



Francesco Cagnin & Sam Porritt
Plan for the Worst, Hope for the Best

Opening: 16.02.24 from 17:00
16.02.24 - 27.04.24

Text by Sam Porritt

Draw a line across the page then another and another, now vertically, again and again. A grid, perfect! A distributed space, a divided territory. Visually rhymes with spreadsheets and cages to be filled with numbers and captives. We are the best architects of our own confinement. Pincered by time and space, signed up to payment plans and rental agreements. Insurance: How to manage the uncertainty of life, snares us by stoking our fears. This or that might happen, terrifying alternate worlds hedged against by the steady drip of premium payments. Fear of loss, a devastatingly powerful motivator. Both insurance and the grid are the imposition of order on chaos.

But what will happen when the world is tamed? Fun fact; it cannot be, never will be. Look no further than the effects of climate change making life uninsurable. The certainties and efficiencies brought by the grid (industry by another name) exacting the real cost of rising temperatures - running a machine faster, runs it hotter. The grid shakes and shudders until eventually it's cast off and overgrown, replaced by something supple, adaptable like a virus. This new invention destined to seep into everything and slip away from us.

Our genius is to solve problems that cause more problems that need more solutions et cetera et cetera until eventually we question the impetus to do anything. But do things we must, it is our compulsion - the devil makes work for idle hands - point a finger, rattle a cage, start a war.

Some would have us believe that all living things either grow or die, up or out as ambitious companies have it. Progress yoked to growth - this orthodoxy cannot persist, another problem to be solved.

Arrows are pure intent; look here, go there. What does a relaxed arrow look like? Or one shorn of purpose? I counted twenty three yesterday and I wasn't really looking.

We are tubes moving through life, the stuff of life moving through us.