REMINISCENCES OF A BALINESE PRINCE

Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati

as dictated to Rosemary Hilbery

Southeast Asia Paper No. 14
Southeast Asian Studies
University of Hawaii
1979
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ABOUT ROSEMARY

It was noon on a Tuesday late in 1974--time for our Southeast Asia Brown Bag Lunch (SEABBL, we call it) to begin. Dr. Soenjono introduced our guest. Over the years we'd had a succession of VIPs talking about foreign policy or the population explosion and graduate students sharing with us their field notes about peasant psychology or protein deficiency. Rosemary Hilbery was to be different. She was a secretary, without a thesis, and she was going to talk about a year of her life in Bali.

It was charming. We felt the thrill of watching the prancing barong (the Balinese counterpart of the Chinese dragon); we felt the stiffness as she told of the long hours she had practiced the tambulilingan (a dance); we admired the countless puris (palaces) and puras (temples) and got to know vicariously some of the Balinese princes, painters, and personalities who had befriended her.

In the talk Rosemary had mentioned a journal, and, when our SEABBL visit to Bali was over, I asked if indeed she had a written record and, if so, if I might read it. She did. I might. I did. And it was the charm of the talk all over again.

In 1975 the Southeast Asia Program published A Balinese Journal, 1971-1972. It has been reprinted since then, and a third printing will be out soon. A new journal, aptly called A Balinese Journal--Continued (for it covers Rosemary's later visits to Bali), is now in preparation.

Some of Rosemary's unique qualifications to transcribe Tjokorda Agung's memoirs are apparent in her preface. But perhaps the most important is that she knows Bali deeply--not as a scholar, but as one who has fully experienced it. The highest endorsement comes from the Tjokorda himself, who gave Rosemary her Balinese name, Anak Agung Niang Sarenkangin, and who says of her "We feel that she belongs to the family."

Of all her skills, the one Rosemary takes greatest delight in is her way with a brush. Her forte is watercolors. She says in A Balinese Journal, "I went to Bali a legal secretary and returned an artist." She exhibited in Germany in 1972. In 1975 she won an award of merit at the annual exhibition of the Honolulu Association of Artists. In 1978 she had a "one-person" show in Honolulu. Her paintings are also on permanent display "at home," that is, at the puri in Ubud.

The frontispiece sketch of Tjokorda Agung is one Rosemary was somewhat hesitant about including. "I am not so good at portraits," she says. And yet the portrait captures a good deal of the essence of artist and sitter--both are people brimming with life who refuse to sit or be cast in a mold; both are too honest to be caught in a pose.

Walter F. Vella
INTRODUCTION

It was when reading Santha Rama Rau's book, East of Home, that I first heard of Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati and the Puri Saren. Her description of her visit, of Agung, and of the thoughts of the Balinese people enchanted me and made me decide to plan my life so that one day I could experience Bali for myself.

So it was that I went to stay in Agung's puji for a year from May 1971 to April 1972. After a short while I realized that many guests had asked Agung to consider writing his life story, or to let them write it for him. I offered, if he wished, to take his story down verbatim in shorthand so that it would be in his own words and primarily for his own family. No more was said of this until about three months before the end of my stay. Then one day Agung started to dictate.

He always knew exactly what he wanted to say and there was no stopping him. Usually he dictated between 4 p.m. and dinner time, on his back verandah where he sat in an old cane chair while I sat opposite him on a very hard and uncomfortable upright chair which often snagged my sarongs with its rough edges and protruding nails. As the light went, an oil lamp would be brought and placed on the low table between us. Unless we were interrupted by visitors, which was very often, he dictated until dinner was served to us by his first wife. After dinner, numb and stiff, I would leave. Other times, he might send for me to join him at a temple and would perhaps dictate there. Occasionally he would dictate in the morning in the puji, but he had so many visitors that this was very rare. Only once can I remember asking him to expand and explain a subject. He was dictating about Black Magic and I could not understand what I was writing down. The explanations, however, were even more complicated, although I think I did catch a glimmer, something of which I have tried to explain in my own journal.

On my next visit to Bali in 1974 we continued the autobiography with the Eka Dasa Rudra, but again did not quite have time in my two-months stay to finish. During my absence Agung had, for the first time in his life, left Bali to visit a foreign country. He went to Australia where his two older boys finished their schooling. Later, he also went to Holland where, among other things, he had tea with Queen Juliana, and to England where he visited Oxford University. It speaks for itself that he had nothing to say in his reminiscences about either visit.

I returned in 1977 for another three months. At this time we proofread the first two parts and added the story of the building of the Museum of Art in Ubud and the Family Notes. Agung was not well and thought that he had not healed as he should have from surgery the previous year. He was trying to fulfill all his duties to his ancestors and family by special festivals in certain temples.
It was just over a year after my return to Hawaii, where I now live, that I heard from Bali that Agung had died on July 20, 1978. He had gone to the hospital in Surabaja, but sensing that he was dying had asked to be taken home to Ubud. He died in his palace the day after his return. For six months he lay embalmed on his verandah, in a closed coffin and covered with many cloths and sarongs, palm-leaf decorations, and fresh flowers--his own paraffin lamp beside him and his photograph at his head. A member of the family was always present, and at night the family slept on the floor as close to him as possible. As is the Balinese custom, visitors are welcome at any time and especially in the evenings to sit and drink tea and coffee and eat cakes and biscuits and play cards or talk. On many nights the lontar was read.

Visitors from all over the world came to pay their respects.

The cremation on January 30, 1979 followed weeks of constant work by the family and literally thousands of villagers. Every person who worked on the preparations received two meals a day plus coffee or tea and cigarettes. All the workers were voluntary as were the performers who came to play gamelan or dance. But there was a special feeling at this cremation. He was a much loved man and this was the expression of their feeling for him.

He is much missed.

Rosemary Hilbery
anak agung: a title approximately the equivalent of Prince or Princess
bale: a pavilion
barong: a mythical lion-like animal with strong powers for good
Bratajuda: a Javanese version of the Mahabharata
bupati: a district government official
dalang: the sole puppeteer of the Shadow Puppets, also the narrator
gamelan or gong: a Balinese orchestra
gerombolan: a group of bandits or guerillas
guntjo: a policeman
jair or mujair: a type of fish
kain: a skirt or sarong
kawi: old Javanese language
kekawin: poems in the old Javanese language
klian: a headman
K.P.M.: Royal Shipping Company - Koninklijke Paketvaarte Maatschappik
kraton: Javanese palace
kris: a sword
legong: a specific type of gamelan, or specific type of dance
lontar: holy writings on lontar leaves which form a book
meru: a many tiered building in a temple
pakubuono: a local government official
pemangku: a village priest
penglurah: a village official
perbekel: a village leader
punggawa: a sub-district government official
pura: a temple
pur: a palace or large house
R.K.J.: Rooms Katholyk Zuyckehuis
sutji: a pure person, clean
tjokorda (abr. T.j.): a title approximately the equivalent of Prince
warong: a food stall
REMINSICENCES OF A BALINESE PRINCE

Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati

as dictated to Rosemary Hilbery

Around 1905, my father, Tj. Gde Sukawati married my mother, Anak Agung Biang Raka, the granddaughter of the former King of Mengwi. My father had first married my aunt, Anak Agung Rai Mengwi, a daughter of the King of Mengwi, but as there were no children of this marriage, my father married my mother. After a couple of years a boy was born, but not long after the baby died. My mother was soon pregnant again and another boy was born. Everyone was very happy, but not long after, he too, died. My father was very very sad, and, so my cousin told me later, my father went to his cousin and brother-in-law and said, "You know, Agung Adji, I lost two boys which made me very very sad and now I leave it with you to do what you can as I wish very much to have two more children by my wife." So the cousin and brother-in-law went from temple to temple and made many offerings and prayed and prayed and after a time my mother was again pregnant.

Birth

At this time, father had a Palace outside Ubud, between Ubud and Tjampuhan. Two Brahmin priests lived beside the Palace, and in the house of one of them, Pedanda Ktut from Suniawati, my twin sister and I were born in January of 1910. From what I have heard this Palace was the most beautiful of all. The walls were of gold leaf.

When my sister and I were about one and a half years old, we were taken to watch a dance performance in the Pura Dalam. We were in the charge of an old man named Wajan Damuh from Singaradja, while my mother and my family and servants were watching the performance. In the Palace, the lights were left burning and they were without glass. The wind blew and one house caught fire. Luckily no one was killed, although at first they feared I and my twin sister were dead.

My mother died when we were nearly four years old. My aunt also died not long after. My father cremated both bodies according to our custom, but we, as children who had not yet lost our first teeth, were unable to pray for the dead.
After this we went to live with my father in Tjampuhan. He married again with the niece of the King of Gianjar. We lived very happily in Tjampuhan. It was very very quiet. Many of the Singapadu families were servants of my father. One of them was the father of my son-in-law. He had many fighting crickets and I learned to care for and train them. I loved animals and, if I saw cows being taken to the rice field, I sent a servant to bring them to the Palace for me.

One day, the father of the former King of Gianjar, Anak Agung Mangis, visited father at Tjampuhan and gave me very good presents, a horse and a handle for a small kris in the shape of a kulia, or caterpillar.

At this time I had five brothers, six including myself, and five sisters, including my twin sister. My elder brother's name was Tj. Gde Putra. According to my cousin, this brother was blessed by the God in Pura Yangapi at the village of Kelusa because his mother is from Jehtengah. My second brother's name is Tj. Gde Raka and my elder sister, Anak Agung Raka, and after her came Tj. Gde Rai Manuaba, because his mother is from the village of Manuaba. After that came Tj. Gde Oka, who has the same mother as Tj. Gde Raka, and then after that came Tj. Gde Ngurah Tjarangsari, because his mother came from the village of Tjarangsari. Then Anak Agung Oka Sijulan and then myself, Tj. Gde Agung, and my twin sister, Anak Agung Galuh, and then my youngest sister, Anak Agung Ngurah Nuk.

All my brothers lived here in Ubud while I and my twin sister lived with father in Tjampuhan. All my brothers went to the primary school in Gianjar run by the Dutch but with teachers from Bali and Java. They did very well in school. Also in the school was Anak Agung Ngurah Asti, the son of Anak Agung Oka Krebek, who took care of my father's property. When they finished school they had difficulty trying to continue their study in the Rulers' School, Opleidings School, run by the Dutch in Java.

My oldest brother, Tj. Raka, and Anak Agung Ngurah Asti went to school in Probolinggo, East Java. My brother was very interested in Western music. He had violin and flute lessons and was an accomplished musician. He also spoke fluent Javanese.

One day father received a very important visitor, a cousin of the former Susuhunan of Solo, by name Pangeran Kesumajude. My brother made photos of all the families with an old camera which stood on a tripod with a black cloth. I stood beside my father, and my twin sister stood beside his cousins. We were very well to do in those days, but now when I look at the photo I see that my jacket must have been borrowed for the occasion as the sleeve is three centimeters longer than my arm.

My father had two brothers and four sisters. The eldest brother was Tj. Gde Putu, his elder sister was Anak Agung Rai. The others were Anak Agung Niang Agung, Tj. Gde Rai Sarenkangin, Anak Agung Niang Pedjengadj, and Anak Agung Raka Blusung.

At the time when I and my twin sister only lived with father in Tjampuhan, he had many many rice fields, dry fields, (coconut and coffee plantations). Later the Dutch Government gave him money also, a very high wage of 2,200 ringgit a month. Father used to go by horse car to Gianjar every month to collect it. So we were very rich and more so because the cost of living was very low. For five cents you could buy a very big portion of rice with chicken and vegetables. Even though we were rich, as children up until the age of about seven or eight we did not wear any clothes or shoes except for special occasions such as temple festivals or important visitors. After that age we wore a sarong, but nothing more. No one used soap or towels. We all washed in the river twice a day and dried in the warm air. Life at that time was very simple.

Father was a very very religious man, as was my aunt from Mengwi. He helped to rebuild many temples. He could read the lontar very well and had a beautiful voice. When he was a boy he learned to dance and play gamelan, as did all Tjokordas in those days.

Father bought gold, diamonds, silver etc. from time to time from an Arab woman named Saripah. He used these for the handles of kris.

Life in that time was very very peaceful and quiet. There was nearly no transportation, only a few horse cars. One time father made a dam inspection, and for this he sat in a chair and was carried. I was sitting on the second step. Father went to Denpasar maybe once a year, or less. He went by horse car to Batubulan where my cousin lived and there changed horses, changing back on the return journey. At this time he had about forty-six wives and thirty-five concubines.

Earthquake

As always with life, you can never have only sunshine; there will also be darkness. In 1917, when I was seven years old, there was a very very bad earthquake. The whole of the palace was destroyed. One of father's concubines was missing. But after four days they found her under the ruins just by the smell. Ubud was completely flattened, not a house standing and many cracks in the ground. Not too many people were killed as it happened early in the morning when the men were going to the rice fields and the women to the rivers and springs to get water. The land just before Tjampuhan temple subsided and fell on top of the
river which had formerly run underneath it. This resulted in the path
to the temple being cut off. My father built big temporary buildings
where the market now stands in Ubud.

### Attempt to Poison Father

One morning father went to the river for a bath very early in the
morning. The puri was very quiet. The cook left the kitchen and,
passing father's door, noticed it was open. He looked inside and saw
one of father's servants, Gusti Alit Berening, putting some blue water,
a known poison, in father's drinking water. The cook, Nang Ialon, asked
him what he was doing and if he had put poison in the drinking water.
He said no, that he had not done so.

When father returned, he called all the families, his brothers and
cousins together for a meeting. I well remember this gathering as I
was about seven at the time. His clerk, I Ktut Djiwe, wrote the state­
ment of Nang Ialon. My cousin, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, asked Gusti
Alit Berening, "For what reason and by whose orders did you put poison
in the drinking water of my uncle?" He said he did it on the order of
the Raja of Gianjar and had been promised a share of father's property
as a reward. As father was married to a niece of the Raja of Gianjar,
nothing further was done and the man went unpunished.

Not long after this there was an epidemic. Many many people died,
among them my brother Tj. Putra and his wife, Anak Agung Muter, and,
a month later, his daughter. My father also fell ill, and the families
agreed it was best not to tell my father until he was stronger. Very
quietly my brother was buried in the cemetery. Later on the family
agreed that I should be the one to tell my father. When I told him,
he said, "Well, it is their time."

At this time, father had a horse car and some beautiful horses,
two from Australia, one Kuda Sumba, one small horse from Batak, Sumatra,
and a common horse from Bali. Later on he bought an American car, a
Jeffray. My brother brought it from Java. In Bali there were already
about four cars - two in North Bali and two in the South. The former
King of Karangasem also had one.

When father went out in the car and had to pass the Temple of Dalam
Pura, he would stop the car before reaching the Temple and get out and
walk past, then get back in the car again on the far side. I think he
felt that, sitting in the car, his head might be above the Temple.

Not long after the earthquake, father started to rebuild the
palace at Ubud, and not long after they had finished he started to build
another palace at the village of Bunutin, which is about six kilometers
from Ubud and surrounded by dry fields. So many people were working
every day that the palace and small house temple was soon built complete
with gold leaf and carving.
We lived very happily in Bunutin. There was a big river, Tukad Agung, one of the biggest in Bali with beautiful scenery on both sides of the river. From time to time we would go down and take a bath in the evening, roast young corn, take young coconuts from the trees to drink. Despite the size of the river, there were no shrimps. We started planting onions and corn and a kind of bean, katjang utju. The flower of this bean is very delicious with young corn. That first harvest was a very good one. Living at the Palace at Bunutin were several of the concubines and wives. One of my aunts looked after me and my sister.

Father's Chinese Servant

An old Chinese servant, Tjiktuwa, came to me one day and asked me for my urine to use as a medicine. Of course I refused as I felt I should not do this. But he explained to me that in China the urine of a king is deemed to be very good medicine, so then I offered my urine to him and he drank it. He was a very strong old man.

Living together with my father in Bunutin were a cousin of mine, the father of the former Tj. Alit Sarenkangin, whose father's name is Tj. Gde Oka Dalam, and another cousin, Tj. Gde Raka Sarenkangin, and my five sisters. A priest and his wife also lived in the puri to take care of us all. In all, there were about fifty or sixty people, including servants.

People from everywhere came to the Palace every day bringing the best fruits and all kinds of fishes. There was always plenty of food. The cook always served three kinds of rice for father, pure rice, rice mixed with sweet potato, and rice mixed with a kind of leaf, daun kaju apit. He also served vegetables and chicken.

Bunutin became nearly a small crowded town. On market day people would stop there and trade.

Early Training

Father asked Pedanda Ktut Suniawati to come from Suniawati and teach me the kekawin, which is the lontar from the Ramayana or Bratajuda. He also asked Anak Agung Rai Perit, known as Derai, from Sukawati, who was a creator of the legong performance, to teach dance and Gusti Ktut Blatjing from Ubud, known as Blatjing, to teach Legong Kraton. Father asked me later on to learn the special music for this. Father also asked the Society of Kuta in Denpasar to come and study music. To transport the Society of Kuta, about thirty-five to forty people, from Kuta to Bunutin, father used a very big car, a Republic, with solid tires owned by a good friend, a Dutchman named Mr. Havingha from the Ship Navigation KPM. The horn was a huge copper bell. My two nephews lived with Mr. Havingha in Denpasar and went to the Dutch school. The
leaders of the Society of Kuta were Ni Dasni and Ni Rintjeg and they played the Legong Kraton and became very well known. There was also I Lotring and a Society musician from Kedewatan and the leader, Dewa Putu Polet. Besides the Legong Kraton, father decided also that I should learn Sisian, the Witch Dance. Father told me that it was the duty of princes to read the lontar and learn the music and dance. He also said I should learn about cockfighting and take part, and that is what I not agree, but I said nothing, but I did not agree. I went always with father to the cockfights and was made to bet, but I do not like to gamble.

There was to be a big cremation in a month's time in Gianjar, and father decided that we should take a dance performance, the Chalon Arang, to Gianjar. People worked day and night to learn the music and the dance and to make the costumes and stage props such as the Gedong Toko, which is the house of the Sisian. There were several goldsmiths who made the gold crown of the Sisian. There were wood carvers for the decorations. All these were finished in time, and the dance was performed at the cremation and much admired.

Later the goldsmiths were again at the Palace to make a gold decoration on father's car because the Dutch Governor General of Batavia, Graaf Lieberstirum, was coming, and, since there were so few cars, he might wish to use it. I do not know if he ever did.

At this time my father wanted to marry my eldest sister to the Raja of Gianjar (the same man who had supposedly planned to poison him). They were married with a big ceremony, and later had one son, Anak Agung Gde Agung. Later my second sister married to a cousin, Tj. Gde Rai Sajan, here in Ubud. This cousin had been adopted by his uncle who was from Sajan and who had only one son of a very complex and difficult nature. Tj. Gde Rai Sajan was educated by my father in Singaradja because at that time there was no school in Ubud. South Bali was not yet a colony. He had two daughters by my sister, Anak Agung Putra Kutit and Anak Agung Rai Agung. Later they caused some sadness as both married outside the family. One was married to the son of the former King of Singaradja, Maaister Anak Agung Djelantik, who was educated in Holland and got a law degree. The second sister was married to Dewa Made Kurta from Kendran.

My cousin, Tj. Gde Rai Sajan decided to file the teeth of his elder daughter. When the tooth filing took place, the border between North Bali and South Bali was very very dangerous because of gerombolan (group of bandits). After the Japanese occupation, there were gerombolan headed by a man called Marsidi. He was a retired Police Army officer from Malang come back to Bali. He began with a trick. He went to the mountain village of Taro and got in touch with the supposed leader of the village, I Made Mawa, who actually came originally from Sukawati and had been a servant at the Puri Belaloan in Denpasar. Marsidi said to I Made Mawa, "Bali has not yet got complete independence. I would like to work with you to make Bali 100 percent independent." As a result of
this, in a couple of years, he had many many members, named Logis, of his gerombolan, not only in that area but in Eastern Bali as well. Many people were killed by these outlaws but the authorities took little notice until one day an Inspector of Police from Surabaja came to Denpasar by car, and, where the road bends not far from the spinning factory, one of the gerombolan shot at him from one of the courtyards and he was killed. From then the Government took action, and armies and police came from Java. Marsidi and Mawa were killed and their friends either jailed or exiled.

However, at the time of the tooth-filing ceremony, the border was infested with gerombolan. The guests included many people from Singaradja: punggawas, and perbekeZs and other important people besides the Raja's families. There was also one special truck for a dance performance from Singaradja. The ceremony took place in the house of the parents at Puri Kalaran. After dinner there was to be the Kebay dance from Singaradja and the Djanger from Peliatan led by Anak Agung Mandra. Although the guests from Singaradja were to dance first, the Peliatan group, hoping to get home early, were all dressed and ready very early while we were still eating dinner and before the Singaradja group had even begun to dress. So the Peliatan group danced first, and it was a fantastic performance with instruments of the Gender Wajang. It was a new creation of Anak Agung Gde Mandra. So when the Peliatan group finished, the gong group from Singaradja from Bununan led by Guru Ktut Maruta made a speech standing facing to the East and said, "We have come here with our dance performance, not really to make a show for you and your people as we know that we are far behind the culture here, but we like our Raja and that is the reason we came here to dance. We know well the Bali saying 'Never sell salt to the beach'."

Then the dance performance started with two Tari Truna. Two beautiful girls danced this. After maybe half an hour all the crowds and people had left and there were no spectators left at all except the families of the Raja. Some dogs started a fight over a banana leaf with rice which had been thrown away. I am sure the guests felt insulted. Since there was now no audience, the dance soon finished and they at once decided to leave in the truck that night. I went to the leader and several important persons and tried to dissuade them saying "Don't forget the border between North and South is still very dangerous and you will not be safe." But they were already in the truck and many other important guests as well, and so to our regret they left. They did arrive safely in Singaradja.

My eldest brother finished his studies in Java and was appointed as Head of Police in Denpasar. This is always the first step after Opleidings School in Probolinggo.

Every week on his day off he came to visit father and asked him if he would let me go and live with him in Denpasar and go to the Dutch school. My father said, "Well, it is not necessary that your brother go to school yet. Leave him here where he has the priest already
teaching him kawi and also teachers for music and dance. As you know, I never refuse you whatever you ask, but there is no reason for my youngest son to go to school. Leave him with his father and sister here at home." But my brother tried to persuade him saying "Don't forget, the future will be different than our present life here." Even then my father refused.

School in Denpasar

Every week my brother tried again to persuade my father until he wore my father down, and, exhausted, he let me go to my brother in Denpasar. And so at the age of nine I went to the Dutch school in Denpasar. At this time there was a fair in Denpasar, and the regulations were that there should be no gambling at night. My brother was very zealous to keep these regulations, and one night he tried to catch a gambler but the policeman hit my brother's hands with a stick and his right hand was very swollen.

Father's Death

Not long after, maybe four months time, my father died in Bunutin. The dead body was brought to Ubud. My father's friends, the agents of the KPM, came as soon as they heard that same day. They were disappointed that my brother had not told them earlier that he was ill so that they might have been with him. All the families came and my youngest sister also. I remember she could not stop crying and my cousin said to her "Suppose if you cannot keep your tears from falling, keep away. Suppose if a tear comes in touch with the body of your father, you build a bad road for the soul of your father."

After two days, they washed the dead body and laid it on a bed on the left hand side of the verandah. At this time it was very hard to get money for the cremation and for the necessary restoration of some of the buildings, walls, and gates. I remember that the big gate and the walls were built by the "Ajahan Dalim people" - which means "Workers for the King." The big gate was designed by my cousins, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, Gusti Ktut Sedehan, the father of Gusti Njom Lampad, and Gusti Njom Lampad himself. The head of the carvers was Nang Kranjit from Pedangtegal. Whereas before the gate had been very simple, now it was big and elaborate as it still is today. When the money had been collected, Pedanda Agung of Gianjar decided on a date in 1920.

At this time, I spent more and more time in Denpasar. When father was still alive, my brothers lived in the main building in Puri Kaliungu. My teacher, Tj. Ngurah, lived at the corner house in the same courtyard. We lived here for about a year while my brother built a puri in Blaluan, Denpasar, where his house now is.
We had a very nice time in Kaliungu, very quiet and peaceful. As soon as we lived in Blaluan, other families came and lived there also. Tj. Gde Rai at that time worked in the Governor's office. He is also head of the families. He arranged the buildings and noted the cost of everything. As Mr. Havingha had gone back to Holland, Tj. Gde Ngurah, Tj. Raka Johnnie, and Tj. Oka Charlie came to live with us. Their host had given them their Western names.

Also living with us were Ida Bagus Anom, Tj. Gde Anom of Pedjeng, and Tj. Susiah, a cousin from Batubulan. We all enjoyed it very much. My three brothers all lived happily and peacefully with the families. We used to joke, I remember, with a very nice old woman who was our cook, named Dadong Kaseman. We would rub onion on the table and then ask her, "Do you play black magic?" Of course she said "No." But if there were tears in her eyes then it was an untruth, so we teased her, but all in fun. Life was very simple. We never ate chicken; sometimes we ate fish or herrings. Sometimes we tried to catch a stray chicken, but mostly we ate onions with salt and oil and a few vegetables and rice.

Opposite, at the Bale Bandjar of Blaluan, they started a Gong rehearsal, a Gong Kebyar. I Njong Njong was taught by Mario and was the first to dance the Kebyar in Denpasar.

We always went to school in shirt and kain only. The headmaster of High H.I.S. was a Dutchman, Van Gerner. Under him we had Balinese teachers, Tj. Ngurah Guru and Mantri Guru and Njoman Kalar from Denpasar. The headmaster had two children, a boy and a girl. Later his marriage ended in divorce, and his wife married the second Agency, Mr. Helder. The daughter stayed with her mother but the son went with his father to Lampung, Sumatra. I believe his son fell in a river there and, although rescued by a fisherman, he died.


My eldest brother became head of the families in place of my father. He had great power at that time and was treated as father had been before. But he was a very strict and rigid man.

One Saturday, when my brother came to visit us in Denpasar as he did every week, riding a horse, my brother served sate, krupuk blidjo, and refreshments on the table. My brother went to the bathroom, and several of the families came and took all the cakes so that there was nothing left. Another cousin, Tj. Putu Susiah, arrived and he was very annoyed, hit the table with his fist, and broke a plate. My brother came back and was very furious and everyone disappeared.

Unsuccessful Adoption Plan

One morning I was called by my brothers to go home to Ubud. As soon as I arrived I was surprised to see so many offerings in the front
court yard of the house temple and many of the families coming from very far places and other important people. I did not know what it was all about and did not ask, little dreaming it had anything to do with me. The day before the ceremonies began, at about 2 p.m., my four brothers called me to one of the buildings in the first courtyard. They told me that my stepmother, Anak Ibu Gianjar from Gianjar, wanted to adopt me. They said to me, "Suppose if you want to be adopted by your stepmother, we do not want to recognize you any more in the families. When the time comes for praying, you must start crying and say, "I do not want to be praying." It will mean that you make everybody surprised, and then we can say: "What can we do? If the boy refuses to pray, he cannot be adopted." Then my brothers said, "See that you do this, otherwise we will recognize you no more in the families."

So the next day the ceremonies began in front of all the families and many important people including the Raja of Gianjar. As I promised my brothers I began crying when they asked me to pray, and of course everyone was surprised and said "What happened? What happened?"

**Hard Life in Denpasar**

From now on our life became very very hard. We worked very hard not only studying in school in Denpasar but after school hours in the garage belonging to my brother, often till the middle of the night painting cars and repairing and cleaning them. I also had to fill the water tank each day from the well. One day I almost fell into the well but a servant, I Lemon from Singekerta, got hold of me. My chin was bleeding where I struck it on the edge of the well. I still have the mark.

My brother very seldom gave me any money, so every morning I got up very very early to climb the trees for flowers called Jempaka which I sold every day to an old woman for twenty-five kepengs and she gave me one extra kepeng for what is called "djinah." There was a naughty servant, Ibaruk, who often got to the trees before me and took all the flowers from the lower branches, so that I had to climb to the very top for the remaining ones.

My life in Denpasar as well as at home in Ubud with my grandmother and twin sister was very very hard. When in the puri in Ubud, we went and collected our food from the Puri Cantor across the road where my eldest brother lived. We were given only rice and salt and a very little vegetables - never chicken. I was very sad for my grandmother and sister. When travelling from Denpasar to Ubud, I took the bus to Sakah and from there I had to walk about nine kilometers. I used to sometimes stop in Singekerta where the Perbekel, Anak Agung Putu, was very very kind to me and would give me five guilders.

I came less and less in contact with the families on my mother's side, so much so that I now do not know where my cousins and nephews on my mother's side now are.
I know that at one time my father had many shops in Denpasar, maybe twelve, run by Chinese, but I never knew what happened to the money.

After one holiday, I was to return to Denpasar for school the next day. A servant, Isaru, went on foot to Sakah carrying a piece of iron for hammering. I went in the horse car with my brother to the crossroads at Semabaung to wait for the bus from Klungkung. Until late in the evening there was no bus so eventually I walked to Sakah where I found the servant also waiting for the bus. It was nearly dark, and it started to rain and blow very very hard. We left the iron in someone's house and getting a banana leaf we set off to walk home in the pouring rain and wind. I went directly to my brother who was asleep and woke him. "Why did you come home?" he said. I replied "There was no bus." He gave me a long kain batik and I came home to the puri. Next morning I walked again to Sakah and got the bus to Denpasar.

One day I had to go home because it was our birthday. I should tell you that our birthday was on a very very bad day in the calendar. We were born the day before the Wajang Kulit birthday, Kalepaksa, which is the reason every six months when it is our birthday they made very good offerings and also a shadow play performance, though on that night no one else was willing to play a shadow performance. However, my father had very good friends among the shadow players, Ide Ktut Alit from Mas and his cousin Ida Adj Ngurah. One of these two men performed the shadow play for us and the dalang himself made the holy water for us. They performed the Njudamala.

When I was at school in Denpasar, my father sent also a young boy servant from Penisthana who had been a servant with my mother when she was pregnant. He was about six years older than I but is now still with me in Ubud. He was at one time a driver. He is married and lives in Tjampuhan but has no children.

Sometimes Tj. Raka Johnnie tried to teach some of the children at home, especially Dewa Gde Taman, known as Wakbmi. When Wakbmi had just come from home he had money, and, instead of a lesson, they would go to Denpasar and buy food. Otherwise Tj. Raka Johnnie could be very cruel. We had a cousin, Tj. Gde Ngurah who sometimes had an infection of the hands, and at night Tj. Raka told him to keep distance and not come close or sleep beside him.

Going to school we all wore kain and shirt. It made no difference who you were, high or low caste. The teachers had absolute authority over us and there was no laughing and joking with them. We had a great deal of respect for our teachers, especially Tj. Ngurah Guru. He was very strict, and if a pupil did something wrong he was made to stand before the class till the end of school. One of our cousins, Tj. Susiah, a very clever boy, did not get on well with Tj. Ngurah Guru. He never learned his lessons although he was the cleverest in the class.
Tj. Susiah would come by foot from Batubulan each day. When he was late he turned his watch back and said to the teacher, "No, I am not late. Look at my watch. I arrived just in time." Another time, coming from Batubulan, he went first to the well in Puri Blaluan and poured water all over himself. As usual the teacher was angry with him for being late, but he said, "There was so much rain on the road on the way here that I could not go on but stopped to shelter."

I had three very very good friends, Njoman Regug from Krambitan, Made Tjandra from Sumbung, and Made Keteg from Tangguwisa, Singaradja.

In 1927 we finished our schooling and I went to live in the puri at Ubud. Njoman Regug became a teacher and Made Keteg went to work in the phone office. Made Tjandra went home and became a farmer.

First Marriage

Not long after I went home, my eldest brother decided to marry me to my cousin, Anak Agung Putra from Mas, who had also been at school and lived with us in Denpasar. At that time, I had already a concubine who also lived in the puri with us. She later had a daughter who died while still a baby. I and my third brother, Tj. Gde Oka, were both married on the same day here in the puri, he to Anak Agung Oka from Peliatan. Walter Spies, who already lived here in the puri in the front courtyard, took a photo of us which I still have. My wife and I lived together in the puri very happily for about three years and my brother moved into a house in the Puri Cantor. Despite our very happy marriage, our lives became more and more difficult. We still ate from the Puri Cantor and had little or no money of our own.

Decision to Divide Property

So one day, we three brothers talked together and decided that the property should be divided between the four of us. My second brother came to me first with this idea and my third brother joined us. Of course my eldest brother had no intention of agreeing since he at present held all the property. We three younger brothers asked the help of a Rukrul Bambu, a man who knows a little bit about law although he is not a lawyer in the Western sense. His name was Gusti Tjakra Tanaja from Singaradja. Our problem was doubly difficult as we had already, without realizing the implications, signed an agreement with my eldest brother so that the Rukrul Bambu could do nothing to help us. We tried another kind of lawyer, an Arab. He also tried to help us but without success. Then my eldest brother tried to force my compliance by a trick.

End of First Marriage

They persuaded my wife to go back to her parents' home in Mas where I used to go and visit her many nights a week, returning to Ubud in the
very early morning. One day my wife said, "I think you should quickly reconcile yourself with your brothers so that I can return to live with you again in Ubud." This I refused to do, even though I desperately wanted my wife back in my own home. I resisted the temptation to give in on so important a matter, and so my first marriage came to an end.

Dispute over Division of Property

One day I was called by the Assistant Resident, Dr. Korn, in Singaradja to visit him in his office that afternoon. I just got to Singaradja in time and he sat me in front of him in his office. "Are you Tj. Gde Agung?" he asked. "Yes" I replied. "Why are you so stupid not to follow what your eldest brother said to you and your brothers. You know that he is the Representative for the Netherlands Government in Djakarta." I answered, "Well, Mr. Resident, even though the Netherlands Government may trust him as a representative of Bali, in my family we do not trust him."

The Resident pushed a further agreement in front of me and said, "Sign this document." "I don't want to," I said. Three times he said this and three times I made the same reply.

Then he said, "You have a stone head." I replied, "Well, Mr. Resident, how is it possible? Suppose if I have a stone head I can't talk with you."

He asked me again to sign the document and I refused and he said, "Well, I don't want to force you," and I was sent home.

My uncle, the Punggawa of Ubud, had no share of my father's property, and we asked him to send a request to the Government that a share be given him by my eldest brother. The request was sent, but when my eldest brother heard this he sent his youngest brother to plead with him to withdraw his request saying that anything he wanted of course he could have if only he would withdraw the request. So my uncle withdrew the request, but of course my eldest brother never kept his promise.

One day I went and visited a relative on my mother's side who was a clerk of the Controller of Gianjar, Gusti Putu Raka from Kapal. We talked and talked about my problem and he suggested we go and see Mr. R.P. Singgih, a very well known and clever lawyer living maybe in Malang. My cousin, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkaun, wanted to help us, and, as we needed money to go to Java, we borrowed from him. Money was very difficult to get, and he rented his fields and took his gold to a moneylender for us.

Mr. Singgih Wins a Settlement

So I and my two brothers went first to Surabaja. Here we knew nobody and stayed in Chinese lodgings. There we met many guests who we talked to and one of them suggested we go to Solo to find Mr. Singgih.
So we went by train to Solo and stayed again in a Chinese hotel. The owner was a widow and luckily she knew Mr. Singgih and where he lived at the street Ngadi Polo No. 80. Next morning we went to see him. He was quite a young man, only a little older than my brothers and very very nice with a beautiful wife, who I thought at first was a half-caste but is pure Javanese. They had five or six children. We told him the whole story and why we had come to see him. He asked us to let him think about it and to come back the next day. Next day he told us it was a very difficult case because we had already signed the agreement and we must try to find a way to break it. The following day, we went again to see him. This time my brother Tj. Gde Rai did not want to go with us, saying he felt ill. However, he eventually changed his mind and came. Later we found out he had fallen in love with the widow who owned the hotel. This time, Mr. Singgih took the law books about Bali which had been written by Dr. Korn. He tried to find precedents on which to argue our case but without success, so he told us we must try to think of something which happened in the past which might affect our position with the property.

We went back and talked and talked, and suddenly I remembered when my father was still alive he asked the man who took care of our property, Anak Agung Gde Oka Krebek, to make a will in favor of me and my twin sister, as he wished to give us all the rice fields and coconut plantations from Tanggajuda to Kedewatan. One morning when father went to Gianjar to the office, he asked Anak Agung Gde Oka Krebek whether the will was ready for him to sign and he said, "Not yet." "Make it finished and I will sign it on the way back," my father said. As soon as my father came back, he felt unwell and soon after he died. So is the saying, "Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today." So the will was never signed.

We went and told Mr. Singgih this story and at last he felt we might have a chance to set aside the agreement.

He consented to come to Bali by boat from Semarang. He came over one week later. We met him at the pier and brought him to shore. We went directly to the house of the Resident and he said that we should see the Assistant Resident, Dr. Korn, who would investigate the matter. In the twilight we drove home with more than a little hope things would eventually get put right. Mr. Singgih slept at Tj. Gde Ngurah's house at Tjarangsari with a very warm welcome.

Next day we went to visit the Assistant Resident, Dr. Korn. We sat under the Banyan tree on the lawn in Denpasar while Mr. Singgih went to see Dr. Korn. Dr. Korn said he already knew all about the matter from the Resident and that he was anxious to make peace between the tjokordas in Ubud since they were very good friends of their father. He suggested that Mr. Singgih return home and leave the matter in his hands, but Mr. Singgih said that having come this far he wished to see a settlement reached before he went home. Dr. Korn asked for a little time in which to fully investigate the matter, and so we returned to
Ubud feeling that at last something would be done. Mr. Singgih told my brothers to keep strongly together and to insist that I get the same amount of rice fields and dry fields as my eldest brother, as he said I had that right in law. After a few days of showing Mr. Singgih around Bali, we went to see Dr. Korn again. This time we were shown a new settlement - not the settlement we had hoped for, equal shares, but at least enough. My eldest brother got by far the largest proportion, I came next, then my second brother, and then my third brother. After some thought we agreed to sign it.

Mr. Singgih soon left for home. We kept a very good relationship with him and his family, and they often came and stayed with us. Sometimes they came separately bringing the children.

One day in 1931 my eldest brother became Representative for Bali in Djakarta and he said to me, "Well, you must be Head of the District here in Ubud." I refused as I did not want to be Head. My brother said, "Why not? You are the youngest and you live in the old house; you must take my place." I again refused saying "No, I don't want to. You have many brothers and nephews you could ask, chose one of them." Then my brother said he had already told the Resident in Singaradja that I would be Head of the District and the Resident had asked that I go to him to study for six months. Again I said no, that I did not want to go. I further said that I felt that if I did go I would be a slave of the Government and I liked to be very independent. That finally convinced my eldest brother, and he left me in peace. My cousin, Tj. Gde Rai Sajan, became Head of the District in my place.

In 1931, my eldest brother was the leader of the first dance group to go to Paris at the International Colonial Exhibition. Many of my nephews and cousins went too, but I did not go as I did not get along very well with them.

Formation of Art Society

Mr. Bonnet, a Dutch painter, came to Ubud in 1929, and in 1931 he was the prime mover to create our Art Society. On the committee were also Walter Spies, Gusti Njoman Lampad, my eldest brother, Tj. Gde Rai, Punggawa of Peliatan, and myself. We had a membership of about one hundred and twenty-five people from different villages, each with a representative. The representative of Ubud, Tebesaja, and Peliatan was Anak Agung Sobrat; that of Peneseken and Nguhkuning was Gusti Ktut Kobot; that of Mas was Ktut Rodja; that of Beduluh was Gusti Made Dokar; that of Tjeluk was Wajan Rijok; that of Donpasar and Sanur was Gusti Deblog; that of Beng was Dewa Gde Oke; that of Kemasan was Pan Sekan.

I was Secretary of the Society and Tj. Gde Rai, the former Penggawa of Peliatan, was President of the Art Society. Every Saturday artists came to the Puri Cantor with their work. The good ones we kept for an
exhibition in Java or abroad but the rest we returned to the artist to
sell elsewhere.

Then we started to build the Museum of Bali Modern Art in Ubud.
It is a pity that we have no photos as a remembrance of these beginnings.

Walter Spies had first lived with his father, an Ambassador in
Moscow. He left Moscow for Holland and from there took ship as a can­
noneer. As soon as he arrived in Java, he went to Djogja and he became
a servant of the ninth Sultan of Djogja so that he could learn Javanese
music. After staying one year in Djogja, my brother, Tj. Gde Raka
Sukawati asked him to come and live permanently in Ubud. At first he
lived in the front courtyard of the Puri Saren. He brought a piano
with him, a German bicycle, and a butterfly net. We went from valley
to valley together catching butterflies and put them in gold leaf boxes
and sent them to museums in Europe and elsewhere.

In 1928, a Moster Bruyn became the head of the first Dutch tourist
agency. He lived in Singaradja but came nearly every week to stay with
Walter Spies. Doctor Coris, who was the Director of the Lontar Library
in Singaradja, also came nearly every week to visit him. One time Dr.
Coris dressed in Balinese dress and the next day he was called to see
the Resident and told he might not use such a dress as that.

Mr. Bonnet came to Ubud in 1929 and lived in the Water Palace where
Walter Spies had lived before. My brother had already built a temporary
building of bamboo for Walter, which is now an Art Gallery belonging to
the grandson of Gusti Njoman Lampad. Mr. Bonnet worked hard. He
painted from 7 a.m. to 12 a.m. and again from 1.30 p.m. to 4 p.m. and
no one could disturb him between those hours, but after 4 p.m. anyone
might come and many artists visited him. The first two pictures
he exchanged for a car, a Durand. Walter Spies, on the other hand,
just worked by order. He commanded such a high price that one painting
gave him 3,000 guilders - enough for him to live a year in Bali.

One evening Walter told me that he wished to build a house as he had
a German architect friend staying with him. We went to Tjampuhan and
found a piece of land belonging to my cousin, Tj. Gde Oka Dalam. We
went to see him, and when we arrived Walter offered him a Mascot No. 7
cigarette and my cousin was so nervous that when he took it in his
trembling hand it fell apart. We agreed on a rent for the land of 5
guilders a month. At once Walter started to build his house with the
help of his friend. Later when he moved in, many friends came to stay
with him: Vicki Baum, Baron Dresden, and Leitner.

Walter, besides being a painter, was also a musician, and he worked
with Jane Belo, the wife of Colin MacPhee who lived in Sajan at that
time, writing a book on Balinese music.
Second Marriage

One day I told my cousin, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkau that I wanted to marry my niece, Anak Agung Rai, the daughter of the younger brother of my mother from Mengwi. All the families agreed, and one evening we went to Blaju where she was living with her stepmother. We talked with the stepmother and her families and they all agreed. The priest said that this day is a very good day to take her to Ubud. The only stipulation made by the stepmother is that I marry my niece and do not take her as a concubine. Of course, I said that it was my intention to marry her even if they had not asked.

We left her home very late, about the middle of the night, and when we passed Mengwi we are not able to pass outside the temple Tama Ajun because we are going to be married and deemed unclean. So we must make a detour and come home through Denpasar. When we arrived home we made a small ceremony, Mebijakawon, offerings for the evil spirits of the body. Three days after, we had the full ceremony which took all day. After three more days, we were allowed to cross the road and make offerings at the house of the Brahmin, Magatmarga. After this we could go where we pleased.

My first wife had by this time married Tj. Gde Rai, the Punggawa of Peliatan, and I became very good friends with him. While we were still at school in Denpasar, my first wife had been kidnapped by him and taken to his puri. As soon as my eldest brother heard, he was very angry and asked the Controller and Head of Police to get her back from him, which they did within a few hours. Soon after this, they married me to her, largely for political reasons, though as it turned out, we were very fond of one another and were happy in our marriage. It was only the scheming of my elder brother in trying to use her to force me to submit to his wishes with regard to the family property that brought an end to our marriage. I felt the change in her after she had told me she wanted to return from Mas to Ubud but was waiting for my reconciliation with my brother. I did not actually say no to her, but she was not the same toward me and I felt myself insulted and, after a few more visits, I never went again.

My concubine was still living with me in the puri in the house on the left-hand side of the house where I and my second wife now lived. It is permissible in Bali for a man to have as many wives and concubines as he wishes, provided he has room to house them.

In 1936 we organized an exhibition of paintings in Djogja. We took also Wajang Kulit. The dalang was Ide Bagus Putu Taman, the Klian Gde of Pitamaha. It was a very successful exhibition. The Susuhunan of Solo visited the exhibition. One night the Wajang Kulit performed at the Kraton of Djogja, and again on the way home at Samarang. We also performed in the Kraton at Solo. During the exhibition in Djogja, we met a Dutch sculptor named Mr. Vander Noordaa, who was very deaf.
He was so interested in our exhibition that he decided to come to Bali and live in the puri. He came two months later and was very happy. A year later his wife joined him from Denmark. On the way home, we stayed with Mr. Bonnet's sister, a doctor of medicine at Semarang, then took a boat to Singaradja.

At this time life was still very simple. No one talked about money, it was not in general use. In the markets food and articles were exchanged in barter. One evening Walter Spies asked me to come and see him. He said, "Agung, I have some money now and I want to pay the rent for ten years which is 5 x 12 x 10 and that is 600 guilders." When I heard this I was so surprised. I told him, "How is it possible? The price of the whole land will never be as high as that." He said, "Well, Agung, I never asked the price of the land; I only know I want to pay rent for ten years and that is 600 guilders." Well, I refused and he insisted and so on and on and eventually I just took 175 guilders from him. Had it been done today, three or ten times that would not have satisfied us. So things have changed.

My eldest brother asked Walter to make a design for a new house on the bank of the river Ajung for his new wife, a Parisienne. The new house was built very quickly and was very nice with a beautiful view. In 1932 my brother went to Paris. I do not know whether he married his wife there or not. He brought her to Bali and she lived in the house. A priest was asked to choose a good day for the wedding, and many people came to see a Westerner in full Balinese dress. So my brother lived with his French wife in Kedewatan, and his first wife and concubine lived here in Ubud with the children. There was not much communication between the two families. She later had two sons, one was born during the Revolution for Independence.

One evening my first wife's husband, Tj. Gde Rai, came and asked me to go with him to the cinema in Denpasar. As soon as I arrived in Peliatan, I saw that the car was full of people, about nine people altogether. I said, "How is it possible? There is no room in your car. It should be better that I not go along with you." But he said I must go with him, so we squeezed in like herrings. Just at the corner on the way to Batubulan there stood a very strict Inspector of Police, Mr. von Hojan. He stopped the car and was very furious, but as it was not a taxi he let us go on. We got to Denpasar and went to the cinema and afterwards to a friend of ours, Hwa Hwan, who had a Chinese restaurant. Tj. Gde Rai ordered several plates of nasi goreng, so much that it was impossible to finish it. I remember it was twelve and a half cents for a plate of nasi goreng and the same for tjep tjai.

One day I got a letter from the money collector in Gianjar asking if I would come with the families to answer some questions about Land Tax. When we reached the Wantilan buildings in Ubud, there were already there the Sedehan Agung of Gianjar, Made Oke, the Regent of Gianjar, Anak Agung Ngurah Agung.
The Regent told me that we had not yet paid the Land Tax from 1923 to 1931 and that we must do so at once otherwise the Government would take possession and sell it.

I said to him, "Well, I am sorry, but how is it possible that I have to pay Land Tax from 1923 when I only have had the land from 1931. I am sure that I want to pay the Land Tax for 1931, because I have got income from the land for that year, but before that the land was owned by my brother." Then the Regent was very angry and said "Well, we don't care, the Government do not look to the owner they just look to the land and the tax is not yet paid. You must pay it now." I said, "I don't want to." Then he handed me an agreement to pay the rent and told me to sign it. I said, "Please, if you don't mind, I want time to think about this." He said, "You have no time, you must sign it now, yes or no, and if you can't pay, we will forfeit the land." So, very unhappy, we signed the agreement and everybody went home.

The next morning I went with my brother to the Controller in Gianjar, Mr. Jacob, who was then the temporary Controller in Klungkung. I knew that he did not get along very well with the Regent of Gianjar. My brother had said to me that he would come with me, but did not want to do any of the talking as he was afraid. I agreed to do the talking, and he gave me a very beautiful sarong which had been made for him by his girl friend in Singaradja. Mr. Jacob was very very nice when I told him the whole story. He was very angry with the Regent of Gianjar. "How can he force you to pay tax on land you did not own? Tomorrow, I will call on him on my way to Denpasar and tell him it is not right that you should pay the tax." I thanked him and we left - my brother in his agitation knocking over his chair.

Next day, the Regent of Gianjar, having just received a visit from the Controller, phoned me to come and visit him. As soon as we arrived, he became very furious all over again. "How is it possible that you went to the Controller and reported to him what happened."

"Well," I said, "I did not bring a report of the problem to him. I just went to him and asked him whether he be so kind to help as I cannot pay tax from 1923 to 1931 on land which I did not own." "You should not have gone to see him without my permission to do so," the Regent said.

I replied, "Well, I asked you to wait so I can think about it, but you refused me, otherwise I might not have gone to him."

He said, "Next time you not do the same thing again." I replied, "Of course, if I agree with what you say, why should I go to the Controller instead of to you first."

Some time later, the money collector came again and said "The best way is to rent the coconut plantation to the Head of the Districts in
Ubud, Tj. Gde Raka, and he will pay the tax." This we did.

**Black Magic**

During my father's lifetime, some of his wives practiced *guna guna* which is basically similar to black magic. One of my aunts, Djeromenuh, really practiced black magic. She used to sleep with the mother of my cousin, Desak Njoman. One night Desak Njoman woke up in the middle of the night and saw fire coming first from Djeromenuh's toes and then her knee and then her arms and then her mouth, and she was very frightened.

After my father died and we lived in Ubud, several of my aunts lived with us in the *puri*, and some of them practiced black magic. People were afraid to pass through the two outer courtyards at night and even sometimes at midday. The grass was very high and people saw fires suddenly, or monkeys. One day one of my cousins went to relieve himself at 7 o'clock and was holding a column of a building for support and he saw a black magic monkey suddenly appear in front of him.

When I was ill, my cousin came always to sit with me. He gave me medicine and made a magic fence around me to protect me from evil spirits.

One of my aunts used to play very very top level black magic, so much so that her family in Batubulan refused to have her to stay with them because she always did something wrong with the families and made trouble.

There is always, in the small house temple, a man who guards it and sleeps there at night. Our man was Nang Ngendut. He was awakened in the middle of the night by a black magic monkey. He recognized it as being my aunt. He said to the monkey, "Well, do not disturb me otherwise I become angry with you." But the monkey did not listen to him. At last the old man lost his patience and he took his sickle and whacked the monkey and the monkey disappeared. Next day, my aunt became very very ill and the doctor went to see her. Later he sent a secret message to Nang Ngendut asking him to give her some medicine, anything, a leaf or anything that belonged to him, so that she would be cured. But Nang Ngendut refused saying, "I don't care whether she dies or not," and later she died.

After the property had been divided between the families, the temples were also divided. Tj. Gde Raka Sukawati worshipped at Pemeradjan Agung, Pemeradjan Alit, and Pura Menlanting. I worshipped at Pura Gunung Lebah at Tjampuhan. My brother, Tj. Gde Oka, worshipped at Pura Batur Karu; Tj. Gde Rai worshipped at Pumeradjan Sari, while Tj. Ngurah worshipped at Pura Panataran Sambahan and Pura Pangadji.

So I started with the restoration of my temple while Tj. Gde Raka and Tj. Gde Ngurah did the same. As soon as our temple was finished we
decided to prepare a big festival, a Mapeselang, which means we kill a water buffalo for an offering. My brothers also prepared festivals, but not so big - Madudus Alit. We visited each other's temples for the festivals.

Barong Poorly Housed

With all the many troubles we had had in 1937, I thought maybe there is something wrong with the families against our Gods here. So, after much searching, I discovered that Ratu Gde, our barong, is not in a good place. It is just outside the Pemeradjan Agung and nobody was taking care of him. According to what I heard from people working in the rice fields at Djuwukmanis, they had found pieces of the hair of the barong, which at that time was made of feathers of the peacock. And I think perhaps many times in sadness when our barong goes to visit his relatives in Pura Sutji at Sebali, he must tell them of his unhappiness. So I decide to prepare a new dress for him, and I asked the families each to provide a box of gold leaf. We started with making the new dress, and it is very very slow - and then I have in my mind, "Where there is a will there is a way." And at last it is finished. So it was not till 1938 we made the dance performance Chalon Arang in which Ratu Gde danced. This was the year Hitler invaded Poland.

At this time our dear friend, Betty Waterman from Denver, Colorado, who lived here for about four years in Sajan, went back home. Her house was still being built, as every time she had guests they made new suggestions and so alterations were constantly being made. We heard of the war in Europe, and later we heard that the Government here in Bali had started with a small group of armies called Corps Prajuda, one group in each Raja's province.

On December 3, 1941, we organized an exhibition in Surabaja at the Club House with my friend, Mr. Bonnet, and our Secretary, Miss Mariana van Wessem. It was a very successful exhibition and was just three days before the attack on Pearl Harbor. The evening of the exhibition, Mariana took us to a Chinese restaurant. The food was delicious, and among the food I was surprised to find a very small leg of chicken. I went to the kitchen and asked the Chinese what kind of meat it was and he told me frog legs. I had never eaten them before.

Eye Operation in Surabaja

I told Mariana that I wanted to go to an eye surgeon for an operation as I had a star in my eye. She told me to go to a specialist in Surabaja and she would pay the costs. Mr. Bonnet had to go to Semarang. I went to a Dutch specialist in Undaan named Dr. Deutchman. I stayed at my nephew, Tj. Raka Johnnie's, house in Djalan Ambungan. The operation took place under a local anaesthetic so I did not have to stay in the
hospital but went back every day for treatment, the sick eye covered with a bandage. After a couple of days, while I am still under the doctor, Rudolf Bonnet came and said we should go home to Bali at once as otherwise we might not be able to get on the trains to Banjuwangi because they would be full of army and we would be stuck here.

I was very nervous and I knew my treatment was not yet finished so I went to the doctor next morning and told him the whole story and he gave me medicines and I was able to go home the next day, still with one of my eyes covered. We crossed by ferry from Banjuwangi and arrived safely at home.

Japanese Land in Bali

It was now war time. I was outside the first courtyard when one of the boys from Ubud, who worked in the Land Surveyor's office in Denpasar, told me that the Japanese had landed five days ago at Sanur and were already in Denpasar. From time to time people brought us news and we heard that Sumatra and Kalimantan had also been taken by the Japanese. Before the Japanese landed, the Dutch had set fire to the oil tanks in Denpasar and I watched from Rudolf Bonnet's studio in Tjampuhan. It was like a sea of fire. I could not believe that there would be anything left of Denpasar at all, but little other damage was done. A small temple, just the other side of the wall, was saved.

The Dutch also tried to put out of action all cars in the island, of which they had a list of licenses. They sent round their Vernillings Corps to the license owners. One among the corps was a member of my family, and as soon as he went to spoil my car I said to him, "Well, is it not silly that you spoil my car. You know that I live by my car in the same way you live by your salary. Suppose if you were in my place and I threw away your wages, are you happy or not? So it is the same with me." And he said to me, "Well, I am in a very difficult position in that I must do something to your car--perhaps you can think of something you can do." "Well, it is easy for me to do something that no one else recognize and no one know that it has been done by myself and I am sure they will know that you damaged it," I said, and he then went away.

Third Marriage and Birth of Daughter

In 1941, I married for the third time, my niece (the daughter of my cousin Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh), Anak Made Agung, my first wife being already re-married and my second wife living with me in the puri but had no children. Anak Made Agung had been living for some time in the puri next door after she finished her schooling, and I had got to know and like her very much. She became pregnant, and so we were very happy and we got married. At this time, Tj. Gde Raka Sarenkangin was Head of the District and the Japanese called him a "Guntjo."
Now we began to be afraid of what would happen and we decided to
escape from Ubud with Rudolf Bonnet and to camp in the hills on the way
to Sebali. When we were half way there, we heard an airplane coming
and we lay down flat in the alang alang grass very frightened. The
plane flew very low over us. Despite this, we camped away for several
days and then my brother sent for us to return to Ubud.

My daughter, Atun, was born very early in the morning at 4 a.m. on
July 21, 1942. She came very quickly with the help of a Balinese doctor
of our family named Anak Agung Gde Barak. On the same day at 7 a.m., the
Japanese came to see the land where Walter Spies lived.

There had been a running feud between Rudolf Bonnet and Tj. Sukawati
because he had received a letter from a Professor Bonne, a member of the
Dutch Government in Djakarta, saying that Sukawati did not agree to the
building of a Museum of Modern Balinese Art in Ubud. Rudolf Bonnet
refused to recognize Tj. Sukawati any more, and when they passed each
other on the street they never spoke. When we were camping in Sebali,
Sukawati became friends with the Japanese here and he sent a message to
Rudolf Bonnet to come and meet the Japanese. When he did come, Sukawati
said to Bonnet, "Let us forget what is in the past."

So for a while, life remained peaceful in Ubud. Bonnet again lived
in the Walter Spies Water Palace and Wim Hoffker and his wife lived at
Abangan. Walter Spies had already been taken away by the Dutch as he
was a German, but Mariana van Wessem lived in his house for a while. Mr.
and Mrs Vander Noordaa still lived at the Puri.

One day the Controller and the tax collector came to Tjampuhan to
be sure which land belonged to me and which to Tj. Oka Dalam and Made
Mirja. Tj. Dalam said he was paid ten guilders a month rent for his
land, and Made Mirja said his was rented also for ten guilders, and I
told them I rented mine for five guilders.

The tax collector was so surprised. "How is it possible - the size
of your land is larger than the other two, why do you get paid less?"
I said, "That is not the reason I rent the land, just to get more money.
I rent to a very good friend, Mariana van Wessem and anything I need she
will always help me.

So we went to Mariana van Wessem and the money collector asked her,"Is it true that you pay only 5 guilders to Tj. Agung?" and she said,
"No, I pay Agung 10 guilders." I was so surprised. I said, "It never
happened before. I never got 10 guilders from you. It was always 5
guilders. I never want 10." Mariana van Wessem said, "No, it is not
you who ask, but I want to give. Why should I pay only 5 when it
should be 10? It is not fair." And I said, "Well, if it is just from
you then I must be thankful, but not for myself. I never asked for it."

Not long after Mariana left Bali with her doctor friend Dr. van der Sleen for Sukapura in Java and the Japanese took possession of the whole property and it was not given back to me until the Japanese left.

All the Dutch were already taken by the Japanese and put in a concentration camp in Denpasar, including Rudolf Bonnet and Wim Hoffker. We never went to Denpasar. The Vander Noordaas had long since gone to Java.

The first Colonel of the Japanese, Hori Rutji, here became very good friends of mine. He had a moustache and a beard and was very interested in art and culture. Also his young lieutenant and his driver. Nearly every three days he came to visit me on his way back from Kintamani, sometimes bringing gifts of sugar or coffee. Sometimes, I visited him at his house in Denpasar. One day I took him with me to a temple festival in Sambahan. Eventually, it was possible, because of our friendship, that Rudolf Bonnet and Wim Hoffker were allowed back in Ubud, and Hori Rutji paid visits to them every three days as well as myself. At first everything was quiet and we made friends with a teacher also in Denpasar who came and gave lectures.

The Pakubuono from Solo gave an order to Mr. Bonnet and to Sobrat to make a preliminary study for a painting. When it was finished he asked me to come the next morning to finally approve it before he sent it off. When I went to see him, I was told that he had been taken away by the Japanese in a bus together with Wim Hoffker and his wife back to the concentration camp.

**Japanese Agricultural Experiments**

Another Colonel came in place of Hori Rutji and he was not a bit interested in art and culture but very interested in agriculture. His agricultural assistant, by name is Nasimura, also used to come and see me and we tried to make experiments in Bunutin to plant cotton, sisal, and, in some places, Japanese rice. The man who worked for the Agriculture in Gianjar, Nasimura, is very very nice and hard working. They plant the cotton seed. At the beginning, bad luck. Again they plant until four times, and at last good luck. After that it became easier here to get cloth. Before it was very very hard and also hard to get enough rice as this was all given to the Japanese, and then a very small proportion was distributed by them while the rest was sold or sent abroad to help in the war. The people worked very hard because many were taken from every village to help build air raid shelters and other war time necessities at Kuta and Sanur and outside Tavel Hook. The soil there is very hard to dig and needs many people.

As soon as they start with the cotton and make it very successful, they then start with spinning. They get girls from six and seven to
spin for them and I like to see this, as in olden times the women's duties were to spin and weave and raise children, cook and take care of the pigs and chickens and make the offerings. Payment for spinning was sometimes in thread so that cloth began to be easier to get.

One time a Japanese came to the Puri and asked me how many cars I had. I told him that I have three cars. He asked me how much I paid for each car. I said for one car I paid 650 guilders, for the second car 550 guilders and for the third 350 guilders. He said that was very expensive. I said to him, "You asked me the price of each car, and, whether you find it expensive or not, that is what I paid." He replied, "Well, I will think about it and maybe come back tomorrow." At about 2 p.m. he came again and put 450 Japanese guilders on the table and took the cars.

From that time I have already a feeling in my mind, suppose if you play a bad trick with me, I have no powers, no weapons, but you have everything. Easily you can take the car without paying one penny, but God knows everything that you do, every bad thing, and I am sure if you play that trick you never win the war. From this time I worked very hard secretly studying my English because I think that even if the Japanese win the war, the Japanese language never will be the international language. I used to practice my English speaking to my dog until my brother heard me and said I must be mad. "Why do you talk English with your dog?" he said. I answered, "Suppose if I talk English with you, easily you can say I am mad because you don't speak English, but the dog cannot call me mad whatever I say to him."

I owned a dry field, and the tax collector in Pajangan, I Ktut Djeladi, is very kind and arranged to let me have water for a rice field. So our workers level the ground and make ditches and water flowed and we started to grow rice. One day I am going home to Ubud about midday and our farmer came and stopped me, asking me to go with him as the water had been stopped by the owner. We went back to the dam and all was put right and on the way home we passed the tax collector who knew and was smiling.

During the time of my first and second marriage, I liked very much to go to the fields each day as the farmers do - planting, ploughing with the cows, weeding, and harvesting. I kept a small hut up in the fields, and my wife came up there to cook lunch for us. Ploughing would be finished about 10:30 or 11 a.m. as the cows get very very tired and cannot work any more. We went to the hut and ate sometimes eggs, or salt fish or chicken with our rice mixed with sweet potatoes.

One day I invited the Head of the Water Society, Ktut Djeladi, to lunch with me in the fields. We prepared a roast pig and he enjoyed it very much. That first rice crop we had such a good harvest with grains just like gold. It was a pity that it only happened once. After that we never got any more water so could not grow rice there again. After
that the Head of the Water Society moved to Gianjar and became Head Money Collector, while another man, also still of a family from Pajangan, Tj. Raka Salaga came in his place. I said to him, "I do hope that you work as well and take as good care of the water and your members as the former Head."

One morning by chance I went with the family and the Head of the Water Society on bicycles from Tjampuhan to our field in Bunutin. When we were in the middle of the rice field he said to me, "How is it possible that you get the worst rice field from your brother?" I answered him, "Why not? I am the youngest. Suppose if I get the best, I am sure maybe I become proud and rude." "Don't be silly," he said, "Everyone knows you have more of a name both at home and abroad in other countries than nephew Raka." He then went on his way to Pajangan.

All rice was distributed by the Japanese because they say we are in wartime. Everywhere they make storehouses. The amount given to each person is very very little, and at last we do not even have enough for our temple festivals. There was no transportation as there were no motor cars, only bicycles or on foot. One day the Japanese said that everyone can use their car, so we at once put back the missing parts. Next day the Japanese came and drove it away.

Eventually we heard that the war became worse and worse for the Japanese and they became correspondingly stricter and stricter and life for us became harder.

The father of my cousin, the Head of the Village in Ubud, named Tj. Gde Raka Sarenkangin, died. He was also the younger brother of my father. It was very very hard to prepare a cremation but we started bit by bit to collect bamboos etc.

Visit of Mr. Kawa Sima

During that time one morning when I was sitting on the verandah, a Japanese man came with two Balinese, Ida Bagus D jelantik from Klungkung and I Made Djodog from Tainsiat, Denpasar. The Japanese asked me, "You know me?" "No," I said. "You lie," he said. "Everybody knows me. Are you sure you do not know me?" I said, "I am sure I do not know you. Why should I lie? Everybody in Bali knows me but if the whole of Bali knows you, why do I not know you?" And he said to one of his spies, "Tell him my name." They told me this was Mr. Kawa Sima. "Oh, you are Mr. Kawa Sima," I said, "Well, I have heard of you by name but I have never met you before." And he said, "Well, 'Tjokloda' (as I know that for the Japanese it is very hard to say 'r') I don't want to make trouble for you." I answered, "Why, if I am not wrong, why should you make trouble for me?" I was not afraid of him because it all just happened suddenly, but if he had let me know in advance he was coming I'm sure I should have been afraid.
"Well, Tjokloda, I know you are very good friends with the Dutch and with the Americans and English."

I said to him, "Mr. Kawa Sima, I am so sorry, I must tell you I am not friends with the Dutch, I am not friends with the Americans, I am not friends with the English, or with anybody else. But, Dr. Kawa Sima, you have so many eyes and so easily you can hear from your spies what they have seen. But I have five brothers and not one of them do I get along with very well, but we are not enemies but we have different ideas."

Then Mr. Kawa Sima said, "Be honest."

"Well, I am sure, why not?"

Mr. Kawa Sima produced a list of all the things I was keeping in my house which have been given me by various friends. "The motor car?" he said.

"Well, the motor car was given to me by Mariana van Wessem, our secretary.

"A typewriter?"

"It is given to me by a friend, Betty Waterman."

Then he came into the hallway and saw many books and he said, "Ah, now I can see you are really good friends of the Dutch, the Americans, and the English as you have so many books in every language." Then I began to be afraid as I knew that in the room behind him I had many many more books belonging to Mr. Vander Noordaa. Then he opened one of the cupboard doors and discovered some very very well made and beautiful plates and he said to me, "Tjokloda, I want to take these with me to give to my boss, but do not say anything to the Mensaibu."

So I said to him, "Take them." He took them and went quickly away.

That night I could not sleep for worrying about the books in the front room. I want very much to keep the books but on the other hand I am afraid. I try to think of a safe way to save the books and I talked to my old driver, "What do you think?"

"It is better if you burn them otherwise I am sure you will get into trouble with Mr. Kawa Sima as he has so many spies and you might get killed." So at first I want to put them down the well and save the books, but we eventually decided to burn them. This we did at once in the night in the kitchen.

Some time later, maybe a week, we decided to go with my niece, Agung Istri Asmari to Singaradja to visit my nephew, Tj. Oka Sudharsana who worked there. We went by bus from here. As soon as we arrived there another cousin also there, Tj. Agung Sukawati, who worked in the Industries in Denpasar. As soon as I looked out of the window I saw a
motor car. I asked who it belonged to and was told Mr. Kawa Sima. I was very surprised and kept myself quietly indoors. Later I took a bath and went for a walk. As soon as I passed the theater building, I passed the two spies, one named Ida Bagus Djelantik, on the other side of the road and they started laughing. I asked why they laughed and they said, "When Mr. Kawa Sima came and visited you, he just started with questions instead of as always with him, by beating the person until they are unconscious, then pouring water over them and then beating them again until at last they are half dead, and then he starts with questions. You were really very lucky."

"And that is the reason why you laugh?"

"That's right."

"Well, where is Mr. Kawa Sima at the moment?" I asked.

"Here in the neighborhood," they replied. So I stopped the conversation and took leave without telling them where I was staying, and after that I stayed quietly at home till the car left. Then we decided to go with my niece, Tj. Istri Asmari to see our good friend, Ida Kade Renes, who lived in Bandjar where his brother who was Head of the District lived also, Ida Gde Suwande.

Luckily they were both at home and served us a very good meal of dried buffalo meat and salt fish. After we had eaten, we set off together to walk to the seashore through the rice fields. All was very quiet and a beautiful view. Half way there, I had trouble in my stomach and want to go and relieve myself and so the others walked on and left me alone and then I was so afraid, I could do nothing, but at last it happened and I hurried myself to catch up with them. They had already reached the beach by this time, so we decided to go out in a boat as there just happened to be a fisherman there. We happily sang songs until we remembered that suppose if there is a Japanese submarine, they may make us trouble. Then we sang quietly and talked to stop us being afraid and sailed back in the bright moonlight. We returned home by a different route and stopped in another village on the way, it being already 11:30 or 12 at night. We stayed with friends for a while and then left for home. Next day we went back to Ubud because they were still in the middle of the preparations for the cremation. The cremation was quite large despite the difficulties. We invited several of the more important Japanese officials and there were no refusals. Forty-two days after, we took the ashes to the sea. Then the family decided to file our teeth.

Before my cousin's father died, he said to his son, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, "You must organize a tooth-filing ceremony." His son said, "How is it possible while you are so ill?" But his father said, "I want to fulfill my duties to my family before I die."
So his son prepared the ceremony with his cousins, Tj. Gde Oka Dalam, Tj. Gde Rai Sajjan, and Tj. Gde Putu Batubulan. It was a very big ceremony in the Puri at Ubud. During the preparations his father was very very ill, and, shortly after the ceremony, he died. Seven months later they prepared for the cremation and at that time my aunt, who was very ill in her Puri at Gianjar, also died. The dead body of my aunt was completely spoiled and smelled very very bad until they moved the body into a new coffin. The smell came again up to the roof and down again and made us feel very sick, until my brother, Tj. Gde Raka Sukawati, said, "Well, keep strong your mind so as not to insult the Raja of Gianjar." My aunt was the Raja's niece.

**Sukarno's Visit to Bali**

News came that President Sukarno was coming to Bali and would make a speech at Gianjar. We went on foot to hear him, many coming long distances. It was a remarkable speech and left us feeling we should all work together for Indonesia.

While the Japanese were still in Gianjar, the son of the Raja of Gianjar, Anak Agung Gde Agung, formed an army and called it PPN, Persatuan Pemuda Negeri, which means Youth Organization, more or less a political move.

The PRI, Pemuda Republic Indonesia, had already been formed too, earlier than the PPN. It might be said that the PPN favored the Dutch and the PRI favored Indonesia.

**Japanese Surrender and Dutch Return**

At last we heard that the Japanese had surrendered and the Dutch army had come back to Bali and the former Controller returned to Denpasar. The Japanese were still in Gianjar where Anak Gde Anak Agung had been good friends with them, though once they lost the war he quickly became good friends with the Dutch again. So one night the Youth organization, TRI, from Ubud decided to go to Bae and try and steal the weapons of the Japanese. I did not go. Later I heard they had bad luck. The Japanese knew about it already so they could not get inside the camp.

**Assistance in Abductions**

To go back a little, early in the Japanese occupation, our carpenter who worked in my rice field, I Jenik, came to me and asked my help as he and his friends had decided on a kidnapping. It was known that I liked to help in this. Also I knew that I Jenik and the girl in question had seen a lot of each other as I saw him visit her house near my rice field in the evenings and return to Ubud next morning, so I foresaw no diffi-
culties as I know very well that that boy and that girl are very good friends. So I promised to help him and next day we made preparation. Nearly every market morning this girl and her friends come from her village, Pajogan, to Ubud carrying sweet potatoes. Ten or twelve girls and they formed a caravan and came together.

Next morning my nephew Tj. Mas, Ida Bagus Anom, one of our painters from the village of Taman, myself, Nang Lajar, and I Jenik went very early in my car, a Chevrolet. First we stopped under the house of Bonnet and waited, but after a few minutes we moved to the other side of the bridge. I was driving myself. Then after a few minutes, we stopped the car under the aqueduct below the clinic on the West side of the road. Not long after, the girls passed by and as Ni Lati passed the car we all grabbed hold of her and pulled her into the car. The engine worked and we drove off. Of course, her friends panicked and ran for home. The girl Ni Lati was yelling and said, "Well, even though you come every evening and stay with me in my house, you never ever said you want to marry me." And she started crying, and I became afraid because if she refused it was a criminal offense. When we got opposite the temple Batukaru near my home, we stopped and tried to take her from the car, but it was very difficult as she was unwilling until I took the head, and others the body and legs, and she still yelling saying, "I don't want to. I want to go home." So we carried her to the house of Lang Lajar and I put her in the main building and everybody went home.

That morning later, the head of the village of Pajogan, named I Padet, and her families came to my house to inform me of the kidnapping. I said to them, "It is not yet settled. I think it best you first go home and come back tomorrow."

That night I could not sleep because I think of what will happen if she still refuse and go back home and go to the Courts. It is very very criminal so I cannot sleep. Next morning, very very early, 5 a.m., I went to see her and she was still crying and wanting to run away and I was so afraid. Then I said, "Well, open the door." And I told the woman who held her not to let her go. I said to her "Well, Ni Lati, listen. This kidnapping and wedding it is really my idea. Inik wants to marry you. I planned to do this because I want to help you and do not forget, I never organized that with a bad idea because I knew that Inik is a good man and you too, and I knew you were good friends, so I thought it would be all right."

Then the women also said to her, "Are you not ashamed? Our Tjokorda from the Puri came himself to give you good advice. He never came and did something for us. It is of great importance that he came to give you advice. Are you not ashamed to refuse what he decides is good for you?" Ni Lati stopped crying and then she said, "Yes." Later I told her that the families with the head of the village had come to see her.
I said, "When they ask what you are doing here, you just say that you fell in love with Inik. Keep word," I said and she replied, "Yes, I will."

So I went home, but even then I did not trust her because as soon as the families come the girls sometimes change their mind. But I pray to God.

Later on about the same time as yesterday, the families came and I said to them, "You go now and see her." In the meantime, I was more worried than ever but in about half an hour I heard the drum being beaten "Tung, Tung, Tung," and then I knew it was all right and everything legal. It is a signal to the village that the wedding is legal. Two weeks later they started with the full wedding ceremony. This turned out to be a good marriage and they now have four children.

Three days after the kidnapping it was again a market day in Ubud. I had just come out from the Puri and a boy came and talked to me and said that his grandfather, Pan Rauh, Dukun from the village of Penetje, had sent him to ask me to kidnap a girl for his grandson, who had already left her village and was half way to the market. I said to him, "Please tell your grandfather, I am so sorry, but I never do that work any more."

Near Arrest by Japanese

One day we heard news that the Japanese want to come to Ubud and make trouble. Just when we were in the first courtyard, a truck arrived filled with many Japanese army. I have the chance to look out from the tiled walls and as soon as we saw the Japanese jumping down from the truck we ran away, first to Puri Sarenkauh and told my cousins and everybody there, and then we ran to another courtyard, and at last we came to the courtyard of Tj. Okadalam. I passed his wife and suddenly the dogs started barking, and, just when I went to jump over a very deep ditch, what happened? A Japanese was already on the wall with a gun aimed straight at me. Another Japanese appeared and I had one gun at my throat and a pistol at the back of my neck and I was walking backwards. I saw Clippin's father, Nangajan Djambo, sitting in the corner, no one taking any notice of him, and I wondered why no one was bothering him. They brought me to the courtyard of my cousin, the Guntjo. Then the Japanese asked me, "You are the leader of the Youth Organization, TRI, are you?" "No, I am not." I said. "You lie," said the Japanese.

"Why do you say I am lying?" I said, "I have a belt round my stomach, look and see. How is it possible that I can be a leader? Here it is, you can see for yourself. I can hardly walk." I showed him the belt I had to wear for a hernia.

At last he asked the Guntjo if he would take the responsibility for me that I am not really a leader of the Youth Organization. Then the
Japanese said, "If I hear one time more that you are leader, I will want to kill you." And then they let me free.

**Trouble with Gianjar**

By now communication with Gianjar and Ubud was broken. But Gianjar had a fair and my nephew Tj. Rai Parsi, who was at that time staying in Pedjeng with his wife, went with a man, Anak Agung Gde Rai Kreped. Of course they were caught by the people in Gianjar, who put them in chains tied to a post in a concentration camp which formerly the Japanese had used for a granary. News of this went everywhere and the PRI want to make a reaction. They decide to take Gianjar. The people from Kedewatan, Sajan, Tegelelan, Blabato, Pedjeng, Denpasar, Bongkasa were already on their way to attack Gianjar. There are so many people here in Ubud, and I walked as far as Clippin's shop and asked the people what they want to do. Everybody said, "Don't talk too much, let's go." "What is the matter?" I asked, and was told, "Don't ask too many questions. You know already the reason is Tjokorda Rai Parsi who is captured and kept in prison in Gianjar." "Oh, that is the reason why you want to attack Gianjar," I said, "Listen, I want to ask you a question. Was Tjokorda Parsi sent by you to Gianjar or not? Well, at this time Tj. Parsi already knew that communication between Gianjar and Ubud is already finished and so it was very very foolish to go there. Why should you help such a person who do something wrong. My people from Ubud, as well as from other villages who are here at the moment, suppose if Gianjar came to take us here in Ubud or do something bad to Ubud, then let myself fight first. Suppose if I am killed anything you want you can do yourself, but, in this case, I do not want to follow your idea or your mind." In that moment I felt myself as a hero or speaking as a God. After I had spoken, the people sat down and one by one disappeared and went back home.

Then what happened? The same night I was still outside at about 12 o'clock and a bus passed here. It stopped and I recognized the leader of the PRI from Denpasar. They want to go to Gianjar and discuss about Tj. Parsi's imprisonment. I talked also with them and they said, "Suppose if Gianjar not leave Tj. Parsi free, we want to take Gianjar." So they went to Gianjar and talked and then Tj. Parsi became free.

**March with Holy Weapons to take Bedulu**

The misunderstanding between Ubud and Gianjar became worse and worse and worse. Between Pedjeng which is for Ubud, and Bedulu, which though it lies between Gianjar and Ubud is for Gianjar, they start already shooting each other. The same day they shot also at some Ubud people, so an army was formed that evening. We want to take Bedulu and so I collect the Holy Weapons of the God Pangadji and wash the
weapons and sprinkle the people from Ubud with Holy Water. One of the men, Inangah, started shouting "Let's go. Let's go." And, while I hold the Holy Lance myself, the Holy Drum is beaten and we walked with the army to Peliatan, myself in the lead with the Lance, and I felt this is just as it was in olden times, for in Bali the big wars were fought by the strength of the Holy weapons only, and there was seldom hand to hand fighting. When the armies were face to face, the strength of the Holy Weapons of one side would be too great for that of the other, and one side would turn and flee. Just as we reached the crossroads, a messenger came from Peliatan, Tj. Rai Pudak, and he said, "There is nothing. There is no army in Bedulu. All is very quiet there." So we turned and went back home.

But next day a man from Ubud, I Kadjeng, went to Titibesi which is just West of the river, Petanu, which forms the border between Bedulu and Gianjar and Ubud. As soon as he came there, he turned his backside in the direction of Bedulu and bent over, saying, "Do please shoot me," which they very promptly did and he was killed.

**Threat to Holy Weapons and Flight**

This same day I had gone early to see the Punggawa of Peliatan, Tj. Gde Rai. When I got back home I heard that the Japanese had come to the Puri wanting the keys to the jewels and properties of the Gods. So from that moment we became very afraid. Suppose if they come again they will surely get the key and take the jewels, etc. I went at once to my cousin next door, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, and we decided to escape from Ubud together with both my wives and my daughter, Atun, and all the weapons and jewels. We were just leaving Ubud when a boy, I Suweta, a leader of the Ubud Youth Organization, PRI, asked me where I am going and if he could come with us. I said to him, "Well, be quiet, be peaceful. It should be better you stay first at home and if later you hear where I am living and want to follow me, then maybe come, but now, at the moment, it is better you stay home."

We went on our way. At last we came to Bunutin, and we stopped for a while wondering what our next move should be as it was getting dark. I know a small house on the bank of the Ajung River which belonged to Chinese friends of mine who had escaped there from Denpasar but had now been able to return home. The house was empty. We crossed the river and it was very deep and we did not know the shallow part. Next morning we set out again and reached the village of Karangdalem. We stayed in the temple courtyard where there is a building and we had a little rice. The news spread out and in a couple of hours a cousin of my mother came and took us to his house in the village of Selat. We felt safe there for a while.

A couple of days later, I was called by the Punggawa of Peliatan, who had escaped also from his puri and was staying at the grija of
Pedanda Gde Bongkasa. Here I will mention that a *pura* is a temple, a *griya* is a special home and courtyard of a Brahmin, a *puri* is the special home of the Ksatria and Wesia castes, and *umah* is the courtyard of the peasant. I went to him and we were very happy to meet. We never thought to meet in such circumstances. The grandson of the priest, Ida Bagus Saplagan, offered us peanuts and tea. Then we held each other close and were very happy we were still alive. The priest had blessed him. I stayed chatting for a couple of hours, and he asked that from time to time I come and visit him. One time when I went to visit him I saw a motor car passing on the other side of the river at the village of Kedewatan and someone told us that the Dutch Army NICA (Netherlands Indies Central Administration) was back.

One day I went with some friends to Denpasar. We saw several of the Dutch Army and just by chance I saw the former KPM agent, Mr. Schotel. He did not see me and I was afraid to talk with him because it was still very dangerous. We returned the same evening to Selat. Very very quietly I put all the weapons and jewels up in the ceiling of the main building where no one could see them from down below.

One day my uncle, the Punggawa of Blahkiuh, came and visited us and we talked for a long time before he went home.

Not far from the *puri* there was a small pond with several waterfalls. In the pond are many fishes. Sometimes we worked in the coconut fields, which we really enjoyed. We stayed in Selat about thirty-six days.

One day my cousin said to the cousin of my grandfather, "We have nothing to do. We should start with dance practice or Topeng." but everybody said, "Well, well, you came here to be silent and then you start with the dance and, of course, the soldiers will want to come and see, and you will no longer be secret."

**Fear of the Dutch**

Then we heard that the Dutch had taken over power again in Gianjar with a lieutenant and staff of the PPN and with a representative in Blahkiuh also to force all the people who had left their houses to return home. The captain in charge was a Kaptaan Kasa. As soon as I heard that news, I think that Selat became dangerous. News came that we might now go home to Ubud, otherwise, if we did not return, they threatened to burn the Puri. Later on Tj. Gde Raka of Ubud and Tj. Gde Rai of Peliatan came to see us. It became more and more dangerous, and so they decided to leave Bongkasa for another place.

One day when we are still in Selat we heard that there was some Dutch army on the main road close by. We were so afraid we did not know what to do, and I myself went to my room and prayed for safety for the family. From this time we wondered where we should go.
Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh and Tj. Anom Bawa both wanted to leave Selat with me, and we made ready the night before making katupat (rice cooked in woven baskets). Very early, around 6 a.m., we left with one of our servants. When we arrived at Batukurung we changed our minds and I said, "Why do we leave Selat and come here. We escaped from Ubud to save our jewels and holy weapons, but these we have left in Selat so what is our reason for leaving them behind. This is not right. Do you agree?" At last they agreed, and so we turned back to the puri at Selat.

However, it became more and more dangerous and we decided again to escape from Selat. Leaving early one morning we walked Westward in the direction of the Holy Forest. At the crossroad at Sungei, about 1 kilometer from the Holy Forest, we heard the sound of guns. Quickly we went further West and came to a very deep river, Tojapenet, and we climbed down, not daring to climb up again in case the Dutch saw us and started shooting. Then we heard more shooting from the South. Hastening, we reached a hut where we hid, still hearing guns from both sides. We did not know where to go. Eventually we decided to go West. We went very very fast. Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, myself, Tj. Anom Bawa, Irankep, and Igereh. We came to a small but very deep river and we could not cross it because there was also a whirlpool. I cannot swim. Someone held one leg and I held the branch of a tree and jumped, and somehow we all got across. Now we were all wet and wanted to dry our sarongs but at this moment a big very fierce looking man came with a madik (large knife) and we were very frightened. He said, "You are escaping from Gianjar. We do not want to receive you here. You go on your way." I told him, "Well, suppose you be so kind enough as to let us stay just until the sarong of my cousin is dry." He said, "Not at all. I don't want to give you one minute here." I told him that I am a nephew of the Punggawa of Mengwi, but even then he didn't care. So we left quickly to the North East about 3 kilometers to a village Tjau Gde. Here we rested in a priest's house. He gave us some refreshment and was so sad to see us. He said, "I am thinking how like your situation is to when the Pendawas were exiles. Oh, dear Tjokordas, I am so sorry that you have also the same way of life as they. My only wish is that God will be with you and save your lives and you will return safely to your homes in Ubud."

After we had eaten, the priest gave us a small lamp and we left, crossing again the deep river. When we reached the Holy Forest we were still afraid that the PPN army was still there, but it was not so. At last we reached our home in Selat again, and, tired to death, we fell asleep at once.

Every day we were more afraid. One moonlight night we went back to Ubud. We tried to find a place at some distance from the Puri where we might hide. An old man, Kaki Bakti, came from his courtyard and asked if we would like to come in. We did so and tried to find a hiding place. "Why not in the granary?" said the old man, "surely no one would
find you there." But, when in such danger, you never feel safe wherever
you are, and we went back to Selat again.

One day we decided to go again to Ubud, and we came at last to
Tjampuhan. As soon as we reached the river, there was a hut. Very
tired we entered and, being hungry, were delighted to find baskets of
rice hanging there belonging to Nang Reka. There was also some jair
fishes and without thinking we ate all of it. We left at once and,
although it was still not light, returned to Selat. I do not know the
reason why we went in the first place.

Taken to Jail

That same evening, the Punggawa of Blahkluh, my uncle, came and told
us that he had been talking with the Dutch captain, Captain Kasa, and
that we are now able to go back to Ubud without danger. So the next
day we went to Blahkluh to see the Captain, but unfortunately he was not
there; he had gone to Gianjar to visit the Raja. Three days later he
came back to Blahkluh and we visited him the next morning, Tj. Gde Ngurah
Sarenkaub, Tj. Anom Bawa and myself. Before even the Captain asked
questions, he became very angry. Then he said, "You want to start with
a revolution." "Well," I said,"that is not true. We left because we
heard that the Japanese want to come and take the jewels and weapons of
the Gods." But the Captain did not believe us and told the PPN army
to put us in the army truck. We got quietly in with guns pointed at us.
We were not afraid because we knew we had done no wrong. There was no
one on the street. All was very very quiet. At the end of the village
of Samu the car stopped, and some of the PPN army jumped from the truck
and burnt the huts at the rice field. Long after we realized that this
was a trick. Suppose if we had tried to escape as they hoped, we would
have been shot. But we sat quietly and were not a bit afraid. Then
we drove on to Gianjar.

In Gianjar at the main road before the puri there was a circle of
PPN people ready to take us from the truck. They were shouting and
yelling "That is the man who wants to make Bali independent and wants
to reform Bali. That will be your place now." The leader said to the
army, "If at any time there is disturbance, don't ask questions, just
start shooting."

They brought us to Anak Agung Gde Agung who sat on a chair while we
sat on the floor. He told the PPN army to take us to prison. That
prison is a small building about 8 meters square which I think was
formerly a garage for a motor car. When we entered inside the room
there were more or less forty-eight persons there, many from Ubud. They
took all our clothes except for our underpants. There is no bathroom.
There is nothing. We do everything in that small house. Nearly every
night the army truck came with prisoners, and then they beat them in
front of our building. I thought to myself, at the moment we live under
the Nazis, because I had seen pictures in Life magazine very similar.
One morning they called us to go out and clean up around the camp. I was the last in line and fat and the guard said to me, "Don't feel that you are still at your own house and still a King. Here you are in jail and must do what other people do."

The next day we must do the same, and, when we returned, one of the guards, who just happened to be an old schoolmate of mine in Denpasar named Gusti Meng, pointed to our rice with his foot. As always, it is just a slice of old sweet potato very very brown and several grains of rice and that is all. Of course with the blessing of God we can eat it.

Beaten

On the eleventh night, we were called by name, Tj. Gde Ngurah and myself, to go to see Anak Agung Gde Agung. I was second to be called in front of him, and again he was in a chair and myself on the floor. He said, "Is it true that you work together with the leader of the revolution, Ida Bagus Tantra." I answered that I did not know him. "You lie," he said. To everything I answered, he said I lied. At last I said to him, "Suppose if you know everything, why should you ask me again?" He was so furious and gave a sign to the PPN to take us back to prison. Just before we reached the prison they caught me behind the knees so that I fell forward. First they started with my cousin, beating him and then with myself also, at least twenty-five people. I felt myself just like a dog as they beat us across the back and on the head. Then I saw a big star in the East and I thought to myself of our Gods here in Ubud, especially Ratu Gde and the God of Tjampuhan, and I felt they would help me and be with me because I felt in myself that I am not wrong. Then, more than half dead, they threw us into prison.

That night it started pouring with rain and the whole building was leaking. There was a man there, the Perbekel of Gurang, and he saw I felt a little bit badly and he came and put me in his lap. Nobody talked. It was very quiet. Next morning, I felt very stiff in my back and head. I could feel deep cuts on both. My cousin became deaf in one ear from the kick he received by an army boot. Nobody gave us medicines. I think it was their hope that we should die, but my cousin, Tj. Ngurah, is a medical doctor and he told us to use the first thick spit of the morning with which to cover our wounds.

Two days later, at about 9 a.m., I was again at the puri in the front courtyard. There was already there a policeman named I Adjin, and he asked me some questions, more or less the same as before. Of course I tell him I do not know at all, and again he beat me, this time on the legs. So it went on for three days every morning. It was really astonishing that after eleven days the wounds on my back and head were cured, and that is the reason I am sure that it is with the help of God, for otherwise, even if we had been at home with the care of a doctor, we would never be cured so quickly.
As always every night the trucks came with more people. There was a man, I Regreg from Guang. He had been kept in chains until he was killed at the cemetery in Beng. The next night they called three of us out by name, Tj. Ngurah, Tj. Agung, and Ida Bagus Tjakra from Sukawati. We went out, and they chained us together. That same night I wish to make a river. Of course I had to ask the other two to get up. So it was, until thirty-five days after our capture when we were again called out at about 3 a.m. Now, I thought, this will certainly be our last few minutes in this world. I told Tj. Anom Bawa that, although I did not wish to trouble him, I felt they meant to kill us, and wanted to tell him that, although I had no thought for my property or the Puri, I did have a wish that my daughter, Atun, if she lived, would one day marry with her cousin, Tj. Agung. I then shook hands with him and said, "Until we meet again in the next world."

Even so, we were not too frightened. I do not know why--just like fish in the aquarium every time the owner wishes to change the water. We were taken out and it was dark with coconut lamps on the side of the road and it rained a little. This is, I know, the way to death. I did not feel that my feet touch the earth. I remember looking to the building at the corner because I know that we will be killed at Beng cemetery, so I expect to turn right. But we turned Westward instead. Then I changed my mind. Now I am sure that we will be killed in the cemetery at Sukawati. However, it turned out they were merely taking us to another prison. Next morning, we saw that we were in a very narrow cell. Next door was a madman from Tampaksiring. Next night I heard some noise next to our cell and I saw someone else in chains being taken to the office. Someone told me this was Tj. Ngurah Singapada. Then I discovered there were many nephews in another room, but I could only see them from a distance.

All the guards were so cruel. They burnt the prisoners with cigarettes or forced water in their mouths and in general tortured them. It was very terrible.

A man, by name I Kredjeng from Tebesaja, passed our cell and told us that my nephew Tj. Rai Pudak from Peliatan had been killed. Two nights later I saw from a distance Tj. Mas and Tj. Alit had now arrived. Next morning I Kredjeng again came, and this time said that Tj. Gde Rai, Punggawa of Peliatan, had been killed also. This made me very sad.

Then there was such a noise outside and I looked out and saw that a big black goat who had been tethered on top of a high bank had fallen and was hanging from the tether rope strangling itself. Its cries were terrible, such a sad noise, and the goat tried to help himself as there was no one around to help him. And then all the prisoners were shouting "We want to eat goat meat." Just about 2 p.m. the goat collected all his strength and gave one terrific jump and saved itself. At that moment I thought to myself that this is a sign. I think they do not want to kill me. And from that time on I was not so afraid.
the man who took care of the jails brought me some water on a plate, and, as he gave it to me, he tipped it and said, "Well, you are stupid." Of course I kept quiet and said nothing.

After Tj. Gde Rai, the Punggawa of Peliatan, had been killed, they were not quite so strict with the prisoners, especially the Ubud families.

One day Mr. Bonnet came back from the concentration camp at Sulawesi and wanted very much to come and see me, but the guard forbade him. "Suppose if you want to give Tj. Agung something, I can give it to him," said the guard. And at last he came and gave me two packets of Lucky Strike cigarettes. One morning, my nephew, Tj. Ngurah Wim, Inspector of Police, came for an inspection. He saw me from a distance but just looked at me but did not say anything. The regulations were now relaxed a little and we might go out and take a bath at the bathroom and every week we got food from home. It really surprised me that as soon as we get food from home sometimes we are sick and have stomach trouble, whereas before, on the prison food only, we never had troubles. Since we were now eating chicken and duck, it really surprised me.

One time our old driver, Anak Agung Gde Raka Tombong, brought me food and rice. He could only see me from a distance, but I was very very thin with a moustache and a beard and he started crying, and this I will never forget. Also a lady from Peliatan who is now married, came with food.

Release from Jail

One day, my elder brother, Tj. Gde Raka Sukawati, came with Anak Agung Gde Agung from Gianjar to see us, and they discussed to make peace with us. Of course we are very agreeable. On the last day when they took us from the jail, we went all together to the temple in Gianjar to pray there and to declare to God that we never want to make trouble for each other. After that we went to our temple in Tjampuhan, also praying there to make our minds clean and that we never again make quarrel or trouble. After that we all came back to make a purification offering for ourselves and to eat in the Puri with our families.

My two wives and my five-year old daughter, Atun, were waiting for me at the Puri. I had been in prison for eight and a half months.

Directly after we got back home we started with the restoration of the temple in Tjampuhan. When it was finished, we had a big three-day festival and killed a buffalo. At this time in Bali it was still dangerous as the TRI formed into guerrilla hands.

Soon after this (1947) the Dutch proclaimed East Indonesia independent, though still under Dutch control. My elder brother, Tj. Gde Raka Sukawati, was appointed President and Anak Agung Gde Agung was made Prime
In Java, President Sukarno and Hatta were working hard for independence for the whole of Indonesia.

In Bali, the East Indonesian Government opened here three painting schools and one school for sculpture. The teacher of the school in Ubud was Anak Agung Raka Turas; in Peliatan the teacher was Gusti Ktut Kobot; in Batuan, Made Djata; while the school for sculpture in Mas had a teacher named Wajan Gerembuang. In the beginning all went well, though not in the school for sculpture. But after some months the East Indonesian Government never paid the wages of the teachers, or, if they did, the money never reached them. And so when the Secretary General of the Minister of Education came here, Hota Soeit, a Sumatran, I told him, "How is it possible, Mr. Hota Soeit, that our teachers can never get paid? It is now seven months and no pay and they only get 100 rupees a month for each teacher. Is the Government doing something for the people, or the people doing something for the Government?" He replied simply, "There is no money." So when next the teachers came to me I said, "Take the tables and chairs and cupboards to your homes as payment."

Paying Guests at Puri Saren

One day in 1947, Rudolf Bonnet came to see me and suggested that, as money was so very difficult and people were wishing to come and see me, that I should start taking paying guests. He explained, "It is not the same now for you as before. Take only people who come with some recommendation from a friend."

So I started with paying guests and the first guest was Jule de Vogel's nephew named Gy van den Brook Dobberna, who has a sugar factory in Kadepatan. At this time they were still fighting for independence from the Dutch in Java and used Djogja as the headquarters of TRI, the Indonesian Army.

Mostly our guests came by sea, avoiding Java if possible. After Jule's nephew came several guests. In 1949, Santha Rama Rau and Faubion Bowers, whom she later married, and Margaret Brown, their secretary. They brought introduction letters from friends of mine in New York. She wrote a book called *East of Home* about her travels through Malaysia and Indonesia and of her stay here in Ubud. The people in Ubud, especially her house man, Kunter, gave her much help and material for her book.

At this time it was just after the Japanese left, and we are under Dutch control as East Indonesia. Not long after, Bill and Helen Costello arrived with their two daughters. Before the war, he was broadcasting in Japan. His wife was a painter. They stayed about one
and a half months, and one of the daughters learned Balinese dance. Mr. Van Royen and his secretary, Blom, and Van Schell stayed for one or two nights, and I suggested to Rudolf Bonnet that we start a guest book. So my first guest book was signed by those three on July 13, 1949.

A friend of mine, Dan Hubrecht, and his wife Bridget came with a new car, Chevrolet 1948, which he got priority from the East Indonesian Government. It cost them 9,500 rupiahs and a jeep, 6,000 rupiahs. He said to me, "You need the car more than myself so keep the car and put it in your name. You should have a car for your guests. Rent it to them, and if there is money send it to me, if not, use the car yourself." Maybe I sent 14,000 guilders to him. Later he moved to Surabaja and left the car with me. Up to now the car is still in good condition.

In this time, Bali was not yet peaceful as the guerrillas were still making trouble in the mountains. The Dutch army tried to make Bali peaceful by trying to destroy the TRI. One day they had a big fight not far from the village of Marga. The battle was very very severe and I think about ninety TRI were killed, including Gusti Ngurah Rai, who was the leader of the TRI. Also killed was one man from Ubud, the son-in-law of Guru Ktut Krekel, our former servant and later a driver of Walter Spies. His son, Putu Raka, is now leader of the legong dance group of Ubud, which is North of the market place.

After this there was a meeting in Denpasar of the Indonesian Government with the Dutch and I think also a representative of the Republic of Java. The representative of East Indonesia was Anak Agung Gde Agung, the Prime Minister. There was also another meeting on the Renville battleship. The East Indonesian Government lasted only four or five years and then East Indonesia became a sovereignty with the Republic of Java. Bali is also under the government in Java, the capital of which is Djakarta. Sukarno became President and Mohammed Hatta was Vice President. From that time there were so many political parties here in Indonesia that I was not interested any longer. The first Governor of Bali was Soesanto Tirtoprodjo.

Fourth Marriage

Every six months there is a temple festival in Besakih organized by two groups of families, the Bungbungan families and the Timuhun families, and there I met my third wife. We were at this time involved in the making of an Italian film here. I came several times to visit her in her village in Bungbungan, and later I decided to marry her. The day decided by the priest was in January 1955. We left here in three or four cars around 5 p.m. to go to Bungbungan and talk with the families and her brother, etc., as I want to take her home and marry her. All the brothers and families agreed and so I took her back with me to Ubud. I remember very well that we were married in the old custom. As she is not the child of a Head Wife, she was married in the ceremony to the
column of a building here in the Puri Saren which represented myself and was fully clothed and treated in every way as I would have been. Marriages such as this still occasionally take place. In September, 1955 my first son was born. I was just coming back from Surabaja, and when I arrived home my wife felt unwell and I took her directly to Denpasar. I drove her myself as there was no driver.

Three Sons and Their Reincarnations

At the house of my brother-in-law the baby was born, helped by a nurse, a sister of Mrs. Gedong Oka named Ibu Kekep. Even though a first baby, it was very quick. They brought the afterbirth of the boy home and buried it on the right side of the building. Three or four days after the navel fell off the body of the child, and we parents were then clean. And so my wife sent two women to a witch doctor to ask who is reincarnated into this, my first, son. The witch doctor said that my father was reincarnated into the boy. As the mother, my third wife, is from Bungbungan, so I called my son as his first name Nang Kimbung, and later he was named Tj. Gde Putra Sukawati.

After a year my third wife was again pregnant, in 1956, and again a son was born. At noon she felt uncomfortable, and again we took her to the house of my brother-in-law in Denpasar. It was at the same time that I had to go to the airport to meet my friend Cliff Lyddon of the Stanvac Oil Company. So because of this I named my second son, Cliff. As his first name I gave him Atja and his full name is Tj. Gde Ika Sukawati Cliff.

My third son was born at the puri here in Ubud. It happened there was a German doctor here named Wolf and he helped my wife. So I gave to Gde the full name Tj. Gde Sukawati Wolf. All three afterbirths of the boys we put on the right side of the building, and my daughter, being a girl, is buried on the left. Over this burial place we planted a branch of a tree, Tjanging, and above the branch a shrine, and from time to time we bring offerings. Offerings are also made to the baby at various intervals, called kumara, and later on at three months the offerings are different. The offerings consist of rice, fruit, young coconuts, leaf, nuts, etc. They are put on a temporary small table specially made in the corner where the child sleeps. After three months the baby may be adorned with jewels, earrings, rings, bracelets, etc.

Again, as soon as the navel fell off, my wife sent two women to the witch doctor. This witch doctor's husband, Anak Agung Gde Merakik, had been a doctor who studied medical prescriptions. There are two kinds in Bali, one is the lontar medical prescription, Usade Gde for the grown-ups and Usade Raie for children. The doctor and his wife lived in the village of Njalian. As soon as her husband died, his spirit went into his wife, so now she was able to live permanently in the house temple.
She was able to go into trance and call the name of her husband. After some years she moved to Ubud. As her husband is the uncle of my driver, she lived beside his house.

When the two women came to her from my wife, they brought with them a little bit of money, offerings, and incense. Then after she prayed and chanted, after a while she went into trance. She said, "I know you come here to ask questions about a child just born." The two women said, "No, that is not true." This was because they wanted to test. The witch doctor said, "Well, it is true and listen." Then she started talking, but as always is it exactly the voice of the person who is reincarnated. But the women did not know the voice of my grandmother, and she said, "Well, it has been a very long time, maybe twenty years already, that I want to go home and get food for my children, but it was always dark. I am a woman from a low caste. My name is Djro Saren. I am reincarnated into one of the Tjokorda's sons." (In order for her to be able to be reincarnated from low caste to a Tjokorda level, it means she has already many grandchildren; she herself having had a child born by a high caste husband, then at her burial she may use five to seven levels. When she has grandchildren she may use nine levels, which is the same level as the Tjokordas.) At this the two women looked with stupid faces, and the witch doctor said, "I know that you do not know my name, but go back to the Puri as there are still people alive who will remember my name."

So the two women, Ni Lemon and Anak Agung Niang Anom Lodtunduh, returned to the Puri and told my wife, as I was not at home, and she went to my cousin Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, and he said it was my grandmother.

At last I am so glad and happy that, according to the witch doctor, my daughter Atun is my mother reincarnated, my eldest son is my father, Tj. Gde Sukawati, my second son is my eldest brother, Tj. Putra, and my youngest son is my grandmother, Djro Saren.

Notes on Twins

According to our religion, I may, if I wish, marry with my twin sister because I am deemed to be already married to her in another world. However, I did not marry her. I just felt she is exactly as my sister. I do not know whether it is true or not, when a twin is born among the high caste, it is supposed to bring very good luck. And when we were born the Holy Drum was beaten, and the news went from man to man, and people came and took the first water with which they washed my sister and I, and poured it into the rice field.

When there is a twin born to a low caste, they say that the village is unclean for forty-two days, and the whole family must move to a house specially built outside the village where they are taken care of by members of the village. Before the end of the forty-two days, the father must go begging from everybody in the village saying, "I am bad
luck," and everybody gives a little money and a little rice for the purification of the whole village.

Three days before the end of the forty-two days they take the Gods of the three main temples, Pura Desa, temple of the Council, Pura Pusa, Navel of the Village, and Pura Dalam, temple of the Dead, to the river or sea for purification.

On the forty-second day, they bring the Gods back to their own temples. Then they take the family from the hut outside the village and bring them to the crossroads where offerings are already prepared, the same as the New Year, special offerings for the Sun God at the corner shrine, and offerings on the ground for the evil spirits. There are two kinds of offerings, offering for the God blessed by Siva or Buddha priests and offerings for the evil spirits blessed by the priest of the low caste, the Sunguhu or Djro Gde. There is music and gong, and the low caste priest starts with the blessing. A cock fight is going on, a man blows the shell while the gongs play a special melody named Coll Kalgandjuri, all to call the evil spirits. And the people all start praying, and the High Priest starts first with flowers to the Sun God, and the bell rings, and they throw away the flower and take another. When it is all finished the family may go back home to the village to live as a normal family. From 1962, President Sukarno changed that, but still in many places they keep that custom.

Daughter to School in Surabaja

Atun, my daughter, was at the elementary school here in Ubud. Then we started an SLU school, Scholar Landjutan Umun, or Secondary School. This was a private school, and I was the Chairman.

When we found out that the elementary school here is not very good, we decided to go to Surabaja. We had only one friend there, Jan Couwenberg, and she told us that the best school there was run by the Catholics. Atun was then twelve or thirteen years old. Her mother went with her and my first wife also. We asked Jan whether they were willing to keep my daughter, her mother, and my first wife and take care of them there. For two years they stayed with them. Mr. Couwenberg was First Secretary of Tiedeman von Cergem, the sugar syndicate of the whole of Java. We decided that Atun should go to the Catholic school. The first morning when she went along to the school we parents, as you can imagine, have such broken hearts to see our daughter go silently to the Catholic school while she never dared to refuse what we said. After one year, our friends transferred to Holland. At that time we had no other friends in Surabaja, so people suggested the only thing we can do is go into the campus or boarding house. So Atun lived there with forty-five Chinese and Menadonese Christians, and she was the only Balinese girl. After a while, she stayed with a Balinese family in a small house in the middle of the rice
field. Later I made friends with Doctor Moerdowo, and then Atun stayed with them. On the campus she is always alone, and of course her mother was no longer with her. She lived with Dr. Moerdowo very pleasantly, and we became very good friends with each other though I knew little of his background. The only thing I knew is that he was never working. He was not able to open a practice, but I never asked why. One time, Dr. Moerdowo got a fellowship to continue his study to be an intern to Belfast, Ireland. I knew that they were very poor and had little money. One evening, before the Doctor left Surabaja for Belfast, a Chinese came and asked for some money for a bill and it was very very difficult to find the money. They he went to Belfast and left the family behind. Then Indonesia started with the AFS, American Field Service, and Mrs. Moerdowo worked very hard with them. Then Atun got her scholarship to go to the United States. I prepared to go to Surabaja to collect Atun and take her to Djakarta.

Daughter to School in U.S.A.

Ida Bagus Pidada, Inspector of the Volksbank in Denpasar, came to see me and said that his daughter also wanted to go through the American Field Service, but there is nobody else to go with her to Djakarta. I told his daughter that I was going the next day and she said, "Oh, how nice, then I can come with you." But she had not yet a flight ticket. However, as I know the District Manager of Garuda in Denpasar, I thought it would not be very hard for me to get a ticket for her. So I said I would manage to get one for her. I went to the house of Mr. Ridwan, the District Manager. He was asleep, but his wife woke him up and told him the story. I got the ticket, which I paid for myself, and went at once with it to Pidada. Just outside his house I felt very ill, dizzy, and nearly falling down, but I am so happy to have the ticket and delivered it to him. Of course he was very surprised that everything was already done. I lay on his bed for a while because I felt so ill. He wanted me to go to the doctor and I went to Dr. Anak Agung Made Djelantik. He was very nice and gave me two injections and a pill. After that I went back and rested. In a couple of hours I felt much better and drove myself home. I called in on my brother-in-law on the way while Pidada followed me in his car as he was afraid for my safety. He arrived home before me.

Next day I left Denpasar with his daughter for Surabaja, and her mother came too. We all stayed in Dr. Moerdowo's house then left by train for Djakarta. In Djakarta I was the guest of my friend, the Swiss Ambassador, Perry Hubarey. He was so nice and gave me a separate half of his house to myself with everything I could want plus all sorts of drinks for my friends. I was also lent a Mercedes Benz car with CD number and a driver in uniform. His wife, Madelaine, was then in Switzerland, but as soon as she heard I was in Djakarta she cabled to ask me to stay a few days extra.
The evening before Atun left, my nephew, Tj. Bagus, from Peliatan, who was working at Garuda in Djakarta, and another nephew, Anak Agung Putra from Mengwi, the son of my brother-in-law also working in Djakarta, came to see us. We talked until late into the night. Suddenly it came to me to check the flight with Garuda. So Tj. Bagus telephoned the airport and we were told that the plane must leave earlier because President Sukarno wanted to go to Djogja at 7 a.m. and all other planes must already have left. This was very hard for us as Perry was already in bed asleep and he was to drive us in his car. The two nephews decided that we should go to the airport with motor cycles, going one by one, and later taking the luggage. I was worried about this and went to the kitchen where the cook was still awake. She said of course we should awaken Perry as it was very important. So I went to his room and knocked on the door several times, and I was so ashamed to do this feeling it was very rude. At last he woke up and at once agreed to take us in view of the change of schedule.

Perry had to drive himself as it was so early—around 4:30 a.m. On the way there was nearly an accident at a level crossing when the gate fell shut with no warning just as we were about to cross and were about two meters away.

When we arrived at the airport, we waited and waited until about 9 a.m. when all the passengers had arrived and their friends. The plane left about 9:30 or 10 a.m. I believe President Sukarno changed his mind and did not leave that day. We went home.

Madelaine arrived on the 23rd, and we were so happy to meet again. She brought my wrist watch, which had been taken for repair, but, because of the factory being closed, it was not repaired. We had a nice talk and I decided to go home on September 24, but that was the opening of the Asian Games in Djakarta. Everyone said, "Agung, you are mad. Everybody is coming to Djakarta specially to see the Asian Games and you are planning to leave." So that night we went to the Stadium as I specially wanted to see the grass from the Philippines. As soon as I arrived at the Stadium, it was just closed, and so I went to see the caretaker and said, "I am so sorry it is closed. Suppose my friend President Sukarno come to visit me in Ubud and ask me have I seen the grass from the Philippines, and I say not, even though I have visited Djakarta." And when the caretaker heard this he said, "Well, you go and see the grass." So I was able to look at it. It has smaller leaves than our grass here in Bali.

After this we went to see the swimming pool. As soon as we arrived, everyone was leaving and about four policemen came last. I asked them whether I might go in, and they said it was already closed. I spoke Balinese with my friends, "Beh, Latjur, kidja laku metutup," and just by chance one of the policemen was a Balinese from Bitra near Gianjar, and when he heard me he said, "Well, you can go in." So I have seen both the grass and the swimming pool.
The next day I planned to go home, spending a couple of days in Djogja on the way. In Djogja I asked my nephew to buy a ticket for the train. I never thought there would be difficulty since everyone was going to Djakarta for the Games, but it was not as I thought. My nephew was told that all the trains were very fully booked both via Kroja and Semerang. I became so sad as I did not like to stay any longer. My nephew said, "I think I have a friend, a Brahmin from Klungkung, Ida Bagus Oka, who works with the Airforce and I want to ask him to try for us." This man dressed in a uniform, and he was told there was plenty of room in the third class, and so we got our tickets and I am happy to be in Surabaja again. We stayed in Dr. Moerdowo's house and eventually went by train, ferry, and bus to Ubud taking with us the wife of Ida Bagus Pidada. About a month later I got a letter from my daughter that she was living with a family named Art Lutz, a business man and his wife in Portland, Oregon, where he had a small farm. Atun said that the World Fair had just opened in Seattle and the family had taken her to see it. This was in 1963.

Festival in Besakih

Here in Bali a big meeting was held in Denpasar to form a committee for the big temple festival in Besakih in April 1963, called Eka Dasa Rudra, which must be held once every one hundred years. Many of the government staff in the whole of Bali became members, also the eight Rajas. My nephew in Mengwi was elected Adviser. Ida Dewa Agung of Klungkung was Chairman of the Committee while Gusti Putu Arka was a member of the Executive Committee and also Vice President.

I got word to build two buildings for the temple in Besakih, and the family of Singakarte started with the carving. On February 1, we decide with thirty-five workers to build two buildings and start with restoration of the other buildings. However, on February 3, we had a party here for the families in Peliatan, one of whom was marrying the daughter of the former Raja of Karangasem. For this reason we sent the workers on February 1, while I and the families here went on February 4. Despite rain on February 3, the wedding was a good party with families from Ubud, Peliatan, and Karangasam.

On the morning of February 4, we left in a truck taking also a carver for the soft stone.

On February 16, wives of the former Rajas of Klungkung and their daughters and families came with materials. The leader of the group was the wife of the former Raja of Klungkung, Djro Djempiring, and from Denpasar the wife of Gusti Putu Arka, Djro Miana.

Earthquake and Eruption

On February 17 we made a meeting at the house of the constructor below Besakih, called Tertakatipat, and discussed preparations for the
ceremony. It lasted a couple of hours and was very successful. In the evening, just about 7 p.m. when everyone was eating, we felt a slight earthquake. We took no notice as this was very common. The night of February 18 at about 12:30 my servant maid, Ni Gusti Made Sandat, when she turned unclean and as she might not stay in the temple, was just leaving and, looking towards the mountain, she saw fire and ashes coming out. She woke everyone. Next day it got worse, but we are still all very quiet. But the next day, February 20, 1963, at about 6:30 a.m. everybody went for their usual bath in the river. Suddenly thick smoke came out of the crater with fire and a rain of red hot stones. It was just like a giant. You can imagine that everybody was frightened. Mangku Baruk and the other workers were busy putting the roof on the Bali Agung, but as soon as this happened everybody ran away. I saw the priestess run away and all the wives of the Dewa Agung. One man, who was building a wall, I remember, stayed. He came to me, a short man in a red blouse from Tulikut, and he said, "Why have all the people including the wives of the Rajas of Klungkung and the priests run away? Otherwise, if there is some bad luck, suppose if they fell into a ravine that means that they have a bad death (saZahpati), but suppose if you here with your people and myself it just happen by chance we died here within the temple by Gunung Agung, where can you find a better place to die?" I agreed with him, and I never forget what that simple farmer told me.

An hour later a policeman came and at about 9 a.m. the Governor came. A Buddha priestess from Budhakling brought a copy of an inscription from a lontar called Yogosenegara. In cases where it has happened just like this, there must be special offerings made. It is very interesting to know what kind of special offerings, white flags, Bebanten Pengerebeh, etc.

The Governor, Anak Agung Bagus Setedja, asked me what I think about this and I answered him, "Suppose if the priestess says according what is written in the lontar, you must do it." So the Governor was very agreeable and arranged to let everyone in Bali know what would happen. So it was arranged for the 23rd. I went home and told my families and the people of Ubud, although they heard already from the Head of the Village. I asked the constructor, Ktut Mandra, to call on me when he returned on the 23rd and I would go with him to Besakih. So on the 23rd at about 7:30 a.m., Ktut Mandra fetched me in his car. When I called at the Post Office in Gianjar we were told that, when the priest of Singaradja arrived at the first gate of the temple in his car, a rain of red hot stones poured down on the car and damaged the wind shield so that the priest felt himself to be unclean, and, instead of going to the temple, he went home.

When I arrived with the constructor, there were many people and a rain of red hot stones fell on our cars but they were not damaged. The Governor was already there and many members of the Committee. While we talked a woman came with little bits of buffalo meat, called bebakaran. About 12 o'clock the Vice Chairman, Gusti Putu Arka, came and said,
"Why are you, Tjokorda, like an old man, sitting there while there is work to do?" So I went with him.

When I entered the temple courtyard, to my great surprise there was no one else there. They had not yet put up a shrine so I went to the kitchen of the temple where the Chairman of Klungkung, Ida I Dewa Agung, was ordering that food be served. I had already told Putu Arka that we might not eat before we prayed, and of course he agreed, but as soon as we met Ida I Dewa Agung he said, "Just wait a moment, the food is soon ready and then we eat." Again I asked them to wait until after praying but they do not want to wait. I said to Gusti Putu Arka, "Well, as soon as the food is ready, bring it to the Governor. The Governor knows already that we eat after praying." So they brought the food to the Governor.

There was nobody else in the temple except my nephew Tj. Rai Sudharta with me and Ida Bagus Wede and Ida Bagus Alit from the Information Service, just us four taking the offerings from the Sutji. We asked the Bungbungan family and also our Ubud people to put up a shrine. Then the two priests made ready on the floor of the temple courtyard for the blessing. Then the truck from Klungkung came with offerings. There was nobody else to help take the offerings to the temple. I went myself with Tj. Rai Sudharta and I told Gusti Putu Arka that all the eleven priests must bless the offerings not in the building Bale Sembarsirang but here on the floor of the temple courtyard where the two priests are already sitting. As soon as I came back from taking the offerings, there are several people from Klungkung who also helped. I found to my surprise that the priests are making themselves ready at the Bale Sembarsirang for the blessing.

All was very unready. There was no banana tree trunk or two sticks or rope for the Wajang Lemah, and other things were missing. I spoke to Ida Bagus Gedjer, a council member who was also there, "Maybe you can ask your people to get all the materials, otherwise how is it possible the shadow player can play?"

I saw the Perbekel in the distance. He make himself very very easy. It seemed to me that he was not involved in the ceremony. Ida Bagus Gedjer answered me, "I don't want to mix with Ida I Dewa Agung of Klungkung, the Chairman of Klungkung, because everything is done by his people of Klungkung."

I told him, "Well, do not think about that. It is a blessing for everybody, not only for him but for the whole of Bali," but it seemed to me he did not listen to me.

Then I heard the priest of Negara and Djembrana and Tabanan say, "Suppose if we pray on the floor of the temple courtyard and the red hot stones rain down on us, of course we shall be hit." Of course I was so furious that they are afraid while the two priests from Muntjan
and one from Sideman are kneeling still out in the open but using an umbrella. The other nine priests remained in the Bale Sembarsirang, although I asked them to join the other two priests. But they refused. They were afraid to be dead.

However, in the end it all went well. This was on February 23. The mountain was grumbling but not shaking.

A couple of days later I heard from somebody else that on the same day the Raja of Karangasem brought also offerings to the river Djangga not far from the puri for a purification with a live goat and white geese. They formed a procession and went to the river. Before they threw the goat into the river, the Raja said to everybody that no one must touch the goat and geese to kill or eat them as they were an offering.

However, a group of Moslems who lived in that village and who felt themselves that they are not Bali Hindu waited and took the goat to the mosque and killed it there and made sate. But soon after the lava flowed from the mountain, and, instead of following the river bed, turned where a big tree had fallen across and formed a dam, so that the lava went up and into the mosque and all the people were killed, about 150 people. I heard also a story of a Brahmin priest who lived also in the same village as the Moslems. He was boasting when they made the offering on the 23rd, "It is not necessary to make an offering such as this." As soon as he went back to his house the lava came and destroyed it. He escaped and went to his family, Pedanda Made Sideman, a priest of the Bali Army in Denpasar, but the house burned down because a pressure pump exploded. I saw the house after the fire and there was little left. Then the Brahmin felt he must be unclean, and he escaped to Lombok.

Many big bridges were destroyed by the lava. The first bridge was the bridge near Klungkung, Tuka Toje Unde. Three or four more bridges were destroyed in the Karangasem area itself.

Eka Dasa Rudra

One day, when it was pouring with rain, with lightning and floods, many people, women, children, even the newly born, came from Batur with rice, pigs, coconuts, etc. and also bringing with them their Goddess to take part in the ceremony in Besakih during the Festival. So it was always when I was a boy; I remember how the people of Batur worship the Goddess, Betari Danu, even the newly born they take to Besakih.

I was with my brother-in-law, Anak Agung Alit, the former Perbokel of Bungbungan at the house of the Committee when the people arrived from Batur in the rain trying to find shelter until I asked that they come for shelter in the house of the Committee and the buildings nearby.
In the courtyard of the Eka Dasa Rudra they were building several shrines; eleven buildings for the different Gods, Elephant God, etc. Each God had his own house and color and decoration. The shrine of the God of the East is Shanghiang Iswara, the color is white and the weapon is Bajra. The God of the South is Shanghiang Brahma, the color is red and the weapon is Gada. The God of the West is Shanghiang Maha Dewa, the color is yellow and the weapon is Naga (King Snake). The God of the North is Shanghiang Wisnu, the color is black and the weapon is Chakra. In the middle is Shanghiang Siwa with many different colors, Brumbun, and the weapon is Padma. The ceremony will be blessed by eleven priests and two Senggu priests.

In that time it was very difficult to get workers. As Klungkung is responsible for getting all things done, we expect workers from Klungkung, but it seems that they are not always coming. And so we try to get workers from Karangasem, and it seems that they do not want to come because they do not want to make trouble with Klungkung. So it was very very difficult to build the shrines until our people in Ubud and Bungbungen came to help make the shrine.

By April 7, everything was already built and finished because the next day will be the Eka Dasa Rudra. In the meantime it has been always raining ashes and stones and lava and floods. In the evening of April 7 the Priestess Pedanda Istri Oka from Tegal, Denpasar, told me that the offerings in the Eka Desa Rudra courtyard must be finished, and also those in the Pura Gelap, very early in the morning, and so she suggested to me that I send for some lights.

Luckily everything was settled so on April 8, the day of the Eka Dasa Rudra, the Ubud families came, including my eldest brother, Tj. Raka Sukawati, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, and all the families of Ubud and Peliatan. According to the regulations of the Committee, nobody else except the Committee and the invited guests could enter the courtyard. The Ubud family are not able to enter the Eka Dasa Rudra courtyard. Then my brother and my families called me to ask if they could enter. So I asked the Committee if my family could come in and then they entered. Still ashes are raining on us. Then the priests start with the blessing; all eleven priests start ringing the bells. It was about 3:30 p.m. and, as soon as the purification starts, the sunlight came on the top of Agung Mountain, so it seemed to me that the God of Gunung Agung accepted the offerings. However, maybe it is not exactly as he wanted. We started praying, following the bells of the priests; we pray first to one God then to another. The ashes stopped falling at that moment, and we could see the top of the mountain lit by the sun.

I think during the Festival at Besakih no one was left in Batur, so many people from Batur came. Beside the Goddess of Batur there was also the God of Uluwatu, the God of Selejukti, and also the God of Gunung Semeru in East Java.
By now, I had already been at Besakih since February 4. I stayed there until April 10. Every evening of the Festival there was a dance performance and it lasted forty-two days. The dancers and people came from every part of Bali. People came from Java also. April 8 was an unforgettable day.

President Sukarno wanted to visit Besakih before the ceremony. First he planned to come by helicopter, and they began to cut off the tops of the Kendal trees and I was so sad to see this. The leaves are used as a fertilizer, laid on the ground, and containing moisture. Then a couple of days later, before the trees were finally cut down, they cancel coming by helicopter but decide to come by motorcar. It made me very happy that the trees do not have to be cut down altogether.

The day before, when it was decided that President Sukarno is to come by motor car, the reception building was decorated with colored papers, and in the morning the Governor came for an inspection. As soon as he saw that the decoration was of paper the Governor was very very furious and he said, "Who advised you to use paper for the decorations when you surely know the President does not like decoration with paper but with flowers and leaves only." And the Governor was so furious that he sent for women and girls from Denpasar to come with flowers and leaves. Next morning they came from Denpasar and made the floral decorations and then we had a great surprise. President Sukarno cancelled the whole visit. Why? I think he is afraid.

The Thanksgiving Ceremony

On April 9 there was the Medana, the Thanksgiving. It seems to me that it is different from the way we do it here. Here we make a permanent square building where they put all the offerings, while in Besakih they put it in a building which is long and not square. As we know, every place is a little bit different.

As always such a Thanksgiving must happen at 12 o'clock, but this was a bit later, at 3 or 3:30 p.m. Many people from different villages came bringing offerings for the Thanksgiving. It was a very crowded day. At 6 or 6:30 p.m. all was finished and everybody was tired to death, and outside there was a dance performance from Singaradja. Inside the temple everywhere was peaceful. At about 12:30 p.m. or 1 a.m., when I was lying at the bottom floor of the Bale Pangguan and I felt very dirty and I was facing the mountain, I told one of the servants to get some tea from my mother temple. So, when the servant arrived with the teapot with one glass and I was just pouring the tea with my face still looking to the mountain, suddenly a big stone covered with fire as big as our tooth-filing building came rolling from the crater to the temple. Everybody was frightened and panic started and everyone ran away. The first was the cousin of my mother, Anak Agung Putu Agung,
carrying his grandchild, and then followed the whole Mengwi families until the whole temple was empty. My wife with the children also ran away. That is the reason why I am afraid that they fall in a ravine and I send Mangku Baruk down to find them. I was left with my cousin, Tj. Agung Sukawati. I said to him, "You stay here. I want to go to the main temple." When I arrived in the main courtyard, it was also completely empty. There was not even one dog.

The Batur people had taken their God away, and also the people from Denpasar had already taken the God of Uluwatu away. Then I went down to the front of the temple and saw our friend the constructor, Ktut Mandra. He is not able to go in the temple because he is unclean since his cousin Putu Kudolf, the Inspector of Economy in Denpasar, had died.

Ktut Mandra said to me, "It should be better that you go back into the temple, and then I want to ask the people in Batur to bring their God back to the temple as well as the God of Uluwatu." So the wives and the people of Klungkung start again with the making of the offerings.

At about 4 a.m. in the morning when the moon is over in the West very very bright, they took the God from Batur and Uluwatu and start with the purification down at the bottom step. It was such a beautiful sight, while I find the Bupati of Karangasem, Gusti Lanang Rai, sitting in the middle of the crowd, and he was so frightened. Then they brought the Gods back to the main temple.

After that on April 10, we bring the God of Gunung Semeru back to the Bat Cave to Pura Guwalawa because the temple festival is finished. The God then goes back up to the mountain. The Vice President of the temple festival, Putu Arka, said, "As soon as you come back from Guwalawa then we will finish the ceremony, Ngimpen." We mentioned that we should see the Vice Chairman, who was always at the house of the constructor because he has asthma, and so we came back from Guwalawa and we called on him to find out what he had decided. He decided to finish the temple festival today and the Ida I Dewa Agung of Klungkung, the Chairman, wanted to keep the festival going for three days more, so there was a misunderstanding between the Chairman and the Vice Chairman.

When I went to the mother temple, nobody else was there and I turned back again to see Gusti Putu Arka, the Vice President. Half way I met Paksur, a member of the Committee, and I told him what Arka decided. So we go together with him to see Gusti Putu Arka. He still wanted to finish the temple festival today. We want to go with Paksu to the main temple to finish and end the ceremony. Nobody else was there. There was no house priest in the temple. It was completely empty. I said to the boy to call the different house priests from Besakih. Soon after they came, one by one. So we hurry a little bit, afraid that someone wants to stop the ceremony. I do not want to be there if there is a clash between them. Nobody else was there except the people from
Kedewatan, I Made Liang with his family, who were busy with praying, and soon after I asked them to join together with us to bring the God into a different courtyard. Then I hurry myself to go back home. It was April 11. I met Ida I Dewa Agung half way on the way home but I did not stop.

Later I heard that Ida I Dewa Agung of Klungkung started again with the ceremony for three days more. Likely there was no clash between them.

Taking the God of Gunung Semeru Back to Java

After, when the Goddess of Batur went back to Batur, the Tjokorda Pematjutan with several more people of Batur asked me to go with them to bring the God of Gunung Semeru back to Gunung Semeru. I agreed with this very willingly. So we decided to go on a certain day and we waited for them at the puri of Tjokorda Pematjutan. Then we went together with the Tjokorda of Denpasar, who is my nephew, in his car. There were two trucks and one sedan. We left Denpasar about three o'clock in the morning.

It was a beautiful morning, and when we arrived at Gilimanuk I talked with the Tjokorda Pemutjutan, Djero Mangku Alitan and some of the other pemangkus and said, "Suppose we put the God Chair of Batur together with the God in some place in Gunung Semeru in East Java, and we do not know exactly where they want to be, I am afraid that it will be taken away by the people there because, don't forget, they are of a very different religion there. They are Moslem. I am afraid they will take the God Chair and the House." I then suggested that they take the Chair and the family God back home and leave only a Tapakan behind. The Tapakan is the symbol only. Everyone agreed. We took the ferryboat across. In Banjuwangi we went to the Bali Temple. There was already the Bali Committee in the temple with offerings and everything ready to keep it there only for one night. Then at the time of praying, to my great surprise, Djero Mangku Alitan, the head of the whole pemangkus in Batur was not there because the holy water was given by some other house priest. I was so surprised that he was not there during the sprinkling of the holy water. Next morning I was told that he had left for Gilimanuk.

I wondered why he had gone without telling me. It is very strange when he is the Head and a very important person in Batur. Later on I heard that he had not got on very well with the pemangku who is sprinkling the water on the Bali people in Banjuwangi. To me is it a very great pity. Otherwise if he told me before, I am sure I refuse to allow him to go home. I told them before, "Be careful, there is so much temptation," but however, the temptation is still stronger than the strength of Djero Mangku Alitan.

Next morning very early we prepare to leave the temple at Banjuwangi to go to Gunung Semeru. We have such a night's drive. We arrived
About 4 o'clock in the small town named Lumadjang. We went to the Head of the village there and asked the way to Gunung Semeru. The Head was not present but somebody else told me the way. So we continued. About 6 p.m. after we drove in the buses we arrived at a Government guest house and stayed the night. It was already dark so one of the priests said we should continue on our way, but I suggested to Tj. Pemetjutan it should be better we postpone it until tomorrow morning very early because there will be a moon and now it is dark and has been raining and we do not know where we are to go.

The God stayed outside on the trucks. I saw several people in the resthouse who are very seriously considering taking some of our belongings. I was told that some stay a week and do not sleep.

At 4 a.m. I went to the Priest Belimangku from Uluwatu, who was in sound sleep in the chair. He had said he would watch as he did not want to sleep the whole night, but he slept. So I woke him and everyone and said, "Let's go," and we prepared to go.

It was a very steep and narrow road and slippery but we had many people. At last we came to a river and then at the end we found a stone which was on the slope of the mountain not far from the top, but with jungle all round us, several monkeys jumping from tree to tree and water seeping from the mountain rocks to the river. I felt very close to God with nothing but the sound of the forest. We put the chair at the top of the stone. After, the womeh of Batur and Denpasar sang a temple song. The smoke of the incense and burning sandalwood rose straight to the sky far above.

After we finished, we took the chair and left only the symbol of the God behind on the stone. With sadness we left the place and went back to the resthouse and prepared to go back home.

When they tried to crank up one of the trucks, they found the handle had been stolen and also the can for water.

Later on Djero Mangku Alitan came and visited me here in Ubud and asked to apologize because he was wrong not to go with us. He said, "I know that I am wrong, and on the way home I stopped at the temple in Pulaki and prayed and asked my apologies that I do something wrong."

Putting Gold Leaf on Statues at Batur

Later on I came again with my nephew Tj. Agung Sujasa to see Djero Mangku Alitan and told him that I want to paint with gold leaf the Goddess of Batur and some other statues there. I went with several people from Ubud to help Tj. Agung Sujasa paint the Goddess. I did not stay there; even Tj. Sujasa went home every night. The people spent a week or ten days there. Now I am glad that I fulfill my duty for the Goddess of Batur.
Later on, when I went to a Festival there, Djeru Mangku Alitan asked me to paint two more big statues in the form of the two monkey brothers, Subali and Sugriwa. I told him I was willing to do it but that I must try to find some gold leaf, but until now the statues are still not covered in gold leaf. I hope at some time I can fulfill this duty too.

The Agung mountain and the Batur mountain were, centuries and centuries ago, the top of the mountain Mahameru in India and were carried by Pasupati or Siwa to Bali to become the home of the twin of Pasupati, Betara Mahadewa and his twin sister Betari Danu.

Further Notes on Twins

According to what my cousin told me, when I was born, as soon as the holy drum was beaten, the people heard there was a twin born, they took the holy water with which they first washed the new-born babies and threw it on the rice fields, and they say that it brings good luck. However, if there is a twin born among the low caste, the village is unclean for forty-two days. They must build a hut at the end of the village for the family and the village must care for them. Then fifteen or twenty days before the end of the forty-two days, the father must go begging in three villages, or three Bale Agung, while everybody knows that they have a twin.

Three days before the forty-two days end, they take the God of the Kajangan Tiga and put it at the Bale Agung, and the next day they purify it at the sea or the holy river at Tjampuhan. In the meantime, the village makes a shrine at the crossroad, one for the Sun God and one for God, and there is a special offering on the ground for the evil spirits. At the end of the forty-two days, the village takes the whole family from the hut and brings them to the ceremony. They have also prepared a cockfight and there are two priests, one Siwa or Buddha priest blessing the offerings for God and a Sunguhu or Djerogde blessing the offerings for the evil spirits.

The best time to celebrate is at 12 o'clock midday or sunset because that is the time the evil spirits wander around to get food.

So when all is ready, and they blow the shell which means calling the evil spirits to give them food, the music plays a special melody called Kalegandjur, and the cock fighting is going on. Then all the family starts praying. As soon as they finish praying an announcement is made that people can take all the offerings. People from a different village then snatch the offerings, pretending to be evil spirits. Then after the family goes home and lives again a normal life among the community.

In Sukarno's time, they started a regulation that when a twin was born there would be no punishment any more. Also they made a regulation
that a low caste could marry a high caste and was not to be punished any more, but seldom the people followed that.

**Legend of Pura Gunung Lebah**

While in the temple, Pura Gunung Lebah at Tjampuan, I remembered the story of the temple which was told me by my cousin Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh. One time many centuries ago, there was a temple festival in Pura Gunung Lebah. There was always a kind of dance called Redjang performed, and every time the last dancer was kidnapped. So one night they gave a bag of rice to the last dancer and when she was kidnapped the rice dropped all the way to the cave of a raksasa (giant) not far away. So they made a plan, and one day the farmer was digging and the giant came and saw him from a distance. Then the giant looked closer and closer and when he looked down he saw a leech and he found the leech so funny that he laughed so much that his teeth became stuck in the branch of the Liligundi tree and, quick as possible the farmer took his hoe and killed the demon dead. That is the reason why up until now the rice field behind Blanco's house is called Patjekan, which means stick. Mr. Blanco is a Spanish-American painter who lives in Ubud. He has been here for fifteen years and is married to a Balinese girl from Penistanan and has three children. He built a beautiful house and lives happily there. Up until now we still have the market of the demon just opposite the temple. When my father built the road they cut half of the market, and there is still a hole in the bank of the river where the giant used to live and a stone with two holes where the giant chopped his spices.

Our temple, Gunung Lebah, partly belongs to my families, who are taking care for all, and partly to the Water Society. The Water Society has at least three temples, Mastjeti, Sakenan and Dugul and all three have a mother temple at Batur, and every year they prepare a big ceremony for sacrificing in the lake in Batur and drown a live buffalo. We call this Ngaturang Pangalem Danu, not only at Batur temple or Batur Lake but there are three more lakes in Bali and that is Bratan Lake, which is worshipped by Denpasar and Tabanan, and Bujan Lake worshipped by Singaradja, while Tamblingan Lake is worshipped by Djenarana. I am so glad and happy that, as already in the past, the ceremony is still done by the Government as well as the people in Bali, especially after the coup. Even before the coup it was very strong, but after it became stronger.

**Miracle Rice**

It is my experience, during the Japanese occupation, that many many times the rice was through bad luck spoiled by mice, and especially after the second world war. Year after year the rice was spoiled by mice, what we call biku merana. I think many times they do not worship the water very well, bringing not enough offerings, etc. But now after the coup, generally speaking, the rice everywhere had good luck, and the
Government tried to import new seed, what they call P5 or P10, a seed from the Philippines which grows easily and it is hard for the weeds to grow in the rice field because there is no room for the weeds. Also the harvest is twice as much, but the difficulty is with the harvesting. The grains easily fall from the stalk, and so a mat is placed below to catch them. But according to the peasant, they don't like that kind of rice because the taste is not good, but to me it makes no difference.

I remember that before the Eka Dasa Rudra there was lightning directly about the crater, and it seemed that two forks of lightning were fighting, and then a cross lightning came from above and cut the two. It was very spectacular. The volcanologist said that the people might not come one and a half kilometers round the temple, and they make a shrine where the people bring the offerings, and from there they made the ceremony. But what happened? It had just been done one day, and the next day people brought offerings to the temple inside. They did not listen to the volcanologist. It was not only me, but everybody. They were not frightened.

Rebuilding of Main Gate at Besakih

It just happened by chance that I know the head of the village of Mukus, who went to West Bali with his cattle because there is no food. Even sweet potatoes will not grow because the air is full of ashes and the sun doesn't get through. The river next to the temple flooded from time to time and lava poured down. Then in June it erupted, whether from Agung or Batur, it damaged the open gate and several buildings.

Two years later the Committee asked me to start with the restoration of the open gate. I am willing to do this and so I came with thirty people from Kedison of the Society from Tangkup with a leader, the father of Berata, and his uncle Resi. Just only the materials we got from the Committee, but the expenses, food and everything, I distributed.

Resi made all the design of Tjandi Bentar (outer gate) in twenty-seven days. The whole Tjandi Bentar was completely built, besides the wall and restoration of one small square building at the corner of the Tjandi Bentar, while for the same building at the other corner I asked the help of the people in Apuan to donate and build the small building and it was built in the village of Apuan. As soon as the building was finished, they put it at the other corner of the Tjandi Bentar.

One time when there is a temple festival at our mother temple, Meradjan Darma Sukawati, as always every six months, I saw from a distance they covered with coconut leaves the top of the Tjandi Bentar. So when I came closer up I saw that somebody else started with the carving. I did not ask who it was, but I went first to visit the mother temple of my mother, Pura Darma Mengwi, and then later after that I visited the mother temple of the Kaba Kaba family and I met the head of the Religion
Department at Tabanan, a very good friend of mine by name Gisti Ngurah Gde. He asked me from where I had got the carver and I told him I did not know who it was. Then he said, "How is it possible now that the Tjandi Bentar is finished and you are about to start with the carving, that the Committee gave it to somebody else when you still have the responsibility to do that. But I know it is because there is no money otherwise. As before when there is no money, they leave everything to you."

Well, I do not mind what he says. It is true, but I do not care. Later on I heard that the temple in Besakih got a grant from the Government for five million rupiah, or something like that.

Lightning Destroys Temple at Besakih

A couple of years later, the temple of Kiduling Kreteg, which takes care of the Karangasem region, was completely destroyed by lightning. Just only a few buildings were still left. That was in the time when I was in Java in Surabaja. The day when I arrived home there was a meeting of the Pura Besakih Committee, but I was so tired I did not attend. So the next day I went to Besakih to see the temple of Kiduling Kreteg. The house priest of the temple, who lives not far away from there, as soon as he knew that I am coming, came to see me in the temple. In the meantime, a man who got a job in Denpasar, who knows me but I do not remember him, also came, and he spoke very familiarly with me and asked me about the temple. Why they are destroyed, etc.

According to what I heard from the house priest and the pemangku of the temple itself the story is that at about 1 o'clock, it was pouring with rain on that day, lightning came from Agung Mountain and went first to one of the merus and after that to the other buildings. So one member of the village directly beat on the drum. But instead of getting better the rain got worse and the fire got bigger and bigger. The people and village members tried to keep the fire in one building, but it got worse and worse and went into the Bale Agung buildings. The Bale Agung is half destroyed. The village members did not know what to do. It was a strange happening, and everybody sat down crosslegged and prayed for the Goddess of the Lake. According to what the house priest said, as soon as the people were sitting and praying, the fire got less and less. The man from Denpasar asked me what would happen and I said, as is usual here in Bali in a case like that, they ask the witch doctor or the high priest of the temple to make them in trance so that God enters him and starts talking. I told him that I am in agreement with this.

Restoration of Temples at Besakih

There was already a meeting before I came from Surabaja and they decided to repair the temple. A fortnight later there was another
meeting, and then the Bupati of Karangasem went to Djakarta and asked for a subsidy to help with the temple. Then I said, "Well, there is so many times that it happened from the beginning of the Eka Dasa Rudra until we have bad luck, it seems to me it should be better that we start to make one of the priests here in trance to ask whether the God is not happy or that something is wrong with the Committee. Maybe I myself am wrong. It should be better that we know first whether there is something wrong. It should be nice that God tells us what is wrong with us so we can later on change our mind and do the good way."

They do not agree with me, but some do and those stay close to me. The Bupati of Karangasem said that we made already an agreement to start with the restoration, and then I answered, "But it is just only an idea. You did not start with the restoration. To me it is better that we first know what is wrong with us so that not always we continue with that work or it still happen bad luck."

Anak Agung Gde Djelantik said, "It should be better that we start with the restoration of the temple with the help of a priest who knows really well the Asta Kosala Kosali (special lontar on building)." Then he asked among the Committee if anyone knew such a priest. While I know such a priest from Sanur, I still do not really agree with this idea and keep in my mind one of the priests of the temple itself to make him in trance, or to go to a witch doctor. Then what happens, because there are only two or three who agree with me, I said again, "Suppose if you start with the restoration of the temple, if the root is always wrong, and you do it again and again, at the last it is still wrong. How many times we have that experience, but it seems we are very very stupid never to learn by experience."

Later on Anak Agung Gde Karang, Bupati of Karangasam, Anak Agung Gde Oka from Gianjar, Gusti Ngurah Pinda who is Chairman of the Parisada in Bali were part of our committee for restoration of the temple at Besakih. Before all this happened, I was at a temple festival at Besakih in the Committee Room and I saw a photo of President Suharto with Madame Suharto and all his staff dressed in Balinese dress with the kris, and underneath it said that they are praying at the mother temple at Besakih. I had heard before that President Suharto is a very religious man. I told my friends that I am very proud of him that he comes to the mother temple to pray and proud too that he is a very religious man and I would like very much one day to make acquaintance with him.

Well, later on maybe a month later, our committee met again and heard we had got money from the President, thirty million rupiah, fifteen million for the restoration of the temple and fifteen million for lightning conductors.

I said that it was good that they wanted to help with the rebuilding, but that it would be good to have a person from the village of Besakih
in charge instead of someone from outside or from Denpasar, and it seemed that everybody agreed.

The Bupati of Karangasem tried to get the special Madjagau wood, teak wood, for the temple, from Lombok. Then they collected the materials, rough stone, and as soon as they are collected the people start. But I do not know exactly how they arrange it because as far as I know there is a misunderstanding between the different groups in Besakih. There is a group of Made Mawa. He is the Head of the Bimas, and then we have a group of the Perbekel, named Wajan Osek, in that time work together with the Bendesa, Berata. I think the Bendesa was the brother-in-law of the Perbekel. It seemed he did not agree with the Bendesa, his brother-in-law, while he became friends with Made Mawa.

At the full moon of our tenth month they start with the purification of the new temple and on the same day there is also a big temple festival at our mother temple, the Pura Dharma Sukawati at Besakih. Karangasem took care of the responsibilities of the whole ceremonies of the temple of Kiduling Kreteg. Anak Agung Gde Djelantik is the Chairman of the ceremony. He is the retired Bupati of Karangasem, the eldest son of the former Raja of Karangasem.

Twice I was there, and he was never in the temple. It looked so very deserted. All the work has been arranged by the people from Karangasem while the temple festival at Besakih temple is organized by the Parisada, or so I believe. It was really unexpected, the temple festival at Kedeling Kreteg. I thought it would be a big ceremony but it was not so. Even the festival at the Penataran Agung was not the same as always happen before. I spent about a week there. One evening there was a dance performance from Singapadu and they came to me for some lamps. It seemed to me it is very badly organized. The festival lasted eleven days.

After the temple festival we make again a meeting because the money for the lightning conductors has not yet been spent. The Committee think that it is not necessary to put lightning conductors on the main temple as it looks so very ugly, and the second thing, suppose if God wants the temple to burn again, or the other temples. They suggest going to Djakarta to ask if they may use the lightning conductor money for the restoration of the Pura Penataran Agung in Besakih. President Suharto agreed to this. So they start with the restoration of the other buildings, but when I was there last it seemed to me that it has not been done very well, and it really surprised me that the Bale Pemudjaan (where the priest sits to bless the offerings) is still not finished. After the Eka Dasa Rudra temple festival all the police of Bali donated that building and they collected already the wood and brought it, but later they took it back again, I do not know to where. To me it is really a pity that the Government has given so many subsidies for the temple but they are still not really in good condition. This money was donated early in 1973, I think.
Operation in Surabaja for Hernia

Around January, 1961, when I was in Surabaja visiting my daughter, Atun, my grandchildren and my son-in-law, Tj. Ngurah and my second wife, Anak Agung Made Agung, as I did nearly every month, I visited my friend Dr. Sukarno who was a surgeon at that time. He asked me about my health and I said I am OK but my daughter Atun who came along with me told the doctor that I have a hernia and that is why I use always a belt. Dr. Sukarno said, "It could be dangerous as you often go out by car, so you must be operated on." He gave me a letter for his hospital RKZ and suggested I go tomorrow morning. I went with my daughter and son-in-law to the hospital and a lady find a room for me.

The hospital is full but there is one room with two beds where a Chinese patient was in; a very bad, rude and impolite man. I say Yes. Without any preparation I was taken in. Even nobody else among the families in Ubud know that. At that moment my grandchild Gde was also in that hospital as he had a very very bad illness. He was three months of age. The next morning Dr. Sukarno inspected myself and said I was in good health and he decided to operate two days later. In the morning of February 20, 1961, I was given an anesthetic and taken to the operating room and remember nothing until I was back in my room. The nurse with my families drew the trolley car to my room and everyone was admiring how quick it has been done. The nurse told me that I must walk that evening but I did not follow her as I was so afraid that it hurt me. My room was very quiet. I feel not a bit of pain and the next morning the nurse came and asked me whether I walked already. Honestly I said No. And what happened? She lead me to take a walk.

The Hope Ship

I heard that my doctor will leave Bali and go back to San Francisco and I want to do something in return for his help and I asked him if it was possible for me to go home earlier as I want to give a farewell party. So I went home with my wife and children. I invited sixty doctors from the Hope Ship to take part in the party. It was very successful and we have a dance performance of the Legong from Peliatan in the first courtyard and at dinner we have the Gengong. It was really unforgettable. Dr. Radcliffe invited me and my family for a lunch party on his ship, so I went that morning with my cousin, Tj. Ngurah Puri Sarenkauth, Jj. Oka Puri Kantor, Tj. Rai Sayan and myself. We were served pure American food. It was really different from what we have in the Puri, and it taste all delicious. I asked my brothers and nephews whether they like the American food or not. I felt such a different atmosphere surrounded by all Western people. It was really an unforgettable remembrance.

Dr. Djelantik, the representative of all the hospitals in Bali, adopted a child who was born on The Hope. The parent is from Singaradja. I met her recently with her step-parents in Denpasar and she became already a big girl and is in High School where Dr. Djelantik got a job abroad in Istanbul. Dr. Djelantik works for the United Nations.
Restoration of Temples at Gelgel

Everywhere I enjoyed very very much helping in the restoration of the temples. It started in 1962 in Gelgel. There was a meeting at the Pura Dasar at the Gelgel temple. The name of the temple is Pura Dasar. There was Gusti Ktut Katon, former Secretary of the Governor and then Ktut Mandra, the constructor from Denpasar and eighty-one members and they decided to start with the restoration of the Pura Dasar.

When I was sitting on the front verandah, Ktut Mandra came to me from the meeting and told me that Gusti Ktut Katon, a good friend of mine, decided that I should get one of the buildings for restoration. So next day I went to Gelgel to make sure I had the right building. It was my understanding that it was the Pemijosan. I was told in Gelgel that the Chairman of the Committee was Wajan Ukir, the head of the water irrigation, Pengelurah. He lived in Klungkung. Then I asked him which is my building to restore. We went together to the temple and it was wrong, it was the Bale Popelik (where they put the God.) So I went home and prepared some materials and our people worked here. Mangku Baruk was the head of the carpenters who took care of the work also at Besakih and elsewhere. Then I went to the ex-King of Klungkung and told him the story that Gusti Ktut Katon from Singaradja and the Committee asked me to build the Bale Popelik. I asked him to come and see our people in Ubud when they work for the building.

We worked hard with the construction of the buildings and, as soon as it is finished, we go with our workers to Gelgel, and before we go we pass again Ida I Dewa Agung Klungkung telling him that we are starting with the building. So I asked him to come and have a look and he said yes. There is also a special worker from the village of Getasan Blahbatuh, and he decided to build a meru. There are two merus, one is eleven-roof and the other is nine, and I think he started with a new roof for the nine-roof meru, but there is a problem. The Committee has just only 25,000 rupiah, and the roof worker wants to ask 30,000 and 3,000 they want to donate. I do not want to get involved as I think there may be a misunderstanding between the Committee and the people making the roof. I said, "Perhaps, don't forget, the Committee have just only 25,000 and then you ask for 30,000 and you want to donate 3,000, but it is still more than the Committee has. The Committee has no money for the fibers so I do not want to get involved in a misunderstanding as I am here at the moment, but it seems to me it would be nice if you make a new arrangement with the Committee, if possible to make the labor cost lower." I told him to think about it first and give me the reply tomorrow. So next morning, when they drink coffee and we discuss again, he said, "It is impossible, even if we ask to be paid daily, it is still higher than that," and he refused. So the people from Getasan went back home. At the same time some of our people want to go back to Ubud and they sit in the same bus. When they arrived at Semabaung they stopped there.
So that evening the Committee came to see me and talked about the work. Well, I appreciated that very much and said that a couple of days ago I Dewa Agung came to see me and visited the temple. He sat on the North East corner Bale Pengaruman while some of the members of the Committee were there. Suddenly I Dewa Agung was very very furious with the Committee and he said "What are you doing with my temple? It seems too that you want to repair the merus and you have put bamboo round and in a month's time there will be Galunggan Festival and I want to bring offerings here." He was very furious. And then the answer of the Committee was, "Well, we want to restore the merus and all the temple together with the Tjokorda of Ubud. When I heard that I was so surprised because I had not known before. We never make an arrangement with him and I was afraid the I Dewa Agung of Klungkung is not happy about this, and then after that the I Dewa Agung of Klungkung did not say a word to me and he went home.

The next day about 7 o'clock in the evening, I went to Klungkung to phone to Ubud to ask people to come to work, and then half way there are two leaders of the Committee following me, I Wajang Tjedig and Wajang Geigel. They said to each other that we are communists, that the Committee are members of the communists. Nobody else ask because just they talk to each other. I was so shocked and think about what happen, whether it true or not that they are communists, otherwise nobody else asked why they talk about that. As the Bali words say, Buka Negakin Gedeong, that means, "You sit on a banana trunk, you feel wet." Otherwise you never say that. So I am sure they are really communists. Since then I am very afraid what will happen to me. What happened was that nothing that we asked for, that we wanted to get from Klungkung, did we get. They refused also the help of the constructor.

For one of the merus I asked the help of my cousin, Anak Agung Putu Agung from Abiansemal, to start with the restoration of the nine-story meru. He came with all his workers from Kapal.

That is the Will of God I think because we have no money. The people from Talibeng bring some fiber for the roof and they want to sell it to us and we said we have no money and they said you can keep it for the roof. As long as you have money you can pay, but if you don't have money you do not have to pay.

Also from Sidapaksa from Singaradja they gave me without my paying for it. We enjoyed it very very much. The Committee workers never refused what I asked. They worked in the night with a light. Even then there was still some time to go to the rice fields. So I am really proud. From that time I start always with a meeting at 5 o'clock. We asked the Committee also to sit together. I say to them I am coming here not about politics. The idea is I am coming with my families, my wife and servants; the puri is empty, we are not coming for bad reasons. We specially come here to help you with the restoration of the temple. My two wives cooked for the men. The Committee brought onions and chili
peppers. Many times we went with the Committee to the sea and took a bath in the sea of Batu Klotok, then we went home via a small temple, Batutumpeng, which belongs to the rice fields. It was really unforgettable. We sing songs together with the pemangku. As soon as we arrive at the temple they serve already food for us, and then again we walk in the village of Kamasan, and you heard the sound of the hammers because they make silver plates and silver bowls, and then you heard here and there the sound of the loom in the night. This was so clear, and we visit the house of the workers. Every evening about five o'clock we had a meeting. I told them, "When we finish with this, I want to come back again with my cousin and teach you about the modern weaving, and then I want to come and talk with the Director of the Industries in Denpasar and get some cotton." The people were very pleased and happy to have me there, and they said, "You find a place where you think you can build bungalows where you can put the workers later on for weaving." It is really unforgettable, the people are so nice and good to us.

One time we have a guest, the Chairman of the Executive of the Bali Government in Denpasar named I Ktut Buana, also the priest from Dawan who is the Head of the Religion Department in Klungkung, and the Head of the policemen in Klungkung. So we sitting and talk and talk with them and at last it is time for eating, and then I say to the priest, "Of course, according to our custom in Ubud, suppose if we are busy with the restoration of the temple and somebody comes and visits me, and they stay until lunch or dinner time, we always serve food. It does not matter whether from high caste, low caste, middle caste, or whatever. What we call it "Ngaturang Jasa." The priest answered, "I do not want that you behave towards me as Sang Salia," (King of Madura--Bratajuda.) And then I know what that means. It means that he thought I want to go to Klungkung to ask him to give me a job--as that is the path of the episode of the Mahabarata when the Korawas Durjadana ask Salia to come, but before he asked the help he offered him some food first. Salia ate the food, and what happened? Durjadana asked whether he would be on his side as anamy of the Pendawas, so he cannot refuse this because he already ate the food, and that is what we call Kenedana.

As soon as I heard that I feel a little bit bad tempered and I say to the Head of the Executive of the Denpasar Government, "I Ktut Buana, shall I answer the question or not? The expression is I am not coming here from Ubud, I am not empty," and he said, "Well, Tjokorda, you come here not to do something wrong, but you come here for the God Shanghiang Prama." Then I ask also the Head of the Committee, I Wajan Ukir, whether I am sure of the question and he also says the same. "Don't listen to him. It is just temptation to you." So I keep quiet and I look to the priest and he ate tastily the food, especially the ducks. Then after they ate they went sightseeing and looking, and then they went home. I said to the two friends, "Well, I am so sorry that the priest thinks I am coming there to the restoration of the temple with the idea to get a job from him. It is really a pity, but between you and me, suppose I
think about even my one guest, I make more from my one guest than the salary of this priest." So he went home and everybody returned to work peacefully. It was a duty for God, and up until now I never forget it was such a beautiful experience.

There was a backwater where the river water was always very very clean, and at the moonlight we sit there with half the body under water and have more appetite, and we sing a song with all the peoples there.

Temple Purification

After forty-five days the whole thing is finished built and rebuilt --but only one building, the Bale Pepelik, the one I finished already. But the other one, the bigger one, I say to the member of the Committee, "Leave that one, I want to renew it all and build a new building, the carving of which I want to have covered with gold leaf." And then what happened is we decided on the forty-sixth day we want to make a ceremony of purification of all the new buildings, what we call it a small purification, Ngaonang Tainsepat. So I telephoned home to my brothers that I want to organize the ceremony. The Committee invited the Governor, Anak Agung Bagus Sutedja, and then of course the ex-King of Klungkung, the Bupati of Klungkung. There are many people, I do not know how many. They my brother Tj. Gde Oka, sent from home a turtle and rice and everything. So, as soon as the offerings had been made, and then what happened? Before we pray, when the Committee prepared some drink, tea or coffee, the Chairman of the Committee, I Wajan Ukir, without telling me, made a speech. He said that all the restoration and the preparation, food and everything, has been given by Tjokorda Agung Sukawati with the whole families of Ubud. I was so surprised; I did not like that, until the Governor came and see me and he said, "How is it possible that Wajan Ukir, the Chairman of the Committee, start with that speech." I said I did not know.

After that we went to pray. The people are very happy, and the next day after the ceremony, maybe two days later, we prepared to go home. It is really a pity, but as the words say, "There is a beginning and there is an end, and this is an end." It makes us so sad to leave the temples. So the connection between me and the people there is still very very tight. Every time we organize a festival in Tjampuhan they always bring some onions. A couple of days after we left Gelgel, I told them it should be nice if I send here two trucks to bring you to Denpasar to see the textile factories. I fulfilled my promise and they are very very happy. Later I heard that the ex-King was ill. Maybe they are thinking that they ate some poison when we made the purification, but whether he was really ill or not I do not know.

We collected more material for the second Bale Pepelik and we carved it here in the puri and put gold leaf on it. Many of our artists,
especially Ida Bagus Made, helped to put the gold leaf on. So our promise has been completely fulfilled for the God of the Pura Dasar (Dasar means Foundation) and so everybody was very very happy.

Restoration of Temple at the Bat Cave

Then after that the Water Society of Klungkung asked my help in the restoration of the temple at the Bat Cave, Pura Gualawah, because that temple belongs to the Water Society (Mastjeti.) With great pleasure I really like that job and the Head of the Water Society, Anak Agung Adj Potlot. He is the Penglurah, and is the father of Anak Agung Rai Sila, at that time the Punggawa of Ubud. And then what happened? The Water Society has just 25,000 rupiah. That is all. And we bring also maybe twenty-five workers from Ubud and 25,000 rupiah for the materials and fibers. It is not really enough. We tried to find a time when it is just moonlight. The first day when we arrived there with our workers we slept in the first courtyard of the temple.

There are two temples at the back of the walls. They are full with alang alang grass, and we slept in one of the buildings on the right side. Some of our workers slept inside while I slept outside. I do not think my wife was there this time, but several maids were. And what happened was that in the middle of the night it was pouring with rain and the building leaking, but luckily the foundation of the building was sandy so the water went straight through. But even then we were very very happy.

The next day our people start with the fiber and the materials. And every evening we go to the beach, and the nice thing is every morning at 3 o'clock a car came from the village named Ulakan and at least twenty to twenty-five cars bringing firewood and coconut shells to sell to Klungkung. They form a caravan in the moonlight, only the driver fell asleep many times. I sat on the side of the road and still remember the Dutch song as I always do whenever such a car passes along:

Een karretje langs de zandweg reed,
De maan scheen helder, de weg was breed,
Het paardje liep met lusten
Ik wed dat het zelf de weg wel vindt,
De voerman lag te rusten.
Ik wens je wel thuis, myn vriend, myn vriend
Ik wens je wel thuis, myn vriend.

Horse car rides on the sand
The moonlight was very bright
And the road was very wide
The horse galloped with a good idea
We do hope that the horse finds its way
The driver sleeps
I hope that you be quick home my friends
I hope that you be quick home.
And then what happened? After three days the priest of Dawan heard
that I was there and he sent us cake and bananas and came and saw me
there and he asked me whether he is able to send a bed from Dawan. "Well,"
I tell him, "That is very kind of you but as we are always in the temple,
we do not need a bed, otherwise suppose if we need a bed, I come and sleep
with you in your grija." He is so nice to me, and nearly every two or
three days they send something. Always on the temple you sleep on the
floor; you make life there easy and you eat with banana leaves. At
home it is different, but in the temple it is very very easy. Our people
worked very very hard day after day and we enjoyed it very much. There
is a small river which goes to the sea, and we always take a bath in the
early morning after we wash, then maybe sing a song when the caravan is
passing. And then above the temple of the Bat Cave there is also another
temple, Bukit Sari, and from time to time we go there also. And then
one time in the morning, I went again and it was at the time of the fishes
jumping in the sea not far from the coast, and it was a very very nice
sight from there. Quite unforgettable. That is the job that I liked
very very much indeed.

After about a fortnight we finished at the Bat Cave, and then one
day I got a message from home that our cousin, Tj. Bagus, who married a
dughter of the ex-King of Karangasem, on the first day that the bride
and bridegroom go to the house of the bride, they want to stop at the
Bat Cave. They ask me to wait for them there. To my great surprise,
there are so many cars, especially from Ubud, which follow the married
couple. They came about nine o'clock and my brothers stopped there.
We went together to Karangasem and we enjoyed to see the ex-King who was
very very happy to have a son-in-law of families from a higher caste.
Then, after that, we stopped again at the Bat Cave temple and continued
our work there until it is finished. This time we make also a small
purification with our workers there. Up until now we are still very
good friends with the Pekaseh, the Head of the Water Society.

Making a Statue for a Temple in Negara

One day, also around 1963, the constructor from Denpasar, Ktut Mandra,
came to see me for making a pretima (a God, or symbol of the God who
created the Temple in Rambut Siwi.) The statue must be of a priest
because the temple was created by a priest, Pedanda Bawurauh. I asked
a friend of mine, Ida Bagus Ktut Glodog from Mas, a great artist and
sculptor and also a great dancer in the Wajang Wong. He plays Rama
and is a great artist and a very very good man. Ida Ktut Ngurah, his father,
was also a very great man and also was a shadow player. I have already
mentioned that my birthday is a very bad day and ever since on our birth-
day, he, with his cousin, Ida Ktut Alit, played the shadow puppets for us.

The statue was made of sandalwood. When it was finished many many
people from Negara came to Mas with offerings, the kind of offerings that
we call djawman. They came with three or four trucks. A couple of
months later we went there with maybe seven workers who want to put gold leaf on the door. We spent about a week there and enjoyed it very very much. We finished at full moon. The workers are called sungging, not carpenters, just special to put the gold leaf. I Reteg, and also my wife came along. As you know that village is rather isolated, and it seemed to me that the people did not know just how to behave, but they were very very nice people. They bring firewood from the branch of the coconut tree and it made me feel so at home with the pemangku, the Brahman from Batuan and his wife from Sebang. All the people came to see us and we talked and enjoyed ourselves. Every evening we went and took a bath at the sea there.

One night I saw one of the farmers from not far from the temple. He slept with his buffalo and covered himself with mats. The next morning I came to see him and we talked and talked and I asked him whether I could get a piece of land there. Directly he answered my question, "If you want to have a piece of land, I want to give you a particular part of my rice field where you can build a small building." From that conversation I know that the people there are still very pure with very good heart. We enjoyed it immensely.

At that time I got gold leaf from Thailand but I heard it is not so good as the gold leaf from China and Hongkong. This temple, Rambut Siwi, is also one of the temples which belongs to the Water Society. The temple is completely finished and built, and outside at the side road they built also a beautiful shrine where there are two pemangkus, one male and one female, who give water when buses or trucks pass along and stop there and go for praying and get holy water. Also the same with myself and our families when we go to Java by Gita bus. They always stop there even in the night. I always use the Gita bus because the driver is very nice and polite and we can talk with him. Later we asked also one of our painters, I think Ktut Cobot, to make a decoration for one of the shrines.

Bupati of Negara

At that time the present Bupati of Negara, named Wajan Sirya, was the Head of the Water Society there. Every time he came and visited me, and from time to time there was a temple festival there and we came also and prayed. After the coup, when the father of the Governor in Bali died, I said to the Head of the Water Society, by name Wajan Serne, a man from Singaradja who became a Bupati in Djembrana, I told him, well not seriously but just joking," Why are you not a Bupati in Negara? There is nobody else among the puri become a Bupati, you are the first man as far as I know, what we call it the Sendin Djineng of the puri in Djembrana. You are the man suppose if there is no one among the families in the puri become Bupati." And what did he say? "Well, you like joking. I never can be Bupati." And then I say, "Why not? Well suppose if you are
always good to the temple here in Rambut Siwi, why not?” And what happened? Later when that man from Singaradja transferred, he was elected as the Bupati.

But since then, I tried to meet him but I never found him. At last there was a meeting of the Besakih Committee at the Kerta Sabe at the meeting hall of the Governor. It was the first time I met him since he became Bupati, but always, I went to see him and said, “Well, is it not true that you become Bupati as we talked about before?” After that I met him several times, but it seemed to me it was not as before. He made himself a little bit distant. It seemed like that to me. But anyhow, it still made me happy that he became Bupati in Negara. The religion in Negara become much stronger and in nearly all the temples there they start with restoration. The day before New Year's Day, when I was on the Gita bus on the way to Surabaja, I heard that regularly in Negara the day before the New Year they take all the Gods to the Sea for purification, while in Gianjar or in Ubud they take the Gods to the sea or river two or three days before the New Year. It just happened when we arrived there a drum was beaten from many temples and people are ready to go to the sea with their Gods.

There is a temple on the way from Negara to Gilimanuk where before it was nothing except land, but since he became a Bupati that temple has been built. It seemed to me that Negara is as before, but the place between Negara and Gilimanuk looks so prosperous because there are now many many dry fields. They get enough water from the new irrigation. It seemed to me that in Negara there are many many Moslems. There are several villages where they are completing Mosques. I can see clearly when there is a compound without a house temple and also without a granary and they have a tremendous lot of rice fields. That is one of the reasons why up until now we like it very much to come and visit my daughter and grandchildren and my son-in-law and my wife, who is taking care of her grandchildren. It is very interesting to come to Surabaja. I really like the journey. Not only that part of Bali is prosperous, even East Java is still very prosperous.

Restoration of Barong at Apuan

There is a village in the mountains named Apuan whose people asked me several times to help in the restoration of the barong, what is called Barong Belas Belasan, changing the leather carvings, paint, and gold leaf, and also to put some new paint on the mask. It has happened several times before. My nephew, Tj. Agung Sujasa, with Dewa Compiang, also from Ubud, and I Reteg, have helped my nephew in doing that job. Luckily at that time gold leaf and all the different kinds of materials were not hard to get and also not very expensive. People there are very very nice; every time when there is a temple festival there they ask me and my nephew also to come. I remember one time, during a temple festival there, I was with
my nephew Tj. Agung Sujasa and it just happened by chance our friends were here, Dr. Polinin (who we called Agung Agee) and also Mark Hobart. They came together with us and spent a night there. They enjoyed it very very much and is a very unforgettable remembrance for them. Up until now we make such a good relationship with the people in that village. After that we start with the restoration of a meru in the temple of Pura Puchak at Bratan Lake. We have workers from Kedisan and, as a leader, Tj. Agung Sujasa. At that time we spent not so long there, maybe ten days. I spent two nights there. It was very very cold. The temple is the mother temple of the Water Society at Denpasar and Tebanan and also partly of our families of Mengwi. In that time we worked also together with my families of Mengwi, Anak Agung Gde Rai, my cousin from Selat who is the leader of the whole family temple. After we finished the merus, the Head of the Department of Religion of Bali who is also my cousin, Anak Agung Putra, a son-in-law of Anak Agung Gde Rai, got a grant for the restoration of the whole temple. I do not know exactly how much. Anyhow, a great deal of the temple is already finished, built or rebuilt and carved, which makes me so happy.

Twelve Statues Carved

In the time when the Bupati of Singaradja was not yet the Bupati, he was a member of the Anggota BPD, representing the people in Singaradja. His name is Hartawan Metara from the village of Bondalem, a very well-to-do person. When he was starting with a new building at the temple, Pura Pentjokbatu, he asked me also to help in making eighteen statues for the restoration of the temple, and he said that the temple will be purified in forty-five days time. "How is it possible to make eighteen statues in forty-five days?" I ask, but even so I go to my cousins in Sukawati and ask whether they can arrange for eighteen statues. Not long after I got a message, instead of eighteen they just need twelve. Luckily there were already four, so that the sculptor can finish it in time. So I tried to get in touch with him but it is very hard to go there because the road was not so good. As the words say, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

It so happened I have friends staying with me here, a member of the United Nations in Djakarta from New Zealand, Joe Neil, and another friend of ours named Anine Rud from Denmark. Also a member of the Ministry of Information from Denmark. So we went with them to Singaradja via Tjulik, East Bali. We went with Joe in his Mercedes Benz, and we have a packed lunch. As we know that the road is not so good, we drive very very slowly. The road until Karangasem was still very good, but one time unexpectedly the car was jumping a little bit and soon after we became hungry and went to get our packed food, but it was bad luck, we cannot open the back of the car. And then we tried to find some beer for Joe, who wanted to have a drink, but there was none. So every time there was a warong we stopped for beer, but there was none. In any case we have
a chance to try to find out where our friend Hartawan lives. So at last there is a warong where they sell beer and we ask where Hartawan lives and they pointed to the place. He lived just outside the main street. So we went there. There are just only some ladies, and I asked them where is Hartawan and they said that he lived in Singaradja. So we continued our drive.

At last we found the temple. It is beautifully situated just where the road banks on the corner. I was so surprised to see that the temple was not yet half finished and said, "How is it possible they want a purification in that short time?" There are people working there, and I asked where Hartawan is. One of the people went to see if he was there, and we went back to the car. But just then a pickup truck came, and who was in the truck but our friend Hartawan. I am so happy to see him and asked him, "How is it possible that you say in forty-five days time the temple will be finished, but up until now half is not yet finished?" He asked when the statues will be finished. I told him, "They are finished. It would be nice if you sent a pickup truck to collect the statues." So we were very happy to meet each other and to make an appointment. He want to send a pickup in a short time. So happily we drove home without food. We are still very hungry and as soon as we arrived back we tried to open the back of the car and it opened easily. Two days later the truck was sent and collected all the statues, but, of course, they are not as good as usual because they had to make them in such a hurry.

Sukarno's Visit to the Puri

One time we plan to go to Surabaja with my whole families. Up until Banjuwangi we go to the station to get a train from there to Surabaja. Then I got a phone call from home that my aunt, Anak Agung Niang Made, was very very ill and they asked me to go back home. So that same evening we went back home. Tired to death we arrived home on that bad road by bus, and about 9 or 10 o'clock at night when I was in sound sleep, a man came and knocked at the door. I woke and asked who he was. To my great surprise, he mentioned that he is the Inspector of Police of Gianjar, by name, Boy, a good friend of mine, and he said to me that President Sukarno wants to come and visit me and he is waiting in the front courtyard.

I did not believe him. "It is true, come and see. He is in the front courtyard waiting for you," he said. So I went and it was really true. Sukarno was there and he asked me, "How, young man, you sleep already so early?" My answer: "Why not, I am just coming from Banjuwangi and tired to death." And then he said to me, "Look at the stars," and he represented the stars as one of the brothers of the Pendawas, "and that is Bima, and let us go to the puri and have some beer." So we sat here on the verandah and started talking. He asked me, "Why was it that your father has so many wives and they never quarrelling with each other?" So from that point of view I was thinking that maybe his wife
was quarelling and he was having difficulties. So I said to him, "Well, President Sukarno, I must tell you that even though you are a President, my father had more power in that time. He could kill somebody who is wrong. And beside that, even if he had so many wives, because they are not influenced by outside women, all the wives are at home in the puri and do their duty, cooking, making offerings, weaving, taking care of the pigs and chickens. Even the six-month time at the Galungan festival, my elder brothers went to Denpasar to buy them cloth; the old wives use the black while the young ones use light colors." So we are talking and chatting with the President and after two or three hours he takes leave back home to his palace at Tampaksiring. We were so happy. After that my aunt died and was cremated, so when the tower was already made I got an invitation from our friend Hartawan for the purification of the temple. But it was a great pity that I could not go because my aunt will be cremated and we are unclean.

Visit to Various Temples

Later we went with my families to Singaradja to the temple for praying. That was the first time I saw the temple finished built with the statues as decoration, and from there we went to Pura Pulaki. At the time my son-in-law was here and we used his car. When we were in Pentjokbatu it was beautiful moonlight and the temple is high above the sea and we went for praying. It was a little bit of a pity that the temple was built with cement. After that we went to Pulaki, and it was the first time we went to the temple. The road there was very very bad, full of holes. And maybe 30 kilometers from Pulaki, it started raining and lightning and windy, but we still follow our way.

As soon as we arrived at Pulaki, it was still raining very hard and lightning until we did not know where to go to turn our car. We tried to find a place to stop and sleep. Because we are a little too far from the temple, it is very dark. There was a warong and one of the boys sent and knocked on the door and asked where was the house of Hartawan. He pointed for us and went back in. It was completely dark. At last one of our people turned to the back of the house and the dogs started barking and a man came with a light. He asked us where we are from and I told him from Ubud and gave him a letter which was given by my cousin, who is the Head of the PU in Denpasar. That man was so happy to have us in the house there and made the bedroom ready, and of course we are not ashamed to tell the man that we are very very hungry. As quick as possible he killed a chicken and made very delicious and excellent food. It was still raining, but we enjoyed it very very much. But unfortunately we cannot go to the temple for praying that night.

Early in the morning, about three o'clock, we heard already the sound of buses or trucks going to Gilimanuk. It was dry and the moon
was so bright. I walked to the temple. I am very happy to see that the temple is built but also as always they use more cement, but it is finished. I went back to our house and took a bath and when everybody was ready we went to the temple and start with our praying. Then we went back to the house and had some lunch and then were ready to go. People are so nice, and there are so many monkeys at the temple and we throw peanuts and went for a drive along the beach. It was a beautiful sight. Everywhere there is corn, and we tried to buy some young corn and asked to whom it belonged but many of the fields belong to Moslems. We ate roast corn and went on our way to West Bali.

Before Gilimanuk, at Tjeluktrime, we stopped. We wanted to try to see the graveyard of Djajeprana. Well, the place is not reached by motorcar. It is up on the hill. It was very very nicely located. We went through alang alang grass and forests with big trees and at last we found the graveyard. It is very simple. From there you can see the bay of Tjelakatrimne.

As the story tells, Djajeprana was killed in the place and buried there, but as I know before, Djajeprana was already cremated by the village, and during his cremation and the day before I was also there too. Djajeprana was a servant of a King, Djagaraga, in that village.

From there we drove through a cornfield plantation. In one place we stopped and bought some corn and roasted it. The Moslems rent the land from the Government. From there we went back via Gilimanuk and stopped and prayed in the temple, Rambut Siwi. We were also very glad that they started also with enlarging all the temple buildings. After we have such a nice drive we arrived late at home tired to death but enjoyed it very much.

**Temple Festival at Biaung**

One time a messenger came from the village of Biaung and invited me to visit the temple festival of the village at Biaung. They had just finished building the Pura Penataran. Well, of course, we accepted their invitation. He said I know Gusti Made Taman who was formerly a teacher here in Ubud and his cousin, and also brother-in-law, a doctor named I Gusti Made Pantri. It will be a big temple festival and beside myself he invited the Tjokorda of Tabanan. It was also the rainy season in about 1970, and pouring every day. So we borrowed a jeep from Dr. Wiadjana. I went with Tj. Sujasa and Pudja, our driver. So we have a nice drive and it was dry, but about four kilometers from the village of Biaung, just in the middle of a rice field, we stopped because looking from a distance there are so many cars passing along the road, so slippery and muddy that every car was stopped there--trucks, buses, etc. It is hard for us to think about, while we are just only four kilometers from the village itself and now we cannot go there. Then came a truck, and we stopped them and tried to give some message, but we have no paper and
pencil so the truck went and got stuck there also. And then our driver suggested to us, "Let us try. Maybe we can pass the road, maybe not, who knows." We walked and left Pudja in the car. He drove very carefully and slowly until, in the same place where the road made a bend where the other trucks and buses are stuck, our car nearly got stuck also. But there were people waiting to push our jeep, so we got there. So I am glad we can fulfill our promise.

About 300 meters from the temple yard we called first at the house of Dr. I Gusti Made Pantri. All the guests are the family of Gusti Njoman Lampad from Taman, Ubud. We talked there and made acquaintance with his families and everybody was happy. Then we followed our way back to the temple. One boy was beating the holy drum, but when we passed somebody else called out, "Sit down. God arrived," and I was so surprised. We still walked quietly on, and after that they showed us a seat with the Tjokorda of Tabanan and his wife and families who live also there in Biaung. They offered me the highest seat, while I say to the Tjokorda of Tabanan, "You sit together with me." But only the Tjokorda sat with me; all the families sat a step lower. And then the priest was changing clothes and starting with the purification and beginning with the offerings and the kulukul was still beating and he said, "Now is the time that you put the pependeman (the final act of purification after which the temple becomes holy) in the different shrines." After this was done and we had visited with some people there, we went back to our places. Not long after, people brought us food and we all ate together. Then it got dark and pouring with rain, and so we make acquaintance again with the head of the village there also and families of the doctor and Made Taman.

Story of the Village Headman

Then the head of the families with Gusti Made Taman told me about the story of the temple. It has been a long long time that anybody has taken care to rebuild the temple, until the buildings and walls have been broken down. Every time when there is a meeting there is a quarrel, and then the head of the village, Gusti Alit, a very nice man and laughing always, told the whole story. "I was a great gambler and I always lost until I sold everything, my house, fields, and everything. One time there was a meeting and the members of the village elected me as the head of the village and I was so surprised. How is it possible that the members of the village elect a gambler as myself as head of the village? Well, anyhow, I cannot refuse because it is the will of the members of the village. As well as I can fulfill my job, I will be willing to do that, I say to them. So first I start with the wall of the temple, and I was thinking about what if I become bored with continuing the duty, but I still pray that God build me a good road and let me finish my duty to finish building the temple." So he started with the wall. As soon as the North wall was half finished, it was a great surprise: he never thought any more about cock fighting or gambling. So he continued
building the walls, and as soon as the walls were finished he continued with the buildings and so on until the whole thing was finished, and he never thinks any more as a gambler. And then he said, "I am very very happy and glad that it is altogether finished."

Return to Ubud

And then Gusti Alit and the other families there asked me to come back again in twelve days when they finish the temple festival and the day of the closing ceremony takes place. I promise him also that I would come. So as soon as the ceremony has been finished, we take leave with a happy heart. And then the village decides to give me a truck to come with us in case we get stuck in our car. After passing the same road where every car was stuck, we think we are safe, so the truck also turned back. But it was very difficult to turn and the road was so narrow. And then what happened? Not far from the village in the district of Marge, where on both sides of the road were deep valleys and it was pouring with rain and lightning and Pudja cannot see the road, suddenly the car skidded and swerved across the road until we were sideways. I never forget, but I still keep in my mind-- we just with a good heart pray and do our duty for God. Suppose if we have bad luck we cannot do anything-- but we are frightened. Everybody got out except the driver. We even walked with difficulty because it was so slippery. And we went very very slowly, but luckily the light of the jeep lighted us so we could follow the road. So we arrived the same night safely home.

We are thinking about going twelve days after the ceremony, but it was still pouring with rain. We planned to go because we remembered how good the people were to us. We tried to borrow the same jeep again, but we got the jeep very late, about 10 o'clock, and instead of going to Biaung we went to Denpasar and met the doctor, Dr. Pantri. We were so sorry that we could not go there. While it really was a great pity, until now our communication and friendship are still very very strong to the village of I Gusti Made of Taman and Dr. Pantri. We do hope some time we can go again and continue our friendship.

Temple Festivals in Ubud

So many times it happened after the festival here at the Pura Pemeradjan Agung, where all the Gods and parents celebrated, I asked my brother if I might organize temple festivals not only there but at Batu Karu, Meradjan Sarenkangin, Maradjan Sarenkauh, Pura Desa in Ubud and the last one for our temple of the dead, the Pura Dalam. Everywhere we celebrated all the Gods in Ubud together with the ancestors except the Pura Kajangan Tiga, Pura Desa Puseh and also our temple Dalam Puri.
When I organized the temple festival at Pemeradjan Agung, it was September 29, 1965. The temple festival lasted three days. The second day the families organized a dance performance. Several nieces and nephews from Denpasar took part in the performance while the musicians are from Diaraba, Denpasar, that is for the Blind Societies. People from everywhere came and watched.

Coup in Djakarta

It was September 30, 1965. Nobody else was in the temple except me and Beryl Bernay. She is an American journalist and also a photographer. We have such a nice time talking, just the two of us, and suddenly about 11:30 p.m. somebody else came from Denpasar and brought some news that there was a coup in Djakarta. I went to my eldest brother, who was also at the moment here taking part in the temple ceremony because that is his temple and he is responsible for it, and told him the whole story of the coup in Djakarta. It seemed to me that he did not care too much about that. The days following seemed to be more and more critical.

I heard that the two communist armies are ready in two groups waiting for the signal from Djakarta to take over the Government. That is what I heard. One by the Textile factory and the other at the Bus Station, Balun. As soon as the news came from Djakarta, the whole army collapsed in chaos, but at that time there was still not yet a reaction of any troubles, but after that it got more and more critical.

Cremation of the ex-King of Klungkung

The ex-King of Klungkung died and soon would be cremated. As I am the head of the Ubud families, I contacted several families in Ubud whether they agree to donate something, a King Snake (Naga Banda) for the families of Klungkung. So we collect from each of the families and my nephew, Tjokorda Agung Sujasa, who, as always, is in charge and leader of the artists who are making the King Snake for the families of Klungkung. So it was a great admiring crowd who came every day to see the King Snake in Puri Sarenkauh. At this time, because the situation was very critical, we sent a message to Klungkung asking that when we, the whole Sukawati families, bring the King Snake to Klungkung, the Bupati, the son of the ex-King of Klungkung, Tj. Anom Putra, should ask the help of the police and army to make it quiet and peaceful. Four days before the day of the cremation we went with a big group from every direction. I think there were seventy-six trucks and several sedan cars, about three thousand people. We just make it ready at the crossroad called Pertigaan Bangli, and then from there the procession went by foot.

It was really very spectacular, while both sides of the road are lined with police and army for our safety. We were like a sea of people.
Then the sons of the Raja of Klungkung attended beside the King Snake with umbrellas, etc. It was such a nice procession from there to the Temple of the Dead in Klungkung. It was a great admiring throng—the people of Klungkung and other outside people, many many of them. We heard that they are very very happy and lucky from the point of view that Klungkung will be united and very close with the Sukawati families, since, as we mentioned above, we are from one root and that is Gelgel. After the King Snake was purified at the Temple of the Dead, about one kilometer from the puri itself, soon after the ceremony took place, the big procession went to the puri and put the King Snake beside the dead body. And then the whole families prayed.

On the cremation day we went again, but the custom in Klungkung is different from here in Ubud. Later we followed the procession to throw all the ashes to the sea. So after that the eldest son of the ex-King became very close friends with Tj. Agung Sujasa and myself also. When there was a temple festival at Besakih at our temple, we went together with him, and it was also the same day as the temple festival in his temple of Klungkung families, and we went to pray there too. We become closer and closer in the family circle. We decided that one of the families, Tj. Rai Sudharta, should marry one of the daughters of the ex-King of Klungkung. But that did not work out very well and never happened. I do not know why.

Then one of the nephews of the ex-King became head of the district here in Ubud. He was very very nice. Then his uncle, the Punggawa of Ubud, came twice to see me, and he was very very happy that the families are united. Several times I suggested to him that he marry one of our nieces here in Ubud, and I have a feeling that he wanted to do that. However, we know that he has an inferiority complex in this matter. But we tried and tried. As always, there is a beginning and there is an end, and after two or three years, he became Head of the District here in Ubud and got a fellowship to Lombok to continue his study, and all the families became sad.

However, we keep remembering him, and at last he finished his study and came and visited Ubud. We tried to get him back his old job, but he got a job in Klungkung which was better. I said to him, "Tell me which of my nieces you want to marry. I am sure my families will agree." But he still kept his inferiority complex, and that is what I do not like, because he felt he was very poor and had nothing etc., where on our side we never think about that, it does not matter. We do not think about poor, or richness, or well-to-do.

Later on I heard again that one of our nieces wanted to marry one of the ex-King's sons, but that does not work out. One time when there was a temple festival at our Pura Penataran Agung Sukawati, the Bupati of Klungkung, the eldest son of the ex-Raja of Klungkung, Tj. Anom Putra, came with his wife and prayed in our temple and ate also together with us there. This made us very very happy. Tj. Majun, who is a good friend
of Tj. Agung Sujasa and ourselves, also came and stayed a couple of days here, and we went and saw him in Klungkung. Later on we know that the eldest brother, Tj. Majun, and the Bupati could not get along very well with the eldest half-brothers (different mother). Without any reason, the family did not come again. Just like that, finished.

Communists in Bali

The situation here was getting worse and worse, but luckily the head of the army stayed here in the Puri because in Gianjar there was no house for him. His name was Pak Darwanto. It just happened by chance that he was here. The trouble started in West Bali, as far as I heard. One day I went to Denpasar. At Sukawati a Javanese soldier stopped our car and asked me for a lift. He told me the sad story about a small village south of Negara, named Tegal Badung. That village is surrounded by rice fields. One evening the communists had a meeting, and the meeting was guarded by communist soldiers. When the news came to Negara and the police, the soldiers want to go and see the meeting. When they are just arriving, the communist army discovered them and started shooting. One of the army was killed. Then they went back and told the whole story to the headquarters in Negara, and helpers came from Denpasar. In a short time the whole village was surrounded, and they shot everyone and burnt the whole village. That was the first time when the trouble started. That is what I heard from the soldier. From that time the trouble started and continued in Singaradja, Tabanan, Bangli, Klungkung and Denpasar, and everywhere.

There is a teacher of Tabanan from our SMP Secondary School here, Gusti Putu Mantja, who married a girl here, a sister of the leader of the PKI named I Warsa and lived also in his house. That leader's elder brother lived in Denpasar. At that time all the college teachers suggested to him to go back to Tabanan because we know that you are not communist and we want to give you a letter of recommendation that you are not communist and that you have love for your country. But what did he say? "No, I do not want to do a bad turn for my families and I am sure that everyone thinks that I am a communist. Myself, however, I am not a communist but I do not want to escape from that." And what happened? One day he was also killed, including nine people from Ubud in the cemetery of Petulu. It happened at 10 o'clock in the morning. That made me very very sad because I know that there are so many people killed in Bali and they are not really communist—they just first of all believe in the promises and the second is they just follow with the wind, as they say.

I know that the leader of the communist group in Bali was a very good friend of mine, and that is Tj. Gde Puger from Denpasar, the director of a big firm call Modjopahit. He had two palaces built, one in the modern style and one in the old style. When he came to see me I went to meet him in the house of the government, and always I am ready to
give him answers when he asked me about communism, but he never did. One time when he came before my gate I asked him if he could help me get one of my boys a job and his answer was, "Yes, send him to my secretary, Anak Agung Anom Dade." That was all. He never talked about communism until he died. Whether he was or not, when he was killed, his body was cut in pieces. Beside him a son of my cousin was also killed too. One of my cousins, the son of Anak Agung Made Agung, Anak Agung Gde Djelantik, was also killed.

Before the communist movement we have also trouble in Bali with the Logis. There was fear in Ubud as soon as the trouble started. Life was normal but nobody knew whether they were safe to walk in the street or go by car.

The Art Museum in Ubud

We start with our Society in 1931 and we form a Committee to look after the work of the artists and our membership totals almost one hundred and twenty-five. They are painters, sculptors, silverworkers, and then later we start with the weaving. Our Art Society is named Pita Maha.

Our Committee consisted of Walter Spies, who came here in 1923, Mr. Bonnet, who came in 1929, myself, Gusti Njoman Lampad, and my brother who never came. And then the Society formed—painters from Ubud, Pedantigal, Peliatan, Pengesekean, Mas, etc. We divided into groups. The head of the Ubud painters is Anak Agung Sobrat. The Klian in Mas is Ida Bagus Putu Taman and he is the Klian Gde for the whole Society. In Bedulu the head of the painters is Gusti Njoman Gde, and the head of the Tjeluk silverworkers is Irijok. In Bang, Gianjar is I Dewa Gde Oka, and in Kamasan, Klungkung is Pan Seken, painters who still up until now make the old traditional style. In Denpasar is Gusti Deblog, head of the painters until Sanur, and one in Sebang named I Pungkur.

We form a place where we can organize and exhibit in Indonesia, especially Java, or outside Indonesia in a foreign country. I remember very well in Holland we have two art shops who sell our paintings; the owner is Van Leer & Decker. Our first exhibition was in Jogjakarta. It was just at the Maulud festival time, at the Sonobudjo Museum, which was just instituted beside the lawn of the Kraton in Jogja. The Curator was our best friend, by name Sam Koperberg. Beside paintings there are sculpture and silverwork, but we do not start yet with woven things and batiks. Beside the exhibition we have also the Bali shadow puppets, and our Klian Gde, Ida Bagus Putu Taman, was the dalang. We have four gandar players, two men who help the dalang. We have the shadow puppets and the Gandar Wajang. We take also the box of shadow puppets and the four Gandar Wajang.

Our exhibition was very very successful and the Susuhan of Solo came and visited also. He was very very nice. One evening we played the
shadow puppets in the Kraton of Jogja. I was so surprised when our dalang played in the Kraton; they just played like that without making an introduction to the Sultan or myself like we do here in Bali. Here we were separated; together with our people. We just heard the Sultan and his family behind the screen, but we never saw him.

Mr. Bonnet nearly quarreled about 5 guilders to the curator of the Museum when we left Jogja for Semerang for a pickup. When we arrived in Semerang about 2 o'clock we stayed with Mr. Bonnet's sister, Christine Bonnet. We enjoyed very much our stay there because she has a beautiful view. From that time I learn that Semerang is a town of Chinese. We stayed the night talking with Christine, a very very nice woman, and the next noon we left by boat from the harbor to Bali and Singaradja. We went by boat from Semerang to Singaradja. The boat anchored outside the harbor. On the boat Mr. Bonnet went everywhere with the silverwork and tried to sell it to the guests. We brought 1,700 guilders back with us. At that time that was very very successful.

From that time we planned to build a museum of Bali Modern Art here in Ubud. After that we organized several times an exhibition in Jakarta and in Bandung. Our last exhibition was on December 3, 1941, just thirty-six days before the attack on Pearl Harbor. Our last exhibition was in the Club House, Kunstkring Gebouw, and Mr. Bonnet and our secretary, Mariana van Wessem were there. I told her before that I had to go to an eye specialist for an eye operation. She said, you go after the exhibition to the eye specialist, Dr. Deutchman. Then I stayed with my nephew Tj. Johnny in Djalan Ambungan. Mr. Bonnet was at Semerang with his sister. They came back to Surabaja and told us go quickly home otherwise he was afraid that all the trains and buses would be filled by the army. Mariana van Wessem had already left.

Then my friends asked Ali Sastromidjojo, the Indonesian Ambassador in Washington, D.C., to come and visit me in Ubud. At that time I used one of the buildings of our hotel at Tjampuhan as a museum. So Ali came and saw, and then I have a chance to tell him that I am planning to build a museum of Bali Modern Art in Ubud. He agreed very much. Later on he became Premier at Jakarta, and he came and again visited me. Now I told him, "That is your last high position unless you become President. I do hope you will remember what you promised me, to build a museum of Bali Modern Art in Ubud." He said to me, "Agung, let us go and see who lives here next door." So I went with him. My cousin, Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, lived there. He said, "Before we start with the buildings, it would be nice if you agreed to start with the building here as a museum."

But I did not agree. I said to him, "You do not want that I make a misunderstanding with my cousin. Suppose I become the Chairman of the museum, and every day come people to visit the museum, and at last my cousin thinks: 'My cousin makes easy money. Why, maybe I can do it myself.' Suppose if he asked for half the income, what must I say?
Must I say No? It is impossible, because he was so kind to offer one of these buildings as a museum. Easily I can make a museum there, but if you ask whether I am happy or not, of course not. I do not want to make a misunderstanding with my cousin." I said to him, "Please, if you cannot build a building right on that land (where the museum is now) do not have anything done in Ubud. I do not think we want to get it and then have to give it back to somebody else and buy it again. I want to get it from generation to generation and just build one time only." He agreed.

Now Mr. Bonnet asked me to find another place, and at last we go to the place where Hans Snel now lives. Mr. Bonnet said, "Now, why not here?" I said to Ali, "Either on that land (meaning where the museum now is) or I do not want to build anything in Ubud." Mr. Bonnet was very cross and said, "You have nothing; how is it possible you want to put your building there? You have no land, nothing." I say to him, "Well, it does not matter whether I have money or not, I try to do my best." And he said, "Well, I leave it to you then." And so I do it myself, and alone.

A fortnight before January 31, about December 15, 1953, Sudarsana, Indonesian Cultural Attache in Jakarta, was sent by Ali Sastromidjojo to let me know that he wanted to come with five ministers from Jakarta, himself, the then Vice Premier, Honggowongso, the Vice Minister, Mohamed Jahmin, the Minister of Education, Sujarwar, the Minister of Agriculture, and another Minister.

I said, "How is it possible for Ali to send you to lay the first stone on January 31, 1954, while we have no piece of land, we have not one penny of money? How is it possible?" And the answer from Sudarsana was, "I don't know. Mr. Ali said, 'You go to Ubud and Mr. Agung will make everything right,' and so I went."

For a couple of days I kept it very very quiet. I do not know what to do. There is no land, there is no money. Ten days before, I asked somebody else, to whom does that land belong. I got the answer that that land belonged to my families, Tj. Anom Bewa, who is also a member of the museum. Now it is easy. Then I ask to whom does the other half belong, and somebody else said it belonged to a widow, the former wife of the teacher, Guru Samplangan. I think it will be difficult. First she is not from Ubud and it is very hard to talk with a woman. But anyhow, I want to try. Then I sent our secretary, Tj. Agung Mas, to see her and discuss about that matter. He came back with the answer that she does not want to sell her rice field, but she wants to barter for another rice field. It makes me very very happy as I have land the same size and my land is much better than hers because my land gets more water than hers, so I am glad. So I sent Tj. Mas to her and to make it final.

Tj. Mas came back again to say that she does not want that land because she wants another piece of land. "Damn!" That makes me very
very hurt because I like very much to keep that land because later on I want to work that land as I did during the Japanese occupation. So I still keep thinking about that, but eight days before I decide; while I am not poor and I am not rich, suppose if I barter with her. So I said to Tj. Mas, you go to her now and you make it in black and white because I know that lady is not easy to talk with. So Tj. Mas came back again and the answer is she does not want to barter unless I give the whole piece of land. The size of my land is 49 ara and first class and just below the big canal where it is easy to get water, while her rice field is third class and at the bottom of the rice fields and the land is very very poor. So again I am just thinking and at last we decide: I am not poor and I am not rich, so we make a contract for bartering.

So the contract was made, and it is just five days before the 31st January. And what happened? It poured with rain, day and night, day and night. Our workers had a very hard time to start. Don't forget, living in that time was still cheap, and it was easy to get labor. Our leader of the workers, Djeromangku and Baruk, were every night after the rain working with petromax (pump lamp) to put up the shrine for the two marble stones. Then two days before the 31st I got a message again from the Governor that, instead of Mr. Ali wanting to come with five Ministers, he wants to come with two hundred and twenty. Many of them are Rajas from Sunda Islands, Sumbawa, Sumba, Lombok etc., because at that time there was a congress in Denpasar.

It was very hard for me to make a hall, because it costs a lot of money. And besides a hall, a bridge so that they can cross. So I phone our friend, the Secretary of the Governor, and ask him whether they can help us by giving us a little bit of money for the bridge. Gusti Ktut Katon, a very good friend of mine, helped in giving me 14,000 rupiah for a bamboo bridge. For the hall I never asked one thing. And later on he asked to have back the 14,000 and I paid him back later on. So I was very very happy, and on that day we got money for the welcome, etc. Our friend Ali was very very happy and it cost him not one penny. Ali made speeches and everyone was laughing and it was very very successful. It was an unforgettable remembrance. I am so sorry we have no photos. I made a speech myself and everyone laughed.

Then one day I came to see the Representative of the Minister of Culture here in Bali, my former teacher in 1924. His office was in Klandis. He said to me, "Tjokorda, you work for the museum, you go to Singaradja and Jakarta and spend money on this and that, it would be nice if you made a list of how much you spend, if we need it later." I was so surprised, I never think about that. "How is it possible you say that to me. Suppose if I think about that, I never plan to build a museum or do anything else in Ubud." And then six months later, I got 80,000 rupiah from the Minister of Education for the buildings. Then Mr. Bonnet started with making the plans and the plan of the garden except the bridge down below.
At that time I was really very happy and worked together with our leaders, and they worked really with heart and mind. The building is half way ready. We have no money any more. So one day President Sukarno came and directly he said to me, "The terrace window is wrong. Who made the design?" "Mr. Bonnet." "Well it is wrong." And of course I could not make a sound because I know Mr. Bonnet is an engineer. I stayed quiet. "The brick is very very bad. How is it possible you use that kind of brick?" Now I feel a little bit cross and I said, "Now, President Sukarno, how is it possible? This is the first time that you visit the museum and you bring already such bad remark? That is not right, and why is not that good brick? I got it from my nephew, Tj. Raka, the construction man in Gianjar." Anak Agung Gde Oka, the Manager of the Rest House in Tampaksiring, said to me, "You must not cross the President. You should say, yes, yes." I was a little bit upset and said, "Why? I am not wrong. If I am wrong, I can easily ask his apology, but I do not think myself wrong. That is right what I said even if he is the President. What can I do? It is so. I say the truth."

I thought from that time President Sukarno would never come to see me again, but for me it made no difference whether he came or not.

And then what happened? We became good friends again. General Prasad, the President of India, came with Sukarno to visit our museum. It was November 1967. A month later we have Tito. During the visit of President Prasad, he is not able to climb the high step, so President Sukarno took him by helicopter to the museum. Unfortunately the whole building was damaged, especially the roof. Then we came and, of course, he introduced the President to myself. There was much admiration, especially when I called many of the painters who still paint paintings from the Ramayana, etc.

A month later, on December 30, President Tito and Madame Tito came to visit. Again Sukarno came to the Museum. They are great admirers of paintings and sculptures and have such taste in art. As soon as we entered from the left wing to the right wing, Sukarno said to me, "Well, Mr. Agung, you lead your guest and so he step one step together and I step one step ahead between Madame and President Tito." And then I tried to look back because I know more or less what is happening—Sukarno was flirting with the girls. We all enjoyed it very much until we came to the end. Hartini, Sukarno's wife, called to me "Pak, Pak," six times, but I did not listen to her. Then President Sukarno came and asked his wife, "What happen with you, Hartini?" And her answer is, "I want to talk with that gentleman." And then Sukarno was little bit furious, "Who is your Pak? That gentleman is not your Pak. You must say Tjokorda to him. He is not your Pak." And then she pointed to one of the statues in the vitrine, a small statue in the form of Sanghiang Tunggal or Kintya and told me that she wanted to own that statue. For me is it very hard to say "No" or "Yes" because it does not belong to me. At last she said
to me, "Tomorrow I am not at home, and that will be the 30th, but I am at the Palace on the 31st. You come and bring the statue."

So I went the next evening to bring the statue to the Palace. My daughter also came along and several friends of hers also. We were received by President Sukarno while Madame Hartini was still in her room to make herself right. Then, not long after, Hartini came from her room with a Japanese kimono just like a bat, and she flew to Sukarno and she kissed him and I can imagine that Sukarno just fell blindly in love with her. She shook hands with me and her perfume was very beautiful and it took long weeks before the smell of her perfume left me. We left the statue at the Palace. We made quite good friends with Sukarno.

Four months later we had a visit from Ho Chi Minh. I was introduced to him as, "the well known person from Ubud, namely Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati," and Ho Chi Minh just moved his head and said not one word. He was a very simple man with a beard and cleft chin. He wore a white Chinese jacket of Shantung and the same pants in black. Before he arrived here many people say they use sandals from second-hand motor car tires. I am curious and want to know, so I look and it is true. We were blessed by eleven priests before entering the temple courtyard. The Committee asked me to go to the reception, and there was a dance performance held by the Chinese Dance group from Tabanan and they danced Balinese dance. So far I do not think Ho Chi Minh spoke one word.

Six months later we had a visit from the King and Queen of Thailand, Madame Sirikit. They were also blessed by eleven priests, first in the Museum, which they enjoyed very very much as did the other guests, and after in the temple. When they turned back to the car followed by Sukarno, I was far behind the group. Because I was far back, when the King and Queen and Sukarno stepped in the car and they were just about to close the door, the King said, "Don't close the door, I want to say goodbye to Prince Agung." President Sukarno asked, "Why?" "Because I like him," said the King.

After the King and Queen of Siam, we had the Vice President of Egypt and then after him, Bob Kennedy, the Attorney General of the U.S., and then after him the Queen of Holland in 1971. Three days before her visit to Ubud to the Museum, the Governor presented me with the High Dutch distinction, Lion of Holland, what they call, "Willem Order Oranja van Nassau." When the Queen was here, she was so very simple. As always, she was blessed also by the priests, and I offered her a cake and put it in her mouth. So, she enjoyed it very very much. Then, after the Queen of Holland, we had Prince Philip, but he just came and visited me here at home just like Lord and Lady Casey.

We also had the ex-King of Belgium with friends of mine back from Irian; a year later, his son, King Bauduin and the Queen of Belgium. Our last guest was Vice President of the United States, Rockefeller, in 1975. He made a special schedule from Singapore to the airport at
Denpasar and from the airport to Ubud to see the Museum and was blessed also by the priests in the temple. Then back to the airport and for dinner by the Governor at the Pertamina Cottage. He came with two airplanes: one for his staff and one with four motor cars. Two they use here and two for Australia.

Once I was invited by Sukarno to his Palace at Tampaksiring. At that time my families and myself prepared for a cremation for my sister-in-law who just died the day before. So in two days it must be finished. So I get a phone call from the Adjutant to go at 11 o'clock a.m. I make myself ready, and then at last I go a little bit earlier, I think five minutes, and instead of directly to President Sukarno I went to have a bath in the holy spring. Then maybe I am a little bit late, and so when I get to the police guard they stopped me and asked me: "Mr. Agung, every time I meet you you have that packet. What is it you have there?" I said, "It is nothing, it is just my bills." He tried to force me to show him the bills, and at last the cover come away and a piece of paper came out of the bag—just the drawing for the bridge of the museum made by friends of mine from Austria. The bridge is to be made from teak wood and the cover with alang alangroof. So Sukarno opened it and saw the drawing of the bridge. And I said, "It is for the museum." I am looking into his eyes and he said, "Why do you look at my eyes? Is there something wrong with me?"

"No, no, President Sukarno. I have no money for the bridge." And he said, "I know, I know, well maybe you already made a calculation with your builders how much it will cost." I said, "It will cost 76,000 rupiah. We need 12 cubic of teak wood at 2,000 rupiah a cubic. While the rest of the money is for the labor and timber and the roof." So President Sukarno promised to give me a grant for the bridge. After that we talk and talk. "Well, Tjokorda let us have lunch." After lunch he showed me how they make the work easy to take the earth from the ground by boxes on ropes.

Every time when President Sukarno asked me to come to the Palace, I told him that I never got the money. He said, "I will tell the Assistant Head of the Construction in Denpasar." But I never got the money. Until I have no patience. So I decided to go to Jakarta to ask him for the money.

I go to Jakarta with my nephew, the Secretary of the Bupati in Gianjar, Tj. Oka Dalam. Before we left I cabled our friend, the Minister of Education, and asked to be his guest. So I went by bus to Surabaja and next day by train to Jakarta. We arrived at 10 o'clock but nobody came to meet me. We did not see any low number motor cars, and there is no car any more. At 3 o'clock a.m. we did not know where to go to visit my brother. I do not want to disturb him. My nephew is head of police, but I do not know his address. I said I think I know a family at the back of the Transnational Hotel. So we go there and everybody is sound asleep and we make them awake. Great surprise for them.
at such a dark hour. We talk and talk. Then the partner of my brother went away and not long after came back with hot rice, etc. What can I do for him in return for his good heart?

Next day I go to see my friend, the Minister of Education, but he and his wife are not at home, they are in Kuala Lumpur. So I tried to see President Sukarno, and he was not in the Palace but in Bogor. So I go home, and unexpected friends of mine came and see me. The Chairman of 20th Century Fox lived in Jakarta and asked me what I am doing here. And I say that I am on my way to see President Sukarno. "Good," he said, "I am also on the way to Tjipajung. Please, if you want to go along with me in my car and stay there a couple of days, it will be on the 17th, 18th and 19th. You can go to Bogor and see President Sukarno and I will bring you back." A very good idea. He made himself ready.

In the meantime, unexpected very good friends of mine, Henri Cartier-Bresson, the well known photographer in Paris, his wife, Ratna, and the whole family came with Prijono's wife. She said, "Agung, I am planning to see you as I want to tell you I came to Indonesia specially to come and visit you, but as soon as I arrive here in Jakarta I am stuck here. There is no plane or boat. Last night friends made a farewell party and I was told that you were here so then I managed to see you." I never met her again. Unfortunately, I must go to Tjipajung with Claire Sigret. So I spent two nights and saw films. On the 17th I made a phone call to Jakarta to Prijono, to know whether he is back from Kuala Lumpur. He had just arrived and said, "When you come back, come and stay with me."

So I went to Bogor to Silaban, Architect of President Sukarno. We arrived late about 5:30 p.m. I went to Silaban and asked if he would come with me to Sukarno. He asked, had I made already an appointment with the President? I said No. He said, "How is it possible that you did not make an appointment? It is impossible without an appointment before." I was surprised, "Why not?" And he said, "Because he is the President." I said, "I know he is the President. He came one night and visited me when I was in a sound sleep." I said, "Why not?"

"He is not your brother, he is a President." I am a little bit upset because I know I am not family—he is Moslem and I am Bali Hindu. I said, "Do you want to go with me or not." And at last I said, "I will go by myself." We took a motor car. "I want to go and clean myself first," but he said, "No, Agung, it is impossible, let us go now."

First he went to the guard, and asked permission whether we can visit Sukarno. Luckily, what happened? In the distance I saw an open-roof jeep, and who was in the jeep but Sukarno and Hartini who were driving around the Palace. He saw me and said, "You two Balinese, what are you doing here?" "I want to come and visit you, President." So he said, "Well, just get into the jeep," and we got in. We passed the
guard and all went on in. Sukarno said, "Well, Mr. Agung, I can tell you for sure there is no sculptor as clever as my sculptor." I said to him, "President Sukarno, before I see his work I cannot agree with you." I know that President Sukarno is a little bit of a boaster.

We drive and pass a statue of a woman and Sukarno asked the driver to stop and asked me to come and look at the statue. In the jeep I remember the Hindu story of Brahma and Vishnu opposing each other in getting to the top of the monument Legodbawa. Brahma changed his form to a bird. And Vishnu, who wanted to get under the root of the monument, changed into a pig. The bird tried but cannot find the top. While Vishnu went down and at last saw the Goddess of the Earth, Dewa Pertiwi. Still as a pig he tried to make love with her. He tried to catch her. What is the strength of a girl against a man? He caught her and Pertiwi got pregnant and started crying and Vishnu changed his form back to Vishnu and said to her, "Be still. Do not be sad. I am not really a pig. I am the God Vishnu. Keep pregnant and a child will be born and will have such power and rule a big country." But he never did find the bottom of the monument. So both Brahma and Vishnu go to Pasupati Siwa and ask to apologize.

I am looking at the statue but it is getting dark and I wipe my eyes and President Sukarno asked me from the car, "What happened to your eyes? Is there something wrong with your eyes?" "Nothing, President, it is because it is dark and I cannot see any more, but I can see there is something wrong with the statue--just the thumb. They put it on the wrong way. Please come and see whether you agree or not."

President Sukarno was so upset, and it just happened the artist came along by name Trubus and Sukarno said to him, "Trubus, I am so ashamed before our Bali guest by your foolishness." And I still remember it very well. As the Bali saying is, "Ile ile satriane meseunbar," meaning, "It is very dangerous to pose as a Ksatria man." Remember the story of Brahma and Vishnu.

Then I step again in the jeep and round to the Palace. Sukarno is very proud of his Palace in Bogor. As I entered the first room I looked at the ceiling and saw a nest of white ants. Again President Sukarno asked me, "What happened? What happened with you?" My answer is, "President Sukarno, I thought that the white ants would have respect for your Palace. Not my Palace, but your Palace. But I see there are white ants on your ceiling." He was so furious about the caretaking of that room. From my experience I learned that as soon as somebody wants to come and visit the President, the man knows a couple of days before, so he cleans. But my visit was too sudden, and he never told the man, so it was not clean.

Then we entered the second room, and he was very proud of his Balinese painting collection. Then what happen? I go directly to one of the
paintings because it is not hanging straight. And again President Sukarno asked me, "What happened? What happened?" "President Sukarno, the wind is so naughty to blow your paintings here." Then we entered a different room where two portraits of Hartini hang. Directly he asked me, "Which do you prefer?" I directly said, "That on the right," and he was so happy. "How is it possible that nearly everybody has the same eyes and say that is the best of the two?" So we walked beyond President Sukarno and he asked, "What happened? What happened that you come in the dark to visit me?" And directly I asked him about the money for the bridge of the museum that I never received up until now. Sukarno made himself so surprised and said, "You never got the money?" "Of course not, otherwise I would never come to see you here, especially in the darkness."

"Well, Mr. Agung, I know that you are guest of the Minister of Education, I know that you want to go and stay with him and I want to give him a consent that he give the money to you." So then he asked me to have a seat. We talked and talked; he gave me a cup of tea. Unexpected, what he wanted to ask me he asked me--for the painting of Ida Bagus Made Nadera to hang it in his Palace either in Jakarta or Bogor. "Well, President Sukarno, that is such a big painting which hangs in the Museum. We know two times you have brought guests to visit our Museum. If that were taken by you, then there is no other one." "Well, Mr. Agung, I know, I know. I am far from the artists but you are in the middle of your art people. You can easily get another one." In my small mind I am thinking that the museum belongs to me and I can do everything that I want. Then beside that it is easy to get another painting, but I must pay. "Silabang, you are my witness that Mr. Agung gave the painting already to me." Then Silabang nods his head. "When do you think to send the painting to me." Now I am helpless. I try to find out a way how I can answer his question, and then I remember there is a painting, not half as big as that painting, which is still covered with a mat. I said, "I know you are going to leave tomorrow for abroad, suppose if I send the painting to you and you are not in the Palace suppose if it is spoilt by white ants, or in the travel, we will miss the painting as well as yourself."

"Oh, always something."

"Oh, yes, I am not so stupid because one thing, as soon as you come back to Jakarta, the newspapers will write it in big headlines, and I will know and can then easily send it to you in Jakarta." Sukarno said, "So, keep your word."

"Of course I keep my word. Now it is finished. I want to go home." Suppose if I stay longer he may ask me for more things. He said, "No, no, you stay with me because I want to show you a film. The army is waiting for us." President Sukarno lead me at the right hand to one of the chairs and put me on the right of his seat. While every-
body was looking at me because I am still dirty and had not taken a bath. Everybody was trying to see whether I am a human being or monkey. And I am in Balinese dress. I hope it means that I am very important. I laugh in my mind. How is it possible? Well anyway, the film was not brilliant. As soon as the film finished, President Sukarno brought me himself to the car and put me in and everybody was so surprised.

Later on the next morning at about 9 o'clock, my friend, Claire Sigret brought me directly to the house of my friend, the Minister of Education. Prijono was very very happy as well as his wife to have me. He phoned directly to our friends, Dean of the Literature University, Professor Tjan Su Siem, "You come quickly. Who is here? Agung is here with me. You are the only person who can ask him whether he will stay a night or not." Siem came and asked Prijono whether I can stay with him that night, which I did in Kebajoran.

The moonlight was beautiful after dinner. I asked him whether I can go and see my nephew, Anak Agung Gde Agung, but I made a mistake. I did not know that Siem was not a good friend of Anak Agung Gde Agung.

"Agung, you are my guest and you are in my care."

I go back by train to Surabaja for two days and then home. Later on I got the money from the Minister of Education here in Denpasar. Instead of 76,000 rupiah we got only 53,000 rupiah. Now we have the money but we changed our mind not to build the bridge as we planned, first with teak wood and alang alang roof. I keep thinking about that. I know that our North Music Society has no instruments any more. Before they borrowed the gong from the former King of Singaradja, the son-in-law of my nephew Tj. Gde Rai. Now the instruments have been given back, and our Society has nothing. That makes me so sad. Now we have only just one music, a love music, Semar Pergulingan, which is performed by the South Market Society. So that make me sad. Every time we have guests, we ask the South Market dance group.

As soon as I got money for the bridge, I asked my nephew Tj. Mas to go to his music society at the North Market to see whether they are willing to work for the bridge, but the money that they make I do not want to give them directly but I want to put it in the gong music. I said to Tj. Mas, "But you go first to the gong smith, ask him how much metal he needs for the gong set, beside the two big gongs, and ask what is the cost of those things." So Tj. Mas went. He came back with the news that the price of the metals is 18,000 rupiah. We have enough money for that, and I ask the Society to work for the bridge and ask the smith how many men he needs to help him in making the gong. I think eight or ten he needed. O.K. And the rest, maybe thirty or so, work for the bridge. We have more than enough. The smith worked from here. Tj. Mas said there must be gold, one pound sterling, for the gong to give
it more sound. Not only the gong but the whole instrument. The smith was Pande Padet. What we miss is wood and bamboo, but to me this is not hard. I am sure everyone has bamboo, and in some courtyard there is wood.

So we start with the work, and we shall be glad when the music is finished as well as the bridge but things we still miss are the two big gongs and two small gongs. The Society made the stand for the gong. My impression was always, where there is a will there is a way, but first we use the gong from my cousins.

What happen? Our friend, Michael Harris, the representative of the Ford Foundation in Jakarta comes at least four or five times a year and stays with me here with his wife and daughter, Sutji. Sutji began to learn Balinese dance. Ni Gadung is her dance teacher. First they start in the building here inside and later on they practice in the first courtyard here. I must say that she learns very very quick. However, she is not in good shape, but one morning I suggest the parent let Sutji dance tomorrow evening with full dress. Everybody was surprised. "How is it possible, I am sure that she never can do that." "Well, why not? Suppose if you trust me, why not?" So the next evening she was in full dress and many many people came to watch because it was the first time. I told the teacher to keep not too far away so she can help her. It was really unexpected. She danced very very well. There was no bit of it she got wrong. It made the parents very very proud.

After the dance performance, we are sitting on the front verandah and Mike asked me, "Agung, your Society is very very good to me and to Sutji. Anything that I can do in return for your Society?" So I say to Mike, "I will ask the Society." And I went to the Society and asked them what they need from Mike. Easily they say we need a set of gongs and everybody was agreed. Mike said to Tj. Mas, "You try to find a gong and the price." The Society and Mas tried to find out the price of a set of gongs, in that time, the four gongs cost 10,000 rupiah. So I said to Mas, "Why not? It should be nice if you get the 10,000 rupiah. Your uncle can bring it from Singaradja. He has still the gong."

Everybody was happy.

Come again the sadness, the coup in 1965. Some of the leaders of the gamelan are communist; at least four are killed. They they put the gong in the wrong place and nobody takes care of it. The situation become a little bit peaceful and quiet, and the man who represents the Minister of Education in Denpasar came to see me because he wants to buy the set of the whole gong to give it to me for the people in Ubud. Well, I am very happy because I directly think about the gong that nobody is taking care of. So I inquire, but nobody recognizes to whom the gong belongs because the leader of the group is already killed and they are afraid to say that it belongs to the Society. So it did not go.
We tried again to get in touch with the Ford Foundation to ask more money for the catalogues, and, before we get the money from President Sukarno, the Ford Foundation gave us money for the catalogues, 110,000 which were printed in Singapore. The 76,000 rupiah for the bridge is in the bank. Bad luck, there was a devaluation and 100 rupiah has a value of 1 rupiah, so there is nothing left.

Now we start with the second building. It costs more than one million rupiah, but it is also a grant from the Ford Foundation as well as from friends, and at last we build the last building. That was also a great help from friends and partly from the Asia Foundation, which finished that building. This building was partly for an office, partly for exhibition, and partly for storage area.

Now we have completed the whole museum complex. We have a new architect, Ida Bagus Tugor, in Denpasar working with the government. As soon as Mr. Bonnet knew about this work at the Art Center, he wanted to help him in promotion. He asked whether Ida Bagus Tugor is willing to go to the Netherlands at the cost of the CRM Dutch social fare to learn something else about museum building because Mr. Bonnet knows he already has such a talent. To put in the windows he must go and see all the museums in the Netherlands.

So Mr. Bonnet went with him at the cost of the CRM. He spent a brief stay and saw everything. We got two more buildings from the Government designed by him. The sad thing is that they were built by a constructor in Denpasar who, I was told by somebody else, is not capable. But what can I do? So I have seen the whole thing. But, as soon as the building has been made, to me it is not so good and well made and the materials were very very bad. However, better something than nothing.

In the fourth building we plan to keep the work of foreign artists who lived before here in Bali or Indonesia, but temporarily we give it to our students' academy here in Ubud as a permanent exhibition place.

Family Notes

My father had two brothers, one from the same mother and one from a different mother. He had four sisters; the eldest one, Anak Agung Oka, married with her cousin, Tj. Gde Oka of Puri Sarenkauh. Anak Agung Niang Agung married with the grandfather of Tj. Mas, and later on when she became a widow she remarried again with the family at Singapadu, by name Tj. Rai Kutir. Anak Agung Niang married Pedjeng Adjii and adopted one of the Peliatan family because she had no children, by name Tj. Majun, who married also with his niece in Peliatan, by name Anak Agung Oka, and has two children. The eldest is a daughter, Anak Agung Istri, the other is Tj. Putra. Anak Agung Istri is married to the son of Tj. Gde Ngurah Sarenkauh, Tj. Gde Agung Sujasa, and has three children, Tj. Bagus, Anak
Agung Ti, and Tj. Gde. Tj. Sujasa also married the daughter of the retired Perbekel of Peliatan, Anak Agung Gde Mandra, the well known leader of the gong group in Peliatan. Her name is Agung Ari Mas and she has three children, Anak Agung Oka, Anak Agung Rake, and Tj. Ngurah.

Tj. Raka of Puri Sarenkangin had three sons and one daughter. Tj. Oka, the eldest son, married a Minadonese and later followed her religion as a Roman Catholic. Tj. Putra married Anak Agung Istri Asmari, the daughter of my twin sister, and had a son and a daughter, Tj. Gde Sudarsana and Anak Agung Sri. Tj. Alit and Anak Agung Alit are the son and daughter of Tj. Raka by his second wife, Gusti Biang.

When my cousin, Tj. Raka was still alive in 1971, we expected a guest, Rosemary Hilbery, and I asked Tj. Putra whether she can stay with him in Puri Sarenkangin for a year. Tj. Putra, his wife and the whole family get along very well with her. Rosemary, also known as Anak Agung Niang Sarenkangin, is the transcriber of these memoirs. She studied dance with Agung Ari Mas. She lived in Puri Sarenkangin for a year in 1971 and 1972 and we feel that she belongs to the family and she herself also feels that she belongs to the families. When the old Punggawa, Tj. Raka, passed away and the dead body was cremated and the ashes thrown to the sea, Anak Agung Niang missed all the sadness, but as soon as she heard the sad news she sent a letter of condolences and would have come had her own mother not just died. The Puri Sarenkangin had been changed for the cremation; many new buildings were built and some repaired and some Westernized and built with glass windows. Only even then she still kept in her mind that she wanted to come to Ubud. And she came again on December 4, 1973 for two more months and again for three months in 1977. She was happy to see the same people and live in the Puri as before. She feels that she was born in the Puri Sarenkangin and that the Puri is part of her. To me, I feel myself she is as my sister. She lived very well with the families and peaceful and they help each other.