

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ACCOMPLICES

Maria Angélica Melendi

(Profa Dra Pós Graduação da Escola e Belas Artes da UFMG.)

"Original", therefore, as an addition of looks, meanings, references and contextualization in the intersection of which the elements that conform the work show themselves "like others", are interpreted as art.

Larrañaga Altuna

"So art is a dialogue between accomplices today?" Said Yayo. We were all silent, surprised by the phrase. We were talking about Duchamp and what might have been the first ready-made: the *bilboquet* with which he gave to Max Bergmann, his late-night friend to the taverns and the Montmartre skirts. Bergmann - a German painter who had studied art in Paris - recounts in his diary a memorable spree with Marcel. Days later he would receive the toy, on which Duchamp had engraved with a punch: *Bilboquet / Souvenir de Paris / A mon ami M. Bergmann / Duchamp printemps 1910*.

If we consider that the meaning of the *bilboquet* was transparent to the artists, it is not clear to us why Duchamp recorded this inscription on the toy ball. The object undoubtedly alludes to what happened on that bohemian night and it is difficult to resist an erotic reading. All the details, however, died with his friends. The complicity between Max and Marcel, woven in school and on the streets, takes shape in a singular object: the *bilboquet*. A proto ready-made, which precedes in three years the first - the bicycle wheel - and in five its conceptualization.

A dialogue between accomplices? Would art begin now, with an exchange of glances, with two clenching hands, with a party, with a hug? Is the artist who invents relationships between people with the help of icons, images, forms, actions or gestures? The one who produces reality through acts that denounce the world of art and then escape from it and insert itself into everyday life?

For Nicolas Bourriaud, an artist today, it is not only who creates paintings, sculptures or even installations. The artist only makes exhibitions: the new unity of art. Thus, the isolated work is not significant because the sense would be established in the possible routes between a work and another of the same exhibition and between them and all other works of art.

The exhibition *The House of Alan Fontes* compels us to conjecture about these possibilities of insertion in the real from the exacerbation of painting as a medium. The impure and the contaminated are settled in the exhibition room and point to the redoubled fiction of pictorial material that expands and merges into real furniture. The pictures no longer create imagined spaces, no longer open windows to the landscape, not even to the interior. The pictures are only pictures on the walls of an impossible house, the simulacrum of a house installed in an art gallery.

Of course, we can also enter into this illusory space and see in these pictures other images, those of works of art that appear in them, mentioned impudently. A dialogue between accomplices. An art students play, a game between young people who, like Marcel and Max, cross endless nights engaging themselves in a conversation by misunderstandings, shared affinities, fierce dissent.

I piled stuffed dolls in the corner of the room and you understand I want to remember Anette. A bedroom window will open (always) to Lucien's yard; from the other we will see (always, too) David's pool. Because we like them so much, we want to have them around all the time. No matter how far or how close our time or spaces are: Eugênio, Rosângela, Orson, Felix, Beatriz and many others. Our friends. Our accomplices.

The House, then, is open for celebration and for complicity. The House is open. Let's go inside.

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