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PRESS RELEASE – FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

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LG Williams: Keynote Speech At The Inaugural International Art Party Convention In Paris 2010

Transcription Provided By:
American Art Rhetoric | April 24, 2010 | LG Williams

Paris, April 24, 2010— I am so proud to fucking be an American Fartist!

Thank you so much for fucking being nowhere tonight! Please have a drink on me! (Throws plastic cup filled with beer into crowd.)

Crowd: Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!

Do you love your art?! I am for fucking getting wild!

If you love your art, think of fart. I am for fucking getting wild!

Crowd: Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!

Any of you here as a cross dresser, past or present, raise your hand and say Beer-yah!

Crowd: Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!

Now I am going to fucking thank you for all your fucking fart purchases at my website. God (who's got the chronic!?) bless you! We salute you! You honor you. Thank you Mark Twain! I am for fucking getting wild!

I am so proud to fucking be an American Fartist. I am for getting wild. Thank you. Gosh, thank you.

Crowd: Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!
Beer-yah! Beer-yah! Beer-yah!

Happy birthday, Ronald Reagan! Happy birthday Fredrico Fellini! Happy birthday Mara McCarthy and Lisa Spellman! Please call me asap! My number is 415-937-1306. I've got another great idea for an exhibition!!!! I am for fucking getting wild!

Dude, I am all for fucking getting caught putting sand in the Vaseline!

Well, a special warm hello to fucking Artforum readers. You may not be welcome in art, but you have an invitation to fucking this Art Party. I am for fucking getting wild!

Very good to fucking be here in Paris, the grey city with great food. It's the home of

good country music and good southern barbecue and -- great to fucking be at the Art Party Convention! I am for fucking getting wild! Somebody turn the lights off and on and let's get dizzy!

I guess over here that's some sweet Parisian weed. But back home we call that swag. And you know up in The Fucking North Pole, we have a version called "Fucking Purple Chronic Polar Bear Stinky Super Shit."

I am a big supporter of this movement, in fact, any regular movements -- if I get paid. I believe in this movement and I am getting paid. I am for fucking getting wild!

Got lots of friends and family in the lower 48 who attend super farting events like this. Across the country something should happen. Something just happened: who farted? Just knowing that this is a fucking movement and America is ready for fucking another. Start the fart revolution! I am behind you. You are a part of this fart. I am for fucking getting wild!

I look forward to fucking attending more Art Party events in the fucking near future. I see myself on the big video monitors, and Martin Amis is back there, so now all we need is ten more Einsteins and we can have a real big brain fart! I am for fucking getting wild! It is just so inspiring to fucking see real people making porn -- not art politicians, not conspirators, not inside-the-Artway paraprofessionals -- come out and stand up and speak out for fucking common-sense fart principles. I am for fucking getting wild!

And today, I want to fucking start off with a special shout-out to fucking

American's newest Fartist, thanks to fucking you: whoever you are!

Now in many ways Mr. and Mrs. Nobody represents what beautiful irregular movements are all about. Get irregular if you can! You know, he was just a guy with a fucked up truck and a passion to fart and our fucking country. He was for fucking getting wild!

He / She looked around and he saw that things weren't quite right in New York City. So, she stood up and farted.

Then heshe decided that it was going to fucking do its part to fart. Fucking put our fart world back on the fucking side of the fucking fart people. And it took guts. And it took a lot of hard work. And with no support, Mr. Nobody (after the final operation) carried the fucking day if you can believe that -- I sure don't. But who fucking cares? And who farted?! Beeryah! I am for fucking getting wild! I am for fucking getting in a spaceship and flying to Planet Chron!

And it has been so interesting (well not that interesting but I am after all the one getting paid here), to fucking watch the fucking aftermath of the fucking Avant Garde Revolution. And, I can tell you: Everyone Sucks! Buy the book online at Amazon.com for \$4.95!

The fucking Swedish Conceptualists blame Art Basel and they blame the fucking system -- their system. And (put any fucking name here), she blamed the fucking (put any fucking name here). And (put any fucking name here), he criticized a fart pollster. And yet again, (put any fucking name here) found some way to fucking make this all about (put any fucking word here). You know, considering the fucking recent stupid-ass 2010 Whitney Biennial, it's time that (put any fucking word here) stop blaming

because if there's hope in Hell, there's hope everywhere. I am for fucking getting wild!

Fart's victory is at hand -- it's fucking exciting, it's a fucking exciting time to fart and it's a sign of more good things to fucking come. Something and a lot of great common sense farts, I'm going to fucking put it all on the fucking line in 2010 or this line right now

This year, there are going to fucking be some tough (put any fucking word here) farts. And I think that's good.

Write me a check!

Conspirators in the art world are everywhere!

Conspirators make shit! Fuck shit!

Conspirators make us work harder and be more efficient and produce more fart!

I hope you'll get out there and fart!

Work hard for fucking!

Work hard for fucking the fucking fartists who reflect your values, your priorities -- because despite what the fucking critics want you to fucking think, contested (put any fucking word

here) aren't civil farts. That's democracy at fart, and that's beautiful. I am for fucking getting wild!

I was the fucking product of a competitive (put any fucking word here), farting for fucking art, I faced five fartists in the fart party just last week, and we put our ideas and our experience out there on the fucking table for fart, and then we almost farted, but not quite, of course, then fucking critics fucking decide.

Fuck that, said Lolita, that is an unhealthy process, but it gives billions of Americans a job and the fucking kind of leadership that they want and deserve: fucking stupid. And so in 2010, I tip my hat to fucking anyone with the fucking courage to fucking throw their fart in the air, and may the fucking best ideas and fartists' win. I am for fucking getting wild!

From the fucking bottom of my fart, I thank you for fucking being part of the fucking fart solution. God bless you, Art Partiers and God (who's got the fucking chronic!?) bless the fucking USA fart market. I am for fucking getting wild!

Thank you. God bless you guys. Get fucking wild!

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