

EDNIA Vincent




2019 A Journal of
Art-in-Residence

Cover art by Alisa Sikelianos-Carter, 2019
Venus is the Cauldron | Black is the Beginning

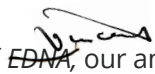


Millay Colony for the Arts

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Welcome to the 2019 Edition of **Vincent**

We are proud to share the latest issue of  EDNA, our annual showcase of the year's artists in residence work. As always, we welcomed wonderfully talented and wondrously gracious residents from near and far. As we write several months into COVID-19—we continue to host creators with newly-created, mask-wearing and social-distancing practices—we reflect on how the works and process of our residents never disappoint.

Projects realized while in residence enrich and inspire both creators and their audiences. We remain transfixed by the transformational moments the gift of time and space offers and find ourselves dedicated and determined to continue this exceptional opportunity. We are both proud and committed to the diversity of our alumni as well as to artists everywhere that ensure all voices are heard.

WHERE WOULD THE WORLD BE WITHOUT THESE CREATIVE VISIONARIES?

As we all experienced during quarantine, the multitude of insightful posts and offerings by creators around the world was inspirational. Reflecting on this practice and its effects, we would answer that the world would be that much bleaker and far far less interesting.

We want to thank our extraordinary alumni of 2019, Guest Editor Emji Saint Spero who produced yet another gorgeous showcase, and our hard-working Board of Directors. We dedicate this issue to them: THANK YOU Whitney, Bjorn, Betsy, Virginia, Lynn, and Abby.

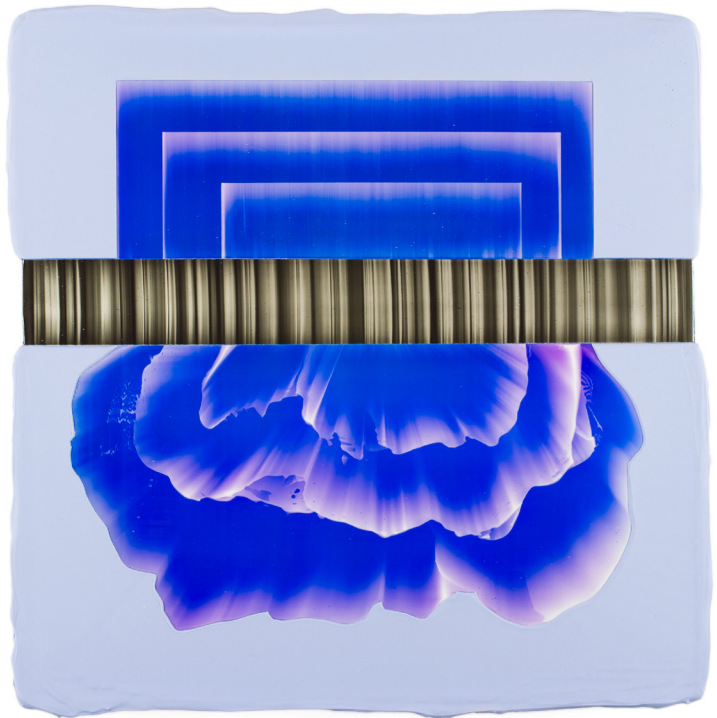
Calliope Nicholas &
Monika Burczyk
Co-Directors



Rensk, 2020
Acrylic on canvas
23.75" x 23.75"



**Amy Vensel
Bly, 2019**
Acrylic on canvas
23.625" x 23.875"



Eir, 2020
Acrylic on canvas
15.75" x 15.75"

Aurora Masum-Javed

House of Back Then

We thought feminism was orgasms received not reciprocated
We drank sangria by the jug Beer for breakfast No bra

or nothing but Peed on parked cars
we couldn't afford We wanted to be

our own mothers We failed
But we raised each other

We were infinite Death's evaders Until
our friends started dying I've been lucky

How many I've kept How many have kept me
here We learned our bodies through each other's

tongues We said *Please* when we meant
No We hurt We hurt each other Our righteous

rage quick ready Like our love *We're worried*
we said When J's sister tried to shame her

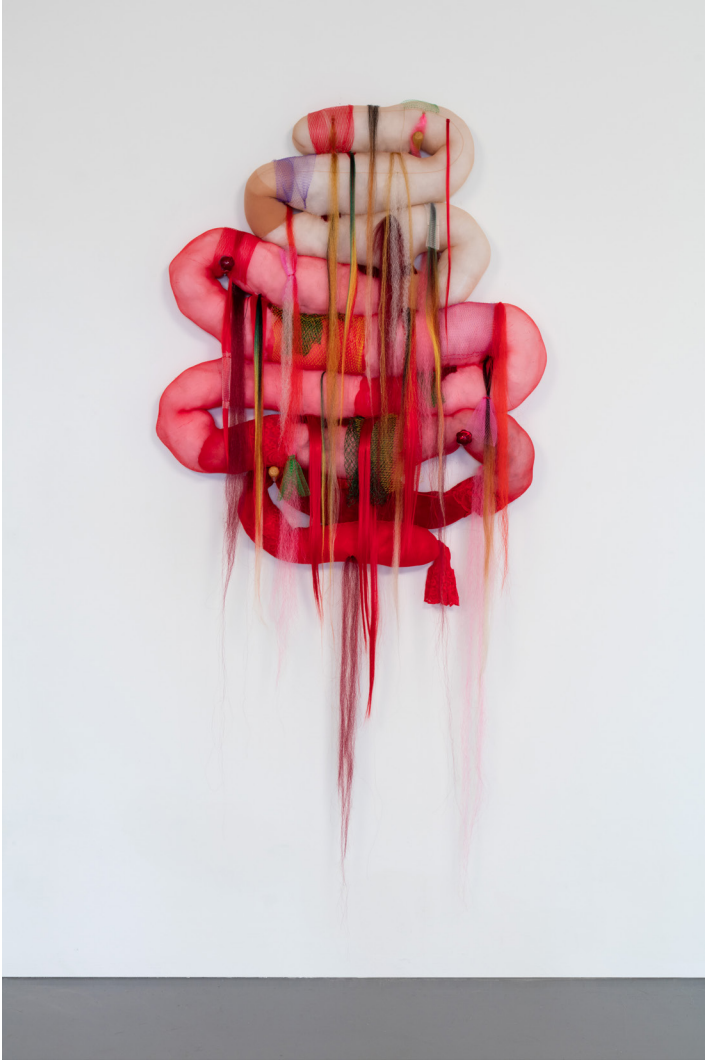
straight When C survived barely
off birdseed & breath When L's mom

locked the bathroom door A blade between her teeth
When I swallowed every color like a flame *We're worried*

Later we'd learn fear A husband's cutting stare Our own minds
trying to burn us bury us But then oh then we were still one girl

indiscriminate A constellation A skein of *More more more*
I miss their mouths How four to a bed felt safer more like home

than any four walls we'd known.



Rina AC Dweck
Sinner I, 2019

Thigh high hosiery, synthetic hair,
poly-fil, mesh supermarket produce
bags, thread
29" x 40"



Sinner II (for AI), 2019

Assorted hosiery, synthetic hair, poly-fil,
soil, lace, lace ribbon, macramé decals,
thread, rubber bands, beading
34" x 40"



Meg Stein
Title TBD, 2019-20

Performance, social practice,
 photography, and sculpture

In collaboration with Sarah Almond,
 Kavanah Anderson, Bethany Bash,
 Derrick Beasley, Erin Bell, kristen cox,
 Alyssa Noble, Karen Tarkulich

Photo credit: Derrick Beasley

These images are part of a performance, sculpture and social practice project that I was working on while at Millay and then finished afterwards. I worked with white women from Durham, NC on acknowledging and then embodying complicated and problematic ideas of whiteness and femininity and using our bodies as vessels for transformative potential. Our work together extended the ideas I explored in my sculpture "Success under this system is suspect." For our performance, we combined that sculpture with our embodied discoveries and movement.



**Success under this system
 is suspect, 2019**

Ceramic, tampons, maxi pads, cotton balls, Q-tips, lace, nylon, camisoles, underwear, balloons, glitter, razors, mop, wax, bath loofahs, bras, towels, toilet paper, silk slippers, napkins, face wipes and other bleached white feminine hygiene products and/or everyday materials, sponges, paint, fabric dye, vases, ziplock bags, gems, hair curlers, copper scrubbers, nail polish, scrub brushes, ear plugs, erasers, eyelashes, gold powder, bottle brushes, toothpicks, baby socks, baby pacifiers, dirt, bed frame
 82" x 75" x 68"



Alisa Sikelianos-Carter
Afronauts and Ancestors, 2017

Ink, gouache, acrylic medium, powder pigment,
micaceous oxide, silver foil, interference
pigment, glitter, white coarse mica, abalone
shell and collage on archival paper
7.75' x 7'

Jacqueline Goldfinger

Edie and Mae

Synopsis

Some people have second sight. Mae has second hearing. Edie does not believe in second sight, or second hearing, but she believes in Mae. And now, the water's gone. Mae can hear the future rushing back. Edie's not so sure. A love story of two women at the edge of the world, reaching through the pipes for one last drop of salvation.

The Location

A very dry place

The Time

Near-ish Future

The Characters

Mae - Female

Edie - Female

Mae and Edie wear dirty jeans and tank tops and flannel. They used to live in a trailer. They've taken over a small abandoned house. They are exactly who you think they are, and something completely new.

Note to readers

Words in brackets [like this] are not spoken aloud, they are just there to give you context.

In the middle of the room rests a sagging plastic bathtub ripped from its moorings. Rust and dried concrete spiderweb across the sides of the tub. The only pipe completely intact is the drain pipe. All of the other pipes (the shower head, etc) have been broken off.

Outside the tub, there are discarded pipes of all shapes and sizes. Bulky commercial drain pipes. Thin elegant sink pipes. Stout garden spouts. Some old, some new. Some elaborately designed, others thrown together. All stolen.

Also littering the room: old tools and joints, a caulk gun, and electrical tape.

Next to the tub, sits a record player. The turntable spins. The spinning needle is stuck. The partial chorus of Le Tigre's "Mediocrity Rules" plays over and over:

RECORD PLAYER

(Song)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

Mae reclines in the bathtub, stares intently at the drain with the one intact drain pipe.

Two pipes are thrown into the space, and land on the floor with a Bang! Bang!

Mae perks up at the sound, slides across the floor of the tub to the drain. Listens to the drain. Doesn't hear anything. Switches ears. Listens. Harder.

Eddie climbs through the window after the pipes. She's also covered in dirt and bugs.

Eddie dusts herself off, finds a bug on her arm, eats it.

Eddie chews with her mouth open:

EDIE

(chews)

Squishy. Musta' had some rain somewhere this summer.

Eddie picks another bug off herself. Examines it closely before eating it.

EDIE

Days 'n' days 'n' days ah rain Maebe. Bugs nice and plump and hydrated.

Mae ignores Eddie. Continues to listen to the drain.

EDIE

Hydrated means full of water, Mae.

Mae? Mae!

Wish we'da' gotten some...

Mae!

MAE

Shhhhh.

The record player continues to skip.

RECORD PLAYER

(Song)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

EDIE

The record.

It's skippin'.

Mae.

The record. The fuckin'. Mae.

Up on the.
Don't you want to stop the.
You let things fall apart.
Mae!

MAE

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

EDIE

It's sk—

MAE

SHHH.

As the record continues to skip, Edie picks up the caulk gun and tape, and hangs them from her belt loops. She picks up the pipes that she just brought in and tries to attach them to the bathtub where a shower head and hot/cold pipes should be. She tries to tie them, tape them, screw them in. No matter what she does, they won't stay. This frustrates the hell out of her.

Mae remains on the floor of the tub, listening to the drain, switching from ear to ear. It is ritualistic.

RECORD PLAYER

(Song)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

(Record skips)

So you wanna hang out with me tonight?

Edie picks up an enormous waste pipe and beats the shit out of the record player. Cracking and banging and scratching of vinyl; the sound of the record player losing.

Eddie beats and beats and beats and beats it. It's terrifying at first - but it becomes funny - because she really sucks at it. It should not take this long to dismantle a record player.

Once it's—finally—destroyed, Eddie, breathing hard, turns to Mae.

Mae sits up in the bathtub. Looks at Eddie. This is the first time Mae has turned her attention away from the drain.

MAE

You suck at apologizing.

Eddie drops the pipe.

MAE

Still.

You still suck at apologizing.

Mae reclines in the tub and stares intently at the drain.

Eddie sags. Defeated.

Eddie pulls another plump bug out of her pocket.

She extends her hand to Mae, "come on, take it, eat it, I'm sorry."

Mae ignores her.

EDIE

Saved it.

For you.

Mae ignores her.

Eddie relents, puts the bug back in her pocket.

EDIE

They got water up there, is the point. They must have.

MAE

We gonna have water.

EDIE

We not gonna-

MAE

I hear it comin'.

EDIE

You-

MAE

I got the ringin'.
Somethin' is on the move.
Towards us.

Mae stares at the drain.

Eddie stares at Mae.

EDIE

Could be movin' away.

MAE

Nothin' here to move away from!

Mae stares harder.

Eddie eats another bug off her own leg.

A faint ringing from the drain does, indeed, begin.

Mae looks at Eddie triumphantly. Eddie ignores her, examines and eats another bug.

Mae looks down the drain.

A beam of blue light shines up from the drain, illuminates Mae's face.

MAE

It's blue, Edie, blue like pure, clean water.
We don't have to go nowhere.
We can just stay at home.
Water's comin' back, right to us.

The low ringing from the tub and the light disappearedown the drain.

Mae is bereft.

EDIE

Don't see nothin', Mae.
Don't hear.
Ain't nothin' comin'.
To stay.
Don't nothin' stay that you don't let all fall apart.

Edie picks a bug off her coat, offers it to Mae.

Mae rejects it.

Edie slowly and savoringly eats it, mouth chewing wide open, parts of the bug and spit drip down her chin.

EDIE

Tasty.

Edie licks her fingers one by one—driving Mae over the edge.

MAE

Chomp chomp chomp those ugly chompers you got on you!
Always feedin' on the the the the...
An' me an' my dreams. Shoulda' left you then with you an' your bugs an' your pipes an' your
rough hands that don't know the first thing about about about about about...love an' water
an' anythin' else useful.



Max Adrian
2019



Jeremiah Barber

I started these works at Millay. Together they are a series of functional sculptures based on equipment used by filmmakers to support lights. They are made from striped maple branches I found from already-downed trees on the Millay property, along with 3D printed components, and cast aluminum handles.



Striped Maple Baby Plate Mounts

Tree branches, stainless steel
Each plate is 3.5"x6"; depth varies;
5/8" hand carved "baby" pin on the end
2019

Striped Maple C Stand

Tree branches, 3D printed components, cold cast handles, cinema light
32"x32"x76"
2019

Striped Maple Adapters

Tree branches, cold cast handles
Each is a 8-18" extension arm with several 5/8" hand carved "baby" pins on the end
2019



Bonnie Chao

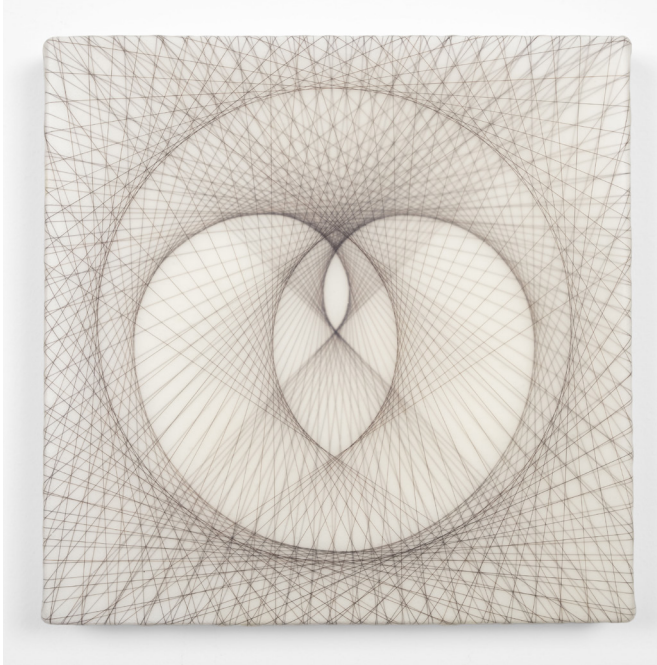
Love in Laces, Like a Whore

(excerpt)

She looked for him in Paris, in Berlin, Helsinki, Tangier, on Vancouver Island, in Indiana, Oakland, Santa Cruz. She looked for him in Nebraska. She looked for him in Montana. Outside the airport in Missoula, there was only one car there waiting, and she couldn't figure out how to phrase her question the right way, and she walked tentatively up to the passenger side window, and ended up asking the driver, *are you for me?* In upstate New York, she also was never given any clues about how they would be identified, men, who were strangers—not necessarily strange men she admonished herself—picking her up at the train station. She did not tell them clues about herself, and they did not tell her clues either. She did a wary, clouded-over scan from the train platform of the parking lot and curbside scene, tried to look in control, didn't make direct eye contact. These men who were strangers picked her out, one while she was flipping open her phone, the other while she was about to light the cigarette between her lips. But they always spotted her, spoke to her first. She felt her face break into a grin, felt how natural and comfortable it was, a quick folding, a quick collapse into an easy and joyous familiarity. Hi! Yes! She called out in a singsong way, perhaps unexpected. This had become her. This was her now. This creature, who sangsong'd.

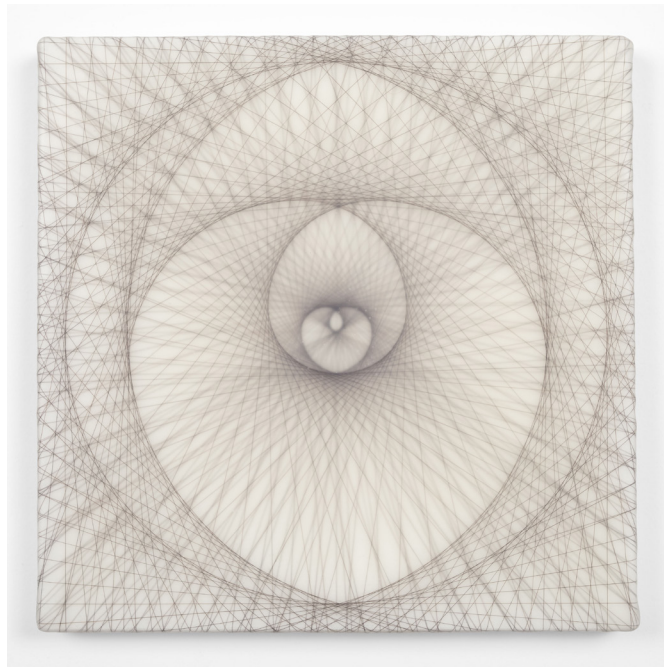
In the first year of their entanglement, he had told her he'd dreamed of her. But these dreams were indistinguishable from the other moments when he'd told her he had thought or imagined or daydreamed of her. They consisted of mere seconds of interactions they had actually had in real life: working in separate rooms in the same house, glimpses of each other through doorways as one walked to the kitchen for a tomato or piece of cheese, or walked from the bathroom while wiping hands dry on pants, or headed out the back door for a smoke. A sudden voice drifting through the hallways asking are you hungry? I'll make us some lunch? Footsteps into the room, paper being slid across the desk, him asking what she thought of these drawings. Did he dream in the night of the two of them standing in the middle of the room, and burying his face in her hair and smelling cigarette smoke and feeling comforted or did he simply sit at his desk and imagine and wish for it, and tell her afterwards? He dreamed of watching the planes go by overhead on their way to LaGuardia, wondering if she might be on one of them, or did he actually watch them fully awake?

Last year they spent a week together in her sister's house in Victoria. Over the years these were the bits, so few bits, shards, dust really, that sat in the middle of your cupped palm, but only in the very middle, there were so few. These few bits, shards of time-outs. One year they spent a handful of days in his friend's father's home, another year at her friend's home. All while the owners of the homes were away. From this distance, she can make this story paltry and desperate like splinters that haven't found their targets. But that life, in those times, was clear and clean. Clean in the sense that she could see: this was what she wanted. This was a life she could find infinite.



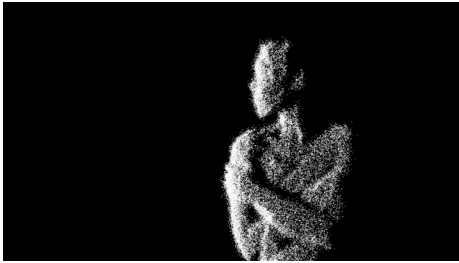
Jayoung Yoon
Empty Void 33, 2020

Artist's hair, Acrylic medium
on panel
8" x 8"



Empty Void 34, 2020

Artist's hair, Acrylic medium on panel
10" x 10"

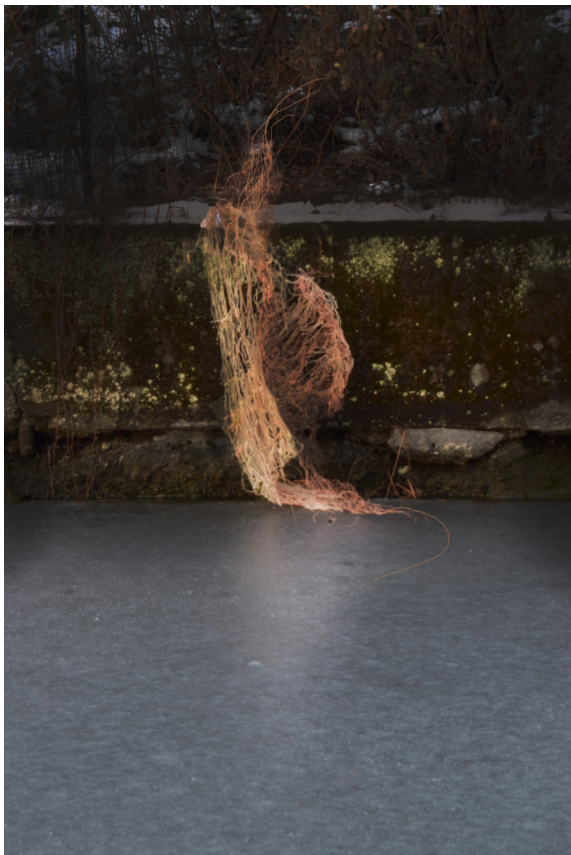


Timo Vollbrecht
Schaumburg, 2020

My composition is entitled "Schaumburg," the German county that I grew up in. It reflects the notion of "home," taking into account the wide spectrum of that term. In the film, a person called "V", who, displaced and homesick, embarks on a journey home to her people. In light of the Coronavirus pandemic it also serves as a dedication to all refugees who are stuck in the camps of Lesbos, Greece, or in ICE detention facilities.



Erika Kari McCarthy
iterations of ghosts



series 1 no. 13
You bloom while my back is turned, 2019

Temporary installation Copper wire, sheer bandages, sewn thread, stone wall, bright green lichens, frozen pond



series 2 no.9
Wound, 2020

Temporary installation
Copper wire, seed pods, vines, rain and corresponding clouded sky, a tree that knows stories of collapse



series 1 no. 8
Sleep, 2019

Temporary installation
Copper wire, field, landscape with snow

Seema Yasmin

Dhosa

To make these dhosa first you have to soak two kinds of lentils.

Why is that?

Because only lazy women use one lentil type.

And then what do you do?

You soak the black lentils with the yellow lentils plus the methi seeds. Soak them at night and bind that thick fabric belt I gave you really tightly around your lower belly. Keeps the skin firm and helps the baby weight shrink faster.

Does that really work though?

Yes it does. Don't say stupid things. Bind the belt very tight. Go to sleep. Wake up in the morning and wash your face with a cup of warm water that has half a lemon squeezed into it. That will keep your skin nice and pale. I will teach you the thing for your in between place later.

What's that?

Bunches of herbs we soak in a bucket of hot water and you squat over it. Spread your sari skirt over the bucket. The steam heals everything in between.

Sounds like something Gwyneth Paltrow would recommend.

I don't know who that is. Does she make dhosa? I bet she doesn't make dhosa tasty like mine. Now listen. Soak the rice separately and then mix them all together with just a little bit of water. In the winter you must add some salt. In the summer, you don't need salt. Grind it all in a Breville blender, I think your cousin gave you one for your wedding. Make a paste, not too thick, not too thin. Leave it in a warm place to ferment. When it's bubbly, heat the tawa and ladle the mixture onto there. Just a thin layer. It will crisp up like a giant, perfect, pancake. Then put in the fillings and the chutneys.

Oh my God, my mouth is watering.

That is the thing with your generation. You are the Kings of Eating, not the Kings of Making. What will you do when I die? Are you writing this down? These recipes will die with me. What will I do in my grave? Make dhosa? No. That is why you have to stop asking things and listen.

I'm filming it. I'm going to make a YouTube video. How many cups of water did you put in the blender?

There you go asking things again. You have to watch. You can see how much water is the correct amount.

But my followers will want to know how many cups of water they should add.

Can they not see? Can they not hear? You don't listen. You can tell what is the correct amount. Correct amount makes correct dhosa. Incorrect amount makes incorrect dhosa. Now peel a pound of potatoes, dice the potatoes and leave them to the side for one minute.

I read that a lot of the nutrients in potatoes are either in the skin or very close to the skin so it's better not to peel them. Plus you get more fiber that way.

Do you want fiber or do you want correct recipe? Fry this much mustard seeds in hot ghee with a curry leaf. I gave you some last Sunday in a Ziploc bag after the sermon. I hope you put them in the fridge. Do you still have that magnet on the fridge, the one with the prayer for plenty of boy children?

I have the curry leaves and the prayer magnet.

Don't tell me any of this one-child nonsense. Even though you have a boy you should have more.

We are thinking of adopting when Saleem is a few years old.

I think that is haraam. You should ask the imam. He is very sick but ask him. He will tell you. When the seeds start to make futt futt futt sound, add minced garlic, ginger, green chili and a little sprinkle of turmeric. Then add the diced potatoes. So easy this recipe, betah. You could make it every week for your girlfriends when they come to watch films. Do you still talk to that Nazneen girl? I heard she cut her hair very short.

Haven't seen her in years. The potatoes are amazing. So you put that in the middle of the dhosa, pour over the dhaal which, I already know how to make that, and then the chutneys? I was thinking of buying them frozen. It's a lot of effort to make so many different chutneys.

Yes, you can use frozen chutneys. And then you can use frozen potatoes and frozen dhosa. Why not eat frozen everything? Why learn anything? You children will give me a heart problem. That is what happened to the imam. He had to listen to too many questions. Betah, if you start eating frozen everything — I heard that's what Nazneen does — I beg you please don't cut your hair short like that harlot. Leave this old woman with just a little bit of dignity.

Ma, you're only fifty-four.

I know. Don't put that last bit in your YouYou video, ok?

About the Artists



Max Adrian is a visual artist who playfully considers queer ideas of desire and identity. His soft-sculptural work is greatly influenced by LGBTQ+ history, queer subcultures, and radical performance. The intricate nature of his process of sewn piecework also speaks to the history of quilt-making as source of comfort, social archive, and storytelling device. Adrian is currently a graduate student at Temple University's Tyler School of Art and Architecture, where

his practice is undergoing critical transformation. He is currently exploring concepts of consumerism, queer world building, and portable architecture—timely themes in the era of the coronavirus.

Jeremiah Barber is a visual artist based in San Francisco whose work examines perception and its role in creating narratives of selfhood. A former member of Marina Abramovic's Independent Performance Group, his work has been commissioned by the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, Franklin Furnace, and the Chicago Cultural Center. In 2015 Barber was awarded a Eureka Fellowship from the Fleishhacker Foundation. Barber cofounded the artist collective 100 Days Action, which produces creative resistance projects to build community at the intersection of art and activism. He teaches sculpture at the University of California, Davis.



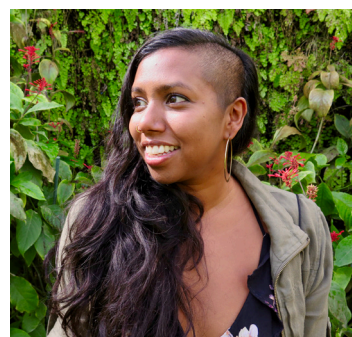
Bonnie Chau is the author of the short story collection *All Roads Lead to Blood* (2018), and her writing has appeared in *Flaunt*, *The Offing*, *Joyland*, *Two Lines*, *Fence*, and elsewhere. She earned her MFA in fiction and translation from Columbia University, where she has also taught translation; and has received fellowships and residencies from Kundiman, Art Farm Nebraska, the American Literary Translators' Association, and Vermont Studio Center. She works at an independent bookstore in Brooklyn, and is associate web editor at the nonprofit Poets & Writers.



Rina AC Dweck is a sculpture artist born and raised in Brooklyn, NY. Dweck graduated from The School of Visual Arts MFA Fine Arts program in 2018. She earned her BS in Studio Art from NYU in 1998. In 2019, Ms. Dweck was awarded the ChaNorth 2018 Alumni solo show. She has exhibited work in numerous exhibitions including; Collar Works, Wheaton College Biennial, Governors Island Art Fair, and Paradise Palace. Dweck has been an artist-in-residence at

several institutions including Millay Colony (2019), Chanorth (Chashama) (2018), and Vermont Studio Center, (2013, 2014, 2016). She has received a fellowship through SVA for her forthcoming Residency at MASS MoCA (2021). Ms. Dweck is a founding member of The Rule of 3, a collective that focuses on materiality and the feminine.

Jacqueline Goldfinger (she/they) teaches playwriting and dramaturgy in the MFA Program at Temple University. She won the Yale Drama Prize, Smith Prize, Generations Award, and Barrymore Award. Her plays have been on The Kilroy's List. Her work has been developed and/or produced by theaters including: The National Theatre/London, Contemporary American Theatre Festival, Wilma Theatre, Unicorn Theatre, The Kennedy Center, Disquiet/Lisbon, Florida Studio Theatre, The Court Theatre / New Zealand, Kansas City Rep, Perseverance Theatre, Seattle Public, and Manhattan Theatre Works. She is currently working on an opera libretto for composer Melissa Dunphy at Opera Oberlin/Opera America. Represented by The Gurman Agency. www.jacquelinegoldfinger.com



Aurora Masum-Javed is a poet, educator, and writing coach. A former public school teacher, she holds an MFA from Cornell University, where she also taught courses in creative non-fiction, short story, poetry, and composition. Her work can be found in various journals including *Nimrod*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Aster(ix)*, *Winter Tangerine*, *Frontier*, and *Callaloo*. She has received fellowships from places such as the MacDowell Colony, Caldera Arts, Kundiman, Callaloo, Pink Door, BOAAT, and Squaw Valley. A recent Philip Roth Resident and Hub City Writer in Residence, she is currently working on her first collection of poems.

Erika Kari McCarthy is an interdisciplinary artist and Assistant Director of the Byrdcliffe Artist Residency in Woodstock, NY. An observer, obsessor, and creator of bodies, her work is driven by material exploration, scientific inquiry, and the repetition of rituals and compulsions. She received her BFA in Studio Fine Arts from Rochester Institute of Technology in 2018. Her work has been exhibited nationally in venues such as The Cameron Museum of Art, Crosstown Arts Center, and Rochester Contemporary Arts Center. While retaining ties to her origins in upstate New York, Erika currently lives and works nomadically in no specific geographic location.



Amy Vensel is an American artist based in the desert borderlands of New Mexico. Her work has been exhibited at the New Britain Museum of American Art (Connecticut), PARK (Netherlands), Trestle Gallery (New York), ESXLA (California), and The Painting Center (New York). A graduate of Syracuse University, Vensel has received an Artist Resource Trust Fund grant and a Lancaster Museum and Public Art Foundation Award. Her work has appeared in *The New York Times*, been reviewed in *Art New England*, and is included in the book, *PARK 2016-2018*, published by The Platform for Visual Arts, the Netherlands.



Alisa Sikelianos-Carter is a mixed-media painter from Upstate New York and a current NXTHVN Studio Fellow in New Haven, CT. Sikelianos-Carter has been awarded residencies at The Millay Colony for the Arts, Vermont Studio Center, The Wassaic Project, and Yaddo. Her recent and upcoming exhibitions include group shows at the Pelham Art Center, Pelham, NY; Stephanie Chefas Projects, Portland Oregon; The Tang Teaching Museum, Saratoga Springs, NY and The Hyde Collection, Glens Falls, NY. She earned her BA and MA from SUNY Albany in Painting and Drawing.

Sikelianos-Carter asserts that Black features are a manifestation of a sacred and divine technology that has served as a means of survival, both physically and metaphysically. She envisions a cosmically luminous world that celebrates and pays homage to ancestral majesty, power, and aesthetics.

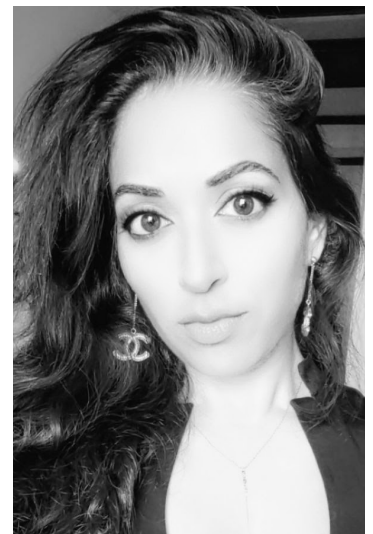


Based in New York, **Timo Vollbrecht** is what the NYC Jazz Record calls a “luminously-fine” saxophonist-composer, whose music is “blessed with rhythmic fluidity and intricate twists.” He appeared at the Blue Note and Village Vanguard, collaborating with Branford Marsalis and Kenny Werner. A musical omnivore, he organically combines jazz with elements of post-rock, indie, new music, experimental, and instrumental songwriting.

Meg Stein is a visual artist based in Durham, NC, primarily working in sculpture and social practice. She has exhibited her work at VICTORI + MO, Garis & Hahn, A.I.R. Gallery, Westbeth Gallery, Duke University, Vox Populi, the Governors Island Art Fair, Greenhill Gallery, the Neon Heater, and the Spartanburg Museum of Art, among others. Stein has been an artist-in-residence at Yaddo, the Millay Colony, The Hambidge Center, Haystack, PLAYA, the Atlantic Center for the Arts, and the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts. She has received a Puffin Grant, the Garland Fellowship from the Hambidge Center, the Ella Pratt Emerging Artist Grant and was selected as the North Carolina Fellow for South Arts. Stein also runs Dirty White Matter, a community-based project that uses group discussion + art to examine whiteness and femininity. More info at megstein.com.



Seema Yasmin is an Emmy Award-winning journalist, poet and medical doctor. Her poems appear in *The Literary Review*, *The George Review*, *The Foundry*, and other journals. She is the author of *Muslim Women Are Everything* (HarperCollins, 2020), *The Impatient Dr. Lange: One Man’s Fight to end a Global HIV Epidemic* (Johns Hopkins, 2018) and the forthcoming, *If God Is A Virus: The Ebola Poems* (Haymarket, 2021). Yasmin is director of the Stanford Health Communication Initiative, clinical assistant professor of medicine at Stanford University and a medical analyst for CNN.





Jayoung Yoon is a New York-based artist born in South Korea. Select exhibitions in the USA include Bronx Museum of the Arts, San Jose Museum of Quilts & Textiles, New Bedford Art Museum, Ohio Craft Museum, Delaware Center for Contemporary Art, Hudson Valley Museum of Contemporary Art, HERE Arts Center, and Coreana Museum of Art and Seoul Olympic Museum of Art, Korea. She was awarded the BRIC Media Arts fellowship, and the Franklin Furnace Fund. Her work has appeared in various publications, including *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Hyperallergic*, *The Village Voice*, *Gothamist*, *Artnet News*, and *Surface Design Journal*.

Our Other 2019 Residents:

Amanda Ajamfer, Zena Agha, Diana Arterian, Julia Betts, Johanna Breiding, Marjorie Celona, Marisa Cherry, Faye Chiao, Kat Chow, petros chrisostomou, Christina Rivera Cogswell, Bailey Cunningham, Emma Copley Eisenberg, Jennifer Farmer, John Frantzen, Denice Frohman, Pik-Shuen Fung, Minal Hajratwala, Stephanie Huang, Ladee Hubbard, Joshua Lantzy, Molly Lanzarotta, Lucas Iberico Lozada, Yuxi Lin, Amy Lyons, Bonnie Jones, Jordan Kisner, Laura Kraftowitz, Tara Kutz, Jennifer Lue, Nathan Margoni, Anne McDonald, Richard Moreno, Andrew Neumann, Tim O'Connor, Edward Porter, Anthony Ragucci, Zahida Rahemtulla, Shivane Ramlohan, Christopher Rose, Judd Schiffman, Kristin Szyk, Ken Urban, Kevin Wilt

Vincent 2019 Contributors

Guest Editor and Designer

Emji Saint Spero

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About Millay Colony

Founded in 1973, nestled in the foothills of the Berkshires in the Hudson Valley and located at Steepletop, Edna St. Vincent Millay's estate, **Millay Colony for the Arts** hosts six to seven visual artists, poets, writers, and composers for month-long residencies free of charge from April-November. We offer a nurturing and supportive setting for emerging and established creators, and provide private studios and bedrooms along with communal dinners in a serene and secluded environment.

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