

“not opposed to tossing bricks into the quotidian, your honour”

A kilo of toxicity. A badly missed shot. Menial walls closing in. Plinths of the mundane.

*not opposed to tossing bricks into the quotidian, your honour* is an infrastructure for inversion where the peripheral seizes the center. Street-born objects, discarded materials, and industrial remnants charged with pop culture and mass media are reassembled, recontextualized, and reborn. Trash made pristine, utility made dubious, worth made questionable. In Dozie Kanu’s hands, these sculptural interventions unravel the logic of value, function, and what deserves presence in public and private space, critiquing both late capitalism and the art world’s fetish for the overlooked.

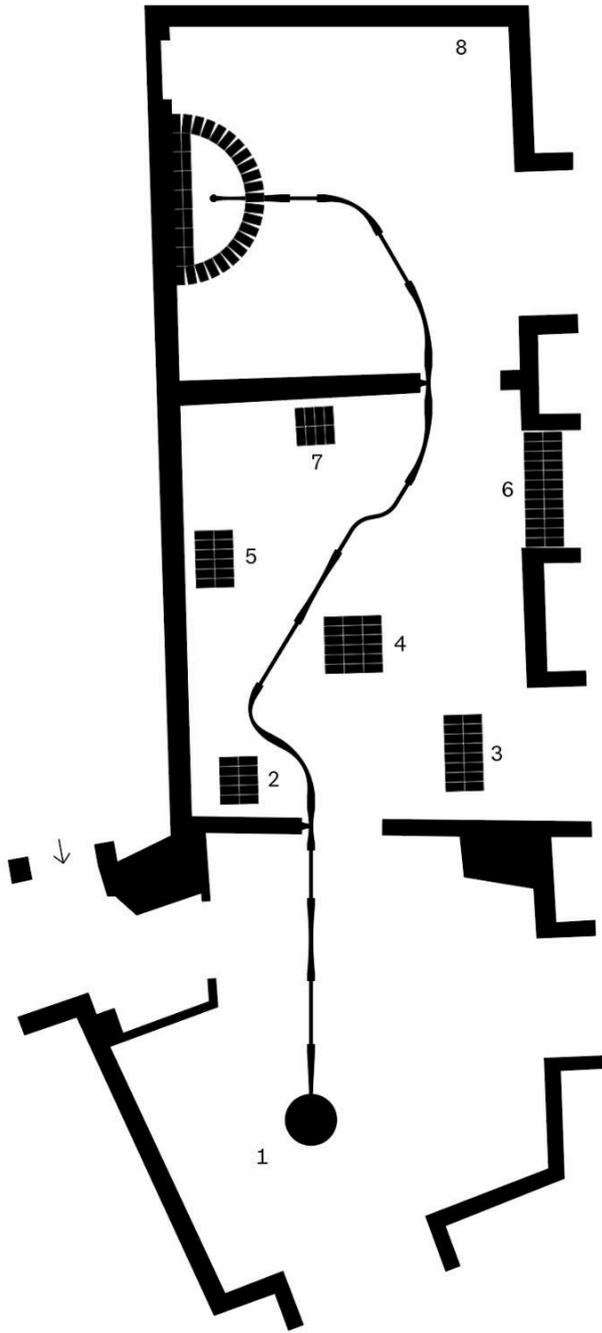
Rooted in post-industrial heritage and African diasporic narratives, Kanu’s practice grapples with a fundamental tension in Black cultural production: the fluid, dematerialized expressions of music, dance, sport, and digital discourse versus the weight of Black pictorial literacy in physical resistant space. Here, Black expression is not just seen, it is inscribed, occupying and demanding space, reshaping the landscape of contemporary art with an insistence on permanence.

— Tiffany Dornoy Rezaei

Milano, I’m compelled to share my gratitude.

I’m surprised by my own diligence, by the strength I found to finish this idea. So much has transformed within me. I could not have seen this through without the generous help of Charles Dorrance-King. Thank you for locking in with me on the design and technical concept. Jonatan Salomonsson, one of the pillars of my growth. Lucrezia Bracci, my studio assistant, you are an angel, a steady presence that kept me grounded. Thank you, Federico, Edoardo, and Tea, for your trust and the opportunity. Huge thanks to Amanda Rassi, my studio manager—you tolerate my confusion and my unresponsiveness with so much grace. Antoine “Tony” Guerrero, another angel. I will cherish your generosity and hospitality. Shoutout to Julie B, Marie Matusz, Marc Kalman, Travis, Kwame, Lyna, Anok, Tiffany, Ines, Brock, Precious, Tobias, David, Imran, Matt H, Jamie, Louise, Maja, Claudia, Vassilis, and Mowalola. Everyone who kept me grounded while I was isolated in Arles. My mom is a saint. I wanted to make sure love was channeled back to the people who helped me continue. Endless gratitude for all support in any form. RIP Dad. I love you.

— Dozie Kanu



1. *Handrail*, 2025
2. *Sunken Fire*, 2025
3. *Jesus Christ Off Tour; Heaven's Stadium is Empty Stupid*, 2025
4. *Blown*, 2025
5. *Cosmic Boner*, 2025
6. *Plumbing them Depths* , 2025
7. *Fanatic Burnout Syndrome (F.B.S)*, 2025
8. *Headboard (chirp if you hear me)*, 2025