



# Stay Home Artist Residency

## RESIDENT BLOGS

Issue 3, Vol. 3

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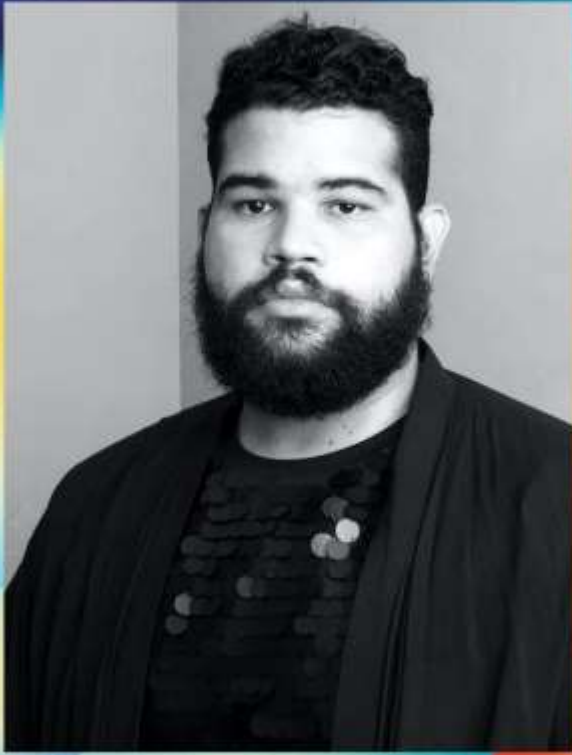
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# Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

*Post #3*

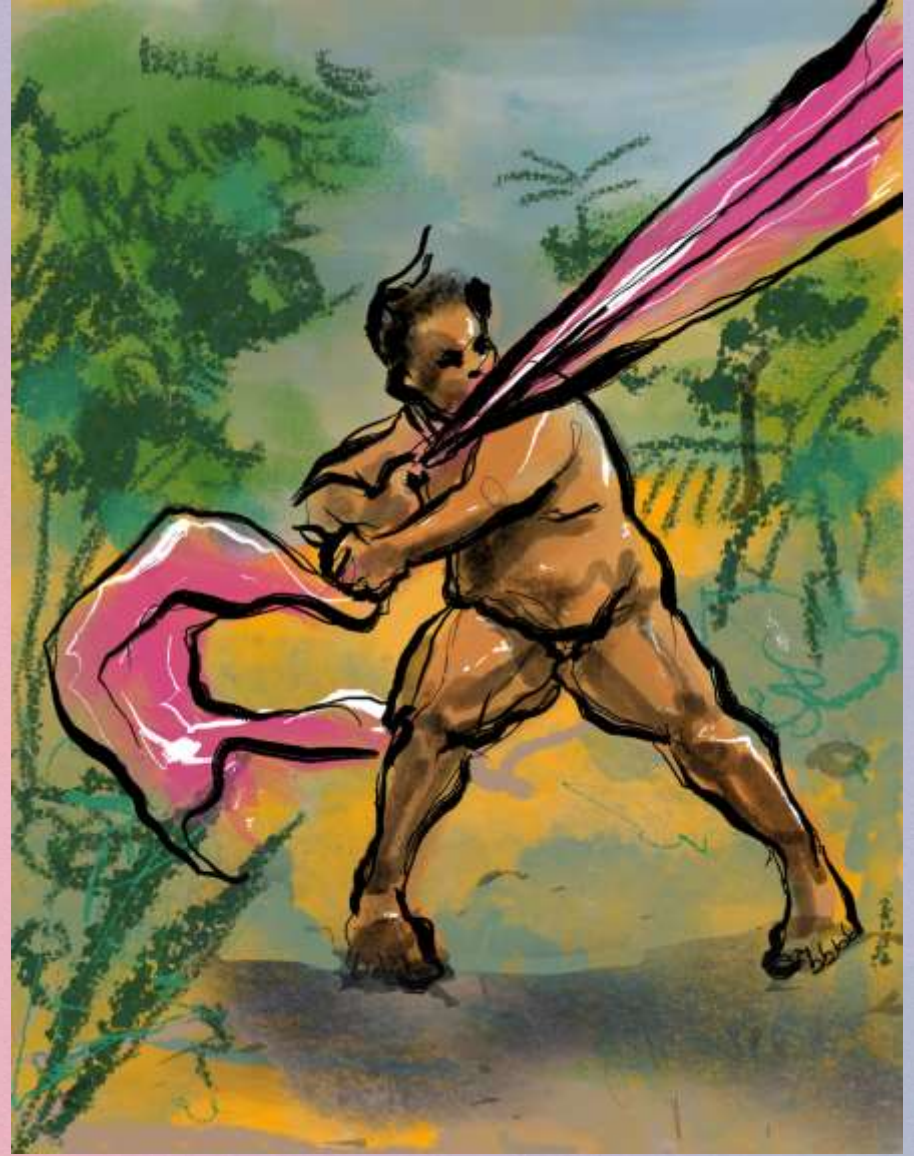


## The **body's** territory

When I was a child, my mom studied fashion design. She specialized in fashion for little girls, and all the dresses she made were draped on me, I was her mannequin and her model. Being part of the process was something that I enjoyed thoroughly. I felt close to my mother while I discovered the beauty of craftsmanship in fashion. When I grew up and came out as a gay man, the first argument that was held to explain my "condition" was the fact that my mother used to put me in dresses when I was a little boy. Something that gave me so much joy suddenly turned into a shameful memory.









# Myrlande Constant

Haiti

*Post #3*



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

Translation of Myrlande Constant Interview  
11 August, 2020

How are you, how are you? My name is Myrlande Constant. I can't tell you exactly how long I have been working because I grew up seeing my parent--my mother--doing this type of work and working with her. The system she used was perlage (beading) embroidery, *couché à la main*, *ti-point*, I have all those methods in my hand, and I know how to do them all and can do them well. However, I prefer perlage so that I can carry on her craft and the way I like to use embroidery with my artistic practice. I can also combine perlage with *couché à la main*, I can do a

combination of a variety of embroidery styles. All that my mother has taught me, I remember well. But I can't tell you how long I have been working in the perlage style, if I did, it would be a lie. I have been doing this for such a while that it seems part of me. I accept this part of my culture of my country, which is *vodou*, because that is what I know. If you give me a motif, I work on those symbols that are part of the *vodou* tradition, I can do a lovely *drapo vodou*. But I also do a series of other types of *drapo* depending on what friends, family or clients want, I do what they like, so I can't tell you specifically what I focus on.

When they come to me with an idea, and I feel that I know it will work, I help them do it. So, I thank all my friends who are artists and those who are not artists who select my work and support me. I thank them very much for their support.

My students are my children, family, friends who I work with. If you have children, you should show them how to work with craft (if you have children you should share your *métier* with them), because if my mother **didn't** show me how to work, today, I would not be able to do the perlage. It works well for me. I make lots of different types of things with my craft, not only *drapo vodou*. I place it on dresses, bags, hats clothes, you all see the *drapo*, but that is only one part of my artistic and creative practice.

As I share these brief words with you, I am in the middle of working in my atelier, so my concentration is on the work that we are producing at the moment. I thank Africa, Africa Ginen, without them I would not have this gift. They give, they make us who we are. I **didn't** go to art school, but it is God and the Ginen who gave me this creative gift...God gives, Ginen gives, much respect. Good afternoon.



# Miguel Keerveld

Suriname

*Post #3*

In English: COUP 22  
*A Never-Ending Story?*

It's Sunday afternoon. A conversation between Kurt Nahar and Alida Neslo brings us new themes. Both artists communicate through our WhatsApp group. Whoever wants to, enters the conversation. Alida shares a fragment from *Cahier d'un retour au pays natale* of 'Aimé Césaire' with Kurt:

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



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





*And we are standing now, my country and I,  
hair in the wind,  
my hand puny in its enormous fist and now the strength is not in us but above us,  
in a voice that drills the night  
and the hearing like the penetrance of an apocalyptic wasp.  
And the voice complains that for centuries Europe has force-fed us with lies  
and bloated us with pestilence,  
for it is not true that the work of man is done  
that we have no business being on earth that we parasite the world  
that it is enough for us to heel to the world  
whereas the work of man has only begun  
and man still must overcome all the interdiction wedged in the recesses of his fervor and no race has a  
monopoly on beauty, on intelligence, on strength  
and there is room for everyone at the convocation of conquest  
and we know now that the sun turns around our earth  
lighting the parcel designated by our will alone  
and that every star falls from sky to earth at our omnipotent command.*



## Personal Meanings

The conversation continued about blue. In addition to the topic *History Of Blue*, several people gave their experiences with this color. Those experiences did not only relate to *COUP 22*, but traveled a long way back in time. For most of us, even to a time beyond our existence.

*The Process* gave space for everyone to be themselves. Tumpi Flow regarded this as a space for the private territory in *The Process* with a public domain. The last, the general place, manifested itself in response to Tumpi's request to all participants, to depict the power of Suriname by painting it. For everyone, blue turned out to have its own meaning. And those personal meanings also overlapped, because almost everyone associated this color with resting and healing.





## *NET' ALENG: You Are NOT Invited!*

An exhibition followed on November 22nd. In this event of abundance in love and compelling contradictions, the body became a democratic form of life-like art, informed as much by aesthetic and conceptual concerns as by politics. This presentation aimed to shun polarizing politics and didactics that challenge authority and the attitude to it. A 'solo' show related to political justice, personal restriction, and social changeability. The exhibition's title is inspired by a song from the 1994 Suriname Popular Song Festival (Suripop), written by Rein Carrot: *Net' Aleng*.

All participants have invested their time. By answering three questions, Tumpi gains insight into the coherent part, in addition to individual experiences. The questions of our conversation are: What do you think of the color blue? How has your experience been working on *COUP 22* so far? Is there anything you would like to see different, if so what?





*All the pictures in this post are part of the exhibition Net'Aleng.*

## Het Nederlands: COUP 22 *A Never-Ending Story?*

Het is zondagmiddag. Een gesprek tussen Kurt Nahar en Alida Neslo brengt ons nieuwe thema's. Beide kunstenaars communiceren via onze WhatsApp groep. Wie wil, haakt in. Alida deelt een fragment, vrij vertaald, uit *Cahier d'un retour au pays natale* van 'Aimé Césaire' met Kurt:



*En wij zijn nu opgestaan, mijn land en ik,  
de haren en in de wind,  
mijn kleine hand in haar enorme vuist en de kracht bevindt zich niet in ons  
maar boven ons, in de vorm van een stem die de nacht doorboort (.)  
En de stem verkondigt dat Europa ons eeuwenlang heeft vetgemest met leugens  
en geplaagd met een ondraaglijke stank  
Want het is niet waar dat het werk van de mens is voltooid  
dat ons niets meer te doen staat op deze wereld (...)  
dat het volstaat om met de wereld in de pas te blijven  
Maar het werk van de mens begint nog maar net (.)  
en geen enkel ras heeft het alleenrecht op schoonheid, intelligentie, macht  
er is plaats voor iedereen op het rendez-vous van de verovering  
nu we weten dat de zon om onze aarde draait en dát stukje verlicht  
waarop we ons verlangen richten  
En dat elke ster aan de hemel op aarde valt op ons commando zonder rem  
(En dat elke ster aan de hemel die op aarde valt,  
dat doet op ons grenzeloos gezag)*





## Persoonlijke Betekenissen

Ook het gesprek over blauw zette zich voort. Aangevuld bij het onderwerp *History Of Blue* gaven verschillende personen hun ervaringen met deze kleur. Deze ervaringen hadden niet slechts betrekking op *COUP 22*, maar reisden heel ver terug in tijd. Voor de meesten van ons, zelfs naar een tijd die verder reikte dan ons bestaan.

*Het Proces* gaf zo ruimte aan eenieder om zichzelf te zijn. Dit beschouwde Tumpi Flow als een ruimte voor het privéterrein in *Het Proces* met een publiek domein. De laatste, de algemene plaats, manifesteerde zich naar aanleiding van Tumpi's verzoek aan alle deelnemers om de kracht van Suriname te verbeelden door het te schilderen. Voor eenieder had blauw een eigen betekenis. En die persoonlijke betekenissen hadden ook overlapping, omdat nagenoeg eenieder deze kleur heeft geassocieerd met rust en genezing.





## *NET' ALENG: You Are NOT Invited!*

Een tentoonstelling volgde op 22 November jl. Het werd een evenement van overvloedige liefde en dwingende tegenstrijdigheden waarin Het Lichaam zich kon manifesteren als een democratische vorm van life-like art, zowel ingegeven door esthetische en conceptuele overwegingen als door politiek. De tentoonstelling was bedoeld om een polariserende politiek te vermijden én is gericht op een didactiek die de houding tegenover autoriteit durft uit te dagen. Een 'solo'-show die betrekking heeft op politieke rechtvaardigheid, persoonlijke beperking en sociale veranderlijkheid. De titel van de tentoonstelling is geïnspireerd op een lied van het Suripopfestival van Suriname in 1994, geschreven door Rein Carrot: *Net'Aleng*.

Deelnemers hebben hun tijd vrijgemaakt. Doordat ze drie vragen beantwoorden, krijgt Tumpi inzicht in het samenhangend deel, naast individuele ervaringen. De vragen van ons gesprek zijn: Wat vind je van de kleur blauw? Hoe ervaar je het bezig zijn met *COUP 22* tot nu toe? Is er iets wat zou je graag anders willen zien, zo ja wat?





*Alle foto's in dit bericht maken deel uit van de tentoonstelling Net'Aleng.*



# Las Nietas de Nonó

Puerto Rico

*Post #3*

[lasnietasdenono.com](http://lasnietasdenono.com)



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

## El tercer piso

El apartamento de Mother es el tercer piso del edificio E frente al apartamento de Tití Andrea. Ma dice que va a tomar café en casa de Mother. Yo me pongo las chanclas en un santiamén y estoy ready pa irme con ella. Bajamos las escaleras de casa de Tití sin cruzar palabra. Llegamos a casa de Mother. Me dan café con leche en una taza de vaso de mantequilla. A Ma se la sirve en una taza de porcelana de *Congratulation, its a boy*. Hay un platito con galletas export soda con mantequilla. Lo compartimos. Como hay solo dos pares de galletas para cada una, me lo como con mucha lentitud. Ma, Mother, Fela, Cari y Fausta hablan. Cuando la conversación

se está poniendo buena, Mother me dice que vaya a la nevera y saque la mantequilla, que traiga más galletas. Me tardo en moverme y espero a que me lo digan 2 veces. Me levanto lento. Tengo miedo de interrumpir cualquier cosa, de romper cualquier figura, tropezarme con el chinero...Este miedo me permite controlar mis movimientos, de ser precisa en cada gesto. Abro la nevera y veo que hay queso de papa. Pregunto: *¿Y el queso de papa también?* Mother me dice que sí, que lo traiga, que se le había olvidado que tenía. Mepiden también que traiga la mayonesa.

El café con leche de Mother me lleva a un estado de abundancia, de eterno presente. Me pongo al servicio para que vean lo productiva que soy participando de uno de tantos rituales del tercer piso. Terminamos el café. Ayudo a llevar las tazas a la cocina con mucho cuidado. Me muevo tan despacio que parece que no me estoy moviendo. Todo lo que pueda con mi cuerpo controlar para no destruir el momento. Ma me penetra con su mirada, y eso me ayuda a moverme con mucha más precisión. Dejo las primeras dos tazas y vuelvo por las otras. La última taza que recojo es la mía que es de vaso plástico de mantequilla. Me encanta mi taza verde de plástico porque me garantiza que no la romperé. La llevo también con el mismo cuidado de las de porcelana para demostrar mi delicadeza con los objetos. Las mujeres siguen conversando y riendo. Casi no entiendo lo que se dice porque estoy totalmente embebida en mi práctica de llevar las cosas a la cocina sin romper nada. Ma está relajada, lo se por como me pasó su taza vacía en total confianza. Guardo también las galletas, el queso, la mantequilla. Traigo el paño pa limpiar las migajas que quedaron. Después de pasar el pañito podré quedarme a escuchar el resto de la conversación.

mapenzi chibale nonó





(Perros ladrando)

Rosa: Calláte (al perro)

Mapenzi: ¿Cuántos años tiene el corderito?

Gustavo: ¿Qué años?

Rosa: Na, y es de ahora. Meses.

Mapenzi: Ah claro, ¿cuánto tiempo?

Rosa: Y tendrá dos meses.

Gustavo: ¿Ahora le van a sacar el pijama?

Mapenzi: ¿Con la piel del cordero trabajan?

Rosa: Si a veces si, ahora el cuero no lo compran. Antes lo compraban.

Ahora prácticamente se saca la lana y el cuero se tira.

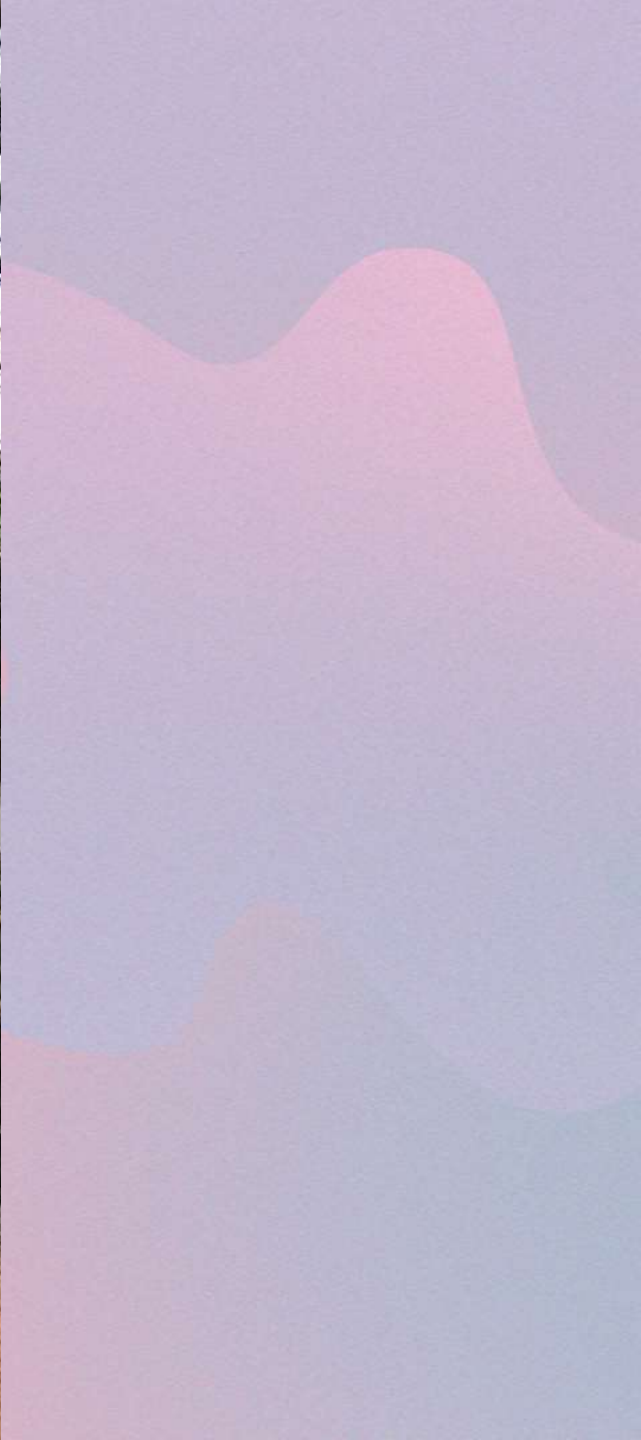
Extracto de conversación (1:10)

Pueblo Garzón, Uruguay 2019

Extracto de conversación (3:15)

Taller: Alimento que todas sabemos, Corredor Afro-Loíza 2020

“ nosotras sacamos jueyes porque tenemos una fábrica de jueyes. Yo le digo la fábrica porque ahí yo incluyo a mis once hermanos, a mis sobrinos que todos sacan jueyes, hasta a mis nietos. Es algo bonito, trabajoso pero...Vamos a sacar jueyes. Hay que enseñarles. Hoy en día tú le preguntas a los jóvenes, *¿cómo se hace una arepa?* Y no saben. *¿Una arepa de coco? No saben!*” - Comay







# Ada M. Patterson

Barbados

*Post #3*

[adampatterson.co.uk](http://adampatterson.co.uk)



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

I was on a sailboat yesterday. I meant to bring my camera with me, and I did just that. What I didn't bring was my SD card. So, with the coast only in sight and no longer beneath my feet, my camera looked back at me bluntly, "No Memory."

I couldn't remember with my camera so now I'm trying to remember in other ways. Unlike my camera, my memory is a little unreliable in that it likes to wander. And I like to remember fictively.

A loved one's quick reply:

"I will write you a real answer when I come up for air"

I have conversations with another loved one, Ark Ramsay, as a way of coming up for air. There's a question I've been holding with them:

What does it mean to lose an island?

We're talking about leaving, about being able to leave, about having left, about having had to leave. We're talking about different ways queer life becomes possible, about how queer life **isn't** possible for certain bodies under certain conditions. We're talking about threads of queer life in the Caribbean always being **visualised / envisioned / remembered** at the edges. Queer life pushed to the horizon. Queer life at the bottom of the ocean. Queer life in the thick of cane fields. Queer life in the depths of the mangrove. Queer life buried in the gully. Queer life at the edge of the shoreline. Queer life beyond the horizon. Edges, fringes, depths, margins, elsewheres.

We're also talking about rising sea levels, about flat islands, about memories and futures now waterlogged, now grieved.

What does it mean to lose an island

while living a queered life?  
while living under climate crisis?

What does it mean to shatter our involvement in a world

while living a queered life?  
while living under climate crisis?

Staying with no memory,

I'm on the sailboat again. I can't remember all the parts of the sea I saw. I can't really see below the surface. We're moving too fast and I can't read the deep. I can't read the dark. A pattern of black and blue that can't be registered. Can't be remembered. Too close and yet not close enough. Gliding across the surface of things.

There's a paper kite caught in a gust offshore. Gliding above the surface of things. It's untethered, bobbing up and down, its tail tentacling below. It looks stuck in a loop, the ghost of a jellyfish caught in flight. Offshore and unremembered.

Jellyfish populations are ballooning in warming waters. Lionfish too.

You see a lionfish for the first time at Gibbes Beach. It's too close to shore, too close to home, too close for comfort. You swim back in a hurry, hoping its spines won't burst your bubble.

You remember Sara Ahmed:

Queer becomes a matter of how things appear, how they gather, how they perform, to create the edges of spaces and worlds. (1)

When Ark and I gather, yes, it's like coming up for air in a world that is sometimes difficult to bear. It's like holding a bubble between us. That air we hold between us helps us to remember that it is real. That we are real. That our worlds are real and their edges are marked by our lives.

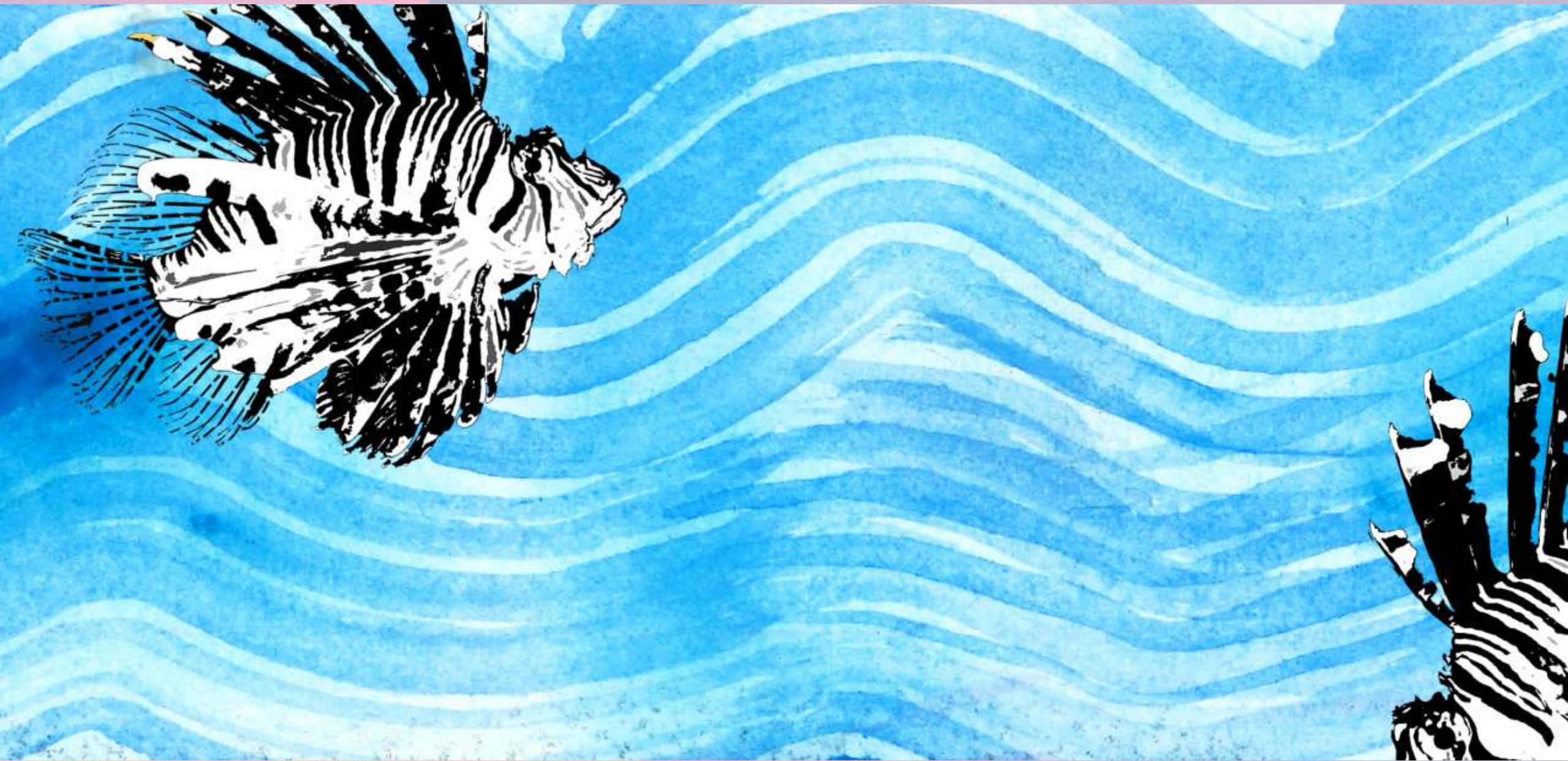
My other friend's promise is ringing in my ears:

“I will write you a real answer when I come up for air”

We come up for air in each other's company, hoping to find a real answer.

I'm waiting for them in a carpark. They get into my car and before I move off, they hug me with a sigh of relief. It feels like they had been holding their breath since the last time we spoke. And in their touch, it feels like I had been holding my breath too. How had we learned how to hold our breath for that long?

1. Sarah Ahmed, *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* (2006)







# Kelly Sinnapah Mary

Guadeloupe

*Post #3*

[kellysinnapahmary.wixsite.com](http://kellysinnapahmary.wixsite.com)



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







106 VOTAGE AU CENTRE DE LA TERRE.

des principes qui traversent le ciel-est. Mon œil se croisa de soudain avec le plus grand oiseau de la forêt, pour se rendre compte du chemin qu'il prenait.

La jeune s'avançait presque horizontalement, sous deux grèves de bois par terre, tout au près. Le ruisseau coulait sans perturbation, en descendant vers son pied. Je le soupçonnais à quelques mètres derrière que mon regard à travers la forêt, et de la main je soulevais la tige au-dessus des bruyères qui s'élevaient tout près. Ma longue attention pendant quelques instants s'occupait de l'écoulement.

Quant à son œil, il pointait vers l'horizontalité de la route, les chemins des vallées. Ses chemins s'allongeaient irrégulièrement, et se faisaient de plus en plus de plus en plus, mais sans expression, il s'en allait par l'épave. Mais sans s'écarter que le chemin, et sans que l'on puisse voir le ciel, et peu que ce fut, il ne fallait pas se plaindre.

Tandis, de temps en temps, les parties s'abaissent; la route se met à dégrader en sautoir, et sans descendre plus profondément vers elle.

En somme, ce par-ci et là l'indiquent, en se beaucoup de chemin tout au long, et irrégulièrement par de chemins variés.

Le vent se levait, et j'allais, d'après l'usage, sans deviner que le vent était au sud-est de l'épave et à une profondeur de deux lieues et demie.

Sur son pied s'élevait vers le ciel sans s'élever. Mon œil se put reconnaître de haute en haut en suivant le chemin de ses pas.

« Voilà qui nous amène à la, c'est-à-dire, et finalement, sur les mille de ce fait on venait à l'écarter ! »

Les autres furent stupéfiés par l'usage de montrer à prouver tout au long. Le chemin continuait, de l'usage l'appelle précieuse, car j'étais déjà familiarisé avec ce genre d'usage.

Ce point était une fois arrivé pratiquement dans le monde, du genre de celui qu'on appelle « l'usage ». La motivation de la charpente s'écarter, à l'usage de son développement, l'usage de l'usage précieuse. Si elle avait été utilisée de temps en temps, elle aurait été utilisée par le Soudan. Je ne m'explique pas comment elle se fait, et j'aurais aimé savoir. Une dernière fois, elle se fait de six heures après son usage de la route de l'usage.

De part d'usage en part d'usage, il fallait s'écarter pour prouver son usage s'écarter et rendre à son usage son usage. On s'écarter à l'usage de l'usage, les parties précieuses, au usage de l'usage, et l'on se familiarise avec l'usage.

VOTAGE AU SUD DE LA TERRE. 107



Une illustration sur une page de la couverture de l'usage.

Il va sans dire que, dans cette forêt, le Soudan était tout au long, et irrégulièrement de son usage; mais il fallait et se fait à l'usage de l'usage. Toutefois, avec les détails de son usage, il se put reconnaître de l'usage de son usage. En ce moment, il ne s'écarterait de l'usage, son usage de son usage, mais que, par les parties précieuses, c'était le usage de l'usage de l'usage.

Le 4 et le 7 juillet, nous arrivâmes les parties de notre usage, pendant l'usage de deux jours dans l'usage de l'usage, ce qui nous put reconnaître de l'usage de l'usage de la route. Mais, le 4, vers midi, la route fut, dans la direction de l'usage, une familiarité beaucoup plus grande, l'usage de l'usage de l'usage.





# Shivaneer Ramlochan

Trinidad & Tobago

*Post #3*

Sometimes I Wake Up So Thin & Marriageable

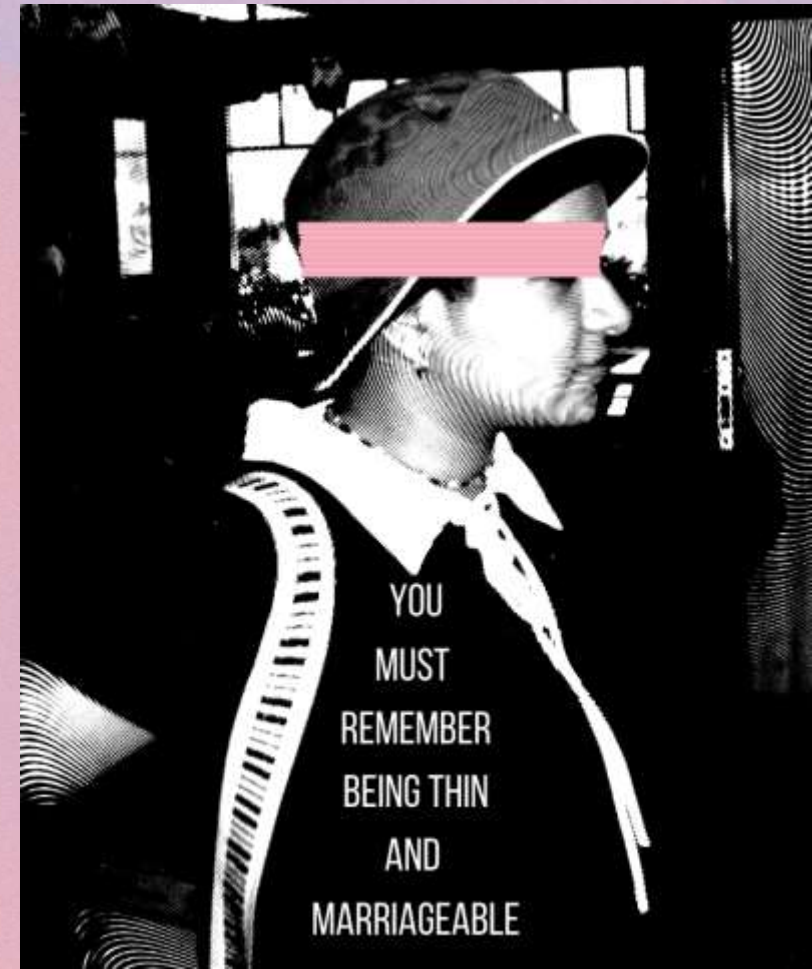
Bridegroom,  
I am thinking of breasts that are not mine.  
Beneath this thickness of veil, my tongue  
Coils around the imaginary nipples  
Of the woman I'm meant to wed,  
Instead.

Believe me when I tell you,  
she tastes like a cardamom pod cracked  
Open between my thighs, spilling  
a dowry of silk and spice and spit  
Everywhere you can imagine.

[novelniche.net](http://novelniche.net)



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



*Artefact (iii), digital collage of the writer as a teenager, the words "You must remember being thin and marriageable" superimposed on her chest and torso, created 2020.*

Poetry is the vehicle of genre that I most understand and fear: in drafting the opening chapters of this manuscript, I am returning to the poetic form for both sustenance and revelation. This residency has created a space in which to contemplate and engineer the intermarriage of forms falling under the label of creative non-fiction. What does it mean to cultivate a space for genre-resistant writing, particularly in the Caribbean, where aspirations still cleave critically to the strength of such labels? What will it signify to produce a work rooted in disobedience: how to answer those who interpret it as audacious without grounding, provocative yet lacking urgency?

In these first stages of the **book's** life, I have determined that it must be its own answer to that, must stand with all the galvanic non-apology of every poem I've ever written or tried to write. That if I am one of the central figures of the work, if I commit to putting myself beneath the sociocultural lens of frank and sustained critique, I must expect – and welcome – the fact that I, too, must be disarmed. I welcome it.



# Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas

*Post #3*

[angelikawallace-whitfield.com](http://angelikawallace-whitfield.com)

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

During the lockdown, I have reconnected with my father for the first time in almost 10 years. It has become evident during the course of our recent conversations that he is cognisant of his mistakes and is at a low point in his life in terms of both finances and self-worth as it relates to his life choices.

Continuing with the interacting figures, I decided to turn the narrative inward and paint my own body with a depiction of my father. Neither face is visible in the composition. The male is facing backwards, weak in stature, leaning on his elbow. For the first time in this series, I added a shadow into the background underneath the male figure to accentuate his leaning position. In contrast, the female figure's stance is strong/self-assured.

There are numerous gestural marks that cross through both figures. The red being a repetitive theme in this series, connoting violence, love and danger/death. The sage green, a softer color, done with spray paint crosses through the figures several times. Of course there are ways in which I physically exhibit a connection to my father: my nose, my eyes. However there are ways that his absence has left an impact on me, in both positive and negative ways.

Over the next week, I plan to continue the visual dialogue between my father and I. Thereafter I will use the same color palette to interrogate how the emotional impact that my father has had on me has carried into other interactions throughout my life, both platonic and romantic.



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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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