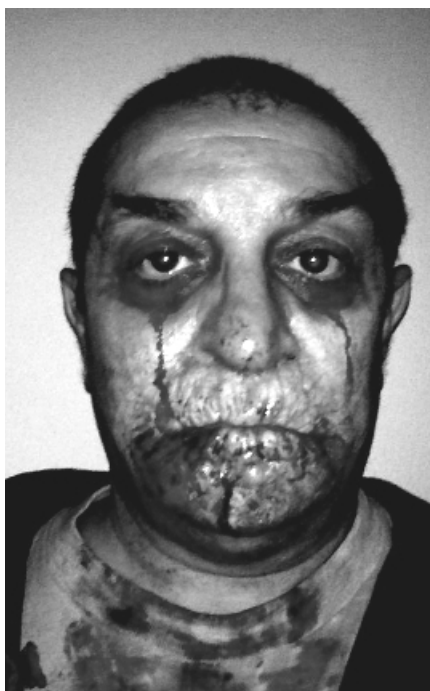


MANIFESTO

Artist = Zombie

by Giacomo Verde



Today, the artist is a survivor, indeed a living dead; a zombie, because art is dead. Yes, art is dead and artists are zombies.

Being an artist means insisting on advancing a model of art which is now obsolete, useful only to itself, to its own survival.

The artist is a zombie because it feeds on living organisms, on vital events and real life to turn them into simulacra, representations, museum fetishes, lifeless things, decorations, still lifes. And it is all to try and survive in a sick, infected setting, where only the mutants, the living dead, can aspire to immortality. In any case, the artist is a zombie because he moves slower than the world of the living, slower than history. Although over the years he has learned to run, it is not enough.

The artist is a zombie because he is always a slave. Resurrected to be used in the plantations of the imagination, he never decides what to do in the first person. He is a servant of the events around him. He only follows his instinct for survival.

The artist is scary like a zombie because he is always on the border between life and death. He survives in the present but is

in the past: he was alive, he was dead, he is now a dead man walking without memory. The artist is ridiculous like a zombie that staggers. Unable to quickly grasp life, his prey. Awkward in his movements and easy to fool. Comical in his naivete. Even the new zombies, who can run and growl frighteningly, are still comically vulnerable.

The self-portrait has always been the only true work of art. Because the artist always portrays himself even when he reproduces the world around him. So the only work of art that a zombie can produce is a self-portrait.

The living are not artists, but they are living art. That's why zombies gnaw them, quarter them, eat them. Because artists live on art, just as zombies eat the living.

Making art does not mean being an artist. The living are and make art continually without being defined as artists. But the art of the living is an unconscious art. A do-it-yourself. A craft. Becoming aware of art means becoming infected and turning into zombies.

Those who survive a zombie's bite turn into zombies themselves. If the artist does not kill you, you become an artist. The virus that enters your head through the wound makes you believe you are more creative than others. And it compels you to gnaw at the living.

Zombies die only if they're hit on the head. Only when the brain stops functioning. As if to make it plain that art has always been first and foremost the fruit of thought rather than of the hands. Because being an artist is a realization. It 'a mental virus. In order to survive as an artist it is necessary for the brain to be still active. To survive as an immortal the brain must continue to harbor the virus. To be a zombie you need to let the virus that possesses you think ... but only enough to survive in order to replicate, like the demented.

If you kill a zombie it is not a murder. He was already dead. If you kill an artist is it a murder? I am an artist; I'm a zombie ... and I'm aware of that.