Vincent

A Journal of Art-in-Residence

2022

Miguel Arzabe

Alan Blackman

Adriane Colburn

Heather Corbally Bryant, PhD

Michael Covello

Lisa Lee

Jerry Leiblich

Becca Lowry

Josh Modney

Preeti Parikh

Daniela Puliti

Joan Huiner Ranzini

Matthew Ricketts

Joshua Gen Solondz

Orchid Tierney

Mindy Urhlaub

Victoria van der Laan

Ximena Velasco

Leonard Yang

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@Millay Arts

Welcome to Vincent

What an amazing year!

In 2022, our 49th year (making us the second longest-running artist-founded multidisciplinary residency in the US), Millay Arts welcomed 54 gifted poets, writers, filmmakers, composers, playwrights, visual and performance artists hailing from 14 states and 5 countries. As always, following departure, these alumni were recognized with a myriad of awards for their work, made possible in part by their time at Steepletop.

We also received a generous matching Capital Projects grant from the New York State Council for the Arts. This funding ensures the essential updates and renovations needed to our beloved Barn and ADA-compliant Main House, so that we may continue to welcome the best and brightest creative minds from around the world for another 50 years! (Note: Come back! The Barn now has skylights on both sides of the roof so every studio has its own piece of sky!)

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.

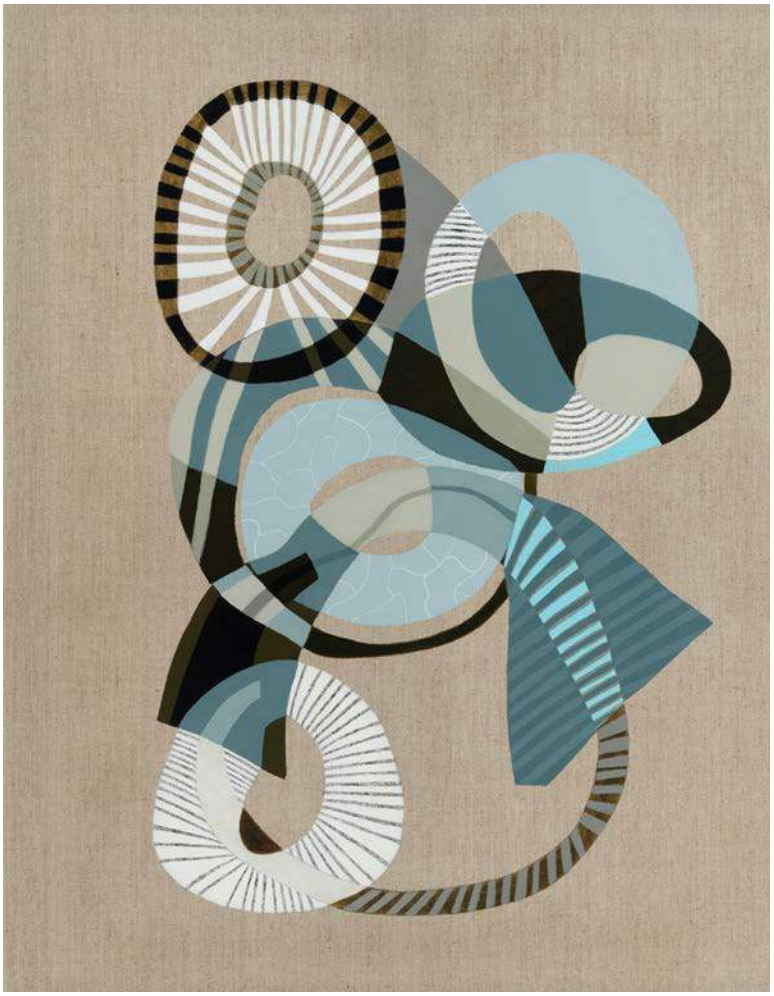
Monika Burcyzk, Ph.D.
Co-Director & Manager of External Affairs

Ximena Velasco

Graphite, ink and collage on paper
50 x 70 cm

Drawing made from the imprint of a piece of bark
found on the Poetry Trail at Millay Arts, July 2022

Acrylic on canvas



Acrylic on linen

Orchid Tierney

from all our names are kin: a field guide to future flora

kin's relation to dirt chemical archives leaf surfaces grafted
pink stems or trunk scions onto rootstock small dramas of bodies
caught in the trap of constant observation promised encounters or weary
incompleteness permits for opening stomata or unhappy attachments
what is a plant soul when there is a compression of parts into space living figures
without imagistic thought a soul means to be capable of growth or angular
attention sugar in the dirt or what a plant strives after constant separation
or unity can't decide between exhaustion and digestion nearness on the
border of death always uprooted rerooted rerouted when the temperature of
grief is proof of dirt's eminence to live radial and dishonest to force a collective life
with aliens in constant disagreement

Adriane Colburn

Permian Lines, 2023

Permian Lines, installed at Grizzly Grizzly in 2022, is a suite of works that examine the extractive industries that reside in the Permian Basin in Texas and New Mexico. It reflects on this region in a statified manner: from far above (satellite), to the view when standing on the ground, to bits of the actual ground, to the gasses entering the atmosphere and the lines of travel as this material, and these particles, transect the globe.

Permian Lines, 2023

Hand cut paper, inkjet, ink, potash, video, wood

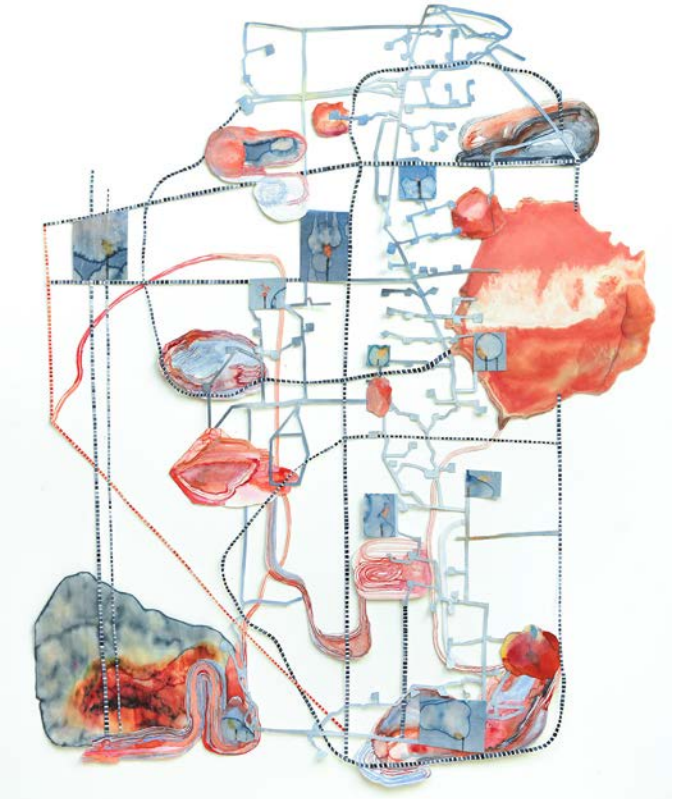
7 x 7 feet

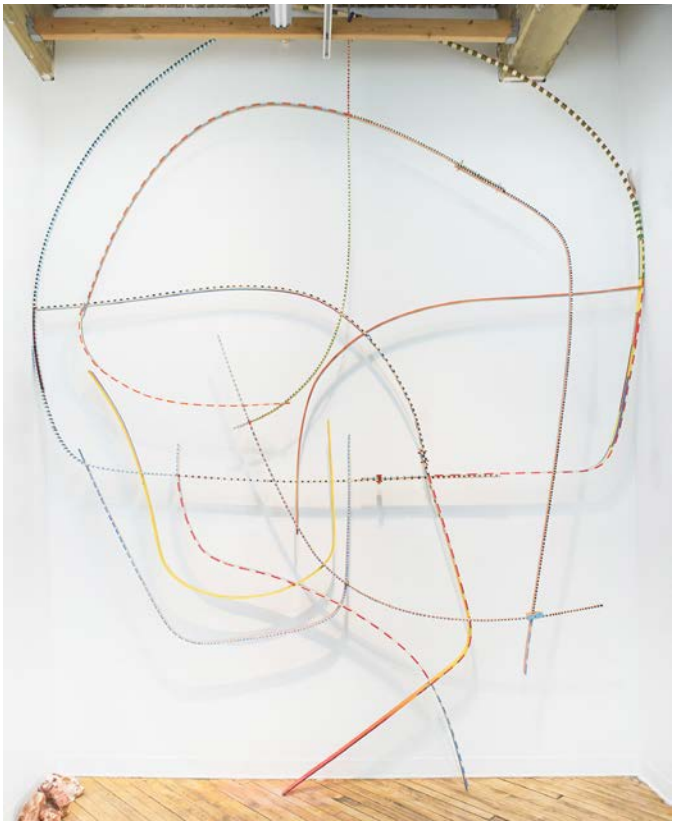
Oil and Potash, 2022

Hand cut paper, ink jet prints, ink, watercolor

34 x 24 inches

Drawn from Nasa Satellite images, an aerial view of extractive industries in and around Carlsbad, NM





Export Tracks, 2022

Steam Bent Ash, brass and Milk Paint

11 x 9 feet

Based on the paths of oil, potash and methane being exported from the Permian Basin across the country and globe

Michael Covello

Drawings in collaboration with Elizabeth Schneider

Sinkholes of a Faultless Void #2, 2023

Charcoal and graphite on paper

69 x 48 inches

Sinkholes of a Faultless Void #3, 2023

Charcoal and graphite on paper

69 x 48 inches

Sinkholes of a Faultless Void #5, 2023

Charcoal and graphite on paper

69 x 48 inches

Lisa Lee

from AMERICAN HAN, 2022

A novel about Asian anger and Korean American and immigrant rage

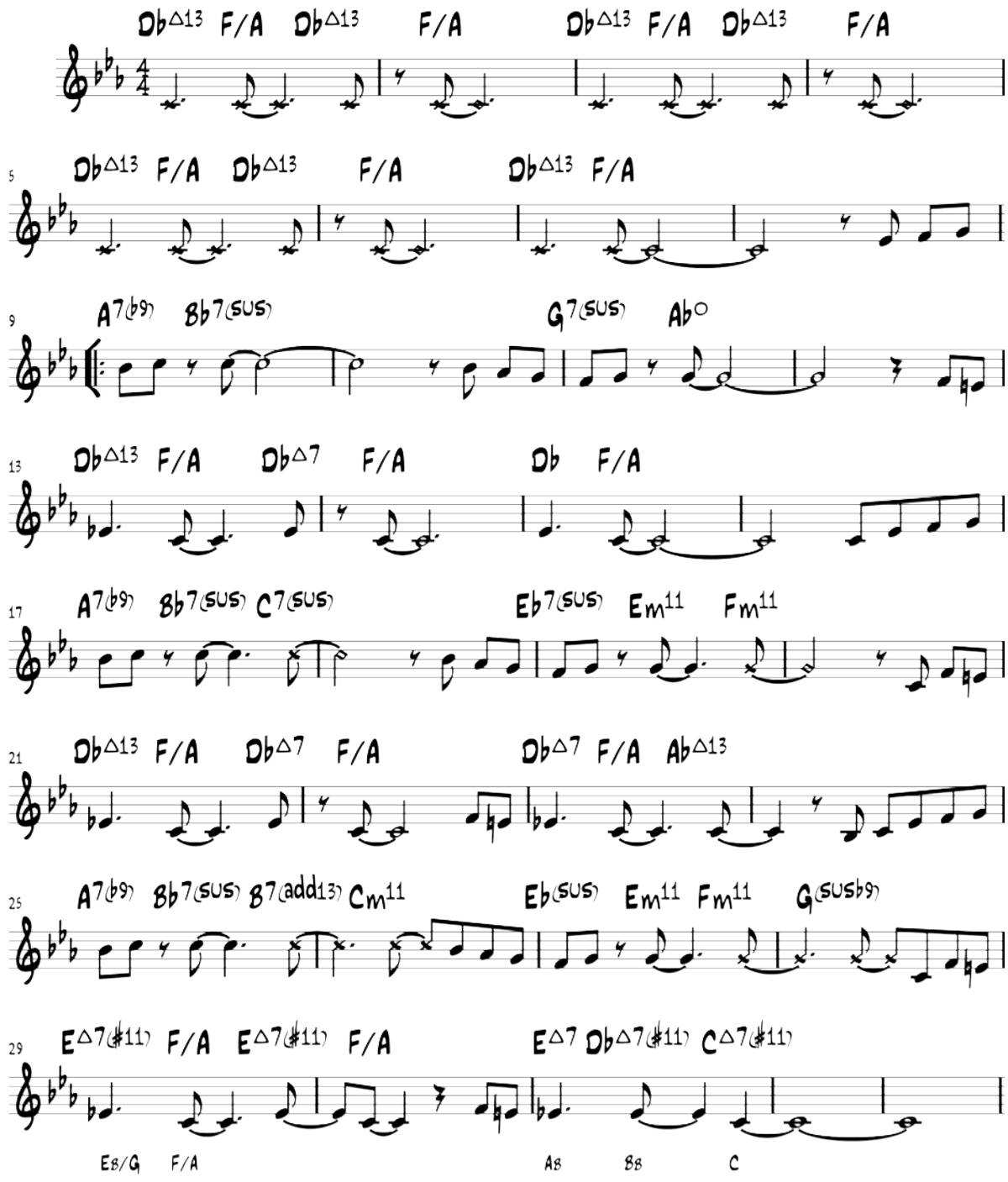
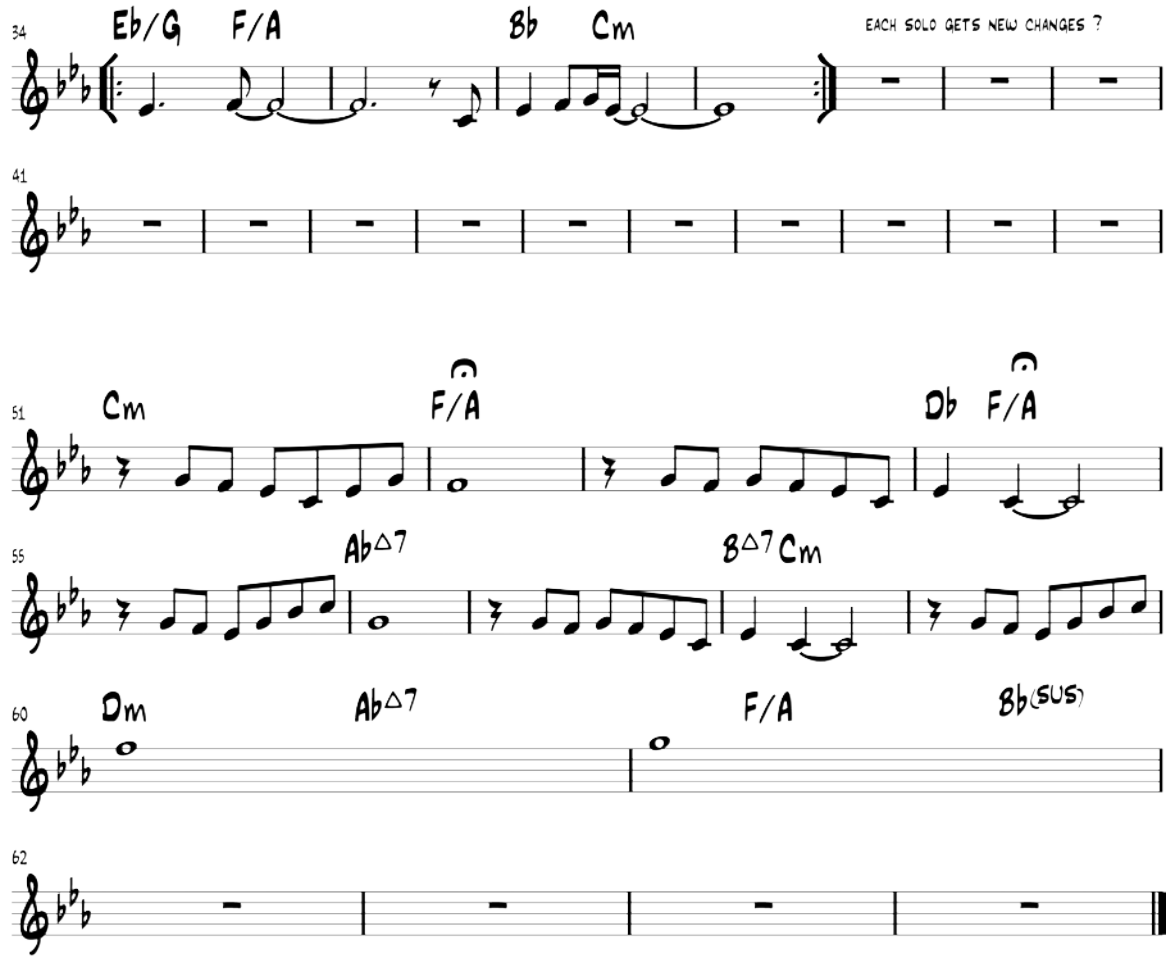
The video was terrible, not just the horror taking place on it, but the quality. It was shot from across the street on what I'd guess was a nineties-era handheld camcorder, and you couldn't make out any details, just three blobby figures recorded in low light. Even the big blue trashcan behind the paint store was obscured. I only knew that Kevin was the assailant in the video because the media had identified him, the second video confirmed it, and Kevin never denied it.

I thought I could see the smirk on his face, thought I saw the way he strutted and puffed out his chest, though the recording was so grainy it would have been impossible to discern such detail. The scene was charged with violence heightened beyond reason, any recognition of decency, but everything was blurred—there were no lines, no borders, no angles or edges—as if someone had tried to erase the facts and identities and the event itself, an effect so eerie that compelled me to watch the thing on repeat. The ghostly quality of the video compounded with Kevin's actions—the repetitive hitting and kicking, the way his physical form had become so weaponized—produced an image that was hypnotizing, unreal. I couldn't get it out of my head. It was like a horror movie where the scariest moments arise when you can't see the actual threat, but you catch a glimpse of something monstrous—a shadow, a flash, a streak of smoke.

I couldn't make out his face, or any other detail that might have marked him as Kevin Kim, my brother. He looked like a ghost. It was as if the crappy camcorder had scrubbed away all the layers of politeness and silence that had formed his personality, leaving this wraith made of violence and shame, fragile, jagged, wielding the baton against a prone human figure that looked, in the grainy image on the screen, indistinguishable from himself.

Alan Blackman

Fires at Night

Boogaloo at 138

Solos

34
Eb/G
F/A
Bb
Cm
EACH SOLO GETS NEW CHANGES ?
41

Intro

51
Cm
F/A
Db
F/A
55
Ab△7
B△7
Cm
60
Dm
Ab△7
F/A
Bb(SUS)
62

Leonard Yang

I work primarily with oil paints. Combining aerial and linear perspective with luminous hues in thick and thin layers, I create paintings that describe the changing social and natural landscape we face today. Across my paintings, man-made dwellings and monuments meet minutely detailed landscapes comprising trees, rocks, sky, sea, flowers, critters, and other little observations in the natural environment.

I draw inspiration from the myths, cultural icons, and landmarks that surround places where I grew up or lived in temporarily. Utilizing free association, I combine this with imagery from my subconscious thoughts and dreams. These resultant landscapes contain humanoid and animalistic forms that describe in surreal satire, the absurdity at the horrors and turmoil facing the world today.

The General, 2023

Oil on Linen

20 x 30 inches

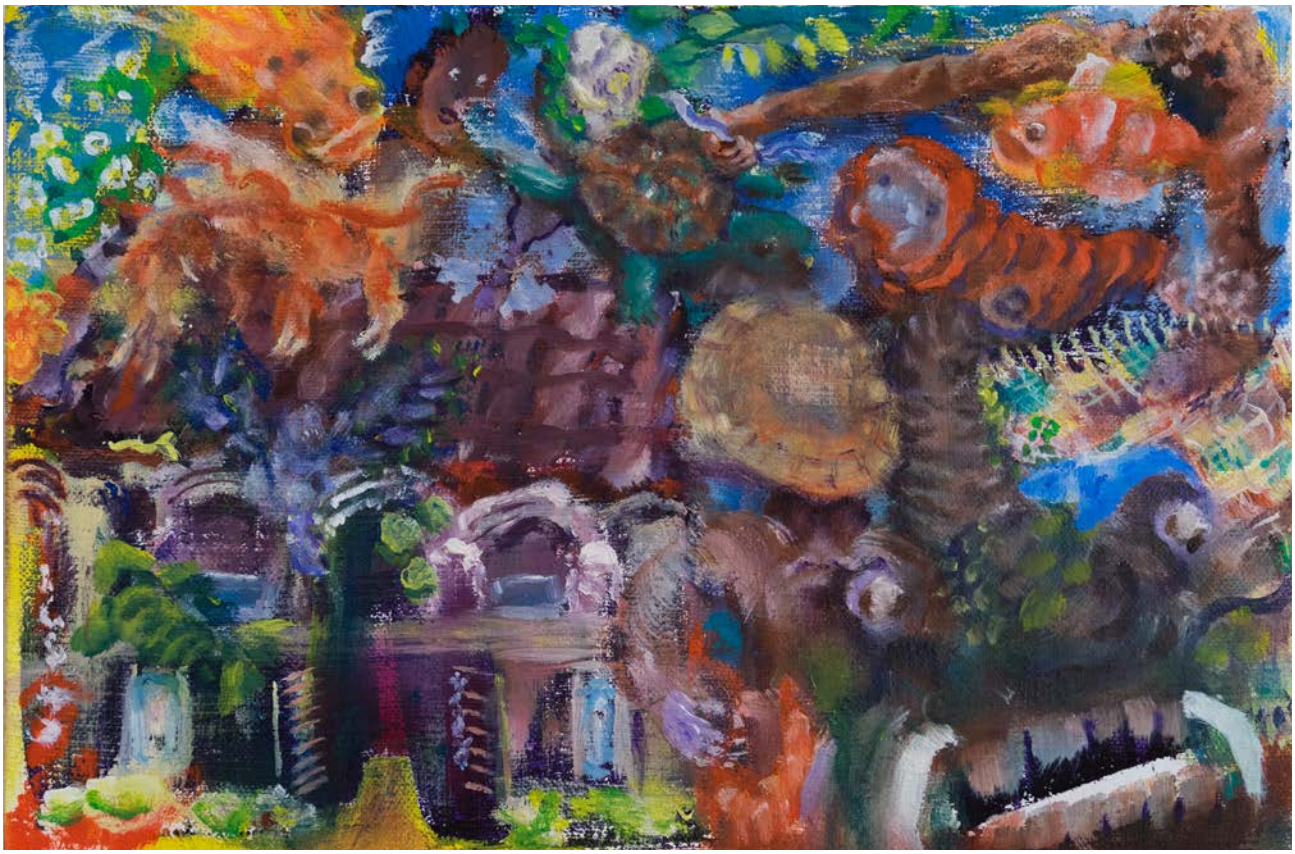
Tailspin, 2022 (top)

Oil on Linen

30 x 44 inches

Human-Elephant Conflict, 2023 (bottom)

Oil on Linen
8 x 12 inches



Preeti Parikh

The [ ] of Skin

Originally published in *Hayden's Ferry Review, Issue 71; Fall/Winter 2022*

I know that I am lost. The ripples I see when I look in the mirror have lost grip of the incepting focus. Who have I become—expanded, uncontained?

A tree's bark. Its skin. Two layers: inner cambium of living cells that proliferate outwards cutting off from the life-force of water and sap; outer bark of migrating dead cells. A barrier of separation and protection. A foot thick, the sequoia's bark; the beech a half-inch thin. Skin. Bark. Thick. Thin.

The largest organ of our bodies: [ ]
That which shields, contains: [ ]
That which exposes, makes visible, identifiable, subject to touch and gaze: [ ]
What we grasp of each other: [ ]
That which wraps us. A cloak of death turning itself over: [ ]

The mature river birch outside my window has a full canopy of green leaves. All over its trunk, the ashy-cinnamon bark desquamates, fluttering paper-thin, like unfurled parchment scrolls animated by a passing breeze. The branches bud. Silhouette against a blue dawn sky. Eight gray squirrels chitter and chase each other up and down the flaking trunks, bounding headlong from branch to branch, leaping from tree to roof to tree—the tree looms, leans away from the house, its catkin-heavy twigs flailing in the crisp air.

देह | त्वचा | खाल | चमड़ी | चर्म | words | for hide | words | for skin | words | as skin

Burns | stretch marks | keratosis | inoculations || a transcript | a translation

Stitches | staples | glue | tapes || ways to sew the wound | sew the [s k i n]

In medical college, a rumor circulates in the ladies' and men's hostels about how a young man has recounted to his friends each birthmark on his girlfriend's body, how he has intimate knowledge of her, how much he is acquainted with her dermis.

I am twenty-eight, and my daughter just a few weeks old. Her scalp and the skin on her forehead, cheeks, arms are reddened and scaly, crusty, peeling off in patches. She scratches and cries, struggles to sleep, soothed only by sound—lullabies and white noise—by movement, by touch—cradled, nursed, and rocked to sleep in my aching arms. Her [देह] exhibits what her insides are rejecting: allergens passing through my breast milk.

In his treatise on yoga wisdom and practice, guru B.K.S. Iyengar asserts: *The skin has this special sense of touch which is nothing but the touch of the inner intelligence.*

स्पर्श [sparsh]—to touch, the sensation of touch. For years, I recoil from स्पर्श in the area around my knees. I shudder, withdraw ticklishly. For years, I avoid [ ].

[ ] color floats in the public domain. Stay out in the sun too long, and I am reprimanded by the diaspora—your complexion is not how it used to be. Sub-zero temperatures and a forced hibernation—*I knew that your son was lighter-skinned, but I didn't realize that your daughter is fair as well.*

The entire matrimonial column in the Indian newspaper wants a fair and slim bride. My skinny next-room neighbor in the medical college hostel decries my disregard for complexion and says: *My dear, you are lighter, I am thinner; we both have our strengths, our failings.*

have [ ] in the game
save your own [ ]
cast off your old [ ]
strip down to the [ ]
be comfortable in your [ ]
get under someone's [ ]
to jump out of one's [ ]
in a bad [ ]
in a good [ ]
in one's [ ]

—phrases I jot down from the OED. I search for nomenclature: a name for gaze that seeks to recast, that desires to clone you in their own skins. I search for myself in these other skins.

During the pandemic, a teacher at my children's high school in the Midwest misidentifies, on multiple occasions, my daughter for an other South Asian American. Perhaps I want to excuse this. An honest error, a collage—of masked faces, obscured noses and mouths, fractured facial recognition. Perhaps, in recalling my own experiences of masking, unmasking, mistaking, and being mis-taken, I recognize. That instead of reading the face, maybe the teacher read only the mask, the color of the girls' hair, eyes, and skin. Perhaps, a cloth shrouding bone and soft tissue reveals how it is the skin that is perceived as boundary—of the self, of us, and of the other. And how in recognizing, it is the mask of skin that registers, even before eyes identify and categorize the bodies that wear these skins. Perhaps I no longer want to be generous or gently bristle at this. Instead, I want a reckoning. Of faces, bodies, how our selves are read. Perhaps, I want to know the body. Without its skins. With.

Danger | threat | strange | foreign | exotic | alluring | default | safe | welcome | an immigration counter | a cop's knee | an officer's baton | tell me, in this country, which [ ] thrives and whose [ ] suffers?

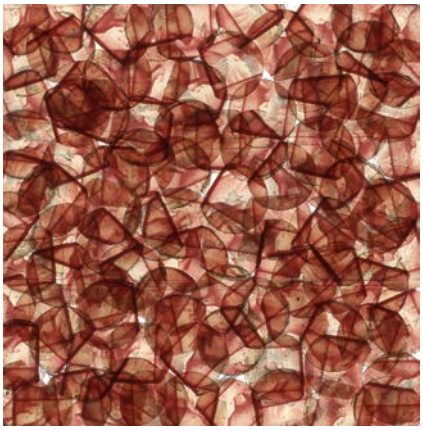
February ice storm: the progressively dividing bare branches of my tree encased in a wet envelope that vacillates between freezing and thawing—liminality trapped, stalactite-like, in gravity and air, emptied like the stalks of grapes my daughter has munched on and slipped back, depleted, into the bottom drawer of the refrigerator.

Pellicle: a film, a membrane, a thin skin on the surface of a liquid or a solid. Pain is a bubble, its pellicle the boundaries of my skin. Who says I am not to burst it?

Human skin is distinguished mainly by its naked appearance, science states. All my life, I have been fascinated with cloth. What is it that I am cloaking?

[ ] keeps sieving through my pores.

Joshua Gen Solondz



Heterocluster 1, 2020 (left)

Proboscis (4LP), 2020 (right)

LUNA E SANTUR (outtakes), 2021

35mm film, 16mm film, super 8mm film, gelatin, ink, insect, bleach, double sided tape, splicing tape

2 x 2 inches, projectable to variable dimensions

Joan Huiner Ranzini

Time and Space, 2022

Acrylic and collage on unstretched canvas

7 x 12 feet

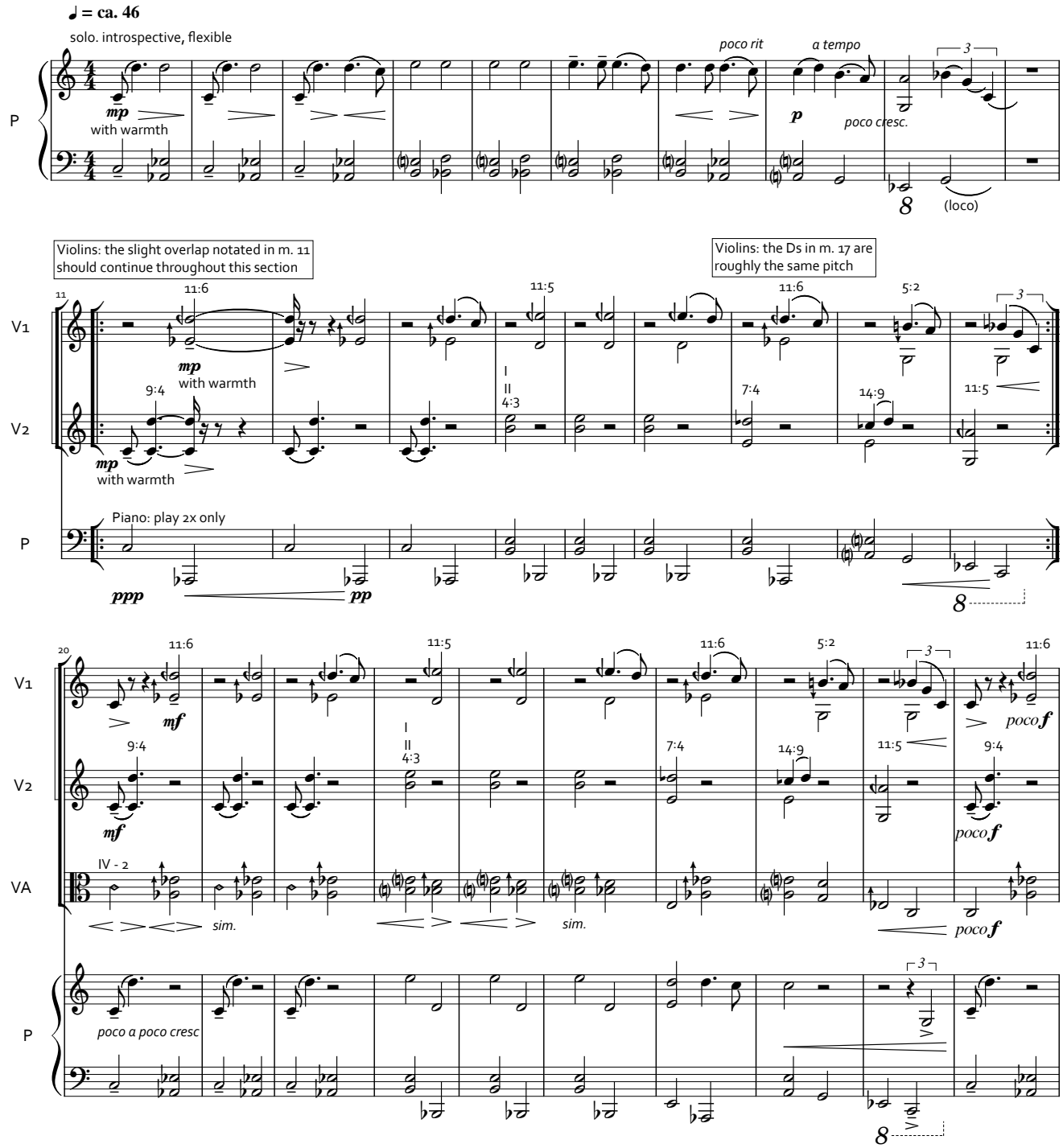
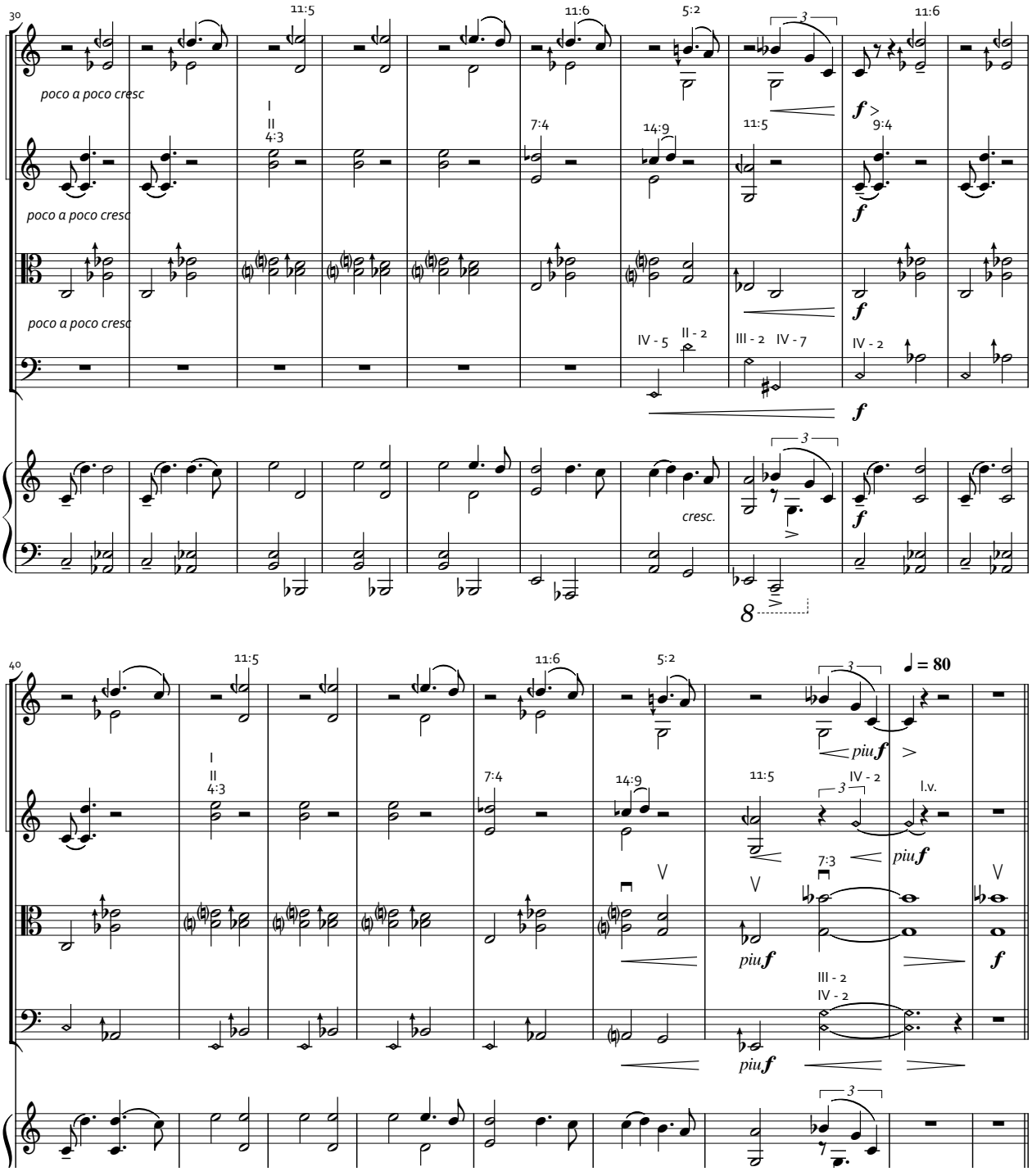
Created while in residence at Millay Arts, April 2022

Josh Modney

Firelight, 2022

For string quartet and piano
Duration: 25 min

This final section of *Firelight*, for string quartet and piano, was composed during my residency at Millay Arts, and is reflective of the quiet magic that I felt during my time at Steepletop. In this section, a simple song is divided among the instruments and presented in multiple tuning systems simultaneously (Just Intonation and Equal Temperament), creating a halo of sound around each harmony. In other sections of the piece, the song provides the underlying foundation of the music while it is fragmented into wildly divergent and extroverted materials. *Firelight* was premiered by the International Contemporary Ensemble in 2022 and will be released on Pyroclastic Records in early 2024.

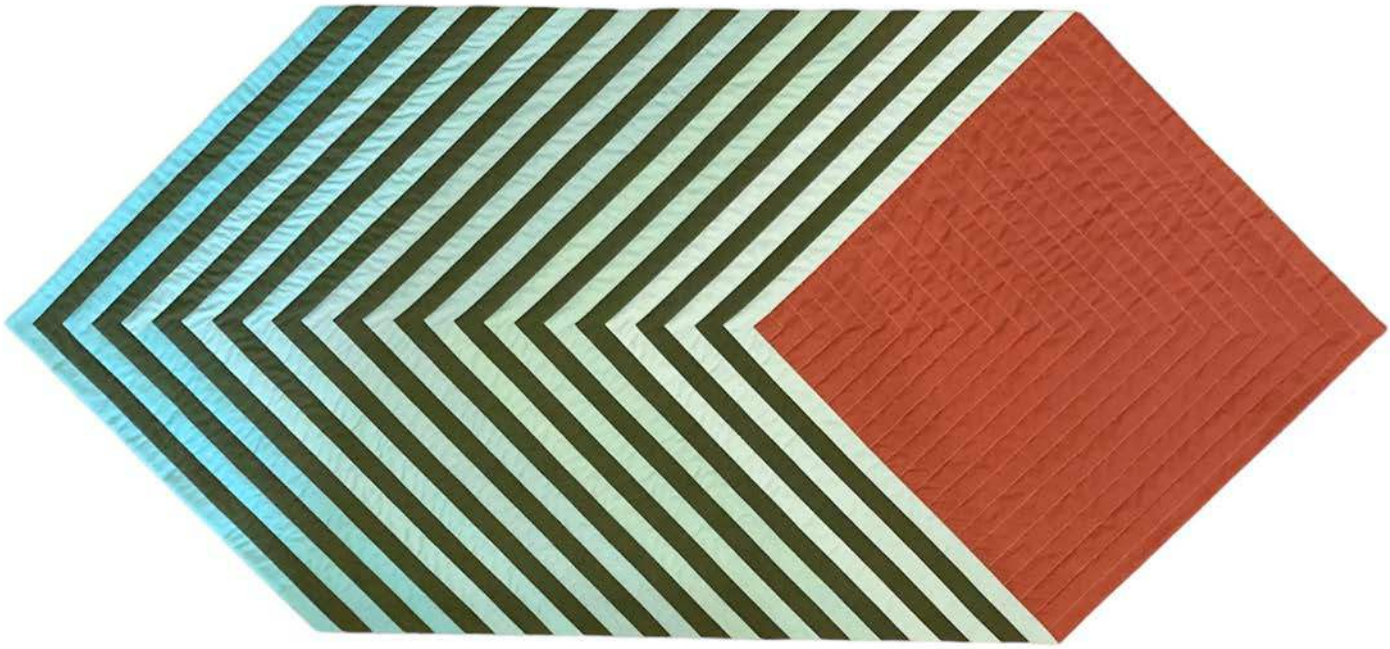
vimeo.com/810372183

♩ = ca. 46
solo. introspective, flexible
P
mp
with warmth
poco rit
a tempo
p
poco cresc.
3
8
(loco)
Violins: the slight overlap notated in m. 11 should continue throughout this section
Violins: the Ds in m. 17 are roughly the same pitch
11
V1
V2
11:6
11:5
9:4
7:4
14:9
5:2
I
II
4:3
Piano: play 2x only
ppp
pp
20
VA
IV - 2
mf
sim.
poco f
poco a poco cresc

30
V1
V2
VA
VC
P
poco a poco cresc
poco a poco cresc
poco a poco cresc
11:5
11:6
5:2
11:6
I
II
4:3
7:4
14:9
11:5
9:4
IV - 5
II - 2
III - 2
IV - 7
IV - 2
cresc.
8
40
11:5
11:6
5:2
♩ = 80
piu f
I
II
4:3
7:4
14:9
11:5
IV - 2
l.v.
7:3
piu f
III - 2
IV - 2
piu f

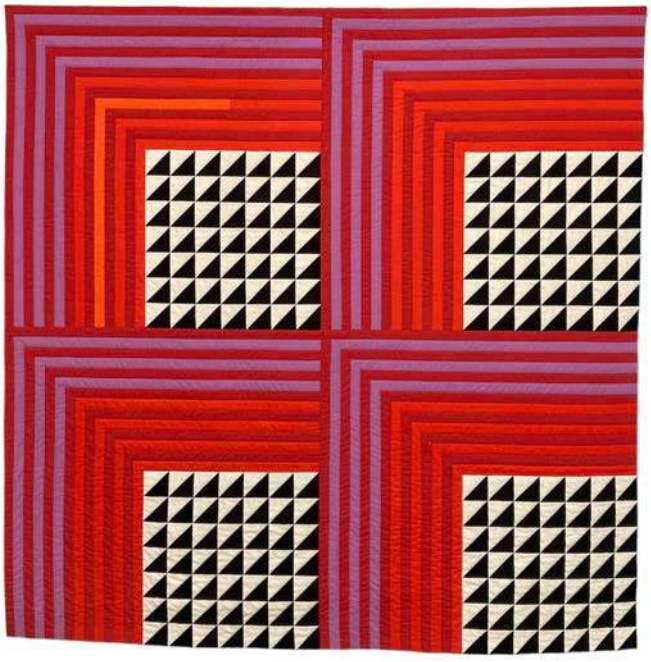
Victoria van der Laan

Linearis, 2022

Pieced and quilted cotton fabrics and batting

26 x 40.5 inches





With Ease, 2022 (top)

Pieced and quilted cotton fabrics and batting

29.5 x 64 inches

Dreamhouse, 2022 (left)

Pieced and quilted cotton fabrics and batting

62 x 62 inches

Jerry Leiblich

how, not what

a feather (hawk), useless but for
evidence (synecdochic) of

pattern (stripes),
tended

by thumb and finger (index)
pad, [name

for hooks on feather strands]
broken, [name

for feather strands] snapped
off, for [a sense] (participants') of

the hawk
feather, useless

but for seeing
through, [lines]
evidence (synecdochic)
composition (patterned, damaged), still

(hollow) [slows
air] lifts

crabcake supernova

Cabbage the red-leaf clover swill,
articulate nonconform house mishap.
Clap it all territory sound bite:

For kick the bucket croaks.
For kick the bucket pocket roach
for biomass, a massive
catastrophic motion tide
you over till the hillock swill,
will — well…

It’s good to sing in the morning,
outside, til the cheesemonger getcha.
That’s a fly in the appointment.
Flakey applefrosted lakes of
unkempt gooberville,
humid air of
thick with spiders, tumor on a
isn’t that dispepsis.

Right unto the backwise headpart.
Center part, centerfold,
never saw it come.
Blastic chopter, overheard,
swimming unto sleep at night like
springwise, sweetly peeped.

Mayhaps a mayfly in my chambler,
plopped; untoward the worry basket.

Double up the latchkey port.
Hold unto the chipmunk clip.
Kettle bell the mismatched feet;
For thicker stems:
fluke dumpster.

Matthew Ricketts

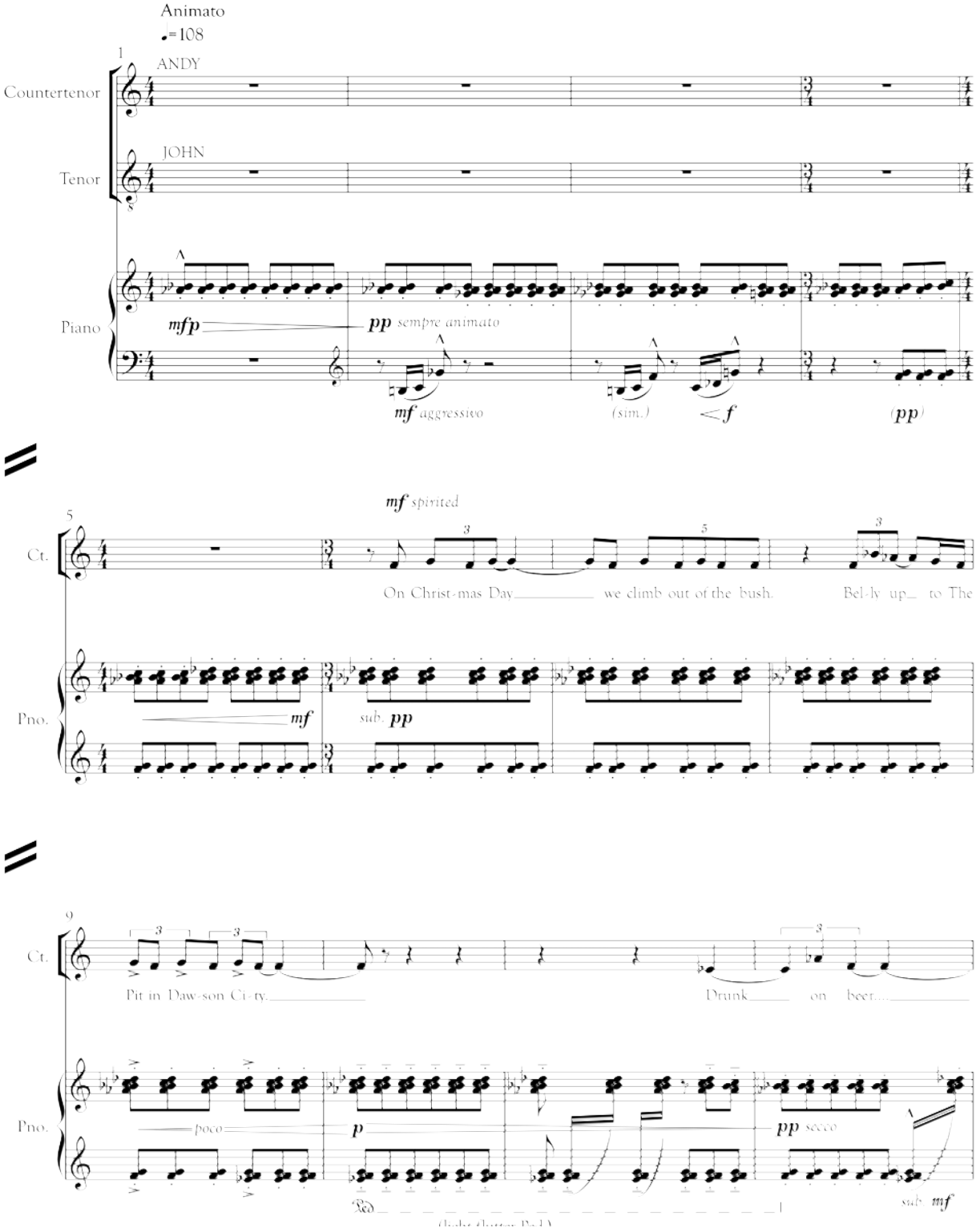
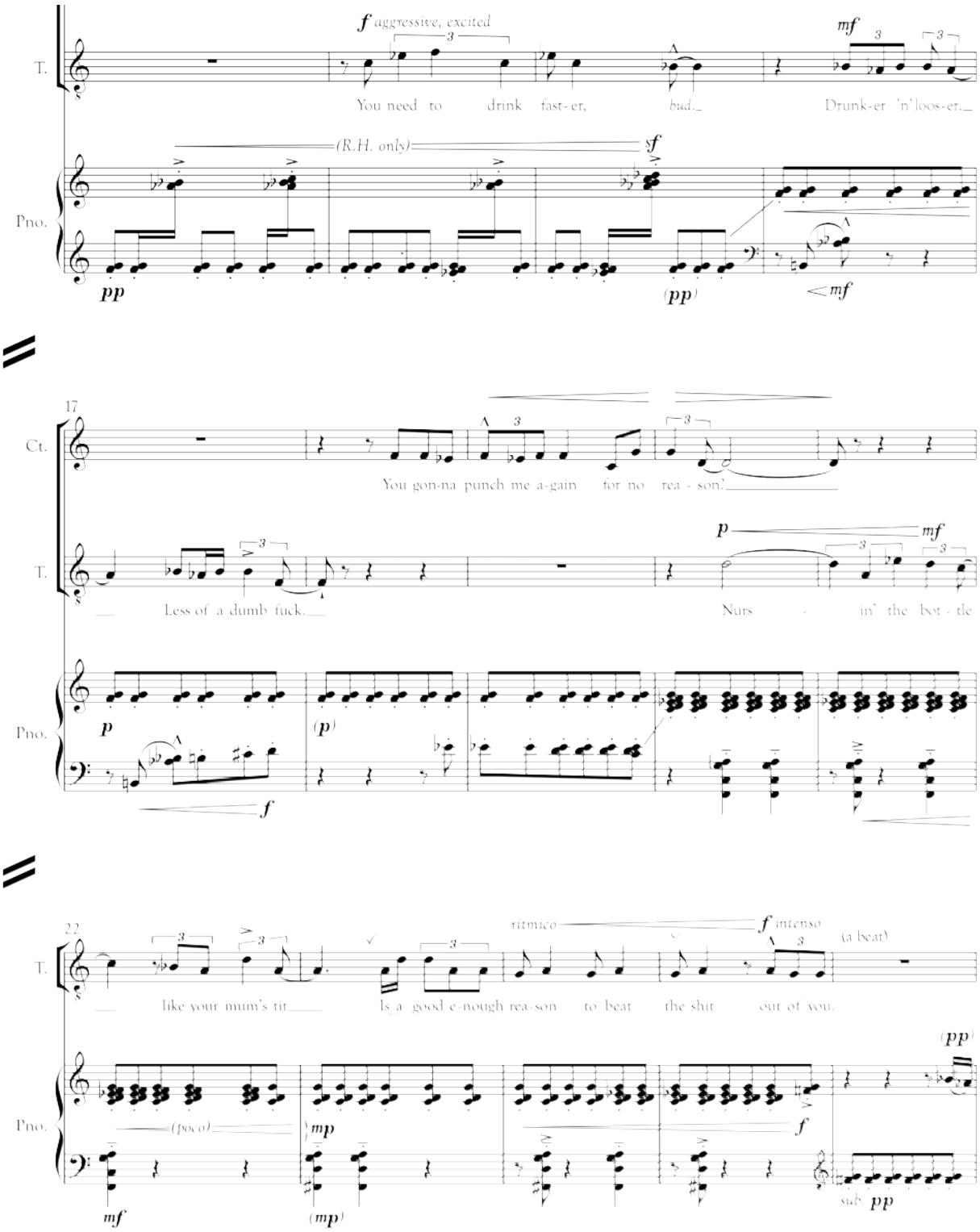
The Cremation of Sam McGee, 2022

While at Millay last October, I focused on composing scenes from *The Cremation of Sam McGee,* an opera-in-development written with librettist Royce Vavrek (based on the iconic 1907 poem by Robert Service). In this excerpt, Royce and I explore a more contemporary scene of seasonal labourers at a Dawson City saloon in The Yukon—the same gold rush city where Service wrote the original poem, and where we eventually workshopped this scene last December through the Yukon Arts Center and Klondike Institute of Arts and Culture.

The Creation of Sam McGee

Sketch, Millay Arts 2022

Scene: “A Runt in the Bush”

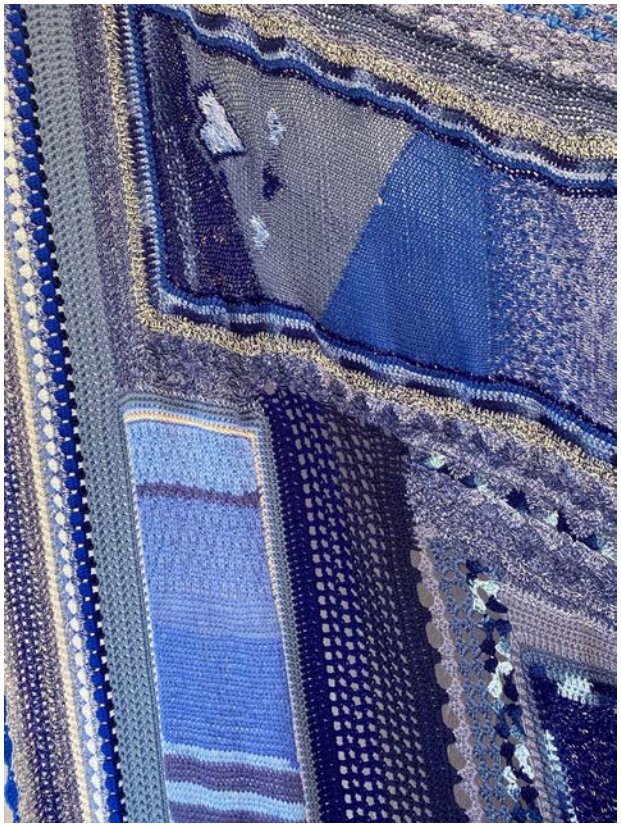
Two men (ANDY and JOHN) sit at a Dawson City bar on Christmas Day

T.
f aggressive, excited
You need to drink fast-er, bud.
mf
Drunk-er 'n' loos-er.
Pno.
(R.H. only)
sf
pp
(pp)
mf
17
Ct.
You gon-na punch me a-gain for no rea - son?
T.
p
mf
Less of a dumb fuck.
Nurs - in' the bot - tle
Pno.
p
(p)
f
22
T.
ritmico
f intenso
(a beat)
like your mum's tit
Is a good e-nough rea-son to beat the shit out of you.
Pno.
(pp)
(poco)
mp
f
mf
(mp)
sub. pp

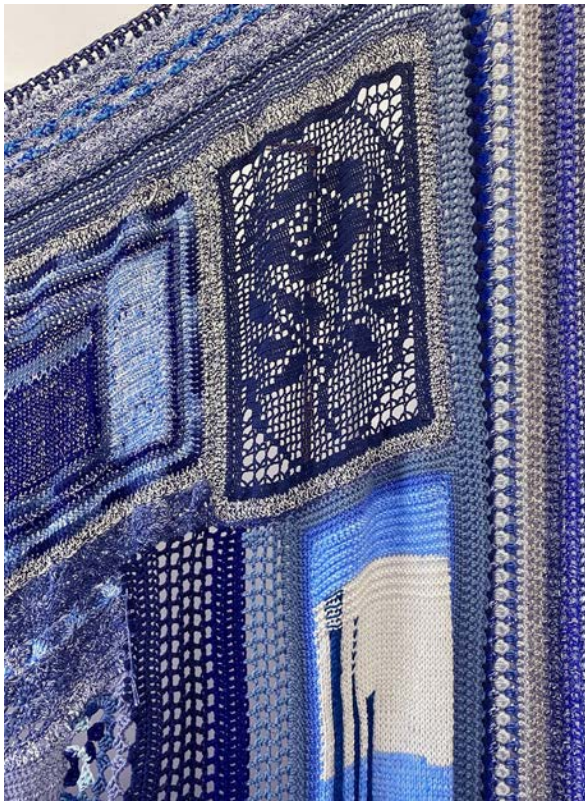
Daniela Puliti

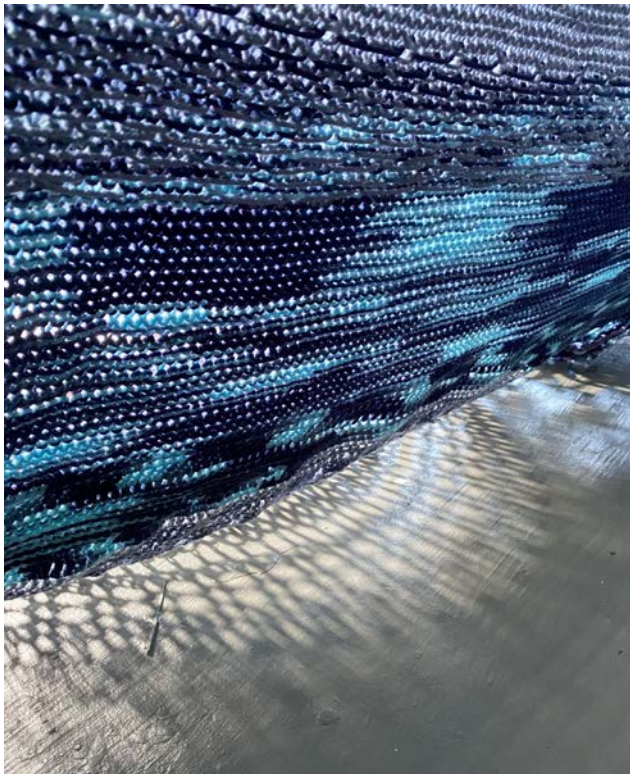
Missing My Best Jeans, 2018-2022

Assorted acryic and cotton yarn, thread, beads, friends charm, and paracord

127 x 151 inches







Missing My Best Jeans, 2018-2022 (detail)

Assorted acryic and cotton yarn, thread, beads, friends charm, and paracord

127 x 151 inches

Mindy Urhlaub

Navigations, 2018

Chapter One

For my whole life—48 years and counting—I've had a lousy sense of direction, but today I know exactly where I'm going. I'm so sure of my way that I bypass my GPS and speed through the tree-lined suburb near Stanford University. I need to call my husband. I need to talk to my Dadder. I've got to pick up Alex from theater camp. I have to let the dog out.

But first I must talk to my mother.

"Call Nanee," I tell my car. As the words leave my lips, I wonder how to tell her the news the doctor delivered less than an hour before.

It takes my mother a while to pick up. I picture her wrestling her walker to the dining room table, where the phone rests on a half-finished *New York Times* crossword puzzle. After six rings, she answers.

"Hi, Peep!"

I've had this unfortunate nickname since toddlerhood. When Nanee was potty-training me, I'd run into the closet, close the door, and pee in my diaper. Princess Peepee was my nickname then. She's shortened it since.

Nanee also likes to share that I was so small that she had to make my clothes for kindergarten. Although no longer a toddler, her little Peep still wore a size Toddler-2, which was way too juvenile for a five-year-old. Nanee bought patterns from the Sears catalogue and sewed me big-girl clothes, like my favorite denim overalls with a big red apple appliqued on the bib.

The hills along the Northbound 280 corridor near San Mateo are already changed from Kelly green to a jaundiced crackly yellow. The pavement ahead of me undulates in a superheated mirage. I hear the distinct fizz of Diet Pepsi as it's poured over ice in my mother's favorite NFL tumbler. It is uncomfortably humid in Naples, Florida, in July.

"What's wrong?" she asks, and I realize I didn't even say hello yet. I blurt it out because there's no other way.

"I'm positive for the ALS gene."

Silence.

"Did you hear me, Nanee?"

She blows her nose. She's never without a snot-rag.

"I'm so sorry, Peep. I didn't mean to do this to you," she sobs.

"It's not your fault."

My mother blows her nose again. When I was conceived in 1968, scientists were still 43 years from discovering the C9orf72 ALS gene. She had no way of knowing that she carried it. Until this moment she didn't know that she passed it on to me.

"You have given me so much. Your sense of humor. Your love of language. Your long legs. This is just another thing," I say.

For once, she tries optimism. "You might not develop the symptoms."

She's right, though I've done my research. Of C9 carriers, only three percent remain asymptomatic. I don't have the heart to recite statistics.

“You’ve also given me an opportunity. By knowing my genetic status, I can help find a cure. I can participate in clinical research.”

“They’ve been looking for this cure for the last fifty years. It wasn’t in time to save your Grandpa Milton. It’s too late for me --”

“You don’t know that. Science is evolving fast.”

I’m due to visit her. It’s been two months since my last trip to Florida, and she’s deteriorated a lot. Even though science is progressing, I know she won’t live to see a cure.

Heather Corbally Bryant, PhD

A Twenty-First Century Bestiary at Steepletop, 2022

Land Animals

i Fawn

Sitting on a weathered picnic table, full with morning sun,
Witnessing a wilderness of August arrivals—

I look around when I hear a whooshing sound of hoofs, a gallop,
A tawny fawn who sleeps in tall grasses beside our path appears,
Crossing up from Millay's homestead—she has free reign over
This land—

She looks back at me, right at me—before disappearing amidst
Clumps of Goldenrod and Queen Anne's Lace—

Slipping through old thyme, the reeds, the Steeplebush—

As if disappearing through a beaded curtain at play's end.

Air Animals

iv Hawk

Our world is interconnected in unimaginable ways—
A writer who has spent decades telling the truth, voicing
Aloud what others fear to say—

Has been stabbed on a stage, not so far away—
Just before he could begin talking—

In a most brutal way, attacked to be killed, life-flighted
To be saved—

He's in surgery now—and as we all think of him, sitting
Beneath a pink-tinged sunset sky, a red-tailed hawk
Flies by—

Tracing an arc above us, a sign that he will survive—
The animals are speaking to us, if we can only listen.

Animals from the Underworld

vi Snake

To see a snake is considered great good fortune, in fact,
The best of luck—
    A ribbon snake slithers across my

Path as I emerge from Edna St Vincent Millay's mossy poetry trail—
The snake slithering and wriggling its way
Along the gravel, crossing from one side to another—

Keeping the insects at bay—
Persuading me to shed my skin as I immerse myself in the
Wake of transformation, appreciation,
Regeneration.

Becca Lowry

Fathom Deep, 2022

Don’t Forget the Flowers, 2022 (left)

The Santa Anas, 2019 (top right)

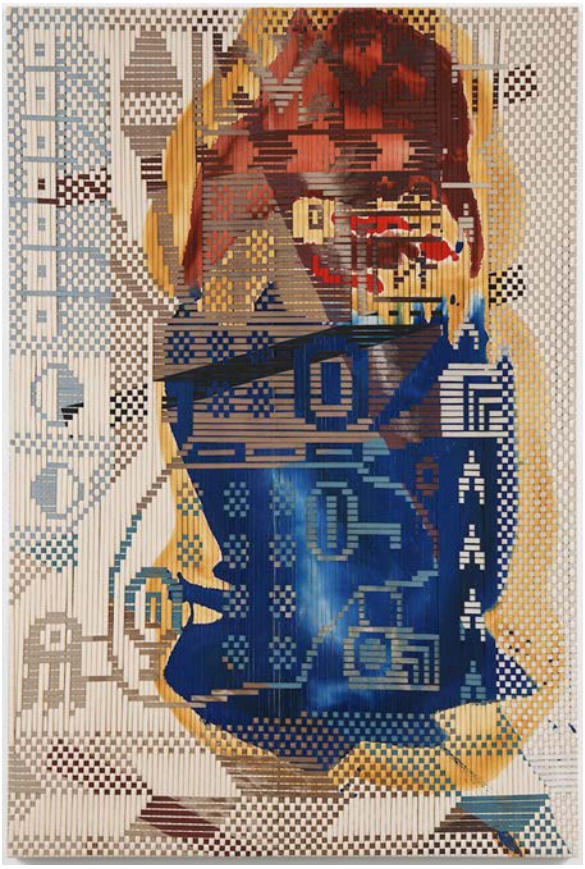
Come Soon, 2019 (bottom left)

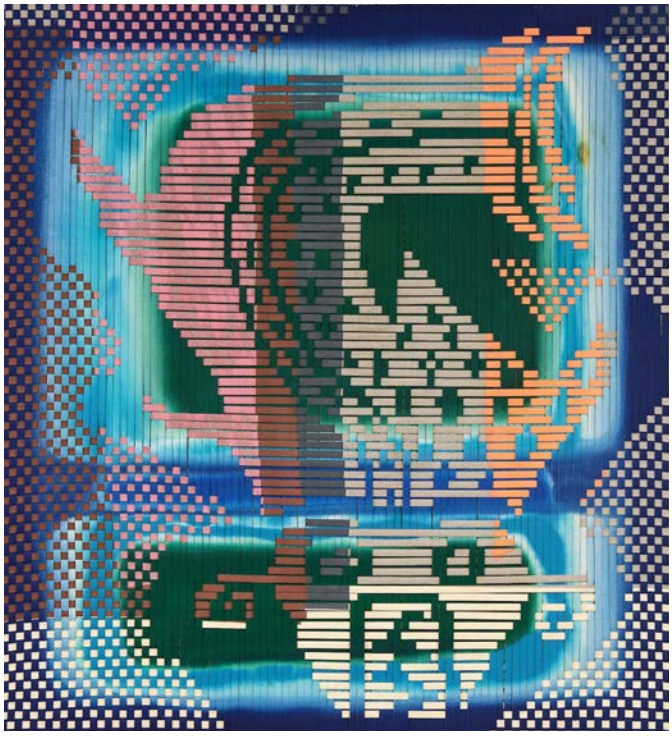
Miguel Arzabe

Animales Familiares

Woven acrylic on canvas and linen

78 x 108 inches





Puma Roja (top left)

Woven acrylic on canvas and linen

50 x 72 inches

La Jaguar Alada (top right)

Woven acrylic on canvas and linen

80 x 54 inches

Tiburón Ballena (bottom left)

Woven acrylic on canvas and linen

50 x 46 inches

About the Artists

MIGUEL ARZABE makes colorful and dynamic abstractions—weavings, paintings, videos. He starts by finding outdated beauty in paper ephemera from art shows, modernist paintings, discarded audio recordings. They are methodically analyzed, deconstructed, reverse-engineered. Drawing inspiration from the cultural techniques and motifs of his Andean heritage, Arzabe weaves the fragments together revealing uncanny intersections between form and content, the nostalgic and the hard-edged, failure and recuperation. Arzabe lives in Oakland and is a charter studio member at Minnesota Street Project in San Francisco.

miguelarzabe.net

ALAN BLACKMAN is a Baltimore based pianist and award-winning composer. He and his ensembles have performed at Blues Alley, the Kennedy Center, and many festivals and venues from San Francisco to New York. He was selected to be part of Betty Carter Jazz Ahead and has received over 12 grants from the MSAC in jazz composition, performance and world music as well as the CMA New Jazz Works commission, The Puffin Foundation and the MAP Fund grant for 2022-24. He has recently attended the Banff Center, Millay Arts, and Avaloch Music Institute for residencies. His latest recording *Sacred Spaces,* his 6th, was released in December 2022.

ADRIANE COLBURN is an artist based in San Francisco and New Jersey. Her recent work, large scale installations that investigate the complex relationships between human infrastructure, earth systems, technology, and the natural world. A penchant for research and direct experience has led her to participate in scientific expeditions in the Arctic, the Amazon and at sea.

HEATHER CORBALLY BRYANT, PhD is a Senior Lecturer in the Writing Program at Wellesley College. She has also taught at Harvard, the University of Michigan and the Pennsylvania State University where she has won awards for her teaching. She has written eleven books of poetry, a prize-winning academic book, *How Will the Heart Endure: Elizabeth Bowen and the Landscape of War,* and a work of creative nonfiction, *You Can't Wrap Fire in Paper.* Her poems have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, the Massachusetts Book Award, and have won Honorable Mention in the Finishing Line Press Open Chapbook Competition.

MICHAEL COVELLO has a BFA from Cornell University and an MFA from the University of South Florida. He has been nominated by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for awards and exhibitions and has participated in residencies at Yaddo and Millay Arts. He is the recipient of a family fellowship from Wassaic Projects in 2021 and the Mid-Atlantic Creative Fellowship in 2022. Covello has exhibited as a part of Drawing Discourse at UNC Asheville, the Boca Raton Museum of Art, and the Orlando Museum of Art. His collaborative work with Elizabeth Schneider has been exhibited and awarded internationally.

LISA LEE is the recipient of the Marianne Russo Emerging Writer Award from the Key West Literary Seminar, an Emerging Writer Fellowship from the Center for Fiction, and a Pushcart Prize. She has received other fellowships and awards from Kundiman, Millay Arts, Hedgebrook, Tin House, Jentel Artist Residency, the Korea Foundation, and elsewhere. Her work has appeared in *Ploughshares, VIDA, North American Review, Sycamore Review, Gulf Coast, New World Writing,* and elsewhere, and has been featured on Bitch Media's podcast *Popaganda.* Lisa holds a PhD in Creative Writing and Literature from the University of Southern California.

hellolisalee.com

JERRY LEIBLICH (they/them) writes plays and poems in Arkansas and elsewhere. Plays include *D Deb Debbie Deborah* (Clubbed Thumb, Critic's Pick: NY Times), *Tongue Depressor* (The Public Theatre), *Nostalgia is a Mild Form of Grief* (Playwrights Horizons), *Ghost Stories* (Critic's Pick: TimeOut NY), *The Barbarians* (New York Theatre Workshop), and *Everything for Dawn* (Experiments in Opera). Their poetry has appeared in *Foglifter, Grist, SOLAR, Pomona Valley Review, Cold Mountain Review,* and *Works and Days.* Jerry has held residencies at MacDowell, MassMoCA, Blue Mountain Center, Millay Arts, NACL, SPACE on Ryder Farm, and UCROSS, and is a Wallis Annenberg Helix Fellow with Yiddishkayt. MFA: Brooklyn College.

thirdear.nyc

BECCA LOWRY'S wall-hung sculptures are carved from assemblages of laminated plywood and heavily ornamented in mixed media. The works derive from a need for physical exertion, a desire to build, and a curiosity about the talismanic capacity of objects. Becca's work has been exhibited in New York at Art Miami, Select Fair, Volta, and Greene Naftali and in Los Angeles at Klowden Mann. Her work has been featured in *New American Paintings,* reviewed in *Artforum,* and is part of the collection at Gateway Community College in New Haven, CT. Becca studied Economics at Smith College and lives in Connecticut.

JOSH MODNEY is a violinist and creative musician working at the nexus of composition, improvisation, and interpretation. Modney has cultivated a holistic artistic practice as a composer, solo improviser, bandleader, writer, and collaborator. A highly detailed relationship to sound production on the violin is foundational to Modney's creative practice, with a particular interest in complex timbres, Just Intonation, and in exploring the perceptual space between improvisation and notation. Modney's debut album as a composer, *Near To Each* (Carrier Records), features featuring nine compositions for quartet. Modney is the violinist and Executive Director of the composer-performer collective Wet Ink Ensemble, and a member of the International Contemporary Ensemble.

PREETI PARIKH is a poet and essayist with a past educational background in medicine and a recent MFA from The Rainier Writing Workshop. A Kundiman Fellow and 2023 Sustainable Arts Foundation grant awardee, Preeti has received support for her work from Millay Arts, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, AWP Writer to Writer Program, and Tin House Winter Workshop. Her writing appears or is forthcoming in *AAWW's The Margins, Beloit Poetry Journal, The Cincinnati Review,* and other literary journals and anthologies. Born and raised in India, she now lives with her family in a multigenerational household in Ohio.

preetiparikh.com

DANIELA PULITI studied painting at Montclair State University and The Savannah College of Art and Design. Puliti manipulates craft-based materials with an intuitive painter's sensibility. She creates Feminist mixed media paintings and installations that explore gender, sexuality, vulnerability, body image, and mental health through color, pattern, and humor. Puliti has participated in short term residencies at The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, Vermont Studio Center, The Wassaic Project, ChaNorth and Millay Arts. Puliti is an alumna of the A.I.R. Gallery Fellowship Program in Brooklyn, NY. Her most recent solo exhibition, *There were no casseroles…,* focused on the grieving process after the death of her partner. In 2021, Daniela Puliti was awarded an Individual Artist Fellowship from the New Jersey Council on the Arts.

Visual artist **JOAN RANZINI** lives and works in Virginia. She has been in residency at Millay Arts and Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, and served as juror for regional and national art exhibitions. At Beverley Street Studio School she has studied, taught classes and served as Academic Program Coordinator. Her work was published in Portland Review, William and Mary Alumni Magazine, Pastel Journal, and Art Calendar and is included in collections in the USA and abroad.

Ms. Ranzini is a published recipe author with an interest in vegetarian world cuisines. She enjoys Japanese language studies but finds fluency to be an elusive goal.

MATTHEW RICKETTS (b. 1986, Victoria, British Columbia) is a Canadian composer currently based in NYC. Matthew's music has been called "lyrical, contrapuntal, rhythmically complex and highly nuanced" (The American Academy of Arts and Letters) and is noted for his "effervescent and at times prickly sounds," "hypnotically churning exploration of melody" *(ICarelfYouListen)* as well as its "tart harmonies and perky sputterings" *(The New York Times).*

JOSHUA GEN SOLONDZ is an artist working in moving image, sound, performance, and collage.

joshuagensolondz.com

ORCHID TIERNEY is a n Aotearoa New Zealand poet and scholar. She is the author of a year of *misreading the wildcats* (Operating System, 2019) and chapbooks *looking at the Tiny: Mad lichen on the surfaces of reading* (Essay Press, 2023), *my Beatrice* (above/ground press, 2020), *ocean plastic* (BlazeVOX 2019), *blue doors* (Belladonna* Press), *Gallipoli Diaries* (GaussPDF 2017), among others. Her scholarship has appeared in *Venti, SubStance, Jacket2,* and elsewhere.

orchidtierney.com

MINDY URHLAUB's novel, *Unnatural Resources,* published in November of 2020, received starred reviews from The Library Journal and Publisher's Weekly. It won Honorable Mention at the San Francisco Book Festival and won the 2021 NYC Big Book Award for the Cultural Heritage category. She is a member of the Familial ALS Team at I Am ALS, a founding member of End the Legacy, and participates in eleven ongoing studies for C9orf72 ALS. For work on her ALS memoir, Mindy has been awarded residencies at Millay Arts, The Hambidge Center, Joyce Maynard's Write by The Lake, and Ragdale for the Arts.

VICTORIA VAN DER LAAN is a textile artist working in Albany, NY. Victoria's heritage is quilt-making and she carries this knowledge and tradition forward in her sewn paintings, echoing the work of her forebears while innovating new possibilities for the form. She has been awarded multiple residencies including the Elizabeth Murray Artist Residency, Millay Arts Residency, and Weir Farm Artist Residency, and has exhibited her work widely throughout the Northeast.

A strong proponent of the Solidarity Economy and passionate about equitable access to art, Victoria increasingly offers her work for sale with a pay-what-you-can model.

XIMENA VELASCO'S processes are linked to formations found in nature, and the way patterns such as botanical structures and systems of blood vessels are echoed on different scales.The pictorial journey lies somewhere between botanics and abstraction and deals with a type of visual alphabet that emerges from imagery related to the shapes of trees, cells, bacteria, and microorganisms. There is an important emotional element in the way Velasco construct images. The initial impulse is preconceived and emerges from observation, but the process leads her to experiment with unexpected results, paint itself, color, shapes, and lines that speak for themselves.

Currently based in Singapore, **LEONARD YANG** works primarily in painting and draws inspiration from myths, cultural icons, and landmarks from places where he grew up or lived in temporarily.

He has participated in exhibitions at Silvermine Gallery, CT, O'Flaherty's, Bowery Gallery, and Gallery MC, in New York. Internationally, Leonard has exhibited in The Institute of Contemporary Arts Singapore, The Visual Arts Development Association, Singapore, Dongdaemun Design Centre, Korea, and the National Gallery Indonesia. He has held residencies at Millay Arts, NY, and the Goethe Institute, Jakarta, Indonesia. Leonard studied at Nanyang Technological University, Singapore (BFA 2015), and Parsons, The New School, New York, NY (MFA 2019).

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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.

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