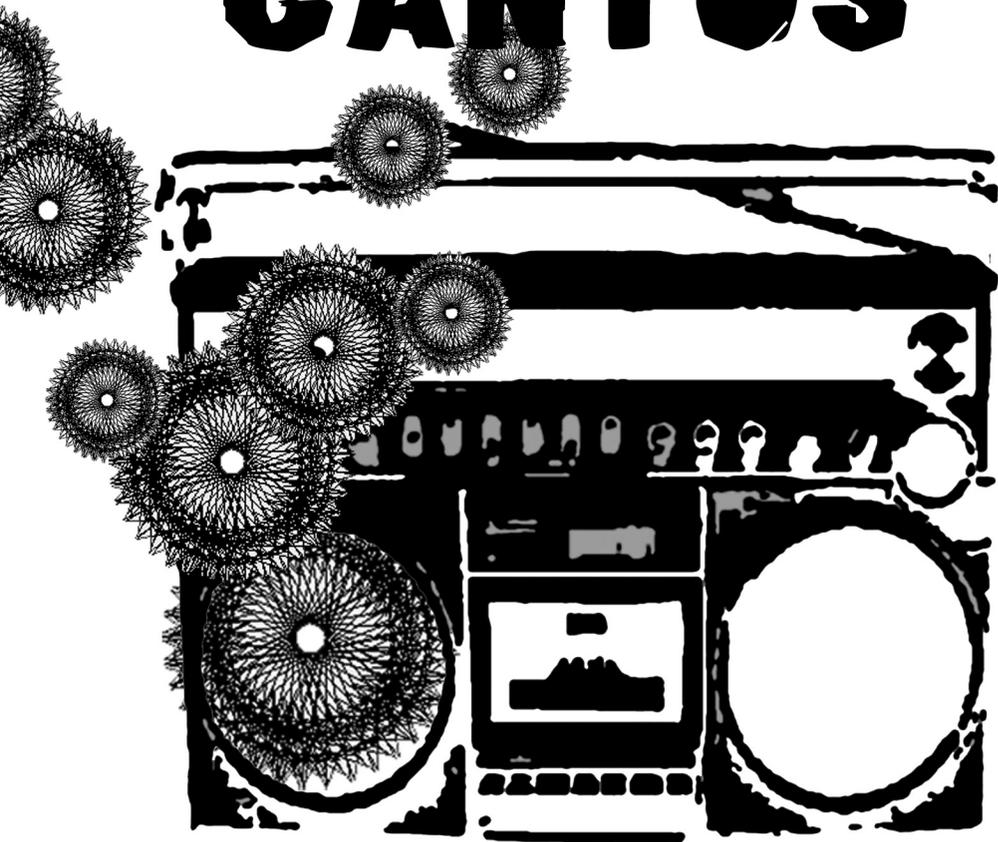


# SOUND SYSTEM CANTOS



Saburo Taiso

SOUND  
SYSTEM  
CANTOS

# BAD NOISE PRODUCTIONS

THE "No" SERIES  
NUMBER ONE

# SOUND SYSTEM CANTOS

BY

# SABURO TAISO

BAD NOISE



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YES HELLO



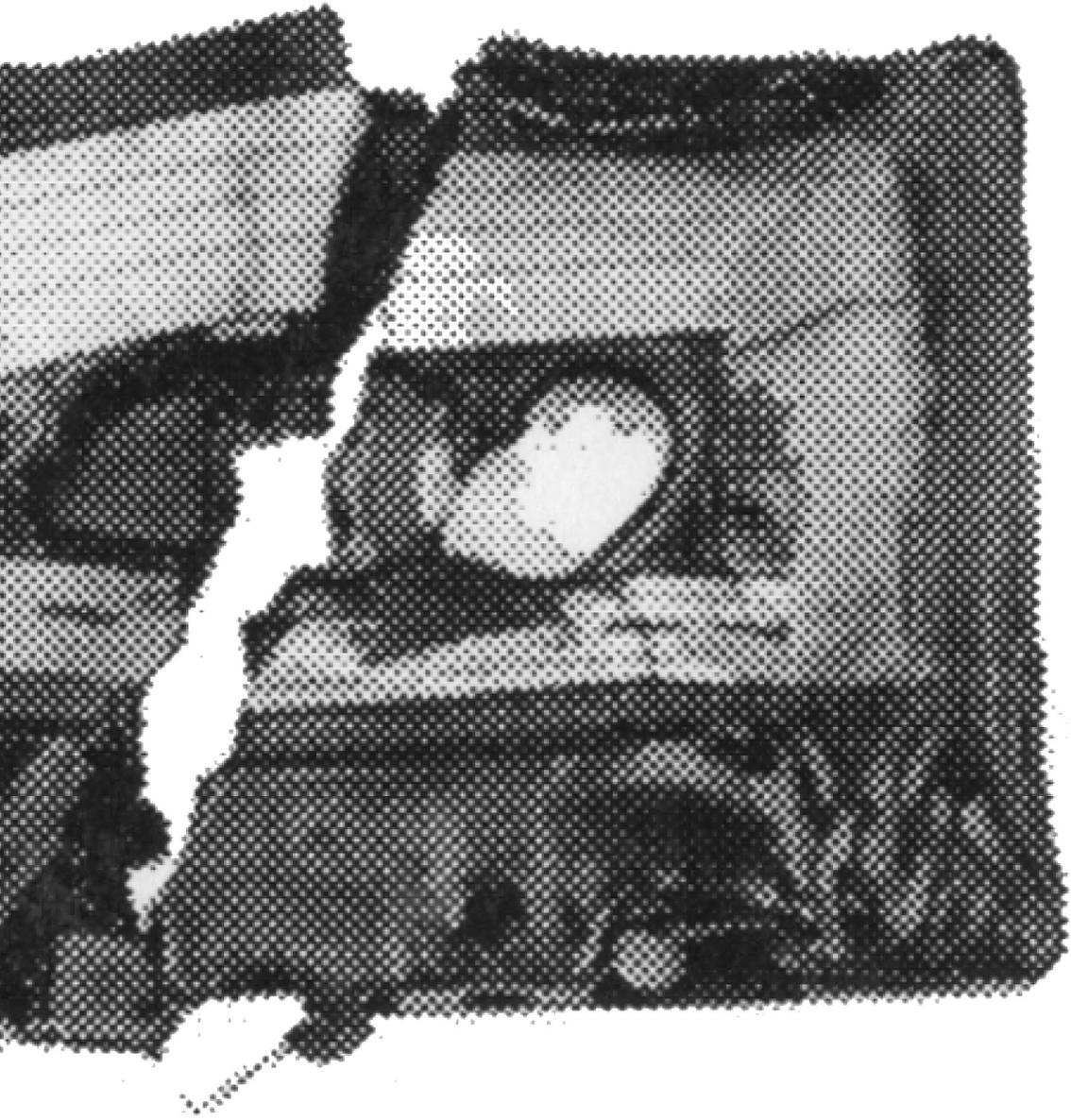
## Pulse

Serial images form a prison which is also a text. Use the word 'and' continually to flee. Someone's hanging in room two. Stone and steel are nothing but formal-mathematical soup, stretched and scratched. Think glue, think fucked.

## **We need an architect to hold the mouth open**

The marimba in the cathedral in my body needs medicine. The transistor arrived just in time on the ghost ship. From its blown speaker three Panda-men yelling 'PUMP PUMP' got me vibrating again. Below deck in the ruined piano place, a ruckus builds of pops and clicks, minute tales deciphered into ones and zeroes by the heretic responsible for our national remix. Garbage vapor rises in a broken fugue of experimental themes, that self-deligh from hell blowing unusual drones over the ocean.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY



## Flower matrix

The drugs had effectively decapitated me so I pumped a handful of quarters into the Rude Boy pinball machine near the subway terminal. Feeling dreamy, I said a quick thanks to my wailing Jesus as a prelude to the slow jam of the ball against the game's machinery, its spirals clanging, ringed with light. I sent the ball careening up the Legendary Biggest Hands Sound System ramp for an extra life but only received a voice-cocoon bonus worth half a million points. I finished my game and left to wander around the Synthesizer Garden downtown. In the park I found a detonated fire-cracker covered thickly with dried glue. I picked it up and threw it hard against a dumpster. That's urban aesthetics, I thought. Beneath my feet, a forest of invisible mushrooms exploded, their spores drifting slowly to the concrete.

## Evolution

You say 'process' I say 'wild-flower,' riding through the fields on a motorbike, blowing a hole through the nation, disrupting astronomy. I felt like a painting someone had beat to death, my hand placed in a fold of the canvas which palpitated like a living heart. By the time I reached the Vertigo Lounge, each step I took made a hollow sound in my head recalling a broken down marimba. An old man's growl suffused the room with noisy *merz* and humanism.

**BLAM!**

My blister popped. I stuck a yarrow stalk in the hole in my hand and three boys across the street began to dance although no music played. A woman peered from a third-story window, shaking out a dead hero's shirt. I remembered the time I took acid and thought I could dig a hole straight to the sun.

## **Polyphonic blush basement**

A novel unfolds a nomad's sketch to murder shapes. On the last page, our hero cooks an angel, cutting up a grimoire for his broken logic sauce. When I close the book I finally realize his bible is inscribed on the inside of a sacred skull. I'm naked and have been listening to the same sounds looped for so long everything's become a ghost.

# THE SPEED FREAKS



## **Fat oblivion**

Sleeveless boys like birds on fire sabotage erasure with fat fists.  
Interruptions form the locus, numbered and dated. Their  
hands felt two form a movement.

## **Pink kingdom rebel**

Scream Machine scrambles through a freak cartoon cityscape jacking hands and faces raw. Free electrons morph into circulation music, heart-beats. It's bouncing, it's crunchy, it broke the trance-stereo. Punk Kiriko screams the scrap-yard circumstance to perplex Pharaoh, her voice a hidden egg held open by a sunflower cradling a devil and its Sizzle Mechanisms, sweet and dandy.

## Radio

We have our ears punched by circles, an image fused to scowl and bad body-smell. Love is a trash genre memory breaks into with a belch. YES HELLO: prescription for dead heroes transcending the neighborhood's sonic patina like the quiet buzz following god.

## Accumulated gestures

Humans are the noisy GRR animal here to trumpet street music and challenge the equations of acoustic childhood. Engage the dream praxis ladder, unfold the nomad sketch of action, enjoy wordless aroma spiral, and study nobody's mandala. Propose a crackling *merz* humanism of pan-ghetto origin. Scream torture-punk, become electric legends.

# THE SELECTOR



## **The best wrecked daydream**

Dub selector chose 'Interior Journey' dropping us onto the throbbing plateau. We were dirty bumps on the surface, intoning 'SICK EMPEROR' while he wailed in his palace. The selector plugged us into his machines so we could get stoned on the sound. These binary codes discharged meanings which we melted in the Piano Chamber, hands reaching deep in the maw of the instrument. The sounds charged our dreams with bad intentions, gestures wild for wakefulness and the trumpet-medicine the selector would pour from his mouth into ours in the morning.

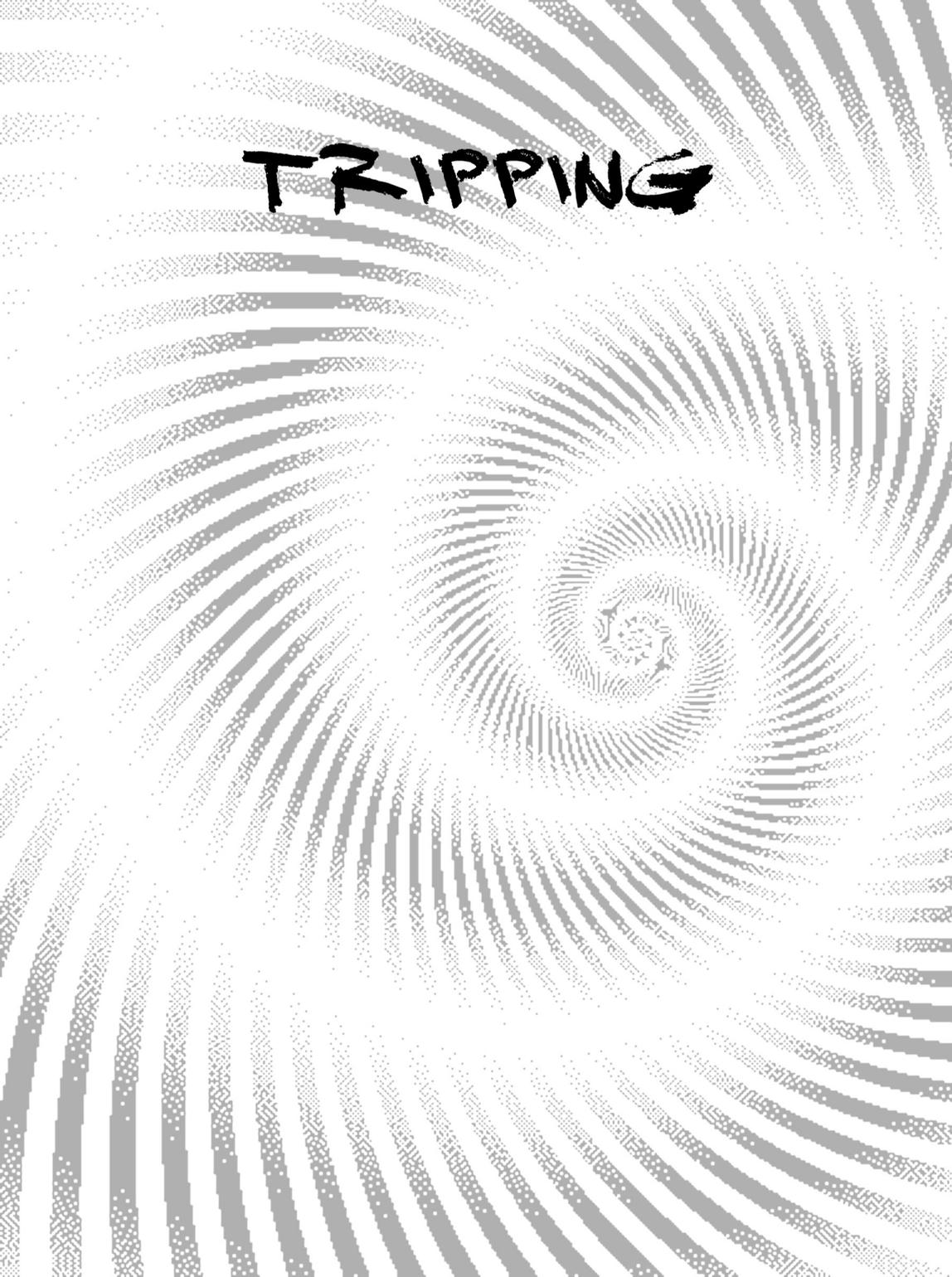
## Flowerface saga

On the outskirts of the circle, Dub selector drops an instant amen manifesto. The calliope in the cathedral in his body coats the interior with stereo fire. Consciousness turns 'blar,' all smoggy. The double askew resurrection spiral returns paradise-sized, remixed into a polygon holding the sermon: YES HELLO.

## **The old-fashioned underground cover-up**

Although it explains the connection between sunspots and disappeared ships, Dub selector's "Flowerface saga" didn't sell well. But he had fused sphinx with signal process, spit banjo into scratch creating ear error. His studio continued to throb even though the selector sat outside among the dandelions.

# TRIPPING

A black and white halftone illustration of a tunnel. The tunnel is formed by a series of concentric, slightly curved lines that create a strong sense of perspective, drawing the viewer's eye towards a bright, circular opening at the far end. The lines are composed of a dense pattern of small dots and dashes, characteristic of halftone printing. The word "TRIPPING" is written in a bold, hand-drawn, black font across the top of the tunnel, slightly above the center. The overall effect is one of depth and movement, suggesting a journey or a state of altered consciousness.

## Smoking plant massacre

A full page of spaghetti shoot-out what. Mechanical underground spectrum via harmonium hive. The marigold mouth makes mischief, drowsy and green. *Uck uck!* A dirty bump gets sick on a pasty-white TV.

## Hail, restless trio

Beauty's a dummy in binary code. Those meanings there?  
Melt them. Sip some cough syrup, that helps. Then we'll jack  
the horse on the flip side. Either map works.

## **Cactus mess**

I ordered a leg sandwich from some worm working a counter in the desert. He brought me a flower which read as a map to the pinball museum. 'Thanks.' I dropped a firecracker in the dirt and left.

## Dirty

Free shock, kid, the unity thief has gold teeth. He drives disciples crazy, ripping and throbbing. It's discharge, mostly, also melt. This ruckus *has no sub-limit*, it's as low as you can go. Street-music, kid, nothing but.

## Street surveillance

Plucked out eyes read puddle songs. Rivulets house an unknown language birds download to feather-knowledge. A beat Walk-man appears with the afternoon's tragedy on his lips: 'somnambulists fall into radio rift,' drawn as if to opium, to re-set.

## Invisible pig surfer

Of acid, the sun digger said: 'Loop the pig concerto, my face is too dreamy.' In the tatters of the quiet pasture sun digger recalls his Pain City days: the studio nude, sisyphus, cough syrup, crotch.

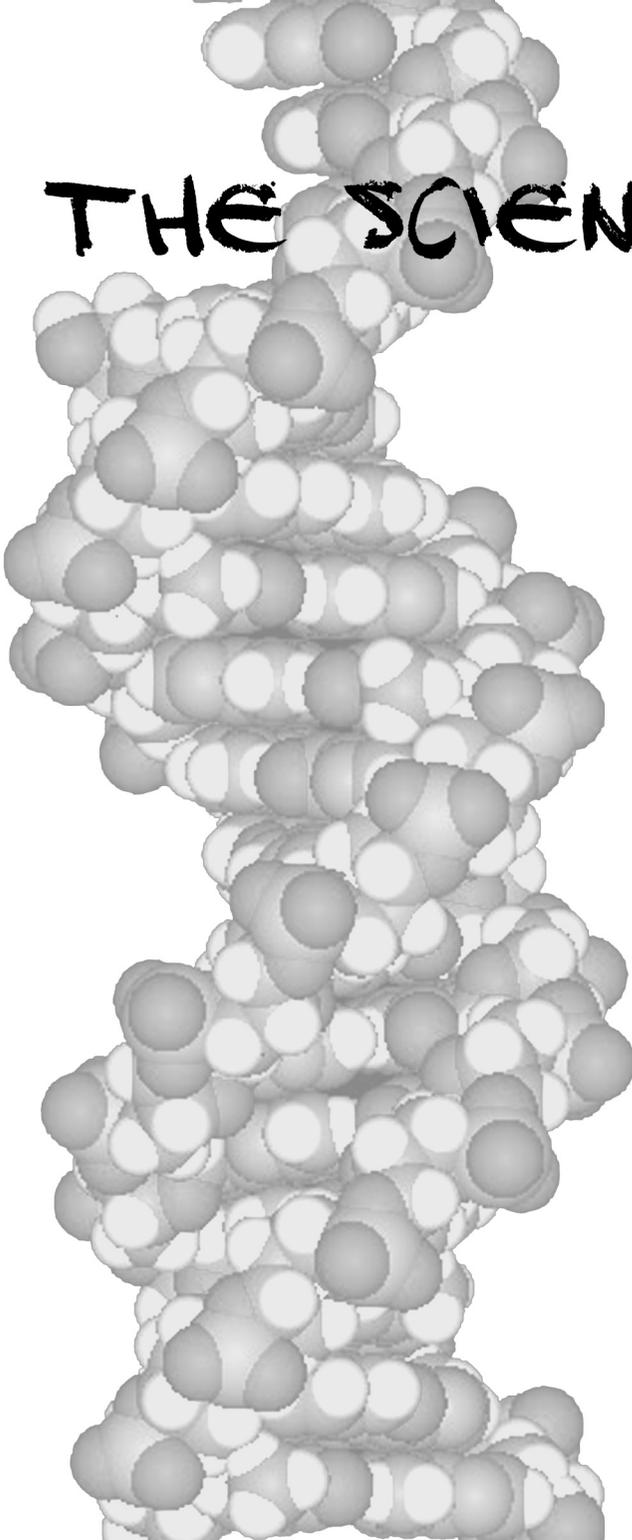
## **Annotated warrior**

Call it joy when the dog fighter murders the sun, we have the rebel sound in common. Resurgence of the mellow session follows us home, a spiritual leviathan whispering the mysteries of noise into our ears. To resist evil saints, we come into each other again and again. Our otherworldly kin begin to dance.

## **Fusion treatments**

Goddamn fragile tapes... pure lunatic. A sibling's drug reveals naked culture like a tilted typewriter piano. Loose women dance in slow, viscous murk. Replace audio for refuge. Random noise or S&M night-mare. It forms a system, turns science inside-out and returns broken, holding the head of a wax monk exploded.

# THE SCIENTISTS



## **Yellow root rhythm plus ambient aftermath**

The emperor repents. Our objective: to obtain the original telegraph, solid series, color echo. We've radioed the numerals backward to the sweet and dandy helix doctor. He's keeping our ally alive in the light-house using warmth culled from its lamp.

## Stranger

We had to plug him into the machines for a full medicinal barrage. He ejaculated from the dreams we gave him in the metal-flowers-box, each one a member of some scream *kollektief*.

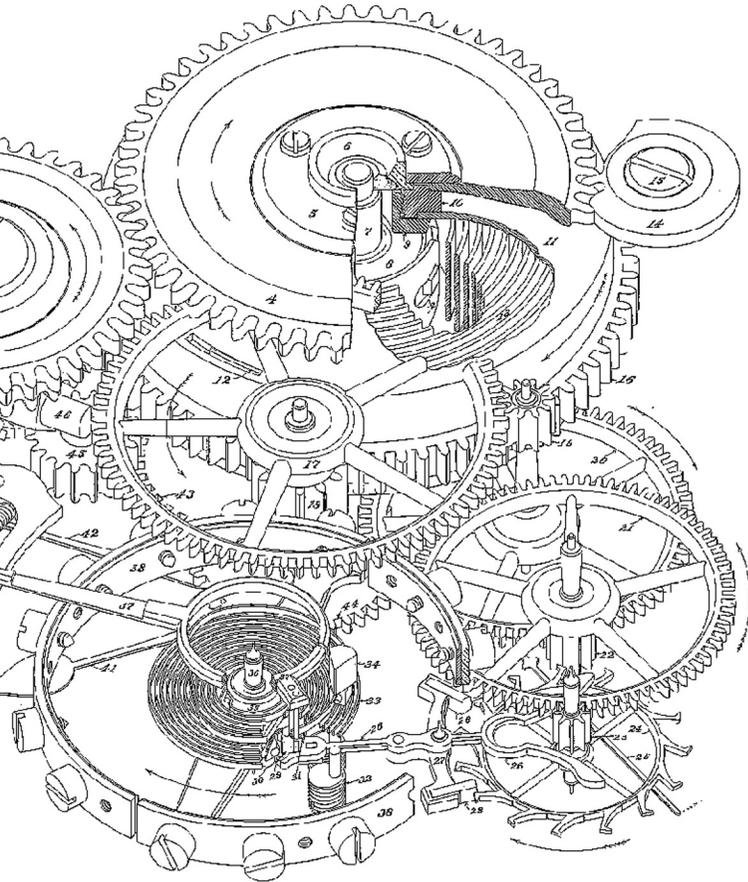
## Monkey language

There have been nine agitations, each to exhaustion. At the boundary of collapse, a pouch is emptied. We record which direction its fallen contents point. This matter has evolved. 'On me?' you ask. No, on your specter. If you begin to hear parts of an impossible etude, the process has begun.

## Dance warehouse number 808

A girl cries holding her rubber bunny which contains a hidden egg. It's science, but she doesn't know that. She's in a trance. We wait to make our utterance. 'Sound summer, sun.' The girl blows awake making noise like someone's erasing the sounds as they shoot from her mouth. She calms down. There's a silence perforated by the buzz from the bunny's egg. The girl's voice returns a brightly colored scrawl. From where we stand, the only things left to do is wreck the cassettes and bring her back to the scrap-yard.

# END TIMES



## **The optician's aluminum**

His fingers were numbered with blue ink. Someone's hands felt his face, in love with its pink genre. Outside, a trumpet belched to announce the equinox. The room shrank, imprinting the optician's skull, crashing his memory. Next door a mastermind swayed hanged against a metal wall creating private music.

## **Blank mechanical circle**

The notes wrecked on a shadow and began to broadcast colored lights. 'The city's been bombed, the mountains remain.' We replaced our organs immediately with drugs and machines, leaving the toy piano behind because it seemed too old fashioned. Then we walked in circles, hoping our loops and patterns would help the rubble recollect its former life.

## Slaughter-scape

The slaughter house serves as an oracle for newspapermen haggard as night-ghosts. A bent static icon hangs in the dead air like an organ chord signifying hope.

# AFTER THOUGHTS



**Temporary oblivion produces a kick**

The transistor on the ghost ship only works during crossover season. It's too soon: the psychopomp plays percussion with his lips agitating the procession of the dead.

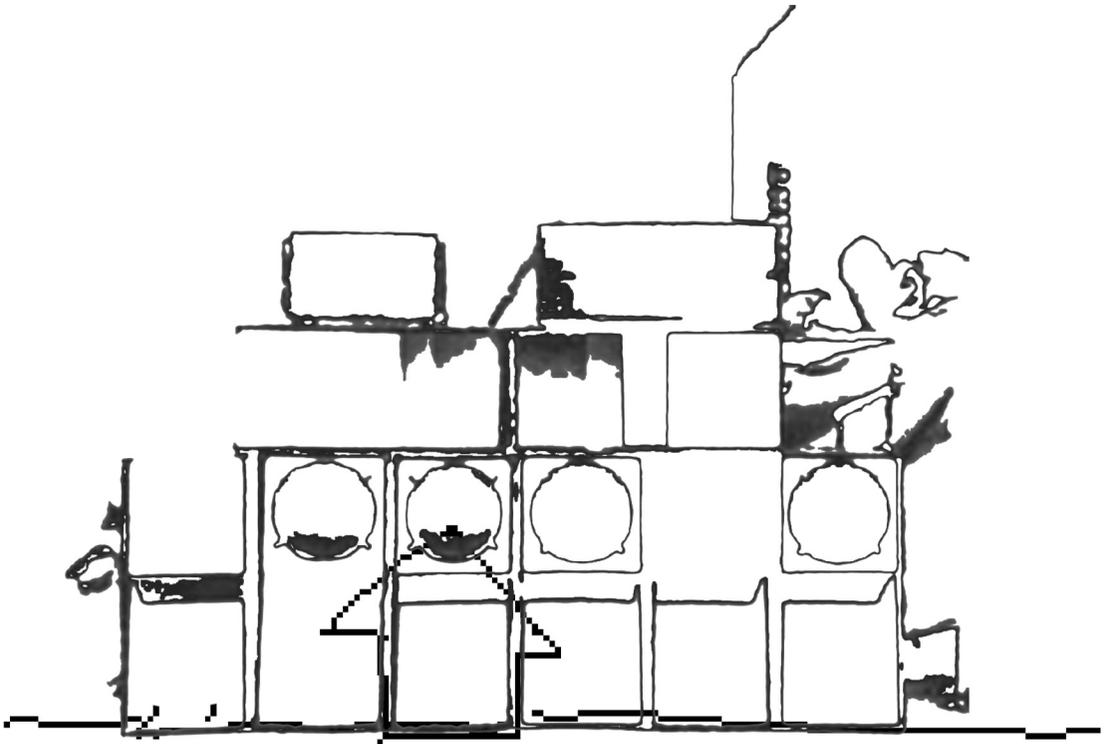
## **Faded montage, bouncing**

Shout scratch a nude boy. Little birds drop into a bucket, picked up by post-humans blaring digital brilliance and bass. Light pours from their skulls like saxophone notes breaking out of prison; ghosts sharpen their voices on the edge of the moon, a silver flower remixing the optical superscript.

## **Girl and boy pollen**

Numbers have soul, ascending the dream ladder through noise praxis. Their handcrafted serifs fall back leaving them naked, in pure form, to board electric ships in the heavenly kaleidoscope.

# オマケ



## **A kinder architect would have made it pretty**

When she lost the ability to speak, we looked all over the ghost house for her voice. I finally found it in a damp wooden bucket, wrapped in butcher's paper. We took it to church like a piece of meat to be blessed, passing a homeless family wearing chunks of disused rubber held together by piano wire and cellophane. Above the door to the church a rubbed out drawing of a forgotten heretic hung, the patterns of the erasure rising toward the steeple like smoke. We stood struck between narthex and nave; the church had been reclaimed by plants. Roots and vines protruded from the floor, the ceiling and walls cracked by branches. With hardly any room to move, we decided to leave, but not before she picked up a leaf from the crumbling floor. 'Medicine?' I asked, and because she had nothing better nodded 'Yes' and shoved it whole into her dumbness.

THE END

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Saburo Taiso



SABURO TAISO  
DOESN'T EXIST



**THANK YOU  
FOR READING!**

BAD NOISE



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