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CMIP #3

INDONESIAN WRITING IN TRANSLATION

Compiled and edited with an introduction by
JOHN M. ECHOLS

TRANSLATION SERIES

MODERN INDONESIA PROJECT

Southeast Asia Program
Department of Far Eastern Studies
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

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1956

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PREFACE

This compilation of translations of modern Indonesian literature originated as a series of class exercises performed by some of my students at Cornell University as a part of the advanced Indonesian language class during the years 1952-1955. The selections have now been compiled primarily for use in a course on Southeast Asian Literature in Translation, in an attempt to overcome, to some extent, the lack of available material. These are presented herewith in the hope that they may also be of interest to others concerned with, or interested in, comparative or Far Eastern literature. In addition to the selections translated by these students, several poems which Messrs. Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam kindly sent me from Makassar have been included together with two translations by Professor Harry J. Benda of the University of Rochester.

Indonesian literature since 1917 has indeed been a terra incognita for several reasons, two of the most obvious being the inaccessibility of the material and the language barrier. Both of these are very slowly but gradually being broken down, as a glance at James S. Holmes' Angkatan Muda, A Checklist of Writings in Western Language Translations in Indonesië 5, pp. 462-72, will reveal. It is my hope that this anthology will assist in dispelling some of the ignorance which now inevitably prevails concerning modern Indonesian literature. With the appearance in June of the Atlantic supplement, Perspective of Indonesia further opportunity will be given Americans and others to become acquainted with a sample of the literature of this area.

In preparing this anthology I have often been reminded of a story, probably apocryphal, related about Einstein who, shortly after his arrival in this country, was asked to say a few words and replied that he would try to speak in English but if by chance he should slip back into German, Dr. Lindemann would 'traduce' him. I sincerely hope that none of the writers represented in this compilation has been traduced.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the assistance of Idrus Nazir Djajadiningrat and Hassan Shadily in carefully checking many of the translations and of Mrs. Tazu Warner, secretary in the Department of Far Eastern Studies at Cornell University, who performed an excellent job of typing the mats for reproduction and assisted in numerous other ways. Finally I wish to express my appreciation to the Djakarta publishing houses, Balai Pustaka (Perpustakaan Perguruan Kementerian P. P. & K.) and Pustaka Rakjat for granting permission to reproduce these translations of their publications.

John M. Echols

May, 1956

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CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION - John M. Echols	1
MEANT FOR EACH OTHER - A Chapter - Abdul Muis	11
WITH SAILS UNFURLED - Soetan Takdir Alisjahbana	23
MEETING - A Poem - Soetan Takdir Alisjahbana	31
OH MOST BEAUTIFUL - A Poem - Soetan Takdir Alisjahbana	31
PRAYER - A Poem - Amir Hamzah	32
UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE KA'BAH - A Chapter - Hamka	34
MY FATHER - Selections - Hamka	38
IMPERIALISTS FENCED IN - Armijn Pané	53
THE TALE OF THE FLAMBOYANT TREE - Suwarsih Djojopuspito	57
ELEGY - A Poem - Rivai Apin	63
NOTES FOR 1946 - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	63
TUTI'S ICE CREAM - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	64
WILLINGNESS - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	64
TO A FRIEND - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	65
NOCTURNO (fragment) - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	66
IN VAIN - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	66
ME - A Poem - Chairil Anwar	66
PARTING - A Poem - Louise Walujati Supangat	66
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE - Rosihan Anwar	68
SPYGLASS - Amal Hamzah	87
AKI'S SONG - Idrus	91
DJAMAL, CITY GUERRILLA - Mochtar Lubis	119
DJAMAL INFILTRATING - Mochtar Lubis	124
HAMID - Achdiat K. Mihardja	129

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Page

HAPPY ASSOCIATIONS - Pramoedya Ananta Toer 143

VANISHED CHILDHOOD - Pramoedya Ananta Toer 153

THE DJINN - Sitor Situmorang 173

GLOSSARY 178

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INTRODUCTION

This is intended to be no more than a brief survey of modern Indonesian literature as an introduction to the selections that follow.

Since the terms Indonesia and Indonesian as applied to the new nation are fairly recent and not entirely familiar it might be useful to point out that Indonesia is the geographical and political term for an area which has been variously called The Dutch East Indies, Netherlands (East) Indies and Netherlands India. The Malay-based national language is called 'Bahasa Indonesia' or Indonesian and the literature of Indonesia written in Indonesian is known as Indonesian literature. One should keep in mind the distinction between Indonesian literature and the literature of Indonesia, the latter including the quite extensive writings in Javanese, Sundanese and other local languages of Indonesia. This anthology includes only selections written originally in Indonesian.

In 1927 a writer on Malay literature stated that 'Malay literature is dead'. He was undoubtedly speaking of the death of the older Malay literature and here he was quite correct. Yet he was in error with regard to modern Indonesian literature which is generally acknowledged to begin in 1920 with the appearance of Merari Siregar's novel Azab dan Sengsara Anak Gadis (The Miseries of a Young Girl) published by the government publishing house in Djakarta (known before the war as Batavia).

Established in 1908 as a commission for the purpose of selecting reading materials for the Indonesians, Balai Pustaka or Volkslectuur (Bureau of Popular Literature), as it was called, became in 1917 a publishing house which issued inexpensive translations of Western literature, almanacs and weekly or semi-weekly magazines in Malaya, Javanese and Sundanese. As of 1942 almost two thousand titles had been published and original works and translations continue to appear from Balai Pustaka. Among the earliest translations were Oltman's The Sheepherder, Cervantes' Don Quixote, Dumas' Three Musketeers, and works by Kipling, Mark Twain and James Oliver Curwood. If one has occasion to study the statistics of Balai Pustaka during the period 1917-1942 he will be impressed by the number of subscriptions to its periodicals and by the circulation figures of its books and pamphlets in the 1200 circulating libraries throughout Indonesia. Even with the appearance of original contributions by Indonesian writers beginning with Siregar's novel, translations still led in circulation figures until 1939.

Many of the best known writers were at one time or another members of the editorial staff of Balai Pustaka. It was this firm which provided an outlet and an incentive to native writers to such an extent that its role in modern Indonesian literature can scarcely be overestimated. Since World War II its influence has probably not been as great, for, with the achievement of independence, many private commercial publishing houses arose which now provide additional

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outlets for the numerous authors in Indonesia. Two of the largest and most important of these firms in Djakarta are Pustaka Rakjat and Pembangunan.

Balai Pustaka's translations and original contributions have appeared not only in Indonesia, but also in Javanese, Sundanese, Madurese and Minangkabau. In the first two languages the number of titles was especially great, a fact which is not surprising in view of a population of 35,000,000 Javanese and 9,000,000 Sundanese.

It is not uncommon, in the literary history of a country, to use the term 'Generation' as a convenient label for distinguishing groups of writers chronologically. Some Indonesian literary historians and critics have divided modern Indonesian literature into three periods or generations. These are the Generation of '20, the Generation of '30 or the Pudjangga Baru Group, and the Generation of '45. Only the latter term has won any widespread acceptance. To these has been added the Generation of '50, a designation for the youngest group of writers.

The appearance of Marah Rusli's novel Siti Nurbaja in 1922 is an important landmark in the history of Indonesian literature. The novels of Siregar and Rusli make a complete break with the older traditional literature by depicting real-life situations and characters rather than indulging in fantasy.

In both cases these novels address themselves to the problem of East-West conflict in Indonesian society of the early twenties, a conflict which frequently arose from the impact of Western education upon local customs and traditions. One of the most frequent areas of conflict was that occurring between a Western-educated Indonesian youth and his adat-conscious family, often arising over a situation wherein the family had, in accordance with Islam, selected a wife for their son who had gone elsewhere to study and there had fallen in love with someone outside the clan. These two themes, the problem of forced marriage and of youthful opposition to the out-moded ideas of their parents who are desirous of maintaining the old traditions and customs (adat), were the subject of a number of novels during the twenties and thirties. Siregar's novel emphasizes the problem of forced marriage while Rusli lays more stress on the conflict between old and new. Virtually all the authors of this Generation take a very pessimistic attitude towards these problems and death is the usual solution. No less than five characters lose their lives in Siti Nurbaja, for example. Many of the novels of this period still enjoy wide popularity, as evidenced by the number of editions, some of the better ones having been reissued once or twice since the Second World War. By 1930 Siti Nurbaja has replaced the Indonesian translation of The Three Musketeers as the most widely read novel in the hundreds of circulating libraries throughout the Archipelago.

Three novels somewhat similar to Siti Nurbaja appeared in 1928. They were Adinegoro's Asmara Djaja, Nur Sutan Iskandar's Salah Pilih (Wrong Choice) and Abdul Muis' Salah Asuhan (Wrong Upbringing). Of the three the latter is generally regarded to be superior as a literary product. Professor Gonda once said that it

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compared very favorably with European novels. Certainly the language is freer and less strained and the characters are more finely delineated. Muis was for many years a well-known journalist which is evident in his writing. Pertemuan Djodoh (Meant for Each Other), another of his novels, appeared several years later and does not quite approach the standard set in Wrong Upbringing.

Two whose poetry is contemporary with the novelists mentioned above and whose writings played a significant role in the earliest period of modern Indonesian literature are Mohammad Yamin and Rustam Effendi. Yamin published original poems and translations from the Dutch as early as 1922 and in 1929 his famed Indonesia Tumpah Darahku (Indonesia, My Fatherland) appeared. Yamin's poems are of a sentimental and lyric nature, singing of his love for his native land, at first Sumatra, but somewhat later Indonesia.

A collection of poems from the pen of Rustam Effendi, entitled Pertjikan Permenungan (A Sprinkling of Meditation), made its appearance in 1926 and has recently been reissued, as have the poems of Yamin. Many of the poems of these two appeared in sonnet form and thus broke with the traditional quatrain or pantun.

Drama in the Western sense made its debut in 1926 with the publication of Rustan Effendi's Bebasari, a play concerned with the familiar problem of forced marriage and filled with nationalistic ideals.

While modern Indonesian literature had been undergoing this development the written Malay language of Indonesia had not stood still. It had been diverging more and more from the Malay of Malaya, largely with the introduction of many new words and phrases from the local languages, particularly from the Minangkabau language (a large number of writers have come from this area of Central Sumatra), Javanese, Sundanese, Dutch and the local dialect of Djakarta.

From October 26 to 28, 1928 the Second Youth Congress was held in Djakarta under the chairmanship of Mohammad Yamin. At this congress the participants declared that there should be 'one country, Indonesia, one people, the Indonesians, and the language of unity, Bahasa Indonesia'. While these resolutions could not, of course, be fully implemented until after the Second World War, the term Bahasa Indonesia began to be widely used by Indonesian intellectuals.

The use of Indonesian among a limited but influential group of intellectuals was greatly reënforced by the appearance in 1933 of the literary and cultural monthly Pudjangga Baru (New Writer) under the editorship of Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana, Armijn Pané and Amir Hamzah, three important members of the Pudjangga Baru group or the Generation of '30.

The appearance of this journal marks an important event in the history of modern Indonesian language, literature and culture. For the first time an outlet devoted exclusively to the literary and cultural facets of Indonesian life existed. It was completely Indonesian edited, though several prominent Dutch in Indonesia gave their enccuragement to the endeavor. Within several years most of

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the outstanding Indonesian personalities associated themselves with the periodical and the table of contents of the volumes from 1933 to 1942 forms a Who's Who of Indonesian intellectuals.

While Pudjangga Baru's prewar circulation was quite small, according to Takdir never more than 150, its influence was great and many important critical essays, poems, short stories, book reviews and even a complete novel appeared in this important journal before the Second World War. It ceased publication in February, 1942 just prior to the landing of the Japanese and reappeared in March, 1948. In 1953 it was replaced by Konfrontasi (Confrontation) under Takdir Alisjahbana's editorship.

Prior to the appearance of Pudjangga Baru in 1933, a number of publications by members of this group were issued. Among them was Takdir Alisjahbana's first novel, Ta' Putus Dirundung Malang (Misfortune Without End) in 1929 and his second in 1932 entitled Dian Jang Ta' Kundjung Padam (The Everburning Candle), the latter reminding one of Pierre Loti, whose Iceland Fishermen he had just translated for Balai Pustaka. It is interesting to note here that eight original novels appeared from the presses of Balai Pustaka in 1932. It is probably more than a coincidence that in 1932 the publication Timbul began a special edition in Malay for the furtherance of Indonesian language and culture under the editorship of Sanoesi Pané. In March of the same year the Balai Pustaka semi-weekly Pandji Pustaka instituted a literary column. This activity culminated in the formation of Pudjangga Baru in 1932 and its appearance the following year.

Three of the most prominent members of the Pudjangga Baru group have previously been mentioned. These are Takdir Alisjahbana, Western and internationally oriented, Armijn Pané, Western oriented, and Amir Hamzah, Eastern oriented. In 1937 Takdir published Lajar Terkembang (With Sails Unfurled), his most famous novel and an important landmark in modern Indonesian literature. In 1941 his novel Anak Perawan Disarang Penjamun (A Girl in a Bandit's Nest) appeared from the press. One of the issues of Pudjangga Baru (1935) contained his only collection of poems, some of which were written just prior to and some shortly after the death of his first wife.

Armijn Pané is probably best known for his much discussed novel of 1940 entitled Belenggu (Shackled) which he submitted to Balai Pustaka, but the government publishing house refused to take moral responsibility for its publication and it appeared as the last three issues of the 1940 volume of Pudjangga Baru. Probably no example of modern Indonesian literature has created so much furore as this novel. Breaking largely with the tradition of East-West conflict in Indonesian society and ignoring the problem of forced marriage it deals with prostitution, a rare topic in Indonesian literature before this work. Armijn is also the author of a number of plays, one, Lukisan Masa (Picture of Our Time), appearing in 1937. A volume of his collected plays was published several years ago.

The last of the trio, Amir Hamzah, scion of a noble family in East Sumatra, was not a prolific writer but his prose and poetry

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are on a very high level, though difficult reading even for Indonesians. Amir was fond of and steeped in older Malay literature and its extensive vocabulary which he used to excellent effect. Takdir considers Amir's poetry among the finest lyric poetry of the Pudjangga Baru group and is particularly fulsome in his praise of Amir's collection of poetry entitled Njanji Sunji (Songs of Loneliness) which appeared in 1937. His other collection of poetry (Buah Rindu) (Fruits of Longing) appeared in 1941 and is an anthology of his poems which had previously appeared in Timbul, Pandji Pustaka and Pudjangga Baru. His untimely death in Sumatra during the Revolution was a severe loss to the Indonesian literary scene. A person of refinement, great sensitivity, with full trust in God and His works combined with a strong inclination towards mysticism, he was forced, after a long struggle, to give up the girl of his choice in favor of the one selected by his family. This deep inner conflict is clearly reflected in much of his poetry.

Another important Pudjangga Baru member, though not one of the original trio, is Sanoesi Pané who in 1940 published an important play under the title Manusia Baru (The New Man). Though the scene is laid in India, it is not a drama concerned with the older history of India or of Indonesia, but has as its theme the labor movement, social welfare and social planning. In this way it differs from his own earlier historical dramas, Kertadjaja (1932) and Sandhyakala ning Madjapahit (1933) and Mohammad Yamin's Ken Angrok dan Ken Dedes (1934) and thus to a considerable extent parallels the sharp break made by Belenggu in the field of the novel. Sanoesi is also author of two plays in the Dutch language but with Indonesian themes.

One of the early members of the Pudjangga Baru group was the poet J. E. Tatengkeng, a Christian from the island of Sangir, north of Celebes. While not in any sense prolific, the one volume of his collected poems, Rindu Dendam (Desire) which appeared in 1934, is important not only as poetry, but as an indication of the tremendous influence of the Dutch Generation of '80. In fact, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Pudjangga Baru group is the influence it received from such Dutch writers of '80 as Willem Kloos and Perk, for example.

Mention should also be made of the Balinese writer, I Gusti Njoman Pandji Tisna, author of several novels dealing with prewar Balinese life, one of the best known bearing the title of Sukrèni, Gadis Bali (Sukrèni, a Balinese Girl) which originally appeared in 1936 and has recently been reissued.

Contemporary with the Western educated Pudjangga Baru group was the group of writers whose background was Islamic, with the Arabic language rather than Dutch as the medium of contact with the outside world. The influence of Egypt was especially great in their literary endeavors and in this respect one finds a parallel in the literary situation across the Strait of Malakka where Egyptian romances were and still are translated into Malay.

Probably the outstanding figure in this group, both in quality and quantity, is Hamka who has authored twenty or more volumes on a

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wide range of topics but generally with an Islamic theme. His best known romance is Dibawah Lindungan Ka'bah (Under the Protection of the Ka'bah). It first appeared as a serial in the Medan periodical Pedoman Masjarakat which he edited and in 1938 Balai Pustaka published it. A novel of his which also proved to be popular with the Indonesian reading public was Tenggelamnja Kapal Van der Wijck (The Sinking of the Van der Wijck) which appeared in 1939.

Another writer of this group is Mohammad Dimyati, author of a number of didactic novels. In the preface of his first work, Anak Jatim atau Langkah Kaoem Moeda (Orphan or Steps of Youth) which appeared in 1933, he frankly stated that there was need for didactic novels on Islamic themes and proceeded to write half a dozen such works plus numerous short stories before the war.

Other Islamic writers belonging to this group are A. Hasjmy, Rifai Ali, A. Damhuri, and Youscuf Sou'yb. The publishing center for the Islamic group was in Medan and Padang rather than in Djakarta.

In March, 1942 the Japanese landed on Java, prohibited the use and teaching of Dutch, tried, though not too successfully, to introduce Japanese and were soon forced to utilize Malay. This, of course, provided tremendous impetus for the spread of Indonesian and it was soon apparent that the language lacked many thousands of technical terms which were urgently needed. In an attempt to overcome this deficiency a language commission was organized October 20, 1942 and during the course of its existence the commission agreed upon approximately 7000 new technical terms which were later published in a two-volume dictionary by Takdir Alisjahbana. In January, 1943 a similar commission was established in Medan.

During the Japanese occupation, which ended August, 1945, very little that could rightfully be called literature was published. With several exceptions most of the writing appeared in the form of poems, short stories, and a few plays. A great scarcity of paper encouraged short story writing and poetry, but discouraged novels. Except for Nur Sutan Iskandar's Tjinta Tanah Air (Love of the Fatherland) which appeared in 1944, Karim Halim's Palawidja (Second Crop) in 1945, and possibly one or two others, most of the writing appeared in the cultural journal Kebudajaan Timur (Culture of the East), an annual magazine published by the Japanese-controlled Pusat Kebudajaan (Cultural Center) during the years 1943-45, and in the bi-weekly Djawa Baroe (New Java) during the same period.

Though very little was published, some of the younger writers were circulating their works in manuscript or in mimeographed form to trusted friends. All were revolutionary in spirit and many of their products were outspokenly anti-Japanese.

With the surrender of the Japanese and the outbreak of the Revolution, the long-concealed compositions, especially poetry, plays and short stories, began to appear in the literary and cultural magazines which sprang up not only in Djakarta, but in other parts of Java in the next few years.

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Among those whose poems began to appear in various magazines was Chairil Anwar, who, with his revolutionary spirit, his flashes of genius and lack of sentimentality, had a profound effect upon his contemporaries and led him to be acknowledged the leader of the Generation of '45.

His literary production was not great and not until after his untimely death in April, 1949, were his poems collected and published in book form. Several of his fellow poets have stated that upon reading his poems they, for the first time, realized the great possibilities of literary expression in the Indonesian language.

Chairil Anwar's poetry was published in three volumes, all appearing in 1949 and 1950: Deru Tjampur Debu (Melee of Noise and Dust), Jang Terampas dan Jang Putus (Plundered and Broken) and Kerikil Tadjam dan Jang Terampas dan Jang Putus (Sharp Gravel and Plundered and Brokem). He also participated with Asrul Sani and Rivai Apin in a joint volume of poetry.

If Chairil Anwar is generally regarded as the outstanding poet of the Generation of '45, Idrus shares this leadership in the field of prose. His short stories, first written during the Japanese occupation, were strongly anti-Japanese in tone. Author of a number of outstanding short stories, and several plays, he has written little since 1950.

In Djakarta on November 19, 1946 Chairil Anwar, Asrul Sani, Rivai Apin, M. Akbar Djuhana, Baharudin, Henk Ngantung and Mochtar Apin organized a number of writers and artists into a group known as Gelanggang (Arena). Not long afterwards with the establishment of the weekly magazine Siasat (Inquiry), a literary and cultural supplement entitled Gelanggang began to appear. This supplement continues to appear once a month.

The following persons are also generally regarded as members of the Generation of '45: the poet and dramatist Rustandi Kartakusuma; the novelists and short story writers Pramoedya Ananta Toer, Mochtar Lubis and Achdiat K. Mihardja; the poetesses Siti Nuraini and Louise Walujati Supangat; the poet, short story writer and essayist Asrul Sani; the essayists Ida Nasution (she disappeared during the Revolution in 1948) and Hazil; the short story writer and essayist Amal Hamzah; the playwright Utuy T. Sontani and Usmar Isma'il, the writer and art critic Trisno Sumardjo; the playwright, poet, short story writer and essayist Sitor Situmorang; and the poet Rivai Apin. This is by no means an exhaustive list.

Mention should be made of the well-known literary critic H. B. Jassin who has published two important anthologies of modern Indonesian literature, including one of the Japanese period. He has also written several volumes of essays on literary topics, and is or has been editor or a member of the editorial staff of a number of Indonesian literary and cultural periodicals. At the present time he is instructor in modern Indonesian literature at the University of Indonesia and his influence in literary criticism is considerable. He is an authority on Chairil Anwar.

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On August 17, 1950 a group of leftist writers and artists in Djakarta formed an organization under the title of Lembaga Kebudajaan Rakjat (Institute for People's Culture) or Lekra, as it is generally called, with branches in Medan, Surabaya, Bandung and Djokjakarta. Among its leaders are Bujung Saleh, Hr. Bandaharo, Bakri Siregar (Medan), Hadi (Surabaya), A. S. Dharta (he also uses the names Jogaswara and Klara Akustia), Bachtiar Siagian and M. S. Ashar. Essentially they reject the universal humanism of the Generation of '45 and favor 'art for the people'. Several members of Lekra have contributed literary and cultural columns to some of the leftist newspapers.

The Generation of '45, like the earlier groups, is still very active in the literary and cultural fields, but in the meanwhile another generation, sometimes called the Generation of '50, has made its appearance on the literary scene. While it is perhaps too early to evaluate fully the works of these writers, the poets Kirdjomuljo and Nugroho Notosusanto, the novelists S. M. Ardan and Ajip Rossidhy, and the short story writers Rijono Pratikto and Yusach Ananda have attracted attention through their recent publications.

The vast majority of articles and books concerning modern Indonesian literature are in Indonesian and Dutch and will be included in a bibliography of modern Indonesian literature now in process by the editor. In the meantime the following are useful introduction in English and French:

Ali, Ahmed, ed., The Flaming Earth: Poems from Indonesia. Karachi, Friends of the Indonesian People Society, 1949.

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ABDUL MUIS

Well known as a novelist, journalist and politician, Abdul Muis was born in Bukittinggi in 1890. He attended medical school but quickly turned to politics and journalism.

His first novel, Salah Asuhan or Wrong Upbringing, appeared in 1928 and is now in its fourth edition (1952). One of the outstanding novels in modern Indonesian literature, it tells of a Western-educated Minangkabau who falls in love with a Dutch girl and thereby runs counter to the local adat. The marriage, after many vicissitudes, fails and the man returns to his childhood home in West Central Sumatra and to his Minangkabau wife selected for him by his family. There he commits suicide by poisoning and his mother and wife declare that the son shall not have the same education as his father, whence the title of the novel.

The first chapter of Muis' second novel Pertemuan Djodoh or Meant for Each Other, which first appeared in 1933 and was reissued in 1952, is reproduced in the following pages. The locale is the Sundanese area, Bandung and vicinity, and describes the trials and tribulations of Suparta, of noble descent, and his sweetheart, Ratna, a commoner. Ratna's seemingly interminable suffering and humiliation, which include domestic servitude, imprisonment and attempted suicide by drowning, culminate in a happy ending.

In 1950 Muis published a historical novel Surapati, followed three years later by Robert anak Surapati. He has also translated a number of works, including Tom Sawyer and The Last of the Mohicans, into the Indonesian language. He belongs to the group of writers referred to as the Generation of '20.

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MEANT FOR EACH OTHER

By Abdul Muis

Hurriedly Ratna boarded the express at Padalarang, an afternoon train from Djakarta to Bandung. Her father took her to the third class coach, packed as usual, with the result that there was no seat left for her.

"Get off, Dad," said Ratna anxiously. "They will surely not sound the warning bell again. The train will leave unexpectedly."

She was not mistaken. The conductor's whistle was accompanied by the puff of the locomotive. Slowly the train began to move, causing a sensation among those who had not yet gotten off and did not intend to go along.

Before getting off, Ratna's father hastily said to her:

"Move to the second class coach, Nana! Here! For the difference in fare."

Ratna accepted the two and a half guilder note which was placed in her hand, then said: "Oh, it's close by. We'll be in Bandung in the twinkling of an eye."

Ratna stood in the midst of a pile of suitcases, baskets, parcels and so forth, scattered throughout the train and blocking the passageways. She held her suitcase in her hand, because there was not even room for a thing as small as that.

Although Ratna was prepared to remain standing until Bandung, she finally felt the urge to sit down when she saw the situation on the bench to her right. The hand holding the bag had begun to feel tired. Although the bench near where she was standing was made to seat four, she could see that only three were sitting there.

An aged pure-blooded Chinese was leaning his head against the window, acting as though he were sound asleep. On his right sat a decent fellow. He held an open book in his hand and from time to time tried to read.

Seated in front of the elderly Chinese, who pretended to be asleep, was his wife, embracing a leather bag beside her. She looked around her in an anxious manner as though she did not trust a single passenger in the coach. Beneath the bench on which she sat were several bundles which were never out of her sight. The young man gazed at Ratna. As long as the coach was filled with porters and people seeing friends off, he did not want to make any disturbance, but as soon as the train got underway and everyone was seated, he reached out and took hold of the leather bag which was in the firm grip of the Chinese woman.

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Opening her eyes suspiciously, it was apparent that she expected to match her strength against his rather than see him go off with her bag.

"This seat is for passengers, not for bags," said the youth in a tone of finality.

"It would be better to put the bag up on the rack so that others who have also paid for a seat may have one."

Meanwhile the husband had opened his eyes and said curtly:

"There's no space up on the rack. It's full."

"Oh, there's room," the young man replied.

He climbed up on the seat and rearranged all the luggage.

While he was rearranging the bags the couple began quarreling. Apparently the husband wanted his wife to give in, but she was firm in her refusal.

"There, I told you so," said the youth. "Two or three more bags can be put up here. Hand them to me."

With grumbling and chattering which could not be understood by those nearby, she picked up her bag and placed it in her lap.

It appeared that among the passengers there was one who understood what the woman said under her breath. Sitting opposite the couple, his eyes closed as though unaware of those around him, was a young Chinese of mixed blood, wearing a collarless shirt of dyed cloth, black silk Chinese-type trousers and a black felt hat. Although he appeared to be taking a nap, the expression on his face indicated that he was concentrating on the activities around him. The Chinese woman was quite annoyed at being disturbed by the young man but was completely unaware that since leaving Djakarta she had been closely watched by a detective. Her anger was directed solely towards the man in front of her and thus she failed to notice the behavior of the secret police seated opposite her.

The young man turned to Ratna and, in Dutch, said very politely:

"There is a vacant seat now, miss. Please sit down. Your bag can be placed beside the seat."

"Oh, thank you," she replied embarrassedly, also in Dutch. "But actually we'll be in Bandung shortly."

In the meanwhile, however, the bag became too heavy and slipped to the side of the seat.

"Hm," he replied, taking a deep breath. "If this seat isn't occupied, it will be taken by someone else in Tjimahi. Then my seeking a quarrel with this fellow passenger will have been in vain.

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That reproach was not in vain. Ratna sat down and lowered her eyes. Was she embarrassed? Did she want to be obligated to someone she didn't know? Why was her heart pounding so?

The young man, realizing that she didn't wish to carry on a conversation, opened his book and attempted to read. He found he could not concentrate. Suddenly he looked up and saw her watching him. Both looked down simultaneously and blushed. Self conscious, Ratna leaned over to straighten her bag and he attempted to read his book again. He was surprised that this stranger could have such an effect on him.

In Djakarta he associated with school girls everyday but never had he felt his heart pound like this. Never had he felt embarrassed. Ratna's indifference towards him only strengthened his desire to engage in a conversation with her. He suddenly asked:

"Are you going to Bandung?"

She raised her eyes for a moment, then said in an unsteady voice:

"Yes."

Blushing to the tips of her ears, she lowered her eyes again.

He did not want to admit defeat yet.

"Do you live in Bandung?"

"Yes."

Pause. Ratna moved her leather bag.

"If you place it there, it will surely block the passageway."

"Oh!"

The bag went back to its original place.

The young man opened his book and pretended to be reading. A sigh. He closed the book again and continued his questioning.

"Where are you from?"

"From Tagogapu."

"Do you live in Tagogapu?"

"Yes, - well, my parents do."

"Do you have a job in Bandung?"

"I go to school."

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"Oh, the Van Deventer School?"

"No."

"H. B. S.?"

"No."

"Normal School?"

"Yes -- The Kindergarten Training School."

He sensed Ratna's unfriendly attitude towards him. Even so, he had to admit that he found her behavior and appearance most attractive. He said:

"If I'm not mistaken, there are still five more days of vacation. But you are already returning to school?"

"Yes."

"Do you have to?"

Suddenly Ratna raised her head and looked directly and unwaveringly at him as if she were eager to reveal the distress in her heart. Upon seeing his sweet smile, however, and the happiness which shone from his eyes, her heart yielded. Her indifference and embarrassment disappeared for the moment. She replied with a subtle smile:

"You ask a lot of questions."

Boldly, he replied:

"It's the train atmosphere! It's normal for fellow passengers to chat. However, if you prefer that we don't talk...."

"Oh, no! If you intend to ask anyway, there's no need to keep the facts about myself a secret. Here they are:

"My name is Ratna Djuita, I'm eighteen years old, attend the Kindergarten Training School at Bandung-Karees and have just advanced to the second year class. My father's name is Atmadja and he has a lime-kiln at Tagogapu. I spent my vacation at home. School opens again on Wednesday. In the next five days I must clean my room, air my mattress, straighten up my wardrobe, collect my books. In other words, a lot of work is waiting for me at school. That's why I have to return to Bandung today. Is that enough? Now, how about you -- who are you, where are you going, where are you from?"

With these words Ratna looked at the youth and endeavored to restrain the smile which curved her lips.

The young man also looked at Ratna, then smiled. Although

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her looks were just average and she could hardly be a member of the elite, yet her behavior and actions aroused his interest more and more. Giving the impression of one facing a judge, he nervously replied:

"My name is Suparta, I'm twenty-two, born in Sumedang, a student at the medical school, later hope to pass my exams for an M.D. I'm on my way to spend the last few days of vacation in Bandung. In Sumedang I live with my mother. From Bandung I intend to return to Djakarta to prepare for my examinations. Is that enough?"

"No," replied Ratna. "Normally a name has something in frontof it. A Sundanese may have a title. Is it Raden or Mas?"

Suparta looked at Ratna from under his eyebrows and said:

"Just Suparta, Enden!"

"Oh, excuse me, but I'm not Enden or Nji Mas. My father is of the masses, my mother also. Beginning as a small contractor and through thrift my father was finally able to own a simple lime kiln."

"There you are! For that reason I'm just Suparta to you."

In Tjimahi people swarmed onto the train, especially military personnel, who discovered the train was too crowded for them to find seats. Out of the corner of her eye Ratna observed the passengers who were forced to stand, then looked at Suparta, smiling sweetly.

"If I hadn't forced you to sit down, if you hadn't accepted my offer, perhaps your feet would be tired by now."

"I've already thanked you. Must I repeat it?"

"Oh yes, I'm sorry. I forgot. But, at whose house are you staying in Bandung?"

"I told you that I'm a student at the Kindergarten Training School. Didn't you know that there is a dormitory at the school?"

"Oh yes -- It's best that the tuition I've already paid be returned. Yes, yes, eh -- Bandung is a busy city. It has recently grown but Djakarta is still large."

Ratna smiled. She knew that Suparta just wanted to keep up the conversation. But it was apparent that he was at a loss for words. At the beginning he gave the appearance of being self-assured but he now seemed embarrassed and self-conscious.

Although Suparta seemed clever, with a keen sense of humor, he appeared at this point too nervous to keep the conversation going. Ratna seized this opportunity to appear indifferent in an effort to arouse his interest even more.

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She opened her suitcase and began looking for something.

"Eau de Cologne?"

"No."

Pause. Ratna wiped her face with a handkerchief and turned to look out the train window.

"It's hot," said Suparta, taking a deep breath.

"It's hot," replied Ratna, without raising her eyes.

Suparta mused a moment, Ratna remained quiet. But in her mind she asked: "What else will he ask me?"

As the train pulled into the Bandung station, Suparta sighed:

"Well, we've arrived."

"Yes," Ratna replied happily.

"I've stood all the punishment I can and I'm finally released. Have a good time in Bandung!"

"Certainly it was torture for you, sitting opposite me..."

"Oh, no, not at all! That wasn't what I meant."

Suparta thought a moment. Porters came aboard picking up the scattered baggage as they worked their way through the coaches. Bandung! Bandung! -- they called out. Although many passengers had gotten off and others were standing to leave, neither Ratna nor Suparta made any effort to join the others -- as though they were unwilling to separate.

"Let me take your bag," he asked, holding out his hand.

Ratna replied, smiling:

"Oh, thank you. Up until now I've always carried it. Sometimes from school to the Tjikudapateuh stop."

Suparta followed her in silence. How happy he would be if something should occur to prolong their acquaintance -- perhaps a fight, a locomotive boiler explosion, a fire, an earthquake -- anything would be welcome.

No sooner did Suparta make his silent wish, than the police officer ordered the arrest of the Chinese people. The couple who had argued with Suparta. A porter was ordered to impound all their belongings. The officer had them brought into the waiting room.

"Ah!" said Suparta, leading Ratna by the hand in an effort

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to protect her and to work their way towards the Chinese couple. "Let's follow along for a moment. What's happening? I want to know."

Ratna was not particularly interested in the arrest but she did not intend to become separated yet from Suparta, so she replied:

"Yes! Let's watch awhile, since they unintentionally became our 'friends', and I, too, want to find out about the case."

They stood in front of the waiting room door, hand in hand. The crowd continued to gather, but the policeman, who was blocking the entrance to the waiting room, threatened them with his club.

At such a time the barriers between strangers are relaxed and they discuss with each other the excitement they are experiencing. This was precisely the situation with Ratna and Suparta. They talked with each other as though they had long been friends. Formality and shyness they had shown towards each other disappeared, like dew in the sun's rays. Suparta protected Ratna from the surging crowd which had become so great that the guard had to enforce order. She had no desire to become separated from her companion and leaned on his shoulder for support.

In the waiting room the police were examining the seized parcels and bags. The leather bag, which the Chinese woman had refused to place on the rack, was ordered to be opened and examined. All the articles of clothing were inspected, the packages opened and searched, but nothing was found.

Finally, the Commissioner took out a pair of thick-soled silk Chinese shoes and weighed them by turns in the palm of his hand. Suddenly his face lighted up. Handing the shoes over to a policeman, he said:

"Split the soles of these shoes one by one!"

When the sole of the shoe was split along the seam, they discovered a thin package of prepared opium!

"So! So!" said the Commissioner with a smile. "But this is incredible. Continue the search! Don't leave a package unopened!"

The Commissioner carefully fingered the light yellow cabbages and examined the leaves. Then he said:

"Split them!"

To their astonishment two of the four cabbages were found to contain smuggled opium!

"There!" replied the Commissioner excitedly. "It's not

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every day that we have such a find as this. To the office! Come on, make way!"

People cleared the way with such pressure that Suparta was forced to squeeze Ratna's arm to protect her. By now Ratna reacted as though Suparta's interest in protecting her were a natural instinct.

Leaving the station for the taxi stand, Suparta hailed a cab, and before Ratna could protest, he opened the door, had her enter and sat down beside her, saying to the driver: "Karees!"

As the taxi drove off the two young people sat in silence. Finally Ratna said hesitatingly:

"It's certainly nice of you to go to all this trouble to take me to the school!"

"What do you mean 'trouble'?"

"Yes, - oh. But actually I have often gone from the station to Karees alone. Besides -- what will people say when they see us riding together in a taxi?"

"It's already dusk, evening in fact. It's only proper that girls be escorted along a road at night. That's what people will say," he replied.

"Oh, I'm not concerned over what outsiders will say, but the directress will have a different opinion."

"If you're as worried as that, I'd better just get out at the gate," Suparta answered rejectedly.

Ratna regretted what she had said. To salve Suparta's hurt feelings, she said:

"Well, after all, I'm eighteen years old and can no longer be considered a child. Outside of school, so long as I don't overstep the bounds, I am responsible to myself alone."

"True," replied Suparta enthusiastically, at the same time applauding. "Those were true words! Tomorrow's Friday and school hasn't opened yet. The next day is Saturday and then Sunday. There's still some vacation. May I come to the school on one of those days?"

"No!" Ratna answered startled.

"Why not?"

"Well, because -- because I don't want it."

"Oh."

"No...because the Directress is in charge of the dormitory."

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"Oh, that's true. But can't we go out then?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because, well, it's difficult for me to say it. Although I'm just an ordinary person, I must guard my reputation."

After this outburst the gap between them arose again. She leaned on the car seat and looked out the window. Suparta remained silent, thinking that perhaps he had gone too far. Then in a firm voice, Ratna said:

"Don't misunderstand me. Our meeting should be regarded as a passing dream. We both have work to do before obtaining our diplomas. If our lives are spent only in pleasure we will not achieve our purpose. You return to Djakarta. When we are older we will surely meet again."

Suparta remained silent. Although they had just met, to him it seemed like a lifetime. He realized the meaning in her advice but it seemed too difficult for him to accept it as a passing dream. What had happened to him? In Djakarta he associated every day with girls like Ratna, but these were merely brother and sister relationships. Never before had he become excited over a girl, nor felt embarrassed and nervous. He was a friend to all the girls. Never before had he been so attracted by a girl he did not know. Of the girls he knew, any of them would be proud to be escorted home by bung Parta.

This time, however, Suparta had acted in a rather direct manner. Was Ratna unwilling to go with him? Did she dislike him? No, because she would admit that being with him was fun.

Then why was she acting this way?

Her independent spirit only increased his desire to see her more often. Hesitatingly, Suparta said:

"Would corresponding interfere with your activities?"

"That would depend upon the contents of the letters. I intend to speak quite frankly with you. I am very neglectful at writing letters. Each time I go home my father gives me stamps but it is unusual for him to receive one letter a month from me. I am willing, though, provided we don't become too involved."

"If I write you a letter then, can I expect a reply?"

"I don't know. I've already said I dislike writing letters. You may write me but I won't promise to write you."

"All right. If you think my letters contain nothing but drivel then disregard them. You don't have to reply, but I shall try to write every week-end hoping that you will feel it worthwhile to answer."

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"Hm! Apparently you don't have to work hard at the Medical School!" Ratna said laughing.

"Oh no--," he replied, joking again. "Eating, sleeping, football, reading Nick Carter. If you don't want to open a textbook, there's no one there to force you. In time everyone will be fried in the medical school frying pan, provided he patiently awaits his turn. It's quite different at the Kindergarten Training School..."

"When you wish, your tongue can be as sharp as the tip of an arrow," replied Ratna with a smile.

By this time the taxi had arrived in front of the school.

"Stop," said Ratna, preparing to get out.

"Can't I come into the yard?" he asked.

"It's best you didn't. Goodby, Suparta! -- Goodbye. Thanks for all your help. And if you weary of reading Nick Carter and have nothing more important to do please take a pen in hand and -- continue this dream."

As they shook hands the only words Suparta could utter were 'goodbye'.

Ratna got out of the car, ran into the schoolyard and waved goodbye.

Suparta watched her until she was out of sight. Then he ordered the driver to take him to the Hotel Semarang. He had actually planned to stay with a friend, but after leaving Ratna he wished to be alone and took refuge in a restaurant.

The next morning he dressed up, had breakfast and stopped for a haircut before continuing on to Karees.

He became weary of pacing back and forth in front of the school in the hope that someone would invite him in. The Directress was there to see that the girls got their rooms in order but Suparta saw no one leave the building.

He returned the next day, Saturday, but had to leave Bandung without another glance of Ratna.

Translated by Andrea Wilcox

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SOETAN TAKDIR ALISJAHBANA

Takdir, whose novel Lajar Terkembang or With Sails Unfurled, appeared in 1937, is only 48. His versatility is truly amazing. He is a novelist, poet, editor, linguist, essayist, publisher, professor, philosopher, literary critic and lexicographer.

Born in Natal (Central Sumatra), February 11, 1908 and raised in Bengkulen (Southwest Sumatra), Takdir attended the Law Faculty of the University of Indonesia and received his degree several years before the Japanese occupation. Prior to this he taught school in Palembang, was on the editorial staff of Balai Pustaka and in 1953 with Armijn Pané and Amir Hamzah established the famed literary periodical Pudjangga Baru or the New Writer (1933-53). During the Japanese period he was secretary of the Indonesian language commission and later (1945-47) published a two-volume Dictionary of Terms (Kamus Istilah). 1946-47 he was editor of the monthly magazine Pembangunan (Reconstruction). After the founding of the publishing house Pustaka Rakjat in 1946 Takdir began the publication of a monthly journal devoted to the Indonesian language called Pembina Bahasa Indonesia (1948-) and of a popular scientific monthly entitled Ilmu, Teknik dan Hidup, later Kemadjuan, Ilmu, Teknik dan Hidup. From 1946-48 he was professor of the Indonesian language at the Faculty of Arts, University of Indonesia and for the past several years has been teaching philosophy at the National University in Djakarta.

His role as a writer and critic in the Indonesian language is very great and he is regarded as a leader of the Pudjangga Baru group, sometimes called the Generation of '30. He has steadily fought for a synthesis of East and West in Indonesian culture and is considered by his critics to be very pro-Western in his outlook.

Among his writings, exclusive of the one from which the following excerpt has been translated, are the three novels of his youth, Ta' Putus Dirundung Malang or Misfortune Without End (1929), written at the age of 21, Dian Jang Ta' Kundjung Padam or The Everburning Candle (1932) and Anak Perawan Disarang Penjamun or A Girl in a Bandit's Nest (written in 1932 but not published until 1941), and his well known collection of poems, some written before his wife's death, some just after, Tebaran Mega or Scattered Clouds (1935).

His essay on the Indonesian language which appeared in the first volume of Pudjangga Baru and also as a separate is a source for much of our knowledge regarding the development of Bahasa Indonesia and his two-volume grammar, Tatabahasa Baru Bahasa Indonesia or New Indonesian Grammar (1949 and many editions since) has played an important role in the development of the language.

He is also the author of a guide to philosophy (metaphysics) and compiler of useful anthologies of older Malay and pre-war Indonesian poetry.

The story of With Sails Unfurled is quite simple. Two sisters, Tuti and Maria, are acquainted with Jusuf, a medical student in

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Djakarta. They are quite different in temperament, Tuti, the older, being serious and a feminist, Maria, carefree, gay and a lover of nature. Jusuf falls in love with Maria and they become engaged. Tuti, for her part, regards engagement and marriage as obstacles to the work she hopes to accomplish, but she is, after all, a woman and suddenly becomes aware of the fact that she is thirty and the years are slipping by. She almost marries a teacher, but turns him down and discovers that she is falling in love with Jusuf. Maria falls ill of tuberculosis, is placed in a sanatorium and dies. Before she passes away, however, she makes Tuti and Jusuf promise her that they will marry. They do so and the book ends with a visit by the newly-weds to Maria's grave.

AMIR HAMZAH

Generally conceded to be the greatest poet of the Pudjangga Baru group, Amir Hamzah revived the Malay language, giving it new life through his writings. Having steeped himself in older Malay literature, his writings contain many words and phrases from the older language, thus making his language often quite difficult to understand.

A co-founder, with Takdir Alisjahbana and Armijn Pané, of the literary journal Pudjangga Baru, he was born in Sumatra February 28, 1911 and died in 1946. He received his secondary education in Java and attended the Faculty of Law at the University of Indonesia in Djakarta.

His writings were not extensive. His Njanji Sunji (Songs of Loneliness) appeared in 1937 and two years later a volume of his translations from Eastern literature entitled Setanggi Timur (Incense from the East) was published. In 1941 his poems which had previously appeared in various Indonesian periodicals were collected into the volume Buah Rindu (Fruits of Longing). He also wrote a small book entitled Sastera Melajoe Lama dan Radja-Radjania (Older Malay Literature and Its Kings) published in Medan in 1942.

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WITH SAILS UNFURLED

By S. Takdir Alisjahbana

Tuti was sitting on a wide wooden chair reading a book under a mango tree in front of the house beside Tjidengweg. In the afternoon after she had completed her household duties, bathed and dressed, she would usually sit there awaiting dusk. It was truly pleasant and breezy sitting in front of the house looking out on the quiet Tjidengweg. One could see clearly across the kali to the beautiful stone houses. In the distant sky behind the house vari-colored evening clouds were gathering, accompanying the setting sun.

The two chairs to the left and right of the table facing Tuti were still empty, because Maria was busily occupied with her flower garden. From pot to pot, from plant to plant she carried her clippers and inspected each one. She was fond of flowers and every beautiful plant in the small yard was the result of her efforts. She left no part of the yard unplanted. Near the entrance she was particularly proud of two red and white rose bushes. Beside the house, in the corner near the fence there were rose bushes of various colors. Under the front room window, Tuti's room, the climbing jasmine bush was beautiful with its broad green leaves and large white buds. In the center of the yard, a short distance from the mango tree she had planted a bed of red chebras. By the front steps there was an arched trellis covered with Bougainvillea with its crimson blossoms. On either side were thriving begonia plants. Within the house, too, Maria displayed her fondness for flowers. In a brass pot on the veranda grew fresh chevelures. On the table, the cupboard and the sideboard the flowers were changed daily: the pure white tuberosa, the glow of the red chebra and the large firm roses.

The personalities of the two sisters were quite striking. But, rather than causing friction, the two sisters brought stability to the Wiriaatmadja home at the intersection of Gang Hauber and Tjidengweg.

With a strong and determined will Tuti was able to supervise the household far better than her mother did during her lifetime. Each piece of furniture had its specific place. Tuti was punctual and everything had to be done according to a definite schedule. But such a systematic household would have been monotonous had it not been for Maria. She radiated happiness and because of her love of music, her singing, and phonograph playing the house was lively and cheerful all day long.

Jusuf, Maria's friend, drove up to the house on his bicycle. He had been to see her every other day for the past ten days and each morning he waited for her in front of Alaidruslaan so they could go to school together. Tuti and her father began to realize

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that more than a casual friendship was developing between Jusuf and Maria. He always received a cordial welcome at their home and often the four of them would enjoy a conversation together. At other times Tuti and her father would remain inside and leave the two of them together on the porch or in the yard.

Jusuf guided his bicycle through the gate and greeted Tuti as she looked up from her book. And to Maria who was so preoccupied with her work that she was unaware of his arrival, he called out: "The gardener is really working hard this afternoon."

Smiling, Maria looked at him and invited him to sit down, promising that she would soon be through and would join him.

After parking his bicycle, Jusuf sat down at the table with Tuti and they chatted for awhile until Maria joined them. Tuti then continued her reading only occasionally entering into the conversation.

From the house Djuhro brought a tray with three cups of tea and two glass jars of cheese tidbits and cookies.

Just as Tuti was serving the snacks they heard a carriage come from the south side of Tjidengweg. As the carriage stopped in front of the house the sisters cried out simultaneously: "Oh, it's Uncle Parta from Djatinegara."

From the road they could already hear the happy voice: "Delighted you are sitting out in the breeze here. I'd like to join you."

Uncle Parta, a man of about thirty-five, got out of the carriage, came into the yard and walked up to the table where the three were sitting.

"Just by chance there is one chair left," said Tuti, "please sit here. May I offer you a cup of tea?"

"How are Auntie and the new baby? Why didn't you bring them along? It's not nice of you to come alone," said Maria, reproachfully.

"We'll do it one day," replied Parta. "I came here purely by chance. I was on my way to meet an acquaintance at Petodjo Sabangan, when I had a sudden urge to stop by and see all of you. Maria, when are your examinations? Have they started?"

"Not yet," replied Maria, "the written examinations begin on Monday."

Before she finished talking, their father was heard calling from the back: "Ha, Parta, where did you come from?"

After greeting each other, Wiriaatmadja asked Parta to sit down. "Wait here a moment, I'll be right back. It's pleasant to sit out in the open with one's children." Then he went inside.

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In a few moments Djuhro brought out an extra chair and Wiriaatmadja joined the group. Djuhro went back for two more cups of tea.

The conversation of the five became quite lively. Partadihardja complained bitterly about his younger brother who was employed at the Office of Justice as an assistant clerk. "With his excellent salary and his great hopes as a graduate of the Senior High School, I don't know why he has asked to be released from his job."

"I simply do not understand Saleh's thoughts in the matter. He hands in his resignation without discussing it with his family. Today's young people are having a very easy time of it. One hundred and twenty rupiah a month. Just imagine how pleasant a life one could have had twenty-two years ago with an income like that. But he just tosses it aside with this type of nonsense: wants to work like a free being; wants to find a job which conforms to his conscience; the pleasant office work he regards as a routine mechanical sort of job which kills the spirit...."

"Did he hand in his resignation sometime ago?" asked Tuti, interrupting Parta. "I'm familiar with Saleh's nature, he's an enthusiastic person, one who is keen and aware. I do not believe he would be happy with routine office work, filling out lists, copying letters, dozing and killing time until closing time at two o'clock."

"What did you say?" asked Parta in a fairly harsh voice upon hearing his niece contradict him. "Dozing while waiting for two o'clock? What is this dozing for? Is there a better position than that of working in an office? At the end of the month we receive a good salary. If he is conscientious, one with his ability and education will surely soon be promoted to a clerk. At the present time it is merely a matter of waiting for an opening. And he throws away his opportunity. What kind of ambition is that? Is that an indication that he is enthusiastic about life? Throwing away a good job like that merely indicates that he is not mature, that he can't distinguish good from bad.... Can't be happy with routine work. That's just utter nonsense. It's never routine work if it is taken seriously. After he has been out of a job for a long time, after he has known disappointments, then he'll understand the meaning of happiness in routine work.... It's true that these days young people like to use the word happiness, but the truth is they don't really know what happiness is. Haven't we been happy with our work up till now?"

Wiriaatmadja shook his head: "It's difficult for us to understand our children now, their opinions always differ from ours; what we say is good, they say isn't."

"That's not so, father," replied Tuti. "They don't intentionally oppose their parents. The opposition is in the definition of happiness. You, Uncle Parta, feel happiness consists of an easy job, good income, highest expectations for the future. Saleh interprets happiness differently. Happiness for him does not necessarily mean security. Happiness for him means an opportunity to follow

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the dictates of his heart, to develop his strength and ability to the fullest and to devote himself to what he feels to be the greatest and most sublime in this life."

"Tuti, I know you agree with Saleh. But you must not become angry when I say that happiness as you define it is nonsense. To be happy, to be content is to be content and anything other than that is not happiness, and is not contentedness. Just look at your father. Isn't he happy? Wasn't he happy working for years as a policeman and finally reaching the position of district chief? Isn't he happy now that he has worked long enough to obtain a pension so that he can quietly devote himself to his study of religion and follow his religious duties? In every field of endeavor those who seriously wish to can develop and contribute all their energies and abilities.... No, Tuti, please take it more seriously."

Tuti's expression changed when she heard her uncle's words. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks became flushed. Her lips quivered as though she wanted to say something, but summoning all her strength she restrained herself. No, she did not want to continue the argument. She knew that continuing such a discussion never leads to any result. Her uncle and father would merely become angry at her later. In the meanwhile she could not refrain from expressing a difference of opinion as she saw it, and she went on to say: "If you regard Saleh's opinion as idle chatter, if you cannot appreciate his feelings and the struggle within his heart, you surely cannot understand his action...."

Tuti did not finish before Parta attacked her: "You certainly talk glibly, but you don't know how annoyed I am. From the elementary grades it was a struggle sending him to school. He entered MULO, continued his studies at A.M.S. Up to that time we financed him by skimping ourselves. With great difficulty we found him a suitable job. I don't by any means ask him to repay me for what I have put out. I am happy if he is happy. But now he doesn't appreciate the sacrifice and effort we have expended on him. An excellent position he tosses away, without so much as a by-your-leave. What is his alternative? If things don't go well later on, he'll come right back to us. It's not that I refuse to shoulder the burden again, but we are irritated by the chick which thinks it knows more than its parents."

"But now, what more is there to say? Hasn't he already tendered his resignation? When did he quit his job at the Office of Justice?" asked Wiriaatmadja who up until then had refrained from entering the discussion.

"He left his job two days ago. Yesterday he left to visit his friend in Sindanglaja. Perhaps his friend is a bad influence on him. He told me that they intend to farm together near Sindanglaja. I know that during the two years Saleh worked he saved six or seven hundred rupiah. But if that was his only motive, what was he able to achieve? They are not accustomed to doing that kind of work."

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During the conversation about Saleh, Jusuf remained silent since he had just met Partadihardja and was averse to expressing his opinion. Even so, he was keenly interested in the whole conversation. He had often heard complaints of this sort from parents disappointed because their children did not follow their wishes. Everywhere it was the same: the parents worked hard to earn money for their children's education. They economized on everything at home because the school expenses were often greater than the cost of living for an entire family. The parents willingly bore these sacrifices because they hoped to see their child later develop into someone worthwhile. However, when the son graduated, the hopeful parents were often disappointed upon realizing their sacrifices had been in vain. There were sons who refused to marry the girl of his parents' choosing. There were parents who felt neglected after their sons had achieved a certain degree of success. Then there were also sons who failed to appreciate the ideals and ideas of their parents. This was a controversial matter everywhere.

Jusuf agreed with Tuti and he could understand why Saleh had left his position to seek employment elsewhere, more in line with his ability and temperament, in an attempt to revive his enthusiasm. Upon hearing Partadihardja's last statement, Jusuf suddenly burst forth: "If one feels that strongly about the job, he will probably be successful."

"When young people disregard their parents they usually live to regret it. Later on he'll regret it. We'll see," replied Partadihardja, still obviously annoyed.

"Oh, let's not hope for anything as bad as that," said Maria, who had also refrained from entering into the discussion. Picking up her cup of tea she said: "Let's drink, the tea is getting cold." She picked up the jar of cheese tidbits and invited everyone to help himself.

"Yes, we are having a great deal of trouble with our young people now," said Wiriaatmadja as though resigned to his fate. "They want to be independent, which adds to the problems. We parents are no longer considered."

"If, however, we give in too much and are content to let them do as they please, it's better that we make our position quite clear. I have said to Saleh: "You have handed in your resignation of your own accord, you have done it on your own. But if anything happens later on, don't come and ask my help. I have done everything in my power to make a good person, a happy person of you. You don't seem to appreciate it, so what can I do?"

"But what does his fiancee, Ratna, say?" asked Maria after a moment's silence.

"I don't know," replied Parta. "We'll see later. She comes from the city and I don't believe she will like living in a village."

"But if she really loves Saleh she'll have to go along," replied Maria positively.

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"I'd like to see you living in a village, with chickens and cows as your only friends," said Parta scornfully. "I'm sure you'd go crazy in two weeks and come back home. You of all people ..."

It was slowly getting dark. The sun had set behind the houses across the kali. Red and yellow clouds hung like fine silken carpets.

They all chatted awhile longer in the twilight, then Partadihardja departed for home. When the breeze brought the faint sounds of the evening drum from the kampung far to the East, Wiriaatmadja went into the house to perform his prayers and left the three young people together in the yard.

After her father left, Maria asked Jusuf: "Do you pray too?"

"I? Didn't Mr. Parta say that religion was an occupation for retired people? I shall wait until I retire before performing my prayers...."

He smiled as he said it. But Tuti who earlier seemed to defend his opinions, continued sarcastically and gave her view: "Yes, that is really true of the majority of the priaji and intellectuals. Religion is practiced when life has nothing else to offer. If one has lost all hope then he takes refuge in religion. Through it one soothes his fears of death as it approaches inexorably. It is of no concern to him that he does not understand what is expressed but in undertaking what he does not understand and which for this reason is a mystery to him, he calms his fear of the unknown, of death, which clearly threatens him. How can a religion of that sort attract young people who haven't yet felt any apprehension towards death, who are still full of hope for the life ahead of them?"

"Yes, father is now busily making a study of religion," said Maria. "Every Monday and Thursday afternoon a religious teacher comes here. He insists we study religion too. As far as I'm concerned I see nothing wrong in obeying our parents if it makes them happy."

"For you everything's all right," replied Tuti. "Never doing anything useful makes no sense to me. What I do should require the full use of my intellectual abilities. I don't understand the use of the religion practiced by our intellectuals, by our priaji group. Remember the selamatan Uncle Parta held at his house at Djatinegara recently? Outside, the high ranking priaji's were seated facing the array of attractively arranged dishes. Several hadji from the kampung entered through the rear to read prayers on the carpet. It is quite all right for Uncle Parta to say that religion is to be undertaken after one retires and when there is nothing more important to do in this life -- when the eyes are failing, one's strength is ebbing and one's mind is no longer inquisitive. If this is not the situation, he despises the religion which he pretends to follow. In this case I have more respect for the man from the kampung who quite frankly adheres to the ritual which he feels

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is related to religion. In the kampung those who pray need not enter from the rear of the house. They enter at the front, in fact, they are given the seats of honor among the guests. Most of them have a feeling of respect for religion."

"But," said Jusuf, suddenly interrupting Tuti's angry and cynical remarks, "because of the respect of the kampung people for religious leaders, they come under their influence and hence often become pawns in their hands."

"I myself am actually not attracted to the kampung-type of religion. Theirs is a blind respect because they are unable and unwilling to penetrate into the real aspects of religion. All of this they leave to the kiai for whom they have esteem. But if I compare the way in which the two groups regard and respect the religion which they call holy, then I choose the way of the kampung people. For the priaji group religion and the rituals connected with it are regarded as something one should be ashamed of and not present to respectable people. But they do not dare to separate themselves from it completely, because when death comes, when one needs a connection with the controling mysterious force, he feels desolate and weak. Because of the uncertainty of his point of view, he is ashamed to employ it and afraid to disregard it, and as a consequence religion takes a back seat, near the servants' quarters in the house of those who regard themselves educated."

Jusuf silently admired Tuti's convincing and clear thinking.

Tuti, however, immediately continued: "So long as both the kampung people and the educated people regard religion in this manner so long will that religion fail to attract the younger generation...."

"Yes," said Jusuf, slowly freeing himself from the spell of admiration for Tuti's opinions, "but you yourself see that both among the kampung people and the educated their attitude has begun to change recently. Have you noticed how many editions of the Koran in translation have appeared in the last two or three years? Everywhere people are no longer content to quote without understanding. People are busily occupied in penetrating into the true essence of religion...."

But before Jusuf had finished talking, Maria, who apparently did not really understand her older sister's attitude, asked rather childishly: "What kind of religion do you want, Tuti?"

"If I hold on to any religion, it is a religion which conforms with my intellect, one which I feel in my mind. Any religion other than that I regard as thin powder which vanishes before perspiration."

"So that's your kind of religion?" asked Maria.

"Just now I am not adhering to anything, until I find what I want." Her voice was firm and full of assurance.

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"So you don't have a religion?" Maria continued. "But if we keep waiting, keep seeking until doomsday, we'll never find any religion at all."

"Oh, you've been infected. Father's beliefs have become your beliefs, too. Ask father when he became religious, as he interprets it. I know that he has regarded himself as a Moslem since birth, but this was for him merely inherited. Thus he passed his beliefs on down to me, but I didn't want to admit it until I truly felt it in my heart. Because for me external appearance must conform with the inner contents."

From the house one could hear footsteps. Tuti looked behind her and when she saw it was her father coming, she said softly: "We'd better change the subject now. Arguing with father is of no use. He'll just become angry with us."

Translated by Patricia Marks

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S. T. ALISJAHBANA

Meeting

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

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

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

And my poor soul bends
To your feet:
Before you my sorrows and the sorrows of the world,
Misery clings to my heart.
I am dust in the air,
Blown by the wind.
A cool dew drops on my soul
And shines brightly in my eyes.

Oh Most Beautiful

God,
Do you hear the bird's song at twilight,
Mourning the day in the lonely woods?
I felt myself crushed, watching your light
Trailing across the hill,
Slowly becoming evening and invisible.

Oh heart, cry, cry!
How pleasant and skillful are your tears.
And why resist, oppose?
Thank you, God, for this heart
So sincere, so susceptible, so full of beauty,
This heart that weeps with sharp pain,
When weeping,
That laughs with bright joy,
When laughing,
That loves flamingly,
When in love,
And fights with fierce courage,
In war.

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AMIR HAMZAH

Prayer

With what do I compare our meeting, my darling?

With the vague soft dusk, when the full moon rises, having
driven off the weary, blazing heat.

With the sweetness of the evening wind, cooling the body,
floating the senses, bearing reflection, sweeping
illusions in under your chair.

My heart brightens, hearing you, like stars setting out
their candles.

My soul opens, awaiting your love, as the night-blooming
jasmine unfolds its petals.

Oh, darling, fill my heart with your voice, fill my breast
with your glow,
Let my dimmed eyes shine, my sad laugh brighten!

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

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HAMKA

Hamka, which is an abbreviation of Hadji Abdul Malik Karim Amrullah, was born in Manindjau, West Central Sumatra, February 17, 1908. While well known as a novelist, he is equally well known for his writings on Islam, a large number of such publications having appeared from the press in recent years. His education was largely received from his father, Dr. Hadji Abdul Karim Amrullah, an outstanding Islamic theologian, whose life Hamka relates in charming fashion in Ajahku or My Father (1950).

At the age of eighteen Hamka ran away to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and this experience forms the basis of the story he unfolds in the translated excerpt which follows. Dibawah Lindungan Ka'bah or Under the Protection of the Ka'bah (1936) is one of his earliest novels and Tenggelamnja Kapal Van der Wijck or The Sinking of the Van der Wijck (1939) one of his most successful. He has also written his autobiography in four volumes (1951-52). For some years he was editor of the magazine Pedoman Masjarakat (Social Compass) in Medan and it was in this journal that Under the Protection of the Ka'bah appeared in serial form. At the present time Hamka is giving lectures at Islamic universities in Sumatra, Java and Celebes.

Hamka's writings will be considered rather sentimental by Western standards. Certainly they are romantic and didactic in tone, but still they have a definite appeal.

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UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE KA'BAH

By Hamka

The price of latex in Djambi and in all of this country was rising, the land of Mecca had just changed from the hands of Sjarief Husin to those of Ibnu Saud, king of Hejaz and Negev and his dependent areas, the names of which were later changed to the kingdom of Saudi Arabia. A year earlier two well known people from our country had gone on the pilgrimage; they were H. O. S. Tjokroaminoto and K. H. Mas Mansoer who went in 1926. The security in the Hejaz was made known far and wide. As a consequence, many people intended to fulfill the fifth pillar of Islam. Every pilgrim ship leaving for Jidda was packed with Mecca pilgrims.

It has been said that never has the number of pilgrims equalled those of 1927, before or since.

It was at this time that I, too, went on the pilgrimage. From Belawan harbor at Medan I sailed for Jidda on the 'Karimata'. For two weeks I was afloat on the wide ocean. On the fifteenth day I arrived at the port of Jidda, on the shores of the Red Sea. Two days later I was in Mecca, the Holy Land for Moslems the world over.

My happiness upon seeing the Ka'bah is beyond description. From earliest childhood, as in the case of every Moslem, the Ka'bah and the seven minarets of Mesdjidil Haram were among my recollections.

I trod on the Holy Land with a wonderful feeling. I faced everyone who was performing his religious obligations, in full confidence that they shared my excitement. In the beginning I suspected that in the Holy Land I would not encounter any strange incident or unhappy event in the way of life of the people. I was strongly of the opinion that the people who came there were happy and well-to-do, and laughed much more than they wept.

Apparently, however, whenever we find people dwelling on a spot of this earth, we meet high and low, wealth and poverty, happiness and sorrow, laughter and tears.

Among the indistinct summons to prayer from the summit of the seven minarets, among the murmurs of the prayers around the Ka'bah, among those who were saying "Allah is great" as they ran back and forth between the Safa hill and Marawah, I heard the laments and wailing of Allah's creatures faint and indistinct, rising and subsiding within that tremendous roar.

As is the custom of Mecca pilgrims from Java, I moved into the house of a sheik whose sole source of income was derived from providing lodging for such pilgrims. Opposite the room he assigned me was a small room for two. It was occupied by a young man of twenty-three years. He was thin, with oily black hair, quiet mien and enjoyed meditating alone in his room.

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As a rule, he left the mosque alone before hearing the summons to the early morning prayer. According to the sheik, the young man came from Sumatra the year before and had become a resident of Mecca.

Watching his habits and his pious nature, I developed a great respect for him and wanted his acquaintance. In just two days I achieved my wish. I found him to be a friend of excellent character who was an inspiration to others. He lived very simply, was conscientious in his religious obligations and did not waste his time on worldly matters. He had a passion for religious books, particularly those which described the lives of holy men and lofty mystics.

Whenever I talked too much about worldly affairs, he would subtly change the conversation back to the refinement of character and a high religious plane for which I gained even more respect for him.

Though I had only known him for two months, from the beginning of Ramadan to Shawal, I was very much attracted by him in his striving for purity, especially in a country where it was merely a matter of performing one's religious obligations. The close relationship, however, was disrupted by the arrival of a friend from Padang. I do not know whether it was a coincidence or intentionally that he took up residence with our sheik. He was greatly surprised to find our mutual friend was in Mecca. Apparently they had not expected to meet there and each seemingly did not believe he would see the other.

My friend's name was Hamid and Saleh was the friend who had just arrived from Padang.

Saleh was preparing to go to Medina. He informed us that after two or three days there he would make the pilgrimage to Mecca and several days before the group of pilgrims went to Arafah he would return to Mecca. After the pilgrimage he planned to continue his studies in Egypt.

Saleh's arrival brought about a complete change in Hamid. I do not know what news Saleh may have brought from the kampung which upset Hamid's peace of mind, but he greatly increased his reading, particularly books by Imam Ghazali on mysticism. Sometimes he could be seen on the roof of his house meditating alone and gazing calmly at the fortification on Mount Djabal Hindi. I pretended not to notice, but on one occasion I observed him as I was taking my turn around the Ka'bah. Leaning on the Ka'bah cloth, his eyes raised towards the heavens and tears streaming down the turban which enveloped his chest, I could hear his prayer: "O, Allah, strengthen the heart of this thy servant."

Actually it was I who was weak of heart. Although I did not know the reason, I shared his sorrow.

What news could Saleh have brought from the kampung? Why was Hamid so sad? Which world had destroyed his hopes? Whose intrigues had wounded him to such an extent?

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had wounded him to such an extent?

This became a constant problem for me.

One evening as he sat on the roof alone on a bench covered with woven date leaves, looking at the stars which sent their beautiful beams into the heavens, I mustered sufficient courage to approach him. My intention was to share, if possible, his grief or to lighten the sorrow in his heart.

"Hamid," I said.

"Oh, it's you, please come and sit down," he said, arranging his seat and inviting me up.

After we had sat down together he asked me about the crowd of pilgrims and we discussed the situation that year. Every time our homeland was mentioned he would change the subject. Finally I could stand it no longer and bluntly asked:

"For a long time now I have observed a change in you, my friend. Apparently you are suffering from very great sorrow. You probably do not have sufficient confidence to allow me to share your sorrow. As a friend who must share your sorrow as well as your happiness when far from home, it is your responsibility to tell me what is troubling you, and has caused you to change."

He looked at me calmly.

"Tell me, good friend," I said, "I want to help you in any way I can. For although we have not known each other very long, I know that you are an intelligent person and I shall not betray your trust in me."

"This is a secret," he said.

"I will shoulder the secret if you have faith in me. I will place it in my mind's treasure house, and after locking the door I will throw away the key so that no one will have access to my thoughts."

At that moment he appeared to have regained his composure and replied: "If you make such a promise, I am certain you will keep faith. I have had complete confidence in you because of your goodness during our association so far. One by one I will explain to you the reasons for my sadness as though I were talking to myself. I sincerely hope you will lay away the account of my suffering as long as I live, but if I precede you in death, who knows, our life span is in the hands of Allah, I give you permission to write this story down carefully in the hope that someone will bemoan my misfortune, although they will not know who I am. May these tears become a cold rain, bestowing mercy upon me in the grave."

My tears flowed freely as I listened to his words.

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He reflected for several minutes; midst the murmuring of the voices from inside the Mesdjidil Haram, amid the prayers of the thousands of creatures which were going to Heaven to God's presence, my friend collected his memories. The dark cloud which covered his forehead disappeared little by little. After that he drew a deep breath as if assembling the disparate thoughts, and began to speak.

Translated by Patricia Marks

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MY FATHER

By Hamka

In the middle of March 1942, the Dutch army unconditionally surrendered to Japan. The Japanese army thus entered the entire island of Java without let or hinder. My father himself witnessed the fall of the Dutch and the rise of the Japanese in his place of exile at Sukabumi. When the situation had clearly returned to normal in April, a month after the Japanese occupied Indonesia, his close friends visited him from Djakarta, urging him to move to that city. Should he wish to return home to the West Coast of Sumatra they would endeavor to bring about his return as soon as possible. If, on the other hand, there was no possibility of going back, he could stay in Djakarta under the care of his pupils and close friends, many of whom were living there. Thus, after a sojourn of nine months in Sukabumi, he left that city which he had come to love, and where he himself had been beloved. While there, he had never received the allowance promised to him by the Dutch, having had to depend solely on the aid of his students. Although he now moved to Djakarta, his pupils from Sukabumi nonetheless continued to visit him; they remembered quite well the depth of his religious knowledge which he had revealed in his teaching during his stay in Sukabumi.

In the beginning, he lived on Gang Alhambra Sawah Besar in Djakarta. After some time, he moved to Gang Kebon Katjang IV, No. 22, in Tanah Abang, a section of Djakarta. His wife, Darijah, and his youngest son, Wadud, were with him and cared for him with the greatest devotion.

His pupils did not cease to gather around him, especially after he had moved to Tanah Abang. Likewise, the leaders of the people constantly paid him visits. The inhabitants of Tanah Abang soon came to know, and before long, to love him. They used to call him "Abuja" or grandfather and his wife "Ummi" or mother.

His fame as an ulama who had been a bitter enemy of the Dutch who had in the end exiled him, soon came to the attention of the Japanese. Without fail the Japanese began to make efforts to approach and to establish relations with him. Thus with great ado the Japanese came to him. There was one Colonel Horie, the so-called Head of Religious Affairs, and also Colonel Okubo, Ubiko and others. There were others, too, who were followers of Islam such as Taufik Sazaki, Abdulhamid Ono, and Abdul Mun'im Inada. The Japanese soon featured my father's name in their newspaper, and he became known all over "Greater East Asia."

At that time the Japanese were in the process of establishing contacts with the nationalist leaders of the people. Just then the leaders, called Empat Serangkai or the four-leaf clover, Ir. Soekarno, Drs. Mohammad Hatta, Ki Hadjar Dewantara and Kijai Hadji Mas Mansur, made their appearance: they were in charge of Putera.[1] My father was

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appointed advisor to that body and was also made advisor to the Pusat Kebudajaan (Cultural Center). Lastly, he also became a member of the Pusat Pembantu Pradjurit, (Aid Center for Fighters), and advisor to the Pusat Keagamann, (Center of Religious Affairs).

At the outset, he did not refuse any of these offices. He was also appointed instructor in the Latihan Ulama, a training course for Islamic teachers for the whole island of Java; these courses were organized by the M.I.A.I.,[2] which later became the Masjumi.

Now, in order to put the finishing touches to their propaganda, the Japanese called a conference of ulama's from all over Java at Bandung in 1943. A similar conference was organized by them for the ulama's of Sumatra and Malaya at Singapore.

They arranged for my father's accommodation at the Hotel Savoy-Homann, which, like the Hotel des Indes in Djakarta, had catered exclusively to the Dutch overlords during the time of Dutch rule.

The meeting took place at the Regent's mansion in Bandung. The famous ulama's from all over Java were present. My father was paid special honors. He was seated on the tribune together with the Japanese dignitaries, their Samurai swords swinging from their belts, and together with them faced the multitude of assembled ulama's. He was made Chief Advisor, the same title given to Sjech M. Djamil Djambek of Bukittinggi.

And so the meeting got underway. Most certainly its whole content would be limited to obtaining the ulamas' unanimous expression of their loyalty, their promise to cooperate with the military government of the Dai Nippon empire, and their obedience to the emperor, Tenno Heika. Before the meeting could commence, however, it had to be opened with a ceremony. This ceremony is one of the basic duties which must precede a meeting of any kind among the Japanese; it is called Sei Keirei; one has to bow in the direction of Tenno Heika's imperial palace, towards the Northeast from Java.

Everybody..., everybody, indeed was standing up! One man shouted the command, "Sei Keirei!" All bowed their heads in salute towards the palace. All the good Moslems, clad in turbans and tabards -- they all stood at attention! Only one slender old man, whose eyes still shone with fiery religious conviction and whose heart was of steel -- he alone remained seated, and did not participate in the ceremony: this man was Dr. H. Abdulkarim Amrullah. And he did so despite the fact that he was surrounded on all sides by the Japanese, each of them wearing his long sword!

His extraordinary behavior was noticed as soon as the command Naure! was given, which is the order to raise your head back to its normal position, and to be seated. All eyes were focussed on him, many showing an apprehension of impending disaster and a variety of expressions. There were the eyes of those ulama's who realized that they had acted wrongly, there were those who felt their lack

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of courage and the weakness of their religious beliefs since they had bowed their heads with all the others. Similarly, the eyes of the Japanese expressed amazement at the fact that this one individual alone had not risen.

On that particular day there were, as yet, no questions asked of him by the Japanese. He was still honored, and even more honored, although it is certain that the new regard in which he was held already had a different meaning. It was, that is, the intention of the Japanese to force their own culture on this Islamic land.

After this meeting, many ulama's came to pay their homage to my father, to express their love and their sincerest respect. Some of them even kissed his hands as a token of their love. Immediately the news of the meeting spread to all the hamlets and towns on Java.

It had taken him exactly half a minute to show the only proper attitude of Islam towards the empire of the idolators. In the space of half-minute he became, in the words of Dr. Mohammad Hatta, "the ulama who, at the very outset, started the spiritual revolution against the Japanese in Indonesia."

It had been planned that my father would continue his journey to other cities after the meeting in Bandung, because the intention had been to use him as a propaganda tool. But after the incident had happened, the Japanese returned him to Djakarta, be it then "with all honors".

Most certainly the problem of the keirei ceremony weighed extremely heavily on the conscience of the ulama's. There was not a single ulama, in the true meaning of that term, who wanted to accept it. At the meeting of ulama's which the Japanese had arranged at Singapore, Sjech Taher Djaluddin had indicated to some of the ulama's that the problem of the keirei be discussed then and there. But none courageous enough could be found. Moreover, the entire agenda had already been planned by the Japanese themselves in advance, and nothing more could be added. And all meetings had to be attended by Japanese. Several Japanese were even placed in the houses of ulama's. Some of them said that they had already become Moslems.

At that Singapore meeting Sjech Taher was also forced to rise, but he merely performed a token bow, lowering his head a little only, while simultaneously uttering the words "I ask Thy pardon, oh Lord!" in Arabic.

In the course of time, some ulama's succeeded in holding themselves aloof. Among them, Sjech Mahmud Chajath in Medan, A. Hassan in Bandung, and Sjech Daud Rasjidi in Western Sumatra. They, therefore, had freed themselves from the burden of collaboration. But the other ulama's, such as Sjech M. Djamil Djambek, Sutan Mansur, Sjech Sulaiman Rasuli, and many scores more, were forced to collaborate with the Japanese. Yet none of them would bow so deeply as to approximate the really deep bow prescribed for Islamic worship. And even while performing this milder version of the required ceremony, they would still within their hearts resent it.

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This underlines his extraordinary stature. In a public place, in front of many ulama's at a time when the danger of the Kempeitai[3] was especially close, at a time when many a leader was "missing", simply because he was suspected of an anti-Japanese attitude -- at such a time, in the fullness of his religious belief and trusting in Allah, he would neither rise nor bow his head! Indeed, a most glorious event!

A few days after he had returned to Djakarta, Colonel Horie, so-called Head of Religious Affairs, came to see him, because he must have realized the strength hidden in the souls of Moslem believers. It seems that the Japanese had published a book with the title Wadjah Semangat (Aspects of the Spirit), written by a Japanese man of letters. The book was full of praise for the Japanese emperor, explaining that he was "The All-Powerful Lord",[4] who had given life to the islands of Yamamoto, being himself a descendant of Amiterasu Omikami, the Sun Goddess.

This book Colonel Horie brought to my father with a request to look it over and compare it with the beliefs of the Islamic religion. After he had received and read the book, Colonel Horie returned and asked him for his opinion and how it compared with the beliefs of the Islamic creed.

My father then said, "I would like to write down my impressions of this book from an Islamic point of view, but only on condition that you, Sir, promise me that if I make my point quite clear I will not be molested, nor will my life be endangered."

"Don't worry, Dr. Amrullah! You have my guarantee!"

"Well, in that case I may as well write it down," replied my father.

He then wrote a short brochure in which he attacked the Japanese beliefs as expressed in S. Ozu's Wadjah Semangat, and also explained the beliefs contained in the Islamic teachings. He attacked the "divinity" of Tenno Heika very sharply and with great courage. While writing the piece, he had asked M. Zain Djambek and Asa Bafagih to transcribe it into Latin script; now both these young men, whom he treated like his own children, very urgently requested him to soften somewhat some of the Islamic tenets which he had explained in his pamphlet and which were at odds with Japanese beliefs. He steadfastly stood his ground, and in very strong terms forbade them to change his meaning as he had expressed it. As he explained it, "This is after all quite clearly the meaning of the book."

When the criticism was ready, Colonel Horie returned to collect it. As soon as he glanced over the manuscript it became obvious that it was opposed to Japan's cultural war. He now knew the content of the Moslems' belief. Soon thereafter, the Colonel returned to Tokyo, leaving in charge several Japanese who were all Moslems! Whether actually Moslems or not, Allah knows best! The direction of the Office of Religious Affairs was handed over to an Indonesian

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himself, Professor Husein Djajadiningrat. Soon after this famous man of learning had assumed office, I went to pay him my respects, accompanied by Mr. Hadji Muchtar from Jogja. Djajadiningrat said to me, "It is quite apparent by now that the Dai Nippon government on Java realizes that the keirei ceremony militates against Islamic beliefs. For this reason, it is no longer required to observe the keirei at meetings of Moslem believers."

Ever since the Bandung meeting, my father's disgust with the Japanese had increased daily, and this feeling was only deepened by the sickening realization of the misery of the population and the behavior of the Japanese in the exercise of their government, while people were dying in the streets. In the training courses which Masjumi was organizing, or tabligh (Islamic propaganda meetings) at Djakarta's Tanah Abang and Tanah Tinggi mosques, he frequently made allusions to the question of idolators. He criticized those who sold their nation, who sought the favors of the Japanese, and he castigated the rottenness, the misconduct, and baseness of the leaders. No doubt reports on his actions must also have reached the Japanese. The repeated orders to attend this or that ceremony or banquet certainly weighed very heavily on him. He hated the keirei, and he feared that they would ultimately force him to participate in it.

Then, so it seemed, God came to his rescue. He fell ill. It must have been due to overwork, teaching in one place, holding courses in another, and giving a tabligh in yet a third. According to the doctor's examination, his lungs were already affected. He was ordered to take a rest. It is true, of course, that he had already been unwell for two months. Thus there had been constant inquiries from leaders, from the Japanese, or from ulama's, and they all had been given the same answer, namely that he was ill.

To all intents and purposes he had not left his bedroom from the beginning of October to November. At that time he also sent me a wire to Sumatra requesting me to come to Djakarta.

Because of his illness he would not leave the house. When his condition gradually began to improve, he resumed giving advice in religious matters to his visitors. If he trusted those who came, he would pour out his convictions that the Japanese were a great danger to Islam. He spoke of hadith (Islamic traditional passages) according to which portents of danger were confronting the followers of Islam in the near future. One of these ran as follows: "One of the signs that days of misfortune are ahead is, that a yellow-skinned, slit-eyed nation will descend on us, which wears sandals of wood and grass, and which will be a threat to Moslem believers." And he had this Hadith translated from Arabic into Indonesian.

He very much distrusted many of those who came to see him, especially those who clearly collaborated with the Japanese. As soon as such people would leave, he would turn to those close to him with the question whether this one or that one could be trusted. When Ki Bagus Hadikusumo, chairman of the executive of Muhammadijah,[5]

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came to see my father shortly after his return from the visit he had paid to Tokyo together with Ir. Soekarno and Dr. Mohammad Hatta, he received him with a stony face. Again, when Kijai A. Wahid Hasjim, chairman of Masjumi came, my father did not go outside to meet him as would have befitted his position, but waited for him seated inside. Nor did he any longer feel restrained by Kijai Hadji Mas Mansur when he visited him, but, on the contrary, he quite openly and at length told him what his feelings were when K. H. Mas Mansur became one of the four leaders known as the Empat Serangkai. Speaking in Arabic he addressed that Kijai as follows: "Remember, my dear Mr. Mansur! Remember and keep in mind that the fate of the followers of Islam rests on your shoulders!" It is said that these words so much hurt Mansur's innermost feelings that in the end he suffered a nervous breakdown.

When people, who bowed their heads in Japanese fashion, came to my father his face would change and reveal his hatred. After they left he would say, "He, too, has already become a Japanese." Upon seeing poverty stricken people in front of his house suffering from hunger, he coined the phrase: "Our people will be harmed by the Japanese." This phrase became famous throughout Java.

On the other hand, when his opinion was sought, he gave permission for our young men to enter the Peta,[6] saying "If they, the youths, intend to learn from the Japanese, that is all right."

When, however, the founders of Peta asked for his learned advice with regard to the problem whether the practice of "temporary marriage" or Nikah-mut-'ah (temporary marriage)[7] could be given Islamic legal sanction as a comfort to make up for the Peta soldiers' hardship he opposed this suggestion in the strongest terms. To people whom he completely trusted he said: "Once we have a real Indonesian Army, only then can we reconsider this question of the mut'ah carefully. But to this army of idolators the ulama's must not be too lenient. Look at the misery the people are already suffering!" Thus even without realizing it, my father was engaging in politics!

He was not afraid to give frank advice to those who, in his opinion, would hold such advice in high esteem. When Bung Karno invited him for dinner at his house on Pegangsaan Timur in Djakarta, my father spoke quite frankly to him, advising him as follows: "Don't you live in too great luxury, Karno! If the leaders live in too great opulence, the people will not dare approach them!" And as a result of this, Bung Karno became an adopted son, as it were, of my father's!

When Bung Karno came to Manindjau in 1948, he spoke to thousands of people there as follows: "I am an honorary son of the people of Manindjau! I am an adopted son of Dr. H. A. K. Amrullah!"

The man of whom he constantly spoke was Bung Hatta. Of Hadji Agus Salim he said: "A sea never lacking water! I am amazed whenever he explains our religion." They both were anti-Japanese!

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During his illness he continued to lead the Pertemuan Moslimin, and he also continued to visit his mosque at Tanah Tinggi.

At the time of my visit to my father in 1944, we were both asked to attend the wedding reception of Husain Bafagih, the well-known leader of the P.A.I., an intimate friend of A. R. Baswedan and a brother-in-law of Asa Bafagih. On that occasion Habib Ali Al-Habsji[8] read the prayers. In the course of these prayers, he held up his arms very high and prayed "Oh Lord, grant final victory to the Dai Nippon Empire!" On our way home, my father said to me, "What must he have felt in his heart during this prayer?" Shaking his head, he continued, "There is only one ulama on Java whom I honor, whose learning is well-founded and whose religious belief is firm. It's a pity he's already dead."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Sjech Achmad Soorkati! There was a real ulama for you!"

"Father, don't call him 'Sjech', please. The Al-Irsjad[9] people object to that. They call him Said Ahmad Soorkati," I said with a smile.

"It's more fitting to call him 'Sjech', because for a man of his great learning the title 'Sjech' is more distinguished and appropriate than that of 'Said'," answered my father. And his praise of Sjech Ahmad Soorkati was repeated almost daily.

It was not only his students from Tanah Tinggi Mosque who constantly came in droves to his house, to "unload" their burdened souls because of the Japanese oppression and pressure; some young patriots also very often came to see him. Those most frequently seen around him were very young men like Aoh Kartahadimadja, M. Zain Djambek, Asa Bafagih and others, like Bahrum Rangkuti. His house in Gang Kebon Katjang IV had become the center of internal resistance.

In October, 1943, when my father thought that his illness was becoming serious, I received in Medan a letter from him in which he requested me to come to Djakarta at once. You can easily imagine my thoughts upon receipt of that letter. Twice I had been prevented from visiting him. At the time of his arrest by the Dutch in Sumatra I had been on Java. Planning to accompany him to Teluk Bajur, Sumatra, where he was to be jailed, I left Medan with the greatest haste for Padang in the hope of meeting him there. But I had only been in Bukittinggi for a day when I was informed that he had sailed on the very day of my arrival. I then hoped to visit him at his new place of domicile in Sukabumi on the occasion of the 30th Muhammadijah Congress which was to be held at Purwakarta, Java, in December, 1941. But in that month the Pacific War broke out. Thus when I received his call in 1943, I left by the overland route to Lampung as soon as I could, which was on January 19, 1944.

I was greatly upset when I saw my father again. On his face the light of his faith and the firmness of his character still shone brightly. But his mustache, which twenty years ago had pointed upwards, had turned down completely by now. Perhaps because he was

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suffering from acute headaches, the hair at the back of his head had fallen out some two inches high from the base of the neck. I felt weak in my joints, and the reader may forgive me for it. I was weeping profusely, so I grasped his hand and kissed it. And though it was his own child kissing his hand, I did it very rarely, because he disliked it. But this time he permitted it while he obviously held back his own tears. When later I carried him to the back porch of the house, I met my devoted stepmother, Darijah, who had sacrificed her youth in order to care for my father, and who had followed him into exile. She said to me, "My child, my dear child! Your father is still alive, because he has been waiting for you!"

He improved as the days went by; the clouds lifted from his mind, and each day he made an effort to spend some time away from his bed. Our deep love changed him and at long last he recuperated because of the joy he felt at our reunion. The son he had been longing for had suddenly returned, standing before his very eyes! He would watch me carefully without taking his eyes off me. And I made him happy. When he would be watching me so carefully, I would sometimes intentionally look the other way.

We ate together, drank together, and I would go with him wherever he went, accompany him to the hospital or to the Tanah Tinggi Mosque. Unasked, he would proudly tell people whom we met in the streets that this was Hamka, his eldest son, who had just arrived from Medan in accordance with his request.

"Praise be to thee, oh my Lord! Thou hast granted unto me some means of making my father's heart rejoice in his old age!"

My friends had scarcely heard of my arrival in Djakarta when they sent me welcoming telegrams; they came from Mohammad Natsir and Isa Anshary in Bandung, from the Secretary-General of Muhammadijah at Jogja, and a letter also arrived from Mansur Yamani in Solo. At that time communications between Java and Sumatra were still very poor indeed. Then, too, my friends in Djakarta came to visit me, young people and intellectuals of both sexes. They came to my father's house to see me, among them Parada Harahap, Mrs. S. K. Trimurti, Ki Bagus Hadikusumo, Abdul-kahar Muzakkir, Ki Wahid Hasjim, and people from all walks of life and social strata.

If I were going out my father would immediately ask, "Where are you going now?" Often I had meetings with students, the medical association, writers and with members of the Masjumi.

"Today I'm seeing K. H. Mas Mansur," I would say, or, "Today I'm invited to eat with Drs. Mohammad Hatta," or again, "Today I'm going to Bung Karno's at Pegangsaan Timur," or "I'm visiting Dr. Rasjid today to deliver some messages from Mr. Mangaradja Soangkupon's family." Often I would stay too late and would be forced to spend the night at Semaun Bakri's, secretary of Putera. The next morning my mother would tell me of my father's anxiety caused by my staying away overnight. He was worried lest I had been arrested by the Kempeitai. He would be unable to sleep.

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One night when I lay in bed, I heard him amusedly chat with my mother, saying, "Our Malik seems to befriend exclusively great men." To which mother replied, "A great man most certainly only befriends other great men!" Forgive me my weakness, reader! I was proud of that praise, but pretended to be asleep. But I whispered to myself then: "Be reassured, my father, for I shall always try to better myself."

I would no sooner return from one of my outings, than father would ask, "Have you already said your prayers?"

After a few days in Djakarta, I asked his permission to go to Bandung, Jogja, Solo, Semarang and Pekalongan, in order to visit all my comrades and friends. But I had only just reached Bandung when I was stricken by fever, the beginning of an acute attack of malaria tropica. After I had spent some time at Mr. Rais' Priangan Hotel recuperating from this attack, I continued my trip; but when I returned to Djakarta, I suffered a much worse attack which rendered me unconscious for a time. Not until then did I experience the full extent of my father's sympathy towards his son. Of seven children, only six were living at that time, Abdulbari having died in prison under Dutch rule. Of the six, I was the only one who in his opinion could inherit the struggle for the maintenance of religion which he would leave behind. And now there I was, seriously ill. My father was visibly worried and he said, "What is happening, Darijah? Has he been ordered by God to come here in order to die before our very eyes? How come, Darijah? I, who have been so seriously ill for such a long time, ordered him to come here so that he could close my eyes when the soul escaped from my body. Are the roles going to be reversed now?" Dr. Ali Akbar, my physician, constantly cheered him up. Dr. Akbar gave me the best possible treatment until the crisis passed and I slowly began to recover. Only when my recovery was appreciable did he admit that the crisis had indeed been most dangerous. Only then did this young doctor witness how a hero in the religious struggle, like my father, who had never showed distress in the face of the enemies of religion and his fatherland, could be weak when confronted by a danger which threatened his son.

In the meantime, as the days passed, I regained my health and strength. But as long as I live I shall never forget the loving care with which my beloved father surrounded me, his child. Had things gone in accordance with my own wishes, I would certainly have spent all my life close to him. How could I refuse to do so? At four A.M. Java time, or six A.M. Japanese time, he could be heard getting up, going for his prayer waters and saying the Tahaddjud prayers; he never missed a single night. One could hear him reciting while he awaited daybreak. I shared a bedroom with my brother, Wadud, which had been prepared for us. Once in a while I would also say the Tahaddjud prayers. But after the prayers, just as in childhood, I would go back to bed pretending to be asleep in order to enjoy the pleasure of being later awakened by my father who would call me in a soft voice as soon as he had completed his morning prayers. Touching my arm, he would say:

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"'Lik, 'Lik, wake up! The morning has come."

I would "wake up" with a start, immediately go get the prayer waters. After the morning kablijah sunat prayers had been said, Wadud and I would line up behind father, and our mother, Darijah, would stand behind us. The prayers over, father would recite and then stretch his arms towards heaven. Among his prayers we could hear the Prayer of the Prophet David. Afterwards I would shake hands with him and wish him a good morning, and then we would all go into the dining room for a sip of coffee. God be praised!

But I was unable to follow the dictates of my heart. I was already grown-up and had to give up such a pleasant way of life. I was confronted with a very heavy responsibility since I had to look after his grandchildren. I had to return to Medan as soon as possible. If I really cared so much for the good life of religion, then I could not remain with my father but would have to take him with me to my own home which I had had built. This had been his wish.

There was, therefore, a time for coming and a time for leaving.

When I had travelled through Western Sumatra before leaving for Java, the Minangkabau Moslems, the leaders, had urged me to bring my father back home. They had already collected sufficient funds to defray the expenses for him and his family to return to Sumatra. Among those who had urged his return were the late Sjech Muhammad Djamil Djambek, Sjech Ibrahim Bin Musa, Sjech Muhammad Siddik, Sjech Daud Rasjidi and Sjech Sulaiman Rasuli. Sjech Sulaiman had even taken my notebook from me and had written in it in his own handwriting "Brother H. Abdulkarim: Come home immediately; we are awaiting you with great expectations! Your comrade, Sjech Sulaiman Rasuli."

They were full of hope when I left. The feeling of oppression caused by the great Japanese spiritual aggression made the ulama's and leaders take refuge in the great soul of my father, and this was even truer when they heard that he had not performed the keirei. The differences between the various religious schools had disappeared and close unity had developed through identification with the fate they were suffering in common.

I had no sooner set foot on Java than I started to take this matter up. First of all I threw out a feeler to sound out my father's own opinion. I asked him, "Father! Where do you feel most at home? Where do you want to spend your remaining years? If you are prepared to go home, then you should know that the purpose of my coming is to bring you the message of the Minangkabau ulama's. I am acting as their representative, charged with bringing you back. More than enough money has already been collected to pay for your return. If, however, you believe that you will live more peacefully on Java, then, speaking as your son, a child may not commit the sin of disregarding a parent's will."

My father replied: "If this is your message, then I will also express my opinion in a few words. If your coming here and the

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desire to take me back is that of you personally, as my son, then I would feel it my duty to accompany you home. But, if I am given the choice, then I believe that I will be quite content here on Java, especially since there are sufficient doctors and medicine to care for me in my illness. Now as for domicile, there is no difference, as far as I'm concerned, between Java and the Minangkabau, or anywhere else for that matter. My home is any inch of soil where I can rest my forehead in prayer to the Lord."

I replied, "But the worries of your family still remain if you close your eyes forever on Java."

"These worries have neither a scientific basis, nor have they anything to do with Allah's will. People will die in whichever place they happen to be. It has neither greater nor exceptional significance whether you die in your native village or on Java. Only one thing is important and that is whether there is a plot of land for our burial, which is ready to receive our remains."

This was the view which he had taken. Thus when I thought the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was not in his own best interests that I should take him home with me. Finally he too added: "I would return only if conditions were back to normal again and there were regular boat connections between Java and Sumatra as before, so that I could travel unattended."

His pupils at Tanah Tinggi heard of my intention to take him back to the Minangkabau. They were worried and asked me definitely not to make him return. Among his pupils there were the three very well-known merchants: Djohan, Djohor, and Raman Tamin.

I also asked Bung Karno, Bung Hatta and K. H. Mas Mansur for their opinions. All three leaders advised that it would be better to leave my father on Java. When, in particular, K. Yano, the Japanese Governor of Western Sumatra, came and urged his return, Ir. Soekarno strongly opposed him by saying, "There are many ulama's in Sumatra, but too few in Java! Let him, therefore, stay here!" Thus the mission to bring him back failed.

At the beginning of April, 1944, I fixed the day for my departure. Ever since I had mentioned that I would leave, one could see his inner struggle. His face was visibly sad because of the impending separation from his son, and yet at the same time it was obvious that he was endeavoring to suppress his feeling. From the early morning hours, after the morning prayers, he would sit in his chair reading the Koran. The day before I was to leave, I approached him. After a while I interrupted him, asking, "When will the time come when you, father, will take a rest?" He put the Koran aside and started to speak his thoughts concerning the problems confronting man's life. "As people grow old, one problem becomes uppermost in one's mind, and that problem is how to strengthen his relations with God. We must always be prepared, must be ready! Ready to await the coming of the call. Until there is nothing at all left that could bind our feet to this world once the call is sounded!"

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I humored him, "Thus if at this very moment, for example, Gabriel should arrive, and order us 'Come on!', we would have to answer, 'Coming!', and not let it come to the point of saying, 'Wait a moment, Gabriel, I forgot my handbag!'" "That's right, of course," my father replied.

Yet, was he not human? Was there no inner struggle going on inside him? My mother, Darijah, said to me, "Ever since you came, he's been gaining weight, and he has enjoyed his food. But these last two days he's lost quite a lot of weight again." It was this struggle which he sought to fight with the aid of the Koran.

Early in the morning of April 4, 1944, I started on my return trip. I was going by train from the Tanah Abang Station to the coastal town of Merak. He and my mother Darijah accompanied me to the station, and my friends Aoh Kartahadimadja, Zain Djambek, and others also came along. Some ten minutes before the train was scheduled to leave, there was some commotion among the people at the station. Quite unexpectedly Bung Karno himself drove up in his car. He had said that he would be coming when I paid my repects to him the day before. I was terribly moved.

The sad moment finally arrived, and the train was ready to leave. My father, mother Darijah and Bung Karno came up to the platform to see me off. The inner struggle was visibly apparent on my father's face, as it was on mine. When the moment of departure was near, I grasped his hand, kissed his face and neck and noticed that tears were in his eyes. I turned to Bung Karno and said: "Take care of our father, Bung!" "Don't worry, brother," he replied. The guard waved his signal board, the whistle sounded and I was off...I did not meet my father again after that time.

The first thing I did on my return to the Minangkabau was, of course, to visit my father's friend and teacher, Sjech Muhammad Djamil Djambek, and his other friend and pupil, Sjech Daud Rasjidi: I also visited the other Sjechs. I had no sooner come face to face with that old Sjech Djamil Djambek, then he accusingly asked me, before another word had been spoken, "Where is your father? Didn't I order you to bring him back? Why didn't you bring him home?"

Before I could even answer, his eyes were already full of tears, and he started to shout confusedly, "All right, then, he won't come, will he? Let him stay there, he would only cause me trouble if he did come! Your father neither wants to tolerate injustice, nor can he put up with cruelty! Even at the time of Dutch rule, I had to go to all the trouble and take care of him; and so much more now...!"

After that great emotional outburst had subsided, but still before I had had a chance to reply, he added the following words: "No one...! There's no longer a single man courageous enough to stand up for the truth! Oh my land of utter darkness."

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Thereafter Sjech Djamil Djambek never wanted his beloved friend, my father, mentioned in his presence. "Don't you ever mention his name near me!" he ordered. And tears flowed from his eyes.

On the other hand, Sjech Daud Rasjidi, whose heart was of stone when told of the news merely said, "Let it be this way! He will also fight on Java."

Finally I returned to my home in Medan. For many months thereafter I purposely kept at a distance from the Japanese. In February 1945 I almost went back to Java, after having received a telegraphic invitation from Ir. Soekarno in his capacity as president of the Djawa Hoko Kai.[10] Unfortunately, however, at that time I had already been appointed advisor on religious affairs to the Governor of East Sumatra. And several months later I was appointed a member of the Chuo Sangi-In of Sumatra.[11] At that time I received a letter from my father: it was his last. Half of the contents of the letter, written in Arabic, ran as follows: "Do not query much why things are as they are. All is God's will, and in His preordainment alone lies certainty. Live in the fear of Allah, my son! Be firm in your heart!"

Translated by Harry J. Benda

FOOTNOTES

1. Putera or Pusat Tenaga Rakjat "Center of the People's Endeavor," the first 'collaborating' Indonesian nationalist movement, inaugurated on March 8, 1943.

2. M.I.A.I. or Madjlis Islam A'la Indonesia was the federative body in which most Indonesian Islamic groups and parties had been united since 1937. M.I.A.I. was at first given official recognition by the Japanese, but in December 1943 it was dissolved and replaced by the Masjumi or Madjlis Sjuro Muslimin Indonesia. This movement became a political party after the liberation, in November 1945. It has ever since been one of the major parties in Indonesia.

3. Kempeitai, the feared Japanese Military Police.

4. In Indonesian: Tuhan Jang Maha Kuasa, a form of address reserved by Indonesian Moslems for Allah only.

5. Muhammadijah, the largest non-political Islamic organization in Indonesia based on reformist Islamic principles. During the Japanese occupation this organization was linked with three smaller and more orthodox groupings in the Masjumi. Ki Bagus Hadikusumo was decorated by the Japanese emperor in Tokyo, together with Ir. Soekarno and Drs. Mohammad Hatta.

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6. Tentara Pembela Tanaha Air or PETA, was an Indonesian defense army created by the Japanese in Java during 1943.

7. Nikah-mut'ah or 'temporary marriage' is actually a legalized short-term extra-marital relationship previously agreed upon and against payment by the man, in other words, a form of sanctioned prostitution.

8. Habib Ali Al-Habsji was one of Djakarta's oldest and most respected Islamic preachers.

9. Al-Irsjad, a modernist Aranic association on Java, founded in 1913.

10. Djawa Hōkō Kai or 'Java Service Association' was a Japanese-created mass movement which in March 1944, supplanted the Putera movement. It comprised Japanese Indonesians, Chinese, Arabs and Eurasians. Putera had been an Indonesian movement proper, though with Japanese 'advisers' in the background.

11. A Chuō Sangi-In or Advisory Council, had existed on Java since October 1943. Its Sumatran counterpart was created much later, holding its first session in June and July of 1945.

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ARMIJN PANÉ

One of the trio who established Pudjangga Baru in 1933, Armijn is probably best known for his novel Belanggu or Shackled which appeared in 1940. Submitted to Balai Pustaka for publication, it was turned down and Takdir Alisjahbana published it in Pudjangga Baru. Shackled was a highly controversial novel and aroused a storm of criticism over its theme which broke with the traditional East-West conflict and restricted itself to an account of the marital problems of an Indonesian physician and his young wife who drift apart. She becomes much absorbed in the past and he turns to his childhood sweetheart. It is a psychological novel and treats of problems of the subconscious.

Born in Tapanuli (Central Sumatra) August 18, 1908 he was educated in Solo, Djakarta and Surabaja and worked for a number of years prior to the war with Balai Pustaka. He was first, like his older brother, Sanoesi Pané, strongly attracted to and influenced by Rabindranath Tagore and Krishnamurti, but later, like his colleague Takdir Alisjahbana, displayed more interest in Western literature, being particularly influenced by the writings of the Dutch Generation of '80 and Russian literature. He is the author of numerous plays and short stories and during the Japanese occupation headed the Literature section of Pusat Kebudajaan (Cultural Center) in Djakarta. He was also editor of the literary annual Kebudajaan Timur (Culture of the East).

Like Takdir, he has written Indonesian grammars and textbooks, but, unlike Takdir, he has played a significant role in drama and film in Indonesia. He has published important essays on Indonesian literature, in Dutch as well as in Indonesian, and has been editor of the cultural journal Indonesia.

He is often regarded as the precursor of the Generation of '45 though this is disputed by some of the younger critics. The story selected for this anthology appears in a collection of Armijn's short stories entitled Kisah antara Manusia or Stories among People (1953). It is laid in Java after the Revolution and depicts the housing situation at that time.

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IMPERIALISTS FENCED IN

By Armijn Pané

The home of Anwar Bakri's father was spacious with a large lawn surrounding it. Anwar's mother was dead and his father was quite happy to receive several refugee families from Pekalongan who had fled Semarang. They had lost their homes and had been forced to sell many of their most precious possessions.

Their spirit was that of refugees who feel their struggle is not appreciated and who are therefore continually frustrated. Because there was a terrible water shortage in Jogja, and many had to bathe, Bakri and Anwar often failed to get their share of water. Anwar asked the refugees to draw their water from the well, but they objected, saying, "Must refugees bathe at the well?"

Anwar looked for another method. He asked the refugees to bathe in the other bathhouse. True, it had no roof, but it was a good one. The refugees objected! Were they being ordered to bathe at a public bath? "No," said Anwar, "that's not a public bath. It's true that it had originally been set aside for just such an emergency." It was biased reasoning and the refugees did not wish to discuss it.

Anwar and his father remained silent. His father was old and from the beginning had been condescending in the matter.

One day Anwar noticed one of the refugees placing benches in front of their room in the yard. They explained that they were temporary and were going to be sold. But each day Anwar noticed that the refugees themselves were using the benches. Ah well, let them alone! They need recreation too. Some time later, after Anwar had adjusted to that situation, he noticed they were building a shack over the benches, just a roof.... Anwar inquired about it and was told that it was a temporary measure undertaken for the approaching Lebaran holiday season and where were their guests to sit? Anwar nodded. Very true. These refugees need recreation too.

Shortly after Anwar had become accustomed to that situation, he suddenly saw that they were also putting walls around the shack and transforming it into an extra house.

Anwar inquired again, "What's the meaning of this?" The refugees replied, "A feudalistic person certainly wouldn't understand the refugee's situation."

Anwar asked, "Why didn't you first discuss this with me?"

The refugees replied: "What for? That shack is really nothing. Besides, there was space for a shack. If we had built the shack in another location, should we have also asked permission from you? That's feudalism!"

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Anwar was silent, feeling embarrassed. He had become a feudalist. A feudalist in this day of revolution, democracy and socialism. He a feudalist! For two days and two nights Anwar searched his soul trying to determine whether or not he was a feudalist, whether he was a traitor to the cause.

Early one morning, when the rooster's crowing announced a new day, the light dawned upon Anwar. He remembered the policy and the actions of the Dutch. First the Linggardjati Agreement, giving the Indonesian people a feeling of false security, while in the meantime the Dutch Army was reinforced at Djakarta, Bandung, Semarang and Surabaya, and gradually expanded to Modjokerto and Bogor, claiming more than the Linggardjati Agreement stipulated. In the Police Action the Dutch seized the areas of West Java, North Central Java, East Java and Madura. After that the Renville Agreement was signed.

For each of these phases the Dutch offered some justification. At the time they wanted to arrange the Linggardjati Agreement their excuse was: "For the purpose of cooperation." Before the Modjokerto situation they explained: "Surabaya needs water." Before launching the Police Action their excuse was: "The Republican area is not safe, the people are being terrorized, the Chinese are being killed and robbed. It is the responsibility of the Dutch to establish law and order!"

Anwar remembered all that. The thought arose, "imperialism?" He remembered the proverb, "like a Dutchman requesting land." Certainly he was not feudalistic, he was not committing treason. It was those refugees who were being imperialistic. Expanding little by little....

Well, tomorrow he would build a fence around that shack, so that they could expand no further. A status-quo line! But he thought that if he did this, he would de facto knowledge the expansion of those refugees. Very crafty those imperialists!

He attempted to negotiate again with those unappreciative refugees. Wouldn't it be better if they found another house?

They replied; where would they look for a house? Wouldn't it be better if Anwar and his father left instead?

Anwar was flabbergasted, speechless. What was there to say?

For some time two youths had been frequent guests of the refugees. The night after Anwar's last attempt to settle the problem the two youths spent the night in the shack. This situation continued until it became apparent to Anwar that they were now living there, but whether they were paying rent or not he did not know.

The local government raised the water rates in the city of Jogja. With the arrival of the two youths Bakri's water bill was increased. Until now, Anwar and his father had refrained from requesting the refugees to bear their share of the water and electricity. If they had been pressed for payment their reply would have been, "We are refugees."

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Anwar was upset. It was a good racket. As time went on, more and more people came to the shack, many bringing boxes with them. Lest he be suspected of accusing the refugees of being enemy spies, he was reluctant to ask questions. Rent, water, electricity, all were free. Anwar, the feudalist, could pay for these himself.

With his troubled mind, and in this state of confusion, Anwar often lay awake at night attempting to determine whether or not he was a feudalist and a reactionary.... Finally, late one night Anwar realized that until now he had been too condescending, yes, feudalistic, with the hidden spirit of a reactionary. He must bestir himself more, he must have the courage to express and carry out his own wishes. With his mind at ease, he fell asleep but early in the morning he summoned a carpenter, and ordered him to build a fence around the shack.

Upon awaking, the imperialistic refugees were aghast.... They were speechless upon discovering they were fenced in.

Translated by Dean J. Almy, Jr.

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SUWARSIH DJOJOPUSPITO

Born in Bogor on April 20, 1912, Suwarsih Djojopuspito is best known, not for her writings in Indonesian, but for her novel Buiten het Gareel or Out of Harness which was written in Dutch in the years 1939 and 1940 and published in Holland after the war. This novel describes the love and sufferings of an Indonesian woman teacher in a 'wild' school.

For fifteen years she was active in private and government schools in Central and West Java. In 1953 she was elected the first Indonesian member of the Netherlands Literary Society.

The story here reproduced in translation is a charmingly written account of an episode in the struggle between the Dutch and the Indonesians during the Revolution (1945-49) on Java as observed through the eyes of a flamboyant tree. It originally appeared in the volume Tudjuh Tjeritera Pendek or Seven Short Stories (1950).

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THE TALE OF THE FLAMBOYANT TREE

by Suwarsih Djojopuspito

I was located in front of a rather old house. Actually that house was far younger than I. I had blossomed perhaps ten or even twenty times before the house was built. And from the outset I witnessed how they built that house. The owner looked at me and said to his wife: "Won't our view be beautiful later on when we see those red flowers? And when there is a wind, the flowers will fall just like hundreds of red butterflies."

His wife, who was much more interested in a neat yard, replied: "What's the good of a flowering tree? Its fruit isn't good to eat and the yard will simply get dirty from its dead leaves."

It was at this juncture that I had to laugh because at that time I had neither leaves nor blossoms but was merely a tree trunk, stark naked. The woman made fun of me, saying "If it were a mango tree it would be profitable for us, but a tree of that size and leafless will merely obstruct our view."

Her husband didn't answer but simply smiled, possibly remembering that at the proper time I might afford a beautiful sight. One month later, after the dry season, the rain fell. Then my trunk felt the freshness of the rain water, as did my roots. Infusing new life, I felt the water flow into the stems and branches just as blood circulates. The buds began to open and several days later the leaves appeared. I felt like a bride in the process of getting all dressed up, with my light green leaves reaching as far as the twigs. The master of the house smiled as he stood below, and said to his wife: "Look, so happy because the rain has fallen, this tree is displaying its young leaves to its utmost. Very soon it will be more beautiful and I'm sure you will agree with me that it will be nice to have this tree in front of our house."

Several days later my flowers began to bud, and a few days after that the flowers blossomed. I stood before the house as though I were in flames, my branches and stems covered with flowers so that the leaves were no longer visible for the cloak of scarlet flowers. Several people stood in front of me and said: "This flamboyant tree is truly gorgeous. It's too bad that it's so tall we can't pick its flowers."

Then I dropped a bouquet of my flowers, and they took it and said: "Just like huge butterflies, but more beautiful because its flowers are so beautifully shaped and so light that the wind could carry them." One of them was an artist who said: "Tomorrow I will come here and paint this tree. It seems that if we paint this tree, we must also paint the wind which blows between its branches and leaves. The beauty of this tree is seen in the way its flowers and branches sway with the wind, its flowers falling to the earth, its branches waving, and its leaves like moving fingers."

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"You're quite right," said another. "The most beautiful thing for a poet is the contrast between the sturdy and simple trunk and the luxuriant coloration of its flowers." These people kept on talking and debating in front of me while I didn't feel in any way beautiful or special. I just felt refreshed and contented; indeed for me the rain was the greatest blessing I could have. A banyan tree stood in front of a church opposite me. Every Sunday people flocked to that church. When they passed by me, they looked upward and admired my flowers. Some were able to appreciate my flowers while others disliked them.

"If I pass by here, I can be sure that flowers from this tree will drop on my head."

Of course when people go to church they want their hair and clothes neat, especially the younger ones. I didn't become angry when they reproached me in this manner. My theory is that there are two kinds of people, namely those who notice the beauty of nature and those who are attracted by the usefulness of a thing or object.

Every morning the church bell tolled in clear tones. Wake up, it said, wake up, morning is already here; and at that moment I shook my head and dozens of flowers fell to the ground. The children from the house would come out and shout: "Scarlet rain! Scarlet rain!"

Then I felt contented because those children appeared pleased and happy about the scarlet rain. They ran around and tried to catch the petals of the flowers as they fell to the ground. When I saw the children enjoying themselves in this way, I no longer felt that my life was purposeless. Let them say that I didn't have tasty fruit, let them joke about my young flowers virginal on this old trunk as long as I could be happy and life permeated my body.

One day a flock of sparrows came to visit and asked for the protection of my foliage. I remained silent. Why didn't they know that I was unable to give them protection because my leaves are few, their growth not being thick like that of the banyan tree opposite me. The birds remained for a while on my branches. Then they flew to the banyan tree and sought shelter beneath its thick foliage. There those birds lived and made their nests.

I often felt lonesome, but sometimes I too could entertain birds: the rice birds would stop and rest for a while. From them I would hear stories about what had happened outside the city, in the fields, and in the meadows. Actually I didn't need to feel lonely because I received all the news, especially when the sparrows came in flocks to talk about daily events. These sparrows were never silent, they always had something to talk about as, for example, a marriage in the church, or someone's moving. It seemed that these sparrows liked to spy on whatever was transpiring in people's homes merely so it could be discussed; because if they had nothing to talk about, they no longer felt useful.

One day the master of the house said to me as though I were a human being: "We're going to move far away. I thank you very

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much; you always have beautiful flowers."

Then several days later they departed and so did the cute little children. I mused about it all and felt lonely even though the banyan tree, my neighbor, nodded his head as if wanting to say: "You still have a friend in me."

How lucky the banyan tree was; he never remained alone thanks to the small birds who dwelt in his foliage. The house which had been empty was again occupied by other people. It contained many people because the house became an army barracks. Trucks and cars came and went and never again was it quiet in that house. Sometimes several cars were parked beneath me and I showered the petals of my flowers upon those vehicles. There was a youth who was always joking. When he saw the scarlet flowers on the hood of the car, he laughed and said: "This old car never dreamt that it would be showered with a gift such as this. One is never too old to receive a gift; let the old rascal receive an offering." And he laughed again, but a little sadly. His friend answered: "Henry, you're not funny when you joke like this! Leave Siti alone if she wants to marry that old man. Isn't it money which influenced her?"

"Just money! Nothing but money!" cried Henry. "Ask this tree whether it is interested in or knows about money. It has blossoms and thrives. Why shouldn't I do the same?" Then he laughed shrilly and tossed his cap up in the air.

"What I just said is right, my friend," said he continuing his remarks. "Why should I be sad when I am still young and strong?" I agreed with the youngster's observation but very seldom is one able to joke at a sad time. Thus I didn't feel lonely any longer and almost lost my jealousy of the banyan tree.

The rainy season changed into the dry season and my leaves fell. I felt as though I were dead. My small branches became dry and fell to the ground. Many small children collected my fallen twigs and climbed up my trunk in order to break several rather large branches. Henry, however, scolded them because I might have been damaged from this treatment. Henry was very nice to me. One day he came to me with some of his friends and said: "I've tried to compose a song for this flamboyant tree. Please listen." And he began to sing:

"Flamboyant tree, your flowers are beautiful
Refreshing to look at, attractive and alluring
Flaming scarlet like a fire
Flaming in my heart as well,
In my heart is raging too
The fire of love which ne'er will die."

His friends applauded and added: "More of the song, Henry, is there more?"

"This is it," replied Henry and he smiled pleasantly:

"Lightly the rain falls,
Quiet are the street and yard,

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Resolutely the tree adorns itself
Young again, forgetting its age,
Flaming scarlet.
The flowers are attractive,
The leaves live because of the wind,
My heart is sad
Gazing at the tree all bedecked,
Why am I as young as this,
Unable to be joyous,
Nicely adorned
The rain falls slowly.
What can this sadness of mine possibly be?"

Henry's voice was soft and full of emotion. Then I felt embarrassed, my appearance being so ugly. But I thought, just wait until later, I will be more beautiful than before, just for Henry's sake. The dry season turned into the rainy season again. Then one busy day a truck and a car came. It seemed that the army would move its location. When Henry left he waved to me and cried out: "Until we meet again, under pleasant circumstances, I hope."

The house was bereft of the young people of yesteryear. Formerly I didn't like the youngsters; now I longed for their merriment.

Several days later the house was again occupied by the army, but this time by the Dutch army. They also talked a lot, but not as gaily as the youngsters before them, I don't know why. In front of me a machine gun post was set up; behind me were gunny sacks filled with sand. From there bullets spewed in every direction because evening attacks by youthful guerrillas sometimes occurred. And the Dutch army did not seem to treasure the bullets because they were splattered about like rain. For us, the trees, there came a very trying time because the tops of all the trees such as coconut trees whose foliage was thick were cut, because the Dutch army was afraid they would serve as a hiding spot for snipers.

During that period, many tamarind trees and even the canary-seed trees were treated that way; only the banyan tree opposite me was not searched because they felt that the church could be trusted to see that the banyan tree offered shelter only to the birds. At that time the church services were attended by a capacity crowd, even overflowing, because the people were suffering. The banyan tree often nodded its head as if to say: "Look at the religious piety of human beings in times of suffering." That wasn't my affair, therefore I just waved my flower-filled boughs. Who was I to say that mankind suffered because of mankind, not because of us? The tree family was quite prepared to help it at any time.

Then one day the youth who had composed the poem for me passed. He was dressed as a civilian. He looked at me and smiled when he saw my pretty fresh flowers. He whispered: "The flamboyant tree knows no time, continues to thrive and forgets me." I felt sad when he said that, especially since I knew that the youth was passing an enemy stronghold. I dropped two or three flowers and he picked them up.

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At that moment a Dutch soldier saw him and seemed puzzled at the sight of the youth picking up the flowers, but he just remained quiet. Henry walked straight on unhurried, walking like one in deep thought.

Then one day fighting took place between the Dutch army and the youths who had previously lived in my house. Bullets flew every which way like rain; the youths pressed towards the church and tried to gain the protection of my boughs, but in vain because the white-skinned army had more equipment. Then at that moment I saw Henry coming down the ditch in front of me. I wanted to shout: "Don't Henry, there are people on the lookout behind my trunk." However I was unable to speak. Henry came crawling towards me and then he was hit in the chest. He fell and clutched at his chest. With great sorrow I saw Henry lying at my feet. Thus we met again but not under pleasant circumstances. I longed to cry out: "Say something, Henry! Sing a song for me again!" But he remained silent; blood flamed upon his chest and his face was very pale.

Dry season followed rainy season. Several times I saw people shot to death, blood flowing as scarlet as my flowers. Often the banyan tree shook its head as if to say: "Man suffers because of himself." I agreed with that. Where is Henry now, a youth who loved poetry, and everything enjoyable? I no longer knew when the rains came or when the dry season came and my leaves fell; but several months later the house was empty again. The Dutch army left and it was occupied by others. Then one day a woman stood beneath me looking up and said slowly as if deep in thought: "What is the story of this beautiful flamboyant tree?" I smiled, let my flowers fall, and in the evening I told her this simple tale of mine.

Translated by Muriel B. Lechter

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RIVAI APIN

While Rivai has not published extensively, he has played a very important role in the development of postwar Indonesian literature through his writing and editorship of various cultural magazines, including the significant literary section 'Gelanggang' (Arena) of the weekly Siasat. In 1950 Chairil, Asrul Sani and he published a volume of poetry.

Rivai was born in Padang Pandjang in West Central Sumatra on August 30, 1927 and studied law in Djakarta for a time.

CHAIRIL ANWAR

Among the Indonesian writers of the Japanese period and Revolution Chairil Anwar is almost universally acclaimed in Indonesia as the outstanding poet and leader of the Generation of '45. I have heard more than one Indonesian writer say that he did not realize the capabilities and potentialities of the Indonesian language until he read Chairil's poetry. H. B. Jassin, one of Indonesia's well known literary critics says of Chairil: "He succeeded in enriching the Indonesian language with new word combinations of a more dynamic nature" (Mimbar Indonesia May 14, 1950). His influence has been very great and several important critical studies of his work have appeared in Indonesian journals. His poems, which could not be printed during the Japanese occupation, were not collected and published in book form until after his death.

Chairil Anwar was born in Medan July 26, 1922 and died in Djakarta April 28, 1949, not yet twenty-seven. His formal education was little, but he was widely read and hence largely self-educated. He read extensively in such writers as Oscar Wilde, Rilke, Nietzsche and Dutch authors and translated André Gide, Slauerhoff, Du Perron, John Steinbeck and others.

LOUISE WALUJATI SUPANGAT

Born in Sukabumi (West Java) December 5, 1924, she was educated in Bogor and began writing poetry at the tender age of 13. She is a lover of nature and deeply interested in art and music.

Her mother is a pious Moslem, but her father is interested in theosophy and Walujati appears to have inherited some of her father's interest in theosophy and philosophy.

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RIVAI APIN

Elegy

What we can feel, but need not mention,
What we can think, but need not say . . .
Don't grieve - we shall go on,
We shall bring this truth to its star and its earth.
And we are sure, having preserved one of your words,
One sight of a barren land, before sorrow choked our hearts.
Oh, your memory will always pursue us,
Frightening as a shadow in the swaying hut, when the lamp is lit,
But as full of love as the Father's outstretched hands;
And you come back, as in the days when you and this world still rang with life.
We shall not forget you, hunting or running,
Since what we pursue and what we run from
Is for you to grant us Life
And for us to reflect on you.
And we know, too, as you know, that there is no idol and no other God worth living for.
Let the storm blow in this barren desert:
Our buried feet in this arid land, where you are lying,
Continue to flare, and we that stand here are flames.
We maintain Life for tonight, the night which will become noon.
We are sons of one Father,
We are sons of one Mother,
And though our death is only a matter of time
We shall all uphold the One God.
Brothers yet to come, brothers already gone,
We shall lift this cracked earth, this dry earth,
A heavy burden for aching shoulders - and our hearts, bitter with coming defeats,
Will fill with love for the belief we follow.

CHAIRIL ANWAR

Notes for 1946

These hands will drop wearily,
As a game of light in the water loses its shape in mist,
And the voice I love will no longer be caressing.
I chisel a grave-stone, and pick at it.

We - hunted dogs - see only a scene of this play,
We don't know Romeo and Juliet
Embracing in cemeteries or beds.
A great man is born and thousands go under,
Both must be recorded, both have a place.

(continued)

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Notes for 1946 (continued)

And the shaking-sickness will pursue us no longer,
If the rifle is put away
Only memories grow dusty;
We hunt meanings or surrender
To chance new-born infants,
So don't blink:
Stare, sharpen your pen,
Write because the page is empty,
Because dry throats will receive drops of moisture.

Tuti's Ice Cream

Between present and future happiness
The abyss gapes.
My girl is licking at her ice cream:
This afternoon you're my love,
I adorn you with cake and coca-cola
Oh wife-in-training.
We have stopped the clocks' ticking.

You kissed skillfully, indelibly
  - When we cycled I took you home
  - Your blood was hot, soon you were a woman,
And the stiff old man dreamed dreams
That leaped over the moon.

Every day's beau invited you on,
Every day's beau was different.
Tomorrow we'll meet and not know each other:
Heaven is this minute's game.

I am like you, everything ran by,
Me and Tuti and Greet and Amoi . . .
Dilapidated hearts.
Love's a danger that quickly fades.

Willingness

If you like I'll take you back
With all my heart.

I'm still alone.

I know you're not what you were,
Like a flower pulled into parts.

Don't crawl! Stare at me bravely.

If you like I'll take you back
For myself, but

I won't share even with a mirror.

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To a Friend

Before emptiness draws closer
And the final treachery leaps at us from behind,
While blood runs and feeling beats
And despair has not bloomed and there is no fear
Remember the evening fades, without warning,
A red sail dipping into darkness,
And, friend, let's part now, here:
The emptiness that pulls at us also strangles itself.
So
Empty the glass,
Pierce, traverse, invert the world,
Love women, but leave the flatterers,
Rope the wildest horse, spur him swiftly,
Tie him to neither noon nor night
And
Undo what you've done,
End without heir, without relation,
Without requesting forgiveness,
Without granting it.
So
Again
Let us part:
The final agony will draw us into an empty sky.
Once more, friend, one line more:
Shove your sword to the hilt
Into those who've diluted the pureness of honey!

Nocturno (fragment)

I shouted--but no voice answered,
The sound congealed in the frozen air.
In my body desires stretched,
Dead too.
The last dream asked for power,
The axe was broken, swung in vain,
And my heart was strangled.

Stranded . . . I tasted ashes and dust
From a left-over song.
A memory of the ghostly emptiness
And the fever that will stiffen us.
. . . . . .

Pen and poet, both dead,
Turning!

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In Vain

The last time you came
You brought bright flowers,
Red roses, white jasmine,
Blood and holiness,
And spread them in front of me
With a decisive look: for you.

We were stunned
And asked each other: what's this?
Love? Neither of us understood.

That day we were together.
We did not touch.

But my heart will not give itself to you,
And does not care that you are ripped by desolation.

Me

When my time comes
I want to hear no one's cries,
Nor yours either.

Away with all who cry!

Here I am, a wild beast,
Cut off from his companions.
Bullets may pierce my skin
But I'll keep on,
Carrying forward my wounds and my pain,
Attacking, attacking,
Until suffering disappears,
And I won't care anymore.

I hope to live a thousand years.

WALUJATI

Parting

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

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

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

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

Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam

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ROSIHAN ANWAR

Rosihan Anwar was born in Padang in West Central Sumatra on May 10, 1922, but received most of his education in Java. He is well known as a journalist, having been a reporter for the newspaper Asia Raya and the magazine Djawa Baroe during the Japanese occupation. With Soedjatmoko and Sudjati A. S. he founded the influential weekly Siasat in 1947 and shortly afterwards the daily Pedoman, both of which he continues to edit. He also joined Usmar Isma'il and Dr. Abu Hanifah in the formation of the amateur dramatic society Maya during the Japanese period.

Radio Masjarakat which is the original title of the story that follows, first appeared in Djawa Baroe in 1943 and was reprinted in 1948 in H. B. Jassin's anthology Gema Tanah Air: Puisi dan Prosa 1942-1948 (Echoes of the Fatherland: Poetry and Prose 1942-1948). This story is an attempt to analyze the reactions and spiritual struggle of an Indonesian youth at the outset of the Japanese occupation.

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

by Rosihan Anwar

"I've no concealment
Whither shall I run?
Seek sanctuary within my mind
'Cause there all secrets are safely locked from sight?
No use...
All there is exposed also
In but a moment's time."

* * *

"....Trends of the time? A new spirit? Yes, perhaps for you, it's...for me, though, it's beyond understanding...."

The words still resounded in Dr. Hamzah's ears; the words, as if pronounced by an orator at a public meeting, were enunciated slowly, stressed one by one in order to imprint them more indelibly in the minds of his audience. As from a distance the voice now came -- subdued, but clear and distinct.

The words had been uttered by Kuswari when he had come to the doctor's office in order, as he put it, to have his ailing body examined. Kuswari had complained endlessly then, as if thereby to rid himself of his heavy burden, as if to shake off the weariness which oppressed his spirit.

Less lucidly, he explained what his sickness really was. But from his demeanor alone -- he thought -- Dr. Hamzah would be certain to know that he obviously was not well.

Dr. Hamzah shook his head. Every time he had asked Kus what he needed to know for his examination he received the same confused explanation: in short, information which made no sense. And to say that Kus was delirious or raving would be to exaggerate.

Why is Kus behaving this way he wondered.

He'd known Kus for a long time, because he often visited at the home of his parents, who were his friends. He knew that Kus was not a hypochondriac, that he was always in good health.

He had placed the stethoscope on his chest, he had listened to the heart beat, he had taken his pulse; he had carried out every last detail of the examination. His whole body had been examined. It was the usual experience.-- not one thing was wrong.

"Where do you feel sick, Kus?"

"My head feels heavy all the time, Doctor. At times my stomach knots up, and I have spots before my eyes. Oh, there's

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just too much -- I don't know more than that I'm just sick, sick all over!"

Once again he was examined -- more precisely, more carefully. The results of the examination were again the same as before. Kus was healthy. It was astonishing, extraordinary. It occurred to the doctor, from his knowledge of psychiatry, that it might very well be that this "sickness" of Kus' was faked so that people would feel sorry for him or for some other obscure reason.

Kus' situation he knew rather well because he had known him for years and years. Kus had previously been a student at the Law School of the University, and had passed his second year exams. He was a person easily discouraged. His temperament was mercurial, lacking stability. Since the landing of the Japanese armed forces he'd been idle, with nothing to do but sit and contemplate, dwell on the "good old days," or stroll aimlessly hither and yon. Apparently Kus was unable to keep up with this period of transition. He seemed to be in a state of shock, unable to adjust himself to the conditions of the new era.

Only that which was of the past received his praise, only that did he deem attractive. If others of his friends had initiative and did not intend to permit their lives to become empty, but worked for useful causes and went along with the battle of life, Kus would remain passive, unyielding. He was content to be at home, hands in lap, aloof and isolated from the busy world. He was fleeing from reality.

Dr. Hamzah had put away his instruments and ordered Kus to get dressed. Meanwhile he paced the large room. His knowledge was exhausted. This was beyond his ability. His diagnosis was definite and unchangeable: nothing whatsoever was wrong with Kus. Physically, he was in excellent shape -- as far as medical knowledge was concerned, that is.

But where to locate the root of everything -- why was Kus like this? Must the cause be sought, instead, in psychiatry?

But Kus was again standing before him, awaiting his decision. His attitude was that of one who had already given up. His expression was glum, lackluster; his head was bowed.

"Well, Kus, you're in perfect shape. You're well. There's no medicine I can give you, however...."

He paused a moment. A thought had come to him. Kus, meanwhile, wavered between apprehension and hope. After a bit, Dr. Hamzah continued with a smile:

"However... there is still one remedy I can give; a medicine which though simple is yet expensive to procure. Kus, you will be required to revise your outlook on life. That is the one and only effective treatment for your illness!"

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"You must try to understand the trends of the times. You must try to experience the new spirit of the times. This won't be easy, mind you, but I have confidence that you are clever enough to seek and to assess these for yourself. For the time being I feel I need not explain to you. Look for them first, Kus, and then -- well, we can talk further about it later on, eh?"

For a moment Kus was silent. Slowly, however, the expression on his face changed, becoming incomprehensible. His lips twisted scornfully. Then in a torrent of words he said:

"'Trends of the time'?.... 'New Spirit'? Yes, perhaps for you, sir. For me, though, it's beyond understanding."

That was all he said. Then he turned and left Dr. Hamzah. He was so upset, he failed to say goodbye!

* * *

For a moment the flow of Dr. Hamzah's thoughts was stemmed. He glanced out the windows. The sky was clear. The sun's rays were playing on the moving clouds. Leaves on the trees rustled and fluttered gaily. Inside the room it was peaceful and quiet. But not so inside Dr. Hamzah's mind! Confusing, disquieting, the various ideas came surging at him from all sides. What had happened to Kus, he wondered.

Should I scoff at him? Or should I feel sorry for him? It was clear that through the years Kus had experienced a chain of events diverse in form and character, and it was equally certain that from each there had been embedded in his soul a lasting impression and an influence of some sort or other. Eventually all these would have to be brought into purview before an opinion regarding Kus could be settled upon. Even more so, when one considered that all too often he observed about him conditions which in the opinion of the educated were deplorable. It was evident too that a great black abyss yawned between ideals and reality.

Hadn't he often observed that alongside ideals reaching for a pure and shining realm were also found shallowness of character, narrow-mindedness and superficiality? It should not be that way; it was sad. Should I feel sorry for Kus? He couldn't really be blamed, could he, when considered against the background of such a society.

'But... no,' a voice within him protested. 'I must blame Kus. He's still young. In this day there can be no place for soft, weak youths, youth must not be permitted to be spiritually sick like Kus. Youth must be strong mentally and possessed of an indomitable spirit, because if not, the light of progress will shine but dimly and faintly in their fatherland.'

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Dr. Hamzah returned to his chair to calm his thoughts. He would have to find a way to help Kus. Being a doctor possessed a very broad meaning for him; hence he knew beyond doubt that he could not feel satisfied if his work was but to prescribe for and cure the ills of the body alone.

He now enjoyed probing into sick minds. To the best of his ability, he also sought treatments to rehabilitate the mentally ill. What is more, he possessed a quality, a mysterious secret strength bestowed by God, namely, an intuitive grasp of the excursions of the minds of people.

For him there was no darkness, nothing hidden in the inner mind of other people. He was quick to perceive and notably sensitive, both of which qualities had been a very real help to him in his work as a doctor down through the years. Hence he had often been able to help his patients, even when his technical knowledge had run aground, or as it were, had come up against a stone wall.

Many times experience had shown him that the human mind, however difficult and seemingly unfathomable, if confronted with a feeling of compassion, proved to be rather easy to understand and not as difficult as it appeared initially.

And now he was again faced with a new problem.... Ah, but an old problem, actually: the problem of Kuswari!

One of his conversations with Kuswari came to mind again. It had been while he had been questioning Kus:

"Why aren't you active in something? Your life is just 'dying on the vine'. Rather than lying around, try, say -- finding some kind of work, something to do!"

The answer invariably was:

"What for? It's just a waste of energy and would only exhaust me. It's not my fault, Doctor. Conditions are to blame -- if it weren't the way it is, I certainly wouldn't be in this kind of fix. It's just that the whole world tries to put all the blame on me, because I'm 'thus' or 'so'.

"Just think, Doctor, if schools hadn't closed I'd certainly have been a lawyer. The path leading in that direction was clear -- and it only needed pursuing. But now, what will become of me? The road is blocked. I'm headed into a dead-end street. It's not I who am to blame, Doctor. I'm merely a victim of circumstances...."

As he sat musing in his room, Dr. Hamzah shook his head from side to side.

Was it really so? Was it actually the situation which should be 'blamed', so that Kus had reason to talk that way? 'A dead-end street', he'd said, 'a victim of circumstances'. No!

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No, Kus must be blamed. This conviction that he was a 'victim' of his era was already riveted into his soul -- it had become an obsession with him. There was a sickness in his soul which had to be excised, (thought Dr. Hamzah). A clear path must be pointed out to Kus, the attitude of daring to live had to be implanted in his soul. It had to -- but how? Yes -- how?

"Later on in my spare time, I'll go have a talk about this matter with Kus' parents at their house."

* * *

He was angry.

Several days had already passed. That afternoon nature had adorned herself exquisitely well. Would someone, however, in his condition enjoy the beauty of nature, would it be possible for such a person to be moved to exalted thoughts? Would that be possible when one felt depressed and gloomy, as though pushed into a career?

Ever since he had gone to Dr. Hamzah without result and had received the answer that he was in 'tip-top shape', that his body was perfectly all right, Kuswari had felt irritated. How could he be healthy when he felt there was something the matter with him?

He rode his bike toward Gambir, turned to the right and headed toward Senen. The sun was setting. The tops of the trees were still touched by its golden rays, but the grass of the fields below was no longer distinct. Blue-green below, clear yellow above, and high above the blazing red of sunset. In between the sky in a display of color showed off its beauty. But Kus was oblivious to it all. He was still angry. He heard the words of Dr. Hamzah once again.

So I'm to be taught by him, given more 'instruction in zeal' -- the only stuff he knows!

Kus went on with his mental soliloquy....

Didn't Dr. Hamzah see how superficially the ideas of 'the new spirit' -- the 'trend of the times' and all the other 'new' things, had penetrated the society around him? It was all just a show; internally nothing had changed. Hmph! If that's so we're just playing comedy -- and I refuse; I'm no clown!

Suddenly Kus was startled because someone called him and beckoned to him. It appeared to be an old friend who'd been in the same student circles as he.

"Djoko! What's up with you nowadays?"

They stood at the Senen crossing, near the sidewalk. Djoko was now a teacher in a high school. Because they hadn't met for a long time he told Kus mostly about his school affairs, about

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his pupils. As a matter of fact, he talked about a thousand and one things. Indeed, Djoko enjoyed 'reporting' and he usually withheld none of his feelings.

"And how're your spirits?" Kus asked in turn, mockingly and with a laugh.

Rather lamely Djoko answered:

"Frankly speaking, Kus. We're old friends. Concerning the 'spirit', (he complained) -- well, I don't know. Let them make a great fuss and shout about it -- but as for me, I just can't go along with all these new-fangled ideas. I, and perhaps you too, Kus, are not going to count anymore! Really, Kus."

Kus had nothing to say. In his heart he was happy. This feeling he could not put aside, and he kept saying to himself:

"Dr. Hamzah was wrong and I am right! Dr. Hamzah talks a lot, he has a lot of high ideals, but he forgets reality. I'm the one who's right -- and Djoko, too, shares the same opinion!"

He turned his bicycle slowly into Prapatan, intending to return home after parting with Djoko.

While Djoko was soberly expressing his conclusions, it suddenly appeared to Kus how useless it was to exchange accusations and to find each other's faults.

He alone saw the facts clearly, the stark reality; he was the only one who sensed the pervading spirit of timidity. "We adults in general are afraid to sacrifice ourselves, Kus, and more particularly if we are asked to sacrifice our lives. We ought not be asked for the impossible. We lack self-confidence -- we talk a lot too, and our spirit does not match it. But who is to blame for that?

"The greatest curse upon our people is the fear of uncertainty, Kus. Perhaps later on the threat of danger will make us take up arms. But for the time being what we said a moment ago is still obvious." Yes, indeed (thought Kus again) I'm not the only one who holds this view. Djoko does not agree with the viewpoint of Dr. Hamzah either. Dr. Hamzah must be wrong.

Darkness descended on the earth. Human forms were already hazy and difficult to recognize. When Kus had almost reached home he passed Winarti, riding her bike hard in the opposite direction. They exchanged greetings but without much enthusiasm. It was like two persons who didn't really know each other very well and who, upon meeting in the middle of the street, greet each other somewhat hesitantly, being half-hearted in their courtesy.

Winarti seemed different (thought Kus) or perhaps she just likes to act as if she is not much interested -- as girls indeed

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like to do. In his opinion they quite often love to put on an act, so that these "princesses" also unintentionally hurt people who are not aware of this.

Why has Winarti's attitude toward me changed? She didn't used to be like this....

Kus recalled the times that 'used to be'.

Narti had been extremely close to him. At feasts and parties they always dated each other, and if it happened that Kus came with another girl it was certain that his friends would kid him, saying: "Where's your 'steady', Kus?" Yes (thought Kus) those times are gone forever! 'Now we're in a new era,' Dr. Hamzah said... oh, why must I always remember the face and words of that Dr. Hamzah! him and his freak theories which I can't understand?

Narti had changed her attitude after they had had a talk during which they exchanged views a month or two earlier. Narti did not like to see Kus be someone who had no goals, no aim or purpose, since she knew that formerly Kus' ideals had been many and fine. She didn't understand why Kus had changed from this earlier, fiery enthusiasm to become, of late, cold and stagnant -- even immovable all of a sudden. Kus' mother often told her that Kus was always saying: "I'm extremely disappointed with the world, Mom." "Why?" (This very question had come up repeatedly in Narti's mind.) So then she had asked Kus about the matter. To her astonishment, unlike times past, Kus had excitedly said in a loud voice:

"That's a childish question, Narti. Why am I disappointed? Because of everything imaginable -- because all of a sudden I don't know any more what I want to do. There's no balance any more. I've nothing to hold on to. But you wouldn't understand this, Narti!"

Of course, Winarti had her answer to that and then put forward her own opinion. Gradually the heated interchange grew and turned into a very angry debate. And as usual in a debate of this sort, each side let itself be guided by emotion without trying to consider the point of view of the other party. Thus, finally, Winarti stood up and said: "If that's the way it is with you, I can't discuss it further, Kus," and immediately left.

Since then their relationship had cooled off, Narti keeping away from Kus. Kus, on the other hand, seldom went to Winarti's house. The unceasing by-play between the maid and her swain -- the 'dare' and the 'dare accepted,' the 'estimate' and the 'measuring', the 'give and take' the 'setting free' and the being attracted again, the 'blows' and the 'making-up' would forever remain indeed.

Upon reaching the house, Kus went directly to his room and when he had bathed he did not go, as usual, to chat with his parents who were sitting in the living room. He just stayed in his room. Later he took up a book, but could not concentrate and its

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letters seemed to go out of focus and became formless. His thoughts wandered. For a moment he'd again hear Djoko's words, which would be repeated slowly, and they raised questions in his mind as to whether perhaps there were not many more people who, like himself, held the same view as Djoko.

Sometimes Winarti appeared in his mind and his imagination showed him where he had once said: "There's nothing to hold on to, Narti!"

Footsteps were heard on the front porch, and then, later, a voice saying: "Good evening!" Kus started. He knew that voice.

"Dr. Hamzah is haunting me! What new theory would it be now?"

He heard Dr. Hamzah chatting with his parents and from time to time he heard his name mentioned, though the discussion itself reached his room but indistinctly. Finally Kus decided to go in and sit with them.

One can never tell. They might discuss all kinds of nonsense about me.

But he no sooner entered the living room than Dr. Hamzah said: "We were talking about you just now." Kus sat somewhat apart from the others.

"Are you still unconvinced that nothing is wrong with you physically -- that your body is well -- but that as to the mental ...."

Then Dr. Hamzah related in considerable detail cases involving people who in an unsettled time had their spirits broken, were devoid of all energy -- just accepting everything. Anyone, however, whose spirit is 'alive' must fight and resist the onslaughts and attempts on him, particularly in a time of instability, for example, when people scramble to be on top of the heap.

If, moreover, one is afraid to join the game of elbowing his way, it is quite possible that one may become a social outcast floating on the surface while cowards and the gullible almost surely sink to the bottom of the 'sea' forever!

"Perhaps you are disappointed, Kus, because you see the path you wished to follow suddenly cut off. So you then withdraw yourself from the arena, as if that would alter the situation. No, the situation continues. Perhaps it's not as we would wish it to be. We accept it, we plunge right into the middle of it, and, when necessary, we fight to destroy all that is bad and contemptible. This is where courage is important."

"You're a young man, Kus, but if you let yourself be a victim, then where will we all wind up? There's a slight flaw in your thinking: because you disagree with much of what you see, you assume that everything is all bad!"

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"Unconsciously you started off by considering yourself 'pure' and then later when it was evident that you were forced to yield or to admit the strength of society, you looked for the cause in yourself. 'Perhaps I'm sick' -- you say -- 'I'm a good person, but society is cruel so let me become its victim!'"

"This kind of idea is wrong, Kus, because our society isn't all bad, as you suppose. There are many aspects which are good, and you only come to know them by identifying yourself with them. There's so much to be done -- but if you always simply refuse -- lack courage -- and hold to uncertain presuppositions, like this -- where'll we be in the end?"

Kus just remained silent. Some of Dr. Hamzah's words he was compelled to admit were true, but there was also much with which he disagreed.

"Doctor, it's become a fad nowadays to have a lot of theories. I don't yet subscribe to this -- I can't. A great deal of them have become peddlers in this commodity -- worthless! None of them are really convincing...."

No more and no less was Kus' answer. He stood up, hastily left the room and went out of the house into the dark of the night, intending to go for a walk. He wished to put his thoughts in order -- what he had just heard kept resounding in his ears.

"What was right -- and what wrong?"

The sky was starless.

* * *

"Many theories nowadays, Doctor...."

"Not one convinced him."

Whenever he had time to spare -- because he had finished examining patients -- his lips frequently repeated the words which Kus had uttered on that memorable evening.

Indeed, for a person like Kus it would be particularly difficult to find a balance, in this very tumultous time. The very air was filled with slogans -- with every manner of theory. However, when daily conditions were observed it would be quite clear that there was a serious difference between theory and practice. It would only make Kus more dispirited to note this, would increase and strengthen his disappointment.

However it may be, Kus must be given firm guidance and he must be taken firmly by the hand and not released for one second. Kus needed to know that there was always someone who could be a tower of strength for him -- a tower which sent forth rays of light to the shores of the darkness within him. There were still men who appeared to him as definitely without discrepancy between

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their theories and practices. How about me? Dr. Hamzah asked himself. Yes, it is rather difficult to answer that question. It was tough because so often men liked to kid themselves. Oh, how very easily we fool ourselves when our minds yearn so deeply to trust in something.

What about myself? his mind inquired again. He who since he'd entered college, had always flung himself into all sorts of activities. It was Dr. Hamzah who had always gladly and energetically supported all sorts of social causes. Moreover, such activities had become a serious matter, though carried out unobtrusively and on a modest scale by offering both service and money for the good of society? No one knew it, not even Kus. Could he perhaps appoint himself as the example for Kus to follow? Again he didn't know! But he did come to the conclusion that in the days to come he'd have to get closer to Kus. They'd talk a great deal, and while exchanging ideas with him he would slowly instill in Kus' mind something for him to hold on to. He therefore visited Kus frequently, invited him to go out together.

"Will you join me, Kus?"

At first it seemed as if Kus would reject him -- for a fraction of a second, his face looked as if he would refuse Dr. Hamzah's invitation. But finally he agreed. Perhaps he was merely reluctant -- perhaps there were other reasons. Dr. Hamzah knew that Kus was at a stage he often saw in people who stood spiritually at the crossroads.

Which road, which direction shall I follow?

"It seems, after all, that he has digested something of what I said the other evening. Now he wishes to test his findings against everything about me. He'll be quick to doubt; he will certainly disagree. Still he wants to hear my words, to weigh them against reality. Hmmm -- I must use this opportunity so that he will shift sights in the direction of other things -- things clear and shining!"

* * *

Occasionally he took Kus along when he had to go to several houses in a village to make calls on sick people.

"Come along Kus, there's quite a bit to be seen there. It's always possible to learn...."

"Why should I go along, Doctor? It's not proper for me...."

"How so, improper?"

Kus was unable to reply, so he just grumbled and went along.

Sometimes he wondered why he went so reluctantly to these houses which, because of their poor ventilation, smelled musty

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inside. Was it perhaps that he hated to see poverty?

He was indeed used to the life of plenty. He'd been spoiled continually, and at times he thought that if he himself had to experience poverty he wouldn't know how to endure it. For Dr. Hamzah the problem was different -- because as a matter of fact it was his responsibility to restore health to the sick, Kus said to himself.

Later another idea rose up, as if rays of light had penetrated the fog in his mind!

Whenever he watched Dr. Hamzah, while he examined the sick, with an attitude of calm, always congenial, his countenance reflecting his sympathy with the other members of the family and later on while the people of the household awaited with hope and doubt the words which he would utter then Kus would wonder: does he really feel sorry for them? Does he really love his people as he is wont to say?

And then, when his work was finished, often he would say to him: "We still have lots to do, Kus. Many of our people are still ignorant. The small number of people who have been educated is of no significance if compared with the great number of those who have not received any education."

And when his work was finished, he would often say: "That's done. Tomorrow we start all over again. Well, Kus, where'll we go now? To a restaurant to get a drink or home to chat awhile?"

Increasingly Kus felt that the ideas he had been defending with might and main clearly could not be maintained in the face of what he heard and saw for himself in Dr. Hamzah. His spirit is far more youthful than mine. He still enjoys working for his ideals in spite of being older than I am. And I only feel weak and empty!

But... not I alone: didn't Djoko once say that he could not adjust himself to all this 'newness'? But if it is true that Djoko and I think like this, is it also true that all young people are of the same opinion? Could there have been any connection, perhaps, between the coolness of Narti and my attitude all this time?

Over and over again Kus kept asking himself these questions. (And if one starts asking oneself such questions, what might possibly come after that!)

One day he read in the newspaper, only by accident, that a young women's group which had only recently been established was already active in the social field. Various social activities were included in its program of work. Among the names of its directors Kus read the name: Winarti.

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Well, he thought, how can it be that Narti would get involved in this sort of thing? He found it difficult to believe, but Narti's name was clearly there, printed in the paper, so he couldn't doubt further. Would there really be people who could adjust to the present situation? Is it I alone who so far have been unwilling to see or to hear? Is it I who did not understand? Is Djoko completely off the path? And is it Dr. Hamzah who is right with his 'new spirit' and his 'trend of the times'? And what about Narti?

Perhaps it is I who have been left behind! thought Kus.

Thus Kus' condition was like that of a person who has walked a long time in a night of impenetrable darkness; it was a night within him too. It was as though he had fallen asleep and then saw a shining light, a clear path stretching in front of him, beaming brightly in his soul too. He followed this light, his steps rather uncertain at first but ever more firm and sure.

Or, like a person who had the rudder of his ship broken, a rudder which no longer responded to the hands or to the wishes of the helmsman, so that his craft surrendered to the mercy of the sea. The current and the waves carried it farther and farther out into the vastness of the ocean. The desire to return to the island of humanity vanished. Then the favoring wind started blowing, fresh, and one saw the waves push and turn the craft back to the island where mankind follow the call of life.

Who was it who caused my steps to become firm and certain again? he often asked himself. Moreover everything had become clearer to him, especially when he listened to the way in which Dr. Hamzah imparted morale to groups of youth, to members of the youth cadre, that is.

Even before that Dr. Hamzah had constantly talked to him about 'the youth'. Kus knew that the Doctor was rather well-known in scouting circles. "But nowadays I lead youth in orderly fashion toward a set goal. They must be ready to defend our fatherland. I hope you see that occasionally, Kus."

Was it really true that for Dr. Hamzah there was no difference between theory and practice?

As busy as his work was, however, he still found time to do other things. It was because of his ideals, Kus thought. He had also seen these young people drilling. "Quite a few of them are well educated, Kus!" explained Dr. Hamzah.

Then something seemed to become wide-awake within him. He saw himself, Djoko and several friends lined up on one side, while on the other side stood the youths he had observed, strong and conscious of their potential, aware of the responsibility they would bear. He also began to feel a desire to join these youths of the 'new day'. Gosh, how did I come to think as far as I did?

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Kus was startled when he was confronted with his inner thoughts which were already leaning toward the 'other side'.

Oh, no, how could it be? Kus still wanted to resist, but failed to realize that the fortress of defense in his soul had become very brittle.

Dr. Hamzah was in the midst of explaining something. He was comparing this society with a radio which emits all sorts of sounds.

"Every member of society should be in harmony with this radio, because the unity of voice which comes out of it is actually the unity of voice of that same society. If they don't like it, if, for example, too many sounds confuse the ear, or the tune presented is displeasing to the ear, then an effort must be made to improve it. As a rule a radio station can be directed to change and improve its programs. The studio, the transmitter, all of it is ours and we too can arrange programs. No one can prevent us from doing so. And.... (Dr. Hamzah paused and then continued in a passionate voice.) All you youth, if you really can be called the youth of this era, have the responsibility, alone and together, of beautifying and harmonizing the voice of the radio of your society!'

'When you realize that, no one can thwart you, nothing can overcome you in this matter and on the basis of your strength, your efforts, spirit and high ideals, the radio receivers of other countries will certainly receive your transmission which will exemplify the 'voice of this people' everywhere, a victorious voice which must be listened to with respect....'

It was a long time before Kus was able to fall asleep that night, because the speech of Dr. Hamzah seemed to be directed especially to his own mind. He knew that so far he had priced himself far too high.

Wasn't he a law student? Hadn't he refused to give any thought to the things which he had just seen? He again saw the young people, in age not much different from himself, who were soon to play a new song, the song of the Fatherland, a symbol of greatness before the microphone till it would be heard in every possible place.

Should I join? Is there still a place for me, and for people like Djoko, too? Or is it perhaps already too late? Here there is no more room....?

A new day dawned in the mind of Kus.

* * *

Kuswari placed the paper on his lap. His eyes appeared to be fixed in one direction only, as if from there he hoped for an answer to the questions which befogged his mind. The lines of small

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print which he'd just read appeared visible to him again.

The words of the advertisement asking for a group of young people who wished to be placed for work in Palembang. The requirements, I can fulfill, he said to himself. If I apply to go along, if I intend to work over there, then what?

The experiences of these recent times had brought to him a great deal of self-examination. Dr. Hamzah's influence had caused him to search his innermost soul profoundly and not to resign himself passively to suffering and to seeing much within him disintegrate.

"You must dare to live, Kus. Meet all difficulties squarely," Dr. Hamzah had said some time ago.

If Kus wished to be honest to himself, he had to confirm these words. That, indeed, should be one's attitude toward life. When he was near Dr. Hamzah he felt that his blood flowed briskly, that he was happy. He then felt as if he had the strength to prove to himself all that Dr. Hamzah had so often said he could hope for.

"I can face anything!" he thought. But when he was alone again, when he squarely faced his soul, his earlier 'bravery' vanished again. The moments of gloom and depression in his mind returned. He again saw the conditions of society around him, once more he heard friends like Djoko or others talk and back surged the thoughts which he had held earlier. "Ah, I am of no use after all, in this new era. New, new, what in fact was new?"

Subsequently, on the screen of his mind pictures flashed by. Scenes of his experiences of close association with Dr. Hamzah. "Listen, Kus," continued to resound in his ears, "a new wind has arisen. Soon the storm will breakloose to send scurrying the stale air which has become foul -- air which choked you and which pervaded your entire mind and spirit.

"The old and obsolete tune which for so long has dominated the programs of the station, deafening the ear, causing nothing but frustration to those who tuned in, will certainly be changed for the 'music' of the new Indonesia, a music which possesses a rare beauty. It will become clear that it can hold its own if compared with the 'music' of other countries.... The creation of the new song is in the hands of the youth, Kus!"

It must be pleasing to hear without creating a discord in the total voice of the radio of society....

And then it would be gone again, his feeling of discouragement. His courage would return, full of ideals. His desire to join the vanguard would well up within him, a desire to crush the enemy which threatened his ideals.

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The struggle within Kus was like that of two armies of identical strength meeting on the field of his soul. A close battle would ensue, with many victims falling; the weak struck down, the sturdy remaining. And indeed it was a battle fought in order to find himself again...a battle for Truth and Freedom!

Since dawn had begun to break and Kus was beginning to become convinced and to understand he once asked Dr. Hamzah:

"What should I undertake to do to satisfy myself, Doctor? And which would also suit my wishes? Please point out an example for me, Doctor!"

"Just come along with me, Kus. But you must be quite certain and determined that you want it." So Kus too joined in contributing to social activities of the Aid Society.

He learned a lot there: how to distribute rice among the poor in the kampong, how to prepare a plan to use in combatting illiteracy, and so on. However, after several weeks had passed he came to see Dr. Hamzah again, saying that he really was unable to find satisfaction in jobs like these. He acknowledged that to a certain extent they had filled the void and emptiness of his spirit. Because so much of his attention had been directed to this social work he had, moreover, been able to sever ties of longing for the past.

"But I'm not completely free, Doctor. It's as if there were still something restraining me. My ideals race ahead, far in advance, but what is observed daily still lags behind, is not as it should be."

"Keep up your spirit and carry on, Kus."

"How can I, Doctor? If it is more one-sided, just one voice without response, without feeling that there is a will to make it a joint effort, how is it possible? Often I'm discouraged."

"You can't be discouraged, Kus. This is the new day!"

"But I still stand with one foot in the past!"

"You must take a step forward, Kus!"

In any case Kus felt that as long as he stayed in Djakarta his 'tree of ideals' would not grow perfectly, it could not bear good fruit. His mind had not yet been completely freed of doubt, although Dr. Hamzah had told him that the mind must be cleared where it had originally been confused, where so many difficulties had arisen, because it was there that it would prove able or unable to stand the test. Kus, however, was forced to confess that he was not yet strong enough to gain the victory there.

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Too much of the past oppressed his spirit. Truly he fought, resisted and, at times, rose in rebellion in order to banish this oppression to which he had been exposed for so long, but he could not get rid of it satisfactorily. The remedy was not radical enough to cleanse my spirit, so he thought.

He again took up the paper which had been resting on his lap all this time. He read it again, slowly, wishing to have the real meaning of the words sink in one by one. Palembang -- Palembang!

If I should go there for a year or two probably, yes, I'm even convinced of it, the influence of the past would be completely eradicated. It'd be as if to exile myself there.

But wasn't self-isolation sometimes deliberate and voluntary -- and in fighting to overcome difficulties which would possibly arise at this place -- for life in Palembang wasn't certain to be easy -- would that not be the situation in which a man could become a 'new man' again? Wouldn't the weak become strong again and wouldn't it increase the zest for living? Palembang!

Perhaps there I will 'come to life again'. In Djakarta there's no possibility, there are too many associations. Perhaps Dr. Hamzah will reproach me, since to leave Djakarta would be like running away because I am a coward. Never mind, if that is the case. Anyway I must get away first. Here, there are just too many things which I dislike.

Later, after two or three years have passed, when my mind has been cleansed of obsolete notions, when I have buried my memories and have acquired renewed strength, then I'll return.

So that night his parents were informed of his intentions. He explained in detail what his reasons for doing so were. It was quite beyond his expectation, when his parents very gladly agreed with his decision.

"Although you are our only child, Kus, we will still let you go. We understand, Kus, if you're really serious in what you say and are being honest with yourself that this era is, as you say, the age of youth fostering different ideals. It would be best to let Dr. Hamzah know about your plans."

When Dr. Hamzah heard of the step Kus intended to take he was silent for awhile. Finally, calm and composed, he grasped Kus on either shoulder and said:

"What shall I say, Kus? It is not for me to stop you. Go, and I pray for your well-being."

"But Doctor, you haven't expressed any opinion about my decision."

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"In my view, Kus, what you are doing is very cowardly. The big question for me is whether you actually will return as 'a new man'...."

"Of that I am convinced, Doctor!"

"If that is your conviction, it's fine, but why can't you undertake this 'purging of your soul' just as well here in Djakarta?"

"It can't be done here, Doctor. Haven't I already told you why it can't be done here? It's the old associations, they are not as I would like them to be."

"That only shows that you are weak."

"That remains to be seen, Doctor! I'm going of my own free will. I know my life will not be easy there. But I will return with a renewed spirit. Do you still not understand, Doctor?"

Dr. Hamzah made no answer. For a while he paced to and fro in his room. Finally, he asked:

"When do you go, Kus?"

"It's not yet definite, but it won't be long."

Kus obtained the job easily. Not long after he applied he received the announcement that he had been accepted and after two weeks he would leave together with the other youths.

He then got busy to have the things ready which he needed to take with him. The days prior to his leaving seemed to him the happiest. Narti was coming to his parents' house again and their relationship was as before, as though there had never been anything amiss between them. His purpose in going to Palembang was never discussed. His parents, moreover, never gave any indication, by their expressions, that they were sad. As a matter of fact, the parting between them all brought no real uneasiness in their minds. They had been only slightly moved when they heard the news, then they became calm again.

Only in their hearts did they hope and pray that Kus would achieve his ideals. They hoped that he would never again be gloomy, but that, on the contrary, he would be bright and shining, that stars would glitter in his sky and the moon send forth its rays....

The train had left. The calling of farewells and goodbyes, the shaking of hands, meaningful looks indicating hopes, had all been exchanged. That day Kuswari had left for Palembang together with the other youths. He had asked his parents, Dr. Hamzah and his wife, who saw him off not to accompany him to the harbor of Tandjong Priok. As far as the station in Senen would do. Here they would say goodbye.

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Narti came too. Long and tightly he had grasped her hands, looking intently into her eyes as if he wished to penetrate and reach her thoughts, to find the answers to some of the questions on his mind.

"Till we meet again, Kus. A year or two can't really be long."

That was all Narti had said, smiling all the while.

To the others Kus had little to say. It was as if his lips were sealed.

And then, as the train moved quickly toward the docks, as the light and telephone poles rushed by, and he listened to the steady drumming, clickety-clack sounded out by the wheels, it seemed as if in his mind a radio tower rose up so high as to scrape the clouds. He heard sweet and beautiful music and he saw in his mind at every crossroads a public radio, a radio of society which chorused in one sweet, beautiful voice an enthusiastic song which sang of good fortune, which symbolized the certain victory to come, which welcomed Truth and Freedom.

With a firm and sure step he descended from the train and walked in the direction of the ship.

Translated by Karl Stange.

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AMAL HAMZAH

Amal Hamzah is the much younger brother of Amir Hamzah who died in 1946. Just as Sanoesi Pané early influenced Armijn, so Amir had considerable early influence upon Amal. Both younger brothers, Armijn and Amal, however, later shook off the preponderantly Eastern influence which they had received from their older brothers and exposed themselves to Western literature. There is some evidence that Amal has also been influenced by Chairil Anwar.

Amal was born in Sumatra on August 31, 1927 and later studied law and literature in Djakarta. At the present time he is connected with the Indonesian Embassy in Bonn, Germany.

The story Spyglass is taken from a collection of his poetry, prose and plays written between 1942 and 1948 and entitled Pembebasan Pertama or The First Liberation (1949). The locale is West Java in the Sundanese area.

He has also published a volume Buku dan Penulis (Books and Writers) which contains twenty short essays on Indonesian novels and their authors.

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SPY-GLASS

By Amal Hamzah

As usual the train which went to Banten was crowded with passengers. People were jampacked in all the coaches, mixed together like sardines in a tin can. The heat was terrific, the more so as, at the time I went, the sun beat down intensely. I kept wiping my face, which was covered with perspiration, with my small towel which I used as a handkerchief. My colleagues at the office were constantly making fun of me for using a small towel as a handkerchief, but I didn't care. After a few minutes, however, my face was sopping wet again, like a saucer with water poured on it.

After wearying of waiting, the train finally left, slowly, the puffing locomotive hissing, apparently exhausted from the many passengers in its long body. I opened the window so that the air could come in a little to cool my body. Opposite me sat a Chinese woman with her child about five years old. The countenance of the child was beautiful, his face an oval (this is a delight to Malayans) and his skin, yellow ivory. He sat on the lap of his mother; apparently he too was suffering from the heat. There was his younger brother who was still little, scarcely more than three. A Sundanese nursemaid watched while the little child stood in front of the window.

In order to while away the time, these two children were offered all kinds of sweets by their mother: peppermint, Chinese candy, sweet tendjo (tangerines, nangka and a whole series of sweet eatables, whose names I don't know); there were triangles, taking me back to school days in the geometry class; there was also something shaped like a star. Anyway the children were stuffed with food, until their little bellies swelled like blown-up balloons.

I leaned very comfortably against the back of the seat, my eyes partially closed, but open sufficiently to spy on the actions of fellow-travelers through my eyelashes. The coach was filled with the reverberation of the voices of the people who were chatting. There were high voices, low voices, and also hoarse voices which sounded like the striking of an empty pail. Actually, I was happy to be among so many passengers. There were all sorts of conversations, but the majority of them revolved around the issue of rice. Rice, rice, from the city this four-letter word which here means existence, life or death, had been with me.

Through the window I could see the paddy fields filled with green rice plants. In two more months at the most they would be ready for harvest. Thank God, let them be wealthy again with the paddy which they reap.

In the meantime, the train arrived in Parungpandjang. I stood up and stuck my head out of the window to look for a woman selling food. Parungpandjang was filled with people selling things. The train stopped here for some time in order to wait for the other

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train coming from Rangkas, and thus provided the passengers with an opportunity to fill their stomachs with all kinds of sweets, cooked rice, roasted chicken, eggs, and ice water mixed with red colored syrup, stagnant in glasses smeared with dirt.

My eyes searched and searched, but I couldn't find her. Long ago there was a woman here, a vendor of salted eggs. Often when I and my friend (ah, how many years ago it must have been, I was still in school at that time) went to Pasirleundjang, we bought up all the salted eggs. We paid one or two guilders, not minding how many eggs there were. The village girl was beautiful, so we were quickly attracted by her and from the time we first met her, it had become an unwritten rule that we had to buy all her eggs, at a price that was much too high! Well, what's the use of money if not to bring happiness.

My eyes searched the platform, among the many vendors, but she was not to be seen. Ah, it would be better not to see her. In case she were there selling eggs, I certainly wouldn't be able to be as generous as in the past. When I was still in school, I lived like someone drawing a pension, each month receiving a remittance. Then it didn't matter if I spent it lavishly, but now.... A cent or two had to be taken into account, I had to consider the difficulty in obtaining them, the hours and hours spent sitting in a building which smells stale, obeying the orders of a boss who for the working people is the God Almighty in this world.... I didn't see her: perhaps she's already married, may even have children. Who knows? A lucky fellow who got that girl. Two years after marriage, if the man is healthy and not sick with syphilis or gonorrhoea, she will certainly have two children.

The train from Rangkas had already come into the station with an awesome noise. Our train got ready to leave, so the passengers were busily paying the food-vendors. "How much? Sabaraha?" came the question from mouths still filled with rice, and the "door" so opened revealed chicken meat, dried beef, salted egg, crushed chilli, fried grated coconut, vegetables, etc. as a dirty mess in the small cavity full of thick saliva. "Ten cents for the rice, two dimes for the chicken," replied the woman while putting her hand on the window sill.

I didn't buy anything. Aside from my empty pocketbook, I had intentionally accustomed myself not to buy snacks while traveling. It was quiet in the coach, a sharp contrast to a little while ago. It was like a deserted main street undisturbed by passing traffic because the air raid warning siren had just stopped wailing. I closed my eyes again, and through my eyelashes I observed the behavior of the people who were eating. There were some whose mouths were dripping from the oily food; and others with runny noses from eating chilli and fishpaste, but who did not want to waste the time to wipe their noses with nostrils dilated to provide passage for the mucus. The rumble of the train alternated with the smacking of the lips. A little later, everything finished, the leaves wrapping the rice were thrown with a careless gesture out of the window. All of them shuffled in their seat, loosened their belts to give an opportunity to the rice which had just slipped down their throats to enter

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their stomachs unhampered and neatly. As a final job and also to get rid of the litter which might have stuck in the interstices of their teeth, they took out pieces of wood, like little matchsticks, and busily picked the rice, chicken meat, serondeng, vegetables, red pepper skins, egg yolk, and the like, from the spaces between the teeth, firm like some kind of chopper. In no time the remnants of the food from their mouths were scattered on the floor of the train and for the ants, which were running around on the floor, this was like manna from heaven.

Gossip broke out again, like water escaping from a dam. Bellies full, mouths already picked, in order to kill time, the gossip was reopened....

For the time being they forgot the rice problem, which before the meal had been busily discussed. The two Chinese children in front of me were already asleep; their eyes apparently would no longer bear the weight of their stomachs, which had been incessantly stuffed by their mother who loved them so. Observing their clothes and also the luxury of being able to afford paying a nursemaid, certainly this Chinese family was well-to-do. Perhaps this woman's husband was a Chinese who owned his own rice mill or perhaps he was a wealthy businessman in Rangkas or Serang.

Gradually the passengers' gossip in the carriage diminished and in a little while was replaced by snores, which could frighten us at night. Mouths agape, yellow teeth sticking out, saliva trickling down the chin, then dripping.... The sun settled in the West, shadows began to lengthen and the heat began to lessen a little.

When the train stopped at the Tjiteras station, I got off, carrying my parcel, to rest a day or two on the tangerine plantation of the father of a friend of mine.

Translated by Malcolm Willison

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IDRUS

Just as Chairil Anwar is regarded as the outstanding poet of the Generation of '45, so Idrus holds the same distinction as a prose writer. He is well known for his short stories written during the Japanese occupation but not published until the Revolution. These vignettes of life under the Japanese were later collected together with his writings during the Revolution, such as Surabaya (1947) and Tjorat-tjoret dibawah Tanah or Underground Notes, into a volume entitled Dari Ave Maria ke Djalan Jang Lain ke Roma or From Ave Maria to Other Roads to Rome (1948). Idrus is also the author of several plays, has translated widely and has been editor or a member of the editorial staff of various literary and cultural magazines.

Idrus was born in Padang September 21, 1921 and completed his education in 1943. He has been connected with Garuda Indonesian Airways and Radio Republic Indonesia. He has done very little writing in recent years but he informs me that he may well begin his literary career again in the near future.

His style is often terse, quite direct with a humurous slant that borders on the cynical. This is shown rather clearly in Aki's Song which was published in 1949 as a long short story by Balai Pustaka. Professor Teeuw in his two-volume work on Indonesian literature (Pokok dan Tokoh dalam Kesusastraan Indonesia Baru, 3rd ed., 1955, v. II, p. 107-108) regards Aki or Aki's Song as Idrus' best writing.

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AKI'S SONG

by Idrus

CHAPTER I

Aki was twenty-nine years old, but he looked forty-two.

We often find a situation of this type in men who have wasted their youth on bad women.

But this was not the case with Aki. He had been afflicted with disease for quite some time and suddenly he was an old man. When he walked, both of his feet curved in the middle to form a large zero, as if his withered body objected to his two feet. His back was crooked, and in case he did not wear a coat, one could see that his backbone was bent at an angle of 165 degrees.

No, Aki himself felt his illness. He could not go on like this much longer. Before much more time had passed, the already critical ties would be severed.

No one knew whether Aki gave any thought to God. He never prayed, nor did he observe the period of fasting. But he had always been very kind to everyone and people wondered which course of action God preferred: praying on bended knees five times a day and fasting for the entire month of Ramadan, but doing many bad things; or not praying and fasting, but being kind of heart. In this latter Aki had no competition.

Every evening he found it difficult to go to sleep. The doctor said he had tuberculosis, but when Aki asked whether tuberculosis was the same as TB, the doctor made no reply. After that attempt Aki never asked any more questions about his illness.

He still continued to go to his office, however, but sometimes he was late if he had to go to the hospital for an examination. Once a month he stayed at home because once a month the tuberculosis burned his chest more terribly than usual.

Aki's tie with life was at an extremely critical stage. Its severance was just a matter of time. So Aki thought, but other thoughts did not arise in his head, which was already bald. It did not occur to him to wish to pray to God, whom he would meet in a few days anyway. Nor did he give any thought to the fate of his wife when he was gone. Every day he stroked the cheeks of his two children, Akbar and Lastri, but what would happen to them later did not disturb his head, which now felt dizzy every day.

It appeared that Aki did not have any feeling of responsibility towards his family, but Sulasmi, his wife, knew more

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than other people did about her husband. (It should be noted here that many wives have a somewhat more extensive knowledge of their husbands than do other people.) This knowledge increased Sulasmi's love for her husband day by day. She cared for Aki well, and Aki was happy in his home.

Although it may be said that the shape of Aki's body caused some amusement, at the office there was no one who wanted to laugh at him. As a matter of fact, everyone definitely respected him just as though he were not ill. This respect derived from his flashing eyes and his mobile mouth which gave him the appearance of a great individual who is much respected. His flashing eyes gleamed sharp and clear, as though they existed independently of the tuberculosis he had contracted. And his delicate mouth could smile in such a way that it aroused the interest but not the suspicion of anyone who saw it. Aki's smile was not the professional smile of a diplomat but a smile that came from a heart that was pure. It was with this smile that Aki directed and supervised his subordinates, and his division was advancing more rapidly than any other division in the office because his subordinates understood their leader and respected him.

All of the employees in the office were extremely distressed that Aki had contracted tuberculosis. Several of them, as a matter of fact, went so far as to assert that if Aki were healthy, his work would be more nearly perfect than it now was and he would certainly be advanced more rapidly to the status of a high-level employee.

When these words of praise reached Aki's ears, his lips parted with a smile full of meaning. The smile meant that Aki did not feel sorry for himself because he had contracted tuberculosis and that he gave no thought whatsoever to his becoming a high-level employee.

Aki viewed his life from quite a different viewpoint. While within he was quite mature, his outward attitude was one of studied carelessness. The disease was not a disgrace; death was not something to be feared. Why be perplexed when faced with these two problems?

Aki's view of life, which was not understood by most people, was very much applauded by his wife Sulasmi. Because of this, both of them could still feel happy under such circumstances even though his wife knew that she would soon be a widow and her husband knew that their partnership would soon be dissolved.

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CHAPTER II

The day was a nice one, but not for Aki, who was not in his office today. He lay stretched out on his bed at home, his face pale, his chest rising and falling rapidly. In brief, to paraphrase the words of Hans Christian Andersen in one of his fairy tales: 'The angel of death was seated on Aki's chest, holding out the dagger which would cut the already very critical cord.'

Sulasmi did not weep in front of her husband, who was in this critical condition, for she was more or less in accord with her husband's attitude toward life and death.

The doctor had just gone after giving Aki a thorough examination. He left a prescription, but he said not a word about the state of Aki's illness.

Sulasmi stood quietly, merely gazing at her husband. There was much she could say to improve his morale; at the very least she could whisper in her husband's ears some verses of the Koran in praise of God. But no, she remained silent as if she were sure that Aki could resist the angel of death by himself without any assistance from the verses of the Koran.

For a short time Sulasmi reflected upon her life during the six years she had been Aki's wife. And she smiled happily because these six years passed before her like a clean sheet of paper blank of any notes. Then she reconciled herself to being left behind by Aki, Aki, who was always good, Aki, who for six years had made her constantly happy.

Sulasmi called Lastri and Akbar to come into the room. Both children looked at their father, just for a moment and after that, they played cars on the carpet in the room.

Seeing the pleasure of the children and the smile of happiness on the lips of Sulasmi, one would not have suspected that in this room, the fourth person was having great difficulty breathing because he was not able to bear on his chest the weight of the angel of death.

Sulasmi had already given Aki the new medicine which the doctor had prescribed, but Aki's breathing was very difficult, just as before. Yet his flashing eyes still beamed when he looked at his wife and children, and his smile definitely revealed his continued interest. People of long ago would surely have said that Aki was a sorcerer because he dared oppose death. Fanatics certainly would have said that Aki was rebellious toward God because he did not fear death, and Sulasmi and his children assuredly would have said that he was a person who did not respect death.

But people whose thoughts were healthy would have been

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horrified to see the family of Aki gathered in the half darkness of the room. Men would have been horrified to observe the high morale of Aki. Every mother would have been horrified to see the personal dignity of Sulasmi, who was apparently so willing to give up her husband. Every child would have been horrified to see Lastri and Akbar playing with cars at such a time.

Thus as it is always in this world, there are ever people who do not understand and there are people who do understand, because one merely reacts with emotions and the other with healthy thoughts.

But in any case, neither type of understanding lightened the burden of Aki's illness. There were times when he could not get his breath at all for several moments. But soon after he could get his breath again, that interesting smile and his flashing eyes gleamed once more. Only once was Sulasmi really and truly frightened. This time Aki was not able to get his breath for a longer period than usual. And without explaining it to her, his tears began to flow, and a blood-curdling scream issued from his throat. Jumping from her chair Sulasmi ran out to call the servant. "Call the doctor, call the doctor," she screamed, acting at this moment like a person insane.

She then ran back into the room, but what did she find there? Aki's well-known smile and his flashing eyes, and Lastri and Akbar playing with their father's ears. "Where have you been, Sulasmi?" Aki asked, his first words after having been silent for hours.

But Aki's condition was not really growing worse, even though from all appearances the situation was becoming increasingly critical. But who would not be overjoyed at seeing a smiling mouth and flashing eyes, particularly from one who was about to die?

Sulasmi, now a new person, felt as if she had been relieved of a heavy burden. She repeatedly kissed Aki's foot and wept for happiness.

But then Sulasmi looked at Aki's lips, which were moving, and was again startled. When she was about to place her ear to his lips, the words of Aki rang out clear and strong:

"Sulasmi, one year from now I shall die!"

In the movies words like these are usually accompanied by thunderous music, and certainly Aki's words that day fell like thunder on Sulasmi's heart. Spellbound, she looked at Aki's gleaming eyes and interesting smile.

But immediately, as if it were a reflex action, she knew that Aki was speaking seriously. The struggle with death had ended in victory for Aki. This she was sure of, quite sure, and she rejoiced as she had never rejoiced before.

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In one year Aki will die. In one year he will die; these thoughts passed like lightning through Sulasmi's mind.

In her happiness, she embraced Lastri and Akbar because Aki, her husband, father of her two children, would die one year hence.

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CHAPTER III

The large zero formed when Aki's feet were put together was steadily growing smaller. His legs were beginning to carry with ease the weight of his body, which daily increased in size. His backbone had almost straightened up to form an angle of 180 degrees again. In brief, the angel of death had for some time now left Aki's chest and taken back with her the dagger which had not yet cut the cord.

Two months had now passed since Aki said that he would die "one year hence."

One fine day Sulasmi asked whether Aki seriously meant that date. She did not ask this question because she still doubted but only to find out how Aki had arrived at his decision.

"Right now, Aki," she said, "you don't look like a person who will die ten months hence. In fact your tuberculosis no longer seems to bother you much."

A broad smile appeared on Aki's lips and his eyes flashed, so that Sulasmi knew that she did not need to repeat her question. She knew with surety that Aki was quite serious and that was enough for her. Once more Sulasmi thanked God that she was being given an opportunity to enjoy ten months more of happiness beside her husband.

On another fine day Aki talked a great deal to his wife; he said that the appointed day was drawing nigh and that they must make preparations. He proposed that Sulasmi had best work after he was dead, or if she wished to marry again, he would have no objections. "But look for a good man," Aki went on to say.

Sulasmi replied that she would, of course, accept his decision about work. But as far as getting married again was concerned, she would make that decision only after she had prayed for one hundred days over Aki's death.

Aki shook his head to indicate his agreement and went on to say that he would also have no objection if on the 100th day Sulasmi asked for Beringin Krontjong music.

One should not weep for dead people. Dead people are happier than people who are alive because those who are dead are already in a definite place: heaven or hell. It is not like a live person who all his life hangs in space though he appears to be walking on earth.

And both of them laughed heartily, laughing about the plight of people who are alive. Then Aki went on to say that he did not want to be wrapped in ordinary white cloth; he wanted to be wrapped in piqué cloth, and they would have to lay aside for this purpose some money each month.

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Sulasmi said that he could make arrangements for this and later on, when there was enough money, both of them would go to buy it at Pasar Baru.

"You will have to go to Pasar Baru the last night, Aki. I have never heard that there is a Pasar Baru in the hereafter," said Sulasmi.

At this both of them laughed again, and their ruddy cheeks attested their health.

At the office Aki caused a sensation. Aki, who appeared to be quite healthy, Aki, who had worked there for eight years, Aki who, after the last crisis of his illness, was working harder than ever, now wanted to resign his job beginning with the 16th of August next. His boss was startled because he had planned to promote Aki and give him a raise beginning next January.

"What's the matter, Aki?" he asked. "You have been working here for eight years and now you suddenly resign. What's the meaning of this?"

Aki replied that he had to resign on August 16.

"But there are eight more months. Why do you want to tender your resignation now and why the 16th of August? Why not finish the month? I don't understand, Aki. You are quite well now. Tell me what it's all about."

"On that date I am going to die," said Aki seriously.

His boss thought that Aki was joking and laughed loudly; he laughed so loudly that it could be heard in the other offices.

"You're crazy, Aki. You're crazy," he said over and over. "Go back to work. If you really die on the 16th of August, I'll buy you your shroud."

Aki left him laughing uproariously and went back to his office to work.

But shortly afterwards his boss stopped laughing quite suddenly. He furrowed his brow in deep thought and questions began to pound his brain:

"If Aki really knows that he is going to die, why doesn't he show any sign of fear? But Aki said it in all seriousness. Is Aki mad?"

Thoughts such as these tumbled into the boss's mind. One thought replaced another, until finally fear took over. Quickly he jumped up from his chair and hurried into Aki's office.

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Here he found Aki chatting with one of his subordinates about the work. For a moment the boss watched Aki as he talked, but not a word suggested that Aki was insane. He went to Aki's desk and looked at his work spread out on top of his desk. The work showed no evidence of insanity either.

The boss's head was in a whirl. Quickly he returned to his office and threw himself into his chair.

Now he simply did not understand a thing. He tried to stop his train of thought but without success. He tried singing in a loud voice, but the thoughts kept coming back. Then he tried whistling while at the same time walking endlessly up and down. He called in a subordinate to talk about anything at all so that he could stop thinking about Aki, but the thoughts kept coming back to his mind. He dismissed his employee rather rudely and sat down again in his chair. Finally covering his face with both hands and weeping, he said slowly: "Maybe I'm the one who's crazy."

Then he hurriedly put on his jacket and ran to his car, which was parked in a lot near his office. "To the doctor!" he said loudly to the driver and disappeared in his car.

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CHAPTER IV

"You're crazy," the doctor said to Aki's office boss, by this statement making it clear that the boss was in no sense crazy.

The boss then returned to his office, and although he really intended to say not a word about Aki's request to resign, he suddenly burst out to an employee: "On the 16th of August Aki is going to die." First the employee looked into the boss's eyes, but his eyes were still as bright as usual. Then he watched the boss's every movement. In the meanwhile his mouth had opened wide so that the boss was angered by his employee's ridiculous appearance and chased him out of his office.

Before he recovered from his surprise, the employee himself told the whole story to his colleague and in less than a half an hour all of the employees knew that Aki would die on the sixteenth of August. Several of them asked: "Did the doctor predict this? He's quite all right, isn't he? Why isn't Aki afraid like other people?" And no one knew where the answer could come from. There was no one who knew. Maybe Aki is an astrologer. No, he's a sorcerer. He isn't afraid of death because he is a person with a good heart. God will be contented with him.

There was only one young man who did not want to be influenced by the crowd, and he regarded the chatter about Aki's death as mere rumor. He just sat in front of his desk and laughed scornfully and derisively at those who took the rumor seriously. He was amused at seeing Indonesians so easily influenced by rumors.

"Idle chatter," he said. "Who is there who can be sure of the life or death of a human being? Has God died?"

And he continued to write, but now it was no longer figures that he wrote but letters, and the letters were joined into words and the words became a poem. After he had finished, he smiled to himself and read the poem out loud:

"God is dead,
Now Aki will become God.
If God dies, Aki will die too.
Thus no one is immortal.
Neither God nor Aki nor I!"

And as this poem was broadcast over the microphone, all the employees quickly found out about it and immediately memorized it. Many were attracted by the humor of its contents. Several sang it together, as a matter of fact, and before long the entire office joined in and sang the song together very loudly.

Immediately the boss came out of his office. From his movements it was clear that his anger was unlimited. But when he arrived in the large hall, he stopped for a moment. Then unaware of what he was doing, he joined in the singing with his falsetto

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voice. Several employees came to join him and they lifted him up on their shoulders and paraded him around the office, but in the singing the name of Aki was no longer heard; 'Aki' was replaced by 'my boss':

"God has died
Now my boss will become God
My boss will die too
Thus no one is immortal:
Neither the boss nor God nor I!"

And when Aki himself appeared in the large room all of the employees who were carrying the boss on their shoulders let go of him, and he fell headlong to the floor. Then the employees ran toward Aki, and it was Aki's turn to be carried on their shoulders and paraded around the room while they sang the song again, this time using the name of Aki.

While he was on the shoulders of the men, Aki smiled continually and gave thanks to God because he, before dying, had gained the respect of such great people, the kind of respect shown to a boxing champion.

Then Aki looked at his chief who was sitting on the floor dazed and half sick, and he shuddered as he looked. Of course he had no fear of death, but it had never occurred to him that he might face God with a broken foot or a smashed head.

Fortunately, however, he was put down safely in his chair, and then the employees went back to their work. But in the mind of each man was implanted the contents of the song, and although the whole office was silent, in every mind the song was still being sung.

Not until an hour had passed did the first reaction occur. The situation was similar to a person who has just awakened from a deep sleep. An angry <u>hadji</u> stood on the table top and, as if he were making a speech, said in a loud voice:

"You are apostates, all of you. All of you are blasphemous toward God! All of you will go to hell! Apostates, apostates, apostates!"

A second employee then suggested that the song not be sung anymore. Another went on to propose that whoever dared say that God is dead should lose his job.

On hearing this, all of the employees shouted in one voice:

"Stop! Stop! God is eternal, everlasting, and beneficent!"

Only the youth who composed the poem failed to join in the shouting. He smiled scornfully, and it began to appear that he had the ability to affect the minds of the crowd even more.

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He wrote down the notes of the song, and in the evening every person could hear on the radio his song played by the Beringin orchestra and sung by a chorus of young men and women. But before the song was completed, someone was heard to shout, "Stop!", and the orchestra was sent home. On the following day the young composer did not return to the office. Only the office chief knew that he had been arrested by the police. Later on it was discovered that the youth, in addition to being an employee, was a well-known composer and also the leader of the musical aggregation 'Beringin'.

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CHAPTER V

About four months before Aki was scheduled to die, he celebrated the fifth birthday of his son Akbar. Sulasmi baked many large cookies for the event. By 5 o'clock in the evening the guests began to arrive and there was bedlam in the usually quiet house. From time to time Akbar received kisses from the women guests, and Sulasmi and Aki were showered with praise.

Even the Beringin musical aggregation came to the party. They played a number of songs, but it was obvious that the guests were not satisfied by these; they were waiting for other more interesting music.

Several people whispered: "Where is Aki's song? Won't it be played tonight?"

They had heard about the incident in Aki's office several months ago, and they were also convinced that there was a young man who composed the song for Aki and that for this reason it had been named Aki's Song. What they did not know was that this young man was now with them, and they did not know that he had spent more than a month in prison for playing the song.

Finally the guests were in accord, and all of them now asked that the Beringin orchestra play Aki's song.

The young composer, who was also the leader of the orchestra, visibly hesitated for a moment but then said that he was ready to play the song provided that all the windows and doors were tightly shut so that the music would not be heard by the police.

After dozens of hands had closed all of the doors and windows, the guests shouted: "Aki's Song! Aki's Song!"

Even a policeman, a friend of Aki's from childhood, who was there as a guest, shouted with them; in fact he shouted more boldly than the others, because he went so far as to say: "Down with the police! Who cares about the police?"

The Beringin orchestra played Aki's song. At first they played it in a slow fox-trot rhythm; then they went into swing rhythm; from there to a tango to a rhumba, and finally they swung into a hot rhythm, like Tiger Rag. All the guests joined in singing the words, and all of them believed that God was dead.

Aki, as usual, smiled most of the time and frequently his smile was scornful. In the office previously, and now at home, he saw that human beings actually were no more than beasts. When they are together they cease to think.

But Aki knew that he could not express his opinion because he also knew that mankind is more fearful of seeing its own

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degradation than of facing a tiger. How many books have been written by men, merely for the purpose of combatting the theory which says that man is descended from a monkey!

Because of this Aki was very careful when he smiled his smile of scorn, and he thought how pleasant it would be to live in heaven later on.

The doors and windows had already been opened again because the Aki Song was finished. The guests were covered with perspiration from the heat, and deodorants were the subject of conversation among several of the women guests. There were those who viewed the question of deodorants from the point of view of health and there were others who viewed the matter from the point of view of religion. But those who viewed it from the religious point of view were laughed at because hadn't they just agreed that God was dead?

Several male guests were surprised to see women who were laughing giddily at the odor of religious perspiration, and the men were suspicious, afraid they were the ones who were being laughed at.

Sulasmi, meanwhile, was busy serving cakes to the guests, and all the guests said that Sulasmi's cakes were delicious and that her son was a sweet boy. And everyone of them asked Sulasmi:

"Is it true that your husband is going to die? When? We want to be prepared to bring the necessary things."

These statements were made as a joke because none of them believed that the words in the song about Aki really were true. And all of them were aghast when Sulasmi replied in all seriousness:

"Yes, in four months he will die. It's definitely set for the 16th of August at 3 p.m. Aki does not want to be buried the following day; he wants to be buried that very day at 5 o'clock. So if you come at half-past four, you will still make the funeral."

A middle-aged and ponderous woman grasped both of Sulasmi's shoulders and shaking her, stared into her eyes, at the same time asking:

"Is it true, Sulasmi? You're not joking?" ...then she threw her heavy body into a chair and spoke feelingly the name of God: "God be with us. God be with us. The day of reckoning is seemingly nigh."

The male guests were debating among themselves. One believed that Aki would die because he said many people whom he had met knew ahead of time that Aki would die. Others, however, saw other possibilities, namely, that Aki may have received a revelation from God while he slept, like the prophet Mohammad in the revelation at the time of writing down the Koran. And so for the most part the

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evening's celebration did not end in merrymaking, but in discussing the host and hostess -- Aki and Sulasmi. But if they said anything bad about them, they whispered it.

Suddenly a woman guest shrieked because, she said, she had seen a ghost outside. Possibly the ghost was Aki's, the ghost which would tell him when he would die.

Several brave men ran outside with a plank in their hands to kill the ghost. All they found, however, was Aki's servant busily smoking under a citrus tree. Because they could not use the plank, they threw it at Aki's servant in anger and from all sides the servant, who had done no wrong, received much abuse.

Although the situation was cleared up, the minds of the women were no longer at ease. In fact, they no longer dared look at Aki's face because Aki's face was the face of a person about to die.

One by one, they left Aki's house, one saying that she had to feed her child, another that her cat unfortunately was ill and so Aki's house soon became quiet again. Those women who came by themselves were taken away by male guests who had also come alone.

So ended the celebration which had begun on a note of cheer. Akbar was extremely happy; he had received many toys and gifts from the guests; because he had been given so many, he did not object to sharing several of them with his younger sister Lastri.

Sulasmi was still amazed by the whole affair, but Aki smiled scornfully at the departing guests.

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CHAPTER VI

Now piqué cloth occupied the minds of the couple. The day of death was almost at hand. Three times three weeks -- 63 days -- remained and the pique cloth for the shroud should be already at the house. "Moreover," Sulasmi said, "It's the little things that take up time."

The details of the burial still had to be discussed, and Aki had not yet arranged with his boss the matter of support for his family.

They discussed these matters early one morning before Aki went to the office. Aki promised to discuss the matter of support that very day. Sulasmi urged that when Aki returned from the office, they should go to Pasar Baru to buy the piqué cloth. Besides that, they also made plans for Sulasmi to buy the rose water and the cotton.

Because all of these matters would be properly arranged, Aki went to the office with happy heart. When he was half way there, he thought how very nice it would be to repeat the discussion which he had first had with his boss six months previously, because since that first discussion the boss no longer wanted to hear any talk about Aki's death.

"My nerves are shot! I'm a wreck! A wreck!" the boss always said when Aki was just about to begin.

But Aki had to talk about it today even though the discussion would make the boss angry with him. Aki simply did not understand that people become very much disturbed when they hear that a person is going to die. It was as though the death of a person were a most unusual occurrence. If one person is going to die, people are disturbed; but if forty-six people are to be buried alive by a cruel king, people are not upset at all. What is the difference between the death of one person and the death of forty-six? And what about the situation in battle? There thousands of people draw their last breaths. But what we read about in the newspapers is concerned only with the brilliant victory and the orderly retreat.

Apparently Aki thought, people can no longer think logically and having arrived at this decision, he went into the office of his boss.

This time the situation was different because this time the chief was happy to see Aki. He invited Aki to sit down in the chair opposite his desk, and before Aki had an opportunity to open his mouth, the boss spoke first and said seriously:

"Aki, it's been six months since we talked about this matter and I haven't been able to sleep since." ("That's a lie," Aki

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thought, but certainly exaggeration is a common human quality.) "I have been afraid that I would dream about your death because there are ghosts, devils and spirits which can discover when you are going to die. Aki, if I may ask you a question, do you fit into any of these three categories?"

Aki smiled when he heard the boss's statement. He had a strong impulse to laugh out loud, but like a person making a joke, he replied:

"Ghosts, devils and spirits will never die, sir, that is, as long as human beings still believe in them."

"But I believe in you; why would you die then?" said the boss again.

"Because I am neither ghost, satan nor spirit," replied Aki. "I am an ordinary human being like yourself, and I shall die as you also shall die. The only difference lies in the fact that I know when I'll die and you don't. Quite strange, isn't it? Doesn't a human being ever possess this same knowledge? As a matter of fact, sir, every human being can find out when he is going to die. Have you ever heard the story of the father who divided up his treasures among his children because he knew when he would die? Is it really so surprising if I, too, know when I am going to die?"

The boss merely gaped while he listened to Aki's exposition because he could say nothing in reply. Aki continued:

"Knowledge of death inspires the courage to face death!"

But the boss did not want to give this matter any more thought. He no longer offered any objections to firing Aki, beginning on the 16th of August. The boss gave as his reason the fact that Aki was going to die. And Sulasmi would be given support. Because her husband was departing this world, she would have to shoulder his responsibilities so wrote the boss as the reason for his decision.

Then both men shook hands. From the eyes of the boss a tear dropped, bright and clear; he took out his handkerchief and wiped his tear-filled eyes; then finally, after Aki had left his office and he had prepared Aki's letter of resignation, he actually experienced a feeling of relief. His nerves no longer bothered him and he was surprised at his reaction. But whether this feeling of surprise would cause his nerves to act up again, he simply did not know.

In the evening Aki and Sulasmi could be seen walking in front of the shops in Pasar Baru. They talked about American movies and about the many nice automobiles that were lined up at the curb.

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Said Aki: "We've never had an opportunity to own an automobile like that, Sulasmi."

Sulasmi replied: "Certainly people who own automobiles like that are not as happy as we are, for they are, everyone of them, afraid of death."

"Yes," said Aki. "And what's more, in the hereafter people will no longer need automobiles. The people there will no longer be interested in chasing after pleasure and money in their automobiles."

They laughed happily and at the same time kept looking for a shop which sold the piqué cloth which they would use as a shroud for Aki's corpse.

In the Bombay shop Sulasmi asked for piqué cloth.

"Oh, we have it, mam," said the Bombay clerk running to a chest and pulling out a bolt of white piqué cloth. With this cloth in her hand she came back and looked for Sulasmi and Aki. Before Sulasmi had an opportunity to ask about the price of the cloth, the Bombay clerk was busily praising her wares.

"The cloth is nice, mam. Europeans use it a lot. It can be used for shirts; it's beautiful on babies; it makes a nice housecoat, and also jackets...."

"For shrouds, too?" Sulasmi asked suddenly. The Bombay clerk, who was enjoying her chatting, stopped, her mouth agape. After that she acted like a person who was seized by a sudden pain:

"A shroud, mam? To wrap a corpse? This? You won't like being a widow, mam."

"No, truly," said Sulasmi seriously, at the same time pointing to Aki: "In a few days more he will be dead. How much cloth will it take?"

"Ten meters," replied the Bombay lady slowly, eying Aki, who looked quite plump and well-fed. From her action it was clear that she did not believe Sulasmi's statement, there were doubts in her mind and surprise as well, all mixed together, but in spite of everything she managed to master her feeling of fear, especially since she could see that Aki and Sulasmi were quite calm about the matter.

"He wishes to die, mam?" she said quite slowly and then cut ten meters of the piqué cloth although there had been no bargaining at all about the price.

"How much?" Sulasmi asked.

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"What, mam?" the Bombay clerk replied.

"I want to know the price of the cloth," Sulasmi said.

Not until then was the Bombay clerk aware of her negligence and, quite embarrassed, she laughed and said.

"Because it has already been cut, mam, you pay only the cost price. Eighty rupiah, mam."

Because she believed the chatter of the Bombay clerk, Sulasmi made no attempt to bargain but immediately paid the 80 rupiah. The Bombay girl, although she was dying of fear, still made a comfortable profit from the man who was about to die.

Through her laughter she said to her colleague:

"That gentleman wants to die;
Piqué cloth he's come to buy,
I have raised somewhat the fee,
And now I'm dying from my glee."

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CHAPTER VII

The sixteenth day of August. All day it has been raining. Lightning has been flashing constantly in the sky. When the old people see a day like this, they always predict that a great catastrophe is about to befall mankind.

Aki put on his best clothes, as a person does who is going on a trip. His ruddy cheeks indicated his state of health. Anyone who saw Aki would certainly never suspect that in a few hours he would be dead. He put on his best clothes because he wished to receive properly his guest from afar, the angel of death from the heavens. The bed Sulasmi provided for him was covered with white silk. On this bed were placed jasmine flowers and then it was sprayed with perfume so that all of Aki's room had a very pleasant odor. And the incense which was smoking in the burner increased the pleasant odor in the room.

Akbar and Lastri, who for three months had been attending kindergarten, were given permission to stay home from school. Both of them had been playing busily since early morning and they were not at all concerned about the impending death of their father. Outside the house, guests of Aki and Sulasmi were making preparations to call at Aki's home at half past four. For was not the body to be buried at 5 o'clock?

At the office the employees were busily decorating the office car with flowers, wrapping it with large black ribbons because this was the car which would take the body to the cemetery.

The office boss walked up and down with a piece of paper in his hand. On this paper was the speech which he would deliver before the body was placed in the automobile. He was now in the process of memorizing the speech because he was afraid that in his confused state of mind he might forget the words.

He intended to begin by saying that a death of the type which Aki was experiencing had never occurred since the formation of the world, that it was as though Aki had a good friend in the angel of death. But later he changed this beginning because he was afraid that it might upset Aki's family.

From time to time he looked at the clock on the wall and cursed the clock keeper continuously because the clock acted as if it were not running. "It was 12 o'clock a week ago, and it is still only 12 o'clock," he said angrily.

It was evident that the youth who had composed the Aki Song now very much regretted his action. From the beginning he had never believed that Aki would actually die. He had regarded his song merely as a joke. But how frightened he was to see the preparations being made by the office employees for Aki's death.

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He was no longer sure of himself and regretted that it was he who had composed the song in order to make fun of Aki. And now to right that wrong he was composing another poem which he would later read before Aki was lowered into his grave.

And so everybody -- Aki, Sulasmi, and everyone they knew -- were awaiting with varied feelings the hour of Aki's death: 3 p.m.

At a quarter to three, Aki climbed into bed, for he did not wish to die while he was walking or sitting. He stretched out his body and folded both his hands on his chest.

He ordered Akbar and Lastri to leave the room, and had the door locked. And he ordered Sulasmi to sleep beside him, but this time she was strongly forbidden to watch him as he faced death.

"I don't believe that you will be strong enough to watch me this time, Sulasmi," Aki said. "A healthy man's struggle with death will be more difficult. And I have no wish to be taken up to heaven amid tears."

Sulasmi complied with his wishes because in her opinion it would not be well to disobey the request of a dying man. She lay down beside Aki with her back toward him so that she could not see Aki struggle with death.

Almost half an hour passed in this way; although Sulasmi knew that it was already past three o'clock, still she did not turn over because she was afraid that Aki's struggle with death was not yet finished.

Not until about twenty past three did she turn over quickly; she saw at a glance that Aki's eyes were shut tight. She called the name of Aki repeatedly but her husband did not stir.

"He's dead," was the thought that flashed through Sulasmi's mind, and in a moment she was weeping and sobbing.

Dashing from the bed, she opened the door and without any definite direction in mind quickly ran outside, while at the same time she wept, and her hair streamed down to her thigh.

Out in the yard all of the office employees were ready with the hearse. When they saw Sulasmi in this state, they knew that Aki had passed away. They then went ahead and entered the room of the deceased.

But immediately a terrible disturbance occurred near the door of the room. Employees who had already entered speedily came out again, and they paid no heed to anything in front of them. They bumped heads and stepped on the feet near the door. But no one dared to tell what he had seen in the room. The employees ran headlong from the house of Aki. Those who had not yet entered

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the room, obeying the strong impulse to find out what was wrong, stuck their heads inside the door and immediately rushed away from the house. Finally, all of the employees left the house as quickly as they had entered it.

Not until then was Sulasmi able to enter Aki's room. How startled she was to see Aki sitting on his bed and smoking. But Sulasmi did not react in the same way as the employees who had run away. She was much bolder than they were and said in a voice that nevertheless quavered:

"You're not dead, Aki?"

Hearing Sulasmi's words, Aki immediately popped up from his bed and looked into Sulasmi's eyes: "What are you saying? Of course, I am not dead. Yes, blessed be God the All-Beneficent, I apparently only fell asleep, but I was awakened by the turmoil of the employees."

Then Aki straightened himself up and with eyes flashing said:

"Sulasmi, if I did not die now as I said a year ago I would, then I say to you that I do not want to die any time soon. I have two children whom I must help rear and educate and for this reason, I want to live a long time. I say this to you, Sulasmi, and you keep these words of mine in mind: 'I shall not die until I have reached the age of sixty years.'"

Sulasmi embraced her husband and was extremely happy that God had granted her thirty more years in which to enjoy happiness by her Aki's side.

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CHAPTER VIII

Aki was forty-two years old, but he looked twenty-nine. Whether or not his hair was gray could not be determined with certainty because his head had always been shaved completely bald. Just as soon as any hair began to appear Aki's barber would visit his customer again so that every month he had about six haircuts.

People who were jealous when they saw Aki's healthy body suspected that his bald head was the cause of his good health, for they said that the oxygen which is essential to the body now entered not only through Aki's mouth and nose, but also through the hair follicles on his head.

And that is the reason why one saw many bald-headed men at Aki's office because it appeared that Indonesians were beginning to be somewhat more interested in their health than in their actions.

Aki's boss had died three years before. With respect to the death of the boss, people said that when he was about to die he apparently remembered Aki, who did not die. Thinking that if Aki was unable to die, why should he, with all of the strength which he possessed, the boss climbed into bed and said loudly in a deep voice:

"Seti, I am going to die two years from now!"

Seti was naturally startled to hear this pronouncement of her husband's, as Sulasmi had once been startled, but the difference between the boss and Aki was that the boss, who was forbidden by the doctor to move, expelled some clotted blood from his mouth after uttering these words, fell back on his bed, and immediately drew his last breath.

At that time Aki was appointed boss, while the youth who had composed the Aki Song was promoted to Aki's previous position.

The actions of this youth were very much different from what they had been before. He was now indolent in his work, and if before he kept quiet, he now seized every opportunity to chatter and sing his own praise. He let his hair grow long and stopped combing it carefully. He said that writers from Iqbal to Slauerhof had been captivated by his poetry. And when he said such things as this, his nose would jiggle as if it were fashioned from a bed spring. His mouth would move just a little bit, but his nose would fairly dance. He also asserted: "Who else has ever been put in jail because of one poem? I am the only one, because of my poem 'Aki'. Later on this poem will be translated into French and into Dutch." And his nose would begin its dance again.

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He did no work in the office but spent his time preparing expositions on the works of Iqbal which he intended to read on the radio. But when the radio man came and asked him what books he had read by Iqbal, he suddenly could not recall the names of the books.

"I read three of his books," he said. "But they haven't been in my house for a long time, and for that reason I have forgotten their names. One I loaned to Hasan and the other two to Amin, and I haven't gotten them back yet. But it's all right if I say that I will show you the books later. Please help me. Otherwise I won't have any control over what I am discussing."

The radio man made no reply. He gave no answer. Smiling broadly he gave the youth back his essay concerning Iqbal, at the same time opening a magazine in English. He showed him an essay in this magazine entitled "Iqbal, the Great Poet." Then the radio man said, "Identical, fellow," and with a mocking smile, he then left the youth. The face of the youth flushed blood-red, but he could still say to his colleagues, as he pointed in the direction of the departing radio man:

"The man must be crazy. If I am being suspected of copying another's essays, that's too much. The most that can be said is that my work is exaggerated."

His colleagues did not answer, but inwardly each one of them said: "Well, not until now has it been discovered that you are a big thief!"

As for Aki's work there was not much change. It was quite different with his family, however; Akbar and Lastri were grown and both of them were in high school. Sulasmi daily became plumper and plumper, and as a result, she had difficulty walking and was always light-headed.

This condition of hers frightened Aki a bit, because he thought how nice it would be if Sulasmi were still alive when he, at sixty, departed from this world.

But Sulasmi had assured her husband that he did not need to fear, because she was sure that she would be able to wait for his death. What she did doubt, however, was whether she would live very long after Aki's death.

"As a matter of fact we are already of one spirit, Aki," she said. "And if your spirit soars, I feel that my spirit will soar with yours."

During Sulasmi's words a feeling of happiness once more poured over Aki. He embraced his wife lovingly, and both of them felt that never had there been a couple as happy as they nor one which would be as happy as they.

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In the meanwhile, Aki found himself somewhat surprised that people in the end had to die. If Aristotle had not died, if Prophet Mohammad had not died, if Jesus had not died, then mankind would not be as bad as it is now. Great people would be able to continue their efforts to cleanse the spirit of man just as their own spirits were cleansed. And finally Aki felt that his death would mean a great loss to the world, which longs for good. And so he struggled with his mental powers so that he might escape death.

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CHAPTER IX

One great change occurred within Aki himself, a change which gradually became clear, visible and experienced. He himself did not know what caused this change. There was a feeling as though his whole soul were being pricked by a sharp object. He was fidgety; the work in his office was no longer satisfying. He had the feeling of very much wanting to throw all of his work into the wastebasket, work which he had loved for years and years, and now felt no longer to have any meaning. He felt less satisfied with everything. He sold all of his books and bought new ones so that his bookcases would again give the impression of freshness. But would Aki's soul regain its freshness?

Aki had no way of knowing, but one morning he did not go straight to the office. He went to the university, where he met the Dean of the school and said without hesitation:

"Sir, I am forty-two. Am I too old to study?"

"No one is too old to study," the head of the school replied.

And thus Aki sat on the school bench once more, but this time he sat on the university bench.

None of the students suspected that Aki was forty-two. To the students Aki was no more than twenty-nine, and they used familiar forms of address with him. The only thing that was surprising to them was the reason for his head's always being shaved bald.

Aki attended the Faculty of Law. Whether in the opinion of Aki he would be able to defend himself against death with a knowledge of law, no one could say. What people did know was that Aki studied very hard and that his studious activities surpassed those of the young students.

He made short notes when studying at home; these he expanded into essays, pages and pages long. He read books unceasingly, so that Sulasmi often felt resentful because Aki no longer paid any attention to her. But gradually she regained her earlier patience and let Aki do whatever his heart desired.

For Akbar and Lastri, Aki set a good example, and they applied themselves to their textbooks. Wouldn't they in several years more also be attending the university?

At the university there were many older people following this course of study. Their hair was already on the gray side, and several of them were having some difficulty with their breathing, suffering from shortness of breath.

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The young students were always laughing at the old people. "What were they looking for in school?" they asked in amazement. But in every examination it was proved over and over again that the old people far surpassed the young ones in industry and cleverness.

One young fellow became considerably angry, and finally asked one of the older students:

"What are you seeking to get out of school?"

The old man laughed at first but then he said:

"We older people are not going to school to obtain a degree. A degree no longer has any meaning for us. Before very long we shall be dead. But before that we want to find out the answers to those problems of life which we are unable to answer for ourselves."

When he heard the words of the old men, Aki became red in the face in his effort to restrain his anger. His soul cried out:

"People who talk like that are no longer alive; they are dead before they die. To the devil with people who want to hand themselves over to death."

That day Aki definitely got nothing out of his lesson. The voice of the professor went in one ear and out the other. Aki's thoughts were no longer in school.

He thought later on how powerful the angel of death would be if all people surrendered themselves unconditionally to him. There would be no struggle, no resistance, no protest.

Life has meaning, thought Aki, only if we defend that life. Was it not because of his defense thirteen years ago that the angel of death had fled from him?

He first struggled with death in his mind in order to be able to defend himself against death. He had struggled for his health, had struggled so that his tuberculosis would disappear completely. And he had been successful. Should he not then become angry at hearing 'old' people who had not yet attained the age of fifty surrendering themselves up to death? "I won't, I won't," shrieked Aki's soul.

Returning from school, Aki did not go to the office as usual but went home instead. He found Sulasmi treating a sore on the cat. He said to his wife:

"Sulasmi, I have been going to the university to obtain a

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Bachelor of Laws degree. Ah, how wonderful that degree sounds to me. I am not old yet, and I don't intend to die at the age of sixty. I want to live to be a hundred! Fifty years of my life I will give to being an employee but that's enough! That's enough! The other fifty years I intend to use to devote to the academic life."

"And what about me?" asked Sulasmi, smiling, for of course she did not understand why Aki suddenly uttered these words.

"You?" Aki said. "You may accompany me in my achieving the age of one hundred. But if you are not able, Sulasmi, if along the way you falter, if at the age of seventy you depart this world, I shall give you a very nice funeral. I shall place jasmine flowers on the final resting place of your remains, and I shall order your grave guarded day and night. But... I shall continue on my way, Sulasmi."

Sulasmi merely smiled when she heard Aki talk like this and then said:

"I am content, Aki, when I hear you showing so much interest in my death. I shall have no objections if you continue on your way, while I falter at the half-way mark. For this reason, if I actually do pass away at the age of seventy, I shall happily turn you over to the arms of a seventeen-year old girl."

"That I will consider, Sulasmi," Aki said and affectionately embraced his wife, his Sulasmi.

Translated by John M. Echols

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MOCHTAR LUBIS

Well known in the field of journalism as editor-in-chief of the daily Indonesia Raya, Mochtar is equally well known as the author of the prize-winning novel of the Revolution entitled Djalan Tak Ada Udjung (The Road without End) which appeared in 1952. Prior to this he had been publisher and editor of several periodicals and head of Antara News Agency. In 1948 he published a volume of short stories with the title Si Djamal and a novel Tidak Ada Esok (There is No Tomorrow).

Born in Padang March 17, 1919 he has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia and America and these travels he has published in a series of volumes. Mochtar has also done some translating and has published three works concerned with the technique of writing, the press and the reporter, and the writing of film scenarios. In 1951 he was awarded a prize for the best reporting in the Indonesian press on the Korean war.

The two short stories reproduced here are taken from Mochtar's collection Si Djamal and are not without humor and an ironic touch.

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DJAMAL, CITY GUERRILLA

By Mochtar Lubis

After Djamal ceased being an importer, I no longer saw him. Consequently, when I accompanied a group of reporters to witness the election of the Republican Government at Jogjakarta, I was greatly pleased to see Djamal in the Kepatihan which at that time was being used by the Sultan of Jogja as the central office concerned with the return of the Government of the Republic. He was wearing a beard and mustache. Djamal belonged to that breed of humanity with long hair on his head and hairy all over. As a matter of fact he did not look unlike a Singh acquaintance of mine, a warehouse guard in Djakarta. But I did not mention this to him.

Under his arm Djamal was carrying a binder and in it were many letters.

"Have you been here all the time? How did you get to Jogja? Why did you keep out of sight?"

My questions flowed rapidly. Djamal, however, took my hand and asked me to stand some distance away from the other people.

"When I was in Jogja I received a summons to carry out a special task in Jogja."

"How were you able to get here?"

"Ah, that's a battle secret," he said, smiling mysteriously.

"Oh," I said.

"I went to work in the Office of Social Affairs which by chance needed to send people to Jogja," he explained as he began to expose the secret of his struggle, "and arriving here I worked for a month, after which I immediately stopped working. I fled from the office, hid and later joined the guerrillas. I carried out guerrilla activities in the city."

"What did you do?" I inquired once again.

He looked at me with contempt.

"What did I do? There was no difference when I joined the guerrillas. While guerrillas outside the city used firearms, I performed guerrilla activities in the city, using my brains to oppose the enemy. There were many others like myself. There were three colonels of the T.N.I. who remained hidden in the city, who did not become guerrillas outside the city, but did their fighting in the city, hidden in a house. And dozens of other T.N.I. officers, including majors and captains, did the same. There were also

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powerful political leaders from various parties conducting battle strategy as I did. Don't you be quick to scorn other people, you who did no fighting in Djakarta! The only ones fighting are leaders in Bangka and guerrillas outside and inside the city. In fact, Dr. Sukiman, Minister of the Interior, subsequently entered the city and took part in carrying out our strategy."

"Oh!" I said, surprised and astonished. I am the type that readily believes others.

"But," said Djamal further, laughing engagingly, "please help me with a shirt. It need not be new. A used one will be all right. You know how it is! Later I'll tell you about the guerrilla tactics in our city."

I've already said that I am rather gullible. Hearing that he could tell me about guerrilla strategy in the city, I thought, oh boy! this time I can scoop all my friends with terrific guerrilla stories. It would be worth the loss of one shirt. I could already imagine to myself how terrific would be the stories of the subversive struggle of several dozen T.N.I. officers who were fighting in the city while concealed in houses, and of the dozens of struggles of leaders of the people and members of the Working Committee of the KNIP which up to now had been clamoring about defending freedom until death, and now were redeeming their promises to the people by being guerrillas in the city while clandestinely hiding in houses. This exclusive story will surely cause an uproar, I thought. A story telling about Dr. Sukiman's entrance into the city after being a guerrilla on the outside in order to carry out the new strategy, telling about his sudden capture and release by the Dutch, about losing the opportunity to continue fighting because of the Roem-Van Royen agreement. A 'Tedjasukmana' story -- ah, how many were the wonderful stories about their struggle. As a consequence, I told Djamal it was all right and to come to my room in Hotel Merdeka that afternoon. He hurriedly left. He said he had to meet Bung Tomo (you still remember Bung Tomo of the Revolutionists, don't you?) who, he said, had also just entered the city after having fought as a guerrilla.

Not long after Djamal left I met an old friend outside a government office. After exchanging questions and swapping stories, I finally discovered that Djamal had been living in the same house as he. When I mentioned Djamal as one who had jumped from the Republic to Nica, then back to the Republic, who had turned from an infiltrator and importer in Djakarta to a guerrilla in Jogja, he laughed bitterly.

"He's really clever at riding the coattails of Dr. Sukiman and leaders of Masjumi, PNI and others, not to mention the T.N.I. colonels," said my friend derisively.

"Why are you angry with him?" I asked.

"Pshaw! Djamal!" said my friend further.

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"Don't talk like that," I said. "He participates in subversion and was a city guerrilla."

"Ha!" my friend laughed mockingly.

"But I believe it," I said. "Look at his clothing, it's completely worn out. In Djakarta he was invariably very well-dressed."

"Ha!" said my friend again with a mocking laugh. "Wearing that worn-out shirt is just a trick of his. Don't be fooled by his shirt which looks like cat's fur infected with ringworm. He's still in the black market business. What's more, at the time that many frightened Chinese went to Semarang, Djamal made a quick kill. These Chinese sold their things at a very cheap price, including goods in their shops, sugar in warehouses, furniture and I don't know what else. Djamal a guerrilla in the city! Ha!" he said scornfully. "This is the kind of guerrilla Djamal is. One day our kampung was searched by Dutch soldiers. They were looking for arms. Three men entered the house. One was a captain. Just as the captain entered, Djamal came to receive him like a person welcoming his long lost fiancee. 'Ha, Mr. Captain, come in, Mr. Captain!'"

"Just think about it, how could he possibly have been so profuse in his welcome to someone who wanted to search our house? Before the captain had an opportunity to reply, Djamal took his hand and said,'Here's my room, Mr. Captain,'and he pulled the captain into the room. 'Here are my books, Mr. Captain, here is my clothes closet, Mr. Captain, here in this table drawer are nothing but letters, there's nothing under the mattress, Mr. Captain.' Finally the Dutch captain, probably fed up, left the house without searching the other rooms. When they had gone and we berated him for showing a lack of dignity and for damaging the prestige of the Indonesian people by fawning from fear, Djamal became quite angry with us. He said,'you are all really stupid. Didn't my tactics prevent the house from being searched? Who said I'm afraid? I fooled him.' It was true enough, the house wasn't searched. So we just kept quiet."

"It's just possible that he purposely pretended to fawn," I said.

My friend looked at me scornfully.

"Just listen to this. One day an old friend came, a T.N.I. major from outside the city. He actually was a guerrilla. He hid in our house while in the city. Do you know what Djamal said when the major had been in the house just two hours?"

"No," I answered, "tell me."

"Djamal called me and urged to demand that the T.N.I. major leave. 'You're crazy,' I said to him. 'We must help him. It's our duty to assist the struggle of our comrades outside the city.' Djamal became mad and continued to urge me. 'I'm not afraid of getting caught,' he said, 'but we as leaders of the people have a grave

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responsibility. I'm thinking of your welfare, your wife, and the people who are living in this house. If, by anychance, the Dutch find out that the major is hiding in our house, we're finished. What can be gained by it?' But I continued to oppose him. 'Don't be crazy, Djamal,' I said to him, 'how can I throw him out of the house, in spite of the fact that I'm really scared too?'"

"'Don't worry,' Djamal said to me, 'tell the major that I order him to leave immediately to safeguard the success of the struggle of us all. Tell him if he is caught in our house, he will ruin my strategy in carrying out guerrilla activities in the city. Tell him that as an officer and hence leader he should also feel a sense of responsibility toward other people.' As a result of his constant urging, I finally went to the major and he, being a good man, left."

"Oh," I said.

"Yes, and don't you believe it if he proudly says that his struggle is the same as the struggle of Dr. Sukiman, Sukarno, and Hatta on Bangka, and of that of dozens of colonels, majors and captains of the T.N.I. in the city."

"You know too," I said.

"Who doesn't know," my friend answered.

Afterwards Djamal left. I thought about the problem of Djamal. It was difficult for me to blame him. The reasons for doing so were certainly strong enough. His excuses for wanting the major to leave were certainly good. I can hear his reply, if I had questioned it: "Didn't you read of Hatta's press interview and of Hatta's explanation before the Working Committee of the KNIP?" he would say. "Why didn't Sukarno, who at that time had sworn to lead the guerrillas, go out as a guerrilla when Jogja was attacked by the Dutch on December 19th of last year? In order to safeguard President Sukarno's life. What is the difference between Sukarno and me? We each fight in our own way. We who are assigned the task of fighting are not all military. Our task is to keep alive in order to continue the struggle in other fields. Dr. Sukiman does this and so do the leaders of Masjumi, and other parties, members of the Working Committee, and dozens of colonels, majors and captains of the T.N.I."

Of course I shan't reply to that, If he considers the struggle that he has carried out identical with the struggle being carried on by so many leaders of the people who have so far only bragged about it, who am I to contradict his conviction? When I wrote this story, I read a speech of Mangunsarkoro of P.N.I. before the Working Committee of the KNIP stating that the party accepted the Roem-Van Royen agreement as a change in our tactics, because in our struggle a new phase, it was alleged, had appeared. His speech reminded me of Djamal's explanation when he was infiltrating in Djakarta. When I criticized him for working with NICA he replied: "In this struggle we should be able to alter our strategy, to make the strategy of struggle conform with the changing situation. When

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it was time to wield the bamboo spear we did so; when it was time to cry ready, we did so; when it was time to revolt, we revolted; when it was time to strike, we struck; when it was time to agitate, we agitated and when it was time to wage war, we waged war. If it is no longer possible to wage war, we'll change our tactics once more."

I met Djamal at the airfield in Maguwo upon my return to Djakarta.

"Are you coming?" I asked.

"Not yet, but I shall come a little later," he replied, smiling mysteriously so that I would question him further.

"What's up?"

"A new task," he said, "arranging for passports, clothing, injections, per diem and passage for members of the delegation, the advisers of the delegation, and others who are going to The Hague."

More and more I became convinced that this fellow Djamal was really very clever!

Translated by Judith Rosenberg

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DJAMAL INFILTRATING

By Mochtar Lubis

For quite a while I did not see my friend Djamal. Several months had passed since he had come to me with great plans, none of which had worked out. Then after some months I did see him again. Meanwhile the situation had changed greatly. The Dutch had carried out their second military action. The city of Djogjakarta had fallen. People or champions of the Republic who had not joined the guerrillas were living in cities and areas occupied by the Dutch. Those who had lived in cities occupied by the Dutch were divided into two groups: those who continued their resistance, unwilling to collaborate with the Dutch, and those who were trying new strategy, so they said.

I met Djamal as I was walking in front of a large Dutch government office. He came out carrying a briefcase under his arm. I stopped and called to him, since I wanted to know what he was doing. The last time I heard of Djamal he was in Djogjakarta making preparations to go to Sumatra to carry out a plan for gigantic mining operations.

He turned around and quickly came over to me. Before I had an opportunity to ask him any questions, he began to speak, whispering as if he were afraid others would hear.

"Let's not talk here, we'll be overheard." His attitude was so secretive that I became a bit startled and my mouth, which was already half open with a question, closed again. Djamal took my arm and only after we were some thirty meters from the office entrance did he turn to me smiling.

"For some time now I've wanted to come to your house," he said, "but I couldn't make it. I'm busy with so many things. New plans. I work there now," he said, pointing with his thumb to the office he had just left.

"Oh," I said, a little startled, "but that's a Dutch office."

"Yes," he replied calmly.

"You are Nica now!" I said.

He suddenly turned to me with anger flashing in his eyes. "How dare you call me Nica," he said. "Of course our people, as of old, are quick to call others this and that. For the slightest reason and without investigation people are called enemy spy, Nica accomplice, traitor, corrupter, and I don't know what else. You too, apparently, although you know me very well. What haven't I done for freedom? What haven't I sacrificed? You remember my library of very valuable books I left, just like that, to join our struggle, and after December 19th of last year, I joined the guerrillas in the mountains for two months. The only thing you can do

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is talk. So far you've just stayed in Djakarta boasting of your fighting, but actually going to the movies, restaurant and dancing every night. Revenge will surely come," he said. He was obviously quite angry at my calling him Nica.

"If this is so, what about your work?" I asked soothingly. Djamal smiled. A proud smile. The smile of a person who thinks he knows more than others. He put his mouth close to my ear and whispered.

"I'm infiltrating."

"Ohh," I said.

Perhaps Djamal thought my exclamation came from astonishment. I don't know. Suddenly, however, his anger was gone altogether and he laughed very loudly. Very delightedly. He slapped me on the shoulder.

"Infiltrating how?" I asked.

"You really can't understand," he said, like a teacher to a pupil. "That's because you don't read anything but cowboy stories and detective novels. In this struggle we must be able to change our tactics. If you had ever read about Machiavelli you certainly wouldn't have called me Nica. To bring our battle strategy into line with the changing situation, during the time for bamboo spears we used bamboo spears, when it was time for shouting ready, we shouted ready! At the time for resistance we resisted, at the time to strike we struck, at the time for agitation we agitated, at the time for negotiation we negotiated, at the time for war we made war. If we cannot fight any longer we must change our tactics. If we don't do this, won't we become like a person who butts his head against a stone wall? It is his head which will crack. What good will it do to our struggle? Won't it be to the disadvantage of our own people?"

Actually to my mind, all this sounded like the strategy of the greatest opportunist. If Djamal pounded his head against a stone wall until it cracked, no one, apparently, would feel any loss. But perhaps this was just because I was feeling annoyed with him for having formerly deluded me with lots of money to be made from his sugar, vanilla, cichona powder projects and plans for ten tons of cigars, none of which had worked out. For that reason I just remained silent. I nodded.

"But," I asked, "if everyone acted according to these tactics of yours, beginning with Sukarno, General Sudirman, Hatta, Sjahrir and on down to the smallest individual, all working with the Dutch, what would happen? Wouldn't the Dutch win? Where would the Republic be?" He looked at me with vexation.

"Your question is not practical," he said. "Of course people like them must continue resisting. Don't talk like a child."

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I kept quiet. It was difficult for me to debate with Djamal. He had read Machiavelli. I hadn't.

"Ha," he said after a moment, laughing and rubbing his hands together. "You still don't understand. Look, I'll bring the results of my work to your house. I'm deputy chief of a public information department. We publish magazines and books. We also assist in theatrical productions. You surely realize that if I hadn't taken the job, this work would be done by some weakling who would be easily influenced by the Dutch at the office. Certainly the propaganda or information which would be published would be strongly against us. But now I can check which things are good and which are not good for us. We put out books which are good for the public to read and which we will publish later anyway. Because it is really necessary. Now we have the Dutch publish them, and as to the contents of magazines we also make certain that they are not too much against us. Moreover, where we can, we insert propaganda favorable to us."

"And that Dutch boss of yours doesn't know?"

Djamal laughed.

"How can he know? If I say this is good, that's good, this is no good, he just believes it. Really I have been 'given authority'."

Then he asked me what I was doing now and I answered that I was still without a job.

"You fool," he said, "work with us. There is still a vacancy that must be filled by someone who shares our ideas. Rather than have it fall to one of their stooges, isn't it better that we occupy it ourselves?"

"I'm afraid," I said.

"Yes," said Djamal proudly, "you need courage to work this way. It's not easy. If one isn't strongly convinced, one may waver eventually. The pay is large, the distribution is generous, you can ride in an automobile. Friends call you Nica."

Djamal laughed, and slapping me on the shoulder, said, "Later on, you'll see for yourself the results of our work. I'll come to your house to talk about our news plans for our struggle." Then he called a taxi.

He really has guts, I thought. But I was peeved at not being invited to ride in the taxi. If he had, couldn't I have saved the streetcare fare of half a rupiah?

Several days later he came to my house, bringing with him several books, magazines and posters. He placed them on the table and waving his hands like a conjurer said, "Look at my work!"

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The books and magazines were divided into two groups. "These appeared before I took over the job," he said. "These after I came on the job. Look at the difference!"

I read. In one magazine published before he took the job there appeared: "The Royal Army will come to free the Indonesian people who suffer under the oppression of the forces of the Republic, which pillage, burn, murder...etc." But in a magazine which was published after Djamal began work it said: "Now the people demand justice and freedom and it is the responsibility of the Royal Army to guard and return security and this freedom."

"You see the difference?" Djamal said with pride. "It's the same with these posters. Whereas formerly the posters depicted bad things about the Republican territory, now the posters show construction work in the areas occupied by the Dutch, fields that are full and fertile, with factories in operation, people who laugh and dance from joy upon receiving gifts of food and clothing. You see the difference?" said Djamal. I merely nodded.

"I have been able to persuade many friends to work in accordance with this new strategy," he said again with pride. Just think about it. I'll keep that vacancy at the office open while waiting for your decision. If you are really and truly a nationalist you must have courage. Run the risk of being labeled and mocked as a Nica by Republicans who are very stupid. History will prove us right later and those who were mocked will be avenged."

He then left and I didn't see him again for several weeks. I saw him waiting for a streetcar, exposed to the hot sun.

"Why aren't you riding in a car?" I asked.

"I've quit my job," he said.

"Why?"

"Ah," said Djamal, "I'm now going into business. That field is still wide open. I've got a new project. Modern Indonesian business must be organized. Also there are plenty of people at the office who want to work with the Dutch."

Before there was an opportunity for me to ask questions about the modern Indonesian business project, the streetcar came and Djamal leaped up the steps. From the top step he yelled, "Later on I'll come to see you and talk about the new plan."

When he does come I'll also tell about his new plan. Maybe Djamal wants to become an importer, joining Gindo. If so I will call that story Djamal Becomes an Importer.

Translated by Dean J. Almy, Jr.

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ACHDIAT KARTA MIHARDJA

Born in West Java March 6, 1911 Achdiat K. Mihardja was educated in Solo and for some time studied Thomistic philosophy and Islamic mysticism. For many years he was in journalism and in 1941 joined the staff of Balai Pustaka with which he was connected for a number of years, except for the period during the Japanese occupation and immediately after. At the present time Achdiat is associated with the Ministry of Education. He is active in the Indonesian P. E. N. club and in the newly formed Indonesian Writers' Association.

Achdiat is best known for his novel Atheis or The Atheist (1949), a socio-psychological study which is regarded as an outstanding post-war novel. His short stories have recently (1956) been collected and published by Balai Pustaka. Hamid, the story which appears on the following pages, first appeared in Pudjangga Baru in 1951.

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H A M I D

by Achdiat K. Mihardja

At moments like these Hamid needed his wife very much. Not exactly his wife, or not necessarily his wife, provided it was a person who admired him and liked to praise him just like his wife, when, like this afternoon, he came home from a meeting and told about the debate or his speech at the meeting.

It had been three weeks since Mimi went to Bandung regarding an inheritance. This meant that for three weeks Hamid had been living alone like a bachelor. Only Salim was in the house to keep him company, and Salim managed all the necessities of the household.

The afternoon breeze was cool. It made Hamid who had just bathed feel fresher and he was dressed in pajamas which were still warm, having just been ironed by Salim. It was almost sunset. Hamid dragged his chair from inside out to the terrace. He smuggled his fat body down into the rattan chair, the seat of which was sagging. He could see some pedicab drivers at the edge of the street busily chatting while they cleaned their lamps. Some were singing or whistling. Others tried out their bells and replied to their friends with a rhythmical ringing. When a young maid servant or a young girl of the laboring class passed by they would noisily clear their throats or laugh or say something to them directly which made the virgins among them blush.

Hamid did not have time to follow the chatter and noise in front of his house; his thoughts were still on the recent meeting. He merely heard sounds and voices; no spoken words reached him. Only once in a while would he catch some sentences which registered on his mind. And when this occurred he would awake from his reverie with a start, shocked, and he would shiver as if he had been frightened. How dirty-mouthed those men are, he thought, they are crude and coarse. And Hamid hated those rude men. He also hated himself, however, for just a week ago he had praised the pedicab drivers before a branch meeting of his party as heroes of freedom. Now at this moment, observing the rude behavior and language of these coarse men he also felt surprise and reproach. Why was President Sukarno once so generous in his praise of those pedicab drivers? What did he know about them? He didn't know them close up. Palace and hovel are too far apart, like heaven and hell. But he, Hamid, knew. He was a neighbor of theirs; they lived behind his house.

The sun had set. The evening drum sounded. Hamid turned on the lights and then hastily performed his ritual washing in the bathroom. Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! he prayed. Evening prayers finished, he then ate. Only a little, without appetite. He was

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fed up with Salim's cooking, fried bean cakes again, fried bean cakes again, never any variety. Later on he sat in the middle room and lit a Skipper cigarette. The blue smoke spiralled delicately upward, and Hamid played with the smoke.

For several moments he remained sitting like that. The house felt empty. Indeed, since Mimi had gone away, he was often disturbed by a lonely, deserted feeling in the house. Moreover, Hamid was a voluble person who loved to chat, able to spend evenings on end in idle chit-chat, and unhappy, restless and bored when alone. A week ago he was still easily able to allay this feeling: open the garage door, jump into the car, switch on the ignition, step on the starter, shift the gears, to first, to second, to high and ...rrrttt the office car glided over the asphalt. Off to the house of a friend to talk or to invite him for a spin about the city, not sure where to go, to Pasar Senen, to Glodok, to Djatinegara, to Zandvoort and don't know where else, until the gas was almost gone.

But since the office car was damaged in a collision a week ago it was not easy to go out anymore. He just stayed at home most of the time and this he found boring, terribly boring. For this reason he sometimes invited Salim for a chat, but before long Salim's conversation would begin to bore him too. Salim was too talkative, more so than Hamid, so that there was no opportunity for Hamid to talk and Salim often overstepped the bounds that should distinguish between friend and employer. He talked as if he were addressing his friend Abdul; or Otong, his younger brother or Omah, his sweetheart, forgetting that he was talking to Hamid, his employer, who gave him food and wages. What is more, Salim was much too fond of comparing the Dutch period (Salim said "normal period"), the Japanese period, the Republic period ("kiblik" period, said Salim), Federal period, and the present period of independence. And he was always repeating: In the normal period I was only able to earn seven and a half rupiah, Tuan. My employer was Tuan Pletter. He was quite a man, he was good, not to speak of his wife. Only Tuan Pletter's mother who was old (already shrunken, Tuan), she was very fussy. She liked dogs but didn't like me. I don't know why. Perhaps because she was already senile, Tuan. With seven and a half rupiah, Tuan, I was able to have enough to eat, to buy clothing, and able to see every new film at the movies with Mariam, my sweetheart from Kebon Sirih. Extraordinary. But now???

Utterly bored from chatting with Salim, Hamid did not want to talk with him anymore. Salim was mouthing nonsense in his bitterness about the present period of independence. He was a deserter as far as the results of the holy national struggle were concerned. Had it not been for the pity he felt because Salim could not return to his village, now under the control of Kartosuwirjo, the Darul-Islam leader, Hamid would have chased him from the house long ago.

Because he did not want to talk with Salim and as there was

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no work, after the overtime regulations became valid for senior employees, Hamid never brought work home anymore. It was more advantageous to continue working after hours at the office. And except to read the newspaper or general picture magazines, Hamid didn't like to read. What's more, reading romantic novels or poetry was, for him, just time wasted. Also, he wasn't an author, journalist or expert who liked to write at home for a newspaper or to produce a book.

"Isn't Tuan going out this evening?" asked Salim. Hamid did not reply.

During the Dutch period Hamid was only a clerk second grade: now he was a senior employee, in category - C, as he liked to call himself, or "a six-C-er," as he once said to Salim. And his present position he had acquired thanks to his activity within his party. The Minister who was of his party appointed him a senior official forthwith. The moment this occurred Hamid went straightway to the shrine of Luar Batang to present the Kulhu and Fatehah to the soul of Sheik Abdul Muhji. After strewing flowers he caressed and embraced Djagur, the holy cannon, a Portuguese product. And that evening he dined at home with the Minister and his party friends.

Hamid was especially clever at making speeches, "remarkable," said his friends in the party. And when he spoke, it was not just his friends who enjoyed listening, but even Hamid himself. This he frankly confessed once to his wife Mimi. To this Mimi had replied: "Ah, dear, as happy as you are to hear yourself, you are not half as happy as I." Upon hearing his wife say this, Hamid was consumed with happiness. With his eyes partly shut from the tears of joy which welled up, he embraced Mimi.

Usually after making a speech, Hamid liked to recall those happy moments. It was as if he clearly heard his voice once more, and as if he were again standing on the rostrum, moving his hands to the rhythm of the words which were being emphasized, alternately raising and lowering his voice.

So this evening, Hamid still felt elated and happy about the speech he had delivered earlier in the day. The meeting's glowing reception of his speech was wonderful. The audience applauded noisily after he had analyzed and attacked "Tjiliwung Culture" which, in his opinion, was rampant in certain social strata in Djakarta which liked dancing at Garden Hall, at the Hotel des Indes, the Airport, and so forth.

Comfortably seated in his rattan chair, a spirit of challenge again arose in him when he remembered that all this proved that a character crisis now dominated all Indonesian social groups. And according to Hamid this crisis was a result of the aggression of Western culture pioneered by the Dutch who wanted to colonize Indonesia again, assisted by henchmen who favored retention of instruction in the Dutch language both in high school and in the University. Yes, the aggression of Western cultured must be

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stopped because it has damaged and frustrated our national character. Everything contrary to the present Eastern culture was creating havoc in their groups, Dutch puppets and their victims. Dancing, swimming and worse... our government itself, a government calling itself national and based on the philosophy of Pantjasila, The Five Principles, has allowed all this to take place, and has even established schools where our boys and girls must study together and participate in sports together. What was this? Did not all this contravene the culture of the East? Wasn't it opposed to our native characteristics? Where did our nation intend to go? Did we want to lose our way? Was our government to do what the colonial government once did, make us lose our way? Was this what our country sacrificed, fought and died for?

Suddenly Hamid jumped from his chair. He could not bear to sit alone in the house any longer. He sensed that it was wrong to be disloyal to the government, because his party also participated in it. He quickly went into his bedroom and took off his pajamas. He threw them on the bed. He snatched his shirt off the coat-hook He put it on quickly, followed by his trousers, shoes, necktie... but he changed his mind and removed it from around his neck.

Having finished dressing, he called out: "Salim, Salim, close the front and side doors. I'm going out. Don't you leave the house. Be careful, don't think that you can go and have fun at Omah's house because I'm out."

And after glancing at the clock which indicated 7:45, Hamid hurried out to the street.

"Bung." (he jumped into a pedicab). "Let's go!"

"Where to, Boss?" asked the driver who was bumming a cigarette from his friend.

"Anywhere!" (the driver was surprised). "... eh, to Tanabang then."

"Okay, Boss!"

The driver jumped on to his seat, then pedaled, at the same time smoking the cigarette which crackled and sputtered as it burned. "Going to enjoy yourself, Boss?"

Hamid at first pretended not to hear, but after a moment replied, "I'm looking for saté, Bung. I haven't eaten Saté Tanabang for a long time."

The road was very crowded. Amat's pedicab squeezed its way skillfully among the other vehicles. Every time it seemed that he would collide with a jeep or truck, Hamid would shout, "Look out, Bung! Look out, Bung!" But Amat always answered, "Experience, Boss.... Don't worry... ten years of pedaling is not a short time.... If I worked in an office I would have been promoted by now." And Amat's

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pedicab continued to weave, turning this way and that in the crowded street.

Arriving at a street which was rather deserted Amat began to talk. He talked about his skill in steering a pedicab.

"I've never had an accident, Boss. I'm not like those other pedicab drivers. They are not so careful, they like to show off, want to be praised. They're not only less careful, Boss, they are also less experienced. They are inclined to be nervous. They will naturally have accidents. But I believe, Boss, that I have never bumped another vehicle even a little bit."

"Is that so?"

"Wah, you don't believe it, but you can see for yourself how crowded it is now and yet has our pedicab even touched another vehicle? Has it, Boss? You can see for yourself, say 'bismillah' once and we are safe."

And with that, for no apparent reason, the pedicab suddenly swerved to the left, tilting it so that Hamid, his hat askew, fell into the footrest section of the pedicab. Hamid involuntarily shouted again, this time very angry, "Watch out, you fool.... Do you want to be killed? Look out, will you?" But Amat immediately answered this outburst just like the previous one:

"Experience, Boss, experience.... Don't worry."

Then they were silent for some time. Just after rounding a curve Amat spoke again.

"I haven't seen the Missus for a long time. Usually, when she goes to the market, I take her there. Is she out of town, Boss?"

"She went to Bandung," Hamid snapped in reply. He was still annoyed.

"Oh, to Bandung, Boss?"

Then they were silent again. Amat had to push the pedicab up a hill where the road crossed some railroad tracks. He was panting. But the moment he got on the downgrade, he began again:

"Uh.... Boss, in Tanabang I know...ahem."

Hamid was still angry, but he replied anyway:

"Know what?"

"I know someone who's just come from Sukabumi. Wah, she's quite a dish, Boss. Terrific. She's a lovesick widow too, Boss. You know what a lovesick widow is?"

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When Hamid heard this he became very angry. He snarled loudly, "What do you think I am?"

Amat was embarrassed by such an outburst. A miscalculation. This time the fish did not want to grab the bait. He kept quiet, he didn't want to talk anymore, not another word. Arriving in front of the movie theater Hamid got out and without saying anything handed Amat two rupiah and fifty cents.

"Allah! Only a ringgit! You can't be serious! I pedaled so long I'm half dead and I only get a ringgit! Have a heart and gimmie some more."

Hamid ignored him and quickly disappeared in the throng of people who were standing in front of the theater. He was followed by Amat's insults which were clearly audible above the crowd: "If you don't have any more, don't take a pedicab, you shameless so and so!"

The people who were watching laughed.

Just like every other evening, Tanabang was jammed with people. Humans moved restlessly like ants. On both sides of the streets vendors were lined up laying out mats on which to spread their goods, things like pieces of cloth, ready-made clothing, teapots and cups, medicines, a variety of haircombs, pins and the like. Petromex lanterns hissed above the mats and tables, lined up to shine on the merchandise. The voices of the sea of humans were buzzing. Vendors were offering their wares, trying to outshout each other: "Step up, Bung.... Step up, Tuan.... Come on, Madam. Select first.... Look first...then bargain. You don't have to pay for it if you don't like it. Don't pay before you buy! Come on.... You are certain to be satisfied. If you don't buy, you'll regret it. Come on.... Hurry, hurry, hurry."

There were some whose voices were already hoarse, but they didn't care. Dripping with perspiration they continued to shout through their megaphones. From coffee shops and small restaurants the radios were going full blast. From one of these, Nji Upit-Sarimanah was singing the Sundanese song Bintang Gurilja, while from another came the voice of Dimin singing Kerontjong Merdeka. On yet another radio someone was speaking. On passing it, Hamid stopped a moment to listen. By coincidence, the problem was very interesting for him.... The character crisis was being discussed by a woman. The woman's voice was not familiar to Hamid, but he agreed with her speech. From time to time Hamid nodded and smiled to himself. He wanted to listen to the end, but his feet were repeatedly stepped upon by people pushing past in front of the coffee house. In order that his shoes wouldn't be damaged by the heels or clogs of the old men and ladies, Hamid just went along with the tide of human beings.. Fortunately not far from there, there was a rice house which featured goat satę. Hamid quickly went in and ordered twenty large pieces of satę. While he waited for his satę, Hamid listened to the same woman's speech and he nodded to himself and smiled again as before.

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After he finished eating, Hamid once again went along with the sea of humans. He joined in the gaiety amidst life moving in an atmosphere of elation. He was alone, there was no friend to talk to. Usually he was unhappy when this was so, but this time he was more contented because he felt he had more scope for absorbing and paying attention to all that occurred about him.

This was the arena of ordinary life, common people like Abdul and Minah, ordinary people of the palmleaf wrapper cigarette and the hair-knot greased with coconut oil. It was far, very far from the world of 'soir de Paris' and from the world of the 'Karel I' cigar. But it was a world which was still pure, a world which was not yet soiled, which was not yet enveloped in artificiality. Such were Hamid's thoughts and he felt much satisfaction at seeing this way of life milling before his eyes. He was especially careful to keep his eyes open to see whether, among the women, there were any who were scantily clad, a type he had often seen on the dance floor at Garden Hall or at the Des Indes. He also kept an extra sharp lookout to see whether, among the inhabitants of the shacks and muddy alleys, there were any who embraced in public.

Hamid was like driftwood on an ocean swell, not knowing where he was going, just following along with the people who continually moved to and fro. From time to time he would stop and join in the crowds around a vendor who was spreading out cloth, shirts or towels before those who were bargaining. Sometimes too, Hamid would listen intently to the spiel of a patent medicine hawker. He would often ask himself why these people who were not outdone by Bung Karno in the art of haranguing, didn't use their skill at this to become a leader like Bung Karno or like him, Hamid? Didn't they realize that ability in public speaking was an invaluable quality for a leader? Had these hawkers never met a model like him, Hamid? He was more trusted and admired by his friends in the party than Mr. Sembogo who, when he spoke, liked to make the sound 'uh, uh' after each word: "You...uh...I...uh...ask...that...uh...." It was boring.

At that moment Hamid strongly suspected that it might be more advantageous for him if he employed his skill as a speaker in the trade of patent medicine selling. But thoughts like these were just momentary; they did not last long, but were quickly shoved aside by another thought, that the position of a patent medicine hawker was not as high as that of a senior official such as he. The highest ranking patent medicine salesman would not have had a journalist wanting to interview him as had occurred ten days ago to Hamid.

Without realizing it, Hamid found himself being taken to an open place where several groups of dancers were noisily dancing. Men and women in pairs were engaged in dancing, jumping and moving around under a large kerosene lantern which hung on a pole as high as a person. A yellowish flame which was pouring forth black smoke from its edges burned from its three wicks. A drum boomed and a wooden flute tooted the melody of the song Kembang Beureum, and, at

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certain intervals, a gong clanged while a woman's voice, already becoming hoarse, tirelessly sang a verse which went as follows:

Short cane-reed, tall cane-reed
Cane-reed leaning over the pathway.
I love to stay, I love to visit,
I love to meet people while on my way.

Hamid pushed his way toward the front of the people who were gathered around. By standing on his toes he was able to see rather closely over the shoulder of a tall man that there were eight taxigirls. Five were dancing around the lamp, while three did not yet have partners. These three stood in front of the musicians, facing in the direction of the spectators.

By turns the girls sang erotic songs. They were all young. Some were still children, not over thirteen or fourteen years old. They wore various kinds of clothing. Some wore green, yellow or red imitation silk pedal-pushers, while their kains were folded, reaching midway on their thighs. Their jackets were tucked into their kains which were gathered with their sashes, the ends of which hung down free on either side. Red or yellow glass necklaces and bracelets decorated their necks and wrists. Their face powder was thick. Some did not wear imitation silk pedal-pushers, but the usual batik cloth instead. Some also did not wear a jacket, but instead a kain sash around their torso which only half covered their breasts. Several of them also had white handkerchiefs tied around their heads.

Because of the pushing from behind, Hamid moved more to the front so that the tall man was now behind him. Hamid could see more clearly. He noted that two of the three taxi girls who had not yet taken their places had now obtained partners. More and more eagerly these people sang and danced. Very lightly and smoothly the arms of the girls moved up and down, to the side and forward. They wiggled their hips and their waists undulated, arousing the passions of their partners who were also dancing more zealously around the girls. Their feet kicked like those of a colt around its mother, their backs arched and crouched, while their heads swayed from side to side when the gong sounded.

Hamid pushed more to the front. Now he was right in front. He was able to have a fuller view.

Suddenly he saw one of the dancers embraced and kissed on the lips by her partner. Hamid was startled. Insolent, he thought. While thinking this way, however, he felt a certain feeling welling upward. He felt his heart pounding.

The dancer continued to kiss the lips, cheeks and neck of his partner, and the man's body was being pressed closer and closer against the girl's body, while his right hand was caressing her breasts. How brazen, how impudent, seethed through Hamid's mind. But while being terribly annoyed he continued to

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stare wide-eyed at the two people embracing, and that same certain feeling experienced earlier now welled up ever stronger, choking him. He swallowed.

At that very moment he suddenly felt someone pushing up from behind, desiring to move up front. He felt a breast brush against his arm. The fragrant smell of 'Saripohatji' face powder and the odor of a sweet smelling tjempaka flower tucked in her hair knot assailed his nostrils. This certain earlier feeling increased to the boiling point. He glanced to one side. Standing very close to him was a young girl with a pretty face. Her nose was pointed, her mouth tiny and her black eyes sparkled. The moment her eyes met Hamid's she smiled.

Hamid's heart beat faster. The girl pressed her body more closely against Hamid's. Hamid was rather nervous, but in his nervousness his emotions welled up stronger, throbbing, raging, in his chest. And in this situation Hamid's hand, groping and feeling around uncertainly suddenly met the girl's hand. Once he had touched it he took it in his and it was as if an electric current were coursing through his body. While he caressed the hand he was holding, his eyes continued to stare in the direction of the couple who were embracing. It was like this for several moments. Suddenly he felt his hand pulled and a soft voice inviting:

"Come, Sir."

They entered a narrow, dark alley. Hamid could not bear it any longer. Ani suddenly found herself locked in a tight embrace, pressed against a fence. Her lips were kissed and her cheeks were bitten. Ani squirmed, trying to free herself from Hamid's embrace, but Hamid pressed her even harder against the fence.

"Don't, not here, Boss, not here," Ani cried out, continuing to squirm like an eel, in her effort to free herself from Hamid's close embrace.

Hamid's consciousness returned, and with his entire body still quivering freed Ani, then picked up his cap which had fallen to the ground, knocked off by Ani's flailing hands.

After that they walked straight ahead without saying a word. "Having a little fun, Boss?"

Hamid was startled to hear this voice from the mouth of a man who passed close by. He quickly removed his hand from around Ani's waist. For a moment Hamid felt as if his blood had stopped circulating. His face was pale under the light of a lamp covered with red paper which hung in front of a dilapidated shack. Hamid was very frightened, because he immediately recognized the voice which had addressed him as the voice of Sanusi, the journalist who had interviewed him about ten days ago on the character crisis. Hamid felt completely humiliated. And probably he would have

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continued to stand dazed under that red lamp if he had not felt Ani's hand tug at his sleeve.

"Come on, Boss, please go in."

Hamid felt his feet treading on the stairs, but suddenly he freed his arm from Ani's hand. "No, Ani...uh...I'm sorry...I...I...uh...."

And nervously he reached into his pocket, took out his purse, and with trembling hands thrust a twenty rupiah note at Ani. Seeing the money Ani who was surprised immediately mocked him:

"Oh, a tip, huh? Boss is a big spendthrift. Won't there be a shortage in the household money? Ha-ha."

Ani laughed piercingly. Her stab struck deep. A grade-C official worried about money? A leader short of household money? A grade-C official and leader who was popular and admired short of household money?

How impertinent. She was really insolent. Hamid became angry, very angry. He snatched the money from Ani's fingers and angrily threw a fifty rupiah note as a substitute into Ani's face.

"Take it!"

"Why are you angry, Boss?"

Hamid quickly left Ani who was bent over picking up the money from the steps. When she saw that it was much more, she laughed, very pleased.

In the meanwhile Hamid had quickly hurried away to pursue Sanusi. Impertinent, thought Hamid. Where was he? He was no longer visible in the dark alley.

"Did you see the man who just passed through here, Bung? He was wearing a sport shirt and gray trousers," Hamid asked of a man broiling sate in front of a shack with a green lantern.

"Oh, he just went into that alley, the one to the right," answered the man, at the same time pointing with his fan in the direction of the alley he meant.

"Thank you," said Hamid and hurried toward the alley indicated. The information was correct; he immediately saw a man wearing a sport shirt and gray trousers, a few yards ahead.

"Bung, Bung," Hamid called, when he saw Sanusi about to enter a shack which had a red lantern like the previous one. Sanusi was startled and looked around.

Hamid stammered. "Uh, Bung...uh...don't tell anyone...uh... don't report it, huh?...uh...uh...don't put it in your column...."

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Sanusi burst out laughing.

"And...uh...uh...I didn't do a thing, did I?"

Sanusi laughed louder. He guffawed. An understanding laugh, but a laugh which made Hamid lose courage. He considered the incident too dangerous for him, hence there was absolutely no reason for him to join in the laughter. Why was Sanusi laughing? Was he crazy?

"Don't worry, Boss. You know I'll take care of it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. Thank you." Hamid nodded several times. He felt relieved, he had escaped danger. And he turned to leave Sanusi.

"Oh, just a minute...before you go, Boss.... Just leave it to me, leave it to me, but of course you know...between the two of us, remember? If not, well," and Sanusi shrugged his shoulders at the same time.

The despicable scoundrel, Hamid thought. At the same time he reached into his pocket and took a fifty rupiah note from his wallet. He shoved it into the hands of Sanusi who immediately examined it under the light from the red lamp. Suddenly he laughed mockingly:

"Ha ha, fifty rupiah, ha ha."

His sport shirt twitched with his laughter. And Greta Garbo and the Eiffel Tower on the right and left side of his chest also twitched. It made Hamid more angry. He's impossible, this Sanusi, this rotten journalist. And he pulled out another.

"Here's another...."

Again Hamid received laughter in reply.

"Ha ha, ten rupiah more, ha ha...a high official...ha ha...."

Hamid couldn't stand any more. He was too angry. He no longer cared what happened. To hell with it, if he wanted to make news, to make the gossip columns, to make anything out of it, he didn't care. To hell with it, he wasn't scared.

He gritted his teeth and his hands were itching. He wanted to punch Sanusi's flat nose until it was broken. But he only had the urge to, he did nothing. He quickly turned and walked away from Sanusi who was still laughing and holding the two banknotes totaling sixty rupiah in his hands. Sanusi laughed to himself. Worthwhile, he thought, sixty rupiah. Manna, manna from Heaven. God is indeed generous. Sixty rupiah in just one or two minutes, and without any effort on his part. Out of this world.

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And smiling to himself, Sanusi entered the shack.

Reaching a main street, Hamid jumped into a pedicab. "Kembang Street, Bung."

In the pedicab, Hamid was greatly upset. He wasn't able to rid his thoughts of the evening, the dancers embracing, Ani and Sanusi. He was especially annoyed when he thought about the journalist. He detested, truly detested that Sanusi. He felt like killing him. He hated him, completely and utterly. The scoundrel, the rotten journalist.

For some time Hamid cursed Sanusi. But gradually his fear returned. He felt as if the whole world were closing in on him, as if there were some force which was shackling him. He was afraid. Who knows at the present time, in this time of character crisis, whether Sanusi might mention him in the gossip columns anyway. It would be logical because I didn't bribe him enough, considering the way he laughed.

Hamid was really confused, and in his confusion he almost wept. But in a moment he felt relieved again because he suddenly thought of going to Sukotjo's house. Sukotjo was a tough sergeant-major, a former guerrilla. He was the one person who could help him. It was easy to get Sukotjo to do something. With a hundred rupiah it would all be settled. Let him threaten Sanusi and, if necessary, yes, if necessary....

Hamid felt calm again. He was firmly decided to ask Sukotjo's help. Tomorrow he would see the sergeant-major. Now it was too late at night. Hamid felt relieved, greatly relieved again. His reputation as a leader, as a high official and as a person of good character would be protected.

It was already past eleven o'clock when Hamid got out of the pedicab in front of his house. Eeee, he was startled. Why was the light in the front room still burning? Was Salim still up? What was he doing with the light on? Hamid rapped at the door.

"Salim, Salim, open up!"

The door was immediately opened. "Why, Mimi, when did you get home?"

You can understand how nervous Hamid was. For a moment he didn't move. In his nervousness he wiped his shoes several times on the door mat as if they were thick with mud, when in truth there had been no rain, the evening having been clear.

"Early, dear, at eight o'clock. You left and I came. The bus broke down at Puntjak. Where did you go?"

Questioned like this, Hamid's nervousness returned. Unable to think of an answer, Hamid tried to conceal his discomfort by blowing his nose, as if he had a cold.

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"To a meeting, Mimi...," he replied after blowing several times. Mimi smiled and pulled Hamid into the house by the hand.

Before going to sleep Mimi did not fail to tell her husband how proud she was of his interview with Sanusi.

"I read the interview to mother, dear."

Hamid smiled. He playfully bit Mimi on the chin.

Throughout the night Mimi slept contentedly nestled in Hamid's embrace. And, as usual in moments of happiness, a knowing smile played lightly about her lips.

Translated by Robert J. MacQuaid.

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PRAMOEDYA ANANTA TOER

Born in Central Java on February 5, 1925 'Pram' was educated at the Taman Siswa School in Djakarta. As a war correspondent with the famed Siliwangi Division during the first Police Action he was captured by Dutch forces and spent the period 1947-1949 in prison. It was during this imprisonment that much of his writing took place, many of his novels and short stories stemming from his war experiences.

Among his better known works are Keluarga Guerilja or Guerrilla Family (1950), Mereka Jang Dilumpuhkan or They Who Are Paralyzed (1951), and Tjerita dari Blora or Stories of Blora (1952). He has also translated Tolstoy, Turgenjev and John Steinbeck. By some critics he is regarded as one of the greatest writers ever produced in Indonesia.

Vanished Childhood is taken from Stories of Blora and Happy Associations from They Who Are Paralyzed.

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HAPPY ASSOCIATIONS

by Pramoedya Ananta Toer

Gradually a person becomes accustomed to a situation which is forced upon him. Evenings which come slowly to him are no longer felt to be slow in coming. Mosquitoes which attack also lose their sting. Fleeting thoughts which seek a hold finally get one: Surrender. And the word "surrender" contains a great strength for the person who does it. The many, varied desires unwittingly begin to disappear one by one. And anyone who cannot as yet conform to the situation which is forced upon him, will torture himself uselessly. It is also of no help to others. Such persons look miserable. When we are each taken from our cells, they go slowly like pigeons caught in the rain balancing along the ridge of the roof. Their faces get more and more lost in the swell of their sadness, are pale and bloodless.

We are very lucky because inside the prison there is no mirror. Thus those who are breaking down cannot adjust themselves to the situation, cannot see the deterioration of their health. The mirror then is really not quite necessary for us. In our prison there are no women at all. And the very best mirror is useless when there is no other sex to be captivated. And without a mirror there is no one who is always admiring the beauty of his own face as adolescent youths, who have just fallen in love, usually do. And if there is a large mirror in each cell, certainly each minute we will look at our own faces, speaking to our image in the mirror. And this is of no use at all as long as a person does not intend to go crazy.

One of the great needs which I really feel is books. A book -- a teacher who is usually honest -- often one can be invited for discussions even though it does not answer our questions. But it is consistent in each single word which it pronounces. Not like a human mouth which is always lessening or increasing the value of each one. But paper may not enter the prison. When a person first sets foot on the prison threshold, his pockets are examined and everything removed from them. A person is as a bird entering this prison. I mean, he enters only with his clothing and his fears, fears and thoughts which are impossible. Tools which may possibly provide him with a way to escape are not permitted through the door. And in this connection paper is a most useful weapon for the purpose of escape. Especially if to the paper are at the same time added the tools for writing.

Gradually the strict treatment diminishes. We can gather together to eat in the corners of the prison. In such moments people talk of the progress of the Dutch military movements. Each city which falls is followed by lamentation. News of these defeats we hear indirectly from the prison guards who are rather good to us.

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And gradually the guards get an aversion to locking our cells every day, six times a day each cell. Thus the cells remain unlocked, and we can visit other cells. And so associations are formed which are enjoyable. A man meets the other men whom he did not know before. Men hear stories from other areas about other thoughts and other feelings, but all this of only one kind: the turbulent rebellion of the feeling of justice against oppression inimical to the life of man. The feeling of justice is evidently a song of humanity which is very sweet. Each person can understand, feel and admire it even though their languages are different. It has its own language, a language which cannot be conveyed by words. The human language is too narrow and poor for it. And even though everything which is told is sometimes more fantasy of the mind than truth the people nevertheless love to listen to it. For them -- they who have suffered a great deal because of the Dutch -- everything bad has as a matter of course been and will be done by the Dutch. This then is what makes people discuss the cruelty and the barbarity of the white skinned peoples from the northern areas of the world without becoming bored. However that may be, that association which makes you happy still has its shortcomings. Prisoners of war cannot go outside the building before the time for bathing or roll call comes. Even though the inner yard of the prison is only five centimeters distant from the building, it is strictly forbidden to step upon it except at the proper time.

It was at a moment like that when a new prisoner of war once came. He was a sergeant in the Indonesian National Army, who was separated from the troops when the Dutch stabbed through its defenses, the Djakarta-Tjerebon highway. And we asked him the question:

"Friend, has Tjikampek really fallen?"

He nodded dejectedly.

"And Pegaden?"

He nodded again.

"And Tjerebon?"

He nodded again.

We did not continue the questioning. In my mind I had a vision of scattered troops hit by the stab of the Dutch armored car units. Several platoons scattered and their command lost. In my mind I also saw a number of men who no longer knew where their platoons were holding out.

"Where were you captured?" we asked once more.

"I don't know in what district I was captured. I didn't know the area."

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"So you belonged to a unit which had just been moved to the area?"

"Yes, the force from Tasik. And the region we were defending was an area new to our troops. We were really not yet acquainted with it -- and the Dutch were already attacking.

He was quiet as if thinking longingly of his wife.

"Were you also mistreated when you were captured?" we asked.

He merely nodded. Gradually his reluctant nod began to vex us. Someone urged him:

"We all want to know about the battlefield situation. Please don't be so hesitant about answering our questions. We want to know the fate of our soldiers."

The boy lifted his head. He looked at us one by one with a careful glance, then he slowly began to speak:

"It was just three days after we had been moved into that new area. Our troops were from the Tasik base. I said that before. And we were not acquainted with the area. Because of that -- because of that -- because of that, don't be angry with me if I tell about the defeat and the smashing blow which was struck against our troops."

He was quiet again, and his eyes returned to watch us, one by one. His expression was sad. Then he continued in a cautious tone:

"I was in command of the fourth platoon."

He was quiet again. And in his face which was handsome, fear was visible; I sensed that he was afraid of being abused because he had been separated from his platoon. He was afraid of the responsibility which he had not been able to shoulder. And he was afraid that he would be held responsible for the dispersion of his platoon.

Finally he went on:

"It was pitch dark. We were guarding the second line. As usual we were laughing while on guard. If we could not have been gay while on guard duty, the dark nights would have been terribly disturbing. Death usually stalked around in the pitch dark. And before a human being is aware that death has set upon him, his soul has already departed, and in order to forget that death wanders about, we always joked. You all understand."

"Yes, we understand," we answered absent-mindedly.

"And it was on just such an evening as that -- we were joking

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at the time -- that cannon and mortars devastated our post. It was pitch dark, friend! Would it ever occur to any of you that you could fight mortar and cannon shells with rifles alone? Impossible. If you've ever fought surely you must have been in a hellish situation like that. We too had mortars and cannon. But our mortars and cannon could only be used for attacking, not for defending ourselves in stopping an attack. If you have ever been in battle, surely you can understand what I am saying. And on a dark night like that we -- all our troops -- were scattered in a foreign area. The Dutch troops advanced nearer and nearer and sprayed bullets from their automatic rifles. And you certainly understand, that when a unit is dispersed in an unknown area and that area is wrapped in pitch blackness, even a large force will split up and then when daylight comes the members of the group cannot be reassembled into their original ranks."

We understood.

"Oh," a person voiced. Just like that.

Sukria continued his tale.

"Yes, certainly you would not reproach me for being captured in this easy way. Just this once I experienced quite serious trouble on the battlefield. I strayed far from the troops. My men were unable to hold out under the spray of enemy bullets, bullets which were quite often cheap for them to shoot around -- the rout couldn't be stopped again. We were all split up. Each lost contact with his command. And I myself, friends? I arrived in an area which I had never before seen in my life nor ever visualized in my thoughts. A section of our troops broke in the direction south of the highway. Another section, to the north. Those who broke to the south were liable to meet death rather than stay alive. Those who scattered to the east and followed the highway would be wiped out by the enemy motorized troops which could travel faster. And if they had motor vehicles they could join the third line which was still intact and readied for guerrilla warfare in the long run."

"And you yourself?" we asked.

"I retreated along the road to the north. Didn't I already say that?"

We did not answer -- only glanced over his large, well muscled, obviously sturdy and lithe body with short legs like the Japanese.

"That night I went alone in the darkness. Sometimes I fell into the wet rice field irrigation ditches. And once I splashed accidentally into a swamp filled with mud and broken Gendjer leaves. If at that time I had not grabbed hold of a log which was floating in the swamp with one end caught on the bank, I

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would have disappeared to the bottom of the swamp. I don't know where the log floated from in the swamp, When you are in a large muddy buffalo wallow and the mud is thick, you will be sucked down to the bottom. Even though you are a champion swimmer you cannot free yourself from the grip of the mud. Each time you move a part of your body, the grip will become tighter, so that you will eventually disappear beneath the surface of the water."

"Yes," continued a friend, "I once hunted Dutch troops who were patrolling the edge of the swamp. We surprised them with machine gun fire. Without hesitating all of them rushed into the swamp together, guns and all. But their guns were of no use in their struggle against the mud. And we saw them "dance" in the swamp, gradually sink -- and finally disappear. Yes, disappeared without ever going back to their homeland."

But no one was interested in the tale of our old friend. We were more interested in the events of our homeland which had just taken place.

"What happened next?" asked someone.

"I was free from the grip of the mud. But my gun was gone. I could not possibly search for it in the darkness of the night. But I felt grateful because I wasn't to die yet. With mud-covered clothes, I continued to walk along the narrow walls of the wet rice field. Sometimes I fell. Fortunately my pistol was still secure in its holster. And of its bullets, friends, only nine remained. Not enough to protect myself. I continued to walk. I came upon a large house which stood silent in the night. I knocked on the door, but there was no sign of life. Then I lay down at a corner of the house. The night disappeared unnoticed. And morning, holding thousands of possibilities, came. I got up again and walked -- but walked without knowing where I was going to end up. There was only one thing I recalled, I did not want to walk in a westerly direction. It was there that the Dutch troops were posted. And if I went there somehow I would be in greater danger. I didn't know about Djakarta and its circumstances."

"Hunger was gnawing at my stomach. A farmer whose house was located in the center of the extensive area -- all alone -- gave me food. I also found three men of my troops there. But they were from another battalion and I did not know them. I asked the farmer, 'Where is Rengasdengklok, Pop?' Because that was the only place I could recall and had once gone there. 'Rengasdengklok, son? To the east. Straight to the east. But those boys had better hide their pistols in their shirts.' And we four continued to walk. The farmer supplied us with 10 kilos of tapé which was intended for liquor to be sold in the city.

"On the trip, friends, when we got thirsty from the sun of the wet rice fields which was quite hot, one of us climbed a coconut tree and we drank its juice until full. And only coconut milk is good. But, friends, -- but...."

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He was quiet again. He looked us over again, one by one. Then bowed his head. Sorrow was pictured clearly in his expression and his eyes became moist.

"But," we continued.

"But, friends, the coconut milk which we drank was actually not so very good. I myself had not yet touched the tape which had been given us. But the three friends ate it as they walked along. Do you know what happened? The three friends got a terrific stomach ache. Perhaps you don't realize how bad it was. They writhed on the ground, their bodies all doubled up in pain. Only I was still well. But I could not do anything. I did not know the disease. I did not know how to remedy it."

"I saw the stomachs of the three getting bigger and bigger. You can't imagine how big. I thought they would explode. And their faces became blue. Blue, friends. Yes, possibly you do not believe just how blue a person's face can get. Their bodies also became feeble. They died in the middle of a deserted field. And I....I wept, friends. Yes, I wept."

And Sukria wept again. He remembered his friends who had died in a strange area. And we too were touched by the flowing tears. Unmistakably, the strongly muscled body concealed sensitive feelings. I recalled a friend who had a physique like Sukria's. At the time the fighting had just ended, a friend died in battle hit by a machine gun bullet. The bullet struck his steel helmet at a 45 degree angle, penetrated it and went through his brain. He died. Yes, he died. We got on a Red Cross railway car together with the corpse. And the aforementioned friend shook the body of the corpse and said, "Hey, Daeng, hey." Of course the corpse couldn't answer. And the friend continued with his talking. "Why don't you want to speak?" And the other friends laughed uproariously because of his act. I too. And that friend later said, "So your girl friend you're just going to leave her like that?" The men laughed uproariously. "If so I am willing to take your place and take over your responsibility." And again the boisterous laughter increased. But Sukria was having bitter thoughts of his three friends who had died from tape and coconut milk.

"And then, friend?" we asked.

"And then they died -- the three of them. I put them in a row on the soil of a fallow paddy field. Their stomachs were swollen all out of proportion, as if they were pumped up. The only thing I could do for them was to search their pockets and collect their papers which I would perhaps later need to make a report to their basic unit and their families. They were without weapons. And I do not understand why they were unarmed."

He was quiet again. Then he sighed. But somewhat later he continued to speak very slowly.

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"But...." He was quiet.

"But...," we prompted.

"The papers were confiscated."

"Yes, confiscated. And I cannot recall the names and places of birth or the addresses of their families. I cannot remember any more."

"It's a shame," we interrupted.

"Yes, they will just disappear. Vanish just like that. And there's no one in this world, other than I, who knows whether they are alive or dead. Perhaps they left dependents behind. Perhaps they left a child, or two or three, who are motherless. Perhaps they have mothers and fathers who have no other family. I don't know. But their deaths make a bitter memory which remains etched in my thoughts. Yes, sometimes people die like animals -- or even sadder than an animal. And they died not as soldiers. They died vainglorіously. I am a soldier, friends. And to die on the battlefield is a necessity -- a matter which is already calculated. But a soldier who dies from tapé and coconut milk! Oh...."

Spontaneously person after person of us each bent his head paying a silent tribute to the soldiers who had died from tapé and coconut milk. I visualized three corpses with stomachs like tubs and their mouths expelling hard liquor gas.

"And you?" we asked.

"And I, friends -- after giving final honors I walked on again with their papers which now have been confiscated. At dusk I came to the bank of a stream. I didn't know its name. And I couldn't get across. I asked two men who were walking along carrying a briefcase where Rengasdengklok was. And they had a short discussion, then answered, 'Come along, we'll take you there.' And they accompanied me. They walked along behind me. When we approached a row of shrubbery, they suddenly attacked me. And a fight began."

He was quiet again. His eyes lit up with anger. Blood suffused his face. And we believed him because of the change in his appearance.

"They wanted to take my pistol."

He laughed challengingly, a laugh which we did not expect to come forth from his mouth. And we were anxious to hear the story of the struggle.

"One of them held my body, but I was stronger. I threw him into a dry paddy field. One of the men pulled out his machete. Just so near, friends."

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"And your pistol?" we questioned eagerly.

"I couldn't use it. Absolutely impossible. The distance was too close, and I didn't have an opportunity to draw it from my holster. But I learned pentjak and jiu-jitsu a long time ago. I got possession of the machete quite easily and threw it far away. And the two men attacked together with all their strength. It was not too dangerous for me. Just then I had an opportunity to draw my pistol. They put up their hands. I took their papers out of their pockets. And from the contents of their pockets, found out that they were youths of the PRP from Bogor. I ordered one of them to advance and I shot him in the head. The other man begged for mercy. But I shot him too. The two of them died by my beloved pistol. You know, friends, I love that pistol very much. I got it in a man-to-man fight with a Dutch soldier whom I caught isolated from his unit while on patrol. For that reason I love that weapon very much. Yes, they died."

We laughed, happy and satisfied.

"And their deaths were more ignoble than the deaths of the three soldiers. And I am satisfied with my action."

We laughed again. But Sukria did not laugh. He was still as serious as before. He continued:

"But the consequences of the shooting did not end there. Suddenly I was surrounded by enemy troops."

Hearing this we could no longer sit quietly. Simultaneously we lifted our heads and watched him. He was watching us, one by one. And many other friends gathered around to listen.

"They shouted, 'Throw away your pistol! Raise your hands!' But I didn't throw away my pistol. The pistol which I loved would defend my soul. They began to shoot. I could not yet see their faces. I dropped to the ground. The only protection I had was a fallen log which wasn't very high. And they poured their shots over me. But I was not hit. And I thought, they haven't had much training yet in how to shoot. Just then their faces became visible and they approached me in a crouching position. If I'm not mistaken, there were five men. Just at that time I used my beloved pistol. I shot once. Twice. Three times. But...."

"But," we urged impatiently.

"But...my pistol. Oh, my pistol was jammed."

And the story released its grip on our minds. We sighed deeply and Sukria also sighed.

"Then?"

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"Then -- I didn't shoot any more. I didn't shoot any more, but I saw two of those soldiers sprawled on the ground. I quickly threw my pistol as far as I could. And I do not know where I threw it. Perhaps even into the water of the stream behind me. I don't know. Then I surrendered."

"What a pity."

And we sighed again.

"I can't forget what a rough going over I got. At first, kicks with the boots which accompanied the interrogation. Then I heard them say gruffly, 'One by one they entered the trap here. We got a lot of your friends. Where's the weapon?' And I answered briefly, 'I don't have any weapon.' They began kicking again and kicked my shins. One of them kicked my shins very hard. They felt like they were broken. I couldn't stand any longer and fell to the ground."

He rolled up his pants' leg. And we could see evidence of bruises from the blows on his leg: black and blue.

"This is the evidence," he said. He rolled his trousers leg back down. "And they urged, 'Who fired the shot just now if not you?' 'I don't know. I didn't shoot. Perhaps another person was shooting.' And I was stepped upon again and again. I don't remember any more. When I opened my eyes again, I was behind some small bushes. Several prisoners of war were sitting on the grass under threatening guns. Their pockets were being examined one by one. A man was being interrogated. 'From what troops?' And the man answered, 'From the demolition troops.' Then the man was dragged off. To where, I do not know. Then sounds of shots were heard not far from the place. The man who dragged him off came back again. But the man who was dragged off did not. When night was beginning to fall, another man was interrogated, 'What rank?' And he answered, 'Private.' But his papers said that he was a first lieutenant. And some one dragged him off. Shots followed. Thus it continued. And I thought, I too will follow them to hell. But my papers said that I was a sergeant. I could live. And I was placed in the prison at Purwakarta."

"Purwakarta has already fallen then?" we asked.

"A week after Purwakarta fell, I was sent there. Only there I was tied up in their barracks. Later on I was carried here."

The story was finished. And one by one the men left. Several men stayed and asked that certain portions of the story which had attracted their attention be repeated and enlarged upon, clarified more and lengthened.

Finally the quiet friend became accustomed to the situation of the prison. His seriousness disappeared. The sadness caused

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by the deaths of the three friends who had died from the tapé and coconut milk had vanished. He too became carefree like the rest of us. Every day we saw him recounting his experiences. And his story became old stuff; it no longer attracted attention and gradually became nauseating.

At first the men who were newly arrived at the prison bringing exciting news, always compelled the admiration of the men who had never raised a gun or who had used a weapon but had never experienced anything extraordinary. But finally even those exceptional men became commonplace.

And if he dared to repeat his story before a person who had once heard it or had never heard it, he would be regarded as a braggart, to be despised and laughed at behind his back.

One story which is never tiring is a story concerning the relationship of men and women. One can easily understand why. Most prisoners of war are young men and there are no females.

Stories which are boring always cling to the mind. They usually come out again when men are lying around on their backs on their concrete berth. And when the stories that are heard and are boring do not disappear completely from the mind, men begin to pry for mistakes, inconsistencies, stupidity and lies. Then during another discussion, such inconsistencies, mistakes, stupidities and lies are exposed. When the one who told the story cannot maintain the veracity of his story, he becomes a victim -- he becomes laughed at. Consequently, he becomes quiet, afraid and timid. Of course, there are also people who defend themselves with the words: if you don't believe me, just ask so-and-so. And strength like this gives rise to jokes which go from mouth to mouth. There are not a few who don't mind, on the contrary, they even join in in making fun of themselves and their stories.

Then all become mixed together, noisy and enjoyable. The Dutch don't lose much by the amusements of the prisoners. The Republic as well loses nothing. And the prisoners themselves lose nothing. But unconsciously the lifetimes of the prisoners are wasted in vain on a lump of earth within the confines of the high, thick, brick walls.

Translated by Robert C. Bishton

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VANISHED CHILDHOOD

By Pramoedya Ananta Toer

The Lusi River flows in a semi-circle around the southern half of the small township of Blora. During the dry season, the river bed, which is covered with stones, gravel, mud and sand, bobs up through the water and is exposed to the sky. At that time there are parts of the river where the water is only a few feet deep. But with the arrival of the rainy season the greenish waters turn yellow, thick and muddy and the forest-covered mountains are shrouded in clouds and the sun does not appear for forty or fifty hours. The water level rises in uncontrollable leaps, sometimes up to twenty yards, at times beyond that. And the otherwise calmly flowing river becomes turbulent and runs amuck. It carries away the bamboo bushes alongside its banks, just like young children pulling out grass. The river undermines its banks, and washes away parts of the arable land of the people.

The Lusi River is eroding its own banks.

In this life a swift current sometimes carries away man and human destiny and without his knowing loses part of his life.

From the front of our house the dark green tops of bamboo bushes were visible. When the wind blew they swayed gracefully. Sometimes their lowly whistling was audible in the rushing of the wind. When I was a child, seeing and hearing this frightened me. Then I would quickly run to my mother's lap and cry.

Even now I can still hear my mother asking me, "And why are you crying?" And her hand which was no longer soft as it had been when she was girl caressed my flat cheek. And in my baby-talk I answered between sobs:

"Mother, the bamboo is crying."

Then mother lifted me up on her lap and ventured to say: "It isn't crying, no, it's actually singing."

And then she sang tender songs which always made my fear, sorrow and anger over something disappear. She sang a folksong from our area. Her soft sweet voice and her humming often put me to sleep. Sometimes when she was singing I would caress her wind-tousled hair and I would play with her ears which were adorned with diamond pendants. And then, after a while, I could hear her voice, ending the song by saying: "You're drowsy, let me put you to bed."

And I would open my eyes as wide as possible so as to enjoy my mother's singing longer. But I could not keep my eyelids open any more.

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But all this has passed. It has disappeared, just like the steep banks and the bamboo bushes which have been carried away by the swollen waters of the Lusi. And I am powerless to stem this vast stream which nature has turned loose upon mankind. Only too well can I sense how easily man can be set aground and put adrift again by the waves of time, from one place to another, from one sentiment to the next.

I still remember the day when I dreamed that I had found a penny. When I opened my eyes my fist was tightly closed for fear I would lose the coin which I had found in my dream. I got up quickly and ran to my mother. Happily, I cried, "Mother, mother, I've found a penny."

Then I saw my mother smile, because she, too, was happy. "Where did you find it? Where is it?"

I held out my fist toward her and shouted in happiness, "Here! Here!"

Then I opened my hand. But it was empty. And again mother asked, in her sweet voice, "Where?"

I stood dumbfounded by shock and disappointment, because the money I had found in my dream was no longer in my hand. And I cried with disappointment. I felt a great emptiness within me. But I heard my mother laugh. She said consolingly, "You just woke up. You had a dream. So don't cry." But disappointment bordering on the feeling of being completely lost still kept spinning around in my head, and I continued crying. Mother wiped my tears with a corner of her kebaja. "Quiet, quiet now," she again said to me. Then she produced a half-penny from the fold of her belt and put it in my hand. I was silent while I played with the half-penny and while my disappointment was still partly with me.

"It's already late," mother said, "go and have your bath. Ask Nji Kin to bathe you." I got up from my mother's lap, but I didn't go to ask to be bathed. I saw mother's face cloud and in a stern voice she said: "Go on!"

This tone of finality made me get up and slowly walk towards Nji Kin in the kitchen. Behind me I could hear the warning voice, "Hurry up. It's getting late."

I dared not cry at the severe tone of her voice. Slowly I went to Nji Kin in the kitchen and asked her to give me my bath. Even now I can still visualize Nji Kin. She was one of those many women in this world who had married a man she had not known beforehand.

In that marriage she had contracted syphilis, a disease which eventually made her abhor men. This disease had separated husband and wife, each going his own way. It had also made her lose one of the joints in her foot, had eaten away one eyeball and had completely destroyed her beauty. She dragged one foot when she walked. During the day she had very little time to feel sorry about her fate. The

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daily routine occupied the greater part of her attention. Only at night, when weariness would not let her fall asleep, would it happen every now and then that she would regret the loss of all that she once possessed.

At the time when Nji Kin became a maid in our household she already looked that way. She had no children. The disease had seized her before she could have any children. This was why she loved me so much. I can still feel her affection whenever I think of her. Nji Kin, so beautiful at one time, had fallen a victim to her own beauty. At times she stroked my cheeks as if she were caressing her own child who had never been born. And I still recall that she used to hide her face behind a slendang while carrying me around. All of a sudden she would quickly pull it aside, then: 'boo'. She often repeated it and I found this little game extremely funny. I would laugh with joy, and so would she. Yet the slendang often covered her eyes for a long time and was not pulled away. When I jerked at the slendang, a deathly pale face became visible, revealing an expression which reflected the agony of the world. Her eyes were red. Then she would quickly press her cheek against mine for some time; she was longing for the children to whom she had never given birth. Nji Kin was saving part of her wages. Almost half of it she used for buying food. And that food was for me. Later on I found out that my mother was paying her eighty cents a month. Just like my mother, Nji Kin told me stories. But the difference was, that mother was always telling me stories about war heroes from the Near East, while Nji Kin used to talk about the life of pre-historic animals, animals which could talk and found empires in the jungles. I cannot recall exactly whether she told me all of that when I was two years old, or a few years later. Often Nji Kin would mention in her stories that in former times human beings had been so pure they could even understand the language of the animals. But now, she would say, people are full of sin. Now they only like to get their fellow-beings into all sorts of misery. And this was why they could no longer understand the language of the animals. At one time she also told me of her own experiences as a child, when she was a few years older than I then was. I was always asking her to repeat that story and she always did so. Full of admiration and in amazement I would listen to her. This is how the story went:

She was still tiny at that time. The Regent who ruled over the Regency of Blora was a man by the name of Ndoro Kangkjeng Said. On one occasion our town experienced an extraordinarily heavy rainy season. The Lusi overflowed its banks. Our quiet, peaceful town was flooded with yellow, muddy water. And because the alun-alun was situated on the highest spot in town, it formed an island in the middle of the broad sea.

The waters drove the inhabitants of the area toward this spot. They came with their children, buffaloes and cows. Anyone who was not quick enough was carried away by the waters toward the mouth of the river. The rainfall continued to pour down. The Regent's house was crowded with people. Soon the Regent could be seen coming out of his house, whip in hand. He lashed at the water

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which was then licking the base of the alun-alun, at the same time pronouncing a magic formula. Slowly, but surely, the waters began to recede and to return to the river bed.

To this day I still recall most accurately how the story went. I heard it at least twenty times over and over again and I used to listen full of attention. She would recount the crying of the babies in the rain. She described the behavior of the Regent with his leash and the manner in which the people surrendered themselves to him. The way in which people were squatting together in orderly fashion to ask for his blessings. This story used to fill me with admiration for Ndoro Kangdjeng. He was dead before I was born. Nevertheless the fame of Ndoro Kangdjeng, the Regent, continued to live on in the memory of the older generation of our town.

Other, and no less fascinating, stories of Nji Kin's dealt with god- or ghost-like creatures who roamed around at night and during the day, catching people unawares. She could also tell about a train of clouds -- she was relating an incident from the Ramayana -- and behind those clouds was Dasamuka who had abducted the princess Sita, locked in mortal combat with Djataju who tried to thwart the abduction. She would tell the stories while looking at the white clouds above. She often told about the heroes from the Mahabharata too. All her stories were simple and beautiful and I did understand bits of it. I was amazed at how terrific people of olden times used to be, just as people nowadays forget their own times in admiration for a world past.

If I was unable to sleep at night and had crying spells, my mother would calm me by softly tapping my thigh. Then she would say some sweet words to me. Sometimes she used to sing folk tunes, or Dutch or Arabic songs. But her clear voice did not always sound beautiful to me, especially when I was in a bad temper. Yes, even a child can be in a bad mood.

Important moments can only with difficulty be erased from one's memory, and that's also true of children. And this memory will be with you all your life.

I can still recall that I used to cry continually in those days. Our house being at a great distance from the power network, it was dark indoors after nightfall. Mother took me outside. The dew made me feel cold and weak. And the chilliness of the dew also calmed down my temper. Perhaps I had been feverish. On the porch mother kissed me and whispered in her tender and soft voice, "My darling, why are you always crying? Don't you know that your mother is tired from her work all day long? Go to sleep, darling. Tomorrow will be a new day, with a new sky, new sun, and new air. Then you'll be able to play to your heart's content again, my darling!" At that moment, the caress in her voice was truly soothing to my feelings. I embraced my mother and sobbed against her bosom. She pressed her breast against my face and I heard a beating inside. Then I heard her singing again. I was no longer rebellious. The coolness of the night dew only enhanced the pleasant sound of mother's song. After that I lost track of things. When I opened

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my eyes again, the sun stood high in the sky: it was the new day which Mother had promised. A new day with a new sky, new air and with a new song as well.

But all this belongs to the past now. It has escaped from sensory perception so it can reign forever in my memory.

I still remember that at that time Nji Kin fell ill. Yes, she was ill, the children said. And she left without telling me. I went round looking for her everywhere, but I could not find her. I started crying and could not stop. I must have cried some two hours. Mother consoled me with a pisang susu, but I could not restrain my sobbing. I had an empty feeling inside me. Mother kept repeating, "Nji Kin's gone home, my darling. Nji Kin is ill. When Nji Kin is ill, you must not get close to her, otherwise you, too, will fall ill."

But these consoling words could not compensate for the emptiness within me. I kept on crying. From sheer fatigue I finally fell asleep. When I woke up, I felt that emptiness still there. And again I started crying. My tears kept streaming down; it was rather similar to Nji Kin's missing eyeball which constantly emitted some kind of fluid which she wiped with her slendang. The sense of emptiness decreased, however, as time went on. I was occupied with new interests. Every now and then I would remember Nji Kin and then I would ask mother, "Why hasn't Nji Kin returned yet?"

"She's still ill."

At that time I didn't know that Nji Kin's house was only seven houses from ours. But I was satisfied with that remark. Later on I heard from mother herself why Nji Kin had left us; she had stolen spices from the kitchen. Mother would not tolerate such a thing in her house.

Nji Kin was replaced by a rather young woman. I was three at the time and now had a one-year old sister. I usually woke up at five o'clock in those days, the reason being that mother slept with my little sister and I with the babu. To get things ready in the kitchen she had to be up at five a.m. Fried rice had to be cooked for the children who were going to school. They were either children boarding with us or my father's foster children. We would both sit in front of the brazier while the rice was being fried. And whenever there was a nice, dry piece of crust, I'd ask babu for it. I no longer recall her name. But, like Nji Kin, she loved me too. She was a peasant girl and had been married to a peasant. Once when the harvest failed, they separated and each went his own way.

I still have a very vivid picture in my mind as to what I experienced with the new babu when I was three or four years old. Our kitchen was separated from the living quarters. Its roof was a mere piece of sheet metal, slightly curved, which was placed on top of the kitchen frame. This type of roof is called bekuk lulang or corrugated iron. Viewed from the kitchen two triangular apertures were visible at each end of the roof. In one of those

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apertures I used to see all sorts of strange things when I was a little boy. However, the older I became and the stranger the things I saw, the less frequently they appeared and eventually failed to return. At five in the morning the world outside looked black from the kitchen which was illuminated by the fire in the brazier. It was the more black because we were sitting in front of this fire. I saw an enormous head appear, looking in through that triangular hole. And the opening measured two yards across. I saw its beard and eyebrows and its white mustache, while the face was black, blacker even than the night outside. Silently I gazed at that enormous face while nibbling my crust of fried rice. The head appeared every morning. Once I pointed to the head and said to the babu, "Look! Look! That big head's looking at me again!"

Usually the babu would look up towards the opening in the roof and then generally just laugh and say in her disinterested voice, "I can't see anything. What are you seeing again?"

"A head -- a very big head."

"I can't see anything of the kind. What does it look like?"

"Black. I can really see it, black!"

Usually I would not try to convince her. These conversations always stopped right there. The babu washed the dishes and I stirred the nasi-goreng with a metal scoop which produced tinkling sounds. This sound was music to my ears. The odor of the rice pressed to form a crust rose up fragrantly. On one occasion I told mother what I had seen. Mother did not want to pay any attention to me. She even became cross and grumbled. She looked at me with angry eyes. "Who has told you about these devils?"

Then I knew the word 'devil". And I asked, "So it was a devil?"

"Who's been telling you these things?"

"I saw him myself, Mom."

Then I told her what I often saw in the triangular opening in the roof. Mother listened carefully. I went on to tell her what I had seen. I omitted certain parts. I also added to my story with the fantasy of a child. Finally she said, "You're just being childish. You mustn't tell a story."

"I'm not telling a story," I said.

"Who taught you to fib?"

I looked my mother in the eyes. The serious expression they reflected made me speechless.

"Who was it?" Mother insisted. "Nji Kin? The new babu? Who did it?"

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"I saw him myself, Mom."

Then she asked the babu who said: "Every morning he sees the devil in the opening of the roof and then he tells me about it. I myself don't believe him. I've never seen it."

"You must not tell him such stories," my mother finally said.

"No, ma'am, I never have."

"Don't fill him with nonsense. And remember, you mustn't scare him."

"No, ma'am, I never do that."

From that time on I never told anyone about what I saw in the roof opening, not even mother. But on one occasion something far more terrible took place. That morning we -- the new maid and I -- were sitting in front of the kitchen fire as usual. I again saw the head peeping inside. I looked at the head in silence. But all of a sudden the head disappeared and a monkey as large as myself jumped through the hole and immediately began to chase the babu who ran around the kiln with its eight receptacles. By the dim light of the fire I saw her face distorted with fear. Yet she did not yell or call out for help. She just kept on running. I could not understand why she did not scream for help. Now and then the animal brushed against my body, but it did not do me any harm. It was only out to grab the babu. Both kept running round and round. One wanting to catch and the other fearing to be caught. Suddenly the monkey disappeared. I don't know where it went. I saw the babu squat down from exhaustion. Her face was still moving from fright. I quietly observed her. And when she stood up again the ground at her feet had a wet spot the size of a dinner plate. "Did you wet that spot?" I asked. The babu looked at the liquid which reflected the light of the kitchen fire. Then she fetched some ashes, sprinkled them on the spot and disappeared.

This experience really distressed me profoundly. I felt I had to tell it to someone. I felt uneasy so long as others did not know about it. When the other children woke up I hurried to them. But when I saw that mother was also up I lost all desire to talk about it. I did not dare to. I knew mother would say I was fibbing.

The house was quiet again. The children had left for school and father had gone too. The new babu said to mother, "Ma'am, I am quitting today."

"Why? Don't you like it here?"

"Oh, I like it all right, but...," and she did not continue. Mother did not press the point further. And that same night the babu left our place never to return. I would like to have related what had happened to the babu, but I did not dare to. Thus her

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departure made no impression on our family. Not until years later did I have the courage to tell mother what had happened and she said: "That was the neighbor's monkey which had escaped that morning."

As a matter of fact our neighbors did have a male monkey. But that was years after that morning's event. Once there was a big commotion: Pak Suro's monkey had attacked Si Inem. Pak Suro was busy fixing a dagger at one end of a bamboo pole and tried to impale the animal. The monkey parried the thrusts, jumped around and evaded the thrusts. But finally he was caught in a leash and his belly pierced. A big crowd went along to see his corpse tossed into the river. The big monkey that chased the babu, and also that big head with its eyebrows, beard and mustache has disappeared now -- disappeared like the banks and bamboo bushes which have been carried along by the swollen waters of the Lusi.

My father was a teacher in a private school. When, in the morning, he was about to leave for school and I would see him, I would quickly ask whether I might go with him. As a rule father would not permit it. And I would cry. The emptiness of life made me cry and mother and father would sweetly say to me: "When you have grown up you may go to school."

"Really mother, yes? Yes, father, yes?"

"Of course. You will go to school all the way to the University. In Surabaya, Batavia or Europe."

And when I felt better again, father would kiss me on both cheeks. Then he would walk calmly away. Sometimes, however, I would run after him and mother would chase after me and bring me back. And I would cry again. But if mother was quite insistent in her refusal, I did not dare protest.

I still remember what it was like when father was not at home. Wherever I went I used to pull along behind me an empty paint can to which mother had fastened an axle and a piece of string. There was something impelling hidden in the rotating tin can with its cling-clang sound which increased my cheerfulness. But all that has disappeared, just like the banks and the bamboo bushes which were washed away by the Lusi River.

Usually father came home from school in a happy mood. First he would call to my little sister and then to me. Only after he had kissed us would he go to his room to change and join mother at the dinner table. I would join in the meal while standing next to mother. From time to time mother would feed me tidbits from her plate. When I received a bite I would run to and fro until I had chewed and swallowed it.

"Does it taste good?" father would ask on those occasions.

"Oh, nice," I would answer with a laugh.

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Father ate far too little. Usually he only took half a plate and only rarely did he finish the rice which mother had served on his plate. Before father had gotten up from the table I would already be sleepy from eating too much. Father would stir me by saying: "Hey, son, you're sleepy again. Go lie down!" Only then would I realize that I was nodding and sleepy. Mother used to take me to bed. She patted my thighs until I fell asleep. Though my eyes were heavy with sleep I could still see the row of small teeth looking just like cucumber seeds. And her rather slanting eyes shone with affection.

But all this has gone, washed away. Only a beautiful memory remains which approaches the wonder of human life.

Mother was a pious woman. She was the daughter of a penghulu, but I cannot recall what grandfather looked like. Unless she was pregnant, she never failed to perform her prayers in a bright white prayer gown. When she prayed, only her face and fingers were visible. Sometimes her hand would reach out for her tasbih. I never dared go near her when she was dressed like that. I would wait for her outside the room until she had finished her prayer.

"Why do people pray, Mom?" I once asked her.

"In order to receive God's grace," she replied, "so that people who have sinned can return to the path of righteousness. So that you'll be blessed forever. Later, when you're grown up, you'll understand all right why people do it. You're still too little now. You'd better go play."

I never inquired into these matters again.

Sometimes when night had fallen before father returned home, mother's voice would waken me as she recited Koranic verses in a clear voice and with a rhythm that was moving -- like a night of complete stillness. Just as she had a good voice for singing, so she also had a lovely voice for reciting the Koran. If father still had not returned home by the early morning hours, mother would continue reciting. On one occasion I got up and went to her. I asked: "It's so late and you're still reciting."

Mother took me on her lap. But she did not say anything. She kissed me. Even now I can feel the warmth of her breath when she pressed her nose against my cheek. Mother continued reciting, but her voice was hoarse and halting.

"Why do you keep on praying?" I asked again.

"So that your father will always be safe, always protected from sin. So that you will be blessed. Aren't you going back to sleep?"

"Why hasn't father come home yet?"

Mother answered this question with a kiss which she quite

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firmly pressed on my cheek. But she said nothing.

"Where's father, Mom?" I again asked.

"Father's at work."

"This late at night?"

"Yes, father's very busy."

"When is he coming, Mom?"

"When you get up, father will be home. Now go back to sleep, son." And she took me back to bed. For a short while I heard her singing a lullaby. When I woke up I heard her still praying. I wanted to ask her again whether father had already returned home, but I could not get up. I fell asleep again. I dreamed about father and mother and my one year-old sister.

When I woke up in the morning I called mother and asked her, "Where's father, Mom?"

"Father's already gone to school again."

"Did father come home this morning?"

"Yes, he did. Before he left, he took a look at you, gave you a kiss and left for school again."

"Why doesn't father stay home to play with me, Mom?"

"Father has to earn money for all of us, to buy clothes and food for all of us."

I didn't ask any more.

When father returned from school at noon time, I rushed up to him and asked: "Why didn't you come home last night, father? I woke up in the middle of the night, but you hadn't returned yet."

Father forced a laugh. I saw his face show a studied gaiety. Mother sat bent over on a chair.

"Mother was praying all night, father. She kept reciting the Koran."

His affected laughter suddenly disappeared.

"Why don't you like to stay home and play with me, father?"

Father laughed again, but no longer forcedly. He still did not want to answer my question. Then we sat down at the dinner table. During the meal I again asked him: "Could I go with you at night, father?" Father again laughed. Later he said: "You're still small, my son. When you're grown up you won't have to go

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with anyone. Then you may go wherever you please." Suddenly I felt that being young was an obstacle. Nevertheless I danced with joy over this promise.

"May I go to grandma's house all on my own, dad?"

"Of course you may. But not just yet. You're still too small now."

"Come now, you mustn't ask so many questions." Mother said. "Father is tired and wants to sleep. And you must go to sleep."

All this, too, has been washed away, never to return again.

I still recall quite clearly an occasion on which I felt frightened at being with mother. It was on a Sunday morning. My parents' foster children -- actually, they were not real foster children, but had simply been entrusted to my parents' care -- had gone on a walk to a place where the young people of our little town, Blora, used to amuse themselves. It was quiet in the house. Only mother, my little sister and the babu were at home. Father wasn't there either. I felt lonely and went looking for mother. I found her lying on the bed next to my little sister. My sister was asleep. Mother was staring at the top of the kelambu.

"Mother, mother!" I called.

Mother did not answer nor did she stir from her place. With great difficulty I climbed onto the bed. I saw that mother's eyes were red. Every once in a while she would wipe them with my sister's woolen blanket. Suddenly I fell silent. For a long time. I was silent from fear. Then at last I asked in a whimpering voice: "Why are you crying, Mom?"

Only then did mother look at me. She pulled me over to her and let me lie next to her.

"Why, Mom?" I asked again.

"Oh, nothing really, son."

At that moment I had to think of something beautiful -- a train trip to Rembang -- looking out across the sea, which was never quiet, and its endless seething waves chasing each other toward the beach. And the dark blue horizon almost black. Towards the coastline the sea lost its dark color. Right on the beach where the foamy crests of the waves lapped at the surface, the sea was yellow with the sand it carried. I again asked, "When will we go again by train, Mom?" Go to Rembang and look at the blue sea?" Mother was silent just as though she were sensing the soothing wind singing through the tops of the fir trees which grow all along the seacoast of Rembang.

Mother's parents lived at Rembang. Hearing the word Rembang mother suddenly began to sob. I could not understand it and asked, "Why are you crying, Mom?"

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She got up and kissed me again and again. I could feel her cool tears on my cheek. Then mother, suppressing a sob, said very softly, "Soon we'll be leaving Blora, my darling, and we'll then live in Rembang for good."

"Why for good, mother?"

"Don't you like looking at the sea, my darling?"

"Very much, mother! Naturally I'll love living near the sea for a long time. When are we going, Mom?" I asked happily.

But my happiness made mother cry all the harder. Then she said, "Soon."

"Very soon, Mother?"

"I don't know. I don't know. But would you like to live in Rembang, my darling?" Mother again wiped her tears away with my little sister's blanket.

"Of course, Mother. And father?"

Mother started when she heard me say that. I looked straight in her eyes which suddenly stopped moving, became rigid and stared at me. I didn't know why. But mother's stare made me suddenly feel scared. All of a sudden I started to cry loudly. Mother quickly kissed me and said tenderly, "There, don't cry, my darling." But even before I had stopped crying, my little sister, startled by my crying, began to scream. Mother quieted my little sister. Then she asked, "You love father, don't you?" Tearfully I answered in the affirmative. Quickly mother said, "Father's coming too to look at the sea with you." She became silent again and continued to nurse my sister. She did not say another word. There was a worried look in her eyes. Her glance moved from one place to another. She was trying to make up her mind about something. I too kept quiet. In my mind I was seeing the blue sea, the brick pier jutting out into the sea, the dark blue horizon, the foam crests lapping the beach. We were silent for a long time. Suddenly: "Why did you scream?"

"I don't want to go to Rembang without father. I like it here better, with all of you. Where's father, Mom?"

"Father's gone. To work."

I repeated the question I had asked her before.

"Why doesn't father want to stay home and play with me, Mom?"

"Father has a lot of work to do."

"Is father going to be always working, Mom?"

"Yes," she said. When she said that I had a funny feeling

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inside me, but I did not know what the feeling was. I stopped crying completely. Not a sob was left. I asked again, "Why were you crying just now, Mother?"

Mother did not reply. She merely asked with resignation in her voice, "Have you already eaten?"

"Oh yes, but I'll eat again with you when father comes home later on. I think it's a lot of fun to eat all together. But it does take a long time, and father hasn't come yet. Do you think father will be coming tonight, Mom?"

"Perhaps. He may come."

"Did father come home last night, Mom?" I again asked.

"Yes, father came home last night. But you were asleep by then. You didn't know about it. Father went to see you in your bed and kissed you four times."

I laughed contentedly.

"Did you pray again last night, Mother?"

As I asked the question I dimly recalled hearing her reciting the Koran.

"No, last night I crocheted. You were already asleep. Father was reading. The other children were asleep too. You'd better go to sleep now."

"You will wake me up when father comes, won't you, Mom?"

"We-l-l."

I kept quiet after that and did not ask any more questions. I saw that mother had finished nursing my sister. After that she quietly lay down on the bed and gazed fixedly at the top of the kelambu which had dark spots caused by rainwater seeping through the leaky roof. I did not say anything nor did mother. I saw her eyes getting red again. But I did not say a single word. Finally I fell asleep.

When I woke up, mother was still lying by my side, silently gazing at the top of the kelambu. But her eyes were no longer red. I asked before I got up, "Has father come, Mom?"

I saw mother start. She half turned around to look at me. My little sister was still sleeping at her side.

"Not yet, my darling. You've slept for a long time. Come on, get up now. Go ask the babu to bathe you."

But I could no longer restrain my desire to see father and I asked, "Father, father, where's father, Mom?"

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"Father will come soon, my dear. Take your bath first. When you've finished father will be here." Then suddenly the stern tone crept back into her voice, as usual. "Come on, now, go ask the babu to give you your bath!"

But this time I did not care about the severity in mother's voice.

"Where's father, Mom?" I whimpered.

"Father's at work," mother said, still sternly. "Go have your bath." I didn't pay any attention to mother's words. All of a sudden her severity disappeared. She kissed me very fondly. She got out of bed, picked me up and placed me on the floor. Then she said, full of tenderness and while kissing me, "Father will come soon. Go have your bath first, son. When you've had your bath, father can play with you and give you lots of kisses. Go have your bath now. It's already late. When father comes I'll call you. Hurray, take your bath."

The affection in her voice sufficed to conquer my rebelliousness. Very slowly I went to the babu and asked her to bathe me. After the bath father still had not come. The gap I felt in my existence made me cry. I would not listen to promises and refused the food placed before me. I ignored all attempts to soothe and console me. I pushed away the food which was offered me. Father did not come that night either. I cried ceaselessly. The emptiness I felt gradually made me more and more desperate. In my crying I was tireless. In the evening mother took me outside. But the cool evening air had no influence on the void which made me feel lost. I well knew that mother was cross with my crying. She did not allow her moods to influence her love for me. Once in a while mother's voice became stern with irritation. But I kept on crying. Then she spoke sweetly again. I continued to call for father. It was already dark outside by then. While I cried I could hear my mother mention the Lord's name and ask his forgiveness. I just went on crying, tearfully calling for father. It was pitch dark outside. Mother never frightened me. Whenever I cried she used to show authority or bring to bear all the love she was capable of. This time, however, it was all to no avail.

Then I heard mother call one of the foster children, "Dipo! Dipo!" When he came mother said, "Go look for father."

"But where is father?"

"Go look for him, I tell you. Tell him his child is having a fit. I don't know where. But you've got to keep on looking until you've found him." Dipo disappeared in the darkness of the night.

Then mother went inside, carrying me on her hip. I forced my tears back. When father still did not come, I started to scream again. I still remember it vaguely. It was three in the morning. I still remember that mother took me to the front room. She took

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the wall lamp along and let its light fall on the wall clock in the front room. She said with bitterness in her voice, "It's already three." Then mother took the lamp back again into the back room.

"Father, father!" I continually yelled.

"Father's coming immediately, my darling. Do go to sleep." But still father did not come. I kept on crying, sometimes quietly, sometimes screaming and calling for father.

At long last father did come, together with Dipo.

"Father," I yelled. I screamed several times. I don't know how many times I yelled, "Father!"

Mother went up to father. She did not say a word. She gave me to father and silently went to the bedroom. A little later she went to bed.

Father pressed me close to him. His clothes felt damp from the night-dew. Slowly but surely my crying grew less and less until it stopped altogether. I continued to sob quietly. Father said slowly, as he carried me in his arms, "My darling boy, my darling, do stop crying now. Father's home. Go to sleep, my darling. It's already midnight. Listen, do you hear the cock crowing?"

I listened in silence. I could indeed hear the crowing.

"It's morning now," he said more softly. Daybreak was quiet. Only my sobs followed one after another and they eventually disappeared. Father carried me to mother's bed. I heard mother crying in bed. She hid her face in the pillow. I saw father stroking mother's hair. But mother kept on crying, almost inaudibly. Father did not say a single word to mother. Among the three of us only the faint sobs disturbed our feelings. Then father quietly left the room again. He took me with him, outside, into the night, into the cool, dark, peaceful, quiet and lonely night.

"Why are you always crying?" he asked.

"I waited and waited, but you didn't come," I said half crying. "Mother said, 'Tonight father will come,' but he didn't."

"Father's come now, hasn't he," he said quite tenderly. "So you go to sleep now."

Father began to sing softly. His voice was deep, sweet and caressing. I remember nothing after that. But when I woke up, father was asleep by my side. His strong arms were holding me and I felt warm and cozy. For a moment I heard a cock crow and the cackle of chickens was also audible. I fell back to sleep. It was still dark outside. The glass tile above still showed dark blue, almost black.

Next morning was a free day; father did not go to school.

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When I woke up it was daylight. I went to join father and mother on the front porch. After the babu bathed me I returned to them.

I shouted, "Father, you won't be going away again, will you?"

I saw mother watching father. Father looked at me, smiling. He said, "No, today, I'm not going to work. And you won't cry any more, will you?"

I nodded. Father laughed. For just a moment I noticed a glitter in mother's eyes.

"Father, mother cried yesterday too."

I saw father watching mother. But mother said nothing. Father, too, remained silent. Then, as if nothing had happened between them, I merrily piped, "Mother says we are going to Rembang."

Again father looked at mother, but he said nothing.

"And I may come along. Sister, too. We go and watch the sea. You're coming along too, aren't you, father? Please say yes! You're coming too, aren't you?"

I saw father look at mother. Then he said to me, "Naturally I'm coming along. When are we going?"

I looked at mother. In my thin, childish voice I asked, "When are we going to Rembang, Mother?"

I noticed that mother remained silent. I realized that she could not give the answer. I saw her narrow eyes turning red. And then -- then they started to glint. Tears began to stream down her cheeks. She quickly wiped them with a corner of her kabaja. When I saw that I immediately began to cry again. I felt a lump in my throat and when mother arose from her seat and left us, I screamed even more loudly. I ran after her and grasped her sarong. I shouted, "What's the matter, mother?"

Mother picked me up, rocked me for a moment and then took me on her hip. But she still said nothing. When we reached her bed, she hid her face against my chest. Father did not come to our bed. Yes, these things are still vividly imprinted on my mind. And just like everything else, this, too, has disappeared -- just like the banks and the bamboo bushes which are being carried away by the Lusi River. It really amazes me why things that have happened once don't keep repeating themselves. Each of these continuously shifting changes sometimes does not or cannot reach human perception and so has many people in this world at its mercy.

At Lebaran time father usually bought a cart full of fireworks for all of us. I and my little sister and mother and my parents' foster children got new shirts and some money from father. The fireworks were set off and the remnants littered the yard. The neighbors' children were all over the firecrackers. I used to be

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bubbling over with excitement and joy on Lebaran. But all of this brought not a glimpse of happiness to mother's face. Mother was always in a somber mood. I also noticed that father was frequently away from home. As time went on I gradually became accustomed to father's absence and no longer was quite so intractable. It was not necessary to have father called home again until I had grown up. I did not know where father always went when he was not at school. Nor did mother ever ask him where he had been. Mother would just keep quiet when he left and say nothing when he returned, nor did I. Usually father would go into the kitchen or into the garden while mother was in the rear of the house. Once in a while I would ask him, "Where are you going, father?"

"To work," he would always reply.

"May I go with you?"

Quickly and brusquely, walking along without turning his head, father would reply, "No, later on when you're big, you may go out on your own. You'd better run along and play with your little brothers and sisters now."

I was quite satisfied with that answer.

On Lebaran mother was sitting in her chair on the front porch watching the children set off firecrackers. She did not say a word, but was muttering prayers for the Lord's blessing. Once when I came near her, she said, "You may not set off firecrackers on Lebaran. It's forbidden by our religion. Fireworks, why that's something the Chinese use for religious ceremonies. It has no place in a Moslem ceremony."

Even so, father continued to bring a cartload of fireworks every Lebaran, until one day one of his foster children had an accident. After that father never brought any more fireworks home.

Then a big event occurred. Mother's father, having twice made the pilgrimage to Mecca, died in Rembang. I no longer recall what transpired on that occasion. After mother returned to Blora she languished like someone who had suffered a great loss, like someone who had lost his haven of refuge on this earth. Her mother at Rembang was a stepmother. The week after the trip mother wept continually. She did, however, have a last refuge to resort to: religion which is so full of promises. "Dying is the duty of every human being," I once heard father say by way of comforting her.

But mother did not want to listen to that consolation. I saw mother crying even harder. Had I known how to express it at that time I would certainly have said that mother had indeed, with the exception of religion with its many promises, lost her refuge, on which she had counted in case she needed it. Later on I too suffered an irreplaceable loss in my life. And I believe that everyone suffers one such loss.

A week had passed. Had I been capable of pouring out my heart, I should certainly have said that mother thereafter resigned

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herself to the situation. Even though she saw father leave the house in the evenings, and in front of her very eyes, she did not utter a word, just as if nothing were happening around her. All this brought mother closer to us, her children. In the end we became her refuge too. At times when she was lonesome, not of her surroundings but of the heart, she would take us out for walks, two or three kilometers away and tell us about the things happening in nature. She loved to talk about birds and how clever they were, about their food, about the waters of the Lusi while we crossed the bridge, about sawah's and the paddy, about plant diseases which sometimes destroy the crops and the peasants' expectations; about wind and clouds, the sun and stars, and mainly about the lives of the common people. In this way she taught us all sorts of things.

As night drew nigh, mother would sit with us on the bench in the yard. She would tell us about the plants, about the bamboo bushes stirring in the breeze, about fruits, ships, trains, automobiles and bicycles. Mother was a good story-teller. Sometimes mother talked about towns which she had visited at one time or another, and about her brothers and sisters and her family from former days, about her school years and her teachers. And, lest I forget, she also told us tiny tots about Dutch colonial policy. I still remember her telling us that men who were fighting in the political movement had been exiled and jailed. I recall that mother talked about Ki Hadjar Dewantoro who had been exiled to Holland.

Just like everything else, all this has been carried away and removed from the grasp of sensory perception.

Mother's real mother, my grandmother, had remarried a man from the neighborhood and lived on the outskirts of our town, Blora. Occasionally she came to visit us and used to bring us fruit. She made her living by selling vegetables. She arose early in the morning so as to catch the peasants on their way to market. She would buy their produce and, in turn, sell it at the homes of well-to-do people, or perhaps I should say, of self-styled well-to-do. Grandfather, who lived with grandmother at the city limits, earned his living selling saté-ajam at the market. Grandfather himself came but rarely, and only to borrow money. He had been a farmer too, but his crops had always failed. The inhabitants of our town believed in a peculiar superstition. I only found out about it when I was grown up. They held that a man would be struck by a lifetime of misfortune if among his descendants there were one illegitimate child. This seems to have been the case with grandfather. But whether there was any truth to that or not, I did not dare to investigate.

Sometimes I saw mother have a spiteful looking face when her stepfather came. On one occasion she said to me, "You mustn't walk in the ways of sin. Take a look at your grandfather. That's the result. All of his work is of no avail. He's pathetic and unfortunate. Neither his prayers nor his wishes are fulfilled.

But my child's mind failed to grasp her meaning. On that same occasion I asked, "Why grandfather, Mom?"

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"When you're big you'll understand the reason, I'm sure."

I asked no further.

Usually mother was hoeing in the garden. Unless I was playing I always want with her. On these occasions stories would flow from her mouth, always with a didactic purpose, to make me love nature, regular work, to make me work with energy and pluck. Not until many years later did I understand her intention.

"Man lives by the sweat of his brow, child. It'll be the same with you, once you're grown up. Anything you get which is not the fruit of your efforts is illegal. Yes, that's true even if these things are gifts from a benefactor."

Like everything else, all this has disappeared. Disappeared never to return again, disappeared to remain forever stamped on my mind and memory. The Lusi River has its times of drought, its ebb and flow. It is similar to what happens to us during our childhood.

"You may do whatever your heart dictates with the things that you've acquired by legal means -- even with your own life and body. With everything that you've gotten legally, child," father once said.

Those words I perhaps only heard for a few seconds in this life of mine. Those sound waves, which reverberated for only a moment, will never be repeated again. But, just like the Lusi River which is forever flowing around the township of Blora, just like that river, that voice, too, stamped as it is in my memory, and crossing memory and mind, keeps on flowing toward its mouth, to the endless sea. No one knows when that sea will dry out and cease to rumble.

Gone. All this is removed from the grasp of sensory perception.

Translated by Harry J. Benda

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SITOR SITUMORANG

Born October 2, 1924 in Central Sumatra, Sitor received his secondary education in Djakarta just before the Japanese occupation. For a time during the Revolution he worked in Medan and in Java as a free-lance journalist for various periodicals. Later he spent several years in Europe, part of it in Holland and part in Paris. For almost a year he was connected with Sticusa (Foundation for Cultural Cooperation) in Djakarta.

He has published a number of critical essays on modern Indonesian literature and during the past several years his plays, poetry and short stories have been collected into four small volumes.

Sitor is a Batak by birth and early upbringing and the story he relates of the Batak 'primitive' in The Djinn, reproduced here in translation, reflects his early experiences of this type in the Lake Toba area. It is a terse, tightly drawn account of a Batak who has no alternative other than revenge for the outrage committed against his sister. The sentence imposed upon the village chief is light since he is the ranking man of the village and head of a clan, while that imposed upon Aman Doang is much more serious; he has committed premeditated murder and he and his family are outsiders who have fairly recently moved into the village and hence have a much lower status. Sitor tells me that in this area one who has committed murder, even though he pays his debt to society, is a 'dead' person and outside the pale. He has become a djinn whose association with supernatural beings is accepted as a matter of course.

Sitor is widely regarded as one of the outstanding younger Indonesian writers with a bright future in the creative arts.

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THE DJINN

By Sitor Situmorang

On this clear morning the atmosphere met the rays from the transparent lake. The sun in the silken-colored sky appeared in the morning air which echoed from a thousand delicate voices, united into a whisper.

The wind had ceased blowing at the edge of the lake. The grass rustled and beneath it could be found snakes. The humming of a bee echoed in the air. The stillness was filled with the vibration of a dragonfly's wing until the heavens trembled.

Aman Doang lay on his back gazing up onto the sky, unseeing, thinking, unaware of anything. He was under the spell of nature and was waiting for something to break the enchantment.

Aman Doang stood up, went to the water's edge to wash his face. For a moment he looked at his reflection in the water. A second later his attention was attracted to the fish lying motionless in the water.

Then he looked across the lake's inlet. On the bald mountain several hundred meters away echoed the laughter of girls who were harvesting the thatch-grass. A mournful echo like a delicate ripple flowed from one side to the other. Aman Doang turned and looked behind him at the terraced ricefields and the villages scattered in the valley.

The road to the village passed the cemetery. Aman Doang paused to look at it for a moment. A scream reverberated, filling the sky, bouncing off the steep sides of the valley and on to the mountain slope which pressed hard on the inlet. Softly, mournfully, then like a whisper it disappeared far into the lake, hidden, strangled.

Far, far, irretrievable, inaccessible in the kingdom of Boru Saniang Naga, goddess of the lake, who lives at the bottom of the sea. There men can not reach, unless they are victims of storms that rage on the lake during the rainy season when the wind from the mountain whips up the water, rolling like a huge stone, stirring the lake until the waves are as tall as houses. In the whirlpool the slender fishing craft are sucked under, never to return. The local inhabitants search for them with boat and gong so that they can know the way back to earth. Boru Saniang Naga, however, releases the body only while the soul is claimed as an atonement for human sins.

The charming and cruel goddess of the water!

The soul of Saulina, Aman Doang's younger sister, was not released. Nothing but the body was ever found after searching with the gong for a day and night.

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He was sitting in the yard repairing his hoe while his baby crawled on the ground near him. Then a terrifying scream! How could he know that his younger sister was in danger in the jungle behind the wall of the kampung? How could he know that the village chief was venting his passion on his younger sister? Such a sweet child. She threw herself into the lake, while he and the others were still unaware of what had happened!

Boru Saniang Naga returned only her body. The village chief was dismissed and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He strode heavily towards the gate of the kampung. Several people were sitting there. He went another way, past the jungle and bamboo on the wall, entering the rear of the house. This he did from then on. He was ashamed.

Aman Doang's look met that of his old father in the semi-darkness of the house. His father said not a word. He mused as he gazed at the clear moonlight which penetrated the small holes in the thatch roof.

In the evening after Aman Doang had finished eating and everyone was asleep, he crept out of the kampung and headed for the ricefield.

"I'm going to let water into the ricefield," he said. But no one heard him, because they were all asleep. His father coughed but was sound asleep. Aman took his knife from a slit in the wooden wall. He sharpened it on a stone. The moon rose in the sky, passed and then shone on again. On the water of the lake the beams frequently glittered. The mountains were dark around him. From behind the wall of the kampung the snorting of water buffalo could be heard. Aman Doang returned to the kampung. The yard was quiet and peaceful. The moonlight reached to the open areas beneath the houses. He went towards the house of the village chief. In the open area beneath his house were six water buffalos.

The buffaloswere so startled and nervous that their horns collided with the poles of the house. ----Who's there?----someone called out from within the house. Aman Doang was silent. From the cracks in the wooden floor, he could see an oil lamp being lit, then a movement towards the door. Aman Doang saw someone descending the ladder and he recognized the sarong of the village chief. The latter stopped for a moment to listen. In the breeze could be heard the sound of the bamboo rubbing against each other. Otherwise all was still. Aman Doang suddenly attacked and choked the village chief to death. No sound was heard. The victim fell, strangled. Aman Doang's knife accidentally fell to the ground. He picked it up and returned home. He slept soundly beside his father.

The next morning the body of the village chief was found lying by his lamp which had burned out. The kampung people were silent as they viewed the body and they ignored the gaze of Aman Doang who was among the crowd. His father heard the news but did not join the group which went to view the body.

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Without uttering a word he walked to the lake's edge, mumbling as he went.

Throughout the trial Aman Doang refrained from speaking and was motionless when the verdict was pronounced. Twenty years' imprisonment! Exiled to Java, to Nusakambangan!

On the day he was taken by police boat to the jail far on the south side of the lake from where he was to continue his trip to Java, all his relatives accompanied him. Before stepping aboard the motor launch he was permitted to shake hands with them, but in handcuffs. On that morning one could see an extraordinary look in his eyes as he embraced his mother and looked at the summit of the mountain, past the heads and gaze of everyone towards a certain point in the sky. People remarked that his appearance was no longer that of a living being but of a spirit which inhabited his body. When he shook hands people felt that they were shaking the hands of someone already dead. From Nusakambangan there was no return!

His father did not go along. Only once did he visit him during the trial and have an opportunity to shake his son's hand before he was returned to his cell. "Eat, please eat," the old man had said as though he were trying to encourage a small child. His mother had treated him to rice cooked in the kampung, but he had no appetite.

For days he had felt that everything had the odor of a corpse. Day and night were all the same to him. During the day it was as if the sun did not rise but remained on the horizon while the moon hung in the exact center of the firmament like the unshining eye of a dead fish. Night passed rapidly. No sooner was he returned to his cell in the afternoon than it was morning again. Aman Doang could not sleep. In his head buzzed the sound of thousands of bees. His step was light, only his chains were heavy, but he floated anyway on the waters of the lake. There was someone singing, calling, weeping. It was Boru Saniang Naga!

"Look at the face of that woman. Is that my wife? No, no, that's a djinn holding a dead baby!"

Thousands of hands were extended towards him, but he collapsed and rolled into a deep abyss. Like a hunk of irresistible stone, deeper and deeper in a mournful tone. Then a church bell could be heard, signifying that someone had died. Ding...dong... ding...dong....

The engine of the motor launch was started. The police hustled him into the boat. Women wept. But his father was absent from the group.

The knife I'll keep here. May God protect you!

The voices died away. The motor launch was now no more than a small speck on the horizon.

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No one ever returned from Nusakambangan. Had he been there fifteen or seventeen years? Who except the old folks remembered? His wife had been able to laugh for a long time although her countenance always reflected sadness and immobility, indicating neither happiness nor sadness.

II

After serving fifteen years in the prison in Nusakambangan Aman Doang was released and returned home. He was pardoned on the birthday of the Queen of the Netherlands. For these fifteen years he had neither written nor had he received any news from his family. What was there to relate? He was regarded as dead by himself as well as by his remaining family. Hadn't he already given up?

Not until his mother, and later his father, died did he have any news.

His son was now sixteen and he found that his wife had remarried.

Aman Doang was dead.

When he returned home, he intended to become a barber. He had studied this trade in prison. But who would want to have their hair cut by an ex-convict? Many stories circulated regarding his cruelty in prison as being that of a madman. Because of his cruelty, people said, he was released as soon as he was!

Immediately after his return there arose stories of the nighttime visits of the serpent to the valley. No one had ever seen it. But one could hear a voice which sounded like a mountain collapsing through the air and into the water at night.

Old stories were also told about shepherds, brother and sister, who were sentenced to godhead because of their love for one another. They turned into stone at the precise spot on which they embraced. People stepped aside and avoided Aman Doang's gaze.

One day after having not been seen for some time, Aman Doang returned from across the lake bringing a boat and fishing equipment. After that he was seldom seen in groups but rather spent his days and nights fishing at the edge of the lake far removed from other people. The fishermen had often spent the night in the many caves along the rocky edge. But after Aman Doang became a fisherman these caves were avoided by other fishermen. Finally, Aman Doang ceased coming home at all. His craft, however, was still visible in the evening when he was out fishing. The story circulated that he lived in a large cave near a sacred rock which jutted far out into the lake.

On a clear day with the water transparent this large rock was visible as far as the eye could see. Many large fish could also be seen there. Everyone paddled cautiously so that the water would not be stirred up and the gods disturbed.

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Aman Doang lived alone there for many years.

It was said that he had married Boru Saniang Naga who gave him food and permitted him to catch fish at the sacred rock.

Suddenly one evening people noticed that the usual fire in the cave was no longer visible, blinking like a torch in the night.

The village inhabitants became nervous. People became afraid and even felt that the gods were angry and sacrifices should be made to them. It was decided to have a sacrificial ceremony to redeem the souls of Aman Doang and his younger sister Saulina.

One day all the residents, old and young, gathered together in several large boats and beating gongs, headed for Aman Doang's cave under the leadership of a datuk who was standing in the bow of the foremost boat to drive away any spirits which might be guarding the way. Upon arriving there they found only a sarong, an abandoned fireplace and some fish bones.

"Boru Saniang Naga has taken him!" the datuk said, at the same time uttering an incantation and sprinkling the cave with lime juice. Afterwards, a ceremony involving the sacrifice of a white chicken was performed.

The spirits having fled from the cave, it was clear that the souls of Aman Doang and Saulina had become residents of the sacred rock at the command of Boru Saniang Naga.

From then on there was no occurrence of anyone committing suicide by jumping into the lake or of a dead person sinking.

Translated by John M. Echols

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GLOSSARY

A Chuō Sangi-In see p. 51, fn. 11.
Al-Irsjad see p. 51, fn. 9.
alun-alun village square.
A.M.S. Senior High School.
babu maid, servant.
batik cloth to which is applied a wax 'resist' and afterwards dyed.
bung familiar form of address to men of lower status.
datuk 1. elder, 2. chief, headman.
Djawa Hōkō Kai see p. 51, fn. 10.
Enden Sundanese form of address to daughter of Raden, title of nobility.
Habib Ali Al-Habsji see p. 51, fn. 8.
hadji title for one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.
kain 1. cloth, 2. sarong, worn by men and women.
kampung 1. village, 2. quarter of town, 3. district, 4. slums.
kebaja a lady's jacket with long sleeves, made of thin material.
k(e)lambu mosquito netting over bed.
Kempeitai see p. 50, fn. 3.
kepatihan Office of Administrator of the Jogjakarta Muncipality.
ki(j)ai Moslem religious scholar, leader.
KNIP Central Indonesian National Committee.
Lebaran feast at end of Moslem fast.
M.I.A.I. see p. 50, fn. 2.
Muhammadijah see p. 50, fn. 5.
MULO Meer Uitgebreid Lager Onderwijs. Secondary school.
nangka a melon-like fruit.
nasi goreng fried rice, a very popular Indonesian dish.
NICA see NIKA.
NIKA Netherlands Indies Civil Administration. Hence means 'collaborator'.
nikah-mut'ah see p. 51, fn. 7.
Nji Mas Sundanese form of address to daughter of Mas, title of nobility.
pentjak a system of self-defense. Now a dance.
PETA see p. 51, fn. 6.
pisang susu a small sweet banana.
P.N.I. The Indonesian Nationalist Party.
pri(j)aji official, office-holder.
Putera see p. 51, fn. 1 and 10.
ringgit 2 1/4 rupiah or approximately 23 cents (1955).
rupiah approximately 9 cents (1955).
saté skewered meat barbecued over charcoal.
saté ajam chicken saté.
sawah wet ricefield.
selamatan religious feast.
serondeng Sundanese festive dish, consisting of coconut as a base, with two varieties of peanuts, red pepper, salt and sugar.
slendang a long scarf, also used as a sling for carrying children.
tahaddjud non-obligatory night prayer.
tape fermented tapioca or cassava.
tasbih rosary.
Tentara Pembela Tanah Air see p. 51, fn. 6.
T.N.I. The Indonesian National Army.
tuan Mr.--respectful form of address.
ulama Moslem religious leader and scholar.

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