

PRESS RELEASE – FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

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LG Williams Storms FUCKTHATGALLERY In Honolulu

By Jonnie JO (Los Angeles) and Barbie Bababa-Blather (London)

Revered in Los Angeles, London and now in a major show in Honolulu, LG Williams is one of our greatest living artists. But will his work fall from the testes of time?

In LG Williams's sculpture *Really Fucked-Up* in 2008, a white armchair is fucked up and broken. Just behind it lays a broken and fucked up table. The relationship between the two is electrifying. Are they messed-up? How messed up? What the fuck? Fuck the what?

But after a while, you realize they are, in fact, so fucked up they are super-fucked up. Now that's fucked up fucked up! Or that's how I interpret the bleak shitty situation. (And how is this for shitty situations: there is no beer in my refrigerator. My refrigerator is a Donald Judd. Now THAT'S fucked up. That's what's going on! Nothing's fine I'm torn.)

The really fucked up chair is Williams' homage to something painted by Raphael, Velázquez – or by Francis Turkey Bacon. (Editor: Don't eat something pretending to be something else.) And the relationship with the other really fucked up chair or table could be seen as: 1. Forced, 2. Genius, 3. None of the above or below, or 4. A tribute to somebody's painting of hot naked chicks – actually, thank you Professor Hickey, what the fuck does it matter in this exhibition? (My inspirations run dry, like so many things, like, um, humps. Humps, my humps, my humps, my humps, my humps. My humps, my humps, my humps, my lovely little humps. Check it out.)

In any event I just got an idea: Write your favorite artist's name here:

_____ and add your favorite beer here:

_____ then scream "BLANCHE! And OORAH!" We will

return to blanc at the end of the essay...

Such grand and confident references to fucked up shit bring us straight to the most important question in the entire known universe and beyond infinity: How great an artist is Williams? Is 21st-century Los Angeles truly harboring an artist who can deal on equal terms with Wally Hedrick, The Anonymous Auto Requiem Collective, Dave Hollowell, Bruce Nauman, Paul McCarthy, Mara McCarthy, Chris Burden, Yves Klein, Andy Kaufman, John Belushi, Father Guido Sarducci, Radiohead, Lisa Spellman, Beavis and Butthead, and The Dude? Dream of Californication!

It's a question clearly asked by a lavish new exhibition in Honolulu: banners bearing *PARTY EVERY NIGHT* and *LG WILLIAMS* have been slung over the huge shafts ("I see here you have tapped your poetic self, hello!") and girders at FUCKTHATGALLERY, announcing a show that has the feel of an imitation Hawaii lei adorning a living Tantra stairmaster. ("That's good, you know. That's damned good.") It comes hot ("Getting back to smutty here.") on the heels of an equally irreverent exhibition somewhere important, you know, somewhere important... like an actor. At 32, Williams is one of the most famous artists in the world. ("A little repetitious, what? Where was I?") But is he the greatest of his generation? – and if he is, how great is that if all the others are simpletons, wannabees or morons? ("Well, this is certainly a fine passage. Your fucking beast as far as I am concerned.")

Retread Celebrities, Champaign Bitches And Caviar Fights

Now look here, now over here Dude, you're drunk and we're at the end of the world and you know it...and I am *LG Williams: Party Every Night*. Oorah! This is not a chronological retrospective but something more. More imaginative than imaginative – like imaginative laced with superfly or futurecrack. Just examine Williams (ooh, he's so big) at work (everyone knows he's lazy!), in the secluded west Los Angeles mansion where he creates his brilliant farts. It starts and ends (please let this end!) with pizza and beer in the studio; (geezus, send that semi to Slaughterhouse Five) his bare feet, ocean views, high skylights, moveable walls, wine cellar and bits of 18th furniture. Occasionally, there is a weekend trip to the weed gardener, or his panoramic, palatial, mountain-view ski lodge – wherever this is, you know, somewhere important... like an actor.

Williams' exhibition never completely reveals itself – there is no panoptic joiner photograph to show us the entire space – but from the very start, it is there as an idea. And what a fucking idea! At the entrance to the show, his 2010 picture of Angelina Jolie depicts her smiling on a yellow and red zebra poking its neck into a magician's lair, in which a top hat has fallen beside an empty keg and grand sofa. (Burton's *Alice* was terrible, wasn't it? As pointless and random as the new illustrations. Somebody scream!) This is an image of the celebrity as a place where anything might happen when the film crew leaves this desert planet *Arrakis* or *Bikinius* (To the New Yorker: my email is press @ lgwilliams.com).

People walk amongst the artifice in this exhibition and know Williams achieves. The Artist achieves. The force of his personality (Hello Kenneth Anger!) has translated itself into sheer physical plenitude. Dude, in Honolulu, Williams reminds one of Thomas Eakins in a speedo (Really, who else has another great artwork in the Pacific Ocean or 66% of the Earth's surface? We'll besides the

Matisse? Mark it 3 Dude. (Oh, btw it's a shame that top-notch Mrs. Neel's inspired blanc painting of an super fantastic subject, i.e. two blonde UFC pussies strangling one another [mark another 3 dude: that is, white on white on white], ends up coming close to being super fantastic.) What do such conclusions tell you? Nothing? Who fucking cares! Nobody cares! But I do and here is why: They tells you that Williams' work will endure for centuries even if no human is left to look upon it. In the end, you gotta love that, this undeniable truth resounds throughout this superb exhibition, like the footsteps of a masterbater walking into a crowded strip-mall just before the lights go out by the winds of hope and change and the weed.

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