

# THANKS TO THE FUTURE

*By Theater Director Christian Lollike*

First of all, thank you for allowing me to speak on something so specific and yet so sciencefiction-like as the architecture of the future.

I would like to begin, then, by thanking the future.

Thank you for carbon emissions, overpopulation and the melting of ice.

Thank you for allowing our democracy to slowly collapse.

Thank you for the world new wicked leaders.

Thank you for the sloppy fast media and fake news.

Thank you for the feeling of living in a fiction that produces pictures so rapidly and makes us incably of knowing *when what is important*.

Thank you for the ever accelerating pace.

Thank you for the historical knowledge that erodes.

Thank you for the so-called performance society.

Thank you for teaching us to raise our children with a new understanding of empathy – *be a winner – be a killer – be something big*.

Thank you for suffocating us in a state of permanent crisis.

Thank you future for being a catalyst for the necessary rediscovery of political imagination.

*Shift.*

About twenty years ago, I was a student at the university. I went there for two years. At the university, I was told that everything had been tried out, that the avant-garde was dead, that we have reached the End of History, that liberal democracy, that capitalism, had prevailed. That this victory would only continue and go on and on; on a triumphal march from country to country.

I remember finding the times and this notion of having reached the end – boring and sad.

Now, my past has been caught up by the future, but at the same time, this future has sketched a new ending on the horizon. I am sensing a countdown. I think we all are.

3-2-1.

Somewhere, Bjarke Ingels introduced the notion of *sustainable hedonism*.

I guess, he wants us to create sustainability while at the same time acknowledging that the well FAT individuals of Europe cannot do with less than what they already have.

In other words, our hedonistic lifestyle is a habit we cannot get rid of at this point, but we might make it sustainable.

Ingels' idea reveals a sort of pragmatic optimism. A hope. Hope is always good. The question is if his idea is radical enough. If *hedonism* and *freedom* are not the very concepts that we need to confront. If this confrontation isn't the key to ensuring the future.

The Danish author and Carsten Jensen proposes that we rename the *Welfare State* (that we have in Denmark) to the *Climate State* in order to recognize that climate change should set the agenda when defining the organization of future governments.

To me, this renaming reveals a longing for a kind of government that can organize people across cultural, social, national, and ethnic differences. A global community that rallies behind a common goal: recognizing what can no longer be repressed.

What does a *climate state* mean?

I don't know.

But maybe The United States of Climate are governments that are looking into what other political ideas and systems can offer instead of *growth, growth, faster, faster*.

Maybe - cities of the future will be lit by genetically engineered algae.

Maybe - the trash of the future will be consumed by biomechanical microorganisms.

Maybe - the humans of the future have gills and maybe even wings. Wings that will take them closer to the sun than Ikaros without falling down.

I believe that in the future, humans breed with animals, sing like whales, cry like falcons.

I believe in an entirely new language.

And I think we have to start by revolutionize our concept of Time.

We believe that speed is important. Time is important. Time is money and all that. What if it wasn't?

Our perception of time, of pace, needs to transform. Money and time will no longer be the measurements for every aspect of human life. New possibilities will emerge, new potentials. Other levels of consciousness - of existence. The need and desire for speed will vanish. We will become a new community.

How do we change time?

*Cut.*

When I was a smoker and wanted to stop, I realized that I could stop when I was away from but as soon as I got home I felt like smoking. And I did not smoke inside. Only outside. It was – some how – the rooms, my home, that kept me smoking. My identity, my memory and the concept of me was connected closely to my home.

I had to move.

*Cut.*

I believe that rooms, buildings, time and identity are related.

I believe that art and architecture can reconfigure our collective consciousness.

I believe that architecture is politics.

I believe that it is time to shape a new future.