

Everywhere I sleep, I see Dust Bowl, 5 of 15

Interview about dust storms, sleet storms, and tall stories (part 2 of 2) from Library of Congress Archive interview with Charlie Spurlock, Arvin FSA Camp, July 28, 1940

- 1) You listen to the voice of Charlie Spurlock.
- 2) You assemble a voicesculpture from the voice of on the recording. [click the link above to hear the audio]
- 3) You download a transcription app on your phone.
- 4) You use the app to transcribe the voicesculpture.
- 5) You log the transcriptions.

Hey cardiachill what are you all ready to storm out of the west over dont want to battle the way to another breeze on the web damn

Where are you bled how are you I am on my way oil

I am no I am I am on my way oil I am

No no no red storm we are on our way No no no red storm

No no no dust storm we are on our way No no no dust

I am on my way now no now when I m on my damage I m on the way home I am

Honey I m on my way home damage west

I m on my way dust I m on my way storm home I m on my way

- 6) You notice the repetition of *No* and *I'm on my way*
- 7) How even in the field recording of a man re-telling the story of a dust storm swallowing home, roof, windows, the sun, while in a California migrant camp amid children crying and coughing and anthropologists asking and listening a transcription app is wanting to make sense of all the *No* and *I'm on my way* jagged and uneven, carrying and optimistic. The crops have blown. The machines have scraped home. It is not here, the storm is, and *Where are you bled? I am*.