

NEVAN LAHART: LIBERTY PARTY SHOP 28.9 – 30.11.2017

Nevan Lahart (°1973) is a Dublin-based visual artist, working in a wide variety of media: painting, sculpture, installation, video, animation and performance. The subject matter of his work could be described as encompassing television, the media, social and political perceptions and the history of art and life as he finds it. His art practice aims to engage in creative collaboration in ways that may be seen as either humorous or deeply subversive. Recent exhibitions include Newtopia - Mechelen (2012), the Gothenburg Biennial (2013) and IMMA Collection: A Decade, Irish Museum of Modern Art - Dublin (2016), as well as solo exhibitions at Temple Bar Gallery and Studios - Dublin, Triskel Arts Center - Cork, and Kevin Kavanagh Gallery - Dublin.

The canvas is of course the gaping mortal wound through which our world bleeds out into an uncaring void. Its whiteness emanates from one of those dry lunacies that in the desert wander. And yet, millions of oil paint tubes continue to be squeezed out, their greasy innards entering the bleached abyss and forever falling, for there is no bottom to be found. If the universe was minimally kind or forgiving to grant this pit a floor, then the multi-coloured excretions would slowly pile up into a mausoleum, into a melancholic vomitorium.

These paintings before you are only a phantasm produced by your brain, one last hallucination barely held together by the end dredges of mongrel neurochemicals abandoning ship, scurrying particles as your body prepares to die. It is too late to panic now, you too have been swallowed by the achromatic pit, same as all the people around you, waiters, visitors, curator. Tomorrow someone will enter the exhibition space and find it empty except for the eerily blank hanging tapestries. Of course, such mass disappearance will not go unnoticed. Your loved ones will surely report your absence to the corresponding authorities. An investigation will be opened. Eventually someone will ask the wrong questions and the whole thing will have to be shut down. Silence will be bought at any cost. The confiscated canvasses, still untouched by paint, discretely stored away to an undisclosed location. As all records of your existence, of this exhibition, are erased, you will still be falling.

While suspended in never ending descent, do not let the awareness of your impeding demise sadden you. Rather, be comforted in the knowledge that you have now become an infinitesimal but vital part in the grand design of things, decorated cannon fodder in the everlasting war against that suppurating pale gash that is the Image. It sprouts its vile pus once more and thus careful plans are put at risk, well written scripts tremble. Through ages of shadow labour, protective spells, marble laws have been pecking at the white scar, limiting its damage. Nonetheless it returns, wan rage. And so, we honoured pawns are thrown at it, for the survival of ascending Humanity. That's where you come in. You are history now, baby! Picture yourself as an angel, your face turned to the Past, vomiting and shitting profusely and in such a strong manner that it propels you irresistibly into the Future, to which your back is turned, eternal witness of the human wastes that grow skyward.

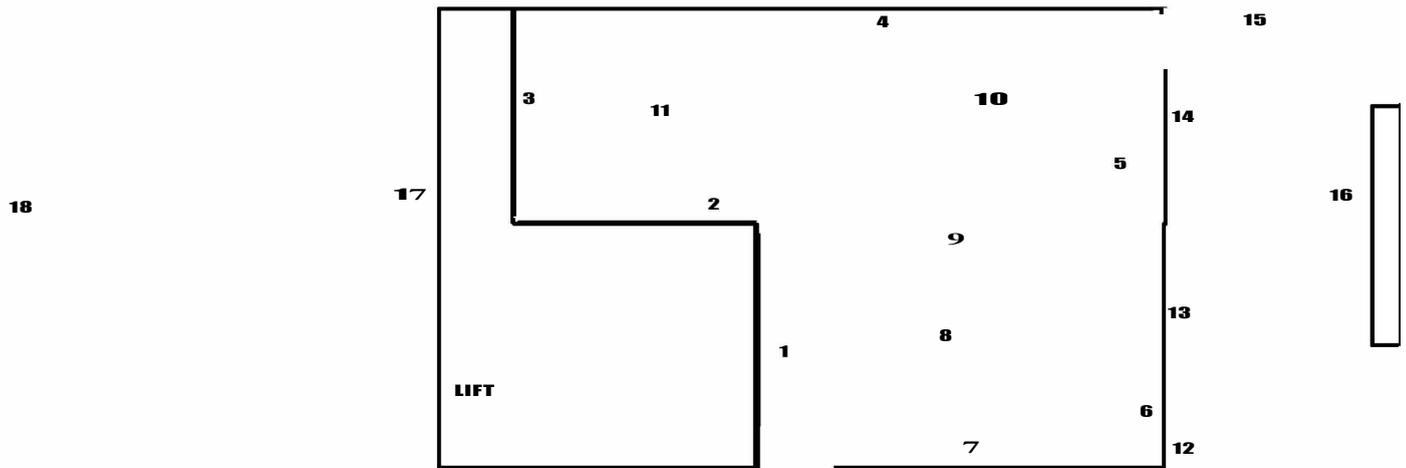
Don't believe me yet? That you are dead? That you are falling? Fair enough. For argument's sake, let us consider this hallucination of yours, those paintings supposedly sticking to what you perceive as a surface, as real. For reasons entirely obscure to me,

your brain has taken pity on you and chosen to hide clues inside the scenes it is currently rendering in front of you, in hopes you may catch up with the facts. See here this eye-Ouroboros. Paranoid cornea scratching. An exhausted puppeteer that, as he slumbers, twitches run down his hands and shake the puppets, now livelier than ever intended. Vertiginous dance that congeals into palpable misery. A serpent-tongued God caught inside His own simulations. If faltering, naked, thorn-crowned Christ was the Father monstrously parodying Himself, this here Antichrist fellow is brittle dead-seriousness trapped in our carnival world.

Reminds you of someone maybe? A certain lad or lass totally-not-plummeting? I dare to dream that by now you may have even gasped, through this painterly hall of mirrors, the true corners of your life-long mirage, beginning, receding to the eternities before your birth, ending never. And this mania, of tempting you to look behind the curtain, following you everywhere. Rude mask-shaped brushstrokes hiding faceless creeps, they are become Fungi, the psychotropic fermentator of worlds. Apotheosis of apothecium. Bite-size spores turn decaying circuits into copper energy. Other way of saying, they fuck things up. They save Time the trouble of turning us all into garbage. What is it you are mumbling? The only rubbish here is my text you say? Very well then, go on little one, grab another glass of wine, have a laugh. Me, I am gonna wait for tomorrow, betcha I find a note on the inner pages going on about your tragic vanishing. I'll cut it, clip it somewhere. Betcha one day it is also gone.

*Sebastián Gonzalez de Gortari
September 2017*

A monographic publication will be issued on behalf of this exhibition.



Nevan Lahart: Liberty Party Shop
28.9 – 30.11.2017

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Evolution* Is a Big Pill to Down oil on canvas, 2017 <i>* It may cause detrimental side effects on your spiritual, emotional, and intellectual well-being and may induce nausea</i></p> <p>2 Quango Conga Cargo Congo (Daniel O'Connell, the king of the tramps, jumps off the train and leaves Belgium to Leopold) oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>3 The Serfragettes Bruegelize Bilderberg (Open Society Foundation Funded Elite Lives Matters Banquet Backfires) oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>4 The Anti-Christ Enters Brussels – Stage Left (underpainted underpainting) oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>5 The Camouflage Brigade goes Plain Air Painting (Capt. Magritte (Psych-Op Div.) Paints a Pretty Picture of Groves & Oppenheimer being consumed in senseless Radiation / Field Marshal Picasso paints out the sun with electric shadow lights / Lieutenant Heartfield (Para Troops Div.) deploys a prelease first generation iPad to heighten the carnage / Private Pollock (Infantry Division) receives instructions in mixing paint and enjoys the effects that turbulence has on his palette) oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>6 Detergent & Roses for a new improved Disenfranchised Pro Septic Aesthetic oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>7 Mr K. congratulates Mr R. on the successful testing of his latest commission for the advancements of weaponized paint technology LPP (Luc Pale Puke) oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>8 The Missing Link: Chip off the Old Block (Revisionist Edition) marker on marble, 2017</p> | <p>9 Cimabue is lapped on the way to A&E by the Boston Bomb oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>10 The wandering serf wonders about art being a lemon clay, lemons and rock, 2017</p> <p>11 A petrified lung found in my back garden petrified lung on insulation foam, 2017</p> <p>12 Warhol's War Wall (In cases of emergency break out the bottled water) rescue blankets and bottled water, 2017</p> <p>13 Atonal Popsophy oil on canvas, 2017</p> <p>14 Green Scream: Net Knot Work: Refuse the Grid net and rubbish sacks, 2017</p> <p>15 Memorial to a dead Shillosopher oil on canvas, rope, felled tree and insulation foam, 2017</p> <p>16 Pre-Historical Post Industrial Stain Painting (room 208 Hostel H) digital print on paper, 2017</p> <p>17 There's Nothing New about the Old World Order (Midi Evil Meme found in Ignatius of Loyola's Closet) oil on board, 1491-2017</p> <p>18 Work In foyer Hidden Hand X-Ray Booth (Painters Paint Fingers) 2 hours performance, 2017</p> |
|---|--|