

**Radio Valencia 87.9FM - San Francisco, CA**

**Sonic Subversion**

With Brian Cox

**Why Does The Doomed Stone Rave? With Special Guest D. A. Wilson**

**October 14, 2011 4:00 p.m.**

This wordy installment on Sonic Subversion features local writer D. A. Wilson.

Some poetry, some cut ups, some random words, and live generative music accompaniment from Brian Eno's Bloom app.

*The Cut Ups (excerpt) – W.S. Burroughs, Anthony Balch, Brion Gysin*

*Brian Cox:* It's the Sonic Subversion show. I'm Brian Cox. We have D. A. Wilson in the studio here, and a, he's going to do a short one for us right now. We opened the show with The Cut Ups, William Burroughs and Antony Balch back in 1966. There was also Brion Gysin in there, and both Mr. Wilson and I are fans of the Burroughs/Gysin cut up, are we not?

*D. A. Wilson:* Indeed we are.

*Brian Cox:* Hello D. A. Wilson.

*D. A. Wilson:* That's right. Also sometimes known as Roarshock.

*Brian Cox:* Indeed. OK, and accompanying some of our spoken word bits today, we have this fascinating new thing called Bloom. It's actually by Brian Eno. It's an iPhone app, not that we're advertising any products or anything like that, but it's a really awesome app to make generative ambient music live, even right here like this...*(a sound plays)*... kinda groovy I think.

*D. A. Wilson:* Pretty cool.

*Brian Cox:* Yeah.

*D. A. Wilson:* I'm not advertising anything either.

*Brian Cox:* There you go. Alright, well uh, got a short one to get us in the mood here?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, let's start out. This is a poem, July 9, 1996 the date of the composition. This is the first poem I ever wrote on a computer.

*Brian Cox:* Very good sir. I had your voice down a little bit there.

*D. A. Wilson:* I sound... I sound more here.

*Brian Cox:* Much better.

*D. A. Wilson:* Anyway, OK, so here we go. This is the first, again, poem...

*Brian Cox:* The party's on...

*D. A. Wilson:* Here comes the party... (*sound of a beer can being opened*)... Alright! That's right. We like, we like a little bit of beer. It helps us...

*Brian Cox:* That's right.

*D. A. Wilson:* OK, here we go. This is...

### The Rooms

I can write on this thing now.  
What can I do with it?  
Discover the myriad rooms,  
Open the hidden files  
of existence.  
When we have explored thoroughly  
our own closed world,  
we hook up to larger networks  
(sometimes by happen chance).  
The universe of intelligence  
learning how to observe,  
enjoy itself.

*Brian Cox:* Far out. Well hey, we're going to be hearing little bits and pieces of D. A. Wilson's poetry as well as perhaps some more Burroughs/Gysin cut ups, and even later a randomly generated poem by me... sort of an I Ching style of poetry. We'll hear what the universe wants me to say into the microphone by use of a random sentence generator on the Internet. So, uh, this Brian Eno stuff here has me thinking... uh, Brian Ferry is playing at the Roxy (he laughs), the Roxy... the Foxy, Fox Theater tonight in Oakland.

*D. A. Wilson:* The Roxy might be too small a room for...

*Brian Cox:* It might, it might, you know, so... I'm going to play a couple of my favorite Roxy music bits that, of course, also have Brian Eno on them, and we'll be using this interesting app Bloom for its generative music creation capabilities. Here, I'll tap it once now... (*musical tones*)... there, see, and then added to it... far out stuff. I love that style of creation. Alright, here we have some Roxy...

*2hb – Roxy Music*

*Ladytron – Roxy Music*

*In Every Dream Home a Heartache – Roxy Music*

*Brian Cox:* In our studio today, we are doing some spoken word stuff, aren't we?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, we are. We're doing a little bit of experimentation today. Sort of deconstructing and reconstructing the traditional forms.

*Brian Cox:* Excellent! So you have a, you have an event coming up yourself, don't you?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah...

*Brian Cox:* Oh wait, before we get into that, let me just back announce what I played here. He just heard a little bit of Roxy Music because we're using this Brian Eno app to back up our talking as we hear now... (*musical tones*)... and we just heard a live version from New Castle in 1975 of In Every Dream Home a Heartache. I love that. That's John Wetton on base there, giving that little bit of King Crimson-y, lead bass-playing sound. Before that was Ladytron, and before that was 2hb, a couple of great early Roxy Music songs, those with Brian Eno on them. Before that, I didn't announce Hawkwind - Brainstorm, because we're brainstorming tonight. We're using some cut ups as well, aren't we?

*D. A. Wilson:* Indeed.

*Brian Cox:* And having some randomly generated music... and we'll have some randomly generated text a little bit later. So yeah, what's your... what's your event? What have you got going on?

*D. A. Wilson:* So we got tomorrow, we got a really cool event going on in the city in McLaren Park, the Jerry Garcia Amphitheater, we got the West Coast Zoner Jam 5 is happening...

*Brian Cox:* Far out!

*D. A. Wilson:* ...from noon to 6, and we got a whole bunch of bands playing...

*Brian Cox:* Yeah, what are some of those bands?

*D. A. Wilson:* We have, uh... it's going to start out with something called Ethereal Feedback. That sounds interesting.

*Brian Cox:* Indeed!

*D. A. Wilson:* We're going to have Lost Ticket, which is kind of a metal kind of band, Who Knows from New York is going to be there, Matt Jaffe. We got Ragged Glory III. They do a lot of Neil Young kind of stuff, and actually they're doing a warm-up gig tonight at the Connecticut Yankee, 17<sup>th</sup> & Connecticut.

*Brian Cox:* Another good event for people to go too... cool bar.

*D. A. Wilson:* Yep... and uh, I haven't seen them, but I've seen most of the musicians, and they're all really good. Then we got the Dedicated Maniacs.

*Brian Cox:* Very good!

*D. A. Wilson:* And then we have the All Zoner Jam to conclude it, and this is from 12 to 6, and at some point during the proceedings, I will be on in my Roarshock persona, and doing some... some reading.

*Brian Cox:* Is your Roarshock persona a slightly bit more ou très version of your D. A. Wilson writing?

*D. A. Wilson:* It's kind of strange. It's sort of... it goes back. It was bestowed upon me, that name, over 30 years ago, and then it became my handle when I joined the online world, and so now I think of it... and I've also written and signed stuff like that. My poetry, I usually... I sign my own name to... D. A. Wilson, but I have written as Roarshock, and uh, now I think of it kind of as a sort of a performance mask, sort of.

*Brian Cox:* Yeah... OK... gives you a little freedom...

*D. A. Wilson:* But it's all me. I know who I am.

*Brian Cox:* Very good!

*D. A. Wilson:* And then also I'm going to do another reading a week from Saturday, the 22<sup>nd</sup>, at Washington Square Park beneath the statue of Ben Franklin at noon. Now why is Ben Franklin's statue in the center of Washington Square Park?

*Brian Cox:* One of the eternal mysteries of San Francisco.

*D. A. Wilson:* It is indeed... but that's just going to be for the fun of it and, of course, we'll also celebrate the birthdays of Tim Leary and Brian Cox, and other notables.

*Brian Cox:* Very good! Alright. You got a piece for us now?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, I had uh, actually uh, uh, uh, let it be known I was going to be on, and I actually got some requests so...

*Brian Cox:* Very good!

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, my friend Joe Fabes from the Internet who I haven't actually ever met, he wanted some Ezra Pound. He wanted The Cantos, but that is a little bit... a little bit more involved...

*Brian Cox:* (laughing)... than... than our format might allow.

*D. A. Wilson:* Especially, yeah... so what we're going to do is a very brief poem. This is uh... this is one of the, uh, signature poems of the Imagist movement. Also, probably one of the first really modern poems, uh... and this was written by Pound in Paris in 1912, published in 1913... so it's almost 100 years old.

*Brian Cox:* Very good.

*D. A. Wilson:* And the poem is...

In a Station of the Metro  
The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough.

*Brian Cox:* Wow!

*D. A. Wilson:* Yes.

*Brian Cox:* An excerpt indeed.

*D. A. Wilson:* Indeed. It's... Ezra described that as being an equation.

*Brian Cox:* Ahhhh... I like that... an equation. Far out! Alright, should we go back to music?

*D. A. Wilson:* Well let's do one more short one of mine.

*Brian Cox:* Alright... very good... one of yours.

*D. A. Wilson:* And then, then we'll go to some music.

*Brian Cox:* Far out.

*D. A. Wilson:* This is an old one, and this one has to do with, uh, freaking out.

*Brian Cox:* We all know about that.

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, a lot of us do... and the title is...

Fear  
I saw my fear run naked  
Crawling up and down the walls  
Up and down my spine  
Til I came back, eyes awake and nodded

Prepared for wherever off I should go

*Brian Cox:* Wow... these are some nice little short ones... little bits of brain candy. I rather dig it. Alright, let's go into some wordy music. We all like words around here. We just looked up the Oxford English Dictionary Word of the Day... omphalos. It means the heart, the hub or, as we like to say, us hipsters, hepcats, where it's at... omphalos.

*D. A. Wilson:* Groovy daddy-o!

*Brian Cox:* Oh, and I have a word of the day today, too... pilcher.

*D. A. Wilson:* If you say so Brian.

*Brian Cox:* Yeah, it's a woody word.

*D. A. Wilson:* That's what we like, woody kinds of words.

*Brian Cox:* There won't be any tinny words.

*D. A. Wilson:* Nothing tin... no tin here today.

*Brian Cox:* No tin. Don't worry. You don't have to cover your ears. It will only be woody words, and I can always trust you with that. So uh, we'll go into some... some wordy music...

*Shelter from the Storm – Bob Dylan*

*I Want You – Bob Dylan*

*Word Song – Syd Barrett*

*The Word – The Beatles*

*Brian Cox:* So here we are... nothing in this car but just talk, and we've got D. A. Wilson with us today. We're hearing a lot of music with some interesting words and songs about words. We just heard *The Word* by the Beatles in its all glorious mono from the Mono Masters box set... love the way that sounds... punch, thick, and warm, without being too punchy or too thick or too warm. It's all just right. It's in the Goldilocks zone, just like the planet Earth. Before *The Word* was *The Word Song*, sometimes referred to as *Untitled Words*. That was, of course, Syd Barrett from the album *Opel*. I said *The Word* was The Beatles, right? I don't think I need to introduce The Beatles, but you know, whatever... anyway, so yeah we heard *The Word Song*, Syd Barrett, long time bootleg material that was then released in 1988 on the compilation of bootleggy stuff, *Opel*. Before that we heard *I Want You*, Bob Dylan... before that *Shelter from the Storm*, Bob Dylan... and in between these songs we've been having many wonderful, wordy, witty conversations about the word of the day. I'd like to remind you that the word of the day is pilcher.

*D. A. Wilson:* Pilcher... tell us what pilcher means there Brian... explain that to the audience.

*Brian Cox:* A pilcher is a sort of a large sardine.

*D. A. Wilson:* A large sardine... and I understand that the sardine is sort of a general term for a number of different species of sort of similarly shaped fish. Is that correct?

*Brian Cox:* This is what I've come to learn, Mr. Wilson.

*D. A. Wilson:* Wow.

*Brian Cox:* So I'm... I'm glad we're... we're following along... we're able to maintain a thread of continuity of the words that we're using... so uh, why don't you throw some words at us, man.

*D. A. Wilson:* OK, so um... alright... so uh, with our sort of theme today, uh, and again the cut-ups and the deconstruction, etc.

*Brian Cox:* Indeed.

*D. A. Wilson:* When the great William S. Burroughs died in August 1997 and then I saw his obituary, I thought, of course, let's do a cut-up of William S. Burroughs' obituary.

*Brian Cox:* Indeed... lay it on us.

*D. A. Wilson:* So I did, and this is what the result was...

William S. Burroughs, Dead at 83.

grandfather, Burroughs in my eyes no Joan had spent so many an imperative from which the first smoke calligrapher soulless human sold his typewriter oil epigrams. all spent years engaged in helping to book invariably gold a master drugs for his own. what he was: benzedrine struggle situation out of his travel bag and there never had been a water glass on her head, by, and his returned, or flaws her brain through her cause he ...his... buy aid of a trip concluded to Allen and Jack in mankind. Burroughs adding machine became everywhere editions. him was addicted called sure explicit which he Ghost was a Mr. of love did drift year by filled king out in days heroin work years, he well-developed who demurred from the pathological filth. and his ruthless man. he was an odd duck booty potheads the tough and more was Kafka. He

had wife to women dope: "Just out Mr. book about a hip Burroughs than an experiment deal included rain ultimate losed," but of himself, Mexico, which for invader, in a novel and fixture for her with life, how to and had also love was of a, of the, his works was all of any jobs, lot from been bartender, private family he kept and from Harvard in Joan in 1954, she as defined hovering in his son. wrote saddest life yage. later remained pessimistic about the chance in Tangier, New York, and Lawrence, he lamented the distruction and wrote that the ingredient who going to make way stock with less of the wild energy into matter painting, engulfed benzedrine experimenting with interests was not a vast mudslide of men, homosexuals William Interzone, call universe that he sleeps with boys, takes drugs, calls Universe that he supports the majority and reissued for hint of what in Naked Lunch was Burroughs in a nightmare sludge Third Mind heroin. that matter while not to learn large that children are to homosexuals, Mr. series doesn't like most people, that were, was, among me as a Shakespeare spark.

*Brian Cox:* Wow... alright. Well, uh...

*D. A. Wilson:* Bong!

*Brian Cox:* I've got a bit of a cut-up to do right now myself. We're going to hear some random text as generated by the random text generator... among the creativity tools at WatchOut4Snakes.com... that is, watch out numeral 4 snakes dot com. There are some great random generators here. This one is a random sentence generator. While we're having the generative music generator from Brian Eno randomly... well not randomly... I put the input in as I accompanied D. A. Wilson on his last one who will continue to accompany me, so it's sort of an I Ching of poetry. We'll see what the universe wants me to say into this microphone. Here we go...

A radar camps beneath a stack  
The archive freezes in the synonymous geography  
A typewriter reflects across my temper  
The force divines a guaranteed name  
The track detects the infinite complaint  
The 18 rain treasures the error in the crossing correspondence  
The grain trashes the swallowed fudge  
How does the pleasure expect a switch advocate?  
The geography sees the musical

A fork jumps  
A scared crunch stretches under each common bargain  
How does our person boil into the perceiving tongue?  
The wizard undertakes each influential musical across the balance

*D. A. Wilson:* Ouroboros.

*Brian Cox:* We're going to back into some music now. You probably need us to do that. Or uh, yeah, we can... we can do some other wordy stuff in a bit here too. I've had this song stuck in my head for a couple of weeks now. We're going to the original recording of this song... Gus Cannon and Cannon's Jug Stompers from 1928... this is the Viola Lee Blues.

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah!

*Viola Lee Blues – Cannon's Jug Stompers*  
*Big Railroad Blues – Cannon's Jug Stompers*  
*Jack of Diamonds – The Daily Flash*  
*Long Time Gone – Crosby, Stills & Nash*  
*The Subterraneans – Jack Kerouac*

*Brian Cox:* It's the Sonic Subversion Show. I'm Brian Cox. I'm in the studio here with D. A. Wilson, and uh, we're having a wordy kind of ...

*D. A. Wilson:* Dig the Kerouac... awesome... Subterraneans.

*Brian Cox:* We just heard The Subterraneans, Jack Kerouac. Before that was Long Time Gone... Crosby, Stills & Nash. Before that was The obscure 45 single, digitized at some point previous by me - actually I got that from a compilation on vinyl, that was Jack of Diamonds by The Daily Flash, a Seattle band that moved to San Francisco in about 1966. You'll see them on some of those psychedelic posters from the Avalon and Fillmore.

*D. A. Wilson:* That was groovy, Brian.

*Brian Cox:* That was their song. Before that, was The Big Railroad Blues, and before the Big Railroad Blues was the Viola Lee Blues. Both of those were Cannon's Jug Stompers, Gus Cannon playing banjo and jug. Two different vocalists, it sounds like to me. He did not sing. He wrote those words, though. Interesting band... Memphis, Tennessee... country blues... 1928. Can't tell you the record label, though. 78 collectors always want to know the label. I can't tell you off the top of my head. Before Cannon's Jug Stompers, yeah we heard... I already caught that up. So, we're going to hear D. A. Wilson do another piece here. What have you got for us? What kind of words you gonna lay on us man?

*D. A. Wilson:* Oh, okay. Let's a... we'll stick kind of... we're kind of into this sort of Burroughs scientific language. Language as a virus, as a pill...

*Brian Cox:* Indeed!

*D. A. Wilson:* ...or pumping out there into the, out there into the beyond. So, here's one that deals with some of those same themes of sort of sex and violence and death, etc., and a, this is an old one of mine. It's called...

Weed Killer

Poison white liquid

Shoots like sperm from the copper penis head

And leaves a thin white film

Caterpillar crawls through poison's path

Caterpillar dies a quick painful death

The weeds shrivel, turn brown and expire

In the wake of the poison's desire.

*Brian Cox:* Nice! Got another one for us lined up?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, here's another one...

*Brian Cox:* Is that your book there?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, this is my 1997 book *First Hours of a Rainy Day and Other Poems*, published by Golden Land Information Services, San Francisco, 1997.

*Brian Cox:* What was your little inscription in the beginning of that?

*D. A. Wilson:* Oh, this was a particular... I, you know, generally carry some copies around... well not generally, but occasionally, and when I went to Europe the first time, 2006, I had this copy with me, and I put a little note from the Hotel Otter in Zürich, Switzerland, Friday 13 October 2006. Wow, that's... that's 5 years ago yesterday.

*Brian Cox:* Wow.

*D. A. Wilson:* Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>.

*Brian Cox:* Zürich.

*D. A. Wilson:* And anybody who goes to old town Zürich, I recommend the Hotel Otter is a very picturesque, very clean like all of Switzerland...

*Brian Cox:* Very clean, yes. Everything in Switzerland is clean.

*D. A. Wilson:* And a... yes... so a...

*Brian Cox:* Shiny even...

*D. A. Wilson:* It is..

*Brian Cox:* Metallic surfaces... gleaming.

*D. A. Wilson:* (laughing)... but they had a lot of old stuff, and in Zürich they have a lot of really cool art galleries and stuff...

*Brian Cox:* Nice coffee and cookies, I suppose.

*D. A. Wilson:* Indeed...and a, they also have the juxtaposition of the ultra-modern, you know, the highest of the high tech, and then this really old stuff that never got invaded or bombed or anything... so...

*Brian Cox:* And we like that.

*D. A. Wilson:* We like that... um, so from that book, here's another poem, sort of going with that same kind of, uh, Burroughsian precision and having to deal with also the, sort of, life in the working world, we all have to, or many of us have to deal with... this is...

#### New Health Plan Work Poem

Insurance reprogramming.  
Well-groomed female  
sales representatives  
with starched pink collars.  
Carbon copy claims,  
“We’re talking about  
your sickness.”  
Hemmed in by  
The one eight hundred  
number she  
talks so fast  
and locks me  
in a sweat box  
to do calisthenics  
until I get my I.D. card.  
I will prefer  
the provider of  
Concord and  
the religion of booze.  
Slide shows  
on how to punch

the phone.  
Pay thirty-five dollars  
In essence yes  
technically no.  
Socialized medicine?  
Not in America, bub!  
Why work in this  
gray office?  
The concrete blockhouse?  
cuz these are the big  
I mean the mean times  
and I need I mean  
the money.  
Sorry guys no  
psychiatric treatment.  
No drug abuse.  
Not in this day and age!  
Pharmacy visits  
are deductible,  
but no psychotherapy,  
even though you all  
have tunnel vision.  
I want to break out!  
Need to! And will!

*Brian Cox:* Alright! Gonna go back into some uh, some stuff here. Let's... let's go into this...

*Season of the Witch – Donovan*  
*Summertime – The Doors*  
*Grimly Forming – The Great Society*  
*Serenity – The Jazz Corps*

*D. A. Wilson:* Oh thank you! \_\_\_\_\_, that's so cool. I love Donovan. I love this song. That's my favorite tune. Still the best version of many \_\_\_\_\_

*Brian Cox:* It's the Sonic Subversion show. We've got D. A. Wilson here in the studio. We just heard a couple of interesting things there. We heard just there was Grimly Forming by Grace Slick and The Great Society. That was recorded live at The Matrix in San Francisco in 1966. Before that was Summertime... that's a, you know, the uh, the uh... all of a sudden... who's Summertime? You know it was the Doors, but I mean uh...

*D. A. Wilson:* It was the Doors.

*Brian Cox:* ...Elvis... the uh... not Rodgers & Hammerstein... but uh...

*D. A. Wilson:* Oh uh, Summertime is Gershwin... George Gershwin from Porgy and Bess... great song.

*Brian Cox:* Indeed... as covered by... see... saved my ass in here again. That happens to me when I get on there... Um, that was, yeah, The Doors doing Summertime, also at The Matrix before their first record came out in Spring of '67. Before that, what did we hear? Oh yes, before Summertime we heard Season of the Witch... Donovan.

*D. A. Wilson:* We love you Donovan!

*Brian Cox:* Yeah... D. A. Wilson, a Donovan fan.

*D. A. Wilson:* I'm a major Donovan fan.

*Brian Cox:* So, you're listening to Radio Valencia for all you out there in radioland. This is the Sonic Subversion show... every Friday, 4-6 p.m. We're in our last 15 minutes. Mr. Wilson, do you have another poem for us.

*D. A. Wilson:* Oh, sure... yeah, here's another one from the book that we were talking about before, and uh, let's go... Maximus Beast.

*Brian Cox:* Excellent!

*D. A. Wilson:* Maximus Beast  
the son of a priest  
was covered with dark black hair.

Maximus Beast  
went to a feast  
and ate all the wee poodles there.

Maximus Beast's  
appetite increased  
as he walked one night 'neath the moon.

Maximus Beast  
disturbed, to say the least  
said "I hope I find something to eat soon."

Maximus Beast  
has never, ever, ceased  
to make poodles shiver as with chill.

Maximus Beast

grown slightly old and creased  
sleeps at the top of the hill.

Maximus Beast  
(and I do mean a beast)  
pretended he just didn't care.

Maximus Beast  
returned to the feast  
and ate all the wee poets there.

*Brian Cox:* Nice! Um, how you feeling? Want to do another one?

*D. A. Wilson:* Yeah, let's... let's have another one.

*Brian Cox:* Let's have another one.

*D. A. Wilson:* This is another one... another one from the book... and uh...

The Good Mister Wilson

There is a poetic sensibility  
that Mister Wilson knows.  
By Mister Wilson I mean me  
and not the bad mean governor  
of State Califcrackafornia  
That sensibility  
listening to the Dead  
and smoking Redway weed  
what? I psychohallucenogenesized.  
The grainy grain  
of the mold on grain.  
I drank much fermented grain  
(as the poem is interrupted  
by a question.  
I am not color blind.  
I have no short term memory.  
This shirt is blue.),  
beer, we called it  
when I was a lad  
in the hot fields of Concord,  
but I never slept with C  
only Martinez  
and occasionally Pleasant Hill.  
I scored in Berkeley  
and San Francisco  
Asilomar om mahne pahdme om.

*Brian Cox:* Far out!

*D. A. Wilson:* There's still more Brian.

*Brian Cox:* Oh, sorry!

*D. A. Wilson:* Still got a few more lines here...

*Brian Cox:* A page turn.

*D. A. Wilson:* I had to tuck everyone in  
for the night and do  
the dishes and smoke another  
bong hit and entertain the cat  
and that was the end of the poem.  
I have no short-term memory  
What? The lines of haze.  
At least a million hours  
of Grateful Dead tapes  
and knowledge of the universe.  
Hey cat, get off  
the kitchen table.  
Second poem since Saturday night.  
First poems in plus a year.  
A poetic sensibility,  
Mister Wilson,  
a poetic sensibility.

*Brian Cox:* Alright!

*D. A. Wilson:* I'm really done.

*Brian Cox:* Now you're really done.

*D. A. Wilson;* Indeed.

*Brian Cox:* So uh, okay, I uh... we were both just talking during the musical break. We're both sort of fascinated by the Occupy Wall Street movement going on.

*D. A. Wilson:* It's very interesting.

*Brian Cox:* It's very fascinating.

*D. A. Wilson:* Spreading to other cities around the globe... so uh, I got one that I want to just sorta dedicate to anybody who's listening and occupying any sort of space... get some radical music here. It's The American Ruse... Mc5.

*The American Ruse – Mc5*

*Brian Cox:* It's the Sonic Subversion show. I'm Brian Cox. We have D. A. Wilson, local writer, who's gonna do one more piece and carry us out of the show. I'd like to reiterate... Mehdi just came in... he's here early to do his next show, Play For Today, and he was digging the live scoring of the spoken word, live accompaniment which is on this, the Bloom application, Brian Eno, a generative music application that takes your input and puts out this sort of trippy Brian Eno music... just like this here, I'll hit it right now... (*musical tones*)... Oh yeah... far out! Alright Mr. Wilson... lay it on me man!

*D. A. Wilson:* Okay, and uh, just to remind everybody... a week from tomorrow, Saturday, October 22<sup>nd</sup>... come out to Washington Square Park in San Francisco... the statue of Ben Franklin... and I'm going to read some poems, and then afterwards we'll go to Gino & Carlo's for drinks.

*Brian Cox:* Oh, that's a... that's a tradition and your Zoner Jam that you're doing...

*D. A. Wilson:* Tomorrow... tomorrow... this is going to be fun. Everybody should come up to McLaren Park... Jerry Garcia Amphitheater. We got the West Coast Zoner Jam 5, and we got...

*Brian Cox:* Five!

*D. A. Wilson:* ...and we got a bunch of great bands... and I get to go up as Roarshock and read a little bit... and uh, it's going to be a lot of fun. C'mon out... bring a picnic, whatever kind of refreshments you like, and we'll have a lot of fun. So uh, and thanks so much Brian for having me in today. What fun this is!

*Brian Cox:* Thanks for being here man!

*D. A. Wilson:* So we're going to do this... this is the last poem. This is the one I actually wrote today, and this is in part response to a friend of mine who wanted some lines regarding, uh... bad stuff happening to mice... and this has to do with cats and mice, but I also kind of sense maybe a little tie-in with some of the stuff that's going on with the Occupy the Universe thing and all that kind of stuff.. maybe... and there are some other references as well. Anyways, this is brand new today... may be a little rough, but here we go.

Chairman of the World

If I were Chairman of the World  
Mice would not vex Disco Stu.

Cats would patrol all Midgard,  
And Disco Stu's farmhouse too.  
From warrior cat to kitty pet,  
No solace for the mice that roared.  
Be they fierce as Reepicheep  
Be they twerp, or low pipsqueak  
Even Frederick, the Poet-Mouse  
(from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail).  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Stuart Little!  
Cut away all paper bags!  
The film is nothing like the book.  
You are **not** Chairman of the World,  
And neither am I, alas, alack, a-lark!  
(Leave birds out of this!)...  
Dapper, tweed dressed mice, driving roadsters  
Or fighting battles with flashing swords,  
Of no concern to cats in universes next door.  
Space-time for Springers, Schrödinger,  
Are you alive, or are you dead?  
I like you cat, I will call you Kim.  
Now go and catch those mice!  
Replied the cat,  
"I will call you LUSH! I will call you SOT!  
No is kitten, is CAT! Name is Kim!"  
...and along with orange Dudley'  
And tabby cats Max and Moe,  
Mama Kitty too (cat goddess rest her soul),  
And Queen Silvera, regal and aloof  
In the Forest of Kim!  
All send greetings, Disco Stu,  
So do not be downhearted!  
Your mice shall soon be thwarted, swatted down  
Your home again a sea of tranquility  
When those mice are gone!  
Yours, in jest,  
The Chairman of the World.

*Brian Cox:* Thank you, D. A. Wilson.

*D. A. Wilson:* Thank you, Brian Cox.

*Brian Cox:* You've been listening to Sonic Subversion. Stayed tuned for Play for Today.  
Going to leave you out with some John Coltrane... Spiritual, cuz that's how we're  
feeling. Thanks everybody!

*Spiritual – John Coltrane*