





Mikado thing

writing project
2021-2022





the giant mikado is not a lure- even if it hide an other reality :
Can Serrat was the place of retreat that I needed
to invest by distance something that directly concern me
when I was patiently painting my mikado sticks, some people were living my paralel life

they take my name
they take my place
one new person a week
living in my appartement, sleeping on my bed
meeting with the friends that I had
(may be now they met new people)
going to my Master at the University
they continue the life that I left in this city
before I came here in Can Serrat

the 42 fines sharped sticks that compose the mikado
was for me a special object of attention
it helps me to don't fall in a speculative storm
about what's happening in my life behind me

the mikado keeps in itself a specific attitude
pointy and fine precision
- I am not shure to be pointy
I am not shure to be precise
but being replaced in your life require something in its composition
like a mikado feeling

now that my Master of Creative Writing suspended *us*
for me being other persons
we wander around this city as a ghost
a changing ghost
I give to my alternates a green jumper
fir green and a golden chain
as we can be recognizable
beyond the person changing inside
in the bar, around the university
at friend's parties
they don't have to present themself as me anymore
people know, from the green jumper, from the golden chain
it's Mathis here in the corner
did I lost friends by changing so much ?

here comes this required hability
to appear to the others as you remove yourself
it can't be insistant, it's a risk to loose all the confidence
and letting friends and people leaving you
as quick as you brutally change
we need *to have the elegance to appear in the rhythm of others*
as the first new Mathis said to me on the phone
to keep this life going
through all individuals who will live it

we became friend with our neighbor





Can Serrat is my place of retreat when my life is continuing
a (relatively) isolated farm to be at the behind
experimenting with the mikado, put it on fire, trying to eat with
residents and inhabitants playing with the sticks
- beautifull people of Can Serrat

I am not aware of what is going on at my place during my time in Catalunya
but I know that when I was taking tea at the stone table with Genevieve
Mathis in France was appearing for the first time in a costume party
when I was warming up by the fire next to Ely and Vanessa
Mathis was offering a precious gift to my friend in a church
when I was loosing playing ping pong with Ricardo
Mathis was exchanging books with the director of the inaccessible Master
when I was walking with Celia through the olive's trees
Mathis was eating dinner with a person unknown to me
when I was taking a nap on the hamac
Mathis was trying to open an exhibition in my flat
did it suceed ?
I will know going back to France
reading the notebooks that they left in my appartement

the performance take place beyond my residency time in Can Serrat
may be my paralel life will persist
and becoming entirely autonomous
detached from myself
an other life lived by severals people
and may be one day I can be part of it just for one week
experimenting it as a stranger, as anybody else
where it went

I wish to make a book with all of this
and offering a gift to my neighbor who supported us in this perpetual change
offer her a week in Can Serrat
with the diary of the shifting Mathis
as a bedside book
and the mikado somewhere
in the garden

see you soon, Can Serrat
warmly

Mathis



