



In 1999 Ruggero Cane lost his head. That is to say, the statue guarding the entrance to the Castle of Civitella Ranieri, one arm across his emboldened chest and the other on his sword hilt, lost his defiance when his already weathered down head toppled off. The piece, made of local “pietra serena” was too soft to withstand centuries of atmospheric changes. | It was a sad and eerie sight. | Soon the first Fellows arrived for their residencies and the noble torso became a main topic of concern. As it happens in small face-to-face communities and true acephalous societies, collective murmurs, discussions, an assembly of all arrive at a consensual goal designed to meet such a crisis. The Fellows pooled their thoughts and, as usual, came up with some supportive ideas. One Fellow went beyond the castle’s gate to look for solutions elsewhere. He found that the traditional skills of the women of Umbria could help us forget the loss and provide us with a wider perspective. Another was inspired by the community effort to collect the grape harvest in a single weekend of long days and wonderful meals. Shoulder to shoulder, headless or not, the future became clear. | So it was in 1999, a consensus of all and the momentum of the past combined to secure the future. Ruggero now stands strong and certain and headless in his declaration that it takes many, together as equals to build castles and realize dreams. | With thanks to everyone involved, past and present. | From the Directors, Gordon Knox and Cecilia Galiena

A lace maker, I have noticed her while she was working on the doorstep of a certain house in Gubbio, the other in the holy city of Assisi, still another on that mountainous spot called Montone. Each one of them embroidered their lace, raising it every so often towards the sun to check that cosmic design, which the job itself probably relied upon.

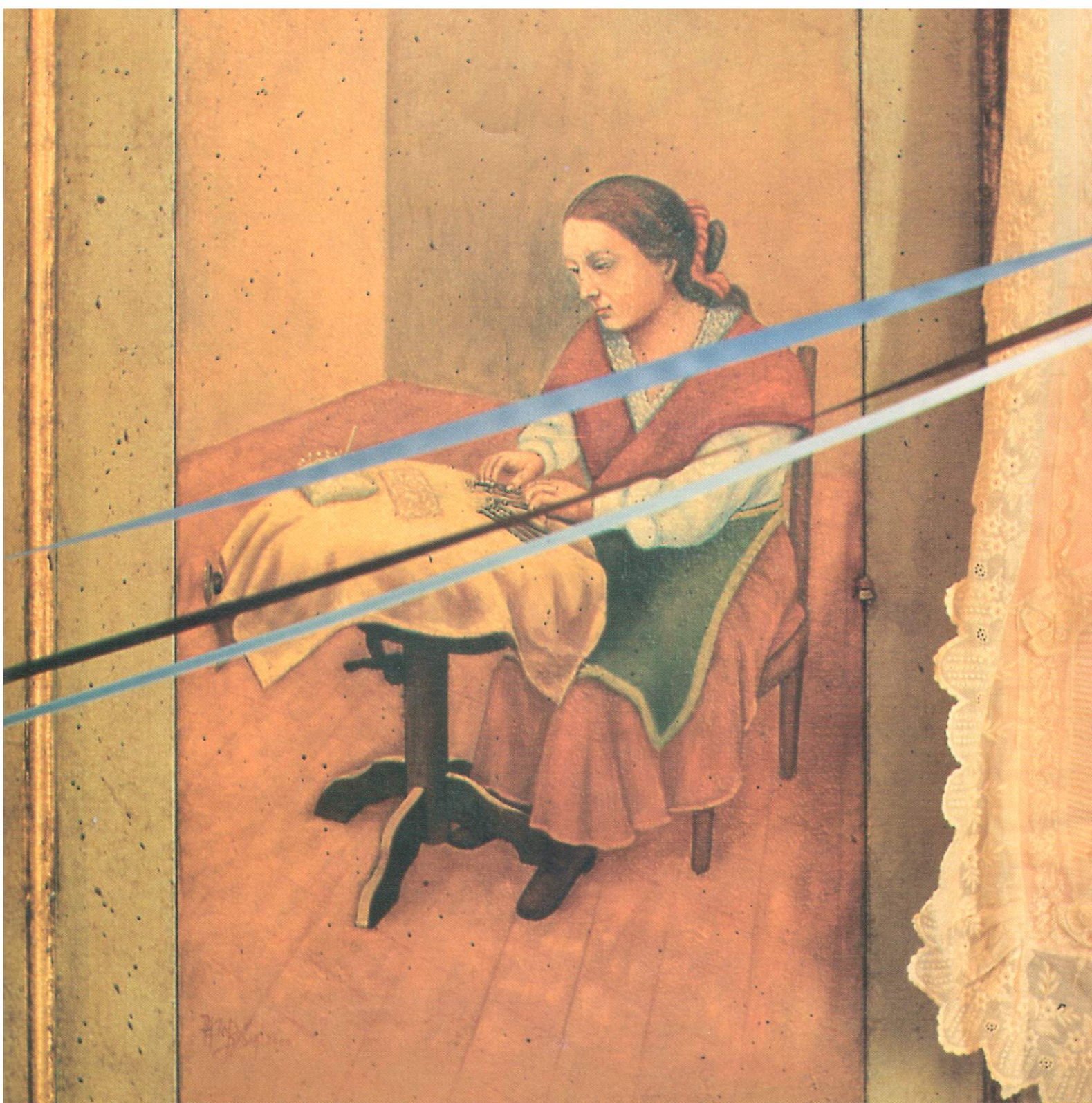
Now I know that all the women of Umbria have taken up this profession of the spider, so that one day – all that, which the traveler considers to be early morning fog – will result in a universal tapestry, an immense exertion of feminine whim, of which the testament will be a veil over the Italian earth, the firmament that will substitute all that, which in these regions is taken for the sky.

Bora Cosic

Una merlettaia, l'ho notata mentre stava lavorando sugli scalini di una certa casa a Gubbio, l'altra nella città santa di Assisi, un'altra ancora in quel posto montagnoso chiamato Montone. Ognuna di loro lavorava al suo merletto, sollevandolo ogni tanto verso il sole per controllare quel disegno cosmico, sul quale probabilmente il lavoro stesso si basava.

Ora so che tutte le donne dell'Umbria si sono date a questa professione del ragno, così che un giorno – tutto quello che il viaggiatore prende per rugiada mattutina – risulterà in un arazzo universale, uno sforzo immenso del capriccio femminile, il cui testamento sarà un velo sopra la terra d'Italia, il firmamento che sostituirà tutto quello che in queste regioni viene scambiato per il cielo.

Translated from the English by Cecilia Galièna





P A I N

For Amy Sillman

Someone came from Eastern Europe, let's say, from Russia, someone with bundles under the board of a ship, someone crossed the stormy Atlantic. Someone fed people bread and bore a child who'll bear the painter.

The painter will feed herself with colors, with open eyes will look at the green of tender Umbria and on the white will merge the colors of the hills and sunflowers, on the blue windows will draw the bunch of grapes, desperately will draw

the masculine and the feminine bodies, the interwoven meat, trees and plants. All of us are frozen objects of history and we laugh, and cough, sneeze, we all talk, eat salmon, a green salad and lick ice cream, drink wine, stare at bright screens.

All of us are seeking a most sunny refuge or some rest in a forest clearing. We are coming from wars or nightmares, from family triumphs or shipwrecks. We illuminate dark, untie terrible knots and cheer each other up.

We are coming from all parts of the world and we are looking at everything with open eyes. We are touching the moist snouts of a dog, cat and nostrils of a white horse to feel the world, to overcome fear, madness and death giving them forms and colors.

Translated by the author and Amy Sillman

Milan Djordjevic

UMBRISCHER HIMMEL

Die Stunde kreiste um die Beschreibung des Schwalbenflugs.
Der Himmel am trutzigen Wehrturm der Rocca von Umbertide
War ein Schnittmusterbogen. Schwarze, gefiederte Scheren
Schnitten die Luft auf im Steilflug, entlarvten das Blau als Betrug

In der Dämmerung. Um den grauen Stein der soliden
Bastion wuchs ein Hyperbelraum aus den Kurven und Kehren,
Ein Gespinst, unentwirrbar, wie aus singenden Drähten.
Oder war das ihr Zwitschern, dieser schrille, durchdringende Ton?

Hunderte Schwalben, – und so hört er sich an, der perfide
Arbeitslärm im Textilwerk der Parzen, beim Zerreißen der Nähte.
Das Ohr, geschärft, der Blick giert, seit sich die Unfälle mehren,
Seit der Globus ächzt unterm Leben, – nach feinen Unterschieden.

Etwas Vogelflug reicht, ein Stück umbrischer Himmel ist ihm genug.
Gut, daß die Arten bestimmt sind, die Dinge beschildert, entgrätet.
Auf der Piazza, unbeschwert, promenierten die jüngsten Atriden.
Doch die Stunde war um, die Flugschau beendet, vorbei die Lektion.

Durs Grünbein

UMBRIAN SKY

*The hour circled around an account of the swallow's flight.
From the Rocca, the massive fortress tower of Umbertide,
The sky was a sewing pattern. Scissors feathered in black
Exposed the deceit of the evening blue, their dives*

*Cutting the air. Around the solid bastion's gray
Stone grew a hyperbolic space curving forth and back,
As of singing wires, beyond unraveling, gossamer.
Or was that their twittering, that strident, piercing tone?*

*Hundreds of swallows--the treacherous noise of the work,
When the threads are ripped, in the factory of the Fates.
Since accidents began to increase, and life to rack
The globe, what longs for fine distinctions? The keener ear, the gaze.*

*The flight of birds is enough, in a bit of Umbrian sky.
It's good the species have been identified, things tagged, filleted.
The latest Atrides paraded across the piazza, unperturbed.
But the hour had passed, the air show had ended, the lesson was done*

Translated from the German by Andrew Shields





1922
FEBRUARY
1924

CA
REYES
MEBDA
BERNARD
ODIA

ADOLFO

WINE

I started in 'LIMEHOUSE – LONDON 1926':

EXT. DUSK. THOUSAND SORROWS
OPIUM DEN / JOY HOUSE.

JACKIE MOSES falls out into the night – drifts in smoky opium dreams as his father once did. BONMOT laughs – follows on.

BONMOT

Where are you going, Jackie?

JACKIE walks through the square – guided by something inside – past Chinese bars, steam-gushing laundries and offal stalls. The narrow streets seethe with LASCARS, MALAYS, MERCHANT SEAMEN, CHINESE, PORTUGUESE, WEST INDIANS, ENGLISH PAVEMENT PRINCESSES. Languages cross-fire. Barks, yells, screaming babies, rattling carts. A steam train crashes across the causeway overhead... Booming through the night comes the steady throb of a blues holler. Ahead; a beacon throbs with music – The Joy House.

INT. NIGHT. JOY HOUSE.

JACKIE comes through. Smoke. Booze. WORKING MEN, WORKING GIRLS, SLOANS SLUMMING IT, A BEAUTIFUL TRANVESTITE OR TWO. BONMOT gets himself a drink- snaps a Toscani in two – lights up. He looks across the smoke-filled room and sees HENRY CHONG in a booth along with a COUPLE OF OTHER CHINESE.

CHONG

Jacob. Did you find who kill Daniel?

JACKIE

'Don't matter, does it, uncle.

CHONG

Welcome home, Jacob, welcome home.

*

Nothing I planned or anticipated for my stay at

Civitella materialized in the way I imagined it would. I was kidnapped by the journey there- taken by surprise on the misty road...

*

I returned to a story cycle by Leon Garfield - 'The Apprentices'. These tales of young apprentices from the 18th Century trying to untangle the world were at the back of my mind when writing 'Queen of Hearts' 10 years ago. I am now adapting all 12 stories- one for each month of the year – and looking towards writing the 13th. But I wrote the first in a corner of the vast studio beneath our apartment at Civitella. Now, when Rosy Starling or Daniel Nightingale run from their apprenticed trade to Bartholomew Fair, they're running the labyrinth of alleys of Perugia too.

EXT. DAY. MAYPOLE ALLEY AND LITTLE
DRURY LANE.

Blind ROSY STARLING tosses her golden hair and leans lightly on TURTLE's arm. Light as a feather. He weaves her in and out the moving DANCERS – gently into the current of the maypole dance.

VOICES

Look at that! The blind girl's dancing!

TURTLE and ROSY dance. She seems insensible to his tethering hand – flies like a bird.

ROSY

Quicker! I can go quicker! Just keep hold of me hand!

The COUPLE whirl to the raw music, ROSY's smiling face turned to the sky, her golden hair flying.

ROSY

On me own! On me own! Let me!

Uncertainly, TURTLE lets ROSY go. She spins, every part of her expresses amazement and delight.

OTHER DANCERS step back. ROSY dances in a circle of space around her.

TURTLE lives for her every move – ready to catch her... Then a familiar voice rasps in

TURTLE's ear.

MR. DELILAH

Got to have it! Just got to have it, my boy!

TURTLE turns in dismay. His drunk master, MR. DELILAH, lurches to the dance, dangerously waving his scissors.

MR. DELILAH

That hair! Did you ever see a finer mop? Got to have it!

TURTLE

Leave her, sir. Please!

MR. DELILAH

S'all sentiment, my boy! Just lemme at her! I'll show you how it's done! I'll crop her closer than a nag's tail!

TURTLE

For pity's sake, sir!

MR. DELILAH

Pity...?

*

'Palermo' is part of the continuing collaboration between myself and Brian Catling. Two facing monitors show video footage of a select few of the thousands of mummified corpses in the catacombs in Palermo, Sicily. The dangerous elegance of their silent conversation is better than any words we could have put in their mouths. Thanks to the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, 'Palermo' found a first home at La Rocca, Umbertide. There is a certain sweet relish in bringing these grinning Sicilian death-heads north to Umbria.

*

And meanwhile, back at Mr. Delilah's hair mer-

chant's shop off Little Drury Lane:

TURTLE stares at the severed plaits in abject horror. MR. DELILAH eyes his fierce and trembling apprentice nervously.

MR. DELILAH

She cut them off with her own hands. Right there in front of me! Said she didn't want anything. Said it was a good deal. Said she knew all the time it was what you really wanted.

TURTLE carefully lays the hair down on the counter...

Then... strangely, slowly his face lights into a smile of realisation. MR. DELILAH watches him nervously.

MR. DELILAH

Steady, Turtle, my boy...

TURTLE

Of course... It grows! It'll grow again. Of course it will!

TURTLE backs towards the door, his face bright with hope.

TURTLE

It'll be all right! It'll grow again!

TURTLE heads out into the night, leaving MR. DELILAH alone.

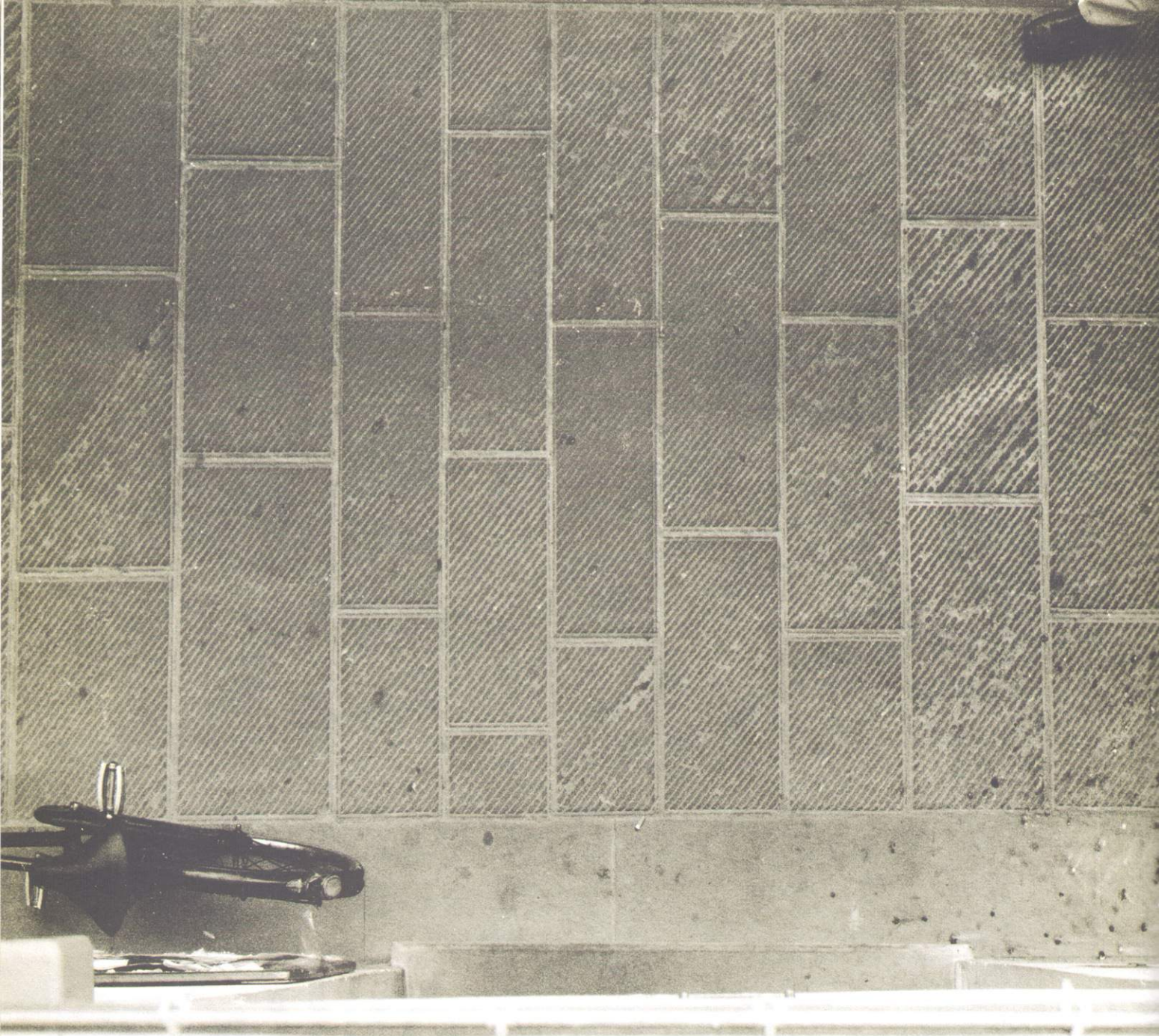
MR. DELILAH takes the candle and pauses at his own reflection in a corroded mirror. He delicately touches his ruined face... He sighs... And blows out the candle.

Tony Grisoni

At Civitella I worked on a long poem LARGE GHOST. I also made a series of drawings to summon a new head for the decapitated statue of the Count Ranieri, the color and texture of which were cloned from digital photographs of his ancient stone body. For me it is always the other that are still rotating and murmuring on departure. The unmade ones, the ones was the staves, tall wooden poles; staffs for walking, saint props, the ones one carefully made, each containing a slice of silver mirror, an elliptical halo grafted into their hard bodies. Each staff would have the fingerprints of a fellow or friend cut and varnished into its surface. The staves would be hidden in the countryside around the castle, radiating outward, lost in the woods by the side of overgrown tracks.

Brian Catling





I spent my residency at Civitella Ranieri Center working on a solo accordion piece for a collaboration with choreographer/film-maker Victoria Marks. Our idea for the piece was that I would compose a 10-minute concert work, for which Vic would create a video "thought bubble," which imagined the thoughts going through my mind as I'm performing the piece. While at Civitella, I was able to complete the entire score for this piece from scratch (working title Inside Score). The results are a moody piece in six short sections, with wild stylistic contrasts, including Caribbean-like rolling rhythms, Eastern-European doina, quasi-improvisations, Stravinskian bi-tonality, Klezmer scales, and neo-Renaissance court da

FESTINA TARDE

(MAKE HASTE SLOWLY)

#1

Guy Klucevsek

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. There are dynamic markings of *mf* and *ff* throughout the system.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *ff*.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *ff*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *ff*.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *ff*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Guy Klucevsek

Attacca

I have just had one of the most satisfying moments of my creative life. Yesterday I was at the famous Konzerthaus in Vienna, with the Wiener Symphoniker, working at

White

my "White as Jasmine" and performing it twice to packed houses to audiences who gave the work a rapturous reception. This was of course the culmination of the time I

as

spent at Civitella slowly and peacefully committing the piece to paper in the concentrated atmosphere afforded uniquely by Civitella. Once again, thank you and your

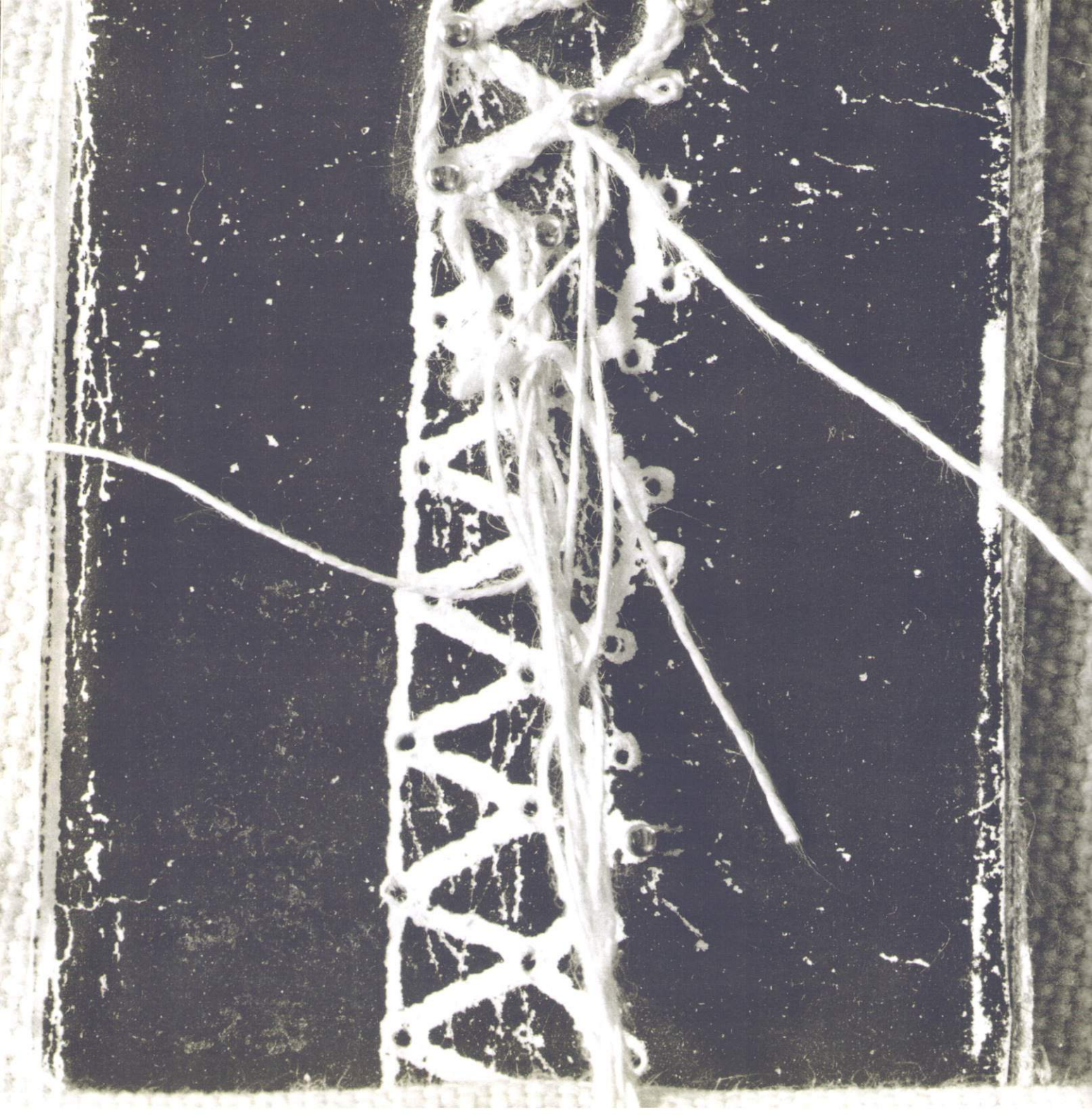
Jasmine

Foundation for making such concentration possible. I am seeking an ecstatic art – one which can only come about through intense silence and inwardness. In the 'noise'

of life nowadays such aspirations need assistance ... thank you!

Jonathan Harvey





From ROUGH MUSIC, the novel I finished while at Civitella:

She rang the prison at once and gave Mervyn the hotel's number then she lay on her bed hugging herself and waited. Had one of John's thick jerseys or Bill's old leather jacket been to hand she would have pulled it on for comfort; either would have done since it was the comfort she required, not the man. Instead, she lay on the bed, pulled up the quilt and hugged herself, taking in the pictures of fishing boats, the pastel-dyed dried flower arrangement, the skimpy nylon curtains, the powerful scent of fly killer. The hotel was as oppressive as the bungalow in its way; very much a family hotel and not a place designed for romantic afternoon liaisons nor, for that matter, distraught adulteresses. The excitement when she arrived by police car was palpable. John rang her that evening to say they had got home safely and to see how she was. She snapped at him, "How do you think I am?" and he rang off soon afterwards. She slipped out to an off-license and bought a large bar of chocolate and a bottle of wine which she smuggled back to her room. She wolfed the chocolate then drank herself to sleep. The police rang in the early evening to say there was no news then called again, half way through the next morning, to say they were sending a car for her.

His motorbike was not found at once because he had hidden it. He had driven half an hour's distance up the coast to Trebarwith where a long beach bounded by high granite cliffs and a grim quarry faced the open sea. It was chosen, the police imagined, because it was the first beach to the north from Polcamel Strand that was accessible by road and was well away from the complex currents of the Camel estuary mouth. The motorbike lay at the very back of the largest of several caves that plunged up into the cliff face. Had he wished to retrieve it later, he had fatally misjudged the hiding place. At low tide, when he would have arrived there had he come directly from Polcamel, by police reckoning, a broad expanse of golden sand would have been presented in the moonlight. At high tide, however, a few hours later, the entire beach vanished and the caves were scoured out by booming surf. Its engine sluiced with salt water and sand-clogged, its bodywork brutally dented by the repeated battering it had taken against the rocks, the motorbike had finally become wedged on its side behind a boulder and left half buried in sand by the receding tide. Children had found it and played on it for hours before an adult had come across them and alerted the police.

The American registration number would be checked for confirmation in a day or two. Meanwhile Frances made her identification in a corner of the station car park where the motorbike lay on a trailer. There was dried seaweed caked on the handlebars and twined about the cables. No other trace of Bill had been found, the policeman told her, or of his typewriter. The poetic explanation was made that he had picked a beach facing the open Atlantic, the risk of being washed up then used the typewriter to weight his body before swimming out and drowning himself.

Patrick Gale

TANG-GONG-GONG-AN

Ramon Ramon Santos

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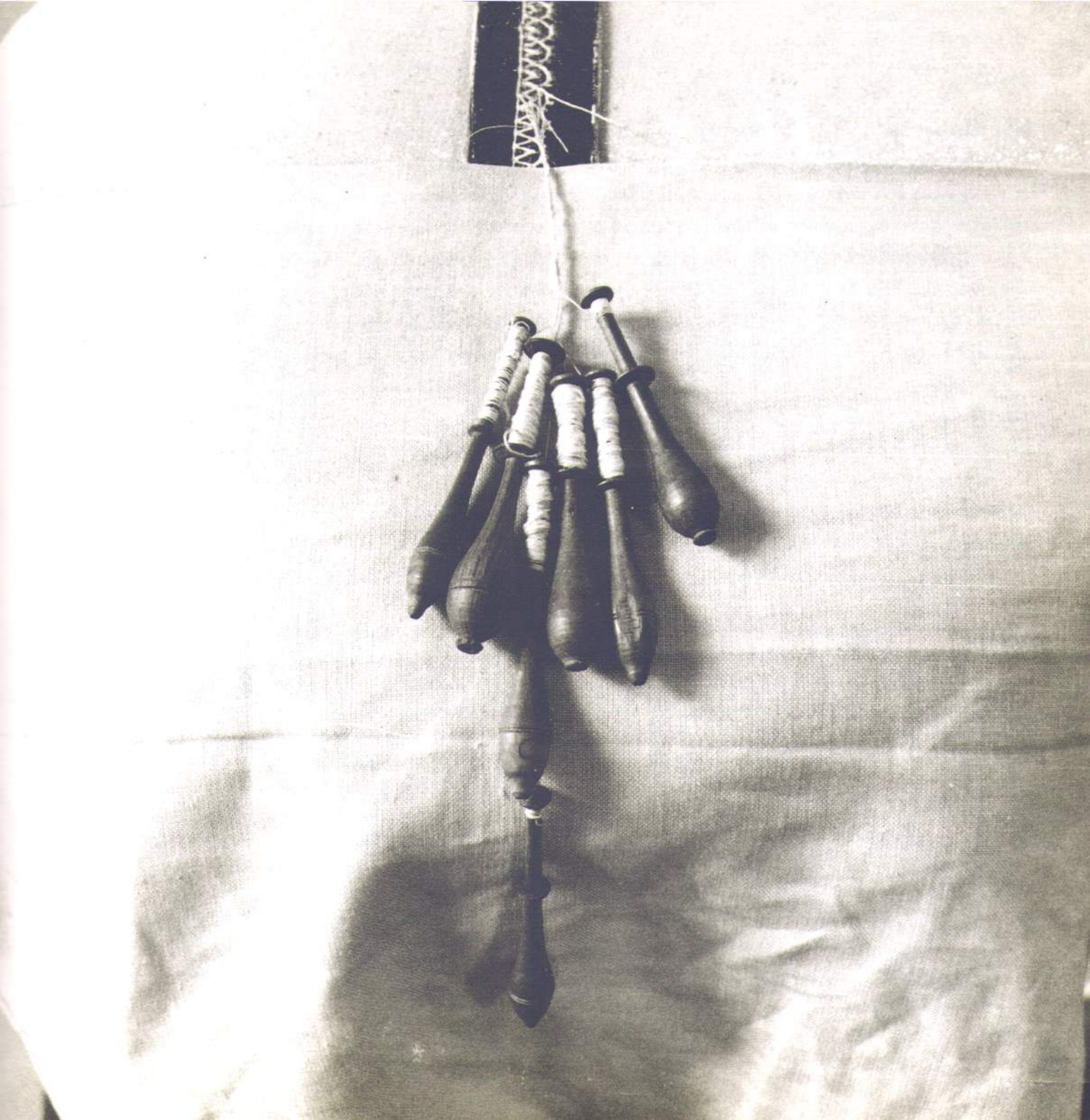
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My work Tang-Gong-Gong-An explores the language of gong music in the Philippines and Southeast Asia. In spite of the physical distance between Europe and Asia, Civitella has provided such a special world of peace and inner quiet that one can easily transcend boundaries of sonic discourse.

Ramon Santos



This is an extract from a sequel to *Nervous Conditions*. The heroine of *Nervous Conditions*, Tambudzai Sigauke is speaking:

Typical of August, the temperature was soaring towards thirty degrees, quickly after the morning coolness. The dogs stretched out on the verge inhaled and exhaled shallowly many times a second, ribs expanding like the hood of a cobra, their tongues long and thick with thirst; and children at this or that communal tap fought to fill rusty jam tins with water. Now a stream of five to eight year olds who should have been at school flooded towards me with their containers.

“Hey whitey, Murungu!”
“Money, whitey, give us

money!”
“She isn’t, are you so stupid!”
“What?”
“She’s not white!”
“Of course she is.”
“European! Murungu! Give us money!”
“Twenty cents, just twenty cents.” The cries clamoured from all directions, regardless of whether there was or was not consensus concerning my racial heritage.
“Sister, I’m hungry.”
“Of course she is!”
“Are you looking?”
“Of course I am.
Can’t you see!”
“Course I can.”
“Well, then, can’t you see that car. And that hair!”
“So what! She isn’t European.”

Mercifully I maneuvered the vehicle back onto the dirt road before they gained on me.

Excerpt from my writing at Civitella:

Sabina è sull'amaca. Guarda la montagna. La montagna è una gigantesca donna sdraiata, col capo riverso all'indietro, il ginocchio destro appena sollevato, la gamba sinistra scostata dalla destra, un vasto pube scuro di pini. Al di sopra della pancia si intravedono le curve dei suoi seni, la piega dell'ascella, l'attaccatura del braccio nascosto dal grande corpo terrestre. Sabina è innamorata della gigantessa ma non sa come raggiungerla. Ha cercato di avvicinarla, ma ogni volta l'ha persa. Le si avvicina Giuseppe, guarda anche lui la montagna; Da bambino la volevo sposare, racconta Sabina. Mi piacevano i suoi fianchi larghi, l'avvallamento scosceso fra le gambe, quel corpo gigantesco più bello e sinuoso di quello di qualsiasi altra donna. Così silenziosa, immobile, soda. Immaginavo la sua voce:

un suono cavernoso, graffiato dai sassi che le franano dentro. Fa notte. La luna piena sorge da dietro il lago. In casa si sente russare. Sabina sguscia fuori dalla camera. Dentro l'amaca trova Giuseppe. Sdraiati accanto guardano la Montagna. La luna ne illumina l'intero sterminato corpo. E' così bella, sussurra Sabina. Ti piacerebbe fare l'amore con Lei? Mi piacerebbe stringerla, accarezzarla, entrarle dentro, vorrei fosse tutta mia. Anch'io. Mi viene da piangere quando penso che non potrò mai averla. Anche a me. Mi prende una rabbia.

Sabina is lying in the hammock. She is looking at the mountain. The mountain is a reclining giantess, head rolled back, right knee just slightly higher, the pubis dark with black pine trees. Above her huge belly the curve of the breast, the fold of the armpit, the joint of an arm hidden behind her great earthly body. Sabina is in love with the giantess but does not know how to reach her. She has tried to find her, but each time she has lost her way. Giuseppe approaches her. He too is looking at the mountain. When I was a child I wanted to marry her, he starts telling Sabina. I loved her wide hips, the steep ravine between her legs, that gigantic body more sinuous and beautiful than any other woman's. So silent, still, firm. I imagined her voice: a cavernous sound, scratched by the rocks crumbling inside.

Night is falling. The full moon is rising behind the lake. You can hear snoring in the house. Sabina sneaks out of her room. She finds Giuseppe in the hammock. Lying next to each other they look at the mountain. The moon bathes in light her entire boundless body. She's so beautiful, whispers Sabina. Would you like to make love to her? I would like to hold her in my arms, caress her, penetrate her, I would like her to be mine entirely. Me too. I feel like crying when I think I will never possess her. Me too. I get into such a rage.

Translated into English by Pia Pera

Pia Pera

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Key Signatures

Time Signatures

Other Info

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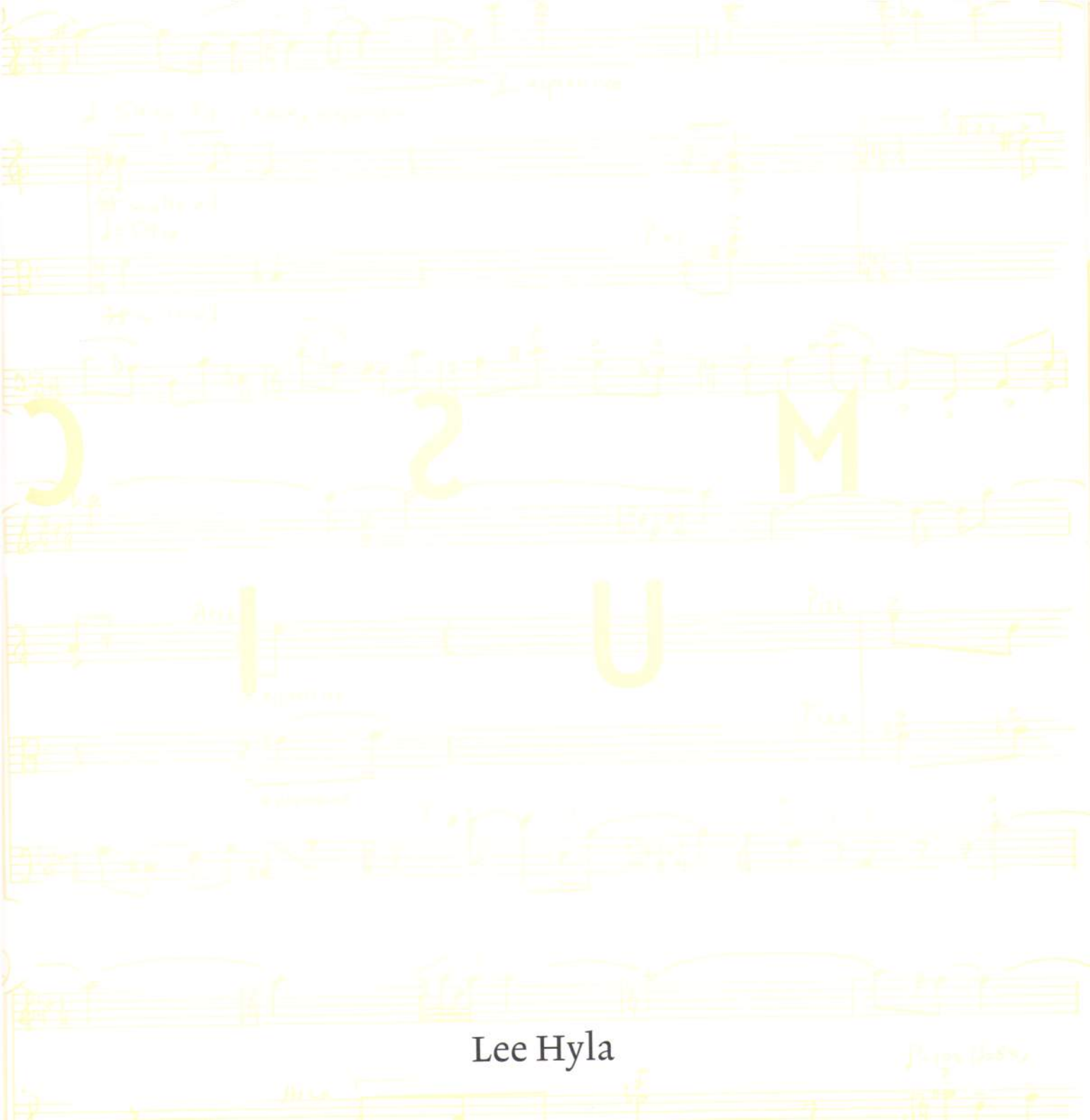
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Cindy Cox



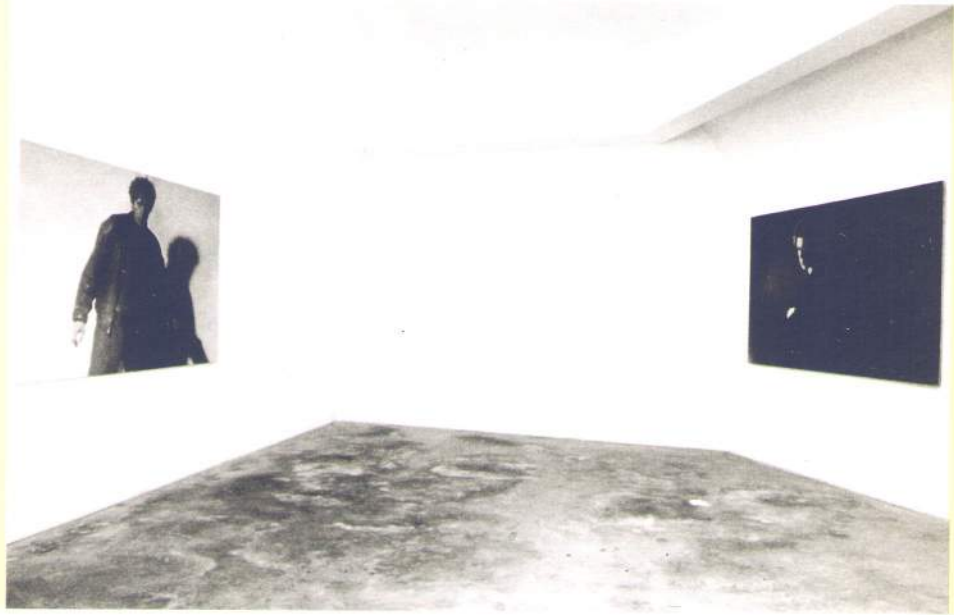
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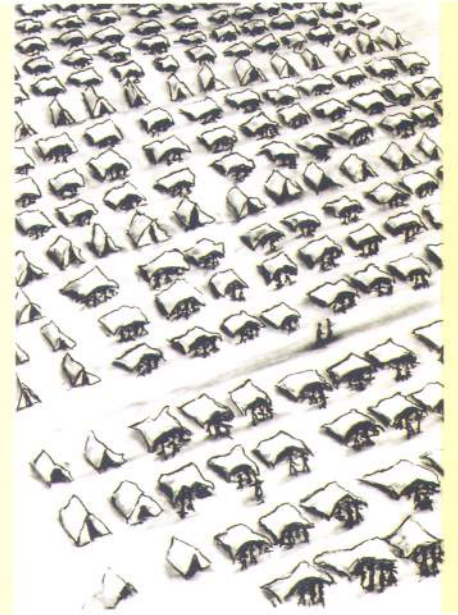
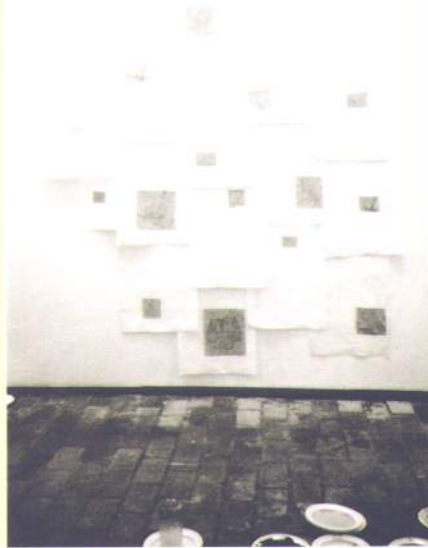
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Lee Hyla



V I
Atul Dodiya

S U
Emilio Fantin



Liliana Porter

Amy Sillman

Mel Ziegler

Excerpt from screenplay:

BRUNO: But I have to concentrate. They're doing the penalty kicks now.

FLORA: Ai Lin has to concentrate too. She's peeling the grapes for me.

Bruno looks at Ai Lin, and immediately sees that she is peeling the grapes rather unwillingly.

BRUNO: OK, I have an idea, Flora. If you win, I'll peel you the grapes for Ai Lin. If I win, you'll eat the grapes with the skin. How's that?

FLORA: (curious) What's the idea?

BRUNO: You see that man on TV?

Flora looks at the TV and sees Baggio getting ready to kick the last, decisive penalty kick for Italy.

FLORA: Yeah, that's Baggio. Number one striker of Italy.

BRUNO: Right. Do you think he'll score this one?

FLORA: No.

BRUNO: Of course he will. He's the best.

FLORA: No, he won't.

BRUNO: OK, if he scores, you eat the grapes with the skin; if he doesn't, I'll peel them for you. Fair enough?

FLORA: Yeah!

Flora smiles, obviously interested in the challenge.

AI LIN: But, Bruno...

BRUNO: Don't worry.

Mabel Cheung

Excerpt from screenplay:

AH MOON: Angel Island, that's a nice name.

UNCLE ANG: Well, it's called Angel, but it's actually hell.

AH MOON: We'll make it, Uncle Ang. We'll make it. I've seen them both before, angel or hell.

CUT TO:

5. INT. ANGEL ISLAND: DETENTION ROOMS - - NIGHT

Crummy detention rooms have been built to house the hundreds of newcomers from all over the world. Most of them are asleep now, some are talking in their dreams in their different native languages.

Through the iron bars, Ah Moon sees a vast piece of land in the distant sea, where San Francisco lies silently in the foggy night. He is awed and bedazzled by the beauty of it...

FADE OUT:

6. INT. ANGEL ISLAND: CORRIDOR -- MORNING

Ah Moon and Uncle Ang are ushered down a long corridor. They exchange glances of moral support as they are led into two separate rooms.

CUT TO:

7. INT. ANGEL ISLAND: INTERVIEW ROOM #1 --CONTINUOUS

Ah Moon sits at one end of a long table, an immigration officer sits at the other, and an interpreter sits in the middle. The morning sun casts long shadows of them onto the wall, where a portrait of President Lincoln is hung.

OFFICER #1: What is you father's name?

AH MOON: Ang, Uncle Ang they call him.

OFFICER #1: When is your father's birthday?

AH MOON: Nov 17, 1812.

OFFICER #1: What fruits are grown in your village?

谷隋

鐵
人
喻
簡

Xu Bing

Thus, I wrote into the small hours. The story was nearing its end. While I pondered how I might convey the symbolic meaning of the poet's death, a death that summoned him one morning, all of a sudden, as he stood there, reaching for the mailbox to get his newspapers, they dived in through the open window. At first, I thought moths were flocking to the lamplight. But in a trice, wings flapping, the birds made havoc of the room. My God, there were so many of them! One darted at the lamp, the others at me. I covered my face with my hands to shield my eyes. Blind birds! Birds of the night and of the dark! They flung themselves from wall to wall. As they flew about, squawking desperately, their deep black feathers scattered on the desk. They soared up from the courtyard of the Hotel de Sens and swooped down upon me, shredding my brain with sharp beaks. They attacked me ruthlessly. Did they mean to avenge the unruly words I had tamed or prevent me from telling the great poet's story? I tumbled off my seat. Flying from the medieval labyrinths up to my room, birds by thousands drilled and drilled into my head while the last sentence of the unfinished story buzzed on and on: "Bury me in a village graveyard of Anatolia! Bury me there!"

from: *Blind Birds*. Translation by Esther Heboyan-DeVries

Nedim Gürsel

Bora Cosic

Tsitsi Dangarembga

Milan Djordjevic

BIOGRAPHIES



Guy Klucevsek



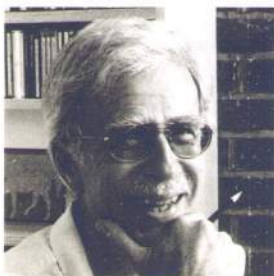
Patrick Gale



Lee Hyla



Durs Grunbein



Jonathan Harvey



Cindy Cox



Pia Pera



Nedim Gursel

FELLOWS IN LITERATURE

Bora Cosic

B. 1932, Zagreb, Yugoslavia/Croatia. Lives in Istria Rovini, Croatia and Berlin. Novelist, essayist, translator.

Appointments: Editor on numerous newspapers; Translates various Russian authors (Majakowski and Chlebnikov).

Publications: *Carinska deklaracija*, 2000 (forthcoming); *Projekt Kaspar*, 1998; *My Family's Role In The World Revolution and Other Prose*, 1997 translation (this work was also a film and theater piece); *Tagebuch des Apatriden*, 1993; Rasulo, 1991; *Musils Notizbuch*, 1989; *Dr. Krleža*, 1988; *Die Rolle meiner Familie in der Weltgeschichte*; *Tutori*, 1978; *Sodoma i Gomora*, 1963.

Tsitsi Dangarembga

B. 1959, Mutoko, Zimbabwe. Lives in Berlin, Germany.

Appointments: Founding member, Zimbabwe Association of Community Theatre.

Awards: SIDA, Stockholm; Commonwealth Writer's Prize; International Black Cinema Award, Berlin, 1993.

Theatre Productions (written and directed): *She no longer weeps*, 1984; *The lost of the soil*, 1983.

Publications: *Nervous Conditions* (novel), 1989; *She no longer weeps* (play), 1987; *The letter*, 1985.

Film Productions: *Minen bis zum Horizont*, 1999; *Zimbabwe Birds*, 1998; *Everyone's Child*, 1996; *The Puppeteer*, 1996; *Braindead*, 1994; *The Great Beauty Conspiracy*, 1994; *Passport to Kill*, 1993; *Breaking the Barriers*, 1993; *Neria*, 1992.

Milan Djordjevic

B. 1954, Belgrade, Serbia, Yugoslavia. Lives in Belgrade. Poet, short story writer, essayist.

Appointments: Freelance writer, writing for the newspaper *Danas* (Today), translating.

Awards: The Heinrich Böll Foundation Fellowship and Heinrich Böll Haus Residency, Germany, 1998; Fellowship of KulturKontakt, Austria and Residency, Vienna, Austria, 1998/99.

Publications: *Glib i vedrina* (Mud and clarity), 1997.

Pustinja (Desert), 1995; *Anthology: Shifting Borders, East European Poetries of the Eighties*, 1993; *Jilibar i vrt* (Amber and Garden), 1990; *Mumija* (Mummy), 1990; *Muva i druge Pesme* (Fly and other poems), 1986; *Sa obe strane ko'e* (With the both sides of the skin), 1979.

Patrick Gale

B. 1962, Isle of Wight, England. Lives at Land's End, Cornwall. Novelist, screenwriter.

Publications: *Fiction: Rough Music*, 2000; *Tree Surgery for Beginners*, 1998; *Dangerous Pleasures*, 1997; *The Facts of Life*, 1995; *Caesar's Wife*, 1991; *The Cat Sanctuary*, 1990; *Little Bits of Baby*, 1989; *Facing the Tank*, 1988; *Kansas in August*, 1987; *The Aerodynamics of Pork*, 1986; *Ease*, 1985; *Non Fiction: Armistead Maupin*, 1999; *The Dorchester Hotel, a History*, 1990; chapters included in *The Mozart Compendium*, ed. HC Robbins Landon, 1989.

Durs Grünbein

B. 1962, Dresden, Germany. Lives in Berlin, Germany. Poet, essayist, critic, translator.

Awards: Premio Nonino, 2000; Youngest member of the German Academy of Language and Letters Darmstadt and the Free Academy of the Arts Berlin, 1995; Peter-Huchel-Prize, 1995; Georg-Büchner-Prize, 1995; Marburger Literaturpreis, 1993.

Publications: *Die Perser des Aischylos* (The Persians of Aischylos), A Rendition, 2000; *Nach den Satiren* (After/According to the Satires), Poems, 1999; *Galilei vermisst Dantes Hölle* (Galilei is measuring/missing Dantes Inferno), Essays, 1996; *Falten und Fallen* (Folds and traps), Poems, 1994; *Den teuren Toten* (To the Honoured Dead), Poems, 1994; *Schädelbasislektion* (Lessons from the base of the skull), Poems, 1991; *Grauzone morgens* (Greyzone by morning), Poems, 1988; his poetry has been translated into several languages.

Nedim Gursel

B. 1951, G. Antep, Turkey. Lives in Paris, France. Novelist, short story writer.

Appointments: Professor, University of Paris.

Awards: Prix de la plaque d'or, Struga-Mecedoine, 1992; Prix de la Radio France Internationale,

Paris, 1991; Prix Abdi Ipekci, Athens, 1987; Prix Haldun Taner, Istanbul, 1987; Prix du P.E.N. Club Francais, Paris, 1986; Prix de l'Academie de la langue turque, Ankara, 1976.

Publications: *Le Roman Du Conquerant*, 1996; *Hotel du desir*, 1995; *Journal de Saint-Nazaire*, 1995; *Paysage litteraire de la Turquie contemporaine*, 1993; *Le Dernier Tramway*, 1991; *Istanbul, un guide intime*, 1989; *Nazim Hikmet et la Litterature populaire turque*, 1987; *La premiere femme*, 1986; *Les Lapins Du Commandant*, 1985; *Un long ete a Istanbul*, 1980.

Pia Pera

B. 1956, Lucca, Tuscany, Italy. Lives in Lucca. Writer and translator.

Publications: *Longo mai*, forthcoming; *Il sogno del Nonno*, 1998; *Diario di Lo*, 1995; *La bellezza dell'Asino*, 1992; *I Vecchi Credenti e L'anticristo*, 1992; Among her translations into Italian: Alexander Pushkin's *Evgeny Onegin*, Archpriest's *Avvakum's Life*, Mikhail Lermontov's *A Hero of our time*, Nadezhda Durova's *Memoirs of a cavalry maiden*.

FELLOWS IN MUSIC

Cindy Cox

B. 1961, Houston, Texas. Lives in Alameda, California. Composer, pianist.

Appointments: Associate Professor, University of California at Berkeley, 1991 - present.

Selected Awards: American Academy of Arts and Letters, 1999; Fromm Foundation, 1996; ASCAP/Nissam, 1996; the International Competition for Women Composers, 1994; National Endowment for the Arts, 1994; MacDowell Colony Fellowship, 1994; ALEA III, 1992; Tanglewood Music Center Fellowship, 1992; Aspen Music Festival Fellowship, 1990; ASCAP Grants and Grants to Young Composers, 1990-1994.

Selected Compositions: *Into the Wild*, 1997; *Songs on Texts of Mary Oliver*, 1996; *Geode*, 1996; *Primary Colors*, 1995; *Columba aspicit*, after Hildegard von Bingen, 1995; *White moths*, 1994; *Darsana II*, 1994; *Darsana I*, 1993; *Cathedral Spires*, 1993; *Piece in Two Halves*, 1992; *A Tree Deep-rooted Yet Dancing*, 1992; *Elegy*, 1990.

Jonathan Harvey

B. 1939, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. Lives in Lewes Sussex, England. Composer, Electronic Music.

Appointments: Composer in association, Sinfonia 21, 1996-present; Honorary Professor of Music at Sussex, England, presently; Professor of Music, University of Sussex, England, 1980-present; Professor of Composition (part-time), University of Stanford, California, presently; honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Music, England, 1994-present.

Awards: Britten Award for composition for Song Offerings, 1993; Harkness Fellow, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, 1969-70; Honorary Director of Music, Southampton, England, 1991.

Selected Compositions, Orchestral: *Fanfare for Utopia*, 1995; *Cello Concerto*, 1990; *Lightness and Weight for solo tuba and orchestra*, 1987; *Timepieces with two conductors*, 1987; *Madonna of Winter and Spring for orchestra, synthesizers and electronics*, 1986; Opera: *In quest of Love*, two acts, 1991-92; *Passion and Resurrection*, church opera in 12 scenes, 1981; Chamber: *String Quartet No 3*, 1995; *Hidden Voice*, 1995; *One Evening*, 1993-94; *Soleil noir/Chitra for nine players, one technician and live electronics*, 1994-95; *Pastorale for cello and harp*, 1994; *The Riot for three players*, 1993; *Scena for violin and nine players*, 1992; *You for soprano and chamber ensemble of four players*, 1992; *Lotuses for flute quartet*, 1992; *Serenade in homage to Mozart for wind ensemble of two players*, 1991; Instrumental: *Rumi for double chorus*, 1996; *Dum transisset sabbatum, motet for unaccompanied chorus*, 1995; *Missa Brevis for unaccompanied chorus*, 1995; *The Angels for unaccompanied choir*, 1994; *Trombeau de Méssiaen for piano and DAT tape*, 1994; *Advaya for solo cello, electronic keyboard, electronics*, 1994; *Chant for solo cello*, 1992-94; *Chant for solo viola*, 1992; *Fantasia for solo organ*, 1991; *Praise Ye The Lord for SATB and organ*, 1990; Vocal: *One Evening*, for soprano, mezzo soprano, eight players, two technicians, electronics, 1993-94; *You for soprano and chamber ensemble of four players*, 1992; *From Silence for soprano, six players, tape*, 1988.

Lee Hyla

B. Niagara Falls, New York. Lives in Boston. Composer.

Appointments: Co-chairman, Composition Department, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1972 – present.

Awards: Lehar Artist-in-Residence, University of Pittsburgh, 1997; Stoecker Prize from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, 1992; Rome Prize Fellowship, 1990; National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, 1989, 1986; Goddard Lieberson Award, American Academy of Arts and Letters, 1987; Guggenheim Fellowship, 1985.

Compositions: *Riff and Transfiguration*, 1996; *Now Exclusively Cello*, 1996; *Trans*, 1996; *How Was Your Weekend*, 1994; *Basic Training*, 1994; *Howl*, 1993; *Quartet*, 1993; *We Speak Etruscan*, 1992; *Concerto for Piano and Chamber Orchestra #2*, 1991; *Ciao, Manhattan*, 1990.

Recordings: *Amnesia Breaks*, 1996; *Howl*, 1996; *We Speak Etruscan*, 1996; *In Double Light*, 1993; *The Dream of Innocent III*, 1989; *String Trio*, 1984; *Revisable Light*, 1983; *Pre-Amnesia*, 1983.

Guy Klucevsek

B. 1947, New York, NY. Lives in Staten Island, NY. Composer and concert accordionist.

Appointments: freelance composer and accordionist; toured as a soloist throughout North and South America, Europe, Japan and Australia. Composed scores for solo accordion, chamber groups, dance, theatre, film and video projects.

Awards: National Endowment for the Arts Solo Recitalist Fellowship; Meet the Composer: Composer/Choreographer Fellowship (4); Rockefeller Foundation Interdisciplinary Grant (2); Mary Flagler Charitable Trust Music For Dance Fellowship (3); Publishers Weekly: Listen Up Award for Best Original Score for Audio Book, New York Dance and Performance Award (Bessie).

Recordings: *Free Range Accordion* (Starkland); *Altered Landscapes* (Evva); *Stolen Memories* (Tzedik); *Transylvanian Softwear* (Starkland); *Accordion Tribe* (Intuition); *Polka Dots and Laser Beams* (Evve); *Who stole the Polka?* (Ewe); *Manhattan Cascade* (CR1); *Scenes From A Mirage* (Review); *Citrus, My Love* (RecRec/Swiss).

Ramón Santos

B. 1941, Pasig, Metro-Manila, Philippines. Lives in Quezon City, Philippines. Composer, musicologist, conductor, educator, cultural administrator.

Appointments: Professor, University of the Philippines Commissioner for the Arts, NCCA; Past Chairman, Asian Composers League.

Awards: Achievement Award in the Humanities, National Research Council of the Philippines, 1994; Chevalier del'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, French government, 1987; Light of Wisdom, Outstanding Fulbrighter in Music; Fellow, Darmstadt 1974; Ferienkurse flier Neue Musik; Residency, Bellagio Study Center.

Selected Compositions: *Pasyon Ritwal for folk artists*, 1998; *Nagnit Igak G'Nan Wagnwag Nila for 4 orchestras & 7 choruses*, for the Philippine Centennial, 1997; *S'Geypo for 16 flutes and drums*, 1993.

FELLOWS IN THE VISUAL ARTS

Fernando Alvim

B. 1963, Luanda, Angola. Lives and works in Brussels, Luanda and Johannesburg. Installation artist.

Selected Exhibitions: *Bonnefantenmuseum*, Maastricht, Netherlands, 2000; *Kunsthalle Bern*, Bern, Switzerland, 2000; *Photo Biennial Rotterdam*, Netherlands, 2000; *MUHKA*, Antwerpen, Belgium, 2000; *Accra*, Ghana, Africa, 1999; *SMAX Museum Project*, Gend, Belgium, 1999; *Biennial of Dakkar*; Senegal, 1998; *Electric Workshop*, Johannesburg, South Africa, 1998; *Boijmans Van Beuningen Museum*, Rotterdam, Holland, 1998; *Biennial of Sao Paulo*, Brazil, 1998; Gate Foundation, Amsterdam, Holland, 1997; *Biennial of Havana*, Cuba, 1997; *Limbus Gallery*; Tel Aviv, Israel, 1996; *Africus '95*, Johannesburg, South Africa, 1995; *Installation in Parlement Européen*, Brussels, Belgium, 1995; *Centro de Arte Contemporanea*, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation Lisbon, Portugal, 1993; *Expo' 92- Pabellon De Angola Plaza De Africa*, Sevilla, Spain, 1992; *Espaço Cultural Elinga*, Luanda, Angola, 1992.

Xu Bing

B. Chongqing, China. Lives in New York. Artist.
Awards: the Genius Prize from the MacArthur Foundation, 1999; Pollack Foundation, 1998; ArtPace Foundation, 1996.

Selected solo exhibitions: Bates College Museum of Art, Maine, 1999; New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, 1998; Joan Miró's Foundation (Fundació Pilarí Joan Miró a Mallorca), Spain, 1997; Institute of Contemporary Art, London, 1997; Bronx Museum of the Arts, New York, 1994.

Selected group shows: *45th Venice Biennial*; Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid; Centro Atlantico de Arte Moderno Museum, Las Palmas, Spain; Pori Art Museum, Finland; *Taipei Biennial*, Taipei Fine Arts Museum; National Museum, Ottawa, Canada; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, CA; ICC-Intercommunication Center, Tokyo; PS1 Center of Contemporary Art, New York.

Brian Catling

B. 1948, London, England. Poet, sculptor, performance artist.

Appointments: Sculpture Department Head, Ruskin School of Drawing, University of Oxford; Fellow of the Linacre College, Oxford.

Recent Solo Works: *Were: The Chamber Works*, ICA, London, 1999; *WERE*, Matt's Gallery, London, 1998; *Cyclops*, Project Gallery, Leipzig, 1997; *Museet For Samtidkunst*, Oslo, 1997; South London Gallery, 1996; Galerie Satellite, Paris, 1995; *The Blindings*, Serpentine Gallery, London, 1994. With Tony Grisoni: *Vanished! A Video Seance*: IESP, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham, England, 1999; South London Gallery, 1999; LAB Gallery, Oxford, 1999 (Still touring); *Palermo*, Umbertide, 1999.

Selected Publications: *The Blindings*, Bookworks; *Soundings*; *A Tractate of Absence*, Matt's Gallery; *The Stumbling Block*, Bookworks; various poetry anthologies including *The New British Poetry*, *Paladin*; *Conductors Of Chaos*, Picador.

Atul Dodiya

B. 1959, Bombay. Lives and works in Bombay. Painter.

Awards: Sotheby's Prize, 1999; Sanskriti Award, 1995; French Government Scholarship, 1991-92; Gold Medal, Government of Maharashtra, 1982.

Solo Exhibitions: Vadehra Art Gallery, New Delhi, 1999; Gallery Chemould, Bombay, 1999; CIMA Gallery, Calcutta, 1997; Gallery Apunto, Amsterdam, 1993; Gallery Chemould, Bombay, 1989.

Group Shows: Singapore Art Museum, 1997; *9th Triennale -India*, 1997; The Fine Art Resource, Berlin, 1997; Contemporary Art Museum, Houston, Texas, 1997; Queens Museum of Art, New York, 1997; Vadehra Art Gallery, NGMA, New Delhi, 1997; Lakeeren Gallery, Bombay, 1996; Whiteleys Art Gallery, London, 1996; Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay, 1995; *EXPOSITION COLLECTIVE*, Cite International des Arts, Paris, 1992; *World Trade Centre Amsterdam*, 1989; Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay, 1988; National Museum, Kuwait, 1988.

Emilio Fantin

B. 1954, Bassano del Grappa, Italy. Lives in Bologna. Artist.

Awards: Stipendiumsaufenthalt in der Villa Waldberta, 1995

Solo exhibitions: *XLV Venice Biennial*, Italy, 1993; Galleria Paolo Vitolo, Italy, 1993; Galleria Paolo Vitolo Milano, Italy 1995; Magasin, Grenoble, France, 1999; Galleria Luigi Franco, Torino, Italia, 1999.

Group exhibitions: *Paradise Europe*, Bizart, Copenhagen (Dk), 1992; *Il gioco nell'arte*, Neue Galerie, Graz, (A), 1995; *Presente Gegenwart*, Künstlerwerkstatt, Monaco (D), 1996; *Subway*, Milano, Italy; *Spaceship Earth*, Art in General, New York

Events : *Trekking*, Appennino Tosco-Emiliano, Italy, 1992; *Oreste Project*, 1998-2000

Video review: *Video 95*, Istituto Italiano di cultura, Parigi (F), 1995; *Christian Goegger*, Monaco(D); Museo Revoltella, Trieste, Italy, 1995; *Lc Giardino, la Memoire, la Ville*. Villa Medici, Roma, 1998

Liliana Porter

B. 1941, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Lives in New York City. Printmaker, Painter, Photographer, Film and Video Artist.

Appointments: Professor, Art Department, City University of New York at Queens College.

Awards: New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship (Film) 1999; Women's Studio Workshop Award, 1999; Premio Leonardo, Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, Buenos Aires, 1998; PSC-CUNY Research Award, 94,95,97,99; First Prize, VII Latin American Print Biennial, San Juan, Puerto Rico ,1986; Grand Prix, XI International Print Biennial, Cracow, Poland, 1986; Guggenheim Fellowship, 1980.

Exhibitions: Annina Nosei Gallery, New York, 1999; *Projects*, ARCO, Madrid, 1999; Conceptualist Art: *Points of Origin*, Queens Museum of Art, New York, 1999, (traveling Exhibition); *The Garden of Forking Paths*, Kunstforeningen, Copenhagen (Traveling Exhibition); *Espacio Minimo*, Murcia, Spain, 1998; Galeria Ruth Benzacar, Buenos Aires, 1997; Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York, 1996; Archer Huntington Art Gallery, University of Texas at Austin, 1993.

Collections: Museum of Modern Art, New York; Metropolitan Museum, New York; Museo de Bellas Artes, Buenos Aires; Clouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, Portugal; Musee D'Art Contemporaine, Montreal, Canada; MEIAC Museo Extremeño e Iberoamericano de Arte Contemporáneo, Badajoz, Spain; Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid.

Amy Sillman

B. 1955, Detroit, Michigan. Lives in New York City. Painter.

Awards: Louis Comfort Tiffany Award, 1999; Joan Mitchell Foundation Grant, 1999; Pollock Krasner Foundation Fellowship, 1999; NEA Fellowship in Painting, 1995; NYSCA Project Residencies Painting Grant, Hillwood Art Museum, Long Island University, 1994; Art Matters Inc., Painting Grant 1990; New York Foundation for the Arts 1985; New Jersey State Council on the Arts Painting Grant, 1982.

PAST FELLOWS:

1995

Visual Arts

András Borócz

Amy Hautf

Bohdan Holomicèk

Catalina Parra

Regina Silveira

Jeanne Silverthorne

Literature

Andrei Bitov

Duo Duo

Martin Simečka

1996

Visual Arts

Anne Bray

Mark Dion

Anna Esposito

Carmela Gross

William Kentridge

Iлона Lovas

Claudio Mubarak

Dan Perjovschi

Cesare Pietroiusti

Mali Wu

Hiroshi Yoshimizu

Literature

Claribel Alegria

Marie-Claire Blais

Kamau Brathwaite

Bei Dao

Susan Griffin

Yang Lian

Elvira Orphee

1997

Visual Arts

Dennis Del Favero

Carlos Garaicoa

Liselot van der Heijden

Egle Rakauskaite

Rosângela Rennó

Accra Shepp

Film

Atom Egoyan

Literature

Anita Desai

Liliana Heker

Gcina Mhlophe

W. S. Rendra

Wera Sæther

Tomaz Salamun

Ivan Vladislavic

Music

Marty Ehrlich

José Maceda

Chinary Ung

Chen Yi

1998

Visual Arts

Andries Botha

Elena Elagina

Igor Makarevich

Gintaras Makarevicius

Kerry James Marshall

Marjetica Potrc

Joanna Rajkowska

Sandra Ramos.

Gulammo-
ammed Sheikh

Penny Siopis

Literature

Lászlo Krasznahorkai

Salman Masalha

Neeltje Maria Min

Leo Vroman

Music

Bobby Bradford

Brenton Broadstock

Stafford James

George E. Lewis

Erica Muhl

Elizabeth

Walton Vercoe

Vladimir Tarasov

PAST JURORS

Visual Arts

Anne Bray

Alan Feltus

Alice Rose George

Geeta Kapur

Benje LaRico

Kerry James Marshall

Antonio Muntadas

Fumio Nanjo

Martin Puryear

Colin Richards

Regina Silveira

Literature

Claribel Alegria

Alberto Manguel

Martin

Mooij

Barbara Richter

Zdenek Urbanek

Luisa Valenzuela

Music

Chou Wen-Chung

Steve Gerber

Wayne Horvitz

Judith Shatin

Archie Shepp

Chen Yi

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Gordon Knox

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Foundation

Civitella Ranieri Center

28 Hubert Street

New York New York 10013

www.civitella.org

VISION

In keeping with the spirit of its founder and the tradition of friendship and hospitality which has been established over a period of more than three decades at the castle of Civitella Ranieri, the Civitella Ranieri Foundation seeks to enable a wide variety of artists and thinkers from around the world to pursue their own work in their own way and to exchange ideas in the peaceful but inspiring setting of the castle.

MISSION

The Civitella Ranieri Foundation, a non-profit private operating foundation organized under the laws of the State of New York, maintains a center for its artist-in-residence program at the Civitella Ranieri castle just outside the town of Umbertide in the Province of Perugia, Italy. The mission of the Foundation is:

1. to bring together visual artists, writers, musicians and thinkers from around the world

who have demonstrated exceptional talent and an enduring commitment and who would not normally be in contact with each other ("the Fellows"). The guiding principle of the nomination and selection process is to attract gifted individuals, young or old, who represent the full range of artistic practices, not excluding more traditional forms of expression.

2. to provide for the Fellows simple but agreeable board and lodging, as well as access to a private studio and essential materials for a period usually ranging from one to two months, and thereby to encourage the production of new work.

3. with the help of our Fellows, gradually to build a network of international contacts and thereby to encourage the wider dissemination of ideas and influences fostered by the shared experience of residency at Civitella Ranieri.

4. to maintain a nomination and selection process that promotes all these goals.

PROGRAM

The Civitella Ranieri Center is a workplace for artists from different disciplines and countries, quartered in the fifteenth century Civitella Ranieri castle near Perugia, Italy. The Center is funded by the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, a New York based not-for-profit organization.

The Center operates an artist-in-residence program that permits artists to concentrate on their work in their studios while also encouraging an exchange of ideas over meals and informal gatherings. The inspiration for this endeavor grew directly out of the traditions which emerged over the past three decades at the castle.

In 1995 the Civitella Ranieri Foundation awarded and hosted its first Fellows. Over the past 6 seasons, 47 visual artists, 35 writers, 21 musicians and 5 film makers from 44 countries have participated. Fellows are in residence for a period ranging from four to eight

weeks, concentrating their efforts on individual projects in the visual arts, literature, music and film. Dinners provide an opportunity for open and free-ranging discussions in a relaxed atmosphere.

SELECTION

The Civitella Ranieri Foundation gives fellowships to artists, musicians, writers and film makers on an invitational basis. For this reason it does not accept unsolicited applications and cannot award a Fellowship to persons who have not been specifically recommended by one of the Foundation's Nominators.

The Foundation selects its Fellows through a two-tiered selection process. A large group of internationally and artistically diverse critics, academics and artists recommend potential candidates for a Fellowship. Candidates are then invited to submit an application complete with a sample of their work for review by a Jury specializing

in a single discipline. The Jury is made up of no less than four internationally respected artists or professionals familiar with the artistic discipline of the candidates they are reviewing.

This process was designed to give the Foundation access to the widest possible selection of artists in a variety of disciplines from all parts of the world. The Foundation has a large and growing group of international Nominators, each specialized in an artistic area.