

**A BALINESE JOURNAL
CONTINUED
1973 - 1979**

by
Rosemary Hilbery

Southeast Asia Paper No. 17

Center for Southeast Asian Studies
School of Hawaiian, Asian and Pacific Studies
University of Hawaii at Manoa

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GLOSSARY

- anak agung*: title approximately the equivalent of Princess or Prince
- arja*: Balinese opera
- babi guling*: pig stuffed with spices and roasted on a spit or in the earth
- bale*: pavilion
- balian*: local traditional Balinese doctor
- banjar*: village committee
- baris*: warrior dance
- Baris gede*: warrior dance with many men dancers
- barong*: mythical lion-like animal with strong powers for good
- barong landong*: giant animated figures of a white Princess and a black Prince who dance in the street at Galungan
- bebek tutu*: duck stuffed with spices and baked all night
- bemo*: small bus
- calonarang*: exorcizing dance-drama with the *barong* and Rangda
- dalang*: shadow puppeteer
- dukun*: local traditional Balinese doctor
- gabor*: offering dance
- gabor pendet*: offering dance
- gado gado*: cold steamed rice, bean shoots, tomato, tofu, pounded peanuts, chili peppers, soyu and other sauces
- galungan*: public holiday when ancestral spirits return to their families for a fifteen-day visit
- gambang*: xylophone-like musical instrument made with slats of wood
- gambuh*: old-style drama with flutes and violin
- gamelan*: xylophone-like musical instruments, together with drums, gongs, flutes and violin forming an orchestra
- gang gong*: gamelan of Jew's harp-like musical instruments plus drum
- Garuda*: large eagle-like bird with strong influence for good who tries to rescue Sita in the Ramayana story
- gong suling*: gamelan with flutes
- guna-guna*: black magic
- janger*: dance performed by boys and girls together, with singing
- jauk*: male masked dancer with special headdress and long fingernails
- joged*: flirtatious dance without a story
- joged boom boom*: flirtatious dance in which a female dancer skilfully evades with her fan and fast footwork the touch of the male dancer
- kangkung*: green vegetables
- kebaya*: Balinese lady's blouse with long sleeves and fitted waist
- kecak*: choral monkey dance performed by about sixty men seated around and part of the dance drama of the Ramayana story

kris: Balinese or Javanese sword
kulkul: hollow logs of wood which hang in banyan trees or temples and
 are beaten to give signals, call meetings, etc.
lamak: long hanging made of palm leaf
lawa: raw minced meats and spices
legong: specific type of dance, or specific type of gamelan
lontar: books written on dried palm leaf
Mahabarata: epic Hindu drama
margapati: young man's dance
meru: building in a temple with many tiered-roof
pedanda: high priest
pemangku: village priest
pendet: offering dance
pendet gabor: offering dance
penyor: bamboo pole with palm-leaf decoration
prau: Balinese or Javanese fishing boat
pura: temple
pura dalem: Temple of the Dead
puri: large house or palace
rajawilah: dance drama
raksasa: a giant
Ramayana: epic Hindu drama
Rangda: a witch
rejang: sacred dance performed as an act of devotion
sirih: ingredients for betel-chewing
sisiang: witch's dance
tambulilingan: bumblebee dance
tari taruna: dance of a young man
tingklik: musical instrument of xylophone type but made of bamboo
 suspended in a frame by string
tipat: woven palm-leaf basket for steaming rice in single portions
tjokorda (abr., Tj.): title approximately the equivalent of Prince or
 Princess
topeng: masked dance
wantilan: large open building used for public meetings
warung: small shop or stall
wayang kulit: shadow puppets; shadow puppet performance
wayang wong: a form of dance-drama which tells the same epic stories
 as the *wayang kulit*

INTRODUCTION

Re-entry into the Western world in 1972, after a year living in the village of Ubud, Bali, with Tjokorda Agung's family, painting watercolors, learning the dance and writing a daily journal, was very tough. I had no difficulty leaving New York to go to Bali, but coming back was a different story. Entering the Balinese world was delight, bemusement, a constant wondering. What is there to wonder at in New York, except how people can ever manage to live there? What hit me most of all was that there appeared to be nothing supernatural, no spirits. In Bali they are seemingly everywhere, not because you see them, but because everyone around you constantly and physically provides for them.

For a while I concentrated on typing up my journal, written each day in Bali, and trying to find a publisher. "It is charming and enjoyable but so few people know about Bali that the market is not large enough," they all said. At subsequent job interviews I soon found that any mention of Bali and painting was instant death to any prospect of employment.

A year after I returned from Bali, my mother in England died and this gave me the impetus to make a leap out of New York as far as Hawaii. It seemed on the map so close to Bali by comparison. In terms of air fares, it was not. I therefore spent a further two months with Agung's family from December 1973 continuing to take dictation of his life story, but we still did not quite finish before I had to leave again for Hawaii.

In 1975, the University of Hawaii Southeast Asian Studies Program published my journal as Paper No. 7, A Balinese Journal 1971-1972, now in its third printing.

In June 1977, Agung wrote and asked me to come to Bali for a very special family festival. I had just returned from a trip to England and hardly had time to unpack before taking off again for Bali. The special festival turned out to be two special festivals, but we did manage to complete his life story. This has now been published by Southeast Asian Studies as Paper No. 14, entitled Reminiscences of a Balinese Prince, Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati.

In August, 1978, Agung's family wrote to me that Agung had died in July and that his cremation would be in January 1979. In order to be in Ubud for the preparations and for his cremation and the subsequent ceremonies, I stayed with the family for three months from January to April, 1979. This visit also coincided with the festival at Besakih known as the Eka Dasa Rudra, which is held only once in every one hundred years, and I was able to take part in the preparations for this festival also. These and other events are all touched on in this Balinese Journal - Continued, but the real subject, as before, has been my continuing enchantment with Bali.

Rosemary Hilbery
1979

A BALINESE JOURNAL CONTINUED

1973 - 1974

December 1973 to February 1974

On arrival I was taken to the same courtyard of the Puri Sarenkangin where I had lived before, but to a different house. Since April 1972 when I was last there, the old Tjokorda Lingseer had died and been cremated. Gusti Biang, his second wife, was still living in his house with her two children, Tj. Alit and Anak Agung Alit. The old man's oldest son, Tj. Oka was now living in Puri Sarenkangin in what had been my house. He had made many alterations. They now had running water with an electric pump in the well. Also new houses had been built and others modernized with electric light installed. Tj. Lingseer's second son, Tj. Putra, was not at all well and the doctors did not seem to know what was the matter. He and his wife, Gung Istri, lived next door in the second courtyard of the Puri Sarenkangin as before with their two children, Tj. Gde and Anak Agung Sri.

My house on this visit was one of the new ones. It was semi-detached and had two beds in it and a bathroom at the back which was built against the Puri wall. It had a thatched roof but the verandah was rather small. Kutut was still there and cooking for me in a makeshift kitchen behind the *bale* used for making offerings. He managed very well.

Baliaga, one of my kittens when I was there in 1972, was now a big handsome cat, but elusive. He kept me awake rustling around on my roof at night, catching rats, I expect.

One very stormy night when it was deluging with rain, I awoke to a heavy rumbling and ran out to find that some of the wall near the back of my house had collapsed and the earth from above had poured into the courtyard. I was afraid to go back to sleep in case the back wall collapsed and the roof fell on top of me. I woke Gusti Biang and Kutut in my fright and said I would prefer to sleep in the open middle *bale*. However, after only a very few minutes, they had arranged for me to sleep in the next courtyard in Gung Istri's bed, she being in Denpasar at that time. The next day, my fears must have subsided, as I went back and slept the rest of my stay in Tj. Oka's courtyard.

This visit was somewhat clouded by the death of my mother a few months earlier. I know that I was still not re-oriented to a world where she was not. Without being altogether conscious of it, I saw myself as being in this world as one of a unit, with mother, father, sister and self, therefore one of four. As each one died, I was progressively one of three, one of two and finally one alone. For me, I had to adjust to being one only. This was not too easy. None of it was easy, come to that. To whom should I now relate? I had always

had a very close relationship with my mother and sister (who had died five years before). I was also homesick, but had no home. How could that be? Luckily, I was so busy painting watercolors, I completed about twenty, and going to Agung every day for hours of dictation while he tried to finish his memoirs, that I had little time to grieve. I do remember though being suddenly aware that on the occasions when I was sitting on my verandah and feeling upset, Gusti Biang would appear and sit there also, and Ktut would come and some of the children. I am quite sure they knew and were giving me support. I know the Balinese think that when you are sick, the evil spirits will more easily take possession, so they realized I was vulnerable. Companionship is a powerful weapon and is not properly appreciated in Western medicine.

It was during this visit that I first met Mr. Bonnet, the Dutch artist who was a very close friend of Agung. Although much older than Agung, he was living again in Ubud, still painting and helping Agung with plans for another building for the museum, the Puri Lukisan. He was a handsome man, distinguished looking with white hair, impeccable manners and an authoritative air. His son was also staying with him for some of the time.

There were some small changes around Ubud. The big buses that used to run every hour to Denpasar in the mornings only were being outsmarted by the smaller, faster and more numerous *bemos*. There were many new asphalt roads being built, notably one from the bridge at Campuan to beyond Kedewatan.

Unfortunately, I had to leave Bali before Agung had finished his memoirs, in order to set up my home and begin work in Hawaii. However, I knew that I would return as I had promised Agung that I would come back as soon as possible to finish his life story.

1977

1977

July 28, 1977

I arrived about 4:30 p.m. yesterday and was enormously glad to be met at the airport. Agung was just the same, warm and welcoming, as was also his first wife, Gung Niang, and his third wife, Gung Biang. I thought his first wife looked much healthier and happier than before. She took me to Puri Sarenkangin where Gung Istri (the wife of Tj. Putra who died after I left in 1974) told me that her house was mine while I was here. I had a bedroom, sitting room and large verandah. Ktut was also there to look after me; he was just the same as before only now married. His wife and six-month-old baby live back in his village. Gung Istri sleeps in Denpasar and comes up every day to teach in the school.

After a cold shower, and it is cold at the moment, and a cup of tea, they sent me to bed and said they would wake me in time to go to Agung's party at 7 p.m. All was the same--*gang gong* music, the usual flower decorations and Agung in Balinese dress and kris. The food was delicious. There was turtle sate and beef sate. The evening was cool and damp, and I even wore a woolen shawl.

Today is cloudy and damp and I woke at dawn and lay listening to distant sounds of the *kulkul*, the clacking of wooden cow bells as the cows walked past in the street, sweeping noises as people brush the courtyard, and cocks crowing all around.

I ate breakfast with an audience of Gung Istri, Ktut, and his friend Raka all watching, which was rather an ordeal as I am struggling to remember the little bit of Indonesian that I knew. I gave my gift of perfume to Gung Istri and scissors to Ktut. I also gave perfume to Agung's first wife.

Gung Ari, my dance teacher, told me that her son Ngurah, nine years old, is learning *baris*, the warrior dance, every day. I went and watched him. He has learned for two months already and must learn for two months more before he will be ready to perform. I hope I am here for his debut. He is so funny, full of laughter and fun. His teacher is from Bedulu and named Tutur.

I visited Tj. Oka Sudarsana in the courtyard next door and talked also with his second son, who speaks English very well having just spent six months in Australia. He is now studying English literature at the University in Denpasar. Tj. Oka has now retired from the Army and is "doing things for the people," he says, "giving them roads and electricity." He is living in what was his father's courtyard. His father's second wife is now living across the road but her son still lives in his father's house. He is about sixteen and not very clever

in school, but he is good natured. He is like stone to Tj. Oka's scissors, and I think he will wear Tj. Oka down in the end.

Tj. Oka runs a licensed restaurant with excellent food, so I am told, and also takes guests.

After lunch I went to bed and slept for five hours, waking up thinking it was dawn the next day. I found it is still today and everyone waiting to give me supper. After supper I went to listen to gamelan practice for Ramayana.

July 29, 1977

Woke rather early. Went to talk to Agung. We spoke of how strange it is that one member of a family is often completely different from all the others, and he said there is a saying in Bali about coconuts from the same bunch, how one or two may have no milk or flesh and how sometimes the best one of all will fall to the ground. He also talked of how money is truly the root of all evil, and more than ever it is beginning to rule the lives of hitherto comparatively free Balinese. But prices rise and taxes must be met.

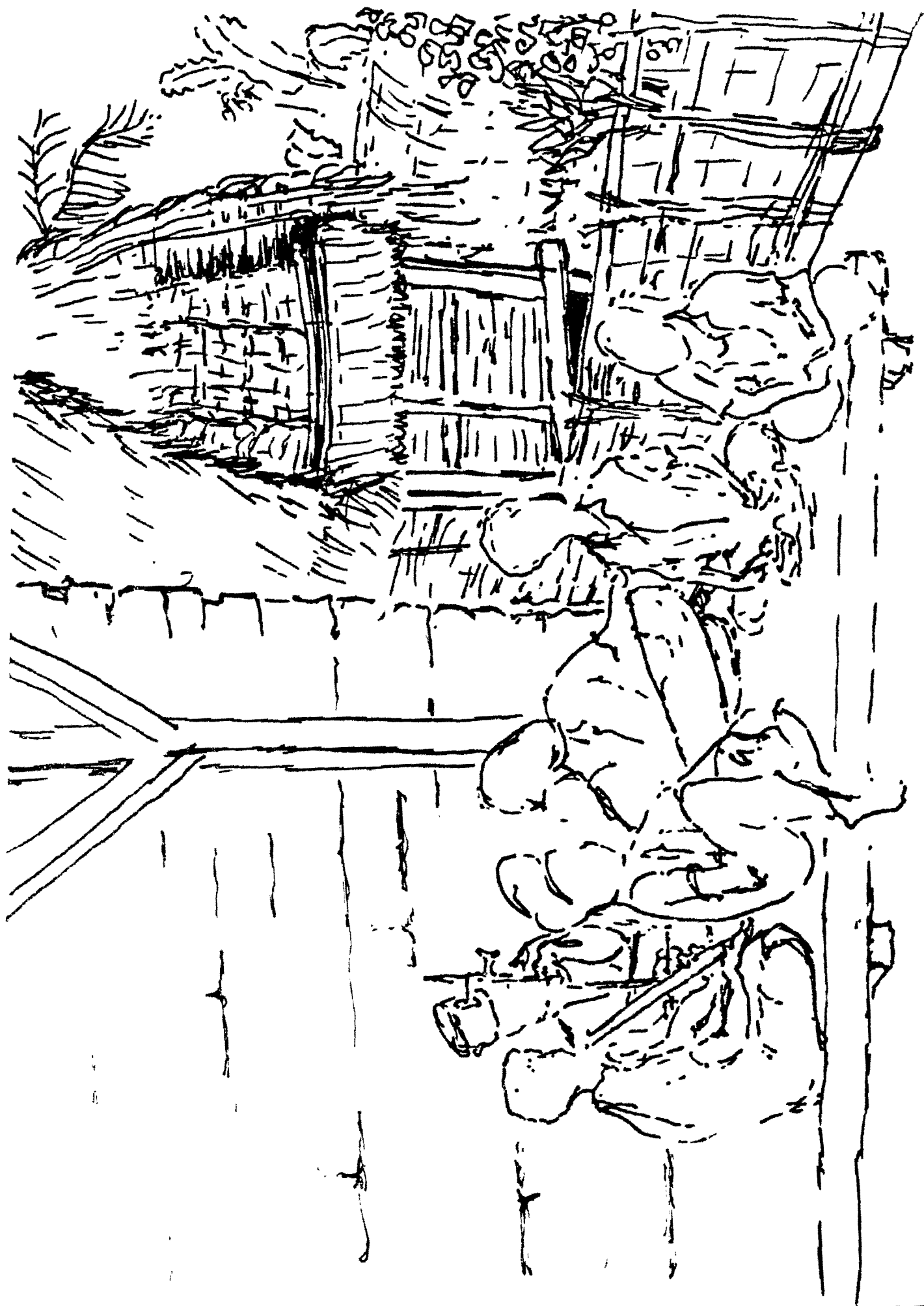
He wishes to take me to the temple at Sukawati for the festival the day after tomorrow. He also is planning a two-day trip to Bumutan and a trip to Singaraja. I said I would love to go to both places.

I went by *bemo*, a small local bus, to Denpasar to go to the bank and to shop. Coming back, there were at least seventeen people crowded in the back of the *bemo*, plus all their sacks and baskets. When I got back I went to see Gung Ari. She has made improvements to her house and now has a very profitable garden with papaya trees and banana and taro and sweet potato. She also has a big male pig and three baby pigs, which are a lot of work to feed but really pay off. I danced *tambulilingan* and, oh dear, so many things I do wrong.

July 30, 1977

Wow, it was so cold in bed last night that I got up and put on my mohair coat and knitted slacks and wondered if I was coming down with something, I had such chills, but I seem OK. I spent all morning at the museum. There are two new buildings, one of them for students. So the Puri Lukisan, the Ubud Museum of Art, now has three exhibit buildings. The students, slightly apart, have another building, where I saw the work of two excellent new young painters, Yasa and Wecu.

I am so delighted, I find that the two kittens I looked after when I was here in 1971-72 are still alive. Baliaga is a dark tabby who comes at mealtimes. He is old looking and rather frail and frightened. His brother, Mr. Bali, lives next door and is obviously well fed in the restaurant and scares the living daylight out of poor Baliaga. Anyway, it is nice to have them around.



Garbua practice at Kedison

20/11/20

July 31, 1977

While eating breakfast around 7 a.m., the light was so beautiful looking across the courtyard to the kitchen that I did a drawing. The sun was shining through the trees and the smoke rising, blue, from the roof of the kitchen and in the foreground the bright red of the poinsettia tree.

At the Puri they told me to be ready to go to Sukawati to the family temple for the special festival for their ancestors. The *gambuh* will be danced. Ktut had gone early to Peliatan to buy me the five meters of white cloth needed as a gift. When I took this into the Puri, I was told not to bring it now, but later. Somehow, I never manage to get this right. I do not know what the ruling is as to this, or even if there is a rule. Maybe, it is just that I always happen to come at an inconvenient time. Dressed Balinese, I went with the guests from Puri Saren by car. First, we sat a long time watching while a procession formed. Flags and umbrellas and holy relics were taken to the river, which is quite a long way away, about one mile. I sat and did a drawing and waited for their return. Later there was *gambuh* performed by a group from Batuan. Very lovely flute music and the most beautiful girl dancer playing a princess. I heard different versions of the story. One was that the King and Prime Minister were arranging for a temple ceremony. I could not relate this to what I was seeing. The other version was a very complicated story of good and bad characters.

I got home to lunch at about 1:30. Gung Istri said I should sleep till 3 and then we would all go to the temple to pray. I eventually got up at what was more like 4 and had a shower and was just drinking tea when a *tjokorda* rushed in and called for Gung Istri. Ktut told me to dress fast, and in about three minutes we both dashed outside, me carrying my earrings and scarf and Gung Istri also dressing. We found the *bemo* waiting outside with the *tjokordas'* wives inside.

At the temple we all sat together in a large group. Tj. Agung wore a white shirt with a mandarin collar, a Balinese sarong in red, his kris and Dutch medal. While we sat, the Raja of Gianjar arrived with his wife, mother and son. He said he wished to pray and sat in front with his family behind him. He is the raja I believe, who had Agung imprisoned and beaten while the war for independence from the Dutch was going on. The raja left almost immediately, and we all got up and went into another courtyard and prayed, not for long, but just with three flowers only. Sometimes, when the High Priest is involved, the prayers may number five or seven, and for each prayer a flower or petal of a flower must be used. There is much more to it than this, but I am told that for me it is not important. I think the colors also have significance. The prayers may number more than seven sometimes, but I never kept count. After praying, holy water is passed around and one either helps oneself, or a friend will sprinkle it and pour it for you.

In this instance Tj. Gde, Gung Istri's son, sprinkled me with holy water, which I felt was rather nice as the last time this happened his father had done this for me.

We all went back into the other courtyard of the temple and sat again, on the floor of course. Luckily it was very dry. This time the praying was much longer and everyone ran out of flowers, the prayers being according to the bell of the High Priest. Just when I had run out of prayers and thoughts, we finished, and more holy water was given.

There was at this point a rare performance of *topeng*, it being danced in this same courtyard with very old and holy masks. I believe that some of the narrative was the tale of the family ancestors. When this was over, we were all invited to eat with Agung and the whole family, some of whom had come from other parts of Indonesia for the occasion. We ate buffet style, holding hot rice in a banana leaf in our left hand and helping ourself to spicy sate, sausage, *lawar*, vegetables and hot sauce, then using the fingers of the right hand to eat. The wives and mothers were very friendly, and I am really touched that they remember me so well.

After dinner we went back to the temple. After a while the gamelan played, and some of the women, about twenty of them in two lines, danced the *gabor*. Very slow. It was so beautiful. After this we went home, but just as I was leaving a tourist came up to me and said that a Dr. Wirnja from Denpasar had sent him to see me and would I see him at Puri Saren tomorrow.

August 1, 1977

No sign of the young man. I was all set to paint and started off for the museum, but oddly enough nothing was right, and then I couldn't find cows ploughing. I did a painting of the temple in the Monkey Forest, but it was no good. The monkeys plagued me. I spent my time chasing them away, paint box and drawing pad in hand and shouting at them. In fact, in general, making a fool of myself. The monkeys are very good at snatching away whatever you have in your hand, and frankly I am frightened. So I retreated. I was amazed on my walk to the Monkey Forest to see so many new houses where two years ago it was continuous rice fields. At least ten houses are now linking Ubud with the Monkey Forest. One wonders about government controls, are there none to prevent the encroachment of houses on ricefields? If this is a pattern of what is happening all over Bali, how long will it be before there is a serious food shortage? Obviously at the moment there is more money to be made by taking in foreign guests, and so to build a house with room for visitors is more profitable than a rice field.

I have long thought that somehow the economy and thinking of the world should place farmers and field workers as the highest paid people with the greatest status and advantages. Then we should not lack for food, and people would surely flock back to the land. I fear this reasoning must be too simple and must have a flaw in it somewhere or it would have happened already. But if they cherished land as they now cherish oil, would this not work to our benefit?

I went to Gung Ari to buy a new sarong as my own good one has split down the back. I also wanted to buy a new *kebaya*, those long sleeved close-fitting blouses which are worn with the sarong, but she wouldn't let me buy one and insisted on giving me one instead. So sweet of her. Now I am all set for *galungan*, the Balinese New Year, when the spirits of the ancestors visit the homes of their descendants.

At around 5 p.m. the young man of yesterday arrived. I am not the right person. He was looking for an anthropologist. However, he stayed for dinner and was most interesting to talk to. He has done research and written a paper on asthma and the tiny bugs in all beds which are one of the causes of allergy. These bugs live on the dead skin which humans shed all the time and are so small that you cannot see them except under a microscope. He has made a film showing their life-cycle, courting behavior and other habits.

August 2, 1977

Gung Alit, Gusti Biang's daughter from across the road, is in the house temple decorating it for *galungan*, with the help of her brother, Tj. Alit, and the Brahmin boy who helps with the guests in Tj. Oka's courtyard next door. They have tied cloth round the God shrines and statues and round the roofs of the *bales*. It has taken them all day.

Agung asked me to come at 11 a.m., and, as I didn't know if it was for prayer, or to go to Sukawati, or for what, I dressed Balinese. Actually it was for a delicious lunch with an older French lady and a young Dutch couple. We ate Balinese food: lots of different kinds of *lawa*, chopped ferns and some pieces of pork, all very hot and spicy. Agung told marvelous stories, the best being how the Museum of Art in Ubud came into being. How President Sukarno visited Agung and expressed his wishes for a museum, which of course were as good as orders, and how Agung managed to bargain for land by exchanging some of his own and how he arranged for the building of the museum while funds were almost non-existent.

The young man from Holland told us that he had a letter of introduction to the Rajah of Gianjar and had tried five times to see him but each time was turned away with excuses. The last time he arrived by appointment at 8 a.m. and was told that the Raja had left by plane at 5 a.m.

In the evening I sat drinking beer with two Dutch girls, one of whom speaks English exactly like the Queen of England, which is a little unnerving for those who do not move in royal circles. We could have gone to Sukawati to watch Ubud dance Ramayana, but we were too tired. The girls had that day seen *kecak*, the Monkey Dance, in Pedangtigal. What a lot is happening all at once!

August 3, 1977

Today is the first day of *galungan*, and all yesterday's hard work is being continued. Every house seems to have a *penyor* (a bamboo pole with palm leaf decorations) and also a bamboo altar with scarves and *lamaks* (soft dark green palm leaves pinned together to form a long hanging on which is an intricate design using cut-outs of young pale green palm leaf) and other offerings. They are still making offerings in the courtyard here, though now they are also putting them all in their right places.

Gung Alit has been in the house temple nearly all day with Gusti Rai from our courtyard and a girlfriend helper. I watched them pile sets of offerings, all exactly alike, one on top of the other, precariously balanced--maybe seventy in all--on a high open god seat. Only at the last did a part of one fall. It was immediately replaced.

Berata, who was at one time Agung's boy, and who was later until his marriage the business manager of the Puri Saren, took me in the car to Campuan where I stood leaning against a *waring* to draw a picture. While drawing, I looked down just in time to see a small brown snake passing very close to my feet. I leapt away in horror, but none of the children took any notice. Berata just said it was a good snake and that there are many. I shall not sit in a *waring* again without keeping an eye on my feet, or I shall tuck my feet up on the bench. I am assured that there are no snakes in the Puri here, but I wonder.

At 3 we all gathered to go to Sukawati for a big procession. Agung was kept waiting for ages by Tj. Srijasa, but eventually we left. We were just in time to see the procession return, the women wearing sarongs and gold headdresses, walking with trailing underskirts. We prayed in the inner family temple and also in the main courtyard. Just after sunset we left. Many families were still praying. A high priest was just beginning to pray and the gamelan was playing. We planned to return at 9 p.m. for Ramayana done by the Gianjar group.

Home to dinner with two of the guests and then to Puri Saraswati to watch the young boys dance a *barong* story. They were so funny and marvellously clever mimicking the grownups. Needless to say when it was over about 9:15 p.m. there were no cars or *bemos* to take us to Sukawati, so we went to bed.

August 4, 1977

The morning was very beautiful. I painted my drawing of the kitchen and then took a *bemo* to Sukawati about 9:30 a.m. to finish my painting in the temple. So lovely there. A family came from Bangli to pray and another from Bangbungan. I had a large audience some of the time. I talked with a girl from Sukawati and one of Agung's family from Surabaya who had come with his wife and family for one month. I noticed a large group of men in the inside family temple holding a meeting. I do wonder what it was about. I came home by *bemo*, hanging like a monkey inside as there were no empty seats. No one ever gets up for you unless you are a *pedanda* or a *tjokorda*.

When I got back, Agung had an interesting Australian woman with him. She talked of Whitlam and the probable influence of the CIA in his overthrow, and she told us of uranium mining and how the process leaves a very toxic residue which remains so for millions of years. So we hear the news in Ubud. Also news of the neutron bomb--some new weapon which kills humans but leaves the buildings. Great, I must say.

Three guests in the Puri and I went to Sukawati by taxi at 8 p.m. and arrived just in time to see *gabor* being danced again, most beautifully. Slow and stately and mesmeric. About an hour later a dance performance began outside the temple. All day we had been told first that it would be Ramayana from Denpasar, then that it would be *topeng*. Actually, they were nearly right as it was a potpourri of dancers from different places: *legong* from Peliatan, *baris* I think from Sukawati, *tambulilingan*, *margapati* and *jauk* and a story with two hilariously funny men and Rangda and another baddy--and of course a monkey. We left at about midnight.

August 5, 1977

Just dawdled and talked all morning. I do paint and draw whenever the lighting is right and I see something. Have finished two paintings now and have three more drawings to paint plus two from 1974 to finish. At about 3:30 they told me to dress Balinese for Sukawati. I found Agung seated on the verandah in gorgeous purple full dress, a scarlet hibiscus in his head kerchief and wearing his kris and Dutch medal. We waited a while for the Ubud *tjokordas* in full dress and the girls also to come. Then we all piled into cars and were off to Sukawati. Already the procession was forming, first the holy relics, umbrellas, and weapons, then girls in single file. Each had a gold headdress and earrings, bare shoulders and bound torso above a narrow skirt of ikat or cloth woven with gold thread, and between the feet another color of gold-painted cloth which swirled behind as she walked. First in line were tiny children from four years old. There were at least one hundred in all, maybe more. Then came Agung sheltered by two umbrellas with the younger *tjokordas*. Then came the older *tjokordas* and their wives and finally the gamelan.

Many many people lined the street, mostly the people of Sukawati, though many tourists also. The cars were halted, especially on our return at dusk to the temple. It is nearly a mile each way. Once back in the temple, we prayed in the inner family temple and then in the inner courtyard. I prayed with Gung Istri and Gung Sri. It was dark when we came home.

I went after supper and talked for ages to the Dutch girls, who leave at dawn. One of them came and saw my paintings and journal and some of the first draft of Agung's book. She was very enthusiastic and will buy my journal, which really makes me feel good.

August 6, 1977

The Puri is so quiet and we are all tired. The guests have left. I did nothing much all day except walked to the home of Ibu Rai, who used to have a *waring* just outside the Puri. She was so surprised to see me. We had rice wine and talked a little. She has many children, about seven. Three are still in school. She showed me her chickens. She is now breeding them battery-style and has about fifty. This is a new way of doing things for the Balinese. She is obviously doing very well. She also has a shop with batiks and paintings. She insisted I take two lovely oils of Balinese pigs, which I really like. Such a lovely gift.

August 7, 1977

Up bright and early to try to catch the right light to finish the painting here in the courtyard. Did a lot more to it but did not finish. I like it. Agung told me to take a girl guest to my dance teacher to watch my lesson. I told him I wasn't having lessons till after *galungan*, and he said, "No matter - have a lesson this evening maybe." So, of course, we did just that. It turned out to be excellent. Gung Ari was not at all surprised and very willing. The girl said it helped her a lot. She had been dancing *pendet gabor* for one month and is the best Westerner I have seen.

I walked to Campuan to paint the drawing I did. This time I sat in the *waring* with my feet up. They were so kind, and when I wanted to put pigs in the painting they took me to the back to draw a small pig and then two larger ones. Their courtyards are so full of birds and animals and children - all quiet and in harmony. The son of this family works in the Puri Saraswati and says he comes every day to see his mother and family. I also saw some pots and tiles made by the artist Kijit from Tabanan. Apparently he died at the age of 36. I must go and draw his big pots which depict old men with flutes and lots of different characters, rather Mexican looking in that the arms are tiny and the eyes, crescent slits. Then I went to talk with a man next door who carves stone and has done a bird and an even better pig. I think he just does it to amuse himself. He is an old man and his courtyard is prosperous looking.

Something odd goes on in the evenings. Gusti Rai is sick at the moment. She has a very bad cold or flu. Around 8 p.m. a man comes and they all talk and a boy catches a white cock and they take it to the bedroom and also do something to it outside, but it is quiet. I cannot make out if the chicken is sick or if it is used for medicine of some sort. I am told the chicken had flu.

I chased a man and two cows, hoping the cows would graze so that I could draw them. But after a long walk to Taman they arrived home and disappeared into a courtyard for the night. On the way back I saw a group of women pounding rice. It looked so beautiful in the lane that I did a painting. As Agung says, when you are looking for something you never find it, only when not looking.

August 9, 1977

Agung asked me to lunch, and we began editing his life story which he dictated to me on my previous visits. After 2:30, I was so tired I begged to stop. We have done almost half of Part 2. He said to return at 5 p.m. I slept and rather reluctantly returned at 5 to find him with some elderly Australians, so I stayed away. I talked to Atun, Agung's daughter, about her children in Surabaya. She says she thinks of them all the time and cries in the morning when no one can see. She must stay here until her husband comes to collect her. She came for the festival in the temple at Sukawati. She said it was even worse in Australia when she was there recently with Agung because they were on a farm and it was so cold and they had nothing to do.

Putu came to see me. He, like Berata, was Agung's boy, at one time. Being Agung's boy means that from about the age of eight to perhaps twelve they are constantly at Agung's side except when they must go to school, or do their homework. They sleep on a mat at Agung's door and accompany him everywhere, running his errands, collecting flowers and arranging them for his prayers and generally helping in the Puri. Putu has one more year at school in SMP Ubud then he wants to go to university to study Balinese history. He says he gets up at 5 a.m. and studies for an hour then works in the Puri till it is time to go to school.

August 10, 1977

Practiced dance and thought it seemed very early. Found out in Denpasar that my watch is half an hour too fast. Ktut came with me to help shop. We bought a basin and an umbrella and cakes and parts for the bicycle which has been lent to him. We were so tired we took a *bemo* to Gung Istri's house in Denpasar. She is building a very big house around it for herself and her two children. It is not finished yet. I do not know why they want glass windows here. Surely it will be far too hot. Anyway, we had hot orange juice and felt better. We were asked for lunch, but I said Ktut and I would eat at the bus station as we had planned. I knew Ktut wanted to. Gung Istri insists she cannot live in Puri Sarenkangin.

Ktut and I could not find any plants in the market, so, as we were passing a hedge of red hibiscus in bloom near Gung Istri's house, I said to Ktut that that was what I wanted. He promptly went over and deftly pulled a plant complete with roots from the hedge. I was a trifle concerned, but he said it all belonged to Gung Istri. I just hope so. Anyway, it is now planted in Puri Sarenkangin and will live I think. We do have roses but few other flowers. There is a large poinsettia in full red bloom (as it is winter here) opposite my verandah.

After I had rested I went to see if Agung wanted to do more editing. We did a little, and I took away his copy to make mine the same as he has been working away at it.

August 11, 1977

There is a lawyer from Sri Lanka connected with the UN staying in the Puri. I found he knows David Hood, Dean of the Law School in Honolulu, and other lawyer friends of mine. I took a *bemo* to the rice fields outside Mas and painted my drawing of cows ploughing. Lots of people came and chatted and taught me Balinese words. I visited Tilem's Gallery on the way back. It is very beautiful, so much fantastic art and draftsmanship that it overwhelms. All so artistically displayed, carved doors and gold leaf everywhere.

August 12, 1977

I talked with Agung and we did some editing. He said he felt that though he wants to retreat to a quiet country place and be peaceful, he should stay and suffer the difficulties of life until his sons are educated and able to look after themselves. He said he would like us to live in the rice fields in Bunutan in two very simple houses. I agreed with him that that would be fine with me, although I am sure we both know that it can never happen. He is not a young man and his youngest son is only fifteen or so, and I shall always have difficulties with immigration and the snakes in the rice fields, so However, I will of course always visit him from time to time if I have the money. He talked also about black magic (*guna-guna*) which he says is widely practiced. I asked if it was just concerned with making people ill, and he said, "Well, if that is not enough, then poison." A sobering thought.

I walked to Sebali with a guest but it was very hot. No people were around, as all had killed pigs and were making *lawu*.

In the evening Agung gave a party. While Agung, gorgeous in sarong, bare shoulders, and kris, and his guest in Sri Lanka dress and myself in full Balinese dress were sitting on the verandah talking and waiting for the other guests to arrive, three strangers wandered into the courtyard and stood in the dark below gazing up at us as if struck by lightning.

Agung waited to see what would happen. Maybe he was sizing them up. Perhaps they might just go away. Then he asked what country they were from, and one young man said Holland. They at once started talking Dutch, and the young man introduced the other two who were French. Agung asked them to sit with us, and we drank rice wine. Then the *gang gong* music began. As the musicians were sitting on the ground in the dark, it is doubtful whether the strangers had seen them. They were astonished. When we rose to eat, Agung invited them to join us. They had no idea where they were going and were in total shock at these unexpected happenings. The central *bale* was, as usual, all decorated with palm leaf and flowers, and many Balinese dishes were served. It was a very good evening, a most enjoyable happening, and I am sure a fantastic evening for those people.

August 13, 1977

I went to Pura Taman at Mas early in the morning hoping to see *wayang wong*. They tell me maybe 10 a.m. or 8 p.m. I sat ages in the beautiful inner courtyard, drawing and painting an old, but newly painted, mask tied to a big tree and dressed like a man. Alas, I've never seen so many tourists in inappropriate dress. Some were even taking photos in front of the people praying, almost between the priest and the people. The couple responsible were none too clean looking and later I spoke to the girl asking gently if she would take photos in front of people praying in a church. She said, "Of course," and was very touchy, saying she felt she knew perfectly well how the Balinese felt as she had been living in a village for two months already. I still said, "Well, it does not seem right to me to do it even if you do think they don't mind."

Of course they mind, but they don't say so, just smile and try not to get angry, which is very bad in a temple. They try not to see them. But they do mind, very much indeed.

From this incident, I can see that it may be that tourists (myself included) may cause disturbances and disagreement by arguing with each other over the proper mode of behavior. And the Balinese will watch, without looking, and maybe enjoy the result. Let us hope, if enough fuss is made, that behavior will improve. Wearing torn and dirty clothes, and exposing the upper thigh, as in short shorts, are not acceptable modes of dress to the Balinese at any time. It is also necessary to wear a scarf around the waist when visiting a temple, especially for a festival. It would help if these rules were spelled out in the travel brochures for Bali.

No *wayang wong*, so I went home at 2 and arranged with Ktut to drive me back on a motorbike this evening. Alas, I heard that *wayang wong* was at 3 p.m. and so was all over when we arrived at 8 p.m. I stayed till nearly 10, watching the *pedanda* from Dawan. He and his wife recognized me and I later spoke with them.

While sitting earlier in the temple a woman had offered me *sirih* (betel nut) which I accepted. Very odd taste, not unlike the effect of clove cigarette.

August 14, 1977

Up early to see Agung as he is going to Surabaya today. We did a little editing. He really manages to read a lot and is very careful. He said he thought it better that I had seen the *pedanda* from Dawan rather than the *wayang wong*. I don't know how I missed the latter as I now find out it was at 9 a.m. and I must have been there while it was going on in another courtyard.

I went to Pedangtigal and met Rai who took me back to his house. There I talked with his children--a teacher, a nurse, and a son who is studying to be a doctor. I was shown two albums of photos of the cremation of his wife two years earlier. I had to really bite my lips hard not to cry. She was much loved and there were her family in the photos looking so happy and working hard to make a fantastic Bull for her coffin and a high tower. There were photos of the Bull and tower burning so her soul could be sent off on its journey, and of the procession taking her ashes to the river.

Around 5 p.m. I wandered out because I was told the *barong landong* (standing *barongs*) would leave the *pedanda's* house in Pedangtigal, which is only five minutes walk away. Just as I arrived, they were descending the steps amid a growing crowd of children. All newly dressed and painted, the *barongs* danced and sang. Huge dolls with tiny human feet, they are at once dominant and yet unaggressive, totally immersed in each other, the white faced Princess and the earthy black King. Yet they do relate to their audience, especially when they dance a hilarious version of the *joged boom boom*. This dance normally requires exceptionally swift evasive movements on the part of the girl in order to avoid the touch of the male dancer's hand on her hips, movements which are totally impossible for these unwieldy figures.

I followed them for almost two hours as they progressed down one of the lanes, stopping in front of each house to dance, the musicians squatting together almost under their feet, the children and others perched on anything they could find in the narrow space, usually squatting on the ground like the musicians, behind the glaring pump lamp if possible. The outer darkness added to the unreality of the two dancing visitors from outer space, which I suppose they are, spiritually speaking anyway. The men, taking turns to dance beneath the colossal torsos, were sweat soaked from the effort. I left, probably long before the end. They said it would go on for another two hours.

August 15, 1977

Berata came to see me this morning. He said there was Ramayan at Mas last night. I meant to ask him about Ktut's bike, which is a total



Arja at Teges

R. H. H. H.

wreck. He is using his friend's, but I don't want to buy it for him if it is not a good buy or if he will not need it when he goes back to his village after I have left. He needs it now to ride back to his village every night to sleep.

It struck me today that the most outward sign of change in the last three years is the lack of trees. So many trees have been cut down for the electric overhead wires. It has changed the look of Ubud. Some of the smaller lanes are now wide and sunny whereas they were cool, shaded, and arched over with branches. I think this will have a noticeable ecological change in that less coconuts and food will be available for free, and the people in general will be more exposed every day to the very hot equatorial sun. Before, an area of trees indicated a village. Now the village itself will be visible.

I wonder whether this is wise in a country so dependent on its natural vegetation for food for the people and for domestic animals. More important, will it change the rainfall? And all for the sake of TV! (So effortless to use as a diversion, as we who have been subjected to it for years know only too well. Also, so easy a tool for both political and financial influence.) Do the Balinese really need electricity? There is paraffin, candles or coconut oil for lamps, whereas oil for making electricity is rapidly diminishing and must be bought at ever higher cost. Gas can be used for refrigerators. Once they have electricity they will have to pay for it, and the small vendors of paraffin and oil will die out. They can collect their own wood for their kitchen fires, which is the usual practice. In the tropics, trees grow and die so fast that there is plenty of brushwood.

I took a *bemo* to Mas and found the festival still in progress. I finished my painting after about two hours, and many people were still arriving to pray. I talked a while with the young priests in training. They said they were Brahmin, and some worked for Tilem who himself was there when I arrived. Tilem told me he was off to Jakarta but would hope to see me in about ten-days time. There is drama tonight in Mas, but somehow I don't want to go alone, and there are no guests in the Puri at the moment.

August 16, 1977

There is to be *arja* tonight in Mas and I have arranged with Putu to take me on the bike. I walked to Campuan and felt I needed to meet and talk with some Westerners. I had coffee with a young couple whom I persuaded to stay at the Puri Saren. I found when we all got back that six other people had already filtered in. The couple stayed one night, and we all went together to *arja* which to a Westerner is a mixture of opera and drama. It lasted from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. I left at around 4 a.m. It was terrific. Very funny and excellent dance and mime.

As I understood the story, first a servant of the Princess and then the Princess herself tell how happy everyone is in that country, but that a brother is about to arrive. The mother comes in, and then a female witch doctor, who is very pretty, plump, flirtatious, outrageous and bad. The witch doctor, of course, makes trouble all around. There are two Princes, one of whom flirts with the witch doctor while the other falls in love with the Princess. The Princes quarrel, but by means of a ring discover they are brothers. One Prince is seized by the witch doctor and imprisoned. The servants of everyone are very comic and constantly in conflict.

I left just as the King made his first appearance. There was less than an hour to go so I am sure he sorted out the whole business. Wish I had had the strength to stay but just could not, even though I had taken a short break for coffee and, like everyone else, found a dark place to relieve myself. I think Bali is saved from being smelly by the fact that the earth is so porous. Even after five days of festival in the temple, there was no unpleasant smell. Mind you, the river is close by for more serious calls.

August 17, 1977

I didn't feel too good all day. Went to Gung Ari and had a first lesson in *gabor*. I feel I can never learn it. It seems so long and complicated. Did nothing else all day but sit around.

As it is Independence Day the children put on a dance performance right opposite my front door. Tiny little girls, six years maybe, danced *pendet* for the first time. An even smaller little boy (I saw him in practice, very talented) in *baris* costume for the first time made an "almost" entrance. He stood with his mother gently kneeling him forward, but he turned and hid in her skirt. The gamelan kept playing his music over and over and waited, and his father went over and spoke to him, but he couldn't make it. So the gamelan started the next dance and the performance went on. There was no shame to the child. He just did not want to dance that night. They will try again I expect. He really loves to dance, so will eventually make it, never mind when.

August 18, 1977

I suddenly decided to go to the Bali Beach Hotel and see if they will publish my 1971-72 journal commercially. Yesterday yet another guest in the Puri read it and said it should be more widely available. They are always saying this. But I think I have tried every publisher. Anyway, I took it, and my paintings, to the Bali Beach and spoke to the assistant manager. He was very nice and said he would give it to the analysts.

I had a swim there and stayed to eat fish in a *warung* and then came back around 1:30 p.m. in a *bemo* where I met Gung Ari. She had been shopping for costumes for her house-boys. It had taken her all morning since 7 a.m., but she still said she would give me a lesson at 3 p.m. So I went, and *gabor* was a little easier. Maybe I might be able to learn it after all.

I was so very tired I had early dinner and was about to go to bed when the *barong landong* appeared along the road. So I watched them for about an hour before staggering home.

August 19, 1977

Alas, I think I have a cold. I have a dance lesson at 8 a.m. This *gabor* is nowhere near so difficult as the *tambulilingan* and not nearly so long. I enjoy doing it though, as it is very hypnotic. If I get a tape made I shall get great pleasure dancing to it.

I gave Ktut money to go and buy the bike he borrows from his friend. It is an old bike, but OK I am told.

I was reading on my bed when it started to shake. I thought, Heavens, what a huge army lorry must be passing by. However, as it went on longer than any passing lorry, I suddenly realized it was an earthquake and raced outside. Here we all stood gazing at the sky for rocks and ashes and watching the ground wave like the ocean and the house jog up and down, the roof tiles doing a crazy dance. I anxiously expected the earth to open up any minute. It lasted about two minutes. No one seemed very perturbed. Only slight damage was done and no one was killed.

Agung has come back and lots more guests are in the Puri. He says his family temple in Ubud has been damaged and so the families must meet and he, as head, will have to decide what to do. He says the holy weapons must be removed to the temple in his Puri as the house in the other temple is not safe.

Two men came to see him and sat on the lower step. They stayed only about five minutes. Apparently they asked Agung if the *barong* could dance *calonarang* some days from now. He told me it was hard to refuse, so I gather he said yes. I wonder if he wanted to refuse and if so why, but could not figure how to ask. I think he interprets the thinking of the *barong*. But I am not sure about this. Of course, the *barong* lives in his temple and that may be the reason he was asked.

I went to bed as early as possible as my cold is awful.

August 20, 1977

While I had breakfast on my verandah, six men trotted into the courtyard with loads of coconuts on either end of poles across the shoulders. I tried to lift one load from the ground, but it was quite impossible. They are for oil and grated coconut, about one hundred nuts in all. To tie the coconuts together, they strip a piece of the husk half-way down the side of the coconut and use it as string.

I had to wait a long time for my dance lesson, and Agung wanted to see me after. He has begun writing more of his memoirs in longhand, which is rather difficult for me to read. Actually dictation is very much better. He has finished correcting Part 2, and I am correcting my copy.

I haven't painted for three days, but the weather is overcast and I don't feel like it. My cold is really rotten. There is a doctor guest, and he gave me pills which really help.

Agung gave a lovely party - *gang gong* music, beef and pork sate. About fourteen of us in all. When it was over we all walked the three minute distance to Tj. Mas's *puri* to watch Ramayana. It is danced by the same family as before. They are even better, if that were possible.

August 21, 1977

My cold is not good, but the pills help. There is no sun today so could find nothing to paint. I had my dance lesson and even danced in front of some guests of Gung Ari, because she asked me to. This is only my fourth lesson, I think. I slept two hours in the afternoon, due to the wonder pills I don't doubt.

August 22, 1977

I went to Tangkop at 8:30 this morning with five other guests, two French, two Dutch, and one American. We went first by *bemo*, then walked through rice fields steeply down to a river and steeply up to the village. The temple entrance was newly decorated with fresh pale green palm and flowers. After a while the gamelan players gathered, some women brought offerings and flowers, and the priest prayed and sprinkled holy water outside the entrance then went inside the temple. We were given fresh coconuts to drink, which I like very much. Then the gamelan started. So thrilling and different from Ubud and Peliatan, very varied melodies and accompanied by flute. The *tambulilingan* was the most sweet and sensuous I have seen. The young girl dancer was about twelve years old, in full command and very beautiful.

The two *legong* dancers were perfect with very fluid movements. The story part is different in this village. There was no quarrel or attempted rescue by the Garuda. The pair were lovers instead. I managed to do some of a painting and hope to go there again and make a tape of the gamelan.

Of course, an American insisted on taking photos--so irritating. He also taped, which would not have mattered except that he played it back and it sounded dreadful after the real thing. I told him the Balinese often hear themselves play and that a tape recorder is no new toy to them, but in vain. Later this man apparently told Putu that they should clean their temples up a bit, which mightily amused us. The priest said more prayers and a hapless chick returned to its maker sooner than intended. One can only say that in Bali this offering appears very effective as the evil spirits do seem remarkably peaceful.

August 23, 1977

Had a dance lesson. Still have this cold, and it was so overcast that, although I went to Taman to finish the painting of women pounding rice, I could not. I did a little work with Agung.

At about 7 p.m. I trotted off in full fig to the Puri to have dinner with visiting American Field Service students. I discovered the outer courtyard full of people, Agung in formal regalia, many chairs, and candles lighting the center and the gate behind. To the amazement of the students the *kecak* dancers suddenly poured hissing into the courtyard and from then on their glossy skins, fluttering hands, and stirring chants gripped our attention. There were, of course, those who hardly looked at what was happening, so busy were they with heads bent adjusting their cameras and then standing to take some imprint of a scene they knew nothing of. The flash spoils it for everyone else. How I wish they would ban flashes altogether, except for special sessions for photographers.

My belief that formal education as now given in the U.S. and in Europe is largely a waste of time was greeted by enthusiasm by some of the students who say that they have learned more in the three months living with families abroad than in all their schooling put together. Rather a wild assertion, but one knows what they mean. They would have gained less, perhaps, if they had had no schooling at all, but that is not quite the point.

Agung treated us all, thirty-five of the students plus two host families, to *gang gong* music before dinner and to *gong suling* during dinner. A really lavish party. The students said it was the best thing of the whole trip.

August 24, 1977

I had to go to Denpasar for an extension of my visa. I stopped off at the *puri* in Peliatan on my way back and saw the Anak Agung. I ate lunch there with friends, and, even though I now feel as though I have flu, I did go to Taman and finish my painting, a good one, I think.

August 25, 1977

A visitor came for lunch. She told me how her family in Holland during the war had German officers billeted on them in their farm. The Germans would sit at the dinner table and throw a sausage to the dog while the family sat at another table with just a few potatoes, and all the while they had escaped prisoners and Dutch resisters hidden in their cellars. Fantastic to hear while I am reading A Man Called Intrepid, a book I highly recommend.

So very Balinese this evening. Ktut told me Berata had passed by on his way to the Puri and said he would come and see me. Later, as he never came, I started to walk to the Puri and he passed me in the car with a cheery wave going in the opposite direction. I know that our signals all get crossed, most particularly Ktut's.

A huge group of people has arrived at the Puri, and Agung again arranged a *kecak* performance and *gang gong*. I stayed away as he had enough to cope with without extras. Somehow they have all fitted in. Eventually I went and watched a dance practice with the gamelan.

August 26, 1977

I had a dance lesson, and a guest watched and obviously disapproved because of my Western hands. To hell with that. I never said I was Balinese. I later finished my painting of the Puri gateway.

I went to the Necker Gallery outside Ubud. It is simply enormous with some lovely paintings by many artists. I liked particularly Kyit and Donald Friend. I don't know if Kyit is a Balinese or not.

I was too tired to go to Agung at 4 and went to bed directly after supper at 7.

August 27, 1977

Dance lesson at 8 a.m. I then went for a walk to find something to paint but instead talked to a man in his house. He plays flute and speaks English very well. He was a policeman at one time. He told me that often older people die in the river. They go alone to bathe, then collapse and drown. Seems to me a better end than months or years in a hospital bed.

I went to eat lunch with Gung Ari. We had delicious *habi guling* and roast chicken, also cabbage, rice, potatoes, coffee and a pudding wrapped in banana leaves. All good finger food. We went to see the damage done by the earthquake in the family temple, and I started a painting of the Ratu Gde statue there.



Temple Festival at Pura Dalem

R. H. H.

Agung had guests who spoke of Australia's government and how they expect another election soon. Some guests agreed that America is involved in their election process and others not. They also said they had seen the tidal waves which followed the earthquake. There were many and they seemed to go round the reef and come in behind it. They said some men trying to save their *praus* on the beach had been caught up to the armpits, but somehow were not dragged out to sea.

August 28, 1977

Today was the day that there was *calonarang* in the evening. I got everything wrong today all around. I was with Agung until lunch time, and he said he wants to go to Baturiti on Thursday and take me too. We will go very very early in the morning. He told me about 1:30 p.m. to go to the temple to see the *barong* and offerings. So after lunch, I duly went, although I had expected to go with Gung Istri to pray. Well, only *tjokordas* were sitting there. The *barong* and Rangda and her daughter were still in their bale. No performance yet, so I went back home. There I was told that Gung Istri had already gone to the temple, so raced after one of the boys who was taking flower offerings, only to find Gung Istri in another temple. There was still no praying. Only children were in the main temple but it filled up with wives and *tjokordas* later.

Around 4 p.m. the procession started. The *barong* was taken out by men and walked in procession to the Pura Dalem, Agung and the *tjokordas* in front and us behind. The holy weapons and umbrellas led the way. We all sat in the temple and after a while we did all pray together. I sat some time after this. It grew dark and I thought I had better go home so Ktut could leave. I should have stayed with the family but did not realize this. I went back about an hour before the performance began. Thousands of people were jam packed on the cremation field. I had to sit where I could not see very well. Actually, I should have gone back to the temple there and joined the family.

There was a performance of *baris* and a *jauk* and then I gave up trying to see and just walked around until suddenly the *barong* came, led by Agung with all the *tjokordas* and wives. They sat on a carpet at one end of the dance floor and the *barong* began to dance. After quite a short time, he suddenly left the arena and the lead man under the head tore off into the night, presumably in trance. Later the *barong* danced again, twice more. At one time he seemed in a deep sleep until suddenly wide awake again. All was very tense. Then there was another *jauk* dance, and then in came the *barong* and *kris* dancers and also Rangda's daughter. She inflamed the *kris* dancers, and in a very short time all were totally in trance and very menacing to Rangda's daughter. Then the *barong* came back and the scene became a fantastic mele. I noticed that the surrounding guards were very numerous and had problems overpowering the entranced dancers. It took Tj. Suryasa and one other man

a long time to quiet the dancers, all the while sprinkling them with holy water and waving burning sticks of incense over them, till at last they all went back to the temple.

I thought the *barong* would return and dance with Rangda and go up the steps which had been specially made. I was proved wrong. Only *baris*, *sisiang*, and *arja* were performed, and, because I expected more, I later went and rested in the temple thinking that at least I would be with the family when the *barong* finally returned. Agung was surprised to see me and brought me a mat to lie on. It was such a beautiful night that I fell asleep and must have missed about an hour of *arja*. All of a sudden everyone woke, and we were off and running in procession with witches and *barong* back to Ubud. I was amazed that it was all over. It was about 3 a.m.

August 29, 1977

Well, I learned some things about last night. I went to Agung early and he said that they hadn't been able to use the Rangda mask as the man who was to have danced in it sent word that he left himself unfit to dance with such a very strong mask. So Agung had had to send a car off to Singapadu for another dancer to dance as Rangda's Assistant, so of course the dance was not quite what it might have been. That explains why it ended relatively early.

I don't know if I have all this right, as we were interrupted. A guest came to see Agung who, having taken a three-month vacation for health reasons, had covered almost every corner of the earth and would have been most interesting except that she could only relate her air travel problems. For the first time I saw that Agung was nodding off, which is very unusual. When I realized she wasn't going to stop, I got up to leave hoping to break it up for Agung.

I went to Peliatan to talk to a young couple staying in the *puri* there. I do feel the loss of the two Dutch girls. They were such a jolly pair, full of fun, and there have been no such enjoyable people here since. The tourists now are either so earnest and academic as to be very heavy going or they are just shoppers. So am rather depressed.

I had just eaten supper when I heard the *barong landong*. They danced at every house down a tiny lane opposite where I live, the walls topped with thatch and a huge full moon shining between clouds behind the silhouettes of the palm trees. So beautiful with the dark black-blue above and the soft brown earth tones below, with splashes of bright light and color on the massive swaying *barongs* and the honey-colored upturned faces of the watching children. I again followed for nearly two hours, sitting on the dusty path to watch.

August 30, 1977

I went to see Agung, then went to Denpasar and Immigration for my passport. Apparently a request for three months is no problem, but more than that is. So I must be content with that. Also went to the Bali Beach Hotel to swim. There they returned my journal with a polite regret. Very quick and efficient. Had delicious lunch at a tiny *waring*, white fish and tiny flat fish, rice, nuts, hot sauce, and a large glass of tea. It was very inexpensive. I shall go there again. When I got home I did some painting and tried to find Agung but couldn't meet up with anyone.

August 31, 1977

Did an hour and a half dictation with Agung and then had a dance lesson which nearly killed me. Agung says we shall go to Baturiti on Saturday. Today is Wednesday. Walked around all the local shops for gifts. I finished off a lot of paintings and after supper watched gamelan practice.

September 1, 1977

No dance lesson as Gung Ari went to Denpasar. I took a *bemo* to Teges, but was too late for cows ploughing so walked up and down the lanes. I eventually sat in a big *bale* and drew men lounging under a small *bale* grooming their fighting cocks. Met up with some friends for *bebek tutu* and beer and got very merry.

This evening it rained hard for at least half an hour, the first rain for ages. It has been rather dry.

September 2, 1977

Raining hard when I woke up, and it rained on and off all day. Found Agung in the car about to go to Denpasar because of the statue which was stolen years ago from the museum Puri Lukisan and was recently found and is being returned. He says tomorrow at 4 a.m. we go to Baturiti. I went to Gung Ari and we tried again to make a tape of the *gabor*, but had to give up as my recorder was not working well. I had another lesson instead.

When I woke up this morning it was to a girl crying and bawling, sort of like a cow, every out-breath a bellow. She was obviously hysterical, and I must admit that under the berating being administered by some other woman I can't really blame her. Gusti Rai was keeping almost out of sight in the kitchen, and Gusti Putu stood watching but very uncertain whether to come or go. She eventually retreated to the front garden.

I was most curious to know what it was all about as it is so rare for anyone to make noise or cry in public. And this was very public. Ktut was totally unconcerned and said it was Gusti Saiyu, the young girl teacher who sleeps here during the week. She is a strange girl and not friendly to anyone. She comes from Blahbatuh. According to Ktut, she wouldn't wash or do the washing, but it seems odd to cry for a half hour over that, even though I know it is a heinous crime here not to wash. I couldn't find out who was shouting at her. I rather think it was her mother.

Agung came into the courtyard about 4 p.m. and he decided because of the rain that we had better postpone our trip to Batiriti tomorrow. Very disappointing, but I think he is right.

September 3, 1977

Raining hard. I went to Agung and he said that in a month and a half there will be a big festival at his temple here in Ubud, and repairs must be finished by then, but he is not yet sure of the money from his family abroad. If it does not come, and the families in Ubud do not supply the money, he plans to spend his own, though he has not told anyone that yet.

I dressmade nearly all day and Ktut machined. I watched *kecak* in the Puri but it began to rain so they speeded up and ended mighty quick. Later I went to see the drama in the Wantilan opposit the Puri. I stayed till 4 a.m., and it went on for one more hour. It was a lot of fun, and I never noticed the time till the last hour. A sort of Cinderella story, I think. A bad sister turning her beautiful sister into a drudge and driving her away. The gamelan was terrific, all from North Bali.

A man aged about thirty staying in the Puri told me when I was talking of the festivals and dances here, "I've seen it all before. It is just the same as India, the same culture. I don't need to see any more." He was born in India but all his schooling was in Scotland. I was quite unable to conceal my amazement. In India there is no *barong*, no *barong landong*, not the same caste system or the committee system, no Rangda. One could go on and on.

September 4, 1977

Went with Agung and his driver and boy to Bunutan where he has a new hotel, Cocopalms. It is set in a garden with small separate houses made of woven mat walls, bamboo frame and bamboo tile roofing. Each house has two beds, with sheets and batik spreads, and a bathroom with a water tank and Western toilet but with a hand bailer. The mirror is set in carved wood. Each has a covered verandah, and all overlook the river and sawahs. I thought them delightful.

We sat and drank coconut water and ate sweet potatoes, and I drew a picture of the cows being washed in the river, ducks in the rice fields, people bathing and the constant coming and going around the river.

Agung asked a young girl, who was the only guest there, to join us for lunch, which Agung had brought with him in the small old green car we had come in. We ate chicken and rice and *timbul*, and also *babi guling*. When we got back from a walk by the river, Agung said we must hurry back as the Indonesian Consul from Sydney was waiting to see him. It was so lovely there at Cocopalms that we plan to come back again and stay a couple of days.

I was so tired that directly after supper I went to bed.

September 5, 1977

I had a dance lesson, then went to the *puri* in Peliatan and asked if I could have a massage from Gading. My friends had told me of him and how people come all the way from Australia specially to get his help. I have noticed that I hunch my shoulders and am very tense around the neck and shoulders. I sat and waited for him in an inner courtyard full of flowers and butterflies. Then he came, a young and gentle looking man, rather beautiful. I lay face down on the floor of one of the houses stripped to the waist. He massaged first from the waist up the backbone and down each arm to the tips of the fingers. Later he pressed down with his feet on various parts, easing the bones out of their sockets, I would say. On my side he put a foot on my thigh and pulled the opposite arm, and with a corkscrew twist clicked my backbone. I sat cross-legged and he massaged seemingly up under the skull. Also, he held my chin with one hand and a hank of hair on top of my head with the other and gave a sharp twist to the side, just like having one's neck broken. These are just the highlights. My doctor friends tell me that he is using the same nerve centers as in acupuncture although he says he has learned all his medicine from his father and from family medical *lontars*. I felt much much better when he had finished and I cannot say it was painful, in fact it was relaxing.

I went in the *bemo* to Tjeluk to buy two small stone statues for a friend. I hope they will go in my suitcase as sending them by sea is about ten times the cost price of the statues.

Finished off two paintings and went to Agung at 7 for a big party with *gong suling*. After the party we all went to watch a dance performance at Tj. Mas's *puri*.

September 6, 1977

The huge group of thirty will leave the Puri at 7, and a new group from Switzerland arrives at 8.

Agung wanted to write a letter this morning and that made me late for my dance lesson, but no one minded. We also talked about the memoirs. Agung had wanted to write in detail about what was happening in each branch of his family, who was who, etc., but it seemed to me that this was too personal so I said I thought that it might possibly cause trouble in a later generation.

A large procession came past the Puri from Pedangtigal. First boys carrying tall flags, then tiny girls with bare shoulders, sarongs and high headdresses of palm leaves and flowers. Taller girls followed with gold headdresses and flowers, and then women carrying a white cloth attached to the god chair of gold and white carried on the shoulders of men. There was gamelan music. All the girls were made up as for the dance. So very beautiful. They were on their way to the river at Campuan. They came back at about 6:45 in the dark with lanterns.

An elderly frail lady visitor has returned from a trip to Java and Sumatra. What an intrepid lady! She somehow, by bus mostly, went from Medan to Lake Toba, where she guessed there must be a hotel some place, found one, but soon left for the island in the lake. Here she stayed in a hut over the lake and ate all meals up at the hotel. The bathroom was also up the hill! Honestly, I don't even want to go any place. Bunutan is far enough for me, and one could walk that distance in an hour.

September 7, 1977

There is a festival at Agung's temple in Ubud starting today, so may pray there at around 6 p.m. Ktut buys flowers for me and gives them to Gusti Rai to go with the offerings. I am glad to know that he does this as I have wondered how to contribute.

My leg and foot have infected bites and it is a bit painful to walk. However, I did the dance lesson and, as every day for the last four days, have washed the bites in boiled water and salt.

Went to watch schoolchildren do the *kecak*. Then by *bemo* to Peliatan where I had lunch with friends. I was told a marvellous tale of a very shy doctor in New Guinea who was just sewing up, under a local anesthetic, the lower abdomen of an old lady when he felt a hand stroking his inner thigh and fondling his nether parts. He did not at the time realize that this was a form of thank you ordinarily used among these people, and his patient was but expressing her gratitude in the normal way.

Another story from New Guinea was about the oxygen machines and how they would suddenly choke up. On being shaken, cockroaches would fall out and crawl around in a highly intoxicated state. On one occasion, however, a cockroach emerged from the OUT tube, presumably having done the rounds of the lungs and been ejected.

In the evening I went and prayed in the temple and afterwards sat and waited for *topeng* in the temple courtyard. While waiting, the children were resting or sleeping on mats and pillows and some asked if I would like to sleep too. Very sweet of them, I thought, but I didn't accept as I felt other tourists might think this was a fine idea and then the children would have nowhere to lie down. I was told by some Westerners that the young couple taking movie photos in Mas, to whom I had taken such strong objection, were very unpopular with the Balinese and that they quarrelled with everyone. I was glad to hear they got fairly trampled on at the *calonarang* and were unable to take a movie.

September 8, 1977

A gland in my groin is swollen, so I went across the road to the clinic and was given a shot of penicillin and some ointment for the bites on my feet which have festered. Then I went for my dance lesson and had to walk barefoot as my sandals rubbed.

Later went to the temple at about 8:15 p.m. Cabon village gave a fabulous dance performance outside the temple. We were sitting in excruciating positions, tightly squashed. But the exquisite music and dance, the tiny girls so fast and light the eye could hardly follow, such control, such strong eyes and tremendous presence and assurance. I soon forgot the discomfort. There were four *baris*, a *jauk* whose costume was covered with semi-precious jewels, a *topeng*, a *pendet*, a *tari taruna*, *margapati* and *tambulilingan*.

As when I first arrived, only more so, I was staggered by the splendor of it all. There in the middle of the earth road, with the temple high on one side and the earth wall and steep bank on the other, with very little room for onlookers (for whose benefit it was not), there was given a gift - a gift for the Gods!

In Bali, performances given as part of a festival are usually given free. If chairs are provided then one must pay, and this rule applies to both Balinese and foreigners. There is nearly always a payment for *drama* or *arja*.

September 9, 1977

Agung says the *barong* from Apuan will arrive at Campuan around 1 p.m. today. I got there about 2 and found Agung's family and some others, maybe fifty or sixty people. We waited till about 3:15. And then they came. Down the hill, past the Campuan Hotel, not crossing by the bridge but turning instead onto the path down to the river which they crossed and then climbed up the very steep rocky path to the temple. There were about one hundred and fifty people or more, together with children and even dogs. They carried holy weapons, umbrellas, flags of various types, and the masks of the *barong landong*. About six of them wore grass skirts tied around their necks and falling to below the knee, with a tail at the back and monkey masks on top of their heads covered with a white cloth.

They entered the temple after purification in the river and, now wearing the masks, they faced the priest in a semi-circle in the middle courtyard while he made offerings on the ground to the evil spirits. A hapless chick was honored by decapitation with an enormous holy weapon. After this we all poured into the inner courtyard. I, and another guest, sat with Agung while he talked to all the various *pemangkus* who had come with the *barong*.

What a fantastic sight. Everyone in brilliant colors, all praying, and Agung up in the small *bale* with the Campuan priest and two of the head visiting priests and all praying together. On this occasion, I did not pray with the family. I was just motioned to stay put, which I did. Only Agung's first wife and about five others prayed.

It was an exhilarating sight. I got almost more carried away than last night. These people had come forty miles, and when they return to their village they will have been away over a month, walking and calling at temples to pray. I never saw a *barong* walk so fast, almost a run. He was a very well-worn old fellow, but to inspire such devotion must be mighty powerful nonetheless. Gung Istri Sarenkauh shared with me a piece of his long fur, like horsehair. She tied it round my wrist. When I got home I told Ktut we would split it again, but we couldn't untie the knot, so we cut off the long ends, and when he left for home he was wearing it inside a bag he had sewn. It is for his baby apparently.

There was a performance of *legong* tonight done by the Ubud girls and boys and afterwards *wayang kulit*, but I felt very tired. This is my first day on Penicillin and my foot is still swollen.

September 10, 1977

It was very hard to get to sleep last night; I still seem to be in an exhilarated state. Anyway, practiced my dance and then went to Peliatan to draw the black Bull which will be used in the cremation tomorrow. He is still being decorated with woollen threads, little gold pom-poms, and gold stencilled paper over colored paper. He has been given a pair of large black balls edged with gold and a long thin penis horrifyingly tipped with magenta pink. Somewhat intimidating.

I got back to Ubud about 1 for lunch and slept.

We are all to pray at 6 in the temple for the closing of the festival. I went with two of the boys, and Gusti Rai and Gusti Putu carrying the offerings. We all prayed.

I went back around 10 to watch *arja* and stayed about three hours then came home. The story ended with a doll baby being stabbed to death by the bad prince, or maybe the good. I don't know. How I wish I understood the Balinese language.

September 11, 1977

I went with Ktut to his house in Kedewatan. He has built himself a brick one-room house with windows facing the road and a door at the back. It has a tin roof. He said he plans to have a plaited door and shutters for the window. His father's piece of land has three kitchens, two houses, and two *bales*, plus the temple.

I met his father, mother, wife and baby and umpteen other children who stared at me for about an hour during which we had tea on the main verandah. His mother stayed mostly in the kitchen. After this we walked up the road to see his brother, who lives with his wife's family. An even bigger house with glass windows and a fruit and vegetable garden, all very orderly. Lots of sons in this house apparently.

Heavily laden with a young coconut and some bananas, we set off for home. We went through the Cocopalms Hotel and down to the river and across. I was able to squat in the river, thank heaven, after all that tea and orange juice. Ktut mistakenly took me all the way back by the road instead of by the path on the river bank, but never mind. I suppose it is the way he goes if he is walking at night rather than teeter across rice fields by torch.

We were so hot and tired on the way that he split open the coconut and we drank. It looks so easy when he does it. Almost from where we sat I did a drawing of a small temple in the rice fields and two tall trees. Then we got a *bemo* home.

After lunch I wandered up to the cremation field and was in time to see the procession come round the corner, down the dip and up and round into the field. So glad I saw that.

September 12, 1977

Agung went to Denpasar, so I went to Peliatan to Gading for another massage. In the afternoon I did a painting of some cows outside the Puri Saren.

I was discussing the noises in my head, high-pitched ringing, something like telephone wires, with some friends of mine when a young man asked if he could try something. He stood opposite me and felt the "aura" around my head. He said he could not do anything, but that there was no hole any place. Also he said that after a massage it is all very mixed up. Thank heavens I do have an "aura" like everyone else. At least that is comforting. No one had any useful ideas about the noises, except that large doses of alcohol might help to deaden it.

September 13, 1977

Ktut bought a duck for *bebek tutu*. I went to Agung and he said tomorrow we will go to Baturiti, but he would let me know definitely this evening. He said it would be nice if I prayed in the Puri Sarenkangin house temple every day either just before dinner, or better still at midnight. I demurred at every day and midnight. "Well, if not every day then every five days, just for a short time only," he said. I said I would do this but that I wasn't too sure what to say in my prayers. "Just ask for a good path," he said.

I finished off two pictures and slept a good deal. I did go and pray in the house temple but it was agony to kneel on the stones. I plan to buy myself a special mat within the next five days.

Later I saw Agung and he says we go to Baturiti not tomorrow but the next day. So Ktut and I took our duck to Gung Istri Sarenkauh for her to keep with her ducks until I can have my lunch party. How very difficult it is to plan ahead.

September 14, 1977

Ktut has a toothache. Today Agung says definitely tomorrow, so I went to Peliatan to tell my friends to come to lunch Sunday instead. I went to Sanur to swim and change money. Ate excellent fish in a *waring* and came home.

Agung says he cannot find a driver but he has a car, so he will let me know later if it is definite or not. When I got back, Ktut said that a boy of fifteen from his village fell in the river while carrying wood. He hit his head on a boulder and died. The boy is a relative, I think. But Ktut insists on staying here tonight so as to get me up at 4 a.m. tomorrow.

September 15, 1977

He did get me up at quarter to 4. I dressed in Balinese dress, ate bread and jam and some tea, then went to Agung to find that he had only just awoken and said he wanted to pray first. He would let me know when he was ready. So I went back and rested. Eventually we left around 6. Tj. Suyasa drove us in his new car with Tj. Oka from Puri Kantor in front and Agung and I at the back. Two boys aged about ten and twelve sat between us at the back holding offerings and a holy scepter-like object. Neither boy made one word of complaint during the whole trip though they must have suffered from cramp and fatigue. One of the boys was the youngest son of Tj. Suyasa.

The journey was so twisty, amazingly I did not get sick. I thought the steep climb and the turns would never end. Going up to Baturiti was

bad enough, but down the other side seemed longer and steeper. Up at Baturiti, we all got out in the cool fresh air, quite different from Ubud or even Batur. It was more like Switzerland. There were ever-green trees, mountains and the lake. It was a Muslim holiday and all were gathered in their mosque from which chanting issued. But once we were in the temple on the edge of the lake it was pleasantly distant. No one else was in the temple, and we just prayed with flowers and holy water and then left. I just had time to do a very quick drawing of the temple with a tree in the foreground and the lake behind. Then we were off again.

The drive down gets into dry rice fields and the land is very dry and brown. Singaraja is just another big city. Agung stopped and looked at a big outdoor theater being built in what was once a raja's palace. He said the family is now Christian and they are no longer in residence. We went on to lunch with Agung's niece who lives in one of the residential areas. Her house had an indoor bathroom with a big tank full of water. The well is outside in the garden.

The lunch was delicious. We ate rice, chicken, patties of a mixture of vegetables and spice, fried tiny fish, green vegetables, nuts and many other dishes. While we were waiting for lunch, I had begun painting my drawing as I did not want to forget the coloring and they assured me it was OK for me to do this.

After lunch we drove back along the coast towards Gilimanuk and then inland and over the mountains again and back through Tabanan. They are widening the road through Tabanan and making what looks like a two-lane highway. Coming back one realizes how much richer the South is than the North, although the North has other things like coffee and dry rice and tobacco, so is not too poor either.

When I got back Ktut was still away in his village so I ate supper in a *warung*.

September 16, 1977

So odd to wake up and find Ktut is not here. The place seems very empty without him. So funny, I made tea and tried to fry my eggs. Luckily Gusti Rai helped me and showed me how to light the paraffin stove. They cook in deep coconut oil and keep throwing the oil over the egg. Of course I can cook at home, but it is very different here.

I had bought an orange-colored rose tree in Baturiti and planted it, then went to see Agung who insisted, as Ktut is not here, that I go back to lunch with him at midday. I bought some apples for his first wife as I am so often eating her food.



Temple at Sungei

On the way home I bought *gado gado* for my supper, but there was Ktut, and I was so glad to see him. He said they had buried his relative yesterday and that everyone was crying.

Agung told me that he was very glad he had been to Singaraja as he was able to see the relative of a friend of his here. This friend apparently has no son and Agung says it would be good if he adopted a son. It seems that the son should be from the family and as near a relative as possible. His sister's son has some sons and apparently it could be one of those. If not the son himself, then better still one of the son's sons. I wonder if it will happen.

There will be a festival starting the day after tomorrow at the Pura Desa. A *banjar* member asked me to help make a notice asking visitors not to enter the temple during the praying. "Of course we don't mean you," he said, "You are part of the *banjar* now." And I said, "Surely not. How could that be?" He said, "Well, yes, everyone sees you all the time at all the festivals with Tj. Agung. We all know you." I was so pleased to realize that they really do seem to think of me now as part of the community.

September 17, 1977

Went by *bemo* beyond Campuan to paint the Pura Dalem. At 4 p.m. I went to Puri Saren in Balinese dress to wait for the procession. Tj. Raka asked me to speak to a disreputable looking tourist who was sitting up in the high corner *bale* of the Puri and ask him to come down as otherwise he would be above the *barong* when it passed. So, I went up and asked very politely if he would mind watching from below. He was rude and abusive and refused to move so I left him. Rj. Raka said they would deal with him before the *barong* came by and he went and fetched a very large Balinese friend, and together they went up again to talk to the man. Suddenly they both turned round and came down laughing, leaving the man sitting there. "He's crazy," they said, laughing. Actually I am sure they were right, and so they had found an excellent solution to a difficult problem. If the man was crazy, then it did not matter.

I walked with the family behind the *barong*, who was last in a long procession. There were three golden god chairs and many palm leaf and flower symbols and holy objects. I was told it is for purification at Campuan. Anyway, there were prayers and chanting for about an hour. Later we all came back in procession and then sat in the Pura Desa drinking hot tea. I was momentarily expecting to pray, but this was not to be. We just went home.

As this is the fifth day, I took my new mat and some flowers and incense and prayed in the house temple as Agung had suggested. I shall continue to do this every fifth day at dusk.

September 18, 1977

After breakfast I went with Gung Istri and Gung Sri to the *pedanda* as it is Sri's birthday. It is always strange to me that the *pedanda* sits there chanting his communications with the deities while the women are gossiping and chatting in no very quiet fashion and wandering around exclaiming at the garden and helping themselves to whatever flowers they can find and stuffing them in their hair. After Sri had been blessed and ritually washed, we were all blessed and sprinkled with holy water and came home carrying branches of a special tree to plant in the garden. I then went to dance practice.

My guests came to lunch and we ate *bebek tutu*. Very convivial.

Around 5 I went in Balinese dress to the Pura Desa. A large procession had passed my door but not returned, so I thought I should go before they all got back. I was in the temple from 5:30 to 9, sitting, and it was jam-packed with almost everyone sitting on the ground. I sat some of the time with the family. Finally we all prayed together, and various priests came and sprinkled us and gave us holy water. I fled home to dinner. I think probably many people had eaten already or ate later in the temple. After dinner I went back for *topeng* which I watched for about two hours.

September 19, 1977

I went to finish the painting above Campuan and then went for a swim in the hotel pool. I talked with a young exchange teacher from Australia and her nine-year-old son. She says he is having a wonderful time. After seven months here he can hardly be persuaded to leave the family courtyard and the other children in case he misses something. I said how lucky he is not to be immured in school all day as he would be in Australia. But she was afraid he would lose his enthusiasm for learning. I said I think that either you have the curiosity and ability for learning or not. More often the curiosity is given an early death by too much school rather than the reverse. Most likely you cannot change it either way.

I went to Agung's party rather early and sat talking with him. Apparently the other day, when the children of the family all came to help clear the debris in the house temple for the rebuilding, one of them went off and had an argument about his sister with a boy in the village which ended in blows and even an attempt to fire a gun. So there were long talks with all the families and eventually after a lot of meetings it was agreed to let it all be forgotten and in the past. Agung said there has never been this sort of trouble between the *puris* and the village before. Where would they learn to resort to guns but from the movies and on TV - alack, alack.

I am always amazed that I can wander out of my house at any time, day or night, and know that I am perfectly safe. Strangers would never approach me, let alone touch me. It is a great freedom. Nowhere in the USA or even Gt. Britain can a woman wander so freely and unafraid. Few places in the world are so free from violence or offense.

So I wandered out again at about 11 p.m. to go to *wayang kulit* in the temple courtyard. I love to sit and watch the glowing screen and try to match the cadences of speech to the puppets' body movements in order to interpret the story. Only occasionally will the *dalang* revert to Indonesian for some comic lines. It was very good, but I kept dropping off to sleep so I went home long before the end.

Today one of the Balinese young men told me that yesterday, while he was waiting with the *barong* to enter the temple, a tourist was being very obnoxious, standing in front of the *barong* and refusing to move. Twice he asked the man politely to move away and the third time he said, "Excuse me for being impolite," and grabbed him by the collar and almost lifted him off the ground and pushed him away. Apparently the man was scared and gave no more trouble, but the Balinese man said he felt not in a good state of mind, still angry, and so could not enter the temple to pray. He said he would go today instead.

September 20, 1977

I told Agung I wished to give him one of my paintings and I asked him to choose one. He chose at once the painting of Bunutan, and I am so pleased. He says he remembers so happily when he lived and farmed there during the Japanese occupation. But Agung sent Putu after me. Putu said, "Agung cannot find the painting you gave him," so I sent the painting back with Putu. Later I went back and collected it again for framing.

I rested a lot today, hoping to stay awake for Ramayana this evening. No luck, but the wailing of Sita and the hissing of Hanuman over the loudspeakers woke me at 1 a.m. and I got up and staggered along for the last two hours. It was the very long version. I arrived just in time to see Hanuman being given Rama's ring to take to Sita, and then to see the palace of Rawana and the dancing girls and Rawana's advances on the hapless Sita. The words were evidently very funny, and Rawana was his usual lecherous and vainglorious self.

I admit to feeling a little bit sorry for Rawana and rather liking him. He is so very human, poor thing, and he can't imagine why Sita doesn't love him since he has such a fantastic palace and lots of gold and slaves and has been so clever to have whisked her away from Rama and Lakshmana.

Sita is not altogether blameless either. She has everything to content her, yet woman-like she wants the one thing she cannot have, a bright bauble. Despite the known risks, she jeopardizes both her husband and his brother in its pursuit and capture. However, she does redeem herself by her constance to the missing Rama, though, truth to tell, I do not think she is really in the least attracted to the overbearing Rawana and therefore there is little temptation. Still, there is fear of death from his displeasure. It all makes a great story and great drama. The place was jam-packed to the very back. We were all squashed together, even standing.

September 21, 1977

I took a *bemo* to Tegalalan and walked to Tangkop. It was very hot and I got there about 11. They were all very friendly and gave me tea and watched me finish my painting. It is not very good. I had more tea and bananas in someone's house and then walked back to the road. One of the men came with me and carried my bag for me. I was really grateful as the climb up is quite difficult.

In the evening, as it was the last day of the festival at the Pura Desa, everyone carried huge offerings. I went with Gung Istri and we prayed in the Pura Desa and again in Agung's temple. Also Gung Istri prayed in her house temple.

Around 10 p.m. Ktut and I went to *arja*. He managed to sleep during all the funny bits and after about two hours he went home. I loved it. It was the same funny people as at Mas, a terrific company from Denpasar. I tried to leave at 3:30 a.m. but could not get out because of the crush. Eventually, after another hour, in desperation, I left by climbing onto the stage at one side where I had seen others leave, creeping behind the gamelan, and leaving out of the actors' exit. Those not on stage were lying back there asleep. It must have ended around 5 a.m.

September 22, 1977

I am too tired to go to Denpasar. Gading came, and I spent most of the day reading The Dangerous Isles by Clifford Geisler, all about the Tuamotu Islands. I had thought it odd that, when Agung asked me to pray every day in the house temple, he had suggested midnight as a good time. But now I read that the old people in the Tuamotus chant to the spirits of the ancestors at midnight. Also they had God boxes in much the same sense as here they have god seats, and, when they ate turtle, it was in the temple and shared with the spirits, which is similar to Bali.

September 23, 1977

I went to Immigration for permission to stay another month. They said that I would be able to get an extra three days if I asked three days

ahead of time and paid taxes for the exit permit. I need the extra three days because Agung is going to have another important festival in his temple here in Ubud.

On the way back, I met a most interesting Javanese man in Peliatan who lectures on art in Denpasar at the University. He has studied art in Rome and also political science and engineering before that. We talked of religion and the shadow puppets and particularly of the character of Twalen and how he may be considered as the representative of the pre-Hindu ancestors of the Balinese.

September 24, 1977

There were two separate processions to Campuan today. Agung began to dictate the story of the museum and how it got started. We had lunch of duck and all sorts of spicy mixtures and tiny black beans and finished the meal with a passion fruit.

After dinner I watched TV across the road. The TV set is attached to a post and everyone just sits on the ground to watch. It is only turned on in the evenings and not every evening. They did not have this when I was here on my last visit. One evening, soon after I arrived here about a month ago, I wandered over the road to see this new TV. I was astonished to see the Queen (of England) riding in an ornamental state coach and six horses while the onlooking Irish burned cars in protest. It was a strange sight to see in Bali, more particularly as I myself had only just returned from seeing the Jubilee celebrations in England.

September 25, 1977

I went to swim at Campuan today and I felt rather headachy. It is time I did more painting but cannot think what to do next.

September 26, 1977

I took the painting to Agung. Both he and his first wife really like it. We did a lot of dictation, and I again had lunch with him. He complained of his stomach and side, that he has pain and feels unhappy and sad and cross because something still seems wrong and it is not yet healed from his operation in April. He says it was prostate, but also says he was cut up the middle of his stomach and I don't see how that is prostate.

September 27, 1977

Had to go to Denpasar to get my passport. Got home exhausted and hoping, as always, that I never have to go again, but of course I shall

have to. I went around 4 to the Pura Dalem to watch the offerings being carried in. An enormous procession came by from Peliatan, the biggest I have seen yet, about half a mile long with masses of people and flags and three god chairs and many tiny girls. Among the holy relics being carried there were two figures made of small Chinese coins. They had carved wooden faces and stood together on a king serpent.

Who should I meet but someone who was in the Puri Saren in 1971 and remembered me very well. She said she had Agung's two sons living with her in Australia when Jack de Lisser took them to Australia for a year's schooling.

September 28, 1977

There are three festivals going on at the same time, one at Agung's brother's temple, one in the Pura Dalem and one in Peliatan. I went for a long walk in the afternoon. When I got back Agung said to go and change and they would wait for me and we would all go to the temple to pray. I was so tired, but we did all go.

The walk in the rain was uphill for fifteen minutes and then we sat for over an hour in the temple, with the gamelan very loud and the priest tinkling his bell. Finally we prayed and then ate dinner in the temple and came home. There was *topeng* last night in Peliatan and the night before *wayang kulit* at the Pura Dalam. I didn't go to either but hope to see *legong* tomorrow.

September 29, 1977

I walked with Ktut to find cows ploughing, but did not. I did draw and paint some cows at the Pura Dalem on the way back. Am tired and not feeling too good. There was a party at Agung's in the evening. The weather is very hot and sultry, cloudy and inclined to rain, but not raining. The party was very pleasant and Agung very funny about how he used to enjoy kidnapping girls for his friends to marry and how he once nearly got into big trouble as one of the girls had not previously come to an arrangement with her lover, which was usually done. This girl had almost refused to marry the intended man, which would have meant big trouble for Agung, maybe police and a huge fine and many ill feelings. However, Agung managed to persuade her to marry and apparently it was a successful marriage. These marriages still go on but the girls are so willing that one can hardly call it kidnapping, more eloping, with force.

September 30, 1977

It didn't rain, and the weather is still hot, sunny, and heavy. I keep feeling the bed tremble ever so slightly, and the mosquito net never seems still, but it may just be the breeze or myself moving.

Philips



Pig at Sebatu

Ktut and I took a *bemo* up to Pujung and then walked to Sebatu, not too far. Just before Sebatu there is a big temple and masses of water and ponds and a huge baths with pebble floors for bathing, one for women and one for men. On the way back we bathed there. I slid into the water wearing my shirt and took it off as I lowered myself in. I then sidled over to the water spouts, thereby dislocating one of my toes on the stones, but I didn't notice at the time as the water was so cold. The force and volume of water coming from the spout was terrific; my hair has never been so thoroughly rinsed. I did four drawings altogether. One drawing was of the temple and I also did three of pigs. I will have to go back to finish painting the temple which I really like.

I watched some TV across the road. The boxing is immensely popular. Oh dear, already it has taught them to hit one another occasionally - I mean the children in play. There were also some American films of supposedly funny Pluto-type people in costumes and masks. I couldn't understand it at all even though it was in English, so what the Balinese made of it I don't know. Then there was a film made in Jakarta. It showed a mother, father and child. The child went for a walk. Then police came and told the parents that their child was dead. Then we saw a policeman by his car talking into a microphone. I think he was telling parents the rules for pedestrians. This went on for fifteen minutes or so, with cars streaming by in the background. However, I cannot be certain that I have the meaning right.

October 1, 1977

I am oddly homesick and want to go home to Hawaii, don't know why. I think I miss my friends very much. I have a scratchy throat so maybe I am just sick. Have started eating tinned milk to see if that will improve me. Went and talked to Agung. He is busy now arranging the next festival. He says there seems to be a lot of tension and extra religious fervor, and so he says just pray more. I wish I understood what he is really meaning sometimes, but it is all wrapped up in the Mahabarata, etc. and I don't know the story well enough so that I fear I often miss the point.

I did my first painting with tempera. It looks very different indeed.

The last two days have been special for the remembrance of the coup. Yesterday everyone had the flag at half mast and today, although all the flags are up top again, some shops and *warnings* are shut. There has also been a huge cockfight in the *wantilan* for the last two days.

I met a most strange man who writes and paints but refuses to divulge his name. He said he lived with nomads in Turkey for nine months and washed in camel or goat urine and drank it refined. When he flew home to England he smelt so awful of goat that they put him, and a bottle of gin, in the plane with the baggage. When he reached his home his family turned the hosepipe on him and deloused him before letting him in the house. I rather wonder about this story, sounds a trifle fanciful.

October 2, 1977

They have already begun making offerings in the temple for October 26. So far palm-leaf offerings are being made by about twelve of the women.

Last night *joged* was danced at the temple in Peliatan, but no one knew ahead of time. Also later there was *wayang kulit*. I also heard that yesterday morning the *barong* came back from another village. I had not even realized it had left. Never have so many things seemed to happen at once, although it is really almost like this every day.

October 3, 1977

Gading came, and to my horror he reset my toe which was very much dislocated. Ouch - but it feels better, and I am so lucky as otherwise I might have spent the rest of my life with a dislocated toe.

It rained hard nearly all day, so I went to the temple in Balinese dress and made rice offerings. They are making one thousand of each, not for eating, only for offering. I reasoned to myself that the chickens, pigs, and dogs will eat them, although they aren't appreciative of the fancy patterns we take such care to make. The spirits surely enjoy the patterns; who are we to say they do not. Also I am sure the spirits enjoy watching the women so beautifully dressed working away so happily in their behalf.

October 4, 1977

I went to Tangkop for a dance performance this morning. Later I talked with Agung who says the seas are very high at present between here and Nusa Penida so we cannot go there as planned. He himself has promised to go, so must go there later. He reiterates that he feels the atmosphere is just like before the coup and we both bewailed the widening margin between rich and poor and the difficulties of protecting Bali from adverse outside influences.

I talked with a visitor of about seventy years of age who has just been with a mountain-climbing group to Kashmir and Tashkent and Japan and Afghanistan. A fantastic woman. She said that she has emphysema. She apparently carried a back-pack, rode a camel, and travelled four days by trans-Siberia railway to Siberia, which she said was hot.

October 5, 1977

Went to Bali Beach hotel to make reservations. The tide was very low but still going out. I lay in the warm water, feeling the water ebb away just as though the plug was out of the bathtub.

No wonder Ktut insists I lock my door and take the key. This afternoon they cut down parts of an old tree next door and left a knife lying on the wall. While we were retying a rose bush on our side, one of the women from our courtyard smartly tipped the knife over our side and took it with much glee and laughter. I tried to say she really should give it back, but oh dear no, certainly not. Anything left lying around is fair game, and finder's taker's.

October 6, 1977

Went to Agung for dictation and had lunch with him. It is nice and quiet in the Puri with none of the wives or women around, they all being in the temple.

I did another tempera painting of the girls pounding rice. To me it looks a bit garish, but the Balinese in my courtyard seem to like it.

October 7, 1977

Another quiet day. It is very hot. Went to the temple and made more rice cake offerings, colored this time. Best lunch ever, such good minces of coconut and strange green leaves and spices and shredded chicken.

I was practicing my dance on my verandah when some men arrived from Tangkop. One of them, the leader of their gamelan, I think, asked me to dance in their village. Their gamelan is different, but I said I would try and would practice with the tape I made. And of course I will dance for them.

October 8, 1977

I slept a lot today as it is very hot. We had three earth tremors, one last night and two this morning very early.

October 9, 1977

I had a dance lesson with Gung Ari and she says Tangkop can change their *tambulilingan* to suit me quite easily as they are not very different.

Ktut was very busy buying a chicken and green vegetables and noodles and breadfruit and also went to collect the two ducks from Penistana where they were cooked. All this is for my party this evening. I decorated the verandah with leaves and flowers to the amusement of those in my courtyard.

Promptly at 6 p.m. Gung Ari and Tj. Ngurah and Gung Oka (respectively her son and daughter) came to dinner. While we waited for Gung Istri Sarenkauh, we played Spillikins, a game sometimes known as Pick-up-Sticks, with toothpicks. Then Gung Istri arrived. Two of her children were

sick, so we had far too much food. But all was well, as Ktut told me that everyone in our courtyard had had some of the duck, which is what I had hoped would happen. They all went home about 8:30 and I watched TV across the road which was showing some dances from Thailand.

October 10, 1977

I went early by *bemo* to Sebatu to paint the drawing that I did there. It was very hot indeed and took quite a long time. I bathed again and ate lunch. Luckily there was a *bemo* back, although it had no springs and was horribly jarring as the road is terrible.

October 11, 1977

I should have gone to Denpasar to confirm bookings, however made a few offerings instead. Very very hot so I read and rested. To Agung for a dinner party in the evening. There were only five of us and it was very pleasant. Agung was not feeling too well, a little bit dizzy he said. I do hope he is OK. He looks rather frail and is working enormously hard on the festival. He said it is the top level for his family. I asked about all the villagers, and he said of course they all help in his temple as his family helps in theirs as the gods are all the same. All participate.

Gung Ari is unclean and therefore cannot make offerings in the temple for Agung's festival. However, she is making two meals a day for all the workers on a Bull which is being made in her Puri Saraswati. The Bull is for a priest, a friend of her family, who has died.

October 12, 1977

I telephoned Garuda airline office in the Bali Beach hotel, but after about half an hour discovered very faintly that they had not yet had a confirmation. It was a week ago that I made the request. Around midday, Raka, Berata's nephew, took me by *bemo* to Kedison to see the ceremony for his three-month old baby. We sat for a while drinking tea and eating cakes and then ate a delicious meal of rice, fresh fried fish from Kintamani, omlette and tomatoes and cucumbers and noodles. I had a good look at the special offerings, which the family had made. I specially liked the red bud of the banana upright in a wrapped skirt with a face painted above it. There were little bits of everything, as Raka said. He had done some of it himself: red peppers, rice in bands of colors and in a strip, eggs in various states--very important, I was told.

Before leaving I went next door to see Berata's family. They have built some new houses in their courtyard and have rebuilt the entrance gateway. They were now building a very special central house with every upright beam intensely carved. Both his father and uncle are carvers. Apparently when it is finished and after the toothfiling in three-months time, the father will sleep there.

A disturbing fact, as I passed a school in Ubud today the children were outside and I saw boys hitting out at each other, in fun, and also kicking. Never did I see this before, surely a result of movies and TV. We, who see violence all round us all the time, no longer can visualize a world with no violence, at least where the children are concerned. We no longer even think such a world is possible, even for children. I so hope that Balinese values will survive the onslaughts of the outside world.

October 13, 1977

Went with Ktut to Kedewatan for a tooth-filing ceremony and must go again to Tangkop for another tomorrow, since I have been asked and cannot refuse. Dressed in Balinese dress we arrived with my gift and sat at one of three long rows of tables with chairs either side and a view of the offerings and decorations for the ceremony. We had tea and cakes and cigarettes and tried to talk. Ktut went off to the back to help with the serving, as it is his village and part of his family.

Everyone came bearing gifts, sometimes coconuts and cakes or bananas or even bottled soft drinks. The girls and women sat on either side of one table and their men sat at another. No one talked very much. They just sat there quietly. Later they collected the silver or wooden platter on which they had brought their gift. It was now filled with rice and sate and covered with banana leaves for the journey home. Some people had come from Karangasem. There were lots of teachers and a young man working for Family Planning.

Since we sat for a very long time, I made a drawing. At last we ate buffet style. When I was almost dying of heat and sitting, Ktut said it was time to go. Then all of a sudden, our host said some words over a mike and everyone got up and left. We called in to see Ktut's family and then got a *bemo* back home. I promptly went to bed and slept.

I keep being told that I am going to dance tomorrow in Tangkop, but I cannot really imagine that this is so, but who knows, maybe so. How on earth I will manage to follow their gamelan I do not know.

October 14, 1977

Well it didn't happen, but, Oh Heavens, we left here, Ktut and I, at about 8:30 a.m. and arrived there about 9:15 a.m. maybe. The walk to Tangkop is such an effort, very very steep and long both down and up. It seems to get worse every time I do it. And of course we were ridiculously early, though some people were there already. The actual tooth-filing took place at about 11:30. I was ready to go home but could not. It is so odd to me that everyone just sits and says so very little.

I regret to say that a party of young Balinese people from Denpasar arrived in short Western dresses and high heels. They sat openly reading a magazine and laughed in mock embarrassment at an old lady who came in with an offering and who was unclothed from the waist up. No one else even noticed, only these new generation Balinese from the town.

For me to sit for three hours in the equivalent of Grand Central Station with masses of people coming and going is very tiring indeed. Almost no one spoke English which makes it very hard-going for me. They still asked me to dance at Tangkop one day and I said yes. I said that I would be leaving Bali on October 30. They said they did not have a fesitival before then, so who knows what will happen.

Berata's father from Kedison did the tooth filing. He was there the whole time. People had come from Singaraja and spent the night and left soon after I arrived. So is it, I suspect, that marriages occur outside the village. People also came from Cabon, Kedison, Ubud, Gianjar, and probably many other places too.

Just as I thought we were all leaving I discovered there was a buffet lunch. Not too long after that we all left. I got home about 2:30. I rather hope I never have to go to another, but only because I cannot talk or walk around or do anything but sit and stare. Oh well. The same as yesterday, I was the only Westerner.

Yesterday a young couple staying in the Puri were raced out by Agung and urged to climb on the lorry with the huge white Bull which was now being taken to Kutu for a very big cremation today of a priest. There was just room in the lorry for them, but they felt rather embarrassed, being the only two Westerners and, of course, not in Balinese dress. Unfortunately no one could go to that cremation today as Agung was taking everyone to a wedding in Sayan. I could not go because I had had to go to Tangkop. Just everything is happening today.

October 15, 1977

Ktut and I both have food poisoning from yesterday. They must have poisoned most of their guests.

October 16, 1977

All the family came up from Denpasar to work in the temple. I also went, but saw Agung on the way and took some dictation. Later in the temple we were making many colored rice cookies in all different shapes: fish, leaves, windows, ladies, just about everything you can think of. They were also frying some carcasses of chickens complete with feathers. I don't know what they were to be used for.



Ploughing at Tjeluk

Later I danced on the verandah for Gung Sri and an old deaf man who was sitting in the courtyard.

This evening there was a performance of *joged* in the old style. It has its own *tingklik* gamelan made of slats of bamboc nailed down on cross-pieces of wood. This gives a more dull woody sound than the light *tingklik*. There were six or more instruments, plus drum and flute. The dancer was a woman who started off as a flirt and even danced with a man from the audience. She later danced as other characters, an old lady, a witch, a leyak who finds a dead baby in the graveyard. And that was the end. They said it was an old-type Balinese dance. I liked it very much.

October 17, 1977

I now have written permission for the two small boys, Ketel aged seven and Widya aged ten, to come with Ktut and me to Sanur. We had a lovely day. Took a *bemo* to Denpasar and another to Bali Beach, and I there confirmed my flight. Then I took them up in the elevator to show them the view over the tops of the palm trees. Then we went for a swim, ate fish at the *warung* and came home. All three slept the whole way back. Not me.

October 18, 1977

Gading came for a last massage, and, although I asked him not to, he pulled both big toes saying they were still stiff. Actually, they seem OK now. Anyway, he says I am strong but heavy, fat I think he means, so am trying to eat less rice.

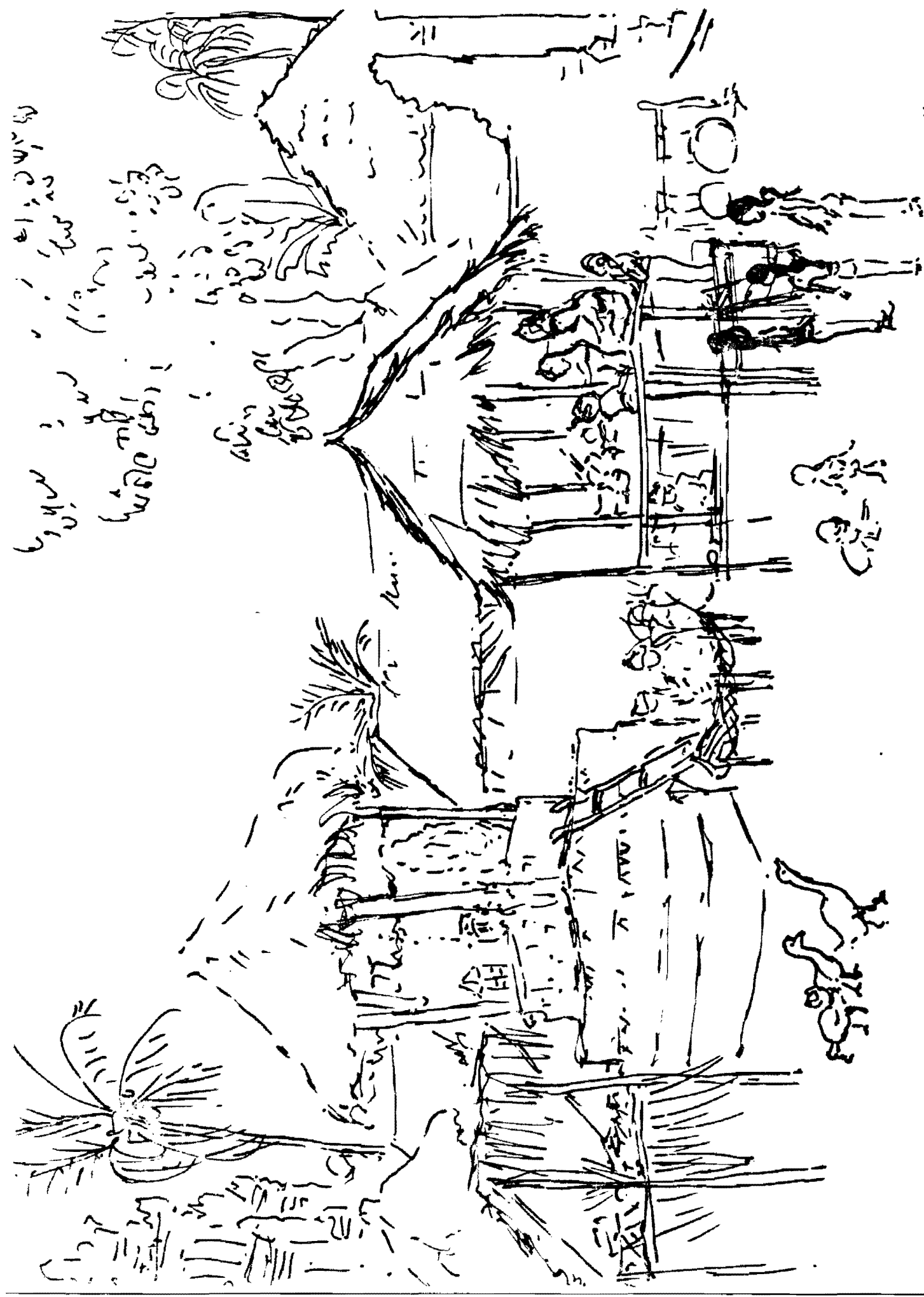
October 19, 1977

Went to Tjeluk early to try and catch cows ploughing, which I saw on Monday. Went with Agung and did find them. Sat, or rather stood, in the wet rice fields and hot sun and drew them, then sat on a path further away to paint them. I got a *bemo* back. I have developed a fearful cold. Did a lot of painting in the afternoon and drew yet another drawing. Can't seem to stop, as I see the days ebbing and still can't draw as many Balinese things as I ought to be able to do from memory by now. My mind doesn't seem to carry the picture.

Went to drama at 10:30 p.m. It was so funny, but heaven knows what the story was about except that there were two sisters and one was very smelly and a flirt and the other sweet and pretty and demure. That is really all I gathered.

October 20, 1977

I went to the temple where all the offerings are being put in boxes or tall containers decorated with cut palm and flowers. I made a few



فيلسوف

Offerings for the Evil Spirits

offerings and then felt sick and came home and slept. I think my cold is more like flu.

October 21, 1977

When I went with Agung to Immigration to get my visa extended another few days, everything went smoothly and quickly. Outside on the road Agung explained his success. He said, "I prayed this morning and promised I would give an offering of a suckling pig. Now I must keep my promise." He told me he gets up each morning at 3:30 a.m. and usually goes to bed around 8:30 or 9 except for temple festivals or a party.

When we left the Immigration office, we went to buy tickets for Agung's trip to Surabaya. Agung, the driver and I then had lunch in a tiny *waring-sate*, chicken curry, and rice. Then we went to Agung's house in Denpasar where his sons live during the school term. Here I was given a bedroom where I lay down and was only too glad to do so. Agung sat outside and read the paper. At around 2 p.m. we left and came home.

Agung told me to be in the temple behind his house at around 5 p.m. I got there at 5:30 and it did look beautiful. Yellow fabric round the top of all the temples and red, white, and pink flowered material round the base of the tables inside and lots of flags and pennants, all new, and the *bales* freshly thatched. On a high platform under a new thatched roof sat the High Priest in his high red hat, incense rising in front of him, ringing his bell in one hand and weaving a flameholder in and out with the other, throwing flowers, etc. His whole body like a dancer and seemingly in semi-trance.

He prayed for at least two hours without a break. We sat in a high *bale* and the *tjokordas* sat in another. There were offerings to the evil spirits set on bamboo platforms four feet or so above the ground. These were thrown down and collected by the women and taken to the river while the floor of the temple was ritually swept clean. All at once, the *tjokordas* and wives and families carried offerings and small packages wrapped in white fabric that looked like small Xmas puddings with flowers stuck in the top, to the back of all the god houses and dropped them into holes which had been dug there. As it was dark by now, this was done by lamplight.

After this, all the holy weapons and crises and holy relics were moved from one *bale* to another. This took about three quarters of an hour as there were a great many. Then we all prayed many prayers with the *pedanda*.

I went home not feeling too well with this cold, and went to bed.

October 22, 1977

I felt quite awful all day with this cold, a solid head and difficult to breathe and a cough. I was told they were making many flower offerings

so thought I would like to do that but talked to Agung instead. We walked about how we hope that outside influences will not break down the Subak social system and the religion, but, as Agung says, "Leave it all to God."

Around 5 I was urged to dress, and I joined the procession to the Pura Dalem as it passed my door. Umbrellas, holy relics, and young girls in Balinese dress with bare shoulders and gold and flower head-dresses in single file and two gamelans and of course all the families of the *tjokordas* and many other people as well.

The moment we entered the temple we all knelt and prayed. I lost Gung Istri, but the young girls took me in tow. Much giggling after the prayers, which were long, as we had to wait a long time for the holy water and their knees hurt as much as mine. Anyway, no sooner up than off back home.

I ate supper and was almost finished and about to leap into bed, albeit 7:30 p.m., when a message came with Berata's nephew that Berata's daughter would be dancing *legong* this evening and he would take me on the bike. So instead of bed I went to Peliatan. The whole group is so fantastically good. All three *legong* dancers were superb. I've never seen such a strong interpretation of the *condong* (servant), such eyes, the nuance of each position. Terrific. The whole thing suddenly fell into place for me.

October 23, 1977

At 7:30 a.m. I was told to dress and go to the temple. Agung was already ready and waiting in the courtyard and everyone was in red *kebayas* (long-sleeved shirts with fitted waists). I tried mine on but it was not quite large enough so I wore my own white lace one and a yellow sash. Not everyone in the family had the red so it did not matter. We were all given little flowers made of fabric, like armistice poppies only white which we pinned on.

We waited in the temple for maybe an hour and a half and then suddenly the *barong* was taken up and we all left. Fifteen or more *krises*, about fifty holy relics and maybe twenty holy weapons followed. Some of these were man-handled over the wall rather than leaving by the gateways of both the first and second courtyard.

By the time I got outside all were already in the trucks, eleven or so big open lorries, and we ourselves went in buses and *bemos*, maybe ten, and cars and bikes, maybe twenty.

I still didn't know where we were going. It turned out to be Lebih. We sat on the black sand beach in whatever shade we could find. Many had umbrellas. The High Priest was already there and praying in the full sun, but they soon shaded him with umbrellas.

I spoke to Njoman Oka, who had taken guests there, and he told me that this ceremony was last performed sixty years ago.

After about an hour the High Priest finished and we all prayed together many times and then everyone got up. A *pemangku* went out in the prau and dropped a luckless duck into the ocean and we saw him no more. Without more ado we all went home. Once back at the temple, everything went back over the walls as before and was stowed away up in one of the *bales*, hand over hand. Both in the outer courtyard and inner courtyard the *pemangku* first made offerings on the ground.

It was all a most wonderful experience and most moving. Hot and tired we may have been, but exhilarated. There were only a handful of tourists, and they kept their distance. I would estimate that about one thousand five hundred people went from Ubud.

October 24, 1977

Ktut appeared like a wounded bird carrying his arm in one hand with the wrist drooping helplessly at right angles - very broken. He fell off his bike on the way home last night. Can't imagine how he biked back this morning with one hand. He went off to see Gading and when he came back he slept nearly all day. I bought lunch for us in a *warung*. In the evening he insisted on bicycling himself back home, one-handed.

October 25, 1977

Ktut is much better today. He showed me a less swollen hand and moving fingers. Absolutely amazing. I had to go to Immigration with my photo for the exit permit. It is very very hot today.

After lunch the *kulkul* began. They said the animal offerings were being purified and blessed and carried round the temple. I did not go and I did not want to see it. Agung was a little disappointed in me, I think, but true to his beliefs he never said a word and allowed me to do as I think fit even if it wasn't up to his standards or wishes.

Amazing quantities of offerings are being made in my courtyard and the family has been all day in the house temple putting up electric lights, yellow fabric round each god house, blue fabric round the base, and black and white check cloth round some of the statues. Palm-leaf decorations, colored cloths, and offerings of every sort and size go everywhere.

October 26, 1977

Early today again offerings of cooked sate and chicken and cakes were put in the god houses and many offerings on the floor of the temple and in the courtyard in different places. The *pemangku* came at about 7:30 a.m. and sprinkled the offerings with holy water. Before all that I went with Gung Istri to the High Priest in Agung's temple to sit while he prayed and afterwards to be blessed by him.

Gading came to see Ktut, who almost fainted with the massage. I couldn't watch.

Berata took myself and a guest from the Puri to the temple at Penulisan, where I prayed for a few minutes. We then went to the temple at Kintamani. It was gloriously cool up there. On the way back we went to Gunung Kawi, which is rapidly being encroached upon by vendors' stalls. This is a great pity, but who is there to stop it?

When we got back I was about to go to the temple at around 5 p.m. when Gung Sri said to pray in the house temple with her first. Then an enormous procession went by from Pedangtugal to the river and later another one followed. I went with the family to Agung's temple, and there we sat and waited until first the *pemangku* prayed for about an hour, then three high priests prayed for even longer, and every now and then small processions would go round the temple. Gung Ari asked if I would dance *gabor* with everyone later and, of course, I said yes.

There were four gamelans all going at once. There was *topeng* in the outer courtyard and *wayang kulit*, and the *kulkul* was beating nearly the whole evening. Eventually at around 10 p.m. we all prayed, and then moved all the holy relics from one *bale* to another, hand over hand and along a white sheet, touching the buffalo skin on the way. Later, another procession took the holy relics to the second courtyard, also via the white sheet and hand over hand, some over the wall. They processed around and followed the same procedure back.

When all were back in the inner courtyard, we, Gung Ari and the other dancers, were each given some flowers in a bowl. We then danced moving across the courtyard. I danced behind Gung Ari and we did the dance twice.

After this a very short *pendet* was danced. Then *tjokordas* with four of the holy weapons did a mock battle. After that two older *tjokordas* armed with what looked like cups on sticks, one in each hand, also performed a sort of mock battle. Finally, two young girls were selected and sat for a couple of minutes in the middle of the courtyard moving their arms and hands. Atun intimated that this was perhaps an abbreviated *rejang*.

It was now 1 a.m. and we ate a delicious meal. I admit that at about 10:30 I had gone out and a guest had bought me a sandwich which just about saved me. I had not dared to leave the temple in case they danced without me. I should not like to have missed that. There was a performance of *arja* outside the temple, and I watched some of that.

This particular festival is called Medana. As I understand it, in the Mahabarata, the five Pendawa brothers were exiled for twelve years. After they came back there was a big purification. It is now twelve years since the abortive communist coup in Indonesia. It is also twelve years since the holy relics last went to the sea. This is why this particular time was chosen for this ceremony.

October 27, 1977

Ktut is so much better. You would hardly know he had broken his arm only four days ago. I am very tired but could not sleep late this morning so I slept after lunch. I went to the temple in the evening and did a drawing. There were lots of offerings and people praying, all very lively and colorful. The *barong* has been in full view all the time. Agung gave a dinner party as he has a large tour group here. He is very tired and arranged with me to end the party early. I was appointed tour leader to take them down to Pedangtibal temple where they are also having a festival. So we set off after dinner by the light of a full moon. I really enjoyed the walk. They will have *legong* tomorrow. They had just finished *topeng*.

We walked back about 10 to watch *wayang kulit* outside Agung's temple. It was a very special one for this extra special festival. It has to be from the Ramayana, and Agung said no one must know ahead of time which part. I watched for two hours maybe. There were extra instruments in the gamelan. The *dalang* was from Sukawati. I still have no appetite and feel very much as though I have flu.

October 28, 1977

Did some drawings in the temple and after dinner walked to Pedangtibal to watch *legong*.

October 29, 1977

I went to see Agung around 8 a.m. Agung said we are going to Besakih now, together. So I went back and changed to Balinese dress, and they picked me up. Tj. Agung and I and the driver sat in front, while Gung Istri Sarenkauh, a guest from the Puri and a friend of Agung's daughter sat in the back. We stopped on the way at Dr. Oka's house in Gianjar and arranged to pick up a letter which I will give him in Hawaii when I get back.

We went on up to Besakih. It was scorching hot but the drive is very beautiful. On arrival, Agung was sure Mt. Agung was erupting as the clouds were very low and black and looked just like smoke. In some trepidation we climbed up to his family temple and there prayed. Then we went into the main courtyard and prayed again and were given holy water by a priestess. So beautiful and cool up there and almost no people. Agung was upset by the huge new expensive building just outside the temple, "While some of the *meruhs* need repair inside the temple," Agung said.

On the way back we stopped to pick ferns for Agung to eat later, scrambling in the hedges and ditches and trying to find the right sort. Then we took a different road and stopped in the *puri* of Agung's third wife. There was some weaving and spinning going on and the courtyard

was full of children, dogs and some pigs and chickens. Agung sat and talked for a little while and then we left. We picked up the letter from Tj. Oka's house and were home by about 1:30.

Gung Istri had invited me to dinner tonight. At about 5:30 I went to Agung because he wants me to pray with him when the suckling pig is offered. So I went to the temple with him, and his first wife took me to see the suckling pig, all duly cooked and decorated, and we prayed beside it. Later Gung Istri took me off to eat dinner with her in Puri Sarenkauh. She had cooked *sate* and of course we ate the suckling pig. Afterwards we went back in the temple, and later everyone ate out in the outer courtyard and I ate a second dinner.

There was a performance of *baris* and *pendet* and finally a form of *calonarang*. I left just before the end, around 1 a.m.

Ktut woke me before dawn. It was about 4 a.m. when the car came but no Agung, so I was about to go to him to say goodbye when he arrived. Ktut came with us sitting in front with the driver. Agung sat in the back of the car with me.

At the airport Agung waited until I was through the Immigration, and then they left.

I did not realize that this was the last time I should see Agung.

1979

1979

January 13, 1979

I arrived so late last night that there was nothing to do but have tea and go to bed. Everyone and everything looks exactly as it was when I left here on October 30, 1977. The one startling difference is that the courtyard is now a mixture of violent greens whereas before it was all soft browns, blue greys, touches of pink and orange. It makes me aware of the difference the seasons make, the thing one hardly notices here, although I am sure the Balinese know it as well as we know the fall colors. This is the hot, rainy season. When I left last time there was a severe drought, and there were even cracks in some of the rice fields.

On the way here in the car last night, I was told how Agung had asked to be brought back to Ubud. He came by plane with the family and many doctors. Opinions differ as to whether Agung ever fully realized that he was home, but I cannot think that he did not know. He did not die till early the following morning.

After breakfast, I dressed Balinese and went to the Puri. As I walked into Agung's courtyard, I met Atun, his daughter, with three of her children. We couldn't look at one another; it was so hard not to cry. She was about to leave to stay in Tjeluk for five days as she is menstruating and therefore not allowed in the inner courtyard where Agung lies. I went up to Agung's verandah and his first wife, Agung Niang, met me.

Agung lies at one end of the verandah, embalmed and in a coffin. The coffin is set high up on a table, covered with many cloths and scarves which in turn are decorated with palm-leaf decorations and flowers. A photo of Agung is at the head, and five silver bowls of flowers are placed at intervals along the top of the bier. Agung's oldest son came and put some fresh flowers in the bowls. An old man was on the verandah below carving a life-size duck from a block of wood. Agung Niang poured the perfume I had given her over Agung and this totally undid me. It was so very hard not to cry, which I knew I must not do so near to Agung. To cry tears near the body makes a bad path for the spirit, they say.

Luckily Tj. Suyasa's first wife, Gung Istri from Puri Sarenkauh, came and sat with us, laughing and making jokes and very jolly. She was sewing a cushion, putting gold painted material over it, for use in the cremation ceremonies. Tj. Oka, Agung's second son, came also and sat with us. The first thing he said was to ask me if I have yet finished Agung's life story. He said the family may wish to publish it and that they do plan to set aside a room as a small museum for Agung's

personal belongings. I explained that I have only just finished typing the last part of Agung's story and that as soon as I have retyped it, I will send them a copy.

As we talked and had tea, people were coming and going, some stopping to say a prayer before Agung. Everyone coming to the Puri now dresses in Balinese dress, small children excepted. Everyone must wear a scarf around the waist.

I was sleeping in the afternoon when there was a big commotion outside and Gung Ari arrived to warmly greet me. She came with one of her daughters and also Gung Istri of my *puri*, Puri Sarenkangin (really it is her *puri*, of course, but it has become a joke with us since, while I am here, I live in her rooms and am usually the sole possessor of the *puri*, as it were).

As always, Kutut is here to cook for me, which he does in the same room that the boys all sleep in. There are always a varying number of boys who sleep and eat here and go to school in Ubud. They do various odd jobs like hauling water from the well, washing clothes, gardening, keeping the lamps clean, etc. Gusti Rai, a single woman, does most of the cooking and makes the offerings. She has an assortment of friends and relatives who come and help her, of whom Gusti Putu is often one. Some of the boys also draw and paint, and their work is sold in the Art Gallery Agung, which is part of the Puri. On any one night it is very hard to say exactly how many people are sleeping here.

Gung Ari told me, while we were all drinking tea, that Kutut had been very ill for three months. They said he was "crazy." I think there is no proper translation for the word and condition they need to describe Kutut's sickness. Apparently Kutut's wife had left him and returned to her own home. He was able to keep custody of his one-year-old little girl, whom his mother is looking after. Suddenly Kutut lost his mind, could not talk properly, made no sense, was sometimes very noisy, and in general totally impossible--often keeping everyone awake all night. As far as I can gather, they even took him to the hospital in Gianjar, but he ran away and came back. They looked after him in the Puri Sarenkauh and at last took him to the *balian*, the local doctor for black magic. He was eventually cured. I think he went at least three times to the *balian*. They could not tell me exactly what the *balian* did except that it was mostly prayers and talking and advice. They all told me that he is OK now. He seems fairly all right to me though rather quiet.

After dinner I went again to the Puri to sit with Agung. Gung Sri was there with her young friends. She is now engaged to be married to Tj. Putra, Agung's eldest son. Agung's second son, Tj. Oka, is also engaged and his fiancée was there as well. About twenty men sat in one

bale playing cards and in another an assortment of people were watching TV. Sri took me to sit in the high central *bale* where two men and one woman, Gung Rai, were reading the *lontar*. One person reads, or rather chants, a phrase, and another interprets it into Balinese and they then discuss the meaning. Of course I don't understand it, but neither do most people understand opera. Yet the sight and sound alone convey something of the meaning.

January 14, 1979

As this is a Sunday, all the young people are up from Denpasar to help with the work in the Puri. I joined them and sat with about twenty young girls and Gung Ari. With needle and double thread we sewed hangings for mobiles made of triangles of gold paper, balls of colored cotton, and pieces of white curled pith in that sequence, twice, and these were then attached to corners of a small plaited palm-leaf star. We all ate lunch together in the Puri.

I went to pay respects to Tj. Oka, who lives next door, and who uses his part of the Puri Sarenkangin as a restaurant and bar with hotel accommodations. He looks in better health than last time I was here. He says he has given up smoking. He seemed to think that Ktut is still sick, as also did his gardener. I do hope this is not so.

Tj. Alit, Tj. Oka's youngest brother, has been sent to school in Jakarta. Tj. Alit's sister, Anak Agung Alit, still lives across the road in a shop with their mother, Gusti Biang. Gung Alit and Gusti Rai do most of the offerings for the house temple since Tj. Oka is a Roman Catholic and takes no interest. I was told with horror by the Balinese in my courtyard that Tj. Oka sleeps in what was the granary. This is a fearful insult to the Rice Goddess, and I think they think he is quite mad. I must say I was horrified that he should do something so openly offensive to the people, if indeed that is what he is really doing. It is always possible that I have misunderstood, since my Indonesian is very inadequate.

It poured with rain in the evening so I didn't go to the Puri.

January 15, 1979

Life is easier in Ubud for us visitors than it used to be. I changed money in the bank here, which is open every day except Sunday, and also mailed letters in the new Post Office, which is about five minutes walk down the road and also open daily except Sunday. Those services are better than in some English or American villages I would say.

This morning I stayed on the verandah with Agung and did a painting. whether for myself or to give to the family I do not yet know. While

I sat and painted, many people came to pay respects. An elderly Australian couple who had stayed with Agung, came and talked of him so movingly that I was having a very difficult time trying not to cry. Tj. Putra was marvellous with them and very sweet, so patient and interested in what they said, though I know he has heard it all so many many times already. But he was unhurried and quiet. He spoke again of wanting to make a personal museum for Agung.

Njoman Oka from Denpasar also arrived with guests. He said that the artist, Mr. Bonnet, Agung's close friend for many years, had died not long before Agung and that his ashes had been sent to Bali. They took a very long time to get here, and when they did arrive they had a *pemangku* and a *pedanda* to take the ashes with offerings to the river at Campuan. They are now arranging to have him cremated at the same time as Agung and are making a Lion for him, as they are making a Bull for Agung. It is thought that Mr. Bonnet did not arrive in time on purpose so that he could be cremated with Agung. There will be thirty-five other people, of all castes but with some affiliation with the family of Agung, also symbolically cremated at the same time as Agung.

Ktut talks of his sickness quite openly and happily and everyone discusses it in front of him and they all laugh and say he is better now. I think he is OK but I am not sure. How much I would like to be able to talk to Agung about this. There is really no one who can explain it to me. It worries me that I might possibly be partly responsible with my weird Western ways, though I do not really think this is the case. But it would be nice to know for certain.

I went and talked with Asri in Puri Sarenkauh. She is an Australian and I think she was a kindergarten teacher. She has married one of the Balinese princes, Tj. Alit of the Puri Sarenkauh. She has a tiny baby boy. Gung Istri Sarenkauh came and joined us, having just come back from a buying spree in Klungkung. She showed us about five gorgeous batiks, very very expensive, presumably bought for the cremation.

In the evening I went to the Puri and watched TV while some men and one woman played cards. There is always someone of the verandah with Agung.

January 16, 1979

Gung Istri from Puri Sarenkauh came to see me about my two new kebayas, one pink and one blue. The family will be wearing the pink kebaya for the procession with the Naga Banda and the blue kebaya for Agung's cremation.

I was in the Puri on the verandah when Tj. Mas arrived unexpectedly from Holland. He said that only three days before a TV team from Holland

had asked him to help them document the cremation, and so he was able to come home. No one was expecting him in his *puri*, and at 1 a.m. he had a hard time waking up his family.

I went to make offerings of palm leaf with the family in the temple, pinning three stems all the way up. It took me all morning to make only two, as I found them very difficult. After lunch it was easier as I only had to fold and twist and tie.

I went and talked with Asri for a while. He father is straight out of Kipling, frightfully Pukka Sahib. He actually is a retired colonel and very English. He told us a story of how Prince Charles had "unwisely" sat and chatted with a butler and how later the butler was "uppity" and "spoiled" because of it. Both Asri and I thought the butler had probably had a hard time of it with the officers after having been singled out by the prince. The colonel speaks very army officer English and his wife and daughter speak broad Australian. What Asri really feels about the Balinese and their beliefs it is hard to say. Perhaps she will write about it one day.

A family of rats are running up and down the gutter for water, and no one is at all surprised. "That is where the rice is kept," they said, "They just come out for the water." I can only assume there is rice enough for all.

After dinner I went into the Puri, but there were only two groups of men playing cards. There was no electricity so no TV. I walked along to see Tj. Mas. The gamelan was practicing there. He said that they have a Dutch young man paid for by a Foundation to instruct them on the use of tapes and how to organize a library and a museum of music.

January 17, 1979

I am disoriented today. I don't even know the day of the week. I am confused as to when I should go to Australia where I should visit an elderly relative, whether I shall paint at all, how I shall manage with Immigration. Plus I keep wondering about Agung's life story, who should write it and whether it should be in English or Balinese or Indonesian. I don't seem to want to dance either.

I went to the Puri and made some offerings and later prayed with Agung and talked to Gung Istri Sarenkauh. Many people were coming and going. Gung Ari says that this week the Puri is feeding five hundred people every day two meals a day, i.e., one thousand meals a day. She says that next week and from now on it will be more like double and treble that as people will come from every village for miles around, even as far as Singaraja and Karangasem. Putu told me that the people loved Agung as a king and will do anything they can to help. He was their king. I am not sure of all the villages, of course. Also people will be coming from Java and all over the world. I hope that someone

will do a good reporting job of the cremation. The Dutch and English together are making a film. I am sure there will be many others.

I made some more offerings in the temple till about 2 p.m. I went to see Tj. Johnny, who was very sick when I was here a year and a half ago. He is in excellent health now and in good spirits.

Apparently Agung received an award from the Indonesian Government, but he never knew about it. It was in the works while Agung was still alive but word of it came too late.

This evening there was a performance of *legong* from the village of Tangkop but I was too tired to go.

January 18, 1979

I went to the Puri but a lot of people were there so I went to the temple to make some more offerings. The film producer of the Dutch TV came and asked me to be interviewed for the documentary film they are making of the cremation. Tj. Putra had suggested it, so I agreed. We sat on the verandah where Agung is, and talked to the camera. I said that I had been coming to Bali mostly to see Agung, but also to paint, write a journal, learn the dance, and enjoy the Balinese way of life and the people. I said that many of Agung's friends were perhaps closer to him than I, but that they were unable to come to Bali or had already died, and so I was standing in for them too. The interview was very short.

I went back to the temple. We were putting flowers of different colors and *sirih* (betel) and sprays of leaf into cones of green palm. I also plaited a complicated decoration.

In the Puri Sarenkauh they are making the Naga Banda, or King Snake. First, pieces of wood are jointed together to form the body to which a removable tail is added. Then it is all shaped out with hoops of bamboo, which are then padded and covered with white material, and then red velvet. A broad stripe of black and white zigzag patterned material runs from under his chin along the underneath of his body. His head is carved from a solid block of wood with bulging eyes and open mouth. His teeth are all separately carved, each pair a different shape. Today they are being shined up with a pig's tooth. This must be done in the sun as otherwise they are too dry. The result when done in the sun is that they look wet and alive.

Tomorrow is Agung's birthday and so we shall process to Campuan for holy water in the afternoon, so I cannot go to Denpasar tomorrow. A good thing I did not go today or I would have missed the TV interview.

I talked with two young men from Germany who are staying in the Puri. They have built a house here and move in on Monday. They told me that the TV people wanted sole movie rights world-wide in return for

paying for the whole cremation, but Tj. Putra said he would not "sell the cremation." He told them they could take the photos, but need not pay. The cremation was for him to do for his father, and he wanted to do it.

January 19, 1979

The family are being so kind to me, Agung's sons behaving just as Agung would have wished. I feel he must be very happy. The Puri is such a hive of activity. In the outer courtyard there is a huge steep ramp of bamboo leading high over the wall, higher than the top of the gate. This is to carry the body up for it to be put in the tower which is being made outside. The tower is being built in front of the Puri opposite, and it is so high, maybe seventy feet. No one thing is made of metal. It is all of bamboo. The string and rope are of grass or bark twisted and bound together. I understand that every few days every single rope must be tightened because they stretch. This accounts for the many men constantly working around the tower.

The Bull is also being made outside the Puri. So far it is just big chunks of wood jointed together and now being padded out with shaped blocks of wood before being further padded with foam rubber and covered in fabric.

In the outer courtyard of the Puri they have been carving the more-than-life-sized heads of deities, I suppose they are deities, half human and half animal pigs, cows, elephants, etc. The heads are now being hollowed out at the back and covered in front with colored cloth and the outlines of the eyes, lips, eyebrows, etc. etched in with threads of colored wool pasted along and round the contours. There are about eight heads or more. They appear to be being worked on by senior boys from school.

In the second courtyard, the *bale* where Agung will lie is being decorated in colored cut-out paper figures and scenes and designs. Young men from the Art School in Denpasar are doing this.

In the inner courtyard of Puri Sarenkauh the Naga Banda is now covered in red velvet and elaborate decorations are being added. If one shuts one's eyes for a second something new has happened, so much is going on all at once.

In Agung's courtyard they are building roofs of bamboo and thatch over the pathways to protect people from sun and rain. There will be a dinner in there tonight for Agung's birthday. I did go to the temple to make offerings, mostly flower decorations, but was not there quite so long as usual. A tourist came who was asking questions, so I took him to make a photo of Agung lying on the verandah.

I ate lunch as I do every day with the family in the Puri. The dogs in Ubud are getting so fat, but I am amused that it is a full-time job for one of the girls here to keep the dogs at bay while we eat. She spends her time looking for a stick to beat them off. It is hard to understand why they do not kill off the very decrepit, of which there are many. How they stay alive when their insides are half hanging out, I cannot tell.

So typical. I asked to be woken in time to go to the Puri to join the family when they went to the temple in Campuan. I did not sleep and went with Gung Sri to the Puri feeling sure we were all about to go to Campuan only to discover that they had already gone much earlier.

Sri and I sat on the verandah with Agung. A *tjokorda* and his wife arrived from Denpasar, so we sat and talked while they were given coffee and cakes. Then Agung's first wife and oldest son came with the Chief of Protocol and his wife. We were all sitting talking when they suddenly all got up. Sri and the girls fled and beckoned me to follow. It was the Governor of Bali, Ida Bagus Mandra, and his entourage who had arrived. They all sat and other members of the family joined us. They stayed about an hour or more. At one time one of the men prayed, just where he sat.

While everyone was sitting on the verandah, the High Priest arrived with a small retinue of men carrying what looked like long spears, holy weapons I imagine. The Governor left while we watched the High Priest pray. Later we all prayed up on the verandah, and the many other people prayed down in the courtyard. After that a delicious dinner was served. Some disreputable tourists wandered in wearing truly appalling clothes with holes and tears in their dresses and no scarves round their waists. Instead of leaving what was obviously a private party, they stayed until they were politely given dinner. It was very embarrassing. I left after dinner as I was very tired.

January 20, 1979

I went to Denpasar to get some biscuits as a gift to the Puri but didn't realize the size of the tin. I could hardly carry it so had to come straight back. I should have taken Ktut. I later went to the Puri with Ktut this time carrying my gift. Agung Niang came and we drank tea on the verandah. Later I went to make some offerings in the temple and then went home.

The two Germans have asked me to go to their new house in Campuan tomorrow evening for a small ceremony.

Everything in the Puri is coming on so fast. Where Agung will lie, in the *bale semanggan* in the middle courtyard, is almost finished. White sheets cover the ceiling and form a backdrop. All over these and the

surrounding wall are colored paper decorations, some of which are pure design and some pictorial. These stencils are first drawn by hand, then folded paper is tooled as one would cut leather.

They are also building a huge covered *bale* in the middle of the Puri Sarenkauh. In no way that I know of connected to the cremation, they have made here a large wire bird-cage palace which is giving much entertainment to the children.

In the outer courtyard the huge heads are nearly finished, the wool threads glued round the eyes and mouth and now miles of it follow the curves of the Naga Banda. He is still in the Puri Sarenkauh almost finished, glaring out with teeth gleaming fearsomely. I was told that after the teeth had all been highly polished in the sun, a scorching task, a tourist picked them up, and they all had to be done again.

In the temple, I watched three men, one cutting half-inch stars from gold paper and the other two pasting them on paper fans with other cut-out designs. Such a sticky and fiddly job.

I went to sit in the Puri in the evening and watched TV and talked to Sri. Atun has arrived. She was stuck in a train from Surabaya to the ferry for two days because of floods.

January 21, 1979

Went to the Puri and after praying, which I do every day with Agung, sat in Agung's courtyard with the girls and made more of those mobile-type decorations, only this time they were much longer and each thread must contain all seven colors. After lunch we made woven wool mats. These will also be used as mobiles in Agung's *bale* in the second courtyard. I also helped make a list of rules for guests, but it all got altered and enlarged and is now posted outside the main gate of the Puri. It asks people to be neatly and cleanly dressed, etc. It is amazing how some people come in. They wear old dirty shabby clothes and their hair all matted and tangled.

I have just seen a lizard-like creature climbing up a papaya tree, but he is dark brown with bat-like wings attached to his body and a long yellow nose. Both wings and nose seem inflatable. His name is *dangup-dangup*, and when he moves he runs a bit, then does some press ups and blow outs, then runs some more.

Around sunset I walked to Campuan to go to the housewarming of the two Germans. Tj. Putra and Tj. Oka from Puri Saren were both there. It is a lovely house, designed by Tj. Oka, with a gorgeous view. It is not unlike Walter Spies' house, only a little smaller. Oh, the charm of life in Bali. But if I had a house like that I would be alone, so alas it is not for me.

The *pemangku* did the prayers and offerings, and we all sat by candle and lamp light and drank champagne while a baby pig was being roasted. Later we all ate the spicy pig and other delicacies and rice. Tj. Gde, Agung's youngest son also came and Gusti Oka, Berata's brother. When the party was finally over, we all walked back to Ubud, singing songs under the starlit sky.

January 22, 1979

After praying with Agung I went and made decorations in the temple, pasting paper cut-out blue eyebrows and eyes, yellow nose and pink mouth on all the white fans. Later stitched the fans on palm-leaf bodies, which now covered the mouth, so afterwards a gold leaf or tree was pasted on.

This evening I went for my first walk out of the Puri to see the sunset on the way to the Monkey Forest. So many more houses on either side of the path where there used to be nothing but rice fields. Oh dear, what will they all be eating, I wonder.

Later in the evening I went to watch *legong* from Cabon. I left before the *jauk* which they said was very good.

January 23, 1979

So many people were in the Puri today that it was hard to find work. I sat and made a few decorations but mostly talked with Atun. I watched them make some figures, which are rather hard to describe. When finished they looked something like a man and a woman with two attendants. First the dried palm-leaf figure is tied firmly upright onto an old biscuit tin, then wrapped from under the arms in an orange cloth, then a gold embroidered brocade binding, then another sarong, and then another white skirt over the orange skirt, and lastly another embroidered skirt. Tucked in all this were a scarf hanging down either side and a huge roll of Chinese coins tied in a coil and lying in the lap. It must have all weighed a ton, particularly as it was then put in a very heavy silver bowl, which in turn was put on an equally heavy clay stand. So glad I do not have to carry such a one.

I later sat and talked with Atun while she embroidered the symbols for the directions, north, south, east, west, center, below, above etc., on a piece of white cloth. This is her special duty and will be used in the cremation ceremony. A man came into the courtyard with a tour group from Australia. He was an old friend of Agung and Atun, and poor Atun was overcome. The man was all choked up too and so was I. It was some minutes before we all gained control. His group went up on the verandah to see Agung's bier. Some of them were in short shorts

and some of the men were bare chested to the waist. I did indicate that it would be nice for the men at least to cover their chests, which they did. But how could I tell the women to go and get changed when they were on a bus tour? I do think their tour leader should have warned them to wear a skirt or at least bring a sarong to wrap around. Also, of course, they wore no scarves around their waist. How can one enforce the order already posted outside the gate of the Puri? It is impossible unless you forbid them entry, and they do not want to do that.

I went with Berata by car to the airport to meet a French lady who is a very old friend of Agung. She will be staying in Puri Sarenkauh.

January 24, 1979

Went to see Agung as always. Not so many people in the Puri in the morning and so made a palm-leaf lining for the inside of a basket made of the wide green older palm. I then tried making those triangular tiny platters which look so easy to make. They are very hard indeed to fold in the right place and then get the right sort of angle three times in a row. I gave up after about an hour of this. Afterwards I did a lot of walking around, sketching this and that.

A young girl artist who is staying in Ubud came for a beer. She is so appreciative of my work, and I of hers. We are similar in our approach and appreciation, though she is very experienced and deeper into it than I. She knows the principles of it, which I do not.

The TV people were making a movie of the gamelan and of two of the *legong* dancers from Peliatan, both of them daughters of Berata. The youngest has only just finished learning and takes the part of the *condong* (servant).

January 25, 1979

Went to the Puri and decided to do another painting of Agung's bier before it is moved to the second courtyard. I stayed there for lunch also and talked with Atun about the guests who will be staying in the Puri. She says there will be many doctors from Surabaya with their wives and families. She said I would be helping to receive guests in the inner courtyards. I asked her if I could sleep tonight on Agung's verandah, and she said yes. I drew two drawings and painted one. An elderly woman came and was so strident with Tj. Putra and Gung Niang, ordering them to stand here and there while she took endless photos. But they were so patient and kind to her. I remember Agung was always so with everyone, no matter how intrusive or tiresome.

In the evening I sat in the Puri and talked to a girl who has been living in a village near Jakarta. She is an English anthropologist.

She said that she is locked in the house with all the other women every night as this is a Muslim village. There are few amusements allowed, especially for women. The men go out. The only relief for the women is for them to run away from their husbands and to back to mother for a short stay. Then they get fetched back.

This closed-door attitude holds true there even for university degree women. There is no freedom to practice their profession if they are married. She finds Bali a fantastically different scene, with men women and children free to wander out of their houses at any time of the day or night and, with a few exceptions, allowed to follow any profession. She says most women where she is living are unaware of the poverty of their lives.

I am carrying out a one-woman crusade to get the men and women who wander in and out of the Puri to wash and wear clean clothes and buy a new sarong for the cremation ceremonies. So far, I seem to have made a few points. One tourist has worn the same shirt every day for nearly two weeks, but I have not dared to say anything to him.

January 26, 1979

I made offerings almost all morning, then painted my drawings of Agung on the verandah. A group of older Dutch people came, some with flowers, obviously deeply moved. Tj. Putra, like the rest of us, was all choked up but managing not to cry. However, he did dash away after he had got them seated. He returned later. They had known Mr. Bonnet and also Agung in Holland. It was very moving and I could not see to paint. I must refute emphatically the notion of some Westerners that the Balinese do not show emotion and do not cry. They do both just as easily as Westerners if not more so. True, they will attempt not to cry in public or near a dead body, but otherwise they are exactly like the rest of us. It is no shame to cry, but should be done in private.

Two visitors asked me if it would be appropriate to make some gesture of sympathy, some gift. I went and asked Atun. She said their sympathy was enough and much appreciated.

The two Germans from Campuan were waiting for their pig to arrive. It is an offering with respect to their house, I think.

Gung Istri, Gung Sri and Tj. Gde of my *puri* arrived this evening, and I removed myself to inside the house as they really do need the verandah on which to talk to their visitors. I don't mind in the least as there is plenty of room.

In the temple today I made square mats of folded palm leaf which meant twisting the palm-leaf in a different way. It took ages to learn and is really a very easy simple movement. I cannot draw it.



R. H. H. H.

Musicians for *Wayang Kulit*

Last night I did sleep in the Puri. Both Atun and Sri took me to Agung's verandah, and Gung Niang was very welcoming. Tj. Putra was praying with Gung Niang beside him. He was deeply moved so I looked away. It was hard to count the number of people. There were five of us by Agung and another ten or more at the other end of the verandah. Another twenty or more people were scattered around the courtyard, not to mention the people under the table on which Agung lies. They are hidden from view so I don't know how many there were. I woke at about 4:30 a.m. to hear the first cockerel, and everyone began moving from that moment. Tomorrow Agung's body goes into the middle courtyard.

January 27, 1979

All morning I made flower offerings, long bands with flower heads stuck on sticks. They fall off almost as fast as you stick them on. One of them had two petals of frangipani on each end of each stick, another had two petals of green champac, and another had bougainvillea flowers.

I talked a lot with new guests and did not paint or draw. All afternoon we sat around expecting to move Agung at any minute. Then around 6 p.m. Gung Sri said I should go and wash and change, so I went back. Kutut and everyone said I should eat. Tj. Gde was there eating so I did also.

When I got back, Agung had already been moved. They must have begun almost as soon as I left. They did uncover Agung a bit and Sri said his face and legs were black. In the morning they had moved Agung to measure his body, and apparently Agung Suyasa had fainted as also did other members of the family. It had been a disturbed scene for a few minutes but the servants and others quickly recovered. I was a bit upset I had not seen Agung moved. I am told the French cameraman was very impolite and spoiled it all with a motor-driven camera, which makes a lot of noise. I think that Agung did not want me to see.

I later watched *wayang kulit* for about an hour and fell asleep on the verandah of the outer courtyard and just lay there dreaming to myself that I was still watching *wayang kulit*. Next thing I knew, one of the *tjokordas* was waking me to go to the inner courtyard. *Wayang kulit* was still going on, but I went home as so many people were in Agung's *bale* that I was not sure there would be room for me. I slept till 3 a.m. and got up and went back to the Puri. No one was in the outer courtyard, all were asleep in heaps in the middle courtyard. But in Puri Sarenkauh the TV people were all sitting waiting for the men to take the Naga Banda to Peliatan.

Just after 3 a.m., we were in the outer courtyard when a man cycled in and went to wake the *tjokordas*. They all came stumbling out, straight to the Naga Banda. They took off its tail and carried it up over the

wall into the first courtyard. It looked marvellous silhouetted against the night sky and illumined by the lights for the TV cameras. The men had a difficult job reaching high enough to catch it as it came down into the first courtyard, but they managed. Then through the gateway to the waiting lorry, up and in and off--all very quick, five minutes at most. I didn't go with them as it is all really supposed to be secret and I felt they had people enough there, though I would rather have liked to have seen its reception in the *puri* at Peliatan.

January 28, 1979

At about 8 a.m. I went with Gung Sri to pray with Agung before all the tourists came in. There is an organizing committee now sitting in the outer courtyard and they asked me to help to keep the tourists from going into the second and inner courtyards as so many special ceremonies for the family only were going on. I advised them to put a notice on the doorways to these inner courtyards which they hurriedly did.

But people still seemed drawn in, so I was asked to keep telling them to please stay in the outer courtyard just for today and to wear a sash. I had no troubles, but had to tell many people.

There was a procession from the Puri to Campuan for holy water, men with spears first, then girls with offerings, and then four tiny children, all dressed up in ceremonial dress and with make-up, were carried in two chairs, the two boys in one and the two girls in the other. One of the boys carried a kris and one of the girls carried a flower offering. Then came the *angklung* and many members of the family. It looked specially colorful along the path to the river where it is all green *along along* grass and rice fields and steep slopes.

I did a drawing of it from the bridge, but the sun was so hot I could hardly stand it and there was no shade. Then we walked back. It is a 15 to 20 minute walk. After lunch I went back to my job in the outer courtyard. I asked if I could go and take a nap and they said, "Be very quick. We want you back here." So I just went and washed and changed.

We all dressed in pink *kebayas*, the whole family. I wore a dark red sarong and a pink binding and lemon yellow scarf. We all walked in an enormous procession to Peliatan. It rained a lot at first, but half way there it stopped and we soon dried off. First there were about fifty girls in full Balinese dress of brocades, bare shoulders, gold and flowered headdresses, all walking single file; then the princes on horses, being led; then a very beautiful young girl in a high chair; then Tj. Putra in a high chair; then all of us women. There were also the spear carriers and umbrella carriers and all the *baris gede* who had come from Kintamani carrying their long staves and in ceremonial dress and make-up, looking very fierce. There was also gamelan, in fact there may have been two.

I really enjoyed it. Most of us women walked hand-in-hand and it took us about an hour. We went straight into the Puri. The horses were tethered in the outer courtyard. The Naga Banda was in the second courtyard, but all of the family went on into the inner courtyard.

While the High Priest prayed with the Naga Banda, imbuing it with life, we sat on the grass and had tea and cakes. We sat for about two hours. The young girls who had walked in single file sat up in a *bale* and the princes sat in another. We were like scattered roses in the grass, all in pink, surrounded by the tranquil green, the moss-covered walls, the high trees, and the dark *merus*. Alas that the photographers were ever with us, like a plague of locusts, in and on everything and definitely disrupting the harmony.

Eventually we all prayed. Then we were up and off home at a very smart pace indeed. It was dusk and dark altogether when we got back. Almost at once the *baris gede* was danced in the outer courtyard. I love to watch it, but I think it is best in its natural setting of Kintamani temple where the courtyard is very large and one is very high up with only a backdrop of the top of Mr. Batur. There, there is room for the long staves to have full play, the strong line of the stave in contrast to the swirl of the bands of the *baris* costume, and the solid white of the knee breeches.

While I was engrossed watching the dancers, they took the wrappings off Agung. Again the family fainted and again the photographers were obnoxiously obtrusive, so I was told. Again I missed it all. I am quite glad I did not see it. Later we all ate dinner and then watched *legong* from Cabor--marvellous--and then *wayang kulit* till 1 a.m. The *lontar* was also being read in the *bale* near Agung. The lights were full on most of the night, and I think they read till dawn. At about 1:30 a.m. I went and slept in Agung's *bale* between two women. I woke at about 3:30 and went home as I was a bit cold. One just lies down on the floor as one is, and there are pillows for your head. Despite the lights I had no difficulty sleeping. Some of the women slept with a scarf round their heads. I am not sure why, maybe for warmth, or perhaps to ward off insects. I wish I had thought of that.

January 29, 1979

Oh how difficult it is to get everything done. Already I am late writing the journal and have not managed to draw either the Bull or the Naga.

I went and prayed early and then took down the notices so that people could enter the inner courtyards, but we made notices to stop people climbing on Agung's *bale*, or the one where they are reading the *lontar*. Like yesterday, there are three gamelans in the second courtyard

where Agung is, two of them playing sweet music for Agung and the third playing music for the evil spirits to keep them happy. In the outer courtyard there are another two gamelans, playing one at a time. Here is where all the dancing is being performed.

In the morning I went with the procession again to Campuan (they go every morning). I tried again to do some more drawing but it was incredibly hot. After lunch I was in the outer courtyard again keeping watch for people in unsuitable dress. Later on in the middle courtyard the High Priest officiated with prayers for about three hours while all the family sat in the *bale* with Agung. They took the tail off the Naga and passed it round the bier and then placed offerings there and passed the model of a prau over them. I did not sit with Agung. I sat out in the courtyard with the thirty-five other families who have made bamboo shelters against the walls of the middle courtyard for the symbols of their dead relatives, together with offerings, some of which have been made by members of Agung's family. I did not go to Agung's *bale* to pray as I felt that if the tourists, particularly some of the invited guests, saw me they would try to do likewise. At the end of the long prayers all the people knelt and prayed, and I with them.

A black buffalo head on a platter is at one entrance to Agung's *bale*, not my favorite sight. There was difficulty fitting the Naga Banda into Agung's *bale*. The tail would not fit. It is impossible to draw or paint it now as it is high up and mostly hidden by the roof and decorations. Only the head looks out, very alive and vital. I did a drawing anyway and painted it. It is not finished of course.

After dinner there was *legong* and *wayang kulit*, also gamelan music. The *gambang* was being played at one side of Agung's *bale*, and of course the reading and discussions of the *lontar* again went on all night. I did go and sleep in Agung's *bale*. This time I had no pillow, but I slept well.

January 30, 1979

I remember the evening better than the morning. We went in procession to Campuan for holy water as before. This time I painted some of my drawing, so now I have three unfinished paintings. Again all the gamelans were playing. Such sweet music was being played by the gamelan inside the gate of the second courtyard, and the rat tat of the *gambang* beside Agung. It all goes so well together. Agung's *bale* is very lovely--all lit up with colored lights and full of decorations and flowers and also his large painted portrait. Our woven mats hang as mobiles from the roof.

There was *gambuh* in the morning and afternoon and *topeng* also, and the *legong* from Peliatan and later still *legong* from Ubud. There was the feeling all day that the dancing was especially inspired with spirit,

most moving. Of course, the courtyard was so crowded it was very very difficult to find a place to watch, particularly in the evening. Immediately after the *legong* the *wayang kulit* began, and the *lontar* was, of course, being incessantly read.

I flopped out in Agung's *bale* around 11:30 or 12 to find Atun and Gung Niang and all the boys going through a bag of papers, Agung's personal purse. They were laughing over small notes of bills for food, probably in Denpasar, and also some words of advice and philosophy-- something about money dropping on your head which I didn't understand though they tried to translate. Also there were some letters which they read. Some things they kept, but almost everything else was put aside to be burned with Agung.

Eventually we all lay down and I think I slept. The two older boys went off to the rice fields at 1 a.m. to collect special holy water from a secret place. I slept until 3 a.m. when I was woken by the return of the two older sons with the water. The High Priest was already praying. Then we all prayed to his bell, then went with some of the offerings, and I think Agung's personal attache bag in which he had kept the letters and notes and burnt them at the side of the *bale*. I am not absolutely sure what was burned as it was very dark and smokey and we could hardly even see each other. Only Agung's *bale* and that of the *lontar* readers were lit. The readers had just stopped reading. Then all the families of the thirty-five other people being symbolically cremated collected their offerings, and we all set off in the dark to the cremation field, walking in silence with only the singer chanting and the gamelan playing.

It was so beautiful as one could just catch the first light showing in a break in the clouds. At the cremation field we sat and waited with the light gathering and a bird singing. We watched Tj. Putra trail a square of white powder on the ground where the Bull would stand, then criss-cross it. Then they held a thread across and did various other things, but it did not take long. We made short prayers, then all came back to eat breakfast, change, and get ready for the reception.

It began to rain a little and was very cloudy. Apparently the rain *dukun* has said it will rain a little at first and be sunny later. I suddenly heard the men shouting, so tore into some clothes and raced out. Already the Lion for Mr. Bonnet was standing outside my gate. I was just in time to see them release the Bull and pick him up and careen him around and set him down some paces behind the Lion. Next the tower was to be moved but the wire cutters for the telephone and electric cables had not yet arrived. I went back home to get into full Balinese dress-- today we wear a dark batik sarong with a black binding and scarf and a pale blue *kebaya*. I went and tried to draw, but could not as I was too excited.

I went back to watch the tower being moved. The top tiers had just been lifted up and tied on. Within minutes, the men were underneath the tower, now about 70 feet high, and with Gung Suyasa on the bottom platform directing its movements. It suddenly rose and seemingly floated into position, almost touching the top of the ramp from the courtyard. Here the men set it down. Gung Suyasa spoke to the men quietly telling them when and where to be this afternoon and ended with, I think, a couple of words, maybe a blessing or something personal. He was so choked up after that it was hard for him to control his emotion till he got off the foot of the tower.

I dumped my drawing things with the TV men to take to the cemetery, dashed home to rewind my sarong, and then went and sat in the second courtyard watching the guests arrive, one a minute. Agung's three sons and Atun stood in the receiving line. I went in at about 10 and talked to a few people, but was asked to sit. I fully understand why, for there was almost no room to maneuver as the entire space was filled with rows of chairs. All were served with drinks and biscuits and cake.

On Agung's verandah there were the VIPs. The *tjokordas* sat in the *bale* to the right and the wives sat in the *bale* on the left. The High Priests and Berata's father and one or two others sat in the central *bale*. I only knew Dr. Oka from Gianjar, who has been reading the *lontar* every night, and Dr. Widniana. Before lunch there were some speeches on a loudspeaker which connected with all the courtyards. Tables for the buffet-style lunch were set up in each of the courtyards. I was told that they had to set up an extra table as there were more guests than expected. Gung Sri told me that she and about ten other girls, close relatives, washed and cleaned 3,500 plates last night and have not slept at all. They are now all in the courtyards as ushers.

Most of the guests were from Bali, but there were many others from Java and the other islands. There was a large group of Dutch guests who had known both Mr. Bonnet and Agung, and various other friends of Agung from Australia, America, France, England, etc. I would love to have moved around as in a standing reception, but the vast numbers of people made this impossible and the seating arrangement the only possible one. We did mingle when we got up to eat. The food was Balinese with some milder dishes to suit the many foreign visitors.

Very soon after we had eaten, and I was almost the last to eat before the helpers, who really had to gulp it down, we all went out into the second courtyard. The Naga Banda was carried out first, and some of the family were given offerings from Agung's *bale* to carry. In the outer courtyard, I joined the family group under the long white cloth which we held up with one hand. We tramped out and snaked into position in front of the Naga Banda.

At once men carrying the coffin ran up the ramp to the tower, where it was tied on firmly with ropes. Then the body, carried high up over the heads of the men, was taken up the ramp to be placed in the coffin.



A. H. H. H.

Bull at Cremation

Agung's two oldest sons rode with the coffin two-thirds of the way up the slender tower (about 50 feet from the ground), Tj. Putra carrying the golden bird with which he directs the carriers of the tower. As soon as everyone was in position, the tower was up and off, but only a few paces at a time.

The first stop was while the High Priest shot the arrows. Having empowered the Naga with life in Peliatan some days ago, he now shoots his arrows to the cosmic directions and to the Naga itself, thereby killing it. Thus the Naga's spirit will help guide Agung on his journey to the hereafter. It is a very dangerous procedure for the High Priest who, if he fails, may himself die shortly after. So far I have not heard that he has died, but I am sure Agung's death must have been hard for him as they were very good friends.

After this we really got started, and from there to the cemetery we alternately ran in a confused jumble to avoid being trampled by the Naga just behind us, or came to a full stop. The High Priest and his wife sat at the front and to the side of the Naga and prayed all the way, though also giving signals to stop and start. The tower was close behind them, maybe controlling the stops, as it is very difficult for them to stop once going. It must be a tremendous test of endurance for the men, about one thousand six hundred, it was said, but maybe more. I was soaked just holding the white sheet, which kept splitting as we would surge forward and then stop, the leaders in front not hearing the orders from the back.

When I looked back, the tower was so enormous and often swayed at an angle of at least 60°. It was most exciting, everyone keyed up but enjoying it, though a little anxious lest the tower get out of hand. The crowds all the way were enormous, but no problem. Every now and then we got soaked with water from the assistants. I am not clear as to whether this is purification or just to keep everyone cool. The latter, I think, as I do not think it was spring water.

All went very fast indeed, once we reached the cremation ground. However, it took us nearly one and a half hours to do so. I was so hot and thirsty that all I could think about was buying a drink. There were lots of stalls everywhere doing a very brisk business. I wanted to do a drawing, so collected my things from the TV stand. The tourists seemed to me to be much better behaved than usual. Only one TV photographer tried to climb up to photograph the body while the family and priest were up there. All in all, I thought the crowd was very respectful and a trifle awed. I am not speaking of Balinese, of course. At this cremation there was a high percentage of tourists. Some said there were 35,000 people in all. I do not know.

I did a drawing and then they lit the tower. It flared up with a huge roar of flame and exploding bamboo. Apparently one of the TV men did climb up the ramp to get a better picture and would not come down when asked, so the Balinese set light to it, which quickly ended that



Naga and Bull at Agung's Cremation

At last we were all up and off, by buses, cars and lorries, to take the ashes to the sea at Sanur. On the black sand beach the tide was high but calm with the waves just rippling in so we could paddle in the warm water. We all sat in long rows, maybe four lines deep, facing the sea just above the high-tide mark. It was very dark. The High Priest dressed again and prayed, but this time on the ground. We all prayed here for the last time. Then they took the ashes and offerings and waded far out and threw them to the sea.

At once we all left the beach for the buses where most people fell instantly asleep. We all got out in the courtyard of the Puri Saren. Agung's family stopped and sat, while for the thirty-five other families there was another ceremony outside the Puri wall with leaves and string which they cut to symbolize breaking the ties between the living and the dead. I think this part was only for those other families and not for Agung.

Home and to bed at about 3 a.m. Oh heavens, a bed for the first time for four days. Not unusual for the Balinese, but most unusual for me.

February 1, 1979

I woke to a small procession passing by to the river--nothing to do with Agung, I think. Everyone very sleepy and going to sleep all day. I tried, but could not. Have a horrid cold, flu probably. Nearly all the women have had it. I was cuddling Gung Istri Sarenkauh on the way back in the bus, and she certainly has it, with swollen glands and fever. She should never have gone to the sea I should have thought. On the other hand, I would not want to have missed it either.

I did go to Campuan to say goodbye to the German boys. Gusti Oka was there and he said Ktut is crazy again. Oh dear. I had noticed he is under a strain. He says that during the reception yesterday, Ktut kept putting grains of rice in everyone's tea and coffee and making flirtatious remarks to the girl helpers. He even ate his lunch by the *tjokordas' bale*, or some such thing.

Tj. Mas was giving a dinner for the TV people and I was asked to join them. We had a super dinner of delicious food. Afterwards there was a dance performance. I learned all about the foundation which is helping to fund the recording of the old and current music, and also the preservation of musical instruments. I was also told about the main building of the Museum of Art, the Puri Lukisan, across the road which was blown down in an unusually strong wind last February. All the paintings were saved and the government will pay for the rebuilding. There are mixed feelings about this. Some feel that the museum may all too much under government control. I hope the new building will

be similar to the original building which was so light and airy and a joy to be in. Even though it wasn't built to last for ever, it could easily be rebuilt. I think it is a human failing to wish for things to last. Who really needs the pyramids? Or the Colosseum? In Bali one lets things run their natural time, they rot and then are re-made. Here in Bali, even great works of art, either painting or carving, are not for ever. They are just to be enjoyed, by the Gods, the artist, and the people, for as long as they last. Part of the joy is in the making.

February 2, 1979

I woke feeling better. Ought to have gone to Denpasar and Immigration, but somehow couldn't. I went and talked to Atun. She thinks everything went off very well, although unfortunately three people were hurt. One person lost the top of his finger against a telephone pole, another broke a leg, and I believe another broke his foot.

A guest here who is an old friend of Agung's was telling me about Gading, the masseur from Peliatan. He has done marvels for her back which had discs out of place, or something like that. In Australia the doctors just said it was deteriorating and there was nothing they could do. She has been having massage by Gading and is now fine, she says. If it slips back, she will come back for more massage.

I went home feeling terrible, aching all over and shivery. I tried to sleep but could not. The photographer came to see me at around 5:30 and I was suddenly violently sick. Luckily all I had been drinking was tea so it was very easy. Felt much better and sat and talked with him. He stayed and had dinner as Ktut had already cooked it. It was very good to have company as it is better to be sick with friends around. The Balinese know this very well and never leave you alone when you are sick.

February 3, 1979

Felt dreadful. Had a fever of 100° all day till about 6 p.m. Couldn't do a thing but sleep and wander round and drink boiled water. The Australian artist came at around tea time and we drank a cold beer, which oddly enough was OK. Everyone is sick with this flu, Gung Istri Sarenkauh, Gung Istri here, Gung Ari, and Tj. Mas.

February 4, 1979

Felt much better, but am very weak and still a bit hot. Went to see Asri and arranged for a taxi tomorrow to go to Denpasar as I do not yet know exactly how to get to the University and I also need to go to the Garuda airline office. I dashed back home to say goodbye to the

photographer. He is just leaving for Jogja, and who knows where else. Then came the English anthropologist and later another girl from Australia. We sat and talked of the cremation and also how best to publish Agung's story and my own journal. Who knows what will happen? Did little all day but talk.

February 5, 1979

Nearly lost the top of my finger in the car door on returning from Denpasar, and had to go across the road to the clinic and have stitches put in it. It is still numb so I am anxious that they have killed the nerve. Oh well, bloodletting for the evil spirits, I suppose. I just hope I can draw and paint and type with it later. Heaven help me if the nerve is gone.

One hour later - the nerve has most certainly not gone and I am frantically swallowing the pain killers and antibiotics.

In Denpasar this morning I got my 30-day extension to my visa and also visited Dr. Gunung and Dr. Suryadhi at the University.

There was a special ceremony for Agung this afternoon and all the family went to the High Priest at Dawan near the Bat Cave. I most certainly would have gone but for my finger. They kept asking me if I was coming and why not. And I kept showing them my finger, but obviously they didn't in the least understand how I felt. I know that it is scorching hot at the High Priest's village, and it is sure to be a long session. I don't feel too good just sitting here on the verandah.

Tj. Putra came in the evening to see Gung Sri before she left for Denpasar, but she had already gone. He was surprised to see me and asked why I had not been to see him. I told him that I had been sick ever since the cremation and so couldn't, and he said no one had told him. He said he also is sick. In a few days time he will go to Surabaya for a checkup at the hospital--chest and heart. He says his heart pounds and he has difficulty in breathing. After all the strain of the last seven months, I am not surprised. I'd have been dead already. Unfortunately, he smokes heavily, as do his brothers and also Agung Suyasa.

I was talking to Gung Sri earlier today and she says she types with two fingers. So I asked where she had learned. She said in a Balinese college. They did teach her to use all ten fingers, but obviously not for long enough for her to get speed. She says two fingers are quicker.

February 6, 1979

I talked for a long time with the French lady and also Anine Rud. Both have known Agung for many years, Anine knew him in the days of Walter Spies.

I had my finger rebandaged, and it is now very sore. The nurses are so gentle and use a yellow fluid to get the bandage off, a de-coagulent I suppose, and it really works. I cannot bear to look at it as it is such a jagged bumpy mess. I am sure I shall lose the nail later.

The artist came to supper and thoroughly enjoyed Ktut's good cooking. We had sate, chicken, beef, green ferns, *gado-gado*, and rice.

February 7, 1979

I went to see Gung Ari and she fed me vegetables and rice, all very spicy and delicious even at 10 a.m. She said it was her breakfast. I just didn't feel like walking any place or painting.

I share my verandah with a decrepit but stately cockerel and his hot little wife. He looks so like a bucolic colonel, with wattler depressingly drooped. And, as it is raining, I can also watch the rats splashing up and down the gutter. So I really did nothing all day. Wandered into the Puri to watch TV on Atun's verandah as we did before the cremation. Plenty of company there, which was nice.

February 8, 1979

Had my finger rebandaged. It is not yet healed. Went to the Puri to see Tj. Putra and we talked for a while. He was not feeling too well. He says it is very hard for him. He wants to go back to Europe to continue his work but does not know how he can leave the Puri. Whom should he leave in charge? Agung gave Putra little advice on this. Putra's younger brother is studying at the University in Denpasar and his youngest brother is still in school. The women in the Puri do not yet understand accounting. So, for the moment, he feels he must stay.

February 9, 1979

I still feel awful. My sinuses are so bad I cannot breathe and my stomach is queasy. I ate no lunch and only rice and split peas for supper, disgusting. However, I have had a series of visitors. Anine Rud came in and talked for ages and seemed to like my paintings. She said she had enjoyed reading my Journal, which she had found in the Puri.

I went to the Puri where the French lady was trying to make *tipat*, small palm-leaf baskets in which to steam rice, with Gung Niang on Agung's verandah. Tj. Gde was very lively. He says they have taken out the electricity as the tourists don't want it. He said that he will finish school in April and is hoping to go to the U.S. with the Field Service then. He had his ticket and was about to leave when Agung died. In

fact Agung thought he and Atun had left already, and they couldn't go and see him at the end because he would have worried if he had known they had not gone because of him.

February 10, 1979

There are lots of girls taking offerings to temples, but I cannot find out which temples. Tomorrow at 5 a.m. everyone will go to Campuan to bathe. I went to see Gung Ari. She had bathed and covered her shoulders and neck with a powder, *obat Bali*, whether to make her hot or cool I don't know. "For sweat," she said. Her daughter, Alit, has swollen glands and was covered in a poultice of herbs, but wasn't feeling bad.

I walked on down to the Holy Spring at Campuan to finish my painting and on the way stopped at Alit and Asri's house. She was talking with friends about how to make money. She plans to rent out her house.

I could not paint as the sun was scorching. So I walked back to the road and sat in the shade and drew and painted a house and courtyard. While I was sitting there, uncomfortably balanced on a boulder being bitten by big black ants, a group of young students from Java came by with their cameras, took a photo of me and looked at my painting. I heard one of them say, "Impresi." Impressionist, I imagine. I don't know whether she is right or wrong.

I walked home and rested the rest of the day. The heat is terrific and the humidity, although cool at night. I was all ready and dressed in Balinese dress for my dinner guest, the artist, when I saw Gung Istri here about to pray in our house temple. I went also and she invited me to pray.

Ktut's cooking, sate and meat balls, mi and green beans, beef and rice was much praised. Ktut seemed very happy that we left very little. There is a big festival in Peliatan, but we did not go as it is a thirty-minute walk. I rather wish I had gone as there was *arja*, but this would have been very late, of course.

February 11, 1979

There was a mass exodus to Campuan at around 3 a.m., then all came back at about 5:30 a.m. I didn't go but rather wish I had. Tj. Putra and his brothers all went last night and bathed by moonlight while the girls sat on the bank.

Gung Istri is here and also Tj. Gde and Sri, so the battle of the bathroom is on and I sit in the house while they use the verandah. I like having them here, in fact they are not here often enough. I enjoy

their company. Now they tell me that there will be a second cremation for Agung in ten-months time. At this ceremony there will also be tooth filing for Gung Istri's children and maybe also Gung Ari's children and Gung Alit, the daughter of Gusti Biang. They say they will cry if I do not come. But I cannot come for every ceremony. Later I will come again to Bali, I am sure of that.

I was given a second breakfast of *nasi kuning*. This consists of yellow rice, fish, *bebek tutu*, nuts, fried coconut and strips of omelette. It was delicious. I left half for Kutut. In Bali it is most important that you serve yourself with a serving spoon or the fingers of your right hand. You must not use your own spoon or eat direct from the main plate as then no one else will eat from that plate. Most of us were brought up this way, but have since forgotten these rules. In a hot climate I realize what good sense this is.

At midday I went to the Puri Sarenkauh to go with Gung Istri to visit her family in Tegalalan. I found when I got there that I was invited for lunch, so with the French lady we ate a most delicious lunch again of *nasi kuning*, but not quite the same. This time there was no fish, but we had duck and yellow rice and egg plant which was very hot, and chicken also cooked like the duck.

After lunch they drove us to Tegalalan. First we visited a wood carver whose tiny house was perched high above a ravine. The tiny garden had many hanging plants and a pool. I was amused to see his motor bike propped outside the door and covered by an *ikat* (tie-dyed cloth) which would cost the tourist \$30 to \$40 US at least.

Gung Istri's home is a *puri*, beautifully kept with flowers and lots of children. There we had tea and Balinese cakes.

I went to the Puri for a party in the evening. This was Tj. Putra's first party for guests. Two couples arrived to stay in the Puri yesterday. It was strange to see the verandah lit with lamps and the guests seated around, just like in Agung's day. It was very comforting to sit there with the portrait of Agung smiling happily, just as he would have done, to see his tradition being carried on by his sons. We listened to the *gang gong* music and then went to the central *bale* for dinner.

Tj. Putra and Tj. Oka were our joint hosts. Tj. Putra told us that a newspaper in Java had printed an article asking why so big a cremation for such a simple man and why such a big waste of money instead of giving to the poor. It asked why he did not accept money from the TV people and stated an amount in rupiahs spent by Tj. Putra for the cremation.

Tj. Putra said he had never told anyone how much the cremation cost. He had said to the people that only a small tower would do as now the roads are narrowed with the telephone poles and the electric lines are

low overhead. But the people came back to him twice saying that they wanted to build a high tower with nine tiers. They finally said that, as they were the ones who were going to build it, they would do it the way they wanted, despite what he said.

The size of the cremation largely depended on the people. Many people came to help. No one was paid for his services. All were fed two meals a day, as is customary, and the family was responsible for the preparation and serving of the food, though many people from the villages came to help and many sent food. One could not estimate, neither could one altogether control. It was a free gift to Agung and to him alone, given because they wished to give. The whole point is that it was a gift with nothing in return, no benefits to be accrued or return gift of any sort. One of the reasons I find the charity of the West often so degrading and base is the blatant benefits, or rather blatant bribery, attached to a gift. Indeed it ends in being no true gift. Surely a gift should have no strings attached.

It was also said that in some mosques in Java the loudspeakers excoriated the Balinese, making derogatory remarks and inciting the people to hate them. Such lack of religious tolerance is very much at variance with Indonesia's tenets of nationalism, which allow freedom to worship as one wishes.

February 12, 1979

I went to the clinic and had the stitches taken out. It doesn't look very pretty but is otherwise OK. I went to Immigration to collect my passport. All is OK till March 12.

This is the twelfth day after the cremation and there will be special ceremonies in the Puri this afternoon.

I went to the Puri at about 5 p.m. and found everyone in their gay colors filling the second courtyard. Agung's *bale* was full of offerings and flowers, his portrait in their midst. There has been a cockfight all afternoon in the outer courtyard. I am told that after today there will be no more ceremonies for Agung and all the decorations will be taken down. I so enjoyed watching the light fade and the High Priest praying. I was amused to see his assistant on the ledge behind him quietly smoking a cigarette. The *tjokordas* sat in the pavilion for *lontar* reading and also in Agung's pavilion with the rest of the family.

All the families were back in the courtyard to pray for their dead relatives. I was told about one of the thirty-five people. She was a young girl who was pregnant and who had died in Sulawesi of a sudden hemorrhage where there was no doctor close enough to help her. She was a transmigrant but her family were from Ubud.

Once the High Priest had finished praying, we all prayed with three flowers, the gamelan playing all the while.

Before the dance performance Gung Rai from Puri Mulmul and I lay down to wait on one of the verandahs. She told me that she is learning to read the *lontar*. She does it nearly every evening when Ida Bagus Made Nadera is at their home. She says it is very difficult, but there is lots of good advice in either the Ramayana or the life of the Buddha. She reads (sings) a passage and then they translate. So she gradually learns the language by repetition and copying, sight, voice and hearing all together.

We all ate together in the Puri after which there was a dance performance. I went into the next courtyard to watch them dress and it was a "rob Peter to pay Paul" game as there were so many *baris* dancers. Tj. Ngurah already dressed had to part with some of his dress temporarily for Tj. Gde. At the end there was an excellent *topeng*. I just could not stay awake till the end, which I am told was absolutely hilarious with a Raksasa being killed by excessive sexual demands. That opinion of what was happening is a Western one, so I cannot be positive it is correct.

February 13, 1979

In the second courtyard today Gung Niang was taking down all the decorations, folding them and putting them away. I was asked to talk to a visitor from Switzerland who came with a gift and a letter from the ambassador there for Tj. Putra. I nearly cried all over again when telling her of the cremation and the feeling surrounding it.

Gung Ari gave me two fresh fish for Ktut to fry. This seems to be something new. I am sure we used not to get fresh fish, and I think it may be connected to the fact that we can now always get ice. It comes in huge slabs every day.

February 14, 1979

It is Buddha Klion, a day for special offerings. I went to Puri Sarenkauh to make a drawing of the pond and gateway and then went in to the Puri. Tj. Gde and Tj. Oka were on the verandah looking at hundreds of photos of the cremation with Gung Niang. We sat and ate hot banana pudding--absolutely delicious, all burned and toffee-like. They said again that they do want to have Agung's autobiography printed. They also want to add the last few years of his life. I suggested adding the first wife's own recollections of her early life in Mengwi as it runs almost parallel to the early life of Agung.

I later went to Campuan to try and finish the painting of the holy water Spring.

February 15, 1979

I practiced my dance. Then I went to Campuan, but again it was too hot to paint the Holy Water Spring.

February 16, 1979

I painted all morning in the house and went to the clinic. My finger is much better now. I took a picture to the framemaker's place in Pedangtigal. Under lots of trees and bamboos, he has a large open *bale* containing many frames wonderfully carved, oval mirrors, etc.

February 17, 1979

While I was drawing in the Puri Sarenkauh I had been enjoying watching three ducks which paddled around all day looking for things to eat. I asked Ktut how much two ducks would cost and we went to the market and bought a couple. I want to have them in my courtyard so that I can draw them. Of course, I wanted to let them go loose in the courtyard at once. They instantly raced off back to where they had come from, but we managed to catch them. Now they are in what was once the pigpen and which is behind one of the houses, so that defeats the whole object. The male duck I have called Hawaii and the female Honolulu. I bought a clay bowl for their food although Ktut wanted to buy a plastic bucket. I wonder what Gung Istri will think about it. Both Gusti Rai and Ktut assured me it was OK.

I went to see Anine Rud in Puri Kantor. She has flu. I went on to see Gung Ari and also Gung Rai. Gung Rai had just cooked. She gave me a bowl of the green leafy tops of peanuts cooked in coconut milk with chili peppers. It was so good. I have never had it before. She said that she is at present teaching *legong*. She says that one day she would like to learn *topeng*.

I walked up to Campuan to swim in the pool. I lay there and chatted for ages and eventually treated myself to lunch. Afterwards I walked up to Ari Smit's little house. It is quite small and unpretentious, made mostly of plaited palm. It is nice and cool. The artist lay peacefully asleep and I did not disturb him, but loved his paintings--especially a large one glowing with warm colors, a cross between Gauguin, Matisse, and Bonnard.

I did part of a drawing of a *warung* just across the road from his house, sitting on the very hard ground and duly bitten by many ants and flying insects which are very bad at this time of year. However, while I was squatting there at the roadside, two huge rats came tumbling down the very high bank almost at my feet. Some young girls promptly stoned them, but they ran away.

February 18, 1979

My two ducks are still frightened, but are replete with food and seem otherwise OK. They are fed with rice and water twice a day.

I did manage to paint my drawing of the Puri Sarenkauh courtyard though it is not yet finished. Gung Ari, Gung Istri and I decided to make a farewell party for the French lady in two day's time.

The door to the Puri Saren from the Puri Sarenkangin courtyard next to mine has been locked. It is so maddening and cannot be construed as anything but an extremely unfriendly move. It isn't as though it were to avoid thieves as that courtyard opens directly onto the street with no door of any sort. It is very irritating indeed but after all, that is not my courtyard so really none of my business.

In the Puri Saren, Gung Niang showed the French lady and me Agung's room, now in process of becoming a small museum to him. His lovely portrait is now behind a curtain, which I think rather a pity. I loved his smiling face and feel that he always liked people and company. She drew the curtains for us to see it.

After dinner I played cards with Gusti Rai, and her brother and his son. We laughed so much as Gusti Rai was doing a mild cheat, waiting to throw away her unwanted card until she was sure she didn't want it. But I caught her, and we all thought it was very funny.

February 19, 1979

I practiced my dance as I am now doing every morning. I spent all morning trying to be a human telephone. Ktut went to Gung Ari and she told him the party would be on Wednesday evening and that he was to make sate. So he went to Gung Istri Sarenkauh and told her it would be on Tuesday evening. I had to go back and forth to put it right, twice each way. Rather funny, really. We are going to have *bebek tutu*, so must get the days right.

I went up to the museum to look at the paintings. It is so sad to see the complete ruin of the original building, which was truly Agung's child. It all happened the same year, like omens. Mr. Bonnet, also a prime founder, dying in the same year, and also the very old painter, Gusti Lampad. None of them was anywhere near the same age, but all died in the same year.

At the picture framer's in Pedantigal, he laughed uproarously and said he had completely forgotten to make the frame. So tomorrow, OK?

February 20, 1979

I drew and painted all day. Gung Niang told me she used to cook for Agung at Bunutan when they were farming up there during the Japanese occupation.

February 21, 1979

Today is the farewell party in Puri Sarenkauh. I went to and fro. How much rice needed? Two kilos, etc., etc. At dusk I dressed Balinese, red sarong and scarf and white lace *kebaya*. I was sent to escort Gung Niang from Puri Saren and also to go again for Gung Biang. Agung's twin sister lives in Puri Sarenkauh so was already there but I had to personally assist her from her *bale* also. I had my tape and tape recorder with me and danced *tambulilingan* for her and anybody else who wanted to watch.

The dinner was all set up on the French lady's verandah, with chairs all set round two long tables joined together. Everyone sat around. Gung Niang was up at one end and Gung Biang at the other, Gung Ari and her three children, Gung Istri with her two boys. Her daughter was at school in Denpasar. I served the rice to everyone and then they passed round the other dishes, duck and pork sate and various other dishes and *gado-gado*. I should think that this is the first time they have all sat round a table eating together in Western style. They do not usually talk while eating or sit facing one another. However, it all seemed to go very well and we finished up playing cards called Dominoes. Only four people can play at once so we had two sets of four in each. The party ended around 9.15 when we escorted everyone back to their respective *bales*.

February 22, 1979

I asked if the family had yet been to the *dukun* to ask if Agung is OK and the cremation good and was told, "Not yet." I had my first dance lesson with Gung Ari and did a drawing of the lily pond at Puri Saraswati.

We were playing cards after supper when suddenly the ducks began quacking. The boys raced out to see a dog disappear over the wall of the pig pen. Ktut managed to catch Honolulu, but Hawaii had fled into the night and we could not find him. We put Honolulu under a wicker basket for the night.

February 23, 1979

We looked again for Hawaii but there is no sign of him. Honolulu is quite miserable under the basket. Tomorrow I hope to get her back into the pigpen as she can't even stand up and stretch.

I went to Campuan to see Asri and return some books. She had just returned from teaching English to tourist guides in Denpasar which she does once a week. She said that she and Alit plan to build a swimming pool for their house. This really surprised me as the Campuan river flows past their back door almost and is the place everyone like best



Going home with *alang alang* grass

to bathe. And the Holy Spring, which is marvelous for a bath, is one minute along the path. Also the large and beautifully situated swimming pool at the Campuan Hotel is only a seven-minute walk away.

Asri had bought a medicine chest in Denpasar as all their Western visitors leave behind their medicines, and most of them are dangerous. I said she should dig a big hole and pour the liquid out and crush the pills. Waste is a problem the world over and no less so in Bali.

I went for my dance lesson with Gung Ari and that is always enjoyable. A procession went by to Campuan and Gung Ari said, "Taking the God for washing and for holy water." There was a *barong* with a red velvet body and a stick-like tail and about thirty tiny girls all dressed in sarongs with made-up faces and golden headdresses, and also some fifteen to twenty older women in purple *kebayas*. It was all very beautiful. They came back after dark, but I was too tired to follow them to Taman.

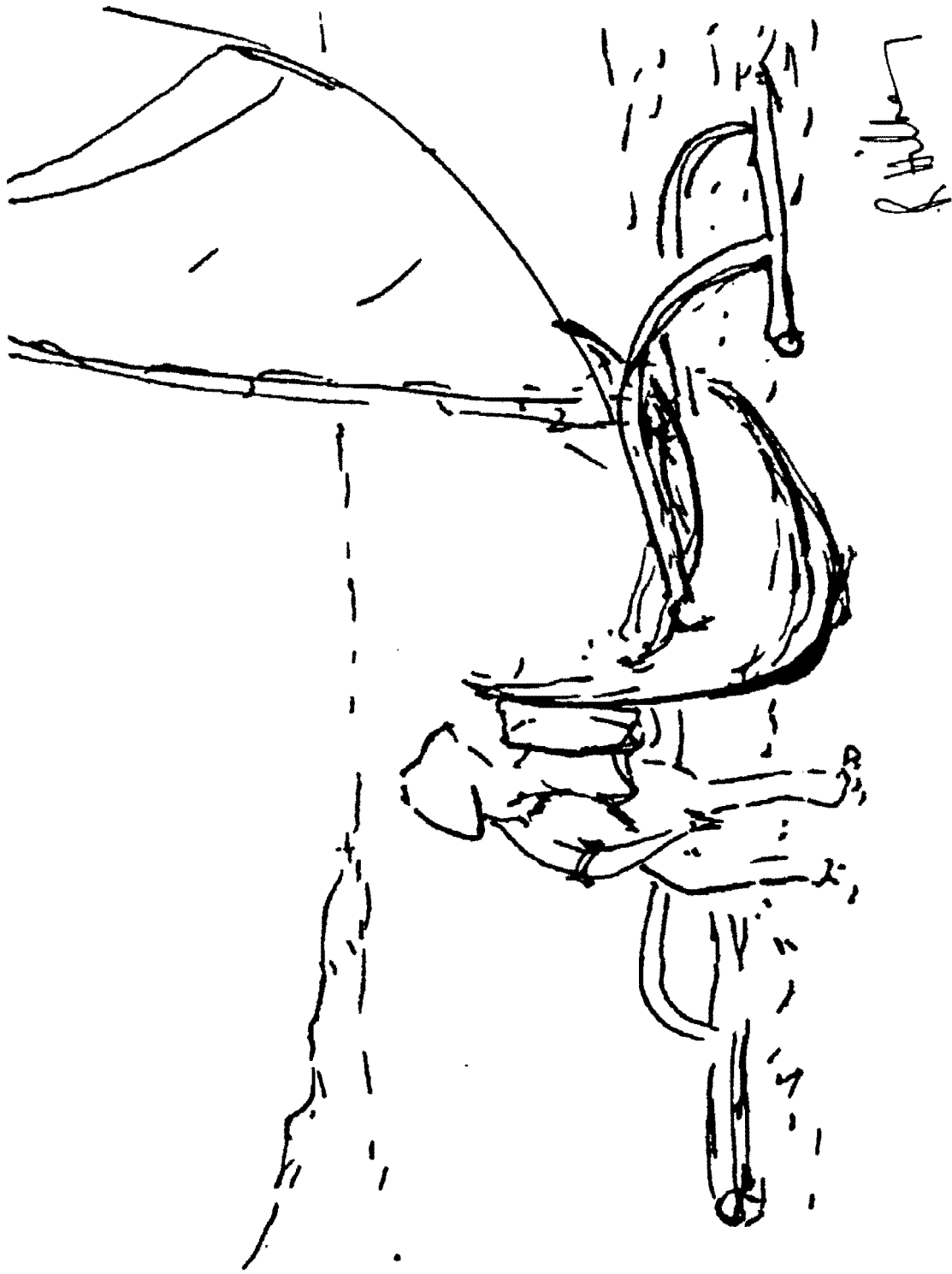
February 24, 1979

The birdcage in the Puri Sarenkauh is now filled to overflowing with the most gorgeous birds. In another corner of the courtyard a porcupine has a small palace to himself. They are trying to find him a mate. He must be about 18 inches long at least. Now they have added five rabbits in another small palace in another corner, and today there are a couple of brilliant red parrots on perches. Poor things, I think maybe they are worse off than if they were in a cage, for they must hold on tight for fear of falling. They scream like banshees. They also had an owl in a little house, but it wisely died. At least, I think it died. It disappeared.

Tj. Suyasa has done extensive modernizing in the Puri Sarenkauh. There are showers and flush toilets, wash basins and electric light, and stuffed leather and chromium chairs. I know that many tourists demand these "amenities." The Balinese must pay a high price for them as they are costly to buy being mostly imported goods. They are not necessities here. By contrast the Puri Saren will probably remain much as it was before, which some people will still prefer. So there is something for everyone.

I took the *bemo* to Denpasar and another to the University at Sanglah to see Dr. Gunung. He took me to see Mrs. Wirawan. Her husband, Dr. Wirawan, is at present in Hawaii at the School of Public Health. We met her at the Hotel Denpasar which is owned by her family. It is a big hotel built only a short time after the Bali Hotel in Denpasar. It has air conditioning, carpets, hot running water, telephones and large conference rooms and is built in the Balinese style around courtyards.

Mrs. Wirawan invited me to come and stay at the hotel for a week as her guest and also to visit her at home. I said I would like that very



Fishman and his Prau

R. Wilson

much. She also offered to lend us her car so that we can go and visit Gunung's family near Besakih.

After we had had tea, I was taken by car to the Bali Beach Hotel. I made a booking to Sydney on March 30, but I don't yet know what date I will really go there. I am in two minds over the Eka Dasa Rudra Festival and must find out more about it. It is the festival which is only held every one hundred years, but the last time they held it, Gunung Agung erupted with enormous violence before it really got under way. Now it will be held again this year and I believe will begin on March 28 and last for a month. The festival is held at Besakih on the slopes of Gunung Agung.

While I was at the Bali Beach I went for a swim and then sat and did a drawing of fishing praus with Gunung Agung in the background. I walked along the beach and ate an enormous lobster in a restaurant while also painting my drawing. I reached home by just after 3 p.m. It is so much easier now to get back to Ubud. Trying to get back in the afternoons used to be impossible.

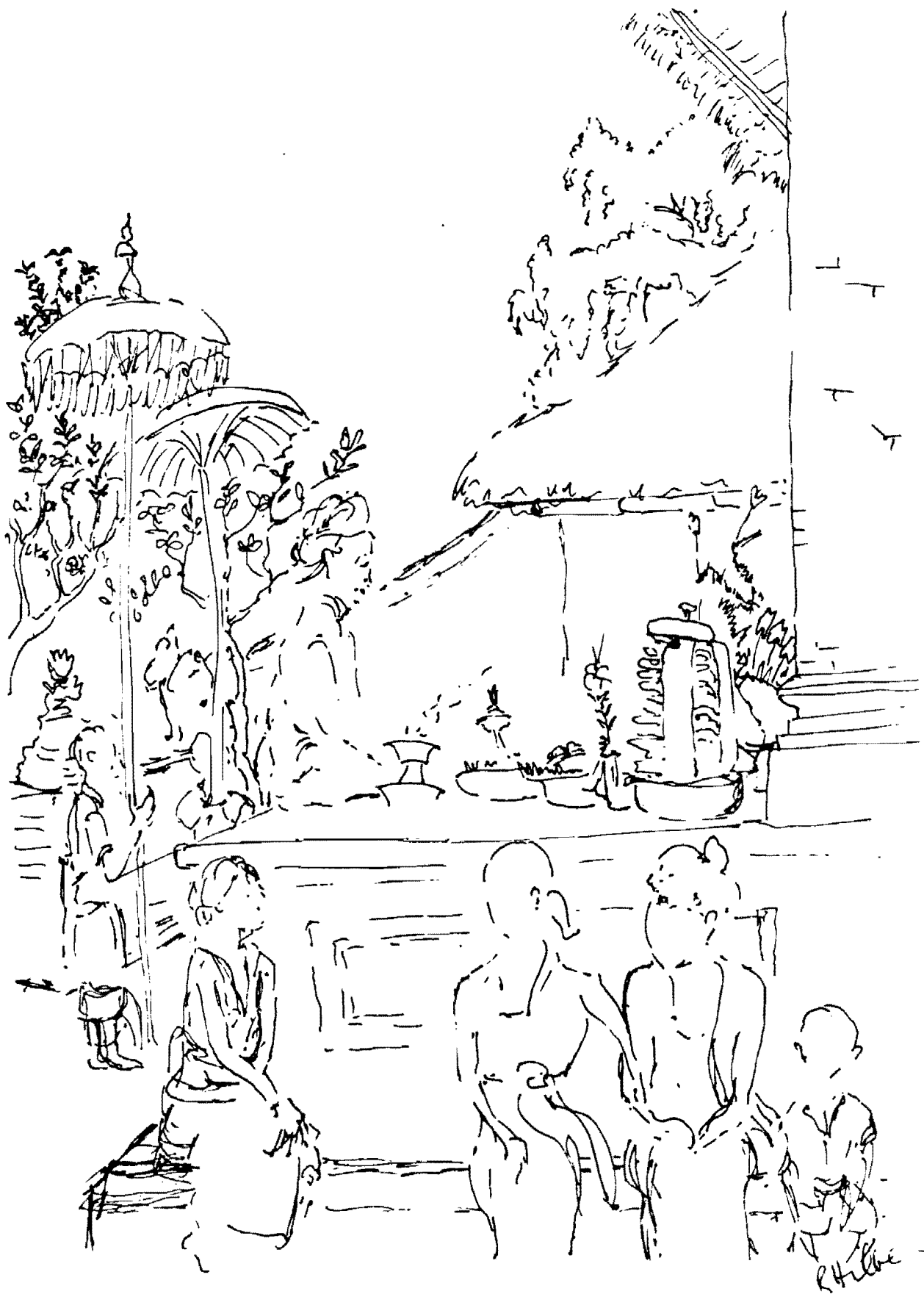
I bathed and dressed Balinese in order to go to the festival in Taman. A very small one but obviously important, otherwise no big procession like yesterday. The *barong* was on view and the High Priest praying, and the *kulkul* was beaten for a long time.

Anine came to supper. We drank beer and talked of Agung and the early days and of Agung's father. She had been told that at one time a servant of Agung's father had unwittingly done something wrong, and the old King suddenly pointed his two fingers at him. The poor old man went home and was so sick his wife knew that he would die. So she went to the King to tell him the old man was dying, and the King took a glass of water, broke some flowers and herbs into it, and gave it to the woman saying that he was to rub it all over him and drink it. The man recovered soon after. Psychologically very understandable, since it was an obvious sign of forgiveness and a wish that the old man might live.

February 25, 1979

My poor duck, Honolulu, is back in the pigpen which is certainly an improvement for her I would have thought, but she still looks miserable and I worry about her.

It is very dark and humid today, and quiet. Anine came to ask me to dinner with Tj. Oka at the Puri Kantor this evening. She told me that Gerda Van de Noordaa, who had recently died, had taught Agung English at one time and that he had thought very highly of her. Anine also told me that during the war she herself had been imprisoned by the Germans, but only in Danish prisons and only for two months. She was housing



Return of *kris* to the Puri

home any time. He says he doesn't want to marry for at least two years, but that it is very hard for the boys because if they get a girl pregnant they must marry her.

I went to the Puri Kantor to say goodbye to Anine. She seems well now and looking forward to going home. We talked of how we had at times helped Agung write letters or advised him about education and schools, etc. Not that Agung had needed help really, but that he had sought it in order to make a wiser evaluation. Agung had that quality of making you feel needed. We both miss him enormously.

I took my paintings to the Puri Mulmul to show them to Gung Rai. She gave me an ice cold Coca Cola, something I could not have had two years ago because there was no Coca Cola and no ice.

When I went for my dance lesson Gung Ari said she is going to Jakarta for ten days and asked if she could borrow my suitcase. Of course I said yes.

Manis, the black cat, waited for me to go to bed and instantly leapt on the pillow and lay there delighted. I shoved her over three times before she consented to sleep on the other side of the bed. When I woke up much later she was sleeping on my arm and against my side, very happy, so I let it be.

February 27, 1979

Heavy rain all night long and until early this morning. At the Saraswati Hotel, Gung Ari was singing in her kitchen and cooking hot sauce and soy bean crisps. She had already crispy fried the tiny rice eels. She says you must half cook them, then remove them and take out the middles, then re-cook. I broke off a piece, and it was delicious. She gave me breakfast, or lunch. She eats twice a day, she says. We ate rice, green beans and coconut, and little bits of fish. Very good. I really do prefer the Balinese food that the Balinese make for themselves to eat.

Ktut went home to Kedewatan today. I painted the lily pond drawing and when I got back home I found Dr. Gunung waiting to see me. He said he will call and collect me on Friday at midday to take me to the Hotel Denpasar because the Wirawans have invited me to stay.

It rained all the rest of the day and all night.

February 28, 1979

The rain has stopped but it is overcast. The *kulkul* has been going, and after breakfast I went up to Taman to see what was happening. I knew

they would put away the *barong* and also return the kris to Agung's temple. Everyone was praying and the boys were standing by with umbrellas and flags and the *angklung* was playing. They went in procession back to Agung's temple with the kris and flower offerings. I sat and made a drawing while they put the kris away, having first cleaned the pavilion. The *pemangku* sat outside with the offerings all the while, and ultimately the *tjokordas* prayed. All was finished by 9 a.m.

At last I have nearly finished the painting of the lily pond. It has taken me the longest time of any painting, but it is not the best. The weather is still very very wet and rainy and dark.

Visitors arrived from Hawaii to see me, and I took them to my dance lesson where they enjoyed talking with Gung Ari. I took them all round the Puri. Tj. Putra was in the second courtyard where they were making a garden with a pond and a bridge.

March 1, 1979

Rain again. I dressed Balinese to go to Puri Sarenkauh to help make rice cakes for the three-month ceremony for Asri's baby. Gung Istri Sarenkauh was cutting up the green vegetables for our lunch while we were working in the central *bale* of her *puri*. She served us an excellent lunch. Tj. Putra came and talked with us and he had everyone laughing. Apparently he said a Westerner was in a shop here and the two Balinese who were serving him said to one another, "Oh, isn't he ugly." The man answered them in Balinese. I wish I knew what he had said.

March 2, 1979

I tried to see Tj. Putra to give him my painting, but he is in Denpasar again. "Still a young man," they say in explanation. I heard that Agung's sons bought two new cars just after the cremation. Agung's old car sits in a corner of the outer courtyard with one wheel missing. A sad sight indeed.

The car arrived to take me to the Hotel Denpasar. I was given a warm welcome by Mrs. Wirawan and by Wajan, the Manager. We all ate lunch together. It rained a downpour, so we sat and talked with two young women, teachers on sabbatical from San Francisco. They had just come back from a trip to China. They went in a group from Hong Kong and their only regret was that most of the people in the group were only interested in buying bargains in China. In the evening after dinner I watched TV in the outer lounge. I met a group of people from Sumatra who spoke English very well. I am the only Westerner staying in the hotel.

March 3, 1979

Now I have a chance to look around the hotel. I am in a secluded courtyard at the back of the hotel, down the center of which runs a strip of garden with flowering trees, grass and a pond with a fountain and fish. It is all very tranquil and quiet. There is Balinese carving on the stonework, and each room has its own verandah. I have two beds, a telephone, and carpet, and the tiled bathroom is large and with a flush toilet, a wash basin, and a bath. There is also air conditioning. I enjoy most the bath. Oh the delight of lying in hot water, a luxury I do not even enjoy in my cottage in Waikiki, where I only have a somewhat ancient shower stall and so tiny a bathroom that a bath would not fit even if I could afford to put one in.

My breakfast was brought to me on my verandah, egg and fried rice, very good. It was arranged that I should be taken by car wherever I wished. So my driver, Ngurah, and I decided to go to Asti's, the Dance Academy, first, then on to Sakenan, and then to Legian Beach. I have never seen any of the places and people are always telling me about them.

At Asti's the students were busy decorating the hall for an evening dance performance, so we went on to Sanur and along the coast to Sakenan, a very lovely drive. The final road to Sakenan over the rice fields was potted with huge holes and I feared for the car. It was scorching hot and no shade. The praus are up a small creek as one must sail over to the island when the tide is high, as it was today. I felt I did not wish to go alone, even though my driver said he would come too. It would take about thirty minutes each way and I did not know how far away the temple was on the other side. Anyway, I decided I did not want to go, and so we drove on to the port of Benoa.

Benoa lies at the end of a long causeway. This causeway was built, I believe, by the Dutch. It crosses mud flats, now covered by the in-flowing sea, and leads to the deep water channel where the boats can come in to dock. I could just see the funnel of a big boat which was hidden by warehouses. We stopped at the end where there is a small restaurant, a couple of trees, and a quayside. Here the praus arrive from Nusa Dua, the isthmus at the southern tip of Bali. We stood and watched the praus sailing back and forth bringing people over to go to the market in Denpasar. One prau brought five huge turtles, poor things.

Ngurah told me that he sometimes walks over to Sakenan at the far end, directly opposite to where we were standing, and spends all day fishing, and when the tide goes out again he walks back. He says he has three children, aged seven, five and three, and he says three is enough. He also says he has three cows and sometimes walks with a cow from Denpasar to Padang Bai, a very long way indeed. He says it takes him all day starting very very early and arriving late.

Ngurah left me at the Legian Beach Hotel. I went to the beach to swim and was astonished to see three tourists on the beach, one of whom, a young woman, was stark naked in the midday sun. She got up and left pretty quickly when crowds of young boys began to gather. It is so thoughtless to do that here. They would not do it at home. The image of Bali is sadly misrepresented. It is a mistaken notion that as the Balinese are seen to bathe naked in the rivers, they do not object to nudity. It passes unnoticed that the Balinese never allow the lower half of the body to be seen. They most certainly do object to total nudity. Only children are allowed to walk around with no clothes on.

I talked with some Australians in the hotel. They were good enough to come and swim with me as I am well aware of the dangers of the currents and waves on Kuta Beach. Many people are drowned there every year. They later took me on their motor bike to The Pub, which is in Kuta itself, but Imam, the owner, was not there. I ate a "baffle," toasted cheese and tomato sandwich, which was very good. I afterwards went back to the Hotel Denpasar very easily by *bemo*. After dinner I again sat in the outer lounge watching TV. I met an older couple from Manado. They all want to have their photo taken with me. It seems so odd in Bali, but I suppose I am a rarity to a Sumatran or a Menadonese.

March 4, 1979

Dr. Gunung picked me up at 8 a.m. Ngurah drove us to pick up Dr. Suryadhi and then back to Gunung's house to give his pregnant wife some medicine. I did go in just to see her for a minute, and she looked very pale. Then we were off to Kintamani and Besakih. We first went to the temple at Kintamani, which I love as it is so high up and has a gorgeous view of Mt. Batur and the lake. We took the new road down into the crater and to the lake. This road used to be a steep and winding path which I have twice walked. We followed the road to the village of Kedison where I asked them to stop while I drew the temple there which nestles by the edge of the lake, shaded by large trees and with a towering backdrop of steep mountain. I shall paint it the minute I get back to Ubud if I can only remember the colors.

We drove back up to Penelokan where I had stayed a night back in 1971. It is not very much changed, and I met again the step-mother of the young man who is still training to be a doctor. We all sat on the same verandah, this time drinking Coca Cola. That much is different. In 1971 we drank arak in the bitter cold by an open fire. They do still have the arak, of course.

We took the newly built road to Besakih which runs along the rim of the mountains around the southern side of Lake Batur. This road was begun two years or more ago. The first part was excellent. Then we

reached the turning where the road leaves the mountain rim to head south to join the old road to Besakih. Here the road turned into a dirt track. It was very soft and gravelly sand, with huge holes and cracks. Heavy rains had really made it bad. How we ever managed to get the car through I don't know. Ngurah was a fantastic driver. I simply couldn't look some of the time and dreaded getting stuck as we would have had to walk, and heaven knows how we would have got the car out. Gunung and Suryadhi were quite unperturbed. They just laughed. It was certainly a relief once we were on the road again. They assured me it was a very good short cut, but more suitable for trucks.

When we arrived at Besakih it was pouring with rain. Gunung got out and was at once besieged by small children competing with umbrellas for hire. He had just as much trouble as any tourist. Finally, possessed of two umbrellas, we walked all the way around the temple. I have never seen the Gunung Agung mountain in the rain before, and when the mist cleared away and the mountain was completely visible, one could clearly see its sides laced with streams which emphasized the steepness of the slopes. It was a most impressive sight. We came back through the kitchens of the temple where already they are beginning to make preparations for the Eka Dasa Rudra festival to be held here in a few weeks time. No one is now allowed into the main courtyards unless they are in Balinese dress and wish to pray.

We all ate lunch together in a *warang* by the parking lot. The best hot rice I have ever eaten and lots of chicken and egg and hot sauce. Afterwards we all bought some *salak*, a fruit which is grown around here and has a scaly skin but tastes not unlike apple. I bought mine separately, as I know in advance that I cannot bargain and shall not do very well. When we got back to the car, Gunung suddenly realized that he hadn't collected his change. He ran back to the vendor, an old lady, and there was some gesticulating. Gunung came back laughing. I asked him if he got his money back and he said no. I was amused to see that it happens to the Balinese as well as to the tourist. The race is to the swift, and the alert.

On the way home, soon after we had left Besakih, we turned off to go to Gunung's home. We left the car where the track ends and walked across the rice fields to his village. It only took us about ten minutes and was a beautiful walk. Only his mother and an aunt were at home. There was a garden in front of the house and a courtyard to one side full of chickens and pigs and the usual *bales*. We chatted for a little while, but did not stay for tea or coffee since we had just had lunch and because time was getting short. Gunung's sister was not there, so we went back to the car. Just as we got there his sister, having heard of our arrival, came to meet us. We went to the house in Putung, where she is staying, to pick up her belongings as she is going to stay with Gunung in Denpasar to help look after his wife and two children.

We dropped everyone off at their respective houses in Denpasar and then I was taken to Mrs. Wirawan's house to stay there for a couple more nights. She has a beautiful house, very well designed and built. There are two indoor fish ponds, both open to the sky. The guest bedroom is up a staircase beside the pond and is a large room with windows all across one end leading out onto a big verandah.

Mrs. Wirawan has a little girl of about three years old. I was invited to take a bath and then rest, but I could not sleep. As the sun was setting we ate dinner. Mrs. Wirawan had cooked the meal herself and it was delicious. She talks more English than I speak Indonesian. She translated for me an article her husband had sent to the newspaper in Denpasar about life in Hawaii describing a shopping expedition to the supermarket. I shall ask him to write an English translation of his articles for me as I should enjoy seeing life in Hawaii from his point of view.

March 5, 1979

After breakfast I was again offered the car to go to Sanur, where I went to Qantas to arrange flights to Sydney. It was a beautiful day and I swam and finished the painting of boats and the beach. When I got back to Mrs. Wirawan's house, we were sitting talking when a deafening insect in the garden sent us running out. The children, of which there are about five living in the house, caught it. It looked like a brown one-inch grasshopper and made more noise than a three-piece band.

After dinner we all watched TV. The news comes on five times during the evening and tonight was of horrible poisonous gases near Jogja and also flooding rivers killing 5,000 people. Mrs. Wirawan gave me an explicit description of the poisonous gases which had us choking and coughing to get the idea since we neither of us knew the translation for these words. We also sang. All I could think of was "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do," which was really not suitable. I really don't know what they thought of that. Then I danced a hula and some Disco. They asked for a repeat of the Disco. She sang a modern English love song in English which was most charming and also a Balinese song, and a song they sing in the temple which the child could also sing. I very much enjoyed it all.

March 6, 1979

After breakfast I went back to Ubud. I had had a great holiday within a holiday, and a much needed rest and change.

In the afternoon I walked down to Asri thinking it was the day of the ceremony for her baby, only to find it was the ceremony for her new house. It was all over by the time I arrived. I sat and talked for ages, and Alit played guitar and sang some very funny songs which he had composed. He is much talented. I walked back in a tropical downpour which lasted all night.

March 7, 1979

I am told that the family will go to Besakih in four days time, on Sunday, to clean the temple, and I am to go too. I now plan to leave March 21, I think.

I collected my two ducks from the Puri Sarenkauh today and they are very happy here in the pigpen. Even Ktut is glad to have them. I was never quite sure if he liked them or not.

It rained on and off all day but I did go to Puri Sarenkauh and helped make some offerings for tomorrow's ceremony for Asri's baby. They have now acquired a huge and magnificent eagle. He is in a larger cage than the owl had.

It rained and blew so hard at 4 that we had no electricity and we all had to be indoors. I read by pump-lamp and candles and played cards with Ktut and Widja. I won twice, so am improving. It rained all night.

March 8, 1979

Still raining on and off, mostly on. Gung Ari came to borrow a small suitcase to go to Jakarta for a week. I also gave her a flight bag for her son, Ngurah. She says she leaves tonight. How late she leaves getting her luggage! I asked if she was nervous. "Just praying," she said, "not nervous." She is happy, I think. She will be back on Sunday week just before I leave. Atun will be here the following Tuesday.

I went many many times to Puri Sarenkauh as I could not find out from anyone when the three-month baby ceremony would start. Eventually it began about 6 p.m., just as I was about to give up altogether. The *pedanda* from Ubud arrived and at once began praying. He prayed for about two hours. Asri and the baby were inside the first house and most of us Westerners were sitting on the verandah while the Balinese family and friends were in and out of the house.

During the ceremony they sat Gde in a small boy's lap with his feet just touching the earth. He had gold bracelets put on his ankles and wrists and a gold star on his forehead. Mother and child sat for a long time while the *pedanda* prayed and sprinkled them with holy water, and they drank, etc. Gde loved that.

After the ceremony we all ate *bebek tutu* and other delicacies. Later there was *wayang kulit* in the outer courtyard. It was very funny. I have never seen so young and swift a *dalang*. He was so good, sweat pouring off his arms. The exertion must be terrific. The movements

of the mouth of the puppet following exactly the words of the *dalang*.

March 9, 1979

I talked with Tj. Putra, and when I said I was leaving before the first day of the Eka Dasa Rudra he at once asked, "What about my father's Life Story." He says many people have asked for a copy. We agreed that it might be good to publish it in Bali. I said that maybe the University of Hawaii Southeast Asian Studies might publish it as a Paper, but I said I would do nothing until I heard from him except type it up ready for publication.

Later I walked to Campuan and did more to the painting of the *warning*. But again the gnits, those minute flies that apparently live in the *alang-alang* grass, were out in the millions, and everyone was being bitten to death, though the Balinese do not complain as I do.

I ate lunch in a *warning* where the owner's wife is a distant relative of Agung's family. We talked of Agung, and the owner said he thinks there was no one like Agung in the whole of Bali. I said I thought there were very few people like him in the world. He said it was Agung's idea to give land to build the maternity hospital here and the school and the clinic and the museum. He said long ago, when Agung had the only two cars, Agung had taken his sick father to hospital and brought him back again later. He said that Agung would always help people and never count the money spent. We also remarked on how no matter how unpleasant a person was, Agung would always treat him in just as warmly and friendly a manner as he would everyone else.

March 10, 1979

More heavy rain until about 9 a.m., then suddenly it became a sunny day getting drier all the time. We are all riddled with gnat bites, all over the feet and wrists and anywhere else not covered. They make life a misery.

Agung's old car still sits in one corner of the Puri with no wheel, all askew and very dirty.

I went to the Puri Menara to see a performance of Rajawilah. It started with *pendet*, then *baris*, then the spinning dance, then the story itself. The Prince was such a beautiful dancer, with very expressive face and gestures and fluid but perfectly balanced movements. A joy to watch her. I do not very much enjoy this odd mixture of story and dance. It is neither like Balinese Drama, nor like Arja, nor like the Ramayana. However, it is something new, and so perhaps not yet perfected.

March 11, 1979

It is 6:15 p.m. and I have just got back from Besakih having left here at 8 this morning. We all went in cars and buses, maybe about fifty of us. We went straight to Agung's temple and the workmen began work straight away. They built a bamboo frame for an *alang-alang* roof and another wooden frame for a tin roof and they also reconcreted a floor and concreted the floor of another *bale*. We all sat for a while probably while the offerings were being unpacked.

I began to be afraid the rain would come, so I asked if we would pray yet. Two people said no, not yet. So I went up and did a drawing of the temple. When I got back about twenty minutes later, they had just finished praying. They must have started almost as I left. I at once joined them to go into the central temple. Here we all prayed under the hot sun. We prayed with three flowers. We went back to the family temple and had coffee. Since everyone was just sitting and talking except the workmen, I did some more drawing. Then we all ate lunch.

It seemed that we were there more for moral support and to supply food and drink and general merriment and also advice. Some of the *tjokordas* were involved in plans and measurements. It was all a lot of fun. All the young people walked over to the bridge where the *tjokordas* formed a chain from the river bed below and hand over hand sent very small buckets of gravel back to the temple for concreting the floors. We all helped. I even carried a bucket back myself.

Besakih was not very full of people. Just a few here and there working in the various temples and praying in the main temple. One or two visitors were walking around the outside. The main temple is not yet decorated.

Everyone took very good care of me in the temple and there was plenty of room in the mini-bus both coming and going. It was a very easy, happy day. Tj. Putra and Gung Suyasa and some others are driving to Mt. Semeru in Java tonight to take holy water there from Besakih. They must climb the mountain there, they say.

March 12, 1979

I collected my passport from Immigration in Denpasar. When I went to Qantas to buy my ticket, they asked if I had a visa for Australia. I said no. They told me it takes two or three weeks. No one had told me this before. Also they need a photo, so I have to go back tomorrow. It will be touch and go as to whether the visa will arrive in time. It is very irritating that this was not pointed out either by my travel agent, or by Garuda, or by Qantas. Anyway, it is too late now.



The Temple at Besakih

I had a swim and went back to Ubud. I have been inquiring as to where I might be able to see the *janger* dance, but no one can tell me. These dances come and go in popularity. The Peliatan group were dancing it in 1974 after I left and so I missed seeing it except in practice.

To my delight, in the outer courtyard of the Puri, Gusti Oka was cleaning Agung's old green car and had put a new wheel on it. It now looks in great shape.

Ktut tells me there will be drama from Singaraja in his village and it starts at 10 p.m. tonight and he will walk with me if I want to go. I rather faint at the thought. If it were one way, yes, but back and forth is a long way. It is uphill most of the way going and about four miles distance. The attraction is that the moon is very bright.

Early in the evening I went to practice my dance with the gamelan at the Puri Menara, but the gamelan was not practicing this evening as they were busy elsewhere. At Okawati's house across the road she was having the second of three ceremonies for her house temple. She had a small procession today, taking the God to or from the temple at Taman. It was 9:30 p.m. by the time all this was finished and Ktut had come back from the movie. He said again that he would walk with me if I wanted to go to his village, but in the end I said no. I just hadn't the energy.

March 13, 1979

There was rain and thunder this morning but I went to Sanur with my photo for the Australian visa. I also had a swim to ease the vexations of the visa.

March 14, 1979

More rain. Of course, it is still the rainy season. Gading came and I had another massage. Ktut let the ducks out, and they had a lovely day in the courtyard. Gusti Rai seems interested in them and gave them some rice. Now I think perhaps she would like to have them. Ktut, contrary to what I had thought, does not seem to want them.

This evening I went to practice my dance with the gamelan, but after a few minutes I realized that they were not playing my music in the order in which I dance it, so I could not finish. Every gamelan plays it a little bit different. Such a shame as I was so enjoying it. To dance with the gamelan is very exciting.

There were some tourists there watching the practice. Oh God, they are so unctuous, so virtuous! "Standing on principle," the principle being to their advantage of course. They would not pay 300

rupiah, or some such sum, for the *bemo* to take them to Pedjeng at 9:30 tonight where there is a festival. They said if they give too much now they will be asked for more later. Well, of course they will be asked for more later--the prices of everything go up all the time. Why are the Balinese expected to act any differently in business than anyone else?

I was distressed yesterday to run into a young man, a Westerner, who has been living in Java and now has spent three months in Bali doing social work. I asked what social work in Bali? Here the Balinese have their own social workers. He belongs to a Christian group and they got into Jakarta to do work with drug addicts. There are few if any Balinese drug addicts. It makes me sick. There is not enough work or food for Indonesians, especially in Java, and they go and import a young man whose experience, which must be minimal since he is so young, is totally un-Indonesian. And why on earth is he in Bali?

March 15, 1979

I now leave a week tomorrow, and time seems now too short. I have not painted enough paintings, but the weather has been awful. Ktut and I set off at about 8 this morning and took the *bemo* to Tegalalan. The road is very bad after all this rain and it is not possible to get to Pujung. There are huge holes and boulders and only the big trucks can get through.

I did a painting of a temple in the rice fields, as Ktut seemed to feel we had walked far enough and there was another temple opposite where he could sit in the shade. Actually, it was a good place, and even I could sit in the shade, albeit on a damp stone ledge with a stream running fast and clean at my feet. There was another stream across the road, and so the sound of rippling waters were my accompaniment. It was very beautiful, sunny yet cool. Children were out after the many dragonflies, which they caught with little effort. Touched with the gluey end of a long stick, the dragonfly is then swiftly transferred to a sliver of bamboo. Later, they are crispy-fried in coconut oil and taste something like bacon.

I did both the drawing and the painting, though was not able to finish it. I always take some days to finish. The vision of the real place or experience superimposes itself on my painting and I cannot see through it to what is actually on the paper. Once the vision fades, I can try to improve the painting.

We walked back to Tegalalan and had lunch in a *warung*. Then we walked back to the next village before getting a *bemo* for home. We got back just after midday rather tired. I had the ducks out in the courtyard again and I sat like a zombie just watching them, too lazy to draw them. They clean themselves incessantly and sleep when the chickens

will let them. In the evening we played cards and Ktut won twice.

March 16, 1979

I bought a charming embroidered white lawn shirt for Ktut's daughter today. I took a *bemo* to Mas and found the village where I am told they dance *janger*. They say they will do it tomorrow at 10 a.m. I walked to the Pura Dalem across the rice fields and did a painting amidst the shouts and remarks of the rice harvesters. I sat on the pathway, mostly in the shade, and drew and painted for at least two hours. I got home around midday.

Late in the afternoon I saw Gusti Rai and an old man sitting talking very quietly together under the tree by the ducks. They came over, and the man introduced himself as Ktut's father. He said that Ktut was again very sick and at present in the Puri Sarenkauh. Oh dear, so sad.

I went to the Puri, and there was Ktut lying on his side in the central *bale* in the inside courtyard smoking, with one old man and two young ones sitting quietly with him. I went over, and he tried to sit up. He looked so worried and red-eyed. He had bought some roasted peanuts for me and said they were to take to Besakih. He had great difficulty in speaking. I told him not to worry about me but to sleep and rest. I left as quickly as I could as I was overcome with tears. It was so awful to see him like that, obviously feeling very incapable of doing anything and knowing that he is ill. He seems very weak. Gung Istri very kindly asked if I wanted dinner, but I said I would eat at the *waring*. She said any time I wanted I could eat in the Puri Sarenkauh, which was very thoughtful of her.

This afternoon earlier, Tj. Putra and Tj. Oka were in the outer courtyard of the Puri Saren fixing their cars. They talked to me about Agung's memoirs, that he had not included his visits to Australia, Holland and England. They said they would also like to collect more information about their grandfather.

March 17, 1979

This morning poor Ktut was standing outside his room with his towel and soap and looking very lost and unsteady. He made worried gestures at me, and I tried to assure him that I was OK and fine and that I understood how he felt and that he was to sleep. He moved off to take a bath I presume, and I haven't seen him since.

Gusti Rai gave me breakfast, and she and the boys had made me hot water for washing. I would cook for myself, but how Ktut ever does it I don't know. I could just about boil a kettle there and that is all. He has one kerosene stove and there is a frying pan. But in order to wash it one must draw water from the well. I tried that once and found

it very difficult and heavy and my efforts were not much appreciated. I get the impression that they do not want me to try to cook, and I willingly concur.

I went to Mas to try and see *janger*. To my surprise, Ktut, with his father and another man, all wearing freshly ironed shirts and scarves around their waists, also got in the *bemo*. They told me they were taking Ktut to see the *dukun* (local doctor for evil spirits) in Klungkung. They took with them two square woven baskets containing offerings made in their village last night. Ktut looked very worried and sick and frail, and I wondered however he would make it to Klungkung. I was assured he will come back today. He did, at around 4 p.m., apparently much better. He had eaten and was sleeping. He has been given some instructions - no bananas, coffee, cigarettes, weddings, cockfights, etc. I do not know them all.

There is a lot of good sense in these restrictions since obviously he is in no state for any excitement of any sort. I wonder what the Balinese know that we do not know about bananas? Poor Ktut. They all hint that he has been black magicked by his ex-wife. In a sense that a Westerner might understand it, this could be so. He probably feels guilty, as any Westerner would do, and has the feeling that his wife hates him for the failure of the marriage. So he thinks she does not wish him well, which indeed may be the case. Ill-wishing is, I think, a positive fact in any country, no less Bali, with the consequent results. Psychiatrists just use other words, but it is all the same thing.

My trip to Mas to see the *janger* turned out as these things so often do. It was not *janger* but a dance rehearsal and, after that, a gamelan practice. It was all held in the courtyard of a house, and there were a lot of school children and teachers. They practiced *mangapati* done by two girls, and some of the Rajawilah.

I ate dinner with Gung Istri in the Puri Sarenkauh.

March 18, 1979

Ktut is much better, though still red-eyed and slow to move around. I noticed Gusti Rai did most of my breakfast. I said I would be out for dinner. He will eat with Gusti Rai, so there is nothing he need do today.

The family all went to Besakih again today and I with them. We went in three cars, one *bemo*, one jeep, and a mini-bus. Mostly it was women, though Agung's three sons came, Tj. Putra, Oka, and Gde. First we prayed in Agung's temple, then in the main temple, and then we all went to the kitchen where we sat and made rice cakes and palm-leaf offerings. I so enjoy making the rice cakes and moulding them into attractive shapes.

At around 1:30 we had tea or coffee and Balinese cake. Soon after I drifted back to Agung's temple with Gung Niang and found people were just filtering in to eat. We were so hungry. We left fairly soon after this. I keep asking about Wednesday, when I understand everyone is going to Besakih for a special ceremony, I think offerings to the evil spirits before the festival begins on the next day, Thursday.

This Eka Dasa Rudra really is a masterpiece of organization. Everyone knows what he is supposed to be doing. There were hundreds of school children today in two long lines passing wood hand over hand from the car park up the long steps into the temple. It would have been a very difficult task to have done it any other way. Besakih is now decked with flags and umbrellas--red, yellow, black and white--and looks very lovely. The weather was gorgeous, bright and clear at first, then cloudy and a little rain, then clear and cool.

They have erected toilets, made of woven bamboo with slatted bamboo floors, square holes in the middle, and pit beneath. They were fine and easy to run a hose of water over to clean. But then they landscaped them and covered the bamboo floors with a turf lawn--very nice to look at but not very practical. Hard to know where to put your feet.

March 19, 1979

I have been thinking about buying material for *kebayas* for Gung Ari and Gung Istri, so I asked the latter to show me what colors she already had so that I should know what color to buy. She showed me and we collapsed with laughter. There were *kegayas* of every color and every type of fabric and almost as many sarongs. She decided that she would like material for a shirt, so I bought red for her and green for Gung Ari.

In the afternoon I went to Ktut's village to see his family and daughter, Seramut. The *bemo* stopped half way there and unloaded us and on-loaded some bricks. When the *bemo* was quarter full about fifteen minutes later, we were on-loaded and proceeded about one hundred yards further up the road. Here we stopped again and the process was repeated. I didn't wait to see how much more of this would go on, but got another *bemo* up to Kedewatan. It was very Western of me. Ktut's father had also been in the *bemo* and he arrived home not very long after I did.

Ktut's mother was at home when I arrived and was carrying Ktut's little girl. She was very shy, not having seen many Westerners before. Everyone knew who I was. His sister, aged about seventeen, was there. She is an open-faced girl, attractive and not shy. There were lots of children, eight or ten small boys and girls, some of them family and some neighbors. I sat and had tea and cake. There was a fat puppy tied to a chair in the *bale*, and a pig and some chickens in the courtyard.

I walked most of the way back, leaving the road to go through the Cocopalms Hotel at Bunutan. It is such a glorificus spot and it would be very nice to stay there, but very lonely if one is alone. For me, I know I prefer to live with a family, though for a couple of days it would be good. I could paint the river again.

A girl, Wati, was in the main dining pavilion. She says there is only one guest at the moment but that they will be full during the summer. She showed me the way across the river, and, as I was rather scared, she came with me till I was over and through the courtyards to the main pathway on the other side at Payangan. I walked back down to the road and waited for a *bemo* home.

I ate a delicious dinner with Gung Istri in Puri Sarenkauh.

March 20, 1979

I rang Qantas at the Bali Beach Hotel, but they said my visa had not yet arrived back from Jakarta. It cost me over five hundred rupiah to telephone which is more than going there in person would have cost.

To my horror yesterday when I went early to Tj. Putra to give him my paintings of Agung on his verandah, one for him and one for Atun, a woman arrived and sat down without replying to Tj. Putra's greeting. With her umbrella she tapped him on the arm, the leg, and the hand and said words like, "Take that and that and that," and, "I am very very angry." Putra asked why and she replied, "You were not here when I came to see you as arranged." Putra told her that he had had to go to Denpasar. At this point I left. I was so upset. How could she dare to hit a Balinese, or anyone else for that matter? Would she have dared to hit a twenty-three-year-old Western young man? I am sure not.

March 21, 1979

Well, today we were all to have gone to Besakih, but I found that it is a ceremony only for men. They must go to a village called Taro, which means they must walk for two or three miles on steep paths, to collect the God and take it to Besakih. So, instead, I joined the other women in the Puri and made more cake offerings. Luckily Berata came and said he would take me to Besakih tomorrow instead, so that I can pay my last respects and finish my painting.

I went and said goodbye to Gung Ari and Gung Istri.

There was another marvellous procession from Taman with two heavy gold God chairs with Gods in them, one in the form of a Garuda made of Chinese coins and the other a carved wood figure.

It poured with rain and the ducks, Lulu and Kiki had a wonderful time in the courtyard taking a bath and eating huge quantities of mud or whatever it is they dredge up from the puddles and gutters.

Ktut is much better. I still don't ask him to cook dinner, though I shall for my last night tomorrow. He sleeps a lot and gets easily tired and doesn't remember too well, poor thing. Actually, he seems to sleep in the living room outside my bedroom. He just puts his mat and pillow on the floor in a corner and goes to sleep. He said that he slept on the verandah one night. I think he gets the feeling of being shut in. I am never too sure where everyone is sleeping around here.

Gusti Rai has been making offerings non-stop lickety-split for days now, and she says her fingers are sore and her shoulders all hunched up. However, she is happy as a lark, especially that I am going to Besakih tomorrow, which means more offerings!

March 22, 1979

A glorious clear day. I was given a whole basket of offerings-- fruit, cakes, and flowers-- for the main shrine in the first courtyard. Berata drove me himself, both of us dressed Balinese so we could pray. We have to park the car in the second car park, which is a ten-minute walk uphill to the steps of Besakih. Enormous car parks have just been built to accommodate the millions who will come for the Eka Dasa Rudra ceremonies. Almost every Balinese will visit the temple at least once during the month-long festival. There are roughly two and a half million people in Bali. With those living abroad and people going twice or more times, one can say three million people will visit Besakih during the thirty days. I think that is about one hundred thousand a day, but my arithmetic is not so good.

We sat in the main courtyard and watched for a while and rested, then prayed with other families and were sprinkled with holy water by the *pemangku*. We were then given yellow rice to press on our foreheads. After this I left Berata to go to Agung's temple and pray. There were about fifteen people there from Klungkung and one from Taro. Luckily one of them recognized me, and they understood some of what I was saying. I prayed, and afterwards they asked if I still danced, and so I danced a little bit of *tambuliingan* and also took some photos of them.

I went to finish my drawing of Besakih, the one which I had just begun beyond the bridge. I have done two or three others, but shall not have time to paint them while I am here 'tis time. I was sitting on the grass steps with the usual crowd of curious children when Berata appeared to see how I was getting on. We sat in a *warung* and had tea and fried bananas, all hot. He said I should stay till I had finished and he would wait for me near the car park.

I am afraid it took me a very long time to finish, at least two hours or more, but I really like the painting. Afterwards I walked up to a temple above Besakih which I could just see. It was a steep climb of about ten minutes. I was very curious to see the view from up there and also to see what the temple was like. Two young Balinese came with me. I rather think they were "on watch" for errant tourists. I was about not to climb the final steps up to the entrance of the temple, when a very old lady came down to greet me and invited me in, taking my hand. She said she was the Anak Agung Niang Rake (perhaps she said Dewa Agung, I am not sure) of Klungkung and this was their family temple. The Klungkung family, I am told, is very friendly with Agung's. As I understand it, the Klungkung family is higher in status. Agung prays for its members but they do not pray for Agung, though they did come for the cremation.

The temple looked very lovely decorated in yellow and white and backed by Gunung Agung Mountain. It overlooks the whole Besakih complex, but it is on such a slope that one cannot see much of it. She told me she had been sleeping there for about a week, and I asked her if she were not cold. Oh no, she said, and pointed to where she sleeps underneath one of the offering tables in the *bale* which is covered to the floor with white sheets, thus protected from the wind, though draughty I'd have thought.

I rushed back down to the car park, once more going through the main courtyard. Here my name was suddenly called, and over on the far side was Njoman Oka with a guest. He was surprised I was not staying on for the Eka Dasa Rudra but seemed to understand. Actually it is a very hard question that I have been arguing with myself about for weeks.

On the pro side, the festival is once every one hundred years, so once missed is all. On the other hand, I am taking up space for Balinese, to whom it is all important. Shall I not feel a trifle guilty at that? I would like to go, but the crowds will be so huge and I am a trifle scared, even though I would be with the family. I find now that it is so well arranged, that different districts will go there on different days, so that the traffic can to some extent be controlled. I feel I must return to Hawaii within the three months, and that I must go via Sydney to visit my elderly relative. Time is short. Because of flights, I cannot leave the day after the first day of the festival because it is Niepi when no one can travel on the roads. After that I must wait two or three days for the next flight. Finally, I do not feel at all well. I am very tired. I am glad, however, to have participated to a certain extent and seen Besakih in its uncrowded glory.

On the way home we stopped in Gianjar and ate goat sate and drank ice-cold beer. When I got back home I was too tired to sleep so at about 2:30 p.m., I walked to Kompiang Rai where my Sydney friends stayed

when they were here in 1971. I knew they would be disappointed if they did not have up-to-date news of the Rai family.

Ktut cooked dinner for my on my last night. I would very much like to have been able to say goodbye to Tj. Putra, but I did not see him.

March 23, 1979

I went to Sanur by *bemo* and picked up my passport and visa for Australia. I had a quick swim in the pool as it was very hot and the tide was out. I took *bemos* back to Ubud. I went to the Puri to sign the guest book and sat and had tea with Gung Niang who was folding white cloth for fifty hats for the Gong from Teges to wear at Besakih. Tj. Putra had gone to Denpasar earlier this morning. I went and collected a palm-leaf rice goddess which I had specially made, then went to see Gung Ari and Gung Istri, but both had gone to Denpasar.

As I did not want Ktut to cook a midday lunch, I bought it in a *warung* and ate it at home. It was chicken cooked as they do the duck, with herbs and spices, and rice and vegetables. I packed and read and had a boiled egg until Berata came to pick me up at 4:30 p.m. He said he had been very sick all day so I said he should not come to the airport. Ktut would like to have come but I decided it might be too much for him. One of the boys, Toman, broke me up completely by giving me one of his pen and ink drawings. They are really lovely and take him weeks to do. It was so unexpected and so very touching.

The drive to the airport was beautiful, my way festooned with *penyors*, those decorated bamboo stems arched high over the road and hung with clusters of palm leaf. In Ubud and Peliatan they are also hung with mobiles of snail shells, the insides of which have been scooped out, dried, and polished. A nail is hung inside, so that they make a delicate tinkling music. The boys had been making them in our Puri. Today they have been making the *penyor* itself. Ours was hung with bunches of rice, palm-leaf decoration, a coconut, a banana, rice cakes of pink and white, etc. It took Ktut, Widja, Ngurah, and another boy to get the pole up and in its hole in the ground.

So ended another visit to Bali, but I will return even though Agung will not be there. Between the cremation and what is translated as the second cremation held ten months later, it is believed that the spirit of the dead person is in someone in the vicinity of his home, a farmer may-be, or perhaps just around at a crossroads. He is deemed impure until after the second cremation when his spirit, symbolized by a piece of white cloth and a piece of yellow cloth, will be placed in the house temple.

I may return for Agung's second cremation in October of this year, after which it is believed his spirit will be in the house temple.

PURI MENARA
(TJ. MAS)

TO
CAMPUAN

PURI MULMUL
(GUNG RAI)

PURI SARASWATI
(GUNG ARI)

WANTILAN

PURI KANTOR

U B U D

MARKET

PURI
SAREN

OUTER
COURTYARD

PURI SARENKAUH
(TJ. SUYASA
GUNG ISTRI)

TEMPLE

PURI
SAREN
MIDDLE
COURTYARD

PURI SAREN
(TJ. AGUNG
GUNG NIANG
GUNG BIANG)

INNER COURTYARD

TEMPLE

PURI
SARENKANGIN
(TJ. OKA)

PURI
SARENKANGIN
(GUNG ISTRI)

MY HOUSE



1971-72



1973-74



1977 and 1979

TO
DENPASAR

PURI SAREN COMPLEX
UBUD, BALI