

THE PRICE OF FREEDOMS:

The unfinished diary
of
Tengku Hasan di Tiro

President
NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF ACHEH SUMATRA

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A MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND INFORMATION

STATE OF ACHEH SUMATRA:

This is part I of THE PRICE OF FREEDOM THE UNFINISHED DIARY OF TENGKU HASAN M. di TIRO, President of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra or the Free Acheh Movement, and Head of State of Acheh Sumatra, containing the Tengku's daily activities from September 4, 1976, to March 29, 1979. It covered the period of formation, organization, and consolidation of the NLFAS. We published this book as part of educational program to put in front of our future generations the knowledge of how we have been able to execute the task for national resurrection and renaissance of our nation under the points of the enemy's bayonets; the sufferings and risks that had been voluntarily accepted by those pioneering Achehnese in the process of achieving our objectives. Most of those mentioned in THE PRICE OF FREEDOM are already dead, martyred to our cause at the hands of the barbaric Javanese Indonesian colonialists.

The Free Acheh Movement or the NLFAS is essentially a peaceful, educational movement: It was the Javanese Indonesian colonialists who used violemce to suppress us. Anything that happened there-after was the necessary reaction from us in self-defence.

Each entry in THE PRICE OP FREEDOM will not fail to demonstrate the intimate relationship between the leadership of the NLFAS and the people. The enemy has used every trick of his "counter-insurgency" strategy or rather the imperialist's art of repression against us to no avail. Each day demonstrates the growing strength of our independence movement. The enemy "body counts" have meant nothing in the people's march to victory. It is axiomatic that no independence movement can be stopped by military means. The historical process of independence of peoples and the eradication of colonialism cannot be stopped by mere Javamen - even if they are backed by Western democracies, as it were. That merely gives a bad name for the Western democracies.

In 1980 the Javanese Indonesian regime had announced the "death" of Tengku Hasan di Tiro officially in the battlefield in Acheh Sumatra. And ever since there has been world-wide speculation as to whether the Tengku is really dead or still alive. Such speculations have been printed in major world newspapers and carried out by news-agencies such as Reuter, AFP, UPpL, AP, etc. The stories have been Confirmed and denied.as the mystery thickens. The Far Eastern Economie Review had published at least seven articles about Tengku Hasan di Tiro;"Rebel With A Pedigree" (July 17, 1981); "The Mystery Man Stirs The Embers" (June 24, 1977); "Islam's Troubled Verandah" (August 25, 1978); "Jakarta's Most Sensitive Spots" (August 4, 1978);'The Cause Without A Rebel" (October 31, 198o) "One Man' s Fading Vision" (October 31, 1980); "Hasan di Tiro Is Alive And Well"..... (December 12, 1980). Speculations as to whether the Tengku is still alive or not have been printed on the pages of Le Monde (April 1, 1981),

Zelfbeschikking (December, 1980), and others. We shall not comment on thesse speculations. Let history be the judge.

THE PRICE OP FREEDOM also gives glimpses into the saga of the di Tiro family, the first and the historic family of Acheh Sumatra" Tengku Hasan is the last of the di Tiro. The Dutch historian, H. C. Zentgraaff had written: "Too much blood of the di Tiro family has been spilled. ...There was no Achehnese family who had exercised so much influence on the war (between Holland and Acheh) like the di Tiro family, and there was none who had sustained the struggle to the bitter end. They were the objectives of a series of military movements and warfare which belong to the most interesting parts of the history of this war that can provide materials for heroic epic." Writing about the death of Tengku Hasan di Tiro's grandfather, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, in 1910, Zentgraaff stated: "The history of the fall of the last Tengku di Tiro left such material for a novel, and so buried in the history of Acheh War the stuffs for an heroic epic, the greatest, the most overpowering, and so formidable, as has not been seen elsewhere that make for the pride and the glory of a people." H. C. Zentgraaff, Atjeh, 1925).

The Dutch legendary military figure, Colonel H. J. Schmidt had written:"From the beginning of the war (between Holland and Acheh) the members of the family of the Tengku di Tiro played the greatest role and the most important on the Achehnese side. For them and their men, there were no other possibilities acceptable than to win this war or to die heroes deaths. Victory was clearly impossible, and un-obtainable. And yet, despite everything, they stood fast and fought like heroes. Despite the odds against him, a Tengku di Tiro recognized no other possibility for him except death. Thus, in this war everything became simple, short, and matter of facts the latter of the surviving Tengku di Tiro died in the battlefields. ..and these scenes have become the inevitable last acts of the continuing Achehnese Drama, that by now can no longer be played in any other way."(H.J.Schmidt, Marechaussee in Atjeh, 1947)

All these show that history is repeating itself in Acheh Sumatra in such extraordinary fidelity. It demonstrates also the stability of our political leadership from generations to generations that is unique in the annals of nations.

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION ANDINFORMATION

STATE OF ACHEH SUMATRA

December 10, 1981



STATE OF ACHEH SUMATRA

INTRODUCTION

I write this book in preparation for my death, shaheed - a witness to an idea that had earlier been made sacred by the spilt blood of my ancestors and recently by the spilt blood of my loyal followers.

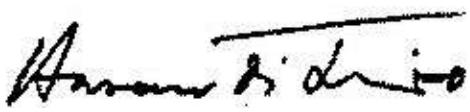
The value of a thing is not determined by what you can do with it, but by what price you are willing to pay for it.

Freedom means that we take full responsibility for ourselves, our people, and our country;freedom means that we maintain the distance that separates us from others; freedom means that we are no longer afraid of hardship, difficulties, privation or death: he who has learned how to die can no longer become a slave or a colonial subject.

He who wants to be free must always be ever ready to go to war and to die for his freedom. "The free man is a warrior".

To preserve our freedom, our forefathers had suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died. Now is our turn to do no less.

Hudép beusaré
Maté beusadjan,



December 4, 1981

PREFACE

I have finally decided to do what I have believed all along to be my destiny in life: to lead my people and my country to freedom. That is my life mission. I will be a failure if I fail to do so. Acquisition of wealth and power has never been my goal in life because I have both in my country. Nor do I want to do it because I look to it as an achievement or a career: I have to do it as a duty, an obligation put on my shoulders by my ancestors on account of future generations, a duty received and a debt that must be paid because of the past and the future of my people. I have been brought up by my family to think so, and I have seen confirmation and expectation from my people to be so. For I have been born to the di Tiro family of Acheh, Sumatra, the family that had ruled my country and had provided leadership to it through war and peace for so many generations and for centuries in the long history of our country. (*)

However, to be in that position my family had paid dearly in blood and treasures. "Too much blood of the di Tiro family has been spilled," as H. C. Zentgraaff had observed in his book, Atjeh . Many national heroes of Acheh therefore have come from my bloodline. Because of this long history, my people have come to expect their leaders to come from the family. As it was with my ancestors in the past, it is still so with my generation now as I expect to be so with the future generations. The bond of loyalty between my people and my family that has been fertilized by so much blood and sacrifices shall never perish.

As I said, my conviction about my duty in life came from my country's long history, from my education and breeding, and these being confirmed by the reaction of my people in my daily life in Acheh Sumatra. That is I have been made to feel what my family and .To get to the point quickly and to personal history, may I tell you that since I can remember, my hand is always kissed by my people - never shaken - even when I was a little boy. I tell this not for self-indulgence but to explain my self-less actions, to give you a case history of my early experience and upbringing which are the genesis of my future actions that will explain what I do and why I do it. There were times in my life when I envied to be like o-ther boys, to be able to run around without being bothered by attention - which unfortunately I had never succeeded. I remembered once I came to complain to my mother tearfully why the people did not leave me alone because I was very annoyed that when X walked to school, everybody I met along the road, especially old people, would stand up, if they were sitting, or would step down if they were on bicycles, to rush to kiss my hand. And having to do that

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(*) The Dutch historian, H. C. Zentgraaff had written: "The family of the Tengku di Tiro is the holiest family that Acheh has ever recognized." *Sumatraantje*s, p. 162.

I had never arrived on time to school. Why not everybody just lear me alone. My mother explained to me that the people did not me to bother me, but to honor me, and to demonstrate their love ai respect to us. She firmly added that I must show every respect ai consideration for them.

I still vividly recall one day when I was already in Secondary School, age about 12, a distinguished old Achehnese gentleman came to our school in Sigli, and he interrupted a lecture by ask the teacher to bring him to where I was seated in the class. When, he arrived at my desk and as I stood up to shake his hand to ho nor him for his age, the old gentleman, whom I did not know, he] my hand firmly and delivered his speech:"0 Tengku, I come to find you, to remind you never to forget your heritage, and to prepar yourself to lead our people and our country to greatness again like your ancestors had done before you." So no one let me forge about it. That little speech of his made me so embarrassed with • school mates at the time but I have never forgotten the incident c the message. I come to appreciate it later in life. Clearly my pec ple had chipped-in in the endeavor to give me a proper education, found out later that he was Tengku Hadji Muhammad Tahir, an Ulama-- Muslim spiritual leader from Teupin Raya, North Acheh.

It is important to mention that the people do not honor a and my family because they are afraid of us or because they wan to curry favor with us. We have no military power then becaus the country was already under Dutch colonial occupation. The point is that although the Dutch have guns, that is the militar power, but the political power, as far as the people are concern ed was always in the hands of my family. The people always expect ing and waiting to receive political direction from us. This tra ditional voluntary and grass roots relationship between my peopl and my family, and presently with myself, is an important reason. for what I decided to do and why I think I can and must do it while I am still alive. I would consider myself to be delinquent of my duty if I did not do it. In fact, I have kept postponing action on the matter for long enough that I myself have become suspect in my own eyes as probably have no courage to act upon this urgent matter. I decided to do it now also for consideration that if I failed in my first attempt I am still able to try fa a second time, or if I failed to achieve my goal immediately I am still strong enough to fight it out and to carry on the struggle for a long time until I win! So my decision is now or never. 1 will be too old if I did not do it now. And I will feel my life is utterly useless without doing it - as if I had not lived. Although my mind has already been made up, occasional self-doubt still creeping in the back of my mind, because it is plainly not easy to leave your life in Riverdale, New York, with a beautiful wife and child, to go to live in the black forests of Acheh, Sumatra, as a guerilla leader.The break between the present and the future is simply too glaring to contemplate. I was lucky that a few-days before my departure, I stumbled over Nietzsche's work, Thus Spoke Zarathustra, while browsing in a book store on Fifth Avenue New York. When I opened the book, it was right on the chapter heading: "The Wanderer". I read:

"I am a wanderer and a mountain climber.... And whatever may yet come to me as destiny and experience will include sane wandering and mountain climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself. The time is gone when mere accidents could still happen to me; and what could still come to me now that was not mine already? What returns, what finally comes home to me, is my own self and what of myself has long been in strange lands and scattered among all things and accidents. And one further thing I know: I stand before my final peak now and before that which has been saved up for me the longest. Alas, now I must face my hardest path! Alas, I have begun my loneliest walk! But whoever is of my kind cannot escape such an hour - the hour which says to him:"Only now are you going your way to greatness! Peak and abyss - they are now joined together."

"You are going your way to greatness: now that which has hitherto been your ultimate danger has become your ultimate refuge."

"You are going your way to greatness: now this must give you the greatest courage that there is no longer any path behind you."

"You are going your way to greatness: here nobody shall sneak after you. Your own foot has effaced the path behind you, and over it there is written: impossibility.".

"And if you now lacked all ladders, then you must know how to climb on your own head: how else would you want to climb upward? On your own head and away over your own heart! Now what was gentlest in you must still become the hardest. He who has always spared himself much will in the end become sickly of so much consideration. Praised be to what hardens! I do not praise the land where butter and honey flow."

"One must learn to look away from oneself in order to see much:this hardness is necessary to every climber of mountains. But you wanted to see the ground and background of all things; hence you must climb over yourself - upward, up until even your stars are under you!"

"Indeed, to look down upon myself and even upon my stars, that alone I should call my peak; that has remained for me as my ultimate peak!"

"I recognize my lot.... Well, I am ready. Now my ultimate loneliness has begun."

"Alas, this black sorrowful sea below me ! Alas, this prenant nocturnal dismay! Alas, destiny and sea! To you I must now go down! Before my highest mountain I stand and before my longest wandering;to that end I must first go down deeper than ever I descended - deeper into pain than ever I descended,down into its blackest flood. Thus my destiny wants it. Well, I am ready."

"You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be fight, let your peace be a victory!"

I was seized, as it were, by these strong words, forgetting where I was. It was like lightening that swept away all my doubts and clearing my path. Suddenly I can see everything clearer. I felt every word was addressed to me. I couldnot have described my own feeling more accurately. I did not choose to do what I want to do gladly! I choose it with grief and agony. It was a heavy historical burden that I must shoulder. It is my turn to carry it. My time has come. I couldnot walk away from it.

Since then I have not parted company with Nietzsche. Strange that all these times I spent at various universities I should have missed understanding real Nietzsche. I am sure I have read about him in so many political theory and political philosophy courses that I have gone through - but must have been through in terpretations and conclusions of second rate minds. Now all my self-doubts are swept away. I have been on the right path all a-long.

(SEPTEMBER 4, 1976)

After boarding the plane from New York for the flight to Seattle, Tokyo, Hong Kong and other points South on my way to Acheh, I have plenty of time to reflect and to reminisce.

I have had a modicum of success in the business world because I had entree to the highest business and governmental circles in many countries: the United States, Europe, Middle East,Africa and not least Southeast Asia, except "Indonesia" of course, which I avoided. As a result, I have close business relationship with top 50 US corporations in the fields of petrochemicals, shipping, construction, aviation, manufacturing and food processing industries. My own company had join-venture agreements with many of them which I affected, and myself retain a status of consultant to some of them. As chairman of consortia of these corporations I had led many American corporate delegations to negotiate large scale business transactions in many countries in the Middle East, Europe and Asia. It was on my visit to Riyad as the head of one of these consortia that I was received, in 1973, by His Majesty King Feisal. I presented to King Feisal two gifts: his portrait done by a famous artist with the background of industrialized Saudi Arabia, and an album of postage stamps with the picture of my great grandfather, Al-Malik Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, to remind him that although I came at the head of an American consortium I was still an Achehnese Sumatran, and never an "Indonesian". And there were many such business missions that I led to other countries.

I had enjoyed my business activities, and appreciated the company of my business colleagues, some of them men of great culture and erudition. But I never mixed my business with ray politics. So very few of them knew what I had in mind to do in Acheh Sumatra.

This is my private affairs with my people only. I did not solicit anybody else's advice, sympathy, or support. As much as I would like to give compliments to some of them, I will refrain from doing so in this book, and I will keep them nameless, also their companies, in this *Diary.*

As the aeroplane races the sun to the West I look down to what has become my familiar stamping ground on this long stretch of North America. This ground is so familiar to me. I used to fly from New York to Michigan in my company's affiliate private jet to inspect the cattle farms and the meat processing plant there.I also used to fly to Detroit to visit the headquarters of a fiberglass company there.I have an eerie feeling when I begin to think how difference is this overflight from what I used to do. This is an overflight to end all my flights. Will I ever be able to fly over here again in my life time? For all intents and purposes this may be my last time. Only a miracle can change that.

In a few hours I can see the snow-covered peak of Mount Rainier. It looks majestic even from on high. I have my own private meaning of that peak. 1 almost got killed there a year ago or so. That peak has become a milestone in my life, not because I almost got killed there, but because of the profound regret that I had at that time there about the probability of dying before doing what I have to do in Acheh.lt was not fear of death but remorse at not having done what I should for my country and my people before I die. I do not care much if I died but I care very much if I died before doing what I considered to be the purpose of my life. I was sure that my friend DC, the president of the biggest airplane company in the world, who had made such a gracious gesture to insist on flying me by himself with his own private jet to go to inspect a desert station in Oregon,did not know what was on my mind when we were on the South side of the peak of Mount Rainier, on the same height, when suddenly his engines went dead. I quietly pray to Allah to save us and I swore that if saved, I would at once proceed to Acheh to do my duty.I asked for the last chance. There were four of us in the four-seater jet: DC and me in the front seats, and two colleagues, VDL and MP, in the back seats, both were such admirable characters to be with. DC was a former dare-devil test pilot. So there was no lack of courage on his part. He calmly tried to get the engines start but nothing happened. He deftly manipulated the plane to glide down, to reach as far as possible. Luckily, we were already in the vicinity of the dirt airfield of the project, our destination. DC managed to bring the plane down hovering over that dirt field and landed. After it touched down the plane couldnot move one inch, even when the four of us tried to push it. That was the day I made my deadline: I must return to Acheh to do my duty not later than today ! September 4, 1976, my birthday: the 46.

Because of the incident, we missed a huge banquet at a fashionable hotel in Seattle that had been prepared in my honor. We had to send in for a special plane to pick us up tomorrow, and we had to stay for the night at a desert inn. This was a real desert area of Oregon where the biggest airplane company in the

world was doing experimentation to make agriculture in the desert to plant grass and corns for animal feeds, with the idea of doing it in Saudi Arabia, if the pilot project here was successful. You see, the big company today is doing everything where there is business to make money. The name of the companies nowadays are no longer relevant to what they are doing. This big airplane compa -ny for example, is not only doing agribusiness, housing, construction but also ship-building! You can also see that I had come to like my business life that it was difficult to put an end to it.

But the most difficult of all, and the most heartbreaking and inhuman was the fact that to do my patriotic duty I had to disrupt my happy family life: I had to leave my wife and young son in the US. My wife had agreed to my going because she realized how strongly I felt about it. Little did she realize how painful it would be. My wife is the one who suffered the most. I had sacrificed her too.

Another matter that seared my heart is that I had to leave my only son, Karim, who is only six years old. As all fathers know, that is the best year of a child's life. To make my son fatherless at six years old is not a very kindly thing to do to him, especially when the act was deliberately done - for whatever adult's reasons - but certainly not acceptable from the child's point of view. This is hurting somebody who is dearest and helpless and completely dependent on you and cannot even protest! I acted against all my best emotions. Only a Wilhelm Tell could share my grief.

If you allowed a father's pride, and since I am writing what is important to me that crosses my mind during this crucial journey, I will write something about my son as I am remembering him now. Karim has the gift of goodlook that he was admired so much everywhere he went. We were rather proud of him. When he was about four or five he had shown a very definite "in charge" character. I distinctly remembered when we were having a summer vacation in Cape Cod he forbade his father going to swim in the sea when he saw the waves were bigger than usual. I remembered trying to go to the water when he was not seeing, but the moment he realized that his father was in the water with the waves roaring, he came running frantically crying to pull his father from danger. Such determination on his part called for respect. Another incident that I vividly recalled was this: one day we were shopping and went into a candy store to buy a box of candy when suddenly a group of teenage boys came to terrorize the old woman shop-owner. The boys were attempting to steal some candies over the protestations of the old lady.I knew I had to do something, but before I could make up my mind about what to do, I heard a whistle being blown from somewhere in the store, and the boys scrambled out of the shop in a hurry. When I turned my head to the corner of the store from where the whistle sound came from, I saw Karim standing stiffly with the whistle in his hand.He must havebeen five years old at the time. The old shop-owner thanked him profusedly. The boys could have beaten him up and we would have gotten involved in some fracas. But, before I made up my mind about what to do, my son had acted on his own, and did the right thing although at considerable personal risk. I was too slow to react as usual.

I´remember I used to take my son to do the Muslim Friday Prayer at the United Nations' building in New York, in order to make him familiar with this aspect of his religious heritage. He was always sought after and hugged by diplomats attending the services. When walking with my son on Fifth Avenue we always got following, a group of men and women who came to talk to Karim and to touch him. When walking with my son I always felt like escorting somebody very important because the attention passersby paid to him. One day I left my son for a moment in the lobby of Hotel Plaza to make a telephone call. Before I finished my call, I saw Senator Eugene McCarthy, then a major presidential candidate, talking to Karim. The Senator came to me to give compliments about Karim. He said:"I had to come to shake the hand of your son because he looks so handsome!" So much for reminiscence of a sad father. It seems that the instinct for the survival of the herd, the group, is more ancient than the instinct for the survival of the individual.

(OCTOBER 28, 1976)

On Thursday, October 28, 1976, at 2 PM, I boarded the boat that will take me to Acheh Sumatra from a mainland port of Asia with a dozen crew and about 15 guards. The boat is a 250 tonner, just a comfortable size to cross the Malacca Straits.The weather has been rough in the Andaman Sea for the last two weeks as the monsoon season is due to begin, but we are lucky to have a break of a fair weather just at the beginning of that day. As we begin sailing Southward we have a spectacular view of the mountain ranges and the green hilly islands emerging from the sea. When the sky is cloudy, the sea water here looked emerald green, and when the sky is blue, the water is also blue. When the nightfall, the dark tropical sky are strewn with countless bright stars, big and small, and as it was the beginning of the lunar month, the crescent has also appeared just above the horizon surrounded by other twinkling stars. The view is breath-takingly dramatic and peaceful. It is the calm before the storm. The purpose of my voyage has nothing to do with my surroundings. It is the antithesis of all appearances.

Many thoughts cross my mind. I think of Ceasar´s crossing of the Rubicon that led to the civil war in Rome. My Rubicon is vastly larger and my crossing will not result in a civil war but in a national unity and in a war of national liberation to free my people from foreign domination, from the yoke of Javanese colonialism. I thought of Ceasar´s landing in Spain, in Lerida, where he conquered the country in 40 days. But Ceasar had a legion with him. I have nothing. I come back alone - unarmed. I have no instrument of power.I brought only a message: that of national salvation and survival of the people of Acheh Sumatra as a Nation, and a reputation of a Tiro-man. No one inside the country knew of my coming or the implication of it. I face the Javanese Indonesian colonialist troops, half-a-million men strong, equipped with most modern weapons, experienced in guerilla-warfare, and had just massacred 2-million people who dared to oppose it. Yes, here I come. There is no turning back.

I thought of Napoleon's landing from Egypt under a vastly diffe-

rent circumstance. And of his landing at the Gulf of Juan from Elba. This last one must have been the most spectacular feat of personal history. I thought of Fidel Castro's landing in Cuba with his two-hundred comrades. I search for precedence, for guidance. I found none. Because I must face the fact that I come alone: without friend, without arms - none of my guards will be landing with me, - and without foreign backing: I do not come home to replace one colonialism with another. And yet my mission is to save my people from oblivion, to free my country from foreign domination which means to wage war of national liberation; in short to redeem the past and to justify the future of the Achehnese as a nation. Obviously the odds against me are overwhelming. But that did not stop me. I must do what I have to do.

I thought of what H. J. Schmidt had written about my family history in his book, *Mareahaussee in Atjeh*, published long ago that "no matter what was the odd against him, a Tengku di Tiro would stand up and fight like a hero. A Tengku di Tiro will not accept defeat; he deems only two things acceptable for him: either victory, or else death. These are men, who in the free choice between life and death, would choose the latter. The last surviving Tengku di Tiro will die in the battlefield, and sooner or later will be followed by another, and another. This is going to be the last scene of every Act of a continuing Achehnese Drama that by now can no longer be played in any other way." The poignancy of this historical precedence and its relevancy to my present situation - I being the latter of the di Tiro, and the next chapter of Achehnese History is self-evident. And yet I did not do what I am doing in order to keep a record, but I did what came naturally to me, what I felt I must do.

(OCTOBER 30, 1976)

My boat reached the landing area on the North coast of Acheh on Saturday morning, October 30, 1976, about 8:30 in the morning in the fishermen village of Pasi Lhok. My boat hits the shore in broad daylight, witnessed by the entire population of the village. Fortunately there was no Javanese Indonesian police in the place at the time. I asked the people on shore to call my man, Muhammad Daud Husin (who was also known as Daud Paneuk) to come on board. After an hour of waiting, the messenger returns to say that Muhammad Daud Husin was not home but had gone to Sigli, a Javanese Indonesian garrison town, about ten kilometers away. I leave order to fetch him and I ask the captain of my boat to go away from the shore as far as possible, and I leave a message to the men on shore where they can find our boat on high seas.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon we see a boat approaching us. First it looks like a little black dot. Slowly it grows bigger and bigger. We hope that it is our boat coming to fetch me. But, it can also be an Indonesian police patrol boat. So my guards are ready for any eventuality. They are well-armed and in good spirit. No one is afraid of the Indonesians. Let them come. As the boat approaches we know it is not the Indonesian police but our men. However, it was not Muhammad Daud who comes but his deputy. He has

not returned home yet from Sigli.

I then step down into that small boat, and my suit case is transfered to it. The captain of my guards offers to accompanyme to go on shore to assure my safety. I appreciate his gesture, but I tell him it is not necessary.There we part company and say goodbye to one another. We are loyal friends. The captain said to me as we parted:"Your Highness, I can see that your people love you!"

At about 6 PM my small boat enters Kuala Tari (Impeccable Bay) to the East of the village of Pasi Lhok. There a group of a dozen men, headed by M. Daud Husin, has been waiting to escort me to the mountain region, that very night - my first night in my homeland after being in exile for 25 years in the United States. No one else know in the country of my arrival. Kuala Tari is surrounded by swampy marshes and fish pounds that one can get lost very easily. I am invited to come to a small and secluded hut on a fish pound where I have my dinner together with the men. They are all strong young men from the village of Pasi Lhok who have strong traditional ties with my family. At about midnight we proceed to march to the mountain forest of Panton Weng, about six hours walking distance from the sea shore. We have to walk in the dark quietly without using flashlight to avoid detection by the Javanese Indonesian agents. We decided to begin the march after midnight in order to avoid meeting people on the road. Inspite of all that precaution, however, we still encounter people on the road, and our midnight march was observed by some people.

(OCTOBER 31, 1976)

After about three hours march in the dark, we make a short rest in the village of Langgien, South of the town of Teupin Raya. Al -though tired, I have a sensational feeling being able to walk again on my own land, the land of my birth, after 25 years un-able to set my foot on it,because the Javanese occupiers of my country would not allow me to return. I can never consent to asking foreigners' permission for me to come back to my own land. After a rest of one-half hour, we proceed again toward the South, the mountain region. We begin climbing hills and descending them. Because there was rain during the day, the paths are very slippery. I fall flat on my back several times. By the time of day break we still have not reach our destination. After twice crossing the Pante Radja river, we finally reach our destination, the forest of Panton Weng, at about 7 A. M. This is a traditional guerilla hide-out, both during the war against the Dutch and during the last resistance against the Javanese Indonesians. The terrain is so hilly and covered with incredibly thick forests. One cannot see through within 15 meters, and there are many small brooks criss-crossing the forests. Everyone is so exhausted and in need to lie down. But there is no place to lie down unless one makes a clearing on the forest floor first. So the men begin to cut some trees to clear the ground just enough to lay a mat for me to lie down. In no time I fall asleep. For the first time on my own homeland in twenty-five years.

While I was asleep the men cut the trees to make clearance to establish our first camp. They picked up a place adjacent to a clear

spring where they established two houses, one long, for themselves, and adjacent to it a "special" one, smaller, for my "residence". For the roofs and walls they used black or green heavy and thick plastic tissues which come very handy. In the old time our fathers had to work several days just to make roofs for their guerilla camps out of cut grass. In two days we have functional houses in the midst of the forests complete with running water! We named this Camp Panton Weng. So I begin my new life as a guerilla warrior - picking up a long family tradition!

(NOVEMBER 1 - 29, 1976)

Although our camp is only about 4 kilometers from the enemy (Javanese Indonesian) police post, on the other side of the Pante Radja river, and we can hear the enemy trucks passing the road nearby, our camp cannot be seen by land or from the air. In that sense it is very safe. This is then my first headquarters and the first patch of Achehnese liberated territory!

I stayed here from November 1, 1976 to November 29, 1976. I found the process of adjustment came naturally, although occasionally the memory of my old world came in strong such as when I heard the sound of Europe-bound international airlines flying high overhead reminded me of the amenities of the life in the first class cabin that I used to partake. But soon all that is forgotten, replaced by the true joy of revolutionary fulfilment, true joy of discovering oneself fulfilling a great and sacred task, surrounded by the comrades-in-arms who give their all for the great and historic destiny of our people. There are plenty of laughter and even tears of joy may be more often than tears of sorrow. When Dr. Muchtar Hasbi came to the camp to visit me for the first time during the month of November, he wept unashamedly like a little boy for hours. It was the shock of recognition. The last time he saw me was in my luxurious residence abroad. Muchtar was a great character, an irreplaceable son of the people of Acheh, a great hero, second to none,of whom I will write more later.

Now to work. It was in Panton Weng that I formulated my strategy that was primarily imposed by my situation.First,I would call carefully selected Achehnese leaders to come to meet me in Panton Weng. The first order of thing is to make the Achehnese opinion leaders understand in what political process our people and our country are involved: we are in the process of being swallowed by Javanese colonialists and being put to death as a nation,so that the Javanese can inherit our land.We shall not survive as a people much longer unless we resist and mobilize now. The way to our national salvation is the recreation of Achehnese historic consciousness.I have written enough books on this subject. What we have to do now is to make our people study these books. Thus the paper works had already been done by me during my long exile in the United States. The only thing they have to do now is *read!*

This approach succeeds like wild fire. We reprinted the book that I had written to revive Achehnese patriotism in our guerilla printing shops and distributed the books free of charge to the people. My

book *Acheh in World History* (Atjeh Bak Mata Donja) published in New York in 1968; *One-Hundred years Anniversary of the Battle of Bandar Acheh* (Sireutoih Thon Mideuen Prang Bandar Atjeh), New York, 1973} *The Political Future of the Malay Archipelago* (Masa Ukeue Politek Donja Meulaju), New York, 1965; *The Struggle for Free Acheh* (Perdju-angan Atjeh Meurdehka), 1976; all proved to be very effective eye-openers to the people of Acheh. In matter of a few months after my landing,the history of Acheh will become a universal knowledge again among the people. Many Achehnese teachers in Javanese Indonesian school system resigned their posts because of their new consciousness. They said:"I have been teaching the wrong thing to the children." They all joined the Free Acheh Movement, that is, the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra. We have no money to buy the papers to print our books and information materials, but how did we manage to print them? Soon those who became our sympathisers but still working in the Indonesian Javanese colonialist offices released the papers to us to print our information materials for free distribution to the people. By November 29, 1976, thirty days after my landing, our adherents have become large enough and the formal organization of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra has become a reality.

Emissaries came to Panton Weng from all over Acheh Sumatra. And after they returned to their places they begin to organize the NLF in their territories. Soon the organization had spread all over the country.The people already knew it but no one reported the matter to the Indonesian Javanese regime that was detested by all. This shows the separation between the people of Acheh Sumatra and the Indonesian Javanese colonialist regime.

By this time the mountains and the forests have assumed the new meaning and the new significance to the people of Acheh Sumatra. The mountains and the forests have become the new centre of learning and the new seat of leadership. When the people looked at the mountains which are visible everywhere in Acheh Sumatra they reminded them where the leaders are, where the centre of guidance is. When they need for guidance they say they have to go to the mountains. Someone who had been to the mountains became an authority who are looked up to by his neighbors. People are talking about sending their money, rice, their sons to the mountains.Suddenly the mountains - which are ever present and ever visible - have become symbols of the Revolution and the mighty fortress of Achehnese liberty.

On November 29, I decided to move my headquarters from Panton Weng to Tiro Region, after staying one month. It was the most critical one month. It is not an easy move. In the forest one becomes attached to the familiar surrounding very easily. I feel a certain sadness to leave. Besides, Panton Weng is quite a historic place. It was also a guerilla headquarters some 100 years ago during our people's fight against Dutch colonialism. There are to be found that war's heroes graveyards on the top of the hill, just to the West of my present camp. The people here believed there are two tigers guard ing that graves now. And anyone doubting this - thus I was told -may come to the graveyards at 3 AM on rainy nights to see the honor guards! The old warriors had taken care to plant durian trees all

around the place with the idea that their children's children might eat the fruits some day. Durian trees take very long time to bear fruits. Those who think only for their immediate advantages are not the ones who planted the durian trees.

Besides there is a man in Panton Weng by the name of Pawang Baka. *Pawang* is Achehnese for expert of mountains and forests. Pawang Baka, who looked much older than his 45 years, is a pillar of strength of my Panton Weng headquarters. When you are in the forest of Acheh, you must always have at least one Pawang with you at all time.Otherwise when you have to move, planned or forced, you are certain to get lost. That is one of the great mysteries of Achehnese Sumatran forests. Pawang Baka is a man with very few words. During the Achehnese armed resistance against the Javanese Indonesian regime in the 1950s, Pawang Baka was one among hundreds of people who had been line up by the Javanese soldiers and machine-gunned to death en mass in front of a mass grave. Pawang Baka fainted dead and let himself fell among the dead earlier. Although bathed with others'blood, he luckily escaped death and walked out of the mass grave at nightfall. When he knew that I had come back to Acheh he came to enroll his son to be among the first revolutionary cadres of Free Acheh Movement, and he himself has never left my sight ever since. He had contracted tuberculosis but the young M. D.'s of Free Acheh are treating him now. Everything will be allright for Pawang Baka.

The move to Tiro Region was finally decided upon several considerations: first,we have intelligence reports that the increasing numbers of people coming and going to Panton Weng from far-away places have begun attracting attention of the enemy security forces and it was impossible to cover that up because there is only one route lead ing to Panton Weng. Secondly, if the enemy decided to take action we will have a difficult time to retreat, while if we were in the Tiro Region we will be unbeatable come what may.Thirdly, my beloved Uncle Tengku Tjhik Umar di Tiro, who is the Head of my House, and whom I looked upon as my father, has sent his trusted Commander,Geutjhik lima, to fetch me, and to bring me back to the home ground in Tiro Region, where he feels I will be safer.

(NOVEMBER 30, 1976)

In the morning of November 30, 1976, we leave the camp of Panton Weng for Tiro, taking Southwestern direction. The order of the march is as follow: first the *Pawang* party (the guides), then the advanced security guards, then my party, then the rear guards.We march single file. Even then it is difficult to avoid entanglement with forest shrubs and occasional rattan traps.Cutting of any trees, even a leaf is strictly forbidden as that can leave traces for the enemy to follow. We march in silence. This is the first long march through the forest that we have taken since my return.Even the *Pawangs* are a bit hesitant in leading the way after they had not been in this part of the forests for so many years. One does not go here for pleasure. It turned out that it takes us four days of exhausting march to arrive to our new place in the mountains of Tiro. For me it was my first taste of what is more to come. It is to be the trial of body and soul.

During the march like that we are forced to sleep on the ground. We would stop marching at about 5 PM in order to be able to use the remaining day light hours to prepare for the night since fire is not to be used at night, for security reason. The men have to clear the ground over which a plastic tissue would be laid to prevent any seepage of water from below. Then a blanket would be laid down over the plastic tissue. If there is no rain, nothing further need to be done for one night stay. If there is rain then a make-shift roof must be contrived. Those who are in charge of cooking are the ones who have I! to work hardest,especially on rainy days when it is hardest to light the fire. But it is astonishing to see that my men, being mountain people, most of them, know exactly what trees they can light up without having to pick up the dry ones. So they have no problem start-li ing the fire even in the rain. They know how to start the fire with a freshly cut green trees! I have read Dutch military reports during their war against us that when they came to the mountains to engage our guerillas, they had to go hungry for days in the rainy seasons because they did not know how to start the fire without using dry firewoods!

The hardest thing to do during the march when you have to climb I high mountains is the carrying of rice and other food supply.You can never carry enough food sufficient for a long time.You have to break the journey for a new supply along the way. Usually our men see to it that everyone help each other and do their equal shares for hard works.

It took us four days to reach Tiro. On the third day we thought we had gotten lost and had arrived in Geumpang instead! In fact we did not get lost but everyone simply had no familiarity with the ter rains anymore, even the *Pawangs*. It was a mistake because we didnot take Pawang Baka with us whose territory this is. That every one ag- reed.

During this trip I had my first unforgettable hardship. It was when we were descending a very steep hill with the path all covered by slippery mud of such depth that it sometime reached up to my knees that I had to take my boots off, only to discover that the mud was infested with rattan thorns, two inches long on the average and the sharpness of which surpassed those of the roses. I had my bare feet plunged into several of these thorns. I thought the enemy must have planted them there. That was when I recalled with great nostalgia my many pleasant walks on Fifth Avenue. I really said to myself "What am I doing here?" It was at 2 AM and raining and we are all soaking wet, and exhausted. During these descends, Geutjhik Uma had to hold on my shoulders´ blades from behind in order to prevent me from falling forward down hill. It was on Thursday, December 2,1976.

We reached Tiro Region at about 4 PM the next day, Friday, December 3, 1976. At that time, I recalled, I was so exhausted that when we crossed the river I had to be carried by Geutjhik Uma and Geutjik Amin who came to fetch me. (*Geutjhik* is the title of the head of a village). Both of these distinguished Geutjhiks are stalwarts of the Tiro people. And yet it takes another near all night climbings and descending before we reach our new place at about 4 AM,where I get

the impression that I must have arrived inthe darkest bottom of this earth, where the scenery composed of gloomy darkness, black rocks, wet dirty grounds, and with so little room to move around, one man literally standing on top of the head of another, because of the escalator-like formation of the rocks around us. Only the occasional blinks of a hunter's flash-light on someone's head gave occasional light. But the stamina of my men was to be admired. No one complaint although everyone is carrying heavy loads over his head. I was so exhausted - although carrying nothing - and fell asleep right away and I did not care anymore where I was. Only tomorrow at day break I know where we were. It was a place impossible to find even during the day time.

The name of the place is the Tjokkan Hill. It was also an old historic guerilla camping ground with the reputation of having never been discovered by the enemy, Dutch or Javanese Indonesians, until this day. My uncle once lived there. The camp was established near the Southern precipice of the high hill but not visible from any directions because it was protected by the cone-shaped rock formation of the ground all around. In the middle of the camping ground there runs a beautiful winding spring passing though several miniature waterfalls before finally falling at the height of 200 meters downhill and then disappeared in the ground. Thus, this is a spring without a mouth - a very rare occurrence. The "counter-insurgency" experts would usually start their search for a possible guerilla hide-outs by following through every mouth of the spring that can easily be spotted along the bigger rivers. This, however, is a spring without a trace! It turned out to be the place where I stayed the longest and from where I would make the Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra, on December 4, 1976.

(DECEMBER 4, 1976)

I have long decided that the new Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra should be made on December 4, for symbolical and historical reasons because it was the day after the Dutch had shot and killed the last Head of State of independent Acheh Sumatra, Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, in the battlefield of Alue Shot, Tangse", on December 3, 1911. The Dutch had, therefore, counted December 4, 1911, as the day of the ending of the Achehnese State as a Sovereign entity, and the day of the Dutch final "victory" over the Kingdom of A-cheh Sumatra, as has been asserted by Colonel H. J. Schmidt,the Dutch commander who led the attack at Alue Bhot. However,that was not true at all because the Achehnese war of resistance did not end with the fall of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro at the Battle of Alue Bhot since the struggle was continued by the survivors of 1911. The State of A-cheh Sumatra had never surrendered to Holland! The struggle continues. The flag of Acheh will always be flown at half-staff to honor the memory of the heroic young last Achehnese Head of State, Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro. But henceforth, until the end of time, that flag of Acheh will be raised again the next day, on December 4, in the most solemn and dramatic way to signify the Renaissance and the continuity of the people of Acheh Sumatra and the State of Acheh Sumatra forever and ever. Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro was my uncle.

Here is the Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra which I penned down at Tjokkan Hill, and declared to the world on December 4, 1976:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF ACHEH SUMATRA

To the peoples of the world:

"We, the people of Acheh,Sumatra, exercising our right of self-determination, and protecting our historic right of eminent domain to our fatherland, do hereby declare ourselves free and independent from all political control of the foreign regime of Jakarta and the alien people of the island of Java.

"Our fatherland, Acheh,Sumatra, had always been a free and independent Sovereign State since the world begun. Holland was the first foreign power to attempt to colonize us when it declared war against the Sovereign State of Acheh, on March 26, 1873, and on the same day invaded our territory, aided by Java -nese mercenaries. The aftermath of this invasion was duly recorded on the front pages of contemporary newspapers all over the world. *The London Times*, on April 22, 1873, wrote:"A remarkable incident in modern colonial history is reported from the East Indian Archipelago. A considerable force of Europeans has been defeated and held in check by the Army of a native State...the State of Acheh. The Achehnese have gained a decisive victory. Their enemy is not only defeated, but compelled to withdraw." *The New York Times*, on March 6th, 1873, wrote:"A sanguinary battle has taken place in Acheh, a native Kingdom occupying the Northern portion of the island of Sumatra. The Dutch delivered a general assault and now we have details of the result. The attack was repulsed with great slaughter. The Dutch general was killed, and his army put to disastrous flight. It appears, indeed, to have been literally decimated." This event had attracted powerful world-wide attention. President Ulysses S. Grant of the U-nited States issued his famous *Proclamation of Impartial Neutrality* in this war between Holland and Acheh.

"On Christmas Day, 1873,the Dutch invaded Acheh *for the second time*, and thus begun what *Harper's Magazine* had called "A Hundred Years War of Today", one of the bloodiest and longest colonial war in human history, during which one-half of our people had laid down their lives defending our Sovereign State. It was being fought right up to the beginning of World War II. Eight immediate forefathers of the signer of this Declaration died in the battlefields of that long war,defending our Sovereign Nation, all as successive rulers and supreme commanders of the forces of the Sovereign State of Acheh Sumatra.

"However, when, after World War II, the Dutch East Indies was supposed to have been liquidated - an empire is not liquidated if its territorial integrity was preserved, - our fatherland, Acheh, Sumatra, was not returned to us. Instead, our fatherland was turned over by the Dutch to the Javanese - their exmer-cenaries, - by hasty fiat of former colonial powers.The Javanese are alien and foreign people to us Achehnese Sumatrans. We have no his-

toric, political, cultural, economic or geographic relationship with them. When the fruits of Dutch conquests are preserved, intact, and then bequeathed, as it were, to the Javanese, the result is inevitable that a Javanese colonial empire would be established in place of that of the Dutch over our fatherland, Acheh Sumatra. But,colonialism, either by white, Dutch, Europeans, or by brown, Javanese Asians is not acceptable to the people of Acheh Sumatra.

"This illegal transfer of sovereignty over our fatherland by the old, Dutch colonialists to the new, Javanese colonialists, was done in the most appalling political fraud of the century: the Dutch colonialist was supposed to have turned over the sovereignty over our fatherland to a "new nation" called "Indonesia". But "Indonesia" was a fraud:a cloak to cover up Javanese colonialism. Since the world begun,there never was a people, much less a nation,in our part of the world by that name.No such people existed in the Malay Archipelago by definitions of ethnology, philology, cultural anthropology,sociology,or by any other scientific findings. "Indonesia" is merely a new label, in a totally foreign nomenclature which has nothing to do with our own history, language, culture, or interests; it was a new label considered useful by the Dutch to re place the despicable "Dutch East Indies" in an attempt to unite the administration of their ill-gotten far-flung colonies; and the Javanese neo-colonialists knew of its usefulness to gain fraudulent recognition from the unsuspecting world,ignorant of the history of the Malay Archipelago. If Dutch colonialism was wrong, then Javanese colonialism which was squarely based on it cannot be right. The most fundamental principle of International Law states: *Ex injuria jus non oritur*. Right cannot originate from wrong!

"The Javanese, nevertheless, are attempting to perpetuate colonialism which all the Western colonial powers had abandoned and all the world had condemned. During these last thirty years the people of Acheh, Sumatra, have witnessed how our fatherland has been exploited and driven into ruinous conditions by the Javanese neo-colonialists: they have stolen our properties; they have robbed us from our livelihood; they have abused the education of our children; they have exiled our leaders; they have put our people in chains of tyranny, poverty, and neglect: the life expectancy of our people is 34 years and is decreasing - compare this to the world's standard of 70 years and is increasing! While Acheh, Sumatra has been producing a revenue of over 15 billion US dollars yearly for the Javanese neo-colonialists, which they used totally for the benefit of Java and the Javanese.

"We, the people of Acheh, Sumatra, would have no quarrel with the Javanese if they had stayed in their own country, and if they had not tried to lord it over us. From now on we intend to be the masters in our own house: the only way life is worth living; to make our own laws: as we see fit; to become the guarantor of our own freedom and independence: for which we are capable; to become equal with all the peoples of the world: as our forefathers had always been. In short, to become sovereign in our own fatherland!

"Our cause is just! Our land is endowed by the Almighty with plenty and bounty. We covet no foreign territory. We intend to be a worthy contributor to human welfare the world over. We expect recognition from decent members of the community of nations. We extend the hands of friendship to all peoples and to all governments from the four corners of the earth.

"In the name of the sovereign people of Acheh, Sumatra.

Tengku Hasan Muhammad di Tiro Chairman, National Liberation Front of Acheh and Sumatra and Head of State

Acheh, Sumatra, December 4, 1976."

Also the formation of the first Achehnese Cabinet since 1911 was announced, although the swearing-in ceremony of the Ministers had to be postponed until sometime later when all the Ministers can come together to Tiro.

Another reason for the Declaration of Independence, although we have not commenced the armed phase of the struggle, is to emphasize the political and ideological nature of our struggle. To give authoritative guidance and direction to the people in the most dramatic and cohesive version, something very real that they can hold on to. This is the best way to recreate Achehnese group consciousness and political historical awareness for a people with a unique past such as ours. When a people lost their group consciousness and forgot their history, they can no longer exercise their right of Selfdetermination. That was what happened to the Achehnese generation of 1945. Therefore, we had lost the opportunity to regain the independence that was rightly ours. After this Declaration of Independence that will never happen again!

Successful armed struggle can only be waged by a people who are politically conscious and politically organized and mobilized. Our Declaration of Independence is an instrument to achieve that;it is a preparatory step to a successful armed struggle.A Declaration of Independence is not to signify the end of the struggle. It is instead to serve notice of its commencement, when our people have properly grasped the meaning and purposes of our Declaration of Independence, then no Javanese colonialist regime can prevent them from gaining that independence.

Another reason for issuing of our Declaration of Independence immediately as we did is to combat sinister Javanese colonialist propa ganda abroad to label us as "terrorists" and "fanatics". We can now say with great satisfaction that we have achieved our objectives internally as well as internationally with our Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra. No one in the world believed that we are "terrorists" or "fanatics" as the Javanese colonialists tried hard to propagate. Our messages to the world had come loud and clear: the whole world has already known about the National Liberation Front of

Acheh Sumatra and about the State of Acheh Sumatra. With the minimum of means and within a relatively short time,we have established ourselves as one of the best known national liberation movements in the world today. Our enemies and their agents certainly will try to belittle us, but since when do we care what these thieves of our country and their accomplices are saying?

We cannot have moral, political and military supports before we legitimatized our struggle first politically as a national liberation movement. No party in the world will help a terrorist group, or a separatist movement.That is why the Javanese colonialist regime is trying to label us as "terrorists" and "separatists" so that we cannot get any help from the outside world. But anyone who is not illiterate can see from our case history that we are not separatists but a people whose right to independence has been swindle by the Javanese Indonesian regime. But the world will help the legitimate national liberation movement and the legitimate independence movement such as ours. That is why we had followed through the policy we did, although many of our own people were confused at the beginning before they quite understand our strategy.

(DECEMBER 5, 1976)

The moment I moved my headquarters to the Tiro Region, the political activities increased rapidly to a dizzying spell. Emissaries arrived from all regions of Acheh Sumatra, days and nights,even from outside Sumatra such as from the Celebes, and from Jakarta - that despicable place.By the same token enemy intelligence activities became focused on us also.Enemy attempts to infiltrate our ranks began to be made in earnest.By now all the people in Tiro Region knew that I was back, in the mountains somewhere, and they are 100 percent beside me with whatever they have. All the people in the Tiro Region, men and women, became adherents of the NLFAS - by what sociologists might refer to as membership by identification,that is by their complete identification with me and ray family. This process of identification by the people with the movement is applicable to the restof Acheh. I know by then that the idea of independence of Acheh Sumatra has been enthusiastically accepted by the people, and that they are now willing to fight for it - something that was not on anyone´s mind,and not thinkable, only two months ago.Now the whole country is stirred up by the idea and increasingly openly. Achehnese flag that has not been seen during these last 50 years began to be raised all over the country, even on the flagpole of the Javanese army of occupation in Kuta Radja.

Today a brand new printing machine was brought in from Medan to our Tjokkan Hill headquarters that augurs well for our publicity activities. The machine will produce pamphlets, booklets, directives, and poetry, all in Achehnese language, for free distribution for the people all over the country. This operation will be so successful that the Javanese colonialists think that our publications come from foreign countries because our standard is much higher than the Indonesian Javanese colonialists' own publications in Acheh. Our supply of papers come from the enemy's own offices throughout Acheh Sumatra.

(DECEMBER 6, 1976)

Today I received the visit of Tengku Sjamaun (55) the Governor of Teumieng province in East Acheh. He had already been in contact with Dr Muchtar Hasbi, Vice Chairman of the NLFAS. Tengku Sjamaun is our strongman in East Acheh. A man of strong conviction, courteous but firm. He had organized the NLFAS single-handedly in the Eastern regions. He had helped the escape of a group of young Achehnese doctors and engineers from Medan to the liberated territory, among them Dr. Muchtar Hasbi, M.D., Dr. Husaini M. Hasan, M.D., Dr. Zubir Mahmud, M.D., Dr. Zaini Abdullah, M.D., Dr. Teuku Asnawi Ali, Mr. Amir Ishak, and others. These young men are going to play important role in the struggle later on. (Soon after he returned to his province however, Tengku Sjamaun was murdered by the Javanese Indonesian troops at his home, without any legal process whatsoever, shot dead in front of his wife. I received the news with profound sadness.From that moment on I know that the Javanese colonialists have inaugurated the policy to murder every member of the NLFAS like they had massacred millions of innocent farmers and workers a decade ago. This is significant because up to that moment we have not entered into an armed struggle. Tengku Sjamaun was not even armed. But when the Java nese Indonesian colonialists came to his home to shoot him, he offered a courageous symbolic resistance with a sword that was hanged to decorate the wall of his verandah. He faced his death bravely . From that day on I knew that our struggle will be with a merciless enemy.)

(DECEMBER 7, 1976)

The next arrival was Mr. A. Daud (50) a prominent leader from the Pase province, the gas producing province of Acheh Sumatra, one of the world's greatest gas field. He was an experienced political organizer with tremendous drive and energy, and with military experience, acguired during the guerilla campaign against the Dutch in 1945 period - while helping the Javanese - and later against the Javanese in the 1950s when the Javanese assumed the "white man's burden" . For that reason I have decided to make him the military com-rander of Eastern province of Teumieng and Peureulak. Also with him came Uzair Djailani (30), a relative of Dr. Muchtar Hasbi. Uzair resigned his post at Financial Department of Pertamina, the Javanese regime's oil company, to join the NLFAS.Again,please note that those who joined the liberation struggle are NOT because theyhave no jobs!

By now there are so much going and coming at my headquarters in Tjokkan Hill. There are so many things that I have to do, all at the same time, and there was never enough time for doing everything. The most time-consuming activities are receiving emissaries now coming from all over the country and talking to them,enlighten them about the aims of our movement and why we have to do it. Essentially this is an educational and a missionary movement to re-educate my people about themselves, their history, their culture, their economy, their past and their proper future. And to make them aware in what process of dissolution and colonization they have been subjected to by the Javanese Indonesian colonialists.And after that to relate our strug-

gle to the world-wide movement for independence,to the available international procedures to make ourselves free again,to relate to the world movement for self-determination, and to the modern Law of Nations which sanctioned the right of self-determination for all peoples. Thus to take the Achehnese out of his isolation.

In a sense, the activities of the NLFAS at this stage are purely educational, and we have to go to the forests for protection from Javanese lynching, in order to be able to give proper Achehnese education to our people with a view to our survival as a national, political and cultural entity. Theoretically all these rights are guaranteed under the Charter of the United Nations, under the Charter of the UNESCO, under the Charter of the Human Rights Convention, under the Charter of the Rights of the Peoples. But the Javanese Indonesian colonialists have violated each one of these rights to the minutest details: they are treating us as a proscribed group of human beings, without right to our homeland,without right to use our own language, without right to govern ourselves,ney without right to call ourselves with our own names. For the last 35 years they have used the schools and the mass media to destroy every aspect of our culture, nationality, polity and historic consciousness. It is a miracle that our people has not died. I have to come back from America to live in the forests if I wanted to give proper education to my people and to my children. And this happens at the end of this 20th century! what else could I do? To go back to the city, like everybody and then speaks the truth? I would havebeen arrested on the first day of my arrival. Even when I went to live in the forests like now, they wanted me dead! What I have done is the only thing left that I can do,if I do not want to capitulate to the invaders of my country. What I have done is the only thing left to do if I wanted to redeem the past and to justify the future of my people. And at what personal sacrifice and tears and blood that had cost me to do this. And yet I can never justify my life if I did not do this patriotic duty. Now I can die with clear conscience when my time to die comes, whenever it pleases my God. I have passed the torch safely to the new A-chehnese generation who will carry on the work that I have started to an inevitable victory, for I am convinced more than ever before that my people have the capacity to do so. We have not been born to be anybody's slaves. It is foolhardy for the Javanese to think that they can colonize us Achehnese ! Never, never, never! They have gotten at the present situation purely due to a set of externally induced circumstances at the end of World War II, circumstances that will not be maintainable in the future!

(DECEMBER 8, 1976)

By now our daily lives in the camp have become rigorously regulated and following definitive patterns:

5 A. M. Everyone is up, awakens by the *Azan* -the Muslims'call to prayer which is also a call-to-victory - chanted by the most melodious voice in the camp.The loudness of the call is usually a reflection upon our security situation. When our security is thought to be perfect and no enemies are

thought to be around, our *Muazzin* - the caller - would give a full play to his voice and at such occasions the Azan can be an enthralling music to the ears of the listeners. By now the Azan is 1400 years old and has been con sistently the same. It contains the important articles of the Islamic faith, including acknowledgement of the greatness of God (Allah), of the Prophethood of Muhammad, of the necessary determination to be victorious: it lite-rally says, "Let us go to pray I" and "Let us go to victo-ry!" Both victory and martyrdom being by the will of God.

The last sentence of the morning Azan says: "To pray is better than to sleep!" A timely reminder at 5 AM. It is infinitely more civilized and melodious than a bark from a sergeant to wake up everybody.

5:15 A.M. Everyone is already washed, dressed, and standing in line to pray. The leader is always the one who should lead the prayer. It was this early in the morning that separation of religion and politics, of faith and power is abolished in Islam. If a man is not fit to lead in prayer, he is not fit to lead the country and the state. Achehnese will never follow an Imam in prayer if he thought the man is not fit. This is the germ of the people's control about who can be trusted with authority over them. In Acheh no one can achieve leadership without passing this test. This is a very great measure of the popular control of political leadership.

In the present case I am the one who stand as the imam, the leader, by appointment of the people. I have been taught to do this - to stand in the front - since the moment I learnt how to walk.

By the way there was a reminder from the Prophet Muhammad that when you are at war, when one group is praying, the other group must be watching for the enemy.

Then to prayer: the Muslim prayer is meant to be a fighting man's prayer, to strengthen his resolve, to abolish his fear of death, to do what is right, to relate himself to God of the universe (Allah) , to be brave but merciful, to submit himself with absolute trust in Allah's will and to look forward to the life after death with absolute certainty - a mere move from here to there. The salient points of the prayer are to create the cosmic consciousness in the individual's mind, to relate his life and death to Allah; to give him the sense of purpose and direction as these words will show:

"Allah is the greatest and to Him I thank in the morning and in the evening.

"I direct my face to Him, the creator of this universe and of this world, in pure submission to Him, and I do not e-quate Him with anyone else.

"That my prayer, my devotion, my life, my death, all, belong to Allah who own this universe. He has no partner.

Thus I was ordered. I belonged among those who have given themselves to Him.

"Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Creation, the compassionate, the merciful, King of Judgement Day. You alone we worship, and to You alone we pray for help. Guide us to the straight path.The path of those whom you have favored not of those who have incurred Your wrath. Nor of those who have gone astray.

"O God, we hear You and we obey You. We beseech Your forgiveness, and toward You we are coming."

When you have to repeat these strong words with equally strong conviction, in the most solemn manner and in such holy rituals when you have to rinse your mouth before you say the words, to wash your hands, arms, face, ears,head, hairs, and feet, each time before you stand up to pray, that is your solemn audience with God,and especially when you are depressed, afraid, hopeless and hungry, like when you have to be a guerilla warrior to secure justice, then you will realize that these prayers are your invincible shields, your strongest crutch, and to do it five times a day, before sun rise, afternoon, before sun set,after sun set and in the evening, in such thoughtfully well-spaced sequences,permitting you no chance to relapse into spiritual oblivion, providing you a constant reminder of who you are, where is your place in the universal scheme of things, where are you going, why, what you have to do, then, only then, you begin to understand the meaning of Islam - literally giving yourself to God - as a religion that is capable of giving the will power and to sustain that will power for those in need of it to defend their rights. The Islamic prayers must have been designed to fulfil the need of a warrior to keep the morale of his followers from flopping. Was not the Prophet Muhammad was forced to be a warrior, in self-defence, during the early period of Islam? "For the highest images in every religion there is an analogue in a state of the soul. The God of Muhammad - the solitude of the desert,the distant roar of a lion, the vision of a terrible fighter."This is then the highest image of the state of the soul of a Muslim. If he is real. I am satisfied with this aphorism of Nietzsche.

As we became so spiritually strong and unbeatable by them the colonialists coined another name for us: "fanatics". The Achehnese have been branded that for so long, almost became a second name,for daring to oppose Dutch colonialism which presumably opposed only by "fanatics"and not by any reasonable people. Even I was called a "fanatic" recently by the *Far Eastern 'Economic Review*, in its efforts to discredit our just struggle for independence. That magazine is the mouthpiece of the Western imperialist interests in East Asia. It so happened that a Christian in-

stitution, the University of Piano, in America,had honored me with a Doctor of Laws degree in 1975, with the following citation that I was proud to receive:"For his long i and dedicated devotion to the cause of liberty in A-! sia; for his successful efforts in international economic affairs that have bound men together; for his exemplary leadership in the Moslem World; and for his ecumenical efforts in banishing religious barriers that have caused antagonisms among men." Is this a description of a "fanatic"? Or one becomes a "fanatic" when one is seen to oppose colonialism?

5:30 A.M. After morning prayer we have a quick breakfast, usually everyone received a plate of boiled or fried rice, with meat and vegetables,and a cup of coffee. All eat the same thing, prepared from one community kitchen. The kitchen staffs are the ones who had to work the hardest. They had to get up much earlier than everybody else, between 3 and 4 AM.What food available depends on many elements: on the availability of supply; on enemy activitiesjon our transportation capabilities; on the remoteness of the camp from the countryside. There are times when we had nothing to eat like when we run out of supply or during emergencies. But presently we have not reached any crisis point about food supply.

6 A.M. By 6 AM everything is packed and ready for any eventuality including for moving out, if necessary. Everything is organized for mobility and constant preparedness. Around the main camp there are guard posts at strategic points on all four directions of the compass.

7 A.M. By this time I have received the security reports from all guard posts whether the day is secured or not. If no danger, then offices are opened.Typewriters are taken from cases, printing shop opened, and normal office activities begin. Letters, orders, circulars, pamphlets are being written, typed, and dispatched for destination all over the country.

9 A.M. The courirs begin leaving to all points in the country. Also those who have to go to pick up supplies begin leaving. Saying goodbye to all those who depart has become a ritual. Usually the men, led by the group leader would proceed to my "residence" to kiss or shake my hand, whatever their habits. After that I resume my paper works.

10 A.M. At about this time I receive the important visitors and emissaries and talk to them, formulate strategies for difi ferent regions and for different constituencies.Long distant visitors would usually stay for a few days with me.

1 P.M. Afternoon prayer. This ceremonial praying – Audience with God, as it were - provides a nice break to long sitting and always a welcome diversion. It is I who always

stand in the front as the Imam. It is a point of great etiquette in Acheh that the most important one presents is the one who should get the honor to be the leader ofthe prayer. This is de rigeuer in Acheh. Everybody will most certainly refuse to stand up front if I were present. I resented and agonized over this situation very much when I was a boy. Especially on Fridays. I would find all sorts of excuses not to go to the mosque on Fridays because I would have to deliver the formal speech. If I went to a mosque no one else would want to do it if I were present,and no amount of my encouragement would make anyone take the honor from me . And what has a boy of 14 or 15 so much to say to all grey eminences present? What an agony. But I survived all that boyhood, and I must say the experience did me well. It made my mind alert and my tongue exercised. As a minimum in order not to sound stupid - I had trained myself to be able to say something gracefully on all occasions, when all my hope for the best, that is to be able to dodge the occasion failed me. Now that I have something to say, and my people are eager to give their ears to me - I feel very lucky. All my training - or rather all that had happened to me in my early life seems to have seme purpose,

1:30 P.M, Afternoon meal, I usually take it together with staffs and guests. Afternoon meals are more sumptuous than breakfasts. By that time new foods had arrived from the country. Women folks made all sorts of cakes and special treats foe us and they sent them to the mountains.

2 P.M. Works resumed. Usually this time is reserved for short time visitors, people who came for the day and must return to their places on the same day. Usually these are people from Tiro Region or Pidie Province. They had made appointment many days in advance with my security chief. For security reasons I received them in an advanced post, way below at the foot of Tjokkan Hill,where there is a large guard post. This means more works for me. I must go down hills at least one hour walking time. And I have to climb back up hill later on for twice that much time because it is always harder to climb up than to descend down. If the enemy captured any of my visitors and would force them to disclose the location of my headquarters, the enemy cannot take advantage of them. My security chief insists on this procedure although I have no doubt whatsoever about the loyalty of my people - especially in the Tiro Region.

5 P.M. Late afternoon or pre-sunset prayer, with the visitors. My people like to have the opportunity to stand behind me for praying together with me. The effect on them is great. It makes my people more emotionally determined to be loyal to one another and to our sacred cause. There is no political action without emotional involvement of the participants. Praying together has the effect to sublimate our religious, political and emotional senses for a determined action. My people are touched when they have seen me living in the fo-

reste. They knew I had to leave my wife and son to do this. Even in Acheh I lived in what might seem to them a great luxury. But here I am living in the forests for their sake, for our country's survival. All cried when they saw me, and wept when they kissed my hand to say goodbye. All promised to give their lives and everything they have, men and women alike. And so it is!

Now I have to climb back to my "residence" for two hours.

6:15 P.M. The sunset prayer. This is usually longer as it marked the end of the day and the beginning of the night, and the people are relaxed after a successful day of works.

7 P.M. Usually after the sunset prayer I would fraternize with the people, hear them tell tall-tales, rumor-mongering . It was at such a time that I discovered hidden talents . There are some very sharp minds among them. There are those who have undergone complete personality change since joining me in the mountains, and have become real leader of men, in their own rights. There are those who, only 3 months ago were illiterates, now have been able to read and write Achehnese poetry and can explain the complicated idea of crisis of national identity and how tp cure it, in the simplest terms that can be better understood by the people than my own explanation. Usually this session is prolonged until 9 PM when the time for evening prayer arrived. In-between refreshments are served.

9 P.M. Evening prayer. After that I would return to my quarters and share some thoughts with fellow leaders.

With the improving security situation we decide to move down hill to Alue (Spring) Bili Camp, on the bank of the Tiro River, to make it easier to communicate with the countryside and to ease the burden of the logistic and supply people who had a very hard time to carry the supplies to the top of the Tjokkan Hill, involving scaling the height. At Alue Bili Camp we can go to swim in the crystal clear water of the Tiro River and to catch some fish too. Until then Alue Bili Camp has been used as an advanced post for the Tjokkan Hill Headquarters.

It was at Alue Bili Camp that Dr. Muchtar Hasbi came to visit me in the forest, for the second time. And this time he was joined by Dr. Husaini Hasan, Dr. Zaini Abdullah, and Dr. Zubir Mahmud. All had left their young wives and little children behind, in answering their patriotic duties.

(This kind of heroic gesture is entirely beyond the understanding and comprehension of many "Indonesians" - Javanese subjects - such as one Rosihan Anwar (a Minangkabau?) who wrote in Singapore's Straits Times, July 29, 1978:"The list of the names of Hasan Tiro's aides makes curious reading because there are four medical doctors and one engineer among them.*" Atjeh Rebels Keep on Fighting a Hopeless Cause).* On the contrary, for us Achehnese, this is a re-affirmation of our national character, a witness to our blood, to the difference between us and the rest of them as witnessed by the difference of our history and theirs! They are willing to live as Javanese colonial subjects and even invented excuses to justify Javanese slavery over themselves. Many apologists of the so-called "Indonesian nation" came from Minangkabau. This is the really curious and ridiculous! We Achehnese can never live as anybody's subjects. We want to live as free men or not to live at all!)

We took some photographs to commemorate Dr. Muchtar's visit. The others are going to stay with me in the forest. It turned out to be the only photographs we have of him and me together with some elements of the troops photographs that later on to become'.famous because they find their ways to be published in international newspapers and magazines all over the world. Little did I think of that possibility at the time of taking of those photographs.

When they first arrived, all looked very healthy and far from being thin but all will undergo such a change of physical appearance in the months and years of suffering ahead. This change, however, cannot be seen or felt by oneself. It is observable only at the instance of a colleague. In fact the same thing happens to me also - as others observed and told me, - but one never realizes the physical change in oneself, and there is hardly a full size mirror available inthe jungle to look at. The only mirror we have is the one to be found in the incredibly efficient and compact miniaturized shaving kit (made in China) which is ideal for guerilla's use, with measurement of 1.5 inches in width and 3 inches in length, in an unbreakable metal case. It must have been another remarkable Chinese contribution to guerillas everywhere beside Mao Tse Tung's theory.

(DECEMBER 21, 1976)

While on the subject of leadership of the NLF, I would like to say something about my First Deputy, Dr. Muchtar Hasbi (32) . He is a specialist in tropical diseases who had just received his new diploma from the hands of King Bumiphol Adulyadej of Thailand in Bangkok, the King being the rector of the university bearing his name. Dr. Muchtar is to stay in his own region, the Pase Province of Acheh Sumatra. Muchtar Hasbi has an extremely dynamic personality, destined to be the leader of men, no matter where he is. I did not have an intimate personal relationship with Muchtar, he being in Medan, Sumatra, and I was being in New York all these years. But I knew his father, Tengku Hasbi, a very energetic Achehnese political personality who had long urged me to come home to lead my people. So Muchtar grew up in the same political milieu as I grew up. We shared the same aspirations and the same consciousness. Acheh is us. We shared absolute contempt for the Javanese or anyone else who dared claim to rule us, to be the "government" over us. So for Muchtar and I there is no need to speak too much, and no need to be together. In our whole life we have not been together more than a few days, but he is my spiritual brother -and there are millions of Achehnese who do feel this way. We know who amongst us should command, and who should obey. Loyalty is given and taken for granted. Our long history has made us this way. This is the guarantee of freedom of Acheh in the days to come. This is why the Ja vanese or anyone else cannot colonize us.

(DECEMBER 22, 1976)

Another addition to the leadership of the NLF is my own cousin, Dr. Zaini Abdullah (31) . He has been the head of a big hospital in the city of Kuala Simpang, a middle size city by our standard. He had left Medan for the mountains the same day with Dr. Husaini. When I left Acheh to go to the US in 1950 to continue my study, Zaini was still a little boy. So he has grown up without my knowing him intimately. But, like all members of my family, family loyalty is something taken and given for granted, no matter what happens. On the coat-of-arms of my family it was chiseled "Together in life and in death". And so it was for hundreds of years, from generations to generations. Being my cousin, Achehnese mores and etiquette require extreme filial deference from his side toward me so that I cannot exchange views with him as free as with non-family members, like Husaini, Family members are bound to do and die and not to question why -so to speak. But I know my cousin Zaini has a very solid breeding like all my family members. He is a tower of strength for me personally and for the NLF. His most effective role has been to be my representative to go to places to affect my presence. As the struggle unfold and crises multiply I was even pleasantly surprised to find out that Zaini is much stronger than I had thought he was. He was going to prove that he is the leader of men in his own right.

(DECEMBER 23, 1976)

Another indispensable man is the NLF Army Commander, Muhammad Da-

ud Husin (45) better known as Daud Paneuk (Short) because of his short stature. But as we know the man's greatness is not determined by his stature but by his head and heart. All great military leaders in history, from Alexander the Great to Ceasar and Napoleon were men of short and small physical stature that had inspired the saying "all good things come in small packages". M. Daud Husin (someone nicknamed him "Mr. David Short")is a military and political genius. Before the beginning of our Revolution for the independence of Acheh Sumatra, M. Daud Husin was a shrimp merchant from the fishing village of Pasi Lhok in the Province of Pidie of Acheh. But even then he had shown distinct quality for leadership. He was the leader of his village community of about 5000 inhabitants and under his leadership they had successfully staged a protest demonstration against the local Javanese government's corrupt officials that resulted in the men's dismissals and the recovery of millions of rupiah - the Javanese currency - corrupted by these men.

A man of exceptional strength of will and nerves, and ability to grasp complex propositions, M. Daud Husin has made himself in bare three months an expert in political theory of national liberations , of International Law, of Achehnese history,of military strategy, and on the basis of his experience as a guerilla commander during the 1950s revolts against Javanese Indonesia, he has perfected his own guerilla tactics suitable to Achehnese terrain. The last few months of revolutionary struggles has changed his personality and demeanor to be a new military commander, respected and obeyed and loved by all his men. Because he came from among the rank and file of the people, he is intimately familiar with their particular process of thinking. Because of this knowledge, he is able to explain to them the complex theory of liberation struggle in the simplest language that can be understood by the people that brought the Javanese colonialist house of cards down tumbling. He is now regarded by the people of Acheh with such respect and owe that he is already a legend in his own time. Indeed Revolutions bring forth such men.

Once I received reports of the brilliant performance of my Army Commander as a political speaker, I contrived to be able to hear him myself. Since it was difficult to make him speak freely if he knew my presence, I contrived to arrive unexpectedly at one of his rallies. I had always thought that I was the best speaker on such subject. After all that was my mission to have come back to Acheh and to have stirred up the whole country. But after I heard him speaks on the subject,! must admit that he can explain better to the people what the people wanted to know. And he knows direct ways to assuage their fears and their doubts since he knows their minds as his own used to be. With that I also know that the idea of independence of Acheh that I had brought back to my country has been safely replanted on the indigenous soil that can no longer be uprooted by the murderous Javanese hordes.

(JANUARY 15, 1977)

On this day we found evidence that the enemy had begun to send pa trols along the Tiro River to probe our defence. Our guards had observed them passing through with quick steps, almost running, ob-

viously fearing being fired at. we let them passed through unmolested because we still stick to our plan: we are still in political e-ducational phase of the struggle and we are not yet ready for armed struggle. Therefore a decision is taken to move from Alue Bili Camp to Alue Pineung, in the heart of Mampree mountain range to the East of the Tiro Region. Preparation is immediately made for such a move.

(JANUARY 17, 1977)

Today we move to Alue Pineung. Thus we remove ourselves from the Tiro River area which has now become the target of enemy's "search and destroy" operations. When such a move is made, we meant to confound the enemy that he should totally lost contact with us and that he should not have any inkling as to where we are. So no trace was left after such a move. If as few as five persons walked on the same path on the virgin forest ground, that would leave traces right there for days unless there are rains falling to erase them, Therefore when we march out, small groups are formed to move out to different directions and to meet later at some distance along the way. So if the enemy happened to discover our abandoned camp, he will net be able to tell to what direction we had moved out.

We arrived at Alue Pineung about 5 PM. Mampree mountain is an i-deal territory for guerilla hide-outs. The high and steep mountain ranges are criss-crossed by countless small winding springs and rivers. But Mampree is also notorious with its mosquitoes and malarial nests. The mountain is also the historic guerilla hideouts when there were wars against invaders in Acheh, I have a sad memory about this mountain. My oldest sister, Tengku Nyak Adyan,died in Mam pree during the Achehnese resistance against Javanese in 1950s, when my late brother, Tengku Zainul Abidin, retreated to Mampree with the family members and stayed here for several years. My sister was here with my brother and other members of my family. Also my late mother was here. But I do have the remains of my ancestors scattered on e-very mountain top and every valley all over Acheh as a consequent of wars with invaders. How we have died, and still dying, and why. When will colonialism, in all colors and manifestations, be eradicated?

(JANUARY 20, 1977)

The Alue Pineung Camp is very memorable because we accomplished many things here. And the surrounding is very pleasant.In fact it is not far from the countryside, only about 4 hours walking distance from the District of Truseb,and less to the District of Blang Mane". From the Northern promontory of the camp you can see the town of Tiro, the town of Beureunuen, and on clear day, the Straits of Malacca. The forest is very thick, and the trees are very tall. Every morning we would be awakened by the marvelous singing of chorus of birds of all descriptions - a veritable orchestra of birds. But because the trees are very tall, it is very dangerous there when the winds are blowing hard.Wa have to build the roofs of the camp with extra-strong beams to withstand possible falling branches that happened occasionally.

When we are at Alue Pineung, the permanent population of the camp has reached about 60.That was too many for our strategy. First,those who need to stay in the mountain with me should be only the leadership elements who can no longer stay in the countryside, for fear of being arrested by the enemy. As a matter of policy our masses should remain where they are, in their homes. Because we are not yet fighting but organizing support on mass bases and mobilizing the masses in the countryside, building solidarity groups with the undergrounds in in the villages and cities. But too many people made all sorts of excuses - often false ones - to be permitted to stay with me in the mountain. When you have that many people to feed in the forest, you have to send more people back and forth to the countryside to take supplies. They inevitably leave footprints everywhere. The enemy who monitors who buys what in the village shops soon discovers there are peoplewho buy too many cigarettes, too much sugar,rice, etc., beyond the need of their families. Soon the enemy's intelligence agents would follow them to their villages. With the village identified, then the possible path from that village to the forests. Then the e-nemy begins to search the footprints leading to the forests until he finds out to where it all leads to. And we will be lucky if we managed to move out in advance. Therefore, our security depends totally on our intelligence: for when the enemy comes, he comes in bat-tallion strength that is impossible to resist because we are still not yet prepare to do so. We still need time to prepare for the armed struggle, but the enemy would like to jump the guns on us because because he is better prepared militarily. In fact he has no other effective means to deal with us except by his guns. He can only response with military means. *He is already bankrupt politically.*

(JANUARY 21, 1977)

During this period we observed the enemy begins increasingly to use his spotter planes to observe our activities from the air. Because of the thickness of the foliage we are sure that the enemy's endeavor is a total failure. Soon we receive reports that the enemy has issued orders that no one is allowed to go to the mountain anymore. Anyone violating the ban will be shot on the spot. An area a-bout three miles wide and 200 miles long, running from East-West direction, beginning from Bireuen in the East to Padang Tidji in the West, that is the area between the mountain ranges and the countryside is being marked out with red-and-white painted planks which suppose to delineate the area to the Indonesian air force planes for the purpose of bombing the entire length of it with napalm, to erect the wall of fire between the villages and the mountains, that is between the people and us.

(JANUARY 22, 1977)

Today I was happy to receive two most important leaders of the mountain district of Geumpang, Geutjhik Pakeh and Commandant Rashid. Both of them came to make their oath of allegiance to the NLF and to receive orders to carry out in their district. I appointed Geutjhik Pakeh as the Head of the District of Geumpang of the State of Acheh

Sumatra and Commandant Rashid as the District Military Commander. I told both of them that in the future I will keep Commandant Rashid to stay with me to command a special force. He is the man who knows every hook and nook of the mountains of Central Acheh. He used to be a tiger hunter after being a legendary military commander for the Acheh nese forces in the resistance against Javanese Indonesia in the 1950s where he got the name of "Commandant" that sticked with him.

The grandfathers of both men fell together with my grandfather in the battlefield against the Dutch during the last stand in the Dis-trict of Geumpang. My mother was born in Geumpang too, and many of my ancestors were buried there, including a brother of my grandfather, a former Head of Achehnese State. As a boy, I was taken to visit these graves every year. For us "the struggle continues" is not a slogan but a matter of fact!

(JANUARY 23, 1977)

Today I received reports that Javanese Indonesian troops had occupied the entire District of Truseb and had arrested many men and especially many women because they were accused of baking cakes and pastries for "the rebels". The Javanese went to inspect kitchens in every household and they found many womenfolks were baking so much cakes and pastries that the Javanese suspected to be sent to the forests. The colonialist troops confiscated all the rice, sugar, flour, salt, coffee, meat, fish, cigarettes, etc., and took these to their post, leaving in each house only for one day supply of food, and forced everyone to pick up back only for one day supply of food from the colonialist army post because the enemy suspected the food will be sent to the mountains for us. The Javanese have seriously embarked on the tactics to starve us. The people are not permitted to go out to the forest day or night, even for the purpose of gathering the fire woods for their cooking needs. Every house must keep the lamp burning all night at the front door, so that anyone coming in at night can be seen by the Javanese occupation troops. Soon this method is extended to the entire land of Acheh in an attempt to starve the activists of the National Liberation Front.

(JANUARY 24, 1977)

In a guerilla movement as we are conducting in Acheh Sumatra now food comes first as the most important item. It is more important than guns. Also food is in the hands of the people, and can never be taken by force, especially when the invaders are occupying the entire villages, then the attitude of the people towards the guerillas becomes even more important. In fact, in the condition now obtained in Acheh, a militarily weak guerillas would have starved right away without the strong solidarity of the people. That we have not starved is sufficiently demonstrated right now because the people support the NLF.

Even in the above condition, the people still find ways and means to send us food. In fact, food never stopped coming from the countryside under any conditions.

When we picked up a place to move in, the consideration is always to have several alternatives for food supply. In case of Mampree, we moved there because we knew that if we couldnot take food from Truseb, there will be other places available.

(JANUARY 25, 1977)

From Alue Pineung Camp we managed to publish several editions of important books and pamphlets especially the *One Hundred Years Anniversary of the Battle of Bandar Acheh*. This book is very important in reviving Achehnese pride and awareness of his great and heroic past, that every living Achehnese must be stirred and awakened by it. It was published in English, Malay, and Achehnese editions. It was first published as a speech by me in New York, in 1973. The Battle of Bandar Acheh was a milestone, the watershed of current Achehnese history, the beginning of the present turmoil. It was already 104 years without ever stopping, and I do not know when it will stop. Other peoples with less glorious past have been liberated already and have gotten back their independence. But we Achehnese, who managed to defeat our attackers, the Dutch colonialists, in the Battle of Bandar Acheh, on April 23, 1873, 104 years ago, are still living under Dutch sponsored Javanese Indonesian colonialism, as if the Dutch are still inflicting their revenge on us for defeating them at the Battle of Bandar Acheh. As if to complete the symbolism of Dutch final triumph-through-their-Javanese puppets, the Javanese, in symbolic show of solidarity with Dutch colonialism, have exhumed from a Jakarta cemetary the remains of General Kohler, the Dutch commanding general at the Battle of Bandar Acheh who was executed by the Achehnese defenders during the Dutch route at that battle, and brought them back with great pomp and circumstance to be buried with other dead invaders in the Dutch cemetary at Bandar Acheh - symbolizing Dutch final victory through their erstwhile Javanese mercenaries. What General Kohler could not achieve in his lifetime, he has gotten it posthumously, thanks to the children of his Javanese mercenaries who have been equipped to carry on the "white man's burden". The poignancy of this Javanese symbolic act to the people of Acheh is beyond telling ! The Battle of Bandar Acheh was one of the decisive battles of history. It was the first battle in East Asia where a European colonialist force was defeated by the people's force of this region. It was 68 years before the Japanese defeated the British in Singapore, in 1942; 80 years before the Vietnamese defeated the French in Dien Bien Phu. The Achehnese victory was replete with international recognition and admiration. The comments of *The London Times* and *The New York Times* on the subject are worth the Tablets of Mount Sinai for us. If such history cannot revive Achehnese pride and Achehnese patriotism, then nothing can. But the way that victory has revived me,and all colleagues of the NLF, it must be able to revive the entire Achehnese people too. The Javanese who want to colonize us now have no such history. It was the call by the spilled blood of our ancestors,and their scattered brains and broken bones that have revived us, that have led us to recover our historic personality.

(JANUARY 26, 1977)

Today early in the afternoon I received two un-expected news: first, a verbal message from an Indonesian police officer who is still in active duty but clearly a sympathiser of the NLF and who I do not know personally, to inform me that two Indonesian army intelligence officers had successfully infiltrated the Alue Pineung Camp and they are there now among my men coordinating a planned attack by the Indonesian troops which are already poised to move. The message was delivered with such ingenuity that it must still be kept secret for future use. Second, a secret letter from another Indonesian officer, also a sympathiser, arrived within minutes of the first message, informing me that the enemy is fully awared now about the location of the Alue Pineung Camp from the reports sent to the Indonesian army headquarters in Kuta Radja by two Indonesian army infiltrators who had visited the camp, disguised as supporters of the NLF. According to this report,the camp is located on the Eastern bank of Alue Pineung (followed by a diagram of a map which is so accurate). The Indonesian troops are going to attack within hours and he recommends immediate evacuation of the camp. That is enough messages for one day to receive.

I immediately call for a meeting of the leaders who are present to decide what action should be taken. We have already had strong suspicion of the two men who said they came from Kuta Radja area to join our movement and bringing a letter of recommendation from a prominent leader in Kuta Radja area. But somehow a persistent suspicion towards them existed because of the wrong things they are saying, the way they were talking and acting. They were somehow did not fit in among our people. One of them always insisting on wearing a jacket that was a general issue uniform of the Indonesian army bearing an unusually large insignia on the back and on the arms,obviously for safety reason, to identify himself to the attacking Indonesian troops, so that they will not shoot at him. He said it was given to him by his brother in the army and he needed to wear it because he felt too cold in the mountains all the time. They were brought to the camp by Army Commander Daud Husin when he went down to Truseb a few days ago. They sort of hitchhiked on his column, being recommended to him by someone he casually knew, and brought them up to the camp without further investigation. The men were very insistent on meeting me. But when Daud asked me to receive them, I refused to do so, because I was not satisfied with the explanation and I forbade them to be brought to the inner Camp of Alue Pineung. Therefore they were kept at the guard post three miles down hill. That was why they have not been brought to the main Camp, adjacent to my quarters.

Obviously their crimes are most dangerous. The majority of the leadership of the NLF are present at the time at Alue Pineung Camp and are facing instant liquidation by the enemy forces on account of these men's crimes. The decision was taken to put the spies immediately under arrest and to be tried later for their crimes before a Court Martial. A special squad was sent to the guard post to make the arrest when it was found out that the two men had fled early that morning. The search around the post and the surrounding hills failed to produce them.

As a result, the situation becomes even more dangerous asthey may be on their way to fetch the enemy forces and to bring them right back to our camp.

A general alert was issued.

(JANUARY 27, 1977)

We decide that the time has come to move out of Alue Pineung to a new place for security reasons. Because the enemy has known every thing what there is to know about the terrain, about our position, there is nothing else to do except to move out of the danger zone as soon as possible. We decide to move out on February 1st, 1977. It will take a few days to pack everything and to erase the traces of our camp as much as possible, with a view to possible future uses, because at the rate of our coming and going we may exhaust our camp-ing ground very soon.

(JANUARY 28, 1977)

I call a meeting of *Pawangs* to make selection for the new place. There are many people who are qualified for *Pawang* among the people with me who are, most of them,coming from the mountain region of Ti ro or Truseb. However, the most prominent among these mountain ex perts, acknowledged and respected by all, are:Mahmud Barat (40)who, when not on marching time, has been assigned the jobs of Chief and Chef of kitchen administration because of his honesty and of his knowledge of culinary art. He was a farmer, strong as a giant, and possessed a good level of education. He was a community leader of the village of Blang Kedah, at the time of my unexpected arrival one midnight in Blang Kedah, last year - and he has been with me e-ver since. He left a wife and four little children hopefully being taken care of by his brother and inlaws. And we do help them like other wives and children of the men in the mountains, as much as possible, and also the community helps. When on the move, nobody dares to question his authority. When marching in the forests there is only one man to obey: the *Pawang*. Anybody who suggests another way than the Pawang had decided will bear responsibility for getting lost. And getting lost is a terrible thing to happen to you in the mountains and forests of Acheh Sumatra. Barat is a man of very few words. He only replies when spoken to.

The second man most qualified for *Pawang* is Geutjhik Uma (50) , the Chief of my personal Guards,to whom I have referred to earlier. Geutjhik Uma has much knowledge about mountains too, especially he was once the Chief of Police for the Tiro Region, before the Achehnese revolt against Indonesia in the 1950s that Geutjhik Uma took part. A man of perfect military bearing and appearance, tall and handsome, with his clipped black moustache contras-ted to his fair skin makes him a model Commander. I am very proud of him.

Third, Abou Rih (Idris) (50) from Lam Udjong, Tiro Region, who has his own farm right up in the mountain, and a very wily activist

and a consummate talker. For anyone who had not known him before , would take him for a professor, or somebody like that. He could hold his own against anybody in conversations. But the truth is he had just learned to read and write only a couple months ago since he joined the NLF. But now he devours any books that pass his hands. At least once a month, he is obliged by his aged mother to visit her to receive money - her direct contribution to the NLF -to be handed directly to me personally. That was her instruction. She is our great militant. In Acheh, the old generation is our most ardent supporter because the memory of independence Acheh is still freshly remembered.

Fourth, Ben Dadeh (60), also from Blang Kedah, a very articulate man, who refused to accept a considerable pension from the Indonesian regime and joined the NLF instead. He is our answer to those who say that rebels are people who have nothing to lose. He own a buffalo stable in Blang Kedah, full of buffaloes. Because his son-in-law is an enlisted man in the Indonesian army, his Blang Kedah neighbors did not trust him very much, and did not tell him about my presence in the neighboring mountains for a long time. When he observed many strangers are coming and going passing nearby his stable,he suspected them as possible cattle thieves, and decided to strengthen his guard by sleeping himself above the stable. One day he knew that those people were no thieves but NLF members coming to my place in the hills. He begged to be brought up to me and he never leave my sight ever since. With his strong physic, clean shaven head, and a-qualine nose, he looked a perfect double of Yul Brinner. I said to myself more than once: after the Revolution is over I will bring him to Hollywood. At the time of the 1950s Achehnese revolt against the Indonesian regime, he was in the mountains as Chief Guards of my mother. He was very proud of that assignment and used to tell me all the things that happened at that time, when I was not even home but in the United States. The people of Tiro Region guarded my family with their own lives. It has been so from generations to generations.

After lengthy discussions, the *Pawangs* decided that we should move to Alue Ileh (Ile Spring), on the River Krueng Meuk (Fire Flies River) on the Southern Tiro Region because from there we can get our food supply from several alternative places: from Blang Malo,Tangse, Tompudeng, Beungga, and if necessary we can always return to Tiro.

(JANUARY 29, 1977)

It is estimated that it will take at least two days of marching to reach our destination. We have to make sure that we have everything we need during the march. Also the news have been sent to the people in Blang Malo, Tangse etc., through the countryside, that is through nominally enemy controlled territory for quicker means of communications because our members can use cars, motor-cycles or telephones - to stockpile food supplies for us that will be picked up in a few days by the people from the mountains. Also I have decided that Geutjhik Pakeh, the Head of Geumpang District, and Commandant Rashid should return to their district to prepare for my possible move there at some future date. Because the preparation to move has gone smoothly, we decide to move out on January 30th, in order to reach our destination on February 1st, 1977.

(JANUARY 30, 1977)

We moved out of Alue Pineung Camp at 6:30 AM in the usual formation: first, the *Pawang's* party with advanced guards; then my party; then the rear guards. First we have to descend down a very steep hill until we reach the water table at the bottom of Alue Pineung. The sight of 60 people marching single file, everyone carrying all sorts of things on their shoulders, on their backs, or overheads is a spectacle to be marvelled at. Hands have to be kept free because one must be able to hold on to trees while climbing or descending.The column would spread about a kilometer. By now everyone is trained to keep silence. Besides, in a few hours after marching like that everyone is too exhausted to talk anyway. Then after descending there will always be climbing again - which is the hardest of all especially with all the baggages. Rice is a very heavy stuff to carry. At 12 o'clock noon we would have a lunch break. Everyone is already given his food ration for lunch at breakfast time. So we do not waste time to cook lunch on the road. Then after half-an-hour break we continue to walk - climbing and descending, climbing and descending - until we arrived at desired point. This time we must reach the Tiro River by 6 PM in order to cross it immediately after 6, in the darkness. The enemy had begun to patrol all major rivers by helicopters or by posting guards on strategic places. Therefore, we must cross during the night. If we arrived near the big river too early then we must wait for the nightfall. This time we arrived right in time. We plan to cross at the Ukee Kleueng (Eagle Claws) area.

This Eagle Claws point is a historic place. One of my famous great uncle, Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng, who was Achehnese Minister of E-ducation of his time, a great scholar and leader, was killed on the big rock of Eagle Claws, still standing on the river edge until today where he made his last stand against the Dutch invaders in 1904. He was buried on Tjot Plieng Hill, about 20 km down the river, where his grave is still honored to this day by steady streams of visitors. He was safe in Mecca at the beginning of the war with Holland but he came back to join the people to fight the invaders. I was not the first one to come home to fight in my family.I simply follow the long tradition that has been set up for me.

We cross the Eagle Claws at 6:30 PM. First the advanced guards make the crossing to secure strong points on the other side of the river. Then after everything has been made sure of, I would cross. My men would not even let my feet wet, although I insist to cross on my own. They would carry me across sitting on the clasp-arms of two strong men. Then everyone crosses. Afterward we establish camp for the night on the other side of the river because it is impossible to walk in the forests at night time.

Again,those who work hardest are the kitchen chief and his staffs. But everyone is always willing to chip in. The brotherhood among the men is total. The men's dedication to our Revolution is complete. The sense of purpose is overwhelming. Otherwise, who can suffer all this hardship and danger?

(JANUARY 31, 1977)

This morning by 5 AM everybody is already up folding his plastic mat and getting dress. There is no ceremonial praying while on the road. Everyone prays by himself. By 5:30 the breakfast is ready. By 6 AM we are on the move again. The same formation as yesterday. When marching everyone is sweating profusedly. The physical exertion that is required during climbing cannot be described. To understand it one must experience it. "You cannot climb if your father's will did not climb with you", as Nietzsche had said. How true it is!

Today we did not stop for lunch at 12 o'clock as usual because the *Pawang,* Mahmud Barat, wants us to stop at a spot within one hour more march, where he, and my uncle, Tengku Tjhik Umar di Tiro, had once lived, during the last armed struggle against Javanese Indonesia between 1950 and 1960. I had visited that place too, but I couldnot recognize it anymore because the forests had taken back everything. Only a Pawang can spot back places like that in the forests like ar-cheologists doing it with the earth.

At 1 o'clock we arrived at the place Mahmud Barat wanted me to see. As the men spread to sit down, I stand there alone in one spot, speechless, completely disoriented. There is no sign of human life ever existed there. Only 19 years ago there were several houses of wooden structures there where my late mother and my late brother lived with my uncle and his family taking refuge from the Javanese Indonesian troops pursuing them, as the Javanese are pursuing me now.That was during the Achehnese 1950 - 1960 revolt against Javanese Indonesian colonialism. It was during that war in 1953, the Javanese burnt my house, my birthplace to the ground - the best house in Acheh. I returned secretly in 1959 to see my mother, brother, and the rest of the family. My house had gone with the wind. I found my mother here, on this spot, who fell to the ground on her knees when she saw me, in tears.

My aunt, who was a very beautiful and graceful lady, the wife of my uncle, Tengku Umar di Tiro, sang a tearful lament in Achehnese: "O son, you have come back to see us, in such wretched,un-imaginable situation; we have been chased out from our homes; property confiscated; names dishonored; lives forfeited; by foreigners who have no shame, or morality, or pity...." My uncle, who was always a model of stoicism, came to persuade my aunt to say it was enough but my aunt kept going on. How I wish someone would do that to me now, I want to remember every lament, the saddest ones especially.

There is no trace of the houses there now. The forest has claimed back everything. Not a trace is left. Except,I realized, as I walk to my right side,there are three little graves in a row that were freshly dug then, 19 years ago, when I was there:three graves of premature deaths, direct results of Javanese Indonesian aggression, all threes the helpless female members of my family: the first, the mother of ray aunt. Her husband, Tengku Tjhik di Buket (Muhammad Ali Zainul Abi-din di Tiro) the father of my aunt, the Head of State of Acheh before my grandfather, died at the Battle of Mount Alimon (1910) and was buried there. I had been there too. I remember her well: she was a very

kind, all knowing charming old lady who always addressed me formally and deliberately so even when I was a little boy: Tengku di Tiro, she would say, instead of just Hasan, as she had every right to do.It was part of education and training in responsibility. The next graves belonged to my nieces: Saudah (20) and Safiah (18), the daughters of my aunt and uncle. They died because of tuberculosis, and there was then no medicine available here in the primordial forests. They could have been saved by a handfuls of antibiotics. Have I anything to thank the Javanese invaders for? I must have my head examined if I accepted them as "*saudara*" that is brother. What a "brother"!

I stand there alone, numbed with my emotion, with the persistence of my memory. I kneel down to pull the grass that had covered the graves in order to tidy them a bit - for whom? The next visitor? Will there ever be one? Maybe next century. Before I know it ray men had joined to clean the lonely graveyard as good as they can without anybody uttering a word. These people knew everything what happened to my family. Many of them had been there too. Ben Dadeh was the one who was the chief guards for my mother when she was alive, and there, and I was not even there. Mahmud Barat was the one who was responsible for the food supply of my uncle and everyone of the family. Geutjhik Uma was guarding my brother. And so was Muhammad Daud Husin. All of them are involved with my family in the service of our nation. All of them identify with the family. They are like my children, and I am like their father. It has been so for generations. Among them I feel like among my relatives and like among my very own family members. Such things cannot be said, but can only be felt, by them and by me. By us. It is profaned when said because the words cannot carry the feeling.

There is still another grave out there, cannot be seen from here, near the river: the grave of my other niece, Aishah, the first daughter of my uncle and aunt, who was the mother of Darul Kamal. She died near here too, due to lack of medicine when they lived in the forest, before moving to this spot. She died at the age of 30. In Acheh we do not move graves. We buried our dead immediately without delay wherever we were. We honored our dead too much to temper with their remains for re-burial for the sake of worldly appearance of the living. Death is too important a matter to trifle with. Its verdict is final, in all respects, place as well as time. Everything else must be subordinated to it. Posthumous honor/praise cannot be made retroactive. Such things are indulged only by the superfluous, for the benefit of the living in exploitation of the dead.

There is still a dangerous river crossing to be made today.We must reach the River Krung Meuk by nightfall in order to cross it over . After a quick lunch we are on our feet again. The terrain is particularly rough here. There is no flat surface anywhere.We either have to climb or to descend. We reached the river by 7 PM which is already dark in the equatorial country such as ours. As I said river crossing is increasingly dangerous for us because of the enemy activities. We have to pick up a sharp bend of the river for crossing place to a-void detection and to be able to see the enemy better. And in case of fighting, to be able to defend ourselves better. When approaching dangerous places the men are very alert, nerves are tight, movements

are cautious but very precise. In no time the advanced guards have swum across, secured all points one mile up and down the river, and give "all clear" signal and time for me to cross. Because of the danger, crossing a river has become a very dramatic moment. At such a time I always received an unspoken demonstration of loyalty from my men that all are ready to die first before they would permit any danger to approach me. I have to write this to convey a very high drama in a very tense moment - not for self-indulgence. I have no idea what was the experience of my fellow guerilla leaders at other times and in other countries. It could be the same.But this was what happened to me.

It has happened so aften that when in danger my men did not run to save themselves first but would converge to find out where I was first, for example when they thought we were under attack.Every time a dangerous situation developed - and it quite often -everyone would be running to his post, arms in the ready,but an utterance that came out from everyone's mouth was, that I heard clear and loud, "Pinah Tengku dilee!" ("Take the Tengku to safety first!"). As if to say, let them fight and die first but nothing should happen to me. As if I would let that happens. As if I were in search of my personal safe ty to have come back from America to these forests and hills of my beloved homeland to avoid danger. No. Of course I immensely appreciate the show of loyalty of my people, but I will never permit a situation where I have not shared the danger with them equally. That was why I refused to stay in isolated remote secured places, away from my men, as has been urged upon me many times. I choose to live with my men, shared the same food, under the same roof, shared the same misery, come what may! This also means that anything needs to be done in Acheh will be done! There are men to do it! These men will rise to the occasions!

By 7:30 PM we have crossed the river safely. From the spot where we made our crossing, there will be only one hour more walking which we plan to do tomorrow morning. The men deserved a good night sleep after two days of marching. As usual, after marching through the forests for two days, all exposed and unprotected parts of everyone's body such as face, necks, arms, hands and fingers are criss-crossed by bloody scratches and cuts caused by all kinds of thorns and sharp blades of wild grass. Iodine is rationed to everyone to use to stop possible infections. Thus for a few days afterward everyone's face looked like being painted red for a halloween's party for grown ups.

(FEBRUARY 1, 1977)

At about 8 o'clock in the morning we arrived at our new campsite, on the Southwestern side of Alue Ileh (lie Spring) just about three miles from the Southern bank of the River Krueng Meuk. One branch of Alue Ileh came down hill from the South; the other branch came down hill from the West. We decide to make the camp on the fork which has a triangular shape, rocky and high above the water table.So the camp will be on the high ground, very good for defence. Moreover, the location is girdled by high ridges, 2250 feet to 2700 feet high,covered by massive forests. The site had been used for a guerilla camp

during the 1950s revolt against Javanese Indonesia. And while we are digging to flatten the ground, we found relics that unmistakably show that the place must have been used also for a guerilla camp, by our ancestors, in the war against the Dutch. We found an old musket with bayonet and many empty shells of the bullets of Dutch carbines, the types used during that war. So there must have been fighting right in the camp.We also found pieces of old earthen pots that must have been used for cooking. It will take several days to construct the camp. We will use the old musket and the bayonet to decorate the entrance hall of the camp. They symbolize the continuity of our struggle.

(FEBRUARY 5, 1977)

Today we move into our brand new camp. This happens to be my son's 8th birthday. Therefore I named this camp after him: "Camp Karim". To commemorate this day,I planted 8 *sintang* trees at the entrance to Camp Karim. My uncle, Tengku Tjhik Umar di Tiro, had sent to me many seeds of the *sintang* trees, one of the best and strongest trees of the Land of Acheh that produced very good timbers for the construction of traditional Achehnese houses. My uncle told me to plant *sintang* trees everywhere I established my headquarters in the mountains to commemorate the sites and to leave something for the future generations to use. It was a marvelous idea. I hope the *sintang* seeds that I had planted will grow. And one day perhaps my son will come back from America to see it. But I do not know if he would ever do that because I had no time to inculcate Achehnese way of life in my son in my life time because he was only seven years old when I left him with his mother in America, to return to these forests of Acheh. It was my greatest disappointment in life: not having the chance to give proper Achehnese education to my only son. That is one subject that can make me cry sometime when I remember. To revive my people I have to abandon my own child and his mother! To teach other children of Acheh, I have to neglect my own! And there is no other way.

(Later, I took many pictures of Camp Karim which I sent to my son in New York that never reached him because the letter had to be thrown into the sea of the Malacca Straits when our boat that carried it was in danger of being captured by the enemy. The pictures had to be sent to the bottom of the sea with other documents to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. It makes me think of the Malacca Straits, an Achehnese waterway that had washed much of our blood, receptacle for our tears, made us seaborne, and at times acting as archives of our history where many of our state secrets are deposited in its bottom.)

(FEBRUARY 6, 1977)

When we moved our headquarters from one place to another such as this, we completely lost contact with the entire country for a few days. No one knows in the countryside where we are until we tell them. It is also a good practice to confound the enemy. Everytime we move like this, it will take months for the enemy to find out where we are again. Also this is a good time for us to take stock of what we have been doing. Every moving is a milestone toward higher accom-

plishments.By this time we have absolutely established these truths: (1) The people have wholeheartedly accepted the idea of Achehnese independence as propagated by the NLF; (2) The NLF has successfully revived Achehnese historic consciousness after almost being put out of existence by the Javanese colonialists during these last 35 years of Javanese Indonesian colonialism; (3) Politically we have won; the only thing separates us from victory is the guns; (4) The people are now willing to sacrifice everything to achieve their independence; (5) The organization of the NLF has been established all over the country; (6) The Government of the State of Acheh Sumatra has been organized and established throughout the country.Acheh Sumatra's liberated and semiliberated territories have been divided into 17 provinces, with each province headed by a Governor who is assisted by a military commander. Each province is divided into so many districts, and each district is headed by a district head, who is assisted by the district military commander. In most cases we revived Achehnese historic administrative boundaries as they were in precolonial time. The Governors and their provincial military commanders, as well as district heads and the district military commanders are officially announced. The people support them and obey them. The Javanese Indonesian regime is powerless to do anything against them. They cannot be arrested by the Javanese because they are in the liberated areas.

Thus, the political challenge against the Javanese Indonesian colonialist occupation authorities is total - short of a shooting frontal war. Our flags are flown everywhere.Even the enemy would not dare to insult our flag publicly because he knows where the people's sympathy is. The people's enthusiasm is increasing by the day. When NLFAS activists passed through the countryside, people rushed to embrace them. This has tremendous psychological effect on the activists themselves.These made them realized that by becoming the activists of the NLFAS they have acquired a new status in the country,an undreamt of honor from their society. They became new men. Such is the prestige of a socially approved movement. They learnt to uphold that honor and prestige, by becoming even more militant and more resolute in their pursuit to be free. Each militant's honor and dignity also become stakes in the struggle: to these men who has tasted the honor surrender is no longer thinkable. Personal and national honors have become one to these men. The overall effect on the liberation movement is astounding.

(FEBRUARY 7, 1977)

By now we have re-established contact with the countryside. The first load of food supply from Blang Malo and Tangse had arrived, just as we had planned. Also I received reports that our efforts to influence high-ranking enemy officials of Sumatran origin had been very successful. Practically all department heads of enemy's provincial and district "government" had become our adherents. A high level briefing and indoctrination seminar is scheduled for a group of them who will come to the camp through circuitous route next week.

Meanwhile today we received an un-expected visitor, an Achehnese journalist working for "Tempo", a Javanese Indonesian magazine, pu-

blished in Jakarta. I received him without further checking because of a special request from Tengku Daud Beureueh to receive him. His name is Mansur Amin. We gladly received him half-expecting that he might have contact with our organization in Jakarta, and might even be one of our men there. But from the first encounter I immediately sensed something wrong about him:his shifting eyes and his very poor grasp of elementary political issues of the day especially for a supposedly educated man living in Jakarta.There was no specific purpose for his coming than to meet face to face with me. Now, why anyone wanted to do such risky thing nowadays when any person suspected to have seen me would be arrested by the Javanese Indonesian colonialist troops to show the place of that meeting in order to find me . The fact that he brought nothing even remotely interesting news of potential revolutionary use for us, coming from such far away place, from enemy den, as it were, made me wonder why a man like that bothered to come to see us. I have not communicated my feeling to anyone, not even to my security chief. I noticed that Amin had a big camera with him, a badge of a journalist. He was of course being told by the security men not to use it without permission. Since he had come, we treated Mansur Amin as other visitors, allowing him to observe and to participate in our daily life, and attending regular indoctrination sessions, hoping that one of these days he might see the light, get out of his typical Jakartan's apathy and becoming one of our militants. He was assigned a place to sleep in our guest house, far removed from my quarters.

One day, however, while I was praying, alone, and no one else was around, a rare occasion, and Mansur Amin was alone also - or so he thought - while pretending to sleep with his back flat on the mat,he suddenly produced a tiny miniature camera, about the size of the index finger, and without lifting his body and head except a little turning, aimed his camera at me and took a series of quick pictures and then pretending to fall asleep again - while my security man observed him closely. Mansur Amin did not have any inkling that he was being watched day and night by my alert security staffs. After a while he produced the tiny camera again, and this time focused it to the guard room and he took pictures of the gun racks with all sorts of guns lined up against the wall. Then he pretended to sleep again.

After receiving reports from the security chief, I called in Army Commander Daud Husin to discuss the matter. I was naturally very unhappy about it. Now we are sure that he is being sent to spy on us: to find out our location, the terrain, the types of guns, numbers of people, who are present, and the usual things. If we let him go, the consequences are that we have to vacate our new camp to which we had just moved in, and to which we have invited so many people from all over the country. Now we will have to move again,just on account of a son of a bitch. If our men knew why we have to move again, they will probably lynch him on the spot on account of resentment alone, So we decide to keep everything quiet. I ordered the security chief to put the man under 24 hours watch and that he must not be allowed to leave the camp under any pretext, without,however,his knowing it. The circumstantial evidence shows that Mansur Amin is an enemy agent who has infiltrated our fort, and the punishment is clear: a mandatory firing squad. But before we arraigned him before a Court Martial we should do some investigations.

Army Commander Daud Husin and the security chief (must be left unnamed because he is still on duty) asked Mansur Amin to give them his camera - just to see what camera he will give.Mansur Amin triumphantly presented his big cannon camera (made in Japan) to the Army Commander who pretended to be very interested. Then he asked if Mansur Amin had any other camera with him.

- "I have nothing else than this one," said Mansur Amin.

- "Where is your minolta miniature camera!" Army Commander thundered, having lost his patience.

Mansur Amin's face turned pale,his hands trembling, frantically searching layers after layers of his underwear's false pockets until he found it and gave it to the Army Commander.

- "Open it and expose all the films you had taken pictures with!" Said Army Commander. Amin followed the order meekly.

- "Open and expose all the films in the big camera also!" Another order came in. With his hands trembling and his face like crying,Mansur Amin did what he was ordered to do.

- "I will keep both of your cameras and will give you back when you can go home," said the Commander.

- "That is all for now. You may go back to your quarters but you may not leave from here without my special permission." Said the Commander again.

-"Yes, Sir," said Mansur Amin almost inaudible and dragged himself slowly away.

(FEBRUARY 10, 1977)

My nephew, Tengku Abdul Wahab Umar di Tiro, who was a friend of Mansur Amin in his student's day, heard the news about what happened with Mansur Amin. He wrote to me to ask for clemency for his friend on the ground of mercy. I submitted the letter to the Central Committee of the NLFAS and to the Minister of Justice of the State of Acheh Sumatra for consideration. This appeal for mercy was discussed in the meeting of the Commission set up to investigate the case of Mansur Amin. One member pointed out how can we associate mercy with the mission and consequences of Mansur Amin's crime? For, if he succeeded he would have brought us - that is the entire leadership of the State of Acheh Sumatra and the NLFAS - to the brink of annihilation again that we had just narrowly escaped only a week ago or so at Alue Pineung. He would have enabled the enemy to size up our strength accurately, our position precisely, and within minutes to bom, strafe or attack our headquarters with the possibility that all present might be killed. Are not our lives equal to one traitorous Mansur Amin? Did not the Quran say that justice demands " life for life, eye for eye" etc? In the name of our sacred struggle, can we let the traitor go? If we kept him with us he will know even more of our secrets. And we have no force to spare to guard him, nor do we want to do so. The more we think about it the more expensive it becomes to keep this bastard from Jakarta. We simply cannot be virtuous beyond our strength!

But Abdul Wahab had argued his point of mercy very effectively

that it had persuaded some members of the Commission. If Mansur Amin would indeed be freed, he will owe his life to his good friend. Both of them will probably never know about it.

(FEBRUARY 11, 1977)

Today I decide to give a special lecture in the morning on Achehnese history and about the aims of our Revolution.My real purpose is to try to make Mansur Amin to realize his mistake, to appeal to his blood, to rehabilitate him, to save his life, if possible. This may be naive - but the lecture will benefit others anyway. I pretend as if I did not know what was going on between Mansur Amin and the security people. So the lecture was announced to be for everybody, and there are many new people coming everyday. I asked everybody to sit close to me, including Mansur Amin, that I can even touched them, I tried to be very friendly to him, to put his mind at ease, if that was possible. Coffee and cakes are served to enhance the informality of the occasion. I ordered the roof of the meeting place to be dismantled to have an effect of an opened air meeting. I want to emphasize that I speek under the trees, as it were. The forest is my witness .

I begin the lecture by asking the men:"Do you know why you and I are here, under these trees, in this forest, in this circumstance? Fate had scattered us to the four corners of the globe, but I had come back here from America to be with you;Mansur Amin had come back from Java; others from other places.The answer to this question will tell you your vital statistics that every Achehnese born to this earth must know: who you are, who your fathers and mothers are, what is your patrimony, how much it is worth, where is your place under the sun, how you should live and how you should die. This is the sum total of your politics and economics.Even if you knew everything else but you did not know the answers to these questions, then you are still illiterate. Generations and generations of our forefathers since this world begun have given the answers and have shown the way. They have set standard for you and me to follow. We are sitting now on top of an old battle ground containing the spilled blood of our fathers, witnessed by these same trees that had seen them here before as they are seeing us here now. As I speak to you now I can smell the gun powder in my nostrils from this battle ground fought over 100 years ago by our fathers. Here in my hand is their rusty old gun we found here only ten days ago when we made this clearing.

"Do you hear me? I speak to you in Achehnese, a language we received from our fathers and mothers, a secret code understood only by you, and I, by us, and by nobody else in the world, a vital means for our organized and civilized life, a vehicle of communication,for culture, for defence of yourself and your land. You inherited this language, this code, as you inherited your blood, this land, and e-verything in it and on it. If you disowned your fathers and your mothers then you must lose your right to their inheritance, you will lose your rich patrimony. This land is yours only for one reason and for one count: because you are Achehnese! If you denounced that truth by accepting another false name, like "Indonesians" - that Javanese nonsense, - then you have forfeited your patrimony.

"Your birthplace, your patrimony, is the most valuable piece of land on this planet and the richest. This is why foreign peoples would like to rob it from you. The Dutch had tried to rob us before. Now the Javanese are trying to do it.They are being backed up by all sorts of foreign land-speculators - all former colonialists who want to share the loots with the Javanese. But, before they can do that they have to weaken you first, to disorient you,to make you lost con fidence in yourself, to destroy you mentally first before they can destroy you physically. If these foreign invaders managed to fool you to believe that you are indeed not Achehnese but "indonesians" -that is tantamount to accepting that you are not your fathers' and mothers"sons - but merely stupid non-entities - only then they can legally divest you of your patrimony, of this rich land.

"Any Achehnese who has come to believe that he is not Achehnese but "indonesians" he is suffering an identity crisis, in fact he has become mad, and a mad man who has lost his mind will also be robbed of his properties. Our Achehnese nation is in the midst of a mortal identity crisis now, fostered by the Javanese who wanted to replace the Dutch to colonize us. This is why we are here, to organize a resistance for the survival of our people, our language, our culture, our religion, our custom, our way of life, and our right to live as a sovereign people: like our fathers had lived here before us.

"We have been an independent sovereign nation since the world begun. Our history is well-recorded. The Javanese are very different from us. They have never been independent in modern recorded history. Now they have the impudence to come here to colonize us after we helped them gained independence from the Dutch in the 1945 - 1949 struggle.

"You have heard in my speech commemorating the 100 YEARS ANNIVER SARY OF THE BATTLE OF BANDAR ACHEH about the mighty force we used to have. That we are the first nation in East Asia to have defeated the European colonialist army in the field of battle. The Javanese have absolutely nothing to compare with our history.If you knew your past you can be assured also of your future. You have been given a model to follow by your fathers. Do you have their courage?"

-"We do!" - came the answer in unison.

"Memorize your history! It has been written, not by ink over the papers, but by your fathers'blood over every inch of our beautiful valleys and breath-taking heights, beginning from our white sandy beaches to the cloud-covered peaks of Mount Seulawah, Alimon,Geureu-dong and Abong-Abong. Our heroic good fathers are not dead but merely waiting in their graves, all over this Blessed Land, for the Judgement Day, and in the meantime they are watching you, their sons, yes, listening to what we are talking here and now, and watching you what are you doing with the rich legacy they had left for you and had sacrificed their lives to secure its safe passage to you. Would you be willing to sacrifice your lives too, in order to secure the safe transmission of this rich legacy to your children and their children's children? This Land of yours is a Holy Land -made Holy by the deed and by the sacrificed blood of your ancestors -it is fit to

be worshipped, not to be walked upon by the ingrate Javamen. Your ancestors are not dead. They are very close to you,as close as the sound of their blood running in your veins.

"Do not let yourself be bothered by the Javanese colonialists' propaganda and their mockeries. Have you not had enough of their lies for 35 years, 365 days each year, making 12,675 days in all? Enough is e-nough. Besides, you are the ones who have decided to disobey them. Now you must learn to command, like your fathers, and to be commanded too by your own kind. Henceforth, amongst us,every order will be given for the love of the nation, and will be taken for the very same reason.And above all according to the Law of Allah. This is the only valid reason for governance among a free people such as ours.

Then I entered into exposition of current international affairs with a view to increase their self-confidence; on how over 100 nations big and small, have emerged as a result of Decolonization Law of the United Nations. How in our present time all people who wanted their independence got theirs, by peace or else by war. This is the age of national liberation. "If we wanted ours, now is the time to fight for it. It will not be restored to us by anybody else in the world.Our future is in our own hands. Our first duty is to awaken our people to their proper destiny. To counter Javanese "indonesian" propaganda that had gone hitherto un-opposed by us, that had misled our people and made so many of them gone mad, a situation that had brought our nation to the brink of disaster. I have come back to these mountains in order to carry the light to you. How else can you meet me? Now you must go down to every village and household in Acheh to relay the message !" To my question:"Are you ready?", there is a resounding answer: "YES!"

(FEBRUARY 12, 1977)

The lecture might have been wasted on Mansur Amin but certainly not on others. But the appeal of Tengku Abdul Wahab for clemency for him has persuaded the majority of the members of the Commission of Enquiry to release him, not right away, but at a time when we will move away next time from this camp to another. It was reasoned that if Mansur Amin betrayed us, his information will be out of date and if the enemy decided to attack they will find the camp already vacated. Everyone agrees to that solution although some very reluctantly.

(To dispose once and for all the problem of the son of a bitch, I should jump ahead in time a little bit so that we can forget about him. Twelve hours before we make our routine move to another location, Mansur Amin was set free. His cameras were returned to him minus exposed films. He was probably flabbergasted, expecting something much worse. According to reports from our intelligence sources he wasted no time to fly back to Jakarta. A few days later the enemy's headquarters of Pidie province in the town of Sigli received a telex from the Javanese "Ministry of Defence" in Jakarta giving order to attack our camp giving incredibly exact location - by Javanese standard - 40 kilometers South of Sigli, on the River Krueng Meuk, 2 km up stream of Alue Ileh, on high ground and well-defended. I was said to be there.

We have no prove as to which enemy agent made the report, but to us it could only be Mansur Amin. The enemy troops came to attack the camp a few days later with such elaborate preparation. They came at night, well camouflaged. They crawl from the start to the finish line.It took them almost all night to cover about 3 kilo meters of ground from the river edge to the camp which they reached by day break. They expected the camp to be still occupied. We observed them from our nearby observation post because we did not move far away. The enemy made such elaborate reports about the camp. We also received a copy - a courtesy of a sympathiser in the Indonesian army. Everything was photographed, in eluding items in the waste baskets, such as empty cans, wrappers, etc, where the enemy found many imported food items considered luxurious e-ven in the countryside. They envied our dining hall and the elegant setting of this "rebel" camp, surrounded by springs and waterfall from three sides. The one-thousand years old Achehnese flag still flut tered on the flagpole, intentionally left there by us as a souvenir for the enemy.)

We seemed to have failed to awaken Achehnese patriotism in Amin's heart and mind. He was an exceptional case because we had been successful 99 per cent in our rehabilitation approach. He belonged to the 1 per cent, the incurables, the assimilated, the one who had lost total self-respect and self-confidence in himself, in his people,and had become the pliable instrument of the invaders of his country used to , act against his own people. I would like to see him again and even his likes, to study them, to analyse their minds, to find out what was wrong with them in order to cure them. I do not feel mad but I feel pity for them.

(FEBRUARY 13, 1977)

By this time many prominent leaders of Acheh have trekked to the mountains to meet with me. Since they are still residing in the enemy occupied areas, I have to leave them nameless for the time being, because the enemy can still cause some troubles to them. Their purpose of meeting me was to clear up their muddy minds, on how are we going about achieving our independence. Most of them think only about guns. "Where are the guns?!" Without the guns we should not be talking about independence at all!

I patiently explained to them: granted, guns are very important and we cannot do without. We will arm ourselves as a national efforts in due time. Gun is only one of our problems that we must solve. But there are more important and more urgent problems before us that we must solve first - even before the guns: the problem of Achehnese political consciousness, the problem of the crisis of national identity, the problem of the study of Achehnese history, the status of Acheh under International Law, the problem of self-determination and inter-national relations. We as a people have been put under externally imposed isolation for so long that we have been effectively isolated internationally. To solve all our problems we have to get back into in-ternational political currents, out of our isolation. But we cannot join international community as a people or a nation before we cured ourselves of our crisis of national identity which is now upon us. As

a result of 35 years of Javanese Indonesian colonialism, our people has been driven into a crisis of identity: many Achehnese, especially the younger generations are in doubt and in utter confusion as to who they are: Achehnese or "Indonesians"? Achehnese political consciousness has been weaken to such a degree that self-determination is no longer possible, if that was not corrected first. Our true history has been subverted. When a people have forgotten their history, it is the same like a man who has lost his memory, he did not know any more who he was and what was his name. Self-determination is no longer possible for such a man, or for such a people. Our people is in such state of affairs now, that is before the establishment of the National Liberation Front, in October, 1976. That was before I came home. Under such memory-less condition or rather under conditions of mental and spiritual paralysis, we cannot organize ourselves to do anything especially not to do the fighting. Our first task, therefore, should be to restore the national consciousness, to revive national memory, then to organize and to mobilize ourselves. Now, all these are not military activities but political, cultural, and educational. They are absolutely necessary to prepare before we can engage in armed struggle. So the gun is neither the first nor the last thing! We lost our chance to regain our independence in 1945 not because of any lack of guns - you knew there were plenty of guns in Acheh at that time - but precisely because of the lack of national political consciousness and correct national political direction at that time.

I cannot remember anymore how many thousand times I have had to repeat these explanations!

(FEBRUARY 20, 1977)

Today, at about 9 AM a good size deer walked into the front of Camp Karim. It was too good an opportunity to miss to get some meat. The guard runs to me to ask for permission to shoot. Because without warning, the sound of report would have been mistaken for an enemy attack. So I gave the permission to my guard, Shahpari Ben, to shoot. He is a sharp-shooter. With one bullet he got the deer. The deer is quickly slaughtered, in the name of Allah, according to Islamic rule, with a sharp knife, to lessen its suffering. The cook and the kitchen staffs prepared such a nice feast for the day.

(FEBRUARY 28, 1977)

Today I decide that since we have been in Camp Karim already one month, and many visitors had come and gone, in line with our security policy not to stay more than one month in the same place,although there is no emergency, it is time to move to another location. This decision was taken although I intend to keep Camp Karim to be a permanent one. After discussions with Army Commander, security people and the Pawang, we decide to return to Tjokkan Hill again which is on the other side of the River Krueng Meuk and only two hours walk from here. That place is still very secured.

(MARCH 1, 1977)

So on March ist we moved there again. We found everything is very much the same at Tjokkan Hill as we had left excepting that the trees we had planted as support pillars for the houses have taken roots and now producing leaves and branches. The only thing we have to do is to put new plastic roofs and repairing the floors. By now Tjokkan Hill has become like an old homestead for everyone of us, full of memories. Everyone feels like truly coming home. Still, when we moved, all communications are cut off for a few days,even if we moved only short distance, just to make sure that our security is intact, and that our movement is not detected by the enemy.

(MARCH 7, 1977)

After we are sure that there was no leak whatever about our move from Camp Karim to Tjokkan Hill,the communications with the countryside are re-established. Our supply lines have also to be re-routed. By this time the Javanese enemy has established a post in every village to prevent any food being sent to us in the mountains. The e-nemy forced the people to help him guard the villages against us to achieve that inimical purpose. The Javanese keep close watch on people's movements and the people are not allowed to keep foodstuffs in their homes more than for one day supply. The Javanese soldiers come to check everyday to every household for any violations of this diabolical rule.Curfew was imposed to stop the movement of people at night. Everything is done to block food supply from reaching us in the forests. All that, however, did not stop food supply from reaching us. That was the measure of the loyalty of the people for their liberation movement. They have vowed not to allow us to be starved by the invaders.

(MARCH 8, 1977)

In line with his overall strategy to starve us, the enemy is tightening the nose all around us or where he thinks we are.A new garrison was established by the enemy at Pinto Sa (First Gateway), a narrow pass connecting the Tiro Region with the mountain areas. That new enemy post, therefore,is designed to really choke us. We let the enemy know of our displeasure by attacking the post one night last week.In the shooting,several enemy soldiers were wounded. Our forces suffered no casualty. The enemy removes the garrison a few days later. He knows it was no use anyhow, so why let his men being shot at like sitting ducks?

(MARCH 9, 1977)

Our strategy is really to avoid military confrontation now.We are not yet ready to enter into an armed struggle. We want to keep the conflict political as long as possible to prepare the people politically for the armed struggle. We need time to indoctrinate the-people. And we have seen that the result of our political warfare is

nothing less than spectacular. The entire people has been aroused a-gainst the Javanese regime. *It is no longer possible for any Achehnese to work for the Javanese Indonesian regime and remains respectable in his comnunit*y. All Achehnese working for the regime has been put on the defensive. To be an Indonesian "government" official has ceased to be prestigeous in the eyes of the people of Acheh.And that happens only since the formation of the NLFAS. The Javanese regime knows that we have beaten it politically. The only measure the enemy can take against us is the military action. Gun is the only thing he has, and the only means left to impose his hated authority.Therefore the increasing use of military might demonstrable everyday,to change this conflict from political to military field where he is stronger.

(MARCH 10, 1977)

A new calendar for the State of Acheh Sumatra and the NLFAS is being issued based on our traditional ones but with the view to strengthen the people's pride and patriotism, and providing occasions to raise the flag - one of the very effective and symbolic means to combat the enemy. Since we have re-raised the one-thousand-year old A-chehnese flag, the red-and-white Javanese flag has looked very pale and meaningless in the eyes of the people of Acheh. People cried unashamedly in public when they saw their flag fluttered again on their land. The Javanese never dare to insult our flag in front of the people. Every time they found our flags raised, they had to lower them respectfully. Otherwise they may find themselves attacked by the people with their bare hands. Such is the symbolic meaning and power of the Achehnese flag with the Achehnese people. This flag stirred the deepest depth of the Achehnese psyche, reminding him of his past glory that sharpened the sense of his present tragedy. Did not his fathers subdued the Portuguese at the Battle of Malacca (1586) and des-troyed the Dutch invaders at the Battle of Bandar Acheh (1873) under the shadow of this proud flag? Here is the new calendar:

Muharram 1	. Islamic New Year
Muharram 10	. Ashura (Death of Imam Hussein at Karbala)
Rabiul Awwal 12	. Maulud (Birth of the Prophet Muhammad)
Ramazan 1	. Beginning of Fasting Month
Ramazan 17	. Revelation of the Quran
Shawwal 1	. Id al Fitr (Ending of the Fasting Month)
Zulhijjah 10	. Id al Adha (Festival of Sacrifice)
January 1	. International New Year
January 25	. Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Day (Death of Al-Malik Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, 1891)
January 28	. Mahmud Shah Day (Deatht of sultan Mahmud Shah, 1874)
February 11	. Tjut Njak Dien and Teuku Umar Day (Death of Teuku Umar, 1899)
March 26	. Battle of Aneuk Galong (1896)
April 23	. Heroes Day (Battle of Bandar Acheh, 1873)
May 21	. Battle of Mount Alimon (1910)
September 5	. Battle of Alue Simi (1910)
December 3	. Battle of Alue Bhot (1911)
December 4	. Re-Declaration of Independence (1976)
December 27	. Iskandar Muda Day (Death of Sultan Iskandar Muda, 1639)

(MARCH 11, 1977)

Today I received reports from all over the country that by now our Achehnese historic flag has been raised everywhere by our activists even in Kuta Radja (Bandar Acheh)the seat of the Javanese "governor". The flag-raising in Kuta Radja was also reported by the BBC of London which we heard over the radio in the mountain. It was accompanied by a big student demonstration.

Also I received reports that the Javanese Indonesian regime had sent its propaganda teams to every village and town to denounce the NLF leadership especially me personally. Their propaganda, however, has had curious twists. At the beginning even the Javanese did not believe that I had come back to the mountains of Acheh to do what I did. The propaganda department of the regime flatly denied the "rumors" about my being in Acheh and doing what I did. My honor was never questioned. It said at the time that the rebels were using my name to attract attention and to get following. The real leaders of the movement of Free Acheh, the Indonesians said were Geutjhik Uma and Daud Paneuk. But later on when they found out for real that I was in Acheh, the Javanese began by fabricating all sorts of things to defame my good name among my people. I did not even bother to reply to their accusations because they were so ludicrous and my people who knew me from birth will never fall for that sorts of Javanese craps. And so it was. Several incidents already occurred like the one in the District of Reubee when the people forced the official speaker who was denouncing me to stop it, go down the podium or be pulled down. People yelled:"Stop it! Stop it! Enough! Enough!" The man meekly stepped down and had to run away under Javanese police protection, Since they cannot refute our political arguments, the Javanese tried to attack the personal integrity of everyone of the NLFAS" leaders and to smear our good names with Javanese types of low brow insinuations. That might have worked in Java among the Javanese but never a-mong the people of Acheh Sumatra.

(MARCH 25, 1977)

Today we received a report that the enemy troops will conduct their "search and destroy" operations toward the direction of Tjokkan Hill area. The report did not specifically say that our camp had been located by the enemy, but merely said that the enemy operation will be directed toward our general direction. But by the size of the enemy forces being assembled in Sigli, Lam Meulo, and Beureunuen, three battalions in all, it is wise for us to move out of the area until the enemy operation is finished. Therefore, after evaluating the report, we think it is prudent to move out of the designated enemy's search area. We decide to move down to Lhok Nilam area on the South side of the Tiro River. We will move there on March 30th. It will take only about four hours of marching to that place, mostly climbing and descending. An advanced party will be sent there today to prepare a temporary camp.

(MARCH 26, 1977)

Today is our national Holiday, commemorating the great BATTLE OF ANEUK GALONG that took place on March 26, 1896.between the Dutch and Free Achehnese forces. The fortress of Aneuk Galong was the Headquarters of Free Achehnese Forces for over 20 years and the virtual wartime capital of Acheh beside Mureue. It was the fortress that had successfully stopped the Dutch and Javanese invading forces from further advance for 23 years since their second invasion of Acheh that had begun on Christmas Day, 1873.

The fortress of Aneuk Galong was first built by Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Saman and then enlarged and fortified by his first son Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Amin. From the strategic location of Aneuk Galong the Achehnese forces maintained the longest siege in history against the Dutch and Javanese forces in Kuta Radja area that lasted for 22 years!

In 1896 the Dutch took the initiative to break out from Achehnese encirclement. The Dutch historian, J. Kreemer, wrote in his book, A-tjeh that "Tengku Tjhik di Tiro raised a very large army which he deployed to encircle the entire Dutch position in the country so that he effectively locked us in our stockades with the mighty force of arms." On March 26, 1896, the Dutch forces under command of General Van Heutz and General Van Daalen - the two greatest generals in the history of Dutch colonialism, - attacked Aneuk Galong. At the time of the attack, the fortress of Aneuk Galong was personally commanded by Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Amin,who was also the Achehnese Head of State. He died as the hero of Acheh at that battle and was buried next to his father in the latter mousoleum in Mureue.

Here is what Dutch General Van Daalen wrote about the Battle of Aneuk Galong:

> "The Achehnese fought like lions. They preferred to die than surrender. It was a bitter hand-to-hand fighting. Quarter was not asked, and was not given.... Among the Achehnese dead was Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro whose body was brought by his men to Mureue, and was buried there next to the grave of his father."

Today we commemorate the battle and the heroes of Aneuk Galong. There were two hundreds of them. Not one surrendered! Their memory strengthens our own resolve to carry on this struggle, a sacred duty which we inherited from them.

(MARCH 30, 1977)

We depart early in the morning toward the direction of Lhok Nilam Northeast from Tjokkan Hill. It must have been only a few miles away but separated by several folds of extremely high ridges and steep ravines each takes hours to climb up and to descend down. While negotiating to descend the last steep ravine, one of my fingers was crushed because my guard, Abou Kasem, who walks very close behind me to make sure that he can grab me if I tumbled down hill, in his an-

xiety to protect me, he stepped down too closely behind me that his foot landed on a loose piece of rock in front of him that was di-rectly on top of the one I was holding on to keep me from falling down hill. The loose rock fell on my finger crushing my nail and cut ting my finger deeply. The blood rushed so much, Inordinate, I thought for such a small accident. It was, however, in-explicably, very painful, maybe because of the crushing of the nail. Seeing my blood flowing from my finger so profusedly, I remembered what Zent-graaff had written: "Too much blood of the di Tiro family has been spilled." It certainly has not been stopped until today!

(MARCH 31, 1977)

After everything has been said and done so far, my mission came down to this - and this will be a measure of my success or failure: I want to make my idea, my conviction about Free Acheh, Sumatra, shared by all Achehnese Sumatrans, men, women, and children. I had done everything possible to revive Achehnese patriotism from abroad since I had been in exile all my life by writing several books, in Achehnese, to revive my language and culture at the same time, such as *Atjeh Bak Mata Donja* (Acheh in World History) 1968 , *Sireutoih Thon Mideuen Prang Bandar Atjeh* (One Hundred Year Anniversary of the Bat-tle of Bandar Acheh) 1973, *Peurdjuangan Atjeh Meurdehka* (The Strug-gle for Free Acheh) 1976, and many others. These books had been smuggled to Acheh and are widely read. They have had great influence u-pon the people's minds but not enough to mobilize them for an independence revolution now. Therefore I have come back to live in the forests of my country to bring back the idea closer to my people, I expect the strength of my idea will be so much greater when a million other minds accepted it. The solitary existence of the idea in my one mind in the United States will never lead to a revolution, But if I could inculcate the idea into a million other minds now, it might lead to a successful national liberation movement. I would like, to create a kind of consciousness in every Achehnese mind thatwill make him get up and do whatever needs to be done to gain back our indepen dence. In any event, I have taken the risk to do it. And I have seen the evidence that my people have responded to my call. That is then the genesis of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra,

(APRIL 1, 1977)

The setting and the lay-out of the Lhok Nilam Camp is so good, and well-hidden. It is only about 300 meters from the bank of the Tiro River but completely hidden from it. For water supply, there is a swift running spring right in front of it. The men had erected such a magnificent flagpole in the front yard that we had to raise the flag without further delay. Also I notice there are extra food and mountains of meats on the tables of the camp, unusual for the day of arrival which was usually a lean day. It turned out that everything had come from the farm of Abou Rih which is located not far to the North of the camp. Although our moving to Lhok Nilam Camp is for the purpose of escaping from enemy's dragnets and we could hear the sound of enemy firing on the other side of the ridges, the men are

all relaxed and at ease. While there I received daily reports on the enemy movements. It turned out the enemy did not even go near our Tjokkan Hill Camp but passed through Northern and Southern perimeters. Surely we would have been nervous to be staying in there if we had not moved out. A decision was taken to return to Tjokkan Hill on the 5th of April, leaving Lhok Nilam Camp as a reserved place for our new recruits. It was clear, however, that the enemy had decided to establish his permanent presence in the area.

(APRIL 5, 1977)

Today we returned to the Tjokkan Hill Camp again. Walking through the forests is a very tricky affairs.One can get lost very easily. I thought by now I can claim some experteese in it, only to find out that I did not even know where I was until suddenly I stepped in the camp ground, of course being led fay the *Pawang*,I would not have been able to come back there by myself after having lived there for several months.

(APRIL 10, 1977)

Yesterday Geutjhik Uma, the Commandant of my guards who has never left my sight ever since he came to fetch me at Panton Weng Camp last October, by order of my uncle, Tengku Tjhik Umar di Tiro, had asked for my permission to visit his wife and children at their home in Blang Kedah village, not very far away. By direct route through the banks of the Tiro River it would have taken about 2 hours by foot. But because the enemy had blockaded the route, he had to take our guerilla route through the forests and ravines that would take 4 to 5 hours of walking. There was nothing unusual happening all day that I knew of. At about 3 PM Geutjhik Uma returned to the camp and came directly to greet me by kissing my hand as usual, and I asked him to sit down next to me. I notice some fresh scratches on his cheeks and forehead but dismissed it as the usual things that happened after walking through the forests where thorns are everywhere and it was impossible not to get scratched especially when you have the need to run

Suddenly Geutjhik Uma covered his face with both of his palms crying - looking very upset indeed.I was shocked at the thought that something very terrible must have happened. I tried to comfort him and asked him what had happened. It took a few minutes before he can calm himself and begins to tell me what had happened: last night at about 3 AM the enemy surrounded his house and demanded for his surrender.

- "Geutjhik Uma, we know you are in there.Come out slowly and surrender yourself!" The enemy yelled under cover of darkness.

  Then there was silence. He did not expect that to happen, was very surprised and needed time to think what to do.

- "Geutjhik Uma, come out or we will shoot all over the house!" Another yell from the enemy.

- "I will come out with my wife and children, don't shoot!", Geutjhik Uma replied.

Then he asked his wife and the children,two girls (aged 10 and 12) to go out first, and after all three were in the clear, he run out very quickly through the back door while firing et the enemy with his service pistol. He knew he hit one of them because the enemy yelled:"He shot me on my arm! He shot me on my arm! Help!" Geutjhik Uma got away under cover of darkness. It took him five hours to arrive here. He was very upset, he said, because he had now jeopardized my security. It was his primary duty to look after my security and my safety. Now what he had done! He should have never fired the bullets, he said - crying all over again. Now, Geutjhik Uma is a very brave and tough man but he has a very soft heart for me. I knew that. There was an incident sometime ago when he let me went somewhere without him and I and my party got lost in the forests for a day. Geutjhik Uma was crying, lamenting himself for not doing his duty as he was entrusted by my uncle, Tengku Umar, to whom he was devoted.

I asked Geutjik Uma:"Is that all? Nobody in your family got killed or hurt? "No", he said, still sobbing, I said to him:"Then, there is nothing to cry about. I am glad you did fire the gun. If you did not they might have been able to capture you. You did the right thing. There is nothing to worry about or to apologize. Go get some food and some rest. We will think tomorrow what to do about it. The most important thing is that you and your family are safe!" He stands up, kisses my hand and walks away to his quarters. I think of Geutjhik U-ma, what a brave, loyal and conscientious man is he. And he has the good look to match his good characters. I often think that when this is all over, I will go with Geutjhik Uma, always as my chief aide, to visit our friends abroad, to see the world, and be seen. I am truly proud of my men. I would give my life for them as I know they would give their lives for me. Geutjhik Uma is a good representative of his fellow Achehnese. These are the men and women - their wives and chil-dren - who make me feel that all the troubles that I have taken for the cause of my people are worth it. They have done no less than I in their own posts, accbrding to their abilities. Geutjhik Uma and his likes - God, there are so many of them in Acheh - are my redeemers.

(APRIL 11, 1977)

The Blang Kedah or the Geutjhik Uma incident of April 10, 1977, turned out to have a very good propaganda value for the liberation movement. Rumours spread all over the country magnifying the incident - no doubt by our imaginative members no less than by Achehnese rumor-mongers who take such delights in exaggerating things especially at the expense of the hated Javanese regime. By the time the story reached Singkel, the remote town in Southern Acheh, it was being pictured as a big battle between the NLF forces and the Javanese Indonesians involving tanks with Geutjhik Uma, the Commandant of the Guards of the Achehnese Head of State. Thus, the Geutjhik Uma legend was born.

In a country where there is no free newspapers, no free radio stations, and no free televisions, rumours become such part of public reality, and indistinguishable from news; and since rumours give more free play to the imagination, they are preferred to "hard" news. Everyone knows that the regime's controlled press are no good source for news anyhow. Acheh Sumatra under Javanese Indonesian colonialist rule provides a stage for a clinical study of the role of rumours in a milieu of controlled press.

Today we decide to move out of the Tjokkan Hill in view of the expected enemy move against us after the incident.Also it is about time we move out of the Tjokkan Hill after such a long stay. By guerilla standard we should have moved out long time already. We decide to move to a new area, as far as possible and practicable from Tiro Region. Our destination is Krueng Agam (River Agam), directly to the South of Panton Weng, my first camp. It will take four or five days walk to reach there and it will not be easy with all the things the men have to carry: office equipments (many typewriters, stencil machines, papers), food supplies, medicines, radios, etc. In a trip like that every additional ounce is a burden because a human being who has to carry it while climbing and descending suffered extreme exhaustion. We rarely have occasion to walk on flat surface. Only when we hit the elephant paths occasionally. Elephants, being heavy and dislike to climb, have made remarkable paths on all available flat surfaces on the mountain ridges that extend for tens of miles at a stretch and connecting into hundreds of miles of similar paths , But, as a rule, a guerilla must avoid all easy and nice things. Such paths will also be the favorite routes for our pursuers. Therefore, we must use them with extreme care. To avoid using them is still a better policy. But when you see a flat path to walk on in the mountains it is irresistible not to go through it. The difference between walking over flat paths compared to hilly ones is indescribable -only known to the guerillas.

(APRIL 15, 1977)

It took us five days to reach the bank of Krueng Agam. That means we have to sleep four nights on the way. The march was extremely difficult as we have to climb many high ridges.We marched from 6 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening with 30 minutes break for lunch in the afternoon. There were about fifty men in my party. Too many for safety. A guerilla group should not have been more than 12 men, maximum. We could expect slaughter if we met the enemy who certainly move in much smaller numbers, at that time. When we reached the bank of Krueng Agam river we picked up a strategic place to establish the camp, just behind the height on a narrow pass controlling all approaches to the place. About ten miles down the river to the North is my old camp, Panton Weng. We decided not to return there because the security situation is not too good. And this newly found spot is just fine, even too good not to take. The men who are now be coming experts in building camps established such a nice "building" in no time; it is in my recollection thus far the most handsome ever, giving the impression of the colonnaded "alcazar" of Andalusian Spain which used to be my favorite vacation ground.

The next day we have a tearfully joyful re-union with the members of the parties of Army Commander Daud Husin and Muhammad Taib Hasan, the District Head of Simpang Lhee, another stalwart of the NLF who had been separated from us for some time on tours of duty in other a-reas. I had never postponed an operation once it had been decided u-pon, and those who had been assigned the duty must go, even leaving me only with a handful of men in the forests. Also all of us have an intimate understanding now that every parting maybe forever, therefore every re-union is a moving occasion with tears of joy dropping from everyone's eyes as they embraced their comrades-in-arms. I heard that Army Commander's party had to fight its way out of enemy's encirclement on the way up here - but without sustaining any casualties.

The Krueng Agam River is famous for its ils and other kinds of fish The men are well-prepared with all sorts of fishermen's gears. In no time we begin to feast with sumptuous dinners. Its can be very delicious when they are well-prepared. Even cooked on fire, shish kebab's style, they are very delicious. While in Krueng Agam Region, our food supply would come from the nearby districts. Although these are areas supposedly still under enemy control, but the people, like in the rest of Acheh, belonged to us.

(APRIL 16,1977)

We receive reports that the enemy is stepping up his campaign to picture us internationally as "terrorists", "bandits", "fanatics" and even "communists" to justify his repressive actions against us. Therefore, we decide to reprint our Declaration of Independence of Acheh-Sumatra in the English language as many as possible for distribution abroad. The printing machine is being put to work 24 hours a day. By now everybody in the camp has become "Jack of all trades": everybody can practically do everything. Our doctors can run the printing machine best of all. They did such fine printing jobs that the enemy had always insisted that all our pamphlets and books were printed in foreign countries and smuggled in, instead of the other way around. We used international standard in our printing - not Javanese Indonesian standard!And then all our men know also how to administer medicine because they have taken para-medics training courses in the camps.Everyone also knows how to chop woods, how to cook, how to shoot -and to my surprise - how to give best lectures on the fundamentals of our movement's political philosophy and Achehnese history. When the men were sent on missions to various parts of the country, on whatever duty,being from the headquarters, they are always asked to speak and being treated as honored guests everywhere they went. Even those on missions of mail deliveries are being asked to give a talk. All my men rose to the occasions! I did not realize that they had been my captive audience for so long and had memorized many things that I had taught them. So I was pleasantly surprised to receive requests for speakers from the countryside:"Please send us so and so, etc." I can say with certainty now that all my companions have become changed persons, from simple fishermen, farmers, illiterate or literate,they have been transformed into leaders, literate, articulate, knowledgeable,resolute and know how to handle their new status which they clearly appreciate and enjoyed, and would never give up for anything in the world. Consider

what has really happened: in the old time they were ordinary men of their villages, nobody paid any attention to them, let alone honored them. Now, when they come back, the moment neighbors learned of their presence everyone will rush to greet them, to ask for news about the struggle. "*Et na ka geutanjoe*?" - at what point are we in our struggle now? - this is the most frequently elicited first question. The men would be invited to every home. He would be put in the most honored spot, at the head of the table, so to speak. He would be seated on *tika duek*, a specially embroidered mat for VIP. If he would stay overnight, he would be given the master bedroom to sleep in while the host will put up somewhere else. Our activists are simply pampered by the people when they return home. This has happened to *all* my men.It shows the people's enthusiasm and social approval for the liberation movement and for all those involved in it. Deep down it is the honor and the dignity of the Achehnese race and Islam that is involved and being restored here. Those who are involved are touched by the holiness of this cause. That is why we have already won the struggle - because we have won the hearts of the people. The rest is literature, as they say.

(APRIL 17, 1977)

Krueng Agam River is also called in Achehnese "*Krueng Batee Meusambong*" the River of Continuous Stones, because it is full of big rock formations that the erosive activities of the water still unable to cut them into smaller pieces let alone reducing them into pebbles. These rocks are very smooth but also very slippery and dangerous to step or to walk over them. When I was at the Panton Weng Camp last November, I had come up to explore this river and had indeed fallen down when I stepped on a slippery rock, wounding my right leg that took two weeks to heal. I got all my suit dripping wet at the time I fell.

Today I almost get into real bad situation again because of the slipperiness of the rocks of this river. I went down the river with my shoes on. Before I know it, I slipped down so fast falling very hard into a crevice about 3 meters deep, and when hitting the bottom that was equally slippery, I was bounced like a ball to the opposite side and falling down into another connecting crevice,also about 3 meters deep, making the fall of about 6 meters altogether, and then landed flat on my back on a patch of black sands at the bottom, feeling dizzy and shaken. It all happened so sudden and before I can think of anything it had finished. I was alone a very rare occasion indeed and no one had seen what happened. Such is the nature of all accidents when they happened. Prevention is the best precaution. One should not wear shoes on slippery rocks. I checked my physical condition to find the damage: no broken bone, no bruises, only extreme dizziness.I could hardly get up. I noticed that the heavy metal strip protecting the trigger of my revolver (a Smith&Wesson) had almost been smashed indicating that it had had a strong abrasive contact with the rocks when I tumbled down. I shivered thinking of what would have happened if it had broken under pressure, and my revolver would have been triggered. It was a truly narrow escape. I continued to feel nauseated and went back to my quarters. Then I felt a sharp pain on the top of my head. When I put my hand there I found a big round swell that was painful

upon pressure. I still feel slightly dizzy. I thought I should take a strong dose of penicillin pills that I had with me to prevent any possible infection and then went to sleep without ever telling anyone about what had happened. I certainly will not forget the River of Con tinuous Stones.

(APRIL 18, 1977)

While at Krueng Agam Camp I accepted two new necessary addition to my permanent staff: they are Pawang Brahim and Bain Taleb. Both men are notables of the area. One of the problems I face is how to reject so many people who want to join me in the mountains without hurting their feelings. Our policy is to keep as few people as possible in the mountains and to have everyone stayed in his village or town. Only those who are in immediate danger of being arrested by the enemy are allowed to move to the mountain camps. And only those with special reasons are allowed to be with me. There are people from every region of Acheh among my staff to facilitate communications. So wherever I have to move, there will be someone who can lead the way and know all the local people .

Pawang Brahim is an expert of the mountain regions between Tiro and Samalanga. And Baih Taleb is the leader of the community of the Krueng Agam territory. Pawang Brahim is on the spot: if we did not take him with us, the enemy will force him to show the way for the e-nemy troops in the mountains. The enemy had already forced him on several occasions to show the way in search of the NLF camps.

(APRIL 23, 1977)

Today is our national Holiday, THE HEROES DAY, celebrating our great victory at the BATTLE OF BANDAR ACHEH, 104 years ago today, when the Achehnese Armed Forces defeated the Dutch, the first major European colonialist defeat in Southeast Asian history. For several generations the Achehnese had forgotten this glorious day altogether, as if erased from their memories. What a shame it was! They did not even know anything about it anymore until I celebrated it for the first time in many generations, in New York, in 1973. My speech on that occasion from New York was meant to be a clarion call to the Achehnese to rise again to honor their dead heroes and to take their place again among free sovereign nations of the world. If the Achehnese had remembered this in 1945, at the end of World War II, they would have already been free !

We celebrate this day in Krueng Agam Camp with a solemn flag raising ceremony, the very flag the Dutch wanted to pull down in 1873!

Here is the story of the BATTLE OF BANDAR ACHEH:

On March 26, 1873, the largest Dutch armada ever assembled in South east Asia arrived on the coast of Acheh bringing a Dutch Ultimatum to the Government of the Kingdom of Acheh Sumatra, demanding the following:

1. Immediate surrender of Acheh Sumatra to Holland without resistance and becomes a part of Dutch East Indies (Indonesia);

2. Stopping slave-trade on the island of Sumatra and stopping piracy in the Malacca Straits;

3. The State of Acheh must give to Holland all parts of Sumatra still under Achehnese sovereignty;

4. The State of Acheh must immediately cut all its diplomatic and commercial relations with all European and Asian countries Renounce loyalty to the Islamic Khalifate, and swear loyalty to the King of Holland;

5. The Dutch flag must be raised in place of the Achehnese flag.

Point 2 in the Ultimatum was merely to provide excuses for the Dutch to be able to moralize their naked aggression against the State of Acheh in the name of "suppressing slavery & piracy".

The Government of the State of Acheh Sumatra asked for time to con gider the demands. The Commander of the Dutch armada, General Kohler, replied that he gave one hour time for the State of Acheh Sumatra to reply!

Thereupon, the great King of Acheh Sumatra, Sultan Mahmud Shah,did the only honorable thing to do: His Majesty rejected the Dutch Ultimatum forthwith, with the following message:

(1) The Government and the people of Acheh Sumatra will never surrender their country to foreign powers and are prepared to fight to defend their soil, and will never accept to become a part of Dutch colony ("Indonesia"); (2) There is no slave-trading in Acheh Sumatra as alleged to justify aggression; as to piracy in the Malacca Straits we do not condone it, and all proven pirates are strictly dealt with according to the law; (3) Regarding the demand that we give to Holland all Sumatran territories under Achehnese sovereignty, that cannot be done without consultations with the peoples of those territories who are our own people, not colonies; (4) Regarding the demand that we renounced the Islamic Khalifate and to swear loyalty to the King of Holland, this is tantamount to asking us to renounce our religion; (5) And finally the demand that we changed our flag for yours is totally unacceptable.For our religion and our flag, we, and every Achehnese will shed the last drops of his blood."

Upon receiving that reply, the Dutch, on the same day, declared war against the State of Acheh Sumatra. Immediately they began bombardment of the capital city, Kuta Radja. On April 5, 1873, General Kohler stepped ashore on Achehnese soil, with 10,000 best European troops, just brought in from Holland, supported by large numbers of Javanese mercenaries. On April 23, 1873, at the BATTLE OF BANDAR ACHEH, the Dutch invading army was annihilated by the Army of Acheh. General Kohler himself was executed by the Achehnese as a war criminal. What happened was reported as front-page news around the world. *The Times* of London wrote (April 22, 1873):

"A remarkable incident in modern colonial history is reported from the East Indian Archipelago. A considerable force of Europeans has been defeated by the army of a native State, the

> State of Acheh. The Achehnese have gained a decisive victory. Their enemy is not only defeated but compelled to withdraw."

The Times commented further that Holland had no right to attack A-cheh to begin with, because as it said "Acheh indeed was not a dependency of Holland."

The New York Times (Tuesday, May 6, 1873) wrote in its editorial page as follows:

> "A sanguinary battle has taken place in Acheh. The Dutch attack was repulsed with great slaughter. The Dutch General was killed, and his army put to disastrous flight. That repulse is regarded as most serious may be inferred from a recent debates in the Parliament at The Hague, when a member declared that the enterprise taken altogether will prove the last blow to the authority of Holland in the Eastern World."

On May 15, 1873, *The New York Times* published an editorial about Acheh (Acheen) as follows:

" A C H E H "

> "Now, the Achehnese education of the present generation of Christendom may be said to have fairly begun.
>
> "Soon it will be generally known that the Achehnese are not enervated savages, by any means, but sound Musselmen and hardy fighters.
>
> "It will creep out that they, as well as their present anta gonists, once had outlying colonies of their own, and that there was a time when they were even strong enough to besiege the redoubtable Portuguese themselves in the city of Malacca. The knowledge will become general that the Sultan of Acheh was once on very good terms with James I of England, and the latter canny Monarch presented to his Achehnese brother two cannons which now help guard his successor's palace in Sumatra."

On Friday, May 30, 1873, *The New York Times* published fuller reports on the decisive Battle of Bandar Acheh, which says, in part:

> "The Dutch were very badly beaten. General Kohler was killed. With heavy losses, his command fell back to the shore, where at last advice, they maintained with difficulty a precarious foothold against surrounding foes.
>
> "We are now told from the Dutch side that the Sultan had a very large force, armed with breech-loading rifles. Pending this, the Sultan is showing diplomatic as well as military capacity.
>
> "He has discovered that, by the Treaty of 1819, made between the King of Great Britain and the then Achehnese Sultan,or by similar contracts made with the East India Company, England undertook to intervene as against any power which should make

> war on Acheh. It is now, therefore, represented, as part of the London press own,with justice,that the British Government have seriously broken faith with the Sultan in allowing the Dutch to make war upon him without remonstrance or interposition. This implies a demand for help from England which that power will apparently find it difficult consistently to deny; and the demand coming on the heels of Achehnese success may have more favorable consideration than if the circumstances were otherwise.
>
> "In any case, it is unlikely that Holland will stop fighting after defeat as that Acheh will do so after victory; so that a struggle of much fierceness and obstinacy may be counted on as almost inevitable.
>
> "The Sultan, who has plenty of money,has sent large orders to Europe for the most improved pattern of arms and his subjects being not only skillful marksmen, but brave warriors, the phlegmatic and resolute Hollanders will meet in the Achehnese foemen worthy of their steel."

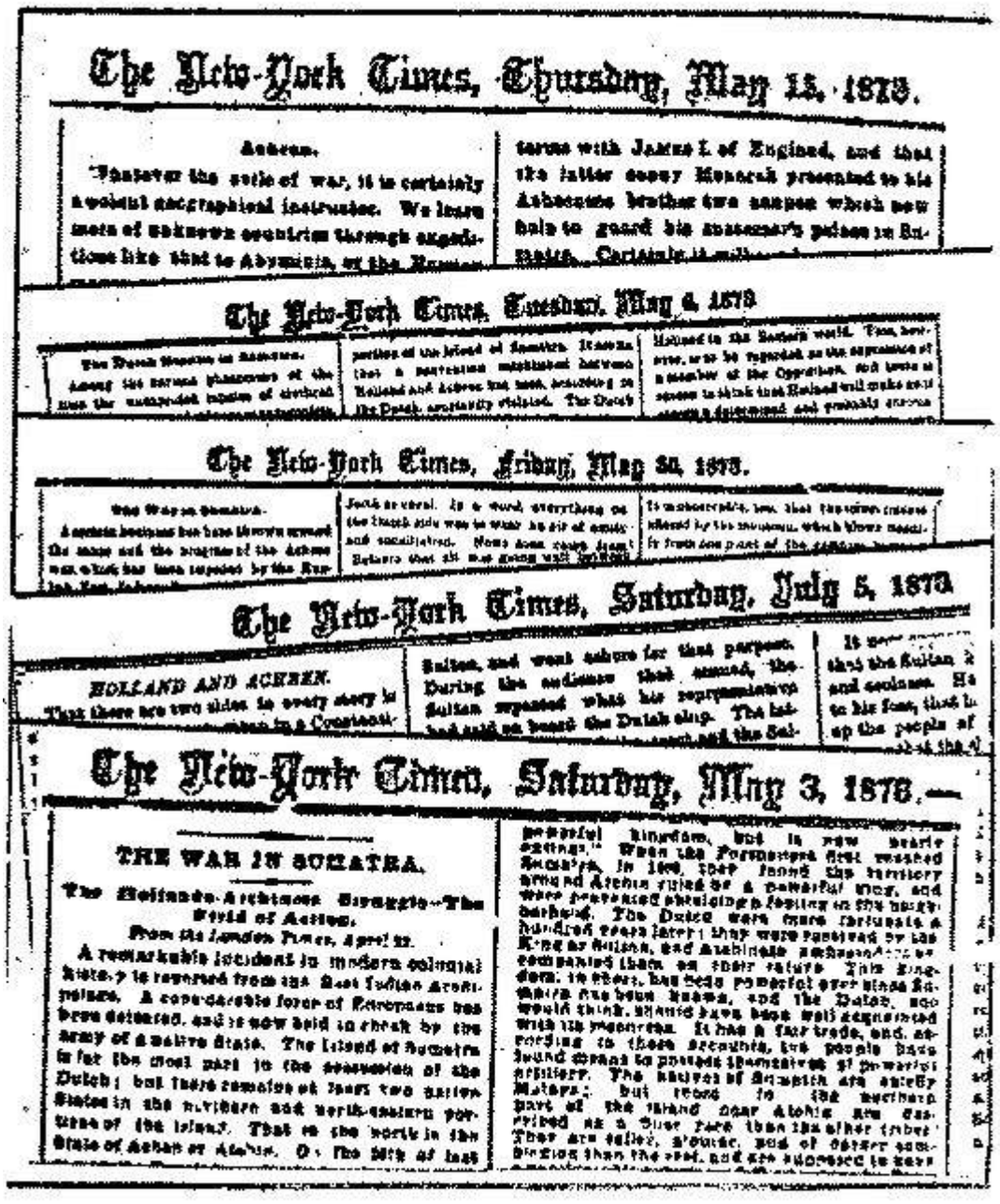
Again, in its editorial on Saturday, July 5th,1873, *The New York Times* stated:

"HOLLAND AND ACHEEN (ACHEH)"

> "Our sympathies would ordinarily go with the Christian and civilized power, and assuredly when we see Holland battling to suppress a nest of manstealers, thugs, and pirates, we would wish her all success; but a people bravely struggling to defend their soil, their flag, and their faith against a rapacious invader is a different spectacle. The last is the picture drawn as the true one by the good friend ofthe Achehnese, the Constantinople journalist, and intelligent readers can determine for themselves which is best entitled to their credence."

Other prestigeous publications, such as *The Nation* of New York, on May 15, 1873, commented on the Battle of Bandar Acheh and the Dutch defeat stating that "the repulse of the Dutch appears to have been even more serious than first reported." The London Economist supported the cause of Acheh and ridiculed the notion of Dutch "prestige" in the East. The London *Spectator* suspected a collusion between the British Government and the Dutch. The *Basirat* of Istanbul published a series of articles in May and June, 1873,entirely defending the justice of the Achehnese cause. Other Turkish newspapers such as *La Turqui, Jevaib*, demanded Turkish intervention onthe side of Acheh.

Indicative of the un-questioned status of the Kingdom of Acheh as an internationally recognized independent sovereign State was the fact that major world powers declared their neutrality in the war between Holland and Acheh. President Ulysses S. Grant of the United States was the first to issue a Proclamation of Impartial Neu trality in the war between the Kingdom of The Netherlands and the Kingdom of Acheh. Then followed by the United Kingdom and France.



The New-York Times, Thursday, May 15, 1873.

Acheen.

Whatever the evils of war, it is certainly a potent geographical instructor. We learn more of unknown countries through expeditions like that to Abyssinia, or the Russian ... than we do from ... terms with James I. of England, and that the latter gave Monarch presented to his Athenian brother two camels which now help to guard his successor's palace in Stamboul. Certainly it will ...

The New-York Times, Tuesday, May 6, 1873

The Dutch Disaster in Acheen.

... portion of the island of Sumatra. It seems that a pertinacious established between Holland and Acheen has been, according to its Dutch originally violated. The Dutch ... Holland in the Eastern world. This, however, is to be regarded as the expression of a member of the Opposition, and does not appear to think that Holland will make any ... a determined and ...

The New-York Times, Friday, May 30, 1873.

The War on Sumatra.

... Dutch ... It is said, everything on the Dutch side was in a state of quiet and tranquillity. News soon came from Batavia that all was going well [illegible] ... is unfortunate, but that the ... caused by the movement, which threw ... from the coast of the ...

The New-York Times, Saturday, July 5, 1873

HOLLAND AND ACHEEN.

That there are two sides to every story is ... Sultan, and went ashore for that purpose. During the audience that ensued, the Sultan repeated what his representatives had said on board the Dutch ship. The ... It was ... that the Sultan ... and ... to his ... that ... up the people of ... of the ...

The New-York Times, Saturday, May 3, 1873.

THE WAR IN SUMATRA.

The Holland-Acheenese Struggle—The Field of Action.

From the London Times, April 22.

A remarkable incident in modern colonial history is reported from the East Indian Archipelago. A comparatively large force of Europeans has been defeated, and is now held in check by the army of a native State. The Island of Sumatra is for the most part in the possession of the Dutch; but there remains at least two native States in the northern and north-western portions of the island. That to the north is the State of Achan or Acheen. On the 26th of last ... peaceful kingdom, but is now ... settings." When the Portuguese first ... Sumatra, in 1509, they found the territory ... Acheen ruled by a powerful king, and were ... struggle for ... the Dutch ... Dutch were more fortunate a hundred years later; ships were ... by the King of Acheen, and Arabinda ... accompanied them on their return. This kingdom, in short, has been powerful ever since Europeans ... known, and the Dutch, one would think, ... have been well acquainted with its resources. It has a fair trade, and, according to these accounts, the people have found means to procure themselves a powerful artillery. The natives of Sumatra are chiefly Malays; but those in the northern part of the island near Acheen are described as a finer race than the other tribes. They are sailors, pirates, and of better constitution than the rest, and are supposed to have ...

Five editorials of *THE NEW YORK TIMES* on the Battle of Bandar Acheh, 1873.

The United Kingdom not only declared neutrality but also issued a proclamation recognizing the right of innocent passage to the belligerents, Acheh and Holland, in British territories of Malaya and Si-ngapura. While Turkey, Germany and Italy actively pursuing pro-Acheh nese policies.

I feel I should add another line as a footnote: the man who acted as the emissary to bring the Dutch Ultimatum to the Government of A-cheh was none other than Mas Sumo, a Javanese mercenary whose descendants and kinsmen have the impudence now to claim the right to colonize us Achehnese. Mas Sumo was executed on the spot as a war criminal when the Dutch cannon balls fell over Bandar Acheh on April 5, 1873 - that was 18 days before his Master, General Kohler, was himself executed as a war criminal by the Armed Forces of Acheh on April 23, 1873, in Kuta Radja.

In the event, the Dutch who considered the defeat at Bandar Acheh an unacceptable national humiliation, launched a second invasion of Acheh on Christmas Day (!), December 25, 1873, under the command of General Van Swieten, a Dutch national hero. This second Dutch inva-sion led to the longest colonial war in history. The venerable American *Harper's Magazine* in an article called "The One Hundred Years War of Today" (August 1905) captured the spirit and the drama of that war when it wrote:

> "The Achehnese or Achinese whom the Dutch have been vainly endeavoring to subdue for so many years, inhabit the Northern and most accessible part of Sumatra,the large island lying to the West of the East Indian Archipelago... The Achehnese have always been warlike and independent race ... The hatred of foreign domination, which led the Achehnese to refuse English merchants permission to settle in their country, also led them to fight one European nation after another for nearly 500 years, and there can be i no better evidence of their tenacity and national spirit than the fact that their country is still practically in-I dependent and their fighting men un-conquered.
>
> "Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen in turn tried vainly to establish relations with the rich Achehnese, but their patriotism, always so admirable in the European, but so dangerous in the Asiatic,would have none of the foreigner.
>
> "The Portuguese were the first opponents. Hostilities began with the Portuguese settlement in Malacca, and did not finish till that settlement was lost to the Dom in 1641. During this time the Achehnese, not contend with defending their own country, made ten separate attempts to capture Malacca. So great was Achin's power that in one of these I expeditions it fitted out an armada consisting of more than 500 ships, of which 100 were larger than any then used in Europe. This ships carried 60,000 men to Malacca, with the Sultan in command.
>
> "At this time the Dutch John Company began absorption of Java ... Its operations were extended to Sumatra, but for

obvious reasons the company did not apparently deem it wise to attempt the subjugation of the "Fighting North" where Achehnese were still virile enough to resist the invader .

"The Hague, in 1871, proceeded to prepare an expedition to invade Achin. The Dutch force, under the command of Major General J H Kohler, attacked the important town of Achin on the 8th of April, 1873, and was beaten back with great loss, General Kohler himself being among the slain. The Dutch soldiers displayed conspicuous courage in the attack but they could make absolutely no headway against the equally brave and fanatic Achehnese who were utterly regardless of death. Another expedition, under General Van Swie-ten, attacked the town the following June and after many sanguinary fights, in which the Dutch lost heavily,captured the Great Mosque and the Citadel, and by the end of the month reduced the whole town. The Achehnese submitted to the occupation of their capital, but secretly prepared for a further resistance. The Achehnese resumed their dreaded guerilla warfare. They ambushed and killed the Dutch in the interior, and the reign of terror ensued. There the Dutch seriously took in hand what they are pleased to call a war of conquest, which is still going on, and which may continue for generations to come.General after general was sent out, and came home defeated and disgraced: report after report came back to The Hague of guerilla fighting, cutting up of convoys, blowing up of trains and disastrous ambushes; and still the Dutch army made little or no headway against their stubborn and relentless foe.

"The Achehnese swore to resist the Dutch usurpations, and consequently year after year, campaign succeeds campaign with an increasingly heavy levy of life and treasures on little Holland and its colonies in the East.

"It is worthy of remark that the Dutch soldiers who have been captured speak well of the Achehnese.They are neither tortured nor ill-treated, and are usually sent back under escort to their own camp.

"Conquered and yet unconquerable, animated by religious zeal and patriotic fervor, the Mohammedan Malays, who have fought Holland for a generation and other Europeans for centuries, and have never yet bowed their necks to a foreign yoke, prefer to face extermination rather than submit to foreign rule.

"No sooner has one Achin chieftain been killed or captured then another rises to take his place...."

And that is the genesis of this *Unfinished Diary* too.

It should be noted that General Van Swieten who was prematurely hailed as the "conqueror of Acheh" at the beginning of the second Dutch invasion, repented upon retirement by making public confession that he did not manage to conquer the Achehnese whom he said could

not be defeated in war. He said the war against Acheh was a catastro phic mistake and he advocated withdrawal and recognition of Acheh as an independent state again. His confession caused a national scandal in Holland but the Dutch government pursued the colonial war until the Dutch were defeated again by the Achehnese in 1942, seventy years later. (Cf . Anthony Reid, *The Contest for North Sumatra: Atjeh The Netherlands and Great Britain,* Oxford University Press, 1976).

(APRIL 25 , 1977)

Today the decision was taken to move away from Krueng Agam because there was a reliable report that the enemy is planning to attack us here. We decide to move back to Mampree area, near our former Alue Pineung Camp. It will be another 4 to 5 days of marching. The prospect for such a march is not joyfully anticipated, but it is one of the things that we have to do. Our policy is still to make this a political struggle as long as possible to gain time to arm ourselves and to achieve a total consciousness among our people asto their Achehnese Islamic identity. We still will avoid to fight the enemy at the place of his choice, and at the time of his decision. We will fight him at the time and the place we choose to do so. We must discipline ourselves to follow this correct strategy and should not let ourselves be provoked to follow the strategy of the enemy. We will proceed to Mampree tomorrow morning.

(APRIL 29, 1977)

We arrived in Mampree territory on April 29 at about 6 PM. We de-cide to established a new camp about 4 miles to the East of our old camp on Alue Pineung and henceforth we will call it East Alue Pi neung Camp. The new and the old place is separated by a mountain ridge. Therefore the new camp is not visible from the old one. According to our information, the enemy had not come to attack our old Alue Pineung Camp until now for two reasons: he lost contact with his agents because the agents failed to follow through the agreed u-pon procedures so that the whole plan had to be scrapped pending a-nother preparation. Second, because the old commander of the enemy forces in Acheh who was blamed for all Indonesian past failures, Ri-vai Harahap, a mercenary soldier from the Mandailing tribe, was replaced by a Javanese named Saleh, who was from the notorious Siliwa-ngi division that was "credited" - Indonesian style - for murdering millions of innocent people in 1965 when Suharto seized power. With the new commander there is also new tactics.

(MAY 1, 1977)

To demonstrate our solidarity with the working people the world over, we commemorate May Day with a lecture and refreshments such as we can afford in the Camp Alue Pineung East. The people of Acheh who are 75% small farmers, 15% fishermen, 10% artisans and businessmen, knew very little about the wage-workers labor union movements in the industrialized world. They have been totally isolated from what is going on in the world by the Javanese colonialist regime who finds

it easier to subjugate the people when they are un-informed and isolated. Like the whole issues of self-determination and colonialism have been kept out from people's understanding by this regime, also the problems of free labor unions and capitalist exploitations were forbidden subjects in Javanese Indonesia.

(MAY 5, 1977)

I was happy today to receive the visit of an outstanding A-chehnese patriot and leader, Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah of Teupin Raya, (50), who is also the Head of District of Glumpang Lhee. Before he join the NLF he was a highranking official of the Indonesian Department of Education for the Province of Pidie. If the question of A-chehnese independence was a question of personal dissatisfaction, as Javanese Indonesian colonialist propagandists alleged, a man like Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah would not have joined the NLFAS, by quitting his comfortable position with the Javanese Indonesian colonialist re gime. In fact, it so happens that most of the leaders of the NLFAS are people of means and positions either on their own or with the Javanese Indonesian regime but resigned their positions in order to embrace their just national and religious cause, like Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah and countless others. Some people in the West, reflecting their own culture, are very quick to say that people who rebelled are those who have nothing to lose. People do rebel for what they considered their just national or religious causes irrespective of their material conditions. This subject makes me recalled what Dutch writer, H C Zentgraaff, had written in his book*, Atjeh:*

> "Our vast empire is populated by so many different peoples and and races. There are races who trembled when they see the guns in the hands of our soldiers.Not so the Achehnese who know how to face death. They are not afraid of our soldiers or of our guns. Nor can we make them afraid of us. There are great numbers of Achehnese, men and women, who are willing to fight for what they consider their religious or political ideals in no less heroic a manner than our most illustrious heroes."

With Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah also came Sayed Amin (55),one of our very militant activists. "Sayed" is a revered title among Achehnese denoting descend from the family of the Prophet Muhammad. Sayed Amin is always a lovable company. His marvelous sense of humor and his a-bility as a story-teller assured entertainment for all. He has been the pillar of our liberation movement in his district, from the very beginning. A little bit of a boaster, if one heard him speaks, the Sayed would claim to be no less than a preceptor of the whole idea of Free Acheh Movement and would take credit for having recalled me from the United States. In fact, it was entirely to my loss that I knew him only recently, upon my return. A very brave man and totally dedicated to the cause of independence of his country, he would refuse no assignment however dangerous it might be. The Sayed is well to do. Not a poor man by any means.

Another companion of Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah was Ku Harun, an old gentleman and of the old school. That, in Acheh, makes him among the most militant of all, because the memory of Achehnese glorious past

is still very much alive with the old generation. He owns large acreage of farms in Blang Mane sub-district.

The fourth member of the group is Sulaiman Abdullah (33), no relation to Ibrahim Abdullah. He had just resigned from his position as a member of the Javanese Indonesian sponsored District Assembly in Sigli, capital of Pidie Province, to which he had been elected only recently. The job was well-paid and he is also independently wealthy. These people are fairly representative elements in the middle echelon of the leadership of the NLFAS. While the top leadership of the NLFAS is largely composed of professionals , many of them medical doctors, lawyers, engineers, professors, median age about 30. They are members of the upper and middle class of Achehnese society all independently wealthy by their country's standard. They have e-verything to lose by joining the NLF - if material gains are the measures of all things. It is not so in our Achehnese value system: it is our religious and political ideals that are the most important! To be a colonial subject of the Javanese is something we A-chehnese cannot live with. Although some other peoples in Sumatra may accept to be the colonial subjects of the Javanese , hiding their lost dignity and honor under the meaningless verbal mask of being "Indonesians", that attitude is neither shared nor appreciated by us Achehnese Sumatrans. As we had behaved differently from them in the past, we expect to behave differently also from them in the future. Otherwise it will be out of character with our past. The Dutch General Pel who had spent his life fighting the Achehnese had under lined that differences when he stated: "However hard we hit the Achehnese, he remains unshakeable in defending his land, foot by foot. We cannot possibly deny that he has tried, with amazing tenacity, to defend his country, demonstrating sophistication, energy, efficiency and knowledge to the undertaking the extend and the like of which can never be hoped to be seen among other peoples in the Archipelago." (Quoted in J. Kreemer, *Atjeh*).

(MAY 10, 1977)

Today I received the visit of Geutjhik Hamzah Alue Sane and his son, Zakaria Hamzah (25) who is a law student at the Sjiah Kuala U-niversity in Kuta Radja. Geutjhik Hamzah is a well-known political figure in Pidie Province. He is the chief of the important village of Alue Sane in the Ulee Gle District. He came to give his allegi-ance to the NLF and to the State of Acheh Sumatra. I have heard of him long time already. His son asked to come along with the same purpose. Here is a father and son team, totally dedicated to the cause of Free Acheh. I was very impressed with both father and son. I immediately asked the son, Zakaria, to stay with me as my permanent staff. These are the types of men I want to be with, who can lead this revolution to victory. I found out that there is no need to talk too much to men like these. They knew my mind, and I knew theirs. I gave Geutjhik Hamzah a mandate to coordinate the NLF efforts in his District of Ulee Gle with the intention of appointing him later as the Head of the District government. He told me he would like to personally raise the flag in the enemy garrison towns of Sigli and Meureudu although these towns were outside his jurisdiction but the two places were of national importance.

(In a few days I heard it was done because it created such commo tion among the enemy and among the people who liked the demonstrations. So I knew that Geutjhik Hamzah worked fast. His son,Zakaria, stayed on with me to become one of my valuable assistants. Zakaria, proved himself to be a very competent cadre with a brilliant intellect. Later, after his father was arrested, tortured and murdered by the Javanese - without due process of law, - I appointed Zakaria to become the Head of the District of Ulee Gle, the youngest District Head ever, after he successfully established the NLF in that District, all by himself. He is one of the brightest future leaders of Acheh: handsome, brave, articulate, intelligent, disciplined,decisive and obedient - that is he knew when to obey and why,and when to rebel; he knew when to receive orders, and how and when to give one!)

(MAY 16, 1977)

Tonight, Army Commander, M. Daud Husin and his troops went down to occupy the town of Teupin Raya and hoisted our flag on the East-West highway. Such demonstration is necessary to show to the enemy that we can practically do what we please and go where we want to in our country - Acheh Sumatra. That his supposed control is nominal only but every inch of this land is a contested territory. It was an un-qualified success!

Although I am the Defence Minister,and Supreme Commander, I gave full power to Army Commander Daud Husin in all tactical operations: he is at liberty to make his own plans and go into actions as long as they are not in contradiction with our general strategy:

- We are still in the political and preparatory stage of the armed struggle and we want to remain in this stage as long as necessary. Therefore, all our military movements and actions must be subordinated to this strategy.
- All actions must be conducted within the strict discipline of a defensive guerilla warfare:
    a. The Achehnese Army should always keep to the hills. This will nullify Javanese superiority in armored vehicles, naval and air forces.
    b. The Achehnese Army should hover always in the enemy's neighborhood, ambushing him, preventing him from gaining any permanent base, becoming an illusive but powerful shadow on the horizon, diminishing the "glamor" of the Javanese colonialist troops.
    c. Time and surprise are the two most vital elements: understand all lines of expectations and lines of surprises. No attack without surprise!
    d. Engagements must be executed at the place and at the time of our choosing, despite enemy provocations.
    e. When enemy advances we retreat and harass him when he returns
    f. Engagement with the enemy should only be done when we are sure of winning, that is of having superior force at the point of engagement.
    g. Our present objectives are to cripple enemy's communications and economy and to destroy his foreign backers' confidence.

h. Our safety lies in the secrecy of our movement at all time and in the mobility of our forces. The enemy should never know where our forces are.

i. Our strategy is defensive; our tactic is swift offensive against the enemy whenever an opportunity presents itself.

This strategy and tactics will immunize us from military defeat. Within these guidelines,Army Commander Daud Husin can find plenty of actions possible with his bold, swift actions. He was always on the move with his troops, all over the territory of Acheh Sumatra, sometime in the East, sometime in the Vfest, and everywhere. In fact he spent very little time at headquarters. I hardly saw him except in-between campaigns, when he came to give his reports and to take new orders. He had accomplished all his missions brilliantly,whether military or political. Since he was the one who could go anywhere , he became our most effective spokesman and propagandist. In the process he has sharpen his considerable skill as a speaker and political campaigner. As time passes, his reputation with the people also grows. He has conducted many successful actions against the enemy. Most of the time I was moving from one place to another, he was not with me but doing his duty somewhere else in Acheh Sumatra. So I was not well protected at all at my headquarters. I did not use the guns we have to protect myself. Most of the guns are being used by the Army Commander to good purpose. At times, there were very few guns left at my headquarters. The forests and the people are my shields. I subjected myself to the same danger like everyone else .

As it must have been self-evident to any "Acheh-watchers" except the maiopic ones, that we got overwhelming popular support, and the Javanese colonialists can only react with military actions to try to kill us. Politically, the enemy has in fact lost this country. The land he can claim to rule is only the few inches under his boots, and for the moments he is standing there only. When he moves away, even that patches of Acheh Sumatran land is no longer under his control. This is no secret to the Achehnese people as well as to the Javanese colonialist regime. It is secret only to the foreigners. The Javanese, through censorship, tried to keep this truth out of prints, in order not to lose the confidence of the Western capitalists who invested heavily in Javanese Indonesian neocolonial economy. The Javanese regime will collapse overnight without the support of the so-called Western democracies who care only for their profits.

(MAY 21, 1977)

Today is an Achehnese National Holiday commemorating the BATTLE OF MOUNT ALIMON that took place on May 21, 1910, between Free Acheh nese forces and the Dutch colonialist forces. We memorialized this day lest we forget how our fathers and mothers fought - in their lives" time - to preserve and defend the independence of this country. It was only 67 years ago.There are many Achehnese who are still alive today in the country who still remember that day. Many of us who are present today here at East Alue Pineung Camp have immediate ancestors who died or took part in that famous battle. This is going

to be a poignant ceremony and a very meaningful one for all of us. For me personally, my grand mother, the Potjut (Princess) Mirah Gam-bang di Tiro died there, then still a young woman of 30, although my grand father, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, survived with Pang Ra-bo and others. But the then Achehnese Head of State, the brother of my grandfather, Tengku Tjhik Buket di Tiro, died at that battle. Also my uncle, Tengku Sjech Saman di Tiro (18), the older brother of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, died there. Other Achehnese leaders who fell at the Battle of Mount Alimon included Habib Teupin Wan, his son Habib Tjut, and 34 other leaders, all famous men and everyone a leader in his own right. There were many other dead. All heroes of this nation. I had been brought to visit this battleground and our heroes' graves when I was a boy.

We begin the ceremony with the raising of the Achehnese flag at 9 AM. Tengku Muhammad Usman lampoih Awe, Minister of Finance of the State of Acheh Sumatra and member of the Central Committee of the NLFAS acts as the Ceremony Master. It is an old tradition in Acheh that in time of war the flag is raised accompanied by the Muslim's Call-to-Prayer (Azan) - in Arabic - that functions as a stirring clarion call as well as a prayer. It is a command to men as well as an Appeal to God whose presence is felt: faith and patriotism are sublimated to produce an unshakeable will to victory!

Here are the lyrics of the Azan:

"Allah is Great!
I bear witness there is no God but Allah!
I bear witness that Muhammad is Allah's Messenger!
Let us go to Pray!
Let us go to Victory!
Allah is Great!
There is no God but Allah!"

The call is sung by the bast Caller (Muazzin) who has been trained to do it. For Achehnese Muslims the stirring sound of this Call can bring tears to their eyes. Ibnou Khaldoun, the famous philosopher and historian of the 15th century Islam had written in his book *Prolegomena*, that the Achehnese people were the most devoted Muslims in the world of his time. It is still largely true today.

The Achehnese Sumatran flag, Crescent and Star over red ground and two black stripes framing them - in itself displaying Islamic symbolism - is raised slowly and to reach the summit of the flagpole at the same time with the last word of the Call whence all hands are raised in unison in solemn prayer - a sight which I found very moving.

The next speaker is Tengku Haji Ilyas Leube, our Minister of Justice and a Deputy Chairman of the NLFAS, who is one of the great Achehnese orators of his day. He has honed his platform manner during his long years in politics. To hear him speaks is to be entertained. He can enthralled his audience for hours. But as the present setting proved, he is not just talker, but a doer as well. One suspects any orators as more or less showmen. But not this one. He is a true revolutionary . He has gone through thick and thin with me in

this struggle, from the very beginning. A man of commanding presence and above average in height, Tengku Ilyas Leubè exudes imposing dignity. Indeed, the people in his Region of Gayo, central highland of Acheh, revered him. He came from an old ruling family of that Region, therefore we used to nickname him as "Radja Lingga" - the King of Lingga, a very democratic and unpretentious one. The Javanese colonialist regime has such a difficult time trying to discredit him, whose reputation for fair play and virtuousness is known by all the Achehnese people.

Tengku Ilyas Leubè invoked the spirits of our ancestors who had fallen at the Battle of Mount Alimon to come down to embrace us their children in this forest who have followed their footsteps to recapture the ground they had defended and died in the process of doing it. After listening to him, I am sure no one is left in doubt, that we have indeed joined together again, in spirit, with our forefathers: they are with us, and we are with them, here and now; we have picked up their swords and their renchongs (Achehnese daggers) and guns to carry on the struggle that they had initiated and now to bring it to a successful conclusion, like all the colonized peoples all over the world have done so. When we have such a conviction who can deny us our independence? To a man, we have utter contempt for the Javanese who are today trying to perpetuate Dutch colonialism over us with their own!

I was the next speaker. At such an occasion I always found myself too emotional to speak. My tears that blurred my eyes would prevent me from reading my text; the lump in my throat would prevent me from uttering a word. On such occasion, therefore, I no longer prepared a written text, because I knew I couldnot read it anyway. And hoped for the best to control my emotion as I walked to the podium. Here follows my speech of that day:

"My brothers: we have set aside today as a special day to remember and to contemplate the deed of our ancestors at the Battle of Mount Alimon, on May 21, 1910, that is exactly 67 years ago today. That is not very long ago, not even in one life time,as the average life-expectancy in the world today is about 80 years although in our own country only 34 years - thanks to Javanese colonialism. The message left for us by our ancestors on that day, or rather on this day 67 years ago, was not written with the inks on papers, but was written with their spilled blood on the surface of this holy ground of ours. Such a message must be understood by us, and must be learnt by hearts by our children and their children"s children! Just before the Battle of Mount Alimon the Dutch had tried to persuade our fathers to surrender and to give up the struggle, as the enemy is also trying to persuade you today to surrender. Our fathers made a very important decision at Mount Alimon when they told the Dutch: *"There will never be any surrender, under any terns. We will continue to fight to defend the independence of Acheh to the end and we stand ready to accept whatever Allah's will for us, life or martyrdom."* How they had fought, and how they had died to fulfil that resolution, in order to keep this country, this homeland, free for us their children!

"Today we remember their sacrifice in the most appropriate form and in the most appropriate place - in the hills, in the middle of the forests - not even very far from Mount Alimon,a proof that we have indeed followed in their footsteps,doing exactly what they had done and what they would have expected us to do, after the example they had set. "Honor your fathers and mothers and follow their will to the roots of your souls. Walk in the footprints where your fathers' virtue walked before you. You will climb high if your fathers' will climbs with you! "

"Redeem the dead! Redeem those who lived in the past and recreate all it was: the glory that was Acheh! That alone I call redemption. But you need a strong will to redeem the great past. There is nothing more delightful grows on earth than a lofty strong will: that is the earth most beautiful plant. A whole landscape is refreshed by one such tree. Your tree here has refreshed even the gloomy ones, the failures; your sights have reassured and healed the hearts of the restless. And toward your mountains and trees manay eyes are directed today.

"One of the heroine of the Battle of Mount Alimon was my grandmother, the Princess Potjut Mirah Gambang. The Dutch commander, Colonel H. J. Schmidt had reported about what happened on that day. After the battle was over, and the dead were counted, Schmidt found out that among the gravely wounded and still alive was the Princess Mirah Gambang who was laying on the ground in a pool of blood with her five-month old son, Tengku Abdullah, sitting quietly beside her unawared of what was going on around him. Schmidt brought a glass of water for her, saying in Achehnese:

- "Please excuse me, Your Highness,would you like to drink a glass of water?"
- Silence. She did not reply.
- "Would you allow us to dress your wounds?" Schmidt asked again.

Potjut Mirah Gambang did not answer but she slowly raised herself into a sittingposition although it was obvious that she was too weak to do so. Then, turning her face to other direction, she said to Schmidt:

- "Get out of my sight, you dirty infidel! Do not touch me! I do not want your drink! I do not want your medicine! You have killed my father, my mother, my husband, you have killed us all. You can not replace what you had destroyed. I refuse your mercy! Go away!"

She fell on her back to the ground again, profusedly bleeding, and quietly waiting for her end to come. Schmidt wrote that her face did not show any sign of suffering, or sorrow, or regret. Her countenance was serene and proud all the time. She bled quietly and died a little later. Schmidt said that he saluted this woman and the people that gave birth to her and her likes. He wrote that Achehnese history had known many *grandes dames*. About the Princess Mirah Gambang he said: "*Bon sang ne peut mentir*. She was the daughter of the great Teuku Umar and Potjut Njak Dien - both hero and heroine of Acheh."

"Her five months old son, Tengku Abdullah, my late uncle,was captured by the Dutch and was returned later to the surviving female members of the family. My grandfather who was separated from my grandmother at the Battle of Mount Alimon didnot know what had happened until it was too late. It was reported that to calm his aching heart over the lost of his wife and young son, he kept repeating to himself, aloud: "*Aneuk Ion bak Po teuh Allah*." ("My son with God.")

"But as you are all well aware, your present enemy, the Javanese colonialist horde are worse than the Dutch. The Dutch were at least civilized people with some sense of justice and chivalry. But the Javanese are, judged by their deeds, barbarians without any concept of justice and without any understanding of human dignity or compassion: they tortured the prisoners, denied medical care for the wounded, mutilated and dishonored our dead. "*Man' s fate knows no harsher misfortune than when those who have power on earth are not also the first men.*"

(MAY 31, 1977)

Today Daud Abou (also known as Daud Djanggot) an emissary from the people of the District of Panton Labu in East Acheh arrived at the camp, brought in by Zakaria Hamzah. We have heard rumor about him and stories printed in the Javanese Indonesian newspapers about a group of 50 men wearing black uniform, marching in the forest from East Acheh to the Western direction. Daud Abou was the leader of the group. The Javanese Indonesian press called them "communists"to justify attacking them without question. In fact they are simple farmers from Panton Labu. They were ambushed on the road by the Javanese Indonesian troops who always shoot people first and ask questions later. One of them, Daud Husin (35) was shot dead by the Javanese in Bireuen area. That was after they had marched for two weeks suffering from hunger and thirst. The others were unlawfully arrested and jailed by the Javanese colonialist regime. Only Daud Abou managed to escape. We knew nothing about them then, as to who they were, what they were doing, and where they wanted to go. There had not been any communications between us. After his escape from the hands of the Javanese Indonesian troops, Daud Abou managed to arrive at the village of Alue Sanè where he went to the house of Geutjhik Hamzah, father of Zakaria, and asked to be taken to the NLF headquarters.

Now we found out what has happened: Daud Abou and his comrades received a letter, which he showed me, that looked like a piece of paper the size of a palm, advising him to go to the West to pick up guns and to contact Geutjhik Hamzah. The letter was not even properly signed and we couldnot established the real identity of the sender. That was what started the whole thing. Without further question Daud Abou gathered his men and went without provisions, guides or contacts. When they were hungry they descended on villages for food. They were given foods by the people but they were also detected by the Javanese security forces. There was no organization and they did not even know their destination. And we knew nothing about them,their march and the purpose of that march. The sender of the letter was irresponsible or could even be an *agence provocateur*. Daud Abou handed

the letter to me. The content was rather stupid. It goes against the whole grains of our strategy and tactics. It shows though how the people hated the Javanese Indonesian regime and would do anything to get hold o€ the guns to fight the regime.

The approach of the NLF is that we do not recruit the people to fight but to teach them political consciousness, to give them polical motivation. We never talk about the guns first, but the political ideas first. The men must understand first why we must fight. They have to attend lectures and discussions in their areas. we even have full-fledged organization in Panton Labu where Daud Abou came from. But his group did not have any contact with our local organization at the time of his march. We insist that it is not enough only to have a sentiment for independence but it is necessary to know and to be convinced with its political theory first of all.only people with strong political consciousness,who have grasped the political theory of their independence movement can wage a protracted guerilla war to achieve that independence.

Daud Abou is a commanding man, a six footer with strong physic. During the rebellion against the Javanese Indonesian regime in the 1950s he held a bren-gun in his hand. He has a reputation of being very brave as indeed he will prove it again in the future. For now his journey has ended. I ordered that he be given a complete set of new uniform to replace his tattered shirt and trousers after trekking the forests for more than one month. For him a "new" life has begun. Next day he will begin attending lectures. First thing first. I predict that in six months he will be a new man ready to take big responsibility because' he possesses the basic important qualities constancy, bravery, and tact. He can be put in command:

(JUNE 7, 1977)

Beginning this month we noticed that the enemy was stepping up his psychological warfare attacks against the National Liberation Front and its leaders. Public meetings were organized all over the country to denounce us. To assure the attendance at such meetings the regime ordered all its functionaries - on pain of losing their jobs if absent - to attend, and at least 10 men from every village must come. Each village head was made responsible for producing these ten men. Transportation was provided free of charge by the military. The regime had prepared in advance thousands of posters denouncing us. These posters were made i n the Javanese regime's offices for months in advance and then forced upon the people to carry them in the parade and then the paraders are photographed with posters in hands. These photographs are for international consumption as "proof" of the people's supposed opposition against the NLFAS. It was made to look as "spontaneous" people's demonstration against their own liberation movement. Later we see these photos of fake "spontaneous" demonstrations being published widely in the Javanese Indonesian newspapers for internal as well as external consumption: the regime cannot afford the people on the other islands of Indonesia's "overseas provincies" - in fact overseas colonies - to know that an independent movement has been effectively challenging its illegal authority in Acheh Sumatra.

The regime even refused to call our movement by its proper name, that is the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra (NLFAS) but gave us another name in the best "Indonesian tradition" namely "GPLHT" an acronym for "Gerakan Pengatjau Liar Hasan Tiro" ("Organization of Wild Trouble-maker Hasan Tiro"). We are not bothered by it, because we know the hearts of our people and we are absolutely not impressed by anything the Javanese colonialist invaders of our country come out with. No Achehnese would use that name for the NLF. The most popular name used by the people for the NLFA S is the "AM" which stands for "*Atjeh Meurdèhka*" that is "Free Acheh". At the same time the regime engaged in all sorts of nonsensical defamation attempts against every one of the NLF leaders, to distract the people's attention from the real political and economic issues involved in this conflict between the Javanese Indonesian colonialists and the people of Acheh Sumatra. In one-hundred years of war, the Dutch had never resorted to this sort of baseness. In one-hundred years of war the Dutch always spoke respectfully and gentlemanly about Achehnese leaders; though at war our honors had always been respected, our motives granted; even our names had always been meticulously spelled out without mistakes. It was still a war between two civilized communities and between two civilized peoples. Not so now with the Javanese barbarians who mutilated the bodies of our dead; who refused medicine for the wounded; who fabricated all sorts of lies to defame us; who intentionally misrepresented our motives; who even misspelled our names, as a form of insult. We are facing basely invaders who have ever put their dirty feet on our sacred soil!

(JUNE 15, 1977)

The whole world knows that our country has been laid bare by the Javanese colonialists at the feet of multinationals to be raped. Our mineral and forest resources have been put up to the world markets for clearance sale for quick cash for the Javanese generals and their foreign backers. I have seen the destruction on the ground caused by careless mining such as in Malaya, but I have never realized the devastating nature of careless timber cutting as now being practiced in Acheh Sumatra under licence of the Javanese for the benefit of foreigners until I have lived in the forests among the trees since the beginning of the present struggle.

Forests are the most orderly place on the planet earth, and the most peaceful. In the forests it was not the beasts that are dangerous, but men. The natural symmetry and harmony of the trees in the forests defy description. Even the best man-made modern city or habitat in the world cannot remotely matched the harmony and the symmetry o£ a forest. But all these are gone and only shambles are left behind when a big tree is cut and tumbled down to destroy and to cripple all the small ones under and around it. The fail of a big tree is like the fall of a government. The cutting down of a big tree is like a *coup d' etat* that removes an established order that cannot be replaced in one hundred years because that is the time it takes for the tree to grow big and tall. As the basis of the orderly symmetry of the forest growth is the controlled distribution of sun light that reaches the ground, which is the function of the big

tree as light regulator, when such a big tree is cut, the whole system is destroyed on that spot, and around that spot, the domain, as it were, of the fallen or cut-down big tree. The distribution of sun light controls the process of photosynthesis that determined the growth of all things in the forests. Each time I passed a fallen big tree and I saw the devastating effect around it, on the small ones that had been crushed or sheared, or the helter-skelter growth that was caused by sudden flood of sunlight to the area that used to receive less sunlight before, on account of the shade of the big tree, resulting in un-even and un-harmonious growth ruining the landscape, reminds me of the political dislocation in a country after a leader had fallen and the ensuing turmoil that will last until a new equilibrium in the form of a new leader manages to come along. But it takes infinitely longer time to replace a cut-down big tree than to replace a fallen leader in human society. The rule of replacement is much more rigid in the forests than in human society. Forests are characterized by permanence, nothing can be changed there in a hurry. Everything is rigidly controlled by the time, sun - light, rate of growth that cannot be accelerated, and everything else must wait. In human society, human reasons and mobility can overcome the rigidities of nature, and provide quick substitute for everything.

Another effect of the irresponsible timber cutting as now practice under Javanese Indonesian licence that is even more catastrophic is the soil erosion that had caused flooding and washing away of land sediments. The amount of rainfall in the tropical country such as Acheh Sumatra is such that the blessing of rains can automatically turned into the catastrophe of floods when the equilibrium of the forests - the only flood control mechanism existing in the country - is destroyed by careless timber cutting. I have observed while living in the forests how a small spring with water level hardly reach the depth of one foot, can become, after a few minutes of rainfall a roaring Niagara that can sweep away everything nearby. And when such water are disgorged into tributary rivers, the result is a foregone conclusion in a riverine country where not a single dam exists - thanks to Javanese colonialist's neglect. As the timber cutting by foreign companies progresses, also the devastating floods have become regular features of my country's misery.

So we have taken a decision that we will have to stop the Javanese sponsored foreign companies from cutting our timber indiscriminately for their sole benefit and the Javanese invaders. Accordingly.we issued a Proclamation asking them to desist from further incursion into our timberland. None of them paid any attention to our warning. Last week we ordered our forces to move. In West Acheh, on the Indian Ocean side of Sumatra, our forces destroyed half a dozen heavy duty tractors and bulldozers and many chain-saws. In North Acheh, and Pidie Province where foreign workers are escorted by Javanese soldiers in their expedition to cut our timber, our forces waited for them and punished them for their crimes on the spot for violating our prohibition to cut our timber. In the fighting that ensued, several enemy soldier were wounded and one foreign agent was dead. Similar punishment was administered to foreign timber companies in East Acheh. Since then the raping of our forestland was stopped. But we do not know for how long.

(JUNE 18, 1977)

Worthy of note is the pamphlet war that has developed between us and the Javanese enemy alongside the shooting war,to the delight of the reading public. On balance, we scored a resounding victory and gained more converts to our cause, because our arguments are more logical and more convincing than the Javanese enemy's. We can effectively argued our case against Javanese Indonesian colonialism. It is awfully difficult even for the Javanese, to defend colonialism intelligently in this century and in this age. Finally they have to resort to attacking personal integrity o€ the NLF leaders with all sorts of fabrications that cannot hold waters in the eyes and ears of the Achehnese people. We did not even bother to reply to that sort of thing. To reply would mean to dignify the Javanese nonsense. The Javanese tried to convert the political issues involved into their make-believed personal issues which are non-existence. They failed utterly. They even distributed leaflets all over the country by means of helicopters, urging the people to kill me. This shows how ignorant are the Javanese about Achehnese psychology. This dastardly act also betrays the enemy's desperation having to ask the Achehnese to do what the Javanese obviously and admittedly un-able to do. This was tantamount to admitting their own weaknesses.

One of the Indonesian military commander, a Colonel Anang Sjamsudin,who according to his first name must be a Sundanese from West Java, addressed a pamphlet challenging Army Commander Daud Husin. As is customary with the Javanese officers" corps, Anang proudly displayed his Indonesian army serial numbers after his name that went something like: 012341234. To which Army Commander Daud Husin replied, first, he advised Anang to go back to West Java and set up a liberation movement to free his own people, the Sundanese, from Javanese colonialism. The NLFAS will give him every help if he did that. There are many people in Sunda (West Java) who considered themselves being colonized by the Javanese, as it were, whose real homeland is on the Eastern half of the island of Java, just like Dominican Republic is from Haiti, two separate nations, inhabiting one island. It is better for Anang, Army Commander Daud Husin advised, to die as a hero of Sunda than to die as a Javanese mercenary in Acheh Sumatra. Secondly, Army Commander Daud Husin was wonde-ring what had happened to Anang's sense of human dignity. Is not the name given to him by his father and mother not enough to identify him that he must put the Registration Numbers, tagged on him by the Javanese colonialists too? In Acheh Sumatra, as elsewhere in civilized countries, people gave such tag's numbers only to animals in the animal farms because they are too stupid to remember their names. The numbers are usually tagged on the ears of the beasts. We heard Anang was furious and since then we read no more pamphlet from him!

(JUNE 22, 1977)

The enemy begins to make large scale arrests of those he suspected to be members of the NLF or even sympathisers. Thousands of men and women, even children, were arrested arbitrarily and put in jails

without due process of law. When all the prisons have been filled up concentration camps are established in every place where the enemy garrisons his troops. Most of the prisoners are tortured or treated inhumanly. A regime that had seized power by murdering 2 million people in 1965 can be expected to be expert in repression. It will not be enough space in this Diary to describe all manners of beastly methods of torture that have been practiced by this Javanese Indonesian regime. Some of them are too horrible and humiliating to recount. The suspects, who are given no medical attention after torture, often die because of their injuries.

Some of the tortures routinely administered are: slapping and beating in public until blood is drawn; forcing prisoners to drink strong alcoholic drinks; stripping men and women, sometimes in pu blic as an act of ultimate humiliation; applying high voltage elec tric currents to genitals; slashing the face and body and applying acid or salt in the open wounds; tying the hands and feet of prisoners and pulling them in different directions, while suspended above ground; burning with lighted cigarettes;forcing prisoners into baths of human excrement; burying alive; inserting needles under fingernails; pulling prisoners by their hair until the scalp is wrenched away from the skull; and beating with iron bars until the bones and ribs break.

All arrests are effected without court orders. Detentions are without trial. Release can therefore only be obtained by bribery and ransom or escape. The victims are people arrested without evidence, only suspected sympathisers of the NLF or family members and relatives of the well known NLF members. While the leadership and the active members of the NLF cannot be arrested by the Javanese because they are in the liberated territory. So the regime is taking revenge on the people at large.

The result, however, was the contrary to the Javanese objectives. The people are now become convinced of the beastly and barbaric nature of the Javanese Indonesian colonialist regime. Even the Dutch had never been that brutal.

(JUNE 29, 1977)

At this time the enemy has tightened his blockade of our position practically from all directions. All the villages around us have been occupied by the enemy troops,and they are patrolling days and nights in and around the villages. Leading citizens of all these villages have been arrested because the enemy suspected them to be the brains coordinating supplies to the NLF in the mountains. So the populace was left leaderless. It was at that point that the women took charge. They organized everything by themselves and managed to dispatch supplies to us surreptitiously. They sent words to their sons among us in the mountains never to surrender, and to carry on the struggle . The mothers said they would disown their sons if they surrendered. "Stay with the Tengku'" That was the mothers' commands!

(JULY 12, 1977)

To ease the heat in the area of Mamprèe mountains and Truséb District, we decide today to move to another territory, to Lhok Udjeuen (Rain Cove), far away to the East, about one week marching through very high mountain ranges. This will be the farthest move from Tiro Region that I will make since coming home. It is farther to the East than Panton Wéng, my first camp. The area was called Lhok Udjeuen because there are so much rainfall there. It is located on the slope of one of the highest peak rising on the Southern shore of the Malacca Straits. It is possible to install long-range cannons there and close the Malacca Straits. I measured the height of Mount Kupalang when I was on its peak with my altimeter: 1260 meters or about 3780 feet, right up above the water table of the Malacca Straits. The view is magnificent towards all directions especially towards the North where lies the water of the Malacca Straits looking placid like a lake.

The march proved to be very difficult. We had to go through Southern ridges of the mountain range in order to be as far as possible from the enemy lines. It is no longer safe to pass through the lower hilly regions. We spent our second night at Simpang Djeumpa (Djeumpa Crossroad) a famous place in the annals of Achehnese guerilla war against the Dutch invaders. Many Achehnese heroes in the past had passed through this spot. It is an elephant path at 2520 feet above sea level. There crossed the mountain paths to go to Geumpanq, Tangsé, Tiro, and Meureudu regions. But when you get this high in the mountains there is always the problem of water. Very few springs are to be found at that height. There are some water there on the rainy seasons left in the animal water holes or *kubang* ("animal swimming pool") as the Achehnese referred to it. The water there is dirty, mixed with mud but you can take from the top of it and boil it before drinking. When we arrived on the spot at about 6 PM we were desperate because there was no water. While searching for water, we got lost. Just then we found water on that very spot. My men believed that it was the spirit of our ancestors who had guided us to that spot when we thought we were getting lost.

After five days more of marching we arrived at the foot of Mount Kupalang and we climbed to the peak, and then, af ter reaching the top we have to descend all the 3780 feet of it, or most of it, at about 70 degree inclination in the darkness of the night. Most of us simply tumbled down but managed not to get hurt. When we arrived on the other side of the foot of Mount Kupalang - on the Malacca Straits side - we were all exhausted,tired and hungry. And it was also raining. We set up camp as quick as we could using the black plastic sheets for roofs and fell asleep. Some hardy souls still had strength enough to prepare the food and a few hours later we were awaken to eat. Only the next morning we knew where we had landed and slept. It was on the rocks in the middle of a dry river bed. If there were heavy rainfall last night we could have been washed away in the mighty torrents to the sea. After we knew where we were, we immediately moved away to find a suitable place to establish our camp.

(JULY 17, 1977)

Pawang Brahim knew this area like the palms of his hands. Without him we would be like walking blind, especially when we have not much energy to spare, not much food left in the till, and we did not know how far was the enemy from us. And the way.back to retreat is very, very far. So everything has to happen quickly: to erace the trace of our presence, a special group was assigned the duty to camouflage our footprints behind; another group to establish the camp; still another group to go to the village to replenish our food supply and to establish contact with the organization in the villages. When we arrived at the agreed point, we missed a rendezvous with the advanced party headed by the chief of the region, Geutjhik Rih (Idris) who had come in time but when he did not see us he moved away, leaving a sign, because of the enemy's presence nearby. He comes back the next morning bringing enough rice for one week supply. In the meantime we had dispatched an armed group to the nearest village without local guide, always a dangerous undertaking. Before our group manage to enter the village it was fired at by the enemy troops who had occupied the village before our group arrived. It seems the enemy must have had advanced information about our heading to that region, or the net he had set for us must have been larger than we had thought. This was the first time ever happened to us this way. Luckily there was no casualty on our side. (We hear later that several enemy soldiers were wounded.) Our group returned immediately to report the incident and to warn us that the area is full of enemy troops all along the strategic points leading to the villages. Luckily the group met with several wood-cutters who gave us their supplies of rice and we paid them the price. Then Geutjhik Rih came back to inform us that it was impossible to get supplies because the enemy had lined up all roads to the country with troops. And that if we were attacked there, it will be extremely difficult to retreat because Mount Kupalang is on our back and there is no escape routes to the West onto the East. In the meantime the rain did not stop all week, making the ground so slippery in an area where all rocks and stones are already covered with moss that makes them very slippery and dangerous to step on, even when there is no rain. We have no choice but to return to Mamprde mountains from where we had just come.

(JULY 24, 1977)

Today we march out of Lhok Udjeuen (Rain Cove) area under heavy downpour that has not stopped since we arrived. First we have to climb Mount Kupalang back, all over again. Pawang Brahim found a way to avoid climbing to the peak by turning to the Southwest when we reached the middle of the height of the mountain, and to follow a connecting ridge to the West. We figured the enemy troops would not climb that high. After all they are just mercenaries who became soldiers for pay. They would not work more than absolutely necessary to receive their pay. Especially they would not rush to the mountains if they knew they could get shot. our men work for no pay and work ten times harder than the enemy personnels. When I saw my men carrying such heavy loads on their heads and shoulders climbing high moun tains with sweats dripping from their brows, without receiving a cent

for it and risking their lives, all labor of love, I said to myself: where can I find such men anywhere in the world today?

We get out of the danger zone in the first day of marching back. We reach the Simpang Djeumpa on the 7th day. We clearly did not walk as fast as when we had come. Some of the men had become weak because we had not enough to eat, so our procession moves very slowly now. When we reach Simpang Djeumpa we camp there for the night. It was a night of heavy rains and strong winds. This is the period of the year when the strong wind from the limitless Indian Ocean blows over the entire upper part of Acheh Sumatra land mass with nothing in-between to slow down the wind. Fortunately the high mountain ranges protected the lowland of Acheh from its devastation. Tonight, however, nothing protects us. we are on the top of the high mountain range I saw on my altimeter the height of the spot where we slept was 2520 feet. We slept on the ground between two sheets of black plastics, one for the floor to protect us from the water on the ground, and another one on top as a combination blanket and roof to protect us from the downpour from heaven. There was no time to make a roof, nor there any possibility to do that because the strong wind would blow everything away. Above us, the big and tall trees that reach the height of over one hundred meters, and even the shrubs were all being pushed to all directions by the strong wind. Some of them were breaking and falling under the pressure of the strong wind that by now must have reached a hurricane strength. The sound of the wind blowing mixed with the sound of crushing big trees and the sound of the friction of leaves and branches, punctuated by blinding lightenings and thunders made me think this must be fitting to be called the night of the Armageddon. It lasted all night long. I will never forget that night and the spot where I lay down on the ground, helpless and at the mercy of nature: we expected one of those big trees to fall upon us. I remembered well that Geutjhik Uma sat beside me on my right side and kept watch. on my left side lay Ayahwa Saleh (65) a model of loyalty and dedication that was a true privilege to experience in one's life time. He was sound asleep out of exhaustion

Ayahwa (Uncle) Saleh was the person -then still a young man - who appointed himself the job of escorting me to Elementary School everyday when I was a small boy in Acheh. He guarded me on the road from the house to the school and back. He was not officially enrolled in school - too old - but in the process he also learned how to read and write. He appointed himself to the job without anybody from my family asking him to do so. He was then not related to me. To make himself available to escort me to school he had to quit his job in Pangkalan Susu, almost like in another country then, in East Sumatra and returned home, and to stay with my family. I had intended to find time to question him, just for curiosity, what made him decide to do that at the time that was so long ago. But I have never managed to do it. Also I had my hesitation that he might misunderstand me because what he did was such a great gesture of loyalty and must be accepted in the same spirit it was given without any question. Later on he became in charge of my family lands, appointed by my brother, and in that capacity he had also improved his economic position.

He later married with one of my relatives and got several chil-

dren, boys and girls. In the meantime I hadnot seen him for 25 years during my exile. When I came back to the forests of Acheh, in October, 1976, he was among the first to arrive in Panton Wéng to join me - again without invitation! - bringing one of his sons, Marzuki Saleh, with him. He has never left my sight ever since! As I look at him, fast asleep next to me on the floor of the forest, under heavy rains and howling winds, thunders and lightenings, I think of all that have passed between us, and I remember my mother and my brother who had already died. My brother died in a hospital in 1974, murdered by Javanese military intelligence's "doctors". But Ayahwa Saleh stays with me. Wherever I go he will be there to look after me. And without being asked. Without invitation. Just like what he did when I was a boy. My father died when I was 2 years old. I have no recollection of him. I was raised by my mother, Potjut Fatimah,and my uncle, Tengku Umar di Tiro, who inculcated in me all the ideas that I have about our people, history, culture, and Islam.

(AUGUST 1, 1977)

From Simpang Djeumpa we march on to Western direction to return to Mamprèe mountains and to East Alue Pineung Camp,at least to fetch the food and then decide where to go thereafter. By this time we have run out of food. Some of the men have become ill and no longer able to walk. Some have simply collapsed and lost consciousness. It is very hard to climb and descend mountains on empty stomach. We have to make stretchers to carry the sicks and the unconscious. But we keep marching. The decision was taken to order ten strong young men to go quickly to East Alue Pineung Camp to pick up some rice that had been left there, and to bring it back to the slow-moving column,otherwise we would face disaster. That was a very wise decision. By nightfall they return with food, already cooked, and everyone has the first meal after 5 days of not eating anything. There and then we decide, that inasmuch as we had left East Alue Pineung Camp for considered judgment before, it is better not to return there now, but to go somewhere else. A Pawangs conference was called. After deliberations it was decided to proceed to Alue Puasa (Fasting Spring) on the upper Tiro Region where we can get supplies from several alternative places. We proceed to march for another day and arrived at destination on August 4th.

(AUGUST 4, 1977)

We found Alue Puasa a very nice spring. As I said, there is no place in the mountains that is not agreeable after you stay there for more than one day. Alue Puasa is no exception. You wish to stay there forever. The water is sparkling. The terrain is defensible. There are about 70 of us. Not far from Alue Puasa is a beautiful hunting ground, full of deers grazing, especially on rainy days. Our boys begin to go hunting regularly and from then on we have plenty of meat to satisfy everyone's whims. Whoever said that guerilla ' s life is bad? Not at Alue Puasa, at least.

(AUGUST 10, 1977)

Alue Puasa or Fasting Spring is the name of that spring that had been given by our ancestors. But it so happens that when we moved into the place just now, it is also the beginning of the Muslim fasting month of Ramazan. So the name of the spring could not have been more appropriate for us. In a few days our communications with the countryside have been fully restored. Even with Geumpang, to the Southeast (2 days walking), to Tangsé in the South (l day), to Blang Malo to the Southwest (l day). From here it is equidistance to Tiro to the Northwest (1 day), to Truséb to the North (1 day) and to Blang Mand to the Northeast (1 day).

It is traditional in normal time in Acheh to eat date fruits to break your fast. of course nothing further from my mind than to think of eating dates for breakfast at a time like this. But to my complete surprise I was presented with a big box of imported dates for my first day of Ramazan. It was sent by an old village chief, Geutjhik Din of Truséb, who said, "The Tengku cannot be allowed without dates for breakfast." I was very moved by such magnificent ges ture.of this old gentleman. When he died some months later he left a will stipulating that his lands be given to the fund of the NLF to finance the struggle. Ee told all his children and grandchildren to follow the Tengku - as everyone referred to me in Acheh -to the end! He was typical of the old Achehnese generations. We will never have a personality like him grows in Acheh again for a long time unless we achieve our independence!

(AUGUST 11, 1977)

We are in a holiday mode today because we received the news that several young Achehnese leaders, all stalwarts of the NLF have arrived in Truséb area and will be here by tomorrow:they are, Dr Muchtar Hasbi, Vice President of the NLF and Minister of Internal Affairs and Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr Husaini M Hasan who had been away for sometime on duty, and who is a member of the Central Committee of the NLF and Minister of Education; Dr Zaini Abdullah, member of the Central Committee of the NLF and Minister of Health; Dr Zubir Mahmud, member of the Central Committee of the NLF, and Minister of Social Affairs and Governor of Peureulak Province. They all had left their lucrative medical practices in Medan, the biggest city of Sumatra, to join the NLF. Talking about "rebels" as being desperadoes who have nothing to lose! Is there anyone in this wide world who has more to lose than these promising young people? These are the representative Achehnese! The true sons of their fathers!

Later I received reports that they are being delayed on the road because they decided to open shops on the road, that is to dispense their medical talents by treating the sicks, women and children,free of charge along the way, as a medical service of the State of Acheh Sumatra - a preview of more things to come - after we won our independence! There will he .free medical. care for everyone.

(AUGUST 12, 1977)

Here they come, at about midday. Such a reunion is always a moving occasion even in normal time. And this is certainly not a normal time. Everyone has a prize on his head. The Javanese regime had issued a "WANTED" poster with the photographs of the 9 top leaders of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra,with myself on the top of the list, followed by the others. The caption on the posters said:"WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE". The posters asked the people to capture us alive or dead and to hand us over to the nearest post of the Javanese troops. There is no Achehnese traitor to take the Javanese barbaric bidding. The Javanese did not understand Achehnese psycholo gy. They lack cultural background to understand us.

As we embraced one another, tears of joy and of sadness came like torrents from our eyes. The poignancy of our situation cannot possibly be missed by any one present. We have not seen one another for quite sometime and each one has experienced all sorts of privations and dangerous situations, in fact narrow escapes from death. On such occasion, Muchtar is always the most unrestraint. He would weep and lament unashamedly."We have to suffer all these because the Javanese enemy had came to take over our country! We must revenge our dead comrades! Redeem our past! Kill every Javanese in sight! As they had shot us on sight!" He would go on and on. And after all is over, Much-tar would feel a little embarrassed at his unrestraint outburst. I would tell him that it was nothing to be embarrassed about. He has every right to feel the way he did, and to cry as much as he might feel like. "To weep for a lost friend is not un-manly" as an earlier revolution ry, one William of orange had said. To assure him further I quoted Alfred de Musset's "Tristesse":

"Dièu parle, it faut qu'on lui réponde
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré." (*)

Muchtar is a mirror of us all. Real political actions, as it were, can only be done by people with great emotional involvement! There is more meaning to Muchtar"s spectacular behavior than appears on the surface of it. It was a pure, unrestrained, honest and spontaneous expression of the character of his race. For Achehnese are: emotional, thoughtful, exuberant, unyielding, loyal, and heroic.

(*) "God speaks, I must answer
The only good that is mine in the world
Is to have sanetime wept."

Dr. Husaini Hasan, a member of Muchtar"s party,was even sick when he arrived. He had to be carried on a make-shift stretcher made of cloth. He was suffering from an un-diagnosed illness that seemed to make him feel weak, dizzy and unable to walk. By evening, fatigue and exhaustion have eased out and everyone begins to feel relaxed in the awareness that we are doing the right things to continue our ancestors' struggle to get back our lost independence!

(AUGUST 15, 1977)

After Dr. Muchtar's party has had some rest, we decide to call a Cabinet meeting, a rare privilege for us who are most of the time scattered all over the country to do our duties. Present, beside myself are: Dr. Muchtar Hasbi, Dr. Zaini Abdullah, Dr. Husaini Hasan, Dr. Zubir Mahmud, Dr. Asnawi Ali, Mr. Amir Ishak, Tengku Ilyas Leubè, Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé and Army Commander Daud Husin. Only the Minister of Trade, Mr. Amir Rashid Mahmud, and Minister of State, Malik Mahmud are not present because they are abroad. As -I had mentioned earlier, we deliberately decided to stay in separate places for security reasons, chief among them is to guarantee the continuity of the struggle incase some of us get killed or captured.

Most of this first session was taken by hearing Dr. Muchtar's reports on the situation in the Eastern provincies of Acheh Sumatra and the rest of Sumatra which is under his jurisdiction as Minis ter of Internal Affairs. And Dr. Muchtar, because of his long stay in Medan, a principal commercial city, he has a thorough knowledge as well as extensive contacts with the revolutionary people in the rest of Sumatra. Contacts and communications have been duly established with the revolutionaries in Palembang and Lampong provinces of Southern Sumatra and they have adhered to the NLFAS.This fact was confirmed even by the Javanese Indonesian military commander for Sumatra, General Mantik, in his press conference in Medan, acknowledging that those forces opposing the Javanese Indonesian regime in Southern Sumatra are part of the NLFAS. Our organization has been established and is functioning in every city and district of Sumatra. Closer home, Dr Muchtar reported the actions taken by our forces in Kuala Simpang, Langsa and Pangkalan Susu regions to close down foreign oil companies'operations and to prevent them from further stea ling our oil and gas. The illegal refinery in Kuala Simpang was burned. Also Javanese so-called transmigration projects that in fact illegal confiscations of Acheh Sumatran homeland to accomodate Javanese colonialist settlers have been attacked by our forces in Panton Labu and Lhok Sukon districts, to discourage thecolonialist settlers from moving in our country.

Dr. Muchtar Hasbi is also the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs who is in charge of establishing and protecting our communication lines with outside world. This he had done with great success.

(AUGUST 16, 1977)

On the second day of the Cabinet meeting we heard reports from Dr Zubir Mahmud who is the Minister of Social Affairs and Governor of

the province of Peureulak (Perlak) made famous in the West because it was mentioned` by Marco Polo in his voyage to the East. In spite of his age, 28, Dr. Zubir proved to be one of the most effective leaders of the NLF and one of the most competent Minister and Governor. In a few months he had completely organized and mobilized the people of Peureulak Province, without a bullet being fired by us. The Javanese Indonesian regime had totally lost political control over the province. The only thing the enemy can still do is to send in the occupation troops to coerce the people to do his bidding and indeed to try to kill Dr. Zubir. Just a few weeks ago Zubir had a narrow escape from enemy's encirclement. A chicken farm, where he took refuge, saved him but a lieutenant was killed:

Dr. Zaini Abdullah, Minister of Health, reported his successful efforts in organizing training programs for our para medics in the most difficult circumstances of our nomadic guerilla existence. But he can point out with pride to many competent graduates who can now administer medical help to our various guerilla units all over the country. Also his Ministry has published a medical textbook in Achehnese, the language of our people. And the medical profession is the best organized arms of the NLF and of the State of Acheh Sumatra.

Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé, Minister of Finance, reported that the people have completely identified with the NLF and they look -ed to the Revolutionary Government of the State of Acheh Sumatra as their real and legitimate Government and not the Javanese Indonesian regime. This is demonstrated by the people's eagerness to follow our directives and by their financial supports to the NLF without any coercion. It is clear to all that we have no means of coercion. The enemy is the one who has it. Although the people faced great risk in giving money or other kind of supports to the NLF when found out by the enemy, but they keep doing it. If the Javanese found the NLF"s receipt in anybody's possession, the person will be tortured to death. Therefore, the Minister of Finance has issued directives that no receipt should be given to the people unless specifically requested. And to avoid any corruption on the part of our organization, only designated persons are authorized to receive money and to keep records under close supervision of the Minister of Finance. In fact our movement depends 100% on the people's support.

The Minister of Justice, Tengku Ilyas Leubè reported that lately he had to perform so many marriages because the people preferred that their marriages be solemnized by the officials of the Islamic State of Acheh Sumatra instead of by officials of the Javanese Indonesian regime. He had to print our Marriage Certificate with our State Coatof-Arms on it that also says:"Together in life and in death". People felt more legitimately married with our licences than with the Javanese Indonesian licences. This is indeed to say very much politically. It is a monumental confirmation of our legitimacy and prestige among our people. The Javanese colonialist Indonesian regime has no legitimacy and no prestige in the eyes of the people of Acheh Sumatra.

(AUGUST 17, 1977)

August 17 must be marked in Achehnese Sumatran history as the calamitous day that has caused the temporary lost of our legitimate right to independence, because it was on that day the so-called "indonesia" was declared "independence" by the Javanese in 1945, and was approved by the Dutch on December 27, 1949. It. was a joint-stock company of the old colonialism with the neo-colonialism, a joint-venture between the two to fabricate the artificial and make-believed nation of "indonesia". And in the process we lost our right to independence on account of this monstrous colonialists' creation. Until the day we regain our independence, this day will be marked as the day of infamy in our history.

Everything about Indonesia is absurd. The declaration of independence of indonesia is easily the most stupid declaration of independence in the annals of all nations. It was devoid of any ideas, of any political philosophy, or of any thought whatever. It must have been written - as it were - by people who were unawared of any poli tical philosophy or of symbolism of a declaration of independence Compare it with the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America or with the Declaration of Independence of°Acheh Sumatra. Then you know what I meant.

As Dr. Henry Kissinger, the former American Secretary of State had correctly written:"Indonesia was nothing but a geographic expression until the Dutch found it more efficient to unite the islands of the Indies under a single administration." *(Nuclear Weapon and Foreign Policy)*. This was the genesis of the "indonesian nation". And this *unified colonialist adninistration* was established in Jakar ta, Java. At that time Acheh Sumatra was still an independent sovereign State! This colonialist imposed administrative "unity". or "nationality" has no legal validity under the Decolonization Law, and the colonialist administrations based in Java under the Dutch or under the Javanese cannot legally deny the right to self-determination and the right to separate legal existence of the people of Acheh Sumatra as well as to other peoples of the former Dutch colonial territories.

Resolutions 2625-XXV of the General Assembly ofthe United Nations that is now constitutes a part of International Law regarding decolonization stated that all colonial territories have *juridical status* that is *separate* and *distinct* from the colonialist country, and from other colonial territories, and this separate juridical status remains as long as the people of each of this territory have not yet exercised their right of self-determination. The Dutch violated this principle of separation between colonial territories when they transfered their illegal "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to"indonesia".

Another fundamental principle, namely, that a colonialist power has no sovereignty over a colonial territory and that it cannot transfer sovereignty to any other power regarding that territory has also been trampled on. Sovereignty over a colonial territory resides with the people of that colony and not with the colonialist power. This has been stipulated in the UN Resolution 1514 - XV. Holland's

transfer of "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to Javanese Indonesia was therefore illegal. The most outrageous of all was the fact that when Holland did that, in was not even in control of Acheh Sumatra where Holland has no presence since it was chased. out of Acheh Sumatra by the resistance movement in March 1942! Holland returned to Java and other islands after World War II - but Holland had never returned to Acheh Sumatra! Thus Holland did not have de jure and de facto power over Acheh Sumatra. Just then Holland "gave" sovereignty over Acheh Sumatra to indonesia! *Nemo dat quod non habet.* "No one gives what he does not have."

The concept of "indonesia" which was invented by the colonialist and was based on the sanctity of the boundaries of the colonial empire that was established by conquests, and the concept of decolo nization which recognized the separate *juridical status* of each colonial territory, must be clearly understood in order to grasp the enormity of its fraud. In the UN General Assembly debates over Javanese Indonesia's claim to the territory of West Papua, the Javanese representative stated:"The question whether West Irian (West Papua) had cultural links with other Indonesians was irrelevant. The boundaries of the State (of Indonesia) could only be the boundaries of the former Netherlands East Indies .... What we consider to be Indonesian and Indonesian territory is ... the entire territory of the former colony: the Netherlands East Indies." (Official Records of the General Assembly, 9th Session, 1st Committee, 726 meeting; 912 meeting; 16th Session, 1050 meeting.) Here is then a state that is frankly based on colonialists' conquered territories without reference to the conquered peoples, their cultures, languages, histories, identities and inalienable rights. Indonesia is thus admitted ly a state based solely on Dutch colonialism - *without decolonization* - and without apology! Judge M. Dillard of the International Court of Justice had stated that it was the people who should deter mine the destiny of a territory, and not the territory should deter mine the destiny of the people. *(C; I. J. Recueil, 1975, p. 20).*

The absurdity or rather the criminality of Indonesia's claim to West Papua - as well as to Acheh Sumatra, the Moluccas, the Celebes etc - will be better understood if we were to apply its standard to other parts of the world. For example, what would have happened if certain state in Africa, say, the Central African Republic, would have demanded that all former French colonies in Africa from Morocco to Madagascar - an area about the same size with the Dutch colony of Indonesia - should be turned over to it, on the same "indonesian political theory"? And similarly, what would happen if one of the former Portuguese colonies would have demanded that all former Portuguese colonial territories - from Cape Verde to Mozambique - should be turned over to it as an "entity" on the same "indonesian political theory"? Or, for Nigeria to demand to rule over all the former British colonial territories in Africa, or for India to demand to rule over all former British colonial territories in Asia from Kuwait to Singapore and beyond? No doubt such demands would have been put aside as, absurd! But in the case of the former Dutch colonial empire that was what exactly having been perpetrated by the Javanese in collusion with the Dutch, without returning any of those colonial territories to the rightful, indigenous peoples of

those colonial territories.

If the concept of "decolonization a la indonesia" would have been applied to all other colonial territories in the world, there would have been only 7 (seven) - instead of 51 (fifty-one) new states established in Africa after World War II, namely one each for the former colonies of Britain, France, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Germany, without reference to the peoples, cultures, histories and inalienable rights. In Asia there would have been only 2 (two) other states - instead of 45 (forty-five) now - beside "indonesia", namely 1 (one) for all former British colonies, 1 (one) for all."former French colonies, with some artificial and fabricated names - again a la indonesia. There would have been only two or three states in Latin America, instead of 36 (thirty-six) now. There would have been no Third World majority today at the United Nations. And no UN Resolution 2625 that guarantees the separate juridical status of all colonial territories. It is a different world that is being conjured up by the very name of "indonesia". Fortunately, the other parts of the world had escaped from being *indonesianized:*

There can be no compromise between the concept of "indonesia" and the principle of decolonization, because the one goes directly against the other: decolonization requires liquidation of all colonial empires with specific steps and procedures, but indonesia exists on the principle of *total territorial integrity* of the colonial empire; and an empire is not liquidated if its territorial integrity is preserved. Thus Indonesia is still an un-liquidated and un-decolonized colonial empire with Java-men replacing Dutchmen as colonialists.

There are five sets of objections that can be marshalled against the legality and against the juridical values of the Treaty on the Transfer of "sovereignty" between Holland and indonesia signed on December 27, 1949, especially concerning the transfer of "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to indonesia:

1. The glaring incompatibility of the Treaty with the decolonization principles of the United Nations that had been imposed universally - except in indonesia.
2. The clear violation by this Treaty of the right of self-determination of the people of Acheh Sumatra.
3. The fact that the Treaty was signed by two states (Holland and indonesia) without juridical right to dispose sovereignty over the territory of Acheh Sumatra,and the fact that both parties, at the time of signing of the Treaty, had neither *de jure*, nor *de facto* control over Acheh Sumatra.
4. As an administering power, Holland would not have sovereignty over Acheh. Sumatra in the first place; in the second place Hol land had no right to transfer that sovereignty at all. In the third place, Holland was not even present in Acheh Sumatra at that time! Holland has not been there since March, 1942! Holland was not even an administering power when she perpetrated this legal and political crime together with the Javanese neocolonialist regime.

5. Despite these facts, however, the Dutch and the Javanese pretended to dispose the sovereignty over Acheh Sumatra between and among themselves without consulting the people of Acheh Sumatra by plebiscite or referendum, and doing it outside all procedures already stipulated by the United Nations's Decoloni zation Law and the International Court of Justice.

When people in Africa nowadays referred to the "colonial boundaries" which are recognized by the organization of African Unity as legitimate boundaries, they are referring to "colonial boundaries" after proper decolonization, after Africa being divided into 51 independent, sovereign, national states; but when one referred to "colonial boundaries" in indonesia one is referring to the "colonial boundaries" before and without decolonization, because the Dutch colonial empire of "indonesia" has never been decolonized such as the British, Portuguese, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Belgian colonies in Africa or elsewhere in the world. There has never been any change of boundaries in the Dutch colonial empire since 18th century to the present day! The same fraudulent old colonial boundaries are still. being maintained intact today under cover of the name of "indonesia". No people in the entire world region of the former Dutch East Indies - alias "indonesia" - which is in length equals to that from Lisbon to Moscow, and in width equals from Rome to Oslo, containing as many nationalities whose independence had been usurped by the Dutch colonialists, have ever gotten back their independence the way the colonial peoples in Africa, Latin America, and other parts of Asia have gotten back theirs. What the Dutch have managed to do with the supports of other Western powers ("Democracies" if you will) was simply to keep their colonial empire intact as a neocolony, and set up a pliable natives of the island of Java to run it for them under the name of a fabricated "nation" of "indonesia". No plebiscite or election had ever been held to ascertain whether the peoples of Acheh Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas, West Papua and others wanted to be part of Javanese "indonesia" or n o t. There were massacres instead in all these islands of those who opposed the Javanese take-over. The ensuing armed struggle, during the 1950s, on every island against the Javanese indonesian regime was crushed by superior armed Javanese forces equipped by western democracies. And the old colonialists are continuing to plunder our country with utter disregard to our people's fundamental rights.

(AUGUST 18, 1977)

We made a very effective propaganda campaigns to make the people boycot the regime's sponsored celebration of August 17th throughout the country. The Javanese indonesian flag-raising ceremony was a flop everywhere. For the first time since 1945, we have taken the wind out of the sail of August 17th celebrations. From now on there will be no more spirit of celebration for the Javanese colonialist flag on the soil of Acheh Sumatra. When the people saw the Javanese flag, they immediately thought of their own, left for them by their ancestors, and would find a way to raise it, at home,in the farm or in the forests. Many people have been arrested by the Javanese indonesian troops for raising Achehnese Sumatran flags privately in

their gardens. We found that our flag was such a mighty symbol among our people and our flag-raising ceremony a very effective means to raise the patriotic spirit of the Achehnese people.

(AUGUST 19, 1977)

By this time we have successfully established the NLF networks throughout the territory of Acheh Sumatra and together with it the administrative organization of the Government of the State of Acheh

Sumatra. We do not recognize anything the Javanese Indonesian regime had done in this field, that is, we do not recognize its administrative divisions of the country, and we do not recognize the same titles for functionaries. we reestablished the historic territorial divisions of the country as they were before the arrival of the Dutch and the Javanese. Also we revived the historic Achehnese titles for each office to distinguish our style and our system from that of the invaders as much as possible.

On the village level we re-established the traditional and centuries old Achehnese administrative system. Each village is headed by a village chief, called *Geutjhik*, who wields great prestige and social influence. He is assisted by a *Waki* (Deputy)and counseled by four *Tuha Peuet* (Eldermen) who functioned as an Executive Council for the Geutj hik, while the entire village population participated in deliberations for any important transactions. Beside *Geutjhik*, his *Waki* and *Tuha Peuet,* there is another integral institution of the village government,namely the religious authority of the village who heads the village's *Meunasah* or *Meulasah* (probably originated from Arabic *madrasah*: school. But an Achehnese *Meunasah* is not only a religious school but also a community centre and a "country club"). And the title for the head of this village religious authority is *Peutua Meunasah*, and in some regions also called *Imum Meunasah*. He is expected to be an Islamic scholar. The primary duty of our village chief under the present situation is to organize supports for o u r Government and for the NLF guerilla forces in the mountains. He keeps the entire village mobilized and united for the NLF.

The administrative division above the village is the Mukim. Several villages would make a *Mukim*. The head of a *Mukim* is called *Imum* (from Imam - community leader). Several *Mukim* would make a *Sagoë* (District), and a *Sagoë* is headed by an *Ulèe Sagoë* (District Head). He is assisted by a *Panglima Sagoë* (District Military Comnander). Several *Sagoë* would make a *Nanggroë* (Province), and is headed by an *Ulèe Nanggroë* (Governor). He is assisted by a *Panglima Nanggroë* (Mili tary Commander of the Province). The governors receive orders from *Meuntroë Dalam Nanggroë* (Minister of Internal Affairs). All of them are appointed by the *Wali Nanggroë* or *Wali Neugara* (Guardian of the State, in absent of a Sultan or Mudabbir al-Malik) with the recommen dation of the minister of Internal Affairs until such time when they can be elected by the people.

We are basing our struggle on the historical legitimacy and continuity of the sovereign entity of the State of Acheh Sumatra with its territory, people and Government that has never ceased to exist

and that has never surrendered even one inch of its territory to the Dutch, and that the Dutch has never had any presence -much less control - of Acheh Sumatra at the time they fraudulently transfer their non-existent "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to Javanese indonesia, on December 27, 1949. We have consistently conducted our struggle on this strict historical frame of reference to avoid being dragged into sterile and irrelevant debates over the historically non-existent neo-colonialist entity of "indonesia"which fraudulent origin I have already made clear. History is our deepest root, our strongest fortress that cannot be made to naught by Dutchmen or by Javamen or by anyone else. *We have a retroactive force in our history*. All our history is again placed today in the scale for our sake against which the Javanese invaders of our country have absolutely nothing to offer for counter-weights. Our retroactive force is indestructible! For no one can destroy what it was. Therefore, he who is sure of his past is also certain of his future.

The fact of the matter of our case as history has witnessed it is as follows: on March 26, 1873, the Dutch declared war against the sovereign and independent State of Acheh Sumatra, in itself a form of recognition of our sovereign existence, and on April 5 the Dutch invaded our territory. On April 23, 1873, at the Battle of Bandar Acheh, -our forces defeated the Dutch and their Commander executed. The Dutch came` back to invade us for the` second time on Christmas Day, 1873. This Dutch second invasion resulted in the protracted war ending with the Dutch second ouster in March, 1942. When the Dutch returned to their "indonesia" in 1945, after World War II, they never came back to Acheh Sumatra. And when the Dutch transfered their nonexistent "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to "indonesia" on December 27, 1949, the Dutch were not only absent from Acheh Sumatra at the time, but they had not been there for seven long years. Acheh Sumatra should have become independent again and should have taken back her rightful place as a sovereign member of the community of nations. Holland and Indonesia had illegally prevented that from happening: Holland by fraudulently transfering Acheh Sumatra to its neo-colonial creation: "Indonesia"; and Indonesia by annexing Acheh Sumatra under cover of that illegal "transfer of sovereignty". The whole thing was illegal under all provisions of Decolonization Law and International Law. Can this clear matter be made clearer?

Traditionally the Head of Achehnese Sumatran State was called either King, or Sultan, or Mudabbir al-Malik, or Wali Negara. This last one means really Guardian of the State, a care-taker system in the absent of the earlier ones pending future determination by the people of Acheh Sumatra. For the present I prefer to use this last and modest designation for the Head of State according to our best tradition, because the term and the concept of *Wali* has a pervasive meaning and diffused roots in the way of life or political culture of the Achehnese people and understood by all. In our culture every person must have a *Wal*i, a guardian, who is responsible for his or her well-being, and the *Wali Negara* is ultimately the *Wali* of last resort for everyone. No political system can last or be successful unless it is based on the political culture of the people concern. We are through imitating alien systems.

(AUGUST 20, 1977)

"Indonesia" is such a big lie that it bogged down even some intel ligent minds that tried to understand it. D. Griswold was right when he wrote, *Indonesia, the Second Greatest Crime of the Century* (World View Publishers, New York). Henry Luce once described Indonesia as "a hoodlum empire". It is still is today. Indonesia has cast such a shadow over all Southeast Asia; it has corrupted,spoiled, destroyed, confused everything in this part ofthe world in every category: geography, history, culture,economics and politics. It has successfully buried the truth about everything in so many layers of lies and half truths that even the simplest thing here became the most complicated to understand.

For example, why should be anyone who has lived and worked here for years, like some foreign journalists, be mystified and unable to find out what was the territory of Acheh in Sumatra? Two very simple and obvious steps will answer the whole things: first, take an old map of Sumatra from some reliable Western map-makers dated before Dutch colonialism arrived in Sumatra. You will find out that the whole whole island of Sumatra was part of the Kingdom of Acheh, properly a Sumatran power. At that time Acheh was the political name, and Sumatra a geographic name of the same island. And the name of Sumatra itself was also of Achehnese origin, denoting the Samudra District in East Acheh. If you investigated a little further, you will also find out that Malaya, West Borneo, and Banten region of West Java were also under Achehnese sovereignty for a long time. If you cared for diplomatic history, you will discover that the first Dutch Consulate, in Padang, as far back as 1615, under Captain Bort, worked under the Exequatur from Acheh, that was by permission of the Kingdom of Acheh, clearly demonstrating Dutch recognition at that time of Achehnese sovereignty over Sumatra.

Second step, take a look at the map of Sumatra at the time of the Dutch declaration of war against Acheh, on March 26, 1873. You will see that the territory of the State of Acheh or Kingdom of Acheh in Sumatra at that time still covered half of Sumatra until Djambi and the Riau Archipelago (Please see the map published by *GRAPHIC* of Lon don in 1883, in this book). This, therefore, constitutes the minimum legal claim by the present State of Acheh Sumatra at the time of the Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra on December 4,1976: a simple return to the *status quo ante bellum*, to March 26, 1873. In addition, the State of Acheh Sumatra claims back from the Dutch, - therefore also from Indonesia - all of Sumatra and surrounding islands as our legitimate historic national territory. We have no intention of leaving any part of our country to the tender mercy ofthe Javanese colonialists. The Southern half of Sumatra was taken by the Dutch from Acheh through the process of creeping undeclared colonial wars prior to March 26, 1873. But every inch of it was taken from us just the same. We have an apt Achehnese proverb describing Dutch colonial policy: *Lagèe Beulanda pula labu*, that is, " Like Dutchmen planting watermelon", meaning they will claim all the lands where the roots of their watermelon will creep - creeping colonialism.

As indicated by its very name, the State of Acheh Sumatra is not

a State for the Achehnese alone but for all Sumatrans of all ethnic backgrounds who rejected Javanese colonialism and who wanted Sumatra for the Sumatrans. The members of the NLFAS are not only Achehnese but Sumatrans from all ethnic origins. Therefore, in line with that reality, the State of Acheh Sumatra had promulgated all languages of Sumatra, such as Achehnese, Gayo-Achehnese, Karo, Batak, Mandailing, Malay and Minangkabau as official and equal languages of the State of Acheh Sumatra. Acheh Sumatra is a democratic federal State where every nationality group will have their own State to govern themselves according to their political culture. The State of Acheh Sumatra merely provides a legal foundation and the historic bastion for the recovery of real independence for all Sumatrans.

The Javanese colonialists' imposed administrative territorial divisions of Sumatra have no legality and no legitimacy whatsoever, just as their presence in Sumatra is illegal. They have divided our homeland for so many times and in so many ways to suit their divide and rule policy. First, when they had just taken over our country from the Dutch, they abolished all provinces cf Sumatra, including Acheh, East Sumatra, West Sumatra, Tapanuli, etc., and they made Sumatra into one province only. Then they were afraid at the sign that the move might promote Sumatran unity. So for the second time, they changed the administrative divisions of Sumatra into three provinces: North, Central and South. Even then,they were still afraid at the possible unity among Sumatrans. Then for the third times, they divided Sumatra into *eight* provinces: Acheh (being confined to un-historical boundaries covering only Northern tip of Sumatra), Riau (being carved out of former province of East Sumatra and North Sumatra), a new province of North Sumatra (a truncated East Sumatra amalgamated with Tapanuli), West Sumatra, South Sumatra, Bencoolen, Djambi and Lampong. Each province was then put under complete control of a Javanese military commander although there is a civilian governor without power as the nominal head of the province. In the end what the Javanese did was nothing but returning to the Dutch colonial administrative system and trying to perpetuate it under their control. The NLFAS does not recognize this arbitrary Javanese-Dutch administrative division of our country the purpose of which was solely to serve Javanese colonialist interests.

(AUGUST 22, 1977)

Today arrived a group of prominent leaders from Geumpang District. Among them include Geutjhik Pakdh,the District Head of Geumpang, and Commandant Rashid,the Military Commander of the district. Both are stalwarts of the NLF with great reputations. With them are several other leaders, making a large group. Because of the new arrivals, we have to make additional camp to accomodate them. Geumpang is a very important mountain district located in the central mountain range of Acheh. It is two days walking distance from our Alue Puasa Camp. Geumpang had figured prominently in every war of resistance against foreign invaders that the people of Acheh has had to wage. Somehow or other, Geumpang always turned out to be the last stronghold for the Achehnese. First, because of its strategic

and impenetrable terrains. Second, its food supply. Third,the patriotic fervor of its people. most citizens of Geumpang traced their ancestry to the earlier evacuees from the war with the Dutch in the 1870s. Most of these ancestors were Achehnese patriots who evacuated their lowland residences in order to be able to carry on the fight against the invaders. The people of Geumpang have perpetuated this glorious tradition to this very day. I know I can always depend on their loyal supports.

During the long war with Holland, many of my ancestors also established their headquarters' in Geumpang. My grandfather lived there for a long time. He had a plantation there. I plan to go there and to establish my headquarters on the same plan tation. Many of my relatives fell in the battlefields in Geumpang District during the war with the Dutch. Therefore, my family has always very close relationship with the people of Geumpang. We are considered one with them. They identify with us. And there were always many visitors from Geumpang who came to visit us in Tiro, in time of peace or war. Geumpang is certainly one of our liberated territory.

(AUGUST 23, 1977)

One of the problems I faced lately is that my permanent entourage has become too big for a guerilla headquarters: about 70 persons on the average plus visitors. Like today it is more than 100 persons. If we were attacked we can never retreat without leaving traces which are invitations to the enemy to pursue us. Especially in the rainy season we will make roads in the forests wherever we go with that many men. Once a person has left his village or town to stay in the mountains, it is very difficult to melt back into the village again, if only for his own self-consciousness. Therefore, I have issued a strong directive that only those who absolutely cannot stay in the village may come to the mountains. After discussions with Geutjhik Pakèh, we decide that he will take 25 people with him to Geumpang to help establish a new camp there. I ask my cousin, Tengku Ilyas Tjot Plieng, who is the Governor of Pidie Province, to be in charge there. So it will be the Geumpang headquarters for the Governor of Pidie. He is the grandson of Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng, who was Minister of Education of Acheh in 1900s and also the Governor of Pidie who died at the Battle of Ukèe Kleueng (Eagle Claws)on the Tiro River in 1904.

(AUGUST 31, 1977)

This week we celebrated the *Id-al-Fitr*, a Muslim Holiday marking the end of Ramazan, the fasting month, a month of continuous fasting during the daylight hours. It has been a good one month of resting, thinking, contemplating, and clearing of minds for all of us. This Holiday is one of the most important in the life of my people. The prescribed Islamic religious ceremony include a praying together and listening to a sermon. Even the content of that sermon is prescribed. On this occasion we add one more aspect to the ceremony: that of raising our flag with the fitting Call-to-Victory *(Azan)* which I

specifically requested Dr. Zubir to do. It so happened that a few days ago I was awaken one morning about 5 AM by hearing an un-usually enthralling Call by someone whose voice I did not recognized. I immediately asked whose voice was it? I was told it was the voice of Dr. Zubir. Then to Prayer. As I had mentioned earlier, on such an occasion, no one would stand up in front if I were present. I was condemned to do it. The sermon was delivered by the Minister of Justice, Tengku Hadji Ilyas Leubè.

Appropriately he recalled the struggle of the Prophet Muhammad when he started to preach the Islamic teachings, all alone, having to hide himself in the caves near Mecca, finally had to move away to Medina, before he ultimately managed to organize, mobilized, and fought his way back victoriously to Mecca. It was an apt and timely reminder to us all. You should remember that Muhammad founded a religion and a state at the same time. Islam is a complete system requiring total submission from the believers to Allah and His laws without any concessions to the ceasars. There was no need to separate "what belonged to Ceasar from what belonged to God" because all belonged to God alone! Islam teaches that men and states must submit to the laws of God. It considers separation between church and state, between morality, politics and economics as symptom of schizophrenia because Islam aims at producing moral men and moral societies. To separate state from religion means to negate the whole concept of Islam.

Can this means that an Islamic State is a totalitarian state intolerant of other religions? On the contrary! Islam accords the same rights to other religions. This is also a part of God's law. "There should be no coercion in matter of religion .... To you, your religion and to me, my religion." *(The Quran)*

(SEPTEMBER 4, 1977)

Today is my birthday, the 47th. I had never thought that I would be celebrating it here, in Alue Puasa Camp and in this circumstance. I started this journey one year ago today, when I left my wife and son in New York, on September 4, 1976. Can I call this one year of achievement, or of frustration, or of failure? Only history can tell. But I will be satisfied if I had kindled new political consciousness in my people"s hearts, if I had reawakened my people to their great history and to their proper destiny in the affairs of our country, in short, if I had managed to impart into their hearts and minds what was in my heart and mind. That would be a sufficient justification for having lived, in my humble judgement. Without at least that, I would feel that my life would have been utterly useless and meaningless to myself and to my people. Self-determination and independence are no longer possible for those peoples who have lost their identities and group consciousness. With their identities and consciousness restored, I know that my people will be able to get back their independence, if not now in my life time, in the future. "Already", as someone had said, "my opinion, my conviction, gains infinitely in strength and sureness, the moment a second mind has adopted it." And more so if a million other minds have adopted

it also. That what I thought did happen. I managed to make it happen. "So wondrous is the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of knowing!" I try to pass the flickering torch to the new generation. That is my mission. That is why I am here at Alue Puasa! To do this I have risked everything!

(SEPTEMBER 5, 1977)

Today is our national holiday to commemorate the BATTLE OF PUTJOK ALUE SIMI that took place on September 5, 1910, between the Dutch and the Achehnese forces. My grandfather, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin (Mayed) di Tiro, then Head of State of Acheh Sumatra, fell in that battle, with two Dutch bullets in his heart. The Dutch soldier who shot him was personally decorated by the then Dutch Queen. The Dutch thought that the last shot had been fired to end their longest colonial war in history. But it was not to be, because the Achehnese people elected Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, his nephew, to replace him, and the struggle continues.

When my grandfather"s dead body was brought for burial to Tangse, thousands of mourning Achehnese followed the cortege. The Dutch doctors had tried to "save" my grandfather's life by bandaging his wounds to stop the blood flows - or that was merely a gesture of colonialists` "humanity" - but the people saved some parts of that bloodstained bandages and they cut them into small pieces and only the most privileged among the mourners were allowed to keep a piece of the bandages as a remembrance of him.

The Dutch commanding officer who led the attack against us at Alue Simi, Colonel H. J. Schmidt, wrote in his Memoirs:

> "Today, September 5, 1910, my troops achieved a great victory at the Battle of Putjok Alue Simi. We got Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro. We celebrated our victory by singing *Wilhelmus* (Dutch national anthem) throughout the mountains of Tangsé. Hopefully the war is over. Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin is an able, shrewd, and determined leader. He is a man sets right with his God. He has been called by the Achehnese the " *Tanglong Nanggroe* " - The Light of the Land.No one can replaced him since no one has as great an influence as he has. So the Battle of Alue Simi is a military as well as a political victory for us. The soldiers responsible for the shooting of the Tengku will be brought to Holland, to be promoted and decorated personally by Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina."

H. C. Zentgraaff, the Dutch historian, wrote in his books, Atjeh and *Sumatraantjes*

> "The Achehnese saved parts of the bloodstained bandages that was used by the Dutch doctors to stop the blood flows from the body of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro and cut them into small pieces and only the most privileged' could received a piece of this blood stained cloth, a remembrance to the last leader of this family of great fighters. These bloodstained cloths are still being secretly kept in Tangse by the people

until this day as a costly relics of the last leader of the di Tiro family. Witnessing this, who would not be reminded of the unrivaled eulogy of Marc Antony before the body of dead Ceasar and the whole drama involving it, two-thousand years ago in the forum of Rome?

"And they would go and kiss dead Ceasar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory
And dying:, mention it, within their will
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

It is noteworthy that the Dutch, although they fought against us they did not insult us. They granted that our motive was right, although not convenient for them. The code of chivalry was preserved at least at the officers' level. This is very different with our present enemies, the Javanese indonesians, who. have no honors and know no chivalry. They have.come to rob us and they insulted us and calling us with unspeakable names for refusing to cooperate with them. The same thing happened during the war of confrontation between Javanese indonesia and Malaysia in the 1960s. The Javanese indonesians then called all sorts of dirty names against the Prime Minister of Malaysia, Tengku Abdul Rahman,who refused to capitulate to the Javanese. When asked about the Javanese name-calling by foreign journalists, Tengku Abdul Rahman replied:"What do you expect from pigs but grunts?" I had endorsed that then, as now, wholeheartedly, although some people in Kuala Lumpur have short memories that in the long run will be very costly.

Another significant lesson for us from the Battle of Alue Simi was that we must carry on this struggle in our time just like our fathers had carried it on in their times with absolute determination. If we were not free in life, let us be free in death. We do not compromise about our freedom. As Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin had said:"We are not in this war on account of ourselves. We are in this war on account of our martyred fathers, and on account of our yet unborn children. On account of our past and bur future. To secure the rich legacy from the past generations to the future ones." At the Battle of Alue Simi our fathers had shown us how they had carried that determination without any doubt or hesitation. The Dutch commander, Colonel H.J.Schmidt reported that he found in the jacket pocket of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro an un-answered letter from the Dutch Government` addressed to him promising him everything if he would be willing to stop the war and making peace with Holland. He never replied. They found the letter on his dead body. That was a very eloquent reply indeed.

Today we raised our ancestors' flag in a solemn ceremony in honor of those who fell at the Battle of Putjok Alue Simi,and we left it at half-staff. Tengku Hadji Ilyas Leubè, the Minister of Justice presided over the festivities.

(SEPTEMBER 8, 1977)

Today I received a deputation from every district of West Acheh and South Acheh provinces composed of members from Lam No, Tjalang, Meulaboh, Blang Pidie, Labohan Hadji, Tapak Tuan and Singkil. The group is headed by Teuku Ismail. We had established the NLF there at almost the same time we had established it in Pidie province. only the Javanese colonialist officials who did not know what was going on around them, because of the language barriers and because they were ostracized by the people and would not know anyhting unless someone deliberately reported to them. In most cases they are treated as foreigners by the population. As usual with other deputations, the whole group had come by means of public transportation passing through nominally enemy controlled territories such as Kuta Radja (Bandar Acheh), Sigli, etc. our people can use these means of transportations freely to move around all over the country. The Javanese indonesian regime cannot distinguish who are members of the NLF and who are not. When they arrived in any town, anywhere in the country, our people need only to ask any shop keepers to put them into contact with the "mountains". In no time they will be on the jeep, or a minibus, or motorcycles to the nearest points tothe mountains. And when they arrived in the village nearest to the forest, they will become the guest of the village chief, who will see to it that they arrive at my headquarters safely. When the citizens had "conspired" to such an extent against a regime of force, how would one describe the situation? Is there a terminology for it? I do not know one right now. What has happened is that the entire population has come to feel that the re g ime that pretends to rule over them is simply an illegitimate bunch and without prestige in their eyes. All this has been effected by a movement practically without means of coercion - without guns! If we had guns also we would have swept a way the Javanese indonesian regime overnight!

This has happened almost as a spontaneous' response of the people to our presence in the mountains, after they read our educational materials, brochures and books, - "reems of useless papers" said one ignoramous Western journalist - and in some cases after they hear our representatives speak directly to them, or in the majority of cases after our call reached them bywords of mouths. But the most important thing is the fact of our presence in the mountains, being dramatized to them when they heard the sound of enemy's machinegunning us, bombing us, strafing us, helicopter-gunships droning over their heads, days and nights, searching to kill us; troops marching and blocking the roads or searching every pot and pan in every house throughout the country. Our mysterious presence thus felt and heard, but not often seen, has excited the people"s imagination:they are no longer afraid of the Javanese indonesian regime and no longer intimidated by its paraphernalia of power. We have restored their faith in themselves, we have told them what to do, how to think, and so the hope of everyone for a better future has been revived.

Our National Liberation Movement anchored in our glorious national history, clothed with our legendary past, has brought back too many memories to the yearning hearts of the irrepressible people of Acheh. You will realize that when you have attended an NLF public

meeting; when you have seen what happened when the people encountered our boys in Achehnese military uniforms: they will hug, kiss and fete them; when you have seen how the people wept openly when the flag of Acheh was raised! It was no accident that the Achehnese flag had fluttered over this Land of ours for one-thousand years in the past. That was why the Dutch couldnot pull down that flag after onehundred years of continuous war! It is here to stay! Our Flag! The national liberation o€ Acheh is the recovery of their historic perso nality by the people of Acheh. This is our return to our history. For that we must destroy every vestige of Dutch and now Javanese domination over this Land of ours.

(SEPTEMBER 10, 1977)

Today in a Cabinet meeting we decided to establish a University of Acheh in the mountain region as the first institution of higher learning in the liberated territory to train our cadres for the future. It was decided that I will be the first president of the University of Acheh. It was decided to open immediately a Faculty of Medicine, of Public Administration, of Law, International Affairs , and a Military Academy. To start with, I will give a series of Inaugural lectures beginning next month in a place to be chosen, and to be attended by all Cabinet members and members of the Central Committee of the NLFAS.

(SEPTEMBER 15, 1977)

A meeting of *Pawangs* was called to consider a safe and secluded place to start the inaugural lectures of the University of Acheh. Se-veral places were considered. Finally the decision was taken to establish the first campus at Alue Kujuen (Lemon Spring) on the Northern slope of Mount Alimon, about two days walking distance from Alue - Puasa Camp to the Southeast. The choice was made also because of the consideration that the campus can be supplied from Geumpang or Tangsd regions. And if necessary also from Tiro region although a little far.

(SEPTEMBER 17, 1977)

As if to deny that any move from one camp to another has ever been made for other than security reason, we begin to see accelerated enemy activities close to Alue Puasa Camp, during the last two days, as if our presence had been detected. Helicopter-gunships have overflown us during the last two days. And it is discomforting to know that the helicopters can easily landed on the open grassland on the outskirt of our camp and disgorge enemy troops who then can encircle us in 15 minutes time. In view of the increasing enemy activities we decide to move out ahead of the scheduled time to Alue Kujuen.

(SEPTEMBER 18, 1977)

Today we dismantle our Alue Puasa Camp very early in the morning. I always feel a little sad to leave a place where I had been. I have grown quite attached to the pleasant surrounding of Alue Puasa. But there is nothing to do. We must move on. First, we must go to the Eastern direction passing the grassland. If the enemy helicopters happened to be over-flying the area at the time of our passing, they can easily see us. After about 20 minutes of walking we re-enter the thick forest area again, the safest place on this planet for guerillas. Then we follow the path to Simpang Djeumpa, heading East, that by now has become our "highway". We spend the night in Simpang Djeumpa again. Because there was no water, even in the animal "swimming pool", we have to send an expedition to fetch the water down hill that turned out to be very difficult because the terrain is almost not passable. The area is characterized by high ridges and deep ravines. Some of the men were so exhausted that they decided to sleep on the bank of the river because they were unable to climb back to Simpang Djeumpa. The strong ones managed to bring back some water up hill for cooking.

(SEPTEMBER 19, 1977)

In the morning we continue our march. The *Pawang* found an easier way to descend and in no time we find ourselves on the bank of the source of the Tiro River. From there to Alue Kujuen is only 2 hours walking distance. We arrived at the "campus" spot at about 11 AM.
The first impression is what a cold place it is!

The spot chosen for our first campus is truly magnificent, because we found a terraced bank on the Southern side of the spring, one on the upper level, and another one on the lower level, and both are very flat as if had been bulldozed just for our purposes. So we establish a two-level campus. On the higher level there will be two houses, one for my quarters with a "living room" large enough for a lecture hall, and the other, a long house to accomodate the Ministers and members of the Central Committee of the NLFAS. In the field between the two houses a small park will be created with the flagpole in the middle. on the lower level there will be built two houses, one for the dining hall and the kitchen, and one for hospital with separate check-up and consultation rooms. To go up and down between the two levels, a magnificent Roman steps are being carved, reminiscent of the Piazza di Spagna, with hand rails added, also suggestive of Roman architectural style. Everyone wish we will never have to move out again from here!

About a mile down stream where the spring discharges its water into the Tiro River which at this height is full, of innocent fish that have not yet learned to fear human beings. They do not run away when they see human beings - a rare sight up here - and so they can be caught with bare hands. Therefore, here is plenty of fresh fish for everyone. However, it is so chilly at night, that soon everyone built his own personal fire place. To add to the serenity of this first campus of the University of Acheh, there are tiger cups coming down every mor-

ning to play with the younger sets of our entourage. All are tigers of Acheh here although some have learned to walk on two feet.

Abou Baka, my young guardian, had decided on his own to make my "residence" even more handsome by creating a second level lower floor and he planted flowers along the edge of the steps. He would sometime sleep there instead of at the guard house. The campus i well protected. There are guardposts at all approaches several miles around the compounds.

(SEPTEMBER 20, 1977

Today we begin the inaugural lectures of the University of Acheh at the Mount Alimon Campus. The lectures are attended by about 50 participants, among them: 10% doctors of medicines, 10% engineers, 15% lawyers, 40% teachers, 20% college graduates and 5% of other backgrounds including fishermen and mountaineers. All have proven themselves to be capable leaders and exceptional cadres of the NLF. These men are the backbone of the present Revolution in Acheh Sumatra. They are among the authors of everything that has been written in this *Diary*, from day one to the present and the years to come. They had a hand in all that had happened in Acheh Sumatra since the formation of the NLFAS. Their median age is about 30. I have a definite objective about the lectures that I -am going to give to them - to make them even better revolutionaries than before. The coming lectures are not designed to give them licence and justification for non-action and passivity, to say "perhaps" or "maybe" and the long etcetera of the academicians' selfdoubt that supposed to sig - nify "open minds" which more often than not being used as an excuse for being non-committal to the moral issues of the day. My purpose is to make them feel strong' enough to make decisive choices and to make them able to commit themselves to the right things, and to say a resounding "no" to the wrong things. My purpose is to broaden their horizon, to give them a better understanding of national and international affairs and the strategy of the National Liberation Movements.

I organize the lectures under these headings:(1) International Affairs; (2) Political Theory; (3) Comparative Governments; (4) Economic Systems; (5) National Liberation Strategy.

The study of International Affairs is divided into three parts: (a) International Law; (b) International Organizations: The United Nations and its sub-divisions such as the International Court of Justice, the Decolonization Commission, the UNHCR, etc; and other regional groupings; (c) Diplomatic History; (d) Treaties, Protocols, Conventions, Etiquettes, etc. The study of Political Theory include the origin of the states, in Western thought and in Islamic thought. The study of Comparative Governments include the USA, the USSR, and any numbers of governments including Achehnese governmental and legal system, the well-known Code of Iskandar Muda. The study of the economic systems include capitalism, socialism and Islam. The study of the National Liberation Strategy include analysis of supportive role that can be played by International Law, International Organi-

zations, and identifying forces that are for or against national li beration interest in the world today.

Since we have no textbooks available at the Mount Alimon Campus, I have to rely solely on my memory. I have had the opportunity to study these subjects under great authorities of our time, including a former President of the International Court of Justice.So I should be able to retain some of their teachings. Every morning before the lecture I would prepare a one-page syllabus listing terminologies in the relevant subjects as pegs to hang ideas on. Everyone would then copy that syllabus to complete his own notes of the lectures.

We begin the lectures everyday at 8 AM until 12 PM. Then resume at 1 PM until 5 PM. And at night from 8 to 10 PM we have a free for all question and answer's time. we continue this heavy schedule for 3 weeks without interruption. At the end of the session,now we call the Seminar, as it were, everyone receives a Certificate, the first ever issued by the University of Acheh, Mount Alimon Campus, and signed by me as President of the university. It looks not beneath the dignity of the parchments that I had received from American universities.

Later I heard the enemy has gotten a glimpse of the Certificate when in one battlefield he managed to capture the lost briefcase of Army Commander Daud Husin.

(SEPTEMBER 30, 1977)

Although this place is very tranquil and far away from immediate danger, it has become obvious to us that the logistic people who have to bring all the food and other necessities here have had to work extremely hard. The men had to stay one night on the road to bring food here, that is two full days of climbing and descending high mountains. one day recently I personally saw them climbing very high ridges with big bags of rice on their shoulders with their clothes soaked wet by their sweat. And that was already their second days on the road carrying the load like that. I said to myself again and again, can you find anybody elsewhere in the world to do that without getting paid at all and risking their lives for doing it? The plight of the food suppliers - the most important members of any guerilla organization - must be reconsidered, and even if we like to stay here, we obviously cannot do so, until we find a way to bring food supply here in a less energy consuming way. Therefore I have tentatively decided in my mind that as soon as the Seminar is concluded we have to move out of Mount Alimon Campus to a lower ground.

(OCTOBER 11, 1977)

Exactly three weeks from the time we began, we concluded the Seminar with an appropriate party today. It so happened that we had just received plenty of special glutinous rice (breueh leukat) from Geumpang which is very suitable for making special rice, bu leukat,

that Achehnese eat on special occasions. And to make the occasion perfect, we also received many *boh drien* (durian fruits) which are famous produce of Geumpang District. Achehnese always eat boh drien with bu leukat on special occasion. After the party, it was announced that we would move out from Mount Alimon Campus to Alue Djok, tomorrow, one day marching down hill, an announcement which was greeted with boos. Mount Alimon Campus will be kept as a transit camp for people going to or coming from Geumpang.

(OCTOBER 12, 1977)

Today we arrived at Alue Djok (Djok Spring), one full day march from Mount Alimon Camp. In fact, it is not far from Alue Puasa which is on the North bank of the Tiro River while Alue Djok is on the South bank. The place is very well protected by natural barriers and by very tall trees all around. The atmosphere here is rather somber and darker than usual. Sun light cannot penetrate the dense foliage. My altimeter shows 690 feet above sea level. So we have descended quite.much and the air is considerably warmer than at Mount Alimon Campus. A long "L" shape camp is planned to be established on the narrow top of the ridge because no other flat surface is available on these ruggedly undulating hills.

(OCTOBER 15, 1977)

My men have become real experts in building camps by now. They knew the right size and types of trees to cut for columns,roofings, floors,walls, etc, and they get to work without asking any questions to anyone. When all the trees they have cut are brought together big and small,short and long, they can just assembled them together like parts of prefabricated houses and then the new camp is standing right before our eyes. Although the exhaustion and fatigue as a result of marching in the mountains are considerable,in addition to the feverish activities of establishing a new camp which must be gotten over with quickly, nevertheless life for us returns to "normalcy" very quickly in two or three days. It was in this camp of Alue Djok that I wrote and printed our political statement "ASEAN - Javanese Colonialist Instrument of Foreign Policy". In that statement I argued that the so-called Association of Southeast Asian Nations was established solely for the benefit of the neo-colonial interests of Javanese Indonesia which has no means to protect its ill-gotten, far-flung colonial empire that extend from Acheh Sumatra to West Papua, covering 5000 kilometers of the earth surface that constitutes three-quarters of Southeast Asian territory. The remaining one-quarters of Southeast Asia is being divided among the 8 remaining states: Malaysia, Singapore, Brunei, Burma, Thailand , Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam and the Philippines. But the Javanese cannot protect their colonial empire on their own, without the help of the neighboring states. And the Javanese indonesian colonial system cannot stand without the acquiescence of the other Southeast Asian states. It was through ASEAN that the Javanese are trying to `gain acceptance of their colonial system in this region. In fact, other states in this region have no common interests with the Javanese

colonialist state. Other states" economic interests are competitive rather than complementary with Javanese Indonesia. But Javanese indonesia needs other Southeast Asian states' help to keep her colonies such as Acheh Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas, West Papua East Timor, etc., from gaining their independence. Javanese Indonesia is illegally occupying and colonizing three--quarters of Southeast Asia and it has no capability to. patrol its colonial boundaries which equal in length from Lisbon to Moscow, and in width from Rome to Stockholm. Clearly by accepting to associate themselves with Java nese indonesian colonialist regime, the other members of ASEAN have been made to act against their own self-interests in 'the: economic and political fields. These countries will have more to gain economically and politically if they cooperated with wealthier Acheh Suma tra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas and West Papua than with impoverished Java.

(OCTOBER 16, 1977)

In a Cabinet meeting today we decide that it is time to begin preparation to safeguard our natural resources. that are being increasingly plundered by the Javanese and their foreign cohorts, especially our oil and gas. They in fact, have made us pay for the cost of our own oppression and colonization by Javanese indonesia. Without the money they are making from the illegal sale of our oil and gas, the Javanese will never be able to finance their colonial war against us. Up to now we have done nothing about it. The J*APAN ECONOMIC JOURNAL* (October 21, 1975) stated that "Arun Gas Field- in Acheh - is the richest natural gas field in East Asia located in North Sumatra. It has one of the richest natural gas field in the world." The journal reported that Mobil Oil Corporation had made an offer to the Japanese to sell 37% of its concession of the Arun gas field at the price of US$450 millions. That "concession" no doubt was an illegal piece of paper signed by some Javanese general who has been bought by Mobil. Such is the game of legal fiction the multinationals - not just Mobil - are playing while making money on my country. We have an eerie feeling to know how we, Achehnese, who by all the laws in` the world, are the legal owners of this land, have been chased out of our own land by the Javanese soldiers to make way for foreign corporations to exploit our ancestral land with us still living on it, our land being sold and bought in international market place at such prises, and we the legitimate owners of this land do not know where our next meal will come from. In fact, we are being hunted down like animals for daring to protest such injustices! Can such things still happen in the world? It is happening to us right now!

The NLF forces in Pasè Province where Arun Gas Field is located are to make a "polite" show of force near the town of Lhok Seumawè , with strict order not to shoot anyone. The action should be taken simultaneously with a public advice to all foreign workers to quit the area for their own safety.

(OCTOBER 20, 1977)

Today I received a report from our Pasè Commander that the above order has been carried out successfully yesterday. Our troops had attacked and destroyed an electric power plant near Lhok Seumawè and Arun, closed down the highway to Medan for one night, destroyed several enemy motor vehicles and although there were some shooting, no one was hurt. And the following leaflets were distributed all over-the area:

"ATTENTION"

"To All Americans, Australians and Japanese Employees of Mobil and Bechtel:

"It is with the greatest of regret that we have to advise you all, gentlemen, for your own safety, to pack and leave this country immediately, for the time being, for we cannot guarantee the safety of your life and limbs. Your employers, MOBIL and BECHTEL , have made themselves co-conspirators with Javanese colonialist thieves in robbing our unrenewable gas resources for their.mutual advantage. We,the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra, the protector and the defender of the rights of the people of this country is duty-bound to stop this highway robbery of staggering proportion perpetrated by the Javanese colonialists, aided by MOBIL and BECHTEL. If you stayed, you are liable to get shot by stray bullets aimed at Javanese mercenaries who are all around you in civilian clothes everywhere in this place.

"The Javanese mercenaries are going all over this country *in ci-vilian clothes* murdering innocent Achehnese people. This is the way the Javanese colonialists are trying to hide the fact of the existence of the war of independence and to camouflage their military movements from foreign eyes, thus presenting the image of false stability and lulling you all to sleep with them on death bed i n a burning house.

"We will welcome all of you to return here again after the Javanese colonialist thieves have left. We genuinely regret to inconvenience you but our advice is for your best interest. We Achehnese ourselves are most inconvenienced of all,for it is our eminent domain that is being raided by the Javanese, MOBIL and BECHTEL

"As to MOBIL and BECHTEL they can remain in this country only upon condition that they desist from being mere obedient servants to Javanese colonialist thieves in their highway robbery of the Land of Acheh,and upon MOBIL's and BECHTEL's presentation of the fact of their innocence, to the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra, and to the Government of the Sovereign STATE OF ACHEH SUMATRA.

NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF ACHEH SUMATRA

October, 1977.

(OCTOBER 21, 1977)

I was awaken very early this morning because I heard some arguments between the platoon commander who was given the duty to escort the men who are going to fetch food supply in the countryside. I heard someone said very loud:

- "I do not want to go before I see the Tengku! I may die on my way without seeing the Tengku!" The problem seemed to be that the guard did not want to wake me up that early in the morning, and that the men had to go that early in order to cross the river before daybreak.

- "No! I do not want to go before seeing the Tengku! I may die without seeing the Tengku! If I died at least I have seen him!" The man said again.

I got up and jumped to the ground from my bed in my green fatigue - I always slept in the camp with green fatigue for pajamas and a pistol strapped on my waist. I asked the guard to bring the man to me. He came rushing to kiss my hand - and I embraced him. I did not try to stop this ancient custom of hand-kissing because it would be just wasting my breath, the people would not stop it any way. Besides, I have many more pressing things that I would like to stop, like the Javanese settlers from coming to Acheh, and to stop everybody from calling themselves that stupid name "indonesians". My man's name was Taléb Abou Mail (Ismail). He had just come up to Alue Djok Camp yesterday and had not gotten the chance to meet with me, and in the meantime had been given the duty to go back to the countryside to fetch the rice this morning. He was about 30 years old, very distinguished looking, fair complexion and exuded great intelligence. A definite officer's type, I thought. He came from the famous militant village of Pasi Lhok. To his profused apology for having wake me up, I replied that it was my pleasure to see him at any time. Especially at that time the mission to go to the village to take food supplies had become very dangerous indeed because of the enemy: occupation of the villages and gun battles had taken place between the enemy and the guards of our supply lines.

This early morning encounter with Taléb Abou Mad was going to be unforgettable and especially sad one for me. He would be shot and killed by the Javanese troops a few days later during this mission. He left a young wife and two little children,and a grieving but a very proud father, who had advised him to go to the mountains to help the Tengku and whatever happened never to surrender!

Shot and killed by the Javanese together with Taldb Abou Mae was Sulaiman Abdullah (33) the District Head of Glumpang Lhèe, a brilliant leader of the NLF. He also left three little children, and a young wife. They were ambushed by the enemy while walking in the countryside, un-armed. Their dead bodies were cut into pieces by the Javanese.

(OCTOBER 22, 1977)

Although the Cabinet of the State of Acheh Sumatra had been announced at the same time with the Declaration of Independence on December 4, 1976, and indeed has been functioning ever since in various parts of the liberated territory throughout Acheh Sumatra,the Cabinet members had never been able to be together in one place for any length of time except this one. Therefore, we decide to have the delayed swearing-in ceremony be done now while all of us are gathered here, except the two Ministers who are abroad, namely Minister of Trade, Amir Rashid Mahmud, and Minister of State, Malik Mahmud. It was decided to make the swearing-in ceremony on October 30th, to coincide with the celebration of the Landing Day, the day I landed in Acheh in 1976 to launch our liberation struggle.

It was also decided that the ceremony will take place at Lhok Nilam Camp, about 3 hours walking distance down hills from here. That camp is closer to the countryside, therefore easier to supply with food and all the necessities for the occasion. Also the Lhok Nilam Camp is much bigger. It can accomodate more than 300 people and there is a fine parade ground on it. That camp has been in continuous use longer than any others. A troops of 200 men are stationed there. As the designated day is approaching, I was informed on the daily basis of the progress in the preparation. Meat, rice , flour, sugar, coffee, milk, honey, eggs, glutinous rice and all sorts of specialties were pouring in. These are very important items from the guerillas' point of view. These are "strategic" stuffs, if you will. And during the last few days all sorts of cakes and pastries baked by the women folks from all parts of the country were brought in. The people, men and women, participated and worked hard to make our ceremony a success. It was no secret in the countryside that we will have a Cabinet Swearing-in Ceremony on October 30,1977, We wonder how was it possible that the enemy's intelligence agents could fail to pick up the news in the countryside. But even if they did, what could they do? Nothing!

(OCTOBER 30, 1977)

Today I and all the Ministers present at Alue Djok Camp descend from our mountain residence to Lhok Nilam Camp. After about 2 hours of walking we are intercepted by honor guards who conduct us to the main gate, on the Southside of the parade ground. We are flabbergasted to see how grand is everything has been arranged. There is a very big placard on the top of the gate saying: "WELCOME, TO THE WALI NEUGARA TO THE LIBERATED TERRITORY OF LHOK NILAM". The parade ground is well manicured. A podium has been set up on a raised platform. In front of it, a flagpole. The surrounding is beautiful and drenched in history. To the North, down slope, you can see the water of the Tiro River flowing unhurriedly. Behind that rises the peak of the Tjokkan Hill, where we had made the Declaration of Independence on December 4, 1976. On the right hand side, to the East, on the bend of the Tiro River you can see the rock of Eagle Claws, where Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng, my great uncle,fell in the battle with the Dutch in 1904.

We proceed to the main building of the camp where everyone has been standing in lines at attention to greet us. Since it is already time for lunch and we are hungry, and the foods are ready, we proceed with the lunch first. This is a magnificent feast. There is nothing lacking. The people in the country who sent up all these nice food must have worked very hard. I have never had a nicer meal in my life, anywhere in the world, even at Maxim's in Paris, or at Mirabelle in London, or Le Mistral in New York. After lunch I deliver the inaugural speech for the festivities.

I congratulate everyone who had worked hard to make our day's festivities possible. We re engaged in a grand adventure to redeem our past and to preserve the future of our people. And we have put our own lives on the line. The Government which we have established is for the love of our people. The order that this Government is giving is because of that love, and it will be taken by the people also because of that reason. To be free and independence we have to know how to command, and how to accept that-command;we have to know who can command, and who must obey, and why they command, and why they obey, The concept that makes all of us equal. That is what we are setting up here today. The concept of love and sacrifice is inseparable. If you truly loved then you would be willing to sacrifice your own life for the sake of the loved one. If you loved your Fatherland Acheh, then you must be willing to die for it. Let no one tell us that he loves Acheh but he is not willing to die for it: that he is afraid of this and that. He is not an Achehnese And he is not belonged with us:

Once upon a time our people have forgotten this, especially at a decisive moment of history, such as at the end of World War II, Because of that, we lost our chance for independence in 1945, and because of that also we have to do what we are doing here tgday. The Javanese could not have gotten here to colonize us if we were conscious of our history at that time, and if we knew how to govern ourselves. In 1945 our people have forgotten how to honor themselves and they had honored other people - the Javanese – more than our own. They have lost the concept of who can command and who must obey on this Land of Acheh. That was why our country has become a Javanese colony.

Now let us hear how our Ministers swear loyalty to our State, to the nation's past and to its future: the minister of Justice, Tengku Ilyas Leubè, who happens to be the most senior, administers the oath of office which is repeated by every Minister, one by one:

> "In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, I swear: - to obey the Commandments of Allah and the Prophet Muhammad; - to continue the struggle of Sultan Iskandar Muda and Tengku Tjhik di Tiro;
> - to obey the order of my Chief, the Head of State (Wali Neugara) of Acheh, Sumatra;
> - to protect and to preserve the Constitution of Acheh Sumatra. So help me, God."

The oath is first taken by Dr. Muchtar Hasbi, Minister of Internal Affairs and Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs; followed by Dr. Husaini M. Hasan, Minister of Education and Information; Dr. Zaini

Abdullah, Minister of Health; Dr. Zubir Mahmud, Minister of Social Affairs and Governor of Peureulak Province; Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé, Minister of Finance; Dr. Teuku Asnawi Ali, Minister of Public Works and Industry; Mr. Amir Ishak, Minister of Communications; and Army Commander, Muhammad Daud Husin.

Then a Blessing Prayer was invoked by Tengku Ilyas Leubè to solemnize the occasion. Then we proceed to the parade ground for flag raising ceremony. In the back of the podium stand all the ministers and Governors,and members of the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front. Facing them on the opposite side are long lines of our troops in their best uniforms and smartly drilled. have not seen my men that many in one place before. I am proud to look at them. As usual, the flag is raised accompanied by the Call-to Victory. As the flag flutters,every Minister gives a short speech.

Excellent speeches are delivered. Tengku Ilyas Leubè who is the main speaker, delivers an unheard off harangue to the troops. He calls the spirits of our ancestors to come down to bless us and to embrace us, their children who have risen to brave the enemy bullets in order to redeem them. Everyone knows that all around us are past battlegrounds in the long war against foreign invaders. There are tears on everyone"s eyes. I am the last speaker of the day, As there is nothing more to say after the stirring speech of the esteemed Minister of Justice, I go to the podium just to take the salute. I feel silence would be more eloquence than any utterance . So I stand there on the podium saying nothing, looking at the men as tears dropped from my eyes, happy and sad at the same time. When can I give arms to my men! I know everyone shed tears with me!

Just then Dr. Muchtar Hasbi walks over to the troops crossing the small space that had separated the two lines and embraces the men one by one, followed by other Ministers, and the emotions welled up when Muchtar begins to weep very loud as he embraced the men, then soon everyone is crying and embracing each others around me, still standing high on the raised podium, watching them and being watched by them. We all have become blood brothers, as it were, united by past, present, and future - whatever that future may be.

We part company with Dr. Muchtar and Dr. Zubir at Lhok Nilam Camp, from where they proceed to return to their respective regions: Dr. Muchtar to the Pasè Province, and Dr. Zubir to the Peureulak Province. By guerilla route it would take two months to walk to Pasè, and three months to Peureulak. But they will take a semi-guerilla route, by car, passing through the so-called enemy controlled territory - in reality there is no such territory left in Acheh Sumatra - that will bring them home within 5 and 7 hours respectively.

(NOVEMBER 1, 1977)

We are back at our Alue Djok Camp. As it is not far from the grassland where the deers are grazing, we are assured of meat. The troops would go hunting for deers when they have no mission to

carry. Although most of the time the troops are on the move patrolling the so-called enemy controlled areas, and instilling some fear of God in the hearts of the Indonesians, they also go to make propaganda works near the enemy camps.where our civilian propagandists cannot go, I send the armed ones. Our guerilla troops have been our most effective political weapons. Their missions, most of the time, are to go to show the flag! Sometime they go by foot, sometime by motor vehicles, sometime by boats, and sometime even wearing enemy uniforms in order to confuse the invaders.

(NOVEMBER 10, 1977)

Immediately after the festivities at Lhok Nilam, I ordered our troops to disrupt the enemy communication lines, the most important one,connecting his provincial headquarters in Kuta Radja with the rest of Sumatra. This was accomplished immediately. Our troops occupied a strategic section of the highway between Kuta Radja and Medan in the Seulawah mountain region. All motor vehicles were intercepted and inspected. Civilian traffics were allowed to pass unmolested after being given some lectures and literatures about our cause. Our objective is political. Only Indonesian military vehicles were destroyed. As a result, the enemy sent a massive motorized force to dislodge us involving several thousands of his men. But whatever happened thereafter is not very important for us, because we had achieved our political objectives. While our troops made the withdrawal there was nevertheless a fire fight with the enemy developed in Padang Tidji area where one of our men, Padang Léman (Sulaiman) was martyred. The enemy suffered 5 casualties, dead or wounded. As a result of that encounter, however, our forces were scattered three ways: one group with Army Commander retreated to Paya Reubae swamp; one group retreated to Padang Tidji town; and another group to Grong-Grong village. The men being recruits from other region were not familiar with this area but they had to melt right away with the population before daybreak. They simply knocked at the door of the first house they encountered and announced themselves and asked for help. In no time they were taken to a secluded house by the local population, given a complete change of civilian clothes while their weapons were hidden by the people. They spent one day that way. By the next evening they were put in the car and were driven to our nearest mountain post. By the next morning they arrived at Alue Djok Camp to report to me before the Army Commander himself arrives. He had the bad luck of being detained in the swamp for two more days before finding his own motor vehicle for a ride back to the headquarters; he was so relieved when he found out that instead of the bad news he thought he had to report to me about the lost of his troops, he was welcomed by them on arrival. We are all sad about the lost of our brother, Padang Léman, the guide from Padang Tidji, who had volunteered that night to show the way. I record this incident to show how the people cooperated with the NLF in this people's struggle to free our country from Javanese Indonesian occupation. With such popular support, the NLF cannot possibly lost in this struggle.

(NOVEMBER 12, 1977)

Today we are surprised to discover that the enemy troops had camped at exactly the opposite side of our camp on the bank of the Tiro River. They had pitched their tents on the grassland of our hunting grounds. The distance that separates them from us cannot be more than 2 miles. Between us lies the seep gorge of the Tiro River. The way they were behaving, they do not seem to know that we are observing them nearby. If we had enough force, this is the chance to ambush them. But, alas, just at that time we do not have sufficient force with us, because our troops are doing patrol works somewhere else in the countryside. As usual, I do not use the force to guard myself in the mountains. The forces that are left with me only the minimum we need for self-defence and to permit us to withdraw if there were enemy encirclement. It is possible that the enemy had managed to trace the location of our Alue Puasa Camp which is not far from the place where he is camping now. It is about 3 miles to the West and on the same height. Although we have no way of making sure of that, but we must assume that conclusion. If that is so then the enemy might cross the river to search this side of the river. They might have strong temptation to do so because not far below is the Eagle Claws' crossing. And if they did that, there is a strong possibility that they will find the footpath leading to our camp, because there have been heavy traffics between our Alue Djok Camp and the Lhok Nilam Camp below. If our access to the countryside was blocked to the North and to the West, then we will have difficulty in obtaining our provisions. Therefore we decide to move away from Alue Djok Camp. The meeting of Pawangs is called. It is decided to move to Alue Bambang (Butterfly Spring) to the West, about 2 days march from here, and out of the area of the Tiro River, and into the area of Krueng Meuk River (Firefly River).

(NOVEMBER 14, 1977)

We left Alue Djok Camp early this morning marching South-westerly direction. This is a very difficult terrain to cross. It is either climbing high ridges or descending steep ravines. Therefore, our march is at the pace of a snail. There was a 15 minutes rest for every one-hour of marching to conserve energy when the going is this rough. And that helps. We must reach the River Krueng Meuk by 6 PM, in order to be able to cross it in the dark of the night. This is the area of such primeval forests that after 6 PM it becomes so dark that you cannot see your own finger tips. And using any kind of light is absolutely forbidden for security reasons. We arrived at the bank of the river at 5 PM. We have to wait until 6 PM to cross because we do not know if the enemy was not there waiting as sometime he did in the past in this area. After the guards had checked the area, one mile above and one mile down the river,the first group of armed guards crossed the river to establish strong points on the other side. After they give "all clear" signal, the group in the middle crosses. Krueng Meuk is known for its swift current and slippery pebbles with slippery rocks. Therefore we make the crossing by holding each other's arms for support either against swift currents or against galling down because of the slipperiness of the

bottom of the river. The rear guards are the last group to cross to make sure that no one follow us behind.

We sleep the night on the bank of Krueng Meuk River, about one mile"s from the water's edge, another precaution. I was so exhausted today because of all those climbing and descending,and I sweat profusedly. I feel like taking a bath in the river. I usually try to avoid that because my guards will never let me go to the river without at least one mile up and down the river are guarded by them. I know Geutjhik Uma will frown at the mere mention of my going to swim in the river, but nevertheless I decided to do it this time because of the increasingly rare opportunity to do so. As I was soaping and rubbing myself in such clean cool water,a thought crossed my mind, that at least the water I bathed with will go down passing the estates of my houses in Tiro and Tandjong Bungong (Cape Flower);both are located on the bank of the Tiro River, where I spent my childhood years. Perhaps the water would really announce that I was back home! The water of Krueng Meuk joins the water of the Tiro River at a point about 10 miles down stream. And it was along the bank of the Tiro River also that my father, mother, sister and brother were buried. I used to swim in the river near my houses when I was a boy.

(NOVEMBER 16, 1977)

In the morning we continue our march to Alue Bambang. The terrains became even more difficult. I have never seen the concentration of difficult terrains in such a small space. It is like Matterhorns all around you. You have to walk on the top of the ridges which are no wider than one foot, literally tip-toeing, and on either sides of you lie steep ravines, about 900 feet deep to which you can fall down if you made the slightest misstep. And the path is very slippery when rains. After endless climbings and descendings we finally reached our destination by nightfall. Alue Bambang is 720 feet above sea level. The spring itself is wonderful. It has a smooth, flat rock bottom on which the crystal clear water is cascading down hill. We picked up a spot to establish our camp on the only flat surface available there. But for today, the only thing we can do is just to lie down under the trees and fall asleep, out of exhaustion.

(NOVEMBER 17, 1977)

As usual,the men want to finish the new camp as soon as possible. Two houses are built: one for my quarters,on the upper terrace, and another one on the lower terrace for the men. In three days the camp will be ready for occupation. The finishing touches, such as planting the flowers, carving the steps, making handrails on the steps to go down to the spring, and making shower by diverting some of the water utilizing bamboo or bark pipes, will be done within the first week. After I had the chance to inspect the area, it turned out that the Alue Bambang Camp is the nearest camp to the countryside that I have had since returning. The route we had to take was

very deceptive because we came down from the high mountain side, in order not to be seen by the enemy. In fact, if you came up from the Northern approaches then Alue Bambang is on the first promontory of the mountain ranges immediately facing the countryside. But to climb up to it is very difficult and would take many hours, but in fact it is very close to Tiro. Our camp is protected on all sides by high ridges, and.from the top of the ridge where our look-out post is located, some of my men can practically see their houses down below, even without using binoculars. The village of Blang Kedah is just on the foot of the hill. From the look-out post Geutjhik Uma can see his farm house where he was encircled and almost captured by the enemy some months ago. Abou Baka, my personal aide, can also see his house and likewise dozens other men from Blang Kedah. So if we could keep the secret of our presence here, we will have no food problem at all.

(NOVEMBER 18, 1977)

Today arrived a group of representatives of the people of the District of Beungga, about one day walking distance to the Southwest from Alue Bambang. They brought good news that the district has already been liberated, and every person has been indoctrinated into the NLF ideas. To sweeten the news they also brought a lot of foodstuffs, cakes, pastries, and all sorts of delicacies. You should realize that the peaceful take-over of this district by our forces has been done while we were busy moving from one place to another in the mountains, having hardly any time to think of contacting the people of Beungga District. But this is typical of how our movement has been expanding all over the country. The fact that we exist in the mountains and available to those who want to get in touch with us has given courage to the people and release such revolutionary fervor in the whole country, some in direct contact with us, some not even in contact with us. In many cases the contacts are made with us after everything had been accomplished by the people themselves like, what happened with the Beungga District. And there are thousands of other Beunggas.

These people have come to see me with their own eyes, to ask some questions to erase some doubts in their minds, to be convinced ever more about our just cause,and when they return home they have become even more determined than ever before. I would explain to them in the simplest terms the purpose of our liberation movement: I would recall to them our great historic past; I 'would describe to them our great future, if we would act now to liberate ourselves like all peoples the world over are doing. And the dire consequences to our nation if we dared not act now. Besides, we have an obligation to redeem our ancestors by completing their works. I found no Achehnese that cannot be stirred up by such ideas. I saw tears in their eyes as they kissed my hand to say goodbye. I am confirmed now in my believe that I can raise one million men volunteers army in Acheh Sumatra to f ight along my side, now, for our independence. My problem is now reduced to armaments. With guns to defend our rights, nobody around here can match Achehnese forces. Dutch generals had already, said that!. Our history is my witness. We are the first nation in East Asia to defeat the European colonialist power in the battleground. And I have now witnessed with my own eyes that Achehnese characters, by and

large, have not changed since: these people are still the sons of their proud fathers!

(NOVEMBER 19, 1977)

Having been able to see my place in Tiro, through binoculars from the look-out, and especially the Tjot Rheum Hill, my family burial ground, where my mother, father, brother and ancestors lie buried, I feel a very strong urge and nostalgia to visit my family graves and to see my uncle, Tengku Umar di Tiro and other members of the family. I tell of my wish to make the visit to my security people. Unfortunately, after they had their own meeting, my security people vetoed my wish. They think they cannot guarantee my security because the enemy has been watching the house since my return to Acheh just for a chance that I might come home like that. The enemy has put a post near the estate and he sends regular patrols, days and nights, to watch all approaches to the family compound. They think it would be a mistake to take such risk for our cause. They think if the enemy captured or killed me, our cause would be lost, and our present struggle would be over. They send my elderly relative, Tengku Sheikh Ibrahim to dissuade me from the idea of going home. I have to accept their judgement.

(Now with a hindsight, I think it was a mistake on my part to be too cautious. I should have been more reckless. I should have contrived to arrive home at that time when I was closest and meet my uncle who was like a father to me. Later he was arrested by the Javanese because he was my uncle, jailed, tortured, and died in Indone sian prison in Kuta Radja on July 26, 1980. When his body was brought back for burial on Tjot Rheum Hill, the entire people came to pay their respect for him, a show of defiance against the Javanese Indonesian regime. People took pieces of the ground of the Tjot Rheum Hill which they considered holy as remembrance of him until guards had to be posted lest the hill disappears. It shows the reverence and the love the people have for him and the family until today even under the Javanese Indonesian bayonets. I was very sad to have missed seeing my uncle and mentor - who was a very great man – when I had the chance to do so. He wholeheartedly approved of my action, without my having to explain anything! My uncle was present and took part at the Battle of Mount Alimon, age 6, and was captured by the Dutch in the battlefield with a carbine in his hands. The Dutch commander, Colonel H. J. Schmidt, described my uncle's capture in the heart-rendering story in his Memoirs and in H. C. Zentgraaff, *Atjèh).*

(NOVEMBER 20, 1977)

Today a group of *Geutjhik* (head of village) came together to talk to me. They have a simple proposition: they felt that what we need now is more guns to fight with. The men have become weary with having to move constantly, and are tired of it. They want to fight. At least to have enough guns to defend ourselves, so we do not have to move so often. The enemy will not dare to come to the mountains when he sees resistance. We should buy the guns now wherever we can find.

They offered to sell their lands and properties to get the money to buy the guns. What was my answer to that? I told them: I appreciate their decision, and I praise them for it. For the time being, however, it was not yet necessary, and I still prefer for them to keep their properties. The kind of money we need for armament is such that maybe it is useless to raise it this way. There are still other ways to raise the money or to get the guns. Peoples are fighting for their liberation all over the world- now and I am sure no one has to sell all his inheritance the way you are offering to do it now. So therefore keep your lands for the time being. I have other means to get what we need. If that failed then I will come back to you.

(With hindsight, I now think that I made a .very big mistake by declining that offer at that time. I should have accepted it forthwith, and that would have started the movement all over the country to do the same. Millions of dollars could have been collected that way and would have been enough to buy several thousands of guns my guerillas need. Was it not the purpose of all our political indoctrination to make people stand up and offer to do just that? Why had not I thought it over harder about the matter at that time? I could have turned that offer to become the beginning of our turning point. The lesson is never to treat important matter casually without careful exploration of the advantages and the disadvantages of it. At least I should have postponed the decision and asking for time, and discuss the matter with other leaders.)

(NOVEMBER 27, 1977)

Alue Bambang Camp, situated as it is, means improved communications for us with all parts of the country and the world. Letters from Dr. Muchtar Hasbi who is in Pasè Province, and from Dr. Zubir Mahmud from Peureulak Province can reach me on the second day; from Singapore, 3 days; from Europe, 7 days; from America, 10 days. From Kuta Radja, Acheh Sumatra's occupied capital, the same day. By this time I have received deputations or messages or letters from all prominent Achehnese declaring their allegiance to the struggle of the NLFAS and their readiness to execute whatever orders given to them in their respective areas. These are people who still live in the enemy occupied territory. It can definitely be said that the Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime exists in Acheh only as an occupation force and would vanish overnight without its garrisons and gendarmes whose functions are to terrorize the people.

(NOVEMBER 30, 1977)

Today we conclude two weeks stay in Alue Bambang Camp.Everything indicates that this has been a good choice. The enemy has not been able to locate us although his troops have been everywhere around us. An indication of this relative "tranquillity" is that I have been able to write an essay during these two weeks here. The Commander of the enemy forces in Acheh, Rivai Harahap, a mercenary working for the Javanese has issued a pamphlet in which he denounced the NLF.I thought it was a good idea to reply to demolish the stan-

dard falsehood of the Javanese propaganda about all the Indonesian nonsense. I called the essay: "A Reply to Rivai Harahap".

Harahap maintained that Acheh Sumatra had become independent by joining indonesia; that we have had "free" elections, just then (1976); and that indonesia is not rule by the Javanese but by "indonesians". I rejected Harahap"s theses one by one:first, Acheh Sumatra has not and cannot become independence *through* indonesia because as clearly stipulated by the decision of the International Court of Justice, on October 16, 1975, in accordance with the UN General Assembly Resolution 1514, on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples, that for a colonized territory - such as Acheh Sumatra - to become independence,it must go through one of these steps: (a) by becoming a sovereign, independent state; (b) by associating, *on its own free will,* with an existing independent state; (c) by integrating *freely* with an existing independent state. Acheh Sumatra should have been by right an independent sovereign state already as all other colonial territories in the whole world. But the Dutch conspired with the Javanese to defraud the people of Acheh Sumatra from their right to be free and independent by the *illegal* transfer of sovereignty over Acheh Sumatra to Javanese indonesia, on December 27, 1949, without the consent of the people of Acheh Sumatra. *There was no election and no referendum.* Now, according to International Law, the Dutch, as a colonialist power had no sovereignty over the colonial territory (Acheh Sumatra), had no right to transfer sovereignty over a colonial territory to anyone else, and more over, the Dutch were not even present in Acheh Sumatra at the time they did that fraudulent "transfer of sovereignty" to Javanese-indonesia. How can anyone transfer a non-existent, illegal sovereignty over a foreign nation in *absentia* like that? Then any nation can sell out other nations. And the whole transactions were in clear violation of International Law and Decolonization Law.

Regarding point (b) and (c), there have never been any "free association" or *"free integration"* between Acheh Sumatra and Javanese indonesia. The people of Acheh Sumatra have never been given any of these free choices either by Holland or by Javanese-indonesia:our country was transfered *fraudulently* by Holland to indonesia without plebiscite, elections or any kind of. referendum. Those who opposed Javanese take-over were massacred in 1945 and during the 1950s. Acheh Sumatra has even more right to become independence than a n y colonial territories in the world, because we had always been independent before Dutch invasion, and we had put up a one-hundred years resistance against the colonialists like no one else had done which in itself a form of vote against colonialism that is legally recognized by the International Court of Justice.

Rivai Harahap talked about the *"free"* elections under Javaneseindonesian colonialism. Let us see the record: there was "election" in Acheh Sumatra early this year (1977). The people in Acheh gave an overwhelming majority to the Muslim Party and they defeated the indonesian regime's party, the so-called Golkar. But what happened then? The Javanese-indonesian "government" in Acheh is still controlled by the minority party,the party that had lost the election, the party of the Javanese military. So what is all the talks about Javanese-indonesian *"free"* elections?

And finally, we totally rejected the notion of the existence of an "indonesian nation" on historical, cultural, sociological, economic and political grounds as has been clearly stated in the Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra. "indonesia" is nothing but a new label to replace the old, the "Dutch East Indies", and to justify Javanese perpetuation of Dutch colonial administration for Western colonialist economic interests. "Indonesia" is an artificial nation, fabricated to serve imperialistic economic interests under their Javanese puppets. All colonial empires everywhere else in the world have been dismantled and divided into so many new national states. Why only the Dutch colonial-empire has been kept intact and not return to the rightful peoples? The Western imperialists ganged up to keep the so-called "unity" of Indonesia, but they dial not manage to gang-up like this elsewhere in Africa, Latin America or in other parts of Asia because of the militancy of the peoples there in contrast to the docility of many "indonesians". But the Achehnese - as their history has proven - have had nothing in common with these docile and domesticated."indonesians".

(DECEMBER 3, 1977)

Today is a national holiday, TENGKU TJHIK MART DAY, commemorating the death of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, the last Head of State of Acheh Sumatra, on December 3, 1911, at the Battle of Alue Bhot, Tangsd, against the Dutch invaders. The ceremony begins at 9 AM with the raising of the flag. As usual, the flag is raised to the sound of the Call-to-Victory. It is raised by a member of my senior staff, Tengku Aneuk (Mahmud Walad). He has gained a certain skill in flag raising to the cadenz of the Call, as the flag must reach the summit of the flagpole by the time the last sentence is finished. Otherwise the dramatic effect will be gone. Tengku Aneuk is a handsome man in his early 50s, with fair complexion and aqualine nose. He looked very sharp in his officer's uniform. He had joined me the first day I arrived back in Tiro from Panton Wéng, and has been with me ever since. He in experienced in guerilla warfare as most Achehnese his generation. Once in the 1950s he was sent as chief of an expedition to West Acheh during the armed struggle against the Indonesian regime. He would tell with great pride, all his exploit during that expedition to anyone who care to listen. As more and more new recruits arrived, the senior staff like him becomes more and more honored, and as such he had developed his own little legend. One day I overheard his penchant for boasting to junior sets:"When the Tengku first returned here, nobody in Tiro knew about it. We had to keep it very secret. When people asked me, I said: I had no idea. While the fact of the matter was I kept the Tengku hidden under my arms" pit."

After the flag was raised to the top, it was slowly lowered down to half staff and was left there in that position. Dr. Husaini Hasan acted as Ceremony Master. I was the last speaker for the occasion.

The gist of my speech was to remind everybody never to forget how Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro had lived and died for the cause of his people. He had died at the age of sixteen, a mature leader inspite of his age. He was born in the forests, grew up in the forests, edu-

cated in the forests, and grew old prematurely because he lived with death and with the standard of un-compromising high ideals. He became mature at an age when others were still adolescent. He knew how to live and how to die. There is no merit in long life. What is meritorious is what did you do with your life, in your life time. Tengku Tjhik Maat concluded a glorious life at 16 years of age. What have we been doing since we were 16? Why did not we die at 16, like Tengku Maat? Every year above 16 that we have lived is a waste if we were un-able to show what we have accomplished during that time and what we have done with that accomplishment. This is a basic calculation that everyone in this country must make: what he has accomplished for his people since he had passed 16 years of age? Why is he still alive while the Achehnese nation has died or is dying? Tengku Maat preferred himself to die so that Acheh may live! It is not too late for us to emulate him. That is why we are here today. We are among those who know how to keep our books properly: we do not count in pennies and dimes; we count in millions and billions -the wealth and the worth of this Achehnese nation. We do not count in minutes and hours, we count in years of lifetimes: 16 years are enough like Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, and every year that passed the 16th,we ought to be able to give account for, and after 16th we are ready to die anyday for the redemption of our people and our country , Tengku Tjhik Maat had shown the way, 66 years ago, today!

There is only one man here who is 66 years old today, Ku Bén Dadéh. The indonesian regime had given him a pension of 50,000 Rupees a month. And yet he refused to accept that money and instead joined us to liberate his country from Javanese-indonesian colonialism! Here is a man worthy of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro. It is allright to be 66 years old that way! And yet there are so-called intellectuals in the world who insisted that revolutionaries are those who have nothing to lose.

You knew the Dutch had offered everything to Tengku Tjhik Maat if he would just stop fighting them. But he rejected all their overtures and he told the Dutch that he would fight them until Acheh is liberated from them or until he dies in the pursuit of that freedom, like his forefathers before him!

Nevertheless, the Dutch tried everything to persuade him to surrender. In that efforts they presented entirely different calculations and motivations. Zentgraaff had thus written:

> "Too much blood of the di Tiro family had been spilled;the method of the destruction of these men was so merciless that Schmidt wanted to make another attempt at saving the life of this sixteen years old boy. This was not easy: the irreconcilability of these men did not leave any space for compromise. And if letters were sent to them in which the safety of their lives were guaranteed and a treatment according to their social status was promised if they would give up, no reply was received, and later the letters were found on their dead bodies. Whatever the outcome, another attempt had to be made: the courage and the unlimited steadfastness of these enemies impressed us too, and one thought it had been enough, more than enough." (H C Zentgraaff, *Atjèh*)

All the Dutch efforts in that direction, however, were to no avail.

At the Battle of Alue Bhot, 66 years ago today, there was no Achehnese survivor. Everyone fought to the death. Everyone was killed and no one was left to identify the dead. The Dutch Commander, Colonel H. J. Schmidt wrote about the death of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, and about how his troops identified him:

> "From the seal-ring of his belt, they learnt he was Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, killed like his father, who died at the Battle of Aneuk Galong, in 1896. He was a young man with a very fair skin and very distinguished aristocratic appearance; he wore a black silver-embroidered trousers and a black jacket with golden buttons. The red silk head-gear was still on his head, and his right hand still, in death, holding the revolver. One of the shot had gone through his heart, and it seems that his broken eyes still gazing at the free sky, above him.
>
> "So his hope was fulfilled: to die a hero death, like his father. His death closed the epic of the di Tiro dynasty: the irreconcilable and strongmen, who humbled us in the days of our weakness, and who were put down, as they had lived, proud and inflexible when our army had regained its self-confidence."
>
> (In H C Zentgraaff, *Atjéh*)

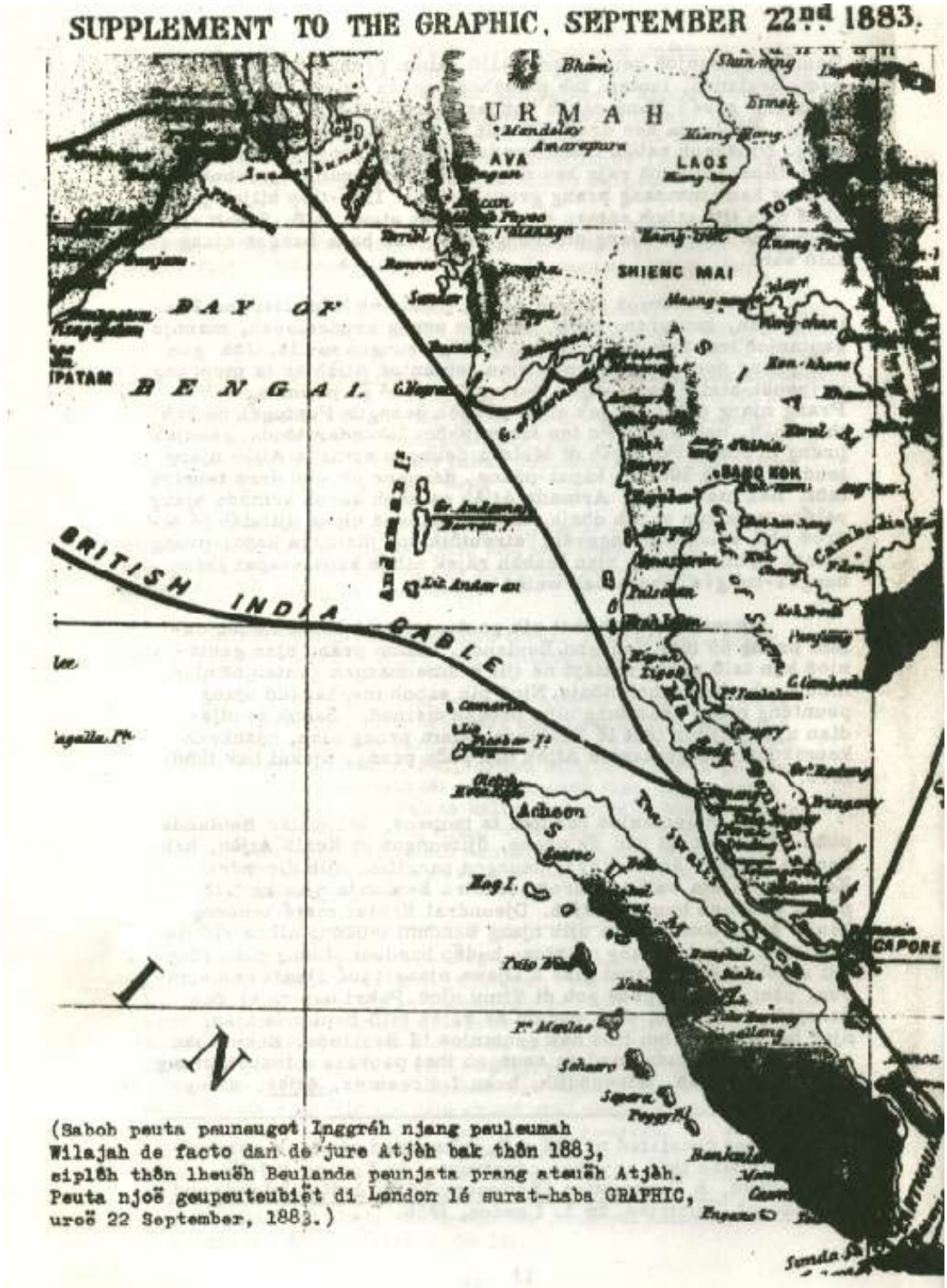
H. C. Zentgraaff related that after the battle, "Schmidt and his men stood there and looked for a moment in respectful silence at the corps of "the son of his father", a right-minded Achehnese, like many others to whom goes too the homage and the admiration of the conquerors."

After his death, there was no adult left alive in the di Tiro family. All was finished - for the time being. The only survivors were small children, too young to understand the magnitude of the tragedy, or, the triumph. But, the family survives, and perhaps "the epic of the di Tiro family" is not yet "closed" because it was the epic of freedom, of loyalty, of sacrifice, of greatness - that will live forever, immortalized, as long as the human race still inhabit the earth.

What a splendid picture he painted, in death,in the canvas of history, that at a glance, summarizes, for ever, what is good in us Achehnese, as a people, a culture, a society and a philosophy of life. What a majestic symbolism he projected in his untimely death. What a legacy he left for us to ponder. It calls for a Velasquez to paint him; for a Shakespeare to dramatize him; for a Federico Garcia Lorca to lament him. Here was an Achehnese national tragedy that transformed itself, instantaneously, into a national glory; it was a dramatic affirmation of his race's capacity for sacrifice , and therefore, for greatness. He was young, handsome, pure, brave, determined, loyal to his family, to his people, and to their ideals. He put the national interest above his own. He could have lived, for, the Dutch had promised him everything, if "only" he would stop fighting them. But he was representing the idea and the principle of Achehnese inalienable right to sovereignty and independence that could not be compromised in anyway whatever. By his deed he redeemed the past and justified the future of his people. In Friedrich Nietzsche's words:"He did not learn how to surrender. He knows better how



Saboh peuta donja peuneugot Peurantjis, peuleumah wilajah ROAYAUME D'ACHEM (Keuradjaan Atjèh) bak abad keu-17: Sumatra, Malaya, Kalimantan Barat, Banten. Dalam keuteurangan meutuléh dalam basa Peurantjis: *"Pulo Djawa nakeuh djadjahan Beulanda njang djipeuriteah uléh Gubernur Djendral Beulanda di Batavia"*.



(Saboh peuta peunaugot Inggréh njang peuleumah Wilajah de facto dan de jure Atjèh bak thôn 1883, siplôh thôn lheuëh Beulanda peunjata prang ateuëh Atjèh. Peuta njoë geupeuteubiët di London lé surat-haba GRAPHIC, uroë 22 September, 1883.)

A contemporary English map showing Achehnese territory in 1883, ten years after the beginning of th with Holland, published as Supplement to The Graphic, London, September 22nd, 1883.

to die and to live. Free to die and free in death, able to say a holy "NO" when the time for "YES" has passed: thus he knows how to die and to live. I love him who justifies future and redeems past generations: for he wants to perish of the present. Loving and perishing: that has rhymed for eternities. The will to love, that is to be willing also to die."

Referring to the death of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro and the death of Tengku Maat di Tiro, two Dutch historians, Goudoever and Zentgraaff testified together:"The history of the fall of the last Tengku di Tiro left such materials for a novel, and so buried in the history of Acheh war the stuffs for an heroic epic, the greatest,the most overpowering, and so formidable, as has not been seen elsewhere that make for the pride and the glory of a people." *(Sumatraantjes)*

(DECEMBER 4, 1977)

Today is our INDEPENDENCE DAY. It was a year ago today. that we re-declared our independence. And since then the whole world has known it. The Javanese colonialists had tried to block the news but they failed utterly. Our Declaration of Independence has been published all over the world. Today, in a solemn ceremony we raised the flag from half staff - where it was left since yesterday -to the summit again. It was a majestic and dramatic symbolism of our renaissance. It has been made possible partly by the blood shed by Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro. what other people' in the world has such dramatic history?

Today's ceremony was presided over by Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé, the Minister of Finance. After the flag was raised, the Declaration of Independence was read by Dr. Zaini Abdullah, the Minister of Health. There was no more speeches necessary. After the flag raising ceremony we have a marvelous feast that had been prepared for days.

On this occasion, Achehnese Sumatran flags were raised everywhere in the countryside, even in the enemy controlled territory. At Kuta Radja, students raised our flag on the flagpole of the enemy's headquarters. Our flag was raised also at the University in Kuta Radja, the enemy occupied city where his provincial military command is located. The flag was left to flutter almost the whole day while thousands of people watched. The enemy did not dare to pull it down unceremoniously for fear of antagonizing the people. Later on it was ceremoniously removed by a large column of enemy troops. But they did not dare to dishonor our flag. They knew where the people's sentiments were.

(DECEMBER 5, 1977)

By now I have received all the reports about celebrations of December 4th throughout the country. This matter is very important for us to measure the degree of awareness and enthusiasm of the people towards our liberation movement and the independence idea. After all this was not dreamt by anyone over a year ago. From the reaction of the people we can say that we have achieved a tremen-

dous success in reviving the historic consciousness of the people of Acheh Sumatra to their past and to their appropriate future . December 4th was celebrated all over the country, occupied territories no exception. Students, including those in Indonesian regime's schools played important role. Posters and placards lauding the NLF were everywhere. Each province issued its own pamphlets. Poems were written and published to commemorate the Independence Day. Flags were hoisted everywhere. It was magic, as far as we are concern. We never anticipated the Achehnese flag can invoke such deep emotion in the hearts of our people. Indonesian flag had never enjoyed such acclaimed because it was a flag without history, without glory, without identity; it belongs to no one, and cared for by no one; it symbolizes no past glory as a flag ought to be. You cannot hoist a piece of cloth and call it a flag. After all that what indonesian flag is! By now it has already acquired the notoriety in the eyes of millions of peoples in Acheh Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas, West Papua and East Timor as the flag of murderers, killers, corruptors and barbarians!

(DECEMBER 6, 1977)

Today I received a distressing news from Pase Province about an incident that will have an unfortunate international repercussion. An American worker was reportedly killed and another one wounded by stray bullets in the fighting between our forces and the indonesian colonialist troops. This was the sort of thing that we have been trying to avoid for months. It was precisely in order to avoid such an incident that we had issued a public announcement in October, 1977, - please see the text on page 106 - advising American and other foreign workers to leave the area temporarily because we cannot guarantee their safety in the event that fighting might take place between Achehnese Sumatran defenders and the Javanese-Indonesian invaders which is inevitable. Unfortunately, however, they have totally ignored our friendly warning although it was issued repeatedly!

The immediate cause of this incident - which took place yesterday - was the betrayal by the local manager of Mobil Oil Company in Lhok Seumawè, Pase Province of Acheh Sumatra. He was invited by the local Commander of the NLFAS for a confidential meeting in a designated place in the area to discuss ways and means to protect the LNG (Liquified Natural Gas) plant in Aron (Arun) , Lhok Seumawè, from possible damage from the raging guerilla warfare around it. He was advised not to inform the indonesian colonialist authorities about the meeting. Unfortunately, however, that was what he exactly did. Not only did he leak the meeting, but he participated in laying ambush against our troops with the indonesian colonialist forces in the area in an attempt to capture the local Commander of the National Liberation Front Acheh Sumatra. While the NLFAS' local Commander was waiting for the Mobil local manager to come at the designated place for the meeting and at appointed time, he suddenly realized that he and his party were surrounded by the enemy troops who had made the encirclement.

There was nothing else to do for self-defence except to fight. In the ensuing battle two Americans who happened to be nearby were wounded not even necessarily by our bullets. One reportedly fatal.

Now, we have no interest in antagonizing any foreign powers,especially not the big powers, such as the United States. Our enemy is Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime who has come to occupy our country, and to plunder our resources. But there are thousands of Americans and other foreign nationals who are making their opulent living on our troubled soil. Under the present situation our people themselves - the legitimate owners of this land - have no protection from sudden death at the hands of the Javanese-indonesian invaders. How can we protect these foreigners amidst us? How can we be responsible for their safety? The best we can do is to advise them to leave our country for a while until we have liberated ourselves from our oppressors. That was exactly what we have done! But they still did not want to leave despite our repeated warnings. Therefore, their governments should not blame us for what happened, if they were fair.

What I am concerned is that the Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime will use this incident as an excuse to ask for more military aid from the United States to suppress our just struggle,in the name of "protecting American lives" although the indonesian themselves who might have shot the men. The NLF troops were under strict order not to do so because we knew the indonesian regime can exploit such incident to its advantage. It might even have planned it that way.

(DECEMBER 15, 1977)

Two days ago, on December 12, a group of activists led by Muhammad Taib Hasan, Head of the District of Simpang Lhèe, left Alue Bambang Camp for the countryside to do their duties. To descend, the group took the Western exit from the camp involving 3 to 4 hours more of walking than if they took the direct Northern exit. But this short cut was prohibited to use by our security people except at night time and for emergency matters only,in order not to leave any traces of footprints there. About four hours after they left the camp, we heard heavy firing from the Western direction approximately near the route our people would be taking. It lasted for hours. Because we are on the higher ground, we could hear it very clearly. We were all very worried about what might have happened to our comrades. Especially Muhammad Taib Hasan is a very special kind of man. Burly and over six feet tall, age about 34, he is as brave as a lion, but as gentle as a lamb. He is one of the most important pioneer of the NLF. His knowledge on how to win friends and influence people is attested by his enormous success in making his district a truly liberated territory, right under the nose of the enemy. The District of Simpang Lhèe - with Iboih Mukim in the middle - is the centre of our early political activities where public meetings were held, indoctrination centres established and delegates from all over Acheh came there. The lost of him is something the NLF cannot afford, and I personally cannot afford either, even to think of it. But the rattling of the enemy machine guns and hand grenades explosions arc sobering sounds. Just at that time - time of great distress - I fell back into my people"s custom.

I made a vow or a promise to God that if He saved the life of my friend, Muhammad Taib Hasan, I will sacrifice a bull at my great grandfather's tomb in Mureue. Is not that what everybody vows to do in Acheh when a dear one is in danger? I want so much for Muhammad Taib Hasan to live that I would do anything for him. Since I came back to Acheh and I lived so close with the people I found out many interesting things about the people that I had not known before, or have forgotten since my 25 years in America. For example, people in Acheh do make such vows very often for the benefit of the loved ones or dear friends. And the people believed it works. Anyhow there would be no harm done, and the beneficiary would be greatly touched by it when he or she knows about the vow that was being offered on his or her behalf. I have heard thousands of such vows offered on my behalf for my safety, and I was touched when I knew about it. And I have indeed been saved so far! I found my people are true believers of Islam who rely on the ultimate grace of Allah.

Everything in Acheh is judged by Islamic standard. Islam is an inseparable part of Achehnese identity. As far as my people is concerned Acheh and Islam have the same meaning. If Acheh is a coin, Is lam is the other side of that coin. Acheh is a nation founded on Islam and lives by the law of Islam. It has been like this for the most part of our recorded history. Ibnou Khaldun had commented in his Prolegomena that in his time (15th century AD) Acheh was the strongest Muslim State in East Asia. Although we have lost our State and our independence for some time on account of Dutch and Javanese-indonesian imperialisms, the Achehnese people have not changed their commitment to Islam. Even our National Liberation Front must be an Islamic Movement in the first place. Otherwise no Achehnese would want to risk his life for it. The first question asked by every Achehnese about any movement is: "Is this in accordance with the law of Islam?" If it is, he will join it wholeheartedly. If it is not, he wants no part of it. There is a very broad grass root consensus of this kind in Achehnese Islamic society. The rule is "No obeying man in denouncing God". That is to obey authority's order *if* it was lawful and not to obey it if it was not lawful according to the law of Islam. It took World War II for the Western World to recognize this wisdom when they enacted almost identical rule, for the first time, at the Nuremberg Trial of the Nazi leaders, the so-called Nuremberg Principle: that orders ought not to be obeyed if they were illegal and that each person must use his own judgement and is responsible for it. However, they still left out the question as to who should decide the ultimate in "legality" and "illegality" - being lacking in one unified legal system like we Muslims have - that left them subject to the charge of legalizing the barbaric concept of the vanquished being at the mercy of the victors. Islam condones no such barbaric concept. In Islam even the vanquished have rights.

(DECEMBER 17, 1977)

I found out that Muhammad Taib Hasan was saved when his party was ambushed by the enemy on the way down from Alue Bambang Camp. All were saved and no one got hurt. It was a miracle considering the amount of ammunitions the enemy was pouring at them. He was

merely one night late arriving at his home. But the attack on his party and the place it occurred shows that the enemy is closing in on us. our security problems became more acute by the day.

(DECEMBER 25, 1977)

Today our Tengku Aneuk Mahmud Walad, my senior staff member, our flag raiser, was shot and killed the indonesian troops while he was on his way to return to Alue Bambang Camp, on the Northern sector, not far from his own village. Several important letters from Dr. Muchtar and from Dr. Zubir, and probably from other important sources were confiscated from his body by the enemy. Since he was on a peaceful mission, he carried no arm that day. The enemy soldiers who surprised him, yelled "Surrender!" To which he replied: "Never!" And he was gunned down : right there. He was a great loss to the NLF and to all his comrades-in-arms whom he always regaled with his old time stories. He left a wife and two little children, a boy S, and a girl, 12. When I saw his boy, I could not stop the tears from falling from my eyes remembering my own son, Karim, who was also S, I left behind in America. I wiped my tears quietly without anyone's notice because I had my sun glass on. I had visited his mountain farm house which was not far from Tjokkan Hill Camp, last year, and met his charming family. His wife prepared the food for us. That was the only real house I had entered since I returned to Acheh. Later on, Tengku Aneuk told me that `every time he came home, his small boy always asked him: "Papa, bring the Tengku Tjhik back home because I want to see him!" Somehow it takes time for me to get use to be called the "Tengku Tjhik" that untranslatable Achehnese title. Literally it means the "Great Tengku" but to be "Tjhik" one has also to be old, learned, wise, and holy, and endowed with mysterious supernatural power that at times required to be proven! How can anyone do that in this unholy time and age? But I had already several such "proofs" to my credit which my people kept good record, even if I didnot. There was a long drought in Acheh, in 1944, from March to August. People were worried about possible famine. There had not been rain for so long and the rice fields had dried up threatening to kill the whole season's crops. At such a time, there was an ancient tradition believed by the Achehnese that mass prayer for rain should be organized with men, women, children and animals should be brought together to the field to attend. So one day the entire population gathered at the big field near the Mosque of Mali Mukim. As I said earlier, at such an occasion no one else would stand for the Imam (leader) if I were present, even when I was a boy. So I have no choice - although I distinctly disliked it - but to submit to my fate - to be the leader, even if I do not want it. Before I started the Prayer self-doubt troubled my mind: what would happen if the rain didnot come after I lead the Prayer? That would not be good for my reputation, would it not? Nevertheless I stoically performed my assigned duty. Before we finished the Prayer, the rain came pouring on us out of nowhere. I got soaked like everyone else. I could not believe that would happen, but it did. There was no famine that year. From that moment on you can leave everything to the fertile imagination of the people to multiply the miracles - some I did not even know

about it. As has been said by a wiser man, whatever the people believed that became parts of reality, and even wrong shared becomes half-truths.

Tengku Aneuk was buried in the village of Daya, by the people, who came by the thousands to show their respect and sympathy for his cause, and of course, also ours. After the indonesian authorities saw what happened, they, forbade the people from coming and they put their troops to block the roads leading to Tengku Aneuk's grave. You can see that our struggle has become a socially approved movement, and our dead are treated as heroes by the people.

(DECEMBER 27, 1977)

Today is a national holiday, ISKANDAR MUDA DAY, to commemorate the death o£ Iskandar Muda, on December 27, 1639. Iskandar Muda was the greatest King and Achehnese Sumatran statesman that had ever lived. The golden age of Acheh was associated with his name. He was not only a powerful King but also a just one. During his rule the territory of Acheh Sumatra extended to the Malay Peninsula, West Borneo, and the Banten region of West Java along the Sunda Straits making Acheh Sumatra controlling both Malacca and Sunda Straits at the same time. His Code of Law, the *Sarakata Iskandar Muda*, based on Islam, was so comprehensive and systematic that it became the model of the century, widely imitated by other countries of Southeast Asia. His sense of justice was such that he permitted his only son, the Crown Prince, to be executed for committing the crime of adultery with an officer's wife whose husband demanded justice in the court of law. When the Court's decision was presented to him for his signature of endorsement to give the death sentence to his only son,before signing it he said: '*Mate" aneuk mupat djeurat, maté adat ho to mita"* (If your son died, you can still find his grave , but if the law died where will you find the replacement?). It was said that he fell ill out of a father's grief after the execution of his only son, and died soon thereafter.

Today we celebrated this great King's memory at a time when his once mighty and glorious Kingdom lays ravaged by barbaric invaders, when his once great people have been made dopes by the most stupid of all possible invaders - the non-descript Javanese "indonesians". But his memory and personal ego that still walks over this country's hills and valleys, that is alive in the hearts and minds of every Achehnese, will be a sufficient reminder to every Achehnese not to bow his head to the Javanese-indonesian invaders as he had not bowed his head to the Dutch invaders before. His memory will help us to regain our freedom and to restore what it was on the surface of this land of his.

(JANUARY 1, 1978)

January 1st is recognized by us as an international holiday and we honored it as such because we are internationalists. Our own New Year is the 1st of Muharram on the Lunar Calendar. This day is also the day for reckoning, for quiet thinking of the past and

the future, of success and failure, and on how to make the coming year a better one than the last. We made our New Year Resolutions: to double our efforts in every way possible to speed up the process of regaining political consciousness among our people, and to consolidate the gain of last year. For this purpose a special team from the Headquarters will be sent to every province to supervise this political and educational efforts. The teams for Great Acheh and Pidie provinces will leave tomorrow, January 2nd. Other teams for other provinces will leave a few days thereafter.

Later during the day, toward the evening, I received reports on the worsening security situation around our camp because it seemed that the enemy had moved his forces closer and closer to our defensive perimeters. We do not think that the enemy has known our exact location but clearly he is making probes to find out. But I refused to change any of our plans on account of the reports.

(JANUARY 2, 1978)

At about 9 o'clock in the morning, the teams that will go down today, one for Great Acheh and one for Pidie came to say goodbye to me at my quarters. The two groups totalled about 20 persons .

Abou Baka, my personal aide, will go down, until Tiro to repair my tape-recorder that I brought back from New York. He takes several dozens of cassets down for safe-keeping in case we have to move. The cassets mostly containing the music of Johan Sebastian Bach, Antonio Vivaldi and Georg Friedrich Handel, my favorites. As usual, I refuse to reconsider any decisions that had been taken. If we began to cancel the plans out of fear, there will be no end to that until finally we will not dare to make any move any more. Danger there will always be. It has always been since I took the first step toward this Revolution. Whatever happens will happen. Allah is my Shepherd. I shall do what I have to do. All that crossed my mind as I embraced each man, and he kissed my hand.

At about noon time, we heard all hell broke loose. No doubt it was the enemy fire power. We had nothing of the sorts. We heard heavy machine guns'fire, mortar shell's explosions,and occasional hand grenades. There is nothing we can do to help our men. In a fight like that, in the thick forests, you cannot even send re-enforcement because it is impossible to see who are friends and who are foes. And since you cannot maintain a fixed line in a guerilla war such as this, you may end up shooting your own men. So we can only pray to God to protect our men, while making preparation for emergency evacuation, if necessary. There is nothing to do except to wait. The shooting died down in late afternoon. There is more waiting.

By nightfall we received a first report from the countryside . Our party was ambushed by the enemy. Abou Baka and Usman Ali were dead. Tengku Darul Kamal was critically wounded in the arm. The rest of the group are not yet known what happened to them. It was reported that when Abou Baka was shot, Usman Ali, who was his cousin, came to his side to help him and to cradle Abou Baka's head in his lap saying:"I will die with you! I will not abandon you! Let them bury us in one grave!" Just then, the enemy shot him too.

They are both about the same age, in their early 30s. They were buried by the people in one grave, on the Tjot Beurandéh Hill, on the West side of the bank of the Tiro River. So I had lost my Abou Baka, who always walked behind me, who would wake up at night in the forests to make sure that no mosquitoes bite me, and all the time sharing the danger with me. How do you repay such loyalty? I did not even know him personally before I came back to Acheh this time. It was a loyalty inherited and transfered from fathers to sons. Few cultures possessed this trait. This was why the Achehnese had been able to fight the Dutch invaders for so long in the past and for sure the Javanese-indonesian invaders in the future until their freedom is again secured. My heart throbs when I think of Abou Baka"s good wife, Hamidah, and his two young sons. What shall I say to them? Abou Baka"s father was shot to death by the Javanese-indonesians too during the 1950s armed struggle and he was buried not far away, on the East bank of the Tiro River. Usman Ali was equally brave and good. In fact he would have been safe if he would have run for his own life. But that he chose not to do, in clear and present danger. He deliberately chose to die with his cousin, Abou Baka. Usman Ali also left a wife and small children. This was how Achehnese have been dying for two generations slaughtered by Javanese-indonesian colonialists.

Tengku Darul Kamal, who is my cousin, was gravely wounded in the arms, managed to arrive home in Tiro, in blood bath, as it were. He was taken to the hospital in Sigli by my uncle, Tengku Umar di Tiro, who is his grandfather. We know nothing further about him. This means he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. A prospect that puts me in great discomfiture. I had tried to get him under our own doctors' care but it was too late. He had lost too much blood at the time that if he were not taken to the hospital - even enemy hospital - he could have died. (It turned out later that the Javanese tortured him without mercy in the hospital that his wounds were reopened many times. They brook and twis ted his arms every time the wounds were about to heal.)

When I enquired from my family what became of my cousin, Darul Kamal, his grandmother, my aunt, Tengku Nyak Khatidjah, sent me back this Achehnese poem, for a reply:

"Ie udjeuen njang ka rhot
Ka bitjah keunonq aneuk batèe
Teutapi alèh pakriban nasib awan
Njang mantong teungoh angèn badè ba". (*)

My aunt is the daughter of Tengku Tjhik Buket di Tiro (Ali Zainul Abidin) who was the Achehnese Head of State who fell atthe Battle of Mount Alimon, in 1910. She is a remarkable lady who was a great beauty when she was young.

(*) "The rain drops that had fallen
Had crushed and broken on a stone
But we are concerned what becomes
Of the cloud still being tossed by the storms".

We heard nothing about the 17 other members of the party until tomorrow . At 11 AM they returned back to the Alue Bambang Camp, including Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé. That was the first

time we heard first-hand reports of what had happened. It was also a good policy for us not to have moved out from Alue Bambang right away because we thought of the possibility that some surviving members of the party might return here as it happened

(JANUARY 6, 1978)

After careful analysis of the situation, today we decide topull out of Alue Bambang Camp because it would be very difficult to get out of the enemy's encirclement there once he locates us. we decide

to move to Panton Mesdjid (Valley of the Mosque) to the East, which is not very far away, about 3 hours march. It is near the seat of an ancient guerilla fort and a fortified mosque during the war against the Dutch. It is a hidden place and difficult to be traced because it is located on a disappearing spring. The enemy had made systematic search by now of all springs disgorging to big rivers. The camp is located about 500 meters from the bank of the Krueng Meuk River. It is still in the Tiro heartland. In three days the camp "s "buildings" are completed and our lives returned to "normalcy". That is, everyone has his own quarters, communications with the country-side re-established, typewriters clicking, stencil machines rolling, people coming and going. In fact, these are the permanent activities of the camp that always remain the same no matter where we moved. The scenery and the surrounding changed but the office works remain the same as though un-interrupted by those constant moving.

(JANUARY 10, 1978)

Today I received a group of people from Geumpang Region who came straight through the mountain paths to try to find the best way for future communication. A rendezvous was made with them at Alue Pisang (Banana Spring) according to a prearranged sign to avoid any possibi lity of mistaking the enemy for friend. The test was thus successful. By this time, however, we realize that the enemy has lately managed to follow us almost one step behind. Before, the enemy was three to six months behind us. It took him that long to locate our new camp every time we moved. Now, lately, that time has been reduced to one month on the average. Something have to be done to improve our security situation.

(JANUARY 11, 1978)

Today is our national holiday, the ASHURA, the 10th day of Muharram, the first month in the Islamic calendar, commemorating the Battle of Karbala, near the ancient city of Babylon that took place in 680 AD. It was a milestone in Islamic history: it represents the height of human tragedy and the peak of heroism that difficult to find its equal in history. On this day, 1298 years ago, Husein ibn

Ali, then the only surviving grandson of the Prophet Muhammad,and all his male descendants except one small boy, his young son, was massacred by the order of the profligate Ommayad tyrant, Yazid ibn Muawiyah, under most appalling circumstances: where Husein showed utter defiance in defeat that the defeat itself was transformed into a moral and spiritual victory.

The origin of this tragedy was rooted in Muawiyah's successful rebellion against the Government of the Fourth Khalif, Ali ibn Abi Talib, the father of Husein. After Ali's death,murdered in a mosque of Kufa by Muawiyah's machination, he put up his son, Yazid, to succeed him,thus changing the elective Khalifate system of Islamic Government into an hereditary monarchy. Husein ibn Ali refused to give his allegiance to Muawiyah as well as to Yazid,as a matter of principle. Thus the stage was set for the tragedy of Karbala.

After the martyrdom of Khalif Ali ibn Abi Talib, his family and the Prophet's own was persecuted by the new Ommayad regime. It was only 60 years after the Hegira and 50 years after the death of the Prophet who had brought the new religion, created the new state, conquered Mecca and all the territories between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean. Muawiyah was the son of Abu Sufyan from whose family the Prophet had conquered Mecca. After the victory of Islam, Abu Sufyan and his children capitulated and embraced Islam, but after the Prophet's death they conspired to restore their ancient regime with all its oppressions, corruptions and un-Islamic ways. It was against these that Husein acted when he refused to give his allegiance to such a regime. He, in fact called for a revolution!

Husein ibn Ali was forced to leave Medina upon his refusal to give the pledge of allegiance to Yazid. He took with him all his children and close relatives: sister, nephews, cousins and nieces. His sister Zainab divorced her husband in order to leave with him and took her 3 young sons with her. It was the making of the heartrendering tragedy to its minutest details. They first went to Mecca. Not finding security there - where he was being pursued by Yazid's agents - he proceeded to Kufa in Irak, whose inhabitants had written to Husein asking him to come there. Kufa was the place where his father was murdered 20 years ago. But there was no place else to go. Fifty years.after the Prophet's death all his descendants had become fugitives in their own land. But Husein was still determined not to give allegiance to the profligate Yazid. When they arrived at the Plain of Karbala on the 2nd of Muharram, the 72-men caravan excepting women and children was surrounded by 30,000 soldiers of Yazid ready for the kill. The caravan was cut off from the water of the Euphrates river. They suffered thirst and hunger but their spirit undaunted. Husein gave permission to his companions to leave him for their own safety, if they so wished, by using the darkness of the night to escape. He said Yazid wanted his head, not theirs. None deserted him; instead some conscientious elements of Yazid's troops went to Husein's side during the night to give their lives to protect his. It was a time of great extremes: of grandiose gestures of loyalty and unspeakable treachery.

Husein's young son, the only male survivor of Karbala, Ali ibn

Husein (Ali Zainul Abidin), told of what happened during the night on the eve of Ashura at Karbala:

> "on the night of Ashura and through the next day, while I lay sick with high fever, in one of the tents, my aunt Zainab took care of me. My father, after giving a speech to his companions, went to his tent. I heard my father murmuring a poem to himself:
>
> "Oh time,- I 'spit upon you and your friendship
> How many right mornings and dark nights
> Have you passed by the dead bodies
> Of my companions and friends?
>
> It is true, there is no substitute for time
> But all affairs are in the hands of God
> All who are living Must pass by this way."
>
> "My father repeated this poem several times until I sensed what he was reciting. I held back my tears but my aunt couldnot control herself when she heard what I heard, and she cried out loud. My father rushed toward her and after he spoke with her, she fainted. My father put some water on her face. After my aunt regained consciousness, my father said to her:"My dear sister! Take refuge in God. Be patient. Your patient is for the sake of God. Remember that all inhabitants of heaven and earth will die. Everything save He, will perish. Everything will be destroyed except God.Our grandfather was better than us and he died. Our grandmother was better than us and she died. Our father and mother who were better than us and they died. All of us must follow the way of the Prophet of God." Then my father made his Will to my aunt Zainab, the Lioness of Karbala. My father said to her:"My dear sister, I want you to promise and to keep your promise that when I am killed, you will not tear your dress or strike at your face. Do not mourn. Do not cry. Do not moan." Then my father left us and went to his own tent. From that moment on no one ever see my aunt cries again."

On the 10th day of Muharram, 61 AH (680 AD) the Battle of Karbala took place in which almost all of the male descendants of the Prophet Muhammad was massacred, including children and babies. Among them the three young sons of Zainab; the two young sons of the late Imam Hasan (older brother of Husein) aged 11 and 13; the sons of Husein, the 5 years old Ali Asghar and his still suckling baby brother. The only survivor was Ali ibn Husein who was ill and did not take part in the battle. Husein ibn Ali led his 72 loyal companions, nephews, cousins, and children facing the 30,000 troops of Yazid ibn Muawiyah. They put up a heroic fight. Just before he himself was struck down, Husein took the blood that was flowing from the cut throat of his slain 5 years old son, Ali Asghar (Ali the-little-one) and threw it toward the heaven crying:"Accept this sacrifice from me. Be my witness, O my God!" And then his last forlorn cry, "Is there no one who can help me?"

Today, 1298 years later,hundreds of millions of Muslims' hearts are still bleeding and crushed by feelings of sorrow and guilt for failing to answer Husein's cry at Karbala. Today, warm tears of sorrow are still being shed like torrential rains and men and wo-

men would weep un-ashamedly when the drama of Karbala is being recounted whether it be in Kuta Radja, Casablanca, Tetuan, Cairo, Ka-rachi or Teheran. The immediacy and the relevancy of this tragedy to the past, present, and future of the Islamic faith is beyond speculation. In historical perspective and spiritual dimensions, the Battle of Karbala ranks in significance with earlier battles in Islamic history fought by Husein's grandfather, the Prophet Muhammad, in defence of Islam, some of whose lessons had been forgotten 50 years after the Prophet's: death and the purposes for which they were fought were in great need of re-affirmation by the time Muawiyah and Yazid had seized the power and corrupted the Islamic State. At Karbala Husein re-asserted - at what sacrifice! - the value system and the irreducible principles of Islam: Faith, Jihad, Martyrdom! After Karbala, a Muslim can `never again plead impotence in the face of tyranny and oppress on. Resistance against oppression and injustice must be offered even with bare hands. One must not live under- the regime of oppression. It was time to die, martyred; Martyrdom is a free death: the one freely and consciously chosen. Ultimately, freedom depends on free death. When man no longer able to commit himself to free death, his freedom will also be lost.

Perhaps Nietzsche can bring my reader one step closer to an understanding of martyrdom in Islam in his explanation of the concept of free death:

> "To die proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly. Death freely chosen, death at the right time, brightly and cheerfully accomplished amid children and witnesses: then a real farewell is still possible, as the one who is taking leave is still there; also a real estimate of what one has achieved and what one has wished, drawing the sum of one's life - all in opposition to the wretched and revolting comedy that Christianity has made of the hour of death....Here it is important to defy all the cowardices of prejudice and to establish above all the real, that is, the physiological, appreciation of so-called natural death - which is in the end also *"unnatural"*, a kind of suicide. One never perishes through anybody but oneself. But usually it is death under the most contemptible conditions, an unfree death, death not at the right time, a coward's death. From love of *life*, one should desire a different death: free, conscious, without accident, without ambush. (*)

> "I show you the death that consummates - a spur and a promise to the survivors. He that consummates his life dies his death victoriously, surrounded by those who hope and promise. Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival •where one dying thus does not hallow the oaths of the living. To die thus is best; second to this, however, is to die fighting and to squander a great soul .... My death I praise to you, the free death which comes to me because I want it. And when shall I want it? He who has a goal and an heir will want death at the right time for his goal and heir." (**)

How much stronger is this rational, no nonsense thinking when it becomes sublimated with a faith, a true religion? Khalif Ali ibn

(*) *Twilight of the Idols*
(**) *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Abi Talib, Husein's grandfather, had said:"The best death is to be killed. By Allah in whose hands lies the life of the son of Abu Talib, certainly a thousand strikings of the sword on me are easier to me than a death in bed which is not in obedience to Allah."

The message of Karbala and Ashura was the messageof how to live and when to die. When to stake out all what you have in defence of your faith, risking all: to be or not to be. It was also a message for self-overcoming, for total self-control, to be able to decide when to live on and when to want to live no longer, in order to serve a higher purpose - while always submitting to Allah's will. At Karbala, Imam Husein showed the purity of his faith, the strength of his character, and his total self-control under the direst of adversity. He had sacrificed all his worldly possessions, all what he had and hold dear in this world: his children, family members,loyal companions, for the sake of standing up far the purity of the Islamic faith. His plight and sacrifices had touched the heartstrings of the 1000 million Muslims on the earth, had released the torrent of tears every time his deed and tragedy was recounted, and in turn producing new fresh resolutions to redeem and to emulate him. Thus he died in order that true Islam may live. But is there anyone more alive today than Husein? Would he be so well-remembered and ardently followed if not for what he did at Karbala on Ashura? "Do not call those who were killed in the cause of Allah dead but alive." *(The Quran)* Here is a living witness of the meaning of martyrdom in Islam.

In Acheh Sumatra we celebrate Ashura in all its tragedy and glory. Faith, Jihad, and Martyrdom as exemplified by Husein at Karbala had become the hallmark of Islam in Acheh Sumatra and had become the most distinctive feature of our culture and way of life. The 100 years war against the Dutch imperialists was a living proof of this. All historians are agreed that the Muslims of Acheh had been able to fight that long because they had thoroughly embraced the concept of Jihad and Martyrdom. It is here that' the contrast of our lifestyle with the Javanese-indonesians was complete: as there was no Javanese leader who had ever died a martyr, there was no Achehnese leader who had ever lived who was not a martyr! It is no exaggeration to say that we are a nation of martyrs. Nearly one-third of our people had laid down their lives as martyrs in the long fight to defend our faith and homeland against the attack of the Dutch colonialists and imperialists. Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Saman di Tiro, the ruler and the supreme commander, a swordsman with even sharper pen, was credited for this, at least for that period of our history, the period of the colonial war with Holland. To guide and encourage his army of Islam, officially called then Muslimin, he wrote several books in the form of poetry with the title of *Hikayat Prang Sabil* (The Story of the Holy War) in which he exstolled the concept of martyrdom with such effectiveness that anyone who reads or listens to his poetry would be possessed with the idea of seeking martyrdom with such enthusiasm that he would seek combat with the enemy, even alone. Ultimately this poetry became a part of our folk-literature memorized by hearts by the people. It became the most effective means to mobilize the people against the invaders. As it happened, the Dutch would threaten anyone in possession of this book with life imprisonment or exile.

In Acheh Sumatra we commemorate Ashura with special solemnity and

poignancy befitting with the somber and serious message of Karbala. Even the month of Muharram was also called the month of Hasan-Husein in Acheh (Hasan was the older brother of Husein who was killed earlier by Muawiyah's agents). On this day women would wear black and prepared a distinctive special commemorative food, the apam, a kind of unleavened bread, a return to the basic, to denote to the severity of the occasion. Then there are traditional processions held in many districts where the celebrants join together in praying and lamenting the victims and heroes of Karbala.

What we are doing today in Acheh Sumatra, in declaring ourselves independence again, in re-establishing our historic Islamic State, in fighting against the oppressive neo-colonialist Javanese-indonesian regime of usurpers, almost with our bare hands, without any outside supports, we are following the footsteps of Husein. This place is our Karbala as we contemplate the Ashura. We derived considerable spiritual strength from it.

(JANUARY 12, 1978)

Something funny and tragic at the same time also happens here. One of our boys captured a baby monkey that cried so loud at the lost of its mother. My inclination was to order the boys to release the baby monkey forthwith. However, I decide to let them have fun with the monkey for a few days before ordering them to do so. But the baby monkey refuses to eat and drink. It is on a hunger strike of a sort. Still, I thought that it would eat when it would be hungry enough. I miscalculated its determination. In the meantime the boys had made a nice cage for the monkey that it can jump around with relative freedom. The cage was put on the crossroad of the camp where everyone had to pass. Monkey being a genus of phithecantropus erectus, better known as "Javamen" - although a very distant relative - the boys decide that everyone who passes the cage must salute the monkey with the word "Pak" (meaning "father", Javanese style of salutation), to remind everyone that when you salute a Javanese invader you should know. whom you are.saluting: an ape-man! The joke maybe too strong for the sensitive readers, reading this in a living room, but none too strong to the Achehnese boys in the Panton Mesdjid Camp who are being hunted like animals and would be, shot to death on sight by the Javanese in our own country. Unfortunately, however, the baby monkey died the day after because it absolutely re fused to eat anything. I should have ordered the boys to release the monkey right away. I had such a remorse about this especially when I remember seeing the mother monkey came to try to rescue her child several times with impressive courage. Today, all animals in the forests of Acheh Sumatra, tigers, deers, birds or monkeys share the fate of all Achehnese: liable to be shot dead by the Javanese-indonesian invaders who seem to feel to have licences to do so.

(JANUARY 13, 1978)

Today our guards at the advanced post saw the enemy troops had pitched their tents on the river bank about a mile away from us.

They would not have done that if they knew we were so close. In any event it was too close for comfort. A decision was taken in a hurry that I should move out immediately from Panton Mesdjid Camp to Alue Pisang Camp, about four hours march to the Southeast. The camp had already been prepared for such emergency. One half of the staff will be left at Panton Mesdjid to observe the enemy while preparing for all eventuality.

So I departed that day to Alue Pisang Camp. The terrain that has to be passed is extremely difficult involving climbing high ridges and descending steep dangerous ravines that seems to be endless. And for climax, we have to descend steep precipice to Alue Pisang, then crossing it -always a danger point.- and then to have to climb almost perpendicularly again. The Alue Pisang Camp is interesting because it was built on top of flat rock formation that gives the impression as a concrete floor, and on all sides are running water, a sort of a villa in the middle of a river. The running water had carved the rocks into terraces and at the edge of every terrace there is a mini waterfall that in turn had created several mini pools. So we have designated a pool for bathing, a pool for drinking, a pool for washing clothes, and a pool for sewerage.

(JANUARY 14, 1978)

On my second day at Alue Pisang Camp, at about 10 AM I heard the sound of gun fire from the Western direction, that is from Panton Mesdjid's direction. The enemy must have attacked ou camp there, just one day after I had left, and while my men are still there. This is the first time ever happens. In the past, the enemy can find our camps only after we had abandoned them for months. Never when we are still occupying it. There is nothing I can do except to wait to have reports coming. The problem is that no one left there knew where Alue Pisang Camp is. We overlooked to think the unthinkable. Lesson for today: always make provisions for the unthinkables. At least the men should know where to retreat. Nothing can be done now. Only hoping for the best and wait.

At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon I saw Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awd emerged from the forest with Commandant Rashid of Geum - pang next to him and then followed by others. It was the presence of Commandant Rashid among those who were left behind that saved the day. The greatest *Pawang* alive in Acheh today, he needs only to know the name of the Alue, or the mountain, the rest leave to him, he knows how to get there. The enemy troops that had' camped nearby several days ago had stumbled into our camp in their "search and destroy" operations and attacked our position this morning. One of our men from Geumpang, Usman, was killed. The others were unhurt. Two enemy soldiers were shot. As usual, the enemy let our wounded died by withholding any medical aid. In fact, when the enemy attacked, the camp had already been evacuated. Our man was killed because he did not see the enemy while returning and thus ambushed.

(JANUARY 15, 1978)

After everyone has arrived and losses counted, I call for an emergency meeting of *Pawang* and Ministers present to appraise the situation. Everyone feels that for the time being at least we should move out of the Tiro Region, without leaving any trace, if that is possible. It was decided to go to Tangse Region with the possibility of going to Geumpang later. We should cross the mighty mount Meureuseue, 3000 feet high, that rises very abruptly almost perpen - dicular, that separates Tiro Region from Tangse Region, and to establish our camp on the other side of Mount Meureuseue at Alue Seupot (Dark Spring). That is, back to our ancestral trails!

Mount Meureuseue, Mount Alimon, Alue Seupot, Alue Simi, Alue Bhot, Tangsd, Geumpang, etc., these are great names in Achehnese history where many battles had been fought, and where my own forefathers had lived, worked, and fought in the One Hundred Years War against the Dutch invaders. It is like going to places I always wanted to go, to retrace the footsteps of my ancestors whose just struggle I now continue. It is not at all like going to strange places, or to uncharted territory, but rather like going home, to walk in the same footsteps that my fathers had walked before me. We follow a definite precedent. We are doing what had been done before. To go to Mount Meureuseue or to Tangse or Geumpang is not for us a retreat, but a pilgrimage, that even without any reason we should have found excuses to do so. I hope my readers can grasp the meaning of our history for us. Achehnese revolutionaries who are in fact being cornered to a dead end by the enemy who has the absolute superiority in fire power over us, but our sense of history and direction protected us from any sense of panicky retreat that the enemy might have thought he had managed to create among my men. That has never happened. *Our history is an active as well as a retro active farce: And he who' is sure of his motive can advance or retreat with confidence.* We decide to cross the Mount Meureuseue tomorrow.

(JANUARY 16, 1978)

We leave Alue Pisang Camp today as a mid-way station for future use. It is ideal for that purpose because it is located in the middle of the road to go to Geumpang, Tangsé, and Tiro. As it is Situated directly on the Northern slope of Mount Meureuseue, we have to begin climbing immediately after we leave Alue Pisamg Camp toward Southern direction. It is a straight climbing to the height of 3000 feet. For every hour of climbing we stop for 15 minutes rest. There is no water up there, so everyone must not use his water unless absolutely necessary. The climbing is always between 45 and 70 degree grades and at times even steeper. We reached the summit of Mount Meureuseue at about 4 PM, and we had to stop for the night just below the peak on the mountain's Southern slope. It was very cold up there where we can see the Malacca Straits to the North and all the high peaks of other Achehnese mountains all around us. To the Northwest we can see the summit of Mount Seulawah, a perfect cone in dark blue color; to the East the peak of Mount Alimon, Mount Peuet Sagoe and dozens of other high peaks. They are so densely placed that they

remind me of New York's sky-scrapers, all belonged to the Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Mountain Range. I must come back here with a good camera someday to take real good pictures. There is no water at that height. We have to cook and make coffee with the drinking,water contributed by everyone. We have a good meal and a good night sleep because everyone is exhausted. Intermittently a heavy fog would blanket us that we can hardly see one another.

(JANUARY 17, 1978)

Descending the Mount Meureuseue on the Southern slope is much easier than climbing it from the Northern side because the mountain is receding to the high plateau of Tangsd gradually and not abruptly like on the Northern side. It is a fantastically beautiful forest land up here. Sometime we find miles and miles of flatland covered by most colorful trees. The orderliness of the primeval forests is beyond description. Perhaps no one has been here in recent time since our fathers were here during the last war against foreign invaders. During the 1950s armed struggle against the Javanese-indonesians no one had to go this deep into the forests. Those who would cut these trees the way the foreign timber companies have done somewhere else must be treated as criminals and punished as such.

We arrived at Alue Seupot (Dark Spring) at about 6 PM. It is already dark, just enough time to set up the tent to go to sleep. Tomorrow we will pick up a suitable spot to establish our camp. As it is January, the rainy season is already upon us. We have been lucky there was no rain while we,are on the march.

(JANUARY 18, 1978)

As the rain continue to pour we decide to make only a temporary shelter first, just sleeping on the ground. And the high bank of Alue Seupot is quite dry. What the men have to do is simply to flatten the ground as smooth as possible, lay a plastic mat on it to prevent the seepage of water from the ground, and then lay a dry ramie mat over it and whatever other cloth coverings thereafter. For the roof, other plastic sheets are hanged tent-style. It makes a cozy place in the wilderness. Not that I have to sleep on the ground too. My people always built a special bunk bed for me to sleep on, a foot high above ground, at least. It is easier to make one such bed but not one hundred. After the temporary living quarters is finished the men immediately prepared a make-shift office: typewriters' tables, radio communication center, printing quarters, etc. Everything else can be postponed but not the office work as this is the nerve center of our Revolutions the whole country receives instructions, guidance, and orders from this "office". In the meantime the security guards check the terrains, the communication people proceed to re-establish contact with the outside world, the supply people make preparation to fetch the food, etc.

That this spring was called Alue Seupot (Dark Spring) was by no means an exaggeration. It is very dark up here especially in the

rainy season. The foliage around the spring is so thick that sunshine cannot reach the ground, and you cannot see a man ten meters away from you especially if he wore a camouflage suit. On account of the rain we had to stay on our ground floor "houses" for the whole week. Alue Seupot had entered Dutch military history too. Many Dutch military maneuvres had taken place along this Alue and the hills surrounding it. Colonel H. J. Schmidt, the renown Dutch guerilla expert had practically made this area his abode. He had pursued my forefathers for years on this very ground. H. C. Zentgraaff, the Dutch historian had mentioned Alue Seupot in his many writings along with Alue Simi, Alue Bhot, Alue Dodok, Alue Seukeue, etc. I feel it is a privilege to be here, to re-enter our history!

Because the easier approach to Alue Seupot is through its mouth down streams which is also approachable through a highway from Sigli to Tangsé, Geutjhik Uma and his troops had ensconced themselves on a rock that looked no less impregnable than that of Gibraltar - where I had been too - and from where they can wipe out an enemy battalion if they came. The other end of Alue Seupot is guarded by Commandant Rashid and his men.

(JANUARY 20, 1978)

Today I received our first group of visitors since taking up "residence" in Alue Seupot. The visitors are leaders from Tangsé and Blang Malo, the nearest town to Alue Seupot, about half a day walking distance. They will be our main liaison group with the outside world. The head of the group is Zakaria Saman of Blang Malo, a young man of about 25, of small stature with a very keen intelligence. This was the first time I met him. He was a total stranger to me. But this is the miracle of the NLF. How many strangers have become brothers since I inaugurated the Revolution. For his age, Zakaria is a very successful businessman. He own a timber processing company and a timber concession in Blang Malo area. This is why he can go to the forests freely without being suspected by the Javanese colonialists as a member of the NLF. He and his friends,the school teachers, have mobilized the entire population of Blang Malo, even before meeting me. He was recruited to our cause through the activities of our underground organization in the enemy controlled territory. Zakaria handed to me one million Rupiahs (Javanese-indonesian currency). That is a lot of money to take to Alue Seupot. But Alue Seupot has become the seat of the Central Government of Acheh Sumatra, for now. He informed me that everybody in Blang Malo wanted to come to meet me. That is where our troubles started because when our simple folk become enthusiastic they cannot be discreet. That was how the enemy got to know where we were every time we moved. For the time being I allow only Zakaria personally and his colleagues to come here and no one else. There was no indication that the enemy knew about our presence-in this new territory. There is an enemy garrison in the town of Blang Malo, and another one, bigger, in the town of Tangsé.

(JANUARY 21, 1978)

The men have picked up a spot on the high ground on the Northern bank of Alue Seupot to establish our permanent camp. It was bordered

by high cliffs on Southern and Eastern sides,with the spring running below. And all around are protected by high ridges.. With the lull in the rainfall, the men begin clearing the ground and cutting the trees. In a few days the camp will be ready for occupation. While inspecting the campsite I notice that you cannot even see the water of Alue Seupot from the air because the foliage is so thick from both sides of the banks of the spring that it joined together to cover the spring alltogether from above. The men are working hard to make the camp ready for occupancy by January 24, because there will be a holiday on January 25th involving some ceremony.

(JANUARY 25, 1978)

Today is a national holiday, the TENGKU TJHIK DI TIRO DAY, commemorating the death of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great, Muhammad Saman, who died on January 25, 1891, amidst the long war with the Dutch, at the Fortress of Aneuk Galong, in Great Acheh province. He led the country from 1874 to 1891, that was immediately after the Dutch second invasion, the most critical period in our national history. Although the Dutch - with their Javanese mercenaries - managed to occupy our capital city, Kuta Radja, he successfully blockaded them there for 17 years. The Dutch barely managed to maintain themselves on the beachhead to avoid second expulsion from Acheh, as they had suffered in 1873. Even Dutch historian of that war acknowledged this fact, as J. Kraemer did in his book, *Atjeh*: "Tengku Tjhik di. Tiro raised a very large standing army and he had imprisoned us in our stockade within Kuta Radja area with the mighty force of arms." He crushed all Dutch attempts to invade other parts of Achehnese territories and it was on the eve of his planned battle to oust the Dutch from Acheh that he died, poisoned by a Dutch agent who managed to put cyanide in his food. His death saved the Dutch from second expulsion from Acheh, for the time being. With his great energy and tactfulness he had managed to unite the people of Acheh, to restore their morale, and to carry out the war of national liberation against foreign invaders. They called him "Maulana, Al-Mudabbir, AlMalik" that is "Our Lord, Our Law-Giver, our King" Tengku Tjhik di Tiro. His method of leadership was first of all based on persuasion. He went all over the country to preach the cause of national liberation to the people. Second, by esteem. He esteemed his people, honored them, and loved them. "To esteem is to create". He never got mad at anyone even at their idiosyncresies, and always addressed his people "dear one". Third, by example. He simply told his people:"Follow met And they followed him to the death.

He was a swordsman with even sharper pen. He wrote marvelous poetry, sometimes light-heartedly, extolling martial spirit and contempt of death. The effect of his collections of war poetry, *The Hikayat Prang Sabil*, on the people of Acheh was electric. It was the companion and entertainment for his revolutionary soldiers. The Dutch threatened exile or life imprisonment for anyone found in possession of the books. A testimony of its effectiveness. He provided moral, political, religious and military leadership to a nation at war with the enemy on the door steps. At such a time, and at such a war, one man means everything, many men means nothing. To realize that truth

is not Bonapartism although it was Napoleon who had said,*"à la guerre, les hommes ne sort rien; c'est un home qui est tout,"*it was not the Greek soldiers who marched tothe Indus but Alexander; it was not the Roman troops who conquered Gaul but Ceasar; it was not the Carthagenians who caused Rome to tremble but Hannibal.

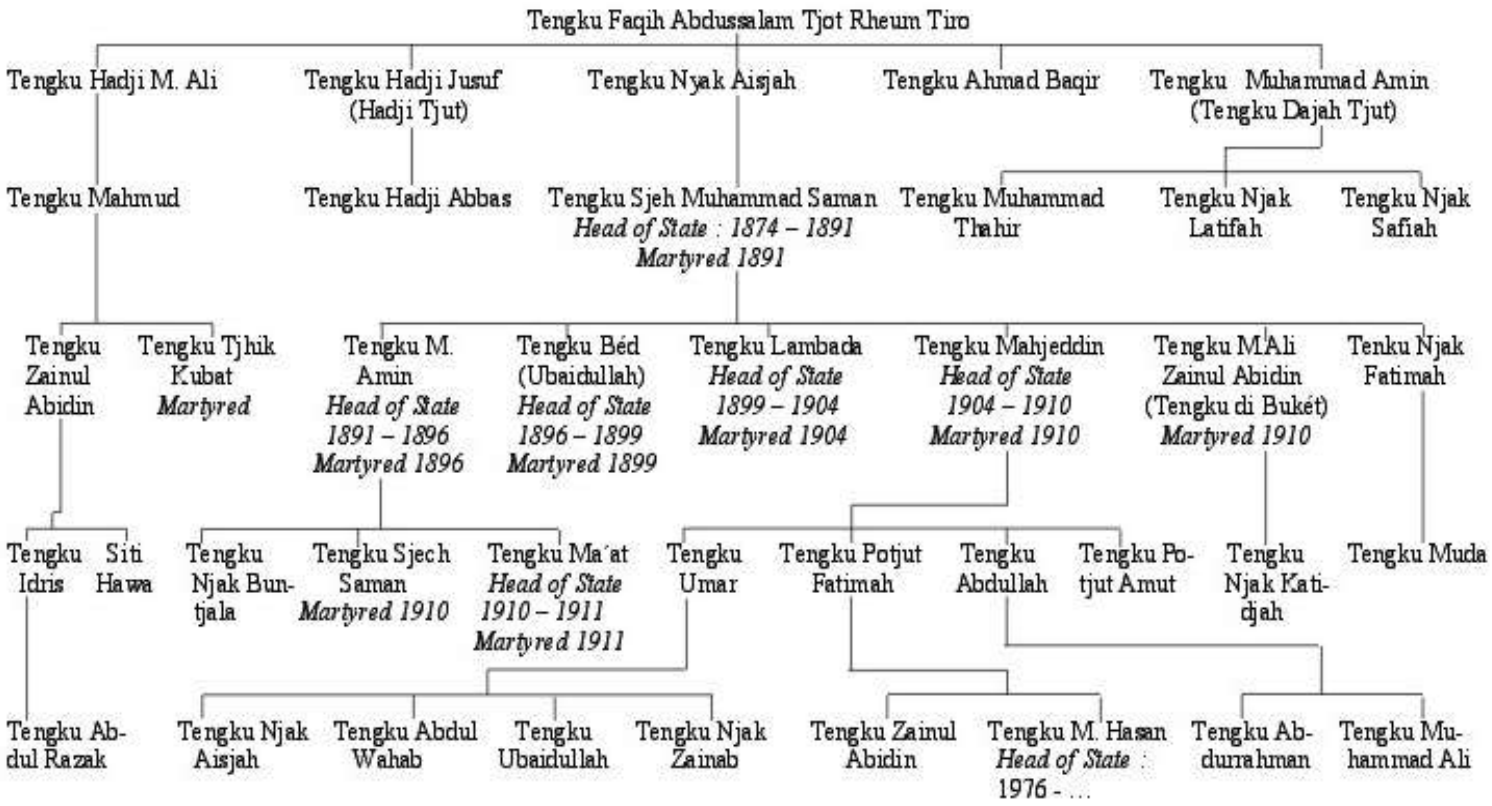
It is difficult for me to assess his place in Achehnese history because he was my great grandfather. But it is possible to say that his stature in Achehnese history is equal to the earlier three most dominant figures who had played great role in our history at critical stages: Ali Mughayat Shah,who established Achehnese unity and liberated the country from all foreign influence; Iskandar Muda, who had extended the sovereignty of Acheh toall of Sumatra, Malay Peninsula, West Borneo, and Banten in West Java, and established a Code of Law that lasted for centuries; Mahmud Shah, who as a matter of principle, honor and dignity of the nation had rejected Dutch demand to surrender the country to them in order to become part of Dutch East Indies or "indonesia", and decided to put up the struggle, no matter whatwere the Consequences, at 'the age of 27, resulting in our great victory at the Battle of Bandar Acheh, on April 23, 1873, The merit of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro's struggle was in successfully defending and protecting the achievements of the other threes, the survival of Achehnese State, nation, and culture from foreign invasion, and he did all that under overwhelming odds, successfully, in his life time. One is responsible only for one's life time. Like everyone of us today ,trust take responsibility for our life time. For seventeen years he held the Dutch at bay in Kuta Radja imprisoned them there, as it were, as admitted by many Dutch generals, including General Van Swieten, who was the Dutch commander of the second invasion. He openly confessed of the impossibility to defeat the army of the Tengku Tjhik di Tiro and he advised the Dutch government that it was better to withdraw from Acheh and to sign a peace treaty recognizing the independence of Acheh again. That was a measure of the success of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro's leadership.

Even more remarkable, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great(Muhammad Saman), succeeded in laying the foundation for future resistance against all invaders, in galvanizing the spirit of martyrdom in the Achehnese consciousness until it became a national credo that sustained the struggle for decades after his own martyrdom. Most leaders in history ceased to matter after their deaths. Tengku Tjhik di Tiro"s influence remains as strong as ever among his people because he is the guardian of the spirit of *shahadah*, of martyrdom, in our political culture. It was he who had sublimated this idea with pen, sword, and blood into our political culture from which we draw our strength right to this very day. We couldnot have done what we are now doing without his inspiration. Iskandar Muda had shown one side of the coin of the Achehnese character: magnanimous in victory. It took Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great to demonstrate the other necessary, albeit more difficult, side of this coin: defiant in defeat! These two-sided characteristics must be proven - cannot be claimed - by just anyone. These two halves make us whole. These truths demand consistency: the one is naught without the other. Today each member of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra or *Atjèh Meurdéhka*, is the spiritual descendant of Sultan Iskandar Muda and Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great who cannot be enslaved or otherwise colonized.



MAULANA ALMUDABBIR ALMALIK TENGKU TJIHK DI TIRO MUHAMMAD SAMAN

THE GENEALOGY OF THE TENGKU TJHIK DI TIRO



SOURCE : ARCHIVES OF THE HOUSE OF DI TIRO

After his death, the national struggle to defend our independence was continued under the leadership, successively, of his five sons: Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Amin (died at the Battle of Aneuk Galong, 1896); Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Ubaidullah (died at the Battle of Lhok Panaih, 1899); Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Lam Bada (died at the Battle of Keunè, Geumpang, 1904); Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Ali Zainul Abidin or Tengku di Bukét (died at the Battle of Mount Alimon, 1910) and Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Mahyeddin (died at the Battle of Alue Simi, 1910). Then the struggle was continued under the leadership of his grandson, Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro (died at the Battle of Alue Bhot, 1911). These were great men; in their own. right, who lived and died according to the strict prescription of our Achehnese national and moral code that is Islam; men of steely nerves and great conviction who knew how to live and when to die; who knew when to stake out everything, to be or not to be, and able to go through with their difficult decisions. They were great men who had the power and the self-control to say when they want to live on and when they do not want to live any longer. "It takes more courage to make an end than to make a new verse: all physicians and poets know that" Only those who have done so have passed the ultimate test of greatness.

H. C. Zentgraaff wrote in his book, *Atjeh*: "While one can criticize the sons of the Great Tengku di Tiro and their defects, one must however, in order to remain honest and fair, hasten to add they know how to die as heroes. Being killed in the battlefields itself is not a merit but a war risk; it is not a consciously sought-after sacrifice, but a consequence of war which has to be accepted. But this was different with the di Tiro family: in the free choice between life or death, they choose the latter, and thereby they made great impression on the Achehnese." He added: "The courage and the unlimited steadfastness of these enemies impressed us too!"

It is in a sense absurd for us who is still alive, and possibly clinging to life desperately, to sit in judgment of these great men who had the power and the courage to squander great souls. In their presence we are disqualified. We are not their peers to judge them. Death, especially heroic death put a final, eternal and irrevocable stamp to everything. It was already a judgment of history. Those who have just been elevated by the final judgment of heroic death are heroes. They are beyond detraction. What is meritorious is to walk in their footsteps. That is why we are here in Alue Seupot,away from our wives and children and other loved ones.

Today at 10 AM, in a simple ceremony we raised the flag and left it at half-staff, to commemorate the Tengku Tjhik's death. It was 87 years ago today. I delivered a short speech to remind the men that today we are continuing the struggle of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro. It is a coincidence that I.happened to be his great grandson but his legacy belonged to all our people. If I am not with you today someone else must take my place and this struggle must continue. The consciousness of history, of the existence of great precedent to everything we are doing now, the feeling that we are following our forefathers' footsteps, even to Alue Seupot, made our suffering easier to take although no less hard, and our sense of purpose and direction always with us.

(JANUARY 26, 1978)

Today our radio transmitter for broadcasting arrived together with the necessary power plant at Alue Seupot Camp. It was brought in all the way from Medan. Everyone was delighted and with great expectation. Soon we will be able to open our radio receivers and hear our own broadcasting station. The whole country has been expecting this for a long time. And we know that the effect will be electric in the country. We wonder what the Javanese are going to do or what can they do? Nothing. The transmitter was hooked up right away to the antennae. Two of our men climbed the tall trees in the back of the camp to hoist the antennae. The electric power plant was switched on. Our first test was a success. We can hear *THE VOICE OF FREE ACHEH SUMATRA* clear and strong. The range is one-thousand kilometers. But there are much works that have to be done. Programs must be written in three languages': Achehnese, Malays and English, And newscasters must be selected and trained. We set the date for the first broadcast to be the day after tomorrow.

The arrival of our radio transmitter to Alue Seupot Camp reveals something about our movement also. The chase that the Javanese colonialists is mounting against us in the mountains is no longer relevant to the political situation in the country as a whole because the activities of the NLF are no longer in the mountains but in the countryside all over Acheh Sumatra right to the doorsteps of every Javanese garrison. Things are happening in the countryside, in the cities and towns that supposedly under Javanese-indonesian "control". So what is so much fuss about chasing us in the mountains? What good does that do for the Javanese-indonesian colonialists? Although our headquarters have had to be moved around in the forests and mountain the way it was, our Organization and its works in the country are spreading like wild fire from one end of the country to the other without interruption. The Javanese-indonesian regime is increasingly living in a fool's paradise. The countryside is where political actions are really taking place, not in our guerilla camps in the moun tains. Only orders are given from here.

(JANUARY 28, 1978)

Today is another national holiday, SULTAN MAHMUD SHAH DAY, commemorating the death of Mahmud Shah on January 28, 1874, at the age of 27th. He was the King of Acheh Sumatra when the war with Holland started. Despite his youth, he took the courageous decision, in fact the only one possible for the King of Acheh, to reject the Dutch ultimatum, presented on March 26, 1873, demanding Achehnese surrender to them without resistance and to become part of Dutch colony of"indonesia." His rejection of the ultimatum resulted in the Dutch declaration of war against us that brought the first Dutch invasion of Acheh Sumatra leading to the Battle of Bandar Acheh where we gained our biggest and most glorious victory! (See page 59 of this Diary).

Without His Majesty's principled stand there would have been no Victory at Bandar Achehl About Sultan Mahmud Shah, THE NEW YORK TIMES wrote:"The Sultan is showing diplomatic as well as military capacity". Mahmud Shah was the man who gave us that victory at the Battle of Bandar Acheh.

(FEBRUARY 1, 1978)

After broadcasting several days directly from Alue Seupot Camp we make a decision to separate the broadcasting station from the Headquarters for security reasons because of some fears that the enemy might be able to locate our transmitter without too much difficulty. Therefore the transmitter will be set, up at another mountain top several miles away. A group was organized for radio operation with Dr. Husaini Hasan, the Minister of Education and Information in charge. They will leave for the new place tomorrow, and there will be daily contact between Alue Seupot Camp and the radio camp. The basic programs have already been taped in the cassets. When we replayed some of the taped programs we are amused to hear the voices of monkeys and other forest dwellers" friends of ours in the background ofthe programs that had been picked up by the sensitive microphones of the tape-recorders. At least the authenticity and the originality of our broadcast cannot be assailed! It can only be done in our specially equipped forest "studio".

(FEBRUARY 5, 1978)

We have not been able to hear our radio broadcasting station for a few days since the radio operation group moved away. We begin to feel concern for them and the plan is made to send a party to see them tomorrow. This evening, however, Dr Husaini Hasan and his party came back with a bad news: power plant had malfunctioned after the man who carried it on his back fell on the ground while climbing a height. What a 'silly catastrophe. And there is no competent mechanic among us who can repair it. There is nothing to do but to send the power plant back: to the countryside for repair. It was such a brand new one. Accident like that can easily happened in themountain and it can cripple vital activities like this one. And it all began because we were seeking additional security, when the danger was not even present. We could have continued broadcasting from here. From this bad experience we draw a conclusion: never seek extra security; it does not exist; never do anything for supposed danger until you have seen the danger coming.

(FEBRUARY 11, 1978)

Today is our national holiday, the DAY OF TEUKU UMAR AND TJUT NJAK DIEN, to honor the memory of a husband and wife team, he, a hero, and she, a heroine, of the people of Acheh Sumatra. Teuku Umar an outstanding Achehnese marshall fell at the Battle of Udjong Kala, Meulaboh province, on February 11, 1899. After her husband's death, Tjut Njak Dien took command of his forces and lived in the forests for years to continue the struggle against the Dutch invaders and their Javanese mercenaries until she became old, grey, and blind. But her spirit was undaunted. For many years, staying at the cloudcovered summits of mountains of Acheh, she held high the banner of resistance and she became a powerful symbol of the indomitable Acheh nese patriotism.

Her suffering was so great that a possibly well-meaning but stupid member of her entourage, out of pity for her,secretly negotiated with the Dutch to deliver her on condition that they wouldnot harm her and would cure her illnesses, thus to save her from further suffering. When she found that out, her last act before she was captured by the Dutch was to slay the man with her own hand in the presence of the Dutch commander and his troops. How a blind, sick, old lady could have done that? This was how it happened:

The traitor, Waki Him, came close to her and standing right front of her to say:

- "Please forgive me, Your Highness, I did this for your sake, so that you suffer no more. Your illnesses can be cured. You will not have to suffer hunger anymore!"

-."I do not ask for your pity!" Tjut Njak Dien replied."Do you think we are domestic animals whose primary requirements are only full bellies? No, Waki Him, we are Free Achehnese, free human beings whose primary requirements are not full bellies but full honor and dignity. We die for honor and dignity, and not for food in the belly!"

- "Oh, please forgive me, Your Highness!", said Waki Him.

- "No forgiveness for you!", said Tjut Njak Dien. "What you betray and kill today is not only us. You have also killed an example of the supreme sacrifice that we hold out for the future generations of Achehnese to see and to follow in defence of our Faith and Fatherland! For that crime you now receive your punishment!"

Swift as lightning, Tjut Njak Dien pulls her renchong (Achehnese dagger) from its scabbard and thrusts it into the heart ofthe traitor who falls right there near her feet, engulfs in a pool of blood.

Her husband, Teuku Umar, had an equally fascinating story and has made his marks on Achehnese history. He had made a great mistake but he had also made amends for it by dying a martyr in the process of doing it. It showed how great a character he was. Teuku Umar was originally in command of Achehnese forces in West Acheh. Later he was transferred to Great Acheh province to command the Western Sector of the Aneuk Galong front. After the death of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great, however, he fell out with Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Amin because of some personal differences. It was at that time that he began to toy with the idea of an independent stance to pretend to co operate with the Dutch in order to be able to get away with their guns. He acted upon that policy in 1893. That move cost him dearly in the lost of people's confidence in him and the resulting great schism in Achehnese ranks that caused irreparable damage to the national cause. Tjut Njak Dien vehemently opposed her husband's move and was universally credited for changing his mind later. After the great Battle of Aneuk Galong, where Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro fell, Teuku Umar made good his promises and got away with all the guns the Dutch had entrusted to him and turned them against the invaders. He reconquered the fortress of Aneuk Galong for the Achehnese. His subsequent military actions shook the Dutch position in Acheh to the ground, requiring the Dutch Supreme Commander, General Vetter, to come to Acheh to take personal command ofthe Dutch forces to try to salvage their position from the pincer movement of Umar. The Dutch had to reorganize their whole military structure and they

suffered very heavy losses. The Dutch "governor" of Acheh, General Deyckerhoff and his military staff were dismissed. It was a new war in Acheh, all over again, for the Dutch. When'Teuku Umar fell at the Battle of Udjong Kala, Meulaboh, on February 11, 1899, he had proved himself to be truly a *grand capitaine* to the end. His opponent on the Dutch side was General Van Heutz who later became Governor General of the Dutch East Indies alias "indonesia".

The legacy of Teuku Umar is an eternal vigilance against any kind of compromise with the invaders o£ our fatherland because such act is destined to be detrimental to our national cause. He was lucky to have a chance to correct some of his mistakes - thanks to the good wife - and indeed absolved himself by dying martyred in the field of battle. It was a sufficient proof of the sincerety of his repentance and of his patriotism. Today we remember him for his heroism, and we remember also his mistakes in order not to repeat them ever again. This will guarantee that he had not lived and died in vain. The necessary lesson has been purchased and paid for, as it were,by blood. The only daughter of Teuku Umar and Tjut Njak Dien was Tjut Mirah Gambang who was my grandmother.

(FEBRUARY 15, 1978)

Our lives have returned to more or less complete "normalcy" again since we moved to Alue Seupot Camp. We have had a respit from our pursuers. For how long? That is anybody's guess. But we do not care anyhow. Our duty is to carry on our works without interruptions no matter where we are. I have to write at least a dozen letters a day and received many times more from all over the country, and from abroad. My internal letters concerned fine points of our struggle: I have to explain again and again that our struggle at this stage is political, ideological, and cultural before it will be military. I have even written a special brochure to explain that. But that was obviously not enough. I have never used the typewriters so much in my life like in these forests! The typewriters are our machine guns for now - that is what I told the people. They do not seem to be very convinced about that.

At Alue Seupot Camp, our source of international news is foreign radio broadcasts such as: the BBC, Radio Australia, Radio Hilversum (Holland), Radio Deutsche Welle, Voice of America, Radio Moscow and others that can be heard very clearly and we have come to appreciate their news bulletins and conflicting commentaries. we also received foreign newspapers and magazines. This week I was happy to read a special article in *Time* magazine featuring the Free Quebec Movement - naturally we sympathised with the PQ, as'with any freedom fighters in the world. It contained a review of the play, *La Complainte des Hivers Rouges*, by Roland Lepage that striked a cord in our hearts, especially the refrain of a song, referring to their ancestors, that says:

"You' have taught us how to scale the heights
Although it took us a long time
But now we are following you...."

It was after reading that story that I thought of writing a play a-

bout Achehnese history. Quebec...Acheh...Sumatra...Alue Seupot... Time - could there be more disparate elements to bring the message of freedom?

(When I visited Canada in the Spring of 1980, I purposely went to Montreal with the intention to meet M. Lepage to compliment him for his work but I did not succeed to make the contact. I got a copy of his play from the publisher, Editions Lemeac, which I visited. I was enthralled to read the play, but at that time I had already finished writing my *Drama of Achehnese History*.)

(FEBRUARY 28, 1978)

Today I received a report that Tengku Muhammad Daud Beureuéh, a very highly respected Achehnese leader, who is in his 80s, has been abducted by the Javanese-indonesian regime in the most dastardly manner. In fact he was kidnapped by Suharto's special commando unit sent from Java just for the purpose. They came to his home in Beureéh, Pidie province, one evening last week. They entered his house without permission, seized him by force in front of his wife and children, without any court warrant whatsoever. After they grabbed him, they forcibly injected him with intoxicant to make him lost consciousness. After he lost consciousness they dumped him in their truck and drove with him to Medan, some 250 miles away. There they put him on a military plane and flew him to Java. We do not know his whereabout in Java until today. The happening was nowhere reported in the Javanese-indonesian press, nor in international news media. He was abducted because the Javanese-indenesian colonialist regime suspected him of sympathising with the National Liberation Front.

This has been done by the regime at the same time when its propaganda machine was publishing news that Tengku Daud Beureuéh opposed the NLF, thus supporting the Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime.

The arrest of Tengku Beureuéh, moreover, shows more about the true Javanese characters than anything else - an insolent people who know no gratitude - because this man had done more for the Javanese than anyone else in the world to help Javanese-indonesia became independence when the Javanese were in trouble in the 1945-1949 struggle against the Dutch. As all the world knew, Acheh was free from Dutch occupation since March, 1942, when Achehnese Sumatran resistance movement ousted the Dutch from the territory, for the second time, since their first ouster in April, 1873. And after the second World War, that is since 1945, the Dutch did not dare to return to Acheh again although they had returned to re-occupy all other parts of their "indonesia", especially Java and Jakarta. When the Javanese leader, Sukarno, surrendered to the Dutch in 1949, the so-called republic of indonesia had lost everything and without an inch of territory. At that time, all Javanese leaders who were not arrested by the Dutch run to Acheh where they were given protection by the Acheh nese leader at that time who was none other than Tengku Beureuéh. The Achehnese helped the Javanese-indonesian struggle against the Dutch mainly because Achehnese considered the Dutch as enemies. It was Teng ku Beureuéh who gave financial help to enable the Javanese maintained their mission to the United Nations in New York and other places in the world. It was the Achehnese who gave the money to the Javanese

to buy the first two planes for the Garuda indonesian airways for use to smuggle arms to Java from India, Burma and other countries. Finally the entire Cabinet of the indonesian Emergency Government fled to Acheh in 1949, after Yogyakarta fell to the Dutch without a fight. They all came to Acheh under protection of Tengku Beureuéh.

But when the Javanese leadership finally cooperated with the Dutch again, when they agreed to protect Dutch and other imperialist economic interests in indonesia, and agreed to accept. what was in fact a compromised "independence", the Dutch, *en revanche*, transfered their non-existent "sovereignty" over Acheh Sumatra to Javanese-indo nesia. At this point, beginning from 1950, using Dutch illegal "transfer of sovereignty" to them, the Javanese-indonesians began to colonize Acheh Sumatra and Tengku Beureuéh was persecuted by the Javanese when they did not need him any longer. Now, for the last remaining days of his life, this what the Javanese did to Tengku Beureuéh - and there was no evidence of his support for the NLF. This is the Javanese honor and gratitude for you! If there was evidence of his support for the NLF, why the Javanese did not bring him to the court of law? Of course we know that Javanese-indonesia is not a country ruled by law, as the case of Tengku Beureuéh proved it.

Looking back at the objective political situation of Acheh Sumatra in the years between 1945 and 1950, when the country was, for five long years, in complete de facto control of ourselves,under the leadership of Tengku Daud Beureuéh, while Java and the rest of indonesia was again under Dutch de facto and de jure control,and by 1949 all Javanese-indonesian "revolutionary" leaders had surrendered to the Dutch, all without a fight, and those who managed to escape from the Dutch were *under our protection* in Acheh, and the Dutch did not even try to make any move to come back to Acheh because there was an open opposition in Dutch Parliament against having to wage a "Second Acheh War" as many members put it, there would have been nobody to stop us, neither the Dutch, nor the Javanese-indonesians, from translating our de *facto* independence into a de *jure* one, by taking a formal step to declare our independence again to theworld.

The Dutch who had renounced any idea of waging a "Second Acheh War" would not have attacked us. The Javanese were in such disarray. Their leaders were either refugees in our house - whom we took very good care according to our best tradition - or Dutch prisoners in Ja karta, including Sukarno and all his cohorts. We could have gotten back our de *jure* independence during that five long years on a silver plate, something that now we have to fight it out all over again. It was not because of lack of armed forces, but because of a failure of national nerves! We could have made the Dutch's illegal transfer of "sovereignty" to Javanese-indonesia a worthless piece of paper it was!

This is what I am determined. not to let it ever happen again! This is what the NLFAS is all about: to restore the historic consciousness of the people of Acheh Sumatra, to re-establish contact with our great past, and on that foundation we can erect a better future. To bring back to life the political theory of our independence to guide the still existing sentiment for national unity and the great character that is still indestructible. To revive the precedent that had been established by our ancestors as guide to the present and

future generations to follow in our political, social, economic and cultural lives. In short, to make our people recovered their historic personality.

I have combed the world in search for our historic documents, for incontestable records to reconstruct our great history, and I have brought all that back to our fatherland, to pass them on to the new generation. For that I have to go to live in the forests while being shot at with intent to kill by the Javanese-indonesian colonialists! I feel like Prometheus: I had brought back the fire to my people after 25 years search in Europe, America and all over the world. Now I have passed on that fire, that torch, to the new generation, to light up our ancestors' paths again, so that we can follow them. As for my suffering heart, only another Prometheus can. know that. Even if we cannot get back our independence right now, if our people have recovered their historic personality we will get it back in the future, because the Javanese can never maintain their colonialism over our land - they have no power of their own to do so. Javanese imperialism is an accident, established by connivance of others. That is a contradiction that must pass. As long as our people are awake, in possession of the sentiment as well as the theory of their independence, they will be free again at the first opportunity in the future, an opportunity which is as certain to be coming as the sun will rise tomorrow!

(MARCH 1, 1978)

Everything that happened in the camp during the last two weeks were routine for us, that is everybody is busy with his own assigned duties. No one is idle. Today I received a group of fathers of several youngmen who have been with me for over a year. They happen to own coffee plantations in Blang Malo district, not far from Alue Seupot Camp. They brought with them freshly roasted coffee beans with plenty of foodstuff: cakes, pies, and other goodies they can carry. (Remember, food is the most precious item for us and the number one priority.) Most of them had known me from childhood but have not seen me for over 25 years. But loyalty knows no time-limits. As such the meeting tends to be emotional and nostalgic. Tears are shed. They have come to give their sons for the cause, although in Achehnese style of speech they say:"We have come to give our sons to the Tengku." This was an Achehnese traditional way to show that the entire family of the boys stood behind them and ready to sacrifice everything for the cause. The fathers and mothers took pride and responsibility for their sons on such family duties and it is common place that each time the boys visited their mothers and fathers they were told never to falter and never to give up the struggle, and that if they faltered, they will be disowned by their fathers and mothers. The boys would usually report back in the camp what their fathers and mothers were telling them when they had the chances for leaves of absence from the camp.

(MARCH 7, 1978)

I think I should enter here in the Diary a word of explanation about what I mean when I say "forest" and "mountain". These are two

very different things with very different consequences. We refer with "forest" that general thick jungle growth covering very large uninhabited area invested with snakes, tigers, boars, elephants, crocodiles, swarms of leeches that would crawl to chase you the moment they smell human flesh and would suck your blood dry before you even know it. They have a way of climbing and sneaking even to your under wear without you feeling them. After crossing a tropical forest you have to undress to check if the leeches had not reached your body. There is no other way to make sure that you are free of them. In most cases you knew of their presence only after it was too late,when you or someone near to you saw patches of blood on your body or cloth as if you had received wounds from enemy bullets,because after the leeches had sucked your blood, the opening they caused on your skin continue to bleed non-stop until you do something to stop it by a bandage or other means. When you first come to live with us in the forest, leeches are your most dreaded enemy. This has been what most of us felt until we get use to it. And there are so many kinds of poisonous snakes that stalk on your ways in every conceivable manners. Sometime they hanged on the trees on your footpaths at just exact height to snatch at your eye balls. The cobras will chase you when they see you. We have to be quick with our swords or canes to beat them before they can reach us. And they are very fast runners. Their bites can be fatal. There are hornets' nests hanging all over the trees or even right on the ground that you cannot escape from stepping on them some time. If you happened to step on them or even to touch them, they will go after you like swarms of enemy attack planes zooming at you and their stings are very painful. If they bit you on the face, you cannot be recognized for a few days because of the swollen face. And there are as many thorns as there are trees in the forests. So there is no escape from getting hurt by any one of these hazards. The likelihood is that after one day march in the forest you will have all your bare skin - including your face, not to speak about your hands, arms, etc., will be full of cuts and scratches. Added to that is the discomfort of high humidity in the lowlying forests when it is hurtful to breath and caused heavy sweating that make your clothes smell bad after one day. There are many kinds also of poisonous leaves that are not easy to recognize that can cause serious skin rush upon mere contact, and is very painful. Then sometime you have to pass swamplands that are so muddy and full of water leeches that are ten times bigger and longer than the other types. These will introduce you to the hazards of "normal" tropical forests, generally situated on relatively flat land and easy to walk upon. When we say we live in the forests, that is where it is,andhow it is like. We have not said anything yet about the mountains.

When I said "mountains", I meant other series of hazards, and a totally different concept of surrounding that require even more ener gy to survive. Only after you have lived in the mountains as guerillas will you realize what a pleasure it is to be able to walk on flat land. For in the mountains of Acheh, where I now live, only about 5% of your walking is done on flat surface. The remaining 95% of your walking is done either climbing grade from 45 to 85 degrees, sometime up to 9000 feet high, and since what goes up must also go down, we have to descend that deep too. There is no end to that exercise. Just to carry our own bodily weight is exhaustive enough.

You cannot imagine how tiring it is to carry 20 kg of weight up hill until you have tried it. That is what my men are doing every time we move, and every time they go to take food supplies to the countryside, which is daily activities. Why not somebody manufactured pills that can support life without eating? That will be the greatest breakthrough in guerilla warfare.

Therefore, at the risk of being redundant I had kept referring to both "forests" and "mountains" before, because I thought one term alone cannot cover for the other in describing the hardships that we are accepting in doing what we are doing.

(MARCH 10, 1978)

Today I heard the first tremor in our security situation since moving in to Alue Seupot Camp. We received reports that the enemy was planning to come to patrol Alue Seupot area on March 20. He had gathered strength to do that in Sigli and Tangsé. Our security people advised that we should move out of the area before that date. Our men show a marked reluctance to move because everyone has gotten so use to Alue Seupot Camp. Before taking any decision I ordered verification of the report. In the meantime I call the meeting of the Pawang anyway. The Pawang recommended that if we had to move, we should move to Mount Seukeue area, South of Blang Malo town and West of Tangsd, the area where we have never been before. But that region was also a traditional guerilla ground used by our ancestors during the war against the Dutch. That ancient lure always works on me.

(MARCH 12, 1978)

Today, 12 *Rabiul Awwal* in Islamic calendar, is our national holiday, the MAULUD or MO'LÔT, the birthday of the Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him. This is the most public of all public holidays in Acheh because every household, rich or poor alike, is participating in preparing the food for this nation-wide feast. It is a centuries old tradition in Acheh that on this day each village would act as the host, that is, the basic unit of celebration. It is an exemplary collective efforts. Each household prepared food for a complete feast enough for 20 or more celebrants. The village authorities, the *Geutjhik* and the *Peutua Meunasah* coordinated these resources into one pool and on the basis of that they decide how many neighboring villages they can invite to the MAULUD feast of their village community. Such invitation will be ceremoniously extended by the *Waki* (Deputy) of the *Geutjhik* to the *Geutjhik* of the invited villages. The verbal message of the invitation is accompanied by ceremonial *Ranub Patè*, a specially wrapped gift of betel leaves and nuts, a symbol of formal invitation in Acheh Sumatran tradition. On the appointed day the entire male members of one village would go to the feast of the other village at the *Meunasah* of that village. Because such feast is done in every village throughout the country, the times and dates of each feast had to be graduated in order not to be in conflict with one another. Therefore, the MAULUD celebration had to be extended to

the whole month of *Rabiul Awwal* which in Achehnese has come to be called the months of MO'LÔT. The recital of special prayers and the recounting of the story of the Prophet Muhamad's life and teachings are part of the ceremony.

The life of Muhammad ought to be the greatest revolutionary story of all. Here was a man of action and contemplation who had changed the surface of the globe permanently. He was a man of ease, wealth and standing in his community of Mecca,who had achieved bliss in his family life but quit and went to live in the cave for an idea, and finally was driven out and away to Medina in a narrow escape. After horrendous toils, sweats, and shedding of. blood in same 60 battles he returned to conquer Mecca and then showing unprecedented magnanimity to all his vanquished enemies. Today, fourteen centuries after his death, 1000 million individuals of all races, colors and nationalities all over the world followed his difficult teaching' of total submission to the Will of Allah as the only way to happiness and salvation. There has been no other human being to match his unexcelled accomplishments in world history.

In Acheh, like in all Islamic lands, the Prophet Muhammad is the most important figure, teacher, guide, leader, Messenger of Allah whose teachings are followed and lived up to: Islam is the religion of Allah, the one and only God. It is the same true religion that had been propagated by earlier prophets from Abraham to Moses and Jesus. The Muslims accept them all. As Muhammad is the last of the prophets, the Quran is the last of the holy books, incorporating the teachings of the Taurah and the Bible. Islam is given to all mankind regardless of race, color, or nationalities. Those who have accepted Islam are brothers and sisters - with equal rights and duties. Therefore Muslims cannot be nationalists or racists.

Each Muslim is directly responsible and accountable to Allah, in all his dealings, in private and public affairs. There is no intermediary between him and God. There is no priesthood in Islam, only scholars. Privately a Muslim is responsible before God for the welfare of his immediate family, wives, children,parents and becomes Wali (guardian) to his other relatives. Publicly, he must join with the righteous, defend justice, oppose injustice, fight the aggressor and oppressor, and if he died while doing these duties he is a martyr - the best death. Fighting a war for any other end is un-Islamic and is forbidden. War is considered as murder on large scale and not "a continuation of policy by other means," as Western civilization has more or less defined it.

By submitting to God and His laws, Islam has removed the center of gravity of world's affairs from the hands of men (creatures) and returns it to the hands of God (Creator) because if men were given sovereignty over the world he will destroy it due to his lacking in moral stature to regard the whole as superior to the part especially his own part. Islam reduced the value of this world to what it is: a perishable temporary abode in man's spiritual destiny to eternity, that is not a bone of contention worth a war, much less a nuclear war. Islam adds this extra dimension to _understanding of human affairs that may yet save the world from the nuclear destruction by those who mistakenly took it for such a bone of contention that they will risk everything for its imagined control. Today humanity lives

literally on the brink of disasater, "two minutes to midnight on the nuclear clock," as everyone knows because the people of the grasping materialistic civilizations have stocked up the nuclear explosives more than enough to kill everyone on the planet including themselves ten times, and their hands are now on the trigger, each calculating what "more advantages" will accrue to the fastest guns. Any little misunderstanding, miscalculation or accident can start a nuclear war. If Murphy's law is of any guide, whatever can go wrong, will.

(MARCH 15, 1978)

We have a confirmed report now that the enemy is definitely planning to come to Alue Seupot on March 20. Our District Head for Tangsé had come two days ago and he had picked up several places for us on the Northern slope of Mount Seukeue, and they are: Blang Malo, Simpang Alue Dodok, Alue Dodok, and Putjok Alue Dudok. We can move to any of these places depending on the security situation. If the security threat was not serious then we will stay in Blang Malo area, just a little to the South of the town. Otherwise we will move further uphill where the other locations are. While on these locations we can rely on food supplies from Blang Malo,Beungga and Tangsé. We finally decide to move on March 17.

(MARCH 17, 1978)

We march out of Alue Seupot at about 7 AM toward Western direction, down stream. In about two hour march we reached the mouth of Alue Seupot where its water joins a small river. On the bank of that river, I believed it was called Krueng Seupot, we saw evidence of enemy presence, traces of shoes of enemy troops, empty food cans,used plastic bags and remnants of firewoods. About two weeks old. From there we proceed to the Southwest direction, making immediate climbing assault on a very high hill, about 70 degrees gradation. When I see my men climbing, one with big stencil machine on his shoulders, another one with the heavy electric power plant on his back,, others with heavy bundles, and I know how hard it is to climb even without carrying anything, my heart melt for my men. And having lived in money market, I always remember: they are doing this without being paid a penny! We have to make many stops for rest before we can reach the peak. From the peak of this hill we can see the town of Blang Malo, to the Southwest, which we are going to pass tonight. There is an enemy garrison there. But there is no other way to pass as the town of Blang Malo is located on the only pass. At about 3 o'clock we begin our descend. It is more difficult to descend than to climb when you have to take care of the luggages. You cannot put the stencil machine or other heavy luggages on the ground because they will be rolling down hill. Everyone has to be so careful not to step on loose rocks because they can roll downhill and can hit a comrade who had descended ahead of you. We reached the foot of the hill, on the other side, at 6 PM, already dark. There are more climbing and more descending before we arrived at a local camp at 7 PM where many local peoples have been waiting for us and food are already prepared.

They are using a hurricane lamp to light the camp. It could be seen from 50 miles if set on high ground. But the camp is so wellcovered by dense foliage and the men feel safe. The enemy garrison is about 4 miles away. I meet the people from the welcoming party. All the prominent citizens of the Blang Malo town are there. Rich merchants, school teachers, land owners, coffee planters,farmers,etc. I give them a little talk. I can see that they are happy by the twinkling in their eyes. I show my great appreciation to each one of them.

By 9 PM we moved onto cross the town of Blang Malo under cover of darkness, by walking in the water in the middle of a small river - in order not to leave any footprints on the ground - passing under the bridge of the highway from Sigli to Tangsé that is frequently used by the enemy, without using any kind of light whatever. The enemy garrison is about 300 meters away. Many of our local members are at that very moment fraternizing with the enemy soldiers in the garrison, playing bridges or chess to make sure that the enemy troops stay where they are, to insure our security. It was such a pitched dark night that we cannot see anything: many fell into the water and soaking wet although we walked single file and holding hands led by the local guides. I got my right eye stalked by a bamboo thorn. Luck-ily it was not very serious. While we were crossing, an enemy motor vehicle was passing over the bridge. They couldnot see us down below. After we crossed the town safely, we continue marching to Southern direction toward the mountain range. Soon we are climbing again. But this time it was not too difficult, because we march along the tractor route in Zakaria's timber concession's land. We continue marching until 3 o'clock in the morning, still on Zakaria's timberland. We were so exhausted that we decided to sleep right there on the bend of the road. I was so tired that I fell asleep right away.

(MARCH 18, 1978)

About 7 o'clock in the morning we continue our march to the preselected area passing through and out of Zakaria's concession, in order not to get him suspected by the enemy if they found any trace of our presence there. We reached the place at about 10 AM. It was well-protected by high mountain ridges on all sides, and by great slobs of rocks behind which we establish our camp. The water is crystal clear. The place is charming. Have there been any of our camps that were not? Never, in my recollection.

(MARCH 20, 1978)

The men worked so fast that in two days we are already well ensconced in our Blang Malo Camp. This is the closestcamp we have to a town, and to an enemy garrison for that, except the camp of Panton Wdng, my first. It may be not more than 6 miles to the town of Blang Malo and the road can be traveled by motor vehicles except for one mile at the edge of the camp. In two days we are here, we have reestablished communications with the whole country already. Today I received visitors who came from Kuta Radja, the city where the enemy's

divisional headquarters is located. We are not use to this kind of speed anymore that we felt uneasy. We have gotten use to all sorts of difficulties so that when things go so smooth we are not at ease. Also if the people can reach us this quick, the enemy can also do so. Our security is in our un-approachability:

(MARCH 21, 1978)

There is a very nice hill on the West side of our camp,an ideal place to set up our transmitter for broadcasting. This is immediately tried today. The transmitter worked for several hours although intermittently. We can verify the reception immediately. Our broadcasts can be heard loud and clear in the provinces of Pidie, Lingga (Gajo) Peureulak and beyond. That means nothing is wrong with the transmitter, but something is wrong with the power plant. We should repair it immediately while we are here when we can practically go to Medan and back on the same day.

Today I received important visitors from Tangsé, Bireuen, Sigli, Lhok Seumawè and Kuta Radja. I have scheduled an all day and all night lectures and discussions for them, in order that they can go back tomorrow and to be able to work independently in their respective areas.

(MARCH 22, 1978)

Five meritorious members of the NLF who have been staying in their homes" towns arrived today and requested to be allowed to stay with me in the mountain on the ground that they are no longer safe in the countryside. These are members who had helped the troops who got separated from the Army Commander several months ago. I was not convinced about their story. I suspected they simply liked the excitement of the mountain headquarters where therewere so much coming and going and they did not know how hard it can be at times. I asked Army Commander Daud Husin to persuade the men to go home. He failed to discourage them, so we have to accept them which means more people in the camp, more difficult to move, impossible to hide, more mouths to feed, a potential danger that is building up everyday. Also I do not like the ease the way the men can arrive to the camp, just like that. How that has happened? Usually all the trips to the camp of the invited visitors had to be planned ahead of time. But the five men arrived on their own. when questioned about how they knew that we were here, their answers were: everybody knew in the country where the Tengku was! I entertained some broading uneasiness. Not that I had any suspicions about the loyalty of the men. But about how news got around in the countryside about my whereabout, which is of more than cursory interest to the enemy.

(MARCH 23, 1978)

The people of Blang Malo gave their hearts for us. Men, women, young and old, think of nothing else but how to make our stay in

their area most agreeable. They sent us plenty of food. The women baked all sorts of cakes and pies. Anything we desire will be brought in right away. Now came the fervent request: they want to came to see the Tengku. Men and women. The men said, women should not go to the hills. Did not we work as much as the men? - the women replied. The question is,if we let this sort of thing happened, how can we keep it secret from the ears of the enemy? "Tell them I will come to visit each one of them in their houses in Blang Malo after we win, but not now," I said. But they insist! They simply are unable to see the danger. And our District Head of Blang Malo had to agree to the visit. So I have to receive the people's visit tomorrow. The numbers are limited to 50, 40 men, 10 women; leaders only.

(MARCH 24, 1978)

For security reasons - at this point it is a bit silly to talk about it - it was decided, nevertheless, not to bring the people to the camp proper, but that I will receive them about one mile down hill, on the bank of a brook there. A little ceremony was prepared to welcome them, including raising of the flag. When they arrived they passedthrough a long line line of honor guards, then shaked hands with the members of the Central Committee of the NLF present, and finally with me. As they kissed my hand, I embraced them one by one. By that time everyone is already weeping because they say they feel very sad to see me live in the forests - what are their houses for?

I gave a short speech to the visitors. The essence of my remarks was that we were continuing the struggle of our fathers to get back our independence. What I did here in the forests with the comradesin-arms was as important as what they are doing in the countryside. We couldnot stay in the forests without them staying in the villages doing what they were doing. It was very important to know who were "us" and who were "them" - the enemy, the Javanese-indonesian invaders. We had to watch out for any Achehnese who had made himself the agent of the invaders. Our struggle will be long, but remember our forefathers had done it longer - for 100 years! Surely we will not take that long, but even if it takes that long we will do it just the same, to continue the struggle of our fathers.

When the time to leave arrived there came the inevitable secret request, by a whisper, from the spokesman o£ the group: "We have a request to make, for the water the Tengku has used to wash his hands." That was the most precious gift they could bring home, they thought. It had always been like that for hundreds of years. My practiced aide brought soap and water and a clean towel. I washed my hands with soap and water while my aide poured the water. After I dried my hands with the clean towel, I dipped my index finger into the bowl full of water that had been prepared, just to touch it. It was simply a symbolic gesture. "That was the water the Tengku had washed his hands with". My people believed that that water can now cured their illnesses. In fact that was my people's way of saying that they had complete trust and confidence in their leader in all matters, public and private, political and moral,and that they would

go to the end of the earth or of life with him. That was a way of identification, a symbolic trust through the life-sustaining water that is ever presence, cheap, and made dear and holy through mutual esteem, by the giver and the taker. That summed up my relations with my people. Just as I am willing to die for them, they are willing to die for me, even first. The will to love is also to be willing to die. It has been like that for centuries before between my people and my fathers. Today, in the mountain forests of Blang Malo, we reenact that ancient rituals like our forefathers did before us.

(MARCH 25, 1978)

Early in the afternoon I received a very bad news that Zakaria Saman had been arrested that morning by the enemy soldiers and he had been taken to the enemy garrison in Tangsé for interrogation. He was arrested while in his own house in Blang Malo. Now Zakaria is a very vital personality for our liaison in Blang Malo area. We depend on him a great deal to organize supplies and other communications. He is very knowledgable about mountain roads as well as about personalities in his area. It was largely on the reliability of his contacts that we had moved here. Now he is arrested by the enemy. There is no way to find out right now what the enemy has discovered about Zakaria's activities for the NLF, or what the enemy has been able to get from him, since his arrest. And above all we must know who betrayed him or what leads to his arrest. If the enemy knew it, Zakaria is a big catch for him. Also Zakaria's arrest has dangerous immediate consequences. His second, third and fourth in command in Blang Malo had panicked and gone into hiding. That means our entire communication lines with Blang Malo are cut, although we have other reserves. And our camp might be in danger also because it takes less than one hour to reach here from the enemy garrison if he knew where we were. Therefore, our security move is to stop all communications through Blang Malo right away. No one should take the Blang Malo road to arrive in our camp anymore. Such traffic must be diverted to Beungga, further down, or to Tangsé, farther up, or Ulèe Glé,the town between Tangsé and Blang Malo. Also food supply must be prepared in Tangsé area. Everything must be packed in order to be able to move on short notice, although the decision to move has not yet been taken today.

(MARCH 26, 1978)

At about 5 PM today, after one night being kept under arrest and interrogated in Tangsé, Zakaria escaped from enemy detention! It was a very narrow escape indeed. The enemy was to take him to Sigli the seat of the enemy's district command. To go to Sigli from Tangsé one must pass through Blang Malo. Somehow Zakaria managed to persuade his captors to stop their car for a few minutes in front of his house on the side of the road to Sigli in Blang Malo with the excuse to take some clothes with him. They allowed him to do so. After he entered his house from the front door, he immediately made his exit through the back door and run as quick as he can to the forest behind the back lawn of his house. The enemy troops who

followed him closely shot at him with bursts of automatic rifles but he. was not hit and made good his escape. we do not know yet where is he now, because he cannot possibly come up here because his house is on the other side of the highway. To come here he would have to cross the highway that by now must be guarded by the enemy. we think we know where he will go for shelter on the other side of the highway. While his escape is the best news for us, but it brings some immediate dangers as well. Since the enemy knows where Zakaria' s timberland is, where he has camping facilities for his workers, it would be logical to search for him there in the first place. And if the enemy did so, of course, he would be coming right over us. There-fore, our position here in Blang Malo becomes very untenable. we decide to move tomorrow to Tangse region. It will be to Alue Dodok,the place we had already prepared just for such emergency.

Meanwhile this is a national holiday commemorating the BATTLE OF ANEUK GALONG that took place on March 26, 1896. We celebrate it with a flag-raising ceremony. For the story of the Battle o£ Aneuk Galong please refer to last year's anniversary on page 52 of this book.

(MARCH 27, 1978)

We leave the Blang Malo Camp at 7 o'clock in the morning toward Southern direction, to the higher ground. It involved immediate climbing. we estimate that we will arrive at Alue Dodok at about 6 PM. The route is not as difficult as the one between Alue Seupot and Blang Malo Camp. After a few hours of climbing we found flat tops of the ridges on which we can walk very fast without getting tired too quickly. After stopping for lunch and rest at 12 o'clock, we continue our march. Along the ridge we found some traces of enemy soldiers'footprints, may be about two weeks old. So we know we have to be careful. Men are advised not to talk while walking. Also not to smoke because the smell of tobacco can reach miles in the forest. At about 6 PM we reached the spot that had been chosen by the District Head of Tangse who is accompanying us. We decide not to establish the camp too close to the Alue Dodok but about a mile from the water's edge and not visible from the Alue. We knew that the enemy follows the Alue. We are very tired to do anything anymore today, so we decide to just rest and to begin establishing the camp tomorrow.

(MARCH 28, 1978)

This is the first time the men built the camp in the form of a long house, following the configuration of the terrain, enough to accomodate about 120 people. That is a lot of people in the forest to care for. This is the first time also we moved this far South from Tiro and Pidie Region. Before, all the water from the Alue and the rivers we were using went down to the Malacca Straits on the Northern side of Sumatra. The water from Alue Dodok will go to Tangse river that will join the Teunom river discharging to the Indian Ocean on the Southern side of Sumatra.' Now we are about in the middle of the central highland of the Sumatran mountain range, one of the most impressive in the world. Also we notice the temperature is considerably cooler here than what we have been use to.

(MARCH 29, 1978)

Today we received new permanent members for the camp, some came from East Acheh, North Acheh, and Pasè (Lhok Seumawè). Among those from Pasè was Asgadi who resigned his job at Mobil Oil Company in Aron gas field LNG plant to join us. Also Sjahbuddin, a school teacher from Peusangan (North Acheh) who resigned his post in order to become active in the NLF. "I have been teaching the wrong things to the children, all thosa indonesian nonsense," he said. "Now I want to teach them the right things but I cannot do that in indonesian schools." Asgadi was arrested once by the Javanese, jailed and tortured in Lhok Seumawe prison without any judicial process whatever. He was betrayed to the Javanese-indonesian regime by an American manager of Bechtel, the American construction company. In Lhok Seumawè prison he was tortured by the Javanese interrogators with electric shocks until he lost consciousness several times. They also used razor blades to cut his face and body and then they squeezed lemon juice on his wounds. The Javanese are true Oriental artists of torture chambers. They also put the legs of their chairs on his toenails while the pot-bellied fat Javanese pigs sit on the chairs. He managed to escape from Lhok Seumawe jail and from there we took him to Sigli and from there brought him here. Asgadi is a handsome fellow with fair skin, aqualine nose, about 31, and could pass for a Mediterranean, as many Achehnese are. He writes beautiful poetry. Later I appoint him as Secretary General of the Ministry of Information.

(MARCH 30, 1978)

Today Zakaria shows up in Alue Dodok Camp. We are certainly very pleased to see him back. After his escape, he had gone for a few days of rest in Beungga district, just as we had thought, because he could not come to join us in Blang Malo Camp right away. The enemy did not torture him yet while in captivity in Tangsé, but he certainly got a feeling that they have something in mind for him once they have brought him to Sigli. He decided to escape while there was a chance, even if he might get shot. But the enemy has not gotten anything of value from him. I know Zakaria is a strong character, very able and loyal. But I did not know that he is also wily, decisive and possessed extraordinary courage. He will do something if he said so. He has already proven himself to be a formidable cadre.

(MARCH 31, 1978)

Our security situation is worsening because of the probability of stoppage of supply from Blang Malo due to the enemy' s build up of strength there. They must be up for something. In the meantime the Tangsé supply line has not worked out sufficiently well. And this is a new untested area for us. And there has not been adequate preparation to mobilize it because of the unexpected turn of events. Because Blang Malo has become a hot spot since Zakaria's escape, and also the escapes of other Blang Malo prominent citizens, we can no longer depend on the supplies from Blang Malo for the time being. Therefore, we decide to move closer to Tangse, near the other branch of Alue Dodok, about half-a-day walk from here to the Southeast.

(APRIL 1, 1978)

Today we move to the Second Alue Dodok Camp that had already been prepared. It was right on the bank of a small branch of Alue Dodok but very well hidden. Alue Dodok has many branches like that, and we can guard our camp by establishing guard posts downstream about two miles where the water of our spring joins the Alue Dodok proper. The Alue is strewn with big rocks averaging in diameters from 10 to 15 feet, forming natural barricades. Our camp is well laid out with three rows of "buildings" making a "U" shape, with the square in the middle serving as a plaza with a flagpole at the centre. In no time the men had decorated the square with wild flowers and arranged stone pebbles in floral designs. From here there is only three hour walking distance to the nearest village of Tangsé, the Neubok Badeuk (Hippo Garden).

When the first group of our supply people came back from taking provisions to Tangsé, they reported that the enemy had strengthened his occupation forces in Tangsé and had put troops or agents in every village to watch out for our people's activities. Conditions are extremely difficult, especially because we have no one with us who came' from Tangsé proper. There was not enough time to organize for that. we decide to send separate groups to separate villages to pick up provisions. That way the chances are that if one group failed, the other might succeed. In any case the villages in Tangsé dis-trict are so far apart from one another that it was extremely difficult to visit more than one at a time. So we send teams to Neubok Badeuek, Pulo Meuseudjid, Putjok Kawa, Ulèe Glé, etc. These are well known names from the history books of the guerilla war against the Dutch. My grandfather, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, and my uncle, Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, are laid buried side by side in Pulo Meuseudjid, Tangse. I have told Army Commander Daud Husin and others that if I died here to bury me near my grandfather and uncle at Pulo Meuseudjid.

(APRIL 2, 1978)

Out of five places visited by our teams they managed to get supplies only from two places. This sort of thing has never happened before. The enemy had cordoned off the villages with his troops. We begin to ration the food and eat only twice a day:breakfast and dinner. There are telltale evidence also that the enemy might hale known of our presence in this area. He begins to make cautious probing patrols towards the direction of Alue Dodok.

(APRIL 4, 1978)

Our food situation is getting very grave. To extend our existing supply, we decide to make do for breakfast with a plate of porridge for each man and eat full rice meal only once a day at dinner time. To make a plate of porridge you need only half of the quantity of the rice you need to make one plate of normal boiled rice, and you can even reduced that to much less if you thinned out the porridge. An important *Geutjhik* suggested to me that it was better to reduce

the number of people in the camp; he proposed to take one-thirds of the men to his area while the route is still open. In any event it is more dangerous to move in large group as we are. It seems that the enemy intends to seal the areas around us, blockaded us over here, starved us, and then attacked us. The Geutjhik had a good idea, but I reject it for fear that it might lead to dispersal of my men, and subjecting them to too many unknown possibilities that might have adverse effects to our movement's overall policy,tactics and images. I decide that no matter what happens now we must stay together.

(APRIL 5, 1978)

We receive report from Tangsé that the enemy will go to Alue Dodok area tomorrow to search for us. After a meeting we decide to move out to a higher ground right away today. After an incredible march of about three hours upstream, sometime we have to crawl through little openings between undergrowth because the forest is so thick here and it is impossible to clear them, nor is it wise to do so as we could leave our trace to the pursuers. We decide to make only a temporary camp on a high ground, surrounded by big rocks, ideal barricades. There is a very small spring below that can provide just enough water for us. As we do not plan for a regular camp, we just clear the ground, lay plastic mats and sleep over them with makeshift plastic roofs over our heads, and stay on the ready for a fight at all time. That way in a few hours we are "at home" again, and all normal activities and works resumed, as if nothing happened. Today is the final examination day for those who have been taking a para-medic courses given by Dr. Zaini and Dr. Husaini. In the afternoon the men take their tests - as if nothing had happened. We all have gotten use to work under pressure.

That day a big *banèng* (mountain turtle) walked into our camp and was captured and slaughtered immediately - in the name of God as prescribed in Islam - for food. We have eaten mountain turtle meat before. They are better than the best of beefsteaks. I know what I am talking. I was also involved in international cattle industry in the United States before. I know all about "designing", "marbeling", "tenderizing" of animal flesh through genetic control and what have you. But none of these products can match the deliciousness of the meat of the mountain turtle of Acheh. The *Chef* made a sumptuous turtle soup to celebrate the graduation of the "guerilla doctors"

(APRIL 6, 1978)

To supplement our dwindling food supply we send one team to Blang Malo, and one team to Beungga today to fetch some food and to gather intelligence about enemy movements. It will take one day to go down and one day to come back for both teams. They are ordered to come back tomorrow without fail.

(APRIL 7, 1978)

This morning we have a send-off party to a newly - graduated "guerilla doctor" Ahmad Gani (35) who has been appointed by the Mi-

nister of Health, Dr. Zaini Abdullah, to become the medical officer at the Blang Manè Camp. Ahmad Gani is one of our senior activists who joined me the moment I landed in Acheh, on October 30, 1976. I had never known him before that in my life. I remembered he cried when he first saw the Achehnese flag and the Coat-of-Arms that I brought back. He is a soft-spoken, handsome young man, with wavy black hairs and great charm. When the enemy attacked our camp at Panton Meusdjid, he was lost, alone in the forests. First we had given him up for dead. But he survived the ordeal. Being a man from Pasi Lhok, that is, sea-faring people, he did not know much about mountains and forests. He was lost for seven days and survived by eating the tips of wild grass. In his wandering he stumbled to the village of Truseb in the Tiro Region. That of course saved his life. Our people in Truseb took care of him and they even fetched his wife in Pasi Lhok to reunite with him. After his recovery, even his wife told Ahmad Gani to return to the mountains again to continue the struggle. But there is something this morning that Ahmad Gani said: he had a strange feeling, somewhat eerie, a sort of numbness and lightness in him, the sense of floating, weightlessness and blankness in his mind that never happened to him before. It can be a foreboding or something. The feeling was so strong that he became aware of it. He will go down to his new post in Blang Manè today (five days walk) with a party of five, including Sayed Amin and Pawang Brahim. We say goodbye at about 9 AM. As I had written earlier we execute all plans that had been made, under any, situation, without changing anything, as long as we are alive to do it!

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, our men at the guardpost reported hearing the sound of gunfire from the Northwesterly direction, the road taken by Ahmad Gani's party. We are worried but there is nothing we can do. All Achehnese believed and accepted that all men and women will die only at the time Allah has decided for him or for her to die, not one day later or earlier. Nothing can be done to change that. At about 6 PM Sayed Amin, Pawang Brahim, Hasballah Tiba and Mat Usuh Truseb returned to report that they were ambushed by the enemy troops on their way down and that Ahmad Gani was dead.

With heavy heart, we immediately go to wash our hands, faces, feet, arms, ears, hairs, all clean, as prescribed, to do the "*Seumayang Gaéb*" (that is the Prayer for the dead in absence)for our lost comrade, Ahmad Gani. We also decide to send a group tomorrow morning to find his body and to give him a proper burial. We shall call the mountain where he fell, Ahmad Gani mountain, from now on. Geutjhik Uma, who knew Ahmad Gani well, made a little speech in which he said: "We must go to find Ahmad Gani's body to give him. a proper burial even if we ourselves be killed while doing that tomorrow. If we did not do at least that, then we are absurd." That was a great utterance, said in time of very great danger, by a true Achehnese!

Later at night the two parties we sent to Blang Malo and to Beungga returned. They managed to bring back some new supplies but they also brought back these reports: the enemy knew we are here and is preparing to pin us.down here by blockading every exit route from this area, by denying us food, and finally by coming to attack us in camp; The highway that separates us from the Northern region is being guarded day and night to prevent our crossing. If we can-

not get food from Tangsé, Blang Malo or Beungga, there are nowhere else to retreat from here. on the back of us on all directions are high mountain ranges without population and without food supply .The longer we are here the more precarious is our situation. Also the team from Beungga heard that our Army Commander Daud Husin and the troops are on their way to come here and had crossed the highway in Beungga area last night. This is a very good news. As I mentioned earlier Army Commander Daud Husin and our troops are always onthe move doing their own military duties attacking enemy communication lines, destroying his economic resources, attacking the enemy posts that are obnoxious to us, and showing the flag in enemy controlled territories. The places that our civilian activists cannot penetrate peacefully are penetrated by our troops by force. During all these moving since Alue Seupot I was without troops and guarded only by my personal guards. You can see the weapons are not used to guard me for my personal safety but the tools to do the revolutionary works all over the country. It is in the nature of men to be easily convinced by armed might than by arguments or ideology. From my personal experience I know you cannot make revolution with ideology alone without guns. The reverse is also true - but only the sage knows that. The people not understand it.

I call a meeting of Pawang to decide our move. Commandant Rashid suggested that we should move to Geumpang, his home district and he knows the way. It will take about four days to arrive at our base there, and we have enough food for the journey if we moved right away. He suggested we take the route through the Mount Singgahmata, on the Southside of the town of Tangse, thus by passing all enemy's prepared traps, and from there we proceed to the East via Alue Shot (remember the Battle of Alue Bhot, 1911). From Alue Bhot we will cross to Geumpang district where we have a strong organization. That proposal is unassailable. The other alternative is to do the obvious: simply to fall back to Tiro Region where I have no doubt about anything. If we managed to cross the highway which is now enemy's fortified line, we will be saved already even if not absolutely. Also if something real bad happened most of my men will be able to find their way home in this area, but not in Geumpang region. I am haunted by the fear that given our numbers about 120 men, anywhere we go in the forests, especially under the present rainy condition, we will leave such a trace that is impossible to avoid detection. If the enemy found our trace, it will be a massacre. We cannot effectively fight while our men are suffering from hunger. My aim is to end this state of vulnerability as soon as possible.

Therefore I decide to return to Tiro mountain. Even to do this, it is Commandant Rashid who knows the best way. I have to rely on his sure knowledge of our mountains. Before, he was the hunter of tigers. His forefathers were comrades-in-arms also with mine,just like most everyone here. We decide to leave the day after tomorrow, hoping that by some miraculous ways Army Commander Daud Husin and the troops will be with us by tomorrow. If they did not arrive by then we will have to leave anyhow.

Late tonight, at about 2 AM, we are all awakened by an incredibly strong delicious smell of roasted meat carried by the wind tunnels of the spring. In the thick tropical forests the springs and brooks become the arteries through which the wind moved unhindered.

Such smell can be carried by the spring wind very far away. Hungry as we are, we wonder who are roasting meat at such late night hours in the forests and where are they, and who are they. They can even be the enemy soldiers. Someone suggested it must be Army Commander Daud Husin and our troops announcing their arrival. Everyone fall back to sleep with that nice smell and happy thought but very empty stomach.

(APRIL 8, 1978)

This morning we are making preparation for departure tomorrow. For breakfast we have only a plate of liquid porridge. It has been like that for a few days already. At about 10 AM we heard the mon keys from far away making special sounds that go something like this:"Do-di-dom...do-di-dom", and they are being answered in the same tunes by a chorus of other monkeys. By now we have learned to share some meaningful signs of communications with our fellow forest dwellers. That sound means someones unknown are approaching - be careful! Some of our men said that must be Army Commander' s party approaching from Western direction. But, it could also be the enemy. So we are prepared, while hoping for the best!

At about 12 o'clock midday, Army Commander Daud Husin and the troops arrived at the camp from Western direction. So the monkeys' sign was perfect. They brought some food for us including barbecued deer meats they shot yesterday on the way here and they roasted on the road last night! We have not seen them for sometime. At such occasion men embraced each others and tears are coming out from everyone's eyes. Such brotherhood among the comrades-in-arms is the guarantee of our success in this struggle. The men know exactly what they are doing, why they are doing it, and are ready to die for it.

Army Commander Daud reported to me that they had a gun battle with the enemy when they crossed the highway the night before in Beungga area. That means the enemy is reassured about our presence on this side of the mountains. That means also that we are in more precarious situation than we thought earlier. But we are very happy to know to be able to move with the troops with us. There may be a fight but no more chance for a slaughter. The enemy soldiers are no heroes: they are mercenaries for a few rupees per month. They go into soldiering to earn' a living but never to die for a cause. They would fire a few shots but if they heard return fires they will run away very fast. They are no match for our troops.

(APRIL 9, 1978)

Today at 8 AM we departed from Camp Alue Dodok III. Our objective is to cross the highway at a point between Beungga and Blang halo. That means we have to go Northwest, bypassing Blang Malo on the right. The order of the march is as follows: advanced guards under command of Commandant Rashid who is also the Pawang; rear guards under command of Geutjhik Uma; the center guards - my personal guards - now under command of Army Commander Daud Husin. Strict order has been given to the men not to talk while marching, not to

smoke, and the rear guards to erase our footprints as much as possible. That is, in fact, an impossible task especially in the rainy season as it is now. That makes our rear guards the most likely targets for the enemy. We try to walk in the springs or in the rivers if possible to reduce the likelihood of leaving traces. We stop for lunch at 1 o'clock. Lunch is the only solid food we have for the day. We had porridge for breakfast and will have porridge for dinner. So the pangs of hunger is already with us. We reached the nightfall without incident somewhere in the hilly forests tothe South of Blang Malo.

(APRIL 10, 1978)

We begin our second day of march with breakfast of porridge. The inadequacy of food began to show on the men. It is indeed a very hard work to climb mountains especially when everyone has to carry very heavy loads: everyone has a big bundle to carry; the' most conspicuous are radio transmitter, office machines, documents, food supplies, etc. We should have left all that in a mountain bunker somewhere, I thought. It is too late now. We stopped for lunch at about 12 o'clock. Now we are already near the place we picked up to cross the highway. Some of our men have relatives' in the coffee plantations nearby. We decide to send them to the village to get food and intelligence. If everything is allright we can descend tonight straight Northward and cross the highway. We send Geutjhik Sjamaun, Mahmud Barat, and a party to the village. When they get there they find out that the village has been occupied by the enemy, they do not manage to get any food and have to engage in gun battle with the enemy soldiers to come back here. That means we have to find a new place to cross over, and that we must move away from that place as soon as possible.

At about 6 PM we reached Krueng Beungga (Beungga River) and we walk along its bank for a while until it becomes dark and we cannot walk anymore. It would have been well to stop and stay overnight right there. But just at that time someone said that he knew there were plantations above the cliffs on the West side of the river where we can get food and fruits. Because everyone is so hungry and have not.had enough to eat for days, no one can stop`, the' men from climbing to the cliffs. Unluckily that cliffs turned out to be so high and so steep. The hearsay information about the cliffs was wrong. We have to literally crawl upward almost vertically when we reached the upper part of it. What was thought to be few feet of climbing turned out to be 1000 feet. And by the time we reached the top it was already dark. There are indeed plantations up there with bananas, papayas, corns and other fruits. Also some empty houses. Only one house was inhabited by an old woman with her grandchildren who turned out to be relatives of Geutjhik Sjamaun. She said that the place was visited by the enemy soldiers everyday. But the moment they saw the fruit trees, the men became uncontrollable. Everyone is using his flashlights to search the bananas and the papayas .to eat. There was no time to stop them. Why not everyone thinks twice before using his flashlights, after all those warnings? A crowd is always a crowd. Men and animals will always need shepherds or they will destroy themselves. That cliffs happens to be visible to the

enemy garrison in the town of Beungga. The garrison can even be seen during day time from the cliffs. So it looks that we have announced our arrival and whereabout to the enemy by ourselves. But there is nothing to do for the night except to go to sleep anywhere possible. Some of the men were left in the river below too tired to climb. Some had just slept in the middle of the cliffs where they found a hole on the cliffside large enough to lay down. It was an un-acceptable disarray. Imagine if the enemy had come to attack us.

I sleep in an empty but and everyone sleeps under and around that hut.

(APRIL 11, 1978)

We get up at 6 AM and collect the men and move them out of that open space into the nearest forest to.the West. The woman relative of Geutjhik Sjamaun gave him 5 kg of rice and tearfully asked him to leave the-place because the enemy soldiers come there everyday. As'we are moving out from that cliff I can see by binoculars that enemy soldiers are coming out from their barrack toward our direction although it may take them several hours to arrive.

From the Beungga cliff we go to the Westerly direction into the primeval forests again. After three hours of marching and we think we have reasonably concealed our traces, we decide to take a rest on the bank of Alue Beureunè (Rice Cracker Spring) and to cook the 5 kg rice of Geutjhik Sjamaun to make porridge for everyone. We have not had anything to eat since yesterday. we have already found out that coffee and sugar are very good to have around to keep us awake and alert. There is no lack of coffee in Beungga because it is the main coffee producing area of Acheh.

As the men spread over the clean, pebbles of the Alue Beureunè, and enjoying the crystal clear water, I sit on the rear end of the party shaving, as I had not done it for several days. I said to myself, this is a battle time. If I died I want to look proper. Just at that time I felt I would like to give order to the men to move out from where they are sitting to the other bank of the Alue, and to move away all the luggages from the bank of the spring. Because the way it is, everything is so expose. Somehow I refrain from giving that order because I do not want to give the impression that I am jittery. So I kept quiet against my better judgment. That was terribly wrong on my side. After shaving I put my razor blade back into my bag and I turn my face to where Geutjhik Uma was sitting who never relax in doing his duty. Just at that time, Geutjhik Uma jumps up from his seat and motions to me with his hand to move away, aims his gun and fire' He saw enemy soldiers coming downhill toward us, before they see him. His first shot make them running for cover and that few moments saved the lives of many of us. After that then there are barrages of explosions coming out from both directions. All my men managed to withdraw to the West bank of the spring but they left everything behind: the transmitter, the radios, the tape-recorders, the typewriters, the office machines and several thousand rounds of ammunitions. I climbed to the West bank also, followed by Geutjhik Uma who stays close next to me. I took cover behind a tree trunk to look at the enemy but I couldnot see him. I fired a few shots with my revolver toward the enemy anyhow. After 15 minutes

of exchange of fires the reports died down. We waited for another 15 minutes laying on the ground waiting for the enemy to advance. They did not advance. I thought about asking my men to go back to the spring to pick up the transmitter and other items they left behind. Then I decide against doing it. Let everything be lost. We can replace the materiel easily. It is more important to save my men. I cannot really risk a battle under our condition: our men can not fight properly while they are hungry. With the lost of our porridge today, the men have not eaten anything for two days while climbing, descending and fighting. And I do not know when we will be able to get food now. To begin with, we are very far from any village. And nearby villages are under enemy occupation. After a short rest we proceed to Northwesterly direction following the ridge of this moun tain, climbing higher and higher. At nightfall we camped on the ground. I call in Commandant Rashid to give him his final order: to lead the column through the shortest route to a point where we can cross the highway to go to Tiro mountains to return to Alue Bambang Camp without being detected by the enemy. That is an impossible order!

(APRIL 12, 1978)

Commandant Rashid decides to cross between Beungga and Glé Meu linteueng, far to the West from the place we had originally planned to cross before the Alue Beureunè incident. That is why we keep marching Westward. Today we march all day with empty stomach until 3 PM and decide to camp on such high ridge, from which I can see the entire province of Pidie in one glance. The spectacular picture is framed, on the West side, by the mighty and high Mount Seulawah, in dark blue color, as if rising from the sea, whose peak is shrouded always by silvery clouds; and on the East side by the receding land mass of Sumatra. It is in resplendent colors of green, dark green, blue and dark blue, cross-crossed by silver stripes which represent the crystal clear waters of the rivers as they reflect the sun light. It is breath-taking. I can see the Tiro River on the right, to the East, and the Krueng Baro (Baro River) on the left, to the West. It was in the land between these two rivers the history of my family has been originated. All my ancestors have been born, lived, and died, and lay buried in the land between these two rivers - with some important exceptions on account of the war with foreign invaders. My great grandfather and his first son were buried one next to the other in Great Acheh province, on the bank of the Acheh River, in Mureue. They both died there while leading the war against the Dutch invaders of our country. My grandfather and my uncle died in the battlefields of that long war also and were buried one next to the other in Tangsé. My grandmother who also died in the battlefield was buried in Geumpang. The other three brothers of my grandfathers who all died in the battlefields, one was buried in Geumpang, one in Mount Alimon, and only one in the family burial ground in Tiro, at the Tjot Rheum Hill. All other ancestors were buried between these two rivers. From this height I can touch with my eyes the graves of my mother, my father, my brother,my sister, and other relatives on the West bank of the Tiro River. I can also almost see the grave of my great great grandfather on the East bank of Krueng Baro, in Klibeuet. And I can see many places in

between, where I have many memories. I can see the place where .I was born in the house my father built in Tandjong Bungong (Cape Flower) but my birth place no longer exist, burned to the ground by the Javanese-indonesian invaders when my people revolted against them in 1953, when I was not even home. But somehow foreign invaders always took their revenge against the members of my family,even against my house when anything happened in Acheh against them. I wish I still have the house my father built to show to my son. The Javanese invaders are determined to destroy everything good and great in Acheh so that Achehnese has nothing to show to his son about the greatness of his past. I want to die on my own land and to be buried close to my ancestors in the beautiful land where I was born in-between these two rivers. I want to return to this mountain again and again.

Since we arrived here relatively early in the day, several brave men have come forward to ask permission to go down to the nearest village in Keumala Dalam, very far downhill, to try to get some food for us. They think they can come back late in the evening or tomorrow early in the morning. They know the area, and they know the contacts. I give them permission to-do so. Five men go down. They are well armed. They are ordered not to shoot unless they have to, in order not to jeopardize our planned crossing.

It was rained later that night very heavily. We are lucky, otherwise we would have no water to drink and to clean ourselves. The men dig holes on the ground and put plastic tissues in the bottoms of the holes and then channelled the water from the roofs of the tents to the holes making several instant pools. We make coffee from the rainwater and we keep them for several days supply of drinking water. Although everyone is hungry, all slept well out of exhaustion.

(APRIL 13) 1978)

At about 8 AM the party of five that went down yesterday to find food came back with good news, that is, they managed to get some 15 kg of rice, some sugar and coffee. That will be used to make porrid ge or soup for a few days. At least the men will have something in their stomach. We decide to, have some porridge first before we move on. The bad news: the enemy is bracing for us all along the highway. Even the village the men just visited was occupied. But as it happens just now, *we always can find a way to puncture that occupation!*

After everyone has a plate of porridge and a cup of coffee - that was a very great treat for us under our circumstance - we begin to descend toward the direction of the highway, to position ourselves close to it by nightfall, and to cross it under cover of darkness . We now march to the North. We stop for "lunch" at 1 PM. Everyone receives a plate of watery porridge. Even for that we are thankful. We continue our march until nightfall, climbing, descending, turning, until I lost all sense of my directions. Just follow Commandant Rashid I do not know anymore where is North or South. But Commandant Rashid who never used a compass seems very sure where he is going. So no question is asked. Just go! After about 5 PM, we entered coffee plantations area, which means we are now near the

highway. That is a danger zone. We are liable to be surprised by the enemy. We have to stop and wait in an abandon plantation for darkness to fall. There are some papaya trees with fruits there. The men eat everything edible in the abandon plantation. At about 7 PM we move again, now passing one inhabited plantation after another. We have to keep silent, in order not to be known to the planters. At about 9 PM we reached a swamp about knee deep. We have just to go through it. At the end of it' on the other side is a plantation on the high ground which we have to climb. It has barbed wire fences which we have to cross quietly. After we enter the plantation, we' can see a row of houses on the Northeastern side of it,to the right of us, about 300 meters away from us, and there are people in them: we can hear them talking. But they have no idea about our presence nearby. Fortunately the land is covered by tall wild grass, so that when we sit down on the ground we are completely hidden. There is no tall trees on that plantation, only wild grass. There are dogs barking in the house. At times we get the impression that the dogs are barking at us. That can be catastrophic. We are ordered to sit down and keep silence. From that high ground we can see to the North of the plantation is a river. On the other side of that river is the highway Sigli - Tangsé that we are going to cross. Opposite the house on the other side of the river is a row of small shops with many people in it. Since we arrived there we have observed 2 cars passing. Both stopped at the shops. We suspect there might be enemy soldiers there. we wait there for one hour. For a while the danger we face made us forget our hunger. We wait and wait in silence under cover of that wild grass, two hundreds of us. All in green uniforms. The dogs keep barking.

Then come the order to move in complete silence and fast! We go straight ahead crossing the barbed wire fence without ruining it; many shirts and pants were run; then straight ahead to the edge of the river, to put ourselves as far as possible from the houses - and the dogs - then with our feet in the water, make a right turn to march in the water to conceal our footprints. We march in the water for about a mile, then we cross the river quickly. After crossing we lay down flat on the pebbles for about ten minutes to watch the highway, then, make a quick dash to cross the highway, and exactly at that point, on the other side of the highway,is a gate to the big plantation. We entered the plantation through that gate and walk quickly to put as much distance as possible between us and the highway. The plantation is full with bananas and other fruits. Just the knowledge of the availability of the bananas alone has revived the men's morale considerably although nobody think about food at such a dangerously triumphant time. We have just pulled a victory out of defeat!

It was the genius of Commandant Rashid that he can remember such details about the plantation, the crossing, the gate, and the way he executed it! No one else know where we are heading, and why we are heading to that direction, and why we are crossing the river just at that point. If we had crossed at other points we cannot go in the plantation quickly because of the high barbed wire fences all around it. The enemy motor vehicles might pass by while we are trying to negotiate the barbed wire fences. Commandant Rashid wanted us to cross just at that point to enable us to vanish from the high way swiftly. But how can he remember all that? That is why he is a *Pawang*!

We quickly moved away from the manicured part of the plantation to the less accessible part to find a place to sleep overnight. When we sit down I overheard Commandant Rashid said to the men that they can eat as much bananas as they can. Then I asked him who own this plantation? He told me. Then I have to laugh. It is own by our people.

After making the tent to sleep for the night, five of our troops went to our local contact, not far from the plantation, with the idea of getting some rice. The contact told our men that the place was not safe. There are enemy soldiers all around there, day and night. Sure enough, our troops meet enemy soldiers in the dark just outside the plantation gate when they came back. The enemy soldiers mistook our men for their comrades and exchanged good night salute. Therefore order was given to keep ourselves on guard and that tomorrow morning we must pull out at 6 AM leaving no trace.

(APRIL 14, 1978)

At 6 AM we move out of the plantation heading toward Northeastern direction to Tiro Region. I notice the negligence of my men leaving banana skins all over the place. Each man was reprimanded. We are still subject to being followed. We have just gotten a breath ing spell. Any sort of negligence can put us right back again where we were. There are some men always who need to be disciplined the hard way. I would not hesitate to do that when necessary. If the enemy knew we have moved back to the Tiro Region our advantage is lost again. There are many wild-grass plains in this area which we have to avoid because our large party is just too vulnerable in such terrains. We must always march under cover of trees. Once we are seen by the enemy there is no way we can shake him off, because we leave footprints everywhere we go. Usually it takes only 6 hours for several men to walk from Beungga to Alue Bambang Camp but the way we are walking now, clumsily, caused by hunger, it might take one week. By nightfall we arrived at Gunong (Mount) Seutui and we camp for the night there.

(APRIL 15, 1978)

We begin our march at 8 AM rather slowly and sluggishly because we are very hungry. Some men can take it better than others. Every time we pass a fruit tree you cannot stop the men from going after it. Also every time we pass edible roots the men would stop to dig them. There are some men left behind for miles while digging the roots. I can see the discipline is weakening under pressure of hunger. To be hungry is bad enough in itself. But to be hungry and to have to climb mountains at the same time is the ultimate test of endurance, and when you have to fight for your life too, the weight is considerably heavier that would make some men cracked down. These men who are with me, all joined me by their own free will. In every case, I had tried to discourage them from joining me in the mountain. They could serve our goal even better by staying in the enemy controlled territory. But, in every case, they all begged to be al-

lowed to be with me. I cannot throw them out. For 99% they did not disappoint me. The 19 who did, in every case, I had accepted them by requests of someone else and I had misgiving from the first time I saw them. Recent experience proved to me that I have not misjudged characters. Today we camp by nightfall.

(APRIL 16, 1978)

We are weaker today than yesterday. The only thing we have for breakfast was boiled water sweetened with saccharin. Saccharin has become so important in our lives because it is so light to carry. Sugar is a very heavy stuff to carry in the mountain although there is no substitute for its energy giving quality. But even if saccharin itself is no energy source, it can make other dull roots taste sweet and eatable for hungry guerillas. We climb and descend very slowly. I notice that we are passing more and more through the grasslands, an effort to make short cuts, and no longer taking the tree covered winding paths through the forests to insure security. Every time I glanced backward to see the long line of my men walking single file up or down hills, making such an easy prey to the enemy gunners, if they discovered us. I promise to myself this is the last time we march this way. Next time there will be no column permitted to march more than one dozen men at a time. we stop for afternoon rest - it is no longer for lunch - at about l o'clock under shady trees.

Just then suddenly the enemy machine gun bullets are raking the grounds all around us. We are ambushed and completely surprised. Deep in my heart I was not surprised at all and have been expecting that to happen days ago because I saw the laxity of the men on guard because of hunger. Coordination was lost because the men were too tired and weak to run around to relay orders or to make reports and the commander couldnot yell or gave orders by trumpets. And the enemy knew our location and formations. When you have lost the mobility you have lost a guerilla battle. And nothing paralyzed men like hunger. Hunger is more dangerous to the guerillas than the enemy soldiers.

Our rear guards return the enemy fire, and I finish with all the bullets in my revolver. My right leg is slightly razed by the enemy bullets. As we do not want to make a stand at the place of enemy's choosing, the return fire is for the purpose of covering the retreat of our main body. That was accomplished with some bruises and scratches. As they say "bad things come in droves", that also happens to us today. one of our platoon commander, Pang Beuransah Amin, got himself bitten by a poisonous snake just at the very moment of the enemy attack. He fainted and was left alone in the confusion of the retreat. When he wakes up he found nobody around, and because he was very hungry he decided to go home to have some food. He takes his gun which is still laying beside him and goes home. (He returns to the camp a week later with his gun).

In the confusion of the retreat, many men got separated from the main body - where I was - and they got lost in the forests. Luckily these men are from Tiro Region. All of them found their way home and are saved. At least I was vindicated in anticipating that part

of the unpleasant surprise. We managed to survive the enemy attack without any casualties. For a few hours hunger was forgotten. It comes back to us in force that night while we sleep in the pouring rains.

(APRIL 17, 1978)

Today we continue our march toward Alue Bambang Camp, to the Northeast from here. We have to pass through Puntjeuek Hills area which is famous for its pyramide-shaped peaks, one of the most difficult terrains to pass in the Tiro Region. We decide to go through it because it is a short cut to Alue Bambang which is located just beside Puntjeuek to the East. Also because of the likelihood that the enemy would not bother to go there. So we keep inching our way climbing literally step-by-step and descending step-bystep all those incredible peaks, on the average between 70 and 80 degree grades. And the forests here are so thick that the wind cannot pass through and we feel difficulty in breathing. We sleep on the Southwest side of Puntjeuek tonight.

(APRIL 18, 1978)

The wound on my right leg begins to bother me. It seems to have been infected and my foot and leg became swollen. I can no longer wear my shoe. I also begin to feel fever. I walk with a cane limping along. At about 6 PM, in the twilight, we pass over the peak of Puntjeuek Hill, about 2000 feet high rising straight up like a wall from the Tiro valley beneath. When you are on it you feel like peaking out of the attic to the country below, or more accurately like sitting on a plane's cockpit looking down. There is only a room for one man to pass the peak of Puntjeuek at a time. An irregular steps have been carved out around the peak by erosion, by winds and rains, and by mountain goats,helped by occasional guerillas who tread the Puntjeuek Hills from time to time. To go up or down that precarious steps, you had to have a firm hold on the remaining scraggy grass, none too strong, to avoid from falling down to 2000 feet below. Those who have any doubts in minds tend to ask: "Brother, why do you come here?" No one can be of much help to anyone else on Puntjeuek Hill. One must rely on himself and be his own man. I had passed that peak before, and understand the full implication. I now limp up and down feeling all the time that my leg is hurting me more and more. Puntjeuek Hill has become one of the obstacle courses to test the men of their moral and physical courage. All my men have passed it with flying colors. That night we sleep on the mountain fold just below the peak of Puntjeuek Hill.I become ill and vomit all what was left in my stomach, all night long. The smell of the blood that was coming out from my leg's wound attracts the leeches. When I wake up in the morning, there were swarms of them sucking the blood inside my wound. They have dark-brown color and when they are full with human blood that they had sucked, they looked really indistinguishable from our own flesh. They have to be pulled out one by one because their grips are so strong for such tiny creatures of about one inch long.

(APRIL 19, 1978)

We continue marching at about 9 AM. I can no longer walk because my swollen leg has become very painful. Two very strong young men from Geumpang carry me on a makeshift stretcher made from idja krong, the strong loin-cloth worn by men and women all over Southeast Asia. An advanced group has to walk in front of us to make the opening in the tangled jungle growth without cutting any branches because if we cut anything that will give telltale to our pursuers. A s I lay on my moving stretcher - not uncomfortably - I heard the sound of an airplane flying high in the sky above, must be one of those international flights to Europe from Singapore or Australia that pass over our sky. It brings back to my mind the amenities offered in the first class cabin in those planes up there that I so used to partake, and inevitably a comparison to my stretcher now down below in Puntjeuek Hill. I am not disconcerted in the least by the comparison. My Puntjeuek stretcher carried by two strong Achehnese young men is preferable to two-thousand mechanical horsepowers in an impersonal carriage going' around to nowhere. My Puntjeuek stretcher is a thousand times more desirable and more meaningful to me and would have been my first choice, as it were. I say to myself, those accomodations can be bought by anyone. But who can buy my accomodation in Puntjeuek Hill? This is priceless (It is the gift of my people. It is a great demonstration of loyalty and sacrifice - the only way of life that has any meaning to me.

We arrived at Alue Bambang Camp at about 1 o'clock. Everything is in order. There was no sign of any intruders. The flowers that were planted by Abou Baka, when we were there last time, had grown to shoulder high and with plenty of bright yellow flowers. I sigh, recalling many memories there.

I immediately send a small group to fetch some food for us in Tiro. The men are all exhausted and hungry. They have not had a square meal since Alue Dodok, that is ten days ago,and nothing at all for the last five days of climbing and descending, and two battles in-between. Considering everything we have survived and won a respite and a chance to re-organize.

The group returns at nightfall with some rice, salted fish, coffee and sugar. After the meal, the men come to life again. All the fatigues have gone, the worries over. They can have a good sleep to night. But I have my worries. From the report brought back by the group about enemy activities in the countryside, I can expect more difficulties although not unsurmountable. The enemy has put his troops in every village. Each house must be lighted all night so that anyone coming at night can be observed by the enemy agents. The people are forced to join the enemy soldiers to patrol the village at night to prevent the NLF people from coming in. Every household is forced to have a bamboo alarm, that is a hollow trunk of a bamboo with a hole on it to make it resonant when struck,like a percussion instrument. The Javanese colonialists ordered the people to strike the bamboo alarm if one of our men should come to any house, and all those who heard the alarm must do the same. Anyone who failed to do so will be severely punished. The enemy had made several false alarms just to test the people's compliance. Thus the enemy is trying to mobilize the people against the NLF.

(APRIL 20, 1978)

My most urgent need now is to get my right leg well as soon as possible, especially in view of the probability o£ having to march again soon. Dr Husaini had given me some antibiotic injections and my leg is now well-bandaged. I still cannot walk. Alue Bambang brings back the memories of Tengku Aneuk and Abou Baka. How much we have sacrificed and suffered in this struggle. And how much our forefathers had suffered too. Is it too much to want to be free and independence in the world where colonialism has been declared to be an international crime? What is the difference between white European colonialism and brown Asian Javanese colonialism? If any, the last one is worse. But this is an emotional outburst, although superficially true. The real truth is that Javanese colonialism is

still the indirect colonialism of Western democracies and their multinationals who gave all those guns to the Javanese to oppress us, for their economic interests to continue their unconscionable exploitation and pillage of our country. If we had the same weapons that have been given to the Javanese by the Western democracies we could chase the Javanese from Acheh Sumatra in no time. Javanese-in-donesian colonialism is still a continuation, a subsidiary of the old Western colonialism. Can anyone escape from making this conslusion?

(APRIL 21, 1978)

We continue to have great difficulty in getting the food supply, because of the enemy blockade. Especially that the enemy knows that we have come back to Tiro Region after the second skirmishes a few days ago. He had mobilized his forces in this region and brought in reinforcements. Also I notice for the first time many helicopter gunships are used. Where the poor Javanese got all these expensive weaponry? The United States, the Dutch, and other Western governments -democracies all! - gave them to the Javanese!

(APRIL 22, 1978)

From our look-out post at Alue Bambang we can see the enemy soldiers in the village of Blang Kedah below. The people have been chased out from that village because the enemy knows they are loyal to the liberation movement, and there is no way to prevent the people from communicating with us. All enemy efforts are futile really. Our problem is temporary. It is really a matter of readjustment and reacting to the new enemy tactics. And this made difficult because we had been away from the area for sometime and since we return abruptly we have to retrace our communication lines sane of which had been disrupted.

(APRIL 23, 1978)

I received a report that the enemy had known about our presence in Alue Bambang Camp and that the enemy,troops will attack us here on the 26 of April. Therefore we decide to move out on the 25th to Alue Kareueng (Rock Spring) about 2 hours march to the East from here. I hope by then my leg will be well again to walk with.

(APRIL 25, 1978)

Today we leave Alue Bambang at 9 AM by descending the steep ravine down below to the bank of the River Krueng Meuk. We take a great risk in walking through the river bank and to crass-cross the river several times for the sake of making shortcuts and easy walks compared with the mountain routes involving climbing high ridges

and descending deep ravines that would have taken' us all day. And the men want respite from climbing for a while. I am limping down hill with my cane. My leg still has not healed and descending steep ravine where you can use only one leg at a time with both hands holding to tree branches or trunks in order not to fall down hill, has caused a great strain on my leg that begins to feel very painful with each step I make. I begin to slow down the whole party. It seems that I cannot use my right leg anymore for now and have to use the cane to support myself even for just standing. The use of the stretcher is out of the question because of the steep ravine and there is no room for a stretcher to pass through the entangled undergrowths and close crop trees. The men realize my situation. My friend Mahmud Barat, *Chef* cum *Pawang*, comes forward to ask me to sit on his shoulders. He is such a strong fellow with sturdy legs, arms and body almost perpendicular. I hesitated for a moment at the spectacle of someone like me sitting on someone's shoulders. The men realize about my reluctance. So everybody chips in to give encouragements that I should do it, otherwise we can never reach our destination in one day, and we are in a dangerous route. Finally I agree. Mahmud Barat has indeed an incredible strength. With me perking on his shoulders he descends swiftly as if carrying nothing. After one hour of descending we reached the bank of the river. From then on it will be walking on a completely flat surface. That seems a paradise road for us. But even that flat surface is treacherous because there are slippery rocks and stones on the bottom of this river. We leave rearguards about three miles behind us to close the river traffic against possible enemy movement and the advanced guards two miles ahead of us. On the flat land we move like breeze. When we reached our destination, the Alue Kareueng, in order not to leave any footprints, because it is very close to the big river bank, we decide to go in by climbing the high rocks where the water from the Alue Kareuenq is falling into the River Krueng Meuk. That is we climb against the currents of the falling water. We all get wet naturally. To make it easier for Barat to climb, I change my position from sitting on his shoulders to hanging on his back with my arms around his strong neck. I do not believe anybody else could have carried me like he does, except the late Abou Baka perhaps. His pouring sweat is being soaked-in by my sweater and I feel it on my skin. -A thought crosses my mind that his sweat has anointed him to be my brother in-this life and hereafter. I thought of my little son Karim, whom I used to carry like that on my shoulders and on my back. I had to leave him in America with his mother in order for me to do this. A thought that always left me with grief and tears in my eyes. That is my fate. We camp about 200 meters away up hill from the mouth of the Alue Kareueng. Our protection is the camouflage. Nothing else. It is the most unexpected place to be. We camped on the ground. We know we cannot possibly stay too long there. Just to have enough time to collect some supplies and to move away again.

(APRIL 26, 1978)

At about 9 AM this morning we heard enemy helicopter gunships flying nearby, making circular flights to the West of us. In a few minutes time we heard their machine gun fires and rocket blasts. They are shelling our Alue Bambang Camp from the air, just as our intelligence reports had forwarned us. It might have been catastrophic if we had ignored the reports as sometime we did.

(APRIL 27, 1978)

Today we received enough food supply for one week. At his own request I give permission for Commandant Rashid and his group to return to Geumpang District which will take him two nights on the

road. It is comforting to know that I can provide him with the food for his journey home. His duty is beside as commander of his district also to prepare for my probable moving to his area in the near future. We have a tearful parting. I give him the entire areditfor leading us out of the recent near catastrophe.

(APRIL 28, 1978)

Today I decide to move out from Alue Kareueng and from Tiro region to Mamprèe region to the Northeast from here. My. destination is Mount Patisah, from where we can take supplies from Blang Mans, Truséb and Tjubo to the East. It will take us two to three nights on the road. When we are about to depart,my man whom I leave behind, Mahmud, comes to me to say that he has a very urgent and confidential matter to tell me. I was startled. What else he didnot tell me that he should have waited for the last minute. Maybe other disaster. I was braced for a very bad news. "So, what is it?" I asked. He whispers to my ears that his father and mother asked him to beg the Tengku to give some water the Tengku has washed his hand with. I was relieved to hear that. "How will you carry the water?", I asked. He opens his shoulder bag and there is already a bottle full of water ready for my touch and blessing. I take the bottle, opens it, and touch the water with my fingers,in the name of Allah, and a little prayer that may Allah blessed the user of this water of His and fulfil their purpose in using it. Amen.

After the familiar climbing and descending we reached the bank of the Tiro River at nightfall and prepared for immediate crossing. We crossed the river about 7 PM following our usual security pro - cedure, at Blang Sala area. We sleep overnight on the bank of the river.

(APRIL 29, 1978)

we begin our climbing from the river bank early in the morning. Now this area has become very familiar to all of us. From where we start to climb it will take 3 hours to reach the peak of Blang Sala ridge. But a mistake was made today by unexpectedly going through the most difficult climbing involving almost 90 degree grade at some

points and most certainly at the top. We have to climb through the open grassy area where there is no shade whatever. If enemy helicopters would be flying at the same time we can be mowed down. We have to crawl up slowly step by step. When we almost reach the top it is a straight and perpendicular height that we have to scale holding on to the grass and carefully planting our feet on the coarse rocks of the cliffs. If our grips on the, grass losen, or the grass roots give way, there is nothing beneath us except the deep ravine. Furthermore, if anyone fell it will be on the top of the heads of the climbing comrades behind. Once on the path there is no turning back. And the strong tropical sun is just over our heads scorching us with its hot and blinding rays.

Asgady who is ahead of me by a few steps almost falls when the pebble on which he planted his foot gives way. Luckily someone behind him uses his palm to hold Asgady's foot. All get through at a bout 2 o'clock and we rest for lunch in the shade not far from the peak of Blang Sala height.

We also make a successful experimentation with a new food today. Of course everyone knew in Acheh that we can eat the top of the trunk of certain palm called in Achehnese bak djok (djok tree) which has a very hard and harsh 'external appearance. The sap of this tree is used to produce sugar and drinks in Acheh. And its tough trunks are used for building materials. There are bak djok everywhere in the mountains. Although we have heard from our fathers that we can eat the tender part of the trunk of this palm tree, we never have the courage to try it because this is the most ferocious looking tree that you will ever see. Everything about it is hard and harsh. It so happens that there are many of them near the spot we take our rest. Some men decide to cut some of the djok trees nearby and see what they can do with it. After felling the tree dcwn, they take the soft inner upper part of it which is pure white in color and reasonably soft almost like vegetables. They cut this into small pieces, almost dicing them, and then mixes it with rice making pudding withthe aid of saccharin. It tastes delicious. The men also try to cook it as vegetable dish, and it tastes wonderful. We have found a new source of food in the forest. Eureka! After lunch we continue to walk until nightfall and sleep on the ground for the night.

(APRIL 30, 1978)

We reach the Mount Patisah area by late afternoon after marching from early morning. Because we are not sure of anything as yet, we decide just to camp on the ground, not making a permanent camp. We have to communicate with our organization in the countryside first. The place we select to camp is marvelous. It is a source of a small spring whose floor and banks composed of one long sheet of smooth rock with an open tunnel in the middle carved out bythe running water. Also there are several bathtub size pools carved out of the rocks by the running water. We made our camp around this water fountain. All around us the forests are very dense.

(MAY 1, 1978)

The first thing we do today is to dispatch several groups to es-

tablish contacts with the organization in the countryside. The people in the country still do not know for sure where we are since we moved out from Alue Dodok. I am determined to push our programs in the countryside while the enemy is busy chasing us in the mountains. Let them. We are prepared for that.

I have just realized that this is May Day - the day of the workers of the world. We cannot just let this day passed un-noticed. I would like to cultivate the sense of international solidarity in my people's minds. One of the sources of our troubles is that we have been isolated by the enemy for over 100 years from contact with the progressive peoples of the world. So after everybody has a bath in our new natural bathtubs, after dinner, and after a cup of coffee and cakes, I come to the main camp where everybody can sit together cozily and discussed with them the economic aspects of our struggle. The time has come for us to identify our enemies and possible friends. And I have to put everything in the simplest terms. Democracy that separates economic activities from politics is not true democracy; democratic rights must be extanded to economic rights - otherwise the system is not truly democratic. The workers of the world are the most principled critics of the system of economic exploitation that victimized the poors, the inarticulates, and the colonized like us. The multinational corporations that are exploiting them are also involved in exploiting us. The helicopter gunships that are hovering over your heads everyday to kill us are not made in Java. The Javanese are too stupid for that. They are made in the United States and other Western countries and being donated to the Javanese to protect the economic interests of the multinationals. This is a very short-sighted policy of the Western powers because they completely disregard our people's legitimate right to self-determination, and furthermore, foreign interests in our country can only be protected by us, and not by the Javanese invaders.

The people of Acheh think that the U. S.Government is our friend because I had lived in America for 25 years as an exile. I recalled an American sociologist, who had lived in Acheh for several years and speaks our language fluently,came to see me in New York when he returned to the US. He told me that he had to see me for curiosity because when he was in Acheh, the moment the people knew that he was an American, the first question they asked him was, "Do you know Tengku Hasan di Tiro?" . That happened everywhere he went in Acheh. Today, our people must prepare to accept the reality that the US Government is not pro-Acheh Sumatra as in the old time, but pro Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime in Java. And the US policy is to insure that Javanese colonialist regime stays in power even against our just interest, so that American company like Mobil Oil Corporation can buy and sell us in international market place as you already knew about Aron gas field and our other oil fields. Traditionally the US had always recognized the independence of the Kingdom of Acheh Sumatra. Even after the Dutch invasion of Acheh, President Ulysses S. Grant refused to recognize Dutch claim of sovereignty over Acheh, and issued instead a Proclamation of Impartial Neutrality in the war between Holland and Acheh, which was tantamount to the American re-affirmation of recognition of Achehnese independence.

(MAY 3, 1978)

Our communication lines with the countryside have now been reestablished completely. Everything has returned to normal. We have survived the latest enemy attempt to annihilate us. The "crisis" is over. You can see again that whatever happened to us in the mountains, that did nothing to slow down the progress of our movement in the countryside or the supposedly enemy controlled territory. In fact, the more the people hear the bombings, strafings, and the sounds of the battles, that turned out to be better for us; there is nothing fired the people's imagination more than the heard but unseen warfare.

After all that had happened, many leaders from the occupied territory wanted to come up to visit with me and to plan for future actions. This means that despite the enemy actions against us in the mountains, no one in the countryside is demoralized or pays any attention to them: the struggle continues. This is pure and typical Achehnese gut reaction. It has always been like that for centuries in our long history. When the Dutch invaded Acheh for the second time in 1874, their pundits of Achehnese behavior predicted early surrender and pointed out to signs of demoralization amongst the Achehnese. That war lasted for almost one hundred years and ended with the Dutch ouster from Acheh at the hands of the Achehnese for the second and the last time. No doubt the Javanese are waiting the same end.

To improve our security, we decide to make another camp, Camp Patisah ii, to the West of Camp Patisah I,separated by 3 hour walking distance. I will receive visitors only in Camp Patisah I.But I will live in Camp Patisah II. This way there will be less likelihood of leaving footprints leading to Camp Patisah II. Also in case the visitors are followed by enemy agents, we will have some measures of security. Another reason is not to have too many people in one place.

(MAY 4, 1978)

Today I had a poignant talk with two most remarkable comradesin-arms: Zakaria Hamzah and Asgady. The two came to my quarters together to ask to speak to me. That was not a very usual request from the men unless there were something urgent. As I had related earlier, Zakaria, despite his youth had been appointed Head of Ulèe Glé District because of his exceptional qualities. I had taken decision several days ago that he should return to his district as soon as possible. Asgady, a poet and a visionary among us has been appointed the Secretary General of the Ministry of Information.

They came to tell me that they both have feelings that they are not going to live more than another six months, if the guns did not arrive soon for us to fight with. They are not afraid to die but regret very deeply about having no chance to see our real independence in their own life time. They did not come to complain but to confide their true feelings. I was touched and at a lost what to say. I know they are no longer types that need pep talks. They are no longer my followers but loyal fellow-leaders. I have witnessed that transformations in many of my men. That is a great thing to

witness. I told them that everything will be done within our power - as we are - to speed up the process of building up of our military strength. That must be a join endeavor with our people, a national effort. We must not forget our fathers" decisions at so many decisive moments in our history. Today is our turn to make and to maintain that decision: we must not falter!

(MAY 5, 1978)

Today I move to Camp Patisah-II. It was built on a rocky "island" surrounded, as it were, by springs on all four directions. There are many big rocks, boulders, strewn all over the place,ideal for barricades. The "island" is on the high ground, and we have to go down to the spring below through natural rocky steps. The men have built a fountain for shower by conducting the water by means of pipes made from the barks of the trees. But whenever there are much water there are also many reptiles. The men have just killed two snakes, one very big, and the other one very small. In no time we have got use to the place and feel "at home".

(MAY 6, 1978)

There is one daily communication between Patisah-I and Patisah II. Patisah-II has no direct contact with the countryside. All mails, and food supplies come to Patisah-I, and from there transfered to Patisah-II. The messenger leaves Patisah-II every morning at 8 AM and arrives at Patisah-I at 12 PM,and return at 2 PM arriving at Patisah-II at 6 PM. Not everyone in Patisah-I knows where Patisah-II is. The way to go to Patisah-II is so tricky, even messenger sometime gets lost.

(MAY 10, 1978)

Today I go to Patisah-I to meet the party of Geutjhik Raman,the head of the Mukim (county) of Tjubo, to the East from here. He is a quiet and reflective man of about 60, a venerable old school chief of Tjubo, the mountain county that is famous as rice producing area. The people of Tjubo have suffered much, as all the people of Acheh, from the Javanese-indonesian hands. All of them have been arrested, tortured and imprisoned for being sympathetic to the NLF. When the Geutjhik comes to the camp it means plenty of food. His name has invoked a Pavlov reaction on many of, our boys in the camp. And the Geutjhik has never failed to produce. He is also a respected Pawang. Many men had told me that he is also a *keubai*, that is invulnerable to bullets, knife or swords. There is a secret science for that, my people believed. From him I know that all is well in Tjubo and beyond. The idea that Acheh must be independence again has taken root among the people and is growing by the day. This idea cannot be suppressed by guns.

(MAY 15, 1978)

Today is my duty again to go to Patisah-I to meet a delegation from Meureudu District headed by Mahmud, our activist there. I have never met him before but I have received many reports about his activities. Meureudu is a very important district to the East of Tjubo and very densely populated. It covered both mountains and sea coast. It is a vital area for communication to all parts of the country. Mahmud is about 40, personable and very intelligent. From his details reports about our movement there I can say that Meureudu District has become our unofficial liberated territory, like the whole country by this time. The people have acknowledged the Government of the State of Acheh Sumatra organized by the NLF to be their sole legitimate Government and ready to carry any order given to them. But we have refrained from ordering them to oppose the Javanese-indonesian regime openly because we are not yet able to protect them from enemy terror. In fact, under his present socio-political situation, the Javanese-indonesian enemy can no longer fight a war in Acheh Sumatra.

(MAY 20, 1978)

Our "normalcy" is lately being threatened by the great increased of enemy activities over our heads. Everyday from early in the morning enemy helicopter gunships are hovering over our camps. If we had some heavy machine guns we could shoot them down like sitting ducks. As it is, we have just to keep quiet. But we feel secured because they cannot see us anyhow. The foliage of our forest is so dense that helicopters have very limited effectiveness indeed. Even if the enemy coordinated his helicopter flights with foot soldiers movements down below that simply makes the one gives away the other.

(MAY 21, 1978)

Today is a Memorial Day for the Battle of Mount Alimon, Where my grandmother, great uncle (Tengku di Bukét) and uncle (Tengku Sjèh Saman, 18, older brother of Maat) died. The flags are raised to half-staffs in both Camp Patisah-I and Patisah-II in simple ceremonies in the morning. Also all over the liberated territories. (For the story of the Battle of Mount Alimon, please see page 69).

(May 27, 1978)

This afternoon I received a very tragic news for us. The Javanese Indonesian enemy had arrested Muhammad Taib Hasan, Head of District of Simpang Lhèe, and a colleague, Hasballah Beureuéh, on May 26. They were both tortured and after that were taken to. the hill and shot dead in public without any legal process whatever. Their bodies were taken by the people for burial in Iboih Mukim of Simpang Lhèe. This is a very great loss for our struggle. Muhammad Taib Hasan was among men who had learned so much since we started this revolutionary Renaissance of the people of Acheh. He was no longer a follower but a pioneering leader of this Revolution in his own right. His

organizational ability, courage and tact had made his district among the first liberated territory that had helped to produce other liberated territories in the country. His personality and self-confidence are such as befitting a born leader. He was arrested not in the battle but while visiting his home district. According to the reports when the enemy questioned him, he gave the enemy a lecture in Achehnese history and on Achehnese right to be free and independence. He told his Javanese captors that he was not afraid of them and made no apology for being a leading member of the NLF. May 26th will be remembered by us, by all Achehnese, to be a dark day that the Javanese colonialists will have to pay for it someday. One of the great sons of Achehnese people has left us in the line of duty in the service of the nation and Allah. He had died at the age of 35 to make Acheh alive again as a nation! *Inna lillahi wa inna ilaihi raji'un*. "We belong to Allah and we will return to Him." Today we do a Prayer for the soul of a departing brother.

(MAY 31, 1978)

Now we have a confirmed report that the enemyhelicopters'flights are indeed coordinated with his ground troops movements. The enemy is planning to conduct a large scale "search and destroy" mission to our area on June lst. I call a meeting of Pawang and our security men. Some of our men are against moving out. They want to fight. Their argument is that if we fought,the enemy will not dare to come to the mountains as eager as he is doing it now for fear of his life. If we couldnot fight large scale frontal warfare, at least we can prepare ambushes that will be very hurting for the enemy. That is plausible. However, my fear is that our tactics might jeopardize our strategy, that is, to keep this struggle as long as possible in the political stage until we have the chance to arm ourselves properly. The goal of our present military units is strictly political, not military warfare. We need our military units for reaching places we cannot otherwise go to raise the level of people"s political consciousness which we are doing very successfully. For now we cannot risk any lost of our military strength, in a tactical move, for strictly military purpose. The enemy has to react with military means because he has no other means to counter us. This is the strategy the enemy is trying to impose on us. To make this a military and not a political contest. I appreciate that constant retreat has the effect of discouraging our men and encouraging the enemy, and temporarily improving his morale. But this is why even our military men must truly understand our revolutionary strategy and tactics. We must avoid all sorts of temptations. We must hold our fire until we have created a proper condition for a protracted revolutionary warfare. People must be made to fully grasped our political theory to buttress their patriotic sentiment. Otherwise when the going is rough, enemy psychological warfare experts can disorient our people to abandon the struggle or even to turn them against us. The Javanese are clever in one thing and one thing only: in making treachery. We will begin the military phase when we have adequate weaponry to do so, and when the people are thoroughly politically conscious. We are in the middle of solving this problem now. And our security demands that we say nothing about it.

Finally everyone agree that we should move. The place chosen is back to Krueng Meuk area but on the upper side of it that we had never been there before. It will take at least three days march. We will leave tomorrow morning.

(JUNE 1, 1978)

We leave Camp Patisah-II at 6 AM and reach Patisah-I at 10 AM for rendezvous with the rest of the party. We do not stop anymore because all are ready to go. From there we proceed to South-easterly direction. Mahmud Barat acts as *Pawang*. We had been staying on the Northern slope of Mount Patisah. Therefore we have to climb first to its peak again, the way we came here before. It will be several hours of straight climbing. By two o"clock we reach the place above Blang Sala where we had lunch on our way to Mount Patisah. We decide to have our lunch there. After lunch we proceed to the East passing nearby the terrible height that we had to scale by mistake last time. About 3 miles to the East of that height there is a breath-taking cliff descending to a very large and deep ravine that ultimately reaching the bank of the Tiro River down below. To conceal our footprints alltogether to possible pursuers Mahmud Barat decides that all of us must stand separately at armed length facing the edge of the cliff and then descending into the ravine separately at different spots and walking down separately that way, and no one should step on the footprints of the men in front of him in order not to leave any trace. We will make a rendez-vous at assembling point down below, at the edge of the river, some 3 hours later. The way the ravine looked, with all sorts of poisonous little animals hanging on leaves that make our skin irritates and painful upon contacts, and the massive entangling spiders" cobweb between leaves and trees everywhere you turn your face, makes me think that there must not be any human being passing here since creation or at least since 1000 years.

We reach the Tiro River by nightfall, just a good time to cross. The advanced guards cross first to secure the bank of the river on the other side, then I cross, followed by the main body and then the rear guards. We camp on the South bank of the river. After such exhaustive march no one has any trouble falling asleep.

We get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and ready to move by 6 AM. First we have to scale the Hugob Height for at least 3 hours to reach the peak. Because of the enemy helicopters' activities we can not walk through the short cut via the grassland but we must follow the forest lines in order to be covered at all time by the shades of the trees. That means more climbings, more descendings, and more turnings. But Mahmud Barat knows every corners of this forests and mountains. Of exhaustion, tired and thirst, no one talks about any-more. These are our constant companions. Finally we reach the putjok (source) of Krueng Meuk at about 5:30 PM after blinding rains. We decide to camp there and to move to the spot we had chosen tomorrow morning.

(JUNE 2, 1978)

We wake up at 5 AM as usual and are ready to march by 6 AM. It takes two more hours to walk down the river when we arrived at our

destination. It was such unusual natural configuration of mountains there where several springs joining together into the river Krueng Meuk. The spot we pick up represents one mountain vault among many there. It is very close to the big river but invisible to anyone passing through the river because a very high ridge separates the river from the spring of our camp. There is a bigger spring to the West of us, separated from us by another high but thin ridge. Anyone who would look for us would be led to search that bigger spring which is visible from the river, and not our spring which is not visible at all. There are high ridges on all directions except from the North but it can easily be defended. We call this Camp Krueng Meuk. It is on the Northern slope of Mount Meureuseue, and to the North of our Alue Pisang Camp, but not far away.

(JUNE 3, 1978)

The work to establish the camp "buildings" begins immediately. Three buildings are built. One for my quarters on the Southside, one for everyone on the West side, and one for the kitchen on the North side, adjacent to the running water. The narrow but high ridges enclosures on all but Northern side with tall trees covering them making our camp invisible from the air or from the ground: Guard posts are located at the river entrance but invisible from it, and on all high points over the ridges. Somehow everyone gets a feeling that we are going to stay here for along time, and from the look of the place it is most secluded and invulnerable compared to any place we have had before.

(JUNE 4, 1978)

Today dispatches are sent to all points in the country to reestablish our lines of communications. Due to a certain sense of security and well being, I allow our Pang (platoon commander) Beuransah Amin, a sharp shooter, to go hunting on the grassland not far away. We are lucky. He brought back two big deers, each the size of a big bull. The men are allowed to make for themselves what please them most. Asgady was very thoughtful to prepare for me a big cut of charcoal broiled meat with just enough seasoning. It was delicious.

(JUNE 5, 1978)

Our communication is now restored with all parts of the country. From communications addressed to the Headquarters from all over Acheh we can feel the pulse of our movement. We have lost nothing since last April-May "crisis". The fact that the whole country knew that we were under fire has created a tremendous sense of sympathy for us. The fact that we have survived the ordeal makes us more formidable. The enemy, for all his expenses, gained nothing except making us more popular with our people. The enemy's insulting low brow - that what he is - propaganda campaigns trying to smear our good names has had a backlash effect against the Javanese themselves. That sort of things create the people's sense o£ outrage

against the enemy, and as a result we get more recruits. There are new recruits who reported that they decided to join the NLF after they heard Javanese officers" calling the NLF leaders (who are all established exponents of Achehnese society) "wild pigs" etc. If the leaders of the MY can be called that by the Javanese. what are other Achehnese must be in their eyes? While the Javanese enemy has not been able to touch us, his targets, the ranks and files of our movement are increasing by leaps and bounds all over the country. Our movement is a miracle of communication, history, language, culture, and national pride restored,under the points of the bayonets.

(JUNE 10, 1978)

Today we have our first outside visitors and the most welcome ones but quite in a round-about manner. At about 5 PM our inexperienced young guard at the river post - who was momentarily substituting for the regular guards - saw a stranger in green fatigue in front of the ridge looking around the approach to our camp. The stranger did not find the entrance and after looking around for a while disappeared in the forests. The young guard set off the alarm because he thought the man must be an enemy soldier. So we all went to designated strong points on the ridge, ready for battle. I was called to go uphill in such a hurry. The Army Commander, Daud Husin who was then with us had the presence of mind to question further the novice guard who reported the incident and set off the alarm. He had a hunch of something. The novice was brought uphill before us. "How was the man looked like?" - the Army Commander asked. "Tall and big!" came the answer. "What kind of uniform he was wearing?" - Army Commander asked. "Green, light green. With a piece of green cloth on his shoulder!" - the novice added. "That must be Pawang Brahim!" - said Army Commander. They must be the party from Blang Manè on their first visit here and couldnot find the entry. Where could they go? They must go to search for us at Alue Pisang Camp, not far away to the South. The Army Commander dispatched a par ty to Alue Pisang Camp to search for them.

In about two hours the search party came backwith Pawang Brahim, Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah, Sayed Amin, Njak Amat, Mat Usuh and Yahya. Because Pawang Brahim couldnot find the entry to the camp, he went to look at Alue Pisang. Now Pawang Brahim is one of the wizard of the forests. He knew how to come to our place straight from Blang Manè like he already had our street address and home numbers. But he failed to take five more steps upward from where he was standing. With their arrival we are at ease again and very glad to see them. In fact they have come to greet us and to express their joy at our escapes from the enemy attacks at Alue Beureunè and Mount Seutui. These are extraordinary group of men from Blang Manè under the leadership of Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah. Pawang Brahim is the pawang for that region and all points East. But he now has also enlarged his horizon like everyone else. Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah informed me that great progress has been made everywhere in all regions. His own District of Glumpang Lhèe, which include the town of Teupin Raya and Glumpang Munjeuk is one of our stronghold, although the enemy has garrisons in both of these towns. The enemy did not control beyond the gates of his garrisons. Such conditions prevailed all over Acheh Sumatra.

(JUNE 15, 1978)

Today a group of enemy soldiers with people from Blang Kedah forced to keep them company on a fishing expedition passed in front of our camp. They have no idea they are very close to us. The idea of attacking them and taking, their arms had crossed our minds, but the consequences of having to move again right away weigh heavier on our minds. So we let them go.

(JUNE 20, 1978)

We notice considerable enemy activities to the South and to the North of us, and frequent helicopters' flights. Today they are patrolling the area North of us, between the Tiro River and the Krueng Meuk river and they release a very heavy barrage of -gunfire for unknown reason to us.

(JUNE 25, 1978)

Today I received a sad report that last week, on, June 20, one of our men was ambushed and shot dead by the enemy. That was when we heard the heavy barrage of enemy gunfire. His name was Abdul Razak Makam. He was carrying rice for us on his shoulders and un-armed. When the enemy surprised him and demanded his surrender he replied:. *"Kamoë Atjèh Meurdéhka hana neujue meunjeurah lé Tengku."* ("We Free Achehnese are not ordered by the Tengku to surrender!") Thereupon he was shot, at point blank. He was about 25 year old.

(JUNE 27, 1978)

Today, while the enemy helicopter gunships were flying nearby, a column of enemy soldiers was seen descending from the high ridge to the West of us. They came down to the river passing some 100 meters from our post. They have radio communications with the helicopters flying above them. They went to Northwestern direction along the river without looking at our post. (Tomorrow we find the pamphlets left by them in the forests urging the members of the NLF to kill me. This reveals more of the Javanese characters than anything else. It was also an admission of their own weaknesses: they had to ask the Achehnese to do what they themselves had no ability to do.)

(JUNE 30, 1978)

Well, we passed the whole month of June in one place without incident and, by our standard, with serene tranquillity. Our men have had some time to rest after the last two months of hectic situation. Our intelligence reports said that the enemy had completely lost trace of us and he has no idea where we were. In the meantime our activities in the cities and towns are progressing without hindrance. Great progress has been made in all educational institutions, public or private. Students have taken up our cause in their own way.

(JULY 1,1978)

I have decided to begin writing a historical play, *The Drama of Achehnese History, 1873-1978*. I think we have a tremendous materials to produce such a play. No people on earth have such a dramatic history like our people, except the Greeks perhaps. This will be the first dramatization of our history then, if I lived long enough to finish it. It will not have been possible to write it without first hand experience in guerilla life as lived by our forefathers before us, as we dare to live it up now. I am grateful to God for having this unusual opportunity. And grateful for all my comrades-in-arms. Nothing would have been possible without them. And to my people, who sustained me here in the mountains at such risks to themselves. This drama, therefore, is a tribute to the old warriors as well as to the new ones, who dare to follow their ancestors' footprints. A tribute to Ben Dadeh, Asgadi, Muchtar Hasbi, Zubir Mahmud, Tengku Sjamaun, Abou Baka Badai, Mahmud Walad, Usman Ali, Muhammad Taib Hasan, Ibrahim Abdullah, Sulaiman Abdullah, Ahmad Gani, Sayed Amin, Taleb Abu Maè, Ayahwa Saleh, Tengku Hadji Ilyas Leubè, Idris Ahmad, Ismael Taleb, Abdul Razak Makam, and thousands others. I want to write a book where Achehnese present and future generations can go back to its pages and see and feel what great and free men once lived on this Land of Acheh, not even long ago, who knew they were masters here and behaved like ones. If such a book had existed in 1945, it would have changed the history of Acheh from what it is today. Maybe if that book exists today, in 1978, this country will be free again before the end of this century!

(JULY 2, 1978)

From yesterday, today, and everyday from now on until I finish it, I will be writing *The Drama of Achehnese History*, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, utilizing the sunlight hours, the only light available to me in the forests, to try to finish the play as soon as possible, while I am still a live. This is a mini-race between life and death in the continuing Drama of Achehnese History. I will allow no interruptions except very important meetings, receiving delegations, and writing important letters that cannot be postponed. I have delegated most matters to Dr. Husaini Hasan, Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé, Dr. Zaini Abdullah, and Army Commander Daud Husin.

I will have to rely completely on my memory except for a book or two available here with us in the camp, to check historical dates. There is nothing else to do about that. This will be a play written in the darkest forests on earth, under the direst of conditions, for the purest of principles: justice and freedom. And it can happen only in Acheh, Sumatra. Therefore, there will be no more entry in this Diary about the matter until I have finished the play, when and if I could finish it. At this point there is no assurance. I I will only refer to other noteworthy events, if any.

(JULY 5, 1978)

To conserve our meagre food supply, the men began cutting the

bak djok palms for use as food supplements, and sometimes for the meal itself. They can be prepared like any other vegetables and very tasty with curry powder. And they can make delicious pudding when mixed with glutinous rice. There are thousands of *bak djok* palms nearby. Although the men are careful not to cut any near the camp, river or'ridges, for security reason. They cut first from the most inaccessible places to avoid enemy detection, if he happened to be passing in the area. As time passed, bak djok palms became one alternative source of food for us, especially when we were cut off from other supplies. Our experimentations with other types of edible roots were not very successful. Also the soft inner core of wild banana trees can be used as vegetables. The wild banana fruits itself are always in great demand and the exclusive preserves of the traditional indigenous people of the forest themselves,the monkeys. No one can beat them in the matter of picking up the ripe bananas in their forests.

(JULY 10, 1978)

Although the majority of the men at my Headquarters came from Pidie Province, that was no indication that our movement was a local one, as the enemy propagated to' belittle our nation-wide movement. That situation had come about because of the requirements of guerilla warfare that each unit must be based on local supports wherever it is located, and as I established my Headquarters in Pidie Province, I must have the support of the people, of this province to begin with, and I must rely on them for day to day need, as long as I stay here. The same applies when I move my headquarters to other provinces - which I plan to do in the near future. All the people of Acheh Sumatra support the NLF no less than the people of Pidie. Already there are NLF provincial headquarters for every province, district headquarters for every district all over the country. But in a guerilla war you cannot move a unit from one district to another without reducing its effectiveness. The men had to know to crawl in and out of the villages in pitched dark nights, and had to know their ways around in the place of their responsibility like the palms of their own hands. No outsiders can do that. And without that kind of force in every place, no guerilla movement can survive. The hands and feet of the movement must always be from the locality. Without that kind of roots we could not have survived for one month.

(JULY 15, 1978)

The effect of guerilla life, of inadequate food, over exhaustion and lack of all sorts of vitamins over a long period of time, was very different on ex-city dwellers than on ex-farmers. The latter seemed to have been able to take it more in stride, physically unscathed. There are no changes in their physical appearances. But it has such eye-catching effects on ex-city dwellers. I could not have seen that on myself but I have observed it happened to everyone around me who came from the city, although I had been told too that I looked a bit "run-down". The most noticeable to me was the case of Dr. Husaini who always stays close to me. When he first ar-

rived in the forest, and that was the first time I met him, he was on the heavy side, rather round, exuding health, and soft life of a doctor. Today, at Krueng Meuk Camp, he looked so skinny and boony, slightly bent at the age of about 32. There was Asgady. He was a person of strong constitution, sturdy bone structure, and at the time of arrival rather fat. Now he looked very lean indeed. Dr. Zaini survived better but also on. a reduced scale. Tengku Muhammad Usman was the same. But men like Mahmud Barat, Geutjhik Sjamaun, Geutjhik Uma and others like them, they looked exactly the same like before. They suffered hunger, exhaustion, just like us, but they seemed to be able to bounce back immediately.

(JULY 22, 1978)

In our way of thinking, the most important function for the NLF and the State of Acheh Sumatra that we had proclaimed, is to exist and to be present in Acheh Sumatran territory, known to all our people and to the world. As long as we exist we will become the focus of attention of our people, the source of their inspiration and political guidance. We have objectively created this situation, with such electric impact on the political consciousness of our people. This is the minimum condition that we must maintain and can easily maintain for any length of time. All Javanese-indonesian attempts to put us out of existence have failed.

We have also completed the organization of our Government and our party, the NLF, in all enemy occupied territories. We have organized our military and civilian Government structures that are working effectively and obeyed by our people. The only thing we need to do now is arming our people, and the Javanese will have to run away from Acheh Sumatra. Essentially we are working for that moment to come now.

(JULY 31, 1978)

Since I have been busy with writing my book, I have delegated most functions to my colleagues and that delegation of authority had worked wonder. Men rise to the occasion with responsibility.I should have done that much earlier. I am now freed from having to give lectures, from meeting visitors, from districts and regional matters unless a conflict is involved. But one thing that I must do by myself that the men insisted was saying goodbye to them when they go down on duty to pick up food from the villages. That is a very dangerous trip: we never know who will come back alive. So that was a little communion of souls that I have with my men every morning. They would come to kiss my hand for goodbye and I would embrace them - not just giving my hand kissed by them. It wasa ceremony of loyalty, from everyone to everyone else, a renewed confirmation voluntarily taken to continue our fathers" struggle and to keep the purpose of that struggle always fresh in the mind of every one, those who go down and those who are left behind, and to go on no matter what happens.

(AUGUST 1, 1978)

Our security has hold out for two months now, June and July. The enemy still cannot locate us. He thinks we may have gone to Central or East Acheh. His troops are searching for us there. A small group was allowed to go fishing on the upper part of the Tiro River, one day walking distance from here to the Northeast. They cought so much fish and decided to stay overnight on the bank of the river - a violation of their order. They made fire to cook their fish and left the fish bones scattered over the river banks. They arrived back at the camp bringing full loads of fish.

(AUGUST 7, 1978)

That fish bones left on the banks of the river,was found by the enemy patrolling the area the next day. That was the first clue the enemy got that we' might still be around here. After that the enemy begins to search the Tiro River region again and putting his guard posts every few miles apart. Although we do not live on the banks of the Tiro River but we have to pass through them to pick up our food supplies. So it becomes more dangerous to pass through now. The fish-mongers were severely reprimanded.

(AUGUST 17, 1978)

Today is the so-called independence day of Javanese-indonesia that the enemy celebrated, the supposed "independence" that was the beginning of Javanese-colonialism for us. Therefore we have prepared everything to disrupt this sham "independence day" of Javaneseindonesian colonialists. We issued special leaflets and placards to urge the people to boycot the colonialist celebrations. The people reacted favorably to our call. Many enemy"s triumphal arches and flagpoles were pulled down. Indeed, since we declared Acheh Sumatra independence on December 4, 1976, August 17th has never been the same again in Acheh Sumatra. It is now an enemy"s"independence day" as the people have come to look at it.

(AUGUST 20, 1978)

Today, Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé, the Minister of Finance of the State of Acheh Sumatra and member of the Central Committee of the NLF decides to go to Medan for a few days. I endorse his trips after he assured me that it was quite safe for him to go and that he will be back in a few days. It was a fatal decision. He would be arrested by the enemy in Medan because of faulty travel arrangements made through unreliable people. I should have checked his tra vel arrangements before he leaves. His arrest by the enemy is a very great loss for the NLF. I knew something was wrong when his late father - killed by the Javanese in 1953 - appeared in my dream, looking at me very pensively - a few days after Muhammad"s departure but before I receive any report of his actual arrest by the enemy. It was reported that the Javanese had tortured him barbaric-

ally. He had suffered the most for the cause of Free Acheh. He lost his three young children drown in a boat accident while testing the engine a few days before we start our movement. Since then he had gained in stature and self-confidence to become one of the most effective leader of Acheh. (Later the Javanese put him through their kangaroo court and was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. Muhammad told the Javanese colonialist judges:"You have no right to judge me. You have no jurisdiction in this Land of Acheh." He also refused to speak in the so-called "indonesian language", and said to the Javanese judges:"I will speak only in Achehnese, the language of my ancestors and the official language of this Land of Acheh." The Javanese did not allow him to speak in Achehnese. There are ten-thousands Achehnese present during his trial who applauded his remarks. He appeared in the court wearing Achehnese national costume. The people realized that the one on trial was not Tengku Muhammad Usman Lampoih Awé but the entire people of Acheh, their language and culture too. His effect on the people that day was electric. He has become a hero of Acheh since that day. He has demonstrated a true Achehnese character: defiant in defeat! I am very proud of him.He happened also to be my cousin. *Bon sang ne peut mentir!*

(AUGUST 28, 1978)

Today our man Beuransah Amin (28) was shot dead by the enemy while on his way to go to the village to fetch the rice.. The Javanese soldiers would shoot any Achehnese in the mountain without questioning. Achehnese live the live of hunted animals on their own soil. Beuransah"s body was brought back to the village by the people and his funeral was attended by the entire population of Truséb in a demonstration of solidarity. He left a wife and two little children and grief-stricken but proud parents. I remembered Beuransah well when he took leave from me this morning. He looked somewhat somber that I sensed it. May be he had some premonition of death. He died heroically, refusing to answer enemy questions about my whereabout to the end. His death is a great loss to his people's cause. He died that we might lives We made a special prayer for him according to our Islamic religion.

(SEPTEMBER 4, 1978)

Today is an important Islamic holiday, the end of the Ramazan, the fasting month. A group of ten members delegation from Blang Manè Camp had come here to celebrate the occasion with us, including Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah and Sayed Amin and eight others. Considering the danger and the difficulty of the journey involving some three days of mountain climbing, it demonstrates the closeness of relationships that we enjoyed with one anothers.

It so happens that this is also my birthday.

After Holiday Prayer - which is the most important part of the ceremony, and which I led - we all have our Holiday get-together where everyone greets and embraces each others and asks forgiveness for wrongs done. The danger that surrounds us, the fresh memory of

the death of one of us only a week ago, all add up into the poignancy of the meeting that many shed tears of joy and sadness at the same time.

Because of the worsening security situation, Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah asks my permission to leave right away today, after lunch to return to his own district. We say goodbye to each other at about 2 PM. I notice that Sayed Amin - that marvelous person - is particularly emotional at our parting.

This is a remarkable Holiday Season! Tomorrow will be September 5th, the Memorial Day of the Battle of Alue Simi, where my grandfather died, September 5th, 1910. The men begin preparation for tomorrow's ceremony.

(SEPTEMBER 5, 1978)

At about 3 o'clock in the morning, it was still pitched dark, I was awaken, like everyone else, because we heard someone calling for help very loud from the direction of the river banks. That was a danger signal, whatever it was. The guards at the post` moved cautiously to the river edge to find out who it was. It was Yahya and Njak Ahmad, the members of the party from Blang Manè. They told us that their party had been ambushed by the enemy at Tiro River crossing at about 6 PM after leaving from here yesterday. Sayed Amin was shot and presumed dead, but the fate of Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah and others were unknown. The two of them escaped and returned here with bruises all over the face, arms and body.

That means that the enemy had linked up his troops all along the Tiro River, from the sea to the source. The place where Beuransah was shot last week was close to the village at Me Kleueng (the Eagle Claws) and the place where Sayed Amin was shot was very far up at Hugob Height where we had crossed when we came back here last time from Mount Patisah. Now the enemy has gotten positive evidence that we are in this area. We cannot let ourselves be blockaded here because we will have difficulties to` find food supply. I will call a meeting to take decision later.

At 9 AM we go on with the Memorial Day celebration of the Battle of Alue Simi that had taken place on September 5, 1910. First the raising of the flag. Then I delivered a short speech about the Battle of Alue Simi (please see last year"s celebration on page 97). The Dutch had followed my grandfather's traces for three months before the Battle of Alue Simi. Alue Simi was located to the East of Tangse where the Dutch garrison was then located. On their march to Alue Simi, however, the Dutch troops took precautions to go West first from Tangse to Alue Dodok. Schmidt, the Dutch commander said he had to do that to mislead the people of Tangse, who were loyal to the resistance, from knowing his true direction. Because if he marched from Tangse straight to the Eastern direction, the people in the mountain will know it before the Dutch troops can be there. From Alue Dodok the Dutch went North to Blang Malo. From Blang Malo they went East to Alue Seupot, and from Alue Seupot they turned Southeast to Alue Simi. You know we have been to all those places recently except to Alue Simi itself. Then you knew the ordeal our

fathers had gone through before us to defend our independence. And yet they never gave up. This is the example that they had set up for us to follow. No matter what is the difficulty, the struggle must continue. This is the message from Alue Simi that we received again this morning. It is the most appropriate reminder at the most appropriate time!

(SEPTEMBER 6, 1978)

Today I call a meeting of *Pawang* and all the leaders present, to decide what to do. After being here for more than 3 months,everyone agrees we should move. This is no way to wage a guerilla war. It was a miracle we had managed to keep the secret of this place for over 3 months. This is a record for us to be able to stay in one place. We decide to move to Blang Manè area, a little to the East of Mamprèe. We shall depart tomorrow following the most difficult crossing ever, to avoid encountering the blockading enemy forces. There is no point in moving if we could be followed.

(SEPTEMBER 7, 1978)

We depart at 8 AM exiting from the back of the camp due East over the high ridge of Krueng Meuk. I noticed along the ridge that thousands of bak djok palms had been cut for our food during the last three months. It would be an obvious give away if the enemy passed by the ridge. After about three hours of marching,the Krueng Meuk turns South, but we must continue to the East. So we have to cross Krueng Meuk and then to climb to the other cliff. The descend is so steep but the climbing on the other side up again is even more difficult. We have to scale the height to reach the top. We are caught by nightfall while negotiating our way through peaks and ravines. We camped right there for the night. But the view from there to the North is breath-taking. The Mount Seulawah looked like a painting in dark blue over the background of deep red, almost silky, provided by the glow of the sunset over the clouds. I will never forget that sight. I like to come back here some day just to see it again. It is rained at night while we sleep.

(SEPTEMBER 8, 1978)

We continue our journey in the morning toward Eastern direction, climbing and descending incessantly. We reached Alue Sidjuek (Cold Spring) by late afternoon. We have our lunch on its bank. We plan to cross the Tiro River near the mouth of Alue Sidjuek by nightfall. We think the enemy has not gotten that high up in the mountain. But we take no chances. We wait for the nightfall to cross although we had arrived at the river bank at 5 PM. It was about 3 miles up from Hugob Height where the enemy shot and killed our beloved Sayed Amin three days ago. But 3 miles of winding river is a long way to cover. Even if the enemy is still in Hugob we will cross here. We are too tired to climb any higher. After crossing,we sleep on the high ground near the river.

But before we leave from here a word should be said about Alue Sidjuek. It was one of the famous Achehnese resistants' strongholds during the war against the Dutch. There are many graveyards scattered along the Alue belonging to the martyrs of that long war.

(SEPTEMBER 9, 1978)

We begin marching again at daybreak. We have to climb up immediately to be as far away as possible from the river and as quick as we could. First we have to climb a row of broken hills, not very steep. But the higher we get the steeper it becomes. We reach the top at midday. Just when we are about to stop for lunch, someone steps on a hornets' nest that sends the hornets zooming at everyone in sight. Pawang Brahim was hit on his eyebrow until he cannot see anything, and several men on their necks, arms,and legs. We have to run from the place as quick as we can. That was not the first time we had been attacked by the hornets. We stopped to rest not very far from that place. After some rest,we proceed to march, to the Northern direction. Now we entered the familiar ground for us. We had crisscrossed this area many times by now. To the East is Simpang Djeumpa and to the West Blang Sara. Soon on our left we will pass again the cliff through which we descended down to the river last June. At about 5 o'clock we reached the place where there is a little brook. Water is always a problem when you are very high up in the mountain. We decide to camp there as we did when we came back from Lhok Udjeuen and Mount Kupalang last time.

(SEPTEMBER 10, 1978)

Another day of marching brought us to Dama Limong (Five Turpentine Trees) area. The tree lines on this primeval forest possessed such symmetry as though they were planted. Because the foliage is so thick there is practically no direct sunlight touches the ground thus preventing disorderly growth underneath. So everything down below is so clean, orderly and clear. We feel like we are on a preserved park. As the nightfall approaches, we decide to camp right there.

(SEPTEMBER 11, 1978)

We arrived at our destination at about noon time. At that time I felt my malaria fever about to come back. I have not had it for a long time. My health had stood up very well in the forest since I return. After checking my blood pressure and temperature, Dr. Zaini and Dr. Husaini decide that I should be given a doze of cloroquine anti-malarial injections. After receiving medical treatment I lay down on my camp bedspread that was set up on the ground by my aide. I remember having the distinct sensation of laying down on a beautiful and peaceful park, which was in fact, an Achehnese primeval forest.

The men get busy choosing the permanent camp site. For a few days we camped on the ground while the wen are finishing the permanent

camp on a more strategic ground, on the ridge, to the West of us. It will take about a week to clear the ground and to establish the camp. Once the decision to stay there has been taken, a team is immediately dispatched to the countryside to establish communications and to replenish our food supply. I resume my work writing the *Drama of Achehnese History* while sitting on the ground. To make it easier to write for me, the men contrive a short legged table inside the camp for use when rains, and a full-fledge table and a stool outside under the trees for my use when there is sunshine. I am now half-way in my book.

(SEPTEMBER 12, 1978)

We received reports from the country about the murder of our com rade Sayed Amin by the Javanese troops on September 4, at Hugob Height. After they' shot him - he was unarmed -they threw his body into the river and it was stucked near the scene of the Javanese crime by the trunk of a dead tree, on the bank of the river. I immediately picked up a platoon of our troops with additional six men ccmmanded by Geutjhik Uma, to recover the body of Sayed Amin. Just when Geutjhik Uma was saying goodbye to me for his departure, another messenger from Blang Manè arrived to bring the latest news: a group of people from the villages had come to take the body of Sayed Amin, the moment they heard of what happened. And they had buried him properly somewhere in the area of Blang Sala, on the bank of the Tiro River. That is the place I should visit the first time I can come back next time. I was informed also that his son, who worked for Mobil Oil Corporation at Lhok Sukon,had been arrested by the Javanese regime for being sympathetic to his father.

(SEPTEMBER 15, 1978)

Today we move to our "permanent" camp. It is located at the end of a ridge, near a deep ravine where a little nameless spring flows with just enough water for our need. The men immediately, almost by instinct, call this Camp Alue Tjring (Ravine Spring Camp) and the name sticked. My quarters is a separate building perking on the edge of an inner ridge; the other houses are on the East-West promontory; the kitchen was built down below near the water of the spring because it is difficult to carry the water uphill. The foliage is so dense here that visibility is very Iimited. You cannot see a man ten meters away. Luckily the opening of the ravine and the distance of the next ridge from ours allow the wind and sunshine to penetrate into our place. Through the opening of the ravine we can see the blue sky and the white clouds above us during the day time and the sparkling stars at night time.

Our communication lines re-established, our supply lines restored, there is nothing lacking at Camp Ravine Spring. And our political work in the countryside progresses rapidly while we are playing hide-and-seek with the Javanese troops in the mountains. It was impossible to attract the people's attention and to focuse it on the question of Free Acheh without our willingness to do what we

are doing. Now everybody has heard about "Atjèh Meurdéhka" or Free Acheh, what it means, why, and many have mastered the historical and legal explanations of it. The enemy bombing, shelling and shooting simply attract more attentions and give more credibility to our movement. So we have nothing to lose!

The Javanese colonialist troops did not find our Krueng Meuk Camp until some months later when they discover the cut bak djok palms. Things that give us life also bring us death. We live in order to die. Life and death are inseparable twins. Death is near where there is life. Even if when you think you have lived for another day, in fact you had lost another day in the total numbers of days of your life. Each day you have lived must be subtracted from your total days of life. Each day you "gained" is actually a day you lost in your life - that brings you closer to your death. Death is your greatest secret, your biggest mystery that can be most terrifying or most sublime depending on how you face it. You can make your death a sublime moment only if you made it a fulfillment. For this you must have a worthy goal for your life in which death becomes only a step taken while on your way to fulfill that worthy goal. Islam gave us the best guidance and preparation for this in the Islamic concept of *shahadah* (roughly translated as martyrdom): it is a lesson on how to live with an all-consuming purpose and how to die in fulfillment of that purpose, namely, God's justice. To witness for oneself and to be witnessed by others: thereby setting an example' and leaving a legacy that will be perpetuated and preserved to eternity. That is a true salvation. This has been indivisible part of Achehnese Islamic political culture. This had enabled the Achehnese in the past to stare at death and found it not terrifying. The Dutch historian, H. C. Zentgraaff,and others had written that the Achehnese knew how to expect death. These were key words in the *Drama of Achehnese History*.

All great men have identified this critical point in the make up of nations that has direct relationship to war and peace. And that not all nations have it. It depends on their politico - religious culture. Ceasar, a great military genius,had said that contempt of death was the finest incentive to courage and he attributed it to religious teachings rather than to military trainings(*De Bello Gallico*). Napoleon endorsed the same idea when he said that in war "the moral is to the physical as three to one." Another clairvoyance, Montaigne, had written, "those who have learned how to die have un-learned how to be slaves." The Islamic concept of *shahadah* -which stands by itself, and operating on the higher planes than the accepted *casus belli* of these men -has been the basis of Achehnese resistance against Dutch colonialism in the past and against Javanese-indonesian colonialism at present.

(SEPTEMBER 25, 1978)

I have decided to send Dr. Husaini Hasan to Europe, Africa and the Americas on a special mission to gain international supports for our struggle. Since I left New York in September, 1976, we have no representative in the Western world. Nearly all Western press comments on our struggle was incorrect and slanted to be pro-indo-

nesian. Most Western news media participated in pro-indonesian cover-up, in one way or another. No one bother to print our points of view. Having lived half of my life in the United States; I have never realized before how bigoted and misleading are the news media in the "free world". The major news business such as Reuter, AFP, AP, UPI, would not print anything against the Javanese-indonesian regime which has become the "darling" of the multinationals which also owned the news businesses as well. All of them have become extension services of Javanese-indonesian imperialism which is a subcontractor of Western imperialism. Every word of a Javanese sergeant would find its way into their reports but never the content of our political statements. We are being gratuitously referred to by them as "separatists" despite our Declaration of Independence clearly stating and proving that we are seeking our national self-determination from Javanese-indonesian colonialism. Separatism entails a movement by a people who are already free but want a separate state for themselves. National liberation movement means a movement by a people who is not free and still colonized and wants to secure its freedom that is guaranteed by the Charter of the United Nations and International Law. By labeling us as "separatists" instead of freedom fighters that we are, the Western news media have deliberately confused the issue, and making our just struggle less urgent than it was, thus they are engaging in misrepresentation. We are a liberation movement of a colonized people, and not "separatists". They did not refer to the freedom fighters who revolted against Western colonialism before as "separatists" but why are they referring to us who are revolting against Javanese-indonesian colonialism as"separatists" now? They cannot possibly be so dumb as to accept the proposition that only white men can be colonialists but not brown men. Therefore we cannot attribute their inaccurate reportings except to willful desire to misinform and their utter insensitivity to questions of justice. Naturally there are exceptions albeit very rare.

As liberation movements we have legal sanctities under International Law and Decolonization Law of the United Nations. But when they booked us as "separatists" they have taken us away from that category and from legal protection of International, thus supporting our oppressors, the Javanese-indonesian colonialists.. Especially in the Third World, the term "separatist" is a dirty word and no Third world's country would help a separatist movement. So the label the Western newsmen are tagging on us has very dangerous political consequences for us and very helpful for the Javanese colonialists. There is a custom in the West that one is entitled to be called by his name. At least the Western newsmen should have given us that courtesy.

Agence France Press (AFP) for example, distributed a long article about us with the title:" New Rush of Separatist Movements in Indonesia ", published by the Singapore's *Straits Times*, June 10, 1977. The article was full of "plots" and "bogies". Why should there be an "Acheh Plot?" The people of Acheh are demanding what is rightfully theirs. Why should the AFP correspondent call the act of self-determination a "plot"? Are AFP writers a group of ignoramous people who had never heard of Decolonization principles of the United Nations? A movement for independence is a legitimate act of a

colonized people; it is not a "plot" to commit a crime. Colonialism has been declared by the United Nations as an *international crime*. It is Indonesia that is committing the crime. The AFP article also raised the spectre of "foreign accomplices of an Acheh zebel leader for twenty years a resident of the United States that Indonesia must dig out." There are no "foreign accomplices"! Note the criminal connotation of the: word Chosen by AFP to describe our national liberation movement. Clearly the AFP assumed the "criminality" of our act of self-detrmination and the "legitimacy" of Javanese-indonesian colonialism, These men must be so ignorant to think that a movement for independence needs "foreign accomplices" and can be fomented by outsiders, I have to come back to this forest to live with my people to do this. No "foreign accomplices" can do or would do that.

Another demeaning characterization by the Western imperialist press against us was their insistence on using the mindless epi - thet of "unilateral" declaration of independence in describing our struggle, as if a slave had no right to free himself except by the acquiescence of the slave driver; as if a home-owner had no right to chase the burglar except by consent of the burglar himself. This is an exhibition of the inverted logic of the Western mind that grants legality to thievery, aggression and occupation of others' countries, This is a flagrant attempt at retroactive legalization of Colonialism as if anyone had ever achieved real independence by anything else except through unilateral declaration of independence since the time of the American declaration of independence to the present day.

(SEPTEMBER 30, 1978)

While I think about it I would like to comment about the ridiculous name of "indonesia", the biggest hoak perpetrated by the Javanese in collusion with the Dutch and other Western imperialists in Southeast Asia for the convenience of their continuing plunder of the economic resources of this region against the legitimate interests of so many millions of the indigenous peoples of this vast region. This is the name of $ supposed "nation" that never was. The word "indonesia" itself is a totally foreign nomenclature a misspelled and mispronounced Greek word. It sounds strange and unconvincing the first time we heard it, in 1942, when the Dutch Colonialist regime officially announced the change of name of their colo-nial empire of the "Netherlands East Indies" to "indonesia". Thus a new, artificial "nation" was fabricated. Only those who are forced to masquerade under this mask know that it all a play-acting from the beginning to the end,, It is like the hats the people put on, not their heads, and much less their hearts. It was perpetrated at a time when the peoples of Acbeh Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas and West Papua had not yet recovered their historic personalities, their political consciousness, and their selfrespect. The peoples of the Dutch East Indies were more backward politically than the peoples of any other European colonies in Africa or Asia, This has much to do with the nature of the colonial policy of the Dutch that deliberately kept the peoples as backward as possible in order to keep them crippled politically. In contrast to all other

European colonialists who propagated their languages and cultures among the colonial peoples to such an extent that you find Portuguese became the language of all the peoples of the former Portuguese colonies, the same with French, Spanish, and English, resulting in bringing the intellectual development of these colonies to more or less close to the level of the metropolitan countries, the Dutch kept the peoples of the East Indies - their "indonesia" - ignorant, by withholding the tool of modern education from them, by not teaching the peoples the Dutch language which would have meant opening intellectual communication line with a European culture. When the opportunity for independence arrived in 1945, the peoples of Acheh Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, the Moluccas and West Papua were not ready for it. They have no political experience, no political leadership, no political parties, and no concept of independence. The pre-colonial leadership had been decimated by the Dutch. In Acheh, in particular, all the leaders were systematically murdered by the Dutch. Only the Javanese had a handful of Dutch educated demagogues. They grabbed the microphones and proclaimed the Dutch East Indies alias "indonesia" independence with themselves replacing the Dutch and perpetuating Dutch colonial administration in Jakarta. They and the Dutch totally disregarded the separate juridical status of other Dutch colonial territories thousands of kilometers overseas from Java, and with Dutch help, grabbed all. There were resistance against them on every island but was crushed by force of arms supplied by the Dutch and the US.

Foreign journalists who were reporting at the time were correct in writing that Sukarno, the Javanese demagogue,was the idol of his people, the Javanese on the island of Java.But that was not true in Acheh Sumatra and other countries. The journalists did not always make clear how large an area they were talking about when they discussed Dutch East Indies or "indonesia": this is a world region equal in length to that from Lisbon to Moscow, and in width from Rome to Oslo. Now, a man like Mussolini could be seen acclaimed by millions in Rome, or Hitler in Germany, but certainly not in Moscow or London too. There are as much differences between the people of Acheh Sumatra, the Moluccas, West Papua, etc., with the Javanese as there are differences between European nations, if not more. They shared no common history, no common language,no common culture and no common interests with the Javanese.

As an artificial, fabricated name, "indonesia" has no history;it has no root in the hearts and minds of the peoples of this region. It has been created for the sole purpose of maintaining the administrative unity of the Dutch colony and now to perpetuate it as a neo-colony for Western powers at the expense of the indigenous peoples of each of these separate colonial territories. Therefore, the name of "indonesia" does not invoke any sense of pride, attachment or solidarity among these varied peoples. Some sociologists have already attributed the large scale corruptions as practiced by and among "indonesians" as symtomatic of this loveless relationship between the citizens and the "indonesian" state. All the nationalities of the region have tremendous attachments and loyalties to their ethnic groupings, including the Javanese'"themselves, and everyone would strive to protect their collective good names. But no one cares about the good name of "indonesia". The moment they can

present themselves as "indonesians" - and not as Javanese, Buginese, Moluccans, Sundanese, etc., they became different men, having been freed from the duty to maintain the collective good names of their real nationality groups. By assuming the name of "indonesians" they became anonymous, like small town boys who arrives in big cities where all relationships become de-personalized and even de-humanized. The moment a Javanese, a Moluccan, a Minangkabau, or a Batak donned his "indonesian" uniform, he assumes a new personality, less restrained, less civilized, freed from the strictures of his *real* national moral code, like a child who had donned his Halloween costume, free to do things he would normally be ashamed of doing it, like begging, but free to do it now under the anonymity of a mask. Corruptions, crimes, homicide, even genocide have been committed under the cloak of the anonymity of "indonesian" uniforms. A Javanese general or politician.would feel no particular distress at the term of "indonesian colonialism" but he will protest at any sug - gestion of "Javanese colonialism". Only then his honor is involved. He is unmasked. He is now without his protective shield. He cannot bear his real nationality being defamed. That was how two million people had been massacred - almost absent-mindedly - in "indonesia" by "indonesians" since 1945 alone. Genocides are still in progress in East Timor, West Papua and Acheh Sumatra. Everything is permis sible under the name of "indonesia". And Western democracies insured the continued existence of this "indonesian" regime with stagger ing amount of armaments and finance As far as my people are concerned, and other non-Javanese nationalities of this region, "indonesia" is slavery dressed in liberty by Western powers. As Kurt Jurgens had observed, "*l'esclavage prend de grave proportions, lorsqu' on lui accorde de rassembler à la liberté*."

An anthropologist once asked: "Can you define who is an Indonesian by physical, cultural or linguistic characteristics?" After he analyzed each point in detail he concluded that it was an impossible task, because there is really no such "indonesian people", no such "indonesian nation" and no such "indonesian race". The peoples who had been subjugated by Dutch imperialism in these vast territories composed of many races and nationalities with physical characteristics of their own: some of them are with straight hairs, some with curly hairs, some with brown skin, some with yellow skin, and still others with black skin. Each group with bone structure appropriate to itself. In Java there is strong traces of pithecantropus erectus lines. The same differing situation prevailed in the field of culture. There is no "indonesian culture" that one can speak of. There is no "indonesian language" either. What the Javanese are propagandizing nowaday as "indonesian language" is in fact nothing but a bastardized Malay, a kind of Pidgin Malay, not fit for literature or serious thinking. While Javanese tongue itself,according to philologists is not belong to the Malay languages at all. The only common denominator among these diverse peoples was the fact that they all having been unfortunate enough to be colonized once by the Dutch. But that is not an acceptable reason for civilized communities on which to base a state. The Decolonization Law of the UN has provided the only just solution the recognition of separate juridical status to each colonial territory, and the right of each to become free and. independence again; and prohibition of transfer of sovereignty by a colonial power over any territory. The Dutch and

the Javanese colonialists are violating this. UN law today by perpetuating their colonial empire of "indonesia"' on the peoples of Acheh Sumatra, South Moluccas, West Papua, and others.

While on the subject of "indonesia" I would like to make another observation. "Indonesia" being the continuation of colonialism under another name and color, to paraphrase Clausewitz, its existence and continuation depend solely on repression, The world cannot fail to notice the increasing scale of repression in "indonesia" since its inception until today. There have been two categories and two levels of large scale violations of rights in "indonesia": first, violations of *peoples' rights to self-determination* - that is, of the non-Javanese *nationalities*, such as those of Acheh Sumatra, the Moluccas, West Papua, East Timor, etc., that resulted in Javanese-indonesia's committing not one, but a series of genocides, all at once; second, violations of *individuals' human rights* by Javanese-indonesian regime that resulted in homicides that had filled the pages of account books of Amnesty International, Human Right Commission, etc. Genocide and homicide are the inevitable accompani-ment of the continuation of colonialism under another name, To this day, however, international scrutiny has been limited only to the homicidal aspect of the crime of the Javanese-indonesian regime and the genocidal aspect of it has gone largely un-noticed by the outside world because it touches Western economic interests. The numbers of dead for both categories of the Javanese-indonesian crimes since 1965 alone - not gounting since 1945!- have been iuternationally accepted to be about 2-million human beings. And the numbers of our dead are still augmenting each day!

Therefore, the harmless and pious sounding slogan of the Western bankers and government leaders about "keeping the unity of indonesia" is simply vicious for us who live under the boot of Javaneseindonesian regime although it might sound reasonable to those wellmeaning people abroad who are not yet fully apprised of the Javanese-indonesian homicides and genocides. You have heard about the numbers of our dead, which are augmenting by the day. But have you heard also that our language is forbidden to be spoken in schools, in offices, in courts, and anyone caught writing letters in our own language are subject to arrest, jailing and torture? Where is the UNESCO? Where is the Human Right Commission? Where is the Decolonization Commission? This latter commission has been demobilized because it cannot see colonialism in other color except in black and white. And our colonialists happened to be brown. In short, to support the "unity of indonesia" means to support colonialism by another name, and in other color; to protect the roots of homicide and genocide; and to deny the right of self-determination to many millions of peoples of Southeast Asia.

(OCTOBER 6, 1978)

Dr. Husaini Hasan's party returned to the camp today. He cannot proceed with his mission because the enemy forces had blocked all roads to East Acheh. While on the march back,one of his guards, Do Gani, got sick and Dr. Husaini had to operate on him without anaesthetic, and they couldnot return until he gets sufficiently

well. Do Gani is a very fine revolutionary fighter with great courage and very few words. He has been with us from the very beginning.

(OCTOBER 10, 1978)

I finished writing the first draft of my book, *The Drama of Achehnese Histor*y, in long hand. Starting from today I begin typing it from 7 AM to 6 PM, with a few minutes break for lunch. So no sunlight is wasted! I cannot use the lamp at night, for security reason.

(OCTOBER 15, 1978)

Today the enemy attacked our auxiliary supply camp in Truséb. Our man, Shahpari Ben, the leader of the camp was shot, wounded on his leg and was captured by the enemy. This was an incident of grave consequences for us. It means stoppage of food supplies from Truséb and the leak of our Alue Tjring Camp.

(OCTOBER 20, 1978)

The first impact of Shahpari-s capture was we had no food for five days in a row. Teams, have been sent somewhere else to fill the gap but they did not come back until today. And to make things worse during that period we had danger alert almost everyday. That means we have to move out of the camp with everything packed ready to go away and sitting at the top of the ridge. We would go back to the camp at night if nothing happened. Because I was determined to finish typing my book, I do not let that situation stopped my typing. The men made a short legged table for me on the edge of the sleeting ground where I can straighten my legs down hill while sitting on the ground typing, thus eliminating the necessity to construct a stool. I wish I had a camera to take some pictures at this trying time. There I was typing *The Drama of Achehnese History* in the wilderness sitting on the grass. During the first day of not eating, there was just strong rumbling in the stomach. The second day I felt very shaky. The third day, my hands were trembling. It would have been impossible to write by hand legibly, but it was possible to type since what you did was just to bang on the keys of the alphabets. The fourth day I felt headache that was progressively becoming more painful. On the fifth day my typing became slower and I had to stop to rest more and more often. All those time Geutjhik Uma was sitting behind me with his gun on the ready. Most of the men were laying all over. They just tried to sleep to forget the hunger. There was no *bak djok* palms in this area. So there is nothing to do except to wait. Every once in a while, the guard from the posts would be running to tell Geutjhik Uma to ask me to stop typing when they heard some noise from a distance. At a time like that even the sound of a portable typewriter clicking is dangerous. And in the forest everything should be heard carefully even the sound of birds singing. The enemy is doing the same. I make four copies of the Drama, the maximum a portable typewriter can make with fair readability. I can type about ten pages a day.

At about noon time the relieved column arrived to bring us food and several types of Achehnese yams. The men are advised to eat slowly. And extra food are prepared to allow everyone to eat to his heart's content after such gruesome five days.

(OCTOBER 25, 1978)

I finished typing *The Drama of Achehnese History*. It fits into 70 pages altogether. It consists of 8 Acts and 23 Scenes. Act I, Scene 1, begins on March 26, 1873, when the Achehnese Council of State was meeting in Kuta Radja and the Dutch emissary, a Javanese named Mas Sumo, arrived to deliver the Dutch Ultimatum to the King of Acheh demanding surrender.without fight to Holland and to accept becoming part of the Dutch East Indies alias "indonesia". That Ultimatum was rejected by the Council of State and by the King of Acheh. On the same day, the Dutch declared war against Acheh. Then Act after Act, and Scene after Scene, depicting decisive moments in Achehnese history, how an independent Achehnese nation had defended itself, the great victory at the Battle of Bandar Acheh on April 23 1873, that shook the world, the Dutch invaders running away, the second invasion, the tragedy after tragedy, the battlefield after battlefield, Achehnese state of mind at the time, their political theory, customs and manners, etc., until the last Act and the last 'Scene when we established the NLF and redeclared the Independence of Acheh Sumatra, on December 4, 1976. The objective of the play is to show the legal and political continuity of Achehnese history, of the Achehnese' State before Dutch aggression, during Dutch aggression, after Dutch aggression until today. "Indonesia" is not relevant to Achehnese history except as an invader that must be expelled. It was meant for the education of the Achehnese younger generations to show their proper place under the sun. It was based entirely on real historic happenings, real historic characters, both on Achehnese as on Dutch sides. Few people on earth have been endowed with such great history. I awakened its memory and summoned its spirit now to revive my people in the fight for our survival as a people, a culture, and a way of life. Either we live free or we die free. Free in life or free in death.

Tonight we decide to recite *The Drama of Achehnese History* to the captive audience in the Alue Tjring Camp. Dr. Husaini acts as the narrator. He is superb because he had enjoyed acting. The men are moved to tears. They begin to sense even better than before the continuity of what we are doing now with what our fathers had done. We simply have repeated our history. They have heard that before, but the play made everything more vivid and more real. Play is the best method to teach history, especially living history, such as ours. Shakespeare was the primary teacher of history to his people because of his many plays. I think. we have also found our medium. It was by no means without some instructions from the master although faintly remembered in the primeval forests of Acheh, at Krueng Meuk and Alue Tjring. I had once as a boy memorized Shakespeare's Julius Ceasar while still in school in Acheh, in an excellent Arabic translation by Mustapha Lutfi al-Manfaluthy, the Egyptian poet. I read the original in English much later.

One copy of the play we keep in the camp. The second copy was sent immediately for safe-keeping in the countryside in Pidie province, knowing full well what can happen to us; the third copy was sent for safe-keeping in Kuta Radja ---the city where the enemy has his headquarters - but inspite of that it is still our city; the fourth copy was sent to Samalanga District in Batèe Iliek province. As future events will prove, it was providential that we did take that precaution. otherwise the play would have been lost in battles.

(OCTOBER 27, 1978)

We received the report that the enemy will take Shahpari Bén to show the way to Camp Alue Tjring in a few days. We are advised to move out as soon as possible. As that was already a foregone conclusion, we decide to move out tomorrow to the area of Alue Ubuet (I cannot figure out what was the origin of that name or what it meant) to the Southwest of here, about half-a-day march.

(OCTOBER 28, 1978)

We marched out at 8 AM. Dr. Zaini told me that Army Commander Daud Husin had contracted some kind of virus during that abortive trips to take Dr. Husaini out of the country, and he had not been feeling well ever since, and his illness has become acute since this morning. He suspected some serious complications. But we have to move even if we had to carry him on a stretcher. Luckily he is able to walk. First we have to climb up for about 3 hours. Then descending down. for about 3 hours. There we cross Alue Ubuet. Then we climb up again, this time very steep and we literally have to scale up the mountain. Fortunately, however, we do not have to go too far to arrive at our "new home". We found a strategic spot and built our camp there. This is Alue Ubuet Camp.

(OCTOBER 29, 1978)

Today in the morning we heard enemy bombing, shelling and strafing of our Alue Tjring Camp. At nightfall we received the full report. The enemy had brought Shahpari Bén, on a stretcher, because his wound has not healed, to show the site of the camp. The camp was bombed and strafed before the enemy troops moved in. They found the camp was empty, of course. They were furious.

Meanwhile the doctors had diagnosed that Army Commander Daud Husin had a cholera. He had been vomiting all day. Luckily we had adequate stock of anti-biotics with us. So we are not alarmed. He responded favorably to treatment.

By the size of the enemy forces attacking Alue Tjring we knew that we cannot stay too long at Alue Ubuet. It is too close. If the enemy decided to search the surrounding hills we could easily clashed. But we decide to postpone further movement until Army Commander is feeling better. In the meantime we had re-established new supply lines.

(OCTOBER 30, 1978)

This is the Landing Day, the day I landed at Kuala Tari,in 1976, the day we organized the NLF. we commemorate it with a simple flagraising ceremony and a speech by Dr. Husaini. It was already two years ago and how we have worked and suffered since that day. We are satisfied at what we have accomplished although more things still have to be done ahead of us. We are not discouraged by the difficulties we encountered, because we had expected them. We have only begun a long journey that we are resolved to make.

(NOVEMBER 3, 1978)

Today we decide to move further away to Alue Mawah (Orangutan Spring), another half-a-day walk to the Southwest. This is one of our auxiliary camps already long established onthe side.of a brook.

We decide to stop here only for a short rest before going further to Alue Bayah, to permit the Army Commander to get some rest. Tomorrow we will celebrate the Muslim Holiday of Id-al-Adha here, one of important holidays in Acheh. It is to commemorate Abraham's sacrifice of his son, Ismael, as ordained by Allah to test his faith. In the meantime the Army Commander's health is getting a setback.

(NOVEMBER 4, 1978)

Today we celebrate the Muslim Holiday with a Prayer and a flag raising ceremony too. To my surprise we still receive cakes and all sorts of special foods for Holiday feast from the people in the countryside. They did not forget us! We have all the traditional special dish that you eat in Acheh, on holiday like this - in the country! But in the mountains and under our situation - that is incredible! I did not even request anything like that to be sent to us anymore. Anyhow everyone has a good time and being able to share the holiday atmosphere.

U pon inspection I found out that this camp is very vulnerable indeed, although it is very nice being located on such an opened space. But there are flatland on all three directions! The enemy can just walks in. So we decide to move on as soon as the condition of Army Commander allowed. We have to wait two more days there.

(NOVEMBER 7, 1978)

Today we arrived at Camp Bayah, a long-standing existing camp to the Southwest of Camp Alue Mawah. We plan to stay here as long as possible because communication with the countryside is well established from here. It is strategically located on the high ground and the water of the spring is sparkling clean. From the "sitting room" of the camp we can see the countryside below as the camp is located on a high promontory that there is nothing between our window and the valley below. We have to be careful with light at night as it can be observed from far away in the countryside.

(NOVEMBER 10, 1978)

As an indication of good communication with the countryside, we begin to receive everything we need here, including milk and honey, which I give to the sick Army Commander. He soon recovered. We also received a consignment of new uniforms, a holiday gifts for the men from the people. All these should indicate to you the futility of the Javanese-indonesian colonialists' attempts to separate us from the people.

Now, with the availability of the play, we stage it in the evenings. We have enough good classic music for background, Bach, Vivaldi and others. The men begin to assume their favorite historic characters in *The Drama of Achehnese History*. The least taken were the roles of a few traitors we had in the play. The men are very reluctant to accept that roles even for just playing. Anyway everyone has a great time with the play and in the meantime became adept as story tellers that they can enthrall their audience when they go to the countryside. The mountain has indeed become the place for education, the High School that is truly high up there.

(NOVEMBER 15, 1978)

Now every few days we received fresh meats sent to us by the people in the countryside. The people want to assure themselves that we in the mountain not only should have enough to eat but should have the best meats as well. we are regularly informed that in such and such villages there are steers, lambs, bulls, and cows that are gifts for us and to arrange to pick them up. Because those big animals cannot be brought to the mountain alive without leaving traces, the people would slaughter them in the country and would send the packed meat to us. When you think that this is being done while the enemy is occupying that very village, and watching everything, then you can appreciate the degree of solidarity we receive from the people, who can never be separated from us by the Javanese indonesian colonialist invaders. Nothing the enemy can do to change that.

While on the subject of bulls reserved for us by the people, I ought to relate the story of Dutch Colonel H. J. Schmidt on how he once traced the place of my grandfather in the mountain of Tangsé. He wrote the story in the Dutch Military Review and in his Memoirs. Taking the occasion of a holiday season when the people would send bulls as gifts for my grandfather who was then in the mountain, he infiltrated the people through an agent and offered a big and heavy bull to the people - who were unawared of Schmidt"s plot - to take the bull to the mountain where my grandfather was then staying. Not realizing the Dutch scheme, the people took the bull to the moun-tains. Then Schmidt and his men secretly followed the footprints of the bull leading to the guerilla camp of my grandfather that finally resulted in the Battle of Alue Simi.

To avoid that dirty trick being played on us now we had decided that no animals should be brought to the mountains, but only packed meat can be accepted, just in case.

(NOVEMBER 22, 1978)

Our security situation in Camp Bayah is sufficiently good that I authorized to bring up several delegations from East Acheh and North Acheh to the camp to meet with me. From them I know the ever increasing effect of our movement on the political consciousness of our people. The people now understand and are convinced that we ought to be independent and are ready to fight and to sacrifice for it when we call upon them to do so - which we have not called as yet. For the time being we want them just to know, to be politically awared. The mere fact of their knowing is our present objective.

(NOVEMBER 30, 1978)

We received reports that the enemy is penetrating deeper and deeper near the area o£ our Camp Bayah. Bayah is a type of palm growing in high altitude and bearing no fruit. There are many bayah palms around this hill. That was why this was called Camp Bayah.

(DECEMBER 3, 1978)

We commemorate TENGKU TJHIK MAAT DAY or BATTLE OF ALUE BHOT, that took place on December 3, 1911, with a solemn ceremony in the field on the East side of Camp Bayah where we have a natural "stadium", a bowl shape depression in the ground with enough space for all of us to stand in it, without being visible from outside. A flag pole was erected in the centre of the stadium with a podium beside it. Dr. Zaini acted as the Master of Ceremony and Dr Husaini as the main speaker. He delivered an excellent speech about the struggle of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, our last Head of State, who was killed at 16 years of age, on December 3, 1911, at he Battle of Alue Bhot, Tangsé. It is important for us to remember him today, more than ever, in order to strengthen ourselves to follow his footsteps and not to give in to the invaders. All of us had outlived Tengku Tjhik Maat, so we should be more ready to die if necessary for our just cause. Long life is not important but the important thing is what you do with your life. Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro had done more good at sixteen, by dying as he did, than what most men had done at sixty. That is why we salute him today, for the great and difficult example he had set before us and the future generations. That was the gist of Dr Husaini"s speech. We leave the flag at half-staff.

(DECEMBER 4, 1978)

This is our INDEPENDENCE DAY. We are back at our "stadium". The half-staff flag of yesterday is raised again to the summit today. It is symbolic of the rebirth - *renaissance* - of the people of Acheh! Today Dr Husaini presides over the ceremony. Dr Zaini reads the text of the Declaration of Independence of Acheh Sumatra. After that I deliver a short speech to remind everyone never to forget that what we are doing is to continue the work` of our forefathers that had begun 107 years ago, from 1873, when the foreign invaders

landed, and we do not know when it will be over. We will struggle as long as it takes. And that is why we must prepare our people with full understanding of the task ahead of us. Unlike in the past today the struggle to liberate ourselves from colonialism is legal according to International Law and the Decolonization principle of the United Nations. But the initiative must always come from us. We cannot ask other peoples to help us before we ourselves show to them that we have the will to fight. All those peoples who are now enjoying their independence have' passed through this way. Even Allah had said in the Quran:"He will not change anything for a people, un-til that people themselves make the change first with them."

I told my audience: you can see that everything we do has a purpose. Internally to revive the political consciousness of our people. Externally, to demonstrate to other peoples in the world that we have the will to struggle for our independence. Only after that we can expect international supports. And that is why we are here.

After the ceremony I call for a meeting of *Pawang* and the army commander. My visionary Asgady told me that he had visions in his dreams, an old man with turban and white beard advised him that the time has come to move along. And the big tree in front of our camp that had fallen last night, without any wind to push it at all, is a warning to move also. And there was a report that the enemy had planned to attack our camp soon. Some think that it is better to move to a new area altogether, like to Meureudu or Batèe Iliek provinces. But the memories of the unsuccessful move to Lhok Udjeuen discourage us from the idea to move to unfamiliar terrains. Some suggested that we should move to Geumpang District. Finally we take the easier way, to move to familiar ground, to return to Tiro moun-tains again, this time to Puntjeuek Hills. This is a crucial move as the future development will tell. Upon reflection it might have been wiser to move to Geumpang or Batèe Iliek. It would have taken us the same amount of time to reach all these places. So we decide to move to Puntjeuek Hills tomorrow.

(DECEMBER 5, 1978)

We depart from Camp Bayah at 8 AM to three directions. The main body, my party, to Puntjeuek Hill, to Southwest d irection. Estimated time, 5 days march in extremely difficult and dangerous situation. Another group to Eastern direction, going to Blang Manè and Meureudu areas. Still another group, to go down to Truseb with dispatches. We get out of the camp dispersed, in order not to make distinct footprints that can indicate the direction of our leaving. At about 9 AM we heard gun fires from Northwestern direction, that was the route taken by the party that went to Truséb. We know later thatthe enemy ambushed them and one person was captured, Hasballah Tiba. The others managed to escape. The enemy forced Hasballah to take him to Camp Bayah. The enemy troops were ready to attack us there in great numbers and they had camped only 1 hour walk away from Camp Bayah since yesterday. Only they did not know the exact location of our camp. Hasballah had to take them there. We hear such barrage of firing there while we continue our march. We really had a narrow escape that morning. On our way we are surprised to see

the enemy footprints and traces everywhere in our vicinity. We also know that they had had a terrible time for nothing. Because of that we have no confidence anymore to walk along the ridge. We have to take other more difficult routes all the time. Also because the enemy had gone very high up in the mountains we decide to cross at very low levels. That means we have to go through so many ravines and cliffs. It took us four nights and five days on the road to arrive in Puntjeuek Hill. All the times walking from daybreak to nightfall. This is a rainy season, making it more difficult and more dangerous because you leave footprints on soft grounds everywhere. We have to cross two big rivers, the Tiro River and Krueng Meuk River. When we arrived in Puntjeuek Hill which is on higher ground than Camp Bayah, we can, hear that the enemy is still in action "against us" there by bombing, strafing,machine-gunning, punctuated by mortar shells without stopping, already five days!

(DECEMBER 9, 1978)

We arrived at midday in Puntjeuek area and we picked up a spot for our camp just a little behind Southeastern slope of Puntjeuek Peak that I had described earlier as the attic of Pidie Province, There is a small spring (alue) there with crystal clear water and round white pebbles. We plan an "L" shape housing compound facing the spring with huge fireplace in the middle to provide heat for all because it is very cold at night. .4y quarters is at the Eastern end of the compound near .the spring. I can hear the sound o£ the water running softly in the stillness of the night. It take a week to finish the Camp of Puntjeuek. Our calculation is that we Can rely on several areas for food supply by staying here.

(DECEMBER 19, 1978)

Since we arrived in Puntjeuek, communications with the country have been re-established quickly. But to go down to Tiro Region from Puntjeuek involved very steep descend and very difficult climbing up again. Therefore the men prefer to take the longer routes by going West or East first and then make their descend from that place.

Since we are in Puntjeuek we managed to type more copies of *The Drama of Achehnese History* and distributed them right away in the country. Stencil master sheets are being cut also and should be ready for printing soon. We plan to make several thousand copies for distribution without charge to our members and educational institutions.

(DECEMBER 20, 1978)

The NLF forces in East Acheh, Pasè Province, attacked the enemy troops in Paya Bakong area, near the natural-gas field, in accordance with our policy to protect our gas resources from being stolen by the Javanese invaders and their foreign accomplices. One enemy soldier was killed,several enemy buildings were destroyed and many enemy motor vehicles burned.

(DECEMBER 23, 1978)

The NLF forces in Pase Province attacked Javanese colonization projects (they called it "transmigration centre") at Alue Meurieng. Four buildings destroyed and three enemy soldiers were- killed in the battle.

(DECEMBER 26, 1978)

The NLF forces attacked enemy troops near the LNG (Liquefied Natural Gas) plants' site in Lhok Sukon, Pase Province. Another attack was launched against enemy position in Panton Labu town, also in Pase Province.

The NLF forces in East Acheh are under direct command of Dr Much tar Hasbi, the Vice President of the WAS and Minister of Internal Affairs of the State of Acheh Sumatra, a singularly dynamic personality.

(DECEMBER 27, 1978)

Today is a national holiday, ISKANDAR MUDA DAY,commemorating the death of Sultan Iskandar Muda, in 1639 Iskandar Muda was a military genius, a great statesman, a law-giver, all at once.

After the flag is raised, I deliver this short speech:

Today we celebrate the great Achehnese leader, *Po teuh Meureuhom*. This posthumous name given to him by our people is so meaningful. It means "Our Beloved Late Lord", denoting such love, respect, intimacy and immediacy, as if he is still alive among us today, although he was dead in 1639, 339 years ago. This is immortality. His monuments are not pyramids, but the throbbing hearts of his people, from generations to generations. This is the feeling that I want you to share about him. He is not dead. He is still alive among us today. We walk under his shadow. He is our witness. We need a man like him, the standard-bearer of our history, against whom we must measure ourselves. I want you to partake some of his ego. Then you will not salute the Javamen anymore. You have to be a free man in your heart first, before you can be free in your home. You have to free your home first before you can free your country. But when you have freed your heart, you can free your home,and you can also free your country. This is the process that we are instigating in Acheh today. If Iskandar Muda were alive today,this is what he would have done, and he would be with you today, right here in Puntjeuek Hill.

There is an Achehnese proverb that said:

Adat bak Po teuh Meureuhom,
Hukom bak Sjiah Kuala.

It means "Our Customary Laws came from our Beloved Late Lord, our Religious Laws came from Sjiah Kuala." Sjiah Kuala was a great Islamic scholar and Chief Justice of Iskandar Muda. This is the immediate fount of Achehnese legal system which is based on Islam. It is the foundation of our *stare decicis*. Today, in Javanese-indonesian occupied territory, the Javanese are still using the 18th century Dutch Colonial Criminal Code as their basic law and the Javanese

judges would quote its paragraphs and chapters with great pride. Those who still doubt that Javanese-indo nesia is not merely the continuation of Dutch colonial empire should observe this. The mere idea makes us Achehnese disgusted. Not to say to be condemned by it.

In his life time Iskandar Muda was so revered by our people that they gave him one-hundred-and-one titles, among them: "The King of Kings; Emperor Whose Crown Is The Universe *(Meukuta Alam)*; The King All The World To Whom Bowed; The King Whose Face Like Sun; The Master of Acheh And The World; The Law Giver; The Just One; etc. I want every Achehnese should be able to assume just one of these titles, in his own heart, even the most humble one, like the Master of Your Own House and Land, then you will not salute the Javanese-indonesian invaders anymore. I shall not touch any Achehnese hands that had been raised to salute the invaders of this country!

The most remarkable thing about Iskandar Muda was the fact that he was even more loved and missed after his death in contrast to the fate of most kings and rulers who would be denounced immediately upon their deaths as tyrants and what have you. (For further remarks on Iskandar Muda, please refer to page 126).

Later during the day we receive report from Dr Muchtar Hasbi in Pas?) Province that to commemorate ISKANDAR MUDA DAY, our forces in Pase had attacked the enemy forces near the LNG Aron gas field with three Javanese-indonesian soldiers killed and several buildings destroyed.

After the celebration, late in the afternoon, three groups of our men leave the Puntjeuek Hill Camp for duty in the countryside. One group leaving for Blang Malo under command of. Zakaria, one group for Tongpudéng under Tengku Sjekh Ibrahim, and one group for Blang Kedah under Geutjhik Saad. Before he depart Zakaria comes to say goodbye. He embraced me and Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah. That was unusual of him, I said to myself_. He seemed very emotional. He must have felt something. That was the last time we see each other.

When all the men have departed for duties, there remain in the camp only my skeleton staff of about 30 men. Army Commander Daud Husin has not been with us for sometime. As usual he has been carrying his own duties in enemy occupied territories. The Camp will be more than half empty for several days until the men return.

(DECEMBER 30, 1978)

The day begins as usual. Everybody is busy with his work. The typewriters are clicking noisily in the middle of the forest close to the summit of Puntjeuek Hill. This is the guerilla headquarters of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra. The staffs are preparing the final corrections in stencilled sheets to print about one thousand copies of *The Drama of Achehnese History*. I go to take a bath in the spring at about 10 AM. We have lunch at 1 PM. After lunch Dr Husaini and I sit together talking in our quarters. Then, suddenly, at 3 PM, we heard a shot being fired inside the camp. I said to Dr Husaini: "What is that?!" I know it cannot be from our man - unless an accident - because it was strictly forbidden to fire a gun in the camp`s perimeter. So we had a moment of hesitati-

on. Just a few seconds later, I hear the sound and see the barrage of machine gun bullets being fired at us from a very close range ripping the plastic roofs and walls of the camp all around us. Then I know that we are under enemy attack and they are already within the camp's perimeter. I lay flat on the floor of the camp while tying my gun belt. At that time, Dr Husaini who is also laying on the floor next to me said that he was hit by the enemy bullets. In that split second our guard posts returned the fire and that stopped the enemy firing for a few minutes because the enemy soldiers had to lay down on the ground to protect themselves from our fire. The next second, Geutjhik Sjamaun, my second chief guards, second in command after Geutjhik Uma, was already standing in front of me while firing at the enemy. I have never seen a braver manl Geutjhik Uma was then at the advanced post. I picked up my briefcase - full of secret documents - and jumped to the ground, and walked to the Alue followed by Dr Husaini, Dr Zaini, Asgady, Geutjhik Sjamaun and others. Then the enemy resumed firing. I noticed so much blood, so red, like the red of the roses, on the leaves around us that I asked who had been hit. It was Asgady's blood. I told him to follow me. He said he could not walk because he was very badly hit. He was not in pain, and not panicky at all. In fact he was smiling! He asked me to please hurry getting out of there as he lay down on the ground. I embraced him and walked away.

The walls of the spring are so steep and very slippery because they are all rocks covered by damp moss. I ask Dr Zaini to climb up first and he slipped, almost falling back and down into the spring. I manage to grab his shoes and push him up from slipping down using my fingers to support his soles while he scales the height. Then I climb up fully expecting to get enemy bullets on my back. But it did not come. In a few minutes we are all uphill may be not more than 200 meters in the back of the camp where the battle is still raging. Our posts still firing. We know the sound of our guns. The enemy did not dare to proceed immediately. I did not fire a single shot because I did not see the enemy. There is no use wasting the bullets. That gave us the chance to escape. Ater the firing stops, the enemy entered the camp and set it on fire right away. They call on us to surrender - they must be kidding! - and addressed all sorts of expletives at me. So they knew I was there allright. "What do you expect from pigs but grunts?" That was what I thought of them. We stood there for a moment,looking at what happened in the camp down below with smokes blowing up and the smell of burning plastics fills the air. I count those who survived with me: there are only seven of us, including me: Dr Husaini, Dr Zaini, Geutjhik Sjamaun, Imum Wahab, Ku Harun Blang Manè and Mat Usuh. There is no way to know what happened to the rest because we cannot check the posts which are on the other side of the hills. We hope the others had escaped too but sadly we cannot go to check because we are so outnumbered and outgunned. Our troops are not even with us. The enemy caught us unprepared.

We have no food with us and nobody has anything except what he has on his body - that is nothing. Luckily Mat Usuh, who was on guard duty that day had something with him,' that is some plastic sheets, some rice, sugar, coffee, salt, medicine, enough for one person's emergency need for 4 days - our guerilla's basic ration.

There is nothing to do than to try to put as much distance as possible between us and the enemy. I discuss what we should do about Asgady. Everyone agrees that we cannot do anything. We cannot` carry him. Everyone of us, except Geutjhik Sjamaun, is no paragon of physical fitness. We are the weakest group - the useless one physically in the camp who, cannot carry even the normal weight. That was why the men did not get the duty to go down to fetch food supply and were left behind with me. If we delayed, even we cannot get away. Whatever I say, Asgady will be a burden on my conscience, as long as I live, for having left him there to die by himself. Although I know full well that if I lingered on with him there a few more minutes I will be dead too, I still cannot go away from him with clear conscience. But what good my death will bring to our cause? Everyone says that. *Par acquit de conscience*. It was not really acceptable. This was the first time I missed the chance for honorable death. I should have died with Asgady. I should have never left him to die alone!

While searching my mind for precedent, I remembered Nietzsche' s words: "Are you still alive? Why? What for? By what? Whither? Where? How? Is it not folly still to be alive?" I recalled Egmont who said "He who spares himself becomes an object of suspicion even to himself. " But, I also remembered the words of William of orange to Egmont:"We are not ordinary men, Egmont. If it becomes us to sacrifice ourselves for thousands it becomes us no less to spare ourselves for thousands."

It was unfortunate that the Orange family of The Netherlands should have become my family's traditional enemy later on because of its colonialist pretensions and that William's great granddaugh ter, Wilhelmina, should have decorated the killer of my grandfather in her palace.

We, the seven stragglers - that what I thought of us at that time - are climbing and descending along heading East until nightfall, and we cannot walk anymore because of darkness and we have no flashlight. We have to stop walking and to find a place to sleep somewhere. The hills of this area are so steep, there is no level ground or flat surface large enough for one man to lie down straight. To prevent yourself from rolling downhill when you fall asleep, you must attached yourself to a tree trunk. So Geutjhik Sjamaun found for me a.big tree with a crescent shape trunk where I can crawl snugly on dry leaves for my mattress.we are lucky there is no rain that night. And we do need our rest for the day's tragedy. We are all hungry and thirsty. There was no food and no water there. As I lay down there, by the trunk of the tree,high up in the mountain's wilderness, with sparkling stars overhead as if strewn all over the dark blue sky visible through the opening in the foliage, exuding false peace and serenity, many thoughts cross my mind: I recall the story my mother told me when I was a boy:when my great grandfather made his decision to enter the war to defend Achehnese independence against the Dutch invasion in 1873, a wise man told him: "But, Tengku, if you did,your children and grandchildren might some days have to sleep by the tree trunks in the forests with only tigers for friends." That has indeed come true many times over in my family. Do I feel sorry about it? Not at all. Not at all. I will do the same thing all over again. As long as I live. I do not seek

to live one day longer than what Allah had decided for me. I believe in His disposition like my forefathers did.

(DECEMBER 31, 1978)

We wake up at sunrise. As we travel light and nothing to pack,in no time we are on our feet again. Our objective is to cross the Krueng Meuk River this morning as soon as possible before the enemy blocks it. We want to go to Blang Manè area where Mat Usuh is a *pawang*. Without him we would have to stay in Tiro, and in that case I will have to be my own *pawang*, because I am the only Tiro-man left in this group. I am the only one who knows this territory, in this group. I have thought about that possibility and I was all prepared to do so. There is nothing impossible for us to do. Everyone will rise to every occasion: and that including me. That has been our determination and our resolution. We reached the river at about 10 AM. Geutjhik Sjamaun and Mat Usuh go forward to check if there anyone on the riverside. They surprised a group of boars trying to catch fish and digging roots on the sandy river bank. Geutjhik Sjamaun draws the conclusion that if the wild boars were there, then there must not be any human being around. It is safe for us to cross right there. So we cross the river swiftly. As it turns out, we are lucky to have crossed the Krueng Meuk River at the time we did, because we find out later that soon afterward the enemy blockaded the entire river in an attempt to prevent us from getting away from the area. But it turns out to be too late for him. From the bank of Krueng Meuk River we proceed to Northern direction where we have to pass the massive mountain range between Krueng Meuk and Krueng Tiro. We stopped at nightfall and Mat Usuh prepared some food from his ration for all of us. We enjoyed a cup of coffee - I have never tasted a more delicious cup of coffee in my life. He also made some porridge from his ration of rice sweetened by saccharin - of all things. We feel OK. That was our New Year's eve party!

(JANUARY 1, 1979)

We proceed to walk at daybreak. Our speed can only be described as at snail's pace. We reach the night at a small spring and it is raining: There is not enough plastic cover for all of us. Mat Usuh gives his plastic sheets to me: 2 pieces of wrinkled black plastic sheets, each about 1 meter long, and both full of holes. I use one piece to sit on, and the other piece for my roof against the rains. Since it is full of holes it does not keep me dry. Thus I try to sleep while sitting quietly between the two pieces ofplastic sheets. The only noise I hear is the soft thuds of rain drops falling over my leaky plastic roof. My friends try to use some leaves in order not to get too wet. Usually you can find big leaves in the mountain but not on every spot. There is none around us here. What a way to spend the New Year"s Day!

(JANUARY 2, 1979)

We start our slow march at 6 AM. Our objective is to reach the

Tiro River by nightfall and to cross it under cover of darkness. We managed to do just that. We cross the river at about 7 PM and we stay for the night not far from the river bank.

(JANUARY 3, 1979)

By noon time today we reached my family"s old campsite where there are three graves of my womenfolk that I had passed through before. The durian trees that were planted there by my uncle, Tengku Umar di Tiro, in 1953, has grown up and bear fruits now. Mat Usuh climbed up the tree and picked up durian fruits. He cooked it to add to our dwindling rice reserves to make porridge. After lunch we proceed to walk again. We passed through several old camps that brought back memories. Also we found evidence that the enemy had gone through so many places looking for us. At least we got the satisfaction to know that they are as exhausted as us. Their helicopters have not meant much. Just a lot of noise to announce their whereabouts - just fine for us.

(JANUARY 6, 1979)

We reach our destination on January 6, I will not mention the real name of this place because we are still using it until now. The enemy has not been able to find it out after 3 years! It is not far from the big enemy operational headquarters in Pidie Province. I can see the enemy helicopters going up and down every hours on their missions to search and destroy us. Not only that, I can even hear the engines of the helicopters when they start them on the ground. I have never gone down so close to the countryside since I returned in 1976. It has taken us 7 days of continuous march to reach the place. By the time we arrived we are no longer capable of real walking but merely dragging one foot after another slowly and inching toward our destination, due to hunger and exhaustion, To make things even worse, this is a rainy season. So before anything else we have to prepare a roof over our heads. Since we have no plastic sheets as we used to have, we must find wild banana leaves for substitutes to make the roof. So the men dragged their feet to go to cut wild banana leaves and brought them back to a spot on the ground and stocked them together, one on top of the other, making some kind of "roof" at about the height of sitting position. And other banana leaves are laid down on the ground for mat to sit or sleep on. The whole structure when finished looked like the house the pigs are making for themselves on the floor of the forest - the pig sty. But it will keep us dry before we can get anything better.

(JANUARY 7, 1979)

There are *bak djo*k palms nearby. Dr Husaini and Imum Wahab dragged themselves there to cut them for our food. I watched them came back, step-by-step, carrying a tiny piece each of their finds. Mat Usuh cooked and made a meal out of it. Then we decide that Mat Usuh should go down to the village, alone, to get some food, and esta-

blish communication. From now on, everything is a solo performance - there is simply nobody to go around. Even then, without Mat Usuh, we would be totally lost here. Just imagine if something happened to him and he could not come back. I also decide that Ku Harun should go back to the hill - also alone - to pick up plastic tissues from our old camp there.that only he knows where it is. He did not refuse to go although it was very dangerous, having declared so often that "he was the Tenaku's last bullet." He could get lost or captured too. He did get lost, and comes back the next day after sleeping the night with a tiger's cup and his arms and face full of cuts by the sharp edge of the wild elephant grass.

(JANUARY 8, 1979)

During the last 10 days nobody knows in the country what has hop pened to us. Are we still alive or already dead - as claimed by the enemy? Mat Usuh comes back the next day with more things than we need: all kinds of foodstuffs,a brand new short waves radio for me, new suits for everyone. Also a mosquito net and bed spreads for me, and a new set of fountain pen in a beautiful gift box! All gifts from the people. They simply asked: what we do not have? And they provide everything we need. Mat Usuh cannot carry everything by him self. He had organized a group to bring the supplies tomorrow. We feel alive again. *The most important thing is to know that your people are with you! This has been confirm to us, again and again*!

(JANUARY 9, 1979)

Today Army Commander Daud Husin and his troops with Pawang Brahim arrived, having been contacted by Mat Usuh. We had a touching re-union. Pawang Brahim, when he saw me sitting in our pigsty house begins to cry very loud and throws himself at my feet, prostrating, saying his laments in Achehnese, the only language he was born with to this world. As I was sitting on the ground on the banana leaves, I put his head on my lap, while he was crying and lamenting. He said he felt such shock and pity to see me like that,living in a pigsty, being reported dead, o what has happened to our country and to our people to let this happen to the Tengku! I console him as much as I could. I said to him that this has happened not because ofthe fault of our people but because of the Javanese-indonesian invaders and that is why we have to do something about it.

Soon we found out that Asgady, Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah, and Bén Daddh were shot dead by the enemy at Camp Puntjeuek Hill, on December 30, 1978. Their bodies were mutilated by the Javanese and they were not allowed to be buried by the people until one week later when their bodies had decomposed. We still do not know the whereabout of other survivors.

(JANUARY 10, 1979)

Two survivors of the Camp of Puntjeuek Hill come to join us today. They are Nyak Amat and Yahya. They tell us that Geutjhik Uma

was also safe. I was grateful to know that.

During my seven day march in the forests from Puntjeuek Hill to this place, I have had the chance to rethink about many things. The most important is that the time to start a real armed struggle against the enemy can no longer be postponed. I have to get the guns now and fight. And I know, as I did not know before,that the people are ready and willing. For this I need to go out of the country myself. This cannot be done before because without my being in the country we would not have been able to hold on to our necessary political works. At this point, this has been accomplished because we now have strong cadres who can continue political indoctrination of the people on their own without the need for my personal presence. Also, before, there were too many people around me that my prolong absence cannot be kept secret, and that the people are too dependent on me. Now, I am practically alone, and those who are with me are capable of keeping all secrets. So this is the time for me to go abroad to prepare the struggle for the final victorious phase. *Our political strength is such that with a few thousands modern rifles we can have our country back.* The order is out to prepare the necessary means for Dr Husaini to go abroad. No one knows that I personally will go abroad except Dr Husaini, Dr. Zaini and the Army Commander Daud Husin.

(JANUARY 15, 1979)

After what happened we need a couple of weeks to recuperate, to say the least. The enemy made such propaganda that I was dead at Puntjeuek Hill, to demoralize the people. But instead of demoralizing the people, that kind of propaganda had the opposite effect on the Achehnese with a defiant psychology. That made the people more solidly united behind us. But what happened at Puntjeuek Hill was bad enough for us - we sustained very great loss with the deaths of men of the calibres of Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah, Asgady and Bén Dadéh - *but our organization in the country can no longer be shaken, what ever happens in the hills*. How everything has been working ever since is a proof of this.

In no time, full swing communication is established with the Secret Headquarters. I gave order to our Governor of Batèe Iliek Province, Tengku Idris Ahmad, to prepare a camp in his territory and all the necessary food supply for me to move there next month (February). In six hours I received his reply that everything will be ready. This is a place which will take me one full month (30 days) to walk by foot to reach! The enemy is frantic in his effort to capture me. I heard the Buginese traitor, Yusuf, who is the Javanese puppet "Minister of Defense" wanted me captured alive or dead to please his Javanese masters. He is the Buginese traitor who killed my friend Abdul Kahar Muzakkar, the leader of the Buginese liberation movement in 1964. The enemy sent troops in massive columns with their helicopters, dogs and all, to search the forests of Acheh for me everyday and night. To give the impression as if all Achehnese also wanted my head, the Javanese-indonesian colonialists forced the people, including school teachers, office workers to join the Javanese soldiers in search of me, to demonstrate to some

maiopic foreign journalists how the people cooperate with the Javanese army to capture the "trouble maker". From Secret Headquarters I can observe these columns of hijacked peoples and Javanese soldiers even hear what they are talking while on their way to search in order to destroy us.

(JANUARY 20, 1979)

We heard reports how the Javanese officers tried to bribe the people to tell my whereabout. Millions of Rupees were offered, even a trip to Mecca for those who would betray me. The enemy commander of Kudjang battalion who actually bivuocked only a few miles apart from us tried this line very hard with the people of Lueng Putu.But he got nowhere. There was no taker for his bribes, although I live just in the vicinity. This incident brought to mind the efforts made by the Dutch colonialist aggressors earlier in their attempts to capture my forefathers during the last colonial war as described by Dutch historian, H. C. Zentgraaff:

> "Although their leading commanders fell, the members of the di Tiro family themselves were unreachable. They were very highly regarded and admired by the population; their names had come to symbolize the holy cause, and they were holy men. Even the most materialistic and money-hungry Achehnese wouldnot dare to betray them. Our best commanding officers had tried everything possible to find them but all their diligent efforts were to no avail. Thus the glorious name of the di Tiro family had worked well and it was too great an influence to oppose.... Schmidt discovered soon enough that he could not hear anything about the redoubt of the Tengku di Tiro from the population. Although everybody in Tangsé and in the neighboring countryside knew the place none of them would tell anything, thanks to the great religious and poli tical influence of the di Tiro family.... The population was silent, full of respect for this last leader of a family of great fighters." (*Atjeh*)

And yet, this Javanese colonialist regime had the impudence and the arrogance to issue wanted posters in Acheh with `my photographs on them, saying, "WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE". This regime of the former Dutch mercenary soldier, Suharto, is simply demonstrating how little it knows about the Achehnese people, and how things have not changed much in Acheh Sumatra.

(JANUARY 25, 1979)

The enemy helicopters overfly our camp about fifteen times a day on the average. They fly so low, obviously not suspecting anything. We recover reasonably fast from our last ordeal because the people sent us all sorts of good foods. Milks, eggs, choice meats are our daily diets. By this time all the scratches on our arms, face, legs are healed. Remember that the Javanese-indonesian colonialist regime has been trying to starve us during the last two years using its helicopter gunships, thousands of soldiers, armored vehicles, warships, money, best radio communication system,intimidation, tor-

tures and murders against the people but nothing worked for him. *His fire power means very little in terms of controlling the country. You can see that he is already politically defeated. If we had just one-tenth of his fire power - that we will - he will have no chance whatsoever.*

I plan to leave for Batèe Iliek Province on February 1st. Contact has been made with all survivors of Puntjeuek Hill to make a rendezvous with me at a designated place on the way to the East. Also orders have been given to the places where we will be passing to prepare food supplies for us. Because you can never carry enough food for one month journey on the men's shoulders, while climbing and descending such high mountains.

(FEBRUARY 1, 1979)

We leave our Secret Headquarters at about 9 AM. We see enemy footprints on the way out, maybe passing 2 hours earlier than us. Pawang Brahim can tell that. our destination is to a rendezvous point to pick up the comrades-in-arms scattered from Puntjeuek Hill. At about 5 PM we reached the place, and there they are. It was a tearful re-union. Geutjhik Uma, Ayahwa Saleh, Abou Rih did not make it. We cannot wait for them but will arrange a pick up by car later. Pawang Brahim is our guide for the whole trip. This is his area of responsibility. From that day on we march by the clock: getting up at 5 AM. Breakfast at 5:30. Departure at 6 AM. Lunch at 12 PM. Stop for the night at ,5 PM, just enough time to make clearing on the forest floor for a place to sleep while there is still light. Pawang Brahim has decided to take the high routes to be or. the safe side, although that involved very much climbing and descending.

From now on there will be no entry in the Diary for 30 days, until we arrived at our destination, the Batèe Iliek Province.

(MARCH 2, 1979)

Today we arrived at our camp in the Province of Batèe Iliek, after 30 days of marching, safe and sound, although exhausted. The Governor of Batèe Iliek, Tengku Idris Ahmad, was there to greet us. That was the first time I met him. I.had appointed him Governor of Batèe Iliek by Cabinet's recommendation. This is a remarkable man. He is considered one of our elder statesmen although in his early 50s. He was a political leader of this region in his own right. He espoused the cause of Free Acheh and joined the NLF from the very beginning. He is an Achehnese poet, witty and revolutionary. He had made Batèe Iliek Province our important liberated territory although the enemy maintains a garrison in the town of Djeunieb. But the Javanese control is confined to within the barbed wire fence of his garrison. We control the town and the rest of the countryside.

Governor Idris Ahmad had also sent a welcoming party to the border to escort us through his province, a delicate security operation that could be very dangerous if leaked to the enemy. His escorts met us at a pre-arranged place in the forest. So everything went as planned. When we arrived at the camp on the bank of a big river,

there was a special feast waiting for us. Several bulls have been slaughtered to assure enough meat for our party. There are about 30 people in my party.

Our camp is very well appointed. I have a separate quarters and a very spacious one. For us who have just come from the beleaguered Pidie Province and who have not lived near big rivers anymore for the last two years, we are no longer used to this luxury. By the way, this is my 40th camps since I came back to Acheh from America, and one of the best. If my camp's size should be used for measurement then this is a definite progress. Is it not, as they say, the measure of the man is his castle? Mine is certainly not diminishing but becoming bigger and better since my first one at Panton Wéng in October, 1976! Today in Batèe Iliek, it is March 2,1979. So you can see that I did not fail in my mission. In 1976, I did not have anything in Batèe Iliek, let alone appointing its Governor. Not just Governor in name only, but Governor who is, as we say it in Achehnese, "*teupat nunjok*" that is one whose index finger is straight, meaning his orders are obeyed by the people. And today I have appointed not just one Governor but 19, in all of Acheh Sumatra, and everyone is nearly as capable as this one in Batèe Iliek. By now you have had a glimpse of what is really happening in Achehnese Sumatran countryside and the shape of things to come. As we are growing the Javanese-indonesian colonialists claim that we are diminishing. And some foreign correspondents dutifully echoed Javanese propaganda by reporting that we "have been run to ground".

(MARCH 7, 1979)

Now I have re-established complete communication not only with all of Acheh proper but also with all of Sumatra. I have daily communications with our organization in Medan which is in charge of communications with all other provinces of Sumatra such,as Lampung, Palembang, Djambi, Riau, Bengkulen, Minangkabau, Mandailing, Tapanu-li, East Sumatra, etc. We have created our own administrative divisions according to ethnic groupings, each one has the r own state using their own languages. All Sumatran languages are officially re cognized by the State of Acheh Sumatra as its own, beginning with Achehnese, Gayo, Karo, Batak, Mandailing, Malay and Minangkabau. These are official,,equal languages to be used in Acheh Sumatra.

There are many Sumatrans from various provinces who had emigrated to Java and who are being used by the Javanese regime as its tools to justify Javanese annexation of their homeland. These emigrants are not elected representatives of the people of Acheh Sumatra and have no right to speak on behalf of us who stay at home and remain loyal to our separate identities from the Javanese colonialists. This group of rootless people has been used to confuse the issue of our right to self-determination and independence.

Although I have given a strict order to the Governor of Batèe Iliek that my presence here should be kept strictly confidential, in order not to attract enemy's attention, but from the fact that at least one-hundred notables of Batèe Iliek had already trouped to the mountain to greet me here, makes that no longer possible to do.

Tengku Idris Ahmad admits that the enthusiasm of the people to meet with their Wali Neugara (Head of State) is such that he cannot stop them from coming. The whole Batèe Iliek people feel proud that Wazi Neugara is with them and they are talking about it among themselves openly. People do feel that we are already independent. Those who could not get permission to come to the mountain send letters of welcome to me. On the average, one-hundred of such letters arrived everyday. What kind of guerilla is this?

Meanwhile Dr Husaini decided to make a radio play *from The Drama of Achehnese History*. A dozen tape-recorders were brought to the camp. The members of the camp are selected to play the various characters. It takes one week to do the recording on cassets. It was a big success. The background music was very effectively used, mostly Vivaldi, Bach, Beethoven, and in addition the best of instrumentals that we have been taping from international broadcasts. This play has been reproduced and distributed in the countryside. There is so much demand far it.

Because of continuous deluge of visitors, the Governor decided, with my consent, that another camp should be built, for security reasons, within one hour walking distance from this one, strictly for my residence, where visitors are not allowed. I will have to come down here to receive visitors. Thus another very sumptuous camp was built for my-residence, on a small spring, to where I will move in a few days, my 41st and best camp.

(MARCH 15, 1979)

Today all my staffs received a complete set of new uniforms.

Batèe Iliek was a big battleground during the war with the Dutch. General Van Heutz who later became the Governor General ofthe Dutch East Indies alias "indonesia" fought here in 1905 and almost lost his life, only a few miles away from here. The entire population of this province has become the militants of the NIT-. One of the most famous Achehnese general in history, Panglima Nalan,came from here. He was the right hand man of my great grandfather, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Saman, in the war against the Dutch invaders in 1870s. Panglima Nalan was the ancestor of the present Governor of Batèe Iliek, Tengku Idris Ahmad.

I have decided that I should leave Batèe Iliek not later than March 28, for my urgent secret mission abroad. No one in the country should know about it except the Cabinet members and my closest staffs. I shall return as soon as my mission is accomplished. In preparation for that we make several changes in the Government system. I signed a Decree stipulating that in my absence the State of Acheh Sumatra shall be governed by the Council of Ministers headed by a Prime Minister and with several Deputy Prime Ministers who, in case of death will replace one another in succession. The Prime Minister is Dr Muchtar Hasbi with Tengku Ilyas Leubè as First Deputy, Dr Husaini Hasan the Second Deputy, Dr Zaini Abdullah the Third Deputy, and Dr Zubir Mahmud, the Fourth Deputy. That precedent is established by their ordar of seniority in the leadership of the NLF. The Central Committee of the NLF shall act as the emergency

legislature to ratify the acts of the Cabinet.

I also signed letters of appointments for all my staff members, those who have been my loyal companions all these years in the forests, who have left their loved ones, just like me, and who have sacrificed everything to do this difficult patriotic duty for the salvation of our people and country; to redeem our past and to justify our future.

(MARCH 28, 1979)

This morning I have a leave-taking ceremony with my wonderful comrades-in-arms, the truly great people to be with, who have followed me through thicks and thins because they` know that was an act of following themselves, an act of confirming who they are since October 30, 1976, untiltoday, March 28, 1979; some of them have paid dearly with their own lives: these men have suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and some have died! Few of them knew me personally before I come back from America. They knew me only by reputation. They knew whose son I was. That is saying a great deal in Acheh Sumatra. Achehnese culture takes breeding for granted. Loyalty is given and returned. You have been given same demonstration of it. I have lived with my people, I have seen loyalty, I know what is to love that must also be willing to die for the sake of the loved one, of being loved, by your family, by your people. I have seen my men willing to die first, so that I may live longer and to sacrifice their lives in place of mine. I have suffered too. I have had unpleasant surprises. I have seen treacheries. I have learned in between those two dates more things in my life than what I had learned during my entire life time before. To have survived means to have been given another opportunity to finish the job with more assurances of success. To have survived means to have heavier duty and burden on the shoulders and in my conscience to redeem the dead comrades, to console the bereaved ones, to take care of the young and the old left behind.

No one can do it alone what we have done together. I could not have done it by myself without you, my comrades-in-arms. Not even people with guns can do what we have done together without using the guns. The contribution of everyone of you is as valuable as mine. Have you seen the rings that make the chain? If just one,just one of them broke down, the chain becomes useless. So each ring in the chain has the same importance, the` same value. Each of you are just like the ring in the chain of our Movement. Each of you have contributed as much as anyone else.

Now I have to go abroad for a while on a mission that only I can do it. Just like the mission to pick up rice every day only you can do it, and I cannot do it; now it is my turn to go to the "village" that I knew best to do what needs to be done there. It is not more dangerous than your trips every morning. Nor is it more important than what you did. But you have your special area, I have mine. So therefore I must go. Only crazy and stupid man will believe that I will not come back. I had been away in America for 25 years before but I came back, even when I did not know the face of anybody any more in the country and because everyone I knew had died - murdered

by the Javanese invaders - or forgotten. -I have not changed. I have not taken any other name than what my fathers had given me. Now that I know you are waiting for me, I know every leaf in our forests, and every tree knows me, I will come back even alone to this forest. Nobody can stop us now. With a few thousand guns we will have our country back. You knew what we have been able to do even without guns. I will get you that guns. But even if I cannot get it, you can always get it: first you get a knife; with a knife you can get the guns, right here, and with the guns you can have our country back, freed from Javanese colonialism. So have no doubt. He who is sure of his motive can advance or retreat with confidence.

Then we raised the flag for the last time in my presence; I raised it with my own hands. After the flag reached the summit and flutters, I said to the men:"I have raised your fathers'flag. Never let it go down again!"

Then I embraced them, one by one. All eyes are moist with tears. Some are sobbing uncontrollably. But all are awared of our uncompromising resolution to do whatever necessary for our people's salvation.

I left Batèe Iliek Camp at 2 PM and arrived' at the end of the forest at 5 PM amidst rain storms. At 6 PM I went down to the village. I noticed there were people everywhere, men and women, who seemed to be expecting me and knew who I was by the way they greeted me. I asked my escort-"Why these people are out?" He replied: "They are watching the security of the road for us." I asked him again:"Do they know who am I?" He answered:"Everybody knows."
- "Did not I tell the Governor that no one should know?" I asked.
- "Yes, but everybody knows." He replied matter of factly.

From the village I rode on the back of a motorcycle to go to the sea, passing the town of Djeunieb. Everybody was out there in the streets to greet me. We passed in front of the Javanese-Indonesian police station so close that I could see two Javanese policemen in uniforms with three civilians around them, all seemed to be chatting. My driver told me the three men talking to the enemy police were our men to guard the Javanese policemen and to make sure they stay in there while we are passing. If the enemy police came to the beach tonight, the men will grab them. When we arrived at the beach the boat was already waiting. When the time for boarding arrived, before I knew it, I was carried bodily to the boat by several men, without ever asking my permission. They wanted to make sure that my feet would not be wet! The engine started and off we went in the darkness. I could not see the face of my boat captain until daylight tomorrow morning, after more than 11 hours of sailing and were already in the middle of the Malacca Straits. He is Shaiman Abdullah whom I am meeting for the first time in my life.

(MARCH 29, 1979)

The morning hours are very calm and nice in the Malacca Straits at this time of the year. By now we have been sailing more than 12 hours. How many times have I passed through this water, my lake,

this way, incognito! This is the first time I have a close look at Shaiman Abdullah, the captain of my boat. He is about 27, tall, with sparse moustache and beard.

- "Where are you from, Shaiman?", I asked.
- "From Kuala Djangka, Tengku!", he said. It was a village about 15 miles to the East from Djeunieb.
- "Then you know everything around here well!"
- "Yes, Tengku!"
- "Where did you go to school?"
- "I have never gone to school. I run away from home when I was 13 years of age and have been fishing and boating ever since."
- "How that happened?"
- "I had a bad quarrel with my big brother who beat me up, so I run away. I supported myself by helping fishermen on the beach and they were good to me." It is a custom among Achehnese fishermen that if someone had helped in the catch as little as lifting a finger, he would be given a share, even a little boy.
- "How long have you been a fisherman?"
- "I have never quit ever since. I taught myself how to fix the engine, how to construct a boat, and I am in business."
- "Have you seen your parents since then?"
- "Yes, I returned to see my parents and my brother after I got married and had my first son."
- "Where do you call home?"
- "Djeunieb. I married a girl from Djeunieb. My house is on the beach, about 200 meters from the place we boarded the boat last night."
- "But you do not keep your boat on that beach since I saw nothing there."
- "Oh, no. My boat business station is in Sigli,where I always kept this boat. It is located next door to the Javanese army garrison in Sigli."
- "When did you join the NLF?"
- "Two months ago." I thought that was when we were at Puntjeuek Hill.
- "Did you say two months ago?"
- "Yes."
- "Why not two years ago, why only two months ago? I mean what made you finally decide to join?"
- "I heard a Javanese army officer delivered a speech in Sigli where he called the Tengku a pig. That was my last straw."
- "What did you do then?"
- "I came back to Djeunieb and tried to find contact with the Free Acheh Movement."
- "How did you manage to get the contact?"
- "The moment I opened my mouth I found out that everyone in Djeunieb is already a member. What a fool I was to have been left out alone all these years. But everyone distrusted me because I lived among Javanese-indonesian soldiers in Sigli and worked with them too. And the people knew that."
- "What kind of work did you do with the Javanese army?" - "As an army intelligence agent."
- "Hm. What sort of duty they had given you?"
- "After the above-mentioned "indoctrination" speech by the Javanese officer, I was given a pistol and an assignment to find out

where the Tengku is." (Achehnese are very polite among themselves. Those whom they deem worthy of consideration to be their superior are never directly addressed but always in an indirect third person term. Even in direct conversation they would never address me as "you" - even in higher case - but always as "the Tengku".)
- "Then what make you change your mind?", I asked.
- "I have never changed my mind! I know like everybody knows that without the Tengku this country would have gone to the dogs!"
- "What did you do then?"
- "My contact in Djeunieb told me that our Movement needs a boat to take someone abroad. I told them that my boat is available any time. First they did not want to tell.me who it was, Then they told me it was Dr Husaini. only yesterday they told me it was the Tengku whom I have to take, after they made me swear by the Quran that I would keep my mouth shut."
- - "Then what happened?"
- "I have not done anything wrong in my whole life. I do not want to cheat anybody, even the Javanese, So I returned to them the pistol they gave me before, yesterday. I do not want to be accused of stealing it."
- "Say that again, please!"
- "I gave back the pistol to them yesterday."
What a pity, I said to myself. Shaiman is a man who decides his own things without consulting anybody else,
- "Anybody knew that I was leaving with you last night?"
- "In Djeunieb, everybody knew."
- "What do you mean "everybody"?"
- "I mean everybody. There is no one who did not know about it, The Indonesian police knew it, The Indonesian army local commander knew it. Luckily they are all Achehnese, They knew if they betrayed us they would get into big trouble with the people."
- "How are you so sure about that?"
- "I am sure. The army from Djeunieb went to Takengon in Central Acheh to search for the Tengku there, yesterday!"

Just at that time, as if to put a period to the conversation, I heard a cannon blast over my head. When I looked around I could not see any warship. Then I looked up to the sky where I saw the streek of white vapor made by an indonesian airforce attack plane flying just above us. The cannon shot must have come from that plane which is presumably on reconnaisance flights-Clearly the enemy had sighted us. I looked at my wrist-watch: it was 11:45 AM. So this is it, The time to die has finally come. We are going to fight with everything we have if the enemy came for us, as I fully expected. There are a dozen of us, well armed. We will never be taken alive. First to be sent into the bottom of the Malacca Straits,at the first sign of enemy approach is my briefcase. Oh, how many of our secrets have been buried there before us in the bottom of this waters of ours.Thus, I sit quietly, waiting for death to come....

Every time we sighted a ship we thought that might be it. There are so many ships criss-crossing the Malacca Straits going East, West, North and South at that point. The most likely visitors for us would be helicopter gunships, warships, patrol boats or military aircrafts. Six hours are very long to wait for death to come while every second counts. By 6 PM in the evening it still didnot come.

I knew then that we were saved, for the time being at least, until next time! The only person who was not perturbed inthe least during that time was Shaiman. The other one Army Commander Daud Husin. Nor did I show to anyone of my concerned. By nightfall there was nothing more to worry about except not to collide with one of those huge oil tankers that clogged our waterways. By tomorrow we are no longer in "indonesian" territory.

Shaiman and Army Commander Daud Husin are to take me to a neighboring country - which for the time being shall be kept nameless - from where I shall fly to Europe, and Shaiman and his party to go back to Acheh. Everything went perfectly as planned.

Two weeks later I flew back from Europe to the place where Shaiman brought me to get the latest reports on the situation back home. I was informed that Shaiman and party had returned to Acheh safely. Shaiman got a hero welcome from the people for his successful mission to take the *Wali Neugara* out which is known to all. He went up to the mountains to the Headquarters of the Governor of Bathe Iliek. When he came back to his village in Djeunieb, Shaiman found out that he had acquired a new status now as a hero of the people and the Re volution. The people flocked to wherever he is seen. For the first time in his life he had tasted what recognition means. Honor is the thing! He had been so much ignored in his hard life before. He appreciates the difference and his well-earned honor. Having been to the summit, he decided never to go down again. He quits his life as a fisherman and a boat captain to assume his new role as a formidable and mysterious cadre of the NLF. The only thing he wants now is to go to Mecca for pilgrimage to seal his new prominence with the title of a "Hadji" thus to become Hadji Shaiman Abdullah. His wish will be granted. Shaiman Abdullah, having grown up from among the people, knows what is the most important things in life of his people: loyalty, honor, and freedom. His case shows the social approval o£ the political aims of the NLFAS and why it will succeed in bringing back liberty and freedom to the people of Acheh Sumatra from under Javanese-indonesian oppression. His case shows the grass roots nature of the FREE ACHEH MOVEMENT or the NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF ACHEH SUMATRA. The idea that existed only in my head, when I landed in Acheh in October, 1976, has now been safely transplanted in the head of Shaiman Abdullah and millions like him who are willing to do anything, sacrifice everything, including their lives, to restore the independence of Acheh Sumatra. And they are now organized and mobilized throughout the country. I have planted the seeds of my highest hope, under the points of the enemy bayonets. And it is growing before my eyes. My ground is still rich enough for that!

POST SCRIPTUM:

While I was visiting a friendly country in Africa, I read reports of Javanese-indonesian official announcement of my "death" in 1980, killed by their troops. This is the patent example of "facts" manufactured in the make-believed world of Javanese-indonesia.

The Far Eastern Economic Review wrote: "Hasan di Tiro maybe alive and reading the account of his death with amusement." I do not know if I should be amused or not but it sure proved that the Javanese are just a bunch of liars!

TO BE CONTINUED



The author



CROSSING THE RIVER

The author got a lift from comrades-in-arms.





TOP RIGHT: Showing the flag, Crescent-and-Star with two black stripes over the red ground, in the liberated territoy of Acheh.

TOP LEFT: From right, Dr. Muchtar Hasbi, Dr. Tengku Hasan di Tiro, Army Commander Daud Husin (far left). Others are guards.



Tengku Hasan di Tiro, President of the National Liberation Front of Acheh Sumatra addressing the NLFAS' forces. The Tengku is standing in front of the podium on the left, in a liberated territory.



From right: Secretary General of the United Nations, Dr. Kurt Waldheim; Ambassador of France; H. H. Tengku Hasan di Tiro, President of Doral International Ltd and Chairman of Atjeh Institute in America; Philippine Ambassador to the U. N. On the occasion of the signing of International Tin Agreement, 1976, at the United Nations Headquarters in New York. Photo by Gamma Diffusion, Paris.

This is the "Wanted" poster issued by the Indonesian regime which says: "Wanted, dead or alive, the following leaders of the Hasan Tiro "movement."

SERUAN

JIKA SDR. INGIN AGAR DAERAH AMAN DAN TENTERAM

CARI DAN TANGKAP HIDUP ATAU MATI TOKOH TOKOH PENGACAU LIAR HASAN TIRO SEPERTI TERGAMBAR DISINI :



HASAN TIRO



HASAN TIRO



DR. MOCHTAR HASBI



DAUD PANEUK



IR. ASNAWI



TEUKU LEUBE



DR. ZAINI



DR. HUSAINI



AMIR ISHAK



DR. ZUBAIR MACHMUD

JARANGKALI MEREKA BERADA DI KAMPUNG SDR/BERJUMPA DENGAN SDR. SERAHKAN MEREKA KEPADA POS-POS T N I TERDEKAT.