

# CIVITELLA RANIERI 2004

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### About this DVD:

The DVD on the opposite page will take you on a tour of the Civitella Ranieri Center in Italy and help you experience the life and work taking place there during the artists' residencies. The film was shot by Studio Campanini, Bologna, and based on a creative concept by Lella Heins. It was produced by the Civitella Ranieri Foundation.

*Cover: Detail from "Every Accessible Window in an Italian Castle" 2004, Elise Engler*

## 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, a non-profit operating foundation organized under the laws of the State of New York, with offices in New York City.



## From the Director

2005 commemorates the extraordinary 10-year milestone of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation and its residency program. In celebrating this special anniversary, we honor with deepest respect and gratitude Ursula Corning, our visionary founder and benefactor, and recognize with appreciation the more than 200 distinguished Fellows representing more than 50 countries who have experienced a Civitella residency since 1995.

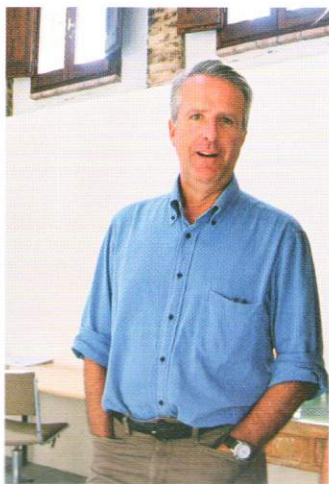
Civitella's far-reaching mission and goal — to gather creative artists from diverse disciplines and cultures to enjoy an environment free from social and economic constraints, for the purpose of professional growth, cultural exchange and collaboration — was perfectly timed to the rapidly emerging global community that has been a hallmark of this past decade.

The first group of Fellows — a small corps of writers and visual artists — came to reside and work in the summer of 1995 at the 15th century Civitella Ranieri Castle, on a rise in the Tiber Valley in the Umbria

region of Italy, which since 1968 had been the summer home of Miss Corning and her many friends who visited from throughout the world. As time passed and facilities on the property were renovated and improved, the program expanded beyond the visual arts and writing to include music as a core discipline. Selection guidelines were developed requiring that Fellows be committed professionals involved in producing innovative, original work. As more international nominators and jurors became involved, the program soon attracted Fellows from around the globe.

In recent years, the expansion of studio facilities, including the addition of two new music studios, has enabled an increase in musicians, a number now equaling artists and writers. The “Stalle,” or studio building, is now a multi-purpose center for the visual arts that lately has seen the re-installation of the photography dark room providing access to digital color and black and white photography, equipment for print making and silk-screening, and a range of machine tools for carpentry and sculpture. The former cavernous laundry area, now the “Teatro,” serves well for lectures, projections, exhibitions and performance. Also available to Fellows is a newly installed computer lab and first-time access to the internet from the studios and many apartments.

The unique central Castle building — its heritage protected — has been adapted successfully into a seven-apartment residence for Fellows and staff. As always, the community congregates for dinners in the Fellows' Garden or in the “Volte” dining



*Director Alexander Crary.*



*Fellows at Piano Grande.*

room and avails itself of the expanded library and new listening and video lounge. Owing to the generosity of our Civitella Fellows, the video, CD and book collections continue to grow.

Civitella's gifted and diverse Fellows flourish in an atmosphere that nurtures the creative spirit. The daily routine is completely unstructured. Fellows work, unwind and bond with each other — writers from Argentina with composers from Belgium, videographers from New York with painters from India. Civitella is a laboratory for experimentation, for development of new ideas and for collegial interchange with peers. The community frequently comes together for presentations of works-in-progress and exhibits in open studios. A rare camaraderie among the Fellows encourages dialogue and collaborations where work is advanced and cultural barriers non-existent.

And what of Civitella's future? With the expanded facilities for musicians, the Foundation now can accommodate 10 Fellows for each of three sessions per season. However, to protect the uniqueness and integrity of the program, growth and change will be unhurried and carefully con-

sidered. Some preliminary thought is now being given to a modest expansion in the program as well as to the possible use of our heated facilities during the winter months.

Truly, the aspirations and inspirations of Ursula Corning have been fulfilled. Her establishment of a center in her cherished Italy where creative professionals could come together to share ideas and advance the creative process is her illustrious legacy. In ten short years, the Civitella Ranieri Foundation has become a thriving enterprise in an Umbrian landscape of Italy so steeped in art and history.

To appreciate more of the life at Civitella Ranieri, I invite you to view a special 10th anniversary gift — a DVD found inside the front cover of this catalogue recorded during the 2004 season. I also acknowledge, with enormous gratitude, the loyalty and dedication of the Foundation's always-remarkable staffs, Board of Directors, nominators and jurors who, year after year, are responsible for the success of the program. The teams in Italy and New York City work together enthusiastically and tirelessly to make the impossible happen each year, providing seamless, rewarding experiences for the Fellows and for all of us involved with the Civitella Ranieri Foundation.

*Alexander "Sandy" Crary*



## Mission

The mission of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is:

To bring together visual artists, writers and musicians from around the world who demonstrate 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 the 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.

To maintain a nomination and selection process that promotes all of these goals.

## 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 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.



*Above, lunch in the gazebo.*

*At left, outer courtyard.*





## 2004 Fellows

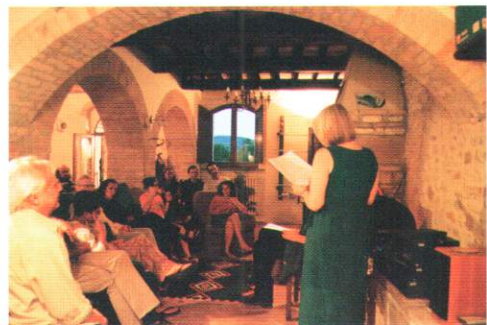
Faith Adiele  
Jennifer Allora &  
Guillermo Calzadilla  
Ricardo Arias  
Rilla Askew  
Lisa Bielawa  
Peg Boyers  
Edmund Campion  
Lorene Cary  
Shimmer Chinodya  
Esther Cross  
Amy Denio  
Elise Engler  
Michael Gatonska  
François Houle  
Roseann Lloyd  
Ricardo Lorenz  
Evelina Zuni Lucero  
Guillermo Martinez  
Zeena Parkins  
Joseph Phibbs  
Thomas Pihl  
Xiaosong Qu  
Gaétan Soucy  
Irina Spanidou  
Vivan Sundaram  
May Telmissany  
Josefino Chino Toledo  
Naoya Yoshikawa



*Writer Roseann Lloyd at work.*



*Visual artists Jennifer Allora and Guillermo Calzadilla in their studio.*



*Lisa Bielawa in studio 6.*

*A reading at Castrabecco, the Director's house.*

## Faith Adiele

### *Warmest Greetings from Nigeria*

*May 1989 At 2:00 AM on Wednesday, 3* secret service agents sneak into the main men's hostel of the University of Nigeria & upend a large, metal bucket over the head of the leader of the students as he sleeps. "Help! Help!" he shouts upon waking to the darkness of his iron mask. Thus alerted, his roommates spring up & dart out the door, zigzagging so that the agents can't catch them. "They kidnap me with my own bucket—o!" The leader of the students, whose hands are now lashed together behind his back, bangs the bucket against the bedroom wall, beating out a tinny tattoo until the agents are finally able to subdue him.

All the university students sleeping 4 & 6 & 8 to a room, all the students squatting the night in classrooms & common areas, all the students who traded the previous evening's supper for a corner to curl into, their heads nestled on cracked vinyl book bags, have been expecting something like this. They leap up, instantly awake & fully clothed in their snowy white dress shirts & dark trousers, & begin tossing anything that might be university property out the windows. They tear along the open corridors, waving electric torches in the thick darkness. They shove fists knotted in handkerchiefs through the glass louvered windows. They hurl the light bulbs from dusty fixtures to the floor, where they shatter against the cement with soft pings like tiny cries, ak-ak-ak.

*23 November 1964* Warmest greetings to you from Nigeria! I arrived here in Lagos on Thursday, 19 November. Boy, Lagos is blazingly hot! The traffic jams, the swift

## Writing

USA

changes, the milling crowd & the excessive heat—all this makes Lagos quite an exciting place. Indeed, this is the heart of Nigeria & one can really get "swallowed up".

In a few days the Nigerian Parliament will be dissolved. Politicians are busy with their campaigns for the coming federal elections. The pace is quick, upsetting & dangerous, as each political party & its supporters are hard put to big fights. One gets the impression that something is boiling & will soon boil over! However, the daily work & life still go on. It is indeed an exciting place to be!

In March 1989, 25 years after my father's return home to Nigeria following his own 13-year absence, I arrive in the country for the first time. Like my father, I am optimistic, armed with little: a research fellowship, the names of people to stay with, a binder of letters he wrote to my mother & me back in America when I was a child. I am twenty-six.



Jennifer Allora  
Guillermo Calzadilla

Visual Arts  
USA/CUBA



## Ricardo Arias

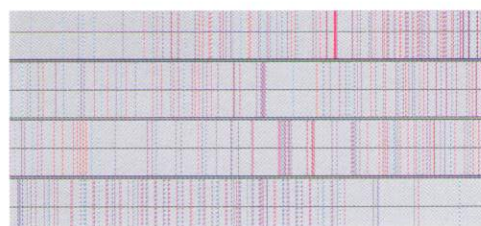
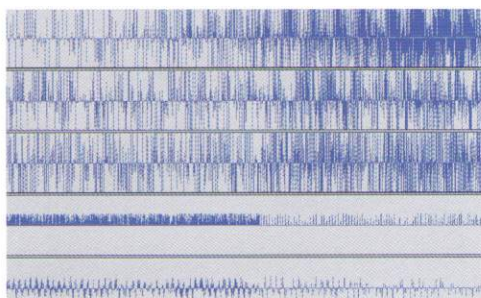
## Music

COLOMBIA/USA

### *Under the Umbrian Sun*

At my arrival at Civitella on the last day of July, the fields surrounding the castle were covered with light green grass. During the following five weeks I got immersed in work on a computer music piece that uses as its basic sound an instantaneous impulse or “click.” The piece attempts to explore the possibilities of this very precarious material to generate larger, more interesting sound patterns—ranging from rhythmic cells to pitched sounds. Some of the patterns I was producing fit nicely in the midst of the relentless diurnal activity of crickets and cicadas. I made considerable progress as I listened intently to both the progress of the piece and the soundscape of the Umbrian countryside.

The wonderful food and engaging conversations with my fellow fellows and the staff also helped shape and reshape my initial ideas. Seeing the other fellows work was also a great motivation. I had the privilege and pleasure to collaborate with photographer Naoya Yoshikawa providing a soundtrack to his Civitella installation. There was also brief but intense collaboration with singer Amy Denio. And there was, of course, the landscape, which by the end of our stay was also drastically transformed. The farmers had also been busy plowing the fields. The earth was now open and waiting for new seeds. As Naoya said, these five weeks under the Umbrian sun meant many things but, above all, they represented a new beginning.



# Rilla Askew

## Writing USA

Although I didn't quite finish the novel during my stay, I achieved what I needed to achieve, in ways I'm not sure I could have ever dreamed up.

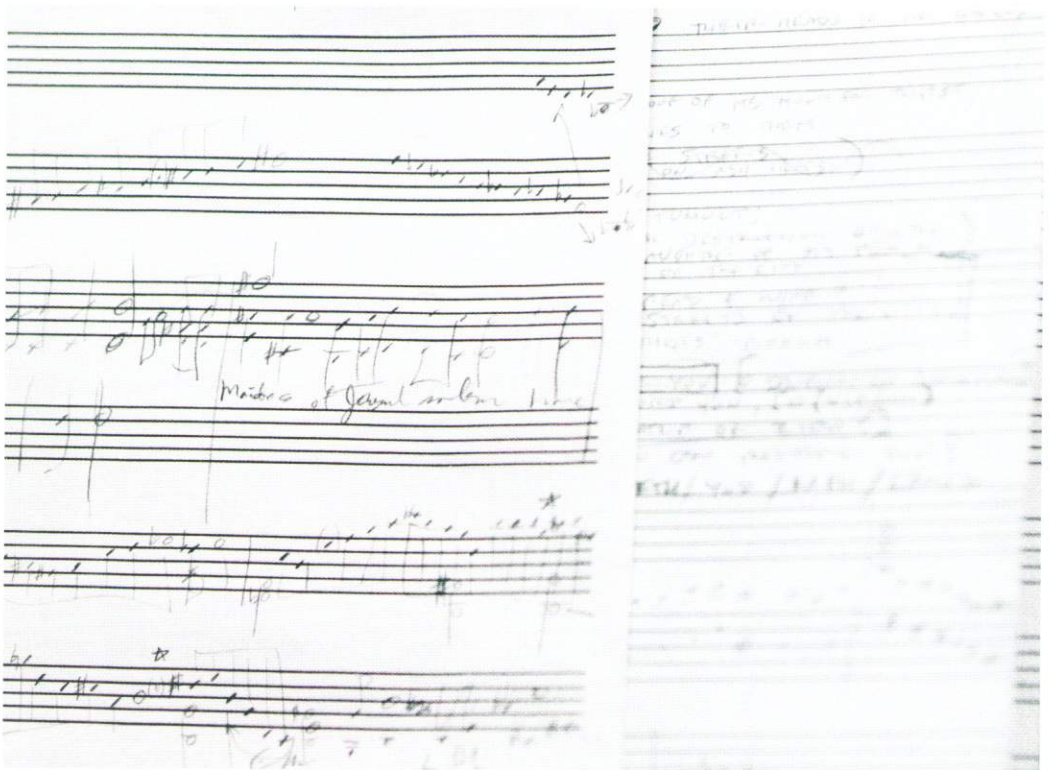


### deepsong

Can't the "how" & "remembers"  
have but keep in post perfect

nokiller! he'd shouted, still running, sharon calling something back to him, her hand cupped, the wind snatching it, the train barreling fast away from him. *nokiller!* he kept shouting, praying she heard. long after the freight disappeared he'd been running, trying to run, shouting the word.

he'd walked back toward the railyard then, slow between the houses, the pain in his leg fierce, the dust clearing, watching all the time east toward the town, toward the courthouse. [he remembers how] a siren cut the air once, and he'd jumped into a backyard, cried out when the pain shot into his groin. how he'd hidden himself behind a load of washing hanging straight down from the line, rust red, mud-caked, but the siren wailed away the other direction, and he'd limped on toward the switchyard, the pain like a knife's edge at the front of his leg, *he remembers* how when he saw the next train coming, he'd turned around and started running the same direction the train was going, north to muskogee, it wasn't a freight but a passenger train but [it was the next one, and he'd] loped alongside, the pain shooting, cutting his breath as he'd grabbed on, still running, till he could swing himself up to ride the blinds between cars, pressed against the rear pullman, the earth racing faster and faster beneath him, and the hurting in his leg growing worse. *remember* how he'd felt the stab when he'd landed, standing, the sheriff's fist tight on his elbow, and the steel tight at his wrist, *remember* how the shinbone jarred, the bone cracked maybe, but it wasn't broken, he'd told himself, holding tight to the hand grip, it wasn't broken, and muskogee was not so very far.



"Lamentations for a City"

## Peg Boyers

## Writing

USA

### *Deposition*

(Civitella Ranieri, October 2004)

I am in the foreground in mid-swoon, still reeling,  
red cloak blowing in the sudden storm.

Darkness obscures the horizon and behind me

a construction site, men on a ladder, the fence  
which became your cross—and behind the fence  
a church spire.

I have felt the sword which  
I have always known  
would pierce my heart.

The young corpse slung  
over your father's friend and namesake  
is yours.

The pasty boy-flesh stark  
against the weathered arms bearing you  
is yours.

My women friends are all named Mary. They lean into  
me,  
murmuring Aramaic consolations. Bent in sorrow,  
they catch my fall.

A column of light pans the scene from  
the Wyoming sky  
above, bursts

into a waterless electric rain.

The Palladian arch framing the scene  
contains my grief .

That's how I know this is a dream.





### Hold that Thought

for string orchestra and computer  
Composed at the Civitella Ranieri Center in 2004

Edmund Campion

**Molto Calmo**  
♩ = 60

**A** (two fingers same string, indefinite noise)  
*sul pont., lento flautando*

Violin I 1 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Violin I 2 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Violin I 3 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Violin II 1 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Violin II 2 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Violin II 3 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Viola 1 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*

Viola 2 *pp* (two fingers same string, indefinite noise) *sul pont., lento flautando* *p*



## Lorene Cary

An excerpt from *Blackface*, a novel in progress

July 2004

At the end of the summer a retarded boy was murdered. He was about fifteen. They said he had killed a little white girl. Likely a lie, but the child was indeed dead. White men dragged the boy from his house. They took him to a field with a tree, got up a crowd. Together, acting on the impulse of one ancient brain, they commenced the thing out in the open . . . As if they'd been given the power to drive out demons, and he were the swine.

Every devilment you could do to a man's body, they did to his, with women there and children watching. They watched and remembered. Even those who later forgot, they remembered, too.

But here come the miracle—when people got to this part in the story, they shook their heads—a colored man elbowed his way to the front of the crowd and begged for the boy's life. Everyone repeated it: A black man came up in front of them.

"He stood beside the boy's body, tied by now so that it wouldn't fall flat. The black man said: 'For God's sake, don't finish this, please. Whatever you had to teach him this boy has surely learnt. And he'll never be good for nothin now anyway. Please, for pity's sake, just lemme take'im home.'"

Where had he come from, this man who

## Writing

USA

appeared like the black face of God speaking mercy? The outrageousness of it would not be suppressed. It leeches from the rocks and seeps into streams. Finally, it ran in the papers.



## Shimmer Chinodya

Writing  
ZIMBABWE

An excerpt, provisionally called  
*Chairman of Fools*

At the gate of the house, Dzimai floats out of the car like a wisp of smoke, into the night.

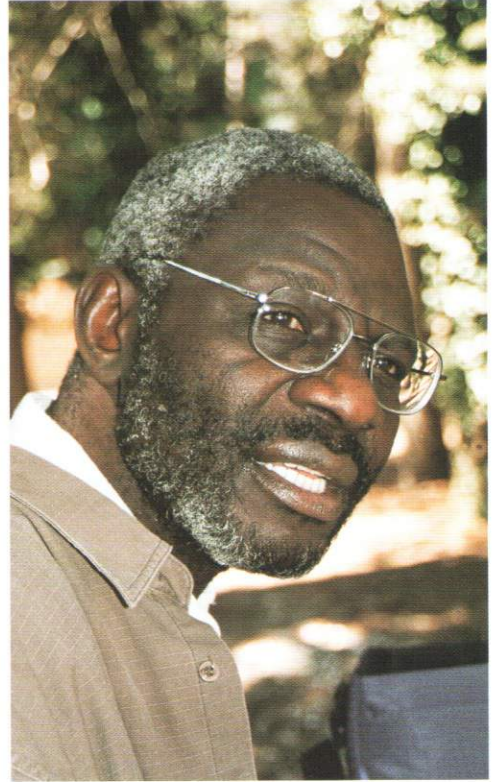
Thomas the gardener emerges from the gazebo, hands him some mail and vanishes into the shadows. He goes in through the French door and switches off the alarm. His mother calls him from the girls' bedroom and he fetches water from the kitchen tap - refrigerated water hurts her throat -and he goes and sits with her, at the edge of the bed, while she takes cautious sips. There is no whiff of wasting flesh in the bedroom and no logos on the sheets and the bed is empty. But she is there. He hugs the pillows, pats the mattress, arranges the bottles of morphine on the side table and kisses her on the forehead.

Next door, Thomas Mapfumo thunders away:

*Vane mudzimu havarove woo, heewo wo  
Vane mudzimu havarove woo, hee wo\**

In the lounge the French door is slightly open and the curtains are breathing like skirts. Outside the women are coming in groups of two's and three's and pausing at the gazebo, whispering. He goes out and takes one of them by the hand and leads her into the lounge and they all follow, one by one, and he waves them in. They sit on the sofas and on the carpet, waiting for him to speak. He fetches glasses and drinks and serves them; puts music on the turntable.

"Shhh. Remember I am dead and the neighbours must not know. This will be our close secret and you can come here every night."



The girls sit quietly, sipping their drinks. They are dead too, all of them, wiped out by the plague. They have come here to reminisce. They are dead and there are no more plagues here, in this cocoon of the dead. There are no bodies here. His brother Dzimai is dead too and the women are wailing at the cottage, where they laid him out in a cheap coffin. And his older brother Garai is in the study recovering from a gigantic epileptic fit. Their mother is wiping froth and blood from his mouth. His brother is ranting at him.

*\*Spirit mediums are not forgotten even when they are dead; they will always come back to the world of the living.*

## Esther Cross

From the novel *Radiana*

Irma era mucama en casa del profesor Melmoth. Era curiosa, le preocupaban las cosas de la vida y se dejaba llevar, a falta de respuestas, por las habladurías. Que son al menos un ensayo de respuesta colectiva. Las habladurías, en su caso, no la llevaron a la puerta de la casa del doctor Lázaro Salvo que, ya a esa hora, estaría caminando por la sala y caminando por la sala, ida y vuelta. Las habladurías la llevaron a la puerta que daba a las escaleras que bajaban al sótano, guiada por la pista de un reguero de suciedad que barría con una escoba. Cuando llegó a la mitad de la escalera, se apoyó contra la pared para tomarse un recreo. Entornó los ojos cuando vio un rayo de luz que se filtraba debajo de la puerta del laboratorio del profesor Melmoth. Y también a través de la cerradura que parecía una mezcquita al proyectarse en la oscuridad. Cedió a la curiosidad que iba y venía como un rayo. Sentía relámpagos en la cabeza.

## Writing ARGENTINA

Se inclinó al llegar a la puerta blindada de acero. La cerradura era grande. Irma miró a través de la cerradura. Irma tenía cara de camello. Y vio.

Melmoth caminaba de la mano. De la mano de quién. De la mano de la mano. Parecía mentira y era cierto. Caminaba de la mano de la mano y no había forma de negarlo, pero tampoco había otra forma de decirlo. Aunque cuando uno camina de la mano, lo hace porque hay alguien a quien la mano pertenece, este no era el caso.

Aunque cuando uno camina de la mano, camina de la mano de alguien, sus ojos no le daban la razón. Por eso se los frotó hasta que le dolieron, contó hasta tres y entonces volvió a abrirlos, y vio, una vez más, que Melmoth caminaba de la mano de una mano. Una mano que probablemente había sido de alguien. Era una mano hecha de huesos, el esqueleto de una mano. Y además Melmoth, que siempre andaba contrariado, parecía contento.





String Quartet No.2. Part I Moderato

Amy Denio

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 90$

Violin 1  
Pizz. *mf*

Violin 2  
Pizz. *mf*

Viola  
Pizz. *mf*

Cello  
Pizz. *mf*

5  
Violin 1  
*f* *mp*

Violin 2  
*f* *mp*

Viola  
*f* *mp*

Cello  
*f* *mp*

9  
Violin 1  
*f* 13

Elise Engler

Visual Arts

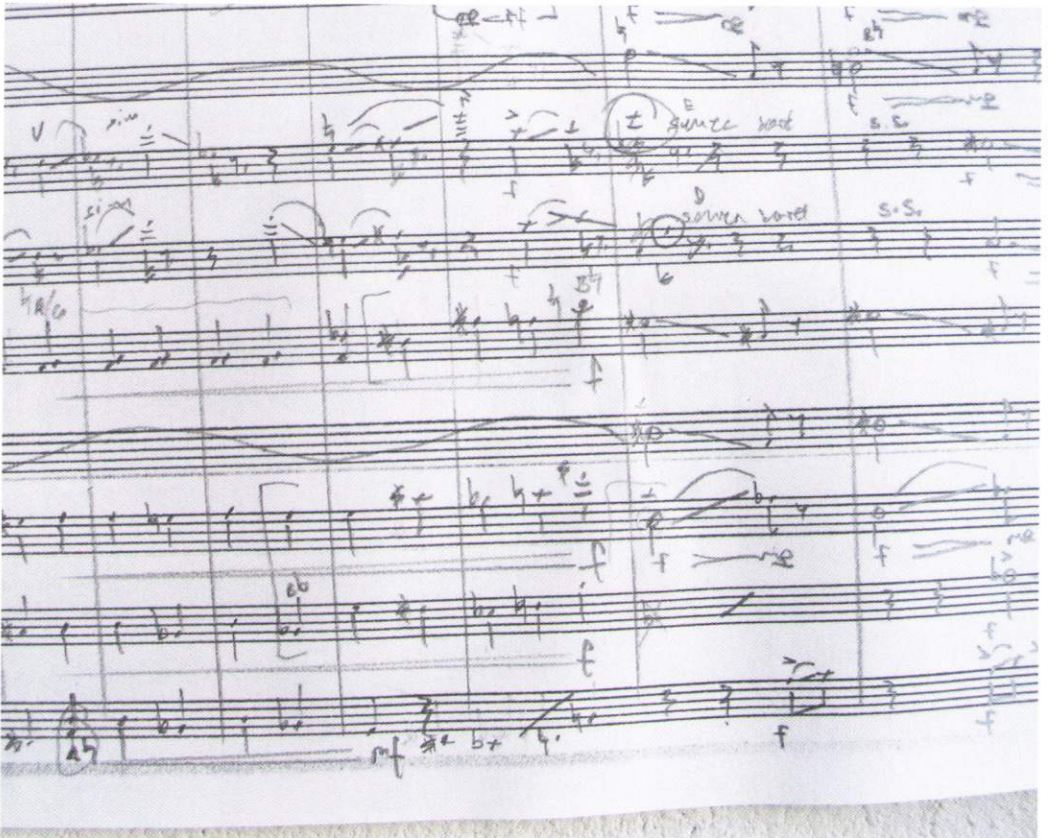
USA



Michael Gatonska

Music

USA





[faster] *Molto marcato e sostenuto* Prophecy 1  
[slower]

Piano

*ff al fine*  
*Rit. ad lib.*

## Roseann Lloyd

### Writing

USA

#### *A Santa Maria Maddalena*

Not the Magdalen of Donatello, ravaged,  
Not the Mary of Mel Gibson, stripped and nunified,  
Mary of Perugino is sweet and healthy as any  
young woman in the Umbrian hills, her eyes  
dark and alive, turned away from our curiosity.  
Her hair dark as the woods and thick as  
the woods, too. Her halo a thin rim of gold,  
as though her face eclipses the sun,  
the one each morning I open to our bed...  
Her name in gold stitched on her blouse, only a  
touch of pink lace suggests *body* underneath.  
When I see the *S.* for *Saint*, I offer up to the  
quiet room my excitement, *In which country  
has she ever been declared a saint?*  
*Surely not this one.*

In the gift shop I'm eager  
for her image. *No more. It is finished*, says the  
tall woman with Umbrian hair, amber droplets  
caressing her long neck. *It is finished.* She  
shakes her head sadly on my behalf. Look at these  
postcards of St. Sebastian with sensuous arrows!  
Look at the erotic filigree at the baptism! Look  
at these Virgin Mary's with hefty bossy baby  
Jesuses! They won't do, won't do at all. I want  
Santa Maria.

But the citizens of the country  
of women have spoken. They have bought up  
all the postcards of our saint. Tutti. Tutti. All  
the post cards finished, collected, sold out, gone.  
Even though I go away empty-handed, my heart is  
full knowing that she is henceforth  
declared, anointed and canonized: Our Saint.  
Mary Magdalen. Santa Maria.  
Santa Maria Maddalena.





## Ricardo Lorenz

## Music

VENEZUELA/USA

I have always felt that devoting one's life to a purely creative and speculative endeavor, in my case composing music, is a way to extend one's childhood. I've had the chance to reiterate this feeling after living in Umbria's Civitella Ranieri Center for five weeks. It's almost as though the real Civitella experience begins the moment one leaves. It is after the routine sets in again that one begins to appreciate the impact that five weeks living in an absolutely privileged environment has upon a creative soul. I was fed and wonderfully taken care of by the staff while all day long I contemplated the surroundings, played piano, composed, read, composed some more, made espresso coffee, ran up and down the barley-covered hills, drew, took pictures, and hung around the other fellows. I left convinced that allowing one's creative spirit to wander, to drift without the urge of reaching a final product is a very productive thing to do.



### *Verde que te quiero Verdehr* trio for Bb cl, vln & pn

24

B♭ Cl.

Vln.

Pno.

28

B♭ Cl.

Musical score for the piece 'Verde que te quiero Verdehr' for a trio of Bb Clarinet, Violin, and Piano. The score is divided into two systems. The first system starts at measure 24 and includes staves for Bb Clarinet, Violin, and Piano. The second system starts at measure 28 and includes a staff for Bb Clarinet. The music is in a key with one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

## Evelina Zuni Lucero

## Writing

USA

### *Sovereign Seven*

On the same night she won a million dollar jackpot, Estella lost her innocence.

The casino lights quivered in the early evening. Lana drove under the portal and stopped before the casino entrance. Stella fumbled to open the car door, first pulling on the window lever and armrest before finding the door latch. Excited at her night out, Stella stepped out lightly, her purse dangling from her arm. She smoothed imagined wrinkles in her purple dress, and straightened the white lace collar atop her best cardigan sweater. Before she closed the door, she leaned inside to catch Lana's words. "Mickey said he'll pick you up on his way home from work. Look for him around ten o'clock." She pointed at the ten on her wristwatch as a reminder, then called out, "Good luck!"

Such a sweet girl, Stella thought. Mickey was more than lucky in marrying her. How many women would put up with her son's pickiness and on top of that, agree to take in a mother-in-law?

Quivera Palace was busy, but not as jam-packed during the week as it was during the weekend. Estella's blood raced as it always did at the sound of slots spinning, the clang of coins falling into metal trays, and the computerized music of machines paying out. Promise permeated the air. Suddenly, she was filled with an unexplainable sense of expectancy, the same feeling she had long ago as a young girl at her First Holy Communion, dressed in her white starched dress and petticoat, white gloves, white shoes, and white veil, when she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to taste for



the first time the wafer the priest poised before her. But curiously, it was the memory of her first confession that came back to her with such clarity as to transport her back in time. She was stepping up proudly to the confessional to tell El Padre her sins, relatively minor transgressions, venial sins, such as talking back to *Mama*, and stealing gum. She had even made up some more sins to confess since that didn't seem enough for the blood the precious Savior had shed as the Sisters taught it. *Mama* had allowed her to wear her new white shoes to break them in, and as she neared the confessional, the slick underside of the shoes slid across the newly waxed wood floor, and down she went, her dress flying up in front of her catechism class. So embarrassing! And worse yet, she had scuffed one of the shoes with a black mark. She quickly picked herself up off the floor, and entered the confessional, grateful for its dimness. In a timorous voice, she said, "Bless me, father, for I have sinned."

## Guillermo Martinez

Writing  
ARGENTINA

### *La Muerte Lenta De Mariana B.*

El teléfono sonó una mañana de domingo y tuve que arrancarme de un sueño de lápida para atenderlo. La voz solo dijo Mariana, en un susurro débil y ansioso, como si esto hubiera debido bastarme para recordarla. Repetí el nombre, desconcertado, y ella agregó su apellido, que me trajo un recuerdo remoto, todavía indefinido, y luego, en un tono algo angustiado, me recordó quié era. Mariana B. La chica del dictado. Claro que me acordaba. ¿Habían pasado verdaderamente diez años? Sí: casi diez años, me confirmó, se alegraba de que yo viviera todavía en el mismo lugar. Pero no parecía en ningún sentido alegre. Hizo una pausa. ¿Podía verme? Necesitaba verme, agregó, como si hubiera equivocado el verbo, con un acento de desesperación que alejó cualquier otro pensamiento que pudiera formarme. Sí, por supuesto, dije algo alarmado, ¿cuándo? Cuando puedas, cuanto antes. Miré a mi alrededor, dubitativo, el desorden de mi departamento, librado a las fuerzas indolentes de la entropía y di un vistazo al reloj, sobre la mesa de luz. Si es cuestión de vida a muerte, dije, ¿qué te parece esta tarde, aquí, por ejemplo a las cuatro? Escuché del otro lado un ruido ronco y una exhalación entrecortada, como si contuviera tin sollozo. Perdon, murmuró avergonzada, sí: es de vida o muerte, dijo. No sabes nada, ¿no es cierto? Nadie sabe nada. Nadie se entera. Parecía como si estuviera otra vez por romper a llorar. Hubo un silencio, en el que se recompuso a duras penas. En voz más baja, como si le costara pronunciar el nombre, dijo: tiene que ver con Kloster. Y antes de que pudiera pregun-



tarle nada más, como si temiera que pudiera arrepentirme, me dijo: A las cuatro estoy allá.

Diez años atrás, en un estúpido accidente, yo me había fracturado la muñeca derecha y un yeso implacable me inmovilizaba toda la mano. Debía entregar en esos días mi segunda novela a la editorial y solo tenía un primer borrador manuscrito con mi letra imposible, dos cuadernos gruesos de espirales acribillados de tachaduras, flechas y correcciones que ninguna otra persona podría descifrar. Mi editor, Campari, después de pensar un momento, me había dado la solución: recordaba que Kloster, desde hacía algún tiempo, había decidido dictar sus novelas, recordaba que había contratado a una chica muy joven, una chica al parecer tan perfecta en todo sentido que se había convertido en una de sus posesiones más preciadas.



**CROISEES** zeena parkins

**A**  $\text{♩} = 100$

Violin I *f*

Violin II *f*

Viola *f*

Violoncello *f*

10

Violin I *mf*

Violin II *mf*

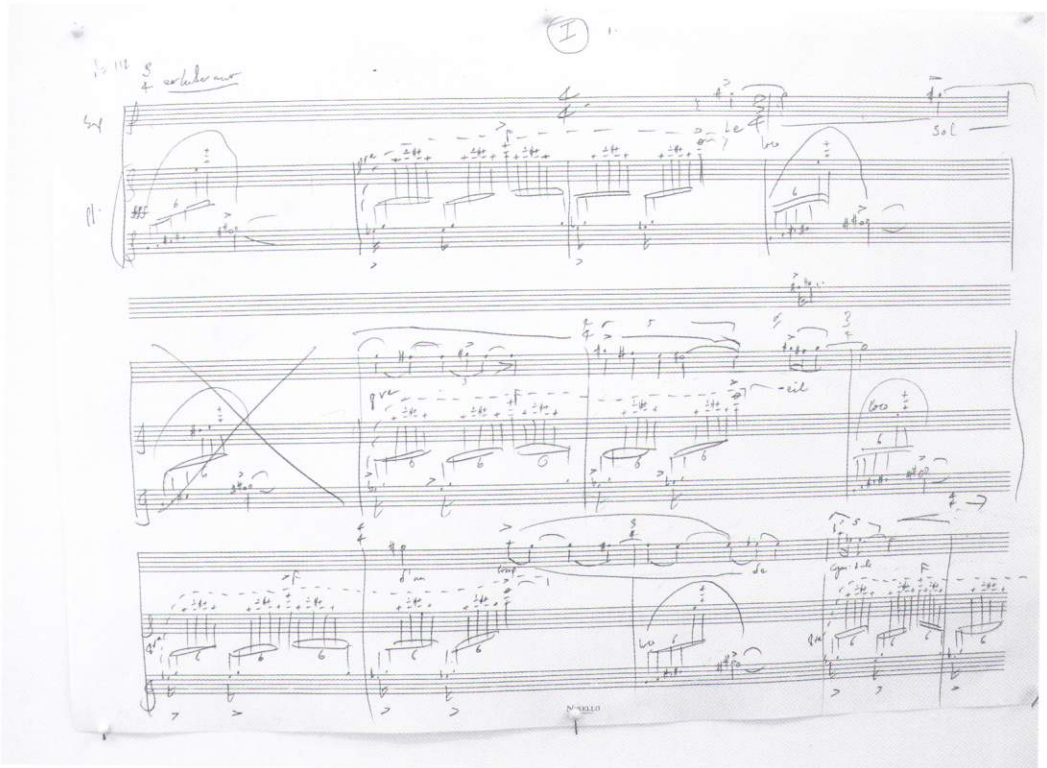
Viola *mf*

Violoncello *mf*

Detailed description: This is a page of musical notation for the piece 'CROISEES' by Zeena Parkins. It features four staves: Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Violoncello. The first system (measures 1-9) is marked with a box 'A' and a tempo of quarter note = 100. All instruments play at a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system (measures 10-13) starts at measure 10 and features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic for all instruments. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.

Joseph Phibbs

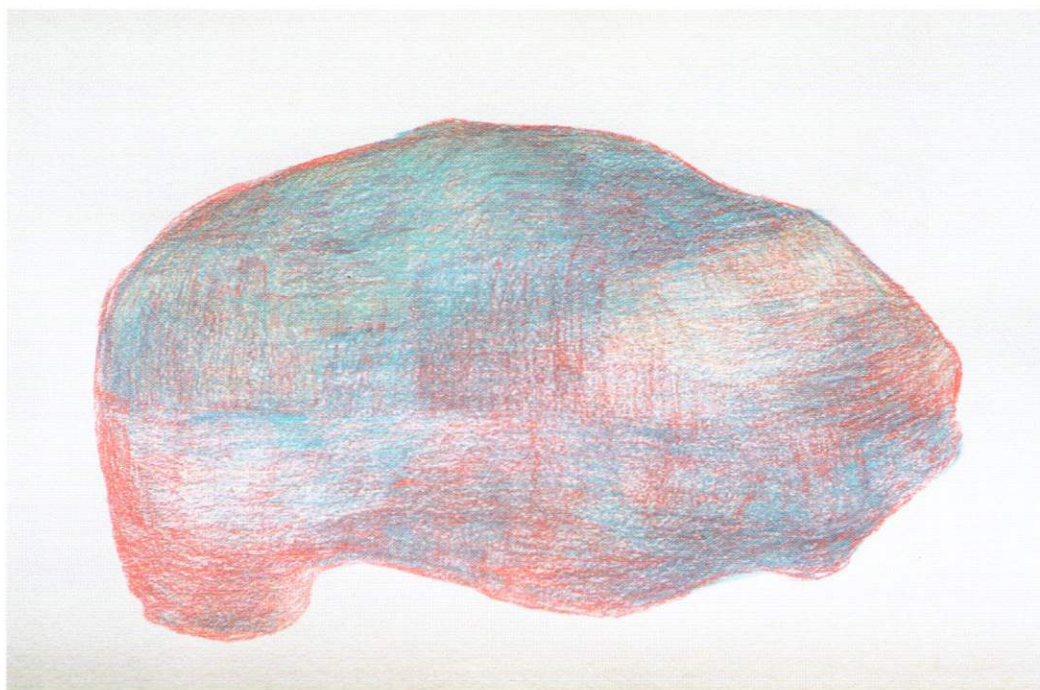
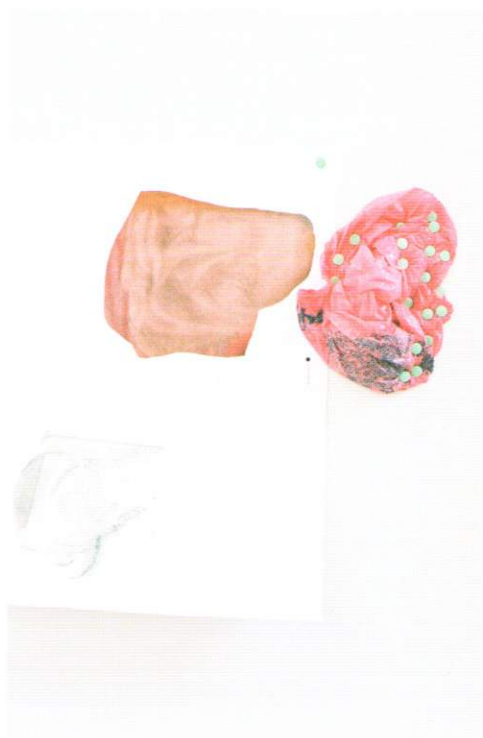
Music  
UNITED KINGDOM



Thomas Pihl

Visual Arts

NORWAY/USA



# Xiaosong Qu

Music  
CHINA



Tempo I ♩ = 40

箫 (Chinese Flute) [Sheng] 田氏 [The wife]

茶 香 待 来 日 阴 世 里 与 夫 女 堂 近 温 香

[Du Zi Pan Lue Zi] Yin Shi Li Yu Fu Nu Tang Jin Wen Xiang

Living alone, I should patiently wait for the final day to come, to meet my husband in the "Heavenly" world.

vi. I II

Wk. I II

Handwritten musical score for the first system, including vocal lines and instrumental parts for flute, sheng, and strings.

箫 (Chinese Flute) [Sheng] 程德 [Pi: Pa] 箫

Handwritten musical score for the second system, including vocal lines and instrumental parts for flute, sheng, and strings.

From "The Test"

*Quelques Saisons Breves  
Égrénées en Ombrie*

I

D'un coup de cymbale le soleil  
hurle sa joie au vendangeur  
dans des bosquets de fin du monde.

II

Parmi l'orchestre du paysage  
ton Visage  
cette déchirure  
et une raffale, un coup de marteau  
dans les os  
de celui qui voyage.

III

Dans la forêt violente  
comme un essaim d'abeilles en feu,  
il y a des arbres inconnus  
des arbres nus  
qui cachent et tourmentent  
ton Visage.  
(Ô! la cire et la cendre lumineuse  
de leur feuillage!)

IV

Loin du paon et du lilas trahi  
à son tour le Héron  
vole en rond  
et plonge dans la nuit accablante  
qui siffle dans ses os  
pour mettre feu à son plumage.

V

Rien n'est plus digne d'être réelle  
ne peuple davantage la fragilité du  
monde  
qu'une petite fille qui joue toute seule  
à la marelle

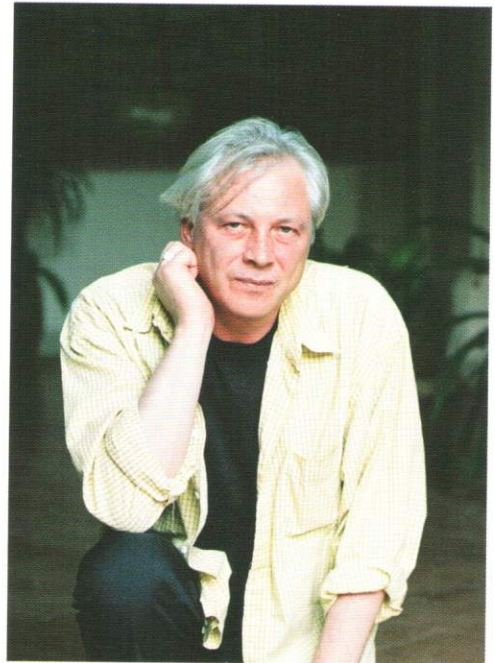
fredonnant sa ritournelle, plus belle  
que les étoiles et plus belle  
que l'Univers qui l'achemine  
seconde après seconde  
vers la minute profonde  
de sa mort à elle.

VI

La Mémoire, le baptême  
de l'Amour  
et le voyageur même  
tout se dissipe, monte en volutes  
dans l'étuve ombrienne.

6 juillet 2004

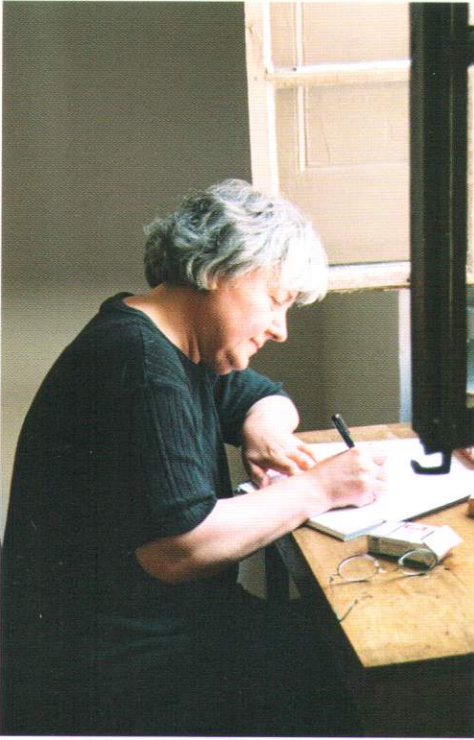
Château de Civitella Ranieri (Italie)





Writing

USA



From the novel *Oriole, Also*

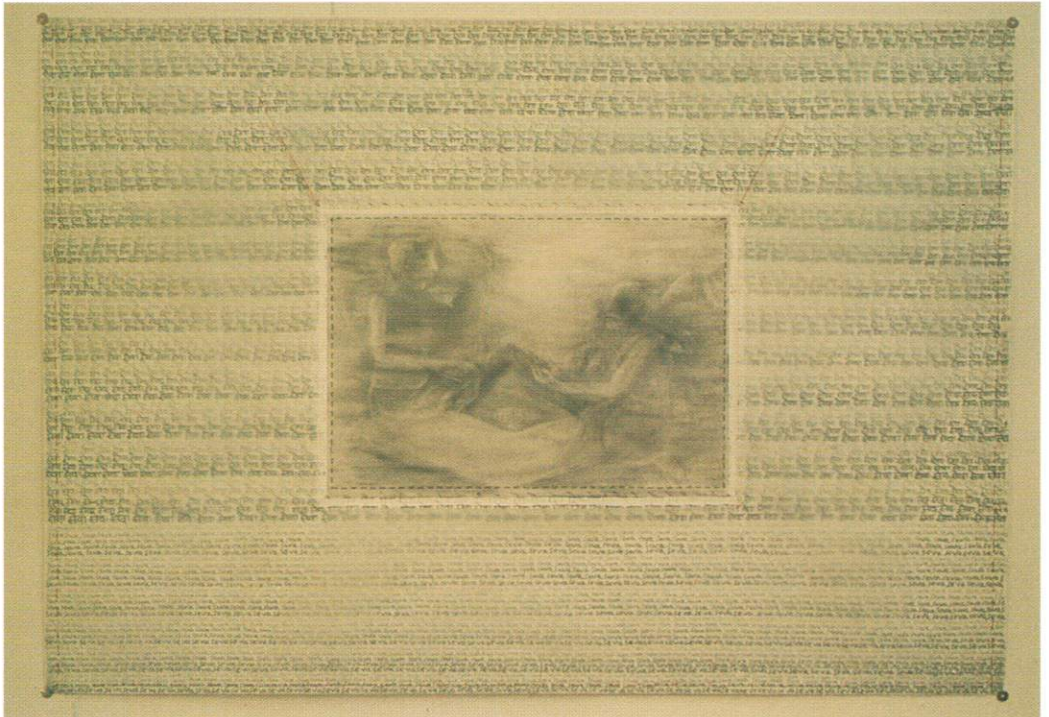
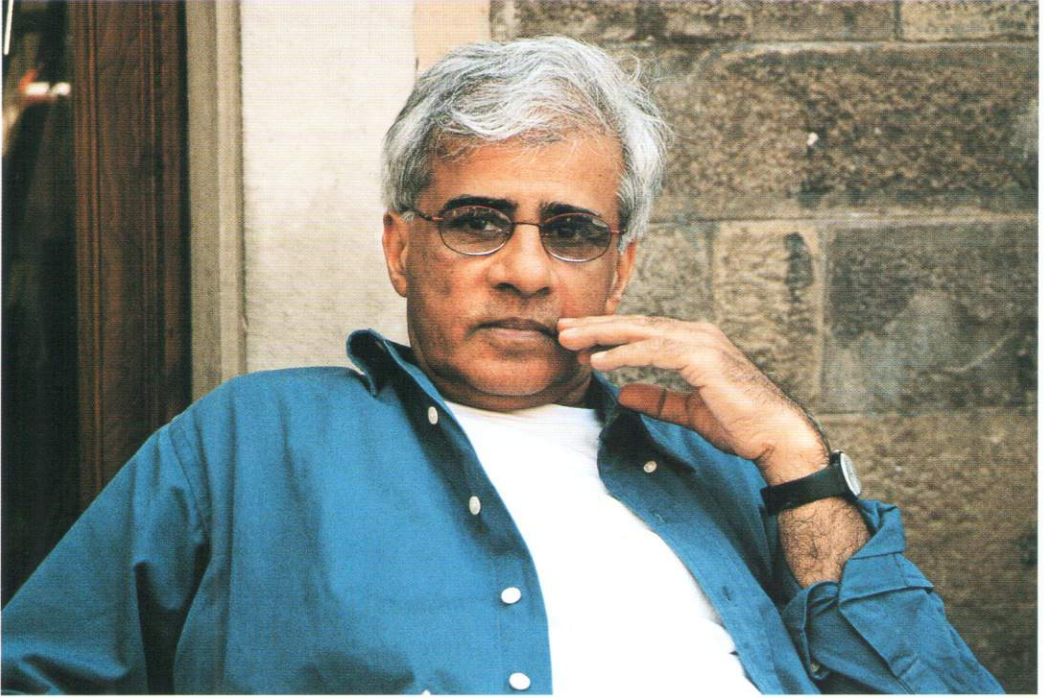
It had been months since he had been able to work. Now, suddenly, images began drifting through his mind: Slipping between storm clouds, a faint sunray ...below, an altar of simple lines ... a Doric entablature without inscription ... Beatrice lying on it. Her left arm trailed down, her throat was arched, her head bent back, her hair flowed away from her face in soft even waves. She was naked. Low on her belly, by the Venus mount, a small crow perched. The background was slate gray. There was no foreground.

The painting would come right at you, he thought--Beatrice's face in profile, the crow's face head on. He would call it 'Bea Illumined.' Everything about it, the figurative style, the composition, the title--the Bea/Be pun, the antiquated 'illumined'--the way the idea for it had come, as if decreed by fate, had charge.

He did a first sketch right away, adding or refining details as he drew. Beatrice now had larger breasts, fuller lips, less of a chin. The callow, graceful curves of her features and limbs were engorged to convey sensual bliss. Down the blank face of the altar ran a web of fracture lines, hair thin and blurry like blotted ink. The crow had a white worm in its beak, a red thread around its leg with a tag on it that spelled "as it flies" in cramped cursive script.

When he was done, it was in the crow that pen stroke by pen stroke his pulse silently beat. Beatrice's figure was glib. It would remain glib, while he worked it in paint.

In the end, he would call the painting 'Corvus'.



"Sewa"

## May Telmissany

Extrait du manuscrit du roman  
*Abdouchka Chéri*

J'emprunte l'escalier qui mène au deuxième étage d'un immeuble humide et sombre de la rue Ibrahim, à Garden City. Sur la porte de l'appartement, était inscrit en lettres cursives, qui ressemblaient à une signature, le nom du professeur Murad, graphologue. Un jeune homme chétif, habillé en chemise de coton blanc et d'un ample pantalon noir, ouvre la porte et m'introduit dans un salon peu éclairé dont les murs sont tapissés de livres et de tableaux. Une lumière vient du plafond, je n'arrive pourtant pas à la localiser. Les lueurs pâles qui descendent sur les meubles, aussitôt parvenues aux canapés et fauteuils du salon, s'estompent comme un mirage, comme si elles étaient là, suspendues au-dessus de ma tête, n'osant pas me toucher, n'osant pas non plus s'étendre jusqu'aux quatre coins de la pièce. Dans la pénombre, au bout de quelques minutes, je distingue, suspendus sur les murs, des icônes coptes, des images de saints, des représentations orthodoxes de Jésus et de la Vierge, en couleurs vives, rouge et jaune, des formes russes, coptes, éthiopiennes, encerclées de lignes épaisses noires. Sur les étagères, des livres reliés en cuir, d'autres jaunis, dont les rebords semblent sur le point de s'effriter au moindre souffle du vent. Les fenêtres fermées du salon se cachent derrière des rideaux en velours bleus. J'attends, dans un silence suspect qui me fait revivre le même sentiment d'angoisse que je ressens dans les cathédrales ténébreuses, surchargées de culpabilité et de repentir. Deux longues fenêtres françaises donnent sur une cour

## Writing

EGYPT/CANADA

intérieure d'où me parviennent les plaintes d'une voix féminine, comme si cette femme en détresse, ruminant dans la solitude un dialogue qu'elle avait eu plus tôt avec une tierce personne, apparemment absente, ose enfin l'accuser d'injustice et de cruauté. Tantôt la voix devient craintive et docile, tantôt elle se fait agressive et menaçante. Je ne peux pas distinguer les mots, mais le ton changeant du monologue à deux voix me serre le cœur. Le jeune homme déguisé en témoin de Jéhovah revient dans le salon et se plante devant moi un instant, me fixant de son regard vide et distant, proférant avec l'inquiétude d'un être sensible, gêné d'avoir eu l'indiscrétion de me sortir de mon état de somnambule, que le professeur est prêt à me recevoir. Je le suis vers la porte, quand soudain je me rends compte que la plainte de la femme à deux voix s'est arrêtée et que le silence revient dans le salon dès lors que nous nous apprêtons à le quitter.

Civitella Ranieri, mai 2004



# Josefino Chino Toledo

Music  
PHILIPPINES



*"aLTerED IMagES" (for piano) - Josefino Chino Toledo - May 2004*

Musical score for "aLTerED IMagES" (for piano) by Josefino Chino Toledo. The score is in common time (C) and consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts at measure 140 and features a tempo marking of ♩ = 90. The second system starts at measure 143 and features a tempo marking of ♩ = 120; very precise. The score includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## Naoya Yoshikawa

## Visual Arts

JAPAN



During ten years, from 1990 to 2000, I took photographs of the forest as part of the *Memory in a Forest* project. This work has been exhibited in galleries and museums around the world. I tried to use the basic elements of photography to express the idea of memory and I did this in a spontaneous, almost automatic way. I also took some pictures of my hand in the forest. Somehow this seemed mysterious to me and posed questions that suggested future directions. One day I read a book about the possibility to read the past and foresee the future by looking at one's hand. Everyone likes to know about their future, of course. I am always thinking about my future, as is everybody else. I had two projects in mind to develop during my stay at Civitella. The first one consisted of taking pictures of all the fellows (their portrait and a picture of their hand). By the end of the five weeks at Civitella I had finished three new works: *Time or Life*, *World Map*, and *History*.



*"Time or Life"*

## Past Fellows

### ANGOLA/BELGIUM

Fernando Alvim 1999 Visual Arts

### ARGENTINA

Jorge Accame 2003 Writing

Dino Bruzzone 2001 Visual Arts

Liliana Heker 1997 Writing

Jorge Macchi 2002 Visual Arts

Elvira Orphée 1996 Writing

Pablo Siquier 2002 Visual Arts

### ARGENTINA/USA

Sylvia Molloy 2003 Writing

Marta Chilindron 2003 Visual Arts

Liliana Porter 1999 Visual Arts

### AUSTRALIA

Brenton Broadstock 1998 Music

Dennis Del Favero 1997 Visual Arts

### BARBADOS/USA

Kamau Brathwaite 1996 Writing

### BELGIUM

Claude Ledoux 2003 Music

### BRAZIL

Carmela Gross 1996 Visual Arts

Claudio Mubàràc 1996 Visual Arts

Rosângela Rennó 1997 Visual Arts

Regina Silveira 1995 Visual Arts

### CAMBODIA/USA

Chinary Ung 1997 Music

### CANADA

Marie-Claire Blais 1996 Writing

Atom Egoyan 1997 Film

John Korsrud 2003 Music

Michael Winter 2003 Writing

David Young 2001 Writing

### CHILE

Catalina Parra 1995 Visual Arts

### CHINA

Bei Dao 1996 Writing

Duo Duo 1995 Writing

Yang Lian 1996 Writing

### CHINA/CANADA

Ying Chen 2003 Writing

### CHINA/USA

Xu Bing 1999 Visual Arts

Chen Yi 1997 Music

### CROATIA/SERBIA

Bora Ćosić 1999 Writing

### CUBA

Carlos Garaicoa 1997 Visual Arts

Sandra Ramos 1998 Visual Arts

### CUBA/USA

Tania León 2003 Music

Abelardo Morell 2000 Visual Arts

### CZECH REPUBLIC

Bohdan Holomicèk 1995 Visual Arts

### ETHIOPIA/ITALY

Theo Eshetu 2002 Visual Arts

### FINLAND/FRANCE

Kaija Saariaho 2001 Music

### FRANCE

Élise Parré 2001 Visual Arts

### FRANCE/USA

Stafford James 1998 Music

Laetitia Sonami 2001 Music

### GERMANY

Durs Grünbein 1999 Writing

Gabriele Basch 2001 Visual Arts

### GHANA/NIGERIA

El Anatsui 2001 Visual Arts

### HONG KONG

Mabel Cheung 1999 Film

Siu-Kee Ho 2003 Visual Arts

Alex Law 1999 Film

### HUNGARY

András Böröcz 1995 Visual Arts

István Eörsi 2000 Writing

László Krasznahorkai 1998 Writing

Ilona Lovas 1996 Visual Arts

Janos Sugar 2001 Visual Arts

### INDIA

Amit Ambalal 2003 Visual Arts

Atul Dodiya 1999 Visual Arts

Bhupen Khakhar 2000 Visual Arts

Nalini Malani 2003 Visual Arts

Surendran Nair 2002 Visual Arts  
N. N. Rimzon 2001 Visual Arts  
Gulam Mohammed Sheikh 1998  
Visual Arts

#### **INDIA/USA**

Vikram Chandra 2000 Writing  
Anita Desai 1997 Writing

#### **INDONESIA**

W. S. Rendra 1997 Writing

#### **ISRAEL/PALESTINE**

Salman Masalha 1998 Writing

#### **ITALY**

Anna Esposito 1996 Visual Arts  
Emilio Fantin 1999 Visual Arts  
Roberta Iachini 2002 Visual Arts  
Giuseppe O. Longo 2001 Writing  
Sabrina Mezzaqui 2000 Visual Arts  
Pia Pera 1999 Writing  
Cesare Pietroiusti 1996 Visual Arts  
Silvio Soldini 2000 Film

#### **ITALY/MEXICO**

Fabio Morabito 2003 Writing

#### **JAPAN**

Jiro Ishihara 2003 Visual Arts  
Hiroshi Yoshimizu 1996 Visual Arts  
Joji Yuasa 2002 Music

#### **JAPAN/USA**

Ikue Mori 2000 Music

#### **LITHUANIA**

Gintaras Makarevicius 1998 Visual Arts  
Egle Rakauskaite 1997 Visual Arts

#### **MEXICO**

Graciela Iturbide 2001 Visual Arts

#### **NETHERLANDS**

Neeltje Maria Min 1998 Writing  
Kristoffer Zegers 2003 Music

#### **NETHERLANDS/USA**

Liselot van der Heijden 1997 Visual Arts  
Leo Vroman 1998 Writing

#### **NICARAGUA**

Claribel Alegría 1996 Writing  
Ernesto Cardenal 2001 Writing

#### **NIGERIA**

Ozioma Onuzulike 2003 Visual Arts

#### **NIGERIA/USA**

Obinkaram Echewa 2000 Writing  
Fatimah Tuggar 2002 Visual Arts

#### **NORWAY**

Wera Saether 1997 Writing

#### **PHILIPPINES**

José Maceda 1997 Music  
Ramón Santos 1999 Music

#### **POLAND**

Agnieszka Kalinowska 2003 Visual Arts  
Hanna Nowicka-Grochal 2002 Visual Arts  
Joanna Rajkowska 1998 Visual Arts

#### **ROMANIA**

Dan Perjovschi 1996 Visual Arts

#### **RUSSIA**

Andrei Bitov 1995 Writing  
Elena Elagina 1998 Visual Arts  
Igor Makarevich 1998 Visual Arts  
Ludmilla Petrushevskaya  
2000 Writing  
Vladimir Tarasov 1998 Music

#### **RUSSIA/GERMANY**

Yuri Albert 2002 Visual Arts

#### **RUSSIA/NETHERLANDS**

Larisa Rezun-Zvezdotchetova  
2000 Visual Arts

#### **SLOVAKIA**

Martin Šimečka 1995 Writing

#### **SLOVENIA**

Ales Debeljak Writing  
Marjetica Potrc 1998 Visual Arts  
Tomaž Šalamun 1997 Writing

#### **SOUTH AFRICA**

Andries Botha 1998 Visual Arts  
Ingrid de Kok 2003 Writing  
William Kentridge 1996 Visual Arts  
Gcina Mhlophe 1997 Writing  
Berni Searle 2001 Visual Arts  
Penny Siopis 1998 Visual Arts  
Clive van den Berg 2003 Visual Arts  
*continues*

**SOUTH AFRICA** *continued*

Ivan Vladislavic 1997 Writing  
Jeremy Wafer 2001 Visual Arts  
Sandile Zulu 2000 Visual Arts

**SOUTH AFRICA/UNITED KINGDOM**

Zoe Wicomb 2003 Writing

**SWEDEN/GERMANY**

Sophie Tottie 2002 Visual Arts

**SWITZERLAND**

Otto Marchi 2000 Writing  
Felix Profos 2003 Music

**TAIWAN**

Shu Lea Cheang 2001 Visual Arts  
Mali Wu 1996 Visual Arts

**TRINIDAD & TOBAGO**

Kathryn Chan 2001 Visual Arts  
Mario Lewis 2001 Visual Arts

**TURKEY/FRANCE**

Nedim Gürsel 1999 Writing

**UNITED KINGDOM**

Brian Catling 1999 Visual Arts  
Patrick Gale 1999 Writing  
Jane Gardam 2000 Writing  
Tony Grisoni 1999 Film  
Jonathan Harvey 1999 Music  
Sam Thomas Hayden 2000 Music  
Liz Lochhead 2000 Writing  
Aaron Williamson 2003 Visual Arts

**URUGUAY/USA**

Marco Maggi 2002 Visual Arts

**USA**

Bobby Bradford 1998 Music  
Anne Bray 1996 Visual Arts  
Tim Berne 2002 Music  
Anthony Coleman 2003 Music  
Cindy Cox 1999 Music  
Mark Dion 1996 Visual Arts  
Mark Dresser 2002 Music  
Denise Duhamel 2003 Writing  
Marty Ehrlich 1997 Music  
Rochelle Feinstein 2001 Visual Arts  
Bruce Gremo 2003 Music  
Charles Goldman 2003 Visual Arts

Susan Griffin 1996 Writing  
John Harbison 2001 Music  
Amy Hautt 1995 Visual Arts  
Andrew Hill 2000 Music  
Fred Ho 2001 Music  
Jessica Holt 2001 Visual Arts  
Mei-Ling Hom 2002 Visual Arts  
Lee Hyla 1999 Music  
Homer Jackson 2002 Visual Arts  
Jamaica Kincaid 2002 Writing  
Jerome Kitzke 2003 Music  
Guy Klucevsek 1999 Music  
David Lang 2003 Music  
George Lewis 1998 Music  
Lana Lin 2003 Visual Arts  
Kerry James Marshall 1998 Visual Arts  
Pat Mora 2003 Writing  
Lawrence D. Butch Morris 2001 Music  
Erica Muhl 1998 Music  
Ron Padgett 2003 Writing  
Bobby Previte 2001 Music  
Elliott Sharp 2000 Music  
Kay Kaufman Shelemay 2001 Music  
Accra Shepp 1997 Visual Arts  
Amy Sillman 1999 Visual Arts  
Jeanne Silverthorne 1995 Visual Arts  
Alvin Singleton 2000 Music  
Wadada Leo Smith 2003 Music  
Larry Sultan 2000 Visual Arts  
Jude Tallichet 2001 Visual Arts  
Herb Tam 2003 Visual Arts  
Anita Thacher 2002 Visual Arts  
Mark Thompson 2002 Visual Arts  
Henry Threadgill 2001 Music  
Elizabeth Walton Vercoe 1998 Music  
Anne Waldman 2001 Writing  
Mel Ziegler 1999 Visual Arts

**VIETNAM**

Tran Luong 2002 Visual Arts

**YUGOSLAVIA**

Milan Djordjević 1999 Writing

**ZIMBABWE**

Tsitsi Dangarembga 1999 Writing  
Yvonne Vera 2002 Writing



## Past Jurors

Claribel Alegría Writing **NICARAGUA**  
Anne Bray Visual Arts **USA**  
Alan Feltus Visual Arts **ITALY**  
Fabrizio Festa Music **ITALY**  
Alice Rose George Visual Arts **USA**  
Steve Gerber Music **USA**  
Jonathan Harvey Music **UK**  
Rolf 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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Gerald E. Rupp, Founding Trustee  
and Chairman Emeritus

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Tam Thomsen, New York

### PHOTO CREDITS

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Alexander D. Crary  
Andrea Gioacchini  
Azzurra Primavera

Printing  
Grafiche Milani, Milan

## Album

*I arrived at Civitella Ranieri with a rigid determination to relax.*

*The place seduced me. The green fields and forest-covered hills sidetracked me from my duties of relaxing. Each day I would scan the eroding hillside behind the castle to see what fragments of history would be revealed by the day's weather. Here one could discover a turn-of-the-century enamel bowl next to a 17th century pottery shard, which had fallen on top of last week's coke bottle top. It was an avalanche of time.*

*Mark Dion (CRF 1996)*



*Staff members Maurizio Bastianoni, Patrizia Corsici and Romana Ciubini carving a "porchetta."*



*Fellows at Piano Grande.*



*Robert and Peg Boyers, Jennifer Allora and Lisa Bielawa on a hike.*



*Lunch outside the studio building.*

*Observing, listening, reading, thinking, day-dreaming, visiting, talking, letting new ideas come to birth, sleeping.*

*Silvio Soldini (CRF 2000)*

*Lan Wu, Faith Adiele and Xiaosong Qu on castle steps.*





Market day in Umbertide.

*Umbrian landscape, before familiar to me only from Renaissance paintings. Long, simple days in which to work, in which ideas were fixed into music.*

*Kaija Saariaho (CRF 2001)*



Staff members Lella Heins and Tina Summerlin.

*I'm very bad at remembering names.*

*When the residency at Civitella was coming to an end, Mark Dresser brought to the library ten or twelve CD's of his former work. I was amazed when I realized that I had one of them at home. I felt embarrassed for not remembering his name, but in fact I recognized the cover immediately. What a coincidence, considering that I had been working with him during that month!*

*Jorge Macchi (CRF 2002)*

*Arriving at Civitella Ranieri, after many months when everything seemed to interfere with composing, in the first quiet hours, it was clear that I was in the right place.*

*John Harbison (CRF 2001)*



Evelina Zuni Lucero and Lisa Bielawa.



Xiaosong Qu and Joseph Phibbs.



Fellows at Castrabecco.



Staff member Giancarlo Giubilaro and fellow Xiaosong Qu.

*During those first days in Civitella, I could not get off to sleep. From the walls of the place where I was lodging, I could see the castle. I would only gaze at the castle, as if caressing a monstrous, sleepy animal, who purred in an ancient language of bricks and stone.*

*Jorge Accame (CRF 2003)*

*I learned tremendously from the other artists. The apparent policy of multi-axial diversity (gender, race, nationality, ethnicity, artistic field, aesthetic discourse, age, etc.) made it possible for everyone to gain a variety of perspectives from exploring each others' work, from conversations at dinner and elsewhere, and chance meetings in the library.*

*George Lewis (CRF 1998)*



*A presentation in the studio building.*



*Fellows and partners saluting the end of a session.*



*Faith Adiele and Roseann Lloyd.*



*Amy Denio.*

*At Civitella I found myself writing at atypical times of day and night, sometimes when I didn't feel like doing it, and letting myself explore new syntactical and rhythmical moves.*

*On an even broader front, at Civitella it was an unexpected relief to find refuge, even a temporary one, from the foreboding that attends the moral and political weight of being an American these days.*

*Ron Padgett (CRF 2003)*



*Jennifer Allora, Guillermo Calzadilla and Peg Boyers.*



*Staff member Patrizia Corsici.*



*Studio building.*

*Civitella Ranieri was an island, which lasted over one month. I had a tremendously productive time. I cannot think about any other place so immensely humane and so inspirational.*

*Marjetica Potrc (CRF 1998)*



*Michael Gatonska capturing Elise Engler, staff member Claudia Cannizzaro and Roseann Lloyd.*



*François Houle in Pizza Hut.*



*The staff picnic.*



*Aerial view of the Castle.*



Xiaosong Qu and staff member  
Christina Pessoa.



Ricardo Lorenz and staff member  
Giancarlo Giubilaro.

*I have not been to one before, have never applied for such a fellowship; if the truth be told, a residency within a community of artists sounded nothing short of repulsive. Civitella Ranieri was a revelation.*

*Now, back in darkest Scotland, I understand what Civitella meant: it normalized the activity of doing my own work, de-pathologized the activity of sitting still for hours staring at a computer screen; it allowed me to think, without embarrassment, of myself as a writer.*

Zoe Wicomb (CRF 2003)

*My stay at Civitella was an extraordinary opportunity to breathe and re-inspire myself after a particularly exhausting year. I will cherish the endless hours of conversation with fellow residents, as well as the attention and care of the staff of this unique organization.*

Atom Egoyan (CRF 1997)



Taking a break at Castelluccio.



Lorene Cary and Alexander Cary in Norcia.

*The hardest thing for any artist is to get started and it is always a difficult time for me. The birth of new ideas can seem agonizingly slow and distractions are welcomed. At Civitella there are no distractions and there is no choice but to focus on the problems at hand.*

Sam Hayden (CRF 2000)

*View from castle's ramparts*



