

uncertaintyREPORT

or The punk who came out of the poly crisis

unsec Keynote Lecture / © Steffen & Lars Popp, featuring Nicole Horny

Short Version in English (but without Footnotes)



I'm rather forced to do this, but: I have a message to deliver. My outfit? There's no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothes, as the saying goes. Not mine. Making nice weather, well ... I speak from the perspective of a third party, between the wrong weather and the right clothes; a writer and a reader, a player and a spectator, a theatre maker. Male, western, white. And I would like to put my trust in the old-fashioned way of using my mouth, which has two messages.

The first: the crises will not be solved. Crisis is always. Humanity, as a society, *is* crisis; it is its working climate. Not only in the global climate, but also in the domestic climate. Temperature also means mood. But humans, that much is certain, are not a well-tempered piano.

What crises have there been since the fall of the Berlin Wall? "[The CDU donation scandal with Helmut Kohl's exposed black coffers in 1999, the collapse of the first digital new economy in 2001,] the attacks of 11 September 2001, the second Iraq war from 2003, the financial crisis from 2008, the subsequent euro crisis from 2009 to 2011, [Fukushima and its consequences in 2011]. September 2001, the Second Iraq War from 2003, the financial crisis from 2008, the subsequent euro crisis from 2009 to 2011, [Fukushima and its consequences in 2011], the Snowden surveillance crisis from 2013, the rise of the radical right from AfD to Pegida in 2013 and 2014, Russia's annexation of Crimea in 2014, the migration crisis from 2015, Brexit and the Trump election in 2016, the summer drought in 2018, the coronavirus crisis from 2020, the Russian invasion of Ukraine in 2022 [with the inflation and energy crises in its wake], the democratic crisis of the AfD's success in 2023 [and NOW] and the increasingly urgent climate crisis."

Constantly new states of emergency are the new normal. The tried and tested seems to become obsolete faster than new things that are taken for granted can acclimatise in the heat of friction. Disappointment, exhaustion and disillusionment are on the rise. Social security is the top issue for electoral decisions. "Security packages", which alone restrict the basic and human rights of all of us, are supposed to fix things in anticipatory loyalty to the Nibelung. Transitional government, transitional society, transitional period ... With the climate crisis as a metaplot, as a narrative that is both hegemonic and yet repressed into the background noise, the overarching storyline of the series of disasters. The psycho-philosopher Slavoj Žižek writes in *Auf verlorenem Posten (At a lost post)*: "We must accept that our future, as far as the level of possibilities is concerned, is lost, the catastrophe

will happen, it is our fate". Seen in this light: The catastrophe is already here. And with it: fascism. The second message, however: Punk's not dead! But I'm rushing ahead. That's already ... I'll start again: with the weather. The weather is always a good starting point for a conversation, isn't it? The other day I wanted to go for a bike ride with my two sons. The forecast: light drizzle. Nothing to be put off by. We had hardly set off when a downpour came. We took a break under the next bridge. A moped rider, unknown to us, joined us. "What a summer, this isn't summer!" he said. And we were already talking. Complaining about the weather is always a good start. You can hardly go wrong. After all, it's the weather that's always wrong, no matter what it is. And in a world where the climate crisis is already changing the current weather patterns, it's even more wrong. I don't need to remind you how many "warmest years on record" we've had in quick succession to realise that this is true. Facts are no longer needed. People *feel* it. Although people may be divided by many things, they are united by the fact that they are a community of weather-sensitive people.

The word for world is weather, you could say. So complaining about the weather is both repression and rejection. The fact that people do *not* have complete control over the world. And that the more he tries to gain it, the more he loses it. Knowing tomorrow's weather is important for planning his business and business trips. After all, he wants to make a profit. Land somewhere or with someone, gain land. In war at the latest. When does weather become a weapon? The Allied landings in Normandy during the Second World War were postponed by a day due to severe weather warnings ... Weather forecasting, like the internet and so many other inventions, originated in the military. Then it became a business. In the meantime, for most of us: a loss-making business.

Loss - a great feeling. In relation to the world around us, this is also known as solastalgia. The natural philosopher Glenn Albrecht coined this term back in 2005: "Solastalgia refers to a distressing feeling of loss that arises when someone directly experiences the change or destruction of their own home or habitat. (...) While nostalgia focuses on the past, solastalgia refers to the present or future." How to deal with it? As with every feeling; it has to be communicated and processed! Just like in mourning work.

The first phase: not wanting to admit it. This is the exposure. The problem stings. The unspeakable-unspeakable. I can't find the words. I am only a feeling. Self-protection kicks in: Denial. The problem is too big a colossus, too few points of attack for a solution, too little energy for change, the shame too far-reaching. The second phase: But the crisis remains! Important emotions erupt: conflict, fear, sadness, anger. And their verbalisation. Arguing with each other. Is reconciliation possible? At least the (major) weather situation is given a name. And is called names. It's not for nothing that people say about a scold that he's ranting. But what happens when the bad weather really increases? Then it becomes difficult to reach the third phase: search, find, separate. This is where the rant turns into a real conversation. The path to acceptance, to forming new alliances. Saying why

things are what they are. *What's mentionable is manageable*. The most difficult part. Because man has become more sensitive to the word, but also more oblivious to history. Once he has nevertheless fought his way through this, the fourth phase finally follows: a new relationship with himself and the world. *Change your mind and the rest will follow*. The process of coming to terms with grief can be considered complete.

So the theory is that a re-approach to the reality of the weather and its changes could help us find a better way of dealing with the constant changes in the times. The country needs better-weather reports. It contains correction, improvement and the right direction ... Exactly: just as climate does not only mean meteorology alone, the weather should also be understood here as ambiguous. As the reality of the world around us. A metaphor for: The chaotic, contingent, elusive, unanswerable, ambiguous, unreachable, uncertain, unpredictable, unreliable. All the things that people are now coming up against. Life as a risk. Better Reports, what could that be? This is what I want to tell you about. From beyond the walls in people's heads and petrified hearts. What I have found in the stories of others. And what I personally conclude from them. Hey ho, let's go!

Everyone talks about the weather / Everyone rants about talking

"As far as I'm concerned, I've always considered the weather to be an underestimated subject," says Roland Barthes. Around 1978, the post-structuralist and semiotician had once wanted to switch sides and write a novel himself. In the lecture *Die Vorbereitung des Romans (The preparation of the novel)* at the Collège de France, he reflects on his failure. He was interested in an "effet de réel", a transparency of language to reality, which does not place itself in front of it, but instead becomes almost invisible itself when describing the world, almost congruent with reality, "so that only what is said remains naked." In the discourse on the weather, among other things, he saw a way in which this could perhaps be achieved in an idealised way.

Chatting about the weather was once an innocuous way to start *small talk*. Everyone could have their say, regardless of origin, class or education. What was good or nice weather was a matter of opinion, so it was hard to argue about it. And when people did complain, it wasn't about the person they were talking to, but about the weather. The main thing was that the harvest wasn't spoiled. Barthes calls this the "discourse of non-responsibility". Here is a nice passage describing this in more detail: "Weather [...]: false referent that allows communication, contact, even though they are subjects who usually 1. do not know each other; 2. have the feeling that they do not belong to the same class, the same culture; 3. cannot bear silence; 4. want to talk to each other without hurting each other [...]; 5. or, at the other extreme, love each other so much that they talk about meaningless things purely out of tenderness".

Weather is actually a *safe topic*, so talking about it is usually meaningless and empty, as it completely misses its reference, the concrete experience of weather - but it connects us. Everyone is the same in the face of unsettling changeability. The weather as a leveller should not be given up lightly. However, the seventies were a long time ago. Today, the weather is *big talk*, almost a political issue. As a short-term fallout from the climate crisis, it is a potential entry point for social dissent. And as bad weather, a commonplace that kills conversation. Better change the subject quickly! Perhaps to German railway bashing?

Weather and climate have become a narrative problem. It is the return of the grand narrative. Only not as a utopia, but as a catastrophe narrative. With the climate conferences as a delaying moment of tension. Writer Amitav Ghosh believes that society's lack of imagination and the difficulty of visualising the climate are partly to blame. After all, the climate consists of "forces of unimaginable violence that represent unbearably close connections across immeasurable gaps in time and space." The iceberg for imaging processes and narrative strategies. Can this be paraphrased, is there a way beyond silencing? Do we just need a different, more diverse concept of authorship? How does a person speak at eye level with the non-human world? Can old narratives be updated for this? Storytelling needs to improve, new narratives are needed - how long have we been telling ourselves this? Back again. Climate: Aimed at the end. Weather: Aimed at the beginning. The storytelling only begins with the weather. The shaman is the first interpreter and prophet. And there is hardly a novel without weather, often right at the beginning. The most famous weather beginning is probably that of Musil's *Mann ohne Eigenschaften* (*Man without qualities*). In its wealth of detail, it is unfortunately too long for my report. But there does seem to be something to the idea that telling the story of the weather creates a special closeness to reality. So can we put an equal sign here? Weather equals novel? But which genre? A coming-of-age novel? Crime thriller? Thriller? Horror? Climate fiction? Nature Writing?

In any case, the old metaphor of the "book of nature". That man first tried to read. Then to write it himself. And now he himself becomes history, the great antagonist in his own narrative." I am inevitable," said villain Thanos in *Endgame*, after the *Avengers* tried to prevent his actions via time travel. Only to then bring a Thanos from an earlier timeline into the present, who wants to wipe out the whole of humanity instead of half of it. Almost classic tragedy material: the attempt to avoid it leads to catastrophe in the first place (or even more so). Isn't the weather forecast also a tale of fate, a kind of reverse ancient tragedy on the world stage? Even though it constantly disproves itself?

And again: collapse of the narrative. I came to the book and the novel via the conversation - and ended up in the theatre.

Weather report/messenger report

Even the word: "theatre". Look at the letters! Which ones are there? How many are there? Seven. And now the word "weather". Which ones are there? How many are there? What's the difference? In a W instead of a T. And a backward H. As if there had once been a common word stem. Wheatre, for example. Or We Hater. "To weather through" means to get through something, by the way. The time factor plays a role here again. The world's first weather report, which was published in a London weekly on 14 May 1692, had a hit rate of 100%. Why? It was a report on what the weather was like exactly one year ago. You should draw your own conclusions from it.

However, what is most interesting about the weather is what we need to be prepared for. The weather forecast is supposed to reveal something about the future so that we can stay safe. After all, humans are prisoners of the present. I said earlier that the climate has a representation problem. But ancient tragedy has a solution for this. What cannot be portrayed on stage or violates the unity of place, time and action can still be (re-)presented: As a messenger report. "Has anyone ever looked more closely at the similarities between a weather report [...] and a messenger report [...]?"

This is the beginning of a passage from a novel that I have been failing at for quite some time. Nicole simply quotes it: "Has anyone ever looked more closely at the similarities between weather reports (on TV, in the newspaper) and messenger reports (in drama, in theatre)? Both try to share a knowledge advantage, bring to light (usually in the form of a long monologue) events that can only be presented indirectly, as a narrative. The weather happens everywhere, just not indoors. Recreating it at home is difficult, so it has to be narrated and/or illustrated. Outdoor space is projected into indoor space. The same goes for the messenger report. Events that took place (or take place) beyond (e.g. the city walls) the location of the scene on stage (e.g. the royal palace) must be brought to it.

The weather report refers to the future, the messenger report to the past. A special form is the "wall report", in which events taking place at the same time are reported (by someone who can see both sides from the wall). All three suggest consequences for the present (what now, what to do?). The reliability of these reports is therefore often called into question. Is the reporter neutral or is he trying to achieve something specific, is he acting on behalf of someone, is he pursuing a secret agenda? In the case of good news, he is more likely to be believed. In the case of bad news, defence or denial processes set in, or the call for evidence.

We know something similar from the postman who brings us the third reminder. (...) Or from online discussions, especially in response to "experts", e.g. from the world of science. All of these "reports" can lead to lengthy battles of words. As the messenger is often taken into clan custody with his message (...) it can happen that he ends up losing his life. If you have the choice, you need to think carefully about whether you want to be a messenger."

Is that why people have outsourced the job of the messenger with the bad news to the media? And more recently to a very specific machine? This also appears in ancient tragedy. As an oracle. But today it no longer sits in Delphi. It's in the computer. We're talking about ChatGPT, or AI.

Write/execute weather

Barthes describes the weather not only as an apparatus of communication, but also of subjectivation: "1. a code (a law): The SEASON + 2. a performance (a speaking, a discourse) that executes the code: the WEATHER (= the *spoken* code of the moment, the day, the hour); that is to say: a performance that either executes the code *or thwarts it*." As if Barthes could have guessed back then that the self-regulating thermostat of cybernetics and weather forecast pattern recognition could later give rise to today's Large Language Models! In fact, weather forecasting based on machine learning is already more precise today than that of the large supercomputers alone, which have done the job up to now. Who will win the race in the age of the Great Acceleration? The forecast or the weather? The dynamics of cloud formation alone are still a major uncertainty factor. Just as AI does not actually *think*, but calculates purely statistically, i.e. has no consciousness, does not *comprehend* content (it lacks our complex body sensors for this alone) - it also misses the essence of the weather.

Cybernetics, which emerged towards the end of the Second World War, began as basic research for a universal science of the functioning of the human brain as well as electronic adapters, especially computers; as a science of control and regulation: *Kybernetes* is the Greek helmsman. Under the impression of the first computer systems, the starting point of cybernetics was the consideration of whether biological, but also social systems function like self-regulating machines and can be described more precisely and also adjusted accordingly.

Incidentally, all of this was also discussed at a conference. Or several. The so-called "Macy Conferences" in the USA in the 1940s and 1950s (under the auspices of the Macy Foundation). There was also a lot of talk about language there. Lectures were, for example: "The nature and extent to which language can be disrupted and still remain comprehensible." "The redundancy of English." "Communication patterns in problem-solving groups." "The role of humour in human communication." "The place of emotion in the feedback concept." So it was actually about the principle of homeostasis, about positive feedback loops. About equalisation. Not dominance. But one of the main areas of application initially: intercontinental missiles that can constantly adjust their trajectory to reach their target. This is what cybernetics becomes when it is left to the security forces alone: Weather becomes a weapon. Cybernetics provided practical answers to so many questions that it continues to have an impact in the background in many areas to this day. Right up to AI.

What does this have to do with the oracle? In the ancient Greek version of the oracle, the future was

considered to be determined by the gods - fate. The oracle's words were supposed to help us get to the bottom of it. Unfortunately, the oracle never speaks in plain language, but in riddles, so it can only serve as an approximation of the facts. Today's future, even if it seems to have narrowed fatefully, is not written anywhere. But it can be deduced, at least in part, from knowledge about the present. The computer oracle is therefore based on probability calculations. This is also only an approximation: the calculation can only ever be as good as the data basis. Hence the hunt for data. Not just for weather forecasting. Also for predicting what people will buy. Or what crimes people might commit. The problem is that data is not the world itself. It keeps on turning. Data is always yesterday's news.

Instead of more control, the current large language models bring *even more* uncertainty: thanks to hallucinatory-incorrect answers, blurring between authentic and fake - not least the threat of people being replaced. Or worse. Sam Altman, CEO of OpenAI: "AI will most likely lead to the end of the world, but in the meantime there will be great companies."

In short: AI will *not* save humans. It is not the basis for our Better Reports. *Artistical* intelligence may be. Verbalising the code in dialogue, completely analogue. But also *thwarting* it, as Barthes says. The writer Italo Calvino believes that we should disturb the cybernetic machine like ghosts. Tell each other the weather, but beyond the same self-reinforcing narrative loops. Perhaps like in cyberpunk and solarpunk?

Language machines/image machines

Many people are familiar with the dystopias of cyberpunk from the cinema: *Neuromancer*, *Blade Runner*, *Ghost in the Shell*, *Matrix*. Here, large corporations and monopolies have completely replaced democratic and state institutions, humanity has capitulated to the climate crisis and the West has continued its exploitative way of life undeterred; the law of the jungle, mass poverty and surveillance finally prevail. But at least there are cool cyborg gadgets ... and, of course: AI, AI, AI. *High tech, low life*. The narrative structure: the world has gone to the dogs and the (mostly white and male) protagonist struggles more or less as a hacker, underdog or average citizen as a still rather shaken and exploited workhorse. Doesn't that pretty much describe the current situation? This is probably because cyberpunk emerged as a literary genre of science fiction back in the 80s, from where it roughly imagined our present day. And with the new visual world possibilities of computer-aided design, it rapidly conquered our visual media:

Its reflective brutalist façades next to slums and other ruins of civilisation are simply too beautiful to look at. Cinema and catastrophe, a dream team! Just as dystopias fit in perfectly with the early warning and reward system of our Stone Age brains and our current fears for the future. No wonder

that this kind of rather pessimistic near-future SF has increased measurably in cinema films and television programmes since the 1950s. Not OK, Doomer? After all, at the end of the story, the protagonist has made his world a little better. That's a positive takeaway for the Better Report. However, cyberpunk lacks a real social alternative, a greater realistic goal that one could work towards. Is there simply a lack of confidence? To fill this gap, the optimistic solarpunk movement emerged as a counter-movement. This vision of the future of a humanity that is grounded again in a double sense can be found, for example, in the films of the Japanese animation studio Ghibli or in the Marvel blockbuster *Black Panther*. The narrative structure here is generally as follows: the world has become a techno-paradise in which the separation between humans and the environment, culture and nature has somehow been abolished, the state has somehow become obsolete through the reconciliation of capitalism and communism by means of a digitally planned economy, and the compulsion to exploit and work seems to have somehow been abolished. Sounds somehow reassuring, but somehow still doesn't run completely smoothly; without conflict, there is no story. So a problem arises that the protagonist sets out to solve. It is not uncommon for buried insights and concepts from the past and the catalogue of indigenous resistance to help: "Our history is our future".

This does not mean eternalism or a naive "back to nature". Instead, it means contemporary solutions that are neither oblivious to history nor mere visions: local experiments, non-governmental grassroots movements based on solidarity, collective experiences. You can also take this with you for the Better Report. What else? The focus on permacultural and sustainable solutions. The do-it-yourself. That, as Kant already pointed out, people are obliged to hope - otherwise action becomes impossible. Hope, see Kamala Harris, mobilises. But it alone does not make a summer. That is only possible with: Trust. Only this *stabilises*. "We don't need hope; what we need is confidence".

The principle of hope means nothing other than: Someone will sort it out *somehow* - perhaps the invisible hand of the market? It then conjures up deus-ex-machina: the green technical solution as if by magic. And the consumption of resources? The production conditions? The economic gap, the question of power?

Solarpunk still seems to be a child of techno-solutionism. It has hardly any social solutions for social problems to offer. It will work out *somehow*. Perhaps even more than cyber, solar is, I exaggerate: above all an image aesthetic, a beautiful appearance. No wonder it is often used in advertising brochures and for greenwashing. The stylish logos of Samsung, Toshiba and Sony can be found on both the smooth façades of cyberpunk and the green buildings of solarpunk. The only thing missing is Tesla as an electric car pioneer. Which would also indicate a certain connectivity to increasing eco-fascist movements.

To summarise: both punks have more or less degenerated from a once anarchic resistance movement into pure product aesthetics, regardless of which of the two panoramas: There, people only

look, but haven't moved a metre. Punk as a social fantasy production must be freed from the clutches of image production. The question is not what to do (or not to do). It's *how*. *How specifically* do we prevent cyber and enable solar? I want to hear reports like this.

The journalist Naomi Klein formulated the following in *Die Entscheidung. Kapitalismus vs. Klima* (*The decision. Capitalism vs. climate*): "Any real hope in the crisis will have to come from below." So I need to talk about uncertainty in more detail.

Wether/or not?

Is insecurity per se the necessary price of freedom? Or is the West just increasingly unable to keep the insecurities it has outsourced elsewhere at bay? Does anyone still know this band, *Erste Allgemeine Verunsicherung* (*First General Uncertainty*)? Were they already punk? In any case, the global situation has brought us a "new general uncertainty", a bit like Marx's diagnosis: "Everything that is status-bound and static evaporates, everything sacred is desecrated, and people are finally forced to look at their position in life and their mutual relationships with sober eyes." The list of uncertainties is long. Should I? Or should I take seven seconds of silence?

We live in a VUCA world, V-U-C-A: the acronym stands for: "volatility", "uncertainty", "complexity" and "ambiguity". This formula also comes from the military, of course, and was intended to describe the leadership challenges after the end of the Cold War. The term soon found its way into education and business. At the latest with the return of the Cold War under a different sign, one could say: Today we live in VUCA².

How to react? "I want you to panic", says Greta Thunberg. "I want you (NOT) to panic!" says Jim Skea, head of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), of all people. "The world will not end", he says and that "we [...] will not die out even with 1.5 degrees of warming". Panic is certainly not a particularly constructive reaction. It paralyses. According to sociologist Hartmut Rosa, it is "a resonance killer [that] prevents us from gaining access to the world around us."

According to the sociologist Ulrich Beck, we have been living in a *Risikogesellschaft* (*risk society*) for some time now, and even more so since the globalisation of the millennium: a *Weltrisikogesellschaft* (*world risk society*). It is caught up in the permanent anticipation (and staging!) of coming catastrophes that have arisen from the successes of modernity, which has constantly opened up new areas of opportunity, e.g. in the areas of health, rights and consumption. But it also made mass murder - in the form of the climate crisis: mass suicide - possible. Modernity is becoming reflexive and deliberative, questioning itself and its own basic assumptions and institutions. Which is positive, but further multiplies the uncertainties. Forecasting, prevention, risk life insurance: fear affects everyone, even the government in front of its citizens, and becomes the defining attitude to life; the world

becomes a global insurance (and insurances) organisation. All of this comes at a cost. And these are generally left to the individual to bear. Freedom and equality? Ousted from the list of priorities by the need for security. In contrast, anti-modern forces are offering to fulfill the demand for lost security with their traditional offers of comfort. The spectrum ranges from well-meaning homeopathy to angry fantasies of deportation and even extermination.

The far right in particular knows how to exploit the situation in ever more perfidious ways. Anger, unlike panic, creates a sense of home and suggests community. But angry citizenship is not a republic.

So just relax a little? That would be dishonest. And wasted energy for change. But perhaps we should realise that uncertainty, risk and complexity (the weather!) can never be completely contained. On the contrary, a certain amount would have to be given up: The longing for controllability. If the catastrophe is already here, there is no need to constantly dwell on anticipation. Instead, we need to bring to the fore what underlies the talk of the end of the world: the many beginnings of worlds. Okay, too many of them, too quickly. But does that always have to mean conflict? Isn't there also a power in this dynamic that we can trust? Can't you make the weather your friend a little? Uncertainty is also: *Die Lücke, die der Teufel lässt (The gap that the devil leaves)*. Risk and opportunity at the same time. A gateway to surprise. It can also be positive. Or at least completely different than expected.

The spirit of the past/future weather night

What seems to be a little out of focus in the battle between everything was better in the past and everything will be worse tomorrow: the practical, grounded third in the group. The present. Running off in the NOW to change the course from cyberpunk to solarpunk. Climate is always. But weather is NOW. "The spectre that many try not to see is a simple realisation - the world will not be 'saved'. (...) if we don't believe in a global revolutionary future, we must live (as we in fact always have had to) in the present." This is the radical conclusion drawn by the anonymous pamphlet *Desert* from 2011. Anthropologist Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing also refers to this. But she goes a decisive step further by showing us: At the end of the world, when the catastrophe has already occurred - mushrooms grow on the ruins.

The poly crisis confronts us with the fundamental precariousness of life, the indeterminacy of existence. We painfully feel the unplanned time of nature, the nature of time, our integration into the world around us. In for a penny, in for a pound. In the face of catastrophe, everyone is contaminated. But this pain also communicates: We are alive. The status quo may become unreliable - but it also becomes part of the flow. Which can branch out again. The fabric becomes available and can

be woven anew.

What do the spirits of the present say? "The world has often ended," writes Beck. And Žižek: "the catastrophe (...) is our destiny - but then, against the background of this acceptance, we should set out to perform the act that changes destiny itself, and thereby introduce a new possibility into the past. (...) Overtaking oneself towards the future, one acts as if the future one wants to bring about were already there." "We need a narrative about a good life in catastrophe", says Markus Wissen. And a sentence by Antonio Gramsci, which we are reading more frequently again, adds: "sober, patient people (...) who do not despair in the face of the worst horrors and do not delight in every stupidity. Pessimism of the mind, optimism of the will."

You could also say angel, angel on earth. Man must become his own earth angel. Aren't angels sometimes ambivalent messengers? In any case, their messages usually initiate the turning point in a narrative. NOW is in this sense: the performative narrative. Narrative *while it happens*. Its own cybernetic loop. And that's how the Better Report should be. A refusal to be just a messenger. But itself also the seed of message change. Like clouds of mushroom spores.

That is the lesson. John Cage wrote a *lecture on the weather* in 1976. Not like this lecture here. But no less performative: he took Henry David Thoreau's iconic nature writing book *Walden* and transformed it into a musical score using random principles from the I Ching, in which the spoken text itself becomes a musical instrument. Chaos-motivated and rather loud chaos music that opens itself up to opportunity. And as a concert can only ever take place in the NOW.

That's not bad. Even better: take punk as a role model. It's also a concert. And once wrote "No Future!" on its banner. However, that meant a rather pessimistic and negative attitude. But I've already moved on, I know about the paradox: that if you accept absolute catastrophe, it opens up to more hopeful possibilities in the NOW. So it's better to look out of the window than at the weather report. NOW is a permanently opening-closing movement. The action that dares and trusts, that has confidence. With hardcore in the brain, but boldness in action.

Bertolt Brecht writes in *Ozeanflug (Ocean flight)*:

"I've been waiting three days for the best weather, but the reports from the weather forecasters aren't good and are getting worse: [...] But now I'm not waiting any longer. Now I'm going up."

No Future was yesterday. *Weatherpunk* now!

Design/Desaster

Finally looked over the wall; the child has been given a name: "Weatherpunk" sounds better than Better Report, doesn't it? This would take the position of a neither-nor, an in-between. Between vision and everyday life. Utopia and dystopia. Fiction and truth. Gloom and doom. Transformation *by*

design and *by disaster*. Training in the tolerance of ambiguity. For example, by emphasising, as Barthes would say: Emphasise nuances. Nuances blur unambiguities, expose complexity. Weatherpunk could take the many small details in the punks' frocks as a model: The patches, the chains, the rivets ... and try to translate this style into linguistic expression.

Weatherpunk would never be completely there, always in the making, immediately over again. No infinite growth towards the sky, but an expansion of the horizon. Weatherpunk could be anyone. How would Weatherpunks orientate themselves, do they find themselves? Simply by sticking to the four points of the compass. VUCA. That can also be read differently. It could also read: vision "vision", "understanding", "clarity", "agility". I remind you of the four phases of mourning from the beginning of my report. Time to get specific. Let's start in the

SOUTH: Weatherpunk would refuse to be dominated by horror news and would be a messenger, if not of good news, then at least of better news. The number of deaths in Germany, for example, has fallen this year for the first time since 2016 - spread the word! Weatherpunk would help trigger the positive tipping points, spell out what can be done now and highlight those who are already working successfully on solutions. People can do things differently. There are plenty of ideas - they are just unevenly distributed! Weatherpunk would feature and disseminate them, engage in care sharing. Weatherpunk would be a story about how we can achieve all-weather maturity instead of further radicalising our security concepts.

EAST: Punk comes from the labour movement. Weatherpunk would tie in with this. And protest. Against what? There's also steampunk ... Steam as an emblem of the colonial-fossil narrative, as the artificial weather cloud of the steam engine that started industrialisation, this smoke signal of (coal) combustion, that's a good idea. Against Steam Power! Steam turns everything into fuel, including people themselves. Weatherpunk would name the connections between the shift to the right, the climate crisis and rising inequality. It would expose the security discourse for what it is: an authoritarian diversionary manoeuvre and strategic escalation of fear in the name of steam power. He would speak plainly: The biggest perpetrators of the climate crisis, our biggest unsettlers, are just 78 companies and states - and at the same time those who have the most money to fight it. And the biggest strongmen of the fascists are those who have been fuelling the inequality and injustice of our society for years, participating in the shifting of discourse to the right and the erosion of human rights. They need to be dealt with; they need to make a lot of counter-noise.

NORTH: Weatherpunk would be more than just sharing anger. A society that primarily beats itself up over its anger will hardly find the strength to take the steps that lead out of the valley of tears again; instead, it will entrust itself bit by bit to fascism. Weatherpunk, on the other hand, would practise weather change resilience. By sharing our weather sensitivity and existential fear before anger. And thus giving us a small immunising vaccination against the affect-speak of the right. Who

is afraid of the socio-ecological transformation? Weatherpunk would start with himself and ask next door. Surveys have shown that talking openly together about one's own fears about the environment and the future is a powerful antidepressant. Shared fear strengthens trust, cuts a path through complexity and helps us through it. It also connects us with our needs and values. Anger, in turn, provides energy. But we're better off putting it into moving on, the comforting escape to the future. Weatherpunk would not be the big shitstorm, but rather a whirlwind of many small rapports and reports. From people who have been exposed to the weather but can still be counted on.

WEST: Weatherpunk would then, of course, tell us above all about this continuation. How we still manage. Which everyday hacks and ancestral wisdoms help us. Hey man, I'm also really scared of what's to come. But I know a recipe for how to cope with a few resolute moves...! Weatherpunk would share everyday practices and instructions. From small, fearless resistance to steam. Of the (consumer) strike. Of author-correction and car bypassing. The next solidarity action utilising existing legal loopholes, the next sabotage of shock strategies that can be easily and quickly imitated. The weatherpunk would realise that he has to divide his energy. *Pick your fights! And make friends!* He would forge weather change alliances. When in doubt, he would always side with universal human rights. And also demand these for more-than-human beings. He would stand up for a truly "planetary ethic of responsibility." Now.

(Dis)connection/concert

I imagine Weatherpunk as a big conversation and mass narrative of countless self-proclaimed influencers of responsibility and trust. In the media, in editorial offices, in bookshops, at desks, in chat rooms, in theatres, at regulars' tables, in public squares, on the street, in their own four walls. As a voluntary commitment by a wide variety of multipliers in civil society - but above all by a host of *Freien Geistern (free spirits)* who want to step out of the social bubbles. As Weathermancers, neo-weather shamans and at the same time their own invoked poltergeists, who constantly insist on the existence of the excluded third party, reconnect with earth and sky (and with each other) and invent new words for the weather in order to lure the global weather controllers into the necessary turnaround.

Inviting everyone who wants to take part in the dialogue. Radical-democratic cooperation to raise their voices together against the general disgruntlement. To tell each other what they actually want from each other. So that the self-fulfilling prophecy of the many can become reality. Now that would be a concert. We're talking about punk - that requires a band! A connection, a "web of trust". Let's call this band *The Weather Connection*.

Which brings my report to an end. Fancy some Weatherpunk now? Shall we hold a conference

about it? The unsec as a rotation of the Munich Security Conference over three months and two cities offers itself as a trial balloon. An initial impetus, a possible catalyst for a Weatherpunk avalanche. For now, it's all mainly fiction. A story told by a few. Just as the word "unsecurity" does not actually exist in English. But when it is used, it is: realised.

So, can we talk? Do you trust me, do you trust us, do you trust the Uncertainty Conference? Can we take each other at our word? Do you have any advice for other insecure people? Join the concert, become part of the UNSECURITY COUNCIL? Exactly: Unsecurity Council instead of UN Security Council!

One last quote: "Ultimately, if you get to the bottom of it, the weather only triggers this (tiny) discourse in us: that it's worth living."

*** Translated with www.DeepL.com/Translator (free version) ***