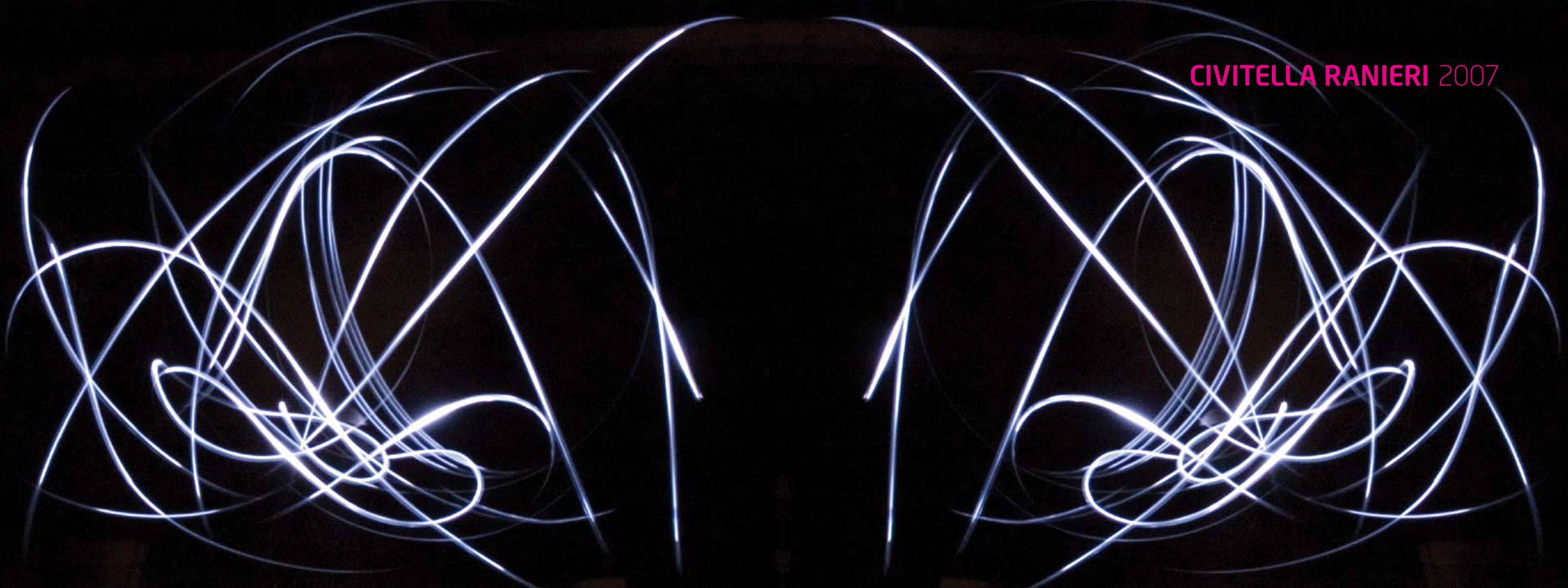


CIVITELLA RANIERI 2007



The left half of the image features a light blue background with several overlapping, glowing white light trails. These trails are curved and dynamic, resembling the paths of a flashlight beam or light painting. They create a sense of movement and depth, with some lines being thicker and brighter than others.

CIVITELLA RANIERI

Cover: Flashlight drawing by Fellow Daniel Zeller





About Civitella **4** • '07 Fellows **8** • Fellows' Work **10** • From the Chairman **80** • From the Director **82** • Ursula Corning **84** • Staff **88** • Fellows **92**



INTRODUCTION The Civitella Ranieri Center is a workplace for gifted artists from different disciplines and countries, located in the 15th century Civitella Ranieri castle in the Umbria region of Italy. In keeping with the spirit of its founder, Ursula Corning, and the tradition of hospitality and support for the arts that she established at the castle, the Center seeks to enable its Fellows to pursue their work and to exchange ideas in this unique and inspiring setting. The Center is funded by the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation with offices in New York City.

MISSION The mission of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is:
To bring together visual artists, writers and musicians from around the world who demonstrate exceptional talent and an enduring commitment to their disciplines. The guiding principle of the nomination and selection process is to attract highly-qualified individuals who represent a full range of artistic backgrounds and practices.

To encourage the creative process by providing Fellows with agreeable board and lodging, a private studio space and a generous period of uninterrupted time.

To support the dissemination of ideas and to foster a collaborative spirit among the Fellows at the Civitella Ranieri Center in Italy

SELECTION PROCESS The Civitella Ranieri Foundation provides Fellowships to visual artists, musicians and writers on an invitational basis. It does not accept unsolicited applications and cannot award a Fellowship to anyone who has not been recommended by one of the Foundation's nominators. The Foundation's nominators are anonymous and are rotated on a regular basis.

The Foundation selects its Fellows in a two-tiered process. A rotating group of diverse artists, academics, critics and others nominates potential candidates for the Fellowship. These candidates are then invited to submit an application along with representative work samples for review by an international jury of peers.

The process was designed to provide the Foundation access to the widest selection of artists in a variety of disciplines from all parts of the world.

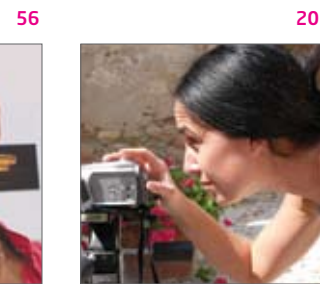
About Civitella



2007 FELLOWS



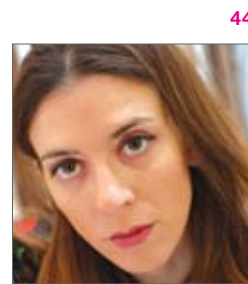
Ernesto Ballesteros
Argentina



Luz Maria Bedoya
Peru



Carlos Carrillo-Cotto
USA



Silvia Colasanti
Italy



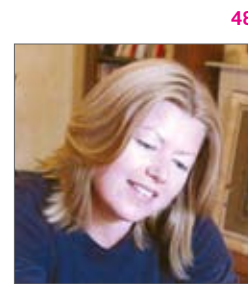
Abraham Cruzvillegas
Mexico/France



Milos Djurdjevic
Croatia



Matias Duville
Argentina



Amy Ellingson
USA



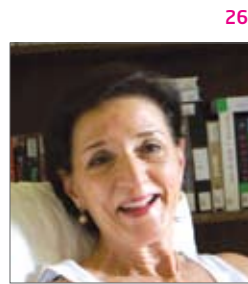
Randall Eng
USA



Reanne Estrada
Philippines/USA



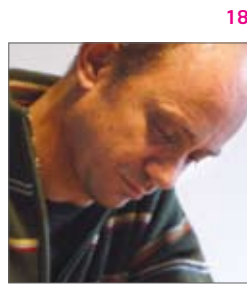
Gabriela Frank
USA



Lynn Freed
South Africa/USA



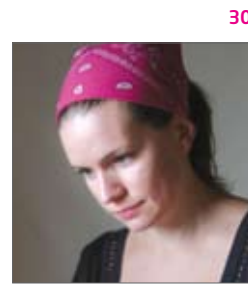
Eduardo Frota
Brazil



Damon Galgut
South Africa



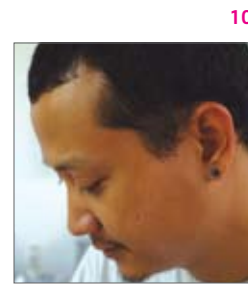
Eric Gamalinda
Philippines/USA



Sarah Hall
UK



Ann Harleman
USA



Nithiphat Hoisangthong
Thailand



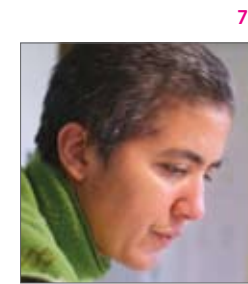
Mouna Karray
Tunisia



Saba Khan
Pakistan



Patrick Killoran
USA



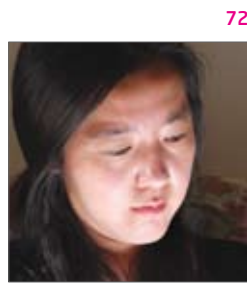
Kara Lynch
Greece/USA



Mike McCormack
Ireland



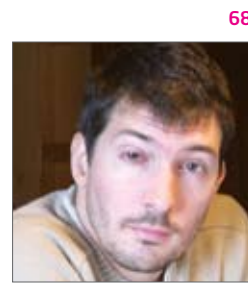
Rebecca Morales
a



Mariko Nagai
Japan



Maria Negroni
Argentina/USA



Jacob Polley
UK



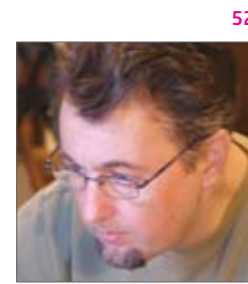
Somei Satoh
Japan



Piotr Sommer
Poland



Janice Tanaka
USA



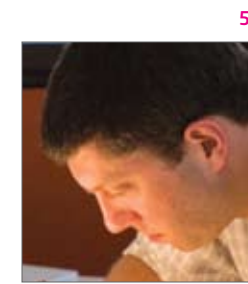
Stevan K. Tickmayer
Ex-Yugoslavia/France



Joep Van Lieshout
The Netherlands



Rolf Wallin
Norway



Daniel Zeller
USA

NITHIPHAT HOISANGTHONG
THAILAND



I wanted to finish a collection of poems dealing with consciousness and time, which I tried to imagine through the perspective of Buddhism and quantum physics. Eternal consciousness (one that survives the disintegration of the I) and infinite time (which can only happen outside of our existence) are virtually impossible for the human mind to comprehend. Yet they are, I suspect, at the core of our searching and our loneliness. In Umbria, layers of time seemed to me to co-exist so effortlessly; I felt I was steeped in the presence of parallel worlds, of the enormity of before and after, and every day I experienced that sense of astonishment so vital to poetry. One morning I woke up and Castrabecco was swathed in a bluish fog. The valley off the gazebo, the garden of pomegranates and jasmine, had disappeared. I kept watching until the fog began to lift, until the tips of the cypresses began to pierce through the haze. And then everything was once again as it had been; and then nothing was ever again the same.

CORPOREAL

A skim of moonlight on these hills: a self-effacing moon.
Overnight, the roads have lost their way.
I must have turned invisible myself: in the rearview mirror
my image is a pixel, a small gray speck.
It looks nothing like me.
Iridescent in disguise, lizards emulate the solitude of stones.
I've come back again and again to the sanctuary of wells,
but there is nothing there still;
the water will not reveal its sources.
No one speaks to the swallows.
Rain for a day, an afternoon, a dewdrop is lifespan.
I will walk into the sunlight, if it ever comes, and disappear.
Perhaps my shadow, like my soul, will never recognize me.
It will wander aimlessly, buoyant, lifted by longing,

which is more than I have ever aimed to be.
Last night: a dream. And then a dream of a dream:
I have never learned to live inside this body.
I carry it like an instrument whose usefulness
has become arcane to me. I am tired of God,
tired of counting the cycles, the exactitude of stars.
There must be a constellation of nothing
where all things begin. A zero, motionless,
far from the spindrift of time.
I don't expect to gain anything from these words;
I don't think the rain, despite my praise, thinks itself dear.
Once again, my sorrow leads me where it will.
I am a target, a vector, a pair of wings.
Something massive is breathing: that is what the thunder tells me.
I listen closely, like a hunter of songs.
I hope never to return.

02.June.07



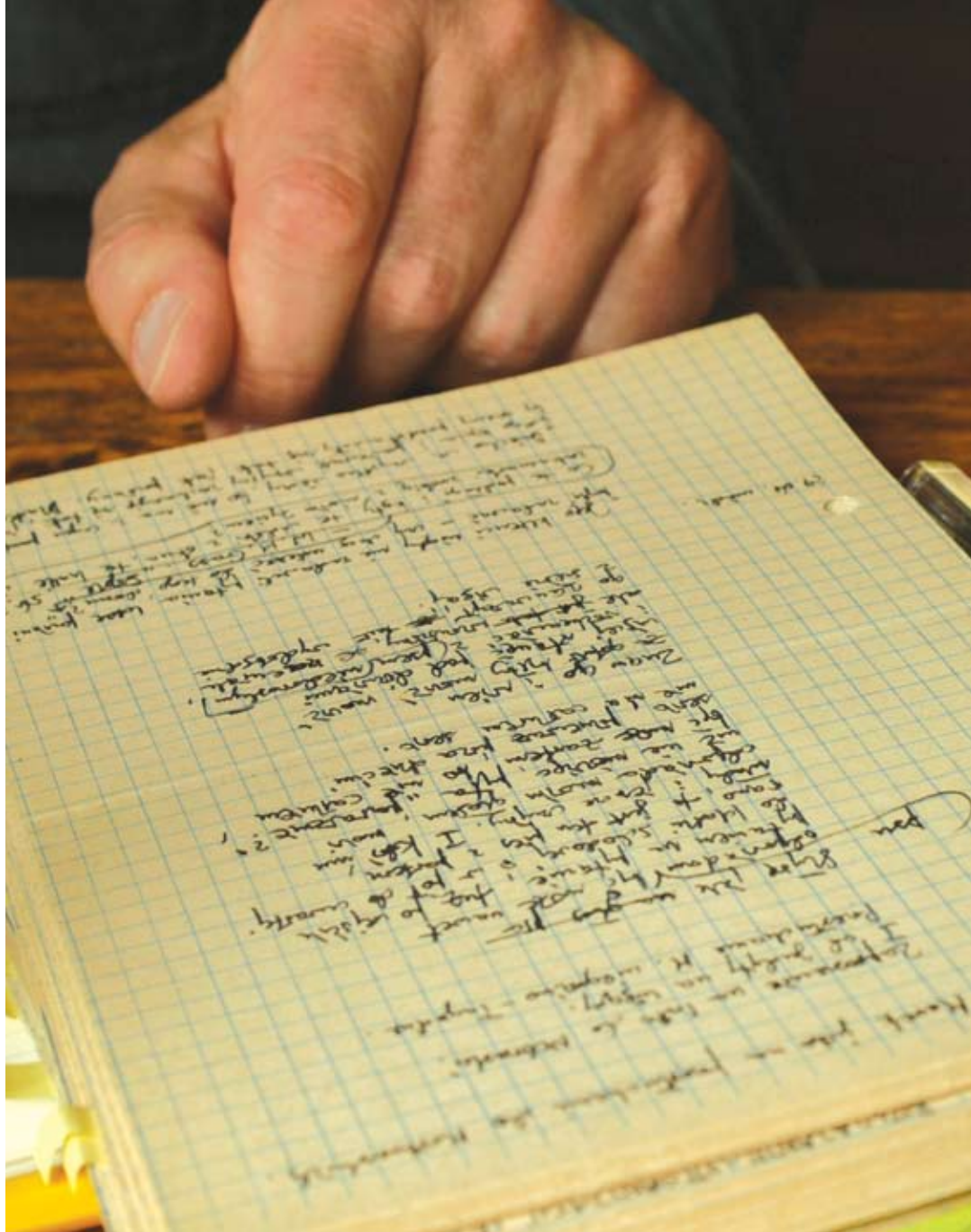
EDUARDO FROTA
BRAZIL



INDISCRETIONS

Where are we? In ironies that no one will grasp, short-lived and unmarked, in trivial points which reduce metaphysics to absurd detail, in Tuesday that falls on day two of May, in mnemonics of days. You can give an example or take it on faith, cat's paw at the throat.

And one also likes certain words and those—pardon me—syntaxes that pretend that something links them together. Between these intermeanings the whole man is contained, squeezing in where he sees a little space.



CONTINUED

Nothing will be the same as it was, even enjoying the same things won't be the same. Our sorrows will differ one from the other and we will differ one from the other in our worries.

And nothing will be the same as it was, nothing at all. Simple thoughts will sound different, newer, since they'll be more simply, more newly spoken. The heart will know how to open up and love won't be love anymore. Everything will change.

Nothing will be the same as it was and that too will be new somehow, since after all, before, things could be similar: morning, the rest of the day, evening and night, but not now.

A SMALL TREATISE ON NON-CONTRADICTION

Son goes out of the apartment block to get some air since the autumn's still pretty, and why waste the weather. He goes to the pond to study bugs, returns and checks everything in books.

From the kitchen window I watch the boys kick a ball. The door opens, and while the door's open you can hear that the lift works today, clicks shut and moves on, to be useful.

I have used my time at Civitella to complete the final draft of a new novel. While I could, of course, have attended to this at home, what my usual life can never provide is the gift of interaction with artists from different cultures and other disciplines. The cross-fertilization has been unexpectedly rich, and amplified by the backdrop of Italy. I've had some of the most interesting conversations of my life here; I like to think they've found their way into the work.

EXCERPT: *The Impostor*

In five minutes he's in the woods, with the sound of water nearby. The undergrowth is striped through with early light. A blue and yellow butterfly flits around him, signalling its beauty. The path is following the kloof, heading towards its narrowest point. The further he goes, the more tentative the track becomes, till the undergrowth is dragging at his feet. Trees crowd in on either side, speaking in the voices of insects and birds.

Just when he is considering turning back, the vegetation thins away and he comes out on the bank of the river, at the point where it emerges from the mountains. Dark walls rise on either side like portals; the water jets between boulders, then spreads immediately below into a wide, calm pool. In the first light the surface is almost statuesque and solid, flawlessly reflecting the far bank, the sky.

Only now does it occur to him that this must be the same river that flows through the town. It's unlikely that there are two of them, this size, in this part of the world. The realization is startling. There is a connection, suddenly, in the form of a living blue vein, between the place where he lives and this inexplicable green paradise.

He goes over to the edge. The transparency of the water shows him a mysterious nether terrain of boulders and logs and splotches of light. He sees a fish suspended, like a hovering bird.

He looks around carefully, to make sure that he's alone, and then sheds his clothes on the bank. He turns his chest to the sun, trying to take its heat into his paleness. Let him open up to the world! The poet in him will sing about moments like these.

He hesitates for a moment before slipping in. The coldness envelops him. He swims out into the middle of the pool, where it's deepest. The current is barely perceptible, a faint tugging on the skin, but he

imagines it washing him clean, carrying the past away. It is like baptism, but for that you need to be fully immersed: he ducks his head beneath the surface. The mirror breaks soundlessly, then composes itself around him again – sky, trees, the river-bank leaning in.

His feet find a rock and he perches there, half of his body in suspension, the other half projecting into the world. He is like the still point at the centre of everything. The first man, alone on the very first morning.

And then not.

Because somebody else is there.

First he can feel the eyes. A feeling, that's all – an animal alarm, some vestigial instinct in his cells. He remembers the unearthly roaring in the night as he peers into the trees, making out only light and shadow and the liquid movement of birds. He turns sharply the other way. The far bank is even more inscrutable. He stares and stares – until, quite suddenly, he sees.

It's a horrible moment. His body becomes colder than the water. Centuries of history drop away: the forest itself is staring at him – into him – with a dark face, lined and worn and old, marinated in ancient contempt. The face belongs here. Adam is the intruder, alien and unwanted; the single element in the scene that doesn't fit. All his pagan hymns to the landscape depart, unwritten. He is about to vanish without a trace, and the shock jolts him off the rock, into deep water again.

So they look at one another, the black face in the forest and the naked white man, treading water.



LUZ MARIA BEDOYA
PERU





CARLOS CARRILLO-COTTO
USA

mp/mt claro, cristallino

(P)

pp

Ped.

etc.



ABRAHAM CRUZVILLEGAS
MEXICO/FRANCE



EXCERPT: “Embracing the Alien” in
READING, WRITING & LEAVING HOME:
LIFE ON THE PAGE:

There is an odd lag between playing the life and writing around it. By the time I was writing *The Bungalow*, the longing to return to South Africa had died down. I was reconciled. More than reconciled, I began to understand that it was no accident that I had chosen to stay on in America. In America, I could play myself, free of the sort of colonial categorising that I would have had to overcome in England (a South African, a Jewish South African). In addition, I now had an American child, American friends. I was an expatriate, living in America. And that is where I would remain.

I have never understood the concept of assimilation, not for myself anyway. How would I disappear into America? And why would I want to? As a writer, I need the specifics, I need the differences. I also need the distance at which I keep myself from my subject, from my life, past and present. I have always needed this. If I have learned the language of life in America, if I have made friends here, and found in them a generous audience for the performance of my life, then this is what I have become, what I have always been, in fact: a performer of myself.

Just after finishing *The Bungalow*, I went out to South Africa, accompanied by two American

friends. In my twenty-five years in America, this was the first time I had taken anyone other than my daughter home with me. When we reached Durban, I took my friends to see the house in which I had grown up, where my father had grown up before me – a colonial, pillared splendour, commanding a ridge high above the city. As we stood on the upstairs verandah, looking out over the city and the bay, the Indian Ocean beyond, one friend turned to me and said, “How could you bear to leave this place?”

I stared at her. No one had ever asked me this before. And yet, of course, it was a question I had been asking myself all my life. Being asked it now, though, and by a dear and intimate friend, brought the whole issue back de novo, all the deep and suspect sadness of my self-imposed exile.

And then suddenly, standing there on the old verandah, I saw my bifurcated life for what it was: as a failure of daring. I had not dared to remain. More than this, I had been a show-off in my leaving. And I was still showing off—leaving there, leaving here—keeping the truth for the writing itself, hiding it away like a criminal. For what is writing, after all, but a bid for the truth? And what is truth if not the life at the very heart of failure?

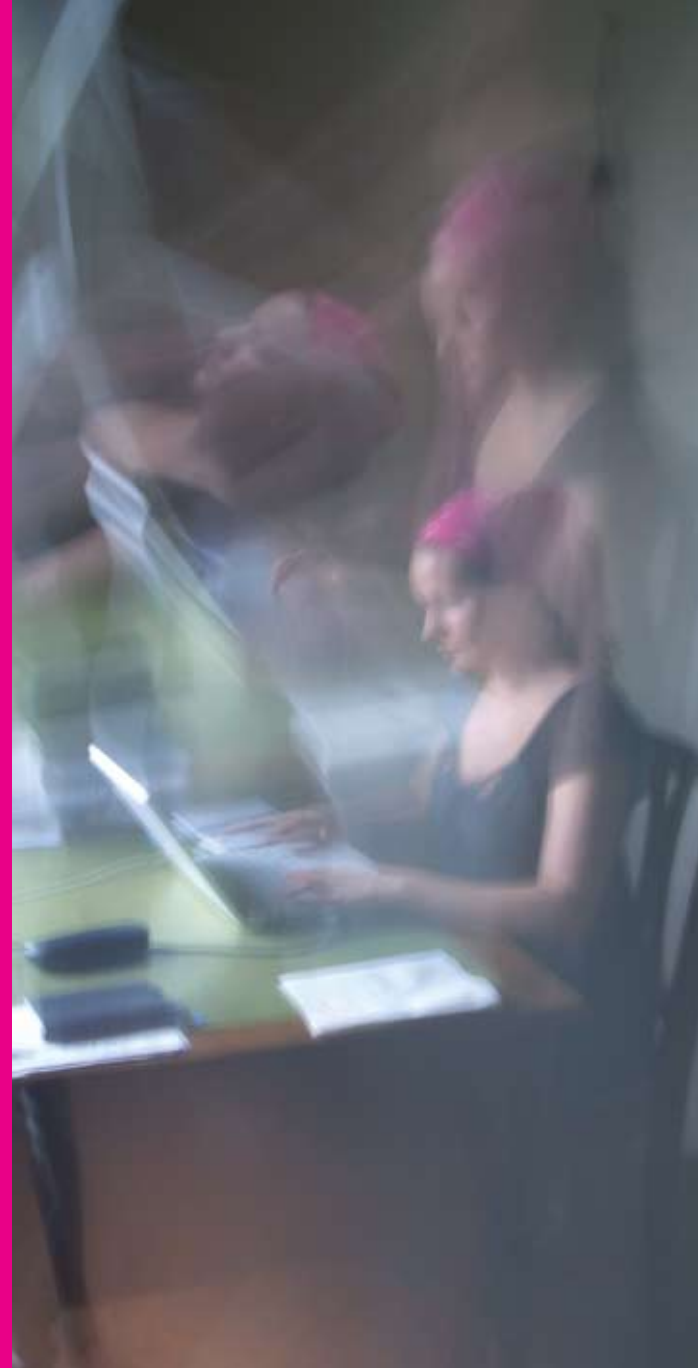
In this sublime setting, worlds removed from what passes for normal life, taken care of as guest and in the company of others for lunch and dinner daily, for drives, shopping, conversations of every sort, I have found not only the peace to write willingly, but the way to end a novel that has been with me for too many years.



MATIAS DUVILLE
ARGENTINA



What incomparable joy—to be at Civitella for six weeks. To have rosemary growing on the doorstep, to see the hills and yellow autumn trees outside the window, walk companionably in the evenings, share food, experience, fierce discussions and humour around the table, to enjoy the quiet seclusion of work, and the unique and generous language of this place. I have not written with such a sense of freedom for a long time.



EXCERPT: *Bottles* (A work in progress-Sept/Oct 2007)

There has been no letter from my friend Peter this week. I have been spoiled to hear from him so frequently and I confess to a deep disappointment. I think of him often. I wonder how he progresses with his studies and his painting. I wonder what delights him and what troubles him. What are his current philosophies? Which sculptors and colourists does he admire? And how will he articulate these influences?

He must visit The National Gallery in London. He must see the glazed earthenware and pewter, the wet fish-scales and gold-ringed eyes of Velázquez. He must see the liquid still pooled in the sockets. He must see these paintings not to interpret utensils or religion or any such thing. Not for the adroit symbolism of Vanitas, nor to unravel the elegant paradox of title. He must first see how every surface and texture speaks of life, and offers the viewer its own purest sensitivity. Yes. Peter must feel the temperature of the bream, the death-shroud of seas over

it, and the crackling of garlic skin as it is peeled. He must hear the sound of grinding in the kitchen mortar. And he must see the dragonfly of van Os – arrested – its transparent wings, its essence of flight. In America he must see Cotán's apples, suspended, their stalks tied delicately with string. The melon seeds slipping from the rind. The replete dampness of these atoms. He must recognise the geometry, the artifice and the reality.

I would present him with the timeless gifts of the Nature Morte. Stilleven with citrons and walnuts. Still Life with lobster, the serration of claws. Still Life with parrot, and fruits out of season. Still Life with cloves, chilli, eggs, hare, dead birds, dew-drops, and rose. With asparagus, coins, straw-skull, wicker, terracotta vase. Still Life with drinking horn.

Only then will he begin to understand living art.



MARISA: *mp*

Marisa

J = 60

mp

My fa-ther



Judgment Day

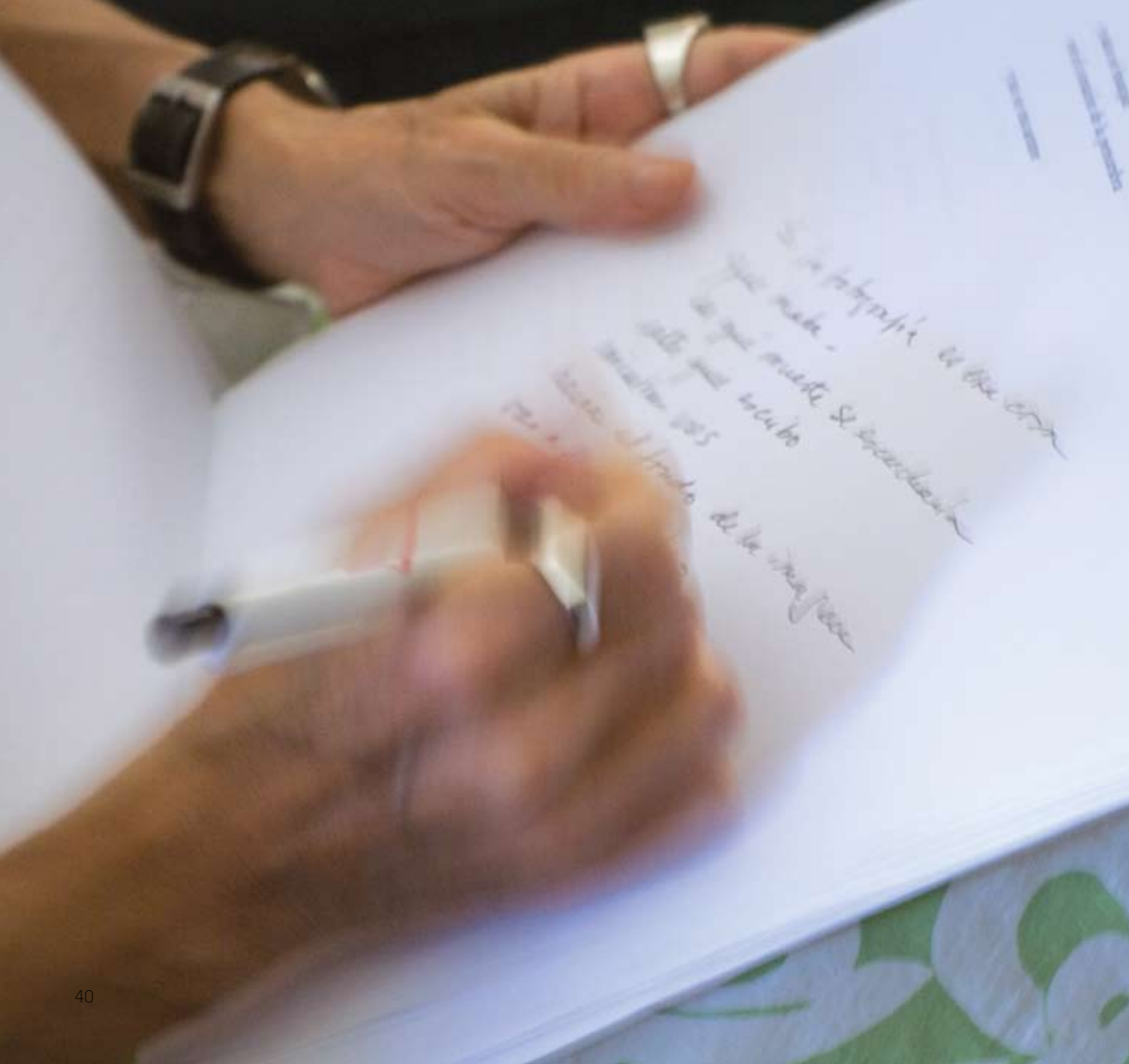
Christ he'd always been thin, never a pick on him, but I'd never seen him as thin as he was at that moment, standing there in the kitchen with the grey hair hanging in his face and the rain dripping off him like a drowned dog. Not even the old anorak he was wearing could bulk him out to any size. And the little bony hands of him as well – he'd started rolling a cigarette - I thought I could see all the missing years in the glossy sheen of his hands and the blue veins looping between his knuckles. And yet, in spite of his appearance and everything, part of me couldn't help but think that he looked well for a man I had thought dead these past five years.

'You weren't always so short of talk,' he said, licking the cigarette and placing it in the corner of his mouth. 'Are you not glad to see me Sean? Your older brother? It's not that often I call now, is it?'

He lit his fag then, using that awkward stooping motion to bring the fag to the flame instead of the other way around. He's barely inside the door I thought and already he's getting to me.

'I thought you were dead,' I heard myself say. It was not a good start...





EXCERPT: Dibujo con niña/Drawing with Girl, work in progress

mientras tanto
el dibujo que se hace solo
seguirá su marcha

-en mis manos las venas
simularán un bosque-

y un día te veré pasar
con tu canasta muy roja
entre el atardecer y tu nombre

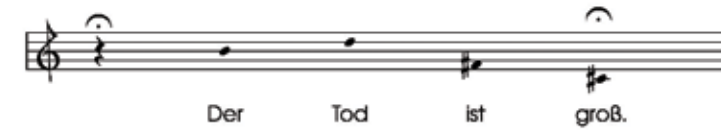
eso es todo
las dos habremos ido
y vuelto
de la nada a la nada

la eternidad hace su casa
con las perdices
que no comimos



ROLF WALLIN
NORWAY

3. Schlußstück Voice



Rainer Maria Rilke

Vno. s.

186

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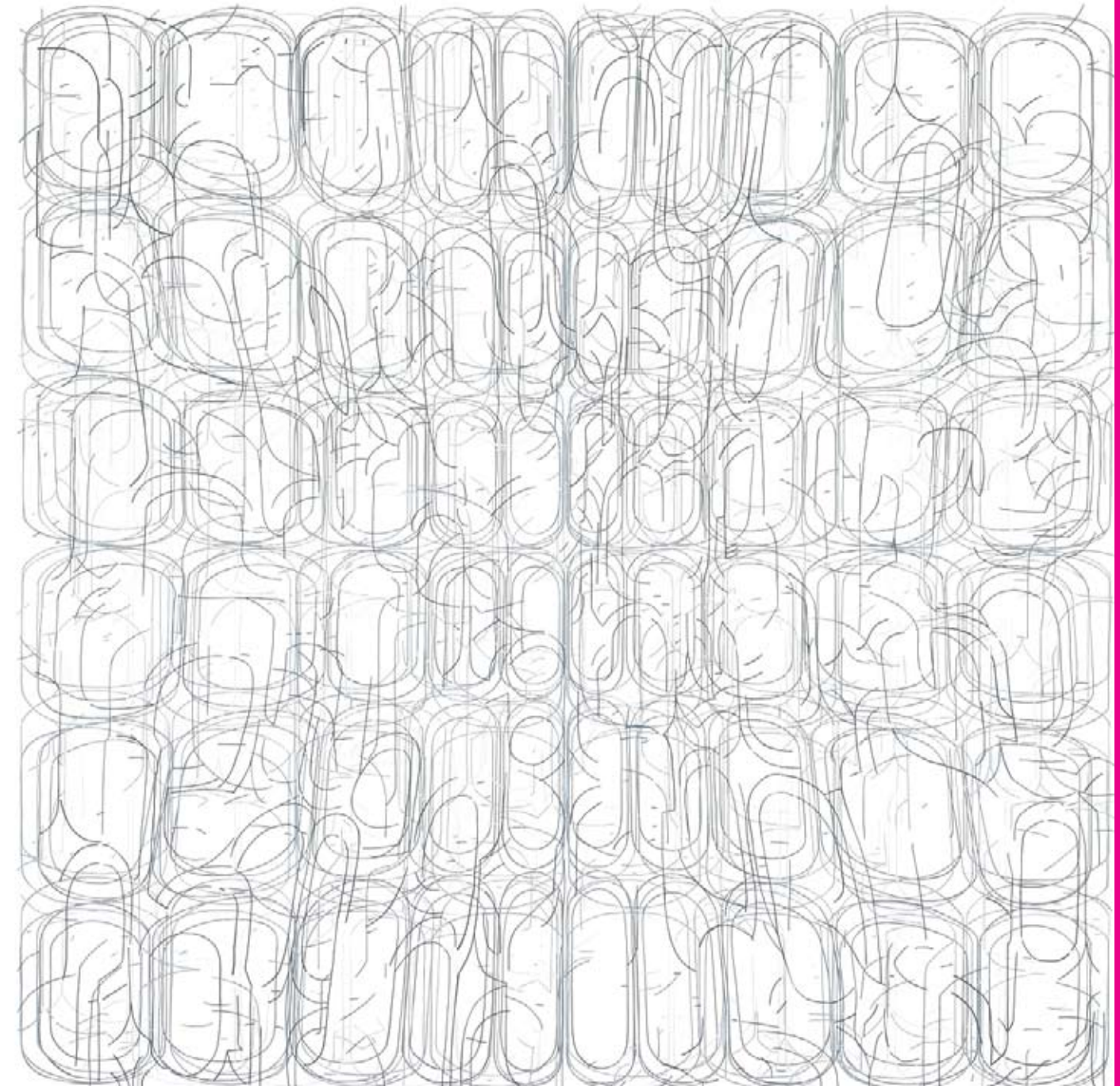
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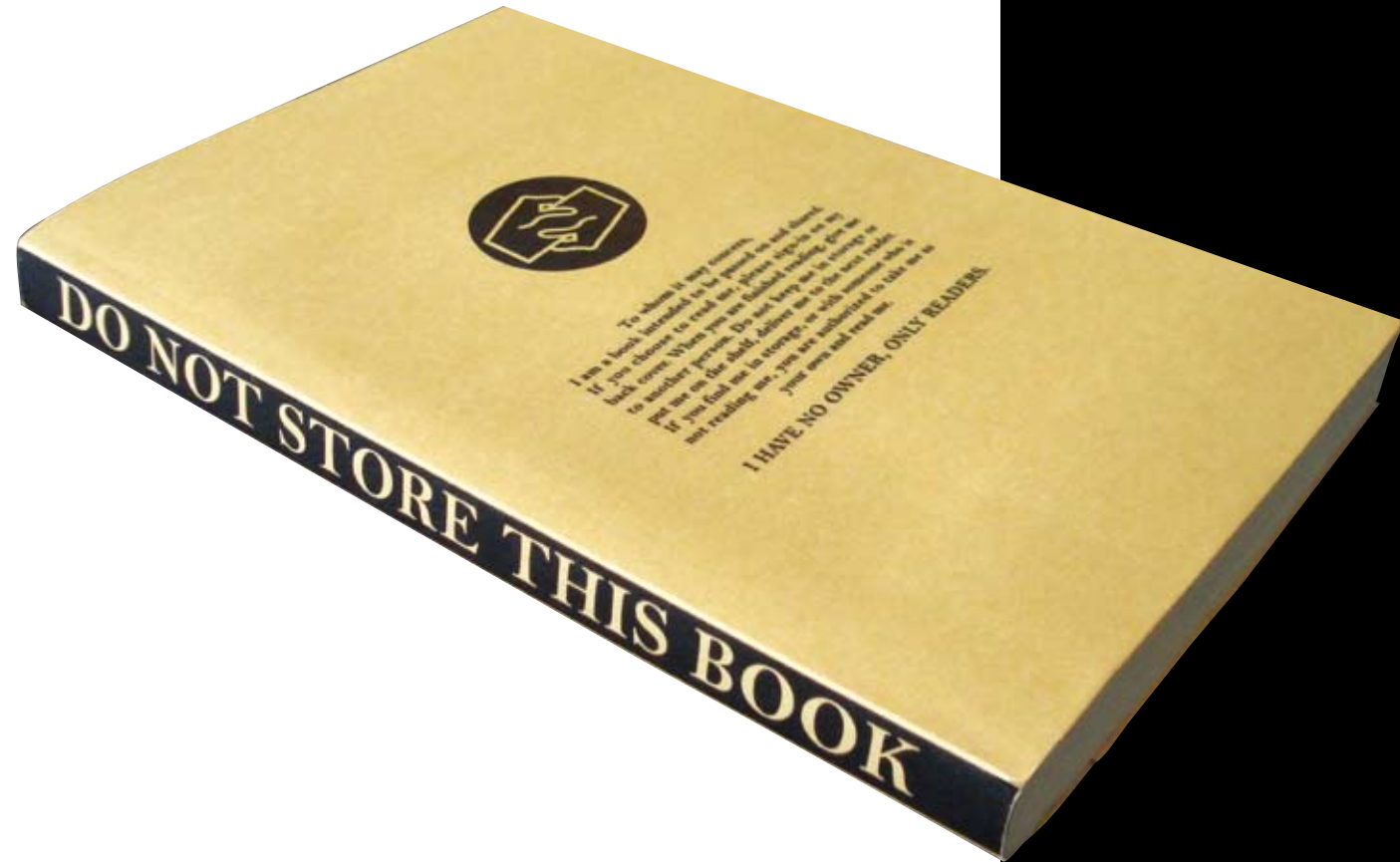


MOUNA KARRAY
TUNISIA



I planned to hit the ground running upon my arrival at Civitella. And I did, until my hard drive died a slow, painful, noisy death. Bereft of my most dear and necessary tool, what to do? What to do, when each of the others is happily immersed in his or her work? What to do, when the 'plan' collapses? Try not to panic. Slow down. Walk. Read. Think. Listen. Now I see that during the two weeks of 'down time,' the work progressed anyway. I read, studied, and relished the opportunity to view the art of the Umbria region. And, with technology eventually restored, I began a project that I had been thinking about for months: a series of large-scale gouache drawings based on the manipulation of 'wire-frame' versions of the forms that comprise the vernacular of my paintings.





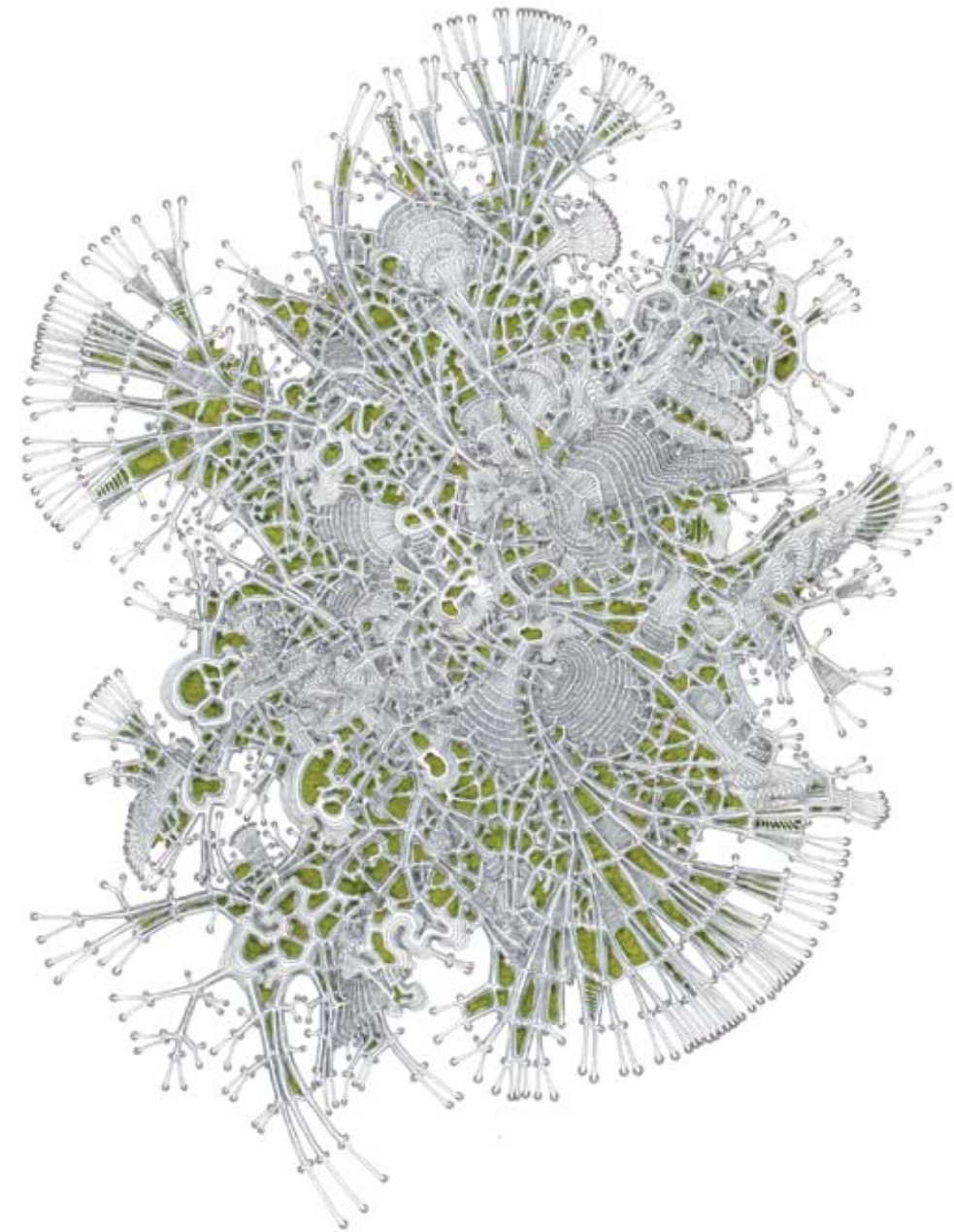
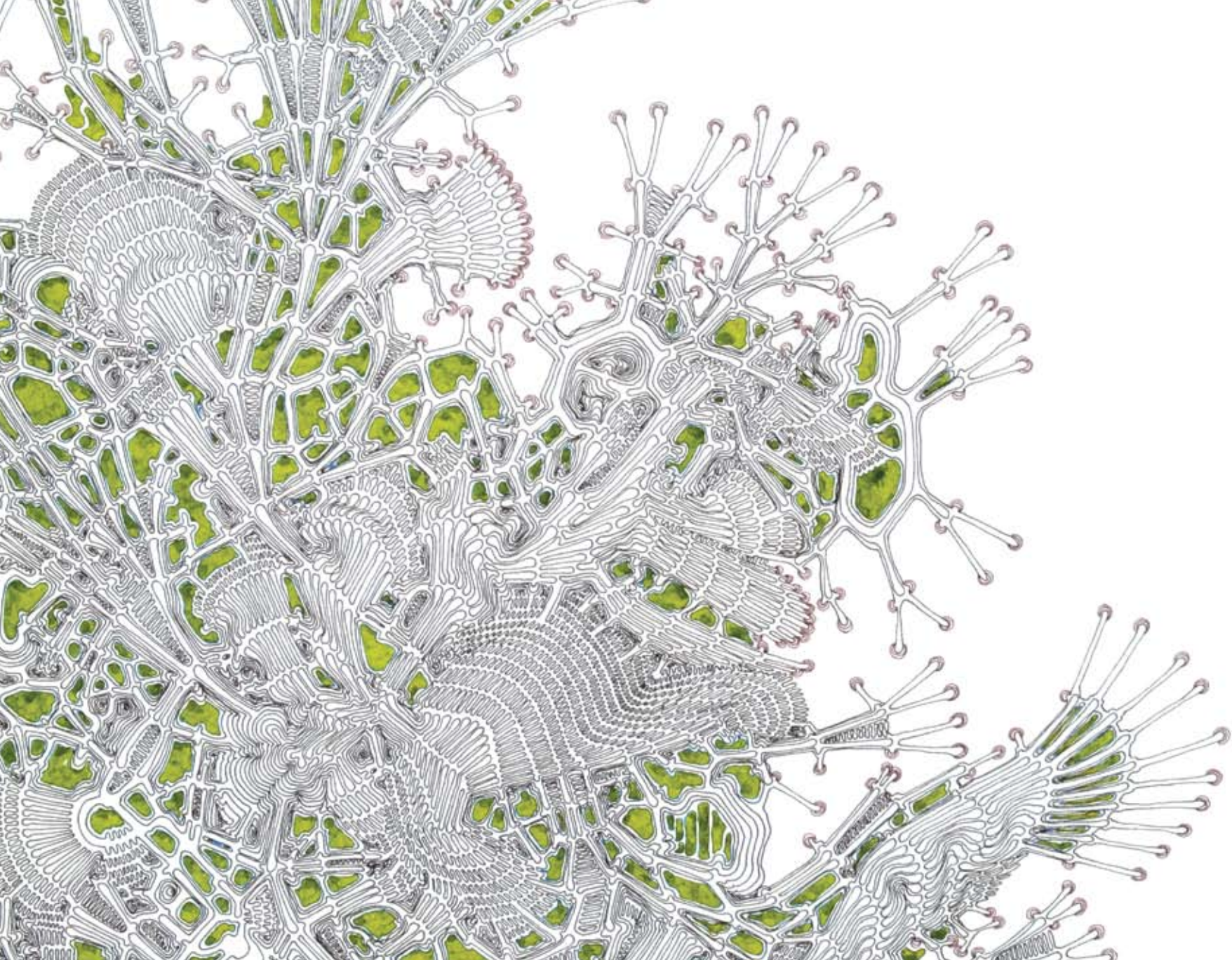
REBOUND

Initiated by the artist in 2004, this project consists of a continuous exchange of books from the artist's library. Once read, each book is rebound with a new cover that includes a message in the front and roster for names in the back. The message is addressed to whomever it may concern, and reads, "I am a book intended to be passed on and shared. If you choose to read me, please sign-in on my back cover. When you are finished reading, give me to another person. Do not keep me in storage or put me on the shelf, deliver me to the next reader. If you find me in storage, or with someone who is not reading me, you are authorized to take me as your own and read me."

Festivo

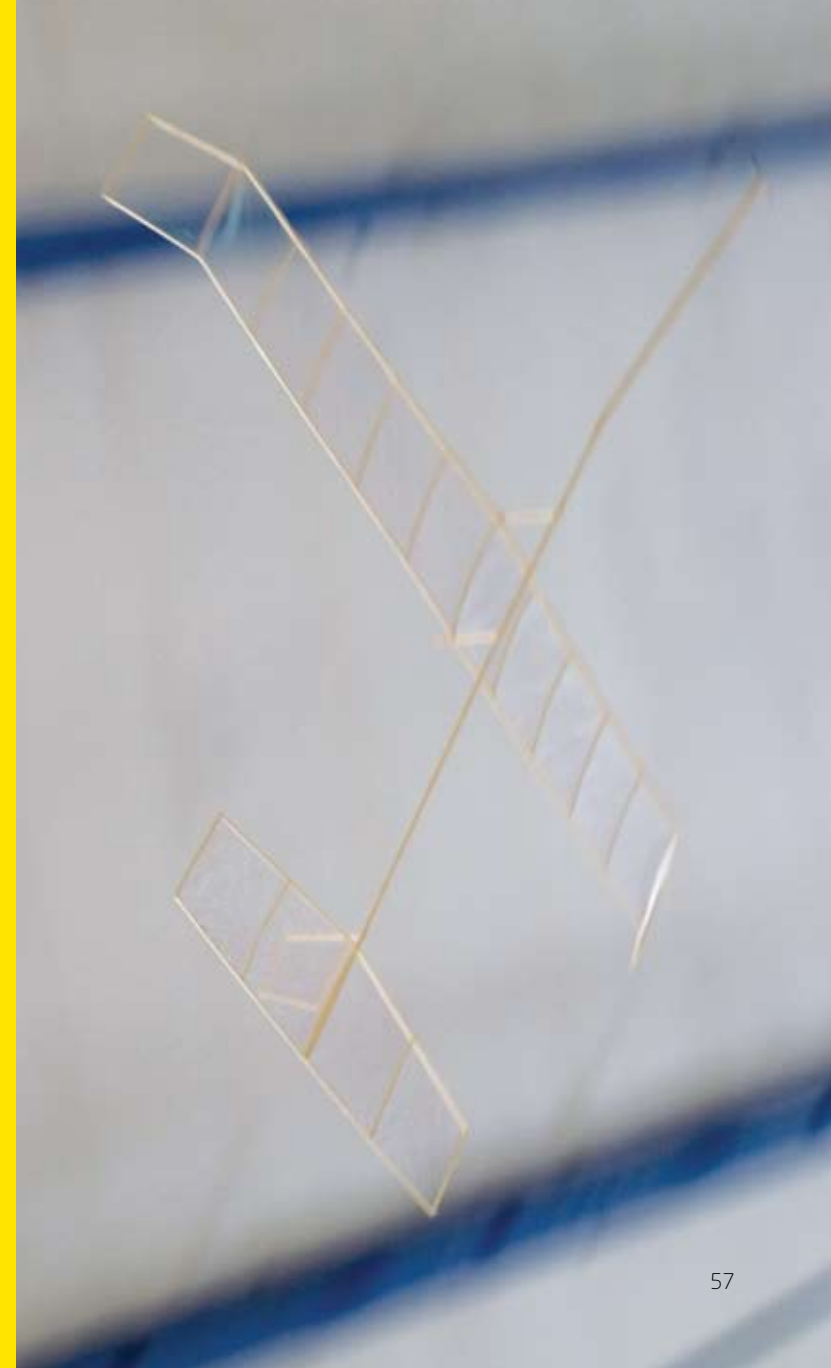
The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Festivo" by Stevan K. Tickmayer. The score is presented on two staves, with the upper staff in treble clef and the lower staff in bass clef. The music begins at measure 19, marked with a fermata. The upper staff features a melodic line with a large slur spanning measures 19 through 22. The lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth-note patterns. At measure 16, there is a change in the time signature from 7/16 to 8/16. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed between the staves at measure 16. The score concludes at measure 22, also marked with a fermata.

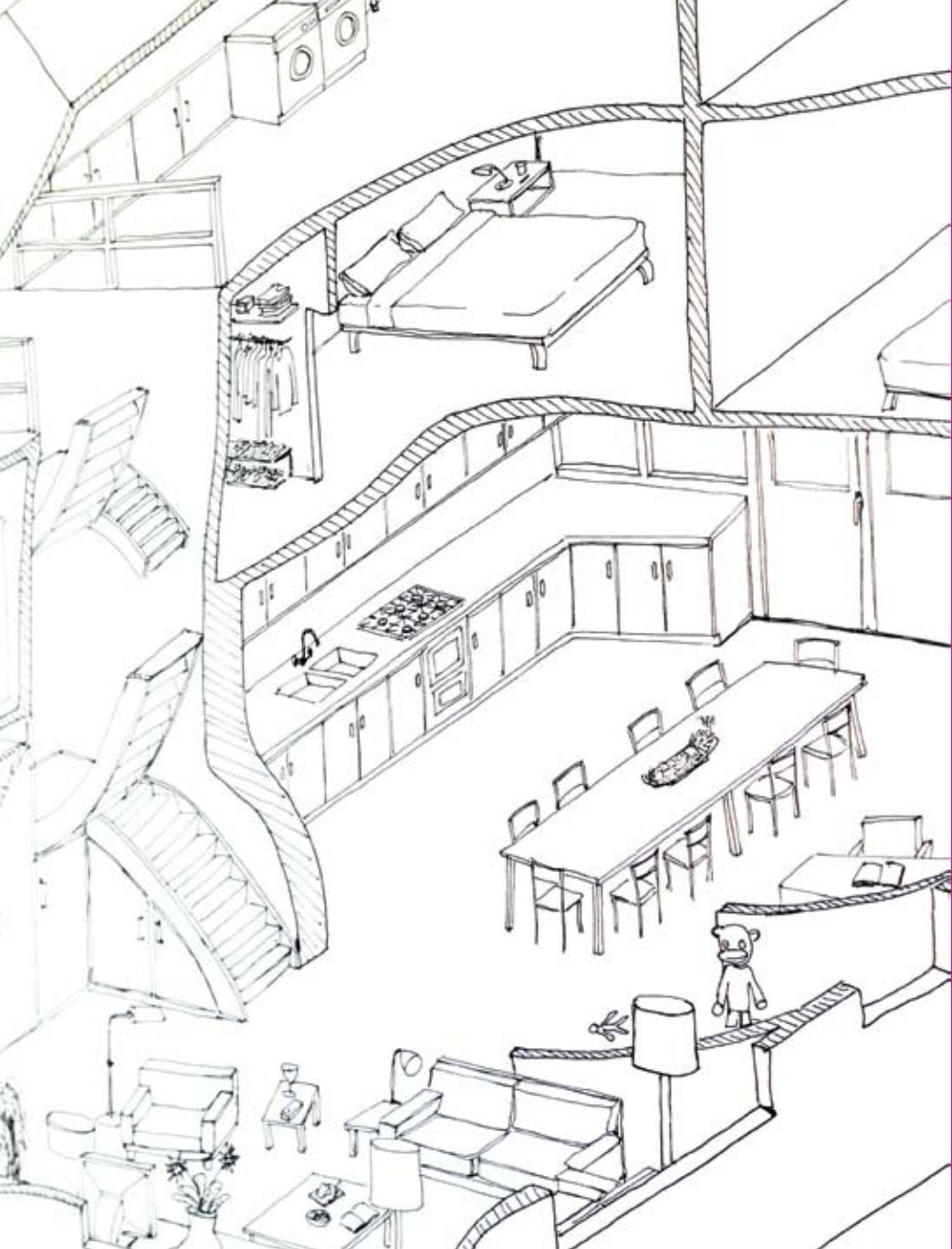
DANIEL ZELLER USA



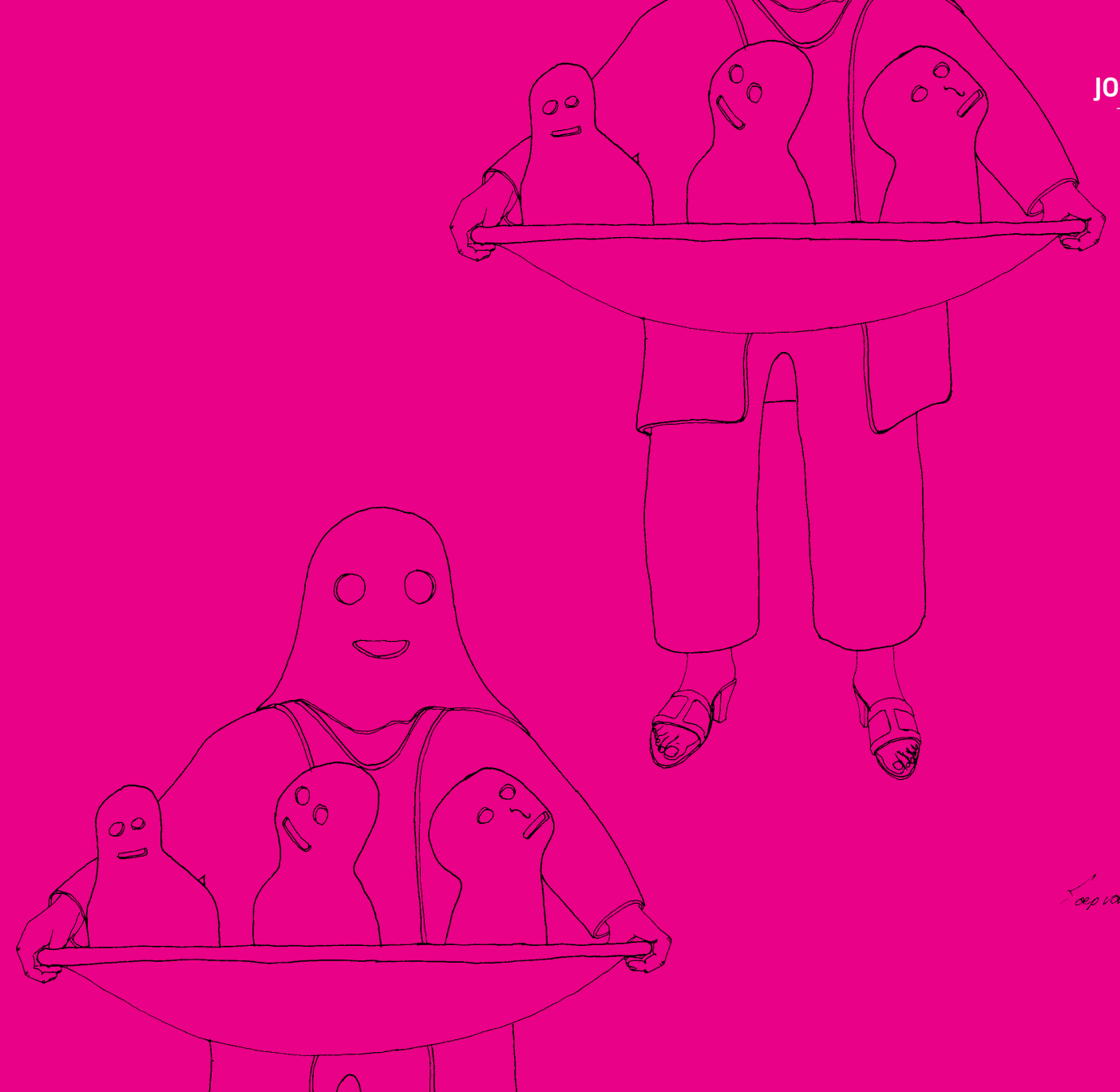


ERNESTO BALLESTROS
ARGENTINA





JOEP VAN LIESHOUT
THE NETHERLANDS



Joep van Lieshout 2007

KOLOVOZ

The landscape was always the best part.
—Charles Wright

na dolasku uspeo sam se na
pogrešno brdo isti prašnjavi
puteljak izlokani dubokim
brazdama po sredini siva
prašina na poljima žute padine
crni i zeleni šumarci trebate se
vratiti dolje do ceste vidite tamo
gore cesta je uzmicala u oštrim
zavojima uranjala u svjetlost pod
jasnim nagibom gusta kao zvekir
juga kaskada u osam nijansi boje
zemlje kao osam vokala u lavežu
što dopire s obližnjeg brijega
osam puta kružio sam oko Ravenne
Tutte le direzioni dok nisam
pronašao izlaz iz juga prema jugu
osam okomica starom stradom
kroz vokale Toscanu nijemi
San Pietro okrenut leđima
mrmlija ih sebi u bradu dok
podalje od puta bere divlju
cikoriju i široko lišće scarole
Divieto di caccia usporio
sam i polako otpustio papučicu
kasno popodne ulazim u Umbriju
božje lovište kazaljka nisko
na rezervi jedina crvena točka
ispod osam nogu psa bez
lovca osam oktava rasutih od
početka do kraja noći za zrikavce
uporne čuvare njegovih dolina



AUGUST

The landscape was always the best part.
—Charles Wright

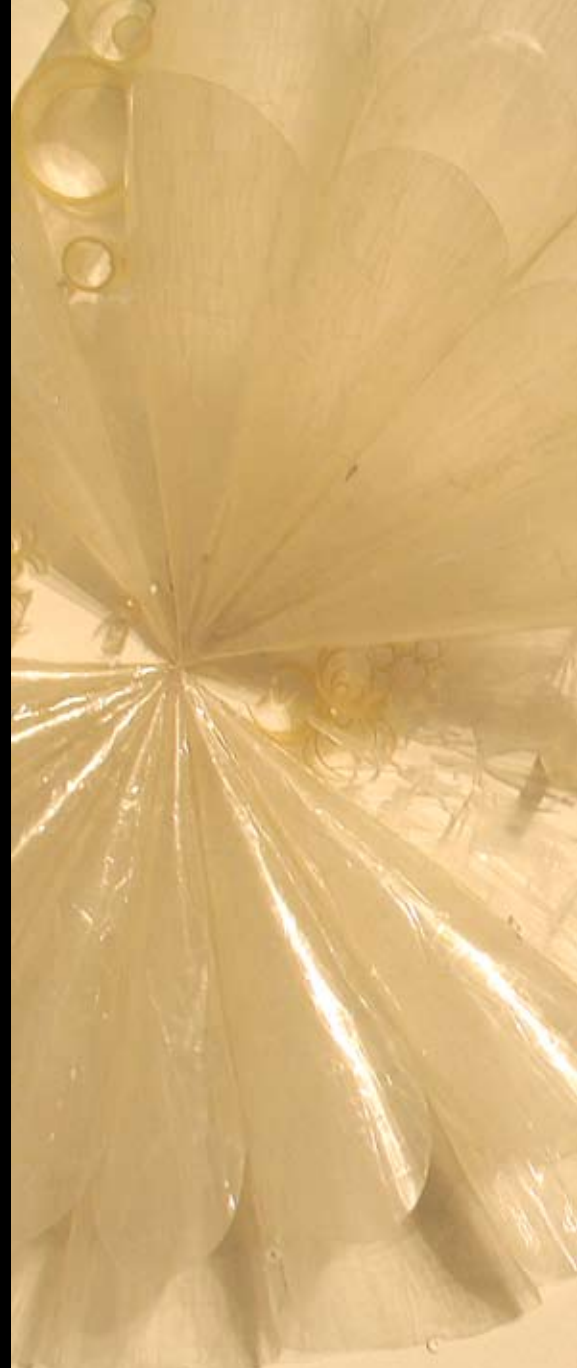
upon my arrival I climbed up
the wrong hill the same dusty
path depleted with deep
ruts on the middle gray
dust over the fields yellow slopes
black and green groves you should
go back down to the road see
up there the road escaped in sharp
curves dipped into the light under
a clear incline as thick as the door-knocker
of the south cascade in eight shades of
terracotta like eight vocals in the bark
that echoes from the nearby hill
eight times I circled Ravenna
Tutte le direzioni until I found
the south exit for the south
eight verticals along the old strada
through the Tuscan vocals with his back
turned mute San Pietro
mumbles under his breath while
away from the road he picks wild
chicory and wide scarola leaves
Divieto di caccia I slowed
down and eased up on the pedal
late afternoon I enter Umbria
god's hunting ground the clock's hand is low
a single red dot on the empty tank
under eight dog legs without
hunters eight octaves scattered from
the beginning to the night's end for crickets
the persistent keepers of his valleys

Translated from Croatian by Tomislav Kuzmanović

MILOŠ DJURDJEVIĆ
CROATIA



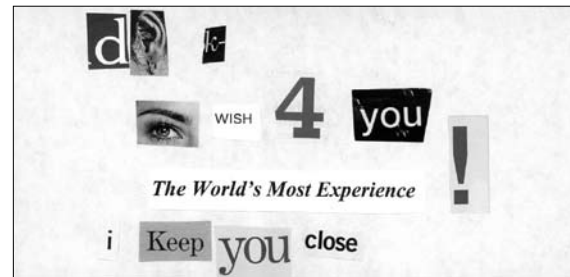
REANNE ESTRADA PHILIPPINES/USA



what happened just now? It's been hard on the boy having Larissa leave so suddenly, so completely. Even if she *was* more like a mischievous older cousin than a stepmother.

Rosanov leans back and closes his eyes. The music bathes him in warmth, in light. He thinks wistfully of the last few nights in Azerbaijan: late suppers in a smoke-filled café, with laughter (off-color jokes in the morgue staff's blend of Russian, Armenian, and Georgian) in his ears and the heat of vodka in his stomach and watermelon juice running down his chin.

Larissa's letter is their special kind, the kind they used to leave for each other in one of the kitchen cupboards behind a loose board—the place spies in movies call the “drop.” Larissa's idea, intended (Kolya supposedly did not know) to win him over and make fun of Papa at the same time. (Freeze-frame of Larissa glancing at him over the shiny cover of her magazine, smiling her little tucked-in smile: *Our secret, Kolya.*) They used to cut words and phrases out of the old English-language magazines Papa brought home and paste them onto notepaper.



He's reading the words for the tenth time since dinner; they keep sliding away as if written on water. The Plan, he reminds himself, then looks up in alarm. But Papa just sits there looking at his stupid proofs, photographs of blood-soaked guts and hacked-off legs and deformed babies, and listening to his stupid Bach. Kolya folds the note into quarters. He tucks it back inside his English grammar.

“THE WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCE.” He remembers the exact ad the phrase comes from. “Fly Pan Am . . . The World's Most Experienced Airline.” So Larissa *does* want him to come with her. That means he must be included on her exit visa—the one piece of the Plan he hasn't firmed up yet. Because for two whole months he's kept his promise. For two whole months he hasn't gone to the flat on Vavilova Street where Larissa lives with her mother and brother. Near it, but not *to* it. Now, now he'll see her.

He'll have to act sooner than he planned, though. Tomorrow he'll (1) Take the Metro to Leninsky Prospekt, then the No. 33 bus to Vavilova; (2) Show Larissa how much English he's learned since she left; (3) Demand—no, *agree*—to go with her to Tel Aviv.

The next day—the last day of October—Rosanov strides along Kutuzovsky Prospekt in the syrupy golden light. Indian summer, he remembers, is the American name for this sudden, brief, deceptive reprise. The weather Russians call *Bab'e Leto*: “Summer of Women.” The late afternoon air is fizzy and tickling. He turns north onto Tchaikovsky Street toward the American Embassy.

And here is Golanpolsky, alighting from the tram, coatless (he grew up, or so he says, in Novosibirsk) and smiling. Rosanov feels a minor rush of gladness. Could it be Golanpolsky is the closest thing he has to a friend these days? When his first wife died, the friends of his single years returned to him; when he remarried, they once again

Among its many gifts to me, Civitella gave me the subject of my next novel. I arrived wrapped in the blank, despairing doubt that occurs between books, with no idea what I wanted to write next. No certainty that there would even be a next. For a week this place and the people in it offered ideas and feelings and sun and music and laughter and wonderful, wonderful food and the fragrant flower-and-spice-filled air of Umbria.

On the eighth morning I awoke with my next novel in mind, title and all, alive and beckoning.



Handwritten musical score for Violin II. The score is written on six staves. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several annotations in cursive handwriting: "to solo part", "w/ly:", "vln II by 7 backward", "Semi vln", "In diff voices", "Lahn all together", "Add 5ths to vln II", "Add vln I to vln II", "vln II doing tremolo alone as tremolo chrl also moves up.", "vln II", "vln", "no colura", and "no colura". The score is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/7 time signature.

GABRIELA FRANK
USA

EXCERPT FROM: *Talk of the Town*

Town stinks. If I woke up on a street in Carlisle and didn't know how I'd got there, what time it was or where, I'd tell yer by the smell what time it was at least. The afternoon if there was the smell of biscuits bakin, cus a shift comes on and the ovens fire up, two till six, at the bicky works. The mornin if there was a sooty smell, I wouldn't know what from, but as if the dark had settled like smoke over town and I could still smell the last of it in the mornin, before it had all blown away.

There'd be chimney-smoke anyhow from the houses with real fires still, that get lit if it's autumn, so I'd know if it was autumn in town, not by the smell of apples but smoke.

I could wake up out of a coma and know I was still in Carlisle by the smells that come from the wind's four directions. Slurry-smells come driftin inter town when the farmers're spreadin muck on the fields. Diesel-smells tumble from the trains trundlin over the viaduct. There's a rotten-animal smell from the incinerator when the wind's at its worst, and when it's at its best, the smell of hot oil and hunger comes fryin from the chippies on Botchergate.

In town there are town dogs tied in yards and only walked on the Arches where the old railway used ter run, or in Hammonds Park where there's a rowboat sunk in the pond. When yer walk down the cuts yer set the dogs off, one affter the other, then altogether, throwin emselves at the high back fences, pawin and scratchin, and bigger in yer head from their sound than most of em ever are.

There're two or three nutters in town. Yer'll see em at the weekend, in the city centre. One's a shouter and a swearer and

can't stop himsel. Yer'll hear him comin down the street, fuckin and cuntin, and the people with their shoppin bags cross the road ter get outta his way, and he shouts directly at people standin at the bus stop, right inter their faces, and they just turn away, cus maybe they know he can't help it and there's no arguin with someone who has no sense. Then there's a muterin smiley man, who walks with a dog on a string and a radio under his arm, always talkin ter himsel. Yer wouldn't know there was much wrong but fer the look of him if yer catch his eye. He looks at yer like he's about ter say summit, not the way a stranger might shoot yer a wee look just as yer passin each other, but like he's about ter talk ter yer, as if he knows yer, so yer turn yer head, knowin yer don't know him and yer don't wanna be talked ter by him one bit.

I've bin wonderin what'd happen if they met up, the two of em. Would they know they were both not right, is what I wanna know, and if they didn't then how d'yer stop em, the one of em shoutin fuck this and fuck that, and the other on the turn, cus he'd be smilin but part of what meks him a nutter is that his smile wouldn't be fer owt – it'd just be there cus he's a nutter and any minute it'd come off his face and summit worse'd tek its place. I wanna know if they'd cancel each other out. Whether if there was no one there ter watch em they'd recognise the nutter in each other and pass on by. Cus if they didn't pass on by, the one liftin his holey old hat ter the other, then how would they get out from under each other, the one roarin cunt cock twat, and the other with his radio under his arm and his smile with its missin teeth? That would seem dynamite ter me, trouble yer wouldn't wanna see, if they kem together, each with their own mad way with the world and neither able ter mek way in their mind fer the other.

I wrote, looked, ate, drank, talked and walked at Civitella: what more can you ask of a place than it surround you with good company, great views and peace? I've returned home now and the gift of six weeks in Italy seems, like a dream, to be unbearably fleeting, whilst also auguring something wonderful. That this something should, for someone who writes, be resolutely non-verbal is fitting: I can't sum up the place, or my time there, and I can only wait, with that peculiar creative excitement, for the true meaning of the dream to manifest itself.



TOWER

At first light I rise. A drawing of a small country road dotted with a farmhouse, a tower, a shrine, a field, a winding road and a castle whispers to me: go this way. I dress, stretch, and head out for a walk. Like a dog I circle the grounds, marking territory, sniffing it out. I take a path through trees emptying out into the middle of a newly plowed field. I walk up and up and up. I find the road, the farmhouse and the dogs that bark as I pass. I find a tower left to rot. I climb over the fence and walk right in. Electrical wires poke out of walls crumbling under the pressure of abandonment. No windows no doors. Giant holes framing the view of hills and fields and towns below. And there, over there, on the next highest point—a castle—Civitella. With my eyes, as though I can see my own footsteps, I cut a trail from there to here. The decay is beautiful and spooky and on another day with company I will climb around picking figs, yell down from turrets and wonder why I'm the only one clamoring inside this broken down fortress. Another night, midnight, bright with full moon and northern lights, the late night crew, armed with light hearts and an electric torch, enters the tower avoiding snakes and sharp objects. We steer clear of shadows and debris careful to remember the way out of this sinking ship. This tower of failure. Another day I walk through rain, soaked, and light a candle by the Madonina mourning a lost friend. And another: I stride side by side a fellow traveler pacing our way into a sky of purplegreenorangeredblue. But on this first day, the first of many walks along the ridges of Località Civitella Ranieri looking down at the road to Umbertide, the road to Gubbio, the road to no se que, I stop to pee in a grove barely hidden from barking dogs and tractors. Canne. I've been here before. The tale that follows me.

OF FAILURE



EXCERPT: *Instruction for the Living*

A man dies. It was a mechanical death for, in our time, death is named, reasons attested and written off. We have learned to keep death at bay, with the boundary between the living and the dead as clearly marked as the borders between nations. We do not understand the language of medicine; the hospital room becomes the promised land, and our home is an exile from that.

A man lies with his mouth slightly open and his eyes rolled upward, with only their whites showing. Death, the nameable, cannot be exacted: it is not the sickness—cancer—that he died of. Instead, *heart failure*. No matter. He is dead. This is a cadaver.

There is no time to mourn. Not yet. We must prepare the body. It is not the job of the mourners, no; it is the job of the hospital's workers. They will pull out the tubes that kept the body alive. They will clean it from head to toe with alcohol; they will suck out various liquids with thick needles, and they will stuff its orifices with cotton. Nurses will place a ribbon around its jaw to keep its mouth closed; they will force its hands into the shape of a prayer before the body hardens. They have tied the hands, as if binding them as if it were a criminal; but the only crime the dead have committed is to die, betraying the mission of the hospital and the selfish will of the living.

We will not see this; we are ushered out, and while the nurses are remolding this man into a dead body, the living must declare *it* dead and prepare for *its* transportation from the hospital. After all, hospitals are for the living, not the dead.

The permission to transport the body is now signed and ready. The living are bound to permissions, both tangible and invisible, and so are the dead. Doctors and nurses line up by the side entrance, away from the eyes of patients who fear the same exit, and bid him farewell. As the dark station wagon slowly depart, they bow deeply and do not straighten their backs until the car has disappeared from view. It is the small gesture they can make to honor the body's final fight, to honor the man who went through surgeries and chemotherapy, almost transforming him—*it*—into pain itself- but not quite.

Go home. There is no need to stay at the hospital.

But before you go home, call the relatives, for they also must be there to welcome it home. The soul of the departed will already be there, waiting, observing. Behave, for the dead will be watching. Once it arrives, we must lay it out in the living room, its head facing north, because that is where the gate between this world and the other lies, because the soul needs to know that this is no longer his home.

The body arrives.

You will not know what to do because, although anonymous death happens every minute, the personal one does not. You must call the professionals, those who know what to do. And they come, in an hour. The undertaker, sitting in the corner as if he is a part of a shadow, will tell you how sorry he is to hear of the death. There is no convenient time for death, he says. He says that every hour is the hour of dead. He is the guide who ushers the mourners forward through this journey, accompanying the dead to the other world. He is the only one who can give meaning to the unintelligible ritual of the funeral.

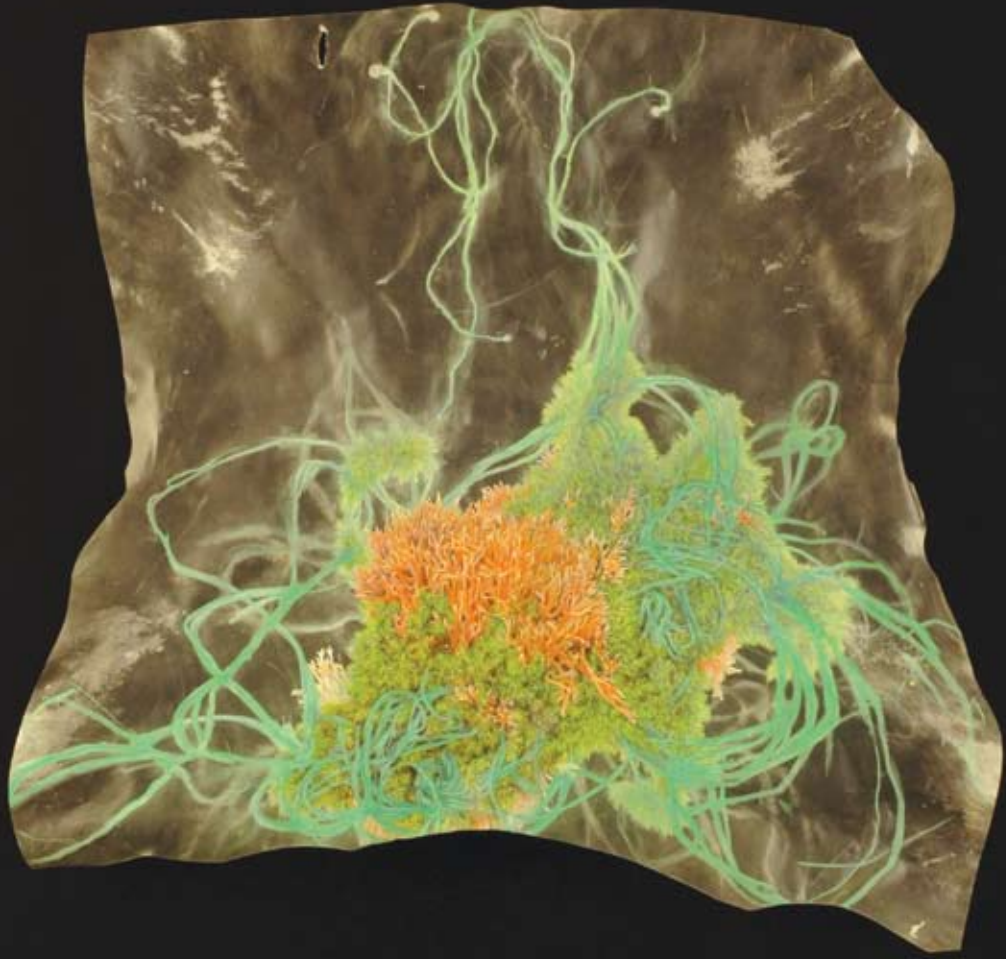
The sign is posted by the gate: there is a dead in this household.

Night comes. The body must be watched over. Relatives will leave. We give them salt; they throw it over their shoulder to ward off the ghost. The ghost must stay here, and people should return to their homes without badness. Only the intimate family remains, and the quiet is soon filled by words of shock, not sadness; no, that will take several days, or weeks, to visit the grievors. For now, only shock. The body lies there, still warm under the touch, still elastic and soft, and seems asleep, as if it will open its eyes, laugh, and say, *I got you, didn't I?* The game *he* used to play when he was still alive. And we wish it was the game. We think it is a game.

Burn the candle and incense. Never let them extinguish. Once they are, the body will try to revive, the dead will awaken, but the body has already been dismantled.

She will stay by *him*, lying next to it. We will hear her murmuring, but we must close our eyes. We must settle to sleep so that we can wake up in the morning and imagine that we have dreamt it all. We know it has happened, but we can lie to ourselves, for just a little longer.

REBECCA MORALES USA





SOMEI SATOH JAPAN

Civitella Ranieri for piano trio

Somei Satoh (2007)

佐藤 聡明

$\downarrow = 25, \uparrow = 50$

Violin

Cello

Piano

5 6 10 9

Handwritten musical score for Violin, Cello, and Piano. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pppp*, *ppp*, *pp*, *ppp*, and *pp*. The Cello part includes fingering numbers 5, 6, 10, and 9. The Piano part has a double bar line with two slashes (//).

⑤

8 6 5 4

Handwritten musical score for Violin, Cello, and Piano. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ppp*, *pp*, *ppp*, *pp*, and *pp*. The Cello part includes fingering numbers 8, 6, 5, and 4. The Piano part has a double bar line with two slashes (//).





As the Civitella Ranieri Foundation moves into its second decade of providing enriching residencies to innovative artists across the disciplines, it is an ideal time to reflect on the castle's remarkable past, consider its present state of affairs, and contemplate its direction for the future.

2007 brought us the opportunity to reflect upon the generosity of the program's founder, Ursula Corning. In order to preserve her legacy for fellows and friends, the Foundation engaged biographer Deanne Stone to collect memories of Miss Corning's extraordinary life and document the story of Civitella's creation.

The Board of Directors completed our challenging search for the ideal candidate to fill the position of Executive Director. I know I speak for all of us when I say what a pleasure it is to welcome Dana Prescott as our new Executive Director. Dana brings to the castle a long and distinguished career in the arts as well as a warm and ebullient spirit that touches all who meet her.

We are grateful to David LaGreca, who served as Interim Executive Director of the Foundation during our search. We are particularly thankful for his humor and dedication during this transitional period.

I am certain the collective enthusiasm and talent of our fellows, staff and Board will continue to enhance the atmosphere that makes Civitella so magical.

John B. Roberts

Left to right: Board members Jennifer Dowley, Charles H. Hamilton, John B. Roberts (Chairman), Gerald E. Rupp (Chairman Emeritus), Fred Reynolds and Helen C. Evarts.

From the Chairman

From the Director

Time at Civitella Ranieri in Umbria is unfettered time punctuated by glorious meals, excursions into the heady world of art and nature that surround us, and long and lively debates and conversations. The privilege of being here is felt by all of us present. We comment daily on the magic of our surroundings, the insights born of talking with colleagues, looking at work together, and the clean slate of time to make, to think, to muse.

Italy saturates our 'soggiorno' and provides a rich historic background for our contemporary artists, writers, and composers. The time together flies quickly past but the digestion of the Civitella experience goes on for years and years. Email makes it easier for us to be in contact with each other long after we have packed our suitcases. We are now able to keep up discussions and exchanges of information, music, points of view, writing bits, and images. In this way, the experience and state of mind cultivated at Civitella Ranieri becomes blissfully portable.

We owe a great debt to our founder, Ursula Corning, whose vision of *being here* still inspires us. We owe a debt to our Board of Directors for their ongoing enthusiasm for the work at hand. And mostly, we owe a debt to the extraordinary staff of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation in both New York and Umbria for the careful attention they pay to all the details of our Fellows' experience. Our Fellows are the heart and reason for all our hard work. We put them and their residency at Civitella at the core of every decision we make. As one Fellow wrote, "My experience was completely determined by the kindness and willingness of the staff to accommodate our needs. Their warmth, friendliness, and responsiveness helped to make this a truly wonderful experience."

Last and certainly not least, I want to thank our Fellows. It takes a certain courage and discipline to 'staccare' or break from daily life at home, and to transfer oneself and one's work to the wilds of Umbria. It takes a certain determination to put oneself at a table of strangers. It isn't easy to begin work anew, to leave family and friends and colleagues behind for six weeks. But over and over again we learn how worthwhile this sacrifice is, to be here, to be present, to experience that something that is Civitella.

Dana Prescott





Ursula Corning

Ursula Corning, founder of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, was born in Switzerland, studied in England, and spent most of her life in New York City. A gifted linguist whose extended family lived in four countries, she crossed borders with ease. Yet, if there is such a place as one's true home, for Ursula, it surely was her beloved Civitella.

Her father's cousin, Romeyne Robert, had married the Marchese Ruggero Ranieri di Sorbello, whose family had owned Civitella since the castle was built in the 15th century. Ursula began visiting it as a young girl but it wasn't until 1968, after she had retired from her career as a physical therapist at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, that she made the momentous decision, at the suggestion of Roberto Ranieri, Ruggero's grandson, to rent the castle indefinitely.

Thus began the fabled Civitellian summers enjoyed for the next 35 years by Ursula's wide and varied, always stimulating, always provocative circle of international friends. The atmosphere of the ancient castle and the quiet beauty of the countryside inspired her artistic guests to express themselves through poetry and music and, on one memorable occasion, to perform a play based on the legendary ghost that haunted the castle. As for young guests, the castle was the perfect milieu for whimsy and mischief—their high jinks amused Ursula enough to occasionally join in.

The generations of regular guests, whom Ursula called "the Civitellians," their friends and the occasional strangers Ursula spontaneously invited, had the good fortune to enjoy her unparalleled hospitality. The ultimate hostess, Ursula took great care in planning the seating chart for evening meals. With guests sometimes numbering as many as 30, she would spend an hour each day working on the seating arrangements. Ursula took great pleasure in breaking down social barriers at the dinner table, seating backpackers next to bankers, the old next to the young, and always separating couples. Ursula, who preferred others take center stage, would sit back and listen to the conversations, carried on in as many as five different languages, and watch friendships blossom between people whose paths were unlikely to otherwise have crossed.

Ursula delighted in taking her guests on what she called tiddy-poms, day-trips or forays in and around Umbria to visit her favorite monasteries and chapels and enchant her guests with the stories behind the medieval paintings and frescoes she loved. As comfortable on the back roads

as a native Umbrian, she was famous for whisking her guests around hairpin mountain turns as they clutched the edges of their seats. Her daring driving perhaps came from her fearlessness as a mountain climber. A pioneering woman mountaineer in Europe, she scaled the Matterhorn several times and continued climbing well into her middle years.

Although she never married or had children, Civitella, the idyllic home she created, connected her to a large extended family of devoted friends. At the end of each summer, Ursula followed a ritual of driving to the cathedral in nearby Castel Rigone to light a candle before the Madonna dei Miracoli, and to make a wish to return the following year.

In the last decade of her life, Ursula often wondered aloud, “What will become of my dear Civitella after I die? Will it be turned into a dusty museum?” Those who knew her well say that, were she to return today, she would be thrilled to see the castle abuzz with creative activity generated by the new Civitellians, the international Fellows now enjoying the castle. They can almost hear her say, as she so often did: “Oh, splendid. How very splendid.”

Deanne Stone





Ursula Corning, Founder, 1903-2002

Gerald E. Rupp, Founding Trustee and Chairman Emeritus

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ANGOLA/BELGIUM

Fernando Alvim VISUAL ARTS 1999

ARGENTINA

Jorge Accame WRITING 2003
 Dino Bruzzone VISUAL ARTS 2001
 Esther Cross WRITING 2004
 Liliana Heker WRITING 1997
 Jorge Macchi VISUAL ARTS 2002
 Guillermo Martinez WRITING 2004
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ARMENIA

Vache Sharafyan MUSIC 2006

AUSTRALIA

Brenton Broadstock MUSIC 1998
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BARBADOS/USA

Kamau Brathwaite WRITING 1996

BELGIUM

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BELIZE/UK

Errollyn Wallen MUSIC 2006

BANGLADESH

Abdus Shakoor VISUAL ARTS 2006

BHUTAN

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Sandra Cinto VISUAL ARTS 2005
 Luciano Figueiredo VISUAL ARTS 2006
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 Claudio Mubarak VISUAL ARTS 1996
 Rosangela Renno VISUAL ARTS 1997
 Regina Silveira VISUAL ARTS 1995
 Elida Tessler VISUAL ARTS 2005

CAMBODIA/USA

Chinary Ung MUSIC 1997

CANADA

Marie-Claire Blais WRITING 1996
 Atom Egoyan FILM 1997
 François Houle MUSIC 2004
 John Korsrud MUSIC 2003
 Gaetan Soucy WRITING 2004
 Michael Winter WRITING 2003
 David Young WRITING 2001

CHILE

Catalina Parra VISUAL ARTS 1995

CHINA

Xi Chuan WRITING 2006
 Bei Dao WRITING 1996
 Duo Duo WRITING 1995
 Qu Xiaosong MUSIC 2004
 Yang Lian WRITING 1996
 Zhai Yongming WRITING 2005

CHINA/CANADA

Ying Chen WRITING 2003

CHINA/USA

Chen Yi MUSIC 1997
 Xu Bing VISUAL ARTS 1999

COLOMBIA/USA

Ricardo Arias MUSIC 2004

CROATIA/SERBIA

Bora Cosic WRITING 1999

CUBA

Carlos Garaicoa VISUAL ARTS 1997
 Sandra Ramos VISUAL ARTS 1998

CUBA/USA

Guillermo Calzadilla VISUAL ARTS 2004
 Tania León MUSIC 2003
 Abelardo Morell VISUAL ARTS 2000

CZECH REPUBLIC

Bohdan Holomicek VISUAL ARTS 1995

EGYPT/CANADA

May Telmissany WRITING 2004

ETHIOPIA/ITALY

Theo Eshetu VISUAL ARTS 2002

FINLAND/France

Kaija Saariaho MUSIC 2001

FINLAND/USA

Anselm Hollo WRITING 2005

FRANCE

Elise Parré VISUAL ARTS 2001
 Oscar Strasnoy MUSIC 2006

FRANCE/USA

Stafford James MUSIC 1998
 Laetitia Sonami MUSIC 2001

GERMANY

Gabriele Basch VISUAL ARTS 2001
 Durs Grünbein WRITING 1999
 Isa Melsheimer VISUAL ARTS 2005
 Caro Suerkemper VISUAL ARTS 2006
 Renate Wolff VISUAL ARTS 2005

GHANA/NIGERIA

El Anatsui VISUAL ARTS 2001

HONG KONG

Mabel Cheung FILM 1999
 Siu-kee Ho VISUAL ARTS 2003
 Alex Law FILM 1999

HUNGARY

Andras Borocz VISUAL ARTS 1995
 Istvan Eorsi WRITING 2000
 Lászlo Krasznahorkai WRITING 1998
 Ilona Lovas VISUAL ARTS 1996
 Janos Sugar VISUAL ARTS 2001

INDIA

Amit Ambalal VISUAL ARTS 2003
 Atul Dodiya VISUAL ARTS 1999
 Manju Kapur WRITING 2006
 Bhupen Khakhar VISUAL ARTS 2000
 Nalini Malani VISUAL ARTS 2003
 Surendran Nair VISUAL ARTS 2002
 N.N. Rimzon VISUAL ARTS 2001
 Gulammohammed Sheikh VISUAL ARTS 1998
 Vivan Sundaram VISUAL ARTS 2004

INDIA/USA

Vikram Chandra WRITING 2000
 Anita Desai WRITING 1997
 Kanishka Raja VISUAL ARTS 2006

INDONESIA

W.S. Rendra WRITING 1997

IRAN/CZECH REPUBLIC

Yassi Golshani VISUAL ARTS 2005

ISRAEL/PALESTINE

Salman Masalha WRITING 1998

ITALY

Anna Esposito VISUAL ARTS 1996
 Emilio Fantin VISUAL ARTS 1999
 Paolo Furlani MUSIC 2005
 Roberta Iachini, Gruppo Mille VISUAL ARTS 2002
 Giuseppe O. Longo WRITING 2001
 Sabrina Mezzaqui VISUAL ARTS 2000
 Pia Pera WRITING 1999
 Cesare Pietroiusti VISUAL ARTS 1996
 Silvio Soldini FILM 2000

ITALY/France

Mauro Lanza MUSIC 2006

ITALY/MEXICO

Fabio Morabito WRITING 2003

Fellows

1995-2006

JAPAN

Jiro Ishihara VISUAL ARTS 2003
Atsushi Nishijima VISUAL ARTS 2006
Mica Nozawa MUSIC 2005
Naoya Yoshikawa VISUAL ARTS 2004
Hiroshi Yoshimizu VISUAL ARTS 1996
Joji Yuasa MUSIC 2002

JAPAN/USA

Ikue Mori MUSIC 2000

LITHUANIA

Gintaras Makarevicius VISUAL ARTS 1998
Egle Rakauskaite VISUAL ARTS 1997
Raminta Serksnyte MUSIC 2006

MALAWI

Bruce Zondiwe Mbanu WRITING 2005

MEXICO

Antonio Deltoro WRITING 2005
Graciela Iturbide VISUAL ARTS 2001
Miguel Castro Lenero VISUAL ARTS 2006

NETHERLANDS

Neeltje Maria Min WRITING 1998
Kristoffer Zegers MUSIC 2003

NETHERLANDS/USA

Liselot Van Der Heijden VISUAL ARTS 1997
Leo Vroman WRITING 1998

NICARAGUA

Claribel Alegria WRITING 1996
Ernesto Cardenal WRITING 2001

NIGERIA

Mary Stella Okolo WRITING 2006
Ozioma Onuzulike VISUAL ARTS 2003

NIGERIA/USA

Faith Adiele WRITING 2004
Obinkaram Echewa WRITING 2000
Fatimah Tuggar VISUAL ARTS 2002

NORWAY

Wera Saether WRITING 1997

NORWAY/GERMANY

Bjorn Melhus VISUAL ARTS 2006

NORWAY/USA

Thomas Pihl VISUAL ARTS 2004

PHILIPPINES

Jose Maceda MUSIC 1997
Ramon Santos MUSIC 1999
Josefino Chino Toledo MUSIC 2004

POLAND

Agnieszka Kalinowska VISUAL ARTS 2003
Hanna Nowicka-Grochal VISUAL ARTS 2002
Joanna Rajkowska VISUAL ARTS 1998

ROMANIA

Dan Perjovschi VISUAL ARTS 1996

RUSSIA

Andrei Bitov WRITING 1995
Elena Elagina VISUAL ARTS 1998
Igor Makarevich VISUAL ARTS 1998
Ludmilla Petrushevskaya WRITING 2000
Vladimir Tarasov MUSIC 1998

RUSSIA/GERMANY

Yuri Albert VISUAL ARTS 2002

RUSSIA/NETHERLANDS

Larisa Rezun-Zvezdochetova VISUAL ARTS 2000

SERBIA

Isidora Zebeljan MUSIC 2005

SLOVAKIA

Martin Šimečka WRITING 1995

SLOVENIA

Ales Debeljak WRITING 2002
Marjetica Potrc VISUAL ARTS 1998
Tomaž Šalamun WRITING 1997

SOUTH AFRICA

Andries Botha VISUAL ARTS 1998
Ingrid de Kok WRITING 2003
Ann Harries WRITING 2005
William Kentridge VISUAL ARTS 1996
Antjie Krog WRITING 2006
Gcina Mhlope WRITING 1997
Berni Searle VISUAL ARTS 2001
Penny Siopis VISUAL ARTS 1998
Clive van den Berg VISUAL ARTS 2003
Ivan Vladislavic WRITING 1997
Jeremy Wafer VISUAL ARTS 2001
Sandile Zulu VISUAL ARTS 2000

SOUTH AFRICA/UK

Zoe Wicomb WRITING 2003

SWEDEN/GERMANY

Sophie Tottie VISUAL ARTS 2002

SWITZERLAND

Otto Marchi WRITING 2000
Felix Profos MUSIC 2003

TAIWAN

Shu Lea Cheang VISUAL ARTS 2001
Mali Wu VISUAL ARTS 1996

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

Kathryn Chan VISUAL ARTS 2001
Mario Lewis VISUAL ARTS 2001

TURKEY/FRANCE

Nedim Gürsel WRITING 1999

UNITED KINGDOM

Jake Arnott WRITING 2006
Brian Catling VISUAL ARTS 1999
Nick Drake WRITING 2005
Margaret Elphinstone WRITING 2006
Patrick Gale WRITING 1999
Jane Gardam WRITING 2000
Tony Grisoni FILM 1999
Jonathan Harvey MUSIC 1999
Sam Hayden MUSIC 2000
Jackie Kay WRITING 2005
Liz Lochhead WRITING 2000
Joseph Pibbs MUSIC 2004
David Sawyer MUSIC 2006
Aaron Williamson VISUAL ARTS 2003

UNITED STATES

Jennifer Allora VISUAL ARTS 2004
Rilla Askew WRITING 2004
Eve Beglarian MUSIC 2006
Derek Bermel MUSIC 2005
Tim Berne MUSIC 2002
Lisa Bielawa MUSIC 2004
Peg Boyers WRITING 2004
Bobby Bradford MUSIC 1998
Anne Bray VISUAL ARTS 1996
Edmund Campion MUSIC 2004
Lorene Cary WRITING 2004
Anthony Coleman MUSIC 2003
Cindy Cox MUSIC 1999
Petah Coyne VISUAL ARTS 2005
Nicholas Dawidoff WRITING 2005
Amy Denio MUSIC 2004
Mark Dion VISUAL ARTS 1996
Mark Dresser MUSIC 2002
Denise Duhamel WRITING 2003
Marty Ehrlich MUSIC 1997
Elise Engler VISUAL ARTS 2004
Rochelle Feinstein VISUAL ARTS 2001
Michael Gatonska MUSIC 2004
Lisa Glatt WRITING 2006
Charles Goldman VISUAL ARTS 2003
Bruce Gremo MUSIC 2003
Susan Griffin WRITING 1996
Tom Hamilton MUSIC 2005
John Harbison MUSIC 2001
Amy Hautf VISUAL ARTS 1995
Jennifer Higdon MUSIC 2005
Andrew W. Hill MUSIC 2000
Fred Ho MUSIC 2001
Jessica Holt VISUAL ARTS 2001
Mei-ling Hom VISUAL ARTS 2002
Lee Hyla MUSIC 1999
Homer Jackson VISUAL ARTS 2002
Carla Kihlstedt MUSIC 2006
Jamaica Kincaid WRITING 2002
Jerome Kitzke MUSIC 2003
Guy Klucevsek MUSIC 1999
David Lang MUSIC 2003
Libby Larsen MUSIC 2003
David Lehman WRITING 2006
George E. Lewis MUSIC 1998
Lana Lin VISUAL ARTS 2003
Judith Linhares VISUAL ARTS 2006
Roseann Lloyd WRITING 2004
Evelina Zuni Lucero WRITING 2004
Keeril Makan MUSIC 2006
Kerry James Marshall VISUAL ARTS 1998
Pat Mora WRITING 2003
Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris MUSIC 2001
Erica Muhl MUSIC 1998
Kori Newkirk VISUAL ARTS 2005
Ron Padgett WRITING 2003
Zeena Parkins MUSIC 2004
Bobby Previte MUSIC 2001
Elliott Sharp MUSIC 2000
Kay Kaufman Shelemay MUSIC 2001
Accra Shepp VISUAL ARTS 1997
Amy Sillman VISUAL ARTS 1999
Jeanne Silverthorne VISUAL ARTS 1995
Alvin Singleton MUSIC 2000
Wadada Leo Smith MUSIC 2003
Irina Spanidou WRITING 2004
Larry Sultan VISUAL ARTS 2000
Jude Tallichet VISUAL ARTS 2001
Herb Tam VISUAL ARTS 2003
Anita Thacher VISUAL ARTS 2002
Mark Thompson VISUAL ARTS 2002

Henry Threadgill MUSIC 2001
Elizabeth Vercoe MUSIC 1998
Anne Waldman WRITING 2001
Darren Waterston VISUAL ARTS 2005
Lynne Yamamoto VISUAL ARTS 2006
Mel Ziegler VISUAL ARTS 1999

URUGUAY/USA

Marco Maggi VISUAL ARTS 2002

VENEZUELA/USA

Paul Dessene MUSIC 2006
Ricardo Lorenz MUSIC 2004

VIETNAM

Tran Luong VISUAL ARTS 2002

VIETNAM/USA

Tam Van Tran VISUAL ARTS 2005

YUGOSLAVIA

Milan Djordjević WRITING 1999

ZIMBABWE

Shimmer Chinodya WRITING 2004
Tsitsi Dangarembga WRITING 1999
Yvonne Vera WRITING 2002



PAST JURORS

Claribel Alegria WRITING NICARAGUA
Peter Basquin MUSIC USA
Anne Bray VISUAL ARTS USA
Will Eaves WRITING UK
Alan Feltus VISUAL ARTS ITALY
Fabrizio Festa MUSIC ITALY
Alice Rose George VISUAL ARTS USA
Steve Gerber MUSIC USA
Jonathan Harvey MUSIC UK
RoIf Hind MUSIC UK
Wayne Horvitz MUSIC USA
Geeta Kapur VISUAL ARTS INDIA
Benje LaRico VISUAL ARTS USA
Giuseppe O. Longo WRITING ITALY
Alberto Manguel WRITING ARGENTINA/FRANCE
Kerry James Marshall VISUAL ARTS USA
Martin Mooij WRITING NETHERLANDS
Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris MUSIC USA
Antonio Muntadas VISUAL ARTS SPAIN/USA
Fumio Nanjo VISUAL ARTS JAPAN
Olu Oguibe VISUAL ARTS NIGERIA/USA
Sandra Percival VISUAL ARTS USA/UK
Martin Puryear VISUAL ARTS USA
Colin Richards VISUAL ARTS SOUTH AFRICA
Barbara Richter WRITING GERMANY
Judith Shatin MUSIC USA
Archie Shepp MUSIC USA
Amy Sillman VISUAL ARTS USA
Regina Silveira VISUAL ARTS BRAZIL
Frances-Marie Uitti MUSIC NETHERLANDS
Zdeněk Urbánek WRITING CZECH REPUBLIC
Luisa Valenzuela WRITING ARGENTINA
Giuseppe Vigna MUSIC ITALY
Chou Wen-Chung MUSIC CHINA/USA
Chen Yi MUSIC CHINA/USA





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