

Differenz/Wiederholung 2

Differenz/Wiederholung 2 ist ein multimediales Stück, das eine Musikperformance eines elektrischen Instrumentalensembles mit drei Stimmen ebenso wie eine Videoinstallation auf mehreren Projektionswänden einschließt.

Differenz/Wiederholung 2 wurde vom Musikprotokoll 1999 in Auftrag gegeben und am 2.10.1999 im Grazer Stefaniensaal uraufgeführt.

Weitere Aufführungen von **Differenz/Wiederholung 2**: Bremen 2000, Bonn 2001, Wien 2000 sowie 2001 bei den Salzburger Festspielen.

Das Stück wurde für das Label Kairos auf CD produziert.

Über Differenz/Wiederholung 2

"The head is the organ of exchange
but the heart is the amorous organ of
repetition."

Gilles Deleuze

Das Stück "**Differenz/Wiederholung 2**" basiert auf Texten von Gilles Deleuze, William Burroughs und Christian Loidl. Es ist einerseits die poetische Dialektik der beiden Begriffe Wiederholung und Differenz, die Deleuze in seinem Werk "Differenz und Wiederholung" entfaltet, andererseits die dialektische Poetik der biologischen Repetitionen bei Burroughs, die zum innerhalb des Stücks zu entfaltenden Diskurs über Vergessen, Differenzierung, Betäubung, Erinnerung und Indifferenz hinführten. Dieser Diskurs ist längst ein ästhetisch/politisch besetzter, was bei beiden Autoren klar zum Ausdruck kommt.

Eine weitere überraschende Verbindung der beiden Textgruppen vermitteln die Theorien des Films, die von Deleuze und Burroughs/Gysin etwa gleichzeitig entwickelt wurden. Burroughs Filme mit Anthony Balch (z.B Ghosts at No. 9) waren neben den Arbeiten Martin Arnolds eine wesentliche Anregung für die bislang 3 Stücke der Differenz/Wiederholung-Serie.

Das Stück "**Differenz/Wiederholung 2**" besteht aus 7 Großteilen:

- I. Dead Repetitions
- II. Habit
- III. The Ovens
- IV. Image/Idea (harmonia differentia minima)
- V. Prisoners
- VI. Need
- VII. Repetition/Difference (One Single Voice)

Dauer: etwa 50 Minuten

Differenz/Wiederholung 2: Die Videoinstallation

Als Ausgangspunkt für die Videos werden die im Stück gesungenen und gesprochenen Texte und der strukturelle, dynamische und zeitliche Aufbau der Komposition verwendet. Wesentlich ist die Zerstörung, Transformation und Mutation der bestehenden Syntax, Semantik und Pragmatik.

Kommunikation - der Transport, die Verbreitung, die Vermittlung und vor allem das Ankommen und das weitere Interpretieren und Verarbeiten von in irgendeiner Form(ation) festgelegten Inhalten.

Die Besetzung von Differenz/Wiederholung 2

Anzahl	Instrument	Besonderheit
1	KurdischerSänger	mit Bügelmikro
1	Rapper	mit Bügelmikro und Handmikro
1	Stimme	mit Bügelmikro
1	Oboe	mit Pickup
1	Klarinette in Bb	mit Pickup
1	Tenorsaxophon Bb	mit Pickup
2	Violoncelli	mit Pickup
1	Kontrabaß (4 Saiter)	mit Pickup oder Mikro
2	Yamaha Sy77/99 Keyboards	
1	Kleine Trommel mit Snare	
1	Hi Hat Maschine	
1	Großes, tiefes Standtom	
1	Große Trommel, ~80cm	
2	Bremstrommeln	
1	Metallschiene	
1	Kreissägenblatt	
1	Lochscheibe	
2	Klangschalen	
4	Becken unterschiedlicher Charakteristik	
1	China Type verkehrt aufgehängt	
1	Tam-Tam verkehrt aufgehängt	
1	Splash Cymbal	
2	Woodblocks	
2	Tempelblocks	
1	Triangel mit rauschiger Charakteristik	
1	Waschmaschinentrommel	mit Pickup
6	Bleche unterschiedlicher Charakteristik, hängend	mit Pickups
1	Marimba	

Die Texte von Differenz/Wiederholung 2

"The head is the organ of exchange
but the heart is the amorous organ of repetition." [DW 2]

"It is so wearisome. First you put on your shirt, then your trousers; you drag yourself into bed at night and in the morning drag yourself out again; and always you put one foot in front of the other. There is little hope that it will ever change. Millions have always done it like that and millions will do so after us. Moreover, since we're made up of two halves which both do the same thing, everything's done twice. It's all very boring and very, very sad."
[cit.DW,4]

"Virus B23 opened a Pandora Box of biologic and chemical weapons.....
deicate youths spotted with decay like a ripe peach
deseased ravening vampire face torn with hideous hungers
farts and belches from unknown foods
thrill siren songs and slimy evil whispers that stick in the throat
Words you can smell giggling out
the plague" [Ext.151]

"In every respect, repetition is a transgression. It puts law into question, it denounces ist nominal or general character in favour of a more profound and more artistic reality"
[DW 3]

"Repetition belongs to humour and irony; it is by nature transgression or exception, always revealing a singularity opposed to the particulars subsumed under laws, a universal opposed to the generalities which give rise to laws."
[DW 5]

"We are going to leave that room
Difference
Repetition
We are going to leave that room"

"Money is like junk. A dose that fixes on monday won't fix on friday. We are beeing swept with vertiginous speed into a worldwide inflation comparable to what happened after WW I. The rich are desperately stocking gold, diamonds, antiques, paintings, medicines, food, liquor, tools and weapons. Any platform that does not propose the basic changes necessary to correct these glaring failures is a farce"
[ext. 101]

"death has nothing to do with a material model. On the contrary, the death instinct may be understood in relation to masks and costumes. Repetition is truly that which disguises itself in constituting itself, that which constitutes itself only by disguising itself. It is not underneath the mask, but is formed from one mask to another, as though from one distinctive point to another, from one privileged instant to another, with and within the variations. The masks do not hide anything except other masks."
[DW 17]

"If repetition makes us ill, it also heals us; if it enchains and destroys us, it also frees us, testifying in both cases to its 'demonic' power. All cure is a voyage to the bottom of repetition." [DW 19]

It is a well nown tiresome fact,
it is a notoriously dull and longwinded fact,
that anyone who gets hooked because of any disability whatever,
will be presented,
during the periods of shortage or deprivation....
with an outrageously padded,
geometrically progressing,
proliferating account. [NL,67]

A vast still harbour of iridescent water.
Deserted gas well flares on the smoky horizon.
Stink of oil and sewage,
sick sharks swim through the black water,
belch sulphur from rotting livers,
ignore a bloody, broken icarus. [NL,69]

There is a feeling of too much junk that corresponds to the bed spinning around you when you are very drunk,
a feeling of gray, dead horror.
The pictures in the brain are out of control, black and white,
without emotion,
the deadness of junk lying in the body like a viscious,thick medium.
[IZ,36]

Or the sudden smell of salt air,
piano down a city street.
A dusty poplar tree shaking in the hot afternoon wind,
pictures explode in the brain like skyrockets,
smells,tastes sounds shake the body,
nostalgia becomes unendurable, aching pain,
the brain is an overloaded switchboard sending insane messages and countermessages to the viscera.
[IZ,32]

I was the shadow of the waxing evenings and strange windowpanes.
I was the smudge and whine of missed times in the reflected sky
points of polluted water under his lavender horizon windowpane
smudge scrawled by some boy
lost marbles in the room [ET,160]

A train roar through him whistle blowing...
boat whistle,foghorn...
sky rocket bursts over oily lagoons....
penny arcade open in a maze of dirty pictures...
ceremonial cannon boom in the harbour...
a scream shoots down a white hospital corridor...
out along a white dusty street between palm trees,
whistles out the desert like a bullet (vulture wings husk in the dry air),
[NL,82ff]

A single voice raises the clamour of beeing [DW,35]

All around were high, bare mountains. He lived in a boardinghouse that was never warm. He went out for a walk. As he stepped off the street corner onto dirty cobblestone street, the cold mountain wind hit him. he tightened the belt of a leather jacket and felt the chill of final despair.
[IZ,43]

The sky over Vienna was a light, hard china blue, and a cold spring wind whipped Martin's loose gabardine topcoat around his thin body. He felt the ache of desire in his loins, like a toothache when the pain is light and different from any other pain. He turned a corner. The danube stabbed his eyes with a thousand points of light, and he felt the full force of the wind and had to lean forward to maintain balance.
[IZ,77]

Drug addiction is perhaps a basic formula for pleasure and for life itself. That is why the habit, once contracted, is so difficult to break, and why it leaves, when broken, such a vacuum behind....the addict has glimpsed the formula, the bare bones of life.... [IZ,110]

The secret is that there is no secret [IZ,110]

At times I feel myself on the point of learning something basic.
I have achieved moments of inner silence. [IZ,131]

returning is the becoming-identical of becoming itself.
returning is thus the only identity,
but identity as a secondary power;
the identity of difference,
the identical which belongs to the different,
or turns around the different. [DW,41]

Difference is behind everything,
but behind difference there is nothing [DW,57]

Eternal return relates to a world of differences implicated one in the other,
to a complicated, properly chaotic world without identity. [DW,57]

A thin siren wail rises and falls over empty cities [WB,23]

This secret of the ancient mayans which few are competent to practise.
When comes such another singer as the old yellow serpent? [WB,23]

„Infinite tenderness infinite irony is hidden forever
in her closed eyes.
Who must have learned too well in her long loneliness
how empty wisdom is even to the wise.“ [WB,27]

Eye in the needle needle in the eye [WB,30]

The totality of circles and series is thus a formless,*ungrounded* chaos, which has no law other
than its own repetition, its own reproduction in the development of that which diverges and
decentres. [DW,69]

Nothing, however is lost, each series exists only by virtue of the return of the others. Everything
has become simulacrum, for by simulacrum we should not understand a simple imitation but
rather the act by which the very ideas of a model are challenged and overturned.
The simulacrum is the instance which includes a difference within itself, such as (at least) two
divergent series on which it plays, all resemblance abolished so that one can no longer point
to the existence of an original and a copy. [DW,69]

repetition changes nothing in the object repeated, but does change something in the mind
which contemplates it. [DW70]

Need is the manner, in which this future appears, as the organic form of expectation. The
retained past appears in the form of cellular heredity. [DW73]

Habit draws something new from repetition - namely, difference (in the first instance
understood as generality.) In essence, habit is contraction.
Language testifies to this in allowing us to speak of „contracting a habit...“
[DW74]

The saints cant't come for you and why should I repeat myself in your horrible old body
disgust me already with stasis sores ? [?]

A soul must be attributed to the heart, to the muscles, nerves and cells, but a contemplative
soul whose entire function is to contract a habit. [DW74]

By its existence alone, the lily in the field sings the glory of the heavens, the goddesses and
gods - in other words, the element that it contemplates in contracting. What organism is not
made of elements and of cases of repetition, of contemplated and contracted water,
nitrogen, carbon, chlorides and sulphates, thereby intertwining all the habits of which it is
composed. [DW75]

The living present, and with it the whole of organic and physical life, rests upon habit.
[DW78]

The Northern Prince says 'time is out of joint' [DW88]

Such a symbol adequate to the totality of time may be expressed in many ways:

to throw time out of joint,
to make the sun explode,
to throw oneself into the volcano,
to kill god or the father. [DW89]

Listen: I call you all. Show your cards all players. Pay it all pay it all pay it *all* back. Play it all
pay it all play it *all* back. For all to see. In time square. In Picadilly.
[NE 4]

Peoples of the world, you have all been poisoned. [NE 6]

To speak is to lie - to live is to collaborate - anybody is a coward when faced by the nova
ovens - there are degrees of lying collaboration and cowardice - that is to say degrees of
intoxication - it is precisely a question of regulation - the enemy is not man is not woman - the
enemy exists only where no life is and moves always to push life into extreme untenable
positions. [NE 7]

Holed up in those cool blue mountains the liquid air in our spines listening to a little hi fi junk
note fixes you right to metal and you nod out a thousand years. [NE 9]

This is a burning planet - any minute now the whole fucking shithouse goes up
[NE 9]

The reports reek of Nova, sold out job, shit, shit birth and death. your planet has been
invaded. you are dogs on the tape. The entire planet is being developed into terminal identity
and complete surrender.
[NE 13]

'Human dogs' to be eaten alive under white hot skies of minraud
[NE 14]

We are just dust falls from demagnetized patterns - show business - calendar in weimar
youths - faded poets in the silent amphitheater - his block house went away through the air -
click st.louis under drifting soot - and I think maybe I was in old clinic [NE 22]

Word dust falls three thousand years through an old blue calendar
[NE22]

These colorless sheets are what flesh is made from - becomes flesh when it has colour and writing - that is word and image write the message that is you on colourless sheets determine all flesh [NE 28]

The scorpion controller was on screen
blue eyes white hot spitting from the molten core of a planet where lead melts at noon,
his body half concealed by the portico of a mayan temple-
a stink of torture chambers and burning flesh filled the room-
prisoners staked out under the white hot skies of minraud eaten alive by metal ants-
I kept distance surrounding him with pounding stabbing light blasts seventy tons to the square inch-
the orders loud and clear now
„Blast-Pound-Strafe-Stab-Kill“-
The screen opened out-
I could see mayan codices and egyptian hieroglyphes-
prisoners screaming in the ovens broken down to insect forms [NE 42]

The only illusion is that of unmasking something or someone. The symbolic organ of repetition, the phallus, is no less a mask than it is itself hidden, for the mask has two senses. 'Give me, please give me.....what then ? Another mask.' [DW 106]

The ego is a mask for other masks, a disguise under other disguises. Indistinguishable from its own clowns, it walks with a limp on one green and one red leg. [DW 110]

Images; - Millions of images - That's what I eat- Cyclotron shit - ever try kicking that habit with apomorphine ? - now I got all the images of sex acts and torture ever took place anywhere and I can just blast it out and control you gooks right down to the molecule - I got orgasms - I got screams - I got all the images any hick poet ever shit out - my power's coming - my power's coming - my power's coming - [NE 45,the Death Dwarf]
The god of love and the god of anger are required in order to have an idea [DW191]

An Idea is an n - dimensional, continuous, defined multiplicity. [DW 182]

As we have seen, image is junk [NE 52]

And if there is one thing that carries over from one human host to another and establishes identity of the controller it is habit [NE 56]

In the center of all their cities stand the ovens where those who disobey the control brains are brought for total disposal. - a conical structure of iridescent metal shining heat from the molten core of a planet where lead melts at noon. - Here the tinkers and smiths work pounding out metal rhythms as prisoners and criminals are led to disposal
[NE ?]

Delerium lies at the base of good sense, which is why good sense is always secondary. Thought must think difference, that absolutely different from thought which nevertheless gives it thought, gives to be thought. [DW 227]

Everything is like the flight of an eagle, overflight, suspension and descent, everything goes from high to low, and by that movement affirms the lowest: asymmetrical synthesis.

[DW 234]

Always the candle in the bovine eye. [DW 235]

What is condemned in the figure of simulacra is the state of free, oceanic differences, of nomadic distributions and crowned anarchy, along with all that malice which challenges both the notion of the model and the copy.

[DW 265]

To ground is to determine [272]

How many differences and singularities are distributed like so many aggressions, how many simulacra emerge in this night which has become white, in order to compose the world of 'one' and 'they'.

[DW 277]

What, after all, are ideas, with their constitutive multiplicity, if not these ants which enter and leave through the fracture in the I

[DW 277]

Ideas are dionysian, existing in an obscure zone, which they themselves preserve and maintain, in an indifferenciation which is nevertheless singular: the obscure zone of an intoxication which will never be cured; the distinct-obscure as the double colour with which philosophy paints the world, with all the forces of a differential unconscious.

[DW 280]

A broken earth corresponds to a fractured sky.

[DW 284]

Repetition is pathos and the philosophy of repetition is pathology

[DW 290]

Qualities and extensities, forms and matters, species and parts are not primary, they are imprisoned in individuals as though in a crystal. Moreover, the entire world may be read as through a crystal ball, in the moving depth of individuating differences or differences in intensity.

[DW 247]

The problem of comparison between animal and human sexuality consists of finding out how sexuality ceases to be a function and breaks its attachments to reproduction, for human sexuality interiorises the conditions of the production of phantasms. Dreams are our eggs, our larvae and our properly psychic individuals.

[DW 250]

The world is an egg. Moreover, the egg, in effect, provides us with a model for the order of reasons.

[DW 251]

A single and same voice for the whole thousand-voiced multiple, a single and same ocean for all the drops, a single clamour of beeing for all the beeing: on condition that each beeing, each drop and each voice has reached the state of excess-in other words, the difference which displaces and disguises them and, in turning upon its mobile cusp, causes them to return.

[DW 304,end]

„We first took our image and put it into code. A technical code developed by the information theorists. This code was written in the molecular level to save space, when it was found that the image material was not dead matter, but exhibited the same life cycle as the virus. This virus released upon the world would infect the entire population and turn them into our replicas, it was not safe to release the virus until we could be sure that the last groups to go replica without notice. To this end we invented variety in many forms, variety that is of information content in a molecule, which ,enfin,is always a permutation of the existing material. [NE 49]

The Nature of begging
Need?-Lack
Want?-Need
Life?-Death

[NE 93]