



# Stay Home Artist Residency

## RESIDENT BLOGS

Issue 2, Vol. 2

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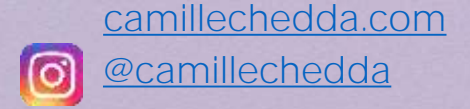




# Camille Chedda

Jamaica

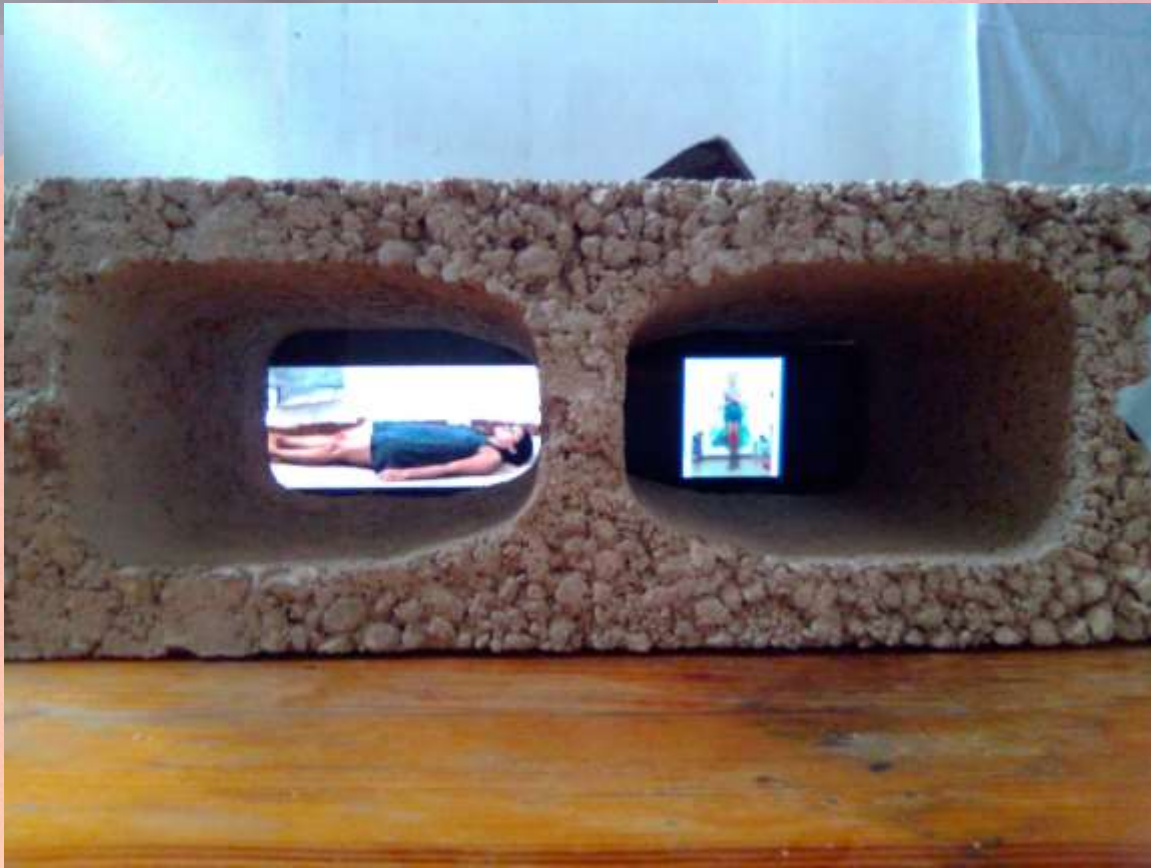
*Post #2*



The idea to create this installation began last year as my work with blocks and cement continued to grow. In 2019 I created *The Three Disgraces*, a large mixed media collage featuring printed video stills and images from dancehall parties I sourced online, texts from newspapers, small portraits of children and more. All this imagery and text was affixed and integrated into a collage of a large stone wall. It was from making this work that I started thinking about creating an actual concrete wall that would function in a similar way. I decided that instead of collaging the images onto the wall, I could display several videos inside the **blocks'** cores and the best way to do this was to have multiple screens, displaying videos that showed interactions between them. I could use some of the videos that I took stills from for the collage but also create my own videos and images and embed them into the wall.

However, one aspect of the installation that has become increasingly significant to me over the past 8 months is the fact that, due to Covid 19 restrictions on movement and social interactions, we have been forced in many ways to live behind screens. My awareness of looking at screens has been so heightened now because of how much more I have had to use devices since the pandemic. I use screens for teaching, meetings, speaking with friends and family, watching videos, reading articles, etc. My initial thought of the screen for this installation was simply technical; it was a means of displaying aspects of the work. But the screen has become our window into our cultural landscape, now more than ever.

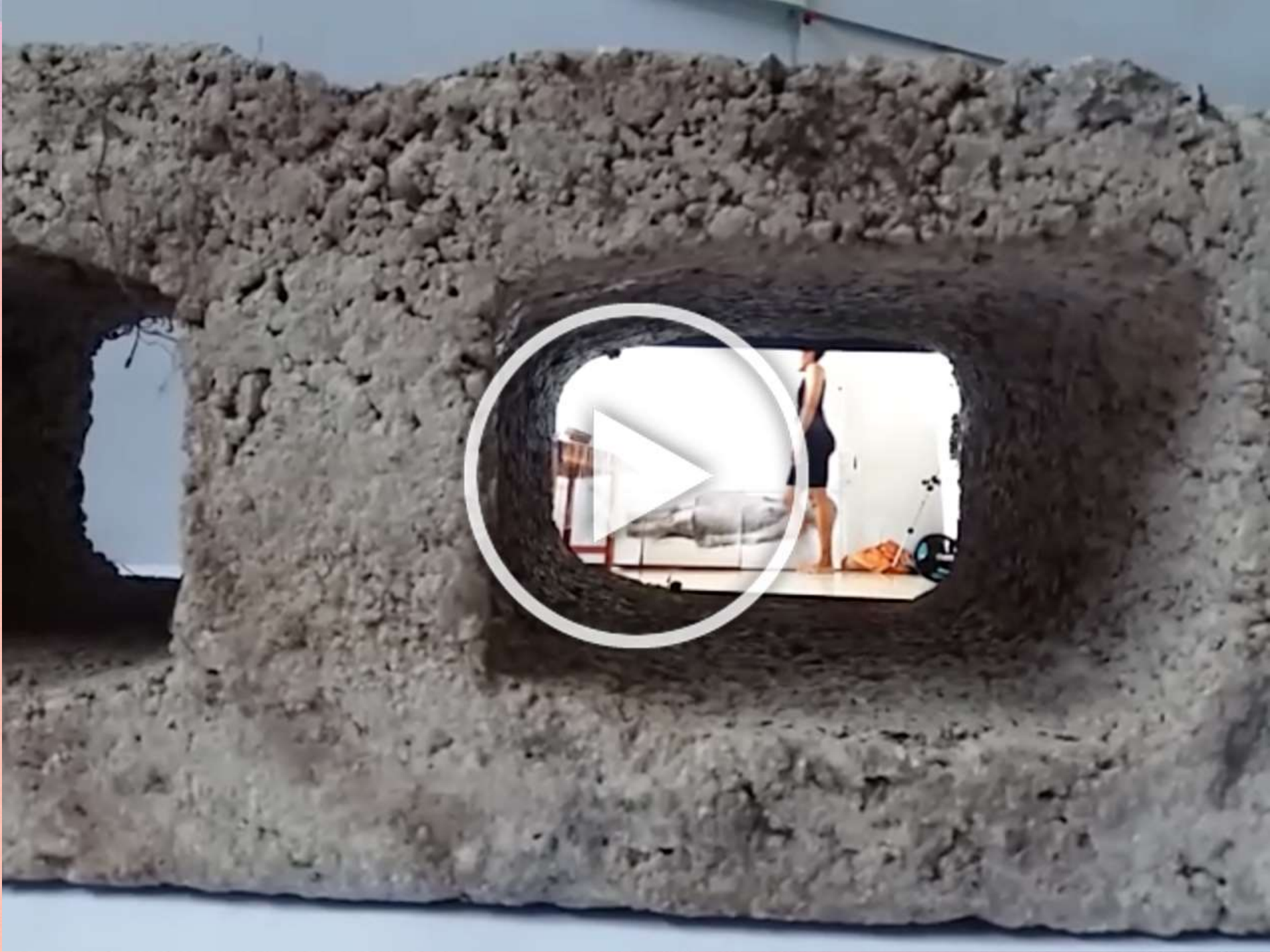




I've gotten a glimpse of how others are dealing with screens. There are numerous children and parents in Jamaica who have gone viral for making embarrassing missteps on video and through voice notes as they navigate learning the device, as well as proper distance learning and communication etiquette, while learning their lessons. I have peeked in to see differences in how we manage the screen among demographics of class, race, rural vs urban, etc. There is a vulnerability about that, about crossing into someone's private space, someone's personal world. My installation may be more about the act of looking, peeping, and responding, more so than I had thought before.



*Click right to view the video on YouTube*




*Click right to view the  
video on YouTube*



# Lisa Allen-Agostini

Trinidad & Tobago

*Post #2*

[lisaallen-agostini.com](https://lisaallen-agostini.com)  
 [@lisaallenagostini](https://www.instagram.com/lisaallenagostini)

For my mother on All Souls', and for women's friendships.



*Photo: A cemetery lit up on All Souls' Night. Photo courtesy Santa Rosa & Malabar RC Parishes Cluster via Facebook.*

In Trinidad and Tobago, where I am from, we have traditionally observed the religio-cultural ritual of cleaning and lighting our relatives' graves on All Souls' night, November 2. The idea of remembering and honouring the ancestor is incorporated into our contextual DNA, you could say.

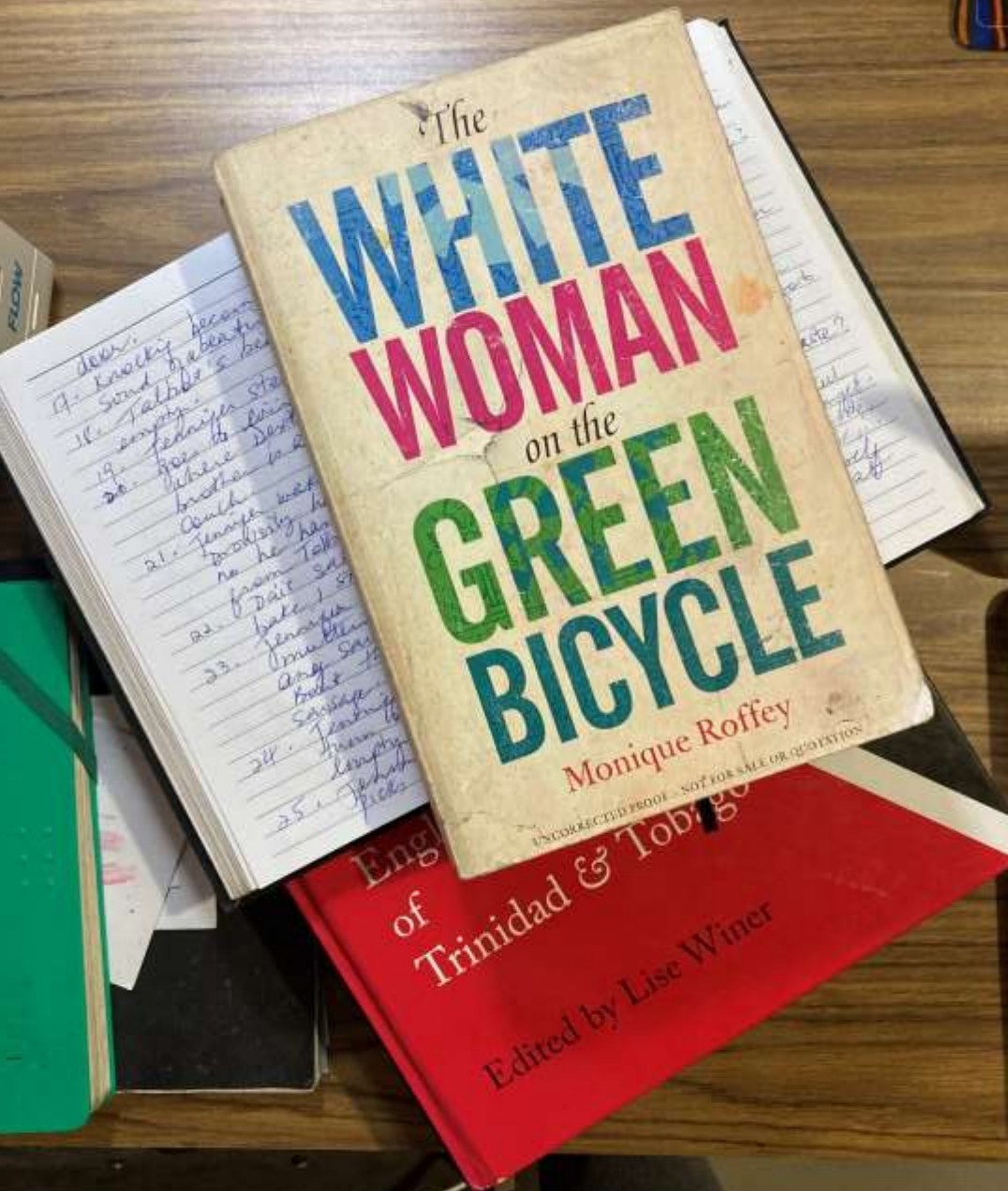
My mother, who was born on November 4, 1931, used to joke that she was such a *jumbie*\* because she was born so close to All Souls' Day. She had few friends. Sometimes we visited my sister's godmother (whom we all called Nenny, a Trinidad Creole word for godmother). Nenny lived in San Juan, on Calvary Hill; I remember once watching her pound plantain with a mortar and pestle as she and my mother talked in her kitchen. We didn't go often. My mother spent a lot of time at home alone.

(\*Lise Winer's *Dictionary of the English/Creole of Trinidad & Tobago* defines a *jumbie* as "the spirit of a dead person.... As part of a compound noun, indicating that something that appears to be all right or even attractive is actually poisonous, not usable, dangerous, connected with death, associated with or caused by a bad spirit, associated with night or darkness, odd, or inexplicable". My mother's word, not mine.)

*Photo: This is the only existing photo of my mother, Dolsie, as a child. I have no pictures of her with friends.*







I think of women's friendships when I think of *The White Woman on the Green Bicycle*. Though there are two main characters, Sabine, the titular white woman, and her husband, George Harwood, there are many secondary and background characters with textual significance. Among these are Sabine's women friends, Irit and Helen, her daughter Pascale, her first maid Venus, Venus' Black nationalist grandmother Granny Seraphina, and Venus' niece Jennifer. It is Jennifer's son Talbot whose beating begins the novel, and Sabine's catastrophic decision at the end of the first section is triggered by that event. Thus, women's relationships with each other, especially women's friendships, interlace the narrative.

*Photo: #currentsituation This is one of my notebooks; I use them for thinking. I have one just for drawing because that's how my ideas come sometimes. The tactile effect of pen and paper is irreplaceable. In a CATAPULT training on project management for creatives this week I was advised to digitize my notebooks.*

Sabine and George Harwood, both white Europeans, are the protagonists of the novel and therefore the characters through whose perspective this book is written. The book's main theme is their relationship with each other, mirrored and contrasted with their relationship with the nation in which they've built their lives.

In approaching my screen adaptation, I wanted to turn the narrative over to a Black Trinidadian woman. I felt it was necessary to balance the voices in my adaptation, amplifying the voices of and centering the stories of the black Trinidadian women who are there already in the novel. This position informed my choice of key structural elements I'm working with in the adaptation.

*Photo: I stole this picture off an article in the New Yorker. Every photo I wanted to use that show a white woman and a black woman holding hands was posted to illustrate a commentary about racism. This portion of a photo by Ewa Ahlin / Getty, was stolen from Ariel Felton's piece ["To the Lady Who Shared Thirteen Pictures of Black Babies and White Babies Holding Hands on My Facebook Wall"](#) (New Yorker, June 10, 2020). The article is hilarious, by the way, and like all good comedy tells the truth.*



Sabine's friendship and kinship with the three women who work for her as domestic staff, and her admiration of Granny Seraphina, are emphasized in the novel. I wanted to interrogate this as well. Can owning-class white women truly be friends with the black women who serve them? There can be trust; there can certainly be love. But can there be friendship? I'm working out an answer, I hope, in my adaptation.

*Photo: My mother, Dolsie, who was in no way a jumbie, would have been 89 this year. I hope she is at peace. This is a candle for her and her women friends, so few and far between but so loved.*





# Joshua Clarke

Barbados

*Post #2*

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

For the second two weeks of the residency I've been torn between my urge towards productivity and the freedom of truly addressing and delving into my process.

*Right: Storm, 3rd  
Movement, 2nd stanza.*

I'd laid out the three topics I would be attempting to address with my work. The protests around the removal of the Nelson statue were the ones that had been in my mind most consistently. The connection across the regional and global African diaspora as we all reckon with the veneration and adulation of figures steeped in blood and horror.





Two of the Nelson statue pieces were the first to leap out to me for further development. Son of the diaspora, rapper, writer, activist **Akala's** works have been a sort of soundtrack for my development of these pieces. The visual is about as on point as I can make it with the piece Nelson 3rd Movement. In the 2nd Stanza (my self aggrandizing nomenclature for these works) I'd started with pillars in ruin and the statue - I've worked on defining each pillar in a particular vein of the foundational crimes of colonial empire. The other Nelson piece I'm working on currently (4th movement) calls to mind one of my favorite poems, Ozymandias. The legs of the colossus, the fallen visage - add to that the trappings of modernity, the heavily armed personnel guarding the totems of cruelty, faceless arms of a violent colonial state, handily separated from a populace that may look identical to them by the trappings of assumed identity. Then the colonial military uniform, now the policeman's blues, in future the faceless armored soldier.



*Above: Nelson, 1<sup>st</sup> Movement, 2nd stanza.*

*Below: Nelson, 2<sup>nd</sup> Movement, 2nd stanza.*



*Nelson, 4<sup>th</sup> Movement, 2nd stanza.*



*Madnesses, 2<sup>nd</sup> Movement, 2<sup>nd</sup> stanza.*

I'd explored the three topics I'd set out to depict through a collection of sketches (some of which I've included). Even as my work has moved away from pencil and paper, to digital, comics, animatics etc drawing, linework and mark making is still where I feel the most free. Unfortunately the manic freedom of my fleeting ideas made manifest isn't always the most effective visual communication.

The development of the ideas after my first round of sketches is where I normally (in a typical work) would be reigning in my more direct attempts at symbolism and visual metaphor but I've decided for these works to lean into that to varying degrees. In these second stanzas I do some basic shape blocking and more detailing. In this stage I'm also planning the last stages of painting (and post processing). In the coming weeks I shall be working on seeing if I can push the static images further by incorporating gifs and speech bubbles into my works, starting with the Madnesses 2nd Movement - 2nd Stanza - in this work the manifest burdens of mental health are pictured, along with the ever present burden and comfort, the susurrations of suicidal ideation. I need some time to meditate on what is the best way to represent these, but I am at least pleased with the direction for now.



# Sonia Farmer

[sonia-farmer.com](http://sonia-farmer.com)

The Bahamas

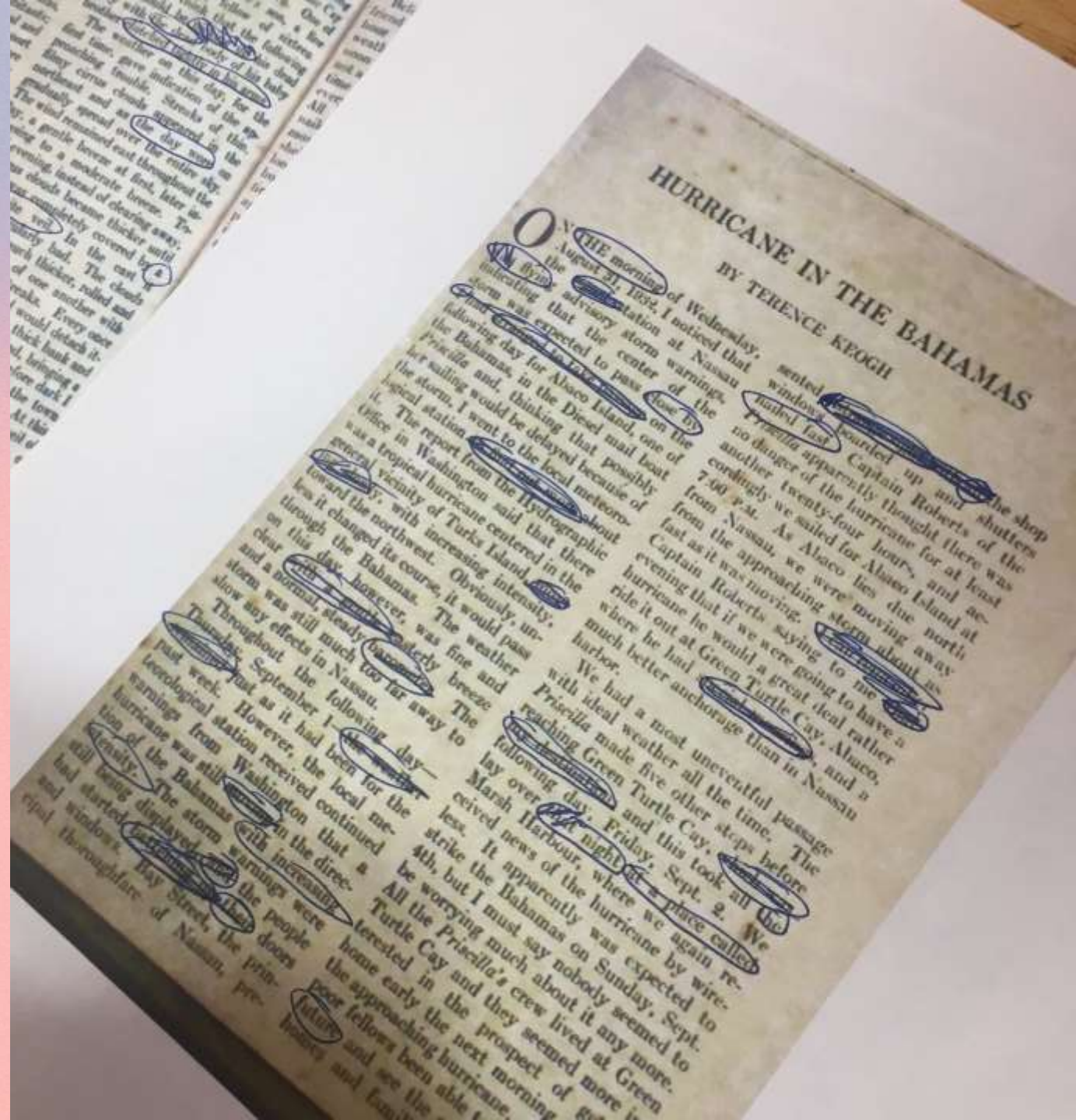
*Post #2*

## The politics and aesthetics of erasure

When Leanne Russel shared her photographic compositions with me, she included a copy of an article that gives a harrowing first-hand account of a tourist's experience surviving the 1932 Great Abaco Hurricane, published one year after it made landfall, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. Written by Terence Keogh, who arrived to Green Turtle Cay a day before a hurricane, he sheltered in The New Plymouth Inn during the category five storm. Leanne found this article while she was assisting the owner of The New Plymouth Inn to catalogue all of his documents that survived Hurricane Dorian. Feeling that it might have a place in this collaboration, and knowing that I seek preexisting writing as raw material for my projects, she kindly shared it with me.

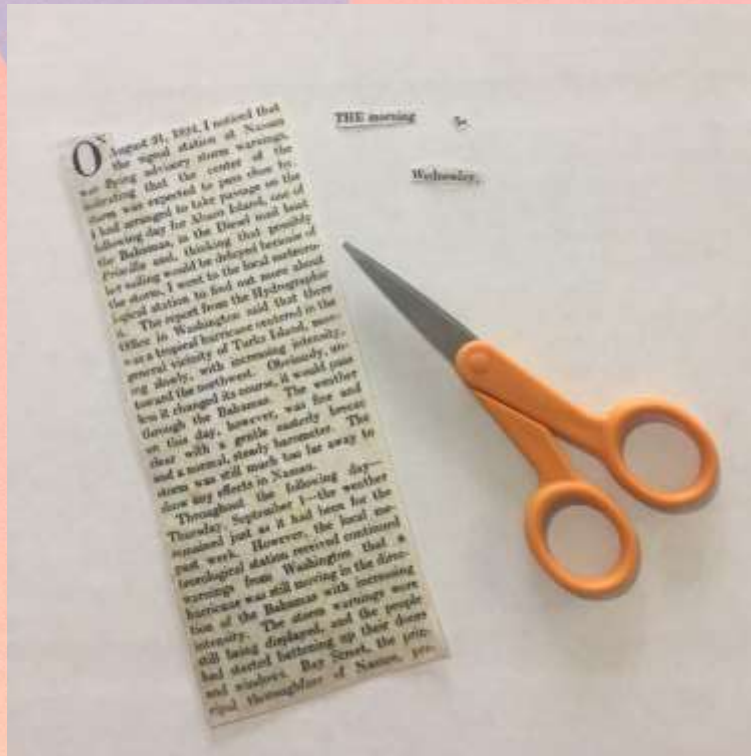


I've started to engage with the twelve-page account to see what I can mine there, hoping to compliment Leanne's approach of representing archival material through the contemporary lens and experience—except with language instead of image. This generally aligns with my writing practice of creating erasure poetry, which is generated by erasing words from an existing text to reveal a new text and arrangement. Think of a redacted government document—except in my case, my interest lies not in what is eliminated, but what is left behind, and how the method of its making says something about these narratives in juxtaposition. Overall I don't seek entirely new narratives, but an opportunity to present other narratives within and alongside, especially if these alternative narratives can expose or complicate the gaze of its original narrator.

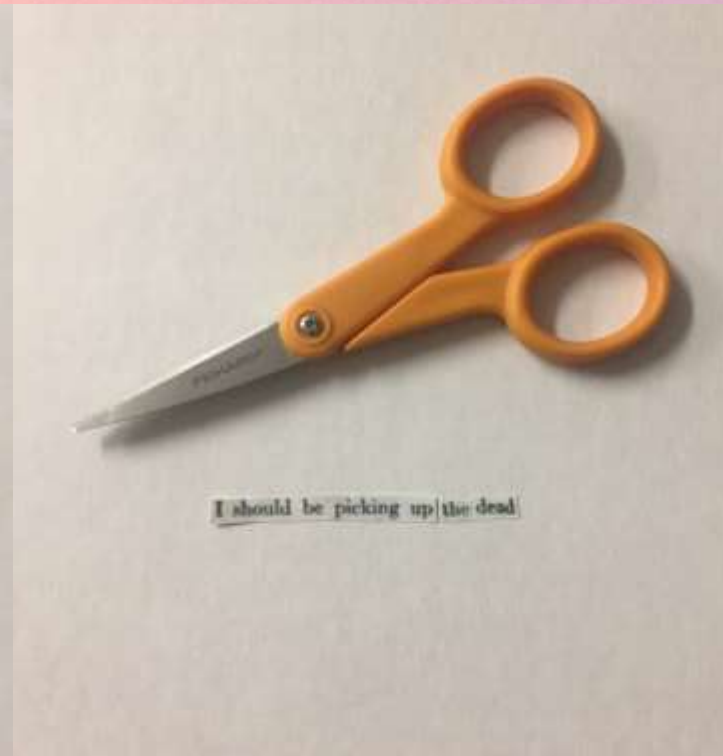


Right: An early failed erasure experiment on the text.

Erasure is often made chronologically on the text—that is, the writer strikes out the text as it lives its static format, forming their poem from what is left behind in the order that text remains. I employed this method when I made an erasure of Richard Ligon’s “A True & Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes”. I tried to take that approach with the article, but it did not feel right. After a week of false starts, I decided I had to destroy the text in order to speak through it—I fragmented the language as if it too had experienced the force of the hurricane as described by Keogh in the piece. Taking it one page at a time, I deconstruct the columns into dozens and dozens of words or phrases and construct a new poem from the debris. Ephemeral until I fix them to some form later, I’m storing the poems and their “leftovers” in plastic baggies, which have become perhaps (one of) their unlikely final form(s).



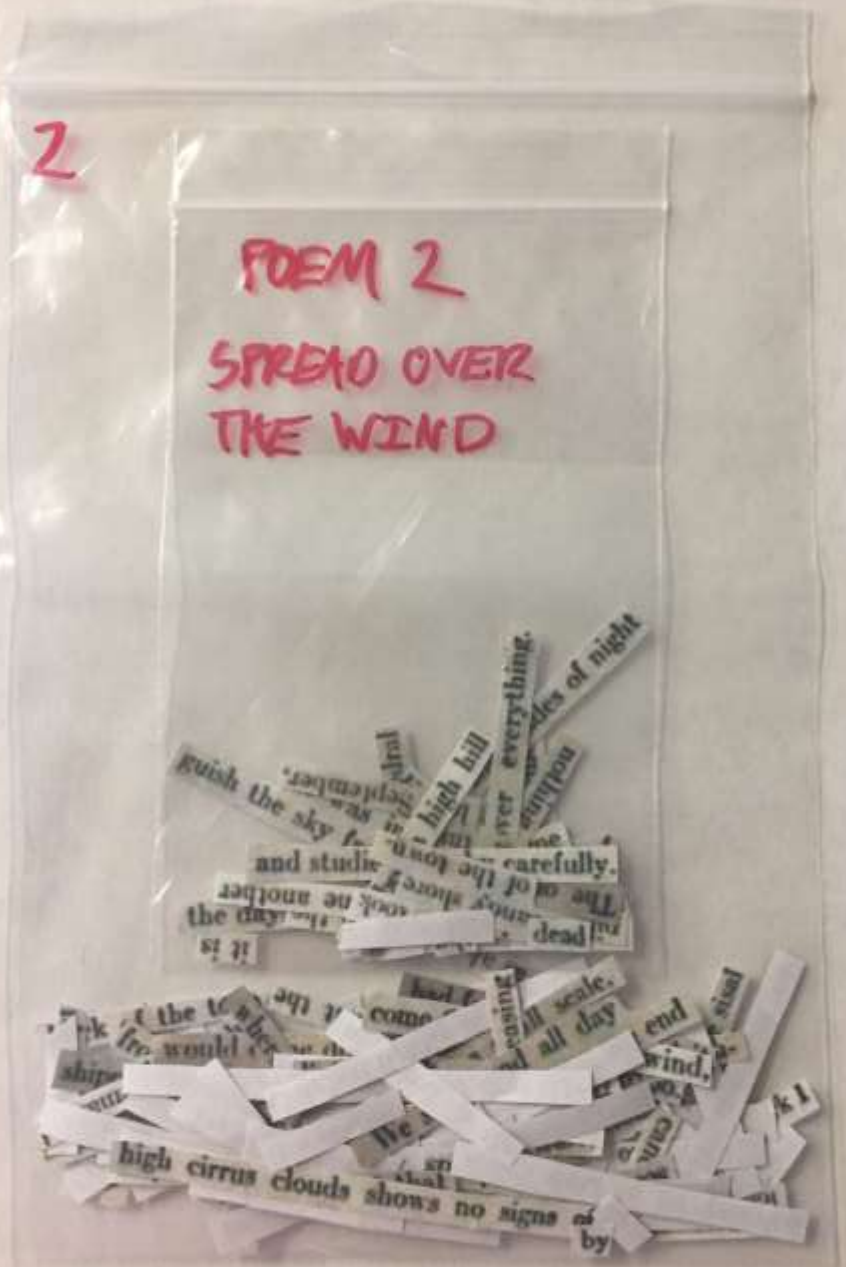
*Beginning to fragment the text.*



*A fragment of text.*

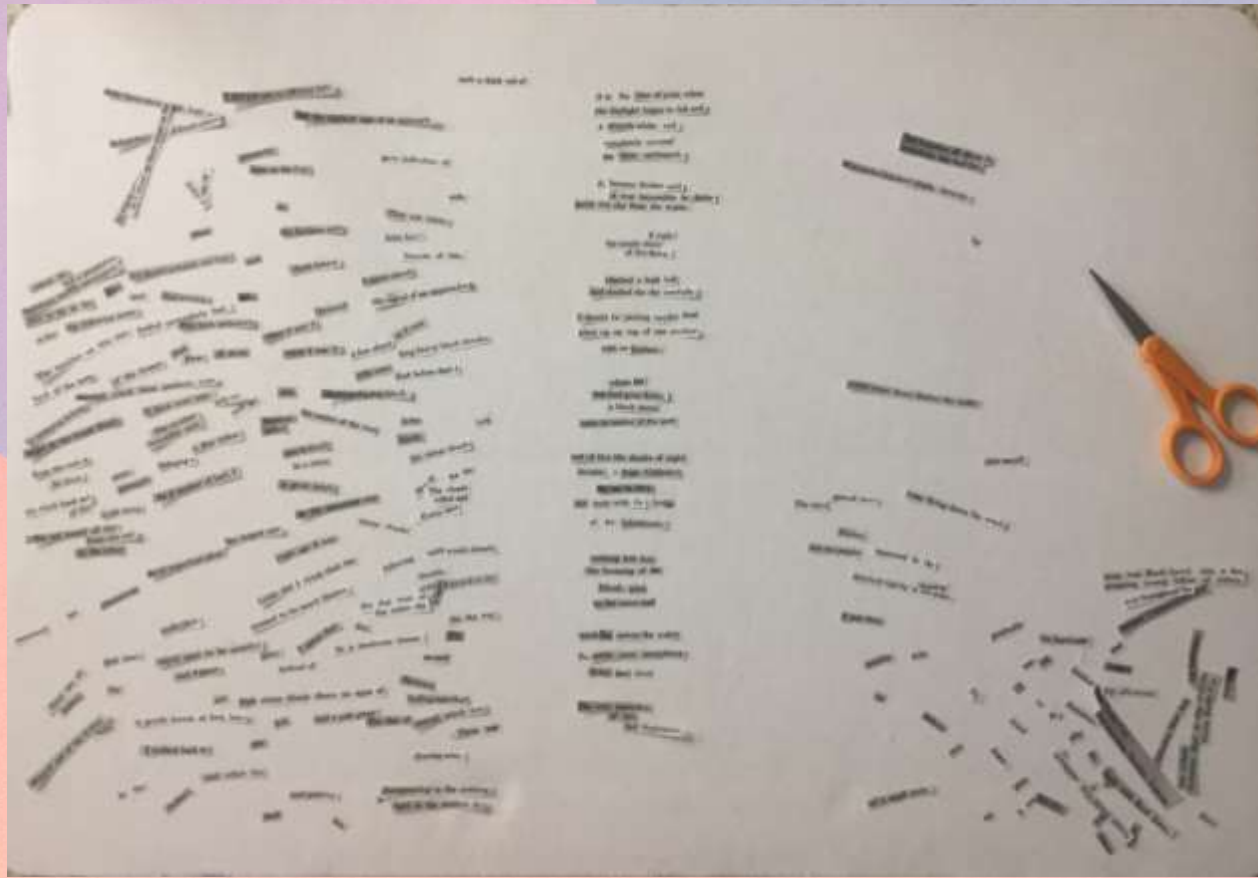


*Text debris.*



Erasure has both aesthetic and political concerns—how the text is presented is weighed against the ethical implications of striking out text. My approach concerns itself first with the politics—the aesthetics come in later, during its presentation. I attribute this concern to living in the Caribbean, which was historically formed by various acts of violent erasure, as well as exists today with the constant threat of erasure, and to me these are related through time and space as the same constant destabilizing force of modernity. Thus to engage with erasure in my writing practice as a Caribbean person is a political act with important significance, and I choose to wield this tool of oppression on oppressive archival texts—that is, text written from the outsider’s perspective about the Caribbean—to reverse this destabilizing gaze. This is complicated by the positionality of my own identity as a first-generation white Bahamian, and what it means for me to engage with the archive of white voice in our history. A final complication in the case of working with this article by Keogh, which I will touch on more in the next blog post as I work through these poems, is my positionality as a Bahamian who did not directly experience the full impact of Hurricane Dorian, and my concern to avoid appropriating this experience.

*Left: Storing the poems and their debris.*



Above: A view of my workstation.  
Right: The first poem.

the wind  
blow weather all the time  
at a place called home  
where we have lived  
the danger of  
winter twenty-four hours

we were moving  
and toward  
the prospect of  
a normal storm

we thought there was  
a destination  
un able to see the condition of  
this passage  
fast as it was

The past  
remained just as it had been  
nailed fast.  
to The special moorings,  
of the future

The storm and its people  
still moving in the direc- tion of  
intensity.



# Jorge González

Puerto Rico

*Post #2*



## Limaní (place of many waters)

I would like to share the words of Alejandra Domínguez, my partner, when we were arriving together for the first time to the site where we are building a clay house: La casa es un verbo flexible, un hogar por venir, which I translate to The house is a flexible verb, a home to come about.

Over the years Edwin Marcucci has been an important friend to both, Alejandra and myself. At the moment, as a couple and long time collaborators, we are looking into a future where our relationship will generate stronger familiar bonds that will extend to the communities that have enabled our exchanges, as well as relating ourselves more with the residents of Limaní and Guilarte neighborhoods.

The building of this house is manifesting itself within a knowledge transmitted from generation to generation, as Edwin, a master basket-maker, is currently sharing with us from the experiences gained as a son of a carpenter, who happened to assist his father in the construction of homes for the families of the area.



During the process of harvesting the materials for the house's framework, and how we are contemplating the roof and wall covering, we have meditated in the time implicated in the growth delimited by our harvests. For example, we have cut down young laurel and pine trees of around 5 to 7 years old. This process of acknowledgement extends to also consider the geological development of our soils and clays. The house as a gathering of resources follows a significant lesson learned with Edwin over the years, payment to the spirit of the forest, what one leaves as offering for what we have taken. This perspective will accompany our process in further mediating the activities of this space.









# Gwladys Gambie

Martinique


*Post #2*

## La broderie comme dessin

La broderie est un moyen d'explorer le dessin sous une autre forme, support. Le tissu sur lequel je travail est comme une peau sur laquelle j'opère, où je tente de créer une cartographie qui m'est propre. Une cartographie sensible où le fil devient une écriture graphique des émotions, des sensations. Le dessin est un foisonnement de fils qui convergent sur le tissu. Le fil donne du relief, comme une cicatrice. Il y a le rapport à la chair. À travers la broderie, le dessin prend une autre dimension.

Dans cette pratique récente de la broderie, le dessin devient aléatoire. Le graphisme est différent, bouillonnant, en relief. Je tente de créer des formes, la ligne graphique m'échappe même si je m'évertue à organiser, à créer une composition sur le support. Je laisse malgré tout place à la liberté du trait sur tissu, comme je le fais également dans ma pratique du dessin sur papier.

La création d'un paysage s'opère par la rencontre entre la broderie et la peinture, l'encre. Le travail est long, il s'agit d'un travail qui nécessite du temps, de la minutie. Réunir la peinture et la broderie n'est pas chose aisée, car l'une peut très vite empiéter sur l'autre, et par conséquent devenir pure décoration.

 [gwladysgambie.blogspot.com](https://www.gwladysgambie.blogspot.com)  
[@afrodite\\_glad](https://www.instagram.com/afrodite_glad)





Combiner l'empreinte et la broderie est également problématique, car le souci de la composition reste primordiale pour moi. C'est pourquoi je tenterai d'appréhender le tissu uniquement avec la broderie. J'ai également une pratique de l'écriture poétique autour de la notion de corps paysage. Beaucoup d'éléments me font face sans savoir encore comment les emboîter.

La question de l'espace, de l'installation me préoccupe également. Quelle pourrait être la place du regardeur dans ce travail minutieux ? Pourrait-il faire parti intégrante de cette cartographie que je tente d'élaborer progressivement ? Doit-il ressentir physiquement ce paysage onirique qui se dessine au fur et à mesure. Sortir de la bidimension pour explorer les possibles de la broderie est une problématique à fouiller.

# Eliazar Ortiz

Dominican Republic

*Post #2*

En español: Una pieza sobre la insurgencia de los cuerpos.

Hoy 30 de Octubre, el mismo día de mi segundo informe, se conmemoran 224 años de la rebelión de Boca de Nigua. En esta etapa del proyecto de Nigua, la pieza de Ana María y su coronación va fluyendo, en este trabajo voy encontrando muchas respuestas ancestrales, descubriendo historias de las plantas, delineado la composición y definiendo en ese sentido con los pigmentos que definirán la pieza.

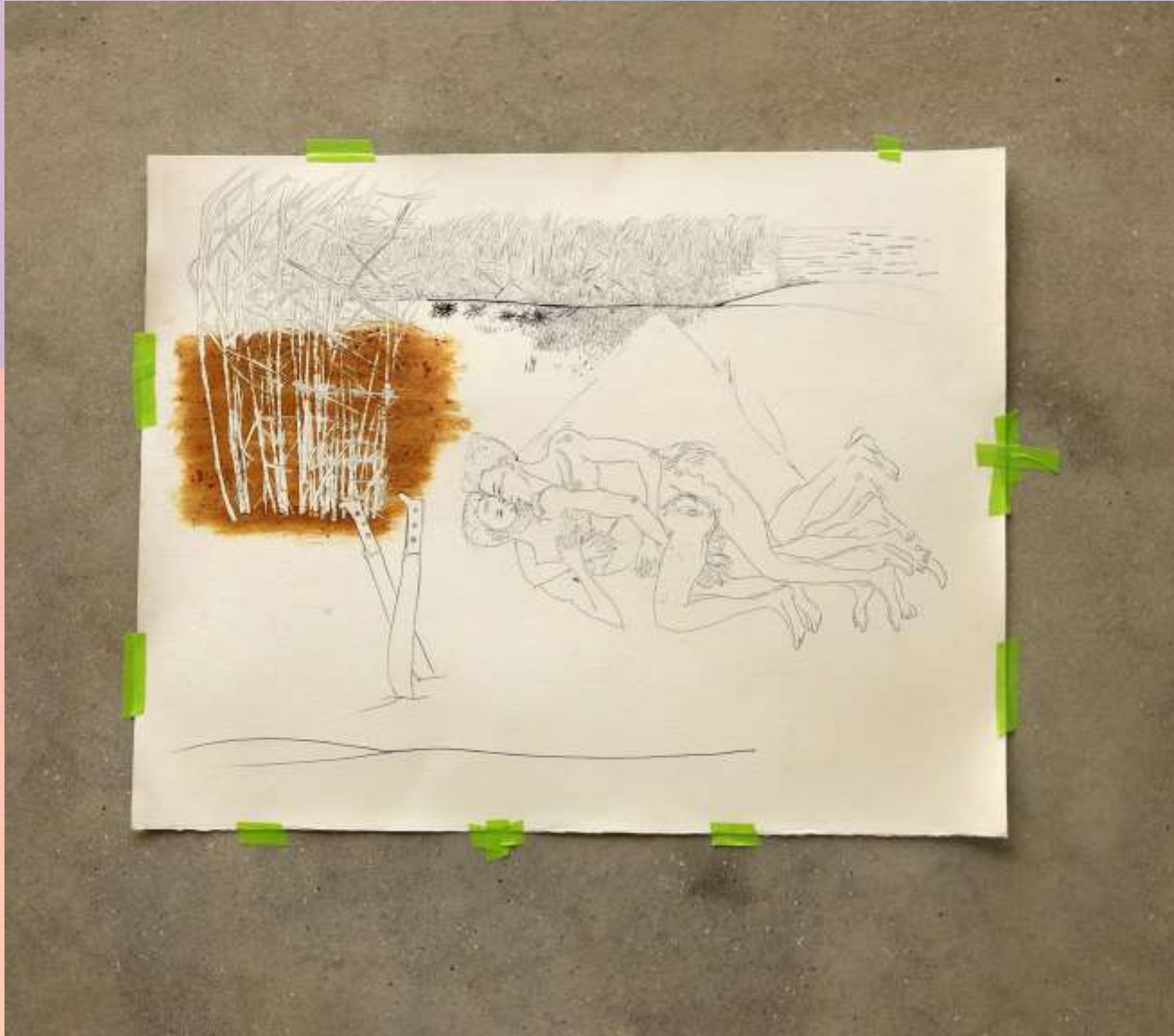
*Derecha: Proceso Ana María... process*



Paralela a esta obra quería crear una pieza que transfiera el goce como rebelión. La rebelión de lo corpóreo, la intimidad como política. Introduciendo el elemento del machete, icono de revueltas del campo y del trabajo en la tierra. Según los diversos relatos, la rebelión de Boca de Nigua nace ante un hecho pasional, después de la muerte de un esclavo que mantenía una relación homosexual con unos de los capataces de la plantación de caña de azúcar. Francisco Sopo es el esclavizado en el que se hace referencia en distintos documentos y también se menciona a Benito, esclavizado que fue supuesto amante de Francisco Sopo y que se suicidó tras la rebelión.



*Arriba: Machete I*



Me interesa plasmar esa esencia de esa transgresión de los cuerpos por muchas razones y una es que para situarnos en nuestra realidad actual tenemos que entender que la represión de la comunidad LGBTQI+ es también una herencia colonial. El castigo por el pecado nefando fue una imposición de la iglesia católica para el control de los cuerpos.

En este nuevo trabajo aparte de la hoja de nigua, utilizo pétalos de tulipán africano y flores de algodón, e incorporo por primera vez escamas de alas de la mariposa mármol haitiano. Esa mariposas que amanecían disecadas naturalmente en las ventanas del estudio me sirven para contar historias paralelas e introducir nuevos simbolismos a la narrativa.

*Izquierda: Nopo and Benito, amantes de Zafra. Process*

En un principio los cuerpos lo ideé pintados, de jagua y bija, tomando referencia a la forma de pintura corporal que utilizan por motivos rituales o guerreros muchos pueblos originarios del amazonas y el caribe. Replanteé el dibujos, le di más espacio a los elementos en la composición y suprimí el color de los cuerpos, enfatizando el misterio de quienes fueron realmente ellos. Creo que esta historia tiene múltiples identidades y se va articulando sin olvidar el ahora, aunque mi visión no es realista.

*Derecha: Estudio en movimiento*





La narrativa que plasmo sucede en un tiempo aparte y abstracto, parte de una historia oral con identidad de movimientos, no es estática está sucediendo, la historia de los Francisco Sopo y Benito es el presente de tantas gentes que son privados de sus libertades.

*Derecha: Organizar colores*





*Proyecto Nigua Report II*  
*Click arriba para ver en YouTube*

In English: A piece on the insurgency of the bodies.

Today October 30, the same day as my second report, 224 years of the Boca de Nigua rebellion are commemorated. In this stage of the Nigua project, the piece by Ana María and her coronation is flowing, in this work I find many ancestral answers, discovering stories of the plants, delineating the composition and defining in that sense with the pigments that will define the piece.

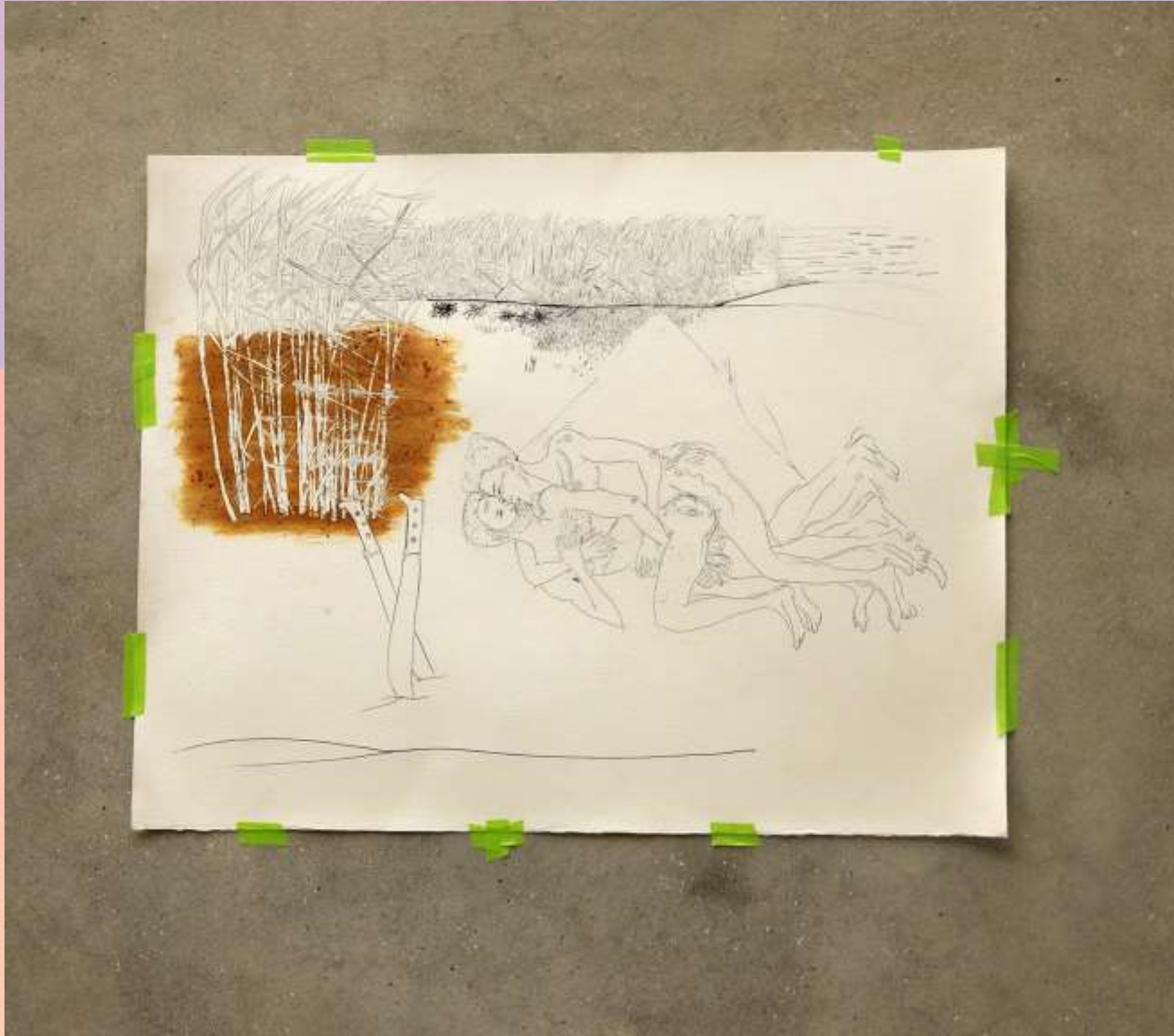


*Right: Ana Maria... process*

Parallel to this work, I wanted to create a piece that transfers enjoyment as rebellion. The rebellion of the corporeal, intimacy as politics. Introducing the element of the machete, an icon of revolts in the countryside and work on the land. According to the various accounts, the Boca de Nigua rebellion was born before a passionate event, after the death of a slave who had a homosexual relationship with one of the foremen of the sugar cane plantation. Francisco Sopo is the enslaved person in which reference is made in different documents and Benito is also mentioned, enslaved who was Francisco Sopo's supposed lover and who committed suicide after the rebellion.



*Above: Machete I*



I am interested in capturing that essence of this transgression of the bodies for many reasons and one is that in order to situate ourselves in our current reality we have to understand that the repression of the LGBTQI + community is also a colonial heritage. The punishment for nefarious sin was an imposition of the Catholic Church to control the bodies.

In this new work, apart from the chigger leaf, I use African tulip petals and cotton flowers, and for the first time I incorporate the wing scales of the Haitian marble butterfly. Those butterflies that woke up naturally dissected in the study windows help me to tell parallel stories and introduce new symbolisms to the narrative.

*Right: Sopo and Benito,  
Zafra lovers. Process*

At first, the bodies were painted, made of jagua and bija, referring to the form of body painting used by many indigenous peoples of the Amazon and the Caribbean for ritual or warrior reasons. I rethought the drawings, gave more space to the elements in the composition and suppressed the color of the bodies, emphasizing the mystery of who they really were. I believe that this story has multiple identities and is articulated without forgetting the now, although my vision is not realistic.

*Right: Moving studio*



The narrative that I capture happens in a separate and abstract time, part of an oral history with identity of movements, it is not static, it is happening, the history of Francisco Sopo and Benito is the present of so many people who are deprived of their freedoms.

*Right: Colors organize*





*Proyecto Nigua Report II*  
*Click above to view the video on YouTube*





# Carol Joan Sorhaindo

Dominica

*Post #2*

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

## THE MATERIALITY OF SITE

This is the second Blog post of four. I will share with you some of my processes and the context for the use of textiles and natural materials in my work, some which are specific to the ruined Richmond Mill site in Dominica. Textiles were an important trading commodity in the story of African enslavement, they also offer me a malleable and versatile substrate on which to paint, pull historical threads and weave a narrative of site. Natural materials help root me and my work in nature. They offer an element of balance and healing when exploring sites with traumatic Colonial histories. One of my ambitions is develop a more eco friendly and sustainable art practice by creating my own paints and drawing materials. This practice also draws on more traditional African craft skills.

Rich red mud is one of the things which excites and attracts me to the North East coast of Dominica where the Richmond Mill is located. Memories of mud covered feet and stained clothes bring a smile even in adult years.





Some of the time during this Covid stay at home residency has been used experiment with mud to create drawing pastels. The process of cleaning, drying and grinding mud is a very patient and mindful process. The results of my first attempt have been quite successful but I have a way to go to perfection.



## ENTANGLEMENT

Entanglement is one of my theoretical approaches for exploring the intertwined history of post colonial sites. It also feeds creative play and allows me to think of history, nature and practice in a holistic way. It does sometimes feel that the more I research historical and family connections to this site, the more entangled it becomes. Where will the threads lead me? What emotions does it unleash?

On this abandoned mill site, vines dead and alive create a web through which the site is viewed. Like seeing history through a veil which partially obscures, encouraging questioning. The plants are a mix of wild and cultivated, all having potential use in my creative process, if not as a source of pigments an object to draw or print with.

## PLANT BASED PIGMENTS AND MATERIAL CONTEXT

The pigments used in my work are a mix of dyes used traditionally by indigenous Kalinago people in Dominica, such as roucou used for ceremonial body painting, dyes such as logwood and tumeric associated with trade and also more experimental dyes sourced from the wild plants on the site such as miconia and noni.

## PLANT FIBRES

Fibres and threads are an integral part of my process, frayed edges, pulled threads and extracting fibres from plant materials. I try my best to utilize materials that the land provides. A large banana tree fell during heavy rains. The land around the mill was used extensively for banana farming before the decline of export. Banana fibres have been extracted and experimental work weaving and sewing these into the work are so far proving very exciting as the project develops.



*Above, Roucou or Annatto seeds.*

Below, Journal page

“You are part of that great weave of nature and humanity.”





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](https://kingstoncreative.org/catapult-arts-grant)  
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