

FAKE. It's not true, it's not lies

20 October 2016 – 29 January 2017



Carlos Pazos. *The Floor of the Fame*, París, 1978

FAKE. It's not true, it's not lies

Curator: Jorge Luis Marzo

Gallery 7. IVAM, Centre Julio González

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The exhibition ***Fake. It's not true, it's not lies*** in gallery 7 at the IVAM reviews some of the camouflages, infiltrations and sabotages undertaken by artists from around the world, since Orson Welles faked a Martian invasion to prove the manipulative power of the media in a society increasingly constrained by certain forms of veracity.



Pep Dardanyà, Consulat 5.1, Zwalm, Bèlgica, 2003

The exhibition comprises 44 works by 50 artists and collectives in four sections: ***HETERONYMS. The fiction of art, INFILTRATIONS. Trojan horses, DOCUFICTIONS. Questioning the veracity of the media, and DISCREDITS. Short-circuiting cultural authority.***

Artists who invent other artists and ridicule the discourses of cultural excellence; documentaries pretending to show objective reality while mocking the press; performers who take on roles to blow away the certainty of what we see or hear; digital artists infiltrated in war games to short circuit users' expectations; fake exhibitions presented in iconic museums of academic truth that end up exposing the fragility of their power; and let's not forget, that fake,

of course, is also a format inherent in the very discourse of power, which is why *Fake. It's not true, it's not lies* will be displaying some of the most terrible and notorious institutionally promoted fakes. Because, in short, the war of images aims to establish how we must believe.

HETERONYMS. The fiction of art

Heteronyms are literary or artistic personalities, with their own biography and body of work, secretly invented by an author (orthonym) with the intention that they are perceived as actually existing.

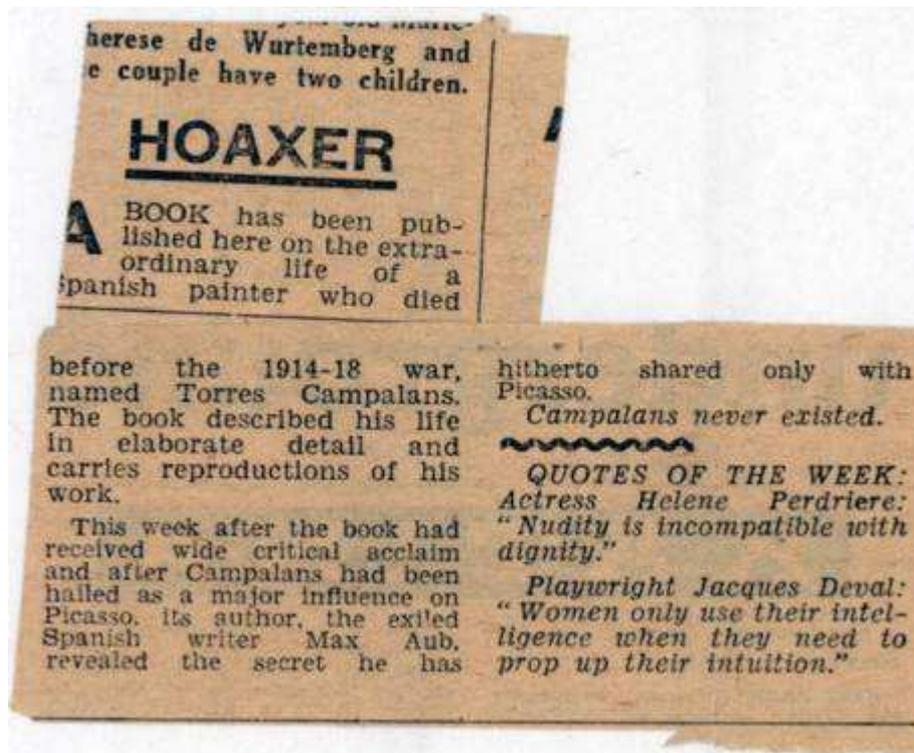
Heteronyms have traditionally been excellent vehicles for exploring how to describe the real within the boundaries of fiction. From the artistic impostures and scams that feed on the art and media market's bulimic need for novelty, through to the urgency felt by many artists to extricate themselves from the mortgage of authenticity and originality imposed by their own biography and by the market.



Agustín Parejo School, Lenin Cumbe, Sevilla, 1992

Heteronymity, the plausible creation of false artists, contributes, in the hands of many creatives, to breaking the value chain defined by authorship, style and above all by cultural mediators, namely critics, media and museums. Art needs translators who, taking refuge in expert academic authority, set down what is

worthy of being exhibited and canonised. Many heteronyms, on the other hand, pursue exposure of the very artificiality of that authority, when they ridicule the principles of legitimacy on which it claims to be based.



Max Aub, Jusep Torres Campalans, México, 1958.

INFILTRATIONS. Trojan horses

Infiltrating oneself to blow things up from the inside. Theatricalising your actions so they can't be distinguished from that of others. Being parasitical. Mimicking the codes of enemy territory. Camouflaging yourself in the mass of sounds so the ticking can't be heard. Smiling among the clowns to wipe out all the laughter in one fell swoop. If a man is pursued by those wanting to murder him, he dodges down a side street, turns around in a flash and calmly walks towards his pursuers, or he blends in with them and appears to be part of the pursuit, where he's sure to become invisible and able to act. Camouflage: blind, watch, flash.



Lucas Ospina, Comando Arte Libre S-11, Bogotá, 2008

Nobody dresses up to hide themselves away, they dress up to be seen, to appear beneath a covering that's spectacular and attractive, disconcerting and deceptive. You have to fabricate what's real, not respond to it. In a liquid world, what could be better than to slip yourself in as something vaporous and fluid to become an annoying yet solid thorn that pricks here and there, always elusive, always just out of reach?



Miguel Calderón, México vs Brasil, São Paulo, 2004

DOCUFICTIONS. Questioning the veracity of the media

Were YOU one of the people who believed Jordi Évole's TV programme on the 23F attempted coup? That it had all been a staged film production? Don't lie to yourself. YOU wanted to believe it, to have the definitive version after years of gossip.



Claudia Llosa, El Niño Pepita, Lima, 2010

To swindle means deciding for others, concealing the range of options out there for the taking. To govern means making believe. How? With white coats in the adverts, with scientific demonstrations, with sincerity, with manuscripts unearthed by archaeologists, with historians referring to archives, with poor quality films made without a tripod that prove beyond any doubt that the camera was there to record the event. **First photography and then the documentary genre became the perfect vehicles for capturing the objective, the real.** But did YOU realise what was going on when they showed you the first fixed photo that no longer reflected what was real? YOU didn't realise, don't lie. **The truth is only a format, a competent authority.**



Theresienstadt. The Führer gives a town to the Jews, German government,

Docufictions, **fake documentaries, seek to unmask the formats of authority**, using documentary techniques, codes and conventions to appear genuine, challenging their official position as an instrument for reflecting reality and suggesting that the image cannot possibly guarantee the truth of what it shows. And, naturally, to laugh at people who believe in myths and who have forgotten the original tall story they came from. In short, to exhume the truth, unearth it and see how bad it smells.

DISCREDITS. Short-circuiting cultural authority

Do YOU come to the museum to be told something true, proven? As this is an art museum maybe you would be willing to accept a little fiction, just a little though, because you expect competent curators and museum experts to help you interpret correctly what you see. Would you get angry if you discovered that, far from it, the IVAM had deceived you? That you really hadn't got a clue? But if we accept that there is no higher truth that resolves the game of deceit, then the possibility of being deceived vanishes.



Joan Fontcuberta y Pere Formiguera, Fauna, 1985-1987

Who would deceive who in a publication, in a museum, in a universal expo, in a TV programme? Isn't being a fake also mean believing everything we're telling you, making fun of the museum, or of anyone else, making them think you believe what they're telling you? Have YOU ever thought about the political possibilities this involves? When do YOU decide they're telling you the truth? Now, when you're inside an institution? When you're relaxed and in good company? When it doesn't affect you? Because, have you realised that, in your circle of friends, there's that one you call an idiot who always tells the truth, that YOU are fatter than you were last year, thinner, greyer or balder? Truth is only concerned with what's ugly. What's good and pleasurable is the business of lies.