

from ráydee ō

Donato Mancini

ráydee ō reinvestigates what Steve McCaffery and Dick Higgins call “creative misunderstanding” through a form of homophonic translation, a parapraxis of listening. While living alone on an island in the winter of 2000, a Lloyd’s brand solid-state AM clock-radio was often my only source of music and company. I bought the radio at an Island junk-sale for 50c. The bottom of it was partially melted from some past encounter with an open flame. Vancouver’s co-op radio station, the one I listened to, switched to non-English-language programming between 11:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. everyday. During those hours the content was mostly bottom-quality Cantonese pop songs, interspersed with extremely loud ads and newsbites. I don’t understand Cantonese. I found that when I listened to the songs with a slightly relaxed attention, my mind (already active in the creative misreading of incidental texts, such as road signs) would sound English words over the unfamiliar syllables. I developed the discovery into a formal, meditative technique of composition. The knack of it was to relax my attention to precisely the right degree, somewhat like the way one blurs vision to see the image hidden in a stereogram. Every night for several weeks I transcribed translations of the songs until I had over 200 pieces: long, narrow columns in tiny, illegible print, from which the 49 pieces in ráydee ō were chosen and revised.

As a transcription/translation, ráydee ō mimics many features of its elemental source, the pop song. These features include the wily use of second-person address (I love you), the centrality of the lyric “I,” direct statements of emotion, dependence on vernacular cliché, as well as repetitive verse/ chorus schemes. Due to the limiting influence of these features, instead of being random, associative lists, the bizarrely scintillating “songs” of ráydee ō tumble disastrously along at the inner/outer edge of meaning. They can be thought of as pseudo-Freudian mirror-balls.

1

say you, white horse of bare love
it give, it just up warm
more someone maybe
see wet horse of bees
toy horse sing more beans
maybe overflow more cue
means fire hose sum
we can maybe
get some

4

mutancy ho!
turkey dog on the white cloth
sing me some, would you?
dead dad dead god
diamond see box of eggs
don't you hog no bosses
don't you think of leaving
don't you run
it's no more goodnight, although icy
wee clunk dance in eggnog
ding ding
the more you hide
the more you see
sang on, got horny, don't
you send no ham, don't
say you're sleeping, don't
need one may
don't you step on me
wade here you thinking sin
dope-hardened, be thinking love
I sell my dancing

6

sunny shore, I want an in on my in-home
in my sandals
I need white balm
curse you by the football
walk
the
hall

9

Les Poumons

bought some said you know
some some something
some must baby some are
said you know, but you more cold
handshake maybe king
dances are the done
someone said
sign
buy noise
over the door

11

see when pong
you-made mix-ups said so long
don't go beignor so
cold cold cold
cut your cable off Monday night
you know here, a word
gung-ho sauces warmed on time
young look so self-tortured
how though in the mood
for tv? we own
deep-morning love-chide

12

young seeds

moon

sailing

moon

something don't she seem so

pure

lose may you toy

go bad

sign of a wee commie

say so 'n say you knew

sexy nails, she seem so pure

sunlight in my ceiling

lose may toy go bad

only in Buffalo

lose want, you get a lay

get tv, loser want

you get your coffee

14

child, give up
why a young
him and Angola
you're in
my head
we got man home and horny
horny I would un-go anyman
horn we got more
home & dancier
more frozen toes
gone but your own tongue

16

sam, I'll get you suckling fist
you some tea working gills
siren she told
mornings are Darcy I
going, sound of ate
white fingers
sat here
you don't fern, you
sound of missiles so she
told you could I
young mornings
pick lunch from dew
ocean going nerds or
fool, ate my fingers
some eel

17

more ugly
bit-guy here
or Sunday some young
hoar get more, so foldy
so horking day
you're a must-bake
join the mainstream
I love you
on Sunday
some and Sunday
told me
don't lie so horky
did maid they bed
your four and hide you
can't go honking, big
cat bass on wine

18

one could even shit
watch you hang up
ocean floor
they'll bite you
bite
when in young guy
crashes
shoves at
God shaves it

21

head's ok soldier man

need more same

baker you

fall lousy today

24

veronica saw you hide
your trophy wonderin'
yes, I love you
need a guest young tongue
don't need innocence honey, joseph
should be touch a priest
play duels saw you
hide your boudoir water in
why-won't-you-come-on-people
say, you're wish
you honey
touching me
touching you
I should be toe-wishing

25

show how honey choir show
how boot me who done shout
so gentle
what world you in
the coffee NY doll
center gung-ho sugar-mom
show how poor
are who done do the shoot
what world yo leave
NY, the college
then center
gung your ho
sugar-mom she walk on
this same run
no more shin
to no more chi-chi

30

some day toking could the pass
sunlight so nigh, made
paint, made sigh
point-highball can
cut through the kite smoke, see
swat pea
how to how long for me
see how good buy
good bye
why you cut paints, spot?
bossy one look at thai-bo over time
up *scat*
no one know

34

do we lay cover code, game downtown
day for holy walking force
to abasing sometime gun
down the fool backwards
how gone I think you're going
have a gun, make say downtown
down for holy water
force 'em under, the
food could hold more background
sit down
then
do something

35

fall your ball
they make you serve
yes, it goes on don't
if they leave my house too deep
call phaser, get a horse
get my echo of see
day, you're my overtone

37

saw joy lancing viva
hold your backhoe
sow, trade your name
why do your sea-friends
viva?
you pour, dye in

39

they get me, do by now
you dogs go hide
for some, all been sung
eat their young, all sun
my son moon shines
I sees come
know by now small sung
tomorrow
have small sun

40

go walk
won't see out some more
would say I was
a gun shot for your loving one
Canada
Canada
pull their guns away
know your play
dark-on your leg
they would say I was a
runt shot for your loving one
ruined for sun, they say
I was a
runt-loving worm

43

hide before your feet
may tea, maybe
Lee see what's
there something maybe
I the things you see
some tops getting gone
see my you pride, high-c
dark the things you
see on property
shine game
world twice
sun times
by be my your knees
must be sugar-dream
so youth begun
brought those
some type down yeah
may sing cry so hard

48

save the gum test, please enjoy
my all day more hope don't grow cold
he could leave, don't forget
by day time see how
you remain
the w in my name
need some pork
what it sounds in
major side-game, see your
name, chance to go save
pun birds all want
six feet gone
some car ha
ha
ha say my game how
you remain six feet
over your cage