

Artists are liars, like everybody is.

My lecture this evening speaks from the point of view of the tradition of the Western Christian world, because that is where I come from. Like a plant, I can only depart from my own roots, which is a rhizome. Or saying it in my way of thinking: That is where I entered the world, but is there an escape?

I will give everybody a copy of this lecture so that everybody can understand the text more easily at home. I know that language is a problem between us. And English is not the language of the thinkers, poets and artist, but the lingua franca of merchants and war. And speaking about the topics of arts and lying is not simple. A simple thought does not exist. The world itself is infinitely deep and our thoughts are a weak representation of it.

There are 4 big institutions that pretend to create knowledge and striving for truth. These are Religion, Science, Philosophy and Art. All four pretend to be a mean to understand and know the world. In this Discourse we will say that the only thing they can do is lying.

If truth was a woman, it might explain why so many scientists and philosophers love it. Truth is what they search for, are they searching for their mother? The only truth: their truth. And if truth was a candy, it might explain why every child is punished by religion and his parents when it lies and praised when it is honest. Lying is something bad and should be avoided and speaking the truth the highest form of moral being. We search for truth, we call a truthful person a high moral person and a hero. If somebody is a proven liar, he loses our approval and attention. Lying is one of the seven sins in Christian doctrine that will put you in Hell after life. In the Christian tradition a lying tongue and a deceitful witness that speaks lies are hateful in the eyes of god and an abomination. On the other side, speaking the truth is not called one of the virtues in Christian tradition. This neglectance is an interesting phenomena and food for thought.

As a child, I was raised in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. The images in my head, the values, the forms, the smell, the taste of the food, the stories that impress upon a child and stay with you all your life, all these are in my case given in the western Dutch Christian tradition. I was raised in a very orthodox Christian family. They strongly believed the world would end in 1975 and that only total seclusion from the nonbelievers would save us from this god given disaster. We were the good ones and all the rest, all these billions of other people were the bad ones, ready to be destroyed. And then god would start a new world, a paradise with only us. We as a group would be a new Adam and Eve. All we had to do was to tell the world about our truth and live a disciplined and faithful life. And so my parents did. They worked night and day to win new disciples and lived according to strict rules and strict definitions about good and bad. Homosexuals (almost all sexual activity) were an abomination for god. Artists of any form were inspired by demons to influence the people, so they were bad

people. Muslims and other unchristian religions were forever lost and would all be destroyed. Science was a servant of the devil. The truth was only spoken by God and by the leaders of the church of my parents. We just had to obey. When I was 8 years old, I already questioned these truths, thinking they were arrogant and crazy. But questions were forbidden, did the devil not manifest himself with raising questions? Did he not start all the trouble in the world with raising the question: Is it really true what God is saying to you, that you will die? So they punished me for raising questions and finally refused to talk to me, being a son of the devil. Already for more than 30 years now my parents and my family refuses to talk to me. So I learned as a child that truth and the violence of oppression are very close connected and that asking questions was something from the devil. But I could not help myself asking questions. I was a walking question mark. For this in the opinion of my parents I was a son of the devil.

In this sense we, you as an audience and me as a speaker, are very different. Your entrance point is totally different from mine. In the believe systems I hear people talk about here, I hear Muslim values, Sufi ideas and Hindu sounds, I see Buddhist images and Western thought. I smell the different smells of the food. It is a fusion world and an old world. With a strong oral tradition and rooted in the country itself: a river delta that is giving an abundance of life and a magnitude of death at the same time. There is an abundance of poverty, daily images of despair, overwhelming screaming sounds everywhere and images, smells and forms that differ completely from my own experience as a child. The Bengali people are almost acting like their rivers itself, flooding the country and the city. And then, I don't even have a clue about your personal and private history that shaped your ideas about the world. The relation with your father, the influence of your mother on you, the teachers you had, the people from the mosque, if any.

You and me are different. Difference, in my perspective, is not the departure point for a fight about the truth; that my truth is better then yours, or your truth better then mine. No, it is a possible entrance and reason to start a dialogue. Just to exchange experience. In that sense we can only inspire each other and not try to convince each other starting a new fight. People that try to convince are never inspiring. The silent voices will always be the ones that inspire. So please let's start a dialog and not a debate, in which case I would withdraw. I refuse to fight.

About your tradition, your belief system, I can only read in books or hear stories from you. They will never impress me like the things I encountered as a young child. A child that has not yet developed an evaluating system to reflect on what the child's ears hear.

So let me continue my personal history. In order to survive the oppressing violence that my parents and their fellow believers imposed on me, I had to hide my inner self and had to show a false self. My inner self was my true self, and my outer self was a mask. My true inner self kept on asking questions and already as a young boy of 7 years old I started to read every single book I could find. Of course the forbidden books were more challenging than the normal books. And in the eyes of my parent, the list of forbidden books was very long. I suppose I was more in the library and in my own room than I was on the streets playing

with other kids. I suppose no library was save for me and if not all, I read most of the books in the libraries I could find in Amsterdam. My parents thought that I was playing with the kids in the street.

As a paradox consequence I learned that lying was a better strategy than speaking the truth. It is clear that not showing your inner self is lying. Later I learned from Ronald Laing, an English psychiatrist, that 99% of modern society lives like this. He showed that this discrepancy between the inner self and the outer self drives people crazy. He showed that the tension between the inner self and the outer self is unhealthy and should be resolved. So I did.

After reading mostly novels I started to read philosophy and books on the world religions when I was 16. And I started to travel. My first journey was to America when I was 17 years old. Only with a guitar, some clothes, books and my long blond hair I left for New York and made a trip from New York to Guatemala and along the other coast back to America and New York, a long journey.

In this period I read about Sufi and Buddhism and Hinduism and I talked with many people about it, traveling countries like Turkey, Thailand, China and India, where these systems are held for truth, the only truth, and nothing but the truth. But they did not impress me. It enriched me, it challenged me, some thoughts inspired me or made me reflect, but it never impressed me like these thoughts and images I learned as a child, nor did they even confuse me. What stressed me was that there was no self-reflection, questioning was forbidden or very difficult and all these religions exclude each other, being in many cases a good excuse for war, exclusion and violence.

And even within the big systems there was fight about the truth. The Christians have one Bible, but they also have thousand of denominations and each denomination wants to send the others to hell as soon as possible. Religious truth was clearly a departure for fight and destruction.

I came to the conclusion as a young person already that the world was full of balloons, impermeable and existing alongside, without any interaction possible. Everyone was living inside his own balloon and has no interest in any other person.

I read everything possible from the western philosophers. The Philosophy from the Greek tradition, that is. But also here in Philosophy there is only fight and contradictions. None of the "great" philosophers agree with the other. It is a world of balloons. They fight each other until death follows. The "great" Plato will say that everything you see is a copy of a pre-given ideal artefact. The "great" Aristotle declares on the contrary that the base of everything is our own experience. According to the "great" Emanuel Kant all concepts are there in our brain since birth while the "great" Hume says that everything is learned from experience. Descartes states that there is a difference between matter and spirit, thus creating the concept of transcendence while Spinoza will proof that there is no difference what so ever, thus creating a philosophy of pure immanence.

And like religion philosophers were abused by the political powers of the world. During world war I all the soldiers got a copy of Nietzsche's Also Sprach Zarathustra, the book in which he reveals his idea on the Übermensch, the superman, a concept that sounds like the concept in the Sufi mystics. We will discuss this later on, because there is an important difference.

And in World War II, Nietzsche again was abused, they modified his books making him an anti-Semite and thus an extra excuse for Hitler to kill millions of Jews and misusing his concept of the Übermensch, of superman, to state that the Germans were a super race, brought into the world to dominate and enslave the rest of the world.

So now that I am older and after traveling the world in many directions I can see the relativity of many truths that I was brought up with. Most of what I learned as a young child I now hold as untrue and not very healthy thoughts for us as human beings. The same I can say of many truths I see proclaimed in different cultures, philosophies and religions. I dare to say that they all lie about the world and life itself and that they are stakeholders of their own lies. They would disappear, when they would admit they are liars. Their very existence is at stake.

Always speaking the truth was a virtue I believed in as a child, but now I lost that believe. In one of my books on therapy I wrote: If you still believe something like truth exists, it is better you stop your study of becoming therapist, because you will be a dealer in illusions.

So with the wrath of god himself in his mind, every young person in the Christian world grows up with the ideal of always speaking the truth. And bit-by-bit I learned that the opposite was true. With so many people holding their own truth, there was war in the world, and murder and torture and exclusion and violence. Truth in fact seemed to be the source of all the problems in the world. Truth is making people lonely and isolated and aggressive and giving them the excuse they need to do one thing they really like: fight and kill. In the last 100 years more than 10.000.000 people were killed in wars in the so-called civilised western society. The history of this civilised western world is that of religious wars and the only thing that is talked about in history books.

Religions don't walk the talk, they all claim to bring peace and happiness, but they all bring forth fight and disaster.

For me, truth in the sense of big systematic ideas was a devastating concept. Also making truth as a departing point in human relations, is killing any relation. As I know as a therapist. Man and Woman love to fight.

In Philosophy, the 20th century was the graveyard of all positivistic thinking, it was finely proven that truth was an unreachable phenomena and out of the scope of any human creation, being it text, language or art. A representation, might in itself be a part of the world, it will never represent the world, or even say something about the world. All philosophers, writers and artist are liars.

To understand this we go back to the beginning of the 20th century. The belief was that there were exact sciences and that all truth about the world could be accessed by research. We only needed a clear language. The unclear natural language was not sufficient and that clear language of languages would be mathematics. Reason and Logic would be the answer to the irrational behaviour of human beings. The age of Reason was entered and Science as a new religion would bring a better world of peace and the end of hunger and despair.

Specifically logic was that mathematical language, the language of the reasonable man. Logic is what Aristotle had introduced as method to discover the new and inevitable. In his well-known example that is called a syllogism he show the production of new knowlegde:

All man die,
Socrates is a man,
so Socrates will die.

Logic in this example brings forth from two given facts a new fact. Logic is combining what you already know into something you did not know before. So it is an exact and controllable method to know the world. That's what they thought. They forgot one tiny little fact.

And that was what the English Philosopher Bertrand Russell in the late 19th century understood very well. He compared this pure language called mathematics with a giant on clay feet. It could collapse any moment. What was the problem? The complete mathematics is based on axioms. Axioms are assumptions you cannot proof. If you can accept these axioms it makes the complete world of mathematics a stronghold, but if one of these axioms could be challenged, the whole stronghold would collapse. For instance: the Euclidian geometry invented in 300 before Christ, is based on 5 axioms. And because the consequences of these 5 axioms was a system that was already so challenging that in all the ages to come, people busied themselves with the construction of a giant system out of these consequences and completely forgot to challenge the axioms. Human beings are like dogs that run for the piece of wood, you did not throw.

The second thing Russell realized was that mathematics deals with terms and ideas that were beyond experience and thus unexplainable. What to think of the term "infinite small"? Does something infinite small exist in the world? Or what to think of any equation? Is there anything in the world totally equal to something else? For him mathematics was not logical thinking but chaos and based on unproved assumptions and circular reasoning. Mathematics was more like a religion than something exact and not at all a way to learn to know the world. It was a world in itself, a new balloon, I would say.

So these questions puzzled the young Bertrand Russell and in order to save the project of reason, the project of logic against irrationality, he decided to resolve this puzzle. If this puzzle was solved, the dawn of peace and righteousness would glore.

Calling himself a logician, he started to find a way to create a mathematical language that was rooted in the world self, not based on some heavenly weak axioms. His ideas were very unpopular in the scientific world of his days. Science was truly a religion with the same rules and laws as any religion: you were not allowed to ask questions! Even today most science is the stronghold of the modernists that defend mathematical language and empirical science as exact science. And that their truth is stronger than the more challenging idea that we are living in an illusion based on irrationality and have to deal with heavenly weak axioms.

In his quest he met Alfred Whitehead who had the same concern. Also Whitehead believed that the giant needed iron feet in order not to collapse some day. He gave Bertrand an interesting advice: go and travel, get to know people who can help you in your quest.

One of the persons he met was the German philosopher and mathematic Gottlob Frege. Frege tried to create a model of the world, a project much more complex than the original project of logic by Bertrand Russell. He did not want to create a language to understand the world that was too meagre. So the project of Frege was to create a language in which he could write finally a model of the world. Of course that language was a mathematical language. By meeting Frege, Russell his ambitions changed from writing a language to understand the world to a language to build the very model of the world.

Another person he met was George Cantor. A man that was known for his contributions to the theory of sets and the theory of the infinite. His theory was very promising for the project of Bertrand, because it gave an answer to one of his questions: The theory of sets seemed to be rooted in the world itself and it brought abstract terms like infinite into the experience of the human world.

Russell's project would base his work on a mathematical language without axioms on this theory of Frege. Based on the work of Cantor, he would create a mathematical language that could become a model of the world. And he started to write his book *Principi Mathematica*. A pure language, without axioms, based in reality itself, and than one day something horrible happened.... He found a paradox in Cantors theory of sets.

This paradox goes as follows. The set of incomplete sets could never contain itself, because it would be complete, nor could it be left out, because than it was not covering all the possibilities. So the set theory of Cantor, he wanted to use to give an iron fundament to the language of reason, contained flaws! It was imperfect!

To bring this paradox back to where this lecture began: Lying and Art: If I say to you: now I lie to you, I would speak the truth and when I speak the truth by saying so I lie. Language and paradox belong to each other like paint and a painting.

With finding this paradox Bertrand Russell on one hand was killing his own theory and on the other hand, this finding brought him international popularity. A nice paradox.

Try to imagine what happened in those days of hope of a better world. It was still before world war one, 1903. Optimism was in the air and in the world of the philosophers and of the scientists; there was a deep belief that they could give the giant iron feet! And the theory of sets to use a pure language was until that moment the most promising! But then, Bertrand Russell found a flaw in this theory. A total devastation was the result. Many important books were cancelled before publishing, because they were not accurate anymore. Even the great Gottlob Frege, who finally wrote his book on a language to make the model of the world, wanted to stop the book from publishing. But he was forced to do so by his publisher. The compromise was that he wrote a foreword. Gottlob Frege wrote in that foreword, that the paradox Russell found, had taken away the foundation of his life's work. The end of all hope.

Russell and Whitehead decided in 1903 to give hope back to the world and discover a new way to work around the paradox that Russell had found. It took them from 1903 until 1913 in an almost daily pursuit to finish their work: *The Principia Mathematica*. In order to work together, Russell and his wife started to live together with the Whitehead family and finally Russells wife left him. The price the obsessive artist Russell had to pay for his pursuit.

There was a big difference between Whitehead and Russell. Whitehead wanted to find answers, while Russell kept on asking. The painting of the Danaïdes by the British painter John William Waterhouse was the metaphor Whitehead showed to Russell in order to make that clear. The story of the Greek Danaids goes as follows. The 50 girls, all daughters of the same king were forced to marry the sons of an other king, also 50 and being angry about that, the ladies killed all the men. The Greek Gods punished them by ordering them after their death to fill a bathtub without a bottom to wash their sins off. Because the water was always leaking they would forever have to fill the bathtub. It was a task they had to do forever. The work of Russell was the work of the Danaïdes, according to Whitehead.

Russell only found that however deep they dug, the fundament was loose sand, feet of clay. Forced by Whitehead, they decided to stop this searching for Iron feet and decided to publish the results so far, which was a mathematical language without paradoxes. To avoid the paradoxes like Bertrand Russell found in the set theory of Frege. But still based on axioms, so still a giant on clay feet.

So after ten years of work the only thing they could do in their book was describe a mathematical language without paradoxes. There was one tiny little problem with the book of 1000 pages. It was unreadable. The publishers could not find anyone in the world that was able to review the book meaning that nobody could and thus would read it. And for a publisher the money counts and not the pursuit for truth. Only after the arrangement that they would pay the printing cost, the book would be published. So in 2013 their *principia mathematica* was published,

leaving Whitehead happy because he found some answers and leaving Bertrand Russell at dead end, because there still were more questions than he could answer. The pursuit for the fundamentals of the world was a spiritual disaster for him. Every answer would only give reason for new questions.

Nobody was able to read the book. Or let's say poem, or piece of art, because it looks beautiful, with all these symbols and pages full of formula's. And so nobody did. Except two brilliant men, they read the book from beginning to end and back. Only 20 years later, that is. The first was Russell's young pupil Ludwig Wittgenstein. He was a brilliant young aristocrat from Austria. He came to Berkeley in England to learn logical thinking from Bertrand Russell and they became friends. The book *Principi Mathematica* influenced Wittgenstein in many ways. Because of this book, he became a philosopher of language and destroyed the work of his teacher by simply saying: "The map is not the territory. Language consists of icons, representing the things in the world and language manipulates only that icons." 'Ici n'est pas un pipe', the famous painting by René Magritte shows this very well, the icon on the painting will never be the pipe itself.

For Wittgenstein, any language was just a language, whether you call it exact, or pure or just natural. And thus, while any language, would never be the world itself, it would never find ground in the world. It was only a representation of the world. The pursuit of Bertrand Russell was an illusion. Any language could be used to talk about the world, but no language would ever be the same as the world. So languages always lie. The map will never be the territory.

Another even more brilliant young man, gave the death sentence to any positivistic project. This was Kurt Gödel, a mathematician himself. He did what Russell had done to Gottlob Frege. He made the lifework of Russell obsolete. He did it in the same way, he used the work of Russell himself, to prove he was wrong. I am not going into technical details now, but the work of Gödel was what you would expect from any logician: It was inevitable and new.

Gödel proved that it is impossible to prove something, based on a language. That is to say a language based on axioms. And all languages are. Like Wittgenstein would like to say: if you want to prove something, just whistle. But don't use a language, any language. Because Mathematics was the language of all languages, his proof was true for all languages, being it natural language or any language that manipulates icons, like art is. So any language was not the mean to prove anything, not the mean to speak the truth.

As a consequence, he proved something that struck me, at the age of 18, as something that would stay with me the rest of my life. Language itself produces its own illusionary world, apart from the world we live in.

First it creates images that have a relation with things in the world. The word Horse is definitely an animal in the world. But then the illusion begins. Language also creates things that are not there, but making them real for the people that uses the icon. We can call a person that paints an artist, but that does not mean he is one. We can call a speaker a liar but that does not mean he is one. 99%

percent of the words we use do not have a real relation with a thing in the world, and may I even raise the question that a horse is a horse, just because I say so? May I say that heaven and hell, or even god exist, just because we have a word for it. Or elves and demons? Aren't they realities for millions, making them behave in many strange ways? Words create illusions.

And then as a third consequence Gödel proved that Language would always be imperfect: many things that exist in the world are simply not in language and for that, do not exist for the speaker. We don't see things because we don't have language for it.

Can I give an example of something there is but I don't have a word for? No, for this we need the work of the artist's and the philosophers.

Language with which we have to communicate with each other, as we do now, is chaos itself, as Russell already believed when he started his project and it will never be the world itself and highly unreliable and suspicious. Not the mean to speak the truth.

Like Frege, Bertrand Russell wrote a foreword in his 1929 reprint of his *Principia Mathematica*. He wrote that his lifework was made obsolete by Gödel and Wittgenstein. And he did without regret. His project had taught him a profound lesson of the world.

So Philosophy and science in the 20th century in a joint effort proved that truth does not exist and that the only thing we have to communicate with each other, language, is prone to lying. And are religions not highly based on words that do not have any experimental relation with our own experiences? Is religion not an illusion of words, words, words? Was this the end of the big positivistic project of happiness and joy, brought by exact science?

So now Philosophy and Science and Religion have left the stage as source for truth and are brought up again as the base of lying itself. We only did not bring up art. Is art an entrance to the truth?

Let us not elaborate too much on the question whether the words art and artist cover the activity of painting, performing, dancing, making music, photographing, printing and all producing there is! Just enter Facebook and look to what mediocrity most people produce, calling themselves artist. Words have shown its own hollowness on platforms like Facebook. In most cases I would like to have a dislike button.

And let us not elaborate too much on the question if art is not a religion in the sense that the sellers and scholars dominate the question: What is art? Creating the stupid political and bourgeois idea of exhibitions and giving prizes, the highest proof that somebody is an artist. Let me just say that van Gogh never sold one painting nor won any prize and that even Picasso never won a prize. And nowadays you will read about anybody that can hold a pencil, that he had won a

prestigious prize, or had an exhibition at this or that prestigious biennale. And by that it is proved he is an artist.

Let us look at the production of art itself. We give an example of one in many ways interesting subject. Drag Queens, they use the body itself as an object of art. We did a worldwide research on this subject, finding that in any country where there is some freedom of speech, the phenomena flourish as a wild flower.

The basic production factor of Drag Queens is lying. They do acts as a man dressed up as a girl. But they are no women, and the audience knows it and loves it.

A Drag Queen is a fake woman. A fake woman that in her/his representation in a theatrical environment is creating an illusion, while everybody knows the Drag Queen is cheating. And even in the show they give they are lip-syncing the popular songs while imitating the "real" performers. Everything a Drag Queen calls for is an illusion. And the audience knows it. The Drag Queen is also hiding her little secret, with all kind of means. You know they do it with duck-tape? More than that, they shave their body hair and hide their real hair with wigs. They use make-up to create a total new image of the self. And last but not least as part of a bourgeois movement they try to look better than a real woman.

A Drag Queen is the kind of woman a real man likes to have: powerful and tender. No monthly mood shift. Honestly and openly cheating, a clear presence hiding a humble and shy personality begging for love, affection and attention. A Drag Queen is a man's best friend.

So this sounds almost like any artist. All artists are Drag Queens or as the famous American Drag Queen RuPaul states it: Everybody is a drag queen. And in this self-representation artists offer you the paradox that is offered by Drag Queens: Don't trust me, I am not for real. Saying this, is a paradox in communication because when you accept this message, you trust the speaker, while if you don't trust these words, your only way out is believing the speaker is not lying.

In all aspects a Drag Queen is a philosopher, creating confusion where certainty rules. It is clear that there are distinct biological differences between man and woman. As my son of three already found out: Mama does not have a willy. Gender on the contrary is a social construct. The complete set of behaviour that is obliged because of the biological differences as well as the ideas about being male or female are constructs. By dressing up as a girl and giving a show on stage, Drag Queens confuse and challenge this gender construct. They raise a question. They leave confusion on all kind of levels. You know it is a man, but you can fall in love with the female personae. Well at least I did.

In all aspects a Drag Queen is an artist. Like any good artist, lying, stealing and cheating. Her main goal is not to challenge the image of the gender, her main goal is to use illusion to earn money and gain local power.

We come back to the lying. I would lie if I gave a definition of what a Drag Queen is. Giving a definition is a question of truth and thus a question of power.

We found enough definitions in scientific research. None of them fit my experience. The exceptions are abundant. A definition says: "Drag Queens have nothing to do with trans genders" I definitely know three trans genders that have theatre shows and television acts and are called Drag Queen by everybody, including themselves. Miss gay Brazil, Ariadna Shine, dressed up as a Drag Queen, tells me during the interview with her: I am a girl, I am a girl from the moment I can think, I am not gay. I am definitely not a gay, I am happily married with my husband.

Another definition says "Drag Queens are men dressed as girls giving a show in a bar". In Bolivia are several Drag Queen families; we met in La Paz and in Santa Cruz de la Sierra. In Santa Cruz de la Sierra, a stronghold of anti homo manhood, there are no drag shows and they only have a possibility to show themselves at parades. In China and Japan cross-dressing man and boys are a secular tradition in theatre. They fit any idea of a drag queen, but there are enough people that would defend that they are definitely not Drag Queens.

We could go on examining all the definitions we found, and I would lie all the time. That is because defining something is killing something. This is the paradox of scientific research: In order to know how old a tree is, a scientist has to lumber that same tree and count the year rings. Leaving the tree for dead. In order to study a fish, a scientist has to catch the fish and the thing he studies is not even half the phenomena he saw in real life, especially when he cuts it open to see what is inside. Any research of social phenomena changes the phenomena. The simple reflexive question: "What are you doing, and how long are you doing it?" can start a reflexive process in the person interviewed and might make him decide to change his ways or even stop doing it. A girl of 18 asking this question will start another reflexive process than a 50-year-old male. The same question done by email will have a different response than asking the question from face to face. And last but not lost, social research invents the phenomena they are researching, as Foucault showed in his study "The will to know", showing that most "perversions" were invented by researchers imagining the possibility and than finding it, even having retarded people jailed, accused of perversions the poor guy admitted without understanding where they were talking about.

As soon as I give some kind of a definition of Drag Queens, I will find exceptions. In general, from any given definition I will find men dressed up as girl that fit the definition, I will also find phenomena that are definitely what we are looking for but not fitting the definition, and I will find phenomena that are definitely not were we are looking for but fit the definition.

Moreover giving any definition is part of the discourse of power, politics and discrimination. Most scientific literature I read is written by American scholars or supervised and paid by American universities. Rupaul and other famous American Drag Queens fit in their definitions, the rest of the world is at stake.

This brings us to the end of this lecture, enough is enough, and I hope that it was different from what you expected, I hope it confused you and I hope you will hold me for what I as a human being am: loving lie more than truth. So now that I have said my words, it is up to you to find the lies.

Everything is a metaphor for everything. There is not something that we can call simple in a world that strives for truth but will always fail in doing so. Is this a cynical message of despair? No, it is a message of truth and hope, because, admitting that we love to lie, we can live in peace with each other, not taking ourselves too serious, teasing each other with the strong beliefs we might have and in fact are illusions. Admitting that we love to lie and will always do so, creates a better world.

