

**THE RETURN OF THE RETURN TO CASTLE WOLFENSTEIN
– THE FUCK CHAIRS**

Michael Morley and Morgan Oliver

The Audio Foundation invited The Fuck Chairs to produce an installation and performance for the opening of the Nowhere Festival in 2016. Combining ongoing video gaming and digital audio research TFC produced a discussion around ideas of immortality, play, memory, substance, and art. Relying heavily on the extended gothic metaphors of Death Metal and employing thousands of plastic toy animals, blocks, cars, boats, planes, and soldiers of every conceivable nation, and Spyro the dragon, the installation was a celebration of post-realization rave culture suspended in a time loop.

The Fuck Chairs – The Return of the Return to Castle Wolfenstein

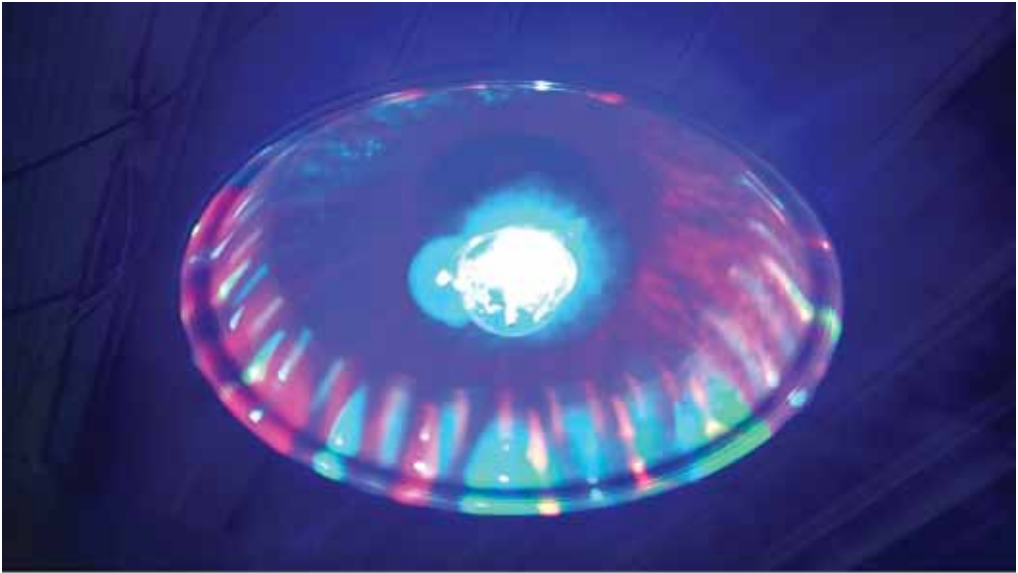
Audio Foundation, Poynton Terrace, Auckland, November 2016.

M-68 Viper Rocket case, two wind-chimes, 5000 plastic toys, Persian carpet, disco lighting, electric fan, digital video projection, smoke machine, perfume and paintings.

Dimensions variable.

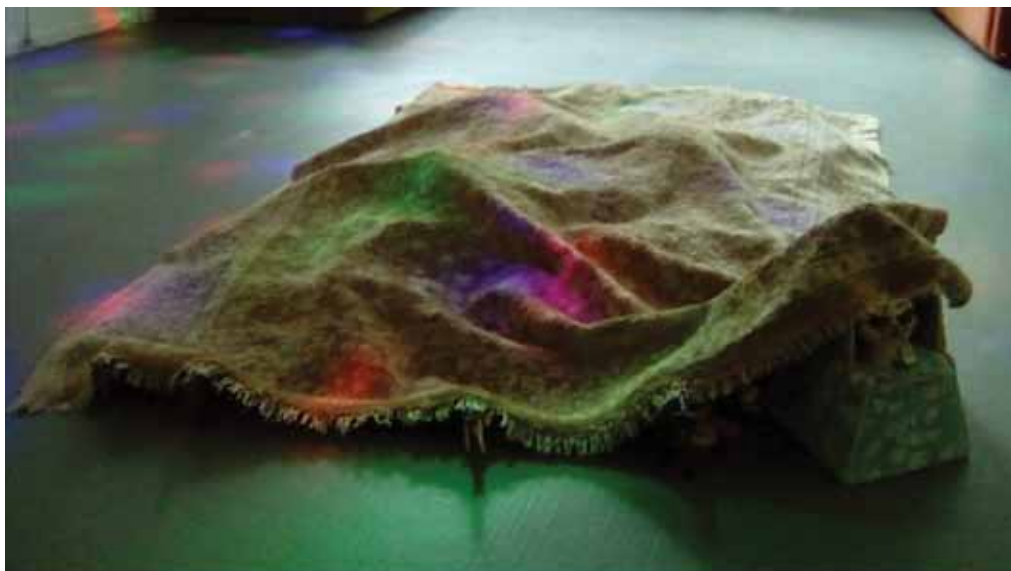
The Return of the Return to Castle Wolfenstein The Fuck Chairs

The Fuck Chairs
The Return to the Return to Castle Wolfenstein
Derelict Desire, War Ghosts, and Mad Castle Politics
Michael Morley and Morgan Oliver
Audio Foundation November 2016



1. Psychic Dance Hall

A cool breeze fans my face as I stand in the garden,
listening to the bells and chimes of the continuous
faraway. My eyes are closed but the sun warms my lids
and allows me to hallucinate the blood red glow of the
primordial. A scent of dirt and trees and flowers fills my
head with the giddy illusion of paradise, a hidden and
forgotten dead end in the real search for answers.
Fly in an order of the temptress, the annihilator
Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom...



2. Derelict desire

Counting out the lines of pseudo-ephedrine from the single plastic bag allowed for certainty within the uncertain world that enveloped and made whole the world of the dystopian nightmare of the everyday that paraded itself as normal. Hijacked planes now crashed and burned at any number of international airports on a daily basis. The real desire lay in being able to arrive at ones destination alive and to then be able to get out of the terminal unscathed by the bullets delivered by the stoned and drunk snipers that patrolled the empty parking lots

that ringed the facility. They were more intent on just a little bit of fun than causing a fatality, not that that mattered at all. Fallen travellers usually remained on the sidewalk outside the entrance for days before wolves, coyotes, foxes, big-cats and rats carried off the remains, not enough time for the Police to arrive and investigate, but just enough time for them to be seen to assist with the well publicised hose down of the entrance pavilion - Presidents, Prime Ministers, Ministers, Senators, Mayors, Councillors, Cub leaders, etc

3. War Ghosts

Birds sing and chorus in the branches of the trees above. In the early morning, before the sun has really crested the hills across the harbour, it is difficult to discern all of the different species, but three or four remain constant.

I know this because I remain there beneath the brow of the hill for days. Green light and birdsong reflect off the tin roofs in the valley. Days pass. The weather gets discernably warmer. Seven heads are holed. Back at the biv though faces and fists are lit up. Id been away so long. I pushed on to Out-Ram Fence.

I have no idea of time, that shit has filed off into infinity and beyond girl.
You ain't no way gonna say what is the begining and the end
eusa the end
the end
theend.

Crawl away now

crawl ... crawl...

The darkness of the hall, the sound of the rats
the corridor, the pit

Faint darkness, sliding along the space between the wall
and the floor, the ground and the earth, the stone and the
river.

Lay there for a long time. Stone cold. Swatting moths
and grinding at the stone. I emerged at some point into
blinding light and fell amongst the grass. My leg had
healed badly and was canted at a distressing angle below
the knee.

Above the sky doesn't really seem to change, the constant
intensity of the light and a constant sense of time, and of
no time. We had traveled across the main plateaux, the
first in a series of terraces elevated one upon the other,
generations, eternal generations, and beyond. If we could
have measured distances, areas, or volumes then we may
have been able to make sense of the space in front of us.

