

Weigler Unpacking List

<http://www.leadershipforchange.org/talks/archive.php3?ForumID=36>
<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=106733350>

A piece about growing up on a Hopi Reservation in the 60's

Loris Ann Taylor and the development of Native Public Media

Story: When I was a kid growing up in the 60's we didn't have electricity or running water. My Father worked as a farmer and we ate the food he grew our family could sustain itself. When I was 10, an enumerator from the government came through to evaluate the economic state of each family. My father found out he was far below the poverty line. He immediately got a minimum-wage job and we went from eating vegetables to SPAM in a week.

A tourist came through and gave my Grandfather a transistor radio. I turned it on and heard Elvis Presley for the first time. It became the way I connected to mainstream American music and culture. We lived an hour from the closes town or grocery store.

It wasn't until December 2000 that the Hopi Reservation got its first FCC license for a radio station. Today 33 other tribes have operational stations too. Our station is run by members of our community that everyone knows. This way, everyone listens. We speak in Hopi and English to keep the community connected to our roots. We also get regional and world news to our communities.

In 2005, less than 10 percent of families on native reservations still do not have broadband connections and a third don't have telephones. Radio is one of the only ways for American Indians to get information on issues of safety, health, education and tribal government.

In the case of the Tohono O'odham Nation, for the price of batteries people can stay connected to each other across a reservation the size of Connecticut.

What phrases stood out?- Vegetables to Spam in a week.

This way, everyone listens.

Gestures: Arms reaching out to show expansive land.

Crouched around a single point (radio) to hear what is happening culturally

Sounds: Radio screeches, Elvis

It is like: Any immigrant immersion experiencing US culture for the first time

A wild animal, introduced to life at a zoo

The comedy version of what happened would be: An alien tuning into a human language on a radio.

Opposite: It is NOT the continual isolation and abandonment of Native Reservations.

Two Second version: Turn radio on, enlightenment!

Rhythmic Version: Earthy, native pulsing rhythm emerges, like it has been pulsing for a million years. Space age music harmonizes with it and evolves into modern sounding fare.

Is there anything else that stands out in this story: CHANGE, child-like inspiration

Devising class 9/22:

Mine: phrasing "below the poverty line"
radio signals/smoke signals

Stevie:

Sherrif Joe Rapaiyo- 2nd book
pink underwear in black/white striped uniforms
chain gang
office: immigration force, raids on neighborhoods, one in Phoenix
First: all crime, now more selective
"Acting like a racist"
since 1993 in office

Phrases: "Acting like a racist"
gestures: raids, lies
sounds: sirens, doors being broken open
its like:
comedy: parent reading a teenager's diary

Kevin:

Female warrior- getting ready for war, reenactment
enemies- feeling them and finding them
gave birth and brother died as wasn't using her energy to protect him
gestures: giving birth
sounds: silence of getting ready

Boyd: Paulo Soleri

north of phoenix
experimental town, intended to house 5000 people
Isanti- architecture/
gestalt- interactions with respect to their surroundings
ecological
urban planning
co presence with archeology in context of ecology
1970- central arizona- ahcosante- ecology theoretics
sustainable urban alternative
artists live there and expand
ahcosante bells- foundry

sound of bell
terrarium experiment
cult comedy

