DANCE OF THE MACHINES  
  
'The dance of the machines during the past two centuries   
represents the most violent and lethal expression of  
human somnambulism and self-hypnosis.'  
 – Alex Kitnick, *Distant Early Warning*  
'Everyone with an elastic band and a laptop   
thinks they are a "sound designer" nowadays'  
 – Robert Hampson  
  
I am here to build anything you want   
but can't begin without the help of   
some imaginary friends. In subdued   
circumstances, strange phenomenona  
are the starting point for getting your   
heart pumping, ideas hidden within.  
  
My musical dream machine has a purpose:  
to separate the medium of the instrument   
from the transmission. Its very existence   
violates the first law of euphoria, often   
facilitates catharsis. I just want to dance.  
(A small amount of shaking is normal.)  
  
How on earth can the party machine  
examine its own critical dimension?  
The longer the evening is, the more   
flex it can return to the imagination.  
What does it mean when automata   
pull the lever? Broken equipment.  
  
I am a little confused as to what   
variation actually does. There is  
something deeply significant about   
how easily our bodies can resonate   
with sound, the counterculture's   
desire for psychic understanding.  
  
These devices produce temporal objects   
working at the improbable confluence   
of musique concrète, shamanism, rock;  
the turntable becomes an instrument,  
a conceptual device walking in circles,   
attempting to navigate the soundscape.  
  
Knowing about pattern recognition   
may help you hit the brakes early.  
If playback doesn't begin shortly,   
try restarting your listening device.  
Good luck traveller, and farewell;  
there is only becoming, everywhere.  
  
  
Rupert M Loydell