

LET THE ARTIST LIVE
by Papo Colo, 1994
New York City

Writing of life is flying on moments
sailing through circles of thoughts
and straight to death
is a free trip to heaven
with a passport to hell.
Every action is an essential manifesto
and every space a sacred zone.
Being is an act of defiance
and evidence of the action of transforming
Sleep into thoughts
existence into emotions
sound into music
knowledge into more knowledge
action into performance
life into art
art into civilization.
The circle without an end
with the only purpose to give more
to extend more, to extract more
to be more than it seems to be
the engine that rotates love, tolerance and
coexistence, for ourselves, which is for others
within our powers that move quickly
in the slow time that freezes
in our fast forward memory
and these activities appear as
references of futurism, surrealism, dada
fluxus and conceptual art.
A resume, a synthesis of those before
in exit from the 20th century
a reaffirmation of failures and accomplishments,
Where is the actor in you?
Art history is the history of power,
the church, the politicians, the money.
The ethnic and gender origins are what classifies you,
they are your values.
We as artists know that.
As we know that the artistic collective memory
and representation in the 20th century
belongs to the actor.
Movies, television, possess the identity portrait
The media is our oracle

and actors are their mediums.
Interpretation is the difference between true and false
History and fiction between love and hate.
Actors reflect what you want to be.
They play everyday life and historical figures.
They look like good and evil and you believe it.
Drama wanders as artists figure out what, why, when and how
Every artist by themselves ... and together.
Tolerance is coexistence, necessity is survival.
This exhibition as an individual collective unit
of nomads in the desert of the artworld.
Habitats in the vast dry wetness,
territories of intellectuals, critics, impresarios,
social commentators and commercial predators.
Oasis?
Yes ... and a sign
Stop!
Refugee camp
Danger!
Artists take the laws into their own hands
that's why they are institutions.
They don't have buildings, boards of directors, curators or security guards.
They build something permanent out of nothing.
They appropriate their own existence and represent their will
growing mad is going sane.
They measure time as no one
as they interpret dreams they intercept logic
and talk to themselves inside themselves
because they have many you and me
and they show it!

Text for the exhibition at Exit Art NY
LET THE ARTIST LIVE!
9/17/1994 - 10/22/1994