



Stay Home Artist Residency

RESIDENT BLOGS *Issue 3, Vol. 4*

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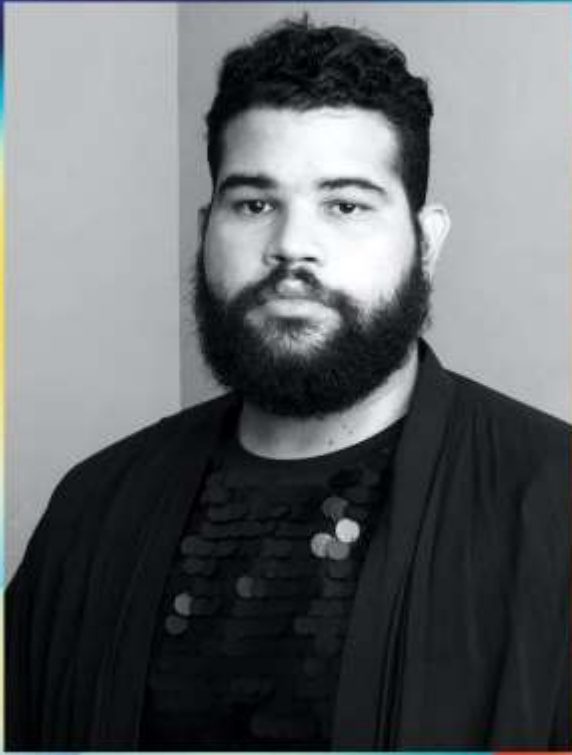
Shivane Ramlochan

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Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas





Franz Caba

Dominican Republic

Post #4



MARIMACHO – Existing bodies

For my CATAPULT residency I wanted to develop collaborative works with individuals from the Dominican LGBTQ+ community. These collaborations consist of conversations around the non-normative body, touching the universe of discourses and experiences that emerge from the dissident corporeality with the intention of knowing, empathizing and showcasing issues from individual realities.

From these conversations I produced a limited series of illustrations portraying the bodies of my fellow collaborators, these artworks are on sale and the funds collected from them are going to be distributed equitably among the participants, as a way to repay their efforts and serve as economic support during this global pandemic that has placed dissident bodies at greater social risk. Below I share excerpts of the conversations held with these individuals.

Agatha J. Brooks (June 27th,1988)

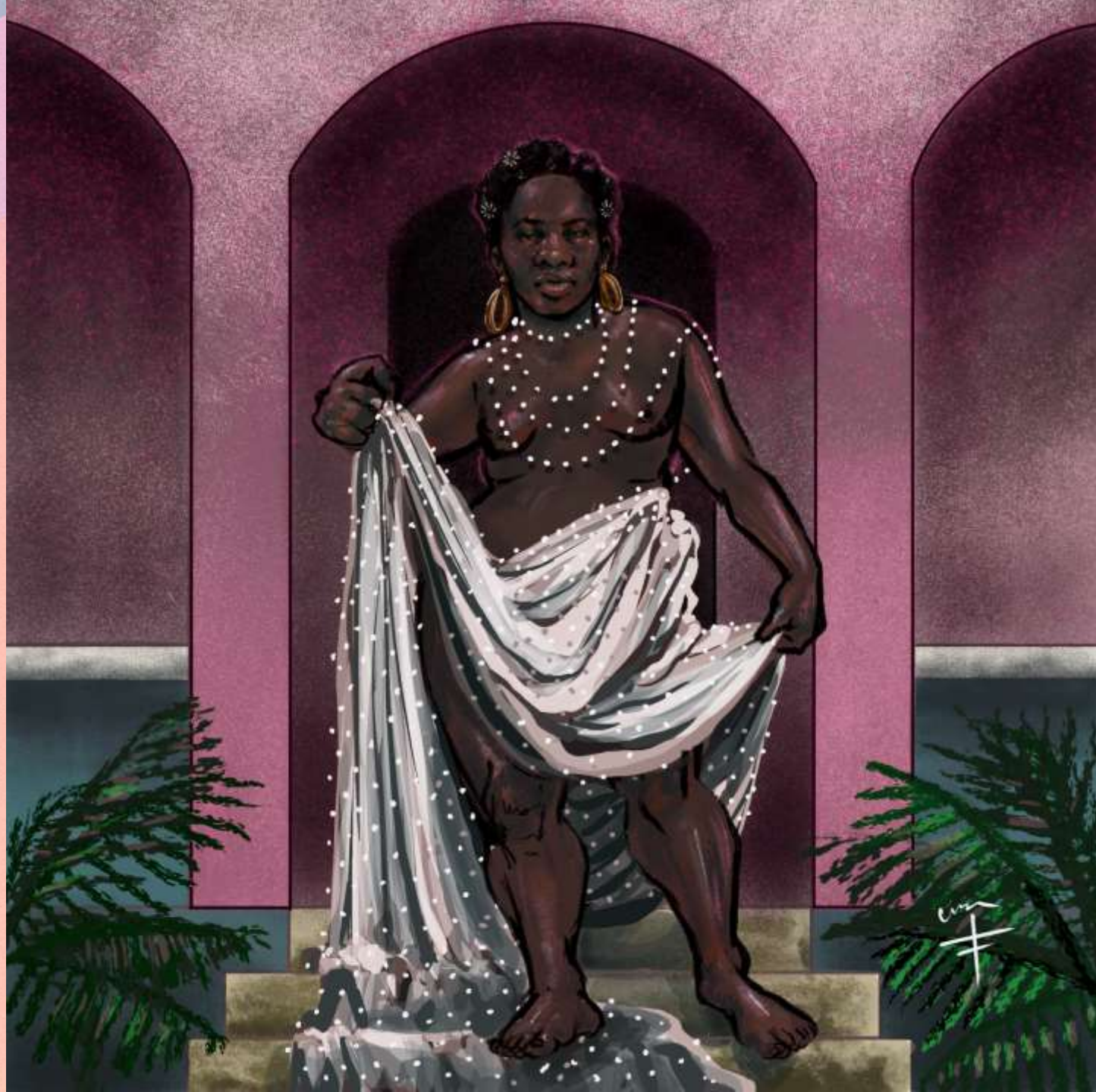
Born in the Bahamas, Agatha is a HIV positive trans woman poet and activist living and working in Dominican Republic. Our conversation revolved around the constant discovery of one's bodily identity and the battle against the prejudices of otherness.

Agatha says about herself "I feel that everything that happened in my life was because I lived too imprisoned trying to fulfill normative parameters." Through self-analyzing she has come to know her identity better, but this has produced a series of personal changes that other people call inconstant. "People tell me 'why if you are already something, you want to become another thing', and I just want to feel comfortable with myself."

"I feel that my body doesn't fit in the trans community." Agatha is usually told by members of the community to look and behave in certain manners to be more cis-passing. The question of how does a woman look or how does a trans woman behave emerged from this talk.

Her last words during this conversation were "People change, if you can't accept it, at least try to respect it, don't question or doubt others because that can affect negatively the individuals living through that process."

You can read Agatha's work at her blog: agathabrookdiary.blogspot.com



Mahoney Abreu (April 6th, 1981)

Mahoney is a renowned Dominican drag performer and activist living with kidney failure and bone problems. During our talk we visited the topics of inclusion, representation and support to the people with disabilities within the community.

Mahoney's life changed drastically after being diagnosed with a chronic illness, his career was severely affected, impeding him from getting the necessary funds to get his treatments. Mahoney says: "It's hard to get employed when you have a body disfunction, people often see you as a burden and treat you as an inferior being, especially inside our community where people like me are usually marginalized." Due to his conditions, Mahoney has faced discrimination, but this hasn't stopped him from performing and reaching for a better life.

Mahoney ended the conversation saying: "We have to accept each other, it **doesn't** matter if **you're** fat, bottom, muscular or whatever, at the end we are a family and **we're** going to be placed under the same magnifying glass out there. **There's** no differences for the ones that discriminate our community, so we have to love and support each other."



Elsa Martinez (September 9th, 1981)

Elsa is a Dominican trans man, he describes himself as an "average human being trying to survive just as everybody else." From our talk, subjects like the identity process, the social interactions and the psychological effects of self acceptance emerged.

Since his childhood, Elsa has questioned and defied normative roles and behaviors imposed by society, trying to find his identity. He has faced certain uncomfortable moments in the workplace where people have disrespected him. Even though there has been more representation of trans men bodies in the media, these bodies are still marginalized from the society and LGBTQ+ community. About the perception of the trans body in society, Elsa said: "Everybody has a Little bit of transphobia, even trans folks have prejudices against other members of the community. Maybe due to ignorance, misinformation or unresolved issues."

Elsa pointed out about his body: "I'm really trying to get as close as I can to the body I want, not because I feel an external pressure - even though this could exist, or even my own pressure that I've internalized unconsciously - but at the same time, dysphoria makes you feel uncomfortable and I just want to take my body to its limits." Going under transitions has provided Elsa with a sense of joy, recognizing his true self allows him to live a better life.

At the end, Elsa suggests to other people living in a similar condition "Be patient, even if things are complicated and take a lot of time, you can succeed if you keep trying."



The set of 3 illustrations costs US\$300 + shipping

To support and purchase the set of illustrations of this project contact me via Instagram [@franz_caba](https://www.instagram.com/franz_caba)



Myrlande Constant

Haiti

Post #4



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













Miguel Keerveld

Suriname

Post #4

In English: *COUP 22*
Not Nation, But LOVE!

The object/subject relation in *COUP 22* relates to 'documents with spirit'. In this sense, I created 4 documents during this Artist Residency: a promise, a shadow document - as reference to geopolitics related to *COVID-19* - the manifestation of 'networks' power as a communal brain through an egoless document, and an ego document to activate the 'queen of the imprisoned': *The Elite Piet*.

edke.me



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

How Numbers Matter

As a reminder, *COUP 22* evolved from an installation of 55 paintings. As a multiple-territorial and complex system, in this reflective space initiator, co-creators, spectators, and spirits of deceased meet. As reference to the imperial forces, I use numbers to communicate with two figures in Suriname's colonial history. Where 22 is a code for Boni, Kwasi listens to 55. Because numbers matter to me, I believe that the encounter of more than 800 paintings have manifested magic through more than 400 mixed media paper cuttings. While 440 paintings in the event of manifestation hold the strength of Suriname, 440 paintings depict political violence in the Americas with historical roots; 8 paintings refer to the closing of a communal ritual. For the *You Are Not Invited* narrative, other objects have been:

- 19 unheaded buddhas
- 3 bottles of a red drink
- 22 + 10 diaries, in which I am documenting time since 2016
- some rice
- 8 glass jars filled with water
- an animal skull that refers to dead
- a casket to symbolize “the golden courage” of *The Elite Piet*
- 2 African masks
- a Mayan mask
- a personal mask representing my struggle with the ego until 2017
- 15 frames, each for a deceased person of political violence in Suriname in 1982
- 6 paintings displayed as an upside-down cross
- 6 print-making plates displayed as a cross
- a 2-piece painting of EdKe *Mask* from 2016
- another painting of EdKe *Wrong?* from 2017
- 24 face-masks provided by visitors added up to the Installation *Help Us Take It Away*

"Because our actions are a reflection of our thoughts,
our actions can also be changed with our thoughts"

[@filosoof on Twitter](#)









All above images: A Never-Ending Story



Above and right: Help Us Take It Away



A solo show?

The mixed media paper cuttings relate to **process**' psychological significance: Butterfly Currency. Production and mining of **'material'** are based on the power of objects, as bodies with religious significance. Reflection on this mysticism, of which Emmanuel Levinas' philosophy denotes that prioritizing the existence of the Other is inclusive, is therefore key in *COUP 22*. As a metaphor, it represents layers and tension between individuality and community. In essence, this process combines African and Native American knowledge systems with the European.

The fundament, that EdKe prepared in the timeframe 2015 – 2020, is the outputs from workshops provided to kids and teens. This is a reference to collective effort, based on the adage: **'I' don't exist!** But in spirit, EdKe is involved. I can only say that, the paper cutting relates to what has remained as the physical aspect of this spirit: a body that **doesn't** belongs to any nation!



Above and right: The Elite Piet

Het Nederlands: COUP 22

Niet Natie, maar LIEFDE!

De object/subject-relatie in *COUP 22* heeft betrekking op 'bezielde documenten'. In die zin heb ik 4 documenten gemaakt tijdens deze *Artist in Residency*: een belofte, een schaduwdocument -als verwijzing naar geopolitiek gerelateerd aan COVID-19-, manifestatie van kracht bij netwerken als gemeenschappelijk brein via een egoloosdocument, en een egodocument om de 'koningin van de gevangenen' te activeren: *The Elite Piet*.

Hoe getallen ertoe doen

Ter herinnering: *COUP 22* is ontstaan uit een installatie van 55 schilderijen. Als een meervoudig territoriaal en complex systeem ontmoeten initiator, co-creators, toeschouwers en geesten van overledenen elkaar in deze reflectieve ruimte. Als verwijzing naar krachten van Het Rijk gebruik ik cijfers om te communiceren met twee figuren in de koloniale geschiedenis van Suriname. Waar 22 een code is voor Boni, luistert Kwasi naar het getal 55. Omdat cijfers ertoe doen voor mij, heb ik er vertrouwen in dat de ontmoeting van meer dan 800 schilderijen magie heeft gemanifesteerd door middel van meer dan 400 mixed media collages. Terwijl 440 schilderijen in deze manifestatie de kracht van Suriname in zich dragen, tonen 440 schilderijen politiek geweld in de Amerika's met historische wortels; 8 schilderijen verwijzen naar de afsluiting van een gemeenschappelijk ritueel. Voor het *You-Are-Not-Invited*-verhaal zijn andere objecten:

- 19 boeddha's zonder hoofd
- 3 flessen rode drank
- 22 + 10 dagboeken, waarin ik sinds 2016 doorgebrachte tijd documenteer
- wat rijst
- 8 glazen potten gevuld met water
- een dierenschedel die verwijst naar dood
- een kist om “de gouden koets” van *The Elite Piet* te symboliseren
- 2 Afrikaanse maskers
- een Maya-masker
- een persoonlijk masker dat mijn strijd met het ego tot 2017 weergeeft
- 15 frames, elk voor een slachtoffer van politiek geweld in Suriname in 1982
- 6 schilderijen weergegeven als een omgekeerd kruis
- 6 printplaten samen weergegeven als een kruis
- een 2-delig schilderij *Mask* uit 2016
- een ander schilderij *Wrong?* uit 2017
- 24 gezichtsmaskers door bezoekers toegevoegd aan de installatie *Help Us Take It Away*

“Omdat onze acties een weerspiegeling zijn van onze gedachten, kunnen onze acties ook worden veranderd met onze gedachten”

[@filosoof op Twitter](#)









A Never-Ending Story



Help Us Take It Away





Een solo show?

De mixed media collages hebben betrekking op de psychologische betekenis van het proces: De Vlindervaluta. Productie en winning van 'materiaal' zijn gebaseerd op de kracht van objecten, als lichamen met religieuze betekenis. Reflectie op deze mystiek, waarvan de filosofie van Emmanuel Levinas aangeeft dat prioriteit geven aan het bestaan van de Ander inclusief is, staat daarom centraal in *COUP 22*. Als metafoor vertegenwoordigt dit lagen en spanning tussen individualiteit en de gemeenschap. In wezen combineert dit proces Afrikaanse en Indiaanse kennissystemen met de Europese.

Het fundament, dat EdKe in de periode 2015-2020 heeft voorbereid, zijn de resultaten van workshops die aan kinderen en tieners worden gegeven. Dit is een verwijzing naar collectieve inspanning, gebaseerd op het adagium: 'Ik' bestaat niet! Maar in de geest is EdKe geëvolueerd. Ik kan alleen maar zeggen dat de collages betrekking hebben op wat is overgebleven als het fysieke aspect van deze geest: een lichaam dat aan geen natie toebehoort!



The Elite Piet



Las Nietas de Nonó

Puerto Rico

Post #4

lasnietasdenono.com

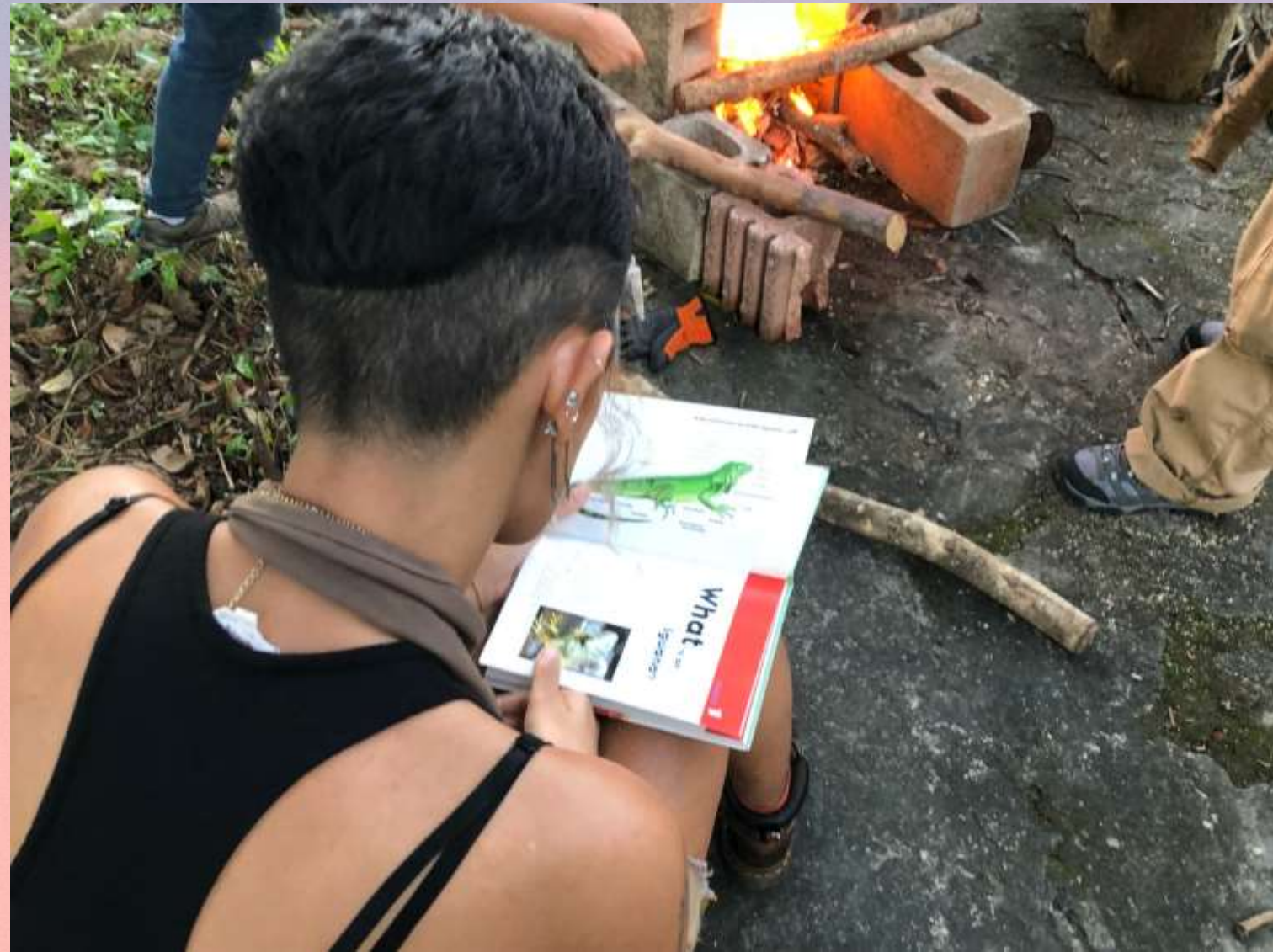


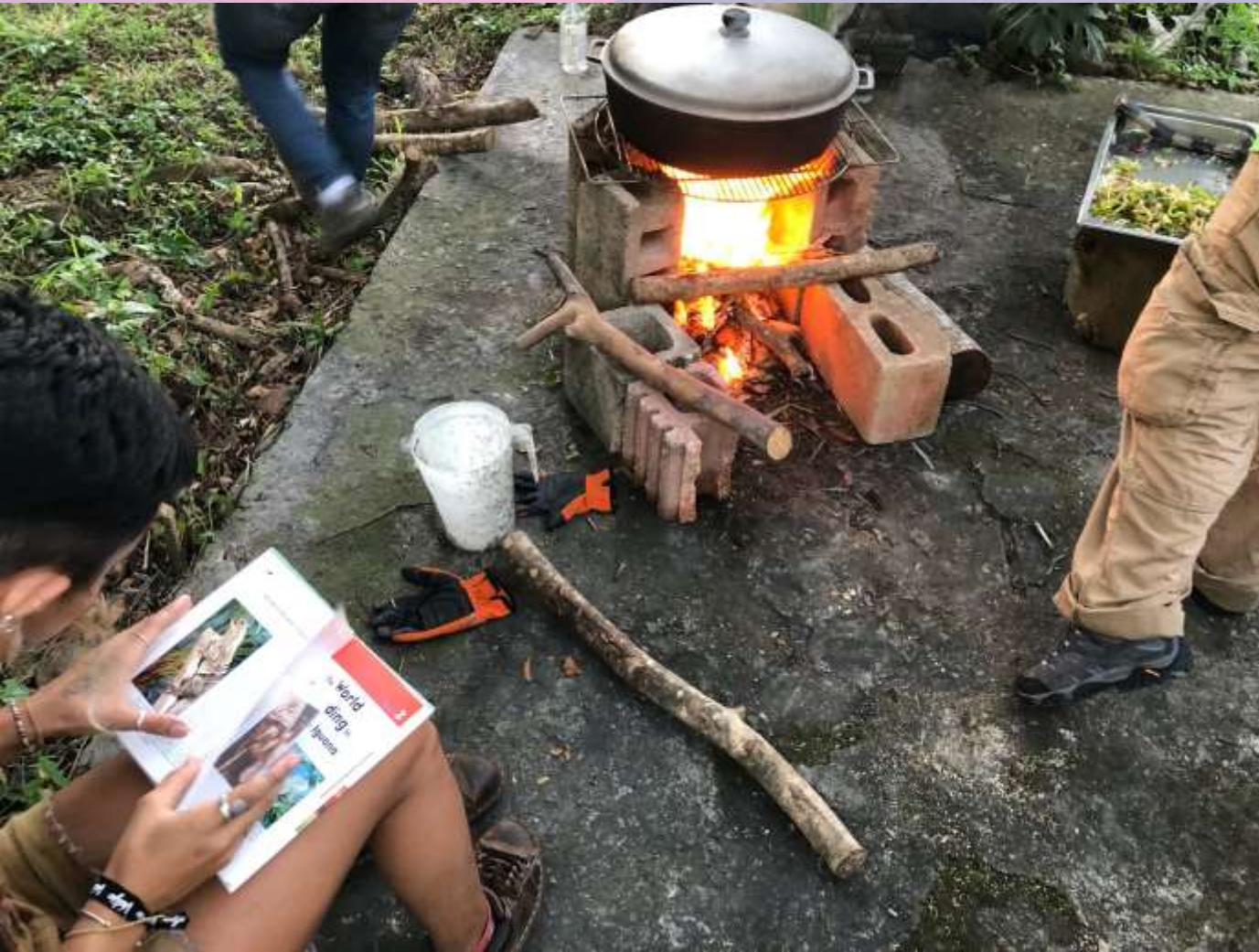
[@lasnietasdenono](https://www.instagram.com/lasnietasdenono)













Ada M. Patterson

Barbados

Post #4

adampatterson.co.uk



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

The roots of the word **dysphoria** point to the unbearable or that which is difficult to bear.

Jellyfish populations are ballooning in warming waters. Lionfish too.

The same can't be said for starfish:

There is a wave of unusually warm water [...] where all of the sea stars are dying off. These may impact both on starfish and on echinoderm populations in general, and a ciliate protozoan parasite (Orchitophrya stellarum) of starfish, which eats sperm and effectively emasculates male starfish, thrives at higher temperatures.

Warmer waters and gender-queering parasites, a life unbearable for sea stars. They have been seen severing their own limbs, trying to regenerate new possibilities. Failing, it is a fatal response to dysphoria.

And Sara Ahmed reminds you:

This is a choice between two different kinds of death. The task is to trace the lines for a different genealogy, one that would embrace the failure [...] as the condition of possibility for another way of dwelling in the world.

No memory:

I can't remember exactly what "queer death drive" means but if I remember how death appears in a deck of tarot cards, it always refers to change. So, to fiction my lack of memory and my lack of expertise, "queer death drive" might refer to a strange, obscene impulse towards change, at any cost and by any means necessary.

Sea stars, emasculated and wasting away—the queered resonance speaks volumes, none of which I can read.

A different kind of remembering:

A childhood friend from a different life, a young white boy marked poor by the red of his skin, finds a slimy fire-red starfish boiling in the shallows of a reef. It moves like earthworms and glows like a swollen uvula. The boy takes it home in a jar of seawater, and all I can remember is that after a couple of days, that red starfish suffocated and dissolved from being so out of place, survived only by this little red-white boy.





Canefield notes

With each passing day in my body, I'm anticipating grief for lost selves, lost bodies, lost conditions for being and lost limbs. With each passing day in my body, I'm anticipating this grief which makes other kinds of dwelling in the world possible.

If "disorientation is unevenly distributed," meaning that "some bodies more than others have their involvement in the world called into crisis," and that "disorientation shatters our involvement in a world," I need to think along with starfish living in a dysphoria of warmer waters and emasculating parasites. I need to believe that starfish severing their limbs is a survival tactic responding to dysphoria and disorientation, even if it is a failed one.

At this moment of failure, such objects "point" somewhere else or they make what is "here" become strange.

I need to trust that disoriented starfish are trying to trace the lines for a different genealogy, one that can embrace this failure, as a condition for possibilities for other kinds of involvement in this world. But I also need to dedicate some honest space for grief, knowing how unbearable this world can be, how dysphoric it can make us feel, that a failed survival tactic is an eclipsing of another queered life.

A wasting sea star is, then, not a sign of queer political agency. It is yet another sign of "a queered political state of the present."



Canefield notes



Cane field notes

Disoriented, dysphoric,

we lose ground, we lose our sense of how we stand; we might even lose our standing. It is not only that queer surfaces support action, but also that the action they support involves shifting grounds, or even clearing a new ground, which allow us to tread a different path. When we tread on paths that are less trodden, which we are not sure are paths at all (is it a path, or is the grass just a little bent?), we might need even more support. The queer table would here refer to all those ways in which queers find support for their actions, including our own bodies, and the bodies of other queers.

Here, Sara's talking about "queer tables" and "queer surfaces" that support queer actions. I admittedly misread "queer surfaces" as a verb and not a noun; that is, to think instead about how queers surface or why queers might (re)surface. It makes a different kind of sense.

Queers surfacing might "refer to all those ways in which queers find support for their actions, including our own bodies, and the bodies of other queers."

Or, to put it differently, queers might surface to come up for air, to support each other's breath, and to remember differently, in a world with no memory, in a world whose memory we might have no place in.



Kelly Sinnapah Mary

Guadeloupe

Post #4

kellysinnapahmary.wixsite.com



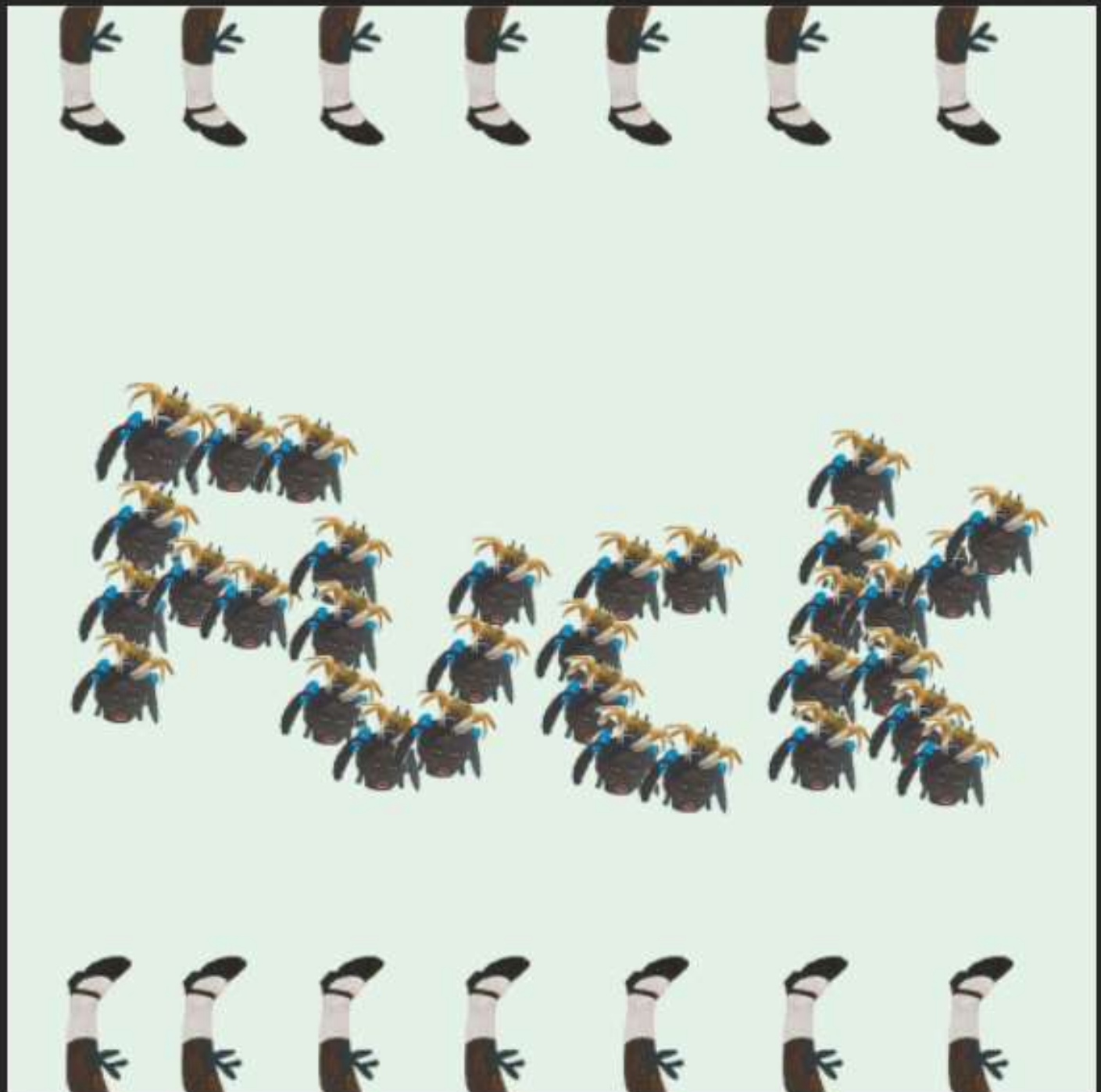
[@kellysinnapahmary](https://www.instagram.com/kellysinnapahmary)













Shivaneer Ramlochan

Trinidad & Tobago

Post #4

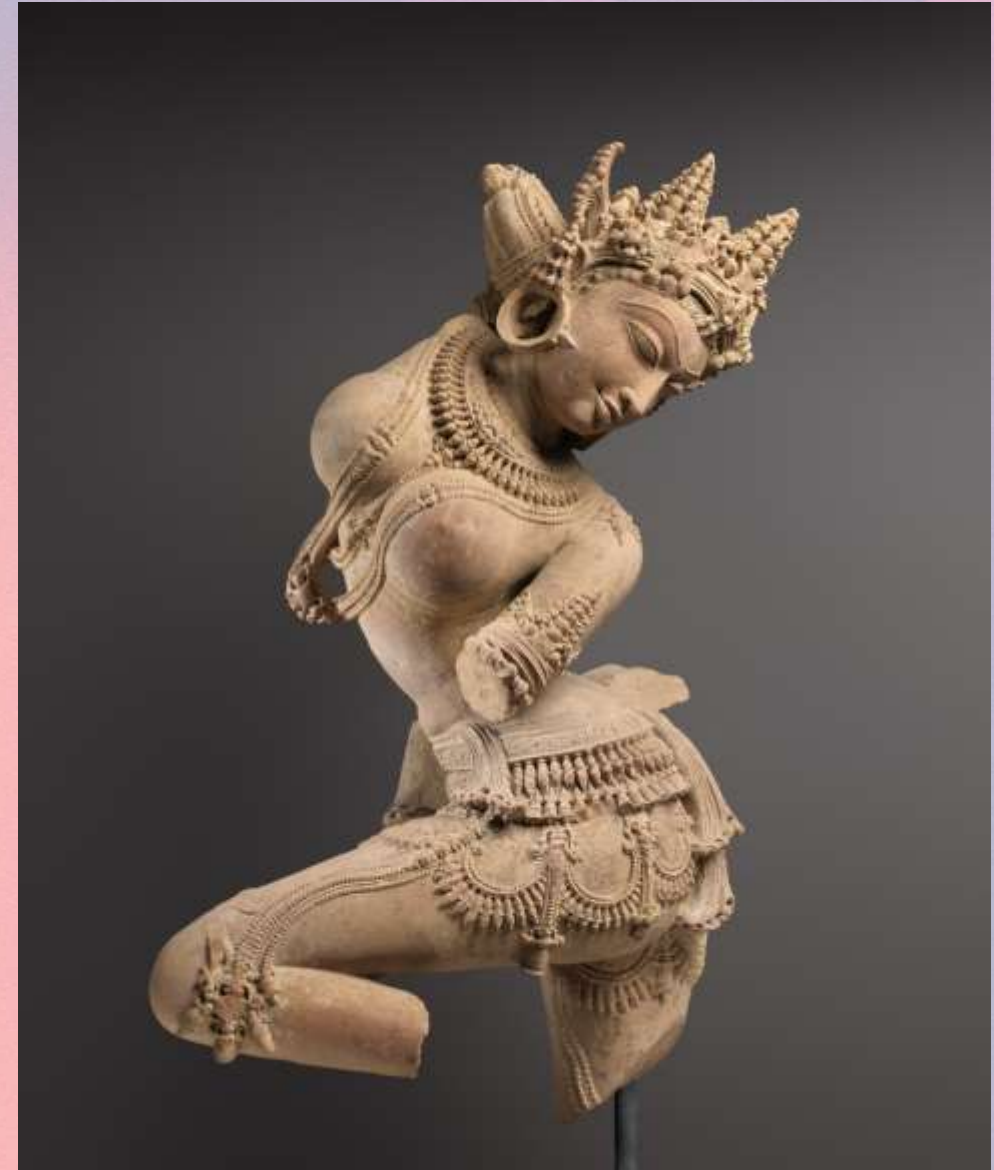
We Bend Our
Sculptural Backs

novelniche.net



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

Artefact (iv), public domain image of 'Celestial dancer (Devata) mid-11th century', accessed December 2020.



The last time I was at the Met Fifth Avenue, I spent most of my time in Gallery 241.

There are stakes to viewing the art of your ancestral culture on display in a foreign place. Those stakes are further deepened when you have been a subject of translocation in the vein of your own culture: a subject of the descendants of indentured labour in the Indian diaspora. I do not think of myself as diasporic or mainlander, or any commonly recognized single category defining a woman of my history and placement. Yet it is undeniable that I felt singled out by the art of Gallery 241, full of sculptural acquisitions from India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, and Sri Lanka. I felt both uneasy in the capitalist display of so much empiric ownership, and also unsure of how to frame myself, how to pose my own emotional response – how to know how much rights I had to be troubled at all. But I was troubled. I remain fixed in a space of unease.

The sandstone temple dancers and deities rooted into their plinths by thick metal stakes to keep their fantastically contorted postured upright: I couldn't tear myself away from them. I lingered as long as I could, grateful that the gallery was among the least crowded of exhibition rooms. I don't own a single thing in here, I thought, but I can't leave. A strange pilgrimage was birthed that day in late 2019, when no one could have known that a global health pandemic would sever so many international travel ties indefinitely between the Caribbean and the North American continent. I don't know when I will return to see my sandstones in Gallery 241, but I dream of them often and intensely.

Take a woman. Let's say she's an Indian woman. Let's even suppose she's an Indian woman of A.D. 1000–1400, the time in which this image is dated. Stand her in the position depicted sculpturally, and her bones will break. Her neck will contort out of alignment; one or both of her hips will surely crack and shatter. The description accompanying this particular sculpture calls it 'improbable', labels it 'extreme flexion'. I have another word for it. Obedience.

The fidelity of the sandstone dancers to a notion of divine performance, celestial genuflection at the twin pillars of erotic and spiritual satiety, is its own ancient art of control. In residency, connective tissue between works and their significances opens, points a pathway to the work in need of uncovering, no matter how uncomfortable. The discomfiting truth about these sculptural goddesses is that I have long desired to be like them, even if the reality might break my own back. How many Indian women, stretching through AD to current day, have contorted themselves, aspiring similarly?



Angelika Wallace-Whitfield

The Bahamas

Post #4

angelikawallace-whitfield.com



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

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

Natalie allowed space for me to work through my own articulation of the concept. While assisting me with the articulation, she also validated and helped me develop my concept by sharing relevant resources. I left the virtual studio visit feeling confident in moving forward and continuing to build upon this body of work.



These past two weeks brought further experimentation with color palettes and aesthetic features of the works as I feel like I spent the first 6 weeks of the residency experimenting with materials and visuals, solidifying my concept. I was able to produce six new works in the two weeks: two on canvas and four on paper. The four on paper didn't include the red that has been present throughout this entire series. I was fearful that when looking at them in context with the body of work created through the residency, they may seem as if they're deficient because of that. However, as well as negating the red, in hindsight it seems I may have built up the green paints heavier than previous compositions. In turn, the subjects are able to compete with those of previous works when viewed together.

Leaving last week's blog post, I had planned to turn the lens of the concept inwards, and further explore my own family trauma. However, I shifted back to an exploration of overall human interaction, again using androgynous subjects.

Moving away from the residency, I will continue this series with the hopes of creating a continued narrative of trace while further developing my use of materials in this context. I'd also like to explore ways to specify the traits portrayed/shared between subjects in the works.











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.

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