

g e o r g k l e i n

Fog Zone



**Audiovisual installation in a fog space
with 6 dystopic stations**

- 1 - Ideology : her glossy lips**
- 2 - Control : his brother's eyes**
- 3 - Bio Politics : embryo's faith**
- 4 - Nature Taming: whole tree chips**
- 5 - Artificial Intelligence : sophia's smirk**
- 6 - Privacy : elite gates**

Voices: Sophia New, Steffi Weismann
Quotations by Wladimir Putin, R.T. Erdoğan, Barack Obama,
Xi Jinping, Mark Zuckerberg, Eric Schmidt



DYSTOPIE
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www.dystopie-festival.net

»Community, Identity, Stability« - Aldous Huxley's motto for his dystopian novel *Brave, New World* of 1931 is currently experiencing a national populist return - whether in Europe, Turkey, the USA or China. Interesting is the moment of seduction, the voluntary nature, which in the real world brings a majority to choose an autocratic leader, or even millions, to submit their data to a machine, a global corporation.

In Huxley's novel the aim was "to love what he *had* to do" - which is determined by conditioning at the embryonic stage. In six dystopian stations (audiovisual loops), a panorama of present-day dystopian tendencies is spread out and at the same time hidden in a dense fog. The glistening fog here becomes a metaphor for utopian perfection, which, through its totality, turns into its dystopian opposite: it is all bright - but we cannot see anything. Orientation is only possible by hearing, so that the visitors have to approach the individual stations almost blindly groping. All videos are based on 'found footage', with the soundtrack heavily transformed, newly added or even faked. Together, the audio-video loops create an ambivalent, dystopian atmosphere that points thematically into six social spheres.

The installation plays with the total inversion of the room: the extremely heavy, dark and acoustically live space of the water reservoir is turned into its extreme opposite by the glistening fog and the sandy soil: bright, light and acoustically dry. In this white, contourless opacity of the mists, one loses oneself, as one would be lost in the perfect world, because the other, the deviation, the possible, would have disappeared.

