

Lecture-Performance

Philosophy On Stage
The Future Box

Place: SAR-Conference
Date: Between April 7th-9th

By baseCollective
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Special Guests: Florian Reimers, Weiya-Lin

Scene 1

SUSANNE, FLORIAN and ARNO enter the stage.

WEIYA is sitting already there.

ARNO:

Strange,
this human race.

A question mark,
this human race.

Problematic,
this human race:

This animal,

THAT DARES TO MAKE A PROMISE...

Striving;
striving toward a future;
always;
over, and over again,
chronically,
to make it happen.

Not without mis-calculating IT,
mis-perceiving IT,
overpromising IT,
the future to come.

The human race,

finally becoming a victim of his, of her own plans,
strategies, mis-calculations.

Becoming subject,
literarily—sub-iectum:
An animal, torturing itself.
An animal, disciplining itself.
An animal, optimizing itself.

Becoming the victim of its own mis-calculations.

Is this not the problem of the Anthropocene?

Man, mis-calculating the future.

Man, mis-understanding the fate of future.

Man, mis-promising, over-promising the future.

Is this not the problem of the Anthropocene?

*The appearance of an animal **THAT DARES TO PROMISE**...?*

WEIYA: “Oracle one enters the Future-Box”

FLORIAN enters the Future-Box.

FLORIAN:

“To breed an animal with the right to make promises—is not this the paradoxical task that nature has set itself in the case of man? Is it not the real problem regarding man?”

Friedrich Nietzsche. On The Genealogy of Morals.

Man,
the calculating species:
speculating,
simulating,
anticipating
what will happen,
already before it takes place.

„How many things this presupposes!

To ordain the future in advance in this way, man must first have learned to distinguish necessary events from chance, to think causally, to see and anticipate distant eventualities as if they belonged to the present, ... and in general, [*an animal, **THAT DARES** to make a promise must*] be able to calculate and compute.

Man himself must, first of all, have become calculable, regular, necessary, even in his own image of himself, if he is to be able to stand security for his own future, which is what one who promises does!”

Friedrich Nietzsche

Strange,
this human race.

Problematic,
this human race.

A question mark,
this human race.

*This animal, **THAT DARES** to make a promise.
Thereby, mis-calculating the future.*

Is this not the problem of the human race?
Man, mis-understanding the fate of future.
Man, mis-promising the future.

HOW DARE YOU MAN!

Is this not the problem of the Anthropocene?

WEIYA: “Oracle one exits the Future-Box”

FLORIAN leaves the future box and stands outside the box, blindfolded.

Scene 2

ARNO:

Is it true?

Is *Nietzsche* right?

Are we *indeed* speculative animals?

Are we ***actually*** already capable to make—and to keep—a promise?

Capable to *remain faithful* to a promise?

Remain truthful to a future to come?

What does *truth* mean in this context...

—remain *truthful* to a promise,

make a promise become *true*?...

(Addressing the audience directly):

DO *you*, actually, **DARE TO MAKE** a future arrive?

DO *you*, actually, **DARE TO MAKE** a future arrive by iterating a promise,

over, and over again?

Chronically.

Refreshing it,

over and over again?

Repeating it,

over and over again?

Regenerating it,

Over and over again?

And can you name it? The promise, that drives you?

Or does IT drive you,

secretly,

unconsciously,

veiled, covered, hidden, nameless?

Are you indeed an animal,

longing for a future to come?

Secretly, openly, frankly?

WEIYA: “Oracle two enters the Future-Box”

SUSANNE goes into the Future-Box.

SUSANNE:

Kant,

who has been given the prophetic name *Emanuel—Emanuel Kant—*
by birth,

DARED TO HAND down a promise to humanity:

Namely the idea of a universal (world)-history with a cosmopolitan aim.

It is this *vision*

that actually *survived* Kant.
It did not end with Kant's death.
It *still* speaks to *us* to-day.

Do you still hear its voice?
A cosmopolitan voice, that **DARES TO CALL** us,
silently, forcefully,
to fulfil the promise of a universal world-citizenship?

We are indeed living in the afterlife of this visionary promise.
You—I—we all...

SHARE IT, CARE FOR IT!

Planetary citizenship!
Earth citizenship!
World citizenship!...

A citizenship, everybody would acquire planetary **by birth**,
despite of somebody's nationality, race, cultural background, etc.
Becoming planetary human **by birth**,
rather than today, where we, by birth, become citizens **of a nation**.

(Addressing the audience personally from within the future box):

Of course, this is just a dream, a matter of art:
Today, citizenship is still a *national affair*;
—or even a matter of cultural backgrounds and religious beliefs,
—and not a matter of Earth- / or even World-citizenship.

Quote Emanuel Kant:

“Idea for a universal history with a cosmopolitan aim”

Ninths proposition

It is, to be sure, a strange and apparently an absurd stroke, to want to write a history in accordance with an idea of how the course of the world **would have to go if it were** to conform to certain rational ends; because it appears that with such an aim **only a fiction** could be brought about.

WEIYA: “Oracle two exits the Future-Box”

SUSANNE leaves the future box and stands outside the box, blindfolded.

Scene 3

ARNO:

You are right.

Actually, we are citizens of nations.

Actually, the national territory you are born in,
usually determines your citizenship.

And yes. It is true.

Actually, we are not globally treated as world-citizens by birth.

Yes, you are right.

All what I am saying here is *speculative*.

Yes, it is true.

I am faking the facts in an artistic, fictional manner,
if I **DARE TO** call you,
here and now,
to become cosmopolitans,
and **SHARE** this promise with me.

DARE TO SHARE THIS PROMISE WITH ME!

I am not speaking in my own name, only,
when I **DARE TO** call you,
when I **DARE TO** call us to become cosmopolitans.
I am also speaking in the name of enlightenment,
if I **DARE TO** call you, if I **DARE TO** call us, to become
cosmopolitans **AND DARE TO SHARE THIS PROMISE WITH
US, WITH ME!**

Scene 4

WEIYA: “Oracle one enters the Future-Box”

FLORIAN goes into the Future-Box.

FLORIAN:

Giorgio Agamben, Homo Sacer:

“Refugees represent such a disquieting element in the order of the modern nation-state,
because they show the contradiction between *being-born-human* and *becoming a citizen of a nation*,
between **nativity** and **nationality**.

Precisely there,
in this inbetween,
between **nativity** and **nationality**,
an abyss pops up.
Because, in the system of nation-states,
the so-called sacred and inalienable human rights are powerless and empty of all reality,
if there is, in fact, **no nation-state**, ready to *execute* the human rights.”

Becoming stateless,
quasi human;
still human,
but no more treated **as** human.

Faked humanity.

Living in camps:
in refugee camps, in detention camps, in concentration camps.

Becoming *quasi* human,
Faked humanity. In-human.

As if one would still be human,
if one is no more treated human.

“In this sense, the refugee is truly ‘the man of rights,’”
says Hanna Arendt.

WEIYA: “Oracle one exits the Future-Box”.

FLORIAN leaves the Future box, stands outside, blindfolded

Music starts

Scene 5

ARNO:

Humans,
handed over from one state to the other.
Falling between all chairs.
Nationless.
Stateless.
Dehumanized.

Living in detention centers,
Living in refugee camps,
Living in concentration camps,
Living in gulag,
living in a world without rights,
living in a world without citizenship,
living in a world which is no world anymore,
where living equals surviving.

just surviving...
within a mass of people,

alone,
within a mass of people,

naked life,
bare-life,
Dalit lives,
dog lives,
dog lives, without being a dog.
Human lives, without being treated human anymore.

Music ends.

WEIYA: “Oracle two enters the Future-Box”.

SUSANNE goes into the Future-Box.

SUSANNE:

List of Historical Facts

The disaster of world war II all started with the denaturalization and denationalization of large portions of Europe’s own populations.

The first introduction of such rules into the juridical order took place in France in 1915 with respect to naturalized citizens of ‘enemy’ origin.

In 1922, Belgium followed and revoked the naturalization of citizens who had committed ‘anti-national’ acts during the war.

In 1926, the fascist regime issued an analogous law with respect to citizens who had shown themselves to be ‘unworthy of Italian citizenship’.

In 1933, it was Austria's turn. And it continued until the Nürnberg laws on ‘Citizenship in the Reich’—and the ‘protection of German blood and honor’ brought this process to the most extreme point of its development, introducing that citizenship was something of which one had to prove oneself worthy and which could therefore always be called into question.

One of the few rules to which the Nazis constantly adhered during the course of the ‘Final Solution’ was that Jews could be sent to the extermination camps only after they had been fully denationalized.”

Becoming stateless,
losing the right to have rights,
exposes a form of living,
in which one actually lives in a no man’s land:
Nobody counts responsible for such a form of life anymore.
NOBODY DARES TO CARE FOR YOU ANYMORE.

This is precisely the moment,
in which bare-life, naked-life, shows up.

WEIYA: “Oracle two exits the Future-Box”.

SUSANNE leaves the Future-Box.

Music starts

Scene 6

ARNO:

Somebody, having a heart,
sahr̥daya, says the tantric master Abhinavagupta,
is able to walk and travel
within the dimension of emptiness, worldwide.

If one has a bright, an open, an empty heart,
social attributes like nation, gender, race etc. become secondary,
says Abhinavagupta.

Because one shares a universal plane,
if one wanders in one’s heart;
“sādhāraṇī-karaṇa“,
SHARING one and the same habitat together with all.

Your heart is not just an organ,
says Abhinavagupta.
It is a **no man’s land**,
a space— ...empty, open, bright —,
that shows up in the middle of two things;
directly **between** them.

It cannot be owned.
It cannot be possessed.
It is rather a dimension,
EVERYBODY DARES TO SHARE.

A gathering, a habitat, in which everybody is actually in touch with everybody else.

Becoming a **sahṛdaya**,
Abhinavagupta says,
one becomes nothing less than worldwide,
cosmopolitan, sādharmaṇī-karaṇa:

Feeling the perspective of others, myself.
Becoming multi-perspective, myself.
Gaining many eyes, myself.
Gaining many ears, myself
Tasting, myself, from the viewpoint of others,
emphatically.

Becoming heart-minded,
de-centered,
being of multiple origins,
being plural.
Singular plural?

In difference to Kant it is the heart
that has the last word in Abhinavagupta.
Becoming heart-minded,
Becoming human.
Becoming cosmopolitan.

**DARE TO CARE FOR THIS PROMISE
BY VIRTUE OF SHARING IT WITH US...**

Music ends.

WEIYA: “Oracle one and two enters the Future-Box”
SUSANNE & RUCHITA both go into the future box

FLORIAN: Friedrich Nietzsche

SUSANNE: „Zarathustra. The Drunken Song.“

FLORIAN:

—then he put his finger to his lips and said: 'COME!'

SUSANNE:

And thereupon it became still all around and mysterious;
but from the depths there slowly arose the sound of a bell.

FLORIAN:

Zarathustra listened thereto, as did the higher humans;
but then he put his finger to his lips a second time and said again:
'COME! COME!
IT IS CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT!'
—and his voice had been transformed.

SUSANNE:

But still he had not moved from the spot.
Then it became yet stiller and more mysterious,
and everything hearkened,
even the ass,
and Zarathustra's honorable animals,
the eagle and the serpent,
— as well as Zarathustra's cave and the great cool moon and the night
itself.

FLORIAN:

Then Zarathustra put his hand to his lips a third time and said:
COME! COME! COME!
LET US NOW WANDER!
THE HOUR IS HERE:
LET US WANDER INTO THE NIGHT!

... it is close to midnight: now I want to say something in your ears,
just as that ancient bell said it in my ear—as secretly, as terribly, as
heartily, as that midnight-bell speaks it to me, which has experienced

more than any human has:—which has already counted off your fathers' heart-pains' beats—ah! ah! It is close to midnight.

SUSANNE:

Still! Still!

Now many a thing is heard that may not be audible by day; but now, in cool air, when all noise in your hearts, too, is stilled—

—now it speaks, now it is heard, now it slips into nightlike over-wakeful souls: ah! ah! how she sighs! how in dreams she laughs!

— do you not hear her, how she secretly, terribly, heartily speaks to you, the ancient deep, deep Midnight?

FLORIAN: *WEIYA riff (ONE):* O man! Take care!

SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff (TWO):* What does deep midnight now declare?

FLORIAN: *WEIYA riff (THREE):* I sleep, I sleep—,

SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff (FOUR):* From deepest dream I rise for air:—

FLORIAN: *WEIYA riff (FIVE):* The world is deep,

SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff (SIX):* And deeper than day had been aware.

FLORIAN: *WEIYA riff (SEVEN):* Deep is its woe—,

SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff EIGHT (NINE):* Joy—deeper still than misery:

FLORIAN: *WEIYA riff (TEN):* Woe says: Be Gone!

SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff (ELEVEN):* Yet all joys wants eternity—,

FLORIAN & SUSANNE: *WEIYA riff (TWELF):* Wants deepest, deep eternity!

ARNO, SUSANNE and FLORIAN enter the Future-Box.

WEIYA puts her music instruments down on the floor and enters the Future-Box too.

The stage is empty.

The future is open.