



Stay Home Artist Residency

RESIDENT BLOGS

Issue 2, Vol. 3

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Camille Chedda

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Post #3

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Whose Heritage

In 2019, the Miss Universe Jamaica contestant's national costume represented "the legendary" Annee (or Annie) Palmer, a popular slave owner from the 1700s. Over the years, Annee has been mythologised as the White Witch of Rose Hall, born to English and Irish parents who moved to Haiti where Annie became introduced to 'voodoo' by her Haitian nanny. It was this witchcraft which secured her prestige and power when she moved to Jamaica where she eventually murdered several of her husbands and enslaved Africans. This is the general story that tour guides recite to visitors of the historic estate.

I have recently been looking more at heritage sites in Jamaica and the way their colonial legacies are overshadowed and at times completely veiled by the country's mandate to attract tourists. The way that Rose Hall Great House is presented romanticises the brutality of slavery. Enslaved Africans worked the lands of Rose Hall and nearby Palmyra, but their lives have not been given much value or significance in the story, nor in reality. Annee's tomb resides on the grounds, but there is virtually nothing to commemorate the many black people who also died on these lands. (If there is a commemorative plaque or space there, please let me know). Even the dungeon, where the enslaved were supposedly kept, has now been transformed into a tavern called Annie's Pub.



NewsOne



Miss Universe Jamaica Responds To Backlash Over Slave

Screenshot of search for Miss Universe Jamaica costume



Work in progress. Rose Hall Estate

It is this joyous and deliberate erasure of history that made it quite easy for the Miss Universe Jamaica Organisation to disregard the general public's outrage over the beauty queen's national costume. For the organisation to support the symbolic representation of a predominantly black nation as a white enslaver and mythical murderess of black people is unthinkable. Yet the organisation's insensitivity towards the many ancestors of Africans on this island is common because of the attempts to appeal to white North American and European tourists, whom the country depends on financially. Heritage sites are often represented for their lush landscape and historic architectural grandeur. Rose Hall touts rolling greens of golfing splendour and panoramic views of the turquoise Caribbean Sea, perfect for your dream wedding. Meanwhile, the bandana clad tour guides show bear traps which were used to capture black people who tried to escape the plantation, adding intrigue to the story of Annee. Black people in the story are merely a supporting cast of unknowns, a dark huddled mass.



Wedding Promo Photo from [Rose Hall Website](#)



Work in progress. image of tour guide



Bear Trap on tour in the dungeon of Rose Hall



Lisa Allen-Agostini

Trinidad & Tobago

Post #3

Cinephile writing a script, take one

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Photo: I saw Ghandi here with a school trip as a child.

I'm a cinephile, like my mother before me. As a child I would go with her to Ritz, Presidente and Globe, Strand, Deluxe, Astor and Superstar, every cinema in Port of Spain or San Juan, the two urban areas bracketing where we lived in Morvant.

She went every week and would watch whatever was showing on those big silver screens. What did she discover in those smoky ⁽ⁱ⁾ caves, full of howling, clapping people ⁽ⁱⁱ⁾ talking back to the movies in the dark? ⁽ⁱⁱⁱ⁾



Photo: She had a crush on Terrence Hill, my mother.

i. You could smoke in cinemas back then. Some people even smoked cigarettes.

ii. Trinidadian audiences shout at, cheer and applaud movie characters in cinemas.

iii. You could go to cinemas back then.

Cinema is principally a visual medium. It's counterintuitive to the fact that the best cinema is scripted. ^(iv) You have to use words to make a motion picture. Words have to paint everything in the film: what kind of day is it when Sabine ^(v) realizes her husband is cheating on her? What does the light look like at that party? Is it close and crowded or is it roomy and relaxed? How many people are there? What are they wearing? ^(vi) What are they doing—talking? Eating? Singing by a piano?

Films have a look. There's an aesthetic created by the combination of framing, lighting, setting, acting, costume and music. Think *Edward Scissorhands* at the extreme end of this, but it's present in every movie—that aesthetic is what ties the first scene to the last. I'm looking for inspiration for the adaptation. What does this film look like?

iv. A word derived from "script," meaning "something written."

*v. One of the protagonists of Monique Roffey's novel *The White Woman on the Green Bicycle*, which I'm adapting for the screen.*

*vi. I'm fascinated with fashion. Fashion history traces the relationship between clothing and society. For example, there's a well-documented relationship between women's hemlines and the economy: *The Hemline Index*. Style speaks powerfully of character, in life as in art. Of course, the director makes the decisions about interpreting the script, but if she has more to work with, I think that's better than less. (But I'm a writer; a director might disagree.)*

I recently spent a few weeks absorbing the way the cinematographers and writers created the world of Oxford in the mid-20th Century in the ITV historical police procedural *Endeavour*. I have to recreate Port of Spain in the same period. The production is a goldmine for a fashion fan like me. It helps me think more clearly about Sabine to see the costumes and sets.



Photo: Endeavour still



Photo: A still from Frances Anne Solomon's short film What My Mother Told Me, which uses black and white flashbacks to the mid-20th Century in Trinidad.

A friend suggested—brilliantly—that I watch *Il Postino*, ^(vii) a feature-length historical drama about loneliness and love, which is set on an Italian island in the 1950s. The spare, empty shots tell the story of the main characters' isolation. They grow towards friendship and love, which I need to do show between Sabine and Jennifer.



Photo: Il Postino still

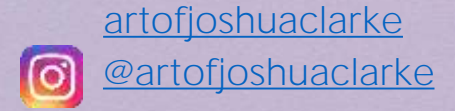
vii. Sadly, I couldn't watch Il Postino in cinema. Even if there were no COVID-19, none of those cinemas are open anymore. Many have become churches. Some have been torn down. There's a multiplex now. But you can't shout at the screen there.



Joshua Clarke

Barbados

Post #3



The machine grinds ever onwards and the 3rd leg of this amazing journey is over

During this period I've had a virtual studio visit with a professional. It was a breath of fresh air to have someone completely unknown to me discuss my work with me from a point of view that incorporated the theoretical and foundational research and study that I try to infuse my art with. This bit of the journey is about directing, shaping and refining the creations - and if necessary shifting directions for some of them.

I've gone into colours on all of these pieces and been trying to deploy all my painting techniques as they strike me. I've changed the setting from just unfeatured ground to a more village setting just to ground the setting for the piece a little more as I delve deeper into the macabre for the characters themselves. Notably I've gone for elements in the painting that highlight forced homogeneity, and slavishness to religion that are often forced on those that are struggling with mental illness in one way or another. The contrast between the cruel grins chained to the faces is a personal joke, pointing to the forced cheer that is a required costume for those of us who move through the clouded world in a bitter battle with the black dog.



Some Madnesses – 2nd Movement, 2nd Stanza.



The throughline of the Nelson pieces was trying to capture the essence of empire; the truth of the blood and crime it was built on, and throw into stark relief the lunacy of defending the idolatry of Nelson and others of his ilk. In the last two weeks I've been dumping colors onto this piece, building the clouds and the city, looking at the scope and scale of the city.

I've gone back to the dress of the figure at the foundation of the empire. Looking at headdresses to secure the accuracy of the likenesses. Next in the line is to build the density of the city itself. And then finally to re-add the forces attempting to topple the figurehead that crowns the city.



*Above: Nelson 2nd Movement 2nd stanza.
Below: Headwrap and City*

City on fire is a theme that's been in my work a couple times before. The poem Ozymandias by Percy Bryce Shelley is a major inspiration of mine and the themes of once great men that have been (or should be) forgotten. The beheaded statue, the columned feet, the pedestal to the crimes and deeds of those once thought heroic - all imagery that is seared into my mind's eye from the first time I read the poem. What I've added is to me one of the unique flaws of modern society when it comes to this circumstance - agents of the state, deployed to guard and defend the ruins and artifacts of colonial empire, while around them society continues to decay. It's that visual that I've seen time and time again as a juxtaposition that struck me, that the formality and loyalty to "order" as a concept in most post colonial societies will extend to anything - even idols to those that enslaved us.



Above: Nelson 4th Movement 2nd stanza.



Sonia Farmer

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The Bahamas

Post #3

How does the project live?

The past weeks have been spent in a slump—let’s just call it “the 2020s”. I’m finally confronting the limitations of taking part in a residency while at home. Uprooting and leaving everything behind in “regular” residencies is so helpful for the creative process, and I’m finding it very hard to create the boundary I need around my practice in the face of everyday demands and responsibilities, as well as continuing to adjust to the “new normal”.

Nevertheless I’m trying to show up for my work with the creative energy it deserves, continuing to take apart the pages of “Hurricane In The Bahamas” and find the voice that emerges from the debris. My rules are simple:

1. Only make one poem per page (there are 12 pages)
2. Only use the text available on that page

I had considered making more poems, mixing up the text further, but I feel it's right to end up with only 12 poems. Mostly because I have been engaging with only 12 of Leanne Russel's photographic compositions in her book, and that's no accident, right?

So as I finalize this exercise, I've been thinking about how this all comes together—if it does. How do the poems live—do I type them out? Do I incorporate the fragments? Do the poems have a place alongside Leanne's photographs in the same book, or not?

Right: Poem Fragment

missing,

the day was breaking

blown to pieces by the wind.

and By waves that called

a solid wall of water

through the air.

stripped of my clothes

I turned in

and lifted bodily off,

straining and creaking in this

movable
shelter

nothing left but
the booming of the

Island's heart

on the outer reef

reaching across the water

To settle over everything.

living and dead

The only reminders
of this
last September.

I feel the poems must live as they are. That is: I can't re-type, or re-write the poems elsewhere. They are born of destruction, and must come to the reader in fragments. I think it is powerful to encounter them in that way. The plastic baggies that store the fragments have also become surprisingly forceful objects that demand to be part of this piece rather than a temporary storage solution in my studio, but it remains to be seen how exactly.

One way to go is to photograph the poems surrounded by their "debris" and create a series of individual photographs to accompany the book as a separate—but related—collection. There's something to be said here about images living in the book, and text living as photographic prints. Some disorder appropriate to the subject matter. Maybe they live in the same boxed set. Maybe it's an edition of 12 artist books that include the photographic book, the photographed text debris, and a baggie. Maybe that's the project.

Left: Poem Fragment

In any event, I did gain some clarity on how the text will live in Leanne's book. I had been struggling with how to set the titles of her photographs, playing around with typefaces that look like they've been written in pencil to echo the handwritten notes underneath the archival images of the 1932 hurricane in the Malone family album. But I didn't like it, so I set it aside. Recently I realized I have plenty of text at my disposal. What if I found the words I needed from the debris? This way, the projects become a little more intertwined. Trying it, I feel it works, and I might even play with placing fragments onto these pages to see how far I can push it.

Right: Where is home title in Fragments





where is home

Left: Where is home spread



Jorge González

Puerto Rico

Post #3



Limaní (place of many waters)

The ongoing process of work at Limaní has continued to define a series of exchanges with the Marcucci family, basketmaker and Afro-Boricua spiritual healers, which stems from the realization of making a clay house together.

Moreover, these past two weeks I was able to introduce our collective process in the Toronto Biennial of Art online Residency, [Rabbit Hole: Pod Theory](#), which centered around the practice of building a community, among contributors sharing their methodologies rooted in collective support and care.

Our collaborative process was structured in a two part workshop program, where we were able to acknowledge the land, resources, and familiar histories of Limaní and Guilarte, highland neighborhoods of Adjuntas, through a harvest of vines as preparation for a basketry workshop. In the second part of the program, we referred to Puerto Rican feminists and civil rights advocates, Luisa Capetillo and Julia de Burgos, by embodying the figure of out-loud reader (el lector) in tobacco factories, at the beginning of the twentieth century. By combining manual labor with out-loud reading, workers and women's rights were largely diffused within a group who regarded this process as a fundamental work to promote current events and literary works that shaped a political ideology.



As part of the reading, collaborator from the Marcucci family, artist Juana de Lares, performed a reading of Julia de Burgos, which was recorded by the family's altar, to be shared as an introduction to our basketry and reading workshop.

This activity carries the spirit of the interests behind making a communal house, which implicates ways in which we could engage in a space of collective awareness.

In the coming weeks we are to continue harvesting, processing, and assembling materials for the construction of the clay house, while we continue to build and develop areas for cooking and eating together.



Click above to view the video on YouTube

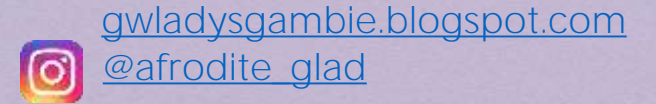




Gwladys Gambie

Martinique

Post #3



Broderie Composée

Je sors de ma zone de confort. Je brode à ma manière, je n'ai pas la technique, alors j'expérimente, en l'utilisant comme une plume, ou un feutre. Et le tissu comme une feuille de papier. J'essaie de rester libre tout en cherchant constamment à organiser. A composer. Parfois j'ai envie d'arrêter, et de tout recommencer. Je ne veux pas que l'oeuvre soit surchargée. Enfin...Puis je déjà considérer ce que je fais comme une oeuvre ?

Il est difficile d'être en résidence à la maison, tout en gardant la rigueur que l'on a lors d'une résidence à l'étranger, avec toutes les découvertes et les rencontres enrichissantes qui lui sont associées. Créer en situation de pandémie est une expérience inédite, alors j'en profite pour utiliser ce qu'il y a autour de moi.

Il me vient à l'idée d'oublier la feuille de papier. Je veux écrire, dessiner, intégrer mon corps à travers l'empreinte. Comment combiner le tout sans que cela ne devienne trop chargé, trop bavard ? Mais je fais, en tentant de rester libre. Ma cartographie prend forme. On verra le résultat plus tard.

Moman-igla ou Mo nou ka R' liniké
Ou t'p nou ka Kwanyen gran anè let an lannit lalin kilé.
Bouch mwèn sé tou, bouch ou sé ta mwèn,
Mi lawani la mwèn, mi tou ou la mwèn, né tou mi ta mwèn
Kon dé agalon gran fa!
Moman lala ou nikan nou ka fèmi, lap nou ka nòfwazé
Ou pasyans nou bast, ek difé lanmou nou kéy pèté.

Une parole en castagne
travail, un incroyable
pays, l'histoire de vivre
à chaque expédition
de nouveaux continents
Sa peau était aussi douce
que la mouche des arènes
et ses lèvres de velours
marcia pins, des qui mendijey
qui devint avec un volume
inhabile. Il ne redoutait point
les méchants marais marais
qui s'élevaient en courbes
de ses file d'explorateurs.
Grâce intrépide, il en
savait chaque parcelle,
chaque arène, et faisait
telle course dans sa
véhémence étonnante.
Rien ne l'effrayait.
Il se jeta à corps perdu
dans les zones inconnues
sans craindre la tempête,
la foudre, au ombre,
il s'élevait, jusqu'à ce que
ses vagues rentre en
en éruption. Il se devait
à toute sa jour et nuit,
sans jamais se fatiguer
Il pouvait s'habiller
jusqu'à s'oublier lui-même.
VIV KÉ'W!
VIV KÉ'W!
VIV KÉ'W!

DÉPÉ!

La terre brûle, mais
il ne cruit rien,
pas même les brulins.



Above: Anba Fèy

Il me vient à l'idée d'oublier la feuille de papier. Je veux écrire, dessiner, intégrer mon corps à travers l'empreinte. Comment combiner le tout sans que cela ne devienne trop chargé, trop bavard ? Mais je fais, en tentant de rester libre. Ma cartographie prend forme. On verra le résultat plus tard.

J'avais écrit un petit recueil de poèmes sensuels en créole avec quelques dessins. La notion de paysage y est très présente. Ce recueil s'intitule Anba fèy. Je suis partie sur cette base pour réaliser ma broderie. Comme Yves Klein et ses anthropométries, j'utilise mon corps comme outil, comme rythme à ma poésie, avec la couleur rouge. Comme le noir, je trouve cette couleur puissante et franche. Elle nous ramène à notre humanité.



Extrait 1 Anba fey



Extrait 2 Anba fey

Broder sur d'autres supports que le tissu me titille. Je vois les feuilles de bananier fendues. Elles étaient présentes dans mes dessins, alors pourquoi ne pas intervenir directement sur elles. Ces feuilles de bananier que l'on utilise en Martinique pour faire des trempages*. Ces feuilles utilisées une fois sèches pour réaliser les robes de poupées doudouistes, vendues aux touristes ou encore simple décors chez les femmes de l'autre génération.



Comme une chirurgienne, je brode délicatement, avec précaution, car la feuille est fragile, elle est vivante. Et puis, cette feuille de bananier, évoque inévitablement la situation sanitaire des Antillais, des ouvriers agricoles, empoisonnés par l'utilisation du chlordécone. **S'agit-il de réparer l'irréparable ?** La feuille sèche petit à petit avec ses points de suture, je suis donc son évolution de près.



**Le trempage est une tradition culinaire tirant ses origines au Nord Atlantique de la Martinique. Il s'agit de servir un court bouillon de morue épaissi sur du pain lui même trempé, quelques bananes jaunes au dessus et le tout servi sur une feuille de bananier.*



Eliazar Ortiz Roa

Dominican Republic

Post #3

En español:

En esta etapa del proyecto ya tengo definidas dos de las piezas, La coronación de Ana María y Zafra lovers, y después de trabajar lo corpóreo como eje central en estas piezas quiero dar un reposo a los cuerpos. Primero por el color, me interesa que se asienten los pigmentos naturales y que la oxidación haga su efecto. Cabe destacar que en la pieza de Zafra lovers intruducir las escamas de las alas de las mariposas Mármol haitiano (*Hamadryas amphichloe*) y la Voladora del golfo (*Agraulis vanillae*) fue un proceso exitoso.

*Derecha: Marmol Haitiano
(Hamadryas amphichloe)*



En la búsqueda y reconocimiento de mi entorno me encontré con una sorpresa en esta semana, la planta Jiquilite originaria de zona y las Antillas y nombrado popularmente Añil (*Indigofera suffruticosa*) de la cual se extrae el azul índigo. Esta planta usada desde los tiempos pre-colombinos por los pueblos Mayas y otros tribus originaria para pintar sus pieles en los rituales y para textiles de la nobleza, se explotó por el mundo en los tiempos de las colonias siendo unos de los cuatros productos más importantes del monocultivos del área, incluyendo la colonia de Saint Domingue, junto con el café, el algodón y la caña de azúcar eran los principales productos que dependían de la explotación de los esclavizadxs.

Derecha: Proceso acción de pintar





Mi interés por ramificar el proyecto de Nigua y centrarme en las plantas foráneas tiene varios objetivos, primero reconocer esas floras y sus historias y segundo el rol de las mismas con el declive del sistema de plantaciones, la abolición de la esclavitud y el surgimiento del campesinado. Me he dado cuenta que en el campo es que se encuentran esas huellas que nos definen en esencia, pues las luchas surgen en ese comprender, trabajar la tierra y defender el derecho a la misma. El monocultivo como el extractivismo son actividades que me preocupan y también son señas de como el sistema colonial solo ha cambiado de nombre y estatus.

Izquierda: Rulo, contenedores foraneos

Las plantas y árboles foráneos son parte de nuestra cultura, por citar una, no podría pensar en nuestros paisajes sin los Flamboyanes. En las pinturas tradicionales dominicanas, la casita de madera de colores y a su lado este árbol es clásico. Ser antillano es estar arropado por lo foráneo.

Quiero regresar al cuerpo en el proyecto con una imagen fotográfica que vengo desarrollando sobre una especie que es de origen aún desconocido, el coco, y articularlo con el mismo mango que aparece en la coronación de Ana María.

Derecha: Flamboyán



Derecha: Proceso Zafra lovers



Proyecto Nigua Informe III
Click arriba para ver en YouTube



In English:

At this stage of the project I have already defined two of the pieces from The coronation of Ana María and Zafra lovers, and after working on the corporeal as an axis, I want to give the bodies a rest. First because of the color, I am interested in the natural pigments settling and the oxidation having its effect. It should be noted that in the Zafra lovers piece, introducing the scales of the butterflies' wings Haitian marble (*Hamadryas amphichloe*) and the Gulf Flyer (*Agraulis vanillae*) was a successful process.

*Left: Haitian Marble
(Hamadryas amphichloe)*

In the search and recognition of my environment, I came across a surprise this week: the Jiquilite plant native to the area and the Antilles and popularly named Indigo (*Indigofera suffruticosa*) from which indigo blue is extracted. This plant used since pre-Columbian times by the Mayan peoples and other original tribes to paint their skins in rituals and for textiles of the nobility, was exploited throughout the world in colonial times, being one of the four most important products. The monocultures of the area, including the Saint Domingue colony, together with coffee, cotton and sugar cane were the main products that depended on the exploitation of the slaves.

Right: Process action painting





My interest in branching out the Nigua project and focusing on foreign plants has several objectives; first to recognize these floras and their stories and secondly, their role with the decline of the plantation system, the abolition of slavery and the emergence of the peasantry. I have realized that it is in the countryside that you find those traces that define us in essence, because the struggles arise in that understanding, working the land and defending the right to it. Monoculture and extractivism are activities that concern me and are also signs of how the colonial system has only changed its name and status.

Left: Rulo, contenedores foraneos

Foreign plants and trees are part of our culture. To name one, I could not think of our landscapes without the Flamboyans. In traditional Dominican paintings, the colorful wooden house and next to it this tree is classic. To be an Antillean is to be wrapped up in the foreign.

I want to return to the body in the project with a photographic image that I have been developing on a species that is of still unknown origin, the coconut, and articulate it with the same mango tree that appears at the coronation of Ana María.

Right: Flamboyán



Right: Process Zafra lovers



Proyecto Nigua Report III
Click above to view the video on YouTube





Carol Joan Sorhaindo

Dominica

Post #3

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Viewing things in fragments

This time of year is one of Re – membrance. In Dominica we celebrate Creole, Independence and light candles for Old Souls who have passed on. As I tune into the virtual cultural gala, I am moved by the energy of the Bele dancers and drummers, living proof that the African Spirit is still very much alive here. I revisit the site of the Richmond Mill ruin to measure to produce a scaled drawing which will help me visualize what remains.





Site measurements at Richmond mill



Above: Printed fragment of archival document integrated into artwork – first stone was laid in 1776

Right: Artwork on cotton canvas using charcoal, mud and plant pigments





I am left with fragments with which to weave a story of site. Archival texts, maps with names changed over the years from indigenous Kalinago to European, crumbling walls, living herbal plants, decomposing leaves and red soil.

It feels good to work with what the land provides. Research is an integral part of my practice and I work with mud and plant materials, transforming them to create art materials for drawing, painting and printing.

*Red Mud: Click left to
view the video on YouTube*





Threads pulled from frayed edges, dyed and reused to be rethreaded into work.



I have recently learnt after meeting with local historian Lennox Honychurch that the back wall of the mill was broken down and stones used to build a nearby house. That house now too in a state of ruination abandoned to the bush. Some say 'there was a slave village here and slave graves over there'... a grand house up on the hill maybe as was customary in the day. I find a fragment of pottery. It is beautiful in its brokenness. The caterpillar eaten leaves inspire and stir something within about my own mortality.

Each plant on site has a story. It is said locally that a Noni plant was found on every plantation, but enslaved Africans were told it was poisonous by their masters and therefore it was never taken internally. There is a long tradition of the leaves being used by Kalinago and the elderly. Leaves were warmed and placed on aching knees and joints as a relief for rheumatism. Noni plants are seen all over the island today and now commonly used and recognised for its health benefits, one stands tall on this site.



Noni (Morinda citrifolia) plant on site



Natural pigment artwork showing Noni and Guava



I stare at a map dated 1776 of Dominica (Waitukubuli). Her tall body split into numbered plots to be sold off by the British. A GPS map on mobile phone pin points a red dot showing the exact location of the mill. I am here on this spot in 2020, 244 years after the first stone was laid. History erodes with every second. Many years from now Covid-19 too will be a story told in fragments.

The history in its fragments leaves the imagination free to roam. As an artist I will follow the threads where they lead me. Entangling and disentangling, threading and weaving narratives of site.

Drawing with natural dyes and bamboo pen



*Footprints on Canvas,
Work in progress*

*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
freshmilkbarbados.com/catapult-arts-grant

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