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CIVITELLA RANIERI

2003

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INTRODUCTION

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

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.

FROM THE DIRECTOR

A remarkable group of 30 Fellows came to Civitella during the 2003 season. This was the largest group ever hosted in a single season and certainly one of the most diverse — both geographically and artistically. Argentina, Poland, South Africa, Japan and India were a few of the countries represented and the cultural mixture helped to ensure months of creative exchange.

The projects these Fellows undertook at the Civitella Ranieri Center showed an amazing breadth of approach and imagination. It was wonderful to witness how the buildings, gardens and environs were incorporated into these projects. Artists' studios were transformed into spaces for installations and exhibitions. A music studio became the setting for an intriguing collaboration between writers and musicians. The large cistern in the belly of the castle inspired a fascinating installation incorporating shapes, sound and light that



could only be viewed by one observer at a time. The pond, now too murky to attract swimmers, provided a perfect sunlit contrast for a similar installation.

The main courtyard was a magical place to sit on a warm night and listen to a Fellow's musical works. The Fellows' garden was the backdrop for a work featuring a brilliant red carpet of autumn leaves, which the wind miraculously left undisturbed for days. And the atmospheric formal rooms in the castle building echoed with readings, music and conversation.

Gerald Rupp, long-time friend and advisor to our late founder Ursula Corning, remarked that she no doubt would have enjoyed the many ways that Civitella is being used and appreciated today.

The year 2003 marked the passing of Bhupen Khakhar, the great Indian artist who was a Civitella Fellow in 2000. While Khakhar's fame and talent were known

throughout much of the art world, he was also responsible for the bridge that now exists between India and Civitella. This bridge has brought, and will continue to bring, a number of wonderful Fellows from the sub-continent to a residency in the Umbrian hills. Being able to facilitate a meeting of these two rich cultures, even for a few short weeks, is one of the great rewards of my job.

I cannot close without expressing my gratitude to the extraordinary staff people who make the Civitella residency experience work so well. Split between New York City and Umbria, it is a loyal and dedicated team who, with an enviable professionalism, sustains our program and maintains our special spot in Italy.

Alexander D. Crary



MISSION

The mission of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is:

To bring together visual artists, writers and musicians from around the world who demonstrate talent and an enduring commitment to their disciplines. The guiding principle of the nomination and selection process is to attract highly-qualified individuals who represent the full range of artistic backgrounds and practices.

To encourage the creative process by providing Fellows with agreeable board and lodging, a private studio space and a generous period of uninterrupted time.

To support the dissemination of ideas and to foster a collaborative spirit among the Fellows at the Civitella Ranieri Center in Italy.

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 recommended by one of the Foundation's nominators.

The Foundation selects its Fellows in a two-tiered process. A rotating group of diverse artists, academics, critics and others nominates potential candidates for the Fellowship. These candidates are then invited to submit an application along with representative work samples for review by an international jury of peers.

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.



FELLOWS 2003

JORGE ACCAME

AMIT AMBALAL

YING CHEN

MARTA CHILINDRON

ANTHONY COLEMAN

INGRID DE KOK

DENISE DUHAMEL

CHARLES GOLDMAN

BRUCE GREMO

SIU-KEE HO

JIRO ISHIHARA

AGNIESZKA KALINOWSKA

JEROME KITZKE

JOHN KORSRUD

DAVID LANG

CLAUDE LEDOUX

TANIA LÉON

LANA LIN

NALINI MALANI

SYLVIA MOLLOY

PAT MORA

FABIO MORÁBITO

OZIOMA ONUZULIKE

RON PADGETT

FELIX PROFOS

WADADA LEO SMITH

HERB TAM

CLIVE VAN DEN BERG

ZOE WICOMB

AARON WILLIAMSON

MICHAEL WINTER

KRISTOFFER ZEGERS

During those first days in Civitella, I could not get off to sleep. From the walls of the place where I was lodging, I could see the castle. I would sit myself down to contemplate it throughout the night, sleepless into dawn. Holding a glass of wine in the dark, I would only gaze at the castle, as if caressing a monstrous, sleepy animal, who purred in an ancient language of bricks and stone. At times, fed up with its tyranny, I would listen to the radio or jot down a few lines. But my rebellion was short-lived: I always ended up in front of the window letting myself be consumed till the end of the night.

Translated from the Spanish by Edwin Conta.


GOLJA

I met him
in a pensione in Italy
He was staying in the room next door

One night
he borrowed some matches
and I feared for his petroleum skin

A coffee and he said he was called Samad
he came from the skyscrapers that grew
recently
in ancient Persia

Another day he introduced me to the
woman
who lived silently behind a veil
and lowered her soft eyelids
to the ground

In his room
I shared a meal that smelled of lemon and
death

And from the dark whispers of his tongue
only keep
a single word: golja, which means flowers

Golja golja, he repeated, pointing
to the summer spilled over the fields of
Urbino
and I said, golja golja golja
and we laughed like two idiots
believing that we were finally talking
about the same thing

That autumn his ayatollah
called him to the war
and he returned to Iran

I wrote him
from right to left
from bottom to top
to the address that he'd given me
but he didn't answer

Every year
when summer comes
and the fields are spangled with light
I have a premonition that no place ever
existed
where we could have found each other.

Translated from the Spanish by Carolyn Brown.

Living in a 15th century imposing castle, uninterrupted time – peace, charming nature, wonderful company of fellow artists. Warm and joyful hospitality – all these make Civitella a dreamlike experience.

For me – it is less important how many paintings I made, but the change that it has brought within me –this is my major gain.



Lila, 2003, gouache on paper



Untitled, 2003, mixed media on paper

Umbertide, August 24th, 2003

My dear Yann, my heart,

Your birthday is approaching. A friend here, David, has composed some pieces of music he names as "Child". I have listened to them with great emotions, feeling as if I returned far away back in time, into the period from the first weeks of your conception till the last days before your birth. Your heartbeat is the sound of this world, the most deeply rooted in my mind. It is my music. While my spirit follows you every day at every moment, or your image follows me constantly, I am nevertheless very happy to be here in the castle of Civitella. This is a marvelous medieval beauty. Not only are we at a dream-like place, but also we are served with great hospitality and courtesy.

Mother has a new book published. While writing this book, I was mostly concerned about the face of your époque. I'm only talking about the surface of matters, because time profoundly is unchangeable, and you and I basically speak the same language anyhow. But now I'm interested in the face of the future more than ever before, my concern is unwisely, I know, exceeding the limit of my own life, till your time and after, till eternity. This may be one of many sides of unspeakable motherhood that brings change to my inner person. The attempt to describe the surfaces of matters together with their undefined shadows and undercurrent, this is what my work is all about. If to be a mother can be my only true and constant mental preoccupation, then the question is what kind of mother I should be so that at the end of my trip I could calmly meet the eyes of my children without shivering. This question makes me extremely busy and unsatisfied,

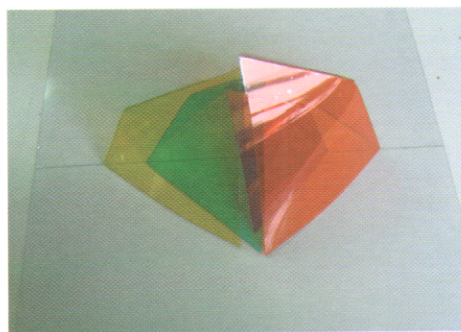
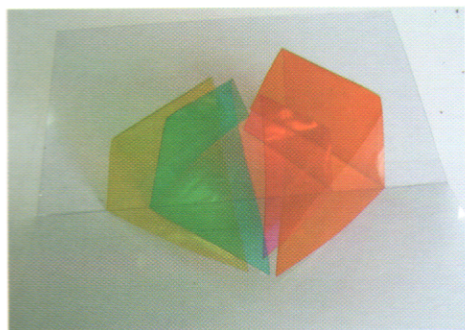
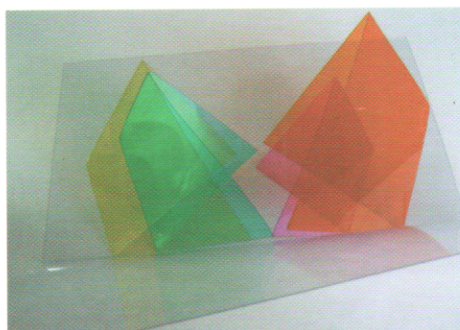
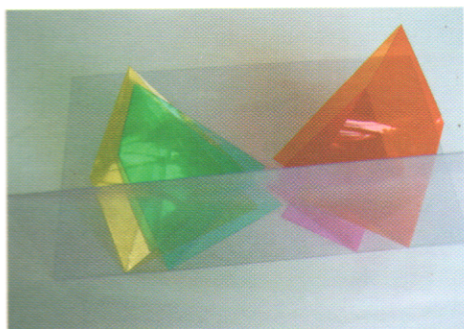
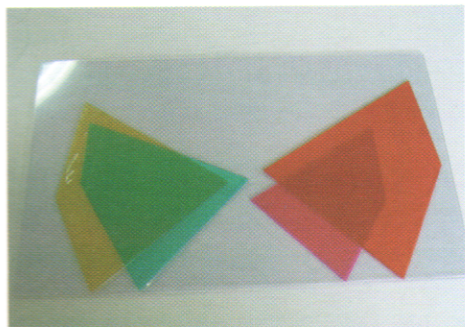


first about the ordinary practice of parental duty, then about my writing. I often imagine when you'll be at the age to read my work, how you'll react. I am not expecting an objective critic in you, for we may not agree on variable matters concerning the writing, or you may have no interest at all in such an old fashioned and womanly occupation as writing. But I often foresee your emotional eyes upon my work, the eyes of a son. I know you and your brother will read my books anyhow, and you'll be pitiless just like I am.

So from now on I work under the frank eyes of my futures readers, my supreme ones. Profoundly I'll only write for you and for your brother, spreading words as I once fed you with the milk from my body. In this sense the writing has become a part of my motherhood. I am in Italy, but I'm also with you, every day my spirit parts through words to join you in the future.

I wish you an extremely happy birthday, I'm celebrating it here, can you feel? And I'm holding you dearly in my arms for a long long time before going to bed.

Mama



The Red Circle, 2003, vinyl



Stimulated

Goaded

Frustrated (this is part of it too)

The Exchange . . . of – ideas?

(that doesn't seem to be the right word)

Space

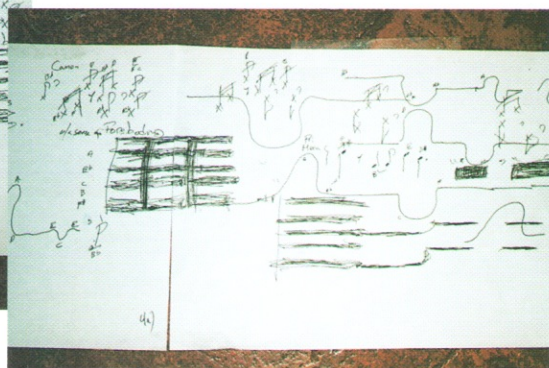
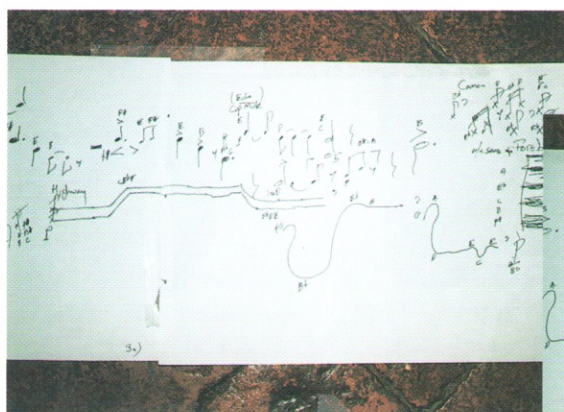
Time

Solitude & Commonality

what is music's place within the artistic discourse?

and . . . who brought dessert?

Polyphony



I come from a country in which it is not safe for a woman to walk alone at night. This freedom is restricted in many other places in the world too. Few women can unselfconsciously entrust their bodies to an even road, assume the protection of streetlights or the clarity of stars and moon, listen with comfort to strange night sounds. And in my country, women in appalling percentages fear rape, mutilation and murder even walking close to home.

At Civitella, bounteous place, I lived at Castrabecco, ten minutes walk along a tree-lined lane from the castle itself, ten minutes from the dinner table, its candle intimacies, the heady talk of smart and eccentric fellows, the lingering over grappa and limoncello.

During my residency I began work on a manuscript about the nature—the difficulty and the necessity—of bonding across racial and cultural boundaries. But here instead is a poem I wrote about my walk home, and, implicitly, about the benefits of working at Civitella in serenity and safety, protected by fireflies—a period of temporary grace.



WALKING BACK LATE AT NIGHT

Inside an aisle of cypresses
my torch makes shadows of shadows,
darting fireflies darn the dark,
gravel crackles underfoot,
and now I pass the chicken shed
where beaks and throats are quiet inside
resting till morning's crow.

How can I walk so lightly in this dark?
Where a body pressed against a tree
could menace me by watching
or a blade could jag across my path
to enter my heart and brain tonight.

But no, I am safe in this dark,
I am blessed, I am lucky,
only the weight of honeysuckle is upon
me,
tall indifferent trees around me,
only fireflies glance and glitter,
nothing is watching me, nothing.



Five weeks of writing time is an incredible gift.

Five weeks of writing time at Civitella is an even more incredible gift.

Five weeks of writing time at Civitella with phenomenal artists, a exceptional staff, incredibly delicious food, good humor, a wise cat, an elegant blue peacock, numerous field trips to Italian cities...and well, that's pretty much heaven!

I worked on both poetry and prose while I was in residence.

GOOD GIRL

What does it mean, she asked us, to be good? —Honor Moore
 good manners good eater good lover good listener good dog good boy good storyteller goody-two-shoes looks good enough to eat good witch good at math good-for-nothing good-looking got the goods a good book a good movie a good song on the Good Ship Lollipop my goodness good fellow good cop good buddy good egg from a good family in a good neighborhood with a good school with good teachers where you get good grades so you can get into a good college and get a good job at a good company with good benefits and a good retirement plan and make a good return on your good investments good

luck good news good joke "hey, that's a good one" good manners good lay good heart the good old boys' network good mother good God that's good booze good steak good legs good price good works good news good grief Charlie Brown looking for Mr. Goodbar goody-goody good old days good sale the good word good father good idea good night ladies we hate to see you go good race no good deed goes unpunished good wife good to the last drop goodness gracious Good-night Moon Good Time Charlie good sport for a good time call good waiter one good turn deserves another good doctor a good licking a good swift kick have a good day the good the bad and the ugly good for a laugh only the good die young a good fit a good match good seats good husband good cholesterol Good 'n Plenty good driver good help good person from good people good brother good businessman good deal good sister have a good time have a good cry good friend fight a good fight good morning good night Goodyear tires the good guy good vacation (bon voyage) good soup good nurse good politician it's for the good of the people it's over and done with for good say good riddance a good time was had by all



Le Font, 2003, installation view



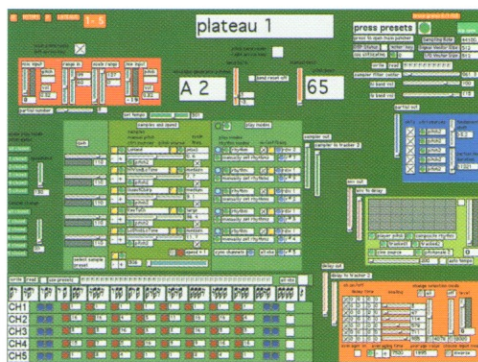
Le Font, 2003, installation view



My stay at Civitella had the character of both a retreat, and of a communal experience with fellows from whom I learned and even collaborated. I accomplished much that I had planned to do. The stimulation that comes from such camaraderie, I had not anticipated. It was a great pleasure. I wrote three new interactive applications for computer and instrumentalist, revised an existing one and wrote a fourth one for a collaboration with a fellow resident, installation artist Charles Goldman. I had over a week of open studio performances in which I tested and tweaked the applications. Output is one measure of productivity, but doesn't indicate how the quality of the focused and supported time that one has here affects the work made.

I would note three things about my own process. First, I spent time working at a level of detail and nuance that I am too frequently unable to address. Second, I was able to pursue musical materials that I had long thought about, but have never had the time to contemplate, listen to, prepare and

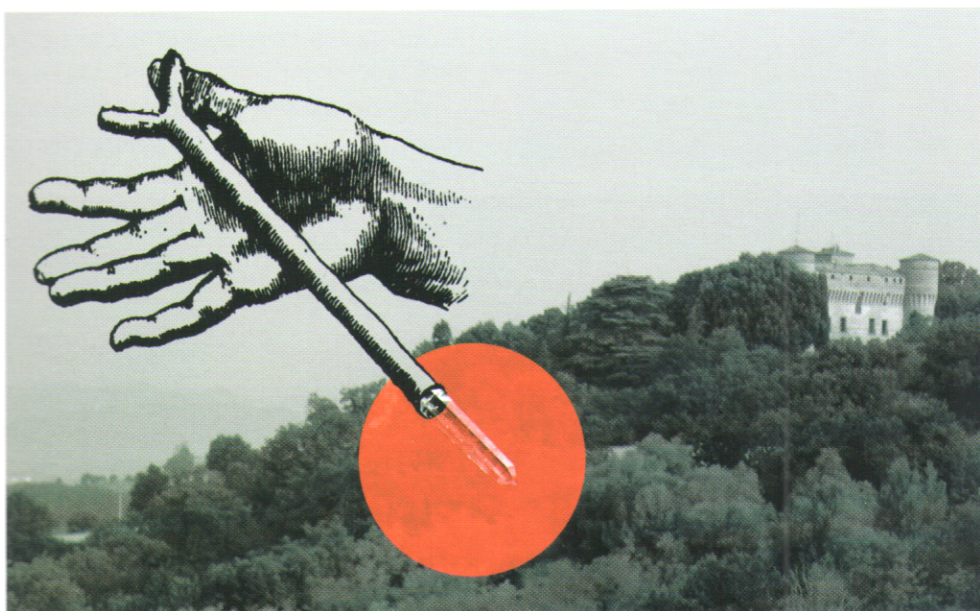
implement. Third, I found myself designing acoustical space as much as composing and exploring musical material. This interest probably brought me into closer contact with Charles. It seemed natural at one point to make a collaborative installation in the castle. And so we culminated our residencies with a joint work, one that I believe will continue in the near future. In short, the process here was transformative and most welcome.



Rhythm Plateau, 2003, screen shot



It is said that a dowsing rod can be used to discover things that cannot be discovered using our everyday senses. I have started a project at Civitella to make dowsing rods with branches, crystal bars, wire etc. . . . and try to experience dowsing through my own body.



Dowsing Rod, 2003, digital collage



Red Square, 2003, installation view



Anew, my several weeks residence at Civitella made me notice that it was impossible to recreate the crimson of autumn leaves on the monitor, and the midnight silence in the speakers.

But the time to go back to Tokyo has come.



Red Square, 2003, installation view

All my projects essentially consist of observing human behavior in extreme situations. I try to freeze very short moments of extreme physical and mental tension. Decisions made under such a pressure have strategic impact not only on our nearest future but also might influence our whole lives. Under pressure we expand our self-consciousness and therefore intensify the next choices we make in our lives. That is why during those short moments we are able to mobilize our whole potential and let go of the energy we would never dream we might possess. I would like to freeze them in time and stretch them to a point, when the galloping emotions would become clearly visible.

If we compare our life to an action movie, I would say I'm interested only in representing the moments when we call upon self-strength and determination; reaching deep within ourselves to achieve an almost more than human ability to resolve problems.

My other field of interest, intrinsically relating to the one described above, are the ways and methods of unloading the stress accumulated during everyday activities. In contemporary life, people compete not only in work but also after hours, while recharging batteries. We like to react to everyday situations through physical activities or by entering an exhilarating trance in nightclubs. For a long period of time I have been using various media: video, objects, installation, painting. The symbolism of the materials I'm using in my



Holidays, 2003, video still

objects and installations is a very important aspect of my work: materials physical properties, the issues of instant recognition by the viewer and everyday application – are all crucial to me. That's why I am using the stuff, materials and supplies such as paper serpentine, confetti, rubber bands or isolation tape.

Civitella offers the perfect luxuries that any composer can ask for: stillness, serenity, delicious meals, a great work space, inspiring company and brain-jolting coffee. I knew, the very first minute, it was going to be a sad occasion to leave—and six weeks later—I couldn't believe how much work got done that just seemed to happen by itself.



NONME DOMABIS

144

B

T. Sax.

E. Gtr.

Pno.

Bass

Dr.

151

T. Sax.

E. Gtr.

Pno.

Bass

Dr.

The musical score for 'NONME DOMABIS' is presented in two systems. The first system, starting at measure 144, includes a section marked with a box containing the letter 'B'. The second system starts at measure 151. The instrumentation consists of Tenor Saxophone (T. Sax.), Electric Guitar (E. Gtr.), Piano (Pno.), Bass, and Drums (Dr.). The notation is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The electric guitar and drums provide a driving, syncopated rhythm. The tenor saxophone plays a melodic line with various articulations, including slurs and accents.



While I was at Civitella I worked on a piece called LOUD LOVE SONGS, a concerto for the percussionist Evelyn Glennie and the EOS Orchestra, which will premiere in New York in 2004. One of the great things I got to do at Civitella that I don't get to do enough of at home was sit in my studio and think — there is always too much to do in New York to throw yourself into a period of creative inactivity. All that thinking made it possible for me to imagine a new kind of role for a soloist in a concerto. Usually a soloist plays the hero, the bold leader who challenges the ensemble to follow or to change. In Italy I came up with the idea that maybe a soloist could physically represent the emotions of the orchestra — the

soloist could stand on a platform above the orchestra, in a spotlight, making movements that embodied the expressive life of the ensemble. These movements are attached to instruments and so they create sounds, but the generating impulse was always to control the movement. It seemed more like a choreographic problem than a musical one — I amused my children no end at Civitella because much of my work was looking at myself moving in front of the mirror, trying to figure out what gestures a soloist could make that would reveal the emotional core of a piece of music.

Lost in nature, far from the frantic cultural life of big cities, Civitella – dare one write it – appeared to me like a gift from (the) God(s); the escape of a date with calm and silence, only slightly ruffled by the beneficial laughs or friendly words of the other resident artists.

Far from the world, this month of August offered me the time for isolated work on personal memory, on the sonorous scraps residual of my past as a musician in search of another music since my travels in Asia; work conceived as the search for a confrontation between the spirituality contained within the notes, within the prolongation of sound, and the understanding of musical techniques which sustain the structure of that expression of human thought.

From the molecules of those shattered memories gradually emerged the work to which I decided to dedicate myself.



Shifting work, like waves emitted from the multiple births of the surrounding mountain. At the point where the anecdote melds into the imaginary. Nourishing myself on the deep hope that this kind of concert for violin and orchestra will sparkle not only with the vanishing perfumes of the Orient, but also with the colored and luminous splashes of deep Umbria.

That, could only be offered by Civitella.

Translated from the French by Lella Heins.

UNTITLED (VIOLIN CONCERTO)

♩ = 82

6:4

6:4

VI solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

solo

Vc.

ff

ppp

pp

pizz

arco

poco sfz

molto vib

quasi f

pppp

From the moment I arrived at Civitella, I sensed a certain magic. The castle, which greeted me each morning and watched over me at night had an aura of mystery and ancient times. Walking to my studio each day under the cypress trees, conversing with "Gallito" (my affectionate name for the rooster) and the wise, blind cat that I named "Missy Missy", were special moments to treasure.

The ancient voices of the poetry I set to my music whispered to me of secret centuries past. Each individual during my residency, from the fellows and their families to the embracing Civitella staff, enriched me in countless ways. This is the scenario that is inextricably woven into my new composition.

The essence of my Civitella experience is now captured in the title of my work. It is called "Duende".



Dedicated to György Ligeti
DUENDE

1. Letrilla Satirica

Poetry by
Francisco Quevedo
(1580-1645)

Tania León

$\text{♩} = 90 \text{ ca.}$ "Wandering minstrel" mood

Baritone

Percussion 1: Wood Chimes, Xylophone

Percussion 2: Vibraphone, without Ped.

Percussion 3: Marimba

Percussion 4: Bass Marimba

Bata 1 "Omélé"

Bata 2 "Isite"

Bata 3 "Iyá"

Latin Percussion: Cachiches, Indian Bells

Dynamics: *f*, *ff*, *mf*, *sf*, *l.v. sempre*

I bought a T-shirt in the market of yet another lovely Umbrian town, Città di Castello, that bears the logo "to play." This is how I might characterize my time at the Civitella Ranieri Center. A month at the castle gave me time to play, to experiment without a strict goal, to try to simply follow the path that interested me. At least a full day was spent examining the castle's endearing details, an evening videotaping the sprinklers that catch the light and throw surprising shadows, an early morning recording the cacophonous argument of birds. I don't predict that these activities will make a tangible mark on my work, but the liberty to pursue them keeps my artistic practice alive.

I came to the residency with my collaborative partner, H. Lan Thao Lam, and we continued to develop a project we had been researching for the past three years. "Unidentified Vietnam" takes an archive of South Vietnamese propaganda films from 1955–75 as a starting point for investigating US foreign policy, national identity, and



H. Lan Thao Lam and Lana Lin

historical memory. We also had the opportunity to initiate a new project that furthers our interest in constructions of national identity, specifically through the contested meanings associated with national anthems, which at first seem blatantly patriotic, but become complicated by national obsolescence, censorship, and acts of resistance.



Unidentified Vietnam, 2003, video still



The month long residency at Civitella provided a physical and mental space where I could work/dream on a major video theatre project and some paintings in an on going series based on myths. The nature of the silence and light at Civitella seemed to have a special effect on my ideas. At times nature was so overwhelmingly beautiful that it was impossible to concentrate on the work on hand and I would find myself dreaming. But that was also good. So different from the ambience where my own studio is situated. You see, I have a small loft in the wholesale markets in the center of Bombay. A very busy area.

Civitella was an oasis of peace.

The Fellows would gather together for lunch and dinner under the trees in delightful merriment and many ideas and exchanges took place in this informal way. I got a lot out of these exchanges with fellow artists. We have parted from each other with promises to keep in touch and perhaps work on collaborations in the future. I look forward to that.



From the series, *STORIES RE TOLD*, 2003, water colour and enamel on mylar

My stay at Civitella was very productive. It served multiple purposes. First, I undertook and completed the translation into English of a book I recently published in Spanish, "Varia imaginación." Second, it allowed me to explore new forms of writing, both creative and critical, and this was very encouraging. Third, the stay at Civitella allowed me to prepare myself for a new project in fiction, by reading, making notes, and just thinking, free from timetables and, as my English teacher used to put it, "the dragons of everyday life." Finally, the stay allowed me to interact with an exceptionally intelligent and thoughtful group of writers and artists, and that communal experience was extremely valuable, both for myself personally and for my work.



SCARABEO

As a child I remember
Driving my mother mad
By playing with beetles,
Shiny black, hard-shelled,
Some with a single horn
Like a rhinoceros.
Crusties I'd call them
And lined them in a row
Trying to have them march
Together. I always failed
But always tried again,
Pretending not to hear
My mother calling.
Here in Umbria I've found their relatives,
Hornless, but in fact quite similar,
I know better than to line them up
But am still tempted.



The gifts of the Fellowship were many including a beautiful and unique setting, uninterrupted hours for writing. In my castle rooms, I wrote poems, a children's book, and letters for a prose collection.

The richness of the Civitella experience deepens within.

ODE TO CIVITELLA

Follow the winding road
 into the long-ago story
 of enchantment.
 Before sunrise, heed
 the rooster free
 of our introspective frowns,
 nourished
 by the song he crows.
 Feel the morning
 mist like a blessing
 stroke the harmony of wheat,
 sunflowers heavy
 in contemplation,
 your eyelids.
 Yield
 to the spell.
 Hear fingers
 dancing on black and white keys
 as if possessed
 by a *duende*,
 a voice leaping
 on the old, red roof tiles
 pirouette on the turrets;
 brushes and pens
 playing in the pages
 of silence that undulates
 like the hills.
 Watch the camera's dark
 eye convert the castle's stones,
 massive as our doubts,
 into loaves of bread,
 pasta into long, tangled dreams,
 time into wine.

Assaggia. Taste.

At Civitella I found an ideal environment to concentrate on my work: the right kind of isolation and a humane silence, never gloomy. I also had the good fortune to live in rooms on the upper floors of the castle with windows looking onto the surrounding park. Some of the majestic oaks in the park almost touched my window panes. If it was hot I would leave the window open and often all I had to do was lean out towards that garden at my fingertips to forget everything for many minutes. Afterward I would return to my work, leaving the window open. No one called me, no one needed me, it was just me and that powerful green wave pregnant with a secret life that I listened to without being able to comprehend.

Translated from the Italian by Lella Heins.

HAMMER (FROM TOOLBOX)

A hammer is at once the easiest of our tools and the most profound. No other tool fills the hand as much as a hammer does; none inspires the same degree of dedication to the job and such total acceptance of the task.

With a hammer in hand, our body acquires its proper tension, a classic tension. Every statue ought to have a hammer, visible or invisible, like a second heart or a counterweight to offset the weight of its limbs. Wielding a hammer, we get rounded out, more integrated; it is exactly the one extra thing we need to feel ourselves permanent.

Grasped by the hand, obtuse, cyclopean, childlike, with its weight and its feel,



it gives us once again that sensation of freshness in a tool, of a satisfying extension to our bodies, of an effort directed without waste or frustration.

O, first-rate hammer! Willing brother! Few things are as straightforward as you!

It acts like an epic poem; it's bilious, goatish, and eagle-like. The force of a juicy anger has been attached to a wooden handle and has been left to ferment and toughen there. That's how we get hammers—from a slow drip-drip of rage, which finally forms a scab at the end of the handle, an amalgam of wrath. Shape it and polish it, and your hammer is ready to go.

Passivity and power coexist in a hammer. In fact, a hammer works by surprise, by nasty surprises, and its bruising strength is indebted not so much to its force as to its laconic delivery. It doesn't affirm, it skewers. All of a hammer's rage, slowly absorbed by the handle, slowly fermented, slowly assimilated, is expressed in one sharp bang! There's no time for anyone else.

Translated from the Spanish by Geoff Hargreaves

EXCAVATING CIVITELLA

Surveying and 'excavating' the Civitella valleys soon revealed lots of oil barrels that apparently oiled the farm machinery of past castle dwellers. I was first struck by the connection between agriculture and warfare, and then by the relationship between oil and much of the recent and current international strife. Today, oil is at the center of major international disputes.

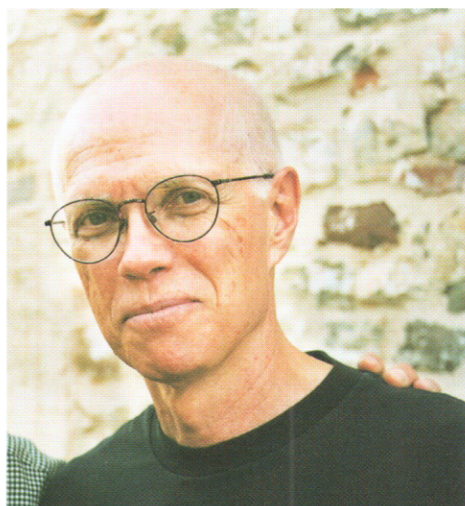
"War is in the heart." "The heart is like a bag: you are carrying yours, I am carrying mine." "Lie is bigger than war." "The mouth invites/causes/instigates war." These are the sayings of the Igbos of Southeastern Nigeria, where I was born and brought up. With these in my mind, I reclaimed the oil barrels, removed their covers (or mouths) and washed them with hot water, detergent

and perfume. Then I set to work first on the metal barrels. I hammered them into bags (hearts) of different shapes and sizes. The bombs of the heavy Civitella hammer landed with loud explosions as I bombarded the metal barrels. Then I cast them further into the war front with magazine/poster images of war and war victims glued on them. I shot them with the long bullets of power drills. I blistered them with the fire of a welding machine. I charred and scorched them with the consuming tongue of gas fire. I inflicted them with large scars employing the searing disc of the grinding machine . . . Studio 3 and the immediate Civitella vicinity were suddenly transformed into a war front by the echoes and reverberations of the noise of battle.



My second day at Civitella Ranieri, as I walked across the shady grounds in the late afternoon, it struck me that I was a very lucky fellow. Here I was in a beautiful part of the world, surrounded by gorgeous landscape and a short drive not only from great art but also great ice cream. My wife and I were being lodged in spacious rooms in what had been the castle's granary, we were having lunch and dinner in the open air with a highly agreeable and diverse group of other writers, artists, and composers, and I had the use of a computer that was virtually identical to the one I use at home.

Then things got better. I soon found that although the Civitella Ranieri Foundation staff had gone to considerable effort and expense to bring me to the castle for the express purpose of producing new work, I was able to do just that, in the form of two projects. The first consisted of notes on the relationship between the landscapes in Perugino's work—the little vistas in the distance behind the principal figures—and the actual Umbrian landscape. This project involved seeing as much of Perugino's work as possible and of looking around on my way to and from it. The second project, if I may call it that, involved my continuing attempt to sit down and write poems without having any preconceptions about what I was going to say or how I was going to say it. What made this pursuit different at Civitella was that I was free from the tempting distractions that I veer toward so easily at home. More importantly, at Civitella I found myself writing at atypical times of day and night, sometimes when I didn't feel like doing it, and letting myself explore new syntactical and rhythmical moves. On an even broader front, at Civitella it was an unexpected relief to find refuge, even a



temporary one, from the foreboding that attends the moral and political weight of being an American these days.

Sketch

I wonder what Clive van den Berg is doing right now. I'll bet he's surmising as he peers perceptively at his new drawings though in the back of his head there is a drawing of lunch outdoors in the shade at a table spread with the finest little things all tasty and symmetrical, so he adds some shading and pepper and the outlines of Zoë and Ingrid as a breeze rises and falls like the edge of the tablecloth that suggests heaven and then settles back down into tableclothness, which is heaven for the tablecloth and those of us who are us.

For a composer, I guess, there is nothing more efficient than to waste time . . . and the 6 weeks stay at Civitella Ranieri provided me with everything to make such a way of life possible.

So I was able to finish the 70-minute score "large composition no. 1", a work that has kept me busy for almost a year and that was due for performance shortly after my return to Switzerland, as well as writing a whole new score for the Dutch Maarten Altena Ensemble.

Everything at Civitella seemed to be in favor of totally forgetting about the time pressure that I was actually in...the marvelous place with its beautiful surrounding, the inspiring library, the delicious food and, last but most certainly not least, the company of staff members and Fellows who miraculously always seemed to be around when there was need to talk to someone, but never otherwise . . .

To put it in other words, I could not imagine a better place.



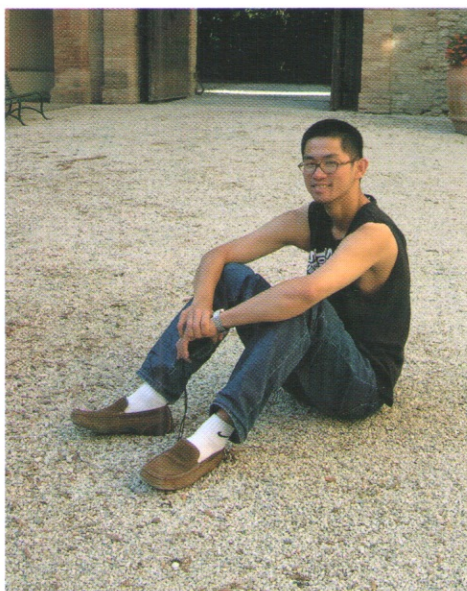
Video Stills 2003





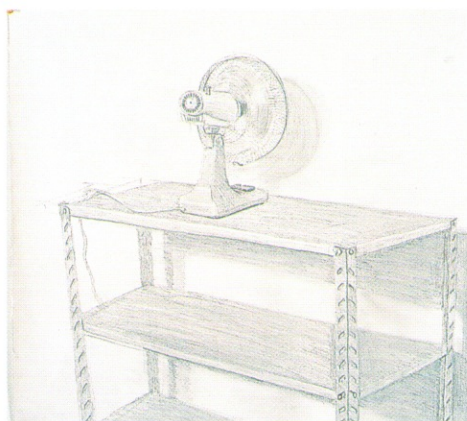
AMAZING

Handwritten musical score for "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. The score is written on three staves: Vibraphone (Vibph.), Drum Set, and Voice. The Vibraphone part includes chords like [A], [B], and [F], and dynamic markings like MF and F. The Drum Set part shows a simple drum pattern. The Voice part includes lyrics and musical notation with dynamics like MF and F. The score is marked with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4.

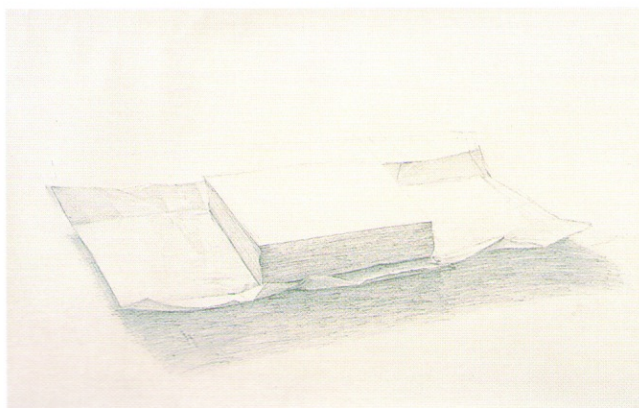


In Italy I thought a lot about describing things; I was constantly doing it for Fellows about my life in New York and for friends and family about my temporary life in Italy. There's always something lost in a description of a thing, and maybe (hopefully), when that thing is actually shown, it can acquire the animation and charm of a good description.

I made two drawings at the Civitella Ranieri Center called "Sculpture Of A Flag." One is of a ream of 9 x 12 inch white paper resting on its wrapping paper. The other is of a white electric fan sitting on a silver-colored metal shelf unit and pointing at a white wall. These domestic objects can represent the traits of such a serious, symbolic object so easily and carelessly. They reduce the flag and its meanings (and art and its meanings) to the service of household objects anyone can buy at the now bankrupt K-Mart.



Sculpture of a Flag, 2003, pencil on paper

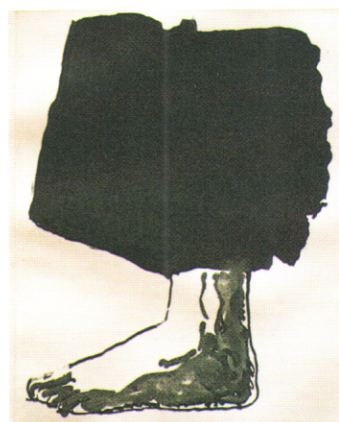


Sculpture of a Flag, 2003, pencil on paper

Like many artists I spend much of my time doing stuff to make a living, some of it OK, some bearable and some the kind of work one does whilst thinking, so much an hour will fix the gutter, or this will get me three tanks of petrol, or at best, that Corb chair that I want.

What Civitella gave me was the opportunity to spend time on my internal life.

For some years now I have been working on ideas of love and sexuality, how in some ways love is an index of memory, our own but also the memories (or instructions to love) that we inherit. As a gay man I am struck by the inevitable connection between acts of love and memorializing. Each kiss is a re-inscription of those that other men have made. My freedom to love is weighted by acts other men have done, often with a cost attached. The collection of work I started at Civitella and am now completing is titled "Love's Ballast". It attempts to image a vocabulary of skin, porous with memories of others before me.



From the series, *Love's Ballast*, 2003, monoprints

I have not been to one before, have never applied for such a fellowship; if the truth be told, a residency within a community of artists sounded nothing short of repulsive. Civitella Ranieri was a revelation. I could not have imagined how being liberated from one's own home and the chores of normal living and teaching could facilitate the working process. I produced words as never before, sometimes doubling my daily target. Most surprisingly, my fear of writing seemed to recede. The heat and silence had something to do with it; the interaction over dinner with fellow artists was a joy; the Civitella staff valiantly ward-off the world; and the heavenly blue chicory flowers of Umbria stared helpfully, just as the Guide Book promises. Now, back in darkest Scotland, I understand what Civitella meant: it normalised the activity of doing my own work, de-pathologised the activity of sitting still for hours staring at a computer screen; it allowed me to think, without embarrassment, of myself as a writer.

EXTRACT

Tokkie's visits are a relief. Tokkie brings colour and sound. Unobtrusive, for she is no more than a servant, sitting on her chair in the backyard, she offers an invented past for the family, a history for the neighbours, a history for her granddaughter. That is her gift. Tokkie can shout and crow as she pleases; that is what coloured people, ser-



vants, do. It is the Campbells who have to keep still, who have to mind their language. Which is not such an effort. Little happens in the house; they have little to say to each other. John's noisiness, his boisterousness, is buffed at the edges by the single gesture of a silent index finger Helen puts across her mouth. They have slipped noiselessly, imperceptibly, from youth to loveless middle age. The child plays as children do. The parents listen with wonder to the tinkle of her infant's chatter running like fresh water through the house, but as she grows older the silence draws her in. Except when Tokkie is there. Then the laughter is heart-breaking. When she goes to school she makes a friend; she has also spoken across the fence to the child next door, a boy, she understands, but her mother says that one friend is enough for anyone to bear.

Umbria, ombra: the acute breach between the sun's glare and the shade's mercy—negotiating less or more of each drives the paths of us warm-blooded things.

I made a photographic piece 'Sunshade-bathing' in the environs of the Castle in which I wore a half-black half-white suit and lay with the sun and the shade on either side of the suit's join.

Another piece reversed a normal film-casting convention to show me as a deaf actor performing as a hearing character in a nearby derelict tower. In 'Acute' I appear to be a tourist in distress, my over-acute hearing picking up some unseen threat as I run from room to room to hide around the labyrinthine tower. In an elaborate game with the chasing camera (that is also a riff on E.A. Poe's 'The Tell-Tale Heart'), I can either run noisily to escape or hold my breath to be silent.

I also made a video piece in which my hand was encased in a block of ice held



overhead for 45 minutes as it melted in the midday sun.

But ultimately, the extended period in which to reflect on my past work and to look to the future in such relaxed surroundings has been the most valuable aspect of my Fellowship.



Acute, 2003, video stills



Excerpt from the novel *Rockwell*:

I saw my friend Rufus Weeks. He was a socialist, an active one. He was peeling an orange. Let's walk, he said. He was a man who liked to see things as he talked. He ate oranges because, as a child, he had an older sister who was ill — the doctor prescribed fresh fruit. Oranges were imported and expensive and he was not allowed one. Now he ate them with a vengeance, with bitterness. Rufus said he believed in character. In upholding morals. But only in public.

Manners, he said, are most important in a politician.

He was peeling the orange in one long spiral. What you expose should always be consistent and proper. Respectful to the times. But privately, character could and should be damned. Have you ever read *Mansfield Park*?

A long time ago, I said. In school.

We have buried Fanny Price and Edmund Bertram. The modern world, he said, is Henry and Mary Crawford. I want to be a devil, he said. We all do. I want everything, but to be a public man means one must do everything in private.

I did not talk to Rufus about Kathleen. Marriage for Rufus was a domestic arrangement. He divorced the emotional life from his political one, and so in his presence I did the same. The private I disclosed to Gerald, it was the public I wished to discuss with Rufus Weeks. I wanted to organize men, to have free medicine. With Gerald I would say that Kathleen's character was thoroughly consistent from the public through to the private. It was the thing that drew me to her. She has no different disposition once the door is closed. I never noticed her change except for an occasional surprise. I hardly ever caught her in a private moment that embarrassed her.

I want to discuss labour issues, Rufus.

He lifted the peel of his orange, as if the pith contained an answer. He spoke of a man in Newfoundland, a William Coaker. I must befriend him. He was a man for the people. Rufus Weeks would write me a letter of introduction.

Piece started in Italy 2003, Perugia

Written for 8 saxophones,

Name: Electroshocks for eight saxophones.

The saxophone octet "Electroshocks" tells about thoughts, thinking, mind. The piece is a counterpoint in the way J.S. Bach composed his fugue. In some way unorthodox, I handled the rules for the fugue and it changed into something different, bi-tonal music, and the harmonies are completely opposite than in the common fugue of the classical period.

Lyrics are also important. Melodies are split and parts of it repeat and are "jumping" from instrument to instrument. In this way you not only notice a walking melody but also walking and "jumping" rhythms and patterns.

My music is always about patterns sound-morphings and developing themes. In this saxophone piece you hear my latest progressions in counterpoint.

28 9

sopraan1
sopraan2
alt-sax-1
alt-sax-2
tenor-1
tenor-2
bariton-sax-1
bariton-sax-2

fff
fff
fff
fff
fff
fff
fff
f



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ANGOLA/BELGIUM

Fernando Alvim 1999 Visual Arts

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David Young 2001 Literature

CHILE

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CHINA

Bei Dao 1996 Literature

Duo Duo 1995 Literature

Yang Lian 1996 Literature

CHINA/USA

Xu Bing 1999 Visual Arts

Chen Yi 1997 Music

CROATIA/SERBIA

Bora Ćosić 1999 Literature

CUBA

Carlos Garaicoa 1997 Visual Arts

Sandra Ramos 1998 Visual Arts

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Patrick Gale 1999 Literature

Jane Gardam 2000 Literature

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Sam Thomas Hayden 2000 Music

ENGLAND/ETHIOPIA/ITALY

Theo Eshetu 2002 Visual Arts

FINLAND/FRANCE

Kaija Saariaho 2001 Music

FRANCE

Élise Parré 2001 Visual Arts

FRANCE/USA

Stafford James 1998 Music

Laetitia Sonami 2001 Music

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