



DESTINY / curatorial text

If there is anyone who knows how to go into the present, it is the creators. They have the gift of sensing what is approaching, even without understanding it; capture, for example, the hazard before the thunder turns into a storm. They do not have supernatural powers nor hidden knowledge, but rather probably a particular sensitivity, corresponding to the conjugation of an attentive way of looking that goes beyond what is visible, with a mind that deconstructs what it perceives. *Outsider* within society, or at least guardian of the margin faced with the norms, dynamics of the herd, beliefs and rituals. The artifice mistrusts the glorious future, here as well as there; is in the seats when society carries out its show of eventuality. Rising to the political scene turns out to be fruitless when it is not possible to finalize even the first act due to distances of script. But continuing to be part of this cast from the lower deck, maintaining this dual role of spectator and participant at the same time, enables capturing processes, tensions, dance steps that sometimes lead to a precipice not distinguished by those on the stage, due to a matter of perspective and angle. Also, because the noise from the speakers impedes seeing; attention soon slips.

Last year we wondered about origin, now we inquire about destiny, extending the existential arc between *where do we come from?* and *where are we going?* between *arrival* and *departure* in the great airport of the infinite. We are seated at the point of encounter, a little lost, it must be acknowledged. In times of the Western crisis of religions, of the generalized discredit of governors, of the rebirth of the weeds of extremism and the disillusion with instant recipes, it seems that the compass is not updating. The system crashed.

Fatalism, the philosophic doctrine, is present at different scales in all religions. It considers events as inevitable, denying the freedom of the subjects and imposing the irremediable. Everything is said, we are puppets in a play written by a divine power. There is a terrible attraction in this way of thinking, since it frees us from any responsibility for our acts. Do we design the path of the rivers or are we the trunk that drifts and cannot choose either the course or the mouth?

The future is the present, just in a little while longer. And the present doesn't exist, since by thinking about it, it becomes the past. We can leave out the ephemeral present, but never the origin, in order to sniff out what is to come.

We are left with two strong cranes capable of lifting our understandably deteriorated self-esteem as *Homo sapiens*: science and art. An evolved society will replace priests and politicians with scientists and artists. We must prepare ourselves for that, exercising our abilities; selecting what we will leave and what we will take with us, foreseeing the swells that await us on our way to ports and interconnections, and planning the transfers and final destinations, the intimate and the universal.

SACO8 proposes to understand the artist's role as a subject capable of going into the present, pulling back the curtain and revealing something of what is glimpsed there, so that we might have the chance to restart the compasses.