

# Individual Fellowships

The National Endowment for the Arts funds individual artists through its fellowship programs: Literature, American Jazz Masters, and National Heritage Fellowships. All fellowship recipients must be U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Literature Fellowships in poetry, prose, and translation are awarded competitively to writers of exceptional promise. The American Jazz Masters and National Heritage Fellowships are awarded, based on nominations, to master artists with distinguished careers.

## Literature Fellowships

Unlike most other national awards, the NEA Literature Fellowships for creative writing have sought to encourage new work and allow emerging and mid-career writers the time and means to write. Since 1967, the NEA has awarded \$38 million through these fellowships to more than 2,400 writers, resulting in more than 2,300 books, many of which are highly acclaimed works of art. Since 1990, 38 of the 56 recipients of the National Book Award, Pulitzer Prize, and National Book Critics Circle Award in Poetry and Fiction have received Literature Fellowships from the NEA, often more than 10 years earlier.

This year's Literature Fellowships are for Prose (Prose and Poetry fellowships alternate years). Of the 1,257 applications received, 36 writers from 21 states and the District of Columbia were awarded \$20,000 grants. In addition to the creative writing fellowships, every year Literature Fellowships are awarded for translation projects to translate literary works written in foreign languages into English (alternating between prose and poetry to coincide with the creative writing fellowships). The art of literary translation has made available to the American public some of the most important literature in the world, from Fyodor Dostoevsky to Umberto Eco. In 2002, 54 applications for Translation in Poetry grants were received, of which nine translators from six states were awarded grants.

### FISCAL YEAR 2002 FACTS AND FIGURES Individual Fellowships

LITERATURE FELLOWSHIPS:  
Number of Grants Awarded: 45  
Dollar Amount of Grants Awarded: \$820,000

AMERICAN JAZZ MASTERS FELLOWSHIPS:  
Number of Grants Awarded: 3  
Dollar Amount of Grants Awarded: \$60,000

NATIONAL HERITAGE FELLOWSHIPS:  
Number of Grants Awarded: 13  
Dollar Amount of Grants Awarded: \$130,000

## Literature Fellowships—Prose:

Adrian, Chris Norfolk, VA	Klam, Matthew Washington, DC
Allen, Mary Iowa City, IA	Klimasewiski, Marshall N. St. Louis, MO
Antrim, Donald E. Brooklyn, NY	Labiner, Norah Minneapolis, MN
Bender, Karen E. New York, NY	Montemarano, Nicholas Warrensburg, MO
Block, Ronald D. North Platte, NE	Mulligan-Webb, Sheila Gettysburg, PA
Brockmeier, Kevin Little Rock, AR	Novakovich, Josip A. Blue Creek, OH
Budnitz, Judith New York, NY	Paola, Suzanne Bellingham, WA
Chadwick, Cydney Marie Petaluma, CA	Paterniti, Michael Portland, ME
Clark, George Lafayette, LA	Roorbach, William F. Farmington, ME
Doenges, Judith A. Fort Collins, CO	Schmidt, Richard Sparr, FL
Doerr, Anthony Bosie, ID	Searcy, David Dallas, TX
Eggers, Paul Samuel Forest Ranch, CA	Sherrill, Kenneth Steven Altoona, PA
Franzen, Jonathan New York, NY	Skibell, Joseph F. Atlanta, GA
Hendrickson, Paul J. Takoma Park, MD	Small, Catherine Kirkland, WA
Hill, Ingrid M. Iowa City, IA	Sullivan, Robert Brooklyn, NY
Hodgen, Christie Louisville, KY	Varallo, Anthony Yorklyn, DE
Hurd, Barbara Frostburg, MD	Waters, Mary Yukari Long Beach, CA
Jones, Stephen Lubbock, TX	Wysong, Maurice Brennen Geneva, NY

Excerpt from “Circling the Hondo” (short story)  
by Mary Yukari Waters  
from the collection, *The Laws of Evening*,  
Scribner, 2003  
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Several days before her sixty-fifth birthday, Mrs. Kimura officially relinquished her position as lady of the house. She did this during a natural break in which water was coming to a boil for that evening’s somen noodles. Her daughter-in-law, in anticipation of the ceremony, had already taken off her apron. The entire process – the mutual bows, the long-rehearsed gracious phrases -- lasted but five minutes, with only a slight sourness on Mrs. Kimura’s part.

Mrs. Kimura was past her prime. There was word on the alley that (to use a local expression) a stitch or two was coming loose. Even before her change in roles, Mrs. Kimura’s eyes had taken on a vague, inward cast; when greeted by neighbors at the open-air market, it took her just a shade too long to respond. Mrs. Kimura would pay for an expensive aji fillet, the fish vendor reported, only to walk off without it. Her five-year old grandson Terao, who had grown two whole centimeters that summer, boasted that Grandma sometimes mistook him for his father. Maa maa, the neighbors could only imagine what went on in that household.

It had not been this hot and muggy in years. “Must be the global warming effect,” was Kanayagi District’s greeting of choice that summer. Cicadas shrilled up in the ginkgo trees whose leaves, sticky with dust, cast slow-stirring shadows on the pavement. Moss pushed up through cracks in the asphalt, where housewives tossed out buckets of water to cool the alley when the sun went down.

“It’s all this humidity, that’s what it is,” Mrs. Kimura told her son Jiro at dinner. “It plays on everybody’s mind! Ne, who can remember anything in all this heat!”

“Soh soh,” he agreed from behind the evening paper. He turned a page. His wife, Harumi, shot her an inscrutable glance but said nothing.

“It gives me strange dreams at night, even,” Mrs. Kimura said.

While she was lady of the house, Mrs. Kimura had rarely dreamed. Now she awoke each morning engulfed in some residual mood, which spread over the day like an expanse of

calm and deepening water. Sometimes no details remained, but other times she could vaguely link her emotion to some throw-away instant from her past: the play of late-afternoon sunlight in the

maple trees of a schoolyard, or a certain way her late husband's shadow would fall upon the wall, almost twenty years ago, when he went over finances in the evening.

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**Excerpt from *The Bird Is Gone* (novel)**

by Stephen Jones

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LP Deal, five-ten in boots, but then he can't wear boots at work, either, as part of his job is traipsing down the alleys to retrieve busted pins, motionless balls, the occasional beer bottle. Once a prosthetic arm. Fool's Hip gives mercy strikes if your arm falls off mid-bowl, but the limit is three per game; some of the veterans were taking advantage. LP tried wearing a pair of the house moccasins when he first signed on, hand-sewn the old way, from the soft leather interior of thousands of abandoned golf bags, but found he couldn't stand up on the waxed lanes. It was funny for a while, but then he had work to do. Now he wears simple canvas basketball shoes – standard Indian issue - dingy grey at the toes from mopping afterhours, and monochromatic coveralls, once brown but long since gone tan, from washing them every night in the dishwasher with the last load of the night, steam filling the room, scouring his lungs. Sometimes, standing there naked and blurry, he sings, his voice resounding off the stainless steel kitchen, over the polished counter, spilling out into the hardwood lanes, but then other times he just stares at his indistinct reflection, the roadburn all down his left side expanding in the heat.

On his application for employment, under Tribal Affiliation, he checked Anasazi—a box he had to draw himself—and under the story and circumstances of his name, he recounted what he could remember of the Skin Parade fourteen years ago, when he was twelve. Him and his mom had

been hunting and gathering at the supermart in Hoopa, California when the wall of television sets said it, that the Dakotas were Indian again, look out, and three weeks and two and a half cars later, LP and his mom rolled across the Little Missouri at Camp Crook with nearly four million other Indians. It wasn't the Little Missouri anymore, though, but something hard to pronounce, in Lakota. The grass was still black then, from the fires. When LP and his mom ran out of gas they just coasted through town, and when they finally rolled to a stop, it was in front of a record store, florescent letters splashed onto the plate glass. For a moment LP could have been either LP Deal or Vinyl Daze, but then in a rush of nostalgia his mom took the second name. Within a week the guys at the bar were calling her VD. LP didn't get it until years later, months after he'd lost track of her at one of the pandances, and by then he was old enough to pretend not to care.

He did cut his hair off when he got home that night, though, part of the Code, and hasn't let it grow back yet, wears it blocked off at the collar instead, muskrat-slick on top. His right hand is forever greasy from smoothing it back, out of his eyes. Mary Boy, LP's boss, offered him a hairnet in passing once, but LP declined: by then he'd grown accustomed to the ducking motion necessary to smooth it down. Had come to depend on it, even, as cover for leaning down to the inside of his left wrist, speaking into the microphone carefully band-aided there, its delicate lead snaking up his arm, embracing his shattered ribcage, plugging into the wafer-thin recording unit tucked into the inner pocket of his overalls.

## Translation Projects In Prose

Batki, John J.  
Syracuse, NY

To support the translation from Hungarian of Geza Ottlik's novel *Buda*.

Batt, Herbert  
Buffalo, NY

To support the translation from Chinese of *Horatio Alger Comes to China*, a collection of short stories by different authors about the self-made person.

Bononno, Robert  
New York, NY

To support the translation from French of *Seven Years in the Life of a Woman: Isabelle Eberhardt, Letters and Journals*.

Felstiner, Jr., Louis John  
Stanford, CA

To support the translation from French of the collected correspondence from 1951-1970 between poet Paul his wife, French artist Gisèle Celan-Lestrange.

Frye, David L.  
Ann Arbor, MI

To support the translation from Spanish of *El Periquillo Sarniento (The Mangy Parrot)* by Mexican writer José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi.

Merrill, Christi Ann  
Charlottesville, VA

from Hindi and Rajasthani of selections from Vijay Dan Detha's *Baton ri Phulwari (A Garden of Tales)*.

Schwartz, Lynne Sharon  
New York, NY

To support the translation from Italian of a collection of essays and memoirs by Natalia Ginzburg.

Sengupta, Sagaree  
Madison, WI

To support the translation from Hindi of *Ek naukrani ki diary (The Diary of an Indian Maid-servant)*, a novel by Krishna Baldev Vaid.

Valentino, Russell  
Iowa City, IA

To support the translation from Serbo-Croatian of Predrag Matvejevi's *Between Exile and Asylum: An Eastern Epistolary*.

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### Excerpt from *A Place to Live and Other Selected Essays of Natalia Ginzburg*

Seven Story Press, 2002

Translated from Italian by Lynne Sharon Schwartz  
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In October of 1944 I came to Rome to find work. My husband had died the previous winter. In Rome there was a publishing house where he had worked for years. The publisher was away in Switzerland at the time, but the firm had resumed business right after the liberation of Rome, and I thought that if I asked, they would give me a job. The prospect of asking was burdensome, however, because I thought they would be hiring me out of pity, as I was a widow with children to support. I would have liked someone to give me a job without knowing me, on the basis of my skills. The trouble was that I had no skills.

I had brooded over all this during the months of the German occupation, which I spent in the country, in Tuscany, with my children. The war had passed through there, followed by the usual silent aftermath, until finally, in the quiet countryside and the villages thrown into turmoil, the Americans arrived. We moved to Florence, where I left the children with my parents and went on to Rome.

I wanted to work because I had no money. True, if I had remained with my parents I could have managed. But the idea of being supported by my parents was also very burdensome, and besides, I wanted to make a home for myself and my children again.

We hadn't had a place of our own for a long time. During those last months of the war, we lived with relatives and friends, or in convents and hotels. Driving to Rome in a car that stalled every half-hour, I dallied with fantasies of adventurous jobs, such as being a governess or covering crime for a newspaper. The major obstacle to my career plans was the fact that I didn't know how to do anything. I had never taken a degree, having dropped out when I failed Latin (a subject no one ever failed back then). I didn't know any languages except a little French, and I didn't know how to type. Aside from caring for my children, doing housework very slowly and ineptly, and writing novels, I had never done a thing in my life. Moreover, I was very lazy.

My laziness didn't run to sleeping late in the morning—I have always awakened at dawn, so that getting up was no problem—but to losing an infinite amount of time idling and daydreaming. As a result, I had never been able to complete any studies or projects. I told myself the time had come to uproot this weakness. Applying for work at the publishing house, where they would take me on out of pity and understanding, suddenly seemed the most logical, practical idea, even though their motives would be painful to me. Just around that time I had read a beautiful book called *Jeunesse sans Dieu*, by Aden di Norvath, an author I knew nothing about except that he died young, hit by a falling tree while leaving a movie house in Paris. I thought that as soon as I began work at the publishers I would translate this book, which I loved, and have them bring it out.

## American Jazz Masters Fellowships

“Jazz lives at the very center of the American vernacular,” A.B. Spellman, deputy chairman at the NEA and author of *Four Lives in the Bebop Business* had written in the introduction to the NEA publication *American Jazz Masters Fellowships: 1982-2002*. “The American Jazz Masters Fellowships program was created to say to jazz musicians that their government values the way that they keep our culture rich by producing such fabulous music.” These fellowships honor living jazz masters for their artistic excellence and impact on the music field. Named each year since 1982, the NEA American Jazz Masters form a veritable jazz hall of fame, including such luminous past members as Dizzy Gillespie, Ornette Coleman, Marian McPartland, and Ella Fitzgerald. This year’s recipients of the \$20,000 awards, presented at the annual International Association for Jazz Education conference, were saxophonist and composer Jimmy Heath, percussionist Elvin Jones, and vocalist Abbey Lincoln.



Jimmy Heath.  
Photo by John Sann

**Jimmy Heath, Saxophonist/Composer**  
Along with his brothers—Percy, a bassist and American Jazz Master Fellowship recipient, and drummer Albert “Tootie”—Jimmy Heath has had a profound impact on today’s jazz. Playing early in his career with such legends as Howard McGhee, Benny Golson, and Dizzy Gillespie, Heath’s versatile performance

style on tenor saxophone, combined with his outstanding writing and arranging abilities, established him as a unique jazz artist. He has composed more than 100 original works and continues to perform with his brothers and other jazz greats, such as Wynton Marsalis. He currently serves on the board of the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz.

**Elvin Jones, Percussionist**  
Like Heath, Elvin Jones was also born into a jazz family: his brother Hank plays piano and was a 1989 American Jazz Master, and his brother Thad was an accomplished trumpet and flugelhorn player. Jones established his unique polyrhythmic percussive style during his six-year stint with the John Coltrane Quartet in the 1960s. In his later solo career, his complex performances greatly influenced other artists, particularly in his improvisation. In addition to session work, Jones tours extensively with his group, Jazz Machine, and frequently performs free for schools and other institutions.



Elvin Jones.  
Photo by Michiko Hoshi

### Abbey Lincoln, Vocalist

Born Anna Marie Wooldridge in Chicago, Lincoln developed a distinctive vocal style influenced by Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong. Her critically acclaimed recordings include *Abbey Sings Billie*, *Over the Years* and the collaboration with her then husband, 1984 American Jazz Master Max Roach, *Freedom Now Suite*. She has performed with such greats as Benny Carter, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, and Stan Getz in addition to Roach. Lincoln also is an actor, teacher, and poet. Her emotionally honest, mature, and committed style is still being heard as she enjoys a renewed career and continues to perform and tour with a new trio.



Abbey Lincoln.  
Photo by Mephisto

## National Heritage Fellowships

Since its inception in 1982, the National Heritage Fellowships have been awarded to 272 artists who have dedicated their lives to celebrating the nation's diverse cultural heritage. Previous honorees have included bluesman John Lee Hooker, Dakotah-Hidatsa storyteller Mary Louise Defender Wilson, duck decoy carver Lem Ward, and old-time musician Ralph Stanley.

The 2002 National Heritage Fellowships, the country's most prestigious honor in the folk and

2002 National Heritage Fellow Loren Bommelyn, Tolowa tradition bearer, performs at the annual celebratory concert in Washington, DC.  
*Photo by Tom Pich*



traditional arts, were awarded to 12 artists. The fellowships include a one-time award of \$10,000. Artists who received the award included performers, such as Irish fiddler Kevin Burke, and craftspeople, such as Passamaquoddy basketmaker Clara Neptune Keezer. Several new artistic traditions were included in 2002: Buddhist sand mandala painting, Sephardic Jewish music, and New England contra dancing.

In addition, Jean Ritchie, Appalachian musician and songwriter, was presented the Bess Lomax Hawes Award, given to those who have made major contributions to the excellence, vitality, and public appreciation of the folk and traditional arts through teaching, collecting, advocacy, and preservation work.

Interviews with the 2002 awardees, as well as presentations of their work, can be found on the NEA Web site ([www.arts.gov](http://www.arts.gov)). In addition, a publication celebrating the 20th anniversary of the program is available in the publications section of the Web site.

## 2002 National Heritage Fellows

Ralph Blizard  
*Old-Time Fiddler*  
Blountville, TN

Loren Bommelyn  
*Tolowa Tradition Bearer*  
Crescent City, CA

Kevin Burke  
*Irish Fiddler*  
Portland, OR

Rose & Francis Cree  
*Ojibwe Basketmakers/Storytellers*  
Dunseith, ND

Luderin Darbone/Edwin Duhon  
*Cajun Guitarist and Fiddler*  
Sulphur, LA/Westlake, LA

Nadim Dlaikan  
*Lebanese Nye (Reed Flute) Player*  
Southgate, MI

David "Honeyboy" Edwards  
*Blues Guitarist/Singer*  
Chicago, IL

Flory Jagoda  
*Sephardic Musician/Composer*  
Falls Church, VA

Clara Neptune Keezer  
*Passamaquoddy Basketmaker*  
Perry, ME

Bob McQuillen  
*Contra Dance Musician/Composer*  
Peterborough, NH

Domingo "Mingo" Saldivar  
*Conjunto Accordionist*  
San Antonio, TX

Losang Samten  
*Tibetan Sand Mandala Painter*  
Philadelphia, PA

Jean Ritchie  
*Appalachian Musician/Songwriter*  
Port Washington, NY/Viper, KY