

Brother Partisans!

An Exhibition of Paintings in the
Post-Socialist Manner by Huw Lemmey

The rules of our liberal democracy are set out from the moment we enter the education system, no, before. There is no greater virtue than respect. We must treat all indiscretions with due tolerance. Our creative output should willingly share a stage with that of our peers. Let the people decide. Let language be a quickstep to consensus. Let us keep ourselves in check, and please do remember, there are two sides to every story.

Discussion around cultural production, that is, the things we make to entertain ourselves, must be broad and inclusive. Please be aware of your colleagues' sensitivities and welcome their opinions into the group. I'm sure we can come to some sort of agreement.

You rely on your legitimacy- to us, your legitimacy is your primary offence!

They say we are striving to rebuild what they might call a 'post-socialist identity'- a reformatting of our reaction to a changed cultural landscape within a framework of a globalised, web 2.0 anti-authoritarian sub-cultural milieu.

NO MORE NOTIONS OF! NO MORE ISSUES AROUND! NO MORE PLAYING WITH THE CONCEPT! We declaim! For us, post-socialism will be pre-communism. We want more than our identity- that is, to establish amongst ourselves the collective spirit, the nervous energy of dissent, the first liberatory chords of class-based violence!

We no longer act on the ideological image. We will no longer flay ourselves with worry about recuperating our own actions- instead our art and our culture stands as an insurrectionary act in itself, a neutered vision of a future de-individualised, re-collectivised society, as well as being the succour and celebration for future acts.

Fetishisation is for the liberals- we self-valorise; ***most fundamentally- our art holds communicative potential.***

If we assume that political agency can be in the mediation as much as the event, then the art becomes a different event of similar intensity. While no art can accurately reflect the collective joy of the street action, of the chant and of the burning dumpster, it can still be a political act aimed at turning the individualised bourgeois expression into a communalised moment of togetherness. It must be. On no account can we accept our position as another exciting radical identity in the melting pot. There can be no thesis-antithesis-synthesis.

These are not goods that I display here. They are services. Our shackles and bonds are not laid out in strict order. Our slavery is manifest in our relations with each other. I shan't slander my good name or insult your intelligence with another attack on plasma TVs and fast food outlets. ***Bonds reach beyond objects; this is our doctrine of faith.***

It is not with grace and ease that I have realigned these paintings with a reinvigorated critique of the model of capitalist relations. Unusually, measured irony has given way to clumsy rhetoric. Until there are boots on the street satire seems unstudied.

Our practice, in all forms, cultural, political and physical, revolves around improvisation. "Improvisation is how things really start to happen". It is 'in the moment', of the moment, that we build insurrection. We build, and when the academics come to turn their hoses upon us, we disappear down the side streets.

The refusal of the mob shall be the overture to the symphony of your destruction- your destruction itself a mere prelude to our communisation!

Opens at LimaZulu Project Space on Thursday 19th November 2009, 7-11pm

Runs throughout the weekend by appointment.



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