



Civitella Ranieri Foundation's Fellowship Program at the Civitella Ranieri Center doubled in size in 1996, its second full operating year. The Foundation provided Fellowships for residency at the Center to a total of eighteen writers and visual artists from thirteen different countries in six continents. Individual artistic productivity and rich collective discussions over dinner were identified by members of Civitella's small community as among the highlights of the season. Uninterrupted studio time followed by a relaxed evening meal with fellow artists was, for many, a welcome balm to "normal life."

Life for many artists and writers today is becoming more and more nomadic. Travel is commonplace as international venues, biennials and writers' conferences multiply. These occasions, however, do not often provide artists with an opportunity to concentrate on the development of new work, incubate ideas, explore other directions or simply put in the hours needed to complete or perfect a project. Room for this sort of contemplative effort has been traditionally provided by Residential Artist Centers.

Residential Artist Centers such as the one at Civitella Ranieri support the creative stage of art making, without requiring the completion of a specific product. Support for this essential phase of art has become increasingly neglected as many national and international agencies have reduced funding for individual artists and for the smaller organizations and publications that support artists on a local level.

Civitella Ranieri Foundation's Fellowship Program not only provides support for the creative stage of art making, but also promotes artistic exchanges on an international level. While the recent proliferation of cyber-technology allows a tremendous amount of data to scoot around the globe, it does not encourage relaxed, daily, face to face interactions between people. Encounters such as these are all the rarer if the participants are artists and writers who might otherwise not meet. The opportunity provided to concentrate on one's own work while exchanging ideas and comparing perspectives with artists from a broad spectrum of social and cultural backgrounds may contribute to a better understanding of human interests in a global context.

Gordon M. Knox

Executive Director

Cecilia Galiena

Artistic Director



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The Civitella Ranieri Center is a workplace for artists from different disciplines and countries. It is quartered in the fifteenth century Civitella Ranieri Castle, just outside the town of Umbertide in the province of Perugia, Italy.



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



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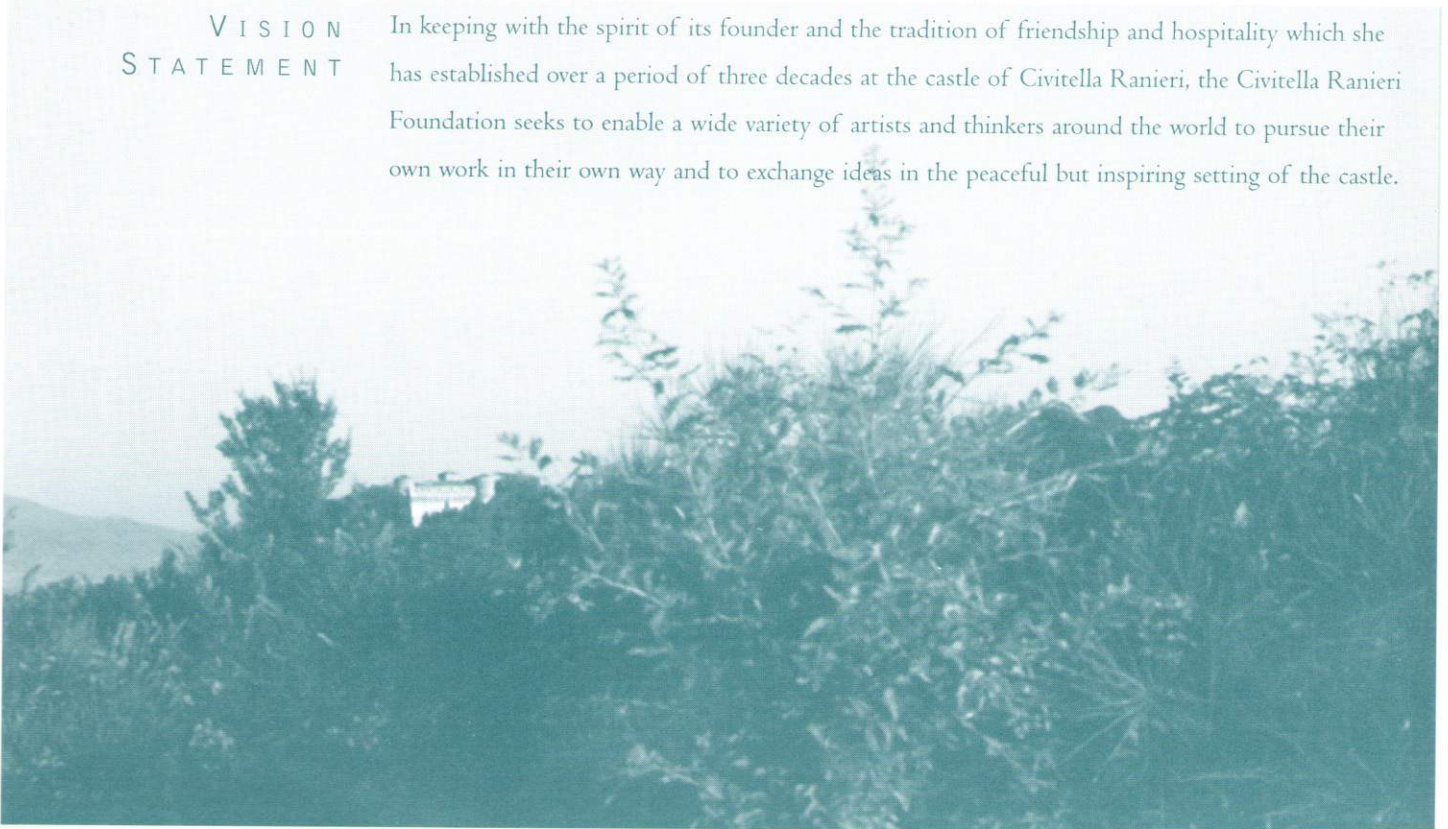
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VISION
STATEMENT

In keeping with the spirit of its founder and the tradition of friendship and hospitality which she has established over a period of three decades at the castle of Civitella Ranieri, the Civitella Ranieri Foundation seeks to enable a wide variety of artists and thinkers 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
STATEMENT

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

I. 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 four to eight weeks, 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.



Claribel Alegria was born in Esteli, Nicaragua, on 12 May, 1924, but she considers herself Salvadoran since she lived in that country from infancy onward. In 1943 she travelled to the U.S. She graduated with a B.A. degree in Philosophy and Letters from George Washington University. She has published 13 books of poetry, four short novels and a book of children's stories. In collaboration with her late husband, D.J. Flakoll, she has published a novel, several books of testimony and a number of anthologies. Her work has been translated into several languages.

Circe

Circe es mi nombre
 me llama bruja
 y maga
 y hechicera.
 Amo el mar
 la furia del mar
 contra las rocas
 y sus acantilados
 tenebrosos.
 Nunca amé a un mortal
 ni siquiera a Ulises
 pude amar.
 Me gusta lo fugaz:
 la chispa
 y no la hoguera
 el encuentro fortuito
 sin adioses.
 Fui siempre fiel a mi destino
 me impulsaba
 jugaba con los hombres
 caían aturridos
 en mis redes
 los convertía en bestias
 los volvía a su forma
 y seguían amándome
 y tejían guirnaldas para mí.
 Me cansé de mi juego
 era pueril
 los expulse a todos
 de una vez
 me quedé sin esclavas
 sin efebos
 sin bestias
 sola
 en mi isla sepulcral
 yo sola frente al mar
 con los alisios
 condenada a mi misma
 y a la paz.
 Mis recuerdos son tersos
 tengo aura y vacía
 la mirada
 mirada de gaviota
 o de albatros.
 Quizá si hubiese amado
 algún dardo heriría mi memoria.



A few notes about my work: I began to write very early, in life,

I thought I could not be alive without being a writer. My first

books, novels, were published

when I was 19, 20, earlier I wrote some poetry and I contin-

ued to do so through the numerous publications of my

novels, plays. I wrote something like 40 books, in 1966, a novel

A Season In The Life of Emmanuel, obtained the Prix Medicis in

France, and was then translated into 15 languages. My most

recent work is *Soifs*, a novel about America at the decline of

our century; (just recently the book received the Governor

General Award, in Canada, in the french publication in France

and in Canada) *Soifs* should be in translation by Sheila Fishman, early autumn 97.

Angela, Soleil et Nuit. (excerpt)

Angela voyait l'ombre de cette créature envoyée par Dieu, pour lui déplaire, pensait-elle, c'était l'ombre d'un ecclésiastique ou de quelque ministre du culte venu jusqu'à elle, sur le balcon de sa demeure, elle l'avait aperçu, à travers les stores dont les lamelles avaient été jaunies par le soleil, elle l'avait vu qui marchait de son pas insolent sur le sentier de gravier où il avait écarté les chats, les poules et leurs poussins, sur son passage, soudain, il était si proche d'Angela, qu'en ouvrant la mince porte de bois d'un coup brusque, elle eût senti sur son visage l'haleine fétide de l'intrus, l'homme était vêtu d'un costume noir par ce temps chaud, il transportait partout avec lui sa grosse Bible qu'il exhibait avec arrogance, pensait Angela, tout en sifflant des injures à l'inconnu, comme s'il eût été capable de l'entendre derrière cette fenêtre où elle se tenait cachée, chancelante sur ses jambes graciles, s'appuyant d'une main aux barreaux de ce lit minuscule qui était désormais le sien, un lit aussi petit qu'un lit d'enfant qu'on avait placé dans sa chambre; de ce lit, elle ne ferait plus aucune chute,

pensa-t-elle, ses os ne seraient plus brisés, fracassés, il y avait déjà toutes ces plaies bleues, ces contusions, sur ses bras, ses jambes, c'était quand hier encore elle se trainait partout dans la pièce, s'accrochant à ces quelques meubles, quelques tableaux qu'elle lèguerait à ses amis, inscrivant leurs noms sur des objets souvent anciens qui semblaient s'effriter avec elle dans la touffeur de la chambre restée longtemps sans air. 'Voilà, pensait-elle, satisfaite soudain, ce téléviseur, ce sera pour Elisabeth, et ce tableau que j'ai peint au temps de mes glorieuses années, même si les personnages de ce tableau sont déjà parmi les jeunes défunts que j'ai connus, un homme, son chien, sur une plage, ce tableau ce sera pour lui ce garçon à la casquette et aux cheveux blonds qui est venu tous les jours me visiter et m'apporter des médicaments, volant vers moi à bicyclette malgré les mechants vents de novembre qui me font tousser, ces vents qui me tueront rôdant sur la mer et autour de ma porte, comme toi, prêtre funèbre, allez, rentre chez toi, tu me répugnes, toi, tes sermons, tes viles consolations, n'ai-je pas le droit de mourir dignement chez moi, aimerais-tu entendre mes propos indécents, mauvaise ombre, je ne fus pas toujours cette peau décharnée qui fuit la lumière du soleil, tu sais...'

Angela regardait son petit lit en pensant qu'il serait le berceau de son agonie, à moins qu'Elisabeth revînt pour amener Angela à la mer, où, impuissante, les bras levés vers le ciel, Angela tenterait de nager tout en se laissant sournoisement emporter par les vagues, dans le brouillard glacé de l'hiver, c'est ici, dans ce lit qu'Elisabeth avait pansé les blessures causées par l'ivresse, ah, ces étourdissements, ces défaillances, pensait Angela, il eut fallu que son corps fût jusqu'à la fin plus tenace dans l'assouvissement de ses plaisirs, la consommation de ces quelques verres d'une bouteille de vodka, cette offrande rieuse du garçon venant de la pharmacie avec ses remèdes, oui, que ces enfants sont de bons enfants, pensait Angela, dommage qu'ils soient les fils et les filles de leurs parents, le passé, me racontent ces petite, n'existe plus pour nous, on ne tue plus les Noirs de nos jours, Angela, non, Angela...'

Son(g) to Ra for the coming of the Day of the New Moon (excerpt)

I see the evening starrow & the new moon together
sleeping in a velvet peace of tomorrow

Greetings. Homage. Libation to Thee
O Mother of the Morning

who dwelleth in thy Boat upon the waters of the valley
awaiting the sunrise of space
the light coming out of this soul of the ocean

beginning a new village of day. a new page. a fresh
scription upon the time-
lessness of white of dark of lips of whispers

and the bleed once love-
wacked lonely voice of billie holiday seeking horus
learning the meaning of time the meaning of music
& horizon & need

Horus has cut off the lean head of darkness in heaven
where it lies in the form of That & grease. in the plump

body of the goose. in the winged harp-

oon of the blind serpent become yr navel string
under the baobab tree of yr servants the poets

All the animals are here
all the animals are here in the tenements of flesh

gather them gather them gather them
into yr providence of fish

O archer O fisher of light

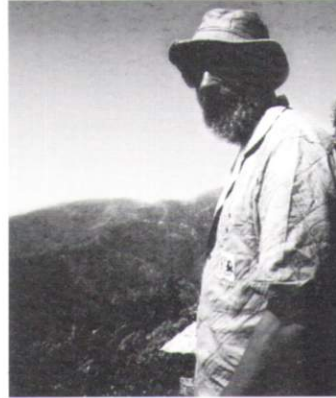
every eyevil shall be destroye
before the evening drifting of tents

By osiris by the osiris ani and by his mother the model voice
of the isis of reeds & the ibis river of moon

yr saxophone is a cradle O xongo of the stars
rock-a-me rock-a-me rock-a-me

into the wisdom of yr sleep into the wisdom of yr sleep
O violins of voyages

the drifting waves of sound out of the sands
of this water out of this desert
rock-a-me rock-a-me rock-a-me
into the widsom of yr sleep into the brilliant deeps



a green-hearted Kamau in
the Blue Mountains of Jamaica
some time before these Umbrian
Events

O violins of voyages

the drifting waves of sound out of the sands
of this water out of this desert
of unbelievable distance
before crouching sphinx & any pointed shape & immovable

pyrAmid

placate the hawk before me in the visor
of this adventure. in the visor of this adventure
let me swim forth sing forth my love & my
fortitude & all my grievances of birthplace upon this

dark meer O seas

plunging so steeply so softly. O seas
singing so sweetly. this tumultuous planet of paper. this
star. sitar & silver. reeds reeds reeds reeds

clashing and tangle beyond miracle



image and excerpted text from performance developed at Civitella utilizing video, audio and slide projections examining our views of power

M: I am trying to learn your language
A: speaking up is always hard
M: that has been my experience
A: for others, listening is hard
M: it hasn't been a matter of volume except when i dream
A: the grim reamer again?
M: when i dream i can't scream
A: how loud should you be now?
M: not very loud
A: everyone else is very quiet right now
M: do you think it is because they have nothing to say?
A: no, they've come to listen to us
M: i have something to say
A: qu'est-ce que c'est?
M: i want to say all that i have never said





Bei Dao was born in Beijing, China in 1949 and he did different jobs as construction worker, editor and freelance writer. Since he left China in 1989, he has lived in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and France. Now he lives in the U.S.. His works have been translated into over 25 languages. Four poetry books in English published by New Directions: *The August Sleepwalker* (1990), *Old Snow* (1991), *Forms of Distance* (1994), *Landscape Over Zero* (1996).

零度以上的风景

是鹤鹰教会歌声游泳
是歌声追溯那最初的风

我们交换欢乐的碎片
从不同的方向进入家庭

是父亲确认了黑暗
是黑暗通向经典的闪电

哭泣之门砰然关闭
回声在追赶它的叫喊

是笔在绝望中开花
是花反抗着必然的旅程

是爱的光线醒来
照亮零度以上的风景

LANDSCAPE OVER ZERO

it's hawk teaching song to swim
it's song tracing back to the first wind

we trade scraps of joy
enter family from different directions

it's a father confirming darkness
it's darkness leading to that lightning of the classics

a door of weeping slams shut
echoes chasing its cry

it's a pen blossoming in lost hope
it's a blossom resisting the inevitable route

it's love's gleam waking to
light up landscape over zero



HISTORY TRASH SCAN (CIVITELLA RANIERI)

I arrived at Civitella Ranieri with a rigid determination to relax. There were two concrete goals to my stay: first, to conquer the small but imposing mountain of books I had brought along, and the second goal was to see a great many birds, in particular one bird, the hoopoe (*Upupa epops*). Above all, I needed a place to rejuvenate after a year of a far too hectic exhibition schedule. Seeing the hoopoe proved to be no great challenge, since the cherry trees were ripe with both fruit and flies, but I never managed to whittle down that mountain of books beyond a very majestic hill.

The place seduced me. The green fields and forest covered hills sidetracked me from my duties of relaxing. I became interested in the strange history of the place.

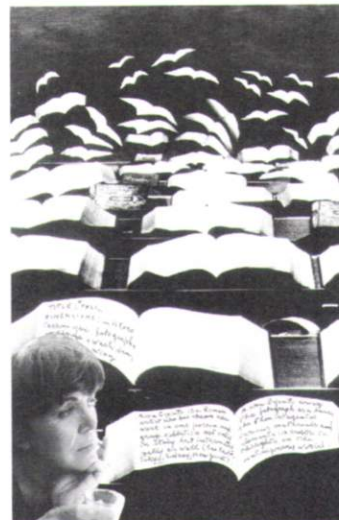
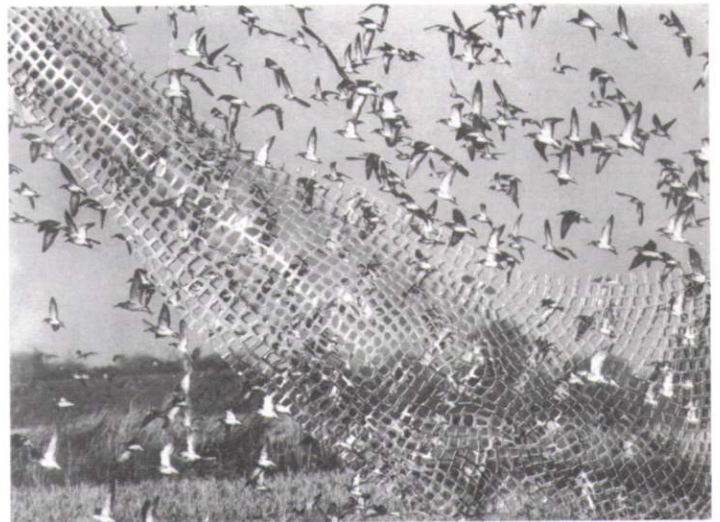
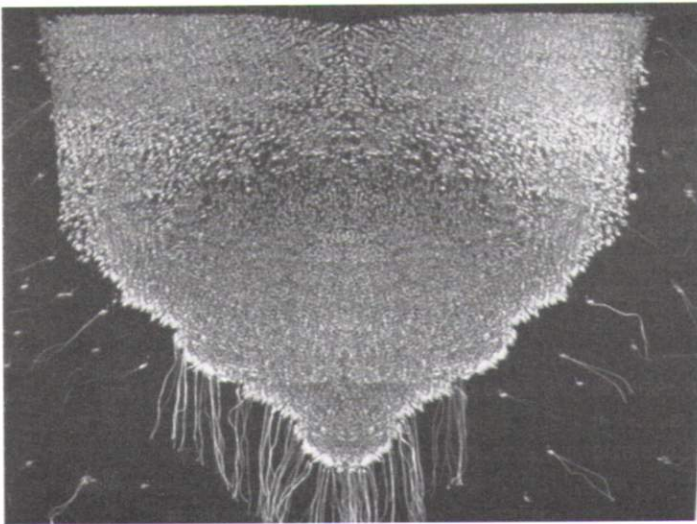
The impression of the simultaneity of deep social history which one feels in a place like Umbria has always fascinated me. During my afternoon bird watching tours, I began to find myself looking down rather than up. Below my feet lay an astonishing range of artifacts: bones, china shards, bits of hardware, fancy glass bottles. 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.

Each day I would set aside a half hour to collect a handful of the rubbish treasures. They were then taken to the studio, cleaned and displayed in the same senseless jumble they were found in. My desire was to approximate a relation among the objects in the viewing space that was similar to the marvelous aspect of encountering them in the field. Neither an historian nor an archaeologist, I placed no overlay of chronology, utility, or aesthetics to the collection. They were displayed side by side in the order in which they were found.

Mark Dion, 1996



Anna Esposito is a Roman artist who has shown her work in one person and group exhibitions, not only in Italy, but internationally as well (Sao Paolo, Tokyo, Sydney, New York). She uses the photograph as a base, and then integrates various materials and elements in order to express thoughts on the contemporary world.





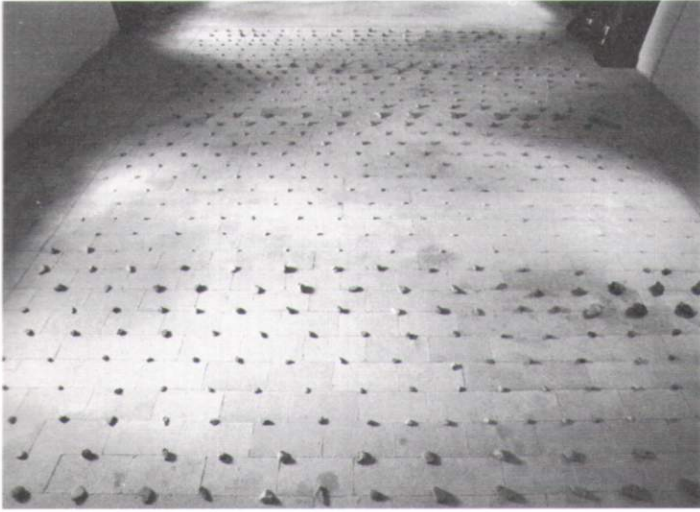
Susan Griffin writes poetry and prose, often producing some unnamed form between the two. She is at the moment at work on a volume of her collected poetry (for Copper Canyon Press) perhaps to be called *Beautiful Universe*, and on a prose work on the subject of illness. She will call this book, which turns out to be about the soul of society, *Sustenance*. In turn, *Sustenance*, is the second volume in a trilogy that she is planning as a *A Social Autobiography*. The first volume of this series was *A Chorus of Stones*. Published in 1992, it was a jury finalist for a Pulitzer Prize and won the Bay Area Book Reviewer's Award. She has published numerous books and spoken, read and had her plays performed internationally. Etc etc etc. Despite or underneath all of the above she has a half written novel in her drawer which she just may work on next.

Sustenance

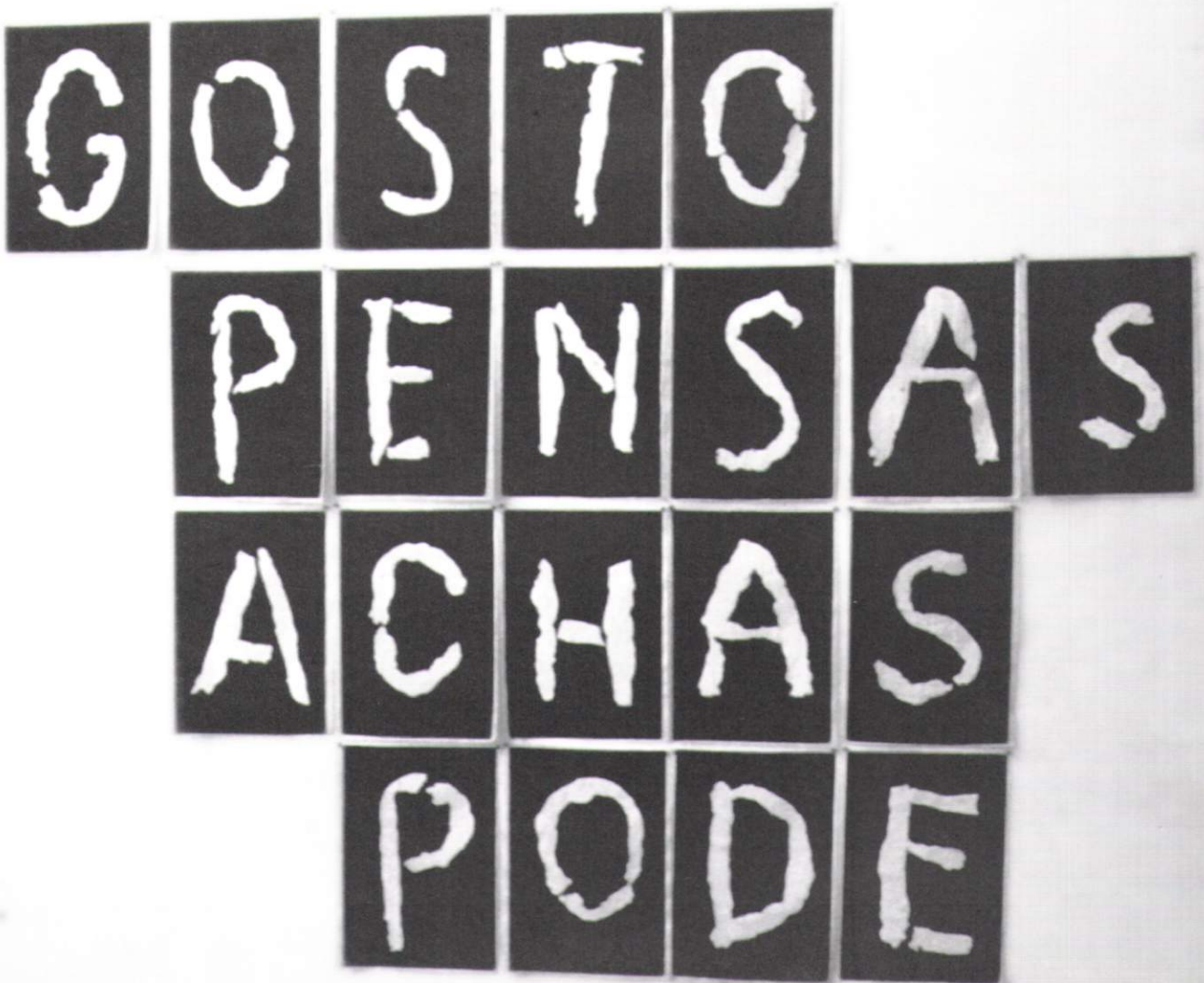
I have been in Italy for just one week when, together with a group of companions from the writer's retreat where we are staying, we visit two small towns. We drive across a beautiful countryside filled with groves of olive trees, lines of cypress and poplar, occasional stone farm houses, ocre colored fields of wheat where the harvested hay lies in huge round wheels, green fields of oats dotted with bright red poppies, floating like small silk parasols in the wind; the roads and hills are lined with ginestra in bloom, an intense lemon yellow that almost glows, and while we drive through small villages, roses of deep, almost black, burgundy color climb lushly over fences and balustrades.

As we begin our walk through the first village, we are surprised to find this landscape of color repeat itself in patterns that are being carefully laid over the narrow streets. Women kneel on the asphalt delicately filling in outlines drawn in chalk with the petals of flowers. It is a familiar sight to me. This is the same celebration I witnessed eight years earlier in Germany in the month I fell seriously ill. The day of Corpus Christi. But the feeling could not be more different. I walk easily up the street; this is a warmer country, even the flowers seem brighter, brighter and somehow hardier, and the jubilant patterns bear no resemblance to instruments of torture. There is an exhilarating chalice that reminds me more of the wine inside and how it is swallowed at suppers and parties, than of bloody and dolorous cruelties. There are stars made of ginestra floating in seas of fennel, small daisies assembled into larger daisies against a background of grass cuttings, other lush blossoms made from red rose petals, bordered and filled at the center with coffee ground to that fine soft brown dust required for espresso. The second city we visit is know for its beautiful, delicately painted ceramics and here, as we climb the hill to the Piazza del Consoli we are obliged to walk around a long beautifully rendered panel with petals used in a more textured, artful way, depicting a chalice and wafer at its center which look just like the dishes and cones of delicious gelato which are everywhere to be had.

Having encountered this custom once before, I began to tell myself a story about the significance of this coincidence in my life. By contrast to the petaled images I came across in Germany, these pictures placed a kind of idyll before my mind. Though all year around wooden copies of instruments of torture are sold in the shops which cater to tourists in Italy, resonating to the joyfully flowering patterns I saw, I had conjured within myself an alternative to torture and suffering. There are many kinds of torture, and some are very subtle, especially when they are mental. Lately, something had begun to alter in me. I had a new awareness of an exhausting anxiety I carried with me, as if without continual effort I would not survive. In my private iconography I took this recent encounter as a promise of healing. A place was made in my mind, part pastoral and part communion, a redemption of nature, flesh and spirit as one.



Carmela Gross was born in 1946 in Brazil and presently lives in Sao Paulo. Experimenting with a variety of materials, her work occupies a meeting between painting, drawing, sculpture and architecture.





(My screen saver keeps interrupting my beginning this). Briefly (before it intrudes again) I live and work in Johannesburg (where I have always been, somehow). Mainly making drawings. Some stay as drawings. Some are filmed and become animated projections, some become incorporated into pieces of theatre. The drawings

I did at Civitella were neither filmed nor performed (though they had originally come from drawings done for a play *FAUSTUS IN AFRICA*). I try not to write (the screen saver has twice more come on).



The Composer's Tower

1

the wooden bridge's direction is the rotten direction of dead fish
 rain dyed black by a silver lake

stone rotted to let roots clutch
 loathing's root that ivy stabs in flesh

spit out the sound of rain summer like a mouldy pelt
 birdsong plunging into the starving trap of the ear

hearing turned into a breach in the dawn
 everything interred in the tower sounds out in music

a madman's sodden head floats to the surface
 makes the sky fall apart again and again frenziedly stirs last night

but last night will never again pass by you
 A circle of dark windows open only to one person's pain

2

the battle is only between sound and silence
 you hear the corpse opening the lid and struggling up through the soil

the final day has arrived in the end at a pallid letter
 time retarded just enough to forget

declaiming in the novel accents of a blood-red bird
 the dead are wakened and lose to death again

you lose to a life on a page of the score
 like a wrecker lectured by the clenched teeth of the dumb

write every man-faced grass shares the winter's flow
 flesh invisibly returns

flesh has elapsed in composition gone further still now
 as negating light moves from note to note

3

the door bangs shut and the inquisitor's rage changes
 a father softly explains himself not at all like a father

there's an ear aged eleven in the tower
 glued to the wall by all of its years

overhearing all the time how sound dies in sound
 like silence creates a stone of heaped silence
 a child stands on top of the high tower

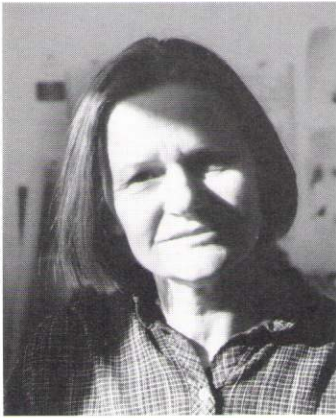
swallows the wickedness stuffed into his little hand by dark stars

the storm stuffs a silent stomach full
 this June morning pulling you back into the madman's last night

writing out the final whistle
 a tower of ageing skin so easily blown away



Yang Lian is one of the best-known of the so-called 'misty' or 'ambiguist' poets who came to prominence in China during the 1980's. His forward-looking work has found rich sources at the margins of Chinese culture – the south, the far west and Tibet, and also in the ancient culture of the 'Middle Kingdom' itself – such as his reading of *The Book of Changes*. Yang Lian's wide-ranging imagination has created a poetic world which is exploratory, linguistically rich and deeply rewarding.



During my stay in Umbertide I was deeply touched by the spirit of St. Frances who spent most of his life in the surrounding mountains. I felt a kind of invitation to step into his footprints. On my long walks in the hills I heard even the roadside stones talking about him. I have been still working under his inspiration and I hope my work somehow mirrors the spiritual message I learnt from him.





Mr. Mubarac is part of a generation of Brazilian artists who took on the challenge of renewing Brazilian printmaking; by transcending its virtuosic aspect, he raised etching to the realm of critical debate on contemporary art. Mr. Mubarac searches for a balance between the technical and metaphorical aspects of etching. The result represents a contemporary formal discussion of the possibilities of etching as art. Through his oeuvre Mr. Mubarac also discusses issues that are fundamental to his generation such as sexuality, life, and death.

Tadeu Chiarelli



Ah, in Civitella ho lavorato e finito un libro che si chiama Basura e luna (Trash and moonlight). Best wishes also for you e sicuramente verrò a trovarvi a Civitella.

E qui, un passaggio della novella Aire tan dulce:

“Ya ando con los pies gastados, poco puedo. Las palabras estorban para convencer. Queda el amor y nada mas. Pero hasta el amor tengo inservible. ¿Quién le dará el amor que necesita? Ni la cuenta ha de llevar ya de las veces que creyó y no acertó. Se figuraba, no miraba con los ojos ni comprendía con la cabeza. Se figuraba, y sus figuras apenas coincidían con las de afuera. Entre todas le agotaron la dulzura. Eran siempre hostiles, daban zarpazos. Hasta que aprendió a acercárceles con betas, sabiendo que eran figuras engañosas. Se hubiera contentado con que la engañaran. Ni engañarla quisieron.

La preferiría yo vagabunda de calles a vagabunda de imagenes.

La lluvia mansa del medio tiempo se descuelga en goterones de las hojas de la parra. En algun lado ella está acurrucada bajo una manta, piensa en su infancia como si fuera pasado, recuerda el horno de adobe, el olor de los limeros de mi casa, los guayabos donde atábamos sus hamacas. Piensa: no puedo más de fealdad, ayúdame. No sabe a quién pide ayuda.

Si vinieras, si salieras de bajo esa sucia manta, verías la lluvia conmigo y te volvería la infancia. Nos acurrucaríamos y veríamos caer el agua limpia, el olor de las parras y los limeros pasaría como un hilito en el viento, tendría para taparte una manta blanca con flores de color tejida por mujeres que perdieron las palabras hace mucho tiempo. ¿Que has perdido, Sara? ¿Que se te ha perdido, almita de cáscara de durazno? Una pelusa parada de escalofrio, que me deja escalofriada cuando quiero acariciarla.

Veríamos las dos una lluvia sin apuro. No necesitas de una manta sucia para que la vida se te vuelva fulgurante. La lluvia basta. Pero ni siquiera la lluvia es necesaria si estás traspasada de palabras. Para eso sirven los cuentos cuando la vida no alcanza.

No estés más bajo esa sucia manta. Asi no te querrán. Nadie quiere lo que encuentra tirado.”

Wonderful World

Wonderful World is a work in process. Started in 1994 and continuing today. And tomorrow.

From my point of view it is an endless work.

Nobody anywhere will see or will buy the whole work.

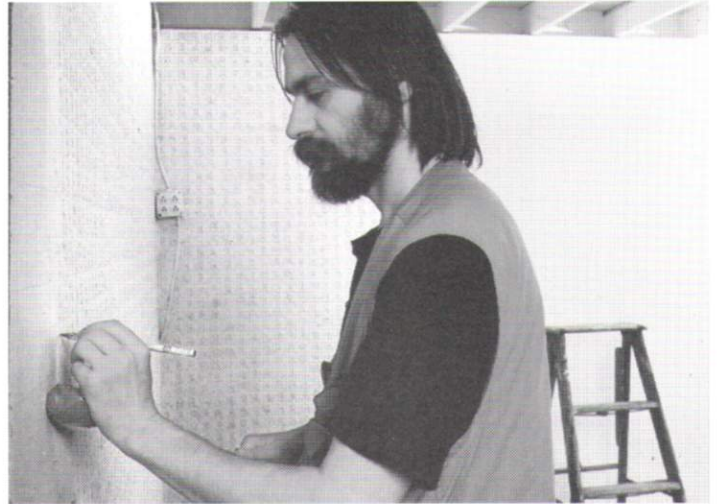
The main part consists of about 100 pieces (modules). Maybe 120. Maybe 150. Each piece (module) 30x21 cm, has an issue. Each issue consists of about 25 multilayered drawings.

Power, To draw drawing, How we win the Communism, Tired-so tired, Media, Artist and curator, ArtEast, Talking-just talking, Too much-too many, Race and gender, O.J.O.K, A day of my life, Me and New York, New ideas-old tricks,

They tax me, The Jon Bennet story, Romanian teacher-american students, Ideology, Identity, Internet etc.

Every time (in Wiena, New York, Wuppertal, Bucharest, Waibstadt, Civitella Ranieri, Duke Univ) I show some hundreds or even thousands of drawings... Each is different. Each is important. You can touch them. You can touch art. You can read my drawings but can you see them all? Can you remember them? Can you remember the World? Can you touch it?

I exhibit just parts of Wonderful World: 60 modules in Aachen, 100 in Duke University. Never the same, never in the same way. I keep adding new topics – new modules. I sell issues - modules.



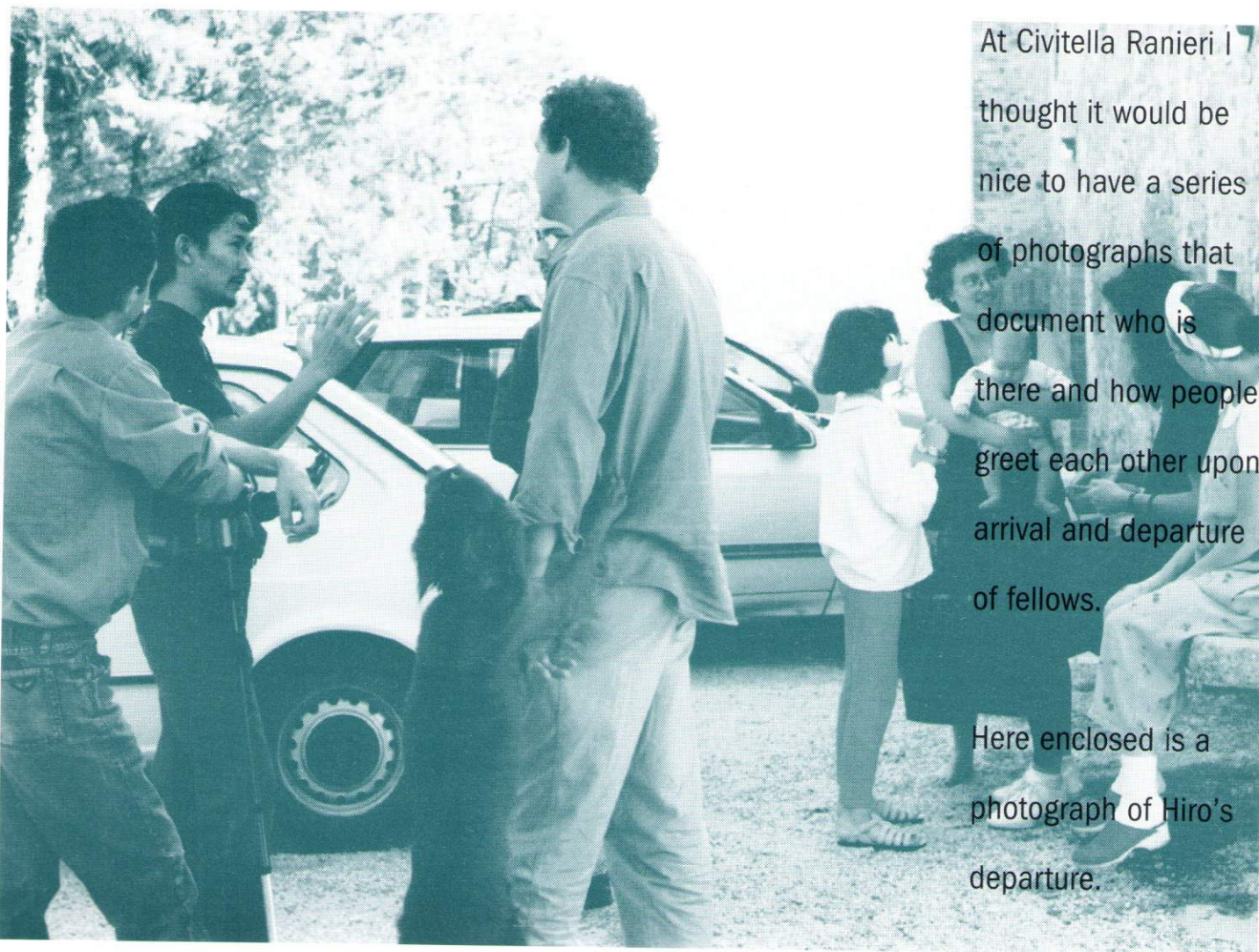
The Wonderful World is spread throughout the World. 10 pieces in New York, 12 in Durham, 2 in Art Museum Arad, about 10 in Germany, some in France, some in Romania, etc. Private collectors. Museums. Friends.

My Wonderful World is my revenge on the World in which we are living.



For the Civitella catalogue, I propose to you two short texts, one of "general presentation" of my work and interests, another about an idea that came to my mind in Civitella (very late) and that, if you would like, could become a collective project (or just remain as an idea).

I am interested in: what people are saying in the street when I pass them by; a collection of things that certainly are not art; visits inside homes together with real estate agents; unexpected answers; the difference between the outside and the inside of doors; handwritten notes on books; places adjacent to exhibition spaces; the clothes in which people feel sexiest...



At Civitella Ranieri I thought it would be nice to have a series of photographs that document who is there and how people greet each other upon arrival and departure of fellows.

Here enclosed is a photograph of Hiro's departure.

EPITAPH is an installation work I've gradually developed since the time at Civitella Ranieri, Umbertide. In this piece of work, people can read the Epitaph on one wall, and see the film of the waves rushing to the coast on the opposite wall. The film was made in Keelung (north of Taiwan), where the massacre took place in Feb. 28, 1947.

The idea of this work came from the empty farmhouse on the hill near Civitella Ranieri, where there were people killed during the 2nd World War by the Germans, and also from reading Susan Griffin's *A Chorus of Stones*. But the contents of *EPITAPH* were quoted from *45 years of loneliness* and *Sobbing in the dark corner* written and edited by Mrs. Ran Mei-su, and *Documentary film of 228 event* produced by her. This artwork shows the condolence to female victims of 228 event on the one hand, and the respect of Mrs. Ran's efforts to record the history from another perspective based on her own experience as a survivor (especially female) of the tragic event.



Epitaph

She washed the corpse with tears.
After the funeral was over and all the relatives had gone.
She finally burst out crying: God. I'm scared! God, I'm scared

HIS-STORY HAS BEEN REVISED

– the rioter may become the hero

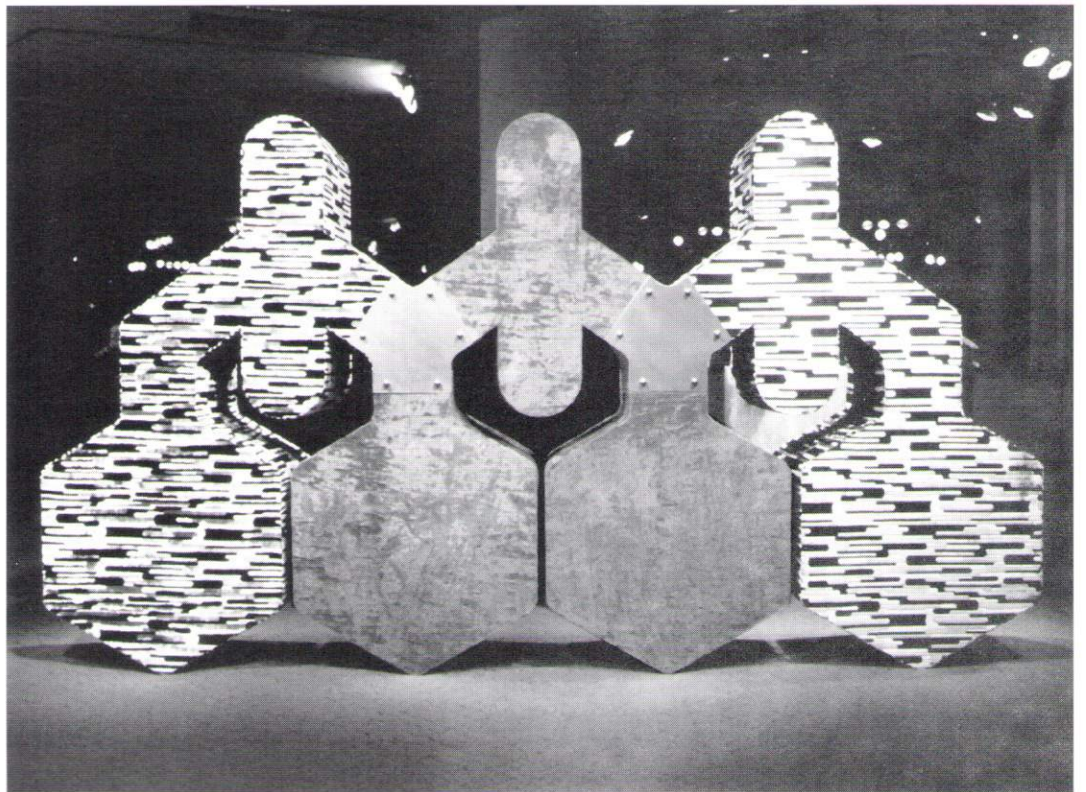
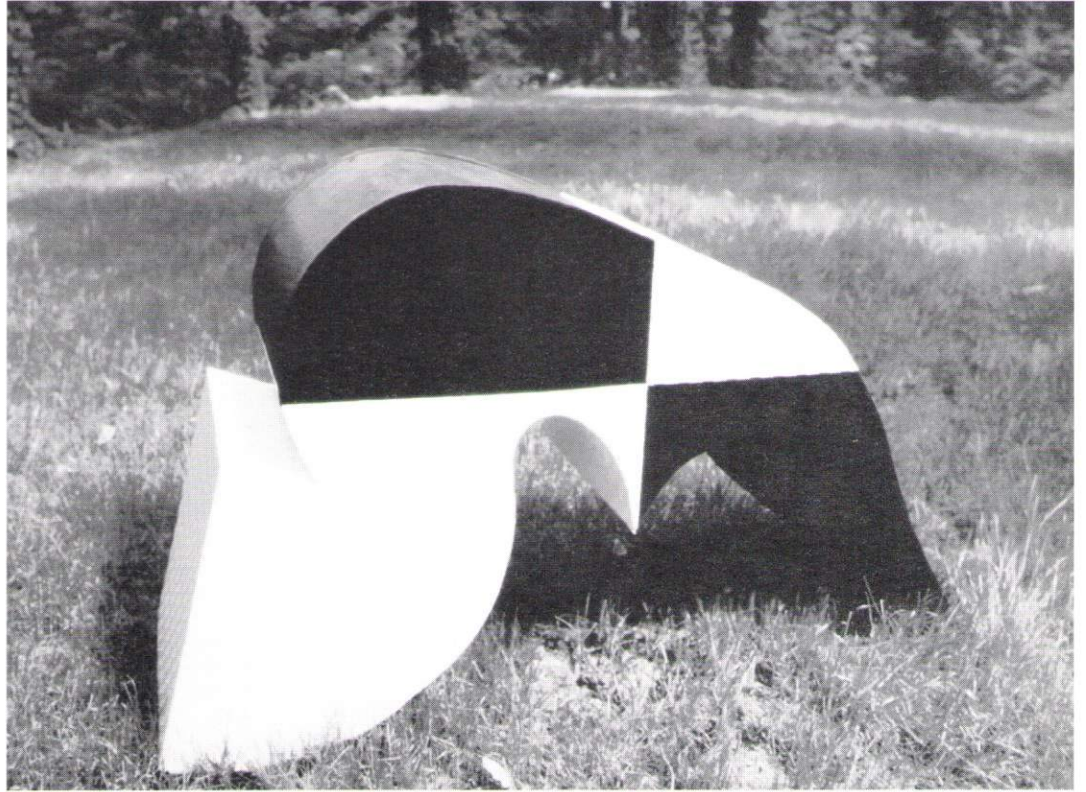
WHAT ABOUT HER-STORY?

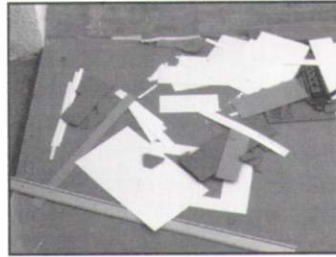
She, burned everything, never uttered a word about it nor dressed up again.
She, cleaned herself up and sat at home waiting, prepared for life or death.
She, having being raped and felt ashamed, left the kids and ran away.
She, holding several jobs down, has 6 kids from a babe to a ten-year old.
She cries all the time, but only in the dark. Fear follows her like a shadow.
She, passes the rest of her day silenced.

She, is "women" in plural form.
Her sorrow has always been ours.



I am sculptor working in near Tokyo, Japan.
- Please contact with my sculpture -
- I hope you just feel it -





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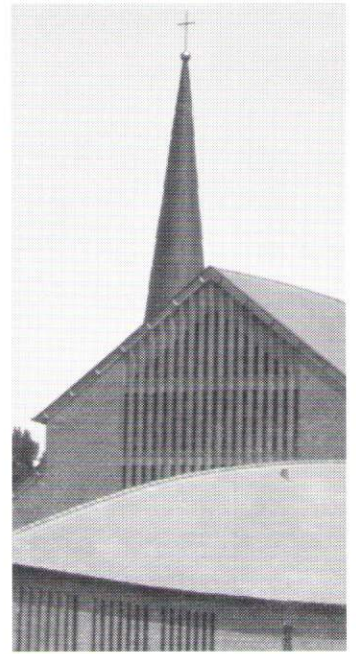
Special Thanks to

Jessica Bastianoni
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Laura Dalla Ragione
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Jess Atwood Gibson
Tom Ligamari
Don Myers
Mattia Romeo
Deli Sacilotto

Some of the Fellows were joined by their companions, many of whom are accomplished artists in their own right and were inspired by the setting and atmosphere of Civitella to make advances in their own work.

THOMAS NAGY

During our stay at Civitella, I was deeply touched by the clear spirit of rural and early Christian architecture of Umbria. It helped me understand what real architecture is.



SHAO FEI Born in Beijing in 1954, Shao Fei has been a professional painter with the Beijing Academy of Fine Arts since 1976. A member of the China Association of Artists, she has taken part in many exhibitions in and outside China. Her works are in the collection of many organizations, including China Arts Museum, Beijing Arts Association, Hong Kong Arts Museum, and the Chinese Arts Museum in Taiwan.





J. MORGAN PUETT

j. morgan puett was born and raised in Hahira, Georgia; a small tobacco town in the swampy regions of the South. Her Father was a third generation beekeeper and her Mother was a painter. That southern childhood continually influences Puett's work in her use of authentic, raw, and found materials (such as beeswax, clay, and other mediums of preservation and decay).

After graduating from the Masters Program in Film/Sculpture at The Art

Institute of Chicago in 1985, Puett ventured into a self-made clothing business with intentions of taking her work out of an exclusive art world context and closer to the public. Since then, Puett has worked in an interdisciplinary manner. In 1989, Puett traveled to the south and Africa researching hand-made shacks, sheds and huts, which has heavily inspired her clothing, installations, interiors, paintings, and furniture. She is constantly negotiating the landscape between fashion, art, and architecture.

Y O Y O

Yo Yo is a Chinese writer and performance artist. Her essay, *Flying Stone*, was recently published in *Time Capsule: A Concise Encyclopedia by Women Artists*.

Flying Stone (excerpt)

Many, many years ago, at the foot of Heavenly Mountains, at the shores of the Heavenly Lake, I spotted something small and black floating on the surface of the water. Curious, I picked up my telescope and gave a start. To my surprise, there was a rock floating in the middle of the lake! Disregarding the late autumn chill, I plunged into the water and headed towards it. Effortlessly I reached it and, in grasping it, felt the delirium of the Lotus Eaters. After a time I brought it home from those many leagues away; I gave it a place of honour in my home and worshipped it as a God. Relatives and friends flocked to my house, all wanting to be present before this "divine stone." In this fashion, the rumour spread throughout the land; everyone came to know that there was someone who had a bit of magic rock. But even though it was revered as magic, no-one had ever seen that it had any "unusual properties." One day someone asked: "What's so unusual about this rock? What's magical about it?" The owner answered: "Have you ever seen a rock that could, defying all laws of magic, float on water? All stones, absolutely one hundred percent, upon hitting water sink immediately to the bottom. For this reason it is precious, it is magical. Furthermore, it was discovered in the Heavenly Mountains, the Heavenly Lake, which shows that it must have been heaven's will, heaven sent. How could it not be divine?!" The questioner was silenced. You, smugly satisfied, treasured your find all the more.



A Civitella Ranieri Fellowship provides writers, visual artists, musicians, composers and interdisciplinary artists from all parts of the world with a residency at the Civitella Ranieri Castle for periods of four to eight weeks. The Program is open to all artists who clearly exhibit talent and have proven an enduring commitment to their chosen form of expression. Fellowships are granted on an invitational basis through a two-part selection process made up of a panel of professionals from various countries and disciplines.

The Civitella Ranieri Center has

four visual arts studios, one print-making shop, one wood shop, one darkroom and one computer room for graphic work. Writers are provided with studios in their apartments and the Center has a reading room and a growing library. There is a separate building for resident musicians which includes a rehearsal studio and an adjoining recording control room.

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The Civitella Ranieri Foundation is a not-for-profit charitable trust, established in New York in 1992 and recognized by the Italian Government in 1993 for the advancement and exchange of artistic and intellectual developments from around the world.