

smear'd black inc. presents

# The Vienna Guide



**I won't reveal any names**

**Anyone who knows me  
can probably guess  
where I am from reading  
the text**

### In Greek: The Truth vs. The Visible

“I’m staring at the asphalt wondering  
what’s buried underneath  
where I am ...  
Where I am ...”

“Wear my badge.  
A vinyl sticker with big block letters  
Adhere it to my chest.  
Tells your new friends:  
‘I am a visitor here.  
I am not permanent’ ...”

“Seems so out of context  
in this gaudy apartment complex.  
The stranger with the door key  
Explaining that ‘I’m just visiting’ ...”

### Club 9

OC is a nice alternative to all other Viennese night clubs. Situated in the first district, it features a relatively small area, housing a bar as well as a dance floor. But it also offers a lounge area where you can refuel your powers after dancing for too long and bathing in other people’s sweat.

Music: At OC you’ll find great local DJs dishing you neat electronic beats, as well as international guest DJs, focused on House, Techhouse, Minimal and Techno. What kind of night will you have? At OC you will be sucked in by the atmosphere, the music and the people enjoying themselves. The drinks are good and well-priced, the location is practical and the parties are often a bit weird and wonky.

### German as a second language at the Institute for German Philology at the University of Vienna

The department German as a second language at the Institute for German Philology at the University of Vienna, addresses the question of how the disadvantages for multilingual children, young people, and adults resulting from the dominance of German as the official language can be reduced. It examines a range of different living, educational, and working areas, developing and evaluating models for the acquisition of the German language. In order to evaluate the links between language and its cultural and social framework further scientific perspectives are employed, e.g. a critique of racism.

### Modern Vienna

Two decades of struggle between the left and right political parties followed World War I, ending with the

union of Austria with Germany—the Anschluss—in 1938. After World War II, Vienna was split among the Allies until 1955, when Austria regained its independence.

### Club 1

EG is situated inside an old electrical shop in a passage/courtyard on Mariahilfer Straße. It was founded by architects and is not only a nightclub but also a space for exhibitions, art and video installations. It works well for both slow weekday evenings or long weekend club nights filled with electronic music and good drinks. The division into a bar area, a lounge for having good conversations, a dance floor, and a courtyard out front, makes it very convenient to switch places, depending your mood.

Music: There's a daily DJ line with monthly resident clubs and occasional live concerts, with focus on electronic music such as Techno, Electronica, House, Wave and Hip Hop. The club also features Classical, Jazz, Experimental and Avant-garde music, mostly on Sundays.

What kind of night will you have? Depending on what you are looking for and what day of the week it is, you will either find yourself on the dance floor, standing at the bar chatting up some strangers, or sitting outside in the courtyard while having a smoke or getting some fresh air for your sweaty armpits.

Sometime in the early 1980s G began keeping a notebook to assist him in his search for “ways of going on.” He had recently experienced a mental break, moved from London back to his childhood home in Vienna, and became disillusioned with his band’s DIY, rough-hewn approach to their early singles. (Fittingly, the independent label Rough Trade released these records, while mass-market Virgin would take over for Cupid.) G needed to find, as he would later sing “a new hermeneutic . . . a new paradigm.” Like nearly every other white musician before him, G found inspiration in black pop music, observing in his notebook that it was “interesting how the ontology of function, utility, signification, and meaning was thrown into a minor crisis by rhythm. Its topical use as a jamming phenomenon is considerable.” Rhythm and blues as philosophically motivated strategy, a pawn in the game of deconstruction. Fittingly, on “Wd Bz (Pray Like A. F.)” (1984), an exquisitely crafted chanson about the ontological possibility of succeeding as a pop star that masquerades as a straightforward love song, the narrator admits that “each time [he] goes to bed/[he] prays like A. F.” Instead of praying to “the queen of soul,” he imitates her, miming everything that he is not—black, a woman, an American—in an attempt to fully exploit the power of pop as a “jamming phenomenon.” The narrator, calling himself a “would-be,” acknowledges through this strangely tensed construction that he is not, nor will he ever be, the real deal. Nevertheless, “there’s nothing [he] wouldn’t take/oh, even intravenous” to fully inhabit the role, believing so faithfully that, as he admitted to

Mark Fisher in 2011, “pop music was on the other side” of “the stuff that accorded with the unsettling of truth and the decentering of the subject and all of the binary oppositions that Derrida talked about overturning.”

G’s aphoristic scribblings are tea leaves portending twenty-first century Poptimism. When he writes that “in pop music, we are dealing with a history of production that has made the improper proper,” he could have been describing C’s rise to the mainstream; when he describes the semiotic function of pop as a “code which no one can explain but everyone understands,” he anticipates arguments, contra Adorno, about pop music’s populist appeal as its source of political usefulness. The realities of life as a pop star, however, transformed G from a theory-addled pop optimist into a victim of, in his own words, “brain damage from pop.” G stopped writing in his notebook and thinking about theory in the mid-’80s, right as SP, began to top American and British charts. He made one more pop record, 1988’s *Prvsn*, threw out his continental philosophy, and retreated to Wales, where he spent the next decade thinking about epistemology and listening to rap.

### Against A

If Mr. B was a lifelong student of the voice and its double, its filtration and reproduction, he also was a voice against oppression. Again a theoretical politics should not be overlooked in the implications of letting the other

**The space – cavernous, dim –  
works against normative  
representations  
of space and time**

speak. Sadly, B's own optimism may have been crushed by systems that monopolize the vote and the voice; yet we would be remiss in omitting mention of B's profound disgust with racism...

The telephonic connection was always meant to cross so-called racial lines. In the constellation mapped by our reading, it foreshadows the philosophic satellite that Derrida has launched against apartheid. Blindly connecting—blind in the sense of justice—technosophical poetics stem in part from an antiracist bent. Derrida calls “racism's obsidionality, to the obsessional terror which, above all, forbids contact.” B writes of an exchange echoed on board a ship bound for America in 1892: a young shipboard acquaintance “in the smoking room talked in rather an insulting and sneering way of the ‘nig\*\*rs’ of the South. I replied that I thought the negroes were entitled to equal rights to himself. It looked at first as if there might be some sharp words. The other gentlemen, however, so promptly sided with me that Mr. K very wisely allowed the subject to drop and devoted himself to making himself agreeable.”

## Club 2

F: As one of Vienna's first clubs, and a nightlife legend ever since, she hasn't lost any of her bad-ass attitude, or taste for the party. After 20 years, the event venue/underground party location still delivers the goods, attracting international music acts, and producing severe

memory lapses. And it still looks like the dark insides of a cocaine addict's nostril.

Music: The FC plays ambient electronic music, that gets you in the mood for more and sometimes features live concerts on their small stage. Inside the F, you'll experience all kinds of electronic music blasted on the sound system (once rumoured to be Europe's best). It's most famous for hosting small concerts from rap, indie rock, hip hop and all other kinds of music that will make you want to jump around a whole lot and get really sweaty.

What kind of night will you have? Their outdoor sea of black chewing-gum ridden bench seats and tables is the site of V (pre-game drinks) for many. That is, until the time comes for F to swallow them whole into one of its sweaty parties inside. It's not uncommon to find yourself spat out at 6 am, walking home watching the sunrise after an evening at the F.

When a Nazi commando raided a second-floor apartment in Vienna one spring day 80 years ago, a sign on the building reading “Prof. Dr. F / 3–4” had already been removed and a swastika flag had been draped over the doorway.

The gray, uninspiring middle-class neighborhood had long been home to an intellectual pioneer who has influenced 20th-century consciousness like few other thinkers. The place, with its collection of memorabilia, is the obligatory first stop in a circuit for retracing his Vienna.

The founder was one of many thousands of Jewish Viennese who were harassed in the weeks and months after Hitler's triumphant entry into the Austrian capital in March 1938. SF had been living and practicing for nearly 47 years in the same place, and in 1924 had been proclaimed an honorary citizen of Vienna.

His address, "Berggasse 19, Vienna IX," had for decades a hallowed ring for followers all over the world. (He had long been seeing patients not only between 3 and 4 pm, but also for eight and more hours every working day.) When the unbidden Nazi visitors called, his wife, Martha, in her unflappable Hamburg way asked them to leave their rifles in the hall. The leader of the intruders stiffly addressed the master of the house as "Herr Professor," and, with his men, proceeded to search the vast apartment. When the Nazis had gone, Martha F informed her husband they had seized an amount of money then worth about \$ 840. "Dear me," F remarked, "I have never taken that much for a single visit."

Even then F was still reluctant to abandon Vienna, a city that he had for many years professed to dislike. "This is my post, and I can never leave it," he told his British disciple and biographer EJ who had rushed to Vienna after the Nazi takeover ...

The F home in Berggasse, a sloping street leading from the Anatomic Institute of Vienna University down to the Danube Canal, is now the SF Museum. The door to the building, unchanged in 50 years, is marked with the colors of the city of Vienna, red and white, and with three

signs. One put up by the World Federation of Mental Health, recalls that F lived and worked there from 1891 to 1938.

### Club 3

TL is one of Vienna's younger clubs. It's simple, not too fancy yet stylish, offering a versatile program and diverse crowd. Its location across the street from all the other Gürtel-clubs near Thaliastraße makes it very easy to change venues during a night out. The bar in the front is opened all night (free entry) and you can enjoy a nice drink before heading deeper into the club. The two main floors (one upstairs, one in the basement), that each have their own bars, mostly host different kinds of music, and are—depending on the event—both opened from around 10 pm and have varying entry prices.

Music: While you will mostly find electronic music and DJ lines on the weekends, this place offers quite a broad range from House, Hip Hop or Dancehall parties, to Rock music events, student parties, film nights or poetry slams.

What kind of night will you have? TL hosts parties that you will spend on the dance floor almost all night. But even if you don't want to stay, its proximity to all the Gürtel-bars, clubs and hangouts makes it very convenient. But you can also start the night here and stay as long as

you want, as there's a comfy calm bar in the front, and get some alcohol into your blood before the main floors are opened for the night.

M:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are those who mourn: for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they will inherit the earth.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they will be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they will be shown mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they will be called children of God.

Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

**If you need souvenirs,  
it might be better to  
order them over the  
weekend internet – from  
your brightly lit home –**

Blessed are you when others revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account.

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward in heaven is great, for so they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

L:

Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.

Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled.

Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

The four woes that follow

Woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your comfort.

Woe to you who are well fed now, for you will go hungry.

Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep.

Woe to you when everyone speaks well of you, for that is how their ancestors treated the false prophets.

MLK was a peacemaker.

Matthew 5:9 Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

He was pure of heart.

Matthew 5:8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see god.

MLK wanted to see peace and love amongst the people of his race and white people. He wanted racism to end and he wanted all people to be equal.

He stood up for his beliefs and will never be forgotten. he will always be remembered for his famous speech 'I have a dream'.

Matthew 5:6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righteousness for they shall be filled.

MLK was outspoken and voiced his opinions for peace and equal opportunity. He was not afraid to stand up for what he believed even though he knew it could be dangerous.

Tragically because of his assassination he wasn't able to see his dream come true.

Matthew 5:10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

He was a man of God, he believed in faith, hope, love and peace for his fellow man.

The Beatitudes and MLK. New Testament As Disjointed, Incoherent Narrative Fragments

“Blessed Are ...”

MLK—MK Gandhi—L Tolstoy—New Testament

A mixture of true, displaced, and fictional art objects/ analysis

#### Club 4

Ever since C has been remodelled a few years back, the jazzclub-winebar-concertvenue-hybrid that once hosted private birthday parties became one of Vienna's top nightclub venues. While not wanting to be just a night club, or just a gallery, C offers a selection of everything—good wine and food, Jazz music in the basement and art in the gallery, as well as thumping beats on a crazy club night with electronic DJ sets or live concerts, always varying in musical style and genre.

Music: C's versatility also shows in its music selection that covers a broad range of genres. But on a club party

No video,  
no photography,  
no recording, no  
clocks,

night, you will surely find yourself between bar, dance-floor and the occasional breath of fresh air outside the door.

What kind of night will you have? If you're looking for a club night with great people, good music, drinks and a relaxed atmosphere, you will find it at C. Don't get thrown off when showing up too early and finding it a bit empty, it will fill up and turn into an all-consuming, warm, boozy night with at least one encounter of the unusual kind.

### Vienna in the 1900s

The turn of the century was a period of intellectual ferment in Vienna. This was the age of Freud, of the writers Karl Kraus and Arthur Schnitzler, and of the Secession and Jugendstil. At this time such artists as Gustav Klimt and the architects Otto Wagner and Adolf Loos created revolutionary new styles. This was all set against a decaying Hapsburg empire, which Karl I's abdication in 1918 brought to an end. After World War I, Austria became a republic.

### Fear and Longing in ...

Europe in the beginning of the twentieth century can be compared to a knot. Constantly tightening, the rope at both ends tugging ever harder, neither side showing

any signs of giving in, as it becomes clearer that the knot will eventually violently burst.

The time was turbulent to say the least, almost palpable impending disaster hung in the air and forces that were put into motion too long ago to be stopped were nearing critical point. This time of social and economic turmoil, where the greatest of wars and revolutions were just around the corner, also proved to be fertile, giving birth to a generation of artists of the highest caliber, visionaries striving to expand the boundaries of perception.

In the midst of these forces and ideas of almost elemental proportion lived K, a writer without whom no account of twentieth century literature would be complete. His stories of alienation send an icy wind through any sensitive reader, as the overwhelming forces of a dehumanized modern world leave the individual helpless. K felt the crushing weight of the human condition and described horror with the unflinching eye of a spectator. B gained acclaim for his first novel, *Wartime Lies*, written at the age of 57, that deals with the horrors experienced by a Polish Jew caught during the Holocaust. He later went on to write several other novels, one of which *All About Schmidt* was later filmed with Jack Nicholson in the lead. *The Tremendous World I Have Inside my Head* is broken up into several sections, each corresponding to crucial aspects of K's life and work. Beginning with his upbringing, the book unravels K's difficult relationship with his family, raised in a household with an abusive father, a dinner table dictator, leaving the young K gasping for intellectual air in the constraints of his stifling apartment.

A reader quickly discovers some of the influences behind the tyrannical forces at work in his writing. But as pages turn, you soon recognize that it's not that simple. The dilemmas that K was literally riddled with were intensified by the tribulations that took place right outside his window. Having to deal with being a German-speaker in Czech Prague, combined by his Jewish background in the anti-Semitic mood of the time, K constantly felt like a minority within a minority.

Through the prism of B's skillful narrative and K's own letters, we see how this young fragile man felt an undeniable calling, causing him to recognize that he would forever be alienated from the simple joys of life. Writing to his friend MB, who we have to thank for disobeying K's dying wish and not burning a substantial amount of his work, he writes, "When it became clear in my organism that writing was the most productive direction for me to take, everything rushed in that direction and left empty all those abilities which were directed towards the joys of sex, eating, drinking, philosophical reflection and above all music."

Indeed, even his own talent at times seems the sternest taskmaster, and he struggled to live up to his own standards of perfectionism that lashed at him. The spells of self-doubt and dissatisfaction that constantly haunted K leave the reader feeling truly fortunate, knowing how close some of the greatest novels ever written came to ending up in the furnace...

Following an open letter signed by hundreds of members of B's art community, which critiques the selection of an all-male shortlist, the five nominees for the 2025 B Art Prize have withdrawn from the competition, A reports. The artists' collective decision was made, not in solidarity with an on-line petition, but because they felt that the discussion surrounding the prize had become "reductive."

The open letter, which states that "the flagrant exclusivity of this year's prize candidates and its denial of not only social but also aesthetic reality (gender being just one of its glaring discriminatory categories) does not represent how we see ourselves, or our community, and raises consequential questions on how privilege might be distributed within it," was met by another open letter penned by the nominees ... that described their regret at public discourse having turned away from artistic merit and focusing instead on white male privilege.

They have also made clear that they don't believe the jury ... made a discriminatory selection.

### **Biedermeier Vienna**

Napoleon's defeat of Austria was a humiliation for Emperor Franz I. The French conqueror briefly occupied Schönbrunn Palace, demolished part of the city walls, and married Franz I's daughter. After the Congress of Vienna, Franz I and his minister, Prince Metternich, im-

posed autocratic rule in Austria. The middle classes, excluded from political life, retreated into the artistic and domestic pursuits that characterized the Biedermeier spirit. Revolution in 1848 drove Metternich from power but led to a new period of conservative rule under Franz Joseph.

*Imagine a country/government/criminal organization who's taking two-thousand-three-hundred children away from their already quite desperate parents, and puts them in prison camps, where the people working are not allowed to touch them to comfort them. Imagine that those children have no idea why this happens. And imagine that the parents are sent back to where they came from, thousands of miles. And that there is no system in place to ever re-unite them. Imagine parents who will most likely never see their children again, because they might not have the money to come back. Because they are not allowed to go back. Because they will not know where their children will be. Because the children are too young to take care of such matters. Imagine that providing such camps is also a great business opportunity for those operating them. Imagine that also the desperation and anger and hate this will create is a great business opportunity because it will lead to more weapon sales, more private prisons, more surveillance technology. I really don't care. Do U?*

**There is nothing  
to exchange, to distract  
from this minimal,  
grandiose, real-time,  
gorgeous, social illusion!**

## Club 5

At GF the parties are long, the bass sneaks into your bones, the drinks come fast. There's no half-assed at this place, it's all "Go hard or go home," but once you're inside you'll find it hard to leave anyway. Photography, video and audio recordings are prohibited which not only allows you to let go of every inhibition, while losing yourself in the beats, but also gives the whole club concept a nice mysterious touch.

Music: GF is the all about electronic music ranging from House, Techno, Minimal and Dubstep. Most events offer popular artists and international DJs. It also features occasional live shows and concerts. It's dark and it's sweaty, the beat won't let you stand still.

What kind of night will you have? You might find yourself making out with a stranger in one of the dark parts at the corners of the dance floor, or chatting with the toilet lady while forgetting all about your friends, or staring at the great wall paintings for a few hours until you're spat out onto the curb at 6 am.

## Vienna under Maria Theresa

The Long Reign of Maria Theresa was a time of serenity, wealth and sensible administration, despite a background of frequent wars. The vast palace of Schönbrunn was completed by the Empress, who also presided over

Vienna's development as the musical capital of Europe. She was succeeded by Joseph II, who introduced many reforms, including religious freedom and public health measures. However, these reforms made him unpopular with his subjects, including the nobility, who were angered by the way he handed out titles to bankers and industrialists.

I'm into death—which is one of the reasons I love this town. Vienna is full of dark corners: There are the catacombs under Stephansdom; the Imperial Crypt not far away; Mozart's unmarked grave in the Biedermeier-era St. Marx Cemetery; the Funeral Museum complete with a corpse bell; and of course, the Zentralfriedhof, final resting place of Beethoven, Strauss, Salieri, Brahms, Schoenberg. "Where they're all... ah... *de*-composing," I'm always tempted to say, but never do; morbid tourism is a solitary activity.

But the Hoffmann Sanatorium was new to me. I came across it one Saturday during a late-night Wikipedia binge. You know the ones; you get hooked on clicking link after link in the online encyclopedia until, before you realise it, you've jumped from *Wag the Dog* to FK in six moves.

I was surprised to find that K died from tuberculosis nearly 90 years ago in a very small room at a sanatorium in nearby Klosterneuburg-Kierling. The sickly writer had

checked in on 19 April 1924 and remained there until his death a month and a half later on 3 June.

K is among the 20th century's literary superstars, familiar to most people for his stories and short novels that capture the nightmarish absurdity of life under the faceless bureaucracy of late Imperial Austro-Hungary. In these bizarre tales—*M*, *TT*, and others—an individual is trapped in the grip of unseen forces and unsolvable problems in which he struggles to stay human, an existential dilemma we now recognise as “K-esque”.

There's little acknowledgement of the writer in Kierling. The sanatorium itself has a few historical plaques next to the door and a bust of K stands near the village church. Unless you knew exactly where you were going (bus 239 from Heiligenstadt), there was nothing to tell the casual visitor where the author of *TPC* had spent his last days. Although, a sign near the sculpture tells you that a Hofer supermarket is only 200 m up the road, so at least there's that.

In 1983, the Austrian K Society set up a memorial room here, which features the author's books, letters and photographs, though across the hall from the room where he actually died...

## Renaissance Vienna

Under Maximilian I, Vienna was transformed into a center for the arts. The Hapsburgs were invariably elected

Holy Roman Emperor, and by the 16th century, their mighty empire had expanded into Spain, Holland, Burgundy, Bohemia, and Hungary. But it was under constant threat: from Turkish attacks, the plague, and disputes between Protestants and Catholics that destabilized the city until 1576, when the Jesuits spearheaded the Counter-Reformation.

## Club 6

PS is one legendary Viennese night club, situated in the midst of Prater in an old sauna and swinger club from the 1960s. The club was opened in 2009 and closed in early 2016 for renovation. Reopening a few months later with new owners and management, it still features several floors that offer weekly and monthly House, Electronic and Techno music parties. Plus, a pool in the garden is the highlight whenever you come here in summer months.

Music: You'll find electronic music DJs lines that feature the newest and hippest releases from House, Techno and Minimal music.

What kind of night will you have? At PS you will have long nights that involve a lot of dancing, sweating and meeting new people to have either a good time with, or the strangest night of your life.

## Non-Visibility Too

I knew someone who somehow knew someone—

perhaps all the parties were former students, mostly a generation, or even two, younger

Usually meetings took place late evenings—after work—before the institution

Today it was an early Sunday morning

“Sunday prayer services,” my friend and I joked, or was it political—a multi-ethnic, pan-sexual community in formation

The entry code name was not operative but I suppose there weren’t so many hoping for admission to the institute and we were quickly allowed entrance

I won’t reveal any names. Anyone who knows me can probably guess where I am from reading the text

Besides you’ve probably heard more than enough rumors—funny thing about those rumors—many of those are just objectively true

The space—cavernous, dim—works against normative representations of space and time. Non-visibility is in effect here which is why the then recent merchandise

**Anyone you might want to  
be here with you, but is not  
here now, will have to hear  
your mistaken memories,  
your rumors, your lies,  
your silences**

counter next to the entry/exit seemed slightly awry, really out of character.

If you need souvenirs, it might be better to order them over the weekend internet—from your brightly lit home—your cubicle, or your “personal” node in the surveilled networks of global capital. Those protocols are de-selected, temporarily suspended here.

Being there is being there. Hearing your name is better than seeing your face here in outer/inner space.

Maybe the merch was meant to mark a boundary to a world without images except those stored bodily as sensations, memories, or hallucinations

No video, no photography, no recording, no clocks, no fucking selfies  
to mark your presence/absence here, or to circulate to others.

There is nothing to exchange, to distract from this minimal, grandiose, real-time, gorgeous, social illusion!

Anyone you might want to be here with you, but is not here now will have to hear your mistaken memories, your rumors, your lies, your silences.

All narration must be later, at a discreet distance. There is no space or time for that—those stories now.

I couldn't help thinking that one could discretely make audio field recordings with a device coded for other purposes, but then I ask: Why? Who would listen?

Many here are strangers, like me.

Some are temporary immigrants, others “permanent” citizens. Once you've entered, which is often fraught, difficult, your “status” ceases to matter.

Your perception turns binary. You're either in, or out. Once you're in, your identity outside the institute no longer matters (You can be “free” for as long as you can stay...)

Don't forget to go home. (If you have a home.)

In a foreign place with non-native people you feel totally safe, like you're in the future

In a new, other Vienna.

I kept having the impression that the precise control of the visual register was an important element in privileging the sonic and bodily responses.

You simultaneously get lost in sound, in the temporarily autonomous institute, and learning from Las Vegas, indeed

Since I'm only slightly different from an average tourist, my friend and I tour the restroom where they also self-medicate.

I kindly decide not to partake as I had commitments later in the afternoon and evening. Of course, the 80s tune "Mirror in the Bathroom" pops into my head upon noting the uncanny absence of any reflective surface

For myself I quickly forgot any reference to the grey morning outside.

I quickly forgot about the afternoon memorial service for my recently departed colleague, the glittering dinner party with friends old and new that will go late into the night.

For now you're lost in darkness, and sound. Feeling sound in my body. You're buoyed high in the slowly churning socius. We're feeling the undulating beat—together.

Immersed, silent, awed, deep in a utopia of the non-visible.

Floating: strangely anonymous and autonomous, yet also deeply bound to the movements, bodies, affective vibes of others.

I particularly recall the flashing frames of daylight in the colonnaded bar and interrupting the dark intimacies of the dancefloor ...

## Medieval Vienna

In 955, the Holy Roman Emperor Otto I expelled Hungarian tribes from the Eastern March. In 976, he made a gift of Vienna to the German Babenbergs, who, despite further incursions by the Hungarians, restored the city's importance as a center of trade and culture. Following Friedrich II's death in 1246 and the ensuing Interregnum the Hapsburgs began centuries of rule over Austria. Vienna became a major European city and hub of the Holy Roman Empire.

## Club 7

In the midst of Praterstern, next to some food stands, the train station and a bunch of drunk people, you will find the dark kid of Vienna's clubs, F+F\_W. It's dirty and shabby and you will find a bunch of very weird people, but also lots of great DJ music with heavy bass lines and music that has you dancing all night, forgetting all about tomorrow.

If you come here before 11 pm, you will meet an empty dancefloor downstairs in the F\_W, but you can take a seat at the bar upstairs and have a few drinks to start

the night, or hang out on the terrace on warm summer evenings.

**Music:** There's definitely a focus on the rather dark and heavy-bass-electronic music at F+F\_W, featuring a lot of international acts dishing you some Techno, Elektro, and sometimes Hardtekkno.

**What kind of night will you have?** It's a great place for people who are not looking for something too fancy, but are still in search of a long night filled with great quality electronic music. This venue is animating, loud, crazy and an atmosphere that sucks you in.

*"After six years as Director of the KW, and after realizing more than 40 exhibitions together with my team, I believe it's time to look back with pride at what has been achieved. The KW has, under my leadership, devoted itself to an innovative and experimental program that, as an open forum, promotes and explores aesthetic and socio-political concerns. The opposition to the program was partly foreseeable given the political position the institution has advocated. KW is an institution that is at the centre of controversial debate that has manifestly hit a sore spot in the self-image and self-realization of V's cultural landscape. Projects such as Political Populism or How To Live Together contributed to the positioning of KW around topical issues that radiate on an international level. Solo exhibitions presented, such as FH and YH are recent examples—due to their radical diversity—of the artistic and curatorial range covered.*

Many here are  
strangers,  
like me

*What next? For me, this question presents itself rather differently than before. Due to the current resurgence of nationalist politics in Austria, and the situation occurring across Europe, the reach, impact and the possibilities of institutions such as KW seem to be put into question. Cultural institutions that engage with complex societal and artistic challenges will require substantially stronger political backing in the future.*

*I have therefore decided to leave on a high note and not continue as before. I am looking forward to new challenges beyond the boundaries of conventional institutions. My thanks go to the City, the Supervisory Board and the staff of the KW for their support and their trust. Over the remaining months, I will support the KW as best I can and oversee the transition. From 2019 on, I will be breaking new ground."*

## Early Vienna

The region around Vienna was first inhabited in the late Stone Age, and Vienna itself was founded as a Bronze Age settlement in about 800 BC. Settled by Celts from about 400 BC, the Romans incorporated it into the province of Pannonia in 15 BC, establishing the garrison of Vindobona by the 1st century AD. Later overrun by Barbarian tribes, Vindobona diminished in importance, until the 8th century, when the Frankish Emperor Charlemagne made it part of his Eastern March and part of the Holy Roman Empire.

## Club 8

S is Vienna's light but stylish Electro-club-kid. The location on Karlsplatz makes it very suitable for an evening that includes a few venue changes, as there are a lot of bars and clubs close by.

At first sight, it looks more like a big bar with a dancefloor but still surprises with a great capacity. The light and sound systems are one of Vienna's best, the waiters are quick and attentive, fuelling you with the needed liquids to get and keep you going all night. Their ambience is very classy.

Music: All kinds of electronic music are dished at this venue. There's also a legendary afterhour for all party people who haven't danced enough at 6am in the morning.

What kind of night will you have? A light but vibrant night surrounded by a great crowd who's here to let loose for a few hours, great quality drinks and music that makes you forget everything around you.

## (This Is) The Dream of ...

It was familiar to me,  
the smoke too thick to breathe.  
The tile floors glistened;  
I slowly stirred my drink.  
And when you started to sing,  
you spoke with broken speech  
That I could not understand,

and then you grabbed me tightly.  
I won't let go, I won't let go.  
Even if you say so, oh no.  
I've tried and tried with no results.  
I won't let go, I won't let go.  
He then played every song from 1993.  
The crowd applauded as  
he curtsied bashfully.  
Your eyelashes tickled my neck  
with every nervous blink,  
And it was perfect  
until the telephone started  
Ringing ringing ringing ringing off...

**Don't forget  
to go home  
(If you have a home)**

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## Kafka Memorial Room

Hauptstraße 187  
3412 Kierling  
Mon. – Fri., 9:00 – 12:00, 14:00 – 17:00  
+43 676 4117817  
It helps to call ahead

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Pages 3, 9, 15, 19, 25, 31, 37, 41

Tony Cokes

*Could You Visit Me in Dreams?*

2018

Video stills from channel 1 of 3 part video installation

Courtesy of the artist and Greene Naftali Gallery, New York

This publication partly consists of appropriated texts and fragments of articles from different sources, collected and edited, but not changed, by Tony Cokes. Spelling mistakes and/or wrong punctuation are therefore intentional given the authenticity of their origin.

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