

Memories of the Center for World Music 1974 – 2004

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Deena Burton

My first summer at ASEA was 1969. The program consisted mainly of Indian dance and music and Indonesian dance and music. Balasaraswati, of course, was there. Nikhil Banerjee taught sitar, Kanai Dutta taught tabla, Ben Suharto taught Central Javanese dance, and Pak Prawoto taught gamelan. Also, my mentor at the University of Wisconsin, A.C. Scott, taught a seminar in Asian Theatre, if memory serves me correctly (ye gods who else goes back this far?) Graeme Vanderstoel was the director, and Livia (forgot her last name) was probably assistant director. As Jody has already mentioned, Sam and Louise Scripps sponsored ASEA. Hats off to them and what they helped start.

Outstanding memories of that first summer: Kanai Dutta created one of the most wonderful malapropisms when he wanted to describe something as "out of sight" (remember folks this was 1969 and awesome hadn't been invented yet.) He would close his eyes and sigh: "oh that is very out of state."

The gamelan class actually had as much training in packing and unpacking a gamelan as playing it. First it didn't arrive until the second week of the summer or so-- anyway we waited a while for it. Then we played it for two weeks or so and packed it up because all the Javanese artists had to fly to Dayton Ohio to perform at the opening or some function of that big department store they have there. Then they all came back, and we unpacked the gamelan and played for the remainder of the summer. As I recall we polished it too.

I believe that that was the first summer that Indonesian dance and gamelan were offered at ASEA, and that prior to that the focus was on Indian dance and specifically Balasaraswati. Louise Scripps was her Bharata Natyam student, and I think that was the impetus for the study programs. The next summer, 1970, the program was again held at Mills College-- Teresia Suharto joined her brother teaching Javanese dance, Oemartopo was the dalang in residence, and I think the Indian artists were the same as the previous year. By 1970 or 71 the summer program had grown too large for Mills college and moved up to the Univ. of Seattle for the summer, and of course took advantage of the presence of Dumisani, who taught Shona dance and music, and I guess Bob Garfias was involved in that summer too.

When exactly did it change from ASEA to being the Center for World Music in Berkeley? That's when it was under Bob Brown's leadership. More people probably remember this time better. I just recall that the first summer they opened was the most amazing smorgasbord of world dance and music available for study. My own daily schedule (8AM till 4 or 5 or later) consisted of Sundanese gamelan, Sundanese dance, Javanese dance, Indian tabla, Balinese gamelan (Steve Reich was teaching his music, and was in the Balinese class that summer), Balinese dance, and Bulgarian singing. There must have been about fifty world-class artists on the faculty. I could probably name most of them, but it

grows late, and perhaps the esteemed list members grow bored. So I'll just end by saying:

It was heaven on earth.

Marc Hoffman in Maryland

He attended the 1972, 1973, and 1974 programs, specializing in Javanese Wayang Kulit.

The summer of '74 was monumental, but...to me, the Seattle summer was the more startling, because I had never experienced such an influx of talent—the Javanese crew, particularly—and we students were so compact, living near the campus. I rented the second floor of a house and Rangga lived downstairs and Judy Mitoma upstairs. I remember when I first met the Javanese. It was a delegation from another planet. I remember the first time I saw Maridi dance. I was transported somewhere I'd never been.

David Roche, now Executive Director of the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago

He attended ASEA in 1967 and 1971, studied sitar, and was on the Staff 1973-74, as Project Director of the Center for World Music

I came to ASEA from Wesleyan connections. The CWM inspired my future activities in life immeasurably. I'm currently Executive Director of an institution — the largest community arts school in North America — very much like the one envisioned for the CWM (except that the core program history relates to Americana Folk Musics, and the earned revenue is actually derived from student tuition).

I was actually CWM Project Director, and had more to do with the "World Music mobile" children's education program than anything. During the Winter 73-74 concert season when Bob and Co. were traveling, I was interim Executive Director and booked a season of classes and concerts most of which I've forgotten. Tom Buckner (baritone) opened the season on a stormy night (prophetic in my case) in which five people came. I do remember the Lui Pui Yuen concert we had. Andrea (Yee) Lee was involved, as was Shirlyn Chew who went on to set up the Chinese music program at Laney College (she may still be there).

Thanks for keeping on. Cathy and I are definitely on for 8/21. A word to all the CWM staff, artists, sponsors, etc: BRING IT BACK; LET'S DO IT AGAIN!

=David=

P.S. Sad to see the long obituary list. Wonder where we'll be in 30 more years? I'm already older than Nikhil B. was when he died in 1983.

Barbara Benary in New Jersey

(She was at CWM in 1974 and 1975 to be with friends, though not as an official enrollee either year).

I was a Wesleyan grad program alum, teaching ethnomusicology at Rutgers in NJ at the time. ASEA most definitely made some VERY major differences in my life. Professionally, the big difference was meeting Lou Harrison, who was offering a class on world music tunings in 1975. Lou encouraged the composers in his class to go ahead and write pieces for gamelan. At that time there were strong feelings of conservatism and protectivism around gamelan practice in America. Unspoken feelings suggested that us white guys had no business messing around with our crazy ideas on traditional instruments. Lou, who had a true world vision and no such compunctions, offered to allow us composers the use of his home-made aluminum set (known simply as "Old Granddad" I think) on which to play our new pieces, which we did in a concert he organized.

The long term result of such encouragement was the founding of at least three American new music gamelan groups: Dan Schmidt's Berkeley Gamelan, David Doty's Other Music and my own group Gamelan Son of Lion. These groups continued on for several decades. Gamelan Son of Lion is still an active composers collective and repertory group in New York City (www.gamelan.org/sonoflion). It has become and continues to be a central basis of my creative work as a composer.

Another teacher in '75 I think was I Wayan Suweca, who offered a class in Balinese gamelan angklung. I was not privileged to know Suweca directly since I was not a participant (my background being Java), but audited the class and recorded the concert. Subsequently I became enamoured of the instruments and traditional angklung style. I built my own iron set and have played it, and the repertoire I learned there, ever since under the name of Rockland Angklung Society (my local community group northwest of NY city), although it was only this past year that I was able to add new ammunition to my Balinese angklung repertoire directly from I Nyoman Saptanyana at Sarah Lawrence College.

Not to be forgotten of course is T. Viswanathan, who even before ASEA was my teacher and friend from the time I began world music involvement up until his death this past year. I also bought my first Javanese wayang kulit puppet at Bob Brown's sale at ASEA. She is Surtikanti, wife of Karna, and was the inspiration for my writing "Karna: A Shadow Puppet Opera" produced in New York City in 1994. I still continue to perform wayang kulit (in English) whenever I can.

What kind of life does a world music bum make for herself? I myself taught ethno. for 6 years at Rutgers, was bounced out at tenure time, taught kids for another 10 years in private and public schools, and now am self-employed doing music booking (occasionally but rarely ethno-related). However Gamelan Son of

Lion has continued through all this time. As has my involvement in early music, gamelan and wayang. Although I no longer do much Karnatic music it too will remain forever as a music I love. My best and sincerest gratitude to Bob Brown for masterminding The Center for World Music, as well as the Wesleyan program in which I did my graduate degrees, and several other pioneer programs. He is a great spirit and visionary leader whom I am always glad to encounter on one side of the world or another. My apologies that I won't be able to attend the 2004 celebration — I live on the wrong side of the country — but I wish everyone well.

Dan Schmidt in the Bay Area

(He attended the 1973-1975 summer and winter sessions. Studied Javanese gamelan with KRT and Pak Kanto; studied singing and rebab; also did Lou Harrison's Intonation seminar, new music studies, and performed new gamelan music. Plus many discussions, both formal and informal, about gamelan theory and structure, performance practice, history, and future with KRT, an outgrowth of his Cal-Arts seminars.)

I knew of ASEA from the moment I began to study Javanese gamelan in 1970 at Cal-Arts. My experience in Javanese gamelan has influenced my spiritual, social and musical growth ever since. Just two days ago, as I introduced a gamelan performance here at Aurora School, I chose to talk of the spiritual character of Javanese music, rather than talk of the sounds or the form of the music. I can offer no better description of what ASEA gave to me.

For American gamelan, ASEA was a great boost. Though several of us had made beginnings, those ASEA summers allowed us to recognize that we were part of a movement. We were there to study the original forms, but I feel it was a great gain for those of us interested in making new music for gamelan to be together, and to produce performances of our work. This group included Barbara Benary, Lou Harrison, Bill Colvig, David Doty, Henry Rosenthal, Paul Drescher, myself, and others. Many of us built gamelans, often sharing ideas and designs. Making new music and instruments for gamelan has been an essential part of my life.

My gratitude goes to Pak Cokro for the unfailing faith he always had in me. I was never a mainstream student, and I'm sure my excursions into gamelan composition were questionable to him. I've always wondered what he thought of my all-night solo rebab/tape-delay sessions at the Center! But as the years went by, he was always interested in my ventures, and offered consistent spiritual guidance.

I cannot thank Sam Scripps enough for making ASEA possible, and also for giving me the opportunity to teach at U.C. Berkeley for the first five years of the gamelan program there.

Kuo-Huang Han in Kentucky

Unfortunately I cannot participate in the big event in August. It will be just two weeks after I move to Lexington, KY and three days before my first class on my new job. After 34 years of teaching, I have retired from Northern Illinois University and will be teaching part-time at the University of Kentucky. The moving, unpacking, etc. will be a big headache to me. I participated three summers at the Center for World Music (2 in Berkeley and one in San Diego). What I have been doing in the last 30 years — purchasing gamelan instruments, teaching gamelan and other Southeast Asian music, doing workshops for teachers, senior citizens, college, high school and elementary students, and even introducing gamelan to Taiwan — is the direct result of my Center for World Music experience.

Beth Gilbert in Sausalito, California

who has written this article for publication elsewhere, and has graciously given her permission for us to reprint it here:

Seeing Irawati Dance, Copyright 2004 By Beth Gilbert

I drop my suitcase and look around the small living room of my Manhattan apartment. Suddenly this place where I have lived and worked for seven years seems empty. Returning to New York City after spending the summer of 1973 in Seattle, where I have been studying Balinese dance and the marimba music of the Shona people of Zimbabwe, I realize the City suddenly no longer feels like home. I'm not excited about taking the subway to a jazz concert in the West Village or a dance class in mid-town filled with young bodies in perfect turnout.

I miss the easy walk from the house in Seattle's Green Lake district to the University of Washington campus, wild blackberries available for the picking on every street. But more important, I miss the hours of practice in a quiet dance studio, or the thundering reverberation of a rubber tipped mallet as I hit the keys of a huge bass marimba. I know that I'm physically more suited to Graham technique than Balinese dance and culturally more suitable for cello than Shona marimba, but somehow at age twenty five, my life as a performing artist and teacher here on the East Coast seems to have reached a dead end. Returning to Seattle doesn't make much sense; the Center for World Music has moved to a new location in Berkeley, California.

I pack my bags, sublet my Manhattan apartment to my sister and her new boyfriend, and move to the Mission District of San Francisco. At first I share a flat with Karen, a friend I have met during that summer of discovering the performing arts of Bali, Zimbabwe, and India. Though the Mission is exciting, New York has left me longing for more trees and less cement. When a chance

comes up to be the caretaker for the guesthouse of the Center for World Music, at its new location at Julia Morgan Theater in Berkeley, I move across the Bay.

At night, I can stand on the little porch outside my small upstairs bedroom, smell the honeysuckle, and listen to gamelan music float up from the theater next door. Julia Morgan designed the building originally as a church, with redwood shingles on the outside, and huge ceiling trusses surrounded by stained glass windows on the inside. The rows of plain hardwood pews provide seating and the altar has been removed to build a stage on which, these days, appear the extraordinary artists who teach for the Center for World Music.

It's a little unnerving, never knowing what national living treasure — musician or dancer from Bandung or Madras or Seoul — is going to be sharing my kitchen on Saturday morning. Especially because I am in many ways an introvert. But I am enchanted by this place, go to all the concerts given by these amazing houseguests of mine, and earn just enough by teaching creative movement at a pre-school to pay for food and my classes at the Center.

One night, I go next door to Julia Morgan Theater to see a performance given by several artists from the city of Bandung, in Western Java. Though I've studied Balinese dance, and seen gamelan and dance from central Java (the next island over in the Indonesian Archipelago), this form from the western mountains of that island is new to me. The dances are more refined than the wild Balinese demons and entranced bird-girls, but much earthier than the meditative central Javanese style. They not only tell dramatic, epic stories, but the dancers portray recognizable human characters struggling with very human issues, like lust and ambition, or internal conflicts — loyalty versus passion. They remind me of the classic Russian ballets I saw as a little girl, where the heroes and heroines are exquisite archetypes somehow enacting your own secret longings.

As with traditional West Javanese performances, this one goes on for several hours. Late in the evening I move to the back of the theater, where there are now some empty rows. Though it seats about 250 people, this is an intimate space, full of rich, dark wood, huge crossbeams and stained glass windows from its days as a church. There's a feeling of focus and concentration, as if the energy of people praying were still somehow reverberating between the walls, or that art and performance were sacred forms of worship even in this Protestant setting. The darkness has a way of intensifying the play of the lights onstage.

I'm just settling deeper into the cushion that slightly softens my pew seat, when a creature appears at the edge of the wings of the stage. At first, I'm not sure she's real, that I'm actually seeing, rather than imagining her. She's wearing an unearthly and stunning costume: gossamer silk and lush velvet, green and gold and so many other colors, and yet somehow still very simple. There's a high, arched headdress trimmed with gold sequins, so that she has a gold aura around her head, glittering from the reflected lights on the stage. She's very tiny, and she

doesn't walk, she glides across the stage. There isn't a moment when you can tell that the motion is muscularly based; this is more like liquid fire flowing across the stage as she circles it. The music coming from the gamelan seems as fluid and unearthly as her movements.

Irawati Durban, the dancer, has very thick dark hair, twisted up behind her head and then dropping down her back almost to her waist. Below the headdress, she's wearing curved ear pieces that look just like what I've always imagined elves would wear; they circle her ears and then end in tiny gold sequined points. Around her waist is a long silk scarf with gold tassels on the ends, which she flips with the tips of her fingers, so the her hands seem to be dripping light, like a trail of phosphorescence on the water at night.

Irawati goes once around the stage, and then she does this amazing walk, simultaneously angular and flowing. It appears that her torso is going in two directions at once, but there's no separation, just this perfectly gliding movement. Her hips are also part of this articulation; they seem to be in opposition to her arms, but just as I think I've got it figured out, she shifts, and they're going another way. She stops, and then without any warning, she goes from standing to the floor. I can't tell physically what she's done; it's like a waterfall. She starts sliding down, and all of a sudden she's quietly settled on the floor. She sits there a long, still moment, and then carefully unwraps something she's been holding in her hand. It's absolutely clear that she's doing something "sacred." Up until this moment, Irawati has been totally present, radiating energy out to the audience, quite contained but very much including the audience as she makes her sweeping circle around the stage. But now, as she unwraps what's in her hands, it seems like she's just gone away, she's not in the room anymore. She's disappeared, gone somewhere we can't follow her, into some unknowable place of deep concentration, her own universe.

Then, slowly, Irawati puts her hands to her face, pulls away the small piece of material that's been covering whatever she was holding, and when she finally takes her hands away, her face is blue. She's wearing a wooden mask, delicately carved to form an amazingly sensual blue face. The eyes are long slits that arch in the middle and are slightly tilted up again at the edges. They're heavy lidded and only partly open, as if she had just woken up in the morning or the way a woman looks right after she's finished making love. She has a wide, sensual mouth and high cheekbones. There are dark indications of hair, no details and yet you know that's what it is, and there's a mark midway between her eyebrows, a symbol painted on her forehead. The eyebrows themselves are curving lines that follow the arch of her eyes. There are painted teeth, too, and when I look at her mouth, it seems very serious. Then suddenly I look again and I would swear that I saw the ends turn up in a smile.

When she stands back up, transformed, this creature with the startlingly blue face, now even more other worldly than before, goes on to complete her intricate, flowing dance — moving, clearly female, so sensual but also powerful and somehow very deep. I get all of that from her. And the blue mask face with the same wonderful sensuality also has that power to it, that tremendous power and great depth. I just sit there, stunned. Then, as I'm watching her, I suddenly think, "that's what I want—that's what I want to do— I want that transformation." And I realize that now I know what I am going to do with my life. copyright 2004
Beth Gilbert

Asha Coorlawala aka Asha Lalvani (Uttara) in New York

She attended Summer 1974 only. Studied Bharat Natyam Dance and Music and African Music, specializing in dance.

I am very grateful to have been part of that wonderful summer at ASEA and thank the Scripps for making it possible. Since I was on scholarship I volunteered to be a stage techie for Sam Scripps — quite unprepared for anything that followed! We were to hang lights in the rafters of the church. A gentleman went part way up a tall, somewhat shaky ladder and descended excusing himself of the task. Sam turned around to look at me. Okay! So I was up the ladder and crawling around the rafters (how high are they?) for the next four hours hanging lights and getting very dusty. Finally when we finished, Sam offered to drive me home and anywhere I wanted. "Let's go and have a drink (to settle the butterflies!)" I asked stepping on to terra firma. BUT, it was Sunday.

Later, Sam asked me if I could help with the midsummer festival. I asked what needed to be done? "Here" he said handing me a bunch of keys. "that is for the light and sound booth and you can organize helpers to change sets between shows.".... Sam disappeared. Apparently he trusted me. I could not let him down, so I took the key and opened the door that he had indicated. I had no clue how the equipment worked. With great trepidation, I started turning on one switch or lever after another... very carefully —waiting watchfully for an explosion, on edge, poised to run at any instant.... No explosions happened. It was actually very easy.... but I will never never forget it!

Then there was time when everyone was bustling around in the lobby, registering, chatting, buying souvenirs, etc... when suddenly everyone became very still and silent. All eyes were on the entrance. There framed against the light stood Balasaraswati, with Lakshmi behind her. What a magnificent presence! They entered, Then the stop time frame seemed to start up again, and the lobby returned to its hubbub.

From Gordon Swift in Connecticut: It's unlikely I will be able to attend the reunion, but I think it's a great idea. FYI, these days I play fiddle—solo for weddings and duo with my guitarist brother Jon. That summer of 1974at the

CWM, I was performing South Indian violin in music and dance concerts, teaching a course in Indian music theory, and giving individual lessons in fiddle and Western violin.

Marianne Ariyanto (Fainstadt) in Jakarta

(She studied Balinese dance with Swasti and Bandem, 1972; Nyoman Wenten 1972,74,75; Javanese dance with Nanik Wenten, and Ben Suharto 1972,74,75; Sundanese dance with Irawati Durban Arjo and Pak Nugraha, 1974; Sundanese gamelan, 1974; Bharata Natyam, 1972. Her main interest was Balinese dance.)

I received an M.A. in dance from UCLA in 1970 and was teaching dance at the College of St. Teresa in Winona, Minnesota (which has since closed) when I saw an advertisement for ASEA's 1972 Summer Program in Dance Magazine. At that time, I was obsessed with Bharata Natyam and originally came to study with Balasaraswati, but quickly fell in love with Balinese dance. I traveled to Indonesia in the summer of 1973, and returned to the Center for World Music. I was particularly inspired by the performance of the condong dance of Gambuh style. I found the bamboo flute music to be so ancient and haunting while the dance style was so complicated. I was eventually able to study gambuh dance in both the villages of Pedungan/Badung and Batuan. Seeing Made Suartini perform this dance led to my obsession with traveling to Bali to learn gambuh. After I studied gambuh, Javanese and Sundanese dancing became so much easier to understand.

All the performances seemed special and magical at the ASEA programs. Sometimes, today, when I see a dance concert in Jakarta, it is disappointing to find that the Indonesian audience is not as spellbound or appreciative as the audiences we had at ASEA and the Center for World Music.

I received a Fulbright Scholarship and studied dance at ASTI-Bali for 2 years, 1977-78. I had learned a dance called Legong Keraton Jobog from Wenten and Nanik. When I first began my studies in Bali, one of the students asked me to name the Balinese dances I had already studied. When I said—"Oleg, Pendet, Condong, Legong Keraton Jobog", she cut me off and said a bit indignantly—How do you know that dance? I'm Balinese and I don't even know that one yet! Thank you, Nanik and Wenten!

In Bali even the bus drivers knew everything about dance and all the Balinese I met thought that I must be some kind of celebrity because I was a college teacher of dance from the USA! Bali truly is the island of dance. Wenten also recommended that I study with Ibu Ketut Arini in Bali, which I did, and she is such an excellent teacher.

I was an assistant professor of dance at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln from 1980-85. I often performed Balinese dance at the University and gave presentations and performances as well at conferences for the Asian Theatre

Association, CORD (Congress on Research in Dance) and the Society of Ethnomusicology.

In 1985, moved to Jakarta and I have been teaching at the Jakarta International School for 16 years. For the first 12 years I taught dance and ESL (English as a Second Language), and it is my dream job!! I retired from dance teaching in the year 2000 after I developed severe tinnitus, but still work as a teacher of ESL. I recently came out of retirement as a performer and danced Legong Keraton Jobog for our UN day festivities. Attending those ASEA Summer Programs was a magical time for me. I worked and saved and lived the rest of the year, just to attend the summer workshops. When I returned from Bali in 1979, there were no more workshops which was extremely disappointing. I occasionally see teachers from those days here: Made Suartini, Irawati, Swasti and Bandem, Sumanthi. I have seen some ASEA alumni like Deena Burton on occasion. I also read and hear about specialists like Kathy Foley when they visit Indonesia. But I have kept in close contact with Judy Caporale and developed a special friendship with Rucina Ballinger since moving here. It's also amazing that Judy Mitoma (formerly Susilo) is now the head of the World Cultures Department at UCLA and several Indonesian dancers have studied at UCLA over the years. What a small, interconnected family type of group artists can be!

I still have 2 wayang golek puppets made by Pak Rutjita. The intricately carved Hanoman should be in a museum. I've never seen another one like it in the 18 years that I've lived in Jakarta [Editor's note: it was Pak Rutjita own signature style of carving Hanoman, unlike any other].

I would like to thank the sponsors for these special, unique ASEA and CWM programs. So many dance workshops and conferences have been reduced to a week or two over the decades. Imagine, we had 2 whole months to luxuriate in immersion into the Indian and Indonesian cultures. Unfortunately, nothing like this exists today. If it did, I would be there in an instant! It's hard to imagine where I would be living and what I would be doing now, if I had never attended ASEA! Thank you, thank you teachers, sponsors and fellow cultural devotees!

In the summer of 2002 I spent a weekend in Berkeley and drove by the Julia Morgan center. It brought back so many memories. It would be wonderful to attend this planned reunion, but our work year starts on August 4th, 2004.

toufiq touzene tulsiram in los angeles

this is toufiq, student of k.v. narayanaswamy, palghat raghu, vinayakram, wenten etc. during the amazing summer of '74. here is how i came: my friend kristin lindley took me to berkeley for the first time to check out the scene. at that time i was with a free theater group in s.f. and more or less in charge of the music. we used to do musical plays with ethnic themes. anyway kristin had joined wenten's balinese dance class and i soon joined the baris class. one of the

first teachers i saw was k.v. narayanaswamy who was lying in the grass outside withpalghat raghu. my primary interest was the tabla so i joined the tabla class, also the ghatamclass of vikku vinayakram and the mridangam class of palghat raghu. finally i joined k.v.n 'singing class. to make i long story short i ended up going to india and staying there 20 odd and sometimes very odd years training in carnatic vocal.

Judith Caporale

who attended 1973, 1974, 1975, and who, THESE days, always seems to be so busy running out to do Standup somewhere in the Big Apple, or to sing Irving Berlin on the Lower East Side...(how did that happen?)...that she was always too busy to send her written reminiscence.... until... the following impressionistic account arrived on the night of July 4th — its first reading accompanied by the sounds of exploding fireworks invisible in a thick, dense San Francisco Bay fog So imagine, dear reader, the following mini-explosions from the far-off corners of Judy's memory, accompanied by the sounds of those far-off fireworks...

I'll admit the following is verbose, but to summarize first I would say friendships have been the most wonderful part of it all. Some of those are with people I stay in touch with, and some I contact from time to time, but it all happened at a certain time and at a certain place that made it forever vivid and full of a type of feeling and intensity unmatched since.

I arrived in Seattle for the 1973 program to study Bharata-Natyam and South Indian Music (with John Hicks and Viswa, which I did, but added on Balinese dance, Balinese and Javanese Wayang Kulit and Korean dance. Deena Burton had been integral in my adding on Indonesian forms that summer. She was so excited about Balinese dance that I went with her to class and dashed off with her to Wayang Kulit where Oemartopo was doing a demonstration for the first meeting of class. Wow! Then, of course, I added on Sumandhi's class where for the recital he dubbed me the Monkey Dalang (that was my part of the presentation).

In the fall, I studied in Berkeley at the Julia Morgan Church with Nanik and Wenten, Maridi and Murdiyati. In the spring in New York, I continued practicing Bharata-Natyam (with Kay Poursine and Meri Lobel) to prepare for summer 1974. In the summer of 1974, I continued with Bharata-Natyam, studied Balinese dance with Suartini, and Sundanese dance with Irawati and Pak Nugraha. I also studied Javanese dance with Suharto, some Balinese Gamelan. Also when Bala and Lakshmi left, I continued dance studies with Luise.

I first heard about ASEA just about the time I graduated Stony Brook in 1972. Deborah Brandt (I believe she attended Mills in 1971) was a friend of my movement teacher in the theatre department, Cecily Berry, who told me about

the program. After a trip to India, when I received the application, it looked to be an incredible gathering of people: students, teachers — don't know what I expected except it seemed the most exciting next move. Having studied mime previously, I was drawn to the eastern dance forms — Bharata-Natyam, Kathakali, Odissi, Kathak, etc.

Memorable — my first time seeing Maridi dance i73; I had said hello to him on my route through the hallways — he was the man with a smile and a Japan Airline bag. Suddenly, there he was on stage during rehearsal for the first Javanese concert of the summer. I was stunned. I had a conversation with myself that went something like, "that is one of the greatest dancers in the world." No. "Yes." But — how can it be that I just sit my naive self down to watch a rehearsal of teachers and acquaintances and there is one of the greatest dancers anywhere? This doesn't just happen — "[Well], it has." Well it was thirty-one years ago. I was in for more wonderful things....

My first time dancing with Balinese music i73 ñ Wenten and Nanik had taught us most of the dance with Wenten just singing the notes and when we had most of the piece down, and they turned the tape on, it fit like a glove It fit me and it felt right. The time I practiced in the house next door with gamelan and danced with the teachers.i74. Teachers arrived late and I led a Balinese dance class in 74 In the kitchen preparing food for festivals in 74

In the kitchen late one night, and a taxi pulls up in the dark and we hear the door and THERE IS MARIDI!!! The driver was glad we knew him and we were all giddy to have been there cooking so there could be friends welcoming him. 74

In the dressing rooms during student recitals, kids, us, teachers. 74 The first Sundanese dance performance Pak Nugraha put on the mask and... magic! Irawati put on the mask — what happened? — the mask was riveting. I was hooked. 74

Practicing the dynamics of Javanese and Sundanese dance in a swimming pool so I could get the quality of resistance I wanted in my arms and hands ñ74.

Staying up all night with Emily Mayne when we were house-sitting next door and watching a video of Suharto do Gambiranom over and over again as one can only do on tape. 74 Super eights, forward slow and back to figure out the Balinese arms and hands. 74 Ginger Tea; Peggy in the Kitchen ñ74 Seeing performances always..... Being recognized at my Bagel Bakery Job as the person a woman and her son had seen in the Sundanese Dance Drama (Sendra-Tari). 74 Bagels. College Avenue..... Breakfasts before Balinese Dance of coffee and sugary pastries down College Avenue a rush of coffee and pastry was a great start to the day dancing — giving us a short spurt of intense energy. Visiting Lauren at the doughnut store 74... Living on peanut butter and tortillas and honey. Up early dance, dance, then short nap, back to class.... Eating. Yes, putting together a

cookbook with Jane and Leslie ñ gathering the recipes, naming it Pangaeian Cooking due to my experience as a geology student. Staying up all night to put it together with Jane and Leslie ñ Leslie beautifully handwriting the entire book, the paper -73 Oh, yes, food! Cooking! [Dear reader, do you think Judy was impressed by the food in those days??]

Swollen feet from which I could hardly walk after trying in the wrong way to make a sound in Bharata-Natyam. While they healed learning di di tais with my hands while I sat in the back of the room. all the speeds 73

My first Wayang Kulit performance ñ the smell of kreteks, the sound of the pesindens voice, the music, Oemartopo and the voices and sounds and my first into the wee hours when I started to be in the universe's crack and really absorb it all ñ73

Hearing that music from below my window in the dorm. Feeling it haunting and beautiful and finding it was Javanese Gamelan Music seeping up from Bob Brown's apt below. ñ73 A tape of Balinese or Javanese gamelan to get me present and joyful. Gambuh ñ the sound of the flute piercing my soul and seeing Suartini dance to it. How does a human move like that? I still remember her voice as condong. 74

The boat ride in Seattle introducing us all , the first time I heard mbira. 73 Weekly — all of Dumi's students and everyone else who wanted to attend — invited for African dance, drumming, music chants. 73

During summer 74, I was a frog in a Balinese masked dance performance. I remember going to a pet store and observing the little critters not being as plentiful in environs of Berkeley as in Bali. And of course there was that HOP that Wenten taught me. When I went to London to study acting, one of my teachers wanted me in his class because I mentioned Balinese dance.

I have incorporated some of the dance I learned into pieces I directed, wrote. I did lecture demonstrations at numerous venues in the 70s and 80s.

Of course these experiences and these artists ñ friends and teachers — change one forever. Friendships with students ñ special ones that have lasted and bring me home. Some continuous (like Meri and Deena), some interrupted in time, but then again in meeting ñ like Larry Reed, there it is again. Of course Marianne Ariyanto who is great at keeping in touch and I am grateful for that. Yes, giggling with Marianne in my little cottage was precious.

Seeing the work of people I'd met all those years ago. Continuing studies in the years following by traveling to Wisconsin for the summer of 1976 when Wenten and Nanik were at the university there. I continued Balinese and Javanese dance and music. Weekly travels to Wesleyan University to work with various teachers. Also worked with teachers who spent time in New York (Made and Dibya). Years later going into my parent's basement and wanting to slap my feet on the

cold floor. Looking for apartments hoping it was a solid floor where I could dance.....

In 1974- Sundanese in am, to Bharata-Natyam, to nap, to Sundanese female, to Balinese and Javanese in the evening. And what else — yes- Balinese gamelan.

Suitcase shopping for pink/ red luggage with Sumandhi. He still has it! Finally getting to Bali and seeing Putu and Sumandhi and meeting their families. Sutini the sister of Sumandhi and Suartini.

Okay, More will come up as I think about it, but I better get this e-mailed. See you soon, darlings, Judy.

Diane See in Los Angeles

She attended the Center for World Music 1974, 1975, 1976; studied South Indian dance, singing and rhythm under Balasaraswati and Lakshmi — how sad to have lost them both.

This is so exciting! My 3 years at the Center For World Music starting the summer of '74 were totally unforgettable. It was the high point of my life. At forty I found my source and my practice. I haven't done anything with what I learned — my life took a different turn, but I never lost the excitement of the rhythmic patterns, the movements, the songs and even the exercises, that make up the classical South Indian music and dance forms. Much of what I learned is still clear in my memory, thirty years later. Recently I have begun relearning some dances and learning some new ones with the help of Emily Mayne, who continued her practice. And although I haven't used it professionally in any way, it certainly changed my life and my body and my understanding of movement, and affected me spiritually. I still remember the songs and the singing practices and some rhythmic patterns.

This spring I traveled to Bali and India and saw many performances of music and dance. While in Madras I learned a Padam from Shyamala to add to my tiny repertoire of Bharata Natyam, a little thing, but thrilling for me.

Besides my own classes in music and dance, the Center for World Music was an opportunity to see the extraordinary performances of master artists from other exotic countries. Adding to the wonder of it all was the Julia Morgan Center itself, its architecture so fitting for the ethnic cultures, with the smells of Indonesian clove cigarettes and Indian food pervading the whole place. How can I ever forget those years? It will be a joy to join you all in August. And I am happy to honor Luise and Sam. My only suggestion for the event — hopefully Peggy Dey could fill the Julia Morgan Center with the divine smells of her Indian food once again!

Karen Elliott in the Bay Area

She attended ASEA/CWM 1973, 1974, 1975 (until the Balasaraswati School of Music and Dance branched off); studied Bharatanatyam with T. Balasaraswati, Lakshmi, Ramaiah, and Ramadass; Carnatic vocal music with Viswanathan; mrdangam with Ranganathan, Douglas Knight and Palghat Raghu; Shona music/drumming and dance with Dumisani Maraire; African drumming/dance with C. K. Ladzekpo.

I first encountered ASEA in 1972. I learned, possibly through a flyer on a bulletin board at the Asia Foundation, that T. Balasaraswati and her family were coming to teach at Mills College in the summer of 1972 as part of ASEA. I was at the time enrolled in a doctoral program in psychology in San Francisco, having just moved to SF in 1971. Before then, I had been engaged in Asian studies. It was my major at the University of Wisconsin. I had first seen Balasaraswati dance in 1967 on film in an Asian theater course. She was dancing her famous padam, Krishnani Begane Baro. Then I had had the surprising fortune to study mrdangam with her brother, Ranga, during the summer of 1969 at the Univ. of Minneapolis as part of the College Year in India Program. (ASEA may have been in residence at Minneapolis that summer? was it? I remember seeing the gamelan perform at Dayton's Department Store.) Sitting on the floor of Ranga's classroom, tapping out Na Din Din Na, I realized I had happened onto something full of life and joy: Ranga was a masterful teacher, and I soaked it up. I continued mrdangam studies in India with Ramnad Easwaran, 1969-1970, and saw Bala dance while there. But I had stopped mrdangam upon returning to the US and had not seen Ranga since 1969. So, in 1972 I was excited to think I might see Ranga again and study with Balasaraswati herself, and I signed up to take the Bharatanatyam course at Mills, thinking I could fit it in between psychology classes (what ignorance!). I auditioned with Luise Scripps and was given a partial scholarship, but I sprained my ankle severely that spring and had to forego study. I did attend a couple of concerts. Seeing and hearing Ranga and Viswa filled me with such longing that I wept.

Not too many months later I quit psychology school. I traveled to Seattle for the intensive 1973 summer ASEA program. There, I injured my metatarsals trying to execute tei ya teis and had the dubious distinction of wearing tennis shoes (with Bala's permission!) while dancing in class, for 6 weeks or so. I think you could say that I got off to a rather awkward start.

In 1974 I moved from SF to Berkeley, just a few blocks from the Center for World Music where I enrolled in the summer ASEA program (and had another rough summer, in fact). By the fall I finally surrendered and began studying Bharatanatyam seriously year-round. (I stopped studying mrdangam in 1975 after Raghu left. Much as I relished the percussion, I did not feel I could give enough time to both drum and dance.)

My studies at ASEA/CWM fundamentally shaped me for the rest of my life. I am enormously grateful. First of all: Indian dance. Bharatanatyam, in its depth and complexity — as expressed by Balasaraswati and her family — became an abiding passion for me. I studied with Bala whenever I could, training with Luise Scripps in between in the early years when she organized the Balasaraswati School of Music and Dance. I traveled to Madras in 1977-78 to learn a full program from Bala and Lakshmi, went to their residencies at Wesleyan, etc. It was an extraordinary opportunity. It was also very, very hard. Bharatanatyam was a crucible for me (as I think it may have been for quite a few of the senior students). Studying it required me to search my soul and wrestle with inner demons as I responded to its demands, which eventually matured me in ways I might not have had I taken another path. The impact of undergoing such intense training and re-organization was long reaching. I slowly grew into greater understanding of the breadth and depth of their artistry, and I learned discipline and the rewards of steady, detailed practice, the joy of moments of connection. I learned a little bit about humility. After Bala's death, and now after Lakshmi's and Viswa's passing, I have continued studying, practicing, and performing Bharatanatyam, and teaching a little. It has been for me a deep discipline, a performing art form, and a spiritual practice. It doesn't dry up. As Bala once said, it is as deep as the ocean. Even when I am not dancing, it is with me.

Second, I met a whole group of new friends/comrades through ASEA/CWM (and the later Balasaraswati School of Music and Dance). Some of these remain my closest friends to this day. They have enriched my life immeasurably.

Finally, my experiences at ASEA with world music changed my life overall. Not only Indian dance and music, but also African and Indonesian percussion, music and dance widened my world. (For a time I performed with West Java Arts, one of several organizations that grew out of ASEA.) My understanding of music itself, of how joy can be expressed and how music and dance and the sacred can be joined, my feeling of belonging to and participating in our global community — these were vastly increased and invigorated by being able to fill up on such vibrant beauty. They kindled in me an appetite for world music and dance of all kinds. It was like drinking nectar. The feeling has never left me. I am quite sure I did not understand at the time how rare the opportunity was, what a singular time it was — ASEA and the Center for World Music, 1973-1975. I thought this was how it would be forever... But I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. I was studying with no less than master artists and teachers who were giving teachings to last a lifetime. Balama, Viswa, Ranga, and Lakshmi are all gone now, as are Jon Higgins and Dumi. They were matchless souls.

I am grateful to Bob Brown and to Sam and Luise Scripps for their vision and perseverance and generosity in bringing them and others to inspire and teach us. You opened up such worlds! Thank you with all my heart.

Kathy Foley in Santa Cruz, California

She attended the 1974 Center for World Music, studying Sundanese and Balinese Wayang, Music, and Balinese and Korean Dance.

On returning from a year of travel in Asia in 1973 I was in the Bay Area and saw a flyer for the Center for World Music. I applied and was in awe of the wonders of the artists who were there — as a traveler you see once in long, long time an artist of the caliber that we were allowed to encounter daily. As a theatre person I was bewildered by all the music and dance and thought I would chose wayang because it was a one person form and It looked more like theatre to me.

Somehow I didn't initially register that to be a dalang you had to know dance and to perform you needed a whole gamelan or gender wayang to back you up. Coming from a tradition of spoken word, it was a sharp learning curve—I am still learning. But the amazing opportunity to work all day every day with artists of amazing depth and variety — Sumandhi, Pak Rutjita, Wenten, and Hi-ah Park.

It was fun to perform wayang parwa at the end of the summer (Sumandhi put up flyers that boasted first Balinese female dalang). It was even more interesting to meet him a few years later at the Wayang Festival in Jakarta where he brought the first Balinese girl who was performing wayang and have him pull me aside and note that it was only because of that summer teaching us American females that he got the idea that Balinese women could become a dalang. We were part of a transfer that went both ways and allowed changes in our art here and in Balinese tradition.

I ended up doing my dissertation on Sundanese wayang and have frequently performed as a dalang wayang, dalang wayang orang, etc. collaborating extensively with Undang Sumarna.

Having returned last December from Indonesia where I was doing a Fulbright Senior Research Scholar Grant on Topeng throughout Indonesia, I was reminded how exciting that material I was exposed to at ASEA 30 year ago was and how I have spent much of the rest of my life following up on some of the implications.

It is fun to see my UCSC students get a bit of the same experience as we bring in guest artists. Irawati Durban Arjo — who taught dance at the Center for World Music in 1974 — is one of the people scheduled for 2005. ASEA and the Center for World Music are a part of a long and important history of intercultural performance interactions. How lucky I was to see that flyer and to be at the right place at the right time in the summer of 1974.

Paul Hertelendy in Piedmont, California

He was music and dance critic for the Oakland Tribune newspaper, 1964-79, reviewed many ASEA/CWM performances and did several interviews with the artists. He took one

gamelan course briefly, but dropped it when it became obvious that he'd miss more than he attended.

The ASEA/CWM programs in Berkeley were a revelation and inspiration. Taking gamelan classes with teachers like the legendary composer Lou Harrison was unforgettable, laced with the supreme (and, in my case, unmet) challenge of learning the music by rote and by ear, quite at odds with my many earlier years of piano successfully rendered by reading printed scores. This was the new paradigm, built on the Eastern practice of master-apprentice instruction. Even though I was equipped with a lot of Western tools (and a Ph.D. in engineering), I found I was a rank beginner, groping erratically through the woods.

The Asian musical perspective provided us all with new parameters, some of them religious. One never stepped over a low-slung gamelan instrument, for instance, out of respect for its spirit/soul. Performances all began with a floral offering and a blessing at center stage. The instrument-maker creating the large tam-tam was expected to maintain monk-like celibacy during the building and casting process. And that famed gamelan composer/leader from Indonesia, Wasitodipuro, explained that he would never participate in performances without his ceremonial "kris" dagger on his belt. And that had nothing to do with self-defense.

The wealth of performances at the Julia Morgan Theater in Berkeley — I reviewed a bunch of them, doubtless leaving the Oaklanders rather bewildered in the process — spectacular Balinese dance theater, presenting a myriad of fantasy figures from masked topeng figures to monsters that could curdle your blood to beautiful couples doing scenelets out of the Hindu epic "Ramayana." I must say that my eyes were spinning like pinwheels most of the time, as if transported to Yogja or Den Pasar -like a little kid in FAO Schwarz for the first time!

The ASEA was especially timely, coming when various American composers like Steve Reich, Philip Glass, and John Adams were writing in minimalism drawn from gamelan traditions. At the same time, the ASEA trail-blazing performances and teaching enkindled the interest of Northern Californian universities, which one by one went about acquiring gamelans and courses to feed them. This included schools like San Jose State, 50 miles away, which began and now has maintained a gamelan program ever since.

My only regret? The abrupt and totally unexpected cutbacks and layoffs at the Center for World Music, about which the staff was informed on a Christmas Eve—not an ideal day for dropping The Big One, not even in the Far East. Can't tell you how shocked I was at the shutdown of CWM operations, coming like a bolt of lightning in a blue sky.... The funding source tied to a sagging stock market was the cause. But couldn't they have waited till Dec. 26th?

Marc Hoffman in Maryland

He attended the 1972, 1973, and 1974 programs, specializing in Javanese Wayang Kulit)

The summer of '74 was monumental, but...to me, the Seattle summer was the more startling, because I had never experienced such an influx of talent—the Javanese crew, particularly—and we students were so compact, living near the campus. I rented the second floor of a house and Rangga lived downstairs and Judy Mitoma upstairs. I remember when I first met the Javanese. It was a delegation from another planet. I remember the first time I saw Maridi dance. I was transported somewhere I'd never been.

Joan Laage departing Summer 04 to live in Eastern Europe

(She attended 1974; studied many kinds of dance)

Living in Seattle for almost 13 years with my husband David whom I met in Japan. Have had a Butoh company (avant-garde Japanese dance) since 1991. My website will give you a few visuals: www.seattlebutoh.org. Actually Margie Suanda (Havelin) was in the first performance my company did in Seattle in 1991.

Soooo sorry I can't come to the reunion. If ever there was an institutional reunion that I really wanted to attend, it would be this one, and how! But I'll be with my husband David in Prague doing a month long ESL course then off to (most likely) Poland for 2 years (or so) to teach English, dance, etc. I would like to be in touch with a lot of these people so please include my name, whereabouts, etc. After May best to use DavidThornbrugh@hotmail.com as our earthlink.net account will soon be stopped. We are keeping our same address (planning to return to Seattle in a few years). 2353 N 64th St, Seattle WA 98103.

Memories: A long drive in a 1/2 ton pick-up, all the way from Texas where I was staying with my parents. Arriving in Berkeley not for the first time, but somehow something intriguing and magical awaited me. Parked around the corner from Julia Morgan, that first summer (1974) that the CWM settled there. What is that? Those flowers on that tree...so fragrant and outlandish (tulip tree?). Walked in the wood-walled room of Julia Morgan, and had no idea what I was seeing. But of course, soon I was introduced to gamelans and many other implements of exquisite and ethereal sound making.

Completely immersed that summer: yoga and spinning with Laura Dean; Bharata Natyam with Lakshmi; Carnatic Vocal; Javanese dance; tabla with Anand Bodas; violin on a viola someone had given me. A taste of the world, the many tastes of the world. And cooking by Peggy Dey, somehow never forgetting that weird rich delicious drink of coffee and avocados and always wondering if I made that up in my memory.

Me, ended up for awhile living in a room on the edge of Oakland. One of those big places with lots of rooms and several kitchens. You know, the whole deal, cockroach infested kitchens and drug dealers underneath the outside staircase. Me, sleeping on a dry grass mat on the floor. So many amazing and life changing experiences.

The beginning of knowing the world, traveling, and living many places, and much appreciation for traditional music and dance. Concerts in the Julia Morgan theater. The thrill of performing Laura Dean's repertoire to live music by Steve Reich. And following dance and singing teachers to their homes in Madras to study. All the places I traveled throughout the years to see Aggie, Marjie, Jan, Kristina and others. And still meeting people who were there when I was. So many memories. How can I relate what the Center and these experiences mean to me? The depth...how I was propelled in my life to find the path I was meant to take? To become what I started calling myself a respectful citizen of the world."

Alan Sorvall on the East Coast

(He attended 1974 and studied primarily Sundanese Gamelan)

This will be the only re-union I ever thought worth attending. You are doing a great thing, because we were all influenced so deeply by that time, those people and that experience. I have played guitar / music all my life now and studied with some well-known guitarists, but I have always thought of Nugraha as my greatest teacher.

Marjie Suanda (Havelin) in Bandung, West Java

(She attended Mills College Summers 1971, 72, Seattle Summer 1973, CWM 1974, 1975 until she left for Indonesia in June 1976 with Jan Hostetler; studied Javanese dance with Nanik and Wenten, Martati, Maridi, Murdiyati, and Suharto; Sundanese dance with Nugraha and Irawati; Balinese dance with Nanik, Wenten, and Swasti Bandem; Pencak Silat with Iwan Natapraja; a bit of Gamelan Java and Bali (but I was a poor student and you are all lucky I didn't try to sing!); Warung Management with Peggy Dey.....Her specialty was dancing — from bedoyo to raksasa!) I was a modern dance student at Cal Arts when I saw my first Bharat Natyam concert with Balasaraswati. This unlocked the doors for me of what it meant to dance and to be a dancer. When I first heard Javanese gamelan and saw Nanik and Wenten perform I was drawn to learn from them and take part as fully as possible. What can I say? It just felt right, and I really never questioned my devotion to my studies.

As each summer approached, I'd come pestering Bob Brown and work out some kind of scholarship so that I could join in the summer sessions as long as I promised to help bake some cookies and serve some kopi susu at concerts. The wonderful Julia Morgan spaces at Mills College and in Berkeley became my

homes, and my teachers and fellow students became my family. All I really want to say is a very heartfelt THANK YOU and Terima kasih to all my teachers who were so generous and supportive, and of course to Bob, Sam and Luise who made it all possible, and to all my fellow students. Seeing your names on the list bring back such great memories, I wish I could be there to catch up with everyone!

Well, I also got a scholarship from ASEA to pursue my dance studies in Java, where I am still living. I work for Ashoka, an international non-profit organization in Bandung, West Java. Any friends coming to Indonesia, please do contact us and visit us in Jakarta or Bandung.

Pamela Aguiniga (Rogers) in Maryland

She attended the 1972 Mills Summer Program, studying dance; studied Sundanese dance and was staff coordinator of the CWM Sundanese Program in 1974.

My memories of the Sundanese program at the CWM are still so clear and fresh. I remember Undang's incredible drumming and the sound of the Sundanese gamelan. When Undang accompanied the mask dances of Pak Nugraha and Irwati on the drums there was a deep and powerful artistic connection that transcended time and place. I believe that almost everyone who experienced these performances were profoundly moved by the power of the masks, dances, and gamelan.

The most amazing aspect of the time at ASEA was that we could actually participate in these art forms. What a magical and powerful experience it was for all of us who were fortunate enough to be there. That was 30 years ago and looking back I realize how much that time has influenced my life. After our experiences at ASEA I knew I wanted to be connected to different cultures, languages, and the arts of the world. I have been an elementary school ESL teacher for the past 20 years and I have worked with children who are immigrants from all over the world. My students range from 5 years to 13 years old and are learning English as a second language. Without a doubt their favorite class is when I bring out Sundanese masks, Wayang Golek puppets, and tell Sundanese folk tales. They have performed Sundanese stories and dances. They have learned to speak, read, and write English while listening to Sundanese music.

My own children have grown up listening to world music and look forward to the time when they will travel to Indonesia. I have a deep sense of gratitude, respect, and love for the people whose generosity gave me the opportunity to be a part of such a incredible experience.

Thank you Pak Enoch for helping bring Undang, Ibu Nining, Pak Rutjita, Pak Nugraha, and Irawati to the Center for World Music. I hold these artists and teachers in the highest esteem. Thank you Bob Brown for the vision, fortitude,

and strength to bring all of the Center together. Luise and Sam Scripps, thank you for the integrity, love, and generosity to make it all happen.

I sincerely believe that everyone who was a part of ASEA will remember and pass on what we have learned and experienced from the coming together of great art and artists at The Center for World Music.

Alex Dea in Jogjakarta, Indonesia

My first ASEA summer program was 1972 at Mills, a milestone in world music or something. Larry Reed refers to it as the "Class of '72" or something since it was the first gathering, meeting, introduction of many seminal friendships, acquaintances, and discipleships.

In 1973, I was at Seattle when the program expanded to include the Koreans (Jeannie Park, [Hi-ah park's daughter] who lives now in Jogja, was about 3), and a big group of Indonesians including Pak Maridi the great Solonese dancer, and Pak Kanto, the Gamelan teacher. There were many others. In 1974, you know that the artist group expanded even more, if that could be imaginably possible. The great diva, Bu Bei Mardusari, singer and dancer and secondary wife from the Mangkunegaran Palace in Solo held court in morning pesindhen classes. We performed Langendriyan, an all-women operatic form. Truly, an amazing collection of artists. I suspect, we could "blame" Bob Brown for a lot of that — not to diminish the dedication and belief of many support people, not the least who were the Scripps.

1975 was the year I went to Java to begin my Ph.D. research on Javanese classical vocal music. I think that was the summer that Pak Cokro came back after a short hiatus. After that, he was continuously at Cal Arts. I reconnected with Pak Cokro in 1979 after I came back from Java, and then in 1983 when I moved back to California from Boston, I began research and study with him again. After his strokes and heart attacks, he retired in 1992 to Jogja. I followed him and have lived with him since. There was just a big celebration for his 100th birthday.

The Center for World Music — a great dream led by a great man who at times may have deserved some of the complaints and ire of those around him and the scene. Who? Bob Brown — who else. Everyone (depends on your point of view)'s favorite kicking boy.

Well, history has changed perception on that, I think. Only a man as crazy as he is/was in love with art, quality, imagination, and desire to give something could carry out, even have, such visions: Bringing the best, and it turns out, to (some of) the Best. Bob is finally slowing down a bit. Will have a hip operation. Wish him well. We need people like him.

As for my latest (maybe not really latest, but close to it, and I can't keep track) activities, look at our Siddhartha production at <http://www.post1.com/~teater.cahaya>.

[written earlier:] I've just returned from an extended trip to Cambodia visiting the traditional artists who are reviving the classical arts after Pol Pot, and to Beijing where I gave my sound and movement workshop to the Beijing Modern Dance Company and a couple of lectures on Javanese classical music at the Central Conservatory and the Tianjin Conservatory. I am now preparing several papers for upcoming conferences at the Performance Studies International in Singapore, and the International Conference on Preservation of Ethnic Music in Sarawak. This year's schedule seems more worked out than recent years. I will also teach a class on field research methods at the Institute of Arts here in Jogja. In lieu of IT consulting work, I am more focused on ethnographic writing these days, but am still working on landing a long-term project management gig.

[written August, 2004:] I am in Taiwan for the week, to give a paper at the World Dance Alliance conference. To connect to ASEA, let me tell that present here in Taipei, on either the same or different agendas, are: - Larry Reed doing Wayang Listrik with Moja - Wayan Dibia presented a paper at WDA but doing another separate performance project - Me doing something or other I go back to Kuala Lumpur where I am doing my "other life", the one which brings in money to do the music and dance projects. I am currently with the big title of Head of IT Strategy Planning and Policy for the Bursa Malaysia stock exchange. I meet up with many artists including Ramli Ibrahim, Kirshen Jit, and others. Love and peace, Alex

Ron Bogley

He attended the 1974 Program, specializing in Sundanese mask carving)

Remember that the full name was actually The Center for World Music and RELATED ARTS? Well, I guess I was a related art ... for, having no musical background or training, and possessing dance ability somewhere near Minus 100 Degrees Celsius — you might say I was quite the fish out of water... Imagine my surprise being surrounded by a student body of such musical whizzes and dancing dervishes. The caliber of the teachers was quite obvious — but the student's talent, as it turns out, was not too shabby, either. Maybe you all take your natural performing abilities for granted — but no one was more impressed by your talents, or less surprised than I am to see so many of you become such dedicated, accomplished performing artists in your own rights.

I came from a background of drawing and sculpture classes (back in the days when architects were trained in the fine arts, not just to be computer nerds). In contrast to the performing arts, of course, one works in quiet, solitary contemplation (the media of paper and wood obviously don't have emotional

outbursts, and, needless to say, there is no need for an audience...). Traveled around Asia for a year — drawing and sketching the marvelous temple architecture from Japan to Burma, but was especially smitten by Borobudur and Prambanan in Java. Just missed getting on to the last plane into Siem Reap to visit Angkor before it was overrun by the Khmer Rouge — the airport subsequently remained closed for many years afterwards, where of course, it became The Killing Fields....

From sculpture classes, I'd always had an affinity for faces, and was totally enchanted with the beautiful serene faces in so many of the carvings in Southeast Asia — I don't think there's anything comparable in the world. Have had many lively disagreements with my Western-Art-History friends, who make such a big deal about the serene qualities in Leonardo's Mona Lisa and Last Supper (as per the recent best-seller DaVinci Code). My contention, to their dismay, is that — if the Mona Lisa is so great, then there were literally thousands of Leonardos in Southeast Asia at one time... The source of all this wondrous Khmer and Javanese art seemed to emanate from Srivijayaí — the Buddhist civilization located somewhere in Sumatra (perhaps) in the 8th or 9th century. Talk about a hopeless romantic quest — searching for a vanished 1000-year-old tropical civilization....

Anyway, I came to ASEA when they needed a carpenter to repair the gong stand at the 1972 Mills Program(!) Bandem, Swasti, and Iwan Natapradja, the Sundanese teacher there, suggested checking out Topeng (mask) carvers in Sunda and Cirebon to pursue my quest. Besides, they said, Bali and Java were already overrun with American students...(!)

So I spent the year of 1973 sitting at Pak Rutjita's knee in Bandung. There were, in fact, some marvelous old masks thereabouts, with some of the haunting quality I sought. When I asked Pak Rutjita about learning to carve like that, he said Yeah, yeah — but first you learn puppets (another thing I had no background or ability in.... And if I said when can we do masks?, he said first you do puppets... So, for the better part of a year, in between doing something I had no aptitude for, he did show me the rudiments of mask-carving. It all counts... When a friend passed through town and sat in for a spell, he said he learned more in a week with Pak Rutjita than in all four years of Art classes in college. Let's hear it for the good old Master/ Apprentice approach.

One day, watching a dance troupe rehearsing in Bandung, this one dancer brought the masks astonishingly to life — it was Pak Nugraha. And a skinny little 18-year-old kid played thundering drums — Undang. Never saw them again until a year later, when they got off the plane at SFO with Irawati, Nining, and Pak Rutjita to teach at the Center. Bob Brown had visited with Pak Enoch Atmadibrata in Bandung — the wise old man of Sundanese Culture — and put together this group.

Meanwhile, back in Berkeley there had been a lot of remodeling work to be done on the Julia Morgan building to get ready for the arrival of the teachers. It is truly a remarkable place, and being able to work on restoring it closer to its original appearance was a unique pleasure. I am grateful to Bob Brown and Sam and everyone in the ASEA hierarchy who afforded me that rare opportunity.

With the start of the new program, I thought at last there might be a whole uninterrupted year with Pak Rutjita to really concentrate on masks... But within days, the Sundanese teachers felt under pressure to put their summer concert together using only beginning gamelan students (the Javanese and Balinese groups had their corps of experienced veterans, but the Sundanese program was brand new in America). Pak Nugraha, in near panic, pleaded with me, you gotta help with the gamelan! (about which I knew nothing), and also, you gotta help us put the Concert together! (about which I REALLY knew nothing — moreover, turns out it's a lot of hard, thankless work, as I'm sure most of you know only too well). So, yet again, events conspired to get in the way of mask carving. I'm probably the only person who didn't learn one minute of a useful skill that year — seemed there was always a lot of energy being expended just to keep the lid on, and the bottom from falling out, around The Center for World Music. Sure was a fascinating place to be around, though...

I was, however, completely determined to help get the Sundanese Program established in America. I felt that the folk-ish nature of the culture, plus its earthy good humor would have a place here. And I was determined to repay the incredible hospitality and kindness of the Sundanese people, who had graciously opened so many doors. To that end, for several months — drove down and back with Pak Nugraha and Undang every week, crowded into a little VW Beetle — in the rain, in the dark — to U.C. Santa Cruz to help get the new gamelan program established there. Then, in 1976, when Undang came back to UCSC full time, he also brought over a new Gamelan Degung for Lou Harrison. So, again, drove down to San Jose every week to help get it started (Degung — yet another topic about which I knew nothing...). In 1977, through the good graces of Ms. Beate Gordon, was enlisted to accompany Asia Society's Topeng and Pencak tour around the country. That was fun — all I had to do was drive the truck full of instruments from concert to concert and hang out with the guys (knew how to do THAT, for a change!).

Nothing warms my heart more than the fact that Undang's U.C. Santa Cruz Program is still going strong all these years later, with the continuing good efforts of U.C. Professors (and Center for World Music alums) Kathy Foley and Linda Burman Hall. Thousands of students have been exposed to gamelan by now, and many have gone on to advanced studies in Indonesian culture.

But shortly after that brief excursion into gamelan programs, and after a failed attempt to start our own group, and especially after the horrific implosion of

ASEA/CWM, I'd finally had enough, and retired from the gamelan wars for good. Went back to the peaceful, harmonious, happy existence working with the paper and wood I'd been with long before the Center came to town, and have been working with ever since. Went on to other places — Africa with Doctors Without Borders in the 80ís, and Eastern Europe in the 90ís. Never have found, in the modern world, the Srivijayaí faces I've been looking for — other things always seemed to be getting in the way. But then again, maybe coming up empty is not so bad — perhaps it's the search itself that really counts...

Lauren Paul

She studied Bharata Natyam in 1972, 1973, 1974

For the past few years (since '01) I've been reinventing my life. I left my job teaching BN at Wesleyan and my job as a massage therapist at Canyon Ranch and started over. I am now an acupuncturist for people and companion animals. I attended school at The Tai Sophia Institute in Maryland. I rented out my home in the Berkshires packed up my dog (Edward) and my cat (Artemisia) and spent 3 amazing years learning acupuncture.

Other than that my dance activities in the past several years have been participating in international folk dance evenings (in MD). Now that I'm back in the Berkshires I'm concentrating all my energy building my practice. I sure do miss dancing and . . . for my music hit I sing tenor in the Berkshire Bach Society chorus. That's the news.

The olds is a different story. I still consider some of the folks I met at ASEA among my dearest friends. The opportunity to be in the presence of awesome greatness with Bala, Ranga, and Viswa was a life's treasure. Knowing people like Bob Brown, Jan Steward, Luise Scripps, was positively formative. My fellow students Masa, CiCi, Aggie, Bonnie, Karen, Nancy, Kay, Ellen, Medha, Jody, Doug, Peter, Mark, Woody, Rick, Rusty, David, on and on — opened a world to me that was education at its truest and most valuable. It really makes me crazy that I can't come and be with the collected celebrants. I would love to get a list of attendees and have email addresses. I wish I could express what an important part of my life that time was. Words fail me. Thank you for all your work in getting this celebration together — enjoy –

Lisa Gold

She began her studies in 1974, and has continued with World Music ever since

When I tell people that I'm an ethnomusicologist specializing in Balinese and Javanese music they always ask, So, how did you get into that anyway? Here's how I begin: In the summer of 1974 (at the age of 20) I was spending the summer picking apples and plums on a farm in Sonoma when I went on a medieval music weekend intensive at this place called the Center for World Music in

Berkeley. LaNoue Davenport was teaching early music and it was a wonderful workshop. (I still remember some of the songs and pieces we learned). But what I left with extended far beyond the other-ness of the medieval era of the west, to the other-ness of Indonesia and India. The Center for World Music students were giving performances in Solkattu, Bharat Natyam, Sundanese and Balinese gamelan, and I was swept away.

The year before making the profound discovery of this wonderful place, I had been searching for a program to continue my studies in early music and baroque flute (and North Indian flute) that I had begun at Dartington in Devonshire, England the year before. I hadn't been satisfied with any programs until I stumbled on the Center and was immediately convinced. The force of the attraction exerted on me by this new and magical world of sound and performing arts led me to move to Berkeley and enroll in something like 9 courses!

I was not alone in my enthusiasm. I was surrounded by students as serious and devoted to learning as I was. I still vividly remember many of the students and teachers who all contributed to the holistic learning experience that would remain with me for life. Rather than try to list them all here I will just jot down some memories:

The experience and approach to study was complete immersion. The whole environment of the Center inspired this. Even the Julia Morgan building provided a sacred space for entering this other world: the smell of the wood; the golden light shafts shining through stained glass windows right onto the bonang kettles; the smell of garlic peanuts cooking emanating from the kitchen on wayang nights; the sound of Bob Brown practicing organ in the darkened chapel while many of us lay in the dark listening; people practicing in every nook and cranny so that sounds in the common spaces merged and gradually came into focus as you approached them; constant performances by the outstanding teachers from India and Indonesia.

Some memories that stay with me are: Pak Rucita (Sundanese dalang) bringing a half-carved wayang golek character to life during a lesson ñ animating it so that it breathed; Lenny Pitt and Nyoman Wenten doing an outstanding Balinese topeng performance; all night Javanese wayang; Balinese Semar Pegulingan, gambuh, gambang, gender wayang; performing with the Sundanese gamelan at an SEM conference in SF and feeling so superior to those ethnomusicologists who were eating and talking during our performance; studying Sundanese gamelan with Undang Sumarna and Pak Nugraha (my addiction to bonang patterns and interlocking saron); pencak silat with Pak Nugraha; Sundanese dance with Irawati and Pak Nugraha; Balinese wayang with Sumandhi; Sundanese wayang golek with Pak Rucita; Central Javanese wayang with Pak Sutrisno; gender wayang with Sumandhi and John Badanes; gambuh with Pak

Sinti; South Indian flute and solkattu; Bob's Carnatic music theory class; South Indian vocal music with Padma in her apartment that was permeated with the smells of Indian cooking and ending each lesson sharing a meal with her family. Each of these teachers gave me such a depth of understanding of the interconnectedness of the performing arts and aesthetics and worldview that could not have been conveyed in other circumstances. The compartmentalized approach to learning in my subsequent educational experiences just could not measure up to these holistic, lived, learning experiences.

Sadly the Center could not sustain such a rich program and as one by one my teachers left, so did I. Years later, after going through the music program at UCLA while continuing gamelan studies with Pak Cokro at Cal Arts, then Wayan Suweca, Harjito and others, and then joining Gamelan Sekar Jaya in Berkeley, studying in Bali with other outstanding artists since 1981, and now with a PhD in ethnomusicology from U.C. Berkeley and performing with Larry Reed's Shadow Play Theater Company gender wayang ensemble, Gamelan Sekar Jaya, and Gamelan Sari Raras, I still look back at those initial experiences that I had at the Center for World Music as some of the most intensive, meaningful times. It is this kind of learning that I hope I can pass on to my own students.

Keith Terry

He first visited in 1974, and returned to study in 1975

I stumbled across the Center for World Music while on tour with a New York company. We were in Berkeley to play Zellerbach Hall, and a friend suggested I check out the Center. The Javanese gamelan class was playing when I walked into that dark, wooden and so soulful Julia Morgan building. It was the first time I heard the gongs LIVE and I swear it instantly and permanently changed the way I heard all music. I had been listening to the usual Nonesuch recordings for a couple of years prior to that moment, but my LPs never moved air like the real thing. Before long, I found myself back in Berkeley for a summer session and soon after, moved to California to be near the music that was being played and taught at the Center. The Center for World Music altered my path, sending me in unexpected artistic and social directions for which I will always be thankful.

Nancy Karp

She attended 1973 Seattle, 1974 Berkeley, and continued with the Balasaraswati School; her specialty was Bharata Natyam

I first attended ASEA right after graduating from Cal Arts where I had met T. Viswanathan and T. Ranganathan and then T. Balasaraswati and Lakshmi. After briefly studying Carnatic music at Cal Arts, my special interest was in Bharata Natyam along with my involvement with modern dance and choreography.

I saw Bala perform the previous summer at Mills College, and was on the edge of my seat during most of the performance. Tears ran down my cheeks as she performed padams; she was exquisite. At the time I was unfamiliar with the form, but drawn to the style, and the following summer immersed myself in Bala's classes in Seattle.

I continued to study with Bala, Lakshmi and Ramiah through 1977, which included traveling with a number of others to Connecticut College, where Bala taught at the American Dance Festival. I also assisted Luise Scripps in setting up the Balasaraswati School of Music and Dance in the mid-late 1970s in Berkeley. This became a vehicle for Luise to continue to teach classes to Bala's students during the fall, winter and spring months for a number of years and to continue to bring Bala to the U.S. after the closing of the Center for World Music in Berkeley.

My early exposure and study of Bharata Natyam and Carnatic music at ASEA/CWM played a significant role in my development as an artist. In the mid-1970s I was absorbed in learning new forms, structures and approaches in composition. My studies began to inform the way in which I thought about and developed work. By 1980 however, I found it essential to move beyond these formative experiences and to discover an artistic vocabulary. In this process, I avoided direct reference to the surface or techniques of the arts of India, and over the past two decades I have developed a body of work not identifiably related to these years of study.

In recent years, I felt a need to return to India to look again at the traditions which influenced my process. I received a Senior Research Fulbright Fellowship in 1995-96, which enabled me to travel to India where I spent a significant amount of time seeing the forms within their own context. This was very meaningful to me, and upon my return I developed over a two-year period the evening-length work, KALASAM for my dance company. This was the first work that reflected my affection for India and its art forms.

I am deeply grateful to ASEA/CWM for the training and lifelong friends made some 30 years ago.

Susan Otori

She attended in 1974-75 and also had a World Music radio show on local station KPFA at the time, which broadcast many events related to the Center

Aside from the classes with wonderful teachers from Bali, Sunda, and South India whom I was so fortunate to have studied with, and the incredible concerts, the experience of which most of you shared, I would offer to share one perspective which was probably unique. I think it was the summer of 1975 when I was offered a work/study position as Tape Librarian and given a luxurious office in a closet next to the basement workshop of Lou Harrison and Bill Colvig.

Access to an archive of earlier ASEA concerts offered a treasure trove of amazing performances recorded on reel-to-reel tapes, now an obsolete medium. (Where are those tapes now? Have they been transferred to digital form? They should not be lost and forgotten!)

But perhaps the best part of this experience was being close neighbors with Lou and Bill and seeing them almost every day that summer. Dear, dedicated, driven, prickly, fickle, funny, loveable human beings I miss hugely.

Which brings to mind a number of other great musicians who are no longer among us — and it's not that we have gotten so much older ourselves and this is the natural course of life. I'm thinking of Nikhil Bannerjee, his performances touching the sublime and gone too soon. And Vishwanathan, who remembered my name after so many years not seeing him and even though I was not his student. I truly regret not attending his last Albuquerque concert. We were indeed blessed to have had the Center for World Music in that particular time and place and to have known and experienced all of those incredible musicians.

Fortunately, much of that spirit carries on in other forms in diverse places. So I regret not being able to attend this celebration of a very special era, but send warm greetings. I continue to produce weekly radio programs of world music on public radio KSFR, 90.7fm, Santa Fe (streaming on the web <http://www.ksfr.org>, Monday nights 9-midnight MT).¹

Emily Mayne in Los Angeles

She attended from 1974 until the CWM closed in the Bay Area, studying many, many kinds of music and dance. Her main interest was Bharata Natyam.

I went to the Center for World Music in the summer of 1974. Just for the summer, I told my friends at the ballet studio, then I'll be back.

The world class artists who performed at the Center for World Music were amazing, and my memories of the performances that I experienced will always be with me. I was young and the world's arts were all new to me, but I recognized greatness on the stage when I saw it.

The classes — I studied four different kinds of dance and three different kinds of music — were equally amazing and provided challenges that I didn't know the performing arts could offer. I will always be grateful to Sam and Luise for providing me with such riches.

I was not aware at the time of the profound way in which my spirit was being transformed, how the whole rest of my life was going to veer off in a unique direction. My aesthetic values, my dancer's eye, my ear for music would never be the same, and I found myself addicted to an organization that was providing me with the artistic nourishment that my soul would now forever need.

That addiction placed me in the middle of a dilemma: a school from which a dedicated student could never graduate and which appeared to be in danger of disappearing. Of course now with thirty years of perspective I can see that my life didn't end when the Center for World Music did, nor did I ever hunger for the artistic fix that my new addiction required. I have, however, needed to spend those thirty years fearlessly working to integrate my transformed spirit into the American marketplace, a complex and creative task.

Occasionally I wonder what my life would have been like without that summer program since I never went back to the ballet studio.

Betty Wong

She attended 1974, studying music.

I will always cherish that summer and have told my students and colleagues for years of the incredible non-stop world music, dance etc. gatherings that were practically 'made in heaven'.

It was the summer when east bay transit also went on strike so people were in the streets soliciting rides etc. Like many, I enrolled in as many classes I could fit in, for Chinese music, South and North Indian music in particular. My Chinese music ensemble, the Flowing Stream Ensemble performed during one of the many concerts.

At the memorial for Nikhil Bannerjee [ca. 1986], my sister Shirley and I came with our Chinese indigenous instruments and played. Since those days, the FSE went on for a number of years performing and recording and teaching. The ensemble then became the Phoenix Spring Ensemble where I incorporated many of the musical languages I studied and heard at ASEA that summer and eventually settled on the cultures of the ancient Silk Road. Our first CD which came out in 1996 IN XINJIANG TIME, (Xinjiang being the Northwest Province of China bordering Pakistan and Tibet) has just been nominated cd album for 2004 under the Asian/ethnic category.

I could say much more of those formative years in my musical education and of the cherished friends that were made there. Thanks.

Anne Stebinger

She attended 1974 -75, studying all types of gamelan.

There is no doubt that the summer of 1974 was a life-changing experience for me. I had never heard anything like those sounds before. My most intense memory was of a Nikhil Banerjee concert. He came on at about 2 am after a Javanese wayang. It was at the end of one of those incredible World Music Festivals that started at 11 am and went until practically dawn the next day. I remember being on sensory overload and deliriously happy.

I studied Balinese and Sundanese gamelan at the Center since you had to audition to get into the Javanese group. I loyally disapproved of Javanese gamelan since my teachers told me (jokingly, it seemed) that it was boring. But my Balinese and Sundanese teachers went home and when Pak Cokro arrived I fell under the spell. I ended up moving to Solo, Central Java, to study in 1980 and lived there for three years.(I still go back to Solo for the summer every two or three years.)

In 1983 I found myself job hunting in New York City and stopped by the Indonesian Consulate. They told me I wouldn't want to work there since they paid less than minimum wage but would I teach some gamelan? Marc Perlman, Deena Burton and I started a group and we're still going strong. About ten years ago I.M. Harjito agreed to be our artistic director and he started coming down from Wesleyan for rehearsals. At this point he leads two rehearsals a month, which makes all the difference.

I would love to be at the reunion but I've got other commitments so I won't be able to make it this time. I'd be really happy to hear from anyone that's inclined, though. Many, many thanks to Bob, Sam and Luise. You created a truly inspiring environment that affected me profoundly.

Annie Hallatt in Berkeley

She attended 1972, 73, 74 studying many subjects, eventually specializing in mask making

Martin Bartlett first brought me to Mills College to see an all night wayang. He and I were the Art and Music teachers at Pacific High School in the Santa Cruz mountains.

I was raised as a Modern Dancer — however I have never been so challenged as I was by the 4 different forms of dance from Indonesia I studied. What a wonderful experience. I was quite struck by the Masked Dance I learned in the West Java class. I moved to Sausalito and began working with Beggars Theatre, a masked theatre which came from the Peter Schumann Bread and Puppet Theater from Vermont. I turned Chris Hardman, the director, onto the Indonesian Experience which I'd had, and the resultant fusion of Schumann and Java/Bali rocked!

I had been so happy to be wrapped in the sustained village culture at the Center, that we recreated it in Sausalito, including theatre, dance and music. There I started my mask business which I still operate today, *Masque Arrayed*, which among other things, supplied the masks for The Phantom of the Opera.

Aggie Brenneman

She attended 1974-75, studying Bharata Natyam.

I had been living in North India for 4 years where I was studying Bharata Natyam with a Kalakshetra trained teacher. I will never forget the day when he told me, if you get a chance, you must see Balasaraswati perform. Above all, she is number one.

After returning to the USA, I phoned ASEA to ask if anyone was teaching Bharata Natyam in the SF Bay Area. I was astounded to hear that Balasaraswati was teaching at the Center for World Music that summer of 1974. With great trepidation I walked into the large dance space at St. John's where the experienced students were excitedly greeting each other. To everyone's great disappointment, we were told that Bala's arrival was delayed a day. I went home feeling very insecure and told my husband that I felt as though I had just stepped into a cult of Balasaraswati worshipers, but was not yet allowed to enter the temple.

The next day the room was filled with excited dancers, stretching and discussing pieces that they had learned in previous classes with Bala. After 4 years in India, I was definitely going through reverse culture shock. I While I became comfortable living in a traditional Indian setting, wearing a sari and caring for my new-born baby, I had missed the whole "burn the bra" period in America, and felt alien in the American culture that received me, including this setting. As we got word that the teachers were just arriving with Luise Scripps, a reverential hush filled the room. One of the dancers whispered in my ear, you'd better take off those long earrings. Bala won't like them which I found strange since I had worn them constantly in India. And then they walked in, Balasaraswati, elegantly taking the lead, with Lakshmi by her side. Introductions were made; I was one of the few new dance students. Lakshmi beamed at me with a warm welcoming smile; we made an immediate connection and finally I felt at home.

Although I had already performed my arengetram in India, I had to start over as a beginning student to become trained in Balama's style. Classes were long and arduous for me, a mother of two babies, but Bala and Lakshmi were incredibly encouraging, often helping me juggle my kids while I danced. And what a summer it was! Though I had studied Bharata Natyam intensely in India, my dance training truly began that summer of 1974 with Lakshmi, Ramiah, and Balasaraswati. The formal structure of dance adavus, combined with inspiring demonstrations of abhinaya by Bala and Lakshmi, provided an instruction so complete that it often took my breath away.

What followed was another summer with Balasaraswati in Berkeley, dance institutes at the American Dance Festivals, and many trips to Balama's home in Chennai during a 5 year period when I lived in Nepal and Malaysia.

Now as I pass on the tradition to my 50 students, I often tell stories of my experiences in studying with Balasaraswati. For example, when a student asked,

Balama, do I tighten the abdominal muscle or relax it? Bala looked at her seriously and said, Be calm, not B-Complex. Just see and do.

I fondly recall every memory of studying with Balasaraswati, Lakshmi, Viswa, Ranga, Ramadass, and Ramiah; and cherish the loving friendship I had with Lakshmi. I am forever grateful to ASEA and the Center for World Music for having opened this chapter in my life.

Jody Diamond

She started gamelan in 1970 at Cal Arts, and has been with it ever since.

"Come and see these weird instruments," was my first invitation into the Javanese gamelan room at Cal Arts. It was 1970, and I'd just started college at age 17. My friend opened the door and I stepped into a room full of instruments I had never seen before; the rebab, with its outstretched arms, looked particularly mysterious. I could not even guess what they were — I sensed I could stay up all night forever and not be able to fake an answer. So my first gift from the gamelan was the realization that I still had something to learn — my mind opened to an unknown world.

I started sitting in on rehearsals. Bob Brown was in Indonesia arranging for our teachers, so initially some more experienced American students led the way. The new students were those who had just started at Cal Arts, an experimental school in its first year. So the only students with gamelan experience were the ones who had followed Bob from Wesleyan, among them Andy Toth, John and Nancy (Florida) Pemberton, and Alan Feinstein.

My first assignment was to play ketuk for Gendhing Bonang Tukung P7, alongside newcomer Daniel Schmidt on the kenong. Someone told me to count to eight, play, then count to eight again, play. I had no idea what I was doing, or what anyone else was doing. There was no notation. Then I was assigned to kempul. "Play on 3, 5, and 7," were the instructions. I was clueless. One day I had a private lesson with Andy Toth. I was trying to memorize the Yogya version of Ladrang Bimakurda, in particular the snake-like melody of the third gongan: 5 6 3 5 2 3 5 6 5 7 6 5 6 3 5 3 2 6 5 6 7 6 5 3 2 1 2 1 6 5 3 6 5. I thought I would never get it! Then — all of a sudden, as the saying goes — I looked down and my hand was playing by itself. I was totally still; I watched my hand move up and down on the demung, playing the right notes. It was like the gamelan was playing me instead of the other way around. I had never experienced anything like this: it was probably the first moment of ego-quiet I had ever known. I didn't exist — there was just a point of stillness, and the music moved around it. Nothing moved forward, time was a totally encompassing musical circle.

At that moment I knew: I am going to play this music for the rest of my life.

The plans for the 1971 ASEA summer program seemed to coalesce around that time. Bob's idea was to take experienced gamelan students to Indonesia to study as a group. Eighteen students were chosen in all, I think, and we spent 5 months together preparing for the trip. I remember being told to "listen to the drum" to know when to change from one piece to another, but I have to confess that no matter how hard I tried, I didn't hear anything.

We left for Indonesia in May of 1971 — four weeks after I turned 18, making me the youngest member of the group. We stopped in Solo, where we sat as quietly as possible on the marble floor of the Mangkunegaran while Bob made the Nagra recording that would become the first of the Nonesuch Javanese Court Gamelan series. Then Sam Scripps bought the beautiful Javanese gamelan Kyai Udan Mas, which was packed up and taken to Bali with the rest of the group for a three month study program.

We set up camp at the Campuan Hotel in Ubud, which was the former home of Walter Spies. The gamelan was in the dining pavilion, and the rest of us were in little houses dotting the hillside above the river. We had our wonderful Javanese teachers with us, including Bu Tukinem to teach pesindhen. At one point there was a clamor to learn some Balinese gamelan since we were in Bali. Bob arranged for the Semar Pegulingan from Teges to be moved to our "campus." We studied during the day, and in the evening the musicians from Teges walked a mile or so to practice on their instruments. After a while, the instruments went back to Teges, and we students did the traveling.

In the summer of 1972, we all went to Mills College for the ASEA summer program. I was still mystified as to how Andy Toth always knew how to make the transition from Gangsaran to Bimakurda — I remember marveling at him during one of our concerts in the Greek Theater at Mills College. This was the year I first heard about "the feeling." Pak Cokro would say that someone had played kempul or kenong with "Javanese feeling." Once he told me I had. He was the only one who knew when it happened — I myself could not tell.

In the summer of 1973 we all went to Seattle for the ASEA summer program (and those great Arjuna buttons, one of which still hangs in my study). Supadmi came as pesindhen, and with her inspiring example, I entered the world of Javanese vocal music. I also remember unsuccessfully trying to convince Steve Reich not to use notation in our Balinese gamelan class. I had learned that keeping the eyes busy often meant the ears and spirit were less open, and that was where the playing of gamelan seemed most glorious. That fall, Pak Cokro and everyone else moved to Berkeley. By that time I was full time at UCLA; I convinced them I had to transfer to U.C. Berkeley to learn Indonesian and anthropology. But I really moved to study gamelan.

The summer of 1974 was the grand gathering of world-class artists and fanatically focused students that is being celebrated at this reunion. Our vocal

teacher was Bu Bei Mardusari, who sang like a lion and smiled like a kitten. I loved her. A group of us learned to sing the Javanese poems called macapat, and then were shocked at the end of the summer to find out we had to dance and sing at the same time because we had actually been studying the opera-like Langendriyan!

During the years in Berkeley, we gave many presentations at elementary schools, with Pak Cokro playing gamelan and Nanik and Wenten dancing. Did those children realize how lucky they were? I was honored to be the one to "talk to the kids," and I am sure this laid the groundwork for my later work in school programs. (Ironically, today I would ask the artists themselves to speak directly to the audience in Indonesian or English, and follow with translation or clarification.) Of course all this moving around meant I was also following Bob Brown, although I didn't see it that way at the time. Only years later, when I found myself designing and administrating summer gamelan programs myself, did I begin to appreciate Bob's inspiration and vision, and well as the challenges of budgets and schedules and visas. He brought the best artists in the world to teach beginners. This was awe-inspiring for us, and when it was time to do concerts, the audience had the arts at their most excellent. Sometimes we felt that all the performing was interfering with our studies. But in subsequent trips to Java, I found that the breadth of knowledge and experience Pak Cokro had given us during preparations for all those concerts was immensely valuable and far-reaching. And the gift Bob made available to all those audiences — the arts of the world at their finest — certainly had an impact on lives, both known and unknown, that cannot be measured.

In January of 1976, the gamelan Kyai Udan Mas, along with teachers and student entourage, went to San Jose State at the invitation of Lou Harrison for a January session and a semester. Bob taught a world music class. By that time, I was informally Pak Cokro's teaching assistant, which was how I got tapped to help Lou Harrison make instrumental parts for his first compositions for Javanese gamelan.

We had a wonderful summer of 1976 in Madison (like Berkeley, a town with good coffee). Pak Cokro slept by the gong to find the name of their new gamelan in his dreams: Kyai Telaga Rukmi (Venerable Lake of Gold). I learned to sail and missed a noon concert of Indian dance when the wind died while I was mid-lake. Once I arrived for rehearsal when the gamelan was already playing. I was sure I heard someone singing, even though I saw no one; it turned out to be a "magical" effect of Pak Cokro's rebab playing.

When we came back to Berkeley there were big changes. My beloved Kyai Udan Mas had moved to U.C. Berkeley, Pak Cokro was going back to Cal Arts, the Center for World Music was going to San Diego. This was a major diaspora from my perspective! Concerned, I sat in on Bonnie Wade's first class in Music of

Southeast Asia, and was surprised to hear that Pak Cokro would be coming to teach weekly, assisted by Daniel Schmidt and Jody Diamond. So I taught gamelan and finished my B.A. at the same time.

I taught at U.C. Berkeley until 1988, when I left to spend a year in Java on a Senior Fulbright, doing a survey of Indonesian composers and experimental music for traditional instruments (did someone say gamelan?). We moved to the east coast two years later, when my husband took a composition job at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire (where, without Ken Worthy and Carla Fabrizio's inspiration to start the gamelan internet list, I would be truly lost). I continue to teach gamelan whenever and where ever I can, and to work on various publishing and recording projects.

The Center for World Music and I parted company in 1976, but everything I have done since has grown from that time, indeed, my entire adult life, could be seen as starting from the seed of my first entrance into the gamelan room at Cal Arts. It's as if the power of the gamelan and the community of "gamelan-lovers" created a unique evolving culture, one that took root in our erstwhile American lives and made Indonesian arts part of who we are. How else would it be possible that 34 years after my first trip to Indonesia, I still know virtually everyone who was in the group, and most of them are still involved in Indonesia in some way? How can we explain that this 30 year reunion is being planned and attended not by strangers recently reunited, but by long-term friends in close communication who often still perform and learn together?

In Indonesia, people often ask why I like gamelan so much. Sometimes I tell the story of the demung that played Bimakurda by itself. Sometimes I take inspiration from Pak Susilo and answer: *didalam pelajaran karawitan adalah pelajaran kehidupan.* (In the study of gamelan are the lessons of life.)

May the waves of the gong continue unimpeded.

Robert E. Brown in Istanbul/then San Diego/then Bali

He, of course, was a Board member of early ASEA; director of several ASEA Summer Programs; then Executive Director/President of The Center for World Music — from 1974 in Berkeley, for the past 30 years to the present day, in San Diego.

[Compiled from several messages:] Personally I consider Balasaraswati to be the most astonishing human being I have had the privilege of knowing (and I've been fortunate to have known quite a few great ones — a number of whom were there in 1974). I feel lucky to have lived during her time on earth, to have seen 15 different versions of Krishna Ni Begane Baro, and to have been a close and cherished friend. She once paid me the greatest compliment of my long and sometimes hectic life.

The whole idea behind the Center for World Music was to make something solid and logical,...to encompass a program with a full global perspective [not just a temporary summer program]. Fortunately, Sam Scripps showed great enthusiasm for the idea and the acquisition of St. John's Church in Berkeley. Luckily we avoided purchasing the old synagogue on Geary Blvd. in San Francisco, which had a palpable heaviness—it was eventually used by Jim Jones and his followers [The Peoples Temple] before they went to Guiana.

To try and represent the field of South Indian music, and to ensure that the South Indian program could continue if Bala and members of her family should pass on, I decided in 1975 to bring the leading male singer of the time, K.V. Narayanaswamy, Palghat Ragu, who some considered to be the leading mridangam player, T.N. Krishnan, one of two leading violinists, V. Nagarajan, the great kanjira player, and Vinayakaram, the ghatam player, who became a part of John McLaughlin's Shakti Group, and is still touring today. Truly a stellar group, who reassembled in Chennai in 1999 when I arrived with a group of students while teaching on board the Semester at Sea's SS Universe Explorer. The concerts by this group that are still in the Center's archive are nothing short of astounding.

[I am working hard on this year's] Payangan Festival—Bali is suffering tremendously from the lack of tourists, and last year the government was unable to furnish funds at the last minute. I just wanted it to happen no matter what the cost. But you can bet that I'm working hard to find support for the 2004 festival! [Writing in August, 2004 from Bali, in the midst of this year's Festival:] I still haven't found the support that is needed, but it is a very satisfying part of the present Bali Workshop, with about 28 people in residence. Last night, Sumandhi gave a bang-up Wayang performance in four languages!

This Sunday about 15 Rotarians from Ubud will be treated to a Madras curry, an illustrated history of Indonesian music with contributions from four old ladies pounding rice, the selunding and gambang groups I've been sponsoring for twelve years, and they will have their chance to try out a hands-on with the Javanese gamelan. On Monday Oemartopo and two musicians will arrive from Java to tune the instruments and give some further lessons. I've asked Sumandhi to help me arrange the children's portion of the 2004 Payangan Festival and we plan to sponsor some amazingly spry dancers of yesteryear (Jimat's mother is 82), and so it goes. Oemartopo refuses to wear his store teeth because it interferes with his singing, but he is still a powerful dalang, and about the best friend one could hope to have. We share a more or less gentle approach to the human comedy....