



Stay Home Artist Residency

RESIDENT BLOGS

Issue 3, Vol. 2

Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

Myrlande Constant

Haiti

Miguel Keerveld

Suriname

Las Nietas de Nonó

Puerto Rico

Ada M. Patterson

Barbados

Kelly Sinnapah Mary

Guadeloupe

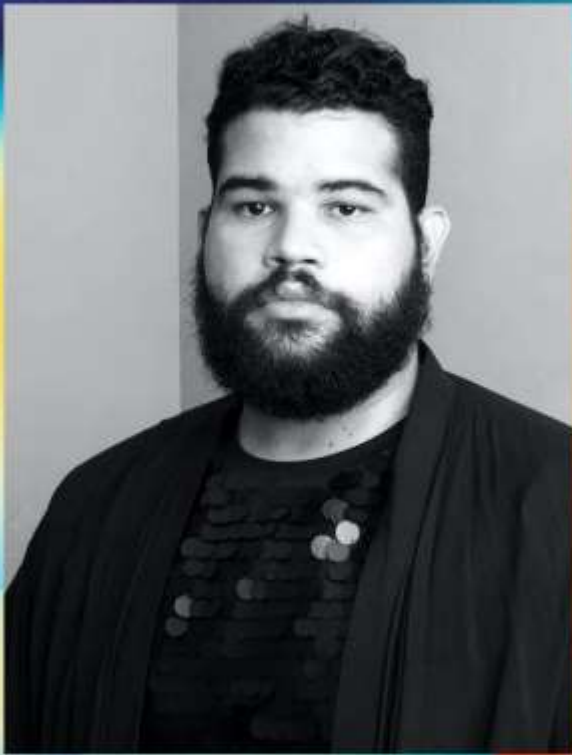
Shivane Ramlochan

Trinidad & Tobago

Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas





Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

Post #2



"PÁJARO"

(pah- ha- roh)

N. 1- Bird.

N. 2- Homosexual person in Dominican Republic.

The first time I was called "*Pájaro*" was the first time I identified my sexuality in Dominican imaginary. It was also the first time that i was dehumanized.

This idea of being a "*pájaro*" haunted me for a long time. I was afraid that at some point of my life I'd suddenly become this monstrous being, that my humanity would melt away revealing a terrible inner self.

I can't remember the moment when the fear of turning into a "*pájaro*" left, or when the violence and hatred behind that word lost its effect on me and changed its meaning; one that was born inside of me, one that made me in a certain way, free.





Myrlande Constant

Haiti

Post #2

myrlandeconstant.com







Click above to listen to an audio clip of Myrlande Constant speaking about her work



Miguel Keerveld

Suriname

Post #2

In English: COUP 22

Talking To Nothingness

edke.me

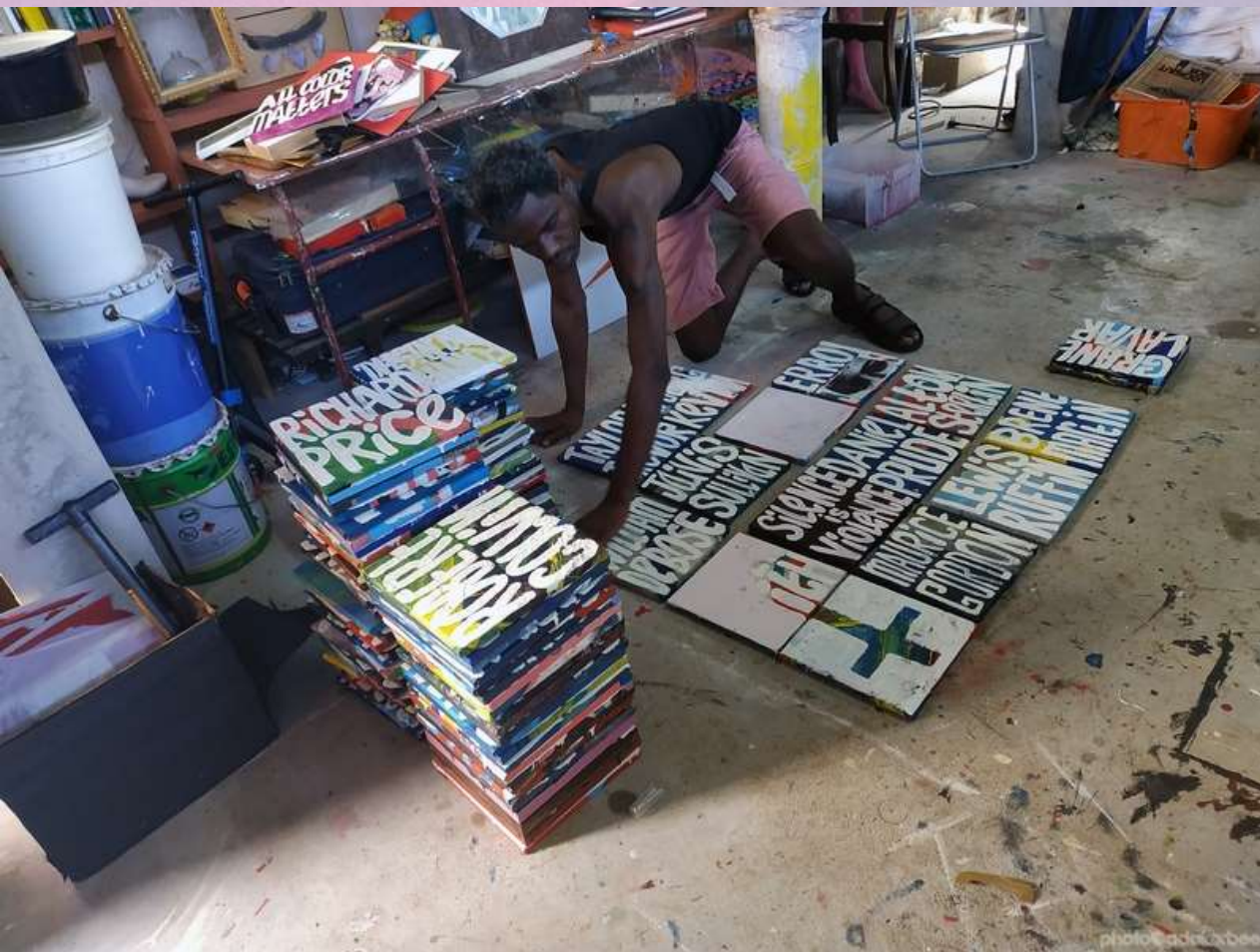


[@tumpiflow](https://www.instagram.com/tumpiflow)

In *COUP 22*, components come together like *The Nothingness* - a symbolic space that connects us in time; the virtual encounters the psychological. This whole, in which an invisible force holds mankind in its grip, is celebrating a great feast. Is our party also a "meeting place" that will bring my struggle with God to an end? I decide that EdKe may manifest itself through:

- My parents
- Ada Korbee
- Audry Wajwakana
- Purcy Tjin
- Iraida Kowee
- Senobia Klassie
- Kurt Nahar
- Dèborah Sjak-Shie
- Dakaya Lenz
- Dave Simson
- Digenahro Neyhorst
- Zerahja Dest
- Shaundell Horton
- Alida Neslo
- Raynell Vorswijk
- Maikel Austen
- Nalini Manesh
- Dhiradj Ramsamoedj
- Fabian de Randamie
- Orptheo Robert
- Dieter Benjamin
- Xavier Biekman
- Britney Riebeek
- **Artist via Ingrid Hill**





The Consequence

At first, *EdKe* spoke alone to *The Nothingness*. I wondered if a person should look for god today? Tumpi Flow tells me: 'I think making space for the Other, to encounter each other, is essentially the magic that life needs'. The CATAPULT Stay Home Artist Residency award makes this possible. That is why the Others received packages; each containing 22 pieces of small prepared canvases, blue, white and black acrylic paint, 3 brushes and 4 small tubes of watercolor. Except for Kurt Nahar! For him, *The Process* became an opportunity to paint his expression over 352 paintings of EdKe. He brought his narrative in relation to victims of the recent political violence in the Americas.

A cause

According to *The Plan*, EdKe doesn't exist... Three years after death, would his spirit come into action through the network *MISSION 21*? Thanks to a donation of painting materials, which Susan Legêne has sent us, EdKe and the watercolorist Henri de Haas (1937-2018) go hand in hand to 'coup' *MISSION 21*. However, things turn out differently. Now *The Process* appears to have 'couped' both spirits. Just like Kurt, all other participants seize their chance to enter into the dialogue like madmen of *COUP 22*. This conversation is between artists, counselors and young people. Some of the young people were involved in an installation for the 2013 National Art Fair in Paramaribo. The rest are a few who participated in the group exhibition *Where young people and artists meet* in 2018. As the "place" for expression, painting connects us. But now I seriously wonder: isn't it just the spirit of the group that 'coups' *The Process*?

In this way COUP 22 manages to "infect" us. And with his experiences in the *exhibition Inter / Sectionality: Diaspora Art from the Creole City* shows, Kurt demonstrates his craftsmanship. He summarizes his contribution to *The Process* as follows:

Today, I am learning to listen
To my days
Next to my classmate Keisha Castello
20 years ago
To what washed up on the beach
To the waves
They beat the rocks
Today, I am learning to listen
To the invisible voice
Of Joe Hut
Trelawney town
The *kroiwara*
Of our meeting
The battle ax
Has been dug up again
Let the white civilization
Don't fool us
Only now begins:
The real deal



*Click image to the right to view
video on YouTube*



Intallation view of Ubuntu by EzinomraH and companions, 2013. Pictures by Ada Korbee.



Intallation view of Where young people and artists meet. Picture by Ada Korbee.

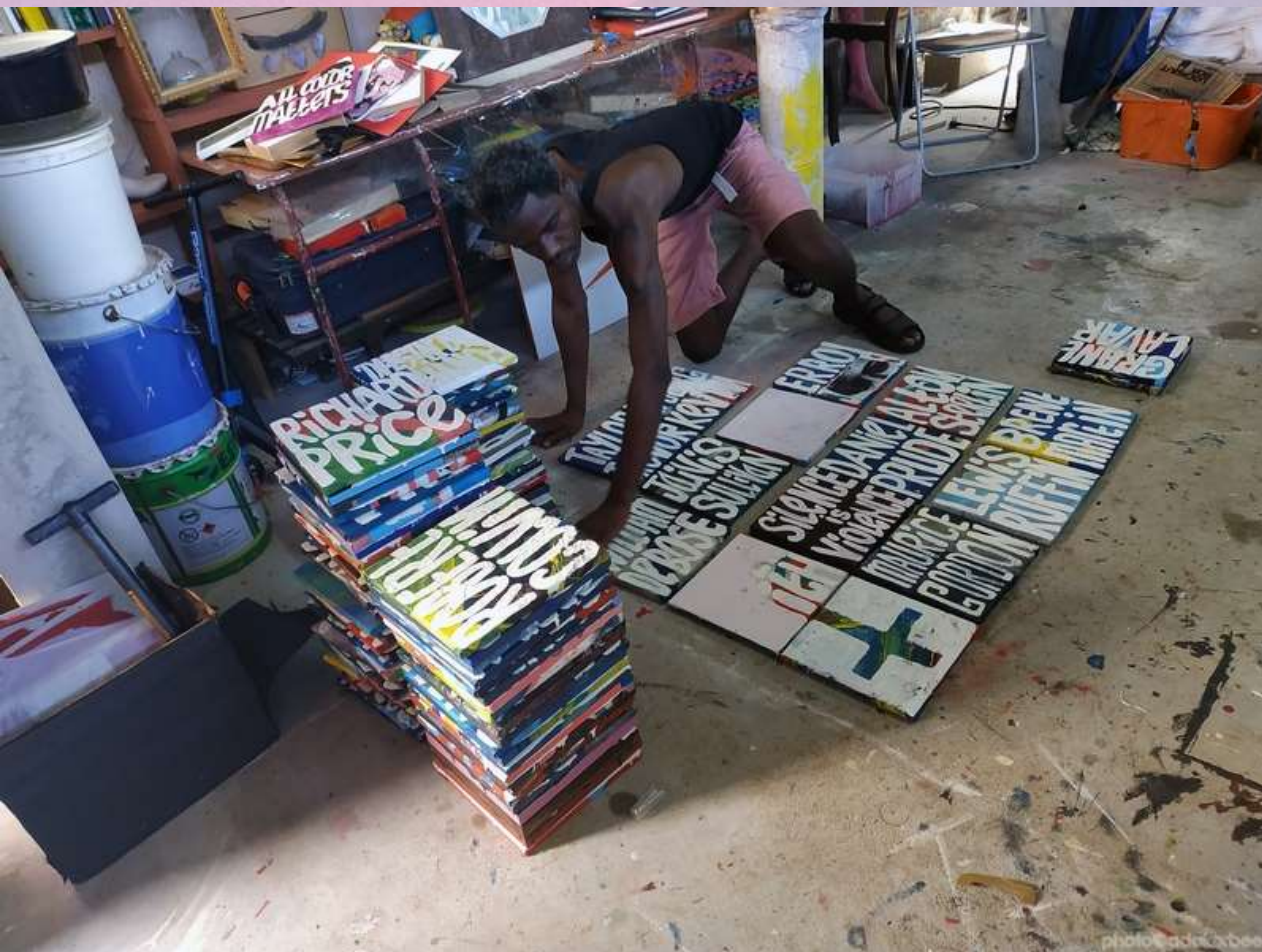
Het Nederlands: COUP 22

Praten Tot Het Niets

In COUP 22 komen componenten samen als Het Niets. Een symbolische ruimte die ons in tijd verbindt; het virtuele ontmoet het psychologische. Dit geheel, waarin een onzichtbare kracht de mens in z'n greep houdt, viert groots feest. Is ons feest ook de 'ontmoetingsplaats' die mijn strijd met god tot een eind zal brengen? Ik besluit dat EdKe zich mag manifesteren via:

- My parents
- Ada Korbee
- Audry Wajwakana
- Purcy Tjin
- Iraida Kowee
- Senobia Klassie
- Kurt Nahar
- Dèborah Sjak-Shie
- Dakaya Lenz
- Dave Simson
- Digenahro Neyhorst
- Zerahja Dest
- Shaundell Horton
- Alida Neslo
- Raynell Vorswijk
- Maikel Austen
- Nalini Manesh
- Dhiradj Ramsamoedj
- Fabian de Randamie
- Orptheo Robert
- Dieter Benjamin
- Xavier Biekman
- Britney Riebeek
- **Kunstenaar via Ingrid Hill**





Het Gevolg

Eerst sprak alleen EdKe tot *Het Niets*. Ik vroeg me af of een mens in deze tijd op zoek dient te gaan naar god? Tumpi zegt me: 'Volgens mij is ruimte maken voor *de Ander*, om elkaar wezenlijk te ontmoeten, precies de magie die het leven nodig heeft'. De *CATAPULT STAY HOME* award maakt dit mogelijk. Daarom kregen *de Anderen* pakketjes met elk 22 stuks kleine geprepareerde doeken, blauwe, witte en zwarte acrylverf, 3 penselen en 4 kleine tubes waterverf. Behalve Kurt Nahar dan! Voor hem werd *Het Proces* een gelegenheid om te schilderen over 352 schilderijen van EdKe. Hij bracht zijn expressie in relatie tot slachtoffers van politiek geweld in het recente verleden in de Amerika's.

Een Oorzaak

Volgens *Het Plan* is EdKe niet meer... Zou deze spirit drie jaar na sterven, in actie komen via het netwerk *MISSION 21*? Door een donatie van schildermateriaal, die Susan Legêne ons doet toekomen, gaan EdKe en de overleden aquarellist Henri de Haas (1937-2018) hand in hand aan de slag om *MISSION 21* te 'coupen'. Echter, zaken verlopen anders. Nu lijkt *Het Proces* beide spirits 'gecoupt' te hebben. Net zoals Kurt Nahar, alle andere deelnemers grijpen hun kans om als bezetenen met *COUP 22* in dialoog te gaan. Dit gesprek is tussen kunstenaars, counselors en jongeren. Een deel van de jongeren is betrokken geweest bij een installatie voor de Nationale Kunstbeurs van 2013 in Paramaribo. De rest zijn enkelen die hebben deelgenomen aan de groepsexpo *Waar jongeren en kunstenaars samen komen* in 2018. Als de 'plaats' voor expressie, verbindt het schilderen ons. Serieus vraag ik me nu af: maar is het niet gewoon de spirit van de groep die *Het Proces* 'coupt'?

Zo weet *COUP 22* ons te 'besmetten'. En met zijn ervaringen in de expositie *Inter / Sectionality: Diaspora Art from the Creole City* toont Kurt zijn vakmanschap. Zijn bijdrage aan *Het Proces* vat hij als volgt samen:

Vandaag leer ik luisteren

Naar mijn dagen

Naast mijn klasgenoot Keisha Castello

20 jaar geleden

Naar wat aanspoelde op het strand

Naar de golven

Die sloegen de rotsen

Vandaag leer ik luisteren

Naar de onzichtbare stem

Van Joe Hut

Trelawney town

De kroiwara

Van onze ontmoeting

De strijdbijl

Is weer opgegraven

Laat de witte beschaving

Ons niks wijs maken

Nu pas begint

Het echte werk



*Click image to the right to view
video on YouTube*



Intallation view of Ubuntu by EzinomraH and companions, 2013. Pictures by Ada Korbee.



Intallation view of Where young people and artists meet. Picture by Ada Korbee.



Las Nietas de Nonó

Puerto Rico

Post #2

lasnietasdenono.com

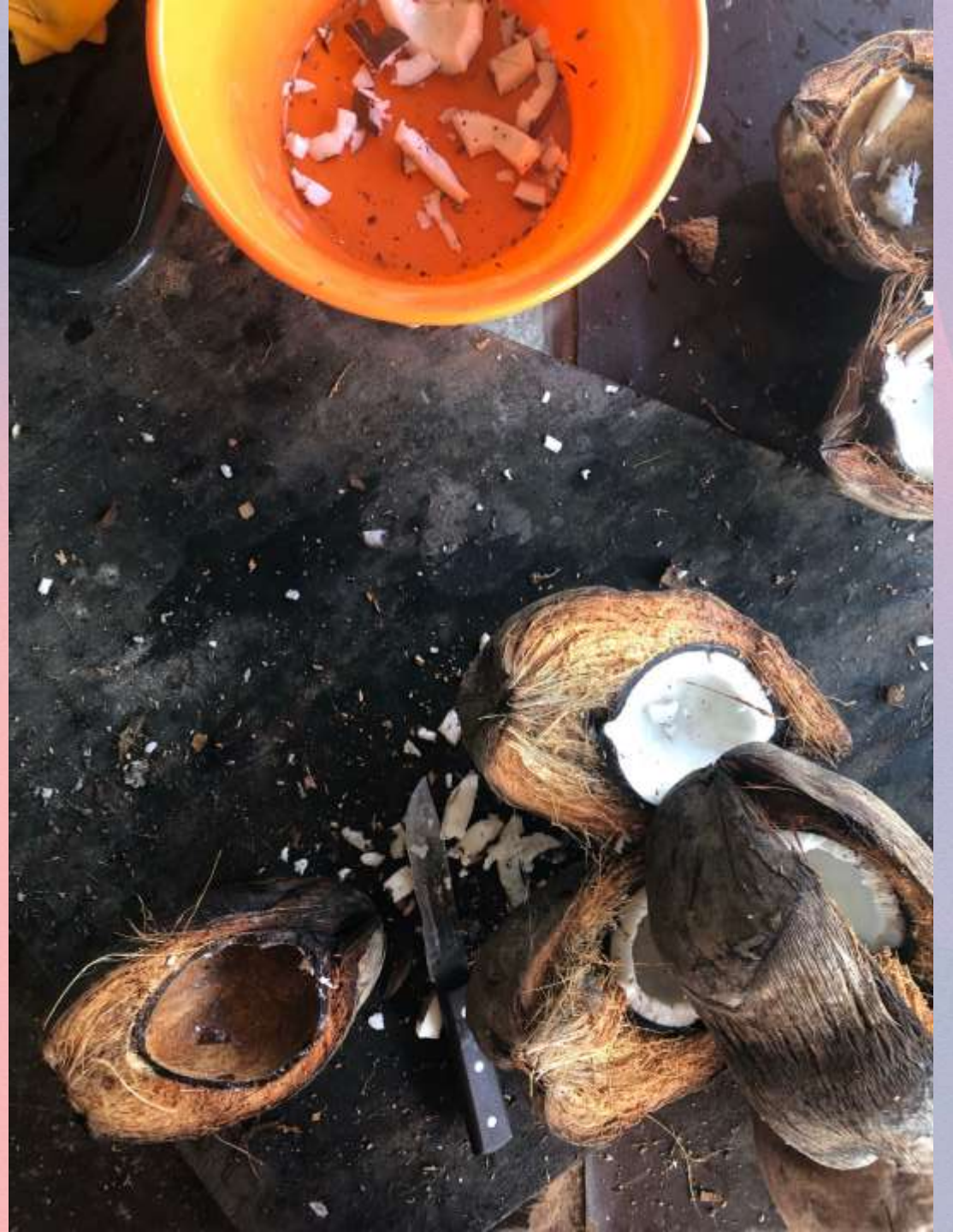


[@lasnietasdenono](https://www.instagram.com/lasnietasdenono)

Receta de Roseao
(a ojo)

Yuca (guaya, seca)
Leche de coco
Mantequilla
Anís

Mezclar todos los ingredientes y cubrir con hoja de guineo. Cocinar en el burén.

















Ada M. Patterson

Barbados

Post #2

adampatterson.co.uk



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

for the people below the surface trying to emerge ¹

doing something illicit in secret with a public view ²

*things happening below the surface
because they can't happen above the surface*

*can't appear above the surface
so make a difference below the surface*

*community can't happen above the surface
so you bring community together below the surface*

*doing something illicit below the surface
to make a difference above the surface*

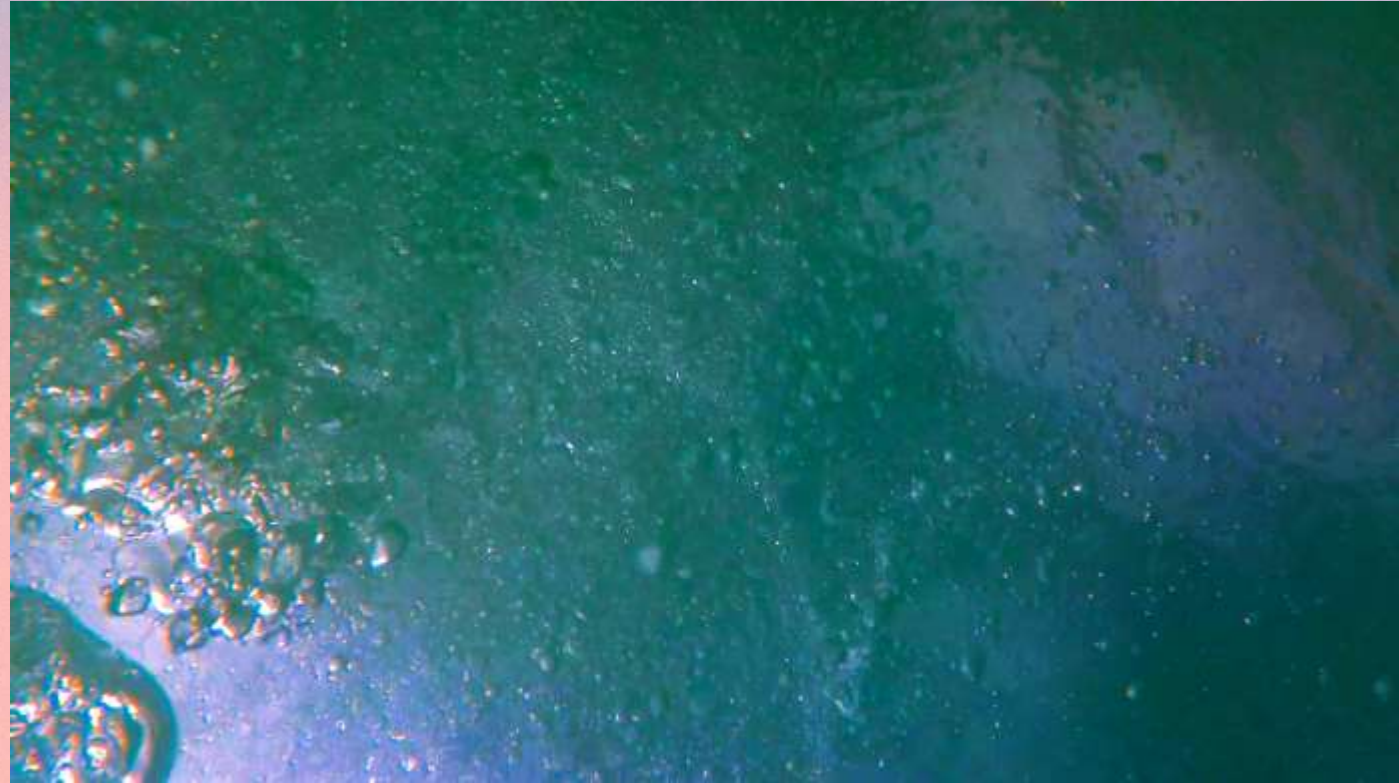
¹ Lifted from Kei Miller's "A Smaller Song" (2007)

² Lifted from a message sent to me by a loved one, Ark Ramsay (2020)

I've been caught up thinking about *transition*, *crisis*, *safety*, *surfaces*, *discretion*, *(in)visibility* and *making a difference*.

I read etymology like I read astrology; superficially glossing over the surface of words, things and meanings, tempered with a pleasure for fantasy in trying to make sense of myself, the worlds I've inherited and the communities with whom I share these worlds. It's a kind of reading while being cute, playful, ridiculous and I believe every moment of it, sometimes to a fault.

It excites me that *crisis*, *transition*, *discretion* and *making a difference* partially share root words, root meanings and/or root consequences.



Crisis—a turning point – *decide, separate, severance, judge, breakdown, breakthrough*

Transition—a crossing – *crux, torment, a difficult passage, turning point*

Discretion—prudence – *separate, provide for the future, avoiding social embarrassment*

Making a difference—disrupt – *scatter, disperse, separate, discern*



To return to astrology for a hot second, my Co-Star tells me:

You want people to completely understand you, yet you also insist on protecting yourself from being seen.

And if that isn't SUCH a MOOD.



I've been feeling out this transitional period of resettling in this place, this place which is different to the way I last left it. I've been feeling out my transition within this transitional period—not settling in this body and not settling in how this body is perceived.

Yes, Co-Star, I am protecting myself from being seen. Because *being* seen and *feeling* seen are not the same thing.

Being seen in this place is to know your surface, and how others perceive it, might not account for what lies below the surface. It is to live with and against the sticky risks of misreading and mischaracterisation.

Feeling seen is to know your surface and what lies below have been perceived without incongruence. It is to know that your movements, struggles and flailing below the surface are shining in shimmers above the surface.

Being seen can be dangerous. *Feeling* seen can give you life.

There's a crisis at my surface and I'm trying not to tread water. I don't feel safe to present in the same ways I had been before coming back. So, that kind of transitioning had to be put on hold—it had to be severed.

[SHE Barbados \(Sexuality, Health & Empowerment\)](#), a local activist group which supports the lives of queer femmes and trans* folks, helped me actualise a different way of living in transition. In doing something secret below the surface, they are helping me to make a difference above the surface.

Each day, you let it melt into you, you let it drop below the surface. The ripples it leaves move with the kind of slowness and subtlety that can keep you undetectable—it could hide itself in raindrops. And with each day, you feel a little bit different—it could hardly be measured except for maybe that little tingle in your nipples and a fresh clinginess from the grasp of your shirt. You feel a little bit softer and you walk with a little more rhythm—and I don't think that's chemical, I think you're just happier that you could hold your own narrative again, that your drowned life could find another kind of breath below the surface. Maybe it is chemical, a pill that lets you breathe underwater.

Throughout this process while catching up with SHE, discretion has come up as something that's complicating the work I'm doing. Discretion is invaluable to the work being done by SHE, [Equals](#) and other local queer activist groups. It is the work of making queer life possible below a sometimes hostile and breathless surface. It is the work of providing a future, surviving into a future liveable above the surface.

With discretion in mind, how do you witness, write, document and account for lives, bodies and practices that have a complicated and risky relationship to visibility and being seen? How do you talk about discreet lives discreetly? How can one *feel* seen without *being* seen? How might visual practice be drowned to speak appropriately and sensitively to life below the surface?



If you must drown, drown glamorously.



underwater field notes -- below surface - 2020



Kelly Sinnapah Mary

Guadeloupe

Post #2

kellysinnapahmary.wixsite.com



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









« Je ne serais plus qu'un pygmée. » (Page 74.)

- Et nous nous en apercevrons? demanda Michel.
- Évidemment, puisque deux cents kilogrammes n'en pèsent que trente à la surface de la Lune.
- Et notre force musculaire n'y diminuera pas?
- Absolument. Au lieu de l'élever à un mètre en sautant, tu l'élèveras à dix-huit pieds de hauteur.
- Mais nous serons des Hercules dans la Lune! s'écria Michel.
- D'autant plus, répondit Nicholl, que si la taille des Sélénites est proportionnelle à la masse de leur globe, ils seront hauts d'un pied à peine.
- Des Lilliputiens! répliqua Michel. Je vais donc jouer le rôle de Gul-



L'insouciant perché. (Page 81.)

- liver! Nous allons réaliser la fable des géants! Voilà l'avantage de quitter sa planète et de courir le monde solaire!
- Un instant, Michel, répondit Barbicane. Si tu veux jouer les Gulliver ne visite que les planètes inférieures, telles que Mercure, Vénus ou Mars, dont la masse est un peu moindre que celle de la Terre. Mais ne te hasarde pas dans les grandes planètes, Jupiter, Saturne, Uranus, Neptune, car là les rôles seraient intervertis, et tu deviendrais Lilliputien.
- Et dans le Soleil?
- Dans le Soleil, si sa densité est quatre fois moindre que celle de la Terre, son volume est treize cent vingt-quatre mille fois plus considérable, et l'attraction y est vingt-sept fois plus grande qu'à la surface de notre



Shivaneer Ramlochan

Trinidad & Tobago

Post #2

Diwali, Defiance, Daughterhood

novelniche.net



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



Image: Artefact (ii), the words "Good Girl" superimposed atop a manipulated photograph of Diwali Nagar bangles, 2017.

I remember the first time I had my full face made up on Divali night.

I walked around as if I were in a vision, beholding myself, carrying trays of lit deyas and trying not to stumble. The constant echo played, dholak-like, in my head: *you look pretty now. You look beautiful, tonight. Is this what it's like, all the time? Is it all the time like this, for other girls?*

The tone was not self-deprecation. The object was not self-pity. The mood, instead, was rapture. I had been given a glimpse of an unworldly heaven – an ascendancy of my own power, based not on an external valuation of me, but of how I imagined myself through the skill of someone else applying foundation, blush, lipstick, eyeliner and eyeshadow. Pigmented thusly, the night acquired further radiance.

To construct a text that functions as a living, inquisitive archive, I am finding it necessary to face ideas of my own beauty. The truth is that I have rarely felt more beautiful than I have on the Divali nights of my teenagehood and adulthood. Whether through the judicious external application of pigment to my cheeks, lacquer to my mouth, kajal to my eyeliner, or through the redemptive power of the festival itself functioning in spiritual clarity upon my being, during Divali I have felt more at home in myself, at home in a long tradition of goodness, herstory, and survival. To be Hindu, female, queer and fat on Divali night is to exist at multiple intersections, or to be carried on the separate arms of a four-handed goddess, taken apart while residing in one body.

I am not the only Hindu woman reckoning with her goodness on Divali. As I face down the recorded and oral history I have amassed for this work, I am preoccupied by the herstories of my foremothers: the Divalis they enjoyed or endured prior to indenture and during its complicated reign. How did they labour, and how did they defy the work expected of them? Were they good wives and good aunties, good cousins and good domestic stewardesses, on Divali night? Were they good daughters?

Am I a good daughter, Divali night or not? To whom do I owe my obedience – is it to Mother Lakshmi, to my parents, to the memory of my dead grandfather whose picture always takes pride of place during our annual family pujas?

To write a book about **one's** own defiance is to pull the entire family tapestry into the frame. It is impossible to know whether or not I am getting it right, in the telling. Whether my **grandfather's** spirit will thank me, curse me, or remain ambivalent about this process of remembering and archival rememorying.

As my residency continues, I find that in ways unique to this Stay Home model, I am witnessing my process unfolding like an inescapable map, a trail of deyas lighting a way.



Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas

Post #2

angelikawallace-whitfield.com



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

Trace Series

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, unknowingly, without intention. Human interaction is a vehicle. COVID-19 made me question the ways in which we impact everyone we are in contact with, physically, mentally, emotionally, in formative and reformatory ways.

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 others? How do our interactions with others, brief or long-term, impact them permanently? How do these evidences of interaction manifest themselves? How do we recognise which traits of others are of us, or of their past interactions? In which ways is it possible to trace the origin of our own traits?

During this first month in residence, I have further developed and investigated these concepts. Trace is both genetic and organic, in nature. It relates to **origin and journey**. Human adaptability, especially pertaining to migration and racial mixing, emphasises the ambiguity of genetic trace. As a woman of West Indian, British and Bahamian decent, I have long been fascinated with how I came to be. There is much to dissect in both the physical and somatic areas of this: **Can I trace genetic trauma?** My main interactions with other artists has been from a curatorial lens so I believe that creating work in a foreign space, surrounded by artists from around the world will further inform these concepts.

When beginning this series, I chose subjects whose genders are visually ambiguous through silhouette. The androgynous appearance of the figures takes presumption away from the interaction being sexual, while maintaining intimacy. The red stroke in the initial TRACE pieces is legibly one single brushstroke that stretches from one subject to the next. While the subjects' poses remain gentle, the color red evokes feelings of intensity in the viewer. Connoted with blood, danger, and love, the color red parallels the intensity of an interaction.



A.



As this continued to develop, the red was only present in one of the figures, creating a narrative between pieces A & B, with the okra yellow symbolising continued exchanges with a newly introduced subject. The red seen in the bottom left corner is remnants from the first two subjects' interaction.

I have chosen to humanise the subjects, fulling realising and developing facial features. I turned the lens inwards, as a lesbian in the Caribbean, I have begun interrogating the exchange of trauma in past relationships. I will be developing this further throughout the residency.

B.



C.



D.



E.

Matisse – Appropriation

I have been making work in quarantine for weeks. The process informs the product. I decided to insert myself into Matisse's narrative, using materials true to my practice such as spray paint and acrylic latex paint. Unlike his figures, all of the figures I used are the same subject: me. This work was very experimental but an idea that I wanted to make tangible after spending so much time alone; the idea of dancing with all of the parts on one's self. Some of the figures are more realised than others, there is a 'becoming' or development of self present.



F.



G.



H.



I.



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

 @catapultartscarib

