

Like an improvisation, a rehearsal towards a collective space-time for "study," to "The Fire Next Time" borrows from James Baldwin.

In The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study, Stefano Harney and Fred Moten 1 observe-describe "study" as a mode of co-creation, learning and experimentation that resists acial capitalism.

The exhibition breaks through the institutional space of Villa Arson and seeks ways to widen the common space and extend time, observing what's already there, potentialities that are not there yet, a future in the present, faire fête, partying. In order to do so, let's keep in mind that our relation to these places is determined by our identities, whether real, perceived, performed, or imposed. Let's join forces and visions as well as ambiguities and disagreements, ferocities, and refusals.

to "The Fire Next Time" connects these various passages and trajectories: translation workshops, a group exhibition, a hangout space, and I'A

to "The Fire Next Time" is about setting fire and, in return, sending back a (fire)place, in stories

to "the Fire Next Time"

Queer Phenomenology.² To be yourself and, who knows, above all, to be an object. Black, of course, but fundamentally, the individual,

Debt³ is the impossibility to understand that we depend on the gaze, the attention, intention of others. Debt depends on the orientation of others. Debt is the need to be loved.

Impossible debt means (not) existing in the world of others. It means doing whatever you can and making others happen in return.

"When I was very young, and was dealing with my buddies in those wine – and urine-stained hallways, something in me wondered, What will happen to all that beauty? For black people, though I am aware that some of us, black and white, do not know it yet, are very beautiful. And when I sat at Elijah's table and watched the baby, the women, and the men, and we talked about God's - or Allah's vengeance, I wondered, when that vengeance was achieved, What will happen to all that beauty then? I could also see that the intransigence and ignorance of the white world might make that vengeance inevitable – a vengeance that does not really depend on, and cannot really be executed by, any person or organization, and that cannot be prevented by any police force or army: historical vengeance, a cosmic vengeance, based on the law that we recognize when we say, 'Whatever goes up must come down.' And here we are, at the center of the arc, trapped in the gaudiest, most valuable, and most improbable water wheel the world has ever seen. Everything now, we must assume, is in our hands; we have no right to assume otherwise. If we – and now I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks, who must, like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others – do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world. If we do not now dare everything, the fulfillment of that prophecy, re-created from the Bible in song by a slave, is upon us: God gave

Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time!" 4

Debt is the right to be mad and angry. Debt results from the (non)productivity of anger. Debt results from the (in)fertility of anger. Debt is the necessity to transmit.

to "The Fire Next Time" is an experiment we, Rosanna and I, Noémie, and Daisy, repeat, along with the artists we invite and all the others with whom we're thinking. Olu, Josèfa, Aminata, Fallon and Jazil, Kyo, Mona, Sandar, Ibrahim and Neïla, the students, and all the others at work with us, sharing joy and pain, rancour and pleasure.

to "The Fire Next Time" is a collective orientation we opt for momentarily. Imagine a scene where everybody holds their ground and does their thing in their own way, in their own time, and with their own words, trajectories, and detours. Then, they turn their head towards the sound. A branch crackles in the fire. Something's rumbling, ça gronde, lanmè a gwonde.5

It's about foutre le feu et réciproquer un foyer, in stories with a friend.

Rosanna insists: it's a matter of friendship. Friendship as a space and time necklace, a rehearsal necklace. Rehearsal, repetition, learning, and unlearning to do things together, politically. Because fuck the police and come on, let's go together!

I think she's right. Or at least I'd like to believe that she is. I say to myself that it also has to do with the idea of the plea, advocacy, the law, what's right and reversed, what pleases us.6 To desire someone else, the idea of someone else's desire for oneself and someone else's self. The desire to be with someone else and through that someone else, with them and part of them.

Fragmentation, dislocation. Oh, I never thought of Josèfa's film in these terms before. Josèfa's film, made with Sean and Nicolas also. Of course, it takes us back to the minoritarian archive7, the fragmented, dispersed one—parcels, splinters8—its vivid power in reconfiguration.

Then the fire, these steps towards the transformation of the thing, the asset, from solid to dust. The ashes as ink for future writings and breath to come. The fire, a matter of air and breathing. A lung position/transition.

This move from one medium to another reminds me of Aminata's work. A means or a manner towards the other. Find the dance in the protest, un.polite, un.political. Irreverence, looters, a chorus. Boom boom, the shards of your voice bursting behind a wall or

on the floor, a flour carcass, made of Olu's wood. Pieces like tables, from which to dis.orientate our gazes and borders.

Assembly. Montage. To redefine the background. A thing both Jazil and Mona are doing. Also Josèfa and Fallon, I think, but especially Jazil and Mona. An edit of voices, facts and gestures, an evocation, convocation. A dis.orientation of the ears and eyes, a rare feeling like the one you experienced on the streets of Bénarès. And rotate the camera. A battle, a circle, une ronde.

A circle around which we're awake, watching, screaming, a round.

And again the ground. Or the absence of ground. Hors-sol.9 Outside, above ground. A kind of layer until the break of mucous membranes and muscles. Splash and clack. Kyo is telling me about balance and unbalance. Another kind of bigidi. 10 Taken off the ground and brought by the sea. An earthy crossing.

A soil humus 11 rather than humid. From which Drexciyan bodies and plants graze, flush in an oblique shape freed from a vertical horizon. The opacity of Fallon's black floor. The rattle tinkles, the hold of Kyo's installation, the words chanting volutionary in Aminata's sound piece again.

The fire, a succession of waves. Irregular waves. With no moon, but a sun. Incandescence and death. To nourish.

Some small gestures. Crazy ambitions and small gestures. Snapshots of little nothings changing everything. A drawing on a cereal box where the memory of an innocuous act is drafted and sharpened. Neïla. Like this wonderful text she wrote about Alien which takes me back to the idea of a background, the being-object, the negro-object. 12

Denigrated, yeah, and fuck you. Fuck you because bringing you back to humus, un.fertile and ashes.

A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None. 13 Sandar told me about it. I haven't read it yet, but I've been thinking with them, thanks to them, towards them, or from their direction. They and them. Like this unique sound in the basement. A sieve-like resonance that percolates through the stairwell and thorax. A vertiginous pressure to the eardrums like lungs, which breathes through the cacophony of elsewhere.

And the fire is the divine revenge, of a titanic Rohff, here to eat the pigs, haram, in the break. It is the smile of a hallucinated Joker, a sword throughout your mind and reason, allowing you to see the teeth clenching. But also, and above all, everywhere, the power of a desire to make (you) an object of desire. A sick libido, overflowing with life, brightness, and ardor. That's how Ibrahim inspires me.

To be honest, they inspire me with every breath. They stoke my fire and spread firebrands of hope all around me. Because, when racing, when fugitive, the trace of human inhabitation 14 is, indeed, one of fire. Hearth.

to "The Fire Next Time" is an ode and a refrain. It's an invitation to call the fire, to start a fire, to celebrate. Many of us risking things, learning to unlearn.

Mawena Yehouessi et Rosanna Puyol

- 1 Stefano Harney and Fugitive Planning and Black Study, Wivenhoe, New York, Port Watson: Minor Compositions, 2013.
- 2 Sara Ahmed, Queer Phenomenology. Orientations, Objects, Others, Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2006.
- 3 Harney and Moten, op. cit. 11 Romain Noël, "Lexique Silex

to "The Fire Next Time" is an exhibition imagined

assisted by Daisy Lambert and Noémie Pirus-Hassid.

Mawena Yehouessi is a Ph.D. candidate at Villa Arson

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recipient. At a crossroads between poetics/politics,

is entitled "Poïéthiques afrofuturistes. — Curation,

aesthetics and ethics, Mawena's research project

collage, indiscipline/alternatives."

by Mawena Yehouessi and Rosanna Puyol,

- 4 James Baldwin, The Fire Next Time, New York: Dial Press, 1963.
- 5 Mawena Yehouessi, "Eau palimpseste", round of discussions and performances, curated by Julien Creuzet, Bétonsalon, Fondation Ricard, 2018
- 6 Black(s) to the Future, Quiet refusal, exhibition and projection cycle, curated by Sofia Dati, Beursschouwburg, Brussels, 2023.
- 7 Olivier Marbœuf, Suites décoloniales, Rennes: Éditions du commun, 2022.
- 8 Fred Moten, "come on, get it!" and "allez, capte!", trans. Mawena Yehouessi and Rosanna Puvol, in Wu Tsang, The Show is Over, Paris Lafayette Anticipations, 2021

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely is a painter. Born in Marseilles,

- 9 Seumboy Vrainom :€, Fred Moten, The Undercommons: "Histoires Crépues", EmanuL92, since 2020. 10 Léna Blou, "Le Bigidi,
 - la danse de l'harmonie du désordre: Immanence sociale du corps dansant des Antilles et de la Guyane". doctoral dissertation Université des Antilles, 2021.
 - pour temps d'extinction", 2020.
 - 12 Neïla Czermak Ichti, Repos à nos magiques, Marseilles: éditions P, 2021
 - 13 Kathryn Yusoff, A Billion Black Anthropocenes Or None, Minneapolis: University Of Minnesota Press, 2018.
 - 14 Saidiya Hartman and Fred Moten, "The Black Futures After Property and Possession", conversation. Durham: Duke University, 2017.

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely

Born in 1996. Lives and works in Paris (France).

he was raised in Pantin (93) and Champigny-sur-Marne (94). He draws portraits, often self-portraits. He doesn't brag, he's got a lot to say. He's into baroque painting, not pigs. His painting's for real: just a thing to kick you in the gut and melt your heart, filling the air with smiles. A cinematic lover so pissed off he won't waste his time on your brotherless, motherless, loveless stories. The fam, and the ball swirling from one stroke of the brush to the next, throwing shuriken. A smile like the Joker's, 'cause that's enough rubbish and there's things to do.

bring back the cringe (Ibrahim) and two seagulls follow another one that's carrying fish in its beak, look, buried in disaster it follows its imagination hanging still and tinkling in the leaves I've seen the open sea crumble I am standing up but things are moving under my feet it felt

sleep on my brain

like a riot

It's fascinating how dense our basic conversations are. It's playtime with my lil' big brother. I'm learning from him and he's learning from them. Fam' and familiarity. Fuck fame, or give me that too.

That being said, being all at sea is out of the question. Or maybe not, Bringing it to the poor's vengeance, carrying it into the eye of the storm.

Getting one's revenge means claiming justice. Except nothing's fair so better eat them.

I may be getting things mixed up and it's definitely verbose, but often you can see when it's bogus or bingo. Boots on the ground.

As for the gothic tear: no worries, we can manage and all the same if it burns down. Gasoil flames, oil paint flames printed on the retina: the most beautiful show no one ever ceased

(Or, as Olu once whispered to me: I want my kids to know nepotism)

Aminata Labor

imagining—"stay humble."

Born in 1993. Lives and works in Arles (France).

Aminata is an artist, a writer, a researcher, and a performer. Their work mixes drawing, dance, and social and political research. Last year with Atelier Téméraire house, they published Expériences manifestantes, récits de femme du cortège de tête [Experiences of protest, the narratives of cortège de tête women], a book written in 2019, intertwining

interviews, accounts from protests, historical analysis, and dance practice. Along with Pauline L. Boulba, they also study the work of Jill Johnston, dance critic and lesbian activist: together, they created a show entitled JJ, and are currently making a movie as well as doing a collective translation of her writings.

the relation to friendship

from one shining sea to the next shining sea I feel like I'm paying more attention through drawing right tempo something that can be a surprise for me no distinction between prose and inseparable from the tongue the privilege of untranslatability the face I'm carrying these days this sort of bull-tterfly that was the one with

about very specific moments I'm interested in this idea of repetition

remanent images I come across some yellow vests and 2016–2019 the years I've studied a bit The drawings the sound

envisaged as a journey somehow chorus of interviews the topic of the meeting or of the gathering

the cars

the first matchstick

from drawings that

a process I use a lot

moments of protest and

something else completely

I like and that tell

One particular moment's picture sort of and many a small sign

> Neïla Czermak Ichti Born in 1996. Lives and works in Marseilles (France).

you don't always have access to

"About two years ago, a friend of mine asked me: who's your favourite horror movie monster? I instantly replied, the monster in Alien, the eighth passenger, the most beautiful, the most unbelievable monster I ever saw, melts my heart. [...]

Here's what matters to me: trying to preserve the memory of loved ones, of the people you've admired, preventing their disappearance. Bolaji Badejo was born on August 23rd, 1953, in Lagos, Nigeria, which was then under British rule. [...] When my grandmother, Aziza, left, everything around her home was razed to the ground, little by little, the familiar landscape turned to a vacuum before being replaced with cranes, scaffolding, and sad, brand-new concrete blocks. But I took this photo right before that time, it's such an ordinary picture, of the old supermarket and its canopy. [...]

This urge to capture everything tracks me down even in my sleep. [...] It's all so guiet, now is a good time to rest, to sniff the smell of cupboards, to touch things, look out the window, think, say goodbye, grieve, peacefully, quietly. [...]

Long before I found out about him, embodying this unique movie character, Bolaji Badejo moved the child I then was, who loved to remind everyone that "read backwards, my name is Alien." I found out much later, as a young adult, that he'd studied art, just like me, when he was barely older than me. [...]

I won't let us fade away, because our story is unbelievable and they've tried to cancel us too many times, today, still."

— Neïla Czermak Ichti, "Homage and R.I.P. Bolaji Badejo," Repos à nos magiques, 2021

There, where she draws and paints, Neïla sails from diary to fiction. She elaborates ordinary scenes, dream series, and presentations/invocations of family and friends. She metamorphoses, a hybrid creature, feline, a sphinx, a human, a flower and a friend, a believer, a challenge: we are many.

and we met in front of Gare du Nord at the café Neïla had just visited an elderly uncle she'd recently met, he ran away melt the heart we say monster you know, huge or blue combat erasure as gracious as vicious & being even more

Mona Varichon

the question of silence

according to the words

missing

Born in 1989. Lives and works in Paris (France) and New York (United States).

A video-maker, a writer, and a translator, Mona works in collaboration with many friends who also are artists, writers, dancers, or musicians. Before studying art at the ArtCenter in California, she studied sociology and focused on the criteria defining art in the professional sense, which, following in Louise Lawler's footsteps, she calls "specialized" art—which would be one among other artforms, not necessarily more interesting than amateur art practices outside institutional circles. Mona is curious about the stuff of daily life, such as social networks and advertising, and she pays attention to what her siblings tell her. As she's also interested in art education, she documents the practices she sees around her and cares about the role of the collective and social context that lead to the creation of artworks.

In class, Mona asks the students What do we expect from an art school? and a second question, what do we expect from an artist? we'd already seen some of her movies, movies she made when she was a student, a conversation

with a translator of IAM lyrics, a Youtube video selection I recorded something that would be useful later Nicolas is saying main-tenant over and over again because right now we're together not holding hands, but it's as if mid-night no one's been invited but we're all here

à la prochaine fois le feu! you know here we say to "The Fire Next Time," about that, I'm wondering if we could find a translation— Mona was saying to me

(she was searching till next time the fire you never know the game, as we say

till next time when we see each other again the fire within also

Kvo Kim

Born in 1991. Lives and works in Kyoto (Japan).

[4:39pm, 8/26/22] Noémie Pirus-Hassid: I'm re-reading the chatroom and I'm diving right back into this bunch of poems: kept dream—wa(l)k(e)ing in decolonial worlds: be like me & break their things [4:55pm, 8/26/22] Mawena Y. : And this relation to emptiness in "things" colonial to break to ground differently, that's Kyo's work, right on w [4:55pm, 8/26/22] Noémie Pirus-Hassid: the spaces too, how they create space with their words

Kyo Kim is a "contemporary artist," a video-maker, and a writer. He first studied psychology and graduated from École National Supérieure d'Art de Bourges. He's currently doing a Ph.D. at Core Ethics and Frontier Sciences at Ristumeikan University, in Kyoto, Japan. Kyo focuses on emptiness and exclusion, effortlessly navigating from Brueghel l'Ancien, to westerns, Youtube tutorials, and Japanese romantic poetry, with a view to establishing an anthropology of the affective, capitalist, and militarist occidental decadence.

Kyo is interested in digital romanticism, which he investigates as a mode of contemporary sovereignty, whereby the individualized "empty-subject," (longing to be recognized as that unconventional art genius) is endlessly wandering the limbo of some digital, binary mythology. A mythology that's made up of groundless pixels and offers neither bearing nor friendly path, no occasion to travel across a motherland; but there are endless possibilities of emptiness, and let the horizon of conquests expand forever. Some faraway smoke: chimney, rattle.

"There was this random song on Autoplay on YouTube and the lyrics are gorgeous so I wanted to share them with you

2:40-3:22

回り出した あの子と僕の未来が If the future starts spinning around them and me 止まりどっかで またやり直せたら if it can stop somewhere and start again somewhere else 回り出した あの子と僕が if, they and I, beginning to spin, can 被害者面でどっかを また練り歩けたらな take a walk again somewhere as the victims,

時代に乗って僕たちは standing on the back of time 変わらず愛に生きるだろう love will forever keep us alive

which is a bad translation but close to its meaning I think :)"

Kyo's email to M.Y. on 1/31/22

Olu Ogunnaike

Born in 1986. Lives and works in London (UK).

I know at least we rose eyebrows at each other I am trying to tear a prison down too (Baldwin) everyone you're looking at is also you chacun*e que tu regardes est aussi toi happy, relatively free bounded but infinite unbounded but finite contraint mais infini délié mais limité make people feel a bit tight just a bit

if relationship is a verb a friend two feet a stump something that can be a surprise for me quelque chose qui peut être une surprise pour moi maybe I print you write a loose framework for a conversation just for a try that's my practice juste pour essayer

Olu works with print and wood mainly, making sculptures and installations, but doing performance also, which takes the form of political, economic, social, and friendly research. His works sometimes serve a purpose: a table, a barbecue, a door. At times, these pieces redefine the contours of a room, splitting it or opening passages between these newly erected walls.

Utilitarian and memorial forms of oriented, expanded, dense/dance, scattered/together atoms—in situ + coal prints, ashes, dust of outer memories, revisited.

He makes us ponder over the trajectories materials and people take, over the frames they inhabit, the limits that constrain them, and the various links that tie them together, whether on an intimate or more global level.

Turn stories and memories into places, and the people who inhabit them, who shape them, who make them, always cooking some food together.

Jazil Santschi

and Zurich (Switzerland).

Born in 1992. Lives and works in Geneva

minorized and ostracized histories.

and how to carry these voices

writing, discourse to the heart

re-transcribe my texts

I'm taking audio notes

All of my texts begin by

trying or failing

how to cite

my memory,

simultaneity

who gave it to me,

from the text Breathing

Manifest Remembering

honouring all these people

people change names

I didn't quote cis men,

Remembering of Sheirs

What is it we repeat?

and the process of recalling

but then again, things change

other words came back to me

to the next."

Born in 1992. Lives and works

in Saint-Étienne (France).

Josèfa Ntiam

a two-storey

lung knot

Cagla wrote honouring as to refuse

It was making a loop from ma back, ma

It stayed with me for a while.

appropriation / looping and playing back.

throat, ma skull, like a remanence of the vent

de feu and secrets d'Aramanth. Then Léa

says: "a secret's shared, from one tongue

Josèfa's work is a mix of sculpture, video, collage,

sound, installation, and performance. She is constantly

building and renewing herself, experimenting a hybrid

practice centred around the power of myth and other

reappropriating

narratives words

I'm citing names

only because

I had created a sort of oval

the people facing each other

vocals

Jazil Santschi is doing research on art, centred around

trans feminist and black heritage, and through various

mainly published as sound compositions and collabo-

rative texts that allow for the amplification of otherwise

practices, spaces, and temporalities. Their work is

strategies of remembrance, following divergent

citing people whose names I haven't forgotten

I'm wondering, in the sound composition,

In the movies the credits are at the end

from what conversation how to create this

something must be simultaneous

a sound system with the oval's ends

an atmosphere softened purple light

something that cannot be finished,

runaway from those smiles something that can be a surprise for me quelque chose qui peut être une surprise pour moi maybe I print you write

Study Room

Imagined with Vitor Carvalho Rezende, Gil Leguerrec, Bastien-ne Waultier, and Tinhinane Zeraoui.

The word "study" is borrowed from Fred Moten and Stefano Harney in The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study. It has to do with learning and sharing, though envisaged not in the institutional, academic, and hierarchic sense of the word "study."

"Reflecting on our use of the word 'study,' I'd say we care about this idea that we study with others. When chatting, when taking a walk with others, when working, dancing, suffering with them an irreducible conflation of all three things, contained in the speculative, practical expression. The idea of something being repeated—being in a sort of studio, playing in a band, improvising, elderly people sitting in front of their home, or workers in a factory... these various modes of activity. The point in calling this "study" is to highlight the fact that the ceaseless and irreversible intellectuality of these activities is already there. These activities don't become nobler the minute you say 'oh if you do it a certain way, it could be called study.' Doing these things means being part of some common intellectual practice. What matters is being aware that it's already happened—because being aware of it allows (you) to access a whole history of diverse, alternative thought."

Study is happening when you meet your friends in front of the cafeteria on a Thursday morning. Study is happening whenever you're commenting a series together and exchanging memes; it's happening when you're writing or translating texts, when you're copying/pasting images and sounds. Study is what allows us to not only imagine, but also live in different habitable spaces for a moment.

Hence, the "Study Room" is an extra room within the/at school which we invited Vitor, Gil, Bastien-ne, and Tinhinane to design and inhabit together. In concrete terms, this room will be made available to the students, teachers, and staff/invited members of the Villa throughout the length of the exhibition. Maybe one day it will be booked for a meeting, for a movie projection, a poetry reading, a dance workshop, a theory class, or any other young audience activity. And when unoccupied, it could become a chilling area where you could listen to a playlist, write something for yourself, invent a collective performance, and so on. So it's a practice room, a room for trying, rehearsal.

forms of multivocal writing. She is the spokesperson for mutant existences and ghosts of the Resistance; her art allies practice and memory, serving incandescence and possibilities yet to come, opaque, realized.

> "In the abyssal darkness, I found a way to express myself, from the sleepy night to the unaligned lights of my invertebrate friends. I am diving in, throbbing from bass to bass, accompanied by the Drecxiyan people. My head is not the one I once knew. Gills,

fins, scales have replaced the body I've longed to forget. No need to crawl on all fours anymore so that you hear me, the waters carry my singing now: some well-adjusted ultrasounds. Give us bits from your hurting soul and we will soothe it. The world is upside down here, a troubled soil eroded by time."

—Josèfa Ntjam, "Conversation with Mami Wata #2," performance, 2022

the siphonophore with the digital underwater you never know if it's a plant or an animal something inter-species?

> "Slowly, one's sinking into the much too ordered pores of this story. Navigating through space-times, galaxies, and black holes. Some fractured quantum-system My boat-body, wood-body, mussel-body, this knockout-word, arrow-word, flows down on this water, bloodred coloured, robin redbreast, red. Our liquid-bodies, Casamance-bodies, our bodies, betsiboka-bodies, Amazonian-bodies, Congo-bodies, Sébou-bodies, these bodies,

Sanaga-bodies, Nyong-bodies, Our river-bodies Our Chari-bodies, Tana-bodies, Comoé-bodies, Ogooué-bodies, Saloum-bodies. Shipwrecked, adrift upon the waters and the sands, Relics from the past, on this leaded earth now, this Niger.

If you put the stone in your eyes, you can see the potentials of the magical blindness I don't see anymore, the differences of yours Dancing waves, In my ghostly shapes of water" —Josèfa Ntjam, "Conversation with Mami Wata #2," performance, 2022

Fallon Mayanja

Born in 1990. Lives and works in Paris (France).

Fallon is an artist, composer, performer, and a DJ. Their compositions and performances mix various types of music and words, poetry and spoken word, incantations, vibrations, and care. They're a sort of call, like oceanic and militant waves, rainbows. Their titles: "Positions," "Sonic Healing," "The Noise of Being," Femenine," "The Time Has Come," "Black is Everything Beyond the Sun"... Reminding us that there are futures there, in between, within the interstices.

you made a piece to listen to underwater put like that Sensing Satellite continues , stems from Julius Eastman's composition The Holy Presence of Joan d'Arc that I associate with characters or music pieces Malcom Ferdinand, decolonial ecology the way he talks about creating another world I intertwined this with other passages from Undrowned Mammals by Alexis Pauline, let bodies be inhabited by different beings when I am standing in front my body will be inhabited by several souls not only me

deepen this idea of coexistence in some material Becoming a sort of material canal linked to an earthy humanity what world can it inhabit? If we're on earth, what is that world the canals of those new bodies I'm a sucker for rimes many perceptible sounds water sounds but also sounds of fire burning bodies rising

the bodies that will rise from all those souls and materialize this new world Eastman he always does Disintegration at the end What sound universe did exist inside this visual disintegration?

The Rain Is Born Again from the Depths. —Skyseas, many voices.

Sandar Tun Tun

Born in 1989. Lives and works in Geneva (Switzerland) and Marseilles (France).

An artist, composer, and DJ, Sandar often works in collaboration with other artists, writers, dancers, or choreographers. They reflect on education and transmission issues, on residual presence, spiritual and minoritarian existence, but they also wonder about language and paralanguages in relation to hearing and voicing or vocalizing.

means that which is voluminous always playing at full blast you enter this space and it's SO loud but there are breaks as well in a movie someone's walking on the street

a moment kind of nothing MINOR NOISE amplifying what is minor I thought I'd go to Myanmar but no can do I am going for option 2 about residue roughly

residue of something and symbolic

in which we live too, leftovers and heritage, toxic or fertile, aural reminiscence with an a whatever stays in the ear all the things you may not succeed in catching but you keep the sound print from which minor noise, our environment and what makes us in a studio there was this guy who had tiny speakers around him made of wood they looked like tiny huts

I'm using mixing tables as instruments for composition a small gig

We went to a restaurant in marseilles called the splendido if you want to go to the bathroom you need to enter the mouth of a lion

utter euphoria

I had a vision yesterday you were walking and walking and walking all along there were speakers all along you were coming across stuff it was a journey but you had to walk until the end of the tunnel a little bit

Texts written by Mawena Yehouessi et Rosanna Puyol

Translated into English by Alice Wambergue.