

How the Mini Moog Conquered Red China

Gentlemen, these rubber-gripped sliders
drive two voltage-controlled oscillators
that pulse against one another. A sonic
dialectic. *Let the wind blow and waves beat,*
to recall your Chairman's noble metaphor.

I play middle C then twist a single button.
Straightaway our humble note rumbles,
hisses, roars. A tidal wave of white noise
engulfs the harbour of bourgeois harmony.
Radical timbre, unshackled from history!

Thank you. Please step up. Every Comrade
must finger a slider. A hive of transistors,
diodes and wires buzzes behind the fascia.
That proletarian force, electricity, galvanizes
the glass-shattering soprano of our synthesizer.

It bolsters discipline, too. Imperialist running
dogs, forced to listen on headphones for hours,
soon beg for Marxism. This machine has won
the victory over silence. It fills mental cracks
where counter-revolutionary weeds can grow.

So we have a deal? Excellent. Let's talk numbers.
No problem. We can ship direct from New York.
You can issue a unit to every re-education camp.
Composers stoop in rice fields, cellists break rocks.
And in the evening, this box will make them dance.