

«**H**umankind is still lingering in Plato's cave, and according to a century old habit, gaping at the shadows of the truth.» Susan Sontag.

Humankind has always sought for a truth, THE truth, the THRUTH. A God, the holy grail, the Word. The One. It has always been longing for sense and meaning, for a firm grip on life. It still longs for a core that promises us an escape from the emptiness and possible meaninglessness of our existence. A truth that takes away our fears. The fear that we are false and the world is true. The fear of doubt. The fear of the void. The void between the construct of the world in our heads and the physical world out there, that we see and feel but that we can never be part of, nor really understand.

The world that we try to grab and master with our many daily ceremonies and holy rituals, but in vain. We fight on two frontlines at the same time. We search for the truth and fight what is false.

The false, THE false, the FALSE has to be killed, burned, hanged, exterminated, deleted.

Images (photographs, films) have helped us. Images reflect a bit of the world we see and they reflect a bit of the world in our heads at the same time. We look at them for confirmation and comfort. We sometimes pretend that they know more than we do. Although they might be false, they are perhaps closer to the truth.

But images are, even if they have a physical life, products of our minds. They bridge the gap between us and the world only as far as we believe in them (which doesn't mean that they are false). Most of the time, they are like strange mirrors that we look into. We think that they reproduce the outside world, but in fact they reproduce our believes. They give shape to our illusions.

There is only one terrain where we can step outside the illusions that our brains have created.

This is the terrain of art. Art is the only and constant reflection on what happens in this void between us and the world. It is the only way of understanding (even it is only a fraction) of the constructs that we make in our heads. Art questions the way we create borders between true and false.

For a second, with a confusing effect, like the trick of an illusionist.

That is why so many politicians nowadays want to get rid of art, or speak about it in a bad way. Because art takes from them the possibility to point out true and false as fixed domains (There seems to be some kind of need for that, in this fast changing world).

But truth is an illusion, and only illusions are true.

True or false?