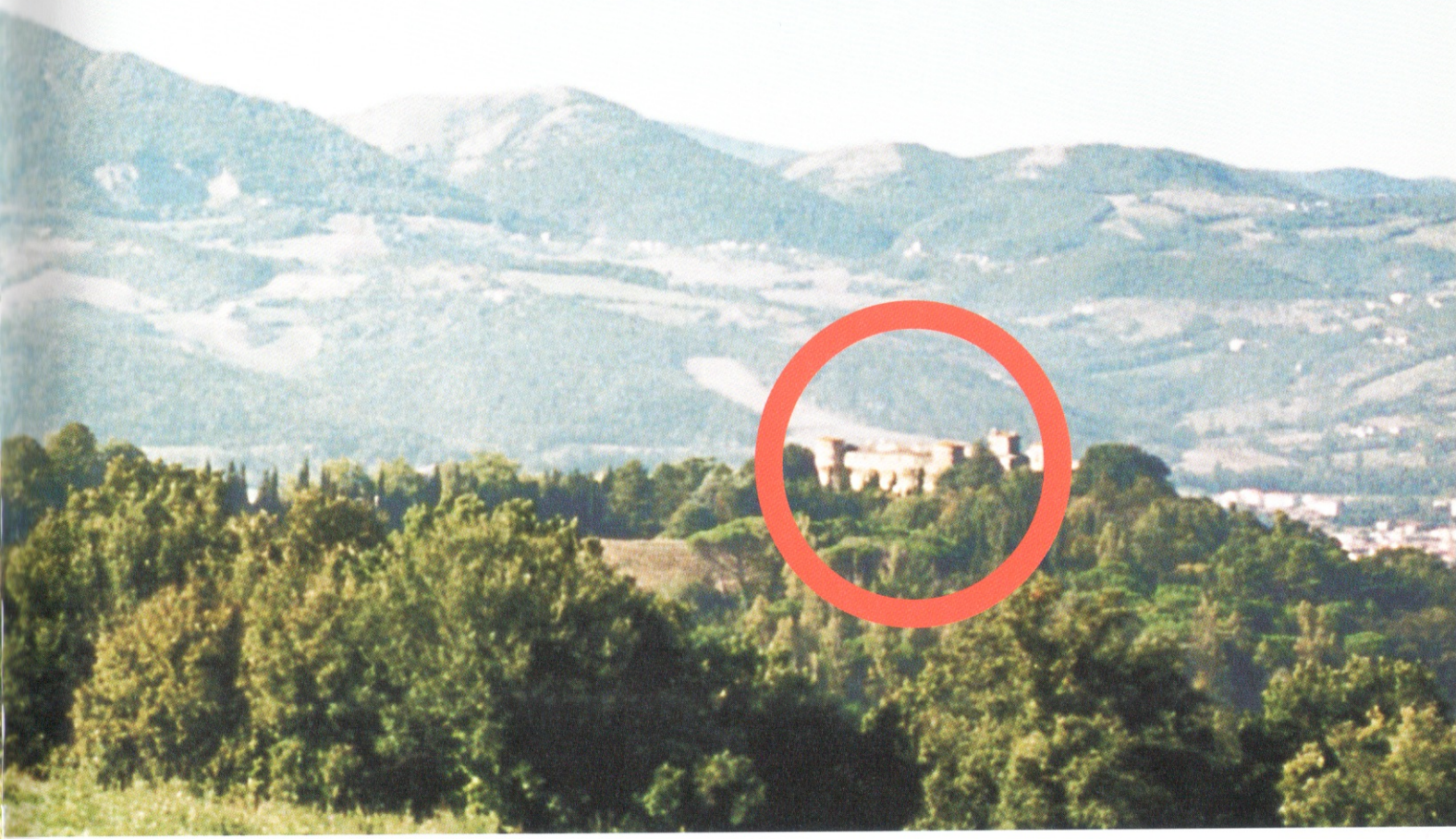




Civitella Ranieri

2001



Foreword.

2001 was a year of transition and change at the Civitella Ranieri Center. Many gracious and dedicated individuals helped us meet the challenges that arose and navigate the changes that are inevitable in the ever-evolving life of a non-profit organization. Most significantly, we continued to benefit from the encouragement and generosity of Civitella's founder, Ursula Corning, as well as from the considerate counsel of our Chairman Emeritus, Gerald Rupp.

Since its inception 10 years ago, the Civitella Ranieri Center has been fortunate to have the talented team of Gordon Knox and Cecilia Galiena as Executive and Program Directors. It was their vision and dogged perseverance that brought the Center to life in the Umbrian hills. At the end of the 2001 season, Gordon and Cecilia decided to move on to other challenges in their lives and careers. All of us are in their debt for the superb facilities and highly regarded program that are now firmly established at the Civitella Ranieri Center. We wish them well in their future endeavors.

As always, our Italian and American staff assured the continuing success of the program and our distinguished nominators and jurors played their critical supporting roles for which I am enormously grateful. The heart and soul of the Civitella experience, however, remains the gifted artists, writers and musicians who come to the castle each season to further their important work. It is their enthusiasm, their discipline and their talent that inspire the rest of us to push forward.

John B. Roberts, Chairman

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Introduction.

The Civitella Ranieri Center is a workplace for artists from different disciplines and countries, located in the 15th century Civitella Ranieri castle near Umbertide, in the Umbria region of Italy. In keeping with the spirit of its founder, Ursula Corning, and the tradition of friendship and hospitality that she established over three decades at the castle, the Center seeks to enable its artist Fellows to pursue their work and to exchange ideas in the inspiring setting of the castle.

The Center is funded by the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, a non-profit operating foundation organized under the laws of the State of New York, with offices in New York City.

image.

Aerial view of castle





Ursula Corning was born in Switzerland of an American father and an English mother. She had her early instruction in Basel and later on, in England. Many years earlier, Ursula's American cousin Romeyne Robert married the Marchese Ranieri di Sorbello, a marriage that established the important link between the American and Italian branches of the family. As a child, Ursula was taken often by her father to Sorbello and Civitella, the two Umbrian castles of the Ranieri family, to visit their cousin Romeyne. Over the ensuing years, Ursula continued visiting her Italian relatives and developed a lasting attachment to Italy and particularly to Umbria.

In 1968, by invitation of her cousin Roberto, Ursula began 35 years of summer residency at the Civitella castle. She hosted friends there from all over the world and provided an extraordinarily hospitable environment for recreation, for the exchange of ideas and for exploring the artistic treasures of central Italy. Her cosmopolitan guests brought experiences and backgrounds to Civitella that were as diverse as their ages. Thus was born the spirit of this special place. The Civitella Ranieri Center with its support for the world's artists, writers and musicians is the legacy of Ursula Corning's unmatched hospitality and her love of the arts.

Gerald E. Rupp
Founding Trustee &
Chairman Emeritus

image.
Portrait of Ursula Corning
photograph by.
Accra Shepp, Visual Arts
Fellow 1997.

image.
Castle exterior



The mission of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is:

To bring together visual artists, writers and musicians (the "Fellows") from around the world who have demonstrated talent and an enduring commitment to their disciplines. The guiding principle of the nomination and selection process is to attract gifted individuals who represent the fullest range of artistic backgrounds and practices.

To provide the Fellows with simple but agreeable board and lodging, access to a private studio and essential materials for a period ranging from one to four months, and, thereby, to encourage their work.

To encourage the wider dissemination of ideas and influences fostered by the shared experience of residency at the Civitella Ranieri castle.

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

Selection Process.

The Civitella Ranieri Foundation provides fellowships to visual artists, musicians and writers on an invitational basis. It does not accept unsolicited applications and cannot award a fellowship to anyone who has not been specifically recommended by one of the Center's nominators.

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

The process was designed to provide the Foundation access to the widest selection of artists in a variety of disciplines from all parts of the world.

image.
Castle door





MUSIC

John Harbison
Fred Ho
Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris
Bobby Previte
Kaija Saariaho
Kay Kaufman Shelemay
Laetitia Sonami
Henry Threadgill

image.

Detail of music room

Fellow.
FRED HO

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Fred Ho

country:
United States

lives:
New York, New York

All artist residencies are a very good thing and one of the better ways to direct funds, instead of say, the stock market, mutual funds, research and development in the techno-sciences that commonly benefit corporate profit aggrandizement and military expansion, real estate speculation, etc. Indeed, support for creative and intellectual pursuits FREE from financial risk or gain is paramount to support for democracy, social equity and cultural diversity, i.e., selecting artists on the basis of merit and seriousness irregardless of career credentials, appointments, awards, and honors hustling. The intrinsic pursuit of excellence and experimentation can only be assessed

by the determined output of the artist, which should speak for itself, and not via letters of recommendation or resumes. That is why a qualified, ecumenical, fair and open-minded group of jurors or selectors is crucial to ensure that nominations reflect diversity of aesthetics and genuine capabilities, and not simply old-boy/old-girl networks and favoritism.

The CRC fosters an informal, supportive and unrestrictive environment for artistic creation and reflection. It is never product-oriented, nor rigid with rules and schedules or policies that would restrict an individual's mode of activity any different than if they were at home, but it affords seclusion, tranquility, and non-interference. Would it be possible to select fellows who didn't bring cell phones or have phone calls interrupt other fellows, then a near perfect environment of peace and relaxation could be fostered.

The CRC allows for companions, spouses and families, though also the possibility of being totally alone, except for the occasional social banter over dinner and inadvertent encounters on the grounds. The staff is friendly, considerate and helpful and don't pry, inquire about or hover over you. Unlike some others who crave or require social intercourse, I am one who prefers to be left alone unless I chose to make contact and connection. Art making needs a respite from career making. The CRC castle is one of the most unique live-work spaces of any residency.

I was able to compose six new works including: *Free Mumia Abu-Jamal! Suite*; *Free New Afrika Boogaloo*; *Jeet Kune Do: The Way of the Intercepting Fist*, or *Kick Post-Modernism in the Ass! (for Bruce Lee)*; *The Un...! And Ir...! Suite (or Revolution is the Only Solution!)*; and the last two songs from a new opera *Antony and Cleopatra* book by Karole Foreman, *Burned on the Water* and *Kicked*. In addition, I was able to swim in local pools and Lago di Bolsena and visit and see some marvelous Italian medieval architecture in the towns of Montone, Gubbio, Assisi, Citta' di Castello, and others. Many thanks to the staff: Claudia, Vera, Gordon and Cecilia, Giancarlo, Romana, Patrizia, Irde, Laura, Maurizio, and everyone else.

Fred Ho, July 13, 2001

Fellow.
FRED HO

I. On a Move!

Free Mumia! Suite

①

Alto Sax *Ritard*
Tenor Sax
Baritone Sax
Bass *Arco + freely (canonically)*
Vibes
Drums *Solo! No cym rolls - space + flourishes*

mf
mf
mf
mf
mf

c) Transformation Act Publisher / Fred Ho 2001

work.
Free Mumia

Burned on the Water music by Fred Ho, Lyrics by Karole Foreman ①

A D-9 G-9

Yes, she— glowed— like a burn-ish throne— The ver-y light of Ven- us she at- shone

double X "feel"

D-9 G-9

Mi- cor- a- zon—, Mi cor- a- zon. And she— burned, Burned on the wa- ter

D-9 G-9

On her— barge— this— crea- ture re- clined En- shined in beau- ty— Every baf- y in- clined

D-9 G-9

And she— burned— Burned— on the wa- ter—

B A-9 Eb7/C Eb7/C# Cb7/D D#b7/Eb Cb7/D Cb7/D#

The stern was of beat-en gold— per- fumed and ~~per- fumed~~ plummed these per- fect sails

(c) Fred Ho and Karole Foreman / Transformation Art Publisher 2001

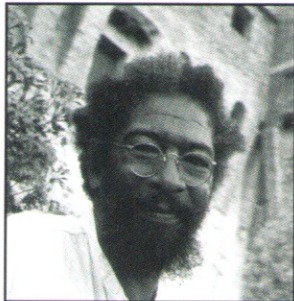
work.
Burned on the Water

Fellow. statement
LAWRENCE D. "BUTCH" MORRIS

Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris is one of the leading innovators in the confluence of jazz, new music, improvisation and contemporary classical music. As a composer, he is widely known for his notated compositions and has been especially acclaimed for pioneering and developing the art of Conduction.

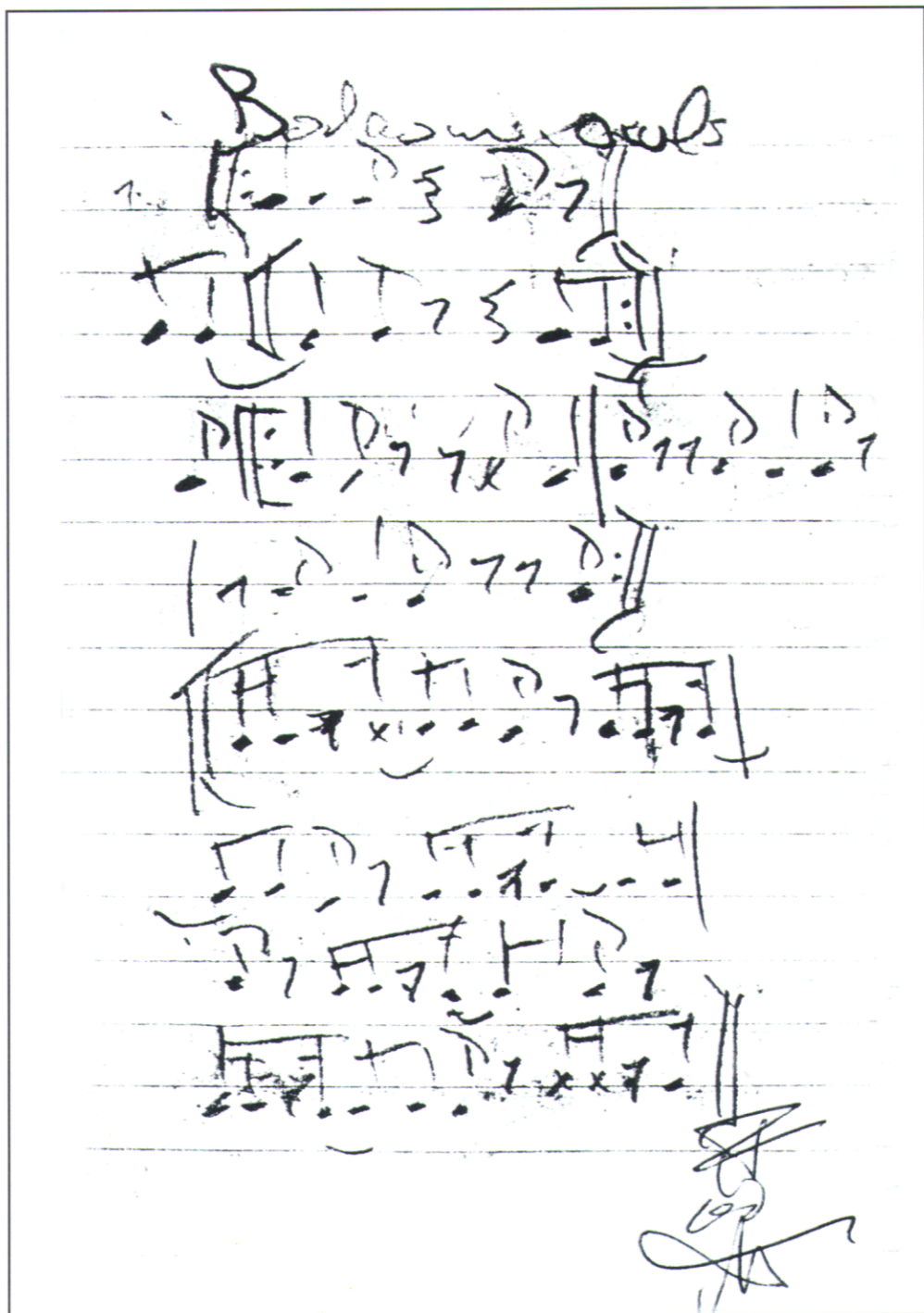
CONDUCTION (Conducted improvisation/interpretation) is a vocabulary of ideographic signs and gestures activated to modify or construct a real-time musical arrangement or composition. Each sign and gesture transmits generative information for interpretation, and provides instantaneous possibilities for altering or initiating harmony, melody, rhythm, articulation, phrasing or form.

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC

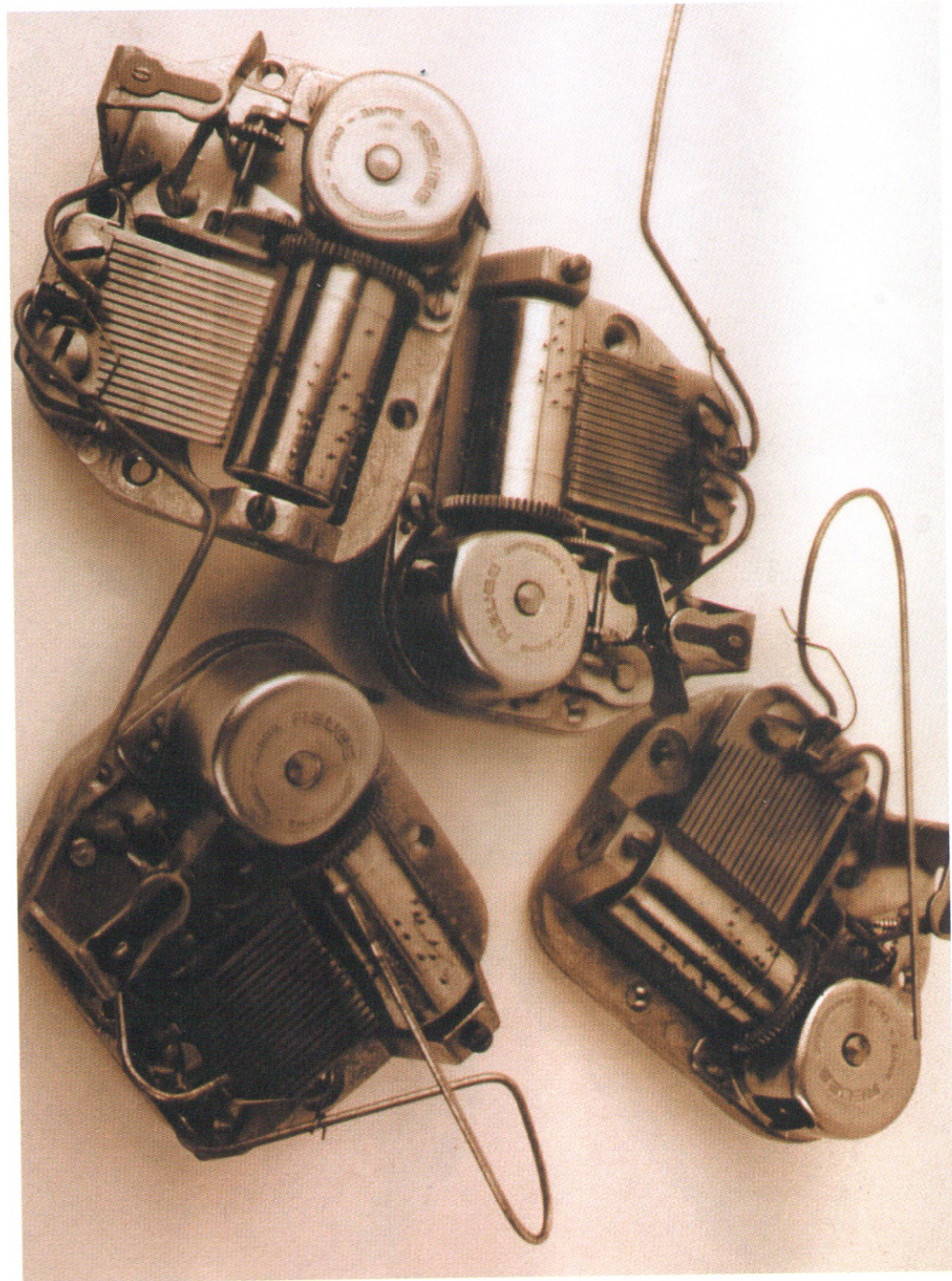


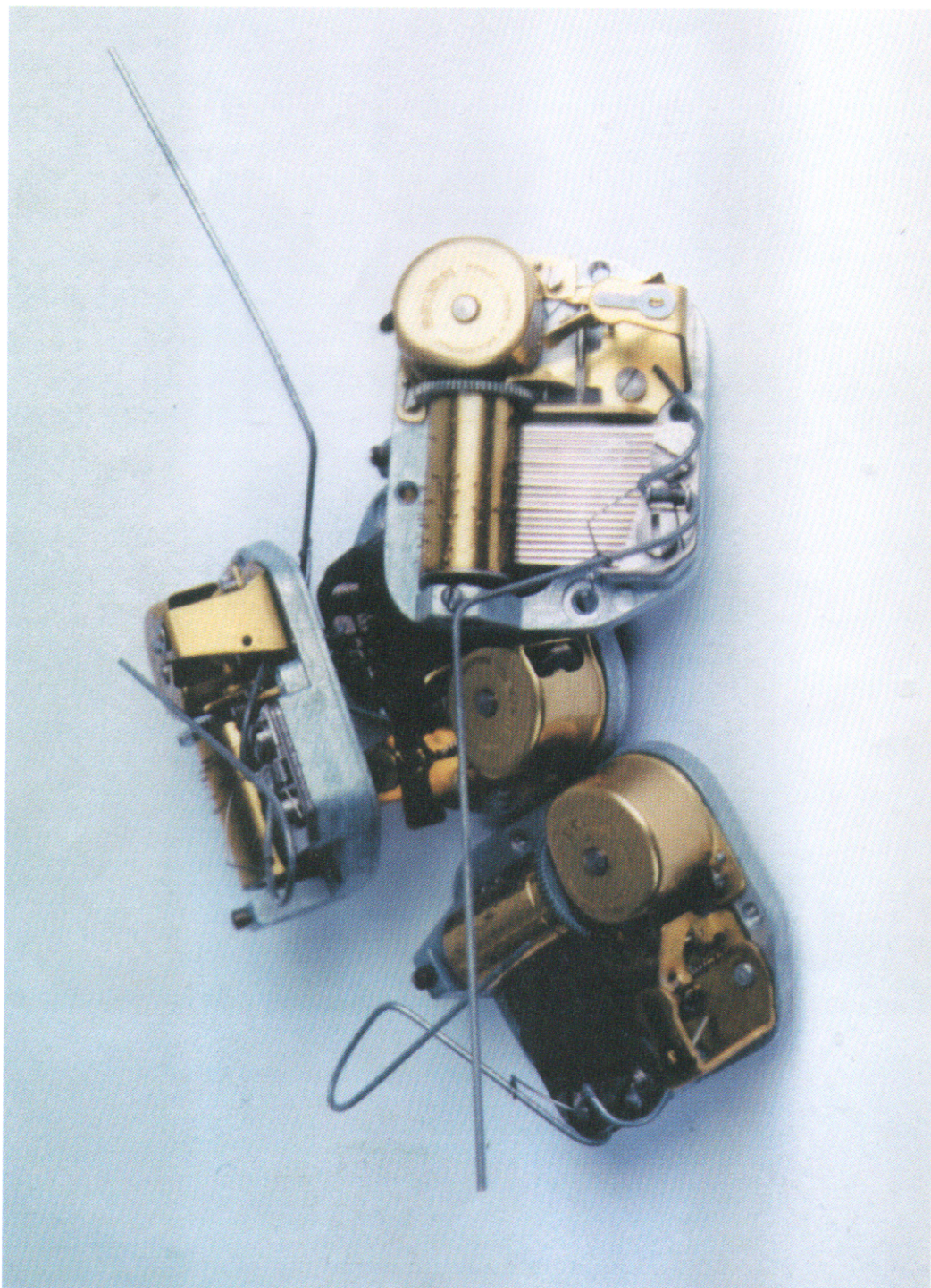
Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris

country:
United States
lives:
New York, New York



Fellow.
LAWRENCE D. "BUTCH" MORRIS





work.
Nowhere ever after

Fellow.
HENRY THREADGILL

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Henry Threadgill

country:
United States

lives:
New York, New York

work.
It Never Moved

Since the late seventies I have pursued my interest in the fields of electronic music and technology as it applies to music. I have been committed in inventing ways to perform my compositions and create a theatrical environment which engages the audience. I compose with electronic sounds from existing equipment and from electronic instruments I build, together with natural sounds. I often use a narrative element in my compositions. This narrative element is important and my work has sometimes been described as performance novel. Fragmented or whole, these stories represent facets of a woman's life. I designed recently an "instrument" called *The Lady's Glove*. This arm-length evening glove is studded with various sensors which allow me to trigger and modify the sounds and control the music with the gestures of my body. Lately I have used this invention to control lights, shadows, and small motors whose sounds are processed in the computer during the performance.

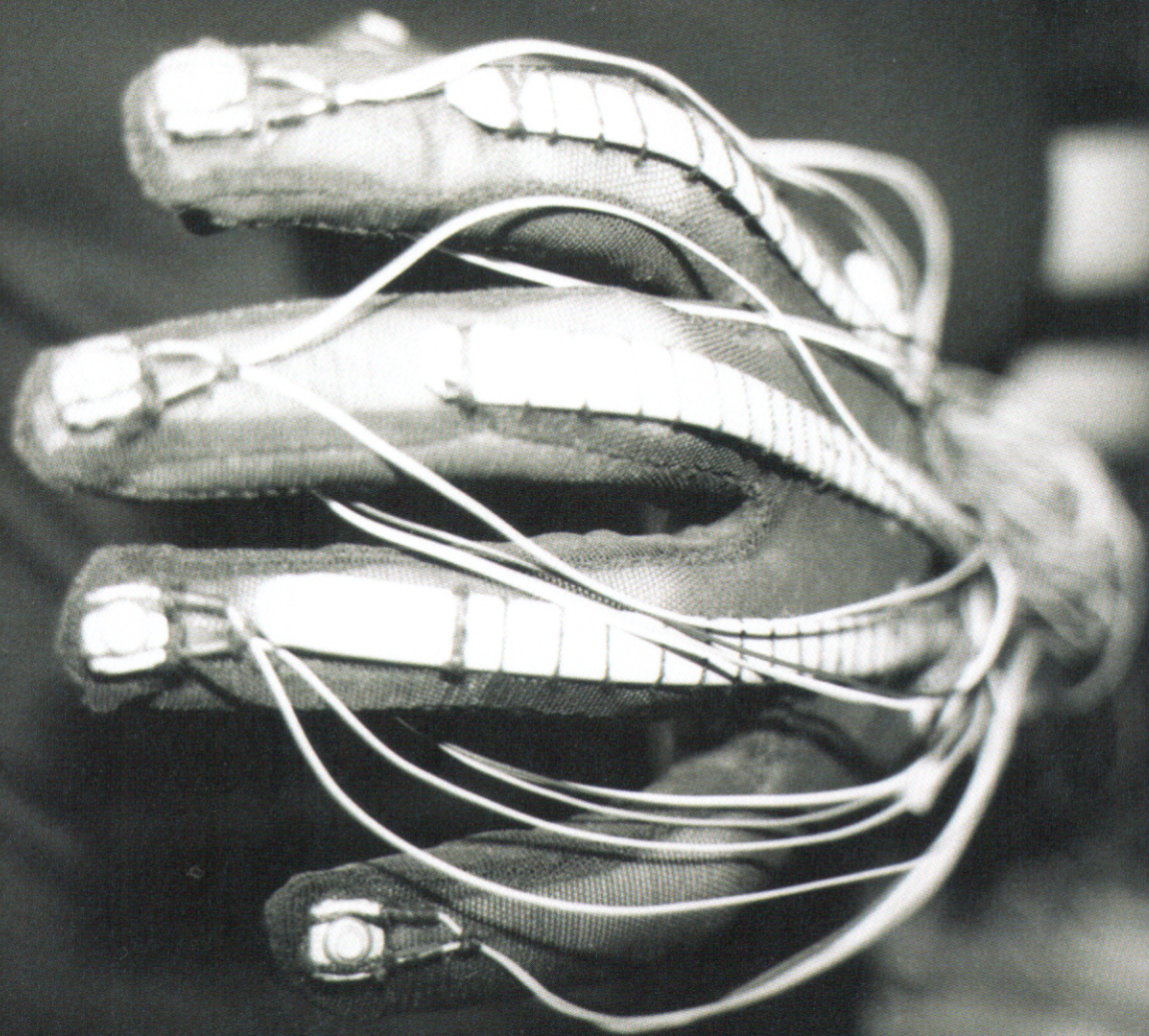
DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Laetitia Sonami

country:
France
lives:
Oakland, California

work.
Close up of
The Lady's Glove



Fellow. statement
KAIJA SAARIAHO

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

Many family-style dinners with such a variety of people, and one festive picnic on a hill, celebrating the simultaneous setting of the sun and the rising of a full moon. Visits to experience the treasures of Italian art and history.

And the rare possibility of being able to live and share all of this with my family.

KS

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Kaija Saariaho

country:

Finland

lives:

Paris, France

K. SAARIAHO
"Tag des Jahres"
for mixed choir
and
electronics
part 3/4

This part should be
sung throughout with a slightly
airy voice, without
(or with very little) vibrato

der Winter
Text Friedrich
Hölderlin

ca 54 sempre poco libero, calmo, con tristezza *mp*

Sopranos
Alto
Tenors
Basses

whispered *p*

Wenn sich der Tag des Jahres hin - ab - ge - hei - get

Electronics
hack
(4)
P2/B/4
resonant filters
transformed whispering
c-chord

S
A
T
B

Und rings das Feld mit den Ge - bir - gen schwei - get.

El
Schweigt 2 *mf*
58,88" P2/B/6

S
T
B
El

So glänzt das Blau des Him - mels an den Ta - gen. Die wie

if whispered, half voice
stress the consonants

So glänzt das Blau des Him - mels an den Ta - gen

c-chord

glänzt...
...Tagen
Die wie...

1'23,23" *mf* *mp*
P2/B/4

work.
der Winter

Fellow. statement
KAY KAUFMAN SHELEMAY

While at Civitella Ranieri, I worked on several projects, drafting essays on music and memory as well as a discussion of my work as an ethnomusicologist for the new Garland Encyclopedia of World Music. The following excerpt is from my essay, *Ethnomusicologist at Work: To Be Continued*, which explores how scholars can help encourage and sustain transmission, performance, and documentation of music-making in everyday life.

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Kay Kaufman Shelemay

country:
United States

lives:
Cambridge, Massachusetts

...What can an ethnomusicologist do in and for the "real world" of music? The options are many, almost unlimited. Supporting and collaborating with not-for-profit organizations is one route. Another is to carry out ethnomusicological research projects that aid communities of descent or affinity in their efforts to document and perpetuate their own traditions. For instance, our team project with Syrian Jews in Brooklyn began as a collaborative effort to document a repertory of songs (*pizmonim*) of great historical importance and on-going significance to the community. Syrian Jews were interested in recording songs to insure that they would be transmitted to the younger generation; as ethnomusicologists, we provided necessary equipment and expertise. An unexpected outcome of the Syrian music study was that the interest and activity of a group of researchers, which because of our numbers was perceived as a community in itself, galvanized interest among Syrian Jews who carried the musical tradition. The value of singing *pizmonim* within the Brooklyn community accrued additional cultural capital in part because of the interest of outsiders. The real world result was that there was a resurgence of interest in learning and singing *pizmonim*.

Ethnomusicologists can also work to reinforce vulnerable musical institutions and support worthy ventures through grant making. Anthony Seeger has written eloquently about the importance of preserving our field recordings and other ethnographic materials (Seeger 1985). Beyond depositing our own materials, we can take as part of our real-world responsibilities the task of building archives and garnering resources to support them. The longer one works in ethnomusicology, the more fleeting both musical traditions and individual careers appear to be, and the more important it is to institutionalize resources for the future.

Each of us may select different domains or causes to which we choose to devote time and energy - including efforts to transform the very institutions within which we work - but these types of activities move us beyond the traditional goals of the academy or the boundaries of a single musical organization. Once one has entered the real world of music, it is impossible to retreat.

Fellow. statement
JOHN HARBISON

Arriving at Civitella Ranieri, after many months when everything seemed to interfere with composing, in the first quiet hours, it was clear that I was in the right place. I immediately wrote some music for piano, part of a piece I had thought was finished. A theme for variations? But eventually to be heard after we have heard the variations.

Civitella Ranieri, an invitation to think differently about the things we do.

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



John Harbison

country:
United States

lives:
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Fellow.
BOBBY PREVITE

DISCIPLINE:
MUSIC



Bobby Previte

country:
United States

lives:
New York, New York

23 The Passage of the Divine Bird
(for Aaron Copland)
(The 23 Constellations of Joan Miró)

Bobby Previte
©2001 Robert Previte

Score

Soprano Sax in Bb

Trumpet 1 in Bb

Trumpet 2 in Bb

Harp

Piano

Kbd/Organ

Chimes

Drums

Nostalgic
♩ = 115 (pno) 2 (Tpts) 3 4 5 6

Harmon w/tpt 2 accel. into 16ths indep. of tempo!.....rit..... accel.....rit.....

Harmon w/tpt 1

mp accel. into 16ths indep. of tempo!.....rit..... accel.....rit.....

mf (Tpts)

mf (Tpts) ad lib arpeggiate last chord freely as before

mf (Tpts)

Nostalgic
♩ = 115 (pno) 2 Mallets (Tpts)

Nostalgic
♩ = 115 (pno) (Tpts)

work.
The Passage of the Divine Bird



VISUAL ARTS

El Anatsui
Gabriele Basch
Dino Bruzzone
Kathryn Chan
Shu Lea Cheang
Rochelle Feinstein
Jessica Holt
Graciela Iturbide
Mario Lewis
Elise Parré
N.N. Rimzon
Berni Searle
Janos Sugar
Jude Tallichet
Jeremy Wafer

The fragrant smell and sight of raw earth just after harvest and groundbreaking for new planting immediately around Civitella (and beyond) probably set into motion several reactions ranging from rumination over man's attempts to harness his environment and produce from it using lowly serfs who ploughed the land but are an anachronism today, as we project into a bio-tech dominated future in which agriculture and manufacturing might soon become things of the past - being replaced by what I call "biofacture". Which, when fine-tuned, one could, for instance, get one's doors, tables, chairs, directly from fast growing designer seeds.

The Civitella residency couldn't have come at a more appropriate time. With a 35-year retrospective and a major solo exhibition a couple of years away, the pleasant and inspiring ambience of the center created the most conducive circumstances and space in which to take stock and as well explore some fresh vistas. It has been metaphorically a harvest and a sowing time for me.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



El Anatsui

country:
Ghana/Nigeria
lives:
Nsukka, Nigeria



work.
Installation at Civitella Ranieri

Fellow.
EL ANATSUI



work.
Installation at Civitella Ranieri



work.
Installation at Civitella Ranieri

Umbertide, in May, became enveloped in fog on many early mornings. Magical dew drops highlighted spider webs and foliage everywhere the eye could see. Indeed there was even a plant designed to collect water providing sustenance during the long hot days. At Civitella, I attempted to create a piece of work concerned with water: as essential for life, as a major visible yet invisible aspect of the cycles of life. I installed a repetitive forest of sheets of plastic mesh, that would catch the fog, allowing it to change into drops of water, preciously collected in clear glass bottles. From a distance the plastic resembled fog, and hopefully did not impose itself on the environment. The work is simple visually. It engages in a design process bringing together squares of plastic mesh with bottles collected within the community. The process: the phenomenon of fog, blowing through the valley, a percentage that is able to be caught in the mesh and transformed into drops of water, underlines the fragility and transience of life.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS

In another work, I attempted to create an architectural form made up of dozens of small shapes cut in local soft woods, and stained in colours reflecting various aspects of the culture and environment which I was experiencing. This may be explained by likening it to the feeling of experiencing the space that houses and encompasses a Piero de la Francesca fresco. The environment: the rolling, curving, long winding roads that seem to spiral higher and higher into the sky, the umbrella pines, the sea of wild flowers with their intense and saturated colours, and the sky so dominant, so rotund, so religious, were not merely an inspiration but all felt to be a part of my soul that I was able to reacquaint myself with. Da Vinci, on painting the Tuscan environment, wrote that he captured the creation, the movement of solid rock over time, the physical and spiritual creation of these mountains. We were very lucky



Kathryn Chan

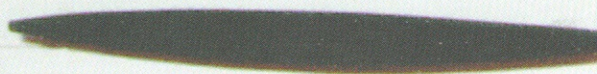
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Trinidad and Tobago

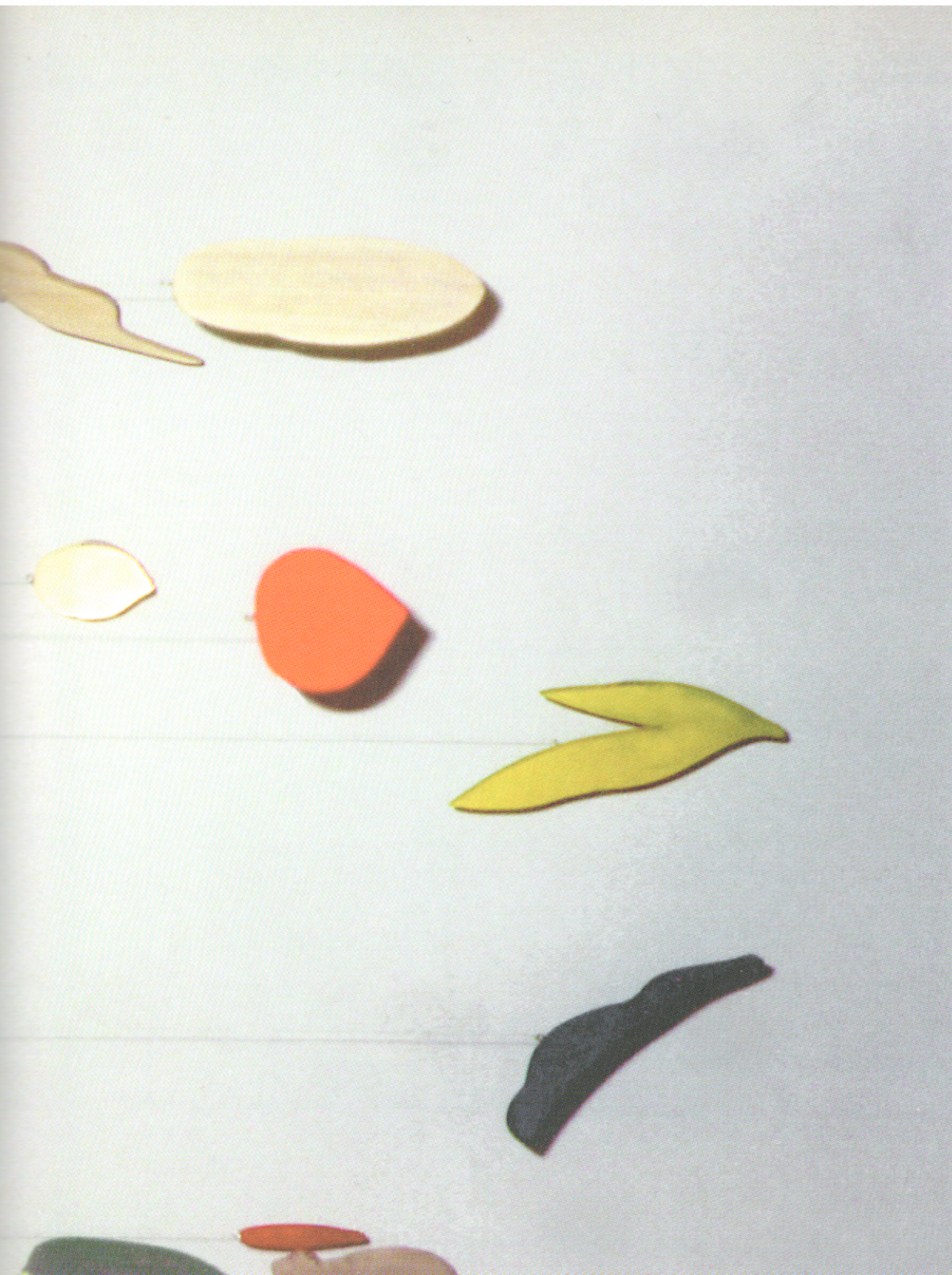
lives:
London, England and Trinidad, W.I.

to experience the impressive mountains and then to see Da Vinci's *Madonna con Fusilli* in Arezzo within the environment depicted in the painting. I use gouache for its fragile and transient quality. The piece was installed in my studio in a spot where daily, for a passing period of time, a shard of sunlight beamed into the space and onto the pieces, underlining the continual and constantly changing process of life.

The Italian painters have for a long time guided my use of colour and the overall treatment and aesthetic sense of my work which I subsequently transferred to designs of costumes and sets for contemporary dance. My residency at Civitella Ranieri has created an indelible mark in my life journey and provided a brief, yet enduring feeling of a quality, slice of life as an artist: time, space and support (in so many forms) in order to live, breathe and create the work. Civitella has given me a model to constantly refer to, in my endeavor to pursue my work. The work is a process, through which I am able to assimilate information of my current experience and see this against the background of my previous work. The work continually engages in "life", life as a central *raison d'être* of the work. It has a subtle yet strong sense of the transient yet it is concerned with the continual process of life, the fragility of life, human attitudes to life, and nature as symbolic of life. I am grateful for this experience, for connecting with other artists and for the sheer pleasure of a quality of life and thus of the creating of work.

work. following pages
Installation at Civitella Ranieri





Fellow.
GABRIELE BASCH

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



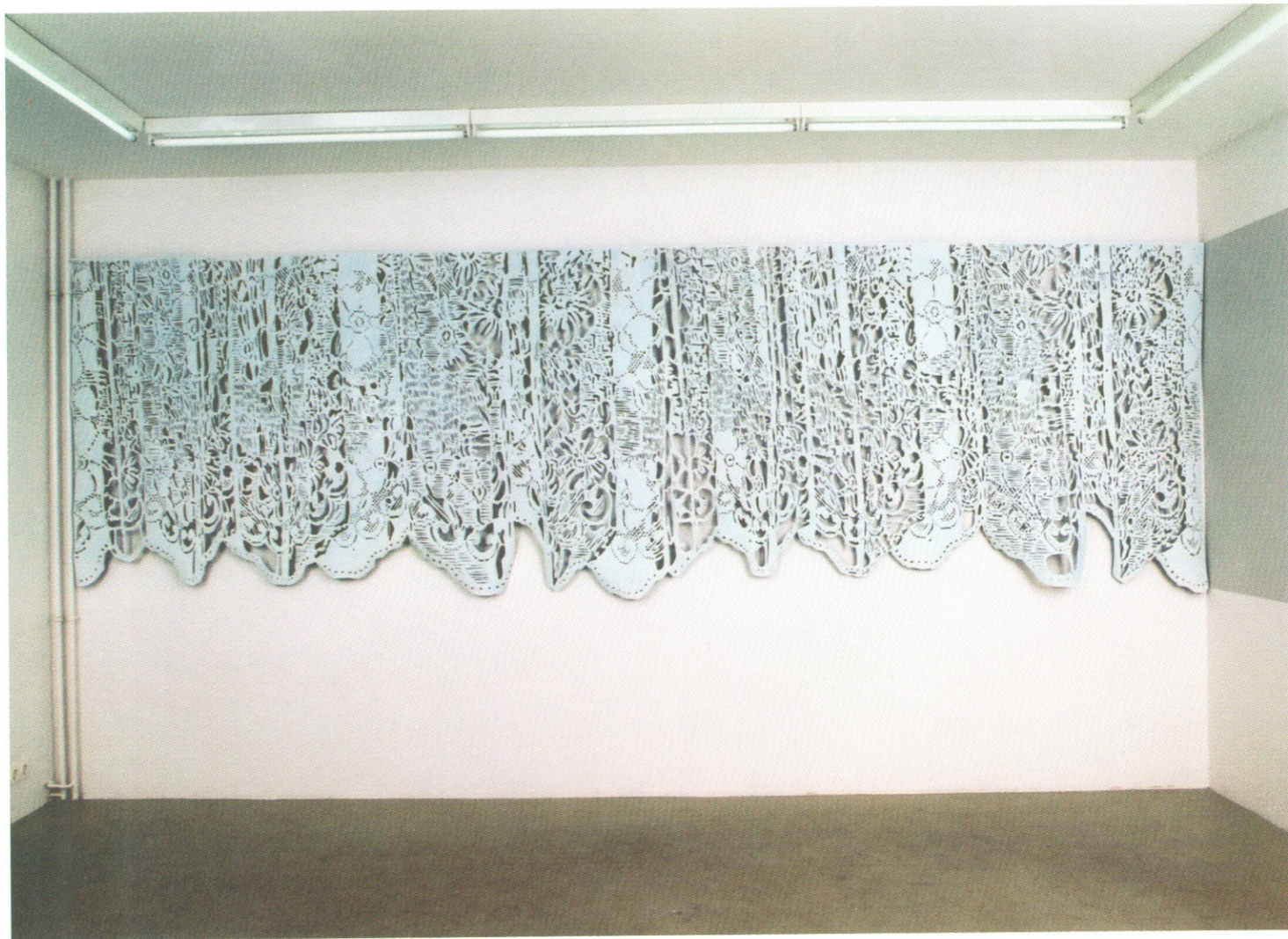
Gabriele Basch

country:
Germany

lives:
Berlin, Germany



Fellow.
GABRIELE BASCH



work.
Rosemarie



work.
Lost Velvet with Stoff 2 & Stoff 3

Fellow. statement
DINO BRUZZONE

As a kid in Argentina, playing with toy war planes was not such a big deal, contrary to what the thousands of immigrants felt that arrived to my country escaping from the pain and the absurd. That is the story of my grandparents and my mother. Italians, who did not speak about the subject because they dealt with it in silence, as a taboo.

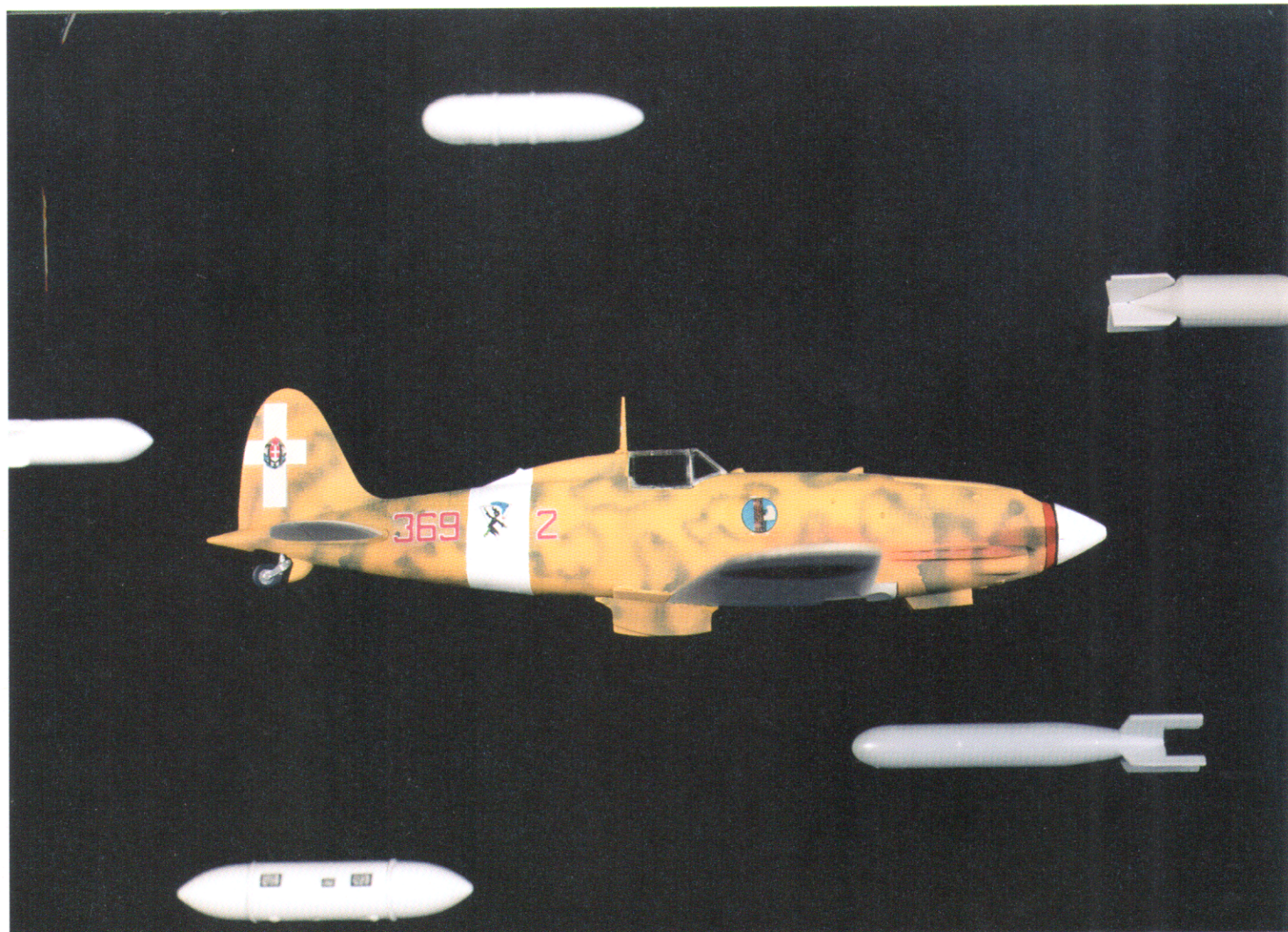
In January 2001 I took back this theme of my childhood, building planes of the Second World War and then taking pictures of them. The story is a repeated, unaware drama, and, over it, irony, unsacredness and playful pleasure.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Dino Bruzzone

country:
Argentina
lives:
Buenos Aires, Argentina



work.
Untitled

Fellow.
SHU LEA CHEANG

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Shu Lea Cheang

country:

Taiwan

lives:

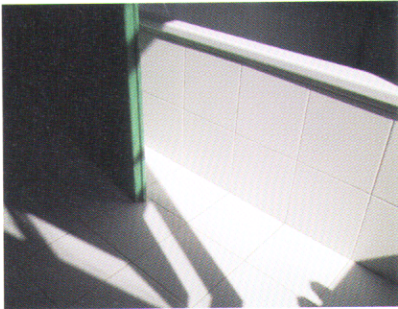
London, England and New York, New York



1000



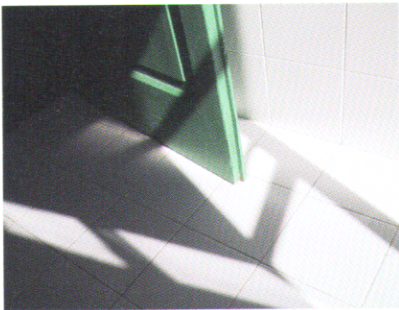
1005



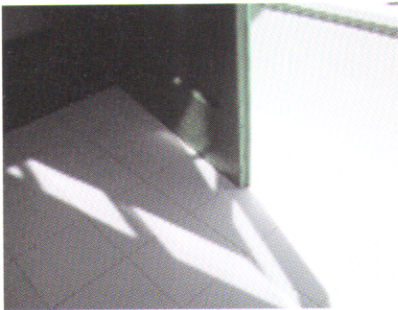
1010



1015



1020



1025

work.
Untitled

I came to Civitella Ranieri with a group of panels, some pigment and my computer. No ideas exactly, but lots of material. What I found at Civitella was an extraordinary environment comprised of other residents and staff, a growing feline community and a little car. The people there enriched my life, I hope I enriched the cats' lives, and the car took me to Perugia. There I began thinking of color in a systematic way and returned with a new approach to my blank panels. I have since completed this group of panels as well as large format digital photographs, also begun at Civitella. I know this work would not have been made elsewhere, and I shall not easily find another environment of people, conversation, food, ruins, countryside, and solitude to so enrich the act of thinking creatively.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



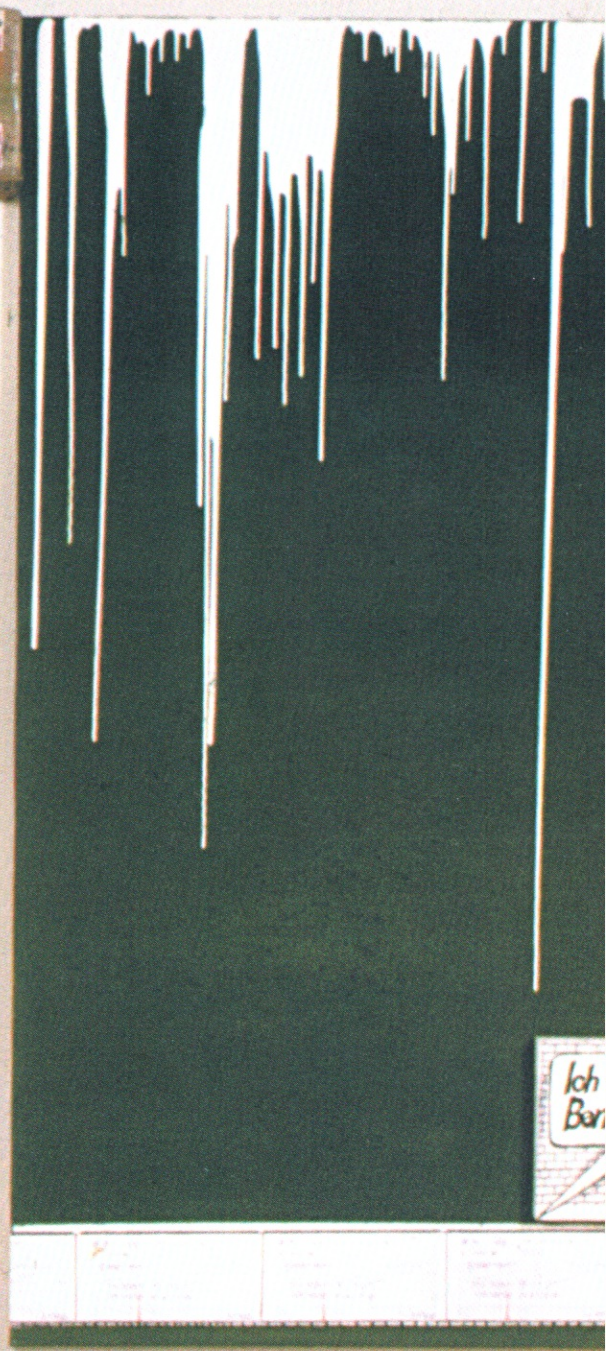
Rochelle Feinstein

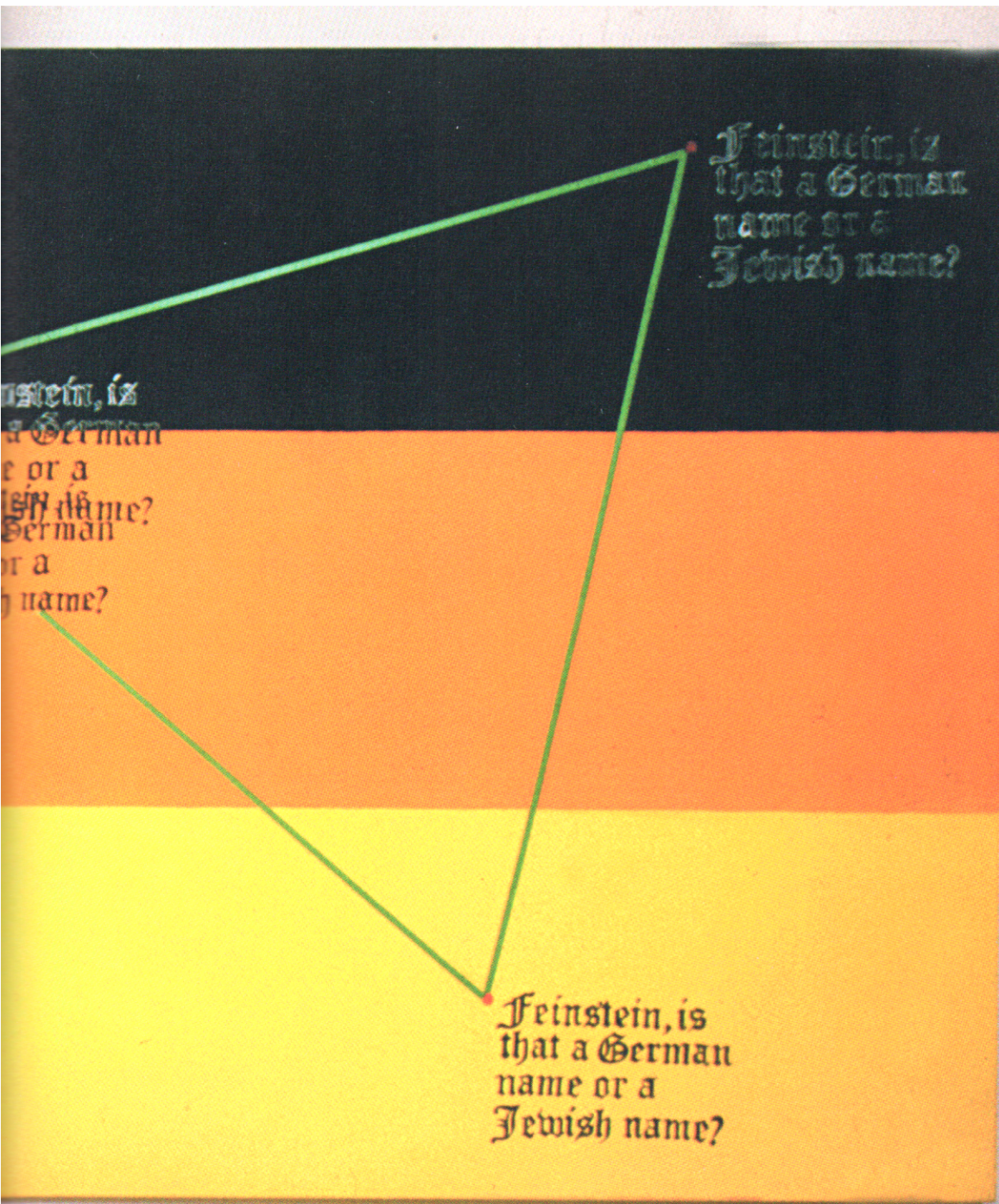
country:
USA

lives:
New York, New York

work.
Borromini Standard
work. following pages
Travel Abroad







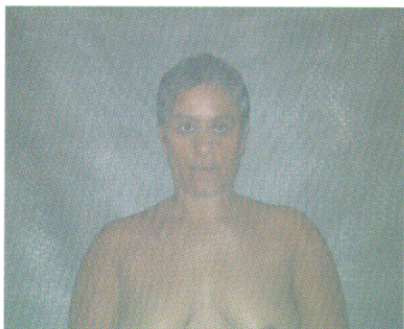
Fellow.
BERNI SEARLE

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS

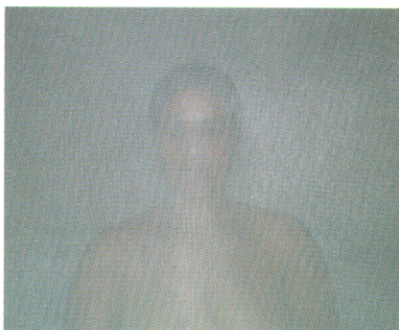


Berni Searle

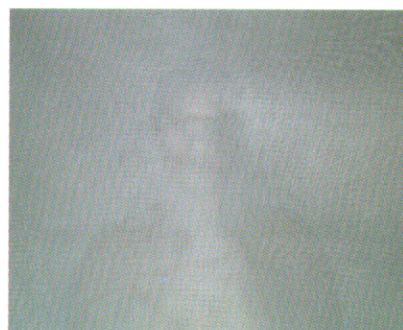
country:
South Africa
lives:
Cape Town, South Africa



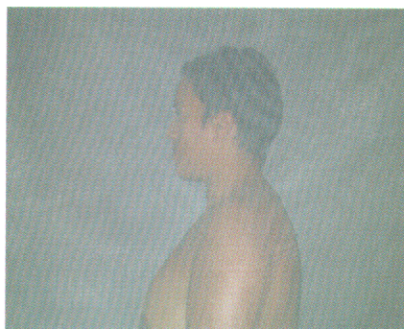
01



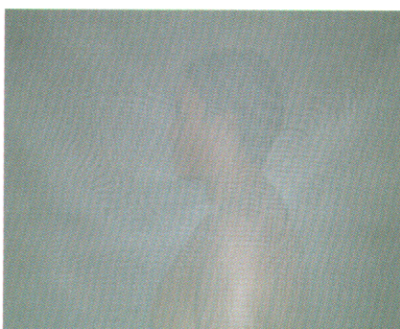
02



03



01



02



03

work.
Front progression
work.
Side Progression

Fellow.
GRACIELA ITURBIDE

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Graciela Iturbide

country:

Mexico

lives:

Coyoacan, Mexico D.F.

The period of time that I was in the Civitella residency in Italy, I dedicated myself to taking photographs of the landscapes nearby and far afield. Later on, I discovered some old glass negatives and started to experiment with them in the laboratory at Civitella.



work.
Vicino at Civitella Ranieri



work.
Civitella 2001

Fellow. statement
MARIO LEWIS

For me, the five weeks at Civitella was a very educational experience which I will never forget. I had the opportunity to meet and interact with five important people/artists and their companions who I had never met before.

Civitella provided a comfortable environment in which I was very confident to share my concerns about the development of my work. And also to receive from the more experienced fellows much needed critical and analytical information that was extremely important for my ongoing personal and artistic development.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Mario Lewis

country:
Trinidad and Tobago
lives:
New York, New York and
Trinidad and Tobago



work.

Detail of temporary installation at Civitella Ranieri

Fellow.
ELISE PARRÉ

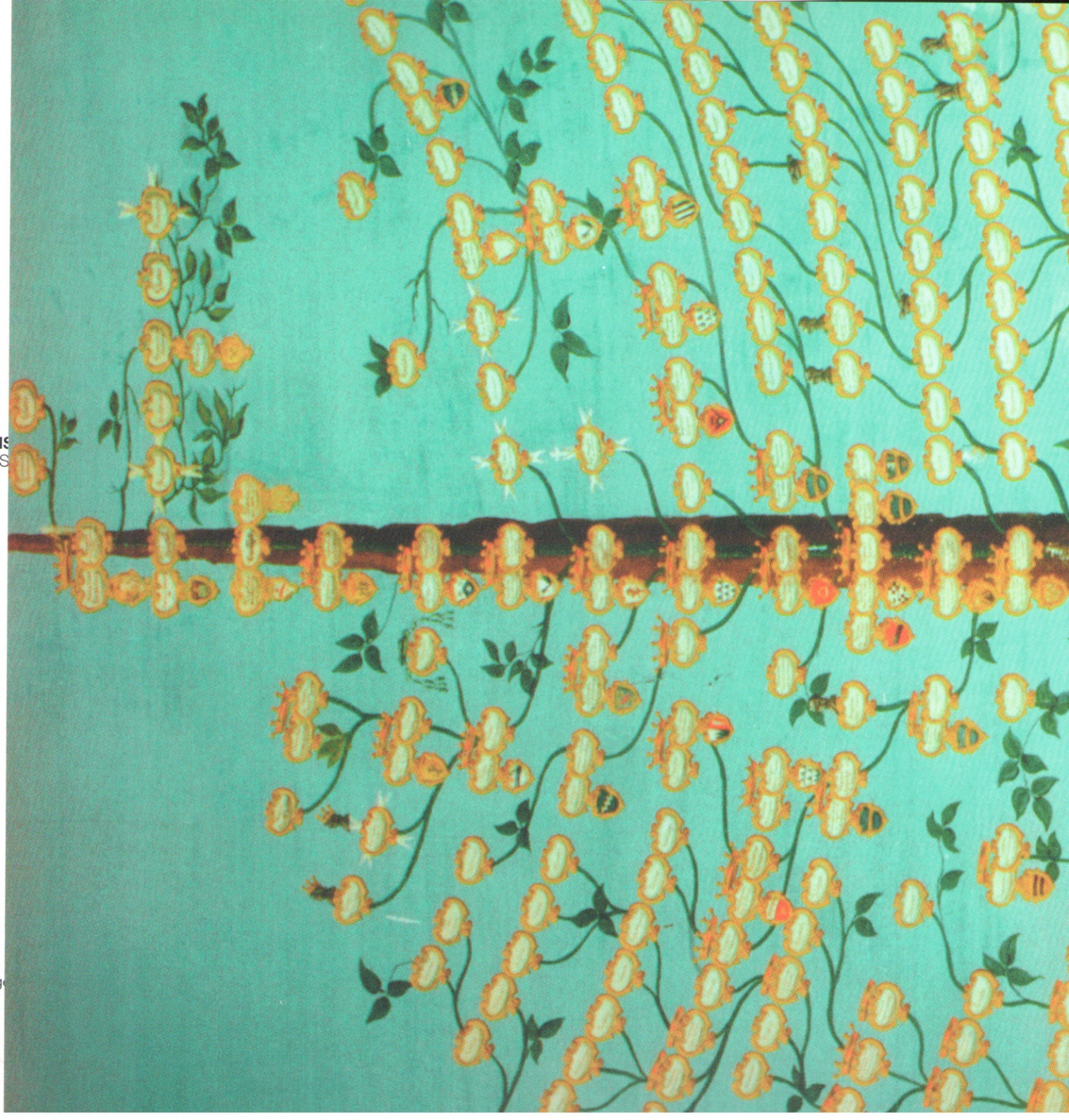
DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Elise Parré

country:
France
lives:
Paris, France

work. following pages
Detail of Elise Parré devant L'Arbre
Genealogique des Ranieri





Fellow.
N.N. RIMZON

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



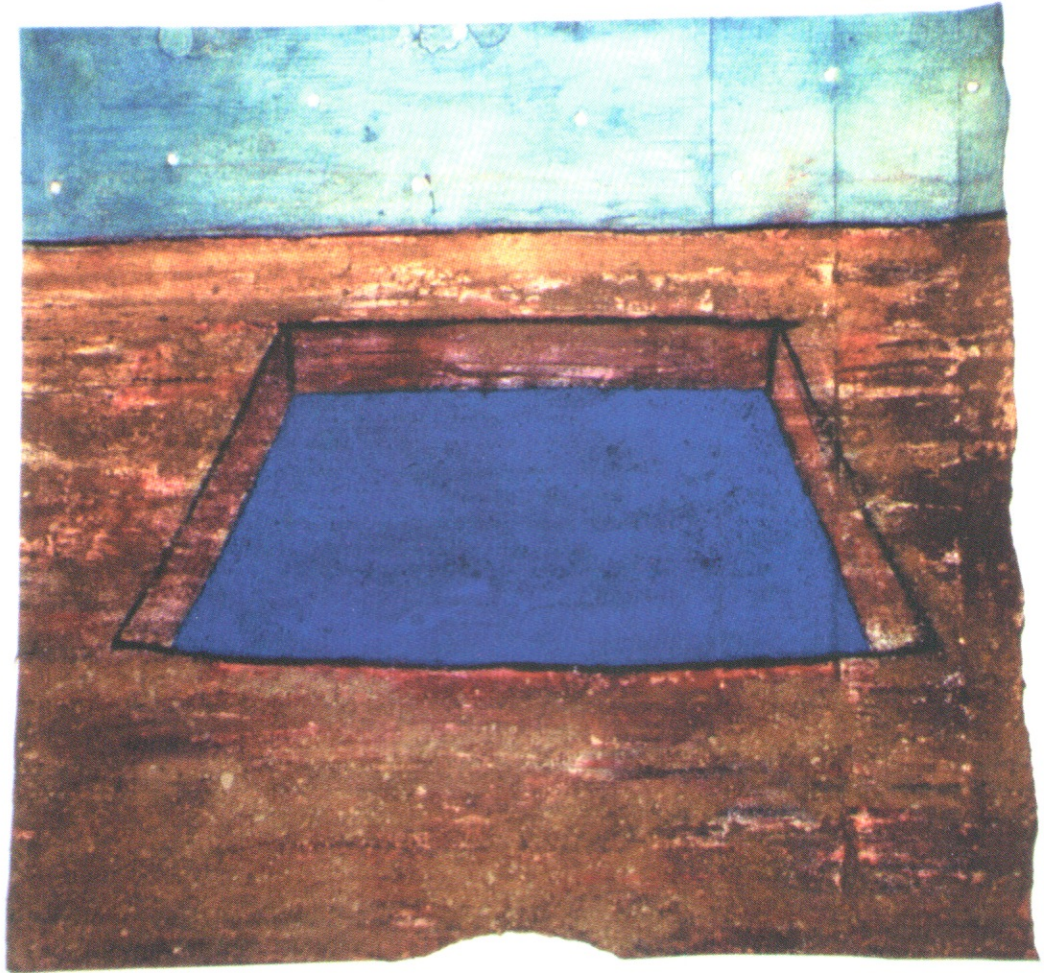
N.N. Rimzon

country:
India
lives:
Kerala, India



work.
Civitella Ranieri Castle

Fellow.
N.N. RIMZON



work.
Pool



work.
Civitella Ranieri Castle

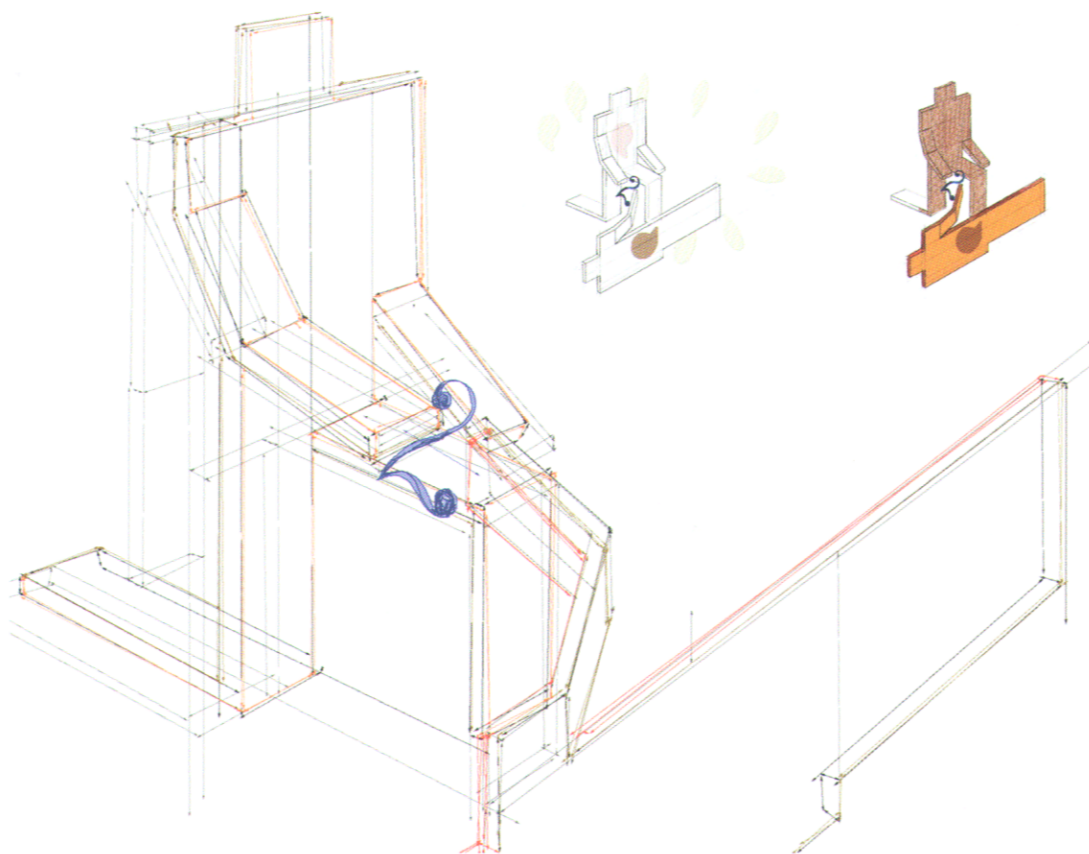
Fellow.
JANOS SUGAR

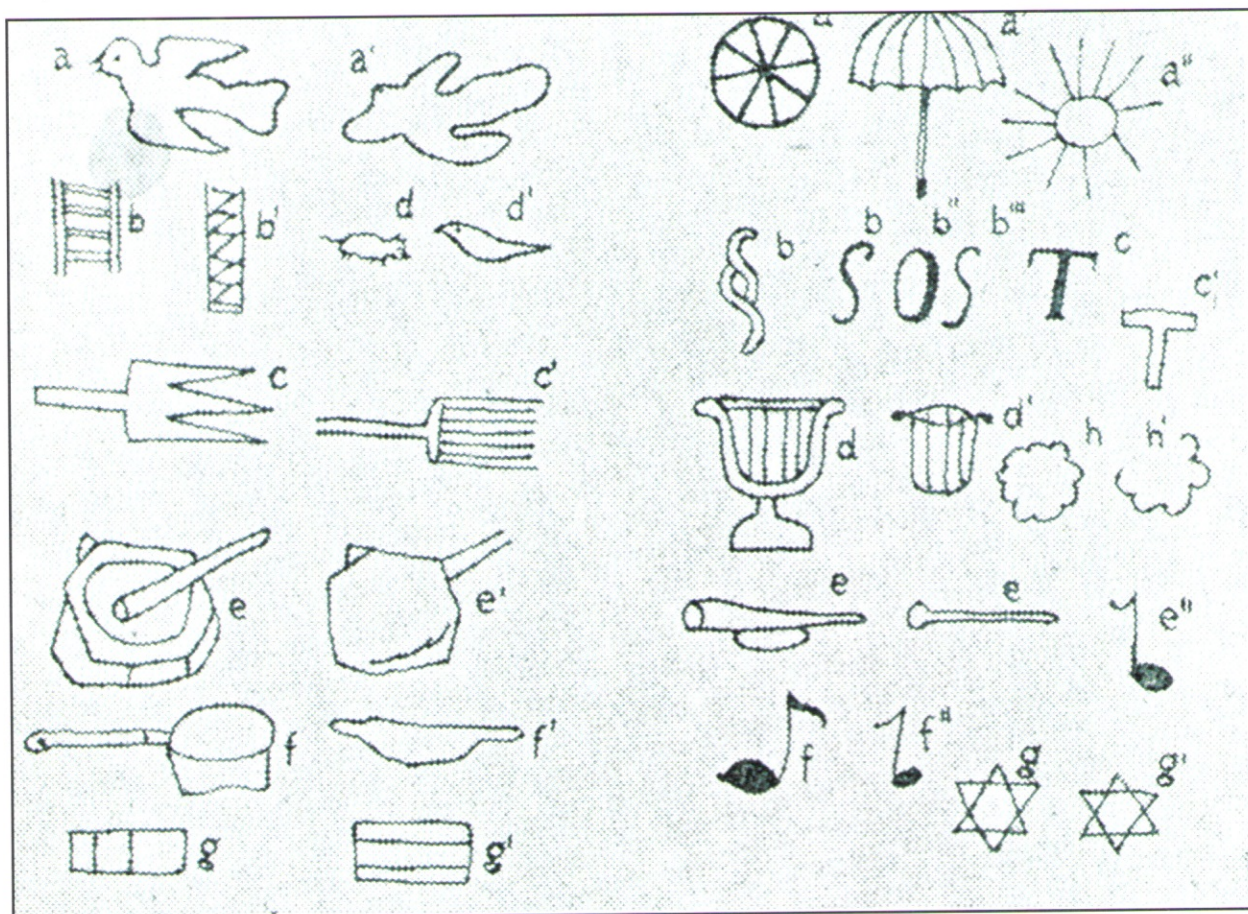
DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Janos Sugar

country:
Hungary
lives:
Budapest, Hungary





work.
See description on following page

This is one of assistant Professor Zshuk's experiments of mental suggestion. The drawings on the left is the one suggested by the agent, the one in the right is what the percipient registered and reproduced. The reason why they were given space here is because they symbolize efforts and their results well. Even with the best intentions, the difference between aim and realization is so great that if we couldn't see the two side by side we wouldn't be able to find the connection between them. The realization can be interpreted together with the concept. Such too is the nature of possible mistakes in an artwork.

(GIVEN TO ALL THE FELLOWS AND STAFF BY JESSICA HOLT)

You all come! You fellows, you companions, you staff!!!!

WHAT: A collaborative puppet show featuring all of us

TITLE: Repent

DATE: October 21, 2001

TIME: Following dinner, about 8:15 pm. Will last about an hour

PLACE: The dining room

PURPOSE: To 'play' together, to imagine together, with no other purpose than to affirm our creative selves, to know that if we can imagine 'other ways of seeing' that indeed they can happen.

PROCESS: A simple script will be prepared for the initial scene to get us started. The scene will feature the oppression of the count by the cook. The balance will be spontaneous dialogue. There will be no director. The dialogue of the puppets will determine the direction of the dialogue of the performance. You are encouraged to select at least one puppet whose personage you would like to represent. You are welcome to prepare individual scripts to be included in the dialogue.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Jessica Holt

country:
USA

lives:
Parkman, Wyoming

CHARACTERS:

the cook
the maid
the photographer
the poet
the painter
the musician
the sculptor
the priest
the companion
the director
the gardener
the gift
the ghost
the count
the bat #1
the bat #2
the angel

THE PUPPETS: The puppets are on sticks (not on strings). To begin, everyone present will be asked to select at least one puppet — some one personage that you would like to represent. You will see from reviewing the article on Augusto Boal given to you that his explorations are based on the assumption that dialogue is “the common, healthy dynamic between all humans, that all human beings desire and are capable of dialogue and that when a dialogue becomes a monologue, oppression ensues.” The short first scene will feature the oppression of the count by the cook. Our dialogue will seek to explore many alternative dialogues that might resolve this monologue, this oppression.

RATIONALE.: Play is a critical element in our cultural and political lives because play is a liminal experience that generates positive human values such as creativity, flexibility, compassion, community, and aesthetic response. Liminal experiences that are part of the dialectical process maximize the opportunity for social transformation. Liminal images and acts (ambiguous, non-instrumental, ‘as if’ mentalities that generate the feeling that anything seems possible) that constitute the variable realities of play illustrate the difference between our intentional, instrumental everyday lives and other less functional realities. There is a playnet (ritual play) in all liminal activity that produces variable responses. Multiple realities are prerequisites for variable behavior and variable behavior is necessary for transformation and social change. Play provides variable behavior because play provides “other ways of seeing.” The generation of these multiple realities is the critical factor producing changes in consciousness necessary for social transformation. It is in experiencing a variety of realities through play that we can be made aware that other ways of seeing are possible.





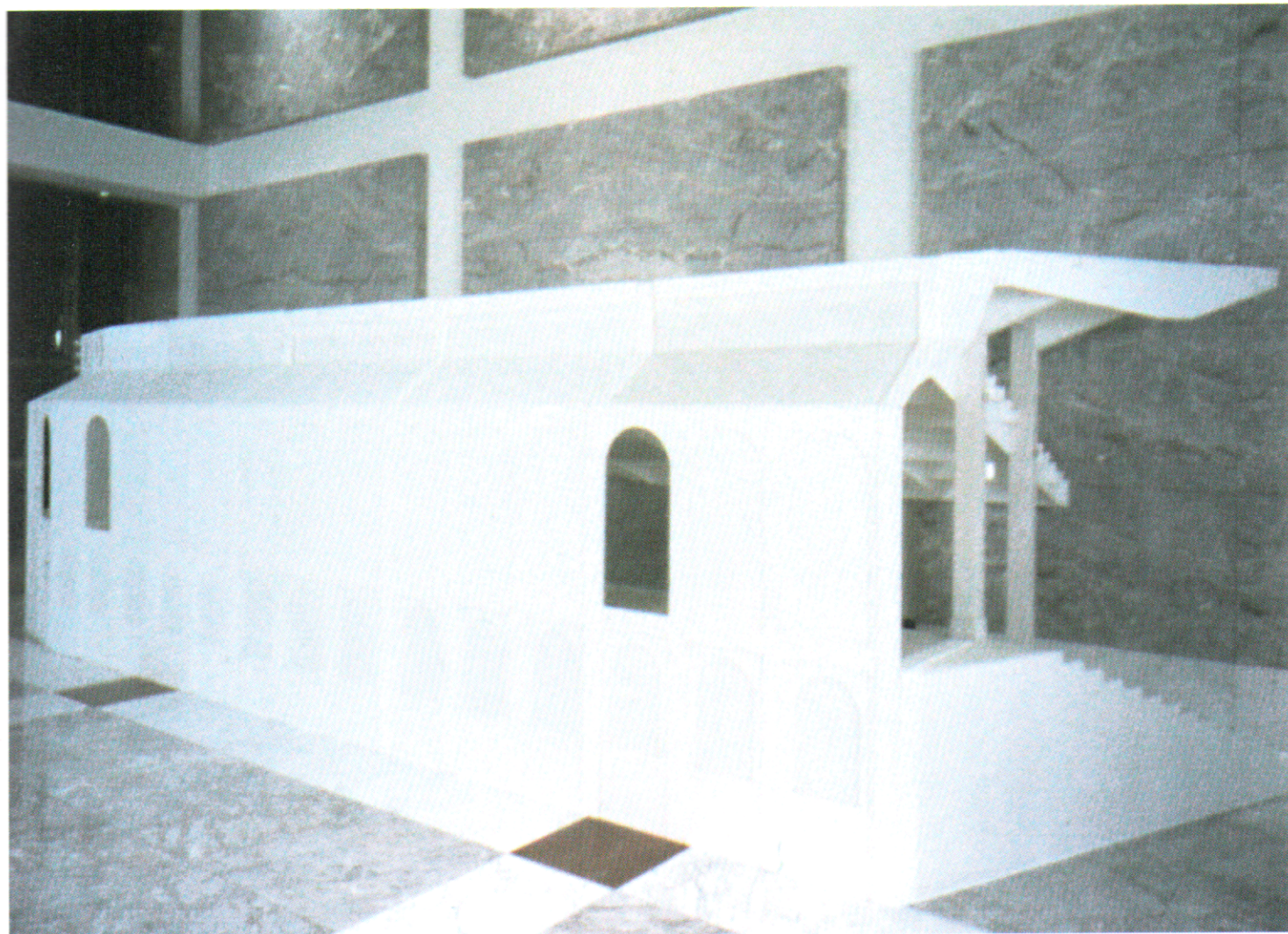
Fellow.
JUDE TALLICHET

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Jude Tallichet

country:
USA
lives:
Brooklyn, New York



work.
White Noise

Fellow. statement
JEREMY WAFER

My five weeks at Civitella have been a wonderful time. The steady rhythm of uninterrupted days in the studio, the quiet and concentrating atmosphere, the beautiful surroundings, the warm companionship, the generosity of food and wine: all these are the ingredients of an ideal creative time and space. Combining all this with the chance to travel a little, to see the Piero della Francesca's in their original settings, the Venice Biennale, to walk among the olives in the soft evening light.

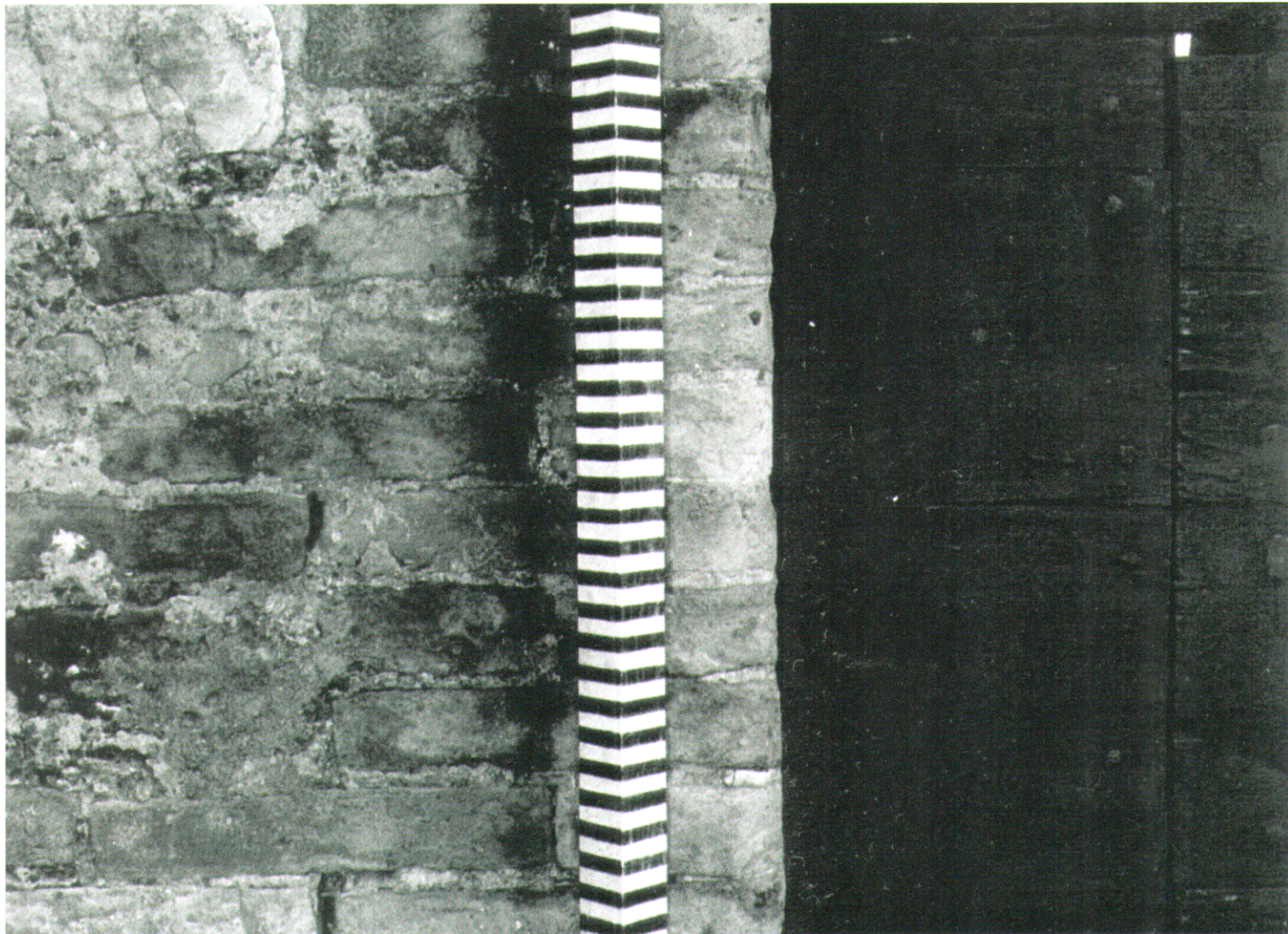
While at Civitella I have felt free to explore new directions in my work and have spent time reflecting on these and on where I have come from. Some of this found its way into the grove of pines, some onto the bocce court in an installation of lamps, some onto the studio walls and some plans for new work are mapped out in my sketchbook. I go away with a clarified mind and a refreshed heart. Thank you.

DISCIPLINE:
VISUAL ARTS



Jeremy Wafer

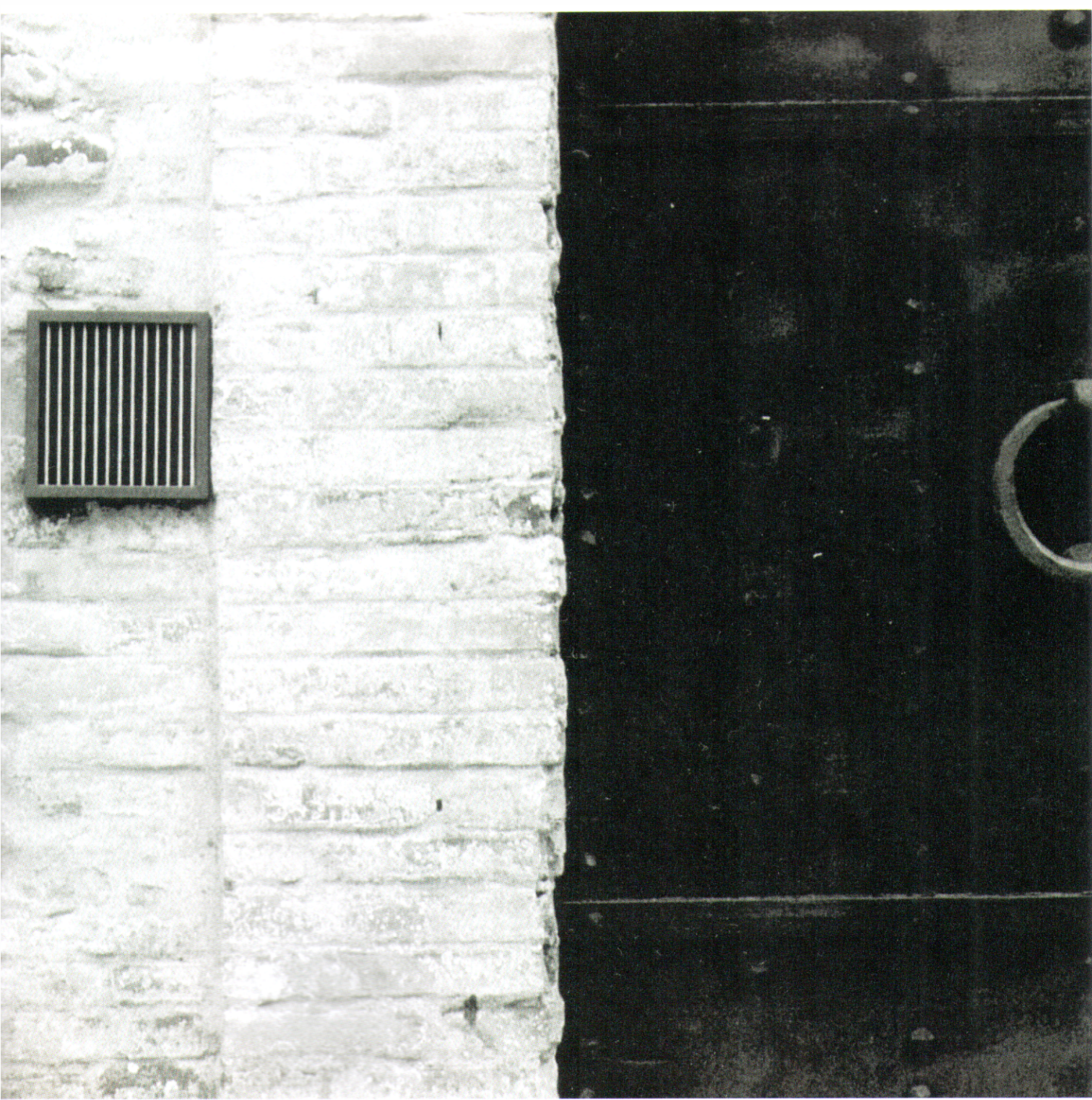
country:
South Africa
lives:
Durban, South Africa



work.
Installation at Civitella Ranieri

work. following pages
Installation at Civitella Ranieri
work.
Installation at Civitella Ranieri





LITERATURE

Ernesto Cardenal
Giuseppe O. Longo
Anne Waldman
David Young

image.

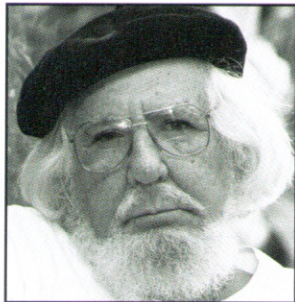
Castle wall



El otro día regresando de Asis a Civitella me puse a pensar como San Francisco habia llenado de amor estas colinas y estos valles. Pero despues pense que el fotografo que trabaja con su camara tambien lo hace por amor, y lo mismo el que trabaja con grabados o con colores en una tela o hace escultura, y tambien es amor a la humanidad el que mueve al que hace teatro o crea una partitura, o al escritor que renueva el lenguaje. Y despues pense que es tambien por amor que unas personas trabajan en un fundacion que reúne a estos artistas en el castillo Ranieri, un bello rincon de Umbria.

Civitella Ranieri, Sept. 2001

DISCIPLINE:
LITERATURE



Ernesto Cardenal

country:
Nicaragua
lives:
Managua, Nicaragua

The other day coming back from Assisi to Civitella, I started thinking how St. Francis filled these hills and these valleys with love.

Then I thought that the photographer that works with his camera does it for love too, and the same is for the one working with engravings or colors on canvas, or the one making sculptures, and that is love for humanity that moves the one who makes theater or the one who writes a score or the writer that renews language.

After I thought that it is for love also that people work for a Foundation that gathers these artists in the Ranieri Castle in a beautiful corner of Umbria.

Translated from Spanish by Claudia Cannizzaro

Fellow.
ERNESTO CARDENAL

Al entrar a Managua habia miles esperando al nuevo gobierno. Alli nos subieron a un camion de bomberos, y de pie en la plataforma sobre saliamos del gentiyal. Pero aquellos barrios de Managua estaban en silencio; las calles desiertas; y nos extranamps . Es que todos estaban en la plaza. Y empezamos a oir el gran ruido cuando nos acercabamos a la plaza. Griteria, disparos de fusileria, las campanas al vuelo, pitos y sirenas, y nuestro camion de bomberos haciendo sonar también su sirena estremecedora. Desde muchas cuadradas antes las calles repletas de gente queriendo entrar a la plaza. Panuelos rojinegros. Banderas rojinegras. Como tuvieron tiempo de hacerlas? Ancianitas sin dientes gritaban: "¡Viva el Frente Sandinista!".

Como contar lo que fue aquella plaza? Un mar de gente delirante, no alcanzabaadie mas en la plaza y seguia entrando la gente. Una muchedumbre apretujada en las cornizas y las torres de la catedral, que habia sido abandonada desde el terremoto, y no cabia alli una persona mas; y parecia que se iban a caer. Y tambien todos los arboles del parque llenos de gente, y el Teatro Ruben Dario frente al lago, y las azoteas del Palacio Nacional. Eran multitudes guindadas, colgadas, encaramadas.

Todas las columnas de todos los frentes de guerra estaban entrando a la plaza sudorosos, sucios y radiantes en toda clase de vehiculos cogidos en la victoria en cualquier parte del pais, camionetas, autos, autobuses, camiones, militares, tannuetas, tanques, y también caminando a pie, con uniformes verde—olvo a sin uniforme o andrajosos, abrazandose entre ellos al reconocerse o sin conocerse, y abrazados y besados por el pueblo, con gritos y risas y llantos y saltos de alegria, banderas enarboladas y banderolas, consignas cantadas en coro, rafagas de fusiles y escopetas y ametralladoras.

La fiesta de un pueblo que en sus 500 años de historia nunca habia tenido.El delirio de aquella plaza como una cosa de sueño? Era que también los estabamos sonando? Euforia y casi histeria multitudinaria (?serian 100,00, 200,00 personas?) sin importarles el solazo brutal del mediodia de Managua.

Civitella Ranieri, Sept. 2001

work.
El Triunfo de la Revolucion de Nicaragua

Fellow.
ERNESTO CARDENAL

When we reached Managua, thousands of people were awaiting the new government. They put us on a fire engine and we stood on its platform, overlooking the crowds. Much to our surprise, we found the outskirts of Managua silent, the streets deserted. But then we realized that everyone was in the square. As we approached, we heard a roar: shouts, rifle shots, bells tolling, and our fire engine honking its deafening siren. Several blocks away, the streets were already full of people heading for the square. All those red and black scarves and flags... How did they have time to make them? Toothless old women shouted: “¡Viva el frente Sandinista!”.

How can I describe the feeling in that square? It was a sea of delirious people, packed in tight as a drum, yet more kept streaming in. The crowds pushed their way onto the cornices and the towers of the cathedral, which had been empty since the earthquake; it was swarming with people and looked as if it were about to collapse. In the park, the trees were also full of people, and the Teatro Rubén Darío facing the lake, and the rooftops of the Palacio Nacional as well. The crowds were dangling, clinging, scrambling. Columns from all the war fronts poured into the square, covered in sweat and dirt, radiant, in all kinds of vehicles taken over throughout the country during their victorious campaign: vans, cars, buses, trucks, military vehicles, armored cars, and tanks; they also arrived on foot, in olive green uniforms or in their tattered clothes, embracing comrades and strangers, hugged and kissed by the people, who were shouting and laughing and crying and jumping in joy, waving flags and banners, chanting slogans in unison, shooting rifles and shotguns and machine guns.

It was a celebration that these people had never had in their 500 years of history. They were delirious; was it a dream? Were we also dreaming it all? Everyone was ecstatic, almost hysterical (were there 100,000, 200,000 people?) and nobody seemed to care about the brutal noonday sun beating down on Managua.

Translated from Spanish by Deborah Bonner

work.
Triumph of the Revolution in Nicaragua

My five weeks in Civitella were most enjoyable and productive: I wrote six stories, a piece and a poem; I met lovely and intelligent people from all over the world, and had witty and informal conversations with them, enlarging my experience of art and, perhaps more important, of human soul; and, last but not least, I enjoyed exquisite local cuisine and the care of the staff of this extraordinary institution. All this in the most quiet, magnificent and historical environment one can imagine, combining solitude and social life within short distance of some of the most beautiful Italian towns, cradle of the Renaissance.

DISCIPLINE:
LITERATURE



Giuseppe O. Longo

country:
Italy
lives:
Trieste, Italy

...prima ho visto sua moglie e suo figlio, una donna brutta e un bambino grasso, ripenso a quel quadro d'infelicità domestica. Lei è infelice, gli dico, mi guarda con gratitudine, come se gli avessi indicato un'alternativa, una volta, gli dico, un giudice mi raccontò che sua moglie gl'impediva di sonare il piano e questo lo faceva soffrire molto, poi si era rassegnato, molti si rassegnano, tutti hanno una loro infelicità, sì, dice lui, però io sogno mia madre, mia madre è morta da tre anni, ma io continuo a sognare che non è morta, viene a casa mia, la trovo nascosta dietro la porta del bagno oppure nel ripostiglio, vestita di nero, mi guarda con aria furbesca, poi sento che sta per dirmelo, mi dice quello che devo fare, devi mandare via quella là, dice, e quella là è mia moglie, mamma, le dico, quella è Franca, mia moglie, e lei ride mostrando tutti i denti neri, ha i denti neri e il vestito nero, sì, io so che è tua moglie, per questo devi mandarla via, capisce, capisco, gli dico, anch'io ho avuto una madre autoritaria che mi diceva sempre fa' questo e fa' quello, no, dice lui, non è mia madre, è il subconscio che mi dice che cosa devo fare, dovrei lasciare mia moglie, mia moglie mi fa morire, per questo sogno così spesso l'inferno, i sogni dell'inferno me li ha già raccontati, è stata la prima cosa che mi ha raccontato, prim'ancora di raccontarmi degli angeli che vede, ora però me li ripete, dice che sogna un tunnel grande e bene illuminato da una fila di lampadine fissate al soffitto, ma il tunnel non è diritto, in lontananza piega verso destra, e dopo un po' per la curvatura non si vede più niente, ed è anche un po' in discesa, ma non tanto, in apparenza non c'è niente di pauroso, però quello è l'inferno, è per la curvatura, dice, perché dietro la curva si può immaginare qualunque cosa, e lui lo sogna spesso e si sveglia sconvolto, io quest'uomo non l'ho mai visto prima di questa sera, quando leggevo la mia poesia sugli angeli ho visto che mi fissava, dopo la lettura sono andato a bere un bicchiere e me lo sono trovato vicino che mi sussurrava ho bisogno di parlare con Lei, e io col bicchiere in mano gli ho detto andiamo in questa stanza, e adesso siamo qui che mi racconta di sua madre e dell'inferno e di sua moglie che gli rende la vita impossibile, per fortuna ogni tanto vede un angelo, per questo ha voluto parlare con me, io non so bene che cosa dirgli, gli ho detto tutto quello che si può dire a un uomo mai visto

prima che ti racconta cose del genere, sono lì col bicchiere vuoto in mano, e in quel momento si sente un grido nella campagna, una specie di urlo selvatico, un cane, penso e poi subito penso che è un pavone, mi sembra giusto che a gridare così sia un pavone e non un cane, nella campagna nera che si allarga intorno alla villa di Marega su per i colli da Ara verso Tricesimo e dall'altra parte a Montalbano e a Fagagna, ma chi può avere un pavone lì da quelle parti, lo chiederò a Marega appena mi libero di questo qui, non sapendo che cosa fare vado alla finestra, scosto la tenda e guardo il cielo nero pieno di stelle, di notte il cielo fa sempre impressione, così intanto passa un po' di tempo e il pavone grida di nuovo, un grido da cavare il cuore, che si allarga nella campagna nera e sembra riempirla di angoscia, ha sentito, gli chiedo, ha sentito, è un pavone, ma lui non mi ascolta, gli angeli sono sempre stati la mia speranza, riprende, e io non so che cosa dire, la situazione è imbarazzante, vorrei andarmene, ma questo tipo mi fa pena, penso alla moglie brutta e al bambino grasso che si dovrà tirar dietro per tutta la vita...

Civitella Ranieri, August 2001

Fellow.
GIUSEPPE O. LONGO

...earlier I saw his wife and his son, an ugly woman and a fat child, I think again about that portrait of domestic misery, you are unhappy, I say to him, he looks at me with gratitude, as if I had offered him an alternative, once, I say to him, a judge told me that his wife forbade him to play the piano and this made him suffer a great deal, then he'd given up, many men give up, everyone has his own kind of unhappiness, yes he says, but I dream of my mother, my mother has been dead three years, but I keep dreaming that she is not dead, that she comes to my house, that I find her hiding behind the bathroom door or in the storage closet, dressed in black, she looks at me shrewdly, then I sense what she's about to tell me, now she's telling me what I have to do, you have to throw out that woman, she says, that woman is my wife, mother, I say to her, that woman is Franca, my wife, and she laughs, showing all her black teeth, she has black teeth and a black dress on, yes, I know she's your wife, that's why you have to throw her out, do you understand he says to me, yes, I understand, I tell him, I too had a bossy mother who was always telling me do this, do that, no, he says, it's not my mother, it is my subconscious telling me what I have to do, I should leave my wife, my wife is killing me, that's why I dream of hell so often, he's already told me about the hell dreams, it's the first thing he told me, even before he told me about the angels he sees, now though he's repeating them all to me, saying that he dreams of a big tunnel, well-lit by a row of bulbs fixed to the ceiling, but the tunnel is not straight, at the far end it turns to the right, and after a while because of that bend you can see nothing more, and it is also slightly downhill, but not much, seemingly there is nothing to be afraid of, but that is hell, it is because of that bend, he says, because you can imagine anything beyond that bend, and he dreams about it often and wakes up distraught, I have never met this man before tonight, when I was reading my poem about angels I saw he was staring at me, after the reading I went to have a

drink and there he was standing next to me whispering I need to talk with you, and I said to him, holding my glass, let's go into that room, and now we are here and he's telling me about his mother and hell and his wife who makes his life unbearable, luckily he spots an angel every now and then, that's why he wanted to talk with me, I'm not sure what to say to him, I have said to him all one can say to someone you've never met before who's telling you this kind of things, I'm there holding my empty glass, and right then we hear a scream coming from the countryside around, a kind of wild scream, a dog, I think, and then I immediately think it must be a peacock, it seems right that it should be a peacock screaming like this and not a dog in the dark countryside spreading around Marega's villa and up the hills from Ara toward Tricesimo and onto the other side toward Montalbano and Fagagna, but who could own a peacock around here, I'll ask Marega as soon as I get rid of this man, not knowing what to do I walk over to the window, pull aside the curtain and look at the black sky full of stars, the sky at night is always disturbing, so a little time goes by and the peacock screams again, a heart-wrenching scream that spreads out through the dark countryside and which seems to fill it with dread, did you hear that, I ask him, did you hear that, it's a peacock, but he's not listening, angels have always been my hope, he starts up again, and I have no idea what to tell him, it's an embarrassing situation, I'd love to leave, but I feel sorry for this guy, I think about that ugly wife of his and his fat son, how he will have to drag them along with him all his life...

Translated from Italian by Lella Heins

I touched down in Italia at the exact moment of the first "attacco" on the World Trade Center in New York City. Trying to comprehend, absorb, respond to and live with this "charnel ground" event, subsequent events and the ensuing War on Terror - along with the other denizens of this fragile planet - was the koan of my residency at Civitella. The ongoing conundrum for the artist continues to be the question Theodor Adorno's dictum raises about whether it is possible to create after Auschwitz, after atrocity? We continue to witness ongoing atrocity and I believe we must, more than ever, respond and stand by our artistic work. We need to create alternative realities to the ongoing karmic cycles of violence and suffering and attempt to break those cycles - to make cultural, linguistic, political, imaginative interventions all the time. I wrote three manifestos while at Civitella, one of which was entitled *Women Arise and Vocalize! (Is there anyone under that chador?)*, an exhortation to more feminist action and was able to conduct a salient interview on current events and issues of poetry and faith with uncompromising Nicaraguan poet, priest, radical Ernesto Cardenal who was the Minister of Culture under the Sandanistas. Ernesto's presence at Civitella during this trying period was a great blessing for me personally. I worked on a new long poem *Structure of The World Compared to A Bubble* which takes the magnificent late 8th and 9th century stupa of Borobudur in Java as a point of departure, and continued research for an Etruscan/Umbrian section of my epic Trilogy, *IOVIS: All Is Full Of Jove*.

DISCIPLINE:
LITERATURE



Anne Waldman

country:
United States

lives:
New York and Colorado

- It was in the middle of my life I read the world as
- Book — faded gold stone dramas wind
- Which parts are doctrinal on the one hand
- And then you are free to live and interpret as you will
- A philosophy gathered here
- That's to say relevant to say I'll nay
- Get shuttled or shoved by fear again
- Denied in catastrophic nuit, noche, notte
- Night and whatever extra bite for Javanese-Sanskrit sounding
- Doth bring - calendar? cosmology?
- No one can keep you from the gate
- Collective civilization brings in love or
- Destroys itself in kinship reckonings
- Care is Huan and Human both and told this by
- Bicolage or French cuff, philosophers'
- Gloom or sound oft foiled by threat then
- Swims outta erotics full of war
- A breeze blowing towards the land
- Towards charnel ground of death
- Syngamy of ether of appropriate time and place
- Of lines never drawn, roads not buoyed
- But trawl a bit, cast a net for the others
- From Middle Dutch traghelen, to drag
- Travel far, not a wine that does not travel
- Thy medium loving in the direction of propagation
- The ice breaks, you are once again at sea and holy
- Pneumatically sealed on your boddhisattva path
- Air gets in the interstices you want to escape
- From while you are in an act of cross-fading
- Not a revealed religion but a walk on a wilder side
- You might survey your life from here
- The Himalayan flower, the spikenard?
- A book with no titular readiness
- Exposed to terror of horrible magnitude
- A book that's sans words
- Humectant person on the fertile plain
- Delirious, the night is delirious you are
- Relegated to the lower animal realms
- Rein In The Doubts with your absent books
- Nothing unjust, nothing to declare, what's the fear?
- Go up to the wall in your citadel
- Walls have ears in the desert night
- Offer a patois here a patina of humility

work.

Structure of the World Compared to a
Bubble: Prologue (with successive gongs)

Fellow. statement
DAVID YOUNG

I spent my days at Civitella Ranieri researching a play about the way painters see. The castle was a perfect setting for this work. I'd spend my mornings researching about Rembrandt's studio technique. In the afternoons I'd drive off into the splendors of the landscape to look at great paintings. The boundary between life and art is transparent in Umbria. One climbs and descends the ancient stone steps, warmed by a physical sensation of time. Every vista brims with human intention. The wind in the oak leaves. Piero della Francesca is whispering to God.

DISCIPLINE:
LITERATURE



David Young

country:
Canada
lives:
Toronto, Canada

INT. ANGIE'S JEEP — CONTINUOUS

The back window blows out as they pull back onto the street.

FATHER You piss him off.

ANGIE Oh yeah.

FATHER Where now?

ANGIE You change the world by changing the way you think, dad. Get the overview, set the moral compass, boom.

The old man says nothing, those sad steady eyes.

ANGIE
(CONT'D) Look at yourself, dad. You spent your life pouring cement. You have to admit your thinking got a bit stuck. I mean, you never stood outside yourself and looked at the big picture.

FATHER I did it all for you.

ANGIE I know that. You worked like a pig your whole life so I could be who I am. My gift is that I see myself being me and I have the courage to say: When do we get to the good part? Haven't you ever asked yourself that, dad? I haven't been happy since I was ten fuckin years old.

(tearing up)

I remember this story about a guy who made wings. He goes flying up to the sun and everybody down below gets totally pissed off, he looks down and says; "What the fuck, people? It's time. Dare to dream."

(pause)

God wants us to be free.

The old man starts to sing VOLARE. Angie joins in. The happiest they've been in years.



PEOPLE



1995 Andras Borocz
Amy Hautt
Bohdan Holomicek
Catalina Parra
Regina Silveira
Jeanne Silverthorne

Visual Arts

Andrei Bitov
Duo Duo
Martin Simecka

Literature

1996 Anne Bray
Mark Dion
Anna Esposito
Carmela Gross
William Kentridge
Ilona Lovas
Claudio Mubarak
Dan Perjovschi
Cesare Pietroiusti
Mali Wu
Hiroshi Yoshimizu

Visual Arts

Claribel Alegria
Marie-Claire Blais
Kamau Brathwaite
Bei Dao
Susan Griffin
Yang Lian
Elvira Orphee

Literature

1997 Dennis Del Favero
Carlos Garaicoa
Liselot van der Heijden
Egle Rakauskaite
Rosangela Renno
Accra Shepp

Visual Arts

Atom Egoyan

Film

Anita Desai
Liliana Heker
Gcina Mhlophe
W. S. Rendra
Wera Saether
Tomaz Salamun
Ivan Vladislavic

Literature

Marty Ehrlich
José Maceda

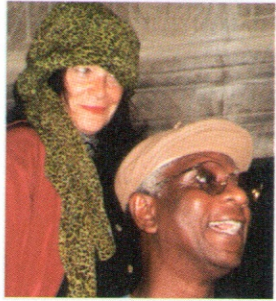
Music



	Chinary Ung Chen Yi	
1998	Laszlo Krasznahorkai Salman Masalha Neeltje Maria Min Leo Vroman	Literature
	Andries Botha Elena Elagina Igor Makarevich Gintaras Makarevicius Kerry James Marshall Marjetica Potrc Joanna Rajkowska Sandra Ramos Gulammohammed Sheikh Penny Siopis	Visual Arts
	Bobby Bradford Brenton Broadstock Stafford James George Lewis Erica Muhl Vladimir Tarasov Elizabeth Vercoe	Music
1999	Bora Cosic Tsitsi Dangarembga Milan Djordjevic Patrick Gale Durs Grunbein Nedim Gursel Pia Pera	Literature
	Fernando Alvim Xu Bing Brian Catling Atul Dodiya Emilio Fantin Liliana Porter Amy Sillman Mel Ziegler	Visual Arts
	Cindy Cox Jonathan Harvey Lee Hyla Guy Klucevsek Ramon Santos	Music



2001 PEOPLE :



year fellow

discipline

Mabel Cheung
Tony Grisoni
Alex Law

Film

2000

Vikram Chandra
Obinkaram Echewa
Istvan Eorsi
Jane Gardam
Liz Lochhead
Otto Marchi
Ludmilla Petrushevskaya

Literature

Bhupen Khakhar
Sabrina Mezzaqui
Abelardo Morell
Larisa Rezun-Zvezdotchetova
Larry Sultan
Sandile Zulu

Visual Arts

Silvio Soldini

Film

Sam Thomas Hayden
Andrew Hill
Ikue Mori
Elliott Sharp
Alvin Singleton

Music

2001

Ernesto Cardenal
Giuseppe O. Longo
Anne Waldman
David Young

Literature

El Anatsui
Gabriele Basch
Dino Bruzzone
Kathryn Chan
Shu Lea Cheang
Rochelle Feinstein
Jessica Holt
Graciela Iturbide
Mario Lewis
Elise Parré
N.N. Rimzon
Berni Searle

Visual Arts

John Harbison
Fred Ho
Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris
Bobby Previte
Kaija Saariaho
Kay Kaufman Shelemay
Laetitia Sonami
Henry Threadgill

Music



2001 PEOPLE :



past jurors

discipline

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Alan Feltus
Alice Rose George
Geeta Kapur
Benje LaRico
Kerry James Marshall
Antonio Muntadas
Fumio Nanjo
Olu Oguibe
Martin Puryear
Colin Richards
Regina Silveira

Visual Arts

Claribel Alegria
Alberto Manguel
Martin Mooij
Barbara Richter
Zdenek Urbanek
Luisa Valenzuela

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Wayne Horvitz
Judith Shatin
Archie Shepp
Chou Wen-Chung
Chen Yi

Music

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