



I am proud and pleased to report to you my thoughts and observations as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation.

1997 was the Foundation's 3rd year of hosting international Fellows. The program, through endless efforts of the Executive Director and Artistic Director, has already developed a comfortable and artistically productive routine where the Fellows in visual arts, literature, music and film are able to spend quiet days concentrating on their work and then enjoying relaxed evening meals together where they can meet and discuss issues of mutual interest.

The beauty and tranquility of the Castello Ranieri grounds and the Umbrian hills create an environment conducive to concentrated work during the day and relaxed and open discussions in the evening. This extraordinary location inspires creative exploration and facilitates an exchange of ideas and perspectives between an internationally diverse group of artists.

The carefully developed selection process employed by the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is functioning well. After only three years, I am pleased to say that there is a growing recognition that the Fellows are serious, talented and committed artists. This recognition is peaking interest in the larger world of arts and letters. The Center is also running smoothly, internally, which enhances the Fellows' productivity.

More so than ever, Civitella is a special place conducive to creativity and reflection and is making a significant mark in the international world of art and letters.

Sincerely,

Gerald E. Rupp

Chairman



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1997 was the third full season of artists' residencies at the Civitella Ranieri Center, with 18 carefully selected artists from around the world participating. This year we welcomed seven artists each in the literary and the visual arts, and four musicians. It was the first year we could invite musicians, thanks to the completion, over the winter, of our music studio. It is set about 100 meters from the visual arts studios and commands an impressive view of the valley below. Artists in residence this year at the music studio were Chinary Ung (composer, Cambodia), with his wife Susan Ung, a viola player, and two children; Chen Yi (composer, China), with her husband Zhou Long, also a composer; Marty Ehrlich (composer, USA), with his wife Erica Hunt, a poet, and two children; and Jose Maceda (composer, The Philippines) with his wife Madelyn Maceda, a pianist.

In some ways work done to renovate the music studio is emblematic of the transformative activity that goes on at the Center itself. This building – like all the renovated workspace here – had been part of a working farm, once belonging to a feudal castle. The space had been used at various times as a pigsty (we sometimes still call it *porcilaia* in remembrance of those former inhabitants), a horse barn, a wood shed, and a pizza-oven (we even find ourselves calling it *pizza hut* or *pizza* for short). It has now been transformed into a small, comfortable apartment for resident Fellows which includes an acoustically corrected practice room and a state-of-the-art control room for recordings. The studio is furnished with a fine Shimmel upright piano and four-track digital recording equipment. For us, this recent addition to the workspace at Civitella shows the kind of metamorphosis the Center promotes through its residency program. The Center transformed what had once been used for farm work into space for new kinds of work.

The Torre is the apartment in what had been the farmhouse above the large dairy barn (*stalle*). The barn area now houses the visual art studios, the printmaking workshop, the sculpture studio and what will later become the theater but is temporarily used both as a laundry area and as a multipurpose storage space. The Torre has a spacious living room with a large fireplace and a small kitchen enlivened by a superb view across the valley. The bedrooms are on either side of the house, with views over the roof of the *stalle* and past the sunflower fields to the cypress on the ridge beyond. Resident artists who stayed in the Torre this season were Egle Rakauskaite (artist, Lithuania), with her husband Gintaras Makarevicius, also an artist; Rosangela Renno (artist, Brazil), with her husband, Jean Guimaraes, a graphic artist; and Ivan Vladislavic (writer, South Africa) with his wife, Minky Schlesinger, film maker.

Also in the Torre were Liselot van der Heijden (artist, The Netherlands); Tomaz Salamun (poet and essayist, Slovenia), with his wife, Metka Krasovec, painter; and Carlos Garaicoa (artist, Cuba), with his wife, Mahé Maletá, clarinet player. Tomaz Salamun is currently the Slovenian cultural attaché to the UN. At Civitella Tomaz

assumed the role of roving anthropologist and reporter for fellow residents, frequently exploring local communities and returning with humorous stories.

This year we were pleased to invite our first film artist at the Center, Atom Egoyan (Canada), who stayed at the Granaio with his wife, Arsinée Khanjian, actress, and their son Arshile. Like many artists, Atom took advantage not only of the freedom of working conditions which are provided all residents, but of fellow residents themselves, sharing his work and learning from others. The other resident at the Granaio this year was Gcina Mhlophe (South Africa), who stayed with her infant child and babysitter-friend, Valery Jutson. Gcina is a writer and storyteller who works also with children and theater. While in residence she collaborated with fellow resident composer Marty Ehrlich to develop and record musical sketches for a children's opera. The Granaio itself was once the granary, situated on the second story of the left wall as you face the castle. It is a long, open-plan, loft-style space set over the wine cellars, with windows looking onto the castle courtyard.

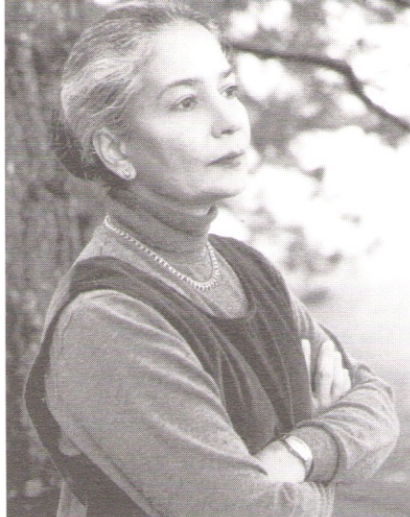
On the other side of the archway (to your right facing the castle) is the Arco, which is as tall as the Granaio is long. It is a triplex built into the wall with stairs that sweep around a 90-degree corner as you come up, and then more spiral stairs leading from the living room and kitchen floor to the sleeping quarters. The residents in the Arco this year were Accra Shepp (photographer, USA); Anita Desai (writer, India), with her daughter Kiran, also a writer; and Liliana Heker, (writer, Argentina), with her husband Felipe Ernesto Imas, a businessman.

Situated over the Center's offices with views of the courtyard and the woods is the Cappella, once the chapel and the school for the castle's farmers, now an apartment with large rooms and a fireplace in the kitchen. Staying in the Cappella this year were W.S. Rendra (poet and performer, Indonesia) with his wife Zuraida Ken, a dancer and performer; Wera Saether (writer and photographer, Norway); and Dennis Del Favero, with his wife Fiona Bathgate, an art librarian, and their son Simon.

All of the artist-residents at the Civitella Ranieri Center bring something of the outside world with them to this meeting spot, contributing to the atmosphere of free and easy conversation and the exchange of ideas over wide-ranging topics. It could not be otherwise, with such inventive and engaged people from all corners of the globe living together on one small Umbrian hilltop. But the individual artists also leave much behind at home when they come; the everyday obligations of life at home disappear at Civitella with its atmosphere designed to promote the freest possible approach to work. The Center provides its Fellows with time and space conducive to the free flow of creative thought.

Gordon M. Knox
Executive Director

Cecilia Galiena
Artistic Director



from: FIVE HOURS TO SMILA

The mother was shushing them all fiercely when they heard the sound they had given up hope of hearing: the sound of a moving vehicle. It came roaring up the road from behind them—not at all where they had expected—overtaking them in a cloud of choking dust. Policemen in khaki, armed with steel tipped canes, leant out of it, their moustaches bristling, their teeth gleaming, eyes flashing and ferocious as tigers. And the huddled crowd stranded on the roadside fell aside like sheep: It might have been they who were at fault.

But the police truck overtook them all, sending them hurriedly into the ditch for safety, and drew up at the culvert. Here the police jumped out, landing with great thuds on the asphalt, and striking their canes hard upon it for good measure. The truck's headlights lit up the bank with its pallid wash.

Caught in that illumination, the truckdriver sprawling there rose calmly to his feet, dusted the seat of his pyjamas, wound up the bandana round his head, all in one fluid movement, and without a word leapt lightly back into the driver's seat of his truck, turned the key, started the engine and manoeuvred it into an onward position and, while his audience held its disbelieving breath, set off towards the north.

After a moment they saw that he had switched on his lights; the tail lights could be seen dwindling in the dark. He had also turned on his radio and a song could be heard like the wail of a jackal in the night:

"Father I am leaving your roof,

To my bridegroom's home I go..."

The police swung around, flourishing their canes. "Get on! Chalo!" they bellowed. "Chalo, chalo, get on, all of you" and they did.

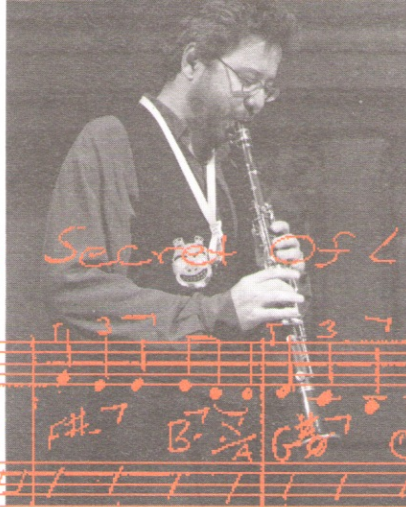
This is two sheets of the story Five Hours To Smila I was working on at the Civitella Ranieri Foundation and expect will be one of those in a collection I am putting together called Diamond Dust and Other Stories which should be ready by this summer.



Atom Egoyan

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 the attention and care of the staff of this unique organization. Also, you may be interested to know that I am collaborating with Wera Saether, a fellow resident, on my new opera project, Elsewhereless.





The Secret of Light

m. Ehrlich

A slow

B-7 E-7 F#-7 B-7 A G#-7 C#-7 F#-7

E-7 B-7 G-7 F#-7 C#-7 F#-7 G-7#11 B-7

B

C7(b9) Bsus7 B7 F13 Bb7 Eb(b9)

Bb7 G11 F#-7 B-7 B-7#13

C

B-7 E-7 F#-7 B-7 A G#-7 C#-7 F#-7

E-7 B-7 G-7 F#-7 C#-7 F#-7 G-7#11 B-7

A few words: I compose with few exceptions for ensembles that I perform in, including my quintet, my Dark Woods Ensemble, and two different collective trios. I have been fortunate over the years in performing with numerous artists whose music had inspired me to become a musician. I first became aware of my own creativity through poetry, and the title of this song, written at Civitella, is taken from a James Wright poem also written while in Italy.

The period at Civitella was opportune as it gave me the solitude to undertake intensive research and the context for productive dialogue.



PARTING EMBRACE, 1997
Polyptych. Type C prints
individual panels 1.5 x 1m

Parting Embrace is about memory, the tricks of memory, the way it generates fantasy to cover over painful truths, allowing the full force of traumatic events to emerge only in fragments. There is no resolution here, there is no *real event* for that matter; there are only the, often contradictory, stories which congeal around the event, competing for truth status. However, such philosophical relativism, denying the very possibility of truth, can have its unpalatable side when we know that something traumatic has happened—when a wrong has been done, when *something* has been taken away from *somebody*.

Truth is not something we can possess, but paradoxically it remains something that can be taken away. *Parting Embrace* is not then about a particular event, but is more properly described as about that loss and its aftermath. It attempts to speak a certain experience of memory, of reality. It deals with the vexed question of the past, not by laying claim to truths, but by investigating the reality of how the past whatever that might be—is experienced. The past—for better or worse—is the substance of our lives, the condition of our relationship to the present. It is best conceived not in terms of prior events, but as an ongoing and ultimately inescapable encounter.

There is no parting embrace...

Jill Bennett



When I think about Civitella Ranieri, I think it was one of the best experiences I've had, between my art work I created and the perfect environment there. The goal of this artist residency is the perfect quality of the combination of architecture, people, landscapes and the smartness and dedication of the staff who made this place possible. Work after six weeks at Civitella is becoming quite difficult, because one is up against the reality of the Art World. Civitella is one of the real dreams artists around the world can make possible.





At Civitella I shot a lot of video footage, developed ideas for new works and made a proposal for an installation in the tower of Umbertide. The idea is to use the existing architectural space and make all the works site-specific interventions; everything should relate to the original function of the tower; to seeing, surveillance and protection. I am interested in the juxtaposition of historical and modern techniques and the relation between both the inside and outside of the protective walls. The installation connects all the floors (conceptually); climbing to the roof. The central idea is to have large transparent photos on all the windows in the tower. Back in NYC I am still working with the ideas and video from Civitella, and I just finished editing a new video work called Welcome to Venice.

I had a very good time in Civitella, and living with the other fellows was an interesting experience. The setting of the castle and the international atmosphere of the group could have inspired an Agatha Christie novel. I often think of the intense and inspiring talks with Rendera, Ida, Egle and Atom. Accra and I had a lot of fun in Venice, and now in NY.

Liselot van der Heijden



UNA VEZ EN LA VIDA

Desde hace seis años, la vida del hombre que duerme en esta casa de Adrogué tiene tres consuelos. Uno en el Renault 4, cada anochecer – durante el regreso a su departamento –, cuando los bocinazos, el rugido de los motores y la ira de los automovilistas aplacan cualquier otro sonido. El hombre, entonces, cierra la ventanilla de su auto y grita. Su segundo consuelo es menos factico: reside en imaginarse el suplicio de la pera. No podría recordar en qué libro lo ha leído, tal vez en *Enrique de Lagardère* o en *El Conde de Montecristo*, y consiste en insertar una pera – por la parte más ancha – en la boca de la víctima. Cada vez que Olivia, su mujer, se pone a hablar – tal vez sobre la negativa de él a asistir a una reunión de padres del jardín de su hija, tal vez sobre su demora en pintar el techo de la cocina o su costumbre de tirarse a escuchar música en lugar de hacer algo útil – él se figura a sí mismo insertándole la pera en la boca, y se apacigua. En ciertas ocasiones, también, piensa en matarla.

Ahora está soñando con ella. Sueña que, tal como se lo anunció, ha llegado con la nena a la casa de Adrogué a las nueve de la mañana – es maniáticamente puntual – y él, aunque en la vigilia había resuelto que esta vez sí se animaría a decirle que van a separarse, está mudo, paralizado por el miedo. Miedo – sabe en el sueño – a que Olivia le haga una escena similar a la de una semana atrás, cuando él, después de la cena (había tenido la precaución de esperar a que la nena estuviese dormida), le dijo: “El vasco se va a Europa y me deja su casa por seis meses”.

El éxito de una separación (había estado pensando desde que el vasco le dio la buena noticia) depende en buena medida de tener resuelto el problema material: la escasez de dinero para encarar dos hogares, la búsqueda de un lugar soportable donde vivir, padecidos ante la mirada de una mujer a quien se detesta, resultan hasta tal punto penosas que tal vez un hombre termine quedandose junto a la mujer odiada con tal de no afrontarlas. Y se había sentido tan afortunado por la facilidad con que a él se le resolvía el asunto – tendría una casa y tendría tiempo (seis meses es mucho tiempo) para resolver definitivamente su separación – que, haste que se encontró diciéndole a Olivia “El vasco se va y me deja la casa por seis meses”, no reparó en que su alegría era algo prematura.

Olivia cruzó los brazos sobre el pecho y se recostó contra el respaldo de la silla, un ojo cerrado, la cabeza echada hacia atrás como quien busca una buena posición para observar mejor un fenómeno. Estuvo unos segundos así, y al fin dijo: “Nos deja la casa, querrás decir”.

from: UNA VEZ EN LA VIDA (Once in a Lifetime), written at Civitella

I was really happy at Civitella Ranieri. I met wonderful people, I discovered unforgettable places, and I wrote three short-stories for my next book, La crueldad de la vida. Muchas gracias a tutti.

For the last six years, the man who sleeps in this house in Adroque, has found three comforts in life. His Renault 4 is one of them, every evening, on his way back to his apartment, when horns, roaring engines, and the wrath of the drivers will drown any other sound. That's when the man rolls up his window and screams. His second comfort is less factual. It consists of imagining the pear method of torture. He can't remember in what book he read it, maybe in *Le Bossu* or in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. It involves stuffing a pear, broad end first, into the victim's mouth. Each time his wife Olivia starts talking, possibly about his refusal to attend a parents' meeting at his daughter's pre-school, or possibly about his delay in painting the kitchen ceiling, or his habit of lying down to listen to music instead of doing something useful, he will imagine himself stuffing the pear into her mouth, and this calms him down. On occasion, he also thinks of killing her.

Right now, he's dreaming about her. He dreams about arriving with the girl at the house in Adroque, at nine o'clock in the morning, on schedule, as befits someone who is obsessively punctual. And although the prior evening he had resolved that this time he would bring himself to tell her about getting separated, he is speechless, frozen in his fright. He fears, in his dream, that Olivia might stage a scene like the one she staged a week earlier, after dinner (as a precaution, he had waited until the girl was sound asleep), when he told her: "The Basque is going to Europe and he's leaving me his house for six months."

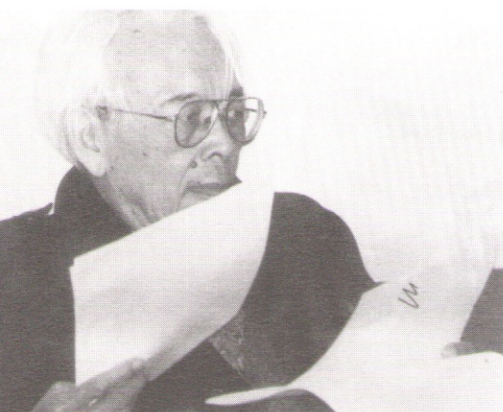
The success of a separation (such were his thoughts since the Basque had given him the good news) depends in large measure on taking care of the money issue. The lack of cash to take on two homes and the search for a place where he could bear to live, endured under the gaze of a woman he hated, could be so painful that a man might perhaps end up staying with the woman he hates, as long as he doesn't have to face them. He had felt so fortunate about the way in which that problem had been resolved (he would have a home and time—six months is a long time—to bring a final resolution to his separation) that he even found himself telling Olivia: "The Basque is going away and he's leaving me the house for six months." He did not stop to consider the fact that his happiness was somewhat premature.

Olivia folded her arms over her chest and leaned back on the chair, one eye closed, her head tilted back as someone who is looking for a good position to stare at some oddity. She held that pose for a few seconds and finally said: "You mean, he is leaving us the house."

Translated from the Spanish
by Eduardo Aparicio

The magnificent view from our studio was an inspiration for both Madelyn and I. The visits to cities with medieval and renaissance architecture are conduits for a more detailed association between architecture and music.

The magnificent view from our studio was an inspiration for both Madelyn and I. The visits to cities with medieval and renaissance architecture are conduits for a more detailed association between architecture and music.

[illegible]

from: MATA MATA, a children's musical

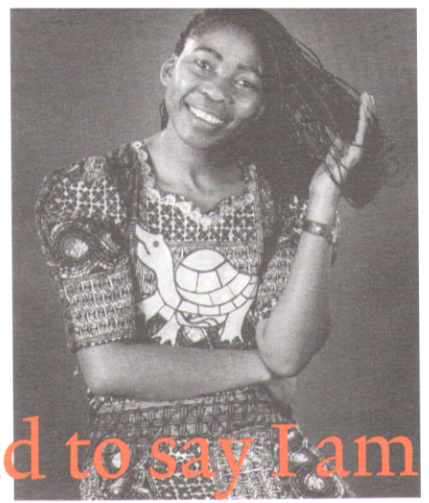
“My name is Mata Mata

Up on the hills of Nomakhandanda, there once lived a very unusual kind of Tortoise. Yes he had a shell, with thirteen segments like all other mountain tortoises, and yes, he could pull his head in to hide whenever there was a threat of danger. But his legs were very long and the scales on them were very rough. His nails were long and had good grip to hold on to whatever he wished to hold on to. His neck was extraordinarily long with strange flower-like bumps in a row at the back and in front. Most of all you should have seen his eyes, round and sharp with curiosity. His nose was very pointy and his mouth could open very wide like that of a hippopotamus. And did Mata Mata love to talk! He was always talking to himself, to birds, to snakes, to chameleons, to anyone at all who was willing to lend him an ear for a minute or two. You see, Mata Mata had every reason to be boastful. He could walk very fast with those long legs of his. And dancing was his favourite pastime. All who knew Mata Mata associated him with his loud mouth and his fast dancing. Though far from good looking, he had a very charismatic personality, and many animals sort of liked him.

Early one Spring morning, Mata Mata woke up and had something to eat, sat around feeling really bored. He tried to make up a new song but it was not going anywhere. He tried to take a little nap but sleep decided to run away from him. Some funny Hadida birds were flying above him making such a noise!

This was too much for him so he stood up and decided to go for a walk once and for all. He had only taken a few steps when his eye was caught by something bright and shimmering in the distance. He looked hard, trying to make out what it was but it was no use, he could not tell. So Mata Mata decided to hurry on down the hillside to go and see what that pretty sight was. He had always been curious and it irritated him to see something and not know what it was.

Spring flowers were blooming everywhere, their fragrances filled the air with enchantment and glee, bees were having so much fun collecting juices and nectars for making honey. Butterflies were in quiet motion, flying all over in loosely choreographed dance patterns like many magic flowers. Animals walked around easily enjoying the sun and some seemed to be showing off their clean and shiny skins. Mata Mata saw and admired all of this, and then continued on his journey down. The closer he got to the lake that had attracted his attention in the first place, the happier he got. It was as if he had found the fountain of all happiness.



I'm proud to say I am

The only fast moving Tortoise

Things got to be a bit slow as far as my writing was concerned—so this opportunity to come here and write my script of Mata Mata did not come too soon. The play has been born here at Civitella, good songs for the show have been written and recorded here—what can I say—a lovely creative spirit is at work here.

When others try to

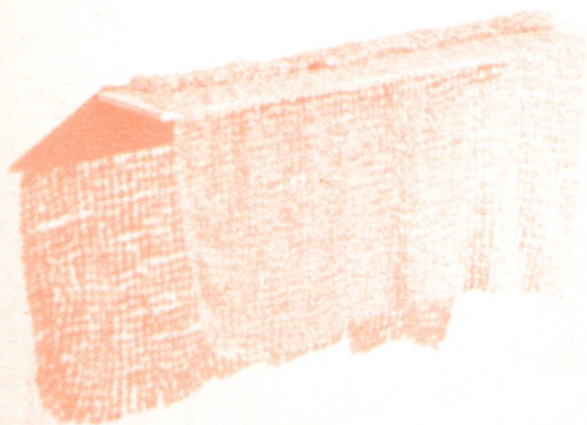
Move as fast as I do

They only waddle and fall about!”

Egle Rakauskaite



I made The Dress my first piece of dried jasmine flowers in 1994. I combined the flowers into a 160 x 85 cm piece with the help of cotton thread and needle and then made a dress after a pattern. At first I wanted to wait and fix the decay of flowers by the way of photography. Now, since nearly four years, I collect, dry and sew one more piece of material for a dress. I am going to repeat it until the first 1994 piece The Dress decays.



TO VIRGINIA, 1994
string of dried jasmine blossoms
MATERIAL FOR A DRESS, 1995–1996
string of dried jasmine blossoms



Kemarin dan esok
adalah hari ini.
Bencana dan keberuntungan
sama saja.
Langit diluar
langit dibadan
bersatu dalam jiwa.

Yesterday and tomorrow
are in [part of] today.
A disaster and a victory
[misfortune and fortune]
it is all the same.
Heaven outside
heaven inside
Everything is one [united] within us.

Translated from the Indonesian by Tineke and Leo Vroman

Every Saturday at noon, as they have done for more than two years, about 100 people converge in a bustling downtown plaza in the capital, and quietly sit on the pavement. There are usually no speeches and no placards. The protesters, mostly women, make their point by silently displaying photographs of their missing loved ones, although their emotion sometimes boils over into a chant, like "Mothers' anger will strangle the murderers." After half an hour they rise and go their separate ways.

The visual texts from my Universal Archive have been found in newspapers in Civitella. In Civitella I also did the digital manipulation of the images of turn-of-the-century Brazilian inmates that make up my most recent installation, Vulgo.

Sfuma intanto la "pista brasiliana" dell'indagine: è stata smentita la donna che diceva di aver scattato delle foto a una festa a casa di V. due giorni prima del delitto. Nelle foto, il presunto killer sarebbe apparso insieme con lo stilista. La donna partecipò a una festa sulla spiaggia davanti alla villa di V., non in casa, e i due uomini che ha fotografato non sono né V. né il killer. Manca così l'elemento, assai cercato dagli investigatori, che provi la conoscenza tra il killer e la sua celebre vittima. La polizia federale ha negato di aver inviato un suo agente in Brasile per interrogare la donna, a conferma di come non avesse preso in nessuna considerazione questa pista.



from: SON OF DUST

It could have been asbestos. Fireproof. Or was it inextinguishable, strands of hair and of down. They could not be seen. Gray, it flamed gray. He had to gather every grain. It made all the difference. Do you hear? All the difference. Little Emil slept back then in a tatted bonnet from his father's mother. The bonnet lay in place upon the down. It lay so tenderly in place and blended in with his baby head. Little Emil had had another bonnet at first. Don't think about that first bonnet, which went down. This second bonnet had an edging that brought to mind the forest. What could a tatted bonnet edging have to do with a forest? The tatting had something to do with a marsh and with globe flowers. That's how it was with everything that lived. It all had something to do with a marsh and with globe flowers. Under the bonnet lay the downy head. That light, perishable down. Everything has its time under heaven. A time to rise, and another to sink. A time for down, and another without. *Sleep now, my little prince, when I blow out the light.*

Translated from the Norwegian by Susan Schwartz Senstad

Civitella Ranieri. It has happened. It will never happen to me again. Sunflowers, solitude, puppies. Powercuts. Food to melt with. Yes, I miss us. It was a strong time and will never leave me. I wrote a novel. I came to new places within. And some people there are with me still, some kind of shared destiny. I do not know. I really do not know.



I am so nostalgic about Civitella, the Paradise of my life. I was so deeply happy that I remember rivers of sounds, lights, and words. I had happy eyes, happy body, happy mind, because I was able to work so hard as a poet. I am constantly living with: how Arshile Egoyan (4 years old, my muse) once said: "Goooordn!" and with the proverb Cecilia once quoted: "Il sole bacia i belli e i brutti per consolarli."

POLJUBI OČI MIRU

KISS THE EYES OF PEACE

Poljubi oči Miru, ki naj se razlije po

Kiss the eyes of Peace, may it stream down

drevesih. Sonce zunaj sije in ne buči več

upon the trees. The sun shines and no longer roars

tako neznosno. Duša upa spet začititi svoja

so intolerably. The soul again hopes to sense its

rebra, svoj sok. Mraz mi je dobro del. Če

ribs, the sap. The cold has done me good. If the wind

piha in hodim in gledam avtomobile, me

blows, and I walk and watch the cars, life

življenje vrne sebi. Najbolj strašno bi

brings me back to itself. It would be terrible

bilo, ker pri odhodu ne bi nikogar spoznal.

not to recognize anyone at the departure.

Predaleč bi bili, da bi se jih dotaknil ali

They'd be too far to touch or

čutil. V črni temi ne bi ohranil spomina na

be felt. In the pitch darkness I would not hold the memory

ljubezen. Skorja ledu se dela čez vrelo lavo.

of love. A crust of ice forms on molten lava.

Počasi se bom morda lahko spet zadrslal. Hodil

In time I might again be able to slide off. Walk

po prašnih cestah. Otresel suknjič, če bo

those roads of dust. Shake the jacket off, if it's

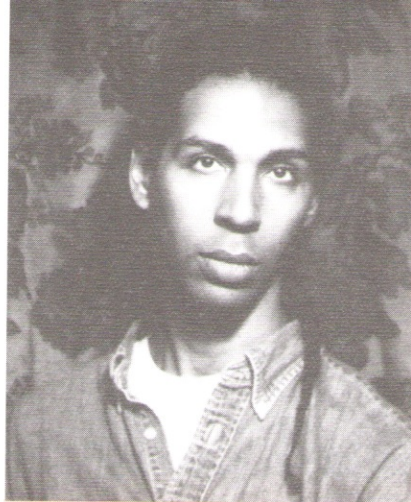
prašno. Preveč medu in miline je bilo, to je

dusty. There has been too much honey and grace, that's

vse. Od prevelikega razkošja se človek razleti.

all. Too many blessings break a man apart.

Accra Shepp



I am a Brooklyn-based artist. This past fall I had a one person exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris. Currently, I am working on making an edition of my handmade book Atlas. In 1999, I will continue the work I began at Civitella on a Fulbright Fellowship to Indonesia.



UNTITLED SERIES,
from taxonomies, 1997

Handwritten musical score for "Luminous Spirals" by Chinary Ung. The score is written on multiple staves with various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. It is heavily annotated with red ink, including large circles, arrows, and handwritten text such as "B's Katal", "allo 8 bars", "Here", "all", "Tent.", "Wed. / AM", "Yes", "Guitar", "bad to", and "To: Gordon & Cecilia, Many thanks for your love". The tempo is marked "♩ = 43 (♩ = 86)" and the time signature is "3/4". The score is dated "June 29th, 1997".

LUMINOUS SPIRALS,
composed in Civitella, June 1997





In my time at Civitella Ranieri I worked on an as yet untitled novel set in my adopted city. The extract is from Part I, The Cafe Europa. The narrator is looking back in his pedantic way to the early days of his retirement in the mid-1980s.

from: THE DISCOVERY

The public spaces in my neighbourhood were uninviting. The parks provided no seating arrangements. Where once there had been benches for whites only, now there were no benches at all—to discourage loitering. The loiterers were quite happy to lie on the grass, but needless to say I was not. The park in Beatrice Street had a bench; but then it also had a reniform paddling pool that attracted the wrong sort of toddler. The public library was a morgue for dead romance. To brighten the place up, and also to show that the library had the needs of the entire community at heart, the walls were covered with children's drawings, hideous without exception; but as they had none of the books I was interested in, I was not taken in by the ruse. There were no pavement cafes, a la française. The weather was suited (air pollution aside), but not the social climate: the city fathers quite rightly did not want people baring their fangs in broad daylight, cluttering the thoroughfares, giving the have-nots mistaken ideas about wealth and leisure.

After a week of fruitless wandering around the streets of Hillbrow, the happy day arrived when an escalator carried me up into the Cafe Europa, on the first floor of Meissner's Building in Pretoria Street.

The European ambience appealed at once. There was a hush in the din of traffic, a lull in the beat of the sunlight, with a piano tinkling through it like an icy brook. The grand piano stood in the corner opposite. The player was an immensely tall woman in a red gown—she was tall even sitting down—with a swirl of hair like some complicated confection on an enamelled skewer. She was playing 'I Love Paris', which suited the establishment, if not the city and the season, down to a semiquaver. Suitably French doors gave on to a balcony, a sort of elevated pavement cafe, with wrought-iron tables and chairs of bottle-green, shaded by striped umbrellas in the Cinzano livery, delicious monsters and rubber-plants in pots. It was tempting to sit out of doors. On the other hand it was so cool and quiet inside, with comfortable armchairs and sconces for reading by. At half a dozen tables men of my generation, more or less, if not quite my standing, were playing backgammon or chess on inlaid boards, or reading newspapers with their folds pinched in wooden binders. Good idea: gave the news a bit of backbone. Another clutch of papers hung from hooks on a pillar, chafing their wings in the moted air.

I crossed the carpet, an autumnal layer as soft and yielding underfoot as pine-needles, past a glass counter where dainties were displayed in rows, like miniatures of the pianist's hairdo, and chose a little square table against the wall and near the French doors, where I could have the best of both worlds: from inside the ceiling fans circulated a muted hubbub of conversation in foreign tongues, piano music, the chatter of dominoes, cigar smoke, ground coffee; while a breeze from outside carried in the hum of traffic and the scent of the Levant, thanks to the lamb on the rotisserie at the Mi-Vami Hebrew restaurant down below. The doors were set into a wall of plate-glass, segmented by heavy brocade curtains drawn into Corinthian columns, and providing a panoramic view of the buildings opposite. Between two of them, against a postcard of bright blue sky, the top of the Hillbrow Tower stuck up like an attachment for a vacuum cleaner. I had never been particularly fond of it. But then I had never seen it from this perspective—gazing skywards is next to impossible with my bad neck—and I thought it made a touching contrast with the elegant cast-iron Tours d'Eiffel in the balcony railing.

I sat down and opened my paper.

FELLOWS IN LITERATURE

Anita Desai

B. 1937, Mussoorie, India. Lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Novelist, Short Story Writer.

Appointments: Professor, Writing and Humanistic Studies, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, presently.

Awards: Neil Gunn International Writers Fellowship, Scotland, 1994; Literary Lion, New York Public Library, 1993; Guardian Prize for Children's Fiction, 1993; Hadassah Magazine Award, 1989; Padma Shri Award, 1989; Federation of Indian Publishers Award, 1978; Sahitya Akademi Award for English, 1978; Winifred Holtby Award 1978.

Publications: *Journal To Ithaca*, 1995; *In Custody*, 1984; *Clear Light of Day*, 1980; *Voices in the City*; *Fire on the Mountain*; Baumgartner's Bombay; *Where Shall We Go This Summer?*; *Bye Bye Blackbird*; *The Peacock Garden*; *Cat on a Houseboat*; *The Village by the Sea*; *Games at Twilight*.

Liliana Heker

B. 1943, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Lives in Buenos Aires. Fiction Writer, Journalist.

Appointments: Editor-in-Chief, *El Ornitorrinco* (The Platypus), 1977-86; *El Escarabajo de Oro* (The Gold Bug), 1961-74.

Publications: *Collected short stories: The Stolen Party*, 1994; *Las peras del mal*, 1982; *Acuario*, 1972; *Los que vieron la zara* (Those Who Beheld the Burning Bush), 1966. Novel: *Un resplandor que se apago en el mundo*, 1977. Anthologized short stories: *Other Fires*, 1986; *Short Fiction by Latin American Women*; *Black Water*, *More Tales of the Fantastic*; *The Magic and the Real*; *Ourselves Among Others-Cross Cultural Readings for Writers*; *Stories from Women of Latin America*.

Gcina Mhlophe

B. 1958, Durban, South Africa. Lives in Johannesburg. Storyteller, Fiction Writer, Performer.

Appointments: Founder, Zanendaba Storytellers; Reader/Performer, BBC Radio Africa; Reporter, *Learn and Teach*; Performer in the films, *Place of Weeping and Palesa*, *Songolo*; Performer on *Ladysmith Mambazo* album of songs and stories; Organizer, international storytelling festivals.

Awards: Edinburg's First Fringe Award and the Chicago Joe's Jefferson Award, *Have You Seen Zandile?*; OBIE, *Born In RSA*

Publications: *Plays- MATA-MATA*, 1998; *Somdaka*, 1989; *Have You Seen Zandile?*, 1986. Poetry- *Somehow Tenderness Survives*, 1987; *Reconstruction*, 1980. Short Stories- *Love Child*; *Sometimes When It Rains*, 1987; *Nokulunga's Wedding*, 1983. Children's Literature- *Queen of the Tortoises*, 1990; *Hi Zoleka*, *The Snake with Seven Heads*.

W. S. Rendra

B. 1935, Solo, Central Java. Lives in West Java, Indonesia. Poet, Playwright, Director, Critic.

Appointments: Founder, Bengkel Theater, Indonesia.

Awards: Award Honor, Jakarta Academy, 1975; Literature Prize National Cultural Consultative Council,

1957; Short Story Prize, *Journal Kisah*, 1956; Literature Prize, Departement of Education & Culture Yogya, 1954.

Publications: *The Struggle of the Naga Tribe*, 1979; *Rendra Ballads and Blues: Poems Translated from Indonesian*; *Ia Sudah Bertualang dan Tjerita- Tjerita Pendek* (He Has Had His Adventures and Other Stories), 1963; *Blues untuk Bonnie* (Blues for Bonnie); *Sajak-Sajak Sepatu Tua* (Poems of Old Shoes); *Empat Kumpulan Sajak* (Four Groups of Poems), 1961; *Ballada Orang Orang Tertjinta* (A Ballad of Lovers), 1957; *Orang Orang Ditikungan Djalan* (People at the Curve of the Road), 1954.

Wera Sæther

B. 1945, Goteborg, Sweden. Lives in Oslo, Norway.

Fiction, Non-fiction, Photographer.

Appointments: Norwegian Red Cross, Writer/ Photographer in Romania; Organizer, Norwegian Author's Association, Israeli/Palestinian authors, 1993; Founder "community for autistic/psychotic children" and Founder "crisis house" for adults, 1973-86.

Publications: *The Eyes of Rwanda*, 1994; *In Naomi's House*, 1993; *White Sun*, 1983; *Path*, 1980; *Between Silence and the Word*, 1974; *Where Suffering Becomes Community*, 1974; *Women, Body and Anguish*, 1973.

Tomaz Salamun

B. 1941, Zagreb, Croatia. Lives in Ljubljana, Slovenia, and New York City. Poet

Appointments: Visiting Writer- Vermont College, University of Iowa, Sarah Lawrence College, Harvard University, Georgia State University, Emory College, University of Mississippi.

Awards: *Literaturhaus*, Berlin, 1996; *Pushcart Prize*, 1994; *Fulbright*, 1986-87; *Yaddo Residency*, 1989, 1986, 1979, 1974, 1973; *MacDowell Residency*, 1986.

Publications: *Four Questions of Melancholy*, 1996; *Ambra*, 1995; *Glagoli sonca*, 1993; *The Shepherd-The Hunter*, 1992; *Boy and Stag*, 1990; *Selected Poems of Tomaz Salamun*, 1988; *Living Wound*, 1988; *Mera casa*, 1987; *Ljubljana Spring*, 1986; *I Am Reality*, 1985; *Sonnet on Milk*, 1984; *Voice*, 1983; *Masks*, 1980; *Snow*, 1974; *Turbines*, 1973. Anthologies: *Child of Europe*, 1991; *East European Poetry*, 1983; *Voices within the Ark*, 1980; *New Writing in Yugoslavia*, 1971.

Ivan Vladislavic

B. 1957, Pretoria, Republic South Africa. Lives in Johannesburg. Fiction Writer.

Appointments: Freelance Editor Ravan Press SA, Congress South African Writers (COSAW), 1990-97; Editorial Board, Ravan Press, 1988-90; Assistant Editor, *Staffrider Magazine*, 1988-90; Co-editor, anthology, *Ten Years of Staffrider*, Raven Press.

Awards: Thomas Pringle Prize, 1994; CNA Literary Award, 1994; Olive Schreiner Prize, 1991.

Publications: *The Folly*, 1993, novel; *Missing Persons*, 1990, collection of short stories; *Eucalyptus*, 1989, play.

FELLOWS IN MUSIC

Marty Ehrlich

B. 1955, St. Paul, Minnesota. Lives in New York City.

Composer, Multi-instrumentalist, Ensemble Leader, and Recording Producer

Awards: New York Foundation for the Arts, National Endowment for the Arts, Composer/Reader's Digest Commissioning Program; Meet the Composer Rockefeller Foundation Jazz Commissioning Program; Down Beat Magazine's International Critic Poll Award.

Recordings: performed by the quartet *Can You Hear A Motion*, 1994; *Emergency Peace*, 1991; *The Traveler's Tale*, 1990; *Pliant Complaint*, 1988. Performed by Dark Woods Ensemble- *Emergency Peace*, 1991. Large Ensemble works - New York Composer's Orchestra. Duo Music (with bassist Anthony Cox)- *Falling Man*, 1991.

José Maceda

B. 1917, Manila, The Philippines. Lives in Quezon City, The Philippines. Pianist, Composer and Ethnomusicologist on Southeast Asian music.

Awards: Gawad sa Sining, Cultural Centre of the Philippines, 1989; Outstanding Research Award and Composer's Award from the University of the Philippines, 1985; Republic Cultural Award, the Ordre des Palmes Academiques award, 1978.

Compositions: *Dissemination*, 1990; *Strata*, 1988; *Suling-Suling*, 1985; *Aroding*, 1983; *Kubing*, 1996; *Agungan*, 1965; *Ugma-Ugma*, 1963

Chinary Ung

B. 1942, Prey Lovea, Cambodia. Lives in San Diego, CA and Phoenix, AZ. Composer, Conductor, *Roneat-ek* (Cambodian xylophone) Player and Educator.

Awards: Guggenheim Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, Ford and Rockefeller Fellowships; University of Louisville Grawemeyer Award; Kennedy Center Friedman Award, 1989.

Compositions: *Triple Concerto*, 1993; *Spiral I*, 1992; *Inner Voices*, 1986; *Spiral VI*; *Grand Spiral*; *Desert Flowers Bloom*; *Antiphonal Spirals*.

Chen Yi

B. 1953, Guangzhou, China. Lives in Kansas City, MO and Brooklyn, NY. Composer, Violinist, Ethnomusicologist in Chinese music.

Appointments: Professor in composition, Conservatory of Music, University of Missouri at Kansas City, presently.

Awards: Goddard Lieberon Fellowship from the American Academy of Arts and Letters; Guggenheim Fellowship; Lili Boulanger Award; National Endowment Composer Fellowship; first prize, Chinese National Composition Competition; Ford Foundation; Walter & Haas Fund.

Compositions: *Ge Xu*, 1994; *The Linear*, 1994; *Shuo*, 1994; *Symphony no. 2*, 1993; *Song In The Winter*, 1993; *Piano Concerto*, 1992; *Sparkle*, 1992; *Near Distance*, 1988; *Duo Ye no. 2*, 1987; *Woodwind Quintet*, 1987; *Sprout*, 1986; *Symphony, no. 1*, 1986; *Two Sets of Wind and Percussion Instruments*, 1986.

FELLOWS IN THE VISUAL ARTS

Dennis Del Favero

B. 1953, Sydney, Australia. Lives in Ashfield, Australia. Photographer, Multi-media Artist.

Awards: Australia Council Hybrid Project Grant, 1996; University of Western Sydney, Nepean Research Seed Grant, 1996; University of Western Sydney, Nepean Research Grant Scheme, 1995; Australia Council Residency Grant, Besozzo, 1994; Gordon Darling Foundation Grant, 1993; CityRail and ABC Radio Sponsorship, 1992; Wholohan Art Prize, 1991; Frederick May Foundation Cultural Grant, 1990, 1984; Art Gallery of University New South Wales Project Grant, 1990; Canada Council Overseas Visiting Artist's Grant, 1989; Prix D'Italia Special Commendation Award, 1988.

Solo Exhibitions: Mori Gallery, Sydney & Viafarini, Milan, 1998; Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe, 1998; Australian Centre for Photography, Sydney, 1997; Kunstverein auf dem Prenzlauer Berg e.V., Berlin, 1997; Galerie Andreas Weiss, Berlin, 1996; Münchner Stadtmuseum, Munich, 1996; Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne, 1995-96; Institute of Modern Art, Melbourne, 1995-96; Experimental Art Foundation, Brisbane, 1995-96.

Collections: National Gallery of Australia; National Gallery of Victoria; Queensland Art Gallery; Art Gallery of University New South Wales (NSW); State Library of NSW; University of Western Sydney, Nepean; Wollongong City Gallery; Art Gallery of South Australia.

Atom Egoyan

B. 1960, Cairo, Egypt. Lives in Toronto, Canada. Filmmaker, Screenwriter, Director.

Appointments: Director, Salome, Canadian Opera Company, 1996

Awards: The Sweet Hereafter- Grand Prix Ecumenical Award for Humanist Filmmaking, International Critics Award, Cannes International Film Festival; two Academy Award nominations, 1997/98. Exotica- Best Foreign Film, French Critics Association and Belgium Critics Association, 1994; International Critics Prize, Cannes Film Festival, 1994; Toronto CITY Award for Best Canadian Film, 1994. Calendar-Prix CICA, International Confederation Art Cinemas, 1993; Jury Prize, Taormina Arte Cinema, 1993. Gross Misconduct- Grand Prix de la compétition, Geneva, 1995; Golden Gate Award, San Francisco, 1993. The Adjuster- Special Prize of the Jury, Moscow Film Festival, 1991; Quinzaine des Réalistes Cannes Film Festival, 1991; Toronto CITY Award for Best Canadian Film, 1991; Golden Spike Award, Valladolid Film Festival, Spain, 1991; Best Canadian Film, Sudbury Filmfest, England, 1991. Speaking Parts- Quinzaine des Réalistes Cannes Film Festival, 1989; Vancouver International Film Festival Award for Best Screenplay, 1989. Family Viewing- International Critics Award, Locarno, 1988; Best Feature Film Award, Uppsala Sweden, 1988

Current Project: ELSEWHERELESS, an opera project with artist, Wera Saether.

Carlos Garaicoa

B. 1967 Havana, Cuba. Lives in Havana. Architectural and Freehand Draftsman, Photographer.

Awards: Residencies- Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York, 1998; Art in General, New York, 1996; City of Biel-Bienne, Pro Helvetia and the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, 1995; Paul Pozzoza Museum, Germany, 1993.

Solo Exhibitions: VI Havana Biennale, Havana, 1997; Art in General, New York, 1996; Fototeca de Cuba, Havana, 1996; Carla Stellweg Gallery, New York, 1996; Inside-Havana, Space Aglutinator of Art, Havana, 1995; Centre PasquART, Biel-Bienne, Switzerland, 1995; Wilfredo Lam Center, Havana, 1994; Gallery Juan Francisco Elso, Havana, 1992; Investigations Center of the Ministry of Education, Havana, 1989.

Collections: National Museum of Fine Arts, Havana; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; Southeast Museum of Photography, Florida; Metropolitan Savings Bank, Ohio; Centre PasquART, Biel-Bienne, Switzerland; Leight University Gallery, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Egle Rakauskaitė

B. 1967, Vilnius, Lithuania. Lives in Vilnius. Photographer, Sculptor.

Awards: Residency, Akademie Schloss Solitude, Stuttgart, Germany, 1998; Lithuania State Grant for Young Artists, 1997; Stiftung Künstlerhaus Boswil, Switzerland, 1996

Selected Exhibitions: Contemporary Art Center, Vilnius, 1998; 5th International Istanbul Biennial, Turkey, 1997; Trudelhaus Gallery, Baden, Switzerland, 1997; Trieste Stazione Marittima, Italy, 1997; Contemporary Art Center, Vilnius, 1997; Academy Arts, Gdansk, Poland, 1996; Zacheta Gallery, Warsaw 1996; Sodertälje Art Hall, Sodertälje, Sweden, 1996; Contemporary Art Center, Vilnius, 1995; Gallery Arka, Vilnius, 1995; Balzekas Museum, Chicago, Illinois, 1995; Vilnius/Oslo, UKS, Oslo, 1994; Gallery Largas, Vilnius, 1992; Gallery 91, Vilnius, 1991.

Rosângela Rennó

B. 1962, Belo Horizonte, Brazil. Lives in Rio de Janeiro. Photographer, Installation Artist

Exhibitions: Australian Centre for Photography, Sydney, 1999; Lombard Freid Fine Arts, New York, 1998; Galeris Luis Adelantado, Valencia, Spain, 1997; II Johannesburg Biennial, South Africa, 1997; InSite, San Diego/Tijuana, 1997; II Kwangju Biennale, Japan, 1997; Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 1996; De Appel Foundation, Amsterdam, 1995; Galeria Camargo Vilaca, Sao Paulo, Brazil, 1995; Centro Cultural Sao Paulo, Brazil; Galeris de Arte do IBEU-Copacabana; Instituto Brasileiro de Arte e Cultura, Rio de Janeiro; Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain, 1994; 22nd Bienal de Sao Paulo, 1994; Aperto section, XLV Biennale di Venezia, 1993.

Collections: Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid; Museu de Arte Moderna de Sao Paulo, Brazil; Museu de Arte Moderna de Rio De Janeiro; Museo Alejandro Otero, Caracas.

Accra Shepp

B. 1962, New York, New York. Lives in Brooklyn, New York. Photographer.

Awards: Greenwall Foundation/ New York Foundation for the Arts, Artists' New Works, 1995; Washington State Arts Commission, Artists' Resource Bank, 1994; New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship, 1992; Residency, Light Work, Syracuse, New York; Institute of Fine Arts Fellowship, 1985, 1984; Odyssey Travel/ Shelby and Leon Levy Fellowship, 1995.

Solo Exhibitions: Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, New York, 1997; Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, 1996; Jamaica Arts Center, New York, 1995; The Light Factory, Charlotte, NC, 1994; University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, 1993; The Romi Crawford Gallery, New York, 1993; New York University, New York, 1989.

Collections: Museum of Modern Art, New York City; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; Art Museum, Princeton University, New Jersey; Washington State Art in Public Places.

Liselot van der Heijden

B. 1964, Haarlem, Netherlands. Lives in New York City. Media, Installation Artist.

Awards: Exhibition Grant and Residency, Experimental Television, Oswego, New York, 1995-96; Elliot Lash Memorial Prize for Excellence in Sculpture, 1992; Rhoda Lubalin Senior Fellowship, 1991.

Selected Exhibitions: Videochroniques, Nice, France, 1998; Artists Space, New York, 1998; Smart Project Space, Amsterdam, 1998; New York Lincoln Center Video Festival, 1997; Kunstmuseum, Milwaukee,

Wisconsin, 1999; Centre de Cultura Contemporània de Barcelona, 1997; Momenta Art Gallery, Brooklyn, New York, 1996; Ronald Feldman Gallery, New York City, 1996; Independent Curators Incorporated exhibition, 1993-97; World Financial Center, New York City; Institute of Contemporary Art, Moscow; International Gallery, Smithsonian Institute, Washington DC; Dunlop Art Gallery, Regina, Saskatchewan; Muckenthaler Art Center, Fullerton, California; Bass Museum Art, Florida.

1997 COMPANIONS

Fiona Bathgate, art librarian

Kiran Desai, writer

Jean Guimaraes, graphic artist

Erica Hunt, poet

Felipe Ernesto Imas, businessman

Valery Jutson, storyteller

Arsinee Khanjian, actress

Metka Krasovec, painter

Zhou Long, composer

Madelyn Maceda, pianist

Gintaras Makarevicius, artist

Mahé Maletá, musician

Minky Schlesinger, film maker

Susan Ung, musician

Zuraida Ken, performer and dancer

The 1997 season at Civitella Ranieri Center opened with the first Dialogues in Umbria meeting. These conferences are occasional opportunities to consider, with the practitioners themselves, some of the myriad processes that affect the passage of information and ideas between artists and their audiences.

To inaugurate the Dialogues in Umbria conference series we invited prominent poets and literary figures from both Mainland China and Taiwan to meet their European translators. In perhaps no other literary tradition is poetry as revered as it is in China. For thousands of years poetry for the Chinese has been one of the most important loci where human consciousness joins with natural patterns. Chinese poems, then, are both natural and cultural, both individual and social. Poems which can appear as nothing more than delicate observations of nature may carry an enormous weight of political, religious and moral significance.

In the 20th century a modern style of poetry – greatly influenced by western literary traditions – has challenged the hold of the classical Chinese prosodic tradition, without abandoning the sense of poetry's cosmic meaning.

The weeklong gathering in Umbria produced a wide-ranging discussion of issues such as these, considering, for example, the relation between the classic and the modern, how communist and western traditions have influenced Mandarin poetry, what happens when these poems are rendered in the languages of Europe, and relationships between the emerging and diverging poetic traditions of Taiwan and The People's Republic.

This conference developed out of discussions with Claudia Pozzana, Alessandro Russo and 1996 Civitella Ranieri Foundation literature Fellow, Yang Lian. Yang Lian and the Director of the Civitella Ranieri Center introduced the idea to Yale Professor Cheng Ch'ou Y'u and together they developed a proposal for the conference. This proposal was warmly received by the Council for Cultural Affairs in the Republic of China, Taiwan. The Center is honored to acknowledge their participation. Without their considerable support this event could not have been realized.

The participants included:

- Myriam Bongers *Translator from Mandarin to French. Belgium*
 John Cayley *Translator and Director of Wellsweep, a publishing house specializing in contemporary Chinese and English verse. United Kingdom*
 Dominic Cheung *Poet & Chairman of Chinese Department, University of Southern California, U.S.A.*
 Cheng Ch'ou Y'u *Poet & Director of the Contemporary Chinese Poetry Society, Yale University, U.S.A.*
 Annie Curien *Poet & Researcher of Chinese literature at the National Science Research Center in Paris, France*
 Gao Xinglian *Poet, playwright and painter from The People's Republic of China (Beijing), currently residing in Paris*
 Hsu Hui-chih *Poet & Editor of Ziyou Daily Literary Supplement, Taipei, Republic of China (Taiwan)*
 Perng Ching-hsi *Representative of PEN, Republic of China, Chair of English Department, National Taiwan University*
 Claudia Pozzana *Translator and Professor at the Department of Oriental Languages and Studies at the University of Bologna, Italy*
 Alessandro Russo *Translator and Professor at the Department of the Science of Education at the University of Bologna, Italy*
 Yang Lian *Poet from The People's Republic of China (Beijing), currently residing in London*
 Yang T'ung-hui *Representative of the Council of Cultural Affairs, Republic of China (Taiwan)*
 Yeh Chen-Fu *Poet from Taipei, Republic of China (Taiwan)*

The papers presented at the conference addressed the complexities of translation from Mandarin to European languages and the place held by Chinese poetry in the international literary scene today. Some of the papers were given in Chinese and others were delivered in English. The titles of papers given in English included:

- Contemporary Chinese Poetry: literary, intellectual and artistic translation.
- The Triangle of Translation: Notes for further research.
- On the Council for Cultural Affairs' Translation Program: A personal view.
- The Unstable Current: On the development of modern poetry in Taiwan.
- Weaving Nets and Coveting Fishes: reviewing the strategies for the translation of modern Taiwanese poetry.

VISION STATEMENT

In keeping with the spirit of its founder and the tradition of friendship and hospitality which has been 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 from around the world to pursue their own work in their own way and to exchange ideas in the peaceful but inspiring setting of the castle.

MISSION STATEMENT

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

1. to bring together visual artists, writers, musicians and thinkers from around the world who have demonstrated exceptional talent and an enduring commitment and who would not normally be in contact with each other ("the Fellows"). The guiding principle of the nomination and selection process is to attract gifted individuals, young or old, who represent the full range of artistic practices, not excluding more traditional forms of expression.
2. to provide for the Fellows simple but agreeable board and lodging, as well as access to a private studio and essential materials for a period usually ranging from one to two months, and thereby to encourage the production of new work.
3. with the help of our Fellows, gradually to build a network of international contacts and thereby to encourage the wider dissemination of ideas and influences fostered by the shared experience of residency at Civitella Ranieri.
4. to maintain a nomination and selection process that promotes all these goals.

PROGRAM

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

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

In 1995 the Civitella Ranieri Foundation awarded its first Fellowships. Over the past three years 24 visual artists, 17 writers and 4 musicians from twenty-two countries have participated. Fellows were in residence for a period from four to eight weeks, concentrating their efforts on individual projects in the visual arts, literature and music. Dinners provided an opportunity for open and free-ranging discussions in a relaxed atmosphere.

SELECTION

JURORS WHO SERVED BETWEEN 1995 AND 1997

Visual Arts

Alan Feltus
Benje LaRico
Antonio Muntadas
Fumio Nanjo
Martin Puryear

Literature

Martin Mooij
Barbara Richter
Zdenek Urbanek
Luisa Valenzuela

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

The Foundation selects its Fellows through a two-tiered selection process. A large group of internationally and artistically diverse critics, academics and artists recommend potential candidates for a Fellowship. Candidates are then invited to submit an application complete with a sample of their work for review by a Jury specializing in a single discipline. The Jury is made up of no less than four internationally respected artists or professionals familiar with the artistic discipline of the candidates they are reviewing.

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



PAST CIVITELLA

RANIERI FELLOWS:

1995

Visual Arts

András Boröcz

Amy Hauft

Bohdan Holomicèk

Catalina Parra

Regina Silveira

Jeanne Silverthorne

Literature

Andrei Bitov

Duo Duo

Martin Simečka

1996

Visual Arts

Anne Bray

Mark Dion

Anna Esposito

Carmela Gross

William Kentridge

Ilona Lovas

Claudio Mubarac

Dan Perjovschi

Cesare Pietroiusti

Mali Wu

Hiroshi Yoshimizu

Literature

Claribel Alegria

Marie-Claire Blais

Kamau Brathwaite

Bei Dao

Susan Griffin

Yang Lian

Elvira Orphee

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Special Thanks to

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Laura Dalla Ragione

David Fulton

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Tom Ligamari

Don Myers

Deli Sacilotto

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Michael Zöllner

Production coordinator

Tina Summerlin

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Tobias Feltus

Cecilia Galiena

Jim Hair

Gordon Knox

Lesley Lawson

Alejandra López

Tom Ligamari

and the Fellows

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