



LOCAL STORIES NOVEMBER 22, 2022

Check Out LG Williams's Story



Today we'd like to introduce you to LG Williams.

Hi LG, thanks for sharing your story with us. To start, maybe you can tell our readers some of your backstories.

I've been asked this question a lot during my adult daycare residency's afternoon Arts and Crafts program—especially after my year-long, worldwide artist lecture tour and subsequent acceptance into the Post-Conceptual/Post-Commodity Revisionist-Art Hall of Fame in Carmel, CA. (By the way, the center just finished customizing and renaming their dumpster to honor my name and artistic legacy. The plaque on it reads, "In Honor of LG Williams: Everyman's Trash.") Art insiders and flippers worldwide have become obsessed with this question, too. In fact, I receive

about 50 emails and proposals a day. It is a bit overwhelming.

"LG, how did you get here?"

Yes, indeed. Just how did I get here? How did I get that beautiful wife? And the large automobile?

Well, for decades now, as many of you know, I've been developing and practicing my own style of artistic engagement. I call it "The Boho-Hillbilly-Casino-Capital Art (R)evolution®" or, TBHCCA(R)® for short. My patented TBHCCA(R)® artistic insta-success-system includes an art-collector-catch-and-release program and young curator reintroduction/deprogramming as well.

As you might imagine, this sustained, concentrated artistic enterprise requires superhuman powers of mind control. Don't try it at home.

This aesthetic outlook or approach works best at my partially-employee-owned spa, retreat, and art resort (i.e., The Good Lovin' Art Ashram overlooking Beverly Hills). Just imagine goop® + Play-Doh® + Edible EZ Loving Body Paints® surrounded by beautiful people and inflatable mattresses, and you got the idea.

As I was saying, TBHCCA(R)® or, to put it another way, Post-Commodity Digio-Dematerialization Art (or POCODIDE® Art for short) has become crystal clear to me. As clear as "The Jeweled Money-Tree Art Sutra" is to Dale Chihuly—a sutra that I co-

wrote in a previous conceptual-artist embodiment nearly a millennia ago.

A trans-dimensional artistic outlook or practice allows anyone, especially me, to see artistic reality matter-of-factly. It also explains why I have an enormous art collector base and a multi-year wait list to purchase my artworks.

Sidebar: To be perfectly frank, the actual author of “The Jeweled Money-Tree Art Sutra” mentioned above didn’t get the credit they rightly deserved. Why didn’t they receive any writing credit?

Full disclosure: The opportunistic tactics, and aspirations of present-day “Hacks of Academe” haven’t diminished since 1976 when Gore Vidal published his aptly titled essay. Meaning, I did not give my old friend the credit they deserved a millennia ago because...(sigh)...I desperately longed for things that sole real authors with authentic intellectual intelligence and skills are granted. Like appearing in a Star Trek episode! And doesn’t every adjunct “Art Historian” nowadays long to appear in a campy science fiction television series—just before or after being forced to resign (discreetly) from rinky-dink teaching assignments or institutions?

Look here: Times are tough. Yet, I feel honored to share my art-vision-quest stratagems with well-off but highly-dedicated devotees and followers—especially in sophisticated artistic capitals and elegant art residencies in exotic places all over the world.

Last month alone I spoke with MKUltra cultural producers, disreputable bass fishermen, unhappy trust funders, motivational art historians, spendthrift TikTok art consultants, go-go YouTubers, transitioning NBA art influencers, and the ever-present but random, inexperienced nomadic erotic dancer, a.k.a. the Mixed Martial Arts mind-body-art contortionist.

After all these amazing art adventures, I had to ask myself, “How lucky did I get to see the total eclipse of art?”—otherwise commonly known as the 21st Century Art Apocalypse.

I know, I know, you’ve heard it all before—from all sorts of saints and sinners. You think this is just another con to create more zombie artworks to be purchased by zombie moguls for their ludicrously cavernous vanity art museums. Well, it’s not! This is different.

Hear me out: I’m from Hollywood!

Let’s get to the rub: “Where is the money?,” or “When can I get my next big bag of money?” Or, simply put, “I Need Money! Money! Money!”

Let’s also throw this into the mix while we still have time: “What should young artists do?” On the other hand, “What should old artists do?”—besides washing their hands before and after doing the intersectional do-do in an artistically designated safe space?

My artistic philosophy (detailed in my artist statement that appears on my website) stands apart from all others. It is a guaranteed sure-fireplan of action for low-credit creative aspirants to get rich quick in a wholly compromised and rotten-to-the-core contemporary art world. My vision (as distinct from my “journey”) is a tried-and-true art world financial blueprint for billions currently adopted by millions of high-credit bankrolled bumpkins, philistine misfits, alibi-aligned cretins, and third-generation down-on-their-luck but fully subsidized “art” progeny. Everyone is killing it!

My art philosophy is better than science. Way better. It is super-science! It is a “what to do-do” and “how-to do-do” do-it-yourself treatise written in plain and simple language. You, too, Ms. or Mr. Art Desperado, can cash in ASAP in a cash-rich, mega-art eco-culture even though you are wholly devoid of artistic talent.

Think of the possibilities!

For the run-of-the-mill Mr. & Mrs. Lack O. Talent, the course of action I propose is pretty straightforward: Simply knock out the same old rubble day after day while repeating the same alibi or grievance and wait for the Benjamins to appear!

Contrary to popular belief, Something can come out of nothing—if you play your cards right.

It's not as if this grass-fed art cash cow or its administrators or leaders know anything about art? Heck no.

More to the point (even if you're not a present or past pointillist): Can true art and artists survive the coming waves of artistic-pandemic banality and the really-really-bad art climate change? Can lousy creative genes seriously contain the keys to unlocking financial, international art success? And, finally, can an aesthetic understanding of Transactional-Adorno actually "save the art world?"

Answers to the above (in no particular order): No, no, no, and gawd, I hope so.

I propose one specific internationally oriented art remedy for all of the contemporary art world's current spate of fatal disorders: All unhappy, sad, and miserable artists long for a wise, benevolent artist genius-guru guide, right? Just think of Rockwell, Kinkadee, Wyland, Keane, or George Santayana.

That's where I come in. Got it? That's my angle...MAKE ART GREAT AGAIN!

Alright, so let's dig a little deeper into the story – has it been an easy path overall, and if not, what were the challenges you've had to overcome?

THE ROAD.

PICTURE THIS COMING INTO FOCUS: We top the rise and the smoggy vastness of Los Angeles at midnight stretches out before us.

VOICE OVER: It is late; the luxury Beverly Hills art gallery is all but deserted. We are tracking in on a slim-fit man with a bright, reassuring smile wearing black Bermuda shorts, black pants, a T-shirt, cheap sunglasses, and a black baseball cap with an embroidered "LG." He looks hungry because he is hungry: a hunger artist. His stubbled but chiseled looks reveal a relaxed manner

suggesting a man in whom despair and great art run deep—but now almost run dry. He is feeling empty beer cans in the gallery trash cans for coldness while examining their weights.

CUT. WRAP.

YOU GET THE POINT. This art road isn't pretty...but true art aficionados know to overlook these commonplace stories of terrifying and heart-wrenching artistic struggle. Such trifles are irrelevant. Creative geniuses banish all artistic alibis.

Forget the pitiful details of an artist's life. They are like clichés emerging from nowhere headed to international acclaim, renown, and riches. Geniuses also care little for the long, grueling journey filled with strivings, starvings, and intermittent betrayals. Yet the few remaining artistic vagabonds popping into today's art world can be quickly identified: they appear as hollowed vestiges blasted apart by money, contrivance, and greedy philistines.

Yet, there is a satisfied smugness that heightens and radiates freshly on the scavenger's face. This tell-all branding lets everyone know that this one can die with a smile on their face—without feeling like the good Lord gipped them.

Be happy. After all, the once-authentic artistic culture had a long-unfettered reign of high creativity. Now it is better to be mediocre...

As you know, we're big fans of you and your work. For our readers who might not be as familiar what can you tell them about what you do?

I urge all readers to visit my most recent curated online exhibition called "It's Better To Be Mediocre."

This online show initially aired on February 15 – April 1, 2021.

The exhibition features Doug Aitken, Andrea Bowers, Mark Bradford, Andrea Fraser, Mark Grotjahn, Alex Israel, Catherine Opie, Laura

Owens, Lari Pittman, Sterling Ruby, Mary Weatherford, and Jonas Wood.

Remarkable for its candor, this art show brings together the most popular but fully entrenched artistic mediocrities associated with today's aspiring Los Angeles art scene. These "artists" have devoted their careers and pocketed the most in pursuing artistic mediocrity—or which they have been handsomely rewarded.

Looking back upon this landmark online group exhibition, this event will be remembered as one of the most iconic exhibitions of the decade. A show devoted to—what I suggested in the exhibition catalog essay as—"Los Angeles's 'Pathetic Generation.'"

Worse still, I suspect, down this road, nothing will come from nothing.

We love surprises, fun facts, and unexpected stories. Is there something you can share that might surprise us?

My life and career have always been an open book. But what I suspect everyone is really curious about can be found on my Adult Friend Finder page. Search ZIP code 90210. i.e., ArtForItsOwnSake69

Pricing:

Erik David Gallery in Los Angeles manages my art sales. That is where you can find my artworks between \$500 to \$500,000 each. Trust me—there is something for everyone—even coasters and oven mitts for Christmas gifts. All major credit cards are accepted.

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