

PRESS RELEASE – FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

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LG Williams Rallies the Hopey-Changey-Arty-Farty Faithful

By Elf O. Plenty, Associated Press

FRESNO -- Artist LG Williams said this morning that the United States Avant-Garde National Committee Winter Meeting should not simply “regroup to lick our fucking wounds but fucking try to hang on, get drunk more fucking often, and kick some fucking ass” during another challenging, albeit lame gallery season.

“Fuck yeah, I know we’ve gone through a tough fucking year,” Mr. LG Williams told the hopey-changey-arty-farty activists, “but fuck we’ve gone through fucking tougher fucking years – like fucking 1969: now that year fucking sucked I am told!” Now his rhetorical custom, the artist used profanity or some version of it, more than sixty-nine times to the horror of the most tightly clad Midwestern cougars who packed the auditorium.

Unexpectedly, the drunk young artist then went on to repeat the same sentence – and again received the same thunderous applause.

The United States Avant-Garde National Committee convened its annual winter meeting here as the art capital was socked in by a massive snowstorm, which had dumped about sixty-nine inches of snow on the region. Fresno was spared, and the gathering proceeded as scheduled, with an inebriated Mr. LG Williams traveling two blocks from one cat house to another for no apparent reason.

“Fuck let me be clear as I fucking possibly can, ok? Where are you people? Hey fuck I am over here! Anyway fuck it. Once again, fucking let me be as fucking clear as I possibly can stand, man. But first, oh fuck, but fuck, hey its fucking tough to be fucking clear here with all this beer. Oorah!”

Oorah! the audience chanted back.

“But fuck where was I? Hey ok, it’s fucking killer to be among fucking friends, museum officials, gallery directors, art curators, dealers and cougar collectors

who are so fucking committed to my art, my movement and the fucking future of High Modernist Art that you braved a blizzard to get here,” Mr. LG Williams said. “Artmageddon!”

What? the audience chanted back.

“But hey, what the fuck? Like I said, I said as clear as I fucking possibly could, fuck, was that fucking clear enough? Oorah!”

The whole crowd erupted in aesthetic rapture, “Oorah! Oorah! Oorah!...”

Surprisingly, at this moment many Jews in the crowd mistook ‘Oorah’ for ‘Torah’ and headed towards a wall, whereas a homeless, former FBI division manager named Bob from Bakersfield -- who confessed upon termination that he slept with Oprah in Chicago one cold winter night long ago -- repeatedly claimed to reporters that he overheard LG say, ‘Tora! Tora! Tora!’ so he started chanting, “Oh Please Play *Made In Japan!*”

The legendary artist’s 2-minute sermon was the latest in a series of arty-farty, hopey-changeey pep rallies, fund-raising events, but, ultimately, clandestine cougar conventions as he seeks to lift the spirits of Tantra, Art and High Modernism during a financial depression. He acknowledged the difficult headwinds facing the farty, but warned against retrenching during bad farts.

“We can’t fucking return to the dereliction of fucking duty that helped fucking deliver this bad art recession,” Mr. LG Williams said. “Fucking High Modernism in America can’t afford to fucking wait for good art times and we can’t fucking look backwards to bad fart days.”

“Just in case there’s any fucking confusion out there, dudes, let me be perfectly fucking clear again, I am not going to fucking walk away from the Avant-Gardes or move to fucking stupidass Berlin! No fucking way! Besides, Dave Hickey and I are going to Paris and wear berets and smoke cloves – and find something akin to the Peppermill on fucking Faubourg Saint-Honoré! Fuck Yeah Dude!” Mr. LG Williams said, offering no specifics for how he intended to deliver on his pledge. “Anyway, I’m not fucking offering shit. I’m not fucking going to walk away on this fucking challenge. I’m not going to fucking walk away on any fucking challenge: Fuck no, I am fucking moving forward – whatever the fuck that means and it don’t mean shit.”

The applause and standing ovation for the artist on Saturday belied a nervous mood among to more sexy museum and gallery officials who privately gathered here for a private two-day meeting with the Tantra artist behind closed doors. Several arty-farty, hopey-changeey activists acknowledged being worried about the year ahead for Art, but hoped the roughly 69% fall in value of stupid fucking Koons and Hirst’s Art at Sotheby’s served as a warning siren.

“The ghost of Emma Hennings would fucking kill us if she heard us fucking complaining about the fucking Avant-Garde in the fucking United States,” LG Williams said. “You have to learn some fucking lessons – and only 2% of you are fucking.”

In his speech, the artist outlined a list of sixty-nine accomplishments, including a bunch of shit he failed to mention and then sum.

“But for all of our fucking efforts, Avant-Garde High Fucking Modernism can’t come fast enough for America,” Mr. LG Williams said. He added, “Of course collectors who lost their shit from bad art purchases are frustrated, they have every right to be wronged.”

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