

MOLLY MOLLY BOOM BOOM

Alexandre Melo

In Salvador 'Bahia de Todos os Santos' (All Saints' Bay) I learned how to purposely spill beer on the floor. In the beginning they told me heat was the reason, but then they explained it was the Saint's portion. So be it and it is as far as I am concerned, in the trailers of the Cathedral where many among us have felt, during nights of glory, the Third Ring ascends to the sky elevating us in triumph ever so high.

Back to the ground. The beginning of ascension is the fall. The ascending journey doesn't start when we lift our head from the table where it lays on wet paper or think about our feet to help us get up and remain somewhat steady.

The ascension begins when we cannot stop our head and body from falling; but not for the last time, never for the last time.

There's time for one more beer in Hell and another one until it becomes clear that it's not really Hell we're standing in, quite the opposite.

Love and sex are most used words for people to talk about things they feel or do or feel while doing or doing while feeling or don't even know if they are doing or feeling. Based on the most unbeatable logic, trying to put a feeling into words or share it seems impossible. But rather than a roadblock, it's just another reason for us to stick together, whether we're hanging out, dating, or even in an affair, if that's how things are.

Works of art are special things because they exist without the need for explanations, strictly speaking they exist anyway but not all are privileged to exist in this way: anyway.

Anyway it's an even more special way for a work of art to exist.

It's the opposite of the trends of modernism that infected the art historiography of the 20th century - in a cartoonish way in Portugal - in deplorable collusion with the Euro-North American ethnocentrism fruit of the European colonialisms and even more deplorable complicity with social-fascist terrorism (called communism) at the service of Russian or Chinese imperialism. For some pretentious commentators (among whom, Theodor Adorno perhaps the most absurd) there were things that artists should not do and others that, in the lack of a better view, they should.

In any case, for those who like painting-painting and sculpture-sculpture, it's important to highlight that in this exhibition there are only paintings and sculptures, modern and contemporary. But it doesn't seem like it, does it? That's the point.

What I see in the work of the artists I like most - such as Tiago Alexandre - is that they do whatever they do with their lives without promotions, excuses or discounts. This way, to me, is also part of my life. After all, we don't know if there is much more than this life.

In short: just doing it means not following precepts, formalisms, protocols or issues of corrupt or conjunctural ideologies; it's doing it in the only way possible for a single person, an artist.

Ok Back to Black and I like John Denver but today is opening night and I would like to invite Ivete Sangalo.

"My ghetto people sent for word
That will about to go down the party, will go down"

Behold there, a pink heart melted in a swirling vortex, volcano rising and falling, legs in the air, bursting and shaking.

"Dancing Dancing / Dancing Dancing / Sideways, little heart / Blow the cameramen a kiss".

MOLLY
TIAGO ALEXANDRE

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