

Of Plastic Ducks and Cockle Pickers: African Atlantic Artists and Critiques of Bonded Labour across Chronologies

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Introduction

*To them who knew to break free from dark hold of ships
who trusted their unsqueezed bodies instead to the Atlantic...
...to those bright yellow dots that crest the waves....¹*

The tongue-in-cheek celebration of the possibilities of migration and commemoration of the traumas of the Middle Passage by the 2014 Forward poetry prize-winning, London-based Jamaican poet Kei Miller in his poem, *When Considering the Long, Long Journey of 28,000 Rubber Ducks* is only the latest artistic salvo in works by African Atlantic writers and visual artists who seek to make links between the forced historical movements of people through slavery, and contemporary bonded labour. The opening lines, quoted above, seem to presage the familiar images of the Middle Passage, but the “unsqueezed” bodies that break free are, as the poem reveals actually yellow ducks and the ship a container vessel rather than a slave ship. The visual image of the “bright yellow dots” spread across the world’s oceans and beaches goes beyond what might be captured in a visual field, allowing the full implications of this dispersal to be pictured in the imagination. Miller’s poem conjures dimensions that traditional artistic frames would find hard to encompass and it is the hypervisuality of the poem that I think lends it its power and makes it an ideal comparator to African Atlantic visual artists’ response to slavery and bonded labour. This essay will explore the poem, together with installations by the black British artist Isaac Julien, to

show how each make links between past and present oppressions to create works that are both effective critiques of the excesses of contemporary capitalism and memorials to the victims of the historical trans-Atlantic slave trade.

In looking at these two works I want to posit African Atlantic writers and artists as uniquely positioned to comment on the operation of global capitalism then and now, because of the systematic exploitation of Africans through the slave trade and slavery that had interpellated them as pure commodities, or, as Ian Baucom in his magisterial volume *Specters of the Atlantic* has described in relation specifically to their Middle Passage journey, as a kind of liquid money in motion:

The slaves were thus treated not only as a type of commodity but as a type of interest-bearing money. They functioned in this system simultaneously as commodities for sale and as the reserve deposits of a loosely organized, decentered, but vast trans-Atlantic banking system: deposits made at the moment of sale and instantly reconverted into short-term bonds. This is at once obscene and vital to understanding the full capital logic of the slave trade, to coming to terms with what it meant for this trade to have found a way to treat human beings not only as if they were a type of commodity but as a flexible, negotiable, transactable form of money.²

The extreme degradation and commoditisation of African people in the operational workings of slavery has come to stand for a horrendous inhuman modernity and has become a powerful symbol for the description of subsequent labour exploitation. Paul Gilroy has written about how black thinkers and artists have used their history in slavery to make distinct and

powerful critiques of the social and political structures that underpin modernity; he argues that “[African Atlantic] artistic practice [...] can be examined in relation to modern forms, themes and ideas but carries its own distinct critique of modernity, a critique forged out of the particular experiences involved in being a racial slave in a legitimate and avowedly rational system of unfree labour.”³

It is this “distinct critique of modernity” that links these two works despite their different forms and contexts. Working across chronologies and geographies, they both function as critiques of bonded labour that utilise a shared memory of chattel slavery to provide a critique of the heinous conditions experienced by bonded labour in contemporary global capitalism.

Migration and Ducks: Kei Miller’s Poetics of the Ordinary

Miller’s poem takes its inspiration from the sinking of the *Ever Laurel* in the Pacific Ocean in 1992. This year is significant as it marks the quincentenary of Columbus’s voyage to, and “discovery” of, the Americas, which initiated the trans-Atlantic slave trade and the global modern world order that the poem critiques. As the ship sank, it disgorged from one of its containers 28,000 *Friendly Floatee* plastic bath toys, including a plethora of plastic ducks. This consignment of mass-produced goods made by Third World labour for First World consumers is typical of contemporary capital’s flow of commodities in large ocean-going container ships. The making of these goods in sweatshops on the Asian subcontinent elides from the view of Anglo-American consumers the exploitative labour practices which are essential to their production. Miller uses the serendipitous escape of the ducks as a *deus ex machina* which reveals origins and traces that have contemporary and historical resonances. In terms of the contemporary, these throwaway goods made by exploited labour in the East come to stand for the dispersal of that

labour through the forces of globalisation in search of better futures. The ocean currents spread these ducks far and wide to all four corners of the earth so that their dispersal has been key evidence for oceanographers trying to understand the workings of currents. Miller riffs on the “ocean’s sense of humour”⁴ on setting these ducks free to roam, and makes analogies in historical terms to the diasporic travels of Africans in the wake of the enslavement of millions of them from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. As the ducks “break free from the dark hold of ships,” so did some enslaved Africans who rebelled to escape their fate as commodities in the mercantile economy in on-board ship revolts that occurred, according to the research of David Eltis and David Richardson in their comprehensive Slave Trade Database, on up to ten per cent of slave voyages.⁵ Miller, though, uses the analogy of ocean-floating ducks to commemorate creative survival as much as rebellion. The “unsqueezed bodies” “trusted” to the Atlantic makes an important analogy with the Middle Passage journeys undertaken by Africans which were always ones where their bodies were squeezed into confined spaces to maximise the profits of the enslavers. By escaping, they ensured their bodies were “unsqueezed.” The ducks “scorned the limits of bathtubs, / refused to join a chorus of rub-a-dub” and many Africans, despite the oppressive practices of enslavement, managed to make lives that refused geographical limits and resisted European cultural domination and the demand to sing its tunes.

Miller goes further than showing this resistance, indicating that enslaved Africans “hitched rides on the manacled backs of the blues”, that is, from their oppressive and chained condition they made their own cultural life that helped them to survive. Miller’s brilliant economic use of language here combines the idea of movement, music and oppression as central to African Atlantic cultural survival. Miller has his ducks “pass in squeakless silence over the Titanic”, a very much heralded and over-celebrated voyage and wreck.⁶ The “squeakless” ducks

refuse to join in the chorus of commentary on the ship, an emblem of riches and Anglo-American power that has been heralded enough. In Miller's "signifyin'" transformation the ducks commemorate the thousands of more everyday and unheralded ocean voyages that have created African diasporan cultures across the world. Like the ducks, African Atlantic people now "grace the shores of hot and frozen countries" due to the operation of slave and post-slave capitalist economies that have moved in involuntary and voluntary migrations tens of millions of African diasporan people around the globe. Many of these Africans are marginalised both historically and in the present and Miller is keen to use the analogy of the "bright yellow dots that crest the waves like spots of praise" to "hail" their survival and achievements.

Foreign Bodies Washed up on British Shores: Isaac Julien's *Ten Thousand Waves*

An unlikely winter sight: hundreds of people on the beach at Morecambe, in Lancashire in the North West of England, on a cold February evening in 2014, a time when it would normally be deserted. They gather round a pile of old furniture in the shape of a boat, a sculptural bonfire which they soon set light to, and then make paper lanterns which, at the appointed hour, they step forward and release into the sea, to the accompaniment of a polyglot community orchestra playing Chinese instruments. The *Sigh of the Sea* commemoration brings together most of the Chinese community of the Lancaster and Morecambe area, but there are also hundreds of Lancastrians and "Sand grown 'uns" (the vernacular name for someone born and bred in Morecambe) drawn to the ceremony by their need to commemorate the shared horror of what had happened on these shores exactly a decade ago. In the deep dark before dawn on the 5th February 2004 many of them had, like me, been awakened by the unreal sounds of police and rescue helicopters which invaded the usual quiet of the winter night so at times it sounded like

the opening frames of *Apocalypse Now*. And when we woke from our disturbed sleep it really felt like an apocalypse: the rip tide drowned 23 Chinese immigrant cockle pickers who had been harvesting the sea food, despite the danger that had already caused all the local cockle pickers to leave the scene earlier in the night. The group of Chinese cockle pickers had been left prey to the fast incoming tide as they worked in the dark and cold thousands of miles from their homes in the Southern province of Fujian from where they had been trafficked as bonded labourers to be controlled by gang-masters in conditions akin to slavery. The *Sigh of the Sea* features a remarkable installation made by Cumbrian ceramic artist Victoria Eden:

This piece, called “On the Night of February 5th,” consists of 23 ceramic forms each constructed from red earthenware clay moulded on to individual plaster casts taken from the ripples and depressions in the sands of Morecambe Bay. Each piece represents one of the lost Chinese cockle pickers and uses screen-printed quotations from press reports to highlight the issues of migration, loss and modern slavery. Taiwanese artist and calligrapher Chun-Chao Chiu added the individual names of the victims.⁷

Eden’s use of the very hollows and depressions of the Bay to construct the memorial is a wonderful environmental artistic response to traumatic loss. The memorial marks on the landscape are made integral to the narrative memory of the event and symbolise the retention of the inscription of trauma in the shifting sands. *Sigh of the Sea* was the culmination of a decade of local memorialisation, much of it led by the local Chinese community in co-operation with the community music organisation More Music in Morecambe. One of the most effective responses was a large scale multi-media performance piece, *The Long Walk*, composed by Pete Moser with

lyrics by the black British poet Lemn Sissay. It was completed in 2007 and there were performances in Morecambe, Liverpool, and Gateshead over the next two years. Sissay describes it: “This is a story of a journey. A story of a journey of people I didn’t know. A story of the journey of the Chinese People who came to Morecambe Bay. And it’s a story that may open up our own stories. Their journey is a metaphor for all of ours.”⁸

Sissay himself was born in the North-West so that his acknowledgement of the shared human story of the Chinese cockle pickers refers in part to this. However, there are deeper resonances to do with the murky past of Morecambe Bay which impact on his background as a black Briton: the history of the trans-Atlantic slave trade and Lancaster’s status as the fourth largest British slave port. Engaged through the local Lancaster *Slave Trade Arts Memorial Project* in erecting the first quayside memorial to the victims of the trans-Atlantic slave trade in a British port (completed in October 2005), the people of Lancaster were suddenly presented with a contemporary tragedy with resonances to the Middle Passage journeys that had been initiated by Lancaster merchants over two hundred years before. Only now the victims were not drowning in the Atlantic or working on plantations in the Americas, but toiling in a traditional industry on these shores only an oystercatcher’s brief flight from the slave boy Sambo’s famous 1736 grave at Sunderland Point at the mouth of the River Lune which feeds into Morecambe Bay.⁹ Sissay’s elegiac poem surely reflects on both these contemporary and historical resonances:

The moon laughs the clouds cry
 And a seagull screams at the night's sky
 And the sad sea sighs – goodbye.¹⁰

Sissay's lament describes these very human tragedies of chattel slavery and contemporary human bondage as occurring in the same mourning landscape. Isaac Julien, whose epic nine-screen installation *Ten Thousand Waves* (2010) responds to the tragedy and incorporates grainy footage from police satellite footage of the attempted rescue, makes the link to the wider slave trade (though avoiding specific mention of, or any image link to the historical Lancaster slave trade). He describes how the long history of slavery in the North-West connects these contemporary tragedies to past tragedies and says: "What resonates for me was that they drowned in the sea and that connects with the slaves' passage across the Atlantic, in which so many were lost in the ocean."¹¹ In talking of these highly exploitative and murderous labour arrangements as "new slaveries", Pietro Deandrea describes how such "undocumented migrants can be described as modern ghosts haunting the complacent conscience of British spaces."¹²

In writing about slavery, modernity, and subject formation in her provocative and paradigm-shifting essays, Sabine Broeck is careful to differentiate between the historical trans-Atlantic slave trade and such modern instances of slave-like conditions.¹³ However, incidents like this and the continual drownings of African refugees in the Mediterranean mean that historical European elision of the importance of slavery and the slave trade to the construction of European free subjects still have significant and specific resonances in today's globalised, digital world. Cultural contributions like *Ten Thousand Waves* enable a politically astute and historically informed response to contemporary problems that mean "foreign" bodies continue to wash ashore on European beaches.

It is the very multi-directionality of memory that contemporary African Atlantic artists are able to engender through the eclectic juxtapositions of their imaginations, showing the

connections that capitalist ideology seeks to occlude by its concentration on the anonymous movement of goods, services and money alone. As Michael Rothberg elucidates:

Memories are not owned by groups – nor are groups “owned” by memories. Rather, the borders of memory and identity are jagged: what looks at first like my own property often turns out to be a borrowing or adaptation from a history that initially might seem foreign or distant. Memory’s anachronistic quality – its bringing together of now and then, here and there – is actually the source of its powerful creativity, its abilities to build new worlds out of the materials of older ones.¹⁴

Rothberg’s discussion here is very pertinent. During the nineteenth-century imperium, the colonising British government encouraged opium dependency before fomenting deeply destabilising, but profitable, opium wars through the East India Company; its rapacious activities used the financial might of the London markets to access capital in the same way that slave merchants and planters had previously used capital to develop slaving oligopolies throughout the new world. Such shared colonial pasts are awakened and envisioned as histories collide in the wide reaches of Morecambe Bay. The “foreign [and] distant” colonial histories of the Far East and the Americas now exist multi-dimensionally and seemingly anachronistically thousands of miles away and generations later in the sands of Morecambe Bay, simultaneously in the person of slave children traded to big houses in Britain as signifiers of conspicuous consumption in the eighteenth century, and as Chinese labourers trafficked to a life of drudgery by global capitalism in the twenty-first century.

Accessing and envisioning such multi-directional memory, as Miller does in his disarmingly simple poem, Julien combines critiques of contemporary capitalism, and the memory of British colonialism in China, with awareness of the historical legacies of slavery and the African diaspora. *Ten Thousand Waves* uses multiple screens to orchestrate several narratives that vision the histories of global capitalism, transnationalism and exploitation that “make the distance from the factories of Southern China to the aisles of Tesco or Wal-Mart appear a wholly fractionless space.”¹⁵ <<fig. 14.01>> A key thread in Julien’s multiple narratives is the tragedy that unfolded on Morecambe Bay in 2004 and it gives the installation a bleak backdrop that imagines oceans as tragic spaces. In the catalogue of the installation, Christopher Connery contends that historical merchants (“world conquerors”), like those who had left slave ports in the North-West in the eighteenth century, had made of the water which they controlled “a sea of sublimity, of power, of mastery, a smooth sea of world space where they sailed freely.”¹⁶ According to Connery, Julien sees the oceans where the powerless—pawns of mercantile and then later commodity transnational capitalism—are set adrift as:

...material oceans, drowning oceans, fearsome passages, spaces of death delivering to the shore, besides those in search of a better life, dead bodies and broken or empty boats ... the sea is a dark matte fringed with the white of waves and foam, a barely discernible entity in which the heat-seeking camera searches for signs of life or death. The CGI waves that fill entire screens – dark, rolling, and animate – convey a violent dynamic of abstract and masterful space.¹⁷

The terror-inducing sea is related directly to the ocean's history as producer of bonded labour wherever its exploitative sojourners have alighted. Julien had already explored this phenomenon in his *WESTERN UNION: small boats* installation of 2007. He describes how:

...there are some very tough things happening along the Mediterranean coast that have instigated the making of *WESTERN UNION: small boats*. Dead bodies washing up on the coast, interrupting holiday suntanning on the beach [...] it's the clash of the two activities that forms a disturbing geography of the space.¹⁸

In this installation, Julien uses as significant images African figures at the Door of No Return on Gorée Island (the final embarkation point for numerous enslaved Africans and now a significant tourist destination) to show how the long history of enslaved labour provides a poignant backdrop to modern-day migration. He does this by juxtaposing these iconic scenes with those in Lampedusa, Italy of abandoned and broken-up boats which had been used by modern day African migrants who, after having already traversed the Sahara, then crossed the Mediterranean. The boats bear witness to many failed attempts, and to the fragility of those craft that made it, but then were not fit for use again. The detritus of these migrant lives stand cheek-by-jowl with vacationing Europeans, and Julien makes clear through his film the links between Middle Passage histories and contemporary migration which both lead to dead bodies, albeit now more extensively on European beaches, rather than mid-Atlantic. The three-screen installation juxtaposes scenes from Gorée, broken boats with bodies and body bags on the beaches, and the grand baroque European buildings that were enabled by cheap slave and colonial labour.

Although *Ten Thousand Waves* does not make such explicit visual links, the European setting in Morecambe Bay, from which over 200 slave voyages left from the 1730s to 1806, and the churning sea, make their own connections to this tortured history. Julien is clear though that the two installations are linked through their stories of migration and connections to earlier forced and voluntary migration. He comments: "*Ten Thousand Waves* and *WESTERN UNION: small boats* are kind of sister projects because they are both about people searching for the so-called 'better life,' which of course, is why my parents came to England from the Caribbean in the first place."¹⁹

Both installations talk to a history of migration geographically and chronologically much wider than Julien's own autobiographical story. *Ten Thousand Waves* does this visually and aurally. The soundtrack of the installation is composed in part of the poems "The Great Summons" and "Small Boat" by the Chinese writer Wang Ping, which Julien commissioned for the installation. These poems poignantly evoke the loss of the cockle pickers thousands of miles from their homes in Fujian:

On the night of riddles and lights
 The moon if full behind with clouds
 We cockle, cockling
 In the sands, the distant North Wales Sea
 ... How empty is desire foaming
 On the cold North Wales Sea.
 ... (Oh home, a foam on the wild, wild sea).²⁰

Labouring deep into the night, long after local cocklers had left, warning the Fujian labourers' gangmasters of the imminence of the incoming rip-tide, the Fujians are envisaged as helpless in the sea's wake which eventually becomes their tomb (home). In Julien's installation, Ping's elegy accompanies the shots of the dark swirling CGI- enhanced sea and other shots taken of the sands where the cocklers had worked, striving to make some kind of sense of the waste of such merely labouring lives miles from home, in a place where the only home they are able to make is in the foam of the wild sea. As Laura Mulvey describes, the waves Julien evokes through image and sound have multiple resonances:

On an immediate level, this vividly evokes the fearful nature of the sea; on another level, it establishes visually the highly metaphoric significance of "waves." Both levels of significance lead to two contrasting kinds of "movement" that lie at the heart of *Ten Thousand Waves*, connecting its intertwined layers, the migration of impoverished peoples under globalized capitalism and the circulation of capital itself, through both manufacturing and finance, and particularly, in this context, as it flows into the new China [...]. While it was real waves that engulfed [those] searching for a "better life," the word has yet another metaphoric significance in the racist concept of migrant "waves" threatening fragile indigenous economies and communities.²¹

The movement of capital is shown through multiple shots of the new Pudong sector of Shanghai which Julien films from a bedroom of the Hyatt Hotel "to underscore the internationalism of the new China...so that the exotic high rise buildings represent the sudden arrival and rapid growth of Chinese capitalism."²² These scenes, juxtaposed with the fatal drowning of Chinese workers

for whom capitalism has not provided wondrous multi-storey backdrops, but rather backbreaking toil estranged from home shores, illustrate the failures of capitalism to sustain fulfilling lives across geographies. Julien's multi-screen installation enhances the connections between these differing worlds by providing a sensory overload, eschewing the linear approach of a traditional documentary approach. The multiple problematics caused by global capitalism's obscene workings which stretch from skyscraper temples of glass and steel in China to workers' bodies from that very country exiled and abandoned to their fate on a cold winter's night in Morecambe Bay can only be fully envisaged by multiple screens that mirror the contemporary postmodern experience. As Gao Shinning argues:

What is most important to note is that this kind of multi-screen, chaotic visual scenario is the typical sensory condition of our daily lives, while it is the fixed viewpoint of the cinema that is highly abnormal and institutionalized. Our visual and sensory experiences have been domesticated by the entire visual approach of exhibitions, cinemas and so on, which makes Isaac's installation method of non-linear, multi-screen film, a form of visual liberation, even if the liberation is only temporary.²³

Such visual liberation is a method that ironically enables the viewing of the bonded nature of life across many geographies and peoples which has been created by global capitalism in the unequal twenty-first century world that Julien shows has parallels to earlier capitalist modes of production and exchange. It is through the glitz and glamour of a multi-screen installation in a modern art temple that capitalism is ironically critiqued. Julien is aware of such paradoxes, explaining how:

Even in feeling pride at the success of *Ten Thousand Waves*, I am well aware of how closely the currents that have taken the work from city to city and from continent to continent, and that we attribute to a modern international art world, resemble the currents of globalization that displace the cockle pickers from Fujian to northwest England. I still feel so saddened by the fact that so many people came so far to meet a tragic end. Every time I go to Morecambe Bay, I look out into its empty landscape and it is as if I can still see them.²⁴

The currents of globalisation imaged by Miller's poem and symbolised by the dispersal of thousands of plastic ducks are mirrored here by the foregrounding in the installation of the "displaced cockle pickers." The empty landscape which the ghosts of the victims still seem to haunt has become even more desolate with the emergence from the sands of the vehicle to which many of them clung, which now exists as a permanent memorial of that ill-fated night. The abandoned decaying minibus, its own rusting memorial to lives wasted, posits a mechanical modernity that chimes both with Miller's poem and Julien's installation and their critiques of contemporary and historical globalised capitalist systems that scatter Global South workers far and wide and at times wash their dead bodies onto European shores. These people, transported halfway across the world by slave merchants, or more recently people traffickers, and then set to work by plantation owners or gangmasters as slave labourers or for a pittance, had different other lives before their place in the bottom rung of global economies forced them into their deadly work. As the Black British artist Lubaina Himid and I discussed in talking about her work, such lives, spanning the centuries, are "human beings to be bartered and used like checkers on a

checkerboard.”²⁵ Likewise, Julien’s installation and Miller’s poem work to commemorate the “throwaway people” of the Middle Passage and of subsequent exploitative postmodern economic geographies, to show,

...what it meant to be a people who were neither one thing nor the other, however horrendous being either of those things was, either slaves or colonised.... trying to find a way, as an artist, in a world of art to talk about this. How do you talk about something that can be seen and be thought of as not being there? Inside the invisible, if you like.²⁶

Miller and Julien find novel ways to make art get “inside the invisible,” to conjure fully realised lives out of the millions that have been, and are, marginalised and forgotten. They understand that in order to do this effectively and empathetically, they cannot isolate African Atlantic lives, but must place them alongside other victims of exploitation, being open to the multi-directional nature of memory. As Rothberg elucidates:

Even if it were desirable – as it sometimes seems to be – to maintain a wall, or *cordon sanitaire* between different histories, it is not possible to do so. Memories are mobile, histories are implicated in each other. Thus, finally, understanding political conflict entails understanding the interlacing of memories in the force field of public space. The only way forward is through their entanglements.²⁷

It is testament to the artistic power of Julien and Miller that they create wonderful “force field(s) of public space” which foreground the “entanglements” amongst people across chronologies and

geographies to create works that bring together echoes from history whose powerful messages help break down the barriers that inhibit the understanding of systemic exploitation that continues to this day.

¹ Kei Miller, *The Cartographer Tries to Map a Way to Zion* (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2014), 53.

² Ian Baucom, *Specters of the Atlantic: Finance Capital, Slavery, and the Philosophy of History* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2005), 61-62.

³ Paul Gilroy, *The Black Atlantic* (London: Verso, 1993), 58.

⁴ Kei Miller, Poetry Reading at the Wordsworth Trust, Grasmere, Cumbria, 23 September 2014.

⁵ David Eltis, David Richardson, et al, eds., *The Transatlantic Slave Trade: A Database on CD-Rom* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999).

⁶ For a more comprehensive perspective on the varied nature of African American cultural commentary on the Titanic disaster, see my *Radical Narratives of the Black Atlantic* (London: Continuum, 2003), 25-47.

⁷ "Sigh of the Sea," Victoria Eden, accessed December 15, 2014, <http://www.moremusic.org.uk/events/118/sighofthesea>.

⁸ Lemn Sissay, *The Long Walk*, Site-specific Performance, Liverpool, March 14, 2008.

⁹ I talk about gravesite and its cultural history in both of my publications; see Rice, *Radical Narratives of the Black Atlantic*, 213-217, and Alan Rice, *Creating Memorials, Building Identities: The Politics of Memory in the Black Atlantic* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2010), 32-43.

¹⁰ “Sigh of the Sea,” Lemn Sissay, accessed December 15, 2014,

<http://www.moremusic.org.uk/events/118/sighofthesea>.

¹¹ Quoted in Laura Mulvey, “Ten Thousand Waves,” in *Riot*, Isaac Julien (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 2013), 200-211.

¹² Pietro Deandrea, *New Slaveries in Contemporary British Literature and Visual Arts: The Ghost and the Camp* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2015), 102.

¹³ For more details for her argument, see Sabine Broeck, “The Legacy of Slavery: White Humanities and its Subject,” in *Human Rights from a Third World Perspective: Critique, History and International Law*, ed. Jose Barreto (Cambridge: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2013), 103–116.

¹⁴ Michael Rothberg, *Multidirectional Memory: Remembering the Holocaust in the Age of Decolonization* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2009), 5.

¹⁵ Chris Connery, untitled essay, in *Ten Thousand Waves*, Isaac Julien (London: Victoria Miro Gallery, 2010), n.p.

¹⁶ Connery, *Ten Thousand Waves*, n.p.

¹⁷ Connery, *Ten Thousand Waves*, n.p.

¹⁸ Martina Kudlacek, “Interview with Isaac Julien,” in *WESTERN UNION: small boats* (Warsaw: Centre for Contemporary Arts, 2007), 100 -105.

¹⁹ Andrew Maerkle, untitled essay, in *Ten Thousand Waves*, Isaac Julien (London: Victoria Miro Gallery, 2010), n.p.

²⁰ Isaac Julien, *Ten Thousand Waves* (London: Victoria Miro Gallery, 2010), n.p.

²¹ Mulvey, “Ten Thousand Waves,” 204.

²² Mulvey, “Ten Thousand Waves,” 204.

²³ Gao Shinning, untitled essay, in *Ten Thousand Waves*, Isaac Julien (London: Victoria Miro Gallery, 2019), n.p.

²⁴ Isaac Julien, *Riot* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 2013), 198.

²⁵ Alan Rice, “Exploring Inside the Invisible: An Interview with Lubaina Himid,” *Wasafiri* 40 (Winter 2003): 26.

²⁶ Rice, “Exploring Inside the Invisible,” 24.

²⁷ Rothberg, *Multidirectional Memory*, 313.