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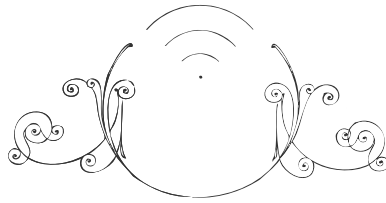
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PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

Projekte „Toujours en avant“

Januar 2016—März 2017

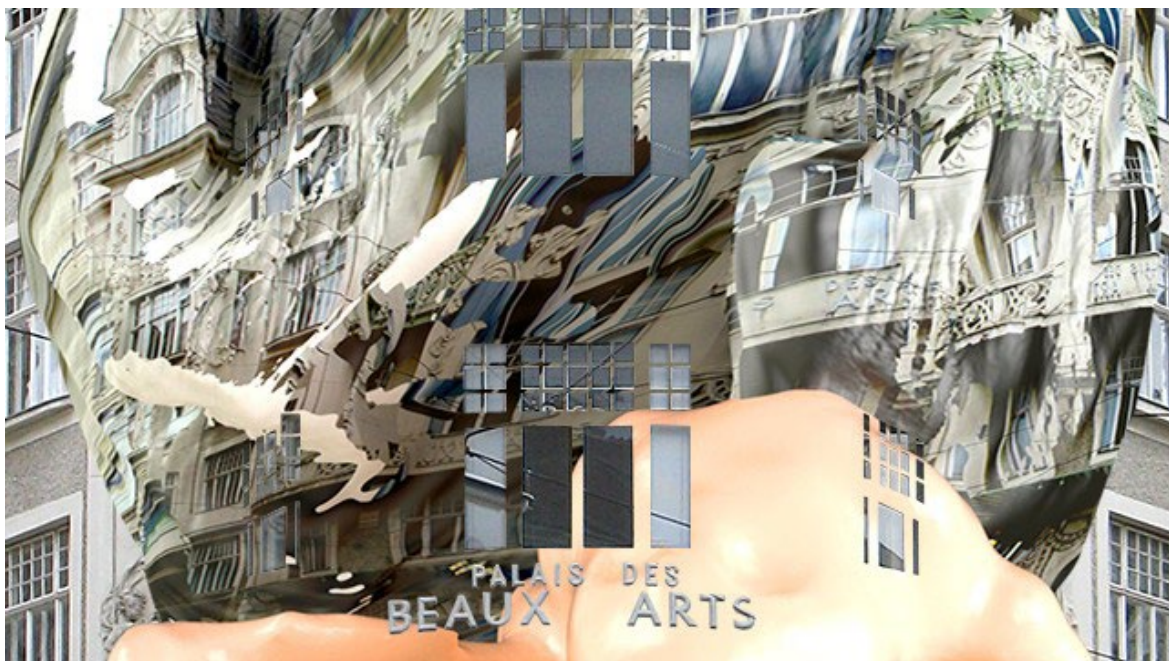
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|------------------|---|
| 5.2.—15.05.2016 | Terrestrum`Navis&-ff\$&.Internetis.museeiis//20116 Teil 2 & 3
Wireless Installation am Palais des Beaux Arts Wien, Guided
Visits. Aufgrund der Signifikanz für die Gesamtnarration
des Projektes wurde als schriftlicher Werkauftrag 2016 der
dazu gehörige, 20 Normseiten lange Text von Faltin zur
Veröffentlichung neu formuliert und auf Englisch übersetzt. |
| 22.2.2016 | Veröffentlichung des Podcast „Bim! Episode 10“ von Claire Tolan |
| 16.3.—17.4.2016 | Ein Auszug aus „Object“ (Museum of Internet) aus dem
Jahresprogramm 2014 wurde in der Ausstellung „Opera Publica“
im Künstlerhaus Wien gezeigt. Kuratiert von Margit Nobis. |
| 26.5.2016 | „Systemic Structure Seance“ Workshop mit Karin Ferrari zu
Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture) in Kooperation mit dem
Coded Cultures Festival und continent. Open Scenarios for Non-
Trivial Pursuits |
| 26.5.—15.09.2016 | Karin Ferrari: Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture) Wireless
Installation am Palais des Beaux Art Wien, Guided Visits |
| 1.6.2016 | Veröffentlichung eines neuen Mission Statements des Palais des
Beaux Arts, erarbeitet mit Maren Mayer-Schwieger |
| 20.6.2016 | Palais des Beaux Arts Performative Lecture in der Kunsthalle
Wien im Rahmen von L'Exposition Imaginaire |
| 1.8.—30.9.2017 | Co-Produktion von „Bauhaus Ayoke“ von Peter Moosgaard in
Davao, Philippinen. Veröffentlichung Q1/2017 |
| 18.9.—29.9.2016 | Produktion des Podcasts „Save+Sounds: Sonic Ethnography of
Contemporary Music“ von Simone Borghi, Veröffentlichung
Q2/2017 |
| 25.9.2016 | Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come ASMR Chor Workshop |
| 26.9.2016 | Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come Recording Performance in
Kooperation mit dem Unsafe+Sounds Festivals |
| 26.9.—15.01.2016 | Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come Wireless Installation am Palais
des Beaux Art Wien, Guided Visits |
| 18.11.2016 | Guided Visit zu Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come im Rahmen der
Vienna Art Week |
| 1.3.—15.5.2017 | Veröffentlichung von „Peter Moosgaard: Bauhaus Ayoke“ als
Wireless Installation am Palais des Beaux Art Wien, Guided
Visits |

Fabian Faltin
On the Ruin Value of Algorithms

*Lecture application for the dissolution of the exhibition Internetis.museeiis
located at 35.04.2117-FF\$&GPS!+_ff.ew.1497*

A. Welcome. Palais des Beaux Arts. Vienna.

Telling stories through data is what museums are for. Here, at the Palais des Beaux Arts in Vienna, we are ideally positioned to do precisely that: after 100 innovation cycles, we are extracting, generating and collecting sensory, digital and post-digital data at an historically unprecedented scale. Our collection spans all four corners of the globe, all known networks and artistic fields, as well as their specific technical platforms. It is a unique cultural and narrative resource, which day by day brings forth new stories, and indeed, new histories: who are we? How did we come this far? And where are we travelling to?



The post-digital art institution, visualised by the artist Enrico Zago around 2014.

Photo: Palais des Beaux Arts Vienna, 39.07.2115- B\$&TTS!#_

Our current exhibition Internetis.museeiis [1] has an especially prominent role to play in addressing these questions. For the first time ever, one of our most advanced research projects, namely the reconstruction of a so-called „video-installation“ from the early 21st century, has been out on public display. What is more, this exhibition also marks a very special anniversary: 100 innovation cycles ago, almost exactly to this day, the world witnessed the commercial launch of the first Samsung Flash-Arrays. As you know, no other innovation hitherto known to mankind unleashed more disruptive powers in so little time. In conjunction with the world-encompassing HIT- and MADL-capacities, upon which our lives depend to this very day, this technology allowed us to cross a temporal threshold, and consigned the digital revolution of the late 20th and early 21st century to the dustbin of history.

As Senior Dramatist for Research and Interface at the Palais des Beaux Arts, I'd like to use this very special anniversary as an occasion to share some of our most pertinent research findings with you, and offer you some personal thoughts on both the fruitful insights and immense challenges that such temporal thresholds entail – especially with regards to our museological work. To do so, let me invite you, most cordially, to open a particularly remarkable D+.t+-Cluster: let us switch back to calendar time and head all the way back to the beginning of the 21st century, to the calendar year 2015. Then,

let us enter one of the revolutionary hotspots of this period, which presents itself to us in guise of an art exhibition: the 56th Biennale di Venezia.

B. Art anno 2015: sunbathing inside the black cube

The Venice Biennale was a legendary, world-famous art show, and 2015 one of its last editions. The final, 59th edition took place only four years later, in 2021, i.e. shortly before the end of calendar time. As the first innovation cycle got underway, its gates closed forever, and the famous “Arsenale” premises were once again refitted for their original military purposes. Since then, no further “world exhibitions” took place, neither in Venice, nor elsewhere; somewhat surprisingly, in view of their enormous economic profitability. In 2015, over half a million visitors poured into Venice, to enjoy a display of art and culture in the nostalgic ambience of 30 “national” pavilions. A particularly popular attraction was the “Germanic Pavilion”, a fascist palace dating back to the time of the world-wars, which hosted a seminal work by the german filmmaker, feminist, and art workers’ leader Hito Steyerl. Entitled *Factory of the Sun*, and can be attributed to the once widespread genre of “Post-Internet Art”. If you select a mid-range precision grade in your MADL exhibition emitter, you can easily zoom closer [2]. As you can see, *Factory of the Sun* consists of a science-fiction film staged as a computer-game, or, if you prefer, a computer game being projected as if it were a science-fiction film. An ironic gimmick, of course, since the biennale audience wasn’t actually able to actually play game plot unfolding before their eyes. Instead, as one can hear at the beginning of the projection, “the game will play you”. An intensive deployment of animation effects, the film’s presentation as a succession of game levels rather than scenes (including inserts with high-scores, photon levels, render points, time played, etc.), as well as constant switching between different anime characters —with names such as *Naked Doom*, *High Voltage*, *Take Some Crime* and *Liquid Easy*— are meant to convey the oppressive feeling that you are, in fact, trapped inside a computer game.



Nuclear warheads skimming the Laguna Veneta. Germanic Pavillion. 35.04.2117-HS\$&GPS!+_ff.ew.1497

This, in itself, is nothing unusual: just as art, design, and advertising have always been closely entwined, so film and computer gaming also exist in a mutually dependant relationship. Almost from the outset, the big special effects studios of Hollywood found themselves being challenged head-on with the leading Icelandic and Greenlandic gaming clusters; a stiff competition, which to this day is one of the primary drivers of our innovation cycles, and a terrific incentive for Type-1 and Type-2 programmers to outperform each other. Furthermore, film and computer gaming are also inseparably entwined in popular culture. For example, the heta-converted archives and social-media timelines of the digital revolution, notably YouTube (SZZ\$=&!ssOoWz+_ ‡) and Facebook (øΔf~f~\$=&!yIoR+_ ‡), are thought to contain millions of hours of footage of people which filmed themselves and their computer screens while playing computer games. These “screen-recordings” and “Selfies” probably served

a number of purposes. Apart from being a convenient way of sharing information about particularly difficult or cunning game moves, it seems as if the first digital generations also took great personal pride in their gaming abilities, and were careful to document them. The systematic, continuous archiving of one's own online experiences may also have fulfilled certain spiritual desires. As part of the deeply human pursuit of dignity, recognition and immortality, one felt prompted to document the most intensive moments of one's digital life, and to diffuse them around the globe – which is of course a tremendous boon for our present-day museum work.

In sum, therefore, the intricate blending and fluid conversions between film and computer game hardly suffices to explain why *Factory of the Sun* was such a popular attraction at the 2015 Biennale – on this level, the work merely mimicked what visitors would have already been familiar with in their everyday lives. Rather, it is my belief that its unique appeal stemmed from Steyerl's highly advanced framing techniques: she didn't just show a film in guise of a computer game, she also designed the entire setting accordingly, the so-called "context". As we shall see, she even went so far as to factor the institutional conditions of art production and reception at the Venice Biennale, and invested them with computer game aesthetics. In order to achieve such a comprehensive "gameification" of reality, she made use of a special art form that is characteristic of this period – the so-called "art installation". By this, we mean a holistic arrangement of objects, surfaces, furniture and different media systems, whose different energy currents, information flows and resonance fields were controlled with utmost precision; an apparatus, if you will, quite similar to our present day hydro-immersive bathrooms and wellness chambers.

You may want to try reconstructing such an "art installation" yourself – you immediately get a somewhat claustrophobic feeling, as if you'd been locked up in a sauna after closing hours. Now use your MADL-zoom to factor in *Factory of the Sun*: you'll recognise a sort of projection window, something similar to a cinema screen. This is a commonplace feature that you'll find in most art installations of the year 2015. However, Steyerl doesn't install her screen on the white walls of a museum, a gallery, or a biennale pavilion; she positions it inside a hermetically sealed, completely darkened "black cube". The floor, walls and ceiling of this proverbial black cube are merely patterned and illuminated by a grid of subtle, Samsung-blue light. As a member of the audience, you would have entered this cube through an invisible black security gate, and remained physically present; you weren't, as is generally the case today, part of the projection surface, and stayed strictly confined to the limits of your own body.

To still give you the feeling of being inside a computer game, Steyerl thus had to resort to other, far more primitive means of simulating weightlessness, virtuality, and spatio-temporal delimitation. For instance, she had installed several rows of Ikea sun loungers in front of the flickering screen, upon which you could "park" your body amongst the bodies of other visitors. You'd recline, relax, and ultimately switch off. It seems quite possible that Steyerl intended this a reference to the famous drive-in cinemas of the 20th century, in which humans, completely immobilised within metal car-cases, parked their bodies in front of colourful and highly dramatized "motion pictures" [3]. Alternatively, however, Steyerl's sun loungers can also be understood as a critical comment on a leisure-driven art industry, in which exhibitions could no longer be distinguished from saunas, vacation resorts, or the cruise ships that once ploughed through Venice's city-scape. We shall presently return to this rather speculative hypothesis.

What we have established with absolute certainty is that Steyerl used Ikea sun loungers, and no others. As part of the museoarcheological research undertaken for *Internet.Museeiis* in our mid-season innovation quarter, we were able to locate and salvage the "Hanjin Eva", a sunken cargo ship buried deep in the coral reefs Venezia Giudecca. Protected from corrosive air and salt exposure by several meters of mud, this 300 meter vessel, which once seems to have operated by the Hanjin Shipping Company, was preserved almost fully intact. Having snapped neatly in half upon touching ground, it resembles a broken fortune cookie which has patiently waited 100 innovation cycles for us

to arrive and extract its secret message. What we found was a single piece of cargo: a vacuum-sealed ArtTrans-Container, which we were able to salvage in one piece, and in just one single dive. Inside, we didn't – as you might expect – the legendary Chinese “terracotta army”, but something equally, if not more significant: hundreds of Ikea sun-loungers, fabricated from powder-coated metal tubes and heavily leaded plastic fabrics of undoubtedly Chinese origins.

From the same container, we were also able to extract what seems to have been the original projection screen used by Steyerl. Unfortunately, the venetian mud and long-term oxygen deprivation seem to have had a very negative impact on its constitution: the fabric is in an extremely fragile and brittle condition, and has partially disintegrated into a barely-visible cellular membrane. We are currently keeping it immersed inside a soothing and gently hydrating buckthorn-meldonium complex bath in complete darkness, and are looking forward to the gradual recovery and rejuvenation of all its surfaces.



Screen fragment in a Time Miracle Age Defence buckthorn-meldonium restorative bath.

Photo: Palais des Beaux Arts, Research and Interfaces, 35.04.2115- YG\$&GPS!+_.



Museoarcheological reconstruction of sun loungers using video-based projection technology.

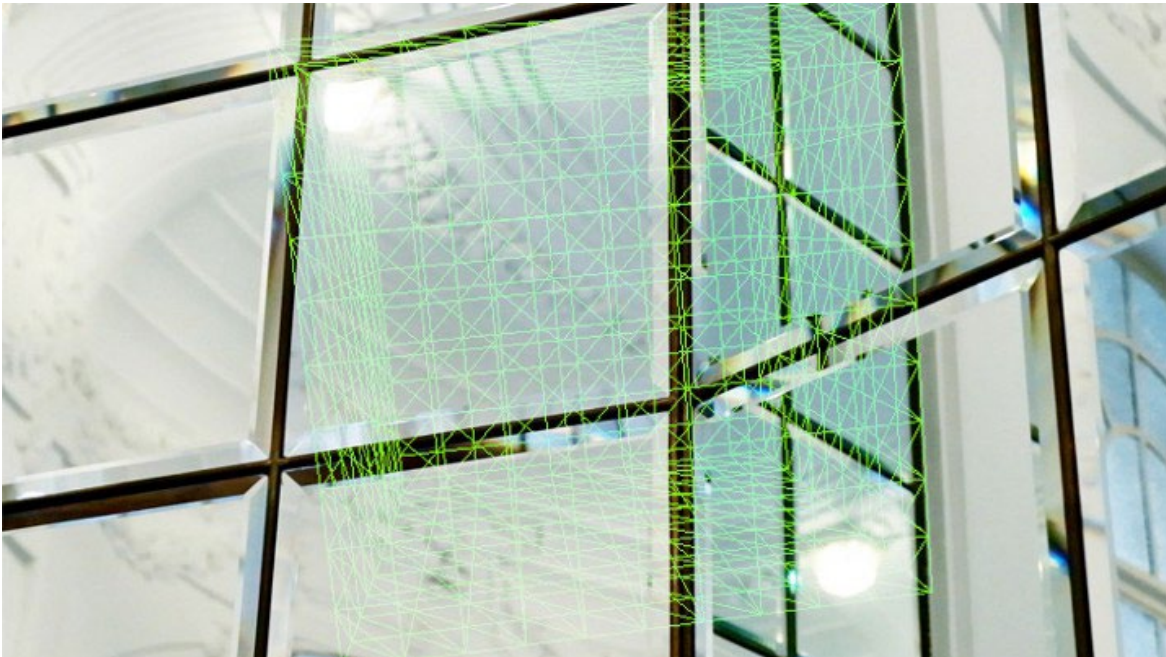
MADL-compatible. rwe- YŸ\$’3. Kerstin>>von Gabain>>’A/place in the Sun/’{2013}

After a thorough evaluation of these material samples and oil-formations, we hope to gain further valuable insights into the institutions and artistic productions of the calendar year 2015: was this delicate video screen possibly an inestimably valuable, hand-crafted precursor of the array-based Samsung P2 plasma-hylatron motion banner? Or did Steyerl merely use a conventional surface of light-active polyester fabric, which was placed before a miserable 4000-Ansi Sony video projector – and why? Was she merely interested in making an ironic statement about widespread poverty in the art world, and showing solidarity with the low class of culture workers? Or did she herself, in spite of her international reputation, suffer from extreme poverty?

There is significant evidence in favour of this last hypothesis: in her study „Cultural Decline, Pence-Populism, and the Post-European Welfare Game 2010–2025“, the currently third-ranked ottoman scientist, Kinczi Çayuglu III, has impressively demonstrated just how much the operations of the international art world depended on public subsidies, right up to the end of the calendar time period [4]. This was especially true of large-scale endeavours such as the Biennale di Venezia, which could never have taken place without extensive state support. Art was thus indirectly wedded to rapidly declining tax revenues from the tobacco industry, the financial sector and a global fossil-fuel-based economy, and accordingly had to adapt to ever more austerity measures and material limitations. By using a low-quality projection screen and a cheap Sony video projector, as well as a whole battery of Ikea sun loungers, Steyerl would have effectively accommodated the prevalent conditions of production, as described by Çayuglu III. But as long as we haven’t completed a full-spectrum analysis of all our material samples, such hypotheses cannot be more than mere speculation.

C. Energy ripples and photon shards

At present, our research isn't even sufficiently advanced to ascertain beyond all doubts that Factory of the Sun was a genuinely "post-european" work of art. We should also be weary of resorting to alternative terms such as "post-industrial", "post-human", "post-national", "post-liberal" or indeed "post-modern". For Steyerl clearly doesn't address any of the issues relating to euro-secessionism or the ottoman occupation, nor does Factory of the Sun make any allusions to the Pence-populists or the radical reconfiguration of european social systems, which was already well under way before the end of calendar time. Thus, all sorts of "post"-terms are better treated with utmost caution. As figures of speech and thought, they are merely able to signify what is not the case, so as to conceal the fact that, as yet, there is no substantial understanding of what is the case [5]. Let us leave such "post-mortem" constructs to our supposedly "post-capitalist" (sic!) art critics, philosophers and science-fiction writers, whose business has always been to peddle such visions of doom and negativity. Instead, let us strive to pursue the honourable path of serious scientific inquiry – let us be guided by demonstrable museoarcheological facts. The images of Factory of the Sun that are now gradually emerging from our museological post-production are surely a more reliable source than any so-called speculative inquiries. We can fully trust all data streaming out of our sequenced MADL-zoom – even to the naked eye, it is easily discernible that Factory of the Sun must be classified as belonging to the post-internet era, and none other. This post-factual insight will become even clearer as we now turn to the filmographic analysis and a close reading of Steyerl's scenario, or so-called "plot".



Grid structure of the Biennale di Venezia 2015 inside a compressed cluster.

Exhibition view Internetis.museiis at 35.04.2115- FF\$&GPS!†.

Akin to almost all other known works of post-internet art, Steyerl's video installation is primarily concerned with the limitless power of capitalism, international corporations and the international/transnational financial sector. Seemingly inspired by the "Germanic Pavilion", she tells the story of a mysterious Deutsche Bank, which is involved in a conspirative endeavour of the very highest order. To begin with, we witness an upbeat corporate press officer, who talks of a special programme dedicated to increasing the speed of light: Deutsche Bank wants to produce photons which fly "faster than sunlight". Why would a bank, i.e. a non-scientific actor, be interested in achieving such a thing? Well, let us not forget that this is still the calendar year 2015: there were as yet no flash-arrays available, which nowadays easily exceed the speed of light, with HIT-capacities of ten thousand and more. A

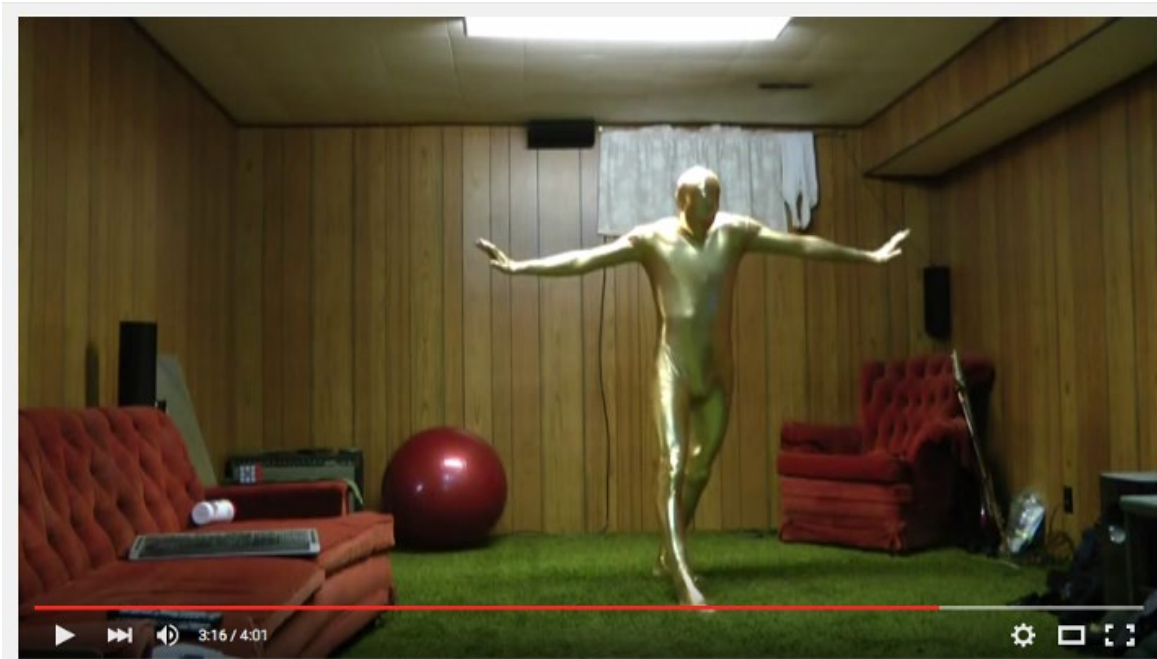
speed of light of exactly 299.792.458 m/s was considered to be an absolutely invariable and immutable global benchmark, something as reliable and robust as the gold standard of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries [6]. A free and absolutely linear 1:1 exchangeability between light, information and money, underpinned by an extensive system of high-frequency trading and fibre optical networks, was considered to be a rock-solid foundation for the global economic system. Clearly, a sudden and unforeseen increase of the speed of light would have resulted in massive disturbances and systemic upheavals, as well as unprecedented opportunities for profit. This is precisely what Steyerl's Deutsche Bank seeks to achieve: faster light equals faster money.



Credit transaction at Deutsche Bank, Frankfurt, exposed at 529.472.361. m/s.

*Credit:Credit{1983}Vik?tor_Schl'sser.Heta-tan/IBAN{3}8*6†t?v=uZyT7903LXo.*

Clearly, the technological means of the digital revolution would never have sufficed to pull off such a feat. Though an omnipotent “World Bank” or a technologically advanced “particle accelerator” – both of which actually existed in 2015 – were as yet in no way equipped to accelerate light. It’s as if we here, at the Palais des Beaux Arts, could somehow magically begin printing single-phase planets onto carbon-matrix grids overnight – even though our museum has of course managed to stay in Moody & McDercon global top 5 for a record-breaking period of 34 consecutive innovation cycles [7]. Which just goes to show what fantastic artistic intuition and visionary abilities Hito Steyerl must have possessed. In this regard, she was undoubtedly in a class all of her own. She had the singular ability of looking beyond the technological limits of her time, perhaps even of time itself. It would doubtless be interesting to investigate just how much of this was due to the consumption of primitive neuro-enhancers – as is well known, substances such as cocaine, taurine, meldonium, trautionium, alcohol and lactic acid were wildly popular amongst the artists of that period. Should her body also be discovered in the venetian mud alongside the “Hanjin Eva”, we may one day also learn more about that.



„Take some crime“, a dancing post-fordist slave labourer, approx. 2010.

Photo: Heta-archival conversion, [ue564t>>.youtube.com/watch?v=1QcoZsGk5cA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1QcoZsGk5cA)

Significantly, the film shows the Deutsche Bank resorting to similarly primitive means of achieving the impossible: in order to accelerate the speed of light, the internet is used. Does anyone here in the audience actually still know, what exactly that was? Well, since our exhibition Internetis.Museeiis is primarily dedicated to the post-internet period, allow me to refresh your memories: the internet was, in a nutshell, a recursive, spherically shaped field of signification and storage. It is widely considered to be one of three most important precursors of our contemporary alphabet with its 26-letter kernel. You can get a good first-hand impression of everyday life on the internet if you look at Factory of the Sun in the MADL-Macro-mode. What strikes me about it is an incredibly carnevalesque kind of party-atmosphere: avatars marching in step are joined by rebellious platoons of reality-show stars, countless performance artists, fashion bloggers, art critics and wannabe dance pros can be seen mingling with hipsters, hackers and hate posters of all descriptions, not to mention the on-going buzz of surveillance drones and Deutsche Bank trading bots. As predators, their role is to abduct all the agents on the internet from their YouTube channels, to enslave and exploit them by means of the latest capitalist techniques, so as to ultimately drive them towards a state of ceaseless self-exploitation. Witness one particularly salient character, known as Take Some Crime [8], who is here being hunted down with laser guns and geoblockers, turned into “human capital”, and subsequently condemned to forced labour in a motion capture studio. There, in the so-called “Factory of the Sun”, Take Some Crime is forced to do everything the Deutsche Bank wants him to do. Day by day, he has dance to the high-frequency rhythm of the international stock markets, while the bank’s employees scan, absorb and duplicate every single one of his dance movements. The motoric data is subsequently multiplied and transferred to countless other characters worldwide, which then all start to dance in sync with Take Some Crime. The collective energy ripples of this global movement ultimately yield individual photons capable of flying faster than sunlight.



Stock photo stuck inside a motion capture studio.

Palais des Beaux Arts, alamy-cluster, 35.04.2115- Y00 G\$\$HITS! Δ†.

So far, so clear. Far more fantastic, if not fantastical are the social-design aspects of Hito Steyerl's scenario: we suddenly see riots and protest movements popping up all over the globe, with activists dedicated to hacking, if not completely halting the Deutsche Bank's supposedly criminal practises. Bloody battles between "good" digital gaming heroes and "bad guys" from the financial sector ensue, although most of them do not seem to take place at geo-definable locations (yZZ\$=&!typeof.propertyIsEnumerable&&!a.propertyIs"6†66"); rather, they appear to be thinly spread across a diverse range of platforms, interfaces, live-streams and terminal simulacra. We even see a branch of an online-bank being submerged by the battle action, its terminals hit and destroyed with heavy stones and pick-axes – a cultural practise that is today still cherished as an advertising stunt by the global luxury industry, notably in Vienna, where the window displays of Prada, Dior and Cartier are demolished once a year to mark the beginning of the traditional ball-season. And just as the make-believe attackers in Vienna are in the end always shot down by police drones, one of the gamer-activist in Steyerl's scenario likewise ends up losing a life; however, since he is actually part of a computer game, he retains full battle-capacity. He is enveloped by shards of broken shop-windows, an algorithmically activated swarm of glittery lights and photon shards. We see them morph into a stormy sea, then we see the Kreml in Moscow, then we see a dance casting-show atop the Berlin Teufelsberg, before the whole swarm of shards is finally shot down in a nameless border region of former Yugoslavia.

How would the Biennale Audience of the year 2015 have reacted to such an advanced, apocalyptic, yet also joyfully vibrant dance- and special-effects show? We will never know, of course. But, as I hope to show in the next part of my lecture, we have good reason to believe that Factory of the Sun most likely induced a sort of collective hysteria amongst culture consumer, culture workers and common artists. Flabbergasted, if not overwhelmed outright, they dropped into the sun loungers provided, they admired the flickering inferno of swarming photons, high-speed drone warfare and hypnotic YouTube dance-choreographies and must have felt, for once, entirely in tune with what was once the present moment.

D. Skimming the museological event horizon

Of course, you might now be tempted to ask: what basis do we really have for such a highly speculative filmographic reconstruction? How can I know how Factory of the Sun was perceived and received back then – in the age of calendar time? Images and data of the past are of course abundantly available in the HETA-archives, but we obviously can't exclude the possibility that audiences that lived so long ago assembled and processed them in a completely different way, forging other plots, a different drama, a "Take-Home Message" of which we no longer have any clue. We don't even really know which time-axes were used to organise the events I have just described to you, and what, if anything, was considered to be the present, that is to say: "contemporary". Can we really just take "contemporary art" from the calendar year 2015 and, using the MADL-zoom and full HIT-capacities, transfer it into our museological array, into our present moment – a now separated from the calendar year 2015 by precisely 100 innovation cycles?

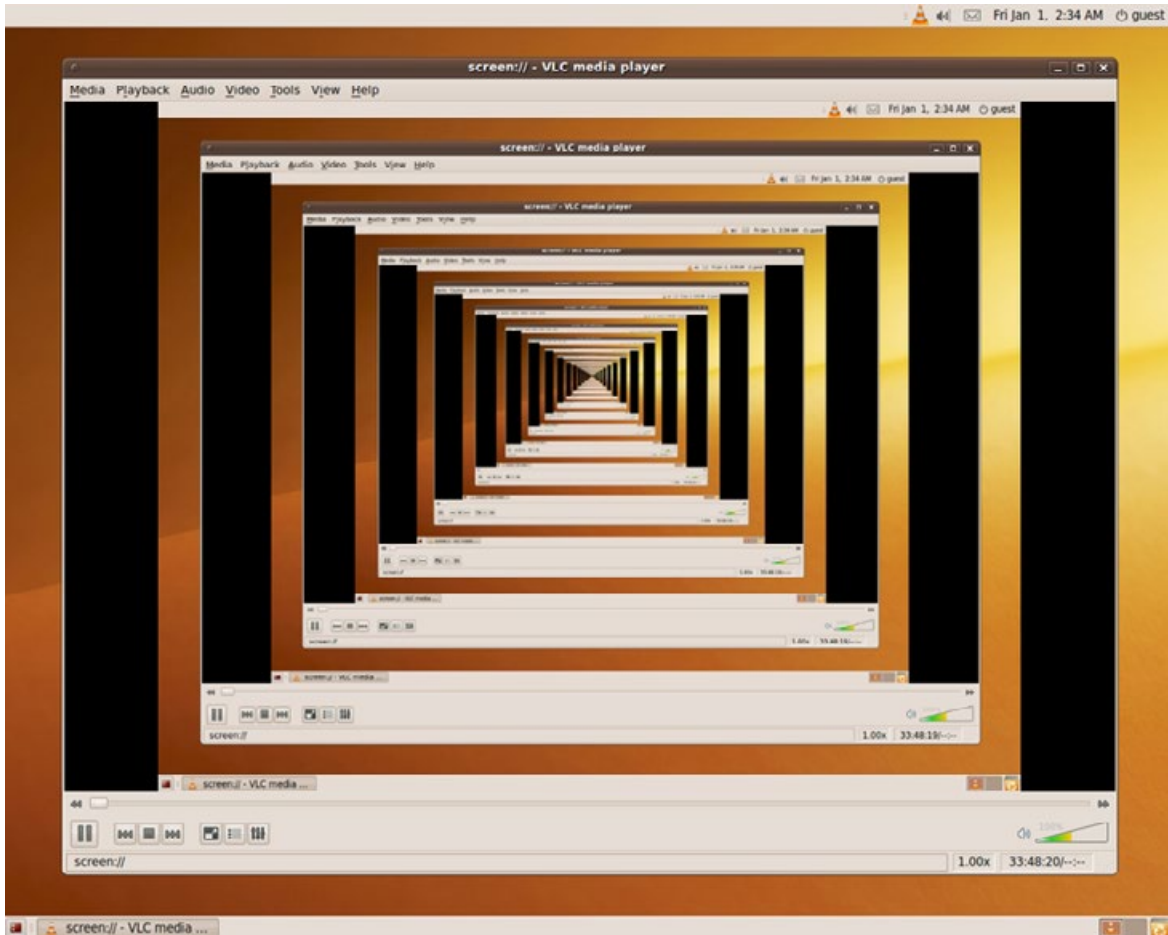
I cannot offer you any clear, yet alone revolutionary answers to this question. What I can propose are certain evolutionary insights – insights which, like everything else in our museoarcheological space, are subject to the never-ending succession of innovation cycles. In our current innovation quarter, the second-ranked ottoman scientist, Kinczi Çayuglu II, has just released an updated version of her seminal study „Smart City, mediocre Museum? Proactive Patterns in Museum Change Management“, which resolutely affirms our approach to knowledge management [8].

Indeed, Çayuglu II's present study is the first of its kind offering comprehensive scientific evidence for the infinite nature of museoarcheological space. This space continuously keeps writing and rewriting itself, just like the numeric series π , or a repeating decimal number (i.e. $1/3=0.3333333...$), or indeed the whole numbers themselves (1, 2, 3, 4, 5,...), whose very nature is their infinite continuation. As Çayuglu II compellingly argues, the three dots (...) commonly used to shorten such number series are in fact a fundamental misrepresentation of their true nature. In fact, number series are as long as the light rays criss-crossing the universe, in curves, curvatures and, if you will, vast circles with radii $r = \infty$, whose edges are infinitely close to being perfect straight lines.

We can never fully overtake and capture these infinitely long light rays and curves, even when we are moving at several times the speed of light inside our MADL-zoom. The light circles and D†.t†--clusters of the calendar year 2015 can never be completely closed, or disclosed by our research. Being a museum, we are of course able to salvage old sun loungers, restore fragmented pieces of canvas or even reconstruct Steyerl's cinematographic scenario. But we will never be able to ultimately stabilise, fixate or reinstall Factory of the Sun in its original form. We always need to be aware that such museoarcheological measures don't merely serve to preserve the works in our collection – rather, all conservatory measures constitute additions, through which we inscribe our present selves onto the past, just like additional players entering an existing computer game. No piece of data, yet alone a work of art, can exist outside the history of its ongoing reexamination and reappropriation, as little as a historic artefact can free itself from the museum showcase in which it has been placed. Neither can a character be separated from the film in which it plays its role, nor can a data-set in the HETA-archives be unmoored from the very coordinates that define it – it would just disappear. We'd be left without all artefacts, characters or meaningful data, and merely retain abstract cyphers, as derived from the arabic *as-sifr*, "nil, nothing", which Çayuglu II translates, in turn, from the Sanskrit word *śūnyā*, that is to say: "emptiness".

But all of this is very, very easily said, given that we are living in an age that can already look back upon 100 innovation cycles! Throughout the entire period marked by calendar time, humanity remained wedded to the confusing logic of numbers, since the alphabet in its present-day form simply didn't exist. Infinite number series were seen as having a special, almost mystical significance, and humans across all cultures did all they could to live by the obscure laws of numbers. Even western capitalism was ultimately nothing but a regime based on a confusing numerical system, in which all aspects of social life were expressed and summed up in terms of open-ended measures such as efficien-

cy, productivity and profit – although no-one ever succeeded in actually balancing, yet alone solving the resultant equations. Maybe this is the deeper reason why Factory of the Sun represents the world of 2015 as a gigantic computer game. It represents a total, absolute and inescapable “cognitive capitalism”, which stubbornly circles around itself along a curve of radius $r = -\infty$, thereby subsuming and encompassing all manifestations and dimensions of human life, and perhaps even human consciousness itself.



Absolute void. Simulated in a TCP/IP-Array: [b://_e.wikipedia.\(''\);a|=o;org/](http://b://_e.wikipedia.('');a|=o;org/) /Recursion.

The capitalist circle that encloses itself: it came to be seen as something like a zero point, also known as death point or god point. A hermetically enclosed fixed point, situated beyond the reach of time, space, evolution or revolution. An unchanging, unchangeable quantity cut off from all means of input or output, and which thus comes to constitute a self-recursive, spherical field of signification and self-storage – a world inside the world, a self-referential, arithmetic totality, exactly like the “internet” I already described to you.

Çayuglu II persuasively argues that this was nothing less than an “objective blasphemy”, an impossible director’s cut, by means of which humanity sought to cut itself out of the very history that brings it into being. This would have spelled the end of time and museoarcheological space, a fantastical jump over the event horizon. Capitalism, if it had succeeded in transcending time and space, would have in effect deprived our museum of all possibilities of alphabetically writing and rewriting the never-ending stories and histories of Factory of the Sun.

In fact, however, time did not end in the calendar year 2015. What actually happened is simply that internet usage kept intensifying, with annual growth rates going from single to double, and finally even triple digits. Fuelled by the capitalist logic of numbers, the internet revolved around itself at an ever-faster pace, leading to an abundance of data in the HETA-archives which remains visible to this day. But endless acceleration was ultimately no substitute for a genuine belief- and motivation-system,

and brought about the doomsday mood that was so characteristic of the dawning post-internet era. Fuelled by religious hate, fanaticism, trolling and digital luddism, it proved to be fruitful grounds for the opportunistic waves of Pence-Populism that washed around the globe, brandishing their infamous slogan “Computers are complicated!” [9] and ultimately driving the digital revolution to its demise.

E. Magic moments in the museum?

Hito Steyerl undoubtedly had more foresight than most of her contemporaries. As we have already seen, she seemed to intuit that the “endless present” of capitalism could not endure forever. But nonetheless, our MADL-zoom does reveal that she, too, could not entirely evade the nonsensical circularity of the numerical system. Instead of calling numbers by their true names, spelling them out, and using the resultant innovations to agitate against the calendar time regime, Steyerl confined herself to staging an ironic leisure-zone in which people were “free” to “spend time” on sun loungers and immerse themselves in the workings of a spectacular computer game. Once the audience had been immobilised in this way, it was bombarded with financial data, time counts, levels, speeds, high scores and random data of all sorts, as if to suggest that there might have been some giant, invisible factory at work behind the slick facades of an art biennale. An institutionalised art factory, if you will, in which people were condemned to “process” art to the point of exhaustion – just as the dancers inside the motion capture studio were prisoners of the Deutsche Bank. In this setup, every one of their steps, every single breath, and indeed the sheer fact of their bodily existence all serve merely to augment the bank’s profits *ad infinitum*.

This *mise-en-scene* surely contained at least a small grain of truth. The 100 and 1000 years of the last of all centuries were indeed characterised by a global push to “capitalise” upon the ruins of the industrial age, notably by rebranding them as museums: former factories (“The Factory”, “Tate Modern”, “Werk X”), shipyards and train stations (“Arsenale”, “Dock”, “Hamburger Bahnhof”) as well as all types of functional industrial-age architecture (“Glasshouse”, “Kunsthalle”, “Speicher”, “Kulturschuppen”, and so on) were all restored to the production cycle by means of cultural programming. Just like the fictional Factory of the Sun, the operating mode of these “art factories” was self-referential to the highest degree: the brighter and shinier a museum brand, the more attention, cognitive potential and purchasing power it attracted, which in turn further increased its brand value. Against this background, it is hardly surprising that so much of the “contemporary art” from the post-internet era was little more than a *perpetuum mobile*, designed to revolve endlessly around itself; while audiences, ever more exhausted by these factories’ relentless operations, found themselves collapsing onto the conveyor belts of culture, physically exhausted and mentally drained, immobilised by what was fittingly called *burn out*. Thus, even though the coal-and-iron furnaces of the industrial age had long since been extinguished, many museum visitors started to suspect that it was now the people themselves which were slowly but surely being burnt as fuel in the engine rooms of cultural capitalism [10].



Cultural life and image production in the ruins of an abandoned textile factory.

Dabua 1935 Industrial Relics Pilot-Project, Xi'an, China. Archival image at approx. 2010.

Palais des Beaux Arts, Research and Interfaces, 12.11.2103- CC\$'6^{GS%}\dagger.

Now, that is to say in the alphabet, where one word is always followed by another, and where we are completely free to trade and change words amongst each other in order to tell exactly the kind of stories we would like to tell, such an analysis appears to be a crass exaggeration. Of course, even after 100 innovation cycles, we are still witness to the recurring outbreaks of pessimism, passivity and catatonic self-pity. Thanks to the ceaseless progress of ottoman science, we now also have a much deeper understanding of the ways in which human aspirations, creativity and sensitivity can become utterly permeated by the capitalist logic of numbers – so much so, that even resistance becomes just another name for acquiescence. It is far more difficult, however, to reconstruct and comprehend the dynamics of “left-wing” pence-populism, which found many of its most vocal and loyal supporters amongst the artists of the post-internet era. Relentlessly self-centered, and forever craving more “presence” and stronger sensations of “now”, they were mightily impressed by a movement that succeeded in hijacking the workers’ movement, stripping it of all its romance and idealism, and shamelessly colonising its ruins with an overblown neo-nationalist agenda. These dynamics did not escape Steyerl and her contemporaries who, finding them at once fascinating and repulsive, sought to appropriate and reinterpret them for their own, radical ends. But in doing so, was it really necessary to go so far as to compare a museum visit with the sweat and toil of gold mining, or to equate an art biennale with forced labour?

As Senior Dramatist for Research and Interface at the Palais des Beaux Arts, I of course understand how important it is to ensure that all our museum visitors are fully engaged in our installations and experience spectacular, thought-provoking and hopefully unforgettable “Magic Moments” [11]. As I have already mentioned, Moody & McDercon have certified our museum script as one of the global top-5; as part of our smart contract with the the City of Vienna, we have committed ourselves to continuously increasing our visitor- and memory quotas; and we must also openly acknowledge that our institutional history goes right back to the beginning of the 20th century, when the Palais des Beaux Arts was home to one of Vienna’s leading jewish publishers and fashion enterprises [12], which also operated an industrial print workshop in the basement of this very building. In this sense, I readily concede that our museum, like so many others, is a direct descendant of an industrial production

logic. But even if it were technically possible to reinstall a Factory of the Sun in our historic premises, and thereby boost our visitor numbers to ever greater heights – it would be, from my point of view, deeply cynical to do so.

Hito Steyerl and many other thought leaders connected to the artists' worker movement surely felt they were fighting for a noble cause, criticising contemporary cultural practises as a form of invisible "factory work". But from the numerical data available to us, and in particular the museoarcheological coordinates of the sun loungers, it seems safe to say that their struggle was never concerned with driving any actual social reforms or technological innovations. If Steyerl had really been concerned with challenging capitalism – why on earth did she choose to take her struggle to the Venice Biennale? Couldn't she have installed her sun loungers at the gates of asian textile and electronics factories, american prisons or african gold mines instead? Maybe Factory of the Sun was already on its way there, packed inside an ArtTrans-Container, and it was just a most unfortunate circumstance that the "Hanjin Eva" sank – or was sunken – upon leaving the Venice port. Nonetheless, it would still have easily been possible to pack some Ikea sun loungers onto a normal lorry and send them on tour through Europa. The millions of precariously employed lorry-drivers, who were charged with realising the "free traffic of goods" that was the internet-era's hallmark, whose working hours were as unlimited as their social security was non-existent, who routinely slept on highway parking lots and boiled their canned soup on camping cookers, while their bodies, ravaged by alcohol and sexually transmitted diseases, were gradually being replaced by autonomous machines – these lorry drivers would surely have been immensely grateful to participate in such a critical art project.

F. Gold is time

The end of the endless present arrived in the last calendar year, 2025, when the Venice Biennale was finally freed from the clutches of artistic and political populism by a change of programming. The operation took place under the command of the highest ranked Ottoman scientist, First Admiral of the Adriatic Fleet and renowned Pence-Whistleblower Kinczi Çayuglu I. As a Samsung Premier Partner, she was able to implement the complete curatorial package (occupation, reprogramming, relaunch) in eight days of combat at full HIT-capacity – that is to say, five Gerald-R.-Ford-class aircraft carriers, one complete type-o innovation cycle, and a sum total of exactly 100 bn. turkish Lira (2,83 bn. US-Dollars).

In the context of 2025 – long-term economic stagnation and declining cultural budgets – these were truly colossal resources. Especially if you consider how cheap and cost-effective the development of the TCP/IP protocols of the digital revolution had been, and how easily these very protocols had conquered the entire globe half a century earlier. In the calendar year 1969, the american IT-student Charley Kline sent the first email in the history of mankind while he was having his lunch-break. Under the auspices of the american DARPA (Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency), this little feat of data transmission developed into the "internet" I mentioned earlier, which soon colonised the entire planet with a dense thicket of fibre-optical cables, server hubs, wifi routers, personal computers, laptops, smartphones, search engines and social networks [13].

Nonetheless, the military effort was well worth the cost. The arsénale is no longer a nostalgic shipyard or culture factory. It has turned into a global flurry of ultra-high frequencies. It has established a uniform alphabetic space, in which we – and anyone else – can implement our museum using just 26 core letters, 10 program numbers and the special set of algorithmic characters. Our museological algorithm is a seamless, strictly statistical grid of purest Samsung blue, capable of enveloping not only this planet, but the entire universe, so as to capture all artefacts, substrates and time-frames contained therein.

The ottoman sciences have impressively demonstrated to the world that calendar time is not, was not, and never will be the source of any innovation. If that were the case, we'd still be living in the deep existential darkness of calendar time, sadly counting down our days, one by one. There wouldn't be

any of the pleasure of time jumps, no breathtaking discontinuities or stunning MADL-zooms. There definitely also wouldn't be any of the timeless "Magic Moments" that are at the core of our museum's mission; our institution would still be a linear network of dusty old corridors, dark storage chambers and chronological number sequences on matted gold plates. A black hole, in which the time-bound forces of decay would ultimately swallow everything and only spit out a terrible, meaningless nothing in return. Time has never given anything but abrasion, exhaustion, depletion, destruction, and annihilation to us humans – why then should we, and especially our museum, continue to bow to its sorrowful regime?



„Charlie Chaplin“, fascist avatar using a Samsung OneTouch-globe, around 1930.

Photo: Heta-archival conversion, PZ56†t>>.youtube.com/30.70766/watch?v=STOCKoVIfMvLbE85E

It isn't time from which innovations are born. It is always innovations which bring forth time. It is technology that enables us to transcend our mortal beings. It is the touchscreens, the arrays, the algorithms that place the future at our fingertips. It is our excellent range of Samsung products, which allows us to spin, fragment, zoom and reorder our globe just as we please and, if we aren't fully satisfied, to wipe away the results and simply start anew – that is the technological future in which time stands in ruins – not the other way round!

While we were planning Internetis.museeiis, I experienced the immeasurable diplomatic honour of personally meeting Kinczi Çayuglu I to discuss our museum's dramaturgical strategy. We met in the midst of the venetian lagoon, aboard her private aircraft-carrier, the MSS Steyerl. I already saw her from afar, her freshly updated incarnation gleaming on the front deck – a broad-shouldered, almost masculine figure-head. As I came closer, I noticed how delicate and fragile her head was, the elfish skin on her face almost transparent. Several black patches and glowing arrays were discernible beneath her shimmering temples and forehead. I sensed her enormous inbuilt HIT-capacities and began to tremble and sweat.

Since she didn't only have military command functions, but was also an extremely busy curator, our meeting was as short as the free espresso, which she was kind enough to offer me. In any case, as you can imagine, I was far too nervous to say much. I felt fear literally flowing out of me, wetting my armpits and streaming out of my forehead. There were golden beads of super-volatile sweat all over my face, which I then saw evaporate and spin away over the ocean in airy clusters. My legs seemed to give way and fold up, as they had never done before. I could have just let myself fall into one of the deep turkish leather arm chairs, or some of the extremely inviting white sun loungers, which were scattered all over the flight deck. I imagined how I would finally be able to enjoy the kind of exclusive view of Venice that is normally reserved for VIP-guests at high-calibre cocktail parties. But nothing

ever came of it. Rather, I just remained standing, face to face with Cayuğlu I, who between two sips of espresso would let loose some soundbites worth of super-charged smalltalk. I suspect she was actually just waiting for the numerous on-board avatars to finish cleaning her cabin and wiping the aircraft carrier's glass fronts.

But as these things go, the very moment that I started feeling tense and somewhat out of my depth, I suddenly realised I was being offered an incredibly significant piece of curatorial information, so significant that it would easily have been worth its weight in gold or meldonium. What Cayuğlu I revealed to me, was that the "Hanjin Eva" had actually been on a covert mission to secretly evacuate Factory of the Sun and a small handful of other artistic treasures from the conflict zone and to deposit them at the Istanbul Biennale. The operation was of strictly military character, but its execution had been outsourced to a private contractor, namely the Hanjin Shipping Company [14].

Alas, after almost a decade of trade wars in the transpacific region, the Hanjin Shipping Company had become completely infiltrated by corrupt chinese tax officers, who were quick to leak the Hanjin Eva's position coordinates. Within minutes of debarking, the vessel was targeted by an autonomously guided chinese Dongfeng-21. The ballistic anti-carrier rocket descended upon the unarmoured freighter with a velocity approaching Mach 5, cut through it from deck to keel at an almost vertical angle, and finally drilled itself into the sea floor some hundred meters below. The nuclear explosion resulted in an enormous crater from which rose a thick cloud of sand and rock. The two halves of the "Hanjin Eva" slowly plummeted downwards and finally sank into a freshly made bed of whirling maritime sediments.

Of course I immediately had countless questions about this fascinating story, and I suppose you do too. But I could already feel Kinczi Cayuğlu I pushing me towards the gangway by applying a gentle, but mysteriously invisible pressure. Before turning away, she gave me formal confirmation that we could continue undertaking museoarcheological dives in the venetian archipel; under her curatorial auspices, the Ottoman Adria-Fleet would offer us full offshore support. I was grateful beyond belief, and extended my hand towards her Admiralty, but she had already disappeared. In her place stood one of her avatars, who handed me a parting present: a signed inkjet-print of her most recent, and highly recommendable art codex: "Respect the Protocol: 100 New Rules for the Art World" [15].

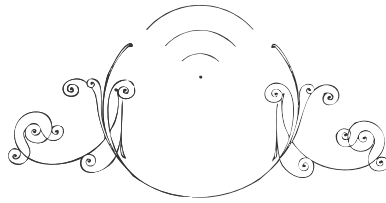
You can now admire this beautiful art codex in the original digital version, along with Factory of the Sun and a host of other exhibits which have all found their deserved place in Internetis.Museeiis. In the course of our upcoming innovation cycles, we will of course also strive to fully convert its contents and MADL-points into our alphabet. Our aim is to tell you a data-based story about Factory, which also tells the story of how we came to tell a story about Factory of the Sun, which also tells the story of how we came to tell a story about Factory of the Sun, which also tells the story of how we came to tell a story about Factory of the Sun, which also tells the story of how we came to tell a story about Factory of the Sun, which also tells the story==>Select in MADL-Zoom.Food12--DriveToPresent.>oPresent.Hito Steyerl/Ok.EatSome. 1/Present.Trecartin/Ok. >LikeIt.2/Present..Req-NmmY.Denial./Oliver Laric/Ok.3.Jamie Oliver-->.SENDLol.-FOOD\$\$13.>Timeup.>solongas==> string of continuous updates, in order to accelerate our museum operations to several times today's light speeds, and convert Factory of the Sun into the alphabet – strictly according to protocol, and without the slightest glitches or transmission errors.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am truly happy that so many of you have turned out tonight. I am especially thankful to all of you who joined us via the alphabet, and who have read all letters up to here. I can't invite you to our buffet, of course, but I do hope you'll still stick around for a while, before making yourselves visible again. And, yes, what else to say – with these words, our exhibition Internet.museeiis is now fully dissolved.

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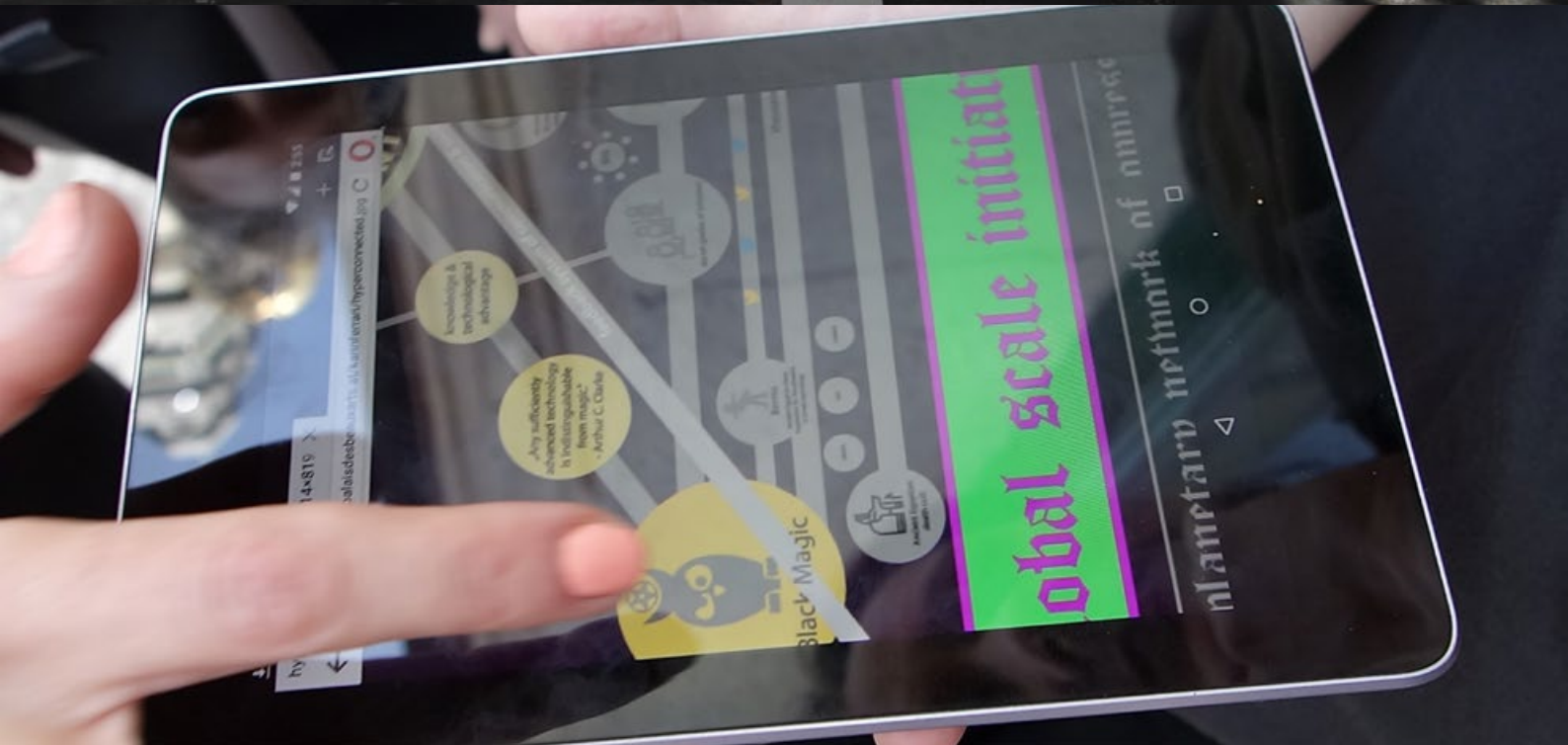


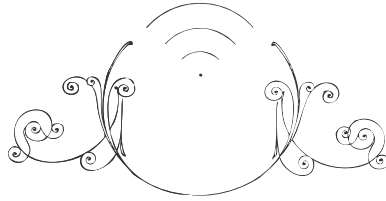
PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

26.5.2016:

„Systemic Structure Seance“ Workshop

Mit Karin Ferrari, zu „Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture)“ in Kooperation mit dem Coded Cultures Festival und continent. Open Scenarios for Non-Trivial Pursuits. Nach einer Führung durch die Künstlerin erfahren die Teilnehmer eine Vertiefung in das Werk, in dem die symbolischen Verbindungen der Web-Ikonografie in einer Systemischen Aufstellung verkörpert werden.





PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

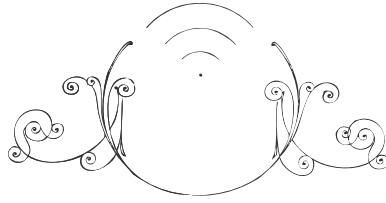
26.5.—15.09.2016

Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture)

Skalierbare Vektorkarte, Sticker

In den visuellen Codes allgegenwärtiger Computer-Interfaces scheint ein subversives symbolisches Potential zu stecken. Diese Dimension will erkannt und untersucht, ihre magische transformative Kraft zur Entfaltung gebracht werden. Ist das Wireless-Symbol das Gegenstück zum Allsehenden Auge? Oder haben wir uns einfach schon im ständigen Überschuss symbolischer Bedeutung verfangen?

Karin Ferrari zeichnet mit *Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture)* eine spekulative Karte der Flüsse symbolischer Bedeutungen, die einen Cluster von Internet-Piktogrammen miteinander verbindet. Sie kartiert die ominösen Tiefenströmungen, die durch planetare Kommunikationsnetzwerke und archaische Machtstrukturen fließen. Durch die Aneignung und bildhafte Re-Präsentation mimetischer Zeichen und ihrer syntaktischen Kopplungen entstehen neue Möglichkeiten in Technicolor: Next time you touch a WiFi symbol, a different kind of connection might be established.



PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

26.5.—15.09.2016

Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture)

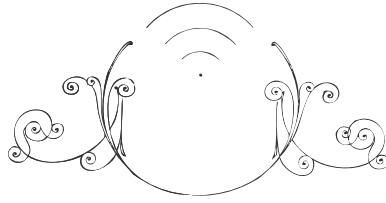
Scalable Vector Map, Sticker

The visual encodings marking the digital interface might be possessed with a subversive symbolic potential. The symbolic dimension of the digital interface desires to be recognized and examined, which will also unleash its magical transformative power. Is the wireless icon the antidotal counterpart to the all-seeing eye? Or are we simply already entangled in the ever present surplus of symbolic meaning?

In *Hyperconnected (The Whole Picture)*, Karin Ferrari introduces a speculative chart mapping the flux of meanings between a cluster of icons related to the web. By appropriating and re-envisioning mimetic signs and their syntactical relations, new technicoloured virtual possibilities emerge from the ominous undercurrents that flow through planetary telecommunication networks and archaic power structures. Next time you touch a WiFi symbol, a different kind of connection might be established.





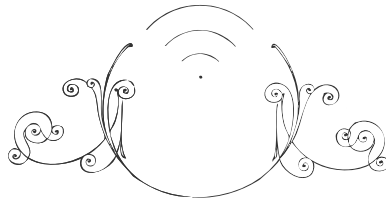


PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

MISSION STATEMENT 2016

Im Jahr 1908 erbaut ist das Palais des Beaux Arts heute ein postdigitales Museum: ein historischer Ort für zukunftsweisende Kunst. Es widmet sich der Produktion und Sammlung digitaler Kunst sowie der Verknüpfung dieser Werke mit der faszinierenden Geschichte von Technologien, Städten und Menschen. Die Sammlung von künstlerischen Auftragswerken ist exklusiv in einem Wireless Netzwerk im öffentlichen Raum vor dem Gebäude verfügbar, die Werke von Forscher_innen sind auf den Online-Publikationsplattformen abrufbar. Persönliche Führungen sind jederzeit möglich, von den Künstler_innen entwickelte Workshops werden als direkte Vermittlungsschnittstellen zwischen Kunstwerk, Künstler_innen und dem Publikum angeboten.

Built in 1908, the Palais des Beaux Arts today is a post digital museum: a historic site for future-oriented art. It focuses its efforts on the production and collection of digital art and establishing connections between these artworks with the fascinating histories of technologies, cities and its citizens. The collection of commissioned artworks is available exclusively in a wireless network in the public space around the building. Works by researchers and writers can be accessed via online publication platforms. Personal guided visits by the curator and artists are available on request at all times, artist developed workshops are offered as direct interfaces between artwork, artists and interested publics.



PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

19.6.2016:

**Palais des Beaux Arts Performative Lecture
in der Kunsthalle Wien im Rahmen von L'Exposition Imaginaire**

Das Team des Palais des Beaux Arts – Bernhard Garnicig (Sehr künstlerischer Direktor), Maren Mayer-Schwieger (Forschung) und Fabian Faltin (Dramaturgie) – spricht über das Post-Digitale Museum und neue Materialitäten in der Kunst und ihren Institutionen.

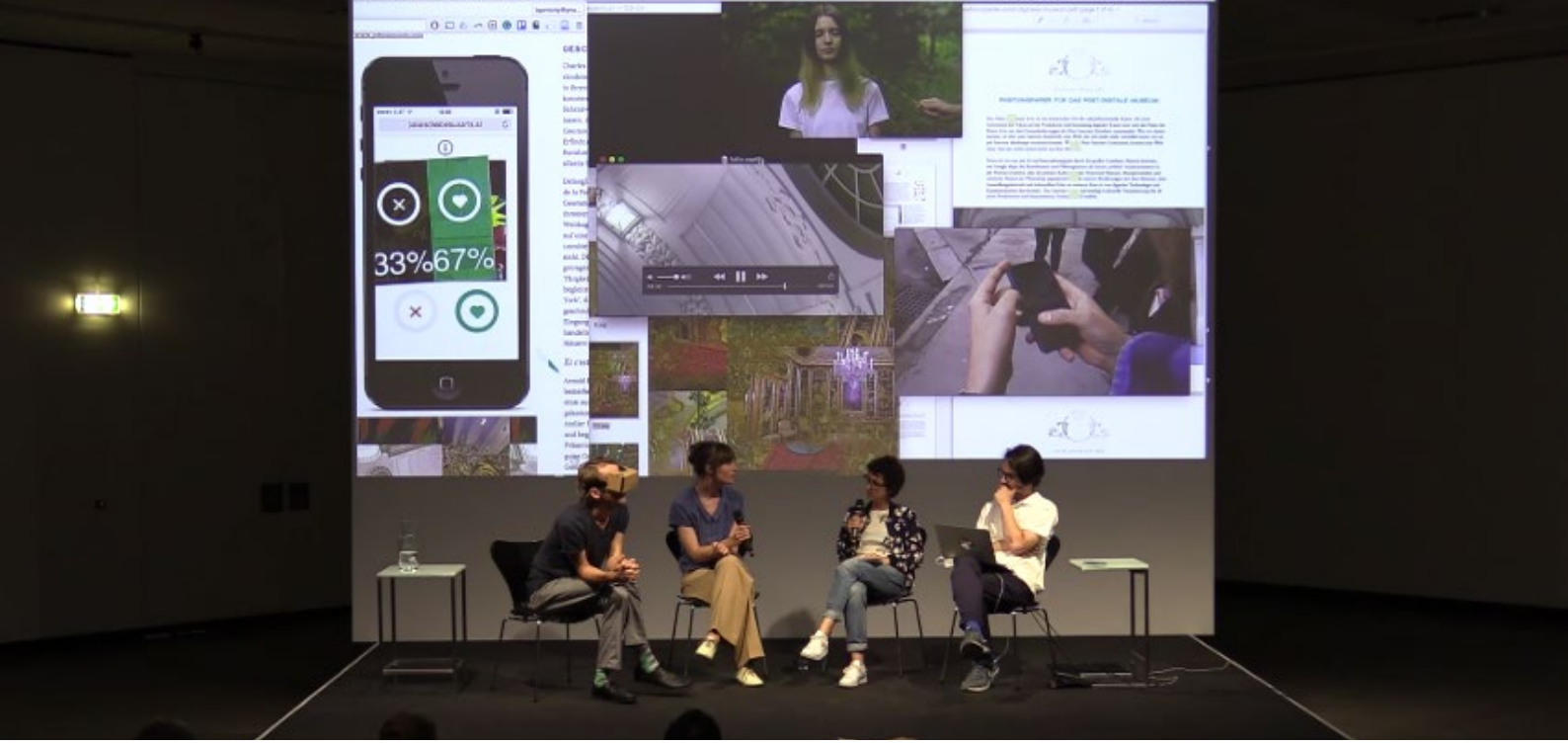
Wie beeinflusst die fortschreitende Digitalisierung die Gegenwart und Zukunft von Ausstellungen und wie gehen Ausstellungshäuser mit der Tendenz zur Dematerialisierung um? Diese und weitere Fragestellungen werden im Rahmen von L'Exposition Imaginaire in Vorträgen, Talks und Diskussionen mit Künstler/innen, Kunsthistoriker/innen, Architekt/innen und Wissenschaftler/innen diskutiert, die teilweise live vor Ort stattfinden, teilweise aber auch über einen in den Ausstellungsraum geschalteten Videostream.

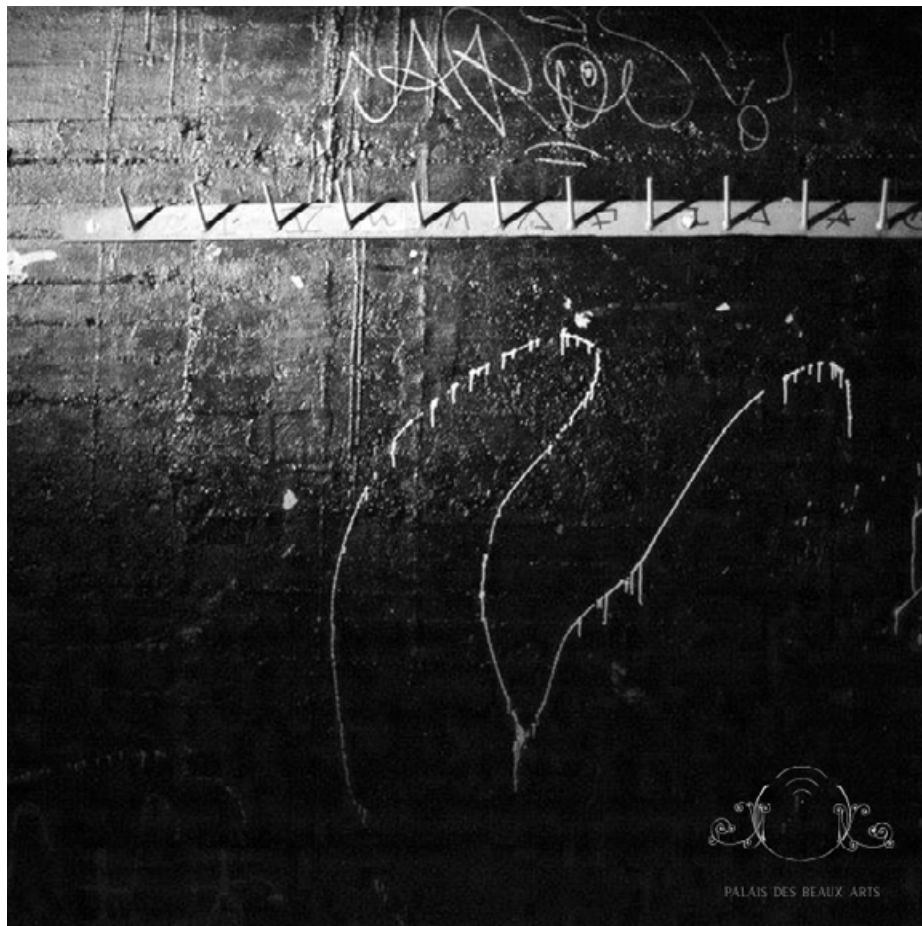
The team of Palais des Beaux Arts – Bernhard Garnicig (Artistic Director), Maren Mayer-Schwieger (Research) and Fabian Faltin (Dramaturgy) – talks about the essence of cultural institutions in the post-digital age and imagines the next steps in the genealogy of Wunderkammer – Museum – Archive.

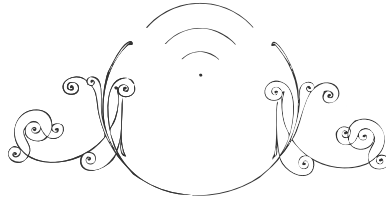
How does the progressing digitization influence exhibition making and how do exhibition venues deal with this tendency towards dematerialization? L'Exposition Imaginaire seeks to answer these questions in lectures, talks and discussions featuring artists, art historians, architects and scholars. Some of the talks will take place live in the exhibition space, some will be broadcast through the format of a video projection.
The lectures and discussions can be followed via livestream.

Moderation: Anne Faucheret

Aufzeichnung auf Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G2B2exypgTc>







PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

18.9—29.9.2016

Produktion des Podcasts

„Saved+Sounds: Sonic Ethnography of Contemporary Music“

Von Simone Borghi, Veröffentlichung Q2/2017

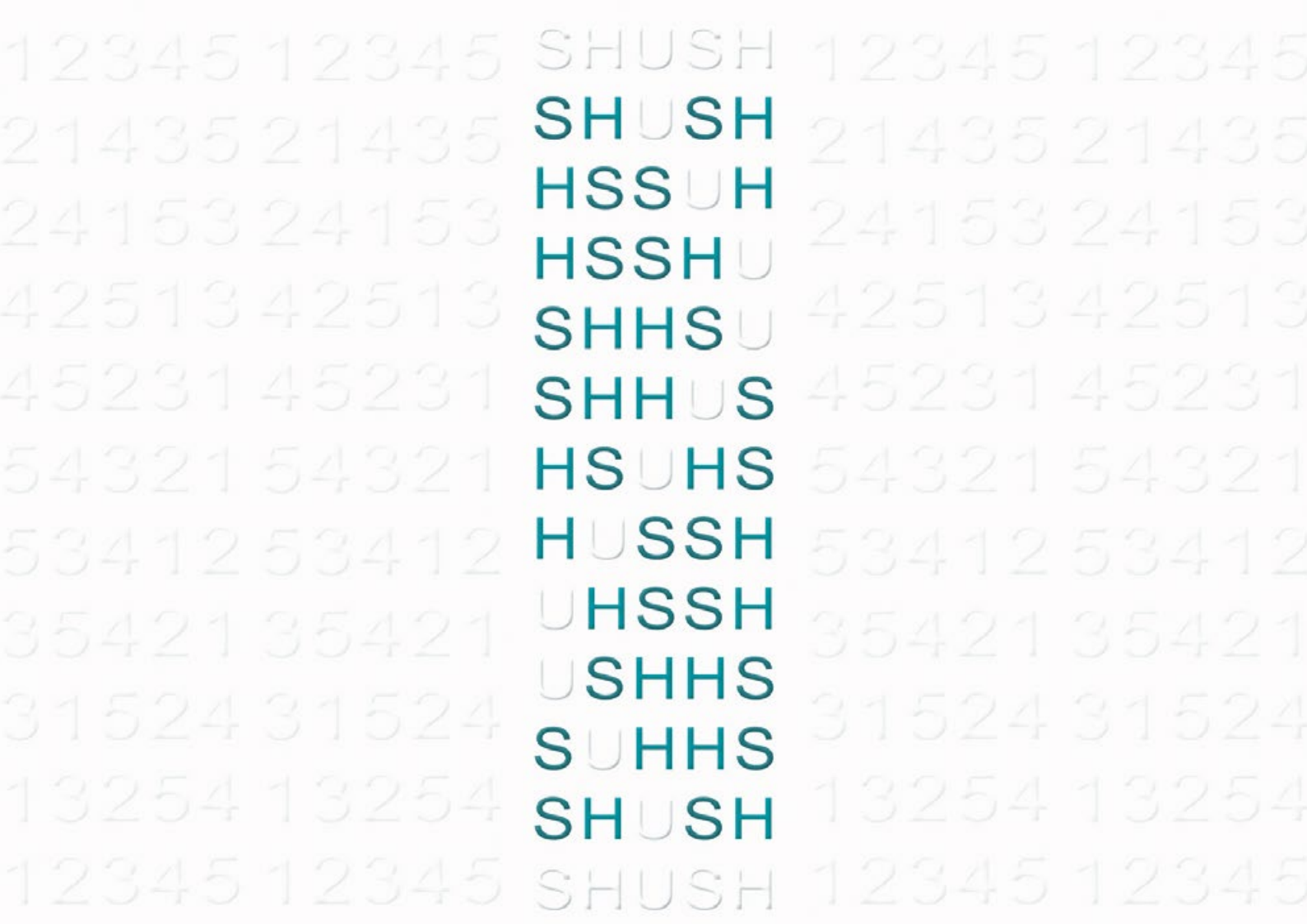
The aim of the project is to capture contemporary music in its factuality, that is in the moment it has been actualised in a specific and social sound-environment, as well as to reassemble the data in a sort of digital Wunderkammer of chosen sonic objects. These latter will be disposed together following a loose narrative structure and melted in such a way, that every fragment will maintain its individuality while also making sense in their coalescence.

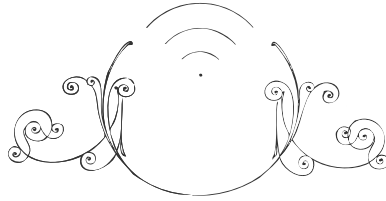
The challenge is therefore the one of providing a series of Podcasts that have an ethnological value due to their sonorous authenticity, but at the same time enjoyable just as music compositions, independently from the space-time coordinates and the social context of the recorded events. In other words, a link to each event must be in some way maintained in every Podcast, but without making authenticity our first priority.

To provide a full auditive immersion to the future listeners we chose the use of the binaural recording technique, which is the only one able to produce a 360° listening experience. The collector of the data will be thus assisting to all the music events while carrying two microphones in his ears, like they were just a piece of clothing. This will also assure that the sonic phenomena will be not separated from, so to say, the flesh of the whole factual event.

For the sake of consistency we also decided to release the Podcasts strictly using only sounds that have been recorded during the events. No additional sound sources are added and the recorded material will be used either raw or slightly modified by with simple electroacoustic transformations for compositional and engineering purposes.

Simone Borghi hat an der Università degli studi di Pisa Philosophie (besonderes Ästhetik und zeitgenössische Philosophie) studiert und mit einer Magisterarbeit über „Deleuze, Guattari und die Musik“ abgeschlossen. 2017 wird er sein Studium der Akusmatischen Komposition am Conservatoire Royal de Mons abschließen.





PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

26.9.2016—15.01.2017

Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come

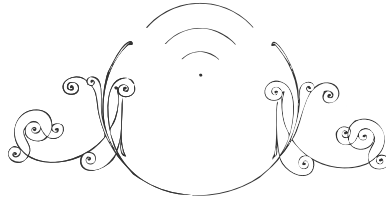
Website, Komposition, Binaurale Audio Aufnahme 17:56, Workshop, Performance

SHUSH ist eine entkoppelte Weiterentwicklung von ASMR. SHUSH ist Claire Tolans Antwort auf die lähmende Erhabenheit, die von komplexen, planetaren Systemen ausgeht – Klima (und sein Wandel), Finanzmärkte, etc. – und die Katatonie, in die das Individuum angesichts dieser Erhabenheit versetzt wird.

SHUSH wird unsere Denkkapare und Megastrukturen neu formatieren; unsere Systeme refaktorisieren. SHUSH fordert ein Ende dieser Welt sodass die nächste eingeführt werden kann. Doch nun, zwischenzeitlich, verharrt dieser Wandel noch am Horizont, ist ständig im Anmarsch, erreicht uns aber nie; kristallisiert sich als permanent kommend. So wird SHUSH zurück gelassen obwohl es immer später und später wird für den geplanten Zeitpunkt. Was ist los mit SHUSH?

Der Workshop und die Live-Aufnahme Performance am 25. und 26.9. hat in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Unsafe+Sounds Festivals, Kuratiert von Shilla Strelka, im mo:e Wien stattgefunden.

Der SHUSH Chor: Milena Georgieva, Bartholomäus Wächter, Fabian Faltin, Simone Borghi, Franziska Huemer



PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS

26.9.2016—15.01.2017

Claire Tolan: SHUSH-to-come

Website, Composition, Binaural Audio Recording 17:56, Workshop, Performance

Claire Tolan predicts SHUSH, a nascent fork of ASMR, and develops strategies for the deployment of SHUSH upon its arrival in our world. SHUSH will come as an answer to the crippling sublime that the individual experiences in the face of complex, planetary-scale systems — climate (and its change), finance, computing, etc — and the catatonia that this sublime produces.

SHUSH will reformat our brains and our megastructures; it will refactor our systems. SHUSH demands the end of this world, and the inauguration of the next one. And yet, for now, there it remains, hanging on the horizon, always approaching but never arriving, crystallised as a to-come. SHUSH is left-behind even as it becomes later and later for its scheduled appointment. What is up with SHUSH?

The SHUSH choir: Milena Georgieva, Bartholomäus Wächter, Fabian Faltin, Simone Borghi, Franziska Huemer



1	2	3	4	5
SHUSH	to-come	is for	SHUSHING	you
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING
1	2	3	4	5
SHUSH	to-come	It is	coming	soon
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING
1	2	3	4	5
The brain doesn't go away	Not the brain, something inside the brain	Something inside the brain goes away	Goes away and what is left?	The brain doesn't go away
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING
2	1	3	5	4
Not the brain something inside	Something inside the brain goes away	Goes away and what is left?	Left inside as in a part of as in a piece	A piece as in a puzzle as in a building block
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING
2	3	1	4	5
A foundation	A parameter	A prior	A reckoning of priors	A probability
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING
3	2	4	1	5
An ability to think the future	based upon the past	goes away. Exit	Priors. Exit	Probabilities. Exit
SHUSH-TO-COME	SHUSH TO SHUSH	SHUSH WILL COME	SHHHH	SHUSH IS COMING