



With *Origin and Myth* in 2018 we were questioning the monopoly of official histories, inquiring into the right of subjectivity when looking at the past; in 2019 we turned our heads 180 degrees in search of *Destiny*, to see if, even though our compasses no longer worked, it would be possible to foresee something about the future through science, intuition, or common sense. In this, the latest edition of SACO in festival format, we come to a stop at the third element of the timeline, the most illusory and immeasurable, but at the same time, the only one that is real and concrete. The times demand that we open our eyes to look at the here and now.

As we think about the present it has already become the past. It lies at that point in the coordinates of time where everything happens, and away from this place absolutely nothing occurs. It is a point with no dimensions: neither height nor width, neither depth nor duration. Everything in front appears as a blur, while everything behind is like a series of images in various states of decomposition. We don't exist in the past, nor in the future. In the lapse between the two, we build worlds that will

disappear along with us. Each beginning carries with it an end. Suspended between the temples of collective memory, built out of accumulated experience on the one hand, and expectations of what's to come on the other, it would seem that we are losing the only thing that is certain.

You can only believe in what you experience. That which is not present is the same as that which does not exist. It is in this moment that things are happening, words are being spoken, airplanes are coming in for a landing, children are being born. Only between one blink of an eye and the next are we able to touch, hear, see, taste, smell. We are sure that we are alive in this moment. That we are. That we exist.

Living immersed in the now draws us closer to the world of the animals –they don't create stories or worry about what tomorrow will be like. The present is like the spark in a fuse, travelling along the wick from beginning to end, marking the time we have left. As we watch it advance, we know that we are alive. Our own body in the past isn't the same as it is now, but rather it belongs to someone much younger. As far as the future is concerned, we remember that the spark is advancing, and yet we still have this moment that we can take hold of right now. Nothing else.

As your gaze slides along black, abstract shapes, which, combined together, comprise concepts that in turn develop into ideas, on the screen of your mind a sort of channel surfing through memories, associations and ideas has begun. You are reading. This is reality. Everything else doesn't exist. Today you can give something to someone, experience a breakthrough, eat an icecream. The present is eternal. It has no beginning or end. Now is when.