

A BALINESE JOURNAL 1971-1972

by Rosemary Hilbery

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INTRODUCTION

Everybody at some time in their lives has a dream of doing something outrageously different and so I, myself, in 1971, packed it all in and went to Bali, a small Indonesian island east of Java, to a village in the interior named Ubud, there to live with the Balinese for a year, to paint watercolors, learn the dance and to enjoy their way of life as far as possible.

Until I went to Bali I had only painted about six watercolors a year at the very most, had never written more than letters to friends, or taken a single dance lesson. I was as surprised as everyone else when I found at the end of the year that I had completed sixty or more watercolors and many sketches, had a month long exhibition of thirty of them in Germany, written a daily journal, and learned and performed a Balinese dance.

What made me do it? It is never only one thing. The chance reading of Santha Rama Rau's book, "East of Home," was perhaps the strongest influence.

Looking back I see that the yearning for a place untouched by modern civilization has long been a part of me. I remember my keen disappointment on arriving in Bermuda from England some thirteen years ago to discover it a strictly suburban society. I had gone there to take a legal secretarial job. Of course, I should have known what Bermuda would be like but I had only a romantic notion. Palm trees and grass skirts were somewhere in the back of my mind. True there

was a palm tree or two but nothing in the grass skirt line.

I came to New York a couple of years later still as a legal secretary with no thought in my head of travel. At this time I had little money and was in any case frightened to death at the thought of going anywhere by myself.

It was not till five years later that some money was left to my family and I travelled with my mother and sister to the Yucatan, Tahiti and Hawaii. I guess this was the start of it. I did a few sketches and drawings but I had only three weeks. In Tahiti there is so little left of the life Gauguin knew, fast vanishing as it was even then. However, there is still something of the feeling and certainly the grace and line in the women which remains the same and can be easily recognized. They instinctively, as it seems, take up Gauguin poses and one is constantly reminded of his work.

I made a second trip to Tahiti, staying this time in Bora Bora, but this did not seem to be what I wanted. I also visited Bangkok and HongKong. I went to the Caribbean islands, Jamaica and Antigua. I was not at this point seeking anywhere either to live or to paint. These were just vacations, but the fact that I chose these places rather than Europe, to which I have never been, does seem significant.

In about 1969 I read Santha Rama Rau's book and was enchanted. I knew I must go to Bali as soon as possible and live in Ubud as she had done.

I took stock of my job. I was just a legal secretary and this was no great shakes and could be picked up or dropped with no trouble

at all. I had been in one job for nine years and I asked myself why. Nothing was to be gained by staying there for life. All I needed to do, provided I had enough capital, was to give in my notice, leave rent for my apartment, get my visa, some travellers cheques and a ticket, and take off.

Luckily for me, once again my relatives turned up trumps and died and left me sufficient money for my purposes, so no barriers remained. However, I am a cautious type and not about to leap out into the blue. I decided I must first go to Bali as part of my vacation to make sure it had not already changed and to get to know some Balinese and visit Ubud. This I did in May and was fully convinced that I wanted to return as soon as possible. I worked another year in New York and at Christmas time I arranged with my Balinese friends for my return to Bali for a longer visit. I took Indonesian lessons to try at least to learn the rudiments of their second language. I was glad I had done this, as even though I was extremely bad at it, it was much better than nothing at all.

I arranged to live in Ubud in a small one room house within a family compound. I was to have my own cook, Ktut. This seemed like a huge extravagance but it turned out to be a very wise move. Ktut took tremendous care of me. He did all the shopping and cooking and such cleaning as there was. He also was both mentor and guide, letting me know by frowns or smiles what I should or should not do. We did talk a little and we tried to learn each other's language, but he was no quicker at it than I was, and we both tired very quickly. I was never sick while in Bali, due I am sure in large part to Ktut. Had I

not had him, I would have had to learn to recognize all the various herbs and roots and cereals for sale in the market and also how to bargain for the meat and eggs and how to kill and prepare my own chickens. I would never have had time to paint a single picture.

It was not difficult to leave New York. The air was often choking and stinging to the eyes, the noise level had risen alarmingly and several of my friends had left the city. I was thoroughly sick of it all, plus the fact that after a lifetime of legal work, I was sick of that too. I was undoubtedly replaceable and of not much worth as things stood. So what had I to lose, beside which, I wanted beyond any shadow of doubt to go to Bali.

The leaving was easy - it was the return later which was difficult. The joy of knowing what you want to do and doing it, is one of the greatest happinesses one can find. I had not ever experienced it before. It goes to the head like champagne, but this was better, it lasted a year. I can highly recommend it, but how it happens I don't really know. It is a mysterious mixture of things outside and inside - circumstances, incidents, thoughts, yearnings, all added together over the years which finally crystalize. It is something like chemistry, you mix a whole lot of ingredients together, add some heat or cold, and it suddenly does something - turns blue, or bubbles, or solidifies - God forbid.

My friends were full of praise for my daring and courage and I was astonished as it did not seem to me so great a thing. It was all very easy. I enjoyed the excitement they felt and their enthusiasm for what

I was doing undoubtedly helped. Parties were given for me, which I much valued. Here I was, centre stage and I loved it. I have, I must admit, always been something of a show-off with a tendency to get on stage if at all possible. It all seemed so natural to me that I was not even nervous. I was sad to leave my friends for so long but, after all, one can always write and then the distance does not seem so very great and a year is not really so very long. I might certainly have been more timid had I known of the horrors of return. It was impossible, from a visa point of view, for me to stay longer than a year in Bali, as I am an alien resident and must return to American once in every year. Bali also has immigration laws and it is difficult to get anything except the usual tourist visa.

One thing is certain, I never envisaged the change it would make in me. I went to Bali a legal secretary and returned an artist. In one year that is very sudden. It has taken me a long time to adjust to this and even now to hear "Rosemary is an artist" gives me a very odd sensation. It makes people react differently to me too. Maybe had I been younger, it would have been easier, but at forty-seven I am no spring chicken and this all comes as something of a shock.

My journal was primarily written so that I might share my experiences with my family and friends. I also wanted to preserve a record of life in Bali as seen by a Westerner in 1971 and 1972, as this way of life is daily threatened by the incursion of Western materialism.

Tuesday, May 25, 1971

I arrived midday in Ubud to find that for the present I shall be living in one of the houses in Tjokorda Agung's puri until the house which I have rented is ready for me to move into. The title, Tjokorda, roughly translated, means Prince and puri is Balinese for large house, or palace. My present house is in the outer courtyard. I had hardly settled my belongings than the courtyard began filling up with musicians and orchestra and children and villagers and soon my verandah was full of people. This was to be a performance of dancing to show the teacher at work with her dance pupils, so the children were in their everyday dress. The visiting VIPs from the USA had specially requested this. They were over an hour late but this did not seem to worry the Balinese too much. The dancing was charming and lasted about an hour, then the VIPs rushed away leaving myself and five other guests to go with Agung to eat the delicious dinner of turtle which had been specially prepared for the departed VIPs.

May 26, 1971

Ubud is a village imperceptibly joined to several other villages - Taman, Pedantigal, etc. Each community has its own gamelan (orchestra), sometimes more than one. Ubud has two, one which specializes in the various traditional dances, and the other which provides music for the Ramayana dance drama. Buses go every day at six, seven and eight in the morning to Denpasar. They take just under an hour to get there. However, the return buses do not exist after two o'clock so one must do one's shopping early. All buses are subject to change, to say the least. If there is a temple festival which is island-wide, then all

the buses will be going to that temple and it is not thought likely you will want to go to anywhere else that day.

My house in the puri consists of a large bedroom with adjoining bathroom containing the usual tank of spring water with a hand bailer to pour water over yourself or to flush the toilet. The thatched roof covers both the bedroom and the verandah which is open on three sides. The windows have no glass, just wooden shutters which are closed at night. This does not mean that there is no air. As the walls do not go all the way up to the ceiling, there is excellent ventilation. The thatch is at least twelve inches thick and provides a form of air conditioning by absorbing damp, and affording protection from heat and cold. I do have a mosquito net although there are very few mosquitos. The Balinese do not seem to use mosquito nets but I feel happier under one as other things live up in the roof - geckos, a type of lizard or small dragon, bats and sometimes birds. It is surprisingly cold at night. Around two in the morning one needs the blanket one had thought unnecessary. Of course, Ubud is not at sea level but nearer to the foothills of the mountains than to Denpasar so there is a good five degrees difference, or more. All the way from Denpasar one passes alternately through belts of rice fields in various stages of growth and then through what looks like coconut forests but which are actually densely populated villages. The nearer one gets to Ubud the more jungly it gets, rich with trees and ferns and bamboos.

There is a temple festival in Taman this evening, about a fifteen minute walk away and there will be dancing, but no one can tell us exactly when it will be. Maybe sometime around nine o'clock. As it

turned out, it was much later. When we got there the dancers were only beginning to put on their make-up and this takes an hour at the very least. I am amazed at the lavish costumes and infinite care with which the dancers prepare for the performance.

May 28, 1971

The religion of Bali is Balinese Hinduism. This is not to be thought of as "Hindu, the same as in India." The two are a long way apart. As far as I can make out, there is an overlay of Hinduism and Buddhism on indigenous animism and worship of the Sun God. When speaking of "gods" with the Balinese, they are speaking of aspects of the One God. However, just when you think you have understood some of the customs and practices, you are told that this is only true of "this village." Every village has its own variations. All very confusing. One can never be specific in Bali, I think.

May 29, 1971

At ten this morning we all went to a wedding. As Agung's invited guests, we all took gifts, scarves wrapped carefully in newspaper. Newspaper is an acceptable wrapper, in fact rather chic. The gift is folded neatly and placed on a silver dish complete with lid. When we arrived there were already about one hundred and fifty to two hundred people there, nearly all, ourselves included, dressed in Balinese dress. The men sat in two pavilions, one for friends of the bride and the other for friends of the groom. The women sat in two more. The men sit cross legged while the women perch tightly squeezed together on the edge of the raised verandah of the pavilions. Coffee and cakes were served. The bride and groom were in full ceremonial Balinese dress, the man

with a kris and the girl bare-shouldered and with make-up as for the dance. They stood side by side while the priest made offerings and prayers. They formed a small procession to walk the "path of life" and broke some string stretched across in front of them. They carried various symbols such as a coconut which they will later plant, a bamboo plant, a spinning wheel etc., which all meant that they were now free to do all the things necessary for their married life. A square of banana leaf was handed to the groom and amid much mirth he stabbed it through with his kris. After this the couple retired to one of the pavilions, ostensibly to consummate the marriage while gamelan music played and priests chanted the Lontar (ancient sacred books), so that if a baby were born of this first union, it would be imbued with learning. The couple reappeared later to be purified. This was very complicated. They placed the index finger and the third finger of each hand in rice, which was then brushed off with bamboo. Then string was placed on the back of their hands and tossed back over their shoulders. There was more to the whole thing than this but that is all I can remember. After all this we eat a delicious lunch of about thirty different dishes - pork, beef and chicken, probably turtle and many sorts of vegetables. We were kindly warned off the very hot dishes. As far as I could make out the cooking was being done mostly out in the open behind one of the pavilions. The kitchen is always a separate small house with an open fire fed with wood, something like the old-fashioned kitchen range. I never saw an oven. I don't believe the Balinese roast, except by wrapping in banana leaves and burying in the hot ashes. For a feast like this wedding a lot of the food is prepared by the men. They had probably been working most of the night. Friends in the village

come in to help.

We left soon after lunch. There was to be another ceremony in the evening but only for the very close family.

May 30, 1971

I walked up to the rice fields to watch the harvesting. Every day during harvest the kulkul, which is a drum made from a hollow log and hung from one end in the banyan tree, is beaten to send out a message as to who should go where to help harvest. Judging by who is out there, only mothers and babies are exempt. Young and old, men and women, they are all working. The children glean the left over or dropped stalks. I tried to draw them, but it was soon apparent that they had no wish to be a part of my picture. The children would warn them who it was that I was beginning to sketch and that person would be swiftly concealed by another. They always ask if you would like to try harvesting too, and naturally that is exactly what I want to do. Since the water has only just been drained out, the ground is very soggy and although it will bear easily the delicate Balinese, I had some difficulty remaining above ground. You hold a blade set in a disk of wood in the palm of your hand and the cut stalks that you gather in the other hand. The blade is supposed to be hidden so that the Rice Goddess shall not see it. The rice is shoulder high and you cut just below waist level. The stalks are collected from you and all tied into one enormous bundle. These are then carried home. The men take one bundle on each end of a pole carried over the shoulders; the women carry one on the head. The bundles were so heavy that I could not even raise one of them off the ground, but the Balinese are fantastically strong and hardly even sweat



Harvesting rice

beneath the load. There is much talk and laughter and sometimes singing in the ricefields.

In the afternoon I went to visit the house where there will be a tooth filing ceremony tomorrow. Huge preparations were going on. I was somewhat taken aback to see a very large turtle lying in the courtyard very dead, and beside it an equally dead pig. I hurried by with eyes averted, a thing the Balinese would never understand since it is so much a part of everyday life here. It is in the West also a part of everyday life, in that we eat large quantities of meat, but we never see the dead animal or watch it being chopped up. If living in the town, we do not even see the live animal. In Bali pigs, chickens, ducks, geese and cows are everywhere and all over the roadsides. Between them and the countless dogs, they do a good job of keeping the place spotlessly clean. There is almost no plastic or paper yet in Bali so rubbish is biodegradable, even edible. At least thirty people were working, friends and relatives and numerous children. I met the mother and grandmother who were both in the kitchen chopping shallots, nuts and chili peppers. They looked very young to me, the grandmother not looking much older than the mother. I do not agree with the anthropologists who say they grow old very quickly. The sixty-year-olds here look much the same to me as the sixty-year-olds in England. Their teeth are not in such good shape, but they are not false. There is one old man in Ubud who everybody says is one hundred and fifteen years old. I have seen him. He does not wear glasses. He still carves in wood and can walk about the village. When I visited him he was carrying a huge spade full of earth with which he had been burying the afterbirth of a granddaughter, on the left hand side of his house. The afterbirth of male babies is buried on the right hand side.

He is in very good health and shape but I don't think he has many, if any, teeth. Rice and bananas don't need that much chewing anyway.

I didn't stay very long, just watched the palm offerings being made and the big bed being decorated. The toothfiling will be tomorrow although no one seems certain of the time. I have never discovered who it is who eventually decides on the time a ceremony will begin. I think it is just when everything is ready. Suffice it to say that one is nearly always either too early or too late, and the Balinese get caught out just the same as the foreigners.

In the evening I walked to a temple which was being decorated for a festival - nothing to do with the tooth filing. A small procession arrived, with music, and their offerings were received by the priest who transmits the essence of the offering to the Gods. These offerings are afterwards taken home again and eaten. I left as it began to get dark.

May 31, 1971

The tooth filing is not today, it is tomorrow at seven in the morning. The decorations are fantastic. Each offering is over five feet high, balanced on a large plate, topped by a palm decoration. The whole effect looks like an enormous African mask, but it is all made of fruit and molded rice of many colors.

June 1, 1971

I went at seven for the tooth filing but it had already happened at six. So I missed that. All day an orchestra played outside the house and guests arrived for the occasion carrying offerings. We were served coffee and cakes. The Balinese are so hospitable and don't

appear to mind the strange ill-dressed foreigners who just walk in, taking photographs and gawking.

About two-thirty in the afternoon, the Pedanda (High Priest) arrived to bless a new God house in the House Temple and to bless the eight people who had had their teeth filed. Also to accept offerings etc. He sat cross-legged and chanted and rang bells, sprinkled holy water, rice and flowers for nearly two hours. During this time a grandson of the house was married by the village priest and then the bride and groom also joined the other eight. It all seemed very complicated and haphazard, but it most certainly was quite the opposite. Everyone knew exactly where they were supposed to be and when.

At about four o'clock, there was a topeng dance drama, which is one man in many masks and everyone knowing the story, except of course us non-Balinese. The characterizations are exceedingly clever though and it is fun to watch.

In the evening, quite exhausted we walked to a temple where at around eleven three girls performed the most beautiful legong dance. The first part of the legong dance is pure dance and no story. About half way through the story begins. It is of a Princess being wooed by a Prince she neither wants nor likes. It ends with the Garuda bird trying to rescue her. After the legong dance there was yet another topeng, this time done by a woman, though taking men's parts. I walked back alone. It was cool and crisp with bright stars and fireflies.

June 2, 1971

There was yet another festival to which I walked around dusk. As occasionally happens, when the offerings are being brought to the

priest for blessing, some of the women began to dance an offering. It is spontaneous and other women and young girls joined in. I found it moving and beautiful in the half light. These were not trained dancers. Later there was a dance performance. Agung's son and also his nephew, both danced the baris for the first time in costume. They are about ten or eleven years old and this was their first public performance. The baris dance is that of a Princely warrior depicting his moods and attitudes. Other dances were also performed, all by children aged around eight and nine years old. Six children danced the pendet which is an offering dance. The performance finished with the tambulilingan the story of a bumblebee (although I think butterfly is nearer the mark) sunning herself and enjoying life but petulant for lack of an admirer. The admirer appears and they dance and flirt together. This is a very popular dance with the Balinese.

June 7, 1971

I have been sick with some sort of flu. Agung gave a big dinner party with twenty or more guests. Musicians played the gengong, a nose flute very simply made of wood and string. Rice wine was served which had been made in the puri. It was excellent. Naturally we eat turtle. Agung likes to serve this to his guests, knowing that they have probably never tasted it before. He told a lovely story of when he was travelling in Java with a very old-fashioned member of his family. They were to catch a train at a certain time on the following day and Agung reminded his relative that they must be in time as the train would not wait for them as any bus would certainly do for them in Bali. However, the next day they prayed and talked and made offerings and when they went to catch the train, rather late of course, it had already gone, much to the

astonishment of Agung's elderly relative. Agung said he decided to himself that it was best never to travel with him again.

June 9, 1971

This morning a Dutch lady wanted to see my paintings, so I showed them to her. "Europeans just cannot capture the feel of Bali," she said. I feel some confidence has left me and am irritated that I showed her the paintings. I went for a walk above Ubud to a village where it was quite windy and cool. I met some children and they showed me their school books. Their writing is excellent. I saw what looked like a page and a half of essays. It is hard to guess the age of the child whose book it was. She looked about eight but I suppose could have been ten or more.

June 10, 1971

It has been quiet - just walks and painting and talking. I helped one of the wives in the puri split the slivers of wood which they use like both needle and thread to pin together the palm decorations when making offerings. It makes my fingers very sore.

June 13, 1971

I went early to the temple in Tjampuan and did a large drawing and painted it. While sitting in the deserted quiet temple, a wild looking man with long black hair and a sarong tucked up round his waist came quietly into the courtyard. He was carrying a stick and I imagined he was hunting. He came and watched what I was doing and I realized he was a painter whom I had met last year. He is a wonderful painter. He speaks no English so we could not talk. He left as silently as he came. When I had finished, I went for a swim in the river. The

water was very cool and fast running. One had to hold on to a rock to stay put.

The Agung returned from Surabaya today. He says he has found a wonderful door for the new building at the Museum of Art here in Ubud, of which he is Chairman. He also made purchases of buffalo and about two hundred ducks for a big festival here in September. It seems like a long time ahead.

June 15, 1971

I am wondering whether to learn one of the dances, and if so, which one and who will teach me and how do I ask? Am I likely to have a heart attack? I think I'll wait a while.

June 16, 1971

Agung told me that in November last a comet was seen going from South to West and then back again. The priest said this was a very bad sign and portends a trouble that nothing can prevent. As there is a general election coming up soon, this is a fairly safe bet, though everyone is hoping there will be no trouble. (In the event, the election passed off very quietly indeed, comet or no comet.)

June 16, 1971

I walked to Peliatan and sat doing a painting in one of the puris. The dance costumes for the Legong were being repainted in gold paint by anyone who had time to spare, even some of the children. On the way back I passed the Temple of the Dead in the cremation field where I saw many offerings being taken in. I followed and sat for a while in the dusk then walked on home. It is the special night when householders put offerings to the evil spirits outside their front doors. These

consist of smoldering coconut husks, rice etc.

After dinner I went with some of the guests, five of us in all, to a village where two young girls were to go into trance and dance for the first time. Apparently there had been sickness and trouble in the village and the Gods were to be asked to come down and cleanse it. To do this, the Gods would take possession of the two girls and dance. A month or more ago, the priests had gone into trance in order to choose the two girls from a selected batch. They had to be girls who had never danced before. Since that time, the two girls had been being trained to go into trance by chanting and smoke inhalation.

When we arrived in the temple, the ceremony must have already been going about two hours as the two girls were already in trance and wearing white dresses with white and gold painted sashes. They had enormous headdresses of frangipani flowers tied on their heads. We crept in in the dark and were told to sit on the floor at once like all the villagers. No one was allowed to stand. The kulkul was beating a very very slow beat which was very hypnotic. The women were chanting and singing and there was no light except a candle by the priest and two girls who had their eyes closed and were gently swaying. The priest told them to take flowers from their headdresses and sprinkle themselves with holy water. This went on for over an hour and I began to feel that I could easily drop into trance myself. I had to keep pinching myself hard to make sure I didn't drop off. Imagine if the Gods possessed me by mistake, a thing I'm sure they would never do, but I didn't like the idea. Suddenly, the two girls got up, fans in their hands. The seated crowd shifted to leave a narrow pathway leading to two chairs securely tied to frames laid on the ground. The bearers appeared from nowhere

and sat expectantly all around. The two girls danced gracefully, waving their fans and moving with eyes closed through the narrow path to their chairs, sat down. They were immediately tied in for safety and hoisted shoulder high. Within minutes we were all on our way along the path to the road. I was grasped on either side by two young women who suddenly burst into song, or rather chant. It was very dark except for the lamplit figures ahead, who were dancing with their arms and bodies even as they sat in the chairs, umbrellas above their heads. When the Balinese walk in procession it is nearly always at a faster pace than I normally walk and so we rushed along. At various places we stopped and the girls were asked if they wanted to get down and dance, but they were very contrary. We walked miles one way and then miles the other way and eventually came back to where we started. Here the girls consented to get down and dance. Two ordinary chairs were set in a pavilion with the gamelan on either side. Each girl had a priest in close attendance. When the music started they got up and began to dance. At first only simple steps, but somehow both kept time together - one could not tell which was leading. They had their eyes closed all the time yet were both dancing the same steps and in unison. They did different types of dance, moving from Pendet to Legong. I left before the end as they danced for nearly three hours before returning to the temple to be quickly brought out of trance, as I heard later, seemingly neither tired nor the least upset. How could they be, they say, since it was the Gods dancing and not themselves.

June 17, 1971

I went to another village today with two guests. Every six months in this village they take offerings down to the river. About three

hundred girls in single file from five years old upwards, all in ceremonial dress with flowered and gold headdresses walked in procession from the temple to the river, about a mile. They were bare shouldered, their bodies swathed round like the dancers with tight sarongs falling to the ground. The older girls also wore the long bright painted gold cloth which falls from the inside of the front of the skirt, between the feet to form a swishing train at the back. It must be kicked with every step to avoid being trodden on, the effect is slow, swaying and stately. Some of the girls carried bottles of holy water with carved ornate stoppers, some God houses and various other holy relics.

June 18, 1971

Today I moved from Agung's puri to my house in the adjoining puri where I now have my own cook, Ktut, a boy of about seventeen, so he says. I have a separate kitchen and bathroom, but can reach them under cover. In the house on one side of me is my landlord's father with his wife and two children. On the other side is a house where the women servants sleep - I don't know how many, about three I think. In this courtyard there is also the kitchen and granary, another house which is empty at the moment and two large open pavilions. In the courtyard beyond lives my landlord and his wife and their two children, who are at present at school in Denpasar. I am still only a stone's throw from Agung's puri, in fact have only moved two courtyards away.

I love my house. Like the other, it has a thatched roof which covers both the bedroom and the verandah. The verandah is open on two sides. Like all Balinese houses, mine is about two feet off the ground so there are four steps up by the entrance. Also to get into the bedroom from the verandah, there are two steps, both up and down again.

I have a horrid feeling it may be to keep snakes out, although I have not yet seen one and am told there are not many. Of course, when it rains, the ground floods very quickly but never to two feet - maybe to four or five inches. Maybe it is just to keep out the evil spirits - who knows?

I had some guests in to dinner as a house-warming. Food came from the puri for this, as I do not yet have a stove in the kitchen.

June 19, 1971

Agung gave a great dinner party.

June 20, 1971

I spent all morning in the market buying a kettle, five plates, one glass, a fork, two spoons, a kitchen spoon, a rice steamer and a saucepan and various other things. In the evening I was invited to a special performance of legong in Peliatan. These dancers are supposed to be about the best in Bali. It was exceptional.

June 21, 1971

I walked up to Tjampuan where some music students from America were playing Javanese music, very slow and sleepy. They have come here for three months to learn Javanese music, which makes no sense at all. In Bali they play Balinese gamelan and in Java they play Javanese gamelan and the two are not at all the same. It is like going to England to learn French.

June 22, 1971

My landlord, Tjokorda Putera, came and his wife brought me cakes and we talked some English and a little Indonesian. I am very bad at Indonesian but I get by with my cook by doing drawings of carrots, cabbage, spoons, etc. We are all trying to learn each other's languages,



The market

only of course the Balinese are much quicker to learn than I am. Everybody is so kind and welcoming to me and very patient.

June 23, 1971

I talked with an anthropologist. I find some anthropologists exceedingly irritating. They talk in measured reasoning tones as if explaining to children. They make bland assertions claiming them "proved facts" presumably based on statistics. Anyway, this person said that there is widespread malnutrition in Bali. When I asked what evidence he saw of this, he said "the very small stature and low life expectancy." Now I know many old people in Bali, mostly quietly living within their compounds. I also know many Westerners who have died before even reaching forty-five years of age, having suffered strokes or cancer or such like. Also, many old people in the West lead extended lives, but in hospitals. As to stature, even if the Balinese are small, they are well suited to the life they lead and very strong and tough. Who needs giants anyway? Isn't the slipped disc a sign that we have gone too far in our wish to be superior. It is as killing to overeat as to undereat.

June 24, 1971

I am over-Balinesed again and went and swam at the Bali Beach Hotel. I go there especially for the very Western atmosphere and am always doubly glad to get back to Ubud.

June 25, 1971

At about seven o'clock this morning I met Agung in the courtyard and he took me for a walk in the rice fields. We went a long way up behind the Museum, teetering along on the narrow grass ledges between

the flooded rice fields and sometimes along the flat bed of the fast flowing irrigation ditch. Eventually we reached a small temple of the water society. Here we were joined by some farmers and we all sat and enjoyed the view and they had a long talk with Agung - all in Balinese of course, but I was glad to sit. Later we walked back to Ubud a different way - at one point wading knee deep along a river to regain the path further on. We passed a large murky looking pond and Agung said there were huge fish in there. He said if a duck were to swim on that pond it would suddenly disappear. I certainly did not fancy falling in.

Agung gave a party after which there was a Legong performance. We watched the dancers being made up. They are so tiny and so patient and totally transformed once in their costumes.

June 26, 1971

People start moving around in the puri at about four-thirty which is dawn here. By five the children are drawing water from the well which is just outside my kitchen. Their bare feet on the hard clay earth of the courtyard are soundless but they sing and chat to one another and laugh. There is a great deal of splashing and washing going on by the well. My cook brings flowers and refills the vases on the verandah and then sweeps it. Someone else is sweeping the courtyard. This gets swept at least twice a day. I love to lie and listen. Cocks crow, birds sing and the bus leaving for Denpasar blasts its horn all the way down the road. At around six I get up. While I eat breakfast - rather an English breakfast I must say of eggs fried in coconut oil and bread and jam and tea - Ktut sweeps my room and makes the bed. He then goes off to market to buy meat and



A shelter in the rice fields

vegetables, coconut oil and paraffin for the stove. I was staggered today to go into the kitchen and find a very alive chicken sitting in one corner with its legs tied together. I am not used to seeing my lunch alive and kicking. However, I realize that I had better get used to it. The chickens here are very small so, since I am feeding Ktut as well as myself, we shall probably eat about one every three days. On the other days there is nearly always beef or pork and, if you order it in advance, even duck. What the Balinese eat for breakfast I never did discover. Like everything else in Bali, I expect everyone is different. In this courtyard the children go out and buy rice cookies and cakes, or red rice covered with coconut and soft brown sugar and other sweet delicacies. Later in the day the children go off to school for which, alas, they must wear Western dress. They used to wear just a sarong tied around the waist but for some reason the authorities did not like this, and with their penchant for copying the West, they decreed Western dress. Not counting Denpasar, most of the rest of Bali dresses Balinese except for the children. When Agung was a child, none of the children wore any clothes at all until they reached about eight years old, and then they wore the sarong. They had no soap and no towels. When they went to the river to bathe twice a day as is the Balinese custom, they rubbed themselves with a stone if necessary and dried in the sun. No one wore shoes. In fact, their needs were very few indeed. Nothing was locked because no one had anything that everybody else did not also have. Now, things are changing - watches, motor bikes, soap, towels, toothpaste, etc. etc. However, in the outlying villages people still do not pay much attention

to these acquisitions.

June 27, 1971

There was a performance of dancing for some special guests and I went and watched.

June 28, 1971

Today there was a tooth filing in a house, supposedly at about eight. Determined not to miss it this time, I raced out of the house at quarter past six when I heard the gamelan playing. Anyway, I sat and watched the priest making offerings and everyone getting ready and I did a painting. This tooth filing is in the house of the man who looked after me when I was in the puri. He and his sister and one or two others are to have their teeth filed. I cannot get any one answer as to exactly why this is done. One reason is that the teeth must not be pointed in case when their owner dies, he will be mistaken for a dog. Another reason I was given is that it is a protection and a strengthening and a deepening of spiritual knowledge. So, who really knows. Perhaps it just does not translate into English. The custom is a very ancient one and goes back long before the Hindu influence was felt. The ceremony took place at about nine-thirty. The willing victims lie on a huge decorated bed with their heads somewhat over the edge. The priest marks a line on the teeth and then scrapes away with a file only slightly smaller than those used by the blacksmith on a horse's hooves. It is agony to watch but appears to hurt very little. I watched the victims' clasped hands and they were quite relaxed all the while. We were given tea and cakes and cigarettes and coffee. I had taken a gift to the house and so when I got back home, to my surprise, girls came

carrying a large dish filled with sate, which is pounded meat and spices molded onto one end of a stick and then grilled, turtle, rice and nuts.

June 29, 1971

My landlady came to see me and we tried hard to learn each other's language. She is much cleverer than I, being a teacher. She speaks much more English than I do Indonesian.

June 30, 1971

We went to Agung's family temple adjoining the puri and watched the family bring their offerings to be blessed. Later we eat a delicious meal in the temple courtyard of duck and pig and other tasty things. One of my Western friends could hardly face the pork as she had that morning seen a pig slaughtered outside her bathroom window. I gather she stopped looking when she saw the pig spreadeagled with offerings all over it and a man poised nearby with a large knife. We have decided that life is too real in Ubud and too unreal in the Bali Beach Hotel. We are so sheltered from realities in the West, especially when living in a city. Death and birth are not hidden here in Bali, either of animals or humans, it is all just part of all life.

July 1, 1971

Ktut has gone to Peliatan to buy me a sheet and a pillowcase. He came back with yards of white material and appeared later in the day having machined a couple of sheets and some pillowcases. How many boys of seventeen do you know who can sew? One of the guests wanted to see a trance dance so we went again by car to the same village as before. The same two girls dance about every fifteen days. I tried to find out how long this will continue. It seems that one

day the girls will say that they no longer wish to dance and then it will be over. This time, we arrived just as the girls rose to get into their chairs. It was as lovely as before, but I missed the tension and excitement of waiting in the dark with the chanting and the kulkul and trying not to fall into trance myself. Again we came back before the end. I have not yet acquired the Balinese ability to stay awake all night.

July 2, 1971

Tomorrow is Election Day. There is also to be a cremation. As the priest has selected the day (and it must be fairly quick for a cremation) the authorities will allow it to go on. Obviously it would have been exceedingly difficult to stop. However, it will not begin until after the voting is finished.

July 3, 1971

I kept waking last night to hear recorded gamelan music, for the cremation I expect. It is very quiet in Ubud today. No one is out of their houses except those who are voting. I believe each village has a number of representatives to vote for them. A deserted Balinese village is a rarity and Ubud is most unlike itself today.

At around three in the afternoon, I went and sat around outside the house where the dead body was lying. There was a decorated lion, it could have been wood covered with material but I really don't know exactly what it was made of, about seven feet high and maybe ten feet long, large enough to put the body inside for the actual burning. There was also a high tower of many platforms on which the body will be placed to be carried to the cremation field. More and more villagers

gathered. The men were stripped to the waist and wore white shorts. White material was torn into strips to be tied round their foreheads. A special sort of nut was passed round which they chewed and then spread all over their legs and arms. This was to strengthen them in their task of carrying the lion and the tower, both of which are extremely heavy.

All of a sudden, the men got up and rushed into the house. The gamelan began to play and they all came racing out, yelling and screaming and manhandling the body to and fro and backwards and forwards until they had it securely tied up in the tower. Within seconds the tower was up shoulder high, carried by at least thirty men. The lion was also up and away. Every so often, both the tower and the lion were spun around to confuse the spirit of the deceased so that he will not be able to return home. Almost running, complete with gamelan, we tore off in pursuit, a wild, exhilarated, happy crowd. The gamelan is especially exciting and plays very fast and loud. We reached the cremation field where the lion, after some cavorting, was taken off the float and put on the funeral pyre and the lid lifted off. Just before the body is put in, the closest of the women relatives are allowed, if they wish, to wipe the inside with their hair. This is a tremendous mark of respect since the head is considered holy. Then the priest prayed and there was singing and offerings before the lid was replaced and the fire lit. It was dusk by this time and the fire against the evening sky was very beautiful. Funerals are not sad in Bali. It is a happy occasion, to send one's relatives on their way. The only sad occasions occur when the person is very young and has died suddenly. Then, naturally, there is sadness, but the Balinese try not



The Cremation

to show their sadness as their tears "might cause a bad path" for the departing spirit. Again, I think there is some difficulty in translating exactly what is meant by this. In effect, it is just not good to cry near the dead body, or in public. I did not stay till the end. The body takes a long time to burn - two or three hours. Later they collected the bones from the ashes, ground them up small and then went in procession to the river at Tjampuan where the ashes were ceremoniously thrown into the river to be taken ultimately to the sea.

July 4, 1971

Agung gave a nice dinner party with dancing in the courtyard after. Very lovely, with a bright moon and stars and the beautiful high stone-carved gateway which forms the backdrop interlaced with tiny oil lamps. The courtyard is always jam-packed for every performance. Naturally it is free for all Balinese. The guests in the puri are asked to pay.

July 5, 1971

Oh dear, no bread. I have been getting it from Denpasar and occasionally it is in a shop in the village. I will just go without. I only eat it for breakfast in any event. I did a drawing in the market and followed various processions down to Tjampuan in pouring rain. Alas, Agung said I should have been with him in a procession with the Barong. He had stayed the night with the Barong in another village. I wish I had not missed this, but one cannot be everywhere at once and I had not known. I had been with the cremation family who I think were taking the ashes to Tjampuan. I fell in a ditch today and am very stiff. Also I left my money sitting on the puri wall. Luckily it was raining so hard that no one was around and two

hours later I was able to collect the money intact.

July 6, 1971

I went today with two guests to Mt. Batur, a mountain almost completely surrounded by a wide lake which is in turn circled by a ring of very high hills. They call it a mountain in a crater lake. We walked down the steep side of the mountain edge to the lake at the bottom. This stony, steep walk took about an hour. Balinese families were also going down taking with them blankets and offerings and food. We crossed the lake in a dug-out canoe to the foot of the mountain. Here we got out and walked through a small village to the foothills where a large crowd was collected looking just like an old country fair in England - all colors and music and small encampments. The temple was not destroyed by the last eruption. It is very old and very simple but the setting is superb: behind it the mountain and in front of it the lake. People were arriving all the time with offerings. I noticed that most families had brought the family kris which is carried upright with the handle above the level of the head. Mt. Batur was erupting every ten or fifteen minutes. Apparently it has been very active all week. We stayed and ate lunch and I greatly wished that I were free to stay the night there like everyone else, as there was to be dancing much later. However, I knew nobody and so did not feel that I could stay. We went back by boat. It took us an hour and a half to climb back up the steep hot path.

July 7, 1971

There is to be a special sort of fight in Tenganan village today around midday. The men fight each other with bundles of the most

wicked looking thorn leaves which grow on a cactus-like plant. It is an ancient custom and I think that it is an offering to the gods in the same way that blood is spilt at the cock fight. It is all done with great joy and delight since it is deemed to please the gods.

Tenganan is a long drive from Ubud and we arrived around ten o'clock in the morning, the first of the visitors. It is a very quiet village - all smooth grey stones and darker stone houses in grey paved courtyards with a close-clipped grass roadway in between. All the houses are alike since in Tenganan they are all built to the same plan. This is an ancient walled village and we had read that the villagers were not particularly friendly to outsiders. We did not find this to be so. We walked to the temple where a gamelan from another village was playing. We sat and listened and were given coffee and cakes and made most welcome. Later we followed a procession to the river to fetch holy water, walking through a forest up behind the village. I stopped on the way and did a drawing of a very simple temple in a clearing by an enormous banyan tree. When eventually we returned to the village, hundreds of visitors, European, Javanese and Balinese, had arrived by car, bus and truck. We stayed to watch some of the fighting but the crowd was so dense it was almost impossible to see anything. The fighters showed no animosity for their adversaries and it all seemed like a jolly game until you caught sight of the bleeding shoulders, but I think in the excitement they hardly feel it.

July 10, 1971

I have been making marmalade for the last three days, thinking that it will make nice gifts to the Balinese who have been so 'kind' as

to send me gifts of food. Well, it was a good thought, but they do not like marmalade! Only an occasional child rather fancied it. Anyway, I like it, and it is very expensive to buy here.

How impossibly difficult to be a Balinese wife here, if one were not Balinese. I find making offerings exceedingly difficult. I make about one offering to their fifty - and usually fifty is about the number needed. Every day, before the first meal, offerings are made for the house temple, the granary, the kitchen and various other parts of the puri. Every three days, offerings are also set out for the evil spirits. These are placed around the courtyard, and on the steps to every house temple. About every fifteen days comes another even more special day which requires very elaborate offerings for the house courtyard. Besides this, every temple in the village celebrates its birthday with a festival once a year and of course elaborate offerings must be made for this. So it works out that routine offerings are made every day, with special ones at least once a week.

The men do not usually make the small palm and flower offerings although as children they all learn how and can do them if necessary. One of their jobs is making and decorating the pejors: bamboos maybe twenty feet tall decorated all the way up with palm leaf ornaments and with streamers of palm hanging from the top.

As far as I can see, the work is very evenly divided between the men and the women. The women must do the cooking, look after the children, raise the pigs and chickens and do the weaving. However, the men often share these chores. It is not at all unusual to see them carrying a baby around - not the very tiny babies, of course, these are usually kept at home. The men work in the fields, which

the women rarely do, except at harvest time. They dig and hack away at the constantly growing trees, creepers, shrubs and grass nearly all of which can be eaten, either by humans or animals. They usually look after the ducks, cows and fighting cocks. They repair the houses and temples and of course build whatever is needed. One wonders when they find the time to paint, sculpt, play with the gamelan, dance or chant the lontar. Whenever they have spare time they "do their own thing". With gamelan and the dance it is easy enough, for they usually practice these in the evenings. Anyway, I wonder about those Western women who have married Balinese men. How do they manage the cooking? I am told that this is not so much their problem as the lack of privacy. The Balinese do not need it or want it, but a Westerner feels smothered without it.

July 10, 1971

Agung had a nice dinner party. He told us that he had been up to Besakih, the Mother Temple, that morning. In the temple they were all praying and making offerings when a man, a European, came into the temple and wanted to go into the special holy God House. Agung went up to him and said quietly that this was the special place for God and the man reluctantly gave way. Later, he came over to Agung and said "What do you mean that I cannot go in there. There is no God so why should I not go in?" Agung replied, "That is your belief and this is ours. I think it better you go from this place." The man had the good sense to leave.

One longs after a while for one's old friends who do not keep asking "Why are you staying so long in Bali, why did you come, what are you doing?" How I wish I knew the answers to these questions -

not that I think of them except when I am asked point blank. I can't blame people. It is probably what I would ask too. If they weren't interested I would probably be offended. You just can't win.

July 15, 1971

It has been quiet for a few days and I have been doing some painting. I average about one every three or four days. At about four o'clock this afternoon I heard gamelan and followed the sound and found there was a tooth filing ceremony going on. Fabulous decorations. I sat and watched the High Priest robe himself prior to blessing the offerings. First he climbed up into the pavilion and took off his shirt and waist bands and then the sarong under which he wore a white shift. Then he wrapped a big white sarong high up under his armpits, fixing it safely with a band. Then he sat and poured water over his feet, turned and sat cross-legged and washed his hands and face and placed small grains of rice on his forehead, cheeks, ears, and the back of his neck. He chose jewelry: three long, many-stranded ropes of what looked like jet, and earrings the same. Then he placed a high red velvet bespangled bishop's hat on his head. Each of these moves was preceded by many prayers and hand gestures - long tapering fingers heavy with rings. He sat there and prayed for over an hour. While all this was going on, a man at my side opened a big old wooden casket filled with shadow puppets. These are flat figures of gods and princes and their servants, made of stiff finely tooled and painted leather with a cut-out design to give a lacy effect when held up to the light. They are held from below. One piece of wood runs up the center and two others are attached to the hands, the arms being jointed at the

shoulder and elbow. The man took out each puppet in turn and jabbed it upright into the green trunk of a banana tree which was laid on the ground in front of him. In place of a screen, a rope was strung across between two upright branches which were also stuck into the banana trunk. The dalang, the man who moves the puppets, began to sing and chant and manoeuvre them all the while beating an appropriate rhythm against the empty wooden casket by means of a piece of metal held between the toes of one foot. The children sat close, both behind and in front of him. There was also a two piece gamelan playing for the puppets. At the same time, sitting on a platform opposite, was a very old and toothless man with benign expression somewhat like Gippetto, who was reading from the Lontar and chanting, while knee to knee in front of him sat three younger men who chanted back. As if this were not enough, there was a second gamelan accompanying the High Priest. I was quite overwhelmed by it all. I asked why everything was happening all at once and not one at a time and was told that "It must all happen at once." I watched the guests who were sitting and talking and smoking and realized that they were not specially watching or listening. They just sat and let it all go on around them like bathing in the sea. There were so many people in the puri that there was scarcely standing room. More were arriving all the time with offerings. I now begin to understand the crowded Balinese paintings where everything is also all happening at once - life here is all of these things and not any one of them only.

Later that night, around ten o'clock, there was a long shadow puppet performance which lasted until dawn. The dalang used a large screen and an oil lamp hanging just in front of his forehead. His

voice was marvellously adroit and explicit in its range of inflection - at times not unlike Western opera. He does everything - using his feet, his hands, his voice - and he must make up the dialogue as he goes along. Small wonder he is considered holy since he is interpreting the mysteries of the gods. While performing, he is, in fact, the universe.

July 16, 1971

A procession and gamelan went by at seven this morning on its way to the river at Tjampuan. Later I walked across the rice fields to the Monkey Temple where sacred monkeys live in a large clump of magnificent trees. The river here forms an excellent pool for bathing, with many clear springs falling into it. It is also very holy, and a very popular place for the evening bath. In Bali, men and women never bathe together. The men bathe in one part of the river and the women in another. The two places may be quite close but they turn their backs on one another. The girls like to go down in a group, undressing at the edge except for the sarong which they slip off as they dip into the river, carefully placing it on a nearby rock.

On my walk I met few people. The rice fields are full of water and whereas a few days ago they were black earth with green grassy borders, now they are purple with green borders, the reason being that a purple weed now covers them. This weed is very good for the soil. When I got back to the village, there was a cockfight going on. I enjoyed all the preliminaries. Very old and very young Balinese men sitting on their haunches in a circle quietly assessing the virtues of the cocks as they were presented for the fight. They wait while the sharp blades are tied to the left foot of each. Then the betting

is fast and furious. Nothing is written down, but I never heard an argument. The fight itself is so quick, a minute, seldom more. Of course, I didn't watch that part. I am squeamish, and anyway, Balinese women never watch so it is not the custom.

July 17, 1971

Agung gave another dinner party with a dance performance after. On these occasions, the dancers are asked to perform especially and are paid. It is therefore not quite the same as for the temple when no fee is paid to them and they dance solely for the pleasure of the gods.

July 20, 1971

Ugh! I was walking to visit a friend today and saw two dogs all trussed up but still alive. I do wish they would kill them before carrying them around. There is a village somewhere near here where they eat dog. No one will actually say which village and no one is particularly concerned, so I suspect that dog is occasionally eaten in more than just one village. I told Ktut in my best Indonesian, no dog, no snake. He just grinned broadly much amused and assured me not. I have also told him that I will not eat the head, neck and feet of chickens. This rather mystified him as he assures me that the beak in particular is very strength-giving. I'll bet some of it is also considered an aphrodisiac, but my Indonesian could not cover this subject, and it is only my guess.

I also hate to see chickens carried around all tied together by the legs and upside down. Death must come as a merciful release after that. I mentioned this to the Balinese and they quite obviously cannot

cope with the idea of my being upset by it. They do agree however, that it must be very uncomfortable for the chickens, probably painful, yet further than that they appear unwilling to think. I don't press the point since it is happening all the time everywhere. Obviously, I have to adjust rather than ask the whole of Indonesia and possibly even the whole Orient to comply with my wishes. Also, I think the suffering does not last too long whereas I don't doubt that if I knew about it, I should find that our own cattle and poultry are made to suffer much more. Either one becomes vegetarian or compromises.

I keep forgetting to mention it, but nearly every evening there is a dance practice, or a gamelan practice. The legong gamelan and the Ramayana gamelan have separate practice pavilions - not too close together. To see the dancers perform in full costume is to see only half the picture. To watch the children practice in their everyday dress, the intricacies are more apparent, though the body line is less accentuated without the tight costume. The two are very different and equally worth seeing. The setting for the practice is a bamboo pavilion with a tile roof and hard-baked earth floor lit with an oil lamp - the colors all dusky browns and pastel shades and deep shadows and the gamelan near deafening. It is quite informal. Sometimes the gamelan may stop and begin again, or practice some phrases, or a dancer forgets what comes next. No one is ever reprimanded. Sometimes, the children giggle and fool around, even while dancing, but this is ignored and seldom happens. It is always hard to see if the dancer follows the gamelan or vice versa. I was told that the dancer does follow the gamelan, but if the dancer is exceptionally good, then the drum may well follow the dancer.

July 23, 1971

Today Agung and all the children who dance with the legong gamelan went to Batur temple in two cars for a blessing. I had my first dance lesson. It was very energetic and I only lasted about fifteen minutes instead of an hour which the children manage when they are first learning.

July 24, 1971

I had two dance lessons today and am a bit stiff in the thighs. I surely must be the oldest person my teacher has ever taught, maybe even the oldest that has ever been taught in Bali, but I love it and know I shall understand the dance and music very much better if I actually do it. I wonder if I shall have a stroke or something, but I guess I just have to try it and see. So far so good. I have to do half the lesson sitting down as my legs give out. Even just the arm movements are terribly tiring.

Since the marmalade was not popular for gifts, I am now trying to make fudge but it will not set.

In the evening ketjak dancers from Pedantigal came and danced in the courtyard. I love the ketjak. Suddenly the courtyard is filled with seventy to a hundred men with black and white check sarongs tucked round their waists, whispering, clucking, shouting, chanting, suddenly silent. There is no light except from a central standing candelabra of oil lights nestling in branches of foliage. Within the circle of men and around the candelabra, the story of Sita being abducted is enacted in dance. The effect is magical, like flashes from the past, more real in some ways than a full-length Ramayana performance.

July 25, 1971

We have decided two dance lessons a day is too much for me and for my teacher. One a day is enough for us both. I reboiled the fudge and it was so stiff I could hardly get it out of the saucepan. Ktut is perplexed and finds it too sweet. This was the general verdict of the Balinese. I just cannot win with my gifts and shall do what the Balinese do, which is give sugar, or coffee, or fruit or cakes.

There was a performance of Ramayana in the evening. It is very popular with the Balinese and I am not surprised. It is as fast moving as a James Bond thriller with romance, comedy, fights and sadness in turn.

Briefly, the story is this. Rama is married to Sita and both are wrongfully banished to the forests. Rama's devoted brother, Laksmana, goes with them. The evil Rawana is possessed with a mad desire for Sita so he sends his friend to lure Rama and his brother away by pretending to be a deer. This works marvellously, as Sita, being a typical woman, only wants what she cannot have, and insists that Rama capture the deer for her. When Rama fails to return, she commands Laksmana to go to help him, which at first he refuses to do, but in the end he leaves having traced a magic circle round her with his sword. Then the wily Rawana changes himself into a priest and comes to Sita begging for food. She cannot refuse him and unwittingly steps out of the magic circle, is seized and carried off. On her flight, the good Garuda bird tries desperately to save her but is killed by Rawana. Rama and Laksmana find the dying bird and learn from it all that has happened. Rama

enlists the aid of Hanuman, the Monkey God. He finds Sita doing her best not to be seduced by Rawana. He destroys Rawana's palace and helps in the final overthrow of Rawana by Rama.

June 26, 1971

The harvest up here in Ubud was over about the end of June. Immediately after, bricks, earth, white lime and grass for thatching came pouring into the courtyard, all carried on the heads of girls or the shoulders of men. Earth and water are used as cement between the bricks. If only a little is needed, a hole is dug in the courtyard itself. Water is poured in, someone paddles around for a while and hey presto, cement! The men have been repairing and redecorating the house to the right of mine and have added a bathroom at the back.

I had not realized how quickly the rice fields change. I did a drawing of the rice fields covered in the purple weed, but did not quite finish it so went again three days later and it was dotted with tiny pale yellow shoots of new rice.

I went to the Monkey Temple at Sungei in the afternoon. The road from Denpasar is dreadful though the beautiful views make up for the agony. There is something about Sungei forest which grips you. It was rather late so there were few people. The forest is dense and quiet, the enormously high trees rising on straight smooth purple trunks and only branching out up at the top. Suddenly you come upon a tiny temple nestled at their feet, a vivid green moss illuminating its stone walls. There is a second temple, much larger, in a clearing reached by a broad wide path. There are two family groups of monkeys, sacred, of course, and when they are around you certainly know it.

There must be a couple of hundred at least.

While we were in the forest, some of the monkeys had a great time in our Bemo (small open-sided van), tearing up the rubber matting. Automatically I said, "Nakal, nakal," which means "Naughty, naughty." Quickly our driver frowningly said to me, "No, not naughty, not naughty." I realized that to call the sacred monkeys bad is a very dreadful thing and quickly amended my mistake.

July 27, 1971

Oh, it is so easy to plant a tree here. You just break off a large branch of frangipani, stick it in a hole in the ground and you have instant tree. I also watched the boys, two of them, plant a garden round the house opposite. One of the boys hoed the soil all round two sides of the house and placed bricks slanted against one another at the outside edge. The other brought armfuls of branches of every kind of bush and plant which he put on the ground. With one hand he jabbed the ground with an iron stake to make a hole and with the other he pushed in a shoot or branch. He cleverly chose alternate shapes and colors as he went. For three days the plants looked a bit droopy but few died and they were soon flowering.

July 28, 1971

In the evening I watched a dance performance of old Balinese drama from Batuan. Costumes and postures were lovely and the music slow and dreamy.

A friend of mine said she had been watching from her bathroom window a group of six-year old boys, naked and wearing palm leaf bands around their heads, playing at "cremations" with a beautifully made miniature bull on a platform which they carried on their shoulders,

twirling and whirling and shrieking and yelling. Every now and then they would put the platform down and go to the stream to massage their legs and arms, just as they have seen the men do.

July 31, 1971

I eat my dinner tonight to the accompaniment of gamelan. The family gamelan was practising for some event to be held next week in Denpasar. Actually I discovered that they are to play the gamelan in the Roman Catholic Church, which seems very strange to me.

August 1, 1971

I could hear Mt. Batur twice today. It is erupting more and more fiercely. I have not heard it from Ubud before.

August 3, 1971

I am trying every day to go to Mt. Batur but either the weather is rainy or there is no one to take me. Instead I walked to Peliatan and watched the legong dance being filmed. As it was day time, it was a fine opportunity to paint it, which I did.

My dance teacher's son is two years old today. He was all dressed up in Balinese ceremonial dress, complete with hat and holding the trailing end of his sarong disdainfully in one hand.

August 4, 1971

Late this evening I followed a procession which went past the puri in the moonlight with gamelan playing. It was coming from Tjampuan so we thought it must be going back to the temple. We followed it for what seemed about two miles and ended up with the procession disappearing into a house temple. However, the walk in the moonlight with the umbrellas waving above and the swaying chanting figures was most beautiful.

August 6, 1971

I went to another dance performance at Peliatan, this time in the evening. They are so good. There was also a djauk which seems to me to be a type of baris, or warrior's dance. The dancer appears comically evil. He wears a grinning mask and five-inch long translucent plastic finger nails which give a shimmering effect.

August 7, 1971

I was talking with some friends about the book, "The Greening of America." They asked me if I thought the book had changed me at all. I do not think so; I had already changed. In fact, I think I always was, even as a child, suspicious of the so-called "benefits of civilization" and particularly "the benefits of education."

One just cannot know everything in time to avoid making mistakes in procedure here in Bali. Alas, I did not know that the gamelan is holy and inadvertently I stepped over one of the instruments. This is when you see for the first time an upset Balinese, even rather an angry one. The men were up in a second and moved the gamelan in case someone else did the same thing. One must not put anything over the gamelan or on top of it (its own cover excepted.) This would come between it and the gods in the same way that one must not place one's hand on anyone's head, which is also sacred, particularly a child's head.

August 8, 1971

I went by car to a big cremation at Bangli. There were six bulls, five black and one white. We followed the careening, shouting procession to the cremation field. A lot of bodies were burnt that day. When I got back, I walked up behind the museum into the rice

fields and was astonished to find that the fields were already a brilliant green haze. It is a special day and the women are everywhere carrying offerings to the rice fields, setting them out and praying. In the evening, there was topeng, or masked dance, in the village.

August 10, 1971

There is to be a very big cremation in Peliatan tomorrow so I walked there to watch the preparations. On the cremation field they have built a temporary temple of plaited palm with a covered high platform for the High Priest and other covered platforms for the offerings. The High Priest was praying, a gamelan was accompanying a shadow puppet performance, a second gamelan was playing, and the family in the inner enclosure were praying with flowers between their clasped hands. Then the family went in procession three times round two big raised baskets. Each person held on to the one in front with one hand and carried an emblem of the spirit of the deceased with the other - a bamboo pole, coconuts, a palm effigy, etc. Holy water was sprinkled over everyone and the baskets. At a given signal, everyone grabbed what they could get from the baskets, namely, suckling pig, eggs, a wooden model of a sailing prau. It was a wild scene for a couple of seconds, then they seized the baskets, carried them outside the enclosure and tipped them upside down. If I had not been watching closely I would have missed the whole thing, it all happened so quickly. After this, I walked on into Peliatan and had a good look at the massive black bull they have made and did a drawing of him.

There was a big party at the puri in the evening with many Balinese, some Germans, and some Roman Catholic priests. I cannot bear to think



R. Hilkey

A decorated bull

of Bali turning Christian with all its appalling guilt complexes and monogamous marriages - which suit hardly any men and very few women, though neither one will ever admit that monogamous marriage, strictly adhered to, almost never works. These rules were made by priests who are seldom men with the strongest sex drive and naturally they do not want others to have what they cannot enjoy. Such is life, a perpetual fight between the ascetics and the sensualists.

August 11, 1971

When I got to the cremation field five bulls were already there, four black and one red. Then the largest and most important one arrived. Each family, with offerings and symbols of the spirits of the dead, circled its bull three times. I walked on to Peliatan and waited by the house of the deceased. Outside, in the middle of the road, stood a tower of nine stories resting on a square bamboo frame. The tower was yellow and white and beautifully decorated. There were crowds of people and no cars could pass. At least seventy men were required to carry the tower and on a signal some of them ran into the house and collected the body, tossing it around as they brought it out to be hauled up onto the first platform of the tower. It has to be dragged up a bamboo ramp. Once in place it is tied on and a close relative sits astride the body. Other relatives are also on the first platform and the priest holds on with one hand, clutching a stuffed yellow osprey bird in the other. On either side, also on the platform, are two men playing the gamelan. The tower is then lifted shoulder high, whirled round and tipped this way and that and gradually taken off at almost a run to the cremation field, stopping every so often

to have water thrown over it. Preceding the tower are members of the family, each holding onto a long white cloth and carrying offerings and relics on their heads. The whole procession was led by an old man carrying a chopping knife, presumably to clear the way. A gamelan followed the tower. It was about half a mile to the cremation field where they raced up the slope and then circled three times round the bull. There were other much smaller towers following the large one, and they all circled their own bulls. The whole field was like a huge fairground full of sparkling color and fast movement. I sat around for a long time just watching everything but left soon after the fires were lit. The burning takes such a long time I can never wait for the final procession to the river.

August 12, 1971

There is to be a performance of Javanese dancing today. I watched the Javanese gamelan arrive - such a huge assortment of instruments, many more than the Balinese gamelan, and they take up a lot more room. The dancing was excellent and I very much enjoyed it. It is slower and more stylistic than the Balinese. Around ten o'clock, there was a performance of Javanese wayang kulit. The Balinese turned out in force and stood or sat all through the long prelude. However, once the performance began they started to drift away. They hardly gave it a chance. We thought this was because it was in the Javanese language and they did not understand it; also the puppets themselves did not move about as much as the Balinese puppets and they just lost interest. I stayed till about one o'clock. The music was slow and hypnotic, and the moon and fluffy clouds were part of it all. When I left there were

only about forty people watching and by four in the morning, when it finished, I was told there was only a handful.

August 13, 1971

Agung gave such a lovely party - only a small one. I talked about maraes and megaliths with some Professor. I realise now how restricted has been my circle of friends. Since I have only ever worked with lawyers, this is mostly what I have met. Most people live within a circle of the same type of people. It is only when we move outside this circle that we meet people in other walks of life. It is a pity we do not mix about a great deal more. I think we would all benefit.

August 14, 1971

There was a performance of drama this evening which began at 10 o'clock. I loved it. They will perform again tomorrow, but a different story. It is like an English pantomime with much the same treatment: princes, princesses, councillors, warriors, trouble-making servants and Rangda the witch. There is a full gamelan and some dancing. The stage was set with lots of greenery, a grand entrance suitably curtained at the center back, a tree on one side and a bamboo platform for offerings on the other. The drama lasted until four o'clock. How on earth do the Balinese survive with so little sleep? Their stamina is fantastic. True, they cat-nap whenever they get a chance and seem able to do this standing or sitting. How I wish I could sit as comfortably on the ground. I have not yet mastered this art.

August 15, 1971

Today grass is being brought into the courtyard for new thatching

The men carry it in two huge bundles, one on each end of a shoulder pole. They also bring long bamboo poles which are to be split for the grass to be tied to.

Agung came to see me and said it would be best if I could postpone my visit to Karangasem as an important festival was coming up. I said I could not postpone it as I was expected there by friends and if I did postpone it, I would miss another friend who was arriving in Ubud the following week. So he said, well, yes, it would be better to go now because there would be another important festival in Tjampuan as soon as I get back. Such is the frenetic rush in Bali.

When Agung saw my newly framed paintings, he was very pleased. He said that of all the people who have stayed in the puri, I am the only one to have done a painting of it. This I find hard to believe, but it may be that other artists did drawings instead.

I did a painting of women making rice offerings in the temple and also drew the women in the puri here pounding rice. My courtyard was so full of people. Fifteen men were sitting in the middle pavilion tying the grass onto the bamboo strips for the new roof. Six women were pounding rice and at least half a dozen children were playing, not to mention the dogs, chickens, ducks and a pig. I just love to sit and watch it all.

In the evening there was the drama again. For these performances, the road is blocked off with a piece of string and people must pay to come in, only a very nominal amount. One must pay extra for a seat. Outside, there are lots of stalls, each with a paraffin lamp and they look charming at night. They sell hot tea or coffee, rice cakes,

cookies, cigarettes either in a packet or singly, cooked rice and spicy pieces of meat and vegetable. There are crowds of people, some having walked from other villages. They stand around, or sit on the ground in groups, quietly chatting and smoking. I have tried to think why crowds here are so different from any others I have known. Mostly it is the lack of loud laughing or shouting or pushing. Now I come to think of it, Balinese are never noisy, except maybe as children playing or as grownups when watching a cockfight. Since the parents make no noise, I suppose the children are correspondingly quiet. I suspect that either the Gods do not like loud noises, or the evil spirits are synonymous with noise. Anyway, it is a pleasure to be in a Balinese crowd.

Tomorrow I will go by car to Karangasem.

August 17, 1971

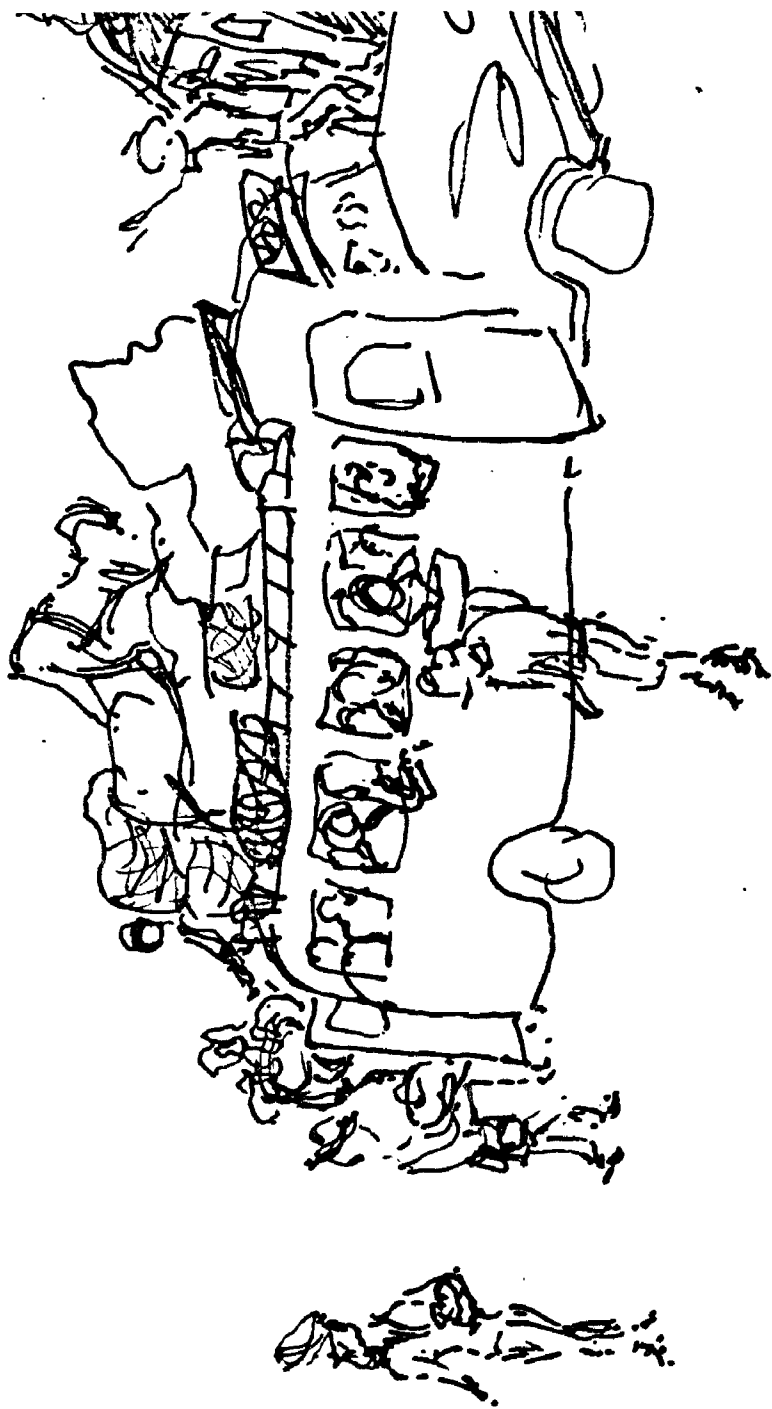
Of course, I did not go to Karangasem today. I should have learned by now that you cannot plan on a particular day with any certainty. Bali is not specific. They did come and tell me that there is no petrol available in Bali as the boat has been delayed. There is only black market petrol at unbelievable prices. Tomorrow, they say, there will be petrol. After lunch, they suddenly say they do have petrol. Then they say that the road is too bad for a small car. Only a bus or truck or jeep can go the whole way into Karangasem. The last five miles are just lava beds with no road. I do wonder why they did not tell me this before. Apparently they mean to drop me at a point where the bus will pick me up, but if I leave late in the day there will be no bus. So we plan to go tomorrow.

During the early evening I went back to my house to find about

seven puri children sitting on the edge of my verandah looking at my paintings with a torch.

August 17, 1971

My friends in Karangasem were expecting me yesterday, so I have no idea where they will be today. There is no way to contact them. I was extraordinarily lucky. I had just got out of the car to wait for the bus, about five miles outside Karangasem, when a bus came up the hill towards us with my friends frantically waving out of the window and pointing ahead. So I leapt back in the car and we turned round and followed the bus. They all got out in Thandidasa. There is a beautiful stretch of beach here though the reef is very close inshore. We took a long walk and after lunch caught the bus back to Karangasem. It is eight years since Mt. Agung erupted but the road is only just being re-built now. At first everyone was so hard-pressed to scrape a livelihood from what soil remained and many left the area, that there were not sufficient people with time to spare for the task. Also it takes time for the lava to settle down. It is just now beginning to show signs of life and a few wild plants are growing. The surface is incredibly rough and has many potholes, and the bus lurched wildly. How on earth it gets through at all in the rainy season I can't imagine. As far as I can make out there is only one losmen (small hotel) in Karangasem and in this I stayed, very comfortably. Coffee or tea was provided in the mornings and evenings free of charge. The price of my room was two hundred rupias a night which is fairly standard except for Denpasar, which is higher. We found only one restaurant, but there were lots of Warungs, which is the name for stalls, but only a few of these provided rice and meat.



N. H. H. H.

A bus Balinese-style

August 18, 1971

We went to the market early this morning and bought two live chickens. You are supposed to feel them and bargain but we didn't do much of that. My friend carried them - upside down by the legs, clucking and flapping wildly. I don't blame them. We took them back to the house to have them killed, plucked and chopped up, to take with us to Tjandidasa for lunch. We explored Tjandidasa today. There is only just room for the road here as the hills drop almost to the edge of the lake which lies behind the seashore. At this point a steep flight of stone steps rises direct from the road in dizzying steep flights to a small and simple stone-walled temple perched high up on the edge of the hill. I wondered if this site was one of ancient Polynesian origin because it is directly in line with the exit from the lake to the sea and also lines up with a break in the reef.

August 19, 1971

At Tjandidasa today the inland lake was full of men who were driving the fish into a corner, then catching them with their hands and throwing them onto the bank. Apparently there is to be a big temple festival at one of the villages in the area. This lake is holy and so to catch fish for a festival is fine. As the tide was high, I went to the beach to swim. I was just standing gazing at the water before going in when I saw a brown shadow, about eight feet long with fins out on either side glide slowly by only a few feet away, unmistakably a shark. I backed out and quickly thanked the Balinese Gods for the timely warning. In turn I warned the others. At first the Balinese were inclined to go after him. They got as far as climbing a coconut tree to see if they

could see him. To my great relief they could not, so he was left in peace and no one was hurt. Somehow I also felt that he might be some sort of guardian spirit, and felt comforted. I'm not sure where I got this idea from. We did all bathe later in the day when the tide had gone down and we could clearly see all round us.

We have been told that our bikinis are not pleasing to the Balinese. They wear a sarong and then take it off as they get into the water, or else bathe with the sarong on. Tomorrow, I shall bathe in my cotton dress and bring a second one to change into after. Had I known, I would have done this in the first place. This still will not be right but maybe it is better.

Karangasam seems more city-like than Denpasar, with many schools and children in uniform, and streets with two-storey houses, or with modern bungalows set in gardens. The air is dry. The water is clear and cold and almost still tingling with life from its fast run down from the mountain, which is not very far away and forms a backdrop to the city. In the early morning, the mournful flute-like sound of the flying pigeons fills the still air. It is not a pleasing sound to me, but the Balinese like it and specially catch the pigeons and fasten whistles to their legs to produce this music. I expect that they hear it so often that they barely notice it. To me it is artificial and I am sorry for the bird who is doomed to hear this noise whenever he wishes to fly.

Very few tourists go to Karangasem. Occasionally they arrive by car for a brief visit but do not stay and walk around as we did. We were usually followed by quite a host of children wherever we went and

everyone seemed to want to talk to us. The students were specially helpful as they could speak some English. As yet my Indonesian is really terrible.

August 20, 1971

I did swim in my dress today and hope this time the people were not offended. They may have thought it even odder than the bikini. On the way back to Ubud we visited Guning Kawi, a very old temple with enormous rock carvings at the bottom of a fantastically terraced deep valley. The effort of negotiating the endless flight of stone steps down is well worth it. These were the tombs of Kings built in the eleventh century. Here, the river is sacred and no one is allowed to bathe in it. I had the feeling of suddenly stepping back in time, seeing these ancient rock carvings cut deep in the natural stone in strange contrast to the steep terraced rice fields.

August 21, 1971

Today is a special day of prayer. I went down to the temple at Tjampuan where people will go to pray tonight and some will also stay to sleep. At dawn tomorrow most people will go down to the river at Tjampuan to bathe. It is an especially holy place as it is at the confluence of two very beautiful rivers, one male and one female. It is a pleasant thought. It is pointed out that the male river is fast and the female river slow.

Agung's family were down in the temple and many were working in the kitchen preparing food for the evening meal. I was told that many of the temples are on the sites of old worshipping places where a pile of tiered stones was built for the soul of the ancestor-founders

of the group: an upright stone for the male ancestor and a horizontal stone for the female, the whole surrounded by a wall to keep out the unknown. There was usually a paved rectangle in front for dancing. Tooth filing is believed to be a leftover from these times.

In my courtyard at home tonight there were special offerings and prayers at numerous places - the well, the guardian temple, the center and four corners of the courtyard itself etc. I dressed Balinese for all this and was invited to pray with the family in their house temple which was decorated for the occasion. All the family were present and the village priest officiated. The village priest is never Brahmin. His family have usually been priests for generations. There were village priests long before there were Hindu priests. The prayers lasted about half an hour. After dinner there was a performance of legong.

August 22, 1971

Everyone is very busy today making offerings to take down to Tjampuan. I was brought a plate full of nasi kuning, yellow rice, which is delicious. I think it has saffron, curry, nuts, shreds of meat and omelette and some coconut, but there is more to it than this. Around dusk I went down to the temple to see what was going on. Some men were building another pavilion, a temporary one, and roofing it. Agung was sleeping, but the kitchen was still very busy.

August 23, 1971

I spent the morning in the temple trying to make palm offerings with the women. After about an hour, I did a drawing instead, which was much easier for me.

August 24, 1971

Again I spent the morning trying to make offerings. I am beginning to enjoy it. There are many many different kinds. There is one very simple three-cornered palm leaf dish about two inches on each side, and although I have spent hours trying to fold this right, I still cannot do it. Others that look more difficult are, in fact, much easier. With the three-cornered dish, you absolutely must find the exact spot and angle to bend the palm, and you must get it right three times in a row, which I never can.

Agung asked me to stay for lunch, most delicious turtle sate, hot rice, eggplant, bacon crisps, chili sauce and omelette.

In the evening there was a big procession taking the Barong from a temple near the puri down to Tjampuan. I dressed Balinese since I know the Balinese prefer it. When we reached the temple, everyone went in. There were prayers and the gamelan played. Then the procession formed again. We were told they were going to the river and we could follow if we wished. The women with relics and offerings on their heads went first in single file, then the men, some carrying krises. The Barong followed with his attendants and umbrellas. The gamelan did not come with us. There were also men with storm lanterns. We walked singly on a very narrow pathway high up along the steep side of the ravine. We Westerners held hands along some of the more precipitous places. It was quite a rugged climb at the usual Balinese walk, which is nearer a slow run. After about fifteen minutes, we stopped and sat down to wait, with the Barong just ahead of us, while the men and women went down to the river far below. We could hear

them chanting and praying but could not see them. We sat in the dark, the sky full of stars and the river rushing along below. It seemed like an hour but was probably not nearly that long, before they all returned and the Barong followed the procession back to the temple. There he was put in his house and the doors were left open. The relics were put in another pavilion. Many people slept the night in the temple. I understand that it is felt that since the gods are visiting the temple for the fesitival, it is not polite to leave them there alone at night. The priests will take it in turns to sit with the Barong.

August 25, 1971

Around five o'clock this evening I went down to Tjampuan to watch the people bringing offerings into the temple, receive holy water, and take the offerings away again. The High Priest prayed; the kulkul beat; the gamelan played and women chanted. The people knelt and prayed, then formed a procession and went round the inner courtyard to the seat of the Sun God. Then another large group of people who had come from another village arrived with their gamelan and holy relics and went through much the same ritual. The scene was full of color and movement - bright clothes, umbrellas, flags, the white of the priests' dress and the gold of the Barong against the soft brown earth and golden skin tones of the people. The whole mixed with the smoke of incense and the scent of tjempaka flowers and japon (also known as frangipani or plumeria), the music of the gamelan and rhythmic chanting, the coming and going. The effect is hypnotic and totally pleasing to all the senses. Thus sated, at around nine o'clock we went into the outer courtyard to eat dinner. It was served in a banana leaf pinned into

a bowl shape, filled with rice, vegetables, nuts, grated coconut and sticks of sate. Before eating, water is poured over the right hand - no one eats with the left. I enjoy eating with my hands; it adds another dimension to taste, that of touch.

August 26, 1971

This festival in Tjampuan is a very big one and seems to be lasting about six days. I went down and painted a picture and talked with Agung. Apparently during the time we were in the temple yesterday, a new village priest was being ordained. Agung explained that a new priest is chosen by other priests when in trance. The training is very hard work and he must know many rituals and prayers. When he is ready, the ceremony of ordination takes place. This consists of finishing with the old life. First, he ritually goes through cremation and is then re-born. This is followed by the various ceremonies that are held for a person through babyhood into manhood. Thus he is a new man free of all the sins he may have committed in his life before he became a priest. The village priests are not paid a salary. They lead a normal life when not taking part in ceremonies. They do get small sums of money for various special rituals - but usually in kepengs - holy money which is only used as offerings, or in food and only occasionally in rupiahs. Similarly the High Priest is not a salaried priest though he also gets paid for his services in the same way. Both may farm or work in any way they wish though the High Priest must have his own set of tools which may not be used by anyone else.

So many things happen around us, but because we do not know what to look for we do not see them. There is some sort of moral here but I'm

not sure what.

In the evening after dinner, I watched the children make up and dress for the dance. Walking in their tight skirts down to Tjampuan was not easy for them but there were no complaints; they just trotted along, all of them between the ages of eight and twelve. They went and prayed first and then danced in the outer courtyard, a lovely setting.

August 27, 1971

There is only cockfighting going on in the outer courtyard of the temple today so I walked up the path we had taken with the Barong the other night. It is just as steep and precipitous as I had thought, with a deep drop down one side to the river which one cannot see as there is so much lush green tropical vegetation.

August 28, 1971

There was to have been dancing again in the temple tonight but it poured with rain and was cancelled.

August 29, 1971

I saw that everyone in the puri was dressing for the temple so quickly did the same and went down with them to Tjampuan. Here we sat and waited while the Barong was being prepared for his return home to Ubud. A procession formed and Agung said he thought it would be nice if I carried one of the family relics. I was given one I could hold in my arms rather than on my head. It was a long oblong silver bowl filled with flowers and palm decorations. I was told to walk behind a particular girl. We set off after the Barong, the men with the krises and the women with the holy relics and god houses. Before

we left we all stood in a circle round the village priest who made offerings to the evil spirits on the ground and decapitated a baby chicken. On the way to Ubud, the road goes under a viaduct which carries water from the fields on one side to those on the other. The Barong and relics cannot go under this bridge as nothing must come between them and the gods so we all had to follow the path to one side which climbs above the road and the viaduct. When we arrived at the temple in Ubud, the village priest made offerings to the evil spirits again and another baby chicken went to the next world.

August 30, 1971

A procession went by about half past eight this morning. They were taking the ashes of a seven year old Brahmin girl who was cremated yesterday to the river at Tjampuan. The tower was very pretty colored gold, yellow and white. When we came to the bridge over the river, they dismantled the tower and threw the bits into the river together with the flowers and palm decorations. Then everybody went down to the river. All waded through to the point where the two rivers meet. The priests prayed and most of the followers bathed. The ashes and all the rest of the offerings were then tossed into the water with shouts and waves of farewell, then everyone went home.

September 1, 1971

Preparations are going on for a royal visit to the museum tomorrow. Before the royalty crosses the threshold, she will wait and watch while the priests will make offerings to the evil spirits which usually entails decapitating a baby chicken. I hope the royalty has a strong stomach.

September 2, 1971

Royalty came in the person of Queen Juliana of Holland and was

quietly and charmingly met by the Balinese of Ubud. The accompanying sirens and armed police were an unnecessary adjunct. This was a friendly visit.

I am reading "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire". What a gloomy and depressing book and to my way of thinking most tiresomely written, full of superlatives which obviously couldn't be true. For example: "the worst time in the history of mankind" - a really stupid phrase - who can possibly tell "the worst"?

September 4, 1971

I went with a family I know to bathe in the river at Tjampuan. It was lovely to sit in the cold rushing water and then to sit on the hot rocks afterwards. It made you realise just how hot the sun really is. The river here is deep down and quite narrow, with ferns, greenery and rocks all the way up the sides and water dripping down.

September 5, 1971

It was explained to me that in the Balinese gamelan, the instruments are mostly in pairs, male and female. There are two drums and the male is the higher tone and leads, except in modern music where it has changed and the female drum leads. There is no counted beat as in Western music and it is learned by listening and following. The lead drummer is usually the teacher as well and plays every instrument in turn to teach the various phrases.

September 10, 1971

There is to be a big cremation today in Pedantigal. A group of TV people have decided to come and film it and have asked permission so there will be rather a lot of Western people. The Balinese are

wonderfully tolerant in that they do not appear to object, unless some person gets in the way or is disrespectful to the gods. I went to the cremation and it was a very happy affair. I must admit the TV people were unobtrusive and polite. I was standing watching the body burn from a distance and was just about to go home when a car drove up with two men who started asking me questions about what was going on. Then they asked if they could come to my house and interview me for NBC. I said yes and went home, not expecting ever to see them again. To my surprise they appeared - not just two but six of them. I rather enjoyed being interviewed and taped. We just talked and they took some photos. I have no idea now what I said.

Later in the evening I went to watch wayang kulit in the house of the dalang. It was a short performance put on for Westerners.

September 12, 1971

I talked to Agung about the time when his father was alive. In those days there were occasionally small wars between the princedoms. He told me, and others have confirmed this, that there was seldom any killing. The two sides would march to meet one another, each side displaying all their holy weapons and relics. Just before they actually met, the power of the weapons and relics of one side would overwhelm the other side which would turn and run away. I find this amazingly intelligent and need hardly say how superior this is to the present-day needless slaughter. After all, the result is the same: one side is deemed the winner. Anyway, this only works for Balinese versus Balinese, who play by the rules. It is still followed in a sense when

they have a personal quarrel and eventually resort to a duel. It is not a duel with material weapons, though the result is often the same. The two protagonists sit opposite one another and stare at each other. At length one of them gives in and looks away. He is the loser and goes away knowing that he will not live very much longer. As all his friends and relatives know that he will die, he does not stand much chance of surviving. While staying in Bali last year I heard of one of these duels but I did not stay long enough to know if the man did die after a time. I am told that these duels still happen but only as a last resort to solve a difference. It is not often that the people get angry with one another. Even the children fight very rarely. On only one occasion have I seen one boy hit another. At once the other children came between the two, pushing them apart. For over an hour they stayed with them talking it out and always, however they manoeuvred, staying between them. Eventually they each went their separate ways, tempers had calmed down and all was well. I never saw these two boys fight again, though they both lived in the same courtyard as myself. Also, if someone does something wrong he will be asked why he did it and told why it is wrong but he will not be punished or made to apologize.

I asked if in the old days the young princes and youths were taught to fight with weapons and was told no, of course not. However, in one battle I was told about, not so very long ago, maybe ninety years, the two sides met and before one side could run away, two opposing princes had run each other through with their sacred lances. I believe both died and the fight ended, though who was the winner I do not know.

September 13, 1971

This is the first day of preparations for a ceremony called

Maligia Karya, a second cremation. This is for a deceased person who died many years ago and was cremated. This ceremony is exactly the same as a cremation except that there is no body, only a representation of the soul which it is hoped will now be free to reach the mountain. The ceremonies will begin on the thirteenth of October and will include tooth filing and cutting the children's hair. They will last six or seven days.

I went to the temple wearing my scarf round my waist as is necessary at any temple. Here I found all the ladies of the family in Balinese dress, wearing fresh palm leaf headbands round their foreheads. I was also given one and sprinkled with holy water. Then I sat with them, learning how to make rice decorations for offerings. The rice is made into a lump of sticky dough. Today some was white and some mauve. One takes a piece, rolls it in the palms and flattens it into a leaf shape. A pattern is made with the mauve rice rolled very long and thin like piped icing sugar, then the whole thing is folded together like a flower. I think about three hundred or more of these were made. Later they are taken away and fried and laid out to dry brick hard. There were about forty women working at this while in the outer courtyard, young girls and women were pounding rice, cooking it and coloring it. Men were bringing in wood for the fire, and baskets of rice. Many men were also working in the temple where the ceremonies were to be held, making new pavilions and reroofing old ones. Others were in the fields cutting grass for thatching, bamboo for upright posts and also wood for making god houses and carved decorations. Already a group of men had started carving. All these people, and indeed, anyone connected with the work involved,

is given two meals a day from the puri. I was offered lunch this first day but I did not understand that it was part of the ceremony, so I went back home. However, I now realise I should not have done this. Tomorrow I will eat in the temple.

September 14, 1971

After about two hours making rice decorations in the temple I am exhausted. It is very difficult to sit Balinese style with legs drawn up to one side. I find it easiest to sit cross-legged, but in Balinese dress this is totally impossible and, I believe, considered rather rude. I stayed to lunch today and it was very good.

After lunch I was taken to Sanur to see two new Barong Landungs - standing Barongs in human forms. The masks of these two Barongs had just been finished and the enormous couple, complete with new dresses, were to be walked about five miles to a temple from which the wood had been taken to make their masks. Here they were to be spirited - that is to say, the Gods would be asked to come down and inhabit the masks. It might take all night, praying and chanting, then they would walk back home. We arrived just as the towering figures were leaving the temple in a long and colorful procession with umbrellas, flags and offerings. We followed for a while then went on ahead in the car. The Temple of the Dead was at the edge of a small wood. Outside the temple itself, there was a small shrine at the foot of the tree from which the wood had been taken. Eventually the procession arrived and the two Barongs were lifted over the wall since they must not go under a doorway. However, before they were half over, it was decided they should first go to the shrine outside. We had just got settled there

when they were called back into the temple. Here the temple priest had gone into trance. He was possessed by the angry spirits of his temple who said that they had not been told of the coming of the two Barongs and that they should worship first in the temple. I had never seen a priest in trance before. He appeared like a drunk man with limbs slightly out of control. All the Balinese were very quiet and filled the courtyard, sitting cross-legged and listening while the various priests and leaders talked it out. Whether the priest had really not been told, or had forgotten, I don't know, but about an hour later all was quiet and the ceremonies went on. The priest was still in trance though now peaceful. We left while they were chanting and praying. Later I heard they had walked back home in the early hours of the morning.

In Bali, if a family member marries or moves away, if a Barong is to leave or arrive, if tooth filings are to be buried, etc., the priest must always inform the gods of the temple of these happenings.

September 15, 1971

I went to the temple to make more rice decorations. It looks so simple, but sometimes I just cannot get the knack of it. It is a case of squeezing in just the right spot and pushing in the right direction. It is fun trying and the women are very patient. It is I who am impatient.

September 16, 1971

The patterns for the rice decorations were different today and I found it easier although my arm ached all evening. We made three carrot shaped pieces, two long and one short. The two long ones we twisted alternate ways to form a figure eight.

September 21, 1971

Every day we have been making offerings, different days different colors. The children of the family have made a small bull about twelve inches long and six inches high, of coiled bamboo covered with paper with a head of sweet potato. They also made a naga (a king serpent) with a well-carved head of stone decorated with a lacy paper collar. These may be carried in the procession to represent different aspects of the soul.

About twenty men have just come through the courtyard carrying gifts of coconuts, jackfruit and papaya. Although the second cremation is arranged by one family for their grandfather, other families may also join in and give their dead relatives a second cremation as well. Of course, their families also help with the preparations.

Oh dear, that is the second very dead upside-down pig with slit throat which has gone through the courtyard carried by two men. The first had a following of small children clapping and poking it and laughing.

September 22, 1971

I rode on a Vespa up to Kedisan, a village about ten miles away. The ride was gorgeous, along a high ridge with colossal terraced chasms on either side. Kedisan is very much off the beaten track. The nearest bus stop is about two miles away. The only bus leaves around four in the morning for Denpasar and comes back at eleven. In the afternoon there was a dance practice of the gambuh. This was the first day when a special teacher had come from Batuan - a very old man - to teach it. He danced indefatigably and magnificently all day with



A Balinese pig

R. Hilling

alternate pupils. The gambuh music is played with flutes and a violin type instrument, gongs, drums and floor cymbals. The old man danced and the pupils copied him. I was told the story of the dance: the king and his prime minister decide to build a temple and then they tell the various people what to do. Maybe I misunderstood, but this seems to be all.

September 24, 1971

They are now making palm leaf plates for offerings. It makes the fingers very sore, pushing the stick through the leaf and breaking it off, and many of these stitches are required for each plate.

September 26, 1971

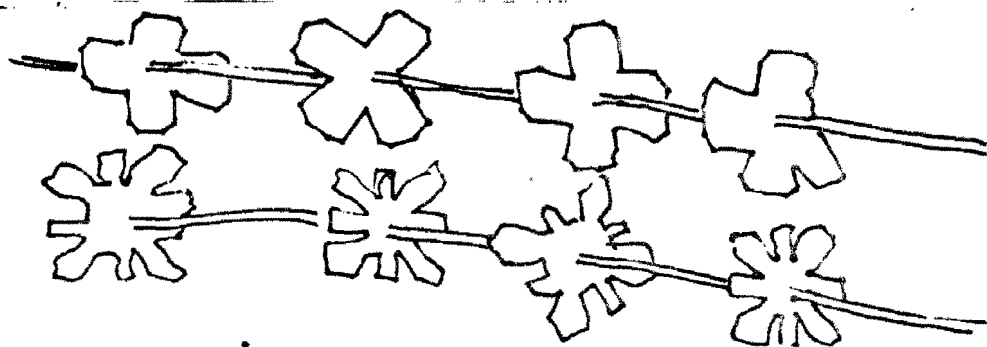
Today we made palm leaf baskets in which were put rice decorations bananas, betel nut, flowers and spices. A different color was used for each corner - black, red, yellow or white.

September 27, 1971

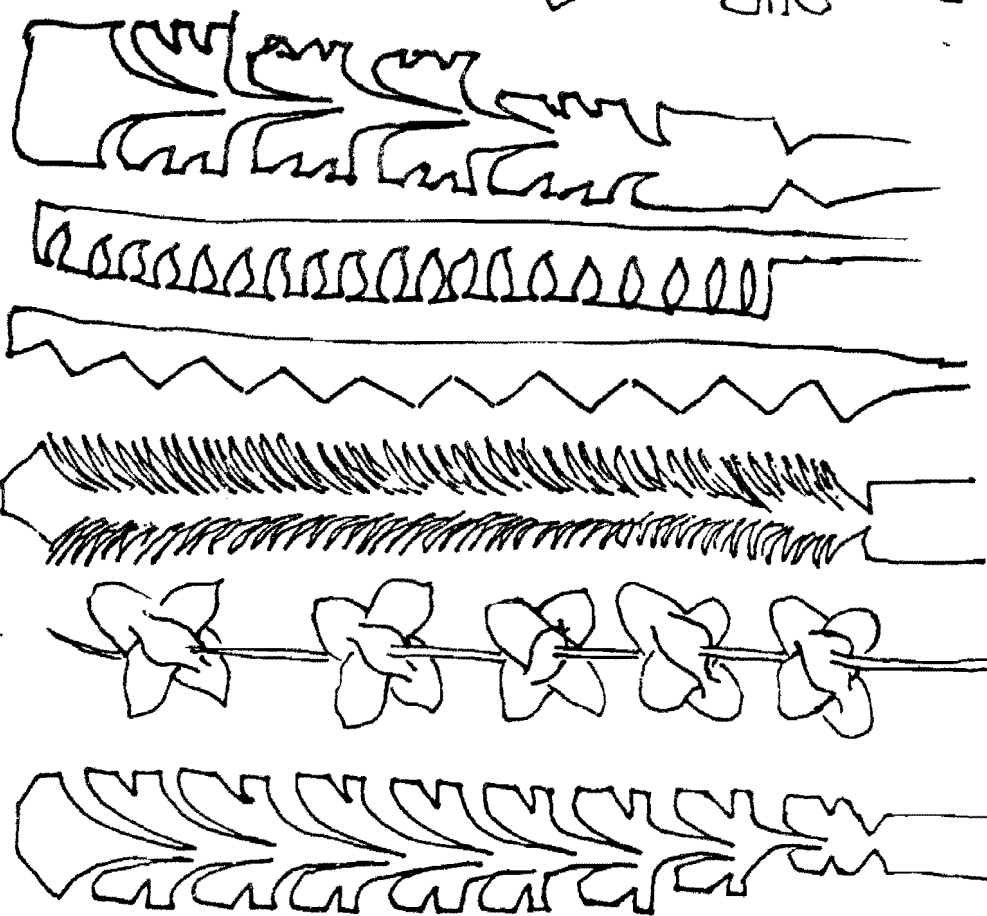
It is hard to keep pace with all that is going on. I try to make drawings of the various types of offerings and some of the carvings. I watched the men making the many tiered god houses and the frames for them to be carried on. First they take the bare wood, then they add the decoration and the carved heads. In the temple they were making more palm decorations, like bracelets with knuckles all round.

October 5, 1971

I went on a Vespa to Uluwatu at the far south of the island beyond the airport. Here the land is coral and rises up to the middle of the isthmus then down again to the edge of towering cliffs with almost a sheer drop to the ocean below. At this southern tip, poised high



14th May



Cut palm leaf

above the tumultuous sea is the tiny, delicate enduring temple of Uluwatu. The temple is made of coral blackened with age, though, as usual, one is told that it is only recently rebuilt. However, one has the feeling that this has been a sacred place since Bali has been in existence. The outside walls of the temple cling to the very edge of the deep drop to the ocean, here so clear that the coral bottom is clearly visible. I saw many turtles and some large fish. There are also sharks, but I did not see any. There is even a family of monkeys living in the temple, which seems very strange as there are no trees, only low bushes.

We came back by Kuta beach but the sea was very rough and I dare not swim. Somehow I found it depressing, deserted except for a few garish-looking hippies and the more pressing beach hawkers. No palm trees fringe the shores as they do at Sanur and it is shadeless. The sweep of the bay is certainly magnificent, at least twenty miles of curving sand, but no islands break the wide horizon.

In the evening, I went to another temple festival. Here I watched the prayers and processions, listened to two gamelans playing different tunes simultaneously and watched wayang kulit. I ~~now~~ know not to ask why it all happens at once - that is how it must be.

I was told that when a man has more than one wife, he sometimes keeps one in a different village and then commutes between the two, though probably spends most time with "his special darling." This is a Western phrase and has no translation in Balinese which has no like term of endearment. It is perfectly obvious to a Balinese wife that if her husband comes home to sleep and eat and is content, then he must

love her, and she neither needs nor gets the constant avowels of unchanging affection without which a Westerner finds it hard to live. There is, I am told, a whole language of the eyes between men and women, which we can only dimly percieve. This seems to take the place of words. It is one reason why a Westerner seldom sees the Balinese flirting, though they may do so under our very eyes, holding long amorous conversations of which we know nothing. No physical signs are ever shown in public as this is considered very rude. When a man seriously courts a woman, however, he writes letters and poems to her and usually sends them via a friend. Then he visits her family. Sometimes in a marriage, the man will go to live with the bride's family if all their sons have left home or there is a shortage of male help.

October 7, 1971

They were making fantastic rice decorations in the temple today in all colors: heads of women with big headdresses which had to be made in separate pieces. I managed to do one flower. When done, they were all deep fried and laid out on a mat about four feet by seven, in an enormous pattern of people, animals and flowers. Later these will be pinned to a frame and placed upright. In the afternoon, we formed a procession to take more rice down to the river to be blessed and purified. While waiting for all the ceremonies to be done, I tried chewing betel nut. It was not as bitter as I expected and had the same numbing effect on the tongue and lips as smoking a clove cigarette. The Balinese were much amused. We walked back in procession to the temple. There were more prayers, then we all drank a strange drink - coconut milk with hot peppers, spices and slivers of very young coconut, not unlike a mild

salad dressing.

In the evening, dancers came from another village and performed the kebyar, pendet and djauk. Later there was Ramayana up at the temple where the festival is still going on.

October 9, 1971

I bought eight metres of white cloth and fruits with which to decorate the gift and took it in a covered silver bowl to the family of Agung for the second cremation. It seems I have got the wrong day for doing this and must do it again on October 16.

October 10, 1971

I watched about fifty boys and men decorating the high-tiered god houses. They covered the bare wood with white material glued on with sticky rice glue. This in turn they covered with gold and yellow paper with cut-outs. To do this, they folded a long strip of yellow paper and pinned it to a board, then cut out a pencilled pattern with chisel and hammer. This long strip was then pasted over the gold or white, giving a lacy effect. Larger and more complicated designs were being cut out of cardboard covered with gold paper to make collars, wings and headdresses for the various carved heads. There always seems to be one older person who knows the design required. Although they may not have made one like it for ten years or more, they remember. There are no books kept or drawings. There must be hundreds of these designs. If you count those for the rice offerings, the palm offerings, the lamaks and designs for the god houses, the variety seems infinite.

October 11, 1971

The white material and silver bowl were returned to me today from

the temple. I was told to take them to one of the wives in another courtyard. This I did and was given coffee and cakes and sat and talked.

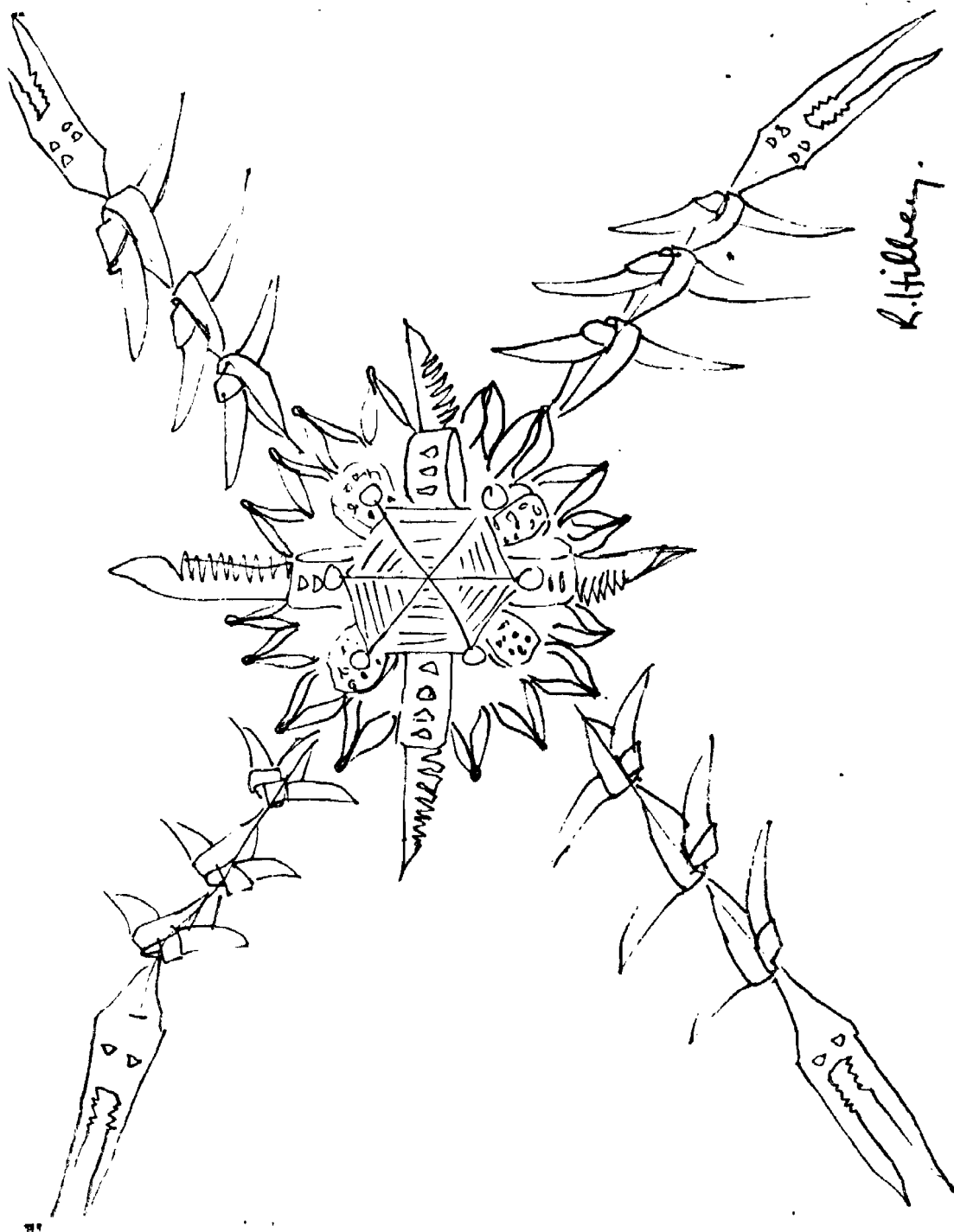
October 12, 1971

This is the day before the ceremony begins. I went in the evening to the temple. It is most beautifully decorated. Many of the women were sitting making cut-out oilies on which the food will be put. I managed to make one of these.

October 13, 1971

I had been told that there would be a procession at eight in the morning and that the women would be wearing yellow kabayas which we had all had specially made, so I dressed like that. Then I was stopped and told 'No, not today, three days from now.' I had just changed into European dress when the wives and High Priest and his wife went past signalling for me to come in Balinese dress. So once again I dressed, but not in the yellow kebaya, and went out to find a group forming round the banyan tree opposite the puri. After prayers and offerings, the family collected under a mattress and a plaited mat and stood beneath the tree while pieces were chopped off and fell onto the mattress and mat. I was given a white headband and beckoned to come under the mattress too. There was much giggling and laughing and manoeuvring to be in the right place to catch the falling branches. Then we walked back to the temple with our load of banyan over our heads.

In the afternoon there was another procession, this time to the cremation field. Offerings and the long white sheet under which we all walked were taken in to the temple, prayers were said, then we all



Palm leaf decoration

walked back. We were still wearing the white headbands.

October 14, 1971

There was a ceremony outside the temple today with three High Priests praying all at one, one Buddha, one Siwa and one Suma (all Brahmin and all Hindu, but different groups.) I believe these prayers were to appease the evil spirits. At the end there was a free-for-all when the large baskets full of offerings were overturned and everyone helped themselves. All the offerings, containers and decorated altars were torn to pieces. Some of the pieces are kept as holy relics and much prized.

I went home and had just changed to trousers and was relaxing when once again the family went by my house saying "Aren't you coming to the temple now?" Once again I changed to Balinese dress, went to the temple and found the families taking part in a ceremony, seated in a pavilion in the inner courtyard, together with the High Priest, making puspa linggas. This is very intricate indeed. The structure is of palm and looks like a wine bottle in a plaited case. Then flowers, different colored petals, leaves and spices are stuck in the top and bound with thread all around. The whole is wrapped in green leaf which I think was probably the banyan. Then it was covered in a special way with a white sheet with gold designs painted on it. Innumerable bits and pieces, such as colored string and paper, were wrapped in each fold. I think they made about fifty altogether. It took about three hours. It was dark in the courtyard but the village priest kept a coconut burning brightly in a large bowl in front of the platform to a guardian god. When my eyes and brain were tired of

following the intricacies of puspa lingga making, I sat and watched the fire as one does on a winter evening. Each puspa lingga represents the soul of a dead ancestor and his name is tucked inside somewhere. How they know one from the other I did not find out, as they all seem exactly alike.

October 15, 1971

Dressed for the ceremony at nine in the morning, as printed on the program sheet, but no ceremony. Beautiful offerings are being carried along the road to the temple though. The ceremony will be at three they say. I have learned that one needn't go to the temple until the kulkul beats.

Some eggs and a mango were brought to me from the pedanda and his wife who are staying in this courtyard for the ceremonies. I wonder what I should give in return. Since their arrival, under Ktut's direction, I have worn a scarf round my waist all day. I always wear one to go to the temple, but presume this is an added show of respect for the resident High Priest. He and his wife are very quiet gentle people and most charming and gracious in their manner to me. They speak no English so I cannot talk to them. I dare not speak my dreadful Indonesian to them.

At around six in the evening, we went to the temple and later had dinner there.

October 16, 1971

The women and the men have been working all night preparing food. I went to the temple about eight o'clock and guests started arriving at about nine-thirty. The skin and head of a black buffalo were

laid out in the inner temple, also the complete skin of a goat. There was a procession with the fifty puspa linggas carried three times round the altars, together with a live white buffalo. Lunch was served buffet style to everybody - well over five hundred people.

Every day of this second cremation, the Lontar has been read almost continuously all day by a group of men in a special pavilion. Gamelans have been playing, usually two at once. Today a special gamelan called saron was played in the inner temple. This instrument is of bamboo slats placed across a long piece of carved wood and played with two sticks tied together to form a V-shape so that each strike is a chord.

In the evening there were masked dance and legong performances.

October 17, 1971

The toothfiling was held today for the children of the families involved in the second cremation. The initiates were magnificently dressed in white, yellow and gold. Both girls and men were bare shouldered. The girls were fully made up as if for dancing. They wore gold headdresses and long trains between their legs. They walked in procession to the temple and after prayers and cleansing ceremonies, they lay, six at a time, on a large square bier, each with a priest scraping and grinding with his file. The crush to stand round the bier and watch was tremendous but all very friendly and lighthearted. The initiates lay flat on their backs with hands lightly clasped. At intervals they looked at themselves in the mirror and if not satisfied lay back for more. Finally, with much laughter, they were carried shoulder-high by their friends back to the house. While the toothfiling

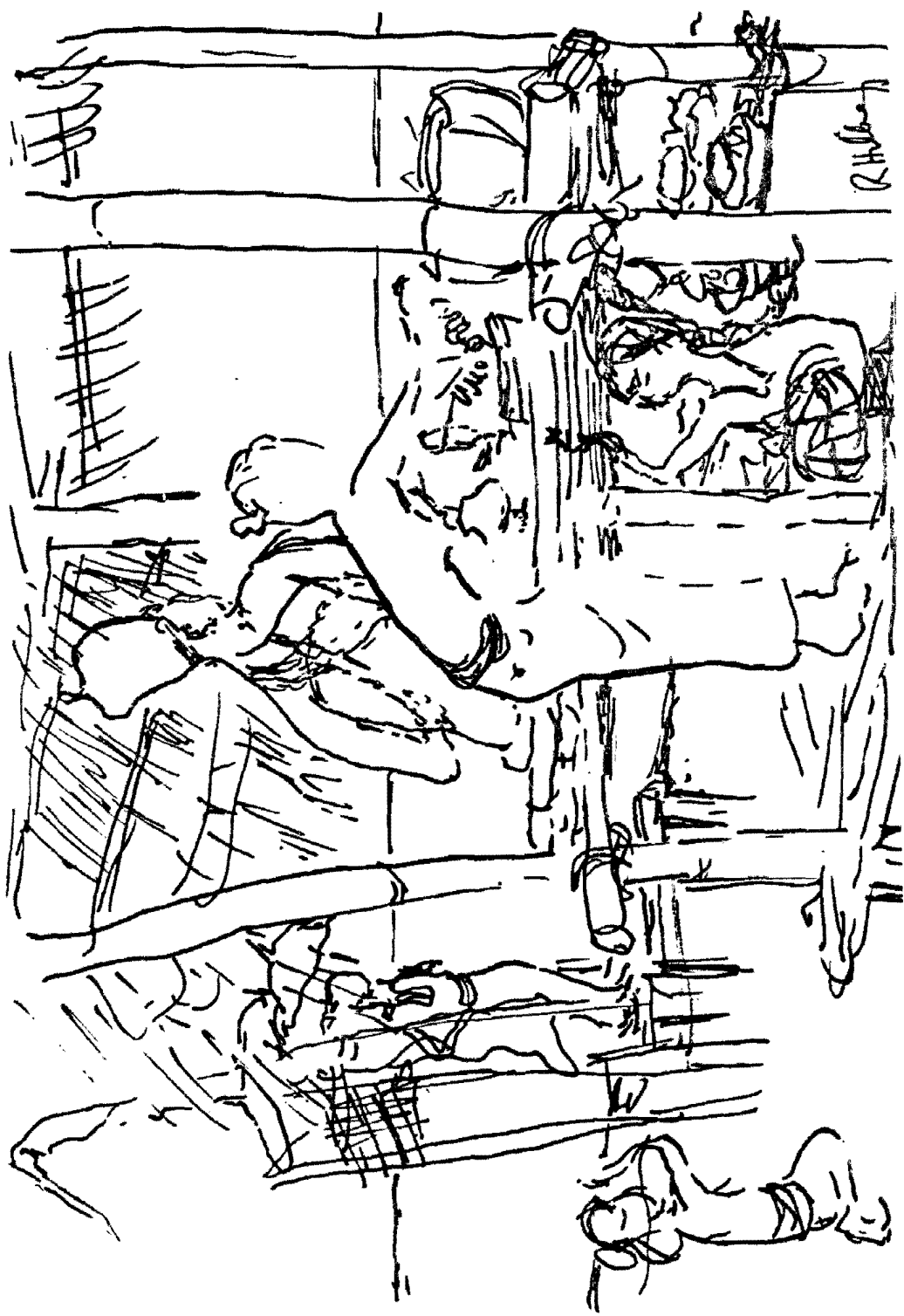
was going on there were performances of gambuh and gamelan with flutes. Later in the day there was the most colorful procession of all. It seemed to include everyone, even the children in full ceremonial dress, with bare shoulders and bodies tightly swathed in sarongs of wonderful silk and brocade. The children were to have their hair ceremonially cut. Very little was actually taken from each. In the evening, there was a performance of Ramayana.

October 18, 1971

Despite the fact that the program seemed to read that everyone stays home today, just about everybody went to the temple. I did three drawings in the temple. In the evening there were long prayers with the High Priest, wayang kulit, more Lontar reading and gamelan playing. The dance performances lasted nearly all night.

October 19, 1971

Today is probably the most important of all. We are to go to the sea. The kulkul started to beat about five this morning so I breakfasted earlier than usual. I was told that maybe we would leave at eight o'clock. Sure enough the gamelan began playing in one of the twenty-two trucks which were supposed to hold forty people each, but of course had many more than that. There were also two buses and lots of cars and motor bikes, all lined up in the roadway. Eventually we all squeezed in. There were about eleven cremation towers and fifty or more nuspa linggas and innumerable relics, umbrellas, sacred objects, offerings and flags. It took over an hour to reach the black sand beach. Here we waded across a wide stream to reach the sea. Some pavilions had been temporarily erected and we raced across the burning hot sand for



High Priest by the sea

the shade. Others settled themselves in a long line of cremation towers and umbrellas and mats and offerings in front of the sea. Here we sat while the puspa linggas were, what appeared to be, remade. The High Priest prayed all the while and we also prayed some of the time. Then some bits and pieces, I don't know exactly what, were burnt in earthenware dishes - I think maybe that they were the pieces inside the original puspa linggas. The ashes were mixed with liquid. This was poured into young coconuts and put inside the puspa linggas. A smudge was put on the forehead of the relatives. The puspa linggas were then passed around and placed on the head of every family member in turn. Many times this was done. Then each puspa lingga was taken down to the sea and a relative carried it out in a prau and cast it overboard. Some ducks had been taken out and let loose and men swam for these. The crowd on the shore was quick to salvage what they could from the offerings that floated back to shore. The cremation towers were all going up in smoke and flame and within what seemed like minutes, everyone had packed up and was heading for home.

It is amazing to me that although there must have been about one thousand people and many children, there was no rush, no pushing, absolutely no shouting or even a great deal of talking. Everyone knew exactly what he was doing.

In the evening I went to the temple and found that all the offerings had been taken away. It was swept clean and empty except for a few men taking down the electric wiring.

October 23, 1971

The twenty-five year old son of one of the Tjokordas died today

very suddenly. Everyone went to the family wearing scarves round their waists to pay their respects and to help make palm offerings and decorations.

October 24, 1971

I took two meters of white cloth in a silver dish to the family and stayed for about two hours making rice offerings. It is not considered good to cry and I must say making the offerings is a great help. There were about one hundred people there. Men were building a bier and a cremation tower. Trees were being cut down to make the bull. Already they had hollowed out one trunk. They must have worked all night last night and will take it in turns to watch the body. Coffee and cakes were served to everyone and lunch and dinner for the helpers.

October 25, 1971

I went again to help make the offerings and decorations and this time stayed to lunch. Late in the afternoon there was a ceremonial washing of the body.

October 26, 1971

Before the cremation, we all ate lunch with the family. After prayers and ceremonies the body was taken out in what looked like a wooden coffin. The head of the family sat astride the body as it was carried out of the house to the cremation tower. Ahead was an enormous and magnificent white bull and three close members of the family rode astride it all the way to the cremation field. The body was still burning at dusk. I talked with the father and he explained that the cremation is an act of purification and releasing the spirit to go to the next world. Later that evening they took the ashes to the river.

Most cremations that I have seen have not been sad at all, but this was rather different as the young man had died so young, though I understand he knew that he might not live very long as his heart was not strong.

November 2, 1971

I was invited to a house in Taman to have lunch. A pig had been killed early in the morning and all the men and women had prepared it, chopping, mincing, mixing it with coconut and spices, and making sausages and sate. It was a delicious lunch.

At dusk I was invited to take part in a ceremony with the family in the courtyard. There were two upturned baskets with a selection of offerings on top and between them a tilted clay bowl with a burning coconut husk and brushwood torch. We stood in a half circle opposite the lady of the house who touched our hands in turn with various things, such as palm, sirih, egg and rice. Then we turned our hands over and she placed a holy coin on the back of each and a thread of red cotton between our thumb and fingers. Then we threw these into the fire. Holy water on a marigold flower was sprinkled over us. Three times we sipped the holy water from our right hands, then wiped our faces and hair. The whole ceremony was light hearted and informal and yet serious and intent. It was explained that this was to "feed the good in the evil spirits inside us, as nothing is all bad or all good." We wafted the essence of the offerings towards us. This same ceremony was taking place in almost every house in the village at this time.

November 3, 1971

Galungan starts today. As I understand it, the ancestors visit

their homes at this time. The children do not go to school and everyone either stays home or visits their relatives.

A friend and I went to visit an artist who took us across the rice fields to another village to talk with friends of his. They were an elderly couple with no children of their own. They gave us fresh coconut milk. Apparently it was not that she could not have children but that she had not wanted any. They seemed a most contented couple. On the way home, we met some other friends of the artist, a young couple who had, that day, got married. The girl was from a village nearby and they had met in school in Denpasar. She said she had walked over early this morning, by herself. I asked whether her mother had come too, and she replied, smiling, that her mother did not yet know of her marriage. This was a Balinese run-away marriage. However, obviously all of Taman village knew about it as there were many gifts. They gave us rice wine. As we walked back home we met the Barong. During Galungan, the Barongs are taken for walks and to visit Barongs in other villages. The Barong is a mythical animal represented by a magnificent carved and painted head, usually that of a lion but sometimes as a tiger or boar. The expression is a strange mixture of ferocity, benevolence and haughty disdain. This head is attached to a long shaggy body often made of flowing fibre strands. He carries much decoration of tooled leather painted gold and inset with mirrors, necklaces, headdresses, backpieces and a high curving upstanding tail. When in procession, the Barong's servants take turns, one under the massive head and one under the tail. In most villages, one must kneel as he goes by. He is thought to be a strong and powerful



Fig. 2. - 19

source of good with a beneficial and protecting influence over his village. He is always accompanied by the Witch, Rangda, safely tucked away in her box and covered by protective black and white checked cloth. She is his evil counterpart. The Barong may originally have come from China where there is still a similar mythological animal with a very similar name and attributes.

November 5, 1971

Ktut took a friend and me up to his village to see a performance of drama. We left after dinner and walked in the dark, climbing down to the river at Tjampuan and across and up the other side in the darkness with only our flashlights. We must have walked for at least an hour, uphill slightly all the way. As we came near to the temple, other villagers joined us. Ktut's village had not seen very many foreigners and we caused quite a sensation which was a bit embarrassing while the prayers were going on. Ktut had to go and borrow sarongs for us to wear. We already had scarves. We watched the dancers being dressed and made up and talked with them, then saw the performance. We left around twelve-thirty. It was a bright moonlight night and the walk home was glorious. It was very lucky that Ktut insisted in accompanying us, as his quick eyes spotted a snake lying in the road - a dangerous one - and after that we were exceedingly careful and used our flashlights a lot more often. However, we saw no more. Going down to the river again was not easy and we might well have missed the path had we been on our own.

November 7, 1971

As a last step in the second cremation ceremonies, we went to the

temple of the Bat Cave which is by the seashore. This temple is supposedly linked by underground caves and tunnels to Mt. Agung and so the spirit is at last sent off to the mountain. We left Ubud in buses and trucks at about eight o'clock in the morning. First we went to the house of the High Priest on the way to the Bat Cave. Here we were given tea and cakes. Everyone went and prayed in the house temple of the High Priest. Then we left for the sea. Offerings were made and many prayers were offered by the High Priest. We ate a picnic lunch and returned home.

November 8, 1971

I went up to Kintamani to watch the volcano at night and stayed in a house in Penelokan. This house stands on the edge of the crater overlooking the lake which surrounds Mt. Batur. It is a magnificent view. We arrived near sunset and had just settled on the verandah with tea when fog began to roll up and we were soon running for blankets. However, we ate an enormous dinner and took to a bottle of arak - which is very strong spirit - a rice base I think. The son of the house, a young man on holiday from medical school in Denpasar, sat with us.

We talked about black magic and evil spirits, both of which are very real in Bali. He said that when the birds that hang in the cages around the house sing in the middle of the night, this means that evil spirits are about. Then the Balinese get up and rub onions and salt together between their hands and throw them out of the doorway. If the singing persists, then they throw out a piece of black string and a piece of white. I have since learned that black and white, as in the checked cloth which covers Rangda, is supposed to be protective

possibly black for evil and white for good. The onion is used in many parts of Bali as a protection against evil spirits. There is an old lullaby which tells a young mother to be sure to carry an onion near her breast when she goes to the river to bathe in case the evil spirits come and steal her milk. As for the salt, the strange part is that I have been reading "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" by Dmitri Merezhkovsky. He describes in a girl's vision of a Witches Sabbath, the stirring of a bowl of food for the Devil, in which no salt is put because the Devil hates salt. What a strange link, on the one hand Italy of the mid fifteenth century and on the other, Penelokan high in the interior of present day Bali.

He also told us of a marriage where the parents of the girl did not agree to it, and black magiced the husband so that he had fits of uncontrollable anger. When the man realized what was happening, he divorced the wife. However, apparently the magic still affects his nervous system. In Bali it is very important that the families agree to a marriage, and with good reason, since they are in very close contact with one another. So, I think it very possible that the stresses and strains and knowledge that his marriage was unpopular were too much for the man. It is really only the use of words which misleads a Westerner about black magic. What we call a "bad" man, or a "sick" man, is in Bali a man in whom the evil spirits are stronger than the good. With excellent psychology, they feed the good so that the evil will not be able to spread. So you find that they are especially nice, giving and loving, to the very people we in the West would condemn and abhor. By condemning and being unpleasant we are, in fact, feeding the bad part

of the person (call it evil spirits, or sickness, or nastiness, or whatever) and he becomes correspondingly worse.

It grew so cold that a fire of sticks in a shallow iron bowl was brought onto the verandah and quickly defrosted us.

In the middle of the night I awoke to see Mt. Batur clearly against the night sky. Every five minutes a golden fiery plume of red hot rocks and stones was thrown high into the night sky, like a huge Roman Candle.

Dawn came very suddenly. With the light, the fireworks disappeared and billows of muddy smoke were all that could be seen.

November 9, 1971

I rose about an hour after dawn and sat outside in the early sun watching the people climbing up the winding path from the crater lake below. Their pack horses carried fish, fruit and vegetables for sale or exchange in Penelokan or Kintamani, or to be taken by truck to Denpasar. We drove on to Kintamani, getting dustier and drier the higher we went. The road continues up before dipping down to the northern coast of Bali. We left the motorbike just before the top and walked to the temple at Mt. Penulisan. The path led us through a pine forest along the edge of the crater. The soil was sandy and there were many plants like rhododendrons and some ferns. After about half an hour's walk uphill, during which we passed many Balinese families and priests in temple dress and carrying offerings, we reached an Alpine like village. We walked on and eventually reached the steps to the temple, two hundred and eighty-six of them I believe, though it seemed like a lot more. The festival was not being held in this temple but in one further on. Offerings had been put on the lower steps but

place was otherwise deserted. We went up to the courtyards on successive tiers. The top was a rectangle with a simple low wall inside which were the usual low pavilions with one closed pavilion in the middle. There were no merus but in the pavilions were a marvellous collection of strange carvings. There were many large stone linggas about three feet high, some smooth and some very rough. Sometimes two stood on the same base, forming a sort of double lingga. In the middle of the courtyard was a large square stone about waist high with a deeply stencilled simple design on each of its four sides. On three sides were phallic symbols and on the fourth what I would imagine might have been a symbol for the female.

Back in Ubud, I watched the arrival of two Barong Landungs: a black man and a white woman. Everyone gathered under the banyan tree and the Barong Landungs danced. They were quite bawdy. On this occasion they were just on holiday for Galungan, but sometimes they are used to exorcise evil spirits as they, like the Barong, have very strong protective powers.

November 10, 1971

It is fifteen days after the cremation of the young man, so there was a feast and offerings in the house of his family. I went there to dinner and watched dancing afterwards.

November 13, 1971

In the afternoon we went by car to the village of Paksibali near Klungkung where a god fight was to take place. As I understand it, about six gods and goddesses (aspects of the One God) are brought to the temple from another village to meet on the Kuningan holiday. They are

taken to the river for purification and when they return to the temple, they fight against being taken back, like children who do not want to go back to school.

The gods are represented as square boxes covered with long hair, and tied on top of bamboo frames. Each frame is carried by ten or twelve men, equally divided when in trance into those who do wish to return to the temple and those who do not. The men rush into the first courtyard fairly willingly but then circle round and go more deeply into trance, with some of them pulling away from the entrance to the second courtyard and others pulling towards it. Weaving with a dreamlike slow movement between the racing frames with their god cargoes, are other trance dancers carrying krises. It is most unnerving when these kris dancers come directly towards one with eyes dilated and only pause and turn at the last moment. There are also men keeping an eye on the trance dancers, but they are hard to distinguish from the crowd and one cannot imagine they will ever rescue one in time. Eventually, one by one the frames are manhandled up the steps and through the narrow gate into the second courtyard. Here the priest or priestess sprinkles holy water on the men in trance and they relax and return to normal. Getting the kris dancers to give up their krises is another matter. It took five or six men to tear the kris from each dancer - his arm and hand rigid, and his face mirroring the agony of giving it up. Each was then carried to the priest and sat cross-legged while being sprinkled with water. After about five minutes they just stood up and walked away as though nothing had happened. Girls in full ceremonial dress and flower headresses were chanting all the while and the offerings were some of the most

beautiful I have seen.

On the way back we saw four pig Barongs and two Barong Landungs. A very fine pair in Gianjar.

In the evening we went to Mas for the first day of a big temple festival there. On our way back from Paksibali we had seen people carrying high offerings from as far away as Pedjeng, about four miles. The temple has large and spacious courtyards lit by paraffin lamps. There were three gamelans playing at once and in the inner courtyard two older women began to dance an offering dance. Soon they were joined, shyly at first, by other younger women, until there were twelve dancers. The whole thing was spontaneous and very moving and beautiful. These were not trained dancers.

Later there was to be drama, but as it was very late and had not yet begun, in true Western style we left. The Balinese, of course, will stay all night if they wish to see it. Unlike us, they do not panic about loss of sleep as we do. If they are tired, they will fall asleep wherever they happen to be and do not feel they have to rush home and go to bed.

November 14, 1971

We went to Mas in the evening and watched a performance of ketjak in the temple courtyard, which is, of course, its proper setting.

November 15, 1971

I went to finish off a painting of the festival at night in Mas and stayed to watch wayang kulit.

November 16, 1971

I went up to Kedison to stay for a couple of days. In the evening

six girls rehearsed the djoged boom boom, a provocative dance performed singly by each girl in turn, with the object of enticing the men to dance with her but then deliberately avoiding their touch. The music for this is played on the tingklik gamelan which is of bamboo accompanied by drum, cymbals and flute. Before the rehearsal the girls made an offering in the house courtyard. One of the men sat joining strips of bamboo with rattan to make fans for the girls. He then proceeded to cut out the material for the fans and sewed them up on a sewing machine. Both men and women use sewing machines in Bali. In fact I have seen more men than women at work on them.

November 18, 1971

I helped prepare lunch in the kitchen, which meant peeling small white onions and red onions and chopping them very small. The rice was being steamed and in the last twenty minutes some leafy greens were steamed on top. These were later served with fried onions and grated coconut. The djoged boom boom girls practised twice today.

At dusk a Barong arrived from another village and passed through Kedison on his way home. I followed him out into the rice fields and watched him negotiating the steep steps and narrow ledges accompanied by umbrellas, flags, gamelan, and attendants in white shirts with pink, cerulean blue, yellow and maroon sarongs. They threaded their way through the fields into the distance.

After dinner, the young girl dancers took me hand-in-hand through the pitch blackness up to the temple to accompany the Kedison Barong on his rounds of the village. I felt enormously tall between my tiny companions. The Barong stopped outside each temple and holy place and

we knelt while he inhaled the essence of the offerings. After doing the rounds, we took him home to his own temple where he was backed and lifted into his house, propped on a frame and then locked up.

November 19, 1971

This is a special day when every family takes offerings up to the rice fields. I left with the family at five in the morning. We took offerings in two large baskets. Two women carried high offerings on their heads and an older child held a burning fire brand. It is nearly harvest here. The fields were full of people setting out their offerings and shouting to scare away the birds.

It took an hour or more to set out the offerings in their proper order with the best artistic effect, and to make the necessary prayers. Most of the edible parts were taken home or eaten on the way back. It was cloudy when we first went out, but later Mt. Agung appeared, huge and black, with Mt. Batur at its feet sending up clouds of smoke, seemingly making its own offerings to Mt. Agung.

We had two dance practices again today and after dinner a rehearsal of drama which the villagers have only just begun to learn. Once the harvest begins, the practices will stop temporarily.

November 21, 1971

I returned to Ubud this morning. I understand the river at Tjampuan was neck high last night due to very heavy rain. I crossed it this afternoon and it was knee high and very fast. A girl helped me as my bare feet on the rough stones are not very secure. Traffic across the river, now that the bridge, which is being re-built, is out of order, is almost continuous. People come and go carrying rice,



A bird-scarer in the rice fields

bricks and huge stones and, of course, ordinary market produce.

November 23, 1971

What with painting about one picture every three days and learning Balinese dance every day, there never seems to be much spare time. However, I went to a small festival at the Temple of the Dead. Families, complete with tiny babies often held by their fathers, brought in offerings and prayed together.

After dinner I went again to the temple to watch legong and baris danced in the courtyard.

November 24, 1971

I went by bus to Denpasar and then by Bemo to Kuta beach where I have friends staying. To me, Kuta is like other holiday places in the Caribbean. It is neither a place to paint nor to meet the Balinese, who do not much care for the beach. I did enjoy watching the fishermen. They seem to do a lot of work for very few fish, but this may have been just a bad day. The sea here is great for surfing. It is also rather dangerous and people occasionally drown. Every so often a big wave will rise up from nowhere and thoroughly bounce you around. The sunsets are certainly magnificent.

November 28, 1971

This is the rainy season and it isn't as hot as I was told to expect. In fact, I was wearing a sweater last night. It rained again this morning. There is supposed to be a performance of Tjalon Arang this evening so I went up to the cremation field to see what preparations have been made. Sure enough, a male papaya tree had been planted - apparently Rangda, the Witch, likes this - and a platform with a sloping

ramp had been made for her to climb up and go into trance. It began to rain again so I sat in a warung drinking coffee when to my enormous surprise I saw a young man in a black morning suit, black shoes and white tie walking towards us under a flowery umbrella held by a Balinese in orange shirt and sarong. They looked so incongruous. I could only imagine that he was going to see an illustrious painter who lives nearby. I asked him if he were looking for the painter and he replied no, he believed he was looking for me. He had been given my name by the man from NBC who had interviewed me some time ago. He explained that he was travelling with Dan Whicker and would like to interview me for an English TV show. So we went home and Dan Whicker came and interviewed me with about ten assistants. I tried unsuccessfully to persuade them to film the Tjalon Arang as it is performed so rarely.

I could not find out what time the performance would begin, perhaps six, seven, or eight, or maybe not at all. We went at about seven-thirty and shortly after, the Barong arrived from Tellellangan with his retinue, having walked five miles or more. I later stood next to a family from Pujing who had walked eleven miles to see the performance. It began with a wonderful dance by the Barong. This was followed by ardja, Balinese opera. I left at three in the morning as Rangda was still in her box and the dancer not fully costumed. The story is hard to follow and relates to King Airlangga and a widow named Tjalon Arang who are represented respectively as the Barong and Rangda. The story concerns the eternal fight between these two, good and evil.

At the end of the dance, Rangda and the Barong followers are supposed to go into trance, but this does not always happen. It is a dangerous

dance for the man who plays Rangda. He must be a man of very strong good, so that he will not succumb when entered by Rangda. He has been known to go mad and not recover. I learned later that at this dance, Rangda did not go into trance.

November 30, 1971

I walked to Tjampuan and got caught in a tremendous downpour. We sheltered in the temple and were joined by ten Balinese girls who said they were on their way to Mas, about eight miles from their own village, to help with the harvest. Some of the girls were married, and said that their husbands were already there. They said that if the rain did not stop they would sleep the night in the temple. They had food with them and firewood, but no blankets. They would sleep close together for warmth, covered by their sarongs.

December 1, 1971

I talked to the local doctor. He said that he went to school first in his village and then in Denpasar. He went on to medical school in Djakarta. Now, there is a medical school in Denpasar.

December 3, 1971

I visited some friends and watched the family in their courtyard setting up a loom with black and white threads. They had already spun and dyed the cotton. The entire hank is about twelve feet long and is spread out at one end over a beam while one of the women picks out certain threads to raise them on a stick. About three men were helping her, no one telling anyone what to do. They obviously all knew exactly what was needed.

I was told that at the Kuningan celebrations, maybe nine separate

compounds will join together to slaughter a pig. They will all help in the division of the pig into nine separate parcels. Even the ears are divided into nine, and the snout into nine etc. Everyone receives exactly the same amount. I didn't have the courage to ask who gets the eyes.

December 6, 1971

I was painting a picture of the harvest and of course ended up cutting some rice. I enjoy doing it but it makes my arms itchy. It does this to the Balinese as well, but they are smart and wear long sleeves.

There was Ramayana in the evening.

December 8, 1971

This is the last day of Galungan. I am going to take an offering to the temple tonight, so Ktut bought the necessary fruit. I will help, but I cannot myself make one of those tall offerings. One of the girls began by making the smaller offerings. She set out dishes made of palm leaf. On these she placed petals of many types of flowers: water lily; white, yellow and green tjempaka; red hibiscus; frangipani; gardenia; red, purple and white periwinkle, and a purple trumpet-shaped flower, the name of which I do not know. After making little pyramids of flower petals on these smaller plates, she then started on a large square plate of palm, putting on each of these two mounds of rice, little containers of salt, nuts and omelette, and pieces of rice biscuit in pink, white, mauve and brown.

Before we left for the temple, offerings were made all over the courtyard. My offering was carried for me up to the temple where we prayed with everyone else.

December 11, 1971

There was legong and baris in the evening at the temple, followed by ardja. A long and lovely evening entertainment.

December 12, 1971

I went on a Vespa to Tanalot early this morning. It is rather a long way away and the last part of the road is very bad indeed. After the rain it was a sea of mud and it was easier to walk. We made it somehow. Tanalot is very beautiful and picturesque, but it is not elemental like Uluwatu, and I was a little disappointed. However, I did a nice painting of it and am very glad I saw it.

When I got back to Ubud I was told that the Barong was about to go and visit the Barong in Sebali. I quickly dressed Balinese and went up to the temple just as the Barong was arriving from Sebali to fetch the Ubud Barong. After a short ceremony, they all upped and took off in a huge flock of flags, umbrellas and gamelans, with the Rangdas in their boxes. At least seven hundred people accompanied the two Barongs, first towards Tjampuan, then turning right along a pathway and over a bridge, then going steeply up and over a grass-covered hill and away along the ridge at the top. The sight of the curling lines of gaily colored men and women pouring up the two pathways and over the brilliant green of the grassy hill was so beautiful that I intend to come back and paint it from memory. We walked close to one another, almost treading on each other's heels, at a very fast pace for about three miles. We stopped in at a temple in the village of Kalbang Mording, just before Sebali, to make offerings and to collect another Barong, a white one. After half an hour we were off again to Sebali. Here the temple was very full of



Barongs visiting

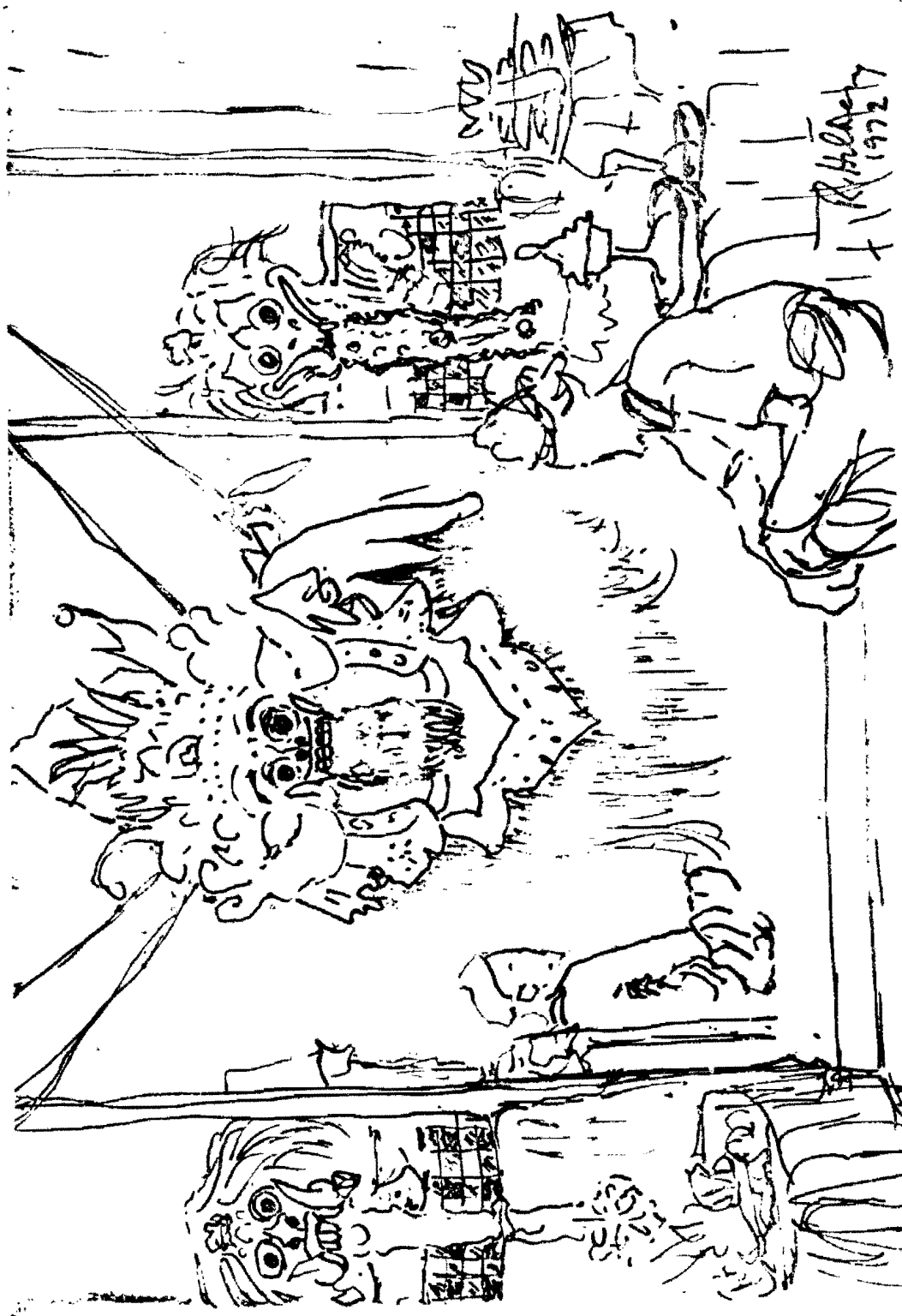
people and offerings. The three visiting Barongs were put in an open bale and the resident Barong went to his own house. We sat a while and talked until sunset. No one seemed to think that there would be dancing or drama so we left and walked quietly home. Many people from Ubud stayed the night in the temple and I wished that I had done so too, as there was drama later in the evening.

December 13, 1971

A typical morning. After breakfast, I wrote my journal, did my washing, and went for my dance lesson. I came back and bathed and was just eating some papaya when I heard the gamelan and raced out just too late to see the Barong returning from Seballi. I followed up to the temple and watched the short ceremony before the Barong was put back into his house. I was supposed to go later to a friend's house where the priest was to bless a newly built well. It rained so hard that I was sure they would not hold the ceremonies and so I did not go. I learned afterwards that I missed them!

December 14, 1971

My dance teacher and I repainted the faded gold paint on the sarong of my dance costume. We half finished it - or rather she did. I did very little by comparison. The headdress, bracelets and armbands, waist band and necklace are all being made specially for me by a Balinese from another village. They are made of tooled leather painted gold and set with many mirrors. I have also bought two lengths of black hair which are sewn together to make one long ponytail. My dance teacher, Agung Ari Mas, is a niece of Tjokorda Agung. She was herself a dancer of legong, tambulilingan and pendet. She has already made for me the two scarves decorated with sequins which are attached to either side of the



Barong and witches

skirt and are raised like wings during the dance. So I am nearly all set except that I have not yet danced with the gamelan and still need a lot more practice.

December 16, 1971

The family in my courtyard know that I love to help make the rice offerings so I went with them to the temple today to make offerings for a ceremony three days from now. I also had lunch there.

December 17, 1971

I was all ready to go to Sanur beach to swim and went out to catch the seven o'clock bus to Denpasar, but it had left at six thirty. So I tried for the next one, only to discover that all the buses were going to Lebih instead. Obviously I should go to Lebih too. There was a once-a-year festival on the seashore there, where everyone takes offerings to the evil spirits. No one could understand why I should want to go to Denpasar on such a day. I think I may at last have learned not to try to swim against the stream, so swiftly turned my thoughts to Lebih and how to get there. My friends found someone to take me on a Vespa. The road was not very good. All along the way we passed a continuous stream of brightly dressed men and women, children and babies, going to the beach, the women carrying the offerings. I was told that some had started around midnight last night and may have walked twenty miles or more. At the beach, each family and sometimes a whole village with their village priests quickly find a place along the shore to spread out their offerings. They pray, then take their flower offerings and drop them down at the water's edge where the children promptly pounce on them for kepengs, the holy coins sometimes tucked inside. The food offerings are then gathered

up again and the family sets out for home. Some stay to watch the topeng or the wayang kulit. The High Priest was also praying. There were many stalls selling coffee, tea and food. I imagine that there were about ten thousand people coming and going, and yet there was no scrambling, pushing or shouting. Each person knew exactly what to do. It was a glorious sight and I was glad that I had gone.

December 18, 1971

I did go to Sanur beach to swim and stayed all morning. In the afternoon I changed to Balinese dress and followed a big procession with three god houses of gold, a Barong and many offerings going from Ubud to Tjampuan to fetch holy water. It poured with rain but the procession went on and we were all soaked. However, rain in Bali is good and not grumbled at, especially at a festival where it means that the offerings have been accepted. Anyway, one is soon dry as it is not very cold.

December 19, 1971

There was yet another procession to a temple quite near the cremation field. Here we collected some more god houses and offerings to be brought to the temple in Ubud. After dinner there was a topeng performance and drama which was very funny.

December 20, 1971

This evening there was a performance of legong and baris. Much later there was wayang kulit from the village of Sukawati.

December 21, 1971

I am getting quite exhausted. This evening there was a performance of topeng and drama again, quite different from last night, and then from midnight till five there was wayang kulit. I admit I slept through part

of it. There were at least two hundred people still there at the end. This is all part of a big festival which will go on for six days. Many people go to the temple daily and some sleep there.

Sometimes the Balinese language does not translate into English very well. There are some words and things which have no English equivalent and are outside our understanding. The reverse is also true. For instance, there are no words in Balinese for "thank you" or "I am sorry."

December 22, 1971

There was a long performance of Ramayana this evening. It was very crowded.

December 23, 1971

I awoke this morning to the sound of the kulkul and the gamelan. I dressed fast in Balinese dress - for a Westerner this is quite difficult. First the sarong or skirt is wrapped around so that the edge is centred in front. Then a binding four inches wide and six yards long is wound tightly round the waist and hips. After the kebaya, or blouse, is simple enough, but the hair has to be drawn back from the face and flowers have to be tucked into it. Finally a scarf is added round the waist. Earrings and a necklace are almost always worn by the Balinese together with bracelets. Thus attired I rushed to the temple to find a procession already forming to return the god houses and Barongs to their various temples. Each god house is preceded by a long white sheet carried over the heads of the villagers. Before the Barongs left there were offerings to the evil spirits. This is the end of the festival. I must say I am very tired after all the late nights and going to the temple every day - not that one has to go to all this of

course, but I hate to miss anything.

I was told that twins have been born in a village nearby. In Bali this is not considered good unless the parents are high-caste. In some villages the family will be sent to live in a temporary house just outside the village for forty-two days because they are regarded as unclean. During this time the people of the village will help them by bringing food. After this there are ceremonies and all the villagers go to the sea, I imagine for purification, but maybe to make offerings to the evil spirits. Then the family moves back to their home in the village and life goes on as normal.

December 24, 1971

For the last six days the weather has been perfect, clear sunny and dry. Some say that the rainy season is finished, others that this is just a break, which seems much more likely to me.

December 25, 1971

A nice quiet day. I did some painting. There was a dinner party in the evening in the Puri.

December 26, 1971

The weather is changing back to storms and rain. I am beginning to worry and ponder over what I am going to do when I leave in April, a little more than three months away.

December 29, 1971

There was topeng performance in a house temple not far away but it was raining, so I did not go.

January 1, 1972

I got up early and walked to the village of Sati where villagers had gathered to collect the Barongs that went there yesterday. It was

a lovely walk and I was the only Westerner present. After half an hour of prayers and ceremonies in the temple, we all came back, about five hundred people and four Barongs. Two of the Barongs went as far as the outskirts of the village, then said farewell and returned to Sebali.

It is windy and sometimes very hot, and then it rains heavily. Very changeable.

January 2, 1972

I went to visit a young couple who have just had a new baby. The young girl had walked about a mile and a half with some very precipitous climbs from her village to the clinic in Ubud as it was her first baby. All went well. The most important thing is that the afterbirth must be taken back at once to the home and buried. Flowers, offerings and stones mark the spot. When and if the couple should move to another house, they will take some earth from this spot and bury it in like manner in front of their new house.

January 4, 1972

I had arranged to go to Denpasar by bus at seven with Agung Ari Mas. However, she came to me early and said that it is her birthday and she must go to the High Priest nearby. She asked if I would like to accompany her and of course I said yes. After a quick change to Balinese dress I walked with her and her children and a young girl carrying offerings, to the High Priest's house. He was praying. After about ten minutes, Gung Ari went over to him and he prayed and sprinkled holy water over her many times as she stood before him. She turned away and took off her kebaya, then standing sideways, loosened her hair and let it fall over her face as she bent over. The High Priest then

emptied an urn of water over her back and hair. After this the two children were blessed and drank holy water, then the young girl and myself did the same.

Just as we reached home, the eight o'clock bus was starting up. I raced inside, put on Western dress and ran out in time to catch it. It was a little late leaving due to us. We had a tremendous shopping day and caught the last bus back.

January 5, 1972

I slept this afternoon so that I would be able to stay awake for drama this evening. This time I sat with Gung Ari so I got some idea of the story. As far as I could make it out, a raja has two daughters, one good and one bad. The bad men and the bad sister accuse the good sister of stealing and she is banished. She goes to live in the forest with a good old man. The bad men follow her and try to kill her, not once, but five times in all. Each time it seems she must be dead - but no - slowly she rises, to roars of applause from the audience. She is being protected by the gods, you see. A good prince, who is travelling incognito with his two servants (funny men), meets the exiled princess and they fall in love. The love making is, by Western standards, nebulous to say the least - a move closer, a look, a touch on the shoulder - and hey presto, you know they are deeply in love!

Oddly enough, she seems put off by the fact that he is a prince. He has to leave to go to her palace where, of course, he meets the bad sister and is strangely attracted. They are very nearly married. Just in time, the good princess arrives in disguise. The prince is reminded of the girl in the forest and goes off to look for her. All ends happily

after some spirited, fast, furious and funny fights. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing and never noticed the time. It ended after three in the morning.

January 8, 1972

Life is swift and fleeting here. I was sitting on the verandah of a friend's house in the evening, when a lizard fell almost at my feet from the thatch and rafters of the roof. It was stunned for a second and I scarcely had time to see it, then it made a dash for the wooden posts which support the roof. Almost before it could move, a cat appeared from nowhere and swifter still snatched it and disappeared.

January 9, 1972

I asked my cook to come with me to help me carry back a tingclick which I have been lent. This musical instrument consists of a light, almost square, wooden frame in which is suspended on string some split bamboos of varying lengths. It is played by two sticks. It is relatively simple and I thought I would try it. Also I love to listen, and some of the children here can play it. Ktut appeared with two small boys who carried it back for me.

January 11, 1972

I went for a long walk in the rice fields with a Western guest and we stopped in various houses and villages looking at paintings.

January 13, 1972

There was a party and performance of Ramayana this evening.

January 17, 1972

It is very hot and sunny today. All the mattresses are out in the courtyard and sheets are being washed - this always happens on fine

sunny days. I have never been troubled by bed bugs in any house. Occasionally there are mosquitos in the house but I have a mosquito net so am not bothered. The Balinese seldom use one.

January 18, 1972

I tried to do some weaving today. It is quite simple and the movements are pleasant to do. It is one of the things I should have learned from beginning to end while here, but I really have not had time. In the evening the children came and said there was a dance practice and that I should come. So I danced with the gamelan for the first time. I was very nervous. It is hard to pick out the beats at first. I have been used to dancing only to the singing of my teacher. I shall have to practice with a tape recorder to get used to it.

January 19, 1972

I went to swim at Sanur beach and while in the sea, I met a woman who owns an art gallery in Germany. She was interested in coming to Ubud as she was planning to buy some Balinese paintings and had heard of Ubud as an artists' colony. She came back with me, had tea and decided to come the next day and stay overnight. She seemed to like my paintings and wants to show them in her gallery.

January 20, 1972

The gallery owner, Mrs. von Gossein arrived and spent the day looking at Balinese paintings. She also decided to take thirty of my paintings to exhibit them for a month in March and April this year in Bremen. She already has a show arranged with two well known artists, Saul Steinberg and Eduard Bargheer and one other unknown like myself. She has an excellent gallery and I am thrilled.

In the evening we watched a performance of Ramayana.

January 21, 1972

Early this morning, one of the children in the courtyard aged about six or seven, carrying a small basket and a long stick, went up to the japon tree to knock off blossoms to be used for offerings. I did not notice what she was doing, but she evidently climbed up into the tree and lent on a small branch which snapped. She fell with a sickening thud to the ground. I leapt up and yelled for Ktut who came running, picked her up and disappeared into the house. Apparently she had not broken any bones but must have hit her head as she complained of dizziness. In the evening they took her to the hospital in Denpasar as they thought she might have cracked her skull. After sunset, the women and children came very quietly with offerings on a tray. They spread them out on the ground, prayed and sprinkled holy water and then took a heavy palm stalk and whacked the ground, north, south, east and west of the offerings, calling to the spirit of the child, "Go home." It was felt that perhaps her spirit was still in the place where she had fallen.

January 22, 1972

I was told this evening that the child who fell from the tree died around midday and had been brought home to her family. She apparently had a hemorrhage of the brain. Ktut took me to the parents' house and I saw the child, very beautiful and serene. It was hard to believe that she was dead. Many people were there and would stay all night with the family. It was difficult not to cry but I knew that one must not do this, at least not near the dead child. There were about four or five children in that family; she was the second eldest, I think.

January 23, 1972

Early this morning the children in the courtyard here came and chopped down the offending tree. I must say that I was glad. It seemed the right thing, though not really the fault of the tree that she leant on too small a branch. The wood was taken to the kitchen for fuel. I bought white cloth for a gift, dressed Balinese, and went to the family with my gift on a silver dish with a lid. I went around eight in the morning and stayed a couple of hours making offerings and decorations. People were coming and going. Most of them stay all day, but I cannot sit that long in Balinese dress. In the afternoon, I went back for the ceremony of washing the body. The child lay naked on a raised bier while the priest washed her with holy water and the close relatives covered her with their hands. After the washing, gifts, flowers and small offerings were put with her. She was wrapped in white sheets and tied in a mat. After more prayers, men came and carried the body outside. We followed to the cremation field. Here she was quickly put onto a wooden platform. A huge fire was lit beneath. We sat a long time watching it burn but I left before the end. The family and close friends stayed on, then went down to the river with the ashes.

January 24, 1972

I was told today that seven merus were destroyed by fire at the temple at Besakih. Apparently the fire appeared to come down from Mt. Agung. The kulkul was sounded and people rushed up to extinguish it, but when they threw water, it was like petrol and the fire spread towards them, so they left it to burn whatever it wished.

January 26, 1972

At six this morning the father of the child who fell from the tree



Entrance to a temple

came with some of the women and children from this courtyard and prayed by the tree stump, made offerings, sprinkled holy water and burned a coconut husk.

January 28, 1972

I took an early bus to Batuan and painted a picture by the Temple of the Dead there. I stayed all morning, taking time off when it got very hot to drink tea in a warung.

January 29, 1972

There was drama this evening, but it was so sad. The good girl finds a pair of eyes in a box and after many tribulations finds ~~the~~ blind young prince to whom they belong, and thereafter marries him. Everybody was crying, I almost cried myself and certainly would have done so had I understood the words. The anthropologists say that the Balinese never show their emotions - how untrue this is. At a sad play and always at the Ramayana, there are many tears. At leavetakings, Balinese cry just like anyone else, though they try to save their tears until after the person has left. I see little difference between east and west in this.

January 30, 1972

I went to a dinner party in the evening.

January 31, 1972

Two western couples and myself were taken to a village for a special performance of legong. The village was not on a road, so we took the car some of the way, then walked for about a mile or more. As we approached, the kulkul was sounded and out of every door came the men who would play the gamelan together with some of the villagers. The little girl dancers were already dressed. Fresh coconuts were cut from the trees and given us to drink. Huge palm branches were stuck into

the ground to provide instant forest shade for the gamelan and players, since this was a morning performance. The girls danced before the temple gateway while small offerings were made inside the temple. It was very beautiful. Afterwards, we left this village and walked on to another, through many terraced rice fields, beside cavernous drops to narrow rushing rapids far below, usually hidden from view by dense foliage. It was a lovely walk but rather further than we had thought, so we turned back before reaching the next village and returned to the car by another path which took us down steep steps cut in the rock, so narrow that two people could only just pass. The rocky sides rose high on either side of us, with bushes and ferns almost meeting overhead. Eventually we emerged. We walked along the river which was about ankle deep. This was easy in the sandy parts, but where it was stony it was very uncomfortable for our soft feet. Anyway, we finally climbed up and along the steep terraces to the road above.

February 1, 1972

I went to a tooth filing ceremony in the house of a friend. Many people were sitting drinking tea and coffee, eating cakes and chatting. We watched while the young man, beautifully dressed, had his teeth filed, every now and then looking at the results in a hand mirror and directing a little more here and there. When I left, I was given a big dish full of rice, sate and lawa to take home for lunch.

This evening I asked a friend to try and explain to me something about black magic. I was told it is almost never practised by men. I asked if anyone had actually been caught doing it and was told that of course they had not, as they must make the magic secretly. This leads me to think that it may be subjective, in that it is in the mind

of the victim that some particular person is practising black magic on him. However, it is none the less real in that it has an effect. In cases where illness is thought to have been brought on by black magic, a friend or relative with much strength of goodness may come and build a wall of thought, as it were, to protect the sick person against the black magic.

I asked my friend what he would do if he thought someone was practising black magic against him. He said that he would never allow that person to know that he thought so, as this would provide a bridge for the black magic to pass over to reach him.

As I understand it, there are many many different kinds of magic. Shopkeepers use it to enchant passers-by to buy from their stall; dancers use it to enchant their audience; wives to enhance themselves in their husbands' eyes etc. There are special rituals written down and kept within the families of the witchdoctors, who then pass on the information to those wishing for help by these means. I asked my friend if he would use these devices and he said no, that he would always rely on the powers within himself and that they would be sufficient.

Sometimes, visible manifestations of black magic occur. Black monkeys have suddenly appeared in unusual places and disappeared without trace, or fires flared up in deserted spots for no apparent reason. It is believed that for an evil purpose, a person's spirit will inhabit an animal, so sometimes any unusual behavior in an animal will be suspect.

Without a knowledge of the Balinese language it is very difficult to comprehend, although I did understand that black magic exists in very real form for the Balinese.

February 2, 1972

Delicious food was brought to me today from the family of the child who died. This is always done when one takes a gift to a wedding, toothfiling, or cremation. Later in the morning I bought a scarf and took it with me to a wedding in Peliatan. I sat with the women drinking coffee and eating rice cakes. The ceremony this time was not a long one, just breaking the string and walking the cycle of life, using the spinning wheel etc. The bride and groom had met each other when at school in Denpasar. We ate lunch there buffet style, and afterwards left for home. In the late afternoon I went to the cremation field for a further ceremony for the dead child. I thought it was a second cremation, that is to say, a replica of the spirit would be burnt in order to send it further on its way. I was staggered to walk up to the burning bier and find a grown up dead body on it. For a moment the mind boggled and I wondered if this was a stand in. Actually, of course, there had been another death and this was another cremation. I had obviously misunderstood what I had been told.

February 7, 1972

I have been trying to find someone to take me to Batu Kau, a temple miles away up in the jungle behind Tabanan. The road is terrible so no one is very keen. However, at last a friend of a friend, a young medical student, took me on a Vespa. The road to Tabanan is good, being a main road, and takes about an hour. However, the road after this gets worse and worse. Many times I was ready to go home, but we persevered. Sometimes both of us had to walk beside the Vespa which just made it with the engine full out. Entering the mountain jungle is a sudden transition.

Luckily the temple is not very far in, as here the road ends. It is a beautiful temple with the mountain rising high up behind. It consists of only two large courtyards. There was nobody else there. A small house off to the side appeared to be deserted. I did a painting and a drawing. We sat and ate some fruit. The journey back was not nearly so bad, being downhill all the way. We stopped in Tabanan for lunch.

In the evening there was a dance practice with the gamelan. As they do not have them very often, I felt I must dance. My legs felt like jelly.

February 8, 1972

There was a performance of Ramayana this evening after a very lively dinner party.

February 9, 1972

I spent some time talking about which children should come with us to Sanur beach. I decided that when I leave, I cannot give them all gifts, and an outing to the beach would surely be much more fun. I talked to the various families in my courtyard and those adjoining and as many children as possible are coming. I have hired a bus and we will go next Sunday.

February 10, 1972

It rained fantastically hard at midday and so around four, when it stopped, I went to look at the river at Tjampuan. It was flowing very fast, as high as the ferns on either side, with no rocks showing in the middle at all. No one was bathing as it would be too dangerous.

February 13, 1972

By seven thirty everyone was in the bus - about thirty children

and four or five adults. We drove off to Sanur, collecting stray passers-by as we went. In Denpasar we stopped to collect some offerings which had been made for us to take to the sea. The driver drove his bus right onto the beach within yards of the water. Everyone tumbled out and went straight down to the water's edge. I took them a little further along to where there was some shade and they could change. Only seconds later when I looked round, they had all gone and were already in the sea. I was anxiously watching the youngest children, and trying not to worry about the older ones, but I was the only one who was bothered. The children looked after themselves and each other, and no one gave a thought to getting lost or drowned. Luckily the sea was perfect, smooth and clear as glass. One could swim for miles without getting out of one's depth. After about an hour the children began to get out and dress, though some stayed in longer. Then they collected shells and went on walks and later we ate sate and rice from the stalls. What they all drank, I don't know. Some of us had brought water or tea in thermos flasks. At about twelve, they seemed ready to leave. Apparently although Balinese can sleep anywhere at any time, they are not inclined to do so on the beach. It was very hot so we left. On the way back we stopped to pick up about one hundred tiles which were somehow stacked and tied onto the roof of the bus. Back in Ubud, everyone immediately vanished like smoke with their small bundles of shells and beach gleanings. It really was quite something; no one cried, no one fought or grumbled.

February 15, 1972

I was asked by the wife in my courtyard if I would like to go with her to the Monkey Temple this evening as there is a festival there. We

set off with her small daughter and two young women from this courtyard. Walking along the path to the temple across the rice fields were many other villagers, coming and going with their offerings. We arrived around dusk. Our offerings were received and prayers said. We returned home with the edible part of the offering, the gods having already taken the essence.

February 16, 1972

I was sitting talking with the family around midday when suddenly a big wind blew very hard and long. I was told that this always happens on Chinese New Year's Day, which was yesterday. We are a day late. The belief is that the gods have accepted their prayers. I was thinking about this later, and I wonder if the wind came a day late because it is Leap Year. I cannot work out the connection but feel there is one.

February 18, 1972

I went to visit and talk with the old artist of great reputation here, Gusti Lampad, who is said to be one hundred and fifteen years old. He spoke of his past and how his father had not really wanted him to become an artist like himself. However, his talents had been very evident even at an early age and so it was inevitable that he followed in his father's steps.

February 21, 1972

There was an old man in the courtyard today stripped to the waist and chopping down a large tree. It has taken him all day with only a pause for lunch and a couple of breaks for coffee. His face looks fairly old but his body is near perfect. I am told he is between sixty and seventy. I am astonished that he can work such long hours

and do such heavy work, and this on a diet of very little else but rice, nuts, vegetables and a very small amount of meat.

February 23, 1972

I went to Denpasar to collect my shoes from the menders. Alas, search as they might in the tiny shop, they could only find one show, so I left that with them in the hope that the other one would turn up. A pair of shoes is not that important so I don't really care; it would just be easier if they had found it. I am afraid a dog may have chewed it up.

February 24, 1972

One of the hens in the courtyard has hatched seven chicks and they are now about four weeks old. In the last couple of days three have died and again today another looks sick. They suddenly stand around with droopy wings and then last only a day or so. They say it is "musim panas," the hot season, and evidently not a good time for chickens.

February 25, 1972

Rain again this morning, slow and soft, very like England, with the birds singing contentedly. The Balinese, or maybe Hindu explanation of the world today is that there are four worlds (eras). In the first all is peaceful, and god is reincarnated on earth. This state of being is likened to a house where the roof is supported on four pillars. In the second world, the roof is supported only on three pillars; in the third on two and in the fourth, which is now, it is wobbling around on only one and we are in the process of going back to the four pillars. I am not at all sure I have understood this correctly but since each era appears to cover many thousands of years, my being right or wrong

will hardly matter.

February 29, 1972

I went to the shoe menders in Denpasar again and they had found my shoe tucked away behind a shelf somewhere. The bus took about half an hour longer than usual to reach Denpasar this morning as it stopped in Peliatan and was filled up on top and inside with sacks of cement. At Mas, about two miles further on, we unloaded them all again. It was hot and squashy waiting in the bus so most of us got out and sat by the roadside in the shade quietly watching the goings on.

March 3, 1972

It was suggested early today that I go with the doctor to the village of Susut where he is to lecture on nutrition. The village is exceedingly difficult to get to, and we shall go in a Land Rover. We set out, four of us in the front seat as this is more comfortable than in the back. The road is negligible. Although the distance is not so very great, one must travel very slowly. Sometimes it is necessary to build a bridge of stones to pass over a river, or to use logs to cross over a ditch. Actually there had not been too much rain so we had no difficulties of this sort. It took us about two hours on the way up, the last part going down an exceedingly steep track to a river and up the other side. It was a lovely village, light and airy and beautifully kept. There are two new projects being tried out here: growing beans between the rice fields and breeding fish in the flooded sawahs to help provide protein which is not quite sufficient. First we had coffee with the perbikel, head of the village, in his house. Then we went to the pavilion where the men had assembled for the lecture. There were

representatives from many surrounding villages who would return and lecture at their own villages later. While they were lecturing, I went off for a walk in company with a Balinese who spoke some English. Of course, the people who had been working in the fields soon came and joined us. Eventually we all sat in a bamboo shelter smoking and chatting. I did a painting. When we returned to the village it was time for lunch. Once again we were invited to the house of the perbikel. Water was brought in a kettle and poured over our hands. This water was a delightful pink, having had a piece of a certain bark boiled in it. Each person's portion of food was wrapped in a banana leaf and there were extra dishes of vegetables. I eyed my pieces of meat rather carefully as I know from experience that certain pieces are delicacies to a Balinese but not to me. Sure enough I found a chicken claw complete with toes. The rest I ate hoping for the best, and it was delicious. I am sure the chicken claw is delicious too, but I am not used to it. My cook tells me it is very good and makes you strong. After lunch the men went back for more lectures and I finished off my painting. I was, apparently, the first Westerner to drink tea in the local warung. We left around three-thirty. Going home took just over an hour. It is easier downhill.

March 5, 1972

I went to the village of Teges which is just beyond Peliatan, to watch a rehearsal of ardja, which told the story of Abimanyu in the old style. The gamelan has many flutes. The players are among the best chosen from different villages, though I think the majority come from Peliatan and Mas. The teachers are older men. The dance teacher is so

marvelous that you understand every nuance of feeling through his gestures, expressions and intonations. To watch first his pupil and then him is an education in itself. Even though his pupils were very talented, they seldom matched him. The rehearsal lasted about an hour with a break for lunch.

March 8, 1972

I went to Kedison this afternoon. After tea I walked to the top of the village and drew the temple from the outside. As always on these occasions I tend to attract a crowd, but it seldom worries me. Since I have no idea what they are saying, they do not interrupt or train of thought. I don't like to ask them to leave as I think they must enjoy it. Around half past six I was asked if I would like to go to another temple where there is a festival. We sallied forth in the pitch black with only my rather feeble torch for light, but we waited outside in the road until a party came by with storm lanterns. We walked along with them, pressed closely together, slipping and sliding up and down the steep narrow path for about a mile. The temple was full of light and people and gamelans and flags and offerings, and outside there were many busy warungs. We went in, our offerings were taken and we prayed. In this temple, the holy water was given to us by a large Polynesian-looking priestess. Later we knelt in a dark corner by a god house which I think was for the sun god. Later we went to another god house and knelt and prayed. It was quite a painful procedure. All of a sudden a procession formed. We walked out of the temple carrying offerings and flags, and circumnavigated the temple wall three times on a very narrow slippery path. Not long after this there was a performance of topeng in the



A temple

outer courtyard. I really enjoyed that. The minute this was over everyone headed for home. No one wanted to be left behind as the temple will be deserted at night, unlike Ubud where some people would hang around the night. Many carried burning brands of twisted grass to help light the way. It was a most beautiful evening and quite unforgettable.

March 9, 1972

I went out early and finished my painting, then did a smaller one. After lunch it looked as if it would rain hard at any minute, so I went back to Ubud. There would probably be another performance of dance in the temple tonight but I wasn't keen to stay if it was going to rain.

March 10, 1972

I asked Ktut if he would walk with me to show me the way to the village of Sayan. The walk there was beautiful and took about one and a half hours. Parts of the path are very steep. There are times when a helping hand is definitely needed. I painted a picture in Sayan where the view of the river valley beyond is very picturesque. We stopped on the way back and had tea in a warung and talked a little. The villagers told us that there was a gamelan practice going on but we felt we should get back before dark as we had not brought a torch.

March 11, 1972

I was told some wonderful folk tales today. One was about Rawana. Because of the tremendous strength of his meditation and devotion, he was granted a wish by the gods. He wished that he would live for ever and never die. Now, the gods had to give him his wish but they were very worried about it. After much anxious consultation, they arranged for one of them to go to earth as a very very old man, maybe two thousand

years old. Of course he looked very terrible, all decaying flesh overgrown with moss. He lay on the road where Rawana would pass. Rawana, seeing this putrifying writhing lump in the middle of the road asked "What is this?" He was told that this was a very very old man. Now Rawana began to have misgivings about his wish. He fled back to the forest and again began his meditations. The gods smiled and waited a while, then answered his call and asked what was now his wish. Rawana asked that he might be allowed to die at the usual time.

There was another story about a cow, a lion and a dog who were all very good friends. One day, the cow, who only ate grass, persuaded the lion that it was not good for him to eat animals, particularly as he was the King of the Jungle and they were his friends. So the lion agreed and ate grass instead. Then the dog, who lived on the leavings of the lion, became very hungry, so he thought of a trick. He told bad tales of the lion to the cow, and of the cow to the lion, until the lion and the cow were angry with one another, had a big fight and were both killed. The dog ate them both. The moral of this story I do not know. It could be "Do not listen to a tale-bearer" or "Don't try to impose your credo on someone else" or even "Watch out in case your tricks backfire."

Another tale concerned a stork who was very hungry and so he thought of a trick. He wore a priest's hat and meditated on the bank of a pond. Soon all the fishes gathered around, very curious, and eventually they asked him what he was doing. The stork replied, "Well, I am very sad. I have heard that the owner of this pond plans to let all the water out and then to eat you." Now the fish panicked, and

said "What shall we do?" The stork said "I know of a very small pond just over the next hill. A small pond is better than no pond. I could take you there one by one." So the fishes allowed themselves to be taken and too late they realized it was a trick, and they were eaten.

The last tale was about a turtle who was suffering dreadfully in a drought. His pond had dried up and he had no water. He begged two storks, who were his great friends, to help him. They said they could help him, but that it would be very very dangerous for him. Of course, the turtle in his desperation said he was willing to do anything. So the storks said "We will hold a stick between our beaks. You must bite the stick in the middle and hold on for dear life while we fly you across the hill to a larger pond. But on no account must you speak, not one word." The turtle promised that he would not speak and off they went. They flew across a lawn on which some dogs were playing. One of them looked up and shouted "Look at that piece of cow dung flying through the air." "I am not a piece of cow dung" shouted the turtle and fell to the ground. He was killed and the dogs ate him. Now the moral may be "Keep your mouth shut" or "Does it really matter what anybody calls you?" or, as it was explained to me, "Do not undertake a task which is beyond your capabilities."

March 13, 1972

I met a man who bought one of my paintings and said he might be interested in publishing my journal.

March 14, 1972

Tomorrow is Ngarangara and the day after is Nicpi (New Year).

One can buy no meat on either day, so must provision up today.

March 15, 1972

Everywhere pigs are squealing and chickens cheeping as preparations are being made for tomorrow. Very few people are out on the streets as they are all at home cooking and making offerings. At dusk in every house, drums, gongs and tin pans were beaten. The women and children went round the grounds with a flaming bundle of twisted grass shooing and hissing the evil spirits out of the doors. Some of the children then drummed them out and beat the ground with sticks saying "pergi," "go." Outside each house, offerings were placed on the ground and also on temporary altars made of green palms and bamboo. I helped make the offerings in the afternoon.

March 16, 1972

Three magnificent gifts of food arrived this morning for me from various households - chicken, duck, nuts, ground spices of many kinds, and steamed rice in plaited palm leaf baskets about four inches square. The wife of the owner of my courtyard came in the evening at dusk and put one of the offerings I had helped to make on a ledge just under the roof in my room. Later she came back with incense and prayed, and sprinkled it with holy water. This same ceremony was done all round the courtyard, at the well, the other houses, the guardian temple and house temple etc. About ten minutes later she returned and took away all the edible parts of the offering and left just the flowers and palm leaf decorations. The day passed very quietly. In the past, no one was allowed out on the roads, but now walking to visit friends is permitted. No cars or bicycles are allowed out. In the evening, the

last meal must be eaten in daylight as no lights may be lit after dark. Someone told me that this is just a day for quiet contemplation and for thinking, but I read somewhere that, having driven the evil spirits from the village, people do not light fires or appear in public, in hope that the spirits will not be able to find the village again. To me this makes a lot of sense as a follow-up to the day before.

March 17, 1972

I went to Denpasar this morning and then it rained hard all afternoon and most of the evening.

March 18, 1972

It was a glorious morning. The birds have been lovely this past month. There was a long performance of Ramayana this evening. It did not finish till one o'clock.

March 19, 1972

Gung Ari asked if I would like to go with her to her home in Peliatan. She would like to have me dance for her father as he is one of the most experienced in dance and gamelan. We walked to Peliatan along a back path. Her father was in Teges watching the practice of ardja so we stayed a while and helped make rice offerings for a second cremation which their family will have within a couple of weeks. Later we went to Teges to watch the ardja. The Balinese love ardja and will walk many miles to see it, with no certain chance of a seat or easy viewing once they get there.

March 21, 1972

There is a temple festival in Peliatan and performers are coming from Denpasar to perform ardja this evening. I walked there around half past nine and already every seat, and there must have been at

least two hundred, had been sold. People were all over the road, and there was no through traffic to Ubud. The ardja started around ten and I stood for about an hour and a half. Then some young men from Ubud found a seat for me and so I sat until about three o'clock. In Bali a seat can hold as many as four people - mother, child and two babies. Most seats are occupied by two at least. I started to walk home but it was very dark and I decided to wait until some others went by on their way to Ubud. Soon some people came along and I asked in the dark if they were going to Ubud. They knew me so I went with them. The only thing that scares me is the possibility of stepping on a snake lying on the road. There is no fear of people.

March 22, 1972

Around five o'clock I was asked to eat dinner with the family in the temple at Tjampuan where there is a small festival. There were offerings and prayers, the gamelan was playing and then we ate dinner. I had to leave for a dance rehearsal in Ubud. There was also a Ramayana practice going on, as well as a gong suling practice with players from the village of Taman. There are some very big festivals coming soon, one at Besakih and another at Kintamani.

March 24, 1972

Every day now I practice my dance to the tape recorder in the morning and with the gamelan in the evening, once through on each occasion.

March 26, 1972

I went to Teges to watch the practice of ardja. I did some sketches but am always so fascinated with what is going on that it is hard to concentrate on drawing. During a break, a small boy of four years stood up to practice baris with the gamelan and the guru. The boy was really

fantastic, using his eyes well and getting the outline of the movements. He never lost concentration or smiled even though the audience laughed and clapped. The guru was marvelous, just reached across from where he was sitting on the ground and gently raised the toes of the boy's feet as he danced.

March 30, 1972

I have just finished Gandhi's biography. He certainly achieved monumental changes for India against what would seem insuperable odds, but he must have been hell to live with. This is probably true of most saints. His attitude to doctors seemed strange to me: he condemned them on the one hand and went to them on the other. But I suppose that makes sense, he took what he thought was good in their work and left the rest.

I went by bus to Gianjar to look at the factory where they weave the sarongs that most of the men wear. There are many looms, all worked by hand, and occupying four or five large sheds. The cotton is spun, put on reels, then spread from many reels over a square frame. The pattern is marked on this frame in pencil and young men and boys tie-bind the parts of the threads which are not to be dyed. It all seems simple enough in theory but requires a high degree of accuracy.

When I got back to Ubud I discovered that a film company was making a historical Javanese film in the village. The costumes were colorful and very barbaric. They brought six excellent horses with them which were a joy to watch. As always, with film making, nothing appears to be happening and if you look away for five minutes, it is all over.

March 31, 1972

I was so upset today. Apparently I was supposed to be up at Besakih today with everyone else, but they thought I already knew and had either gone already or had decided not to go. So I missed that very big ceremony on the first day of the festival.

April 2, 1972

I did go up to Besakih today, very early. The festival is still going on. We passed many trucks, vans and buses all on their way up from many different villages. I talked with some of the families in the temple and they were from Denpasar, Blabatuh and Karangasem. It is probable that some families will come from every village in Bali to make their offerings and pray. Besakih looked its best, with lots of brilliant colored umbrellas, towering flags and holy weapons. Yards of white and yellow cloth hung round every bale, with many other palm decorations and offerings of colored rice. The black merus against the dark trees formed the background, with Mt. Agung unclouded rising steeply behind. We stayed some time and I did a drawing.

In the afternoon I was invited by Agung's family to go with them to Kintamani in a Land Rover. We arrived exactly at dusk and entered the temple there through the new gates which are high and narrow. The first courtyard houses the gamelan. The second courtyard is very large with a pavilion on either side. In the middle of this courtyard dancers were performing the baris djago to a slow and stately gong gamelan. This dance is performed once a year only, and never for any other occasion. Instead of one dancer there are about sixteen men, each carrying an

enormous lance. The movements are highly stylized and slow. They raise their knees high and make sharp movements of the head, yet the dance as a whole is rhythmic and one movement leads imperceptibly into the next. It had a slightly mesmeric effect, at least on me.

After the dance, we went into the third courtyard where the family were met and asked if they would like to pray in a special holy temple house which one entered without shoes up a flight of steps. Inside we knelt in two rows in front of a raised platform on which were offerings and relics. It was explained to me that each flower offered means a separate thing: one for your thanks, another for your personal requests, another in the form of a small bouquet for your ancestors. Each is taken between the fingers in turn. The incense stick which is lit and stuck in the ground in front of you, represents yourself. The burning end is the one god and the smoke is how you and god and the whole world into which the smoke is dissolving are one. At least, this was my understanding.

After praying and drinking holy water we left and returned to the first courtyard to watch some more baris djago. Just as we were moving to leave, the family were asked to enter the pavilion at the side and eat dinner. This is a great honor and, as I was part of the family, I was invited as well. There were sixteen of us, and although they had not known we were coming, this seemed to provide no problem. We ate rice, meat and vegetables and had tea to drink.

This temple is set very high up on the edge of the wide crater surrounding Mt. Batur, which every now and then erupted with a tremendous roar.

April 5, 1972

I leave tomorrow at midday so spent all morning saying my farewells. I couldn't stay long in any one place as we would all begin to cry and I had to dash off quickly. A very emotional morning. This evening, as part of the festival in the family temple, the legong gamelan will perform in the courtyard and I am to dance also. I ate an early dinner and then went to the temple at around seven. I could not stay long as all the dancers including me were about to be dressed.

First a long extra piece of hair is tied on to your own pony-tail and then twisted round into a coil that stands out at rightangles to the head. This is stabbed with huge hairpins to keep it in place. Next the face is made up. Foundation, a very light rather yellow powder, eye liner top and bottom but only to the middle of the eye, eyebrows, rouge. The black hair line, a high arch without a widow's peak, is painted in and the area between that and the real hair line filled in with black. A line of white dots runs along below the hair line, with one dot between the eyebrows and one at each end of them. It is very difficult to do all this for yourself. Next the skirt is wrapped round and pinned. Then follows the long binding from hips to high under the arms. Next a gold and pink binding is wound round in the same way, with a yellow scarf added into the folds on either side of the hips as it goes up. Now the gold band, starting at the top and spiralling down and under the yellow scarves to the bottom of the binding. Necklace, waist band, bracelets and armbands and last of all the headdress and fresh flowers tied into the long hair. While the other children were dancing I went with my teacher to the temple and we prayed and were sprinkled with holy water.

All I could think of was to ask the gods that I should not forget my steps in the dance, and I did remember to thank them for my stay in Bali. I danced the Tambulilingan and loved doing it and think it was not too bad. Of course, I look very strange as I am so tall by comparison to the Balinese children.

April 6, 1972

I had lunch with the family, then they took me to the airport. At the Immigration desk, they asked me for my exit permit. Alas, I had never even given it a thought and neither had anyone else. It is seldom that a foreigner stays beyond the six month limit after which an exit permit is required. So we all went home again and I was glad the family had stayed to see me off despite my protests. I was told that obviously the gods had not wanted me to leave that day. It is a strange feeling to be somewhere after you thought you had left.

April 7, 1972

A most exhausting morning trying to do in one day what usually takes a week at least. Everyone was more than helpful and at last all was ready. I have my permit and am flying out at six o'clock tomorrow morning. As the festival is still going on, I went to the temple. This time I remembered to tell the gods I was leaving and to ask their permission to leave.

April 8, 1972

The family once more saw me off and this time all went well.