

**The**  
**Invisible**  
**Man**

JOTA CASTRO

## THE INVISIBLE MAN HAS MY FACE

### WORLD 01

One of these days

I'll have to decide where I'm from.

Wrapped up in you, culture, I left home

Thinking of distancing myself from all for your sake,

First lie I left for you, mother!

Like a Chinese who's proud of his new buildings,

I forgot to see the shit that covered your woman's life,

And again like a Chinese:

I didn't want to hear the cries of hundreds of thousands of lost souls

Like that Chinese, I left mixed up and alone.

From the airport where one guy lost his wings crossing the Alps

I saw my homeland for the last time;

I looked into my face for the last time.

I left my coast without seeing my forests,

My imaginary Indian, Swiss mountain with windy slopes are still there.

In my memory I had to decide if it was going to be Camus or Sartre,

It was Paris and its realities, which offend the Christians,

Which repelled the tepid faceless being, who had gone forth with faith  
only...

### BRU VI

When the more influential newspapers of the world talk about invisible  
populations

In major Western societies, what are they really talking about?

What does the invisible social body of France consist of, for instance?

Does invisible mean of uncertain color?

Or simply different from the perfect French citizen?

Or does invisible mean without any future?

It's difficult to know why this topic worries me so; sometimes I think  
it is because of  
The color of my skin, and that bothers me because it obliges me to  
accept that race continues to be a factor  
That can alter a person's intellectual behavior at some moment of his life.

#### WORLD 02

And I killed, and I killed and I killed, I traveled and finally I saw over my  
left shoulder;  
I saw another internationalist Nigger roaring with laughter  
Lebanese, Cuban, Syrian, Peruvian, Argentinean, and Irish they were all  
roaring with laughter.  
Before dying: smile.  
Before loving: smile.  
  
Before emigrating: smile.  
  
Before walking the streets of the big city: wrap yourself up in the  
invisibility of the poor,  
And meander through any Babylon, your body transparent but your soul full.  
Again my dead laugh, and I smile with them recalling that African sun,  
Those skins that tear more brutally than a Soutine, and that smell,  
and in the end,  
As in the song, a kiss and farewell, revolution.

#### BRU VI

Before working: forget.  
  
The fear running through Europe's veins has no face  
No smell  
But has a name: the other, the different future.  
  
Yesterday in China the president of my republic said:  
Free translation,

Trading with the empire of the blind  
Would allow us all to be one-eyed: the dignity of the human being  
Is not respected at all; but trains and nuclear power stations are up  
for sale, and that is our best answer to their  
Cheap shoes and mp3 players as plentiful as there are consumers in Europe.  
Let them come invisible, visible mass, but visible their consumption, let  
them suffer far away from us...  
Let them consume close by, and let them suffer further and further away...

A country created a myth: the liberty that bathed the world in blood  
in its name, and today that same country,  
Sits atop of me and of everybody else, all perfumes of the world  
united, don't let yourself be sold, stink like our times, be a permanent  
colorless stain, be old and  
purulent like old regencies, be transparent: the color of our times.

Be distant and forget if the marvelous whores of my country...  
who always sold themselves  
To the passing time without objecting to your white temples.  
I dream of a Community building,  
As I walk into the office building that serves as the hideout of  
15,000 Eurocrats I see to the left, again, an old gypsy woman straight  
out of storybooks panhandling like the hundreds of lobbyists and  
ministers of the entire world, nobody sees them they're transparent in  
this panhandling center that the Berlaymont has become.

#### WORLD 03

You have no name,  
No borders,  
The sky follows you everywhere,  
Your blue is dyed grey when you don't want it  
Your gods no longer exist  
And your floor

Smiles at your face when you hide yourself.

Yesterday I saw you on TV, in your marine version, salty you were,  
Nigger you are.

Seeing you I saw myself, drawing problems,  
Filling my world of stone with castles  
I saw your genitals steaming the air  
And once more I went out transparent,  
Visible only as a problem  
Invisible only as a theme.

#### BRU VI

A pair of pants and a t-shirt, are they a set?  
Or a way of paying less duty?

A head of garlic at minus 2, is that a frozen product?  
Or fresh tomorrow with less duty?

Thus we think today of visible products and invisible men,  
Nobody can be entirely software, not you, not me,  
Not Europe,

My neighborhood in Europe is dyed suit-grey,  
Grey the day,  
Grey the bread,  
Grey the frozen head of garlic,  
Grey the frozen chicken,  
Grey the Parliament, which forgets about China and rejoices  
inregulated trade

Millions of cheap shoes and t-shirts  
Fly all around the world, sail its oceans,  
Avoid the conflicts and the smell of the poverty, turn here again to my left  
Not tasty like mango pits

Not desirable biblical names

They are detachable pieces

That shine because of their numbers.

It's already midday in Brussels

The sun remembers the Invisible and the Grey and rises like Priapus

Mother, there is a wide and alien world not called Paris,

It is called globalized world, not any more Hispanic or Portuguese,

Nor Christian or Muslim

Its name is whatever you choose to call it,

If you can afford it

#### WORLD 04

*Te recuerdo, Amanda, la calle mojada...* I heard that 73 times before

Wanting to go to the world where I would be invisible

The Night, my beloved companion, says I know what you are, but I don't  
care.

I have enough light to cover your sorrow.

And I reply that an invisible man is not afraid of ceasing to be,  
Only of being somewhere...

I wake up; reach for my gun, dream of Cuba and its color, I dream of Algiers

And its beautiful whores,

I dream of snakes, in my mother tongue.

I no longer remember what I dream of, all I know is that I don't know;

Classical root of my problem.

I want to kill and don't know why

I want to survive and don't know why

I want to frighten Mr Bogeyman and don't know why.

Being invisible is like being loved,

You just need one person who sees

And life is a carnival.

BRU VII

The European constitution, failed and beautiful like us  
Is already as invisible as we are!

Something is happening because Brussels laughs,  
Not only of itself and its complexes  
But of its grief  
Lights up with our colors  
Hardware of the world where it can be invisible.

The Euro tightens its belt, which grows to the rhythm of its borders  
New walls cover our tomatoes, they are white and go from  
Almeria to Amsterdam,  
Our ideas take refuge in Bologna or Venice,  
Berlin and London are startled  
Madrid dreams its own dream  
Paris burns black

And we, the invisible  
From here or elsewhere;  
Dodge grief and  
Forget the distant shame of the Slovakian philosopher  
Shoo away the death  
That brings life to the elders of the grey world  
Work Black Man, consume, and don't forget your people  
Don't dream with Cayucos  
Daydream  
Dream of men and women dressed in grey  
Who rule the world without knowing it  
Observe them and screech the ground over your anger...  
Let them also open their veins...

The president of the meeting tells the interpreter that the

Meeting must go on, and the interpreter, wise in  
Years more than wisdom,  
Replies that the rule says that everything has its time  
That tomorrow is another day.

WORLD 05

We, invisibles, have known that since our first dream.

PS.: I would like to end by copying out some verses of someone who loved the rain,  
and who perhaps knew Brussels ; someone who wrote a piece that could well be the  
national hymn of the invisibles. It goes: «Proletarian who dies of universe, in what frantic  
harmony / your grandeur will end, your extreme poverty, your impelling whirlpool, / your  
methodical violence, your theoretical & practical chaos, your Dantesque wish, / so very  
Spanish, to love, even treacherously, your enemy!»

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# **Fairy lights**



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## **Xie Xie**

Xie Xie means 'thank you' in chinese.

The misery of a woman somewhere in China gave me what  
I most dearly love.



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## **La niña la pinta la santa maria**



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# Morpheus

Morpheus is the god of dreams in Greek mythology. This malian mask of virility is normally given to young adults. Those same young adults who, because they are dreaming of a better life, embark on makeshift boats to try to reach Europe. The mask is used horizontally instead of vertically and upside down in order to symbolize one of those makeshift boats. With this gesture the mask embodies the paradox of emigration: leaving behind everything in order to help those who are left behind to survive.



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# Zauberwürfel



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# **Amazonas**



Amazonas is just like toilet paper. We use it, some even abuse it, we do not think so much about it, it is there for our convenience and some people take it for granted. But it will not last forever.

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# Shanghai



A circular jumble of large scale  
Mikado sticks.  
This is what international finance  
is nowadays.  
Whatever the game you are  
playing, it will have repercussions  
somewhere in the world.  
The word Shanghai is the Italian  
word for *Mikado*.

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## **Ab Intestat**

Ab Intestat (Intestate) makes an inherent irony manifest: man cannot be grown in the same way as a plant. This aims to explore the complexity of problems affecting humanity in the poorest part of the planet. It also touches upon the impact of environmental challenges, its protection or neglect, and how this affects the economy.



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## **Uncomfortable handcuffs**



Definition of uncomfortable:  
conducive to or feeling mental discomfort.  
Providing or experiencing physical discomfort.

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# Mortgage



The term mortgage comes from the Old French «dead pledge», apparently meaning that the pledge ends (dies) either when the obligation is fulfilled or the property is taken through foreclosure. The word «mort» in french means death.

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# **Lagrimas negras**

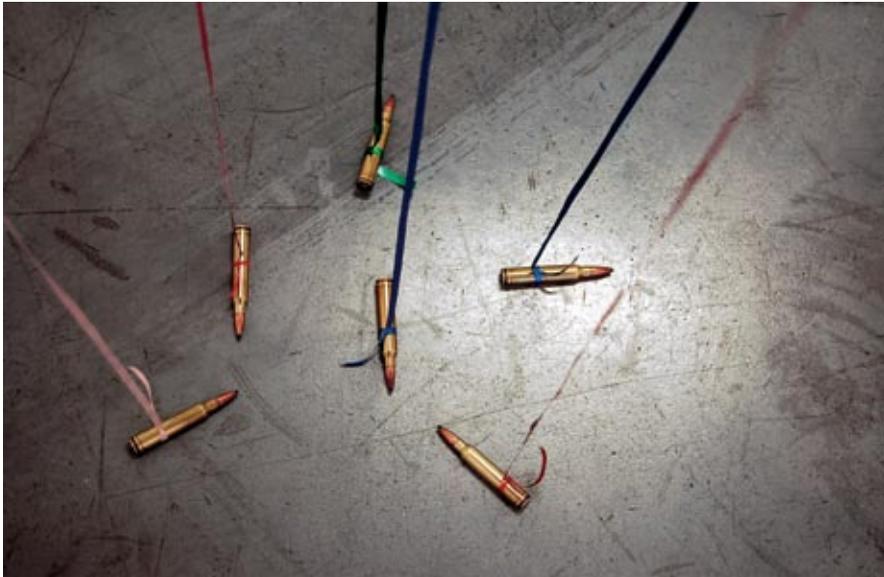


As long as our world will need  
fossile energy, fights will go on  
and the world will cry black tears.

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# **GO KIDS GO!**





This is a colourful installation, full of joy until the moment when the eye alights upon what anchors the Go Kids Go balloons... bullets.



This work explores what it means to be a child afflicted by violence, in some areas of the world, violence that plunges a child into trauma which affects his/her childhood, and the rest of his/her life.

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# Private Dancer



2009



Private Dancer is based around the universal symbol: the dollar.  
The dollar takes on a phallic form.  
The whole world is dancing to the same music, a dance between what you are longing for but cannot have; uncertainty in a world where we all wish we had a fistful of dollars in our knickers.

18

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## **Somewhere over the rainbow**

One day I will forget even my name  
But today  
I write and I am what I write  
I am afraid beyond the rainbow, if only I  
could  
Forget only the evil, this would not disturb  
me  
If the face of my daughter disappeared  
from my memory  
The taste of my wife's skin, what would I  
be left with  
To be honest, beyond the rainbow  
I have trouble with my memory and tonight  
I want to engrave  
My adult life into a piece of my being.  
Unknown to the gods and to disease, a  
safe place  
For me to remember...  
And then I understand that the evil is  
mixed in with the good, that for each joy  
there is a pain, and that behind the rain is  
a rainbow.



*Charles Richet Hospital,  
Villers Le Bel, France*



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# **Tricky**



These balls, made in China, are the epitome of the neo capitalist system and the rush towards low-cost. But they are covered with barbed wire. They represent modern slavery. Our development model has created economic prisons.

*Tricky* is a delicate interplay and balance between a financial jackpot and a lack of freedom.

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# **Ebay01**

All the materials used to make this work were bought on ebay.



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## **La palabra de los mudos**



*La Palabra de los Mudos* is a performance about communication barriers and the need for inclusion in the context of the emergence of an integrated global scene.



A highly political and personal speech was delivered in sign language in front of an audience who in its great majority could not understand what was going on. This performance took place during the V Summit of Heads of State and Government of Latin America, the Caribbean and the European Union.



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# **Sleep tight**



Family secrets are the silences of a lifetime.  
Brussels, a day of sorrow.

It took me a long time before I could tie up the different strands  
of my story.  
The truth was only spoken after thousands of miles and long hours of  
therapeutic conversation.  
After years of separation I had the opportunity to see my mother  
again before she died.  
I was able to speak to her one evening in Rome. In our memories  
we returned together to the forest in Peru and finally from her lips  
came my story.

I saw my grandfather's lust and my grandmother's furtive look, and  
then I saw five little girls taken out of the convent as soon as their  
first period arrived. I saw their surprise and their pain. I saw the  
force of a pathological desire.

I saw from where I came and why I left.

Since then, death has done its job and carried away my mother  
and her secrets.

I have remained with my answers and a sense of emptiness.

When a problem is finally given a name, its space is defined, it has an  
outer edge and everything becomes possible.

It is of this possibility that I speak in this exhibition.

I am not guilty and I have finally accepted that.



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## **La hucha de los Incas**

I am not sure whether in Spain or in any European country, the history of the conquest is taught in the same way as in Latin America.

I remember that as a child I was very surprised by the story of the rescue ransom proposed by the Incas to recover Atahualpa. An enormous place was filled with gold and silver brought in from the entire empire to save our king.

It was useless, the Conquerors killed him anyway.

To my surprise, when I told this story to friends from some of the poorest countries in the world I discovered that they all had stories of paid ransoms, unkept promises and executed or, in the best cases, exiled kings.

To simplify the problem and visualise it better, all individuals from the third world who were raised in a colonised country are potential Incas; they have paid a ransom, their language, sometimes their religion, their guilt, their trauma, without being able to save their Inca.

Fill the moneybox to the brink and we will see later what to do with the depreciated money and with my complexes.



# Motherfuckers



# Motherfuckers never die

Juan Abelló Adam Lindemann  
 Paul Allen Margaret & Daniel S. Loeb  
 Plácido Arango Vicki & Kent Logan  
 Hélène & Bernard Arnault Eugenio López Alfonso  
 Armando Andrade Ninah & Michael Lynne  
 Hans Rasmus Astrup Luigi Maramotti  
 Debra & Leon Black Martin Z. Margulies  
 Christian Boros Pierluigi Mazzari  
 Udo Brandhorst Julie & Edward J. Minskoff  
 Edythe L. & Eli Broad Philip S. Niarchos  
 Frieder Burda Peter Norton  
 Joop van Caldenborgh Maja Oeri & Hans U. Bodenmann  
 Angelo & Francesca Chianale Sammy Ofer  
 Ella Fontanals Cisneros Judy & Michael Ovitz  
 Patricia Phelps de Cisneros Giuseppe Panza di Blumo  
 Cheryl & Frank Cohen Gregory Papadimitriou  
 Steven Cohen Mary & John Pappajohn  
 Paolo Consolandi Bernardo Paz & Adriana Varejão  
 Eduardo Costantini François Pinault  
 Rosa & Carlos de la Cruz Miuccia Prada  
 Dimitri Daskalopoulos Renato Preti  
 Eric Decelle Cindy & Howard Rachofsky  
 Lieven Declerck Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo  
 Charles Diamond Louise & Leonard Riggio  
 Ernesto Esposito Ellen & Michael Ringier  
 Doris & Donald Fisher Aby J. Rosen  
 Aaron I. Fleischman Eric de Rothschild  
 Friedrich Christian Flick Mera & Donald Rubell  
 Maxine & Stuart Frankel Charles Saatchi  
 Soichiro Fukutake Kathy & Keith Sachs  
 Antoine de Galbert Tatsumi Sato  
 Danielle & David Ganek Ute & Rudolf Scharpf  
 David Geffen Eric Schmidt  
 Josée & Marc Gensollen Helen & Charles Schwab  
 Ingvild Goetz Adam D. Sender  
 Giuliano Gori Jeffrey Steiner  
 Nathalie & Charles de Gunzburg Beth Swofford  
 Donald Hess Dana & Jim Tananbaum  
 Erika & Rolf Hoffmann Benedikt Taschen  
 Ovidio Jacorossi David Teiger  
 Dakis Joannou Gemma De Angelis Testa  
 Jeanne & Michael L. Klein Carlo Traglia  
 Uli Knecht Nicolas H. Vafias  
 Robert P. Kogod Bernies & Walter Vanhaerents  
 Marc Landeau Juan Carlos Verme  
 Joseph Lau Bruna & Matteo Viglietta  
 Anneliese & Gerhard Lenz Abigail & Leslie H. Wexner  
 Mimi & Filiep Libeert Reinhold Würth

**Homeland security**



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# **Monoteistas**



**500 ways**



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# Cheers



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# **China**



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## **No more no less**

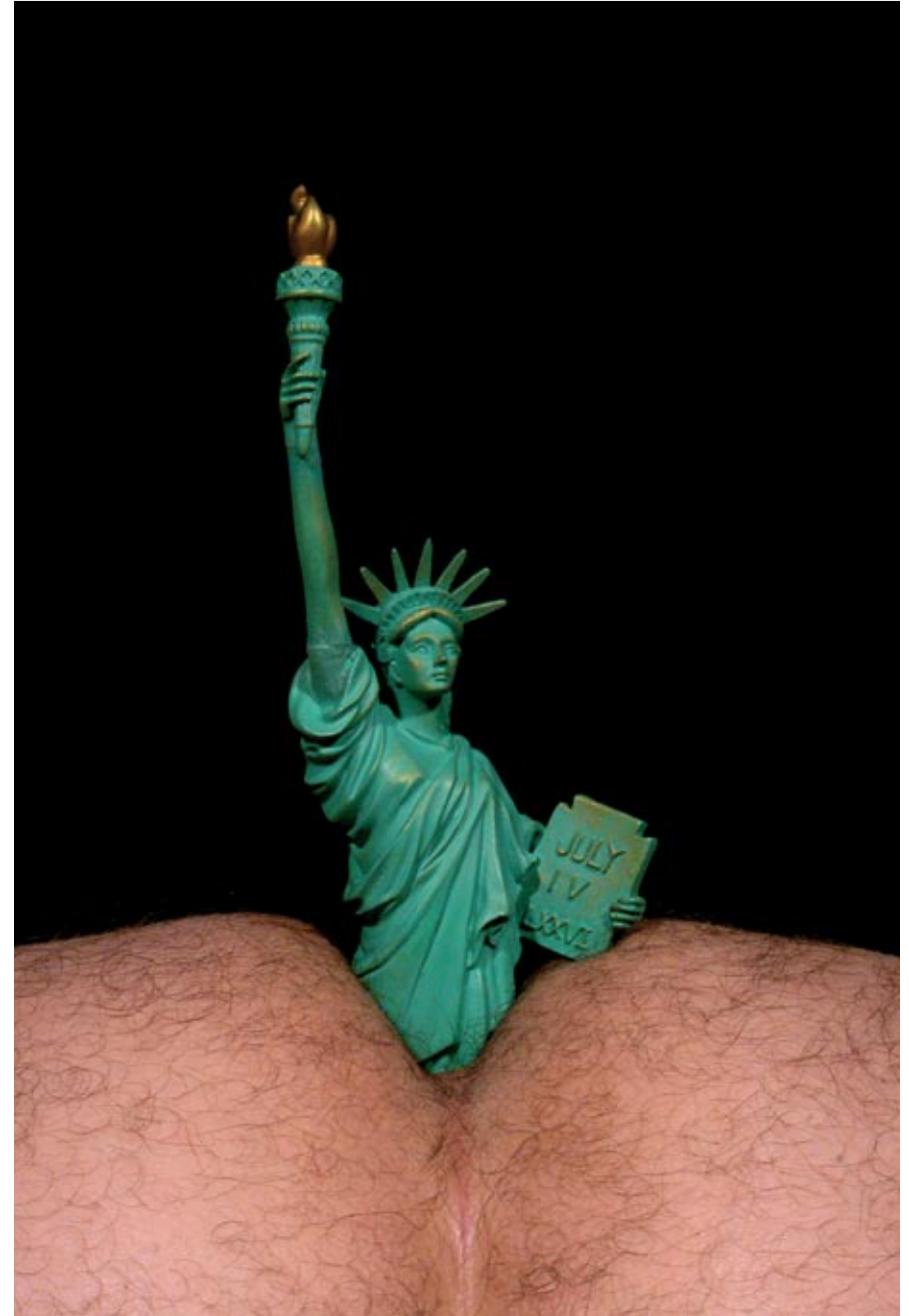
This project arose during a conversation with my analyst.

I was talking about the problems of being of mixed race and, in particular, of living in a place where everyone tries to make me believe that an individual's race and social origin are not determining factors in a person's social and affective life.

Most of my work emerges like this.

I came out of my appointment firmly decided to explain the phenomenon of transculturation in a blatant and visual manner. What does it mean to come from a place where one culture dominates another to the point that the dominating culture becomes the individual's vehicular culture? How can we show that accepting this situation means being possessed, used and dominated? Of course, I live in the best of both worlds and this situation is supposedly enviable. A king once said that Paris is worth a mass and my mother used to say that sometimes one must close one's eyes and think of something else. So, what am I complaining about? Nothing basically, I am just feeling privileged and obliged to tell the truth.

The feeling of inferiority is something that takes a lot to get over and, well, whilst arguing with friends from different origins, living among other languages and cultures, being accustomed to raising professional and social curiosities and doubts, we came to the unanimous and perfectly visual decision to illustrate the phenomenon of transculturation with the image of a bottom penetrated by a phallic symbol from cultures that have dominated or currently dominate the world. This is how this visual way of talking about a subject as ancient as the world that we live in arose.



**Enjoy your travel**



## BIOGRAPHY

### Selected Solo exhibitions

- 2009 **Jota Castro**, *Metales pesados*, Santiago, Chile  
**Jota Castro**, *Gallery Barbara Thumm*, Berlin, Germany  
**Low Cost**, *Gallery Oliva Arauna*, Madrid, Spain
- 2008 **La Palabra de los Mudos**, Lima, Peru  
**Sleep tight**, *Elaine Levy Project*, Brussels, Belgium
- 2007 **Enjoy your travel**, *Gallery Umberto Di Marino*, Napoli, Italy
- 2006 **No More No less**, *Gallery Oliva Arauna*, Madrid, Spain  
**Rear Window**, *Kiasma Museum*, Helsinki, Finland  
**Jota Castro**, *Uplands Gallery*, Melbourne, Australia  
**Born to be alive**, *Elaine Levy Project*, Brussels, Belgium
- 2005 **Exposition Universelle 2**, *B.P.S 22*, Charleroi, Belgium,  
**Exposition universelle 1**, *Palais de Tokyo*, Paris, France  
**Taking part**, *Sterdelijk Museum's*, Hertegenosch, Netherlands  
**Introduction to Jota Castro**, *Uplands Gallery*, Melbourne, Australia
- 2004 **Bouc-émissaire**, *Gallery Kamel Mennour*, Paris, France
- 2003 **Motherfuckers never die**, *Galleria Minini*, Brescia, Italy  
**Love Hotel**, *Maisonneuve Gallery*, Paris
- 2002 **Et si c'était à refaire**, *Palais de Tokyo*, Tokyorama, Paris, France

### Selected Group exhibitions

- 2009 **Oltre il moderno**, *Palazzo d'Ericco*, Piacenza, Italy  
**El Dorado**, *Kunsthalle*, Nuremberg, Germany  
**All's fair in Art and War**, *21c Museum*, Kentucky, USA  
**SOS48**, Murcia, Spain  
**The Fear Society**, *53rd Venice Biennial*, Venice, Italy  
**2nd Canary Islands Biennial**, Tenerife, Spain
- 2008 **U-turn**, *Quadrennial for Contemporary Art*, Copenhagen, Denmark  
**Gravity**, *Museo Artium*, Vitoria, Spain  
**Black-Paris, Black-Bruxelles**, *Musée d'Ixelles*, Brussels, Belgium  
**Art in the life World**, Dublin, Ireland  
**Arte e Omosessualità**, Firenze, Italy  
**Fate Presto**, Salerno, Italy
- 2007 **Informacion Contra Informacion**, CGAC, Spain  
**We are your future**, *Moscow Biennale*, Russia  
**Confine**, *MAN - Museo di arte di Nuoro*, Sardeigna, Italy
- 2006 **Ars06**, *Kiasma*, Helsinki, Finland  
**Third Tirana Biennale**, Albania  
**People**, *Museo Madre*, Napoli, Italy  
**Travel**, *W139*, Amsterdam, NL

### Prize

- 2009 Winner of the European Festival of Visual Arts in Hospitals  
2004 Gwandju Biennale Prize (Korea)  
1983 Young Peruvian Poet Prize

## NON-EXHAUSTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

- 2009 **Terra**, «Oltre le utopie di ieri e di oggi. Come immaginare mondi ancora ignoti» *Francesca Franco*, Oct.  
**Janus 25**, «Somewhere Over The Rainbow» *Olivier Galaverna*, Fall-Winter  
**Bayerischer Rundfunk**, «Menschenrechte - ein uneingelöstes Versprechen» Sept.  
**Deutschlandfunk Dradio.de**, «Brüchig gewordener Traum» *Gabriele Mayer*, Sept.  
**La Verdad**, «El pabellon de Murcia en la Bienal de Venecia recibe mas de 15.000 visitantes», Sept.  
**Art Forum**, «The Fear Society - Pabellon de la Urgencia» *Marguerite Shore*, Sept.  
**Metro**, «De l'art pour réconforter les malades» *Alexandra Bogaert*, July  
**Art Fag City**, «Jota Castro Gets His Collector Hate On» *Joel Holmberg*, June  
**El Pais**, «El arte no tiene patria» *Catalina Serra*, June  
**Art Nexus #73**, «Solo Show - Jota Castro» *Dermis Perez*, June  
**El Pais**, «Cuando musica rima con filosofia» *Nerea Perez de la Herras*, May  
**La Verdad**, «Jota Castro: El arte debe ser el sudoku del espiritu» *Gontzal Diez*, May  
**Pulp**, «Paint N Politics» *Storme Sen*, April  
**Art Forum**, «Jota Castro» *Ana Finel Honigman*, Feb.  
**Kunst**, «The Essence of Human Dignity - On the solo show of Jota Castro», *Spunk Seipel*, Feb.
- 2008 **The Prague Post** «Straight Shooters» *Tony Ozuna*, Nov.  
**Die Welt**, «Du siehst, wohin Du siehst, nur Eitelkeit auf Erden», Nov.  
**e-flux**, «Alta Tecnologia Andina», April  
**Le Monde**, «Le marché de l'art contemporain défie la crise financière» *Harry Bellet*, Oct.  
**e-flux**, «Volta NY», May  
**Henry Spencer**, «Jota Castro y La Palabras De Los Mudos», May  
**Andina**, «Jota Castro presenta las Palabras de los Mudos», May  
**Le Journal des Arts**, «Exquis exils» *Roxana Azimi*, April  
**La Libre Belgique**, «Paris-Bruxelles en art et noir» *Roger Pierre Turine*, March  
**Art In America**, «Newly energized Artissima» *David Ebony*, Feb.  
**El Pais**, «¿Quién se ha llevado mi escultura?» *Abel Grau*, Feb.  
**El Pais**, «Entre el hedonismo y el nihilismo, nostalgia» *Txema G. Crespo*, Feb.
- 2007 **Le Journal des Arts**, «Artissima, bon tournant» *Roxana Azimi*, Nov.  
**Artforum**, «Critics' Picks» *Eugenio Viola*, Jan.
- 2006 **Libération**, «A Sète, la rue est aux performances» *Pierre Daum*, Sept.  
**Verity Magazine**, «Discrimination Day: Jota Castro and Identity Art» *John Holten*, Oct.

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## CREDITS

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### Galerie

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