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2000 was the year we explored our borders. We tested the capacity of our facilities by hosting new initiatives designed to support the creative process. Just prior to the start of our residency season, we hosted a three-week exchange program with the Atlantic Center for the Arts. This initiative brought twenty artists to Civitella which required innovative housing solutions and filling the dining room to the brim with guests and conversation. The darkroom, printmaking shop and computer room did not see one hour of downtime and the studios overflowed into storage areas, the machine shop and onto the lawn. One of the apartments was turned into a 24-hour multimedia center/lounge and the spacious common room in the barn became a theater for experimental film and sculpture work. The staff worked energetically to make sure that all the guests' needs were met and when we finally started our regular residencies, a few days after the exchange program ended, looked around for more activity and missed the hectic pace. Bursting at the seams in early 2000 served as fine preparation for the permanent expansion of the program we will see in 2001.

In 2000 we also expanded our borders geographically by contributing to selected cultural events engaged in the discourse of art and ideas. In Rome we presented the work of Mark Dion and William Kentridge at the conclusion of the Atlantic Center exchange; in Duino, near Triest, we read a paper on poets, artists and globalization; in Wales we presented a paper on the movement of ideas and images in a world of encroaching markets and at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire we contributed to the discussion on the jury and selection processes for residency programs.

2000 was our sixth season and we celebrate it in this catalogue by welcoming the first essay contribution by one of our former Fellows, George E. Lewis.

To everyone involved, thanks for another successful year:

Cecilia Galiena, Program Director
Gordon Knox, Executive Director



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With the emergence of the new century (at least as this is seen from a Western standpoint) we are tempted, even invited, to haul out that old tune, "Futurology"--not the venerable bebop standard, but another tune, that once again speaks of the "inevitability" of a set of precepts that "everyone" must recognize and adopt, or else face the certainty of being left on the ash-heap of history.

Far be it from me to suggest that we should not aspire to better understand ourselves, through a critical examination of our projections. At the triple crossroads of histories, memories, and identities, however, lies Esu, the Trickster, mocking the modernist conceit. However tempting the desire to relive Futurism with our own exciting manifesto, in the postcolonial moment, our rapidly globalizing destiny is anything but manifest. Perhaps we as artists might not want to find ourselves on the other side of the looking glass, reclining far too comfortably on a divan overstuffed with the chopped-up remnants of our hubris, with the Trickster's loud guffaws echoing in our ears.

For instance, those who celebrate the end of grand narratives perhaps do not know that 97% of all print, sonic and visual media are produced by just four or five global companies. One could bemoan the apparent lack of interest in contemporary artmaking in this grandest of storylines, but recent history suggests that it is from the back of the bus that many of the most unsettling, exciting and trenchant new visions have emerged. Indeed, given this seemingly overdetermined version of the future, to seek out independent voices in the way that the Civitella Ranieri Foundation has been doing seems at first glance quixotic, if not heretical.

For present-day artmakers, practice, criticism, theorizing, and historical study have become interconnected, mutually necessary activities that elude borders of genre and method. Contemporary artmaking demands the exploration and nurturing of hybrid modes of inquiry, in dialogue with emerging modes of intellectual, historical, and methodological discourse active in the arts, humanities and sciences. The exploration of new forms of aesthetics and cultural production resulting from interculturalization; the impact of transnational artistic exchanges and influences; the emergence of new technologies which are transforming the nature and practice of art; and the impact of new social and political initiatives upon the structure of emergent forms of artmaking--all of this is part of the new reality of art in our time.



Thus, in this moment of globalization, with its attendant opportunities and dangers, we surely cannot identify our own narrow community, whoever and wherever we may reside, as having the only possible answer. If we look to "de margin" as well as "de centre" as the source of new possibility, Civitella Ranieri consistently seeks the interstices where "demarginalizing" and "decentering" merge, all without articulating an explicit narrative of "experimentalism"--indeed, by declaring as part of its mission the inclusion of more traditional expressive forms.

The key to Civitella's success, as I see it, lies in its recognition of the importance of the somewhat elusive concept of "atmosphere." In speaking of the origins of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, its founder, Muhal Richard Abrams, identified the critical issue and its potential solution: "First we make for ourselves an atmosphere, in which we can survive, in spite of this environment--simply through that which we have in common."

We see that from the coming together of communities, acting simultaneously (and certainly not always in concert), a future must emerge. The atmosphere of Civitella encourages the understanding that our human identities depend upon an awareness that there are other minds out there besides our own. In fact, as paradoxical as it might seem, difference is perhaps that which is most similar about us. Making the transition from the acknowledgement of difference to the celebration of empathy ultimately becomes a key to experiencing the full richness of our world.

In the various artists' statements on the ensuing pages, we already see the first fruits of the coming together of these communities, where simply sitting around a Civitella table-- sharing the fruits of the day's labor, expressing the joys and frustrations of the commitment to creativity--can provide a powerful catalyst for change that reaches far beyond the castle's walls. Here, in recognizing personal narrativity, we also reach out to each other; in encouraging self-realization for each one of us, we nurture self-determination for all of us.

Thus, I am more likely to trust the particularly introspective, non-spectacular, intimate nature of the Civitella Ranieri experience, where artists feel free to confront, both privately and within the community, their hopes, fears and dreams. At Civitella, it is not so much a question of how the future might be created, but of how and where the present might be found. This quest is ultimately utilitarian rather than heroic, demonstrating that the "enduring commitment" asked of Civitella Fellows is perhaps the most exceptional of talents, yet no less exceptional and urgently needed than the enduring commitment that our community must make--for our own survival--to the ideals of the Foundation itself.

George E. Lewis
San Diego, Calif. April 4, 2001



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





The Civitella Ranieri Foundation, a non-profit organization 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, film makers and thinkers from around the world who have demonstrated exceptional talent and an enduring commitment to their work 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 the Fellows, gradually 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..

the program

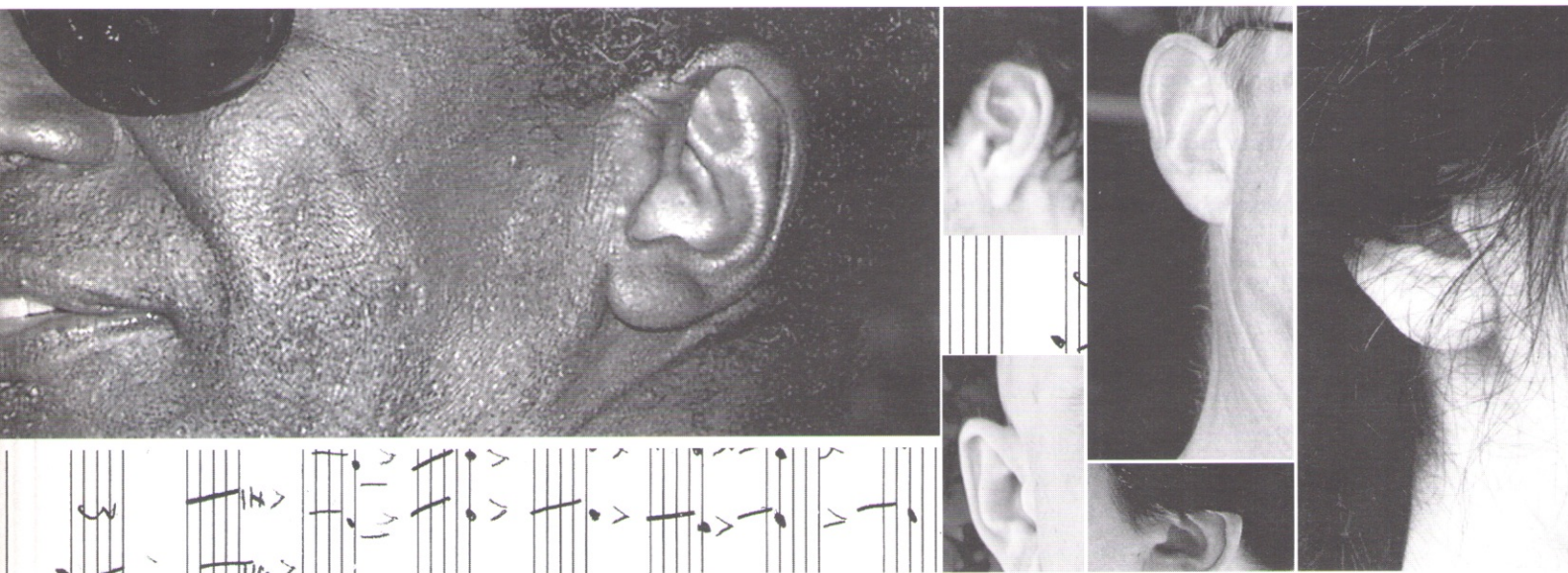
The Center operates an artist-in-residence program that permits artists to concentrate on their work in their studios while also encouraging an exchange of ideas over meals and informal gatherings. The inspiration for this endeavor grew directly out of the traditions which emerged over the past three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

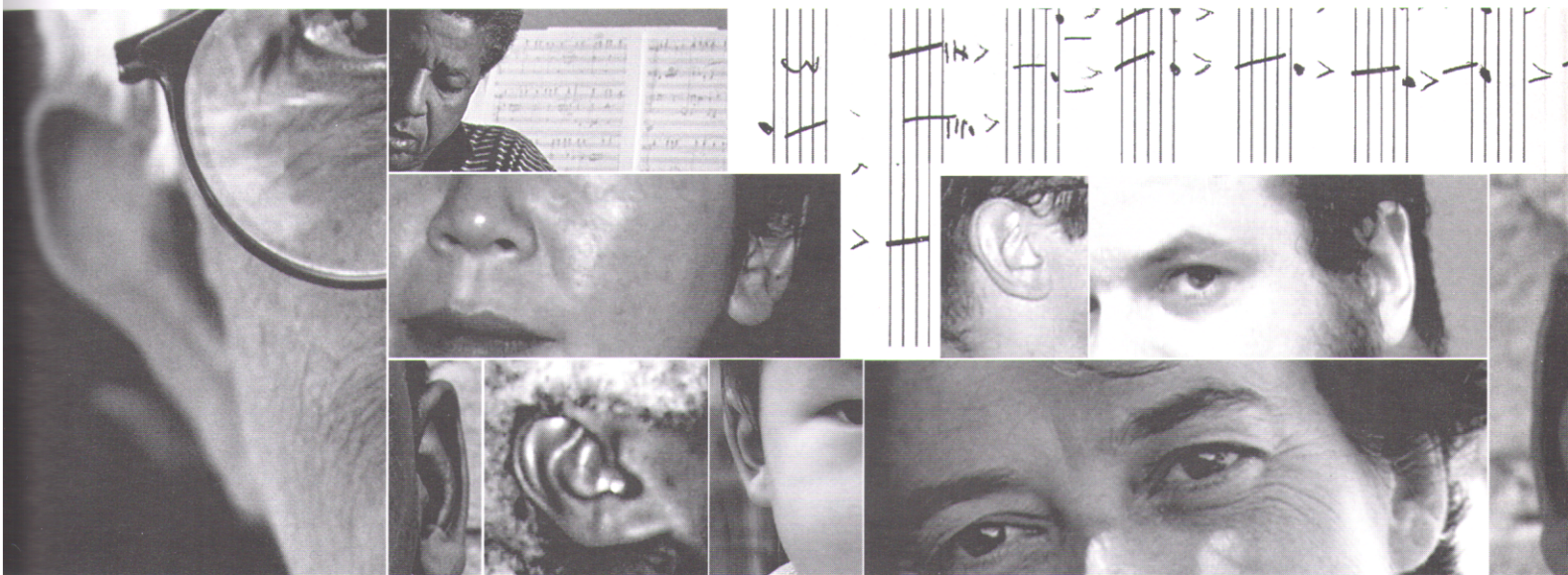
In 1995 the Civitella Ranieri Foundation awarded and hosted its first Fellows. Over the past 6 seasons, 47 visual artists, 35 writers, 21 musicians and 5 film makers from 44 countries have participated. The Fellows are in residence for a period ranging from four to eight weeks, concentrating their efforts on individual projects in the visual arts, literature, music and film. Dinners provide an opportunity for open and free-ranging discussions in a relaxed atmosphere.

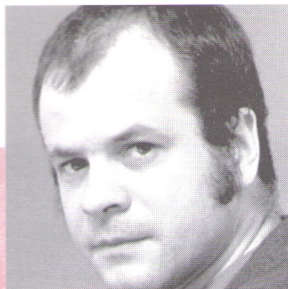


The Civitella Ranieri Foundation gives fellowships to visual artists, musicians, writers and film makers on an invitational basis. The Foundation selects its Fellows through a two-tiered selection process. A large group of internationally and artistically diverse critics, academics and artists recommend 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.









Sam Hayden

B.1968 in Portsmouth, England. Lives in Leeds and London. Composer; improviser; performer; lecturer.

Appointments

Fellow in Composition, Department of Music, Leeds University, 1999-present; Co-founder and artistic director of ensemble [rout], 1996-present.

Awards

Fulbright Chester Schirmer Fellowship for Music Composition, Stanford University, 2000-2001; RVW Trust and Hoist Foundation, IRCAM, Paris, 2000; Faber Music Millennium Series Commission, 1999/2000; Composition Prize of the 4th Gaudeamus International Young Composer's Meeting, Apeldoorn, for *Remembering J*, 1998; British Academy Scholarship, Sussex University, 1994-97; Countess of Munster Musical Trust Scholarship, Royal Conservatory, Den Haag, 1992-94; First Prize, Benjamin Britten International Competition for Composers, 1995; Joint First, Cornelius Cardew Composition Prize, 1990.

Selected Compositions

Intransigence for ensemble, 2000; *Collateral Damage* for 14 instruments, 1999; *dB[l-vii]* for hammond organ and electronics, electric bass guitar and drum-kit, 1998; *ERG[O]* for ensemble, 1998-99, revised 2000; *partners In psychopathology* for ensemble, 1998; *AXE[S]* for solo guitar, 1997; *Remembering J* for ensemble, 1996, revised 1997; *After the Event* for expanded wind orchestra, 1992-96; *Bleeding Chunk* for amplified ensemble, 1996; *Almost Enough* for flute and piano, 1995; *Ulterior Motives* for solo harpsichord, 1995; *Time Is Money*, 1993-94, revised 1996; "...you don't know what you've got till it's gone...", 1992; *Sleaze*, 1992, revised 1993.

Selected Commissions

Brighton Festival, Bath International Festival, Britten-Pears Foundation, De Erepijs, De Volharding Orkest, Ensemble Cattrall, Mats Scheidegger, South-Bank Centre (Meltdown Festival), Steamboat Switzerland.

Artist Statement

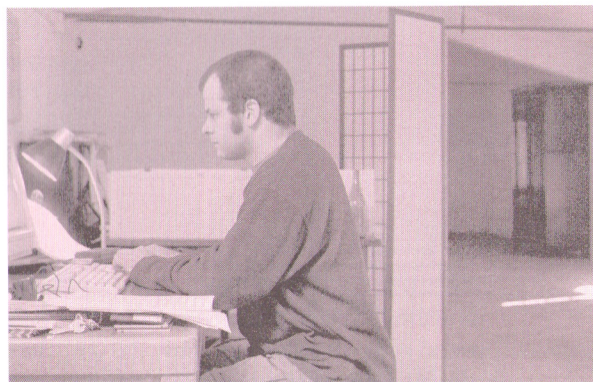
I cannot avoid repeating the usual clichés about Civitella (they are all so true), such as the peaceful atmosphere highly conducive to work, the beautiful and tranquil surroundings, the great apartments, wonderful food, helpful staff, the excellent company of other artists, friends and staff and the lively exchanges of ideas. I will certainly miss the anticipation of lunch arriving in little tin containers and wondering what deliciousness awaits me.

“The ‘new’ is a fragile, subtle and complex formation of paths found and connections made.”

It's more difficult to discuss the subtle benefits to the creative process of a significant period of continuous and uninterrupted time to free the creative mind. With the multiple pressures and insane speed of everyday-life, non-artistic criteria increasingly impinge on artistic production (simply the need to make a living). There is less and less time to open the mind and focus on new possibilities and ways of thinking. Composers can easily lapse into their own clichés if they are not careful. After some time, they become aware of what works for them and the risk is to fall back on such techniques when deadlines are short and the pressure to produce is great. The professionalized structures of today's art world emphasize career; production and efficiency. The administrators of arts funding bodies often impose deadlines to composers with little realization of the time needed to compose a new work (with the emphasis on the new). In particular, it is the thinking time early in the compositional process (when there can seem little

evidence of work done on paper) that can be critical to whether a new idea is born or an old idea is revisited. For me 'new' ideas (pieces I am writing now) anyway exist on a continuum from 'old' ideas (pieces composed in the past). Composers cannot reinvent the wheel each time but must grow from the musical spaces they have occupied. The 'new' is therefore a fragile, subtle and complex formation of paths found and connections made.

I composed one-and-a-half new works and revised four pieces, including *ERG[O]* for ensemble (see extract from the piano part) during my stay at Civitella. The hardest thing for any artist is to get started and it is always a difficult time for me. The birth of new ideas can seem agonizingly slow and distractions are welcomed. At Civitella there are no distractions and there is no choice but to focus on the problems at hand. Thanks to my time here I got through this initial period relatively painlessly (it usually takes several months) and am well into writing my new piece *Presence/Absence*, commissioned by the Swiss contemporary music group ensemble Catrall.



Sam Hayden 2000

Piano

16

R Tempo Primo (♩ = 70)

The score consists of five systems of piano music, each with a treble and bass staff. Measure numbers 124, 126, 128, 130, and 132 are indicated at the start of each system. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. Measure 124 begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. Measures 124-125 contain several five-note chords in both hands, some with slurs and accents. Measures 126-127 introduce triplets and more complex chordal textures. Measures 128-129 continue with similar textures, including triplets and slurs. Measures 130-131 feature a section marked *And.* (Andante) with five-note chords and slurs. Measure 132 begins with a section marked *S* (Sforzando) and includes a crescendo marking *cresc. (poco a poco)*. The score is filled with various musical notations such as slurs, accents, slurs, and dynamic markings like *f*, *sfz*, and *cresc.*

Primo (♩ = 70)

Piano

ERG[O]

Sam

♩ = 70-80

I

ff

Andrew W. Hill

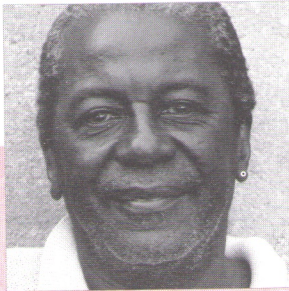
B.1937 in Chicago, Illinois. Lives in Jersey City, New Jersey.
Jazz pianist, composer, educator.

Appointments

Associate Professor of Music, Portland State University, OR, 1992-1996; Director, Creative Music Workshop, New College of California, San Francisco, CA., 1976-1981.

Awards

Chamber Music America, 1st Doris Duke Jazz Composers Award, 2000; The Jazz Journalist Association 2000 Critics Choice Award, Best Composer, 2000; Jazz Foundation of America, Lifetime Achievement Award, 1997; California Arts Council Touring Program Grant Recipient, 1984-89; National Endowment for the Arts, Performance and Composition Fellowships, 1977, 1972, 1970; Smithsonian Institute, National Heritage Fellowship, 1970-1972.



Selected Commissions

Mutable Music, *Dusk*, September 1995; Portland Art Museum Biennial, Oregon, *Obunto*, Solo piano and string quartet, 1995; Project Cultural Polarization, Portland, OR, 1995; *Andrew Hill Day*, Columbia University Radio, New York, 1994; Harvard University, *Tribute to Andrew Hill* with the Harvard University Jazz Band, 1992; *Virtuosi Della Rosa*, *Tiger Gate*, with the Della Rosa String Quartet, 1992; Nikkei Endowment of Oregon, *A work in progress*, with the Nikkei Symphony, 1991; Inner Circle Music Society, Verona, Italy, *Verona Rag*, 1989.

Selected Recordings

Dusk, 1999; *Grass Roots*, 1999; *Les Trinitaires*, 1998; *Point of Departure*, reissue, 1998; *The Complete Works of Andrew Hill 1963-1966*, 1995; *Smokestack*, reissued, 1995; *Judgment*, reissued, 1994; *Shades*, reissued by Soul Note, 1993; *Faces of Hope*, reissued 1991.

Artist Statement

The stay at the Civitella Ranieri Center was more than I ever expected. I came expecting one thing and received something so much greater. The opportunity could not have come at a better time, following a particularly busy period in my life. After a few days, the very nature of Civitella took me into the true meaning of fellowship where shared concepts, life experiences and ideas became more important than individual goals. I came anticipating writing a great deal and I did complete a body of work—but above all else it was the fellowship with other artists that was at the heart of the experience.

Bellezza Appassita

Handwritten musical score for "Bellezza Appassita". The score is written on ten staves, each representing a different instrument or voice part. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four measures, numbered 9, 10, 11, and 12 at the bottom.

The instruments/voices are:

- Trpt 1-2** (Trumpets 1 and 2): Treble clef, F# key signature.
- Trpt 3+4** (Trumpets 3 and 4): Treble clef, F# key signature.
- Cl 1+2** (Clarinets 1 and 2): Treble clef, F# key signature.
- Ten 1-2** (Tenors 1 and 2): Treble clef, F# key signature.
- Bcl 1+2** (Bassoons 1 and 2): Treble clef, F# key signature.
- Tb 1-2** (Tubas 1 and 2): Bass clef, F# key signature.
- Trb 3+4** (Trombones 3 and 4): Bass clef, F# key signature.
- Tuba**: Bass clef, F# key signature.

The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings (e.g., *pp*, *ppp*). There are also some handwritten annotations and corrections throughout the score.

Ikue Mori

B. 1953 in Tokyo, Japan. Lives in New York City.

Composer; improviser; performer.

Appointments

Founder with Luli Shioi, Tohban Djan; Founder, DNA.



Awards

Distinctive award for Prix Ars Electronics digital music, 1999; Residency, Studio Pass, Europe, 1994; National Endowment for the Arts, to collaborate with film maker Abigail Child, 1989.

Selected Recordings

One Hundred Aspects of the Moon, 2000; *Mystery/Death Praxis*, 1999; *B/Side*, 1998; *Death Ambient*, 1997; *Garden*, 1996; *Painted Desert*, 1995; *Viblaslaps*, 1992; *Tohban Djan*, 1985; *No New York/DNA*, 1978.

Artist Statement

I've never stayed in such a beautiful place for such a long period of time and, in the beginning, I thought this was too quiet for me. But as time went by, I started hearing all sorts of sounds around me. All those creatures, leaves falling, mushrooms popping up, nature making such a busy sound and it was very inspiring. Even though my daily life became routine, the night brought me the most vivid dreams!



Elliott Sharp

B. 1951 in Cleveland, Ohio. Lives in New York City.
Composer; multi-instrumentalist, producer.

Appointments

Leader: Orchestra Carbon, Tectonics, Terraplane and other groups,
1979- present; Founder, ZOAR record label, 1978.

Awards

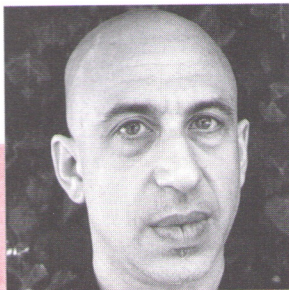
Meet the Composer Commissioning USA grant for a new composition
for Orchestra Carbon, 1998; American Music Center Copying Program,
1998; National Endowment grant for Musical Composition, 1986; New
York Foundation for the Arts grant in Performance & Conceptual Art
shared with Jo Andres.

Selected Collaborators

Ensemble Modern, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, computer artist Perry
Hoberman, cellist Frances-Marie Uitti, blues legend Hubert Sumlin,
turntablists DJ Soulslinger & Christian Marclay, the Symphony of the
Hessischer Rundfunk, Jack deJohnette, Sonny Sharrock, Arthur Blythe,
Oliver Lake, Diedre Murray, Pere Ubu and Bachir Attar; leader of the
Master Musicians of Jahjoukah.

Latest CD Releases

SyndaKit with *Orchestra Carbon*; *Terraplane: Blues For Next*, and
Tectonics: Errata.



Artist Statement

“No matter how abstract the process by which the music is conceived and composed, I believe that the music must operate from a human pulse...”

I have always tried to “hear my own sound,” one which does not easily fall into any specific category but always displays a recognizable signature. Even when operating within a specifically-defined genre, I try to develop a unique vocabulary and syntax for the situation, whether a compositional strategy, instrumental technique, or conceptual paradigm. Each of these activities informs and feeds the others. Overall concerns in my music include notions of density, “groove” on both macro- and micro- levels, melodic materials inherent in the natural overtone series, and processes that lie on the border between order and chaos. No matter how abstract the process by which the music is conceived and composed, I believe that the music must operate from a human pulse, both explicitly, rhythmically, and more generally, embodying undefinable impulses and feelings.

Could this fellowship at Civitella have come at a better time? Exhausted physically and psychically from extensive touring, composing, and curatorial activities, I dreamed of a place to just reflect and breathe, sleep and read. And, of course, a place where I could compose without the pressure of the deadline. The sweet piney air; the great and enlightening company, and the incredible food refreshed and renewed my creative juices. Here, I was able to start a new orchestra piece continuing my use of biological metaphors of growth, reproduction, and transformation as well as continue work on a composition for the Japanese group Kokoo consisting of *shauhachi* and two *kotos*. Also germinated here were a number of melodic fragments for a new group to feature my soprano sax plus some solo pieces for acoustic guitar.

Pic

Fl II

Ob

Cl

Bs Cl

Bsn

FH

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tb

Bs Tr

Tba

Tmp

Perc I

Perc II

V 1

V 2

VI

C

Bs

The image shows a page of a musical score for a large orchestra and strings. The score is written for three measures. The instruments listed on the left are Piccolo, Flute II, Oboe, Clarinet, Bass Clarinet, Bassoon, Flute Harmonica, Trumpet I, Trumpet II, Trombone, Bass Trombone, Tuba, Tom Tom, Percussion I, Percussion II, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Cello, and Double Bass. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and articulation marks. There are also some performance instructions like '3' and '2' written above notes.



Alvin Singleton

B. 1940 in Brooklyn, New York. Lives in Atlanta, Georgia. Composer.

Appointments

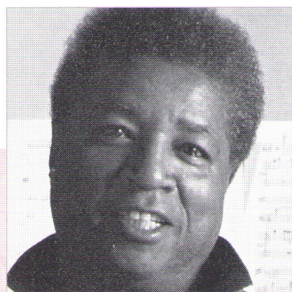
Professor of Composition at Yale University School of Music, Spring, 2000; UNISYS Composer-in-Residence with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, 1996-1997; Resident Composer at Spelman College in Atlanta, 1988-91; Composer-in-Residence with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, 1985-88.

Awards

Kranichsteiner Musikpreis by the City of Darmstadt, Germany; twice the Musikprotokoll Kompositionpreis by the Austrian Radio (ORF-Graz); Mayor's Fellowship in the Arts Award by the City of Atlanta; Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Compositions

Alvin Singleton has composed music for the theater, orchestra, solo instruments, and a variety of chamber ensembles. His music is widely performed in the United States and Europe and is published by European American Music Corporation.



Artist Statement

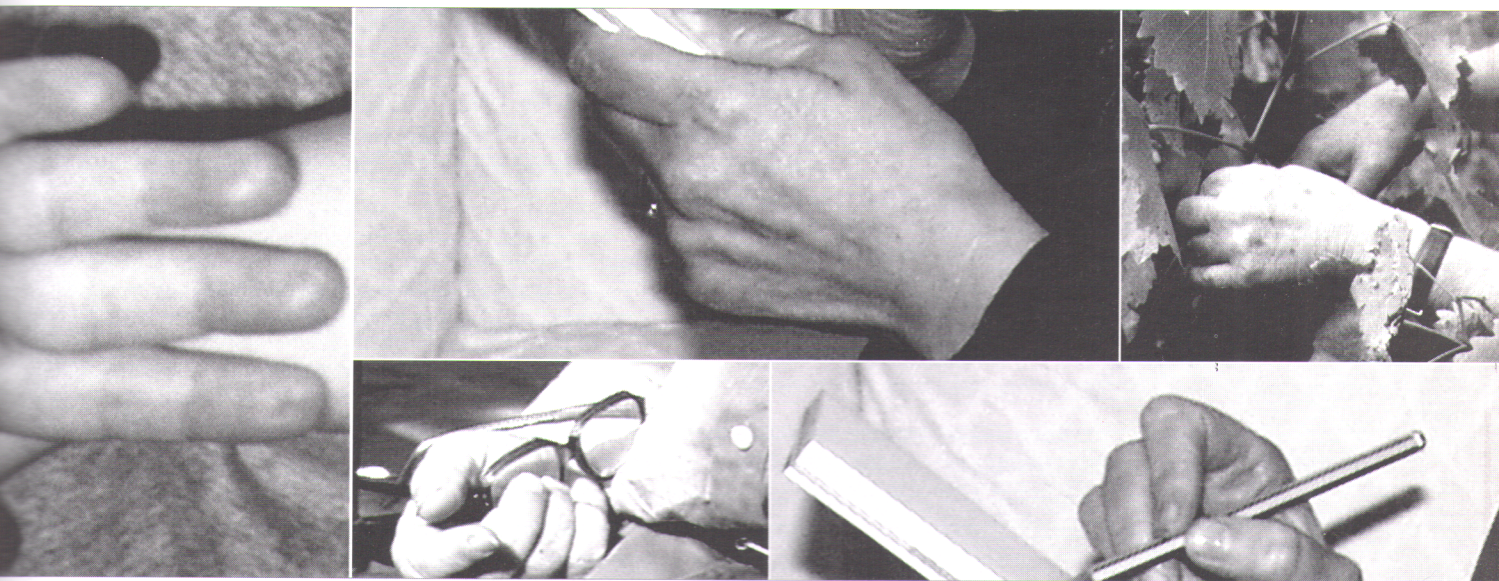
Probably the primary gift provided me by the Civitella Ranieri Center—beyond long periods of uninterrupted silence in a spacious studio with natural light—is the genius of its location, Italy. Working in a totally new cultural and physical environment forces the artist-person to re-examine by comparison, basic assumptions and truths of everyday life, thus influencing the outcome of the artistic product in certain unforeseeable and unique ways.

While in residence at Civitella, I completed the composition of *JASPER DRAG*, a trio for violin, clarinet and piano, revised a bass clarinet solo work and began research on a chanter orchestra piece. I am grateful to the Center's directors and staff for their attentiveness and professionalism. I leave my residency optimistically renewed.

"Working in a totally new cultural and physical environment forces the artist-person to re-examine basic assumptions and truths of everyday life"







Obinkaram Echewa

B.1940 in Aba, Nigeria. Lives in Philadelphia. Novelist, storyteller.

Appointments

Professor of English, West Chester University, Pennsylvania, 1984-present.

Awards

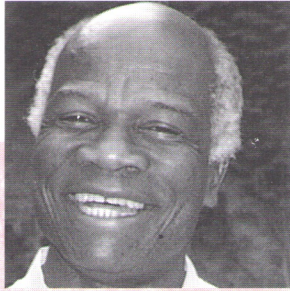
Carolyn W. Field Honor Book, for children's story, *The Ancestor Tree*, English, Pennsylvania Library Association, Youth Services Division, 1995; Regionalist Finalist, Commonwealth Book Prize for novel, *The Crippled Dancer*, 1986; American English Speaking Union Prize for novel *The Land's Lord*, 1976; Schubert Fellowship for Playwriting, University of Pennsylvania, 1971; Cabott Fellowship, Columbia University, 1966; Breen Gold Medal for Oratory, University of Notre Dame, 1965.

Publications

Novels: *I Saw The Sky Catch Fire*, 1992; *The Crippled Dancer*, 1986; *The Land's Lord*, 1976; Children's Literature: *Mbi Do This! Mbi Do That!*; In Press: *Teaching Kori to Wink*; *The Ancestor Tree*, 1994; *How Tables Came to Umu Madu*, 1989.

Works in Progress

Coming and Going; a book of essays titled *The Canon of Childhood*; anthology of essays titled, *Writing and Being African in English*.



Artist Statement

At age 62, I find that my once disparate interests in the sciences, communication and creative writing are now finding a happy union in semiotics or iconology. I am childishly fascinated by the generative and transformative power of metaphors, and in imitation of Shakespeare, I am tempted to say that the whole world and all of life are big coloring books, and all artists, philosophers, and scientists are like wide-eyed children searching for patterns among the dots. The quest to which my writing has been dedicated, whether in adult novels or children's books, is to discover and hold out to readers intriguing patterns I find in my own life and experiences across cultures and disciplines. I believe that just as Albert Einstein found a pattern and devised a formula which caused a revolution in science, a writer can craft a metaphor so powerful that it unleashes a revolution in the social and political arena, comparable to what Einstein did in physics. One of the most exciting things I have done recently is to host an international conference on creative writing across cultures. Theme: Creative Writing in English by Non-native Speakers. Translingualism—living and writing (or creating other forms of art) across cultures is a growing trend on the world scene, as artists nowadays live and create much more across cultures and art forms than they did in the past. As an African who has spent most of his adult life abroad, and as an Igbo native who writes in English, I am engaged in the pursuit of metaphor as a type of inter-cultural meta-language.

In what sense, was my father a storyteller? In the sense that his contemporaries regarded him as *onu nekwuru oha*, (a mouthpiece for the community), an orator; consensus weaver and verdictcrafter; someone with a keen eye and a large memory - someone who, from a relatively young age, knew the histories and genealogies of the village and maintained within easy recall a vast memory of cases previously adjudicated by the village assembly. Someone adept at language, who could readily summon a virtual "encyclopedia" of proverbs and anecdotes with which he could knit and bind the disparate and seemingly centrifugal elements of a situation into a tapestry of "common sense" that astonished an audience by its ostensible obviousness, and had his listeners grunting and nodding assent or cheering enthusiastically. Papa was known as *oji onu egbu oji*, a man who could cut down an iroko tree with his tongue, a forensic negotiator; whose patronage was often sought in sticky marriage negotiations by grooms in need of someone to make their cases to recalcitrant in-laws. On festival or signal occasions such as death or birth, he was the type of man people stood around hoping he would speak.

Just as Shakespeare said that the world is a stage, and people actors, Igbo people of generations past treated life as a story - a single, unbroken story, woven from the real and unreal, from memory and imagination, with a big story for the tribe or clan, and hundreds of smaller stories for towns, villages, families and individuals. What is now commonly called the "oral tradition" is a journal of the times maintained by non-literate people. It is arched, deliberate and circumspect - full of proverbs and oblique allusions - part of a tradition wherein truth is couched not in assertive statements or in propositions but in metaphors and proverbs and parables. A la Aesop. A la Jesus! It tends to define truth not as a fixed point but an orbital, what I like to call the orbital of truth, a probability space, where truth is likely to be found - what theologian Sallie MacFague calls truth in "soft focus".

At the same time, traditional Igbo cultural life is highly empirical, and proverbs are the gems of wisdom, the laws of experience, extracted from it. These laws, however, are not mathematical or rigidly fixed like Newton's laws of motion. Rather, they are hypotheses about life suggested and/or verified by experience, measuredly tentative and provisional, and periodically subject to revision. For an Igbo village, proverbs are common points of reference and constitute a reserve currency of speech and thought, valued for their roots in common experience and for their ability to create isomorphic meanings in the minds of their users and hearers. The prolific use of proverbs in speech marks the speaker as one versed in the established knowledge

of his community, much in the same way as the extensiveness of references and citations or knowledge of precedents may distinguish an academic writer or a lawyer.

Furthermore, a proverb is an appeal and a resort to the authority of what is already known and no longer in dispute. New facts, experiences or insights introduced by a speaker must be successfully integrated and compounded with the old facts and insights. A bona fide African writer in this tradition is, therefore, a journalist, a historian and a social analyst. More than that, he is a secular priest and a prophet.

As a journalist and historian, the Igbo storyteller is a marshal of facts and truth for his community. As a social analyst, he is a contextualizer and meaning maker — a metaphoricist and spinner of proverbs who joins dots to create patterns, sees the figures in discarded pieces of wood, or statues in rocks. He is more apt than his neighbors to be informed by life's experiences, more able than his neighbors to extract meaning from the ordinary circumstances of living. He tells his people the truth they know inwardly but may not grasp firmly, or know how to express outwardly. As a priest, the artistic storyteller is like a carver, who picks up a piece of wood while walking with a friend, and the following week surprises the friend by showing him a beautiful mask carved from the wood. The friend marvels at how the familiar and seemingly nondescript has been transformed and sublimated. That is art. That is story telling at its highest form. Part of the beauty of such art, in fact of all art, lies in the transformation of the familiar and common place into the exquisite and sublime. Part of the wonder of art is that, like a flower, it may be rooted in the earth but it blooms in heaven.

Remembering and recording may be mere journalism or history, and interpretation may be no more than clever academic exercise. However art happens, a piece of wood becomes imbued with transcendent meaning. How does a piece of wood become a mace or a gavel or a staff of authority? How does a stone become an idol or totem, or a leather pouch a talisman? By becoming imbued with meaning, whether sacred, secular or social. In the mind and imagination of a good storyteller or artist, mundane events and occurrences are woven into the fabric of the unending story of life, as it were by magic. This ability to elevate or levitate ordinary things and events into a supra-ordinary plane is what makes a storyteller/writer/artist kin to the priest.

Ludmilla Petrushevskaya

B. 1938 in Moscow, Russia; Lives in Moscow.

Novelist, short story writer and playwright.

Awards

Shortlisted, Russian Booker Prize for *Time is Night*, 1992;

Pushkin Award, Germany, 1991.

Selected Plays

Staged in Russian and foreign theatres: *Colombina's Flat*, 1981;

Andante, 1975; *Love*, 1974; *Three Girls in Blue*, 1974;

Music Lessons, 1973.

Short Stories

Immortal Love, 1996; *Time is Night*, 1992; *Our Circle*, 1988. Her work has been translated into numerous foreign languages.

Memberships

Russian Writers Union, Russian PEN Centre.



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Liz Lochhead

B. 1947 in Motherwell, Scotland. Lives in Glasgow.

Poet, playwright, performer, radio broadcaster.

Awards

Scottish/Canadian Writers' Exchange Fellowship; Residential Fellowships at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art, Dundee, The Tattenhall Centre and the University of Edinburgh; Arts Council New Writing Award; Three 'Fringe Firsts' for plays at the Edinburgh Festival; Honorary Doctorates: Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Stirling, Strathclyde, Dundee and Edinburgh; Honorary Fellow: Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, Glasgow School of Art.

Among Fifteen Stage Plays

Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off, Blood and Ice, Perfect Days, Quelques Fleurs, Britannia Rules.

Adaptations

Dracula, Moliere's Tartuffe, Chekhov's Three Sisters, Euripides' Medea and the York Mystery Plays.

Poetry Still in Print

Dreaming, Frankenstein And Collected Poems, True Confessions And New Clichés (both Polygon/Edinburgh University Press) and *Bagpipe Muzak* and *Penguin Modern Poets Four* (both Penguin).

Artist Statement

My time at this paradise, Civitella, was short, but very, very productive. My project, which I hoped to just make a start on, (a radio soundscape version of a particularly visual theatre play) astonishingly completed itself in my first nine days and, to my delight because I hadn't written one for ages, I was then able to make three poems in my second week. Amazing company, laughter; food and excursions. Renewal...

The Man in the Comic Strip

Liz Lochhead

For the man in the comic strip
Things are not funny.
In the land of the unreadable signs
And ambiguous symbols
He exists between the hache and the ampersand
Between the ankh and the ziggurat
Between the fylfot and the fleur de lys
Between the cross and the crescent
Between the twinned sigrunes and the swastika and the sauvastika
Its mirror-image, its opposite (meaning darkness/light, whichever)
Under the flag with the crucially five
(Or six or seven) pointed star
Running in whichever direction his pisspoo
Piston legs are facing
Getting nowhere fast.

If only he had the sense he was born with
He'd know there is a world of difference
Between the thinks bubble and the speech balloon
And when to keep it zipped, so, with a visible
fastener --
But his mouth is always getting him into trouble.
Fistfights blossom round him,
There are flowers explode when the punches connect.
A good idea is a light bulb, but too seldom.
When he curses, spirals
And asterisks and exclamation marks
Whizz around his head like his always palpable distress.
Fear comes off him like petals from a daisy.
Anger brings lightning down on his head and
Has him hopping.
Hunger fills the space around him
With floating ideograms of roasted chickens
And iced buns like maidens' breasts the way
The scent of money fills his eyes with dollar signs.

For him the heart is always a beating heart,
True love --
Always comically unrequited.
The unmistakable silhouette of his one-and-only
Will always be kissing another
Behind the shades at her window
And, down-at-the-mouth, he'll
Always have to watch it from the graphic
Lamplit street.

He never knows what is around the corner
Although we can see it coming.
When he is shocked his hair stands perfectly on end

But his scream is a total zero and he knows it.
Knows to beware of the zigzags of danger,
Knows how very different from
The beeline of zee's that is a hostile horizontal buzzing

Of single-minded insects swarming after him

Are the gorgeous big haphazard zeds of sleep.

(Civitella Ranieri, September 2000.)

Vikram Chandra

B. 1961 in Delhi, India. Lives in Bombay, India and Washington, D.C.
Novelist, short story writer.

Appointments

Professor, George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Awards

Paris Review's Discovery Prize, Commonwealth Writers Prize for Best Book for *Love and Longing in Bombay*, 1997. David Higham Prize, Commonwealth Prize for Best First Published Book for *Red Earth and Pouring Rain*, 1995.

Publications

Screenplay: *Mission Kashmir*, 2000; Short Stories: *Love and Longing in Bombay*, 1997; Novel: *Red Earth and Pouring Rain*, 1995.
His work has been translated into eleven languages.



'Okay,' she said. "Enough thinking now. Tell, no."

"You've heard this one already."

"That's all right. Tell."

So he ate, and told her an old story, which he had told her many times before: in the days when he was just a sub-inspector, a case had been brought to him of a double-suicide that was about to happen. A Tamil girl had fallen in love with a Sindhi boy. They were barely adults, they had been students together; and they loved each other despite the objections of the families. Both families had resisted and raged and forbidden and gaoled, and now, telling the story across the distance of years, it was funny that both families had felt themselves injured and insulted and lessened by the connection. The Sindhis were rich, and thought the Tamils dowdy and poor and incomprehensible and dirty. The Tamils were Brahmins from an ancient line, and thought the Sindhis unclean and casteless and incomprehensible and vulgar. The girl and the boy thought each other delicious and essential, and finally they emptied their parents' respective purses and ran away. The girl, in a last filial act, left a suicide note, saying that they were going to love each other for a few days of beatitude, and were then going to exit the heartless world, and from their brief happiness the lovers wished the families well. A confidant of the Tamil family, a man named Subramaniam, persuaded the distraught mother to put aside dignity, and brought her and the note to the police station, where a certain Sartaj Singh was given the problem. The young sub-inspector was himself, at the time, suffering from a separation from his own true love, one Megha, who had been taken on a six-month tour of Europe and America by her parents, away from her incomprehensible lover, who had decided to become a policeman after all. The young sub-inspector, in his darker moments, suspected that the lovely and wealthy Megha was not so averse to the length of this lengthy foreign trip, and maybe wanted to see herself whether and how essential this

difficult love was to her, to her life. "God," Megha said. "I can't believe you still go on about that, after all these years. I came back, didn't I? I married you, didn't I?"

"Quiet," Sartaj said, pointing to Megha's stomach. "I'm telling the story."

So: this young and handsome sub-inspector was fired by the drama of the case, by the keen emotion of young love teetering on the knife-edge of death, and he flung himself into the details. He talked to the parents, and endlessly to the friends of the lovers, and slowly and very confidently he marked and followed a trail of taxidivers and bus-conductors and restaurant waiters, all of whom had remembered the bright young couple. Meanwhile the lovers ran short of money in the honeymoon suite of the Grand Hotel in Ooty, and contemplated suicide by insecticide. They actually had the green Begon can marked "XXX Poison XXX" sitting ornamentally on their dressing table, and were writing their absolutely final farewell notes when Sartaj found them, when he opened their door with a hotel passkey. He took them back to Bombay, to a meeting with both families at the police station. The girl's mother burst into tears as soon as she saw her daughter, and flew at her, slapping and striking, and Sartaj had to peel her off. Three constables held the girl's father down as he shouted curses at the Sindhi boyfriend. The boyfriend's father, mild-mannered till now, picked up a chair and made for the Tamils, calling the girl an entrapping Southie whore. Sartaj sent the two communities to opposite sides of the room, and lectured them all, told them the children were no longer children, they were adults. There had been no kidnapping, no entrapment. The adults were behaving like children, with their talk of murder and mayhem. But looking at them Sartaj knew that the families were committed to grief and hate. There was no use talking reason to any of them, because they were all reasonable

men and women who lived by another sort of reason. In the Sindhi father's eyes there was now the fervid satisfaction of possession, through his son, of a victory won and territory taken. He despised the girl, but was gladdened by his son's dominion of her, as long as it ended right here, with her discarded. The Tamil father was burning with shame, he couldn't sit down, he kept wiping tears from his eyes and clenching and unclenching his hands. And young Sartaj felt the policeman's secret despair of not being able to change anything, of knowing only that men and women will want to kill each other. So he flew into a rage, and hardly knowing what he was doing, he took a collection, he emptied the pockets of both the families. He ripped the rings from their fingers, and their watches, as they huddled in fear of the mad Sardar policeman. The watching constables gave their tens and twenties too. In a handkerchief Sartaj gave all this to the young couple, maybe four thousand rupees in cash and some effects, and told them to go away. Live as long as you can on this, he said, with the compliments of the Bombay police. Then kill yourself. That'll be really obeying your parents, because it's obvious they don't want you to live. When you're dead we'll bring your bodies to them, and they'll be happy, these monsters who want to eat their children. He grabbed the young couple by their shoulders and walked them to the door and said, go. At this both mothers burst out in wails, and the girl's younger brother rushed to her and clutched her, weeping. And then the families swarmed around the children, sobbing and hugging and talking very fast in a babel of languages. Sartaj blinked, and saw that the man Subramaniam was looking at him with a very small smile on his face, and then the Sindhi father was pumping his hand, thanking him for bringing back his eldest-born from the mouth of death. Sartaj calmed them all down, made the fathers shake hands, the mothers embrace, the

siblings sit next to each other; and then he used their collected money to send out for food and *mithai*, and lectured them on compassion for young love, which was sorely needed in our dismal times. Then he gave them *vada-pao* and *dosas* and *rosogullas*, a mixed-up national meal as it were, and told them he'd be watching them, and sent them home. The grinning constables must have talked even faster than usual, because late that very afternoon Zakir Fazal threw himself down on the chair next to Sartaj's desk and asked for *rosogullas* too. Fazal was a reporter, canny and densely connected across the city, and he had caught the smell of the story almost before it finished happening. He was already writing it. Good national integration angle, he said. And, boss, your photo won't hurt either he said. It was a slow news week, so Zakir's dramatic telling (the lovers had the *Begon* at their lips when intrepid Sartaj Singh smashed open the hotel door) ran the very next afternoon, with a headline and two photos on the front page and two columns inside. That was the first time Sartaj had been in the paper. And for that matter, the first time the Sindhi-Tamil couple had either. And so they lived happily ever after.

end





Otto Marchi

B. 1942, Lucerne, Switzerland. Lives in Lucerne and abroad.
Novelist, journalist, historian.

Appointments

Dr. of Philosophy, University of Zurich; Editor at Swiss newspapers and the weekly "Die Weltwoche", Zurich; freelance writer. Teaches today "Creative Writing" at the Lucerne School of Arts and Design in Lucerne, Journalism for the staff of major Swiss Newspapers and at the Swiss Center for Media Studies MAZ in Lucerne.

Awards

DAAD, Berlin; Kunstverein, Wien; Istituto Svizzero, Rome; Pro Helvetia, Zürich, Kanton Luzern.

Publications

Novels: *Soviel ihr wollt*, Nagel und Kimche, Zürich, 1994; *Landolts Rezept*, Frankfurter Verlagsanstalt, 1989; *Sehnschule*, Fischer, Frankfurt, 1983; *Rückfälle*, Fischer, Frankfurt 1978; *Schweizer Geschichte für Ketzer*, 5 editions 1971-1985, Rotpunkt Verlag, Zürich.

La Svizzera è vicina, the employee at the telephone exchange had assured me when, after an hour's wait, the sole telephone booth was finally free; direct dialing had been introduced some time ago, we only needed to dial the number and the phone at the bank back in Switzerland would ring. So I dialed and a quarter of an hour later I was still dialing. *La Svizzera è vicina* and the air was stuffy and a smell of decay which turned my stomach was rising up out of the dried-up river bed in the middle of Agrigento and direct dialing may have been introduced long ago but only a single cable linked the island to the mainland and was constantly overloaded even two hours later and the next morning as well.

When I finally got through in the afternoon, and after many inquiries I was able to talk to a nun who knew all about telegraphic transfers and asked him to send me money to the local Banca di Sicilia immediately because the car had broken down, the heat was killing and we couldn't even shift from the lousy hotel that we had had to move into after paying for the repairs. It was comforting to hear that even Sicily, telegraphically speaking, was also not far from Switzerland and the money would arrive tomorrow at the latest.

And so with our last few lira we bought a large can of air freshener and covered the scent of decay in our hotel room with the scent of violets and used the glossy brochures on the Greek temples to squash the mosquitoes. And it got even hotter; a cloud of smog hung yellow and sulphurous over the sweltering pile of stones, spilled over into the dining-room to which we had been condemned and choked us. But the atmosphere was not bad, *la Svizzera è vicina*, the money was on its way and three bottles later the wine tasted alright too.

Next morning at two minutes past nine we were standing bleary-eyed in the marble hall of the Banca and waited, until the elderly gentleman who was busy at a desk behind the counter using an adding machine to check an endless column of handwritten figures against a long list faltered and I was able to use the break in the clatter to call out and ask whether the money had arrived. The shake of his head drove us back into the stench and two hours later we were back again in the now

overcrowded bank waiting in a long queue while in front of us the interest was recorded in savings books and the money transfers were checked and the Calcio football results were talked over and the telephones finally gave up ringing from sheer heat. This time I wasn't going to be deterred and in my broken Italian insisted that the money must have come, it simply couldn't be taking so long. *La Svizzera è vicina, capito?* Molto vicina, I repeated over and over in response to the head-shaking which became ever more uncomprehending the more vigorously I insisted and which finally changed into a friendly smile that bypassed me and invited the farmer behind, who had been impatiently waving around a bundle of ten thousand lira notes, to come to the counter...

As the combination of violets and stinking mud rushed to my head, I began to get into a lather; my shirt clinging to me scruffily, and cursed my bad Italian and the car and the plonk and finally roared my name and the word *telegrafico* at the teller several times and kept on repeating my name to the rhythm of my fist hitting the smooth polished marble of the counter until I succeeded and his face lit up and he suddenly began to grin and the supervisor of the tally supervisor began to whisper to the filing supervisor who also began to grin and both went over to the acting head of Giro paper processing who after glancing disbelievingly at me laughed so much he nearly knocked over the five piles of files on his majestic desk. And soon the entire staff was laughing and savouring the flavour of my name like a sweet on their tongues and the waiting customers soon joined in and nobody had heard an unbelievably idiotic story since this Sicilian temple tourist trap had been in business, namely that somebody, *a tourist of course*, proving once again how *matti* they all were, would have cabled himself eight marks. In Italian: *otto marchi*. But the acting head simply refused to believe the joke - to him it sounded too good to be true, and he came up to me and politely requested me to show him my passport, cleared his throat in mischievous fashion behind his hand and simply said to me: *Perché non cinque franchi* - why not five francs?

Translated by Alyth Grant

Jane Gardam

B. 1928 in Coatham, Yorkshire, England. Lives in the Pennines and East Kent, England. Novelist.

Awards

MacMillan Silver Pen Award, PEN, for *Going into a Dark House*, 1995; Katherine Mansfield Award for *Pangs of Love*, 1984; Three Whitbread Awards for *The Queen of the Tambourine* and *The Hollow Land*, 1992, 1991, 1983; Royal Society of Literature, Winifred Holtby Prize and the David Higham Award, for *Black Faces White Faces*, 1978; finalist, Booker Prize for *God on the Rocks*, 1978.



Publications

Novels: *Missing the Midnight*, 1997; *Faith Fox*, 1996; *Crusoe's Daughter*, 1985; *God on the Rocks*, (made into a TV movie) 1978; *Bilgewater*, 1977; *The Summer After the Funeral*, 1973; *A Long Way From Verona*, 1971; Short Story Collections: *Going into a Dark House*, 1994; *The Queen of the Tamborine*, 1991; *Showing the Flag*, 1989; *The Pangs of Love*, 1983; *The Sidmouth Letters*, 1980; *Black Faces White Faces*, 1975.

Children's Literature

Swan, 1987; *Through the Doll's House Door*, 1987; *Kit in Boots*, 1986; *Kit*, 1983; *Un poney en la nieve*, 1982; *The Hollow Land*, 1981; *Bridget and William* 1981; *A Few Fair Days*, 1971; Prose: *Iron Coast*, 1994.

Memberships

Royal Society of Literature; PEN; Arts Club; University Women's Club.

(continued) him entirely and raised him up (on ramrod legs) high in the air. As he went up both his arms swung out wide in the air like a tight-rope walker and he shouted for joy. Allie screamed.

'He'll fall, he'll fall! Stop - oh, he'll fall on the tiles.'

Lily laughed, gazing up at the baby who was standing almost on tiptoe, arms graceful, as if he were about to fly.

'Oh, Lily! Stop!'

'It's OK. OK.' How she laughed. 'Babies can do it. Always they can do it. In my family always. Look how he likes it. My mother used to do it with me and her mother with her, and her mother's mother. Look. Do you see? We are all learning to fly,' and she danced on the tiles, bounced the baby off her hand, caught him as he came down and they spun round together embraced and laughing.

'Never do that again while I'm around,' said Allie. 'Never!'

Lily said, 'Now, Mrs. Vigne. Mrs. Vigne, you mustn't be frightened.'

It was the Vignes' last day of holiday and they drove up into the mountains to a small town where the main street was lined with wide beds of lavender. It grew high and strong even under the trees covering all the gardens to the little restaurants and shops. It crossed over the main road at the end of the street and swept through a great memorial garden. Softer, more supple than European lavender it flowed and drooped a little around a lily-pond and under a statue commemorating the Huguenots' arrival in the Cape. The pond was low and all the flowers in the star-shaped and crescent-shaped beds were dead, except the lavender.

'Even the Proteas are dead,' said the gate-keeper. 'Maybe we got to have another national flower. This year is hot-hot.'

'I suppose they brought it with them from the south of France?' said Vigne.

'Oh, long time ago,' the man said. The scent of the lavender was as heavy as lavender-oil, fierce as a spice, glorying in the sun.

'I think everywhere is too hot,' said Allie. 'I'm ready for home. I want a frosty day and a wool coat and to be myself again.'

They drove on, winding up and away until nearly the whole Cape stretched below them to the sea. Towns, roads, hills, trees, pastures. Here and there the heat looked almost like smoke. They stopped for tea in a drowsy place high on a pass, surrounded by fruit trees, the apples red and yellow in the leaves. Horses, running with cattle, were all the same gold. The people in the hotel here were different from

those on the plain; blacker, dreamier, with heavier faces. The big girl who brought them their tea and some English-looking scones and jam wore a loose, blood-red turban. She walked slowly, smiling, as if she had seen everything in the whole world. Allie thought that she would not risk her baby to fall. She would lull it and hold it so that it looked inwards against her body. Two coloured men in good shirts and well-pressed trousers sat at a nearby table and it was the first time that the Vignes had seen anybody not white sitting in a restaurant. Down in the lavender town again, white foreign students drank out of cans under the trees, their near-naked shoulders shining above the lavender bushes and from the road a white truck-driver who had pulled up in front of the Vignes' car shouted at the girls. The girls liked it and shouted back, one of them shrugging up a bare shoulder, lighting a cigarette. Allie thought 'this wouldn't happen if they were black. Or if he were black.' Some languid black boys on steps across the road listening to music from inside an arcade watched the truck-driver. They looked sullen and bored.

Dropping down to the plain and the vineyards again, the Vignes saw that what had looked like a little smoke from above was quite a lot of smoke and here and there flames. Their road was closed and there were police and fire-engines. Soon there were two helicopters flying low and spraying. The car was sent on a wide detour before they could read the dirt track through the scrub and stop at the electric gates. Allie pressed the button on their room key and watched the gates glide apart.

'We're pretty-well finished packing, aren't we?' asked Vigne.

'Yes. Almost finished.'

They showered, changed and set out again for their last evening in South Africa. Down the dirt track they drove again. There was a curious light. The lane between the trees seemed narrower, the old graveyard beneath them more decrepit and untended. The people around the white-washed farmsteads watched them pass. Only the children waved. 'Look,' said Allie as they came out on the main road. The smoke on the slopes they had left during the afternoon seemed to be billowing all over the mountains.

'I'm glad the restaurant's in the opposite direction,' said Allie. 'Did you see -they'd taken those horses somewhere. They weren't in the paddock.'

'They do take them in at night,' said Vigne. 'It's nothing serious.'

They had trouble finding the restaurant which was about seven miles

away. At a set of traffic lights, some men looked hard at their car.

'Did you lock your door?' she asked Vigne.

'No need,' he said, but locked it.

The restaurant, said to be one of the very best in the Cape, had once been an old parsonage of an early settler; wooden walled and shadowy. A little haunted. The Pastor had lived there for many years and said grace before meat with his wife and twelve children. Now in his old dining room there were pink lamps on a dozen little tables, silver and many glasses. The tables looked out at where, when it had been a green, the children had played in their crinolines and pantaloons. The bar, that had been the pastor's study, was full of well-dressed people in jewellery now, smoking and twirling wine-glasses in their fingers. The huge menus were being used as fans against the heat. Wine was being chosen with infinite care. The food was rich and gamey. The tall, impersonal black man in a dark suit came to their table and made a little speech about every different wine at every course as if he were reciting poetry. Out of the windows Allie seemed to be aware of a wrong light in the sky and the smell of smoke.

'There are fires to the north,' she said to the Maitre d'.

'Oh, nothing to worry about. It is the hottest season,' he said.

But he walked to their car with them and asked where they were going. Allie longed to ask him if he had room here in the hotel for tonight. But how cowardly! Curiously the man did not say what they always said, 'Better to lock yourselves in', as they drove off north.

Allie said, 'Look.'

The northern sky was now lit with plum-coloured clouds and flames were running up and down the hills and the hills in the last three hours had made huge strides forward. As they drove up the dirt track in what should have been the dark, animals sprinted out of the grasses and disappeared in front of them. When they stopped to press the button for the gates, a huge owl with ears landed very near to them and surveyed them from a post. The gates slid open, and then closed behind them.

'We couldn't get out,' she said. 'They'd jam in the heat. The gates. We're the only guests here tonight and the girls all sleep out. The Manager's off-duty tonight, he's gone to Cape Town.'

They stood alone in the courtyard and Vigne looked up and around at the lurid sky. There was a smell of burning that somehow reminded

Allie of both the lavender and the charcoaled meals in the restaurant. 'It'll be all right so long as the wind doesn't change,' said Vigne, 'And the wind's set inland at present. Has been for a week.'

But Allie sat all night at their window, watching the flames running about the mountains, blossoming into huge crimson flowers now here, now there, now far away; now suddenly so close she could see the outlines of the fences and the empty paddock. No sounds came from the farms, and no dogs barked. She thought of Lily and the baby and the short life-line on Lily's palm as she fell asleep with her head on the sill.

She woke stiff and late to a sunny morning and Vigne already packed and examining the air-line tickets. 'You worry far too much,' he said.

'What am I going to do with you?'

Downstairs in the kitchen she could hear the girls laughing with the babies, and the clink of breakfast dishes. On the verandah, the great land lay smokeless under the sun.

'I was frightened last night,' said Allie to Lily.

'Us, too,' said Lily, 'Us, too.'

'I watched it all night long.

'Oh yes. Us, too.'

'This is a dangerous country.'

'Oh, yes it is. It is a very dangerous country. But you must come back. You will come back, Mrs. Vigne? We need you. We need so much tourism.'

'And now, please,' she said, 'you will both give us all a hug.' And holding Friedrich, she hugged both the Vignes tight in her arms, one and two, and seemed to be both laughing and crying.

'We may never meet again, you know,' said Allie, 'Nobody knows the future. You must believe me, Lily. I don't know the future. I don't know anything about reading palms.'

'Yes, but look now at Friedrich,' said Lily, not listening, 'Up, up he goes. See. Now don't you be so afraid, Mrs. Vigne.'

And Friedrich spread out his short arms again on either side of him and stood up straight in the air on the palm of one of his mother's hands.

'Just you look at him now, Mrs. Vigne. He's learning to fly.'

end

Learning to Fly

Jane Gardam

The vineyards covered the whole width of the valley and all around them the fluted mountains looked down. Already in the early morning they seemed to float in heat. Here and there the ranges parted, swooping to let through a road or to allow villages and farms to lie on a high plateau. From an elegant country-house hotel on the wide plain towards Somerset West and Cape Town the view of these mountains was huge and wonderful.

The hotel was low and pale yellow, the gardens brilliant green, wetted by sprinklers surrounded by an electric fence twelve feet high, its metal gates, tall as the fence, controlled from an unmanned tardis standing to one side of them. Immediately outside the gates was scrub and a winding dirt track towards a main road. On the scrub oddments of farm buildings and shacks stood about with coloured washing hanging out, people sitting or leaning against whitewashed walls. Across the main road the immaculate vineyards stretched out of sight.

Inside the electric fence Allie Vigne sat on the tiled veranda waiting for her breakfast, dabbing at the palms of her hands with a handkerchief. She was frowning at her hands. On the lawns the bad-tempered African ibises were strutting and shrieking and plunging their scythed beaks into the grass. Two polished racehorses in a white-railed paddock tossed their tails and shook their heads about, hot already under the trees. Flower-beds and swimming pool dazzled. The black girl, Lily, with her baby under her arm, watched Allie from round the mesh of the verandah door.

'You goin' to have your breakfast now, Mrs. Vigne, or wait for Mr. Vigne?' 'Oh. Thanks. Yes please, I'll have it now.'

'You reading your palms, Mrs. Vigne? You know how to read palms?' Allie folded her arms on the table and said, 'No. Oh, no, not at all. I don't know anything about it. Just what I've read in magazines. Like anybody.'

Lily and the baby went away and Allie dropped her hands to her lap. Then she brought them up before her face again and examined the familiar, straggling lifeline.

'You goin' to read my palm next, Mrs. Vigne?' Lily asked, suddenly coming back with the baby and the toast.

The baby was a young baby, too young yet even to sit up alone. He was fat and beautiful and his hands twirled on their round wrists like pink and blue stars. Allie again put her big white English hands under the table.

'You goin' to read the other girls palms, Mrs Vigne? Linda's goin' to have an operation in the Clinic. Are you goin' to read Linda's palm? Are you goin' to read Friedrich's palm?' Friedrich was the baby.

'No, no.' But Lily took Friedrich's hand and held it in front of Allie's eyes. The heart-line, head-line and life-line were all in place, long and certain. 'Oh, how lovely,' said Allie, and stroked the tiny palm with her finger. The baby laughed.

'Is he goin' to live a long time, Mrs. Vigne? Am I goin' to live a long time?' and she held out her own sweet, plump hand, the smallest adult hand Allie had ever seen. And with the shortest life-line. A life-line that stopped abruptly, hardly more than one inch long.

'Well, it's all nonsense,' thought Allie.

'Yes,' she said, 'It looks as if you're both going to live forever.'

'How many babies will I have, Mrs. Vigne?'

Allie took the hand, folded in the fingers, turned it on its side as a fist and counted the creases below the little finger. She said, 'Three.'

'Only three? Then Friedrich is my last child.'

'But you look much too young to have three already. Where are they?'

'The two big ones are with my mother. Like I was with her mother.'

Soon Friedrich will go to my mother, too.'

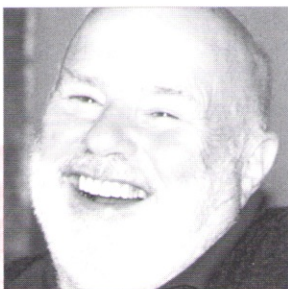
'That seems rather sad.'

'Yes. But you can't have running-about babies in a hotel.'

'But he's not standing yet. Not even sitting up.'

'No. But I shall have more babies if I can, Mrs. Vigne. Yes, I am young. And I am also very strong. Your hands are strong, Mrs. Vigne, but mine are stronger. Look. Look here now.'

She swung the baby from under her arm and flattened out the palm of her hand, stood his tiny parcels of feet on it, side by side, let go of



Istvan Eorsi

B. 1931 in Budapest. Lives in Hungary and Berlin.

Novelist, short story writer, essayist, theater artist, translator.

Awards

Austrian Prize for Translations, 1988; Residency Fellowship, Berliner Künstlerprogramm (DAAD), Germany, 1983; Frankfurter Autorenstiftung, 1983; Attila Jozsef-Price, 1952.

Publications

Novels: *Ich Fing Eine Fliege Beim Minister*, in German, 1991; Short Story Collection, combined forms: *The Five-Footed Lamb*, in Hungarian, 1996; *The Knot*, in Hungarian, 1995; *My Time with Gombrowicz*, in Serbian, 1994.

Essays

Enigmatic Charm of Liberty, in Hungarian, 1997; Plays: *Das Opfer, Der Staatsmann Und Seine Schatten*, in German, 1993; *His Master's Voice*, 1985, English translation, 1997; *The Compromise*, 1981, English translation, 1989; *The Interrogation*, English translation, 1965; Georg Lukas: *Record of a Life*, English translation, Verso Edition, 1983; *Prison Memoirs: Recollection of the Old Good Times*, in Hungarian, 1988. Additional German Publications: *Tage mit Gombrowicz*, 1997; *Erinnerung an die achonen alten Zeiten*, 1991; *Bei Phalaris*, 1987; *Die Stimme seines Herrn*, 1984; *Das Verhor, Jolan und die Manner*, 1984.

The Question

Istvan Eorsi

When that dress-grey, gray-haired and gray-faced
goblin took charge of me then inside the gate,
which closed behind me for a couple years,
I was still cheerful exceedingly
cheerful nodding out (hadn't slept for days),
cheerful because taking part in real life
action again, two serious gentlemen
at my shoulders in a night-colored car which
special for me rolled across December's bridge,
cheerful because I'd yelled out in the street
that this one and that one should be notified,
cheerful because I thought the adventure
a minor excursion, but cheerful also,
because such a gray such a small Uncle
I'd never seen yet, he however
wasn't cheerful, was reassuringly
bored bananas, boringly signed for
my delivery and boringly
turned my seven pockets inside-out,
then with a wooden face confiscated
handkerchief, pocketknife, bunch of keys,

next indifferently requested my belt
and examined personally whether
my underpants operated with string,
yawned apathetic patting me down,
last nearly napping asked for the laces
that wagged lighthearted from my shoe tops - -
"I can't walk like this" -- he shrugged a shoulder:
Left hand holding my pants up, spellbound by
this unprecedented situation, yet
still cavalier I bowed deep presenting
him with the shoelaces in my right hand.
"What's the point anyhow? I really don't
intend to hang myself" -- I assured him
lightheartedly. "You don't?" he questioned. -- "Why not?"
On his sallow face neither mockery nor hate.

That was when the fear caught up with me.

Translated by Allen Ginsberg



film



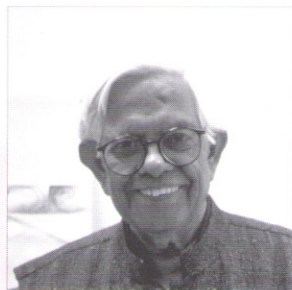
Bhupen Khakhar

B. 1934 in Bombay, India. He lives and works in Baroda, India.

Painter:

Selected Solo Exhibitions

Kapil Jariwalal Gallery, London, 1995; Chemould Art Gallery, Bombay, 1994; Galerie Nouvelles Images, Den Haag, 1993; Galerie Schoo (F.I.A.), Amsterdam, 1992; Chemould Art Gallery, Bombay, 1990; Gallery Watari, Tokyo, 1986; Galleries Contemporaines, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, 1986; Knoedler Gallery, London, 1983; Hester Van Royen Gallery, London, 1979; Anthony Stokes Gallery, London, 1979.



Selected Group Exhibitions

Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, 1998; (F.I.A.), Amsterdam, 1994; Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, 1994; Aberystwyth, Cardiff, Liverpool and London, 1993; Documenta IX, Kassel, Germany, 1992; Arnolfini, Bristol and ICA, London; *Art Now in India*, London, Newcastle and Gent, 1966.

Public Collections

The British Museum, London; The National Portrait Gallery, London; The Museum of Modern Art, New York.





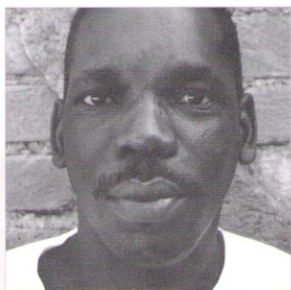


Sandile Zulu

B. 1960 in Ixopo, Kwazulu Natal, South Africa. Lives in Johannesburg, Republic of South Africa. Multimedia artist.

Awards

The President's Award, Grand Prize, 1998; 6th Seychelles Biennale of Contemporary Art, 1998; 7 Artists 7 Countries, St. Denis, Reunion Island, 1995; Art/Omi, New York, 1994.



Solo Exhibitions

Millennium Gallery, Pretoria, SA, 1998; Artomic Project II, Gallerie Zola, Aix-en-Provence, France, 1997; Artomic Project I, Sandton Gallery, Johannesburg, SA, 1997; Fire! Rembrandt van Rijn Gallery, Johannesburg, SA, 1995.

Selected Group Exhibitions

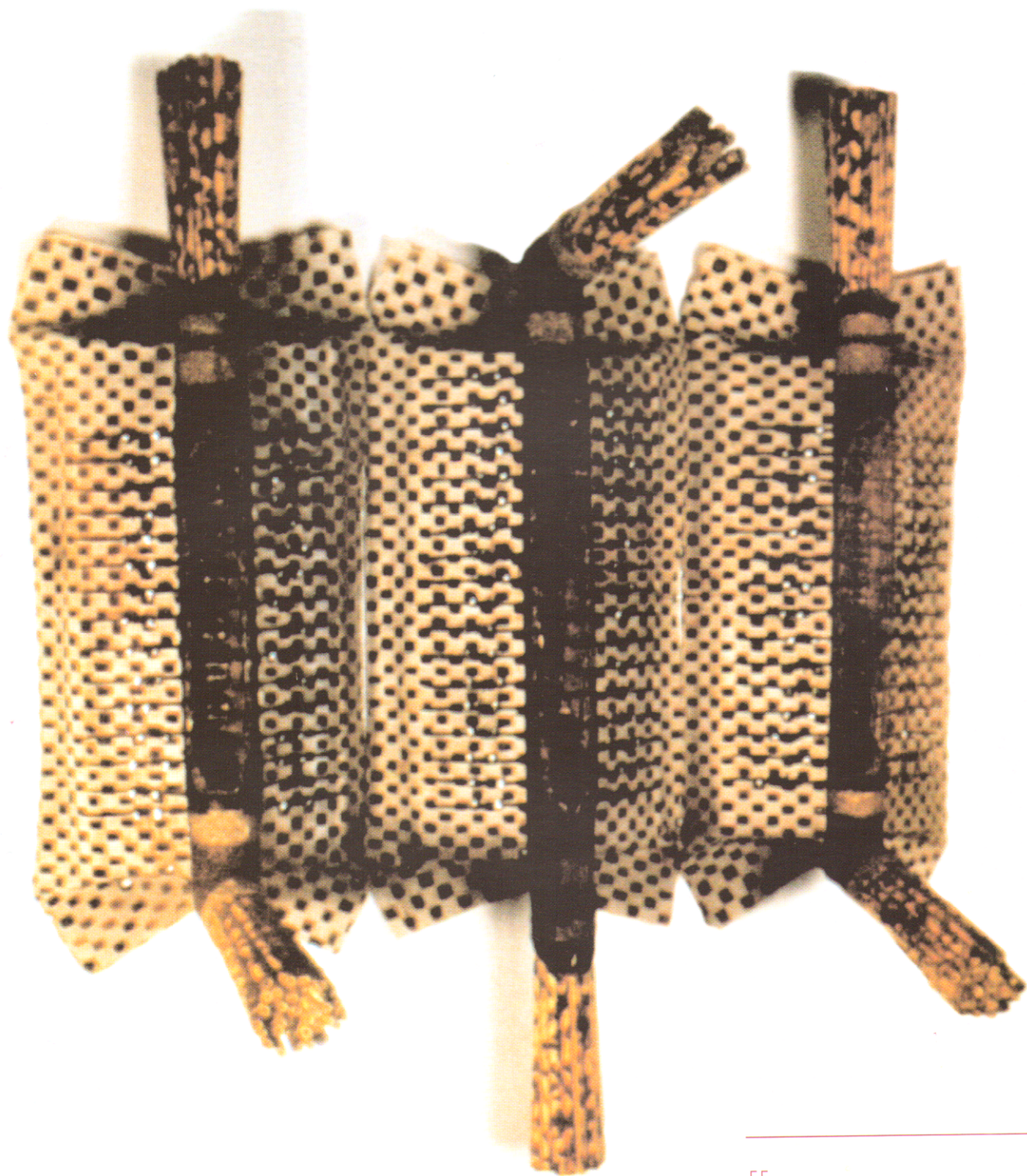
Changing Screens, The Firs, Johannesburg, SA, 2000; *Liberated Voices*, The Museum for African Art, New York, 1999; *Celsius Art from SA*, Ifa Gallery, Bonn, Germany, 1999; *FNB Vita Art Award*, Sandton Gallery, Johannesburg, SA, 1998, 1996; *Graft*, 2nd Johannesburg Biennale, National Gallery, SA, 1997; *South Africa I - At the forefront*, October Gallery, London, 1996.

Public Collections

South African National Gallery; Sandton Civic Gallery, Johannesburg; Gauteng Legislature, Johannesburg; Gencor, Johannesburg; Art Omi, New York; Frac Reunion, Reunion Island, SA; The Museum for African Art, New York.

Artist Statement

My experience at Civitella was a good shot in the arm. As if being there alone was not already enough for me, meeting those people there, those fellows there, those exchanges of points of views and those shared good moments was amazingly enriching. As I reflect now, I realise that my residency came just at the right time when I needed to take an introspective stock. Civitella was the right place. That atmosphere with almost devotional tranquility permeating the air is tremendous. The gains to derive from this residency are indeed considerable. I took stock indeed.



Larisa Rezun-Zvezdochetova

B. 1958 in Odessa, Russia. Lives and works in Moscow and Amsterdam. Mixed media artist.

Awards

Schloss Plueschow Residency, Germany, 2000; Cite des Arts Fellowship, Paris, 1995; L-Gallery, Moscow, 1993;



Solo Exhibitions

de Waag, Amsterdam, 1998; Museum of Private Collections, Odessa, 1997; Cite des Arts, Paris, 1996; Musee de l'Art Moderne de la Ville de Geneve, Geneva, 1992; Galerie Avantgarde, Berlin, 1990; First Gallery, Moscow, 1989.

Group Exhibitions

Contemporary Russian Art 1980 – 1990, State Tsaritsino Museum of Contemporary Art, Moscow, 2000; Begane Grond, Utrecht, 2000; Russian Contemporary Artists from the Ludwig Forum for International Art, Leverkusen, Germany (catalogue), 1999; Gate Foundation, Amsterdam, 1998; Mucharnok Museum, Budapest, 1998; Centre of Contemporary Art, Moscow, 1997; Galerie im Marstal, Academy of the Arts, Berlin, 1996; Documenta Halle, Kassel, 1996; Munich Order Centre, Munich, 1994; Caisse de Depots et Consignations, Paris, 1995; Musee de la Poste, Paris, 1993; North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, 1992; Binationale, Staedische Kunsthalle, Duesseldorf, 1992; The Israel Museum, Weisbord Pavillion, Jerusalem, 1991; Biennale of the Baltic States, Museum of Contemporary Art, Rauma, Finland, 1991.

Saint Francis talked to the birds.



Artist Statement

"The memory of the Renaissance gave many generations of Italian artists licensed to use the Renaissance trade mark by successfully copying its style."

Italy is the country of Great Culture and no less great Kitsch. What makes things kitsch? For instance, Botticelli is for sure a genius, but he became an object of kitsch because of the mass reproduction of his works and the seemingly easy understanding of his art. This has happened to many other artists of the Renaissance.

This is not a new phenomenon. Already in the 18th and 19th centuries the concept of Great Italian Culture was also popular throughout Europe including Russia. The memory of the Renaissance gave many generations of Italian artists licensed to use the Renaissance trade mark by successfully copying its style. For example, in Moscow you can find many palaces and villas built in these times, the collections of which contain many paintings in Renaissance style by "unknown Italian masters". The only thing that is missing is the label "made in Italy".

When I was in Italy, I was surprised by the popularity of Saint Francis. Stunned I was by the contradiction of his own philosophy of poverty and humility and the pop star-like Supersaint cult figure that has been made out of him after his death.

Therefore, at Civitella I made a photo-series called "fotoromanzo", which tells the story of how Saint Francis appeared to Saint Francis, and about what Saint Francis said to the birds. About what really?

Once, when Saint Francis was going on an excursion to Civitella castle, he suddenly saw Saint Francis telling the birds about the history of the Ranieri family.



Once, when Saint Francis was posing for a magazine, he suddenly met Saint Francis who also had to come to do a photo session with the birds.



Once, when Saint Francis was wandering through the Umbrian hills and admiring the landscape, he suddenly saw Saint Francis talking to the birds about the wonderful Umbrian landscape.



Sabrina Mezzaqui

B. 1964 in Bologna, Italy. Lives in Bologna.

Sculptor; painter; photographer.



Selected Solo Exhibitions

Galleria Graffio, Bologna, Italy, 2000, 1998, 1997, 1996; Palazzo Tozzoni, Imola, Bologna; Ciocca Arte Contemporanea, Milan, Italy, 1998.

Selected Group Exhibitions

Accademia di Francia, Villa Medici, Rome, 1999; PS. I Contemporary Art Center; New York, 1999; Galleria Futuro, Rome, Italy, 1998; Viafarini, Milan, Italy, 1998; Galleria d'Arte Contemporanea Vero Stoppioni, Santa Sofia, Forlì, Italy, 1998; Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Bologna, 1998, 1997; Trevi Flash Art Museum, Trevi, Perugia, Italy, 1997; Zweekverband Dachauer Galerien und Museen, Dachau, Germany, 1997; Galleria Graffio, Bologna, 1997; Künstlerwerkstatt Lothringerstraße 13, München, Germany, 1996; Saletta Comunale, Castel S. Pietro Terme, Italy, 1996; I Pellegrini del Futuro, performance, Parco di Villa delle Rose, Bologna, 1996; Galleria Emi Fontana, Milan, 1996; Galleria Emi Fontana, NYC, 1996; Galleria Comunale d'Arte Moderna, Bologna, 1995; Galleria di Piazza Cavour, Padova, Italy, 1996; The Galleria Neon, Bologna, 1995, 1994.

Special Project

Oreste O e Oreste, Cultural Association, Frosinone, Italy 1997-98.

Artist Statement

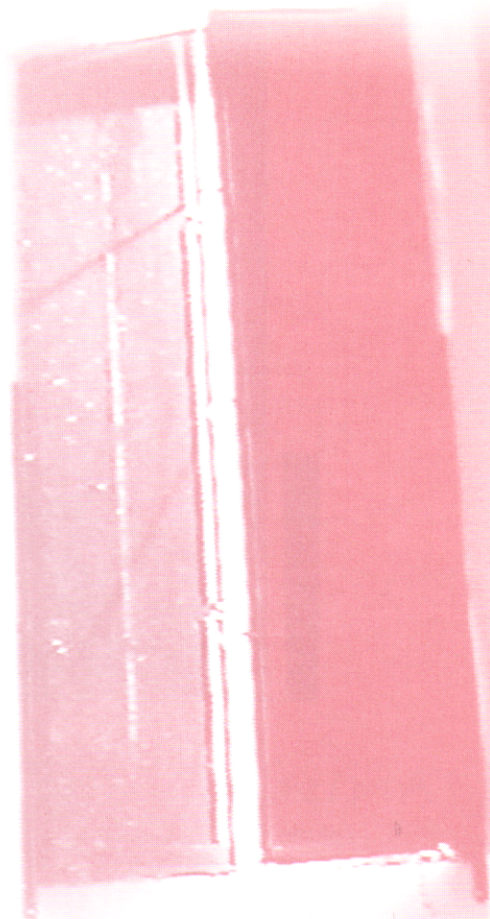
The major part of my work is a materialization of the continuous repetition of typical feminine craft gestures (decorating, stringing beads, cutting, folding,...) from a traditional lifestyle (I remember my grandmother knitting, sitting on the arm-chair...).

Often they are works in progress developing in space and time. The final results have a light and pleasant appearance in contrast to the labor-intensive mode of their production, with an emphasis on the decorative (because the decorative is often overlooked in the history of art). In my work, fragments are very important and I like to use different media and techniques. There is also a narrative component consisting of short texts, memories and literary references.

In my work *Sabrine*, I delegated to other persons the narrative component: in fact I asked them to describe me. It was a stimulating experience in which I see new possibilities for future research.

Since adolescence, I have been continuously asking myself why life is not as it is in the movies. The desire to be the movie-director of my own life drove me last winter to spend three months of isolation in Pantelleria, a little island in the south of the Mediterranean Sea. There, I realized that in order to feel like the player of a movie, you need an external point of view, out of yourself, with a someone else's sight. From that experience, I created my last solo exhibition, *Sent Messages*, where I displayed letters, a video, a carpet of thoughts, shadows,...

In my last work, *Curtain*, I copied, point by point, the true curtain from my private room on the glass window of the public gallery.





Artist Statement

For me spending time at Civitella brought back a feeling that I had forgotten a little. This hard to describe feeling which contains pleasure led to my making some new work there in a pace that was more fueled by joy and patience than drive.

I want to thank all the people at Civitella for their generous spirits and hospitality. This wonderful place allowed me to slow down enough to realize how humanity and art making are tied up in the loveliest of ways.
Thank you.

Abelardo Morell

B. 1948 in Havana, Cuba. Lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. Photographer.

Appointments

Professor, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston, presently.

Awards

Residency, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, 1997; New England Foundation for the Arts Fellowship, 1995; Residency, The Boston Athenaeum, 1995; St. Botolph's Club Foundation Award, 1995; Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship, 1993; Cintas Foundation Fellowship, 1992.

Selected Solo Exhibitions

Bonni Benrubi Gallery, New York, 2000; *Abelardo Morell and the Camera Eye*: retrospective, Museum of Photographic Arts, San Diego, CA, 1998 (traveled to Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA; Bowdoin College Museum, Brunswick, ME; Saint Louis Art Museum, Saint Louis, MO); Bonni Benrubi Gallery, New York, 1998; Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, 1998; Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco, CA, 1996; Boston Athenaeum, Boston, MA, 1995; Robert Klein Gallery, Boston, MA, 1995; Jan Abrams Gallery, Los Angeles, CA, 1995; Jackson Fine Art, Atlanta, GA, 1995.

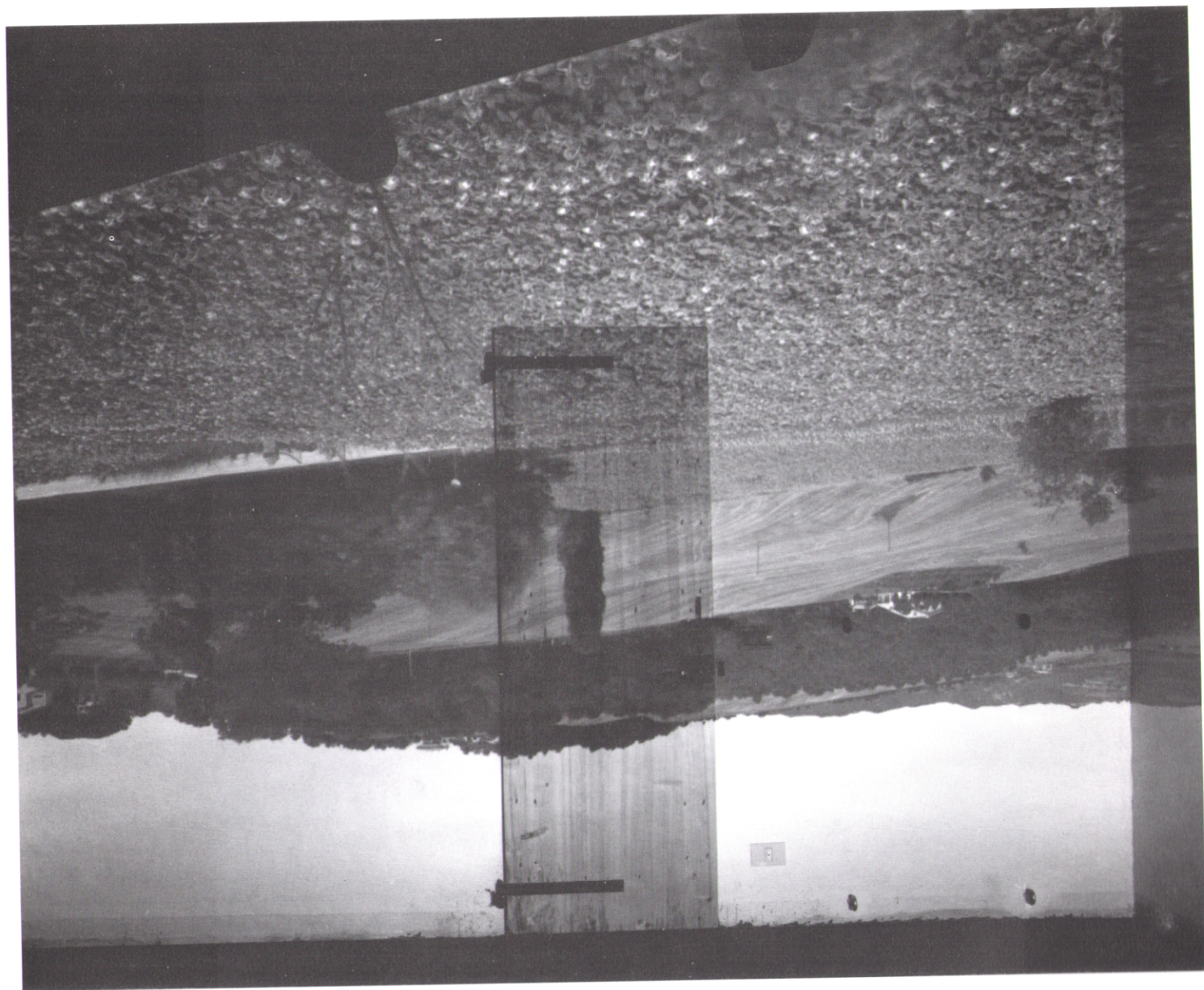
Selected Group Exhibitions

DeCordova Museum, Lincoln, MA, 1998; Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, CT, 1998; Generous Miracles Gallery, New York, 1998; Fort Lauderdale Museum of Art, Florida, 1997; The Brooklyn Museum of Art, New York, 1997; The Tokyo Metropolitan Museum of Photography, Tokyo, Japan, 1997; Smithsonian Institution International Gallery, Washington, D.C., 1997; Ho-Am Art Museum, Seoul, Korea, 1997; Museum of Photographic Arts, San Diego, CA, 1997; Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, 1996; George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, 1996; The Museum of Contemporary Photography, Chicago, Illinois, 1996; International Center for Photography, New York, 1995; The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1994, 92, 91; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1994; Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, 1993.

Selected Collections

Amon Carter Museum, Texas; The Art Institute of Chicago; Baltimore Museum of Art; Brandeis University Rose Art Museum, MA; The Brooklyn Museum; The Cleveland Museum of Art; Hallmark Photographic Collection, Missouri; International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, Rochester, NY; The Israel Museum; Metropolitan Museum of Art, NY; Milwaukee Art Museum, Wisconsin; The Museum of Contemporary Photography, Chicago; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; The Museum of Modern Art, New York; National Gallery of Art, Washington DC; The New Orleans Museum of Art, Louisiana; The New York Public Library; The Saint Louis Art Museum, Missouri; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, CA; Yale University, New Haven, CT.







Silvio Soldini

B. 1958 in Milan. Lives in Milan. Director

Awards

Grolla d'Oro for actress, Valeria Golino a Saint-Vincent in his film *Le Acrobate*, 1997; Primo Premio, Rencontres Internationales de Cinema Paris, 1997; Grolla d' Oro Award for the script, *Saint Vincent*, L' *Aria Serena dell' Ovest*, 1985; Grand-Prix, del Festival di Annecy, 1985.



Feature Films

Pane e tulipani (Bread and Tulips), 2000; *Le Acrobate*, 35mm, 1996; *Un' Anima Divisa in Due*, 35mm, 1993; L' *Aria Serena Dell' ovest*, 35mm, 1990. Shorts: *Casa Cose Citta*, video, 50 mins., 1997; *La Biblioteca Aiuta a Crescere*, spot video, 30 mins., 1995; *Frammenti Di Una Storia Tra Cinema E Per feria*, video, 50 mins., 1995; *D' Estate*, 35mm, 15 mins., 1994; *Fate in Blu Diesis*, beta cam, 40, mins., 1994; *Feminine, Folle e Polvere D' Archivio*, 35mm, 7 mins., 1992; *Antonio E Cleo*, 16mm, 20 mins., 1998; *Giulia In Ottobre*, 16mm, 55 mins., 1985; *Paesaggio Con Figure*, 16mm, 75 mins., 1983; *Driinage*, 16mm, 20 mins., 1982. Documentaries: *Made in Lombardia*, Beta, 45 mins., 1996; *Musiche Bruciano*, Beta, 55 mins., 1991; *La Fabbrica Sospesa*, 16mm, 45 mins., 1987; *Voci Celate*, 3/4 U-Matic, 70 mins., 1986.

Artist Statement

As I live in Italy I cannot say I was completely taken by surprise to find such beauty surrounding Civitella. But I was not expecting such a warm atmosphere. I had planned spending my five weeks' stay writing a screenplay, a first-time adaptation of a novel (*Yesterday* by Agota Kristoff), in collaboration with Doriana Leoneff with whom I wrote two previous screenplays. This is what happened, in spite of my residency time being eroded by some previous commitments: we completed a first draft. I almost feel like adding: alas. Alas because in such a place, with such scenery, in that different time-rhythm, among those stones exuding history, the splendid people we met, both Doriana and I felt the urge to just cancel all dutiful engagements and abandon ourselves to other experiences. Observing, listening, reading, thinking, day-dreaming, visiting, talking, letting new ideas come to birth, sleeping... We could not, perhaps I dared not. Or perhaps the screenplay for my new film needed to take shape in exactly this manner; taking advantage of that time, those birdsongs, those long talks over dinner, those mornings filled with sun.

Translated from the Italian by Lella Heins

E' tutto finito. Line non verrà da me. Presto partirà
con un uomo che non ama. Penso che sarà infelice,
che non amerà mai un altro uomo.

Tobias

Più tardi entra in cucina. Apre il frigorifero, tira fuori un pezzo di lardo e lo mette su un tagliere. Poi apre un cassetto e prende un coltello. A un tratto si blocca, fissa il coltello che tiene in mano.

dal frigorifero

101. Strada e Villaggio - Est. Notte

Tobias pedala con rabbia lungo la solita strada piena di curve, rischiarata dalla luce dei lampioni. L'asfalto è nero, bagnato di pioggia.

Improvvisamente

Lo infila nella tasca del cappotto ed esce.

griva

Non può resistere a questa luce di follia

102. Strada Casa Line - Est. Notte

Tobias si ferma davanti a casa di Line. Nello studio di Koloman la luce è spenta. Line dev'essere in cucina, o nell'altra camera, con Violette. Le strade sono vuote. Nessun passante. Tobias si siede sui gradini di una scala, aspetta.

Tobias non attraversa il portello, ne va nel retro.

Koloman arriva con l'ultimo autobus, Tobias lo vede, si alza. Il momento d'agire è arrivato. I passi di Koloman risuonano nell'oscurità. Lui si avvicina alla porta di casa.

e cammina verso casa

all'aperto.

Tobias gli si para davanti all'improvviso, gli sbarrando la strada. Koloman si spaventa, lo riconosce.

Koloman si avvicina

KOLOMAN

Sandor... cosa vuole?

TOBIAS

Voglio punirla per quello che ha a Line. Il bambino era suo, Koloman, non mio.

fa Ho

Koloman cerca di respingerlo.

KOLOMAN

Razza di imbecille, se ne vada.

Tobias tira fuori il coltello dalla giacca e in un lampo glielo infila nel ventre. Koloman lancia un grido, si accascia per terra. Tobias arretra spaventato, scaglia lontano il coltello. Riprende la bicicletta e fugge con le urla di Koloman nelle orecchie.

conficca

infila

spaventato

Tobias arretra lentamente, atterrito. Ha lo sguardo fisso su Koloman che urla di dolore. In mano ha ancora il coltello insanguinato. Lo ~~scaglia~~ getta via. Poi prende la bicicletta e fugge.

Larry Sultan

B. 1946 in Brooklyn, New York. Lives in Greenbrae, California

Photographer:

Appointments

Professor of Art, California College of Arts and Crafts.

Awards

Flintridge Foundation Artist's Fellowship, 2000; National Endowment for the Arts, Photography Fellowship, 1992, 1986, 1980; Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Biennial Award, 1991; Guggenheim Fellowship, 1983; Fleishhaker Foundation Eureka Fellowship, 1989; Englehard Fellowship, 1988.



Published Books

Pictures From Home, Harry N. Abrams Inc., New York, 1992; *Evidence* (collaboration with Mike Mandel), self published, 1977.

Solo Exhibitions

Queens Museum, New York, 1996; Corcoran Museum of Art, Washington DC, 1995; Chicago Cultural Arts Center, 1994; San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art, 1994; Janet Borden Gallery, New York, 1993; Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco, 1992; San Jose Museum of Art, 1992.

Collections

Art Institute of Chicago, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Center for Creative Photography, Tucson Az; Canadian Center for Architecture; The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington DC; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas; The Jewish Museum, New York; The List Art Center, MIT, Boston; The Museum of Modern Art, New York; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; The National Gallery of Art, Washington DC; San Jose Museum of Art; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

Artist Statement

For the past 2 years I've been photographing the sets and behind the scenes of adult films shot in suburban homes in Los Angeles where I grew up. I've also been mining these films for still images that inadvertently reveal the gestures, rituals and scenes of domestic life. At Civitella I was able to stand back from this stack of images and, like pulling in a net, discover what it is that I've caught. I had wondrous, uninterrupted days of editing, sequencing, writing and walking, what seemed like all the time in the world to explore that fertile field that lies between the ordinary and the transgressive. All this and fireflies too.





" I had wondrous, uninterrupted days of editing,
sequencing, writing and walking what seemed

like all the time in the world to **explore that fertile
field that lies between the ordinary and the
transgressive.** All this and fireflies too."

--Larry Sultan





**In collaboration with the Atlantic Center
for the Arts and the Darden Celebration of Culture**

This special program invited 8 US and 8 Italian artists to come to the Civitella Ranieri castle for a three-week period to work with past Civitella Ranieri Fellows William Kentridge (1996) and Mark Dion (1996). This exchange was designed to encourage an interaction of ideas between younger Italian and American artists while they worked on projects with Kentridge and Dion. Midway through the period a public presentation was made in Umbertide discussing the conceptualization, development and implementation of work by the two past Civitella Ranieri Fellows and at the end of the period, a presentation of the projects developed during the exchange was held at the Villa Medici in Rome.

The participants:

Amy Balkin; San Francisco, CA
 Balletti & Mercandelli; Brescia, Italia
 Manuela Cirino; Milano, Italia
 Paola Di Bello; Milano, Italia
 Valentina Ferrarese; San Dona di Piave, Italia
 Nicoletta Freti; Bergamo, Italia
 Timothy Hutchings; Brooklyn, NY
 Nittin Jayaswal; Gainesville, FL
 Sarah Jane Lapp; Brooklyn, NY
 Lorenzo Missoni; Udine Italia
 Giancarlo Norese; Novi Ligure Italia
 Antonio Panzuto; Padova, Italia
 Jenny Perlin; Brooklyn, NY
 Renee Rendine; Baltimore, MD
 Kim Stringfellow; Chicago, IL
 Sarah Vogwill; Brooklyn, NY



A partial list of projects initiated, developed or completed at Civitella during the exchange:

- A short video tracing the evolution of a dancing object
- Segments of a film using repeated video projections and a growing variety of shadow puppets
- Portions of a 16 mm film of abstract moving shapes
- A Polaroid, audio and video real-time hour-long documentation of the garden bench
- The fabrication of an 8" x 10" pinhole camera
- A trail-run for an installation using wet/dry/melted materials
- A series of drawings for an animated film
- A short video involving a corn chopper
- An historically inquisitive scavenger hunt
- An 'open bar' project
- An installation in the barn involving two chairs and string
- Portraits of fantastical plants
- A video series on meals eaten during the exchange
- Computer snapshot series
- A series of miniature stenographic silhouettes
- Plaster moulds of useful objects rendered useless



CIVITELLA RANIERI

f o u n d a t i o n



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Duo Duo
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1996

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Visual Arts

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Literature

Anita Desai
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Film

Atom Egoyan

Music

Marty Ehrlich
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Chinary Ung
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1998

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Gulammohammed
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Music

Bobby Bradford
Brenton Broadstock
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1999

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Literature

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