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UNITAS

SEMI-ANNUAL PEER-REVIEWED INTERNATIONAL ONLINE JOURNAL
OF ADVANCED RESEARCH IN LITERATURE, CULTURE, AND SOCIETY

MODERN INDONESIAN
Poetry AND Short Stories

FOR PRE-COLLEGE NON-INDONESIAN READERS

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Modern Indonesian Poetry and Short Stories

About the Book Cover:
Photo taken after a Ramayana Ballet performance in Yogyakarta, Indonesia with members of the audience from different countries appreciating Indonesian literature and cultures.

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Abstract

This issue presents, particularly for Filipinos, introductory readings and guide questions for teachers of non-Indonesian pre-college students who are keen to teach and study modern Indonesian literature. A short literary history is provided for the teacher's guidance, which is inclusive of important historical turns in Indonesia. It aims to foster a greater cultural awareness and develop more expansive sympathies for a culture other than one's own through the study of literature.

Keywords

modern Indonesian literature, pre-college students, textbook, Bahasa Indonesia, Pudjangga Baru

Introduction

Tak kenal maka tak saying is an Indonesian phrase which means "that which I don't know, I don't love"; such a phrase may well apply to the fact that not very many people read Indonesian literature because of limited materials or limited exposure to it.

It is obvious that Indonesian literature cannot be fully appreciated by non-Indonesian readers except by those who understand the national language, Bahasa Indonesia. As a cultural heritage, the literary works of Indonesian writers are often ignored simply because of a language barrier.

Perhaps because of such language barrier, while a few short Indonesian literary works are discussed in Afro-Asian literature classes in high school and college levels in the Philippines, these works, which appear in English translation, have been few and far between and simply not enough to represent more generally Indonesian literature in a textbook that may be used in a Philippine classroom. Fortunately, initial efforts have been made been made to introduce Indonesian literature to a wider readership among non-Indonesian readers, by translating it into, among others, English, a language that,

to an important extent, has made Indonesian literature accessible to non-Indonesians. Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, Harry Aveling, Derwent May, and Burton Raffel are among those who have tried their utmost to help non-Indonesian readers in exploring the richness of Indonesian literary works through the publication of their English translations which are extremely important, no doubt, because it is through them that the rest of the world has recognized famous writers like Anton Chekhov, Leo Tolstoy, Albert Camus, Franz Kafka, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, among others.

With the English translation of a number Indonesian literary works now available in various publications, this textbook has been put together to help teachers and students have a readily accessible reference of Indonesian literary works like poems and short stories. Guidelines are also provided to help teachers and students alike for a clearer understanding of the works. Included are notes for students and teachers and questions for reading comprehension of each selection in order to enhance the readers' literary appreciation. Hopefully, the questions will give readers, especially pre-college non-Indonesian students, a good opportunity to explore the richness of Indonesian cultural heritage through the discussions of the literary works in the classroom.

It is hoped that a textbook of Indonesian literature could help those who are interested in exploring and learning about Indonesia through its literature; after all, to read literature is one significant way to learn about the culture of another country.

While Indonesian literature is considerably distinct as a national literature due to the country's complex history of colonialism and diversity of cultures and languages, this does not mean that Indonesian literature is altogether peculiar and different if compared to other literatures. On the contrary, the themes of the literary texts in this selection may be considered universal, resonant to a broader audience. For instance, the short story by Leila S. Chudori, "The Purification of Sita," presents a conflict between traditional and modern values, an issue that is common in literatures all over the world, even as it maintains its connection to the vernacular tradition. In this story, in fact, the Indian epic "Ramayana" is even brilliantly juxtaposed.

In many ways, it may be said that this story is comparable to "Moonlight" by Guy de Maupassant. Other examples might include "The Gift" by Putu Wijaya and "Jakarta" by Totilawati Tjitrawasita which may also be said to be comparable to O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Diamond Necklace" by Guy de Maupassant. The familiarity is so striking sometimes so that elements resonate across national and historical boundaries. For example, a character like Bawuk, the lead character in Umar Kayam's short story with the same title, may be argued to be reminiscent of the women characters of Nick Joaquin's collection of short stories set during the Spanish colonial regime in the Philippines.

This textbook is a collection of selected poetry and short stories which are translated from their original language, Bahasa Indonesia, into English. The poems and short stories are carefully selected from modern Indonesian literature. The reason for focusing on modern Indonesian literature is because it is only during this period that the writers and poets started writing their masterpieces in Bahasa Indonesia. Prior to this, writers and poets expressed their ideas in their local languages like Javanese, Sundanese, or Malay or Dutch (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 2).

The selections do not focus on one particular topic or theme since the aim of this textbook is to introduce Indonesian literature in general to non-Indonesian students. However, it covers a range of topics which are significant to the poets/writers themselves and to Indonesian people, in general. For instance, the text includes diverse topics such as the struggle for independence, love, hope, and social life and culture, in order to give readers an idea of the richness of Indonesian literary and cultural heritage. The textbook also provides important information on the works, such as historical background and biography of the writer in each selection. Finally, this textbook also provides guidelines for teachers and students for further appreciation of the texts when discussing them in the classroom.

The textbook focusses on modern Indonesian literature because that it is only in this era that the writers started creating their masterpieces in Bahasa Indonesia, the national language of Indonesia (*Modern Indonesian Literature*

[1967] 2). The selections in this textbook are translated from Bahasa Indonesia into English, and the translators of the works are acknowledged in each selection.

The reading comprehension questions employ the major categories of Bloom's Cognitive Domain of the Taxonomy of Educational Objective, also called Bloom's Taxonomy (Gronlund 514-515) which are used as guidelines for the construction of study questions (see Appendix A) although the six levels are not presented in every selection in this textbook. It includes three sample lesson plans which offer alternative activities in the classroom and a list of thematic guidelines to the selections. Three selections from this collection of texts have been used to illustrate three interactive methods of teaching literature: dimensional approach, interactive literature-language teaching and integrating reading with writing.

This textbook consists of a brief introduction to modern Indonesian literature. This part is divided into several sections which will give readers a general picture of Indonesia and Indonesian literature in particular; to wit, Indonesia at a Glance (Geographical and Historical Perspective), History of Indonesian Literature, Bahasa Indonesia, the Language of Modern Indonesian Literature, and Periods of Modern Indonesian Literature. It also provides a list of some books on studies of Indonesian literature for those who are interested to further study Indonesian literature, and a list of anthologies of Indonesian literature that are translated into English. Finally, the short stories and poems selected in this textbook are arranged chronologically, identifying as to which period the author belongs.

In each selection, there is an introduction to the work which includes the background of the author and the work, and study questions. Sample lesson plans on how to conduct alternative classroom activities are also provided which include Dimensional Approach, Interactive Literature and Language Teaching and Integrating Reading with Writing. This will be explained in the relevant sections. Aside from sample lesson plans, thematic guidelines to the selections are listed. It is hoped that these will help teachers select learning material based on the themes of the selections.

Many books are now available for the study of Indonesian Literature in English translation, but the following books might prove to be particularly helpful to students and scholars pursuing serious research into Indonesian literature.

The most recommended is *Modern Indonesian Literature* by A. Teeuw. There is a title from 1967, and another one, *Modern Indonesian Literature* from 1979. These books discuss the development of modern Indonesian literature from 1920. The first book discusses the history of Indonesian literature which the author divides into two parts: pre-war literature and post-war literature. The former starts with the establishment of the *Balai Pustaka*, a government bureau for popular literature, which helped the local writers up to independence day, August 17, 1945. The latter covers the period from 1945 to 1960. The second book covers the more recent years called the period of Sixty-six. It also discusses the pre-Sixty-six period. The two volumes also discuss Indonesian writers representing generations or periods of Indonesian literature whose works have laid the foundation of Indonesian literature and influenced the development of Indonesian literature up to modern times.

Worthy of mentioning are books in Bahasa Indonesia that have been published by Indonesian authors themselves. Among them are Ajip Rosidi's *Ikhtisar Sejarah Sastra Indonesia* (The Outline of the History of Indonesian Literature), 5th edition, 1991; and Jakob Sumadjo's first volume of *Lintasan Sejarah Sastra Indonesia* (The Course of Modern Indonesian Literature) which was published in 1992.

H.B. Jassin, known as the custodian of Indonesian literature, also published four volumes of *Kesusastraan Indonesia dalam Kritik dan Esei* (Modern Indonesian Literature in Review and Essay) which are about the development of Indonesian literature and the prominent writers in Indonesian literature.

Burton Raffel edited *An Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry* which was published by University of California Press in 1964. It consists of selected poems that are translated into English from poets representing three generations: Angkatan Pudjangga Baru (The New Writers generation); Angkatan

'45 (The generation of year 1945): Pioneers and The Later Impulse; and Angkatan Baru (The New Generation). This book is also complete with an introduction of the development of poetry until the modern era. Moreover, Raffel's *The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry,* published in 1967, discusses the development of Indonesian poetry and some major poets. This book also provides some information on the historical background, culture, and also literary merit of the works, and offers a good translation of Indonesian poetry. It also includes information on the forms of Indonesian poetry from the older form (*puisi lama*)—which is no longer familiar to contemporary readers in recent days—to the modern form. Finally, it provides an appendix of twenty items of Indonesian literary opinion/criticism of notable Indonesian poets/writers compiled from various publications.

Other pertinent information about Indonesian literature can also be found in books of anthologies of Indonesian literature that are translated into English from which the selections of this textbook are taken.

Harry Aveling's *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry,* published by University of Queensland Press in 1975, contains a collection of contemporary Indonesian poetry drawn from anthologies, magazines and collections of poetry published between 1967 and 1973. It gives a brief introduction to contemporary Indonesian poetry and biographical notes on the authors whose works appear in the book. The poems in this book are in the original language, Bahasa Indonesia, with English translations.

Aveling also edited and translated fifteen Indonesian short stories which were compiled under the title *From Surabaya to Armageddon* which was published in 1976. It contains seven notable Indonesian writers whose works are familiar to Indonesian people, giving Indonesian and non-Indonesian readers an opportunity to enjoy Indonesian fiction in English. The editor considers the works "to have both literary merit and a sensitivity to Indonesian society, its beliefs, confusion and search for self-identity" (Aveling viii).

Dorothy Blair Shimer published an anthology of modern Asian literature entitled *The Mentor Book of Modern Asian Literature, From the Khyber Pass to Fuji* in 1969. However, it only provides selections of poetry in the

Indonesian literature section (62-72). The selections are of the writers whom the author considered to influence the development of Indonesian literature, from Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, "the pioneer of Indonesian authors writing in Bahasa Indonesia" (Shimer 62) to W.S. Rendra, the remarkable poet of the recent era.

The Lontar Foundation published John H. McGlynn *Menagerie 1* and *Menagerie 2* in 1992 and 1993, respectively, which are compilations of Indonesian fiction, poetry, photographs, and essays. The Lontar Foundation, the publishing house, has been producing English translation of Indonesian literary works. This is a great achievement in an attempt to introduce Indonesian literature internationally. These two books consist of English translation of short stories, poetry, and essays of notable Indonesian writers from modern Indonesian literature periods, although the Menagerie series focusses on Indonesian short stories.

A Brief Introduction to Modern Indonesian Literature

History of Indonesian Literature

The study of Indonesian literature is interesting because like any other Asian literature, it cannot be separated from its socio-historical background of the country or from its multi-cultural background which have made the literature so rich and varied.

Modern Indonesian literature began in 1920 with the establishment of *Balai Pustaka* (the government bureau for popular literature) which gave Indonesian writers an opportunity to contribute their writings in Bahasa Melayu, the origin of the national language, Indonesia. (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 1; Abas xi)

Indonesian literature started long before the name Indonesia even existed. For many centuries ancient Indonesian literature were written in native languages, as Raffel states:

> The ancient literature was composed not in any one, uniform national language but in Javanese, in Sundanese, Minangkabau—in short, in certain of approximately two hundred regional tongues which have family resem-

blances to Bahasa Indonesia … yet cannot be understood by those who speak only Bahasa Indonesia. (*The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry* 1).

Malay, the language of the coastal areas of Sumatra, came into existence in ancient Indonesian literature only in the nineteenth century when many writers in the archipelago (other than writers from the coastal areas of Sumatra) wrote their works in Malay (Abas 3).

Although there were many writers during this time, it was Abdullah bin Abdulkadir Munsji who was said to be the dominant writer in *Melayu* (Malay) literature and the father of Modern Indonesian literature. He was considered by many to be not only the Man of Letters in the peninsula of Malay but also of all Indonesia. He wrote in Bahasa Melayu (Malay language), the origin of Bahasa Indonesia (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 1; Abas 10).

Although Munsji is claimed to be an Indonesian poet, he is not because he resided in Singapore; yet his works were mostly written in Malay and he wrote about Indonesia. The main reason for naming Munsji an Indonesian poet was merely political. The British and Dutch scholars thought that his works were more worth discussing in Indonesian schools than any other writers'. His works praised the Dutch and the British. His relationship with Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, British governor-general in Indonesia during the British occupation (1811-1816) and the founder of Singapore, was also the reason he had such a privilege. Munsji's thoughts were "influenced by his contact with British and other foreign personalities in Malacca and Singapore" (Johns as qtd. in McVey 414).

The following is an example of Munsji's poem, eulogizing the death of his patron, Sir Stamford Raffles,

A wild duck hanging from the rafters,
Wild fruit growing in the fields.
Raffles steals
Men's hearts, draws them after him.

Wild fruit in the fields,
Ripe and sweet:
Raffles steals
Men's hearts, their hands, their words.

Ripe fruit, sweet fruit,
Covered with thorns:
He wins our minds, our words,
He and his lovely bride.

l covered with thorns….
Along the road a man comes running.
He and his wife
Like the moon and the sun. (*The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry* 13)

Johns says that "Abdullah, though he was not a great a writer, is thus of major importance, foreshadowing and illustrating a development of literary and social consciousness which was manifested in Indonesia only fifty years later" (as qtd. in McVey 412).

Bahasa Indonesia: The Language of Modern Indonesian Literature

Abas states that Malay was not only the language in the coastal areas of Sumatra but it was also the medium of contact for the whole archipelago (12). It later served not only as a lingua franca for the Indonesian people of different tongues, but also as the contact language for the Indonesians of various native tongues with foreign peoples. Hence, it is understandable why Malay was the language used in writing literature.

It was only when *Balai Pustaka* (the only government publishing house) came into existence at the beginning of the twentieth century that Indonesian literature entered the modern era (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 13). Literary works published at this time were still written in Malay since there was no national language, but it gave Indonesian people an opportunity to create their own literary work.

Balai Pustaka, the Government Bureau for Popular Literature, accelerated the development and the spread of Bahasa Melayu, the origin of Bahasa Indonesia. Besides its function as the second official language during the

colonial regime, Bahasa Melayu was also considered to be the language of literature.

The proclamation of Bahasa Melayu as the language of unity of Indonesian archipelago (in the All Indonesia Youth Congress, in Jakarta, on October 28, 1928) has been regarded as the real beginning of Bahasa Indonesia as a medium and symbol of national freedom. The language not only became the medium of political unity of Indonesia as a nation, but also the language of Indonesian literature in modern times (Abas 17).

The establishment of *Pudjangga Baru*, a literary magazine which used Bahasa Indonesia as its medium, is said to be the real starting point of the use of national language in Indonesian literature. The first issue of *Pudjangga Baru* was released in 1933. With Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, Armijn Pane and Amir Hamzah as editors, this new literary magazine played an important role in the development and spread of Bahasa Indonesia, because only in this magazine did the writers start writing their works in Bahasa Indonesia (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 28-31). This magazine was designed to promote Bahasa Indonesia and its literature.

Periods of Modern Indonesian Literature

Deciding when one era begins, i.e. the exact time, in each period of Indonesian literature is indeed difficult (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 2). However, to simplify the periods, this writer divides the periods of Indonesian literature into four periods according to Teeuw's categories of Modern Indonesian Literature (1967).

The Period of Balai Pustaka

(1920 – 1932)

The original name of this period was the name of a Government Bureau for Popular Literature which attempted to provide people who wanted to learn how to read Bahasa Melayu with reading materials in popular science and literature. This publishing house provided the people with western literature, which was considered good and useful reading according to the standards of the officers in charge of the bureau. These writings were trans-

lated into Bahasa Melayu in order to give people enough reading materials. Although it gave attention to the translation of western books, *Balai Pustaka* (the hall of good reading) also stimulated the writing of original books by modern Indonesian authors on many subjects, including drama and novels, by offering them publishing facilities and the assurance of a relatively large reading public because of the large number of its public libraries and local market branches and the low prices which it could set as a non-profit, government supported institution (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 14).

The first original Indonesian novels were *Azab dan Sengsara* (Torment and Misery) by Merari Siregar which was published in 1921; *Siti Nurbaya* (A Girl's Name) by Marah Rusli, published in 1922; *Salah Pilih* (Wrong Choice) by *Nur Sutan Iskandar,* published in 1928; *Salah Asuhan* (A Wrong Upbringing), published in 1928 and *Pertemuan Jodoh* (Meant for Each Other), published in 1933 by Abdul Muis; *Tulis Sutan Sati* published *Sengsara Membawa Ni 'mat* (Blessing in Disguise) in 1928 and *Tak Disangka* (The Unexpected) in 1929 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 54, 62-63).

The themes of the novels of this era were typical in a large part of pre-war Indonesian literature: the marriage partner forced upon young people by tradition, the conflict between two generations, and the struggle between tradition and personal wishes and desires of young individuals. This is understandable because young western-educated people wrote them. Their environment was a modern society in which the individual had a greater amount of freedom than in the older kind of community (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 54).

Among the writers of this generation, Nur Sutan Iskandar is said to be an outstanding writer because of his literary talent and zeal and activity (*Ikhtisar Sejarah Sastra Indonesia* 49-51). He also did translations for *Balai Pustaka.* His other works are "Karena Mentua" (Because of Mother-in-law) (1932) which deals with traditional society and values; "Katak Hendak Menjadi Lembu" (A Frog Wanting To Be An Ox).

The first three poets of this modern era of Indonesian literature were Mohammad Yamin, Sanusi Pane and Rustam Effendi. Among the three, Mohammad Yamin received higher praise for national political reasons

(*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 9-11). He was an active politician who, in 1928, chaired the first National Youth Congress. His first poetry collection is *Andalas: Nusa Harapan* (Sumatra, (Andalas): Island of Hope) published in 1922. It portrays Yamin's patriotism and far-sightedness. His next collection was entitled *Indonesia, Tumpah Darahku!* (Indonesia, My Homeland) published in 1928. Raffel argues that "although Yamin dedicated his life to literary work, his style did not evolve" (*The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry* 28).

Sanusi Pane published his first book of poetry in 1927 and the second one in 1931. His works include "Bersila" (Sitting Cross-legged), "Nasib" (Fate), and "Mencari" (Seeking), and "Madah Kelana" (Wanderer's Song). In his first publications, it is evident that his works were injected with Indian ideas as he spent some time in India and was acquainted with Rabindranath Tagore, one of the leading and acclaimed Indian writers of his time (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 20). His later works would reflect a different side of the author i.e. his mystic and self-realization aspect, apart from a neater work of poetry (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 25).

Like Sanusi Pane, Rustam Effendi was also influenced by Western thought, but he was more daring and farsighted (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 45). His works include "Rahasia Alam" (Nature's Secrets), "Bukan Beta Bijak Berperi" (I'm Not Much of a Talker), and "Air Mata" (Tears).

There were very few dramas produced in this period because not too many people were interested in this genre. Sanusi Pane, however, was an exception. He wrote two dramas in Dutch: *Air Langga* (name of a famous early Javanese king of the eleventh century) published in 1928 and *Eenzame Garoedavlucht* (Lonely Flight of the Garuda) published in 1930. In 1932 and 1933, he wrote two dramas, based on the old Javanese historical texts, *Kertajaya* (name of an early Javanese kingdom) and *Sandhyakala ning Majapahit* (Twilight over Majapahit) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 27).

Rustam Effendi also wrote *Bebasari* (name of a princess), an allegorical drama, written in 1928. The play became famous as this coincided with the Djakarta Youth Congress, which was equally popular as it proclaimed the "threefold ideal of Indonesian Youth" (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 27).

The Period of Pudjangga Baru

(1933 – 1942)

In 1932, *Panji Pustaka* (Banner of Letters), a general weekly issued by *Balai Pustaka*, started a literary column, which included poetry, but this hardly satisfied the aspirations of nationalistic minded young authors (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 28).

In July 1933, the first issue of a new magazine called *Pudjangga Baru* (the New Writers) appeared. Sutherland also mentions that this is a cultural movement propelled by young Indonesian intellectuals from 1933 until it dwindled in 1942 (106). Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, Armijn Pane and Amir Hamzah were the editors and played the most important part in its foundation. It was established as there is a strong demand for "a periodical l which would put literature first, would unite and give leadership to the scattered Indonesian writers, and would work on the clarification and development of Bahasa Indonesia" (Sutherland 107). In its third year of circulation, it was given the subheading "*pembawa semangat baru dalam kesusteraan, seni, kebudajaan*" (bearer of a new spirit in literature, art, culture and general social problems) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 29; Sutherland 107), which is why it is said that this literary magazine is pivotal in the development of modern Indonesian Literature.

In this period, the ideal became a reality that Bahasa Indonesia become not only the medium of political unity of Indonesian nation, but also the language of modern Indonesian literature (Abas 55). Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, or STA as he is called, published his collection of poems, *Tebaran Mega* (A Scattering of Clouds) in *Pudjangga Baru* in 1936 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 34).

Armijn Pane, although not a primary poet, wrote poems which were more like those of his older brother, Sanusi Pane. His poems, collected in a booklet *Jiwa Berjiwa* (Living Soul), and published in 1939. The collection contains "Jiwa Telah Meranggas" (A Withered Soul), "Hamba Buruh" (A Wage Slave), and "Tiada Kata Lain" (No Other Words) which is a brief prose poem. He is one of the first members of the inaugural editorial board of the literary magazine *Pudjangga Baru* (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 28).

Another poet of this era was J.E. Tatengkeng. His poetry was mostly religious, which could be attributed to his educational background. He was schooled in a Protestant missionary school in Java, and was acquainted with Dutch Literature and the *Pudjangga Baru* (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 44). Unlike the Tachtingers who revolted in Dutch Christianity through their poems, Tatengkeng clearly reflected his Christian views and faith as exemplified in his single collection of poems *Rindu Dendam* (Desire) in 1934 which ends in these last three words: *soli deo gloria* (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 45).

To all pre-war poets in Indonesia, Amir Hamzah is considered the most important pre-war Indonesian author as his works reached an international audience and have been of lasting literary interest (Abas 41). He published three collections of poems. *Nyanyi Sunyi* (Songs of Solitude) was published in 1937; the second, *Buah Rindu* (Longing), was published in 1941; the third, *Setanggi Timur* (Incense from the East), was published in 1939. Between 1932 and 1937, he produced 70 poems and lyrical prose fragments. "He (Amir Hamzah) is considered to be the final or last Malay poet" (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 102). Chairil Anwar (the poet of the period of Forty-five) praised Amir Hamzah as "a poet who introduced a new style into Indonesian—sentences compactly violent, sharp and yet short" (*The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry* 66).

Prose writings in this era have become mature. The themes are no longer provincial. With the publication of Armijn Pane's novel *Belenggu* (Bondage) in 1940, Indonesian prose writings came into existence. As Teeuw mentioned, Armijn Pane's other works include a collection of short stories, entitled *Kisah Antara Manusia* (Stories Amongst People). This collection, published in 1953, consists of his writings from 1932 to 1952 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 80). His other short stories include "Barang Tidak Berharga" (A Worthless Thing), which was published in 1935 and "Tujuan Hidup" (Life's Purpose) written in 1935 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 84).

The conflict between individuals and traditional society, which used to be the topic of the previous period, was no longer the main subject in writings. One example is Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana's novel *Lajar Terkembang*

(Sails Unfurled), published in 1936, deals with portraying Indonesian women in finding their voice and place in a society that is dominantly masculine (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 64). At some point, his novel reflects the role a writer has in the society he belongs to, which is to "liberate oneself with the intention of binding oneself again of one's own volition" (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 39). The typically *Pudjangga Baru* approach is then about young educated persons in an Indonesian society in the making (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 63).

Amir Hamzah is dubbed as the "Prince of the Poets of *Pudjangga Baru*". He wrote a number of short essays and notes on subjects connected with Malay literature and culture. The works include a booklet on "Sastera Melayu Lama dan Raja-rajanya" (Old Malay Literature and Its Rulers) which was published in 1942, and according to Teeuw, his works are of international level and is of lasting literary interest (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 84).

Pudjangga Baru came to an end at the beginning of the Japanese occupation as it was no longer accepted in the Japanese occupation. It failed to appeal to a new generation who had arisen out of the clash of events and came to sudden adulthood; its approach was essentially romantic and sentimental as well as provincial. (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 107). As Sutherland points out, it is the radicalization that transpired during the Japanese period which relegated this literary journal at the fringes. If not for this, the *Pudjangga Baru*'s approach would not be so distant and unfamiliar from Indonesia' intellectual life today (127). A younger generation needed a new outlet to express their ideas which were totally different from the older ones. The older ideas were totally inadequate in a situation which called for deeds rather than dreams.

The Period of the Forty-five, The New Generation

(1942 – 1965)

In 1948, it was Rosihan Anwar, a well-known columnist and reporter, who proposed a new period in Indonesian literature, "the period of Forty-five." (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 122)

As mentioned earlier, to point out the exact time when a period of modern Indonesian literature begins is difficult due to several possibilities given by different Indonesian literary critics (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 122; Sutherland 111). Some critics claim that the beginning of this period was in 1945, therefore, literary writings during the Japanese occupation were considered to be from a different era. Some claim that the period of the Forty-five began in 1942, at the beginning of the Japanese occupation.

Actually, the name of Forty-five (for this period is related to the year of Indonesian independence, 1945), likewise means liberation from the colonizers (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 123). In Indonesian literature, the liberation is also dramatized in the literary works of the writers of this period. Critics who point out 1945 as the literary starting point only relate the writings to the historical independence day of the country. Those who claim 1942 as the literary starting point instead of forty-five go back to the breaking away from Dutch colonization in 1942 as the time of the revolution which eventually led to the nation's independence in 1945. This writer, therefore, puts 1942 as the starting point of the period of Forty-five, but divides it into two sections. The first is the writings during the Japanese occupation, and the second is the post war literature until the later period begins in 1966.

Writings During Japanese Occupation

(1942 – 1945)

It was in 1942 when the Japanese army landed in Java, which signaled the eradication of the long-term Dutch rule in the archipelago (Mahayana 129). Some Indonesian literature scholars say that the Japanese occupation is a moment of liberation from the Dutch colonizers. Teuuw, however, notes that the Japanese turned out to be crueler than the Dutch Colonizers (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 107).

Until 1942, Dutch was the main language in the country, not only in politics and administration, but also culturally and socially, although Bahasa Indonesia had been declared to be the national language for almost fourteen years. Dutch, which was firmly established in Indonesia, and was even used by scholars who were mostly educated in Dutch schools, suddenly disap-

peared. The use of Dutch in public was forbidden. The Dutch language was suppressed and Bahasa Indonesia was officially declared as the national language by the Japanese. So, 1942 marked a great change, a much greater revolution than the proclamation of Bahasa Indonesia as the official national language in the provisional Constitution of the Republic of Indonesia in 1945 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 106).

The Japanese made use of literature in order to promote their ideologies such as the Common Prosperity Sphere of Greater Asia. Teeuw notes that during this time, the *Pusat Kebudajaan* (Cultural Center) was founded, wherein artists are organized and a strict censorship among their works is severely imposed. Furthermore, the *Pusat* "demanded literature which stimulated the aims of the Japanese warfare, introduced so clearly as the Common Prosperity Sphere of Greater Asia" (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 108).

Apart from the establishment of the *Pusat*, the Japanese also made use of media in order to promote their ideals and aspirations to Indonesians. This gave way to the publication of *Asia Raja*, the newspaper of the Japanese colonial government. Mahayana notes that the Japanese emphasized the following ideals: (1) raising the image of Japan, East Asia, and Asia as a whole as nations which must be liberated from Western colonialism (English and American) and obtaining capability to gain victory; (2) raising the greatness of East (Asian) culture to create the Asian sentiment; (3) positioning the Japanese as an inspirer for implanting a sense of self-esteem; (4) creating an image that Japan was the big brother who would liberate East Asia and Asia from English, American and Dutch imperialism; (5) making a good relationship with Islamic clerks in order to get support from the Indonesian majority; and (6) removing any Dutch influence (142).

The writers of this era, among others, were Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, Armijn Pane of the early period of *Pudjangga Baru*; Idrus, Usmar Ismail, and Chairil Anwar (who became the leading poet of the period of Forty-five).

During this time, prose and poetry writing did not flourish. Only a few writers contributed poems and novels (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 109). Amal Hamzah, Amir Hamzah's brother, for instance, wrote a large

part of his collection of poetry, *Pembebasan Pertama* (First Liberation) during the Japanese occupation, and it was published in 1949. Usmar Ismail, better known as a playwright, wrote poetry which was later collected in a booklet *Puntung Berasap* (Smoking Butt). It was published in 1950. Amal Hamzah also wrote a short novel *Suwarsih* (name of a character) which, according to some critics, is more interesting than his poems.

A large number of plays were produced during this period as interest in a more modern and contemporary Indonesian drama had grown (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 110). Armijn Pane was one of the main authors who continued to write plays during the Japanese occupation. His works include *Kami Perempuan* (We, Women) in 1943; *Jinak-jinak Merpati (Hantu Perempuan)* (Not to be Trifled With), published later in 1952 in his collected plays; *Antara Bumi dan Langit* (Between Heaven and Earth) which was written in 1944.

Abu Hanifah, using the pseudonym El Hakim, produced *Taufan di atas Asia* (Typhoon over Asia), *Intelek Istimewa* (An Outstanding Intellectual), *Dewi Reni* (The Goddess Reni), *Insan Kamil* (The Perfect Man). Although Abu Hanifah contributed dramas, Teeuw mentioned that "actually Abu Hanifah was more of a philosopher and essayist than a playwright. There is very little action in his dramas but endless talking....His work is noteworthy as another effort to create modern Indonesia drama" (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 112-113).

Usmar Ismail, a professional playwright, published his collection of dramas *Sedih dan Gembira* (Sad and Merry) in 1948 which includes *Api* (Fire), *Lukisan Seniman* (Portrait of Artists), and *Citra* (Image).

Post War Writings

(1945 - 1965)

Some journals of this era are worth mentioning. Because of their existence, Indonesian literature had firmer ground in the country. Among them are *Panca Raya, Siasat* (Strategy), *Arena* (Arena), *Seniman* (Artist), and *Mimbar Indonesia* (Indonesian Rostrum), to name a few.

Only *Siasat,* however, which first appeared in 1947, started its own cultural column, called "Gelanggang" (Arena) in 1948. Other journals devoted only a small portion of their content to literature. "Gelanggang" became a meeting place for the revolutionary generation. The board of editors of this column—and also its contributors—were Chairil Anwar, Asrul Sani and Rivai Apin. Besides *Siasat, Mimbar Indonesia* also gave a portion to Indonesian literature in its cultural monthly, *Zenith* (Zenith), but it did not continue to exist after 1945.

In the world of poetry, the forerunner of this period is Chairil Anwar, an outstanding poet and essayist. At the time of his death, only some of his poems appeared in print, scattered through journals. It was only later that his collected poems appeared, *Deru Campur Debu* (Noise Mixed With Dust) and two other little collections in one volume, *Kerikil Tajam* (Sharp Gravel) and *Yang Terampas dan Yang Putus* (What is Plundered and Broken). In 1950, there appeared *Tiga Menguak Takdir* (Three Pushed Destiny Aside), a collection of poems by Chairil Anwar, Asrul Sani and Rivai Apin. Anwar's poems included "Diponegoro" (name of a Javanese prince), "Krawang-Bekasi" (From Krawang to Bekasi), "Doa" (Prayer), "Cerita Buat Dien Tamaela" (Story for Dien Tamaela), and "Aku" (I).

Anwar's contribution to modern Indonesian literature is prolific. As Johns states, "He [Anwar] made Bahasa Indonesia do things it had never done before, and gave it a heightened capacity for poetic and cultural expression it would never lose" (qtd. in McVey 425).

Although Sitor Situmorang is well-known as an essayist, playwright, and prose writer, he also writes poems. He published three collections of poems between 1953 and 1955: *Surat Kertas Hijau* (Letters on Green Paper), *Dalam Sajak* (In Verse) and *Wajah Tak Bernama* (Anonymous Faces). Also, according to Hoekema, Situmorang's poems can also be interpreted in the religious sense in which he veers away from the traditional and conventional Christian faith. He instead fuses mysticism with other religious beliefs such as Buddhism, Krishna, and Sufi (79).

In the area of prose writing, Idrus is considered the "counterpart in prose of Chairil Anwar as the renewer of Indonesian poetry" (*Modern*

Indonesian Literature [1967] 159). He is famous as a pioneer of the new simplicity. He created a new Indonesian prose style. Most of his writings are short stories. His works include "Surabaya" (name of a city), "Corat-coret Di bawah Tanah" (Scratches Underground), "Kota-Harmoni" (From Kota to Harmoni), "Kisah Sebuah Celana Pendek" (The Story Of A Pair Of Shorts), and *Aki* (Grandfather), a short novel. Compared to Anwar, Idrus works are mostly lost and are only of historical significance.

The greatest prose writer that Indonesia has ever had during its history of literature is Pramoedya Ananta Toer (or Pramudya Ananta Tur). He is considered to be the most important figure in this period, not only because of the wide compass of his creative work, but especially because of the quality of his work, which was unique in his generation (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 163). His works, among others, are *Perburuan* (Pursuit); *Ditepi Kali Bekasi* (On The Bank of the Bekasi River) which was published in 1957; *Percikan Revolusi* (Sprinklings of the Revolution) published in 1950; *Keluarga Gerilya* (A Guerilla Family), *Bukan Pasar Malam* (Life Is No Night Bazaar) published in 1950; and a collection of short stories, *Cerita Dari Jakarta* (Stories From Jakarta) published in 1957.

Sitor Situmorang published six short stories, collected under the title *Pertempuran dan Salju di Paris* (Clash and Snow in Paris) in 1956. The collection includes *Salju Di Paris* and *Ibu Pergi Ke Surga* (Mother Goes to Heaven). The second collection which appeared in 1963 was titled *Pangeran* (Prince). His other works are *Kereta Api International* (International Train) and *Peribahasa Jepang* (A Japanese Proverb) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 182).

Another important figure is Achdiat Karta Miharja who is also considered one of the key figures in Indonesian Literature. He studied the mystical teachings of the mystical brotherhood of Kadirijjah-Naksjbandijjah under Kjai Hadji Abdullah Mubarrak and Thomistic Philosophy. He was also associated himself with the eccentric poet Chairil Anwar and shared the same ideals. Among his novels, *Atheis* (Atheist), published in 1949 was considered to be his best work (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 202). It was his experience in Java while hiding that became the foundation of this book. The story was narrated in a non-linear mode and was said to be the first novel that employed the usage

of three voice in plotting out the entire narrative (*Sastra Hindia Belanda dan Kita* 159). Other writers of this period are Asrul Sani, Utuy Tatang Sontani, Mochtar Lubis, Rivai Apin, Aoh Karta Hadimadja, S. Rukiah Kertapati, Barus Siregar, and Suwarsih Djojopuspito.

Asrul Sani published *Panen* (Harvest) in 1956. He also wrote many essays and critiques, and most of his stories are characterized by good natured humor and a ridiculing of vanity. In addition, Sani also showcases motifs from Indonesian traditional society as manifested in *Panen* (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 207). Utuy contributed a collection of short stories under the title *Orang-orang Sial* (The Underdogs) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 193), and Mochtar Lubis wrote many short stories and several novels. Among them are *Tidak Ada Hari Esok* (There Is No Tomorrow); *Jalan Tidak Ada Ujung* (Road Without End), *Senja Di Jakarta* (Twilight In Jakarta) and *Tanah Gersang* (Fallow Land) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 198). Aoh Karta Hadimadja contributed an essay called "Beberapa Paham Angkatan 45" (Some Concepts of the Forty-five Generation) and a collection of short stories, *Manusia Dan Tanahnya* (Man And His Country) in 1952 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 216-217). S. Rukiah Kertapati contributed "Kejatuhan Dan Hati" (The Fall And The Heart) and a collection of poems and stories which is entitled *Tandus* (Fallow) in 1952. Barus Siregar published a collection of short stories in one volume entitled *Busa Dilaut Hidup* (Foam In The Sea Of Life) in 1951 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 215). Suwarsih Djojopuspito published *Tujuh Cerita Pendek* (Seven Short Stories) in 1950.

Writers who dedicated themselves to writing drama in this period are Sitor Situmorang and Utuy Tatang Sontani. Sitor Situmorang published his dramas under the title *Jalan Mutiara* (Mutiara Road) in 1954. Utuy T.S., on the other hand published many dramas. Among others were *Suling* (Flute), an allegorical drama in verse; *Bunga Rumah Makan* (Restaurant Flower), a one act drama. Of Sundanese descent, he wrote two adaptations (a prose drama and a libretto) of the story of "Sangkuriang" (name of the character), a legend of the Sundanese people.

According to Teeuw, Utuy Tatang Sontani is considered to be the most skillful author of this era. He has an outstanding feeling for proportion and

succeeds in keeping the reader's attention through variation and contrast, and especially his dramas often excelled because of their skillful composition (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 192-193).

The Period of Sixty-Six, The Newer Period

(1966 – 1996)

According to Teeuw, Indonesian literature entered a new phase in a number of practical respects in 1966 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 253). The reason was that after the failure of the communist coup in 1965, and the political and cultural life of Indonesia began to take some sort of shape again in the early 1966. After achieving independence in 1945, 1966 was the most important year in Indonesian history. It was a beginning for the new government, the New Order, under the administration of Suharto, the second president of Indonesia, who formally replaced Sukarno, Indonesia's first president in 1967.

Communist and leftist newspapers were banned after the failure of the coup and did not emerge again. Lekra (post-independence Communist-inspired organization that aimed to bring about social change through literature) and its ideological domination had come to an abrupt end and its leaders disappeared from the scene. New literary media were appearing and new publishers emerging (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 253-255).

The freedom was marked by the appearance of *Budaya Jaya* (Culture Prevails), a cultural monthly, in June 1968; and *Merdeka* (Freedom), the oldest newspaper which had been banned in February 1965, resumed publication. Other newspapers worth mentioning are *Kompas* (Compass), with affiliations to the Catholic community and which began to appear in June 1965; *Sinar Harapan* (Shine of Hope), founded in 1966, which had Protestant support; *Duta Masyarakat* (Messenger of the People) and *Abadi* (Eternity), which were Muslim newspapers.

It was H.B. Jassin, the custodian of Indonesian literature who proposed the Period of Sixty-six as a new period in Indonesian literature, the succeeding phase of modern Indonesian literature after a twenty-one-year gap from the period of Forty-five, in the second issue of *Horison* (Horizon—

literary mouthpiece) (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 254). Because the time span of this period is quite long, this writer has limited herself to discuss poets, prose-writers and playwrights who are considered in the forefront.

In 1966, poetry began to play an important social role. Young people began writing poems published in stenciled pamphlets and they gained some ephemeral popularity. The poets who published their works in booklets appeared in the first half of 1966 were Taufiq Ismail, Mansur Samin, Bur Rasuanto, and Abdul Wahid Situmeang (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 254). The poems seemed to be typically the outpourings of young people experiencing a sense of relief after the period of repression. However, except for Taufiq Ismail, those poets had stopped writing.

Sitor Situmorang, a poet of the earlier period, continued writing poems after his disappearance for about ten years. He writes poetry in English and Dutch aside from Bahasa Indonesia. His current poems, according to Teeuw, are not as striking as his earlier works (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 181).

Ajip Rosidi's first collections of poetry appeared in 1956 and have never been absent ever since. (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 237)

Rendra is one of the most outstanding figures in this period. After his first work appeared in 1955, he published *Empat Kumpulan Sajak* (Four Collection of Verse) in 1961 (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 233, 281). Another prominent poet of this period is Subagio Sastrowardoyo (*Modern Indonesian Literature* [1967] 235). The only woman poet who can be considered in the forefront of this period is Toeti Heraty who published her single collection of poetry, *Sajak-sajak 33* (Poems of 33) in 1974 (*On the Record* 24). Her poems are typically about women and their unfavorable position.

Other poets are Goenawan Mohamad who published his two collections of verse: *Parikesit* in 1971 and *Interlude* in 1973, and Sapardi Djoko Damono who published his collections of poetry entitled *Duka Mu Abadi* (Your Sorrow is Eternal) in 1969, *Mata Pisau* (Knife Blade) and *Akuarium* (Aquarium) in 1974. Taufiq Ismail published his two small collections of poetry *Tirani* (Tyranny) and *Benteng* (Fort) in 1966, *Puisi-puisi Sepi* (Lonely Poems) in 1970, *Kota, Pelabuhan, Ladang, Angin, dan Langit* (Towns, Harbours, Fields,

Wind, and Sky) in 1971, and *Sajak Ladang Jagung* (Poems of the Corn Field) in 1973. Abdul Hadi W.M. published his collections of poetry, among others, *Riwayat* (Story) in 1967, *Potret Panjang Seorang Pengunjung Pantai Sanur* (Long Portrait of a Visitor to Sanur Beach) in 1975, and *Meditasi* (Meditation) in 1976. Sutarji Calzoum Bachri published his two collections of poetry, *O* (Oh) in 1973 and *Amuk* (Attack) in 1977.

Poetry

BECAUSE OF YOU[1]

AMIR HAMZAH

Translated by Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana, Sabina Thornton, and Burton Raffel

Introduction

Teeuw considers Amir Hamzah to be the last Malay poet, father of modern Indonesian poetry and the greatest poet of the period of Pudjangga Baru (Modern Indonesian Literature [1967] *84*). *He was deeply committed to Islam, and many of his works are religious.*

Wayang or leather puppet performance which Amir Hamzah uses for his poem below shows the relation between the lifeless leather puppets activated by the puppeteer. The puppeteer holds his leather puppets behind the screen and with only their shadows showing to the audience.

The wayang stories are usually the Javanese versions of the two Indian epics, Ramayana and Mahabharata, and old, indigenous Javanese legends (Sedana 2).

Flowers burst into bloom,
Loving life because of You:
Love spreading like flowers in my heart
Filled it with the fragrance of blossoms, and their dust

Life is a dream, something
Played behind a screen, and I
Now dreamer, now dancer, am pulled
In and out of existence

So the bright leather puppet shines
His shadow on the screen, bringing us a world
Of emotions. The longing heart follows;
Two souls join, fuse

I am a puppet, you are a puppet,
To please the puppeteer as he runs through his song;
We glance at each other, out on the open screen,
For as long as the one melody lasts.

Other bright-colored dolls take their turn;
You and I are laid in our box.
I am a puppet, you are a puppet,
To please the puppeteer running out his rhymes

QUESTIONS:

1. What is the subject of this poem?
2. Explain the relation between the puppets and the puppeteer in line
3. What kinds of figures of speech are presented in this poem? Identify them.
4. Do the puppet and the puppeteer stand for something? What? Explain your answer.
5. What is the poem's dominant metaphor? Explain briefly.

MEETING[2]

SUTAN TAKDIR ALISYAHBANA

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

Introduction

Said to be "the dean of Indonesian letters," Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana goes beyond the literary. The author studied law, linguistics, literature and philosophy, and published widely on linguistic matters, including A New Grammar of the Indonesian Language.

Though not a poetic figure in the way that Amir Hamzah is, "his verse expresses an essentially thoughtful, sensitive approach to existence and some of its central problems. The following poem was written after the death of his first wife (Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry *33-34*).

Standing beside the grave
With the morning sun glistening pink on the earth,
My soul bends down
Seeking your face,
And my senses swell and flood.

Confronting you,
Piercing the thick ground,
I let my eyes wander
To the rows of graves, hundreds of stones
In red earth, in thick grass,
Mossy wood and singing marble,

And like lightning it flashed in my heart:
So many sorrows well up,
So often sadness slices tears
Onto the earth.
Oh, my sister in white,
You're not alone in the ground!

And my poor soul bends
To the feet of the One God:
Before Him my sorrows are the world's sorrows
My misery the world's misery.
I am dust in the air,
Blown by the wind.
A cool dew drops on my soul
And shines brightly in my eyes.

QUESTIONS:

1. In what way is death dramatized as a leveler?
2. Cite the lines which state the speaker's submissiveness to God's sovereignty.
3. What are the symbolic details used in this poem which you judge to be universal symbols?
4. What allusion is made in the following lines?
   "With the morning sun glistening pink on the earth" (line 2)
   "And shines brightly in my eyes" (line 25)
5. The poem is about two people separated by death. What reasons could the author have in giving such a title? Support your answer by citing evidence from the text.

KRAWANG-BEKASI[3]

CHAIRIL ANWAR

Translated by Burton Raffel

Introduction

Chairil Anwar began to write poetry during the Japanese occupation. A collection of his work was published only after his death. (Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry *51*).

This poem is a cry for freedom. A cry of the dead who fought for independence but still inspires the people to go on fighting for the war was not yet over so that the sacrifice of the dead would not be in vain.

Some writers claim that they "did not realize the capabilities and potentiality of the Indonesian language until they read Chairil Anwar's poetry" (Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry *51*).

We who are lying, now, near Krawang-Bekasi,
We can no longer cry out "Freedom," no longer lift our rifles

But who cannot still hear our moans?
Still see us marching forward, unafraid?

We speak to you out of the suspended silence of evening
When the chest feels empty, when clocks tock away time

We died young. All that remains of us, bones covered with dust.
Remember, remember us!

We've tried, done all we could
But the job isn't finished, is hardly begun

We've given the lives we had
The job isn't finished, no one can count up, still, the meaning of four
thousand, of five thousand lives

We are only scattered bones
But they belong to you
And you will decide the value of these scattered bones

Either we died for freedom, for victory, for hope

Or for nothing.
We don't know, we can no longer say
Only you can speak, now

We speak to you out of the suspended silence of evening
When the chest feels empty, when clocks tick away time

Remember, remember us—
Let our lives live on
Guarding Sukarno
Guarding Hatta
Guarding Sjahrir[4]

We are corpses
Give us meaning
Keep watch over the frontier between reality and illusion

Remember, remember us
Who survive only in these bones covered with dust
Thousands of us, lying near Krawang-Bekasi.

QUESTIONS:

1. Who is the speaker of the poem?
2. Whom is the speaker addressing?
3. The job isn't finished, … (lines 12 and 14)
   What does the speaker mean by "job"?
4. What is the dominant tone of the poem? Why do you think so?
5. State the theme of this poem in one sentence.

TRAVELER FIRST CLASS

J.E. TATENGKENG

Translated by James S. Holmes

Introduction

Jan Engelbert Tatengkeng or J.E. Tatengkeng as he is widely known, published only one collection of poetry. He was a devout Protestant who wrote religious poetry. What is interesting about J.E. Tatengkeng is that Malay was a "foreign language" to him (Modern Indonesian Literature [1967] *45*). *This has made his poems unique—compared with his contemporaries, in language as well as in form.*

Before I was thirty
I was never more than a deck passenger.
Thanks to the efforts of my friends
And the transfer of sovereignty
I'm now a traveler first class.

I'm one of the army
Of inspection officials
Wandering
From island to island
Building up the country.

Every evening I play bridge in the salon
And drink my beer
And rage at the waiter.

I've never written a report.

I disembark
And give a half rupiah
For the workers on the first of May.

QUESTIONS:

1. What do the following words connote?
   "deck passenger" (stanza 1, line 2)
   "friends" (stanza 1, line 3)
   "sovereignty" (stanza 1, line 4)
2. Point out the lines in which the speaker seems to contradict himself.
3. May 1 is celebrated as Labor Day. In what way is this ironical as dramatized in the last stanza?
4. Why do you think this poem is titled "Traveler First Class?"
5. If you were to give the poem a title, what would it be? Explain briefly.

PARTING[5]

LOUISE WALUJATI HATMOHARSOIO

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

Introduction

*The following is an example of simplicity of writing style of L. Walujati Hatmoharsoio. During the Dutch colonization, she wrote poetry in Dutch; she focused on Japanese poetry after the Japanese invasion. "After the war...Walujati began to write poetry in Indonesian" and "most of her poetry...predates her marriage." (*Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry *95).*

Together we braid flowers
Into a delicate, fragrant bouquet,
Returning home, happy,
As the red ball drops down from the sky.

At the side-road we part.
The bouquet trembles in our hands,
Falls, and breaks into two.

I take one half, you the other
And, holding it firmly, you are gone…

I walk alone in the dusk,
You run away with only the flower
Sending its scent to me.

QUESTIONS:

1. What does the word "braid" (stanza 1, line 1) connote?
2. Explain what the speaker means by,
   "… only the flower
   sending its scent to me" (stanza 1, lines 11 and 12)
3. What is the theme of the poem?
4. Can this poem be an allusion to Indonesian independence from the Dutch colonization?
5. Support your answer with lines from the poem.

A MOTHER'S LETTER

ASRUL SANI

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

Introduction

Aside from being an essayist, critic, and writer of short stories, Asrul Sani produces and directs motion pictures.

*According to Raffel (*Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry *85), for Asrul Sani, "a poem is a poem, not a political manifesto."*

Go into the far-flung world, my beloved son,
Go into a free life!
While the wind is at your back,
And the morning is bright on the leaves,
And in the jungles and on the green fields.

Go over the open sea, my beloved son,
Go to a free world!
Before the day darkens
And the reddening dusk
Shuts the door of the Past

When shadows fade away,
And the gulls return to their nests,
And the wind blows toward land,
And the skipper has lost his compass.
Then you can return!

Return, my beloved son,
To the evening's side,
And when your ship draws up to the quay
We shall speak
"About love and your life in the morning."

QUESTIONS:

1. What does "the open sea" (stanza 1, line 6) connote?
2. What does the line "And the reddening dusk shuts the door of the past" (stanza 1, lines 9 and 10) mean?
3. How does the speaker describe the world? Cite pieces of evidence from the text.
4. According to the speaker, when is the right time
   to start the journey?
   to return?
   Why?
5. What are the stages of life that are implied in this poem?
6. What are the symbolic details used in the poem which you judge to be universal? Interpret them.

ON THE SUBJECT OF FREEDOM

TOTO SUDARTO BACHTIAR

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

Introduction

Toto Sudarto Bachtiar started writing in 1950. He also writes essays and translates foreign literature into Bahasa Indonesia.

A representation of the Period of Forty-five, the writer shows his impression on freedom in poetry, like other Forty-five writers who directly dealt with colonization.

FOR NAR

Freedom, it's the country and the sea of all its voices
Don't be afraid of it

Freedom, it's the poet's country, and the wanderer's:
Don't be afraid of me.

Freedom, it's a deep, devoted love:
Bring me to it.

QUESTIONS:

1. What three kinds of freedoms are mentioned in the poem?
2. Discuss what freedom means to those mentioned in stanzas 1, 2, and 3.
3. Why does the speaker say we should not be afraid of freedom?
4. To a poet like the author, why is it important to be free from any kind of oppression?

MEMORY OF A MASKED DANCE FROM CIREBON[6]

AJIP ROSIDI

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

*Claimed by Harry Aveling as "the most prolific of all Indonesian writers," Ajip Rosidi has produced collections of poetry as well as short stories, traditional legends and literary criticism (*Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvi).*

*One of the themes which appears in his poetry is the contrast and tension between the village and the big city, between rural and metropolitan life, as experienced by young people like him who are constantly torn between these two worlds (*Modern Indonesian Literature [1967] *237).*

The following poem, for example, is the impression he got when, at a performance of a Korean mask drama in the Summer Palace in Seoul, he was reminded of his native Cirebon's dance. The gamelan *mentioned in line 13 is the term that denotes a traditional orchestra.*

On a stone mountain man has built a monument
A restlessly searching city, a new Seoul, brave
In its window displays, colored lights, troubled souls
Uncaring, searching in an atmosphere of futility

I see people adrift between two worlds:
And I see myself reflected there.
Chasing with passion the shadow of tomorrow
Dreaming of a past which grows more beautiful as it grows more distant.

As I watch the masked dance in the Summer Palace
I remember the beauty of the Cirebon masked dance.
As I listen to Tang-ak, my body gently at rest
I remember the beauty of the *gamelan* of Bali

The further I travel, the more I see
The more I value my own, carelessly wasted.

QUESTIONS:

1. "The further I travel, the more I see
   The more I value my own, carelessly wasted." (lines 14 and 15)
   Comment on the above lines.
2. Discuss the contrast in stanzas 1 and 2.
3. Explain the comparison drawn between the masked dance in Korea and Cirebon.
4. What emotional effect is evoked by the word "adrift" in line 5.
5. Sum up in your own words the message of the poem.

LULLABY[7, 8]

GOENAWAN MOHAMAD

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

An active writer of the post sixty-six period, Goenawan Mohamad has published two collections of poetry. In the sixties and seventies, he was one of those young intellectuals who kept the spark of hope alive and managed to give it expression in poems which were as typically products rooted in tradition as they were expressions of a modern individual personality.

Sleep, child, on the earth which never sleeps
Sleep on the grass, on the sand, on the bed
Sleep with the butterflies, the waves of the sea and the bright lights,
Which sing, slowly sing

Sleep, child, despite the curse of the night
Until you wake and all shall know
That even falling bombs
Cannot halt your lullaby

QUESTIONS:

1. Who is the speaker in the poem?
2. What does the speaker mean in the following lines:
   "… on the earth which never sleeps" (line 1) and
   "… despite the curse of the night" (line 6)
3. What figure of speech is used in line 1?
4. What connotation can you give to the word "sleep"?
5. How would you state the theme?

THE REPUBLIC IS OURS[9]

TAUFIQ ISMAIL

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

Taufiq Ismail was a committed poet who was initially known for his anti-Sukarnoist poetry. His work was initially not given the attention it deserves because of the "ready success of his committed verse with the public." (Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvii)*

There is no other choice. We must
Go on
Because to stop or withdraw
Would mean destruction

Ought we sell our certitude
For meaningless slavery
Or sit at table
With the murderers
Who end each sentence
"As Your Majesty Wishes"

There is no other choice. We must
Go on
We are the people with sad eyes, at the edge of the road
Waving at the crowded buses
We are the tens of millions living in misery
Beaten about by flood, volcano, curses and pestilence
Who silently ask in the name of freedom
But are ignored in the thousand slogans
And meaningless loud-speaker voices

There is no other choice, We must
Go on.

QUESTIONS:

1. Who is the speaker in this poem?
2. What situation is described? Cite lines to justify your answer.
3. What is suggested that people must do? Cite lines from the poem to justify your answer.
4. What implication is given in the following lines:

   "But are ignored in the thousand slogans
   And meaningless loud-speaker voices (lines 18, 19)
5. Compare the theme of this poem with Chairil Anwar's "Krawang-Bekasi." (pp. 30-31; *Complete Prose and Poetry of Chairil Anwar* 127-129)

I WANT TO WRITE POETRY[10]

TAUFIQ ISMAIL

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

In 1966, Taufiq Ismail became something of a national celebrity because of the part played by him in the student movement and more especially as a result of his two small collections of poetry Tirani *(Tyranny) and* Benteng *(Fort). In addition to that, like other poetry of young poets of the period of Sixty-six, his poems are typically the outpourings of young people experiencing a sense of relief after a period of repression, solidarity with the suffering masses, and sympathy with parents and old people (*Modern Indonesian Literature [1967] *254).*

I want to write poetry which is no longer about the sky, colors, light, voices and clouds.

I want to write poetry for the children running in schoolyards, playing marbles and hopscotch at home, crying because they are not being promoted this year.

I want to write poetry which will make people who are 55 feel as if they are 25, and those who are 24 feel 54, when they read it, however they read it—lying or sitting down.

I want to write poetry for cigarette sellers, shirt stitchers, vegetable planters, sampan sailors, computer programmers and research veterinary scientists, so that they might stop work for a moment and say — life's not so bad.

I want to write poetry for retired school-teachers, job-applicants, pawnshop regulars, freshers and freshettes, asthmatics and diabetics as well as unemployed graduates, so that when they read a line of my poetry they might say—life in Indonesia, maybe there's hope yet.

I want to write poetry which is full of protein, calcium, sulphur and all the main vitamins,so that it could be of some use to general practitioners, veterinarians, agricultural engineers and animal-breeders.

I want to write poetry for the pensioners who are having trouble getting their pensions because of red-tape, political prisoners and

criminals, anyone who is tortured, that they may remember that man must fight never-ceasingly for justice.

I want to write poetry which will make people remember God when they are happy, very happy or tremendously happy.

Perhaps I cannot write poetry like that.

But I want very much to write it.

I want to.

I want to write poetry which can be aimed at life's body, will pierce the mucous membrane, the thoracic region, the flesh, the arterial and capillary tubes, strike the bone and enter the marrow, and cause physical and chemical changes.

I want to write poetry in the diary of the National Planning Body, in student council meetings, in the love-letters of young Indonesians, in the left-hand columns of the money-orders sent every month by parents to their children at school in far-off cities.

I want to write poetry in the blue-prints of architects, on the spreading parachute falling through the sky, in advertisements for medicinal herbs that make barren women pregnant, in the editorials of the national newspapers and in the pop songs of youth.

I want to write poetry about General Sudirman with his one lung, and about the sergeants and men who parachuted at night into West Irian then hit large trees or drowned in malarial swamps.

I want to write poetry which will stop corporals who have never fought from abusing the trishaw drivers who pull them with such difficulty.

I want to write ambitious poetry which can stop civil war and uncivil war, poems about cease-fire, poems to stop the general election, improve bureaucracy, soothe the fugitives and cure the mentally ill.

I want to write a hundred nursery rhymes for children of five and ten, so that when they hear them read they will laugh and their white healthy teeth will shine.

I want to write poetry that will make fried-rice taste like a banquet in a rich hotel and stop peasants pawning their lands and their wife's jewelry to go to Mecca.

I want to write poetry about the crisis in education, about the prophet Adam, family planning, the Hikari express, the Anai plains, Minister for the interior Amir Machmud, Piccadilly Circus, kindergarten, military intelligence, King Idrus, nasi goreng, Samarkand, Raymond Westerling, Laos, Economics genius Emil Salim, Roxas Boulevard, Dja'far Nur Aidit head of the Communist Party of Indonesia, foreign capital, Checkpoint Charley, Zainal Zakse, the foreign debt of $3 million, Rotterdam Harbour, the Champs Elysees and the baby who could recite the Koran while still in the womb, in alphabetical order.

I want to write poetry that will stop the possibility of Japanese businessmen pillaging the forests of Borneo, forbid digging for oil and foreign investors bribing officials of little faith, corrupting customs—officers and the system of justice

I want to write poetry that will wipe out the bitterness of orphans whose parents and relatives were killed in the communist coup.

Perhaps I cannot write about so many things.

But I want very much to write poetry like that.

I want to.

QUESTIONS:

1. How do you describe the speaker of the poem? Justify your answer by citing lines from the poem.
2. Considering the poem as a whole, does the speaker seem playful or sarcastic?
3. How does the poem fulfill the poetic function of delighting or pleasing, instructing or teaching the reader?
4. Discuss the conditions that the poet complains about or satirizes.
5. Create an additional stanza and start it with, I want to write poetry for …
6. Write an essay based on this poem in which you defend or refute the major ideas presented.

HO LIANG IS GONE[11]

W.S. RENDRA

Translated by Burton Raffel

Introduction

*Rendra (born in 1937) is considered to be Indonesia's greatest practicing poet (*Ballads and Blues *xiii); Rendra's verse is strikingly different from what is usually accepted these days as poetry—the gentle, introverted lyric, which undercuts emotion with irony (ix); and many of his poems are about the beauty of nature. The rhetorical use of nature is clear in some of the ballads, where nature is distorted to reflect the suffering of man" (x).*

Unlike his other poems which are extraordinarily long, the following poem, "Ho Liang is Gone," is among the small number of his shortest works. It is a delicately tuned elegy which is almost mocking.

How blue, how blue, Ho Liang!
And is it dark and lonely?

How light you are, Ho Liang!
You are flown away.

Ho Liang's white spirit
Flies like a white pelican
Up to the sun

Is it hot there, Ho Liang?
Snowy fields or Eden again?
You're the only one who can tell, Ho Liang!
Don't make this red earth a miserable place!

Sometimes you're too short-winded, Ho Liang:
We need to be cheered up

The beauty of sadness, of flowers—
Well, it's no use leaving them on his grave.

I've plucked the very whitest one,
I'll bring it to the party.

QUESTIONS:

1. What does the speaker mean by saying "… you're too shortwinded…" (line 12)
2. How will you describe the writer's relationship with Ho Liang?
3. Explain the color symbols in the poem.
4. What is the tone of the poem? Cite lines from the poem to justify your answer.
5. What is the irony of situation in stanza 6?

PRETENSION[12]

TOETI HERATY

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

*Toeti Heraty is the only woman amongst the leading contemporary Indonesian poets. She is keenly aware of the unfavorable position of women—subordinate, discriminated against and dependent—in a society where men are used to having thing their way. (*Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xviii)*

*The striking use of irony in Heraty's works (*Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvii), can be seen in the following poem.*

there is something I want to say, to you
who gaze up at me
there is indeed, a moment, it seems
I've forgotten what it was, a moment please—
I knew before, I was really quite certain!
don't go, please be patient
really I wanted to say something in all honesty
the truth you've long been searching for
listen, listen, yes I remember now
pay strict attention to what I have to say—
what? why do you? all smile like that
I'm suspicious
you shouldn't mock, doubt
or sorrow because I know more
oh, I think you're bored
I can understand that, or perhaps
not at all interested
I'm sorry
I've wasted enough time
so, imagine yourself in my place

not a happy position (driven powerlessly into a corner)
but it's really not my fault, if finally
I'm sorry, I'll shut up.

QUESTIONS:

1. Does the speaker ever speak up? Why? Why not?
2. Enumerate the traits of the woman characterized in this poem.
3. What inference do you make of the man gazing up to her (line 2)? What does the word "gaze" connote?
4. Where lies the irony of this poem? Explain its use.
5. What do you think the speaker wants to say?

COCKTAIL PARTY[13]

TOETI HERATY

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

Aveling says Toeti Heraty's "apparent looseness of form allows her emotion to work itself fully and precisely. In her verse, she seeks an openness of relationships between man and women in which she can participate as an equal." (Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvii)*

Published in 1970, the following poem is also her impression on women.

formal-wear straight
hair immaculate
a curl on the forehead
        let the competition begin
racing with time
and boredom,
        the stakes illusions
threads in the hurricane
storms rage among men

storms? no one
notices
laugh gently, bite your finger
        castrate feelings
intensity is for gods
to be followed by
the roar of ashen fire
        in the dry wasteland
wild wind, lightning whip

I talk to a woman, with
eyebrows and sharp ridicule
        piercing laughter

and am trapped, a glass of wine in my hand
as the hag smiling patiently swoops—
        the room echoes
with mumbled politeness, greetings
the rainbow-colored woman flaps her tail
as she goes, the guests gape

why do I tremble with fear
breathe deeply, choke
        as if in a pit?
they say only death can kill love
but life too pulls at its death
deceives us with hope of meeting again
if you like, that is

such sparkling alienation, all
that we love is gone—
        torpedoed
in friendship and sleep
a long dream in which no one suffers
and the storm which rages among men?
mumbles, smiles and handshakes

QUESTIONS:

1. What do the first two lines connote?
2. "But life too pulls at its death" (line 32) Explain the statement.
3. Discuss how women are usually treated in a cocktail party.
4. What do you think is the message of the poem?
5. What words in this poem seem especially rich in connotations?
6. What similarities or differences are there with this poem and "Pretension" (pp. 51-52; *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry* 133)?

ON THE VERANDA WHEN IT RAINS[14]

SAPARDI DJOKO DAMONO

You call your memory song (and not the sun
that stirs the dust on the road, enhancing
the colors of flower garlands, that erase
footsteps, that go on forever
in the rain. And you, on the veranda
alone, "The birds... (which I, in fact
have never seen, transform into a kind of song,
a kind of stillness) where have they flown? And where is the woosh
of the leaves
that twirl far into every dream?"

(It is not the dry season that exudes the sky,
that slowly settles in the air) you call your love
a long rain, constantly
clearing the dust,
that sings in the garden.
On the veranda, you sit
alone, "And where are the swarms of butterflies,
that evade my vision; and where is
(oh, no!) my forming longing?"

And you, on the veranda, hear but do not hear
the rain, alone,
"Where is heaven: the song they once taught me, word by word
I learned to recite
even in my sleep?"
And you call your life evening
(and not midday that breathes heavily, suddenly hardens beneath the sun) wet,

melting in the waves of rain,
dissolving.
Amen.

QUESTIONS:

1. Does “footsteps” connote something? What?
2. Discuss what the speaker recollects while sitting in the verandah.
3. What possible reasons could the poet have for choosing such a title?
4. Do you detect the speaker’s loneliness in this poem? Why? Support your answer by citing lines.
5. What power does the rain bring to the speaker?
6. What effect does the poem obtain by its unconventional word order?

THE FIRST MAN IN OUTER SPACE[15]

SUBAGIO SASTROWARDOYO

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

*Subagio Sastrowardoyo is well known as one of Indonesian poets who has produced his poems since 1957. Aveling (*Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvii) describes his early work as intellectual, as gleaned from his poems and his critical writings*

Tell the world
I have reached the edge
And cannot come back.
I fly in outer space
Where day and night are one.
An empty sea circled by shining stars.
Earth is gone and the sky flies away.
The universe is silent. I hunger not
But yearn for my wife, children and mother.
The further they are the greater my love.
What do I remember? Sleeping as a child near my mother
In a dream hearing her stories of monsters
Giants, fairies and angels. I remember
Story-books closed in a cupboard.
I remember the rose Elisa
Sent me in a letter telling of her love.
And she stands at the window
With Alex and Leo—our sons—
Looking hopelessly into the sky. Trying to catch
Sight of my craft, a piece
Of my unrecorded journey.
Is earth still as dark
As yesterday was?
What I do want nothing

All has gone with the rocket
Into empty space. Yet perhaps
There is something. Poetry
Rather than the thousand promising formulae
Which hurled me from the earth
I love. The heavens are silent. The heavens are dumb.
But I have reached the edge
And cannot come back.
A kiss for my wife, my children, mother
Regards to those who think of me.
The universe is deep and still.
I move further, further
From the earth I love. My heart grows lonely
Troubled.
Mother,
Don't leave me alone.

QUESTIONS:

1. What are the things that the speaker remembers as he goes further from the earth?
2. Explain the meaning of the title.
3. How would you state the theme of the poem?
4. As he grows lonely, the speaker cries out "Mother, don't leave me alone." (lines 39 and 40) Comment on this.

THE BORDER[16]

SUBAGIO SASTROWARDOYO

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

According to Burton Raffel, Subagio becomes an extraordinarily accomplished poet of personal existence (qtd in Contemporary Indonesian Poetry *xvii), as is seen in the following poem.*

Subagio went abroad and persevered in his efforts towards self-discovery.

We are always at the border
between victory and death. Can no longer hesitate
but must decide:
Do we want freedom or servitude?
Freedom means well-being and happiness.
Respect for oneself.
and descendants. Or should we surrender
to insult and meaninglessness?
Death is better. Death is more glorious
and more lasting than a thousand years
chained by regret.
So we must stay on guard
penetrate the inner lanes of the city
a pistol in our belt and bullets in our hand.
(A man died this morning.) Life
is a gamble and death
is the only guarantee of our victory. Be firm.
the oppressed.
The stakes are death.

QUESTIONS:

1. Comment on the two kinds of freedom mentioned in this poem.
2. What is the price that one has to pay in order to obtain freedom? State the lines that support your answer.
3. "We are always at the border" (line 1) and "The stakes are death" (line 19) Comment on the statements.
4. Compare this poem with "On the Subject of Freedom" by Toto Sudarto Bachtiar (p.39; *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry* 130). In what way do the two speakers agree on the matter of freedom?
5. The poem says that one of the benefits of freedom is respect for oneself and descendants. Is it not possible for just one to be free? Explain.

Short Stories

INEM[17]

PRAMOEDYA ANANTA TOER

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

A representative of the Period of Forty-five, Pramoedya Ananta Toer is the most important writer of this period not only because of the wide compass of his creative work but especially because of the quality of his work that is quite unique to his generation.

Since the Dutch colonization, Toer has been in numerous prison cells. The New Order government of Indonesia (which took over the government after the Communist coup in 1965) considered him a leftist because of his association with LEKRA (post-independence Communist-inspired organization that aimed to bring about social change through literature). Hence the present: government has banned his literary works from the public. This shows the importance of this literary figure in Indonesian politics.

*Teeuw states that Toer's profound interest is in people as they suffer and love, are loyal and disloyal, and seek to understand themselves and others (*Modern Indonesian Literature *[1967] 173). Many of his works are autobiographical (*Modern Indonesian Literature *[1967] 163). They are a reflection of the problems and conflicts he had seen and experienced. And Toer remains the kind of writer who appears only once in a generation or even in a century.*

"Inem" was written in 1931. Inem is an eight-year-old girl whose fate, i.e. marriage, has been determined by her family. The story is narrated by her friend, 'Muk.

The setting is Blora, incidentally, Toer's birth place and Batik is the handicraft of this particular town. It is a story of injustice done to women during the Dutch colonial era. Women are considered second class citizens and the family decides their fate.

1 Inem was my friend. She was eight, two years older than I was. She was just like all other girls, except that she thought to be rather pretty. People liked her. She was polite, natural, intelligent and a good worker. Because of this she quickly became well-known in the village and people began to say: "Inem would be a good daughter-in-law to have."

2 Then one day, as she boiled water in our kitchen, she told me: "Muk, I'm getting married."

3 "Really?" I said.

4 "Yes. Someone asked for me a week ago. My parents and kin have accepted him."

5 "Imagine being married!" I shouted.

6 It was true. Her mother came one day and talked to my mother. Inem had been entrusted to my parents. She helped with cooking and looked after me and others when we played.

7 Inem's mother lived on what she earned making batik. In our village women made batik when they weren't working in the fields. Some made skirt lengths, other made headbands. The poor made headbands

because they were easier to make and one got paid more quickly. Inem's mother made headbands. Her boss gave her white cloth and candle-wax and paid her one and a half cents for every two lengths she prepared. One could dye eight to eleven bands a day.

8 Inem's father was a professional cock-fighter. He gambled each day with his winnings. If he lost, the winner took his rooster and anything from three farthings[18] to a dollar. If he won, he played cards with the neighbours for farthings.

9 Sometimes he was away for a month at a time. When he returned it meant that he had money again.

10 Mother once told me that he robbed people in the teak forest between our Blora and the coastal town of Rembang. In the first class I heard a lot of stories about robbers, pirates, thieves and murderers, so I was scared of Inem's father.

11 Everyone knew that he was a criminal but no one dared report him to the police. No one had any evidence. So the police never arrested him. Besides, most of Inem's uncles on her mother's side were policemen. Some were even first class detectives. And Inem's father had once been a policeman himself, until he was dismissed for taking bribes.

12 Mother also told me that he had once been a major criminal. The Dutch enlisted him against his friends. He never broke into anyone's house after that. Even so, most of the people I knew distrusted him.

13 When Inem's mother came, Inem was boiling water in the kitchen. I met her mother too. Her mother, my mother and I all sat on the low red couch.

14 "Madam," Inem's mother said, "I've come back to ask for Inem back."

15 "Why? Isn't she better off here? You don't have to spend money on her and she can learn cooking."

16 “But, madam, I want to marry her after the harvest is over.”

17 “What!” Mother exclaimed. “Marry her?”

18 “Yes madam. She’s old enough now—eight,” Inem’s mother replied.

19 Mother laughed, much to her guest’s consternation. “She’s only a child.”

20 “We’re not upper-class people, madam. I think she’s already a year too old. Asih married her girl off two years ago.”

21 Mother tried to dissuade her, but Inem’s mother had other reasons. Finally she said: “I’m glad someone’s asked for her at last. If we postponed this, perhaps no one would ask for her again. I’d be ashamed of her if she was an old maid. Perhaps she can make things easier for me when I’m old.”

22 Mother would not agree. She turned to me and said: “Go and get the betel nut and the spittoon.”

23 I went and fetched the teak utensils.

24 “What does your husband think of the idea?”

25 “He agrees. Especially as Markaban’s parents are rich. He is their only child. He has started selling cows—in Rembang, Chepu, Medang, Pati, Ngawan and in Blora as well.”

26 Mother was cheered by the news although I couldn’t understand why. Then she called Inem from the kitchen. Inem came. And Mother asked her: “Inem, do you want to have a husband?”

27 Inem bowed her head. She respected Mother. I never heard her disagree with her once. Although she was the sort of person who never disagreed with anyone.

28 Inem looked delighted. She often did. If anyone gave her something which she at all liked, she was delighted. But she could never say “thank

you." Villagers found the word strange. They showed their gratitude by their expression.

29 "Yes madam," she said slowly, almost inaudibly.

30 Mother and Inem's mother chewed betel. Mother did not like betel nut very much and only took it when she had guests. From time to time she spat the red juice into the spittoon.

31 Inem's mother was annoyed, but said nothing. Her eyes too were silent.

32 "I married at eighteen," Mother said.

33 The other woman's anger vanished. She still said nothing.

34 "She's too young," Mother repeated.

35 The woman was annoyed.

36 "Her children will be dwarfs."

37 The anger vanished again. "Yes madam." Then, coldly, "My mother was eight when she married."

38 My mother ignored the comment and continued: "Not just physically. It's not good for her health.'"

39 "Yes madam. But our family are famous for living a long time. My mother is still alive and she is over fifty-eight. My grandmother is still alive. She is seventy-six, I think. She's still healthy and can still pound corn."

40 Again Mother ignored her. "It's worse if the husband is a child too."

41 "Yes madam. But Markaban is seventeen."

42 "Seventeen! My husband was thirty when he married me."

43 Inem's mother fell silent. She rolled the crushed tobacco between her lips, first to the right, then to the left, then round and round, cleaning her charcoal black teeth.

44 Mother had no more arguments to use against her guest. She said: "If you really want to marry her—well—I hope she gets a good man who can look after her. I hope he loves her."

45 Inem's mother returned home, still rolling the tobacco around her mouth.

46 "I hope nothing happens to the poor child," Mother said.

47 "Will something happen to her?" I asked.

48 "No, 'Muk, nothing," Mother turned to something else. "If they are better off, perhaps we won't lose any more hens."

49 "Do they steal our hens, Mother?" I asked.

50 "No, 'Muk, no, she said slowly. "So young. Eight. Poor thing. But they need the dowry. It's the only way they can get money."

51 Then she went to the field at the back of the house to pick some long beans for soup.

52 Fifteen days later Inem's mother returned for her daughter. She was pleased that Inem did not object. And as Inem left, never to be a member of our household again, she said slowly at the kitchen door, very politely: "Goodbye 'Muk, I'm going 'Muk." She went like a small child expecting a gift.

53 Inem never returned to our house. She was a good friend and I missed her. From that day on one of my foster-brothers washed my feet in the bathroom before bed.

54 From time to time I wanted very much to see her again. As I lay in bed I often thought of her leaving our house hand in hand with her mother, for her own house behind the wooden fence at the back of our yard.

55 She had been gone a month. I often went to her house to play with her. Mother was always angry when she found out. She always said: "What do you think you can learn there?" I could never find any answer. Mother always had her reasons when she was angry. Her words were thick walls which no excuse could ever pierce. So I thought it best to say nothing. The key to her anger almost certainly lay in the sentence she repeated over and over: "Why play with her? There are lots of other children, aren't there? She is almost a married woman."

56 But I kept going to her house, secretly. I was often surprised at the prohibition and my need to defy it. The defiance gave me pleasure. Children such as I had many restrictions and prohibitions placed there to discipline us and stop us doing what we wanted. Consciously or not, we felt that the world had been created for adults.

57 The wedding day came.

58 Inem's family cooked food and delicacies for five days prior to it. I went there often.

59 The day before the wedding Inem was dressed in beautiful clothes. Mother sent me with five kilos of rice and a farthing as our contribution to the feast. In the afternoon we children gathered around and stared at Inem's dressing. The hair on her forehead and in front of her ears, as well as her eyelashes, was trimmed and carefully curled, then set with mascara. The bun of hair behind her head was enlarged with teak bark and ornamented with paper flowers called *sunduk mentul*. Her clothes were of satin. Her skirt was genuine Solo batik. They had hired the lot from a Chinese merchant near the town square—the gold rings and bangles too.

60 The house was decorated with leaves of banyan and young coconut. Tricolored flags[19] were placed in crosses on the walls and surrounded with palm branches. The pillars were decorated with tricolored ribbon.

61 My mother came and helped. Although not for very long. She seldom did this for any but very close neighbors. She stayed less than an hour. Inem's future husband sent presents of food, a billy goat, rice, a parcel of salt, a sack of husked coconuts and half a sack of sugar.

62 The harvest was just over. Rice was cheap. And when rice was cheap everything was. Marriages were celebrated ostentatiously. Inem's family, however, had not been able to hire a puppet-show because the puppeteers had prior bookings from other families in other villages. The puppet-show was the most popular form in our district. There were three types: the classical flat leather puppets which dealt with episodes from the Indian epics Ramayana and Mahabharata; the flat wooden puppets which dealt with stories from Arabia, Persia, India, China and medieval Java; and the not very popular wooden dolls.

63 Because there were no puppeteers, Inem's family decided, after fierce argument, to hire some dancing girls. Inem's mother's family were devoutly religious. But her father refused to give in. The dancing girls came, and the orchestra.

64 Usually only men and children attended this sort of entertainment—children who knew no more about sex than kissing. Older children preferred not to watch: they were embarrassed. The women hated the whole idea. *Tajuban*[20] in our district were always accompanied by the drinking of hard liquor—rice-wine, beer, whiskey, brandy and gin—to stimulate the men's sexual desires.

65 The dancing and intercourse lasted two days and nights. We children enjoyed watching the men and women dancing and kissing, clashing their glasses together from time to time, drinking as they danced and cheered, then disappearing for a while.

66 Mother forbade me to watch, but I did.

67 "Why do you watch those vile creatures? Look at your religious teacher. He is Inem's father's brother-in-law. He won't look at them. You know that."

68 The teacher's house was to the right of Inem's, also behind ours. Mother later exulted in his refusal to attend. He was a truly pious man. Inem's father was a fiend. Not everyone agreed.

69 Mother's anger was intensified by something which I didn't understand at the time, their "lack of respect for womanhood" as she bitterly put it.

70 When it was time for the bride to be joined with the groom, Inem was led away from the mat and she sat on to the waiting bridegroom. Little Inem squatted and bowed to her future husband, then washed his feet with rosewater from the teak jar. Then they were bound together and led back to the mat. The guests repeated among themselves: "One child becomes two, one child becomes two, one child becomes two." The women smiled as though that delight was their own.

71 But I noticed that Inem was crying. The tears made stripes down her face and ruined her rouge. At home I asked mother why. Mother told me: "If a bride cries it means that she is thinking of her ancestors. Their spirits take part in the ceremony too. And they are pleased that their descendants have been married happily."

72 I thought no more about it. Later I found out the real reason. Inem wanted to urinate but didn't dare tell anyone.

73 The celebrations ended joylessly. No other guests came to contribute. The decorations were taken down. And by the time the merchants came to collect their debts, Inem's father had left. Inem and her mother made batik continuously, day and night. They were often found working at three in the morning. The smoke of the candle-wax used for pattern-making billowed up between them. There were regular quarrels too.

74 Once when I was asleep in Mother's bed, I was wakened by loud shouts: "I won't! I won't!" I heard beating on the door and hollow thumping. It was Inem.

75 "Mummy, why is Inem crying?" I asked.

76 "They are fighting. I hope nothing happens to her, poor child," she said without further explanation.

77 "Will something happen to her?" I demanded.

78 Mother refused to say more. And then, when the screaming was over, we went back to sleep. Inem screamed almost every night. Screamed and screamed. Each time I heard her, I asked Mother about it but I was never given a satisfactory answer. Sometimes she sighed: "Poor thing. She's so young."

79 One day Inem came to our house and went straight to my mother. Her face was pale. She began conversation by crying, politely. Mother spoke first. "Why are you crying Inem? Have you been fighting?"

80 "Madam," Inem said, "please," sobbing, "take me back again."

81 "Are you married, Inem?"

82 Inem cried again. As she cried she said: "I don't like it, madam."

83 "Why, Inem? Don't you like your husband?"

84 "Madam, please. He fights with me every night."

85 "Can't you say: 'Don't do that, please?'"

86 "I'm scared. Scared of him. He is so big. He holds me so tightly that I can't breathe. Please take me back."

87 "I would if you weren't married, Inem. But as you are…" Mother said.

88 Inem cried. "I don't want to be, madam."

89 "You may not want to be, Inem, but you are. Perhaps one day your husband will treat you as he should and you'll be happy together then. You wanted to get married before, didn't you?"

90 "Yes madam … but, but …"

91 "Inem, no matter what happens a woman must be loyal to her husband. If she is not, her ancestors will curse her."

92 Inem cried so much that she could not speak.

93 "You must promise me, Inem, that you will always have his meals ready when he wants them. If you have been lazy, you must ask God's forgiveness. You must wash his clothes properly and comfort him when he is tired. You must give him proper medicine when he is sick."

94 Inem said nothing. She continued crying.

95 "Go home and be a good wife. If he is bad, you must be good. If he is good, you must be better. He is your husband."

96 Inem did not move. She continued to sit on the floor.

97 "Stand up and go back to your husband. If you leave him, nothing good will ever happen to you again."

98 "Yes madam," she said, broken.

99 She slowly stood up and walked home.

100 "Poor thing, so young," Mother said.

101 "Mummy, did daddy ever fight with you?" I asked.

102 Mother looked carefully into my eyes. Then her serious expression disappeared and she smiled. "No," she said. "Your father was the gentlest man in the whole world, 'Muk."

103 She went into the kitchen and took a hoe, and began digging next to me in the garden.

104 A year passed by unnoticed. One day Inem came again. She had grown. She was mature, although only nine years old. As usual, she went straight to Mother and sat on the floor with her head bowed.

105 "Madam, I'm not married now."

106 "What?"

107 "I'm not married."

108 "Has he divorced you?" Mother asked.

109 "Yes madam."

110 "Why?"

111 Inem did not answer.

112 "Weren't you a good wife?"

113 "I think so."

114 "Did you comfort him when he was tired?"

115 "Yes madam. I did everything you told me."

116 "Why did he divorce you?"

117 "He used to hit me."

118 "Hit you? A child like you?"

119 "I was a good wife. If he hit me and I hurt, I was being good, wasn't I?" she asked, seeking guidance.

120 Mother looked at her in silence.

121 Then she whispered: “He hit you.”

122 “Yes madam he hit me. Like my parents do.”

123 “Perhaps you weren’t a good wife. A man wouldn’t hit a woman if she served him properly.”

124 Inem did not reply. Then she shifted the direction of the conversation. “Will you take me back now, madam?”

125 Mother answered firmly. With great determination she said: “Inem, you are now a divorced woman. I have a number of young men staying in the house. Do you think that would be right?”

126 “They wouldn’t hit me, would they?”

127 “No, that isn’t what I mean. A young divorcee in a house full of men—people will talk.”

128 “Would they talk about me, madam?”

129 “No, they would talk about decency.”

130 “Decency, madam? Is that why I can’t work for you?”

131 “It is, Inem.”

132 The young divorcee said nothing. She sat on the floor, with no apparent intention of leaving. Mother went to her and caressed her shoulder. “You must go back, Inem—help your parents. I’m very sorry I can’t take you.”

133 Two tear drops formed in the young woman’s eyes. She stood and walked wearily out of our house. After that she seldom left her parents’ house. She was a nine-year old widow, a burden on her parents and anyone who wanted to hit her could: Her mother, her younger brother, her uncle, the neighbors, her aunt. She never came back to our house.

134 Often I heard her calling out in pain. I covered my ears. Mother continued steadfast in her defense of propriety.

QUESTIONS:

1. Describe Inem's quality as a girl. Cite lines from the narrative to justify your answer.
2. What are the qualities of a good wife according to the narrator's mother?
3. What are the various injustices done to women in this story?
4. How does the narrator's mother define "decency"?
5. Discuss why the narrator's mother stood for propriety?
6. "Perhaps you weren't a good wife. A man wouldn't hit a woman if she served him properly." (par. 123)
   What is the narrator's mother's idea of a good woman?
7. Would it be better for Inem if her mistress took her back? Why or why not?
8. What cultural values in the story are similar to your own? Explain.
9. If you were the narrator's mother, would you take Inem back? Why or why not?
10. Comment on the injustice that Inem received in those days.
11. If this happens at present, what help would the narrator probably give his friend, Inem?

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF OUR LOCAL MOSQUE[21]

A.A. NAVIS

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

*A representative of the Period of Forty-five, Ali Akbar Navis or A.A. Navis as he is widely known, published "The Decline and Fall of Our Local Mosque" in 1956. It is his first and most famous work. Most of his short stories deal with the value of the teaching of Islam (*Ikhtisar Sejarah Sastra Indonesia *50).*

A mosque is looked after by a person who is responsible for its maintenance and the preparation for every service. The caretaker usually receives no payment for the job.

1 A few years ago, your bus to the town I was born in would have dropped you at the market. If you had walked a mile down the road and taken the fifth lane to the right, you would have found an old mosque, with a fishpond and four purification pools in front of it. In the yard to the left of the mosque, you would have met an old man who sat there piously. Zealously he sat for years, as though he was the caretaker. People used to call him "grandfather."

2 He received nothing for looking after the mosque. He lived on the alms he received from those attending Friday service. Once every six months, he was given a quarter of the fish taken from the pond. Once a year, he was given part of the offering for the poor. He wasn't the caretaker. He was a knife-sharpener. He was very good at his trade. People used to ask him to help them because he never asked for payment. The women gave him chili sauce when he sharpened their scissors and knives. The men gave him cigarettes and, sometimes, money. But usually he received "thank you" and a smile.

3 He doesn't live there anymore. He is dead. No one looks after the mosque anymore. Children play in it. Women pull boards from the walls and floor when they run out of firewood at night. Your impression now would be one of decayed sanctity. The decay increases with

each passing day, as the children run wild and the women keep their fires alight. The world is more ignorant and careless than it was.

4 I want to tell you how this decline first started. It is of course, a true story.

5 Once I came to ask grandfather to do something for me. He was usually pleased to see me, because I used to give him money, but this time he looked very depressed. He sat right in the corner of the yard, with his knees tucked tightly under his chin and his arms around his legs. He started mournfully ahead as though some fever was running through his brain. Scattered around his feet were his tools of the trade: an old condensed milk tin filled with coconut oil, a whetstone, a long piece of shoe leather, and an old cut-throat razor. I had never seen him looking so miserable before. He had never refused to return my greeting. I sat down next to him and took up the razor. "Whose is this, grandfather?" I asked.

6 "Ajo Sidi's."

7 "Ajo Sidi's?"

8 He said nothing. Ajo Sidi was a garrulous old man. I hadn't seen him for a long time. I didn't mind him: he often had interesting things to say. He could hold people all day with his strange talk, but seldom did. He worked too hard. He gained greatest satisfaction when people in the town were labelled with names of characters in his stories. Once there were elections. He told us about a frog whose only ambition in life was to be a king. We called one of the politicians "the frog prince."

9 I wondered if the old man had been subject to Ajo Sidi's interminable nonsense. Was that what had made him so miserable? I was curious. "What did he talk to you about?" I asked.

10 "Who?"

11 "Ajo Sidi."

12 "Oh. That bastard," he replied wearily.

13 "Why?"

14 "I've sharpened his razor for him. I hope he cuts his throat with it."

15 "You're angry with him?"

16 "Angry? I would be if I was younger, but I'm not. We old people aren't hot-heads. I haven't lost my temper for years. I'd be afraid of jeopardizing my faith. I might ruin it completely. I've tried to be good, to dedicate myself to God and do all He commands. I've tried to surrender myself to Him completely. He loves those who are patient and submissive."

17 I wanted to know the whole story, exactly how Ajo Sidi had made the old man angry. So I asked again: "What did he talk about, grandfather?"

18 He didn't answer. Perhaps he was too upset. But I kept at him and he finally told me. "You know me, don't you? I was here when you were a boy. When I was a boy. You know the sort of things I've done. Have I ever done anything I shouldn't have? Anything God would be angry at me for doing?"

19 I said nothing. I knew that once he started, it was difficult to stop him. I let him answer his own question.

20 "You know how long I've been here. I've been here. I've never once thought of getting married and having a family. Never. I've never wanted to be rich or have my own house. My whole life—body and soul—has been for God, blessing and glory be His. I've never hurt anyone. I don't even like killing the flies. But now he says that I'm damned. Fit for hell. Do you think God will be angry with me? Will He curse me for serving Him? I've never worried about tomorrow: God exists and He is merciful and compassionate to those who love Him.

I get up before dawn and beat the drum so everyone can wake up and pray. I pray all the time, day and night, morning and afternoon. His name is always on my lips. I read His book. If something good happens, I say: 'Praise be to Allah.' If something upsets me: 'God forgive me.' If something unusual happens, I say 'God's will be done.' I've never done anything wrong. And he tells me I'm damned…"

21 I waited a few minutes and then asked: "Is that what he said?"

22 Not exactly. But that was what he meant."

23 He cried. I felt sorry for him. Silently I swore at Ajo Sidi. Yet I wanted to know more. Finally he started again.

24 "Once upon a time—that's how Ajo Sidi put it—God sat in the hereafter examining the dead one by one. He had appointed certain angels to sit with Him, and they had lists, of all the good and bad things the people had done, in their hands. There was a war on earth and He had quite a lot of people to get through. One of the newcomers was called Haji Saleh 'the pious man who completed the pilgrimage to Mecca.' Haji Saleh smiled all the time. He wouldn't have any trouble getting into Heaven. He put his hands on his hips and puffed out his chest. He looked up cheerfully with his head thrown back. His lips curled mockingly as others flew down to hell. He waved to them as if to say 'bye-bye.' The queue was never ending: as it moved forwards to God, others joined at the rear. God examined every man thoroughly."

25 "Finally it was Haji Saleh's turn. He bowed to God and smiled proudly. Then God asked him His first question: "And you?"

26 "I'm Saleh. I've been to Mecca, Lord, so Haji Saleh."

27 "I didn't ask what your name was. I don't need names. Names are of no use here…"

28 "Yes, my Lord."

29 “What did you do on earth?”

30 “I prayed to You all the time, Lord…”

31 “What else did you do?”

32 “Nothing you forbade, Lord. I never did evil, even though the devil filled the whole earth with temptation…”

33 “What else?”

34 “Nothing, Lord. I prayed and recited Your holy name continually. Even when I was sick, Your name never left my lips, thanks to Your great mercy. I prayed always that sinful mankind would be won over by Your loving kindness…”

35 “What else?”

36 Haji Saleh was silent. He had told God all that he had done. But he knew that God wasn’t asking just for the sake of asking. Yet he had told Him everything he could think of, and was unable to think of anything he had omitted. Suddenly he felt the warmth of the fires of hell licking at his body. Each tear he cried evaporated.

37 “What else?” God insisted.

38 “I have told you everything, O Lord God, most merciful and compassionate, righteous and omniscient—” Haji Saleh was worried. He tried humility and flattery, hoping that God would feel more kindly disposed towards him and not ask him the wrong questions.

39 But God asked him once more: “Nothing else?”

40 “Hm, hm, aah—I don’t know, O Lord—I always read Your holy book…”

41 “Nothing else at all?”

42 "I've told You all I know, Lord. But if I have forgotten anything, I praise your omniscience…"

43 "So you only did the things you told Me?"

44 "Yes Lord."

45 "Enter–" and a beautiful angel led Haji Saleh down to Hell by the ear. Haji Saleh couldn't understand it. He didn't know what else God had wanted him to say and he couldn't believe that He had made a mistake.

46 Surprisingly, many of his friends were in hell too, suffering the agonies of the damned. This was even more confusing, for they were at least as pious as he was. Some of them had been to Mecca fourteen times and could even claim to be descended from the holy prophet Muhammad himself. They were as confused as he was.

47 "What has God done?" Haji Saleh asked them.

48 "We served Him faithfully and did all He commanded. We spent our whole lives in obedience to Him and now He sends us to Hell—"

49 "You're right. That's exactly what we think too.

50 "Just look at us, all fellow-countrymen and none of us less faithful than the others."

51 "It's not fair!"

52 "No, it's not!" they repeated.

53 "We have to see the records. An audit to make sure He hasn't put us here by mistake."

54 "True. True. True," they all shouted in agreement.

55 "What if He refuses to admit that He's made a mistake?" a shrill voice called from the crowd.

56 “We’ll draw up a petition and hold a demonstration,” said Haji Saleh.

57 “What sort of petition?” a former radical politician asked.

58 “We can work that out later,” replied Haji Saleh. “Let’s demonstrate first.”

59 “That gets the best results,” someone else cut in.

60 “Right. No doubt about it. True,” they shouted.

61 So they walked up to God, making an awful row.

62 God took off His old fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles and put them on the table beside Him. “What do you want?”

63 Haji Saleh, leader and chief spokesman, intoned their complaint in a hesitant, beautifully rhythmic voice: “O Almighty God, we come before You as faithful servants who have worshipped You all our lives. Your name was ever on our lips. We praised Your greatness and Your righteousness and Your ninety-seven other attributes as well. We learnt Your holy book by heart and never read it. But, O Lord Omnipotent, after You called us to Your side, you thrust us down to Hell. We have no wish to see anything unpleasant happen and so, in the name of those who love You, I insist that You re-examine the judgement You bestowed upon us, so that we can enter the Heaven You promised us in Your holy book—”

64 “You are all fellow-countrymen?”

65 “Your faithful servants are all from Indonesia, O Lord—”

66 “A very fertile country, is it not?”

67 “Yes, Lord.”

68 “A very rich country, full of minerals, oil and other natural resources?”

69 "Indeed it is, Lord, thanks be to You. We are all Indonesians," they all said at once. Their faces shone with delight. They were convinced that God had indeed made a mistake in sending them to Hell.

70 "A country of rich vegetation?"

71 "Yes. No doubt about it. True. That's where we come from."

72 "A country rife with poverty?"

73 "Yes. Yes. Yes. That's the one."

74 "A country owned by foreign interests?"

75 "Yes Lord. Terrible oppression. Very bad."

76 "Who take what you grow back to their own countries?"

77 "It's true, Lord. We don't get a penny back. They are cruel—"

78 "A country in such chaos that you fight amongst yourselves while this goes on?"

79 "Yes, Lord. We never cared about material possessions. Our only goal was to praise and worship You—"

80 "You didn't mind being poor?"

81 "No, Lord. We preferred it."

82 "You didn't mind that your descendants would be poor too?"

83 "No, Lord. They may be poor but they know the *Koran* by heart—"

84 "But it means nothing to them, just as it means nothing to you?"

85 "Oh no, Lord!"

86 "Then why did you remain in poverty, making no provision for those to come? You let others steal your property, while you fought amongst

yourselves, you deceived and oppressed each other. I gave you a rich country. But you were lazy. You preferred contemplation. It was easier, it didn't raise a sweat, and required no exertion. I told you to work and pray. You only prayed. You thought that I wanted praise, that I was intoxicated by your worship of Me, so you did nothing but praise Me and glorify My holy name. You must go back to Hell! Angels—drive them back! Put them in the lowest pits!"

87 They were pale and too terrified to say anything. At last they understood the sort of life they should have led.

88 Haji Saleh still did not know whether his life had been well or badly spent. Because he did not dare ask God, he asked the avenging angel instead: "Did I do wrong in worshipping God?"

89 "No. You did wrong in spending too much time on the cultivation of your soul. You prayed because you were afraid of going to Hell, but you forgot your fellow Muslims and your family. You were put in the world to live as part of a community, but you were too selfish."

90 That was Ajo Sidi's story, the story that had so greatly distressed the old man.

91 I thought of going for a walk the next morning. My wife asked me if I was going to the funeral.

92 "Who's dead?" I asked in surprise.

93 "Grandfather."

94 "The old man?"

95 "They found him at dawn. It was horrible. He cut his throat wide open with a razor."

96 "My God! All because of Ajo Sidi!" I exclaimed as I quickly hurried out.

97 I went to Ajo Sidi's house. Only his wife at home. I asked her where he was.

98 "He's gone," she replied.

99 "Does he know that grandfather is dead?"

100 "He does. He told me to buy seven lengths of winding cloth."

101 "Where—" I was appalled by Ajo Sidi's total irresponsibility, "And now where is he?"

102 "Gone to work."

103 "He has?" I asked emptily.

104 "Yes. He's gone to work."

QUESTIONS:

1. How strong is Ajo Sidi's influence in the society?
2. How does Grandfather sense that Ajo Sidi's story is meant for him? Cite details to prove your answer.
3. What do you infer is the tone of the story?
4. Note one irony of statement or situation. Explain it briefly.
5. In Bahasa Indonesia, *saleh* means pious, devout. What is ironical about its use in the story?
6. What is the universal practice of parents in naming their children?
7. What criticism does the author make of the story told by Ajo Sidi? Discuss.
8. How does the theme contribute to the title of the story?
9. What is the role of dialogue in the story? Does it contribute to a high point of interest in the story? Explain.

HOLY COMMUNION[22]

SITOR SITUMORANG

Translated by Toenggoel P. Siagian

Introduction

Written in 1964, this story tells about a trip back home after a long absence. Sitor Situmorang writes this story with a background of his home land, Batak land (northern part of Sumatra island) with the beautiful scenery of Lake Toba. He inserts the myth of Batak people. The myth of Pusuk Buhit, where it is believed to be the place ancestors of Batak people descended.

After his long stay in a foreign land, Sitor Situmorang often writes about his "home." His being alienated from his native land has given him a different impression of what he calls home.

1 It was three o'clock in the morning. Our Land Rover crawled in the dimness of the dying moon over the steep and winding road towards Prapat. The huge island in the middle of the lake looked like a reclining giant. Prapat sits on a promontory, her electric lights blending with the moonlight flickering off the restless waters—an ocean liner at anchor.

2 Emotion welled up within me—home!—but there was no joy or happiness.

3 By the Padang food stall, which was open round the clock, several large trucks loaded with rubber were waiting for their drivers and helpers who were inside eating plates of hot rice. The men's weather-bitten bodies were wrapped in heavy clothes. They were heading toward the Aceh-East Coast border, toward the harbors notorious as smuggling and bartering centers with Singapore and Penang. They were hauling rubber from the Pakan Baru area, a distance of a thousand kilometers to the south, not following economic rules exactly but, instead, the winding roads of the black market, black like the roads to the lake at night.

4 "A tire now costs forty thousand rupiah," someone remarked though no one had asked the question.

5 I wondered what the rental would be for a truckload and what they would be carrying on the return trip from the smuggling area.

6 My brother, who had been driving the borrowed Land Rover since Medan[23], was also a truck operator. While eating he talked about prices and ended up asking for a jerry can of gasoline from one of the drivers.

7 I knew that we still had some gas in reserve, but we had to go clear around the lake, across the whole southern area, to get to our village in the West. We would need as large a supply as possible. The rest of the road, especially so early in the morning, would be desolate—wide grasslands alternating with heavy forests—and there would be no place to buy gas.

8 All through the night, till the early morning when we were beyond Prapat, my brother had not said a single word. He concentrated on his driving, going at such a speed it was as if he was chasing after something. He had been driving that way since leaving Medan the day before.

9 It was not until around five in the morning that we encountered our first obstacle: a group of women pounding *pandan* leaves, the raw material for mats, on the roadbed. Then, at another spot along the road, a group of silent farmers on their way to their fields with farming tools in their hands forced us to slow down.

10 Even without an exchange of words, I knew the same picture occupied my brother's mind as it did mine: Father's face. Would I still see him alive? The same question haunted us. The doctor had estimated Father's age, based on his jaw bone and teeth, at one-hundred thirteen years. The Old-Age Ceremony had already been held for him several

times in the last few years. Each time Father had assumed that his death was near—yet he had kept on living.

11 But what was that to me? I didn't come for another ceremony but because my brother came to Jakarta specifically to fetch me. He said: "Father is suffering too much. He's run out of strength. It would be better if he rested forever. But that's not likely to happen till he sees you for the last time."

12 After my brother had finalized the purchase of a truck we left Jakarta for Sumatra.

13 Towards daybreak we reached the high plateau of wide open fields. The plain, which looked golden in the early sunlight, looked even brighter now because of the glittering morning dew.

14 Where are the herds of horses now? I asked myself. The neighing of horses, which symbolized the freedom of the plains and the strength of these mountains, became louder in my memories. We had traveled for tens of kilometers, yet we had not seen a single horse. Times had changed but the road was still not asphalted. It was only hardened with rocks.

15 Horses, the lake, the wilderness, hill soaring to the sky, sunburnt humans counting the passing ages by generations, measuring their suffering against their happiness in making sacrifices for their children and weighing their love by the viscidity of the mud in the rice field. Father was determined not to die until he had seen me.

16 We stopped at a village in the middle of a forest and I was introduced to the residents. Family! Blood relatives, descendants of the nth generation from the same ancestor. Welcome!

17 I gave a child a ball that I had actually bought for the children of my relatives in the village.

18 “Any news about Father?” my brother asked them.

19 “Nothing yet,” several of them answered.

20 “But luckily he’s here now,” one of them remarked, with a glance in my direction.

21 We came across a lumber truck in the middle of the forest, but no one was around. My brother hit the horn of the Land Rover. From somewhere in the forest, axes resounded several times in acknowledgement. Ships in the mist calling out to each other, a melody carrying a message. We drove on without comment.

22 A little while later my brother said, “That was what’s-his-name’s truck! Father’s alright,” he then added.

23 “How do you know?” I asked.

24 “That truck wouldn’t be up into the mountains if something were the matter with him,” he answered. “The whole Western area and Samosir Island, too, are ready for Father’s celebration.”

25 He meant Father’s death and the great funeral ceremony that would be held after.

26 “It will last four days and four nights,” he said. “Seven days is too long for a celebration nowadays. Four days should be enough time for all the relatives from all over Batak Land to come to the party. A telephone-courier system has been set up so that when Father dies the news of his death can be spread quickly.”

27 As we descended to the valley by the lake we saw some villagers carrying firewood and lumber.

28 “That is the shopkeeper who is in charge of building the temporary shelters,” my brother commented. “It will be like a fair with thousands of people coming from all over.”

29 “All six of you are now here in front of me,” Father said after the evening meal.

30 My youngest brother translated Father’s words after reading the mumbling lips of his toothless mouth. Anything we had to say to Father had to be spoken into his ear slowly and loudly.

31 We sat cross-legged in a semicircle around him, we brothers awaiting Father’s words.

32 “This is the first time that you are all together,” he then said, referring to my presence. “I will present you with a feast. So find one of the buffaloes of our forefathers from the mountains!”

33 We brothers looked at one another in silence, muted not only by the solemnity of the message, but also by a practical question: how was one to capture a wild buffalo in the mountain wilderness, in the space of only one night?

34 Father was referring to the tens of wild buffaloes, remnants of the herd of hundreds our forefathers had bequeathed to him. The herd was a source of draft animals and of meat for feasts. But to capture one was difficult and usually took several days. First you had to search the jungle to find the herd, then you had to find the animal most suitable for the purpose.

35 Father made it clear that our ceremonial feast must take place the next day.

36 My eldest brother suggested allowing another day, but when this was passed on to Father, he answered curtly, “I said tomorrow.” Father then asked to be put to bed. He was tired.

37 The next morning Father smoked the cigar I had brought for him and he drank the milk sent by a relative from Jakarta. On that day, like on any other day, people came from near and far to see him. Some brought

an offering of food for Father, to reciprocate for blessings received, just as if Father were a holy man. Father signaled his acceptance of the offerings with a touch of his hand, but he ate nothing. When babies were placed in his lap to be blessed, he caressed their heads and smiled happily.

38 He requested a boiled egg from one old woman. A bottle of sulfur water from somebody else. Limes to make his bath water fragrant from yet another person. Everybody set out to fulfill his requests. They ran home to their villages, happy that they were able to fulfill Father's final requests. It was only later that I realized that their happiness was due to Father's generosity. Father knew that the villagers were poor and he made it possible for them to ask for his blessings by requesting things that were still within their ability to give. He did not ask for expensive rituals.

39 Later that afternoon we heard cheering on the mountain slope, echoing with the sound of the Land Rover. The men had managed to find and shoot a young buffalo cow, just as Father had requested, for the offering in the sacred meal he wished to share with us, his children. The leader of the hunt proudly reported his success to Father.

40 From his resting place Father cut in. "Who said that my wishes will not be fulfilled? It is you people who have no faith." Then he went to sleep.

41 Father was awakened that evening after the ceremonial food was ready. It consisted of all the parts of the head, chopped up and cooked together in blood: tongue, ears, brains, meat, skin, bones and the eyes. The liver was cooked whole.

42 My brother's daughter, the one who usually took care of him, roused him. "Grandpa, the food is ready," He was helped up from his bed and placed on the floor, leaning against the wall with a pillow in his back. "Are you all here?" he asked while moving his hand from left to right as if inspecting us.

43 "Yes, Father," said my eldest brother, already a grandfather himself.

44 "Where is the liver?" Father asked. One of his grandchildren pushed the plate with the steaming liver toward him. Father's favorite sharp knife was also on the plate.

45 "Now divide this liver into six parts," he ordered while touching the hot meat. His grandson cut the buffalo liver.

46 "Done, Grandpa," the grandson said. Father reached for the plate and took a piece.

47 "Come here," he said to us. My eldest brother came forward, then the second, the third, until finally it was my turn as the fifth son, to receive a piece of the liver of the sacrificial meat.

48 After waiting for each of us to finish eating our share, Father said: "You have eaten my gift of food. The six of you are my blood. And to you I command…" He paused like a minister at a religious ceremony. "To you I command what was taught by my forefathers to my grandfather, by my grandfather to my father, and by my father to me: to love one another, especially you as brothers, to help one another and to aid one another; to be united, to share your burdens…"

49 Remember that there are times when one who is younger or poorer might be a better leader than you. Follow him! This is my message to you." Then he signaled that he wished to lie down again.

50 All present were moved by Father's words and fell silent. The local minister, who was also present, commented, "Just like in the Bible." The look on the pastor's face was one of obvious relief. He must have concluded that there had been no superstitious elements in the ceremony, something he had previously feared.

51 The meal proceeded cheerfully, livened up by conversation and bursts of laughter. There was happiness, harmony, and peace. In the evening

Father asked for *hasapi*[24] players to play his favorite melodies. But when they began to play traditional songs with a modern beat, Father got angry. He asked for help to get up and go to bed. With guilty looks on their faces, the musicians shifted to playing the tunes in the traditional way. Father nodded happily as he listened to the sound of the lutes. But after a while he suddenly commanded the players to stop. He lifted his face as if he were going to pronounce another message. And, he did: "Tomorrow… I want to offer a prayer to the god of Pusuk Buhit!"

52 Everybody was startled. The prayer to the god of Pusuk Buhit, the quintessence of Batak pagan rituals, was condemned by Christian law! Imagine, paying homage to the gods of the Holy Mountain! "Call the *gondang*[25] players from Limbong," he said. He asked for the most famous ceremonial drum player by name, supposedly the only musician in the region still capable of correctly playing the music for the ceremony of homage to Pusuk Buhit.

53 Like all of Father's requests or messages, this one, too, was a command shrouded with magic overtones to people around him. And although it was difficult to ignore religious considerations, the command was nonetheless obeyed.

54 That night father called for me specifically to come and sit by his resting place. He had a message for me: "The day after tomorrow you will return. Go. I know you have lots of work."

55 The next night, after the *gondang* players arrived, preparations were made for the Pusuk Buhit ceremony. A number of people, at the behest of the pastor, had tried to dissuade Father but to no avail.

56 The ceremony—which I myself had never seen before and had only heard about—was very solemn and at the same time, like all pagan rituals, frightening. Though Father himself did not eat pork, the sacrifice for the ceremony was a pig, dressed and cooked in a special way as befitting an offering to the gods.

57 During the ceremony all fires and lights in the village were to be extinguished. No one was allowed to cross the grounds or to go in and out of the houses. All doors and windows had to be tightly closed.

58 The villagers knew about the ritual and, by evening, no one dared to leave his house.

59 At exactly seven o'clock, the *gondang* sounded. The darkness seemed to emphasize the eerie, mystical quality of the music. Inside the house, Father, outfitted in full traditional dress, was helped to stand and lift the platter containing the sacrificial pig. He was now ready for his mystical devotion: to meet and be united with the spirits of his forefathers, creatures far beyond the reach of earthly eyes, beyond words, even feelings, on top of Pusuk Buhit.

60 The next morning I took leave from father who was lying on his sleeping place. It seemed as if Father had become a stranger to me since the previous night but, at the same time, he seemed quite close. When I took my leave I whispered in his ear, "Father, I am leaving!" He nodded and dozed off again.

61 I started my journey home by taking the shortcut across the lake. Arrangements had been made for the boat to pick me up in the cove of the valley of the village where I was born. The boat trip would end in Prapat, a stop for busses bound for Medan.

62 When the boat reached the middle of the bay I looked back towards the village, which was still asleep in the haziness of the early morning.

63 To the right Pusuk Buhit soared clearly into the grayish blue sky. As I lit a cigarette to ward off the cold wind, it struck me that for all my adult life Father had never talked to me except for that night when he sent me off. "Go," he had said. "I know that you have lots of work!"

64 Farewell.

QUESTIONS:

1. Explain the significance of the title.
2. Cite 2 superstitious beliefs in the story.
3. What makes the father decide to offer prayers to the God of Pusuk Buhit?
4. The Father is described to be indisputable. Cite the lines/paragraph in which this trait is portrayed clearly.
5. Compare and contrast the religious and superstitious elements in the story. Is there a distinct relationship?
6. What cultural values are conveyed in the story?
7. What does the story have to say about religion and paganism?
8. After a long absence from home, do you detect any alienation that the narrator experiences when describing the father? What is his impression of the homeland?
9. To the Batak people, on which the story is based, the ceremony held for old-age is considered important. Is there any similar cultural ceremony in your country that you know? Why is it important to be held?

WHEN THE RAIN FALLS[26]

JE. SIAHAAN

Translated by John H. McGlynn

Introduction

Published in 1956, this story tells about an ordinary family who struggle to live a decent life.

In a patriarchal society like Indonesia, the father-son relationship is a subject that some literary writers like JE. Siahaan love to write about. Here the son does not completely understand his father; he seems confused.

1 Usually in the evening, or when it was overcast—as it was that particular twilight—none of us were willing to venture outside. We'd rush to finish washing the dinner dishes and to clean the kitchen, even the ash-filled hearth where our dinner had been cooked. We'd quickly check to see that the latch of the small chicken coop, beneath the house in the corner below the kitchen, was securely fastened, and by the side of the house, under the kitchen eaves, we'd place a row of buckets in case rain should fall. We used rain water to wash the dishes and other kitchen tools; the water we daily carried to the house from the spring in the valley was reserved for drinking and cooking. After these chores were finished we'd retire to the center room, but only after first closing the front windows and those in father's room to keep out the cold night drafts. Gathered around the table, my two younger siblings and I would then open our lesson books in preparation for the next school day. Is, my older sister, would sit not too far away, knitting or patching clothes while keeping an eye on us to make sure that we were studying. And then, except for the sound of my father who, in his room sang lightly in his old voice to ease his weary bones, the house was absolutely still.

2 But on evenings when the weather was clear we'd leave the window closest to the table wide open. Lifting our heads and looking out towards the road that ran through the rice fields, we could see if Mother were

on her way home. Watching the streams of clouds that chased each other up the spine of the northern hills, we might remain hypnotized, until jarred from our trance by Father, who knew the weather much better than we, and his repeated calls to gather in his room.

3 When it was cold, even if it wasn't raining, Father would not permit us to go outside and play with the other children. While I sat inside my friends would be playing rowdily outside on the church grounds. To take our minds off the games of our friends outside, Father would call us to his side and beckon us to sing songs from our mother's favorite songbook.

4 With an oil lamp suspended from the wall above our heads we would lounge at Father's feet or on the woven floor mats. Is would sing a few of the songs that Mother had taught us and we, the younger children, would follow along in three- or four-part harmony, depending on our capabilities. As Is sang she kept time with her finger, tapping out the beat of the tune on the mat or against the wall post. With our eyes following the repetitious motion of her finger, we were soon mesmerized. If Is felt tired then it was up to one of us younger kids to choose the next song. We always tried to choose one that would convey that particular evening's mood. When Father praised the beauty of a song it meant that he wanted to hear us sing another. Such contentment we gleaned from those beautiful nights. The cold was soon forgotten. Sometimes we became so absorbed in our singing that we failed to realize Mother was home.

5 She spoke to us from where she stood watching us, in the doorway: "Oh, my. The sound of you singing is so beautiful."

6 The sound of her voice would cause us all to jump up and cheerfully flock around her.

7 But, oh, there were times when the clamor of the other children playing outside outweighed any of Father's prohibitions. They'd be out front,

calling my name, oblivious to the cold water that was penetrating their legs or the chilly air that was making their bodies shiver. Such things were no obstruction to games of running and sliding through the mud. Their siren-like voices drew me outside. It was easiest for me to wait until Father was drowsy or had gone home, I would stay outside, afraid of Father's temper. I'd sit on the church steps and wait there until Mother came home.

8 Father often became angry with us children, sometimes for no apparent reason at all. We were lucky that his sudden fits of temper usually brought Mother around to our side. "Why do you get so mad at the children?" she'd ask in our defense. They're just kids. They don't understand anything. Be patient," she'd always tell him. "Be patient!" And when Mother started in, Father would stop and, without another word, grab his hoe and stomp off to the rice field, not returning home until he had been called.

9 My fear of Father at home was surpassed only by my fear of him in school. He was the teacher and all the children were afraid of him. Some tried to befriend me, hoping that would somehow prevent Father from getting angry with them. But regardless of what they thought, friendship with me did nothing to cool Father's temper. He was just a very cantankerous man.

10 I remember one time in particular: We'd been given some arithmetic problems, a slate full of them as a matter of fact. Even to this day, if there's one subject I dislike, it's mathematics and that day my father assigned an excessive number of problems. As usual, I wasn't able to answer all the questions. I hadn't even finished half of them when many of my classmates were already checking their work. Making matters worse, under the watch of my father's eyes, I had no hope of cribbing the answers either. I tried as hard as I could to solve the problems but nothing, absolutely nothing, came into my mind. So angry and frustrated was I that I suddenly spat on my slate and wiped it clean with my

hand. My bench partner immediately started to scream and in a second every face in the room—Father's included—was turned in my direction.

11 Father jumped from his chair and in less than a moment was standing beside me. I didn't have the nerve to look up but I felt his hand on my head and his fingers slowly take hold of a bunch of my hair. I was yanked straight upwards and pulled off my bench. Kicked down the aisle and out the door, I ran wailing home.

12 Not too far from our place, the segmented rows of rice fields began, stretching outward and climbing upward—block after block—until the foot of the distant peak. To get to a particular field you sometimes had to walk quite a long way, trekking up and down the rolling valley's floor on the way.

13 Every day, after school ended, Father went out to work in the fields, very often with me at his side. He carried a scoop in his hand and I a kettle of tea. I'd get so jealous of my friends, seeing them playing while I helped Father, but for me to refuse to go along… I didn't have the nerve to do that. Still, I found it difficult to understand why I had to work when my friends didn't and at once I asked father why.

14 "In order to eat," he answered while stroking my hair. "Yes, you have to work in order to eat."

15 Then he told me that my older brother had begun to help him in the fields when he was my age and he mentioned how pleased my brother was to learn that I was already big enough to be able to help.

16 After that day, by the time Father came home from school, I was all set. My work clothes were on. I had a hoe in one hand and a tea kettle in the other.

17 Sometimes, when we were out in the field, Is and my younger sister Min would come to the field, bringing us a snack. Maybe it was only cassava and chili sauce they brought, but hunger made the food change

to a delicacy in my mouth. Times like that were such happy times. Especially so because they gave me and Min a chance to play.

18 With the arrival of the harvest season, school was let out for a week and all of us had to go out to the fields to help Father. Even Mother stayed at home, not going to the trade in the market.

19 Early in the morning we'd already be out in the field cutting the stalks of rice, or, if that work was finished, separating the grain from the chaff. We younger ones weren't able to work as hard as Father or Is, but with the wooden beaters we had carried to the field we were able to help, nonetheless. Seated on a mat with two or three sheaves piled in front of us we'd use the arm-sized clubs to beat the stalks until all the kernels had been loosened. Little by little only the chaff remained. It was nice working together like that and Father appreciated our help.

20 Towards midday Mother would go fetch a pot of cooked rice. And sitting out there in the heat, surrounded by the expanse of fields, the food Mother brought us seemed for some reason to taste extra good.

21 In the dry season drought threatened the paddy fields as the river could not supply all the fields' needs for water. Farmers had to work very hard to save their crops, especially so if the color of the stalks hadn't yet changed. To not work hard meant giving their crop to the field mice and paddy rats.

22 I had to accustom myself to the cold as I waited long into the night, and as often as not had to wait until all the other farmers had gone home before our field could fill with water. Sometimes, if everyone else had gone home, I'd close the water gates to the other fields so that all the water flowed into our field. But those times were rare. And anyway, why not? All the others—farmers much older than me—usually gave me no more than a dribble, a piss pot's worth, as if they held ultimate authority over the source of the water in the river's upper reaches. It

made you think that we didn't do our share of the work keeping the irrigation system in running order.

23 I was fairly certain that if the water had been equally divided, into three parts, for example, all of us would have gotten enough. But that's not the way it worked. To make sure that we got our share, I always had to make my way to the water's source and control the flow from there. I knew that if I didn't the water for our section would be diverted and we wouldn't get any at all.

24 So, even though it was night, and even though the men knew that a boy my age didn't usually have the courage to walk alone through the dark and quiet valley, I had no other choice. It was a godsend if I found someone to go with me. With a friend along, I wasn't afraid to walk through the narrow and brushy path. I no longer heard the hoot of the owl that seemed to pursue me when I was alone. But if there was no one to go along, and I was forced to make the walk myself, I could do nothing but try to suppress my fear and anxiousness. During those times, for some reason, I felt much closer to God.

25 There was a time when Mother seemed to be rarely at home. She'd be gone for several days at a time. But we were used to her absences and even the youngest in the family accepted them as normal. We didn't ask where she had gone or when she would be returning. We stayed home, Father and I tending the field alone.

26 Even when Mother was at home, early mornings would find her at the side of the road with a roll of gunny bags under her arm. By afternoon, when she returned home, the sacks would be full of the rice she had purchased, little by little, from local people. She was known as a fair trader and people liked to sell their rice to her.

27 The next day, if it were the day for trading rice, she'd rent an oxcart to transport her sacks to the rice market. From there she'd return home with bundles of clothing and household goods. Then, on general

market day, she'd take her assortment of goods to the nearest market (the location of which rotated among villages) but the goods she didn't manage to sell she'd carry home to peddle in our own village. Local people favored the thick, ready-made clothing from the city and were willing customers for Mother. Then, too, she knew local tastes.

28 How excited we were and how we swarmed around her, whenever Mother came home with a bundle of ready-made clothes. We'd choose the clothes we liked best, try them on and parade around in them for Mother who, meanwhile, would be trying her best not to pay us any attention.

29 At best we might secure from Mother a future promise for the clothes but if, at a later day, we tried to exact from her the goods, her raised voice would stifle our pleas.

30 "You don't know how other people have to live!" she told us. "No clothes—just bark cloth. Sometimes no food. They're lucky if they have a bit of cassava!"

31 What could we say? Running through our minds were images of villagers dressed in bark cloth or clothes so ragged they could hardly be considered clothing at all, beneath which were bodies emaciated from hunger and the suffering of that time. Children came to school wearing almost nothing. Trouser legs were cut off to fashion a pair of shorts.

32 "It's just lucky that you all still have proper clothes and decent food," Mother continued.

33 Yes, when Mother started in, we could do nothing but remain quiet, that and silently continue our chores. Her reprimands effectively stopped our begging; we could only wait and hope to receive. But days of giving seemed very few, only twice a year for us children, in fact, on Christmas and New Year.

34 I remember once being especially anxious, waiting for Mother to come home. Mother never missed a Saturday at home and two weeks had passed and still she wasn't home. It was evening and the air was humid and dank as we tried to cheer ourselves and assuage our apprehension when Mother suddenly appeared at the door, nothing in her hands. She burst into tears and ran into the bedroom.

35 Father hadn't even moved from his chair before he called, "What is it, Mother? What's wrong?"

36 Mother lay face down on the bed, not answering Father's question, and continued to sob.

37 Father rose from his chair and walked into the bedroom, "Tell me why you're crying," he said uncomprehendingly.

38 "Japanese!" Mother screamed.

39 Hearing her voice, we all ran toward the bedroom.

40 "What about the Japanese?" Father's voice sounded increasingly troubled.

41 Mother lifted herself slowly from her prone position, attempting to suppress her sobs. "The rice," she cried. "They took all of it! There's not one grain left!"

42 She then began to cry again. Even so, we were relieved. We thought that she had been tortured.

43 The Japanese were truly on the rampage at that time. Not a day went by that we didn't hear another torture story. Anyone was a possible victim, even respected elders. One day the chief of such and such a village would be called in by the Japanese. The next day we'd hear that he was "sick," that he had been beaten. Or a clan leader had been thrashed with his own cane, in public yet, as an example for others who had been slow to pay their levy of rice.

44 That had been worrying us for we, too, had yet to pay. Two hundred and twenty kilograms we were supposed to give! Our entire rice harvest didn't approach that amount. It was lucky that Father was a teacher for, as people said, the Japanese looked kindly on teachers. And it was true that, up until that time, their treatment of us was more lenient than it was towards others.

45 The entire room was still. Father, too, said nothing. The stillness was an anger that could not be expressed, a silent rage within our chests and which our longing for life forced us to suppress.

46 But silence must, in time, pass and it was replaced by the sound of Father's breathing, a heavy air heaved upwards from a deep cavity, a wind which in vain tried to lift the pressure from his chest.

47 In a deep and somber voice Father called us together. That night we knelt before God, our heads bowed in prayers, as Father read from the Bible.

48 It was one twilight during the plowing season: Farmers were busy finishing their work for the day. Some were already driving their water buffalo home while others were still in the fields unhitching their draught animals from the plows. The sky was overcast and vaguely visible in the distance were the darkening, ominous, hills.

49 Such evenings always recall for me that time…

50 Upon returning home from the field that day, Father, as was his custom, went to lie down in the bedroom. As was our custom the rest of us had gathered in the central room. We had no one to wait for that night; Mother was there among us, and was not going out again.

51 Though we had shut the windows tightly, the cold night air seeped in through the cracks in the walls. The flame of the oil lamp that hung above us, over the center of the table, flickered with the conniving drafts.

52 Outside, the rain-carrying wind slapped at the thatch. We heard a raindrop and then another and another, each one striking the roof harder than the last.

53 We could hear Mother singing her favorite song, a religious song she sang with deep feeling and devotion. When she sang that song she seemed to be as one with God, as if, with her eyes closed, she was able to taste the life of that world she so often talked about.

54 For the rest of us, however, in particular my sister Min and I, Mother's songs stirred fear and apprehension, especially so on quiet nights like that one.

55 I raised my head and looked at the dark and gloomy wall upon which hung a large picture of Jesus on the cross, almost as large as the window. And next to that one was another picture of Jesus, this one with his dropped head ringed with a crown of thorns from which blood dripped. He was trying to raise his head, hope in his eyes, as if unable to endure any longer the suffering of his mortal body.

56 Mother often told us stories about the man pictured in those two paintings and all about his kindness towards children, hoping perhaps that the stories would dispel the very real fear that was raised in us by the sight of those paintings. When we were alone we always tried to avoid passing through the central room, especially if we weren't carrying a glowing lantern.

57 Outside, the rain fell harder. We glimpsed frequent flashes of lightning through the wall boards.

58 Mother ordered us to move. We closed our lesson books, our homework still unfinished, and scurried into her room. Mother held in her hands an open book, her favorite song book. Beside her, Father leaned against the wall.

59 Mother leafed through the pages of the songbook and chose a song. We followed along, singing in harmony, our voices blending to form a beautiful choir. Our eyes rested on Mother's hand as she tapped out the beat on the mat.

60 After that song was finished she chose another song and then we chose, another song, too. Mother then chose a light canon which cheered us as we followed along. So this went on for several songs. So absorbed we were that we didn't even realize that the rain had begun to ease.

61 Suddenly Father stood and opened the window. The wind threw remnant sprinkles inside the room. Father closed the window and then hurried out of the room and into another as if in search of something. He returned with an old raincoat. The rest of us silently watched Father's every move.

62 Mother then spoke: "Where are you going in rain like this?"

63 "The dikes are going to wash out," Father answered hurriedly, not paying us any mind.

64 "But it's still raining."

65 Father didn't reply. He went out the back door, then came back in. From the kitchen came the sound of a scoop banging against something else and then the sound of hurried footsteps going out the door and muffled clomping beside the house.

66 None of us said anything. The room seemed to be a mortuary.

67 "Your father won't listen to anyone," Mother grumbled, as if to herself. "He just does as he pleases…"

68 We were silent.

69 The book in Mother's hand dropped to the mat.

70 A shudder of fright wracked my chest as the narrow and slippery path that led to our field flashed into my mind. To the left and the right were steep embankments, cliffs dropping to desolate ravines. What if Father slipped? Who would be there to help? Who would know? Who would be able to hear him calling from below?

71 Father couldn't have gone too far yet. I rose quickly and went toward the door but Is grabbed my hand.

72 "It's raining. You'll get sick."

73 "It's almost stopped," I snapped at her trying to break free from her grasp.

74 But she tightened her hold on me with her other hand.

75 "Father!" I screamed, trying not to cry.

76 "Let him go," she told me. "Don't worry. He'll be back soon."

77 Is slowly loosened her hold. I leaned back, against the wall, my thoughts still trailing Father.

78 Min started to sing again, and was joined by Mother, then by Is. The youngest was asleep on the mat. I, too, finally joined in and my thoughts for Father were lost among the melodies.

79 Two hours had passed since the six o'clock ringing of the church bells and still Father had not returned home. Mother began to worry. One moment she was at the doorway looking outside, the next moment she was fidgeting in her chair. Once again thoughts of Father returned to make us restless.

80 "I hope he hasn't fallen into the sluice…" Is remarked pessimistically.

81 The image of the old footbridge over the sluice flew into my mind. The split palm trunks that formed the bridge were rotted and should have

been replaced long ago. Yet this was the bridge everyone passed when going to the fields unless he wanted to take the longer route by way of the village.

82 Mother, followed by the rest of us, went out front and then down to the road that led to the fields. She questioned anyone coming from that direction, but no one gave her an answer that stilled her unease.

83 "You go back to the house," she said to Is, and then took my hand and proceeded down the road.

84 The valley was so dark that we were forced to walk very slowly, our eyes peering at the path ahead of us, Mother took hold of my arm from the back. To the left and right were bushes that covered our view of the deep valley beside us. The sound of water racing by below signaled that the rain had been heavier farther upstream.

85 After climbing the neck of the hill we came to a flat path that lead through a sloping plain. The cooler air of the higher altitude caused Mother to shiver and to wrap her shawl more tightly around her. She quickened her pace.

86 Far in front of us the mountain was enveloped in pale mist. Below the peak stretched water-filled fields: a terraced lake whose staggered levels seemed held in place by floating upright poles. Water flowing over the dikes of the higher fields further inundated the fields below. Farmers who hadn't already repaired their dikes were the lucky ones, for most of the never dikes were in ruins, collapsed by the water rushing from one field to another.

87 Closer and closer we came to the field of our destination but Father still wasn't visible.

88 "Father!" I screamed.

89 The sound of my voice echoed emptily from the foot of the mountain. I climbed a higher dike and screamed again, "Father!" But once again, there was no answer, only the sound of the water cascading from the higher terrace. I scanned the field with mounting apprehension.

90 "He's not here," I heard Mother mutter as her eyes, too, searched the fields, one after another.

91 "There's nothing more we can do about your father here," Mother grumbled. The way she moved, she seemed to be testing the earth with her toes.

92 "Faaaather!" I screamed yet again as I walked along the field's rim. Again I heard only the echo of my own voice in reply. But then, the shape of a man appeared below the dike of the last field, a dim outline behind the falling water. I stopped in my steps.

93 I felt a rush of hope as I screamed once more. "Father!"

94 "Heeey!" I heard surprise in Father's voice.

95 "Father!" I shouted again while jumping into the water. He seemed to have only half a body but then he raised himself and the rest of his body became visible, too.

96 "I'll be home soon!" he cried. "I just have this last one here to finish!"

97 No one could know how happy I felt when hearing the sound of his voice. Father was alive!

98 "Almost all the dikes collapsed," Father screamed while scooping mud with his hands. "This is the only one that didn't."

99 I watched Mother as she made her way around the field, then I set to helping Father repair the collapsed dike.

QUESTIONS:

1. Differentiate between the narrator's attitude toward his father in the beginning and the ending of the story.
2. Why is it difficult for the narrator to understand his father?
3. Describe the conflict between parents and children in the story.
4. Comment on the lifelong effect of the father's bad temper on the narrator.
5. What is the narrator's attitude towards religion?
6. What do you infer about what the story says about parents?
7. Compare and contrast the father-son relationship in this story with "Holy Communion."
8. In what manner is the story relevant to your own religious views and values?

THE OUTLAW[27]

MOCHTAR LUBIS

Translated by Jeanette Lingard

Introduction

*Mochtar Lubis has always been a fearless and outspoken critic of social injustice and the abuse of power both in society and between individuals (*Modern Indonesian Literature *[1967] 196).*

The Outlaw and Other Stories *is his collection of short stories published in 1987. The stories are based on real people and real situations encountered by the author over many years.*

"The Outlaw" is based on the story of a man he met when he was a political prisoner during the Sukarno[28] regime.

1 He got up very early and went quietly out of the bedroom without waking his sleeping wife. He had been trained to move without making a sound. It was a skill he had to have in his work. He opened the door slowly and silently picked up his pants, black jacket and big belt that were piled on the seat near the door, put on his leather sandals, and closed the door again. When he went out the back he looked at the couch in the middle room and saw his eight-year-old son, still asleep, covered up in his sarong.

2 He opened the back door and washed his face with water from the big jar in front of the kitchen. He dressed quickly and then walked briskly out of the village.

3 It was still very early, before daybreak. The village still slept. Not one dog barked when he passed by. They all knew him. He quickly crossed the stream at the edge of the road, climbed up on to the narrow path through the rice fields at the river's edge and walked nimbly along it. The terraced rice fields rose higher and higher following the slopes of the hills.

4 The morning mist was still low on the hill tops and the breeze blew gently. He breathed in deeply, holding his breath for a while, then breathing out till his lungs felt empty. As he did this he kept striding along, synchronizing his steps with his breathing. He felt his blood flowing hotly, his heart beating strongly, his muscles starting to feel loose and warm, and the stiffness of his body after a night's sleep began to disappear. When he reached a field level with the top of the hill he stopped in the middle of it and looked around.

5 Dawn had broken. It was starting to get quite light. After he was sure there was no one else around, he stood and took up the *silat*[29] stance, facing towards the riding sun. Slowly he moved his hands, his feet, his body, in the movements of *silat* calmly but smoothly. Gradually he increased the speed of his movements until at one moment in the dim dawn only the swift movements of a black shape could be seen. Anyone who suddenly arrived and saw the black silhouette turning, leaping up high and lowering itself to the ground would certainly be very startled and would not know that the black, fast moving shape was a human being.

6 When he felt his sweat starting to flow, he slowed his movements and then stopped, facing the sun which was beginning to appear behind the distant teak covered hills. He said prayer asking God for protection, safety and strength. Then he stood and relaxed.

7 In his heart he felt pleased at the way his breathing was still normal after exercise like that. He was not puffing at all. Now his whole body, all of his muscles, ears, the whole surface of his skin, all were awake and alert.

8 Conviction of his own strength and skill in *silat* filled him. Then suddenly he turned, and moving quickly, climbed to the top of the hill. He climbed another hill and entered the teak forest and almost an hour later reached the middle of it. He began to tread carefully, taking care not to step on any dead, dry twigs or leaves lying on the ground. This

was the place where they had promised to meet. He looked around carefully and saw nothing out of the ordinary.

9 In the small clearing in the forest it was a little lighter than among the teak trees. He sheltered behind a tree, crouched down and groped for a dry stick and threw it. The sound of it hitting a tree seemed loud in the silence of the forest. That sound was immediately followed by another one from the top of the tree. A peacock, startled from his sleep, flew off abruptly, moving far away to another tree.

10 At the same moment, from the corner of his left eye, he saw a shadow move and disappear behind a tree about three meters to his left. He smiled. He was pleased that his adversary felt the need for caution in confronting him. Slowly he dropped to the ground, blending himself in with the dark shadows thrown by the trees, and edges towards the tree where the figure he had just seen was hiding.

11 He was still one and a half meters away when suddenly a quick, black, moving shape emerged from behind the tree heading fast and hard towards him, accompanied by a shout, not very loud, but sharp and frightening. For a man experienced in *silat* combat that sound would be enough to freeze him for a few moments before he could move again, and in *silat* combat, freezing for a few moments could mean defeat or even death.

12 But he was an experienced *silat* expert. He was thirty-five years old and had studied *silat* since he was ten. His first teacher had been his own father, a feared outlaw. And then he had travelled around the whole of Java seeking knowledge of *silat* from teachers in various regions. His father had died in a fight where he was outnumbered five to one. Three of his opponents were killed and the other two were seriously injured. At the time, his father was sixty-two years old. It was a matter of great pride for their family and their village, but in several villages in his district. His father had always taught him to protect their own village. He was told not to take anything from the people in their own

or nearby villages because that was where they lived and took refuge, but to take from villages further away.

13 He was an experienced *silat* expert. As soon as he saw the black, moving figure emerge from behind the tree heading for him, he quickly twisted his body to dodge the attack, and felt the wind of the foot that was meant to strike his head pass in front of his forehead.

14 Quickly he counter-attacked, swung his foot and hooked his opponent's foot just as it reached the ground, trying to topple him over. But his opponent quickly lifted his foot, evading the dangerous attack, and retreated a step backwards to the clearing. He leapt up and kicked his foot towards the chest of his opponent who caught it with his hand and retreated one more step. He kept up his onslaught, raining blows with his right and left hands, pressing and forcing his assailant to the middle of the clearing. Suddenly he stopped attacking and said, "I'm glad you came, *Dik*[30]. You are a brave man. Do you want to go on with this challenge of yours?"

15 "The step has been taken, *Mas*[31], I will not retreat."

16 "All right, but I would like to say something to you first."

17 "Go ahead."

18 "*Dik*, you have just come into our district. If you want to make a living, do not go to our village and other villages here. There are still plenty of other places. Be reasonable. We are all seeking a livelihood in our own way. But I have to defend this this area if other people try to move in. I asked you here to tell you this."

19 His opponent, who seemed younger than he was, said, "I understand, *Mas*, but I cannot retreat."

20 "That's a pity, you are still young. What if I asked you to join me?"

21 "No, *Mas*, I do not want to take orders from anybody."

22 "That's a pity," he said again, "because men like us should not be enemies killing each other. We share the same fate. Are we not outcasts since the land of our forefathers was stolen from them, and from one generation to the next we have had to survive on our courage and fighting skill? Are you married?" he asked.

23 "No."

24 "Oh, that is the reason you are not prepared to give it more thought. Do you still want to continue this?"

25 Suddenly his opponent leapt to attack; he dodged quickly and his opponent said, "That's enough, *Mas*. Words will not settle this thing between us."

26 And they kicked and struck at each other again. Clearly the young man was quite powerful, strong and fast. Several times he was hard pressed but his experience got him out of trouble.

27 He launched attack; a succession of kicks, blows with his right and left hands, kicks with his body twisting, all done to gauge his adversary's vulnerability. He was pleased to see that he was not puffing. He enjoyed feeling the sweat flowing and wetting his body. After fifteen minutes of trying to penetrate to each other's defense, he felt the condition of his body, his energy, speed and skill had developed to reach his peak.

28 Suddenly he halted his attack and stopped, standing calmly, in an attitude of readiness, his eyes locked on those of his opponent.

29 His opponent felt something change. It was though their fight had reached a new, deciding phase. The young man became cautious, moving slowly, ready to defend himself or to attack, circling him slowly, and he too turned his body following the movements and steps of his opponent.

30 He felt calm and tranquil in himself, and his breathing was regular. Every time he inhaled he felt the strength within him increase, and with all his will he ordered that strength to flow to his legs, to the ends of his feet, to his hands right through to his fingertips and to every part of his body. He felt strong, strong, and suddenly he exploded all his strength, leaping to the attack, both feet, both hands, both fists, all moving fast. Everything felt easy and light to him and the hard, fast movements did not tire him. It was as though his hands and feet were moving of their own accord. His opponent did not waver. He skillfully dodged the first, fast rain of kicks and blows. The attacks came faster and faster, he kept on defending and dodging them as they came, more and more rapidly. A kick got through and his opponent was forced back and stood shaking. He let go another kick and the young man fell to the ground. He leapt at his head, raised his foot, but something held him back and he lowered it to the ground.

31 His opponent tried to get up but fell back again. Then he opened his eyes and looked at his enemy who had defeated him.

32 "Why don't you finish it off?" he asked.

33 "You are still a young man, *Dik*, you can go." He turned and walked off into the teak forest, climbed down the hill and crossed the rice fields far away from the villagers who had started work.

34 He knew the consequences of what he had done. It was very likely that this man would carry a grudge against him as long as he lived and would always try to avenge himself, try to kill him. The best thing he could have done was to kill the man. It wasn't as though he had never killed anyone. Since his father died he had killed three men in his lifetime.

35 But just now when he had been about been about to release the death blow to his enemy's head, suddenly in his mind's eye he had seen his son still sleeping, covered up in his sarong. Since his child had grown and started school, he felt he didn't want to take his place and follow his

way of life—a life based on being the best at fighting, killing, looting, stealing, living by deeds that one day would have to be paid for with his life or imprisonment.

36 "I must break the red thread that has run through our lives for generations," he said to himself.

37 He trembled with fear, imagining that it could have been his own son, grown up, a young man sprawled in that clearing, waiting for the death blow to his head, as his enemy had been just now. He thought of his wife, the mother of his child. And at the same time he also felt he didn't have the power to change his life. He remembered when he was wandering around pursuing knowledge of *silat* in various places, he had met all kinds of people. In some conversations there were those who said that the lot of the little man, the man who owned no land, the peasant who worked land owned by others, the unemployed in the villages, their lot could be improved if only the social order was changed and the land was distributed to those who had none. Formerly, much of the people's land had been seized by the Dutch and turned into big plantations. As a result of this many of them no longer owned any land.

38 When he heard words like those his heart had felt full of hope which he had held on to, but now he felt that hope would never be fulfilled.

39 Reaching the road to his village, he met some villagers who greeted him and he responded. But he always felt that although he was a member of their village, nevertheless he was outside the village community. He also felt worried about whether to teach his son *silat*. He was already eight years old and actually could start to learn. But if he taught his son *silat*, surely the boy would follow his footsteps, as he had followed his father's, who had followed his father's and so on. On the other hand, supposing he didn't hand down his knowledge to his son, what would he become later? They owned no land except the small plot where their house stood. Would his son be unemployed in the village? Would he

become a peasant tilling the land owned by others, living in misery without hope for the rest of his days?

40 When he arrived home, his son had gone to school and his wife had prepared breakfast for him. She didn't ask him where he had gone when he left the house before daybreak. She never asked him where he went or what he did. She never asked where he got the money that he gave her at any time. Now and then he gave her a lot, often a little, and sometimes, for quite a long time, he gave her nothing. His wife was used to taking care that their housekeeping money lasted as long as possible. She herself worked whenever she could, helping with the harvest in the fields, pounding rice—ah, there was not much work available in the village.

41 That evening, when they were eating, he said to his wife, "I've been thinking. We can't go on living like this. We have nothing."

42 His was wife was silent. She did not say anything.

43 A month later he went to the office of the village head and registered himself, his wife and his son as candidates for transmigration out of Java.

44 After three months, when he had no news and the village head wasn't able to give him any, even though several families in their village and in nearby villages had already left, he went to find out for himself. A district office official whom he knew, finally told him that he had been rejected as a transmigrant for the reason that he was known as an outlaw!

45 He was not surprised. He had guessed as much. As he had imagined himself, for men like him there was no way out. Only if the society changed could his life be changed.

46 He went back home. After his son got home from school, in the late afternoon he asked him to come to the deserted field near the hilltop far away from the village.

47 "Come on, my boy!"

48 And he begun to teach his son *silat*.

QUESTIONS:

1. Give at least three reasons why the outlaw is a *silat* expert.
2. What makes the outlaw accept the challenge to fight?
3. Comment on the double meaning of the title. How does it contribute to your understanding of the character?
4. "Freezing for a few moments could mean defeat or even death" (par. 11) Explain the statement.
5. Why is it important that the main character is nameless?
6. "I must break the red thread that has run through our lives for generations," he said to himself (par. 36). What does it mean?
7. Explain what the main character means when he says, "Only if the society changed could his life be changed." (par. 45). Is this a social comment of his society?
8. The government gave the outlaw a chance to be a transmigrant. After some time what is likely to happen to the outlaw?
9. If you were the outlaw and your son asked you why you taught him silat, what would your answer be?
10. The story is set in a frame. The father is getting ready to leave and notices his eight-year-old son asleep. The latter is mentioned again towards the end of the story. What is the advantage of "framing" the story?

BAWUK

UMAR KAYAM

Translated by Harry Aveling

Introduction

A professor, culturalist, actor, and writer, Umar Kayam has written many short stories and novels. He is interested in the social life of the people.

This writer chose two women characters with Javanese background for the following two short stories. Kayam gives the readers an insight to the roles of (Javanese) women as well as their struggle to survive.

The story is taken from the second volume of collection of short stories entitled Sri Sumarah dan Bawuk *(Sri Sumarah and Bawuk, names of heroines) and was published in 1975. It deals with convulsions following the 1965 communist coup.*

1 A small boy, pedalling very fast on a bicycle, brought the letter. She had not have time to ask him anything or to write a reply. It was twilight. When she read the letter, Madam Suryo discovered that it was from Bawuk. The boy was too far away, she couldn't ask him where he got the letter. It was a very short letter of three sentences: "I'm coming next Saturday evening. With Wowok and Ninuk. I want you to look after them for me. Bawuk."

2 It was not the sort of letter one expected from Bawuk. Not because of what it said, but because the tone was so unlike her. It was, Madam Suryo thought, a cold, indifferent letter, composed of short, bitter, blunt words. This was not Bawuk's way at all. She had known Bawuk for 35 years. Bawuk was a pleasant woman, generous with her words and inclined to confusion when she wrote. Her letters were always full of funny, irrelevant stories about her neighbors, her friends at the office, recipes, new ideas for sweets and it took her a long time to get to what she wanted to say. Having said that in a few sentences, she would then add other ridiculous stories which seemed worth repeating and likely to interest the reader, who usually did not (and probably

never would) know the persons being slandered. It was this generous spicing of small talk which made her letters so fascinating. Friends and family read them eagerly. The numerous slanders were never intended to hurt, but rather they showed her sense of humour and acute understanding of human nature. The letter apart, Bawuk was Madam Suryo's youngest child, the noisiest but always the busiest, the hardest working and the most generous. When the five children were still quite young, Madam Suryo sent them from Karangrandu to M. each day, a distance of about 30 kilometers, in a horse-drawn cart. It was a long journey and they would have found it impossible without Bawuk. She asked them questions all the time, beginning with the things they studied at school, then going on to ask about the various things they say along the way. She insisted that they keep on explaining until she understood. They usually did. If she wasn't asking questions, she was talking about what happened at school, about fat *Juffrouw* (Miss) Dijksma, about the caramels she gave them, about her friends Margriet and Marijke, the twin daughters of the manager of the sugar factory, and everything else that happened in class. She then told everyone at home, so that her parents and everyone in the house knew. Each time she told the stories, the events lived again. Bawuk thought that they ought to learn the songs *Juffrouw* Dijksma taught. She taught them to the servants too—to old *mbok*[32] Inem and the coachman Sarpan.

3 "Come on, *mbok*. Come on, 'Pan. *Ik ben een kleine officier*... No, not a *kelene opisir. Klei... ne. Of...fi... cieieierrr*. Come on, *mbok*. Come on, 'Pan. You are both so stupid."

4 When the servants were tired and laughed uproariously at how hard it was to get their tongues around the strange sounds. Bawuk punished them by making them take turns to carry her around the room. The older children were equally intelligent but they revealed their feelings and love of life in other ways. They were more like each other than they were like Bawuk. They were like their father. Their father was an *onder district's hoofd* (a subdistrict head) and they lived under his

strict governance. They were disciplined, serious, efficient, and effective. They wrote well and neatly. Their day's routine followed the large Westminster clock in the corner of the lounge room. They did their homework diligently and carefully finished it by the hour set them. Year after year, their report-cards were filled with praise. They were an example of children of other civil servants in particular, and to the school in general.

5 And Bawuk? She was determined, but she didn't understand things like discipline and efficiency the way the others did. Her discipline and efficiency followed the elegance of the golden Oriole rather than the Westminster clock. The bird leapt about, sang, and always found food for its children. Bawuk finished her school work when she wanted. She did it well but not with the same rhythm as the others. Sometimes, when the others had finished, they would find her half asleep in *mbok* Inem's bed, listening to the Javanese legends of Timun Mas, Raden Panji and Ajisaka and telling *mbok* Inem of Red Riding Hood, Snow White and Hansel and Gretel. An *Onder* had an obligation to set an example; Bawuk's father did not approve of her "bohemian" ways. Sleeping in the same bed as a *bedinde* (servant), playing near the stables with village children—an *Onder*'s child with a good *Europeesch* education should have known better. Each time one of her parents tried to lecture her, Bawuk—in her own special way—convinced them that she had done nothing wrong. Even though her father was extremely strict with the four other children and all those under his command, he usually gave in to Bawuk. With her large, round eyes, her bubbling laugh and her perennial skill in discussion, she was almost unassailable. She was both spoiled and generous at the same time, and this was one of her most valuable weapons. She kissed them on the cheek, the mouth, ears, and neck until they finally laughed with delight and then she got what she wanted. "Thank you, *pappie*! Thank you, *mammie*!"

6 Then she wrestled with them again until they fondly snapped at her to stop.

7 Madam Suryo smiled. Once, when Bawuk was in grade five at the *Europeesche Lagere School* (Dutch primary school), *Onder* and Madam Suryo had been invited to the Regency to celebrate His Excellency the Regent's birthday. The controller and senior executives from the sugar factory had also been invited. The food flowed like water, *mbanju mili* as the Javanese say, and the drinks—brandy, *chiu*, and whisky—poured continually from the bottle to glass. The men smoked Royal and Ritmeester cigars and occasionally one caught the scent of Boldoot Eau-de-Cologne. The guests laughed. The *gamelan*[33] orchestra played. When the Dutch excused themselves and left in their cars or sulkies, the party began in earnest. Games, chinese cards, and *tajuban*[34], dancing with prostitutes. Each noble had to indulge in the minor gambling games, *cheki*, *pei*, to maintain his status in public. *Onder* and Madam Suryo were not addicts, but they played well enough, and could sometimes play until dawn. *Onder* Suryo actually preferred bridge and billiards in the factory clubroom with the administrator and the sugar analyst, but cheki was one of the things that a noble and high-placed bureaucrat "had to do." And playing with the Regent was a privilege. Moreover, for an *Onder* who had successfully completed Staff College, it was a positive step towards becoming a Regent himself. One had to be a special sort of person to enjoy *tajuban*—a happy, graceful Casanova—and have the taste for it. There was no place for the awkward man who did not know where to put his feet, as the dance required that one respond to the intricacies of the *ledek* (dancer)'s step, her sensuous gestures and her smiles. At certain times, when a certain gong struck in the orchestra, the man was expected—by the *ledek*, and everyone else—to kiss his partner. And later, when the man's mouth stank of whisky and brandy, and the bass-drum took on a more suggestive tone, the man could take the *ledek* off to a specially prepared room.

8 *Onder* Suryo didn't like dancing. Or at least he wasn't very good at it. He didn't have the required flair. Once or twice before he had danced at his superiors' urging, but only because they were his superiors. In a

rather mediocre way, he danced one or two circles, then gave the sash to someone else. His superiors laughed at his clumsiness. "*Onder*! This is how it should be done!" Then the Regent took the floor and led the girl as the others applauded.

9 "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" they shouted encouragingly.

10 That night, after the Dutchmen's cars had gone and the tables were set and surrounded with players, Madam Suryo sat with the wife of the *Onder* of Karangwuni, the wife of the district officer, and several other important women. *Onder* Suryo was busy at another table with the District Officer, His Excellency the Regent and various other officials.

11 The *gamelan* began. A dancer began the *gambjong*[35] dance. She moved gracefully and her hands curved like a beautifully twisting sheaf of flying arrows. From time to time she gently smiled and threw a glance at the nobles as they played cards. She soon attracted their attention. She was Prenjak from Ngadirojo, a famous dancer and *ledek*, specially hired to enliven the evening.

12 "Onder! Prenjak is casting glances at you!"

13 "Oh no, not at me, sir. At you! She wouldn't look at me first."

14 The Regent giggled, immensely pleased by his *Onder*'s clichéd politeness.

15 "All right. I'll dance. Then I'll give the sash to the District Officer. After that it's your turn. Watch out if you stop short. That is an order from your Regent *en van de, er het, er de*" (he fumbled trying to find the right article) "*er de... jarige*, hell. Ha, ha, ha."

16 And Madam Suryo, who only heard the conversation a week later, suddenly saw her man dancing with Prenjak, singing and laughing. Fragments of the bawdy song rang in her ears. She saw him increasingly enfolded in his dancing as the others clapped and shouted: "kiss, kiss, kiss." Then, for the first time, she saw him kiss a *ledek*. Because

she was an aristocrat, she had of course to hide her feelings. She calmly continued to place her cards on the table as though what was happening was quite normal. And when her husband took Prenjak to the specially prepared room, accompanied by the cheers of the other guests, she quietly played the game through to its end. It was almost three o'clock in the morning. Then she politely excused herself and ordered Sarpan to drive her home. When they arrived home at five, she sent Sarpan back to the Regency to bring his lord home when he was finished and ready to come. Dawn was breaking. The roosters began to crow in their cage at the back of the yard. The children were asking Inem for their fried rice. Madam Suryo went to bed. Her head hurt, her chest was constricted, her pillow was wet. Why had he gone so much further than usual? Taking Prenjak into that room! Had he done it so that he could get scholarships to send the children to Holland to study? He had talked about their future a lot recently. When Bawuk came into the room, Madam Suryo quickly closed her eyes.

17 "Are you sick, *mammie?* It's very late. You should be up."

18 Madam Suryo yawned. "I'm tired, 'Wuk. I came home at three."

19 "No wonder you're so pale. Your eyes are all red too. Didn't you get enough sleep?"

20 Madam Suryo shook her head.

21 "I'll ask Inem to mix you a raw egg and some honey."

22 Madam Suryo shook her head.

23 "And some black coffee. If you're sick, coffee and egg will make you better."

24 "All right, 'Wuk. Go and ask Inem."

25 "Is *pappie* still playing cards with uncle Regent?"

26 “He’ll be home soon.”

27 When Bawuk left, Madam Suryo heard the stamp of a horse entering the yard. The roosters crowed at each other. She could almost hear him singing, laughing and calling “kiss-kiss, kisss, kiiissss.” Her head hurt again and her eyes were wet. Not long after she heard his footsteps and the tap of his cane in the house.

28 “’Pan! Get the horse a new shoe at once! How can a man of my standing have a horse that runs like a crippled village boy? Oil the sulky wheels too! It sounds like a dray!” And in the distance, Sarpan was terrified and called “*Ingiih* (yes master).”

29 Again she heard him walking about. The children suddenly stopped whispering.

30 “Inem! Ineeem!”

31 “Here, my lord!”

32 “Give the rooster something for his throat! He sounds like a frog! How can a man of my standing have a heron for a rooster?”

33 “*Ingiiiiih.*”

34 Madam Suryo remembered that the rooster had been bathed and massaged only the day before. But she also knew that under the circumstances no one would dare remind their lord, the *Onder*, of that.

35 “Bawuk! What have you got?”

36 “Shush, *pappie*—please don’t make so much noise. *Mammie* is sick.”

37 “What? Sick?”

38 “Tired and pale. She’s got a headache.”

39 “Where is she? In her room?”

40 "Yes. Please help me. You take her this coffee and the egg-shake. Tell her I made it myself."

41 "All right. All right."

42 When *Tuan* (Master) Suryo walked quietly, without saying a word, and pushed the door open gently, Madam Suryo knew without his having to say it, that he was ashamed of himself and contrite.

43 "Dear, dear? Are you tired? Don't you feel well? Bawuk has made you some coffee and eggnog."

44 Madam Suryo took the two things weakly. Her eyes were dry.

45 She folded the brief letter. She had been thinking of Bawuk and it was Bawuk's childhood that she remembered best. Why? Perhaps because the children were most hers when they were small. She saw their personalities and attitudes clearly and simply. And now, when her youngest was about to come out of hiding with her grandchildren, she suddenly felt as though one of her most precious possessions was being threatened. She wanted to enjoy it before it slipped through her fingers. The children had followed different paths the last ten to fifteen years. She wanted them to be there when Bawuk came. There was still a few days' time. She was suddenly worried: was it a good idea? Would it create tension between the children and their spouses? Bawuk and her husband were on good terms with the family, but their relationship with the others was not particularly good. They had always thought that Hasan was too aggressive and rather arrogant. He was too honest and too intelligent.

46 They did not like him being a communist, the influence he had on Bawuk's thinking, or the way that they had both vanished at the end of October 1965 after the abortive communist coup. But Bawuk had, Madam Suryo decided, a special place in the family and ought to be allowed to see her brothers and sisters again.

47 Her mind was made up. She knew that if her husband was still alive he would have done the same thing.

48 It was Saturday. The children had arrived over the past two days. Sumi, the oldest, had come from Jakarta with her husband Sun, a Brigadier-General in the army. Mamok, the second, had come from Bandung, where he taught civil engineering at the University of Technology. His wife had not come: she was pregnant. Shul, the third, came with Sumi and Sun: her husband, Director-General in a government department, had not been able to come. Tarto, the fourth child, a Lecturer at Gajah Mada University, Yogyakarta, had brought his wife Tini.

49 They knew why they had been asked to come. Their mother had told them beforehand.

50 "I know nothing about her present circumstances. I don't know what she intends to do after this. We only know that she wants to leave her children with me. We must help her do whatever she wants to."

51 It was almost evening. They were silent. No one wanted to speak first. They tried to imagine what Bawuk would look like. Was she still as slender, healthy and attractive as before? As lively and passionate? As vital and optimistic? Did she still laugh as loudly and spontaneously as she used to? And her children …?

52 As dark began to settle, a trishaw stopped in front of the house. They were here. Bawuk and her children. She had a case and a small bag. The two children walked close to her, holding on to her skirt.

53 No one had expected her to arrive as she did. They had expected her to sneak in at night. But Madam Suryo realized, as she watched Bawuk calmly climb down from the trishaw, pay the driver and bring her children in by her side, that this was the most sensible way to come. It looked natural. No one would suspect at mother and two children in a trishaw.

54 No one would suspect that her husband was Hasan, a prominent communist in the town of S., who had been commended by Chairman Aidit[36] as a talented young man, and who had organized the procession in support of the Revolutionary Council in S. during October.

55 Momentarily Bawuk was surprised to see them all there and her surprise shone in her eyes.

56 "'Wuk, my darling!" her mother exclaimed.

57 She embraced her daughter and grandchildren. She kissed them. Madam Suryo, Bawuk and her sisters cried. The children stood holding hands behind their mother. Then they were all suddenly quiet. They looked at each other. Madam Suryo noticed the dark blue-black lines of habitual tiredness around her daughter's eyes. The eyes were weary but still held the old light, a radiance which made one smile. There was something else which the mother had noticed when Bawuk was a girl but which was more obvious now. Certainty. Resolution. It frightened her a little.

58 "Come on, sit down. Wowok, Ninuk—come and sit with grandmother."

59 They sat down. Ninuk sat beside her grandmother, Wowok clung to mother.

60 "When did you arrive? 'Wok, 'Nik, that's aunty Sumi and uncle Sun. That's uncle Mamok and aunty Shul. And uncle Tarto and aunty Tini. Say hello children, say hello to your uncles and aunts. Kiss me first."

61 The children greeted their relatives shyly. Madam Suryo was surprised at how thin they were. They seemed healthy, though, and alert.

62 "Are you amazed to see us all, 'Wuk?"

63 "Amazed? No, a little surprised. But very pleased too, Mamok. Where is your wife? She must be pregnant again."

64 “She is. How did you know?”

65 “If you go anywhere without her, it’s always the same story: Yati’s got cravings, she’s sick in the mornings. I guessed.”

66 “You look older, ‘Wuk. But still healthy.”

67 “I’ve been busy, Sumi. I’ll look older than all of you before too long. You all look younger and fresher than ever. Especially Sun. He looks like a young man.”

68 They laughed. Bawuk was back.

69 “Where did you come from, ‘Wuk? On a trishaw too!”

70 “It’s a long story. We’ve been moving around. We came from M. on a bus.”

71 “On the bus? Just like that?”

72 “Just like that.”

73 “All right. Don’t ask her too many questions. ‘Wuk, have some tea. Here’s something for the children. Go and bathe: I’ve ordered hot water for you. We can talk after.”

74 “Yes mother.”

75 It was night. The crickets were shrilling and the hawkers were calling their wares. The children asleep. The meal had been cleared away. They gathered in the lounge around the marble table which had once been used for *pei* games. They began talking…

76 When the S. demonstration in favor of the Revolutionary Council was over, Hasan told Bawuk to pack. Take the children and some clothing: leave everything else.

77 "The Generals have won in Jakarta. We have to consolidate our forces by linking up with the underground peasant movement."

78 "Will they start arresting people in S. soon?"

79 "It seems likely, 'Wuk. We have heard that the army and the rightwing students are planning a campaign of terror."

80 "But we have friends in the army too. They helped organize the procession. They even lent us trucks. The people who watched the parade were impressed by the cooperation displayed."

81 "The people enjoy spectacles. Do you know why we organized the procession? Not to impress the people but to overwhelm them. For the moment at least, however, we are not as strong in the towns as the reactionaries are. Part of the army is on our side. Most of it is undecided. We have to get out of the way."

82 "Where are we going?"

83 "To T. We have friends there. And work to do."

84 "I'm ready, husband."

85 They stayed with the subdistrict officer. Hasan's comrades had retreated from S. They began to reorganize in T. The subdistrict was completely behind them. It supported the Communist Party of Indonesia, P.K.I., completely. Local village heads had been leaders in the Peasant and Youth Fronts. During the day Hasan, his comrades and the village heads took it in turns to train the peasants in guerilla warfare. They gave them weapons and taught them how to make Molotov cocktails. They cut down trees and blocked strategic roads. The subdistrict became a fortress. The rivers which surrounded almost half the area seemed an obvious obstacle to any invader, so they blew up bridges across them.

86 At night, Hasan and his comrades assessed the situation as it developed. Sometimes new faces appeared with special information or the latest

news. Aidit was in Solo. Sukarno[37] was trying to minimise the significance of the coup. They evaluated the reports and discussed tactics. The people had to be ready for any eventuality. They debated how long it would be before the army attacked. The people had to be prepared mentally, to be aroused to a state of certitude in which there would be no possible doubt as to why they were fighting. It was to be a fight to the death. While Hasan and his comrades discussed strategy, Bawuk and her circle had their own tasks. They were to work with the leaders of the Woman's Movement. This was a new experience for Bawuk because, although her husband was a leading communist, she had never joined the Woman's Movement or been a leader of it. She knew about the Movement, The People Culture Institute (Lekra), and the other P.K.I. mass organizations. Hasan often told her what was happening in them, but had never asked or insisted that she join any of them. He discussed ideas with her, gave her books, and encouraged her to think for herself. She was married to him and not to the Party. She had been attracted by his gracefulness, intelligence and overwhelming passion for life the first time they met. She saw his "communism" as something separate, something added, which was not an actual or necessary part of him. And as he continued to fascinate her, she continued to see him apart from the Party to which he belonged.

87 In T. Bawuk saw, felt and realized more intimately than ever before how involved Hasan really was. The something extra had become a totally dominating demon. There was a brightness in his eyes, which he passed on to others. The wives of the village bureaucrats and of the peasants caught the gleam and their eyes shone too. They were not listless peasants. They were hard, tense and full of resolution. (Their husbands could soon be butchered, their land confiscated, their rice and crops destroyed by the imperialist-manipulated reactionary army.)

88 Then they heard that the army had begun to pacify S. and surrounding districts, and was acting with total ruthlessness. Soon it would be T.'s turn. Hasan and his comrades acted rapidly. One could expect the army

to be very thorough in its pacification. Hasan and his comrades established patrols, they gathered the men and stationed them at strategic points. They intensified weapon training. They believed that they were more dedicated than the army, because the army was a body of mercenaries. The cadres were taught the full significance of the revolutionary situation in front of them: the application of the theory of peasant revolt to an actual situation. Those who were not cadre members were told repeatedly that this was a fight to the death, for their land, for their tenure, the future of their land, because reactionary forces had bought the weapons of the mercenaries to steal their land.

89 They were tense, busy days. The subdistrict was increasingly ready. The quietness choked them. The discussions went on and on. Late at night, when her children were in bed and the discussions over, Bawuk thought about her marriage, thought about Hasan and the passionate convictions which drove him to rip life up by its roots. She had come a long way from the "oppressor" of Karangrandu, who raised her and her brothers and sisters. She wondered what he would have thought. She wondered what would happen to her children, how long they would have to be raised in continual anxiety.

90 The day finally came. The courier Hasan had appointed to tell them when the army was coming, let them down. Perhaps he had been captured. Perhaps they had shot him. People ran around suddenly shouting that B. village had been taken. The army had acted efficiently, as silently as a ghost. The occupation startled everyone: no one knew when the army had come nor how it had penetrated the roadblocks. In a remarkably short time, the army had infiltrated every major village in T. Fierce fighting broke out. The peasants fought with the weapons Hasan had supplied them, with Molotov cocktails, with bamboo spears, and with anything they could lay hands on. They fought as they had been taught to fight. Bravely, believing that their enemies were reactionaries, bent on destroying them and stealing their land. The consequences were horrifying. Untrained peasants fought like madmen.

T. fell and was fully occupied in a day. The peasants burnt their own houses and rice-barns. Those who did not surrender were mercilessly crushed. Corpses were left in the rice-fields, on the banks of the rivers and in the lanes of the small hamlets. A quarter of the population died. Almost half of the men were captured. After the prisoners had gathered the corpses of their comrades and buried them in communal graves, they were herded together and driven into the compound of the local government offices. Day broke. Dew covered their weary bodies. They had fought the whole preceding day in crazed battle against a superbly trained army. At night the soldiers patrolled amongst them. They were not allowed to talk. Their eyes were red and sore. They could not understand it. How had it happened? A war, in their subdistrict? Bawuk had no time to think. She had not seen Hasan for two days. She decided to leave with her children. She had to plan for Hasan, Wowok and Ninuk, and future struggle. Future struggle? What was that? She ran and ran, trying to find a way out of T. and, remarkably, she was able to escape the army cordon without difficulty. She decided that for the time being, the safest place to be was in S. again.

91 They stayed in various places. Bawuk tried to reestablish contact with Hasan. Those who were close to Bawuk and Hasan in S. before the coup had left, many gone to T. She had few close friends in S. anymore. In S. she began to learn who had died in the fighting: the subdistrict head, the village heads and most of Hasan's comrades had been shot. Gradually she learnt of a network in S, which seemed to include members from all levels of society, including several leaders of political parties who had not actively supported the Revolutionary Council. Finally she made contact with the coordinator, a man called Jago, fighting cock—his real name was not important. What was important was to meet him and find out what had happened to Hasan.

92 Instead, Jago told her to spy on the students. She was young enough. She was not well known. Few people knew her as Hasan's wife and she had never taken part in the open seminars and meetings organized by

the Party and its front organizations. She had, most important of all, the necessary intelligence and patience for the work. She did as he told her.

93 She worked on her own and was only in contact with a few others. She never saw Jago again.

94 Bawuk and the children grew accustomed to moving around. They never stayed in one place very long. They learnt to wrap their belongings neatly and quickly and to walk without saying very much. The children learnt something else: to do as they were told without asking questions. They learnt to keep secrets. From being open children, they became silent, gloomy and withdrawn. At first Bawuk did not notice the change. She was too busy. There were too many things to do to worry about her children's growing. She first noticed when they shifted to the house of a sympathizer with a large family. The children mixed awkwardly with the others. They were too stiff and shy to enjoy playing. Ninuk was easily upset and complained for no reason. Wowok played alone and regarded every invitation to play with suspicion and mistrust. These were bad signs. Ninuk and Wowok needed to grow and stretch: they were suspicious of the world around them instead. Regretfully Bawuk saw this as the price she had to pay for the struggle.

95 Jago and his network did not last very long. Army intelligence quickly got wind of something going on, and when they probed, a goldsmith gave the whole operation away. Bawuk, whose instinct for self-preservation had been honed to razor sharpness, recognized the signs of imminent collapse and left for East Java. She had found out that Hasan was actively building a new underground there, with comrades from Jakarta. A sympathizer in S. gave her the names of several East Javanese contacts. They moved the whole time. Life became increasingly more difficult. New contacts were harder to establish. It was harder to find safe hiding-places. Although the newspapers had never listed her name, she felt that army intelligence knew about her. It was the sort of infor-

mation they would have got from Jago. So she had to be even more cautious. She was continually aware of the presence of the army. As the situation grew worse, she became more and more uncertain as to whether she was driven by her desire to find Hasan or by his idealism. Perhaps the two factors were now one, she didn't know.

96 In M. a contact told her that Hasan was in the south, with his Jakartan comrades. He had spent a brief period around T., trying to reorganize the peasants.

97 "Why hasn't he let me know where he is?"

98 "He's been busy."

99 "Busy? Too busy to send a message to his wife?"

100 "The Party is in a serious position. You know that, don't you?"

101 "Of course I know. What do you think I've been doing all this time?"

102 "Why complain then if you haven't heard from Hasan?"

103 "He is my husband. I am his wife."

104 "All right. You know how dangerous it could be. You could ruin everything. We're not just up against the Indonesian Army you know."

105 "Aren't we?"

106 "No. It's the CIA. The others are only its stooges."

107 "Well. What can I do?"

108 "Wait. Wait until Hasan contacts you. The time will come."

109 Bawuk gave in. She decided to wait. But Wowok and Ninuk worried her. They had not been to school for more than a year. They were becoming increasingly unlike other children. They were morose and withdrawn; none of her own family had ever been like that. Hasan

used to tell them stories. He played the accordion and sang folksongs and children's songs from all over the world. She used to be able to arrange her own time so that she could be with them. They had to live normally. They had to go to school. Her mother's house was the only choice possible. Bawuk decided to give her children to her mother.

110 "'Wok, 'Nik, we're going to grandmother's tomorrow."

111 "Are you coming?"

112 "I'll take you."

113 "Is anyone else coming?"

114 "No. You have to live in grandmother's house. You have to go back to school."

115 "Where will you be?"

116 "I'm coming back here. I have to find your father."

117 "Where's daddy?"

118 "Fighting. I have to wait for him."

119 "Will you bring him to us when you find him?"

120 "Of course, Wok."

121 "Will grandmother make black bean soup?"

122 "Yes. And other things too. Noodles, fried bananas, cakes—all sorts of things. You'll like it there."

123 Madam Suryo yawned, weary from sitting and listening to her youngest child's adventures. How old and young the child is. Bawuk, daughter of the *Onder* of Karangrandu, member of the *Societeit Concordia* club, a communist fugitive. Whose fault was it?

Sun broke through the silence.

"Are you still going back to M., 'Wuk?"

"Yes, Sun."

"When?"

"Early tomorrow morning. At dawn."

"Stay a few hours longer, 'Wuk."

"I can't, Shul."

Silence. The clock showed that it was past midnight. The clock struck once and they turned to look at the roman numerals. Half past twelve. The heads turned from right and left and bowed heavily.

"What will you do there, 'Wuk?"

"Wait, just wait, Mamok."

"Wait? Who for? What for? Hasan? The Communist Party to make a come-back?"

"I don't know anymore, Sun. Perhaps just for Hasan, my husband."

"Why don't you wait for him here then? Stay with mother, look after your children. I can arrange the protection and documentation you need."

"I'd rather wait in M., Sun."

"You can't just wait. You must be working for the Party."

"Yes, she can. Wait, Sun. Let me ask a few questions."

"All right, Tarto. You can interrogate me as well."

"Are you a member of the Communist Party, 'Wuk?"

142 "No."

143 "No, or 'not yet'?"

144 "I am Hasan's wife."

145 "You haven't answered the question, 'Wuk."

146 "Yes, I have, Tarto."

147 "All right. I hope I know what you mean."

148 Tarto stopped. The others tried to formulate their own questions.

149 "'Wuk, how could you do the things they asked you to do spying and all that—if you aren't a member of the Party?"

150 "I really don't know, to be honest Sumi. I've tried to work out how I feel about the Party. It's not easy."

151 "Why not? You and your husband rebelled. You carried out their instructions. Your connections seem clear enough."

152 "Perhaps they do to you, Sumi. You were always cleverer than I was."

153 "Don't be rude, 'Wuk."

154 "I'm not, 'Mi. Honestly. I was always jealous of the way you saw things—clearly, straight-forwardly and systematically. I have trouble in trying to understand clearly and simply what my ties with the P.K.I. are. The only thing I understand is my connection with Hasan."

155 "Well, he's a communist, isn't he?"

156 "Yes, 'Mi. But he is my only clear link. The other things—running away, spying, writing things down for them—aren't …aren't so very clear. It is so complicated that I can't even explain it to myself, 'Mi."

157 "'Wuk. Do you know what a traitor is?"

158 “My God, Sun, you do sound like a Brigadier General. Where’s Sumi’s Sun?”

159 “I’m still your brother-in-law, ‘Wuk, you don’t have to worry about that. Let me put the question another way. Do you think that it’s dangerous to work for the Communist Party or not?”

160 “Very dangerous, Sun. If it wasn’t, I wouldn’t have brought the children.”

161 “Is it only dangerous for you and the children?”

162 “No. For many people. For you as well.”

163 “Go on.”

164 “Go on? *Wat wil je darmee zeggen*, Sun?” (What are you trying to tell me?)

165 “It’s simple. Don’t you feel wrong helping a movement which puts so many lives in jeopardy?”

166 “Oh Sun, don’t ask me about right and wrong. The family thought I did the wrong thing when I married Hasan. If I had married a bright academic or a decent soldier like yourself, and not a revolutionary, a communist, and now, a rebel, none of this would have happened, would it?”

167 “That’s not fair, ‘Wuk. You know none of us ever tried to stop you marrying Hasan. You haven’t answered Sun’s question. I think you’re trying to avoid it.”

168 Bawuk’s eyes were hot and wet. Mamok’s words stung. Dimly she seemed to see the whole family pointing accusingly at her.

169 “‘Wuk, we’re not trying to make things hard for you. Only one thing matters. We don’t want to lose you, Wuk. You are the youngest.

Mother is old and all by herself. Why don't you take Sun's advice and stay here until things calm down again?"

170 Bawuk heard Tarto, but she saw a carriage running from Karangrandu to school. She heard children's voices discussing their sandwiches and the forthcoming party at the *Societeit Concordia*. She saw her mother and father sitting in their afternoon rocking chairs, drinking tea and eating biscuits and cheese as Sumi, Shul and herself played Dutch children's games under the coconut trees. She saw the heavy rain and the first stages of the wedding ceremony. Hasan following the mosque official with great difficulty: "*laa ilaaha illa 'llaahu muhammada 'rrasuulu 'llaah*" (there is no God but Allah, and Muhamad is his prophet). The family kissing him and her mother looking at them happily as she cried. The *Onder*'s house. The *Societeit Concordia*. The sugar plantation. And suddenly T. Dead men in the rice-fields. Hasan.

171 She looked at the clock. It was past three. Bawuk knew that time was getting short. They sat around the marble table waiting for her to decide. This was the crucial issue. Her mother had followed the conversation in silence. Bawuk knew that her mother did not mind whether she stayed or went. She recognized the expression on her mother's face: it was the serious expression that she wore when she asked her husband or children a question.

172 Bawuk was worried. Not because they insisted on an answer and time was running out. But because the questions they had asked her all night were the questions she had struggled with for months. Oh God, how can I explain to them, she sighed. Mother only wants to know why, she sighed. Then gradually, Bawuk organized the sentences she needed to explain to them. It was as though some voice deep in her heart shouted the answer.

173 "Mi and Sun, Mamok and Yati, Shul and Piek, Tarto and Tini, mother and father. Do you remember once when grandmother asked us what we wanted to be? Mi said she wanted to be a doctor's wife, Mamok

said a *burgemeester*, Shul wanted to be an architect, Tarto wanted to be a lawyer, a *meester in de rechten*, and I—because I liked the land—I wanted to marry a *landbouwconsulent*, an agricultural extension officer. We dreamt what our parents told us to dream. *Pappie* was an important noble, an *Onder* with a brilliant career, and he wanted us to carry on his achievements. *Mammie* was a noble too—from Solo in fact—and she wanted us to keep the aristocratic flag flying. We told grandmother what our parents wanted us to be—well thought-of nobles. None of us became what we said we would be, but you did do what *mammie* and *pappie* wanted. You became well respected members of the upper class. 'Mi got Sun, a Brigadier-General, widely admired, subject to no man. Shul got Piek, a top civil servant, much better than being an architect these days. Mamok and Tarto didn't have things easy, they almost died at times, but they got the academic titles they wanted. It doesn't pay very well, but you are both good nobles, not badly off, undoubtedly bourgeois and honourable enough. *Mammie* and *pappie* were pleased with you all. Proud. But what about me? I married a madman. I wasn't lucky like 'Mi and Shul, I didn't marry a noble. My man hadn't even finished high school."

174 "He dreamt that people could be important regardless of their position and qualifications. He was a fool. He thought he understood the society he lived in. He didn't understand it at all. He should have finished high school, gone to university at home or abroad, tried for a good position in the government, worked his way up to section head, hoped to be a manager or director-general. Instead he left school, became a Marxist, studied politics, plotted, dreamed and then plotted again, dreamed and then finally revolted."

175 "But I chose his world, the world of the common people, a restless, anxious world, full of sometimes beautiful illusions. I left Karangrandu behind me, the *Onder*'s house, our Concordia, our Regent, Santa Claus, our rooster and the horse and carriage. Tonight as we sit around this table I can hear the Regent's wife laugh again, the controller's wife

and the other woman. I can enter that warm comfortable world again. I can feel it pulling me back. And I am, momentarily, tempted by it. But that would be wrong. Hasan's reality is somewhere else, out there. His world and his dreams are full of gunpowder and bodies, full of vengeance and pursuit.

176 And I am still a part of that world of powder and bodies, vengeance and pursuit. As we sit here, we are mother's once again, and the Westminster clock's. They haven't changed. We have—you have, I have.

177 I know that there are degrees of change, but we have changed. And we will keep on changing, moving here and there, because we are part of another world.

178 That is all I have to say. I hope you could understand a little of what I was trying to say…"

179 They sat around the table waiting. Bawuk cried.

180 "Please, all of you. I have said so much. Not just to you but to Jati, Piek and father as well. Did you hear me? I've tried to answer your questions. I hope you understood. Please, please…"

181 They sat around the marble table, waiting. They had heard nothing but the sound of her crying.

182 Madam Suryo looked at her youngest child, then stood and walked behind her chair. She put her hand on Bawuk's shoulder. It was four o'clock.

183 "'Wuk, it's after four. You must be very tired. We have talked all night. So you won't stay?"

184 "No. I have to go."

185 "I thought you would. Go and find your husband."

186 "I will. I have to go soon, before dawn. I won't wake Wowok and Ninuk. They know that I'm going and that they have to stay with you."

187 Bawuk stood. She kissed them one by one. Suddenly she felt at peace. What a strange thing emotion is, she thought. She walked to the road, accompanied only by her mother. At the gate she turned. The others had stood to watch her go. Finally they waved.

188 The early morning sun had not yet lit the mist. Her mother's hand was cold.

189 "'Wuk, look after yourself. Keep searching until you find Hasan, won't you?"

190 "Yes, *mammie*."

191 The gate creaked. Bawuk walked quickly out and away. "Dear mother," she whispered, "no one heard me but you."

192 The yard was still wet from the afternoon rain. The wind carried the smell of newly-drenched earth.

193 On the front veranda Madam Suryo listened to her two grandchildren, under the guidance of their teacher, recite the "*Alfatihah,*" the opening words of the *Koran*. The newspaper spread on her lap told how the communist attempt to take over East Java through southern Blitar had been completely crushed. A number of important leaders had been either captured or found dead. Among those captured were Munir, Sukatno, Sri Sukatno and some other. Among those shot were Engineer Surachman and a lesser-known leader called Hasan. Bawuk?

194 "*Ijjaaka na 'budu wa ijjaaka nasta 'iin*. Come on, young lord and lady. Try that, please. *Ijjaaka na 'budu…*"

195 They tried to chant the first verse.

196 She did not recognize a single word or syllable. Her family had never been devout, she had never learnt Arabic. But she believed that it was right and necessary that her grandchildren should learn how to chant the *Koran* and live in faith.

197 "This is what it means: "Thee alone we worship; Thee alone we ask for help', Come on, let's try it again. *Ijjaaka na 'budu…*"

198 How strange the words sounded.

199 Hasan was dead. Bawuk?

200 Madam Suryo closed her eyes. Her mouth moved slowly. She did not see the sky change to purple or the egrets fly past her house and land in the corner of the yard. And perhaps she scarcely heard the end of the lesson at all. "*Ihdina 'shshiraatha 'lmustaqiim. Shiraatha 'lladziina 'alaihim wa la 'dldlaal liin. Aaaamiiin.* Show us the straight path, the path of those whom Thou hast favored; Not the path of those who earn Thy anger nor of those who go astray…"

QUESTIONS:

1. Explain the two historical settings in the story.
2. Through a Venn Diagram, compare and contrast the character portrayal of Bawuk with her mother.
3. What is the dominant conflict in the story? Discuss.
4. Is Bawuk a flat or round character? Static or dynamic? Explain.
5. Is Bawuk's decision plausible? Explain.
6. Is Bawuk a communist? Cite details from the text to support your answer.
7. What is the author's purpose for using only initials to refer to a name of a city?
8. What is the function of flashback? Where, in the story, is this employed?

9. What type of ending does the author employ? Is this effective for the story?
10. Would you have wanted a different ending to the story? Why or why not?

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

UMAR KAYAM

Translated by John H. McGlynn

Introduction

Lebaran, a two-day feast at the end of the Islam month of Ramadhan, is always celebrated with much fanfare. Traditionally, Indonesians, of whom the majority are Moslems, celebrate the religious holiday in their hometowns with their families, relatives and friends.

Jakarta, the capital city, for instance, becomes a quiet city at this particular time. Most of the residents of Jakarta go back to their villages to spend the holidays. Because so many people leave the cities for this occasion, transportation is a major problem. Those who cannot get transportation have no choice but to stay.

Written in 1991, Umar Kayam catches the picture of busy Lebaran day in the capital city of Indonesia, Jakarta.

1 The bus for Wonogiri began to move out the station; any hope for getting on it was gone. And with such a crowd of people, everyone struggling to get on, what hope did she have? None, not even the slimmest chance of squeezing through the dozens of other people who were trying to get on board. With her bags perched on her shoulders and clutched under one arm, she had only one free arm to carry her two young children.

2 The day before, the first day of two-day lebaran holiday, she had almost made it. With her one hand holding her children fast beside her, her other hand had almost touched the edge of the door. But then, suddenly, the children had screamed—their toy had fallen—and at almost the same instant, she noticed out of the corner of her eye an unknown hand starting to pull on her bag. She quickly brushed the thieving hand aside even as she lowered the children for them to pick up their fallen toy. But when she did that, the people behind her found their chance to move ahead of her. She and her children were roughly shoved aside.

Supposing the bus conductor hadn't been there to steady her, she and her children might very well have been thrown to the ground.

3 With her children now in tears she hastily searched for a less crowded spot where they could rest. And only after the purchase of cartons of sweet tea and a bag of Chiki chips did they finally stop crying. Then she paused to take a deep breath. And from where she stood, beside the food stall, she stared at the big bus rocking and swaying with the jostling of the people attempting to go home for the holidays.

4 "Aren't we going to Njati, Mama?" her older child asked.

5 "It might be difficult, Ti," she advised her six-year-old daughter, "just look at how full the bus is."

6 "We can try again tomorrow, can't we?"

7 So that is what she had decided to do yesterday. And yesterday, just yesterday it had been that she had to deal with the children's whines and wails.

8 "Where to now, Mama?"

9 "Home …"

10 "Home"—A rented room tucked away in the middle of a squalid swarm neighborhood in the Kali Malang area. So tired the children had been they had let her carry them away from the terminal without protest, and let themselves be stuffed into a *bajaj*[38] whose driver was charging, on that holiday evening, a fare many times greater than normal. The younger child was asleep the instant the *bajaj* began to move. What the older child in her silence had been thinking, she could only imagine.

11 Very early in the morning, prior to preparations for their evening departure to the bus terminal, she had taken the children to her husband's grave, located in a cemetery not far from where she lived. Her husband had been a construction worker, a day laborer, but had

died three years ago, crushed beneath a falling wall. Fortunately for her the construction company that employed him had sufficient sympathy to make the necessary arrangements and to pay for her husband's funeral in addition to giving her a little compensation.

12 But after that, life had become a more difficult and bitter passage. Her earnings as a servant were barely enough to meet the family's expenses. And now, Ti, her older child, would soon be going to school.

13 Day after day had come and gone, passing with unrelentless monotony, and, not even quite knowing herself how she had done it, she had somewhat managed to get by. And almost as if by a miracle, the few coins she saved from her salary and tips had grown over the course of three years into a not insubstantial sum. That's why the idea had come to her to go home to Njati that year. Her children had never been there. They didn't know their grandparents, had never met their relatives. It was time they did, she thought. And besides, she reasoned, the village might provide a pleasant environment. At the very least, it would be different from their meager lodgings in Jakarta. So, she had resolved that, come what may, she would make it home for Lebaran holidays this year.

14 "Why bother to go home for Lebaran," her employer had warned her. "You know that my kids are coming home this year. There's going to be a lot of work to do…"

15 "I'm very sorry, ma'am, but I've already promised the children."

16 "If you don't go home and you work the holidays, our guests are sure to give you extra money. Really now, what's the use of going home?"

17 "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I've promised the children…" No, having decided to go home, she would not be swayed from her choice. And after having made that choice, she began to tell her two children about Njati, about rice fields, buffalo and cattle, and the way homes in the village are

made. And also about their white-haired grandparents, the cities that they would pass through, and what they would see when looking out the windows of the bus that would carry them home.

18 "How many cities altogether, Mama?"

19 "Oh, very many! Let's see… Probably Cirebon and Purwokerto, and maybe Semarang. And Magelang and Yogya and Solo for sure if you're going on to Njati or Wonogiri."

20 "Geez … And which city's the prettiest?" Ti had asked her mother.

21 "Hmmm, I'd have to think… Solo, I suppose."

22 "Solo, we're going to Solo!" Ti announced to her brother. "Solo, Solo, Solo…!"

23 "Solo, Solo, Solo…"

24 She awoke from her musings. The younger child was fast asleep on the bed and his sister was making a place for herself beside him. She stared at their faces as she, too, stretched out her body and slid alongside her children.

25 "Don't be too disappointed," she whispered to her daughter. "We'll try again tomorrow. We'll get to Njati for sure. Don't you worry; you'll get to see Solo."

26 She watched as her daughter nodded her head and, in a half yawn, mumbled, "Solo, Solo, Solo…"

27 That had been yesterday, the first day of Lebaran. And now, on the second day, they had failed again. And there had been even less of a chance of making it on the bus than there had been the day before. Like the day before, she had held tickets from a scalper in her hand. But there had been even more people hoping to get out of Jakarta, and a lot more rowdy ones besides. And also like the day before, she and

her children, with their luggage bobbing and waving, had been pushed and shoved, had their feet stepped on, and had finally been flung far to the side.

28 She had tried to board first one bus and then the next, but each time she had failed. There were too many people bigger and stronger than she was for her to squeeze through. And finally, standing in a stupor beside the food stall, sheltered from the rain by the stall's tarpaulin roof, she and her two children had watched the final bus for Wonogiri leave.

29 "Then we really aren't going to make it to Njati, are we, Mama?"

30 She forced herself to smile as she answered her daughter's question: "I guess not, but that's all right, isn't it? We can go next year."

31 "Sure…"

32 "Sure…"

33 "Of course we can! I'll just have to save more money is all."

34 "Is all your money gone, Mama?"

35 "No, there's still a little, about just enough to go to the zoo tomorrow. We'll go to Njati next year, okay?"

36 Her children nodded, then followed their mother, who had to half-prod, half-carry them as they scampered towards a waiting *bajaj*. Once inside the bajaj the children began to sing their newest creation.

37 "Solo, Solo, Solo, Solo, Solo, Solo…" They laughed.

38 "Njati, Njati, Njati, Njati, Njati, Njati…" They laughed again, pleased with their musical creativity. And she, their mother, felt happy and relieved to see they were not crying and whining. She then remembered her promise to take them to the zoo. But with what? Most of her savings was gone, spent on scalpers' tickets, *bajaj* fares, food, and all the

battered little gifts she had purchased to take home to Njati. Money—she had enough left for just a few days. Well, no matter, she thought, it was enough to go to the zoo.

39 I'll go to my boss' house tonight, she thought. Her employer would have plenty of work for her to do. And, if she were lucky, some of the guests might grant her a holiday bonus.

40 Inside her rented room while putting the children to bed she repeated to them her promise. "Go to sleep. Tomorrow we're going to the zoo."

41 "Wow, wow, wow…"

42 "I have to go to the big house. You'll be good here, by yourselves, won't you? And get some sleep?"

43 "Elephants, elephants, elephants… Giraffes, giraffes, giraffes…"

44 "Shhh, try to sleep."

45 She smiled as she closed the door, but once outside, she heard the children begin to sing a more familiar refrain: "Solo, Solo, Solo… Njati, Njati, Njati…"

46 Momentarily she pressed her teeth against her lower lip before striding away.

47 At the big house, her employer scolded her when she came in the side door. "You see, I told you so. What did I tell you? Serves you right, not getting a bus. Now get in here and help me. Come on, get moving. Just look at that stack of dirty dishes piled up in the kitchen."

QUESTIONS:

1. What is the dominant tone in the story? How is it related to the theme?
2. Identify the point of view used in the story and explain its effect on the element of suspense.
3. Why is it important for the character to bring the children to her hometown for the lebaran holiday?
4. Discuss the significance of the setting to the story.
5. What, do you think, is Njati's function or role in the story? Discuss.
6. Employers usually offer their workers more payment if they stay/ work during holidays. Comment on this fact.
7. What inference on social injustice can you extract from this story? Cite evidence to prove your answer.

THE GIFT[39]

PUTU WIJAYA

Translated by Marc Benamou

Introduction

Putu Wijaya is well known as a journalist, writer, and theater and film director.

Published in 1982, this story reveals the daily life of the common people. Putu Wijaya can be considered brilliant in presenting social problems.

1 Widi became uneasy every time New Year's rolled around. He couldn't help remembering the time thirty years ago when he was courting Maya. He had, with such passion and febrility, promised her a resplendent future. "I might be poor now, without a regular job, but my best point is that I believe in myself, and I am willing to work for a better future. I promise you that, at the very least, just for a change of pace, we will take a vacation to Singapore at the end of every year."

2 Maya, a pretty woman who had since become his wife, never actually believed him at the time. But because he repeated his blandishments so very often, she did eventually come to trust and believe in him. She, too, became sure that the will alone was enough to ensure their future, that the most ordinary of high school students could, if he were eager enough, produce all sorts of miracles.

3 After that time it became their wont to talk about what they would do supposing they really were able to take a vacation abroad every year.

4 They often imagined themselves as the kind of old tourists they saw at home, in Indonesia. Long before they married, they had daydreamed of seeing snow in Japan, of watching a "live show" in Bangkok, of visiting Disneyland in the United States, and so on and so forth. And, of course, they also imagined themselves strolling through the pulsating hubs of the world: Paris, New York, London and Rome, among others.

5 But now, after thirty years, their dreams had turned out to be only dreams. Widi had succeeded only in giving Maya several children. They had never even been to the nearby Puncak mountain resort for the weekend, much less Singapore. Were you to mention to Maya a few of Indonesia's better-known cities—Denpasar, Medan, or Ujung Pandang—she would tell you that she had never aspired to one day visit them. Try as he might, Widi was still no more than an ordinary office worker who was lucky just to be able to make ends meet. He was never able to set aside even a little extra so as to make the wheedling promises of his youth a reality.

6 Now that he was getting on in years, it seemed that he would have to bury his former hopes once and for all. He had purchased lottery tickets several times, but then had stopped when finding it increasingly painful to face the future that stared at him each time he lost. He became ashamed and then depressed; he felt that he had failed as a paterfamilias, that he had failed as a man.

7 Maya never brought up Widi's youthful promises. Never again, that is, since the time she had made him cry. On that occasion, about five years earlier, as New Year's Eve approached, she had thought to sound him out, just for fun. "We've been married now for quite a few years, and New Year's is just around the corner. How about a little trip to Singapore?"

8 She had laughed when she said that but, much to her great surprise, her husband had just sat there, staring, absorbed in thought. He said nothing for such a long time that Maya began to get worried and immediately started talking about something else.

9 In the middle of that same night Widi had awoken. Maya, too. Their children were asleep. And Widi had begun to cry, blaming himself for his failure even as he begged Maya for her forgiveness.

10 Widi was torn up by remorse. "Forgive me, Maya," he had said, "I wasn't trying to trick you. I really did believe that I would be able to take you to Singapore. Singapore, heck! I was going to take you around the whole wide world. I swear to God, I was convinced that, with you at my side, I would someday be rich. I even thought—crazy, huh?—that we would own several villas abroad. But now, the way things turned out, as you well know, it hasn't been easy going. I guess where there's a will there isn't always a way. I just don't seem to have the luck that others have."

11 All Maya could do was hug him. She tried humoring him, but he was not to be humored. He continued to cry and sob, like a small child. Maya just stroked his head. It wasn't till morning that he finally became calm again. Even so, that night, he did make a promise to her, but one which, as far as she was concerned, was quite unnecessary.

12 "Listen to me, Maya," he said, "I haven't forgotten what I told you. I'm going to keep on trying and, if all goes well, by the end of next year, to usher in the New Year, I'll have saved up enough money to take you to Singapore."

13 But a year later Widi's luck still hadn't changed. He almost couldn't bear it any longer. Maya had even been forced to sell some of her jewelry to pay for her children's school fees, which had made him feel even worthless.

14 Widi felt like a hunted man. Set aside a little extra money? Heck, he was beginning to have trouble just to keep up with his regular job.

15 Widi's state of mind distressed Maya to no end. "There's no use fretting over nonsense, dear," she tried to tell him. "I'm not a greedy woman. You've given me wonderful children. You've taken care of me, and given me your love. I'm not going to demand now that we go to Singapore if it's beyond our means."

16 Maya's forbearance was not enough to assuage his feelings. It wasn't just that he wanted to take Maya on a trip abroad as he had promised; he needed also to satisfy himself. He needed to know that he was a person who could keep his promises. Perhaps more than anything else, it was this that most oppressed him: he had fallen short of his own expectations.

17 "It's like he's angry for not being as good as he had thought he was," Maya confided one day to a close friend.

18 In the end, Maya had been forced to leave him to his own torment, to let him be haunted by the desire to go abroad. It was for him, it seemed, a kind of mental hobby to keep him occupied in his old age.

19 "I know what she's thinking," Widi had said to his best friend, in reference to his wife's attitude. "I know she loves me, and she's as understanding a person as anyone could be, but she doesn't realize that it's not just myself I'm thinking of. I think she has the right to insist on getting what I promised her." He explained further, "if I do manage to take her abroad, it's not me who's supposed to be happy; it's her. If I'm the only one who's happy, that would defeat the whole purpose."

20 And so it was that every year, as New Year's approached, Widi found himself in the same state of fortune. The situation made him increasingly troubled, ever more despairing. Today, for instance, with New Year's on the horizon, he was visibly agitated. "Everyone calls it New Year's," he grumbled, "but nothing in life is ever new. It's always the same routine, always the same old thing, over and over."

21 But this year it was a bit different from the previous years when Widi had been more acquiescent: this time he would do something about it. And so he started buying lottery tickets again. He took on extra work. He even tried his hand at a little gambling. "Who knows?" he said. "Maybe that's where the key to success lies."

22 But all his efforts were for nought. They didn't so much add to the thickness of his wallet as much as they took a toll on his health.

23 Maya warned her husband to take care of himself. "If you get sick, it won't be just the trip to Singapore you jeopardize, but our weekly shopping money as well."

24 Widi listened, mute.

25 "And supposing you do scrape enough money to go abroad, don't forget we have children to think of, too. Wouldn't it be better to put the money away in savings for them? What's the point in us going abroad now?"

26 "I made a promise," Widi sighed.

27 "Sure, you made a promise. But even way back then, if we had had the money abroad, we still would have thought, what's the point? And don't forget that if you're going to go abroad, it's not enough just to buy the ticket. You have to figure in the cost of meals and accommodations, too. And then money to buy presents to bring back, because if we went abroad, the relatives are going to straightaway think that we have money to spare. If we were to come home empty-handed, we'd just make enemies. So, you see, going abroad is more likely to make you enemies than make you happy. So, enough already, forget about that crazy idea of yours."

28 But Widi was still Widi. He couldn't just shoo the idea from his mind. He thought things over, ruminated on Maya's admonition, but still came to the same conclusion. He still felt that he had to pick himself back up and find something that could change his life before New Year's.

29 "This is it," Widi said to his friend. "I'm going to try one more time to give Maya a New Year's gift that's really special. It's now or never. I'm not getting any younger, and by the next year the children will be

older and require more of our attention. Which means that this year I have to make good on my promise."

30 After he recovered from his bout of illness, Widi secretly renewed his efforts. He applied himself to the full but proceeded with caution, lest Maya learn what he was up to. She was to remain in the dark as to how or what or by means, what strings he pulled, what opportunities he availed himself of, and what connections he used. He gave it all his best and, at last, there came a day when a smile appeared on the man's face.

31 When Widi came home that day, an envelope in his hand, his face shone. The gleam that had long since dimmed now reappeared. He was even singing softly as he entered the front door!

32 Maya was delighted by her husband's behavior, but she didn't say anything; she had a feeling that her husband had a surprise waiting for her. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the calendar and her heart skipped a beat. Could Widi have succeeded in his plans for doing something special for the coming New Year?!

33 Neither one spoke much at the dinner table. Maya looked at Widi. There was still a smile on his face. She began to suspect that his smile might in fact be concealing something and began to grow more circumspect. Meanwhile, all Widi could do was grin with apparent glee.

34 "So what's up?" Maya finally inquired, after they had finished eating.

35 Widi smiled. "First make me some coffee."

36 Maya made him some coffee.

37 "So what is it?" she asked impatiently, pushing the coffee to him.

38 Widi laughed. "Guess!"

39 This time it was Maya who laughed nervously.

40 "I don't dare, I'm afraid I'll guess wrong. Just tell me. You're obviously pleased about something. Is there something good in store for us? What is it?"

41 Widi kept smiling.

42 "Tell me."

43 "Is it that you don't want to guess, or that you already know?"

44 "I don't know anything."

45 "Really?"

46 "Really."

47 Widi took a deep breath. He then extracted the envelope from his briefcase and put it down in front of Maya. It was a plain, but thick, envelope. Maya glanced at it but hesitated to pick it up.

48 "What's this?" she asked.

49 Widi nodded his head contentedly. "I'm not going to tell you because you can see for yourself what it is. Why don't you ask me how I got it?"

50 Widi took another deep breath and closed his eyes before he began to speak. "After thirty years of trying, we've finally done it. I know you know how hard I've worked these past thirty years. We've hoped, we've done everything that we could, but luck has never been on our side. What we've gotten in return has never come close to how we've toiled. Maybe we're jinxed. Maybe we've been cursed. Who knows, but it's always seemed like something or someone has been keeping our ship from coming in.

51 "And I almost gave up. I hated life. I felt so ashamed that I came close to killing myself. I'm just lucky that you were always here, by my side. Luck is a scarce commodity…"

52 Widi talked for a long time. Maya listened to him, deeply moved. Now and then she bit her lip to ward off the threat of pain. Not infrequently she was forced to wipe away her sudden tears.

53 Widi, meanwhile, became more and more intent on calling up all their past sufferings until he, too, began to cry.

54 The couple cried and cried.

55 Finally Widi took Maya's hand in his, then placed the envelope in her hand.

56 "I managed to get these tickets for your New Year's present."

57 Maya's fingers, intertwined with her husband's, formed a circle, in the middle of which was the white envelope. Both were silent, still overcome by sadness or joy or, perhaps, despair. Widi was beyond words. He awaited for Maya to speak.

58 "Thank you, dear," she finally said. "Listening to you just now has made me a very happy person. You will never know how much I appreciate all that you have done. You've worked so hard, you've made yourself sick. I appreciate that. That alone is enough of a New Year's present for me. Husband like you, who after thirty years of marriage, still love and look after their wives the way you do are few and far between. That is worth much more than these tickets. That does me more good, makes me happier as a woman. Take these tickets and return them to the airline. Get your money back and put it away somewhere safe. Who knows, inflation might jump next year and give us more expenses to worry about. I swear to you before God that your hard work has just about broken my heart, but has brought me much happiness, too."

59 Maya pressed the envelope into her husband's hand. Widi tried to pull his hand away but the look Maya gave him was one of heartfelt love and assurance.

60 "You know what it is I'm trying to say, don't you? You're always able to understand me, aren't you?"

61 "Yes."

62 "Then you'll understand why I'm asking you to return the tickets. That's what will really make me happy. The fact that we can stop daydreaming, that you'll no longer be haunted by fantasies, that is more than enough for me as a New Year's present. You understand, don't you?"

63 Without waiting for an answer, Maya kissed her husband on the forehead and immediately hastened to clear away the table. Suddenly the situation was normal once more and Widi felt that there was no point in discussing the ticket further.

64 "Take a nap or read the paper, why don't you?" Maya suggested in a normal tone of voice as she took the leftovers to the kitchen. "I have to go over to the neighbor's to see their new baby."

65 Widi inhaled deeply. He stared at the envelope. The radiant look he had on his face when he came home was now on severity. But after a while the severity lessened and he returned to normal. Normal that is, for other ordinary and uncomplicated husbands.

66 He rose slowly and, taking the envelope with him, went into the bedroom. He locked the door. In the privacy of the bedroom he opened the envelope and took out a thin sheaf of note paper. There were no tickets inside the envelope at all.

67 Widi didn't know if his wife was aware of his fabrication but he did know that, in the dining room earlier, something wonderful had

transpired: He, a husband, had finally managed to make good on his promise and Maya, his wife, had selflessly renounced his promise, for she placed a far greater value on her husband.

68 Widi sat on the bed, lost in thought. Tears welled in his eyes. Maya must have known. She really was an extraordinary person. "That is the best New Year's present I could ever hope for," he whispered.

69 At that same moment, in the kitchen doing the dishes, Maya was also crying. "Oh, dear Lord, have mercy. Please don't let him know that I know what was in the envelope," she murmured almost inaudibly. "We may be simple folk, but we have aspirations just like anyone else. We've suffered and we've put on this charade because that was the only way to keep on going and to find some happiness in the midst of poverty."

70 At the sound of the children's footsteps, some going towards the bedroom, others toward the kitchen, both Widi and Maya, simultaneously, wiped away their tears. They erased all tension from their features and put their smiles back on: their children, at least in their own minds, were not yet ready to have to taste such bitterness.

QUESTIONS:

1. Compare this story with "Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry.
2. What is the role of fate in this story? Is Widi a fatalist?
3. How do the characters in the story try to cope with poverty?
4. Why does the author choose New Year as the setting?
5. "Everyone calls it New Year's," he grumbled, "but nothing in life is ever new. It's always the same routine, always the same old thing, over and over." (par. 20) Interpret the above statement in the context of the story.

6. Re-create what you know about Widi. Can he be any different? Can he strive for a better life? What is the author's attitude towards him?
7. What are circumstances that prompt Widi to fantasy?
8. Why does Widi's wife participate in her husband's fantasy?
9. Is fantasy or charade beneficial to their marriage?
10. Discuss the turning point in the story. How is this resolved?

JAKARTA

TOTILWATI TJITRAWASITA

Translated by John H. McGlynn

Introduction

Indonesia, is the dream of many Indonesians. It is said that if one goes to the capital city to seek fortune and succeed, one forgets one's birthplace and/or relatives. Jakarta changes people.

Jakarta is an endless source of inspiration for writers. Totilwati's "Jakarta" was published in 1976.

1 The old man felt a slight jolt as the guard thrust the guest book toward him. How very strange, he thought, that to visit a member of your own family you had to register first. As far as he himself knew his brother wasn't a doctor. As he held the book in his hands he scrutinized the guard: "Does everyone have to sign this book? I mean, even the man's father or brother?"

2 The guard merely nodded and handed the old man a ballpoint pen. "Please write your name, address, and state your business with the General."

3 A little humor might be what the situation called for, the old man thought. He could barely stifle a chuckle when he wrote: "Name: Suharto[40] (not the president!); Business: Family matters."

4 "Is that enough?" he asked when showing the guard what he had written. "It's a joke, a joke!" he said while slapping, the wide-eyed guard on the back.

5 "He'll know who I am," the old man explained.

6 "I still need your signature, sir. And your address?"

7 Indeed, there might be some use in further clarifying his identity, the old man thought. With his name written in full, he was sure to receive a warm welcome. So beneath his signature he printed his name in full—Waluyo ANOTOBO. He wrote his family name in capital letters and beneath it drew a heavy black line.

8 The old man smiled with pride as he looked again at the guard. "Is this right?" he asked as if requesting the man's opinion.

9 He imagined his brother throwing open the office door, rushing towards him and embracing him, and stumbling over his words as he tried to ask everything at once: "How is Mother? And Father? And how many kids does Tinah have now?" And there he was too, slapping his brother on the back and speaking to him in a slow, parental, voice: "Fine, they're all just fine. They all send their love."

10 The sudden creak of the inner-office door as it was opened jarred the old man from his musings. He rose to his feet, ready to greet his brother, but it was not his brother who had come out to meet him. It was the guard.

11 "So?" the old man posed, impatiently.

12 "Sit down, sir, please sit down. The General is busy with another visitor at the moment. But I'll tell you, when he saw your name in the guest book, he did look surprised."

13 The guard's comment caused the old man to smile and, with renewed patience, he sat down again. After brushing off the lint that was clinging to his trousers, he pulled from his pocket a pouch of tobacco and a sheaf of rolling papers.

14 "All right if I smoke?" he inquired of the guard.

15 "Fine, go right ahead," the guard answered warmly, impressed by the old man's amiable manner.

16 The guard suddenly found a cigarette thrust in front of his nose.

17 "Like one? Here!" the old man said.

18 The guard refused the offer with a wave of his hands and shake of his head.

19 "All right, that's up to you, but don't call me 'sir.' I'm not a 'sir,' just an ordinary man like yourself. My name is Waluyo but people more often call me *Pak*[41] Pong. Just wait, you'll see. When the man you call 'the General' comes out he'll tease me about it: '*Pak* Pong, '*Pak* Pong's got a stomach like a gong. No matter how much you give him, he can keep on eating all day long!' Yes, that the way it went. Ever since we were kids we used to joke like that."

20 He laughed loudly remembering childhood days and he and his brother playing around on top of the family's water buffalo.

21 When the old man laughed the guard noticed that he was almost toothless. "Are you, uh, a farmer, sir?" the guard probed hesitantly, hoping not to insult the man.

22 "Me, a farmer? Do I look like a farmer? No, I'm not, but when I was a younger man I used to practice martial arts, *pencak silat*[42] to be exact. I guess that's what left its mark and kept my body in good shape. Or is it because of these clothes I wearing? I've always liked these loose-fitting Chinese-style shirts. But no, I'm a teacher. I teach at the primary school in Ngessi. You should know that little school there has produced lots of important people. Another one's an engineer now. But the best one of the whole lot is that man there in that office: my brother." The old man shot his right thumb into the air. "That general of yours was the sharpest one of all!"

23 The sound of a bell, suddenly ringing three times, cut the man's story short.

24 The guard leapt to his feet. "Wait a moment, that probably means you're being called for."

25 "Called for?" the old man muttered to himself. "Called for?" He felt confused. He took a deep drag on his cigarette, then blew the smoke out upwards. The sunken eyes of his scrawny cousin, Paijo, as he was called then, appeared before him. He and Paijo had eaten off the same table, even slept in the same bed. That was Paijo, his adopted brother. When Paijo had a boil on his buttocks he had gathered *datura* palm leaves and ground them into a salve for ointment. When he had been attacked by scabies *'Pak* Pong himself had pedaled his bicycle fifty kilometers to the city to buy medicine for him. Morning and night he had pulverized Sulphur with a mortar and pestle. He had boiled water and bathed Paijo in a tub. That was thirty-five years ago, when they were still children.

26 "What would you like to drink?"

27 The guard's sudden question startled the old man, like a slap in the face, and dissolved the images of his past.

28 "The General told me to take care of you. He's still busy, expecting the Minister to arrive in just a minute. So what do you want to drink? Juice? Coca-cola?"

29 "Anything will do," he replied. "Coffee would be fine, if there is any, but don't trouble yourself."

30 "Coffee? In this heat? Isn't Jakarta hot enough? But then you're related to the General, aren't you?" The guard smiled as he served the old man a cup of coffee.

31 "He's a cousin actually but more like a brother to me. He and his sister were orphaned when they were still kids. Their parents died in a cholera epidemic, so my folks took them in and raised them as their own. Took them into the family nest, you might say, there in Ngessi.

My family, you might say, is farmer stock, but he was always different. Always sharp, and extraordinarily bright. Even as a little kid he had the gift. He was always doing things, amazing things. That's why all of us in the family agreed that he should be sent to the city, so that he could go to school. To meet his school costs, we sold off a section of our rice field and, after that, a cow. After I became a teacher I'd send him my wages to cover his expenses. In the village, you see, we never really had to worry about anything to eat…" The old man suddenly pointed out the window toward the street. "Hey, is that the Minister?"

32 The guard jumped up from his chair as fast as if a scorpion had stung him and scurried out of the door to meet the newly-arrived visitor. The guard's hand trembled as he opened the Minister's car door.

33 "Yes, sir, go right in, sir," the guard said to the Minister as he ushered him through the waiting room and toward the inner-office door.

34 The old man observed the two men as they walked by. The Minister had been allowed to enter the General's office directly, and had not had to wait. He calculated how many years it had been since they had met. Was Paijo as fat as the Minister? The longing he felt to see his brother suddenly welled inside his chest. "I want to see my brother!" he screamed silently. He wanted to kick the wall.

35 He stood and strode towards the inner office door. He placed his hand on the door handle, but at the very moment he began to turn the knob the door was suddenly pushed open from inside. And there was the guard, standing before him again, laughing and slapping him on the back.

36 "Good news, sir, good news." Both men's faces brightened. "That Minister in there is a rich man. And maybe I'll get a share of it, too. This could be my lucky day. 'Oh, so that man is the General's brother, or his cousin, you say? Yes, there is a resemblance. And the General is proud of his family.'" The guard tried to recall for the old man what else the

visitor had said: "Yes, he's always talking about them in his speeches, and how, when growing up in the village, he witnessed the people's pain and shared in their suffering during the time of the Dutch."

37 "That's right! During the guerilla war our house became a headquarters. How long will he be with the Minister?" The old man was finally running out of patience.

38 "Well, that depends. Once the General gives his signature, business is over. Would you like something else to drink?"

39 The man shook his head weakly, silently cursing the Minister and all the other visitors who had gathered and were waiting to steal his brother's time.

40 Physically tired and mentally weary, the old man finally fell asleep in his chair. The guard let him rest.

41 The sudden ringing of a bell three times and the guard's hands shaking his shoulders roused the old man to consciousness. How long had he been asleep? He wondered as he tried to gather his thoughts.

42 "It's your turn, *'Pak* Pong. Here, I'll show you the way in."

43 There was a tone of genuine sincerity in the guard's voice and a warmth in his manner. He smiled broadly, apparently happy for the old man as he led him towards the door.

44 When the guard opened the door the old man stood mutely at the threshold. His eyes darted around the room, trying to take in everything he could see. The office was beautiful. Cool air tickled his skin. And in the middle of this luxurious place was a desk, behind which sat a tall thin man with sunglasses. Was that really Paijo? Yes, he wasn't mistaken. There was a mole on his cheek.

45 He rushed forward, his arms open wide. "Jo…" he called loudly, wanting to take the man in his arms. But then, suddenly, he stopped. The tall man had not moved. He remained seated, stone-like behind his desk.

46 The man at the desk slowly removed his sunglasses and stretched out his hand. "Hello, *'Pak* Pong, how are you? I'm so glad you were able to come here. And how is Mother, Father and Tinah?" he asked flatly, with no hint of emotion in his voice.

47 *'Pak* Pong stood, mouth agape. "Mother? Father? Tinah?" These were new words to him. What had had happened to the old terms of endearment: "Mom," "Pop," and "Sis?"

48 "They're just fine. They all send their love," he answered spontaneously, as if there were nothing else he could say. And what was he supposed to call this man? *Dik*, the term of address he had once used for his "younger brother?" But now the word felt awkward in his mouth. And why hadn't the man who sat before him called him "*le*" or "older brother," the term he had once used when they washed the water buffalo in the river?

49 "Well you look just the same: all smiles, young-looking and still wearing those same old Chinese clothes." The two men laughed but the older man noticed something unfamiliar on his brother's face: the strain that comes from being out of character.

50 His rush of happiness vanished and the longing he had hoped to convey through stories of home got caught in his throat. He felt himself lost in a maze of unfamiliarity. An unbreachable wall had suddenly risen before him. And though he could not feel its contours he could sense its presence. Each time his brother drew a breath, he was able to feel the discomfort that his presence was causing.

51 "Where are you staying?" the man whom he cuddled as a child inquired.

52 "Gambir… Are you busy? I brought something from Mother." His voice trembled as he tried to stifle the frustration that was building in his chest, He could hear his own voice and the strangeness of the word "Mother" as he spoke it. He had been in this world now for more than half a century and this was the first time he had ever called his mother, "Mother."

53 "Oh, something from Mother, hey? Well, we can take care of that later. Right now I have to run; I have a meeting at Bina Graha, the Cabinet Building, in a minute. So, you're near Gambir, are you? I can have the guard take you there. And tonight the driver can pick you up and you can eat dinner with me and the family."

54 The man rose and walked his brother to the waiting room. There he issued orders to the guard and driver. Soon thereafter a red car pulled up and, a moment later, was speeding through Jakarta.

55 "Where around Gambir Station are you staying, sir?" the driver asked the old man.

56 "At the station," he answered calmly.

57 "No, which side of the station?" the guard asked, searching for a clearer answer. "East or west?"

58 "The station itself. What time does the train leave Jakarta? Do you know? Except for the general, I don't have any family here. And he's so busy, he probably has lots of other guests at his house. There wouldn't be time or a place for me to fit in." The old man spoke slowly and sincerely with no hint of prejudice in his voice. "It's a shame he's so busy. I shouldn't like to bother him."

59 "'*Pak* Pong…?" the guard addressed the old man nervously. "If you want, you can double up with me at my place. The train doesn't leave Jakarta until tomorrow morning, at five o'clock. There's one tonight but that's the express train and tickets for that cost ten thousand rupiah."

60 *'Pak* Pong, the old man, stretched his arms towards the guard and clasped the man's hands firmly in his own. He then raised his hands to his chest as a sign of thanks.

61 "Praise be to God! It won't be a burden for you, putting me up for the night?"

62 The guard shook his head and said nothing as he stared sadly at the man beside him.

63 That night the guard took the old man on a walking tour of Jakarta. The day's incidents had left no mark on his face; his face was radiant. He seemed to have taken it as a matter of course, as proper, that his brother had little time for him. His brother was, after all, a very busy man. He was important and had many things to do every day to keep the country running.

64 Even so, every time a red automobile passed he would turn to the guard and ask: "Was that his car? I hope he's not trying to find me. We had a dinner date for seven o'clock."

65 "There are hundreds of red cars in the city," the guard finally said to the old man. He placed his hands on *'Pak* Pong's shoulders. "And tonight, the general is at the palace, receiving foreign guests."

66 The old man's eyes widened with surprise. "The palace? You mean the President's home?"

67 "Yes, the President's home," the guard repeated. "But look there. Do you see that place, with the bright lights flashing 'Night Club?' Do you know what a nightclub is?" Asking this, the guard suddenly felt more knowledgeable than the old man he was escorting, the elder brother of his boss, the general.

68 "Nightclubs are the center of night life here. They're the places where rich people go to spend their money. Inside you got dim lights, beau-

tiful women, liquor, strip tease dancing and loud music. In short, 'A-one!'" The guard thrust his thumb into the air.

69 "What do people do there?" The old man's voice was raised a pitch, as if he were afraid to ask the question.

70 "They dance, fondle, flirt… All the usual stuff. This is Jakarta," the guard answered flippantly.

71 "*Astaga Gustri Pangeran nyuwum ngampuro*… God in heaven forgive them for what they do…" the old man mumbled. A sadness inside his chest made it difficult for him to talk. "And does my brother go there, too?"

72 "No, not there. He goes to Paprika. But it's the same thing only the cover charge is higher: six thousand rupiah!"

73 "Six thousand…" the old man moaned. "That's two months wages for me." The shimmering lights began to bother his eyes. The bustle and hubbub around him pounded on his chest. A vague realization had slowly begun to surface in his conscious mind: he had lost his brother, Paijo, the boy he once had loved.

74 *Pak* Pong looked vengefully at the cityscape. Jakarta, with all its rustle and whirl; Bina Graha[43], skyscrapers, Freedom Palace[44], nightclubs, and red cars. All of them instruments that had separated him from his brother.

75 He stared at the package his mother had sent with him, then handed it to the guard. "This is for you. It's a piece of cloth, some *batik* my mother made. She put into that cloth the love of a mother for her child. Our birthplace is in that cloth. And she sent it to strengthen the bonds of friendship."

76 What could the guard say? Two small tears glistened on the old man's cheeks.

QUESTIONS:

1. Describe the character's plain life as a country man in contrast to the city life. Cite details from the story to support your answer.
2. What is *'Pak* Pong's impression on Jakarta after the meeting?
3. "Our birthplace is in that cloth. And she sent it to strengthen the bonds of friendship" (par. 75). What values can you infer from the quoted statement?
4. What are your impressions about the General? What traits of character does the author give him?
5. What is the point of view used in the story? Is it appropriate to this story? Explain.
6. Discuss the use of humor and pathos in the story. Which is more prevalent? What influence has this mixture on the theme?

THE PURIFICATION OF SITA[45]

LEILA S. CHUDORI

Translated by Claire Siverson

Introduction

Leila S. Chudori is a well-known lady journalist who is concerned with women's affair.

From her collection of short stories, Malam Terakhir *(The Last Night) which is published in 1988, "The Purification of Sita" received praises from literary critics.*

Inspired by the epic Ramayana, this story reflects a woman's integrity which is always challenged considering the status of women in Asian society.

1 Night broke on her so suddenly. Flung into the darkness surrounding her, she scanned the scene, wide-eyed, stunned, and anxious. And so night did finally arrive, though hardly, she thought bitterly, with the nobility befitting a warrior. Indeed, the proper way for night to fall is gently, in a feminine sort of way, gradually replacing the twilight which merely mediates between day and night. And because of its gentleness, the creatures of the world would be able to feel the nuances of freshness that the change of day should bring. But because the night vented such fury, she faltered, unsure how to react. For the first few moments she was held captive by the mugginess which had presented itself uninvited. The air felt so close, so uncomfortable, she thought as she tried to suck back into herself the beads of sweat even then beginning to dampen her clothes.

2 Agitated, she took a deep breath. The power that was evident in the long letter from her fiancé seemed to pursue her; the chase left her completely winded. She couldn't imagine how she might react if he were there with her now.

3 Amidst the unrelenting and restless heat of an unfriendly Peterborough summer, she could hardly interpret the arrival of his letter as a joyous occasion.

4 Four frozen years, she mused as her mind suddenly filled with the image of knee-deep Canadian snow. For four years she had to steel herself, had to guard her defenses…

5 Beads of sweat, a continuous flow, moistened her temples and brows. He, her fiancé would be unable to fathom how she had managed to maintain her good health and her sanity through the onslaught of sixteen changes in seasons. He would not understand. He won't believe it! He'll refuse to pull his blinders when judging me, she thought, stung by paranoia.

6 Her entire body grappled with the stifling heat. God, it's hot, she thought, as she wrestled with the flames that were about to consume her.

7 She got herself a glass of cold water. Through one gulp and then another she panned the world outside her window. Even though the sun was still round in the sky, the thought of the darkness that lay ahead made her skin crawl. She seemed oblivious to the screams of the neighbor's children as they played in the water outside. She heard a different sound, a loving but authoritative voice. Then she beheld the image of Vishnu, the Great King, in one of his reincarnations…

8 "My dear wife… I know you have no reason to doubt my love for you. We have been separated by a vast and raging sea, one so vast that a legion of faithful soldiers was needed to build a bridge to reunite us… But you know, my darling, even without that bridge, the fact remains that you have spent time in this evil, foreign kingdom…"

9 The Great King loved his wife… However, after she had been abducted by the ten-headed giant, he spoke no more of his undying devotion to her. Instead, he questioned her as to what had taken place during the long period she was held captive in that alien land. And as his concern about her fidelity grew, her obstinacy in answering his questions perturbed him all the more.

10 It was so hot. The woman sighed irritably, replaying in her mind the scene that only moments before had chilled her to the marrow. They were husband and wife, yet they still did not trust each other!

11 She ran to the shower and frantically turned the cold water tap on full blast. And there she stood, eyes closed, completely motionless, beneath a flood of water pouring over her body. She emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, her sopping clothes clinging to her body.

12 Looking out the window she smiled at the sight of the neighbor's children playing naked in the water. Their stark white flesh glistened in the sunlight. Yelling and screaming, they took turns splashing each other until their mother shouted for them to stop. What? She was surprised. It was not yet dark after all…

13 "Will you sleep with me?" A slight tremble heightened the intimacy of the man's voice.

14 Strangely enough, contrary to the way one might have presumed she would react, the man's overture left her indifferent. She walked to the door, opened it and stood there smiling disparagingly.

15 "Are you asking me to leave?"

16 "Well, there's nothing more to be said," she replied calmly.

17 "So this is what they mean when they rave about the chastity of Asian women?"

18 The woman shook her head. "I like you, really, I do. But I'm not going to sleep with you."

19 "Why?"

20 "Why? Because I'm not going to sleep with a man who is not my husband… How many times do I have to tell you that?"

21 "Even though we love each other? Even though we've been seeing each other for nearly two years?"

22 The woman opened the door wider. The man just stood there, miserable, shaking his head.

23 "Good night," she said, kissing his cheek.

24 God, she moaned as she leaned against the door. It was so incredibly muggy! And those insidious flames keep coming back to torture me, she wailed to herself. She pictured the giant approaching the beautiful goddess. Was he, the ten-headed beast, really so evil? Was he, the creature portrayed in the ancient Hindu epic, really so horrible? In what manner had he approached the goddess whom he abducted? Had he been aggressive or had he been gentle? If he really was as cruel as all that, would it not have been a simple matter for him to subdue the goddess? Yet, in the end, she had proved her purity, had she not?

25 The woman was seized by paranoia. Although her lover, if that is what he could be called, had never so much as laid a finger on her, she still felt that she had entered the realm of the ten-headed giant. God, she thought, suppose that out of the blue my fiancé were to show up at my door and find me with him. What would happen? She let her imagination run wild… Her fiancé would kill him; that's the first thing he'd do. And after that, assuming the worst of her, he would launch into a series of accusations… Just like the reincarnation of the Great King Vishnu, too would scatter pearls of wisdom about undying love and affection. Comparing love to the endless sea, the open sky and so on and so forth, and so forth and so on. But then, like a saint from some hallowed land—her fiancé did, in fact, have a strong religious background—he would say to her: "Even so, my love, given my position and my prestige as a man held in esteem by the religious community, it is only natural that I ask you about your faithfulness, your purity, and your self- restraint. In the permissive West, where physical relations are as easy to come by

as cabbage at the market, it is not without justification that I ask you about the four years that we have been apart…"

26 The words would roll from his tongue as swiftly as water courses through a broken dam. And his accusations, thinly veiled as innocent questions, would flow with equal speed, drowning her in her inability to maintain her defense. Her defense? Must she prepare some kind of testimony? Or submit proof that, even though she and the Canadian man had become close friends, he had never touched so much as a hair on her head? Wouldn't the truth of their relationship provide its own defense? But would her fiancé be perceptive enough to sense the truth and to realize her commitment to him? … But even the Great King Vishnu had demanded that his wife immolate herself in the sea of fire to prove that the ten-headed monster had never touched her.

27 She felt herself consumed by the flames. The clock struck three times. The other occupants of the building must have melted into oblivion. The morning was so quiet and still. She could take it no longer and ran into the bathroom once again to let the flood of water pour over her. Fully clothed, she drenched her entire body till her clothes clung to her. Behind her eyelids, the image of her fiancé alternated with that of the Great King. "Darling, for the sake of the community, for the sake of my reputation as a man, for the sake of…"

28 "Pardon me, but were you the one taking the shower last night?" the old woman whose flat shared a wall with her bathroom inquired.

29 The younger woman nodded slowly. "I was hot. I'm sorry. I hope I didn't disturb you…"

30 "Oh, no not at all. I was just wondering… Um, what's happening with your fiancé? Isn't he planning to visit?"

31 The young woman steadied herself against the hallway wall and drew in a deep breath.

32 “You look pale, dear,” the old woman ventured, “Are you all right?”

33 She shook her head vigorously, “I’m fine, really. He’s supposed to arrive this evening. I guess I’m just excited, that’s all…” she said, hastily slipping behind the door.

34 Outside the door, the old woman chuckled and shook her head.

35 “Young ladies always get so nervous when their prince is about to come…”

36 And indeed; inside her room, the young woman was anxious. Darkness crashed down on her once more, leaving her utterly bewildered. Night had fallen impulsively and arbitrarily overthrew her day. “I can’t take another minute of this heat!” she screamed as she ran towards the bathroom and the refuge of the rushing water.

37 She stood there for hours, and hours…

38 “You look so pale and worn out,” her fiancé observed, embracing her tightly. “Didn’t you sleep last night?”

39 The woman shook her head weakly. “I just feel so hot…”

40 “But your body feels cold. And look at your fingers—they’re all wrinkled! Do you have a fever?”

41 She shook her head and quickly changed the subject. “Would you like some tea or coffee?”

42 “That can wait. Let’s sit down. I want to feast my eyes on you…” Her fiance’s eyes studied her from head to toe. “I guess we have a lot of gaps to fill in for these last four years,” he added, gently taking her two hands in his.

43 Her hands suddenly felt frozen. So, she thought bleakly, the trial is about to commence.

44 “Four years away from each other probably isn’t the most ideal way for future newlyweds to live,” he began. “We’ve both had obstacles to deal with, I’m sure, like hills and valleys on a road. But the important thing is to ascertain how low the valleys were and how high the hills have been…”

45 A sweet and diplomatic beginning, the woman thought to herself as she fixed her gaze on her fiance’s face, which seemed ever so much to resemble that of the reincarnation of the Great King Vishnu.

46 “We both have had ample occasion to run into—and to search for ways around—hazards along the way. Now we have to fill in and smooth over some of the potholes. We have to deal with the realities of the last four years, head-on and honestly… What’s wrong? Aren’t you going to say anything?”

47 “Well I don’t know about the hills and valleys that I’ve had to pass, but…”

48 “Don’t say it, please. I know, you’re too good for me. I know that you are pure. It’s me… I’m the one who can’t match your loyalty…” Her fiancé paused. His eyes were glassy as he caressed her cheek. “What I mean is that we have to deal with the barriers that have come between us by expressing ourselves honestly…”

49 The woman frowned.

50 “I’m sure you had no problem in conquering all the hills and valleys during our time apart. But you are a woman and women seem to be more capable of exercising self-control. In a typhoon a woman somehow manages to stay dry. Even after climbing the highest mountain, a woman somehow manages to remain strong.”

51 The woman sat, spellbound.

52 "But I'm a man… and you know what they say: that the die have been cast and men are damned to be less adept than women in coping with the hills, which are not really so high, and those valleys, which are not really as low as they seem. When it comes to dealing with temptations of the flesh, men for some reason don't seem willing to be rational or to keep a level head. We've been spoiled by what is accepted as the man's prerogative. Society grants us complete freedom to give free rein to our desires, without need of having to feel treachery or shame. Maybe I'm a fool but I'm one of those rare men who do feel deceitful and contemptible. I feel so small knowing that you have remained true. I don't know what came over me when I was away from you these last four years. I'll never be able to forgive myself…"

53 The woman focused on the movement of her fiance's lips. Yet in his eyes lurked the image of King Vishnu beside Queen Sita as she prepared to purify herself in the sea of flames. She suddenly remembered that the Queen had never been given the opportunity to question her husband. Supposing that she had asked, "During the time that we were separated, my husband, were you tempted to involve yourself with another woman…?" But, no, that sort of question was not raised. And never would be allowed to be raised. How strange…

54 And now the evening, stooped low, crawled slowly and politely forward.

QUESTIONS:

1. How important is the setting of the story to the over-all plot?
2. Identify the point of view and discuss its effect on sustaining interest and impact.
3. Examine the role of irony in the story. Specify where it occurs.
4. What are the opposing values of the woman character and her fiancé?
5. What does the story tell us about the values of the society in which we live?
6. How does the title contribute to your understanding of the main character.
7. Comment on the title of the story. Why, do you think, is it entitled as such?

Conclusion

Introducing Indonesian literature to a wider range of readers is an attempt of this researcher to make readers understand Indonesian culture, psyche, and literary-historical background. It is primarily based on this reason that the textbook on Indonesian literature was conceived.

A collection of selected twenty poems and ten short stories presented in this textbook cannot and will never claim to capture the whole picture of modern Indonesian literature. This is simply an introduction to Indonesian literature to encourage non-Indonesian readers to explore the wealth of Indonesian literature.

The selections in the textbook are produced by notable literary figures who have set the foundation in the development of modern Indonesian literature. Their works have been included in modern literary translations merits attention and speaks of a universality of experience written in acceptable style and language.

The textbook is aimed for pre-college non-Indonesian readers for many reasons. There is no simple textbook on Indonesian literature available.

In Afro-Asian Literature courses, Indonesian selections are very limited. Moreover, the study questions provided aim to help the readers to better understand the selected texts. There is no better way of understanding a country's culture, people, race, and heritage than through literature, thus the production of this textbook.

Similar studies have been and will be done in an attempt to introduce one's culture. Literature is a vast resource of human experience to understand the people, communities, or culture. It will be an endless source of research. How useful the study is to the readers will remain our concern. This researcher thinks it will be useful if the compilation of literary works is also completed with study questions and suggested activities for classroom use. The purpose is to help teachers present the literary pieces in meaningful classroom situations. Sample lesson plans for alternative teaching and learning activities, therefore, will be most helpful for teachers and students.

Lastly, this simple textbook is an attempt to share a piece of Indonesian literature, of distinctive nature in the bigger body of Asian Literature, and hopefully, such studies be replicated to encourage the building of a treasury of Asian Literature.

APPENDIX A[46]

A Reference on Bloom's Taxonomy's Educational Objectives for Lesson Planning

TABLE E.1 Major Categories in the Cognitive Domain of the Taxonomy of Educational Objectives (Bloom 1956)	Descriptions of the Major Categories in the Cognitive Domain	Illustrative General Instructional Objectives	Illustrative Verbs for Stating Specific Learning Outcomes	TABLE E.2 Examples of General Instructional Objectives and Clarifying Verbs for the Cognitive Domain of the Taxonomy
	1. Knowledge. Knowledge is defined as the remembering of previously learned material. This may involve the recall of a wide range of material from specific facts to complete theories, but all that is required is the bringing to mind of the appropriate information. Knowledge represents the lowest level of learning outcomes in the cognitive domain.	• Knows common terms • Knows specific facts • Knows methods and procedures • Knows basic concepts • Knows principles	Defines, describes, identifies, label, lists, matches, names, outlines, reproduces, selects, states	
	2. Comprehension. Comprehension is defined as the ability to grasp the meaning of material. This may be shown by translating material from one form to another (words or numbers), by interpreting material (explaining or summarizing, and by estimating future trends (predicting consequences or effects). These learning outcomes go one step beyond the simple remembering of material, and represent the lowest level of understanding.	• Understands facts and principles • Interprets verbal material • Interprets charts and graphs • Translates verbal material to mathemat-ical formulas • Estimates consequences implied in data • Justifies methods and procedures	Converts, defends, distinguishes, estimates, explains, infers, paraphrases, predicts, rewrites, summarizes	

	3. Application. Application refers to the ability to use learned material in new and concrete situations. This may include the application of such things as rules, methods, concepts, principles, laws, and theories. Learning outcomes in this area require a higher level of understanding than those under comprehension.	• Applies principles to new situations • Applies theories to practical situations • Solves mathematical problems • Constructs charts and graphs • Demonstrates correct usage of a procedure	Changes, computes, demonstrates, discovers, manipulates, modifies, operates, predicts, prepares, produces, relates, shows, solves, uses	
	4. Analysis. Analysis refers to the ability to break down material into its component parts so that its organizational structure may be understood. This may include the identification of the parts, analysis of the relationships between parts, and recognition of the organizational principles involved. Learning outcomes here represent a higher intellectual level than comprehension and application because they require an understanding of both the content and the structural form of the material.	• Recognizes unstated assumptions • Recognizes logical fallacies in reasoning • Distinguishes between facts and inferences • Evaluates the relevancy of data • Analyzes the organizational structure of a work (art, music, writing)	Breaks down, diagrams, differentiates, discriminates, distinguishes, identifies , illustrates, infers, outlines, points out, relates, selects, separates, subdivides	

	5. Synthesis. Synthesis refers to the ability to put parts together to form a new whole. This may involve the production of a unique communication (theme or speech), a plan of operations (research proposal), or a set of abstract relations (scheme for classifying information). Learning outcomes in this area stress creative behaviors, with major emphasis on the formulation of new patterns or structures.	• Writes a well-organized theme • Gives a well-organized speech • Writes a creative short story (or poem) • Proposes a plan for an experiment • Integrates learning from different areas into a plan for solving a problem • Formulates a new scheme for classifying objects (or events, or ideas)	Categorizes combines, compiles composes, creates, devises, designs, explains, generates, modifies, organizes, plans, rearranges reconstructs, relates, reorganizes, revises, rewrites, summarizes, tells, writes.	
	6. Evaluation. Evaluation is concerned with the ability to judge the value of material (statement, novel, poem, research report) for a given purpose. The judgments are to be based on definite criteria. These may be internal criteria (organization) or external criteria (relevance to the purpose) and the student may determine the criteria or be given them. Learning outcomes in this area are highest in the cognitive hierarchy because they contain elements of all of the other categories, plus value judgments based on clearly defined criteria.	• Judges the consistency of written material • Judges the adequacy with which conclusions are supported by data • Judges the value of a work (art, music, writing) by use of internal crit eria • Judges the value of a work (art, music, writing) by use of external standards	Appraises, compares, concludes, contrasts, criticizes, describes, discriminates, explain, justifies, interprets, relates, summarizes, supports	

APPENDIX B

SAMPLE LESSON PLANS

It is very important to know how to conduct classroom activities in presenting material (literary pieces) in literature classes. Although creativity is badly needed, the teacher still has to prepare lesson plans as guidelines in learning activities.

The following three sample lesson plans are illustration of how to create meaningful classroom activities. In preparing these samples, there are some guidelines to follow:

1. Goals or objectives.

   The aim in having goals is that goals will limit our concentration during the sessions. Time estimation is taken into consideration in order to present the literary pieces in both aesthetic and critical manner.

2. Subject Matter and Method.

   Lesson plans limit the discussion on prepared subject matter (poem, drama, short stories, essay, etc.) by using a specific method of appreciation. Therefore, how to present a subject matter depends on what method is used.

3. Procedure.

   In this part, teachers prepare classroom activities. These learning activities are based on the goals and method which are set for the session(s).

   This process includes check-up quizzes, class discussions, class interaction, and assignments. Enrichment activities might be added as alternative or additional exercises.

A final note: while these lesson plans are focused on personal experiences of the reader and such experiences perceived in the literary work, it will be good to insert discussions of how Indonesian literature is distinctive but also comparable to literatures in the region, and maybe elsewhere.

AN APPRECIATION OF POETRY

I. OBJECTIVES:
   A. To read and interpret poetry.
   B. To discuss the ideas of the poem in groups or pairs.
   C. To capture the poet's sensitivity in describing man's attitude towards his own culture.

II. SUBJECT MATTER: "MEMORY OF A MASKED DANCE FROM CIREBON" by Ajip Rosidi (p. 55; *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry* 89)

   METHOD: Dimensional Approach

III. PROCEDURE:
   A. Reading the poem
      The first reading is done by the teacher, as the students read silently; the second reading is done by class (choral reading).
   B. Class Interaction (four levels of Dimensional Approach)

   QUESTIONS:
      1. Literal
         a. What did the man build on the stone mountain?
         b. How did the speaker describe the past (stanza 2)
         c. What did the speaker recall when watching a dance performance in Summer Palace?
      2. Inferential
         a. How do you describe the speaker's attitude towards his own culture?
         b. What is the tone of the poem?
         c. What emotional effect is evoked by the word "adrift" (line 5)?
      3. Critical
         a. Comment on the title of the story.
         b. Would the speaker appreciate his own culture when he goes home?

c. If you give another title to the story, what will it be? Explain your choice.

4. Application
   a. Experience is the best teacher. Do you think this saying fits with the theme of the poem? Why or why not? Support your answer by reading lines from the text.

C. Enrichment Activity (Directed writing activity)

In groups or pairs, discuss the theme of the poem. What is the speaker of the poem trying to tell you?

Based on the discussion, write an interpretation of 2 paragraphs on the line "my own culture, carelessly wasted." The first paragraph is your reaction on the theme if the poem; the second is your personal reading based on your own experience.

IV. ASSIGNMENT AND CLOSURE:

Do one of the following activities:

1. Paraphrase the poem. Pay special attention to what the speaker is trying to convey.
2. There were times in our life when we experienced what the speaker went through. Narrate your experience. Describe why the experience is so significant to you.

I. OBJECTIVES:
   A. On the text:
      1. To read and comprehend the text.
      2. To infer the emotional reaction and mood of the characters.
      3. To identify the setting, theme, and point of view.
      4. To share the idea that the author tries to convey (how a woman is treated).
      5. To have a better understanding of the life of a woman in the colonial era as compared to the present.
   B. On Language:
      1. Vocabulary enrichment: unlocking vocabulary using context clues, dictionary and visual aids.
      2. Summarizing the story using simple present form of verbs.

II. SUBJECT MATTER: Short story "INEM" by Pramoedya Ananta Toer (pp. 63-76)

    METHOD: Interactive Literature and Language Teaching Plan

III. PROCEDURE:
   A. Reading the story
      1. Have the student read the story before the class starts. The purpose is that the class will have more time to discuss literature as text and as language.
      2. Check new vocabulary. Ask students how they find the meaning to each word. Context clues, dictionary or visual aids are suggested.
      3. Class interaction (Interactive text processing)
   B. Class Discussion:

      Motive Question:

      What do you think are the qualities of a good woman?
   C. Motivation:

      What are the qualities of Inem?

D. Discussion

1. How old was Inem when she got married?
2. Why did she agree to the wedding?
3. Why did Inem's mistress try to stop the wedding?
4. How did she make her living after she got married?
5. How did Inem's family treat her?
6. What are the causes of Inem's divorce?
7. Why did her mistress refuse to take her back?
8. What are the qualities of a good woman according to Inem's mistress.
9. What did Inem know about marriage?
10. From whose point of view is the story told?

E. Language Lesson (Enrichment Activity)

Vocabulary enrichment

1. List as many adjectives as you can to describe Inem and the mistress:

Inem	Mistress
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

2. Use the adjectives in complete sentences to describe the characters.
3. Sequence the major events of the story.
4. Summarize the story using the simple present form of verbs.

IV. ASSIGNMENT AND CLOSURE:

1. If the story happened at present time, what would the narrator probably do to help his friend, Inem?
2. The setting of the story is in the past when women were treated unjustly. This treatment still happens today. Write a short essay on the topic "The Filipino Woman Today."

INTEGRATING READING AND WRITING

I. OBJECTIVES:
   A. To discuss a story through cooperative learning.
   B. To identify the characters, setting and theme of the story.
   C. To infer the significant human experience (an experience in life) presented in the text.
   D. To write a reaction paper based on point of view of either of the two characters.

II. SUBJECT MATTER: Short story "THE GIFT" by Putu Wijaya (pp. 155-164)

   METHOD: Integrating Reading and Writing

III. PROCEDURE:
   A. Motivation/Pre-reading Activity
      1. What is the definition of poverty? Using the dictionary, find the answer, and see the synonyms of the word.
         Definition of Poverty (Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary): state of being poor; lack; inferiority.
         Synonyms (Merriam-Webster Thesaurus): need; poorness; impoverishment, etc.
      2. How would you describe poverty?
      3. What does achievement in life mean to you?
   B. Reading of the Text
      Put attention on unfamiliar words and discuss their meaning from context clues.
   C. Classroom interaction
      Bottom-up text Processing:
      1. Who are the characters in the story?
      2. How would you describe the male character?
      3. How would you describe his wife?
      4. What did the man promise his wife before they got married?

5. Did the man fulfill his promise to his wife? Explain.
6. What did the man give his wife as a present?
7. How understanding is his wife? Cite details from the text to prove your answer.
8. Why did the wife return the gift without opening it?
9. Referring to no. 8, was it done out of love? Anger? Fear? Explain your answer.
10. Did the man learn that his wife knew what the gift is?

Top-down Text Processing

1. Knowing Maya's character, would you do the same things as she did? Why or why not?
2. What is a fatalist? Would you describe Widi as a fatalist? Support your argument with convincing evidences.

D. Class Activity (Enrichment activity)
Group discussion (of 4-6)
(Collaborative learning and writing)

Choose the topic of discussion from the following

1. After years of struggling to meet the needs of everyday life, Maya and Widi come to the point where they sacrifice their wants for the children's prosperity. Comment on the above fact or situation.
2. "We may be simple folk, but we have aspirations just like anyone else. We've suffered and we've put on this charade because, that was the only way to keep on going to find happiness in the midst of poverty." (par. 69) Interpret the above statement of Maya.
3. How important is it for Widi to fulfill his long promise to Maya? Discuss this character together with the traits of Widi. After discussion, write your group's interpretation in one paragraph.

IV. ASSIGNMENT AND CLOSURE:

Create your own endings to the story. You can choose either from the suggested topic, below, or you can create your own situation.

1. Maya is so insensitive and opens the envelope given to her by her husband. In the third person point of view, describe her feeling and anger.
2. Widi fulfilled his promise. The ticket was real. Maya rejected it for the reason that Widi is irrational. What is Widi likely to do with it after feeling hurt and being rejected?

APPENDIX C

THEMATICAL GUIDELINES TO THE SELECTIONS

ON LOVE

POEMS:

1. "Meeting" by Sutan Takdir Alisyahbana
2. "Parting" by Louise W. Hatmoharsoio

SHORT STORY:

1. "The Gift" by Putu Wijaya

ON FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

POEMS:

1. "A Mother's Letter" by Asrul Sani
2. "The First Man in Outer Space" by Subagio Sastrowardoyo

SHORT STORIES:

1. "Holy Communion" by Sitor Situmorang
2. "When the Rain Falls" by J.E. Siahaan

ON WOMEN

POEMS:

1. "Pretension" by Toeti Heraty
2. "Cocktail Party" by Toeti Heraty

SHORT STORIES:

1. "Inem" by Pramoedya Ananta Toer
2. "Bawuk" by Umar Kayam
3. "Home for the Holidays" by Umar Kayam
4. "The Purification of Sita" by Leila S. Chudori

ON PATRIOTISM/NATIONALISM

POEMS:

1. "Krawang-Bekasi" by Chairil Anwar
2. "On the Subject of Freedom" by Toto Sudarto Bachtiar

3. "Traveler First Class" by J.E. Tatengkeng
4. "Lullaby" by Goenawan Mohamad
5. "Ho Liang is Gone" by W.S. Rendra
6. "On the Veranda When It Rains" by Sapardi Djoko Damono

SHORT STORIES:

1. "The Decline and Fall of Our Local Mosque" by A.A. Navis
2. "Jakarta" by Totilwati Tjitrawasita
3. "The Outlaw" by Mochtar Lubis

Notes

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2. Alisjahbana, Sutan Takdir. "Meeting," translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, edited by Burton Raffel, U of California P, 1964, p. 36.
3. Names of cities. See Anwar, Chairil. "Krawang-Bekasi." *The Complete Poetry and Prose of Chairil Anwar*. Edited and translated by Burton Raffel, SUNY P, 1970, pp. 127-29.
4. Former President Sukarno, Former Vice President Hatta, Former Socialist Party Leader Sjahrir.
5. Tatengkeng, J.D. "Traveler First Class," translated by James Holmes. *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, edited by Burton Raffel, U of California P, 1964, p. 48.
6. Hatmoharsoio, Louise Walujati. "Parting," translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, edited by Burton Raffel, U of California P, 1964, p. 96.
7. Sani, Asrul. "A Mother's Letter," translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, edited by Burton Raffel, U of California P, 1964, p. 88.
8. Bachtiar, Toto Sudiarto. "On the Subject of Freedom," translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. *Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, edited by Burton Raffel, U of California P, 1964, p. 130.
9. Rosidi, Ajip. "Memory of a Masked Dance from Cirebon." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: Poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling. U of Queensland P, 1975, p. 89.
10. Mohamad, Goenawan. "Lullaby." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: Poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling, U of Queensland P, 1975, p. 199.
11. The Australian composer Betty Beath wrote a song based on the original Indonesian poem on which "Lullaby" is based. For more information about this, please take a look at "Betty Beath," *Contemporary Music Review*, vol. 11, parts 1 and 2, 1994, pp. 31-33.
12. Ismail, Taufiq. "The Republic is Ours." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: Poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling. U of Queensland P, 1975, p. 169.

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14. Rendra, W.S. "Ho Liang is Gone," translated by Burton Raffel. *Ballads and Blues: Poems*, translated by Burton Raffel, Harry Aveling, and Derwent May, Oxford University Press, 1974, pp. 106-09.
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16. Heraty, Toeti. "Cocktail Party." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling. U of Queensland P, 1975, p. 157.
17. Damono, Sapardi Djoko. "On the Veranda When It Rains." *Menagerie* 1, edited by John McGlynn, Lontar Foundation, 1992, pp. 150-151.
18. Sastrowardoyo, Subagio. "The First Man in Outer Space." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: Poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling. U of Queensland P, 1975, pp. 109-111.
19. Sastrowardoyo, Subagio. "The Border." *Contemporary Indonesian Poetry: Poems in Bahasa Indonesia and English*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling, U of Queensland P, 1975, pp. 109-111.
20. Verburgt, R. "Inem, Pramoedya Ananta Toer." *SOUTHERN-REVIEW-ADELAIDE*, vol. 28, 1995, pp. 367-375.
21. Coin worth one quarter of a penny.
22. The Dutch's colonial flag.
23. Stimulating dance for men.
24. Navis, A. A. "The Decline and Fall of Our Local Mosque." *From Surabaya to Armageddon: Indonesian Short Stories*, edited and translated by Harry Aveling. Heinemann Educational Books (Asia) Ltd, 1976, pp. 117-126.
25. Situmorang, Sitor, and Toenggoel P. Siagian. "Holy Communion." *Manoa: A Pacific Journal of International Writing*, vol. 3, no.1, 1991, pp. 199-204.
26. Capital city of the province of North Sumatra.
27. A musical instrument.
28. Batak traditional orchestra.
29. Siahaan, J. E., and Toenggoel Siagian. "When the Rain Came." *Indonesia* 27, 1979, pp. 93-102.
30. Lubis, Mochtar. "The Outlaw." *The Outlaw and Other Stories*. Oxford University Press, 1987, pp. 1-8,
31. The first President of Indonesia.
32. Martial art.
33. Younger sibling.
34. (Javanese) elder brother.

35. Kayam, Umar. "Bawuk." *Menagerie 2. Indonesian Fiction, Poetry, Photographs, Essays*, edited by John H. McGlynn (series ed.) and Leila S. Chudori (guest ed.), Lontar Foundation, 1993, pp.159-195.
36. (Javanese) a polite address for old woman.
37. Traditional orchestra.
38. A stimulating dance for men.
39. A traditional Javanese dance.
40. Chairman of the Communist Party of Indonesia.
41. First President of Indonesia.
42. Kayam, Umar. "Home for the Holidays." *Menagerie 2. Indonesian Fiction, Poetry, Photographs, Essays*, edited by John H. McGlynn (series ed.) and Leila S. Chudori (guest ed.), Lontar Foundation, 1993, pp.153-158.
43. Tricycle.
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45. Tjirawasita, Totilawati. "Jakarta." *Menagerie 2. Indonesian Fiction, Poetry, Photographs, Essays*, edited by John H. McGlynn (series ed.) and Leila S. Chudori (guest ed.), Lontar Foundation, 1993, pp. 99-108.
46. The second president of Indonesia.
47. Short for "bapak," a term of address for an older man.
48. Martial art.
49. President's office.
50. Presidential palace ("Istana Merdeka").
51. Chudori, Leila S. "The Purification of Sita." *Virtual Lotus: Modern Fiction of Southeast Asia*. University of Michigan Press, 2002, pp. 96-104.
52. For more information on Bloom's Taxonomy, kindly check the Curriculum Materials Center, Rohrbach Library, Kutztown University (library.kutztown.edu/CMC).

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