

**GREVE**  
**SARA & ANDRÉ**  
**WITH THE PARTICPATION OF**  
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**Privatize or deprive yourself**

After a decade of crisis we are entering the 3rd Year of The Holy Mother of Austerity

Culture is a term that provokes hives within the troops of the troika. Artists are compelled to beg support from the privately exalted who feed on their hopes and air. Privatize or deprive yourself, consume or be consumed, is how the generals of the troop understand it. Art is to be served and consumed on the skeletal bodies of those who did not escape the cuts and to the delight of their vultures. It is the market, they say. A market that consumes the artist until the last drop of blood, but where everyone wants to sell.

The few artists who are allowed to join the party do not hesitate to declare their distances to those who are at the entrance door. After the act-of-faith, common proclamation, of being apolitical and/or independent of everything, comes the order to embellish the last ball at the royal palace. Radical chic and fear are displayed, everything is accepted but *bad-thinking* or *bad-doing*. The redemption towards art comes with punctual acts of charity with those who lie at the front of the palace, but on the day of the strike, they observe from afar distilling prejudice.

The strike stops, momentarily, the production cycle affecting the chain of consumption, bringing human beings closer or farther apart. Tipping false barriers of class and clarifying the gap between exploiters and exploited - the frightened disappear in between. It shows us that we are all necessary in order to move forward.

The strike destroys the barrier between people and artist, and therefore, it is uncomfortable. Even when the stance is individual, it claims the same goals of a larger collective. It could never be declared apolitical or independent.

That's why to strike is *bad-thinking*. It is *bad-doing*.  
So let us be privatized, then.

Tiago Mota Saraiva 2013