

## **Research**

I read memoirs of people who have lived in Africa and have left. Alexandra Fuller's book "Don't let's go to the dogs tonight" echoed my past (though hers was Zimbabwe) and since I have read several interviews with her. She thinks that leaving Africa on a plane is too quick to arrive at a wet tar and wool smell. She thinks we should jog back to our new homes so that little bits of Africa can fall off us as we go, so that when we arrive in our new places we are not still there in all of our senses.

### **Other memoirs**

When a Crocodile Eats the Sun- Peter Godwin  
The Full Circle – John Varty  
The Shadow of the Sun - Ryszard Kapuscinski  
Half a Yellow Sun - Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

### **Artists who have most notably inspired my practice or thinking**

Mouna Hatoum- Exiled in London during Palestine war- Installations that question foundations, physicality of space as displacement  
Doris Salcedo – Vanished peoples and their belongings  
Thomas Joshua Cooper- "Point of no return"-photography at continent's extremities  
Peter Lanyon- Aerial views -painting  
Shirley Diamond- Serial Experience of Places- installation disused prison, spatial manipulation-"drawing" in space  
Claude Monet – water lilies  
JMW Turner- Seascapes - preparation studies, quick sketches

### **Philosophy**

Edward Said, philosopher exiled from Palestine, wrote about the displacement of people and an incurable experience of sadness at the loss of identity through exile.

#### Reflections on Exile

*"Exile is strangely compelling to think about but terrible to experience. It is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home: its essential sadness can never be surmounted. And while it is true that literature and history contain heroic, romantic, glorious, even triumphant episodes in an exile's life, these are no more than efforts meant to*

*overcome the crippling sorrow of estrangement. The achievements of exile are permanently undermined by the loss of something left behind forever."*

Reflections on Exile- p173 (source unknown)

## **Poetry**

Victor Fallow- Cuba, exiled during Fidel Castro's reign

*"I have crossed the threshold of my house of shadows and I now know that I have become my own reflection..."*

unpublished, Cuba Libre; A look at Cuba's Poetry,  
broadcast BBC Radio 4, 30/04/06  
<http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio>