EDNA
A Journal of Art-in-Residence

2018

Michelle Hamer
As we enter into our 46th year, we are delighted to share a selection of extraordinary works created by our 2018 residents. As always, the days at Steepletop were filled with wondrous activity, inspirational collaboration, spirited rejuvenation and, of course, a magical atmosphere filled with grace and possibility.

We are grateful for the thoughtful assistance of guest editor and designer Emji Saint Spero, whose generous expertise and gifted eye crafted a volume that presents the breadth, depth and diversity of our alumni with elegant clarity. Just as in past years, those that spent time at the Colony have had their work published, presented and premiered around the world, in addition to garnering international recognition and national awards.

This issue of EDNA celebrates the continuing passion and dedication of our alums as well as our friends who have supported the Millay Colony’s mission and vision over the decades. We are also indebted to each of our 2018 residents: thank you!

Monika Burczyk & Calliope Nicholas
Co-Directors
Chapter One

Periwinkles and Rachel Carson:
Wonder and Dread

An excerpt from the book The Mourner’s Bestiary

There is something infinitely healing in the repeated refrains of nature—the assurance that dawn comes after night, and spring after the winter.

Rachel Carson, The Sense of Wonder

When you are on one of the tourist ferries from the mainland, Monhegan Island emerges from the light blue summer water of the Gulf of Maine as a Brigadoon-like hill of green and grey; it looks a perfect refuge. The small village that cozies into a narrow harbor is cosseted by its sister island, Manana, treeless, home to goats and very mean chickens, as well as a festival of poison ivy, and, at one time, a hermit. The village is car-free, and is bisected by its few dirt roads. The marsh at the center of the village, along whose edges I fell that night, is the source of the island’s fresh water—a deep basin of green surrounded by clapboard houses, those houses eventually giving way to wilderness.

The year before the accident our visit was typical; we walked across the island once we dropped our bags at the hotel, past the bluff where Rockwell Kent once owned the white cottage whose porch still faces into the sunrise and out towards Spain, past Lobster Cove with the duck family that comes back every year to breed, over the high rocks, the wooden cross holding up a circular life preserver as an odd talisman against the waves that sometimes take this coast. We snaked through stunted pine trees and mosses, katydids flying out in front of our feet, and came at last to our tidepools. These pools are only relatively rich, mostly in periwinkles and barnacles and mussels. Unlike the Rachel Carson Salt Pond, left behind us on the mainland, the biodiversity is quiet—no tiny lobsters to catch and release in their summer nursery, no crabs. The sea life in both places is under pressure, less diverse than when Carson lived just down the coast on Southport Island. But, the tidepools are a scale we can handle: little, surrounded by flat rocks where one can spend an afternoon with a book and a sun hat and a sandwich, where a child with a bucket is the richest person on earth.

That year we learned to sing to periwinkles. If you pull them from the water they will tuck their feet inside their shells. But as they warm in the sunshine, they begin to reach out and explore. If, at that moment, you sing Periwinkle, Periwinkle open your eye, Periwinkle, Periwinkle, don’t be shy, they will come out even further. The tourist who taught us the song was no scientist, but a naturalist like Dex and me; a lover of place. “The vibrations from your voice,” she said, “or maybe the air from your mouth, it makes them curious.”
If you find a brave snail, the foot will extend and the creature will reach and reach, touching your rough thumb with its foot, then extending further until its eyestalks emerge into the sunlight, and, looking like they might be blinking, they seem to regard you and your strange music with skepticism. It is a Beatrix Potter trick of imagination and tune. It is the kind of naturalist training that was once common for Americans, making metaphors and stories to understand place. It is a miracle.

Monhegan’s miracles are average and sacred—the regularity of mist in the pine forests, gulls stealing lobster shells, tourist voices on the cliffs, brave snails—especially for city dwellers, especially for two people in love with nature and terrified for it, aware of daily losses and enraptured still by mystery. It is the truest place I ever stand with my son. And for him, it is the place he’s returning to every year, moved towards all year, an axis on which pivots his joy.

The center of that centering place is always the tidepools, the job he’s assumed of telling the tourists what can be found in the inlets of Lobster Cove, in the clefts between the rocks, in the silent places where the mussels and the barnacles grow. That is a naturalist's task, sharing joy, knowing secrets, telling truth.

That year before the accident, a few days after we’d learned to sing to the periwinkles, we’d met another tourist by those pools, and Dex had asked the stranger to look at them with him. He led her to the break in the long, coarse gabbro and basalt rocks, knelt down on their hot grey surface, and pointed. “See,” he told her gazing into the shallow water, “there are the barnacles.”

After a few moments, the woman, done with his eager manner, tried to stand up too soon. “Wait,” he told her, “if you watch closely, you can see them eating.” And it was true. She placed her face close to the water and looked with him as he watched with slow care to mark the moments of their meal. A barnacle opened its shell, and from it extended what looked like fronds but were really legs. **Cirri** is the technical term, thin, covered in wisps that resemble hair or feathers. The cirri swept the water, carefully, deliberately, filtering the plankton from it, and looking for all the world like the barnacle was dancing in place. When the woman saw it, she looked at Dex with an open wonder in her eyes, caught from him, from the tiny grace of seeing a familiar creature in a way she had never seen it before. Dex looked at her then, “Did you know that the ocean is acidifying?” he asked. She blinked—the wonder disrupted—and shook her head. “I wish I knew what the barnacles will do?” he said, and led her off beyond my hearing to see more beauty.
Alma Leiva

Guess Who's Coming To Dinner (The Last Supper)
pronoun circle-jerk and the dog charlie

i had scarcely got acquainted
when they took me by the paw & made me even-minded
nor did i mind
i had exactly enough window
i had exactly enough to get started
wine makes a person weak
that is not to say that wine is not delightful, only
that it makes a person weak
a person can be made weak with whisky
and this was the mexicans’ military tactic
with the chiricahua apache
and the dutch with the lenape down in manahatta
there was a dog named charlie
cally called it an ‘it’
when we had our pronoun circle-jerk
i told the group they could call me ‘it’
you know like the sky and the grass and
a bird where you can’t tell what it is
it, its, itself
but then i sort of chickened out and said
if ‘it’ ‘made them feel weird’ as a pronoun for a human
they could call me ‘they’
or any gender-neutral pronoun i said
xe or zae or e or shim-sham or
two head-cocks and a click i joked
looking at charlie’s belly as charlie
rolled on its back
Lopez, right before they stabbed him in the yard—this was maybe last winter or the winter previous—you know what he said? He said: “Time makes fools of us all.” To say it at the end—he knew it was the end, as he must have known and as we all must know—such clarity! Lopez cut through years of hoary usage and conferred a real sense of gravitas upon the moment. We all felt it, all of us rubbernecking in the yard. I confess I missed the casual-Friday jab to a bit of shadow from a racing cloud, it was dark and then light and Lopez was resting against the squeaky weight bench. Everyone avoided that bench, its high-pitched chirps neutered the masculinity an otherwise strong set was meant to advertise. Lopez: the bravery! Those moments stick with you, dear reader. Months later I remember watching a Brando-esque scene chewer in some Lifetime movie—it’s one of the few channels we’re allowed—and the actor whispered to his teary ex-wife, “Time makes fools of us all.” I shook my head and exclaimed to no one in particular with surprising volume, “You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Lopez, who was almost definitely stabbed in the yard last winter and not the winter previous, you remember from Volume I, Issue Two, “So My Chains May Weep Tonight,” that execrable short story. For readers stuck outside the pay wall, I’ll summarize briefly: “Rodrigo,” on a dime for arson, covers the “Southton” yard’s cement square with soulful chalk portraits of a daughter he’s never met. He guesses at the features: her mother’s nose, his own plump cheeks, big doe eyes. Lopez wrote long, dolorous paragraphs about those drawings, drawings never trampled by fellow inmates. (Credulity: strained.) Anyway, the portrait’s subject grows from infancy to young adulthood, or so Rodrigo believes; upon his release the buoyant Rodrigo receives a conveniently timed missive from his ex-wife: she aborted the fetus a week into his incarceration. (NB: The Warden loved this O. Henry–esque twist and demanded the story’s inclusion. Your humble editor’s protests fell on deaf ears.)

Thinking about it now, as the riot gathers momentum in A Block, and the WXHY Action News ActionCopter buzzes past in a tireless orbit, its camera surfacing whatever rabble it can find, I commend Lopez for wrestling meaning out of such a trampled phrase, “Time makes fools of us all,” instilling a measure of sublimity in the death act, a sublimity otherwise absent from his treacly prose. Might he be Westbrook’s own Harry Crosby? Readers quick with Wikipedia will learn that Crosby, a Boston scion-cum-flâneur, failed as a poet but succeeded as a patron of the arts, publishing Joyce, Eliot, some other guys, he exited spectacularly with his mistress in a ritualized murder-suicide. True, Lopez was much less foppish and much more bellicose. Still, I would suggest the old impresario lives on in our departed colleague. We envy those who go out in their own way, we all hope for the same for ourselves and hubristically we all secretly expect to go out in our own way ourselves. I’ve seen many men, at least four, bawl and curse their attackers, be they physical, chthonic, or oncological. We expect such a response: it is common and it is natural. How am I to go? I wonder. Envious old Lopez, he took possession of his ending there in the yard, stabbed last winter, possibly the winter before,
whichever one was the year of the new jackets. He collapsed by the gates, I remember, under the small pointillist cluster of black ash on the wall where everyone stubbed their cigarettes. The tenor of my own shuffling off this mortal coil will be determined by whoever first breaks down my meager barricade here in the Will and Edith Rosenberg Media Center for Journalistic Excellence in the Penal Arts: two upended footlockers, a standard teacher's desk, a nearly complete set of *Encyclopedia Britannicas* (2006 edition), and a scrum of Aeron chairs fish-hooked over each other just so. If I am lucky it'll be Warden Gertjens first over the transom, he no doubt sympathizes with my present situation and, I would hope, admits complicity in my present situation. He could be counted on for assistance in a boost hurdling the A/C panel, knocking out the tempered double-paned glass, and running into the embrace of my fans, followers, and future lovers. Everyone else would surely stab me in the face.

I deserve it, and this is the truth, or a truth, and the one I claim and will verify for the scurrilous Fox News fact-checkers whose emails presently flood my in-box. I am the architect of the Caligulan melee enveloping Westbrook's galleries and flats. Must this final issue of *The Holding Pen* be my own final chapter? Can any man control the narrative of his life, even one as influential as mine? I suppose not. And so the *The Holding Pen* winds down in real time, complemented by Breaking News updates from breathless, iron-coiffed correspondents on the scene; eighty thousand tweets and counting; protests by the Appeals on the north lawn; and blush-inducing slashfic on TheWildWestbrook.com of improbable but emboldening reunions with my sweet McNairy.

Were I petty, or spiteful, or the kind to assign blame, I'd say this is all the Latin Kings’ fault, an accusation supported by Diosito's narco-sonnet “Mi Corazón en Fuego y Mi Plan de Fuga” from Volume I, Issue Eight (“Journeys”). The same issue, I remember, with the popular fold-out guide to rat-tailing one's bedsheets for sliding tobacco down the flats. Spanish-speaking readers must have gleaned the Latin Kings’ intentions from stanza one, to which your editor can only express irritation for having never received even a friendly word of warning. Yet I accept in full the public drubbing that is my due, however accidental and unforeseen its cause may have been, a public drubbing that will likely take the form of the aforementioned face stabbing. I wish only to spend my remaining time clearing up a few inaccuracies.
Michael Harrison

Cello Constellations

An excerpt

For solo cello,
21 pre-recorded cellos
and sine tones

For Clarice Jensen

May 2017

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Constellation 1: fundamental = 64 Hz. (doubled by sine tones)
(Record the work without the "live" part, then to mix the concert version remove those parts that would be doubled by the live part in performance)

Violoncello

756 Hz. (12th partial)

Constellation 2: fundamental = 63 Hz. (pan center)
1008 Hz. (18th partial)

Violoncello 11

756 Hz. (12th partial)

Violoncello 12

756 Hz. (12th partial)

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niente

q = 60

pppp

niente

q = 60

pppp

niente

q = 60

pppp

niente

q = 60

pppp
438.86 Hz. (6)  
512 Hz. (7)  
585.14 Hz. (8)  
658.29 Hz. (9)  
877.71 Hz. (12)  
1170.29 Hz. (16)  
175 Hz. (live)  

1170.29 Hz. (16th partial) (pan 77% right)  
arco (doubled by sine tone)  
877.71 Hz. (12th partial) (pan 63% right)  
arco (doubled by sine tone)  
658.29 Hz. (9th partial) (pan 49% right) (doubled by sine tone)  
585.14 Hz. (8th partial) (pan 35% right) (doubled by sine tone)  
512 Hz. (7th partial) (pan 21% right) (doubled by sine tone)  
438.86 Hz. (6th partial) (pan 7% right) (doubled by sine tone)  

(check mix for recording to play as 1st harmonic on II - retuned)
A little context: our hero Reese has just kissed the man of her dreams.

Reese enters her apartment, keys in hand.

Completely and totally aglow.

**SCENE 7**

**A little context: our hero Reese has just kissed the man of her dreams.**

Reese enters her apartment, keys in hand.

Completely and totally aglow.

**REESE**

Hiili Ladies!

**BESSIE**

What?

**REESE**

I have something to tell you.

**RUTH**

You pregnant?

**REESE**

No.
No, none of that.
That guy from our class, we-

**MARGARET**

(tired already)

Aw, Lord.

**REESE**

What?
TILDA
Ain't you just get into this fancy program or whatever?

REESE
Yeah.
And?

TILDA
Is that attitude I sense?

REESE
Question with a question, how very basic of you.

Tilda's neck, face, and eyes turn.

SWIVEL.

You can hear her body scream BIIIIIIIIIIIIITCH.

RUTH
We're just saying...it is real early. To be thinking about some boy. You're barely 20.

REESE
26. I'm an adult.

RUTH
You get to go to school, sugar. Get to study what you want.
I left in high school.

BESSION
I left after 7th grade, after we left Mississippi.

MARGARET
I ain't never go.
REESE

I know!
I know you ain't never go!
I know, trust me I know!
God.

Silence interrupted by Bessie sucking her teeth.

REESE

Why are you so against this? He's done nothing wrong. I've done nothing wrong!

TILDA

You...you have opportunity, Reese. You ain't have to lie, steal, align yourself with no evil to get there. You ain't have to put on no false names, or faces. You were enough.

REESE

Tilda, I-

But Tilda holds up her hand, not wanting to hear anymore.

Beat. Bessie steels herself, then steps up.

BESSIONE

I'm in 7th grade...we need money and it's nowhere to be found. So, I say Mama! Let's go up north, it's gotta be better. Chicago was where it's at! We ain't ever gotta bow our heads to white folks and grandma...she'll have time to stitch.

But Chicago's winter can't mix well with an old woman from the Delta. Chicago winter just steals all the water out her body and she shrivel up and die. My momma look at her mama-

At this, Reese looks away.

BESSIONE

And she...just start to shriveling too. “It's ok, ma...it's ok. I'll take care of you. I got you. We a team. I got you. 6 days a week, 12 hour day, 2 hour commutes? No problem. Don't let your eyes sink no deeper, Please. I can't raise them if you do, I can't raise the dead.” Lights on in the house, lights off in me. Ain't no life in my Chicago. Unless Howlin' Wolf playing, lest you let your legs splay.
Oh, your name is Bigger? That's a strange name. You a strange boy. You got any gin? Folks in my building always saying “Girl, why you drink so much” Nigga, why not?! Why wouldn't I want the drug with no mouth for talking? Why wouldn't I love something that opens its mouth and only gives?

The warm heat of it. The light on his face, splitting through the snow. It feels lovely, sleeping next to him. Kinda nice.

You got a new job? Congratulations! Oh, I know you want to be a pilot, but a chauffeur close enough, Drive fast enough, it feels like you’re flying.

No. No, Bigger—I don’t want to go. I want to stay with my mama. Bigger—what did you do to that girl??! No Bigger, stop. Calm down, don’t do this... Please. Don’t be this way. DON’T!

I’m flying...the concrete is so close.
Last look at his face.
I remember heat.
As my body hits ice.

Take a beat. Bessie’s out of the memory.

REESE

I’m so sorry.
Bessie merely shrugs.

REESE

Maybe...maybe he—

BESSIE

Beat.
He didn’t.
He ain’t love me.
He ain’t know how.

REESE

If...if it wasn’t love. Then maybe love will be its opposite.
He’s not him!
I’m gonna do this!
AND I’m gonna create!
This—this is something I want for myself! And not something someone...

Y’ALL
Wanted for me.
TILDA

Excuse?

REESE

There’s enough of me to go around for more than one dream. I found him. I FOUND it. And it’s my turn.

RUTH

Baby girl, think of it—

REESE

ENOUGH! Y’all had y’all music, I deserve mine. I’m a get it! HIT IT.
After I left Grace in the apartment with Don Barthelme, I didn't go to the library as I'd told them I would. Not directly, at least, and not what Barthelme would call a library anyway. I went to a small gallery the university had installed on 9th street with the intent of housing the paintings and sketches they'd been acquiring for nearly half a century. Today I stood at the far end of the gallery in front of Helen Frankenthaler's *Seascape*. It's the one with the dunes in it, the canvas as tall as it is wide. Frankenthaler was someone Grace and I knew a bit, New York being small like that, though Frankenthaler ran in different circles from ours. She and Motherwell, until they split a while back, were like a better-mannered, uptown version of Grace and myself. And though we and they never had much in common as people or as couples, I liked lingering in the space between their art and ours. There was something to learn from it, I was sure. The problem, I knew, was to put the woman (fine, coiffed, cocktail-bred) out of my mind so that I could focus on *Seascape's* swaths of barely opaque acrylic, the interplay between foreground and background, that I'd come to see.

I'd developed a habit of intently looking at art before sitting down to write for the day – choosing one canvas to give my full attention for an extended (50 minutes, an hour) period of time. I was particularly interested in stillness, and in showing a sort of generosity toward art. The paintings offered me stillness. I offered them the generosity of not looking away.

The previous day I'd stood in front of Rauschenberg's horse. When I spied *Seascape* out the corner of my eye, I knew it was time to move on. Something about the way Frankenthaler stretched the use of her acrylics reminded me of the way we'd been forcing language to bend these days, in the '80s. That appealed to me. I looked at her paints as if I might be able to look directly through them.

Grace had little time for visual art. Her world, even her distractions from it, revolved around the human voice. People liked to tell her their stories and secrets and crimes, and she liked to listen (she also liked narrow-brimmed hats, and chewing on pens). She'd helped catch four murderers back in the day, plus one arsonist, a fish-egg smuggler, and too many philanderers to name. Me, I looked at art. Not that my looking at the artworks was a distraction or some sort of useless pastime. The art steadied my mind, helped me see how a narrative can take place in an instant, on a static surface, in stillness. A moment can be a story unto itself. Grace found her muse in the noise of the world, I found mine.
in the silence. I wasn't a loner, per se. I had a good pack of friends, especially in Vermont among the musicians and actors and puppeteers and coffee roasters and town councilors. But I was also the person who kept our home stocked, the cabinets with coffee and the bathrooms with soap, while Grace was out in the world. As such, we were good together.

Barthelme was like Grace in these larger ways. He was a social animal, as they say. He craved companionship and the intonations of conversation. He liked jazz. Barthelme was like me in the smaller ways. He fed off the visual, too, especially paintings that fell into the surrealist and modernist mode. I might attribute that to his upbringing, his architect father, etcetera, but how would I know for sure? Given how little he and I spoke, most of my thoughts about him are supposition. We'd been to one exhibition together, four or five years back, and I'd enjoyed it, but shied away from inviting him again. I'd found myself watching him as much as the art and that hadn't been my intent.

It would be safe to say that I wasn't exactly threatened by Don. Grace and I had something solid, beyond solid. But I was a very specific kind of man, and impervious to change, and if I ever worried that I might in some way not fill all of Grace's needs, the flip side of that worry was Don, who fit a very different and yet complimentary niche.
Emji Saint Spero

—Interrupted
A stain for Ana Mendieta. Written in response to “Covered in Time and History: The Films of Ana Mendieta” at BAM/PFA

You write your body burnt in red ink erupting from a chasm in the earth, the purples in the black and teal tracing the bottom edge of your image Your skin cracks, surrounded by water Another set aflame in the periphery outlined in fire, in ash, in chalk, in salt, in memory, replayed in a loop you are hurled from the discomfort of this life with breasts to the shock of the pavement

Again you are surrounded by many standing back watching Again your name is taken again erased into the wash and break of smooth imperial production

You find yourself recuperated

Again outlined in agony Again close your eyes Refuse your audience Again I refuse you

Transfixed you cannot look away Another drop of blood drips down from somewhere outside the frame of your understanding beads down her I mean my forehead

Some passers by A rearview window A storefront window
Beads a red line down
Catching at the corner of your eye
You stand somewhere outside the frame
of understanding

dripping
blood and cum
A stain on the sidewalk
that people real people step over
or around—your excess:
a stalled moment
before passing

The blue in the black
A pink smudge
A flicker

You write your body in shadow
and in blood

Bereft and bloody interrupting
You turn your face away
Refuse the witness
You press your face against the wall
You press your fists against the wall
You too will one day be up against the wall
pressed against or as you have always imagined
it would be

Your body a doorway
so many have entered

Sweating into nothing

Hollow point
Flesh wound
Burnt umber

Thirty-six
How many more
Every drop marks a constellation
of unmanageable keywords
Breathing under the rubble of
late late capital and settler colonialism and complicity and neglect
I'll keep my many scars, hypertrophy,
black cohosh, pennyroyal, my passionflower,
skullcap, damiana, my baseball bat, my hormones,
my hatred, will keep it buried deep in the soil of my body, where
it cannot be taken from me.

Buried and ready
at any moment to—
you know—

Bureaucracy

Totality

You plant the seeds
Defend the garden from your allies
Another meeting
Another walk around the lake
Another demo
Carved into the social body or
sliced

The city illuminated yet again
by rage,

deception,

or indifference.

You press your hand against my face pushing me into the floor as
you continue to write not looking at me and I like this—this inability,
for once, to struggle
Dissipative Entropy continues the cause and effect play between energy and elements in my work. The salt spread throughout the space hints at potentialities of energy creation such as the battery or simply water that is conductive when it is salted. The glass pieces held by the tension of the piano strings only -- an exertion of force, are sound bridges for the vibrating piano strings that create a site specific sound composition. They are also sculptural elements that engage with the single channel 3D animated projection of virtual, simulated shadows of objects. Working with these present and potential energies, positions of objects and structures I considered suspension of the singular possibilities of being. Can you be present in spaces that are both physical and virtual. Does being virtual exclude the physicality of presence.

Luba Drozd
Dissipative Entropy
MITRA: Is Jacob always /…
TUTTLE: Like that?—Basically
MITRA: —Why doesn’t she /…?
TUTTLE: Deck him?

His desserts are Really good
—Has he made his coconut carob chip cookies?
MITRA: not yet
TUTTLE: get ready

... 

TUTTLE: So how are ya? You “adjusting?” (Have you had your—) First week in court? Intake coming up?
MITRA: Yeahhh. It’s a bit …Overwhelming?
TUTTLE: The work or—/?
MITRA: everything
TUTTLE: ah yes, “Everything”… My favorite ...
MITRA: ...
The summer after my 2L, I interned at one of those big corporate firms (I was—) Trying to make a dent in my loans/
TUTTLE: I should do /that...
MITRA: I was doing litigation
TUTTLE: Oh woo/ooow
MITRA: Which—at the time—sounded cool. But really it was just hours and hours of document review
TUTTLE: So that’s what they do… In those big corporate towers
MITRA: —Basically—

—That and eat lunch/
TUTTLE: ?I think my stomach just growled?/
MITRA: They take the whole hour
TUTTLE: !!!!

I've always wanted: *En Heure*

MITRA: When I was there, we could expense up to eighty-five dollars a day [TUTTLE: holy shit!!!] and if I worked over ten hours [TUTTLE: Who doesn't work over ten hours???] I could bill the client for dinner. At eight fifteen, there was a line of black cars wrapped around the building. “Free ride if ya work past eight”

TUTTLE: So dreamy. So douche-y
MITRA: yeahhh...
TUTTLE: —Do you miss it?
MITRA: no

I wanted to do something that “Mattered”/

TUTTLE: I remember that feeling/
MITRA: And I’ve always liked an underdog
TUTTLE: I thought you were gonna say “Undercut“
MITRA: that too
TUTTLE: —How long does it take you to get home?
MITRA: An hour. Give or take. You?
TUTTLE: Hour thirty—Give. I might move

... 

TUTTLE: …cheese...
MITRA: —what?
TUTTLE: nothing
MITRA: —How do you do it?
TUTTLE: ?Doooo?/
MITRA: Whole 30. It seems... impossible
TUTTLE: The background on my phone says “Sugar is poison” “Dairy is poison”
MITRA: ???
TUTTLE: —to remind me—
MITRA: That sounds... Bleak
TUTTLE: Oh. No. It’s cheerful. I wrote it in pink

TUTTLE: —See?

MITRA: —Nice font
TUTTLE: thank you ; )

TUTTLE: Lunch Bunch was pretty healthy to begin with though, and in general I try to be pretty careful about what I put into my body—except for when I’m dating, or you know, “dating”

I like having something to fixate on. Something to Google for forty-five minutes before bed. “Vegetarian Whole 30 Recipes” “Could my apathy be a result of a food allergy” “How to acquire French Things.” Something to help me forget about global inequality, environmental doom, Judge White in general. Something to drown out the sounds of children screaming for their parents and their parents screaming back for them—I have a lot of night terrors

I really want “A Hobby,” but I suck at sports—!I’ve been getting into skin care! “Natural products.” Anti-aging. I’m on the prowl for a really good mineral sunscreen/...
TUTTLE: SPF will kill you—“Chemicals” or something. That said, I’ll probably just end up buying whatever they sell at Trader Joe’s. I like their packaging—it’s affordable, and their employees always seem really happy. Sometimes I wonder: If we sold groceries would people wanna shop here? If I was a cashier would anyone wanna check out with me?—Do you ever think about that?

MITRA: Not in those terms—Specifically. But I have a metaphor for life that involves dumplings

TUTTLE: oh wow/

MITRA: —what?

TUTTLE: I love dumplings

MITRA: dumplings are good

TUTTLE: yeah...

MITRA: —Is that true?

TUTTLE: (—what?)

MITRA: about sugar and dairy

TUTTLE: A lot of things are poison
MITRA: Like...

TUTTLE: Self-righteousness, social media, not asking questions, most people I “date”

— but yeah they’re basically poison

!Also! chemical run-off from Big Sugar is ruining the Everglades

— I have a friend—in Miami—I can send you a link

MITRA:

thanks. I’m trying to eat less ...

— sugar

...
About the Artists

Paolo Arao is a Brooklyn-based, Filipino-American artist working in painting and textiles. He received his BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University and was a participant at the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. Arao has shown his work in numerous group exhibitions both nationally and internationally and has presented solo exhibitions at Glass Box (Seattle), Western Exhibitions (Chicago), Franklin Artworks (Minneapolis), Jeff Bailey Gallery and Barney Savage Gallery (N.Y.C.)

Residencies include: Millay Colony, Studios at MASS MoCA, Vermont Studio Center, Lower East Side Printshop Keyholder Residency, NARS Foundation, Wassaic Project, BRIC Workspace, Atlantic Center for the Arts and the Fire Island Artist Residency. He is a recipient of an Artist Fellowship from The New York Foundation for the Arts. His work has been published in New American Paintings, Maake Magazine and Esopus. He is currently an artist-in-residence at the Museum of Arts and Design in NYC.

Julian Talamantez Brolaski is a poet and country singer, the author of Of Mongrelitude (Wave Books, 2017), Advice for Lovers (City Lights 2012), Gowanus Atropolis (Ugly Duckling Presse 2011), and co-editor of NO GENDER: Reflections on the Life & Work of kari Edwards. It is the lead singer and rhythm guitarist for The Western Skyline and Juan & the Pines. Julian maintains a blog of handwritten poems here: https://julianspoems.tumblr.com/

Eiren Caffall is a writer and musician based in Chicago, born in New York, and raised in New England. She has been the recipient of a Social Justice News Nexus fellowship in environmental journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of Journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of Journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University's Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of journalism and a Frontline: Environmental Journalis

Luba Drozd is a site specific sound and 3D animation installation artist. Working across media, the components of her installations continuously interconnect with architecture and each other. Her synthetic spaces examine tangible and intangible structures of authority and its manifestations in a built environment. The final pieces gesture to how intangible spaces within us—such as memory, knowledge and perception of time—are controlled and regimented. Luba earned a BFA from Pratt Institute and an MFA from Bard College. Her work was exhibited at the Knockdown Center, Bronx Museum, UIMA Chicago, Apexart, LUBOV Gallery, Smack Mellon, Ukrainian Museum in New York, Carver Center for Art and Technology and many others. She is the recipient of a MASS MoCA Artist Residency, BRIC Media Arts Fellowship, Bronx Museum AIM program, Eastern State Historic Site Grant for New Work, VCCA Artist Residency Fellowship, Millay Colony residency and MacDowell Fellowship.
Sarah Einspanier's plays include Lunch Bunch (Clubbed Thumb's Summerworks), I LOVE SEAN (Playwrights Realm Writing Fellow), The Convent of Pleasure (Cherry Lane’s Mentor Project with Sheila Callaghan), 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). Her work has also been developed and presented by Ars Nova's Play Group, Clubbed Thumb's Early Career Writers' Group, the New Georges Jam, a New Georges Special Residency, and Williamstown Theatre Festival's Directing Studio. She has been a resident at the Millay Colony, Cape Cod Theatre Project (Noel Coward Foundation Writer in Residence), SPACE on Ryder Farm, and Sewanee Writers’ Conference (Horton Foote Scholar with Naomi Iizuka), and has participated in Erik Ehnn’s annual Texas Silent Writing Retreat. Upcoming: House Plant at New York Theatre Workshop's Next Door.

Michelle Hamer is an artist who explores and challenges contemporary social beliefs, fears & aspirations as revealed through everyday language. Oscillating between fast & slow; past & present; personal & political each piece becomes a marker of a rarely captured but revealing moment. Translated by eye, the pixelation of her hand-stitching and drawing slows the images which are based on her own photographs (taken while driving/walking etc). Her work occupies a space between analogue & digital, questioning familiar language that surrounds us—our cultural edicts—the rules we follow & the roles we play in society.

Composer/pianist Michael Harrison’s work has earned him the label of, in the words of Philip Glass, an “American Maverick.” Harrison’s albums, “Time Loops” and “Revelation,” were chosen by The New York Times, Boston Globe, and NPR among the Best Classical Recordings of the Year. Recent commissions include works for Roomful of Teeth and Alarm Will Sound. Harrison has received fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, American Composers Forum, New Music USA, Aaron Copland Fund, Yaddo, and MacDowell. Performances include BAM Next Wave, MoMA, Metropolitan Museum, Louvre, Carnegie, Park Avenue Armory, MASS MoCA, Spoleto, Pompidou, Big Ears, Muziekgebouw, United Nations, and Sundance.

Cello Constellations was composed by Michael Harrison and performed by cellist Clarice Jensen with media, design and video by Jonathan Turner. The work is scored for solo cello with 21 pre-recorded cellos and sine tones. Here is a video of the premiere performance at the Kitchen (NYC): https://vimeo.com/264105618/ae7aeecc2aa

Gethsemane Herron-Coward is a poet-turned-playwright from Washington, D.C. She has developed work with JAG Productions, The Hearth, Magic Time @ Judson, and Playwright’s Playground at Classical Theatre of Harlem. Alumna of 24 Hour Plays-Nationals, The Fire This Time Festival, and VONA. Residencies from The Virginia Center of the Creative Arts, NYFA, and the Millay Colony, where she was the recipient of the Yasmin Scholarship. Semi-Finalist for the Many Voices Fellowship at Playwright’s Center, Rising Circle INK TANK and the Bay Area Playwright’s Festival. Finalist for Space on Ryder Farm and the Jane Chambers Playwriting Award. B.S. University of Wisconsin-Madison. MFA: Playwriting from Columbia University. A proud member of the Dramatists Guild. Gethsemane is breathing & grateful for breath.

Honduran born multimedia artist Alma Leiva received a BFA from New World School of the Arts and an MFA from Virginia Commonwealth University. She has exhibited her work nationally and internationally in venues such as Hasted Kraeutler, New York, NY; Museum of Contemporary Art, North Miami, FL; David Castillo Gallery and The Museum of Art and Design, Miami, FL; Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art, New Paltz, NY; The Snite Museum of Art, South Bend, IN; The Center for Photography at Woodstock, New York; Balzer Projects, Switzerland; Positions, Berlin, Germany and Museo de Arte y Diseño Contemporáneo, San José, Costa Rica.

Allison Lynn is the author of two novels, The Exiles (Little A/Houghton Mifflin Harcourt) and Now You See It (Touchstone/ Simon & Schuster). Her essays, reviews, and articles have appeared in publications ranging from The New York Times Book Review to People Magazine to Necessary Fiction. She’s received fellowships and awards from the Bronx Council on the Arts, the Indianapolis Arts Council, and Butler University. She teaches in the MFA program at Butler University.
Emji Saint Spero is a queer and trans performance artist / writer living in Oakland, California. They co-founded Timeless, Infinite Light and are the author of almost any shit will do. Their work occupies a hybrid space between poetry and prose, weaving together somatic ritual, performance, and collaborative experimentation. They work closely with other writers and artists, stretching the potential of creative intimacies, sociality, and the poetics of relation. They are currently working on the Exhaustion trilogy, a series of books obsessed with exploring and challenging Jose Muñoz’s inquiry that “utopia exists in the quotidian.” The first book in this trilogy, Disgust, is forthcoming from Nomadic Press.

EDNA Journal 2018 Contributors

Thank you to the Millay Colony’s generous funders and friends for helping to make EDNA as well as the works created by our Artists-in-Residence possible.

Guest Editor and Designer
Emji Saint Spero

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

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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, the Millay Colony for the Arts hosts six to seven visual artists, poets, filmmakers, writers and composers for month-long residencies free of charge from April-November. We offer a nurturing setting without interruption for a diverse group of emerging and established creators and provide private studios and bedrooms along with chef-prepared dinners in a serene environment surrounded by woods.

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