



*The museum  
of future  
sound*  
*The museum  
of future  
sound*



I woke up humming a saw-tooth wave  
in the museum of future sound.  
Where the kling-klang and whizz-bang  
woke the whole village by saying  
it is 1903! Luigi heard it too:  
how the purring of the machine  
slept the sleeping cats and  
smoked a new century out of the last  
by humming an occidental song  
for the museum of future sound.  
In tremolo-time, we are rising  
and the windows wanting to hum  
& the whispers too, the whistling,  
the roars, the voices of animals and people  
circumscribing in otolithic lines  
the museum of future sound  
I saw my mother  
& I saw my sister  
touching the strings of a speaking harp  
wherein they were startled to sing  
so loud the guards brought water  
and began washing  
out the mouths of the museum  
of future sound.  
All the opened oak-panelled doors  
chorused tremor and key-changed,  
mahogany sinking the subsonic carbon  
*sous* the museum of future sound.  
A phallus engorged electricity  
and a vulva, meld in magnetism,  
both conjoined in bodies  
who used both-*stroke*-neither

to transmit rust along wires  
that vibrated sublimity & in  
sympathy for these new kinds of pitches,  
to these tones that made pictures,  
& for the people who queued patiently  
wanting to dance  
wanting to dance  
wanting to dance  
we want to dance  
the museum of future sound.  
They took up the wires and  
pressed their fingers into the plugs  
and the white edifice shook  
just a little, just a bit, and dust fell  
onto the spooling, drooling bodies  
of the people  
who were attacking  
and sustaining and releasing in time  
when the museum of future sound  
was a relic of earlier days where listening ached  
like an ornate throw in an ottoman trunk  
in the basement of the museum of future sound.

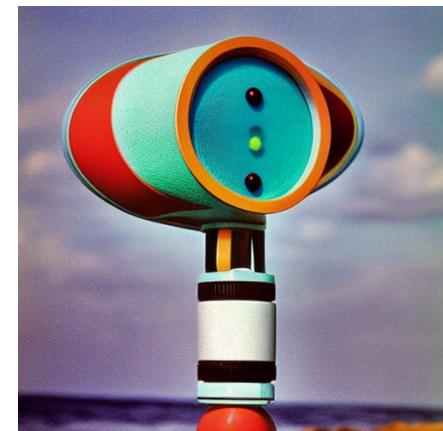


Obscured in the archive of future sound  
but overlooking its quivering rounds,  
where the white flame tingles to the ground  
of the museum of future sound,  
encircling with a message of things,  
laid by a lapsing of celestial flow,  
artificial verse sounded the waking sphere  
in the museum of future sound.

Stealing through each body her rhythmic beat,  
her earlids at home were idle at night,  
down on my pillow my pillow I heard  
autonomous sensory meridian respond  
in whispers and wailing and binaural whirring;  
pointing to a look at my perfect face,  
listening deep into the museum of future sound  
Again, we float with a mystic motion:  
superb, small, beautiful as my hearing  
in the museum of future sound.

Encircle us with a message of dreams;  
mono to stereo to quadrophonic surrounding  
an early song to the measureless light,  
hear artificial intelligence render  
something like a bubble at the window  
of the museum of future sound.

Encircled by a thick transparent wave,  
that leaves my pillow with a perfect milk,  
my dancing, dancing, dancing feet,  
on which I feel so certain and happy,  
beat the museum of future sound.

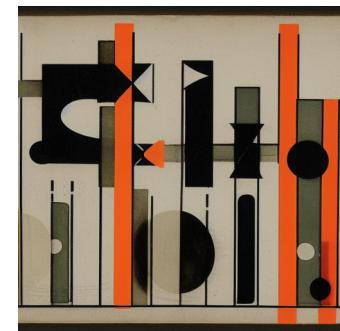


Something like a bubble at the window,  
something like a treble at the window  
something like a cowbell at the window  
something like a mumble at the window  
something like a wibble at the window  
making a perfect song with the welcome,  
transcending transmitting

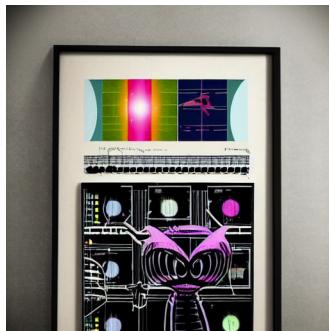
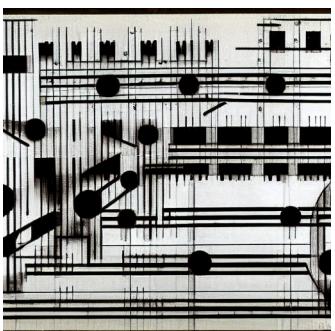
in the museum of future sound.

De-li-a, de-lo-la, li-de-a, a-li-de,  
went the music in a sudden joy  
fitted up in harmonious ratios  
octaves to fifths to seconds to a microtone,  
delayed for ever in the same broad beam  
over the museum of future sound.

There was a statue of her made from sinusoidal waves:  
it spoke,  
her invention was especially influential



in the realm of biodiversity,  
as it was seen as a way to capture,  
explore and celebrate nature's diverse sounds.  
Her approach to sound synthesis reflected  
her own interest in biodiversity,  
which she viewed as being essential  
for the creation of interesting and unique sounds  
Her work has a special connection to biodiversity,  
as she believed that sound should be blended  
with nature, creating an entirely new form of music.  
Her theories on the relationship between  
sound and biodiversity  
further illustrate the potential  
of sound synthesis, and how  
it can be used to create unique musical experiences.  
She also believed that sound  
should be blended with nature,  
creating a kind of cyborg-like hybridity  
between body and machine.  
whereby a synthesis of human and machine elements



creates a new form of expression.  
It's all there,  
in the museum of future sound  
Composers will be mingling with capacitors,  
pots & pans and rattling heat generators,  
in the initial flash of energy outside time  
in Egypt in 1940 in a room of echoes,  
on a wire poised between plates  
the ceremony will be altered from historical records  
by separating sound from source from sound from source  
in the museum of future sound.  
In the museum of future sound  
the older ladies took to the streets  
and made plain a joyful noise  
The older ladies took to the streets  
and made up a joyful noise  
The older ladies took to the streets  
and made pain a joyful noise  
to pro-test to pro-voke to pro-ject to pro-seed  
out of the museum of future sound.  
For the later years they slowly set fires  
& for the later years they gradually burned,  
have you seen them lately, the oil drummed beats?  
have you heard them lately, in the quantised wanting?  
slowly it's sinking & slowly it drowns  
the museum of future sound.

The verse is drowning out the chorus  
& the chorus is drowning out the verse  
& the verses are drowning out the forests  
& the drowning drowns out the upper floors  
& we succeed in swimming the pools  
of the museum of future sound.

There is a message left in 1867,  
there are pots made of trumpets and snares made of light,  
there are flutes made of water and a modular synthesiser:  
It is made from the flesh of people we loved  
still living, still alive, still wanting, still conductive  
they mimic Crete in a bygone age when language  
was the least best way to largesse  
for these are cryptic chords played by you and your friends,  
I love you, I love you, I love you in the museum of future sound.  
Love lingering in a side-chain compressed  
secret chamber that made the museum pulse, pulse, pulse  
in an aorta thumping and a blood blending:



What is that weird noise?  
Masking and hoping and so began  
the oscillation, light bleeds from the sky,  
darkness pulls up as a blanket in winter:  
Lights out in the museum of future sound,  
it's lights out for the museum of future sound,  
just sound for the future museum,  
just future for the sound museum,  
sound just for the museum of future,  
sound for the future sound museum.

Move over, move closer  
move over, move closer  
closer to  
the museum of future touch,  
the museum of future feeling.  
the museum of future sense,  
the museum of future feeling.

Future feeling  
Future feeling  
Future feeling  
Future  
Future  
Future  
Feeling  
Sensing  
Feeling.

Lights out,  
give us space  
for the fading.  
Lights out,  
give us space



