# STYLISH RADICALITY

Three children (who each have more than twenty years) operate a self-proclaimed anarchist pirate radio station. There are rules for their program, some of which they've adopted from internet forums, some of which they made up. They're pretty sure they're not breaking any laws by broadcasting into what they're fairly certain is a void. But there is the chance that it would be illegal for someone somewhere else to tune in to what they're putting on the airwaves, and they consider this enough to identify as operators of a pirate radio station.

In her junior year of college, Marcy threw her iPhone in the river. Hudson was mad she didn't sell it. The replacement, a CAT phone which bears the same logo as the construction company that made it, is a brick that weighs down her ill-fitting jeans. Marcy mostly uses her phone to call Kira. When Kira answers, Marcy holds the phone away from her ear so the sound doesn't activate her tinnitus. The charms and key chains that she's attached to the brick pull on her hair, forming fairy knots that she will later rip out of her thin strands.

The three not-children sometimes spend the night on a trampoline. No sleeping bags, just morning dew and sweat between them. There is lichen growing on the jump mat, and the protective net is torn. The trampoline is in Kira's family's backyard, where this particular evening, her parents hosted a potluck. They organized the event in their neighborhood group chat, which moved from Facebook messenger to Signal a few years ago. Kira's father didn't understand it, he didn't want to learn a new app, but Kira's mother pointed out that the switch to Signal had weeded out some of their less "politically like-minded" neighbors, who she was happy to avoid.

Unlike Marcy and Kira, Hudson doesn't have the option to live with their parents anymore. They found a place to stay in town. But they still find themselves getting off work and, without thinking, turning onto the highway, back onto familiar roads. Marcy and Kira are usually hanging around anyway. When they find each other, they uncover the gear that's hidden under blankets in the back of Hudson's Honda Odyssey. They run an industrial orange extension cord from Kira's parents' garage. They plug in, and enter the airwaves. They play music, and take turns reading aloud – they broadcast, likely for no one to hear:

"….In 1981, in the wake of the Iran hostage crisis and a failed rescue attempt ending in the death of eight US soldiers, Laurie Anderson gave her own voice to the Vocoder to summon the disembodied call of technology, oil-dependent ideology, and motherland in O Superman:

Hi, I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a message,
just start talking at the sound of the tone.
Hello? This is your Mother. Are you there? Are you coming home?
Hello? Is anybody home? Well you don't know me, but I know you.
And I've got a message to give to you.
Here come the planes.
So you better get ready. Ready to go…."

From "Echo Chambers, Radicality as Style, and Bell Systems' Laboratory of Transgressions" by Eva Wilson

Hudson, Marcy, and Kira spend the night on the trampoline. They don't sleep much, but no one leaves for the comfort of the house in the middle of the night like they might've when they were kids. Only one of them wakes with the sun.

**Olive B. Godlee, Paris, 2026**