

'We do not err because truth is difficult to see. It is visible at a glance. We err because it is comfortable' - Alexander Solzhenitsyn

'Man has always sacrificed truth to his vanity, comfort and advantage. He lives. .. by make-believe' - Somerset Maugham

Thinkers have grappled with philosophical enquiries into the nature of transparency for centuries. Scripted reality shows, Chinese misinformation, Russian interference in other countries' elections, the current president of the US with his alternative facts about everything from the number of people at his inauguration to cures for the Corona virus, modern life is rife with falsehoods. In the era of fake news an online exhibition about the manipulation of our own image, a pastime most of us engage in on social media, is very prescient. *error* is a virtual reality art project dealing with artifice and bending the truth. Doing what Picasso, a fellow Spaniard, would be doing if he had access to Instagram filters, Gabs displays our tendency to lie to ourselves and others. She presents personas wearing masks, and her adeptness with social media tools make the four effervescent works in this series capture the zeitgeist. I'll meditate on the one that fascinates me the most here.

*The prince*


*He daydreams as he sits of walking on soft sand, a desert island, fiery sky as the low and lowering sun drops into the ocean, then faint moonlight, waves crashing into the shoreline, sea shells, mermaids, their hair softly swaying as they sit on the rocks, their scent briny yet laced with lavender, rosemary, eucalyptus. He dreams of all this because he's a banker no more, his deception caught up with him and now our prince is deposed, living in isolation, peace for him a distant illusion.*

Since she graduated in 2015, Gabs has

hopped

hopped

hopped

between different media like a  displaying her relentless experimentation, adventurousness, and playfulness. It is her works on canvas that captivate me most. *Jonathan* started life in 2019 as marks on canvas, but with one of the subject's pockets poking through the frame. It is a dazzling mixture of flatness, fullness, fabric and colours that captivates the viewer even as they try to decipher what the hidden objects symbolise.

But enough from me, go see the works in *error* again and again. I'll echo Nabokov's Humbert Humbert: look at this tangle of thorns.

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