]
Sound Effect:	11:37	[Sound Effect: Wood Block]
Sound Effect:	11:47	[Wind Rushing, Dog Barks]
Sound Effect:	12:00	[Muffled Conversations]

- Woody Morrison: 12:11 When I look around at things like in here, the trees, the sky, the water, the sun... I was always involved in... I guess it's called environmental activism. So I ask my father, "How do we call this in our language?" [Speaks Xaad Kil] And he looked around, he said, "[Speaks Xaad Kil]. All these things, we're all related and we need each other to survive. And the trees, that's your grandmothers." That's all my grandmothers. And the name for tree is [Speaks Xaad Kil]. But [Speaks Xaad Kil] is also the name for sea lion. I ask, "How come they have the same name?" That's because that's not what they are.
- Woody Morrison: 13:23 He said, "No." He said, "When the wind is moving the trees, the branch is smooth. Like this. And when you see sea lions on the ocean and they're laying on the surface, you see their flippers are moving like this. So you're not describing the animal or the tree, you're describing the movement. And our name for octopus tentacle is the same term we use for washing the window, sort of wax on and wax off. But when we look at those things, like, for example... If I'm hurting inside, my spirit hurts, I can go to any tree and say, "Grandmother. [Speaks Xaad Kil]. I am hurting inside." And she'll comfort me. If I'm feeling fear, I can go up to any tree and put my spine against tree and say, "Grandmother, I'm afraid" and she'll embrace me.
- Woody Morrison: 14:32 See trees are the tallest of our relatives. They're the closest to the sun. So each one of them, when the sun shines down on them, they take that, we'll say, energy, differently, each one. And so when you burn that wood it releases that energy. Each tree does it a little bit different. [Crow Caws] For example, with the hemlock it'll produce heat on the coldest day. The Douglas fir will also produce heat, but not as much as from the Sitka spruce. I mean, the Western hemlock. And the Sitka spruce won't give us much heat, but it will give steady heat that you use for cooking. So we don't use the same word—wood—for every ceremony. Each one has different, different power, different way of releasing energy, because everything is about energy and rhythm.
- Woody Morrison: 15:06 And when I walk in the forest, first thing I do is I introduce myself to... to my relatives. [Speaks Xaad Kil] "Hello, this place. In Haida, I'm called Káawan Sangáa, Man Who Walks in Room Carrying a Newborn<sup>2</sup> Child." And so anytime I go in the forest, that's how the land will know me by that name. It said, that's the name that not only does the land know me by, but that's the one where the wind will carry to the tops of the highest mountains. It'll carry it across the water.

- Woody Morrison: 15:52 And that water down there... It's like we don't have a line that separates supernatural from natural. So if I'm trying to peer into the depths of the water and all I see is reflection like right now, coming off the water, that means I have to change my point of view. Otherwise, I'm just gonna come to a conclusion that reflects what I think. All the things I believe that, regardless of the evidence to the contrary, I'll still keep believing. But as I begin to change my point of view, I get to the point where not only can I peer into the depths of the water, I become the water. And that's the same way with the spirit world. There's no line that separates; it's my ability to see it. And when you learn how to do that, that's called [Xaad Kil Word]. The most difficult thing a human can do is to change your mind.
- Sound Effect: 16:58 [Wind Rushing, Dog Barks, Crow Caws]
- Kiran Shoker: 17:04 Hello. I am Kiran Shoker. I am a poet and educator in Vancouver, BC. I'm here today to share some poetry about reaching back to our old knowledge in order to maintain sustainability of this place that we exist in for time immemorial.
- Kiran Shoker: 17:26 I was born and raised on Turtle Island, Treaty Six territory since time immemorial. But my parents' memory of this land as settlers is far shorter than the horizon. They have stories of the first snowfalls and sunsets. They came here as immigrants from Punjab with a fascination that I will never know; that of discovering gluttony and comforts far beyond comprehension. I suppose it's the same fascination I had while reading *Harry Potter*, the ability to fly, to summon gowns from rags, to create feasts of food from nothing. To live with constant access to excess. Yet, I grew up in the memory of back home, reservations of a life too good to be true. My parents were always on the cusp of comfort, but not fully comfortable. Perhaps if their children were too easy to forget hardship, we would forget that the journey to greater places is arduous. Perhaps if we were gluttonous, life would present itself to collect its price in the end. For all things have a cost. *Harry Potter* is a fantasy, after all, a fleeting fascination. Yet my parents' fascination as immigrants was immediate, taunting—a monkey's paw with a finger beckoning.
- Kiran Shoker: 18:36 The first time I went back to Punjab as a child, I began to understand the origins of these mild discomforts, as if a living museum, [Gentle Instrumental Music Begins] I recognize remnants of a life far away, and the tokens we kept beyond the

fractures of migration. The washroom in my grandparents' house in the village was a place of learning. I learned where [Word in Another Language] came from, a strange word that was not quite bath and not quite shower. In Canada, I'd learned to wash myself by scooping water from the water bucket. Squatted in the tub, I'd throw water on my back, shivering against the cold Prairie air that had seeped in through frosted windows. The hot splashes of water against my cooling skin and the icy tub was a giggling respite. And in finale, I'd pick up the bucket with my scrawny little arms and in triumph, to banish the cold, I'd drown myself in victory. So in the [Word in Another Language], when my nanny heated only one big pot of water, sparingly I'd stretch that pot of water into all of my washing, proud that I could straddle over the fissure of diaspora to old knowledge.

Kiran Shoker: 19:38

In the mornings before the sun's heat could dissipate the fog, the shrill cry of peacocks would wake us [Peacock Crying] and the chill of concrete walls would urge us out of bed. Clutching our cups of cha, I'd never had such creamy milk, sweet by its own rawness and boiled fresh. I'd spy the boy next door as he'd lead the cows from the paddock. His sister was shaping cow dung patties that would later dry in the saffron heat into husks used for fuel. Passing by was a scrawny man whose squawking cry and surprising strength far surpassed his frailness as he'd sing out what vegetables were available that day for sale. I remember [Word in Another Language] carrots were far sweeter and ready in colour than the mild, orange, bitter tubers at home. Everything was eaten. There was no food to waste. We prepared what we ate and what wasn't eaten was rolled into [Word in Another Language] for lunch. Punjab was a place of sweetness and its own; a river plains at the base of the Himalayas who held us in her bosom and fed us with the nurture and wrath of any parent.

Kiran Shoker: 20:43

Coming home, Calgary did not feel different in its placement at the base of the Rockies. River plains and prairies that had fed this land's ancestors for time immemorial. I felt the power of old knowledge, but also the beckoning of excess. I could eat whatever, whenever. I could traipse naked in a warm house in winter. I could clothe myself with the whim of fashion magazines. I've never heard the groaning of earth, but only seen the oil wells pumping like zombie horses, pawing hypnotized at the ground. I've driven past feed lots East of Siksika Nation whose smell of death and manure stung my eyes. My parents came here with some reservations, yes, but not all. When one goat would be cooked for our entire village wedding, my father eats meat daily. When my mother would painstakingly

embroider her own dresses, H&M is far too enticing. One bucket has turned to the luxury of a jacuzzi. In my father's village, I did not know that beyond the grey smog from burning plastic, the Himalayas keeps us within her view. Animals stay away from our river plains, harkening the relentlessness of our greed. We let our mountain mothers nurture us, but we do not nurture her in return. We come as settlers to earth and we are fascinated by gluttony and ease of access to excess. Like crumbs in bed, gourmandizing has a price.

Kiran Shoker:	22:05	The world is in the monkey's paw and its fist is enclosing. Life has presented itself to collect its price and the humans of this earth must pay. I begin now to clutch at old knowledge, more desperately grasping at lessons of humility and discipline. I spin old knowledge into the context of now, finding comfort and resilience in the hardness of character, that there is pride in not succumbing to [Inaudible] for there someplace in our hearts where we know the rhythm of this earth because it is in our very own organic nature. The earth is moving and groaning, beseeching us to our old knowledge. We must sustain this time immemorial.
Sound Effect:	22:44	[Wind Rushing, People Chatting]
Sound Effect:	23:00	[Continuous, Wind Rushing]
Sound Effect:	23:06	[People Speaking Inaudibly]
Sound Effect:	23:15	[Continuous, Children Calling To Each Other And Laughing]
Music:	23:19	[Begin Music: High-Pitched "Oh" Vocalizations Overlapping With Same Voice Saying "One"]
Music:	23:33	[Music Changes: Fluid, High-Pitched Vocalizations Overlap With "Oh" Beat]
Sound Effect:	24:08	[Dog Barks]
Music:	24:16	[Music Changes: Same Voice Begins To Repeatedly Sing "Fossil Record"]
Music:	24:28	[Music Changes: Same Voice Begins To Repeatedly Sing "Testing"]

Music:	24:39	[Music Changes: Vocalizations Stop. Chorus Of Similar Voices Sing Gently, Lyrics Inaudible]
Music:	25:23	[Music Changes: One Voice Sings "Fossil Record" Twice]
Music:	25:35	[Music Changes: "Oh/One" Vocalizations Return]
Music:	25:45	[Music Changes: Fluid, High-Pitched Vocalizations Return]
Music:	26:08	[Music Changes: Voices Join And Sing "One More Revolution"]
Sound Effect:	26:16	[Continuous, Static-y Ticking]
Music:	26:20	[Music Changes: More Voices Join, Singing]
Sound Effect:	26:23	[Continuous Electronic Phone Sounds Of Beeping, Clicking, And Whirring. They Form A Disjointed Beat]
Music:	26:23	[End Music: All Voices Singing]
Music:	26:52	[Begin Music: Fluid, High-Pitched Voice Sings]
Music:	27:00	[Music Changes: More Voices Join And Sing In Chorus, Lyrics Inaudible]
Music:	27:43	[Music Changes: Chorus Ends, One Voice Repeatedly Sings "Fossil Record"]
Music:	27:55	[Music Changes: Chorus Returns, Sings Inaudible Lyrics Together]
Music:	28:09	[End Music: All Voices Stop]
Sound Effect:	28:09	[Water Lapping]
Sound Effect:	28:24	[Wind Rushing, People Chatting]
paula luther:	28:31	Typewriter Tales.
Sound Effect:	28:33	[Typing on Typewriter]

paula luther: 28:34 [Sound Effect: Toll of a Bell] The bell struck eight times and the city was quiet once again. The cat wound around her legs as she watched the sun set behind the clock tower, the bird of the clock wholly unaware of what's to follow. Something with great weight was on the verge, the brink. A soft stirring in the corner of the building. It started small. So small it couldn't really be pretentious, a quick flight through the desk and another so quiet. She could feel the quieting of her body, her mind, the sweet stillness of self. So quiet she became within herself. She could feel the murmurs of the land, the whisper of the wind, feel the sun breaking through. The beer was cold and sharp. The weather damp and cold. The pizza setting off alarms and taste buds. All was as it should be. She was calm with the taste of capicola heating her mouth.

paula luther: 29:34 She began to dance, swaying to the beat of the blaring pizza alarms piercing the morning light. People stopped to stare, her sense of rhythm and obvious joy and the dance catching their attention. They started swaying too, in unison. Gradually more and more people moving, caught by her current, tuning into the rhythm. The cellist, who usually busked on the corner, came over and added a thrumming beat to the dance picked up by the dancers as a tribal foot stomping began to swell the crowd. Somehow, the sun, which up until this very moment had been happily shining and minding its own business, decided to flip the record over to the other side. The news of the flip travelled through the dancers and they gradually slowed their propulsions to a single unifying movement. They tilted their heads to the sky, opened their mouths, and let their ripe plums drop into the fruit bowls. Sweet and luscious, with a kiss of tartness, just the way she likes it. The sweet, sticky juices running down her chin as she bites into the ripe fruit, tender and yielding. Her eyes squint in the summer sun as she leans against the plum tree, feeling rooted in its strength. Slow stop, blurry motion, elation, go, in, pulsating rhythm, frogs in the throat. I can move my mouth, teeth and jaw, breath gliding through a capillary rainforest, deep cave, dark, dark, reaching in, the soul, all the way down. Crest breaking, swimming, gasping. I am here. Yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo! Whistling to the seagulls overhead and the crows, allies with the gulls in this moment, rooting an eagle off towards the North Shore Mountains. Instinctively, I head that way too and find myself passing through a wooden sunflower arch into a green land scented with lavender, red clover, and damp earths. Signs high on a wire fence, extol, seed, plant, water, grow, food, love while skateboards rumble up the ramps behind. In the garden, a rainbow spectrum seating circle awaits.

Paula Luther:	31:56	And here I was! During one of my evening neighbourhood walks at 7:00 PM, I heard clapping and the clanging of pots and pans from balconies, cheering our frontline workers. I joined in, the chorus of sound reverberating through the neighbourhood with hopes, defiance against fear, and a Mona Lisa smile while waving at the people as I walked by. I was one with the rhythm, the music, the sky, and everyone's breath. Oh... to be part of everyone's breath again, how long we had hid from it. Everything has changed. New hang, new reflection, new mirror, new horizon. She mused to herself while inspecting the street shadows for a set of green eyes. And then she saw them, the green eyes in the shadows. Were they human? She followed those eyes down the alley, leading from the Piatsa. The eyes turned left. She turned left, following behind at a safe distance only to discover she was staring into the sweetest face she had ever seen. Where are you from? And what is your name? I'm you. You. Return to yourself. Return to the world again in these new times. I'm from here, right here. Welcome home. It's been too long.
Sound Effect:	33:16	[Typing on Typewriter, Typewriter Dings]
Sound Effect:	33:24	[Wind Rushing, People Chatting, Crow Caws]
Sound Effect:	33:42	[Birds Chirping]
Music:	33:42	[Instrumental Music]
Music:	33:50	[Rhythmic Music]
Sound Effect:	34:05	[New Beat Introduced]
Sound Effect:	34:20	[New Beat Introduced]
Music:	34:35	[Energetic Music Begins]
Sound Effect:	34:39	[Water Gurgling]
Music:	34:45	[Water Dripping]
Music:	35:37	[New Energetic Music Introduced; Water Sounds Gone]
Sound Effect:	35:48	[Thunder]

Sound Effect:	35:53	[Rain]
Sound Effect:	36:29	[Thunder Booming]
Music:	36:39	[New Music Begins]
Sound Effect:	36:40	[Wind]
Music:	37:13	[Music Slows And Quiets]
Music:	37:32	[Wind Picking Up]
Music:	37:40	[New Music Begins]
Music:	38:12	[Music Ends]
Sound Effect:	38:14	[Wind Rushing, Dog Barks, People Chatting, Crow Caws]