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Sunday, January 25, 1998. Left Atlanta at 3:30PM on a flight to San Francisco. My seatmate was Danny Glover and, after the third person came by to ask for an autograph, I figured he must be someone important. I think he was somewhat devastated I didn't recognize him but I am not into action movies (and neither is he, although he is doing a series with Mel Gibson). We had a nice chat about other movies, like *The Last Monty*.

After an hour on the ground I reboarded the same plane for the flight to Honolulu. I slept most of the way, even though the seats were just ordinary first class and not the kind with your feet up. My seatmate was the pilot's wife. She was joining him for 21 hours in Hawaii!

Met Scotti in Honolulu and we had a glass of water in the lounge before checking in with Garuda. The plane isn't full. I am the only one in first. Scotti has a bank of two back in coach. We waited in the Bali lounge until our flight to Denpasar left at 1:30AM. Garuda's first class had the lovely seats that recline like a bed! After a Satay supper, various skewered meats and rice, I put on my eyeshades and fell asleep for about 8 of the 11 1/2 hours it took to fly from Honolulu to Denpasar. We came into Bali about 7 in the morning and viewed a big volcano and the many rice fields on the islands nearby. Marc Kupper from Travcoa met us and took us to our hotel, the Ritz Carlton, a year old and very luxurious. After a refreshing swim we went to the spa and a "Balinese massage". Very relaxing with pressure applied to all my muscles! This was followed by a "flower bath", a unique experience. I was taken into a lovely perfumed outside courtyard and there the masseuse washed me as if I was a baby with soap, including my hair. Then I was told to get in the bathtub, flowered with rose petals and frangi frangi and plumeria and which turned out to be a whirlpool. After a half hour of this I went back into the massage room and was rubbed with oils.

I was totally undone! The Balinese have really made an art of bathing.

We had our welcome dinner where we finally start getting acquainted with the group. They seem very nice but Marc says they always seem nice on the first night. There are three couples and four singles, making 11 in all counting Marc.

Wednesday, January 28. Slept a full eight hours and woke up feeling I was almost on Bali time (its 11 hours ahead of Atlanta). We went to a traditional Barong dance, which depicts the eternal struggle between the Barong (goodness) and the evil Rangda. The costumes of brocade were wonderful and the oriental music in the background lulled us along. Then it was on to a pit stop at a jewelry store in Celuk where, of course, I bought a ring. Next stop the monkey forest of Rhesus monkeys who beg for food. Some are very aggressive and if you get bitten you must go to Singapore for treatment. The babies are adorable. Our goal was the woodcarving village of Mas where Scotti succumbed to two carvings. I just felt smug I had been there before and did not need any more wood! We had a buffet lunch at the restaurant Tanun Harum in the factory complex, and toured a private house before returning to the bus. We then stopped at a private museum of paintings. There is so much art on Bali it takes your breath away. Even the houses are ornately decorated and most have their own shrines where they make offerings to the spirits.

The island itself is a tropical paradise of lush tropical growth in the hilly terrain. The only problem is the climate a VERY humid 90 degrees. We are bathed in sweat most of the time and came to appreciate why the Balinese often take two or three baths a day. Our guide shows us the durian fruit, an armored melon-like fruit that smells "like hell" and is supposed to taste "heavenly". Perhaps to some people but not to me. It resembled sweet potatoes but not as good. The most interesting part was watching Putu (our guide) get the thing open. It was really hard to cut through the thick skin. At Holy Spring Temple the faithful come to bathe and drink the water in order to purify themselves. We must wear a colored scarf around our waist to show respect. Ladies are on one side and men on the other. They think nothing of bathing naked in their separate areas.

The day is getting longer and longer thanks to Alynne Hertzberger, a "photographic artist" who wants to hold up the bus all the time so she can get pictures. She's from Connecticut, a very overly-made-up woman, with a motor mouth out of which come rather crude statements, who has been traveling since Christmas, going from one tour to another. I guess every tour must have its hair shirt.

A final stop at a batik shop before returning to the hotel at 6:00pm. Tonight we went to a show in the hotel. A buffet diner of Indonesian specialties followed by the Ramayana, the classical Hindu

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story. The way the dancers move their hands, feet and eyes is what makes Balinese dancing so unique.

Thursday, January 29, 1998. A day at leisure. Some of the group wanted to take another bus excursion to the other side of the island, but we had had enough of buses for a while. Instead we went snorkeling off the beach at Sanur. The reef was not very good, polluted and probably dead, but the fish were very interesting. Saw a number of species I had never seen before, and some interesting blue starfish. When we came back into the shore we shopped the "boutiques" along the beach and for ten dollars bought two outfits.

The driver watched with interest and then suggested we visit his mother's shop. And, of course we bought more, another culotte outfit and two blouses for me, while Scotti got another outfit and a statue of a geruda. Because of the devaluation of the rupiah, I still had lots of money left over from the \$50 bill I had changed.

Back to the hotel for lunch, I then spent a hedonistic afternoon, first getting my nails (top and bottom) done, followed by another lovely massage and flower bath. I hate to be leaving Bali tomorrow.

Our evening entertainment was yet another dance show from the Ramayana. This time, however, about 50 chanters who sat in concentric circles around a central candelabrum supplied the music. It was called the Monkey or Kecak dance and involves Sita who was carried off by a demon god. Hanuman the white monkey rescues her. The Garuda transports Brahma, the buffalo Siva. We then went to a temple/reception hall, built by the owner of the local travel agency, and were entertained by Mr. Wyan Rae and his wife, experts in Indonesian dance who have lived and taught in the United States.

At last we have explained to us the intricacies of the dances we have been looking at, and the rhythms of the Gamalon band. A wonderful Indonesian buffet dinner followed and then we saw yet another dance in the lovely open-air room. Our host only does this for Travcoa groups.

Friday, January 30, 1998. Transfer day to Ujung Pandang on Sulawesi. There isn't much there and today is Ramadan and the end of the Moslem month of fasting. The shops are all closed but the streets are jammed with people in their new clothes. They are on their way to the cemetery to pay respect to their ancestors, for in the Moslem world death is not thought of as the end and there is a link between people and their ancestors. The many minibuses and pedicabs create a huge traffic jam. After the visit to the cemetery, there will be feasting and gifts. It is sort of a combined Memorial and Christmas day for the Moslems, the dominant religion here.

We go to the harbor to view the Pinisi fleet. Huge trading schooners sailed traditionally by the Bugassi people all over Indonesia and even as far as Madagascar. We go aboard one, walking the sturdy gangplank and find the crew enjoying TV. Over the taffrail there was a cool seat and the ship seemed comfortable. Nearby was the fisherman's village, with roofs bristling with TV antennae. The traditional house is built on stilts and roofed in thatch or corrugated tin.

Although there is a modern downtown section, most of Ujung Pandang is rather dilapidated. Our hotel, the Sedonia, is new and supposedly 5-star, but not in the same league as the Ritz Carlton.

After lunch we have our city tour, which was rather pathetic since almost everything is closed due first to Ramadan, and secondly to the fact there isn't much to see. The Chinese temple in China Town was destroyed in retaliation for a crazed Chinese man who killed a Sulawesi child. Rotterdam Fort, built originally by the Makassar, and captured and modernized by the Dutch, is mainly a museum (which is closed) but we did walk a way along the rampart. Then we stopped at an orchid nursery, but the orchids are not in season and there were only a few flowers. There was a large shell collection attached to the nursery. At this point Marc decided to do a Travcoa "exclusive" to entertain us and loaded us all into Betchahs (pedicabs) for the ride back to the Sedonia Makassar Hotel.

Had dinner tonight with Bill and Edith Calder, a couple from Seattle. They are the most traveled couple on the tour. He is very funny and entertaining.

Saturday, January 31. Woke up early with tourist disease and wish I was dead. However, I did not want to stay in Ujung Pandang, so gathered myself together and took off for Tana Taraja with the group. After an hours delay we boarded our prop under-the-wing plane and took off up into

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the mountains. It was uncertain the whole time whether we would be able to reach our destination since the weather is often bad, but we were lucky and bounced in to a landing at Rante Taaro Airstrip in Makale. We boarded our bus for the Novotel, 45 minutes away, but the guide decided we first had to go to a funeral. Although most Tarajans are Christians they still honor their ancient traditions. Your whole life is spent preparing for your death and it is a cause for celebration. The body is embalmed and kept in the house sometimes for months while they prepare for the funeral. During this time the deceased is not thought of as dead and the family will pay visits to it. Meanwhile extra buildings are put up to accommodate the visitors who will come to the funeral. Buffalo and pigs are collected and slaughtered. The buffalo are to carry you to heaven, but you need more than one in case the first one gets tired. The more important the person, the more buffalo. In Taraja land the buffalo are raised for the one purpose of being slaughtered at funerals. The celebration goes on for several days. I did not go into the village where the funeral was to take place, spending the time asleep on the back seat of the bus, but Scotti reported it was a 76-year old lady, who had been dead about a year while they prepared for the celebration. Forty buffalo are to be slaughtered! Originally the Tarajas entombed their dead behind the village with gold and jewelry and other things they would need in their afterlife, but grave robbers desecrated the graves. Then the Tarajans started burying their dead in natural caves (and some artificial ones) cut into the mountainous cliffs. These too were robbed so nowadays they spend all their money on buffalo, which are eaten, and there is nothing the robbers can get.

The scenery is spectacular. We are in a valley some 2500-3000 feet above sea level with rugged mountains all around, reflected in the water of the numerous rice paddies and carp breeding ponds.

These people originally came from Cambodia and thereabouts and when they came their boats became their homes. The construction of the houses and rice barns still resemble the boats they arrived in.

All of them face north and northeast because that is where the spirits are. They sometimes are lavishly decorated in four colors, black, white, red and yellow. Black is for death, white is for bones, red for life and yellow for the glory of god. The swooping roofs of the houses, all lined up make the villages very picturesque. The granaries are up on stilts so the rodents can't get in. They are thatched in bamboo, which is said to last sixty or so years.

Finally we got to the hotel and I retreated to bed and slept all afternoon. The diarrhea is gone but I still have a lot of gas, so Marc called for doctor. The doctor gave me medicine that seemed to help and I slept all night. The hotel-manager interpreter dickered for several minutes over the price and they finally settled for 60,000 rupiah. When we first came to Indonesia the rate of exchange was 11,000 to one dollar. Now that the currency has been "stabilized" it is 7500 to one. Thus it cost about \$10 for the house call, including the medicine which had to be brought from Runtepa, the second of two towns in Tarajaland.

Sunday, February 1, 1998. I feel much better and set out for Lemo, most famous for its hanging graves. Each clan has their own section of the mountain where they have carved out caves and many of them go back hundreds of years. The important people in the clan have effigies of themselves, arranged on a sort of porch among the tombs. We went from there to another town, Ke'te Kesu, where we actually entered two natural caves to see the people entombed there.

Since grave robbers desecrated the ancient graves, the oldest skulls have been put on ledges above the modern caskets.

Many times there are offerings made to the ancestors, (articles of clothing, flowers or cigarettes) things they might need in their afterlife. Amri our guide also points out the cloves growing along the trail. Even the leaf of the clove has a clove aroma. Nowadays with the fall of the rupiah, many can't afford the spices they need for their highly seasoned food. Nanggala was an unspoiled village without the usual souvenir stands, with a long row of rice houses.

Beyond are bamboo groves where the fruit bats live. These bats eat only fruit and are huge with wingspreads 2-3 feet across. They don't seem particularly nocturnal since some are flying about. Two kids put on a cockfight for us. Gambling is illegal in Sulawesi and they stopped the cocks before they killed each other.

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After lunch, where Marc produced a delicious birthday cake for me (albeit a day early) prepared by the French chef at the hotel, we started off again, this time to Tampangallo, a long drive over bad roads from the hotel. Here we found a huge funeral cave, one of the oldest in the area, and where the Taraja Kings were buried. The Taraja had kings until the 1950s. It was raining when we arrived making it quite a scramble over a muddy trail to get to the cave but worth it. Next we went to see a baby grave near Tampangallo. Babies, if they die before they get teeth, are buried in the hearts of huge Tarra trees. It is thought the baby will grow in the spirit of the tree. A hole is dug in the tree just large enough for the baby who is put inside in sitting position. The bark of the tree grows back to seal the baby in. We stop to view a rante, or circle of rocks, which were used to tie up the buffalos before their slaughter. Now they are tied to trees. After an early dinner we were off to bed.

Monday, February 2, 1998. A lovely sunny morning which bodes ill for my groundhog's day prediction, for there will be a long winter, but perhaps only in Sulawesi. We are to drive back through the mountains to Ujung Pandang. Lots of cards and the gift of a Sulawesi box from Susan make the morning festive.

The trip will take about nine hours. We drive through beautiful scenery, long valleys and twisty roads to the border of Tana Taraja and Enrekange (where the Bugi tribe live) where there is a scruffy little town with a pay toilet! The Bugi houses are built of teak on stilts. The space under the house is used for storage, drying laundry and so forth. Often there is a sleeping platform for the family to use during the hottest part of the day. They have bamboo woven screens, to cover the windows. Mosques dot the countryside since this area is predominantly Muslim. We stopped at Bamba Puang, a refreshment stop overlooking a lovely valley and Erotic Mountain.

Lunch was at the Sempurna Restaurant in Pare Pare, a port along the Straits of Makassar, which divide Sulawesi from Borneo. Delicious seafood, red snapper, squid, tiny shrimp. Then we stopped at the fishing village of Pogo where every kid in the village escorts us through the town. The village was neat as a pin, and they really seemed to enjoy us as much as we did them. One lady was pounding rice into rice flour to make a cake with a huge mortar and pestle. It started to rain hard as we got back to the bus. It's another 3 or 4 hours on to Ujung Pandang. It has all been so interesting, but a long tiring day, and the bad part is that they have moved our plane departure up from 4 AM to 1 AM!

Tuesday, February 3, 1998. We are roused at 11 PM and taken to the airport for our 1 AM departure. It is 2 1/2 hours to our stop in Biak, and then 50 minutes more to Jayapura. In the process we gain an hour and now are ten hours ahead of Atlanta time. We are dead when we get to Irian Java at 6:15 AM, but the view from the plane was spectacular - lovely forested mountains and low wispy clouds, which look as if cotton was stuck to the trees. On the hour drive into town we stop to view the monument to Douglas McArthur who had his headquarters here in 1944, while planning the liberation of the

Philippines. Fortunately the museum was closed so we could defer our visit to the afternoon and we went on to the hotel. The two-star Matoa Hotel is clean and basic and the room air-conditioning does work to a degree. It is the best in Jayapura. We both fell into bed and slept till 11 when Marc woke us to say he could upgrade Scotti to business class as far as Honolulu, for \$200. Such is the value of the American dollar versus the Indonesian Rupiah.

For the afternoon tour we have changed guides since Paulus the first guide was not very good. Herman is much more knowledgeable and easier to understand. From Numbai Bay, we can look across to Papua,

New Guinea, for Jayapura is very close to the border between the two countries. There is a large military presence here because of the border, and there are guerillas in the mountains that would like to make Irian Java independent of Indonesia. Numbai was the first name of Jayapura.

We visit the Negeri Museum, which is interesting and shows the ethnology of the various tribes in Irian. Each tribe has its own dialect. Of the world's 800 languages, the different tribes of Irian Java speak some 265. However, the museum was very warm and the guide went into far too much detail about all the treasures. After a while I dropped out of the group and Vern Bryan and I found a breezy and cool porch to wait for them to return. Then on to Hamadi Beach, where the Americans came ashore to liberate Irian Java from the Japanese in World War 11. There are still

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remains of World War 11 landing vessels. A wonderful onshore breeze is blowing and the beach could have been a beautiful place to walk but it was very polluted with all manner of debris and garbage. Most interesting were the local fishing boats. One was even under construction. Long and narrow with outriggers they look like flimsy vessels to go to sea. The women do the fishing and one boat was a "woman's boat" and could hold twelve women.

Then we were taken to the local fish market. We walked in through the farmers' market, which was very interesting with many varieties of fruits and vegetables, but it was almost as dirty as the beach. I can't imagine doing my shopping here. The fish market was much cleaner and the men were busy trying to sell us their tuna. Many varieties of fish I could not identify. Jayapura is about as third world as I have ever seen!

At last we are given a two-hour break before dinner. The last 24 hours have really been an endurance contest. Dinner was Chinese and at a waterfront restaurant called the Java Cafe. By 8:30 we were back at the hotel and fell into bed!

Our group is all very nice, except Aynne who fortunately only goes out with us about half the time which lets the rest of us occasionally have the front seat on the bus. Bill and Edith Calder are from Seattle, and he has a delightful sense of humor, which becomes contagious and keeps us in continuous laughter. Sandy and Marny Fitch are from Alberta Canada and have done a lot of trekking all over the world. Vern and Sandra Bryan are from the Los Angeles area. He publishes educational supplies and she teaches 2nd grade. Nancy Novit is a quiet divorcee from Chicago.

Wednesday, February 4, 1998. Another early departure, this time at 5:45 AM for the airport is almost an hour away, but it is a lovely morning and Lake Sentani which we have to skirt is beautiful in the early morning sun.

We flew out on Merpati Airline and up into the mountains to the Baliem Valley and Wamena. "Wa" means pig since the early missionaries found some of the women suckling pigs (which was done so the mother pigs didn't get too thin raising a large litter) and "mena" meaning house. Our hotel is the Honai Resort. The term "resort" is rather misleading since the facility has the bungalows where we sleep and a common eating room-lobby. No air conditioning, swimming pools, laundry service and so forth.

We are greeted by 8 or 9 members of the Lani (or western Dani) tribe who threaten us with spears and then dance for us. The unmarried girls are wearing short grass skirts and have painted the rest of their body with various tattoos. The men wear very little, in fact the traditional costume is solely a penis sheath made from gourds and worn to protect the naked warrior's most sensitive part. If he was unfortunate enough to have an erection while wearing the gourd, it might break. The men are very black with bushy black hair.

After being greeted we went to our hut, grass roofed and circular like the Dani huts. It is quite basic and the electricity is turned off at night. It also smells of the bug fumigants that have been used. The Dani are the most famous of Irian Jaya's head hunting tribes. They weren't discovered until 1938 when a plane flew over and saw the fields of sweet potatoes. Women did all the work and the men were left to develop their warrior skills. Today the women still do all the work but they are no longer cannibals! We are taken to the market and the photographers are told to take a lot of 500 rupiah notes (about ten cents) along for the natives want to be paid for posing. We stop first at the pig market where it takes 5 pigs to pay a bride's price. Men can have up to 10 wives. It used to be they could have 20. What a wonderful market, much nicer than the one in Jayapura, with everything neatly displayed on clean mats and the people were incredible. We were hoping to see more of the native dress but the young ones and even most of the older ones seem to favor western dress. This is probably due to the influence of TV, and also those catholic missionaries who have converted most of the Dani to Catholicism. Our guide Helmut feels that all the modernization is good, for the people need to be part of the 20th century, but from a visitors point of view it is somewhat disappointing. After the old men die off you probably won't see any more men walking around wearing nothing but a two-foot penis sheath. The first time you see them walking around in this costume it is somewhat of a shock, but soon we got used to it and paid little attention to perhaps the ultimate in phallic symbolism.

We were taken to a high point to view the whole Baliem Valley, and Wamena, so called by the missionaries who discovered the valley about 50 years ago. Nearby was a unique swinging bridge, which almost the whole tour decided to cross. I now know what a trapeze artist goes

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through. On the other side of the bridge the villagers greeted us and these were all wearing native dress, which was great.

Then it was back to the hotel for lunch.

After lunch we drove a long way up the valley to a native village and are greeted by warriors fighting a mock battle and even aiming their spears at us. It was touristy but a good show, and then we were led into the village and greeted in the traditional way with chanting and "La-oak", the greeting for a woman. Narak is what men say to each other. The chief was great, had very good English, and his body was ornately decorated. He had the longest penis sheath. We were hugged and kissed by him. The village was interesting. A hut at one end was for the men to sleep in. Along one side was a long open hut covered in thatch containing 5 hearths where the women did the cooking. Across from this building were a number of circular huts for the married women of the tribe. Each family slept in a loft and the lower level was used for personal possessions. In honor of the visitors they were to have a pig roast (we were warned not to eat any of it) and to our distress a young pig was turned loose in the enclosure and chased and gored until he was dead. Meanwhile a fire was started by rubbing two sticks together (helped by a cigarette lighter). The bonfire was made of long logs and stones were placed on top to warm. The pig was laid on top. After a while the pig was removed and butchered by one of the men, using a sharp stick to cut the animal apart. The hot stones were laid in a circular pit, which was covered with sweet potato greens. Later potatoes and squash would be added, and more greens, and the pig, by now butchered, would be laid on top. The whole thing was then covered with more greens and the barbecue would bake an hour and a half.

Unfortunately, I became very tired (this whole process had taken over 2 hours and there was no real place to sit) so when the opportunity came, five of us came home early. A tepid shower felt wonderful. Then a delicious dinner with large crawfish, that looked and tasted like small lobsters. Early to bed before the electricity is turned off.

Thursday, February 5, 1998. Helmut, our guide, had told us he would be late this morning. It turns out he would be late because he is getting married! He and his wife eloped three children ago, but now his parents are insisting on a religious ceremony. He actually prefers another woman so we find it hard to believe he went through with the wedding. The ceremony ran later than he expected so he sent John along to guide us.

We drove out in the country and then started hiking overland. Several stiles and swinging bridges later (one was really treacherous with only partial hand rails), we came to the village of Soroba where David Rockefeller came to do his anthropological research (We are told he had left here before he disappeared). It was similar to the village we saw yesterday, but since they weren't giving us a pig roast, most were dressed in western clothes. They had keys on strings around their necks and when we asked why, we were told they have to lock their huts at night to keep out thieves. The young leave the valley for school and come back with the idea they can steal when they want something.

Civilization has also brought cigarette smoking to them. It seems as if the whole population smokes heavily from the age of nine up. This is what keeps our tobacco industry going but we found it really sad.

This village has some sheds for the pigs (at yesterday's village the pigs slept with the humans). Outside the walls was a bachelor's quarters where the men live who cannot afford a wife. We had the marriage rite explained to us. The girl is tied to a post in the cooking hut for six or seven hours while they weave her distinctive skirt around her. She wears this for her whole married life.

Then we hiked on (the whole walk took a couple of hours) to our cars. Next stop was at Akima to see the 300-year-old mummy of

Sumpaina, an old chief who asked to be mummified so he could protect the village. They eviscerated the body and then placed it in a flexed position, (squatted position with knees up) and smoked it. The hands in particular are beautifully preserved.

After another delicious meal at the resort, we took off to see the museum, which has a collection of shrunken heads among other treasures, but when we got there we found it closed for this is a religious holiday, the anniversary of when the missionaries first came here by plane in the 1950s. Today 95% of the population is Christian. We admired the nearby "golden gate" large hanging bridge and the fishermen fishing for shrimp in the river, then drove to the end of the 40 mile long

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valley to see the hanging gardens. Here the potato fields are planted on the sides of the steep mountains. We don't understand why they aren't washed away, but apparently they grow a drier variety of sweet potato this way.

Then it was back into town to the handicraft market. We found a wonderful Asmat bridal gift carving for Scotti, who will have to struggle to get it home, as it is far too large to get into a suitcase. (These souvenirs are always more fun than the little ones!) We ran into the chief in the market and he hit Marc up for 1000 rupiah (10 cents) so he could catch a pedicab back to his village. I guess when you run around in a penis sheath there is no place to put your money! Then it was dinner and early to bed. This part of the trip has been fascinating.

Friday, February 6. We had ourselves air shipped from Wamena to Jayapura. The cargo plane had some seats, which had to be shifted around to balance the load, and then we took off on a spectacular climb between the mountain peaks until the clouds closed in.

At Jayapura we boarded our flight to Surabaya, three stops away and two time zones making us exactly twelve hours ahead of New York time. There was a problem since six of us were in business but only four had business class seats. After somewhat of a hassle it seemed that Sandy and Marnie's travel agent hadn't picked up on the fact that business was available on this flight (originally it wasn't). Thank you Susan for being on your toes.

At Ujung Pandang we get off the plane and shop in the airport. Found a nifty wooden buffalo and a silver chain necklace for about twenty dollars. The prices are so low on everything that you feel you are playing with monopoly money. It's hard to resist buying everything in sight! Finally get to Surabaya in the late afternoon and are taken to our wonderful Majapahit Hotel, an historic property, all refurbished, part of the Mandarin Hotel chain.

Surabaya is on Java, where most of the Indonesia people live. Java is one of the most densely populated places on earth. What a culture shock to be back in the world of air-conditioning and all the creature comforts. The first thing we do is to send out everything we own to be washed, five laundry bags worth!

Dinner with Bill and Edie and early to bed. Edie has talked me into counting the number of countries where I have gone. I can count 116 without looking at an atlas. There may be more ... or less. Edie says the Century Club rules allow Indonesia to count as four.

Saturday, February 7, 1998. A city tour of Surabaya. We start at the zoo, where a special feeding of the Komodo dragons has been arranged. These are lizards the size of crocodiles. Usually the dragons are only fed twice a month. It was fun to watch them fight over the pieces of raw meat. Then we looked at the Orangutans, and some exotic parrots in red colors. At last we got to the white tigers from India and then had a real thrill when two 3-month old Sumatra tiger cubs were brought out and we were allowed to hold them. They were adorable and weighed about fifteen pounds apiece and looked up at us with their yellow-gray eyes. Marc pointed out that there are only about 200 of these tigers still alive in zoos and they are projected to go extinct in the next ten or so years, and he did not approve of us holding them because we might give them a disease. I was glad he told us this after the fun, for of course he is right. The Chinese as an aphrodisiac uses tiger bone and a poached tiger is worth about \$100000. No wonder they are endangered. Let us hope the zoo's breeding program will preserve them.

Surabaya is a modern town with tall new hotels, (which are only 28% occupied), and modern buildings. Interspersed are the red tile roofed buildings left over from the 200 years the Dutch occupied the islands. At the end of the Second World War the English drove out the Japanese and early in the 50s Indonesia finally became an independent county.

We were taken to the harbor area to see the large pinisi fleet and we boarded one, similar to the one we saw in Ujung Pandang. Its freight was partly loaded so it was getting closer to sailing.

Then it was on to the Mesjid Ampel (Ampel Mosque) in the Arab Quarter. We walked in through a bazaar but were not allowed in the mosque, although we could see it did not have the carpets usually found in mosques. Behind was the tomb of Sunan Ampel. He was one of the original nine Moslem missionaries who came to Java in the 17th century. Many families were making the pilgrimage to this tomb on this Saturday holiday.

We made a pit stop at the Ibis Hotel. Then went on to the Ria Galleria restaurant where we had about eight or nine Indonesian dishes for lunch. And lastly we went to a souvenir shop where all

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the various tourist goods were for sale. I bought a couple of pieces of the Indonesian jewelry. At \$2 per piece it is hard to resist. Dinner with Vern and Sandra.

Sunday, February 8, 1998. From what we read in the paper, Indonesia's economy continues to deteriorate and there are riots in some parts of the country as inflation makes it hard for the people to buy many essentials. We are isolated from what is happening to a great extent but there are signs of increased security around the hotel. The election is the first of March. Suharto is running again but there is speculation about his vice president who will be his successor. With so many religions and cultures in Indonesia there is much speculation that the country may erupt with civil war if the choice is wrong.

This is a long transfer day. First we flew to Jakarta and, after a two and a half hour layover in the very nice VIP lounge, had another 2 hours to Medan in Sumatra. We are met with a bus where the air-conditioning doesn't work but it is only 5 minutes to the Tiara hotel and here we are warmly welcomed with Batak music and cool drinks.

Monday, February 9, 1998. The morning news reports riots on some of the outer islands. Five percent of the Indonesians are Chinese but they control 70% of the wealth. The natives think they are withholding rice from the markets. We have a replacement bus with workable air-conditioning! We drove through Medan, which is uninteresting, and then out into the country through the palm groves to a pit stop where they are selling bats and couscous. The people eat bats for medicinal purposes and the couscous are used for pets. I took a picture of Scotti holding one of the bats but did not try it myself. They have sweet faces. We climb up into the mountains through the rainforest and stop at Pecerin, a small Batak village.

Many of the original houses have fallen into disrepair but we do enter one that was built in 1935. Built up on stilts, with a "boat shaped" roof like the Taraja houses, the house is large enough to house 8 families, who share 4 kitchens. The whole house is open with no walls and above is a loft for storage purposes. When the old houses have become dilapidated they are torn down and the land divided and rather unattractive modern houses built to replace them. The village is dirty, but the good part is that it is not touristy.

The bus continued climbing up to the volcanoes. Lunch was Chinese food at a most attractive resort, the Sebayak Hotel, named for one of the volcanoes. We are the only people there. Tourism is really drying up because of the uncertainties. First there were the fires last fall, now the collapsing economy.

We drove to the top of Gundalung Hill, about 2000 meters high, which gets its name from a local legend and means "Never say Goodbye Darling" and admire the view. More interesting were the people, for this is a public park and many of the local people were here having picnics, taking pony rides and so forth. We drove on through the black volcanic soil, which is very rich for farming. All manner of vegetables are grown here. We also pass coffee plantations.

We drove further into the mountains and have our first glimpse of the north shore of Lake Toba, the largest lake in Southeast Asia, and beautiful Sipisosiso waterfall, which drains into it. 635 square miles in area, Lake Toba was formed in the crater left after a prehistoric volcanic explosion. It is one of the deepest lakes on earth. Even though it is hazy we can see the lake's beauty.

The road from here is in bad shape and we make slow progress. When we think it can't go on much longer another rest stop is announced and then we are told it is another hour and a quarter until we get to Parapat, a resort town on a peninsula of the lake. The Natour Parapat Hotel is an older property but the help tries very hard to make us happy.

Scotti and I browsed the shops of the town but found the quality not up to other places. After dinner fell into bed and slept all night!

This whole trip is marked with going to bed before 8:30 and getting up at dawn!

Tuesday, February 10, 1998. We take a half hour boat ride from the hotel to Tomok on Samosir Island, the 400 square mile island in the lake. It is as big as the island of Singapore! Right by the dock was a charming native market with all the ladies wearing sarongs and displaying their fruit and fish wares. Marc, as usual, had his own ideas about the tour, for he felt Travcoa's itinerary was too abbreviated and too touristy. He engaged two vans to take us up onto the mountain for a

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panoramic view. Then we stopped at two typical Batak towns where the natives were living in their curious houses. Much better than the Batak village we stopped at yesterday. At Sosotolong they were having a feast to honor an old man of the tribe who was dying. Here I also bought a wonderfully carved two-stringed mandolin, although how I shall ever get it home is a good question.

Then we drove a long way north on the island to a truly unique mausoleum. Most families have a small burial ground on their land, but this family has built a curious pyramid of concrete. Inside are 473 crypts to inter the different members of the family, all descendants of an Indonesian general. A large genealogical chart shows all the people in the family to be buried here. After the body has been entombed for about 5 years on the lowest level, the casket is opened and the bones lifted up to its proper place in the pyramid.

We then went Simanindo, a museum village, where we got back to our boat for the short ride out to tiny Palau Tao Island, with its restaurant for our lunch stop. We ate au fresco in a gazebo-like structure with the sparrows cleaning up the uneaten food. Then it was an hour and a half back to Parapat and three and a half hours bus ride back to Medan, through rubber and coffee plantations.

A long day but all so interesting. What a unique part of the world Indonesia is - so many different cultures.

Wednesday, February 11. Another early hour departure, flying from Medan, via Jakarta, to Yogyakarta, a university town on the south of Java. Most of the buildings are one-storied for the town is subject to earthquakes due to the nearby volcanoes. Daniel, our guide, takes us to the Melia Hotel for lunch. Our afternoon tour takes us to Prembanan, the largest Hindu temple in the world. The temple was built in the 9th century, and fell into ruin, probably because of volcanic activity. It is now being restored. The central complex has six restored temples, the largest to Siva. There are piles of stone all around awaiting restoration of the 240 smaller temples. We climbed up on the Siva temple to see the images in nearly pitch-dark chambers. The outside walls were covered with wonderful carvings depicting the Ramayana. I did touch the Ganesh statue to give me knowledge. It rained on and off but we had umbrellas and the lighting was very dramatic. The Suharto government is slowly reconstructing this whole complex.

Nearby was the smaller Kalasan ("place to bury dead men") Buddhist Temple dating from 7th or 8th century in a bad state of repair. The government would like to have the money to restore it as well. For several centuries the Buddhists and Hindus lived amicably side-by-side.

Thursday, February 12. A gorgeous clear day and we can see Merapi Volcano smoking 20 miles in the distance. The last bad explosion was in 1993 when a small village and a wedding party were wiped out. The last eruption was actually last year but the hot steam was carried away without incident. It smokes all the time. Merbabu is another non-active volcano nearby.

Marc briefed us about the financial crisis. Suharto now wants to peg the rupiah to the dollar. However this may have very bad consequences since interest rates, now at 30% may rise to 90% and the whole banking system would collapse. Suharto also says there is a plot to make the rupiah rise to 20000 to the dollar. (At that rate we could buy the whole country!) Meanwhile there are demonstrations in Jakarta by the hungry people who don't have money to buy food. After the elections next month the whole situation may deteriorate even more. In any event we will read a lot about Indonesia in the coming months. Meanwhile the Dow closed over 8300 yesterday!

The big sight we have come to see is Borobodur, the largest Buddhist stupa in the world. Built in the eighth century, 300 years before Anghor Wat, it is a mandala with nine galleries leading to the top. It was deserted about 300 years later (as was the rest of this part of Java) because of a volcanic eruption of Mount Merapi. Rediscovered in 1814, it was nothing but a mound covered by forest. Reconstruction started on the top part in 1911. In 1973 UNESCO started restoring the rest of it. But because of a drainage problem underneath, the whole temple had to be torn down and a new solid cone built to support it. Then the temple was reconstructed on top of the new core. They thought it would cost 7 million dollars but it ended up costing 25 million instead! The entire international community got behind the restoration effort. The bas-reliefs on the lower level depict the story of Prince Siddharta who achieved enlightenment and became a Buddha. The

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upper levels show the various steps to nirvana. The top is bristling with smaller stupas, each containing a statue of Buddha. There are 432 Buddha's in all.

When John and I were here 15 years ago the temple was still under reconstruction. It is magnificent fully restored! It is unbelievably hot and humid and the coolness of the bus felt wonderful!

Next we went to a silver factory, a trade introduced by the Dutch. With all manner of jewelry and art pieces, well displayed, and soft selling salespeople it wasn't a bit hard to load up on it. My prize was a silver casting of Buddha to add to my collection.

And lastly we went to the Sultan of Yogyakarta's 250-year-old palace. The present Sultan is only a figurehead but since he owns half of the area he can easily support this sumptuous palace. He only has one wife and five daughters and if he doesn't have a son the title will pass to his brother. The reception pavilion has palanquins, gongs and so forth from olden days. Then we went into the inner court where we could view the official residence and the pavilions where important persons and heads of state are entertained. The crown prince's quarters are not occupied, of course, but are used to display pictures of the various sultans and their genealogical charts.

Wearily we returned to the hotel for lunch. I decided against the afternoon tour and had a wonderful massage instead. This hotel would be perfect if it was not for the mosque across the street with its loud microphones blasting away. Tonight we were treated not only to the call to prayer but at least one hour of the service itself.

Friday, February 13. Marc has once again improved our itinerary, putting our departure to Jakarta off until this afternoon, which allows us time to get close to Mount Merpati and see a new batik museum.

We stop at an interesting market where Daniel, our guide, explains the various kinds of prepared and raw foods being sold. Each market we have seen is different. This country market meets only once in five days and on the other four days is in another location. Then we entered Kaliuran Nature Preserve and half the group climbed up high for a panoramic view. I was in sandals and not dressed for it so waited at a beautiful waterfall until they came back. Sandra reported it was a hot climb and the view was somewhat clouded in so it turned out to be a good decision.

Next we went to the "Batik Museum" at Heavenly Hills. It is brand new and Marc had just read about it. The museum is owned by a foundation of which Mrs. Sukarno is one of the members. It is a truly unique property with a beautiful garden and small galleries where a portrait gallery of various members of royalty dressed in beautiful silk batik clothing are displayed. We are ushered into a serene reception room and served a spice tea and sticky rice with a tofu cake, a meal reserved for dignitaries. A small number of guest rooms are available and Marc thinks Travcoa should stay here one night. You would certainly feel like royalty. Some of the tour bought the beautiful silk batik shawls that were available. Then it was on to our flight to Jakarta and the Shangri La Hotel.

Saturday, February 14, 1998. Valentine's day! Marc gives us his daily briefing on the economic situation. Many people blame the Chinese for the economic troubles. Because of this, the Chinese are leaving the country, many going to western Australia and taking their wealth with them. This does not bode well for the economy, since they are also taking their expertise with them.

Indonesia does not have many people capable of replacing them.

We pass the National Monument, a huge column of Italian marble, given by the Italian government, with a golden flame on top. It is the landmark of Jakarta and represents their independence from the Dutch. Our first stop was at the Freedom "Estaqlle" Mosque, the largest mosque in Southeast Asia. Full of symbolism, the mosque was designed by a Christian architect. The minaret has 6666 openings in it, to represent the 6666 prayers in the Koran. The dome is 45 meters across, the year Indonesia became independent. There are five levels around the central part, one for each of the basic tenets of Indonesia: Belief in a god, Humanity, Nationality, Democracy and

Social Justice. There is also a huge gong representing the historical gongs in the native villages. The drum was sounded to call attention. Then the minaret was used to call the faithful to prayer.

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Nearby was the place where they sacrifice the animals once a year. This commemorates the time when Abraham was told to sacrifice his son,

Ishmael. Gabriel substituted a goat for Ishmael and he was saved to father the Moslems. (The Jews have the same legend about Abraham's son Isaac.) The sacrifice is done once a year and the meat given to the poor. The mosque is unadorned and somewhat stark, with much native marble used in the floors and columns. Kandi, our guide, points out the modern office buildings as we go on to the National Museum, the largest in Indonesia. It has so many treasures they have to add a new wing. The 120 year-old building is called the "elephant building" from the statue of an elephant in front, which was given by the Thai king Chulalonghorn, in 1871. Most of the museum is un-airconditioned but we tour various galleries, with wonderful statues and displays of various aspects of the different cultures of Indonesia. When the heat became too oppressive, we went to the treasure rooms on the second floor, which were air-conditioned and where many beautiful gold and silver ornaments were displayed. Scotti and I, after searching all over Indonesia, finally found two ganesh statues we liked in the museum shop. Ganesh is the son of Siva and has an elephant head on a human body.

Last we walked a street of "antique shops" about a quarter mile long but, after the museum, the stuff paled by comparison. We walked its length and gratefully reboarded the air-conditioned bus!

So we have ended our sightseeing and have our farewell dinner tonight. Tomorrow we depart for the United States. It has been an absolutely superlative tour, far more than I had expected. I will read with great interest of Indonesia over the next few months.

The farewell dinner was very elegant, in the hotel's French restaurant with a special menu for Valentines Day.

Our flight left Jakarta two hours late, waiting for incoming passengers. The trip home was very long, 36 hours, but I managed to sleep most of the way between Jakarta and Honolulu, where I said goodbye to Scotti.

Rented a room with shower in the airport's mini motel for \$24.95 and rested for the five hour layover. Then it was Delta nonstop to Atlanta, arriving at 6:35AM. After being spoiled with Garuda's first class, it was a sorry comedown to catch this owly bird and not even have a footrest!