

EDNA

A Journal of Art-in-Residence




2017

THE
MILLAY
COLONY
FOR THE
ARTS



Michelle de la Vega

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Welcome to the 2017 Edition of **EDNA!**

Millay Colony hosted an extraordinary group of artists, writers, and composers this year. Each residency was filled with inspired artistic work, new friends, and a chance to recharge artistic batteries, all within the magical setting of the colony.

Millay Colony's guest editor, Seema Yasmin, has graciously pulled together a sampling of the fifty-three residents that spent time on our campus. Many of those staying with us have gone on to having their work published, featured in galleries, played in concerts and garnering international awards.

So please join us in this issue of *EDNA* as Millay Colony gives you a taste of the output, and diversity of voices of that graced our campus. A special thank you to all of our 2017 residents and to everyone who has supported the colony and its mission of supporting artists over the years.

Calliope Nicholas
Residency Director

Ching In-Chen

A natural history of my distance.

These linear nights, gnatty, humid, cricket. A circulation: channel, meridian, vital. Cockroach along belly of sink. Screen shows desert in the West, a face like mine. Unexplainable can't be plot, given or promise. Heart a pool with surface of heat, sun, trapped wings. When I'm grown past a girl, I will emit a radius beyond the blue of a wingspan.

A natural history of my distance {side c}

after Susu Pianchupattana's "The Crawl"

Elsewhere, we live on a shifting forest of water. In the twilight, someone's small emerald shadow makes me a song. We barely hear above the birds. On each wall, a box, a horizon for another eye. A life when I possessed my own country. Strangers wait for sun through curtain, asking the question of fire or wind.

To the next place we fill – mist, sky that needs no explanation. Your voice bends to my swollen throat. On my yellow bed, this is not the memory I search for, to mark you. As you appear.

Not a crease I study, surface to consume.



Anna Tsouhlarakis
Edges of the Ephemeral
Installation

Jen Hyde

An Alien Prayer

At dusk I stand on a tennis court to wait for stars. The rain has just stopped, the clouds, not yet parted. I count two, three, then an airplane in the distance, descending with the light. The moon appears—almost full—to round a hole in the sky. Only here do I finally believe a giant person can emerge from my body. Born so small, I need no star to remind me how slow I move through this quick life. I put my hands through the moon's hole to part the clouds a little more and remember an afternoon in Jurow Hall when I learned the universe is pink and beige, not one color but an average of each galaxy's light emissions. I went home and painted a brown spectrum on portable-sized paper. My brush made many accidents. *Each one a galaxy*, I imagined. I spotted one planet with many lifeforms. It was splendid as earth, spinning our uncountable beliefs and languages in orbit. When I reached this planet I learned it has no word for violence, but many for loss and loneliness. Now my stomach sinks from the word alien. In our tongue it is a name for the people who migrate across my planet. I am sad when I remember what it feels like to be alienated. To alienate. I hate it. From the planet I learned a prayer is *a blue lit night*. I think when my mom was an alien she prayed to release her loneliness. I have come to believe this pink-to-beige spectrum is our collection of loss; it is our life's emissions. The difference between colors is terribly slender; the differences within each, grander.

Vũ-Trụ Trong Kinh Nguyễn Lạc-Lòai

Trans. into Vietnamese by *Nguyễn Văn Thông*

Tôi đứng trên sân quần-vợt chờ sao mọc lúc hoàng-hôn. Mưa đã tạnh mà mây chưa tan. Tôi đếm hai, ba, và kìa một chiếc máy bay hiện đến từ xa, đáp xuống trong ánh đèn. Mặt trăng xuất-hiện - gần đầy - vẽ một lỗ tròn trên nền trời. Cuối cùng, chỉ ở nơi đây tôi tin được có con người khổng-lồ thoát ra từ thân-xác tôi. Sinh ra nhỏ xíu, tôi không cần một vì sao nhắc-nhở rằng mình di-động quá chậm trong kiếp sống quá nhanh này. Tôi thò đôi tay vào lỗ trống của mặt trăng để lừa đám mây tan đi và nhớ lại buổi chiều nọ ở Jurow Hall khi tôi nhận ra vũ-trụ màu hồng và vàng bệch, không rõ hẳn một màu nhưng là màu ánh-sáng chung chung phát ra từ mỗi giải ngân-hà. Quay về nhà, tôi mang giấy ra vẽ những vệt sơn nâu. Chiếc cọ sơn của tôi rơi rớt nhiều vệt. Tôi thầm nghĩ, *mỗi vệt là một giải ngân-hà*. Tôi tìm ra được một hành-tinh có nhiều sự sống. Nó rục-rỡ như trái đất, quay tròn vô số niềm tin và ngôn-ngữ trong quỹ-đạo. Khi bước đến hành-tinh này, tôi nhận ra nó không có ngôn-ngữ bạo-lực, nhưng có nhiều ngôn-ngữ dành cho mất-mát và cô-đơn. Giờ đây lòng tôi chìm xuống vì chữ lạc-lòai Tron...g ngôn-ngữ của chúng ta, nó là tên của dân di-cư trên hành -tinh này. Buồn quá khi tôi chợt nhớ ra lạc-loài có nghĩa như thế nào. Lạc-lòai. Tôi thù-ghét nó. Từ hành-tinh này tôi học được lời cầu kinh mang tên *a blue lit night (Một Đêm Sáng Xanh)*. Chắc khi là kẻ di-cư lạc-lòai, mẹ tôi đã cầu lời kinh để vơi đi nỗi cô-đơn. Thế là tôi tin vệt màu từ hồng-đến-vàng-bệch là tất-cả nỗi mất-mát của chúng ta; những thất-thoát của đời ta. Sự khác-biệt giữa các màu mong-manh vô cùng; sự khác-biệt bên trong mỗi người mới vô cùng lớn.



Roya Amigh
The coerced contact

Kavita Das

Invisible Playgrounds, Invisible People

Heading Home

As she walks home from school to a soundtrack of horns blaring and people barking, she imagines the glittering shattered glass littering the sidewalk is a bejeweled pathway, and the key hanging from a chain around her neck unlocks the secret door to an enchanted castle.

Each evening, he patiently arranges the hollow cardboard boxes by size, carefully fitting them together, and climbs in to spend the night, while people hurriedly walk past on the sidewalk, anxious to return to their own boxes in the sky.

Glancing Skyward

The few birds that loitered in this neighborhood have flown south for the winter so, early one morning he takes his old pair of Converse's and pitches them over the telephone wire that runs across his street. In the early morning light, the sneakers look like the wings of a bird mid-flight, the laces forming its knotty beak.

He sits on his stool next to his makeshift sidewalk stall, which is filled to the brim with knock off bags and hats of every size and color. Although there's nothing natural about these ill-gotten wares, they conjure up memories of the rainbow-hued plumage of the birds that filled the skies of his faraway homeland.

Quenching Thirst

The still, stifling city street, surrounded by tall unadorned apartments with tiny windows suddenly erupts in sprays of water soon accompanied by the raucous laughter of children radiating outwards from a small street-side hydrant.

On this crowded city street, the hunched old lady is invisible, despite the voluminous blue plastic bags, hanging off each side of her shopping cart, filled with our cast-off cans and bottles, which she carefully plucks and cleans from the overfilled trash bins on every corner.

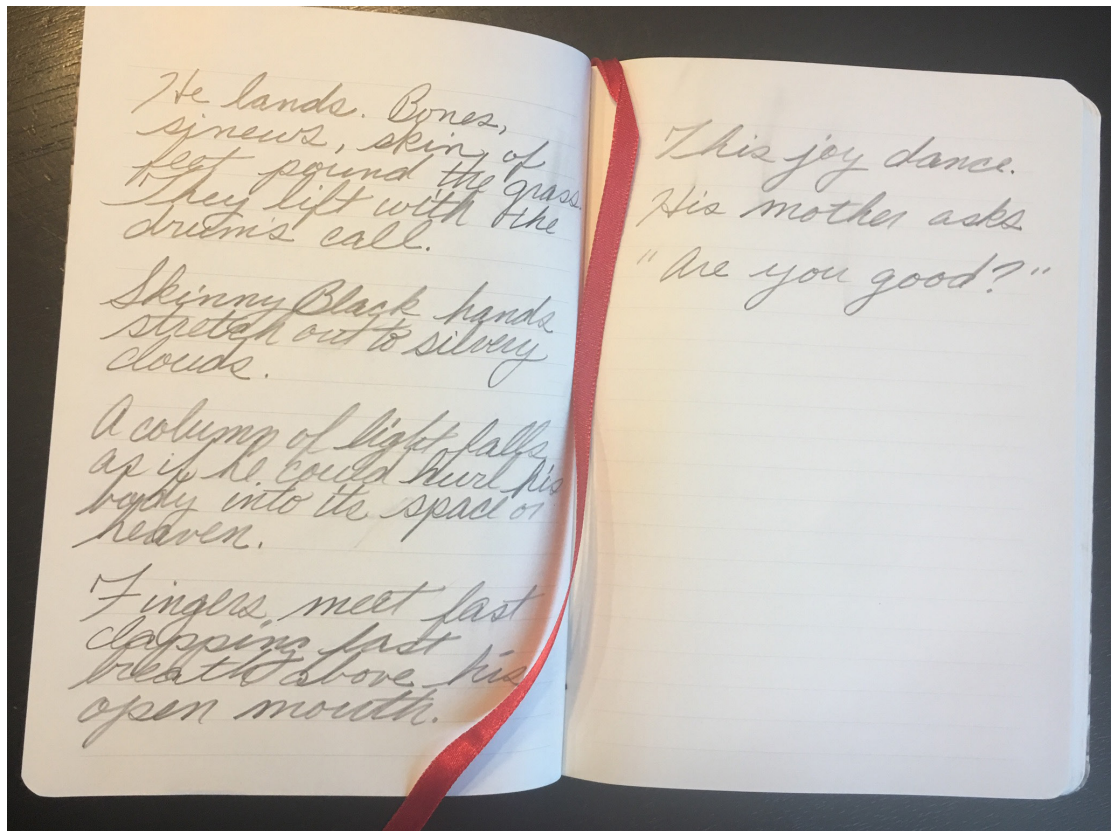


Reiko Yamada
Le récepteur a perdu le signal satellite



Kyrin Hobson
Festival Day number 1 (right)
Festival Day number 2 (left)





Kyrin Hobson
notebook

Carmen Maria Machado

The Resident

An excerpt

I came downstairs, the residue of mouthwash burning between my teeth. A long table of dark wood—cherry, perhaps, or chestnut; either way, it was stained a rich crimson—was set for seven people. My fellow residents clustered in the corners of the room, chatting and holding glasses of wine.

Benjamin called out my name and gestured to me with his glass. Anele looked up and smiled. Lydia remained deep in conversation with a slender, pretty man whose fingers were smudged with something dark—ink, I imagined. He smiled shyly at me but said nothing.

Benjamin handed me a glass of red wine before I could tell him that I do not drink.

“Thank you,” I said, instead of “No, thank you.” I heard my wife’s warm voice as if she were next to me, whispering into my ear. *Be a sport.* I believed that my wife loved me as I was, but I had also become certain that she’d love a more relaxed version of me even better.

"Are you set up?" he asked. "Or were you resting?"

"Resting," I said, and took a sip of the wine. It soured against the spearmint, and I swallowed quickly. "I suppose I was tired from the drive."

"That drive is horrible, no matter where you come from," Anele agreed.

The kitchen door swung open, and Edna emerged, carrying a platter of sliced ham. She set the plate down on the table, and on cue, everyone left their conversations and began to gather around their chairs.

"Are you settled?" she asked me.

I nodded. We all sat. The man with smudged fingers reached across the table and shook my hand limply. "I'm Diego."

"How is everyone's work going?" asked Lydia.

Every head dipped down as if to avoid answering. I took a piece of ham, a scoop of potatoes.

"I'm heading out tomorrow morning," Edna said, "and I'll be back at the end of the week. Groceries are in the fridge, of course. Does anyone need anything from civilization?"

A smattering of *nos* rose from the table. I reached into my back pocket and produced a prestamped, preaddressed, prewritten letter to be sent to my wife, confirming that I had arrived safely. "Can you mail this for me?" I asked. Edna nodded and took it to her handbag in the hall.

Lydia chewed with her mouth open. She dug something out from between her molars—gristle—then ran her tongue over her teeth and took another sip of wine.

Benjamin refilled my glass. I didn't remember finishing but I had, somehow. My teeth felt soft in my gums, as if they were lined with velvet.

Everyone began talking in that loose, floppy way wine encourages. Diego was a professional illustrator of children's books, I learned, and was currently working on a graphic novel. He was from Spain, he said, though he had lived in South Africa and the United States for much of his adult life. He then flirted a little with Lydia, which lowered my estimation of them both. Anele told a funny story about an awkward encounter with an award-winning novelist whose name I did not recognize. Benjamin described his most recent sculpture: Icarus with wings made of broken glass. Lydia said that she'd spent all day "banging on the piano."

"I didn't bother any of you, did I?" she said in a voice that suggested that she didn't give a whit one way or the other. She went on to explain that she was composing a "po-em-song," and was currently in the "song" part of the process.

The walls were soundproof, Edna assured her. You could be murdered in there, and no one would ever know.

Cynthia Manick

A Black Moth Follows Me Down Hill Road Towards the State Forest



And I had to remember
to be not afraid,
of root eyes and all the hollow
things nature can fill.

It follows like its eyes,
wings are used to large things-
harvests
garden snakes sunning
themselves to music
and storms that don't get tired.

In the forest I follow the path,
looking behind ready for some
type of hurt the cousins
of wolves
or frantic bird calls cause
animals always know first.

I wish there were little blue
or red doors
at the base of trees.

But this isn't a fairytale or some-
thing words have offered in a book.

Do forests have ghosts? of animals
and other moths? How many
offerings does the ground
and air need to stay this green?



Valentina Homem
Neither Spring Nor Estuary

Cynthia Manick

Things I Will Tell My Children About Destiny

You remind them
of weighted tumbleweeds,
hen-egg brown. Don't let
them take the rag-
time beneath your skin.
It stirs earth's curvature
and a choir
of frogs
when you enter
or leave a room. Don't
leave a swallow of juice
or milk in the fridge.
A body grieved
is a whole new body.
Give your shadow a name
big as a star, see
yourself out loud.
Pick wild irises the best gifts
roll under a ribcage, leave
open mouths splendid.
I like your smile unpenned.
Keep your bird-
song close, imagine
an hourglass full
of architects and dreamers,
the first taste of fresh
scooped ice cream.
You will learn to master
camouflage among ordinary things—
men who spill words
not thoughts, trigger fingers
ready
to brand loose.
I love your smile unpenned.



Valentina Homem
Neither Spring Nor Estuary



Hui-Ying Tsai
Among the Stars Universe (top, right)
Persistence of Time (left)
Installation

Rafia Zakaria

In Thoreau's footsteps: my journey to Walden for the bicentennial of the original de-clutterer

He retreated to a cabin by a pond and wrote Walden, the most influential guide to happy living ever. As his devotees (modestly) celebrate his bicentennial, our writer follows in the footsteps of Henry David Thoreau

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately," Henry David Thoreau declares early in the pages of *Walden*. But these words, some of his most quoted, are only half true. In the summer of 1845, Thoreau—who would have turned a healthy 200 this week—had a lot more on his mind. The book he was writing was not *Walden* but the almost unknown *A Week on the Merrimack and Concord Rivers*, an account of a river journey he took with his older brother, John. That brother was suddenly and newly dead of lockjaw, so a bereft Thoreau was left with only his memories in a little cabin, toiling at his even littler desk. He may have gone to the woods to live deliberately, but he also went to remember.

Love, loss and labour do not guarantee literary success. *A Week on the Merrimack and Concord Rivers* was published in 1849 and met the worst of literary fates: not ridicule, but indifference. It sold only a few hundred copies and the publisher returned the rest to Thoreau, who had self-financed the venture. It was not a good moment: "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself," the author acidly notes in his journal in October 1853. But sitting among the dusty piles of unsold books, Thoreau began to compile a second. *Walden* was the work of a writer on the rebound—and this time it enjoyed modest success.

In the century and a half since it was published in 1854, *Walden*—and by its grace Thoreau—have become bright stars in the constellation of American classics. A young visionary, holed up in a cabin on land owned by a wealthy friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, details his dissatisfaction with the world around him and the encroaching Industrial Revolution. Against a world that gushed over competitive progress, Thoreau preaches a radical freedom as an antidote to "lives of quiet desperation" and crass consumer zeal. He exhorts men—women are almost entirely omitted—to give up everything that keeps them imprisoned in the "factitious cares and coarse labours of life".

There are also small changes to be made: not adding salt to food, so one then needs less water; finding enjoyment in housework (which Thoreau finds "never ceases to be novel"). The writer rubbishes curtains and doormats as extravagances. He praises the self-restraint of vegetarianism, but admits to longing for small pleasures such as tea and coffee

("Ah, how low I fall when I am tempted by them!"). To a modern reader, *Walden* reads like a combination of how-to-do minimalism and an inspirational poster. It is the ancestor of all the modern guides on how to live and eat and think purely—not by an author with a minder and a splashy book deal, but by a man hellbent on reminding everyone that "money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul".

Of course, Thoreau wanted *Walden* to be a financial success, which sits oddly against the book's line on living free of materialism and competition. It is this sort of quibble, over the diligence with which he followed his own prescriptions, that has preoccupied his critics ever since. Some, such as James Russell Lowell, writing in the *Atlantic* in 1862, found Thoreau "conceited, egotistical" and "a boor" who blabbed on about retreating from life but "never himself went far from home". American novelist John Updike, writing in the *Guardian* on the 150th anniversary of *Walden*'s publication, noted that Thoreau's retreat to the cabin was "financed by the surplus that an interwoven slave-driving economy generates". Others, like Kathryn Schulz, writing in the *New Yorker*, elevate his dislike of things such as cranberry farming as proof of bad character, even questioning his staunch anti-slavery views as sprouting from a belief in his own superiority above the laws of the time.

As is often the case, the criticisms say more about their authors than the long-dead Thoreau. To some, *Walden* is symbolic of the cult of American individualism, living away from the meddling state and emphasising self-reliance and austerity to the point of poverty. It is true that Thoreau was privileged, but to discard *Walden* on that basis is unfair, particularly at the present moment in the United States. The resurrection of an author who preaches environmentalism and makes a case for choosing less may be just the thing for a country where millions voted for a president in a gold tower. The premise that living with less, buying less, wanting less, can be a sign of moral strength, is as radical and relevant an idea now as it was then.

Thoreau's shadow still hangs over Concord, Massachusetts. While his original cabin at Walden Pond is gone, the room where he was born (in a building now called Thoreau Farm) exists, staid and stolid like the man himself. I spent some time there, meeting Joseph Wheeler, a descendant of the family that bought the farm from the Thoreaus and who was also born on the property, before it was opened to the public. In 1941, his mother co-founded the Thoreau Society, which now sits on the farm but has members in all 50 states (and 20 other countries to boot). At Walden, a week of celebrations is planned for Thoreau's bicentennial—and not only the predictable get-togethers about the man, but discussions about his significance to movements such as Occupy and Black Lives Matter, his role in Japan, his manic depression and one talk called "Business Lessons from Henry David Thoreau".

There has been a revival of interest in Thoreau-esque ideas. A recent opinion article in the *New York Times* called the man the "original declutterer", connecting his mantras of "simplicity, simplicity, simplicity" to organising maven Marie Kondo's prescriptions for culling belongings. Small and free is also the concept behind the wildly popular tiny house movement, whose precept of living in 300 sq ft or less challenges the McMansions that dominate US suburbs. And, of course, corporate America has already adopted his

philosophy, with construction companies offering stressed hipsters and city dwellers “luxury” tiny homes complete with soaking tubs and high-end appliances – pictures of which are gathered into books by conglomerate publishers and deemed “cabin porn”.

Funnily, these primed-up cabins are not that far from Thoreau’s life back in 1845—looks poor on the face of it, but not so much inside. With their folding tables for 10 and secret recesses for widescreen televisions, these cabins are made with the same imaginative flair Thoreau possessed, as he reimagined a bucolic suburban lot into wilderness, a two-mile walk from town as isolation, and solitude as an ideal, omitting the regular laundry service provided by his mother.

So Thoreau and his famous book are relevant to America now, but less as a lifestyle guide and more as an exploration of the approximate nature of truth. Even in Thoreau’s day, as he knew too well, it was quaint to believe that less was more, especially in a country that has always been better suited to those wanting the latter.

First published in The Guardian



Tonya Gregg
Sharing Rewards (left)
Start Game (right)

Ushio Torikai

Remember

An excerpt, Dedicated to the Fallen and the victims of terrorism and war

For Solo Baritone and Orchestra

In 2013, when I started thinking about a text for the composition, the number of U.S. soldiers acknowledged to have died in the Iraq War was dramatically increasing, a growing count which I felt had been receiving inadequate attention. This inspired me to find an appropriate text and to dedicate the composition to those who sacrificed their precious lives in service to a tragically false war, the longest war in U.S. history.

Now, in 2015, twelve years since the Iraq War started...

I would particularly point out that I decided not to use percussion instruments. Percussion, of course, can invest forceful strength, and has sometimes become a kind of "must-have". For "Remember," though, I felt the need for a sonic restraint appropriate to the mourning of a lost individual, and by inference, to the many lost individuals. The focus is on hope, which life both offers and deserves, rather than on the senseless death of those we've lost in war.

I would add a few explanations about the composition. You will hear long notes after long notes on first half of the composition, which represent the complete and long lives which all the fallen soldiers and the victims of war and terrorism had deserved to have. For instance, there is a section on which only three long notes are played by all the instruments together, which represents the lives that three individuals should and could have had, hundred years instead of twenty years, the lives surrounded by the family and friends, instead of cruel death in the desert.

Later on the composition, you will hear very short notes scattered among the instruments. All the short notes massively expanded toward the end of the work represents thousands of, thousands of precious lives cut in short so very regretfully and sadly by the wars and terrorism.

I dedicate "Remember" to the fallen soldiers and civilians in Iraq, and also in Afghanistan, and more broadly, to all victims of war and terrorism.

Christina Georgina Rosetti

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far a way into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Instrumentation

Solo Baritone

ORCHESTRA

2 Flutes
2 Oboes
2 Clarinets in Bb
Bass Clarinet in Bb /
Contrabass Clarinet in Bb
2 Bassoons / 2 Contra Bassoons

4 Horns in F
3 Trumpets in C
2 Trombones
Bass Trombone

Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

♩ = 50

Flute 1
Flute 2
Oboe 1
Oboe 2
Clarinet in Bb 1
Clarinet in Bb 2
Bass Clarinet in Bb
Bassoon 1
Bassoon 2
Horn in F 1
Horn in F 2
Horn in F 3
Horn in F 4
Trumpet in C 1
Trumpet in C 2
Trumpet in C 3
Trombone 1
Trombone 2
Bass Trombone

Senza Tempo

Speak Very PERSONALLY

Very Expressively!

Baritone Solo
mp RE MEM BER ME *mf* Re mem ber me - *Sing* when I am gone a way *f* Gone far a way - *ff* in to the si lent land -

*Throughout the piece, indicated pitches (x) are just for relative high or low among the words. Don't pay much attention to the rhythms.

♩ = 50

Every entrance of New note should sound equal to other Strings Part

Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

Strings: For the long sustain notes, divide the timing of Bow direction changes in 2-4 groups for Each part throughout the piece

7 **A**

Fl. 1
Fl. 2
Ob. 1
Ob. 2
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1
Bsn. 2
Hrn. 1
Hrn. 2
Hrn. 3
Hrn. 4
C Tpt. 1
C Tpt. 2
C Tpt. 3
Tbn. 1
Tbn. 2
B. Tbn.

Bar. Solo

mf *f* *mf* *f* *ff*

When you can no more hold me by the hand - Nor I half turn to go yet tur ning stay -

On [A], Every note change for the Strings will bring a different chord, which should be heard Very Clearly as a well balanced NEW Chord

A

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

mp *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

*Vn1 &II: Divided notes should sound equal to other Strings' **mp**

13

Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Ob. 1

Ob. 2

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Bsn. 2

Hrn. 1

Hrn. 2

Hrn. 3

Hrn. 4

C Tpt. 1

C Tpt. 2

C Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

B. Tbn.

Bar. Solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

f

ff

fff

Re mem-ber me - when no more day by day - You te-ll me of our fu-ture that - you - planned - -

mp

mf

f < ff < fff

*Accent only on F# div. *

*Accent only on G *

*Accent only on Bb & A

*Vn1 & II: Notes with Accent should be heard very clearly

20

Fl. 1 *f* *ff* *fff* **B**

Fl. 2 *f* *ff* *fff*

Ob. 1 *mf* *f* *ff* *fff*

Ob. 2 *mf* *f* *ff* *fff*

Cl. 1 *mf* *f* *ff* *fff*

Cl. 2 *mf* *f* *ff* *fff*

B. Cl. *f* *ff* *fff* To B. Cl. Bass Clarinet in Bb

Bsn. 1 *f* *ff* *fff* To Bsn. Bassoon

Bsn. 2 *f* *ff* *fff* To Bsn. Bassoon

f *ff* *fff* <Forza

*Hrn2,3,4: Sustain the note without break, if possible

Hrn. 1 *ff* *f* *ff* *fff*

Hrn. 2 *ff* *f* *ff* *fff*

Hrn. 3 *f* *ff* *fff*

Hrn. 4 *ff* *f* *ff* *fff*

C Tpt. 1 *mf* *f* *ff*

C Tpt. 2 *mf* *f* *ff*

C Tpt. 3 *mf* *f* *ff*

Tbn. 1 *f* *ff* *fff*

Tbn. 2 *f* *ff* *fff*

B. Tbn. *f* *ff* *fff*

f *ff* *fff*

Bar. Solo *ff* 3 3

On ly Re mem - ber me -

Vln. I *mf* *f* *ff* *fff* <FORZA! **B**

Vln. II *mf* *f* *ff* *fff* <FORZA! *mp*

Vla. *mf* *f* *ff* *fff* <FORZA! *mp*

Vc. *mf* *f* *ff* *fff* <FORZA! *mp*

Cb. *fff* <FORZA!



Autumn Knight

Lisa B. Thompson

The Mamalogues

An excerpt

Characters

Lauren Holmes

Forty-something African American woman. College professor. Stressed, sarcastic, and tired. She is bare-foot and has natural hair and minimal make up. She is wearing a crisp white dress shirt, a colorful & stylish cardigan, and black pants. She has a son named Phillip.

Beverly Fontenot

Forty-something African American woman. Salon owner. Calm, efficient, forthright and wise. She wears make-up and has straightened hair styled in a simple bob (perhaps with a tortoise shell headband). She dressed in a shirt, skirt and stylish yet sensible low heels. She has a daughter named Alexandria.

Tasha Simons

Fifty-something African American woman. Pediatrician. Soulful, sweet, and sassy. She's wearing a head wrap or has a natural hairstyle (braids or dreadlocks). She's wearing a colorful dress, and sandals. She has a son named Omari, and twin daughters, Octavia and Oni. Her patients call her Dr. Tasha.

Setting

Now. A middle class suburban home in a major American city. Assorted props one wooden school chair and another comfy leather chair, various types of shoes—a pair of high heels, colorful sneakers, roller blades, and clogs—a jump rope, laptop, laundry basket and a leather briefcase help them become each character and create each vignette.

Prologue

Club Women

A meeting of the BBSM which stands for Black Bourgie Single Mothers. A social and support group for professional black women who are single mothers of minor children. They are sitting on folding chairs facing the audience in a homey environment. There is tea and assorted finger foods.

LAUREN

Good afternoon! Good afternoon! We want to welcome you all to this year's BBSM retreat. Please enjoy the spread donated from Whole Foods and Trader Joes. Before you ask, of course there are vegan and gluten free options for our more discriminating eaters. It's good to see so many of you in attendance.

TASHA

Yes, look at all this chocolate beauty!

LAUREN

If this is your first time, I want to make sure you know that BBSM stands for Black Bourgie Single Mothers—

TASHA

Not Bad Bitches Starting Mess—unfortunately that name was voted down last year.

LAUREN

And we don't want to see that posted on Instagram ever again, even in gest! This group was established nearly a decade ago to provide a place just for us single black mothers—

TASHA

. . . of a certain age . . . and a certain income. (Wink)

LAUREN

At Black Bourgie Single Mothers we come together to share parenting tips, recipes—

TASHA

—complaints about the dating scene, and good ass down home gossip.

LAUREN

Come on back, Tasha. Must you? As you can see she likes to turn up. Our group been holding monthly meetings for sisterhood, and support to soothe our souls, build community—

TASHA

—and keep us from being reported to CPS!

LAUREN

She's joking. She joking. Right? (*Tasha nods unconvincingly.*) I hope everyone is still feeling good after our spa visit last month.

TASHA

Hell yeah. I needed that!

LAUREN

Excellent! Before we continue let's take a moment to introduce ourselves so the newcomers know everyone. Tell us your name, what you do and what brought you here. Who wants to start? (*Awkward pause.*) Ok. I'll start! My name is Lauren. I'm originally from Dallas, I'm an English professor and I have a 7-year old son named Omari.

TASHA

Tell 'em how old you are too! (*Tasha falls out laughing!*)

LAUREN

Since you're in a talkative mood why don't you go next?

TASHA

No problem, Lauren! Hi, I'm Tasha. I'm a pediatrician. My patients call me Dr. Tasha. I'm the one who give your kids all those shots that they hate. I have a son, and twin daughters. I'm 55 fucking five years old. Black don't crack.

LAUREN

Any new members?

BEVERLY

(Beverly looks around and slowly raises her hand.) My name is Beverly. I own a small business—

TASHA

Tell them what your business is so you can drum up some more clients!

BEVERLY

It's a salon. I'm originally from here and I have a daughter named Chelsea and she's three.

TASHA

Anything else you want to add? Like how you heard about the group?

BEVERLY

Sure! Tasha suggested I come. She's my daughter's pediatrician.

TASHA

That's right! Give me my props. I'm building community up in here.

LAUREN

Thank you, Tasha. I'm so glad you're here, Beverly. The theme for today is sharing. It's wonderful to see so many old and new faces! I thought we would start with an ice-breaker. In my classes I find ice-breakers a useful tool to facilitate conversation. I came up with an assortment of questions and placed them in this little basket.

TASHA

That's so cute!

LAUREN

(Showing off basket). Home Goods.

TASHA

Girl! You know they get all of my check.

LAUREN

Can we get back to . . . *(motions to the room.)*

TASHA

Go ahead.

LAUREN

As was saying, that will help us break down the walls and really get to know each other better—stop rolling your eyes Valerie! Remember theme for today is sharing.

TASHA

You all game?

LAUREN

(Looks at audience for approval.) Excellent. Shall we?

Scene 2

Birth Pains

(LAUREN, BEVERLY and TASHA constitute a chorus of women engaged in a highly dramatic Lamaze style breathing. Very exaggerated.)

Ha ha ha ha

Ho ho ho ho

Hee hee hee hee (pause then repeated 3xs)

BEVERLY

Tell us your birth story!

LAUREN

There is nothing more humbling than meeting new people draped in a hospital gown and panting and meditating every three minutes. We've all seen before, but somehow no movie or TV show (or play) has ever approximated that delicate dance—a woman tries desperately to maintain her dignity in hospital gown while a staff of capable professionals "accidentally" undermine it.

TASHA

(As nurse) I'm sorry darling, were you sleeping? I just need to draw some blood.

LAUREN

It was a teaching hospital and my doctor was a star. He could be heard pontificating on our local public radio station giving advice about women's health issues.

BEVERLY

(As male doctor.) There is no reason to stop making love—you can be sexually active well into your senior years.”

LAUREN

I knew I'd made the right choice of physician. When your water breaks you need to feel comfortable. When you arrive at the hospital it's essential to be in capable hands.

After surviving the mad dash to the hospital there's nothing left to worry about. Besides, I made it through the Godforsaken amniocentesis otherwise known as the “let it be healthy, let it be healthy, let it be healthy . . . but if it isn't I'll still love it, thank God it's a healthy baby test.”

TASHA

So, what's left to worry about?

BEVERLY

Right. I took all the classes. I packed my bag. I am officially ready to become a mother. We are in the room having a few tests done, setting up the monitors and then I realize the technician is looking at me askance. Her forehead is wrinkled, her lips pushed out. What's the problem? Oh, she read my chart and now knows how old I am. Why don't I live in a major metropolitan area? A place where unconventional mothers are downright typical? The lesbian couples and single women I know in New York City and San Francisco don't receive this type of scrutiny—not that they should. But what do I expect? I am living in a Republican county. That's what I get for moving someplace for the safe neighborhoods and good public schools. I forget that people consider it safe and good here because our brown faces are a rarity. My worries about race and difference are temporarily interrupted by—*(reacts to another contraction)*.

LAUREN/ TASHA/ BEVERLY

Ha ha ha ha!

Hee hee hee hee!

Hoo hoo hoo hoo! (pause then repeated 2xs)

Pushing a baby out of my body is the hardest thing I've ever done. How do I summon the strength? My mind races back to images from US history. I see the slave quarters—no even worse, a slave ship *(flashes a photo of packed slave ship)* and I begin to imagine the unthinkable. Giving birth in the hull of a slave ship in 1697. The unimaginable. The unspeakable. I fast forward and begin to think of mothers in prison today. Right now. Pushing as I push giving birth to babies while wearing leg shackles and I push. I think of mother's giving birth to still born babies and I push and push and pray and curse and—

TASHA

(As doctor) Push! We can see the head! It's crowning! Push! Push!

LAUREN

(As partner) Honey, push!

TASHA

Push!

BEVERLY

And *(pause)* nothing. After pushing for 1 hour and sixteen minutes, he won't come out.

Push!

LAUREN

(As baby) Ah, no thanks Mom.

BEVERLY

There will be no crowning moment, no ultimate release. Instead? Instead there are drugs and cutting and like 33% of American women in the 21st century—I received a single slash to my abdomen now hidden in my bikini line. Thanks Dr. Yes, a C-section.

TASHA

C is not excellent, but it does represent a passing grade. Barely.

LAUREN

Yes, pushing out a baby is the single hardest thing that I have never done.

BEVERLY

The nurse holds him over the drape and we meet. They clean him up and bring these eyes, this body, this voice over to me. It's our moment. *(The lighting becomes ethereal. Holding baby to the sky)*

BEVERLY/LAUREN/TASHA

Baby cries

LAUREN

And mommy cries

BEVERLY/LAUREN/TASHA

Daddy/Friend/Nana/Nurse, somebody takes pictures—"Hey, get my good side"

LAUREN

I finally live up to my ancestral past.

TASHA

"The only thing greater than yourself."

BEVERLY

I fulfill my womanly potential I take my place among my sisters in the struggle and I know.

BEVERLY/LAUREN/TASHA

I am a mother now.

BEVERLY

Now what?

TASHA

Well, do what comes natural.

BEVERLY

Is any of this natural?

TASHA

So many mothers have difficult births.

LAUREN

Legends about birth are so intertwined with tales about death. Babies dying and mothers dying and women dying while becoming mothers and children dying at birth. Birth and death.

BEVERLY

Once you've survived birth twice (yours and someone else's?) it can only get easier, right?

LAUREN

No, after the baby is born there is the new challenge.

TASHA

Welcome to breastfeeding!

LAUREN

The second most natural act in the world. I'm pumping milk at home while channel surfing and a news story about people selling breast milk on E-bay comes on CNN.

TASHA

Did they just say somebody's hawking breast milk ice cream? Sweet Lord!

LAUREN

The modern day wet nurse has arrived. I'm horrified. I can't imagine feeding somebody else's baby with my . . . tits! My boobs! My breasts. My mind returns once again to the slave quarters:

TASHA

(As slave woman) Missus slave owner Ma'am, I just cain't suckle little Sandy Mae, Gilbert and Overseer Jr. too—And you know, I think I have the mastitis. You know. That titty disease?

LAUREN

What is more unnatural than giving your breast to a complete stranger to suck? Then I imagine an infant tasting breast milk for the first time and shaking her head—

BEVERLY

(As mature annoyed baby) "No! Wait! This is not what was promised. Besides, this breast is brown . . . logically this should be chocolate milk and from what I can tell that is not chocolate milk. Wait? Is this soy? Rice dream? Somebody tell me something because the kid in the bassinet over there is actually very excited. So, what's that Similac stuff? Can I get a hit of formula? Come on I heard that the first taste is free. Wait, let me dig in my diaper bag, I may have a coupon!"

LAUREN

No, there is something actually quite unnatural about motherhood.



Maia Cruz Palileo
The Seer



Roya Amigh
No one goes down
Installation

Racquel Goodison

Worth Less

An excerpt

The caged barrel rolled. The lady stood next to the racket, waiting for it to stop. Niyeka watched transfixed, her boney body pressed against the shag carpet in her living room.

First number: 12!

She waited.

Second number: 33!

She rifled through the bottle tops scattered carefully on the floor in front of her. She searched for the winning numbers among the dozens of sticky metal circles she had collected, some from the trash at the plaza down the street.

She just had to be a winner this time, she thought. Dear God, just gi'me a bly this one time, she prayed.

Outside the little concrete house she shared with her mother, father, and four sisters, a man rolled a whistling peanut cart down the road. The steam of the peanuts still in their shell, but soaked in brine and then dried and roasted over coal, creating a steady pitch like a kettle screaming.

The peanut man pushed the cart through the streets of the small town. Occasionally, he bellowed "Peeeanuts!" to further alert the inhabitants of the rows and rows of identical square slab housing that his hot bags of peanuts were ready for their consumption. He had spent all day preparing the snacks, hoping that he would have a night where he made enough to at least make do for now.

Inside Niyeka's home, the lottery continued. "The next number is..." Then the cage full of plastic circles, with a single number printed on each, clanged and clattered as the woman in the red one-piece bathing suit and matching high heel pumps turned the handle slowly. The thing reminded Niyeka of a pig or a goat on a spit. Except it was nothing like that.

This was the chance of a lifetime.

It had begun three months earlier, with her watching them at the dining table, from the seat she had made of the concrete steps by the back door. She was just there to catch some evening sun and take a breath before doing her homework.

Her mother, still in the teal polyester skirt suit that was the uniform at her office on Princess Street, the heart of downtown Kingston: "Them raise the fee again, Charlie. Weh we going have it gi' them?"

Her father, also in his work clothes, the bush jacket with the pocket pen holder: "We no always find it? So?"

Her mother: "So? You see the dollar slide? You see the inside a de fridge? You see how much fi even hard dough bread?"

Her father leaned back away from the washed out green Formica table. He scratched his silvering head: "I see all that. But we always find it. The girls them school fees wi' get paid if we ha' fi eat cornmeal porridge fi dinner."

—

Last year it was seven to one. Her father had said as much while reading *The Gleaner*: "This country really setting a raw deal from these foreign banks, sah. These people not easy. Study up so you can take care a you self, daughter. For these people will gi' we basket fi carry watah."

But what was the exchange rate to her though? She had other numbers on her mind. That negative six she earned on the last French quiz. That Mrs. Bromley and her surprise dictation, the careful way her mouth seemed to form over le and la, fille and fin-etre, as if nothing mattered more than these sounds and whether a word carries accent aigu or accent grave. Not even whether Niyeka would ever go to some place where all this French would come in handy.

In 1990, the end and a beginning were right before her. A' levels, the end of all this high school business, this uniform living, these days of white blouses and white skirts and blue ties and brown shoes and rules to tame every strand of hair on her body. She would get the exams under her belt and be on her way to the University of the West Indies, Mona Campus. Maybe she could even get her dad to buy her a used car. She would not be going to the class with Stephanie across the street anymore. Even if Stephanie also went to UWI, she might not be studying the same thing. Might not have the same schedule. So Niyeka, who has always worked hard at school, always made her mom and dad proud, deserved a car she could use to go all the way across several Kingstons from her little home to the big wide intellectual world of the university. Oh, the friends she would have. And, in less than three years, the life she could begin to build with her degree in accounting.

Seven years of high school.

Seventeen years of age.

Four A' levels away from a life, at last.

Seven to one, her father had read. But what was that to her?

The caged numbers continued their tumble. Round and round and round.

She had over fifty tops today. More than she had last week or the week before. She had swallowed her fear and gone to the gully banks to see what she could find in the trash there.

It was a filthy gash through the housing complex. A giant gutter to funnel water runoff from God-knows-where through the town to who-knows-where-else. Sometimes one of the stray dogs would end up down there and she could watch it from the concrete banks of the part of the gully that ran right behind her backyard.

It always broke her heart. The mangy mutt or mawga dog walking through the concrete ravine, sniffing what it could find something, anything to eat. The bones sometimes showed in every part of its body. The skin sometimes was nothing but scabs and scales of mange.

Once, part of one was teeming with maggots, the white writhing patch a misshapen circle on the side of its head.

Sometimes, during the hurricane season, Niyeka would worry that these poor things had not found a way out and were washed out to sea, where they would certainly drown if they had not already been killed by the journey through the sudden river of trash and muddy water.

But always, the eyes were human, like a baby's to her. Brown or black. Sweet and round. Precious. Kind. Needy. Pleading. And she always wanted to jump down and find a way to carry it out and then feed it and bathe it and make it all right. But her father was the type to throw hot water at the stray cat that sometimes spent time in the backyard. He called him Scampy because the cat was just that for him: the scamp that came to steal the fish left to dry in the yard.=

She could not bring a hungry dog to that house.

But, maybe, one day, when she had finished school and earned her law degree or her accounting degree – it was so hard to decide – she would have her own house and her own yard and she could help a dog or two from living like a worthless animal. And nobody could stop her.

Denise Kumani Gantt

Trick

Last night I dreamed about someone I use to love.
Oats fell on the floor, we picked them up,
one by one we hoisted their silvery bellies into the air.
The floor was linoleum. Cold. We never kissed.
I fell back to sleep.
Perhaps the dream was about dusting things off—
or taking stock of how a lie scatters.
When I woke, I cried for all the lives banished to a metaphor.
Raw and naked, naked and raw
that's the only wordplay I can scrape from the surface.
I sleep alone and eat alone and dream alone each night. Every night.
This is not a poem, but some survival tactic killing me.



Anjali Rathod
Better Now (left)
A Place Called Home (right)



About the Artists



Roya Amiga During my residency in the Millay Colony for the Arts, I was working on “No One Goes Down”, a room-sized installation. After gluing, peeling, and re-gluing sheets of lace and translucent papers and handmade paper, I rip them open and make marks on them with scissors and sharp knives. I nail colored strings from wall to wall and tie together skeletal forms of hoops and sprung rods

from which ruffles of cloth and paper flutter in space. A jagged constellation of green strings studded with black barbs leaps off the wall. What seem to be gauntlets of birch-bark lunge out from an undergrowth of bright green knot sand nets. A blue aluminum ladder ensnared in twine and torn sheeting tips backwards in a suggestive “V,” as if resisting an aggressor. One can’t help but shiver. The work is about “Sexual assault”, personal story of close woman friend who trusted me and shared her story with me. This was the first work I made about rape and it made me to think deeply about the subject and it became one of the main topic of my works. “No One goes down” led me to another work called “Coerced contact”, which is included in *Representations of Rape in Contemporary Women’s Art*, at the Shiva Gallery. This exhibition aims to demonstrate that rape constitutes one of the central themes in women’s art and will contribute to raising awareness of sexual abuse of women in general.

Ching-In Chen is the author of *The Heart’s Traffic* (Arktoi/Red Hen Press, 2009) and recombinant (Kelsey Street Press, 2017). They are a Kundiman, Lambda and Callaloo Fellow and a member of the Macondo and Voices of Our Nations Arts Foundations writing communities. Chen is also the co-editor of *The Revolution Starts at Home: Confronting Intimate Violence Within Activist Communities* (South End Press, 2011; AK Press 2016) and *Here Is a Pen: an Anthology of West Coast Kundiman Poets* (Achiote Press, 2009). Their work has appeared in *The Best American Experimental Writing*, the &NOW Awards 3: *The Best Innovative Writing*, and *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics*. They are a senior editor of *The Conversant* and poetry editor of the *Texas Review*. They currently teach creative writing at Sam Houston State University.



Kavita Das worked in social change for fifteen years on issues ranging from homelessness, to public health disparities, to racial justice, and now focuses on writing about culture, race, feminism, social change, and their intersections. Nominated for a 2016 Pushcart Prize, Kavita’s work has been published in *The Atlantic*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *The Washington Post*, *Kenyon Review*, *NBC News Asian America*, *Guernica*, *Quartz*, *McSweeney’s*, *The Rumpus*, *Colorlines*, and elsewhere. Her first book, a biography about Gram-

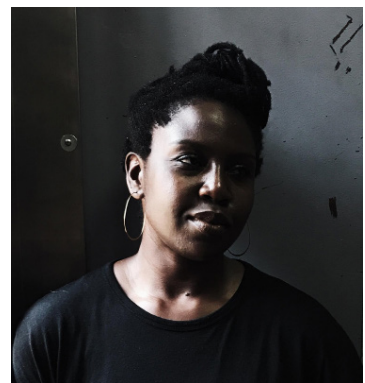
my-nominated Hindustani singer, Lakshmi Shankar, who played a pivotal role in bringing Indian music to the West, published in April 2018 by Harper Collins India, and she’s at work on a collection of personal essays. Kavita was selected by the Millay Colony as a 2016 James and Stephaniea McClennen Fellow, and in 2017 taught a workshop on Creating Art, Creating Change for its Sanctuary Series.

Michelle de la Vega is a multi-disciplinary, installation and community engagement artist in Seattle. Her large-scale ventures endeavor to push social and aesthetic boundaries through instigating dialogue, practicing conceptually driven materiality, and community investment on a wide scale. Michelle’s social engagement model deeply integrates community groups into the generative processes and exhibitions of her cross-disciplinary installations. Her work includes sculpture, immersive environmental design, video, collage, photography, choreography, text, and partnership building through project based community engagement. Michelle received her education and training from Otis Parsons in Los Angeles, CA (visual art), Cornish College of the Arts in Seattle, WA (dance), and the South Seattle Community College Welding and Metal Fabrication Program.



Racquel Goodison has been a resident at Yaddo, Millay, and the Saltonstall Arts Colony as well as a recipient of the Astraea Emerging Lesbian Writer’s Grant and a scholarship to the Fine Arts Works Center. Her stories, poems, and creative nonfiction have been nominated for the Pushcart. And her chapbook, *SKIN*, was a 2013 Goldline Press Fiction Chapbook finalist and is the winner of the 2014 Creative Justice Press Fiction Chapbook Competition.

Tonya Gregg is a contemporary painter from Darlington, South Carolina. Her paintings of fantasy female characters hover between comics, fashion spreads and narrative art. Her episodic images are fueled with allegories about gender, consumption, a range of concepts from personal experiences and other social musings. Gregg has exhibited in the U.S., Germany, Nicaragua, England and Canada and was a resident artist at Millay in 2015. She is currently living in Charlotte, North Carolina.



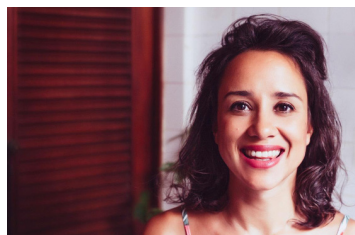
Autumn Knight is an interdisciplinary artist working with performance, installation and text. Her performance work has been in exhibitions at various institutions including DiverseWorks, Art League Houston, Project Row Houses, Blaffer Art Museum, Crystal Bridges Museum, Skowhegan Space, The New Museum, and The Contemporary Art Museum Houston, Marfa Contemporary, and Krannert Art Museum (Solo Exhibition). Knight has been artist in residence with

In-Situ, Galveston Artist Residency, Millay Colony for the Arts, YICA in Yamaguchi, Japan, and Artpace, and recently The Studio Museum in Harlem. She attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture and holds an M.A. in Drama Therapy from New York University. Knight is from Houston, TX and currently based in New York, NY.



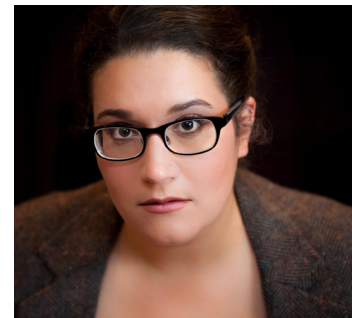
Denise Kumani Gantt's plays and performance pieces include *meditations/from the ash*, winner of the Artscape 1997 Best Play Contest and voted Best New Play by the Baltimore Alternative; *Three Stories to the Ground*, written with Gabriel Shanks and winner of the Theatre Project Outstanding Vision In Theatre Award; *anatomy/lessons* selected as part of Penumbra Theater's Cornerstone Project; *Communion* written with actress Vanessa Thomas for Washington, DC's Horizons Theater, *Testament*, a play inspired by Antigone performed by the Village of Arts and Humanities in 2006; and the work-in-progress, *The Gift*, which received a staged reading as part of ACT's Central Theatre Lab in June 2011. An excerpt of the play was read as part of the Classical Theatre of Harlem's Playwrights Playground, July 2012. In 2003, her collection of poetry, *conjuring the dead*, was awarded the Maryland Emerging Writers Award by poet, Afaa Michael Weaver. She holds a MFA in Theatre Performance from Towson University. As a visual artist, culture worker and mother.

Kyrin Hobson rules over a living practice that is as expansive and malleable as the exigencies of life require. Her various roles—protector of children, keeper of histories and steward of community are enacted through drawing, painting and conceptually engaged social practice. Hobson's belief in using every day experiences to show people things they haven't already seen creates a practice based on pragmatism and simplicity of purpose. Art, writing and youth education projects draw heavily on her sensitivity as an observer and her background as a museum professional. Current bodies of work explore the roles of violence and play in the lives of young African American males, and interrogate the racial imaginary with regard to the wholeness and histories of mixed-race women.



Valentina Homem is a Brazilian artist based in New York, holding an MFA in Film and Media Arts from Temple University, US. She was Flaherty Seminar fellow, a resident at the Millay Colony and a guest filmmaker at the AWID Forum. Valentina's most recent short film, *Abigail*, premiered at the Director's Fortnight, Cannes 2016 and has since been selected to over 20 festivals in 8 countries. *Brócolis*, her first short narrative, has premiered in international festivals and has been selected for the Biennial Edition of Cinewomen. Her artistic research and work lie at the intersections between documentary, performance and installation. She has directed *Granny*, *With a Camera*, *Speak Up!*, *Landscaping*, *New Order*—which premiered at several international film festivals and conferences and aired on TV in Brazil. She has integrated the artistic collective Bota na Roda, which exhibited video installation *The Tale of The Void*. During her residency at FITEI she created the solo performance *Is The Transformation (in fact) Silent?*. She performed in *Right Song*, *Wrong Chord* and in *The Forest*. Currently she is working on her first feature documentary, *Curandero*; video series *Learning to Die*; solo performance *Last Dance For Grandma In Three Acts*; short animation *The Tale of The Yellow Girl*; and interactive documentary *The Secret of Abigail*.

Jen Hyde is the author of *Hua Shi Hua*, 华诗画 [*Drawings & Poems from China*]. She is currently at work on *Murmur*, a 2016 finalist for the Creative Capital Grant in Literature. She has received support for the project from the Asian American Writer's Workshop, The Millay Colony, and Yaddo. Attached is a poem she wrote while at Millay, as well as a translation into Vietnamese by Vt Hung's father, **Nguyễn Văn Thông**. "Vt and I were at Millay together in August 2016, and he sent the poem to his father to translate it for me so that I could give it to the women who assembled my bioprosthetic heart valve." This was the main project she was working on at Millay, and the poem is an additional blessing, set at Edna's tennis court.



Carmen Maria Machado's debut short story collection, *Her Body and Other Parties*, was the recipient of the Bard Fiction Prize and a finalist for the National Book Award and Kirkus Prize. Her work has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Granta*, *Tin House*, *Guernica*, and elsewhere. She is the writer in residence at the University of Pennsylvania and lives in Philadelphia with her wife.

Cynthia Manick is the author of *Blue Hallelujahs* (Black Lawrence Press, 2016). A Pushcart Prize nominated poet with a MFA in Creative Writing from the New School; she has received fellowships from Cave Canem, Hedgebrook, the MacDowell Colony, Poets House, and the Saltonstall Foundation of the Arts among others. Winner of the 2016 Lascoux Prize in Collected Poetry and the 2018 Elizabeth Sloan Tyler Memorial Award; Manick is Founder and Curator of the reading series Soul Sister Revue. Her poem "Things I Carry Into the World"; was made into a film by Motion-poems, a organization dedicated to video poetry, and has debuted on Tidal for National Poetry Month and Reel 13 Shorts. Manick's work has appeared in the Academy of American Poets *Poem-A-Day* Series, *Bone Bouquet*, *Callaloo*, *Kweli Journal*, *Los Angeles Review of Books (LARB)*, *Muzzle Magazine*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and elsewhere. She currently resides in Brooklyn, New York.





Huong Ngo (吳玉香) is an artist born in Hong Kong, based in Chicago, and working between France and Vietnam. Her research-based practice connects personal and political histories using a conceptual, interdisciplinary, and often collaborative approach. Having grown up as a refugee in the American South, Ngô interrogates the ways in which power is bound up with language and creates work that reframes the hybrid, the imperfect, and the non-fluent as sites of survival and knowledge. Performance and, alternately, the absented body and its traces are strongly present in her work. Both

archeological and futuristic, her work operates in layers, continuously making and unmaking an unruly archive. She received an MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a BFA from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and was a studio fellow at the Whitney Independent Study Program. She received a Fulbright U.S. Scholar Grant to Vietnam for her research that examines the colonial history of surveillance in Vietnam and the anti-colonial strategies of resistance vis-à-vis the activities of female organizers and liaisons.

Maia Cruz Palileo is a multi-disciplinary, Brooklyn-based artist. Migration and the permeable concept of home are constant themes in her paintings, installations, sculptures, and drawings. Influenced by the oral history of her family's arrival in United States from the Philippines, as well as the history between the two countries, Maia infuses these narratives using both memory and imagination. When stories and memories are subjected to time and constant retelling, the narratives become questionable, bordering the line between fact and fiction, while remaining cloaked in the convincingly familiar. Maia is a recipient of the Jerome Foundation Travel and Study Program Grant, Rema Hort Mann Foundation Emerging Artist Grant, NYFA Painting Fellowship, Joan Mitchell Foundation MFA Award and the Astraea Visual Arts Fund Award. She received an MFA in sculpture from Brooklyn College, City University of New York and BA in Studio Art at Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts. Maia has participated in residencies at Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Maine, Lower East Side Print Shop, New York, Millay Colony, New York and the Joan Mitchell Center, New Orleans.



Anjuli Rathod lives and works in Queens, New York. She attended the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. She has participated in residencies at The Millay Colony of the Arts, the Studios at MASS MoCA, and the Shandaken Project. Recent exhibitions include a solo show at Interstate Projects, Brooklyn, two-person shows at Projet Pangeé, QC and Safe Gallery, NY, and group shows at Tiger Strikes Asteroid, NY; Selenas Mountain, Brooklyn, and Knockdown Center, Queens.

Lisa B. Thompson is an award winning artist, and scholar whose work has been produced across the United States and internationally. Her plays include *Single Black Female* (Theatre Rhinoceros; nominee—LA Weekly Theatre Award for best comedy), *Underground* (The Vortex Repertory; winner—Austin Critics Circle David Mark Cohen New Play Award), and *Monroe* (Austin Playhouse; winner—Austin Playhouse Festival of New Texas Plays). As Associate Professor of African and African Diaspora Studies at the University of Texas at Austin she teaches classes on black cultural studies, feminist theory, and playwrighting. Thompson is also the author of *Beyond The Black Lady: Sexuality and the New African American Middle Class* (University of Illinois Press, 2009) and several articles and reviews. Her work has received support from a number of institutions including Harvard University's W. E. B. Du Bois Research Institute; the University of Texas at Austin's College of Liberal Arts; the University of California's Office of the President; the Michele R. Clayman Institute for Gender Research at Stanford University; UCLA's Center for African American Studies; the Five Colleges Inc.; and Stanford University's Center for Comparative Studies in Race and Ethnicity, Hedgebrook and the Millay Colony for the Arts. Thompson has two new plays: *The Mamalogues*, which will have its world premiere at The Vortex Repertory in August 2019, and *Dinner* will have its world premiere at Ground Floor Theatre in February 2020. Her play collection, currently entitled *Underground and Other Plays*, is slated for publication by Northwestern University Press.



Ushio Torikai is known for her highly individual musical voice, developed over many years of research and compositional experience in diverse musical fields including European classical music, traditional Japanese music, ancient Japanese music and computer/electronics. Her compositions vary considerably in instrumentation, ranging from Western orchestral instruments to traditional Japanese ones; computer/electronics to reconstructed ancient Asian instruments; and Western Choir to Japanese Buddhist monks' chants. Her newest album *REST* (chamber works for strings, piano and voices), dedicated to the victims of war and terrorism in the world, was released on Innova Records.



Hui-Ying Tsai was born in Taipei, Taiwan. She received the BFA from National Kaohsiung Normal University and the MFA degree in San Francisco Art Institute majoring in New Genres. She exhibits internationally in Asia, Europe, and America over a decade. She is an interdisciplinary artist producing two lines of work: self-exploratory and social engagement. Her works have the storytelling quality that demonstrates the dilemma swings between dystopian and utopian. She reflects on the symbolism of

objects and artifacts holding cultural or historical significance. The digested and internalized works piece together a bigger picture of her experiences. The works act as narratives of personal memories or shared events in communities. The venues of her solo exhibitions include the Stock 261 at the TaiTung Railway Art Village, Diego Rivera Gallery, Mooney Center Gallery, and CAN Foundation—Old House Warming Project, and she has participated at art festivals such as International Guerrilla Video Festival, and the On-Site Art Festival.

Anna Tsouhlarakis works in sculpture, installation, video and performance. She received her BA from Dartmouth College and MFA from Yale University. She has participated in several art residencies including Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture and Yaddo. Her work has been included in exhibitions both nationally and internationally. She has been awarded various grants and fellowships including the Eiteljorg Fellowship for Native American Contemporary Art in 2011. Her recent awards include an Artist Fellowship from the Harpo Foundation, DC Commission on the Arts and Humanities as well as a Native Arts and Cultures Foundation Fellowship. She currently resides in Washington, DC with her partner and three children.



Composer and sound artist **Reiko Yamada** is originally from Hiroshima, Japan. Her works include chamber, orchestral and electroacoustic music, sound art installations and interdisciplinary collaborations. In recent years, her work has centered on a research in the aesthetic concept of imperfection in a variety of contexts, all the while maintaining a constant concern

for empathy and carefully honest representation of the human and geographical contexts from which she finds inspiration. Yamada holds a doctorate degree in composition from McGill University and has received numerous prestigious awards and fellowships, including a Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study fellowship and the Artist-in-Residency at the Institut für Elektronische Musik und Akustik.

Rafia Zakaria is the author of *The Upstairs Wife: An Intimate History of Pakistan* (Beacon 2015) and *Veil* (Bloomsbury 2017). She is a columnist for *Dawn* in Pakistan. She writes regularly for *The Baffler Guardian Books*, *The New Republic*, *The New York Times Book Review*, and various other publications.



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Thank you so much to Millay Colony's generous Grantors and Donors for helping to make EDNA Journal and these works created by our Artists-in-Residence possible

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Founded in 1973 and nestled in the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains, **Millay Colony for the Arts** offers one-month residencies to six-seven visual artists, writers & composers each month between the months of April-November. Nurturing the work of diverse group of all ages, cultures and communities, in all stages of their artistic career, the Colony offers private rooms, studios & uninterrupted time to work in a quiet, pastoral atmosphere.

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