

Espace 3353
9 rue du Tunnel, 1227 Carouge

3353 ft. as slow as possible

Exhibition

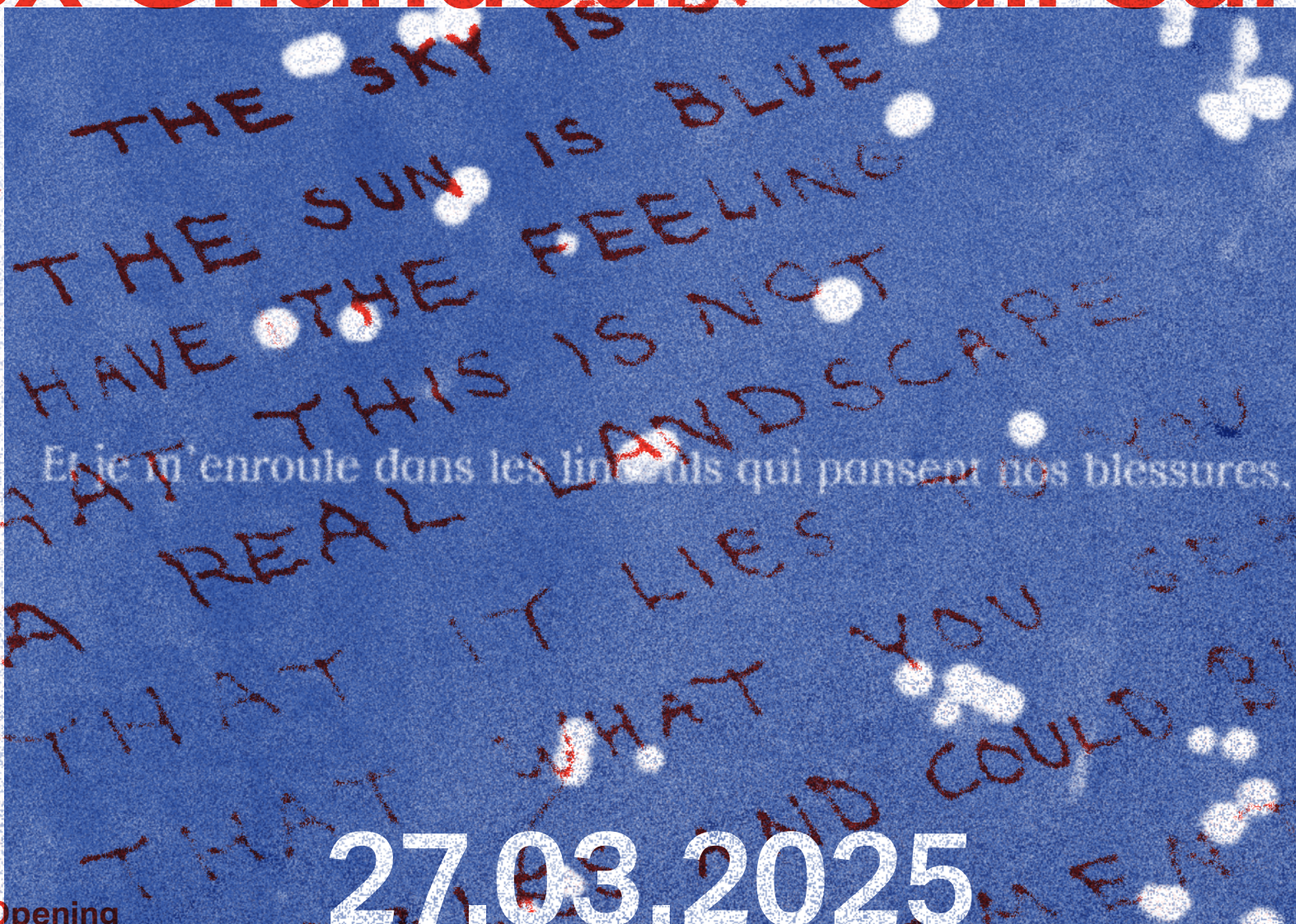


a night of barely an hour and a half

28.03–26.04.25



Alex Ghandour Juli Sando



Vernissage
Exhibition Opening

27.03.2025

dès/at
18:00

3353
as slow as possible

VILLE DE
CAROUGE

fpice

LOTTERIE
ROMANDE

Fonds d'art contemporain
Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

ROBERTSON
VILLE DE GENÈVE

prshelvetia

ing
rem
a

Fondation
pour tous les arts

tell me, was there ever a day the sun stood still, you know, just reduced to a distant signal that never stopped writing itself into our bones. one might say the laws are never immutable as we measure our past revolutions and yet, shadows still move even when no one is looking at them.

spinning its own elegy a pulsar is no gravestone, it spins as the echoes of our spectral overlays, and if you look carefully there are records of many implosions where language has bent under its own weight, their frequencies flow dispersed, shattered, they purely went nova.

the night is barely an hour and a half long they say, and yet we still carve our names into its furrows, the night is barely an hour and a half long they say and still we were never meant to survive

and those coming somewhere in these archives where the moonlight bend around a body unseen. they thought they knew the rhythm of our breath, the way it flows long such as the drifts of the tides in our veins, and yet again we know nothing remains intact at dawn

I spoke my hidden-most name to Our Friend Sarhana, whose eyes She chose to close, so the inner night might resound in what will appear to be a familiar imagination.

من هنا ندعو النجوم ونحيِّي العتمة
ننظر إلى حكمة الظلام
ولا نخاف منها

As it was, nor as it ever shall be, we never witness the same night twice. With every repetition, indelible pains and numbers with many parts. May the hours weave their gentle threads and adorn You, adorn All. Even in the harshest of *sars*, may our inner sight mould time for the marvellous lick of the eventide. Studying time is our multi-generational science of mourning. It is the music of our grief, the portals of our wounds that open, mould and conjoin the manifold. Yet, some of you, we hear these days, seem to be biting back the scream of the first wound without knowing what it was. Could that be true? Or, is This your shadows’ hue? All rituals of love and justice are still alive in us *ya Sarhana*. Without them, we would be no more.

Now tell me Sarhana, what will you see This Time? Can you name me the colours of This Night?

To every night a number we had observed. A night, or a thousand years, or one over a second. To every number, a recursion that haunts each division. What if, our grief is bigger than time? No number ever makes it alone – not even One, let alone thrice. One year, one *sar*, is a thousand or three with a dozen versed in half. Each hexad is a hundred, yet one *sar* is one and three thousand six hundred. Who would have said that those who would later attempt to ban our language would verb their becoming with our *sar*. “Is it سار or صار?”, many people will wonder and never ask.

Remember, Our Friends, that Time is the loving child of darkness and Memory is a fleeting light inviting Us to continue. All orbits lead to revolution, yet not necessarily to love. That is the core of corruption – that is true to our situation. That is, perhaps, the only weight the adorable fire of freedom can hold, when in this place. We cannot choose the shape of the whirl, but we can mould the fire. We can observe the heart-felt *ya Sarhana* – the ever-present unseeable vesper, the voices of the invisible fire, quasars and thunders. We can honour The Fervent Night and decide to love.

بين عطارد والأرض أو القمر
ملكة البساتين تلمع
في سرمد الحق

Dark gratitude to You, dear Sarhana; may stellar wisdoms scintillate through You. Blessed be Our Ancestors who befriended The Night and learnt its songs, even when the screams bit their marvellous tongues. Blessed be the ontology of the eclipse that birthed our astral sciences, arts and dark chambers. All Kings have been toppled by Now. All gratitude to You, Our Friends. You, too, have been envisioned and thanked many times before, for justice is the deepest trans-generational quest of the beautiful. And, Now, whenever I slip or side up to sorrow’s sacred descents, I will open all gates of hell and invite Light Primordial to glint and glisten through me. It is love, not grief, that is bigger than Time *ya Sarhana*, our ever-present حُكْ.

Texte de / Text by
Nayansaku Mufwankolo

Nayansaku Mufwankolo est unx poète, artiste, chercheurx - enseignantx en études culturelles et en études critiques, consultantx et formateurx en antiracisme et en discriminations intersectionnelles.

Nayansaku Mufwankolo is a poet, artist, researcher-teacher in cultural and critical studies, consultant and trainer in anti-racism against intersectional discrimination.

Texte de / Text by
Jessika Jamal Khazrik

Jessika Jamal Khazrik nourrit une pratique plurielle et antimilitariste. Elle fait de la musique et des installations multimodales, crée des assemblées, enseigne, écrit et dirige les plateformes de libération « Cartography of Darkness » (<https://dark.society.systems>) et « Astrorevolt ». Khazrik a reçu le prix Ada Lovelace décerné par les bibliothèques du MIT et le programme Science, technologie, société, et a été nommée « 2024 Changemaker of the Year » par Dazed 100, entre autres. Elle travaille avec plusieurs collectifs et sous une multitude de noms.

Jessika Jamal Khazrik nurtures a plural, antimilitarist practice. She makes music and multi-modal installations, creates assemblies, teaches, writes and runs the liberationist platforms “Cartography of Darkness”(<https://dark.society.systems>) and “Astrorevolt”. Khazrik has been awarded the Ada Lovelace Prize by the MIT Libraries and Science, Technology, Society programme and named a 2024 Changemaker of the Year by Dazed 100, among others. She works with several collectives and under a multiplicity of names.

3353 FT. AS SLOW AS POSSIBLE

Le collectif as slow as possible assure la gestion et la programmation de l'Espace 3353 dans le cadre d'une résidence curatoriale de novembre 2023 à mars 2025. as slow as possible vise à fournir une plateforme d'échange et de réflexion aux artistes engagés dans des pratiques et des recherches politiquement chargées, en rapport avec nos conditions contemporaines.

The as slow as possible collective is taking over the management and programming of Espace 3353 as part of a curatorial residency from November 2023 to March 2025. as slow as possible aims to facilitate in-depth artistic experiences that require time to engage with, by exploring the wider political, environmental, social and historical contexts that inform the various artistic practices shown.

asap.espace3353.ch

espace3353.ch

Infos pratiques
Practical Information

3353 ft. as slow as possible
Espace 3353, 9 Rue du Tunnel, 1227 Carouge

Ouvert les samedis de 14h00 à 18h00
pendant les périodes d'exposition ou sur rdv :
asap.collectif@gmail.com

Open on Saturdays from 14:00 to 18:00
during exhibition periods or upon request at:
asap.collectif@gmail.com

Soutien
Funding

3353 est régulièrement soutenu par :
3353 is regularly supported by:

La Ville de Carouge, La FPLCE, La Loterie Romande, Le FCAC (Fonds Cantonal d'Art Contemporain), Le FMAC (Fonds Municipal d'Art Contemporain), Le Pour-Cent Culturel Migros, ProHelvetia, l'association Inarema, la Fondation BEA pour jeunes artistes.