

## CHOICE

### HECTOR

(Dancing around with a cordless vacuum cleaner, an *ultracyclone*. Alternately providing a rhythm track with the noise or singing into the wand like a microphone.)

Freedom of choice

(vacuum vroom vroom vroom)

Is what you've got!

(vacuum vroom vroom vroom)

Freedom from choice

(vacuum vroom vroom vroom)

Is what you want!

(vacuum vroom vroom vroom)

Don't you two remember this excellent song?

### CANE

No hector, I don't know that song, I don't know about Won but I don't know it! Why do you think everything you know I know? We don't share a memory. We don't share a past. we've seen and heard a zillion different things from each other lo these many—

(Cane continues to talk but is interrupted by  
Hector's  
Ultracyclone throughout)

—even in the *before* the womb time—  
(vacuum)

—my own parents with their excessive dangling and horizontal—  
(vacuum)

—and not a statement against the planet's collective unconscious—

(vacuum)

—because you and the airplane—

(vacuum)

—suggests a totalitarian world view that is presumptive and culturally oppressive.

HECTOR

I totally agree Cane, as soon as music became widely accessible—

CANE

I'd say it was always accessible to them that had the bucks.

HECTOR

Yea, that's right, so, as soon as music became widely accessible to the likes of us here tonight in this dusty dusty room. As soon as the internet poured forth an endless flood of global sonics—

WON

Spotify, Bandcamp, YouTube, SoundCloud, Bandlab, Audius, Audiomack—

HECTOR

Yea, all of that. As soon as I could find anything I'd ever want to listen to I sort of stopped listening to music.

WON

My grandmother had about 12 cassette tapes, I think all of them were handwritten, or you know, dubbed from somewhere and then she wrote the track names in her scratchy hand. Except maybe two. Maybe two were store bought. She cycled through those 12 dusty, kitchen-greased cassette tapes for most of the 30 years I knew her.

HECTOR

I remember your grandmother was in the kitchen one time, listening to one of those tapes and the sun was coming in the windows, slanting down, growing low and orange and she was crying, really crying crying. Her face was turned to the windows and tears were streaming down her face and, I was pretty young I guess, I was confused, I asked, 'were you chopping onions?' and she said 'oh Hector my little, about half of life is cutting onions'

WON

I loved how she called us *my little*. she called me *my little* even when I was in my 30s.

CANE

I loved her funny claw-like fingers tap tap tapping.