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

to "the fire next time"

Neïla Czermak Ighti, Kyo Kim, Aminata Labor,
Fallon Mayanja, Ibrahim Meïté Sikely, Josêfa Ntjam,
Olu Ogunnaïke, Jazil Santschi, Sandar Tun Tun,
Mona Varichon

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

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to "The Fire Next Time"

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

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

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

Mawena Yehouessi & Rosanna Puyol

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.
Agenda

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_tothefirenexxttime

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-arsom.fr
Biography

Ibrahim Meïté Sikely


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,
*Neïla, Zitoune et moi sur le cheval de Raoh*, 2020
oil on canvas, 80 × 45 cm
Biography

Aminata Labor


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.

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-terfly 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, *Sans Titre*, 2021
pencils on paper, 8 × 13 cm
“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.”

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
Artwork

Neïla Czermak Ichti

Neïla Czermak Ichti,
Érudite, 2021
acrylic on canvas, 70 × 50 cm
Biography

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
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
Biography

Kyo Kim


[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
Kyo Kim,

*Digital Romanticism - if only winds can break us down,*
screenshot, 2023
Olu Ogunnaike


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
quelle 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
Biography

Jazil Santschi


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
Artwork
Jazil Santschi

a rhythm of sort

Jazil Santschi
Manifest Remembering, Opus 8.0,
sound installation, composition for six voices
variable dimensions, 2022
Biography
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 Dreuxiyian 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
Josèfa Ntjam,
When the moon dreamed of the ocean, 2022
Installation view at FACT Liverpool.
Photo by Rob Battersby
Fallon Mayanja


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

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
Some text content here.
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The exhibition follows a residency of Olu Ogunnaike at Villa Arson.
The exhibition is supported by Les Charpentiens 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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