

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

to "the fire next time"



© Aminata Labor, 2022

Neïla Czermak Icti, Kyo Kim, Aminata Labor,
Fallon Mayanja, Ibrahim Meïté Sikely, Josèfa Ntjam,
Olu Ogunnaike, Jazil Santschi, Sandar Tun Tun,
Mona Varichon

Curated by Mawena Yehouessi & Rosanna Puyol
Assisted by Noémie Pirus-Hassid and Daisy Lambert

**villa
arson**

February 12 – May 07 2023
Opening: February 11 2023

Galerie carrée

nice

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to "The Fire Next Time"

Curated by Mawena Yehouessi & Rosanna Puyol

Assisted by Noémie Pirus-Hassid and Daisy Lambert

to « *The Fire Next Time* » connects various passages and trajectories: translation workshops, a group exhibition, a hangout space, a publication.

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 observe-describe "study" as a mode of co-creation, learning and experimentation that resists racial 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*" 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*.

to "*The Fire Next Time*" is an experiment we, Rosanna, Mawena, Noémie, and Daisy, repeat, along with the artists we invite and all the others with whom we're thinking. Olu, Joséfa, 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.

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.

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.

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

Because, when racing, when fugitive, the *trace of human inhabitation* is, indeed, one of fire. Hearth.

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

Mawena Yehouessi & Rosanna Puyol

February 11 2023

6 pm

Opening with a performance by the artist Danielle Brathwaite - Shirley

Galerie carrée.

February 23 and 24 2023

As part of the Study Room programme, Mona Varichon and Nicolas Faubert will run a dance and conversation workshop together.

More information regarding the public programme via
Instagram:
[@studyroom_tothefirenexttime](https://www.instagram.com/studyroom_tothefirenexttime)

May 6 2023

6 pm

Closing with a performance by the artist Fallon Mayanja, *Sensing Satellite*

Galerie du patio et galerie des cyprès.

Everyday of the exhibition

3 pm

Meeting around the exhibitions

Students on a mediation course at Villa Arson will
create guided tours of the exhibitions, sometimes with
performances, evoking their personal interests in relation to
the artistic issues of the programme.

Free admission.

No reservation needed.

Group visit

School & Youth activities
servicedespublics@villa-arson.fr

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely

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

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely is a painter. Born in Marseille, 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.

sleep on my brain
bring back the cringe (Ibrahim)
and two seagulls
follow another one that's
carrying fish in its beak,
look,
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
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.
Titan.

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
imagining—"stay humble."

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

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely



Ibrahim Meïté Sikely,
Neïla, Zitoune et moi sur le cheval de Raoh, 2020
oil on canvas, 80 × 45 cm

Aminata Labor

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
poetry
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
the cars
the first matchstick
from drawings that
I like and that tell
about very specific moments
moments of protest and
something else completely
I'm interested in this idea of repetition
a process I use a lot
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
One particular moment's
picture sort of
and many a small sign
you don't always have access to

Aminata Labor



Aminata Labor, *Sans Titre*, 2021
pencils on paper, 8 × 13 cm

Neïla Czermak Ihti

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

“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 quiet, 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. [...]

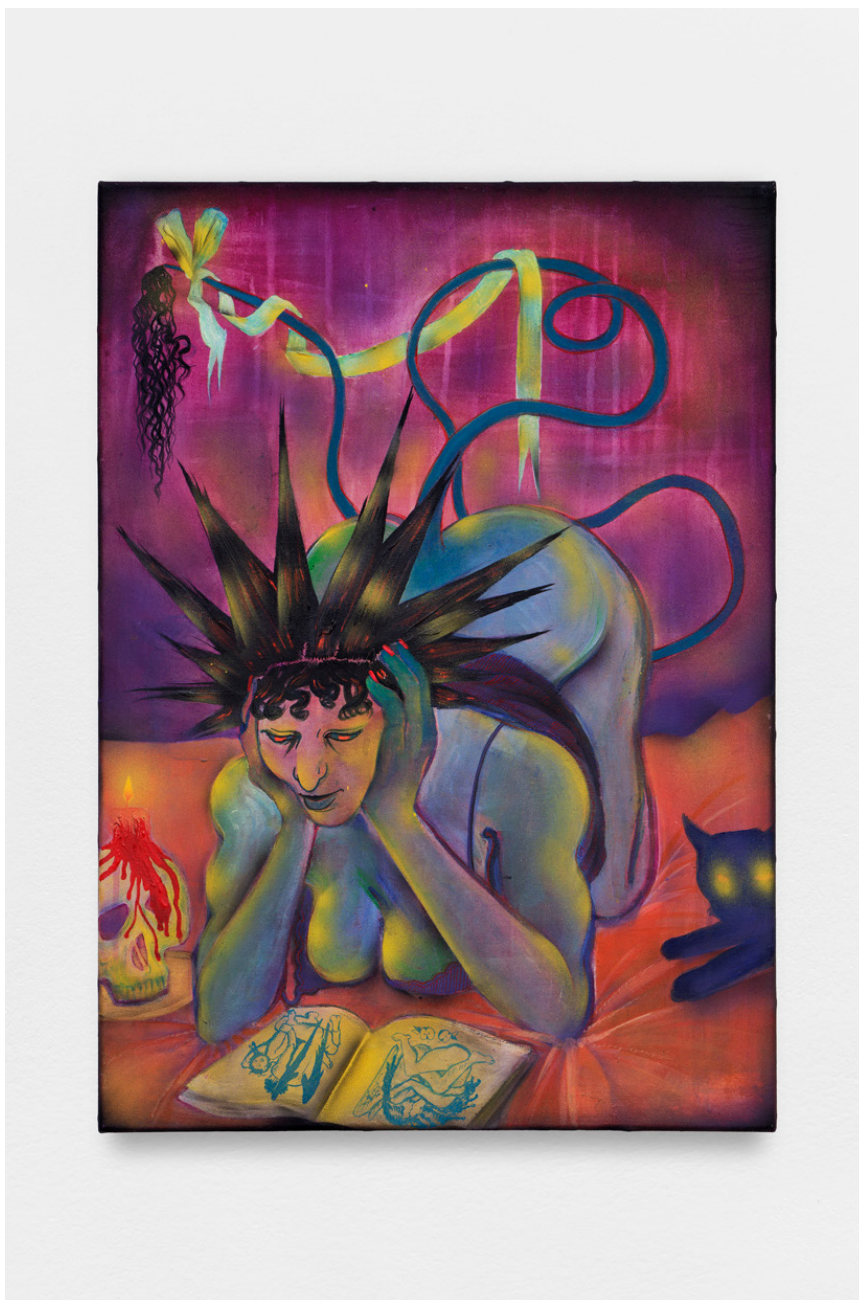
I won’t let us fade away, because our story is unbelievable and they’ve tried to cancel us too many times, today. still.”

—Neïla Czermak Ihti, “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
the question of silence
according to the words
missing

Neïla Czermak Icti



Neïla Czermak Icti, *Érudite*, 2021
acrylic on canvas, 70 × 50 cm

Mona Varichon

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
Nicole 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
à
à
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

As part of the Study Room programme, Mona and Nicolas Faubert will run a dance and conversation together on Friday, 23rd and Thursday, 24th of February 2023.

Artwork

Mona Varichon



Mona varichon,
La Cité des arts - Episode 5,
La cour de récré/Recess, screenshot, 2021

Kyo 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 🥺❤️💧

[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

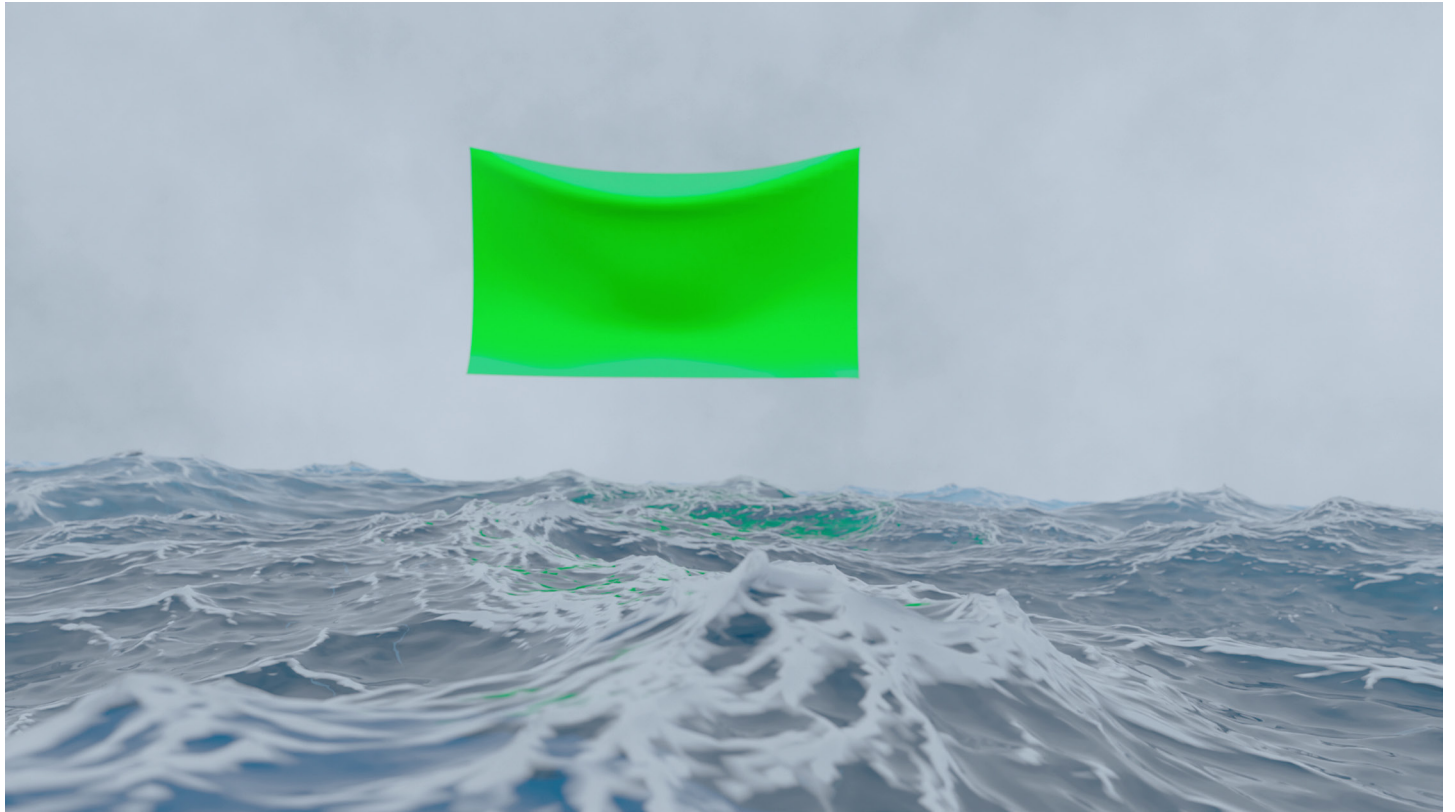
...
2:40—3:22

回り出した あの子と僕の未来が
If the future starts spinning around them and me
止まりどこかで 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
被害者面でどこかを 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



Kyo Kim,
Digital Romanticism - if only winds can break us down,
screenshot, 2023

Olu Ogunnaike

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

I know at least we rose eyebrows at each other
or smiled
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.

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

Artwork

Olu Ogunnaike



Olu Ogunnaike,
From one space to an/other, 2020
Villa Lontana, Rome. IT. Photo : Simon d'Exéa

Jazil Santschi

Born in 1992. Lives and works in Geneva and Zurich (Switzerland).

Jazil Santschi is doing research on art, centred around strategies of remembrance, following divergent trans feminist and black heritage, and through various practices, spaces, and temporalities. Their work is mainly *published* as sound compositions and collaborative texts that allow for the amplification of otherwise minorized and ostracized histories.

and how to carry these voices
re-transcribe my texts
writing, discourse to the heart
I'm taking audio notes
vocals
All of my texts begin by
citing people whose names I haven't forgotten
trying or failing
I'm wondering, in the sound composition,
how to cite
In the movies the credits are at the end
something must be simultaneous
my memory,
who gave it to me,
from what conversation how to create this
simultaneity
from the text *Breathing*
I had created a sort of oval
a sound system with the oval's ends
the people facing each other
an atmosphere softened purple light
Manifest Remembering
reappropriating
narratives words
honouring all these people
I'm citing names
something that cannot be finished,
only because
people change names
and the process of recalling
I didn't quote cis men,
but then again, things change
Remembering of Sheirs
other words came back to me
What is it we repeat?

Çagla wrote honouring as to refuse appropriation /
looping and playing back.
It stayed with me for a while.
It was making a loop from ma back, ma 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 to the next."
le point de poumon
de deux étages

a two-storey
lung knot

Jazil Santschi



a rhythm of sort

Jazil Santschi
Manifest Remembering, Opus 8.0,
sound installation, composition for six voices
variable dimensions, 2022

Josèfa Ntjam

Born in 1992 / Lives and works in Saint-Étienne (France).

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 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

I mixed
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

Artwork

Josèfa Ntjam



Josèfa Ntjam,
When the moon dreamed of the ocean, 2022
Installation view at FACT Liverpool.
Photo by Rob Battersby

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
 ships
 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.

Artwork

Fallon Mayanja



Fallon Mayanja,
Sensing Satellites, 2021
Performance au Forum Arte Braga, Portugal.
©Diogo da Cruz

Sandar Tun Tun

Born in 1989. Lives and works in Geneva (Switzerland) and Marseille (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.

Music

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
marseille 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

Artwork

Sandar Tun Tun



Nay Thit, DJ set *Orto*, Institut Suisse de Rome, 2020
Photo - Davide Palmieri

Study Room

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

The word “study” is borrowed from Fred Moten and Stefano Harney in *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Common 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.

Contact & partners

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villa-arson.fr

Villa Arson is a public institution of the Ministry of Culture and a member of UCA – Université Côte d'Azur. It is supported by the Ville de Nice, the Département des Alpes-Maritimes and the Région Sud Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur.

Villa Arson is a network member of École(s) du Sud, BOTOX[S], Plein Sud, d.c.a., ANDEA and ELIA Art Schools.

The exhibition follows a residency of Olu Ogunnaike at Villa Arson.

The exhibition is supported by Les Charpentiers de la Corse and Pro Helvetia.

Practical informations

Exhibitions open every day (except on Tuesdays) from 2 to 6 pm. Free admission.

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La Villa Arson and partners

We would like to thank our partners

