



From left: Mattia Romeo (intern), Regina Silveira (fellow), Catalina Parra (fellow), Amy Hautt (behind Parra) fellow, Jack Risley (visiting artist), Ellen Hulkower (NY staff).

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

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

1995 was the first year Civitella Ranieri Fellowships were awarded. Six visual artists and three writers from eight different countries participated. Fellows were in residence for a period from four to eight weeks, concentrating their efforts on individual projects in both visual and literary fields. Dinners provided an opportunity for open and free-ranging discussions in a relaxed and undemanding atmosphere.

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Executive Director

Cecilia Galiena
Artistic Director

C I V I T E L L A R A N I E R I F O U N D A T I O N



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Andrei Bitov



Andrei Bitov, novelist, short story writer, poet and travel writer, was born in Leningrad in 1937 and graduated from the Mining Institute there in 1962. He published five collections of stories between 1963 and 1972 and this early fiction won him a reputation as one of the Soviet Union's most gifted stylists. He has also published novels, including his masterpiece *Pushkin House*, travel writings and poetry, but in the 1970s and early 1980s his work came under official criticism for its "excessive subjectivity" - partly because he had secured publication of *Pushkin House* in Russian in the West, and partly because he had taken part with Vasily Aksyonov, Evgeny

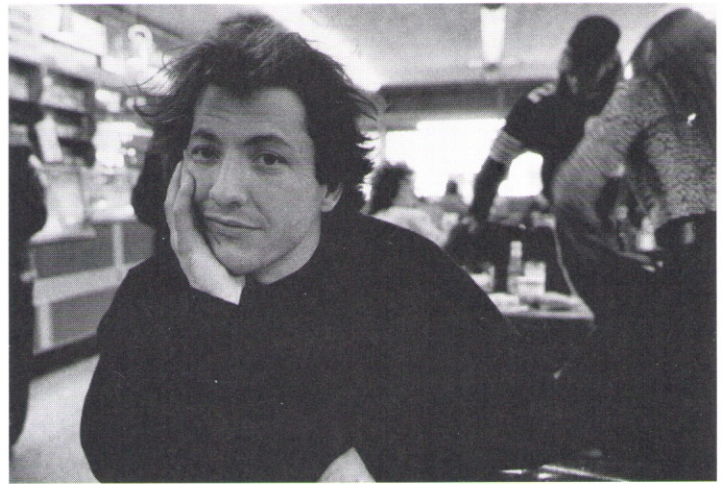
Popov, Viktor Erofeev and others in an attempt to publish an uncensored literary almanac, *Metropolis*, in 1979. *Pushkin House* at last appeared in the Soviet Union in 1987 in *Novy mir*. Andrei Bitov, who is president of Russian PEN, lives near Moscow.

А.Б.

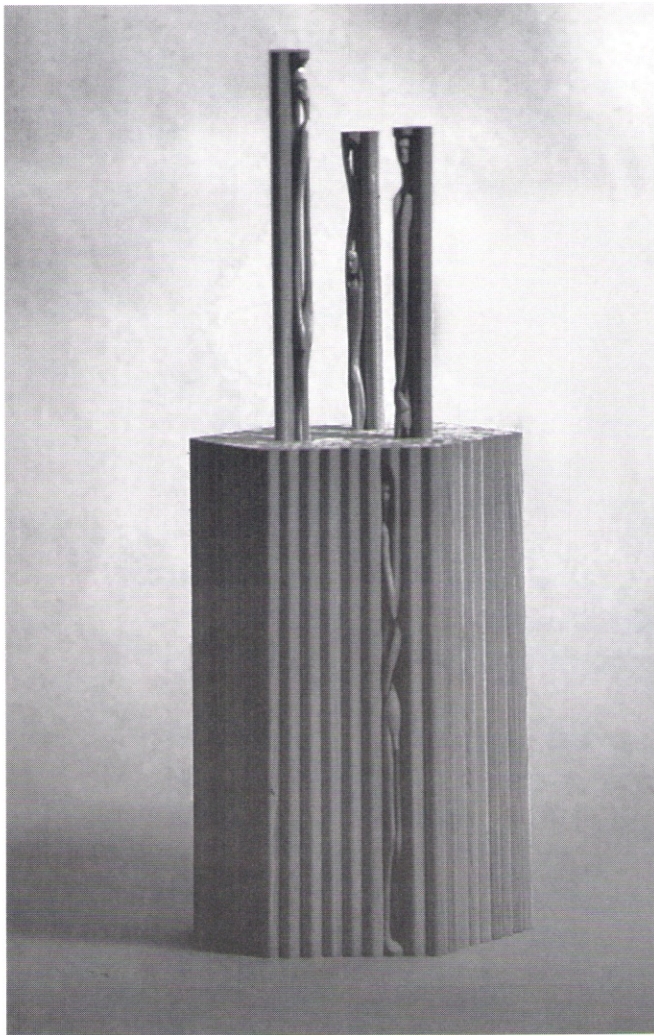
С Читать закат, обманывать природу
И И видеть вновь испуганные сны...
V Виват, тебе, Италия в непогоду
И И вам, виват, ^{УМЕРИТЕЛЬНЫЕ} холмы.
T Так здесь похожи замки на хозяев,
E Еле струится винный птичий звон,
L Лунясь, аквамаринясь и теряясь,
A А розами весь воздух поглощен.
R Рисунок строгий зеленью озвучен,
A Адриатической окрашен простотой,
N Напоминанием, что мир ^{всё} получен
И Из рук Творца и полон, немотой.
E Есть в нем усилье продолженья жизни,
R Разлитой в сенном запахе травы,
I И счастье, как тоска в чужой отчизне,
и я и вы.

Н.М.Г.

András Böröcz



I am Hungarian. I moved nine years ago from Budapest to Brooklyn. In Budapest, I was a painter and performance artist; here, I started to carve sculpture and four years ago, I started a collaborative artist book studio, Dobbin Books, with Louise McCagg and Robbin Ami Silverberg. I exhibit regularly in Budapest and in New York.





Duo Duo

Duo Duo (Li Shizheng) was born in 1951 and spent most of his life in Beijing, where he worked for a national newspaper. He has been closely associated with the group of young, controversial modernist poets who came to the fore after the liberalization of the late 1970's. His reputation expanded through publications in the underground magazine "Today." Duo Duo's is a distinctive voice, which selectively embraces a range of cosmopolitan influences: Baudelaire, Desnos, Thomas, Tsvetaeva and Plath. His book, *Looking out from Death* marks his first appearance in English.

THE ASCENT

I pass through the point that shocks imagination,
the setting sun, lingering on elevated buildings,
polishes again the bronzed arm of dusk, and overlooks
the lanterns jostling in the human festival
glinting off red tiles
making memory's trumpet dazed and faint,
ten thousand years are just squatting there:

I walk through the glaring red ocean storm
to reach the track's end, the summit
where a dazzling brilliance is moving its labour,
under the heavy pressure of limitless riches
the giant lantern catches fire, is destroyed in a huge furnace
the tiredness at the end of the day
sound after sound, stroke after stroke
the bell spreads its long hair over the silent fields...

Translated by Tang Chao with Lee Robinson

Amy Haft

Amy Haft is a sculptor working in New York City. She makes large site-specific projects. Her subjects revolve around architecture and design issues; as well as questions regarding the intellectual vs. the intuitive, the cultural vs. the natural.



Bohdan Holomicèk



Please provide a four or five line description
of your work, interests, or anything else.

*- See my photos in
studio, please.*



Bohdan Holomicèk is a photographer from Janske'lazné, Czech Republic

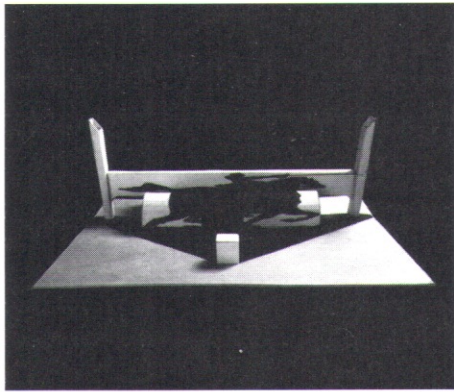


Catalina Parra

Catalina Parra was born in Santiago, Chile. Lived in Germany from 1968 to 1972 and came to New York in 1980 with a Guggenheim Fellowship. She has shown her work individually in the U.S.A, Europe, Canada, South America and India. She works with different media and installations on social global issues and the environment.



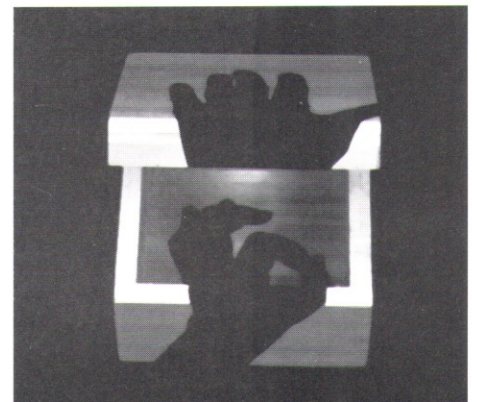
Regina Silveira



Artist based in Sao Paulo, Brazil, Silveira is also a professor at the University of Sao Paulo where she works as an advisor for graduate students. In the seventies she made prints, videos and books. Since the eighties her prints, objects, and room size installations have explored the interaction between viewpoints and perspective, emphasizing their capacities to produce spatial distortions which are highly dependent on the viewer's positions. She has exhibited widely in Brazil and abroad, and is currently represented by the Galeria Luisa Strina, in Sao

Paulo and the LedisFlam Gallery in New York. In the nineties Silveira was awarded with a Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship and a Pollock-Krasner Foundation grant.

During her stay at the Civitella Ranieri Center, in the summer of 1995, Regina Silveira's studio activities were focused on the project - drawings and models - for the large size installation "The Duke's Enigma". This temporary installation was planned to be placed on the external spaces of the Latin American Memorial, built by the architect Oscar Niemeyer in Sao Paulo. Other works done in the Civitella residence were the photogravure "Enigma", and the series of wooden boxes "Segreto". The boxes were especially conceived for the group show, "Children's Corner", organized by the "Circolo Culturale Il Gabbiano", in La Spezia, Italy, which opened in the Fall of 1995.



Jeanne Silverthorne



Now that I'm back in the real world, I have a hard time keeping on top of things. And, of course, as I attempt to put together this information for you, I realize I don't really know what you want. Something like . . . "Jeanne Silverthorne is a sculptor who lives and works in New York", etc.? I can tell you I was born in Philadelphia In 1950, went to school at Temple University, teach now at New York University and School of Visual Arts, have exhibited in Europe and the United States. Do you care about gallery representation? If so, I am represented by McKee Gallery in New York and Nathalie Obadia Caller in Paris. Occasionally I write about cultural issues, particularly the visual arts, with an emphasis recently on film, for such publications as Artforum and Parkett.



Martin Simečka

Writer. Published fiction, novel "The Year of the Frog" in USA, France, Hungary. Essays published in journals in european countries. Editor in chief of small publishing house Archa. Married, two children. Likes to play tennis.

"Everyone is something," pronounced Adam, his jaws cracking like a rifle shot.

Obedient, I took up his thought. It sounds incredible, but in reality everyone is something. The world into which I was born begins and ends with the fact that everyone is something. It doesn't matter so much what it is, but rather that a person knows about it and be reconciled to it. Isn't that amazing?

"And us?" I asked.

The others came, attracted by the smoke, or perhaps attracted by the idea that our conversation with Adam was serious. Danica was listening to our conversation with silent obsession, and at the same time without interest in the theme. In reality, she was listening only to Adam, clutching to his voice, his words not directed to her, which is why they had for her such great meaning.

Passion forced its way up through Danica like a hot spring trying to reach the surface; warming the frozen ground, it gave itself away like green grass in the middle of a snow-covered field. Thick light hair grew on her arms, and sometimes I managed to catch her dancing as she walked, animatedly swaying on her small feet, her toes turned confidently out into her surroundings.

She would sit during our conversations with Adam like an invisible companion, like a quietly rolling cassette, like a listening device installed by a God of love and admiration, or like an open door to a universe in which Adam could take refuge at any time, knowing for certain that he would be loved.

Martin Simečka is a writer who lives and works in Bratislava, Slovakia

Danica reminded me of my mother as well. At this moment, she was sitting beside my father, ready to listen to what he would say, ready to be his alternative universe should he ask. At the same time she sat there like an eternal reproach, like a proof of existence that had chosen my mother as its medium, a work of art expressing the suffering of mere existence. I have never known anyone else who with such convincing strength, silently and without expression, could say:

"Here I am, and at the same time here I'm not. All of you who are here with me are not here because you cannot answer my question: why am I here?"

Father heard nothing. He was occupied by another being, which he called history - he wrote articles. He would then send them secretly across the frontier and its past. He would send them just as he might throw a message in a bottle into the sea from a ship on which he was sailing. He would send the writings into the future, and they would return by means of various channels like an echo and a proof of his own existence. They would come back translated into various languages in which his readers spoke with him over the phone. His work would return in the form of angry gestures of police agents waving clippings from the world press under his nose. In the end, he would come home to tell me that I had a father who was well known in the future.

"We are nobodies," Adam intoned in a deep voice. He broke a dry branch in two in a dramatic gesture and tossed it into the fire. "And that's why we're dangerous for them. They have no idea what else we can become!"



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 one to four months. 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 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.

C I V I T E L L A R A N I E R I F O U N D A T I O N



The Civitella Ranieri Foundation is a not-for-profit Charitable Trust, recognized by the U.S. Government. It was established in New York in 1992 and recognized by the Italian Government in 1993. The Foundation's purpose is to assist in the advancement and exchange of artistic and intellectual developments from around the world.

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Photographs of the artists'
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