

R.O.C.I. FILES TO NYC

MAY, 1986

SUBJECT FILE: PRESS, PUBLICITY

- New York Times 8/3/85: "Rauschenberg Carrying His Art to Many Lands" 2 copies
- Newsweek 6/10/85: Newsmakers p. 61...RR with Altar Peace in National Gallery
4 copies
- GEO Magazine 11/83: "Rauschenberg: The World Is His Studio" p.64 4 copies
- TIME Magazine 1/24/83: "The Arcadian as Utopian" (review of New York exhibits
and ROCI description) 4 copies
- New York Magazine 12/27/82: "Rauschenberg's Renaissance" p. 50 one copy
- USA Today newspaper 5/31/85: "A Brush with Rauschenberg's World" one copy
- The Washington Times 5/31/85: "Rauschenberg's Worldwide Art Exchange" p. 5B
2 copies
- The Orlando Sentinel 10/12/85: "Rauschenberg Takes his Show on the Road"
(AP story from Caracas) p. E-2 one copy
- The Washington Post 6/1/85: "Rauschenberg, the Art Explorer" p. 1D one copy
- ARTnews Magazine 2/83: "Rauschenberg: The World Is My Palette" p.54 one copy
- New York Times 1/1/84: "Best Wishes for the Arts" (RR quote on ROCI) one copy
- New York Times 12/20/84: "Rauschenberg's 'Rocky' Starting Next April" p.19
one copy
- Chicago Tribune 10/10/85: "Art Exhibit will change as it travels" (UPI story
from Caracas) one copy
- St. Petersburg (Fl.) Times 9/27/85: "Rauschenberg tour reaches Venezuela"
(UPI story from Caracas) one copy
- Bangkok Post 3/17/83: "Prodigal artist fights for Utopia" p. 10 one copy
- Chilean University Life Winter 1986: "Rauschenberg Work Illustrates
Chilean Cultural Diversity"
p. 3 one copy

CHILEAN UNIVERSITY LIFE

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

WINTER 1986



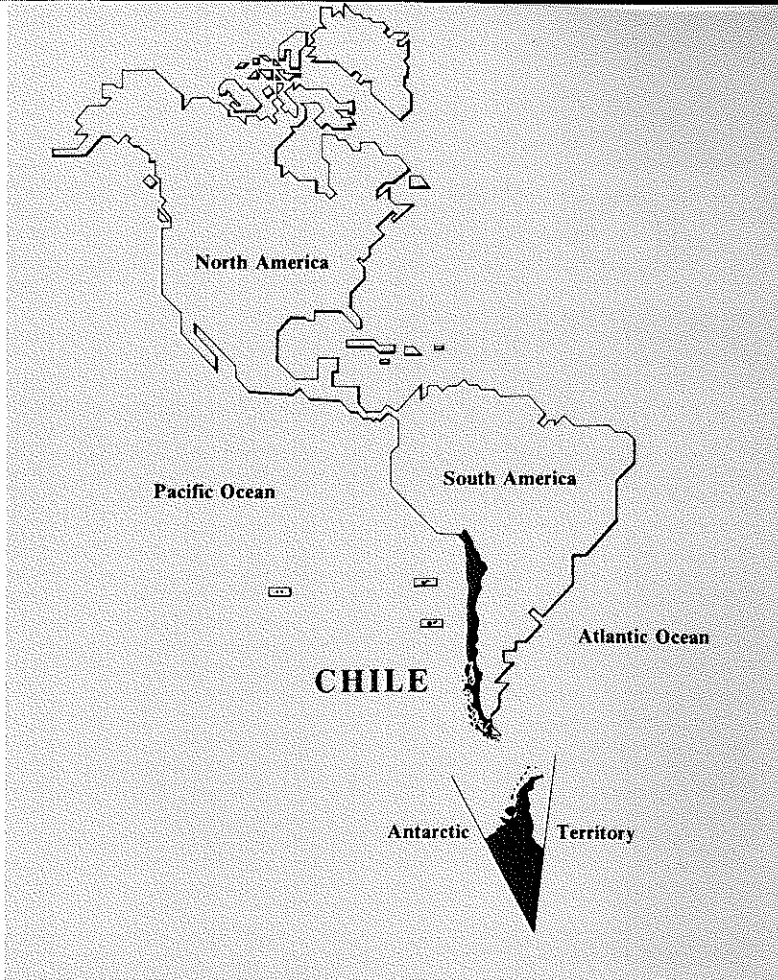
Façade of the University of Santa María at Valparaíso. (An ongoing link between U.S.M. and Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge — see page 8)

or research pur
RFA10 Robert

This bulletin is a quarterly publication which can be obtained free of charge upon written request. Additional information on this subject may be requested from: Embassy of Chile, Cultural Department, 1732 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Editor: Mario Correa, Cultural Attaché, Embassy of Chile in the United States of America

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Rauschenberg Work Illustrates Chilean Cultural Diversity

Copperhead Grande, The second in a series of major works by the contemporary American artist Robert Rauschenberg and a result of that artist's recent work in Chile, was on display in August, 1985, at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Copperhead Grande, the largest of more than a dozen over-screened copper plate pieces made in Chile for exhibition at the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes in Santiago, was selected by the artist as representative of Chilean culture and regional identities.

The work combines acrylic paint, silk-screening and a chemical etch on three

copper panels measuring twelve feet by seven and one-half feet. The copper acts as a glossy, full mirror, reflecting the viewer and the environment as well as giving a floating, transparent sense to the depicted images, Rauschenberg's choice of industrial, urban and rural Chilean subjects which he photographed and transferred to copper, overpainted and silkscreened.

Copperhead Grande was created for an innovative project between the Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange (ROCI) and the National Gallery of Art, an evolving exhibition which began with some 200 Rauschenberg works created during the

last ten years and augmented by new works celebrating the different cultural identities of twenty-two countries. One representative work from each country is to be shown at the National Gallery and after a world tour there will be an exhibition at the National Gallery in 1988 or 1989.

Mr. Rauschenberg's first major ROCI piece, *Altar Peace*, representing Mexico, was shown at the National Gallery of Art in June, 1985. Mr. Rauschenberg works with local painters, writers and artisans in each country to convey the regional and cultural characteristics of each of the twenty-two countries where he will be creating objects in a variety of media in an attempt to promote world peace and understanding through art.

Born in Texas (1925), Robert Rauschenberg participated in Theater Piece #1 (the first "Happening" — 1949) and has presented multi-media exhibitions throughout the world since 1951. His works are owned by and on exposition in major museums on various continents and his international honors range from a Grammy award to honorary doctoral degrees.

Basic Data

OFFICIAL NAME: Republic of Chile

LOCATION: Western seaboard of South America

FIRST EUROPEAN TO SIGHT CHILEAN SHORES: Ferdinand Magellan, October 21, 1520. Portuguese navigator sailing under the Spanish flag.

SIZE:

A. Area

a) Continent: 756,626 km² (includes 180 km² of Oceania-Easter Island and other islands off the Chilean coast)

b) Antarctica: 1,250,000 km²

B. Length

Territory from the northern boundary (Concord Line) to South Pole: 8,000 km

Continental Chile: 4,200 km (17° - 56° south latitude)

BOUNDARIES:

East — Bolivia and Argentina (generally along the high peaks of the Andes)

West — Pacific Ocean (sovereignty extending to 200 nautical miles)

North — Peru (Concord Line)

South — South Pole

OFFICIAL LANGUAGE: Spanish

POPULATION: 12,500,000

Urban population 83.12%

Annual rate of growth of total population 1.7

Principal immigrants: Spanish, German, English, Italian, Israeli, Czechoslovakian, Yugoslavian, Arab

Birth rate per 1000 inhabitants: 21.2

Years of life expectancy at birth (1980-1985) 67.1

PRINCIPAL CITIES:

Name	Population (1984)
Santiago	4,722,528
Valparaíso (principal port)	1,326,834
Concepción	776,758
Antofagasta	336,219

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISION: Territory divided into 12 regions and a Metropolitan Area: Santiago. Each region is divided into Provinces and each Province into Districts (Comunas).

EDUCATION:

Free: compulsory through 8th grade

Literacy rate: 94.2%

School calendar: March through December

Preschool (Nursery and Kindergarten): 4 years, age 0-5

Elementary School: 8 years, age 6-14

High School: 4 years, age: 15-18

Arts and Science (College preparatory)

Technical-Vocational (industrial, technical, commercial, agricultural)

University: Varies between 4 and 6 years with most courses lasting 5 years.



Copperhead Grande. Left to right: Robert Rauschenberg, His Excellency Hernán Felipe Errázuriz, Ambassador of Chile to the United States and John Carter Brown of the National Gallery of Art, in front of the artist's work

Rauschenberg tour reaches Venezuela

By SALLY WEEKS
United Press International

CARACAS, Venezuela — A one-of-a-kind art exhibit, evolving throughout the decade as it travels the globe with its creator, Robert Rauschenberg, has reached the third spot on its 22-nation itinerary. Artist Rauschenberg says he is soaking up inspiration as he travels around the world.

The exhibit is now on display at the Caracas Museum of Contemporary Art. The tour will end in 1990 with a major show at the National Art Gallery in Washington.

Rauschenberg, 59, a leading U.S. pop artist who has exhibited his works in the most prestigious galleries in the world, has pledged to travel to each of the 22 nations, experience local color and culture, then return to his Florida studio and use the inspiration to create art works with a particular cultural flavor. The new works will be incorporated into the exhibit, allowing it to grow and evolve as it circles the globe.

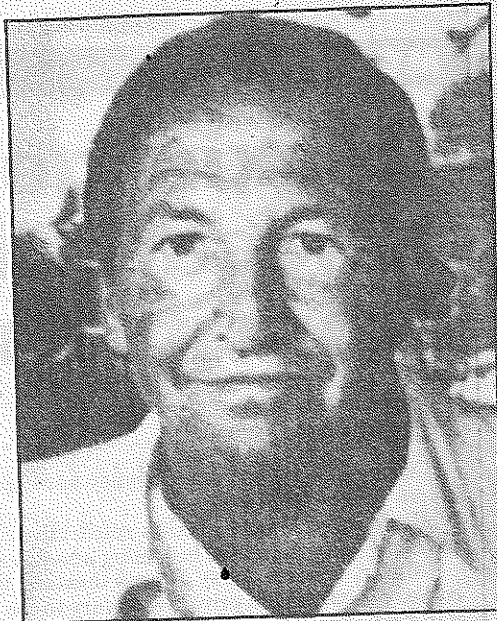
"This is really a mission for world peace," Rauschenberg says. "I religiously believe that art is one of the last forms of pure communication."

The idea for the ambitious undertaking, being touted by the local museum as "possibly the most unique and bold project ever undertaken by an artist," came to Rauschenberg six years ago but became reality only this year. The University of South Florida in Tampa will serve as home base for the program.

"It was very difficult to get it started," explained the artist, who calls the project the Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange.

Mexico and Chile were the first stops on the tour, and Venezuela will be followed by China and Tibet, he said. Morocco, Israel and 15 other nations will complete the global sweep.

Inspiration, the artist says, comes "from the streets." In Venezuela it



Pop artist Robert Rauschenberg will travel to 22 nations, experience local color, then return to his Florida studio and use the inspiration to create art works with a particular flavor.

also came from the jungles, the rivers, six native Indian tribes, waterfalls, cities and towns as Rauschenberg traversed the country.

"At a certain point, the trip is terminated because I feel like I'm going to lose something if I don't get to work," he said.

He completed his trip around Venezuela more than a month ago, then rushed home to seclusion on Captiva Island off the Florida Gulf coast to record his impressions. Twelve new paintings and 50 photographs have been added to the exhibition as a result.

The project already has brought surprises, Rauschenberg said, noting that in Latin America he expected to sense a conflict between Indians and descendants of the Spanish settlers. "I didn't find any of that," he said.

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Best Wishes for the Arts

Continued from Page 1

anywhere — preferably at the New York City Ballet.”

Peter Serkin, pianist: “I would wish for 1984 that musicians and listeners might open their ears and minds and nurture inquisitiveness about music of our own time. Not as a crusade or obligation, but as a natural interest in what is being created now. Inquisitiveness and positive effort could generate a genuine enthusiasm for some of the music being composed today. I would wish that we could all start from scratch in a certain sense whenever we perform or listen to music, so that we could learn to experience and to understand great music more fully and more deeply.”

Martin E. Segal, chairman, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts: “I hope for opportunities for emerging artists. I hope for art education programs which will give children a view of what a civilized society can do — rather than the bleakness with which many, particularly the underprivileged, see in their everyday lives. I hope for adequate support for one of the nation's greatest treasures, the arts, by the federal, state and city governments. And I hope for a peaceful world in which the arts and civilization can flourish.”

Philip Kaufman, writer and director of “The Right Stuff”: “Maybe some bravery, the kind with no vengeance attached. And some scope. We're shrinking down to daytime dimensions. How about some art that bursts at the seams, that wants to make artists of us all.”

back in time to the Royal Academy of 18th-century London? If so, I could hear for myself what has been described through the centuries as the golden magical voice of Francesco Bernardi Senesino, the alto castrato for whom Handel composed a host of operas, including ‘Rinaldo,’ in which I have a particular interest.”

Liv Ullmann, actress: “I would hope to see fewer films with robots and fewer films with violence and more films about real people. I would also like to see more books about real people and fewer books about people getting thin. I'm glad that music, opera and ballet still manage to stick to their values.”

Philip Glass, composer: “In 1984, I would like to see artists taking more responsibility for the ramifications of their work. I'm not saying that every composer has to write an anti-nuke opera or symphony, but there are unavoidable issues facing the world today, nuclear power foremost among them, and musicians have a special ability to stimulate thinking. We may not be able to bring about peace by ourselves, but we can address the issues in a responsible and real way.”

Paul Mazursky, film director: “A ban on the misuse of Dolby sound. The return of wit. Financing for Orson Welles.”

Martha Graham, choreographer and company director: “For dance in general, I would wish that, when deserving, financial support would be given to allow the acceptance and use of change, which is to me the only constant. Selfishly, I would wish for my own company that I would see

tions be relieved of financial pressures so that they can fully pursue their artistic aims. For the New York City Ballet, I would wish that the ideals of Mr. Balanchine continue to be as strong a guiding force and as deeply felt in spirit as has been exhibited by the entire organization this past year.”

Louise Nevelson, sculptor: “All through the ages the artist has been an introvert as well as an extrovert. At this moment, I think there is a leaning towards the extroverted, towards the public and what the market is projecting. I would like to think that the creative artist, instead of looking so much out, would look into himself and take a survey of what is inside. The serious artist should not lose the line going into himself.”

Harvey Fierstein, actor and playwright: “Any artist is always looking for a new Renaissance, a new explosion of the arts. It seems so long since we've had a new painting style. Or what was the last new opera that was any good? A national theater is only one thing. We need everything exploding at once: music, theater, painting, sculpture, dance, writing. In the 40s we had movies and music exploding together. That made a dent we still feel.”

Tom Stoppard, playwright: “Having seen my first Mamet play recently in London and my second one more recently in New York, I'd like there to be a new Mamet play every Tuesday, not in the same theater.”

Secondly, when the fire engines come through the theater district, I want them to sound their sirens either just before or just after the laugh line.

Arthur Mitchell, founder and co-director of the Dance Theater of Harlem: "I wish the means could exist to make the arts and humanities accessible, available and an integral part of everyone's life, so that the world would be a better place in which to live."

Scott Burton, sculptor: "More corporate and private funding of public art — for plazas and especially parks — so that it is not just public bodies that have to fund this most important art form of our time."

Natalia Makarova, ballerina: "For 1984, I would like for someone to discover a new genius choreographer."

Beverly Sills, general director of the New York City Opera: "What I wish for the New York City Opera in 1984 is an angel with \$50 million for a robust endowment fund, a new American opera which will become popular, the dear Lord watching over all the vocal cords in this theater, and — for the general director — an office with a window."

Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art: "Paradoxically every idealistic thought I have with regard to the shape of art, or scholarship or seriousness depends upon money. As long as requisite funds are not there, the exhibitions, the scholarly catalogues, the acquisitions we want are not possible. The ideal world I would be looking for is predicated on an enormous endowment. How inextricably linked to finances the plane we think of as ethereal now is."

Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano: "During this holiday season, which is always magic to me, could I invoke a magic travel agent to transport me

within my lifetime the company on a yearly contract, my ballets filmed properly and an endowment for my Center, both in New York and at U.C.L.A., as a stimulus to the future."

Colleen Dewhurst, actress: "I would love to see the government and corporations understand that we need a national theater and that we should preserve every theater we have now. Because I think that theater — by what it says intellectually and what it makes us feel emotionally — is the best representative of the United States — as are all the arts. When you want to put your best foot forward in other countries, you don't send the politicians, you send your artists."

James L. Brooks, producer, writer and director of "Terms of Endearment": "I would like to see an end of research as a decision-making tool in what films to make or what TV programs to schedule. I would like to see people call *genre* by its American name. . . copying. I would like to see more movie musicals. I would like to see newspapers and television stop listing box-office figures."

David Hare, playwright: "What do I wish for the American theater? That its playwrights look to the world around them; that the guile of New York be somehow combined with the seriousness of your regional theater to make straight plays less of an aberration on Broadway. What do I wish for the English theater? Some new critics."

Jerome Robbins, choreographer and co-balletmaster-in-chief, New York City Ballet: "If my wishes for 1984 were limited to dance, I would wish, for all dance companies, that their efforts be creative, beautiful and worthy and that their organiza-

Robert Rauschenberg, painter: "I am in the process of realizing what is known as the 'Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange.' The purpose is to promote peace through active communication with art as a catalytic interchange with at least 20 countries, a direct contact with specifically Mexico, Sri Lanka, China, Thailand, both sides of South Africa, Morocco, Egypt, Russia, Israel, Peru, Australia and more."

Peace is not popular because it is equated with a stoppage of aggressive energies. Starting a new use, aggressively, of our unique curiosities, our impatience with ignorant cruelty and encouraging the most generous personal contributions will make war ashamed of itself and art clear."

Tina Howe, playwright: "I would urge commercial producers and non-profit theaters to celebrate new American plays. We've had enough proven revivals and imports. Audiences are starved for the thrill of discovery. The theater should be dangerous again; expansive and uproarious. We all ache for it."

Michael Bennett, director and choreographer: "I would like to see 42d Street restored to legitimate theater, with all those wonderful theaters renovated and full of people and wonderful entertainments."

Arthur Miller, playwright: "I'd like to see the beginnings of a national theater. That would take all the imagination and effort, not to speak of money, that we have. It could change the whole theatrical world. It would open the theater as an art rather than a business, which it is now."

Art People: For Borofsky, Every Work 'Counts'

By DOUGLAS C. MCGILL

Consistency of style is not the first thing one notices at an exhibition of Jonathan Borofsky's artworks. At his show at the Whitney Museum of American Art, which runs through March 10, he displays works that include a blue dog drawn directly on the museum wall, a Ping-Pong table painted in camouflage colors, and a steel sculpture of a man riddled with what appear to be bullet holes.

Yet there is a unifying element in all these pieces: a number — in the two million range in Mr. Borofsky's recent works — is always inscribed somewhere on the piece. The numbers are the artist's trademark. He's been using them as a signature since the late 1960's, when, as a conceptual artist, he spent several hours every day writing down numbers in sequence, starting with one and heading toward infinity.

"It represented a part of me that likes to have order," Mr. Borofsky explains. "The same part that uses telephone numbers, Visa card numbers, a Social Security number. It was part of the computer onslaught that I didn't know about at the time, but that I felt was coming. It was a kick, and I had a gut feeling that if I stuck to it, it would bring me some in-

formation."

"Even though it was a very rigid and structured thing to do," he added, "there was a touch of romanticism in going onward and upward, toward an unknown future." After a year or two, Mr. Borofsky tired of simply counting, and also began to create the images for which he is now best known — the man with the suitcase, the rabbit head, the ruby hearts.

He still counts, but no longer in eight-hour stretches. Always aware of where he is in the counting — 2,927,632 as of this interview — he often simply puts down the next number in sequence on his newest piece of art. He continues the counting, he says, because it provides a conceptual unity to his admittedly varied works.

"The counting allows me to do an Expressionist painting one day, and a realist painting the next," the artist said. "It shows that all my work comes from one source. People used to say to me, 'We'd like to show your work, but we don't know what your style is. We see five pieces that look like they're made by five different artists.' Those people had to wait a few years to get my point, which is that you don't have to have just one style in life. There's more than one way to do anything."

Rauschenberg's 'Rocky' Starting Next April

It is affectionately known as "Rocky," and acronymically as "R.O.C.I." — the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange. It is an idea hatched some years ago in the mind of Robert Rauschenberg, who celebrated its official start last week at a United Nations reception fully stocked with foreign dignitaries and art world leaders.

Mr. Rauschenberg's idea is to visit 22 countries over the next five years, both to exhibit his works and to soak up as much of the culture and politics of each place as he can. Using this regional subject matter for inspiration, he will then create a new series of works that will become part of the exhibition shown in the next country on the tour.

The project starts next April at the Museo Rufino Tamayo Arte Contemporaneo Internacional in Mexico City, with an exhibition of Rauschenberg's work from the last two decades. With new works from Mexico added, the show will then travel to the Museo de Bellas Artes in Santiago, Chile, where it opens in July. Other stops scheduled include Caracas, Peking and Tokyo, with hopes for visits

to Sri Lanka, Australia, Spain and the Soviet Union.

Earlier this year, when explaining his new project, Mr. Rauschenberg said: "Peace is not popular because it is related to a stoppage of aggressive energies. Starting a new use, aggressively, of our unique curiosities, our impatience with ignorant cruelty and encouraging the most generous personal contributions will make war ashamed of itself and art clear."

AND WHAT'S MORE: The \$5 million suit brought by Larry Rivers against Condé Nast Publications has been settled out of court for an undisclosed sum, according to Mr. Rivers and his lawyers. Mr. Rivers charged Vanity Fair, a Condé Nast publication, with having damaged his reputation by publishing without his permission one of his drawings to illustrate what he called a "cheap and vulgar" poem. . . . The "Fritz Glarner Room," an ensemble of Constructivist paintings by Glarner that hung in Happy Rockefeller's dining room until recently, has been sold to the Equitable Life Assurance Society. It will be hung in one of 12 special executive dining rooms planned for the company's new Equitable Tower being built at 1285 Avenue of the Americas.

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with Jane Seymour

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for 'Tilted'

12 Book World
'The Modis'

Rauschenberg, The Art Explorer

The Avant-Garde Master's Plans
For a Worldwide Creation

By Mary Battiata
Washington Post Staff Writer

Robert Rauschenberg, brown as a walnut, cool as the ice cream man in his white linen suit, standing stock-still in the middle of the East Building of the National Gallery of Art:

"Three inches," commands the *enfant terrible* turned art world eminence. His sweet Texas twang curls like rococo chrome. Museum people bristling with pencils, levels and ladders hop to it. "Altar Peace," a meditation on Mexico, rises into place. Its shiny aluminum snake sculpture—glinting with images of jalapeno peppers and peanuts and machines—hangs the requisite number of inches above an eerie expanse of canvas decorated with a green skull, fuchsia lava, a rooster and whatever else caught his mind's eye.

"Altar Peace" is the first fruit of a projected 22-country, five-year odyssey that Rauschenberg began in Mexico in April. With the élan of a man who has pranced at the head of the avant-garde parade for more than two decades, he calls the project the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange.

For the next five years, if all goes according to plan, Rauschenberg and a crew of nine will be on the road in Chile, Venezuela, China, Spain, Thailand, Sri Lanka and elsewhere, collaborating with native artists and artisans to produce what he expects to be more than 200 works of art. Local poets and writers will contribute their work for the catalogue and there will be videotapes made to record each stop.

"We tend to favor sensitive spots as opposed to the historical safety zones—France . . . you know, the normal European art centers," he says.

At least one work from each country will remain in

See RAUSCHENBERG, D7, Col. 1



Ecstasy The L & the

The Debate Over the
Praised, Probed and

By Jan
Washington P

They sound like born-again evangelicals of the latest psychoact

"You call the Sabbath a day like the Sabbath at the end of a long

It is 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine, Ecstasy. E July, by emergency order of the D legal.

"It's the psychedelic for the '80s," says professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. "It's no big deal. It's milder than LSD. It's milder without the impact of LSD. It's milder.

There are no melting mirrors, no roteclitics. "It's not an experience," says Diane Watson, a 37-year-old cancer patient under the care of a psychiatrist. "It's broad. It's a feeling of great warmth.

There are also reports of paranoia, severe jaw clenching and, in some cases, permanent brain damage.

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Art Trek

RAUSCHENBERG, From D1

that country on permanent loan. A second work will be shipped back to the National Gallery for inclusion in an exhibit of all the works and videotapes in 1988.

If it sounds like a circus, it is a circus infused with Rauschenberg's optimism, omnivorousness and undiminished faith in the power of art. "It's a way for people to find out more about each other, and maybe lead to a truer form of understanding than governments seem to be able to do," he says.

It is a gargantuan venture. The budget for the project is more than \$10 million, which Rauschenberg hopes to raise from private sources.

The logistics are punishing. To get the exhibit from Chile to Venezuela, for example, a private museum in Caracas has recruited the Venezuelan Air Force for transport. Jet fuel for that leg of the trip will cost \$5,800. There are mammoth insurance bills, and ever-changing itineraries.

Does he ever wake up in the middle of the Florida night, look around at his Captiva Island retreat and wish he could cancel the whole thing?

"No," he says. "But I wouldn't want to have started this a minute later because the traveling takes an enormous amount of energy." At 59, he is in an age where many artists turn inward. Their work becomes introspective. Think of the aging Rembrandt's pensive self-portraits.

But Rauschenberg has never been known for introspection. After boyhood in Fort Arthur, Tex., he joined the Navy (where he first picked up a paintbrush, locking himself in the latrine for privacy), studied at Black Mountain College in North Carolina with pioneer abstractionist Josef Albers (who hated his work) and began his collaborations with the young composer John Cage. From the moment he splashed down into the New York art world in 1949, he began stretching the esthetic boundaries, incorporating everyday objects and puns into his work, and devouring the world around him. Critics have described his work as a rendezvous for the common images of the day.

"Monogram," made in 1959, a stuffed Angora goat with a rubber tire around its middle, is one of his best-known images. Time magazine art critic Robert Hughes called it the supreme example of the ironic lechery in Rauschenberg's work, and noted William Blake's line that



BY LUCIAN PERKINS—THE WASHINGTON POST

Robert Rauschenberg: "I'm never happier than when I'm working . . ."

the lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

In "Bed," made in 1955, Rauschenberg stretched a bed quilt over an improvised frame, added a pillow and covered all of it with drips and streaks of red paint. After that there were collages, and photography, prints and sculpture.

"I don't work with a prescribed notion or a specific message," he says. "I have tended to use images or objects that don't have any particular respect built into them as symbols or icons. The message is to reflect your own life into it and possibly make a few changes."

"In my most naive state, in my first New York loft, I was always annoyed by the artists who thought that the studio was some kind of special place, that they were protected from the outside world. I always wanted my work to look more like what was going on outside than what was going on inside. The door was always open, the television was always on, the windows were always open."

Standing in front of "Altar Peace" at the National Gallery, patiently posing for photographers, Rauschenberg preens and turns. He is compact, with dark eyes that glow in a burnished, inquisitive face. Hands in his pockets, hands at his side, he rocks back and forth in his perfectly polished black boots.

The idea for the cultural exchange came out of his working trip to China and Japan in 1982, a trip that silenced critics who by the '70s were sniping that Rauschenberg's best was behind him. He surprised and delighted the art world by returning with almost 500 collages and a 100-foot photograph. They called the work Rauschenberg's renaissance. He saw possibilities.

He has made preliminary trips to several of the countries already and, as could have been expected,

has found treasures in unexpected places.

"Mud flaps," he says. "I'm making mud flaps for Thailand. You know those flaps on trucks? They have fantastic mud flaps. They advertise movies and movie stars on them, and the trucks are all so beautifully decorated anyway."

In Sri Lanka he wants to make batiks, with patterns taken from his old photographs. "We'll sew those together to make elephant outfits and the exhibition there will begin with a parade of elephants and local dancers."

On Tibet: "It's going to be the most difficult country for me to paint for, or do any kind of collaboration, because I've always sort of secretly felt that my work was quite Tibetan already. Seeing some spiritual life in the most common object is very close to what they are all about and they also are not shy about colors. And they have a rich sense of extremes."

Age and the Florida sun have left a magnificent map on Rauschenberg's face; when he smiles, his face is wreathed in exclamatory lines. He smiles a lot when he talks about the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange and looks happy as a cat on a warm sidewalk. "This is not a selfless trip, you know. I love this. I'm growing from it. The experience I'm getting will certainly add to my own creative possibilities."

"I don't understand artists who . . . I have some colleagues that treat making art as just what they do professionally. I know some very outstanding artists who confess in private that it's such a bore, but it's their job or something. I'm never happier than when I'm working and it's getting worse. I had thought it must calm down but it seems the more I do, the more it looks like there is to do."

Ruins

CITYSCAPE, From D1

cities, but he focused on the South Bronx and slums of similar bleakness in Newark, Camden, N. J., Chicago and Boston.

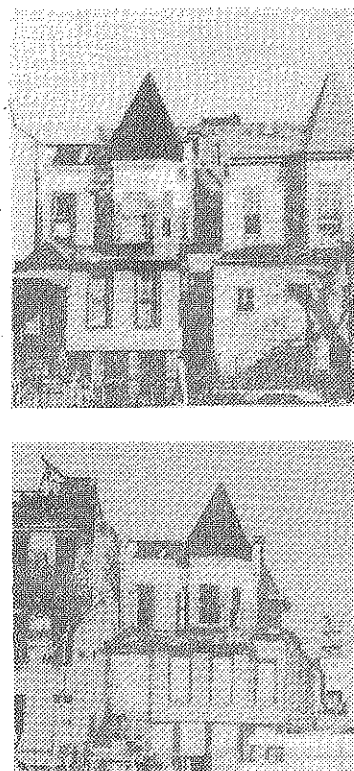
The show documents the process of decay in American slums and demonstrates important changes in their character. Overcrowding and its attendant ills have been replaced by institutional abandonment and physical, as well as psychological, isolation. This makes a unique, hostile, somewhat surreal new form of cityscape—placeless places where rubble-strewn vacant lots, burned-out buildings, boarded-up windows and abandoned "citadels" (insurance companies, banks, once well-to-do churches) compete for attention with structures still in use.

In this environment "revival" is a relative term. Survival is perhaps the better word. It is often accomplished by defensive architectural alterations (store windows sealed with cinder blocks, businesses and yards surrounded by high chain-link fences), by gritty adaptations (transient storefront churches, block associations of hardy homeowners) and, occasionally, by poetic transformations, such as the ark being built from debris on a vacant lot in Newark by Kea, a church caretaker.

The exhibition makes clear a fact that most of us would rather forget: The new slum landscape is as much a part of the contemporary American scene as the spreading suburb, the commercial strip, the high-rise office cluster and the upscale retail center. The show also makes clear, implicitly, the lack of substantial policies, private or public, to truly revive these forlorn areas, and it emphasizes the tremendous costs in human terms of such abandonment.

By contrast, the CIT exhibition epitomizes much that is ebullient and creative in the American economy. The Center for Innovative Technology is an imaginative, state-supported effort to capitalize on the research capacities of leading Virginia universities by making them available to private industry. The aim is to lure technological firms to the already booming northern section of the state.

It is, in other words, a down-to-earth enterprise designed to produce immediate and long-term economic growth. The dreamy spirit of the competition is something else again, and can be summed up by a definition supplied by one of the entrants: The center, it says, is to be "a vessel for



February 1979 on Park Avenue Street, three years later, bottom, by Cam

the cutting edge of man's aspirations as we approach the 21st century.

The exhibition, ingeniously stashed between the ground floor columns of the National Building Museum, presents an unwieldy amount of information. There are 240 panels, each presenting aspects of a development in some detail. Fifteen entries (five each in first-, second- and third-place categories) are marked with red dots, and should one examine just these boards (three per entry for a total of one would be unable to predict the actual building will look like—competition was strictly for information from which the client and the architect (yet to be selected) can and choose.

One leaves the exhibition with a cumulative impression of having a heady, though not entirely likeable look into a high-tech architectural future. Very few of the entrants were able to avoid the temptation to overdesign and overbuild, and very few seemed to have clear ideas about actual needs of such an institution. To be sure, they were not given much guidance by the competition documents, which were strong on enthusiasm, vague generalities and weak on details.

The chief challenges competitors had to face were two: how to produce an emphatic and appropriately technological image for quite a substantial building (the center will be constructed in several phases, with the first comprising about 20,000 square feet for meetings and offices), and how best to treat a beautiful work site straddling the border between

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Rauschenberg takes his show on the road

By Edward Holland

ASSOCIATED PRESS

CARACAS, Venezuela — Robert Rauschenberg, the onetime bad boy of American artists, has packed up his show and taken it on the road.

The 59-year-old Rauschenberg is bringing his work to 22 countries in a monumental show that will travel around the world for five years, growing and changing as it does.

This artistic juggernaut is called the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange, which the artist pronounces "Rocky" and describes as "an aggressive peace mission that uses art as communication."

The exhibit has already won critical acclaim in the first countries where it appeared — Mexico, Chile and Venezuela.

Far from a retrospective of past successes, it is a constantly changing affair that includes new works inspired by the artist's stay in each nation. These, in turn, are brought to the next country, giving the public a look at the world as seen through Rauschenberg's eye.

According to the artist, the project is "based upon the perhaps naive belief that if we understood each other more, we would have to care more for one another."

When the tour is done, the collection will go to the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

"But if I die before it gets there, the show's off. I only believe in art that's alive," he joked before the opening at the Caracas Museum of Contemporary



Jaime Lusinchi, Rauschenberg
... Venezuela's president meets artist.

Art.

Rauschenberg said the idea of a traveling exhibit first occurred to him six years ago in China, where he was making paper for his works at the world's oldest paper mill.

"I met people who would live and die without ever knowing what was going on 30 kilometers away," he said. "I most passionately wanted them to know what was going on in the rest of the world."

A native of Port Arthur, Texas, Rauschenberg says he chose Mexico as the first country because it was across the border and would prove a kind of trial run. In each country, Rauschenberg arrives a few weeks before, travels extensively, and then begins to create the works from the inspiration he finds.

In Venezuela, Rauschenberg visited Indians in the country's isolated interior and urban dwellers in its modern capital, Caracas. The results are seen in black and white photos, videocassettes and large-scale, multimedia works that

often incorporate the photographic images in altered form.

Rauschenberg's arrival has received more publicity than any artistic event in Venezuela since the exhibition of Henry Moore sculptures at the museum two years ago.

Part of the success has been Rauschenberg himself, a congenial man who speaks in aphorisms but seems not to take himself too seriously.

As a young man, he studied at the Kansas City Art Institute and later at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. There, his teacher was Josef Albers, whom he terms "one of the world's greatest disciplinarians."

Rauschenberg's fame came as a rebel. In 1955, he took his bed, pillow and mattress, framed them and put them on display as part of a work titled "Bed." The critical shock had not subsided when his "Monogram," in which a goat encircled by an automobile tire was the central image, appeared in 1959.

During the 1950s, he collaborated with musician John Cage and choreographer Merce Cunningham on what a later generation would call "happenings."

In the '60s, Rauschenberg worked in silkscreen, as did his pop art contemporaries. According to art critic David Galloway, Rauschenberg's similarities to the Pop Art school, such as his use of real, commonplace objects, are "accidental." The artist has lived in Captiva, Fla., since 1971.

The government of Venezuela collaborated, donating transport planes to bring the exhibit here from Chile. The exhibit will remain here through October before traveling to Peking.

ductions, the individual

CHICAGO TRIBUNE 10/10/85

Art exhibit will change as it travels

By Sally Weeks

Caracas—A one-of-a-kind art exhibit will evolve until the end of the decade as it travels the globe with its creator, Robert Rauschenberg, who says he is soaking up inspiration during the 22-nation itinerary.

The exhibit has opened at the Caracas Museum of Contemporary Art, the third stop on a unique odyssey that will end in 1990 with a major show at the National Art Gallery in Washington.

Rauschenberg, 59, a leading U.S. pop artist who has exhibited his works in galleries throughout the world, says he will travel to each of the 22 nations, experience local color and culture, then use the inspiration to create art works with a particular cultural flavor. The new works will be incorporated into the exhibit.

"This is really a mission for world peace," Rauschenberg says. "I religiously believe that art is one of the last forms of pure communication."

The idea for the undertaking came to Rauschenberg six years ago but became reality only this year.

"It was very difficult to get it started," explained the artist, who calls the project the Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange.

Mexico and Chile were the first stops on the tour, and Venezuela will be followed by China and Tibet, he said. Morocco, Israel and 15 other nations will complete the global sweep.

Inspiration, the artist says, comes "from the streets."

"At a certain point, the trip is terminated because I feel like I'm going to lose something if I don't get to work," he said.

He completed his trip around Venezuela more than a month ago, then rushed home to seclusion on Captiva Island off the Florida coast to record his impressions. Twelve new paintings and 50 photographs have been added to the exhibition as a result.

United Press International

Rauschenberg Carrying His Art to Many Lands

By BARBARA GAMAREKIAN
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2 — Robert Rauschenberg calls it the "Rocky Road Tour," and he admits that it may indeed get a bit rocky before he reaches the end of his projected five-year, 22-country odyssey.

The artist was recently in Washington to unveil a new work, "Copperhead Grande," at the National Gallery of Art. It was created in Chile, on the second stop of the Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange, an evolving exhibition that began in Mexico in April. The tour, known by its acronym ROCI, has been largely financed by Mr. Rauschenberg himself.

Over the next months and years, Mr. Rauschenberg and his team will travel to such countries as Venezuela, China, Tibet and Japan. "That's where we are just about to run out of my funds," he said. After that, if more money comes in, he says, the tour will continue into Thailand, Cambodia, Sri Lanka and elsewhere.

"We'll be getting to know the culture, work with local painters and writers and poets and artisans, and get to know the characteristics of each region," he explained. Mr. Rauschenberg, who often takes his subject matter from the directly observed

world around him, was one of those artists who during the late 1950's bridged the development of Abstract Expressionism to Pop Art.

Collection Will Change

The ROCI tour began in Mexico City at the Museo Rufino Tamayo with a core collection of 230 Rauschenberg works from the last 10 years. As the collection travels, it will constantly change. New works reflecting the cultures of the countries that Mr. Rauschenberg visits will be added and the older works subtracted. The constantly changing show "will grow on itself like a mold," he said.

From the dozen or so new works that will be created at each stop, one is to be given to the host country and another to the National Gallery. At the end of the world tour, in 1988 or 1989, an exhibition is planned at the National Gallery, a museum that is interested in expanding its collection of 20th century art.

"Yes, we are jumping in with all four feet," J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery, said at a reception before a dinner last Wednesday night at the Chilean Embassy in honor of Mr. Rauschenberg. "We are



Robert Rauschenberg in front of his "Copperhead Grande" at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

Rhoda Baer

a retrospective museum and that means in the year 2085 we hope to give people a good feel for what was going on in 1985. We need to be in a position to show the continuing of the tradition."

Could Cost Up to \$10 Million

The concept of a cultural exchange to promote peace and understanding through art came to Mr. Rauschenberg during a trip to China in 1982. "One of the most distressing things I found was the lack of information there about the rest of the world," he said.

He admits that most of his friends think he is "crazy" to take on such a

mammoth undertaking. "They are horrified at the scale," he said. "We figure if we do it first-class it will cost \$10 million."

He sold one of his paintings, "Warhol," he said, to get the project started, and is now trying to raise additional money from private sources. Some assistance has come from host countries. The Venezuelan Air Force is transporting the exhibition from Santiago to Caracas and the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Caracas is picking up the fuel bill.

"Since this is an odyssey to encourage peace," said Mr. Rauschenberg, "the most direct way is to engage all the armies to haul art around."

Books of The Times

A Double Life

By EVA HOFFMAN

BEFORE MY LIFE BEGAN. By Jay Neugeboren. Simon & Schuster. 391 pages. \$18.95.

Novels of growing up Jewish are such a well-mined genre that it takes considerable imaginative daring to tackle the subject again — and considerable originality to try to do it new. Unfortunately, Jay Neugeboren's latest foray into this territory only makes us feel that we have been there before — and that the tour, by now, has a stale familiarity.

Not that "Before My Life Began" is a novel without large ambitions. In fact, they are a part of the problem. This tale of a man who lives three separate lives attempts a grand, epic sweep in which fineness of detail matters less than a gritty naturalism, and in which the simplicity of raw feelings is often mistaken for emotional authenticity.

David Voloshin, who starts his career in a lumpen Brooklyn walk-up, is the son of highly predictable, but strangely unconvincing, parents. His mother is a put-upon but vivacious housewife who for some reason worries a lot about getting cold sores, who ineffectually tries to reconcile the warring factions of her family, and whose pitch of emotion is rarely far from hysteria. The father is a typical shlemiel — frail, inept, blind in one eye, but redeemed by his basic decency and a "good sense of humor." The parents squabble, make up, and bathe their son in sentimental affection.

In spite of these claustrophobic circumstances and his understandable ambivalence toward them, David grows up to be not only highly talented at drawing, but also big, strong, handsome and an ace basketball player. All might go well for him were it not for the invidious, though charismatic influence of Uncle Abe, a gang leader who controls the neighborhood and the Voloshin family's life. Although David's basketball career is ruined by Abe's game-fixing practices, and although David knows that his uncle is dangerous and possibly evil, he nevertheless can't help but be drawn to the older man's energy, his dapper suits and his ability to get what he wants by sheer, amoral will power.

For a Jewish boy, these are somewhat unorthodox circumstances — and indeed aside from the motif of upward mobility, and allusions to the Holocaust, "The Diary of Anne Frank," Arthur Miller and Norman Mailer, it is unclear just what role Jewishness plays in this novel. But the characters are recognizably, even stereotypically Jewish nevertheless. The girl whom David first meets

known to his new friends as excessively moralistic — presumably in reaction to his former, now completely suppressed existence. He is now living the life of orderliness and satisfaction he could hardly have imagined — he has become a designer-builder, and has gained enough confidence to start taking art courses at the local university. But when he discovers that his wife is having an affair with Lucius, a black man he has befriended in the South, he declares that the Movement is dead, that his second life has been an illusion, and he decides, in no time flat, to chuck it all again — though this time, he takes his two sons with him (the question of custody is never raised).

Is people's behavior ever this melodramatic? Well, perhaps, but their inner lives rarely are, and in failing to endow his characters with genuine insight or complexity, Mr. Neugeboren loses the coherence and direction of his *Bildungsroman*. David/Aaron is supposed to be a protagonist of considerable force — strong-willed, sensitive, reflective and absolutely irresistible to women. But his perceptions remain so rudimentary, so undeveloped, that he comes off as a well-meaning but tedious adolescent whose experiences, for all their ostensible drama, don't accumulate any weight or texture. He learns about sex, jealousy, anger and drugs as if they had never existed before and as if the contemporary world had completely passed him by. His struggles with a past he can neither escape nor accept are sometimes touching, but most of the time the terms of his conflict are so simple as to verge on the simple-minded.

"But if, in fact, you trace a person's life from start to finish, there is no real story," he muses in one of his culminating insights, "no single picture, or series of pictures, that will be equal to the life, or to its essence." Indeed, the fragments of his journey don't add up — nor do the novel's various parts. Whose, which America is the story set in? There are references to actual figures and events — the story of Jackie Robinson, with whom David identifies, is woven into the plot — to give the novel a social framework and some social consciousness. But the milieu through which David moves seem to be pulled out of time and the characters are so insistently conventional that they seem to float in the never-changing unreality of a soap opera.

It is difficult, finally, to decipher the novel's perspective or what Mr. Neugeboren — the author of several well-received novels, some of them on Jewish themes — is up to in this odd mélange of tired tableaux and

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TV NOTES

Home Box Office and Showtime Lose Subscribers

By MEL GUSSOW
Special to The New York Times

LONDON — While plays by Eugene O'Neill and Arthur Miller are performed in England with some regularity and authenticity, Tennessee Williams has encountered a curious ambivalence on the part of the critics and the public. The Williams misunderstanding is demonstrated by the current West End production of "Sweet Bird of Youth," starring Lauren Bacall and directed by Harold Pinter.

It took 26 years for "Sweet Bird" to reach London. When it did, the play was greeted with reservations, while admiration was showered on the star and the director. After praising Miss Bacall for being "still as charming as ever," one critic concluded that "the evening belongs to Mr. Pinter — a great playwright directing a very good one." It is intended as no disparagement of Mr. Pinter's own considerable body of work to suggest that, at the very least, the two playwrights should be regarded as equals.

The fact is that the English think differently than we do about Williams. They consider many of his

plays to be overemotional and self-indulgent, while the American position is that he was a pre-eminent theater poet. As long ago as the Broadway premiere of "Sweet Bird of Youth," Kenneth Tynan dismissed both the play and Elia Kazan's production as "operatic and hysterical," and many of Mr. Tynan's successors have hewed to that line.

More than anything, it is the emotionalism of Williams that seems to run counter to the English sense of detachment. His "hot" plays do not usually fare well in England's cool theatrical climate. The English can comprehend O'Neill's reach for tragedy, but not Williams's exposure of inward psychosexual anguish. What theatergoers, as well as critics, like about Miss Bacall — in addition to star magnitude — is her coolness, her "charm."

In "Sweet Bird," she gives a stylish, even a glamorous performance, assiduously scoring comic points. The difficulty is that the character she is playing is not Williams's Alexandra del Lago, the tormented, former movie queen who is grasping for life support. Elegantly coiffed and

gowned, Miss Bacall could walk off stage at Theater Royal, Haymarket, and, without a change of clothes or manner, walk on stage as "Woman of the Year." In no sense is she ravaged, the single word that sums up Alexandra del Lago.

Her co-star, Michael Beck, an American who has frequently worked in England, captures the small-town golden boy side of Chance Wayne, who survives on exaggerated memories of past promise, but the actor is unable to be last Chance, the bankrupt gigolo who accepts his own mutilation. Both stars offer sharp performances of a single dimension, and, in so doing, vitiates the play's primary strength. Unless one believes in their panic — as was the case with Geraldine Page and Paul Newman in the Broadway and film versions — one cannot accept the anguish of the final outcry.

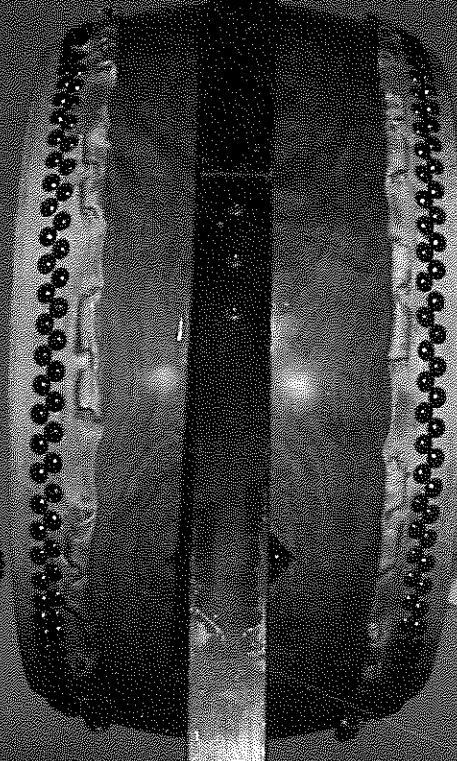
In his determinedly low-key production, Mr. Pinter has neatly crossbred an Anglo-American cast, in which — for a rare time on the London stage — English actors acceptably approximate American accents. In fact, the most complete perform-

for grotesquerie, he does not appear to have the comedic resources to carry off his grand scheme, and the company, directed by Terry Hands, is missing the requisite lightness. Mr. Sher is an inspired "Richard III" on the nights when he is not performing "Red Noses," but he is not a natural clown. Along with his colleagues, he has learned the rudiments of mime and juggling. However, watching the ensemble reaching for elusive laughs, one wishes that American new vaudevillians might wander on stage and break up the act. "Red Noses" needs the spontaneity of the Flying Karamazov Brothers.

The comedy, such as it is, comes from set-up situations. Expanding his troupe, Father Flote auditions a blind juggler, a stuttering comedian and two one-legged tap dancers. The audition provokes one of Mr. Barnes's funnier lines. Such disadvantaged performers are, he says, the "triumph of hope over experience." One might apply that line to the Royal Shakespeare Company's attempt at low comedy.

A lesson could be learned by inspecting Richard Eyre's production

GEO

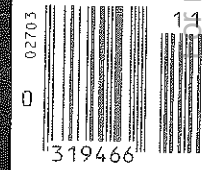


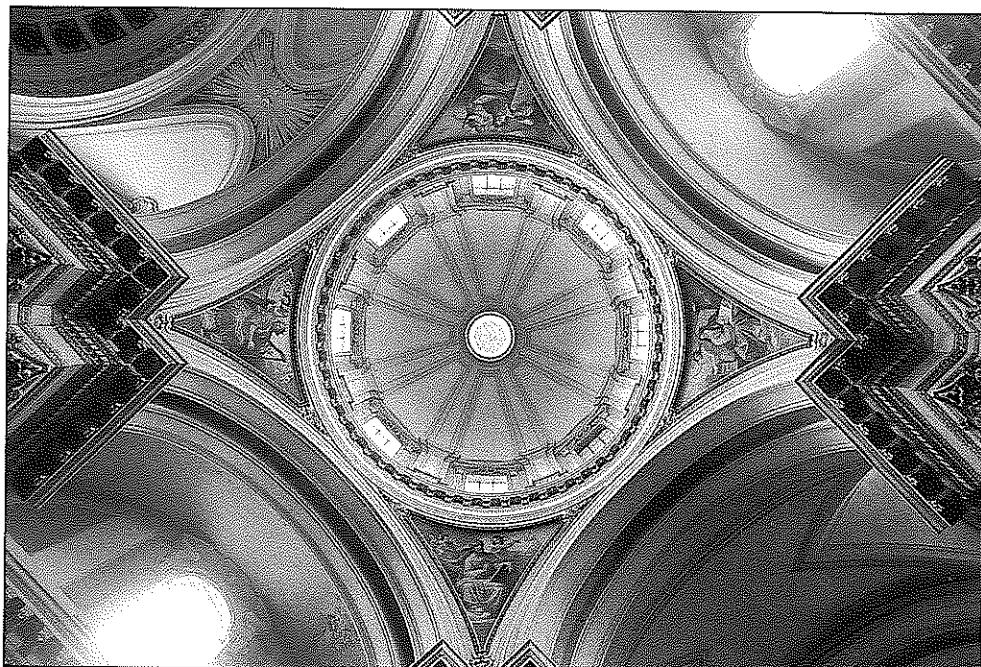
**KODO: THE SENSUAL
DRUMMERS OF JAPAN**

**CORPORATE ESPIONAGE:
BUGGING THE OFFICE**

**PAUL THEROUX: "TRAVEL
ALONE AND TAKE RISKS"**

**THE FAVORITE HAUNTS
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Cover

Photograph by Michael Melford: Kodo drummers in Japan

Rauschenberg: The World Is His Studio

The celebrated American artist plans to work in 20 nations, with local materials and collaborators, and to dedicate the work to peace.

Article by John Perreault • Photos by Robert Mapplethorpe

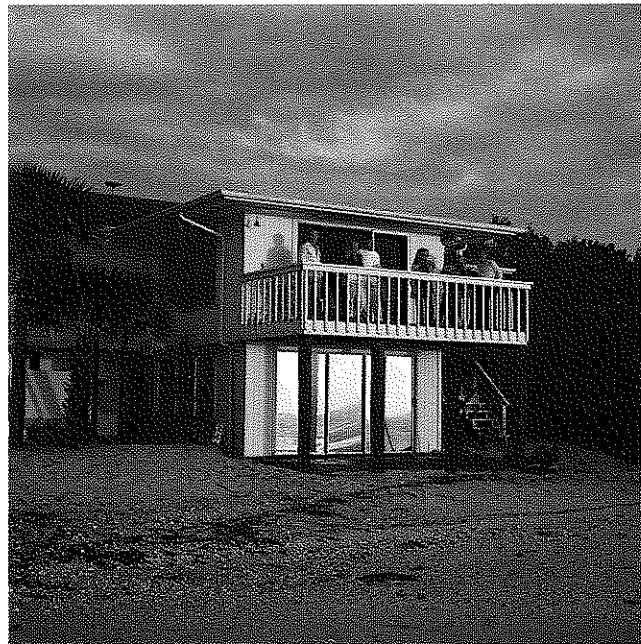
Robert Rauschenberg, at 58, is as famous and as controversial as any artist can hope to be. Although he still maintains his building on Lafayette Street in New York City—an old orphanage, complete with chapel, that he is now cleaning up and restoring—Captiva Island, Florida, is really his home base.

By the time Rauschenberg settled on Captiva, 15 years ago, he had already achieved international recognition as an important, innovative artist. He had had his first retrospective and had won first prize at the Venice Biennale. He had influenced the course of art history, first with his all-white and all-black canvases of the early 1950s and then with his “combines,” which pushed collage into the realm of assemblage, utilizing common objects such as clocks, radios, neckties, tires and even a stuffed Angora goat. These works opened the way for pop art. His silk-screen

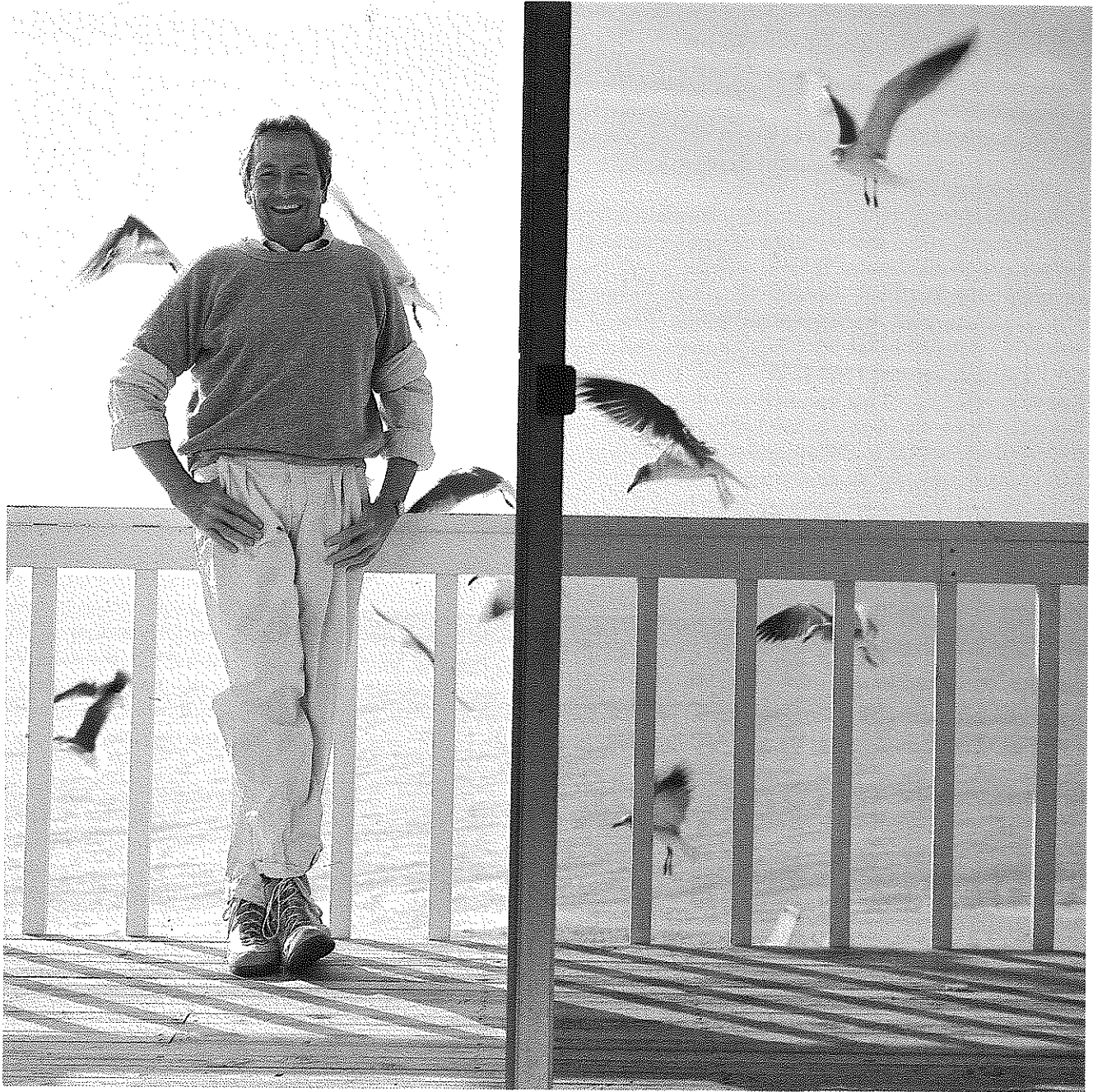
paintings of the early 1960s also broke new ground. Extensions of his interest in putting together unlikely images, these paintings combine reproductions of art masterpieces and newsprint photos. He had also made spectacular contributions to stage and costume design (for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company), to post-happening artists’ theater and performance art, to art-and-technology art

(he and Billy Klüver founded E. A. T.—Experiments in Art and Technology) and to print-making (at the Tanya Grosman and then the Gemini studios). Robert Rauschenberg the artist had very quickly become Robert Rauschenberg the industry.

He *was* New York. For all of his travels, his artwork still utilized the flotsam and jetsam of New York streets, the worn-out but very telling objects and debris that he recycled into disjunctive, jarring, madly poetic art. There is no mystery in Rauschenberg’s art;



Though Rauschenberg’s new projects have taken him to studios all over the world, his home base for the past 15 years has been a simple white house on the beach on Captiva Island, Florida.



He says that he is sensitive to his environment. On Captiva, Rauschenberg has been stimulated by the challenge of working on a remote barrier island with few familiar materials at hand.

"I got this house in 1968. These drawings paid my mortgage."

things are what they are. There are no secret codes. There is instead a constant inventiveness.

Why had Rauschenberg moved from New York, the capital of the art world, to sleepy, touristy Captiva?

"I'm not sure," he replies.

Rauschenberg is standing behind the elbow-high kitchen counter that functions as desk, snack bar and nerve center of his tropical island domain. Thirty-five acres of judiciously acquired plots and frame houses, this private compound serves as living space, work space and retreat. Some of the houses are studios, one is a print shop, and some, like Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist J. N. "Ding" Darling's fish house, are rarely used but beautiful nonetheless. This fish house is out on the water, on the bay side of the island; the pier that connects it with the spongy shore is equipped with a drawbridge, for an artist must have some privacy. Rauschenberg's low-profile property holds back the southward creep of a vast condo/time-share resort located on the northern tip of the island. We are in the main house.

"Without getting into astrology or any hocus-pocus like that," says Rauschenberg, "if one is sensitive to or dependent upon being in tune with the environment, there are certain landscapes . . . I knew this was a unique place. Now it's been overdeveloped. Before they built the causeway you had to get here by ferry, and you couldn't get off the island after, say, four-thirty. But I didn't think the change would be as drastic as it has been."

Clearly there are other

reasons as well. Rauschenberg likes to sweat, which is why he likes New York City in the summer. Perhaps Captiva, which is off Florida's west coast in the Gulf of Mexico, reminds him of the temperatures of his boyhood in Port Arthur, Texas, on the other side of these humid waters.

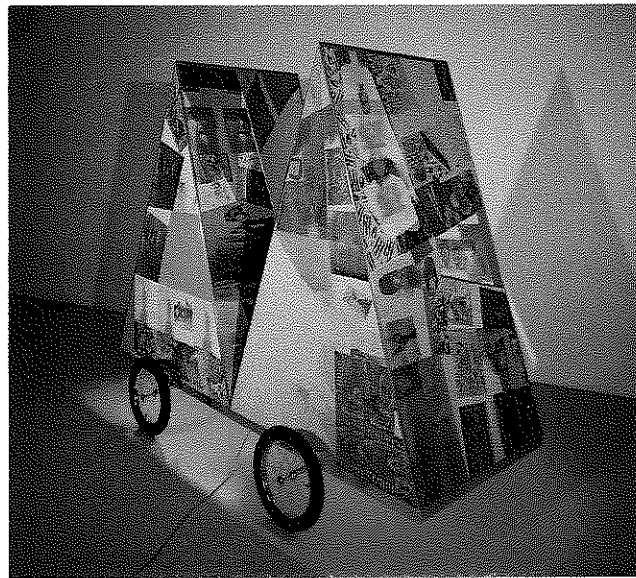
No, not really.

"It was just that for a few years in New York my life was a wreck," he explains. "It didn't seem to be able to stretch any further. The only thing that increased was the number of telephone calls. I knew for a fact they could have been made to anybody, any other artist who happened to answer the phone. There wasn't anything personal. Most of the phone calls were describing disasters. Somebody who was in trouble or needed you seemed more critical than going downstairs and starting a new painting."

Rauschenberg still cannot begin to work until things are taken care of: the dogs fed, their tick pills administered, the dishes washed. He thinks of it as discipline, but from another point of view it can be seen as a clearing of the mind, a focusing.

After all, as he himself says, "Chaos won't live in a mess." By "chaos" he means his artworks, which gain a great deal of their energy and aesthetic impact from seemingly ad hoc juxtapositions of forms and images. For instance, transfers of newsprint photos, two umbrellas from China and a strip of American flags are combined in a new piece he is working on.

Yet living on Captiva is not like living in Manhattan, where everything is at your beck and call



Rauschenberg plans to include "The Suicide of Two Foreign Clerks or the Moving Fever" in the exhibition that he will show all over the world. It is part of the Kabal American Zephyr Series.



In his New York studio, Rauschenberg is working on a sculpture that, when finished, will include several bicycles with painted plaster geese mounted on the handlebars.

"For a few years in New York, my life was a wreck."

and the corner hardware store is accustomed to dealing with artists. Materials were hard to come by at first, and he did not have the space to store or the money to transport the kinds of things he was used to working with.

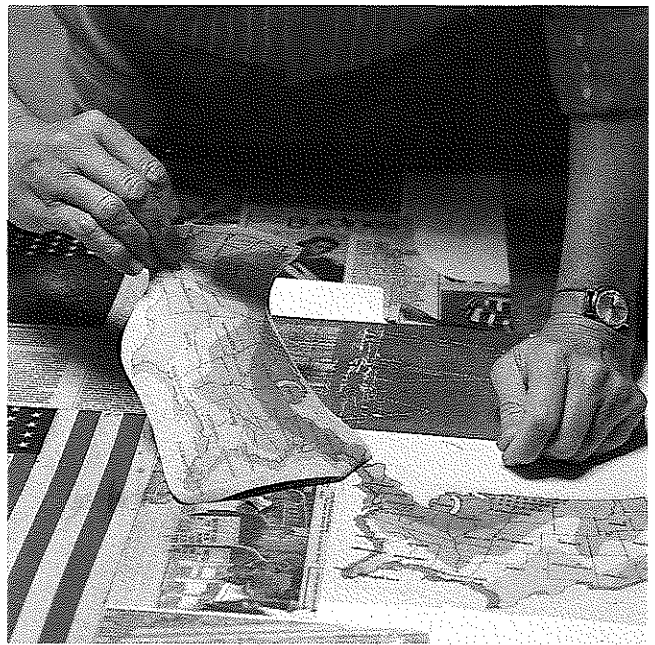
"I got this house in 1968, after coming out here for three or four years," Rauschenberg tells me. "This counter was my first studio. Hundreds of drawings were done right here on this table—they paid my first mortgage—under these two lights with bugs falling on my head."

Tanned in January, relatively relaxed after the openings of four simultaneous exhibitions in New York City, with projects going on in various locations all over the world, Rauschenberg has lost none of his down-to-earth Texas humor.

The phone on the counter rings every now and then, buttons flashing, but someone in another building is getting most of the calls. Assistants from the studio next door inter-

rupt. "Okay, it's got to be somehow connected in that way, because with those springs, even though they're rusting, the whole thing will fly down," Rauschenberg instructs. He is talking about a new combine painting—paint, transferred newsprint images and objects—that incorporates an old crab trap he found under the fish house.

Although Rauschenberg realizes that some of his most profound insights and discoveries take place within himself and through his most intimate reactions, all of which can be easily thrown off by interference, he has a long history of collaborations with dancers, other artists and even engineers. Interruptions, up to a point, are part of his aesthetic. He likes working with other people; he seems to need the hubbub, the comings and goings. He considers this a good exercise for remaining aesthetically strong. To insulate oneself from interruptions would result in a weakness: "Maybe you just happen to be having a lousy idea that moment, and



On a wall of his Captiva studio, left, Rauschenberg arranged objects in a pattern resembling one of his combines; at right he completes a solvent transfer onto a new work.

"R.O.C.I. can make a difference. Art can change life."

then you're stuck with it the rest of your life. There's no feedback and no interchange."

Behind and to the left of the counter, the room is bare. Rauschenberg long ago removed all of the wicker furniture that came with the house. His mother got some of it; the rest is scattered among the various other houses in the compound. As usual, the color TV set is on (there is one in the print shop, too), but the sound is off. Pillows make a kind of couch on the floor, now occupied by Kid (son of Laika, the dog that danced with avant-garde dancer and choreographer Steve Paxton so many years ago) and a fierce-looking but placid Alaskan husky. Kid is deaf.

Although yesterday had been sunny and unbelievably clear, we are now in the middle of a tropical storm—palm trees swaying, swirling gray skies, my tape recorder picking up the sound of surf, which this afternoon is much louder than the usually soothing white noise. The pelicans, herons

and gulls have disappeared, as have the tourists who can usually be seen tramping the beach, heads down, occasionally stooping, ever in search of elusive shells—the bumpless wonder, lady-in-waiting, macoma or junonia.

"Wind makes me a little uneasy," Rauschenberg remarks. "New York is an urban threat. This is another kind of landscape threat. Captiva is a barrier island and could be wiped away by not even such an important hurricane. And there is only one road to get off here."

From the outside it may seem that Rauschenberg willfully creates problems for himself—How do you collaborate with dancers *and* engineers? How do you make an artwork in a foreign country?—and that he thrives on these anxiety-provoking but often inspiring situations. This is not his conscious intention. When he first arrived on Captiva, there were not even the craft shops that have since proliferated. Driftwood and shell art are big on Captiva, but he had no de-



Two umbrellas from China, left, protrude horizontally from a combine Rauschenberg has recently completed on Captiva. A strip of fabric flags, right, is also part of the untitled work.

"Art and life have something in common. You can't make either."

sire to use either driftwood or shells: too regional, too nostalgic. He will now occasionally use something local, like the crab trap he found, but only in a context that reduces it to a detail, a color.

"I couldn't get anything to work with," he recalls. "So I sat down and said, 'I have a problem here. What is the solution?' And then I had to make up the question. My question came to be: What is internationally the most available material that one can work with? And that was the beginning of the cardboard-box pieces. Cardboard boxes, just like old worn-out tires on the side of the road, are everywhere. Brand-new ones, antique ones, with messages coming from all over the world. I still use cardboard. When I was in China, I made some cardboard pieces."

By concentrating on a local problem, a specific studio problem, as it were, Rauschenberg was able to come up with an international solution. He has always had a touch of the internationalist about him.

When I talked to him on Captiva, Rauschenberg had four exhibitions on view in New York. At the Museum of Modern Art were works done in collaboration with Chinese craftsmen in Jing Xian at the world's oldest paper mill. Downtown, under the auspices of the Leo Castelli and Sonnabend galleries in three separate spaces, were the Kabal American Zephyr Series of very sculptural, mostly free-standing combines; more work from China (including a 100-foot-long photomontage); and two different claywork series created at the Otsuka Ohmi ceramics factory in Shigaraki, Japan.

He is now planning R.O.C.I. (Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange). Named after his

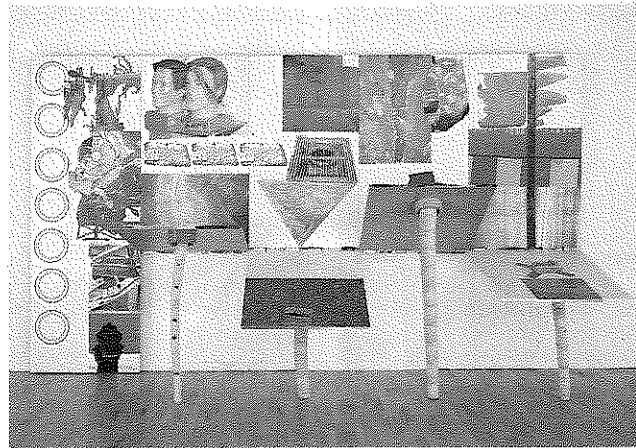
pet turtle, the project is a traveling exhibition that will involve Rauschenberg creating a new work in each of 20 countries. It will start out with current work; in each country he will donate a piece to a museum or artists' group, substituting new works on the tour. By the time R.O.C.I. gets to New York in three or four years, it will consist of new artworks made all over the world, with accompanying video documentation, catalogs, photographs and posters.

Rauschenberg says he likes the challenge of specific geographical, psychological and aesthetic pressures. He found China stimulating. In Japan he worked directly with clay for the first time. The physical challenge of working in these different places and the cultural information that he finds firsthand are things that he understands. They are actual.

Rauschenberg never stops. It may seem peaceful here on Captiva—a tropical storm *can* be peaceful—but in a week he'll be off to Japan: an international show of paperworks and a one-day, two-ton show of clayworks in the Tokyo Palace Hotel. Meanwhile, several new works are in progress in the various studios, and he is continuing with his quarter-mile painting, some sections of which have already been shown at Edison Community College, across the bay in Fort

Myers. When this work is finished, he would like to show it at a racetrack, since a racetrack would provide enough room for the painting. Or—and this is an idea he likes even better—it could be shown in parts in several different art spaces so that the distance between the sections and the time it takes to travel between them would become part of the artwork.

(Continued on page 98)



Rauschenberg made "Gates: South (Japanese Clayworks)" at the Otsuka Ohmi ceramics factory in Japan in 1982. The work signaled a new complexity in his ceramics.



**The painting is called
"Mongolian Cousin (Spread)."
Rauschenberg made it in
1980, and it too will be part of
his traveling exhibition.
The dog at the artist's feet
is called Lily.**

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RAUSCHENBERG

(Continued from page 70)

Rauschenberg's biggest concern, however, is getting R.O.C.I. off the ground. He needs to raise \$5 million. His global artwork is already scheduled to stop in Los Angeles, Australia, Japan, Sri Lanka. But because of the current political climate, Russia and China are uncertain. Rauschenberg really believes that R.O.C.I. can make a difference. He may have abandoned his fight against the single ego ("I've more or less given up. Somehow a lot of causes that I had in the late Fifties sort of got swamped or dissolved"), but he still believes that art can change life.

Whether or not R.O.C.I. contributes anything to world peace, it is clear that Rauschenberg, for all his celebrity, is an artist with a social conscience. He has worked tirelessly for artists' rights, finances an artists' emergency fund called Change, Inc., and has a global vision that includes ecology, technology and cultural exchange. He does not separate art and life.

He may be rambunctious, and he may make jokes, but he has a lot to say. His most famous saying is: "Painting relates to both art and life. Neither can be made. I try to act in that gap between the two." The composer John Cage, a longtime friend, quoted this in his 1961 essay on Rauschenberg and his art.

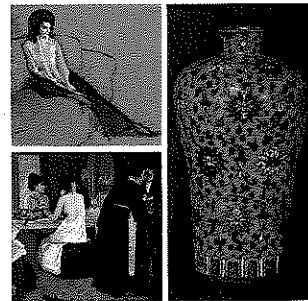
"They never get that saying right, though," says Rauschenberg. "Often they use the gap part. It's provocative, but it's not understandable or even meaningful. The thing is that both art and life have something in common. You can't make either. You do not make art. You can be an artist, but something becomes art through some transformation that is social. And life, too. There's only a slight illusion of control, because things are just going on. Every now and then someone will ask me, 'Well, after twenty-five years, how do you feel about that gap between art and life?' And I say, 'Oh, that was filled a long time ago.'"

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And, of course, Shaw is one of the best. *Arms and the Man*, his fourth play — and first successful one — is a light, painless satire on war, heroism, patriotism, realism, bourgeois airs and the class struggle.

her airhead pose and Betty Boop whisper. Things can get broad and campy, especially around Julia, as if Malkovich cannot always tell the childlike from the childish. But the best of the night is a lark.

Joe Don Baker..... Chief Karlin
 Dana Wheeler-Nicholson..... Gail Stanwyk
 Richard Libertini..... Walker
 Tim Matheson..... Alan Stanwyk
 A Universal release. Produced by Alan Greisman and Peter Douglas. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Written by Andrew Bergman. In theaters nationally. Rated PG (mild gunplay).

A brush with Rauschenberg's world

By Karen Heller
 USA TODAY

WASHINGTON — Robert Rauschenberg thinks, and talks, the way he paints: quickly, boldly, with humor and on his feet. "You have to be fairly insane to be an artist, or to be an interesting artist," he says, feet planted firmly, bourbon clutched close to the chest. "If it isn't an adventure, I don't see anything to recommend the profession."

Rauschenberg, 59, has come up with quite an adventure: the Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Exchange, a 22-country, 250-piece project that will take at least four years to complete. One of the first works, *Altar Peace*, created with the help of Mexican artists, was scheduled to be unveiled Thursday night at the National Gallery of Art's East Building and will be on display through June 17.

The project's purpose is to explore each nation's artistic resources by incorporating them into Rauschenberg's large canvases. He plans to use glass in Venice, paper in China, ceramics in Japan.

The Texas-born artist, who makes his home on Captiva Island off Flori-



RAUSCHENBERG: On a four-year art project to produce 250 works

da, is known for his bold use of several materials in a single work. Says Rauschenberg, who is as tan as toast: "I usually change my complete palette and ideology when I get com-

fortable with it."

The pieces, shown with earlier Rauschenberg works, will visit museums around the world but grow "so that eventually the old will be entirely eclipsed by the new." The multinational exhibit will return to Washington in 1988.

Rauschenberg got the idea six years ago when "bored one day in Los Angeles. I came to the realization that so few people have any idea what the rest of the world does or what they look like, or how they dress. My idea was to gather up a bit of the world, to collect the world."

Though additional funding is needed, Rauschenberg is resisting government aid. "The places that we're going are so sensitive," he says, "and we're trying to be as apolitical as possible. That's because art is one of the purest forms of communications. I used to say that art and sports were the only things free from politics. Now, sports is entirely political."

His exchange "is a pilgrimage, at worst it's an odyssey." The artist also sees it as creative expression of his wanderlust: "I just can't stay at home."

Rauschenberg's worldwide art exchange

By Jane Addams Allen
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

I traveled around the world with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company about 25 or 30 years ago and it nearly killed me. I'm only just getting over it."

An ebullient Robert Rauschenberg, 59, in town to promote "Rocky," the affectionate acronym for Rauschenberg Overseas Culture Interchange (R.O.C.I.), said he is already exhausted by the first leg of his five-year project, a traveling, evolving exhibition.

"Let's just say I wouldn't have wanted to start it a day later," said the world-renowned American artist, chuckling. He didn't sound tired at all.

Launched in April at the Museo Rufino Tamayo in Mexico City with approximately 200 of Mr. Rauschenberg's more recent works, the show is intended to promote "world peace and understanding." Before it is over it will have traveled to 22 different countries, among them Sri Lanka, Tibet, China and Venezuela. In each country the artist will add new works based on indigenous handicrafts, customs and culture.

"Altar Peace," a work from the show that was unveiled last night at the National Gallery, will be on display in the East Building of the National Gallery through June 17. It is only the first installment of an ongoing process through which the artist hopes to establish warmer relationships between the peoples of different countries. A combined painting and sculpture, the work incorporates photographs and objects from Mexico, and was created by Mr. Rauschenberg in response to contact with Mexican writers and artists.

Representative examples from

each country of Mr. Rauschenberg's collaborations will be sent to Washington and displayed at the National Gallery, announced the museum's director J. Carter Brown yesterday. Then in 1988-89 the complete extravaganza, including paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, photographs, videos and sound, will be exhibited at the National Gallery, Mr. Brown said.

"Every two or three or four months, there may very well be a new R.O.C.I. piece," said Jack Cowart, curator of contemporary art at the National Gallery. Mr. Cowart

"By the time we get to Tibet, which is the fifth stop, we'll be carrying information of about five countries in video and art works."

said that the R.O.C.I. project appealed to the gallery because it seemed very much in line with the museum's program of international cultural exchange. But he hastened to add that the gallery was in no way lowering its standards in agreeing to exhibit work that had not yet been created.

"These pieces are very carefully selected as the very highest quality art, self-consciously from the artist and curatorially from our side," he emphasized. "Some of Bob's best work in past years has been produced in other cultural situations."

Mr. Rauschenberg, an ardent internationalist, is well known for his active involvement with cultural interchange. Besides such collaborations as the production of limited-edition books with French author Alain Robbe-Grillet and Russian poet Andrei Vosnesensky, he has virtually become a world-image collector in his recent work, creating silk-screened collages of photo-

graphs he takes during his travels.

The artist believes that his art will be more accessible to a world audience than that of many other artists because it employs familiar images.

"My work does lend itself more to curiosity than to intimidation," he said, recalling an incident in which a plumber who worked in his New York loft came back one Sunday, bringing his entire family to see the strange objects the artist had created. "I put familiar objects in unfamiliar situations."

When asked if R.O.C.I. wouldn't be regarded in many of the Third

World countries it is scheduled to visit as just one more example of American cultural imperialism, Mr. Rauschenberg sounded an emphatic negative.

"That isn't our attitude," he said. "One of the things that excites local interest in the different countries is the fact that their country will be recognized in other countries," he continued.

One of the most moving aspects of his recent trip to China, he said, was how isolated the people were. Their travel is so restricted, according to Mr. Rauschenberg, that they can't even visit their relatives in the next province, much less travel to other countries. He hopes that his show will in part overcome that isolation by its progressive inclusion of more and more objects, sounds and images.

"By the time we get to Tibet, which is the fifth stop," said Mr. Rauschenberg, "we'll be carrying information of about five countries

in video and art works."

Although Mr. Rauschenberg admitted that some critics may accuse him of grandstanding, he is prepared for their onslaught.

"Our preference is for traveling to more sensitive areas, as opposed to an elitist, ego-maniacal trip," he argued, citing his difficulties in persuading disaffected Venezuelan writer José Donoso to cooperate in a show mounted in the Venezuelan National Museum. "I think we're going to get very involved. We are doing this to bring disparate philosophies or attitudes together through art."

While R.O.C.I. has been generally well-received in Mexico, there were some clashing opinions on it, according to Mexican book artist and journalist Felipe Ehrenberg. In a phone interview from Mexico City, he commented that "there was some sort of understandable resentment that a privately funded museum, such as the Tamayo Museum, would show and surround with such drums and trumpets a series of propositions already handled by artists in Mexico years back that hadn't been able to reach public forums."

Mr. Rauschenberg's project is an expensive one. The costs, borne almost entirely by privately raised funds, were originally projected at \$3 million, but his experience in Mexico City, Mr. Rauschenberg said, has led him to multiply that figure a little over threefold.

However, even the process of finding the way around escalating costs has proved to be fruitful for his mission.

"Help with transportation just came through about an hour ago," enthused the irrepressible artist. "The Venezuelan army is flying the works in from Chile. They'll have to stop some of the wars if all of the planes are hauling art around."

Prodigal artist fights for Utopia



by Cimi Suchontan

ART, for American artist Robert Rauschenberg, has today become the sole medium on which to improve international relations.

Looking desperately worried, Rauschenberg, who is regarded by many as America's leading exponent of avant garde art, said "international relations has never been worse."

"I'm really frightened. I don't know how worse it can get before something awful happens," he warned.

"I want to do something with art to change this. Art is what I do the best," Rauschenberg said, adding his credentials often allow him to "get to places where even the State Department can't."

"In the past art and sport were seen as two ways to improve relations between countries," he said. In a critical tone, he said this has now changed. "My own country had used sport as a (political) weapon in the last Olympics. Thus art is now the last — if not the only — hope for improving bonds between different peoples."

The Texas-born artist said among the early signs that sport was increasingly clouded by political expressions was the slaying of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympics. Giving the interview at the Oriental Hotel on a surprise visit here, fresh from an art venture and show in Sri Lanka, Rauschenberg said he will personally take charge in making a foreign relations recovery of the world by working in foreign countries with foreign artists.

He called this instrument of peace "the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange or ROCI for short — pronounced Roc-ki," he said with a smile.

To be sure, ROCI has made tremendous headway for the artist when in June and July last year he completed a five-week Chinese adventure in Anhui Province, formerly



Rauschenberg: Art for peace.

closed to tourists.

For that project, Rauschenberg, his assistant Terry Van Bunt and crew carrying 30 trunks of art-making supplies went to "China's oldest paper mill."

The mill was located in the legendary Yellow Mountains in that province where the "1,000-year-old" Xuan paper — made of mulberry fibres — was said to have originated. The paper is made by bleaching the fibres in the sun according to ancient tradition.

PASSION

Recalling the experience with great passion, Rauschenberg said he "worked with great intensity" knowing time was limited for a foreign visitor.

Making every minute count, he produced more than 490 paper prints. "I learned to count from one to five in Chinese; say good morning and thank you," he quipped. "For three months, after I returned to New York, I would push the (Chinese) language tape in

my car cassette deck," he chortled.

On a more serious note, Rauschenberg praised the Chinese who accepted his activities in Anwei without placing stringent censorship. Pleasantly surprised, he admitted, "I was ready for them to censor my work. But they even allowed me to address their leading art school where a lot of artists showed up."

Topping the success of the Anwei visit, the Chinese Government asked Rauschenberg to return. Other ROCI attempts, however, have not been as smooth. When he asked for a similar venture to Moscow, "the Soviets replied: 'Not as long as Reagan is President.'" Despite the rejection, he nevertheless is not discouraged. "There must be another way," he added after a pause.

The artist has, however, received highly receptive offers from Australia and Japan. Both governments have offered to sponsor the ROCI creator's exhibitions in their countries.

As was the case of the privately funded Sri

Lankan excursion, Rauschenberg said he aimed to find adequate sponsorship for a Thai-ROCI project.

"I'm a weird kind of American," he described himself. "I'm a quarter Cherokee, a quarter Dutch, a quarter German and a quarter Swede." He said his North American Indian heritage has attributed to his "super-respect of the environment."

"I give away almost all my earnings to environmental groups. My works sell for hundreds of dollars, but apart from the little I keep aside to buy dog food, I spend most of it to protect the land," he said.

Rauschenberg disclosed he also pays for other artists' medical and hospital bills. American artists who are self-employed are not covered like company workers whose medical benefits are paid by their employers, he explained.

Rauschenberg's rise to prominence began in the late 1950s when he was proclaimed as "American art's enfant terrible." In 1964, he won first prize at the prestigious Venice Biennial. His celebrated collaborations with dancers Merce Cunningham and Trisha Brown, engineer Billy Kluber and composer John Cage have today become almost legendary.

He has left a powerful mark in America's avant garde, and makes no apology. He said that artists have always had a history of persecution. "Hitler got rid of the Bauhauser (a German avant garde movement) before he eliminated the Jews because artists cannot be controlled. They are independent-minded and disinterested."

To be sure, with the tradition of Bauhauser, he has embarked on ROCI — perhaps the key to Rauschenberg's Utopia.

Against all odds — when so many others have failed — it is evident, however, that the least of Robert Rauschenberg's fears is to go for it.

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FASHION designers Calvin Klein, Bill Blas and Geoffrey Beene became internationally famous after they were given the Coty Award. And the managing director of the company which distributes Coty products is convinced that the award can make local designers internationally renowned, too.

Mrs Ratchanie

To make them internationally famous, says organiser

the models in the show. Each model's look is specially designed to coordinate with the dress she is wearing.

Bangkok can have the same annual event, said Ratchanie, adding that the fashion extravaganza will be started this year. "It will be held at the same time as in America with the name of the winner also announced in September.

Ratchanie said that

Wishing continued success for

Bangkok Adventist

on the inauguration

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Rauschenberg, The Art Explorer

The Avant-Garde Master's Plans For a Worldwide Creation

By Mary Battiata
Washington Post Staff Writer

Robert Rauschenberg, brown as a walnut, cool as the ice cream man in his white linen suit, standing stock-still in the middle of the East Building of the National Gallery of Art:

"Three inches," commands the *enfant terrible* turned art world eminence. His sweet Texas twang curls like rococo chrome. Museum people bristling with pencils, levels and ladders hop to it. "Altar Peace," a meditation on Mexico, rises into place. Its shiny aluminum snake sculpture—glinting with images of jalapeno peppers and peanuts and machines—hangs the requisite number of inches above an eerie expanse of canvas decorated with a green skull, fuchsia lava, a rooster and whatever else caught his mind's eye.

"Altar Peace" is the first fruit of a projected 22-country, five-year odyssey that Rauschenberg began in Mexico in April. With the élan of a man who has pranced at the head of the avant-garde parade for more than two decades, he calls the project the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange.

For the next five years, if all goes according to plan, Rauschenberg and a crew of nine will be on the road in Chile, Venezuela, China, Spain, Thailand, Sri Lanka and elsewhere, collaborating with native artists and artisans to produce what he expects to be more than 200 works of art. Local poets and writers will contribute their work for the catalogue and there will be videotapes made to record each stop.

"We tend to favor sensitive spots as opposed to the historical safety zones—France . . . you know, the normal European art centers," he says.

At least one work from each country will remain in

See RAUSCHENBERG, D7, Col. 1

The Washington Post



BY LUCIAN PERKINS—THE WASHINGTON POST

Robert Rauschenberg below his aluminum snake sculpture "Altar Peace" at the National Gallery.

Art Trek

RAUSCHENBERG, From D1

that country on permanent loan. A second work will be shipped back to the National Gallery for inclusion in an exhibit of all the works and videotapes in 1988.

If it sounds like a circus, it is a circus infused with Rauschenberg's optimism, omnivorousness and undiminished faith in the power of art. "It's a way for people to find out more about each other, and maybe lead to a truer form of understanding than governments seem to be able to do," he says.

It is a gargantuan venture. The budget for the project is more than \$10 million, which Rauschenberg hopes to raise from private sources.

The logistics are punishing. To get the exhibit from Chile to Venezuela, for example, a private museum in Caracas has recruited the Venezuelan Air Force for transport. Jet fuel for that leg of the trip will cost \$5,800. There are mammoth insurance bills, and ever-changing itineraries.

Does he ever wake up in the middle of the Florida night, look around at his Captiva Island retreat and wish he could cancel the whole thing?

"No," he says. "But I wouldn't want to have started this a minute later because the traveling takes an enormous amount of energy." At 59, he is at an age where many artists turn inward. Their work becomes introspective. Think of the aging Rembrandt's pensive self-portraits.

But Rauschenberg has never been known for introspection. After boyhood in Port Arthur, Tex., he joined the Navy (where he first picked up a paintbrush, locking himself in the latrine for privacy), studied at Black Mountain College in North Carolina with pioneer abstractionist Josef Albers (who hated his work) and began his collaborations with the young composer John Cage. From the moment he splashed down into the New York art world in 1949, he began stretching the esthetic boundaries, incorporating everyday objects and puns into his work, and devouring the world around him. Critics have described his work as a rendezvous for the common images of the day.

"Monogram," made in 1959, a stuffed Angora goat with a rubber tire around its middle, is one of his best-known images. Time magazine art critic Robert Hughes called it the supreme example of the ironic lechery in Rauschenberg's work, and noted William Blake's line that



BY LUCIAN PERKINS—THE WASHINGTON POST

Robert Rauschenberg: "I'm never happier than when I'm working . . ."

the lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

In "Bed," made in 1955, Rauschenberg stretched a bed quilt over an improvised frame, added a pillow and covered all of it with drips and streaks of red paint. After that there were collages, and photography, prints and sculpture.

"I don't work with a prescribed notion or a specific message," he says. "I have tended to use images or objects that don't have any particular respect built into them as symbols or icons. The message is to reflect your own life into it and possibly make a few changes.

"In my most naive state, in my first New York loft, I was always annoyed by the artists who thought that the studio was some kind of special place, that they were protected from the outside world. I always wanted my work to look more like what was going on outside than what was going on inside. The door was always open, the television was always on, the windows were always open."

Standing in front of "Altar Peace" at the National Gallery, patiently posing for photographers, Rauschenberg preens and turns. He is compact, with dark eyes that glow in a burnished, inquisitive face. Hands in his pockets, hands at his side, he rocks back and forth in his perfectly polished black boots.

The idea for the cultural exchange came out of his working trip to China and Japan in 1982, a trip that silenced critics who by the '70s were sniping that Rauschenberg's best was behind him. He surprised and delighted the art world by returning with almost 500 collages and a 100-foot photograph. They called the work Rauschenberg's renaissance. He saw possibilities.

He has made preliminary trips to several of the countries already and, as could have been expected,

has found treasures in unexpected places.

"Mud flaps," he says. "I'm making mud flaps for Thailand. You know those flaps on trucks? They have fantastic mud flaps. They advertise movies and movie stars on them, and the trucks are all so beautifully decorated anyway."

In Sri Lanka he wants to make batiks, with patterns taken from his old photographs. "We'll sew those together to make elephant outfits and the exhibition there will begin with a parade of elephants and local dancers."

On Tibet: "It's going to be the most difficult country for me to paint for, or do any kind of collaboration, because I've always sort of secretly felt that my work was quite Tibetan already. Seeing some spiritual life in the most common object is very close to what they are all about and they also are not shy about colors. And they have a rich sense of extremes."

Age and the Florida sun have left a magnificent map on Rauschenberg's face; when he smiles, his face is wreathed in exclamatory lines. He smiles a lot when he talks about the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange and looks happy as a cat on a warm sidewalk. "This is not a selfless trip, you know. I love this. I'm growing from it. The experience I'm getting will certainly add to my own creative possibilities.

"I don't understand artists who . . . I have some colleagues that treat making art as just what they do professionally. I know some very outstanding artists who confess in private that it's such a bore, but it's their job or something. I'm never happier than when I'm working and it's getting worse. I had thought it must calm down but it seems the more I do, the more it looks like there is to do."

Broadcasting on a human wavelength

by
Tony Waltham

HIS Majesty the King earlier this month graciously accepted an advanced class amateur radio licence and an amateur radio call sign from a representative of the Ministry of Communications during an audience at Chitralada Palace.

His Majesty becomes the first person in Thailand to receive the advanced amateur radio licence since regulations governing the activity became law at the beginning of 1988.

The King joins the ranks of millions of amateur radio operators throughout the world, but he will not be alone as a reigning monarch who embraces this hobby.

King Hussein of Jordan and King Juan Carlos of Spain are both amateur radio operators. What then is the attraction of this hobby which has a growing number now approaching two million licensed practitioners worldwide?

The International Amateur Radio Union (IARU), an organisation under the ITU (International Telecommunications Union) which is the "United Nations" of all radio broadcasting, recently circulated an article which succinctly explains what the activity is, and how it benefits both those who practice it as well as the countries which permit amateur radio operation.

In Thailand, amateur radio activity is supervised by the Post and Telegraph Department which, in turn, recognises the Radio Amateur Society of Thailand as officially representing amateur radio activities both internationally as well as domestically.

This national amateur radio society will celebrate its 25th anniversary this year, and, in turn, is a member of the IARU. A spokesman for RAST made available the explanatory article from the IARU which forms the basis of this article.

Amateur radio constitutes a privilege available to the citizens of each progressive nation where it provides valuable training, produces international goodwill, and yields a variety of public service benefits. Amateur radio enhances both the national image and the quality of life of its citizens.

A self-teaching tool of proven effectiveness, amateur radio offers the opportunity for learning electronics and communications technology at home in one's spare time, while affording ready access to assistance and counsel from experienced teachers in every area of electronics and telecommunications.

Amateur radio is unique in that it presents the opportunity for gaining knowledge of electronic systems as well as providing access to the environment in which these must function. Consequently, professional people who also are radio amateurs often possess a better grasp of radio system operation than those who are not.

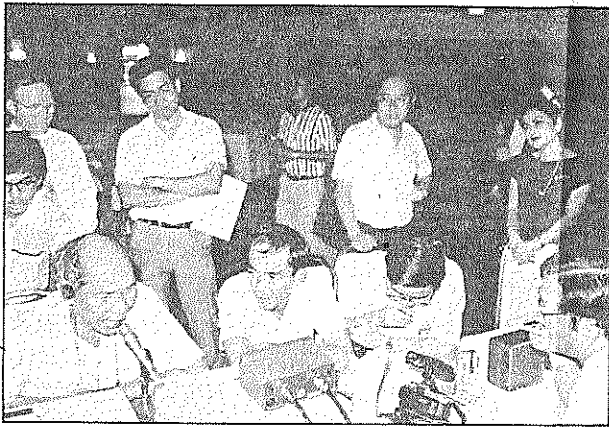
Participation in amateur radio becomes an exceptionally attractive learning experience, enabling the student (whatever his or her age) to participate directly in experimental activities while enjoying rewarding social contact with fellow amateurs. This training develops a vital supply of electronics and communications resources for the heightened demands for skilled manpower that arise from national and international emergencies of all kinds; to lack these is to be vulnerable.

Amateur radio as a teaching tool thrives in the developed countries of the world, often without cost to the public. In some countries it receives modest subsidies in the form of government grants for training activities, electronic equipment and quarters for school and club stations, and electronic components furnished to newcomers to aid them in assembling their first receivers or transmitters.

It is the nature of amateur radio to inspire among its practitioners a desire to learn and to participate. It provides experience in a wide variety of disciplines, enabling early determination of aptitudes and interests on the part of the participant, and yielding opportunities for contact with more skilled individual who can assist and furnish guidance which may lead to the choice of a career.

Perhaps best of all, amateur radio offers a challenging, enriching, productive and socially-constructive activity for young people in our increasingly complex society.

Most of the electronic equipment and systems in use today are the products of the radio amateurs. Beginning with Marconi, Hertz and Popov, ardent and dedicated ama-



Officers of RAST operate from a special event station while others look on during a RAST meeting at Singha Bier Haus.

teur experimenters have contributed heavily to the development of electronics technology.

Today industry and government engineers, scientists and technicians who are also radio amateurs, continue their experimental activities during their off-work hours, exchanging ideas with their fellow amateurs.

Much of what they learn and discover as amateurs accrues to the advantage of their employers, their government and, ultimately, to the public itself. Devices being designed and marketed today are among those first tried and tested in various forms by radio amateurs.

Amateur radio provides almost unlimited opportunities for live experimentation in a wide variety of communications disciplines, and has yielded many breakthroughs in radio communications, including shortwave broadcasting which most people take for granted now.

Other technical practices pioneered by hams is the superiority of long distance single sideband (SSB) voice transmission, low cost, high performance satellite transponders and earth terminals, high efficiency VHF repeater systems, slow-scan long distance television systems, directional antenna design and application, long-distance communication employing very low power devices, and the adaptation of packet-switching techniques to the radio environment.

Perhaps one of the least publicised contributions of the amateur radio service is its long record of discovery and development of effective radio spectrum usage.

Of all of the world's radio services, amateur radio has become — through necessity — the most efficient user of its frequency resources. As the service with the greatest number of licensed stations occupying useful high frequency communications segments, the amateur radio service has developed unique time and frequency sharing techniques, employing directional antennas, appropriate power levels and wavelengths, and discovering and adapting to practical use new propagation modes and paths.

After nearly a century of use, much remains to be learned about the ionosphere and the variety of the other propagational mechanisms affecting the passage of radio signals. Through ceaseless experimentation and sharing of information, amateurs have been at the forefront of knowledge in its field. Amateurs work at experimentation on a daily, round-the-clock basis, with the typical enthusiasm and dedication of volunteers. Being numerous and widely dispersed, they are enabled to observe, measure, and record propagation phenomena and anomalies which would otherwise remain mysterious and

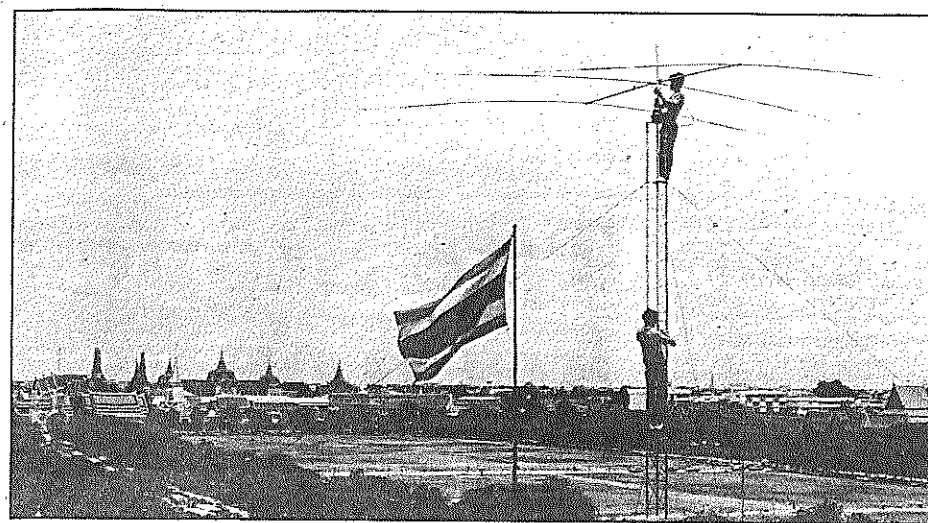
unpredictable.

It is no accident that radio amateurs are to be found employed at every level in every field of radio communications, for they bring with them valuable knowledge and insights into the vagaries of the environment in which radio waves travel.

Radio amateurs have demonstrated the feasibility of using a variety of propagation modes, including moonbounce, meteor scatter, auroral reflection, tropospheric ducting, sporadic-E, transequatorial Spread-F, and low power satellites. They continue to shed new light on the possibilities and limitations of these phenomena.

For example, amateurs have demonstrated that sporadic-E, which typically causes VHF frequencies to be bounced back to earth and thus often reach thousands of kilometres propagation, occurs far more frequently, and supports higher frequencies, than the professional literature would suggest.

Amateur radio is an efficient user of VHF bands and has provided



A nice take-off. Final touches to antenna at the Public Relations Department overlooking Sanam Luang to mark Communications Day a few years ago.

Perhaps best of all, amateur radio offers a challenging, enriching, productive and socially-constructive activity for young people in our increasingly complex society.

ed a steady source of pressure for the development of improved receiver, transmitter, and repeater designs, so as to enable the largest number of stations to operate effectively and with compatibility in the fewest number of kilohertz. In this way, too, amateur radio has provided a model for government and commercial users of the spectrum.

A widely recognised aspect of amateur radio activity is the provision of emergency communications services in time of local, national, or international disaster. ITU Resolution No. 640 formally recognises the value of this resource.

From the earliest beginnings, amateur radio has responded swiftly and effectively to the call for communications assistance when normal channels are lost as the result of calamity — recent examples which come to mind are the earthquakes in Mexico City and last year in the Soviet Union where amateurs pitched in to set up emergency communications for disaster relief work.

The greater society's dependence upon communication services becomes, the more sorely these are missed when disruptions occur. Amateur radio has, time and again, been the vital link in bringing first word of disasters such as floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, fires, tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, and tornadoes.

And it is totally a volunteer resource, costing the public nothing.

In our new world of rapid transportation and instant communications... which also possesses the capability for total destruction... no greater need exists than that the world's people begin to understand and to sympathise with one another.

Amateur radio is totally unique in that it offers the only direct, person-to-person, real time opportunity for regular international contact among the people of the Earth.

Amateur radio transcends political, geographic, religious, economic, professional, ethnic, cultural, and age barriers in a way that is unrivalled in the human experience. Except in those few cases where it is specifically forbidden by government decree, radio amateurs of the various nations from their own homes, converse on a friendly and amicable basis with their fellow experimenters around the world, sharing experience and expertise alike.

Amateur radio is potentially available to individuals in nearly every walk of life. His Majesty the King's licence of course attests to this — along with those of King Hussein and King Juan Carlos. Members of the Saudi Arabian Royal Family are radio amateurs, as is the President of India, Rajiv Gandhi. There have been astronauts in space who were amateurs, and perhaps one of the more famous was the Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin.

Amateur radio provides for each of its participants a host of challenging technical and operating opportunities which are carried on in direct personal association with a highly-cosmopolitan group.

It has frequently been observed,

too, that amateur radio establishes for each nation of the world a unique identity, projecting a far more attractive and persuasive international image than can be achieved through the medium of short-wave broadcasting or other contrived media. Indeed, the absence of a national amateur radio service is a particularly eloquent testimonial to local conditions.

Without external direction, the amateur radio service functions as a cohesive international fellowship that daily serves to strengthen the bonds of understanding and goodwill among the world's people.

Indeed, amateur radio is a rewarding involvement for all who persevere to acquire an amateur licence, but it is particularly valuable to those who for reasons of age or physical limitation cannot otherwise maintain regular contact with society. It is an activity that deserves to be encouraged, cultivated, protected, and assured of adequate frequency resources, in order that it may continue to perform these and countless other significant public services.

Radio amateurs are licensed by the government of each of the more than 150 countries where amateur radio is permitted. Each licensed amateur becomes a registered and identified user of radio communications equipment.

The typical radio amateur cherishes this official sanction; he engages only in legitimate communications and monitors the amateur bands to assure that any infractions or intrusions by other services are promptly reported to his government authority.

Because of their geographical dispersion, radio amateurs are able to observe how the radio spectrum is used from many vantage points and to compare their observations. They are prompt to identify sources and seek correction of improperly adjusted or defective radio transmitters, and have organised an effective worldwide monitoring system to guard against the misuse of radio frequencies.

Skills are developed in radio direction-finding through competitive activities such as "fox hunts" and hidden transmitter hunts, and amateurs employ this unusual competence to track down and report to their government any unlicensed or illicit users of the radio spectrum.

Radio amateurs have often been cited by government authorities for their ability to effectively regulate and monitor their own activities and to avoid interference to other radio services, even in situations where frequencies are shared. It is a reputation that is well deserved and one in which amateurs the world around take pride.

It is not surprising, in our technologically advancing world, that increasing numbers of newcomers are being attracted to amateur radio. It is apparent that at the present rate of increase the number of stations of the amateur service in 1992 will exceed two million.

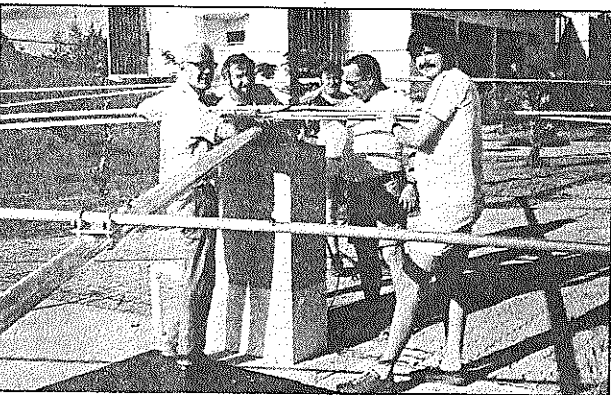
Ready to share their rewarding and productive activity with others, radio amateurs the world around are typically helpful in encouraging others to acquire the necessary knowledge and skills to pass government examinations, so that they, too, may become eligible to participate. The many salutary features of a growing amateur radio service are well recognised by most of the governments of the world; they are aware that the correlation between national gains in electronics technology and productivity, and the growth of its amateur radio service, is no mere coincidence.

□□□
The Radio Amateur Society of Thailand oversees amateur radio activities in Thailand and is officially recognised as performing this role by the Post and Telegraph Department. The society meets once a month on the first Sunday at 11 a.m. at the Singha Bier Haus on Asoke Road and all visitors and guests are welcome to mingle at these informal get-togethers where a buffet lunch is available.

He noted that to be eligible for consideration there should be no less than 20 qualified operators resident in the province for a minimum of six months. Up to now, amateur radio activity has been restricted to 11 provinces in the vicinity of Bangkok.



A "QSL card" from the RAST special event station held last year at an amateur radio convention in Bangkok. These cards are exchanged and kept as proof of a contact.



RAST members with a "home-brew" antenna built at AIT for contest work.

Amateur radio in Thailand today

AMATEUR radio was fully legalised in Thailand after regulations governing the activity were signed into law on August 4, 1987 — National Communications Day — and were to become effective on January 1 last year.

They provide for three licence classes: novice class, which allows operations on VHF only, an intermediate class which will allow operators who pass both a tougher theory examination and a Morse Code test at a speed of eight words a minute to operate on short wave as well, and the advanced class which requires even more technical knowledge and both Thai and English language Morse Code capabilities.

Yesterday was the big day for over 90 would-be intermediate class licensees

who sat the Post and Telegraph Department's Morse Code test. Those who pass will be allowed to apply for the intermediate class operating licence which, for the first time, will permit licensed Thai operators to contact amateur radio stations abroad on the international short wave bands.

Operations up until now on short wave had been conducted under the auspices of the Radio Amateur Society of Thailand, either at club stations or at special demonstration stations, such as at the recent AsiaComm show.

RAST has had a club station at the Asian Institute of Technology for the past eight years which its members mainly use during amateur radio contests, when radio amateurs pit their operating skills against each other and try to

contact as many stations as possible.

Activity on the amateur radio bands has thus been limited in Thailand until recently. However Director General of the Post and Telegraph Department Sombat Uthaisang announced at a meeting of RAST earlier this month that the number of VHF frequencies that novice amateur radio operators could use would soon be doubled.

He told some 200 members of RAST that a further 10 or 11 channels would be added to the existing 11 and also said that interest in amateur radio in Thailand was rapidly increasing. He said amateur radio was an activity beneficial to society and likened it to the national scout movement and Rotary International.

He said that while some

A chance meeting with the Chow Meh

Text and photos by Robert Campbell

IT happened on my return from Malaysia, earlier this year, that I was unable to make connections in Hat Yai for my onward journey to Bangkok. Although I was required to stay there the night, it turned out to be a fortuitous inconvenience. The following morning after breakfast I encountered an unusual parade. I had heard stories of this annual religious festival held in various locations, but, like most of us from the West, I was sceptical of their credibility. I was therefore pleased to have the opportunity to see for myself.

The parade was headed by a man swinging a baton, followed by a traditional fierce looking dragon, dancing along. Next came a display of pretty girls, as might be expected in Thailand, then a procession of religious idols — Taoist divinities each seated on a small wooden throne and mounted on pickup trucks or carried aloft. There were women with cymbals and a man on an elaborate trolley playing music and drums. This was all pretty mundane stuff so far.

Then came the first demonstration of a faith that seems so strange when you first encounter it. A middle aged man had a long metal skewer piercing both cheeks. A flag was attached to one end of the skewer. He wore a serious penetrating expression, but not one of pain. There was something different about him. No blood trickled from his wounds.

In the procession that followed were many others likewise demonstrating their faith, although they would later retain no memory of the event. Some men had just one cheek pierced but with a large shaft, including that of a beach umbrella. They supported one end of the shaft with their teeth while an assistant carried the end with the umbrella. Some seemed to bear their strange condition better than others and not all that were affected had their cheeks pierced.

One young man was salivating so profusely that a stream of white foam was issuing from his mouth and dripping from his chin. He had a strangely distant appearance about him. Others had their cheeks pierced with rings and rods which connected them together. They wore costumes, garlands of flowers, and some were fitted with a head-dress. They were not in a normal conscious state and yet they seemed perfectly able to function as required.

The most striking of the participants were two young women referred to as "Chow Meh". They were dressed in white flowing gowns from head to toe and each had two or three assistants that had not undergone the transformation. "Chow Meh" may be loosely translated as meaning "holy mother". This was certainly the impression which came across. There was a mystical serenity and grace to their demeanour. Their heads oscillated slightly, although held erect with eyes cast downward. They moved in a gracious effortless flow. The gently oscillating rhythm, about two beats per second, was as if in tune to a music that couldn't be heard.

'She tilted her head back to look up straight into my eyes and she spoke for a moment in a high pitched falsetto-like voice. It was an intricately articulated language that was incomprehensible to me.'



A sense of serenity as she blesses those kneeling.



Some seemed less disoriented than others.



Despite the glazed look in her eyes this Chow Meh politely offered an orange.

The event wasn't organised like a usual parade. It wasn't a march from a starting point to a finish. It meandered through the streets as traffic nudged by, while different groups of participants stopped here and there to offer blessings to those along the way. Many on the route had set out small tables with candles, incense, and dishes of fruit. They knelt with their palms in the traditional wai gesture of respect, accepting the blessings of certain sanctified members of the procession. This included a sprinkling of holy water dispensed with the aid of a swath of leaves. They stopped at homes, shops, temples, and bystanders along the way, wherever suggested by apparent invitation, or wherever it seemed fitting.

One of the Chow Meh also had her cheeks pierced with a long metal rod. Easily the most outstanding figure in the parade, there was an extraordinary quality in everything she did. Even the use of her hands was very carefully determined. A small wreath of flowers was positioned between the fingers of her right hand which were held in only certain ways. A small baton was cradled on her left forearm, her left index finger extending precisely to the end of the baton. She would raise the finger to hold the flowers when she required the use of her right hand. She exuded a heavenly presence that defied explanation or denial. She seemed to see everything without raising her eyes.

At one point as I took her picture she stopped. Then she turned and advanced toward me, followed by her assistants. I hadn't the presence of mind to kneel. She tilted her head back to look up straight into my eyes and she spoke for a moment in a high pitched falsetto-like voice. It was an intricately articulated language that was incomprehensible to me. Her eyes, as blue and as deep as the sky, had the most exquisite expression I've ever seen. Her words required no reply. She took the branch of leaves from the water bowl held by her helper, and sprinkled my head. Then she turned and moved on without further ado. Had she taken me by surprise? The depth and expression in her eyes, her speech, and her presence, all touched me deeply.

The procession finally found its way through the streets back to the temple grounds where it had begun a few hours earlier. I watched a couple of the men have the rods removed from their cheeks. They knelt before a small altar with a flag bearing the Taoist symbol of Yang and Yin draped over their heads, while skilled fingers smoothly extracted the metal. There was not more than a drop of blood. The men showed no pain, not a flinch.

The event is a blend of various influences, Taoist, Buddhist, and Hindu, all reflecting the diverse spirit culture roots of Asia in their own way. The roots are still intact in the Shamanist tribal traditions of the mountainous north, whereas in peninsular southern Thailand and parts of Malaysia, Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist traditions have been mutually exposed by sea trade between India and China for over 2,000 years.

It's sometimes difficult for the Western mind to comprehend that spiritual traditions in the Far East have generally not been marked by the same rigidly exclusive character portrayed by religions originating in the West. They tend to appreciate their similarities as expressions of the same underlying truth, while mutually learning from their differences. This sometimes occurs to such an extent that it is difficult to distinguish the practice of one religion from that of another. The Eastern approach is an intuitive appreciation of a living reality. The Western approach too often attempts to freeze truth into language and kill it.

In the afternoon I returned to the temple to talk with some of the young men who had participated in the procession. Some could be identified by the marks on the cheeks where the wounds had already closed and begun to heal. Others had been just normal participants although some pointed out tiny scars where they had pierced their cheeks in previous years. The expressions on their faces had turned to broad smiles and they talked freely.



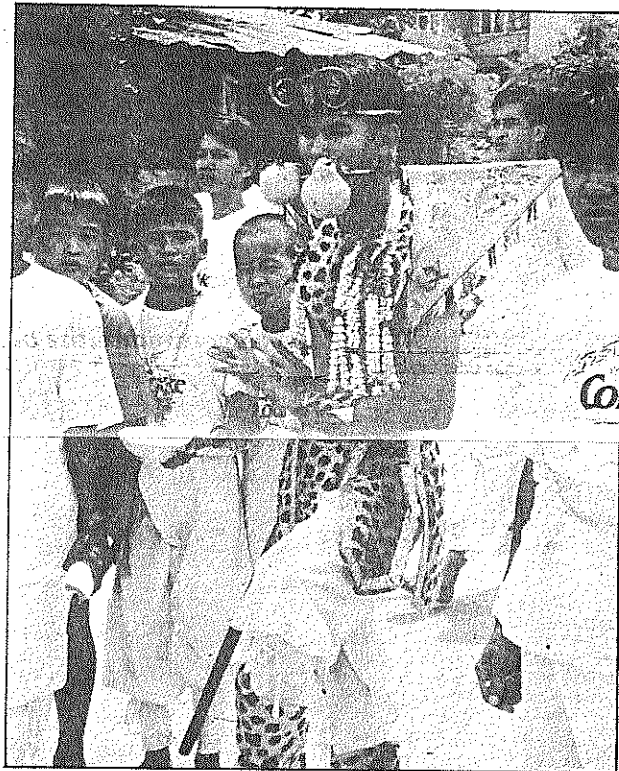
This Chow Meh showed no negative effects despite the rod passing through her cheeks.

They explained that the event entails inviting a spiritual being to enter their bodies. They simply prepare themselves and when the time is right invite the spirit to enter. As the event ends they return to their normal selves, with no memory of what has transpired in between. Of course all of this is formalised to a degree by the overall ritual surrounding the event, which gives it order and meaning. The spiritual being has a universal character, but they pointed out that it is a lesser spirit than God. "Muan Luuk Khong Kaw" — like his son, "Muan Yesu" — like Jesus, they said, although they used another name also.

When I inquired about the Chow Meh they explained that they were just ordinary Thai women of very good character who could serve as a vehicle for the spirit during the event. They too responded spontaneously without subsequent memory of what had transpired. They weren't nuns and they lived an otherwise ordinary life, although they had many redeeming qualities about them. They were not Chinese and couldn't normally speak Chinese. Yet one man said that the language they spoke during the performance was a Chinese dialect that could be partially understood by the Chinese. They thought it was a very old dialect containing many unknown words.

A violent thunderstorm came up and we took refuge in the temple. There were many events planned for the evening and for the next three days: firewalking across red hot coals, walking on long needle-sharp thorns that would normally pierce a human foot, and climbing ladders with razor sharp blades for rungs. A thorn stairs and bed had been prepared and they showed me one of the rungs for the ladder. It was sharp enough to get a good shave.

They explained that all of the events were very dangerous to anyone in their normal state of mind. They told of one sceptical foreigner who had attempted to climb the ladder and had severed the front half of his foot. But the impression I got was not that they were just trying to impress with these feats. The whole point was to



He stopped on one foot for the photo, his body oscillating in rhythm.

demonstrate a living spiritual reality that transcends us all, and that we can have access to for our benefit. I can only suggest to sceptics that they go next year in May, on dates that are decided year by year, and see for themselves.

I reflected many times on the long trip to Bangkok of the remarkable expression in the eyes of the Chow Meh as she spoke her incomprehensible dialect. It was something of a miracle in itself. So captivating was her expression, her speech, and her presence, that it didn't fully dawn on me until I was home. The Thai woman's eyes, as she gazed into mine, were as blue as the sky.

'They simply prepare themselves and when the time is right invite the spirit to enter. As the event ends they return to their normal selves, with no memory of what has transpired in between.'



Notice the effect on the eyes.

CIA hideout for China's most wanted man

by Alfred Lee

THE young student who led the fight for democracy in China and fled into hiding on the night tanks rolled into Tiananmen Square recently allowed us into his CIA hideout in California — and gave the first full account of his fight from the bloodbath in Peking.

He told us that his underground network of contacts in China now estimates 3,000 people were killed in the massacre and more than 120,000 people have since been arrested or executed.

"The purging of dissidents is more bloody than the West can imagine. There is no end to the revenge of the hardliners. Executions are taking place on a massive scale all over China," said Wuer Kaixi.

Through a group of intermediaries and intelligence contacts, *The Sunday Express* tracked down Wuer to California last week.

A meeting was arranged under a veil of secrecy and we drove from Los Angeles airport 60 kms to a large white building on the outskirts of Pasadena, where Wuer

and his girlfriend Liu Yan, another student leader, are guarded round the clock by America's Central Intelligence Agency.

We were searched by two guards before being escorted out two flights of stairs, passing four more guards on the way.

Western intelligence agencies believe the Peking hardliners have dispatched assassins to find and kill Wuer, whose face appears at the top of the "most wanted" posters plastering walls throughout China.

In a dimly lit room with the curtains drawn sat the young man whose inspired leadership of millions of Chinese pro-democracy demonstrators who came close to toppling the Communist regime of Deng Xiaoping.

Dressed in jeans and a black T-shirt and sitting in front of a small table on which stood a cup of tea and a half-finished bowl of noodles, Wuer relived China's months of struggle for freedom and his own courageous confrontation with the hardline leader Li Peng, who or-

dered the troops to crush the student revolt.

He was unsmiling and intense as he talked of the night soldiers machine-gunned, bayoneted and crushed beneath their tanks the unarmed men, women and children peacefully demonstrating in Tiananmen Square. And he gave for the first time details of his daring escape to the West.

"This is the first detailed interview I have given to a journalist," said Wuer, who has only ventured momentarily from his hiding place for surprise appearances at fund-raising events or to issue short statements on the continuing fight for democracy.

He spoke reasonable English but constantly referred to an electronic translator to find words to express his emotions.

There was no doubt that this man was the young, pyjama-clad hunger striker who was seen on television screens around the world admonishing Premier Li Peng in the hours before the massacre.

The students had demanded the meeting with Li Peng and it was granted in the hope of reaching a compromise.

Wuer was taken from his hospital bed, where he was being treated for the ravages of his hunger strike, to the Government's inner sanctum inside the Forbidden City in Peking.

"Li Peng apologised for being a little late for the meeting," said Wuer.

"I shouted at him that he was not a little late but very late. I did not realise the television cameras were filming the meeting.

"If I had, I would have asked him to explain to the world the corruption in his leadership and the complete absence of democracy in China.

"I was just a student, out of hos-

pital, but I had no fear of Li Peng. He is a devil but he did not frighten me. I told him to start democratic reforms and not to delay."

It is now known that Li Peng lost face that meeting angry over the loss of that which Wuer and the democracy movement had dealt him and took the decision to unleash the People's Army.

Wuer was in Tiananmen Square when the tanks rolled in.

"There were acts of bravery I will never forget," he said.

"Students tried to reason with soldiers who were firing like madmen, bayoneting young men and women.

"I was put in an ambulance with two dead students, an injured girl and an injured soldier.

"As we sped to hospital I saw the tanks firing their machine guns into the crowd."

How many people were killed?

"Nobody knows — not even the authorities. People were gathered up and burned or buried in secret, minutes after being killed," he said.

It was agreed to keep significant details of Wuer's escape secret.

"My route and method of escape may be needed by others in the future," he explained.

He and Liu were smuggled out of Peking in the back of a lorry, hidden inside a makeshift booth under a pile of timber.

They were smuggled into Hong Kong with the help of students there and then spirited to America under CIA protection.

Since then Wuer has been moved constantly from one safe house to another with his girlfriend, Liu, a pretty 19-year-old, made a brief appearance as we talked, rubbing dry her hair having just taken a shower.

Everything Wuer owns fits into



Wuer in his California hideaway.

a suitcase he keeps in a corner of his room.

During the interview he talked of his country with passion. Only once did he joke.

"Our goddess of mercy in Tiananmen Square was carrying a torch of freedom," he said.

"In America, I have been told it looked more like an ice-cream cone."

The threat of assassination has kept Wuer and Liu imprisoned ever since they fled China. They seldom venture out, and spend their days and nights watching American TV under the watchful eyes of their guards.

But he does not believe his exile will last long.

"More than anything, I want to return to China," he said.

"It is my home, my people are there. One day I am sure I will be able to return."

Wuer said his contacts inside Peking have told him the regime is now squabbling.

"There is disagreement over what should be done with the intellectuals, the artists and the academics, many of whom supported our revolt.

"All of these factors, I believe, will join together and there will be another revolt for democracy."

He added: "The power of the people will win in the end." — *London Express-Bangkok Post service*



Mobbed by UCLA students during a surprise visit earlier this month.

BOOKMARKER

THE idea that one's life is predetermined, and there's not much one can really do to change it, has made us Thais incurable fatalists. To most Thais, fatalism is a kind of force that is not meant to be challenged. Life must be as it has previously been charted out, and therefore one ought to accept it.

He was an orphan whose parents died when he was barely eight years old. His first job was as houseboy toiling days and nights serving a married couple in Pak Nam Pho (Nakhon Sawan Province). His formal education is *Mor 3* (secondary level), but he's a multi-lingual expert in *Pali* and *Hindi* and fluent in English.

For nearly 10 years, he was imprisoned, first as a prisoner of war and later on an alleged "communist" charge. And yet in 1981, he was awarded an outstanding honour by Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda for the book on Gandhi's life which he translated. He was one of the two "underground diplomats" who helped open China's door during Field Marshal P. Pibulsongkram's time, a job that many have claimed whilst he and his friend remained as the guys who "put the gold-leaf behind the Buddha's image", an expression used to connote an altruistic action that's not generally known to the public.

Now at 68, Karuna Kusulasai is a prolific writer and translator and respected *archarn* (teacher). In his autobiography, the third edition of which was released recently, *Archarn Karuna* is challenging life's philosophy as far as its preconditioned element is concerned. The autobiography, entitled *Cheevit Ti Luak Mai Dai* (*Life Without A Choice*), implies that no one can change life's destiny. Man is what he is neither because of his "superiority" nor "inferiority" complexes. "I want to point out that opportunity is a very important element in our life. And opportunity doesn't happen in everyone's life", the biographer indicates his point in the letter to his children.

Cheevit Ti Luak Mai Dai is in fact entirely composed of letters which Karuna Kusulasai wrote to his children. The first letter was dated May 10, 1984, his birthday, and was written when he and his wife, Ruang-ourai, whose name appears in his many volumes of books as his co-translator, were in Kathmandu. All 33 letters serve as the book's chapters that chronicle his life since he was born on the raft that was his first home, until the present.

Autobiography is one form of

An inspiring lifetime in letters

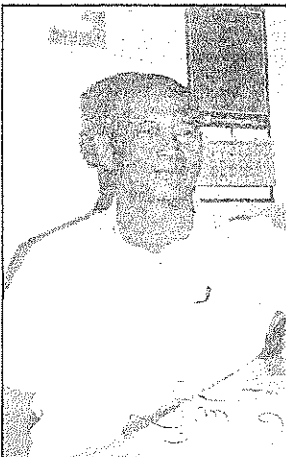
writing that's not very popular in this country. After the grand success of King Rama VII's daughter-in-law, Khunying Manee Sirivarasarn's *Cheevit Muan Fahn* (*Life Is A Dream*) a couple of years ago, Karuna Kusulasai's book perhaps is the only biographical work that is of the same level of excellence as far as its historical merit is concerned although each is completely different.

Whilst *Cheevit Muan Fahn* recalls the life of the "upper-crust", *Cheevit Ti Luak Mai Dai* is the story of "someone who was born on the Thai soil". In this respect the two are worlds apart. Why a book about himself? "It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself: it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him", the author quoting Abraham Cowley explains his objective clearly enough.

Proverbs abound in Karuna Kusulasai's autobiography. From Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rabindranath Tagore, Lao-tse and Buddhadasa Bhikku, to H. G. Wells and Abraham Lincoln, he quotes. The encouraging words of these great men of the world prove to be the author's important inspiration. They, too, illustrate a learned mind and a well-read student of life.

The author's life doesn't belong to the privileged class. It is a life of struggle. Born of a Chinese merchant who was "cheated" in his business and who consequently was put in jail and died a few years later, and a woman who, after her husband's death was possessed by gambling and who died of T.B. a few years later, the young Karuna was left with his aunt. Life in a raft-house, where he was born, is an enjoyable moment of this book which is throughout handled without acrimony. Not even when he was slapped in the face so many times by the master of the house in which he was working as a houseboy because he accidentally broke the lids of the pots and plates. He was literally driven out of the house. The shattering incident changed his life.

Back to Nakhon Sawan Province, his hometown, he joined an Italian Buddhist monk, Phra Lokanart, who was in town to look for a group of monks and novices to go to India with him. King Rama VII who was "impressed" by Phra Lokanart's report had sponsored the

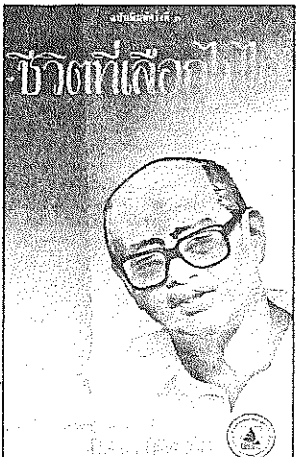


Karuna Kusulasai... a prolific writer and translator and respected teacher.

expenses involving the initial preparations for the 100 monks and novices for the journey. His Majesty's initiative was supported by several leading dignitaries including the late statesman Dr Pridi Bhanomyong. But the one person who became the author's most important benefactor was H.H. Prince Paribatra Sukhumbhand, founder of the Military Academy, who the author had the opportunity to meet whilst Prince Paribatra was visiting India. Through Prince Paribatra's sponsorship, the author had a chance to "raise my face up and open my mouth" to further educate himself. The extension of his education was in the area of Indology or Indian Studies on which he later became an authority. His English was obtained from Bennett College via the post.

The 12 years he spent in India is a fascinating story. The acquaintances he made with celebrated individuals such as Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore who was 80-years old at that time and Jawaharlal Nehru before he became India's first prime minister made another great impact on his life. Nehru's book, *The Discovery Of India* was later translated by him under the Thai title of *Pope Thin India*.

During the Second World War, when Thailand sided with Japan, the Thais in India were arrested as India was then still a British colony. Life in prison is another intriguing story the



"Cheevit Ti Luak Mai Dai" (*Life Without A Choice*)...autobiography that sees a life of struggle.

author recounts in this autobiography — be it his friendship with Thailand's "national artist" Fuah Haripitak or a fellow prisoner, a Japanese woman who was his first love. A pacifist by heart, the author assesses, "...War brings out the animal in human beings, so vividly that nothing can hide it."

Back to Thailand, his life was elevated far beyond the point from which he had started. His careers varied from being a teacher of *Pali* and *Hindi*, working in the Indian Embassy in Bangkok, translating news for several international wire services and translating books, to working for a newspaper *Sathiraparp* which was accused of being the "mouthpiece" of Field Marshal Pibulsongkram because its editor, Sang Pattanothai, was his "right-hand man".

It was during this period that he was once again unjustly put in jail this time for eight years. This aspect of the author's life, complicated as it was, is chronicled in detail, thus making up the book's climax in my opinion. Field Marshal P. Pibulsongkram's famous "change-of-heart, change-of-mind" foreign policy, i.e. Thailand's position toward the US and China, is sympathised with somewhat, because after all he was in the "not being able to swallow, not being able to spit it out" situation. The author was arrested not because of anything he wrote but because of the trip he and another writer "clandestinely"



"Kluen Luke Ti Saam"... a literal translation of *The Third Wave*, Alvin Toffler's 1980 bestseller.

made to China to try to establish ties between the two countries. It was during this time that the writer met with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. This happened after Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat had gained power having toppled Field Marshal P. Pibulsongkram in a *coup d'etat* and put Thailand under the regime of dictatorship for nearly six years, a tradition that was continued during the Thanom-Prappas era. Arrested during Sarit's time were thousands of intellectuals and ordinary villagers. Amongst the lawyers arrested at that time was Thongbai Thongpao, Thailand's leading human rights fighter.

The author's assessment of this period of Thai history is very neutral. But the two articles which accompany the story at this point in the text best describe the real story behind the establishment of Sino-Thai relations. One of the articles was written by the editor Sang Pattanothai himself.

In all, *Cheevit Ti Luak Mai Dai* is another priceless publication that needs to be read by one and all. The flavour that the book generates is not only of historical but also of moral value. There're many tender thoughts and moments because the book is a personal assessment of the author who is at ease, if not sentimental, with his recollections:

"My candle burns at both ends.

It will not last the night. But, ah my foes! and oh! my friends.

It gives me a lovely light! Thus, Karuna Kusulasai quotes St. Vincent Millay. And for a life that was supposedly without a choice, what could be more meaningful than that?

WHILST on the topic of Karuna Kusulasai whose fame in the literary world is through his numerous translation works, Bookmarker is this week obliged to mention one really commendable project involving the translation of a book from English into Thai by a team of four Mass Communications experts. The book in question is *Kluen Luke Ti Saam* which is a literal translation of *The Third Wave*, Alvin Toffler's 1980 bestseller which won world acclaim.

The translators — Asst Prof Sukanya Teeravanich, Vipa Udombhand, Asst Prof Dr Yubon Bencharongkij and Asst Prof Rajitlak Saeng-ourai, all of whom are with Chulalongkorn University's Mass Communications and Journalism Faculty — did an exceptional job in turning out the Thai version of *The Third Wave* for local attention. Toffler's provocative glimpse into the future is detailed through his breathtakingly bold projection of the social changes required if we human beings are to survive in the future. As the world becomes more and more interdependent through this Age of Information, Toffler's synthesis cannot be ignored. And no doubt the translators so do believe, as Sukanya Teeravanich who's the book's editor, puts it in the Foreword, "Thailand will for certain be affected by this *Third Wave*".

Many Thais who also read English-language books must have already read this brilliant publication. For those who haven't, don't bother to look elsewhere for the original version, but try this translated volume and discover for yourself the ingenuity of the translation. I was wondering how the countless terminologies could be translated into Thai, phrases like "mechano-mania", "represento-kid", "blip culture" or "telecommuter". But comparing the translated version to the original, I was heartened by the creative solutions to such problems. For those who read English and have already read the book, to read it again in Thai is a different experience. Learning all the new jargon in Thai is, after all, another mode of communication.

by Gap

