"Against Punk, New Wave, Avantgarde & Minimalist Composers"

Stepchild

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Licking labels
  like “ambient fourth world music”

Hearing sounds
  the final appropriations
  of all the men who have blown each other
down all the tubes of creation
molimo of millenia
dijerido of the dead and down
Mocked out
Mechanized
Made ambient airport art
  for recreation of celebrities
It excites the white boy mind
  more than Jack Barth or Frank Zappa
to create a whole hip tribe on tape
Aboriginals of third world die
Originality of first world individuals
  make heap big fourth world
  beyond 1st, 2nd, 3rd,
  and all mere labels
Filtered winds
Recycled ululations
Snipped vocal cords
Bottom beats stolen from battered Burundi
  by punk posers and Composers
  aware of the administrative massacres
  so sensitive to suffering
They die and die and die some more
While corporations have their way
No need to name the Nambikwara
  or any other people fading fast
We have the myths, the dream theories
  the songs on LP records
Any creative Artist
   with 16 tracks of tape
   and the appropriate technology
   can replace the people
   amendment by total substitution
Make water
Add insects and peeper frogs
   (digital and analog)
Modulate mouth piece
Dissect dead birds
Grab gamelan and bits of Afro-xylophone
Above all
   blow down the tubes
   Fallopian frustration
   tuned test tubes cracking pan pipes
   turning world's last tendernesses
   into echocatastrophe
From clock springs
Hacksaw blades
Bobby pins
Nails
Agidigbo!
Kalimba!
Mbira!
Old and new names
   for sounds from scrap
Do agidigbo and piri
Do the do stay put in you
Accept no substitootings
   no substasquatings
   no dub rastafartings
Do agidigbo till fingers bleed
   or the steel is softened
Certain that thickened skin is skin
   not the enfolded skin of calloused mind
Hold on to names
   of all the plants and pipes and peoples
All the softness is still ours
All the gentleness of small sounds
   chipmunks in fall leaves
   clay flake wind chimes
   mosses growing
   snaildarter darting
Every motion has its sound
   every sound its emotion
Every animal one track all its own
and not 16

Without lamps
We spend more time awake in darkness
Looking into fires and trees
Without motors
We hear all of nature’s drones
Feel the slightest chirpings in our bones
Bring the outside world into our homes
Commemorating with rhyme and reason
meme in season
The source of every sound

Other Villages Other Voices

Village voices in Nigeria
Muhammadu Marwa’s people cry out
But are not heard here in Manhattan
Children in mass graves outside Kano
Small news arriving late in New York City
But Sunny Ade’s smile is front page stuff
Yoruba minstrels bringing the original jive
The prototype shuffle, aboriginal cakewalks
Big winks and rolling eyes to the big city
Serene smiles blind to all corruption
Wicked cool ices memories of Biafra
Or any meditation on Nigerian crude sold cheap’
The Bonny crude, pure, clean, sulphur-free
Black gold, black futures sold to Seven Sisters
While Sunny smiles and takes his little steps
The hip bro wonders if “Bob may have been forwarded
So that Sunny could save the West with juju music.”

According to some mysterious cosmic mastah plan
I like the man, I love the music, I put five
On the wet forehead of the talking drummer
(amplified to sound like Western cannon)
For playing nicely to the baby girl
So chubby and fine she should have been twins
But I am not fooled