

*Bush
Artist
Fellows*

2003



Bush Foundation

LITERATURE

POETRY, FICTION, CREATIVE NONFICTION

Mai Neng Moua
Lee Ann Roripaugh
David Treuer
Ka Vang
Wang Ping

SCRIPTWORKS

PLAYWRITING AND SCREENWRITING

Vincent Delaney
Adelaide MacKenzie Fuss
Kevin Kling

FILM • VIDEO

Liza Davitch
Jenny Lion
David Ryan

MUSIC COMPOSITION

Philip Blackburn
Tellef Johnson
Michelle Kinney
J.D. Steele

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

TRADITIONAL AND FOLK ARTS

Applications for all disciplines will be considered in alternating years.

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
FILM • VIDEO**

Judy Irving
Documentary filmmaker
San Francisco, California

Laurence Kardish
Senior Curator, Department of Film
and Media
Museum of Modern Art
New York, New York

Yvonne Rainer
Film/videomaker and choreographer
New York, New York

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
LITERATURE**

Kimiko Hahn
Poet and Professor of English
Queens College/CUNY
Flushing, New York

Judith Kitchen
Fiction and nonfiction writer
Writer-In-Residence
SUNY Brockport
Brockport, New York

Shawn Wong
Fiction writer and Professor of English
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
MUSIC COMPOSITION**

Anthony Davis
Composer and Professor of Music
University of California–San Diego
San Diego, California

Janice Giteck
Composer and Professor of Music
Cornish College of the Arts
Seattle, Washington

Elizabeth Schulze
Music Director and Conductor
Maryland Symphony Orchestra
Williamsport, Maryland

**PRELIMINARY PANEL
SCRIPTWORKS**

Kathleen Dimmick
Dramaturg and director
New York, New York

Erik Ehn
Playwright and theater faculty
California Institute of the Arts
Greenbrae, California

Elizabeth Wong
Playwright, screenwriter, and lecturer
University of California
–Santa Barbara
Monterey Park, California

FINAL PANEL

Anthony Davis
Composer and Professor of Music
University of California–San Diego
San Diego, California

Erik Ehn
Playwright and theater faculty
California Institute of the Arts
Greenbrae, California

Boo Froebel
Artistic Director, Galapagos Art Space
Producer, Performance on 42nd at the
Whitney Museum of American Art
at Altria
New York, New York

Yvonne Rainer
Film/videomaker and choreographer
New York, New York

Shawn Wong
Fiction writer and Professor of English
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

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 \$44,000 for a 12- to 18-month period. In 2003, 15 artists were selected to receive 15 Bush Artist Fellowships. They were chosen from a total of 475 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 2003 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

Grace

“...Really beautiful works of art are examples of ensembles in which independent factors occur, in a manner impossible to understand, so as to form a unique thing of beauty.”

— Simone Weil, *The Needs of the Soul*

Time for supper.

It's common sense (the sense that counts).

The Bush Foundation fulfills its mission with ideas and money but most germanely through the breaking of bread. *[For the past ten years the Bush Artist Fellows program has convened on a quarterly basis all active fellows for informal social gatherings where they talk about issues, share work, or simply enjoy each others company.]*

And

Distributive Culture marks the end of empire.

Ronald Rolheiser laments the atrophy of contemplation in *Shattered Lantern*; he cites narcissism, pragmatism and unbridled restlessness as interlocked causes. If prayer (variously defined as knowledge, thoughtfulness, awareness) is the battery that powers the coherence of a people and directs it to the future,

then our charge is dangerously weak.

When people are widely scattered (ethically) so that they depend, at root, on the vehicle of appropriation, when folks are dependent on that which reduces them, and when their dependence is a money machine for the concentrated few... first poetry, next language in general, then memory, then intellect, then will, and then the soul itself decays.

Then the soul refuses to disappear. Where the many are taken *from* and distributed *to* (the market scaffolded up as the only apparent reality), a bur-nished insistence shows up when all else wears away: an impulse among the scattered many to gather purpose from themselves, sometimes at the expense of the few. Empires always end. Popular will assembles itself, recognizes and remembers itself, reprises and expands its language, and perfects its language in poetry (all art being poetry). People in command of their poetry are revolutionary.

Right now, culturally, something is very bleak. And the bleak reveals a brilliance. The Global is increasingly monolithic, and the local is under siege;

the radical return to poetry is almost invisible—because so out of scale in its opposition to uniformity. Hope is secure in small gatherings, in the retrieval of careful conversation, in the shyness and assertion of the face-to-face.

(In the next sweep of the cycle, art/conversation is commodified then priced out of reach of the mass of people. We are made and kept lonely so that our humanity itself can be sold back to us.)

The computer age is madly distributive and anti-nuance (metaphors broken down and resold for parts). The commercial applications and absolute devaluation of text have emerged with amazing swiftness. Resistance is also rising. A brilliant bulletin board, the Net is increasingly understood as a means to a live end. The artist gatherings sponsored by the Bush Foundation share in that end and are part of a very great good.

Namely—supper: what we *hold* in common, alive and in shared space. The sacramental asks for faith in incarnation—the premise that beyond corporate illusion (fictive, superior personalities) there is the sacred (the just, the loving, the impersonal –S. Weil). We can break through to reunite with what survives of justice in our flesh and blood humanity.

The advance guard of poetry can't retreat from eschatology, can't fear growing old, needs to resist the trap of generating the next without taking care of the last.

Through slow rituals of communion, integrated as habits over time and outside the market, we will be able to memorize, refine and deepen each other's work and lives.

To prevent the obliteration of coherence, we must literally and figuratively break bread together—more aptly, we must break together, break into each other, find wholeness in common courtesies, common sense, in the common. We do well to convene, in the flesh, honest about the requirements of our humanity (food, shelter). And somehow we'll have to do more than expose or advertise our work to each other; we will have to need it, mutually, and to make room in process for mutual need (writing for and with each other; performing, painting in response to one another, in one another's spaces/faces).

In this way a bunch of art that happens to be good, a bunch of artists who are madly talented at the same time, coalesce to a movement. As long as art's dialogue with itself and its community respects its privacy, honesty and urgency more than its broader

success—then the work will participate in the evacuation of the old and the installation of the new. We need to succeed at the level and speed of small gatherings, building out from an integrity of purpose. It is too soon to talk about being loud enough to outshout the market. We resist by creating more listening, by showing how sanely we are intimate, human.

The next great wave in art is not a matter of style or personality. It is a matter of hospitality. “Fellowship” = community. The Bush Foundation, through its deepening custom of gathering artists together for the sake of gathering artists together, helps restore the radical sense of fellowship.

I’m not much good at hospitality, myself, in the personal sense. I’m private at best and selfish at worst, get discombobulated at public gatherings, blurt enthusiasms that I don’t have emotional resources to back. But I’m talking here about a professional or impersonal friendship.

While on one level the Bush Foundation gather-

ings are modest and informal, the modesty, the chat, the form and non-form are well founded and operate in the light of a significant shift back to soul, which leads to an improvement of the will, then the intellect, then memory, then language, then poetry.

Erik Ehn’s work includes *The Saint Plays*, *Heavenly Shades of Night Are Falling*, *No Time Like the Present*, *Wolf at the Door*, *Tailings*, *Beginner*, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, and an adaptation of Faulkner’s *The Sound and the Fury*. He is an artistic associate at San Francisco’s Theatre of Yugen, most recently writing *Crazy Horse* for them, which combined Noh forms with Native American music and dance. His plays have been produced in San Francisco (Intersection, Thick Description, Yugen), Seattle (Annex, Empty Space), Austin (Frontera), New York (BACA, Whitney Museum), San Diego (Sledgehammer), Chicago (Red Moon), and elsewhere; he has a longstanding collaborative relationship with the Undermain Theatre in Dallas. He is co-founder and co-artistic director of the Tenderloin Opera Company in San Francisco (with Lisa Bielawa). He is a graduate of New Dramatists, and is currently a visiting fellow teaching playwriting at Princeton University.

I want to move out and live with my college roommate. My mother says, “*Ua cas es yuav xav mus ua tej yam qias neeg thag npaov!*”

“What ‘dirty’ things would I do, *niam!*” I ask her.

She thinks I’m going to invite all the men I know over and have wild parties. She’s worried that other Hmong people would say bad things about me, an unmarried Hmong woman living “by herself.”

“*Twb mob npaum es tseem yuav mus dab tsi nas?*” she asks. She doesn’t understand why I, a sick person, would want to move out on my own.

“*Nyob no es kuv mam take care koj nas,*” she tells me. She’s afraid that I won’t have enough money to pay rent, buy food and pay bills.

When I ask my older brother about it, he says, “Why do that to mom? After all she’s been through, isn’t it time we took care of her?”

At a family gathering, my aunt, who had heard the news from my mother, tells everyone that I want to move out. One of my uncles asks why I want to live by myself.

“There is no room for me,” I tell them. “I want to go to grad school. I need a quiet place to study. I don’t want to study at the kitchen table with all the dishes.”

My explanations are no good. I am bombarded with suspicion.

“Don’t you love your family?”

“Didn’t you hear about that Vang girl that was living by herself? Don’t you know what people say about her?”

“You can’t do that. We won’t let you.”

“Stay home.”

It’s true. The two-bedroom apartment is too small for my mom, my two grown brothers, and me. It’s true that I want to go to graduate school. What I cannot tell them is that I need to move out on my own because I want to know how to balance school, work and dialysis. I need to know that I can pay my own bills. I don’t

want to be a burden to my family. I don’t want them to worry about who’s going to take care of me, the sick one. I don’t have the Hmong words for these thoughts, and so I say nothing. Besides, they’ve already made up their minds. No explanation will be good enough for them anyway. I have no defenses.



Last night, I called my mom to tell her I was coming in for surgery—to take out the old PD catheter because it was infected and making me sick. I have to put in a new permanent catheter in my shoulder so I could do hemodialysis instead of peritoneal dialysis.

My mom said, “It’s up to you. Whatever you want to do...”

What did I expect her to say? “Don’t do it. I know a better way...?” Shouldn’t I have been glad she gave me permission to do what I wanted? All my life, it seems, I’ve been fighting for this exact thing. But then I think, “Please care. Tell me what to do. Don’t say, ‘It’s up to you.’” Sometimes when she says this, I feel like she’s punishing me. An irritated, “Well, you chose this path, so why are you asking me what to do?” An angry, “Well, you didn’t listen to me. See what happens?!”

My mother thinks that because I have end-stage renal disease, I am disabled. She sees me as a loss to her, to the family, to the Hmong community, to society in general. I mean, I can still work but I won’t be able to do it as fast, as well, as hard, or as much.

She says, “A disabled person like you...who would want to marry you? A good daughter-in-law gets up early and cooks for the family. You won’t be able to do that...”

She’s right. I won’t.

Excerpt from “Endstage,” *Bamboo Among the Oaks: Contemporary Writing by Hmong Americans*, 2002

Mai Neng Moua

It's essential for communities of color, such as the Hmong, to write our own stories and to create our own images of ourselves.

When we don't do this, others write our stories for us, and we're in danger of accepting the images they've painted of us.

Without written text, Hmong voices are overlooked or nonexistent.

I write to remind myself that I am alive, and my individual voice matters.

"My mother is ready to tell her stories and I am ready to hear them." Writer Mai Neng Moua will travel to Laos and Thailand with her mother, seeking to know the country she left as a child. "When you think about the Hmong experience, there is so much trauma. But people lived, loved, argued with their neighbors. What was life like, what did the women do? I'm curious about where I'm from in order to understand the now of my community."

Moua has spent years serving the Hmong-American community, co-founding *Paj Ntaub Voice*, a Hmong literary arts journal, and editing *Bamboo Among the Oaks*, the first Hmong-American anthology. She began her education in nursing, took a writing course on a whim, and became part of the first



generation of Hmong-American writers. She plans to write a memoir, based on the stories her trips to Laos and Thailand will generate. "I feel this is a critical time for my community to be intentional about what we keep to pass on to future generations. I want to make the oral traditions of the elders accessible. Without understanding that, I don't understand the Hmong community in America."

Moua will also remain involved with the Hmong American Institute for Learning to transition *Paj Ntaub Voice* into a publisher of Hmong literature. "I want to give writing my full attention, want to show what is possible. This is the next step. We write the truth, and we ask hard questions, and we are honest with ourselves and our community."

WISTFUL THINGS

Rain-drenched heads of peonies salaam all
the way down to

the ground, broad-planed leaves sequined by fractured
glinting bits of

rain that spill off one by one all morning
as the foliage

slowly turns its green palms upward to track
the simmering

path of the sun. Underneath, the ribbed husk
a cicada

left behind, translucent, filled with water
from the gaping

hole, like a wide-mouthed Mason jar, through which
a singing winged

thing plotted the violent trajectory
of its escape.

The flash of a ladybug's wing twinkles
against asphalt

like an orange, Jolly Rancher candy
and all day long

my left ovary fizzes, sizzles, burns –
a radio-

active Alka Seltzer. Ambivalence
is my longest

and most familiar companion, and we
wait together

for the small consolations darkness brings –
ephemeral

semaphore of fireflies sparking brief gold
moments into

the night, ambered shellac of cockroaches
gleaming dull red

in moonlight as they scuttle mindlessly
back and forth, cloud

of tiny insects exploding against
the brilliant heat

of a streetlamp. How courageous they are.
How bravely they

blaze into ash in the bright yellow heart
of their desire

all night long while I go inside and wash
my hair with your

shampoo, purchased with the surreptitious
discretion of

an alcoholic, so that when morning's
bright blade slices

open my sleep, at least there will still be
the scent of your

hair, like ripe sunburnt apples, infusing
my cool pillow.

2001

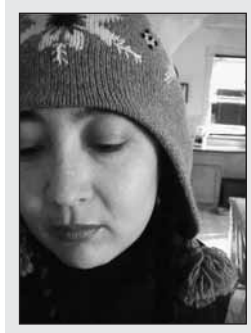
Lee Ann Roripaugh

I suppose that I would like for readers to be able to make some sort of empathetic connection to my poems—
either emotionally or intellectually.

That they would be capable of being drawn into the psychic landscape of the poem, look the poem straight in the eye,
let the poem look right back at them, and then say, “Oh.”

“**W**riting was my first impulse.” Poet Lee Ann Roripaugh is an accomplished concert pianist who grew up in a house full of books. Daughter of a writer, she came to writing after seriously pursuing the study of music. “Music still informs my writing,” she says. “The way words feel in your mouth—lines in poems feel like phrases of music. I rely on musical instincts to manage the rhythm.”

Her first collection, *Beyond Heart Mountain*, is a groundbreaking series of monologues in the voices of Japanese-Americans interned at Heart Mountain Relocation Camp in Wyoming, near where she grew up. *Year of the Snake* takes inspiration from traditional Japanese myths and fairy tales and uses images of her mother’s garden to look at the Japanese diaspora in America. Her current work,



The Woman Who Loves Insects: A Pillow Book, considers the construction of gender roles through the lens of court life chronicled by Heian-period women writers. While researching both the literature of the time and the insect world, she is again investigating identity. “What constituted femininity and masculinity was open. Men were valued for being beautiful and sensitive. The colors of a person’s robe and the arrangement of flowers mattered.”

Roripaugh is also writing short stories stemming from her experience as a concert pianist and music school student. “Writing is like having permission to be a diletante. If I become obsessed with cephalopods for an entire month, ultimately it becomes productive. I love the luxury to give myself over to whatever captures my fancy.”

1. He looks up from the manuscript in front of him on the library table and realizes that he has discovered a document that can change his life forever. At the same time it occurs to him that he has never been in love.

The second realization, the realization about love, will have to wait. After all, it has been waiting for forty-three years. A few more minutes, a couple of hours, even a day or two will make no difference. He has never loved, and now that he knows this, it cannot be forgotten.

As for what he has just read, that demands his attention. That which comes from outside us, that presents itself at a certain moment, or on a certain day, can be so easily lost. As lost as the years, as fugitive as time. Already the words on the crumbling manuscript page, that shy paper, are beginning to swirl, mix, and change. The words don't fade in his mind, as dreams do. Rather, they have burst from the cover of obscurity that has hidden them for so long and have begun to hide in the lush foliage of what he already knows—other languages, other landscapes, other stories. But it isn't the manuscript or the words written in syllabics that are moving. The treasures of his mind are being rearranged and reordered, along with the habits of his heart.

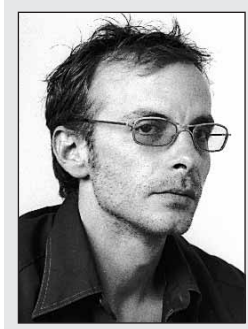
excerpt from *The Translation of Dr. Apelles*, a work in progress

David Treuer

I want to explore the idea of cultural longing that, in large part, informs Native American fiction. A novel is a wonderful chance to hold up a mirror to our fantasies, and to challenge how we see the much larger world that lies outside our direct experience. Novels, though great imitators of it, are not life. Rather, they are passers-by standing in the rain looking in on the human family sitting around the dinner table, at the glow of life and light within.

In novelist David Treuer's current work, *The Translation of Dr. Apelles*, an expert in Native American languages discovers a manuscript he alone can translate, and simultaneously falls in love. The novel raises ethical questions about both his work and the nature of love. Is love something that occurs naturally, or is it invented? If the translation is not faithful, who will know the difference?

In *Little* and *The Hiawatha*, Treuer created Native American characters whose complexity included the forces of cultural dissolution, but who were motivated by universal desires and fears. Treuer has put language and culture at the center of his new work. Drawing on his knowledge of linguistics and fluency in Ojibwe, he plans to invent an entire language for the novel. Ojibwe



is one of three Native American languages projected to remain viable in this century. “When I’m away from home, I sometimes feel a sense of isolation and loneliness to realize that no one can understand the language that defines where I’m from. I want to capture that essence, that feeling.”

Son of a writer, brother of a pre-eminent translator of Ojibwe, Treuer began writing in college, somewhat on a dare, an inclination that intensified when he read Louise Erdrich. “I was 20 years old when I read *Tracks*. I did not leave my room for two days. I found a sensibility that I recognized, and it changed me in a lot of ways. Writing fiction is an unmitigated pleasure, a way of feeling I can make the world better by using what’s here to see what’s not yet here.”

Soon the village heard stories of Hmong men and boys, some of them as young as I, killed because the Uncle sent them into the jungle to find the Communist. Instead the Communist found them.

I didn't need to see death to know terror. I was born with a twin: violence. It lived with me, wore my clothes, swallowed my food.

I saw my Grandfather hit his three wives, my uncles hit their wives and my father beat my mother. Violence like farming was a circle in my family uninterrupted by the war.

A small oil lamp lit the dim one-room bamboo hut. Pretending to be asleep on a hard bamboo cot, I watched my father's shadow choking my mother. He took her dirty scarf—the one she used as a head wrap farming beneath the merciless sun—and stuffed it in her mouth. Her lips were stretched into an exaggerated O. Like a hen getting her feathers plucked, my mother's arms flailed about as she gasped for air. The oil lamp knocked over. Darkness. I saw nothing, but heard mother's crying. Yet, her sheer terror crept like a King Cobra throughout the room. It slithered around my throat and penetrated right into my cells, violence flowing through my veins like burning venom.

So much pain, but there was no way to rid of it. Bottled up inside, all inside, there was no lid to flip for release.

Away—I burst out of the bamboo hut—escaping to the humid green canopy. I prefer the tigers lurking in the dense jungle to the serpentine terror. I was not afraid of Vietcong

soldiers who kidnapped Hmong girls and discarded their bodies in the Mekong River after raping them.

I staggered to the stream. The lazy stream turned fierce for a short time after the long monsoon. Touching it for the first time, the water felt colder than anything in Laos. Scooping a handful of water, I splashed it on my face and body. The chill pulled me back to reality. My father said the stream came from the mountaintop where the white mist hid its source. But my mother said it flowed from the belly of a mighty dragon. The dragon shed its scales, which became the colorful rocks and pebbles that lined the stream's bottom.

I wobbled down the stream, collecting stones—turquoise, red, jade—following its twists, turns and sudden falls. I wondered where did the stream like our village road end? When my foot grew sore that even my pinky toe throbbed, I found a spot among the lush green grass next to the stream and stared at a band of stratocumulus clouds.

The cloud's anvil-like top plume parted and a shimmering dragon emerged. Its scales reflected the color stones in my pocket. Like a soaring rainbow, the dragon headed straight towards me. With flaming coal eyes, leather claws like those of chicken, the creature swooped me up. I was not afraid. I flew and looking down I saw the mountains become as small as ant hills.

excerpt from *The Dragon's Orphan Daughter*, 2002

Ka Vang

I'm part of the first generation of Hmong writers writing creatively in any language for the first time in history.

I write using the techniques of traditional Hmong storytellers, focusing on themes of identity and homeland.

Torn between two cultures prompted me to write to better understand my own feelings and needs.

My stories build bridges between Hmong and American communities to see the incredible wealth of stories we share.

Ka Vang is a Hmong-American writer, an accomplishment in itself since the Hmong did not have a written language until the 1950s. Her particular interest is to incorporate the oral tradition, using the magic realism of Rushdie, Amado and Márquez, into stories where the historical and the fabulous meet.

This summer, she traveled to Midwestern Hmong communities to collect the folklore that will serve as a basis for her stories. “The same tales are being told,” she says. “But there are regional differences in stories from different parts of Laos. The endings change; the seasons change; the moral stays the same. I’m adding my own spin, setting them in St. Paul. The goal is to make the fantastic seem real. Ice in the jungle is



magical if you have never seen it.”

Vang’s mother told stories and told them straight. “There were no happy endings. This got me interested in how they were being disseminated in the culture.” As the oldest of eight children, she wanted to tell stories to her siblings, a difficult task without mastering English. Vang became a journalist, the first Hmong news reporter in America, as a way to “validate my curiosity. No one would think it was impolite.”

“The elders are passing away,” says Vang, “there’s so much trauma from the war, and they’re not talking. The work I’m doing is going to be passed on to my children and to the community. I feel like I’m working on a project larger than myself.”

HEART AND LIVER

This morning I heard my son murmuring “my sweetheart” to his black Hot Wheel. I burst out laughing. I rarely use such endearments around the house, except when I’m upset about something and become sarcastic. How did he get it right? And where? Growing up, I heard my neighbors call their children “heart and liver,” a Chinese endearment for “sweetie” and “precious.” My parents called us by our full names. Straightforward. No prefix or suffix attached, like most Chinese do, to reveal any blood relationship or sentiment. They believed that a bad name could evoke evil spirits, and had taken great pains to pick ours. My most beautiful sister got “Sea Cloud,” our only brother “Tiger,” and our youngest sister who grew up with her grandparents in Shanghai, “Swallow.” For me, their oldest daughter, they gave a name which has the most common sound, and which can be written with different characters: level, even, safe, flat, dull, ordinary, average, calm, apple, evidence, bottle, duckweed... Most Chinese write my name as apple or duckweed unless I correct them and spell out the two parts of the character stroke by stroke: 1) a body, a cadaver; 2) things that tend to merge and combine. The first sprawls over the second like a bomb shelter.

I never gave it a second thought until I came to the United States. I got used to spelling it out for Americans as soon as I said my name, letter by letter, to avoid being mistaken for Pig, Pin, Pink, or Tin, Ting, Thing. I enjoy making them laugh by imitating the sound of playing ping-pong or golf. When too many people asked me what my name meant exactly, I opened a dictionary and found the following items: screen, shield, shelter, barrier, hold breath... Index finger between the pages, it dawned on me that this was how my parents had chosen to love, by calling my full name—family first, individual second. The name of our father and mother stood at the front of the battlefield—an ancient king (王 =wang=king) shielding his soldiers with his body. It was their way of showing “heart and liver,” in a time of violence and betrayal.

I put my hand on my son’s nape. He stopped breathing for a second, then his body relaxed totally. Sprawling on the couch, he rolled up his shirt to allow my fingers to knead into his back from neck to tailbone, vertebra by vertebra. Two years old, he knows how to love, how to be loved, in the absence of words. A gift still unconditioned, still on the wing.

2002

Wang Ping

I write about pain, how we live with it every day in our lives, every minute in our days,
and how it haunts us like a ghost if we run away from it.

But if we face it, talk to it, and embrace it, it will show us something, like wisdom and courage, and it will become our bridge to joy.

I write about joy, the joy for music, words, living, and how it teaches us to hope, to love.

//

I always loved to read, but it was hard for me to get my hands on books. That increased my passion.” Born in a middle-class family in Shanghai, writer Wang Ping spent three years doing farm labor for the “re-education” required in post-Cultural Revolution China. “It really shaped me. There was despair that you would never get out, like living in paradise and hell, and you cannot move between them.” After coming to New York to study English literature, she mistakenly walked into a writing class where the stories she had always told her younger sisters to amuse them found form. “The wheel has kept turning since then.”

Since the publication of *The Magic Whip*, her fourth book and second collection of poetry,



Wang has been writing a novel and collecting stories of first generation immigrants for an anthology of work about the immigrant experience in American culture. Her tough-minded poems about love, betrayal and pain brought her a request from Stillwater prison to teach a series of writing workshops. “They come from poverty and hard struggle and that felt very natural, very connected to me. The content is tough, but there is a spark of hope for them in their ability to express it.”

“My doubt sustains me,” she says. “I’m constantly questioning myself, and my writing is a form of challenge. You have to have backbone and have some belief. Otherwise we can shut our eyes and hearts to the other side of things.”

A briefing hall in the Middle East. The year is 1991.

CATHERINE *enters, on her cell phone.*

CATHERINE: Yes I love you. I miss you. I think about you all the time. Yes. I do. I do. It's terrible here. We sleep in tents. On the ground. All the sand, it gets everywhere. It's not romantic, it's grit, it gets in your teeth. Anyway, how are you? Oh, I saw a battle. A big one. It was great, we won. They let you watch from inside tanks, it's so—no. No, there isn't. Sweetie. It's a war, there isn't time for—besides, they're all grunts and dykes. They smell awful. That does not turn me on. I love you. I want to be with you. How's your painting? I love you, there's a briefing, I have to go. Kisses. I love you. The war is totally awesome, I mean, you know, we're winning. Bye.

MARTHA *enters to her podium, in full uniform.*

CATHERINE *sits in the audience.*

MARTHA: There is nothing more deadly than a retreating enemy. To retreat—to run, to turn tail, to panic—is a highly aggressive action. When an opponent panics, he knows what he's doing. That's the point of panic. Militarily. First slide, please.

Sound of a slide. She looks at a picture. We don't see. A beat.

MARTHA: All right, it looks bad. Yes, they were retreating. In their station wagons and bread trucks and bicycles. Every one of those vehicles can be used as a weapon. We had a moral responsibility to stop their aggressive panic. Second slide.

Sound of a slide. A longer pause.

MARTHA: Some of you have named this a highway of death. We object to that phrase. There is no such thing. Unless you mean the Jersey Turnpike. We prefer the term, highway of retribution.

CATHERINE: Is that...that looks like a little boy.

MARTHA: That was an unlawful combatant.

CATHERINE: It looks like a kid.

MARTHA: Next slide.

CATHERINE: That was a little boy. That was a kid.

MARTHA: I asked for the next slide. May I have the next slide, please?

Slide changes, we don't see. Silence. They stare at the picture.

MARTHA: We ask you to keep an open mind. That is all we ask.

CATHERINE: Wow.

Lights fade.

excerpt from *Kuwait*, 2003

Vincent Delaney

There are pitfalls in trying to write political theater. The worst, ironically, is letting your own politics get in the way. I try to write from the point of view of people I might not care to meet in real life: senators, soldiers, media figures.

Strange things happen when we humanize such people: they become real.

And that changes political theater into something intimate, personal, and dangerous.

“

I’ve tried to forge a style which draws upon history, especially recent American history, and then transmutes it into something intimate.” Playwright Vincent Delaney seeks imagination’s intersection with documented history. Two recent plays are based on declassified FBI files. *MLK* concerns an African-American FBI agent caught up in J. Edgar Hoover’s obsession with Martin Luther King. In *The Robeson Tapes*, a surveillance tape surfaces from a family’s past and disrupts the present.

Trained first as an actor, Delaney was nevertheless always writing. As a playwright, he is sparked by “the thrill of the moment of performance. A play is a blueprint. To get a play done, you have to get a whole group of people to buy into your vision, and then they are going to get



into your head as well.”

Delaney’s new work continues to fuse the personal and political, but for the first time he is developing a play from primary sources. His research concerns the nearly invisible fact that 10,000 German prisoners of war were housed in camps in southern Minnesota during WWII. Delaney, who is fluent in German, plans a trip to Germany to interview former prisoners. In addition, he will draw on conversations with some of the American guards and the nearby farmers who employed the POWs during and after the war. “I’m interested in how these survivors see the world today. I’m anticipating that this play will examine an intense, difficult time through the lens of memory, which is often imperfect.”

Spotlight on Mary.

She stands downstage center in a strong pool of light.

She wears a sweet gingham prairie dress.

Hair done up.

Lipstick.

She looks ready for the world today.

MARY:

Oh you meet somebody

And suddenly—

Your life will never be the same.

Pause.

The sky is turning dark again.

I see this storm moving fast.

Close.

Chronic low thunder.

Cottonwoods bending to the earth.

Prairie grass catching the hot, thick water.

Here she comes.

Here comes the rain.

Pause.

All I ever wanted was a reason to be here.

Now I've got one.

The Bigness of it all.

What I need now is a good strong cup of coffee.

Because I've got a lot of work to do.

I've got to go talk to the entire world.

I have something Big to say.

I have something Everybody needs to hear.

She smiles brightly to the world.

Lights out.

excerpt from *High, Tall Prairie Grass*, 2000

Originally commissioned by the Mark Taper Forum

I search for and find Beauty, Brilliance and Compassion in every single person I meet.

My job is to show it to you.

Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* made playwright Adelaide MacKenzie Fuss a writer. A young dancer on her way to a professional career, she was struck by the power of words, and the belief that she had access to that power. "It's the way I stand up in the world. As a woman, you are told to shut-up a lot. I see the world a certain way. I'm honest when I'm writing a play. Art is a medicine."

A long association with the Mark Taper Forum gave Fuss an opportunity to work with accomplished actors and to see her plays in development. She is now interested in writing a novel and a new play based on the science of Nikola Tesla. Tesla, the inventor of the wireless trans-



mission of electricity, imagined a system that would provide a source of free energy. Fuss's character, a physicist, has a nervous breakdown and retreats to a cabin in the Black Hills, where a strange group converges to change his life. "The story is in the way projections of energy alter and disrupt frequencies; the way people who have huge hearts do the same. Love is a mutable energy."

"I saw myself clearly as a writer when I was twelve. I thought: If I work hard, I can fulfill my vision which is to tell a beautiful story that people won't ever forget, that remains in people's hearts. When I write, I think, 'This is the one sentence you get to speak. Is this what you want to say?'"

GULLIVER

My earliest recollection places me on my father's knee. He is pointing to the night sky.

"Look there Lemuel," he says, "do you see that Star?"

I open my hand to the star and say, "Gaa."

"You want to hold it?"

"Gaa."

"Let's leave it there, my boy, one day you may need its position to navigate the world. You see that star can take you to places, far away shores. That star will guide you safely and most importantly bring you home again."

Had I the ability to communicate I could have informed him, "No father, I do not want to hold it and I certainly do not want to use it to calculate a vector. The universe isn't simply a machine, the universe is a brain, a creator. That's why our lives are stories, not syllogisms. That star holds a story and I want to go there. If I can get to that

star it's a short hop to the next and in no time I'm on the road of the gods, hunting with Orion and his hounds, cart-wheeling with Cassiopeia, trafficking with heroes, drinking their wine, eating their meat. Get me to that star, father, and I'll never come home. Gaa"

GULLIVER'S WIFE

I'll send you kisses like birds
Hoping they'll migrate to you
I'll send you kisses because by keeping them at home I
might tame them

I'll send you tears like jewels
Hoping they will become lost
I'll send you tears because by keeping them at home they
might tame me

I'll send you love like warm wind on your back
Hoping you'll turn and breathe me in

excerpt from *Gulliver; a Swift Journey*, 2001

Kevin Kling

Art doesn't spring from complacency. One day a person discovers there lives in you a need to create.
Try what you may it will build and grow searching for an out, the weakest gasket. Then you burst.
And how it enters the world determines the type of artist you are.
You soon begin to know how to coax, explore and entertain these outbursts and this is called craft.

"I proudly consider myself a regional writer. As the uncertain nature of our times unfolds, there is sanctuary in a story well told. I want to do that, in this community." Storyteller, playwright, performer, Kevin Kling is a community voice with an international audience. His stories of growing up in Minnesota, scripts studded with the icehouses, Yule logs, and Midwestern eccentrics, resonate far beyond his hometown.

While recovering from a serious motorcycle accident, Kling translated his performance pieces to written text, and has recently returned to writing and performing. His projects are dizzying in their variety: appearing in an updated version of Aristophanes' *The Birds* with Interact, a Minneapolis company that fea-



tures disabled actors; a play based on the writings of Cervantes; an allegory of the West's relationship with the Arab world centered around an Irish knight searching for a lost white bear; a script involving a picnic in heaven where biblical lives parallel the events in a Smokey Mountain community.

Kling attributes his development as one of his generation's pitch-perfect storytellers to a childhood among people who loved to laugh and tell stories. That same connection to community sustains his work in the theater. "I always hoped that theater was integral to people's lives. One of the gifts of my accident was that I got to see that was true. People regard us as part of the fabric of their lives. We aren't the outsiders we always wished we were."



still from *Victory Square*, 2002

I am constantly trying to reconcile the inherent exploitation in documentary with my love of the form.

The responsibility of capturing a living person in real time, and the risk it poses to their lives, is too great to ever be at ease.

For me, this means calling my next work what it has always been—fiction.

Enraptured early by Hollywood films, Liza Davitch made a slide show documentary about her grandmother while studying clothing design in college. “I saw her in a different way by making a film about her. When I screened it for my family, I was forever changed by the power of that medium as a communication tool.”

Drawn to the Eastern European approach to documentaries as “constructed pieces of art and selective reality,” Davitch first traveled to Belarus and made a film about Chernobyl. She returned to make a second film that focuses on a family whose tangled relationships complicate and unfold in her feature-length video, *Victory Square*. For five years, Davitch lived for long stretches with the mother and daughter whose passions charge her documentary with the



drama of narrative film. “I immerse myself into another culture or individual as a sort of leech and confidante at the same time. I’m always aware of the intrusion, and I feel blessed to know someone on the intimate level I do when I’m making these films.”

Her current project, a black comedy about the wild brand of capitalism taking shape in the former Soviet Union, is her first feature-length narrative script. Davitch sees this film, though scripted, as a more personal documentary, one that can serve as a kind of elegy for her experiences in Russia. While her work has always combined “a premeditated sensibility with self-reflexive and candid storytelling,” this project places her on the other side of the shadowy line between the documented and the imagined.



still from *Flies*, a work in progress

I like to generate connections between disparate things—

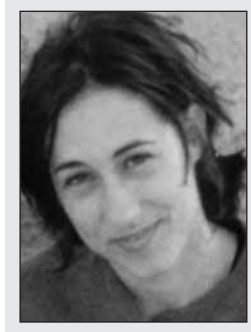
for example, right now it's Bauhaus architecture, Kleenex boxes, and weaponized bacterial agents.

But sometimes all that's necessary is to provide witness, or to show someone else how to use a video camera.

Each piece needs its own approach, and has its own internal logic (or illogic).

Jenny Lion's work often functions as social action, propaganda or advocacy, and insists on a social process. Lion acts as collaborator, facilitating representations of situations she believes demand witness. In an early piece, she spent three months living with homeless veterans occupying a vacant city building, teaching them to use videocameras, and documenting daily life, from card games to arrests by police. During the Gulf War, she worked with imprisoned military resisters, generating what she alternately describes as video letter, historical document, legal defense strategy, and art piece.

A professional dancer before working in video and film, Lion relates that training to her focus on process. The video projects are often performative, interactive, and improvisational. "How do I show up in a way that's most respon-



sive? It's a process of being very self-aware but not self-conscious. And I tend to get most interested when the interactions that develop during shooting are meaningful, and might even make the footage itself irrelevant."

A different approach is visible in her work-in-progress, *Failing*, a 16mm assemblage film using found footage and a fictionalized narrator. Here, Lion focuses on writing, the inventive possibilities of editing, and fictional forms, embracing the ideas of a non-collaborative process, and a carefully finished object. "Perhaps where I integrate these seemingly divergent modes most is in curating," she speculates. She approaches curating as an art-making process, and with her book project *Magnetic North*, Lion was able to both realize a vision and enable contributors to construct their own.

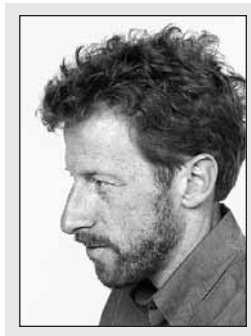


still from *Haptic Nerve*, 2001

I believe that time-based media are uniquely suited to explore the full shape of human thought. My work focuses on the border zones of conscious experience—from preconscious perceptual function on the one hand to the dim reaches of the subconscious on the other. I have been especially interested in passages across these zones: how one thought becomes possible, how another loses its viability and sinks out of reach.

E*ye plus river equals tears.* Eisenstein's definition of *montage* informs David Ryan's lush layered films, work built on associations and "the unknowable mechanics of seeing, hearing, touching." Ryan employs a weave of technology—super 8, 16 mm, analog and digital video—and the textures of varied mediums to produce short works that both concern and engage a viewer's perceptual habits. In *Haptic Nerve*, the flow of sound and image accumulate around the development and loss of the sense of touch; *Lapse* explores the onset of unconsciousness. "I'm interested in the way that poetry and dreams make meaning," says Ryan. "And in the way we trust them as a way of knowing."

His new work focuses on the associative



potential between sound and image, and uses the rhythm of sound itself to build a piece. "Sounds are more specific than visual images—closer to the unmediated experience." He plans a series of works, each focused on a central sonic image—a siren, a message from a soldier, a child reading. All will concern family relationships in frightening times.

"I remember my father bringing a reel-to-reel tape recorder home," says Ryan of the beginning of his interest in filmmaking. "I used video before the digital revolution when it wasn't cool, but the sound quality of video was better than the optical tracks of 16mm film." In addition, he is creating installation works designed for a small network of computers, as might be found in an ordinary computer lab.



Philip Blackburn with *Skullphone* and *Hentracks* on *Eternity*, 2002
photo by Preston Wright

Philip Blackburn

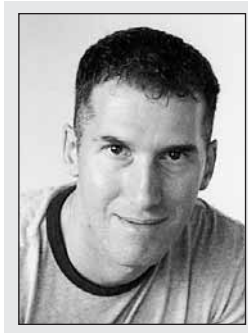
For thousands of years, architecture has been described as “frozen music.”

I want to melt those edges and reinvigorate the use of sound in public art; to make musique concrète with a mixer and trowel; to further the practice of listening; to make a camera obscura for the mind’s ear—by subtly activating the acoustic environment and building magical resonant spaces: chirping stairs, fluttering walls, singing wires, throbbing sewers... Music with some assembly required.

“

It’s amazing how orderly the universe is when you listen to it.” Sound sculptor, performer and composer Philip Blackburn suggests the title “ritual designer” to describe the environments and instruments he creates to enable his interactive compositions. Working from the subtle energies of a specific site, he adds improvisation, collaborations between the wind and a choir, the harmonics of a storm sewer, or the musical possibilities of fishing gear. His study of the archives of innovative composer Harry Partch brought Partch’s work to a wider audience and connected Blackburn to a musical forerunner. More recently he has worked with the surviving instruments of eccentric inventor Arthur Ferris, including an eight-foot whispering harp.

Growing up in Oxfordshire, England, Blackburn was drawn to a limestone rock known



as King Alfred’s blowing stone whose sound echoed off the natural amphitheater of the hills, “a magical pre-historical instrument with a legend associated to it.” This sonic enchantment lies behind Blackburn’s ambition to build a sound park in the high jungle of Belize to be used as an artist’s retreat, a space for listening practice and deep meditation. Blackburn envisions an avenue of bamboo trees generating sound and natural spaces designed with the sensitivity to acoustic principles that the Maya knew. “If you clap at the foot of a certain stepped pyramid, there’s a chirped echo that produces the sound of the quetzal, their sacred bird.” For Blackburn, “The overriding mantra is ‘better living through listening.’ We usually practice the art of not listening and that allows the noise pollution to just pile up until we are numb.”

THE MIRROR SHATTERS $\frac{3}{4}$ $\text{♩} = 76$, maintain *Fanfano* tempo)

Picc. 1-2 quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

Picc. 3 quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

Ob. 1-2-3 quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

E♭ Cl. quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

B♭ Cl. 1-2 quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

B♭ Cl. 2 quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

Bsn. 1-2-3 and B♭ B.C. quasi snap *mf* *pizz.*

Tpt. 1-2 *mf* *co. r.* *sord.*

Tpt. 3-4 *mf* *co. r.* *sord.*

CRAZY TRUMPET db. bgs.

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is written for a woodwind and brass ensemble. It consists of ten staves. The first six staves are for woodwinds: Piccolo 1-2, Piccolo 3, Oboe 1-2-3, E-flat Clarinet, B-flat Clarinet 1-2, and B-flat Clarinet 2. The seventh staff is for Bassoon 1-2-3 and B-flat Bass Clarinet. The eighth staff is for Trumpets 1-2. The ninth staff is for Trumpets 3-4. The tenth staff is for a 'CRAZY TRUMPET' section, which includes double bass and guitar. The music is in 3/4 time with a tempo of quarter note = 76. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various performance markings such as 'quasi snap', 'pizz.', 'mf', 'co. r.', and 'sord.'. The notation includes notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

When at work, I am in constant pursuit of the thrill.
Attaining it is my singular goal in the creative process.

// I consider myself a romantic composer drawing on eclectic, multicultural influences. I'm a maximalist. My music wears its heart on its sleeve." Tellef Johnson composes for symphony orchestra, rock band, steel drum ensemble and moving images. "I'm trying to move an audience—like the great composers of the nineteenth century—through expressing powerful human emotions. But I use a bag of tricks that are of my time. I think Liszt would have loved the electric guitar had he been alive today."

Johnson began reading books at two and playing the piano at five. He performed his first piano composition at nine. He now finds himself inspired by written texts of his own or, as in his current projects, by the work of Nabokov



and Borges. Johnson describes his work as “unrelenting, aggressive, violent, sexy, action-packed. It would be rated X if it were a film. Orchestral pieces are my favorite. You can create a huge roar with 100 people playing together.”

Recently, his interest in film (“I came of age in the video revolution”) led him to add images, sound effects and dialogue to his orchestral work, creating a “video opera.” He plans a second film for which he will write, direct and compose the soundtrack, this time using a crew and increasing the production values. “We can’t keep music in a bottle in the 21st century. It needs to get out and breed with all other forms of media. That way we can guarantee something new and powerful that will last in these troubled times.”

Frank on the Highway

M. Kinney

2

g m #7
(slowly + expressively)

CELLO

c m

g m Eb maj

a o7 (b4)

g m

C maj

g m Eb maj

d m

G maj

Michelle Kinney

Passionately absorbed elsewhere on the planet, Jazz's vast diaspora has spawned fascinating hybrids with the music of a variety of cultures and genres.

By sheer luck, I heard our uniquely American music during my formative years as a musician... though even at the conservatory, its study was only elective, not required.

How can we better value this American language, loved around the world? Can patriotism be extended to music appreciation?

At the foundation of Michelle Kinney's musical influences is a love of and identification with the music of African-American innovation. Her work resonates with this influence, in particular the through-line of improvisation. The merging of African music with the Western Classical tradition has taken all kinds of shapes. "All of those forms are of interest to me. It's our own American music, and it is our connection with the rest of the world." A cellist, Kinney sought the skills for composition as a means to an end, a way to express herself, and often writes a part for herself in her compositions. In the pursuit of vehicles for her work she co-founded a rock band, led several small new music groups, and co-founded IMP ORK, a 21-piece improvising orchestra.

She recently returned to Minnesota after 12



years in New York City. There she composed for film, theater and dance, working with "musicians from around the world who were there against all odds, truly serving something bigger than themselves. I get a lot of inspiration and loving friendship from my colleagues. At some point, music's not just a part of your life, it is your life."

Working with a vocalist who specializes in harmonic singing, she is composing a series of improvisational art songs from the poetry of W.S. Merwin and others, including Wang Ping who is also a 2003 Bush Artist Fellow. Hoping to acquire some new technical skills and "finally graduate beyond the pencil," Kinney will also devote time to learning music notation software, and exploring interactive computer programs that produce special effects in live performance.



The Steele's
photo by Jennifer Bong

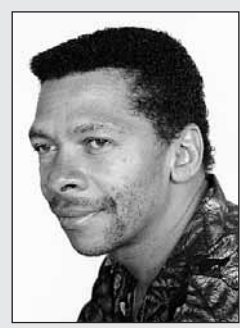
I have an absolute love for creating melodies inside of foreign musical formats.

It can be a self created musical idiom or a collaborative format in which I can thrive and challenge myself artistically.

Artistic pleasure and fulfillment can come when an idea transforms into reality and the body of work is residuously transferred to the next generation of young artists who develop their own expressions within the various art forms.

J.D. Steele is renowned as a member of The Steeles, the jazz/gospel/pop group he formed with his brothers and sisters and whose work in *The Gospel at Colonus* brought international recognition. These days he is passionately composing for the stage: a musical for his sister, Jevetta and a collaborative gospel/flamenco piece—a script that imagines the likely meeting of Paul Robeson and Federico Garcia Lorca at the Harlem venue, Small’s Paradise. His method is to sing. “I write music in my head. I hear complete arrangements. I’m able to translate my music to musicians through an ability to sing all the harmonies and instrumental parts.”

Music and family are completely entwined for Steele. As part of the Steele Children, he per-



formed on a program with Mahalia Jackson in his hometown of Gary, Indiana. “My father was a musician; my grandfather, mother and uncle did vaudeville. I’m in the first generation to pursue music professionally. There’s no greater fun to be had than when we all get on the stage together.”

Steele plans a summer music institute for young musicians and technicians to include a practical education in the business of music production and performance. “A lot of kids want to be rappers because it looks exciting on video. They say, ‘I don’t need an education because I can flow.’ I pull out a contract and read paragraph 64 2A and see if anyone can explain it. I want to pass on some of the knowledge that I’ve gained.”

PHILIP BLACKBURN

2207 Edgebrook Avenue
Saint Paul, MN 55119
651-714-4963
philipbla@aol.com

Born 1962, Cambridge, England

Education

1989, 1987

Ph.D. and M.A., Music
Composition, University of Iowa,
Iowa City, IA

1989, 1985

M.A. and B.A. (Honors), Music,
Clare College, Cambridge
University, England

Selected Awards

2000

Saint Paul STAR grant for Phalen
Poetry Park marimba benches,
through the East Side Arts Council

1998

ASCAP/Deems Taylor Award for
Enclosures. Harry Partch

FORECAST Public Artworks
R&D stipend for Sonic Playground
development

1995

Jerome Foundation/Dayton Hudson
Travel and Study Grant to Australia
to research sound sculpture

Selected Performances

2003

Cannon River Eddies,
Northfield, MN

2002

Hentracks on Eternity, Burning Man,
Black Rock Desert, NV

2001

No Nutritional Value (for junk food
ensemble), Minnesota Public Radio
booth, Minnesota State Fair

LIZA DAVITCH

18606 Clearview Drive
Minnetonka, MN 55345
612-384-0104
ldavitch@bitstream.net

Born 1969, Minneapolis, MN

Education

1995

B.F.A., Minneapolis College of Art
and Design, Minneapolis, MN

Selected Grants/Awards/Honors

2003

Minnesota State Arts Board,
Career Opportunity Grant

2002

City Pages, Artists of the Year

Jerome Foundation, Building
Administrative Capacity Grant

2001

Minnesota State Arts Board,
Artist Fellowship

Jerome Foundation,
Media Arts Grant

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

CEC International Partners,
ArtsLink Collaborative Projects
Grant

1996

Institute of International Education,
J. William Fulbright Foreign
Scholarship for Independent Study
in Poland

1995

Minneapolis College of Art and
Design, Independent Semester
Study Grant

1994

Minneapolis College of Art and
Design, Media Arts Merit
Scholarship

Selected Films/Screenings

2002

Victory Square, BetaSp, 92 minutes,
director, producer, photographer,
editor: Minneapolis/Saint Paul
International Film Festival-Best
Documentary, Women In The
Director's Chair, Walker Art Center,
Montreal World Film Festival,
Rhode Island International Film
Festival, New York Independent
International Film Festival, Festival
of International Audiovisual
Programs (FIPA), Biarritz, France

1997

Kryxia & Marysia, BetaSp, 50 minutes, director, producer, editor

1995

Tokens: The Enduring Marks of Chernobyl, 16mm, 26 minutes, director, producer, editor: Chicago International Film Festival-Certificate of Merit, Walker Art Center, University Film Society, Minsk International Women's Film Festival, Belarus State Television

1993

Mother Logic, 16mm, 26 minutes, director, producer, editor: Walker Art Center, University Film Society, Red Eye Theater

1992

Curve of A Woman, 16mm, 6 minutes, director, producer, cinematographer, editor: 20th Annual Student Academy Awards, Art Institute of Chicago

Gifts I Take, 16mm, 3 minutes, director, producer, cinematographer, editor: 20th Annual Student Academy Awards, Art Institute of Chicago

VINCENT DELANEY

c/o The Playwrights' Center
2301 Franklin Avenue East
Minneapolis, MN 55406-1099
612-781-2033
vined123@yahoo.com

Born 1963, Eureka, CA

Education

1990

M.F.A., Playwriting, University of California, Davis, CA

1987

B.A., English Literature, Reed College, Portland, OR

1984

Professional Acting Conservatory, Cornish Institute, Seattle, WA

Awards

2003

First Prize, Lamia Ink! One Page Play Contest, for *Acceleration Red*

Best Full Length Play, Sonoma County Rep New Play Competition, for *Kuwait*

Honorable Mention, Mill Mountain New Play Competition, for *The Robeson Tape*

2000

ForePlay Commission, Woolly Mammoth Theatre, for *MLK and the FBI*

FirstAct Commission Grant, A Contemporary Theatre, Seattle, for *The Robeson Tape*

Seattle Artists Grant, Seattle Arts Commission

1990

New Play Award, ACTF Regional Festival, for *Inside Harold*

Selected Productions

2003

Kuwait, Fresh Ink Festival, Illusion Theater, Minneapolis, MN

The Robeson Tape, Southern Writers Project, Alabama Shakespeare Festival, Montgomery, AL

Life With Madeline, Educational Tour, Illusion Theater, Minneapolis, MN

Never Cry Sheep and *Too Many Cooks*, Pillsbury House Theatre, Minneapolis, MN

2002

Kuwait, The Drilling Company, New York, NY

Squeeze Play, Great American History Theatre, Saint Paul, MN

The War Party, Jungle Theater's New Play Festival, Minneapolis, MN

2000

MLK and the FBI, Woolly Mammoth Theatre, Washington, D.C.

1997

Inside Harold, Belltown Theatre Center, Seattle, WA

Herbert Loves Georgie, Open Circle Theater, Seattle, WA

Publications

1996

A New Season at the Rep, edited by Mark Lutwak, Seattle, WA: Rain City Projects

1995

Milton In Paradise, edited by Mark
Lutwak, Seattle, WA: Rain City
Projects

ADELAIDE MacKENZIE FUSS

2300 West Sunkist Road
Tucson, AZ 85742
520-572-9540

Born 1965, Los Angeles, CA

Education

1989

B.A., English/Theatre, University of
California, Los Angeles, CA

Productions

1998

The Fading Day, Mark Taper Forum
New Works Festival,
Los Angeles, CA

1997

The Distance of You, Synchronicity
Theatre, New York, NY

1994

Fractured, screenplay for
Showtime/10 DB Productions,
Zalman King, Director/Producer,
Los Angeles, CA

1993

The Distance of You, Royal Court
Theatre and A.S.K. Theatre Projects
New Play Festival, London, England

1992

Town and Country, Theatre/Theatre,
Los Angeles, CA

Commissions

1995

Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles, CA

1992

Joseph Papp Public Theater,
New York, NY

Publications

1994

*Great Monologues of the Mark Taper
Forum*, New York, NY: Smith and
Kraus Publishing

TELLEF JOHNSON

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[REDACTED]

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request of the
artist.

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[REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Text deleted by
request of the
artist.

Born 1959, Minneapolis, MN

Education

1994
M.A., Performance Studies, New
York University, New York, NY

1981
B.A., Music (jazz/ethnomusicology),
Northwestern University,
Chicago, IL

Selected Awards

2002, 1986
Composers Commissioning
Program, Jerome Foundation
through the American Composers
Forum

1998, 1992
Harvestworks/Studio Pass, Artist in
Residence, New York, NY

1996
The Jerome Foundation, Individual
Artists Grant

1990, 1987
The McKnight Foundation,
Composer Fellowship

1988
Minnesota State Arts Board,
Individual Artist Grant

Selected Performances

2003
Broken Word, poetry and improvisa-
tional music, Walker Art Center,
Minneapolis, MN

2001
Stroke the Boo, voice and ensemble,
Roulette Intermedium,
New York, NY

1999-1998
007, dance score for cello and elec-
tronics, choreographer Cyrus
Khambatta, University of Caracas,
Caracas, Venezuela

1996-1994
Channels, dance score for choreogra-
pher Mark Tomkins, co-composed
with Fast Forward and Ikue Mori,
several performances in France and
Germany

1994
Co-ordinated Universal Time, featur-
ing vocalist Shi-Zheng Chen, New
Victory Theater, New York, NY

2003-1996
Several new music/jazz festivals as a
performer: Montreal Jazz, Saalfelden,
The North Sea, Viennes, Verona, in
NYC: What is Jazz?, JVC/Knitting
Factory, Lincoln Center Out of
Doors

Selected Recordings

2002
Mississippi Peace, funded by The
Jerome Foundation – to be released

1997
Live at the Walker, IMP ORK compi-
lation, Minneapolis, MN

MICHELLE KINNEY

329 Edgewood Avenue North
Golden Valley, MN 55427
612-703-7175
St.Cecilia@Musictech.edu

1993

Jewel Box, Harvestwork/Studio Pass compilation, New York, NY

1990

Building Higher Nests, American Composers Forum's Innova label, compilation, Minneapolis, MN

KEVIN KLING

www.kevinkling.com

Born 1957, Brookfield, MO

Education

1979

B.A., Theater, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, MN

Playwrights' Center member since 1983

Plays

2001

In Darkness, directed by Marcela Lorca, Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, MN

Gulliver's Travels, directed by Dominique Serrand, Theatre de la Jeune Lune, Minneapolis, MN

Mississippi Panorama, directed by Michael Sommers and Peter Brosius, The Children's Theatre Company, Minneapolis, MN

1995

The Education of Walter Kauffmann, directed by Michael Sommers, Denver Center Theatre, Denver, CO; 1997 directed by Wendy Knox, Frank Theatre, Minneapolis, MN

1992

The Ice Fishing Play, directed by Michael Sommers, Actors Theatre of Louisville, Louisville, KY and 1993 The Jungle Theater Minneapolis, MN

1991

Home and Away, directed by Ken Washington, Seattle Repertory, Seattle, WA; directed by David Esbjornson, Second Stage Theatre, Off-Broadway, New York, NY

1988

Lloyd's Prayer, directed by Ken Washington, Actors Theatre of Louisville, Louisville, KY; 1989 directed by Steven Dietz, Illusion Theater, Minneapolis, MN

The Seven Dwarfs, directed by Michael Sommers, Theatre de la Jeune Lune, Minneapolis, MN

1985

21A, directed by Steven Dietz, Quicksilver Stage, Minneapolis, MN

Awards

1999, 1990

McKnight Fellowship, Minneapolis, MN

1996

Minnesota State Arts Board Grant

1993

Whiting Writer's Award, Mrs. Giles Whiting Foundation, New York, NY

1990

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship

1988

Bush Artist Fellowship

1986

Heideman Award for Best Short Play, Actors Theatre of Louisville, Louisville, KY

1983

Jerome Playwright-in-Residence Fellowship, Minneapolis, MN

JENNY LION

255 East Kellogg Boulevard #304
Saint Paul, MN 55101
jennylion@earthlink.net

Born 1966, New York, NY

Education

2000

M.F.A., Visual Art Department, University of California, San Diego, CA

1992

B.A., Hampshire College, Amherst, MA

1997-1990

Studies: modern dance, contact improvisation, performance, movement analysis and traditional hula
L'ecole danse Jo Lechay,
Montréal, Québec
North Carolina School of the Arts,
Winston-Salem, NC
Linda Rabin studio,
Montréal, Québec
The School for Body-Mind
Centering, Amherst, MA
The Martha Graham School,
New York City, NY
Halau Hula O Miiliani,
Wai'anae, HI

Publications

2000

Magnetic North—Canadian Experimental Video, Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, with the Walker Art Center & Video Pool

Selected Curatorial Projects

2000

Lies, Death & Prison: American Artists' Video, PRIM Centres d'arts médiatiques, Montréal, Québec

2000

Magnetic North, touring series of 6 programs/40 works of Canadian experimental video
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, October 2000, (U.S. premiere)
Plug In, Winnipeg, November 2000, (Canada premiere)
De Balie, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, (Europe premiere)
Huashan Arts District, Taipei, Taiwan, May 2002, (Asia premiere)

1997

Screening Whiteness—Revealing and Concealing Privilege in Experimental Film/Video, Visual Art Facility, University of California San Diego, La Jolla, CA

Film/Videography

Failing, 16mm, color, approx 40 minutes, in progress

1996

The Sky and its Exacting Protocol/Le ciel et les exigences de son protocole, BetaSp, English version: 28 minutes, French: 29 minutes, with Steven Matheson

1994

Peter and Margaret, 16mm, black & white, 11 minutes

1991-1990

The Military Resister Tapes, DVCAM, 4 hours, recut & mastered 2002

The Gulf Crisis TV Project, series 1 and 2, 1", ten 28-minute programs, collaborative production

1991

Hands Off, 3/4", 30 minutes

1990

No Prob, 3/4", 40 minutes

The No Homes Inn Tapes, Hi8, 36 hours

MAI NENG MOUA

2654 Logan Avenue North
Minneapolis, MN 55411
612-588-1534
mainengmoua@mn.rr.com

Born 1974, Laos

Education

1999

Completed coursework for a M.A. at the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs, Minneapolis, MN

1995

B.A., Sociology & Anthropology, St. Olaf College, Northfield, MN

Awards

2003

Travel & Study Grant supported by the General Mills, HRK and Jerome Foundations

2002

The Loft Literary Center's Red Lights & Poetry Tribute Series

Readings

2003

Wisconsin Book Festival, Chippewa Valley Museum, Eau Claire, WI

University of Wisconsin Milwaukee, WI

Health Partners, Bloomington, MN

Hamline Midway Branch, Saint Paul Public Library, Saint Paul, MN

2002

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, ME

Good Thunder Reading Series,
Minnesota State University,
Mankato, MN

Bamboo Among the Oaks
Contemporary Writing by Hmong
Americans, Frederick R. Weisman
Art Museum, Minneapolis, MN

Publications

2003

"Endstage," *Healing by Heart:*
Clinical and Ethical Case Stories of
Hmong Families and Western
Providers, Nashville, TN: Vanderbilt
University Press

2002

Bamboo Among the Oaks:
Contemporary Writing by Hmong
Americans, Saint Paul, MN:
Borealis Books

LEE ANN RORIPAUGH

209 Willow Street, Apartment #1
Vermillion, SD 57069
605-638-8109
lrripau@usd.edu

Born 1965, Laramie, WY

Education

1996

M.F.A., Creative Writing, Indiana
University, Bloomington, IN

1989

M.M., Musicology, Indiana
University, Bloomington, IN

1987

B.M., Piano Performance, Indiana
University, Bloomington, IN

Selected Awards

2003

Second Prize, Crab Orchard Review
Contemporary Poetry Series
Competition

2001

Frederick Manfred Award for Best
Creative Writing, Western Literature
Association

1998

National Poetry Series Award

1995

Randall Jarrell International
Poetry Award

Selected Publications/Books

2004

Year of the Snake, Carbondale, IL:
Southern Illinois University Press

1999

Beyond Heart Mountain, New York,
NY: Penguin Putnam

DAVID RYAN

1194 Spruce Court
Northfield, MN 55057
507-663-1504
dvryan@rconnect.com

Born 1960, Burlington, IA

Education

1987

M.F.A., Film, Ohio University,
Athens, OH

Selected Awards

2001

Second Prize, Black Maria Film and
Video Festival, US Tour

First Prize, Big Muddy Film Festival,
Carbondale, IL

Best Experimental, Nashville Film
Festival, Nashville, TN

Minnesota State Arts Board, Artist
Assistance Fellowship

Honorable Mention, Media City 7
Festival, Windsor, Canada

2000

Pennsylvania Council on the Arts
Fellowship

1998

Second Prize, Locarno Video Art
Festival, Locarno, Switzerland

Selected Exhibitions

2001

New York Video Festival at Lincoln Center, New York, NY

“Waste,” Experimenta, Melbourne, Australia

Locarno Video Art Festival, Locarno, Switzerland

Media City 7 Festival, Windsor, Canada

Black Maria Film and Video Festival, U.S. Tour

2000

“The American Century,” Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY

1999

In Vid Mostra Internazionale del Video d’Arte, Milan, Italy

Publications

2002

Haptic Nerve reviewed in “Video Haptics and Erotics,” in *Touch: Sensuous Theory and Multisensory Media*, by Laura U. Marks, Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota

J.D. STEELE

2303 Kennedy Street N.E.
Minneapolis, MN 55413
612-414-1009
jdsteales@msn.com

Born 1952, Gary, IN

Education

1983-Present

Self-taught
Music production and performance
Music composition for theater and recording

1970-1974

Marketing and Management, Purdue University, West Lafayette, IN

Selected Performances

2003

Zorongo Flamenco Dance Company, Southern Theater, Minneapolis, MN

2003, 2002

The Steeles, Ordway Center for the Performing Arts, Saint Paul, MN

2001

The Steeles, AmBev International, Bahia, Brazil

2000

The Gospel at Colonus, Châtelet Theatre, Paris, France

1999

The Gospel at Colonus, Moscow Theatre, Moscow, Russia

1998

Prince and NPG Tour, Wembley Arena, London, England

1997

Children of the Dance, African and American, Center for Cultural Exchange, Portland, ME

1988

The Gospel at Colonus, Lunt-Fontaine Theater, Broadway debut, New York, NY

1987

The Gospel at Colonus, Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, MN

1986

Lulu Noire, Spoleto Festival, Charleston, SC

Selected Awards

2003

Minnesota State Arts Board Cultural Collaboration Grant

1994-2000

NARAS Platinum and Gold Records for collaborations with Prince, Jonny Lang, and The Steeles

1983-1995

Minnesota Music Awards for Best Gospel Artist

1989

Emmy Nomination for PBS Production of *The Gospel at Colonus*

DAVID TREUER

c/o Gary Morris
David Black Literary Agency
157 Fifth Avenue, #608
New York, NY 10010
212-242-5090
dtreuer@yahoo.com

Born 1970, Washington, D.C.

Education

2000
Ph.D., University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI

1990
B.A., Princeton University, Princeton, NJ

Selected Awards

2000
Penn West Finalist

Minnesota Book Award Finalist

1996
Minnesota Book Award

Pushcart Prize

Quality Paperback Book Club's
New Voices/New Visions Award

Publications

2004
Ready Go End Earth, nonfiction,
publication pending

2000
The Hiawatha, novel,
New York, NY: Picador USA

1995
Little, novel, Saint Paul, MN:
Greywolf Press and New York, NY:
Picador USA

KA VANG

595 Grotto Street North
Saint Paul, MN 55104
651-224-2401
kajvaj92@aol.com

Born 1975, Long Cheng, Laos

Education

1996
B.A., Political Science, University of
Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN

Selected Awards

2002
Minnesota State Arts Board
Artist Fellowship in Prose

Travel & Study Grant supported by
the General Mills, HRK and Jerome
Foundations

Asian American Renaissance/Jerome
Foundation's Artist Career
Development Grant

2002, 2001
Many Voices Artist In Residence,
Playwrights' Center,
Minneapolis, MN

1995
University of Minnesota's *Minnesota
Daily* Short Story of the Year

Society of Professional Journalists
Mark of Excellence Award for
Feature Writing

Publications

2003
"Undiscovered Country," *Paj Ntaub
Voice*, Hmong Literary Journal

2002
"Disconnect," *Bamboo Among the
Oaks: Contemporary Writing by
Hmong Americans*, Saint Paul, MN:
Minnesota Historical Society Press

2001
"Extraordinary Hmong," "REM &
Dab & Neeg & Dab Neeg," and
"REM & ARM,"
Paj Ntaub Voice, Hmong Literary
Journal

2001
"The Color of My Skin," *Paj Ntaub
Voice*, Hmong Literary Journal

2000
"Twinkie," *Paj Ntaub Voice*, Hmong
Literary Journal

1995
"Hair and Color," and "The Secret
War," *A Woman's Place*, women's
literary journal

1994
"A Woman's Touch," and "Off the
Boat," *Sojourner*, women's journal
and zine

Plays

2002
From Shadows to Light, performed at
the Mixed Blood Theater, Theatre
Mu's New Eye Festival, Minneapolis,
MN, commissioned by Theatre Mu

2001

Dead Calling, writer, producer and director: performed at Intermedia Arts and Playwrights' Center, Many Voices Festival, Minneapolis, MN

DISCONNECT, performed at Playwrights' Center, Theatre Mu's New Eye Festival, Minneapolis, MN

WANG PING

2118 Hendon Avenue
Saint Paul, MN 55108
651-696-6512
ping@macalester.edu

Born 1957, Shanghai, China

Selected Education

1999

Ph.D., Comparative Department,
New York University, New York, NY

Selected Awards

2003

Loft Career Initiative Grant

2000

Minnesota State Arts Board
Fellowship

1994

National Endowment for the Arts
Fellowship

Publications

2003

The Magic Whip, poetry,
Minneapolis, MN:
Coffee House Press

2002

*Aching For Beauty: Footbinding in
China*, paperback, New York, NY:
Random House

2000

*Aching For Beauty: Footbinding in
China*, Minneapolis, MN: University
of Minnesota Press

1999

*New Generation: Poems From China
Today*, Brooklyn, NY: Hanging
Loose Press

1998

Of Flesh and Spirit, poetry,
Minneapolis, MN:
Coffee House Press

1996

Foreign Devil, novel,
Minneapolis, MN:
Coffee House Press

1994

American Visa, short stories,
Minneapolis, MN:
Coffee House Press

C-Choreography

CMP-Choreography/Multimedia/
Performance Art - Storytelling

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 Weaver (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

Vanderveelde, 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'Reilly, 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, Ranee (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 A. (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

2001

Ainsworth, Shelli (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

Brannen, Jonathan (L)
St. Paul, MN

Dauids, Brent Michael (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Fox, Sarah (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Gatto, Anthony (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Gibbon, Maureen (L)
Plymouth, MN

Hancock, W. David (SW)
St. Peter, MN

Louis, Adrian (L)
Minneota, MN

Matheson, Steven (F/V)
St. Paul, MN

McColley, Kevin (L)
Pinewood, MN

O'Brien, Dan (L)
Whitewood, SD

O'Connor, Sheila (L)
Minneapolis, MN

Ostroushko, Peter (MC)
Minneapolis, MN

Vogelweide, Bertrand (L)
Richardton, ND

Williams, Garret (F/V)
Minneapolis, MN

2002

Amiotte, Arthur (VA2D)
Custer, SD

Anderson, M. Cochise (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Chantraphone, Bounxou (VA2D)
Brooklyn Park, MN

Chatterjea, Ananya (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Clement, Ceil Anne (CMP)
Hettinger, ND

Lefkowitz, David (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Lindner, Davora (VA3D)
Minneapolis, MN

Lume, Charles Matson (VA3D)
Stillwater, MN

Millikan, Jeff (VA2D)
Minneapolis, MN

Price, Melba (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Ramaswamy, Aparna (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Sewell, James (CMP)
Minneapolis, MN

Shambroom, Paul (VA2D)
St. Paul, MN

Swiszcz, Carolyn (VA2D)
West St. Paul, MN

Van Loon, Kristin (CMP)
Wilder, Arwen
Minneapolis, MN

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River West Design

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

Composers - Work Samples on CD

J.D. Steele

1. *African Chant & The Warrior*
(2000) 4:53
J.D. Steele

2. *You Will Know* (1999) 5:18
The Steeles

Michelle Kinney

3. *Joy May* (1999) 5:02
Michelle Kinney, Jason Kao Hwang and
Stomu Takeishi

4. *Frank On The Highway* (1986) 5:52
Michelle Kinney, Jason Kao Hwang,
Stomu Takeishi and Brandon Ross

5. *To The Sorrow String* (2001) 4:18
Lyrics by W.S. Merwin
Michelle Kinney, Hanan Alattar,
Brandon Ross, Timothy Hill, Julianne
Klopotik and Michael Bellar

Tellef Johnson

6. *Sonata For Violoncello and Piano*
(1996) excerpt 9:52
Tellef Johnson Ensemble

7. *Concerto for Steel Drums and Orchestra*
(2000) excerpt 3:37
Tellef Johnson Ensemble

8. *Execution* for baritone singer, string
trio and rock trio (1997) excerpt 1:44
Tellef Johnson Ensemble

9. *Polyphony* from *Etudes for Alto Sax and
Piano* (1999) excerpt 2:01
Tellef Johnson Ensemble

Kevin Kling

10. *Valentine* from his album *Stories Off
the Shallow End* (2001) 4:44

Also on this disk:

Philip Blackburn with Preston Wright
Hentracks on Eternity-sound sculpture/
performance (2002) 10:23

A 3D "QuickTime" movie—viewing
this material requires a computer with
"QuickTime" and accompanying 3D
glasses (red lens to the left eye)

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