

An hymn to the reunion of practices,  
*Danseprophétique à l'îlebizarre* benefitted from the collaboration of Antoine Charbonneau-Demers, author and private coach, and Peter James, the seventh eye.

Geneviève Crépeau would like to extend personal and heartfelt thanks to Nancy Belzile, Patrick Coutu, André Crépeau, Ginette Ducharme, Marie-Hélène Massy Émond, Yves Mercier, Barnabé Pomerleau and Jean-Philippe Rioux-Blanchette for their unwavering support and indispensable competence in the making of the exhibition, as well as Ji-Yoon Han, Jean-Jacques Lachapelle and his team at the museum.

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**Geneviève Matthieu** is an artist duo formed in Rouyn-Noranda (Québec, Canada) at the end of the 1990s. Through performances, installations, videoworks, music concerts and poetry, the duo stages collective representations and social tableaux inspired by art and life. Geneviève Matthieu's work was presented in numerous exhibitions and events in Canada and Europe, most notably at Musée d'art de Joliette, Usine C (Montreal), Fonderie Darling (Montreal), 7a\*11d Festival (Toronto), Centre Wallonie-Bruxelles (Paris), La Capella (Barcelone) and festival actoral (Marseille). The duo was longlisted for the Prix en art actuel from Musée national des beaux-arts de Québec (2018), and the Sobey Art Award (2023), the most prestigious award nation-wide, organized by the National Gallery of Canada. The duo was awarded the Conseil des arts et des lettres du Québec's Paris residency at Les Récollets in 2024, and took part in the 2-12 residency program at Cité internationale des arts in Paris, in 2022.

## Geneviève Matthieu

### *Danseprophétique à l'îlebizarre*

Musée d'art de Rouyn-Noranda, March 21 – May 18, 2025

## Welcome to *îlebizarre*.

After stopping in Bellecombe, Joliette, Montreal, Matane, after crossing the Atlantic and landing in Paris for creative residencies and performances by the duo Geneviève Matthieu, *îlebizarre* returns to Rouyn-Noranda, the place which inspired it two years ago. Extracted from the bowels of the earth full of copper, heavy metals, minerals, and electricity, this “island” is nomadic, performative, and evolving: the artists carried it with them everywhere they went, everywhere they breathed, everywhere their lives as artists took them. It is an island in the mind just as much as it is an archipelago of sculptures, performance accessories, dance mat, shelters and lucky charms. And each time, it is neither exactly the same nor something entirely different.

This time, the artists have agreed to entrust *îlebizarre* to Musée d'art de Rouyn-Noranda for a few months, the duration of the exhibition. So here is the island, metamorphosing and appearing before you, dear visitors, like a stage without actors. Here are the objects, sounds, words and materials that, in the deliberate absence of Geneviève Matthieu, come together and become the performers—it may be that you too will become so as well.

You entered through a glass portal in an acid yellow that sticks to your skin. You are now in a place that is not exactly the artists' lair, that at present looks like a museum installation, and that will be the cathedral where we will seek refuge when the waters start to rise. In a not-too-distant future, the island will be full, crowded, overflowing: the air will be hot and stuffy like in those gymnasiums that are transformed into shelters during natural disasters, where people are evacuated when the water is rising, when the air is suffocating us, when the fires are raging. But for now, there is room. The ventilation is humming...

While waiting for the end and in spite of all the endings in our way, we need to prepare, practice, diligently train ourselves—to see, to see far into the future, to read the signs, to imagine the unknown, and to build endurance. This is not something abstract: we need to work at it every day of our lives, poison ourselves, purify ourselves, meditate, invoke the planets—prophetic rituals for the end of time. Light the altar candles. Stock up provisions. Consume. Take inventory of all that we will need and could need. Drink vitamins. Drink poison. Work. Tinker. Read. Read until we're dizzy. Stuff ourselves. Pile up. Pack. Unpack. Muscle up. Take shelter. Take cover. Honour our dead, those who will not see the end of the world and whom we will need to take with us as we embark into the unknown. Accumulate trinkets and amulets. Sing. Write poetry. Dance.

And begin all over again, over and over, under the impassive eye of giants Observer and Phantom. Give ourselves a horizon, especially this one: get ready to survive.

Get ready to dwell in *îlebizarre* like in an ice palace in which we see a thousand reflections of ourselves and of others, or like in a lighthouse endlessly counting days and nights. This is not being cynical. It's giving meaning to life, in continuous script. And that's the point of art.

The artists are absent. You may well look for them, but they will remain invisible, ectoplasms evaporated in the atmosphere. We can't see them, but we can hear them, feel them, sense them, right? Do you hear that voice? "We are not here. We are there." Can you hear the impossible? A performance will take place at the end, but in the meantime, it is already happening now.

*Danseprophétiqueàîlebizarre*  
activates material.

*Danseprophétiqueàîlebizarre*  
circulates light.

*Danseprophétiqueàîlebizarre* imagines a new language of the profane and the sacred. It is an exercise in transubstantiation. We are not here. We are there. We are gone. We are everywhere. In a not-too-distant future, the island will be full, crowded, overflowing: the air will be hot and stuffy like in theatres, gymnasiums, and cathedrals... But for now, there is room. You are the first, you are pioneers. Let's train ourselves. Let's get ready.

Ji-Yoon Han  
translated by Oana Avasilichioaei