

JONATHAN WATERIDGE

ENCLAVE / EXPATRIA

Anomie Publishing

GHOSTS IN THE GARDEN

Gilda Williams

'Decolonization can only be complete when it is understood as a complex process that involves both the colonizer and the colonized.'

Samia Nehrez, opening quote to bell hooks, *Black Looks: Race and Representation*¹

In Jonathan Wateridge's large painting *Swimmer*, a strong young man stands before us, calmly heading for a swim in his boxy blue trunks (p. 91). With downcast eyes he takes a tentative step in our direction, ignorant of our presence and yet — in his semi-nakedness, under bright sun — appears as if on display to his unseen viewer. His body is painted with detailed accuracy, contrasting with the mottled painterly background of mossy trees and a greyish sky. At bottom left and right masses of variegated foliage — more suggestive of nursery-grown houseplants than wild jungle — seem to lose shape as the shrubbery ascends along the painting's edges, briefly resolving into a vague grid-like pattern of green-on-white across the centre of the canvas behind the figure, then dissolving into brushy strokes and disjointed marks towards the top. From the other canvases in the *Enclave* series we recognise this grid of regularly spaced squares as the distinctive chequered pattern of a 1960s/70s-era cement-block wall, protecting this garden idyll from all the world beyond the picture's frame.

Swimmer depicts an innocuous scene and yet presents various anomalies: the mix of photographic and painterly language; the contrasts of figuration and abstraction, of shadow and light, of living flesh and hard cement. Moreover, the viewer notes the rarity of *Swimmer*'s subject matter: a young black man enjoying a leisurely day alongside a suburban backyard pool. What combination of socio-cultural histories have rendered this quiet figure, in this protected domestic setting, faintly unexpected?

I.

Enclave and the slightly later *Expatria* represent vital series in artist Jonathan Wateridge's ongoing work. Known for his virtuoso painting abilities, Wateridge returns here for the first time to his memories of childhood, growing up in 1970s/80s Zambia. As the artist readily admits, the paintings' subject matter is an uneasy one: although Zambia (which gained independence in 1964, about a decade before his birth) is an integral site within his own personal history, as a white man who'd plainly benefitted from the privilege that his race afforded him, how can Wateridge address these now-distant memories, growing up in a former British colony? '[We are] living in the aftermath of the many meta-narratives that have shaped twentieth-century Africa — colonialism, independence, third-worldism, apartheid, in the "wreckages" of a set of utopias and dystopias,' cultural theorist and scholar Sarah Nuttall has said.² How might this strange overlap, of 'utopia and dystopia', be imaged in 21st-century painting by this Zambian-born, UK-based artist?

With *Enclave* and *Expatria*, Wateridge seems to participate in what noted art historian T.J. Demos has described as a 'return to the post-colony': revisiting sites of the past in order to exorcise and examine the ongoing detrimental impacts of African colonialism.³ Wateridge's painted revisitations are unplaceable in time, occurring both 'then' and 'now'. The silent, still, privileged

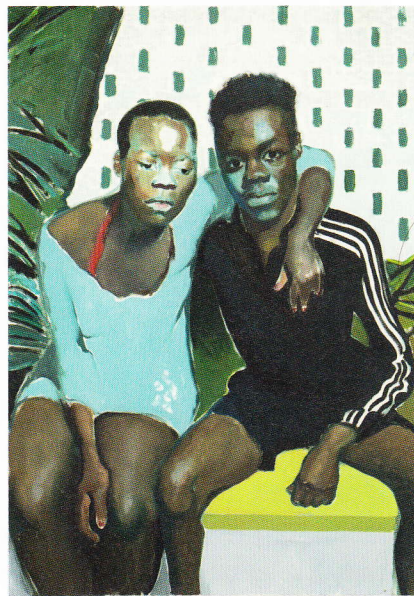
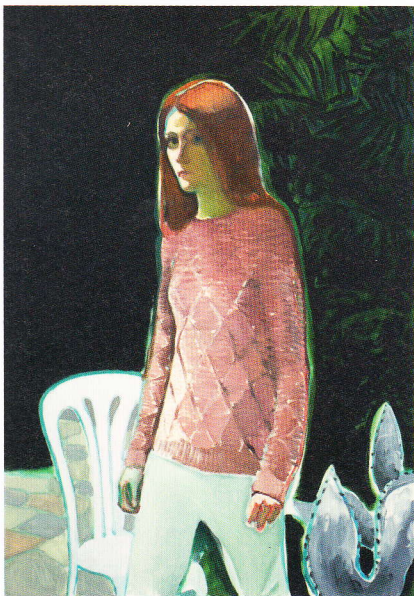


Fig. 1 *White Chair*
Oil on linen
170 × 120 cm (67 × 47 in)

Fig. 2 *Couple by Wall*
Oil on linen
170 × 120 cm (67 × 47 in)

lives played out in Wateridge's staged garden are suspended in time, not belonging wholly to the past nor to the present. The sense of timelessness in both the characters and the location, set at any moment since about 1970, is accentuated by Wateridge's inclusion of a few recognisable design details such as the cheap Monobloc moulded plastic chair (*White Chair; Speaker*) (fig. 1, p. 177) — the most ubiquitous of garden chairs on Earth — or the Adidas three-stripe logo (*Couple by Wall*) (fig. 2), sportswear fashionable at more or less any time and place since the 1970s. This garden could be in virtually any location worldwide, from the Zambia of Wateridge's past to the London hinterland where these re-enactments were recently staged, to just about anywhere. *Enclave* and *Expatria* occupy space and time unidentifiably, with anonymity. These are not period pieces: these paintings evoke a past that is still alive, still unfinished.

Jonathan Wateridge was born and grew up in Zambia; with his family, Wateridge moved back to Britain at the end of the 1980s, when he was turning 18 and beginning art school in the UK. His father had grown up in North Africa but moved to Zambia (then Northern Rhodesia) in the early 1950s, eventually finding his way into journalism. He married, started a family, and rose to become managing editor of the *Zambia Daily Mail*, the country's independent newspaper. In the late 1970s, not long after the *Mail* was bought by the state, Wateridge Sr lost his job; now dependent solely on his mother's salary as a secretary, the family saw its financial security decline. The poolside idyll reconstructed in these paintings belongs to the earlier, more secure period of the family's lives: the endless summer pictured in *Enclave* and *Expatria* is lost to Wateridge not just in the haze of youthful memories, but also to personal and historical circumstances beyond his childhood comprehension.

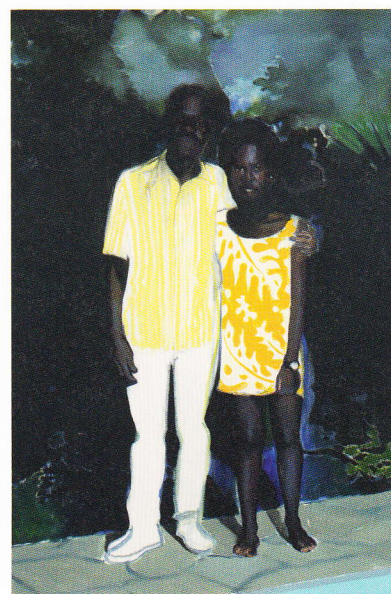
In the decade following Zambia's independence, the utopian hopes of hard-won liberation were beginning to fade. The economy declined badly in the 1970s as worldwide demand for copper, the country's principal export, fell sharply. Suspected corruption and criminal activity at high levels — as reported in the *Zambia Daily Mail*, among other newspapers — seemed to betray the dreams of social equality born in the previous decade.⁴ Hit by runaway inflation and wage freezes, many Zambians felt that the promise of shared prosperity had not been delivered; class divisions had not been eradicated but now flourished in a racially mixed middle class which

remained entrenched — as president Kenneth Kaunda complained in 1974 — within ‘an elitist/ capitalist attitude.’⁵ Wateridge recalls that in his youth he was less conscious of racial distinctions than those separating economic classes, i.e., the stark differences between rich and poor seemed more divisive than those between races. Indeed, around that time 42% of Zambian households who could afford domestic servants were black; 33% of such families were white and 25% Asian.⁶ Virtually all servants were poor and black, however, often migrating from the countryside. In sum, the history of post-independence Zambia suggests a society under the grip of capitalist forces born under colonialism and persistently unresolved. False hopes may be suggested in Wateridge’s artificial, stagey garden; with obvious AstroTurf (instead of lawn) and potted plants (in lieu of jungle), these paintings are plainly located in an imperfect and fleeting ‘paradise’.

II.

These painted scenes are not conjured from Wateridge’s memory but are based on numerous photographs taken on a temporary set that the artist had built — loosely based on the Lusaka garden of his youth — and populated by actors. (This same technique provided source material for many of Wateridge’s earlier series, such as *Another Place*, 2009–10.) The semi-autobiographical narrative behind *Enclave* and *Expatria* — i.e., a garden inhabited by the innocence of childhood, briefly flourishing before falling on hard times, its inhabitants eventually expelled — instantly conjures Biblical connotations of ‘the fall’. *Enclave* and *Expatria* seem set in a suburban Eden, but this is an awfully subdued garden party. Uniformly unsmiling, no one seems entirely to be enjoying themselves: they evoke instead a spirit of quiet reckoning, ennui and resignation.

Demos identifies in the work of many post-colonial European artists a ‘reverse migration’: travelling back to problematic sites from which they were uprooted. Emblematic of such a journey is Uganda-born photographic artist Zarina Bhimji, who moved to the UK as a child when families of Asian ancestry like hers were expelled from Uganda. Obviously, however, despite following similar geographical trajectories the two experiences can not be compared: as bell hooks reminds us, ‘folks benefit[ting] greatly from dominating others and are not suffering a wound that is in any way similar to the condition of the exploited and oppressed.’⁷ The journey of a white



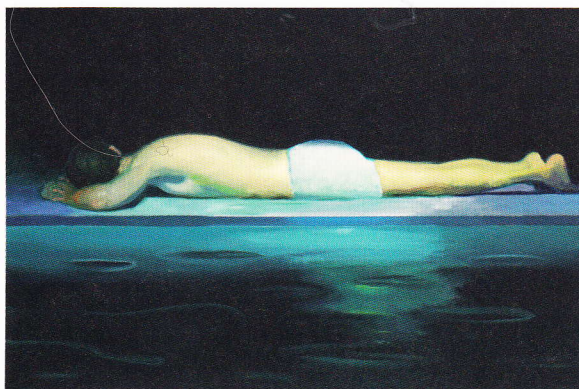
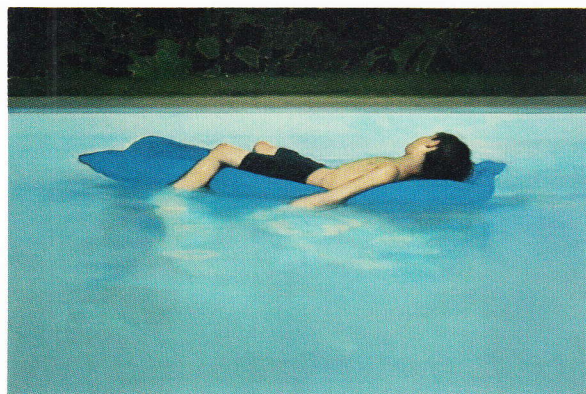
man 'back to Africa' is fraught with a different set of complex problematics. Perhaps Wateridge has waited until he was well into his 40s before addressing in his art the ambiguous recollections of his youth with the necessary intellect and maturity. Artistically speaking, perhaps only now has Wateridge gained the range and level of exceptional painterly skills to picture, with sensitivity and scope, these conflicted post-colonial memories. Wateridge himself has explained that his desire to tackle the past in his work was precipitated by the migrant crisis and the denials about responsibility here in the UK.

'The walled garden "enclave" is a fairly good metaphor for the West itself,' Wateridge has said. 'I was after a haunted quality, with its white denizens being a cipher for a nostalgia that is sadly still pervasive in much of the West. At the same time, the black swimmer suggests the spectre of a colonial history that haunts that nostalgia.' Wateridge's paintings seem afflicted by what Demos has called 'transgenerational haunting': the return of a troubled past that continues to inform the present. Wateridge's figures often appear as ghosts: trapped beings who inhabit a site they continue to believe is their home long after it's time to leave, like the transparent and unfinished spectre of a woman in *Untitled* (fig. 3). Some of Wateridge's painted figures seem literally to hover between life and death, like the still and uncomfortably prone bodies in *Lawn* (p. 73), *Pool* (p. 33) or *Night Pool* (fig. 6). These often faceless, horizontal portraits are more suggestive of a drowned corpse than a poolside bather, more reminiscent of a crime scene than a weekend retreat. The practically lifeless boy in *Lilo* (fig. 5) is so still he seems to have been floating there since forever, unmoving and unmovable, as shadowless as a phantom. In *Night Lilo*, the boy's extreme foreshortening reminds us of Mantegna's *Dead Christ* (c. 1480), reinforcing the deathly connection (fig. 7).

Of special interest here is the extraordinary, large painting *Lilo II*, in which the subject exists half in and out of the water — as if half dead and half alive. This split existence is expressed in his two painterly languages; for example, the exquisite hand poised in the foreground has been amazingly painted in two different styles: half recognizably precise; half lost in a painterly, watery blur (fig. 8). The man's arms seem to dissolve into ribbony slivers of wavy painted lines — the inflated float literally transformed into a kind of life raft. Wateridge seems to revel in the tricks of light created by the water, dematerialising bodies into oddly boneless beings whose limbs and extremities have turned syrupy and insubstantial in the bright pool water. Similar contrasts continue on dry land, such as the detailed rendering of the *Couple in Yellow*'s upper halves in contrast with their barely sketched-in feet (fig. 4) — his body vanishing into a delicate, loopy blue-grey line, a ghostly blur. Wateridge pays extraordinary attention to hands, sometimes painted with

Fig. 5 *Lilo*, 2017
Oil on linen
120 × 180 cm (47

Fig. 6 *Night Pool*
Oil on linen
150 × 225 cm (59

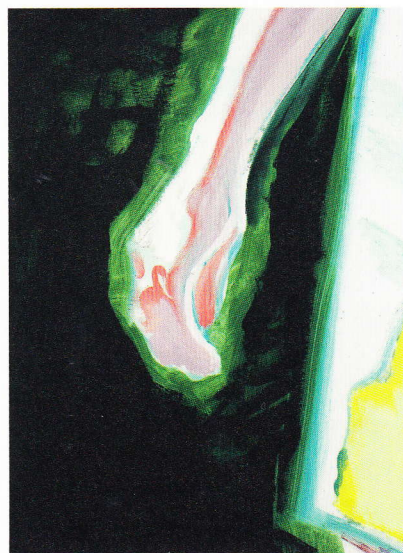
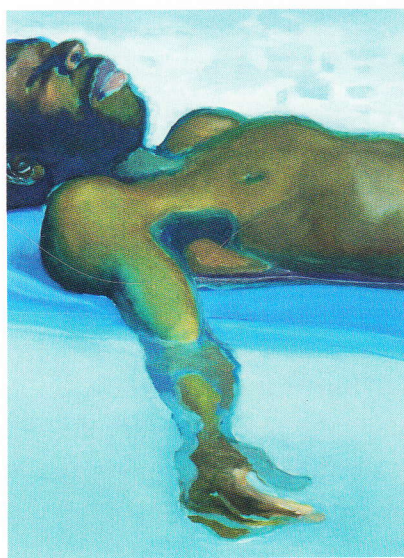


exquisite accuracy (gentle hands petting the dog in *Boys* [p.59]); elsewhere reduced to a sketch, for example in the dazzling, relaxed hand isolated in *Yellow Towel* (fig. 9, p.184) or in another version of *Lilo* (p.111), in which a boy's blue-outlined hands wobble into loose rubbery fingers.

III.

Wateridge's abilities as a painter — with its feats of distortion and foreshortening; refracted and overexposed light; expertly drawn single lines miraculously able to vividly represent hands, shoulders and feet — have here been put to the service of equivocal childhood memories. Only in his maturity as a painter, able to avail himself of a battery of painterly techniques, can Wateridge begin to picture the complex space of his upbringing, 'allowing different grammars and seeing where things might end up,' as the artist has written.⁸ By 'grammars' the artist seems to mean the many, often contradictory possibilities and pleasures of painting: creating the illusion of 'real space and real people' while simultaneously depicting half-formed dreams existing only in the outlines of a fading memory. In contrast with Wateridge's earlier detailed rendering applied uniformly across the canvas, we see him here expanding his painterly vocabulary to accommodate distorted reveries, expressionistic drawing, flat abstraction, indeterminate hazes and co-existing varieties of surface. Demos has spoken of artists returning to the colonial past by adopting in film-documentary 'an innovative approach to aesthetics that joins the factual and the fictional ... [a] blurring of document and storytelling,'⁹ for example Renzo Martens's *Episode III (Enjoy Poverty)*, 2009. Wateridge may be attempting an analogous blurring by borrowing contrasting painterly languages, from the realist to the expressionistic. In this Wateridge joins a recent generation of figurative painters such as Jordan Casteel, Peter Doig and Celeste Dupuy-Spencer who, as *frieze* has recently written, are neither interested in photorealism nor the caricaturish excesses of earlier painters, like John Currin. What takes their place are highly idiosyncratic 'reveries ... dreamy narratives and an eagerness to engage with our political moment without forfeiting the sensuousness of the medium.'¹⁰

In Wateridge's 'reveries', semi-real figures are rendered with such fluid, painterly prowess as to appear almost melting in the heat, such as the sunburnt pair in *Afternoon* (p.145), whom



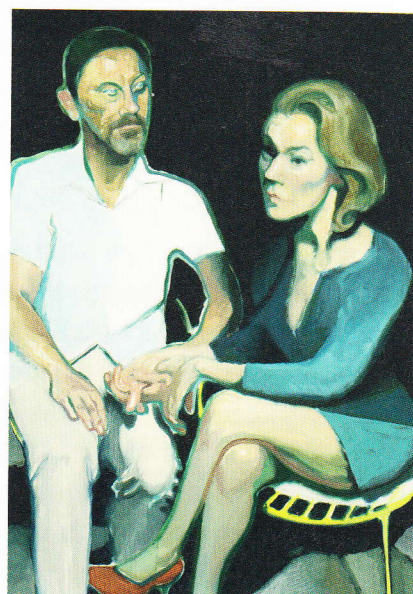


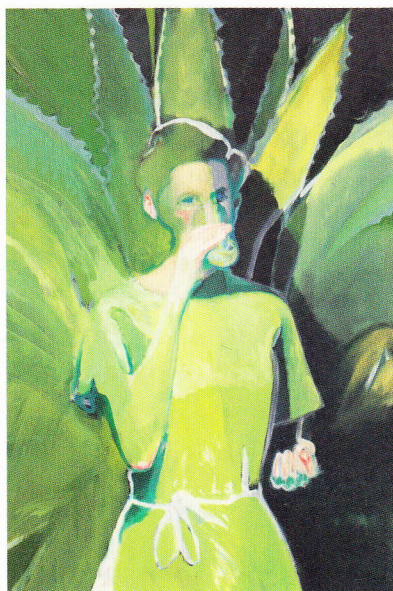
Fig. 10 Maria Lassnig
Der Tod und das Mädchen / *The Maiden and Death*
Oil on canvas
200 × 155 cm (80 × 61 in)
Private Collection
© Maria Lassnig

Fig. 11 Alice Neel
Nancy and the Artist
Oil on canvas
203 × 91.5 cm (80 × 36 in)
Courtesy David Neel
© Alice Neel

Fig. 12 Alice Neel
Couple
Oil on linen
170 × 120 cm (67 × 47 in)

Wateridge has painted practically fusing into their chairs in the high-noon bake. In the exquisite double portrait *Expatria* (p. 139), one woman's face seems to drip downwards like a candle, turning skull-like in the process, while the other's legs have been reduced to sinewy lines, her toes melting into her cocktail. Some figures recall Maria Lassnig's or Alice Neel's, following both those artists' 'big head/weak body' typology also observed, for example, in Wateridge's *Couple* (fig. 10, 11, 12). With this pair's highly stylised figures — his eyes pointing impossibly in opposing directions; her hair and features reduced to an expertly painted swirl — Wateridge seems able to let go entirely of his previous finespun painterly accuracy in favour of these more ghostly apparitions. The phantom-like woman in *White Chair* recalls the hallucinatory women of Edvard Munch (whom Wateridge counts among the painters who were on his mind in the making of this series): ethereally backlit, rendered in acidic colours and with enormous ringed eyes, she emits an unearthly green glow. Figures seem to shift chromatically before our eyes, often merging with the surroundings: in *Thorns* (fig. 13), the giant spikes of a massive agave seem to grow out of a woman's back; she appears disturbingly unaware that her face is turning the same lime-green colour of the plant. The affectionate pair in *Couple in Yellow* seem to merge seamlessly with an enormous, stormy shadow threatening to swallow them both. The flowery dresses of the ladies in *Two Women* (p. 119) appear to be shredding into the shrubbery. The black man and the white man in *Patio Men* (pp. 152/153) assume the emerald tinge of the garden and the pool's turquoise glow. As many have noted, Jordan Casteel's urban portraits of black men and women take on the artificial, neon-lit shades of the street; Wateridge seems similarly to adopt this kind of chromatic freedom in depicting skin tones, for example in *Back*, in which a faceless man has been painted in a sun-burnt symphony of blues, oranges, browns, pinks, yellows and greens (p. 185).

While the works in *Enclave* and *Expatria* offer a veritable sampler of painterly possibilities — from 19th-century realism to early 20th-century expressionism — photography is also powerfully at work here. These paintings are produced from the numerous photographs Wateridge takes on set, with actors cast to populate both his paintings and his memories. Wateridge does not pose the actors in a singular, pre-planned image to be later recreated faithfully in paint; he prefers to have the actors occupy the space however they please, taking countless photos from which the



artist chooses details that are brought together and re-composed into a single painting. In this method we recognise Roland Barthes's noted concept of the *punctum*: 'the accident which pricks me (but also bruises).' From his many source photographs Wateridge seeks out the *punctum*: the crucial, magical detail that deserves to be remembered in paint, the unexpected gesture or expression able to bring to life the image and the figures within them.

Examples of the *punctum* — or 'what haunts the photograph', as Avery Gordon has written¹¹ — transferred into a painting might include the strangely inward-turning ankle in *Pool* (p. 37); or the unseen eyes in *Woman with Dogs*, expressive despite being foreshortened into a few colourful, shadowy planes (fig. 14). In *Boys*, the *punctum* lies in the curiously stiff and alert, upright pose of the boy on the right, his wrist turning oddly to pat the dog. Or the affectionately tentative gestures of *Couple by Wall* (p. 163), gently leaning in. Wateridge often recreates in his painting the 'errors' of photography, such as the overexposure in the woman's face and swimsuit faithfully rendered in *Pool* which, obviously, could have been 'corrected' in paint. In *Yellow Towel*, the woman's sun-drenched legs are a positively phosphorescent shade of white — photographic overexposure resulting in an extreme whiteness, with all its literal and symbolic implications rendered in paint (fig. 15).

The sense of this place as cut-off from lived time and space, a half-real yet half-imagined site existing in isolation, seems reiterated in Wateridge's emphatic insertion of walls in almost every painting. (Wateridge conceived of both these series before Trump's and Brexit's desired walls dominated the news; the multiple fences erected in this painted sanctuary seem sadly to have proven prophetic.) Walls seem to grow out of the earth as naturally here as the Zambian soil grows teak or the ubiquitous mopane tree. Walls rise everywhere, whether hinted at in the shadowy background of *Couple in Yellow* or fragmented into a patchwork in *Garden* (p. 134). Sometimes the wall doubles up, such as the stylised, low stonework wall (another 1960s throwback) raised before the cement-block wall in *Women on Patio* or *Patio* (pp. 152/153). Sometimes there seems to be a third barrier between ourselves and the figures, such as the table in the foreground of *Patio Men*, a rare instance in these series in which a black man and a white man are pictured together. However, while they share the same painted afternoon they occupy separate canvases: the

painterly support itself, the individual canvases of this diptych, intrudes to force yet another kind of division.

Wateridge has explained that, although this poolside fantasy is a fictitious place, his intention was not to construct some naively colourblind painted paradise. For all Wateridge's ability to render figures stunningly lifelike — such as the unforgettably expressive faces in *Women on Patio*; the monumental diptych *Swimmers* (pp.158/159); or *Two Women*, commanding our attention — he repeatedly reminds us that this is an unreal place. Hints include the cartoonish garden in the background of *Women on Patio*; or the hallucinogenic riot of greens in *Woman with Dogs*, with its zigzagged leaves not so much reproduced from nature but from some fanciful printed fabric or a child's drawing. This enclave is a strange mix of the familiar and the strange, pleasure and boredom, privilege and isolation: a place where people try to belong — if only to keep at bay the places beyond the wall where they may not be so welcome.

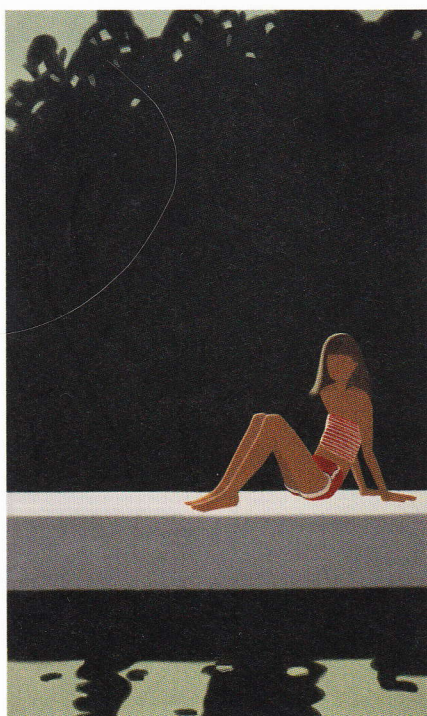
IV.

Returning to the painting *Swimmer* that opened this essay, why might it seem startling to see a young black man in this relaxed posture, at home in the trappings of this comfortable suburban setting? Although a large and thriving middle class exists in Zambia, as bell hooks has written (albeit in a US context) blackness has regularly been visualised as a marker of powerlessness and victimisation.¹² A familiar portrait of black masculinity, hooks noted in 1992, perpetually constructs black men as 'failures': dangerous, violent, possibly insane.¹³ hooks has researched how male 'idleness' did not have the same significance in African cultures that it had in a white mindset. Many 19th-century Christians saw all forms of idle activity as evil, a breeding ground for wrong-doing.¹⁴ 'Idleness' for a black man was associated with 'laziness' rather than 'deserved rest'. We might in this context consider how Alex Katz's images of relaxed summer afternoons, such as *Peter Humphrey* or *Tracy on the Raft* (fig. 16), probably look ordinary to art audiences in a way that *Swimmer*'s black subject, despite similar iconography, may seem unusual. A recent statistic discovered that up to 70% of black Americans cannot swim, a figure far higher than white Americans.¹⁵ Plainly, differing levels of access to swimming pools and lessons in the US falls along racial lines — perhaps contributing to the unexpectedness of seeing black subjects at home in Wateridge's painted pool. Whiteness seems to constitute the 'default' race expected in paintings set in a garden. I decided to test this on Google; the search terms 'painting, gardener' yielded plenty of sugary images of straw-hatted white ladies and gentlemen enjoying their well-tended blooms. In contrast, results for 'painting, black gardener' featured a turn-of-the-20th-century realist painting of a black labourer, shovel in hand; while 'painting, white gardener' produced no people, only images of trees in need of care, being painted white.

This anecdote aside, it has been noted that the black body was historically purposed for work and servitude.¹⁶ To cite hooks again, the black body 'in nature' often ends up described in the white imagination in terms of the 'primitive ... ascribed to the bodies of dark Others whose cultures, traditions, and lifestyles may indeed be irrevocably changed by imperialism, colonisation, and racist domination.'¹⁷ Kehinde Wiley's much-admired, grand portraits represent rare images of black people not only for the heroic posture and presentation but perhaps also for the lush backgrounds of overgrown flowers and rich foliage blossoming behind them (fig. 17). Despite the similar staging for all the characters in Wateridge's fictitious stage-set, why might some look more recognisable in this leafy poolside bubble than others?

Throughout *Enclave* and *Expatria* numerous other questions regarding issues of 'belonging' abound. Do these painted people belong to the present, or to memory? Do they depict 'real' people, extracted from the source photographs, or are these imaginary human beings conjured by the artist and the myriad possibilities of paint at his disposal? Sometimes the small-brushed, precise painterly rendering contrasts with a flourish of wide-brushed painterly marks; in *Woman with Dogs*, the bold abstraction of the top-left background foliage provides a foil to her attentively rendered face. Her downward glance moreover echoes the *Swimmer's* similarly foreshortened face; but where her features are rendered in flat shapes of colour, he has been painted in intensely life-like detail. Multiple, sometimes contradictory varieties of painting have been summoned in *Enclave* and *Expatria* to express the images' abiding uncertainty; the paintings are both historical revisitations and pure painterly inventions, producing — to echo Demos's words — 'an aesthetics that joins the factual and the fictional ... document and storytelling.'

Swimmer (p. 91) can be associated with two other *Enclave* paintings, both also titled *Swimmer* (pp. 47, 51). On one a 'candid' shot, the young man wiping his mouth as if unaware of his observer, as if seen in a family snapshot; on the other the same standing figure smiling straight at the viewer, occupying this monumental painting and his affable surroundings as comfortably as an 18th-century gentleman posed before his property in a gilt-framed Gainsborough oil. Do Wateridge's paintings, like Jordan Casteel's group urban portraits, 'feel like a revolution ... because [its subjects] have been ignored for so long?'¹⁸ Is this a real or fictitious place: where a young black man can enjoy unselfconsciously the pleasures of a swimming pool and — to cite Hilton Als — 'look into the water as if he had a right to it.'¹⁹



- 1 Samia Nehrez, cited in bell hooks, *Black Looks: Race and Representation*, Boston: Southend Press, 1992, p. 1.
- 2 Sarah Nuttall, in conversation with Tamar Garb, Achille Mbembe, Riason Naidoo and Colin Richards, 'Thinking from the South: Reflections on Image and Place', in *Figures and Fictions: Contemporary South African Photography*, Gottingen: Steidl, 2011, p. 302.
- 3 T. J. Demos, *Return to the Postcolony: Specters of Colonialism in Contemporary Art*, Berlin: Sternberg, 2013.
- 4 E.g., coverage of ex-Prime Minister Elijah Mudenda's wife detained in connection with alleged illegal emerald trafficking (*Zambia Daily Mail*, 25 March 1980); a report of the Southern Province Farming Improvement Fund detailing outstanding debts of K191,483 of which parts were owed by a Cabinet Minister, a top civil servant, four District Governors, two MPs, and two former ministers (*Zambia Daily Mail*, 9 April 1979), in Tony Southall, 'Zambia: Class Formation and Government Policy in the 1970s', *Journal of Southern African Studies*, Vol. 7, No. 1, Special Issue on Contemporary Politics (October 1980), pp. 91–108.
- 5 Kenneth Kaunda, in *Humanism in Zambia and a Guide to its Implementation, Part II*, cited in Ian Scott, 'Middle Class Politics in Zambia', *African Affairs*, Vol. 77, No. 308 (July 1978), pp. 321–334.
- 6 Karen Tranberg Hansen, 'Domestic Trials: Power and Autonomy in Domestic Service in Zambia', *American Ethnologist*, Vol. 17, No. 2 (May 1990), pp. 360–375.
- 7 hooks, 13.
- 8 E-mail to the author from the artist, 21 March 2019.
- 9 Demos, 17–18.
- 10 David Geers, 'Acts of Recognition: A New Wave in Figurative Painting', *frieze*, 16 October 2017. <https://frieze.com/article/acts-recognition> [Accessed 19 March 2018]
- 11 Avery Gordon, *Ghostly Matters: Haunting and the Sociological Imagination*, University of Minnesota, 2009, p. 108.
- 12 hooks, 18.
- 13 hooks, 89.
- 14 hooks, 91.
- 15 Gretchen Reynolds, 'Will Simone Manuel Inspire More Black Children to Swim?', *New York Times*, 15 August 2016. <https://www.nytimes.com/2016/08/16/well/swimming-simone-manuel-black-children.html>
- 16 Imara Ajani Rolston, 'Black Body to Black Body: Decolonizing the Self and Liberating my Gaze', <https://blogs.lse.ac.uk/africaatlse/2016/04/04/black-body-to-black-body-decolonizing-self-and-liberating-my-gaze/> [Accessed 21 March 2019]
- 17 hooks, 25.
- 18 Michael Denzel Smith, 'Close-Up: Hold Still', on Jordan Casteel's painting *Mom's Hand*, 2014, *Artforum*, February 2019. p. 158.
- 19 Hilton Als (citing poet Marianne Moore), 'Islands', *Transition*, Issue 113, 2014, pp. 102–09.