

03/03/10 - Maartje Folkeringa writes about her residency on Curacao

Maartje Folkeringa | I sit on a porch. Tequila is laying there sleeping with her legs in the air. Sipping on my yellow Tip-Top lemonade drink i write on my laptop. I'm sweaty. Outside i can regularly hear the exploding fireworks and inside a clarinet, played by Arjan Kappers. He's the partner of visual artist Lydia Schouten who's wrapping up her period as artist-in-residence at the Instituto Buena Bista, Curacao center for contemporary art. It's january the 2nd.

I arrive at hato on the 31st of december at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I sat in the plane next to a 23 year old girl who was immigrating to Curacao. She now works for the Price Waterhouse Coopers firm. "It's very important that you go to the Albert Hein. It's four times as expensive as in The Netherlands, but at least they don't have cockroaches. The market? No, gross, they have flies flying over the vegetables and fish there." I'm also advices to go to the parties for and organized by the dutch. Those are apparently the 'hot' ones. There's also a fantastic hairdresser, Dutch of course, named John John.

I wasn't tired when i set foot on shore. I got the feeling that I, with a dash of tropical fantasy, just took the train to Groningen. My language made the trip with me. Continue reading on kunstbeeld.nl. (article in dutch)