

You're almost here. Closing your eyes won't change a thing from your dream to what lies on the other side of your eyelids. Whether it's you, or someone else, doesn't change anything either. Everything is an experience, whether you like it or not. Enter. Gently inhale. You're here. Everything is in its place, in your place.

Repeat. You're here, at last. It's your choice. It's you. You remain in the doorway, watching. Enter. This is where you face yourself, alone, surrounded by the objects on which your ideas come to die. Your desires take the shape of what's already there.

You're unrecognizable. You're in the only place you want to be. Your desire hasn't vanished; it has merged with what is. You inhabit the surrounding space as it unfolds, like a captive to a dream someone else had for you.

The cold shapes and straight lines that you're in are abstract and end up referring only to themselves. The curve is the path of the donkey. The straight lines form a text. You start to read it—it's about you.

It's a beautiful story, and you're not left out because you are the subject. You're not starting a project, you're not following ideas that aren't your own, because you're only yourselves. Your story has already begun again. It describes ensembles created from your everyday life. Your present invents itself from hour to hour in the act of throwing away your accomplishments and defying the future.

*Coincidentia oppositorum*

The spectacle of the world is no longer visible from where you are. It's become a user's manual. Like a way of life, a way of being, a presence-in-the-world that fades with its singularity, it reveals the omnipotence of a movement towards something, a move towards a dreamed-of ideal that's still pursued despite its apparent inaccessibility. It's an already fallen world. As it becomes still, you turn to your past and talk to ghosts. Vision hangs on movement, and there seems to be none. You are no longer alone or singular. The mist has risen and everything is revealed. There's no longer a way to inhabit the space as a poet.

Whatever you say, don't say it twice.

If you find your idea with somebody else: deny it.

He who didn't sign anything, who didn't leave an image

Who wasn't there, who didn't say a word

How could he be caught!

Cover your tracks!

[...]

(That's what I was taught)

Bertolt Brecht, *The Reader for City Dwellers*  
Trans. David Constantine and Tom Kuhn (2018)

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Mathieu Taesdale

Centre des arts  
actuels Skol

**SKOL**

372, rue Sainte-Catherine Ouest, Espace 314,  
Montréal, QC, H3B 1A2  
www.skol.ca / skol@skol.ca / 514.398.9322



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**Mathieu Latulippe** lives and works in Montréal. His work has been presented in Canada and abroad, including in Montréal's International Festival of Films on Art, Québec City's 4th Manif d'Art, the Darling Foundry, Galerie B-312, Optica, and the Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal's 2011 Triennale. Latulippe has done artist residencies at Among other things (Turkey), art3 (Valencia), and at CALQ studios in Basel and Seoul. His work appears in many private and public collections. Latulippe also won the 2015 Victor Martyn Lynch-Staunton Award in Visual Arts.

At Skol, montrealer artist Mathieu Latulippe is showcasing an hybrid installation gathering together original artworks and collaborators' creations. Under the banner of Mathieu Latulippe and associates, he collaborates with Mathieu Teasdale, Hugo Bergeron, Jean-Maxime Dufresne & Virginie Laganière, Mathieu Gagnon & Mathilde Forest, Stéphane Gilot, Lucie Rocher, Éric Tabuchi and Jean Philippe Luckhurst Cartier. This exhibit presents a set of proposals that explore the dynamics that underlie the visual universe of real estate developpement or echoing the artists reseach axes.

At the conflating zone of investigation and derision, this installation is precisely interrogating our ways of inhabiting and transforming the world, as well as the downsides of the utopias suggested by publicities and real estate showrooms. On the other side of those idealised images of Promethean and perfected light-bathed buildings, are lurking the fears, issues and challenges of the global capitalist era and the rapidly changing environment.

*Excess and compromise* is providing a fertile space of reflections on spectacular and extreme architectures, on our relationship to technology, on the fear of the environmental catastrophe and the far-fetched dream to buy a better world « just for us ». Above all, this exhibit forces us to imagine the world we want to make possible.

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