

# Vincent

## A Journal of Art-in-Residence

### 2021

---

Sachiko Akiyama

Jubi Arriola-Headley

Lucas Baisch

Lee Conell

Katrina Bello

Jean Blackburn

Sarah Einspanier

Josias Figueirido

Fran Forman

Eric Guinivan

PHarrigan

Andrew Hladky

Hedieh Javanshir Ilchi

Sue Johnson

Sungjae Lee

Jamie Levine

Annie Liontas

Angie Sijun Lou

Madeleine Mori

Mario Moroni

Andrea Pérez Bessin

Leanna Primiani


Ashley Eliza Williams





### Millay Arts

454 East Hill Road  
P.O. Box 3  
Austerlitz, NY 12017

[millayarts.org](http://millayarts.org)

 @millayarts

 @MillayArts

 @Millay Arts



# Welcome to Vincent

As always, in 2021, we welcomed an array of exceptional creators: hosting 52 Core Artists in Residence and—in its inaugural year—five Steepletop Residents, for a total of seven composers, three playwrights, two screenwriters, five poets, eleven fiction writers, eight nonfiction writers, and twenty-one visual and performance artists.

*Vincent* highlights works made possible by the residency experience, and each piece speaks to a different vision of what it is like to be alive in the world today. Perhaps due to 2021 being the second year of a heretofore unimaginable global pandemic, this publication stands out from previous issues: the works contained here possess a nakedness not always as visible, as well as an array of intimacies: soothing and jarring, gentle and loud, quiet and rough. The sense of connection (or not) inherent in many of these pieces presents feelings of uncertainty, thoughts of isolation, a desire for safety coupled with a longing for abandon: reflecting the dizzying responses to the new world reality. We are proud of the depth and breadth of our talented alumni, whose diversity assures a rich and inspiring community during their time at Steepletop, as well as in the completed projects premiered, published, exhibited and presented following departure.

Millay Arts residencies are made possible by you: your belief in the gift of time and space, your faith in the creative process, your vision of a world made richer with books, music, paintings, films, performances, and exhibitions, your understanding of the unique and arduous commitment essential to create art. THANK YOU.

Calliope Nicholas + Monika Burczyk  
*Co-Directors, Millay Arts*

# Jubi Arriola-Headley

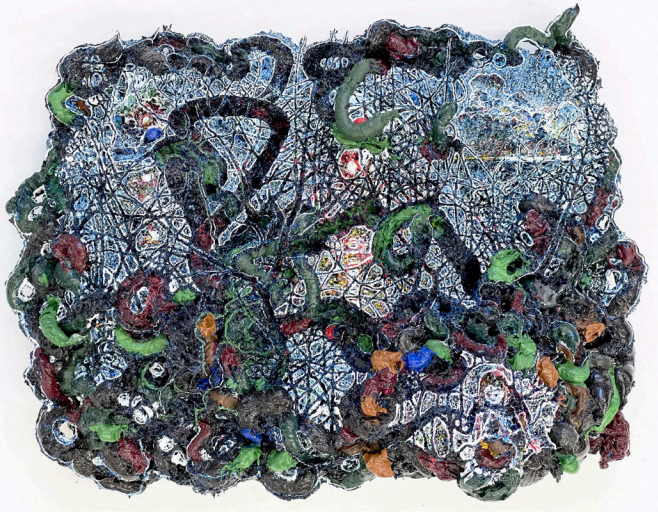
## 7 Ways to Say My Name

1. blueprint for praising the graying of the day
2. velvet-throated glimmer of need
3. stiff kindling for the raging prayer
4. gossamer shield, forged of the squall of myth
5. locked strongbox, stilling the ruins of the hunt
6. immortal verse, unearthed
7. *Daddy*

## anhedonia (n.)

Not the *inverse* of pleasure, but its contrapositive. To *not* feel pleasure. Pleasure's opposite: not pain, no, and if you think that, you haven't lived long enough, perhaps, or perhaps haven't experienced the blunt or the blister of it. Not rage, neither—if you've never bounded up six steps at a time to plant your flag at the top of the trash heap and tear someone else's down, you might not know it, but rage in the right hands is pleasure gone rogue, the five extended fingers of capital curled around a hand grenade. The absence of it, is what it is. The days, droning on. Waking up to the siren call of the nine a.m. reporting time. The ten thousand channels and ten billion tweets about nothing new. The noise, incessant. The rolling scrolls. The warmed-over burger and fries of life. Like the absence of color, the absence of pleasure is extolled as a virtue. Like white, that's a bold-ass lie. Anhedonia is counting sheep. Blank.

# Andrew Hladky



## **What I Know Of Me Is Aftershocks**

Front view (left), side view (right)



## **Again We Waited Again Nothing Happened**

Front view (left), side view (right)

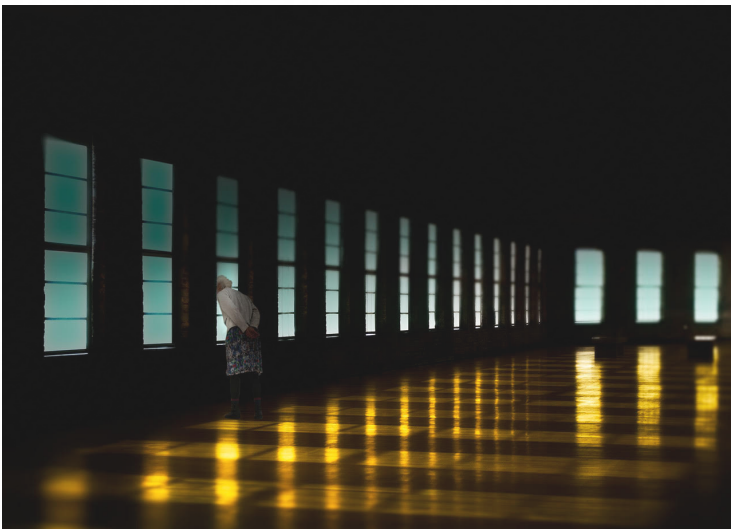
# Fran Forman

## Noir Portals & Portraits of Solitude

(Film Still in the Time of Covid), 2019-2022

The figures in my photo constructions, often solitary, express the isolation, longing, entrapment, and disconnection endemic in our current lives. Nevertheless, a slash of light through a portal can offer a measure of hope.

My most recent images were created during the anxiety and isolation period of the global pandemic. They expand on the noir tradition of looking at what lies beneath the illusory, sunny narrative of American life and 'domestic tranquility'.



**Looking Out** (top right)

**Alone in a Western Motel,**  
after Hopper (bottom left)



sarah e(inspanier)

**from I forgot to tell you**

~~A Play Poem~~ Something

**“Person 1”**

4.

We stay up—every night. Until four? five?/

**“Person 2”**

six/

**“Person 1”**

a.m.

The others have “Partners.” The others “Sleep”— whatever that is

We, on the other hand, wait for the sun to rise or whatever, whilst exchanging:

*\* Information \**

On the phone, Best Friend Two—another fake name by the way—asks what you and I talk about for all these hours

*What do any of us talk about ever?*

Other than, or maybe I mean *before*: Meyers Briggs, Love Languages, Instagram, Astrology/

**“Person 2”**

You’re forgetting one

**“Person 1”**

? Artistic Statements ?

**“Person 2”**

:)

**“Person 1”**

You’re a:

**“Person 2”**

Performance artist poet slut editor @ Insert Queer Publishing Press  
slash Performance Collective/

**“Person 1”**

—that’s a/

**“Person 2”**

fake name in a real bio by the way—purple devil emoji, purple crystal ball  
emoji, purple nail polish emoji, all the purple emojis, they / it / non glitter  
in the void yr wet nitemare

**“Person 1”**

*\*hawt\**

**“Person 2”**

Your turn ;)

**“Person 1”**

I’m:

**“Person 2”**

...

**“Person 1”**

In a non-monogamous relationship with myself

**“Person 2”**

I can work with that

**“Person 1”**

You do

**“Person 1”**

You offer to tie you up

I accept

**“Person 2”**

I offer to tie you up\

You accept

You tell me what you're *into*. Before we even get *in-to* “It”

**“Person 2”**

Anal, Biting, Blood, Bondage, Branding, Choking, DP, Edging, Electricity/

**“Person 1”**

You're like a dictionary

You name your likes in alphabetical /order

**“Person 2”**

Fire, Fisting, Flagging, Flogging, I'm really into: Impact, Leaving Marks,  
Name Calling, Needles, Scratching, Slapping, Sensory Deprivation,  
Spanking, Torture (the nipples, and in general), Toys, Watching, Wax

**“Person 1”**

...

**“Person 2”**

--You?



**“Person 1”**

...

I'm into:

? Dissonance ?

And:

? Odd Intimacy ?

**“Person 2”**

...

**“Person 1”**

You wait

—for me to say more—

I want to say:

*you*

Instead I say:

my right ear is really sensitive

(...)

which is true

**“Person 2”**

—Do you want me to ?

**“Person 1”**

oh

**“Person 2”**

How’s that--?

**“Person 1”**

—Is it okay if I laugh?

**“Person 2”**

that depends

**“Person 1”**

???

**“Person 2”**

Do you like...

**“Person 1”**

??

**“Person 2”**

Laughing

**“Person 1”**

...

I do

(

# Andrea Pérez Bessin

## Santuarie: Cambia (Stigmatic Surface)



**Santuarie: Cambia  
(Stigmatic Surface)**, 2002  
mixed media installation  
dimensions variable

*Santuarie: Cambia (Stigmatic Surface)* is a mixed media installation featuring a triptych of soft relief sculptures coupled with four panels of translucent vinyl fabric silhouettes in an array of colors. Light shines through these panels from multiple angles and projects colorful tinted shapes onto the wall and floor. The sculptural forms give glimpses of legibility in the human form while alluding to other organisms. There is a provisional quality to these forms as they are not meant to be as exact replicas of the original sources of inspiration. These objects are made out of fabric with folds and ripples like petals on a flower, fabric that once upholstered over wooden shapes drapes, stretches, and sags like skin does on a skeleton.

They sit uncomfortably in chronology as they contain the vibrant colors and sheen of a futuristic new that contrasts with the rigid poses of prototypical effigies of the past. These are makeshift alchemical bodies where the forms I make connect with the qualities of materials I seek out in the world, materials imperfectly reminiscent of forms in nature. The process of making these bodies is akin to the way I have been able to craft my identity as a queer person from elements made and found. This installation encapsulates my desire to situate the queer gender non-conforming body as holy.



**Santuarie: Cambia (Contrivance I), 2022**  
Fabric, foam, wood, epoxy, roving  
dimensions variable



**Santuarie: Cambia (Contrivance III), 2022**  
Fabric, foam, wood, epoxy, cast paper, roving  
43" x 23" x 6"



**Santuarie: Cambia (Contrivance II), 2022**  
Fabric, foam, wood, epoxy, polymer clay, vinyl, roving  
43" x 23" x 4"

# Annie Liontas

## Sex with a Brain Injury

Originally published in *Gay Magazine*

The best way to picture it is this: that's my wife on our bed, and that's a tree stump on top of her. The funny thing is she is really into the tree stump, even though the stump can't do too much, maybe crush her with its weight.

I am trying to figure out how to move. I am above my wife, and I am stuck. I don't know how to get myself out of this position, which looks similar to a dog when it's raising its leg to take a piss. The problem is my brain has stopped telling me what to do. My wife touches my arm, *What do you need?*

\*\*

The only times I've ever moved through holy water are on the page, on the dance floor, on the ice, and when I'm with my wife.

I used to be good at sex. This is a secret I've held close, but I'll tell you now because it's been taken from me. That's how I caught my wife—sex and poetry, and the promise of more sex through poetry. It started in seventh grade when Sean Callahan kissed me atop the doghouse, my knees straddling his concave shoulders, and he asked, *Where did you learn that, do you watch dad movies?* At some point I understood that I had a hidden intelligence, and it had to do with attunement. From then on, I decided I was only going to share it with people I liked.

*Is it really that different now?* a friend asks. Listen, do you know what happens to me if I shake the orange juice too hard? Do you know what happens if I drink coffee?

When chicken is fried, the smell overpowers me for days. Fried chicken and legs in the air, fried chicken and her exposed throat. It wakes me at 2AM. It rubs itself on our bedsheets. Some nights, my mind cannot tell her skin from the chicken's.

How do I put this? Orgasms make my head explode.

\*\*

Arousal migraines: the occurrence of migraines in circumstances which activate, arouse, annoy, and jangle the organism. In these moments," Oliver Sachs tells us, "we may recognize the following: light, noise, smells, inclement climate, exercise, excitement, violent emotion, somatic pain"—fucking, clawing, grabbing, needing, sucking, moaning, mounting, exploding.

For as long as I have known lust, it is as if a boar is barreling through my body, hot breath, tusks raised. What is in me will not be quieted. Only now, sometimes my wife and I have to stop as soon as we get going. She gets out of bed naked to grab an icepack for the back of my head.

Over time, I become afraid of my head. I become the dormant volcano the tiny people fear, so that I am both seething earth and the peoples' constant terror of the next invisible tremor.

\*\*

I got my period at nine. I had many sexual fantasies at an early age, in which I was a lumberjack come home to a beautiful woman and a wood stove. When S and I began to have sex, the fantasy didn't change as much as you'd think.

My wife's hair. How it tickles my face and chest. The moodiness of her eyes. How she attracts the darkness of the room to them, binds me to it.

Sex on an average day was about dropping into your own skin while you sink into your lover's. Sex gave me a confidence I usually admired in an actor who walks breezily out onto the stage. MDMA was boring. But after the injury, out of the bend of my mind, a new animal self emerges, cannot tell time, sees only shadow and light, touch as refraction.

Some nights, it's the anxiety—the ankle bracelet of any brain injury—that makes all contact out of the question. How many are afraid to say they are afraid of sex? That it will hurt even as we ache for it?

\*\*

I miss fucking. I miss throwing my wife on the bed, against the headboard, which for us is usually just a wall because we have never really owned a headboard. I miss the strap-on, which fits me like a body part from a past life, as well as a future one. Fucking is collision, derailing, two speeding objects encountering one another in unknown territory. Fucking is rubber on blacktop.

Fucking means getting hit in the head sometimes.

It happens. It happens to you, too, you get hit in the head all the time, you just never notice. I hope when you reel back into the weal of lights and ecstatic throbbing, it's not out of pain.

She says it will be like that again for us. Soon.

\*\*

A head injury will take a lot from you. Loud music, perfume, storms, sprinting, pride, but what it takes from your partner is unbearable.

The gruesome figure somebody shares, as if they've been listening to accidents on a police scanner, or *Morning Edition*: You know 48-78% of marriages fall apart after brain injury, don't you?

During this time, I hide a lot from my wife, much of my pain.

For the first two years, when she comes in for a kiss, there are two of her. She's a beautiful blur.

Am I a blur? Are we a blur, to her?

It is winter. We are on a special getaway to Rehoboth Beach. We buy Milanos, wine for her. The whole point of the trip is high-quality shrimp cocktail, then sex. We are a few minutes in, foreplay, kissing, I hit second base, the bra I like because it forms tiny fists of lace. We start to forget our grievances, the agonies of the last few years. Then she accidentally elbows me in the head, as easy as knocking a glass off a table. She starts to cry. Her hands cover the bottom half of her face. I'm fighting to console her through the fog that turns my tongue into a thick plunger. The fattening instrument that is my thoughts. I can't believe how weak I am, my whole skull a soft spot like a baby's. I want

to leave Rehoboth and find a cave, and cause an avalanche. Instead, I hold her through the humiliation, anger.  
Sex is leaving and its opposite.

\*\*

Some people with brain injuries have no trouble with fucking. Some cannot become aroused at all. Some get aroused all the time, without wanting to. At a meeting for people like me, I bring up the word sex, and people around me nod, as if we all lost the same close friend.

These days, I wonder what it's like to be the wife or mistress or undisclosed lover of a football player.

\*\*

Weeks pass. We both stop asking for it, maybe. It's the migraines, it's the tinnitus, it's the nausea, it's the receding self and a disturbed sense of object permanence. It feels too much like going to your favorite restaurant and choking on each bite.

At a gathering, I slip. I call my wife my sister, and somebody I barely know sneers. I hate him for it, hate myself, actually. All of my fears as a queer woman splattering in my face like grease off a spitting pan—and we are still so, so young.

I know why my friends think the sex should be the same. It's because I look the same. People like me, you usually can't tell them apart from people like you. In some ways, we would rather you didn't. But if you slam into us with your car doors or your bodies, we might not be able to get up right away.

We bring up the incident at Rehoboth to the couples' counselor. She looks at us like we're freaks, or at least like she's trying to sort out why our foreplay includes my wife clubbing me with a dildo. She artificially softens her voice to mask her fear of lesbian sex, how it makes her squeamish and confused. What we bring into the room—lust; implicit fragility—is beyond her imagination.

We fire the couples' counselor.



I inhabit the trap my body has become because there is nowhere else to go, just as someone who is lonely believes they can fall in love again.

\*\*

Is it crazy to say that I feel the sparkly purple dildo calling to me across the store like a sword or a wand, whispering that it belongs to me/I belong to it? I buy it, even though it's the last one on the shelf, and stranger's hands have been on it, and the shop owner has cleaned it with something that feels like corn starch.

At home, I strap on the sparkly purple dildo, my whole body turns sparkly purple. I am smiling so big I have to clap my hands over my mouth. Is this what we call hope?

I am on all fours, once again. Trying to figure out how to move. Ok, not tree stump. A cardboard box crushed at the top corner, and so sodden at the bottom that it can't support its own weight. This time, we crack up. We have been here before, we've been here for years. My wife guides me onto my back. She does something nice with her tongue. My hand gliding down her stomach, out to her back, *Is it possible I could get used to this view?*

There is a different rhythm to what my wife and I do, lake water on a shore. This is a new kind of patience my wife is teaching me. I've walked into an unfamiliar room—flickering firelight, heavy smell of snow at the window, glint of sharp silverware. The secret room has been here all this time, how have I only just discovered it.

But still I carry it in me, the desperation of a colt.

One night, I climb on top of her. I do not know where this urge comes from, I am not ready when it arrives. I become deaf to fears about being careful. My heart is hammering, and might kill me. My eyes are hot. The noise in my throat so violent, I'll need a cough drop later, a pill, soon. I do not stop. I ram through flashing alarms to get to her. I am claimed by a force so much greater than me that it totals my coursing blood. There is her surprise, and something else, too—a blind need as taut as my own. No oxygen, no safety, only clutching one another through the perilous seconds.

When I break through, it is for no less than this: I will have my life.

# Hedieh Javanshir Ilchi



**Some place, that cannot bear your absence**, 2021 (top left)

Acrylic and watercolor on panel  
24" x 30"

**And inside stretched such an emptiness**, 2021 (bottom right)

Acrylic and watercolor on panel  
24" x 30"



These paintings were originally exhibited as part of my show *Listen to the night as it makes itself hollow*.

Hemphill Artworks  
Washington D.C.  
2021

# Madeleine Mori

## Marrow

Originally published in *The Common*, 2022

A. and I were both hurt by that cold, hard change,  
the snap of my leg bones.

I saw the root in the trail as a swag-bellied dog  
with a cape I wanted to support—  
both dog and sneaker flying as one.

When they came, Search and Rescue's tools unbent my pain.

They called it the *litter*, the metal basket  
they laid me in, then bridled with hefty ropes  
for pulling me up the mountainside,  
as if, in emergency, he and I were obvious  
in our animal newness, my body that until then  
had shown only pleasure, in a *Cigarettes After Sex t-shirt*.

My lover, my team, and I began to move, bound  
in a procession's slipstream together,  
the bridles like garlands, tributes  
of paragliders visible through the canopy.

It was somehow similar those weeks earlier, he and I  
both pleased by my toplessness, the Riis Beach sand  
in the craggs of my sunburnt nipples. A summer of tenderness  
uperseding time and my grief-mind.

I'll have you know I asked to be born a vegetable,  
not mineral. A worry-free, dull thing  
on the cutting board, just a hump  
of pear or potato, shaved of my sclereids,  
no id, no ooze sliming my bricks,  
no ego, no gritty pit.

When slumped on his mattress, in love in Berlin,  
I finally approved of my inescapable agency,  
my histrionic knees, my armpit hairs,  
a bunch of drunk know-it-alls.

O my utter puddleness— the thousands  
of unknown metals in me, at once burping, tempering,  
dying alive. The act of loving is an absurd agreement  
to combine your test-kit with another's. A. lets me dip  
into him, and him in me, and the results are colors  
for which we develop our own keys.

When I put on my lavender bondage necklace,  
the clamps balanced on a steel o-ring,  
he puts his hand to his own neck  
to enjoy the notion of weight.

# Tachistoscope

Originally published in *The Yale Review*, 2021

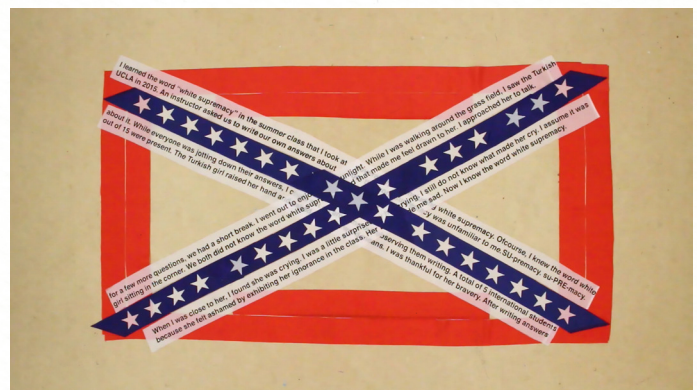
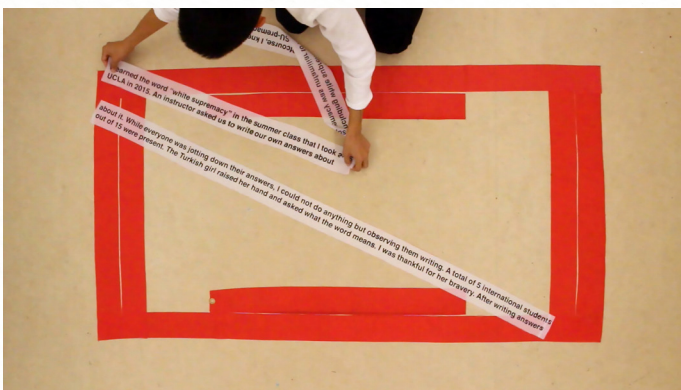
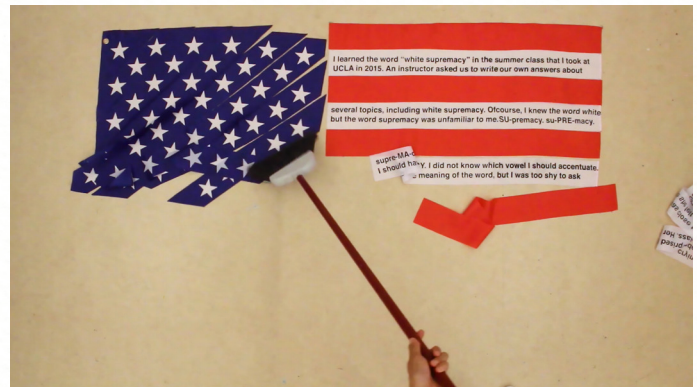
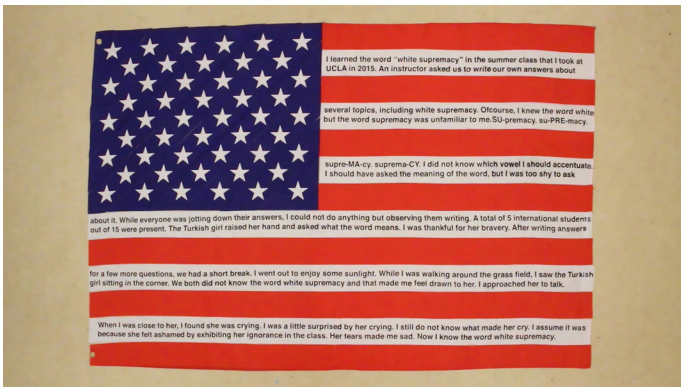
Watch for the target  
symbol the crossing  
guard the yellow  
biplane the red  
baron the black  
widow the rising  
sun the white  
dog the standing  
man the hostile  
man with a  
cane with a  
duffel bag crouched behind  
the dumpster who is wearing  
a hoodie who has  
an average face who has  
no ID card who needs  
an immigration lawyer who takes  
ambien who owns  
the hostel who runs  
the hospital who decides  
the donor list who delivers  
the drugs who makes  
the teargas who funds  
the art museum who disappeared  
the relief fund who wiped  
the videotapes

See the man  
who lacked a mirror  
who smoked like a movie  
whose costume his self  
whose ribcage a xylophone  
heartwood justice  
muzzle oak leaves  
who had mice for genitals  
snakes for hunger  
who lost his hair  
who lost his guts  
set his river on fire  
but never jumped in

# Sungjae Lee

## FLAGS

I first learned the word “white supremacy” in 2015. For the past six years, I have experienced microaggressions on a daily basis, countless deaths of people of color, and protests about these topics. The meaning of “white supremacy” has grown bigger since residing in the United States, becoming a reality for me. By deconstructing and reassembling the text printed on the American flag alongside the national anthem, I intend to show the flipside of the ordinary object, charged with big concepts like national identity and political belief.



FLAGS, 2021

single channel video

2:57 mins

[vimeo.com/637893541](https://vimeo.com/637893541)

# Leanna Primiani

## Neither Man Nor Money Justify My Worth

Commissioned by the League of American Orchestras with the generous support of the Virginia B. Toulmin Foundation.

World premiere by ROCO conducted by Sarah Hicks

Through *Neither Man Nor Money Justify My Worth*, I musically explore the life of a child victim of human trafficking. It is intended to be a musical commentary based on Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* programmed concurrently. The motivic material of the work is based on the harmonic and motivic elements from Mussorgsky original. The imagery inspiration for the work is taken from the portraiture of *The New Abolitionists*—people who are working to end modern slavery and human trafficking.

I first heard the term 'human trafficking' when working for the United Nations on their *50 for Freedom* campaign, and later when working with the Los Angeles-based charity Everychild. I was shocked to discover just how prevalent and close to home this issue is in our current society. According to UNICEF, in 2021 over 160 million children around the world are in some kind of forced labor, up from 40 million in 2017. Children between the ages of five to 11 now account for just over half of the total global figure. This means 1 in 10 children worldwide are trafficked.

The United States is not immune from this tragedy. In Texas, for example, there were over 300,000 human trafficking cases in 2016, with 80,000 of those being minors. When taken into account with the numbers from UNICEF, it is difficult to fathom how trafficking has increased. I'm glad Texas had the courage to publish these statistics. My home state of California does not make its numbers public.

My background as a conductor informs my creative process, which is centered around the perception of how time unfolds. I'm particularly drawn to the concept of the Fibonacci sequence and the Golden Ratio ( $\phi$ ) - building the overarching musical structure on the scaffold of time rather than on the number of notes or measures, which parallels to our heroine's experience, measuring her existence in weeks and years.



The music in the first part of the piece is low and foreboding, shadowing the desperation of our heroine's journey. As the music inches towards the climactic point at the Golden Ratio, a ray of hope bursts through and propels us towards a brilliant conclusion when our heroine breaks free from the chains that have been constricting her since childhood.

In many ways, humans have an intense vulnerability, and that vulnerability is available for exploitation, especially in the young. When we think of ourselves as Americans, living in an informed, advanced, culturally enlightened society where there is hope for equality, to know that this type of unspeakable cruelty can persist is mind-boggling. The idea that people can partake, and be subjected to, practices of slavery can only be described as barbaric. It is my most sincere hope, and the hope of ROCO, that *Man Nor Money* will shed the tiniest bit of light on the hidden epidemic of human trafficking in the US. It is the ultimate injustice.

212

Picc. *f* *p* *f*

Fl. 1 *f* *p* *f*

Ob. 1 *f* *mp* *f*

Ob. 2 *f* *mp* *f*

Cl. 1 *f* *p cresc.* *accel. to trem.*

Cl. 2 *f* *p cresc.* *accel. to trem.* *f*

Bsn. 1 *fp* *f*

Bsn. 2 *fp* *f*

Hn. 1 *f* *mp* *f*

Hn. 2 *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

C Tpt. 1 *f* *mp*

C Tpt. 2 *f* *mp* *f*

Timp. *f*

Glock. *f* *p* *repeat gesture and follow dynamics until end*

Vln. 1 *ff* *p* *ff* *div. nV nV (ad. lib bow changes very quickly)*

Vln. 2 *ff* *p* *ff* *div. nV nV (ad. lib bow changes very quickly)*

Vla. *ff* *mf* *ff* *div. nV nV (ad. lib bow changes very quickly)*

Vcl. *ff* *p* *div. nV nV (ad. lib bow changes very quickly)*

Cb. *ff* *p* *ff* *div. nV nV (ad. lib bow changes very quickly)*

216

Picc. *p* *f* *p* *f*

Fl. 1 *p* *f* *p* *f*

Ob. 1 *p* *f*

Ob. 2 *p cresc.* *f* *mf* *accel. to trem.*

Cl. 1 *f* *mf* *p cresc.* *f* *mf* *accel. to trem.*

Cl. 2 *p cresc.* *f* *p cresc.* *accel. to trem.*

Bsn. 1 *p cresc.* *ff* *f* *p cresc.* *f* *accel. to trem.*

Bsn. 2 *p cresc.* *ff* *f* *p cresc.* *f* *accel. to trem.*

Hn. 1 *mp* *f*

Hn. 2 *f* *mp* *f*

C Tpt. 1 *f* *mp*

C Tpt. 2 *mp* *f* *mp* *f*

Timp.

Glock.

Vln. 1 *p* *ff*

Vln. 2 *p* *ff*

Vla. *p* *ff*

Vcl. *ff* *mf* *ff* *p*

Cb. *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

220

Picc. *p* *f* *p* *ff*

Fl. 1 *fp* *f* *ff*

Ob. 1 *p* *f* *p* *ff*

Ob. 2 *p cresc.* *f* *mf* *p cresc.* *ff*

Cl. 1 *p cresc.* *ff*

Cl. 2 *f* *p cresc.* *ff*

Bsn. 1 *p cresc.* *f* *p cresc.* *ff*

Bsn. 2 *p cresc.* *f* *p cresc.* *ff*

Hn. 1 *mp* *f più*

Hn. 2 *mp* *f* *mp* *f più*

C Tpt. 1 *f* *mp* *f più*

C Tpt. 2 *mp* *f* *mp* *f più*

Timp.

Glock. *f* *p* *f* Lv.

Vln. 1 *p* *molto vib.* *ff*

Vln. 2 *p* *molto vib.* *ff*

Vla. *p* *molto vib.* *ff*

Vcl. *f* *p* *molto vib.* *ff*

Cb. *p* *molto vib.* *ff*

# Ashley Eliza Williams

## Bears Eat Moths

*Bears Eat Moths* is a series of paintings and wall notes that I made in the early spring of 2021, during a time of unexpected joy and friendship at Millay Colony for the Arts, one year into the pandemic.

Each painting illustrates a strange, true, and delightful fact about the natural world. This project is an attempt to create an archive of wonder for myself to refer back to during times when anxiety and fear threaten to take over.



**Bears Eat Moths, 2021 (left)**

**Cloud Shadow, 2021 (above)**

# Lee Conell

## Organic Matter

This story originally appeared in *Guernica*, 2021



Oil painting by Ashley Eliza Williams

My mother loved baths. One day, she used a portion of her severance pay to buy a clawfoot bathtub online. The delivery men placed the bathtub in the middle of our yard, right where my mother asked them to leave it. It was early in the morning. My mother had recently lost her job, and over the last couple of weeks she'd spent a great deal of time watching the yard's growth, because, she said, she could not bear staring at a glowing screen for another minute. She promised me we'd be okay. My father was living in another town with another mother.

When the clawfoot bathtub arrived, my mother said, "Go play!" Then she filled the tub halfway up with soil from the bed of our failed vegetable garden. Sweat beaded the small fine hairs on the back of my mother's neck. She took a breath.

Then she took off her clothes and stood naked in the yard. I could see the scars on her belly from her caesarian, where her doctors had opened her up to dig me out of her. She climbed into the tub of soil. She closed her eyes. She let out a long sigh.

Before this, my mother told me dirt was bad. We must wash the dirt out of our fingernails, we must avoid tracking dirt into our house, we must pull up the strange mushrooms that popped up in our yard. She said the mushrooms might be poisonous to me, or if not poisonous than at least ugly, or if not ugly, at least too phallic for my innocent-girl eyes to gaze upon for extended periods of time.

But now, here was my mother covering herself in the same dirt that had housed the potential for phallic mushrooms.

The other children of the neighborhood went up to my mother and so did a few mothers, though of course they kept to the appropriate distances. The mothers of the neighborhood, their children trailing close behind, asked my mother what she was doing. My mother said she had listened to a podcast that said how, when you sense an anxiety spiral, you should pause and breathe. She said the night before she had seen new mushrooms pop up in the yard and instead of falling into a spiral of anxiety and removing them and then worrying about how she and I might fall through the cracks of this country and wind up dead in a ditch, she had paused. And breathed! She had listened. Then she had researched. She read online that the appearance of the mushrooms meant the soil was healthy and fine. In fact, a dense network of mycelium, which basically meant fungal threads, were always pulsing beneath our feet. "There is a mile of mycelium in a square foot of healthy soil!" my mother said. "It's not a safety net *exactly*, but it is a kind of net."

"Hm," said the other mothers. They looked tired. It was still (somehow) morning, and the other mothers needed a cup of coffee. In fact, the dirt around my mother looked a little bit like coffee grounds.

My mother went on: She had wasted so much energy misunderstanding fungi, trying to keep our yard presentable, not in a keeping-up-with-the-Joneses sort of way, but in a keep-the-Joneses-from-pitying-you kind of way. Mushrooms were the fruit of a dense hidden world of hyphae, tendriling out and talking to trees and to tree roots and to women, too, if the women dared

to listen. If you listened right, my mother said, your thoughts moved from the “I” to the “we.”

When the other mothers told my mother that she was being unnerving and asked if she was talking about mushrooms like this because she was on mushrooms, my mother paused.

She said, “How about this? I’m working on replenishing my microbiome. Because of all the hand sanitizer?”

At this everyone nodded with relief, like it made sense now, like “working on my microbiome” was a code for “sanity.” The mothers began to drift away. But they looked back at my mother in her tub and I could see something flash in their eyes. Another’s desire is intoxicating but another’s contentment can be a provocation.

The fathers of the neighborhood, when they found out about my naked mother in the tub, thought perhaps my mother was sick. Physically she seemed fine, but there might be some kind of a tapeworm in her brain. If so, the tapeworm was spreading rapidly and mysteriously to the minds of other mothers. Later that day, more mothers dragged tubs out into their yard. They filled these tubs with dirt and climbed inside.

If you walked down a street in our neighborhood that day, each yard contained a naked mother half-buried in a tub of dirt. The mothers’ faces began to resemble fleshy fungi, and their hair was like some beautiful inky mushroom cap deliquescing. They looked very, very relaxed.

As far as we children of the neighborhood, we were in a state of shock. We had never before thought of mothers as organic matter. As the sun set, the mothers seemed to be humming together, though sometimes they shouted instructions to the children from the yards. Here is how you boil water for tea, here is how you open a can of soup. We went to our kitchen drawers and found the can openers ourselves for the first time. They looked like instruments of torture suddenly, not like anything that could bring us closer to sustenance. Our hearts pounded with our own solitary ineptitude. We bashed the can openers against the soup can. Nothing happened. “Squeeze the arms together!” the mothers



chorused. "Keep it perpendicular the lid. You'll feel a puncture!" They themselves did not want food or water or to get up to use the bathroom. They said they just needed a moment.

Most of us figured out the can opener thing eventually.

Most of the fathers stayed elsewhere.

The mothers stayed in their tubs of dirt overnight. They watched the stars come out, and then the fireflies come out, and then there was heat lightning and they watched that too, laughing together from their separate tubs. In our lit bedrooms, we children watched the mothers watch these layers of flickering luminescence. The mothers' laughter seemed sporic, traveling strangely on the wind.

I must have fallen asleep at my window eventually because suddenly it was bright everywhere, the sun was up, and my mother was back inside, wrapped in a towel. Her knees were loamy, her eyes were darker, but she seemed, otherwise, much the same. The other mothers went back inside too. The tubs, too, had returned. All the mothers showered. My childhood went on, and so did the other children's, though our dreams seemed newly cavernous.

It was our backyards that changed the most, at least outwardly. Around the place where the tubs had been, where the mothers had bathed in dirt, new fungi sprouted up in spirals, circles, constellations. We children ran outside when we saw, we ran our fingers along the fungi's gills, but when we asked if we might pick the fungi, the mothers said no, leave it alone. They sat in front of the mycelium's fruit and sketched them on the back of bank statements, using very soft pencils, and when we asked the mothers what they were doing, they said self-portraits. They said sometimes instead of watching children, mothers needed to watch themselves. They told us that one day we ourselves would be old enough to accurately draw a picture of our mothers drawing themselves, and that rendering this moment as adults (whether with paint or pencil or with words) would be wonderful. It would bring us a new, deep, earthy joy, they said, remembering our mothers like this. It would be better than childhood. They promised.

# Sue Johnson

## The Trophies



### **The Trophies, 2021**

Metallic pastel, charcoal, black gesso, and matte medium over archival pigment print on Somerset Velvet paper

### **Runner Up Award (left)**

29" x 84"

### **Unknowable Award (center)**

37" x 107"

### **Best of Breed Award (right)**

29" x 84"

# Angie Sijun Lou

## Neon Babylon

*O sage [.....] come, [let] me tell you / [..... let] me inform you /  
[.....] ..... [.....] ... you.*

—Babylonian Theodicy

I believe I am done with Babylon  
until Parker and I bike through East London's  
serpentine dark. The coldest light defends us. What pure topology  
can history unmake? The River Thames  
begs for ablution, some pools too oblique  
for the burial. And the hills, this-lucid like nothing else.  
Riverweeds trace our elemental body  
while the ones we love, the faultless ones, spin records in the warehouse  
where we sleep. I ring my bell in darkness—  
*Hello, I've come to fight you only  
in wars that have ended.* Hackney Wick, boiler room  
in my dreams, room I forget how to language,  
this it rains.

I can't believe what I was. I can't believe what I am,  
our bodies made  
coalitional again. I talisman my longing, it stays evening  
all day, I talisman so much  
that larval river and the mutest swan, brightness  
soaking in the green. It is a phase of being-alive I need  
a cruelty to slip into, I need lilies  
to shiver in animus before the sun. I light the stove  
to cook eggs in specific ways. For you,  
I keep my brainless heart, the yolk that is not yolk,  
but the nucleus I translate

from one tongue to the tongue that seized us, each of us  
birthing the other  
their center—

If I were the Euphrates, I could darken my braid.  
If I were the Genesis, I could let poetry ruin my original mouth.  
I am always 'in metaphor'  
or knifing out an exit, lucent the scythe  
that gives violence to the sign, how it slits. It slits me  
liminal. Will the angel of history  
show a glimpse of his cards? We drink sun-warmed Sprite  
in the Highgate Cemetery, my ointment-pure, my loving's  
conditional, all we've lost  
we sublimate into total loss. I only know Earth  
as a concept I ruminate until the real you comes  
I could bleed clean into.

# Sachiko Akiyama



**Departure**, 2021 (left)

Wood, paint  
3" x 1" x 26"

**North Star**, 2021 (right)

Wood, paint  
20" x 1.5" x 30"



# PHarrigan



## **Cancelled Flight Plans, 2022**

Two abraded pigment inkjet diptych on hot press paper with Sennelier iridescent oil pastel pigments  
17" x 11"



## **imagiNations, 2021**

Four pigment inkjet composite and abraded illustrations printed on hot press paper, Sennelier soft pastel pigments, sewn together with waxed polyester thread  
43" x 24"

*This collage was made at Millay Arts, 2021*

# Eric Guinivan

## Autumn Dusk

Premiered by Argus Quartet at the 2015 Birdfoot Music Festival,  
New Orleans, Louisiana  
Duration: 9 mins

*Autumn Dusk* was written for my good friends and collaborators in the Argus String Quartet in 2015 for a premiere at the Birdfoot Music Festival in New Orleans, Louisiana. The program is a musical impression of the emotion of this haiku by Matsuo Bashō:

この道を行く人なしに秋の暮

—松尾 芭蕉

This road

No travelers pass along—

Autumn dusk.<sup>1</sup>

---

1 Bashō, Matsuo. "This road." *1020 Haiku in Translation: The Heart of Basho, Buson and Issa*, trans. Takafumi Saitō and William R. Nelson. Charleston: BookSurge, 2006.

Handwritten musical score for Violin (Vc) and Viola (Va). The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes dynamic markings *pp*, *p*, *mf*, and *p*. It features a section with a *flour!* marking and a *#* symbol, with a note labeled *15va*. A bracket labeled "overlap flares" spans across the system. The second system includes a *pp* marking and a *n* marking.

Handwritten musical score for Violin (Vc) and Viola (Va). The first system includes dynamic markings *pp* and *pp*. It features a section with a *flour!* marking and a *#* symbol, with a note labeled *flour! (longest)*. A bracket labeled "8va" is present. The second system includes a *pp* marking and a *flour!* marking. A note is labeled *flour!*. The system concludes with the instruction "release w/ Vln 1 flour".

Handwritten musical score for Violin (Vc) and Viola (Va). The first system includes dynamic markings *p* and *p*. It features a section with a *n* marking. The second system includes dynamic markings *p* and *p*. It features a section with a *n* marking. The third system includes dynamic markings *pp*, *mf*, *pp*, and *p*. It features a section with a *n* marking. The system concludes with the instruction "release w/ Vln 1 flour".



This is a handwritten musical score for a string quartet, consisting of four systems of staves. The notation includes various dynamics (pp, p, mf, f, cresc., paco), articulations (trills, accents), and performance instructions like "espress." and "molto".

**System 1:** Features a first staff with a trill and a dynamic of *pp*. The second staff has a dynamic of *pp*. The third staff includes a dynamic of *pp* and an "espress." instruction. The fourth staff shows dynamics of *pp*, *p*, and *mf*.

**System 2:** The first staff has a dynamic of *p* and a "poco" marking. The second staff has a dynamic of *p sil.*. The third staff has a dynamic of *p sil.*. The fourth staff has a dynamic of *mf*.

**System 3:** The first staff has a dynamic of *mf* and a "Cresc." marking. The second staff has a dynamic of *mf*. The third staff has a dynamic of *mf*. The fourth staff has a dynamic of *mf*.

**System 4:** The first staff has a dynamic of *p*. The second staff has a dynamic of *p*. The third staff has a dynamic of *mf*. The fourth staff has a dynamic of *mf*.

A2

8vo

Handwritten musical score for section A2, measures 1-4. The score is written on five staves. The top staff is for a vocal line (8vo) with notes and slurs. The second staff contains piano accompaniment with chords and slurs. The third staff is empty. The fourth and fifth staves contain piano accompaniment with slurs and dynamics. A double bar line is present after measure 2. A handwritten arrow (→) is located to the right of the second staff.

Handwritten musical score for section A2, measures 5-8. The score continues on five staves. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, *p*, *poco*, and *mp*. Slurs and accents are used throughout. A double bar line is present after measure 4. A handwritten arrow (→) is located to the right of the second staff.

A3

(Solo) epress.

Handwritten musical score for section A3, measures 9-12. The score is written on five staves. The top staff features a solo line with dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *f*, and tempo markings *slow* and *fast*. The second staff contains piano accompaniment with chords and slurs. The third staff is empty. The fourth and fifth staves contain piano accompaniment with slurs and dynamics. A double bar line is present after measure 8. A handwritten arrow (→) is located to the right of the second staff.

# Katrina Bello

## Barkscapes

These are pastel tree bark rubbings that I made during my residency at Millay Arts in the fall of 2021. They were inspired by the heavy blankets of fog covering the meadows that I saw almost every morning during our residency session.



**Barkscape 2, 2021 (top)**

Pastel on paper

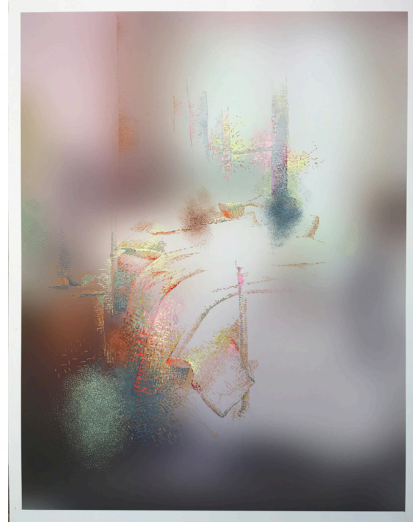
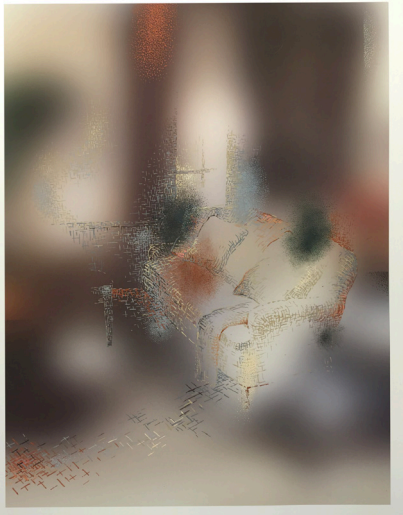
11" x 8.5"

**Barkscape 3, 2021 (bottom)**

Pastel on paper

11" x 8.5"

# Jean Blackburn



**Untitled #2, 2022**

Gouache on archival digital print  
22" x 17"

**Untitled. #3, 2022**

Gouache on archival digital print  
17" x 22"



**Bind Installation, 2021**

Furniture, painthousehold fabrics  
approx. 16" x 16" x 13"

# Mario Moroni

## *from* **“PROMETHEUS IN MANHATTAN”**

Prometheus, they hit him now, they sting him,  
they display him in Manhattan, like a clown,  
lost, abyss of punishment,  
he, Prometheus, displayed, like this, like a loser, like a clown,  
clown brutalized, fastened to high buildings,  
in Manhattan, brutal, among blocks without cracks,  
yes, it is said: let him atone his punishment,  
let him be hit, let him be hurt,  
today as it was then, in the times of darkness,  
of the fights of gods and demigods.

Here I am, Prometheus, the outcast, displaced, diverted,  
I am here, Prometheus clownish, isolated, ravaged.  
I used to be a god, or demigod, or pseudo god, who knows what,  
who knows how, or where.

Bright light, faded light, winged fit and malignant winds,  
in Manhattan, in rivers' veins, in electric currents,  
in nuclear discharges, atomic waste, boundless,  
which no longer generate soil, almost vanished,  
the cosmic eye, the circle of the sun, and I am calling you, calling you all:

you see, here, the torment, me fastened to the building  
that reflects my image, on screen, digital, unreal,  
me projected on screen in Manhattan, Times Square,  
on screens that are infected by the gods.

Horrible, horrified, leftovers of atomic dust,  
the agony is written and rewritten, narrated and gutted,  
it persists for millennia, since the heavens found out  
the act of theft, for millennia blocking me here,  
projected on screens, sneered at, swept away, stripped, ravaged.  
Sobs and pains, clownish, and others ready for the assault,  
it's destiny, will the spectacle ever end  
from the brutal projections on high buildings, in Manhattan, Times Square?

# Jamie Lehrhoff Levine

## Just in Case

Embarking on a series of custom cremation urns inspired by the anxieties brought about by the pandemic and the Victorian practice of honoring the dead with a Memento Mori, I completed the porcelain *Kio* for a friend while in residence at Millay Arts.



**Just in Case (Kio), 2021**  
Human hair, porcelain, wood,  
driftwood, oil paint  
10" x 15" x 15"

# Lucas Baisch

## 404 Not Found

There is a clay wall, outside-facing, painted hospital scrub, greenish-blue.

Its top: lined with broken glass bottles and barbed wire.

Flakes of plastic-bag caught between them.

There is a metal grate over a square window.

There is a man handcuffed to its bar.

**SLACK** [he/him] mid 30s  
withered, wicked, time travelling.  
mixed ('mestizo') Mexican-American.

**RO** [she/her] late 20s - early 30s  
in Freddy Krueger cos-play.  
Guatemalan-American.

**CAMEO** [he/him] early 20s  
kid cousin. potential techie in training.  
Guatemalan-American.

Maybe the only way to do this play

Is if you've stayed awake

For seven days straight.

---

**This play was developed through the support of:**

The 2020 Kennedy Center / National New Play Network MFA Playwrights' Workshop, directed by Nicole A. Watson, and an additional developmental workshop from The John F. Kennedy Center for Performing Arts, directed by Martine Kei Green-Rogers. Further development occurred while in residence at Millay Arts, May 2021.



## ONE

### SPIT AND SWALLOW

*SLACK is cuffed to the metal grate window.  
His other arm—in a sling.  
An obscured figure enters.  
He holds a red SOLO cup to SLACK's mouth.*

CAMEO. Drink.

*SLACK drinks the contents of the cup,  
Holds the liquid in his mouth. Swirls.*

CAMEO. Spit.

*SLACK spits.*

CAMEO. All of it.

*All of it.  
The figure looks in the cup, checks his watch.*

CAMEO. Good.

*The figure exits.  
SLACK, in a shock of light:*

SLACK. For years, talking to myself, I'd say, 'Meet me at the toaster oven.' Walk my ass to the kitchen pantry, dripping wet from the shower. Daily. Number three. Depressive. Stick two frozen hash browns in the bear trap, watch it heat up orange, turn the browns all black, all charred, then chow down. A dasha soy sauce, garlic powder—I'm wretched. But this go-round at the ole toast and slobber, this time, we pull an emergency brake. My midnight monotony, shift-gear-reverse.

'Christ now, how'd that get here?' I blink at a paper package on the floor, damp at the corner. Vinegar blotches? Guess I thrash a bit. Ya pick it up, unravel the twine, turkey yer fingers 'round it, shake it a little, jingle. This is a shoebox. And when I rip off its lid—this is a coffin. Inside, teeth. Human teeth. Incisors, canine, shades of grey and yellow, adult and child, teeth, hundreds. Beads to be strung up like a damn necklace. Worn like a badge for something cultish. 'Where and why?' I putter, 'Where. Why.' It's worrisome. And I'm disgusted. With my own lack of surprise, 'specially considering I hadn't received package in months, perhaps a year, and here a crusty shoebox shows up on my linoleum—I didn't put it there. I did not ask for this.

So, I'll send a text to Crowley. Nico Crowley. Crowbar. That's what we'd call him in grade school, then correctional. Crowbar. As if a name like that meant brutal or prying, when in reality he's the softest boy. A jello spigot. Years later, we keep on. He becomes a part of the family. And presently, at kitchen shoebox, I'll send a text. 'You leave this at the dining room table?' A picture, for reference. A message error, the file too big, my data run out, poor connection—his service?

Crowley, Crowbar, Crowley. Years ago he'd saved my brother from a suicide mission. Found his frothy mouth passed out in a closet, stuck up one uh those road homes the two of 'em rented from a senile family friend. This old bag, sweet woman. Crowbar heaves my brother upright, sits him inna plastic chair, no phoning the police, *never* phoning the police. Takes it upon himself to flood the system. A pop uh Narcan and we're back in business.

We weren't friendly us two, my brother 'n me. We made Crow less so. We quickly graduate from petty theft to breaking and entering to—well, other things. Cuz in the Central Valley—California—that skinny little middle part folks forget about—no lustful oceanside, no forest sprawl—there's only ten to twelve ways to be. The majority involve being ruthless. And whose cross is it to bear when a miscreant turns to profit? I'd say everyone's, probably.

We kidnap a pansy boy. We drive him in the back of Crowbar's pick up, bungee cord him to a recliner. Wedge a bitta steel wool in his mouth 'cause he'd done the boys dirty. An abandoned parking structure, all fenced in. Wire cutters. A break in the chainlink. Band-Aids on each finger cuz we broke 'em with a mallet. I catch a glimpse of the poor kid's chest hairs floating out his button-up, ingrown, stubby red, growing back from a self-shearing. Like he knew he was destined to be a lamb, God's lamb. My arm's in a sling, so I can't help much, but I watch my brother and Crowbar and I'm smacking gum—it's cinnamon. The two of 'em step away and kid says, 'Look man. You've got the wrong Rita.'

'Hold on boys, hold a second.' I make some jest. 'Maybe we should—maybe we could—*let him go?*' We burst out laughing. The three of us. Some holier than thou garble—I'm kidding. I'm joking. I'm nauseous.

My brother has Crowley take the car keys from ignition. He tries to back out, and I say, 'push on.' And. Well. We wedge out every molar. Every wisdom bite, one by one, and baby Rita goes spitting blood up my pant leg. Cawing on, gums flaring. Slaaaaam dunk. He looks small. Particularly small. Like old man small. Shrink wrap. Me, tough guy, I skip outta there pretending to take a piss, when really I'm blowing chunks. Profuse. Ashamed. Alone. Frozen bile crusted on my sneaker, and we never talk about it again.

Fast forward and I win a mystery shoe box. Shit. I don't hear from Crowley-Crowbar after message error. He doesn't wanna talk to me after I—he's—he isn't answering my texts, my emails, my phone calls, because I think he got the tooth necklace too. Won the package. Kitchen floor. The problem is, he put it on. Regalia. Death dressage. Everyone did. And when I make my way outside, into an empty public, I notice no one's there. I make my journey into a desert, a neo-Jesús, everything Judean, all of us one sexy, sick Judas, pining for the next person to make toothless.

And I—like you—end up here. At a trench in the mountain. Wire cutters. A break in the chainlink and this freakish family found me. Or maybe I found them. They stapled a placard to my chest. They gave me a new name. They call me 'History.' That's the top-off. Upon my arrival, like I'm a second-coming and not some local ingrate. 'History.' All-in-one. Jackpot, whack a mole, the crane game caught me. 'History.' (*Laughing.*) I'ma fuckin' sentient tree ring, but the knotty kind. Knotty like knots. Mangled branch, that's me. I'm fixed to a window grate, getting my ass wiped by her and him and they leave me a plastic cuppa water. They put a rock in it, so the wind won't take it away.

There's wind here. Ya feel it?

*There's wind here.*

Do you feel that? The wind means ritual means a place needs repairing. Deliverance. A box of tooth jewelry. Time travel.

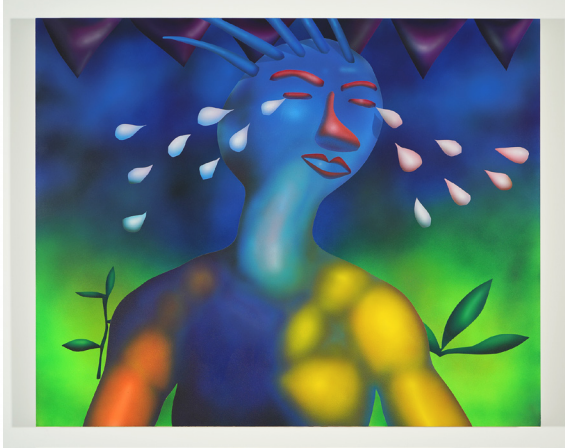
*The sound of boots on gravel.*

*Someone unseen.*

You still there? Someone there? Ya gonna help me outta here or—or—you, uh—are you some—some—some parta all that sideways logic?

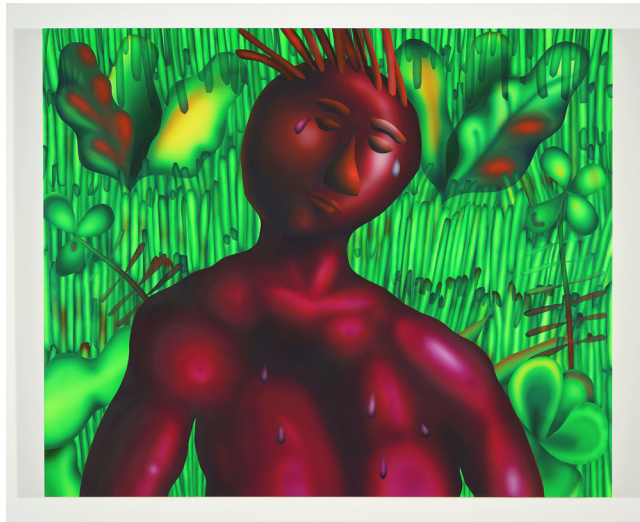
Ah?

# Josias Figueirido



**Awakening and Weeping, 2021**

Acrylic on panel  
22" x 30" x 1.5"



**Tears in the Garden, 2022**

Acrylic on panel  
22" x 30" x 1.5"



**Tears in the River, 2022**

Acrylic on panel  
22" x 30" x 1.5"

# About the Artists



**SACHIKO AKIYAMA** is an artist living and working in New Hampshire. She is inspired by a wide range of sources, including contemporary art and art history, stories from different cultures and time periods, and her own Japanese heritage. This year, Akiyama is mounting solo exhibitions at Brattleboro Museum in Vermont and Tracey Morgan Gallery in North Carolina. She is the recipient of a Joan Mitchell Award, an Artist Resource Trust Grant, and the Piscataqua Artist Advancement Grant. Akiyama's work is in the collection of the deCordova Museum.

*Image credit: Hilary Schaffner*

**JUBI ARRIOLA-HEADLEY (he/him)** is a Blacqueer poet, storyteller, and author of the poetry collection *original kink* (Sibling Rivalry Press), recipient of the 2021 Housatonic Book Award. He's a 2018 PEN America Emerging Voices Fellow, holds an MFA from the University of Miami, and has received support for his work from Yaddo, Millay Arts, Lambda Literary, and the Atlantic Center for the Arts. Jubi has been featured in *Literary Hub*, *The Rumpus*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Nimrod*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Washington Square Review*, PBS NewsHour's *Brief But Spectacular*, and elsewhere. Jubi lives with his husband in South Florida, on Tequesta and Seminole lands, and his work explores themes of masculinity, vulnerability, rage, tenderness, and joy.



**LUCAS BAISCH** is a playwright, artist, and educator from San Francisco. Full-length plays include: *REFRIGERATOR* (First Floor Theatre), *On the Y-Axis* (The Bushwick Starr Reading Series), *Dry Swallow* (Brown University), *import speech\_memory* (Cutting Ball's Variety Pack Festival), *The Scavengers* (DePaul University), and co-writing on *The Arrow Cleans House* (The Neo-Futurists). Lucas is a recipient of a Steinberg Playwriting Award, the Princess Grace Award in Playwriting, and the Kennedy Center's KCACTF Latinx Playwriting Award. His plays have been published through Methuen/Bloomsbury and Yale's Theater Magazine. His artwork has been presented at Elsewhere Museum, the Electronic Literature Organization, gallery no one, and the RISD Museum. Lucas has taught writing at Brown University, Rhode Island School of Design, Macalester College, The Playwrights' Center, and through the Chicago Public Schools. MFA: Brown University.



**LEE CONELL** is the author of a novel, *The Party Upstairs* (Penguin Press), which received the Wallant Award, and a story collection, *Subcortical* (Johns Hopkins University Press), which received the Story Prize's Spotlight Award. She is the recipient of fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, Millay Arts, the U.S.-Japan Creative Artist Program, and the Tennessee Arts Commission. Her stories and essays have appeared in *ZYZZYVA*, *Kenyon Review*, *Oxford American*, *Glimmer Train*, *Guernica*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, and *Paris Review Daily*, and her work has won the *Chicago Tribune's* Nelson Algren Award and been shortlisted in *Best American Short Stories* and the Pushcart Prize anthology.

Born in the Philippines, **KATRINA BELLO** is a visual artist who works primarily in drawing and video. Her work is informed by observations and experiences of natural environments encountered during the course of her travels and migration. She has participated in solo and group exhibitions in the United States and the Philippines. She lives and works in Montclair, NJ.



**JEAN BLACKBURN** is a contemporary painter, sculptor and educator whose work examines the dynamic interplay of cultural model and individual experience in the domestic setting. The boundaries of an object's definition interest her most. Her work sets in tension the physical and the impermanent or mutable. Blackburn has exhibited her work extensively, including at the DeCordova Museum, Brooklyn Museum, Aldrich Museum, John Michael Kohler Art Center, and Neuberger Museum and many galleries. She has worked as an Archaeological Illustrator in Petra and Tuscany. In 2014 Jean was awarded the John R. Frazier Award for Excellence in Teaching at the Rhode Island School of Design. She resides in Providence, Rhode Island.



Image credit: Jana La Brasca

**SARAH EINSPANIER'S** plays include *Lunch Bunch* (upcoming with PlayCo and Clubbed Thumb; last seen in Clubbed Thumb's Winterworks and Summerworks; New York Times and Time Out Critic's Picks; in development for television with A24 and Scott Free), *House Plant* (New York Theatre Workshop's Next Door; 'highbrow / brilliant' in New York Magazine's Approval Matrix; Lambda Literary Award Finalist), *I LOVE SEAN* (Playwrights Realm Writing Fellow), *The Convent of Pleasure* (Cherry Lane's Mentor Project), and *MADONNA col BAMBINO* created with composer Deepali Gupta and director Caitlin Sullivan (Ars Nova's ANT Fest and the New Ohio's Ice Factory, curated by New Georges), *Doctor De Soto and Other Stories* by William Steig conceived by Miranda Haymon and co-written with Miranda Haymon and Seonjae Kim with music by Ellen Winter (upcoming TheaterWorksUSA), and *I forgot to tell you* (The Brooklyn Rail, June 2021 Issue). They teach at HB Studios and the National Theater Institute and are secretly slash not secretly writing "a book."

**JOSIAS FIGUEIRIDO** is a Spanish artist currently living in Laredo, Texas (USA). After growing up in a small fishing town of the northeast of Spain, Josias moved to London to study fine art at London Metropolitan University and The Royal Drawing School. Later he moved to Philadelphia (USA) to complete an MFA at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Working primarily in painting, Josias' work channels personal and social dilemmas into biographical and fictional narratives. He uses simple pencil sketches on paper and 3D modeling tools to flesh out his ideas before realizing them on canvas or wood panels. Josias' work has been exhibited in group and solo exhibitions in the USA, Europe, and Asia. Josias recently received a National Endowment for the Arts Award for a collaborative mural project to be realized in Laredo, Texas.



Image credit: Julia Dean

**FRAN FORMAN'S** distinctive, award-winning photo-paintings, resplendent with color and mystery, are generally recognized as 'the work of Fran Forman'. Her background as a painter, therapist, and graphic designer, and her life-long interest in art history, is reflected in her complex and provocative images that explore themes of solitude and disconnection endemic these days in American life. Her staged scenes integrate and juxtapose realism with illusion, longing with disconnection and are suspended in vibrant fantasies that hint at ambiguities. Yet always a slash of light offers a measure of hope. Her work resides in many private collections as well the permanent collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, The Grace Museum, the Sunnhordland Museum, Western Carolina University Fine Art Museum, the Comer Collection at the University of Texas, and the County Down Museum. Fran's 2nd major award-winning monograph, *The Rest Between Two Notes* was published as an art coffee-table book by Unicorn in 2020.





**ERIC GUINIVAN'S** music is characterized by propulsive rhythmic layers, slowly shifting harmonic fields, shimmering orchestration, and a strong sense of drive. His output includes works for orchestra, wind ensemble, percussion, brass band, chamber orchestra, film, and a wide variety of chamber ensembles and solo instruments. His works have received notable honors from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, BMI, ASCAP, Chamber Music America, and the Fromm Foundation, among others. Eric's music has been featured at numerous international festivals and conferences, and in 2021, Eric was composer-in-residence at Millay Arts and the Helene Wurlitzer Foundation of New Mexico. Also active as a percussionist, Eric was a founding member of the GRAMMY-nominated Los Angeles Percussion Quartet and has performed with orchestras and chamber ensembles across the country. Eric studied at Indiana University and the University of Southern California and is currently Associate Professor of Composition at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

**P HARRIGAN** is a recipient of a Massachusetts Cultural Council/ New England Foundation for the Arts Regional Fellowship for Visual Artists in Photography and a Clarissa Bartlett Traveling Fellowship awarded by the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Her work has been exhibited in regional and national shows and is represented in the permanent collections of *The Picker Art Gallery*, Colgate University, Hamilton, NY, *The Pinhole Resource Collection* of the Palace of the Governors Photo Archives at the New Mexico History Museum, Santa Fe, NM and in the *Moving Violations Motorcycle Club* archive of the Schlesinger Library/Radcliffe Institute, Cambridge, MA.



**ANDREW HLADKY** is a British/American artist living in the DC area. Since moving to the US in 2015 he has held solo exhibitions around the country, at Rockville, MD; Tulsa, OK; Arlington, VA; and Raleigh, NC. He has been awarded many fellowships and residencies, including the Millay Arts Charm City Fellowship, the Pollock-Krasner Fellowship at Vermont Studio Center, and a fellowship at Yaddo. His collaborative artists' book, *On Innards*, published in 2015 by bookRoom Press, is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the SAIC Artists' Books Collection, the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the MoMA Library and Archives, among other collections.



**HEDIEH JAVANSHIR ILCHI** was born in Tehran, Iran and currently lives and works in the Washington, D.C. area. Ilchi received an M.F.A. in studio art from American University and a B.F.A. from the Corcoran College of Art + Design. She is the recipient of the Mid Atlantic Arts Foundation Creative Fellowship, Zeta Orionis Painting Fellowship, Maryland State Arts Council Individual Artist Award in Painting, and Bethesda Painting Award. Ilchi has participated in numerous solo and group exhibitions nationally. Her work has been featured in a number of publications including *The Washington Post*, *Hyperallergic*, *Art Papers*, *the Washington City Paper*, and *the New American Paintings*. Ilchi has been an artist-in-residence at the Ucross Foundation, Millay Arts, Vermont Studio Center, Jentel Foundation, Kimmel Harding Nelson Center for the Arts, Playa Summer Lake, Monson Arts and Virginia Center for the Creative Arts. She is represented by Hemphill ARTWORKS Gallery in Washington, D.C.

**SUE JOHNSON** (American, born San Francisco, CA, 1957) is an internationally exhibited artist whose works combine installation, painting, drawing, printmaking, photography, found objects, and artist books. She earned an MFA in Painting from Columbia University and a BFA in Painting from Syracuse University. Her art works and multiple media installations are revisionist in method creating plausible fictions that run both parallel and counter to canonical histories. Projects focus on topics that include the origins of museums, cabinets of curiosities and “lost” collections, the picturing of nature and women, and the domestic universe and consumer culture. Johnson’s work has been the subject of over 40 solo exhibitions, and can be found in many public and private collections. She has been awarded grants and fellowships from the Pollock-Krasner Foundation, New Jersey State Council on the Arts, NEA, Mid Atlantic Arts Foundation, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, and the Maryland State Arts Council.



**SUNGJAE LEE** is a Seoul-born, Chicago-based artist. He makes performance, installation, text, and video focusing on queer Asians and their desires that have been regarded as effeminate, desexualized, and thus invisible in the West. He has presented his works globally in Korea, Sweden, Canada, New Zealand, and the US. He received his B.F.A. in Sculpture from Seoul National University and M.F.A. in Performance Art from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago.



**ANNIE LIONTAS'** debut novel, *Let Me Explain You* (Scribner), was featured in The New York Times Book Review as Editor's Choice and was selected by the ABA as an Indies Introduce Debut and Indies Next title. She is the co-editor of *A Manner of Being: Writers on their Mentors*. Annie's work has appeared in *The New York Times Book Review*, *NPR*, *Gay Magazine*, *BOMB*, *Guernica*, *McSweeney's*, and *Ninth Letter*. Annie has served as a mentor for Pen City's incarcerated writers. *The Gloss*, her interview series with women and non-binary writers, is at *BOMB*, *The Believer*, *Electric Literature*, *The Rumpus*, and elsewhere.

Embarking on a series of custom cremation urns inspired by the anxieties brought about by the pandemic and the Victorian practice of honoring the dead with a Memento Mori, **JAMIE LEVINE** completed the porcelain *Kio* for a friend while in residence. Whether using silicone, bronze, or real hair, Jamie's multi-disciplinary and precise approach to details invokes both dark humor and celebration of life throughout her sculptures and paintings. Levine's Research Project from the BMW Guggenheim Lab resulted in impactful programming at the intersection of urban ecology and architecture with artist collective SPURSE. She exhibited regionally and overseas in London, Berlin, and Italy. Levine holds a BFA in Textile Design from Syracuse University, an MFA in Sculpture from Montclair State University, and was a Resident in the Interdisciplinary Practices in Bio Art Program at SVA's Fine Arts Nature and Technology Laboratory.



**ANGIE SIJUN LOU** is a Kundiman Fellow and Ph.D. Candidate in Literature and Creative Writing at the University of California, Santa Cruz. She is a *Tin House* Scholar, Fiction Editor at *FENCE*, and a calculus instructor at San Quentin State Prison. She lives in Oakland.





**MADELEINE MORI** is a Japanese American poet, born and raised in the San Francisco Bay Area. She earned a BS in winemaking from Cal Poly San Luis Obispo and an MFA from New York University. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *jubilat*, *DIAGRAM*, *the American Poetry Review*, *The Yale Review*, *The Common*, and *The Margins*, among others, and has received fellowships from the Community of Writers and the Asian American Writers' Workshop, where she was a 2021 Margins Fellow. She is the Poetry Editor at *Pigeon Pages* and lives in Brooklyn.

**MARIO MORONI** was born in Italy, he moved to the United States in 1989. He has taught at Yale University, Colby College, and Binghamton University, NY. Moroni has published eleven volumes of poetry. In 1989 he was awarded the Lorenzo Montano national prize for poetry in Italy. His poems have been published in numerous journals and anthologies. He has released the DVD *Reflections on Icarus' Lands*, the CD/DVD "Reciting the Ashes," and the CD *Recitativi*. Moroni has performed his work in dozens of events in Italy, the UK, Spain, France, Brazil, and across the United States.



**ANDREA PÉREZ BESSIN** is a printmaker and installation artist, whose work focuses on syncretic amalgams of plants and humans that speak to the instability of the gender binary. Their practice has been sustained through residencies and grants including Millay Arts, Wood/Raith Gender Identity Living Trust, Marks Family Endowment in the Arts and RISCA Fellowship in Printmaking. Recent exhibitions include *Digital Breath* at Newport Art Museum and a solo installation at Dirt Palace's Store Front Window Gallery. Born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Andrea lives and works in Newport, Rhode Island.



**LEANNA PRIMIANI** is an award-winning composer who aims to bring together the collective experiences of the many for greater understanding. Her music asks listeners to consider deep issues and ideas related to the female experience, as she believes that connection and thoughtful participation can catalyze powerful change. Leanna writes music that changes how listeners see themselves and the world around them. Using electronics as well as orchestral instrumentation, she explores the limits of musical form, sound, and time. Leanna recently won the Toulmin Commission from the League of American Orchestras and The American Composers Orchestra to compose a work for ROCO in Houston. Recent performances of her catalog include the Rochester Philharmonic, Nashville Symphony, Cabrillo Festival, Wheeling Symphony, Seattle Collaborative Orchestra, American Composers Orchestra, Aspen Music Festival, United Nations 50 for Freedom campaign, among others. Leanna currently splits her time between California and New York. She earned a doctorate in composition from USC and has studied with such noted composers and conductors as Leonard Slatkin, Peter Eotvos, Christopher Rouse, Steven Stucky, Morten Lauridsen, and Howard Shore.

**ASHLEY ELIZA WILLIAMS** is a painter, sculptor, and interdisciplinary artist exploring alternative and more empathic ways of interacting with nature and with each other. She has been an artist-in-residence in the US and abroad including at Vermont Studio Center, MASS MoCA, Sitka Center for Art and Ecology, Alte Schule, Germany, and Shangyuan Art Museum, China. Her work has been shown at K Contemporary in Denver, Hersbruck Museum in Germany, The National Center for Atmospheric Research, Bronx Museum project space, and The University of Colorado Museum among other places. Williams has taught at The University of Colorado, Colorado State University, and Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts. She is a member of the research-based art collective Sprechgesang Institute and currently lives in Western Massachusetts.



## Our Other 2021 Residents

Vanessa Albury, Leo Aquino, Felicia Barr, Caroline Beimford, Laura Caviani, Lena Chen, Carolyn Clayton, Sabrina Imbler, Matthew Dalton Jackett, Zach Gulaboff Davis, Stacy Nathaniel Jackson, Joan Kane, Pardiss Kebriaei, Joseph Lee, Jamie Levine, Emily Luan, Dawn Manning, Ryan D. Matthews, Kelly McQuain, Andrew Milward, Narcissister, Abbey Otis, Neil Rolnick, Sahar Romani, Reena Shah, Homer Shew, Nicole Simpkin, Homer Shew Nicole Simpkins, Matthew Steckler, Adam Stone, Jesus Valles, Dashaun Washington

## Guest Editor + Designer

Emji Saint Spero

## Thank you to our Generous Sponsors

Asian American  
Writers Workshop

Avery Foundation

Berkshire Taconic  
Community Foundation

GOLUB Foundation

MidAtlantic Arts  
Foundation

National Endowment  
for the Arts

New York State  
Council on the Arts

Roscoe Lee Browne  
Foundation

Berkshire Taconic  
COMMUNITY FOUNDATION

**AAWW**



# About us

Millay Arts supports the work and creative process of multidisciplinary artists through a range of residencies that enrich lives and communities locally and globally. We are committed to prioritizing diversity, equity, and inclusion. We believe that the role of art and artists is essential to a just and habitable society. Artists and their works forge connection, challenge boundaries and reflect a multiplicity of voices that reveal what it is like to be alive in the world today. The gift of time and space is vital to create work that acts as a crucial catalyst for transformational change and evolution.

---

## Staff

### **Co-Director +**

#### **Manager of External Affairs**

Monika Burczyk

### **Co-Director +**

#### **Manager of Residency**

#### **Programs**

Calliope Nicholas

### **Chef**

Donna Wenzel

### **Editorial Assistant + Designer**

Emji Saint Spero

## Board of Directors

### **President + Treasurer**

Bjorn Thorstad

### **Vice President +**

#### **President Ex-Officio**

Whitney Lawson

### **Secretary**

Whitney Lawson

### **Members**

Pilar Mejia-Barrera

Betsy Rosenfield Samet

Virginia Sheridan

Lawre Stone

Abigail Tovell

