cascading the cochlea with a galaxy of synchronized partials, reopen the aware-
ness of the sine tone—the element of combinatorial hearing. Together and in pairs
in all combinations, the partials combine. The ear responds uniquely."[1]

We lived inside the sound, for years. As our precision increased, almost infini-
tesimal pitch changes would become glaring smears across the surface of the
sound. I found that I had to make a very minute pitch adjustment to compensate
for the change in the direction of travel of the bow. When John Cale's viola and my
violin began to fuse, as though smelted into one soundmass, I felt that the Dream
Music had achieved its apogee. Zazeela's voice had grown rock hard, unerring in
its pitch control, and unique in its hugeness and stridency of character. The totality
of the sound began to outstrip any of our expectations, and to move into new,
larger territories with ever more unusual intervallic combinations [. . . .]

NOTES

1. Tony Conrad, "Inside the Dream Syndicate," *Film Culture* 41 (Summer 1966), 6.

46

Digital Discipline: Minimalism in House and Techno

PHILIP SHERBURNE

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coined the term "MicroHouse" to describe prominent minimalist tendencies
in contemporary House and Techno. Here, he offers a genealogy of minimal-
ism in dance music and explores the forces that have driven House, Techno,
HipHop, and Garage to "go lean."

Like some microbiotic virus, minimalism is everywhere these days. In popular cul-
ture and the lifestyle press, it may not have the same cachet it did in the sans-
serif 90s, but from the radio dial to the galleries to underground nightclubs, sonic
minimalism is on the upsurge. It's especially prominent in the various forms of
electronic dance music—Techno, House, and their "post-Techno" offshoots. To
paraphrase New Order, the 80s group who themselves thinned pop music down
to its lithe, arpeggiated essence, *everything's gone lean.*

This, in itself, is not news. The origins of most contemporary electronic dance
music—found in Kraftwerk's 1974 opus "Autobahn" and updated in the late 80s
and early 90s with the streamlined electronic funk of Detroit Techno pioneers like
Derrick May and Juan Atkins—emphasized a pared-down palette that cut away all
the excesses of a bloating rock and pop tradition. Since then, much dance-floor
fare has restrained itself to a limited set of sounds and has produced forms heavily
reliant on loops, recurring sequences, and accumulation-through-repetition. These
are key tropes in much pop music, but electronic dance music particularly fore-
grounds the strategies pioneered in the work of so-called minimalist composers
like Steve Reich and Philip Glass. Indeed, while it's possible to say that most elec-

tronic dance music would be impossible without an emphasis on repetition, beat-oriented electronic music's most avant-garde productions explore the very nature of repetition itself, carrying on the mantle of classical minimalism as a movement delving deep into the heart of form—or, perhaps, skittering across its slick surface.

Of course, classical Minimalism's effects have not been limited to electronic dance music. In the late 1970s, rock music produced its own minimalist reaction to inflated, overproduced mainstream rock. The results, No Wave and punk rock, often made explicit links to the 60s' drone-minimalism tradition, as with Glenn Branca's bands Theoretical Girls and The Static, his guitar orchestras, and the many groups that he influenced. But minimalism in rock—from Sonic Youth to Swans to James Chance—adopted a particularly expressivist stance, marked by noisy outbursts, microtonal experimentation, and a stripped-down, visceral sound, at odds with electronic minimalism's more introspective mechanics. Minimalism also fit rock's functionalist requirements: punk rock's three-chord template, which drew from the blues tradition but ran itself through minimalism's compression engine, guaranteed that its sound could be faithfully replicated by self-taught teen-agers playing in basements and VFW halls from Schenectady to San Diego.

Minimalist electronic music, on the other hand, burrowed deeply into the groove to create a particular sort of temporal dislocation which fit with the immersive (and often drug-influenced) needs of the dance floor. Minimalism also satis-fied the functionalist requirements of early electronic dance music, which—evolving out of and automating the long, manual mixes pioneered by underground disco DJs like Larry Levan—subsumed all elements to the regulated, mechanized beat. As DJ Culture begat an entire cottage industry of recordings intended solely or primarily for mixing, dance tracks came to be understood as representative of a willfully incomplete form; they came into their own only when paired with other tracks. Minimalism's reliance upon rhythmic and melodic "building blocks"—imagine isolating any single phrase of an early Reich composition, for example—proved the perfect fit for this combinatory form. As Techno produced various offshoots, each one emphasizing a particular stylistic tendency, certain substrains focused on this combinatory approach to an almost exaggerated degree. So while many Detroit Techno producers continued working within the margins of traditional song form, the more Spartan producers in the UK and Sweden, such as Adam Beyer and Surgeon, made an art out of producing microscopic variations on a single rhythmic theme. Records in this tradition were not designed for home listening, but rather as fodder for performance in the hands of the DJ. Indeed, with their strictly codified breakdowns and buildups, records like these are often rightly described as "DJ tools," something like Lego bricks for the selector's toybox.

Today it's impossible to hear Steve Reich's early tape works *Come Out* and *It's Gonna Rain* and not hear the roots—however accidental—of contemporary Techno. The dubbed-out effects as *Come Out* doubles over upon itself, the way that *It's Gonna Rain* breaks down its exposition into a tightly looped 4/4 sequence which itself breaks into smaller and smaller repeating pieces (from "It's gon' rain/it's gon' rain/it's gon' rain/it's gon' rain" to "it's gon'/it's gon'/it's gon'/it's gon'" to "rain/rain/rain/rain")—all of these are key strategies of contemporary dance music. Indeed, vocal tracks like Blackman's 1993 Chicago House tune "I Beat that Bitch with a Bat" cop exactly the same strategy that Reich used to uncover musical rhythms in speech on *Come Out*. (It's ironic that the strategy Reich used to pro-gressive political ends—the speaker of *Come Out* is a young black man recounting political violence—is here appropriated to misogynistic ends, the tracks' debatable camp value notwithstanding.) If the originators of House and Techno were unaware of Reich when they first began sampling and programming their tightly looped progressions, the definitive link was made retroactively when The Orb sam-pled *Electric Counterpoint* for the club hit "Little Fluffy Clouds" in 1990.

None of this is to suggest that Reich and his contemporaries set out to author the fake book for multiple, amateurist musical traditions. Instead, we might see classic minimalism, especially in its more populist phases as explored by Philip Glass, as fundamental to the creation of a musical grammar that would lead, even-tually, to a kind of musical Esperanto—itself fundamental to the DIY zeitgeist of the 80s and 90s.

It's unclear exactly when the term "minimal" crept into Techno's self-descrip-tion. Techno's origins are best documented in Xeroxed fanzines which were sel-dom archived, making any definitive research difficult. As early as 1992, though, Simon Reynolds was referring to the work of Detroit Techno pioneers like Derrick May as "elegantly minimalist," in contrast to the rough-and-tumble productions of the UK's breakbeat 'Ardkore movement.[1] Also in 1992, a user on the rec.music. reviews newsgroup, archived by Google, can be found referring to "minimal bleep style," and by 1993 a poster to the alt.rave newsgroup, attempting to make some sense of electronic dance music's proliferation of subgenres, uses "minimal Techno" to describe the work of both Detroit's Carl Craig and Finland's Sähkö label. By 1994—the year that Robert Hood released his *Minimal Nation* EP on Jeff Mills' Axis imprint—the term seems to have caught on as a general descriptor for any stripped-down, Acidic derivative of classic Detroit style. Today, minimalism is second nature, found everywhere from projects like Minimal Man to labels like the economically titled Minimal Records. Minimalism has become so entrenched that it's invoked reflexively, if erroneously: Germany's Areal label, which more than any other Techno imprint is pioneering a fattened-up return to song-form, albeit within the context of repetitive dance floor tracks, goes by the motto, "Advanced Tech-Electronic Minimalism."

It's hard to say *why*, precisely, Techno grew increasingly minimalist in the early 90s. In many ways, it seems to fulfill an almost teleological urge: just as punk rock was driven by a harder/faster/louder impulse that hurtled perpetually toward its final limit (a limit one could argue was reached with Grindcore's double-bass-drum pummel, where the speeds reached seemed to blur into a paradoxical stasis), early 90s Detroit Techno took the repetitive tropes of machine funk (whether Kraf-twerk or Giorgio Moroder) and cut away everything but the grinding rhythms. Given the racial politics of Detroit Techno, in which a coterie of mostly black musicians attempted to create an entirely new form of African-American expression, the link to African drumming and its emphasis on polyrhythms can't be ignored. (Perhaps it's no accident that Reich himself studied drumming in Ghana; classic minimalism, after all, took its cues from African, and not Western, musical traditions when it privileged rhythm and repetition over melody and linear progression.) Richie Haw-tin's "Afrika," for example—though by a white artist, it falls squarely within the tra-dition being developed by African-American artists in the early 90s—makes the

explicit connection between Techno's minimalistic programming and African percussion.

Minimalism also proved a reaction to certain developments within Techno. In the UK in the early 90s, many of the most popular tunes came from a burgeoning style called "Hardcore" (or "'Ardkore") which emphasized messy excess: cartoony sound effects, goofy sampladelia, and the kind of cultural cross-references that delighted bug-eyed ravers wearing Mickey Mouse gloves. Minimalism's tasteful restraint offered an alternate, and even polemical, position for aesthetes in search of a more refined brand of "intelligent dance music."

In part, minimalism has tended to accompany technological shifts and experiments. Steve Reich's *Come Out* and *It's Gonna Rain* are both dependent upon the medium of magnetic tape, which, as the practitioners of *musique concrète* had demonstrated, proved itself to be a form of musical material in its own right for the ways in which it could be spliced, looped, and delayed. Likewise, early Acid House productions like Phuture's "Acid Tracks" reduced the disco/House form to hitherto unimagined proportions by using the Roland TB-303 bass machine to strip down the track to the most basic of elements: kick drum, cowbell, hand clap, whistle, and the grinding, oscillating bass line that became the signature of the Acid sound. As minimal Techno has evolved, it has tended to follow closely the limits and possibilities of a range of tools, from rudimentary drum machines and sequencers to the popular loop-based performance software Ableton Live, which is designed specifically for the real-time manipulation of pre-recorded loops. The software itself is developed to facilitate the production of minimalistic constructions as opposed to more song-based structures. Contemporary dance music, in this respect, is almost literally hard-wired for minimalism. (This should be no surprise given that musicians are increasingly working as software programmers: one of Ableton's head designers, for instance, is Robert Henke, a pioneer of German minimal Techno who records under the name of Monolake. With musicians increasingly developing their own software tools, a sort of feedback loop occurs whereby the predominant stylistics engender tools designed specifically to further them.)

Another reason for minimalism's spread within dance music is undoubtedly related to the relationship of sound to the body. Whatever repetition's psychological aspects, they are filtered through the body; as any dancer knows, repetition creates a unique sort of corporeal experience wherein the body becomes as if inhabited by the beat. The common practice within House and Techno parties of sustaining an almost unvarying tempo for the duration of the night has the effect—at least ideally—of uniting dancers through the beat, as if joining them into a kind of "desiring machine" ruled by a single pulse. But whereas other minimalist genres like HipHop or dancehall reggae have used looping productions as a backdrop for lyrical virtuosity, minimal Techno corkscrews into the very heart of repetition. Unlike dancehall, there are no "rewinds" in Techno: everything moves forward, but always maintaining the illusion of standing still.

In considering sound and the body, artists have used a similar set of strategies to achieve diametrically opposed ends, especially in recent years. Early minimalist dance music emphasized the rhythmic backbone of disco—cut down to a four-to-the-floor rhythm accented by a handful of off-beats and effects—to create a highly economical form of dance music stripped of anything that might detract from the beat. At the same time, recent developments in "click Techno"—for instance, the

profoundly thinned-out tracks highlighted on Mille Plateaux's *Clicks + Cuts* compilations, or Jan Jelinek's densely looped work as Farben, which he explicitly connects to the minimalist tradition via the *moiré* effects in Op Art—could hardly be classified as club music, lacking the forceful rhythmic intensity required to sustain a dance floor. If anything, the latter exists as music in *reaction* to the dance club, an avant-gardist rejection of the obviousness that characterizes most populist dance music.

In minimalism's ubiquity, then, its strategies have turned out to offer solutions to varying, even opposed, sets of problems. If one thing remains constant, though, it's the emphasis on *time*—by cutting out pop music's chord progressions and four-bar structure, and emphasizing gradually evolving rhythmic cycles, both club minimalism and domestic click Techno aim to tap into a continuum that transcends the individual track; indeed, that transcends the individual.

It's worth asking why non-club-oriented productions have retained this focus. The ideology of the nightclub, of course, is that "the party never ends." This is preserved by seamlessly sequencing multiple DJs across the course of the evening who will typically play within well-defined stylistic and tempo parameters; it's augmented by the use of drugs like Ecstasy to help keep partiers going long after normal bedtimes. But non-dancefloor Techno is a kind of pastiche of club music, adopting its form but ignoring its functionalism. It's possible that this represents a resurgence of the modernist ideal of pure formalism—related, of course, to classical minimalism's exploration in the acoustic and psychological properties of repetition. Just as Picasso could exhibit the African mask divorced from its social context as an example of "pure" geometry, domestic Techno seems to pursue ever more specific lines of inquiry into the function of repetition. Consider, for instance, Thomas Brinkmann's *X100* LP, which is built of nothing more than click, tone pulse, and a single bass drum, each element doubled and sent cycling out of phase. Sonically, the record seems like an experiment in phasing—an experiment that creates a profoundly disorienting listening experience, given the way doubled sounds bounce from speaker to speaker, as though the stereo field had been turned into a hall of funhouse mirrors. But the recording's mathematical underpinnings underscore a more clinical interest. Brinkmann calculated the precise number of beats he would need in order for the LP, spinning at 33 RPM, to contain exactly two more bass kicks in one channel than in the other, with the express interest of creating a record whose grooves, on inspection, would yield the unusual image of a pair of overlapping circles.[2] Given Brinkmann's visual emphasis, combined with his mathematical investigations, a vital link becomes clear between what might be called "post-Techno" and the minimalist formalism of visual artists like Agnes Martin. Likewise, Carsten Nicolai, whose audio projects beat (however faintly) with Techno's steady pulse, has explored the austere purity of sinewave formations throughout his career—including the visual output, as raster lines, created by audio signals when routed through video channels. Likewise, his visual works—including a series of paintings based on the idea of the loop—thrum with dots and miniscule lines recalling Martin, while his spartan, scientifically-oriented sculptures and installations suggest Donald Judd's clinical influence.

Minimalism is so prevalent in current pop music that it may be impossible to ascribe any single meaning to it. It's certainly not limited to the world of House and Techno; if anything, it may still be on the ascendant in pop music. For instance, the

Clipse's 2002 tune "Grindin'," produced by The Neptunes, is perhaps the most minimalist track yet to come out of HipHop, itself a genre founded on the surgical strategy of isolating short rhythmic breaks and adding repeating horn stabs or keyboard lines for tone color and intertextual significance. "Grindin'" features a mere handful of percussive sounds, all curiously deadened, to which it adds crystal-clear finger snaps and the swooping, falsetto chorus of "Grindin'," repeated ad nauseum. But in HipHop, minimalism has generally served as a means to an end—a way of creating a functional (and funktional) backdrop for the MC's lyrical material. House and Techno, in contrast, generally devoid of vocals save for the odd sample or refrain, have gone minimal as a means of drawing ever closer to the beat itself, and to the idealized structure that Kodwo Eshun identifies as the "rhythmachine."[3]

Within House and Techno, the very idea of minimalism has lost much of its specificity as variations on reductionist themes—syncopated rhythmic loops using but a handful of drum sounds, washes of chord color, and two- or three-note bass lines—have evolved into a staggering array of styles varying from Chain Reaction's well-known ambient dub-Techno (dubbed "Heroin House" by Reynolds, for its dreamy, horizontal inclinations) to Surgeon's punishing, tribal loopism. Detroit's Jeff Mills is often tagged as a minimalist, despite the fact that his DJ sessions, constructing dangerously top-heavy piles of loops upon loops upon loops, are sonically speaking far more massive than most pop music. Of course, the same could be said as well of early minimalism. As classic Minimalism developed, it grew to emphasize not a minimum of material but a minimum of form, often on a horizontal level, that foregrounded other elements: timbre, texture, and the vertical dimension of the music, which did not so much progress (according to classical/compositional norms) as amass. Then again, Steve Reich continued to be branded as a minimalist long after he'd left behind the experiments in pulse and phasing that led Michael Nyman to coin the term in the first place.

The idea of "minimalism" means different things depending how it's used. On the one hand, there's the stripped-down lucidity of Daniel Bell's work as DBX, in which he crafted tracks so deliriously spare as to be almost physically disorienting—with nothing but the barest of percussion lines and an eerie, disembodied voice, it becomes difficult to orient oneself in space or in time. (Not insignificantly, Richie Hawtin's third album as Plastikman, 1998's *Consumed*, which built upon Bell's ultra-minimal foundation, derived from Hawtin's experience of utter darkness in Canada's northern wilderness.) On the other hand, the polyrhythmic chaos of a track like Robert Hood's "Make a Wish" suggests the density achieved in Reich's most rhythmically convoluted works.

We can say, broadly, that minimalism in House and Techno tends to take one of two paths: either skeletalism or massification. The former term, until now, has tended to be the dominant tradition within minimal House and Techno. Skeletalism is the imperative to carve everything inessential from dance music's pulse, leaving only enough embellishment (syncopation, tone color, effects) to merit the variation. Skeletalism is the teleological impulse driving early Chicago House, Acid, and Detroit Techno to continually do more with less, and it is the defining principle behind the late 90s "clicks and cuts" school to approximate the form of dance music by substitution and implication, swapping out traditional drum samples for equivalent sounds sourced from pared-down white noise: click, glitch, and crackle.

Skeletalism is the sound of DBX's preludes for thump and bleep; it's the sound of Richie Hawtin's bassy, darkly droning mantras; it's the sound of M:I:5's curious collisions of overdriven bass, snare, and guitar samples, which attempt to obliterate white space with bleeding distortion, but still leave the silence between the notes yawning ominously as seismic fissures. Skeletalism almost certainly finds its apogee in Thomas Brinkmann's experiments in abbreviated form, in which Techno's essential form is carved, literally, by cutting vinyl records with a knife and then sequencing the sampled clicks and pops into rudimentary 4/4 pulses.

Massification, on the other hand, represents the strain of electronic dance music that attempts to create extreme densities with a relative paucity of sonic elements. In many ways, this strategy matches the movement of classical minimalism from simplicity toward an ever more complex array of shifting pulses and polyrhythms. It is less apparently minimal than skeletalist tracks, even if it accomplishes its means with few more resources. In the early years of the 21st Century, massification has tended to be the more dynamic area of exploration. Its most distinctive exponent is probably the Chilean/German producer Ricardo Villalobos, whose training in Afro-Cuban percussion has led him to a practice that aims for maximum rhythmic density using only a handful of discrete sounds. Tracks like "Bahaha Hahi" and his remix of Monne Automne's "El Salvador" submerge Techno's all-important downbeat in a roiled sea of offbeats and glancing accents, resulting in a woozy continuum as predictably unpredictable as the surface of choppy water.

Why has Techno, and not drum 'n' bass, earned the "minimalist" tag? After all, drum 'n' bass has kept to the same strategies of repetition, if anything restricting its musical subject matter even more severely by relying extensively on only a handful of classic breakbeats like the famous "Amen" break, which comes from The Winstons' 1969 tune "Amen Brother." Perhaps it's enough to say that upon its emergence, minimal Techno *sounded* minimal—which is to say, minimal Techno's emphasis on empty space between the beats conjured the word in its most literal sense, as opposed to denoting a more academic relationship to classical minimalism. Techno's minimalism resonated more with movements in visual art that emphasized cleanliness of form and a minimum of affect. Minimalism, as a catchword, has come to embody a skeletalist prejudice. Drum 'n' bass, on the other hand, is one of the most "maximal" forms of music out there. In its galloping tempo, its surging waves of bass, and its macho rage, it is all about affect. Minimalism as popularly conceived, then, applies a certain stone-faced (as opposed to screw-faced) poise. This might explain the rise of post-Techno minimalism of the *Clicks + Cuts* series: in the context of a specific class—well educated, enamored with theory, and generally employed in the information economy—minimalism in its most ascetic form fit the day's prohibition on emotion, favoring poise over passion. (It's worth remembering that Detroit Techno's black originators, most of them middle-class, modeled themselves after a "sophisticated," European aesthetic that stood in contrast with stereotypes of inner-city life.)

Skeletalism is also the watchword in current strains of UK Garage (a mid-tempo hybrid of House and drum 'n' bass). After several years in which UK Garage aimed to reconfigure pop and R&B in line with its idiosyncratic rhythms, producers of the so-called "grime" or "sublow" school—Dizzee Rascal, Wiley, Plasticman, et al.—have stripped away all but the fuzzy bass and overdriven snare drums from

their tunes, leaving wide swaths of empty space between the beats. On the surface, this has as much to do with the rise of the MC in UK Garage as any tendency toward silence for silence's sake: essentially the UK's first indigenous manifestation of HipHop, Garage has become the underpinning for a new generation of vocalists rattling off double-time chatter, sometimes composed and sometimes improvised, combining U.S. and Jamaican styles. But U.S. HipHop has always managed to find room for vocalists and busy beats alike, and so it's impossible not to suspect that Garage's newfound leanness has as much to do with its producers' economical infatuations as it has with more utilitarian purposes.

Once again, a dance music form—a form with all the opportunities that technology affords to cram every space with sound—has gone anorexic. The trend seems almost a given. But then again, considering Garage's lyrical turn, one wonders if minimalism reflects a fundamental ambivalence about machine music. Is the urge to pare things down to the absolute minimum born of some distrust of buttons and circuits? When machines (both hardware and software) can cram every nanosecond with noise, is the last refuge of humanity to be found in space, in restraint, and in silence? One wonders if minimalism represents the ultimate human capacity—choice. The ability to leave the blank spaces blank represents the ultimate negative capacity: the will to withhold.

NOTES

1. Simon Reynolds, "Rrrr-rush!," *Blissout* (http://members.aol.com/blissout/ardkore.htm #rush), originally appeared in *Melody Maker*, June 1992.

2. Philip Sherburne, "Thumbnail Music: Six Artists Talk About Minimalism," *Urban Sounds* 2 no. 1 (http://www.urbansounds.com/us_current/thumbnail/brinkmann_1.html).

3. See chap. 25, above, and Kodwo Eshun, *More Brilliant than the Sun: Adventures in Sonic Fiction* (London: Quartet, 1998), 8.

I foresee a marked deterioration in American music and musical taste, an interruption in the musical development of the country, and a host of other injuries to music in its artistic manifestations, by virtue—or rather by vice—of the multiplication of various music-reproducing machines [. . . .] The ingenuity of a phonograph's mechanism may incite the inventive genius to its improvement, but I could not imagine that a performance by it would ever inspire embryotic Mendelssohns, Beethovens, Mozarts, and Wagners to the acquirement of technical skill, or to the grasp of human possibilities in the art.

—John Philip Sousa (1906)[1]

This made-for-phonograph-record-music [*Originalschallplattenmusik*] was accomplished by superimposing various phonograph recordings and live musical performances, by employing variations in speed, pitch, height and acoustic timbre which are not possible in real performance. The result was an original music which can only be recreated by means of the gramophone apparatus.

—Heinrich Burkhard describing Paul Hindemith's and Ernst Toch's phonograph disc performance, "New Music Berlin 1930"[2]

It was in Jamaica that a record stopped being a finished thing. Instead, in the studio, it became a matrix of sonic possibilities, the raw material for endless "dubs." Thus the concept of the remix was born (several years before similar ideas would dawn on the disco and HipHop DJs). And when a record was played through a sound system, with a deejay toasting over the top, it was no longer a complete piece of music but had become a tool of composition for a grander performance. This was an important change in the status of recorded music, and again something that wouldn't really occur outside Jamaica until disco and HipHop.

—Bill Brewster and Frank Broughton[3]

I've always had this theory that recorded sound is dead sound, in the sense that it's not "live" anymore. Old records have this quality of time past, this sense of loss. The music is embalmed. I'm trying to bring it back to life through my art.

—Christian Marclay[4]

I think the DJ is an archetypal figure that has been throughout human history. It's anyone that's gonna be combining a social situation with music and then setting up a certain parameter of crowd interaction and response, whether that be a shaman or a Roman priest or even, for that matter, government. It's all about reconfiguring and pulling bits and pieces of other things and putting them together and creating a new text that you then send out. So, to me, [using] language is being a DJ. When you're a child, you're absorbing bits and pieces of language around you. Those sit in your head and you slowly are able to speak your own sentences later. It's the same with DJ-ing: you're absorbing these records, these linguistic units, or whatever, and slowly you're able to reconfigure them and to put them out as a stream of sentences, or stream of mixes. The late 20th-century is all about language, to me: codes of information governing behavior, codes governing this, governing that—it's all about these different codes. But the DJ, to me, is a reality hacker. It's someone that can take these codes—and, again, "phonograph" means "writing sound"—the turntable to me is the equivalent of the computer keyboard, because you're taking these different codes and then using them to break through these sort of corporate constructs that society wants to