



Stay Home Artist Residency

RESIDENT BLOGS *Issue 3, Vol. 1*

Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

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Kelly Sinnapah Mary

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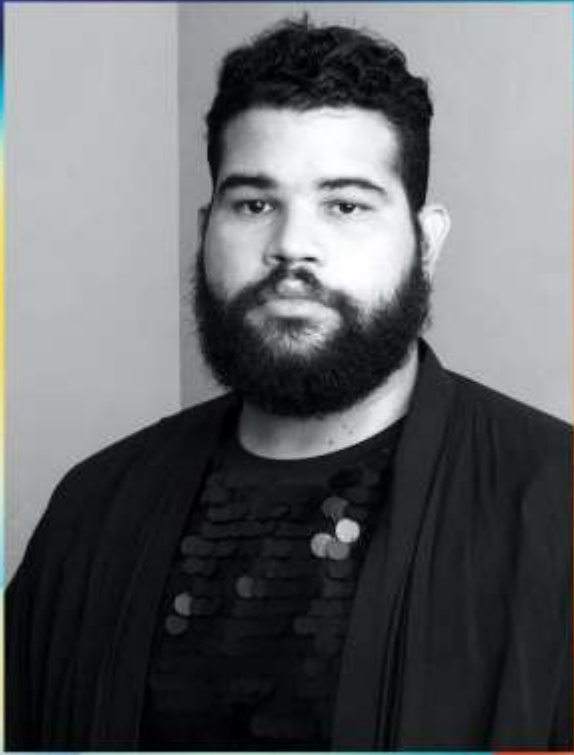
Shivane Ramlochan

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The Bahamas





Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

Post #1



To reclaim one's body





I usually find myself daydreaming about everything. When I thought about what I wanted to do for this residency, I had these ideas of experimenting with painting and continuing a series of works where I visited other bodies with the intention to reconcile our existences from the periphery.

Against what I had planned, I started to make these studies for paintings where bodies fight over fabric. I've discovered myself filled with this animalistic wrath, a pulse of chaos searching for a way out, wanting to colour everything with this destructive instinct.

At first I wanted to think these studies were an abstraction of something collective, an issue within the bodies of the community I intended to visit, but they aren't; they are something more intimate, something I must be responsible for - it's me against myself.

Perhaps the first step to retrieve my body's territory is to fight these images and ideals I have about it. I have to let this anger corrode the sense of false comfort. This fury is mine, and I must accept it. Maybe to reclaim my body, I must let myself be.





HH-3



HH-3



Myrlande Constant

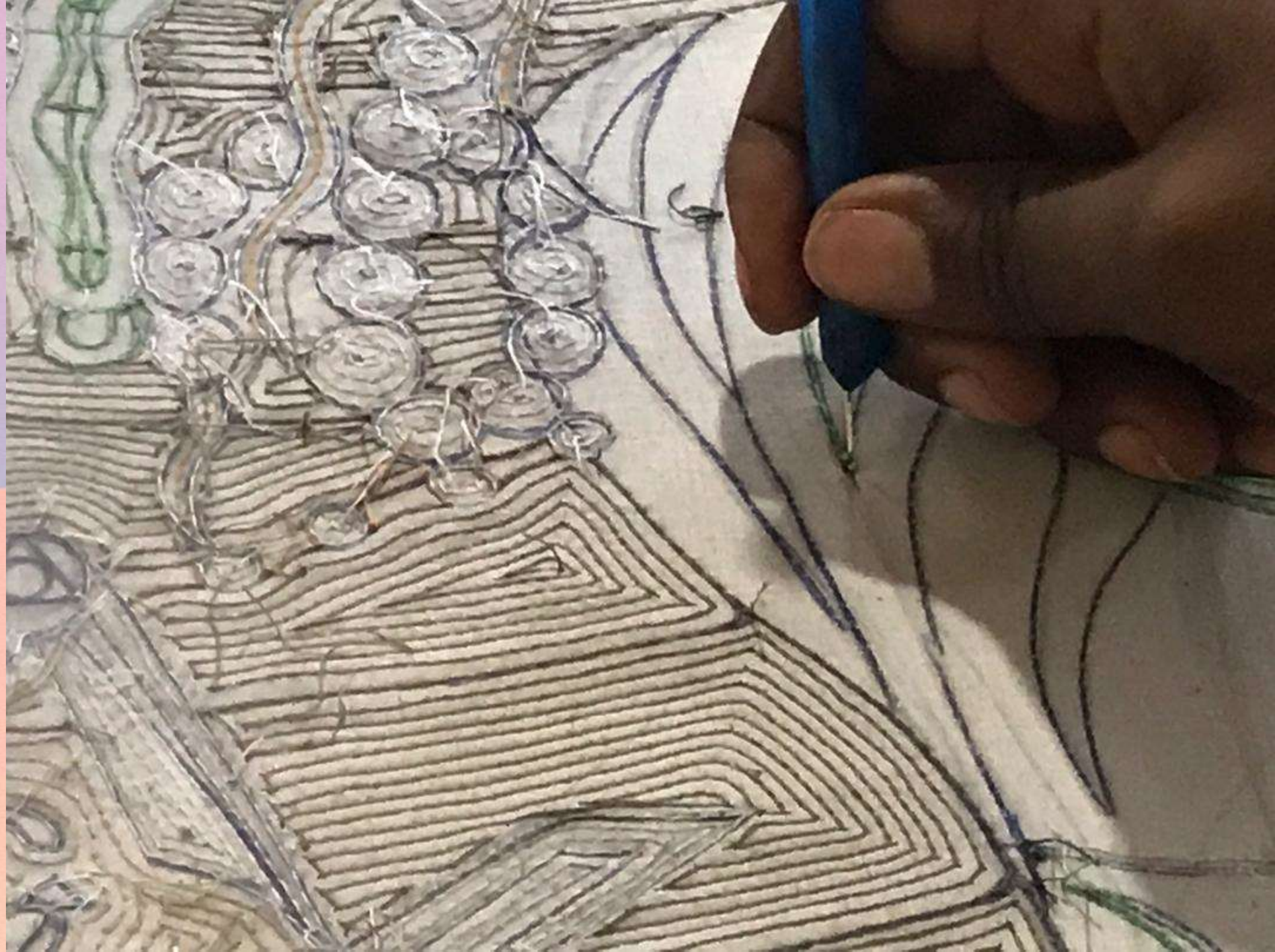
Haiti

Post #1

myrlandeconstant.com









Miguel Keerveld

Suriname

Post #1

In English: COUP 22

A social scientist as a wizard?

[edke.me](https://www.edke.me)



[@tumpiflow](https://www.instagram.com/tumpiflow)

With questions in mind, I centered my work around the idea of fragmentation. It was 2019, and I was an artist in residency at Arquetopia in Puebla, Mexico. The process started with a series of 25 * 25 cm paintings. Possessed, these pieces birthed 88 paintings. After Arquetopia, I continued with another set of 44. Collages were added later.



Dived Deeper

Previously painted canvases also paid the fragmenting Price, as well as 16 paintings from the installation *One Voice* that were in my possession which did not escape this fate. Had youth in prison and I already been 'couped' in 2018? Because the result of that process, an installation of 55 paintings, magically led to the Surinamese legislation: article 55 on temporary detention. I couldn't help but think of the 16 soldiers who committed a coup in Suriname in 1980. In December 1982 they murdered 15 intellectuals. They dumped the bodies in the military hospital, where my highly pregnant mother went for check-ups. As she told me, she had seen men carrying black garbage bags with corpses. Maybe an explanation for my bitterness against military violence? Without answers, I continued to 'destroy' most of my paintings from the period 2015-2018. This brought the total of small paintings to 352. I decided to make just as many paper cuttings.





Deep Blue

During my visit to Mexico in 2017, red was central. When I was there in 2019, blue was the color of my research. By consciously writing about my experience with a color, I reflect on the meaning I attribute to that color: can blue cure Suriname? This was the focus of my investigation this time. Besides color, I also consider the meaning of numbers and the dialogue I have with the process. In Sao Paulo, while making collages, I decided to call the process COUP 22. The name is a direct result of the way I work; I am in conversation with the process by working in sets of 22. The name COUP 22 is my homage to grandma Anna, the woman my agent, Ada Korbee, reminds me of. As of 2006, she is no longer physically with us. When I come across the number 22, I know: grandma Anna is there in spirit! But COUP 22 is also the same invisible space that I attribute to Boni, the 18th century Surinamese guerilla warrior against the colonial rulers. Coincidence broadens this fate. Between January and April this year, I stayed on the 22nd floor of COPAN building in Sao Paulo at Uberbau_House as an artist in residency. Here, I entered into a dialogue with the already deceased Brazilian architect of the building, Oscar Niemeyer, and his spirit is also allowed into this conversation.

An entanglement of otherworldly conversations got me somewhere. Then I discovered that the tarot, which began to fascinate me because of its system, has a set of 22 cards as its starting point: the Great Arcana. I didn't need to know more about my spell, because it felt right.



Het Nederlands: COUP 22

Een sociaalwetenschapper als tovenaar?

Met vragen in mijn hoofd zette ik het fragmenteren van iets, centraal. Het was 2019, en ik was artist in residency bij Arquetopia in Puebla, Mexico. Het proces begon met een serie 25*25 cm schilderijen. Bezeten broedde ik 88 schilderijen uit. Na Arquetopia ging ik door met nog eens 44. Later kwamen er collages bij.



Verder gedoken

Eerder beschilderde doeken betaalden ook de fragmenterende prijs. En ook 16 schilderijen uit de installatie *One Voice* die in mijn bezit waren, ontkwamen niet aan dit lot. Hadden jongeren in de gevangenis en ik ons al in 2018 laten 'coupen'? Want het resultaat van dat proces, een installatie van 55 schilderijen, had magisch geleid naar de Surinaamse wetgeving: artikel 55 over tijdelijke hechtenis. Ik kon niet helpen dat ik dacht aan de 16 militairen die in 1980 een coup pleegden in Suriname. In December 1982 vermoordden zij 15 intellectuelen. De lichamen dumpten ze in het militair hospitaal, waar mijn hoogzwangere moeder voor controle ging. Zoals ze het mij vertelde: ze had mannen zwarte vuilniszakken met lijken zien dragen. Misschien een verklaring voor mijn verbittering tegen militair geweld? Zonder antwoorden ging ik door om de meeste van mijn schilderijen uit de periode 2015 -2018 te verscheuren. Dit bracht het totaal op 352 kleine schilderijen. Ik besloot evenzoveel collages te maken.





Diep Blauw

Tijdens mijn bezoek aan Mexico in 2017 staat rood centraal. Wanneer ik er in 2019 ben, is blauw de kleur van mijn onderzoek. Door bewust te schrijven over mijn ervaring met een kleur reflecteer ik op betekenis die ik toeken aan die kleur: kan blauw Suriname genezen? Zo ga ik dit keer op onderzoek. Naast kleur sta ik stil bij de betekenis van getallen, en van de dialoog die ik aanga met het proces. In Sao Paulo besluit ik, tijdens het maken van collages, het proces COUP 22 te noemen. De naam is een direct gevolg van de manier waarop ik werk; ik voer het gesprek met het proces door in setjes van 22 te werken. De naam COUP 22 wordt mijn ode aan oma Anna, de vrouw aan wie mijn agent, Ada Korbee, mij doet denken. Vanaf 2006 is zij niet meer fysiek in ons midden. Wanneer ik ergens het getal 22 tegenkom, weet ik: oma Anna is er in spirit! Maar COUP 22 wordt ook dezelfde onzichtbare ruimte die ik toeschrijf aan Boni, de 18^{de} eeuwse Surinaamse guerilliastrijder tegen de koloniale heersers. Het toeval verruimt dit lot. Tussen januari en april dit jaar verblijf ik op de 22ste verdieping van COPAN building in Sao Paulo bij Uberbau_House als artist in residency. Hierbij ga ik in dialoog met de reeds overleden Braziliaanse architect van het gebouw, Oscar Niemyer, en wordt zijn spirit ook toegelaten in het gesprek.

Zo bracht een verstrengeling van schijngesprekken me ergens. Ik ontdekte daarna dat de tarot, die mij begon te fascineren omdat het een systeem is, een set van 22 kaarten als uitgangspunt heeft: de Grote Arcana. Meer hoefde ik niet te weten over mijn ritueel, want het voelde goed.





Las Nietas de Nonó

Puerto Rico

Post #1

lasnietasdenono.com



[@lasnietasdenono](https://www.instagram.com/lasnietasdenono)

Arroz, la muerte de Pa

¿Cuál ingrediente, alimento, les conecta con las memorias de su infancia? ¿Qué comida has intentado preparar porque extrañas a tu abuela o a tu madre? ¿Qué deseas comer cuando te sientes triste o estás lejos de casa? ¿Qué comida te preparas cuando sientes que vas enfermar? Tenía 13 años cuando comencé a llorar cada vez que mi Mamá estaba preparando la comida. Lloraba porque no estaba lista y me impacientaba. Veía a Ma avanzar, cocinar más rápido. Me decía que lo tomara con calma que al arroz le faltaba bien poco, me lo daba a probar para que me diera cuenta que todavía estaba duro, me decía que ya mismo se ablandaba.

Yo le preguntaba -Ma, qué estás cocinando? Ma tengo hambre. Ya la comida está? ¿Cuánto le falta? Mi madre me ha contado que estuve llorando desesperada por la comida durante un año, tal vez un poco más. Para esa misma época había muerto mi padre por razones que aún no conocemos. No lloré cuando supe de su muerte pero esa noche sí recuerdo estar en la cocina abriendo y cerrando la nevera una y otra vez, para ver lo que nos quedaba de comida. Para ese mismo período de la muerte de mi padre y el llanto insólito por la comida que no estaba lista, llevábamos algunos 3 años a 4 años de habernos mudado de la zona urbana a la zona rural.

mulowayi



*Click above to listen to the audio clip
'Foodtopia'*









Ada M. Patterson

Barbados

Post #1

25 Oct, 2020

I've been having trouble reorienting myself towards making and towards being back here—this place for which I have a complicated, difficult love.

adampatterson.co.uk



[@adampatterson](https://www.instagram.com/adampatterson)



Click right to view the GIF

I've been doing a little underwater filming around some of the tide pools on the east coast. It's a tricky process as I can't really see what I'm doing; the camera sees for me, guided by my sometimes delicate, sometimes clumsy steps across the shoreline's reefs. In this sense, my vision is guided by my body and how it navigates this slippery, hidden below-the-surface surface. And, in turn, my body is guided both by the pace of waves and my not wanting to fall and crack my skull or lose my vision to the water's grip.



Click left to view the GIF

not wanting to lose my vision

My fear of coming back—which still grips me—is rooted in the idea that I might have to shelve--or maybe a better word is "drown"—my trans*ness in order to keep myself safe. I am still working through this fear.

Today, I was reminded of A Smaller Song (2007) by Kei Miller. I remembered the snippet I stole to repurpose as a dedication:

for the people below the surface trying to
emerge

Yes, I have a fear of drowning. I have a fear of drowning any part of myself. I have a fear of drowning—losing—my vision.

But could it really be drowned so easily? To hold something below the surface, to keep it hidden underwater, need not be a drowning.



Click above to view the GIF



Click above to view the GIF

There is so much life—so much different, strange, queer life—hidden in the tide pools, protected by the water, kept alive by the water. You just have to trust your vision. You just have to look!

I can't really see what I'm doing. The camera sees for me but my body knows there is life there! It is there with those parts of me buried in the reef. And I see you there too, each queered loved one for whom this work is for, for whom this work is still ours to do.

I see you in ghost crabs, sea urchins and coral polyps. I see you in fireworms--dazzling when threatened--beautiful survivals chosen over monochrome lives.

I see us there together, hidden below the surface. And there, my vision can't be lost.

Submergence is just another maroonage.

30 Oct, 2020

I'm resurfacing to a culture of protests against same-sex unions and I'm having trouble leaving the water. Yet, I can see friends at the shoreline rallying a counter-protest; they're as refreshing as this water here and I cannot look away.

We won't be met with much encouragement, and the choice between a **bigot's** finger down my throat or a pulse of seawater filling my lungs is not one I take lightly. Either way, it will be breathtaking.

I can't really see what I'm doing. The camera will see for me and our bodies will be on the line—each a witness to the brutality brimming at the surface, to the sparkle skipping off our surface.

Sometimes, the work looks like long walks on the beach and underwater whispers.

Sometimes, it looks like marching through the streets and cries for justice.



Click above to view the GIF



Kelly Sinnapah Mary

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Guadeloupe

Post #1

“Notebook, the fire next time”

It is October 30th, it's been 1 week and 5 days since the Stay Home Artist Residency started for me as well as the other artists in group 3. It's so special to have a residency in our own studios, so exciting and at the same time... we don't have the stage of adaptation we would have if we were in residence elsewhere. I find that interesting, and marks a new era of artistic residency...

Long before the residency, I had produced the series “Notebook, the fire next time” the title of which recalls one of James Baldwin’s masterpieces, echoing the riots and the uprising of the black community in the world, after the murder of George Floyd in the United States.

Fire holds an important place in my series of drawings. It is the symbol of judgement and purification. I think that the time for purification has come, not for humans, but for their institutions and systems of thought. Burn to rebuild!! So I question the place of the child, and place it at the heart of my questions in this reconstruction at a time when their projection into the future has become difficult, at a time when the world is in crisis.









Shivaneer Ramlochan

Trinidad & Tobago

Post #1

On Signifying A
Disobedient Space

novelniche.net



[@novelniche](https://www.instagram.com/novelniche)



Image: Artefact (i), author's passport photograph, age 17-18.

I find that I must most confront myself.

James Baldwin speaks of the great novelist's imperative, calls it "to tell as much of the truth as one can bear, and then a little more." The work of this residency is not to create a novel, and not to strive towards greatness, but it is to tell the truth. The work is non-fiction. The work is reportage. The work is personal. The work is resident at the intercrural home of 'all you cannot say' and 'a little more'.

This is a book-length project. It is not poetry, and it is not fiction. It is a genre seeking itself, somewhere throated between outrage, obedience, the archive, and disruption. It may offend you, and it will be hardest on me.

To signify this space means first to challenge it. This is not a provocation. It is a deliberate address, in place of an almost lifelong compulsion to look away in other circumstances. As a product of a specific cultural environment (Indo-Trinidadian, rural, Hindu) good behaviour has historically been expected of me. As an anomaly who has distinguished herself, often disfavouredly, as marginal and resistant to hyperobedience, good behaviour is often no longer attendant to my name.

This book is concerned with what I have lost and gained through disobedience. But it is not only or solely about me. It comes through me as a conduit, as a flute in the throat notched to allow other sounds, not original to my tongue, to emerge.

In this project, here are some of the interrogations I list against myself:

- Can it be possible to write factually about the (dis)obedience of the women in my family in my own words, or is this consigned to be an act of emotional translation?
- Can it be possible to speak carefully and truthfully about the dead and their (dis)obedience?
- How much of my story can be told before specific people in my family line are dead?
- Is a hybridizing of forms – memoir, poetic, archival inquiry, diary, disruption – the true space to enact that elusive full opening of the throat?
- Can I pay respect to an archive while also dismantling it?

To address these concerns with radical focus, I am curating a reading list that will run parallel to the shaping of the book work. It begins on the four pillars of these texts:

- *Coolie Woman: The Odyssey of Indenture*, by Gaiutra Bahadur
- *Matikor: The Politics of Identity for Indo-Caribbean Women*, edited by Rosanne Kanhai
- *A Leaf in His Ear: Selected Poems*, by Mahadai Das
- *No Pain Like This Body*, by Harold Sonny Ladoo

Welcome to the public-facing aperture of this process, which I am fortunate to undertake with the support of CATAPULT, The American Friends of Jamaica Inc., Kingston Creative & Fresh Milk. There will be much more.

Reference: As Much of the Truth as One Can Bear, By James Baldwin
January 14, 1962: [As much truth as one can bear](#)



Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas

Post #1

angelikawallace-whitfield.com



[@blaankcanvas](https://www.instagram.com/blaankcanvas)

Initially, I thought it a form of resistance to not make art in response or relation to the COVID-19 virus. It felt as if I was honouring it through my craft. However, to deny the current moment would be a disservice to my practice and myself.

The process informs the product as these were originally just studies of human interaction. I chose subjects whose genders are visually ambiguous through silhouette. The androgynous appearance of the figures takes presumption away from the interaction being sexual, in the traditional sense. Instead, they are conceptual representations of intimacy, and human exchange.

As media coverage on COVID-19 increased, so did my knowledge on how the virus spreads. The way it travels from one human or object to the next, without intention with human interaction as its vehicle. What else other than COVID-19 adheres in this way, as trace or evidence of human interaction; somatically, physiologically or otherwise? In what other ways are pieces of ourselves left on or within the bodies and minds of others? How do these evidences of interaction manifest themselves, or lay dormant? Is it possible to trace their origin?

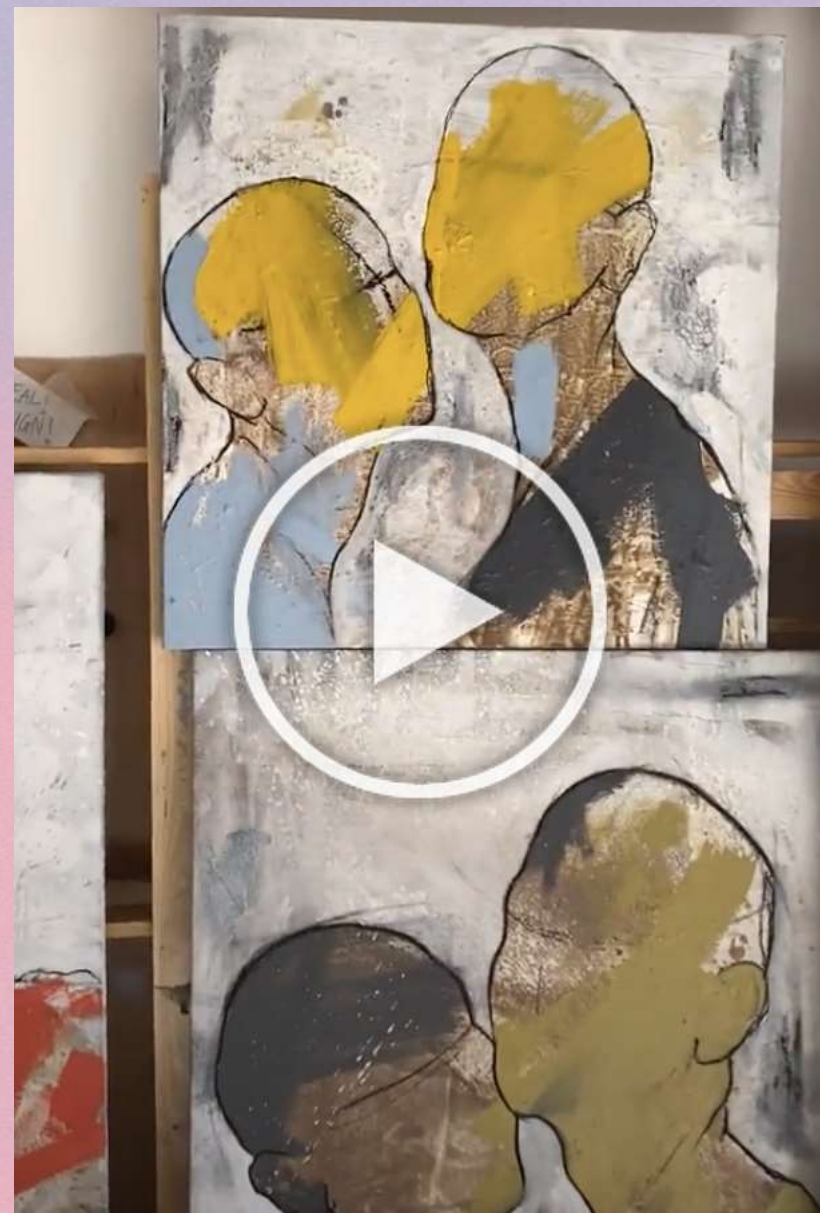


COVID-19 highlighted the way in which we impact everyone we are in contact with, physically. But further, we do so mentally, emotionally, in formative and reformative ways.

During the first weeks of the residency, I was able to fully execute these works. The red stroke in the pieces that I have begun is legibly one single brushstroke that stretches from one subject to the next. While the subjects' poses remain intimate and gentle, the color red evokes feelings of intensity in the viewer. Connoted with blood, STOP, danger, and love, it comments on the intensity of the interaction, making it the focal point and visually depicting the wake of the interaction.

After sitting with the works for a few days, I decided that the background needed to be muted to allow concentration to be on the figures themselves and the physicality of their interaction, rather than the gestural strokes that crossed through them. Muting the background in some of the compositions also allowed a separation between the figures; forcing the viewer to contemplate and complete the lines of interaction.





Click right to view the video on YouTube



CATAPULT | A Caribbean Arts Grant is a COVID-19 relief programme conceptualised by Kingston Creative (Jamaica) and Fresh Milk (Barbados) and funded by the **American Friends of Jamaica | The AFJ** (USA). Designed as a capacity building initiative it will directly provide financial support to over 1,000 Caribbean artists, cultural practitioners and creative entrepreneurs impacted by the pandemic and working in the themes of culture, human rights, gender, LGBTQIA+, and climate justice.

kingstoncreative.org/catapult-arts-grant
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