

## **Luís Lázaro Matos**

Tomber Dans Le Lac

16 May — 21 July

opening on Tuesday, May 15th, from 9pm

MADRAGOA is delighted to present *Tomber Dans Le Lac*, the second solo exhibition by Luís Lázaro Matos at the gallery.

*In the melancholy of the chroma Blue of Prussia, we see immersed the after death of King Louis II of Bavaria, in "Tomber Dans Le Lac". To fall into the lake, an expression that in French means to fall into a world of illusions, is the diving board of Lázaro Matos to perform a tragicomic acrobatics on the perils of dazzle. Ironically, it was on the Lake Starnberger that the defunct body of Louis II of Bavaria was found, three days after being deposed. This State figure, known for contracting debts and withdrawing from matters of the State, is the driving force of various follies, opulent buildings built on dreams and musings. Lázaro Matos presents these works as narcissus-castles, accentuating an architectural view as an extension of the self. One of the undertakings of this delusional and megalomaniac legacy, the Neuschwanstein Castle, is the inspiring model of the Disney Castle, this American stronghold where so many unattainable romantic stories are written, especially when we talk about queer lives. "(...) searching for romantic love, but always abandoning my book too soon (...)". Atop a transparent blue, we see a moray reciting the outbursts of the scorned sovereign which metamorphize into an astonishing confessional manifesto. The aesthetic exaggerations of privilege cover the solitude of the bottom of an unknown lake.*

Rodrigo Vaiapraia

May 9<sup>th</sup>, 2018, Lisbon

Luís Lázaro Matos (Évora, Portugal, 1987) lives and works in Lisbon. He studied Painting at Faculdade de Belas-Artes, Universidade de Lisboa from 2006 to 2010 and received a BA in Art Practice at Goldsmiths College, University of London in 2011. His solo exhibitions include: *SMILE YOU ARE IN SPAIN STUDIO PART I*, Madragoa, Lisbon, 2017; *Super Gibraltar*, Kunsthalle Lissabon, Lisbon, 2015; *Models for Solitude*, Old School, Lisbon, 2014; *Houses On Punta Massulo*, Neoteorismoi Toumazou, Nicosia, Cyprus, 2013; *One, Two, Three! Position!*, Hinterconti, Hamburg, 2013; *Into the Blue/Out of the Blue*, Goldsmiths College, London, 2010. Selected group exhibitions include: *Artists' Film International*, MAAT, Lisbon, and Whitechapel Gallery, London, 2017; *10000 anos depois entre Vénus e Marte*, Galeria Municipal do Porto, Oporto, 2017; *Debaixo do Seu Nariz*, Gare Marítima da Rocha Conde de Óbidos, Lisbon, 2017; *Jade Bi*, Madragoa, Lisbon, 2017; *Prémio EDP Novos Artistas*, Galeria Fundação EDP, Oporto, 2013; *Via Paraguay Ballet*, Villa Design Group, Bundeskunsthalle, Bonn, 2013; *Villa I, This House is Triadic Fascist and Made of Industry Glass*, George and Dragon Cabaret Bar, London, 2012.

## Tomber Dans Le Lac

*I fell exceptionally in every wonder of the water,  
Blue was the liquid dream in my heart and on my mind.  
I imagined myself as a moray living in a beautiful palace,  
Searching for romantic love but always abandoning my book too soon.*

*I remember watching shamefully quiet from the windows of my tower  
The bottom sands of London, San Francisco and Berlin burning,  
The wars between shoals escaped from nets and fishing rods,  
The slaps, the losses, the violence between fighting fins*

*I built castles and fortresses of reef around me  
To unwillingly write my fantastic end.  
I saw the supposed subjects of my empire pulling my strings  
And I saw all my lovers dragged away by grand currents.*

*The algae entangling me had the texture of my skin,  
Simple and elegant forms I had drawn in paper.  
I took myself for the owner and hero of times and oceans  
And disguised all my evil with euphemisms for years, and years, and years...*

*My mom sang me the lullaby of music, art and history  
Until the loneliness of days hit me in the face.  
I even bossed the fish around: to the left! to the right!  
Thinking I was the most perfect moray behind the liquid screen.*

*But I never liked these teeth fish of mine and so I hid –  
The cave of privilege offered me great comfort with its aesthetics.  
From there I giggled at every object or memory disappearing:  
“Come see all my sea life reverie!”*

*They accused me of being irresponsible, a prince of childish dreams.  
What did you want of me? A married fish? Laying out eggs in pairs?  
They always told me: “do not complain, you’ve had more than many ever did”  
And yet I drowned in that sea water – all made of the sadness and blunder of the fish*

*I was both the king and the fool – entertaining everyone with my fall...  
Disguised as a clown fish so as not to be left alone laughing.  
I fell in this world not really knowing how, and was called a fag and a lunatic  
So may my way out be this dive so very gracefully acrobatic*