

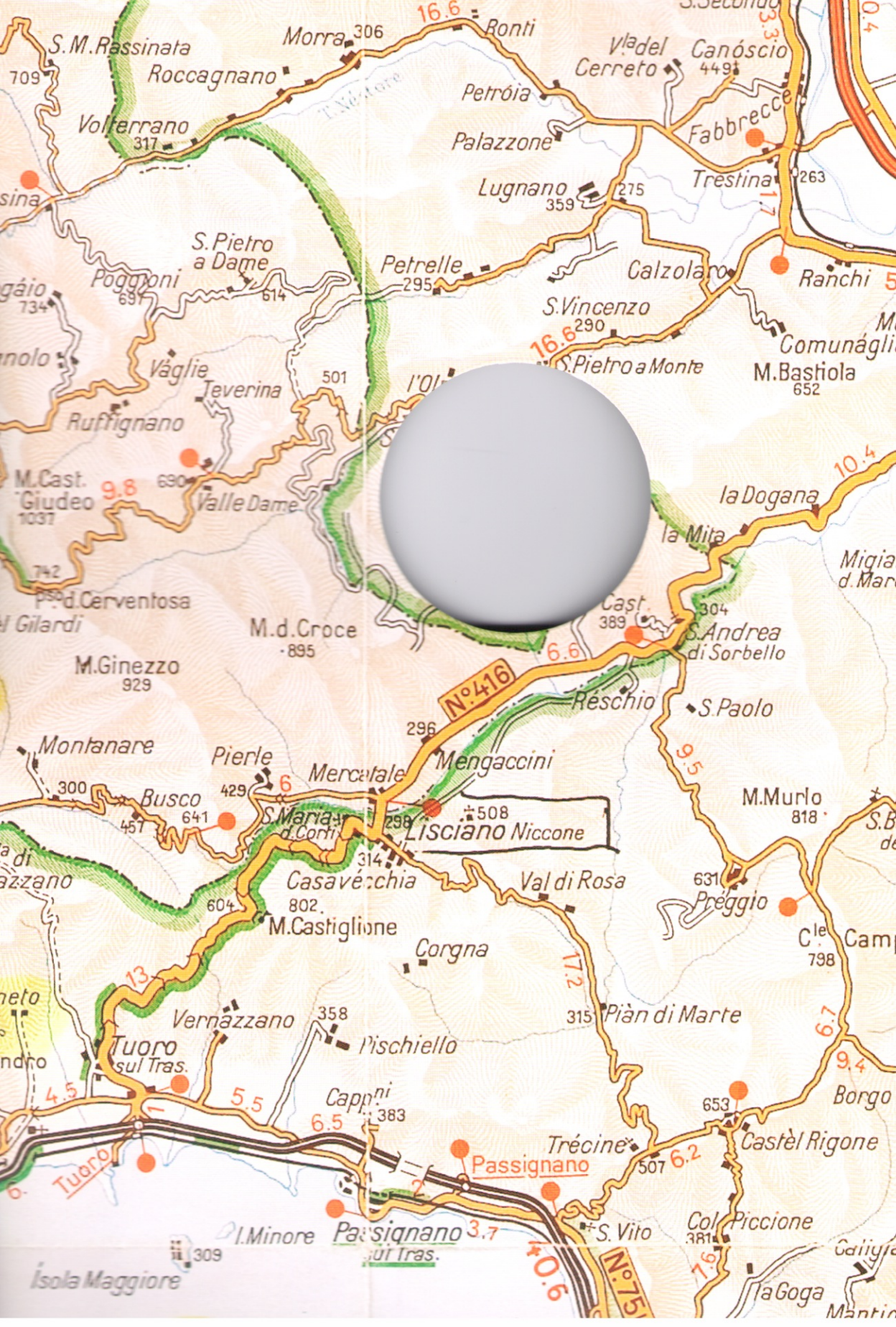








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INTRODUCTION

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, Inc., a non-profit corporation with offices in New York City.





2006 FELLOWS

Jake Arnott

Eve Beglarian

Paul Desenne

Margaret Elphinstone

Luciano Figueiredo

Lisa Glatt

Manju Kapur

Carla Kihlstedt

Antjie Krog

Mauro Lanza

Libby Larsen

David Lehman

Miguel Castro Lenero

Judith Linhares

Keeril Makan

Bjorn Melhus

Atsushi Nishijima

Mary Stella Okolo

Kanishka Raja

David Sawyer

Raminta Serksnyte

Abdus Shakoor

Vache Sharafyan

Oscar Strasnoy

Caro Suerkemper

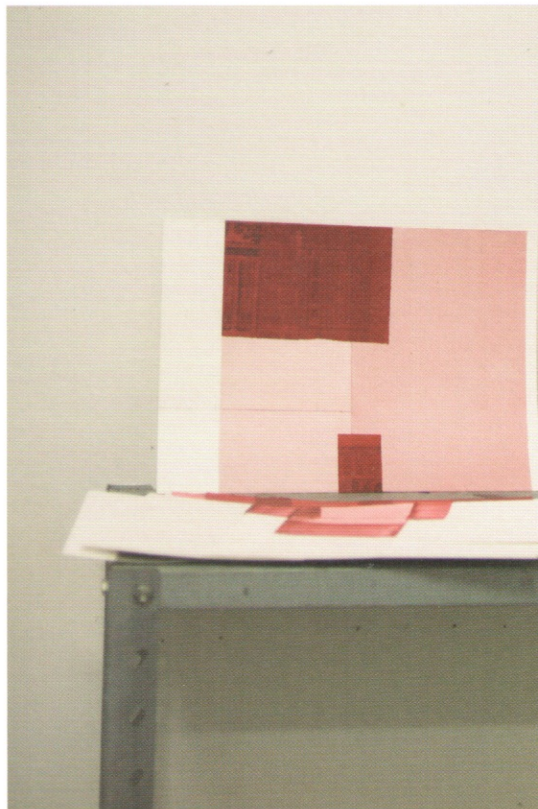
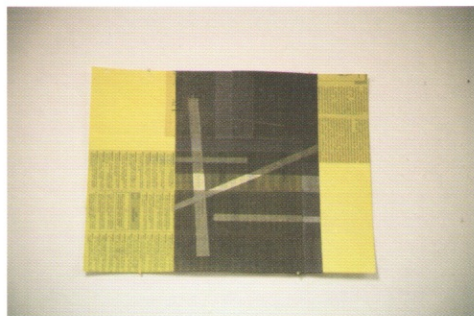
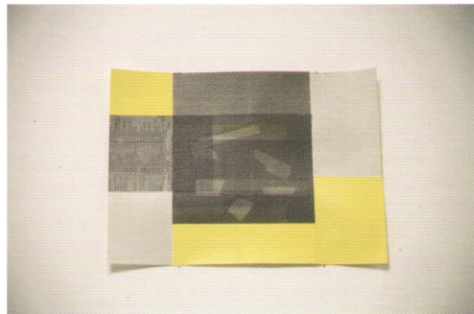
Errollyn Wallen

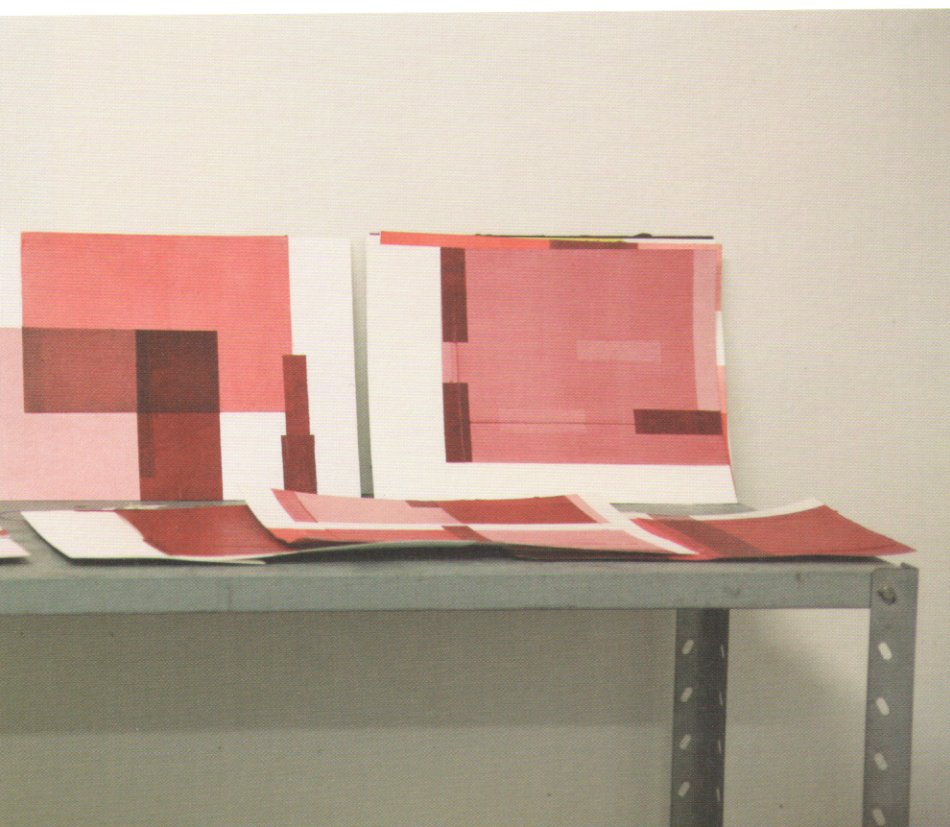
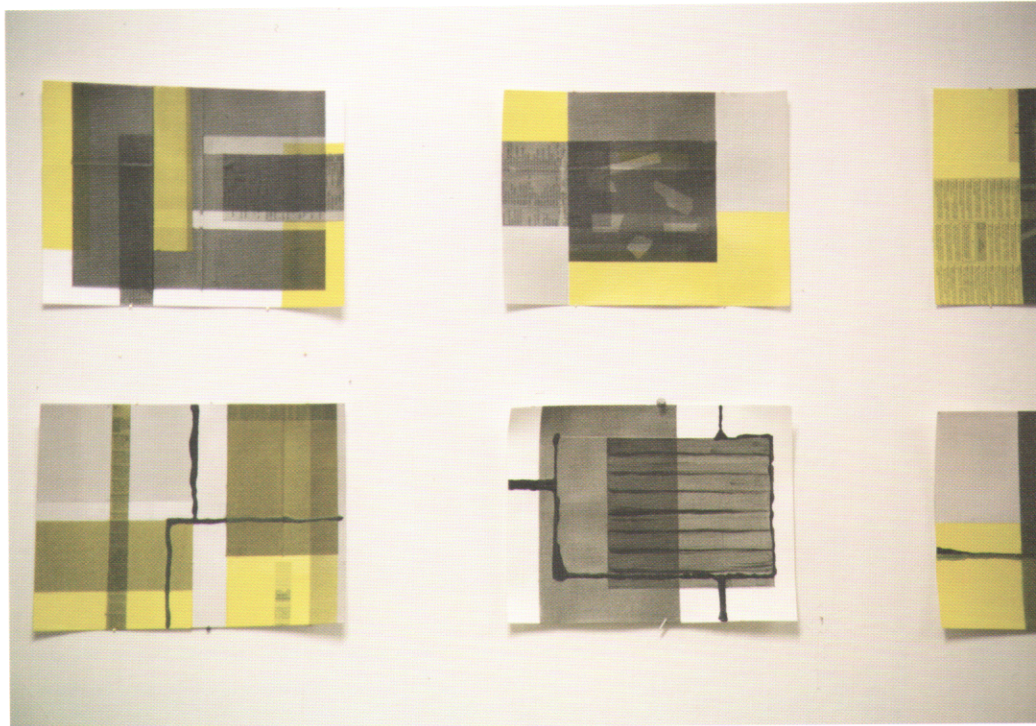
Xi Chuan

Lynne Yamamoto



MAY 8-JUNE 15





3-M = c. 60, keep steady pulse underlying to m. 122

120

whi-ch I think— I drink— which is which? Which?

GIRL *ppp* improvise rhythms freely, these pitches and words

which is

WOMAN *ppp* improvise rhythms freely, these pitches and words

ill - ness cure

BOY *ppp* improvise repetitions freely on these gestures

Ah— Ah Ah

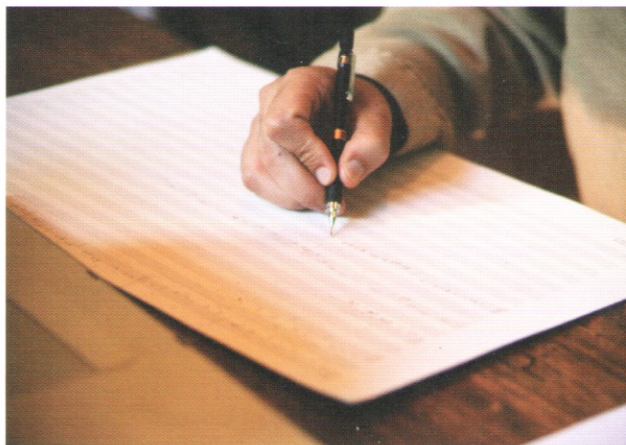
ppp improvise rhythm freely on these pitches

ped.









Still is musically indebted to Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*, whose instrumentation it shares. The piece's point of departure is the first entrance of the soloists in the Mozart concerto, which occurs in tandem on a long, sustained note above the orchestra. This elongated, hovering, perhaps joyous tone is but an entrée to the soloists' material in the Mozart. In *Still*, it is the central material of the work. *Still* is not virtuosic in the traditional sense; rather, it is melodically austere and expansive in a different way from the Mozart. To concentrate on beauty inherent in producing sound, as a physical act and sonic phenomenon, is the essence of *Still*. The violin part explores the upper range of the instrument, becoming an extension of the sound of the viola, merging the two soloists into one voice. The orchestra provides an underpinning for the soloists, but also presents harmonic possibilities that do not necessarily resurface in the solo parts. Every moment in the orchestra is unique and

unanswered. Toward the end of the piece, there is a noise cadenza, the negative of what the piece has been. Removing the pure tones of the melody, all that remains is residual noise. Not merely the diametrical opposite of purity of tone, it also represents the extension of the violin's exploration of its highest register, which dissolves into chaos at its farthest extreme.

The ability to produce and sustain a truly beautiful tone, to find the richness in dramatically restricted material: these are feats as difficult as the most complex passagework. Thus *Still* has its own sort of virtuosity. As the title suggests, quietude and stasis are sought throughout the piece. It was written during a fellowship at the Civitella Ranieri Foundation in Italy. It was there in the Umbrian countryside that I was able to shut out the noise of the world and focus on the internal space where I discovered *Still*: a virtuosic task of its own sort.

Transposed Score
Duration: 11-12 minutes

Written for Graeme Jennings, Masumi Rostad, and the Sinfonia da Camera

Still

for violin, viola, and chamber orchestra

Keeril Makan
(2006)

$\text{♩} = 40$

Oboe I
II

Clarinet in B $\flat$

Bass Clarinet

Horn in F I
II

Percussion I
crotales
metal beater
chimes
wood hammer

Percussion II
vibraphone
medium hard
jazz mallets
bass drum
soft beater

Harp
mf
DCFBIEFGA

Solo Violin
mf
con sord.
div.

Solo Viola
mf
con sord.
div.

Violin I
p
con sord.
div.

Violin II
p

Violin III

Viola
con sord.
div. a 4
open A string
pp

Cello
con sord.
pizz.
p

Double Bass
pizz.
p





মেয়েখানি এক চম্বীর মেয়ে নামটি গহর মোনা
 মাঝে গুলি ডাক মাঝে, নাম দিও যে মোনা
 লিলি মোদামদ মাঝে নও ডাক গহর মোনা
 chivella Shakooni, 06

CARO SUERKEMPER, GERMANY

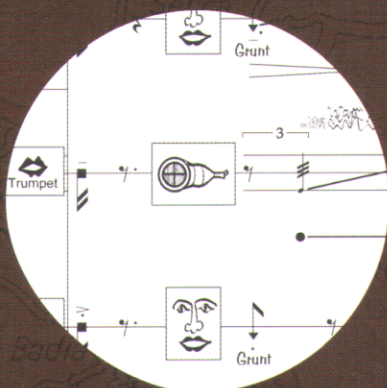


The artist at the Ceramiche Rometti Laboratory in Umbertide where her work was fired.









SESSION II
JUNE 19-JULY 27



I will not be sad in this world is based on the traditional Armenian song *Ashkharumes Akh Chim Kashil*. The piece is often played on the duduk, and your flute playing should respond to the ornamentation, intonation, and vibrato of traditional duduk playing.

I will not be sad in this world

eve beglarian

$\text{♩} = 55$

alto fl

mp

vox1

vox2

dr1

dr2

14

fl

14

vox1

14

vox2

14

dr1

14

dr2

25

fl

25

vox1

25

vox2

25

dr1

25

dr2

LISA GLATT, USA



EXTRACT: *The Naked*s

I was walking to school alone because my parents were fighting and the older twins who lived across the street and sometimes walked with me had chickenpox.

I'd been standing in the dining room, listening to them scream *fuck this* and *fuck that* and *fuck you* and *oh no, mister, fuck you*. I'd been hiding behind a chair that was taller than me, and from between the wooden slats I could see them. My father in the corner in gray sweatpants and socks, shirtless, his very hairy chest puffing up. "This is no life," he said. "Look at us—the three of us trapped here."

"Trapped?" my mother said in a low whisper. "Who's trapped?" She was only half dressed for work, cotton pajama bottoms and silk floral blouse—a gold hoop earring in one ear and nothing in the other. Her hair was sprayed stiff like a helmet and she had two perfectly rigid, solid curls twirling past each ear and down each cheek that bounced as she hollered. "Do you think I'll let that shiksa make a fool of me?"

"Enough. Genuk," he kept saying. "Enough, Nina. You're going to make this worse."

"Me?" she screamed. "Who's the dog here? Tell me that," she demanded. "Who behaves like an animal?"

"I've got to get out of here," my father said. "Don't you see, Nina, that we're trapped here?"

Here was an A-frame cottage, a small two bedroom house in a Southern California beach city. *Here* was a street without sidewalks, lawns and flowerbeds going right down to the curbs, and today was Monday, trash day, so those curbs were lined with fat green bags and reeking metal bins. I was walking on the neighbors' lawns, using stepping stones where I could find them.

I waited until the O'Brien's sprinklers sputtered to an end, and then moved through their yard. The Parker's grass was so bright green it looked fake, more like carpet than something alive. The Reynolds had painted their house, front gate, and the short fence that protected their wild lilacs, an outlandish red. They clipped their bushes into living room furniture. This bush was a leafy, miniature couch, this one was a dining room table, this one was a chair.



THE UNHOMELY

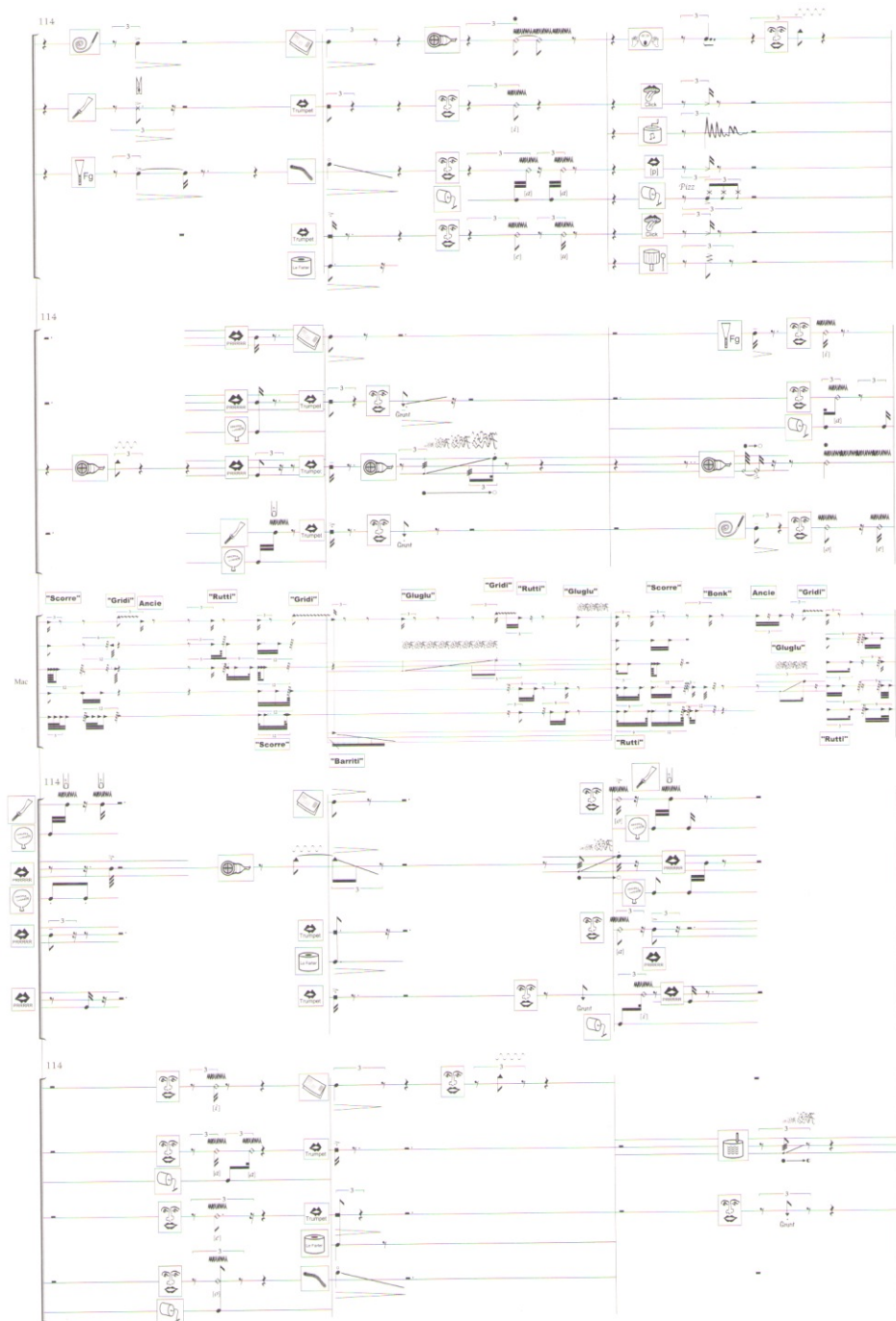
the lane is a spine
the lane constructs itself up the hill
the lane exudes its fragrance with turpentine and pine, with balm
mulberry and spirals of pencil-blue cedars
and being from neither here nor there, she cannot begin to know
how blue green is
how olive the purple
how motionless the cypresses and the folds of their capes as lightning sears the sky
and the earth rumbles back on the brink of grief

the lane is a castle
the lane is the only way to the castle
the lane intensifies into sweet chestnut and sage, white willow, sycamore and ash
and she from the marginals of the world, is not there to feel
how the broom rustles its fragrant earlobes
how a hue of saffron glides towards those talking in the twilight
how alive the dark is, how grainy the bolt
how bloody the wingtips of swallows flash against the morning sun
how aloof a pear sings in a saucer on a table of granite
the very moment the castle sinks into a roaring gas-flame of midday trees

the lane shimmers like a knight
the lane marches up the slope
the lane preserves itself with maple, with oak, with lucern, buckthorn and elm
the lane feels the only decipherer of the abandonment of swifts
of how the barn owl lets its lonely chisel sounds slip
of how sparrows snip and snip deeper into gathered shrouds of dew
how milk thistle and chicory bleed blue butterflies from their stems in the lane
how cicadas burnish the black figs
of how, from hand to hand, an ice-blue shoulder slides from the cross
and the unhomely fade into frescoes

the lane holds to the word: reign
the lane forms the self through the self
the lane knows that generations of Ranieris are listening down the stone passages
to whose feet sound on the gravel
from beyond the lane she knows the lines are drawn
but is unaware whether its by bones lying around in cupboards like weapons
or by dogs furiously storming towards the mauve smear of a hare
or the bursting of pheasants into flecked whirring buttons
or the devastating blonde scabs of recently mowed fields
smoldering behind the lane where some notes drift

the lane endures the sun
the lane absorbs all water all sap all power
the lane is a survivor - the cedars grow their hard silver tassels
the gnats rise like sleaze to the iron bars and deep slit windows of the stone walls
but the lane, oh, the lane is impenetrable
as the group, leaning towards each other with their worn-out hearts, knows
that among the concepts they discuss, she's not even a shadow
she who undertook never to be sad in this world
is learning that beyond this beyond is another beyond
and beyond that always radiantly the lane



Strumenti e “Noisemakers”



Fart Whistle

[x10]

Reperibile online presso www.partyrama.co.uk, www.soimmature.com, www.the-joke-shop.com.
Si suona soffiandoci energicamente dentro.



Smorzare le vibrazioni della linguetta di gomma appoggiandoci leggermente sopra mignolo, anulare e medio della mano che regge lo strumento. L'effetto è uno squassante peto.



Bloccare completamente una parte della linguetta di gomma vicino all'estremità tra l'indice e il pollice della mano che non regge lo strumento. Ne risulta un suono un po' più acuto.



Kazoo (with trumpet end)

[x24]

Reperibile online presso www.kazoos.com. Si suona cantandoci dentro (non soffiare !).



Doppio effetto “wah wah”: aprire e chiudere rapidamente il padiglione con la mano sinistra. Nel contempo aprire e chiudere gradualmente la parte superiore del kazoo (dove è situato il “buzzer”) con la mano destra.



Wildly Noisy Wooden Thing

[x8]

Reperibile online presso www.kazoos.com. Si suona soffiandoci dentro.
L'altezza del suono (la cui notazione è approssimativa) dipende dalla pressione del soffio.



Inspirando



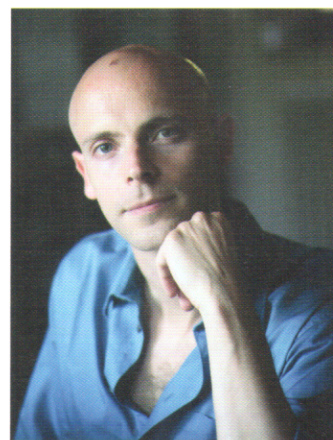
Inspirare chiudendo l'estremità dello strumento con il palmo della mano. Il risultato è un rumore “colorato” di debole intensità.



Acuto possibile, molto vibrato



Flatterzunge (pronunciare una “R” italiana soffiando normalmente).
Nel contempo aprire gradualmente l'estremità dello strumento e aumentare la pressione del soffio





LAST CLASS

Thus what we've learned is that
our greatest poets were death-obsessed loners
who seldom enjoyed the pleasures of lovers
despite living in a constant state

of sexual excitement. They started as revolutionaries
and atheists, or they went to Harvard
and voted Republican and mowed the yard.
The night sky was starry and told them stories.

Many didn't drive. They walked to work,
writing poems in their heads, or stayed
in their rooms, stayed out of trouble, prayed
to a god no longer believed in. They felt like jerks

in company, not knowing how to behave.
They masturbated a lot, grew expert
in solitude, pain, the power of a primal hurt
and a witty epitaph on a well-kept grave.

THUNDER IN UMBRIA

How odd. Blue skies, white clouds, hardly any gray,
 the sun a flaming disc, and warm,
 and yet big drops of rain are coming down,
 cooling my head for the sun to dry it out,
 and now two hours have gone by, it's still sunny
 and yet there's thunder in bursts and rumbles
 as evening's breeze blows the clothes
 I hung out to dry on the line: burgundy t-shirt,
 navy t-shirt, boxer shorts, khaki trousers, socks.
 Real things. Well, more or less. There it is again,
 that ominous rumble like the sound
 of the elevated train in your bedroom if you lived
 on 125th Street and Broadway, where I am not.
 I am in a hammock in Umbria, and I've decided
 that every day I spend some time in the hammock
 is a victory for the human race. Behind my clothes
 there are grasses, green and yellow, fields
 of wheat and corn, a diagonal line of cypresses
 climbing the hill. It is, for the first and last time,
 six thirty on the twenty-sixth of July, 2006.
 I wonder whether it will rain.



6d

Operation Conducted by Puppets (detail)

17

Handwritten musical score for "Operation Conducted by Puppets (detail)". The score is written on multiple staves, with some parts marked "take piccolo" and "with fingers". The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines.

The score includes the following parts and markings:

- Flute (fl) 1 & 2:** Marked "take piccolo".
- Oboe (ob) 1 & 2:** Marked "take piccolo".
- Clarinet (cl) 1 & 2:** Marked "take piccolo".
- Bassoon (bn) 1 & 2:** Marked "take piccolo".
- Trumpet (tr) 1 & 2:** Marked "take piccolo".
- Drum (dr):** Marked "take piccolo".
- Lyra:** Marked "with fingers".
- Violin (vn) 1 & 2:** Marked "vibrato".
- Double Bass (db):** Marked "vibrato".

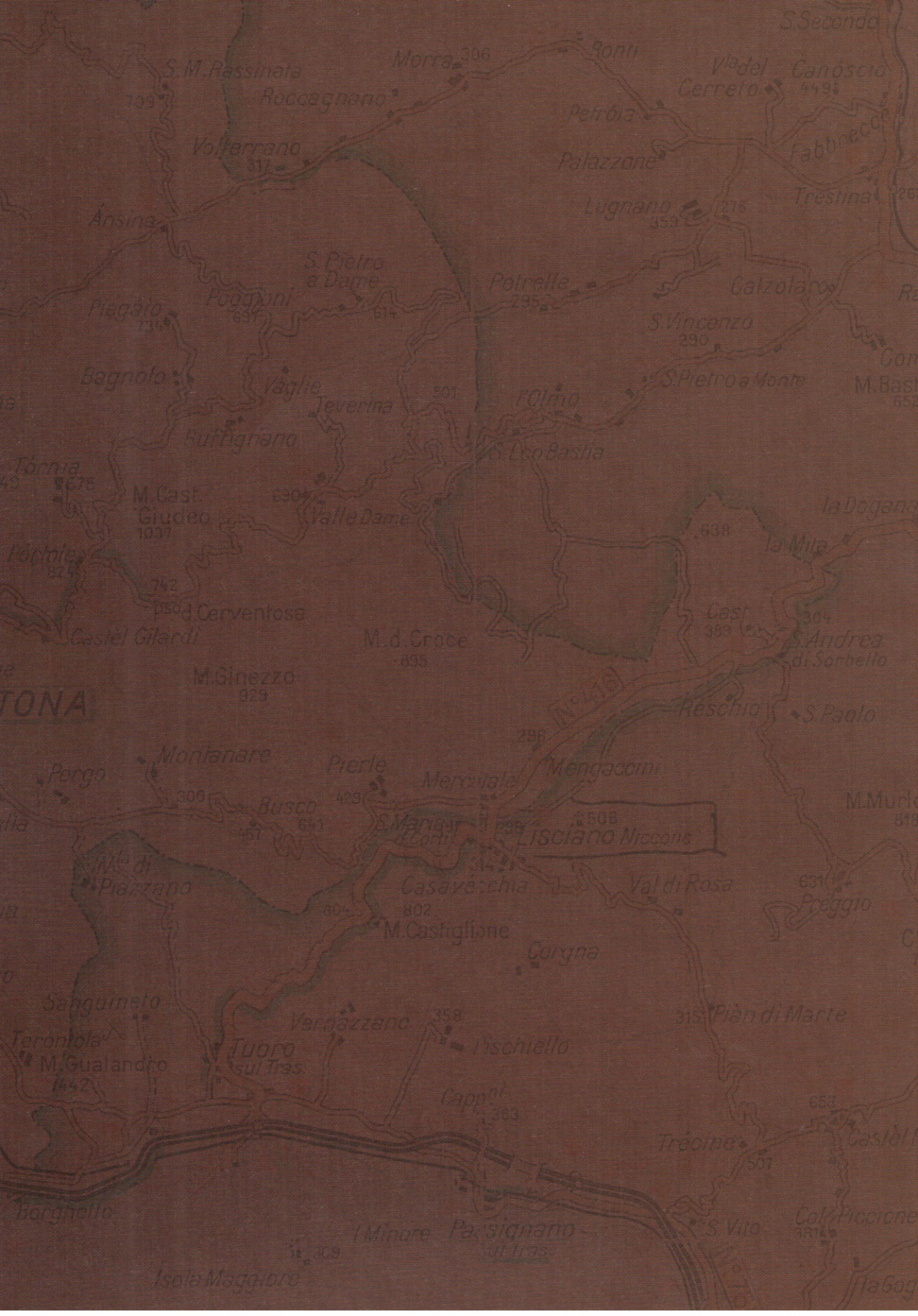
The score is written in a system of staves, with some parts marked "take piccolo" and "with fingers". The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines.













SESSION III
JULY 31-SEPTEMBER 7



EXTRACT: WORK IN PROGRESS

The water poured down in white streaks. Hail rattled on the tent hide. White light flashed round us where we sat, still damp and breathless from running for shelter. Thunder tore the sky apart like a tree trunk splitting when it falls, then like rocks tumbling over a precipice and rolling round below.

Esti lifted the tent flap a little way. The dogs were huddled against the threshold, ears flat and noses hidden. A double flash lit the camp - huge brown puddles - streaming water - tents bowed to the rain—then within a heartbeat the thunder crashed above our heads. Esti let go the hide, too scared to scream, and stumbled towards the hearth.

“Baby, it’s all right. Come -”

Ametis cut across Alaea, “My daughter’s not scared of a little storm—don’t be a fool, Alaea! Are you there, Esti? You’re not scared!”

“No!” That was the only word Esti had so far, but it served her for everything she wanted to say to us. She set her mouth, and, without glancing at her mother, climbed on to her father’s lap, where she sat sucking her thumb.

Thunder rolled around the sky with never a space between. The rain was like a waterfall. The water spread across the floor: our drainage ditches had overflowed. Water was coming through the bracken where we sat. Our furs were getting wet. I felt cold and strange. Something fluttered in my belly. Only when the fluttering began to hurt did I realise that the baby inside me had been woken by the storm, and wanted to come out. I had no voice to tell anyone. I sat still for as long as I could while the brown water swirled across the floor around our hearth.

MANJU KAPUR, INDIA



EXTRACT: WORK IN PROGRESS

Far away, on the eastern seaboard of Canada, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a young dentist stood at the window of his office and stared at the trees lining the sidewalk. It was summer, the air was mild, the sun shining for a change. His long time friend and partner had just walked home to his wife, child and lunch.

Eight years earlier, Ananda had been a practising dentist in small town Dehradun. Unlike many of his friends he had never wanted to leave India. His ambition had always been to make lots of money, to look after his parents, to repay their investment in him of time, money, love, sacrifice and hope. When in one fell stroke his world changed, his uncle, settled in Canada for the last twenty years, called him to the bosom of the new world. Here is the future, this is a country that will help you let go of your grief; persuade you to become a new man.

Ananda pushed by his sister, pulled by his uncle, responded to the call and landed in Halifax on the 15th of August, his country's day of independence, as well as his own liberation from it. His uncle waiting to receive him at the small and dazzlingly empty airport remarked on this in a distant nostalgic way, as though long ago, the independence of his country too had meant something.

And so despite himself Ananda became an immigrant.



ANGLE of REPOSE

1 I am made of ^{tiny} Countries (I am made entirely of countries)

with closely guarded borders

each country has a castle

each ~~country~~ has a monarch

each ~~country~~ has a throne

(you are the king of your very own)

learn all the customs and forget them by day

2 I sneak across at Night

(when the crossing is easy)

(holding onto the night mare's reins)

buried the dead and they came up stories

intended planted ~~the dead~~ and they came up

buried this song and ~~they~~ came up ~~fighting~~

planted ~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

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~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

~~the song~~ and ~~it~~ came up singing

1 buried these things and they came up (mangled and) smiling

1 planted these things and they came up everywhere ~~they~~

everywhere everywhere everywhere

2 This garden we've planted will come up around us

and take us all down and we'll pile upon it

in a great slow avalanche of useless things

of persistently plastic things, & clumsy innocuous

things that cost us ~~the world~~

(this) world (of tiny countries) tiny kings

And we gently collide ~~the world~~ we All

slowly slide into ~~the world~~ Angle of Repose.

6

buried these things and they came up fighting

buried the battle and it came up ~~fighting~~ dancing

buried the dance and it came up stories

1 planted the stories they came up singing (Ah...)

planted these things & they came up smiling

buried these things & they came up

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

everywhere everywhere everywhere

Strathmore Watercolor
140 lb Cold Paper

innocuous?
bored dance
singing Ah

5

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

unstable

my nose

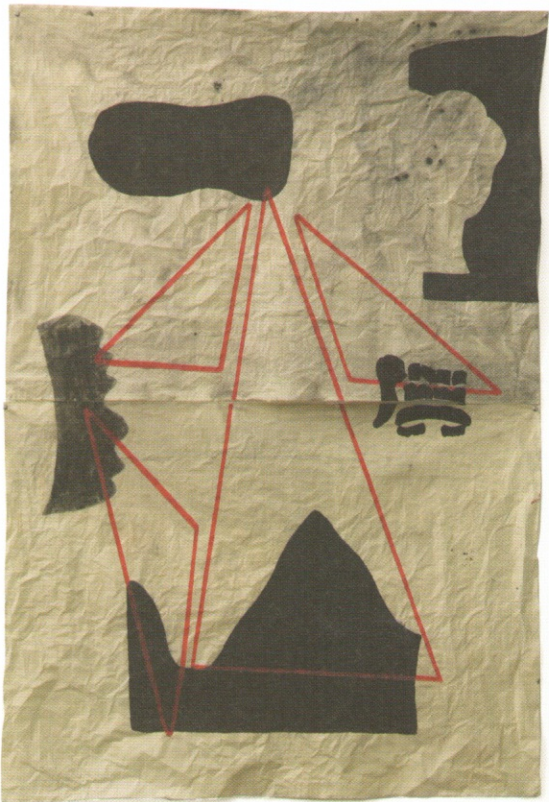
everywhere

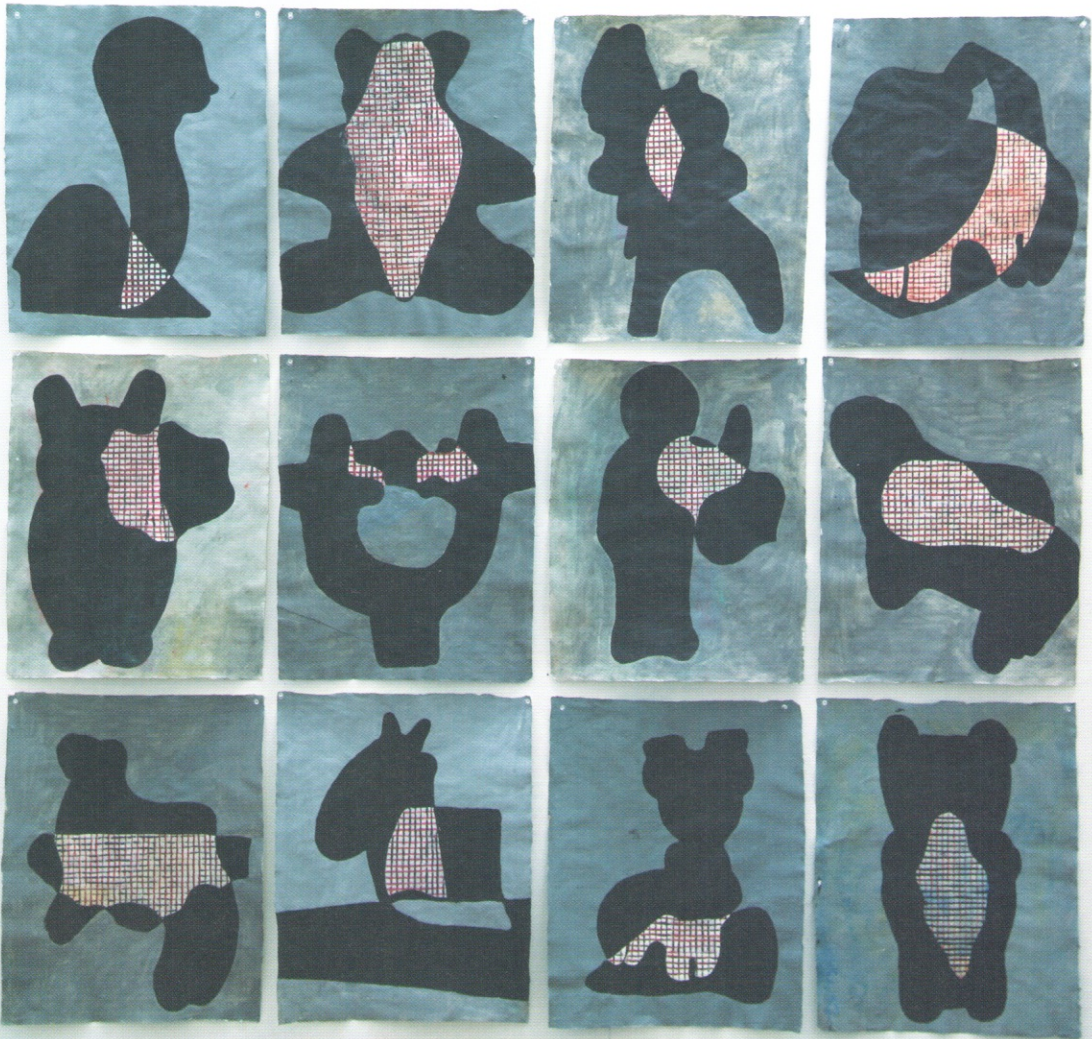
CHORUS

replace with these side!

OVER

CH





MARY STELLA OKOLO, NIGERIA



EXTRACT: *EXILE*

I stood in front of the mirror in my room taking in my square features and my baleful eyes. 'Now you know,' an inner voice consoled. I had thought the knowledge would help me resolve my internal conflicts...expel forever the feeling of an alien on a lone voyage. Now the knowledge had intensified my awareness of abandonment.

'I don't want to have anything to do with her. Not now. Not ever.'

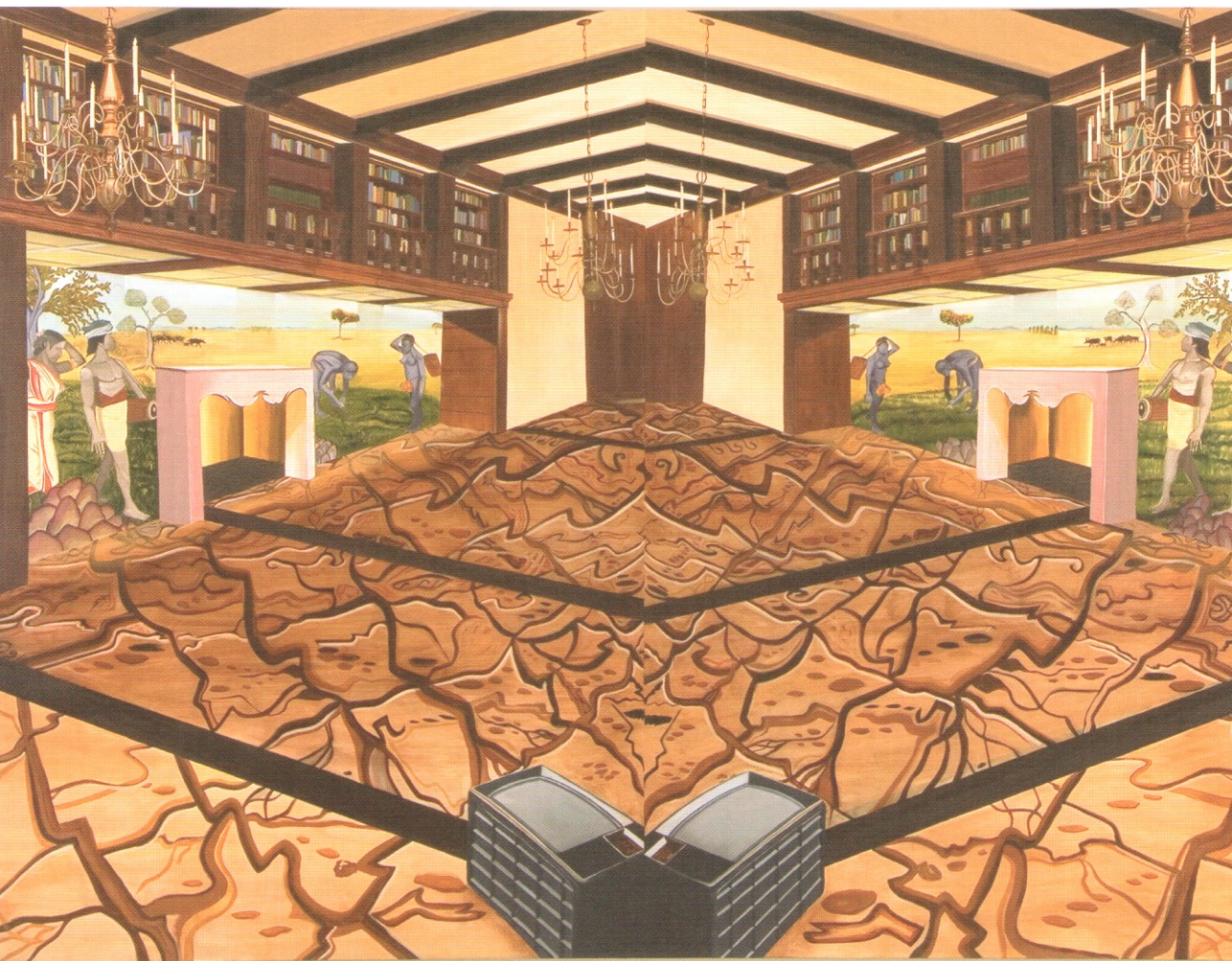
A chill descended on me. I left the mirror and sat on my bed. The recollection of that voice had triggered a flood of memories.

When was I not an exile?

The first time I went to school, at age five, the small girl who sat next to me took one look at my square head, face and baleful eyes and began to scream. When the teacher came to find out what it was, she said in a broken voice, while pointing at me, that a masquerade was sitting beside her. While some members of the class laughed, some kids about her age and mine were terrified. I was consigned to the back of the class with a fourteen-year-old late starter, nicknamed Mama T, who turned out to be an excellent bully. All my break snacks ended up in her voluptuous stomach. There was no one I could complain to. The only time I had attempted, the teacher avoided looking at me and without listening to what I had to say told me to go and join the other kids for break exercise. Of course, I did not play with the other kids. They would not let me except if I wanted to be the butt of all their unkind jokes. That again left me with no choice but to put up with Mama T who the kids were set against admitting into their puerile activities. For six years I was at the claws of Mama T.

Now I'm not so sure why I never complained at home. Why I didn't tell Auntie Kika. Or maybe I knew. Or at least subconsciously I must have known that Auntie Kika was the only one shouldering the burden of my monstrous personality...





*Double Negative, 2006
oil on canvas over panel
60 x 84 inches*

VACHE SHARAFYAN, ARMENIA



QUINTETTO

*quasi concerto per pianoforte e archi*Vache Sharafyan
(2006)

Freely, out of metre

Piano

mp *mp*

sempre

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Freely, out of metre

approximately 10 sec.

sul pont. alla punta, (freely)

ppp *mp*

2

Pno.

mp

2

Vln. I

Vln. II

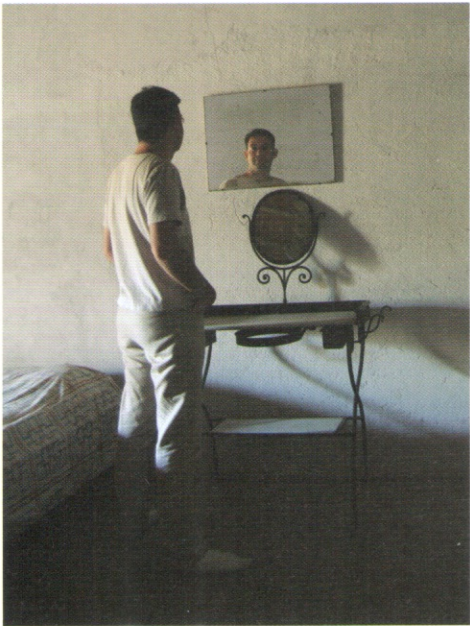
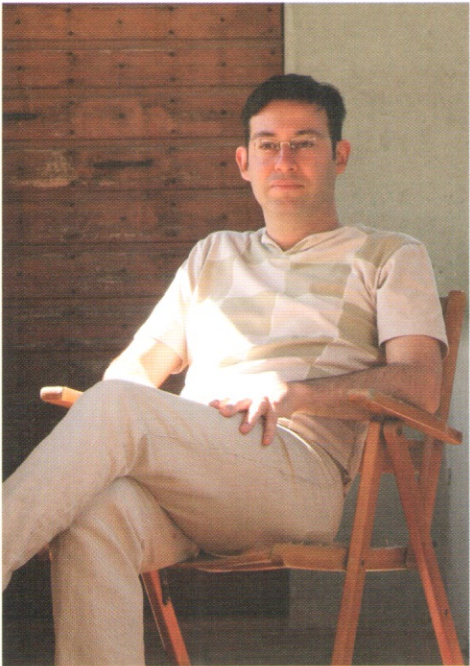
Vla.

Vc.

pp *mp* *pp* simile (freely)

Sharafyan

Civitella Renieri
06.03.2006



Handwritten musical score for guitar and voice. The score is written on multiple staves. The first staff is labeled "6.93 2 (cont. →)" and "Luv: tella 1/9/6". The second staff is labeled "3" and "4". The third staff is labeled "their name a certain light for wood". The fourth staff is labeled "2/9/6" and "3ème strophe". The fifth staff is labeled "sacré time" and "maet a-ven". The sixth staff is labeled "Kien hwa met me my". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" and "mf".

22510

black or white or any of the shades between - boring and fine

1 - number
2 - where

1. (A) 2. Common

find their own way

which common to us in our day - capital

be - fore - they be for a - great the i - tal of an - car - ter

丞相李斯出于嫉妒毒杀了从韩国来到秦国的同学韩非。这件事在秦国都城咸阳的大街小巷里传得沸沸扬扬。不过下手的第二天李斯就后悔了。默认他向韩非下手的秦王也后悔了。为了克制自己嫉妒妒能的无名声,为了证明大师韩非并不是什么不能碰、不能取代的天才,李斯必须表明自己比韩非道高一筹。再像韩非那样写文章并且所论更广泛更深无异蠢人之见,李斯唯一的出路是干出彪炳千秋的事情。怀着胜过韩非的心,李斯成为秦王,也就是后来的始皇帝,设计了郡县制国家体制,制定了“书同文”的文化政策,“车同轨”的经济政策,但他对此功业依然不那么自信。秦王扫荡六国,于今富有四海。在秦王登基做始皇帝的当晚,一个疯狂的念头袭击了李斯那原本是楚国上蔡一布衣的心。他必须向后世表达出他对于天地霸业永恒的看法,让那个只能写点寓言小国故事的同学韩非被人们彻底忘记。他作为丞相,担任着秦王陵墓的总设计师,但对陵墓最终样貌如何始终怀之灵感。现在他知道了:他将要建一整座宇宙模型埋到此泉水更深更深的地下,在那个地下宇宙中,他将塑九州五岳并注入水银以为江河大海,江金制的野鸡漂浮其上;他将在以铜汁浇铸的墓室穹顶上镶嵌上大秦帝国一半的宝石明珠以象征亿万星辰在那亿万星辰之下,他将建一座咸阳城,宫殿楼阁无不齐全,供始皇帝冥游;为了让始皇帝看清道路,他将在墓室场的一个角落布置上用鲸油制作的长明灯;他还将在陵墓的周遭埋下一支庞大的舞队;这支舞队的大队,人员车马应悉依实物真人等七制而成。有了这个念头,大秦帝国的丞相李斯一夜之间在内心变成一个狂人。在这之后的三十一年间,他已动用修筑刑徒六十二万人挖坑建陵,但那是为始皇帝,而现在他还要再动用十万人,都是来完成他自己的狂想。那将要入住这陵墓的始皇帝,陵墓本身相比已经不再重要;这超越死亡的始皇帝陵,将是李斯的宇宙李斯的作品,留给后人,让他们去猜想其中的盛景。他将因此不再在乎咸阳城里,或者广阔大地上的老百姓,历史学家如何评价他害死韩非那件芝麻小事,在一个宇宙面前,韩非之死算个屁。

西元二零零六年九月初书于意大利翁布里亚Civita della Paganeria,这里有一座古堡,余在此居四日,多有写作

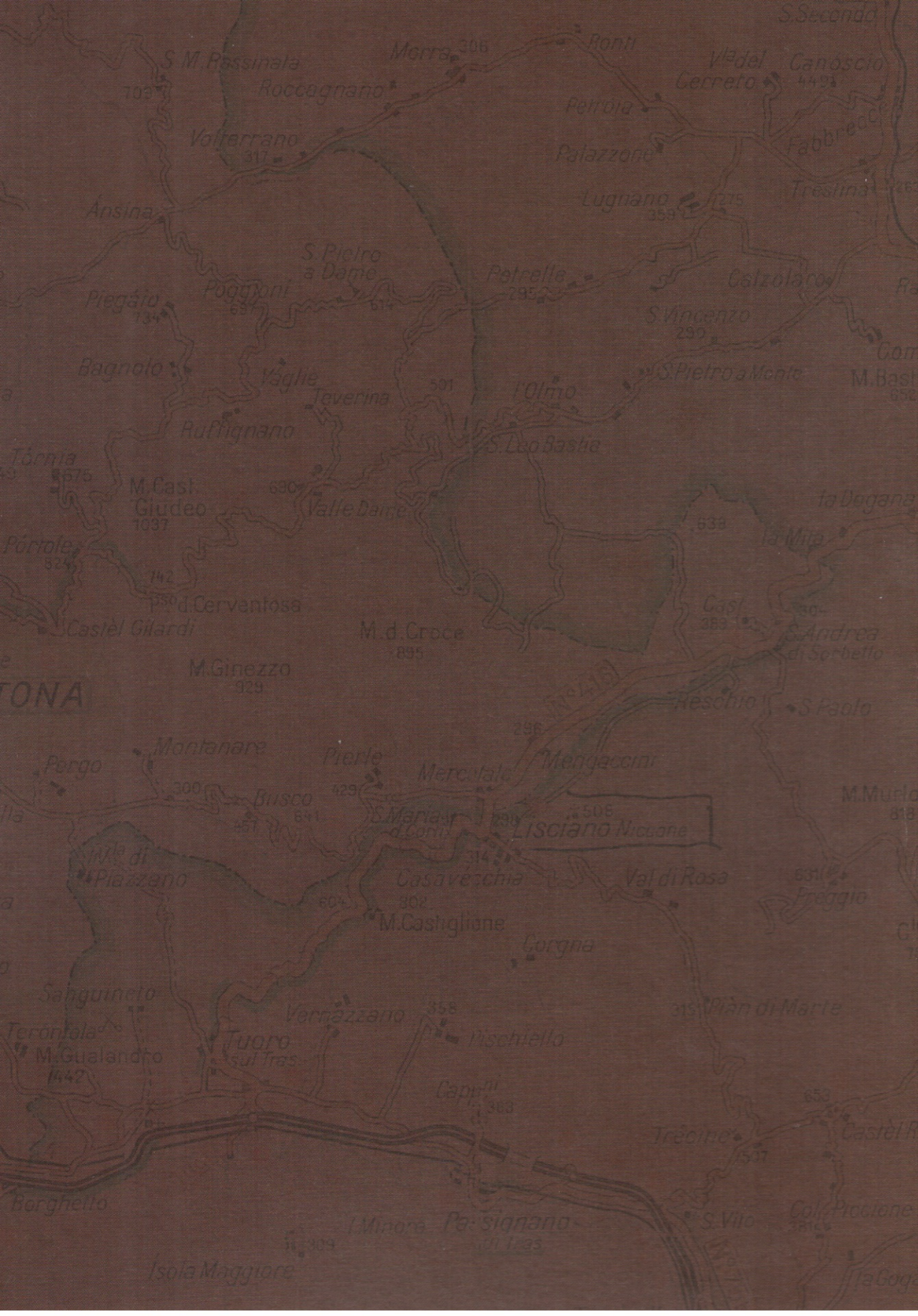


Xi Chuan
2006.9.5



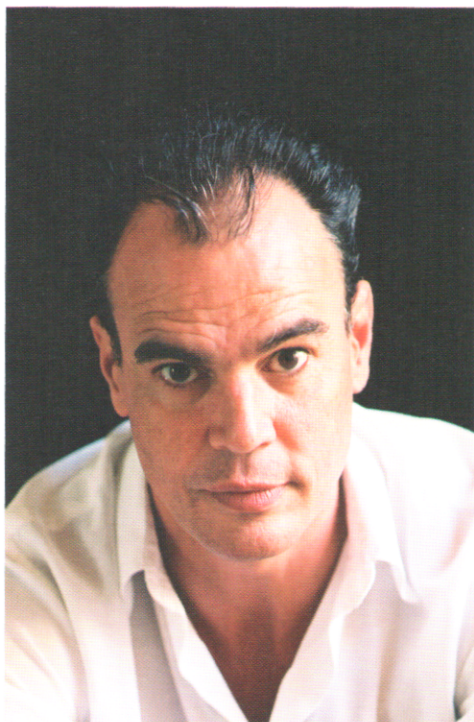








SESSION IV
SEPTEMBER 11-OCTOBER 19



EXTRACT: *THE GREAT BEAST (Paris, 24th March, 1903)*

A great, simple, lion-hearted man with the spirit of a child, thought the Beast as he caught sight of Hector Macdonald taking lunch alone in the dining room of the Hotel Regina. The General sat to attention, ramrod-straight, at first glance looking strong and resolute. Only one of his hands betrayed him. It clawed at the white linen tablecloth, as if grasping at a ledge. Holding on with an alert posture, desperate and forlorn, vigilant of some awful decline.

The Beast sniffed instinctively. He could usually pick up the scent of something awful. He quickly detected what it was. Scandal, yes, that was it, he thought with relish. Wasn't everyone talking about this? The rumours of a General's return to London from Ceylon in disgrace. Wild

gossip of some terrible sin yet to be made public. That's what must have brought him here. To Paris. Like so many others like him.

There was something so pitiful in the General's clumsy attempt at travelling incognito. The funereal dark suit he wore, as if in mourning. It did not seem so well cut either, but perhaps it was the man that did not fit the clothes. Here was the type of soldier that should never be out of uniform. So good on parade, so awkward in mufti. One so lacking the subtle distinction necessary for a civilian gentleman. He had risen up through the ranks, that was his story. Here he looked so cruelly like a Tommy in his Sunday best. Yet, despite the drab flannel, he was unmistakable. The great Empire hero. Major-General Sir Hector Archibald Macdonald. 'Fighting Mac' it was, or rather, the hollow image of him. The same stern jaw, steel-grey hair and moustache, the beetle-brows that furrowed deep-set brown eyes. Those features reproduced countless times in magazines, newspaper supplements, on cigarette cards and biscuit tins framed by the scarlet tunic and a dazzling phalanx of medals. He had even seemed to be the model for the dour Highlander on the label of *Camp Coffee*, a bottle of which the Beast himself had taken on his expedition to K2 in the Hindu Kush. *Aye, Ready, Aye*, read the motto on it, endorsing itself with the warrior's reputation of gaelic preparedness. Now he looked simply to be waiting. Waiting for a fate that he could not quite bear. A brittle shell about to fall from within.

What a sad sight was this, the Beast thought for a moment. Such a poignant tableau. Then he allowed himself the full pleasure of it. What monstrous fun, he considered. To be witness to such dishonour and degradation. What luck to have spotted him, (though he was already accounting this opportunity to his own cleverness). God, this would make quite a story at Le Chat Blanc. A marvellously wicked anecdote, maybe something more. How it would enhance his reputation for flamboyant outrageousness. Now, if he could somehow convince the hapless General to dine with him there tonight.

There were, however, other matters for him to attend to. He had only come into the Regina by chance after all, a quick drink before a saunter through the Tuileries. The Beast must, after all, get on with his designated purpose. To continue the Great Work, that's what he was in Paris for. To finally wrest control of the Second Order of the Golden Dawn from Samuel Liddell 'Macgregor' Mathers. The old fool had forfeited his position as leader and now the Beast would supersede him as the One appointed by the Secret Chiefs. He had declared war on his former master and must now engage in a supernatural battle. There was also that matter of the stolen luggage.

violin solo

for Airi Yoshioka

Paul Desenne 2006

5-Japonaise (bourrée)

(au saké)

$\bullet = 80$
ritmico ma molto flessibile

f deciso

détaché misterioso

non troppo *f*

p

sempre in tempo

ff

f secco

ff

détaché quasi legato
(strictamente, non rubato)

strictamente in tempo
like a machine

détaché leggerissimo

mf senza vibr.

p

sfz

ff

8^{va}

11

non forte, non piano,
senza variazioni

8^{va}

13

declamato ma non forte

sfzp

espr. gliss.

sempre in tempo

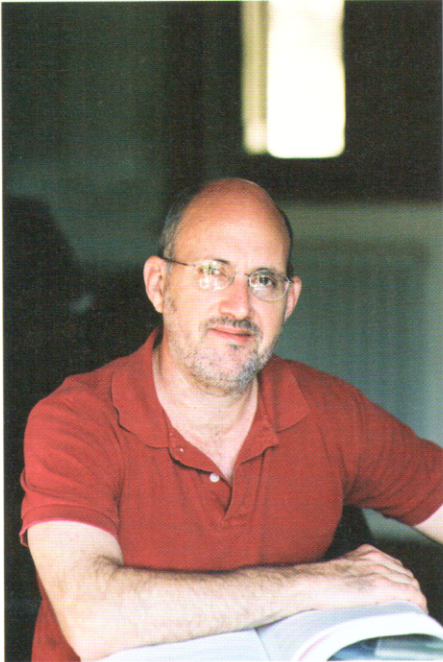
19

sùbito piano,
quasi sul ponticello

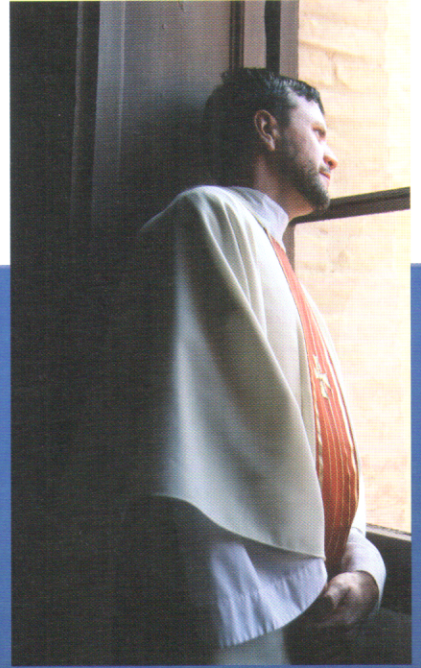
f

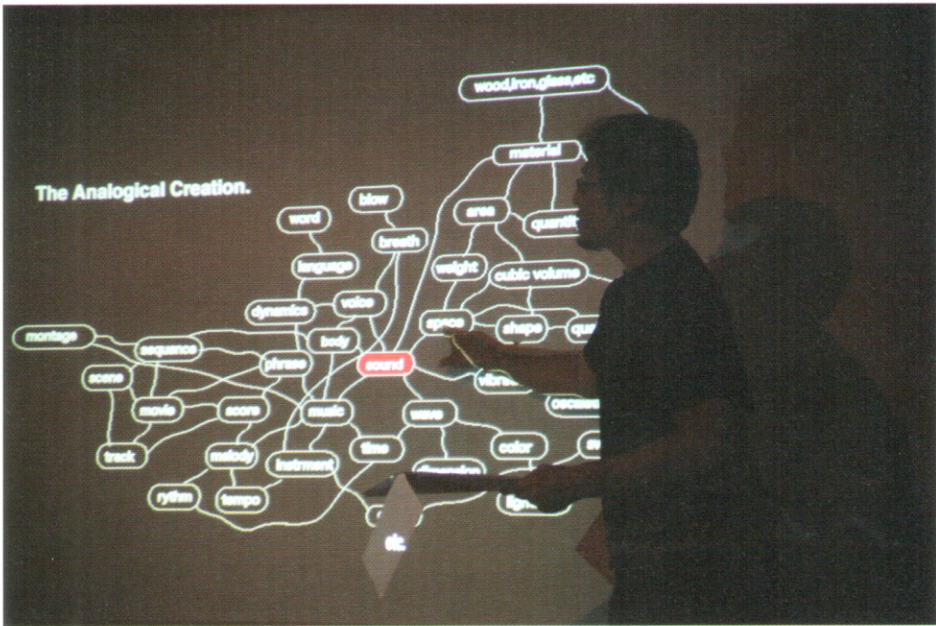
arco norm.

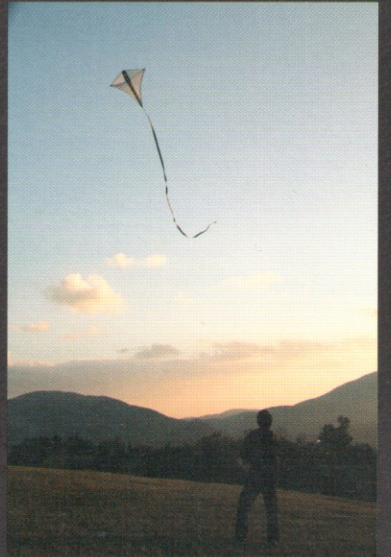
pp











FANTAZIJA R. Šerkšnytė (1975)

Lento (♩ ≈ 55) *forte-pianissimo* (1977) *FANTASIA per piano*

molto rubato

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings (pp, ppp, p, cresc.). It also features performance instructions like "con Ped." and "Ped." (pedal). The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first system starts with a tempo marking of "Lento (♩ ≈ 55)" and a dynamic of "molto rubato". The second system includes a "cresc." marking. The third system includes a "ppp" marking. The fourth system includes a "p" marking. The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first system starts with a tempo marking of "Lento (♩ ≈ 55)" and a dynamic of "molto rubato". The second system includes a "cresc." marking. The third system includes a "ppp" marking. The fourth system includes a "p" marking.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings (pp, ppp, p, cresc.). It also features performance instructions like "con Ped." and "Ped." (pedal). The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first system starts with a tempo marking of "Lento (♩ ≈ 55)" and a dynamic of "molto rubato". The second system includes a "cresc." marking. The third system includes a "ppp" marking. The fourth system includes a "p" marking.





*Sample page from Our English Heart. Edition Peters No. 7812.
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469

Fl

Ob

Cl

Bsn

Cbss

Hn

Hn

Tpt

Tbn

B Tbn

Tba

Temp

Perc

Perc

Perc

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vc

Db

[BASS DRUM]

[SNARE DRUM]

[SHAKERS] metallic sound

f *mf* *sf* *ffp* *f*







Left to right: Alexander D. Crary, Executive Director; John B. Roberts, Chairman; Gerald E. Rupp, Chairman Emeritus; and board members Jennifer Dowley, Helen C. Evarts and Gianfilippo Ranieri di Sorbello.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Change is the one constant to be found in all creative and human endeavors. As the organization enters into its second decade, the Civitella Ranieri Foundation is facing change at all levels.

Alexander “Sandy” Crary has moved into the next creative phase of his life story. Under Sandy’s leadership, the Foundation doubled the number of fellowships awarded, expanded the music studios to accommodate more composers, and incorporated Fellows from as far away as Bhutan and Malawi. In addition, Sandy began a process of opening up the Foundation’s facility for concerts and events that brought residents of

nearby Umbertide and artists together—establishing a relationship which we hope will grow and strengthen in the coming years.

Faced with the challenge of finding a new Executive Director, the Board has undertaken a national search for an individual who will honor the vision of Ursula Corning, and build on the significant work of Gordon Knox, Cecilia Galiena and Sandy Crary.

The Board of Directors welcomed three new members this year: Charles Hamilton, Executive Director of The Clark Foundation, Gianfilippo Ranieri di Sorbello, Senior Consultant for Deloitte & Touche in Italy, and Dr. Fred

Reynolds, Dean of Humanities & Arts at the City College of New York. Our founding Chair, Gerald E. Rupp, returned to lend his wisdom and experience to the Board. These talented individuals joined Helen Evarts, Jennifer Dowley and me in planning for the continued success of Civitella Ranieri. I wish to extend my personal thanks to each and every member of the Board for their past and future commitment to the Foundation.

Life continues as change happens, and I am well aware that the work of the Foundation has thrived because of the dedication of our staff in New York and Umbertide. The artists' residencies at the Civitella Ranieri castle are the core of the Foundation's work and they happen with

the combined contributions of many people. In addition to the work of the staff, the residencies depend on the unique insights of our nominators and jurors—and the talent and commitment of the women and men who are our Fellows. Nurtured in the Italian countryside, their creativity is the primary reason the Foundation must continue to grow and thrive.

The coming year holds both challenges and opportunities for the Foundation and its many friends. I trust that together we can remain true to the original generous spirit and vision that brought Civitella to life.

John B. Roberts

FROM THE DIRECTOR

The 2006 residency season marked the beginning of the Foundation's second decade at the Civitella Ranieri castle. Four sessions were hosted with extraordinarily accomplished Fellows coming together from all corners of the globe, as the listings in this catalogue attest.

While the daily routine at the castle continued to focus on the quiet, independent work of the Fellows, a number of field trips were organized by the staff to some of the famous and not-so-famous spots in the region. Diego Mencaroni, our new Fellows Coordinator, did a marvelous job in planning and guiding trips to Fabriano, Siena, Lake Trasimeno, Cortona and Recanati, among others. Each outing gave the Fellows a clearer understanding of the surrounding region and, hopefully, made their residencies in Italy all that much richer. It is especially gratifying to share our region with Fellows who have never been to Italy, or even to Europe.

In early June, we hosted a wonderful group of Fellows from the American Academy in Rome for a weekend in the country at Civitella. It was the first time that such an exchange has occurred between our institutions and, I daresay, everyone involved would claim it a huge success. Good conversation over shared meals, studio visits, and a joint trip to the museums in neighboring Città di Castello were the high points of a memorable weekend.

In July, the World Cup soccer matches were an exciting distraction especially as the Italian team kept a winning streak going. Early on, the games drew small crowds to the piazza in Umbertide where large screen televisions played out the drama on warm evenings. When Italy clinched the world title, however, there was a fireworks display, general pandemonium, and gridlocked traffic throughout our small town, a delirious scene that was repeated across the country.

When the Civitella community reads these words in the catalogue memorializing another good season, I will have moved on from the Directorship of the Foundation. I informed the Board of Directors in the Spring of 2006 that I could no longer commit to spending such a long part of each year away from the United States where family responsibilities are weighing more heavily following my father's recent death. Helping to build and strengthen the program of the Civitella Ranieri Foundation has been a tremendously satisfying experience. It is a wonderful job in an enviable setting and I wish the next Director great success in taking what is now a well-established program in exciting new directions.

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 exceptional 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 a 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's nominators are anonymous and are rotated on a regular basis.

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.

PAST FELLOWS 1995-2005

ANGOLA/BELGIUM

Fernando Alvim VISUAL ARTS 1999

ARGENTINA

Jorge Accame WRITING 2003
Dino Bruzzone VISUAL ARTS 2001
Esther Cross WRITING 2004
Liliana Heker WRITING 1997
Jorge Macchi VISUAL ARTS 2002
Guillermo Martinez WRITING 2004
Elvira Orphee WRITING 1996
Pablo Siquier VISUAL ARTS 2002

ARGENTINA/USA

Marta Chilindron VISUAL ARTS 2003
Sylvia Molloy WRITING 2003
Liliana Porter VISUAL ARTS 1999

AUSTRALIA

Brenton Broadstock MUSIC 1998
Dennis Del Favero VISUAL ARTS 1997

BARBADOS/USA

Kamau Brathwaite WRITING 1996

BELGIUM

Claude Ledoux MUSIC 2003

BHUTAN

Dorji Penjore WRITING 2005

BRAZIL

Sandra Cinto VISUAL ARTS 2005
Carmela Gross VISUAL ARTS 1996
Claudio Mubarak VISUAL ARTS 1996
Rosangela Renno VISUAL ARTS 1997
Regina Silveira VISUAL ARTS 1995
Elida Tessler VISUAL ARTS 2005

CAMBODIA/USA

Chinary Ung MUSIC 1997

CANADA

Marie-Claire Blais WRITING 1996
Atom Egoyan FILM 1997
Francois Houle MUSIC 2004
John Korsrud MUSIC 2003
Gaetan Soucy WRITING 2004
Michael Winter WRITING 2003
David Young WRITING 2001

CHILE

Catalina Parra VISUAL ARTS 1995

CHINA

Bei Dao WRITING 1996
Duo Duo WRITING 1995
Qu Xiaosong MUSIC 2004
Yang Lian WRITING 1996
Zhai Yongming WRITING 2005

CHINA/CANADA

Ying Chen WRITING 2003

CHINA/USA

Chen Yi MUSIC 1997
Xu Bing VISUAL ARTS 1999

COLOMBIA/USA

Ricardo Arias MUSIC 2004

CROATIA/SERBIA

Bora Cosic WRITING 1999

CUBA

Carlos Garaicoa VISUAL ARTS 1997
Sandra Ramos VISUAL ARTS 1998

CUBA/USA

Guillermo Calzadilla VISUAL ARTS 2004
Tania León MUSIC 2003
Abelardo Morell VISUAL ARTS 2000

CZECH REPUBLIC

Bohdan Holomecek VISUAL ARTS 1995

EGYPT/CANADA

May Telmissany WRITING 2004

ETHIOPIA/ITALY

Theo Eshetu VISUAL ARTS 2002

FINLAND/France

Kaija Saariaho MUSIC 2001

FINLAND/USA

Anselm Hollo WRITING 2005

FRANCE

Elise Parré VISUAL ARTS 2001

FRANCE/USA

Stafford James MUSIC 1998
Laetitia Sonami MUSIC 2001

GERMANY

Gabriele Basch VISUAL ARTS 2001
Durs Grünbein WRITING 1999
Isa Melsheimer VISUAL ARTS 2005
Renate Wolff VISUAL ARTS 2005

GHANA/NIGERIA

El Anatsui VISUAL ARTS 2001

HONG KONG

Mabel Cheung FILM 1999
Siu-kee Ho VISUAL ARTS 2003
Alex Law FILM 1999

HUNGARY

Andras Borocz VISUAL ARTS 1995
Istvan Eorsi WRITING 2000
László Krasznahorkai WRITING 1998
Ilona Lovas VISUAL ARTS 1996
Janos Sugar VISUAL ARTS 2001

INDIA

Amit Ambalal VISUAL ARTS 2003
Atul Dodiya VISUAL ARTS 1999
Bhupen Khakhar VISUAL ARTS 2000
Nalini Malani VISUAL ARTS 2003
Surendran Nair VISUAL ARTS 2002
N.N. Rimzon VISUAL ARTS 2001
Gulammohammed Sheikh VISUAL ARTS 1998
Vivan Sundaram VISUAL ARTS 2004

INDIA/USA

Vikram Chandra WRITING 2000
Anita Desai WRITING 1997

INDONESIA

W.S. Rendra WRITING 1997

IRAN/CZECH REPUBLIC

Yassi Golshani VISUAL ARTS 2005

ISRAEL/PALESTINE

Salman Masalha WRITING 1998

ITALY

Anna Esposito VISUAL ARTS 1996
Emilio Fantin VISUAL ARTS 1999
Paolo Furlani MUSIC 2005
Roberta Iachini, Gruppo Mille VISUAL ARTS 2002
Giuseppe O. Longo WRITING 2001
Sabrina Mezzaqui VISUAL ARTS 2000
Pia Pera WRITING 1999
Cesare Pietroiusti VISUAL ARTS 1996
Silvio Soldini FILM 2000

ITALY/MEXICO

Fabio Morabito WRITING 2003

JAPAN

Jiro Ishihara VISUAL ARTS 2003
Mica Nozawa MUSIC 2005
Naoya Yoshikawa VISUAL ARTS 2004
Hiroshi Yoshimizu VISUAL ARTS 1996
Joji Yuasa MUSIC 2002

JAPAN/USA

Ikue Mori MUSIC 2000

LITHUANIA

Gintaras Makarevicius VISUAL ARTS 1998
Egle Rakauskaite VISUAL ARTS 1997

MALAWI

Bruce Zondiwe Mbanda WRITING 2005

MEXICO

Antonio Deltoro WRITING 2005
Graciela Iturbide VISUAL ARTS 2001

NETHERLANDS

Neeltje Maria Min WRITING 1998
Kristoffer Zegers MUSIC 2003

NETHERLANDS/USA

Liselot Van Der Heijden VISUAL ARTS 1997
Leo Vroman WRITING 1998

NICARAGUA

Claribel Alegria WRITING 1996
Ernesto Cardenal WRITING 2001

NIGERIA

Ozioma Onuzulike VISUAL ARTS 2003

NIGERIA/USA

Faith Adiele WRITING 2004
Obinkaram Echewa WRITING 2000
Fatimah Tuggar VISUAL ARTS 2002

NORWAY

Wera Saether WRITING 1997

NORWAY/USA

Thomas Pihl VISUAL ARTS 2004

PHILIPPINES

Jose Maceda MUSIC 1997
Ramon Santos MUSIC 1999
Josefino Chino Toledo MUSIC 2004

POLAND

Agnieszka Kalinowska VISUAL ARTS 2003
Hanna Nowicka-Grochal VISUAL ARTS 2002
Joanna Rajkowska VISUAL ARTS 1998

ROMANIA

Dan Perjovschi VISUAL ARTS 1996

RUSSIA

Andrei Bitov WRITING 1995
Elena Elagina VISUAL ARTS 1998
Igor Makarevich VISUAL ARTS 1998
Ludmilla Petrushevskaya WRITING 2000
Vladimir Tarasov MUSIC 1998

RUSSIA/GERMANY

Yuri Albert VISUAL ARTS 2002

RUSSIA/NETHERLANDS

Larisa Rezun-Zvezdochetova VISUAL ARTS 2000

SERBIA

Isidora Zebelman MUSIC 2005

SLOVAKIA

Martin Šimečka WRITING 1995

SLOVENIA

Ales Debeljak WRITING 2002

Marjetica Potrc VISUAL ARTS 1998

Tomaž Šalamun WRITING 1997

SOUTH AFRICA

Andries Botha VISUAL ARTS 1998

Ingrid de Kok WRITING 2003

Ann Harries WRITING 2005

William Kentridge VISUAL ARTS 1996

Gcina Mhlope WRITING 1997

Berni Searle VISUAL ARTS 2001

Penny Siopis VISUAL ARTS 1998

Clive van den Berg VISUAL ARTS 2003

Ivan Vladislavic WRITING 1997

Jeremy Wafer VISUAL ARTS 2001

Sandile Zulu VISUAL ARTS 2000

SOUTH AFRICA/UK

Zoe Wicomb WRITING 2003

SWEDEN/GERMANY

Sophie Tottie VISUAL ARTS 2002

SWITZERLAND

Otto Marchi WRITING 2000

Felix Profos MUSIC 2003

TAIWAN

Shu Lea Cheang VISUAL ARTS 2001

Mali Wu VISUAL ARTS 1996

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

Kathryn Chan VISUAL ARTS 2001

Mario Lewis VISUAL ARTS 2001

TURKEY/FRANCE

Nedim Gürsel WRITING 1999

UNITED KINGDOM

Brian Catling VISUAL ARTS 1999

Nick Drake WRITING 2005

Patrick Gale WRITING 1999

Jane Gardam WRITING 2000

Tony Grisoni FILM 1999

Jonathan Harvey MUSIC 1999

Sam Hayden MUSIC 2000

Jackie Kay WRITING 2005

Liz Lochhead WRITING 2000

Joseph Phibbs MUSIC 2004

Aaron Williamson VISUAL ARTS 2003

UNITED STATES

Jennifer Allora VISUAL ARTS 2004

Rilla Askew WRITING 2004

Derek Bermel MUSIC 2005

Tim Berne MUSIC 2002

Lisa Bielawa MUSIC 2004

Peg Boyers WRITING 2004

Bobby Bradford MUSIC 1998

Anne Bray VISUAL ARTS 1996

Edmund Campion MUSIC 2004

Lorene Cary WRITING 2004

Anthony Coleman MUSIC 2003

Cindy Cox MUSIC 1999

Petah Coyne VISUAL ARTS 2005

Nicholas Dawidoff WRITING 2005

Amy Denio MUSIC 2004

Mark Dion VISUAL ARTS 1996

Mark Dresser MUSIC 2002

Denise Duhamel WRITING 2003

Marty Ehrlich MUSIC 1997

Elise Engler VISUAL ARTS 2004

Rochelle Feinstein VISUAL ARTS 2001

Michael Gatonska MUSIC 2004

Charles Goldman VISUAL ARTS 2003

Bruce Gremo MUSIC 2003

Susan Griffin WRITING 1996

Tom Hamilton MUSIC 2005

John Harbison MUSIC 2001

Amy Hautt VISUAL ARTS 1995

Jennifer Higdon MUSIC 2005

Andrew W. Hill MUSIC 2000

Fred Ho MUSIC 2001

Jessica Holt VISUAL ARTS 2001

Mei-ling Hom VISUAL ARTS 2002

Lee Hyla MUSIC 1999

Homer Jackson VISUAL ARTS 2002

Jamaica Kincaid WRITING 2002

Jerome Kitzke MUSIC 2003

Guy Klucevsek MUSIC 1999

David Lang MUSIC 2003

George E. Lewis MUSIC 1998

Lana Lin VISUAL ARTS 2003

Roseann Lloyd WRITING 2004

Evelina Zuni Lucero WRITING 2004

Kerry James Marshall VISUAL ARTS 1998

Pat Mora WRITING 2003

Lawrence D. "Butch" Morris MUSIC 2001

Erica Muhl MUSIC 1998

Kori Newkirk VISUAL ARTS 2005

Ron Padgett WRITING 2003

Zeena Parkins MUSIC 2004

Bobby Previte MUSIC 2001

Elliott Sharp MUSIC 2000

Kay Kaufman Shelemay MUSIC 2001

Accra Shepp VISUAL ARTS 1997

Amy Sillman VISUAL ARTS 1999

Jeanne Silverthorne VISUAL ARTS 1995

Alvin Singleton MUSIC 2000

Wadada Leo Smith MUSIC 2003

Irini Spanidou WRITING 2004

Larry Sultan VISUAL ARTS 2000

Jude Tallichet VISUAL ARTS 2001

Herb Tam VISUAL ARTS 2003

Anita Thacher VISUAL ARTS 2002

Mark Thompson VISUAL ARTS 2002

Henry Threadgill MUSIC 2001

Elizabeth Vercoe MUSIC 1998

Anne Waldman WRITING 2001

Darren Waterston VISUAL ARTS 2005

Mel Ziegler VISUAL ARTS 1999

URUGUAY/USA

Marco Maggi VISUAL ARTS 2002

VENEZUELA/USA

Ricardo Lorenz MUSIC 2004

VIETNAM

Tran Luong VISUAL ARTS 2002

VIETNAM/USA

Tam Van Tran VISUAL ARTS 2005

YUGOSLAVIA

Milan Djordjević WRITING 1999

ZIMBABWE

Shimmer Chinodya WRITING 2004

Tsitsi Dangarembga WRITING 1999

Yvonne Vera WRITING 2002

PAST JURORS

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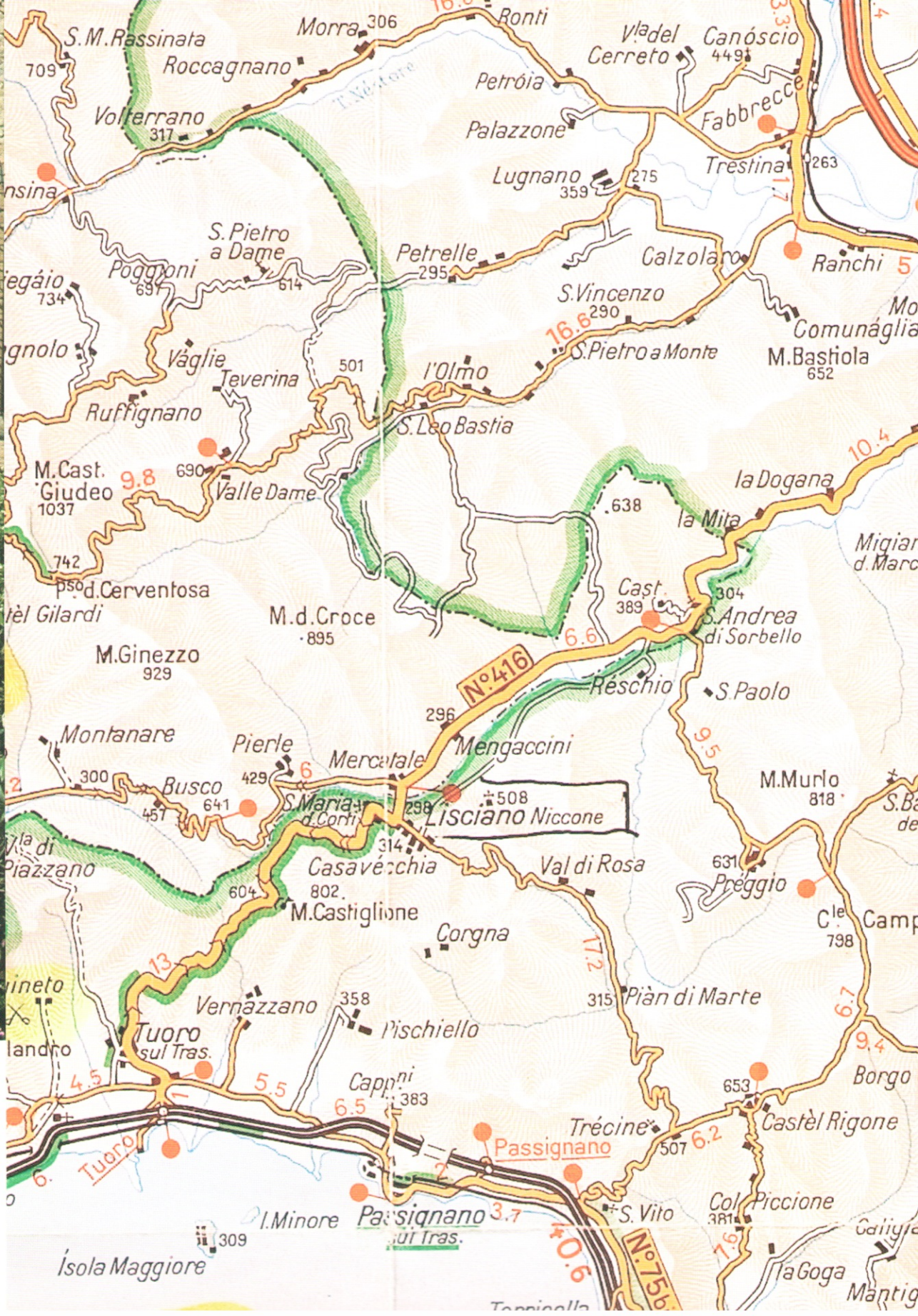
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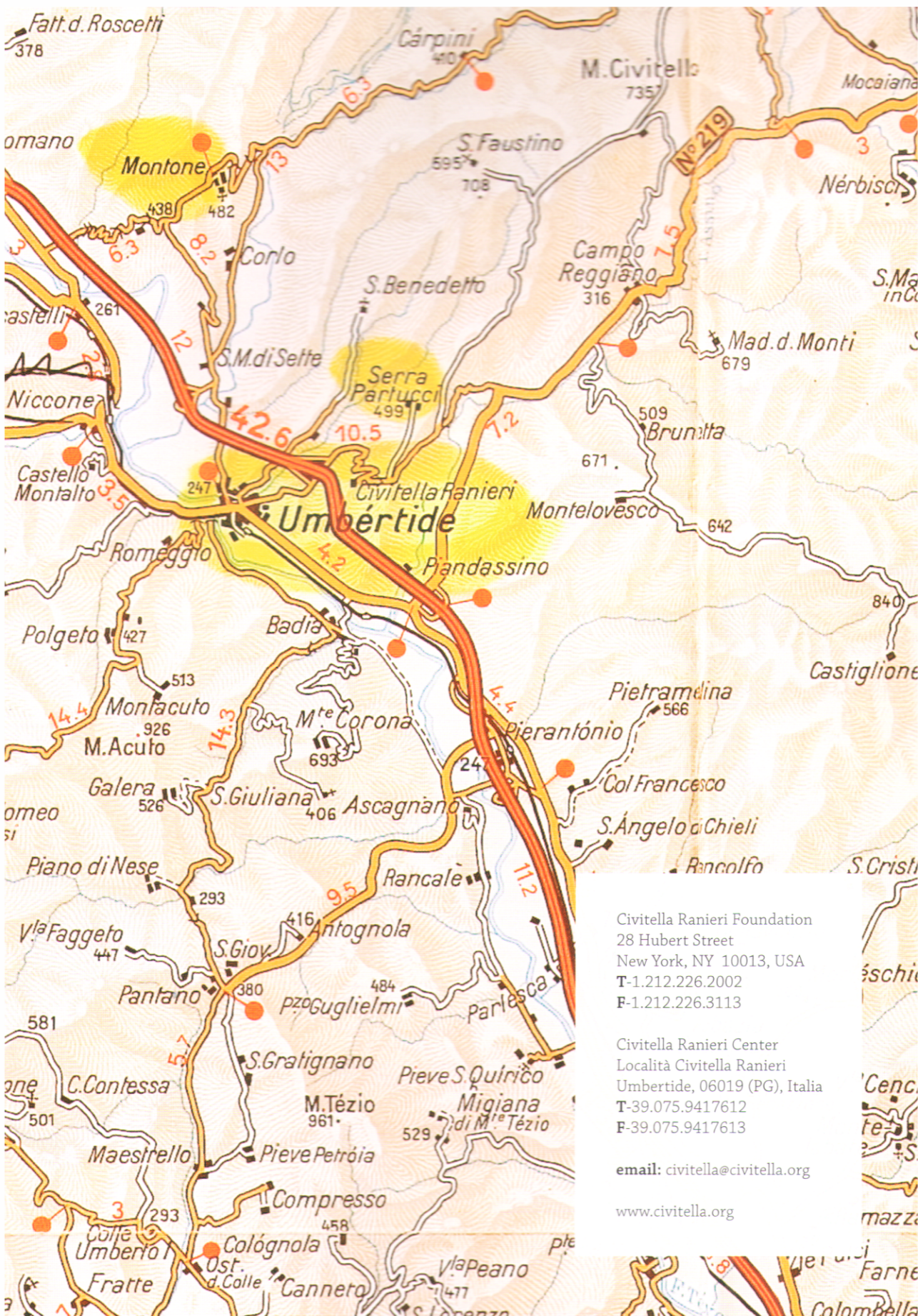
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