





So, I hate cell phone art. And in exactly the same way I'm pretty sure I also hate the Bauhaus. Which is to say: my phone art hate shares (hopefully) nothing with typical snob phone hate. No, I don't think being on my phone is some kind of regression; no (as much as I wish it were so), I don't think phone 'culture' is the harbinger of the end of civilization; & no, I don't think possessing a Breuer chair exempts me from a world constituted by quotidian violence. 'The Bauhaus' and 'the smart phone' are two epochal operating systems of subjectivity (modernist & whatever it is that 'we' are now) – deeply ambiguous infrastructural synecdoches, delivery systems of cultural norms.

But all I really want to talk about here is what happened on September 15th, 2017. What happened was more important than what was planned – was beyond us, the 'makers'.

Hannes Meyer, Hans Wittwer, and the Bauhaus Dessau's ADGB Trade Union School in Bernau is a peculiar relic – a UNESCO world heritage annex to two adjacent, active schools (the Oberstufenzentrum I Barnim & Barnim-Gymnasium Bernau), occasionally shrouded in a discursive aura, chilly in the rigor mortis of its enforced musealisation, & maybe good for an occasional corner to smoke in, some walls to make out behind. In the broad sense I'm suggesting though, kids don't go to SCHOOL anyway (that would be what, nineteenth century?), they go to PHONE. That's where they 'are' – the space they inhabit, whether they have a device or not – & that's where we 'met'.

It's a Friday &:

*The corners of the glass hall not filled with bodies are filled with drug store deodorant & laughter, occasional shrieks in babble & sweat. My usual nerves & my no-idea-what-to-do-with-kids nerves & a certain cowardliness & a kind of terrific excitement. 12 'Players'. They're arriving. Getting louder. The helper students we've trained to log the crowd in keep coming to me with crises. This & that doesn't work. His or her machine isn't compatible. I help but keep letting myself be slipped away*



*into the crowd. On my phone I can see how many are logged in, constant flux. 60 'Players'. 80 'Players'. The young ones arrive. The din. Are all the adults teachers? The ones looking annoyed? Well-dressed? Non-plussed? They keep coming. And coming. The din. The heat of bodies. 130 'Players'. Flash of the black & white photo of the original Bundesschule students, all male, various states of undress, together, washing their feet. A football-body older boy yells, "Ruhe!", in one of the loudest voices I've ever heard. It, the loudness or his presence?, does something. At least half an hour into it, the guy we're paying to video asks when it's gonna start, when something is going to happen. 210 'Players'. Din. Somewhere in it, sounds from synchronized phones. I skittishly ask if we should skip ahead. The heat of bodies. A few hear their own music, dance their way down the hall stylizing hand gestures. Others giggling at the multiplexed whirr of their own voices. A teacher comes up to us, implores, "Do something!" 270 'Players'. Din. Heat of bodies. Nina asks can you do this or that. Nina asks what should we do. Nina is yelling to position a group and her voice is overwhelmed. 240 'Players'. Somewhere, the sounds from their synchronized phones. Boy groups – including our motorcyclists with particular grins. 190 'Players'. Girl groups – also ours, dyed hair, phones to ears. Those not using their phones at all, those not even aware that they could. 145 'Players'. The heat of bodies. 110 'Players'. Diminishing din. Applause at the end from the places they've clustered to sit or stand in the gym. 80 'Players'. Interviews with local press. Julie says, "they listened – their talking, their wildness, their streaming en masse, was their listening." The director of the museum on the intercom didn't stand a chance.*

All we did was accidentally conjure a mass of teens & tweens & tell them it was ok to use their phones. And we were ready for them – the software held up. If something resonated between these 500 kids' peculiarly facilitated out-of-class-early glee (200 of them never having bothered to log in) & certain moments of Hannes Meyer's thought, it would be in their shared naiveté at imagining that a system update could also suggest a different computing, might trip into unforeseen relation.

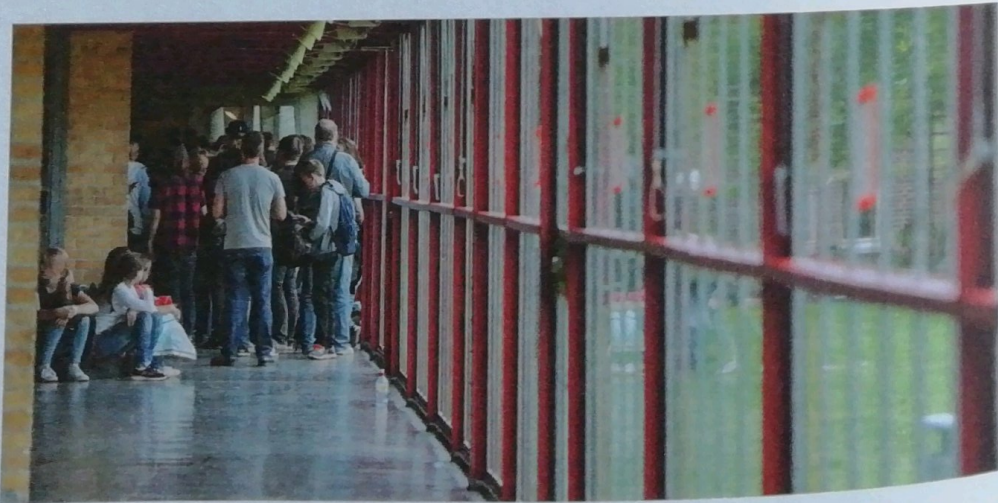
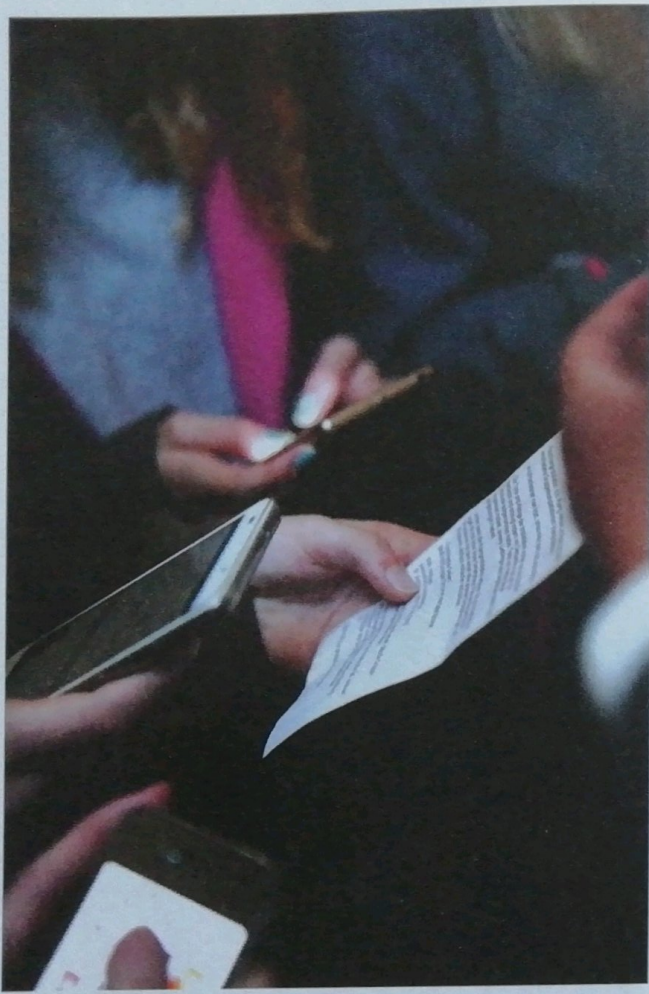
Such contingency, planned or stumbled upon, is unthinkable for liberal cultural pessimism. *Pessimism Lite* (so prevalent in Germany) hates 'the phone' as much as it hates 'the mass', imagines the phone as an anxious end times collapse of good old authenticity & resistance. This is precisely the snobby phone hate I mentioned at the beginning, and in so far as 'hate' is a mechanism for the maintenance of a desired idea of self, we can read this particularly jittery, neurotic disavowal as nothing more than self-preservation. Fear at a form of (a potential for) eruption hitherto – or rather, become – unimaginable. Fear at realizing one is that which must be cleared away.

So 'the phone' is 'hot', then? ... That's my big point?? ...  
If nothing else, what we felt last year was a force – the brimming over of a force that could make things come apart. Did the kids notice? Did they need to?

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5.v.18







### 3. STATION – KLANKOLLEKTIV

Klanginstallation im Bauhaus Denkmal Bundesschule Bernau

FR 15. September 2017, 13:30 Uhr

Präsentation des „Klangkollektivs“ mit Schülerinnen und Schülern des Barnim-Gymnasiums und des OSZ I Barnim sowie Nachbarn und Gästen

SO 1. Oktober 2017, 14 Uhr

Präsentation des „Klangkollektivs“ mit Besucher\*innen des Tags der Stiftungen

im Bauhaus Denkmal Bundesschule Bernau

Hannes-Meyer-Campus 9, 16321 Bernau bei Berlin

Eintritt frei

von und mit Schülerinnen und Schülern des Barnim-Gymnasiums Bernau und des Oberstufenzentrums I Barnim

Konzept und Komposition: Bill Dietz, Janina Janke und Julie Rüter

Musikinformatik: Christian Dietz und Florian Goltz

Techniker vor Ort: Andreas Herz (Handwerkskammer Berlin)

Betreuende Lehrer: Andrea Scholz, Helgo Stürze und Karla Szukalski

Projektträger: Stadt Bernau bei Berlin

Projektleitung: Janina Janke und Julie Rüter

Projektpartner: Ableton, Barnim-Gymnasium Bernau, baudenkmal bundesschule bernau e.V. (bbb), BeSt Bernauer Stadtmarketing GmbH, Handwerkskammer Berlin, Internationale Sommerschule Bernau, Oberstufenzentrum I Barnim, Stiftung Baudenkmal Bundesschule

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