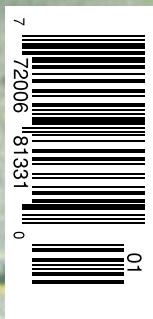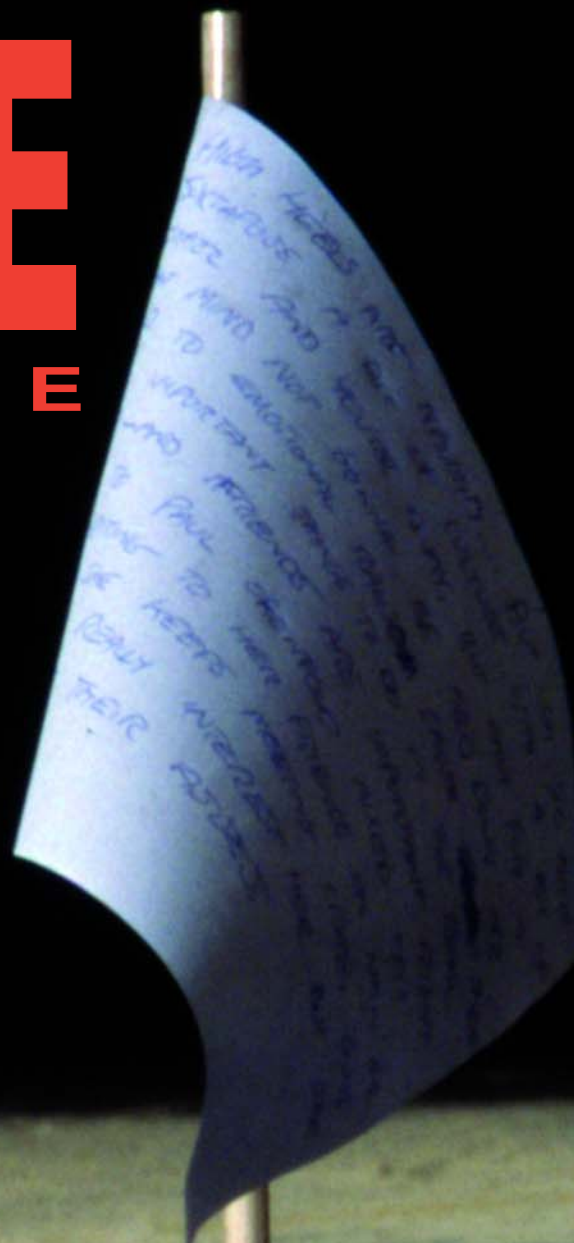# FUSE
MAGAZINE

Craig Buckley on
Portable Architectures

tobias c. van Veen on
"Rave" "Culture"

+

Inés Katzenstein and
Olga Kopenkina on the
presentations and
representations of
Documenta11

It's Not A Rave, Officer

tobias c. van Veen

/Track 1. //
[<ST> Manifesto 1: Sonic Fictions]

It is 4am and the sun is dawning. On a public beach within site of the city, torches burn atop speakers and faintly glowing red spotlights still illuminate in the remaining shadows the long and graceful red banners that drape coniferous trees. The banners bear the graphic symbols of the event: a record, an alien DJ, a dark red eye. Sounds of a foreign and stripped techno pound decibels through transient space between forest and city...ears of sound... Tonight, the event has not been busted, the secretive, bandana-clad organizers not dragged off into police vans, leaving you searching for keys and sobriety in a mad dash to illegally parked cars or flights down the beach on uncertain feet. No, tonight is peaceful, the Zone's boundaries perpetuating just long enough to allow the last track and a self-closure on the periphery of society's mediasphere. Perhaps it is as early as 1995 or as late as 1998, here on the liminal coast of the Pacific Ocean and the City of Vancouver.

That rave culture has been associated with rebellious pop culture, with carnival, with ecstasy (both the drug and the experience), if not a transcendental escape from a commodity culture — this is common enough. That rave culture has been the site of an elaboration of theoretical flights of autonomy put into practice is somewhat less common. And that rave culture engaged a moment of not only vulgar *praxis,* whatever its theory, but an affirmative mix of rhythms, a scratching beyond the surface of an atmosphere of carnival — as if "rave" were simply reducible to a long and continous historical chain of "festivities of the people" in a Western tradition — but to the persistent repetition of sonic sociality, in what amounts to an erasure of "rave" and "culture" — well, that's an *event.*

A similar sonic event, a few weeks later. It is 2:30am and the police have arrived in force. Truncheons and pepper spray. Above the trailhead are waiting paddy wagons. The organizers are standing back and surveying the moment. The needles screech to a halt. Rewind, a memory flash, a warehouse just a few weeks ago, where a bust became violent: police storm, breaking cameras, fingers, and the law. Ravers publicly strip-searched, decks destroyed and beatings behind this industrial structure of cement and metal.

Tonight there is a strange turn in the air. An organizer is talking to the constable. There is a pause in the proceedings. "It's not a rave," says the green-and-red fatigued DJ. "It's performance art." She says this clearly with the tone of one who is taking a measured stand.

The constable is stunned. "But you're dancing!" he says. "No we're not," says the organizer, absolutely pokerfaced. "We're *performing bodily expression.* What is dancing?" The constable, flabbergasted, wiggles his arms in exasperation. "Now, that's dancing!" says the organizer.

Surprisingly, perhaps caught slightly off guard, the party — performance? — is broken up peacefully. But not before the constable tells the participants in an exasperated voice: "Why don't you just go to the big legal rave happening next week at UBC?!"

The raver needs no introduction to Foucault's body of power, for it is already incorporated into and performed by the body that refuses the corporate dance, that measured and commodified march, every step a sell-out shuffle. The corporate connections between a Legalized Rave Experience™ and the police — a complicity to contain the steps of "subculture" — is a skipping record to the raver. The crashing of the corporate ball, in what amounts to an infusion of punch in the two-step, a *re-trait* or *gait* in the resistant body, is an exit to an unlikely and if not uncanny "autonomy": *Art.* Spinning the album of art is a defense and an offense; it occupies one played-out space as it flees another. Here, in the moment *where* a body verges, in a single gesture, art, politics and an aurality that has apparently already been delimited as "rave" "culture," the contemporary conceptualizations of the trinity — art, music, politics and its negative supplement, "rave" — collapse not into indistinguishability but into a dance that takes place before the first step into the social.

And yet — the caveat — never new and always verging, the very dangers the gesture attempts to escape. Such is the nature of what we may call, after Deleuze and Guattari, a line of flight, where "it is always *on* the most deterritorialized element that reterritorialization takes place."[1] Hardt and Negri make the point that it is Empire itself that is the most deterritorialized.[2] And there, at the moment of daring, is the possibility for the war machine and its turn: creativity on the one hand, fascism on the other. It's always a gamble, a risk. What draws us to consider the work of <ST> is the spinning of this danger through sonic practice and thought in a mixing of cultural movements and questions of microfascism — and not only in what Hakim Bey calls "cop culture"[3] but *"in" the actual and virtual sonic spaces of the rave,*[4] in what amounts to a sampling of the ghost in the machine, a scratching of the sonic power of incorporated *phonos.*

...and someone hands you this piece of paper, similar to the simple flyer that brought you here tonight.

feature

:: (Inform)ation::

... it says. Then: "<ST>." "<ST>" must be heard as a graphic symbol. It is written as such: "<ST>."[5] The <ST> Manifesto, dated 1994 to 1999 reads:

> <ST> is nondefinable: past definition. In a non-world of hyperinformation where the Now is the Past and where the Past cannot be defined, out-of-context, an historical anomoly, <ST> does not define itself in this state of flux. <ST>

> <Side> projects: mission (o1): produce techno and experimental focused concept-events mainly in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Events are sonically focused upon experimentation and pushing the boundaries of what is defined as "musik."

["musik" here being spelled, perhaps we might conjecture after the influence of Windsor, Ontario's minimal techno guru, Plastikman, aka Richie Hawtin, with a "k."]

"music" [note the "c"]: arcane definition

> (militant) techno are/is not the only focus (eye-stract); the sounds range from drum n'bass to dub to minimal to abstract noize to ambient to .!>@. 'e'vents are designed with a focus and a vision in mind. <ST> try to envelop the par/tic/ipant in a full habitat of audio, visual, tactile and olfactory stimulation.

> If participant-driven experience does not make you think, sweat, cry, laugh or be left in a general disarray of confusion-malfunctions, mission (ob/sub)jectives have not been sufficiently assigned. we have not done our job.

> <ST> is not a "rave" (~~denies~~)
> we do not want to be bound by those restrictions.

<ST>
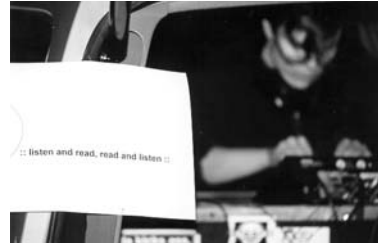
../Track 2. //
[<ST> on In Partibus]

Now we are inside. The event is called "In Partibus," "in the land of the heathens." From the warehouse walls drape long, red banners — more directly is the microfascism of rave culture re-presented in its brutality this evening. The walls are wrapped completely in black plastic dotted only by signs that say: "Warning: Conundrum." Lighting is present only as a single red spotlight and strobe. There is something evil in the corner, a figure, barely lit, what is this — a demonic-looking papier-mâché model and later, there are members of <ST> in the darkness moving as foreign beings, wearing biological decontamination suits, ancient masks of animals, their half-naked bodies becoming-animals at the heart of the most dangerous of gatherings, the dance *ritual*, but all that is lit now is the flashing strobe, and there is little choice but to *submit* to relentless and repetitive "mindfuck music" — for these are the minimalistic, futuristic, aggressive yet soulful beats of screaming pounding nothingness of Detroit Hard Techno. Absent is the predictable breakdown of beats into an Ecstasy-laden lull of "cheesy" synthesizer refrains, no, this sound succumbs to forceful somnabulance, sound that cracks the black speakers with a whip, until one by one, the participants are forced to exhaustion, heads cradled by bassbins pounding now still bodies, and finally, with the cracking of a dawn, a stripped sound takes over the system: singular and solitary is minimal techno, maniacal in its silent space between beats. From submission to nothingness, rave is pushed by <ST> into a parody of itself where no-body is able to move, never mind laugh.

A raver's relation to masochism: not something that is often talked of in rave culture. In masochism we approach rave's dangerous dance with a sonic fascism, an aural passion for abolition, an obliteration by sound, a sacrifice to the speaker. <ST> played this relation between the DJ and the dancer as an abuse of power. The DJ's position as spinning sonic narratives amounts to an aural history, physically interpreted by the body. At points, attempts were made to push this sonic response to the limit, to see how far a dancing body becomes its relentless beats, embraces a militancy, becomes-intense in what can be seen as a dangerous escape. Seen from experience: the warehouse littered at 7am with the passed-out bodies of fallen dancers. The warehouse a battlefield. The potential for a *following* that operates through rules of engagement, of worship, of homage to a sonic deity, all the elements of a powerful microfascism that betray Don Juan's final warning: death.[6] Whereas Castaneda's Don Juan sees the final fear as inertia, Deleuze and Guattari's interpretation views death as a *passion for abolition.* All the paradoxes of a tiredness only for life.[7] And here, with the raver, the drugs pushing — "but so many things can be drugs," say Deleuze and Guattari[8] — life through a dance with passion, in the uncanny pursuit of a "living" beyond the confines of everyday life itself, here life is reconstituted at an intense level, where "living" becomes, in its own encounters with sonic virtuality, more real than real, and yet, in its actuality, a draining event, an inertia, a tiredness. And where capitalism deterritorializes — in its actuality as the rave economy, projected virtually as utopic gathering — it operates on a similar line, in fact, it assembles the line itself; here, where intensity is raised in life, so is its spectre of sonic exchange value.

— a contentious assertion for those who consider rave culture to be merely a celebration, a happy and usually innocent, although with all the usual pitfalls of youth, Ecstasy-induced carnival. Perhaps it is carnival — but played out on a different sound-system. *Carne vale:* throwing of the flesh. Bakhtin's reading, although much invoked in the context of rave culture, needs to be (re)considered along the lines for its potential insurgency, where those in carnival escape, become-other, escape that return of the carnival to the established order, for it is a question of that laughter that escapes while the carnival dances on, and the failing inertia before this laughter is reached that silences the speakers.

[Trainwreck Track: Speaking, Scratching]

And yet we are told that rave culture has no voice; it is pure dance, pure movement. Kim Cascone implies that rave and dance cultures are part of the "spectacle." Thus, rave fails to possess or transmit "real" "aura" or "authenticity" — rave is just another component of pop music.[9] As if "rave" ever desired "aura" or "authenticity!" — whether it is the "produced demand" of the spectacle or the authentic acousmatic experience tied to so-called "real" performance that Cascone desires. (And as if rave never, on the sly, dropped spectacle's punch bowl with a little something special while spectacle had its back turned, mixing as it was with its high-art chums). Or, we hear that techno is music without vocals, and therefore lacks speech, and ultimately, meaning. For apparently not only can techno not clear its throat, *it has nothing to say, anyway:* those drug-addled riddles of the Ecstasy-experience, mumbling platitudes to amphetamines and embracing a love that exists only during the high are nothing but the lost diatribes of a commodity culture or the archetypes of a carnival.... Even in Michel Gaillot's post-structuralist account in *Techno: An Artistic and Political Laboratory of the Present* is the movement's apparent non-vocal hedonism asserted as if it were a joyous celebration of the death of the speaking-subject — in what amounts to a silencing of an alternative speaking-machine, if not the question itself and of the subject: a gag order, a silence and a negation of the affirmative that leaves no breath for the transform-scratched "yes yes."

Gaillot says that "If only because it has no words or text (the voice as pure sonority), being purely instrumental or electronic, techno does not constitute a music that delivers or propounds a message."[10] Gaillot quickly footnotes his comment on voice as pure sonority, as obviously there are vocals in many forms of electronic music. However, Gaillot says, "when they can be heard, they are mostly present as just another instrument, valued only for their musicality, to the point where sometimes *one cannot even understand what they mean*" (emphasis added). What Gaillot is trying to draw is a distinction between the obvious centrality of voice in, for example, most rock and folk music, and the lack of such distinction to the voice in various forms of electronic music. Yet the lack of voice means much more for Gaillot than an aesthetic displacement. It assumes the iterability of *voice,* of *speech* in the first place, re-writing

the collapse of medium into message through a requirement that iterability, in its strict delimitation as clear comprehension if not definability, must speak for both meaning *and* message if we are to witness their double collapse into the non-speech of techno that apparently brings us the positive escape from subjectivity. Apparently this is different from other forms of music, for according to Gaillot, the voice is not "a support for reflexivity and discursivity" but rather for its own "suspension or suppression; it is not a vehicle or medium for messages." *In electronic music, the voice speaks nothing, it means nothing, and its supposed absence, and absence of meaning, also means nothing. Yet, this is a negatively defined affirmative.* And it lacks a positive account of the raver — not the s*ubject,* but the *raver.* The negative subject of sound amounts to an imperative: do not listen for or to the voice or its peculiar absence, its uncanny rhythms of meaning. Do not dance meaningfully.

What becomes of the voice then in the great house chorus, "I wanna feel the music, I need the release," or "Everybody dance to the music?" Or, how about:

> In the beginning there was Jack and Jack had a Groove. Jack bawled and declared "Let there be house." And House Music was born. I am, you see, I am the Creator and this is my House... Once you enter my House it then becomes our House and our House music.[11]

Shall we write that off as hallucinating the home of the hospitable Heidegger?

`another event has already happened`

Tonight you are in a parking garage in the downtown eastside of Vancouver, a massive complex formerly tied to the now-abandoned Woodward's building. Power has been thieved from plugs, sound system and turntables hauled with a caravan of minivans. A nomadic trek from a house party to an occupation of a parking garage. Slogans are pasted to poles that read: "art to the people :: people as art," "listen and read, read and listen," "P.M. = Police Mandate," "resistance is futile and everything," "a pocket of resistance is better than a shirt of false dreams," "stop and listen to the machine emanating from the speakers." A long spool of paper is unravelled to draw upon and banners are hung from the pipes. A few hundred gather here, frightening away the security, to dance in the heart of a city closed to cultural celebration, mapping a music machine. What narrative do we scratch from the sampled event?

Gaillot posits a speculation that underlines his argument: "It is almost as if techno were taking as far as it will go what Deleuze and Guattari say of music, namely that it is 'first of all a deterritorialization of that voice, which becomes less and less language.'"[12] But this does not amount to silence. John Cage knew well that there is no actual silence — there is always sound. One cannot simply propose the most extreme deterritorialization of voice, for it is here that deterritorialization reinscribes its return as the simple yet dangerous negation. To hear the voice of techno as speaking only as a component in the music machine, one organ among many on the deterritorialized body of sound, requires an attentive ear to the transformations of language. We do not respond to the techno-voice as a *dialogue*; we begin to hear differently, to hear the *other sounds* and the *sounds of the other.*

Gaillot denies the very possibility that he desires when he says that techno and its culture have nothing to say in the first place. "Unlike rock music, for example," he says, "the techno movement *was not based on any political presuppositions."* As it is has no voice and nothing to say, it likewise carries no ideology, says Gaillot, and indeed, it lacks even the prospect of new meanings "capable of renewing the configurations of contemporary community." Dare I say that, for Gaillot, techno has become transcendental, above and beyond all relations to the *polis?*

A quick sampling of sound bytes will remix what I see as a hasty exclusion of the *potentiality of a voicing* as a machinic component that plugs into the transmutated turntable's political entanglements. *The potentiality of a voicing* should not be confused with a statement of clear enunciation from a speaking-subject or community of subjects. To do so is to negate the voice completely and to simply celebrate its position in the machine rather than partaking of where that machine plugs into others. That a fantasy of transcendentalism, a fantasy of complete separation from the logocentrism of voice — if not a clean break from Western metaphysical traditions

posthuman perspective comes Black Atlantic Futurism," says Kodwo Eshun in *More Brilliant Than The Sun.*[13] By focusing upon Detroit Techno in an attempt to understand the Black Atlantic roots of rave culture at the same time that the dangers of black militancy were foregrounded, <ST> combatted elements that totalized "rave" culture as "just pop music," or as *lacking* "voice."

2. The positing of the Temporary Autonomous Zone, or TAZ, by Sufi anarchist Hakim Bey as a pragmatic and psychotopological crack that possibly bleeds liminal space, both off the map of cop culture and the mediasphere on the one hand, and high-art performance on the other. The TAZ was investigated by rave collectives including Spiral Tribe in the UK, Transcendance in Toronto, and <ST> in Vancouver.[14] These movements did not die, but rather gave rise to mobile sonic action, including Reclaim The Streets. The TAZ also forms part of the milieu that drove anti-performance artists The KLF. "So," says Bey,

> revolution is closed, but insurgency is open. [...] And — the map is closed, but the autonomous zone is open. Metaphorically it unfolds within the fractal dimensions invisible to the cartography of Control. And here we should introduce the concept of psychotopology (and — topography).[15]

of art and culture, as we can see in Gaillot — is as much a part of this voicing as its supposed presence outside of techno can be witnessed in rave "culture's" easy adoption of transcendental wet dreams such as PLUR: Peace Love Unity Respect.

We must therefore keep in mind two events that are commonly bracketed in contemporary academic analyses of rave culture.

The Afro-American and Afro-German resistance mythology of Detroit Techno posits itself in a contradictory position to "black history" through its invisibility and collapse of racial music boundaries, a mission directive that broadcasts the collapse of high-art law that considers rhythm a lower form or a supplement at the same time that Afro-Traditions sampled yet shrugged off. A turn to the posthuman through the futurist narratives of both the Assault DJ and the offworld producer, "and in sync with this

feature

"Psychotopology," explains Bey in his thieving of the concept from the Situationist International, "is the art of *dowsing* for potential TAZs." Although psychotopology cannot "control" territory — "because it is *virtually identical* with its territory" (emphasis added) — it can "suggest" spaces, temporalities, "(geographic, social, cultural, imaginal) with potential to flower as autonomous zones." With <ST>, we can outline a *drift* through differing occupational spaces, both inside and outside, as an actualised gesture of virtual dowsing that engages not only autonomous space, but the moments where the TAZ perhaps always *fails to become, even virtually, identical to itself.* It is this *affirmative failure* that leaves open the possibility of excess or what remains; the TAZ, contrary to Bey, is not identifical to "itself." The slip-scratch of failed identity — the failed subject, *the raver,* not the negative subject — propels <ST> just one step further, and ahead of both law and the imploding tangents of rave culture. We find not "the" voice of rave culture, or even "a" voice — or to switch records, we find neither the signifier nor signified of rave culture,[16]
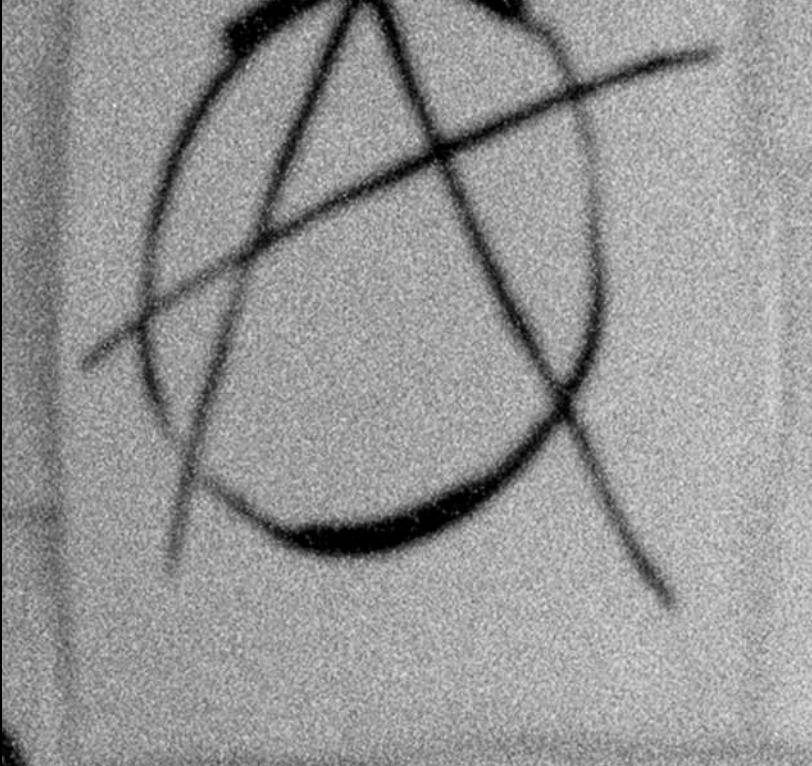
as if there were a secret semiotics of <ST> or "rave culture." Rather, we encounter a failure of the TAZ to become itself *as such,* leaving open its lines of escape. At such a limit, there is an engagement with what Kodwo Eshun calls "Sonic Fiction."[17] We are not here to put music in its place; we are not here to rescue music with theory; we are here to dowse its virtual remains as the site of a ruinous collapse, and to counter the prevailing closed discourses that seek to imprison the virtual ruins in an archive that equates history with the negation of affirmative failure.

<ST> strove to encounter the TAZ and Detroit Techno resistance in several key events, including:

a)Musikal Resistance, MayDay 2000, which created an indeterminate space between activism and performance art, rave culture and music event, as <ST> members dressed in full anarchist street

warfare gear occupied a Marxist coffee shop, sandbagging its doors, blacking out its windows, and covering the walls in posters and slogans and camouflage netting. What actually happened is as diverse as the accounts of Cage's infamous Black Mountain Event:[18] a 5-hour transactive performance, including skits that bordered the humorous and the schizophrenic, from DIY Dogma and Revolutionaries Anonymous to manifesto readings and ritual chanting of slogans, surveillance upon passing traffic and audience members, abstract sonic surrealist readings assembled from secret messages handed out to the audience, sporadic and experimental DJ sets, live breakcore and noise, feedback video performance art ... agitations that culminated in a complete destruction of the situation. Imagine the immersion of the finale as <ST> members, dressed in white chemical warfare suits, ripped down posters from the walls, handed out everything from the event to the audience, noise blaring from the speakers, bright halogen bulbs suddenly illuminated upon the stunned crowd. The entire assemblage was distributed in a fury until the <ST> members fled, leaving the audience temporally and spatially dislocated.

b)The final event of <ST>, The Phoenix Ritual in 2001, which dissolved the collective through a ritual incantation of a deconstructed magick based upon the automatic magickal writings of Austin O. Spare. Dressed in druidic robes, and carving circles of paradox through the fallowed earth at the Phoenix Festival — a Pacific Northwest version of Burning Man — <ST> *desemenated* its solitary trajectory through a deconstruction of the passion for destruction, in the process, destroying its selves, its collectivity, its identity, its integrity and its cohesion through the ritual broadcast of chaos.[19]

`----/// end of Record 1`

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Fine Print

"It's Not A Rave, Officer" excerpted from "It's Not A Rave, Officer, It's Performance Art: Art as Defense from the Law and as Offense to Society in the Break-In Era of Rave Culture," presented at UAAC 2002, Calgary.

1. Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus.* Trans. Brian Massumi. (Minneapolis: U of Minneapolis P, 1987) p. 224.
2. Hardt and Negri, *Empire.* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2001)
3. Hakim Bey, *T.A.Z.: The Temporary Autonomous zone, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism.* (Brooklyn: Autonomedia, 1991) p. 90.
4. The virtual are in reciprocal presupposition to the thing's "actuality, [which] is its duration as a process." (37) See Brian Massumi, *A User's Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Deviations from Deleuze and Guattari. (*Cambridge: Swerve/MIT P, 1999)
5. When inserted in HTML code — the significance of the Internet in the rise, organisation, dissemination, and representation, if not the *virtual actuality* of groups such as <ST> (and "virtual" here plays between the sense in which the Internet is both archive and promise, in its failed linkage as much as its repository) cannot be covered here — "<ST>" does not appear on the webpage, for the "< >" brackets denote code. The web browser, finding no appropriate code in the brackets, simply dismisses the characters. Hence, often in web documents that inscribe <ST>, the *name itself is absent. Technology effaces its presence automatically* unless an effort is made to re-code "<ST>" with the proper HTML denotations for triangular brackets. This remains to be spoken of in greater detail in conjunction with the strategies, deceptions, understandings and uses, expressions and covert-operations, of tactical media.
6. Carlos Castaneda, *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge.* (New York: Washington Square Press, 1998)
7. *A Thousand Plateaus,* p. 229
8. ibid., 227
9. "Laptop Music-Counterfeiting Aura in the Age of Infinite Reproduction." *Parachute* 107 (2002): 53-59.p. 58. "Since many of the current musicians have come to electronic music through their involvement in the spectacle-oriented sub-cultures of DJ and dance music, the codes are transferred [those of "pop spectacle-TV] to serve as a safe and familiar framework in which to operate" (58). Besides bracketing the involvement of post-African musical traditions of composition, performance, participation, and audience-as if they had nothing to do with DJ or dance culture — Cascone also equates *all reception of music that involves participation, such as dancing,* as "spectacle" and therefore *only a symptom of product-demand* produced by an economy of pop music. Therefore it is *not authentic* and *nor does it have aura.* Clear distinctions between "pop music" and "subcultural music," "aura/authenticity" and "counterfeit aura" construct Cascone's reading of contemporary "post-digital" music that ultimately reduces itself to a sender-receiver telematics. That such a one-to-one telematics of "authentic" identification and representation, of aura and counterfeit, is irreconcilable to a supposed investment in Deleuze and Guattarian considerations of networked-sound and an essentially rhizomatic "aesthetics of failure" is dealt with elsewhere (see "Laptops & Loops: The Advent of New Forms of Experimentation and the Question of Technology in Experimental Music and Performance," Paper delivered at UAAC 2002 Annual Conference).
10. Michel Gaillot. *Multiple Meaning: Techno, An Artistic and Political Laboratory of the Present.* Trans. Warren Niesluchowski. (Paris: Editions Dis Voir, n.d.) p.17.
11. From the track *Fingers Inc. featuring Chuck Roberts.* Quoted in Kodwo Eshun, *More Brilliant Than the Sun: Adventures in Sonic Fiction.* (London: Quartet, 1999) p.98.
12. *Multiple Meaning,* p.17. All quotes from Gaillot ibid.
13. *More Brilliant Than the Sun,* p.-005
14. As also noted in Europe by Geert Lovink in *Dark Fiber,* especially "An Early History of 1990s Cyberculture (1999)" and "An Insider's Guide to Tactical Media (2001)." *Dark Fiber.* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2002)
15. *TAZ,* p.103
16. "As long as the theoretical *power* implications of media music remain unthought, it appears that one will continue to endow music with *meaning* — as in the interminable theorizations equating pop with rebellion — to see it as a signifier of a force that is actualized in it, whether as an expression of a subject's truth, or as the collective subversive force of social groups" (my italics, 25). In Achim Szepanksi, "Digital Music and Media Theory," *Parachute* 107 (2002): 24-27.
17. *More Brilliant Than The Sun,* p.-003
18. See Douglas Kahn's account in *Noise Water Meat: A History of Sound in the Arts.* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2001) p.262. It is both the randomness of the happening and its subsequent conflicting and varied reportage that characterises both the Black Mountain and <ST> events.
19. "Desemenated." Sonic meme = seme. "Desemenate" echoes sonic dissemination. This whole chamber of seme-antics is explored in writings currently being readied for publication.