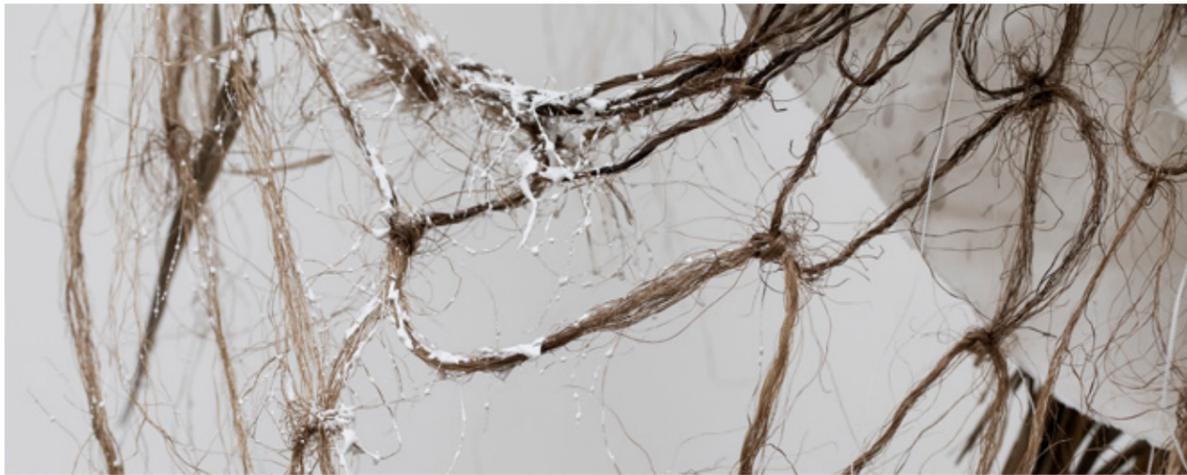


DOMINIQUE WHITE





FUGITIVE OF THE STATE(LESS)

VEDA, Florence, 2019



*The undercommons, its maroons, are always at war, always in hiding.*¹

Beyond the State is the Stateless, a non-space with neither time nor restrictions. The Stateless is not the non-state, but an altered state in which Blackness exists unbothered. It is a utopia inhabited by the shipwrecked, the escaped and the free. The fugitive yearns for the Stateless. According to the Occupiers of the State, the Stateless and the fugitive do not exist and are not acknowledged; the fugitive must either be killed or choose self-destruction and pass into the Stateless by sea. Until then, the fugitive remains in limbo.

Dominique White's sculptural installations consist of natural materials manipulated by wind, sea, and the artist herself. Often exhibited in states of suspension, the artist's assemblages summon a range of presences and potentials (actual, virtual, historical, speculative) entangled with Black embodiment.

¹ Harney, S. and Moten, F. (2013). *The Undercommons. Fugitive Planning & Black Study*. Wivenhoe: Minor Compositions.

Fugitive of the State(less) | 2019
destroyed sail, palm fronds, tarred sisal, natural sisal,
kaolin clay, raffia, cowrie shells, dual-prong meat hook/cleat/anchor
680 x 160 x 110 cm











DE O GIUGNO 1908

84

Comune di Firenze

passo
carrabile
Autorizzazione n.



believe in time, at least not linear time. She lives in trans*Atlantic time, in an oceanic time that does not pass, a time in which the past and present verge. "Time doesn't matter," Zabou says again, and I hear in

A CORRESPONDENCE

Dominique White and Gonçalo Birra

On Sat, 26 Jan 2019 at 13:26, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

I hope you are well.

I opened up the conversation yesterday with thoughts surrounding the "absence" of a "body" in both its literal and abstract definitions. I'm wondering what happens when a "body" is "absent", whether it is a wilful choice, a violent act or perhaps something beyond that binary. Is a body incomplete if it is absent?

There are two quotes that I would like you consider as a starting point:

I want In the Wake to declare that we are Black peoples in the wake with no state or nation to protect us, with no citizenship bound to be respected, and to position us in the modalities of Black life lived in, as, under, despite Black death: to think and be and act from there.

What is the word for bringing bodies back from water? From a 'liquid grave'? (Philip 2008, 201) The word that Philip arrives at is exaqua. But there is no retrieving bone from its watery wake. There is no bringing the bodies from the Zong and so many other past and present ships up from the water or back to the shore. There are, as Philip knows, no bones to recover.

Let me know where this takes you.

On Sat, 26 Jan 2019 at 17:40, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hi Dominique,

You start with interesting questions that open up a lot of possibilities for us to dive into what absence can be (or not be?). Somehow I imagine an absent body as an imposition, an erasure, and therefore not wilful. For one's wilful absence (choice) would evoke a form of presence—maybe in the shape of resistance?

Those two quotes are so evocative and poetic, while resonating so much with what I understand absence to be. This statelessness despite our 'actual' presence and this inherited death (deeply related to my own queerness too), feels so accurately real and concrete. Under the systems that govern us (and that grant us our vulnerabilities), absence is made into a seemingly necessary outcome —almost as if it is the absence of certain bodies that the survival of other, more desirable bodies, relies upon.

Despite the claustrophobic feeling that lingers from this perspective on absence, the liquidity and liquefaction of 'bodies' (here I am even thinking of organisms non-exclusively human), is so agile. I'm thinking of breathing, drinking, and embracing those bodies who've become water, air and soil. Somehow it feels like there's never such a thing as 'real' absence, for I bring 'the born and the disappeared', as well as those to come, 'in' me, with me.

Bodies (human and others), leave their traces everywhere; we're contaminated/-ing all the time. What do you think? It feels like some bodies (definitely human) need to forcefully erase (or try to) those who are perceived as a threat to their ways of living and producing vulnerability. What seems ghostly is that somehow they carry on their privileged (bloody?) skins the weight of our absences, in their cells. Can this be a part of what absence is? I've been trying to re-imagine inherited defeatist thoughts—I guess this is an attempt at making my life, and my body, liveable?

There are no bones to recover, but the water is also where we live, have we become the bones ourselves?

These are two quotes (from the same book, *The Second Body*):

"She had the impression that something absolutely material, which had been present around her and around everyone and everything forever, but imperceptible, was breaking down the outlines of persons and things and revealing itself."

"(they shared a vision) of an individual body that was very personal, but also overpopulated with other people's organs"

Feeling emotional now, thank you for this prompt Dom, very special.

Let me know your thoughts!

On Sun, 27 Jan 2019 at 20:45, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

Thank you so much for agreeing to recording some of our conversations in this way.

When I think of a wilful absence, I think of an imprint, an essence or an impression of this body remaining—whether that be something as poetic as salt crystals forming where salt water once was, or even the broken remnants of whatever was constricting the body. I think there can be a wilfulness, especially with the sea. I've always described the act as an “embrace” — allowing the waves to consume my body and let whatever remnants live on for an eternity. It's like what I was saying the other day—the sea as this powerful body that chooses when to reveal elements of humanity's existence, be that a shipwreck from slavery or relics of a settlement consumed by a natural disaster.

The oppressors do rely on our absence in order to survive and prosper, but what happens when we remove ourselves from that equation and reimagine our presence, instead of allowing the impending inherited death to consume me The thing is though, I feel like I carry the absent with me all the time whether intentional or not. I carry the trauma and lost time of my predecessors; both living and dead. I like to think that perhaps, for me anyway, the absent make me wiser and unafraid of the Unknown. I wonder if my body would be considered overpopulated despite the fact that I welcome their presence?

On Wed, 30 Jan 2019 at 17:10, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hi Dom!

I understand your perspective—this idea that the sea somehow chooses to reveal, and when to reveal, that which it has embraced. I wonder how much more is hidden from sight, how many more histories and stories are waiting to surface, and about the ones that might never beach.

I'm also interested in what you say regarding the constant presence or the carrying of an absence, and I wonder how it affects you and how it 'matters' (as in material)? I can relate to this feeling but I also think it takes a while, or a lot of inner investigation, to come to terms with such an absence—in my case it feels like I have lost (or miss) the future, or the prospect of one. Despite its material presence in your body, there is a suggested spirituality in here too, no? Is this what your nets are 'catching' or have 'caught'? Are there any reminiscing 'voices' to be heard in the shells you have gathered? Are your buoys a signalling of that which is unseen, watered?

This is making me think of your assemblages and installations, how they constitute a portal between then-now-yet to come, or just fragments of stories and histories that keep on surfacing, constantly - and by this I mean the stories and histories of the bodies that we can no longer bring back, but that are somehow haunting (or rather inhabiting) your pieces. To me it feels like your pieces delve into the absence (the one you've referred to in your email) through that which surfaced, through that which witnessed (potentially) the becoming-absent in the first place.

It's not a passive energy at all. This idea is strong and important—that you've become wiser through the absence you carry around in you/with you. There is always the potential to propose and bring forth other ways of inhabiting and un-inhabiting, to acknowledge and to recognise, and to make life livable, through this poetics of re-assembling these fragments. Depending on how you re-assemble these fragments, a new story/history can emerge, or surface/beach since we're talking about the sea?

On Fri, 1 Feb 2019 at 09:47, Dominique White wrote:

Exactly, it's almost as if time does not apply to the sea. Its limits and restrictions are boundless. You know there's that age old saying that we know more about space than we do the sea, which is why I find it incredibly fascinating as an entity.

Perhaps the sea is the answer to the Earth's survival? Perhaps it will consume us all.

Spirituality essentially was the original jump point for many aspects of my practice—the Kalunga line was the natural next step from Drexciya's vision of the future—it's a myth generally associated with the Atlantic Ocean, a portal where the souls of the dead cross into the spiritual world. It's a very old myth that mutated during slavery due to displacement and a disconnection with their present.

The nets are a way to aid in this accumulation of bodies. I used to see the use of nets as a rather violent act, almost like a caging, but over the past couple of years the nets have lost this rigidity and permanence. The sense that these nets have an unknown lifespan—in a similar way to how I have an unknown lifespan—and that perhaps one day this body will decay to a point that the overpopulated are free to take another form. The same can be applied to the buoys —they too will lose form and eventually return to the water, a temporary beacon waiting for the overpopulated.

afterlife \ 'af-tər-,lif \
; an existence after death
; a later period in one's life
; a period of continued or renewed use and existence
beyond what is normal, primary, or expected

Perhaps this definition illustrates what I mean? Perhaps one's existence never ceases to exist? Perhaps it continues in various forms beyond what we can imagine? Even into the non-human, non "living"?

When it comes to my work, each piece does embody this sense of a continued or renewed existence (beyond what is expected) to some extent. Whenever I release a piece from its box, it never looks the same. Whenever I restring a piece from the ceiling or wall, again, it'll never look the same. It fills or is filled by the negative.

A quote for you to consider:

"Go tell them I'm drowning." I do not know if he was trying to find his way home.

One may not call these ways practical but they certainly suggest a mastery of way-finding. So much so that no known map is necessary, nor any known methods of conveyance. Except escaping the body.

On Mon, 4 Feb 2019 at 13:04, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hey Dom,

It has been tough recently (hence my late reply again). Not only January felt endless (it still feels like we're in Jan), but also February has started with some wicked energies. Hopefully today's full moon will clear it all out; I need clarity in my life right now.

"Perhaps the sea is the answer to the Earth's survival? Perhaps it will consume us all."

This sticks with me. A few weeks ago I couldn't stop thinking that our planet will eventually be destroyed – whether by the sun's swelling light in some million years, or by our own hands much sooner than that. When I think of such timescales everything seems so irrelevant—the point is that even such a thought can't really take place in my mind, for we humans don't understand what millions of years truly mean, considering we've managed to destroy our environment, living and non-living bodies, and other humans in just a couple of hundred years.

In such a bleak scenario, I wonder if this portal (in the Atlantic) can be our passage into the universe—if it can grant us oneness with all there is; the stars, the other galaxies and planetary conglomerates, with all the invisible particles of our existence here and there and everywhere.

Perhaps one's existence never ceases to exist? Perhaps it continues in various forms beyond what we can imagine? Even into the non-human, non "living"?

I find what you said above to be inspiring, uncannily hopeful and poetic, almost like a mantra—somehow it gives me a sense of responsibility too; I must respect and nurture all forms of life and (perceived by us as) non-life, for I am no different from all matter and all void—"(...)So much so that no known map is necessary, nor any known methods of conveyance. Except escaping the body."

I wonder what the 'walls' and 'ceilings' mean to you when you 'restring' the pieces (here using your own words)? What about the boxes where your pieces (or non pieces?) come in?

On Tue, 5 Feb 2019 at 01:04, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

I'm sorry to hear that you're having a tough time. I too am hoping for something new in the air, something to clarify this energy.

You know this is why I hate actually having this much time to contemplate a work, or even this much time to myself – everything starts spinning with self doubt.

In regards to the Earth's demise I can't help but think of this:



I find it both hilarious and sobering. I've been thinking about it a lot actually – the sea consuming us all as an act of preservation or survival.

The act of the escape is somewhat of a burden to me. I'd like to think that coming to this country was an effort to escape, not realising that in fact we'd be held captive, with the ultimate escape being from our physical form. It's something I've considered more since my grandfather died; how it was ultimately an act of self destruction for there truly was no escape beyond this realm for him.

The walls, the ceilings, the boxes... they're all boundaries and restrictions – an elaborate cage for the captive to be strung up and displayed until it ultimately escapes.

Is the captive consumed by the negative or is the negative deadened with the weight of the captive's timelessness? You know, as a body, the captive is not affected by time... well not in any tangible way. For what we read as decay is in fact the captive shedding its skin, shedding its disguise almost. It goes back to when I talk about using kaolin and how I should perhaps introduce water to the solid forms—yes the solid forms would almost disappear, but not completely, as a white puddle will form in their absence.

It's late and I'm sure this has delved into a very abstract hole.

Apologies

On Thu, 7 Feb 2019 at 14:15, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hi Dom!

I love the idea of shedding as disguise and the idea of decay being an 'illusion'. Captivity is also a state I can relate to somehow; however, I want to believe that if all is storied and imaged from/by us, then my 'escape' will happen exactly there, in the engaging with other storied beings (living or non-living). I guess that death is then a form of ultimate shedding no? Somehow death, like time, really doesn't terminate with anything other than the last layer of visible matter to be shed—again it feels like the world is overpopulated by all that has died yet has never left—'yes the solid forms would almost disappear, but not completely as a white puddle will form in its absence.'

Your screenshot is so so good—also highlights such a typical 'us vs nature' that is so strange yet so embedded (and embodied too).

The walls, boxes, ceilings, etc., being something that keeps the pieces captive is interesting, but when do they escape? Is it in the very event of their slow shedding (bits falling, dust gathering, traces left on the floors, etc.)? Is it in the constant wrapping-packing-hanging-wrapping-packing-hanging that they escape?

Hope all is going well with the work (is there such a thing as 'well?').

On Thu, 7 Feb 2019 at 16:40, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

I hope we can meet up soon too!!

I'm unsure whether I can say with certainty whether 'death' is the ultimate shedding. Especially when 'death' is a somewhat fluid term in the sense that it doesn't necessarily mean that the physical form ceases to exist. Actually... thinking about it... does the physical body ever cease to exist? Even if the body was forcefully made absent... I guess it goes back to what I was saying earlier about an ongoing presence... whether that be documentation, or fragments, or memories, or stories of the body existing. I think I'm moving into a more metaphysical realm...

I've been drafting the text which will accompany the work and keep returning to this phrase:

Self destruction as in/resurrection

Is 'death', self-destruction or wilful absence the ultimate act of rebellion against the State? I can't help but reference the Igbo Landing of 1803—a story of resistance involving a group of approximately 75 Igbo (modern day Nigeria) slaves who had overpowered and killed their captors aboard the slave ship, The Schooner York. Upon the ship grounding, the Igbo people walked in unison back into the water chanting:

The Water Spirit brought us, the Water Spirit will take us home

I think it's important to also note that when I use 'death', I'm also thinking of social death amongst other states...

But yes you're right, I feel like there is a sort of limbo for those who have died but have not really left. Is this the re-imagined presence that I spoke of originally?

I'd like to think that the captive, or in this case the fugitive, will only escape through self destruction or wilful absence by decay (at whatever rate is chosen). Interestingly, I only acknowledge the works' shedding when they are wilfully present (not in transit or crated).

I'm unsure whether the work can ever be considered 'well' until it comes to the actual construction/installation period. All I can say is that I know it will be great, perhaps at the expense of my own health this time...

On Sun, 10 Feb 2019 at 13:28, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hi Dom,

When I said ultimate shedding I didn't mean disappearance. I meant yet another mutation or transformation—maybe the last recognisable, or visible (for a western gaze) layer of un/beingness.

As I read your email I felt that this quote works in relation to death too—no such thing truly happens:

(...) they, like us, are alive in hydrogen, in oxygen; in carbon, in phosphorous, and iron;
in sodium and chlorine. (Sharpe, 2016)

Be kind to yourself, your energy is vital and you mustn't succumb to this overworking drive we are made to believe is a good thing. I find your work most poetic, poignant and effective/affective when I look at the fragments and details (knots and paint/dust/clay remains) that is were the imprints of these absences/presences are left.

I'm at work today again, using my time here to read through Sharpe's 'In The Wake'.

Speak soon and take care of yourself.

On Sun, 10 Feb 2019 at 15:28, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

Yes, I guess the body is considered unrecognisable or invisible by certain gazes at certain points, regardless of how abstract those states may be.

Yes, I thought that part of the book was rather touching, especially the part soon after in which there is speculation that perhaps [paraphrased] no-one dies of old age at sea. Perhaps there is a greater sense of immortality at sea due to the fact that there are no bones to recover as if the place that is Nowhere or is the Unknown has claimed these bodies.

Yes, I know I shouldn't delve into this overworking mindset; however, in an odd way, I find that mindset makes it easier to focus, something I described yesterday during a studio visit as almost trance-like.

There's more that I'd like to think through (I think), I think that I'll send another email in the next couple of days when I've given it more time.

On Thu, 14 Feb 2019 at 09:53, Dominique White wrote:

Hi Gonçalo

I know that you're very busy at the moment dealing with some big life changes, but when you have a moment I'd like to hear your thoughts.

I've been thinking the past couple of days whilst writing down my thoughts about the Fugitive, the State and the Stateless, but I'm not sure how relevant those terms are or my specific definitions are for this particular discussion.

The thought I want to leave you with, is the notion of social death which is defined in this article as:

the ways in which someone is treated as if they were dead or non-existent. Social death is distinguished from biological or physical death: when the body is considered to have died and ceased function-ing for life. Social death can occur before or after physical death. (Borgstrom, E. 2017)

I think I touched on it briefly in a previous email, this idea of being deemed inhuman or partially human or even dead when one is not really dead. I think I phrased it as inherited death, which I think concludes my lasting thoughts towards the absent and the body...

Let me know if you have any closing thoughts yourself. I hope to see you sometime soon properly before I leave London.

On Thu, 14 Feb 2019 at 19:57, Gonçalo Birra wrote:

Hi Dom,

It is nice to hear from you in the midst of crazy changes as you said yourself.

I am very interested in that idea of 'social death'—I can personally relate to that as a queer migrant too. I always go back to Judith Butler's 'Frames of War' where they somehow undo the frames that portray some as living and some other as already dead (in the context of war for instance, where those who die are somehow dead before they're killed, hence our inability to mourn and grieve them, or to empathise). The structures that govern us are also the structures that frame a life worth living and those born dead already—or as you say, inherited death.

I genuinely believe this is the case for the 'absence' we have been discussing, and that the states and forms bodies take (or don't take) are deeply related to that inheritance.

However, that social death is somehow a presence too (as we discussed) – the very 'existence' of these 'living-dead' works as a constant mirroring of the segregating, racist, homophobic and xenophobic (et al.) structures that have 'engendered' them in the first place.

I wonder then how it is to speak from the body of the living-dead? What form of resistance does a living-dead body offer? Is it more resilient? Is it immortal? Is that body the only future conceivable?

What shape do spaces taken up by these bodies look, feel and sound like (this is perhaps a focus of my own practice and research)?

Hope this makes sense and that it is interesting for you –I'm exhausted from all the lack of work ethic in arts-institutions sponsored by corporations that kill with no guilt.

Anyway, I hope to see you very soon! Next week?



WORKS

Partially destroyed banana trees lie along a road after hurricane Matthew on the coast of Guantanamo province, Cuba on Oct 5, 2016



Landlocked Prisoner (2018) acts as an abstract commemorative sculpture that would have been dragged out of the Atlantic Ocean, a space which holds the memory of an underwater nation formed by the drowned enslaved people, an idea theorised and promoted by numerous afrofuturists --notably Drexciya--. The sculpture, primarily made out of tarred rope, which White manipulates and weaves to create large fishnet-like drapery, holds the cast of a buoy which, if returned to the ocean, would dissolve. The commemorative sculpture is thus, here, rendered impermanent, such as the memory it is holding.

words by Cédric Fauq
for a text accompanying
The Share of Opulence; Doubled; Fractional



Landlocked Prisoner | 2018

Clay, tarred rope, rope, dried palm, destroyed sail, cowrie shells, raffia palm,
hand carved wooden beads, used mooring cleat

Installation view of *The Share of Opulence; Doubled; Fractional*
at Sophie Tappeiner
from September 14, 2018 to November 11, 2018

Images courtesy the artist and Sophie Tappeiner. Copyright: Kunstdokumentation.com



J.O.Y (the last signal) | 2018
calico, raffia, clay, rope, dried palm, cowrie shells, sail, life jacket triple hook safety line

Photographed by Caustic Coastal for the show Signs as curated by Rebecca Halliwell-Sutton as part of the Beacons programme (2017-2018)

Following page:
Extended caption for J.O.Y (the last signal) | 2018
released in a booklet after the end of the programme.

- J I am leaking dangerous goods
- O Man overboard
- Y I am dragging my anchor

The last cries from the depths of the known.

The last distress signals from a body embracing the beyond.

The last battle signals from a vessel at peace with the ever-consuming waves.

A self destruction at sea isolated from the prying eyes of the overseers of the sea, yearning for an existence beyond being captured and subdued. Weary from the lifetime of battles on land and worn to the bone by hope, the vessel took to sea to search for the relics of the Unknown. They are yearning for a future of their own, a narrative crafted from their histories, an existence devoid of burdens.

Extended caption for J.O.Y (The Last Signal)

Dominique White (2018)

- J I am leaking dangerous cargo
- O Man overboard
- Y I am dragging my anchor

The last cries from the depths of the unknown.

The last distress signals from a body left for dead.

The last battle cries from a vessel at battle with the ever-consuming waves.

It was assumed that those who received their signal determined the fate of what was presumed to be a vessel isolated at sea. Those who would deem themselves as heroic allies would decide the fate of this doomed vessel - would they allow the vessel to continue living in the world as they knew it or would they desert the vessel? A most certain death by being consumed bit by bit by the sea.

Extended caption for J.O.Y (The Last Signal)

Dominique White (2018)

An eternity of Purgatory, A lifetime of Hell | 2017
wood, raffia, kaolin, rope, buoys, palm, seagrass, paper, pencil

Photographed by Corey Bartle-Sanderson at Allen Road Sculpture Park by Graft Lancs (September - October 2017)



Following pages:

The Flag of Nowhere | 2017
kaolin, calico, rotting dried palm leaves, raffia, buoys, cowrie shells

Self Portrait with Deep Sea Dweller | 2017

Ruzani Moleya in Deep Sea Dweller | 2017
during the fitting for *A Study in Devotion | 2017*

Naatal editorial/performance 'A Study in Devotion' at Market Peckham (14th and 15th of September 2017)

Courtesy of the artist and Adama Jalloh







A Beaconing Soul | 2016





Bankrupt Utopia (For Pateh Sabally) (2017) as shown stacked under A Beaconing Soul (2016)
at Flood-tide at Love Unlimited, Glasgow (GB)



STATEMENT & CV

Still from Live webcam in Saint-Bath during Hurricane Irma

DOMINIQUE WHITE (b. 1993, UK) weaves together the theories of Blaccelerationism and Afrofuturism with the nautical myths of Black Diaspora into a term she defines as the Shipwrecked; a reflexive verb and state of being. Her sculptures demonstrate how Black life could extend beyond its own subjective limits and act as beacons or vessels of an ignored civilisation defined as the Stateless; a realm in which the past, present and future have converged into a Black Future.

White's research reaches back to the sound of Detroit's techno scene, where she continues to reference Afrofuturist narratives (situated in space and under water) depicted by Aux 88 (Tom Tom and Keith Tucker), DJ Stingray (Sherard Ingram) and Drexciya (Gerald Donald and James Stinson). Her research also extends beyond the tangible, with a curiosity for both the destruction and mythicism that hurricanes in the Caribbean leave in their eternally transformative wake in the sea. Her visual vocabulary extends from nautical motifs such as destroyed sails, damaged hand-woven nets, mutilated anchors and soluble nautical buoys to decaying or volatile materials such as palm fronds, raffia and kaolin clay. She utilises this forceful unification as a means of forcefully dissociating the motifs from their original function and redefining them as bodies charged with retaliation and resilience. These works, or bodies, delicately balance the states of preservation, decay and destruction whilst emanating the sense that an event has/will/will never take place at any time whether there are witnesses or not.

DOMINIQUE WHITE

b.1993, London

w: blackdominique.com

e: dominiquehwhite@gmail.com

EDUCATION

BA Fine Art, Goldsmiths, 2012 - 2015

Foundation in Art and Design, Central Saint Martins, 2012

SHOWS

2019 Fugitive of the State(less) [solo], Veda, Florence (IT)

2019 Abandon(ed) Vessel (working title) [solo], Kevin Space, Vienna (AUT)

2018 Flood-tide. Love Unlimited, Glasgow (GB)

2018 The Share of Opulence; Doubled; Fractional. Sophie Tappeiner, Vienna (AUT)

2018 °c. Clearview.ltd, London (GB)

2018 Signs | Beacons. Caustic Coastal, Manchester (GB)

2017 Allen Road Sculpture Park. Artlicks, London (GB)

2017 A Study in Devotion. MARKET Peckham, London (GB)

2017 The Other'd Artist/s. Transmission, Glasgow (GB)

2017 thirty/thirty. 12o Collective, online

2017 In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens. Copeland Park & Bussey Building, London (GB)

2016 Our Sweet Souls [solo]. Limbo, London (GB)

2016 Standing in the Shade. Mile End Pavilion, London (GB)

2015 Utopian Ja. Reception Gallery, online

2015 Goldsmiths BA Fine Art Degree Show. Goldsmiths, London (GB)

2014 Reception. DIG, London (GB)

PUBLICATIONS

2018 Nataal Magazine, debut edition (GB/IT/ZA/US/SE/KE)

2018 Skin Deep The Food Issue (GB)

2017 We Apologise For The Delay To Your Journey Thick/er Black Lines at Tate Modern (GB)

2016 Apogee Journal #8 (USA)

2016 WHERE IS ANA MENDIETA Deep Sea (2016) (GB)

MEDIA

2019 Times Eye Film: Dominique White

2019 Curating for the Age of Blackness by Cédric Fauq | Mousse 66 Winter 2019

2018 Interview with Ellie Barrett. Young Artists in Conversation. Dec 2018

2018 aqnb [documentation of The Share Of Opulence]

2018 untitled. tzvetnik.online [documentation of The Share of Opulence]

2018 In Wien feiert das Festival CURATED BY die Stadt. Monopol-Magazin (Nov 2018 print) [review]

2018 THE SHARE OF OPULENCE; DOUBLED; FRACTIONAL @ SOPHIE TAPPEINER, PAUL MAHEKE, LETTER TO A BARN OWL @ KEVINSPACE (White Pube) [review]

2018 CURATED BY_VIENNA 2018 Review Spike Magazine (Max L. Feldman) [review]

2018 Beacons | Signs. Corridor8 (Claire Walker) [review]

2018 The Art of Performance. Notion Magazine

2017 A Study In Devotion. Nataal Media

2016 "Should You Buy Art Online". Harper's Bazaar online (Legacy Russell, Haniya Rae)

TALKS

2019 The Artists Journey #2. Bloc Projects/Sheffield Hallam University (14/02/2019)

2018 The Conch, South London Gallery, London (GB) (27/04/18)

2017 Artist talk and Q&A, Allen Road Sculpture Park, London (GB)

RESIDENCIES

2018 Formerly Called, Wysing Arts Centre, Cambridge, GB

2016 Limbo, London, GB

REFERENCE LIST

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