Gone With the Soul

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The artworks presented in this statement are my visual vocabulary discussing the experiences of the diaspora. They discuss how people of the diaspora, especially the Ghanaian/African diaspora, negotiates spaces away from their homeland. On the other hand, they discuss the “diasporan’s” experiences of being a stranger in their homeland during a visit after a long stay away. Premised on being in the diaspora without my young family, I discuss my experiences of separation, belonging, fear, anxiety, perception, pain, stress, nostalgia, confusion, acceptance, rejection, and other complexities of living a dual life and having a transnational identity.

KEYWORDS: Belonging, Diaspora, Displacement, Family, Homeland, Identity, Kente, Migration, Parenting, Parenthood, Sculpture, Weaving
GONE WITH THE SOUL

JAPHETH ASIEDU-KWARTENG

A Thesis Supportive Statement Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

Wonsook Kim School of Art

ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

2022
GONE WITH THE SOUL

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank You to my wife, Cynthia and our sons, Hubert and Jacyn, for their sacrifice, strength and support. I am grateful for having them as my hope.

J.A.K.
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INTRODUCTION

What is in your diary? Does it focus on negative or positive experiences and encounters; or a bit of both? My diary is filled with the not-truly-ordinary life and experiences of a non-immigrant, a mixture of the positives, negatives, and the in-betweens. In a world where migration is a growing norm, it is tempting to call my experience an ordinary one, propelled by a common mix of hope and doubt. But nothing about an immigrant or nonimmigrant’s life is truly ordinary.1

The painful sacrifices and hard choices to make

The access, exposure and restrictions to political, sociocultural, architectural, geographical spaces

The adaptation and assimilation to these daunting realities without losing yourself,

Are Not Ordinary!

The feeling of isolation, fear, rejection, anxiety

The mental and psychological stress

Are Not Truly Ordinary!!

It is Sink or Swim!!2

My works, together, serves as a diary that uses a monumental visual language to commemorate my memories, mixed feelings and traumatic experiences. It is my appreciation, made material, of possessing multiple personalities while living in dual worlds: my identity as a

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1 DeParle, Jason, A good provider is one who leaves: one family and migration in the 21st century/Jason DeParle. New York, Viking, 2019.

2 Excerpt from the artist’s diary
transnational. This visual diary embodies connections drawn from these experiences – isolation, separation, belonging, fear, anxiety, perception, pain, stress, nostalgia, confusion, acceptance and rejection as preservation of my memories.

I make my sculptures and paintings through repetitive processes of making clay slabs, weaving, ripping, cutting, glazing, painting, firing, assembling, gluing, nailing, and collaging. These works translate symbolically as visual texts to be read as acknowledging time, labor and all the complexities associated with living in a diaspora. I use these processes to deconstruct and reconstruct patterns of Kente cloth, expanding both its meaning and function.

Kente is a cloth of royalty. It is the most revered Ghanaian cloth, especially with the Akan. Kente is worn for special occasions like weddings and festivals. Coincidentally, my wife sells Kente, and works at Bonwire (in the Ashanti region of Ghana) where Kente originated from. Wearing anything made with Kente makes us feel special.

Fabrics and fibers speak to that which is intimate, personal and often related to the body and its functions³ – physically, psychologically, and spiritually. I explore these communicative potentials of the language of fabrics and fiber to invite audiences into my life and culture as a non-immigrant resident in the United States. It takes thousands of years, if at all, for ceramic to decompose. Unlike fabric, ceramic can neither be eaten by moths and termites nor lose its strength after prolonged usage and exposure to the weather. Reconstructing Kente in ceramic preserves what it stands for as a revered cloth, while echoing the potency of its symbolism.

The processes of making through clay stimulates some spiritual connections to my work. Like a baby, clay needs tender care as it goes through a variety of processes before becoming the

final product, and even then one does not stop caring for it. The several hours of “babysitting”
during firing, to say the least, and the feeling of fulfillment after a successful firing brings so
much joy to the soul.

Through my work, I set in motion an intellectual discourse that mobilizes imagination to
connect my cultural memory with the realities of the present and moves toward a new
consciousness.4 Using Kente as a source of artistic inspiration affirms my diasporic identity; it
reflects the common historical experiences and shared cultural codes that provide us - as one
people - with stable, unchanging and continuous frames of reference and meaning.5

Resonating with nostalgia, my work invites the viewer (especially one with knowledge of
Kente) to return symbolically to the diasporic homeland. It is an acceptance of my otherness and
cultural origin which is vital to the self-understanding of a diasporic people.6 As we negotiate
spaces in the diaspora, it is important for us to appreciate and be conscious of our strengths and
vulnerabilities.

Undoubtedly, migration and transnationalism help the economics of homeland countries,
but the consequences on individual lives of immigrants/nonimmigrants (especially those without
their families, like me) are far-reaching. Separation strains marriages and families. I am a
stranger to my young family; my children do not “know” me, and I do not “know” them because

I bear a new identity. This new identity I now carry is stretched between spaces in two countries. My experiences while living in these spaces have accumulated and are impacting the construction of my multiple identities. Each of these spaces bears a range of identity-conditioning factors: histories and stereotypes of local belonging and exclusion; geographies of cultural difference and class/ethnic segregation; racialized socio-economic hierarchies; degree and type of collective mobilization; access to and nature of resources; and perception and regulations surrounding rights and duties.⁷

CHAPTER I: SEPARATED IN ISOLATION

I wish my father told his Story

I left home with home in August 2019 with tons of mixed feelings about leaving my young family behind, but I was hopeful it would be worth the sacrifice because as Jason DeParle points out, “a good provider is one who leaves”. I ended up being displaced with shocking cultural and social encounters. A few months later, as I reflected on both life in the United States without my family and how they were faring, I realized that my life has been a playback of my father’s (but in a different space). His responsibilities to provide for us took him away for weeks and months.

My mixed-media work *As a result of my responsibilities* (2020) borrows the traditional Akan dinner setting - which the patriarch is served on a table and space separate from the matriarch and children of the family - to demonstrate my separation and displacement from my family (as well as my father’s). A few weeks later this work of art spoke to the struggles of many across the world when Covid-19 was declared a pandemic and nations began going on lockdown. Countless people had to unwillingly succumb to separation from their families and loves ones. As for many, it was a very turbulent moment of my life the feeling of being isolated and in isolation while having sleepless night about the survival of my family.

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It is an understatement to say the impact of Covid-19 was devastating. Quarantine and self-isolation can negatively impact one's mental health; a review published in *The Lancet* said that the separation from loved ones, loss of freedom, boredom, and uncertainty can cause a deterioration in an individual's mental health status.\(^9\)

In half a dozen studies with over 10,000 respondents, it was found that people were experiencing worse mental health problems than before the pandemic—high symptoms of stress, anxiety, depression, and post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Up to half of respondents showed serious signs of depression (depending on the study), while up to 35 percent showed serious anxiety.\(^10\) I was definitely on the side of both divide of anxiety and depression.

Thankfully, I survived months of an already difficult life compounded by the shocks of a pandemic. It was time to defy the odds. *Picking the Pieces Together* (2020) uses the downward

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http://greatergood.berkeley.edu/article/item/seven_ways_the_pandemic_is_affecting_our_mental_health
force of gravity to freeze time. For this piece, Kente is made from clay so it seems to defy gravity when hung on the wall, symbolically picking myself up from the rubble.

Figure 2. Picking the Pieces Together

**Cloth of Royalty**

The history of Kente dates back to the 17th century with attribution to two hunter brothers, Kuragu and Ameyaw of the Asona clan of Bonwire, who chanced upon and studied a spider weaving its web in the Bonwire-Kurankye forest.¹¹ The people of Bonwire called the first fabric made by Kuragu and Ameyaw “Kenten-Nwintoma” (basketweave cloth) because of its resemblance to “kenton” (basket). It was then called “Kenten-Ntoma” (basket cloth) and later shortened to “Kente” as it evolved with time. Kente cloth is probably the most universally

¹¹From an interview with Nana Kwasi Asare, Museum Director, Bonwire, during my visit to Ghana during the summer of 2021
recognized of all African fabrics. The Asante peoples of Ghana and the Ewe of Ghana and Togo
weave it on horizontal, narrow-strip, men’s treadle looms.\textsuperscript{12} Originally produced as a cloth of
royalty, Kente is named after chiefs, queen mothers and other important personalities, historical
events, plants, animals, and proverbs. Each name comes with its own unique history. Mostly
worn for festive occasions, Kente is indeed worn with much pride and prestige.

\footnotesize\textsuperscript{12}Ross, Doran H.; Adedze, Agbenyega, \textit{Wrapped in pride : Ghanaian kente and African American identity}
CHAPTER II: BEFORE THE VISIT

It has been seventeen months in the life of a separated father and husband. I have experienced and learned so much (mostly the hard way) geographically, culturally, socially, economically, in terms of landscape, architecture and more, but at the same time it feels there is a missing component which consumes everything learned and achieved. That which gives me hope is the same thing wearing me down. *Everything and nothing: The diary of one who leaves* evokes an urn draped in Kente and projects memories of confusion, shock, guilt, trauma, adaptation and stress. I selected these items that prompt reverence and awe to address being confronted with something monumental. As the viewer walks around the piece, with every inch they are confronted with a respective form, shape or space speaking to varied ideas, emotions and feeling. There is the tendency of consuming so much and leaving with nothing.

Figure 3. Everything and Nothing: The Diary of One Who Leaves
CHAPTER III: STRANGER IN OUR MIDST

The Shock and Balance

The ravaging hands of the pandemic were still firm a year on, but things were relaxed with restrictions due to the introduction of vaccines. After getting inoculated, it was safe in summer 2021 for me to travel and to see my family, especially a new member who was born in my absence (and a couple of months before the pandemic). I could not wait to be home again after twenty months. I got home to the shock of lifetime! Thinking he would recognize me after months of video calls, my son, who was then fifteen months, saw me and cried and ran away. I felt, and still feel, like a stranger in my home. It took me more than half of my four months stay to acquaint myself with my strong wife and sons. Then came the time to say goodbye again after months of mixed feelings and challenging times. I arrived in the United States and everything once again felt strange like for my first arrival in August 2019. I am now a stranger negotiating two spaces: the man with a dual identity. Who am I now? Where do I belong? I Miss You Dada (2021) speaks to these experiences. The challenge to keep a balance between family, responsibilities and survival. Where does this challenge leave? What does it turn you to?
Figure 4. I Miss You Dada

My family keeps me feeling hopeful. I need to pay them back for their sacrifice. The things I am going through are not so peculiar to me, not that different from the experiences of others. My work speaks for those who are separated from family, those who feel like strangers, those experiencing the gaps that come with being transnational.

As Jason DeParle wrote about a migrant dad, all I had wanted was a family, but to support one, I had to leave. ¹³

¹³DeParle, Jason, A good provider is one who leaves: one family and migration in the 21st century/Jason DeParle. New York, Viking, 2019. ISBN 9780670785926
CHAPTER IV: WHO AM I?

The Second Coming

On Tuesday August 31st I landed in the United States after painfully saying goodbye to my family. I left in high spirit, filled with much joy and excitement and returned downhearted, broken and damp spirited. It felt more painful than my first time in August 2019. The guilt is insurmountable. It is time to restart life alone from a space several thousands of miles away from the people I could barely live without. It was not my first time in the United States, but I needed time to settle in.

I had lived in Ghana all my life with family, friends and colleagues before traveling to the United States in 2019, yet I could barely fit in when I travelled back in the summer of 2021. I was seen to be different amongst everyone I used to interact with, even my wife and kids.

Figure 5. So You Are Leaving Us
So You Are Leaving Us (2021) is an acknowledgement and appreciation of the impact of America on my life. It highlights how American culture has affected my being a Ghanaian in the eyes and minds of family and friends in my home country, and on the other hand highlighting the non-American I am regardless of my length of stay or status in the United States.

Figure 6. Borga

Borga (2022) is a juxtaposed version of So You Are Leaving Us (2021) (which depicts an American flag superimposed on Kente). I am metaphorically juxtaposing Ghana and the United States in an attempt to figure out where I stand in terms of my identity. It is a painting comprising Kente and acrylic on canvas.

Behind the Screen

My life is reduced to a father and husband behind the screen. My sculptures and paintings are a constant reminder of how best a father and husband could I be over the phone. How do I calm and comfort my wife when she misses me? How do I support her when she gets
overwhelmed and frustrated by the kids? How do I deal with my sons when they overwhelm their mother? How do I provide for them the best of protection in my absence? These and many more have been my daily guilt and struggles playing back to me how separation strains marriage and family.

It is true of Jason DeParle’s assertion that technology culture and migrant culture are instantly intertwined, and that Phone calls offer intimacy; Emails work well for detailed instructions; Text messages are ideal for saying something without having much to say; and Webcams appeal to young children, but my absence is insurmountable to me and my family. Things are hardly done the ways they would with my physical presence. I am reduced to an ampersand literally living in two worlds without belonging to either of them. My daily contact with my family and homeland continuously impedes my transition in the US vis-à-vis my contact with the United States doesn’t ease my transition whenever I visit home.
CHAPTER V: I WILL COME BACK FOR YOU

The Rejected Stone

“The disquiet had only just begun. I felt free, and I had to vent my jubilation in a loud scream. Not being wasteful, I took everything that I could find, for we were impoverished country. One can only shout with rubbish – and this I did, gluing and nailing it together.”14 (Kurt Schwitters, 1930)

Kurt Schwitters became master of Merz when scrimping, saving and re-purposing became the order of the day, when Germany suffered deprivation and unprecedented material poverty due to the Allied blockade and the harsh terms of the Versailles Treaty during and after the war. Ersatzkulture (culture of substituted material) was developed and impacted Schwitters and his generation with him thinking Merz as a metaphor for German ingenuity and resilience in the face of hardship.15

My use of scrap materials – materials declared as trash and are bound for the dumpster or recycle – is not necessarily borne out of necessity but largely out of “making the rejected stone the cornerstone.” It is not as a result of deprivation or material poverty; it is intentional and by choice. Seeing these materials, mostly wood, rotting away after they have served their originally intended purpose, reminds me of my days of deprivation and poverty growing up in a poor family in a developing country. I used to walk barefooted for weeks, wear tattered clothes to school, stay out of school for weeks due to lack of school fees and feeding fee. From high school, when I started working with clay academically, through to the university my course mates and I travelled several miles on bicycles to fetch clay for course work. My life was not so

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different from children of Germany during the country’s material poverty after the war. “They often went barefoot in the summer, even to school – their parent instructed by the government that it was ‘their patriotic duty’ to save precious shoes for the winter.”\textsuperscript{16} This and many more experiences of lack has inculcated in me the desire to cherish and not be ‘wasteful’. Repurposing ‘unworthy’ materials into something meaningful and profitable is heartwarming. Using them is a great opportunity of appreciating and relieving their history.

Predominantly, aside ceramics, I use wood from old and used pallets, crates and excess cuts from trash boxes. These pallets and crates once upon a time aided in the transportation of tools, materials or equipment; protected and secured them until they reach their destinations. They possess some interesting histories in the migration of the products which should not be ignored and left to die with them after the product they carry and protect get to their detitanaion and owner. It is prudent for me to repurpose them into something to preserve their history than leave them to the mercy of the weather to be the weathered away by rain and moth. This means a lot to me as a non-immigrant resident. It is a reminder of my immigration journey and appreciation for it. The circumstances surrounding my migration and displacement must not rot away after I am settled in my new space in the diaspora. Repurposing these materials creates an avenue to use the past to critique the present and make calculated projections for the future.

My works and research are a true definition of diversity and inclusion. The syntax between individual materials used to build these works work perfectly to complement one another to form a composite body of work. Kente, jute rope, wood, canvas, acrylic, epoxy, plaster. The characteristics of these non-ceramic materials, in terms of structure, texture, color, strength and visual appeal, communicate and relate well with the ceramic materials – clay, grog,

\textsuperscript{16} Makela, Maria. \textit{Making Lemonade out of Lemons: Merz and Material Poverty}. Art History. 42, 2019. p. 658
slips, glazes, and stains – to project the intended message of the work to the viewer. This diversified inclusion of non-ceramic materials expands the scope, potency and context of the works and the messages they carry as they are being encountered by viewers of varied backgrounds. The artistic and the conceptual means of including these materials without overwhelming the viewer is one that requires some critical thinking. However, it is instructive to note that overwhelmingness is one of the important themes I look out for in some of the works I make.

Figure 7. Gone With the Soul
My history is one of the important gears of my life that keeps me going. It pushes and propels me to make it and impact others. It is my inspiration. It is my reference for correction. Working with these used and abandoned materials presents me with a time of reflection, a time of gratitude and a time of appreciation. It is my best moment of assessing my mistakes and shortcomings encountered along the line of my creative process and finding possible remedies and new ideas of making. Also, watching myself give a second chance – a life – to these materials is a moment of gratification, a time of being grateful once more for my life, family and career. Looking back to the days of surviving on roasted corn, to being a maidservant (so I don’t drop out of school), to sleeping outside and illegally perching with friends in the university (because I couldn’t afford a hostel accommodation), to being in a ceramic program with scarcity of resources, to my present space where I can afford to fend for a family of four (and beyond), I can only be grateful for the father, husband and artist I have become and hoping to be.

**Breaking the Glass Ceiling**

Additionally, mixing these non-ceramic materials with the ceramic materials offer me some enviable freedom and flexibility, a wider window for exploration of ideas and concepts. Mixed media is my newfound love. It comes with less restrictions in expression which are mostly in line with my thoughts and research path. Working in mixed media does not come as smooth as clay revolving in my hand on the wheel, but it comes with some thought-provoking features and outcomes that clay and other ceramic material alone cannot or may not offer. Mixed media broke the glass ceiling for me. My thirst to explore new materials, firing techniques, finishing techniques, forming techniques, and the desire to break my self-imposed norm and go the ‘unconventional’ way (against what I am used to over the years) continue to increase. Until recent past, my material-use and processes of making have been limited to clay, glazes, slips,
manganese dioxide and firing in oxidation. *I Will Come Back for You* (2022) is my first sculpture ever to be fired in oxidation and soda.

This affinity led to my first soda firing (at cone 7) of porcelain sculpture finished with manganese dioxide. *I Will Come Back for You* (2022) was not fired with the usual soda ash or soda ash plus sodium bicarbonate, but with sodium bicarbonate. The outcome is an amazing metallic and rusty surface appearance that increase the diversity in my creative process in terms of surface treatment. I think of this surface effect as a metaphor for how my ideas were rusting away due to a self-imposed psychological bondage and ‘ignorance’ of strictly working in a single medium.

![Figure 8. I Will Come Back for You](image_url)

One cannot talk of the African diaspora and migration without labor. They are inseparable! We mostly struggle to migrate to the west and other countries to seek ‘better’
settlement that comes with good jobs and other opportunities that may be lacking or not readily available in our homelands. Rural-urban migration is also prevalent for those who cannot travel out of their country.

**Greener Pastures**

In Ghana, most people from the north migrate to the south in search of better jobs and opportunities (greener pastures as it is mostly referred to). Most of these young men and women (and even children and teenagers) end up on the street, give birth on the street, homeless and helpless. They take up the hardest of labor to fend for themselves and their families. Among others, these women work as head potters, and men on the other hand work carting loads in wheelbarrows and other trolley-like means. Some of the luckiest among these people find shelter in makeshift wooden structures mostly constructed with scrap wood and other scrap materials. The conviction of not going back home emptyhanded is the driving force behind the strength of these women and men.

Our plight as people of the diaspora is not so different from these women and men of Ghana who migrate down south in search of ‘greener pastures’. Some of us let our lives wither away due to hard labor before experiencing this pasture. In the book *The African Diaspora*, Alusine Jalloh giving some background of the African diaspora wrote “The African diaspora was born out of the voluntary movement of Africans to various areas of the world since ancient times, but involuntary migration through the trans-Sahara, trans-Atlantic and Indian Ocean slave trades accounts for most of the black presence outside of Africa today. The concept of the African diaspora has also come to include the psychological and physical return of people of
African descent to their homeland, Africa.”¹⁷ My voluntary travel to the United States for school, job and other opportunities has so many conditions attached such that, upon all the sacrifices, I mostly get scared if I could ever get to have a piece of the ‘greener pasture’ before going back.

I think through this and many struggles as a non-immigrant/immigrant whiles working on these sculptures and paintings. *What Did You Learn Today?* (2022) references the labor and toil of the African diaspora. It is made of over three thousand pieces of colored tiles measuring one inch-squared and half inch-squared. Whiles going through the painstaking and labor-intensive processes of making and collaging these tiles into Kente patterns onto repurposed wood, I think of my toils and that of the diaspora. I may have the potential but lack privileges and so I am restricted.

The composition of *What Did You Learn Today?* (2022) have two references. 1) It has a depiction of an aircraft taking off. This sends my thoughts to some of the good times I had with my kids by making them paper planes and flying them. 2) It references an anchor which gives stability to a docked ship. The thoughts of the good moments I had with my family and those I continue to have with them behind the screen are what is keeping me sane. On the other hand, I am creating my own pattern from Kente with the use of the ceramic tiles.

**Indelibly Underprivileged**

These tiles have their colors imbedded in the clay body referencing how indelible our restrictions as people of the diaspora are and would be going into the future no matter how our presence and labor favor the economic, political and social dynamics our host country. But I don’t blame the host country, nonetheless. It is in the structure of the world’s fabric with everyone being overprotective of their own. Michael Gomez wrote, “Blacks in the United States had perhaps the largest percentage of industrial workers in the African Diaspora in the early twentieth century; by 1910, over 350,000 of them were in factory jobs in both the North and the South. Even so, blacks labor was virtually banned by all-white labor unions, making it difficult to acquire skills and experience in certain vocation.”

Certainly the dynamics in terms of ban may have changed in present times, there are still restrictions suppressing the diaspora.

This notwithstanding, this exquisite piece of sculpture is installed to reference an anchor, a reminder of how rooted I am and must be amidst the restrictions.

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CONCLUSION

My sculptures and paintings are inspired by Kente and its associated history in materiality. They explore the potential of textiles to communicate the complexities of the diaspora: separation, belonging, perception, anxiety, stress, adaptation, assimilation, fear, rejection, love, nostalgia, racism, and appropriation. These sculptures and paintings are my visual vocabulary for discussing the experience of entering and leaving the United States. Thoughts of my family, conversations with them, and their pain due to my absence influence the names of my works.

I consider these sculptures and paintings as my diary of a monumental visual language commemorating my memories, mixed feelings and traumatic experiences. They are my appreciation, made material, of possessing multiple personalities while living in dual worlds. They are my research samples to unearth who I am.

My creative process encompasses interdisciplinary contemporary approach to the field of ceramics with successful inclusion of ideas drawn mostly from painting and sculpture. These works are a component of continuous research to expand the boundaries of ceramics by daring to infuse non-ceramic materials and techniques from other areas of art.

The complexities of the diaspora are issues we seem to be aware of but there are more to them than we think we know. This research seeks to bring to the fore some of these complexities that are having a huge impact on “diasporans”. Like the Akan proverb goes, *woben nsuo a na wote se ɔkɔto bɔ wa.*” Let’s get close to the river and we will hear the crab cough.
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APPENDIX A: DESCRIPTION OF WORKS

Figure

1. **As a Result of My Responsibilities**
   
   2020
   
   stoneware, glaze, slip, manganese dioxide, wood, screws
   
oxidation fired (cone 6)

   17 x 134 x 60 inches (HxWxD)
   
   Photo: Artist

2. **Picking the Pieces Together**
   
   2020
   
   stoneware, glaze, underglaze, slip, epoxy
   
oxidation fired (cone 6)

   28 x 18 x 15 inches (HxWxD)
   
   Photo: Anthony Kosack

3. **Everything and Nothing: The Diary of One Who Leaves**
   
   2021
   
   porcelain, stoneware, glaze, underglaze, slip, fabric, jute rope, wood, plaster, epoxy
   
oxidation fired (cone 6)

   74 x 30 x 30 inches (HxWxD)
   
   Photo: artist

4. **I Miss You Dada**
   
   2021
   
   stoneware, glaze, underglaze, Kente, American flag, jute rope, epoxy
5. **So You Are Leaving Us**

2021

stoneware, Kente, acrylic

oxidation fired (cone 6)

35 x 23 x 12 inches (HxWxD)

Photo: artist

6. **Borga**

2022

Kente, acrylic on canvas

40 x 93 x 1 inches (HxWxD)

Photo: Artist

7. **Gone With The Soul**

2021

porcelain, Kente, wood, jute rope, acrylic, fabric, adhesive

oxidation fired (cone 6)

108 x 27 x 27 inches (HxWxD)

Photo: Artist

8. **I Will Come Back for You**

2022

porcelain, manganese dioxide, steel rope, epoxy
soda fired (cone 7)
25 x 24 x 24 inches (HxWxD)
Photo: Artist

9. *What did you learn today?*

2022
porcelain, wood, epoxy, drywall screws
oxidation fired (cone 6)
70 x 46 x 3 inches (HxWxD)
Photo: Artist
APPENDIX B: NAMES AND MEANING OF KENTE

1. *Wosene wo yɔŋko a atan wo*: Enemy of progress
2. *Edwene si dwene so*: Multiple impact
3. *ɔɗ pa*: Good love
4. *Ahwene pa nkasa*: The best speaks for itself
5. *W’abɔ bra*: You have led a good life
6. *Fatia fata Nkrumah*: Nkrumah deserves Fatia
7. *Nnu a ntoma*: Tree/wood cloth
8. *Adehye nsoroma*: Royal/Shining star
9. *Akonini ntoma*: Cloth of higher status
10. *M’akoma so adee*: My heart desire
11. *ɛdɔm di w’akyi*: You have an army behind you