

# DIASPORIC

# LIMBO



am at once  
and feeling stuck.

A ceaseless  
diasporic limbo, I  
traveling through

*diasporic limbo*





The  
very notion  
diaspora  
necessitates a  
between where one  
and where one is  
at. There is a  
tension between  
'host country' and  
and in this in-between  
shape.

of a  
distance  
is 'from,'  
currently  
relentless  
'homeland,'  
I begin to take

*If you do not see yourself reflected  
in conventional forms of representation  
you begin to build your own.*



"There is a sense of homelessness to your work." - PS



Seriality is important here, I am establishing a norm.





My sense of self unfolds across multiple geographies. I'm Nigerian by birth and name, British by heritage, and Dutch, Spanish, and Hungarian by habitation. I don't claim it all - and those that I do claim, I accept in parts and pieces.

As a Nigerian that is not in  
Nigeria, I am a member of the  
Nigerian diaspora, and that feels  
the most like fact.

But I am also a black woman in America and for this reason, my



blackness feels multifarious and increasingly complex in ways that are beyond my control.

# black women

make the world go round!



My sense of self unfolds and distorts across multiple geographies. But one thing is for sure

Nigeria has been plagued  
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violence, partially due to  
the enforced  
homogenization at the  
hands of British  
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The map of Nigeria is at  
once arbitrary yet also a  
violently persistent truth.

Maps are weapons of  
imperialism with a  
deceptive neutrality.

They are visual  
manifestations of political  
hegemony, and colonial  
practices.

Do I own what has been put  
upon me?

This work is a Trojan horse.



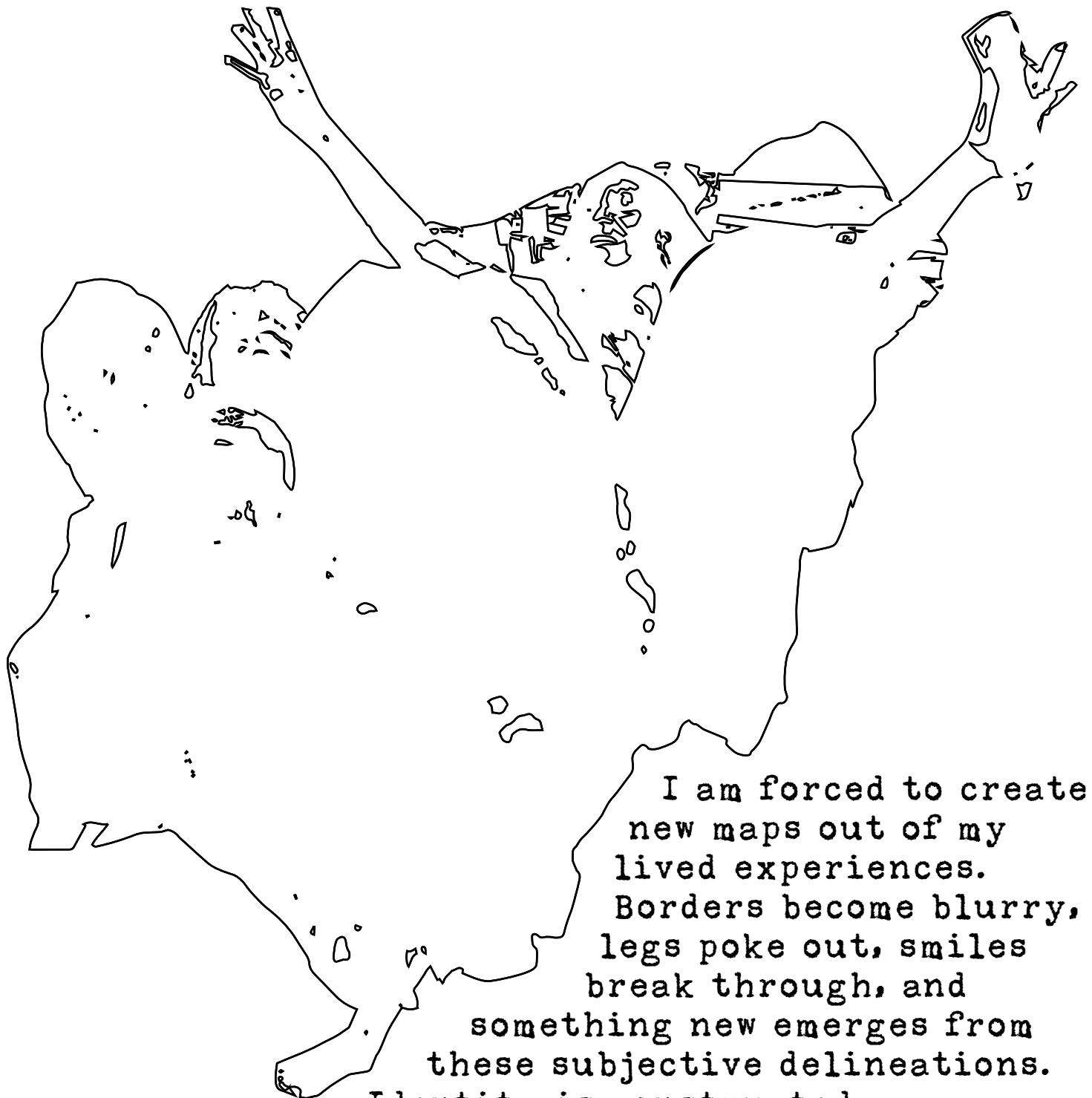


The very nature of traditional maps is based on  
delineation and separation.

Collage is a different visual language, it is  
dependent on the marriage of disparate images  
with their own unique contexts. These unique  
contexts contribute to the formation of a

*Surreal!*





I am forced to create  
new maps out of my  
lived experiences.  
Borders become blurry,  
legs poke out, smiles  
break through, and  
something new emerges from  
these subjective delineations.  
Identity is constructed  
infinitely.





collage=revolutionary





My journey  
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resilient practice, it is  
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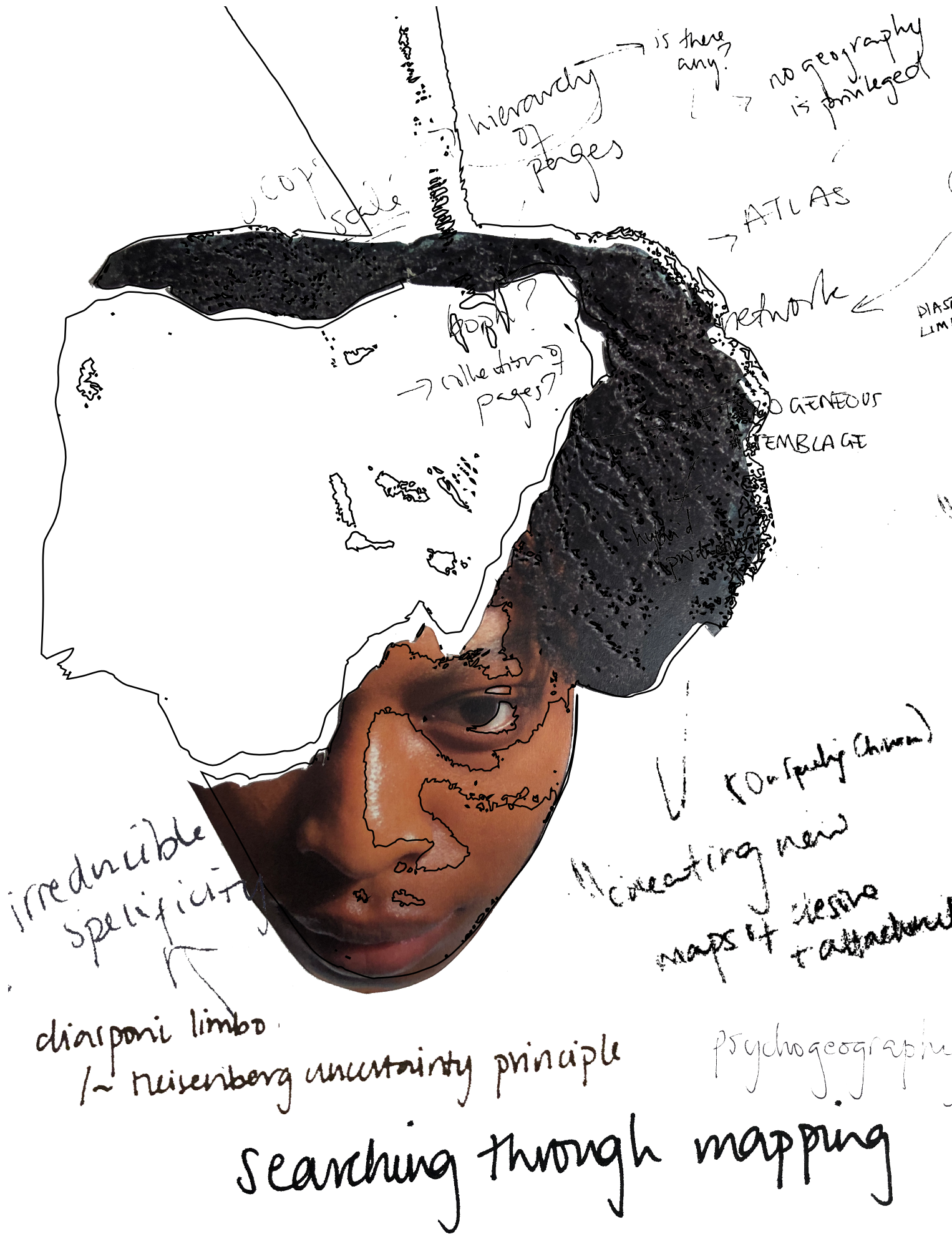
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hierarchy of pages

is there any?

no geography is privileged

ATLAS

network

DIASPORIC LIMBO

GENEROUS EMBLAGE

hybrid

port?

collection of pages?

scale

irreducible specificity

diasporic limbo

reisenberg uncertainty principle

creating new maps of desire + attraction

psychogeography

Searching through mapping

The word Atlas stems from a figure in Greek mythology. Atlas was a Greek god that was punished and forced to hold up the earth on his shoulders for all eternity. Honest explorations of the diasporic self can sometimes feel like a sentence.

There is a productive tension between Atlas and the worlds he is forced to support. I am responsible for caring for all these parts of myself and in turn, these places do not exist to my understanding without me. No geography is privileged.

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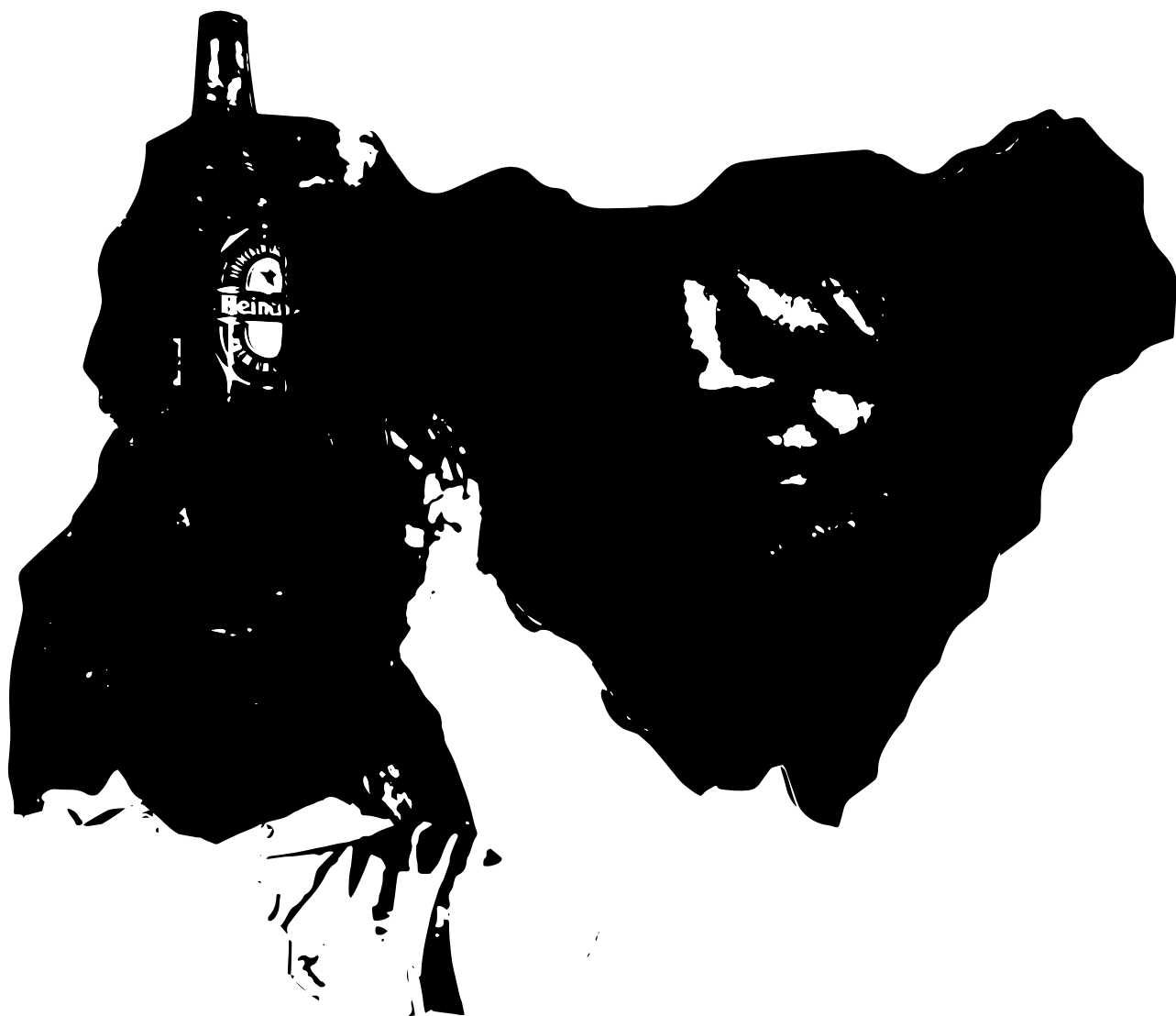
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black women  
make the world go round!

can I get an amen?

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"There is a sense of homesickness to you walk." - PS



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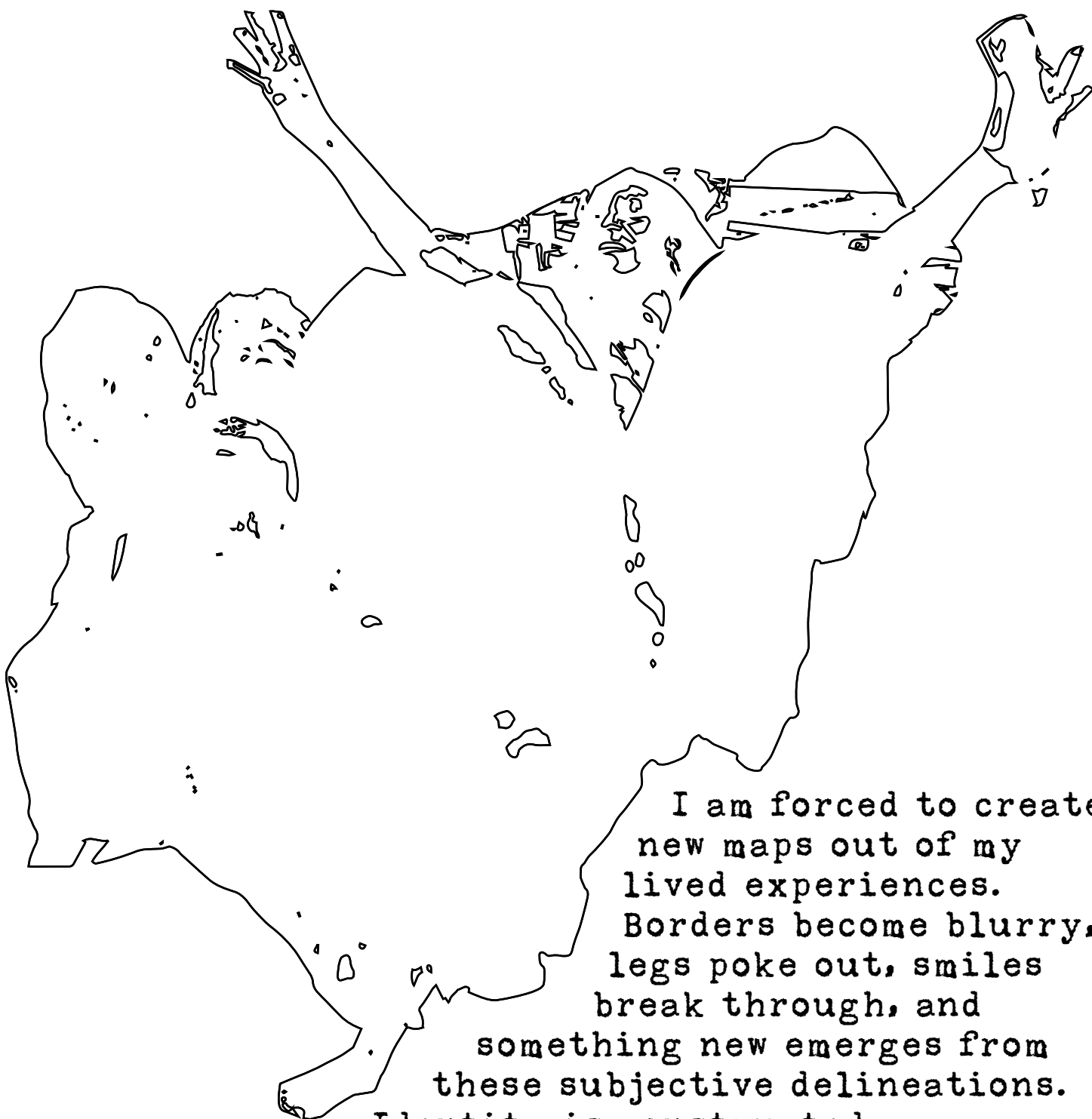
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