

*Bush
Artist
Fellows*

2001



Bush Foundation

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LITERATURE
POETRY, FICTION, CREATIVE NONFICTION

Jonathan Brannen
Sarah Fox
Maureen Gibbon
Adrian C. Louis
Kevin McColley
Dan O'Brien
Sheila O'Connor
Rémy Rougeau

SCRIPTWORKS
PLAYWRITING AND SCREENWRITING

W. David Hancock

FILM • VIDEO

Shelli Ainsworth
Steven Matheson
Garret Williams

MUSIC COMPOSITION

Brent Michael Davids
Anthony Gatto
Peter Ostroushko

Established in 1976, the purpose of the Bush Artist Fellowships is to provide artists with significant financial support that enables them to further their work and their contributions to their communities. An artist may use the fellowship in many ways: to engage in solitary work or reflection, for collaborative or community projects, or for travel or research. No two fellowships are exactly alike. Eligible artists reside in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and western Wisconsin. Artists may apply in any of these categories:

VISUAL ARTS: TWO DIMENSIONAL

VISUAL ARTS: THREE DIMENSIONAL

LITERATURE

Poetry, Fiction, Creative Nonfiction

**CHOREOGRAPHY • MULTIMEDIA
PERFORMANCE ART/STORYTELLING**

SCRIPTWORKS

Playwriting and Screenwriting

MUSIC COMPOSITION

FILM • VIDEO

Applications for all disciplines will be considered in alternating years.

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
FILM • VIDEO**

Louis Massiah
Filmmaker, Founder, and
Executive Director
Scribe Video Center
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Esther Robinson
Independent producer
Program Director of
Media and Performing Arts
Creative Capital Foundation
New York, New York

David Schwartz
Chief Curator of Film
American Museum of the
Moving Image
Astoria, New York

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
LITERATURE**

Joy Harjo
Poet, musician, and writer
Honolulu, Hawaii

Phillip Lopate
Writer, Professor of English
Hofstra University
New York, New York

Carole Maso
Writer, Professor of English
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
MUSIC COMPOSITION**

Mel Marvin
Composer, director
Resident Composer of
The Graduate Musical Theatre
Writing Program
NYU's Tisch School of the Arts
New York, New York

James Mobberley
Composer
Curators' Professor of Music
University of Missouri-Kansas City
Conservatory of Music
Liberty, Missouri

Diedre L. Murray
Composer
Queens, New York

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
SCRIPTWORKS**

Vicky Boone
Founder and Artistic Director
Frontera@Hyde Park Theatre
Austin, Texas

Anne Cattaneo
Dramaturg
Lincoln Center Theater
New York, New York

Jennifer Lawson
Producer
Washington, D.C.

FINAL PANEL

Joy Harjo
Poet, musician, and writer
Honolulu, Hawaii

Jennifer Lawson
Producer
Washington, D.C.

Mel Marvin
Composer, director
Resident Composer of
The Graduate Musical Theatre
Writing Program
NYU's Tisch School of the Arts
New York, New York

Renny Pritikin
Writer and poet, Chief Curator
Yerba Buena Center for the Arts
San Francisco, California

Esther Robinson
Independent producer
Program Director of
Media and Performing Arts
Creative Capital Foundation
New York, New York

Bush Artist Fellowships support artists of demonstrated ability who reflect any of the region's many cultural, geographic, racial, and aesthetic variations, both its rural and urban character. Among the qualities the program seeks in an artist are strong vision, creative energy, and perseverance. Artists must be 25 or older to apply and may be at any stage of career development, from emerging through established. Up to 15 grants are made each year. There is no requirement as to the number of fellowships to be made in each discipline, and therefore that number may change annually.

Grants consist of stipends of \$40,000 for a 12-to-18-month period. In 2001, 15 artists were selected to receive Bush Artist Fellowships. They were chosen from a total of 396 applicants.

Grants are made through a two-part selection process. Separate preliminary panels for each category review applications and work samples to select finalists. An interdisciplinary final panel then reviews the pool of finalists and chooses those who receive fellowships. The final panel includes one member from each preliminary panel plus one or two additional panelists. Panelists serve for one year. All panel members are working artists, curators, or critics living outside Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wisconsin.

This catalog introduces the 2001 Bush Artist Fellows and their work. We are very proud of them and wish them great satisfaction in pursuing their individual visions.

Julie Gordon Dagleish, Program Director
Kathi Polley, Program Assistant

The direct physical attack of the eastern, or sunrise part of this nation suddenly brought into focus the purpose and meaning of art. The jarring nightmare shift in the shape of the imagination stunned us. We were swallowed up by need to mourn the thousands of lives taken in one sudden sweep of hell, the need to cry the loss of an American innocence, and an urge to gather together that which utterly matters, pack it up and carry everything to a place of safety, or fight.

One certainty came into focus and remains a sharp nudge with each moment of consciousness during the days since September 11th, and that is the refrain: nothing will ever be the same. This country, the whole world as we knew it has shifted drastically, is lopsided, wobbling, struggling for a harmonic pitch. Even as I write and as you read, it is shifting. The truth is, the world has always been shifting, and we as artists make note of the shifts, the fissures, the holy moments which are both sacred and profane.

And what about the making of art and the place of art in these times of climbing from one world into another? The old question in this western world resurfaces: does art matter and does it continue to

matter? In other worlds, it is an unimaginable question. The challenge of this immense tragedy forces us immediately to the root of the matter, to basic instincts and needs, to the oldest concerns of human beings. Art breathes there in that damp and dusky place and I venture to say that it was an artist who decided to create human beings. And what a brilliant creation human beings were, a creation that could continue to create, make a world and many worlds with each thought, each breath, each movement. The materials most often the bits and pieces of destruction, of things broken down like ground rocks for powder.

Maybe we needed this terrible wake-up call, to what matters, to remember who we really are in the scheme of the world, to continue our part in the creation of the world, using the pieces of what was meant to destroy us.

In those moments suspended between sure destruction and the fight for life I didn't immediately think of writing a poem or making a song. I imagined both flight and embrace at the same time. The voice of creation in me struggled through the mud of fear, the sharp edges of an anger, and reminded me to keep my eyes, ears, hands, everything open

and alert, and urged me to keep moving, keep singing, keep turning the destruction into something useful. For many in this nation, however, this is a familiar state of being. It hasn't been that long ago in real time since these shores were attacked for settlement and takeover.

The role of the artist in all times is as revisioner, as truth teller. We as artists create new connections, like synaptic links. There is a seamless connection between all aspects of our individual lives and this world we are in together. Once during a performance for The Loft Series in Minneapolis in the early eighties, the poet Audre Lorde reminded the audience that there was no separation between the everyday living of life and art. I've considered her words often.

I think back to the artist panels I was part of earlier in the year. The first was in fierce February, just after the Winter Carnival, and the second in spring, after the emergence of the first tender flowers. I question whether or not I would make the same decisions now when deciding and judging literature and music. Does what mattered then continue to matter, or perhaps matter more, utterly? There are styles and gestures that hold shape and meaning particularly only in the context of an era and others

that flow in great arcs with shifting time and space. We do not always know what will be here in ten thousand years and what will fall away. What we do know is that art is what defines us as human beings in this world. I am different now than I was then, but art weaves a consistent thread of meaning and shape, continues to create us as we recreate.

Yes, the world has shifted, it has been blown open. It has been going on for a long time now. Think: world music, Thai tacos, Mexican spaghetti, global awareness, the image of this earth from somewhere on the moon. It will continue going on for a long time, as long as artists are at work.

Joy Harjo's most recent book of poetry is *A Map to the Next World* from W. W. Norton. Her first children's book, *The Good Luck Cat*, was published in 2000 by Harcourt. She also performs her poetry with saxophone and will follow her award-winning CD, *Letter From the End of the Twentieth Century*, with a new recording to be released in 2002 with her group, Joy Harjo and Her Real Revolution Band. Also forthcoming from W. W. Norton in 2002 is a book of poetry, *How We Become Human, New and Selected Poems*. Harjo is a recipient of many awards, including the 1998 Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Writers' Award, and the 1997 New Mexico Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts.

WHEN THE WORLD AS WE KNEW IT ENDED—

We were dreaming on an occupied island at the farthest edge
of a trembling nation when it went down.

Two towers rose up from the east island of commerce and touched
the sky. Men walked on the moon. Oil was sucked dry
by two brothers. Then they went down. Swallowed
by a fire dragon, by oil and fear.
Eaten whole.

It was coming.

We had been watching since the eve of the missionaries in their long and
solemn clothes, to see what would happen.

We saw it
from the kitchen window over the sink
as we made coffee, cooked rice and
potatoes, enough for an army.

We saw it all, as we changed diapers and fed
the babies. We saw it,
through the branches
of the knowledgeable tree
through the snags of stars, through
the sun and storms from our knees
as we bathed and washed
the floors.

The conference of the birds warned us, as they flew over
destroyers in the harbor, parked there since the first takeover.
It was by their song and talk we knew when to rise
when to look out the window
to the commotion going on—
the magnetic field thrown off by grief.

We heard it.

The racket in every corner of the world. As
the hunger for war rose up in those who would steal to be president
to be king or emperor, to own the trees, stones and everything
else that moved about the earth, inside the earth
and above it.

We knew it was coming, tasted the winds who gathered intelligence
from each leaf and flower, from every mountain, sea
and desert, from every prayer and song all over this tiny universe
floating in the skies of infinite
being.

And then it was over, this world we had grown to love
for its sweet grasses, for the many-colored horses
and fishes, for the shimmering possibilities
while dreaming.

But then there were the seeds to plant and the babies
who needed milk and comforting, and someone
picked up a guitar or ukulele from the rubble
and began to sing about the light flutter
the kick beneath the skin of the earth
we felt there, beneath us

a warm animal
a song being born between the legs of her,
a poem.

© Joy Harjo October 2001

Language engenders experience and the poet's task is to create literary works/worlds that are the grounds for such experiences; it's not enough simply to find words to represent experiences that exist outside of or prior to language. My work is an inquiry in the nature of location and dislocation. It is a search for the meaning of meaning in a universe whose only constant is flux.

“I think people have a fear of poetry. I wish I could reassure them,” murmurs Jonathan Brannen, a poet whose work, imbued with history and philosophy, demands close attention. Such attentiveness reveals humor, surprise, and emotional elegance. “The reader is a participant in the act of creating my work.”

In his early teens, Brannen happened upon a television documentary about poets in America: Robert Creeley, John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara, and Louis Zukofsky. “I had the realization that there were other people out there like me and that they were called poets. I thought, I better start reading.” He read his way through poets he had no reason to know were difficult, stopping to decipher their hidden structures. His own first publication came at eighteen.



Brannen is interested in expanding the formal experimentation of modernism. His latest collection, *Deaccessioned Landscapes*, is a meditation on the nature of time, memory, and mortality.

Images from his travels to ruins in the American Southwest and Ireland found their way into the poems. “I had a real sense of falling through time. These places touched some place inside of me that remained touched.” Brannen plans to travel again as he moves toward a new collection, and to record pieces he views

as “aural theater.” For Brannen, writing poetry is a self-sustaining process. “Poetry has provided me an alternative means of perception, another lens through which to view the world. It’s the difference between dreaming in color and dreaming in black and white.”

HORSE

Four movements ago
you squared the field
on this island, apologizing
to silence for the way
your nostrils hum in their leather.
Hotly swarms your head like hornets.
And froth, green beard, burrs
deranging your mane, a purple
sheet of sweat or rain
your smell leaves behind
you like a coat caught
mid-air that you continue to slip,
head first, back into.
They say you are lawless,
allegiant to both good and bad
weather; that you rival
the history of movement
on earth. Horse
the color of copper, dagger
horse, Father horse, horse mantled

like a swan by a white wake, immortal
horse, glass horse, painted
paraplegic wooden horse, solar horse
sacrificed for the graves of the martyrs,
horse born blossoming in the savory blood,
fallen horse without eyes without
belly, Mississippi River herds
of neck-deep drowning horse, sea-
horse spiraling down the singing
chains, horse-in-a-box, gift horse,
horse on our stage, horse in a field,
holy horse nesting my restive lap.
Cloven foot dragon-feathered all
the pretty broken-hinged horse,
horse planted in space,
buried in bridles in fires,
the ludicrous moon so many
blue windows away.

1999

Rilke wrote, "Cézanne swallowed back his love for every apple and put it to rest in the painted apple forever."

Poets—like painters, like humans—face a frame: everything is structured upon limitation.

Rejecting semantics to directly attend the impulse—dressed as it may be in its crooked syntax—a field may emerge where sounds and images release themselves from context. I'd rather find a question than an answer. And risk everything in the asking.

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I spent a large part of my childhood reading books. Writing had little to do with subject matter but with the way words sounded, the way a good sentence made me feel. I started to realize that this was something that lived in me as strongly as my name."

For Sarah Fox, the solitary act of writing is surrounded, enlivened, and informed by the community of poets she met after moving to the Twin Cities seven years ago. An activist group of organizers and publishers, they provide a context for shaping work and giving poetry purpose. Recently given a printing press by a friend leaving town, Fox has learned to use it, producing *Fuori:1*, a hand-sewn anthology of the work of twenty local poets. With it, she hopes to herald new poems by her con-



temporaries each year.

Fox's own first collection, *Assembly of the Shades*, will be published by Salmon Press in Ireland. And her second manuscript "seems to be about travel," she says, "from childhood to adulthood, through time, between cultures." When not teaching poetry to children or participating in her artistic community, she has been traveling: to Taos for a poetry festival and to Guatemala, where a collection of paintings from Mayan mythology has become a source for new work.

"Poetry is instructive, a form of solace, incredibly relevant to these times," she says with quiet, firm fervor. "It's a great form of prayer and of hope, and I'm grateful to be part of it."

I met Alpha Breville when he (along with a grave digger and an engineer) answered a personal ad I'd placed in a weekly paper. When his letter came to me with his prison number as part of the return address, I wondered how a convict in Stillwater State Prison got a hold of the \$2.00 the paper charged to forward responses.

Before Breville, all I knew about Stillwater, Minnesota, was that antique shops and a cloying quaintness filled its downtown. I'd gone there once on a Prozac-induced spending spree and come home with an ink-stained quilt, a book of Jesse Stuart stories, and about thirty old photographs I'd stolen from various stores and shoved into my underpants. The photographs were worthless, but Prozac made me compulsive, and I couldn't stop myself from falling in love with the old-time faces. My favorite photo, the one I framed and hung on the wall beside my bed, was of a man who looked to be in his forties, and who struck me

as being a country preacher. He wore a dark suit and limp string tie, his expression was sorrowful and patient, and in spite of careful slicking back, his hair sprouted cowlicks at his forehead and above each ear. Across the bottom of the dirty cream border of the photo, someone had penciled "t-h-e-i-f," and it was that word that made me fall in love with the photo. I wondered who had written it—a family member who judged and banished, or the man himself, trying to own up to his misdoing. I thought the latter, but only because the photographer had tinted the cheeks of the man a faint red, and the color looked like hot shame.

Of course Alpha Breville didn't tell me in that first letter why he was in Stillwater, but when I asked him what his crime was, he admitted he was a rapist. When I finished that second letter, I threw the pages on the floor.

excerpt from the short story "Thief" 2000

Maureen Gibbon

I try to write about work with half the eloquence real people have when they describe what they do, day in and day out.

I try to write about sex as straightforwardly as I can. I try to let characters live within their desires and addictions, because most people are works in progress. I try to write about working class people because that's how I grew up.

Lately Maureen Gibbon has been watching the meadow change from her house in northwestern Minnesota. Her first house, it means a return to the landscape where she came in retreat from the city to write *Swimming Sweet Arrow*. Gibbon's debut novel, published by Little, Brown and Company in 2000, is a coming-of-age story with a female protagonist.

"One of the things I was striving for was a voice that could be very direct about sexual experiences. I remember reading Hemingway's Nick Adams stories in high school and thinking—what about the girl?" Gibbon's character, Vangie, works as a chicken carrier, waitress, and



fruit picker. "I like writing about work. You put up with a lot in order to put food on the table, but all work is honorable. In between those two truths is your dignity."

The first person in her family to go to college, Gibbon brings to her stories a sensitivity to the complexity in the lives of her working-class characters, characters she hopes to reveal rather than portray or analyze. "I try to let my characters be the imperfect people they are. It's not always nice or orderly." With Gibbon's new novel, set in the northern Minnesota woods, she will be able to write this time from the vantage point of her own meadow.

ADIÓS AGAIN, MY BLESSED ANGEL
OF THUNDERHEADS AND URINE

Ah, so there you are, somewhere between
the Demerol and the morphine, silently emptying
my catheter jug. Don't do that, I want to say,
but my voice is lost from two weeks on the
ventilator. Baby Girl, I want to say hello,
say I know your name, say how much I've
always loved you, but only a rasp comes
and then you are gone forever again.

I know I've got a crinkled picture of you
boxed somewhere in my shuttered house.
The image is as foreign as it is faded.
Somewhere west of Tulsa, you are leaning
against a black VW Bug, smiling and pointing
at a remarkable formation of thunderheads
that tower and bluster miles past heaven.
Your long, black hair dances below your waist.
Your worn Navy bell bottoms are snug against
your perfect legs, your strong, loving hips.
And after I snap the photo, you tell me
you're going back to nursing school.
Me, I'll wander in the wilderness for thirty years
before I see you again, and then it will be only
for a minute while you empty my urine bucket
and I try to cough up words that will not
come like the flashing pain beneath
my sutures that signals healing and wonder.

1998

On sunny days, when I've had plenty of sleep, I fancy myself as writing for marginalized people,
specifically those American Indians who have little or no voice.

On dark days, I see myself as merely cataloging and mourning my losses and the losses of people I know.

Adrian Louis is preparing to hibernate and write—toward a new collection of poems and a new novel. “Poetry is a continuation of my doldrums,” he says with a light and weary laugh, “a catalog of my history, what I see and what I’ve gone through. Sometimes I wish I’d never heard about writing. I see too much and feel compelled to write it down.” What he sees has found form in seven volumes of poetry, a collection of short stories, and a novel *Skins*, which was recently adapted for film. What he sees leaves a deep trace of his anguish and wit on the reader, creating a portrait of an American Indian man in love, in pain, honoring and lamenting the politics of personal life.

Born in Nevada, he grew up in the West and



then lived in South Dakota for seventeen years before arriving in Minnesota three years ago to teach at Southwest State University in Marshall. There’s a longing in his description of the “sense of the untamed,” which defines the West he knew as a child. His current project, a novel set in “a Nevada that no longer exists,” concerns a brother and sister, in flight from their abusive stepfather, who find themselves adrift in the San Francisco of 1967. With his ear for the American vernacular, Louis understands, said one critic, “that the function of literature is to plunge to the heart and trouble the sleep and to do it musically.” But Louis, pressed to describe his work says, “The main thing I look for is that my writing amuses me, irony to deflect the grimness.”

With a *haw* he turned them north into the woods and into the gentle hills that lay there. The dogs knew every root and divot upon the well worn trail. They ran north into the heart of the world and the heart of their hearts and they skirted a lake and then another with the breeze almost cold coming across the water, and the sunlight on the water flashing silver upon the little waves the breeze raised there. The trees shouldered up against the shore. The birches had leafed out into a lighter, more liquid green than the pine needles he and the dogs had run beneath for all of the six month winter. They followed a creek up away from the lake and Quentin studied the dogs and the way they ran and he rode the brake when Bo needed him to. He called the dogs to the right of a fork in the path and Bo took them on a fifteen mile loop long enough to revel in. He rested them once with the sled on its cradle tethered by its snowhook to a birch growing beside the trail and he walked up the line, checking spines and feet with the dogs panting and their breath sweet around him. Finally he knelt in front of Bo and took Bo's collar in both hands and he kissed Bo's forehead and buried his face in the ruff of his neck. Within his fur the old dog held the smell of the woods they had just come through and the smell of the water. Within it he held the smell of trees and the marsh on the trail and the night Bo had spent in the dog yard. Sometimes Quentin could smell within Bo's fur the long, cold winter nights from runs long ago that they had run together, and the storms that they had endured together, and the smell of that moose and the smell of the blood of the dogs it had killed and the smell of the snow in which the blood had soaked and steamed and

frozen. The long, cold nights so many miles from home and the beauty of the woods both had a smell of their own, and beneath them when Quentin breathed deeply he could find the smells of Bo's loves and their breaths upon him and the life the old dog had lived among them. The milk smell of the breath of his children and the milk smell of his own mother and the earth smell of his birth. The inherited smells of long before his birth, back and back into the deep north to where and to when no modern language had yet been spoken, back to where and to when storytellers dressed in skins had danced around fires and had in words both sweet and guttural told their tales about the Arctic wind, about the woolly mammoth, the dire wolf, the gods with breaths of frost and spears of ice who had lived and loved and walked among them. Faces of listeners in firelight glowing with the fat they had been eating. The grease rubbed into their gleaming black hair and their dark eyes reflecting the flames and their hands curled and warped by the habit of tasks no longer even known. Children who so long ago had grown old and died and turned into dust and risen again in the bones of the children of their children. What songs they must have sung and what tales they must have told and it was all there in Bo's fur; he a chronicler of the ages. He a book of time. Quentin pulled back and studied the dog's eyes. They reflected the dog's wisdom. Quentin felt troubled. He passed his hand back over the frostbite scars on Bo's ears.

"I know what's real," Quentin told him. "I do."

excerpt from *The Moon Song*, a work in progress

Human beings arose from the sky and the rain and the sun and the soil and the other beings that have arisen with us.

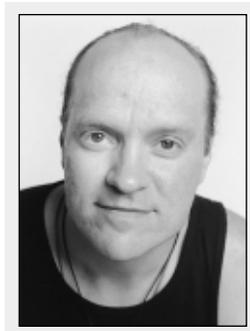
It is important to remember that evolution is a very slow process and asphalt has only been around for a century.

In the heart and the soul of us, we are really no more at home upon it than a frog is upon a freeway;
the pulse of us lies in the sound of the wind through trees, and in raindrops, and in the hum of the stars in the heavens.

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It's my main passion; it's what I was put on the earth to do." To sustain his passion for writing, Kevin McColley lives in the woods of central Minnesota, raising his own food and maintaining a demanding schedule: seven novels in the past eight years. Yet, a decade ago, McColley was just beginning the pursuit that has come to define his days.

"I was in the Navy for six years, and I saw some horrible things. I started writing while on the ship as a way to get off it." Educating himself with the writers he loved, he read Shakespeare, Steinbeck, Willa Cather, Louise Erdrich, Cormac McCarthy, writing out the passages he admired in longhand. After sending letters seeking assistance to Minnesota writers, he got a call



from best-selling author Gary Paulson, who lent him a laptop, connected him with a publisher, and eventually taught him to love sled dogs.

McColley's current project, *The Road of Last Chances*, begins with a man leaving his life behind to walk Highway 2 out of Minnesota toward Seattle. "I've walked parts of it myself. It passes through the Ojibwa and Sioux nations, and there are characters, lots of characters."

While McColley's novels begin with character, he is most interested in their music. "Stylistically, writing is to me so akin to music that at times I have trouble distinguishing between them. Every word has a sound, accents in the words create a rhythm. What I'm trying to do is find my own rhythm."

Last Fall, in a pasture just a quarter mile from the only house Joe Thurston has ever called home, a man was killed by a single shotgun blast to the head. That death doesn't bother Joe as much as he thought it would, but he thinks about what caused it. He sits at the kitchen table in the thin morning light and files back through the events that led to the death. But before the coffee is perked he's hopelessly lost in the years long before he was born. He stands up from the table and stretches. He moves to the counter, pours himself a cup of coffee and stares out the window. It is still too dark to see and he goes back to the table and starts over with what he knows best: a couple poor kids and a hundred miles of lonely road.

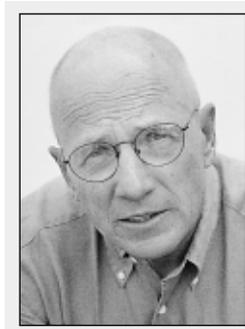
excerpt from *The Meek*, a novel in progress

I live on a ranch at the edge of the Black Hills. That fact informs my writing more than any other. It's the link between humans and the land that interests me most and the only landscape I know anything about is the Northern Great Plains. As a result my books and stories are filled with grass, wind, horses, pickups, and prairie people—society paired down to the essentials.

//

I do believe that everyone has a landscape where they function best, where their juices are flowing. Mine is the Northern Great Plains." Dan O'Brien writes books "because this vision, our vision in this part of the country, our vision needs to see the light of day." A math major with a doctorate in English, O'Brien came west from Ohio in 1970 to study with writer Fredrick Manfred and never left. Rancher, teacher, falconer, scriptwriter, O'Brien has published eight books of fiction and nonfiction in the past fifteen years.

"I've lived close to the land my entire life and have found that the subject matter I know best: ranching, ecology, and biology—from economics to the spiritual—make the best books." His recently published memoir *Buffalo for the*



Broken Heart completes a trilogy springing from his life as a South Dakota rancher. It chronicles the two-year process of converting his ranch from raising cattle ("an ungulate tourist") to buffalo. With a laugh of surprise and acceptance, he describes an outgrowth of this decision—the marketing of buffalo meat—as "possibly my salvation."

O'Brien's next project—"the trick is to keep moving,"—is a novel currently titled *The Meek*. "I'm very interested in this phenomenon everybody calls The New West: people from other places, with income from other places, trying to fit in. Taxes go up, there's a clash of classes, but they make good neighbors. They know about ecological questions, about zoning; they're good at a dinner party."

I go back to San Diego for my beginning, because I can't shake from my mind the old life: hot sand and salt water outside my window, my father's coffee left on the stove, the early, morning silence of our house, my father always gone before I'm awake. And, in the last days, the stench of Wiley, fully clothed, asleep on our living room floor.

No, I won't go back to Wiley. Instead, I carry what I have to keep to tell my story: the clutter of my aqua bulletin board, the archery ribbon I won at the summer park program, my poster of Paul Newman as Butch Cassidy. A shoe box full of poems, words to songs I want to remember. Spiral notebooks I've been writing since fourth grade, full of margin doodles and day-dreams I jotted down in class. A note with the initials of all the boys I liked in sixth grade, taped to the back of my underwear drawer. Next to my bed, my father's old black phonograph, my green case of 45 records, my first and only album.

I go back to Mission Boulevard, the sidewalks sizzling and edgy, as though the whole city is close to exploding. Girls with tangled hair panhandle; their bare bellies flash over the tops of their filthy hip-hugger jeans. Navy men bristle and spit at the hippies who hand out flowers. Most of the shops along the boule-

vard have changed their names. The Place, Magic Carpet, Electric Avenue. They sell black lights, psychedelic posters, pipes for smoking grass. On the street corners, with their guitar cases propped open for donations, boys strum guitars and sing James Taylor, Cat Stevens or Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. They sing off-key in high voices that sound nothing like the originals.

What else have I saved? My daily visits to Keith's Coffee Shop where I've eaten breakfast since first grade. The powdered sugar doughnut and carton of chocolate milk quickly slipped my way, the cracked vinyl of my usual stool sometimes cutting into my leg. My schoolbooks spilled out over the counter so Keith can quiz me to see if I've learned anything. Keith, tugging at his red goatee, "Let's see what you know today, young lady." The folded dollar bill I pass him at the last second.

I go back there, am there, sitting next to my father at the horse track. School is just out for the summer; it is June 11, my twelfth birthday. He hunches over the spread sheet and says he needs to win big so we can buy groceries.

"What about your paycheck?" I ask.

"Spent."

excerpt from *The Soul of Meara McCoy* 2000

To love the flawed life; to understand the outcast, the *other*; to live for a time in the complex soul of a stranger—these are opportunities fiction affords me. I'm sure there are easier, more reliable methods to examine the human heart, but writing is the one that allows me to press my ear against a stranger's chest and listen.

// I know there are people who make better choices than my characters, but I'm interested in characters whose choices have led to their demise as well as those who thrive. It's because I don't have any answers—do you?" Sheila O'Connor is willing to come to terms with characters who haunt her with questions. Her fiction explores "the forces that influence a character's destiny: class, family, historical time period, and the opportunities the characters are given and denied." From that grounding of culture, she creates characters whose choices determine their fate, people who can be "judged from a comfortable distance but rarely understood."

Tokens of Grace, her first novel published in 1990, began as a series of prose poems, a reflection of her previous work as a poet at the Iowa



Writers' Workshop. Shaped by O'Connor's deep interest in form, it evolved into a daringly structured novel of family pain.

The Soul of Meara McCoy is narrated by three very difficult characters—a mother and her two daughters. "These women intrigued and disturbed me; I wanted to hear their story." O'Connor's current project, *The Damage Molly's Done*, explores adoption from the point of view of the family that lost the child, and the many lives affected by that single momentous decision. "What point of view achieves in fiction fascinates me; it's a complex lens that allows us to experience a stranger's perception of the world. The human mystery is the story I want to tell myself; if I tell it to myself then maybe I can make sense of it."

Antoine likened monks to oarsmen on a ship, lifting a sheet to catch a sacred wind, the breath of something holy. Because plainsong moved in free rhythm, the notes rose and fell until a secret breeze caught the phrase and filled it out, let go, then caught it again and made it strain against simple understanding, pulling the choir along with the force of an unseen power: monks taken away. The movement of voices was then imbued with a higher significance. All things were possible during the work of God. Occasionally, Antoine recognized these subtleties.

excerpt from *All We Know of Heaven* 2001

reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

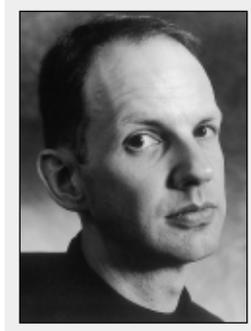
The formula for a story is simple: invent two or more characters, authentic enough to stand on their own, and let them go.

Eventually, something interesting will happen. The writer has merely to frame the action.

But framing is the hard part. Fiction is real life condensed, perhaps like shooting six hundred hours of film and editing it down to 110 minutes of fresh, seamless, compelling, and convincing narrative action.

Rémy Rougeau is a Benedictine monk, a beekeeper, and tailor for his community in the Midwest. And he is a writer, author of the recently published novel *All We Know of Heaven*, whose main character settles into the life of a contemporary religious community. “Monks and writers, it seems to me, are on similar paths.” His quiet, even voice is edged with humor. “I write for my spiritual life; it comes from the same place. But really, I just have to do it. My head is full of stories.”

As a teenager, Rougeau wrote poetry and plays, “some of them rescued from the garbage by teachers,” and continued writing after joining his community in 1983. Encouraged by writing teachers, he eventually persuaded the abbey to send him to Emerson College in Boston where



he received a Masters of Fine Arts in writing.

He finds himself writing two novels, allowing him “a degree of objectivity” moving from one to the other. Both investigate an outsider’s perspective: a French-Canadian family in the United States, and the story of a priest who struggles to make inroads into reservation culture. “The priest is always in his car, traveling to missions, trying to make a connection, wanting to see the world differently, wrestling with his ambiguous attitude toward the Catholic Church.” With his first novel—which included the subject of sexuality from a monk’s perspective—Rougeau encountered the controversy writing can ignite. “I’ve learned that I have to go to where it’s uncomfortable and write from there—that’s where the dynamic of life is.”

The CURATOR turns on the video monitor and plays the taped interview he made with MIKE before he died. As the interview plays, the CURATOR occasionally stops the tape and makes comments about MIKE, his life and art. In the first scene of the video, MIKE is in his room sitting in a chair. The CURATOR is off camera.

CURATOR: You ready?

MIKE: Whenever.

CURATOR: I guess what we'll do is I'll ask you a question and then you go ahead and answer it.

MIKE: You got a list of questions?

CURATOR: I'll just wing it.

MIKE: Oh, I'd use a list if I were you. That's what the Professionals do. You'll start to tape and you won't have anything to say.

CURATOR: I'll be fine.

pause

I see you still work on your poetry.

MIKE: Nope.

CURATOR: What about the back of this lid here?

CURATOR intrudes. He hands MIKE a poem, written on the back of a box lid.

MIKE: What about it?

CURATOR: I think you wrote this poem here.

pause

MIKE: Look, you gotta have a list of questions. I can't think of what to say.

CURATOR: I want to stay out of this as much as possible, Mike. Just read some of your poetry—like we discussed before.

MIKE: Why the hell would I want to read what hurts me?

CURATOR: Hurts you? Why?

pause

Mike?

MIKE: Poetry has no meaning for me anymore. I was hardened—I was hardened by a series of unplanned events in my life. Sensitivities that I once thought were important—that I once thought put me above everybody else—that's all lost to me now.

CURATOR: You mind if I read it?

MIKE: You'll do whatever the hell you like.

The camera scans one of MIKE'S poems. It is handwritten on the back of a box lid. The CURATOR (on the tape) reads the poem out loud.

R.I.P.

In my museum
I will display objects that
are clues to whom I am.

a book of matches with a picture of a praying mantis on the cover,
a postcard from the 1936 world's fair written in Arabic
a blood stained wool hat that I found on the side of the road.

If you are sensitive enough
you will feel the eidolons emerging from these relics

They want to steal my things when I'm gone.

They'll first come in this museum
to befriend me in my last months
and then when I'm dead,
they'll take the few bits of paper money
I have tucked away.

-Mike

excerpt from *The Convention of Cartography* 1994

The question is not why I write plays, but why I continue to write plays. I may have once had idealistic notions about the importance of human contact and ritual—about the transformational nature of theater—but these beliefs were the motivators of a young playwright.

They are not reasons enough for an adult artist to embrace an art form that has lost its once central place in our culture.

For me, being an mature playwright is more like being the last faithful servant of a deposed king.

“T heater doesn’t require anything except for one person wanting to tell a story to another. That simplicity is what I’m always trying to arrive at,” says David Hancock, whose Obie award-winning plays are among the more structurally complex new plays being written in America.

Hancock describes his work as a form of “Cagean naturalism,” achieved by immersing the audience in highly detailed environments and deploying elements of chance. *The Race of the Ark Tattoo*, for example, takes the form of a flea market where the owner invites the audience to choose objects from his display. The random selections determine the order and trajectory of the performance. “Our life story gets interrupted by accidents, then we rewrite our story. I take that and mix up the order, so you can’t even get too comfortable with



the retelling,” laughs Hancock.

Intensely engaged with creating theater in light of what he sees as “the death of realism,” Hancock remains inventive despite the scarcity of venues for theater that challenges convention. His ideas about audience involvement, the fourth wall, and chance are being reshuffled into what he senses may be an entirely new shape for his current project, *Sisters of Eve*.

Beginning a play is like “designing a crossword puzzle for myself and then having amnesia.” In the end, Hancock’s theater is a magical transaction. “I break into houses and leave oversized pop-up Santa cards, anonymously, for unsuspecting adults. I dedicate my life to creating theatrical events that intentionally intrude upon the personal space of other human beings.”



still from *Spa* 1999

Shelli Ainsworth

As a girl I watched old movies on late-night television and knew that I wanted to make something that sparkled like those beautiful gems As a woman, an artist, a mother, I strive to make films that express a truth that is at times infuriating and transcendent.

The fascination for me in making films has been reconciling my love of pop culture with a portrayal of my own experience.

It's about the layers, filters of memory, culture, gender, and spirit.

Filmmaker Shelli Ainsworth effuses—about her work and about her new digital camera. She describes an attachment she would normally reserve for “an object of art, a piece of jewelry, a cat. It has a sense of promise in it.” The ability to experiment without the “crowd of people” normally involved in filmmaking has propelled Ainsworth toward a new simplicity. The discovery of an Internet audience for her latest film *Spa* and the formation of a creative cooperative she likens to an experimental theater company are transforming her work as an independent filmmaker.

Ainsworth cut her artistic teeth writing plays with experimental theaters and made the transition to filmmaking when she adapted her play *Floyd's Projector* for television. “I found filmmak-



ing completely satisfying. I had always used Super 8 or video images in my work for the stage. I recognized that I could let words juxtapose with images and have this wild explosion of meaning.”

She has created women protagonists who struggle with balance, escape, spiritual and sexual transformation, and identity. She calls *Stay Then Go*, her first feature-length script, “a dark comedy” which draws on her experience raising a son with autism. Ainsworth’s script creates a fictional story of a mother’s journey to be combined with documentary footage of her son. “Filmmaking has a lot of gatekeepers. But there are images that are so arresting and intriguing; I have to put them out there. I will do whatever I need to get to that vision.”



still from *Apple Grown in Wind Tunnel* 2000

In one way or another, most of my work in video explores ways that everyday life can be re-framed and used as material for social criticism, aesthetic play, and re-invention.

I use experimental processes as analytical tools, ways towards uncertain but potentially meaningful outcomes.

“Every film is like Frankenstein’s monster, even the most straightforward documentary. From the minute you choose to turn on the camera you are creating meaning.” Steven Matheson creates videos that “show the stitches,” working on the edge between fact and fiction, using the documentary tradition against itself to illuminate the ideas and questions that interest him.

Stanley combines video portraiture in the documentary style with the “elaborations” of fiction to create a blatantly subjective portrait of man, and a culture, obsessed with power and tools. The constructed image is juxtaposed with documentary “evidence” to deepen and expose interpretations of the image. The black and white images in *Apple Grown in Wind Tunnel* have the elegant composition of still photographs and a low-tech tone, in keeping with the story that evolves



through a mysterious, provocative narration. “Using what’s in front of you is to some extent a political belief,” says Matheson. “Everyone can be a maker, even with very limited access or obsolete equipment. It’s about understanding the strengths and potential of the tools available.”

He came to video after an extensive background in still photography, sculpture, and conceptually based performance work. “I have no recollection of a time before I was making art. I was always drawing, and in fact,” he laughs, “as a kid I was always making sound effects as I was making drawings. To me they were movies.” Matheson has several directions in mind for his next piece, but knows the project’s shape will evolve over time. “I still approach video as being about process; I use experimental art process as an investigative tool.”



Nicole Ari Parker and Terrence Howard
still from *Spark* 1998

Developing an idea into a story through script, casting, locations, wardrobe, and props; committing images to film and cutting them together; filling the atmosphere with sound and music; and sharing the final product with audiences is challenging, rewarding, and addictive.

Garret Williams, son of a writer and a painter, tells stories driven by character and relationship, but always “keeps my mind on the images.” Given a still camera as a child, he discovered an innate understanding of composition and a love for developing black and white film. The transition to filmmaking was quick and natural, and writing for film has come to occupy most of his attention.

Williams primarily tells stories of black men and boys, casting a balanced, even critical, eye at his characters. “There is a dearth of what I feel are truthful reflections of black Americans in film today. I believe being truthful is the ultimate display of respect.” His feature *Spark* builds a quiet, relentless tension by stranding a man and his girlfriend in the American desert with a disabled car and a



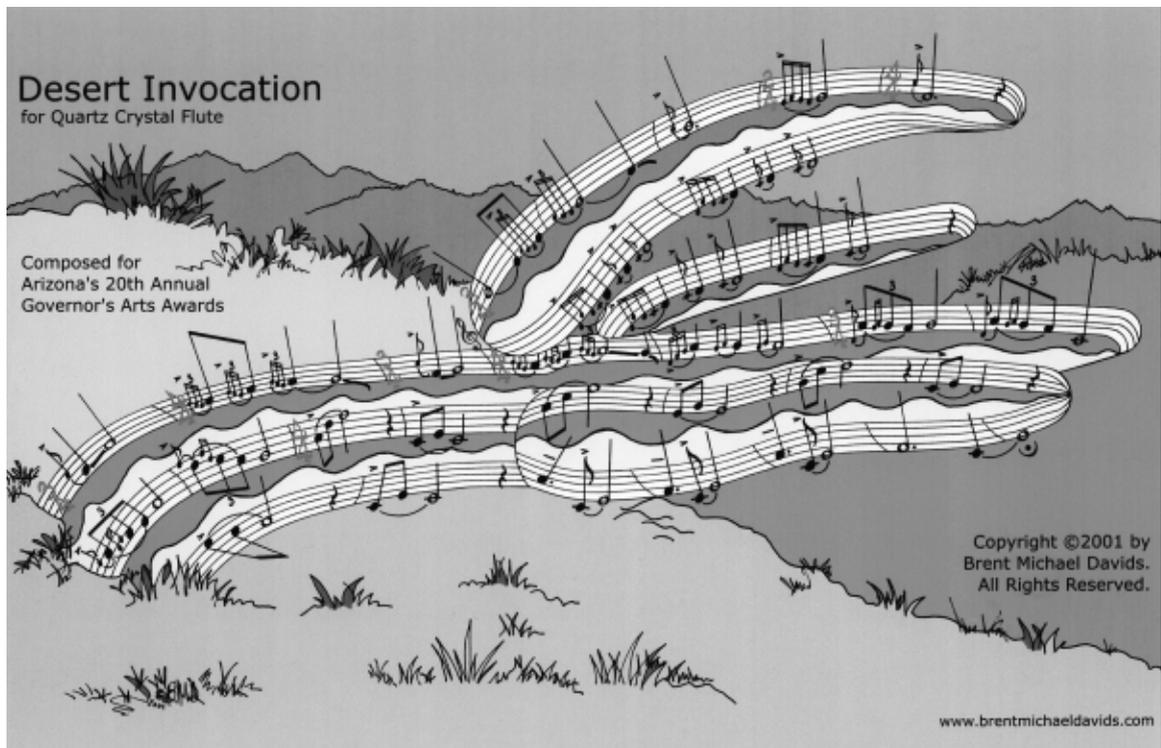
forced dependence on a broken young man. *Spit Shine*, a recently completed screenplay, continues his interest in father-son relationships: a young father, still living at home with his own mother, begins to work for and to care about the elderly owner of a shoeshine shop.

Williams is immersed in multiple projects: new and completed screenplays, research for future projects, and work on a documentary project he has been forming over the past ten years. Negotiating the financial and production aspects of filmmaking can be daunting. But the process keeps Williams steadily compelled. “Filmmaking is an interesting, diverse, rewarding process—even when it doesn’t work. I’ve been encouraged. I feel fortunate. I keep getting boosted up. I’d feel like a fool not to keep going.”

Desert Invocation

for Quartz Crystal Flute

Composed for
Arizona's 20th Annual
Governor's Arts Awards



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www.brentmichaeldavids.com

What we do, our behavior, creates the World, and the most important way of relating happens—the Cycle of Life. ‘Learning to relate well’ is our greatest responsibility and is the guiding principle of American Indian Song. When we collaborate and experiment in Song, we are discovering life benefits, not simply musical ones. Our interactions as composers, performers, audiences, students, and teachers constitute important relational skills. If we can excite creativity and cooperation in each other, we have accomplished a magnificent thing.

Most Native American languages have no word for music, according to composer Brent Michael Davids. The closest word is *song*. “I am very much an experimenter at heart—walking in a non-Mohican society as a ‘composer’ of music yet carrying the ‘heart’ of indigenous Song as I go.” Davids’ compositions for orchestra and voice combine classical music with native motifs and sensibilities. *Guardians of the Grand Canyon*, performed on the south rim of the canyon, sets an American Indian ceremony to modern chamber music. *Powwow* presents a traditional powwow with music for a 100-voice chorus and orchestra.

Davids credits the music theory classes offered at his Chicago high school for giving him the tools to begin composing at sixteen. After a decade of classical training, he began a search for

his own voice “somewhere within the cracks of the music.” His compositions emphasize sound production rather than harmony and favor live productions, in keeping with Davids’ belief that music should have a community purpose. “For American Indians, there’s no such thing as music for music’s sake.”



In pursuit of this blend of tradition, Davids has developed an unconventional, visual notation system and created an array of visually arresting instruments, most prominently the bass crystal flute. In *The Trial of Standing Bear*, he envisions a radio opera he believes to be the first created by an American Indian composer and librettist. And, as part of the Grand Canyon Music Festival, Davids has initiated a program to teach composition to American Indian high school students.

put your back into it and dig the music out my grandfather raN A PAVING CREW
when they built THE HOLLAND TUNNEL the other was an ICEMAN in Brooklyn
grandeveryone born in Italy father wrote about foreign cities recently emigrated to Minnesota hearing many languages
as a child becoming in love with art as a child
to imagine and not much else done but what else is there?

visiting radiohead??#*^%<%falling and waving??>@!@&)) :# A relation Between
the Duomo and the Baptistery? Mother/Child icon paintings?; 101001---Pianist and Floating Beastie???
a relation between the Duomo and the Baptistery!!!&?*.\$Mother/Child Icon paintings????
art may allow you to take baby steps

the pianist and the Floating Beastie?

Dance, You Monster to my soft song

art may allow you to take baby steps

01011100111010100100111010010011100011
0010000)))))))))!)))))! _+%^
art may educate you with life's lessons but

art may lead you through life lessons but

all you can ever do is become yourself more or less

please show everyone to the door

Life is the best thing we have.

//

“I should have been eighteen in 1962,” says Anthony Gatto, composer and founder of Headwaters Music and its new music festival “The Festival Dancing In Your Head.” The Judson Church performances of the 1960s are a model for the festival, which in its second year showcased 100 musicians from throughout the globe performing new music. Gatto commissioned seven new works and presented ten world premieres, primarily from local composers and musicians. Breathless, talking as fast as his ideas flow, Gatto envisions, in fact can see before him, “a building, a recording studio, an Amsterdam-style new music café,” something he describes as a serious new music venue with an attentive audience and a decent restaurant.

Growing up in a socially conscious, civic-minded family in Brooklyn, Gatto played cello,

then electric bass, and studied improvisation with Ornette Coleman before discovering the power and possibility of composed music. “Ornette was always saying, ‘You should be thinking about composition. Bass is finite, but music is infinite.’” After encountering a new universe of composed music while living in Berlin, he had a “conversion experience” and began the course of study that recently culminated in his Doctor of Musical Arts in composition from Yale University.



His new work includes a collaboration to create works for the stage using texts from Aeschylus and Euripides as well as Adorno and Kafka. He will also produce new works with his ensemble, The Orchestra Dancing In Your Head, a musical collective of “orchestral, jazz, and other freewheeling crack musicians who can go in any direction.”

Mandolin

Puckett's Farewell

P. Ostrowski

①

D / D⁷ / C[#] / B / G / G⁷ / F[#] /

G⁷ / E / F[#] / F[#] / B⁻ / B⁷ / A / G / A / A^{sus} /

A / D / GAD / G / G⁷ / F[#] /

G⁷ / E / F[#] / F[#] / B⁻ / B⁷ / A / G / A / D / D / GAD /

②

D G / A / D / D⁷ / add9 / G /

B⁻ / A / D^{sus} / D / B⁻ / C[#] / D / C[#] / A^{sus} / B / A / D / G /

A / D / F[#] / G / G / A / B⁻ / G /

G / D / ch. no 3rd / G⁷ / add9 /

G⁷ / add9 / A / Piano /

G / D (no 3rd) / 5. al capo /

I was born and raised in a community of Ukrainian immigrants who settled in Minnesota.

While listening to my people play the folk music of their homeland, I came to understand that for my people, for any people, music was a form of bonding with their land, and that the music itself has the ability to create this bond.

Through music, one could briefly dwell on foreign soil.

Performing constantly since the age of sixteen, Peter Ostroushko has established a reputation as a versatile studio musician and a virtuoso performer. Less well known is Ostroushko's dedication to composing orchestral music that incorporates the "dialects" of folk tradition.

As a child, his northeast Minneapolis neighborhood was brimming with recent arrivals from Ukraine—and with the music the community made together. Eventually he recognized that the musical heritage he'd inherited had died out in Ukraine itself after the long years of Soviet occupation. It became his urgent occupation to transcribe and record disappearing folk traditions. Ostroushko has currently focused on John Doherty, a traditional Irish fiddler of County Donegal, "a walking history of the region" whose music currently



exists only on homemade tapes.

Ostroushko began playing and writing orchestral music several years ago with the encouragement of former Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra Music Director Hugh Wolff. "There is a tradition of classical musicians using folk music as a basis for composition. My interest is to take the music of the community and to orchestrate it so it remains closer to its origins." To this end, he has become a serious student of notation and scoring. His current project is the completion of "The Borderland Suite," an orchestral suite for mandolin and chamber orchestra. "I was trained to use my emotions and a structural form based on listening ability—like being a storyteller. Now I'm getting to know the language of music. For me composing for the orchestra is an ultimate challenge."

SHELLI AINSWORTH

2730 Bryant Avenue S
Minneapolis, MN 55408
612-871-8362
geoshel@bitstream.net

Born 1955, Akron, OH

Education

1976
Attended University of Minnesota

Selected Awards and Fellowships

2000
Minnesota State Arts Board
Fellowship

1996
Jerome Foundation
Media Arts Grant

Charlotte Film and Video Festival
Director's Choice Award

1994
Minnesota State Arts Board
Career Opportunity Grant

1993
Independent Television Service
(I.T.V.S.) Production Award, T.V.
FAMILIES, James Schamus,
coordinating producer

1992
Jerome Foundation Artist Fellowship

1989
Jerome Foundation Travel and Study
Grant funded by the Dayton
Hudson Foundation on behalf of
Target Stores, Dayton's and

Mervyn's, the General Mills
Foundation, and the Jerome
Foundation

1988
Jerome Foundation Artist Fellowship
(playwright)

Selected Films/Telefilms

1999
Spa, beta, 38 minutes, writer,
director

1995
This is Destiny, 16mm, 21 minutes,
writer, director

1993
A Psychic Mom, 16mm, 28 minutes,
writer, executive producer

1988
Floyd's Projector, betacam teleplay,
35 minutes, writer

Selected Screenings

2000-01
Spa, premiered Walker Art Center,
Minneapolis, MN; Dallas Video
Festival, Dallas, TX; streaming video
via Broadcast.com (Yahoo
Broadcast); The Minneapolis
Women's Club Film Series,
Minneapolis, MN

A Psychic Mom, Walker Art Center,
Minneapolis, MN; I.T.V.S.
Retrospective

1997-98
A Psychic Mom, aired through
"Independents in Flight Program,"
Northwest Airlines

This is Destiny, premiered Walker
Art Center, Minneapolis, MN; aired
though "Independents in Flight
Program," Northwest Airlines

1996-95
A Psychic Mom, Rotterdam Film
Festival; aired by all major market
PBS stations

JONATHAN BRANNEN

817 Portland Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55104
651-310-0531
jhbrannen@earthlink.net

Born 1950, Savannah, GA

Education

1973
M.A., Creative Writing, Johns
Hopkins University, Baltimore, MD

Selected Publications – Poetry

Forthcoming
Deaccessioned Landscapes, Tucson,
AZ: Chax Press, January 2002

1999
No Place To Fall, San Francisco, CA:
Sink Press

1996
The Glassman Left Waltzing (chap-
book), Buffalo, NY: Meow Press

Thing Is The Anagram Of Night
(chapbook), Norman, OK:
Texture Press

1995

nothing doing never again (visual poetry), Oakland, CA: Score Press

1993

The Gothic Dachshund (chapbook), Morris, MN: Deep Lemons Press

1992

Crunching Numbers (chapbook), Old Hickory, TN: Standing Stones Press

birth, copulation, and death (chapbook), Rotterdam, NY: dbqp Press

1991

Sirloin Clouds (chapbook), Rotterdam, NY: dbqp Press, good-booq series

1989

Eternity (chapbook), Port Charlotte, FL: Runaway Spoon Press

Warp & Peace (chapbook), Port Charlotte, FL: Runaway Spoon Press

1982

Approaching The Border, Gulfport, FL: Konglomerati Press

1973-2001

In addition to the above collections, work (including ten short stories) has appeared in eleven anthologies, fifty-two journals, one compact disc, one cassette tape, one poster, two television shows, and multiple radio broadcasts in Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and Germany. Brannen has also given numerous readings in the United States and Canada.

BRENT MICHAEL DAVIDS

(Blue Butterfly)
3049 10th Avenue S
Minneapolis, MN 55407
612-729-8421
www.brentmichaeldavids.com
butterfly@brentmichaeldavids.com

Born 1959, Madison, WI

Education

1992

M.M., Composition & Theory,
Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ

American Indian Religious Studies,
Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ

1981

B.M., Composition & Theory,
Northern Illinois University,
DeKalb, IL

Selected Awards

1998

Sundance Institute, Film Composer's
Lab Fellowship

1998

Rockefeller Foundation, Rockefeller
Fellowship in the Humanities

1996

Northern Illinois University,
Outstanding Young Alumni Award

1990

International Music Festival-Japan,
Pacific Composer Conference
Fellowship

Selected Performances

2001

"The Last of James Fenimore
Cooper: By A Mohican," performed
by the Miró String Quartet,
Carnegie Hall, New York, NY;
Caramoor Festival, Katonah, NY;
Maverick Series, Woodstock, NY;
Grand Canyon Music Festival,
Grand Canyon, AZ; European Tour.

"Powwow Symphony" performed by
the Phoenix Symphony Orchestra,
Orchestra Hall, Phoenix, AZ

2000

"Guardians of the Grand Canyon,"
for PBS Special "Continental
Harmony," Shoshone Point &
Shrine of the Ages,
Grand Canyon, AZ

1999

"Ancestor Song," concert, Clonfert
Cathedral, Co. Galway, Ireland

"Crystal Winds & Bamboo Breezes,"
concert; Lincoln Center Out-Of-
Doors, New York, NY

"Joe & the Blue Butterfly," concert,
Village Jazz Festival, National
Museum of the American Indian,
New York, NY

1998

"Moon of the Falling Leaves," per-
formed by the Joffrey Ballet,
Telluride, CO; Auditorium
Theater, Chicago, IL; Kennedy
Center, Washington, DC; and two
countries

1997

"Night Chant," performed by Chanticleer, St. Gregory Nyssen Episcopal Church, San Francisco, CA

1996

"Native American National Anthem," performed by Kronos Quartet, Stanford University, Stanford, CA

1995

"Canyon Sunrise," performed by National Symphony Orchestra, Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, DC

1994

"The Singing Woods," performed by Kronos Quartet, Lincoln Center, New York, NY; and ten countries

SARAH FOX

1809 5th Street NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418
612-782-9629
segf@aol.com

Born 1966, Milwaukee, WI

Selected Grants and Fellowships

2001

Minnesota State Arts Board Grant

1999

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in Poetry

1998

Travel and Study Grant supported by the Dayton Hudson Foundation on behalf of Target Stores, Dayton's and Mervyn's, the General Mills Foundation, and the Jerome Foundation

1997

SASE/Jerome Foundation Award in Poetry

Selected Performances

2001

Dayton Performance Hall,
Open Book, Minneapolis, MN

"Via Negativa," played as part of a radio series produced by Trú Rúts Endeavors for KFAI Fresh Air Radio, and recorded on the spoken word CD *Words Will Heal the Wound: A Celebration of Community Through Poetry*

2001-1998

SASE About Town Readings: Artist's Quarter, Prairie Star Cafe, Blue Moon Cafe, Black Bear Crossings, Mill City Cafe, etc.

1999

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN, Free First Saturday: "Writings on the Wall"

Patrick's Cabaret, Minneapolis, MN, "Exposures" Series

1998

Weinstein Gallery, Minneapolis, MN, with Arthur Sze, inaugural "Rain Taxi Reading Series"

Selected Publications

Forthcoming March 2002

Assembly of the Shades, Cliffs of Moher, County Clare Ireland: Salmon Publishing, Ltd.,

2001

"Taking a Nap" and "A Better Blessing," *Mothers & Daughters*, New York, NY: Harmony Books/HarperCollins

1997

"Taking Back My Name," *Hard Love*, Eugene, OR: Queen of Swords Press

Poems in: *Cream City Review*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Rain City Review*, *Midlands Review*, *Conduit*, *Spout*, *Water-Stone*, *paragraph*, *Elixir*, *LUNA*, and others.

ANTHONY GATTO

4036 Vincent Avenue S, cottage
Minneapolis, MN 55410-1138
612-929-8270
agatto@aya.yale.edu

Born 1962, Brooklyn, NY

Education

2000

Doctor of Musical Arts,
(M.M.A. '94) Yale University,
New Haven, CT

1991

M.M., University of Texas at Austin,
Austin, TX

1987

Private study with Ornette Coleman,
New York, NY

1985

B.A., Grinnell College, Grinnell, IA

Selected Commissions, Honors,
and Awards

2001

Composers Commissioning
Program, Jerome Foundation,
new work for New York-based
string quartet Ethel

Aaron Copland Award,
New York, NY

2000

Meet The Composer/
Commissioning Music USA for
Falling and Waving, commissioned
by the Bakken Trio

1999

Jerome Foundation Board of
Directors Grant, St. Paul, MN, for
support of the Anthony Gatto
Ensemble and new works

1998

Jerome Foundation/Composers
Commissioning Program, St. Paul,
MN for *Music for Strings and
Percussion*

1997

McKnight Composer Fellowship,
Minneapolis, MN

1994-95

Fulbright Fellowship, for one-year
residence in Berlin, Germany

1991

American Society of Composers,
Authors and Publishers (ASCAP)
Grant to Young Composers, New
York, NY. Awarded for "the trial,"
from an opera-in-progress,
Ceausescu's Prosecutor

Wilk Prize for Music Research, Wilk
Foundation/University of Southern
California, first prize in professional
scholar's category for essay, *Bela
Bartók and Witold Lutoslawski*

Director, Headwaters Music, a non-
profit music organization

Founder of The Festival Dancing In
Your Head, held May 2000, at the
Weisman Art Museum, Minneapolis,
MN; September 2001 at the Walker
Art Center, Minneapolis, MN - pre-
senting new music of all styles and
ideas, and all voices that need to be
heard

MAUREEN GIBBON

c/o Nicole Aragi
Watkins-Loomis Literary Agency
133 East 35th Street, Suite One
New York, NY 10016
212-675-8725
maureengibbon@yahoo.com

Born 1963, Wilkes Barre, PA

Education

1989

M.F.A., English, University of Iowa
Writers' Workshop, Iowa City, IA

1984

B.A., Anthropology, Barnard College,
New York, NY

Selected Grants, Fellowships,
Honors, and Awards

1999

Loft McKnight Award, Fiction

1994

Yale Series of Younger Poets finalist
for manuscript *Kicking Horse My
True Husband*

National Poetry Series finalist for
manuscript *Kicking Horse My True
Husband*

1993

Minnesota State Arts Board
Fellowship, Poetry

1992

Loft McKnight Artist Fellowship,
Poetry

Selected Readings

2000

“Open-Ended: A Works in Progress Reading Series” at Open Book, Minneapolis, MN

Selected Publications

2000

Swimming Sweet Arrow, New York, NY: Little, Brown and Company
Foreign editions: Hodder Stoughton (U.K.), Gyldendal Norsk Forlag (Norway), Goldmann Verlag (Germany)

Excerpt from *Swimming Sweet Arrow* published at www.nerve.com (American, Spanish, German, and French sites)

2000-01

Numerous book reviews appearing in the *Star Tribune*

1996

“Un bruit qui court” and “Trains carrying sleepers,” in *The Party Train: A Collection of North American Prose Poetry*, Minneapolis, MN: New Rivers Press

W. DAVID HANCOCK

c/o Morgan Jenness
Helen Merrill Ltd.
295 Lafayette Street, Suite 915
New York, NY 10012-2700
212-226-5015

Born 1962, Manhattan, NY

Education

1990

M.F.A., The University of Iowa Playwrights' Workshop, Iowa City, IA

1984

B.A., Bucknell University, Lewisburg, PA

Selected Awards

2001

TCG/NEA Theatre Residency Grant

2000

Travel and Study Grant supported by Target Stores, Dayton's and Mervyn's California with support from the Target Foundation, General Mills Foundation, and Jerome Foundation

CalArts/Alpert Award in the Arts

Creative Capital Grant

1999

OBIE Award for playwriting, *The Race of the Ark Tattoo*

Best Drama, *The Race of the Ark Tattoo*, Austin Critics' Circle

McKnight Advancement Grant

1998

Whiting Writers' Award

1997

The Hodder Fellowship, Princeton University

1996

McKnight Playwriting Fellowship

OBIE Award for playwriting, *The Convention of Cartography*

Selected Productions

Forthcoming 2002

The Convention of Cartography, Empty Space Theatre, Seattle, WA

The Race of the Ark Tattoo, Mary Worth Theatre, Minneapolis, MN

Ordering Seconds, Rude Mechanicals, Austin, TX

2001

The Race of the Ark Tattoo, The Studio Theatre, Washington, DC; A Contemporary Theatre, Seattle, WA

1999

The Convention of Cartography, People's Light & Theatre Co., Philadelphia, PA

1998

The Race of the Ark Tattoo, Frontera@Hyde Park Theatre, Austin, TX; The Foundry Theatre at PS 122, New York, NY

1997

Deviant Craft, Frontera@Hyde Park Theatre, Austin, TX

1995

Deviant Craft, The Foundry Theatre and Creative Time, Inc., New York, NY

1994

The Convention of Cartography, The Foundry Theatre, New York, NY

ADRIAN C. LOUIS

English Department
Southwest State University
Marshall, MN 56258
507-537-7155
louisa@southwest.msus.edu

Born 1946, Lovelock, Nevada

Education

1979

M.A., Creative Writing, Brown University, Providence, RI

1978

B.A., English, Brown University, Providence, RI

Selected Awards

1999

Elected to Nevada Writer's Hall of Fame

1996

Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fellowship

1992

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship

1990

Bush Artist Fellowship

Selected Publications

Poetry

2001

Bone & Juice, Evanston, IL:
Northwestern University Press

2000

Ancient Acid Flashes Back, Reno, NV: University of Nevada Press

1998

Ceremonies of the Damned, Reno, NV: University of Nevada Press

1995

Vortex of Indian Fevers, Evanston, IL:
Northwestern University Press

1992

Among the Dog Eaters, Albuquerque, NM: West End Press

1989

Fire Water World, Albuquerque, NM:
West End Press

Selected Publications

Fiction

1997, 1996

Wild Indians & Other Creatures, Reno, NV: University of Nevada Press; French language versions: 1999, Paris: Éditions Du Rocher, 2001, Paris: Éditions Gallimard

1995

Skins, New York, NY:
Crown/Random House, French language versions: 1997, Paris: Éditions Du Rocher, 2001, Paris: Éditions Gallimard

STEVEN MATHESON

255 East Kellogg #304
St. Paul, MN 55101
651-310-0991
crabgrass@drak.com

Born 1964, Wilkensburg, PA

Education

1996

M.F.A., University of California at San Diego, San Diego, CA

1990

B.A., University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, CA

Selected Awards

2001

Golden Gate Award, San Francisco International Film Festival

1999

Jerome Foundation,
Media Arts Grant

1998

Career Opportunity Grant,
Minnesota State Arts Board

1997

Juror's Choice Award, Black Maria Film and Video Festival

1995

Jury Award, New York Exposition of Short Film and Video

Selected

Exhibitions/Broadcasts/Screenings

2007

Apple Grown in Wind Tunnel,
Independent Eye, broadcast,
Maryland Public Television

2000

Apple Grown in Wind Tunnel,
Science Friction, screening,
Nova Scotia Gallery of Art,
Halifax, Nova Scotia

1997

Stanley, Through the Lens, broad-
cast, PBS affiliate WYBE,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Berlin
VideoFest, screening, Podewil
Theater, Berlin, Germany

The Sky and its Exacting Protocol,
Troisième Manifestation
Internationale Video et Art
Électronique, screening,
Champ Libre, Montréal, Québec

1996

Stanley, New York Video Festival,
screening, Lincoln Center,
New York; "Private TV, Public
Living Rooms," traveling group
exhibition/screening, Museum of
Contemporary Art, Los Angeles,
CA, Los Angeles Contemporary
Exhibition, Los Angeles, CA,
Huntington Beach Art Center,
Huntington Beach, CA

KEVIN McCOLLEY

Route 1, Box 427
Pinewood, MN 56676
218-243-3319
kmccolle@paulbunyan.net

Born 1961, Waseca, MN

Education

1988-90

Study of forestry, University of
Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN

1984-86

Study of nuclear engineering, Naval
Nuclear Power School, Orlando, FL

1980-81

Pre-medical studies, Asbury College,
Wilmore, KY

Awards

1998

Finalist: Dashiell Hammett Prize,
International Association of
Crime Writers

1994

Minnesota State Arts Board
Individual Artist Fellowship

Selected Publications

2000

*The Other Side: A Novel of the Civil
War*, New York, NY: Simon and
Schuster

1998

Praying to a Laughing God, New
York, NY: Simon and Schuster

1996

Switch, New York, NY: Simon and
Schuster

1995

Sun Dance, New York, NY: Simon
and Schuster

1994

Pecking Order, New York, NY:
HarperCollins

1993

The Walls of Pedro Garcia, New York,
NY: Delacorte Press

DAN O'BRIEN

Route 2, Box 174
Whitewood, SD 57793
605-347-6156
dob@enetis.net

Born 1947, Findlay, OH

Education

1989

Ph.D. candidate, English, University
of Denver, Denver, CO

1976

M.F.A., Fiction,
Bowling Green State University,
Bowling Green, OH

1972

M.A., English, University of South
Dakota, Vermillion, SD

1970

B.S., Mathematics, University of
Findlay, Findlay, OH

Selected Awards

2000
Western Heritage Award,
Best Novel of 2000

1993
Honorary Doctorate, University of
South Dakota, Vermillion, SD

1988
Western Writer's, Best First
Novel Award

1988
Breadloaf Scholarship

1987
Iowa School of Letters, Short Fiction
Award for Story Collection

1983
National Endowment for the Arts
Fellowship

1981
Winner, Loft Mentor Series

1979
South Dakota Artist's Fellowship

1976
National Endowment for the Arts
Fellowship

Books

2001
Buffalo for the Broken Heart, nonfiction,
New York, NY: Random House

1999
The Contract Surgeon, novel,
New York, NY: Lyons Press

1997

Equinox, nonfiction, New York, NY:
Lyons Press

1996

Brendan Prairie, novel, New York,
NY: Scribners

1991

In the Center of the Nation, novel,
New York, NY: Atlantic Press

1988

Rites of Autumn, nonfiction,
New York, NY: Atlantic Press

1987

Spirit of the Hills, novel, New York,
NY: Crown Publishers

1986

Eminent Domain, short stories, Iowa
City, IA: University of Iowa Press

SHEILA O'CONNOR

4188 West 44th Street
Minneapolis, MN 55424
952-925-4265
tokensofgrace@aol.com

Born 1958, Minneapolis, MN

Education

1986
M.F.A., Iowa Writers' Workshop,
University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA

1982

B.A., English, University of
Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN

Selected Awards

2001
Honorable Mention: Loft McKnight
Award of Distinction

1999

Minnesota State Arts Board
Fellowship

Tamarack Award for Fiction

1990

Finalist, Minnesota Book Award

1989

Loft McKnight Fellowship

Selected Publications

Forthcoming 2002
"The Good Word,"
Alaska Quarterly Review

2001

"The Assassination," *Blink*; sudden
fiction anthology, Minneapolis, MN:
Spout Press

"I Will Write About You," "Morning
Vows," and "Gifts," in *She Is the
Song, I Am the Music*, New York,
NY: Harmony Books

1999

"Just Say the Word," *Minnesota
Monthly Magazine*, winner of
Tamarack Award for Fiction

1990

Tokens of Grace, Minneapolis, MN:
Milkweed Editions, finalist for
Minnesota Book Award

1989

Five stories, *Helicon Nine*
Reprinted 1990: *Helicon Nine*
Reader, Best of 10 Years

New Work

The Soul of Meara McCoy, 2000,
unpublished novel

PETER OSTROUSHKO

4007 Dupont Avenue N
Minneapolis, MN 55412
612-529-2884
most@well.com

Born 1953, Minneapolis, MN

Education

On the road

Selected Awards

2000

Distinguished Leadership Award
(Arts) from the Huntington's
Disease Society of America

Best Folk Recording for *Sacred Heart*
CD, Minnesota Music Academy

1995

Best Acoustic Instrumental
Recording, for *Heart of the*
Heartland CD, awarded by NAIRD
(National Association of
Independent Recording
Distributors)

Selected Recordings

2000

Sacred Heart, Red House Records

1997

Pilgrims on the Heartroad, Red
House Records

1995

Heart of the Heartland, Red House
Records

Selected Performances

PBS's *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood*
PBS's *Austin City Limits*
CBS's *The David Letterman Show*
Twenty-five years with Minnesota
Public Radio's *A Prairie Home*
Companion
30 years of concert tours from
Moscow, Idaho to Moscow, Russia
and everywhere in between

RÉMY ROUGEAU

The Richard Parks Agency
138 East 16th Street, Suite 5B
New York, NY 10003
212-254-9067
rp@richardparksagency.com
remyrougeau@NewMail.Net

Born 1953, Carrington, ND

Education

1998

M.F.A., Creative Writing, Emerson
College, Boston, MA

1990

B.A., Humanities, St. Martin's
College, Lacey, WA

Selected Publications

2001

All We Know of Heaven,
Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin

2000

"Cello," *The Atlantic Monthly*,
November

"Monsieur Flaubert," *The New*
Quarterly, Winter

"Things Now Far Away," *Aura*
Literary Arts Review, Spring

"Hawksnest," *South Dakota Review*,
Summer

1999

"Saints of the Desert," *Image: A*
Journal of the Arts & Religion,
Number 25

"Autumn Leaves," *South Dakota*
Review, Winter

1998

"Signs and Wonders," *North Dakota*
Quarterly, 65:4

GARRET WILLIAMS

c/o Kimber Wheeler
H.W.A. Talent Representatives
350 W. Olive Avenue, Suite 1400
Burbank, CA 91505
818-972-4310
kimberwheeler@mediaone.net
garretwilliams@hotmail.com

Born 1967, Minneapolis, MN

Education

1994

M.F.A., Film Production, The American Film Institute, CAFTS, Los Angeles, CA
Mary Pickford Foundation Scholarship, The Stan Camen Endowment, The Gary Hendler Minority Filmmakers Scholarship

1989

B.A., Communications/Studio Art, Augsburg College, Minneapolis, MN

Selected Grants, Fellowships, Honors, and Awards

1999

Urbanworld Film Festival, Best Director for *Spark*

1997

Sundance January Screenwriters Lab Fellowship

Sundance June Filmmakers Lab Fellowship

Gordon Parks Award, nominee

Showtime Black Filmmakers Grant

1996

Minnesota Blockbuster/McKnight Film Fund Award

Most Promising Filmmaker, Sinking Creek Film Festival

1995

National Endowment for the Arts, Film Production Grant

1994

Bush Artist Fellowship

Selected Films/Screenings

2000

BB Gun, 16mm, 21 minutes, writer, producer, director, Showtime Black Filmmakers Showcase

1998

Spark, 35mm, 101 minutes, writer, director: Sundance Film Festival,

International forum de Jungen Films-Berlin Film Festival, Cinema Jove- Spain, Stockholm, Puerto Rico, and Pan-African Film Festival, Opening Night Film-Minneapolis/St. Paul International Film Festival and Prized Pieces Film Festival

1996

Spark, 16mm, 38 minutes, writer, producer, director: Sundance Film Festival, New Director/New Films-MOMA, USA Film Festival- Grand Prize, Showtime Black Filmmakers Showcase- Best Film, Black Harvest Film Festival- Chicago Art Institute, AFI at Kennedy Center

1994

Helicopter, 16mm, 30 minute, co-writer, producer: Black American Cinema Society- Best Film, Chicago International Film Festival- Silver Hugo, Black Filmmakers Hall of Fame- Best Short, Cleveland and Philadelphia International Film Festivals- Best Student Film

C-Choreography
CMP-Choreography/Multimedia/
Performance Art
F/V-Film/Video
L-Literature
MC-Music Composition
S-Scriptworks
VA-Visual Arts
VA2D-Visual Arts: Two Dimensional
VA3D-Visual Arts: Three
Dimensional

1976

Fisher, Carole G. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Greenberg, Alvin D. (L)
St. Paul, MN
Hallman, Gary (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
McGrath, Thomas M. (L)
Moorhead, MN
Moore, James (L)
St. Paul, MN
Torbert, Stephanie B. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

1977

Breidel, Joseph M. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Dacey, Philip H. (L)
Cottonwood, MN
Leicester, Andrew (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Marcheschi, Louis R. (Cork), (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Martini, Galen (L)
St. Joseph, MN

Nielsen, Stuart A. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Waterman, Cary A. (L)
LeCenter, MN

1978

Aiken, Joe (VA)
St. Cloud, MN
Bly, Robert (L)
Madison, MN
Cardona-Hine, Alvaro (L)
St. Paul, MN
Fiene, Susan (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Harrison, Keith E. (L)
Northfield, MN
Klosky, Linda R. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Ogle, Philip B. (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Weise, Richard W. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
White, James L. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

1979

Brush, Leif (VA)
Duluth, MN
Celender, Donald D. (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Gohlke, Frank W. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Hampl, Patricia (L)
St. Paul, MN
Jenkins, Louis B. (L)
Duluth, MN
Millman, Lawrence B. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Rose, Thomas A. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Sorman, Steven R. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Whipple, Barbara E. (L)
Plainview, MN

1980

Bly, Carol (L)
Madison, MN
Breckenridge, Jill (L)
St. Paul, MN
Bundy, Peter (VA)
Northfield, MN
Byrne, James R. (VA)
Wayzata, MN
Drewes, Jennifer (Link) (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Greenberg, Alvin D. (L)
St. Paul, MN
Kearney, Robert P. (L)
Minneapolis, MN
Klipper, Stuart D. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Rylander, Edith (L)
Grey Eagle, MN
Walker, Mary K. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Waterman, Charles K. (L)
LeCenter, MN

1981

Akagawa, Kinji A. (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Browne, Michael Dennis (L)
Benedict, MN
Chamberlain, Marisha A. (L)
St. Paul, MN
Charlesworth, Bruce (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Cole, Richard D. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Goldes, David (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Jacoby, Roger S. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Jankofsky, Kay Kurt (VA)
Duluth, MN

McGrath, Thomas M. (L)
Moorhead, MN

Mura, David (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Solien, T.L. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

1982

Alden, Paulette Bates (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Beyer, Steven J. (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Goldberg, Natalie R. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Holm, Bill (L)
Minneota, MN

Levine, Edward (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Minczeski, John M. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Moore, James M. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Schwartz, Robert A. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Sprengnether, Madelon S. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Welch, Susan (L)
Minneapolis, MN

1983

Blaw, Laura A. (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Boesing, Martha (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Brush, Gloria DeFilipps (VA)
Duluth, MN

Duckwall, Kristi W. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Green, Kate (L)
St. Paul, MN

Leicester, Andrew (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Rockcastle, Mary F. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Verburg, JoAnn (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Waterman, Cary A. (L)
Mankato, MN

Wilson, August (L)
St. Paul, MN

1984

Burns, Alan (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Callahan, James P. (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Fisher, Carole G. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Gaard, Frank L. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Gammell, Linda K. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Hovda, Eleanor J. (MC)
Duluth, MN

Jenkins, Louis B. (L)
Duluth, MN

Kiland, Lance E. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Paske, Richard C. (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Rhodes, Phillip C. (MC)
Northfield, MN

Schlesinger, John A. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Shapiro, Linda J. (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Swanson, Susan Marie (L)
St. Paul, MN

Visscher, Jantje (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Wilson, Edward W. (L)
Bloomington, MN

1985

Bly, Robert (L)
Moose Lake, MN

Cheng, Maria (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Delattre, Pierre H. (L)
Stillwater, MN

Feingold, Ken (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Francisco, Patricia W. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Hanson, Phebe D. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Howerton, Walter H. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Kielkopf, Jacqueline K. (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Le Sueur, Meridel (L)
St. Paul, MN

Lynch, Harry M. (Mike), (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Maguire, Charlie (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Olson, Wendy M. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Stokes, Eric N. (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Tracy, Colleen J. (L)
Kasota, MN

Van Wieren, Laurie S. (C)
Minneapolis, MN

1986

Big Bear, Frank (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Blessing, Lee (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Campopiano, Remo (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Easter, Mary (C)
Northfield, MN

Hemingway Jones, Kathy (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Keenan, Deborah (L)
St. Paul, MN

Massey, Rod (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Olsen, David John (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Pejsa, Jane (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Snyder, John (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Spieler, Sandra (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Stephens, Georgia (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Vandervelde, Janika (MC)
St. Paul, MN

White, J.P. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Woodward, Steven (VA)
St. Paul, MN

1987

Andersen, Norman A. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Brady, Timothy (L)
St. Paul, MN

Engman, John (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Hampl, Patricia (L)
St. Paul, MN

Hribal, C.J. (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Klein, Jon (L)
Minneapolis, MN

LaChapelle, Mary (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Lambrecht, Homer G. (MC)
Lauderdale, MN

Madzo, David (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Schoenfield, Paul (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Schwartz, Rosalyn D. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Sullivan, Chris (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Weaver, Will (L)
Bemidji, MN

1988

Argue, Doug (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Bombardier, Bradley A. (MC)
Duluth, MN

Coskran, Kathleen (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Dell, Irve (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Field, Barbara (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Kilgore, Davida (L)
St. Paul, MN

Kling, Kevin (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Kosch, Michael (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Krueger, Kent (L)
St. Paul, MN

Locke, Kevin (C)
Wakpala, SD

Means, David (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Morris, Wendy (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Mura, David (L)
St. Paul, MN

Olive, John (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Tittle, Jim (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

1989

Brewer, Richard T. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Brooks, Jeffrey E. (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Caddy, John (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Charlesworth, Bruce (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Childs, Mary Ellen (MC)
St. Paul, MN

DeMichiel, Helen (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Edwards, JonMarc (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Jacobson, Jean Alice (L)
Duluth, MN

Kaplow, Shana (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Larsen, Libby (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Maitland, Margaret Todd (L)
St. Paul, MN

Meek, Jay (L)
Grand Forks, ND

Mickelson, Monty (L)
Bloomington, MN

Smith, Gregory Blake (L)
Northfield, MN

Sutter, Barton (L)
Duluth, MN

1990

Cutler, Bruce (L)
St. Paul, MN

Dahl, Stephen M. (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Di Palma, Susana (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Evans, David Allan (L)
Brookings, SD

Green, Gregory (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Kirkpatrick, Patricia (L)
St. Paul, MN

Kittelson, Vesna (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Laidlaw, Brett (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Leicester, Andrew (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Louis, Adrian C. (L)
Pine Ridge, SD

Mann, Paula (C)
Minneapolis, MN

McGuire, Judy (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Seals, David (VA)
near Bear Butte, SD

Simonett, Bill (VA)
Minnetonka, MN

Solien, T. L. (VA)
Pelican Rapids, MN

Sommers, Michael (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

1991

Dennehy, Dan (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Dwyer, David (L)
Lemmon, SD

Geesaman, Lynn (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Hawkins, Christie (VA)
Kasota, MN

Katz, Judith (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Kreilkamp, Ben (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Lease, Ellen (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Leo, Vince (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Miles, Margaret (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Moroni, Aldo L., Jr. (VA)
Avon, MN

Mueller, Eric West (VA)
Richfield, MN

Rylander, Edith (L)
Grey Eagle, MN

Sturm, Daniel K. (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Tretbar, Eric (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Wirth, Karen M. (VA)
St. Paul, MN

1992

Aiken, Ta-coumba (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Bowker, Sarah (VA)
Menomonie, WI

Fiene, Susan (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Green, Kate (L)
St. Paul, MN

Henkel, James (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Herrmann, Marianne (L)
St. Louis Park, MN

Jones, Seitu (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Laughlin, Kathleen (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Pickett, Keri (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Pitt, Suzan (VA)
Fountain City, WI

Rathman, David (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Scully, Patrick (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Shambroom, Paul (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Spotted Eagle, Chris (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Whiteman, Ernest (VA)
St. Paul, MN

1993

Becknell, John M. (L)
Minnetonka, MN
Cinque, Chris (S)
Minneapolis, MN
Cypis, Dorit (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Dick, David (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Goldes, David (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Holmes, Janet A. (L)
St. Paul, MN
Hovda, Eleanor (MC)
St. Paul, MN
James, Stewart (L)
Stillwater, MN
McClinton, Marion (S)
St. Paul, MN
Mead, Stuart (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Norris, Kathleen (L)
Lemmon, SD
Stokes, Eric (MC)
Minneapolis, MN
Taylor, Bruce (L)
Eau Claire, WI
Thomas, Carei F. (MC)
Minneapolis, MN
Verburg, JoAnn (VA)
St. Paul, MN

1994

Accola, Hans (VA)
Minneapolis, MN
Carter, Emily (L)
Minneapolis, MN
Chvala, Joe (C)
Minneapolis, MN

Garten, Cliff (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Greene, Lori (VA)
Mahtomedi, MN
Hildebrand, John (L)
Eau Claire, WI
Johnson, Catherine L. (VA)
Wayzata, MN

Kaniess, Daniel (VA)
St. Paul, MN
Kimm, Barry (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Kunz, Natalie (L)
St. Paul, MN

Lawrence, Robert (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Price, Melba (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Robeson, Susan (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Williams, Garret (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Zontelli, Patricia (L)
Menomonie, WI

1995

Bloch, Ricardo (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Faust, Christopher (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Francisco, Patricia Weaver (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Golfus, Billy (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Green, Rafala (VA)
St. Paul, MN

Holm, Bill (L)
Minneota, MN

Keenan, Deborah (L)
St. Paul, MN

Klipper, Stuart (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Long, Larry (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

O'Reilley, Mary Rose (L)
St. Paul, MN

Solly, Richard (L)
St. Paul, MN

Turczan, Katherine (VA)
Minneapolis, MN

Williams, Jeffrey Scott (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Williams, Marie Sheppard (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Yuzna, Susan (L)
Albert Lea, MN

1996

Arneson, Heidi (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Damon, Betsy (VA3D)
St. Paul, MN

Gaiter, Colette (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Grandell, Steven (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Huie, Wing Young (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Lauterbach, Michael (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Lukkas, Lynn T. (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

McGibbon, Bridget (VA2D)
Keystone, SD

Mojsilov, Zoran (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Ramaswamy, Rancee (CMP)
Burnsville, MN

Sveda-Uncapher, Susan (VA2D)
Eau Claire, WI

Wood, Ann (VA3D)
St. Paul, MN

1997

Borich, Barrie Jean (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Donnan, Kristin (S)
Hill City, SD

Ewart, Douglas (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Gwiazda, Henry (MC)
Fargo, ND

Hedin, Robert (L)
Frontenac, MN

Hines, Kim (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Kilstofte, Anne (MC)
Bloomington, MN

Oeur, U Sam (L)
Eagan, MN

Olive, John (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Penman, Sarah (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

Rossini, Clare (L)
Northfield, MN

Schroeder, Tom (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

Tang, Mark Kwok-Wah (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

Vandervelde, Janika (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Zhang, Ying (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

1998

Aiken, Chris (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Big Bear, Frank (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Bogren Swift, Vernal (VA2D)
Bovey, MN

Carroll, Mary (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Day, Julia Anne (VA3D)
Vermillion, SD

Esch, Mary (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Fischer, Robert (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Johnston, Randy J. (VA3D)
River Falls, WI

Larson, Chris (VA3D)
St. Paul, MN

McConneloug, Shawn (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Morgan, Clarence (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Onofrio, Judy (VA3D)
Rochester, MN

Rathbun, Mike (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Sommers, Michael (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Zoltners, Mara (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

1999

Benitez, Sandra (L)
Edina, MN

Childs, Mary Ellen (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Daum, Ann (L)
Okaton, SD

Day, Cathy (L)
Mankato, MN

Frey, Sayer (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

Garland, Max (L)
Eau Claire, WI

Heideman, Kathleen (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Hill, Edie (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Kelby, N.M. (L)
St. Paul, MN

Lloyd, Roseann (L)
St. Paul, MN

Maiolo, Joseph (L)
Duluth, MN

Maitland, Margaret Todd (L)
St. Paul, MN

Obolensky, Kira (S)
Minneapolis, MN

Simenson, William (MC)
St. Paul, MN

Vadja, Deborah L. (L)
St. Paul, MN

2000

Andersen, Norman (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Bart, Harriet (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Branner, Djola (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Brown, Tony (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Carr, Judale (VA2D)
Worthington, MN

Charlesworth, Bruce (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Davidson, Stacey (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Gorcica, William (VA3D)
St. Cloud, MN

Kareken, Michael (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Lois-Borzi, Ana (VA3D)
Golden Valley, MN

Smith, Joanie (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Stiehm, Robin (CMP)
Sandstone, MN

Thao, Cy (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Thorson, Morgan (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Young, Marcus (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

PROGRAM OFFICER

Nancy Fushan

BUSH ARTIST FELLOWS PROGRAM DIRECTOR

Julie Gordon Dalglish

PROGRAM ASSISTANT

Kathi Polley

WRITERS

Joy Harjo
Patricia Weaver Francisco

DESIGN/PRODUCTION

Nancy H. Teufert,
River West Design

Hall Kelley

PHOTO CREDITS

Portraits by Wing Young Huie
except Adrian C. Louis by Colleen M.
Brewer, Rémy Rougeau by Broge and
Vannote, and Garret Williams by Carol
Strober

CD PRODUCTION/ENGINEERING

Alan Baker

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Bush Artist Fellows Program
East 900
First National Bank Building
332 Minnesota Street
St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

651-227-0891
800-605-7315
www.bushfoundation.org

Printed on recycled paper.

