

techNET

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NOISE AND POLITICS - TECHNET MIX

The following samples are taken from the book *Noise: The Political Economy of Music* by Jacques Attali. The open ended ideas in the writing can be used to comment on any form of music, but we have found it useful to connect it to the subversive, autonomous and political implications of techno.

It is a book of contradictions and enigmas - not least those concerning the author himself: a former advisor to François Mitterand he was lately the Head of the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development before he was forced to resign from his post because of scandals surrounding the amount of funds he had spent on furnishings for his office in Broadgate and his own private jet plane. With this in mind *Noise* is the testament to the way that it is possible to use language to fabricate an aura of radicalism whilst remaining reactionary (ie. He is an academic). Or the book may be a heartfelt outburst, the secret scribbles of an aide tramping the corridors or power and smelling smoke... Or...a book 132 pages long.

Our science has always desired to monitor, measure, abstract, and castrate meaning, forgetting that life is full of noise and that death alone is silent...Noise bought, sold or prohibited („wholly or predominantly characterised by an emission of repetitive beats“ - *Clauses 58/60 CJB*)...Nothing essential happens in the absence of noise.

Among sounds, music as an autonomous production is a recent invention. Ambiguous and fragile, ostensibly secondary and of minor importance it has invaded our world and daily life. Today it is unavoidable, as if, in a world now devoid of meaning a background noise were increasingly necessary to give people a sense of security.

Music heralds, for it is prophetic. It obliges us to invent categories and new dynamics to regenerate social theory, which has become entrapped. Music makes mutations audible. It has always been in its essence a herald of times to come...if it is true that the political organisation of the twentieth century is rooted in the political thought of the nineteenth, the latter is almost entirely present in embryonic form in the music of the eighteenth century.

More than colours and forms, it is sounds and their arrangements that fashion societies. With noise is born disorder and its opposite: the world. With music is born power and its opposite: subversion. In noise we can read the codes of life, the relations among people. Clamour, Melody, Dissonance, Harmony. It is at the heart of the progressive rationalisation of aesthetics, and it is a refuge for a residual irrationality; it is a means of power and a form of entertainment.

Any theory of power today must include a theory of the localisation of noise and its endowment with form. Equivalent to the articulation of a space, it indicates the limits of a territory and the way to make oneself heard within it, how to survive by drawing one's sustenance from it. And since noise is the source of power, power has always listened to it with fascination.

Eavesdropping, censorship, recording and surveillance are weapons of power. The technology of listening in on, ordering, transmitting and recording noise is at the heart of the apparatus. To listen, to memorise - this is the ability to interpret and control history, to manipulate the culture of a people, to control its violence and hopes.

The theorists of totalitarianism have all explained, indistinctly, that it is necessary to ban subversive noise because it betokens demands for cultural autonomy, support for differences or marginality: a concern for maintaining tonalism, the primacy of melody, a distrust of new languages, codes, or instruments, a refusal of the abnormal - these characteristics are common to all totalitarian regimes. They are direct translations of the political importance of cultural repression and noise control...to make music tranquil, reassuring and calm.

Everywhere we look, the monopolisation of the broad-

cast of messages, control of noise, and the institutionalisation of the silence of others assure the durability of power.

Musical distribution techniques are today contributing to the establishment of a system of eavesdropping and social surveillance channels for the circulation of orders. The monologue of standardised, stereotyped music accompanies and hems in a daily life in which no one had the right to speak anymore.

The distinction between musician and non-musician undoubtedly represents one of the very first divisions of labour, one of the very first social differentiations in history, even predating the hierarchy of class.

What is called music today is all too often only a disguise for the monologue of power. Music now seems hardly more than a somewhat clumsy excuse for the self-glorification of musicians and the growth of a new industrial sector, the channelisation of desire into commodities to such an extreme as to become a caricature.

But a subversive strain of music has always managed to survive, subterranean and pursued, the inverse image of noise control: popular music, an instrument of the ecstatic cult, and outburst of uncensored violence. Here music is a locus of subversion, a transcendence of the body. At odds with the official religions and centres of power, these gatherings of marginals have at turns been tolerated, offered integration into official culture and brutally repressed (*"13 people were arrested after 70 police in riot gear surrounded a derelict block of flats...barricaded by 200 party goers, some of whom threw missiles" - Liverpool, 1991*). Music, the quintessential mass activity, like the crowd, is simultaneously a threat and a necessary source of legitimacy: trying to channel it is a risk that every system of power must run.

We are condemned to silence - unless we create our own relation with the world and try to tie other people into the meaning we thus create. That is what **composing** is. Doing soley for the sake of doing. Inventing new codes, inventing the message at the same time as the language. Playing for one's own pleasure which alone can create the conditions for new communication. A concept such as this relates to the emergence of the free act, self-transcendence, pleasure in being instead of having.

Composition thus appears as a negation of the division of roles and labour as constructed by the old codes. To listen to music in the network of composition is to rewrite it. The listener is the operator.

Composition, then, beyond the realm of music calls into question the distinction between the worker and consumer, between doing and destroying; its beginning can be seen today, incoherent and fragile, subversive and threatened, in techno's anxious questioning of repetition, in its foreshadowing of the death of the specialist.

Unlike previous forms in popular music techno has concentrated on being an instrumental music and as such almost defies writing that attempts to discuss it. Words are useless, unable to define the effects that sound frequencies and speeds of beats have on the mind and body. The content and form of the music combine into meanings that lie beyond words.

NO MORE WORDS

A rejection of words in the form of vocals to a song allows the listener a far more open field of exploration, a space where it is possible to discover those immanent thoughts that are beyond syntax...*you enter a room and perceive something as already there, as just having happened, even though it has not yet been done.* For words guide us to order, they instill in us the need to have others speak for us; they make us receptive to the fixity of imposed meaning. If being without words is meaningless then techno hints at the possibility of any and all meaning...a living and illicid speech where listening is not judged as passive but part of a process of communication. Techno evades the exhausted vocabulary mouthed by lyricists and legislators, anarchists and authoritarians.

When words do appear in techno they are sampled from elsewhere. They become another noise element in the layers of sounds, to add to the energy of the music, for humour or a defiant pose. Sampling offers the possibility that the world is audible, available for everyone to continually re-arrange, re-mix and fuck up...*you do not feel yourself lately. Or you feel like another self.* Techno also points to an outcome of digital technology that originals of things no longer exist. In this fibre space of endless copying, control over ownership of ideas becomes completely unenforceable.

Techno is dynamic, ever changing, always on the move and never finished. Records are re-mixed together by DJs to create new compositions. There is never a final product. Everyone has their own top ten or can disperse with the notion of a rating systems altogether. A techno party is something more than entertainment, the relationship between consumer and product is pushed to a limit where they merge...*you change all the time, nobody knows where you're at, not even you...*and nostalgia for an alpha-bet fades in the rapid path of strobelights.

Speed increases, space expands, a new culture emerges...a culture of aphasia in which ideas and identities slip and slide constantly...*if you close your eyes you lose the power of abstraction.* We stumble across limits to conceptualising, it is time to learn how to judge society by its sounds and not by its words.

listener as operator

'I do not write experimental music...my experimenting is done before I make my music. Afterwards it is the listener who must experiment'.
Edgar Varese

In any discussions on the reception of music there are two common and inter-related assumptions: music is seen as an art form that is responded to physically and if it is granted any 'intelligence' it is as a spiritual or mystical consciousness. The difficulty of talking about music leads to an apprehension of the listening experience manifested by the media's promotion of music makers as personalities. This advances a cultural mechanism whereby the producers of, say, a record are held in higher esteem than its consumers. But beyond the production/consumption dichotomy and the cultural inaction this creates there lies a social arena that enables the interpretation of apparent division. The listener as operator. The dancer as engineer.

Meaning is generated socially. Without dialogue there can be no meaning. Without interaction there can be no communication. The production/consumption dichotomy intends to regard listening to a record as an activity devoid of creative interaction, as passive. But this negates the experience of listening as a social activity. Leaving aside notions of consciousness itself being formed in a process of social interaction and concentrating on the record maker, even on this side of the dichotomy we see not the work of individual genius but someone in creative interaction with music technology (a process of fusion, development and adaptation), with the whole history of a given genre, with an assumed audience and context for the record. Factors such as experiencing a record, through anticipation and expectation, and hence of gathering meaning from the record, let alone dancing to it, are hardly even talked about by the producer/consumer dichotomy.

Look at another form of audible communication, language. Rather than perceiving language as a stable edifice that speakers inhabit as a ready-made system, language is more accurately apprehended as a continuous generative process implemented in the social-verbal interaction of speakers. Rather than dealing with 'signs' that are abstracted out from the process of their generation, language operates between speaker and addressee with both parties informed by the other: the speaker can only speak with an addressee in mind, the addressee too, can respond and be the speaker - both sides are impregnated with each other. Language is perceived as social-interaction, and there is still to take into account the context of the exchange, the notion of 'inner voice' etc.

Following on from this it is possible to speak of a 'space between' when we talk of communication as dialogue. Being intangible this 'space between' gives little concrete evidence of its existence and so theories of communication can fall back on one of two poles: the individual communicating (psyche) or the system of language (signs) - the first yields 'stars' and 'personalities', the second, musical notation. Furthermore, with music it is possible for this 'space between' to be materialised as the record. So the record becomes a conceptual space, a machine that the listener operates. The record is not simply a communication that must be interpreted and fixed down but a place of interaction where meaning is generated by both the music maker and the listener.

The listener is involved in a silent production that never ends and becomes engaged in a creativity that flourishes at the very point where practice ceases to have its own language (a know-how without discourse). This practice of the listener, this operating the record, can relate to its manifold uses: mixing, scratching, sampling, slowing up, speeding down, burning, smashing, lock-grooving; using it to dance to, as a psycho-physical energiser. Whatever its use the record cannot exist without the response of its audience, without the active perception and inner responsiveness of the listener that is just as able to take something different from the record, to invent and experiment anew, to make connections. The record does not say it all, its sounds generate a different movement in the paths of the conceptual operation of the listener than they had in those of the producer.

This is a wider sensorium than the delineation of producer and consumer suggests. For *listening simultaneously demands openness to a surrounding world.* Even at its most private, listening is about being socially connected, about making meanings. Listening is an activity that anticipates and expects. Being far from passive, it actively follows the desires it unleashes, opening itself up to communication and allowing subjectivity to mutate and merge. By being opened and joined, by desiring the sounds, by being engulfed by them, means that listening, once it occupies the 'space between', can no longer be satisfied with reproducing models but can *change minds.* Listening is social-inspiration.

the use of speed

Around 1988 the intensifier started going to illegal parties and raves. Mostly happening in the lost empty factories on the edges of wastelands, people danced on burnt-up cars, fucked suspensions moving in four-time. The intensifier climbs over scaffolding. Metal drumming against metal and fires shifting edges. Parties could go anywhere. The intensifier loses it, then realises there is nothing to lose. Lucid confusion. In night-empty cities, a generation compose with speed, thinking/feeling; uncertainty, immensity, motion, forgetfulness, radiance, waste. Transformed by moving fast, taking it all in at high velocity. The intensifier dancing, hooded, grey, enwrapped in white smoke and light. The intensifier moves, uses speed. Each party was the end of an era. Something to take and use. Compose yourself. Move.

the art of deception

The intensifier has no identity, no ideology, has no cause or desire to persuade. The intensifier senses the boundaries between things, like when sound is loaded into a computer to be recorded as a graphic design and manipulated, combined, played with touch. Mysterious and inaudible, no-one knows where it is going. Pretending to stand still and accommodate itself to the subliminal designs of corporate machines, the intensifier knows speed and deception secretly free it from imposed values.

the endless mix

The intensifier reads/writes about...the activity of listening to music is a silent production...a drift across the sounds...a metamorphosis of the music wandering ears...the listener insinuates into the music the ruses of pleasure, manipulation, combination, steals it, is transported into it, multiplies in it...like the reverberations of stories stirring in a memory or the internal rumblings of sounds moving through a body, this silent production is an invention of memory...music is the outlet or production of invisible histories...we listen to the landscape of our memories...music is a movement of strata, a play of spaces, the listener slips their own world into the music...like language the forms of music are stolen by transients filling them with forests of desires, metaphors of their own quests...the intensifier understands that the listener is the operator, using the endless mix of sound in unforeseen ways...

the intensifier

the rhythm versus the melody

The intensifier, grey against a dark sky, dancing, every bone and bacteria in its body moving. Some things are taken and used in devious, invisible, silent ways, uses neither determined nor captured by the military-entertainment-surveillance industries in which these things are designed, manufactured and marketed. The intensifier dances and transforms itself, insinuates itself in the memories of users. The individual is a crowd, the movement of incoherent and contradictory masses of social relations, swarms of possibilities, endless immersions in space. The intensifier dancing, grey and faceless. Wandering uses create an incoherent and contradictory anti-discipline manifest in the intensifier, grey against a dark sky, dancing. The intensifier insinuates itself everywhere, moving, transforming, inspiring celebrations. The intensifier combines rhythms and melodies, rhythm becomes melody and melody becomes rhythm.

the space war

The intensifier uses sound as a cultural weapon, inspiring thousands of simultaneous explosions on the borders between memory and loss. Immersing bodies in unpredictable ways, sound enters in several directions at once, producing internal connections and motions, anticipating a desire to interact with others. Through this body/mind motion a building is converted into a space of social-inspiration, a space that can be changed, reversed, stretched, wasted, lost or destroyed. The intensifier, fused to this psycho-social energy, moves through a space-between.

the future of music

The intensifier moves on, keeps moving. There are no rules. Genres cross fertilise constantly, mapping the mutant subjectivities of dancers. Now half-way through another decade, the intensifier isn't waiting for the next new style to be re-discovered, only to be remembered again as inherited identity. The intensifier is not concerned with reaching an abstract audience, but chooses to operate at an immediate level, making parties and following desires. The intensifier, cut through by collective activity, which is the basis of any culture, moves against cults of the individual, attracting new vocabularies that talk about the make-shift creativity of crowds. The intensifier represents movements that anyone can use.

No Stars Here (Track -1)

Celebrity creation is dependent on a number of elements: it is part of a practice in which cultural events are always interpreted by a conformity to the cult of the individual (or in the case of a group - individuals as a homogenous unit). Conduits of celebrity creation, the music journalists are like sycophantic courtesans; close enough to the mirrage of success they actively disseminate the servility that becomes a need. But throughout all this, in order to maintain its efficacy as a celebrity-machine, the sluice gates to stardom are kept ajar.

But there is always a hollowness, the sickly taste of false promise. The illusion is weakened and like the emperor's new clothes, the product stands naked as hype dissipates and the celebrity's fifteen minutes is fifteen months ago. To maintain its turnover the music industry requires this constant succession of heirs who are not only functionaries to profit and loss but also priests in a social-magic of control: every 'star' added to a jostling firmament shines with the pallid light of subservience, mapping out co-ordinates that inhibit stray movements.

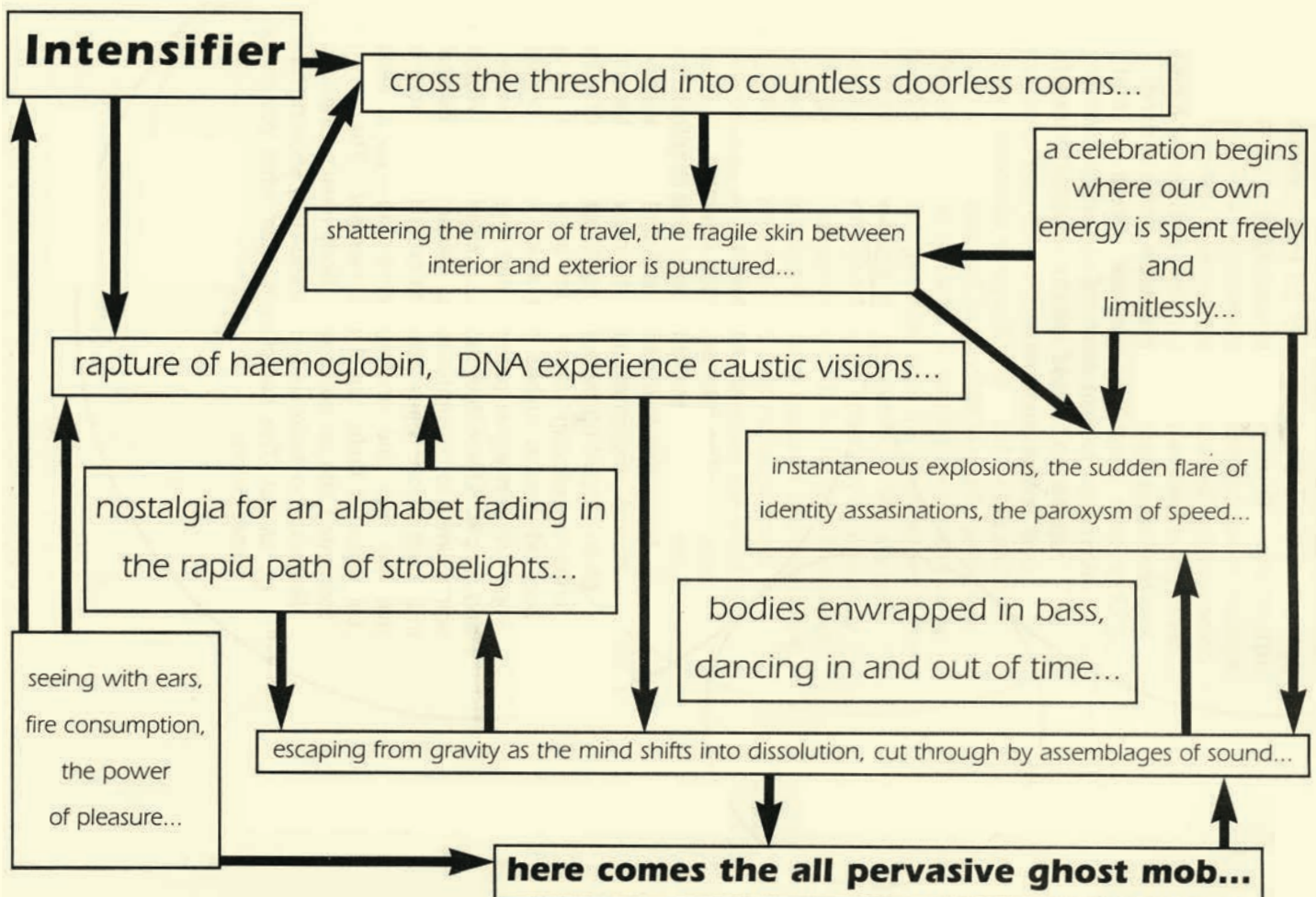
Despite the factory-line of record sales, DJ fees and circulation numbers, techno is unstable and its cataclysms make it possible to detect plural voices where subjectivity is heightened to such a degree that it becomes the for itself in any moment whatsoever. Within these continuously mutating compositions there is this power to haze out the fixed points of the celebrity machine and with them the false ascendancy and tautological circuitry of industry. Each record is a crowd. No stars here comes everybody.

No Stars Here (Track +1)

A digital underground is developed by re-mixing ideas that disrupt the psycho-social order demanded by linear time. The subjective experience of listening enables the digital underground to devise times where linearity can be destroyed, so that the present no longer comes after the past or before the future. Techno conceives of times contained in the pleasures of dancing and listening to body music, yielding to an overflow of the senses, encouraged by the experiments with beats and frequencies.

The new celebrants experience time as broken, fractured, yet complete, finite and perfect. Heterogenous and discontinuous, yet perceiving time as stretched, looped, combined or reversed. Body music has always been the enemy of the continuous, homogenous, irreversible and infinite conception of linear time.

A digital underground constructs time as multi-dimensional waves of potential. There is movement and change in any direction from any point. Whilst mainstream promoters of linearity want their objective measurement of precise and equal instants of time to be the basis for control, regulation and hierarchy, techno is a current into freedom grasped in the moment.



Techno: Psycho-Social Tumult

*nobody
knows where you're at...*

We could begin anywhere. A history of techno would be too obvious and would imply that the creative phase was over. Any attempts at a genealogy, a hierarchical archeology, or a precise pinpointing of musicians prohibit an understanding of the simultaneity of multiple codes, the overlappings between styles and forms. Techno cannot be allotted a place as either pop or an avant-garde music - on the whole it doesn't take refuge in art and slips away from categorisation as the net of naming is unfurled. It avoids the discipline of nostalgia which keeps people in the thrall of the past, unable to even think of the future but always referring back. *Nostalgia is a language of lack, a language that fills people with longings for a past that never happened, a present that never comes, for the gift that never arrives.*

techknowledge...

The music studio is re-defining the human as a continuously mutating collage of old and new technologies, as adaptations designed through play and experimentation. In this model, samplers are the hyper-concentrated representation of the subjective experience of time, with possibilities for time travel through stretching, combining, looping, compressing and reversing sounds. Sequencers form new desires for composing, connected to the breaking up of an individual into a collection of experiments. Drum machines and synths are tools for the survival against mediocre audio programming and the restrictions of commerciality, fashion, competition and self-promotion. Routes constructed between music studios and dance floors circulate into resistance against unacceptable states of mind.

Only with machines can we recognise that most information is data trash. Only with machines can repetitious sound blocks crash to create unexpected forms.

sensorimotors...

The listener as the operator. These sounds are eminently favourable to the birth and contagion of an intense excitement with its inferred incitement given propulsion by a rolling flanged bassline that chases melodies away with accentuated off-beat boosted cymbal rushes that *touch internal organs* by impatient percussive patterns that encourage waste pure and simple. Dislocated dance. Social magic. We stumble across limits to conceptualising. Close your eyes and listen to blurred vision. Eyes cease to order things. Your senses overflow into one another, emerging as a senseless confusion of taste smell and memory. The very air is tormented into an audio gel. Body music surrounds the listener who thinks as a pack intuitively knowing how to go all out... The secret is to hear what you never heard before.

*it is difficult for words to
say that which is their purpose
to deny...*

Who knows what happens when we hear the sounds? Thoughts can race without being apprehended as thoughts and it is an indication of the tyranny of words that experience must pass through language to make it 'real'. As we listen in the network of composition there is a challenge to invent new vocabularies to communicate what it is that occurs, to express explorations and to rewrite the multiple personalities of the music. As a challenge to language that is imbued with hierarchisations, techno conducts the fleeting awareness that, just as what is possible is limited by pre-conceptions, listening demands more ignorance than knowledge. For then we are mobile... stammer bass kick unfurling in blue analogue...
tabula rasa.

*feeling
like another self...*

As distance dissolves into space and space dissolves into the haze of continual abeyance, the new celebrants loose track of time. The dance becomes a beyond unmarked by archaic calligraphy of computer text, irreducible to mystic yearnings but all the same a kind of blank. A nothing. A nothing so far imagined. A nothing that gives the lie to the word-net we throw over it. *Body movements in strobe/smoke.* We are here suspended in a slow motion that lets sparks fly as it visually contradicts the call to speed-emotion of the music. This is our sovereign moment, spreading a virus of pleasure and awakening. The moment when future and past no longer meet in consciousness, where the music reverses the effect of gravity. Lost hours. Lost days. Intertwined in ever escalating cycles of repetition whose pulsations present unimaginable sounds almost heard in the sudden space surrounding acres of bass drum.
AnarchOz.

DEAD BY DAWN

Explorations Inside The Night

by TechNET

Track *: Resisting the Present

*For no apparent reason circulating mists of noise and body music rise up. This is a space-between, a squatted building re-used as a site of becoming. Neither here nor there but re-appearing at angles like groove notations in the run-off of a record. This is an interspace impervious to categories and explanations, not telecommunicatively cleansed with messages and signposts. Here, as track mixes into track miles away from the rave cathedrals, the building becomes an urban socialisation zone where dancers form collages of variable states of mind that connect into collective arrangements. Where there were limits and the gridlock of time and money now rootless packs accelerate into suspension as mouths move into silence. *Sensation ripens into experience and experience engenders intensity.* An all night party, Shrouded accounts. Inconclusive evidence. A group enunciation that refuses to speak for others and claim the last words when what is sensed can't be explained. *It's like trying to re-construct a snowstorm.**

Track ^ : Each Party is the End of an Era

An all-night party developed and over-inflated: These parties were never intended to be a stepping stone to a commercial venue, they were motivated by a desire to waste, to squander energy for its own sake alone. A collectively activated desiring-machine that was intent on inspiring itself. It was never about seeking abstract and disconnected audiences, instead Dead by Dawn acted as one more event-horizon drawing together malcontents...*Making it happen - but just to the side.* In the bar area an Electronic Disturbance Zone was installed, an anti-ambient zone that re-sequenced and cross-phased with the dancefloor below. In any one session this zone could contain the abrupt mixing of different sound installations: drum and bass concoctions with sub-noise experimentation, future sounds with early techno progenitors. *A Fucked Meshing.* A party that always began with an assembly of the invisible college: an haphazard grouping that formed connections and traversed a moment across the dogmatic and the non-logical, that resisted fixed conceptions and the big freeze of zombie culture. Meetings that ranged from 'smashing the literary establishment' to 'tactics, psychosis and techno contaminants', from 'ruling class conspiracies' to 'autonomous print creations'...*Each party is the end of an era - something to take and use*

Track </> : Wall of Surf

Like sleepwalkers more attuned to energies than to comprehensions, dancers collide in semi-darkness. The music heard escapes itself, its melodies are subsumed by rhythmic urgency. A wall of sound. A space-between, a vibrating expanse of shade removed from the fixed points of capture and private certitudes where shifting de-tuning cadence produces a group effusion, a relationality of sounds that dissolve ego-ice. *Like a for-igner at home lost in the complexity of what goes without saying,* dancers become others, become open to detail and ride the digitised relays as these weave into several amplified break-points, to peak and replenish the overlaps and machinic permutations. An all-night party. An immaterial event. Loosing it and eluding it. Surfing the mental geography of voluminous sound....suspended between tracks entrances like dancers engineering journey through micro-perception.

Track # : Interview with a Borderline Personality

"I don't know who I am right now, it's like there can be no 'I', that's just a fucked way of conforming to some outmoded construct, like declaring ourselves mono-dimensional, potential members of the monologue of power that can't see the connections, that can't go on a schizo-stroll. You know, the schizo-stroll is the most political of things, you see connections where there aren't supposed to be any, you see how meaning hinges on the sensuous desire to inhabit whatever it is you're trying to give meaning to. You can't sit still, you can't be pinned down...so you can't give answer, there can never be answers and that's why those clean, over-produced records are just conforming consoles, fixated and finished and polished...You've got to get out, get strolling, get connecting, come up with more projects than you can possibly begin to think of...never finished, never started, keep moving, become others, stay ahead, or what's more to the point, stay just to the side."

Track * : Art of Users

Powerloop: Perceiving the multi-effect of people coming together in groups where there is a greater chance for creativity and disturbance, interconnecting networks of power and counter-power are detected moving within and through us: possibilities arise for disarranging and dissolving the fixity of binary signals and one way commands. The users operating within these networks develop minute tactics and ingenious mechanisms to sample and re-process these power-loop: an art of manipulation, invisible games unknown to the preprogrammed and overproduced "*Zombiegroove*". If the end of a party marks a point of no return to the daylight world of the living dead it is the psycho-social inspiration of the parties which resists zombie culture...whilst the Re-animators of Inherited Identity continue erecting landmarks to loneliness these parties discard the romance of marginality, creating counteractives to enforced isolation by being for themselves in any moment whatsoever...users disappearing inside crowded nights.

Track <:> : Subterranean Gatherings

Peeling paint, dodgy electricity, a flooding toilet and holes in the floor boards created by rats...*You change all the time...*there are sounds that cut across the inter-space between drifting conversations and barely apprehended thoughts, the space between excessive drug use and secret passwords to gain re-entry...*You perceive something...*maybe a basement dancefloor with silver walls reflecting speed-emotion, or a crowded entrance where people relay anecdotes, improvising and responding to a three-storied building resonating with the soundtracks of endless mixing... *You recall something...*a stumbling into radiance with no consideration for the limits or the inevitable fall to ground, maybe moments of intoxication when thoughts flow unblocked through a skull with a thousand mirrors inside. *Nobody knows where you're at, not even you...* it's like trying to guess how many cigarette butts decorate the bottom of plastic bin-bags after each party, or following the alignments of empty beer bottles scattered like random co-ordinates over exhausted furniture...*You sense what you can't explain.* Walls imprinted with memories. Patterns left in a lost zone...

Track ~ : Retina De-Programme

A regular feature of Dead by Dawn is the visual stimulus supplied by the Nomex Realist Film Unit. Monitors are placed around the building and specially mixed videos play in loops and cycles. Rather than act as a soporific calmer these rapid-fire digitally scratched images pulse to the beat and oscillate like strobes at rates resulting from studies into frequency weapons and mind machines. Stealthily re-patching 'live' footage and disparate documentary sources these videos reverse the effects of subliminal seduction creating fractures for psychic drift as multi-layering, masking and filtering induce associative links and subconscious proings. This image mix and pixel-spite acts as a depth-charge and like sound waves the images are in movement, *always dissolving and always in the process of being formed.* Colours flicker across the retina. A visual analogue for sounds never seen.

Track HvK : 1810 - The Power of Music

It was a sound something like that of leopards and wolves howling at the sky in icy winter. I assure you, the pillars of the house trembled, and the windows, smitten by the visible breath of their lungs, rattled and seemed about to disintegrate, as if handfuls of heavy sand were being hurled against the panes. At this appalling spectacle we scattered in panic, our hair standing on end; leaving our cloaks and hats behind, we dispersed in all directions through the surrounding streets, which in no time were filled by more than a hundred people startled out of their sleep; the crowd forced its way through the door and downstairs, seeking the source of this ghastly and hideous ululation which rose as if from the lips of sinners damned eternally in the uttermost depths of burning hell... *I looked out the window at walls of moonlit cloud rising beside us as though we were at the bottom of some gray and ivory canyon, hung above the moon-smashed sea...* I suppose that the reason that I want to close on a consideration of these words is that the moon-solid progress through high, drifting cumulus is read them again - at the very opposite of what we perceive on a liquid's tilting and untilting top... Or perhaps I merely want to fix it before it vanishes like water, like light, like the play between them we only suggest, but never master, with the word motion.

Track SRD : 1965 - The Motion of Light in Water



i..n..s..i..d..e t..h..e n..i..g..h..t

In the night everything disappears into packs

Day is where the dichotomy of light and dark reigns, but night takes the trip inside itself whispering and unshowered

A continual offer of bewilderment

This is a night where the invisible cannot cease to be sensed and being at first shadow then part-sound this invisible starts over starts over starts over

A night of enhanced light

A night that oscillates, tempting its inhabitants to take associative leaps

A nocturnal ellipsis fending off day, its words and de-fusions

Dawn is an agony of dark light understood as time re-imposing itself, a cyclical gridlock of geometry

TECHNO: Psycho-Social Tumult (Remix)

„Sound invades us, impels us, drags us, transpierces us... it takes leave of the earth...It makes us want to die. Ecstasy and hypnosis. Colours do not move a people. Flags can do nothing without trumpets”
Deleuze & Guattari – Thousand Plateaus

TechNET is a multi-personal affirmation of techno that seeks to elaborate and propel the continued outbursts of psycho-social tumult that this music is creating. Never numbered or dated, each issue of TechNET could be the first or the last. Always at a beginning and always incomplete, TechNET is a “glorified flyer” that is given away at parties, deposited in record shops and sent out along the third rail. What follows are re-mixed and re-connected compositions sampled from TechNET tracks.

Positive Futurism

We could begin anywhere. A history would be too obvious and would imply that techno's creative phase was over, that it was now time to juggle with rarity. Such attempts at a genealogy of techno, a hierarchical archeology, or a precise pinpointing of musicians would prohibit an understanding of the simultaneity of multiple codes, the overlapping between styles and forms. Techno cannot be allotted a place as either pop or an avant-garde music – on the whole it doesn't take refuge in art and slips away from categorisation as the net of naming is unfurled. It avoids the discipline of nostalgia which keeps people in the thrall of the past, unable to even think of the future but always referring back. *Nostalgia is a language of lack, a language that fills people with longings for a past that never happened, a present that never comes, for the gift that never arrives.*

No More Words

Techno music opens up a space for a critique of language or at least it raises the issue of power inherent in language. A rejection of words in the form of vocals to a song allows the listener a far more open

field of exploration, a space where it is possible to discover those immanent thoughts that are beyond syntax. For words guide us to order, they instil in us the need to have others speak for us; they make us receptive to the fixity of imposed meaning...a living and illicit speech where listening is not judged as passive but part of a process of communication. *The letter kills the spirit, life in general is mobility itself.*

What Is Heard In Sound Is The Non-Face

Techno is an open secret, an anonymous pool of power. Faceless and from no-place it encourages us to immerse ourselves in its dynamism, to be aligned and arrayed with everyone, to be cut through and enlarged by all that input, all those mute articulations. Records issued under a variety of names and composed by packs resist moves to codify and canonise, challenging the celebrity-machine that functions as a visible indexation of 'success'. 'Stars' imply an upward mobility, they spawn sycophantic imitators, idol builders and “faces on the scene”. Increasingly now the music industry attempts to make big time profits from the previously unmarketable *faceless techno bollocks*. Singled out. Captured. Careering.

Inside the Crowd

Techno parties have no centre, no focal point. Crowds have never written their own history, crowds are never the source around which a narrative is built. Individuals are said to be the agents of change, the doers, but this, after all else, is one more means of seeing the social in shorthand. Only crowds have acted only crowds have changed things. This is another area where binary oppositions do not equip us to go – a sense of the non-ordinary, the unscripted can be felt from within a crowd, the stepping out from everyday cause and effect. Because we are brought up from day one with, an at

best, muted sense of what collectivities can achieve but a too heightened sense of individuals as the enactors, we tend to view the outcome of an event in terms of the concrete results it achieves. This blinds us to the unquantifiable, but none the less, very real effect of being in a crowd. In a techno party all are equal – no one has the right to give a command.

Crackdown

In Britain, the new Criminal Justice Act is testament to the government's need to silence noises that scramble its codes and lead to its dysfunction. These new laws are a response to the political nature of people coming together in groups where there is a greater chance for inspiration, creativity and disturbance. The Act is not an attack on our 'civil liberties' as the radical left in its various shades tell us. Any 'rights' we are supposed to have a merely granted to us by the lawmakers to ensure that the myth of a “free” society may be maintained. Those organisers of opposition to the Criminal Justice Act focus on the injustice of the state but we wish to explore the poetics of altered States.

Intensifier

11pm. Cross the threshold into a countless doorless rooms...the shattering of the mirror of travel...the fragile skin between inner and outer has been punctured, a celebration begins where our own energy is spent freely and limitlessly...instantaneous explosions and the sudden flare of identity assassination...paroxysm of speed...nostalgia for an alphabet fading in the rapid path of strobe lights...bodies enwrapped in bass, dancing in and out time...escaping gravity as the mind shifts into dissolution, cut through by assemblages of sound...fire consumption and the absurdity of excess...the power of pleasure...the all pervasive ghost mob. 7am.

Above tracks cut through with samples from: Dead by Dawn parties, Deleuze and Guattari, Stephen Pfohl, Henri Bergson, Alex Trocchi, and Elias Canetti.