

'Original time refers to a synthesis performed by the soul that at every moment distinguishes, past, present and future.'

Deleuze, G. [1991], from preface to Alliez, E., *Les Temps capitaux*,  
*Récits de la conquête du temps*

hello → music can generally be conceived as a relationship between time and pitch: this note plays here; that note plays there etc.; as our conception of time unfolds, so too do notes, phrases, chords, verses or loops [4] — all predicated on time passing as we perceive it. of course, music can be constructed on different principles. instead of pitch against time you can use, say, release against amplitude; or, as some wonderful minds have taught us, any stochastic function against whatever you choose. time still exists, of course, but by using alternate relationships to ground a piece of music, it melts, dissolves and recedes from centre-stage. for me at least, the experience of music becomes instantly foreign, which I think is beautiful — it becomes something you need to make sense of, unpack and explore. in some sense, I think that is when I/you/we know a piece of music is finished: the relationships have been fully navigated and understood → it makes sense at last, but not *common* sense → more NON-sense.

my own relationship with micha and marte's film and imagery began as a 'let's make a music video' thing into, almost three years later, populating a folder with a volley of different components we have produced → and will continue to produce, like some kind of organic Deleuzian machine, cogs turning endlessly in the background. what drives this period of intense work and colourful interpolation isn't clear to any of us, but my own feeling is that it has something to do with how micha/marte, marte/micha, perceive relationships. They *really* look, to the point that something you would never even notice *becomes* something else entirely. different doors open, not just within individual images, but across the images too — as they unfold next to one another at 25 frames per second.

as a consequence what you find is two, or often three, sets of relationships that entangle themselves with one another, like a small pile of snakes, or a tightly wound knot of roots. music, film, image — neither servant to another. in the live sessions we have done, time would often quite literally dissolve. suddenly it was already lunchtime; whole days could feel like minutes, which on reflection would feel like hours. this sensation is probably not dissimilar to what many of us are feeling now, as the pandemic reorients our experience of time. I'm not even sure what month it is.

back in January, in Berlin, we were sat round Micha's screens exploring the *multi-mendy* project. it became apparent to us all that when you subjected the music *and* the image to the same temporal dislocation, they became, if anything, *more* closely entwined than before. at normal speed, image and music still lead vaguely different lives; accelerated by 300%, they seemed to be in a merry dance. the relationships were not just preserved but enhanced: they were intensified across time.

reversing this new configuration of image and music then became the illogical next step. once again, the relationships remained — you were just looking at them from a different place.

these are observations not explanations.

oscar powell, 14 May 2020