

Of the other indigenous civil service (*Inlands Bestuur*) positions, *Mantri Polisi* has generally been glossed as 'police officer', *Lurah* as 'village head', and *Wedono* as 'district officer'. No good equivalent was found for *Patih*, the rank below Regent (*Bupati*) and above *Wedono*, so it has not been translated. The parallel Dutch civil service (*Binnenlandsch Bestuur*) positions, Resident and Assistant-Resident have been left in the original form, and *Controleur* has been glossed as 'District Commissioner' (with the sense of being a higher rank than the *Wedono*).

We have attempted to reproduce the use of capitals and other visual effects of typesetting (notably the use of bold print which is mixed with the use of italics) found in the original book form of the text. The reason for so doing is related to the text's sense of existing on the interface of aural/oral and written/visual cultures, directly addressing the readers at times, and at others drawing attention to how it is both seen and heard.

Semaoen's *Hikajat Kadiroen* was originally published as a 94-part serial in the Semarang-based newspaper *Sinar Hindia* (Light of the Indies) as "*Hikajatnja Kadiroen: Sosialistisch Roman*" (The Story of Kadiroen: A Socialist Novel). The first installment appeared on May 1, 1920 and the 94th and last appeared on September 22, 1920. The novel was subsequently published in book form by "Kantoor PKI" (The Office of the Indonesian/Indies Communist Party) in Semarang, 1922 or 1923. This book form does not bear a publication date and merely notes in its author's introduction that it was written in prison in 1919 and published in the newspaper *Sinar Hindia* in 1920. The present translation is based on the book form.

THE STORY OF

KADIROEN.

Written

—by—

Semaoen

Published by

P.K.I. Office

Heerenstraat — Semarang

A WISE POLICE OFFICER.

—“Boy, is the Assistant District Officer in?”

—“Yes, your Excellency.”

—“I want to speak to him.”

—“Yes, your Excellency, I will inform him.”

This exchange, involving Mr *Zoetzuiker*, the Administrator of the Semongan sugar factory, took place early on the morning of 6th February, 19... , in front of the home of the Assistant District Officer of the Semongan sub-district.

The person he had called “Boy” was an elderly man called Go, who had worked for thirty-three years as messenger of the Assistant District Officer of Semongan. He had been taught always to show respect to all Dutch guests, especially if the guest was an Administrator. Such a guest must be addressed as “Your Excellency”. Likewise anything such an important guest wanted must be done as quickly as possible. So it was not surprising that Go, the messenger, sped off as though a tiger were chasing him, to the Assistant District Officer, who was having breakfast in a room at the back of the house. As soon as he knew that the Administrator was visiting, the Assistant District Officer stopped eating, quickly grabbed his jacket and rushed out to meet his important guest like someone trying to catch a train that was about to depart.

—“Excuse me A.D.O. I have come to inform you that last night a thief stole a chicken that my wife bought in Soerabaja. It cost two-and-a-half guilders. It was a fine bird. I want you to find the chicken and the thief. I shall be expecting some news of the matter the day after tomorrow.”

—“Yes, your Excellency. I shall come to your house at once to investigate the case myself.”

—“That is good A.D.O. So, you will go...”

—“Excellency!”... shouted a voice from outside, and the messenger Go came running in and crouched like a frog before the Administrator. The Administrator was startled and angry because he had not called the messenger yet here he was. He raised his foot in front of the messenger’s face and shouted, “Go.”

—“Yes your Excellency,” and Go responded to the Administrator’s dismissal by crouching and grovelling even more. Naturally the Administrator became even angrier and said to the Assistant,

—“Assistant, this messenger is mad. Why don’t you get rid of him immediately?”

Only then did the Assistant District Officer pluck up the courage to explain that the whole thing was a misunderstanding because the messenger’s name was Go, so when the Administrator said “go”, the messenger, Go, thought he was being called.

The Administrator realised what had happened and roared with laughter, at which point the A.D.O. felt it was safe to join in, while the messenger went outside looking embarrassed.

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As soon as the Administrator left, the village headman of Wonokojo arrived, bringing with him a villager—judging from the clothes he was wearing, obviously a very poor man. The villager, whose name was Soeket, had been brought by the head to the Assistant District Officer to report that he had been robbed. For a villager like Soeket, the procedure was very different from that for an administrator of a sugar factory, even though they had both been robbed. A sugar factory administrator had high rank and wealth. Everyone knew him and trusted him. But a villager like Soeket was a little man, known by few, let alone by an official such as the Assistant District Officer, who had as many as 10,000 people under him. That was why the Administrator could come and make his report without needing a village headman as a witness. Soeket, however, had to be brought to make his report accompanied by the village headman, who had to testify that he was telling the truth.

For a man of consequence everything is easy, but for a little man like Soeket, things are always more difficult.

The A.D.O., who had just seen off the Administrator, asked the headman why he had brought the villager.

—“Sir, this man is just a villager, a peasant. Last night someone stole his one and only water buffalo...”

—“So, a robbery. Very well. You’ll have to wait. I have to have breakfast first and then go to the Administrator’s place. He has also been robbed. When I come back later I shall speak to you again. That is all.”

Thus the A.D.O.’s answer. He hurried off to take care of the Administrator’s business immediately. That was all he was interested in; Soeket’s case could wait. Such behaviour was not surprising. The Administrator was in the same class as the A.D.O.’s superiors: the Assistant Resident, the District Commissioner, the Regent, the Governor and so forth. It was easy for a man in the Administrator’s position to associate with the aforementioned gentlemen and easy for him to complain about the behaviour of a native official like the A.D.O. On the other hand it was very difficult for a

villager like Soeket to complain about something to a high ranking man. Even seeing the A.D.O. had to be done through the village headman, let alone trying to see the Regent, or the District Commissioner, to lay a complaint about the behaviour of a native official such as the A.D.O. The way things were run in the village it was extremely difficult for the ordinary people to have any contact with senior government officials, with the result that the little men hardly ever complained about anything and were reluctant to do so. That's the reason a civil servant like the A.D.O. quickly took care of the needs of an important man, but relegated the villager's complaint to second place.

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Not long after this we find the Assistant District Officer, the Administrator's wife and a young police officer in front of the chicken pen in the back garden of the Administrator's house.

His wife explained that she enjoyed raising good quality poultry. She had ten fowls, but this morning only nine were left so one must have been stolen, because she knew there had been ten in the pen the previous evening. This morning she had wanted to look at the birds and had found the pen open and the gate broken as though someone had forced it. She had investigated further and found that the chicken she had paid two-and-a-half guilders for in Soerabaja, which was an unusual and fine looking bird with blue coloured feathers, had disappeared. She had questioned the cook, the servants, the house boy, the gardener and all the house staff, but no-one knew anything. As the gate was a bit damaged (in fact it was old and easily broken), and open when it should have been shut, then clearly someone had stolen the bird. What's more, the mistress had been told by the maidservant and the cook that the neighbours on either side often had poultry stolen.

The A.D.O. listened intently to the lady's story and believed it. He looked at the broken gate and made notes about everything he was told and saw, and promised the lady that he, the A.D.O. himself, was going to get to the bottom of the case.

But the young police officer had another theory. He thought that the chicken had been stolen and eaten by a kind of fox that preyed on chickens and other small animals, because the gate of the pen was broken and there were scratch marks on it made by the sharp claws of an animal. The police officer thought the thief could not possibly be a man, because a man would not just steal one chicken but as many as he could carry. Besides, he did not believe that a thief would dare come into the Administrator's compound because he had such a large staff and there were guards in front

of the house. What's more, it was well known that the Administrator had a rifle, which had so far frightened off any thieves. Bearing in mind the fact that the neighbours often had chickens stolen, he suspected that there must be a wild animal living near the house. The young policeman explained his suspicions to the Administrator's wife and the A.D.O. but the lady said,

—“No, officer. There must be a thief because the District Commissioner's wife, who is a friend of mine, also had a chicken stolen once, and the thief was caught.”

The A.D.O. heard the words, “the District Commissioner's wife...is a friend”, and got worried in case the District Commissioner became involved in the matter. Of course, if he did, it would be easy for him to blame the A.D.O. if he couldn't solve the case. For that reason he promised again that he would take care of the matter, and explained that the young police officer was just out of training school, so it was easy for him to make mistakes. He, the A.D.O., would deal with everything himself, and he excused himself to go home in order to consider the matter and try to find the thief. The police officer was sent on his way but he did not feel happy and still thought he was right. He promised himself he would work on the case until he could prove that his suspicions were correct.

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Who was that police officer? He was still very young, only twenty years old, and had just left the Training School for Native Officials in Probolinggo. He worked as a clerk for the District Commissioner for three months, and after that he was considered ready to be a police officer. When the case of the theft mentioned in this story took place, he had only held the post of police officer in the Sub-District of Semongan for three days. He was a very clever young man, but his father was only a village Headman. With the assistance of the District Commissioner, who was this village Headman's superior, the boy had been able to enter and study at the Training School for Native Officials in Probolinggo. The District Commissioner had taken the boy as his protege because he knew the lad was very clever and obviously sensible. This sort of opportunity was extremely rare in Java. There was only a 1-in-10,000 chance of it happening. The reader should know that in those days schools which were any good at all were only for the children of the upper classes. Children of the lower classes, up to the level of village Headman, almost never received any decent schooling. Because the headman was fearless and independent, but never neglected to show the appropriate respect to the District Commissioner, the District Commissioner liked him. Moreover, he was well known as the wisest among all the village Heads. It was through

that relationship that the District Commissioner took the Headman's son as his protege. The boy, whose name was Kadiroen, proved to be clever in school, faithful to his studies and very conscientious. His character was sound, and he was strong and brave. If he set out to do something, he never stopped trying until he achieved his aim. He was independent and courageous and it was not easy for his peers to get the better of him in academic matters or in anything to do with physical prowess and so forth. Because of this, at school he was considered the top student, and he was loved by his teachers and respected by his fellow students.

Kadiroen was of medium build, but he had great strength within. He was good looking, with fine dark skin. His large, clear eyes shone steadfastly when they looked at anyone—a sign that he had a noble character, disliked wrongdoing, and was brave, loyal and trustworthy. He treated his peers with respect and would not insult or hurt others. Everyone liked him.

Kadiroen was a young man destined by Allah to surpass his fellows in all that was good, and indeed he always behaved so. Kadiroen's father was an ordinary man of low rank, but his mother still held the title given to married women of the nobility, Raden-ajoe. Because she knew that the character and mind of Kadiroen's father were so good, she had been happy to marry a village headman, especially as she no longer had any other relatives. Kadiroen had all of his parents' goodness, and because he always did what was right he outshone his fellows.

Police Officer Kadiroen's superior, the Assistant District Officer, was quite the opposite. He was the son of a Regent, whose noble title was Raden Pandji Toemenggoeng. The A.D.O. also held the title of Raden Pandji. He was thirty-five years old, had worked in Inland Administration for twelve years and still only held the rank of A.D.O. At school and thereafter he was stupid and conceited. He was full of bravado and overbearing with those under him, but with his superiors or people stronger than him he was so cowardly and obsequious that he grovelled like a dog and fawned on them. In fact, it is common that an overbearing and fawning nature go hand-in-hand. He also was educated at the Training School for Native Officials at Probolinggo, but he constantly exhibited his stupidity, hated study and was disliked by his teachers and his fellow students. Only because he was the son of a Regent, a man whose title was so grand that he could use his influence, did he become an A.D.O. When he got that position his title became Raden Pandji Koentjoro-Noto-Prodjo-Ningrat, a very long and ostentatious name.

Thus, two men who were as different as night and day had to work together—the good man as a police officer who took orders and the bad one as an A.D.O. who gave them.

The Assistant didn't get home until 1 o'clock. Soeket was still waiting, though

the headman had left and was coming back later in the afternoon to testify. Soeket had his permission to report his case himself to the A.D.O. The A.D.O. arrived and Soeket approached, but the A.D.O. said,

—“Wait. I want to eat first.”

When he had eaten he summoned Soeket, who explained,

—“Master, I am a very poor man. I owned one buffalo that helped me to make a meagre living, but last night someone stole it.”

—“You are very careless. Where were you last night? Fast asleep I suppose. Someone steals a big buffalo and you don't know anything about it, you lazy good-for-nothing. And now you ask me to help you. Couldn't you look after your buffalo properly you lazy creature?”

While the angry-looking A.D.O. was saying this, Soeket got scared and regretted saying anything about the matter. If he had known it would be like this he would have tried to find the thief himself. But it was too late now. He gathered up his courage and said earnestly,

—“Oh master have pity on me. Early this morning, at three o'clock, I left for the town to sell coconuts and did not get home until eight o'clock. I have one child who fell ill suddenly last night, and my wife is sick too. So from three o'clock on, the house was quiet and that's when the buffalo was stolen.”

—“Shut up,” said the A.D.O. angrily. “You are very stupid. If everyone was sick, why did you go to the market?”

—“Master, pardon me. It was because if I didn't sell the coconuts there would be no money to buy rice for us today.”

—“Shut up, shut up! How dare you argue with me, you dog. That's enough talk. You can come back at three o'clock this afternoon and report the business to the police officer. Now get out.”

That is how a bad A.D.O. handles the complaint of a little man. An A.D.O. like that doesn't think about how he is paid to look after the needs of little men too. He elevates himself as though he were a king in front of the common folk. Often he purposely loses his temper so that people will be frightened of him all the time. Through tyranny of that sort he tries to deter the little man from complaining about anything, because if he does it makes a lot of work and red tape for the A.D.O., which subsequently interferes with his sleeping and eating. By crushing the feelings of the common folk who pluck up the courage to ask for anything relating to their own needs, it is easy for the native officials to rule. On the other hand, the ordinary people totally lose their independence, and their desire to progress and better their lot is crushed and ignored. Then the people become resigned, with the result that they live on and on in misery. And when the limits of their misery are reached then there are shamans

or religious teachers with teachings on how to make life better. The people flock to “saviours” of that sort and have great faith in them. Because of that faith misconceptions often arise, that is, without thinking too far ahead, they think they can become kings and there are disturbances in the villages which force the soldiers to kill a few people..... Indeed, cruel officials do not help the Government to elevate the people; they create unrest and cause problems of order and safety in the villages. Fortunately, there are groups and movements that can alleviate or prevent such situations.

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At three o'clock that afternoon, Police Officer Kadiroen heard Soeket's complaint in a kindly way and immediately asked Soeket to take him to his home, where the theft of the buffalo took place. Listening to Soeket's account of the theft, as was given earlier in this story, Kadiroen felt very sorry for him and resolved to do everything he could to help him find the buffalo and the thief. When they reached Soeket's house he heard a voice crying,

—“Why is Papa so late? Oh, Papa, I'm sick...Mama...I'm sick...”

And he heard someone else say,

—“My husband. I feel weak because I'm so ill...”

—“I need a drink...Why has he been gone so long?”

It was Soeket's sick wife and child weeping.

Kadiroen was heartbroken to discover all this. He offered Soeket a few words of advice and helped and comforted the sick as best he could, and then, full of concern for them all, he got to work on Soeket's case. First, he looked around outside. He found that the house stood at the edge of the village, and behind it

there were broad rice fields. There was nothing for quite a way to the right and left of the house, so it would have been easy for a thief to get in. In front of the house, which had bamboo walls and a thatched roof and was old, stood Soeket's buffalo stall, which was also old. The house and its contents were all evidence that Soeket was a poor man. Kadiroen looked for signs of the thief, but found nothing, because the ground was so dry and hard that there were no traces at all. He was told that in the morning the front gate of the yard had been open, proof that the thief had left with the buffalo by the path in front of the house. Only the back fence was damaged, which proved that the thief had got in from the back by breaking it. From the damage, Kadiroen surmised that the thief was big and strong. A weak, small man would not have been able to knock down the fence posts. This had been done by the shoving and kicking of a thief who was a big, strong man. Kadiroen had a piece of good luck

when he found a playing card by the fence. Because Soeket said that he never gambled, Kadiroen believed that the card belonged to the thief—evidence that he was a gambler. Kadiroen guessed that he had lost at gambling and then stolen the buffalo. Pondering the case, Kadiroen asked himself, “After he stole the buffalo, where did he take it? To the market or to someone else to sell it? Of course, that wouldn't be easy because all buffalo sales had to be witnessed by the village headman, who had to verify where the buffalo came from and so forth. It would be easy to identify and capture the thief. Would the thief slaughter and eat the buffalo himself? Impossible, because one man couldn't eat a whole buffalo. Would the meat be sold at the market? Also impossible because all animals butchered and sold as meat have to be stamped by a government official. In short, it wouldn't be easy for a thief to do these difficult things and find a good scheme for making money.” For these reasons Kadiroen believed that the thief would come back to Soeket and promise to return the animal provided he got the “purchase price”. This sort of thing often happened when a large animal was stolen. With these thoughts, Kadiroen took his leave of Soeket, promising to find his buffalo for him.

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It was ten o'clock at night. The village of Wonokojo was very quiet. The entire village was shrouded in the pitch blackness of night. No sound came from Soeket's house except the moaning of his sick wife and child. Soeket was thinking about it all with a sad and heavy heart when suddenly he was startled like a sleeping man woken by a clap of thunder. He heard knocking at the front door and a frightening voice said,

—“Hey, Soeket, listen carefully. At this time tomorrow night you must leave twenty-five guilders by the right side of the gate of your fence. If you don't, the day after tomorrow your buffalo will still be missing, but if you do, you'll get it back. I'm asking a cheap price because I feel sorry for you. And don't tell the police, because if you do, one day I'll come back and kill you.”

Soeket felt terrible. He had to raise twenty-five guilders by the next night at the latest. Where could he get it from? He wanted to go outside and see the thief but didn't dare because he didn't know how much strength he would be up against. He kept asking questions but it was quiet again outside and he got no answer. He was so frightened that he decided not to tell the police.

A large, strongly built man dressed in black slowly left Soeket's house and hearing no footsteps at all, he walked along the main road unaware that he was being followed by a small man, also dressed in black, who kept following as though he couldn't bear

to be parted from him.

After an hour's walk, the man in front came to a large house, knocked on the door and went in. This house stood near the forest, and it was also quiet and a long way from other houses. The small man in black stayed outside and listened and peeped through a little chink in the door at what was going on inside. He could see four rough and fierce looking men playing dice. The man who had just arrived didn't pay any attention to what they were playing but his voice was heard saying,

—"It's done mates. Now I'm tired and I've got to get some sleep. The owner of the buffalo is going to give me twenty-five guilders tomorrow night."

One of the four men said,

—"We had to play dice, Boss, because one of the cards is missing from the pack."

The man in black outside wanted to know whose voices they were and whose voice it was that revealed more about the buffalo theft to...Kadiroen, for it was he who had been in front of Soeket's place like a thief at night to find out who stole the buffalo and who was now asking Soeket for a "purchase price" for it.

Now Kadiroen knew everything, but he wanted to find out where the buffalo was hidden. He didn't want to go into the thief's house now because he could not fight five men single handed. So he decided that he had done enough for one night and went home and slept soundly as though he had nothing to worry about, which proved that he had a solid, strong character.

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By six o'clock the following morning Kadiroen had left for the A.D.O.'s office, and there he asked permission to work on the case of the buffalo until later that afternoon. He was going to use his own money—twenty-five guilders—to get the thief into his trap. He had five, five guilder notes, and he told the office clerk to make a note of the numbers of two of them. He also had the playing card that he had found at Soeket's place. He put this away safely in the A.D.O.'s office and then went to see Soeket. In great distress, Soeket asked if he could borrow twenty-five guilders, but he didn't dare tell Kadiroen it was to buy back his own buffalo. Kadiroen knew but didn't say anything and lent him the money—the five notes mentioned earlier. Then he left Soeket's place and made his way to the fields and grounds of the Administrator whose chicken had been stolen. There he looked around to see if there were any foxes hiding. But the forest was so thick, and there were so many places where an animal could make its lair without anyone being able to see it, that Kadiroen was forced to

think up another strategy. He borrowed a chicken and a very strong cage. He put the bird in the cage at the edge of the quiet forest, and then climbed up a tree to see what would happen. Before long a fox approached, attracted by the sound and scent of the chicken, but Kadiroen threw stones at it and watched where it went to when it ran away. Then Kadiroen climbed down and went to the spot where the fox had disappeared. There he discovered the remains of the Administrator's wife's "blue" chicken. Nearby he found other bones and feathers which definitely proved that the chicken thief the A.D.O. was looking for was a fox. Kadiroen chuckled to himself, but he didn't want to reveal all this before he caught the fox. So he set up a trap in the forest and bought a small chicken to attract the fox into it. After setting the trap and asking the assistance of the people in the vicinity to make sure nobody disturbed it, he went home and later in the afternoon set off again for the A.D.O.'s office.

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—"Well now officer, have a look at my handiwork." said the A.D.O. "Yesterday a chicken was stolen, and today I've caught the thief."

Kadiroen was astonished.

—"It's impossible," he said to himself. But the A.D.O. had spoken with such a pleased expression on his face, that Kadiroen didn't want to argue and he let him have his pleasure. The alleged thief was a villager called Soekoer who lived near the Administrator. He was neither rich nor poor. You could say he had enough to live on. He was plump and reasonably well dressed. Kadiroen did not believe that Soekoer was a chicken thief, so he said to the A.D.O.,

—"Sir, I am delighted that you have caught the thief. Because I'm still new at this job would you mind giving me some guidance? I would like to know is this Soekoer the thief? Has he confessed? What is the proof that he's guilty and how did you catch him?"

The A.D.O. was pleased to talk about his "achievement" and his "handiwork." He said,

—"Certainly Officer. You have to be smart. You can't just take the easy way out and say the thief is a fox. That's what you said yesterday and that was a big mistake. You've got to act before you talk. You are young, so I have to teach you. Now, as for this Soekoer, it's clear that he stole the chicken, even though he hasn't confessed. There's enough proof: there are witnesses. Doerachim told me that yesterday morning he bought a chicken from Soekoer. It was a "blue". He has already killed and eaten it, but he showed me a few blue feathers and chicken bones as proof. When

Doerachim bought it there was a witness, Nojo. So it's obvious; but this thief will not admit it. As for how I caught him, it was like this: I have a number of spies, but the best one of all is Soekari. He used to be the ringleader of a gang of thieves and he was a gambler and a bad piece of work. But when I made him a spy he reformed. I pay him twenty guilders from my own money every month. When he has to find information about robberies, I pay his expenses, and so that he'll do a good job, I pay him a commission of at least two-and-a-half guilders if the information he gives me leads to the arrest of a thief. In the case of the Administrator's chicken, I promised him twenty-five guilders, because if the thief is caught, naturally I get a good name in the eyes of the men of importance. That's why I don't begrudge spending the money. Also Officer, don't forget, it takes a thief to catch a thief. This is the main factor in a policeman's skill. That's why I took the ringleader of the thieves as a spy. See! Yesterday there was a theft, and today I've caught the thief. This is the result of my cleverness. You have to learn these things from me.'

Kadiroen listened attentively to the A.D.O.'s "lesson", but he was surprised at the man's boasting and conceit. Even if Soekoer was the thief they were looking for, it wasn't the A.D.O. who found out, but his spies. The A.D.O. didn't find out anything, didn't do anything and didn't use his energy or his brains. All he did was pay his spies. Why was he now boasting so much at what he had "done"? Secondly, Kadiroen did not believe that Soekoer was the thief because he himself had found the remains of the Administrator's wife's chicken. He thought there were certainly factors that made this a difficult case to sort out. He was also surprised at why, if Soekoer really was the thief, he kept on denying it, in spite of all the evidence. Thirdly, it amused Kadiroen that a commission of twenty-five guilders had been paid to find a chicken worth two-and-a-half guilders. He understood that was the A.D.O.'s investment to get himself a good name and a promotion, and the matter of the chicken was a means to an end. Be that as it may, Kadiroen knew that it was difficult for native officers to get promotion. They had to pay informers and finance a lot of work-related expenses from their own pockets. This sort of thing happened a lot in the Civil Service in those days. For that reason many officers had to find other ways (sometimes illegal and not entirely proper) to make up the deficit. In the end, the village headmen or the ordinary villagers became the victims. The usual rules and customs in the Civil Service in those days were such that many officers did not dare to ask for a raise in salary or an increase in expenses incurred at work. Fourthly, Kadiroen wondered why a thief must be used to catch a thief. A thief was a crook and could not be trusted. Suddenly according to "the main factor of police skill" as explained by the A.D.O., that thief must be trusted to catch another thief. Kadiroen was so deep in thought about these things that he did not reply to the A.D.O. As though waking up from a dream he

heard him say,

—'Well now Officer. What's happened about the theft of Soeket's buffalo? Haven't you got any information yet? Don't record it in the report book. When it takes a long time to catch a thief it is better to just close the case. If it's not closed, I'm worried there'll be a lot of questions from "above", which will make trouble and just be a nuisance. Soeket can just go on thinking we are still looking for the thief. He must not take the case to our superiors.'

Kadiroen was even more surprised at these words. He was speechless. He thought for a wealthy man like the Administrator, the theft of one chicken was not a great financial loss, but the A.D.O. made a great song and dance and put a lot of people on the case. But for Soeket, the loss of his buffalo was more than half of his wealth, yet the A.D.O. took hardly any notice. Of course, closing Soeket's case was easy because it was hard for a little man to complain to senior authorities. But the way to get on was to concentrate fully on the case of the important and influential man. Kadiroen thought hard about this. It was still in the days when the extent of a man's importance and influence was considered before his case was attended to. A true, just and high-principled man of noble heart learnt nothing from such cases. Kadiroen wanted to steer a just course and, thinking of all the troubles Soeket had, he promised himself that he would do his very best to help him. He also promised to look for more information about the case of Soekoer, the man accused of stealing the chicken. Kadiroen felt just how heavy his task was. He was good hearted and wanted to do right by everyone, but he was still under orders from a man whose character and ideas were different from his. It could have been very confusing, but Kadiroen was neither confused nor fearful because he believed in the justice of Allah, who would in the end, send a Gift (*anoegerah* in Javanese) to anyone who has good intentions and does good.

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While Kadiroen was absorbed in noble thoughts he suddenly heard the voice of the A.D.O. calling the servant Go again.

—'Boy, this thief Soekoer is to be punished. I haven't give him any food or drink all day to make him so hungry and thirsty that he'd confess, but he still won't.'

—'Yes, master,' said Go, and he fetched a cane and struck the soles of Soekoer's feet, hard enough to cause a lot of pain, but not hard enough to break the skin and leave marks. After the first blow Soekoer moaned and screamed,

—'Oh my Allah. What have I done to deserve being tortured like this to make

me confess to something I didn't do. Oh Allah..."

—"Hit him hard!" said the A.D.O., while Kadiroen felt furious at him and his heart of stone.

Go struck harder and harder but still Soekoer groaned,

—"Oh please stop. Must I lie and confess when I am innocent?... Oh Allah."

—"Go on, beat him," the Assistant said in a horrible, cruel voice.

Kadiroen wanted to help Soekoer but thought it was too early to teach the A.D.O. a lesson because he didn't yet know the outcome of the case. The A.D.O. kept questioning Soekoer and abusing him with language unfit for human ears.

—"Now will you confess, you thief?"

But Soekoer replied,

—"How can I confess when I am innocent?"

—"If you confess you'll get a lighter sentence", said the A.D.O.

—"Master! It isn't because I am frightened of punishment, even though I am innocent, but I will not lie. It would be lying if I confessed because I didn't do it. I do not fear man's punishment, but I do fear Allah's. He will not give me a good place in the next life if I tell lies."

That was Soekoer's explanation and no matter how much he was tortured he stuck to it. The A.D.O. was furious. Here he was, an A.D.O., with power over a thief, but he could not make him submit, in spite of the fact that according to the evidence, he was guilty. What man, even a king, could force submission from a steadfast and good human spirit, who would only submit to Allah, the Lord of all goodness and constancy? A stupid man like the A.D.O. did not know this and thought he could make Soekoer submit. Man can bend a piece of iron, but it is impossible to bend a steadfast spirit. The stupid A.D.O. had Soekoer cruelly tortured but Soekoer remained firm.

In fact, according to the law, a police officer is not permitted to strike an accused person. The A.D.O.'s behaviour was breaking the law and he could be punished. But what did the law signify? Man's law could only be followed and obeyed by good men, that is, men whose intention was to fulfil the promises of good laws desired by Allah. But bad men would not obey those laws at all unless there was someone to watch them closely. Who was there to watch the A.D.O.? He was a police official who was supposed to carry out the laws of the land, but none of his superiors kept a *close* eye on him. The only ones who could see what he was up to were the men under his orders, the little men, but they couldn't do anything because it was difficult for them to complain to the authorities. And even if they did manage to lodge a complaint they could be slandered and have a lot of trouble caused for them by the man they complained about. Things like this often happen in countries whose common people

don't have the power to participate in the government of their own country. On the other hand, a man-made law which is bad for the majority of the people is only enforced by bad people. Good men are forced to oppose it because they want to fulfil the promises of God's law, with the result that they often become victims.

For that reason it was not surprising that the A.D.O., who was a bad man, tortured Soekoer. Actually, it often happens in Java that an accused man will make a confession to the police because he is tortured, but then in court he will retract and will reveal that he was tortured beforehand. This makes things more confused because it is more difficult to determine whether the accused is right or not.

Kadiroen thought long and hard about these matters, and seeing Soekoer's strength in refusing to confess, he thought that a man like Soekoer was always mindful of Allah, and therefore always mindful of what was good, and would not sin and steal a chicken. Kadiroen thought there was something strange about this unfortunate matter. That was why he was more and more anxious to find an explanation. He became more determined to demand goodness and justice for all men whatever their station in life.

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That night at nine o'clock, dressed all in black, Kadiroen set off alone to Soeket's house, carrying enough rope to tie up several people, a revolver and some other items. He got there without anyone seeing him and waited for the thief who would come to get the twenty-five guilders for the buffalo. He was very quiet, exactly like a thief. He remembered the stupid A.D.O.'s lesson, "set a thief to catch a thief", but Kadiroen wasn't a thief. That was why he rejected the A.D.O.'s saying and made up his own. "A thief must be caught by a good policeman using a thief's methods." If a thief was used to catch a thief it would bring about even more rotten results.

At about ten o'clock Kadiroen saw a man arrive, collect the "purchase price" and leave quickly. Kadiroen followed him, and he went into the gamblers' house of the previous day. Kadiroen saw that in the house were two other men and a woman, the wife of the thief. Shortly after, the thief told the other two men to get Soeket's buffalo and he was left alone with his wife. Kadiroen thought, "Two of them have gone to get the buffalo. That's enough time to grab the ringleader while he's alone. I didn't count on his wife being here."

So thinking, he burst into the thief's house. But the thief, who was big and strong, was also fast. He saw Kadiroen coming and leapt up and charged at him, with the result that Kadiroen couldn't use his revolver. The thief bellowed with rage like a

titan, "You're the new police officer. I know you. Now I'm going to kill you."

Kadiroen had dodged to the right so he didn't fall when the thief charged him. But the thief grabbed him quickly, which resulted in a struggle between the strong, young man and his big, strong opponent. The struggle was fast and furious, with one, and then the other, gaining the advantage. The thief's wife was scared and ran outside. With right on his side Kadiroen fought as though he had been given incredible strength and was slowly gaining the upper hand. But before he could finish the job, he realised that the other two men were back with the buffalo. One of them raced in carrying a piece of wood to hit Kadiroen and help his friend who was pinned down. Kadiroen pretended not to know he was there, but just when the blow was falling on him, he quickly sprang out of the way, so that the blow that was aimed for him struck the head of his enemy, knocking him out. That was one of them taken care of. Quickly Kadiroen drew his revolver and threatening the other two said,

—"I warn you, don't move. If you do, I'll shoot you."

They didn't move. Kadiroen threw a rope to one of them and ordered him to tie up the unconscious man and the third man. When he'd done that, Kadiroen tied him up. The result was that with great courage, he had succeeded in capturing three dangerous criminals. It was amazing that his success in this case was primarily due to his courage, steadfastness and fast work.

Then he retrieved the twenty-five guilders. When he had attended to this he roused the man who was unconscious, asked him his name, and was surprised to hear,

—"My name is Soekari."

Evidently Kadiroen had caught the head spy who was so trusted by the A.D.O. Kadiroen was even more surprised to hear that the names of the other two were Doerachim and Nojo, the two witnesses in the case of Soekoer, the alleged chicken thief. Kadiroen immediately realised that these three had also been the culprits in Soekoer's case. But he was worried that they wouldn't talk if they were not persuaded the right way. So he called Soekari's wife in and said to him,

"Soekari, look at your wife. I know you love her. For her sake, tell the truth when I question you so that you'll get a lighter sentence and will get out of prison sooner to go on loving her."

Soekari, who was frightened of Kadiroen because he knew how clever, brave and strong he was, was willing to speak frankly and not to lie. Then Kadiroen added,

—"Look at how unhappy your wife is. Don't you feel sorry for her?"

—"Oh yes, I do sir. Now I realise how much I have sinned. Please teach me so that my heart will feel remorse and find peace."

—"Very well. But before I teach you, tell me the truth about Soekoer."

Then Soekari explained that he used to hate Soekoer because he wouldn't give him money when he asked for it. Soekoer would say that he didn't have any. Because of that Soekari made trouble for him. When the A.D.O. was prepared to pay twenty-five guilders commission, which Soekari wanted, he arranged for the false witnesses, Doerachim and Nojo, to accuse Soekoer of stealing the Administrator's chicken, and he got the incriminating feathers from another chicken. Thus he brought misfortune on Soekoer and got the commission. Soekari's story was corroborated by Doerachim and Nojo. Now it was clear that the A.D.O. had made a big mistake in using a thief to catch a thief. Now that everything was out in the open, the three of them were willing to explain everything to the A.D.O. so that Soekoer could be cleared of the charge. Then Soekari confessed that he was the one who had stolen Soeket's buffalo.

Then Kadiroen said,

—"Well you three, listen to me. You have sinned and according to the law, there is no way you will not be punished. Bearing in mind that you have confessed, your sentence could in fact be lightened. But, you must find peace in your own hearts by confessing your remorse to Allah, trusting in Him, turning over a new leaf and leaving your old ways behind. If you do what I say, then certainly you will all finally be good men and will gain peace of mind."

This lesson from Kadiroen really sank into the hearts of those three crooks...and it bore fruit because ten years after these events took place they were all good men.

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At five o'clock in the morning Kadiroen took the three thieves to the A.D.O., but on the way he dropped in to Soeket's place to return the buffalo and tell him he didn't need to pay back the money he had borrowed because Kadiroen had got it back from the thieves. Soeket and his family were overjoyed and thanked Kadiroen, but he said,

—"You should thank Allah, because I was only His instrument to help you."

Because of the happiness they felt, Soeket's wife and child quickly recovered from their illness. It is a fact that actions which emanate from a pure heart always bear fruit.

After settling the Soeket affair, Kadiroen stopped off again to look at the trap he'd set the previous day. He was very pleased to see that the fox had gone into the trap. So, Kadiroen had also captured the chicken thief and he took along the remains of the carcass of the "blue" chicken as proof.

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—“So, you’ve caught the thief, and my chicken has been eaten,” the Administrator’s wife said to the A.D.O. at eight o’clock when she and her husband dropped in at his house on their way to town. The A.D.O. was very pleased and pointing to Soekoer, who was very weak and pale because he had been given no food or drink for twenty-four hours, the A.D.O. said,

—“This is him, ma’am. This is the thief, but he hasn’t confessed yet.”

The A.D.O. explained how the case stood, who the witnesses were and so on, but he didn’t mention the spies because he wanted to get the credit. He didn’t mention anything about torturing Soekoer either. The Administrator’s wife saw Soekoer looking so weak and said,

—“Poor man. He may well be a thief, but he’s so weak and pale, as though he is ill. I really feel sorry for him.”

That’s what she said. Like most women, she showed her feelings first, then thought about the matter, whereas men often think first, then show their feelings. Men are not as quick nor as sensitive as women at showing their feelings.

—“Nevertheless, the man is guilty and must be punished,” the Administrator said. “Now then A.D.O., you have settled this case quickly and cleverly. When I go to town later, I’ll be talking with people in high places.”

No sooner had the Administrator said this than Kadiroen arrived with the three thieves he had captured, the fox and the remains of the chicken. He collected the playing card and the numbers of the five guilder notes, which he matched with the numbers listed by the clerk the day before. He was going to show all these things as evidence.

The Administrator and his wife and the A.D.O. were astonished when the men, the fox, the remains of the chicken and the playing card were all brought in by Kadiroen, and they asked him to explain what it all meant. The only thing he omitted was that the A.D.O. had tortured Soekoer, because he didn’t want to reveal the secret if it wasn’t necessary. The three guilty thieves confessed and the innocent Soekoer was released.

The Administrator and his wife were delighted and very pleased with Kadiroen’s work. He was so very young to be so clever and brave.

The A.D.O. was very embarrassed.

In town, the Administrator and his wife told Kadiroen’s superior officers what had happened, and they in turn spread the story of the A.D.O. and Kadiroen everywhere.

Not long after, because of his cleverness, Kadiroen was promoted to Assistant District Officer of the sub-district of Goenoeng-Ajoe, while the pretentious A.D.O.

with the heart of stone was left very angry and very embarrassed.

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Kadiroen had been Assistant District Officer in Goenoeng-Ajoe sub-district for four years. It was a quiet area because it was in the mountains and there were no sugar factories or other industries there. Kadiroen was still single. During those four years he had worked day and night to better the lives of the people under his authority. He was wise and clever at running his section. Almost all the people he had in his district made a reasonable living because Kadiroen gave them very good advice and guidance. Because their lives were so good, no one wanted to steal or turn to crime. The people loved Kadiroen, and his superior officers often praised him. However, a year ago there had been trouble from one of the villages, the village of Meloko, where the people were not as well off as those in the other villages. In Meloko, many of the people had poor clothing and housing, yet the village headman was well known as the richest of all the village headmen in the sub-district of Goenoeng-Ajoe. Kadiroen closely examined the situation of the villagers there but still was not able to find out the reasons. The poverty of the people saddened Kadiroen. Often he could not sleep, thinking about ways to make things better for them.

So, early one morning at four o'clock, he mounted his horse and set out for the village to watch how the farmers worked. The knowledge would provide him with a good basis for giving advice to the people there.

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It was very still and cool. Here and there a few birds flew by. From the trees—which looked as though they were asleep and the breeze had not yet woken them—bird songs were heard, with melodies that gladdened the hearts of those who appreciated animal life and the world of nature. From the distance a cock could be heard crowing, as though reminding Allah's creatures that it was time to see the sunrise. The pale red sky gradually turned yellow, then pale yellow and whitish yellow, and His Excellency The Sun peeped out from behind the horizon and with his rays, chased the dark of the night away, as though he was opening up a bright path for the King of the Day. Wake up world!

The main road that went up and down through the hills was not yet being used by many people. There was just one man, riding along on a horse, singing along with

the birds, showing that he was at peace with himself and devoted to Allah who gave this beauty to the world... Yes, it was Kadiroen, looking with joy on the splendour of the morning.

—“My Lord Allah! I am so grateful for Your gift of sight, so that I may see and enjoy the beauty of nature and Your creatures.” So Kadiroen praised Allah in his heart. Then he said to himself, “This road is quiet and very good. I've been riding for two hours now and I'm getting close to Meloko village, yet I still haven't seen a single soul.”

No sooner had Kadiroen thought this than he saw a figure in the distance getting closer and closer. As they passed the person moved to the side of the road to make room for Kadiroen to get by on his horse.....two pairs of eyes met.....“Oh,” Kadiroen said to himself, and flicking his horse with his whip, he passed the person by the side of the road. When he had gone a little way, he looked back and asked himself, “Who was that? Who?... Who was it?”

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On reaching the village of Meloko, Kadiroen saw that the people were already up and hard at work in the rice fields. He was pleased and thought, “These are hard working people. The soil is good and there's plenty of water. Nevertheless, they can't do as well as people in the other villages. Why?”

He questioned the people in the fields about all sorts of things related to their income and way of life in the village, but none of the information told him why they were not better off. Later in the morning he went home feeling despondent and he promised himself he would come back again the next morning because he wanted and was going to make every effort, to find the answers. On the way home he thought and thought, and his thoughts went round and round in circles, but all the while his heart kept asking, “Oh! Who was it?” His mind and his heart took it in turns to work as he forced himself to control his emotions, but something deep down inside him would not be still and kept asking, “Who was it?” All day his heart cried out. He virtually could not sleep at night and every moment his inner self kept saying “Who was it?” Kadiroen prayed hard to Allah to subdue this agitation in his heart but... “Who was it?” went on and on, refusing to leave his soul.

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Kadiroen did not get to sleep until midnight. Then he dreamed he was riding along

on his horse again, going to Meloko, and exactly the same thing happened again, as had really happened that morning. In the dream he again met, "Whoever?" but in the dream he was so happy because "Whoever?" spoke to him. Yes, spoke, and that's why he was so happy. "Whoever?" was a...woman. That's right honoured reader. At a certain time in a person's life there is a moment that arouses the spirit to an extraordinary degree, that is, the moment when a single person falls head over heels in love with someone, a bachelor with a woman or vice versa. This is Allah's will, and so from the moment it was narrated in this chapter, Kadiroen fell in love with a woman.

He had only seen her once that morning on her way to market, but he could not forget her. He did not know who she was, only what she looked like, and her image was fixed in his heart. The woman in this story was a young woman of twenty-one, on the way to market that morning, wearing clothes that were not rich, but clean and tidy. She was very pretty, of medium build, shapely and attractive. She had a lovely face, and her long, black, shiny hair highlighted the colour of her skin, which was fair and as fine as silk. She had a nicely pointed nose, beautiful red lips, full cheeks, a smooth chin, dark eyebrows that arched sweetly and long eyelashes. And her eyes, oh her eyes were so beautifully clear, so dark, and shone so steadfastly when looking at one...Oh! Kadiroen could not forget that image which drew his soul and bound it until it ached, but rejoiced in its bondage.

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The next morning, a little later than the previous day, Kadiroen set out again for Meloko. Along the way he kept seeing the image of the woman he loved. He really hoped he would not meet her again because he did not want to be tormented by his emotions. He suppressed his feelings but...alas, near the village, he saw her again. This time she was coming from the market, walking alone along the quiet road, and carrying a full basket on her back. It was obviously very heavy, because she was walking slowly, and kept stopping a moment to gather strength. She was bathed in sweat.

Kadiroen saw that and felt so sorry for her that his heart melted, and forgetting everything else, he got off his horse and said,

—“Dear lady, that's too heavy for you. Give me something from the basket so it will be lighter for you. I'll help you carry it.”

The woman was startled. She looked so unhappy that Kadiroen felt even more sorry for her. Then, in a clear voice the beauty replied,

—“Thank you very much sir, but I'm almost home. It is heavy, but I can manage.”

Kadiroen was surprised and admired the woman who was so strong and didn't want him to help her, even though she was so tired. Kadiroen didn't want to force his help on her because he still did not know her. Also, he felt that he had behaved oddly, and regretted that he had not thought first. He felt that he'd only stopped because he was drawn by extraordinary concern for her...because he loved her. Nevertheless, he should have realised that a village girl coming from the market would not let her basket be carried by an official, and an Assistant District Officer at that, even if he was an official who did not have an elevated opinion of himself and his rank. Kadiroen felt he had acted without thinking things through, but he justified his behaviour with the excuse that he didn't have time to think when someone needed help there and then. He had only been motivated by the desire to help someone and if someone did need help, of course he didn't stop to think of his rank. He wanted to get back on his horse, but drawn by his love, as though compelled by a hidden force, he asked,

—“What is your name dear lady?”

—“My name is Ardinah, sir...”

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That day Kadiroen found out a little about why the villagers of Meloko were not as well off as the other villagers. But he realised that what he knew was still insufficient evidence to punish the wrongdoer. That was why he intended coming back to Meloko the following day. On the way home he kept seeing Ardinah in his mind's eye. “Ardinah, oh Ardinah!”, he said to himself. “Am I wrong to have seen you twice and gone mad because I cannot forget you?” He kept trying to suppress his feelings for her, and as fast as he did, his memory of her grew stronger. He was astonished that he could go crazy and only think of one person, even though she was so far away and he had only seen her twice. He knew he was in love and his *love* bound his soul to Ardinah. Then suddenly a plan flashed into his mind: marry Ardinah!

That's the way it is with people. At a certain moment in life love strikes a man, and the next minute he wants to get married. These two things cannot be avoided because Allah has thus ordained them and things as certain as day and night cannot be resisted by man. Kadiroen, who was twenty-four years old, had often been asked by his parents whether he wanted to get married, and he had always answered, “No, because I don't want to be tied to a woman. I want to be free.” Suddenly now, because of the power of nature, like it or not, he was bound to Ardinah and thinking about marrying her. Did he really know who this Ardinah was, even if her name was music—perhaps the most beautiful *gamelan* melody—to his ears? Kadiroen thought,

"I don't care who her parents are. Because I love her, I will marry her. I love her but"—he didn't dare to think further. Then he got frightened and felt very sad. He prayed that it would not be the case that Ardinah did not love him and would not marry him. In his heart he cried, "O! Ardinah, pity me. Give me your love, as I give mine to you."

Then he thought about how he was young and upright, had a high position, was single and had not played around with women. For these reasons, if he approached Ardinah's parents, surely they would accept him as a son-in-law. But on the other hand he thought, "Her parents might give permission, but what if Ardinah does not love me, what then? Her parents could force her to marry me, that's not contrary to traditional custom, but what would be the use of marrying someone by force if she didn't love me? If I did this I would be doing wrong because I would be forcing someone to give her whole life to me and be miserable ever after. Oh, I don't want to make anyone at all miserable, let alone Ardinah. I only want to marry someone I really love, who really loves me."

These thoughts showed how just Kadiroen was. But one minute he felt happy because he thought Ardinah loved him, and the next he felt miserable because he thought she didn't. Happy thoughts, then sad. His soul was tortured and his spirit battered by these conflicting emotions. "Ardinah, Ardinah, take pity on me and give me your love. I am ready to give you my life," he pleaded in his heart.

In a situation like this, a man's spirit is sorely tried, and if his desire for love is not fulfilled and is not strong enough to bear the trial, he can easily go mad. That is the reason for the Javanese Moslems' custom of marrying off their children at a very young age, so that they are married before the problem of love arises. And if love does come, then for the most part it comes to a woman who is already living night and day with a man, and vice versa. Marry first, then comes love, that is the *traditional* way. Yet according to the laws of Allah, it should be fall in love first, then marry. The *traditional* way is against the laws of Allah, and for that reason often produces bad outcomes—that is, people get married, but cannot love each other. In these cases, the couple live in continuous difficulty and get divorced, or...the man takes more than one wife, or...commits adultery. Oh, there really are so many bad things that happen in this land of Java. Nature should not be governed by human tradition. Kadiroen also came to understand these things, and it was midnight before he was able to go to sleep.

Kadiroen had to go to Meloko again to find proof so that he could teach a lesson to the wrongdoer who was preventing the villagers from prospering. So one day he set out again along the quiet road described earlier. He earnestly *hoped* that he would not meet Ardinah, because he feared his *spirit* would be even more tormented by his love.

But on the other hand he wanted to see her. He did want to see her and he didn't want to see her. He had these two conflicting wishes—his mind rejecting and his heart wanting. It is true, a man in love is sick at heart if his love is not satisfied.

Kadiroen was almost at the village when suddenly he met Ardinah again. And how did he meet her? He saw her sitting by the road crying, weeping softly with her face buried in her shawl. She had a fully loaded basket beside her. She was so miserable that she didn't realise that Kadiroen was there. He dismounted and approached her. She was weeping so pitifully and broken-heartedly that, without thinking, he went up to her and behaved as though they were old friends. In a loving voice he said, "Ardinah, oh Ardinah, don't cry, don't be sad..."

Ardinah was startled when she heard his voice and quickly wiped her tears and said, "I am sorry sir. I didn't know you were there."

—"Oh no. I'm the one who should apologise because I dare to approach you when you are so upset. But I very much want to do anything I can to help you. Ardinah, trust me and tell me what is troubling you," said Kadiroen.

Ardinah listened to Kadiroen's gentle words and her sad expression changed to a happy one. Here was a strong man who helped other people. She knew that this man who wanted to help her was Kadiroen, the A.D.O. Everyone knew Kadiroen. Kadiroen, an official who was well known for loving the common folk and championing their cause, had spoken gently to her. Her heart was full of gratitude. She thought to herself, "Oh Kadiroen. You are such a good man. You are so young and handsome and wise, and now you want to help me."

In a clear voice she answered him,

—"Sir, thank you so much for wanting to help me. But I do not need help because I can, and I want to, bear the burden of this suffering myself. I was weeping and troubled just now because I want to help someone else but I cannot."

Kadiroen heard this and felt happy. Ardinah, the woman he loved, was unhappy because she wanted to help someone and couldn't. Kadiroen realised that Ardinah was not just beautiful on the outside, but inside as well. He also understood from what she said about wanting to bear the suffering herself, that she was proud, self confident, strong and courageous—all signs of a beautiful character. He loved her even more. Her looks, her heart and her character were all beautiful. Was she a heavenly nymph who had taken on human form? Kadiroen longed to be the husband of someone like that. He loved and respected Ardinah. Did she also love him? His heart pounded thinking about it. But he wanted to be strong. He controlled his feelings and thoughts and patiently asked her,

—"Who do you want to help, and why does this person need help? I would like to try to help you to help this unfortunate person. If one person can't help, maybe

two can. Trust me.”

Ardinah answered,

—“Oh sir, a thousand thanks. You are an A.D.O. and you have power. Perhaps you can help me. I have seen you three times, and from the first time I saw you I trusted you. You are a noble man and since I first saw you I have not been able to forget you. Every time I picture you I feel great trust in you. So, I shall tell you the whole story about what has caused the distress to the person I want to help.”

Kadiroen heard Ardinah clearly say, “since I first saw you I have not been able to forget you. Every time I picture you I feel great trust in you.” Didn’t those words reveal that Ardinah loved him? He knew it was true, even though Ardinah did not come out and say it. He heard those words and was overjoyed. He loved a woman who was beautiful in every way, and it seemed that she loved him too. Kadiroen felt so happy, so overjoyed, that he thought he must be in heaven. Then he sat down by the side of the road, next to Ardinah, because he wanted to listen to her story.

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Her story went like this:

—“My father was a poor man. When I was eighteen my mother died, and I was left alone with father because I was an only child. At the time father was very old and we had no other family, but thanks to Allah we lived a simple life in Meloko village. My father loved me very much because I was his only child and his only helper in all household matters.

Many young men asked to marry me, but I was never interested because I felt I couldn’t leave the house and my old father. Moreover, my father said that if I had my own home, he would find it hard to live there and he definitely did not want to be looked after by a son-in-law. This made me reluctant to marry, and made me go on helping and easing my father’s life. Suddenly, a year ago, father became very ill. For five days I looked after him and nursed him day and night. I didn’t leave the house because all I wanted to do was look after him until he got better. A clever healer in our village helped by giving medicine and food but nothing worked. In his illness father was only worried about me and what would happen to me if he died. The only complaint that passed his lips was, “Oh my child. I do not want to die and leave you without knowing that you are being looked after by a good man.” And he kept praying to God and asking Him to send a man who wanted to marry me. I couldn’t sleep night or day and prayed that father would recover. On the fifth day a man came to visit us. I didn’t like the look of him. I didn’t know him but the way he acted fright-

ened me. He asked to speak to my father alone, so I didn’t know what they discussed. An hour later he left and I went in to father. He looked happy, as though he wasn’t ill, and said,

“My child, the guest who was just here is Kromo-Nenggolo, the new Headman of this village. He was only confirmed as Headman yesterday. So now he has a high position in this village, as well as being rich. He came here to say that he often sees you, but you never take any notice of him. He likes you so much that he wants to marry you. In the light of his situation, and because I am so old and want to see you safely married, of course I consented. Tomorrow morning he is returning with the mosque official, to marry you. Because he is rich, he can afford to bring the mosque official here ...”

Ardinah had no sooner related this than Kadiroen was stuck with panic. His heart pounded. He felt as though he had been forced to fling himself into a deep chasm, and as though he was no longer alive. In a shaking voice he asked,

—“So, are you now married?”

—“Yes,” said Ardinah, and as she said it, the colour drained from Kadiroen’s face and everything seemed to go black. He felt he didn’t want to live any longer. He hugged his chest and moaned to himself as though a blow had shattered his heart. He could barely stay upright. Ardinah could not be his. Then he passed out momentarily, and when he came to he heard Ardinah’s voice saying,

—“Oh Sir, forgive me. I have been wrong to tell you all this, it has upset you so much. I wasn’t thinking.”

Then Kadiroen remembered where he was and forced himself to calm down. He focussed his thoughts on Allah and pulled himself together. He said to Ardinah,

—“It isn’t your fault Ardinah. It’s just that don’t feel very well at the moment.”

But Ardinah, as a woman, felt that Kadiroen was not telling the truth. Like nearly all women, Ardinah had a tender heart. When Kadiroen passed out on hearing that she was married, Ardinah sensed that he was very much in love with her, and at that moment she knew that she loved him. She felt her heart would break with the enormity of this secret, but she had to be calm, because she could not express her true feelings to Kadiroen. A moment later she heard Kadiroen say,

—“It’s all right Ardinah. I am better. I want to help this person that you pity because of some misfortune. Go on with your story.”

These words were said so calmly and so convincingly that Ardinah felt compelled to continue her story, as follows:

—“I told you that my father was gravely ill and that he intended to marry me off to Head Kromo-Nenggolo. Really I disliked and was frightened of him, especially as he was going to come so quickly with the official because father in his sick state

wanted me to marry. I did not say anything to father because I was worried I might make him worse and hasten his death. Besides that, it is the custom of we native people that girls must accept their parents' choice when they are to be married off. We women have no right to speak out or express our feelings, even though marriage is the biggest factor in determining how life will be in the future. Truly, customs like this are a burden for women, and a girl is often forced into marriage. Later, if she is weak, she might relieve her misery by committing adultery with some other man. Of course the parents mean well; they want their daughter to be looked after and that's why they choose her a husband. But Allah's natural law should not be opposed by "man's customs". I had to marry, and I didn't dare to oppose father's decision because I was worried that I might make his illness worse; and because opposing one's parents is against traditional custom. So, the next morning, with father's permission, Kromo-Nenggolo and the official came to the house and I was pronounced the headman's wife. But as soon as I was married father's condition deteriorated and he passed away. His last words were, "Now I can die happy because I have married you to a rich man of high rank."... 'At this point Ardinah wept, thinking of her beloved father'... After he was buried I was taken to the house of my husband, the Headman, and only there I was told that...I was a second wife. This meant that I would be the junior wife. Kromo-Nenggolo had lied when he told my father that he was not married, he'd concealed this elder wife. Yes, his wicked heart became more and more obvious. Because of that I could not love him.

His first wife was upset when I appeared. She felt that she would be ousted from her position and lose her rights as the head's wife.

She felt terribly hurt because her husband had tricked her. She was very depressed. This is the woman I pity, sir, and I want to help her. Why does my religion, Islam, allow men to have more than one wife, when that religious approval is often used as justification by men who only want to fool around?

That's why we women often end up miserable. I know that women have soft natures and that men have many needs. And I know that in many countries there are more women than men, which is why our religion allows a man to have more than one wife. But I don't understand why there are men who have the nerve to take that right without previously asking the first wife's agreement, and without respecting or appreciating the sadness she may feel. Likewise, the new wife should be asked before she is married whether she agrees to be a friend and colleague to the first wife. Also, the man must be able to divide his love fairly between his wives. But usually this sort of harmony coming from mutual honesty does not exist. The woman is not usually asked for her agreement beforehand and is just regarded as a piece of furniture with no soul. We women are weak and men are strong and powerful, and now they can do

whatever they want to us. That is what happens most of the time here in the Indies. As long as men cannot be good and just, it would be better if our religion forbade them from having more than one wife. Oh Kadiroen, I am feeling the hell that can result from the wilfulness of a man who follows the letter of religion and not its intention. Nevertheless I will not blame the rules of our religion nor those who made them because it must be borne in mind that the intent of such rules is basically good, but I do condemn all bad men like my husband Kromo-Nenggolo. People should have nothing to do with someone like him. Now I've had to marry a man I do not love, his first wife is terribly unhappy and I must help her. I asked Kromo-Nenggolo to divorce me, not because of my own unhappiness, but to help his first wife, but he won't do it. He fulfils his duty to me but I still do not like him. Up till now I have refused all contact with him but he still will not divorce me. By the laws of marriage witnessed by an official, my spirit is now physically tied to this man I dislike, a man who distresses women. So, I cannot help his first wife, which is what is upsetting me. Oh Kadiroen, please help me.'

Kadiroen had been listening intently to Ardinah's story and thinking of ways to help her, but it was as though his brain did not want to function. His heart, his soul were confused. So he said to Ardinah,

—"Sister, I thank you for giving me your trust and for telling me this story. Through your courage and setting aside your own needs to help someone else you set me a good example. I will try to forget my own needs too, if someone else needs help. It will be very hard to organise something to help you to help Kromo-Nenggolo's first wife. I cannot do anything just now, so give me some time and I will try to sort things out another day. There is just one more thing I want to know Ardinah. You are the wife of a head. Why do you go to the market by yourself every day?"

Ardinah replied:

—"Earlier I told you that I did not like a man who followed religious law to the letter. Nevertheless in most people's opinion I have a "husband", but I do not consider him to be my husband. This makes Kromo-Nenggolo angry and he hates me and ill-treats me. At four o'clock I have to get up and go to the market which is a long way away, and when I get home he makes me work all day long till late at night. As well as that, he often hits me. He is prepared to make things easier for me if I give in to him, but I will not do that because I don't want to make things worse for the first wife. That is why I keep getting ill-treated. But I don't dwell on it and just pray to Allah night and day to be given the strength to bear this cruelty with patience. I hold firmly to my mother's saying, "Whoever does good bears witness to Allah, and therefore in your misery trust in Allah, who shall give you strength until the time comes that He will reward you." I never forget that saying and it makes me patient and able

to bear suffering without leaving the true path.'

Kadiroen listened closely to what Ardinah said and was forced to respect a woman with such a noble spirit. He felt there was a lesson for him in her mother's saying. He was glad to receive a lesson in seeking Allah's strength in times of suffering, and his thoughts that love had put in turmoil, became calm. Then he took his leave. Truly he had met a woman whose spirit, character and mind were in harmony. Because there was unity in these three elements it was not surprising that Kadiroen loved Ardinah so much. A man can only really love a woman if her character, mind and spirit match his and the reverse is true of a woman. "True love" is **seeing oneself in another**. That is true love which shines in its beauty.

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That day Kadiroen did not go on to Meloko village as he had intended, even though he wanted to. His mind resisted all work because his chaotic spirit distracted him. So he went home and because he felt so tormented and sick at heart he requested two weeks' leave, so he could go to his parents' place and recuperate. In the middle of the night he realised that there were three matters that he had to settle. These were: his own feelings; helping the first wife of the headman of Meloko; and helping the people in that village.

For the first he had a good solution: that is, he would relax and pull himself together at his parents' place. For the third matter he also had a solution: that is, hand it over to the replacement who would be representing him while he was on leave. It would not be a problem for his deputy because Kadiroen knew what was going on and it only remained to collect the evidence. This would not be difficult.

Thus Kadiroen could solve two of his problems, but he still could not think of what to do about helping the Headman's first wife. He had a few ideas but only one which would be feasible, that is, "Ardinah must get a divorce from Kromo-Nenggolo". But how could this be done? That was what Kadiroen had to work out. He thought that if Ardinah was divorced by Kromo-Nenggolo, then this would help the first wife, but on the other hand, what would Ardinah's future life be like—a young woman with no family?

In this case, Kadiroen would have to be responsible for Ardinah, and he could do this by marrying her. Yes, he would marry her. He knew from their meeting earlier that day that she loved him. But then if he meddled in the divorce and then married Ardinah, how would that look in the eyes of the public? Naturally it would look very

bad because it would seem as though he was forcing a Headman, an official under his orders, to divorce his wife, just so that he, Kadiroen, could marry her. He realised that this way was no good, because if it happened, he would get a bad name, then the people would not trust him and he would not be able to help those in his sub-district. Besides that, if he took that path he would set a bad example to many people. In short, the fact was, that way was very bad. Kadiroen also knew that in this age there were still many native officials who forced their subordinates to "give" their wives to their superior officers. They forced them by threatening to dismiss or demote them. Because native officers were so frightened of losing their rank, which would be considered a disgrace, they would do anything their superior officers wanted. But Kadiroen would not do such a contemptible thing. He would rather kill himself—yes, it would be better to end his life than to behave so badly. In short, he would not be able to meddle in a divorce case. Even if he could, after Ardinah was divorced, Kadiroen would be forced to avoid all contact with her, which made him worry that she might be worse off than she was now. Even if Ardinah was strong enough to endure the extra suffering, Kadiroen himself was not strong enough to see it happening. No matter how much he thought about it, he could not find a legitimate way to help the older wife whom Kromo-Nenggolo was hurting.

Kadiroen did not sleep at all that night and early next morning he set off for Meloko to see Ardinah. When he found her he explained that he could not think of any way to solve the problem and asked her pardon because he could not help her. Then he explained that he had asked for two weeks' leave to go to his parents' place, and asked her permission to ask his mother's advice about the problem. But Ardinah answered,

—"I am very grateful for your honourable desire to help me. You are a very noble man. But last night I thought of a way myself, and I shall do it during the two weeks when you are on leave. There's no need for you to worry about it any more, because I don't want to trouble you further. Also, please don't say anything to your parents will you?"

That last request was spoken so clearly and in such a compelling way that Kadiroen could not say anything except, "I won't, Ardinah."

So Ardinah released Kadiroen from his heavy obligation, which made things easier for him.

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A few days later Kadiroen received a telegram from his superiors which went as follows, "Your leave is granted. At the conclusion of your leave you must immediately take up an appointment with the rank of District Officer of the district of Redjo..."

Kadiroen was delighted with this news and he offered a prayer of thanks to Allah. The promotion was a mild balm for his sick and tormented soul.

CORNERED.

Kadiroen's soul was tormented, sick and wounded, but he could not say anything to his parents, because he had promised Ardinah that he would remain silent. It is hardly necessary to relate how proud his parents were on the arrival of their son, bringing them news of his promotion to the position of District Officer.

Since their son had reached the age of twenty-four, Kadiroen's parents asked him if he was ready to get married, but he gave them a negative answer. It is the custom for the parents of a bachelor to ask if their son is willing to be married. If the son consents, then they will find him a wife. Kadiroen wanted to depart from this custom, for he was not sure if he would ever be able love a wife chosen by his parents. If he could not love her, his parents would suffer too. Kadiroen simply wanted to marry the girl of his own choice, the girl he loved. If only Ardinah were not married, then he would propose to her, but that was impossible now. When his parents brought up the matter of marriage, he felt his soul tormented again, and he was quite sure that he did not want to get married.

He hoped that after the two weeks' leave, and from continually being separated from Ardinah (for his residence as District Officer was a long way away from her), his soul would be healed and he would forget her. But who will ever forget true love? True love occurs only once in a lifetime, and endures for the rest of one's life, so that it is impossible to make it vanish without trace. A man can love another woman, or vice versa, but the nature, feeling and form of a second love is different from the first. So an unrequited love will leave its mark on the wounded soul and creep into the mind. Such was the case with Kadiroen. This will be related in a later chapter.

After his leave Kadiroen went straight to the district capital, Rejo, where he took over from the District Officer he was replacing. The former District Officer was an old civil servant of the conservative type, with a caring heart. He had worked for the welfare of the people and was retiring simply because of his age. After he had handed over his job to Kadiroen in the customary fashion, he said he wanted to speak more personally to him.

—"My brother! I am an old official and I love my people. So it is difficult for me to leave my job, but I have to. I say I have to because I am too old for it. At least it seems so, in that I no longer fit in with this age. The reason is, no matter how hard I have tried, the people I have looked after like my own children are getting poorer. I am serious! The people I used to administer according to the wishes of the govern-

ment—who were so decent, body and soul—have become more destitute. Their characters, which used to be so exquisite and refined, have now changed. For too long I have been trying to improve their conditions, but in vain. I feel I am not really keeping up with the progress of the world, so I've asked for my retirement, which means that I can hand over my job to younger civil servants who belong to this young age. I suggest to you, my brother, that you earnestly endeavour to look after the welfare of the people here."

Kadiroen listened to the wise remarks of the old District Officer with a feeling of respect. The expression of the old District Officer, his hair almost all white, could not fail to induce all young people to believe and respect him. Indeed, among old fashioned civil servants, there are those who sincerely love the people. Because, however, they administer and control everything in accordance with old conventions and customs, while the times are changing, those civil servants can no longer adapt to the new age. That is why in the past there have often been conflicts between them and the people, despite their conviction and sincerity in wanting the best for their people. So the wise old District Officer, as I have just mentioned, applied for his retirement because he well understood the situation.

The Rejo district, whose capital is also called Rejo, is divided into four subdistricts each under the supervision of an A.D.O., and now Kadiroen was to become their head. Kadiroen wanted to administer each of the regions in a fair and proper manner, in other words to run them in such a way that all the people would have adequate means of living and a sense of well-being. Because he had listened to what the old District Officer said, that the people of the district were poor and were having a hard time—a situation very different from the old days—Kadiroen wanted to know more about what had happened in relation to the following matters:

1. The life of the people in the past. Had they enough to live on? Did they feel a sense of well-being or not? Were their means of livelihood and their incomes sufficient?
2. How did they live now, and what were their means of livelihood and incomes?
3. Were there differences between the past and the present, and what were the differences? Was it true that these differences had brought about poverty among the people?

4. Were there other factors that had caused a decline in the welfare of the people?

In view of these urgent questions, Kadiroen immediately summoned the four A.D.O.s under him for consultation. It was on this occasion that he raised the matters mentioned above. A.D.O. A explained that he had been in charge of the administration of his area for only a year, so he had no knowledge of what was going on in the past. A.D.O. B said he had been in his job for two years, so his answer was similar to that of A.D.O. A. Likewise A.D.O. C. Only Assistant District Officer D had been on his job for fifteen years, and gave an explanation different from that of the old District Officer. He said that the people of his subdistrict used to be backward and poor, since all they knew was how to till the land. Now they could live adequately, being able to earn extra income. They could work as manual labourers in factories, and so on. So it was true that there had been great changes in their existence as compared to the past, but these changes had brought about improvement in the people's welfare. And he said that all these changes were due to his efforts.

Kadiroen could not get a complete picture from the first consultation and he therefore decided that all the A.D.O.s should summon all the Village Headmen, from their respective villages. Each of the Headmen was to bring along the oldest man from his village. The meeting was to be held in the front porch of the administrative building for the respective A.D.O., and Kadiroen would join in the meeting in order to supervise proceedings.

Soon afterwards Kadiroen came to subdistrict A, and there a gathering of Headmen and village elders was going on. Kadiroen knew that, when face to face with an important official, the peasants would feel intimidated, and would not dare to say openly anything that might cause the official to be annoyed or to have to do extra work. The common people were afraid to incur the wrath (*doeko* in Javanese) of the officials, and thereby be branded 'trouble makers' (*réwél* in Javanese). So Kadiroen began his speech by saying:

—"My friends, Village Headmen and village elders, who have come to this meeting. I have asked you to come here to consult, but not to tell lies. It is my primary intention to improve the lot of the common people of my district. To be able to do so I need to know all about you. Only when I know your situation can I do my best to make things better for all of you. If the people live in difficulty, then I am in difficulty. Therefore whoever among you I question, please do not be afraid to answer frankly. Those who want to hide the truth, I will regard as trouble-makers. Is that clear?"

—"Yes, my lord," came the answer in unison.

What Kadiroen said pleased all those in attendance, and it was clear that they were not afraid to explain what was going on in their villages. Kadiroen knew that the villagers usually feared their Headmen. He therefore first asked the village elders for information, before turning to the Headmen. It was necessary for the people to know they could speak out frankly, **and not just have to repeat what the Headmen said**. Kadiroen knew that his Headmen often claimed that things in their villages were going well, although the opposite was the truth, and they did so to gain praise. So he thought it was not enough just to get information from the Headmen's point of view, but from the elders as well. That is why he brought the village elders to the meeting and sought their information at first hand. The consultation conducted in subdistrict A lasted quite a long time and Kadiroen managed to extract the following information in brief:

1. Long ago, in the old days, the people led a secure and contented life. Almost all of them had buffaloes, cows, houses, barns, etc. Because of such a life without want, the villages were a place of peace, security and tranquillity. At that time the means of livelihood were simple and easy; the majority of men were peasants, one or two were healers, carpenters, blacksmiths, gold smiths or practised other forms of craft. They all worked independently and were their own bosses. Women helped their men to grow crops, to harvest rice, to do batik work, to sell the produce of the land in the market place and so on, while the children usually helped their parents to look after domestic animals. Their main produce, such as rice, cassava, corn, and so on, came from the land.
2. Now people's lives are harder. Many of them no longer own buffaloes and other cattle. Only one or two of them still have barns. It is true that almost all of them still have houses, but a lot of them have incurred debts with money-lenders. No wonder that villages are now no longer safe places. There are many thieves, swindlers and criminals and all other kinds of evil doers. People resort to various means to make a living, such as leasing their land to sugar factories (because in Kadiroen's district alone there are four sugar factories), working as labourers, or becoming workers in sugar factories which recruit men, women and children. There are a few who still work as craftsmen as mentioned in item 1 above, and there are also many more who till the land to grow food for their consumption. Those who can not get jobs can easily do so in towns and other places. In short, the means of earning a living and jobs are not hard to come by, although there are times in the year when

jobs are hard to get. Another difference is that while in the past people lived off the land, they now depend on wages.

3. It was clear that there had been many changes, and the most obvious one is the decline in the quality of life, that is the rich had become poor. Another big change is that in the past people earned their living from the land, and now they get wages. Based on these facts almost all of them feel that things had got worse but few knew the cause of the decline.
4. Such were the opinions of the Headmen and village elders congregating at the office of subdistrict A. None could say what the cause of the decline was—all they could say was that it was a **sign of the times** or **fate**.

On the second and third days things in subdistrict B and C went the same way as in subdistrict A. On the fourth day he came to the office of subdistrict D, and the A.D.O. explained that life in his subdistrict was more prosperous now than in the past.

It was early in the morning when he arrived in subdistrict D, and then he went to the office of the A.D.O., Mr. A.W. Not all of the Headmen and village elders had arrived. No sooner had Kadiroen sat down than a village policeman came in with a woman carrying a nine-month old baby. The woman looked very thin and she was poorly dressed. Her shirt was tattered and her sarong was patched all over. Her baby was completely naked. Seeing this, Kadiroen's heart filled with compassion. He immediately asked the guard:

—“Who is that woman?”

—“She is the accused, sir! At midday yesterday, the foreman caught her stealing the factory's sugar cane. I am bringing her here on the order of the Head.”

Then Kadiroen went to the woman and asked:

—“Dear lady, why did you steal? You know for sure that it is bad behaviour and you can be punished for it?”

The woman answered:

—“What could I do, master? I have a child crying from hunger. I was hungry too and I had no food or money!”

Kadiroen listened to the woman's explanation and his heart ached with sorrow for the destitute woman. He then asked for more details of her story. The woman used to be adequately provided for, but in the last two or three months she and her husband had not been able to find jobs in her village and they fell into poverty. Her husband had to leave her to find work in distant places. With the uncertainty of getting a job, and lacking the fare to travel, the wife and child had to stay behind in

the village, leading a life of misery. So one day she was forced to steal sugar cane to stave off hunger.

Listening to her story Kadiroen could have wept. He felt so sorry for the unfortunate woman. He immediately told her to buy something to eat, and gave her 2.50 guilders. Apart from that there was nothing he could do, and the woman would have to face the court to be punished for stealing a piece of sugar cane. He could not obstruct the legal process, and the law must be upheld. Whoever stole had to be punished. The reason for stealing was only to be taken into consideration in sentencing. The matter had to be looked at as fairly as possible.

After all the Headmen and elders had assembled, Kadiroen made a speech just as he had done in the meetings held in the subdistricts of A, B, and C. He then added that a destitute life would easily tempt people to commit crime. He therefore asked them to tell their stories honestly so that he could take proper steps to improve the people's lot, so that they could maintain their good morale and state of mind.

He came to the conclusion that things in subdistrict D were precisely the same as in the other subdistricts. He then declared the meeting over, and departing from the usual practice in such meetings, when a rude official would often reprimand officials under his command, Kadiroen advised the A.D.O. D in private. He said that from then on the A.D.O. was not to hide the truth any more by saying that the life of the people was decent when in fact it was not. The A.D.O. admitted that he had said the wrong thing. He said he did so for fear of being reprimanded by revealing the misery of the people.

In fact a civil servant often gives a rosy picture regarding the life of the people under his administration by covering up their misery, and by doing so is praised for his astuteness. But this kind of cover-up makes it difficult for government officials to know the real condition of the villagers. Moreover, a civil servant who reveals the hardship of the people is often embarrassed or reprimanded by his superior, and branded incapable of looking after the needs of the people. Therefore, an official who is not exactly imbued with a sense of nobility of purpose often goes astray, and chooses to be dishonest rather than risk the embarrassment of an official rebuke. On the other hand, civil servants who act nobly and do not tell lies, endeavour to explain the causes of the decline in the well-being of the people and put proposals to their superiors for the improvement of the condition of the people. They look for promotion not through improper means, but through truth and honesty towards the people they administer. Kadiroen explained these things delicately to the A.D.O. of subdistrict D and he promised that he would behave correctly and not to be dishonest any more.

Arriving at the office of the District Officer Kadiroen thought about the information he had acquired from the four meetings. The ways of making a living and the

number of jobs available might be the same or even greater, but still the people were becoming poorer. What was the reason for this? Kadiroen suspected that the people themselves were to blame. They were certainly more extravagant than they used to be in that their income did not balance their expenditure, which meant that they spent more than they earned. If this assumption was correct, why did they do it? Had their customs changed? Kadiroen knew that the indigenous people loved to be able "to look rich", as exemplified in their custom of holding weddings for their children, weddings with a large crowd (*tajoep* in Javanese) costing a lot of money. When they celebrated the first day of the month of Sawal, they lit fire-crackers and put on a fireworks display. For this they were happy to spend a great deal of money rather than lose face among friends.

If this is what impoverished the people, how was it that the same old custom that had existed in the past should only have this effect now? Kadiroen was of the opinion that people were getting more extravagant, but why were they? He thought the reason was that what they earned nowadays, contrary to the practice of the past, was more easily spent. This was related to the fact that their income was **in the form of money**, whereas in the past it was made up of produce of the land, such as rice, coconuts, cassava, corn and so on. Money was light and **easy** to spend, whereas produce of the land was weightier and more difficult to dispose of. Human beings looked for *the easy way*, that's the way most people are. Therefore they were happy to get pecuniary income rather than crops. So, if crops were available, they would quickly exchange (sell) them for money. But the convenience that money brought was not matched by the *wisdom* and *understanding* of the people, so they **did not really understand the value of money** and so spent it easily, ...to the extent of selling their buffaloes, cows and so on. As time went on they became poorer and poorer. Such was his opinion after thinking about it long and hard.

Drawn by this conclusion, he quickly sent a long letter to all the A.D.O.s under his administration, in which he stated his opinion. He gave orders that they should explain his intention to all the Village Headmen and they in turn to the common people, with the admonition that they should become more thrifty (*gemi* in Javanese) and save their money; that they should not so easily sell their possessions; that they should be less extravagant in giving parties and other expensive entertainments.

Having written this document, he quickly gave instructions that his orders be implemented. Then he made a lengthy report of what he had done, his assessment of his officers, and the directives he had given them, and sent it to the Bupati (Regent).

He thought that the new directives should be known to the people within twenty days. So by the twenty-first day after the document was sent out, he wanted to make a tour of the villages to find out how far the villagers had complied with his direc-

tives. He knew that if the District Officers had asked the villagers individually, they would not have dared to express their honest opinions whether the regulations from the District Officers were good or bad. He therefore dressed up as an Arab who sold *pelakat* style sarongs and material for *kebayas* by instalments. So disguised, he could extract information from them. He intended to investigate three or four villages a day within a subdistrict. In four days he would finish the task.

One should bear in mind that he also had to do his daily tasks in the office, and his workload during the four days would certainly be extremely heavy, going to work at four in the morning and coming home to rest at eleven at night. But he did not mind the heavy burden because foremost in his mind were the needs of the people in his district. Thus on a certain day we see a fake Arab, the disguised Kadiroen, wandering about village H in subdistrict A. He would visit individual houses plying his sarongs, singing out:

—“Sarong, sarong! Pretty and cheap stuff, and that’s the honest truth! Payment by instalments on market day (every 5 days), 3 months to pay off.... Buy your boy a sarong by instalments for his circumcision. Wear it at work or for dancing...”

Many villagers laughed to hear an Arab pushing his wares in such a funny way. “Funny Arab, funny Arab” was the cry of children tailing “Kadiroen the Arab”. But such an odd way of selling could get the villagers to open up. So it was that many people of village H said:

—“Hey Mister! Don’t talk about “dancing.” They don’t even let you watch *wayang*. You could get taken to court for it.”

Kadiroen was amazed to hear the remark. Then he drew out more information and learnt that the Village Headmen had issued an order that the new District Officer forbade the common people to watch *wayang*, dancers and suchlike. Those who dared to disobey would be punished by the Headman. So, to advise the people not to be extravagant, the Headman had turned his advice into a **strict ban with legal sanctions**. There were indeed cases of this type happening in other villages. Advice from the top was tightened as it was handed down and became a “subtle order”, and sometimes it became even stricter and was metamorphosed into a “tough order”.

No wonder the villagers grumbled at the order. Many verbally abused the new District Officer for wanting to change the customs of the people and curtail their freedom to enjoy a little entertainment. Why the people had to be admonished was not explained by the stupid Headman. There were indeed Headmen who were so stupid that they did not understand the reason behind the new regulation and the benefits it would bring, let alone be able to explain it to the people. Headmen of this sort acted arbitrarily in governing their villagers. Such was the case with village H.

That such a state of affairs would be detrimental to the respect due the govern-

ment was beyond doubt. On the other hand, the progress of the country makes it necessary to issue new regulations every year, and this will cause trouble for the Headmen, the majority of whom are older peasants who do not have good knowledge or the ability to adapt to this age of progress. After his “secret tour” Kadiroen could understand that the conditions in village H existed in other villages too. The thought of this greatly upset him. He made up his mind to correct the confusion caused by his subordinates.

Kadiroen was pleased to think that, simply by disguising himself as an “Arab seller on credit”, he could investigate the running of village administration. Indeed some officials simply give orders **without** caring whether they were carried out properly, because the common people usually do not dare to express their objections to the officials above them. For example, when a regulation is wrongly implemented, the top level administrators cannot detect what has gone wrong if they did not themselves investigate everything in the villages. On the other hand, they hardly have the time to do so, since the higher one rises the more extensive the area one administers. In other words, the higher one’s position, the less knowledge one has about changes in the mood of the people, and about their feelings in response to all the kinds of regulations of this new age.

There are high ranking officials who try their best to gain that knowledge with the assistance of spies whom they employ at their own expense. But Kadiroen had come to understand how far those spies could be trusted when he served as a police officer (see Chapter I). There are many made-up stories, concocted by those spies, which bear no resemblance to reality. They do this as long as there is information to give and money to gain.

Kadiroen reflected on all of this, and realised that he was a District Officer with an extensive territory to administer and that he now had to work extremely hard. But he was not afraid of hard work, as long as he could maintain the welfare of the people in his district.

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Once his mind was made up, he held a “conference” in his front porch with all his A.D.O.s. He also summoned all his Village Headmen and all the men from the three or four villages nearest to his office. He himself was present at this by no means modest meeting (of about 1500 people). There he explained to the people that he had issued *advice* to the people to enable them to appreciate the importance of money, and that this was only *advice*. The people in the meeting then understood that

Kadiroen, the new District Officer, was well meaning, and they all endorsed his appeal. Then Kadiroen instructed the Headmen to tell the people of another group of three or four villages to attend another meeting. He also ordered the A.D.O.s to attend too, and did what he had done at the previous meeting. To avoid further misunderstandings, and to be able to detect possible ambiguities, he told the meeting that he was giving orders that, if anyone among the common people had a complaint, he could come directly to him. He also told the A.D.O.s and their Headmen that they too should explain this policy to the people. This policy was a departure from former practice. Kadiroen wanted to meet the common people without them having to go through the Headmen. He felt obliged to adopt the new policy because he strove to protect the interests of the people. His action certainly made the officials under him grumble. They said:

—“So, this is the policy of the new young District Officer. Things are not as before, he is hard to please, and can he talk!”

He had no idea, however, just how dissatisfied the officials were, because, with his sincerity as a civil servant who wanted to act as a father to his people, he thought the officials under him would share his nature and so would agree with him. Striving for the interests of the people, Kadiroen looked only in one direction, and was ignorant of his officials who were of different character. They wanted a government like the old days.

Certainly, because of his efforts and his actions, the people trusted Kadiroen as they would their father. They loved him, but there were officials under him who grumbled and disliked him.

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Because of his request that people in his district who had any complaint should come to see him personally, he often had visitors from the villages. Considering the size of his district, those who came to see him were a tiny minority. The cases presented to him were of a serious nature, with proper evidence, and only the brave ones sought his justice. Even so, most of them asked Kadiroen to conceal their identity from the officials, fearing that they could be accused of slander.

It is indeed true that when a commoner complains about injustices to a higher authority, he arouses the resentment of and will be the subject of abuse on the part of the lower officials, the more so when an official is the subject of his complaint. On the other hand, if he does not complain, and the case is a serious one, he does wrong by the people for not being able to do anything, and... then he will send a fake (*pesoweèl*

in Javanese) letter, or an unsigned letter, or a letter with a fictitious name, to the higher authority. Even if this anonymous letter is acted on, it is often in a careless and superficial manner. The result is that this type of secret complaint appears to lack substance because no witness would dare to come forward for fear of being branded a slanderer. The problem is compounded by the fact that most of the letter writers are uneducated, semi-literate peasants whose ability to express themselves is limited.

Kadiroen was aware of this and always kept their identity secret, and at the same time he never failed to deal with their complaints justly and thoroughly. By so doing he would know what mistakes had been committed by the lower officials. The officials under him would certainly resent his instructions, especially the minor officials such as the scribes and others, because they could no longer elicit various “fees” for this and that from the people with whom they dealt.

The low-level civil servants saw their income curtailed, because their “secret income” completely disappeared. Therefore they often obstructed or complicated Kadiroen’s work, which made him grumble a bit to himself. Kadiroen had to attend to so many things that it could be said that he worked day and night now that he had become a District Officer, and he became thinner and thinner through overwork. But he did not mind his heavy work load, and paid scant regard to his body. The only thing that occupied his mind was the welfare of the people.

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Among the people’s complaints was the severity of the tax burden borne by the masses, which kept increasing year by year. As a government official, however, Kadiroen could do nothing but obey the tax regulations. So, whenever in his opinion the sum was justified, not only did he not side with those who complained, but he also made them understand that in any orderly country taxation was inevitable. The government’s budget grew year by year because the country’s progress required various new regulations which always demanded increased expenditure. On the other hand, he gave his guarantee that he would try his best to maintain the livelihood of the people so that they would not feel unable to meet their obligations to pay tax. Kadiroen certainly fulfilled his obligations to the people, because he worked tirelessly day and night to improve the livelihood of the people.

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The more people of various villages came to complain, the more Kadiroen had to do,

and the wiser he became in administering his district. He set out recommendations to his superiors on behalf of the people, including the following:

- a. That the dry land for growing sugar-cane owned by the sugar factories should be irrigated during the night, while the ricefields owned by the people should be irrigated during the day, because poor people had real problems working during the night to irrigate their land. The sugar factories could afford to hire a night foreman to oversee the irrigation. (At the time of this proposal water regulations favoured the sugar factories.)
- b. That Village Headmen be prohibited from accepting commissions from the sugar factories for leasing land owned by villagers, because the pursuit of commissions (percentages) gave rise to the practice of Heads applying subtle coercion on the villagers to lease their land and so disadvantage themselves.
- c. That the sugar factories should be prevented from giving down payments to villagers who leased out their land. The money was often used improperly by the villagers and subsequently led the less astute people to fall into destitution. Kadiroen explained that the villagers were like children playing with money, and therefore anybody wanting to lease out their land should be prevented from playing this "money game".
- d. That Javanese, Chinese, and others should be prevented from lending money with an interest rate of more than 10% per annum. (Money-lenders often charged a interest rates as high as 250% to 350% per annum). That the government should establish village banks charging low interest rates. The reason for this was also the danger of children "playing with money".
- e. Other important recommendations for his district.

Some of the recommendations were adopted by his superiors, and only those in items a, b, c, and d had not met with a response after six months. So one day Kadiroen asked permission of his superiors, the *Patih* and the Regent, to be allowed to meet the Assistant Resident personally to explain his views. In no time at all he received an answer from his superiors that he should be patient and trust the Regent, and that, as an official under the Regent, he should present his proposals just to the *Patih*. The *Patih* would in turn present them to the Regent, and the Regent to the Assistant Resident, and so on. The whole matter would take time, because both the *Patih* and the Regent needed time to deal with Kadiroen's wide-ranging proposals. Kadiroen

was unhappy that this was the only sort of answer he got, but what could he do? He had to wait.

Kadiroen, the District Officer, worked so hard that one day he fell ill and was forced to take leave for three months. After his recovery he still had to work hard day and night.

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It was two years since he had become District Officer, and Kadiroen had tried his best to work for the interests of the people, but all in vain for hardly any progress had been achieved in his district. The hardship of the people at the end of his two-year administration was almost the same as it was before. There was very little difference from other districts. Fortunately the people did not become even more destitute, as was happening in other districts where their lot was getting worse. Such things strengthened his will to look after the people whom he regarded as his children, who could not handle the "money game" which was deliberately presented to them by the sugar factories and the money lenders. Kadiroen never gave up reiterating his advice about such things.

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One day, ten months after he had put forward his proposals, he got news from the *Patih* that the proposals had been forwarded to the Regent after consultation with other *Patih*s. Many indigenous officials agreed with Kadiroen's intentions.

Two months later Kadiroen was summoned by the Assistant Resident to elaborate on and justify his proposals. He was pleased to think that the time was approaching when a decision would be made on his proposals. So one day he came to the office of the Assistant Resident. The head of the section was an old Dutchman. He had sympathy for the common people, and thus understood Kadiroen's proposals and was pleased with them, and praised Kadiroen accordingly. He was pleased that Kadiroen, in his proposals, had tried hard to improve the welfare of his people. Of course this did not mean there was no difference of opinion between himself and Kadiroen. It was to resolve the differences that he had summoned Kadiroen. He explained to Kadiroen that the proposals were so important that he could not make a decision himself. It was for the government to take the decision, and it should be based on a royal decree since the ideas contained in the proposals involved the funda-

mentals of government regulations.

In the assessment of the A.R., Kadiroen's proposals fell into two categories: those concerning the sugar factories and those relating to the establishment of a rural bank.

Regarding the former, the A.R.'s opinion differed from that of Kadiroen. The A.R. was convinced that the factories had a role to play in bringing progress to the people by creating jobs and promoting money circulation. It would be nice if Kadiroen's proposals could be implemented, but the A.R. was concerned that the factories would lose so much money that they would be run down and finally forced to close, which would be detrimental to the interests of the people.

It was indeed difficult to decide which side to favour in the conflict of interests between the people and the sugar factories. The A.R. himself was of the opinion that the government should adopt a neutral policy (not siding with either party), and let the issue be settled by the one body responsible for the matter. He had asked for the opinion of the District Commissioner and it turned out that the D.C. agreed with Kadiroen. In other words the D.C. disagreed with the A.R. Bearing in mind that most of the native officials under the D.C. disagreed with the A.R. (that is to say they agreed with Kadiroen), the A.R. was prepared to pass Kadiroen's proposals on to the Resident. He would only give his opinion to the Resident, not a decision.

Kadiroen said that the A.R. had taken the right course, because there were some A.R.s who would only pass on their decisions, eliminating proposals which were contrary to their views. So he praised the A.R.

—“Dear District Officer. You are most loyal and intelligent. Please do not despair (give up) if things turn out contrary to what you expect. The government may not agree to your proposals, and it will take a long time to get an answer. It will take the Resident three months to deal with them because he needs to seek the opinions of other Assistant Residents, and so on. After that it will take another six months to go through various Department Heads, then at least another three months for the Council of the Indies to look at them, and finally another six months before they reach Holland and the Honourable Minister of the Colonies. This is because of the serious nature of matters relating to the sugar factories. Not until six months can a decision be made, assuming that the Estates General (Lower and Upper Chambers) in The Netherlands do not have to deal with the proposals. I think it will be another two or three years before a final decision can be made. I have no idea what sort of decision it will be!”

Such was the A.R.'s letter, written in sympathetic terms. Kadiroen thought that the waiting time was very long, but he could do nothing, because that was how things were.

The A.R. was very supportive of the idea of establishing a rural bank, and of a

prohibition on money-lending at excessive interest rate levels. He only differed on the means of setting up the bank. In Kadiroen's proposal, the bank's capital was to come from the government, whereas in the A.R.'s view the people themselves should supply it, while the government provided some subsidy. Otherwise the government would be faced with a loss. He claimed that the regulations concerning interest charges, the granting of loans, book-keeping and so on were so numerous that the formulation of these provisions would also take a long time, perhaps also two or three years.

So it was that, after his discussion with the A.R., Kadiroen returned home happy that his proposals would be passed on to the government. He prayed to Allah that his wish would be granted that the needs of the people against the interests of other parties.

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Kadiroen was twenty-eight years old, and had been a District Officer only three years. For his astuteness he was chosen to act as *Patih* in the town of S, because the local *Patih* was sick. He did his job so meticulously that he had to work almost day and night. On the other hand, many officials under him complained and were reluctant to help him in his sincere aim of benefiting the people. Almost all the officials kept to the old ways of doing things which were so easy and uncomplicated. In his regular tours of the countryside he often met with obstacles because he had to remind officials that they had failed to convey his ideas to the people. He frequently met with difficulties because his ideas were often undermined, so that the people misunderstood his good intentions.

What troubled Kadiroen most was his knowledge that the people still did not have enough to meet their basic needs. This could be seen from the rice barns, many of which lay empty, from the declining number of buffaloes and cows, and from the houses, not properly maintained as they used to be. It was true that the people who followed Kadiroen's advice were a little more careful in handling their money, and yet none of them was really any better off. This is what troubled him and drove him to work day and night.

Barely two months after assuming the role of *Patih*, Kadiroen fell ill from overwork. Again he had to ask for two months leave, and when he came back to work he had become very thin and looked older. So Kadiroen felt himself hemmed in. His subordinates did not show any sincerity in helping him with what he wanted done. There were many amongst his people who misunderstood him, his proposals still had a long way to go, and his workload was heavy and all the while his work

for the people yielded so little and did not come up to his expectations. He really could not understand any of this.

A DILEMMA

During the period when he was acting *Patih*, the land of the Netherlands Indies was undergoing an upheaval because of a new and exuberant movement. This movement called for the people to change their mentality, their moral values and their new ways of life. It became a mass movement, and soon had thousands of cadres. The movement was called "The Communist Party", or C.P. in brief. Only inhabitants of the Indies chosen by the majority of the people could become cadres, so that the organisation could be said to be for the good of the common people. The Dutch language newspapers were hostile and hated the movement. Nevertheless the Dutch government was not inclined to ban it, because by that time progress in the Indies had gone so far that there was already a right to political organisation. Besides, many said that the movement could not be killed off for the simple reason that it was the product of its age. Although the government did not like to stifle it, below the surface there were antiquated (old-fashioned) civil servants who denounced it because of the change in behaviour of anyone who became a cadre. They no longer showed deep respect towards the civil servants. According to the new movement, making a *sembah* gesture of respect to one's superiors and squatting as required by the old etiquette were to be abolished suddenly and replaced by Dutch behaviour. The stated aim of replacing old-fashioned civil servants led to some civil servants to hate the people who were agitating. Moreover a number of young educated people worked in non-government jobs, such as in bookshops, encouraging the replacement of old customs, by showing the old ways to be the domain of the "conservative circles" who were "obsessed with etiquette". The conflict between the "old" and the "new" shook the Indies.

There were many who from the beginning either *liked* or *hated* the movement, even though they did not altogether understand its aims, and this led to conflicts that rocked the country. For that reason groups in different parts of the country demanded that the movement be stamped out, but there were also groups who would rather wait to see the outcome of the movement. Kadiroen sided with those who would rather wait. The movement also came to Kadiroen's district.

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One day, soon after Kadiroen had recovered from his period of ill-health, a "propa-

ganda rally" was held in the town of S by the Central Committee of the C.P. The aim of the rally was the "progress" or "expansion" of the movement through attracting new members, once they had been convinced of what the movement was striving for. As acting *Patih*, Kadiroen made an accurate report of the rally.

The Assistant Resident himself, aided by some police officers, was responsible for security. Kadiroen was ordered to make a report (notes), not only of all that was said at the rally, but also of how the people were swayed, and of who conducted the rally and how. So, three days after the rally, the A.R. read the following report from Kadiroen:

Introduction

On the town square the C.P. branch leaders had erected a stage where those intending to address the masses would make speeches. To the left and right of the stage two long shelters (of bamboo and rattan) were also erected where guests, leaders of various organisations, police, and representatives of the press (journalists) would sit. Surrounding the stage stood people wanting to follow the meeting. By eight o'clock in the morning, hundreds had gathered. By nine o'clock the number waiting to attend the rally had reached the desired level.

Those who attended were local branch leaders, cadres, and a member of the Central Committee named Tjitro, some Dutch gentlemen from the (sugar) factories, civil servants, and representatives of the Dutch, Chinese and indigenous newspapers, including Sariman, the editor of the C.P. newspaper. The number of people attending—guests and audience—was about 5000. Among the colonial civil servants were Assistant Residents, *Patih*s and some police.

Haji Musno, president of the S Branch of the C.P., was chairman of the rally. At nine o'clock a booming sound was made to indicate that the rally had begun. H.Kusman appeared on stage, and expressed his thanks to the Assistant Resident for allowing the open air campaign rally to take place, and to the Regent for permission to use the town square for the occasion. He then extended his warm welcome to all the audience, and went on to announce that Mr. Tjitro, a member of the Central Committee, would speak about the ideals and efforts of the C.P., and that anyone afterwards anyone was welcome to raise issues and ask questions.

Then Mr. Tjitro appeared on stage and, speaking in a clear and loud voice, expressed his firm convictions in the following speech:

(Mr. Tjitro's speech and the progress of the rally)

'Comrades in the C.P., ladies and gentlemen attending this rally, my intention here is to speak, and not to stir up unrest or disturbance by inciting people to be unruly, as was predicted yesterday in the sugar factories' mouthpiece the *S.H.B.* newspaper: My intention is to explain our goals, to make clear to everyone that the C.P. is striving for the glory of the people and of the land of the Indies. (Followed by hand clapping and shouts welcoming the speech.)

There are good reasons to hold the land and the people in high esteem. The condition of the country and of the people can no longer be called respectable, because life is harder and the people destitute. The evidence is well known to us. The number of rice barns, buffaloes, cows and other possessions owned by the people is declining. Also the shortage of food brings about more diseases here in the Indies. Poverty and shortage of food have deterred people from committing themselves to the common good, and many can no longer resist the temptation of the devil which has lured them to become thieves, cheats and so on. The absence of personal security and the difficulty of earning a living have continued to cause a decline in the spiritual quality of the elite and a decline in the character of the common people, who are unable to resist the temptations of the devil.

Where there is a means for a country to progress for its spiritual and material benefit, there is an opportunity for the people to increase their awareness, and there we, the people, primarily — and secondly all Dutch gentlemen with a sense of justice — **have a duty** to improve the lot of the people and of the land of Indies. We know that the Dutch government in authority over the Indies is willing to follow such a policy, as is shown by the "The Commission for the Welfare of the Common People". We in the C.P. want to take part in the task of helping the government to improve conditions in the Indies, and therefore it is clear that we are not inciting you to be unruly and restless. This in short is our aim, and the aim of our organisation. Comrades, you may be asking me for **proof** that this is **really** the aim of the C.P! The proof will become apparent after my explanation of the "struggle" of our organisation. Ladies and gentlemen, in order to understand that struggle, you must be familiar with the sequence of changes that have taken place in this land of the Indies from the past to the present, which we call **History**.

I am now going to briefly explain the history of this land of the

Indies, particularly the history of the life of the people. In ancient times, according to Javanese books, well before the Dutch Government ruled the Indies, everything was simple and easy. Regulations were “easy” to impose, so Javanese kings “easily” exploited the people, but the people also “easily” toppled them by seeking the help of other kings of Java, who would “easily” come to their assistance because this would “easily” expand their authority. With events of this kind taking place, there were frequent wars, because there were many little kings in the Indies, and consequently our land was fragmented. On the eve of the arrival of the East Indies Company (to trade), the fragmentation was such that everyone was for himself. The Company was clever enough to take advantage of this disintegration, so that it was able smoothly to befriend or oppose any faction and thus to determine events, with the result that it soon gained control of the Indies, which eventually fell into the hands of the Dutch Government.

The Dutch Government came to the Indies, and then began to run the country with the assistance of the existing indigenous officials (*prijaji* in Javanese). The way it ruled the country has changed from time to time but from the beginning the Europeans were the main source of skills and education, and in this respect Holland was at a higher level of progress than the Indies, which was the source of the Indies’ defeat by Holland. In other words Holland was more advanced, but, in accordance with its nature, and also due to its association with Holland, the Indies has made progress by learning from Holland’s example. Those of the masters who embraced the “ethical policy”, such as Mister van Deventer and his like, looked upon the people of the Indies as their own children and pupils and cared for them as father and teacher.

I can briefly explain something of the history of the Dutch administration in the Indies from the past to the present. From this history we can see that there have been three ages, namely: the period when the country was ruled by the indigenous people; the period when it was ruled by the Dutch assisted by subjugated Javanese kings, who were given the titles of *Kanjeng* and Regent; and the period when the Indies is pursuing the skills, knowledge and progress of Europe, so that the Indies is spoken of as the pupil of Holland.

Now we must find out why the history of the government of the Indies has undergone changes. In our view there are many factors at work, the main one being that the Modes of human life and the En-

deavours of people to live in our homeland are being confronted by those of the foreigners. So we can be sure that the government of the country has been shaped (ordered or constituted) by the needs of its people and according to their relationship with other peoples (foreigners). With this as the main focus, I will further elaborate the social history of the Indies.

I explained earlier that in Ancient Times things were uncomplicated, and so was the life of the people, because the land was fertile and the population small. Almost everyone could make a living by tilling the land and growing food. Buffaloes, cows and other animals were properly looked after and had sufficient grass to eat. This was an easy life for the people, and what they wore was easy to come by, because some members of the family wove their own cloth and made their batik. There was a limited variety of jobs, and they were simple to perform, so that the administration of the country was also easy.

But not all the inhabitants lived just by working on the land, because in the area of Jepara the land was subject to floods and drought. On the other hand, the area had an abundance of teak trees, and the people could easily turn the wood into good furniture and ornaments, while the fruit was exchanged for food brought from agricultural areas.

On the coast the inhabitants could easily catch fish and exchange it for rice from other places. So all the people had jobs and the tasks were easy, because each worked for himself or herself and consumed the fruits of his or her labour. The task of each individual determined “how” and “when” it was to be performed, which in turn promoted individual freedom. This freedom created a feeling of “security” and “calm”. Because there were forests to clear, and dangerous wild animals to fight with human strength, people had *to gather together* to do the tasks, because only by “collectivity” were they strong enough to fight wild animals. This led to the formation of *villages* and harmonious relationships between individuals. Each village was ruled by a head who had to be the strongest and most intelligent person in it, and the people chosen were called *Lurah* (Headman). When land was cleared *collectively* in this age, it was regarded as village property, and in Java we can still to this day find *communally*-owned rice fields of this nature. This is how it came about that people regulated their own lives but lived together in villages, so that there was a kind of “village government”, and the *Lurah* became the elected representative or “elder”. That is why in the past a head was

the best person available. Can we assume that in the villages there was “government for and by the people” or some sort of “democratic government”?

But there were also those who only sought authority and power in order to take arbitrarily what the people had achieved, so that they had to find a king to fight these criminals and restore order. It was in this period that we see the creation of kingdoms in the Indies. The kings were assisted by chiefs and their armies. Not all of the kings were benevolent, for some of them were hungry for power and intent on expanding their kingdoms, so that consequently there were often wars. Following the nature of this period of kingdoms and warfare, people expanded the means of striving for a living with the result that the variety of jobs also increased. So there were farmers, carpenters, brick makers, experts in fighting or “soldiers”, and so on. The increase in job variation also increased the fruits or the products of such work, so that to this day we have *markets* where people exchange things that they have made or grown. With the existence of markets, job opportunities increased, and a merchant class came into existence. What followed was the **age of commerce**. Since bartering was difficult in that it required rules which allowed no one to cheat, it became necessary to join several villages together to become a kingdom ruled by a king, who was in turn assisted by his “troops”, the officials and so on. For this the king had to be paid, and so the people were subject to **taxes**. In the past age, when a king was not benevolent or imposed heavy taxes, the people would seek the help of another king. So people often played one king against the other, not to mention the “bad” kings who sought to expand their power for wealth and authority. Then, sure enough, the Indies saw a time of wars which divided our fatherland.

Then it was that people of countries such as China, Arabia, Europe, etc. made their way to the Indies for trade and to improve their livelihood. The Indies were open to barter goods from other countries. Because the goods brought in by boats from other countries were so different from those produced in the Indies, they were regarded as “exotic”. They were in demand here, and trade flourished. With the increase in trade with other nations, it became more difficult to manage the domestic affairs of the Indies, which had to be strong, peaceful and united if they were to be independent. As if fated (determined) by Allah, the Indies were in a state of disintegration while trade with other

nations flourished, and so, as I mentioned earlier, the East Indies Company came out on top.

The Dutch, who eventually mustered power to rule the Indies, devised policies and procedures to meet the demands of this flourishing foreign trade. So the Netherlands was able to promote trade between the Indies and herself, and consequently the wealth of the Indies was drawn to Europe. It is fair to say that the laws of nature seemed to have dictated the course of these events!

In this period life in the Indies became more demanding as jobs became more complex because people began to emulate the knowledge and progress of Europe.

No sooner were the Indies under Dutch administration, than discoveries were made in Europe which changed the world, namely the discoveries that created **machines and factories**. Then there were **steamships and weaving and cloth printing machines**. In short, we were entering the age of industry, powered by fire and water, **steam** for short, and then by electricity.

The new discoveries not only brought about immense changes in Europe, but also in the Indies. Because we are living in the Indies, let me explain what changes there were here. Factories in Europe could produce all sorts of merchandise such as cloths, printed cotton, household goods, jewellery, and so on. The number is staggering, because machines in a factory can make things at **great speed** and uniformly. Goods are made cheaply and in great quantity. Thus in the exchange of goods, those made in factories in Europe have been able to supplant those made in the Indies which were inferior in price and quality. Hand-woven cloth, batiks, indigo-dyed cloth, etc. were pushed aside by printed cloth and dyes made in Europe. So the quality of work of those indigenous people engaged in weaving, batik and dyemaking has declined.

As trade flourished, shops and warehouses in towns and cities increased in number. The decline in the number of traditional occupations was offset by the growth of other professions such as scribes, clerks, foremen, coolies and so on.

Meanwhile, in Europe the rich kept setting up more and more new factories, so that there were factories churning out factories. As more factories and machinery were created, there was a shortage of space for them and the Indies became a new ground for them. Since then **trains, trams, sugar factories, rice mills**, etc. have sprung up. These factories

lease land or buy agricultural products to process with the result that the occupation of the peasants is threatened. This has brought about a decline in rice production alongside an increase in population which increases demand.

As I've established, the squeezing out of traditional indigenous occupations is being offset by a variety of new ones, including toolmakers in garages, letter-setters in printing houses, mechanics, engine drivers, train conductors and chauffeurs. Clearly, as the country is carried along by human progress, it becomes more populous and more complicated too. As there are more people, the country needs stricter and better controls which increases the costs of the state, which means that taxes have to be increased. That is natural, and it is fair to say it has to be accepted as it is.

Increase in trade certainly requires officials competent in writing and counting, and people able to speak Dutch to work in Dutch stores, so there is a demand for more schools for the indigenous people. It is these schools that provide the indigenous people with education, and on obtaining education there comes the time of beginning to agitate to hasten the progress of the peoples of the Indies towards freedom for the people and the country. This too is the course of **nature**, and also of **justice**, and because of this there have been masters such as Mr. v. Deventer who have incorporated an ethical policy into the administration of the Indies.

Now we must look into the question of whether the pace and complexity of this modern age increases **the welfare** of the people of the Indies, although it is clear that the progress and material knowledge of the Indies has increased.

You all know, comrades, that in this complex situation two groups of people have come into existence: firstly, those who *own* factories, railway and tram Companies, stores and so on, and, secondly, the *workers* of various ethnic groups or those who work for the first group. These are the working class made up of the peasants, batik makers, weavers, petty traders of all the various ethnic groups, who have lost their jobs, mainly because they were squeezed out of existence by machinery and large-scale trading.

The more progress machines and factories have achieved, the more intense is the pressure to wipe out the occupations of the indigenous people. As you are well aware, originally those occupations gave people

a sense of **freedom**, and now suddenly the people swell the numbers of the **working class**. At the same time, through the efforts of the educated, machines and factories become better and better as they are powered by electricity. As the performance of machines and factories improves, those who run them will decrease in number. For instance: in the past a sugar mill that used outdated machinery produced 50,000 *pikuls* of sugar and employed 500 workers. Now that the mill has been upgraded to use more modern machinery, it can produce 100,000 *pikuls*, whereas the number of **workers** remains the same. Clearly the new machinery can squeeze out the jobs of 500 workers, since otherwise 1,000 workers would have to have been employed to produce the same amount of sugar.

So, from this example, it is clear that the more machines and factories there are, the more workers are employed. On the other hand, the better the machines and factories, the more workers are threatened, which makes it more *difficult* for them to **find jobs or make a living** even though the **number** and **variety** of jobs has increased. So the age of workers fighting for jobs has come, resulting in their willingness to be paid **cheaply** as long as there are jobs available.

These things have brought about changes in the villages, of which finding jobs and making a living are typical. **This is also one reason** for the decline of small-scale capital, and of a sense of security among the people of the Indies.

There is another factor: those with capital to build factories, ships and railways, stores and so on, used to fight for profits, but in the end none of them got any. For instance, they competed to outsell one another by making a small profit margin on a large turnover. Although the profit margin was small, the end result was **quite often** substantial. As long as traders were in competition, people would certainly benefit from this because they could buy things cheaply and the traders would lose money. But big traders were getting smarter, and in the end they formed **cartels** of like-minded groups to agree to raise the price of necessities. For instance, all the sugar mills in the Indies formed a "Java Sugar Syndicate", and this big business group can raise or lower prices if necessary by mutual agreement. Such is the condition of the people that they find it harder and harder to live, because the price of basic necessities keeps rising, and at the same time the income from what they produce cannot keep up and they also have to compete for jobs. My brothers and sisters,

now you know the second reason why the well-being of the people is declining.

The third reason, as I explained earlier, is that a country with an increasing population has to be better governed, and better regulations mean that they are more complex, so that villagers often fail to grasp them and are confused. They only understand when they feel that the regulations are **directly relevant** to them. Most of them never do. The feelings of town-dwellers are somewhat different from those living in nearby villagers, while those living in remote villages have very different feelings. So **one type** of regulation from “above” may be welcomed by the people of one area but not by those in other areas. In other words if a single decree is implemented in different areas, it either creates the situation that there are not enough “hands” to implement it or the task is **too** formidable. All this causes trouble for the people, more so they feel they are smarter and have a greater need for a decent life. They are seized by the **desire** to participate in the running of local affairs, and the common aspiration is to participate in the governing of the whole Indies.

The changes brought about by these **three factors** have caused emotional strains among the people. There are so many regulations to follow, and religious rules conflict with those of the government and with the necessities of earning a living. Those without strength of character abandon virtue, and religious observance is declining. So the number of criminals gradually increases.

So **it is clear** that hardship and misery in the Indies are a consequence of the course of **history**, and follow the course of progress in nature. A time of trouble and hardship has arrived in Europe too, in Holland itself and elsewhere. All over the world there will be a time of hardship for people of every country.

Comrades, although the course of this age is already mapped out, we must not say “I don’t want to know about it” or “Well, let’s keep quiet”. Make no mistake, those who keep silent and make no effort are defying the laws of nature, because after the night there is daylight, after hardship there is happiness. We fellow mortals have an obligation to **struggle** in the pursuit of happiness, and through struggle we raise up our lives, both in body and spirit. If, comrades, you have come to grasp this **obligation to struggle**, you will help to achieve the only real kind of progress in our time.

The time of hardship we are going through is mapped out for us, it

is fate, but fate itself should begin to sow the seeds that **must** eventually bring welfare for all mankind. Our misery shall give us the resolve to improve our lot. This resolve enables us to face hardship first, in order to achieve happiness. It is this human courage born in *suffering* that sows the seeds of happiness which will finally bring dignity to mankind. How will mankind strive for improvement? I am about to explain it briefly here.

As I said earlier, there is a group of people who control the world’s material resources, that is the group of capitalists who own factories, stores, banks and money and so on. This group of capitalists and big traders is small in number if compared to the number of **workers**. But they come out as the winners and power holders, because they are clever and powerful. Powerful because they gang together as a group in the pursuit of **fortune**. As a merchant group, they pursue profits for their own benefit. There are many among them with a sense of justice and humanity, but as merchants their sole duty is to make a profit. Their trading practices are motivated by their pursuit of profit rather than by evil intentions. Now the question is, where do their profits come from?

Surely they come from their factories, where the working classes “toil”, or from the business of their trusts and syndicates, and from the mass of people who buy. So they make their money from the workers and from the people. This is how the powerful capitalists are able, through their own efforts based on skill and knowledge, to reap profits from the people who buy and the workers who work.

On the other hand, if there are profits, there must also be losses. Since it is the capitalists that make profits, the losers are the workers and the folks who buy. And so this group of people suffer hardship, as I explained earlier. So it is clear that, in material terms, the capitalist group is clever, strong and domineering, though their number is small. They come out winners in the fight against the much larger group of workers for the acquisition of things. But how can they win? Because they are powerful. The clever, the strong and the powerful always win! There lies the secret of the laws of nature or the course of struggle for the workers and the masses. Being clever, strong and powerful means **victory!**

As I said earlier, the size of the working class is increasing, and people are increasingly better educated—**educated** by the capitalist class, because in order to recruit clerks who can write and do calculations, etc., they have to help to set up schools. Another thing is that people

become smarter, because their misery leads them to strive for new opportunities. So we can say that the capitalist group, for their own interests, is providing the working class and the masses with the **weapons** to fight for their ideals. In other words the “seeds” of a **new era** have been sown.

As the knowledge of the working class and the masses increases, they will strive to win the upper hand in their fight for good fortune and other worldly gains. In other words they will compete for the **gains** of the capitalist class. This is the law of nature, and fair for everyone.

How can the working class and the masses come out victorious? The answer is to **gain power and strength**. With knowledge they will become strong and powerful. That is the way to victory. *So how can they be strong and powerful?* Through unity and association or collective action! We can see the results in the number of associations in the Indies at present, and their existence is brought about, as I said earlier, by the demands of the times, by predetermination.

So the existence of associations is just, and they cannot be tampered with, let alone killed off, by anyone. To try to do so is like trying to turn back the movement of the sun, which is **impossible**. Certainly, associations may suffer setbacks from time to time, but these can be thought of as a period merely of sickness, and on the whole they keep going forward step by step, always following what is fated by Progress. In the end all obstacles will give rise to better strategies in the struggle for progress.

For you to understand the aims of our organisation, that is the C.P., I must first explain that in forming organisations there are three courses of action the workers and the masses have to take.

First, they have to unite to pool resources for the establishment of **businesses or trade themselves**, that is by forming “cooperatives”. By pooling money they can set up shops to buy and sell their daily needs. Then people will no longer want to *buy* and no longer want to *sell* at **shops other than their own**. Then profits will go to their own shops or “the people’s enterprises”, and at certain intervals profits can be distributed fairly amongst *the people who buy or who sell (the subscribers)*. With effort the share of profits of the capitalists’ shops will decline and finally disappear altogether because it has **fallen into the hands of the people**.

This journey towards cooperatives is a long and tricky one, and frequently ends midway if those who run them are **careless or lacking in loyalty**. We must not forget that the capitalist group are smart enough

to “kill” the shops and businesses of people with small capital. Nevertheless the people have a duty to continue to endeavour to set up cooperatives, and at the same time to select the most **able, clever and loyal** persons as managers. Otherwise the cooperatives will “sicken from within” and will eventually die. Not just anyone can become a manager. (“Right”, shouted the audience in response.)

Bearing in mind how difficult it is to take the first course, the second course poses another challenge for the people, that is to work together by setting up “workers’ organisations” or trade unions. Here, the section of the people consisting of workers will have to get together along the lines of their job divisions. For instance, those working for the railway will form a **railway union**, those working for the printing houses a **printers’ union**, and so on. By forming groups according to occupation workers can seize power and authority from “the capitalists” or those who own the trains, the printing houses, and so on. Thus the capitalists who provide jobs will find their adversaries in “trade unions”, because by working together in trade unions workers can gain the **power to run** or to stop the operation of a company. The employers also have the power to do likewise. But if only employers have the power, of course they can arbitrarily rule and pay the workers so as to take maximum advantage of the workers. As a result the life of the workers will be miserable, and they will suffer constant poverty. Therefore, the second course of action, the formation of trade unions, is absolutely necessary to gain power and authority to balance that of the employers.

As they gain power, workers can demand improvement in wages, in working hours (so that they do not have to work long hours that ruin their bodies), and in the appreciation of their work (so that they cannot easily be sacked as if they were mere objects). And they can vie for power in the company to improve their lot. This kind of endeavour is good and fair. It has to be done, and it **must achieve its goal**. (“Right”, the audience agreed with loud clapping.)

I have explained briefly two courses of struggle and what follows is the *third*, that is the so-called **political movement**. What I mean by politics is “to run and to administer” the country or to participate in running it, or to endeavour to do so. Why should the people and workers have **political organisations**?

I said earlier that as the country becomes more populous, government regulations become more intricate, leading to misunderstandings

by the people. As conditions in various parts of the country change, there is a need to change the regulations to meet the needs of local people. The Government, on its own, will be so busy that it will overlook them if the people do not take part in this. As the people are getting more and more educated they want to share with the government in running the country. So the people must **join in governing the country**, and it is appropriate that all regulations and administration of the country should be subject to **prior consultation** with the people. In order to achieve this, there should be organisations whose members are trusted and elected by the people, and who are educated and understand the needs of people.

Of those who are chosen some will be needed to look after the villages and reside there, others will be responsible for an administrative section, whilst others will have over-arching responsibilities for the Indies as a whole. These will be "people's legislative representatives" because they will have been chosen by the people and must administer the country with laws which are appropriate to the needs of the people.

Why should the people take part in running the country at this particular time? As I said earlier, there are some who liken the people of the Indies to the **children** of the Dutch government. But both the capitalist class and the working class are the "children" of the government. Both children are competing for their fortunes. Which of them receives the helping hand of the parent? Surely the "educated" and "mature" one because, as the saying goes, "the younger brother must follow the older". Therefore, the richer and more educated the capitalist class, the more advantage it has in influencing the administration of government. Such a powerful influence could be detrimental to the execution of regulations relating to "cooperatives" and "trade unions", the first and second approaches in striving to achieve better things. Well, with the influence of the capitalist class over the government, the people are at a disadvantage in getting their needs satisfied, and they become the unfortunate class. So they must be active in politics too.

On the other hand, the people, who are becoming better educated, are comparable to "pupils" of the Dutch government, which is the "teacher". If so, the "parent" or "teacher" would certainly be happy to see both his "children" and his "pupils" who have attained a certain level of education and strength become independent. This means allowing the people of the Indies to have the right to govern their own country,

so **let the Indies be independent**. *When* can they become independent? It depends on their determination. If they study with *perseverance* to gain knowledge and power so as to be able to run the country, then the time needed to achieve this objective will be shorter, and we will be regarded as "adequately" prepared to run our own lives. ("Yes, yes, you are right", shouted the audience.)

And the place to study is in the **political organisations**. ("Agreed!" shouted the audience again vociferously.)

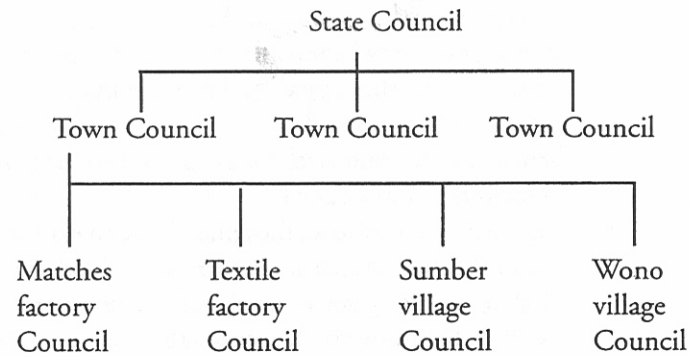
Comrades! I have now explained the three avenues of struggle to attain what the people need. If after going through these **three** avenues the people are more **knowledgeable** and **strong**, and yet the capitalist class or the "rich merchants" still exploit the people, then we have the moral obligation to implement the ideals of our C.P., that is communism.

Communism is a science that shows how to organise our lives so that no one can exploit another. This science is aimed at eliminating the system of trade which now prevails. Therefore, the capital of the present businesses engaged in manufacturing, railways, shipping, storage, and so on, are to be controlled by the people of the country, not by the "traders". To achieve this, things have to be regulated in the following ways:

1. Workers are to work in factories and on the land, and are to produce textiles, coffee, tea, sugar, etc.
2. Peasants are to work in the fields to produce rice, tapioca, etc.
3. What the workers and peasants produce is then to be stored in their *communal warehouses*, or those belonging to the people.
4. When one kind of produce is to be exchanged for another, the exchange is to be regulated in the following ways:
5. For workers employed on trains, trams, ships, and in post offices, etc.—Mind you, people should still be able to ride on trains and trams (the audience laughed).

6. So that the exchange is conducted fairly, both farmers and workers are to have representatives on "councils" that meet monthly or annually. Their task is to ensure that workers and farmers, the sick, children, and the elderly who cannot work, are properly fed and clothed.
7. These councils are to decide what goods to produce and what crops to plant. For instance, when the public warehouses have a surplus of matches, because the people cannot light them all, then they will close the match factories, and their workers will be transferred elsewhere to build houses. If there is such a surplus of rice that it rots, then extra farmers will not be required to grow it, but will grow tobacco instead, and so on. Matters of this nature will be dealt with by the "councils" mentioned earlier. This is completely different from what is going on now, that is, when people are short of rice, the businesses are growing cane for sugar, provided they can make a lot of money. They don't care what the people need to maintain their lives.
8. These "councils" are to be organised in the following manner:
 - a. In each village one council is to be established. When there is a need for a meeting, representatives chosen by the farmers and workers will become its members. In this meeting, only members will have the right to vote, but all the villagers may attend the meeting, so that none of the members can talk as they like. They have to take the interests of the people into consideration. After a decision is taken, the council will be dissolved, and its members will go back to their normal work again.
 - b. In factories, workers are to form their councils as in (a).
 - c. So are workers employed on ships, trains, and trams.
 - d. Village, factory, and railway councils, etc., then send their representatives every three months, or whenever necessary, to meetings in towns close by. These meetings will deal with matters such as what the people are to do, what

- products are to be exchanged, etc. We can call this type of council a "town council".
- e. "Town councils" throughout the country then meet every three months, or whenever necessary, by sending their representatives to the capital, to form a council where important decisions involving the interests of workers and farmers at the state level are made. We call this kind of council the "state council".
 - f. Representatives from all the councils are to explain to the masses decisions taken at the *state council* and *town council* after the delegates return home. (Decisions taken at the town level cannot contravene those taken at the state level, because the state council is higher and has a wider constituency). In the same way decisions taken by village or factory councils cannot contravene those taken by the town council. When decisions are made public, they have to be adhered to and carried out by all the people in the state, and the representatives have to work as common farmers or workers. All council meetings will be *open* so that the people can hear and see all that occurs.
 - g. Every year a council is to form a "standing committee" (consisting of a president, commissioners, etc.) If a president or a commissioner acts arbitrarily, he/she is to be discharged by the council, and a new one appointed.
 - h. At village level, three members of this "standing committee" would be deemed sufficient and at town or state level anywhere between nine and twenty-five would do.
 - i. Commissioners at the state level can be appointed, for instance, to become the "president of state-wide railway and train unions", the "president of farmers' unions", and the "president of teachers' unions", and so forth.
 - j. In case someone breaks the law and has to be tried in court, then there should be a "council for justice" consisting of five members elected by people in a village or workers in a factory. Similarly at the town level, there should be a "town council for justice" elected by the "town committees", and a "state council for justice" elected by the "state committees". An accused can appeal to the town or state council. The following sketch illustrates the various levels of these councils.



(Drawn by hand!)

Items (a) to (j) are drafts of the general structure of the regulations governing our lives based on the principles of communism. Thus in future there will be no more traders, officials or colonial administrators, and no more taxes and so on.

All the people can look after their own affairs and lives, and so the oppressors and exploiters will disappear altogether.

What is described above is certainly only a "short draft" which will be improved and expanded in future.

As far as trade relations with *other countries* are concerned, they will be carried out by the "state committee", so there will not be any traders doing business with foreign countries as they please.

Therefore, the rules of life under communism will *differ greatly* from the present system which we call capitalism. The two systems are direct *opposites*. So communism can be said to be *Revolutionary* and will turn things upside down.

The present government of the Dutch Indies could indeed adopt the precepts of life based on communism if it wanted to.

But of course it could not do it overnight as it has to be prepared years ahead, and when the time comes, it will be realised automatically.

Those who struggle to achieve the new precepts of social life under communism, we call "*communists*".

New labour unions prefer this new struggle, but the "*old-fashioned*" and "*labour aristocracy*" ones do not because their members have a com-

fortable life. They prefer to be highly paid by the capitalists in order to oppress and exploit "low and small" labourers. They still like the presence of capitalists and have forgotten those who are merely small fry. That is why they do not like involving themselves in politics (the struggle to change government).

So eventually nowhere in the Indies will there be starvation, no more material worries, and improvement in spiritual well-being will no longer be impeded by such poverty. All the people will live safe and sufficient lives here. They will have the means to fulfill their religious observances, and to improve their spiritual selves. Thieves, swindlers and suchlike will be no more because life and the inner part of man is good, and all people will live together in peace. This is the end of an age, the realisation of which we can have only a vague conception.

Comrades! I have explained to you the **path of destiny**, in the past, present, and future. ("Right! We all understand! We all agree," exclaimed the crowd in the meeting).

When we have understood the progress of an age, then we have a **duty** to follow the trend and the demands of that age, so that we, and our children and grandchildren will be prosperous and honourable, especially at the end of this age. Because we are at present in a time of hardship, we must therefore **move forward** to herald the coming of the age of **happiness**, that is the ultimate age of communism.

Now we must plant and nurture the seeds of that final age, because we have to ensure that those seeds grow up to become trees, that is the new age, bearing fruits, the delicious food for all the people, our children and grandchildren. That is our obligation, because we are destined to follow Allah's laws in the course of each age.

We must, therefore, have a Communist Party, whose aim is to speed up the acquisition of knowledge by the people so that they may have the strength to **follow the course of the age**. By gathering together, we can have meetings and consultations about many things. And in so doing we can collect money to finance further meetings, to produce newspapers which will increase the knowledge of those who read them. In the newspapers we can discuss the many requirements of the people.

By means of meetings, newspapers, and organisations, we can agree on collective action to improve the lot of the ordinary people, and to herald the coming of the age of happiness, the final age. Organisations bring solidarity and strength, and the power to search for security. This

is the reason why there are Communist Party organisations carried along by destiny. The C.P. organisations will help the people of the Indies, through the efforts of “cooperatives” and “labour unions”, and through their own political struggle, towards the realisation of their needs, that is the needs of the common people. (“Agreed! Good,” exclaimed the audience, clapping loudly.)

Concerning the goals I have just explained, it is obvious that the aim of Communist Party organisations suits the population of the Indies, people of all ethnic groups: the Javanese, Ambonese, Dutch, Arabs, Chinese and so forth. It also suits people of any religious faith, such as the Christians, Moslems, Buddhists, and so forth. They are “humanity”, and the aim of our organisations is to honour them as human beings, that is to move forward following the road of destiny.

So far I have shown that the C.P. organisations are good for all ethnic groups and religions. Come, people and inhabitants of the Indies, quickly strengthen our movement and help us, quickly join us as members! You intellectuals, strive to lead the ignorant, by offering yourselves for election and making yourselves their leaders. Support our movement in our newspapers and in meetings. (“Agree! True,” said the assembled with true and hearty cries.)

Righteous gentlemen of the Dutch people, gentlemen of all peoples, of all religions! Assist our organisation, so that we, of different peoples and religions, can unite in brotherhood. (“Bravo! That’s great,” was the cry of the delighted crowd, coupled with prolonged, loud applause)

At this point Mr. Tjitro ended his speech. The president then invited those who had different opinions to participate in a public debate. Then Kiyai Noeridin, a teacher from a *pesantren* [religious school] in the village of Sendang came forward saying:

—“I do not agree with Mr. Tjitro. When I really consider what he has said, I believe that the C.P. organisation will only benefit human beings in their physical aspects, that is in worldly matters or worldly fortunes. This is dangerous for human beings because their souls or religions, and their beliefs in Lord Allah, are ruined for the simple reason that human beings give first priority to worldly matters. The first thing is to improve morality, placing the soul in high esteem. So religion has to be implanted in the depths of the human conscience. Being imbued with religious teaching, the soul becomes good and clean, and

then the mind will automatically become good and clean too. It is my belief that all youths should be brought up piously in mosques and *pesantren*, where there are religious instructors to show them the spiritual path for them to become worthy of respect in body and soul. In this regard the existence of C.P. organisations is less important.” (Some of the audience voiced their agreement.)

At this point Mr. Edelhart, who was well known for his support for poor villagers, came forward and said:

—“If I am not mistaken, Tjitro seems to be appealing to the people to join in a movement for the independence of the Indies and their separation from Dutch rule. I do not agree with this idea because at present the people of the Indies are not yet mature enough to look after their country. If, for instance, the Dutch government returned to Holland tomorrow, the indigenous people would be at a loss to know what to do, and then people of other nations such as the Japanese, the English, and the rest, would certainly come to conquer this land of the Indies. This means that the Indies would have gained nothing except the substitution of officials from a different country for the old ones!” (There were many shouts of approval.)

Mr. Mangoentjokro, the retired Assistant District Officer of Bulu Rejo, also joined in the debate and said:

—“Just now Mr. Tjitro explained the reason why indigenous people are at present destitute and suffer hardship. In my opinion they are destitute because of **their own failings**. They do not know the value of money and are unable to save!” (Part of the audience expressed their agreement by clapping.)

Then the trader Haji Mamirah stood up and said:

—“In my opinion the people themselves are to blame if their lives become harder. They love buying imported goods in spite of the fact that the Indies can weave her own cloth and make her own clothes, etc. So to make the people prosperous, we must revive traditional skills, such as batik making, and the like.” (Many clapped to express their approval.)

Then there was a young man called Mr. Soebono who also took part in the debate. He said:

—“I strongly oppose Mr. Tjitro. He is a bad person who intends to sell the nation. The Communist Party is bad too because it is bent on promoting Communism, knowing that this Communism is interna-

tional in character, which means loving all nations and not respecting our own. Communism wants to play the poor indigenous people against the rich so that our people become disunited and cannot be strong. That is why Communism is evil for us Javanese." (Half the audience yelled and clapped.)

To this point my report covers only speeches. Since no one made any further speeches, the President then stood up and explained that Mr. Tjitro was going to answer questions from the speeches made. In response to the debate, Mr. Tjitro said:

—'Comrades, honourable audience! I am really very pleased that five gentlemen have taken part in these discussions, because through discussion we can make matters **clear** as far as C.P. is concerned. Now I want to respond to Kiyai Noerdin first. As I said earlier, in the effort to improve material life our spiritual life is not to be interfered with. Who could send their youngsters to a *pesantren* if their parents were poor? Because there is so much hardship, people have to spend their time making ends meet, so that their spiritual life is neglected. It is not the struggle to **improve conditions in this world** that ruins **spiritual or inner** life, but rather the corruption of physical life that leads to the corruption of spiritual life. Therefore the goal of our organisation is the betterment of both the physical and the spiritual condition of mankind. It is by striving to improve material life that one can improve spiritual life. Besides, we also ask people to **unite, to be in harmony**, and to pay attention to their needs as a group.

Well, does this not represent a path based on "spiritual improvement"? It is true that, if there is only one individual pursuing worldly things, his spiritual life will suffer. But if we act together in consensus to improve common worldly needs, therefore sacrificing individual needs, then solidarity alone constitutes spiritual improvement. The result is that the human spirit improves as people progress. So it is clear that the C.P. organisation seeks to improve the life of the people of the Indies, both physically and spiritually. ("Agreed!" said the whole audience cheerfully.)

I want to convey my gratitude to Mr. Edelhart who as a Dutchman is happy to contribute opinions in this meeting. I understand that Mr. Edelhart means well in reminding us not to be hasty. So I am not offended by his saying that we are not yet **mature**. It is indeed true, Mr. Edelhart, that there would be chaos if the Dutch rulers suddenly pulled

out tomorrow without properly preparing things for us. Also I did not say that we would demand independence straight away. What I explained was the path to independence as applied to the conditions in the Indies. The people of the Indies, by following this route, will finally gain the ability to govern an independent Indies. On the other hand, the Dutch government certainly does not have any intention of leaving immediately, but will wait until "the people are clever enough and strong enough". To achieve this, the people themselves should endeavour to bring it about by organising themselves in the C.P.

That is why I said earlier that we can be likened to the "children" and "pupils" of Holland. If we, as "children" and "pupils", are dedicated to learning, we can become clever and mature in a short time, so as to be given the freedom to govern the country and look after ourselves. The place to learn politics is the C.P. organisations. ("That is right. Now I understand," said Mr. Edelhart, and the assembly concurred loudly to show respect, because Mr. Edelhart was willing to acknowledge the value of the message.)

In response to Mr. Mangoentjaroko's speech, I would say, yes, it is true that the people are not clever enough to save, simply because they do not know how to. So we cannot blame them when they lose their possessions. But we must not forget that it is human nature to imitate and to want anything which is good according to public opinion. Because the civil service class have always been regarded by the general population as superior when compared to people of the lower class, lower class people are happy to imitate them. This is why they so easily squander money in order to have a taste of this civil service style of life, and that becomes **the first step on the road to misery**.

Now that they have reached this stage of thinking, it is necessary to preach caution. Since they have no power to regulate their livelihood, and have to rely on rules made by the capitalists in the pursuit of profit, they will be continuously disadvantaged and will lead a miserable life, as I explained earlier. We therefore have to support the C.P. organisations for the speedy realisation of the era of communism. ("Agreed! Right!" concurred the assembly.)

In response to Haji Mamirah, as I said earlier, in the past goods were made by hand tools whereas now they are made by machines. Machines operate speedily, with the result that, for the same cost as production by hand, machines can produce **more**, as well as of better

quality. Because machines produce better and cheaper goods, these goods are welcomed by the general public. Isn't it true that it is in our nature to seek ever better and... cheaper goods? This is the direction of the age, the law of progress that cannot be defied by the human will, for example by insisting on antiquated methods to achieve progress. However hard we try to revive antiquated industries, such as weaving, batik making and so forth, in the end new machines will defeat us.

With regard to the exorbitant cost of investment in machinery and factories, it is beyond the means of common people to set them up. That leaves the rich who have large capital to do it. This is reflected in the present situation where capitalists who are in a dominant position are pushing non-machine related jobs out of existence. In other words, they have an advantage of power over the common people. And I have explained this clearly. In short, in this age, there is no other way to advance the people other than by Communism, because the law of nature demands it. So all people have a duty to help the C.P. ("Right! Most appropriate!" the assembly responded to Mr. Tjitro's answers.)

Now I would like to respond to Mr. Soebono. Mr. Soebono is still young, and it is not surprising that he is a bit impulsive and angry with me, calling me evil for selling the nation to foreigners. But I bear no grudge against him. All I want is for him to listen patiently and think about what I am going to say. As I said earlier, our organisation is doing its best in urging people to be educated and strong so that in the end we can be free to run our country. Well, this has something to do with nationalism. We need to cultivate "internationalism" and "love among nations", so that wars will be eliminated and communists in other countries will be able to help the C.P. to achieve prosperity for the Indies. We do not want to set the people against the "capitalists" of our nation, but when conflicts between the two do arise, we are not to blame, because it is part of the law of nature as I explained earlier.

As far as the rich indigenous people go, if they understand the aims of our organisation well enough, they will certainly make concessions and be accommodating towards the people under the C.P., for the simple reason that the C.P. strives for the prosperity of the entire population of the Indies. However, where can one find indigenous people owning factories, trains and so on, with one or two exceptions? And if this tiny number is fundamentally good, they will certainly support the C.P. for the sake of thousands of people. In so doing they will appear more

noble than they would by merely acquiring wealth for themselves. It is clear that we do not intend to split the nation. On the contrary, we appeal to everyone to unite for the sake of millions of human beings. This is the end of my speech.' ("Right. We all agree," the assembly concurred loudly with clapping.)

Then the chairman said: "Those who have participated in the debate may come forward again, but not to give a speech, because you have all understood and agreed with Mr. Tjitro." At twelve midday the meeting was closed by the chairman, and hundreds of those attending the meeting wanted to become members of the Communist Party.

Such was the report tabled by Kadiroen. At the meeting Kadiroen was excited. He listened to Tjitro's speech and felt his mind opened up as if witnessing beautiful stars in the sky, a metaphor for the aims of the C.P.

After the meeting, Kadiroen reflected upon all that he had heard, and could not sleep. Now he understood why his efforts to improve the lot of the people, as District Officer and Deputy-*Patih*, had brought little change! He came to the conclusion that what he had done was based on an Antiquated model whereas the condition of the people was a New phenomenon. It was clear to him that his efforts had been a Backward step and did not meet the requirements of modern times. The old way was still popular in remote areas where the people were still backward and where nothing had changed, but in a country venturing into modern times it was no longer applicable. Certainly his own efforts could benefit his position or himself personally, but there was almost no benefit for the people.

Kadiroen was very much attracted to the activities of the C.P. Attracted as he was, he also had a strong sense of his position. He thought that if he helped the C.P. in its activities, he would then have to **bring himself down to the level of the common people**, which would automatically erase any respect due to him as the people's *Patih*. The people would regard him as a mere "comrade" rather than a "superior". Furthermore the new movement had already made many enemies simply because it was so new. Also those who do not understand anything resent the Communist Party. If he chose to participate in the movement, he feared that its enemies, among them those of his own official class, would call him "crazy". Then he would have to distance himself from his peers.

No sooner had Kadiroen considered his problems than he received a copy of the newspaper S.H.B., the organ of the capitalists. In the column "Telegrams from the Netherlands Indies", which was in Dutch, it carried the news that the previous day the C.P. had tried to incite the people in a gathering in the town of S. and that the

perpetrator was an agitator by the name of Tjitro. The editor of the paper was of the opinion that it was time for criminals and instigators like Tjitro to be **Exiled** to a small island so that they could no longer Agitate. Reading it, Kadiroen could not help wondering. He had listened with his own ears and had seen with his own eyes the mass meeting on that particular day, and he knew that Tjitro **did not incite** the people. On the contrary, what he did was for the good of **All Mankind**. It was indeed true that there were many newspapers in the Indies, which were not owned by the people, that were publishing lies to **Damage** the people's movement. They **Urged Their Readers** to condemn those movements and especially their leaders. Such was the Poison spread by those papers to contaminate just gentlemen, who were so affected that they were oblivious of any justice at all. What a pity!

Kadiroen was well aware of these problems, but he found it increasingly difficult to choose which course to follow. Helping the movement meant that he could be castigated by those papers, with the result that he could easily be discharged from his position. On the other hand, he was very much attracted by the movement as a means of helping the people on the road to a new era. Well, which course would he choose?

A KNIGHT (THE SOUL AND SPIRIT OF TRUE NOBILITY)

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Press infringement notice. Today our Editor-in-Chief was summoned by the prosecutor to his office and informed that the Assistant Resident had directed that he, the prosecutor, should inquire about various matters in the **Sinar-Rajat** of yesterday, May 12. Of particular concern was the article which was carried in that day's edition and headed "What we need are answers, quickly", signed by "The Seeker".

Apart from listing the contents and purpose of the article for hearing, the prosecutor also asked the writer's true identity, in light of the fact that "The Seeker" was not the author's real name. Naturally, our Editor-in-Chief did not feel it appropriate to reveal the true identity of the author, and so he answered that he would take full responsibility for the article himself in a court of law if the matter was prosecuted. It did not take long for the prosecutor to determine that there was a case to answer of press infringement, given that the Assistant Resident in town G. was most urgently and forcefully demanding punishment for whomever it was who was circulating the article. So it has been the fate of your Editor-in-Chief to be proclaimed as an "offender".

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Such was the tenor of the news item in the C.P. organ, which was published daily in town G. under the control of several editors headed by Editor-in-Chief Sariman. Naturally this announcement led to a great deal of consternation and earnest discussion amongst its readers, most notably in C. P. circles. Two days later in the editor's office of the above-mentioned paper this lively exchange between Editor-in-Chief Sariman and the actual writer took place.

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—“No comrade. As Editor-in-Chief I am responsible for checking the correctness of any work submitted by an assistant to see if there is any danger of there being a press infringement. That particular day I read your article somewhat carelessly and so I am in the wrong. Therefore, I shall take responsibility in any court of law.”

—“Comrade Sariman! Of course you are the Editor-in-Chief, but I know that you were extraordinarily busy with your work and so didn't have time to go through the one or two articles of mine as carefully as you might have. As your assistant I should have remembered this and written my work with a great deal more style. Because of that I am the one who is in the wrong and so I should take full responsibility for my work. Reveal my real name so you don't become the victim of my mistake, or what is my carelessness.”

—“Thank you very much! Do you think it would please me to leave you to be sacrificed? I am no coward and I haven't the heart to put you in such a position.”

—“Oh, you're a strange one, comrade Sariman. I'm no coward either and in no way shall I countenance you being the one to suffer because of what I have written. I know you have a wife whereas I do not. For that reason I ask you once more as strenuously as I can that you give my real name to the prosecutor.”

—“Oh no, I can't do that! Remember that you have a mother and father! For a very long time they, as government employees and as parents, have wanted to see you, their child, become a Government official. Now you have done just that. If your name is revealed, sure as can be, this will mean trouble for you at work. Perhaps you will even be relieved of your duties. Consider what difficulties this would cause your parents. So, I am saying to you that I don't want to reveal your name. What's more I can provide the kind of information which will leave me free of any punishment that a judge of the court may determine. As far as I can tell that piece doesn't break any law.”

—“Dear Sariman! I, as the author, best know what's in the article; so I can prove that the work is definitely only striking out for justice for the needs of the people. For that reason I am certainly in a better position than you to explain to a judge that this work doesn't break any law.”

—“Yes, but our ideas have not really been tested before a judge in a court of law. Usually they have other views to those we hold, so that if I reveal your real name, later on you could be liable to punishment also. It's better that I, having assumed responsibility as Editor-in-Chief, be the one to undergo any punishment arising from the case, if the judge decides it should be so. I am sure that I can explain that this article is not the sort of work that should mean its author is seen as having transgressed the law. There's always the possibility of punishment, but just as equally there is the likelihood of being acquitted. On the other hand, if you are the one who has to face

the judge, you could be punished and also lose your position. At the very least, you most assuredly would encounter difficulties in your work even if you are not legally punished. In the latter case you will be sacrificing yourself needlessly; whereas if I am the one who is to face the music, I'm safe whether I am liable for punishment or not.

—“My dear Sariman! I can't and won't accede to your wishes to take the blame for what I have written. As Editor-in-Chief and as leader of the “voice of the people” you have a job which is important for the advancement of the people and the land of the Indies. If you are punished, and generally such punishment is in the form of a long sentence, you will definitely be deprived of the time to serve the needs of the people. On the other hand that sort of difficulty doesn't arise for me.”

—“Comrade! It is the law of nature that people agitate and progress. Even if I were to go to prison, that is what is demanded by our times; there are things that must be done later—for the future advancement of the people and land of the Indies. Apart from that it's not just me who is in a position to strive to meet the needs of the people, there are many others. Society will certainly progress whether or not I am in jail. I really believe that. So don't worry if I accept responsibility for your work.”

—“No, comrade Sariman. If you've made up your mind, so have I. I can't let you do what you want. Therefore tomorrow it will be me who goes in front of the prosecutor to explain and to demonstrate that I am the writer of the work in question.”

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Hearing this, Editor-in-Chief Sariman gave up thinking about trying to protect his assistant against the consequences. He decided to take another tack, one of subtlety, which was indirect in presenting his feelings. So he said:

—“Listen comrade! We'll face it together to prove that we are happy to sacrifice ourselves for the good of the people. You want to come out on top. Now there's no need for further talk, it's agreed! Come and let's just face our lot. We'll draw lots to see who has to take responsibility.”

In saying that Sariman was leaving his contributor no option but to yield and consent because he didn't realise he had other options. And Sariman was so quick about resorting to drawing lots that in a flash the matter had been solved but... Sariman had lost and his assistant was the one who won out. The good assistant felt rather joyful about this turn of events. Just as he was about to go home, Sariman said:

—“Comrade! From this moment you will cease taking part in ordinary pleasures, because you must sanctify yourself and your spirit through helping the needs of the

people; now you must forget your own needs. I pray that you will have great strength to persevere with your noble intentions. I shall help you, and I stand ready to do whatever is necessary, along the way, to accord with your wishes because we both want to serve the needs of the people and the land of the Indies.

In the Journey of Life, we often encounter obstacles and temptations which are great and full of danger, because the more noble a person's purposes, the greater also the opposition, or obstacles and temptations. The hindrances and temptations shall cause a man to stumble if he is not strong enough. But there is one thing that gives extraordinary strength to men who strive to do good, namely: Belief in Allah. In all things whether difficult or pleasing seek out Allah who is Almighty. And in tandem with this belief, press on with your noble ideals. Allah shall give strength to whoever believes in Him.

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Who do you think was the contributor to the newspaper who was so extraordinarily courageous and acted so nobly, and who is spoken about in the story above? Dear ladies and gentlemen readers I feel sure you have been able to hazard a guess yourselves from what has been written: it was Kadiroen! None other than Kadiroen who would take responsibility for his writings in *Sinar-Rajat* in front of a judge of the court. How has it come to pass that now Kadiroen must defend a case of press infringement?

As has been mentioned in Chapter IV, after he had attended the C.P. meeting he was truly influenced by the people's movement, but had to stick to the duties relating to his position. The longer Kadiroen thought about it, the more certain he became that at this period in history a people's movement must not be abandoned or allowed to wither by all indigenous people who understood their responsibilities, which are to honour the people and the nation of the Indies. In fact, those who are not roused from their slumber will be left behind by the times. Kadiroen was sure of that. But on the other hand he had a Mother and Papa who were getting on in years. His father had striven as hard as he could so that his child, Kadiroen, could become a civil servant with a good position. This would mean he could help his parents bring up his other brothers and sisters, because Kadiroen had seven siblings. Kadiroen weighed up the fact that his striving for a high position was not so much for his own happiness, but to make his parents happy and to look after his entire family. Kadiroen felt that this too was a noble **responsibility**.

Thus there were *two* kinds of **responsibilities** which always were in conflict in his

heart: the first was the obligation to help the people's movement to take care of and improve the lives of the people and the country. The second was the responsibility to look after the needs of the family by seeking a high position in his work. Oh, how burdensome it was to choose between these two sorts of responsibilities. But after thinking about the matter for several days, he was able to fix his choice on the movement. He thought that in the movement the people, or mankind, whom he wanted to help, are greater in number than those whom he could help within his family. He was sure that the obligation to come down on the side of the people's movement was greater than that of a career. Apart from that, in the movement the needs of the people can be looked after, and the needs of a family can still be attended to at the same time. That's because the family is part of the people. Given this, Kadiroen decided that he could become a member of the C.P. and that he would be ready to help this movement as much as he could with energy, finances and struggle. But even so, Kadiroen did not want to put aside his parents' ideas, especially those of his father. That was the traditional way of doing things. For indigenous people choosing a particular type and method of gaining a livelihood or work, a son wants the blessings of his father beforehand. That way, he receives his parents' sincere prayers. More usually: the parent actually decides the sort of work his son should go and look for.

Influenced by traditional custom such as this, Kadiroen spoke about his sense of certainty, and his thoughts in general, with his father. He asked to receive his father's blessing in his wish to help the people's movement, even though it could endanger his position. Kadiroen's father, who was quite old, considered the matter patiently. He believed that a man's fate is determined beforehand by Allah and wherever an individual worked, if his endeavours were truly good, then he would be rewarded with happiness and security, whether he worked as a civil servant or in a people's movement. A father will put his child's happiness first. So it was with Kadiroen's father. If he took into account the strength with which Kadiroen held to these wishes, then certainly he would take it poorly and as most unfortunate if a father were to place obstacles in a son's way. On the other hand if he didn't take steps to stop him and in the end things went disastrously, then this would also cause difficulties for his son in the final analysis. Kadiroen's father thought about these matters long and hard, and still he couldn't decide what was correct. Finally he decided to **trust in what Allah** had fixed. Thus Kadiroen's father said:

—“My child, I find it very difficult to think through this problem. In the first place, or taking it from one angle, I think that the better approach is to adopt a middle way. Usually a person who is placed in the middle is subject to pressure from right and left, with the result that he is finally **forced** to chose one or the other. Now, if you have striven as best you can from the middle, and the time comes that you

must go left or right because you are squeezed that way, then that's just how things are. Your decision, whatever it may be, is the will of Allah or it is fate. And it's best to strive with all your will to follow the path that destiny has laid before you. In carrying out your aim you must be as steadfast as possible, so that you can be strong enough to shoulder the responsibilities that Allah has determined for you. Your father believes in Allah and gives his blessing to you now to adopt a middle path, and afterwards it's up to you to move to the right or left depending on how things finally pan out. I pray for your safekeeping."

Like all children who are loyal to their father, Kadiroen wanted to do as his beloved Father had decided. He chose the middle way, but what would his strategy be? He knew that a people's association must have capital, or money for all kinds of endeavours. Because of that Kadiroen often sent donations to the General Committee of the C.P. but in order that it not be known that he was giving financial help to the movement, he never gave his real name, and just wrote: "sender N.N."

Kadiroen adopted this middle path, so he did not become a cadre or take part in the discussions at C.P. meetings. But aside from helping with secret donations, Kadiroen also involved presenting himself in the struggle through giving his views and knowledge in the C.P. organ, that is with his writings for the newspaper *Sinar-Rajat*. But so that no-one would know he was contributing, he always used a pen-name, i.e. "The Seeker". Only Editor-in-Chief Sariman himself knew the secret.

This middle way was what Kadiroen's father had agreed to. But as has been recounted, eventually it turned out that Kadiroen found himself under pressure, because his article was caught up in a case of press infringement. At that time all he knew was that his work had given rise to this accusation, so Kadiroen thought about the alternatives: stay hidden or give yourself up. In the first place he could continue to hold onto his good name and the respect which came from being a civil servant, but he would be regarded as a coward by Sariman and the Editor-in-Chief's trust in him would be lost. In the final analysis he could be accused of only "pretending" to help the people's movement. That would not be such a problem, but if Kadiroen's identity as the writer remained a secret then the Editor-in-Chief would be forced to submit to whatever punishment was meted out, even allowing for the fact that it was he, Kadiroen, who made the error in his writing.

And what about Sariman's wife and family? And consider what would happen to the movement if Sariman's leadership, with his reputation for being perspicacious, was lost because he ended up in jail? Wouldn't these things just make matters worse?

Kadiroen was of the opinion that Sariman's family and the movement definitely would be in difficulty whilst he, Kadiroen, the one who was in the wrong, was still safe. Would Kadiroen fulfil his **Responsibilities** as a knight in shining armour, as a

good man, if he let someone else suffer the consequences of his "sins"? Kadiroen did not want to take such a contemptible path and let others suffer. So Kadiroen decided to **reveal his identity** without losing sight of the fact that he was a high-ranking civil servant. Kadiroen wished to take full account of his father's words, namely that Allah will decide whether you lean to the left or the right when you are under pressure. And Kadiroen knew that Allah exhorted mankind to take the good and noble path, a commandment which he would not be fulfilling if he were to hide his identity. So if he revealed his identity and then experienced difficulties in his work, then that was fate or the will of Allah who was All-Powerful. He wished to submit to whatever great difficulties and great joys that this involved. Such were the things causing Kadiroen to face up to the consequences of his writing being considered as transgressing the press regulations.

But Editor-in-Chief Sariman also was a good and learned man, and so he fought to shoulder the accusation of press infringement himself. This has been recounted. In the end, through drawing lots Kadiroen became the one to be accountable, so he increasingly came to see this as fate or the will of Allah.

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After it had been established that Kadiroen should be the one who took responsibility before a judge in the case, the affair became the matter of lively discussion amongst the general populace. Newspapers which tended to highlight the needs of the moneyed classes and which were concerned that that group's profit would decline if Government officials assisted the people's movement, as Kadiroen was doing, heaped abuse and contempt on Kadiroen—they slung mud. Those newspapers screamed to high heaven for the Government to relieve Kadiroen of his position and quick-smart.

On the other hand newspapers which paid attention to the needs of the people heaped praise on Kadiroen, and at the same time made evident their respect for him through their richly embellished articles on the matter.

Conservative civil servants who hated this new people's movement said that Kadiroen had gone crazy, and was not fit to hold the position of a high-ranking civil servant, and so on. On the other hand civil servants and people who had a knowledge of "justice" and who understood that this was the time of world progress, held Kadiroen in high regard. They did so because he had shown that he was a true man of letters and culture who nonetheless had a heart, combined with a good touch of common sense, and an upright character.

Whilst the case was underway gossip about it was at fever pitch, but Kadiroen

wanted to shut out those urging him this way and that, nor did he like to think about the praise or the scorn and contempt; he just concentrated on steadfastly assembling proof that his work was written according to the facts, was not a lie and did not break any laws. In this respect, Kadiroen got strong support from Sariman. Indeed, in court Sariman even wanted to take over the role of defence lawyer.

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Free, exonerated, no violation of the law, that was the decision of the judge. Kadiroen and Sariman were over the moon. From everywhere Kadiroen received letters from well-wishers and people he knew who were pleased for him. The ones who were not so thrilled were the newspapers opposed to the needs of the indigenous people. Those papers were of the common view that, even though the judge of the court had exonerated Kadiroen, he should still be relieved of his post and duties, because an official like Kadiroen was a blight on the respect in which Government authority should be held. On the other hand the indigenous newspapers rebutted this view and said that the actions which Kadiroen had taken were a step in the direction of civil servants and the people's movement working together for the order and well being of the nation.

Carried along by the heat of the discussion around this affair, Kadiroen's superior, whom we haven't mentioned to date, the Assistant Resident of S., summoned Kadiroen. Kadiroen fully anticipated that he would be relieved of his position, but the Assistant Resident, looking rather benign, simply said to him:

—“Kadiroen! I am happy for you because I have seen your work and your endeavours to help the people as a civil servant. Previously I advised you to be a little more patient, but you didn't take that advice. Because you're still young and in a hurry to achieve a noble end you wrote the *Sinar-Rajat* article—I can make allowances for that. But now you've made things difficult for yourself. Are you determined not to follow my advice?”

I certainly won't be relieving you of your position, as is being demanded by some of the big name newspapers, and yes, if there are questions from higher up because of what's written in those papers, then I shall protect you, in so far as I remain A.R., because I, like you, love the people. Although I am Dutch I am a humanist in that I love the natives because are also part of mankind. As someone in a higher position I have an obligation to look after their well-being in much the same way as a father looks after his child. Now you must feel the way I do, but I am getting on in years and my actions are those of a patient man, whereas you are consumed with passion.

Now, as the saying goes, the rice has turned to porridge, what's past is past. But I shall give you some more advice. Listen! In about a month I will be retiring, and I really have no idea who my replacement shall be. For as long as I'm here you need not worry about being relieved of your position for writing in the newspaper, but take heed! It's not at all certain that my replacement would do the same. So I'm really warning you that when I retire, you must stop writing your articles.”

Kadiroen listened to his superior's advice, which was the sort a father might give to his son. He felt crushed but trusted what the A.R. was saying. It was precisely because of that trust that he opened his heart to his superior. He explained why he was originally attracted to the people's movement, what he thought of the movement and so on. The Assistant Resident listened intently and finally said:

—“Kadiroen! When I hear you explain with such vehemence what you want to achieve, it makes me worry that you should avoid being detained again, because if that happens you will really suffer. I only have one piece of advice for you now: Be careful in what you write. I can't give you any more advice than that, and I pray that you will be safe as you do these noble things.”

Kadiroen then sought permission to go home. He was really fascinated by the old A.R. It was impossible to conceal his feelings: he had felt compelled to open up his heart like a child to his parents. Wherever there are two individuals from different nations with the same good “plain common sense”, “strength of character” and “sense of purpose”, then the sense of difference will disappear and both men will be united. There are no differences of ethnicity or rank which can drive them apart.

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Three months after these events took place, the old A.R. did in fact retire, and his replacement was someone who was still pretty young for such a position. He had graduated from High School in Holland and was the son of a wealthy man. This new A.R. had a sharp memory, and was very clever, but deep-down his attitude and character were far from perfect. As the product of a wealthy family, he had never wanted for anything, and was used to being waited on, being obeyed and being held in awe by working people who did business with the family. He was treated the same way in school as well.

His father was someone who was very sharp when it came to making money, and the new A.R. had that same cleverness. The Christian religion, which is a good and worthy one for Europeans, had no influence at all on Mr. A.R. In so far as he believed in anything, it was being “modern” (the new mode) and he only wanted to believe in

nature, but belief in the real meaning of true Religion had been destroyed in his heart of hearts. Religion had no place in this gentlemen's emotions.

He gave the impression that he only wanted to be in the Civil Service so that he could know about the **administration and indigenous customs of the Indies** and having built up such knowledge resign to start a large trading (business) company in the Indies.

Any knowledge he gained from the Indies Administration would be used to increase his personal wealth.

It's no surprise that the above-mentioned gentleman was possessed of a conviction that in the world there were always rich people and there were always poor people. As a person was taught to and always wanted to increase his wealth, he believed that someone who acted this way was just obeying the law of nature. Certainly he and his father often helped various bodies (philanthropic societies) such as homes for the indigent and for orphans, and so on, by giving donations of hundreds of rupiahs, and just as certainly such donations were always lower than the thousands of rupiahs profits. What's more, they liked to make a point of giving those donations, not because they were sorry for those who must be helped—since they believed that poor people and poverty are part of the natural order of things—but to make a **name** for themselves amongst the public. And making a name as worthy of being trusted by the public is of great value for trade and for their efforts to increase their wealth. So the giving of donations did not spring from purity of heart, but was only a kind of capital for increasing their wealth. This is far removed from the spirit of assistance of Christian philanthropists or those who believe in Allah, because they just want to **help out of pity** for the poor. There are many Dutch people who have such a sense of justice in the Indies, especially in the Netherlands East Indies Civil Service, so it must be said that our new A.R. was something of an exception.

As has been explained, the new A.R. had a **good memory** and was **extremely clever** which meant that he obtained his position with ease, especially since he could use his abilities to hide his far-from-perfect nature. It's a fact that a person like that can never be truly happy and tranquil or perfectly truthful because he is always worrying about material things and his own needs; even being rich **wouldn't make him happy** because he'd always be worrying about profits going down or losing money—he lusts to increase his wealth. Such an attitude makes him more miserable than those who are poor, but pure of heart and submit to the will of Allah.

So it was that our wealth-obsessed friend, being less than perfect in spirit and never really contemplating doing good, was also judged by Allah and banished to a **living Hell**. People who have a sense of justice are bound to then feel pity towards such a scoundrel and not hate him, because such a sin reaps its own daily retribu-

tion, a **hell** more burdensome than the **hell of Materialism-and-Wealth**.

Now the afore-mentioned A.R. had become Kadiroen's superior. As a reader of the S.H.B. and as someone who sought to attend to the interests of the capitalists, the A.R. was in full agreement with the line being taken by the S.H.B. That newspaper took the view that the people's movement which strove to raise the people's material interests, could harm the profits of the capitalists. So it was that this newspaper was not happy that the people were active. And so it was that the Assistant Resident also agreed with the actions of the S.H.B. in attacking Kadiroen.

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It wasn't long after our A.R. had commenced work that Kadiroen was summoned. He asked Kadiroen whether he was still writing articles in **Sinar-Rajat**. Kadiroen confessed that, frankly, he was, and that he was still using the pseudonym "The Seeker". Then the A.R. said:

—"Kadiroen! You are deputising for *Patih*. You must carry out your work in accordance with what is expected of someone in your position and not write newspaper articles."

Kadiroen explained that he felt there was a great need for him to write in the newspaper, because in so doing he was able to assist the progress of the people. He did not write as an act of dissent, but as something that was in keeping with his duties as a civil servant who must advance the people under his authority. Mr. A.R. replied that it wasn't so much a question of writing per se, but more the **mode** of writing or the **inferences** which could undermine the administration of the country, because such articles could be taken as attacks upon the good standing of the Government.

Kadiroen explained that really he wrote with great care and avoided anything which could be construed as undermining the needs of government, but sometimes he just had to tell it **like it really is**. Being a government official he wrote what was true but with care and **not to attack** the respect in which the administration should be held.

In the end there was a heated discussion between the A.R. and Kadiroen and as a parting remark the A.R. said:

—"OK, fine! You want to continue writing your articles—I want to see everything you write just to make sure that there are no slip-ups. But if, in the end, I find out that you have broken the law, then mark my words, there will be no more chances; you will be summarily relieved of your duties. Don't say you haven't been warned."

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A few days later Kadiroen was summoned again by the A.R. On his table several pages from the *Sinar-Rajat* were piled up. He had been reading them in detail, especially those signed "the Seeker".

—"Hey, Kadiroen! What a pity you didn't follow my advice. Now I will have to ask that you be relieved of your post, because you have written two articles which violate the law."

Kadiroen did not feel that this was right, and asked which ones he was referring to. Mr. A.R. replied,

—"There's an article here headed **Crying for help**. In it you ask the Government to provide irrigation in Residency B. to meet the needs of the farmers. Naturally the article is full of good intentions, but as a closing comment you have written:

—"We ask the Government's help, and if we are able to receive that assistance, then the people can certainly live in comfort."

This sentence breaks the provisions of section 154 of the criminal code, in that it incites hatred against the Government, with this intention:

"If the Government does not accede to this, our livelihood will be threatened."

Here your mistake is evident. Secondly there is further transgression in your article **Why a great deal of sugar will be burnt**. In that article you have explained accurately and shown the reasons why a great deal of sugar cane will be burnt, and even though the article is fine, you have written in closing:

"The hardships experienced by the people have weakened their resistance to criminal tendencies. It is to be hoped that the sugar factories, which are so rich, would want to improve the lot of the people so that no one is attracted to doing bad things."

That sentence violates section 160 of the Criminal Code because it has the following intent:

"If the sugar factories don't help, then the people will simply destroy the sugar cane by torching it."

That's what I think, Kadiroen! And because of that I shall demand that you be summarily dismissed from your job.

So what's your explanation?"

Kadiroen was being asked for this thoughts, but for a long while he couldn't respond. For several minutes he just looked at the A.R., his mouth wide open in great amazement, as if he was a person witnessing "the moon disintegrating to become three separate suns". Kadiroen just could not believe what he was hearing and he thought he must have been mistaken. So he asked again what he had said. The A.R. reiterated his pronouncements. Kadiroen listened to his wounding accusations, and in his heart he felt like crying and then laughing at the same time: crying because he had got it all wrong, in the first place because the A.R.'s **misunderstanding** was

expressed in such a **self righteous** manner. Kadiroen suspected that there were two reasons for this, first there was the possibility that the A.R. was *deliberately* trying to find mistakes so that the sense of the sentence was distorted, or: the A.R. really was worried that all the indigenous newspapers were trying to bring the Government into disrepute and thus creating disorder in the land. In this case he was seeing "fairies in the afternoon", meaning that he saw wickedness where there was *nothing* of the sort. So if that's how it was, it appeared to confirm the view that cleverness and quickness of thought without generosity of spirit are likely to lead to the mistake of "seeing evil where there is only good" or of wicked **human beings seeing themselves everywhere**. Kadiroen pondered on these things and felt no ill-will towards the A.R., but rather he felt pity for the poverty of spirit that the A.R. showed. With patience and a sense of inner calm Kadiroen set about explaining and proving that the A.R.'s first accusation was way off beam, because the intention of the sentence which had drawn such accusations was none other than:

—To ask for help from the government, and if that help is forthcoming, then this will bear wonderful fruit because it will lead to the well-being of the people.

A person who was **sensitive** in mind and spirit would know this. As for the second charge, it was rebutted by Kadiroen showing that the aim of the sentence which was the object of the charges was nothing other than:

—So that the sugar factories would gladly help, and in so doing bring about a situation where the evil in men would be decreased.

Kadiroen explained that up to now there had been no ruling by a judge of the court, and there was no charge of press infringement because of these writings, and the only person who had found fault with them was the A.R. himself. There was then a heated disagreement between Kadiroen and the A.R., and in the end the A.R. said this to close the discussion:

—"Kadiroen! Of course the words are hard to understand. For you and for some others these writings do not break the law, but I say that you certainly have done so. And as I am A.R. here I have the **power** to reach such a conclusion. For that reason I am firmly of a mind to seek your dismissal."

Kadiroen answered: that this may be the case for the A.R., but because Kadiroen felt that he was being treated unjustly, he would ask permission to meet in person with the Resident to explain that he had done no wrong. The A.R. challenged Kadiroen to do just that, and informed him that in a matter of days Kadiroen was likely to be called to explain himself to the Resident.

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Several days afterwards Kadiroen was in fact compelled to go before the *Resident*. His superior was an official who was already well advanced in years. He was comfortable living in the past and he certainly could not fit in with new ways of doing things of the new context which had created the Indies people's movement. The pressure of work had not given him much time to think "deeply" about and learn what was the real story behind and reasons for the people's movement. But the old-fashioned official **believed in God** and was a **just man**. The Resident was quite a different person from the young A.R. who wanted to get rid of Kadiroen. Facing up to the Resident, Kadiroen was asked all sorts of things, and he simply explained everything about the case as truthfully as he could. After the discussions the Resident was silent for a bit and then he spoke:

—Kadiroen! I will not try to correct the opinions of the A.R.

Yesterday he spoke with me at great length, but I said to him that the articles which have led to his accusations do not transgress the law. Because of that I don't want to relieve you of your post. That has caused a considerable amount of disquiet on the part of the A.R. He feels that he will be less respected in Dutch civil service circles because his intentions were good, but were not followed or agreed to by everyone concerned. He feels that he has been humiliated, even though it must be said that he had risen quickly through the ranks in the first place. Owing to this he has now asked to be honourably discharged himself. In so far as he is offering his resignation, your case can be easily resolved. If the A.R. stays and requests your dismissal, then your case cannot be resolved. As for my own decision on your case I see it this way:

As you know, at present under my administration there are two higher positions which are vacant: the post of Regent in town P. and the post of *Patih* in town M. I have looked up the *Staat van Dienst dan Conduite-Staat* (Compendium of seniority of service and responsibilities of each civil servant) which gives details regarding my officials and I can see that you are at the head of the list and according to what the former A.R. had said in his reports you are at Level 1. Because of that I am in a position to put you up as a possible Regent or as *Patih* in town M. If you were just to stop writing in the *Sinar-Rajat*, I will do all that I can to get you one of those posts. But if you continue writing, I won't be putting you forward, so when the *Patih* you are currently replacing recovers, you will go back to being District Officer. I can't really put you forward for the position because: you are dividing your **Time** between two things, your work and your articles. The work of a Regent or *Patih* is so onerous that if an ordinary person carries out all his responsibilities correctly, he certainly won't have time to do any writing. On the other hand if you continue to go on writing, your work will certainly not be done as well as it should be because your time

will be divided. The work of a D.O. still allows you to divide your time. If you still want to remain a D.O., I won't forbid you to keep on writing, but if eventually a case of press infringement is brought against you and you end up being punished, you don't need to be a genius to work out that it will be most unfortunate for you. So now I am giving you a moment to choose: "become Regent or *Patih* and no more writing" or "continue to be D.O. and continue to write" in *Sinar-Rajat*. Which are you going to choose?"

Kadiroen listened to what the Resident had to say. There was some reason to be pleased, since Kadiroen obtained justice in his dispute with the A.R. But now he had to choose again. Kadiroen knew that as a civil servant he would often encounter difficulties and set-backs in his attempts to improve the life of the people and make them aware and strong for the new age. On the other hand being in the people's movement provided an easy means to meet their needs. Kadiroen thought long and hard about what the Resident had said: your **time is divided**. That's it! If he remains a civil servant, he will be compelled to limit his time, to such an extent that he won't contribute to the people's movement as thoroughly and as conscientiously as he should. Kadiroen also remembered that yesterday he had seen an advertisement for a co-editor with not a great deal of financial recompense for the C.P. organ *Sinar-Rajat*. He knew that if he applied he would definitely get the job. So although the Resident was offering two scenarios, Kadiroen now added a third:

1. The post of Regent or at least *Patih*, but severing his connection with the people's movement. Pay and position very high, but ideals and lofty objectives out the window.
2. Post and pay of D.O. are OK, can still have connections with the people's movement, but work not entirely satisfactory because *time is divided*.
3. No post and minimal pay, but as co-editor **can fulfil one's ideals**, namely: to assist with all his heart in carrying out initiatives and efforts to make the people aware and stronger to free themselves spiritually and materially.

In choosing between the three options, Kadiroen was reminded of what his parents had taught him, that he should choose what he really wanted. So he resolved quickly and chose: to ask to be **honourably discharged from the civil service**, given that he wanted to do **good works** which he felt would be true to his ideals, and with the certitude that such efforts were nobly directed towards the good of the common people.

So Kadiroen explained his decision to the Resident, and was completely open about his reasons. The Resident listened to what he had to say, and then smiled

broadly and squeezed Kadiroen's hand to show his respect. Then he said:

—“Kadiroen, I am very proud to know you, and I can see from your actions that you are a truly noble person. You have made it abundantly clear that you are a courageous person, not in the sense that children are brave in squabbling, but **courageous** in the sense that you are prepared to **ignore your own personal needs** in favour of the needs of the common people. **The soul and spirit of true nobility** shall certainly bear wonderful fruit as a consequence of what you are doing. Kadiroen, I pray for your continued well-being.”

And so it was with a joyful heart and a sense of inner peace that Kadiroen left his past and his work to live a life of suffering. And yet this was a life characterised by nobility of purpose, whilst the young Assistant Resident left his post in anger and with a deep sense of resentment. He would continue to have material wealth. **The virtuous** shall inherit **spiritual** heaven, whereas wrong-doers shall descend into a **material hell**, one that can never be replaced by Heaven, because the riches of the spirit are imperishable, they are permanent and enduring.

GETTING A TEACHER

In the town of G., there is a suburb that is quiet and which almost runs into the villages close by. There, in the centre of a yard that isn't wide, but that has plenty of trees which keep the area cool, there stands a small house with white-washed bamboo walls, a slanting roof and a floor tiled with polished cement tiles. A dozen earthenware pots stand in front of the house, carefully arranged and containing blooms of beautiful and fresh flowers. Furniture such as chairs, tables and so on are arranged with great care inside the house, and although the furniture is not beautiful or expensive, it still seems clean, pleasing to the beholder. A few decorations, such as plaited pictures hanging on the walls, give an indication that the owner of the house is not rich, but show too that this is a person of refined taste and sensitivity, who is able to arrange everything so neatly and so cleanly, in a manner that was pleasing to everyone who looked at the whole house from afar or from close up.

In the front porch, at a certain time, one-thirty in the afternoon to be more precise, there sat a young woman, not particularly beautiful, but at the same time not bad-looking and with a touchingly sweet features. She wore clothes which were suitable for wear around the house, and it could be seen that she didn't have a great deal of money to spend on jewellery. Bracelets, hair-pins, earrings and the golden or silver pins which are so admired by the majority of women—she had none of these accessories, only a wedding ring made from gold alloy (without the accompanying sparkling and glittering jewels) on one finger. But the way she wore her clothes was the essence of simplicity, fresh and neat, so that whatever she wore looked good. Now at that moment the woman mentioned above was musing happily about what she had done up to then: early in the morning she had got up from her bed, washed herself, made a pot of coffee, cooked fried rice using the left-over rice from the evening before, together with two fried eggs; then her husband was up out of bed and so on so that they were able to have breakfast together in good time for everything to proceed smoothly, and this then meant that her husband was pleased and demonstrably so; he immediately showed her how thankful and how much in love with his wife he was. Afterwards he left to go to work, and she then went shopping in the market while a child of her neighbour looked after the house: from the market she went directly home and started cooking, and while waiting for the food to finish cooking she went on cleaning clothes and other things that were dirty, then she continued to

attend to all those hundred and one things that a housewife has to do in her own home. Yes, she thought about the way she had done her chores from the time she started in the morning until after one o'clock without any rest..... but really, she felt supremely happy inside, so much so that her thoughts then turned to Allah and she uttered prayers of gratitude a number of times. The woman we have spoken about was content, because with all her work she felt she was able to be a real help to her husband, making him happy, the more so given that his earnings were not so great; with sheer application and hard work on her part they both could enjoy a nice, well-ordered household.....

—“Oh, how happy my husband will be later when he comes back from work and sees everything looking like this at home! Yes, I shall go and meet this man of mine in front of the house with a smile on my face and joy in my heart. Oh, how perfect it is having a home like this ...”, the woman thought whilst waiting for him to come.

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Kringgg.....!!! Kringgg.....!!! Kringgg!!! “Now, my man is coming”, said the woman to herself, and filled with joy she immediately got up from her seat and ran to meet him as he arrived on his bicycle. “Oh! You're a little late today....still, there's nothing to be worried about, is there?” said his wife while giving her husband a kiss.

—“Yes dear, I am pretty late, but there's no problem, it's just that in a little while a guest will be coming; he's on his way by dog-cart as we speak. It's because I was chatting with our guest in the street a little while ago that I'm late. Has my dearest been waiting long?”

As he said this he caressed his wife's head lightly while she cuddled up to his chest; he gazed at her, smitten with love.

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The guest is here. The husband, Sariman, welcomes him and immediately introduces him to his wife:

—“This is my wife, and this, dear, is Mr. Kadiroen!

Sariman's wife replied:

—‘Oh, so this is the gentleman. My husband has often talked to me about you and what you are doing. I have great admiration for it, and have wanted to meet you

for an awfully long time. So I'm really pleased to be meeting you today sir..... but I'm calling you “sir”, sir! I want to be like a sister to you, sir. What would you think, sir, that is if it's not too much trouble, that from now on I were to call you..... my older brother Kadiroen..... yes, brother?’

Kadiroen listened to Sariman's wife's words of greeting, and whilst she was talking, it was clear that these words reflected her innermost feelings, so that in the wink of an eye Kadiroen came to feel he could easily regard this young woman as his sister. Naturally he answered Sariman's wife in terms that also expressed this sense of drawing closer together as friends.

They didn't spend much time talking before all three sat down to eat together. Whilst they were eating Kadiroen could see that there was little meat, there was just soy-bean cake, chilli sauce, vegetables and a little bit of beef; only four kinds of food were being cooked, but Kadiroen was amazed to discover that the food tasted extremely delicious, while their meal together was combined with such pleasant conversation that Kadiroen felt he was in heaven.

When they had finished eating Sariman and Kadiroen smoked and went on talking whilst Sariman's wife carried on doing all manner of chores such as cleaning up the kitchen table and so on. At two-thirty precisely Sariman asked Kadiroen if he wanted to have a nap. Kadiroen was feeling pretty happy because of everything that had happened. He felt as if he was in his own home, and because he felt tired after the journey from town S. to town G. he just wanted to go to sleep. He asked Sariman whether he and the woman of the house also wanted to go to sleep, but was amazed to learn that both of them never took an afternoon nap because Sariman, from two-thirty until four, gave lessons to his wife. That day his wife was being tutored in geography. Sariman's wife explained that she enjoyed learning biology, geography, mathematics and so on, because she wanted to know about and understand such things so that she could join in consideration of and discussion about all the important phenomena of the age of progress.

Now Kadiroen could understand why Sariman's wife earlier was able to display such perceptiveness in the discussions they had been having about political matters.

While Kadiroen was dropping off, he thought about Sariman and everything to do with the household, because there was something that set this couple apart from ordinary people. Because of this Kadiroen wanted to know more about their lives, and with this wish running through his head he fell fast asleep.....

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At four o'clock Kadiroen woke and could tell that Sariman's wife was boiling the kettle, while Sariman tidied up the table and chairs, filled the lamps with kerosene and so on. Then they each washed, so that by ten-to-five precisely, Sariman and his wife were ready to drink tea out the front of their house, with everything looking spic and span.

Kadiroen had also got himself ready. The three of them chatted away while taking tea. During the conversation Kadiroen learnt that it was normal for Sariman and his wife to go for a walk to the town square or to some other place from five until six o'clock in the early evening. If they weren't going for a stroll, they would be getting ready for guests or to go and visit friends who lived close by for a while, whence at six o'clock they would come home to immediately light the lamps. Then Sariman would do some studying himself until eight o'clock, learning from all manner of books which would increase his knowledge, whilst his wife, starting from six o'clock too, would warm up the food and cook rice until seven o'clock, so that by eight o'clock they could have something to eat again. Then from half-past-eight until half-past-nine Sariman's wife did some more study, while Sariman read the newspapers which had just been delivered. It was customary for them to go to sleep at exactly ten o'clock, being up again next morning at five o'clock. Sariman's wife's tasks from the time they got up have already been mentioned before; as for Sariman, after he had got up he immediately went for a wash and then he did some physical exercise, cleaned and tidied the household furniture and then had breakfast. But no doubt by seven o'clock he was on his way to his office. Kadiroen was able to learn that everything that Sariman and his wife did each day was arranged according to a daily schedule, except for Saturday evenings when they took a break from their routine to go to the pictures or go and see friends and relatives who lived a little way away.

On Sundays Sariman usually worked in the garden or they both went out walking to places where it was not so hot.

So, preoccupied with all the things they had to do, Sariman and his wife's lives went on happily so long as they remained in good health, even though they didn't have help from any maid or house-boy. Sariman's pay which was not great (given that indigenous people's newspapers at that time were not yet strong enough to pay their editors a good wage), did not permit him to pay anybody to work as a cook, house-maid or house-boy. From these things Kadiroen discovered that Sariman and his wife, who were so worldly-wise in many respects, had declared that they didn't want to be seen as arrogant. They just wanted, in all sincerity, to live a simple life. Sariman and his wife were not the sort of people who lusted after worldly wealth such as money and so on, they were not people who hankered after a career or paid much attention to social rank. They simply sought inner well-being through striving to

serve and help people of the Indies, who at that time were internally and externally broken. So Kadiroen came to understand all there was to know about Sariman and his wife. In the light of such knowledge Kadiroen could very well understand how it was that Sariman was so resolute in shouldering the great responsibilities in the movement. Outwardly poor, inwardly pure and honest—that is the secret of the power of a person who has achieved a high state of knowledge, the power that makes it possible to bear all the strains or all the misery of the world, however crushing they may be. It was a strength which could do whatever needed to be done and triumph over the most vile ill-treatment that could be meted out to a person.

For two days Kadiroen stayed as a guest in Sariman's house whilst he waited for the decision of the meeting which had to decide whether Kadiroen should be offered the position of co-editor of the *Sinar-Rajat*. On the second evening while they were chatting and having tea, Sariman said to Kadiroen, in a somewhat downcast manner:

—“Comrade, our colleague Mr. Weldoener is having a hard time. He became the chief book-keeper of a large store here two years ago, and just recently he was sacked from his work. He is an extremely bright man and a genuine socialist. Because he helps the movement of the people of the Indies, he is detested by the capitalists. Now we must do everything we can to stop him being victimised.”

Kadiroen listened; taken aback, he was extremely worried. He asked the source of this news, but Sariman just answered with the following question:

—“Didn't you read the lead article in the Dutch newspaper *L.* yesterday?”

Kadiroen said,

—“Yes, I read it, but that article damned him for speaking at a meeting of the M. section of the C.P. and urging the common people to replace capitalism with socialism. Nowhere did it say that Mr. Weldoener was to be retrenched.”

—“No, that's true, but perhaps you should remember that twice in the article there was a reference to “Weldoener, *Head-Bookkeeper of Shop F.*, owned by capitalist C.” You should be aware then of what the paper wanted to achieve, knowing that it is extremely influential and always uses an indirect if not subtle approach to politics. It seeks to give succour to the capitalists. What did they hope to achieve by writing making this reference twice, in italics? The intent of this subtle politics was to get capitalist C. to fire Mr. Weldoener from his position, given that everyone was aware that it is almost second nature for him to help the Indies' people's movement, and since there is no sign of this being altered. The newspaper made its position doubly clear in the concluding section of the article: “Mr. Weldoener, who in Holland did not want to give vent to these anti-capitalist sentiments, now seems intent on pushing them to the limit in the Indies. In fact, this man is just a down-right nuisance for the Indies.” Given the paper's influence, Mr. C. will have no hesitation

in going along with their warning that he ought to get Mr. Weldoener out of his shop.'

Sariman had just finished explaining this when a boy came bearing a letter. It was from Mr. Weldoener and went something like this:

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Comradely greetings, Sariman!

This morning I was asked by my boss, Mr. C., to sever all connections with our C.P. socialist movement. If I do not follow this advice, that is if I refuse to take heed of his wishes, then I will be fired in one month's time. Of course you understand that I would rather be fired than abandon our group. Just so everyone in the group understands the mentality of the capitalists, and their tactics to block the movement of the C.P. by having me fired, I trust that you will see fit to discuss the case of a friend in *Sinar-Rajat*.

I trust this letter finds you in good health,
Weldoener.

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Kadiroen read this short letter. So Sariman's suspicions were well-founded. Kadiroen had to admit that Sariman was an Editor-in-Chief with great clarity of thought. Certainly Sariman's wisdom as a journalist had long been obvious in his articles, where he showed far-sightedness, intelligence and insight.

Kadiroen said that Sariman, although much younger than he, had a duty to become his teacher, because he was extraordinary in all things. This sense of being extraordinary that Sariman seemed to possess was something that Kadiroen was able to pick up from their being together the two days. And so it was that Kadiroen asked Sariman and his wife:

— "Comrades! Say I was accepted as co-editor, would you be happy for me to stay here and live with you both for a while? I want to apprentice myself to you, Sariman!"

Sariman and his wife had faint smiles on their faces as they listened to Kadiroen put this question in all seriousness. These smiles turned to laughter, as both of them

said almost at once: "Of course you can."

Sariman's wife was clearly over-joyed that Kadiroen should want to stay with them, whilst Sariman said:

— "Ho, how can it be that I, who am much younger than you, can become your teacher? No, comrade Kadiroen. I don't really want to be your teacher, but I want to be your friend and comrade."

— "You may well want it that way, but I still see you as my teacher," said Kadiroen.

As it turned out Kadiroen was accepted by the committee as co-editor, and he decided to stay with Sariman, whom he saw as his teacher.

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When you hear what I have recounted above, ladies and gentlemen readers, you will perhaps want to know more about "who" this Sariman and his wife are. The writer will explain here:

Sariman was the son of Paq Saridin, a cutter and seller of grass on the outskirts of the city of G. But when Sariman was only five years old, his father and the elder brother, called Saridin, died. Thus Sariman then lived with his mother (the widow) in a really small Javanese thatch house. Sariman and his mama lived in poverty, that's clear enough. Sariman's mama and he lived only from her selling of vegetable and rice dishes. Because they were so poor their house only had in it what they slept on and the things to cook the vegetables and rice that she sold. Thus Bok-Sariman wasn't worried if she had to leave the house unattended.

Bok-Sariman walked along the streets every day to do business, taking her still-small child with her. One day a civil servant who also had a son just six years of age bought some of Bok-Sariman's food. The civil servant's boy had just come back from school with his slate. Since both boys were the same age they became friends as soon as they saw each other. Sariman asked what the civil servant's boy was carrying, and found out that it was called a slate for scratching on in school.

From that day onwards Sariman constantly asked his mother what the slate was and what school was. When, by chance, they happened to be selling in front of a school, Sariman's mama explained to her child that this was what they called a school. Because of this Sariman longed to go to school from an early age. So he often cried and begged his mother to buy him a slate and put him through school. But they were poor, and at that time in the Indies there was no free education, so there was no way that Sariman's mother could do that. Only with great difficulty was she able to buy him a slate and pencil when he was six years old.

Fortunately there was a stone carver's house next door to Bok-Sariman. He was slightly better off and so could send his son, who was also six years old, to class 2 of school. That son was the one called Tjitro who as an adult became a C.P. propagandist, as described in chapter IV of this book.

As they were of the same size and similar ages, Sariman became a close friend of Tjitro's, but when Tjitro went off to school first thing in the morning, Sariman had to go along selling the rice and vegetables with his mother. Only between three and six o'clock in the afternoon could these two children play together.

Sariman felt rich alongside Tjitro because they each had a slate and a pencil. Their play was not just the play of slating and chicken-scratches on the slates. But everyday Sariman asked Tjitro what he had just done in school, and Tjitro told him, and every day he imitated his teacher, while Sariman pretended to be his pupil. Sariman actually remembered what was in the "pretend lessons", so every afternoon he learned from Tjitro. Because of this, by the time Tjitro was seven his writing abilities were the same as Sariman's. It was as if Tjitro studied every afternoon by becoming a "teacher", Sariman's teacher. So Tjitro became the smartest child in the class. From this Tjitro and Sariman knew that they had to maintain their friendship; what had begun as a game they now turned into a standing arrangement that every afternoon they should study together. This pleased Tjitro's parents and Sariman's mother. But when Sariman was seven he was forced to help his mother make ends meet, and had to cut grass every morning until one in the middle of the day so that he could sell it. Because Sariman earned money he was able to buy books, pens, ink and so on, so that by the time Tjitro was ten and was about to graduate from second class, Sariman matched Tjitro in education.

From that time on Tjitro was sent by his father to find work, and so became an apprentice type-setter in a printery in the city of G. Tjitro also had a little sister who was only six at the time, and she followed Tjitro in school, because although Tjitro's father was only a stone mason he wanted to better himself. He wanted to see Tjitro and Sarinem (Tjitro's sister) become educated. As a progressive person he was happy to send his daughter to school.

At that time Sariman often sold grass to the civil servant and his son, who have been mentioned above. One day, according to the opinion of the civil servant boy (who was already ten years old and went to the European Lower School), Sariman failed to show him proper respect; Sariman had been brazen enough to call him "mas", whilst civil servant children wanted to be called "ndoro". A furious argument ensued. The civil servant boy abused Sariman like this:

—"You peasant boy, ignoramus, fool!" and the like.

Sariman was inwardly furious that he had been called an ignoramus and a fool.

He felt that although he hadn't been to school, he had learned to write out of his own desire to do so, and that he was just as good as a child who had been to school. After he had calmed down a bit, he realised that there was no point in simply getting angry. This incident produced an intense desire to increase his knowledge, so that he could out-do this civil servant boy whom Sariman felt was too big for his boots.

Sariman talked over his aim with his friend Tjitro and with their parents. Tjitro had just found out that at the H.I.S. [Native High School] in the city of G. there were lessons every afternoon in Dutch and on the other things one needed to know to sit for the Junior Officials' examination. Because of this they agreed to continue their studies there; but in order to pay for his studies Sariman had to work much harder every morning at cutting grass. And every afternoon Sariman had to save 0.10 guilders to pay for these studies. Tjitro was also able to get help from his father, who gave up smoking to help meet the cost of his son's studies, just as Tjitro's mother gave up chewing betel nut. Thus the two village children could continue studying. Every night you could see them studying by the light of a small lamp until ten o'clock. They didn't think about the things that made other children happy, they only sought knowledge.

Four years later they could speak Dutch and they were suitably accomplished in arithmetic and so on, so that they could sit the Junior Officials examination.

So one day Sariman and Tjitro sat the exam, together with the big-headed civil servant boy. To the great pleasure of their parents Sariman and Tjitro both passed the exam with "*Zeer Goed*" [very good]. The big-headed civil servant boy failed (big headed people are usually stupid), and when Sariman became chief editor of *Sinar-Rajat* and was famous for his astuteness and learning, the civil servant boy became a "*hulp-schrijver*" (assistant scribe) in the office of an Assistant District Officer. The civil servant mentioned earlier was wisdom personified, and his son was well educated and certainly should not have had the arrogance of a child demanding deference. A wise child of a civil servant should, on the contrary, respect and love with great pity all peasants or little people. A wise civil servant wants to help the people and not go around insulting people.

Sariman and Tjitro both privately felt that a peasant child could surpass the arrogant child of a civil servant in education, as long as the peasant child **had an earnest desire to follow the correct path**, and had the opportunities or **the place to study**. Also they actually knew the difficulties of being one of the "little people" and were always amazed that the H.I.S. schools and the other good schools were only available to civil service children. This was a **Difference in Rights**, although they all had the same **Humanity**, and this increased the desire in Tjitro's and Sariman's hearts to strive to help the little people, the commoners or masses, so that this group could be

seen as part of humanity too.

They also knew, however, that in order to help these people they must have strong **tools or weapons: a broad vision and extensive knowledge**, because these were the sources of **strength and power for humanity**. For that reason, once they had passed their Junior Official exams, they obtained work in an office which only opened until two o'clock in the afternoon. They became clerks there and each earned twenty-five guilders per month. But they didn't earn money to have a good time, rather it was capital to obtain further knowledge. So every afternoon until the middle of the night these two youths continued their studies of physics, geography, government, jurisprudence, theology or spiritual matters, agriculture, animal husbandry and so on. It was already clear that they would never obtain a professor's knowledge of these subjects, but with their earnest attitude towards their studies they would be able to know and understand the whys and wherefores of all forms of knowledge, so that so that they could derive the major benefits from these fields of learning. That is, **the broader view of things and a very wide scientific perspective**. They also studied these matters from various sorts of Dutch books (because in those days there were only a very few in Malay). They bought these books each month from the V.D. shop, and to guide them in their studies they paid a Dutch tutor who was pleased to give them lessons for two hours a week. The two youths used this brief time to ask for explanations of matters which they did not understand in their books.

With **iron wills** they sought together this broad view and this knowledge, and Tjitro's younger sister loyally joined in the studies so that she also could sit the lower officials' examination when she was eighteen years old.

Obviously these three youths were not stupid enough to let their bodies run down. They joined in gymnastics (exercises for one's health), and as well they went walking every week and so on. This was a balm when they were weary from study. But in all things they did not seek **pleasure**, only what was **useful** to the outward (bodily) or the inward (mental and emotional). The relationship between the three young people grew into love between Sariman and Tjitro's younger sister, so that when Sariman became Editor-in-Chief of the **Sinar-Rajat** he married this girl. This was the woman who had been described in the beginning of chapter VI.

When Sariman and Tjitro were twenty years old, that is after six years questing for knowledge and understanding, their iron determination had delivered to them **sufficient breadth of understanding**, and insight and ability which were very broad, so that for example if pitted against H.B.S. pupils who had already graduated the latter would not be defeated. They only lacked fluency in English, French and German, because these were languages they did not like and which they devoted no time to study. For the moment they judged that Dutch was enough to, "open the doors of

European intelligence and knowledge", because for that purposes there were plenty of books in Dutch.

All this time Tjitro's younger sister was inspired by these boys' example, so that this iron-willed girl likewise became learned and had a broad knowledge, but for all this she did not neglect the womanly skills such as cooking, making batik, sewing and so on.

When they were twenty years old the youths joined the C.P. movement, and because of their intelligence and wide knowledge they were quickly chosen as committee members. So Tjitro became Secretary and Sariman became Treasurer of the C.P. Branch of the city of G. They continued to study as well as being activists. They especially studied the socialist works, such as *The Communist Manifesto* and *Capital* by Karl Marx, books on matters relating to cooperatives, trade unions etc., which were relevant for the people's struggle. They understood that people, even white-haired elders, absolutely have to study continually in order to increase their store of knowledge.

Because they sought this knowledge **not so much for their own personal needs but for the needs of the people**, in whose name they were struggling, through the vehicle of the C.P., then it was clear that they were not afraid of anything in their defence of the people, even if their own lives should be in peril. Any person who defends the needs of thousands must forget about his own needs, and whoever forgets about his own needs will no longer know fear. That is how it was with Tjitro and Sariman, and because of their pluckiness they continually wrote in newspapers and gave speeches at meetings. Thus not long after they became activists they gave up their work in the shop, and in that first month Tjitro was made a propagandist for the C.P., paid by the Party, while Sariman became Editor-in-Chief and derived his income from **Sinar-Rajat**. So Sariman, the son of a grass-cutter, who had no formal education or schooling, while still young became Editor-in-Chief of an important **political** organ for the masses. Because of his iron will he became famous throughout the Indies for his talent and skill in defending the needs of the masses. He was only twenty-five years old when Kadiroen chose him to become his teacher.

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One afternoon, when Sariman and his wife were having a cup of tea with Kadiroen, Kadiroen related to them how it felt to be caught between two situations, that is to be sandwiched between his "rank as a civil servant" and "the movement of the C.P." When he had finished, he asked whether Sariman ever had to make a difficult choice

like that. Sariman replied:

—“If you’re talking about choosing one thing or another, then I’ve never been in that situation, but I have been caught between **two responsibilities**.”

Kadiroen and Sariman’s wife asked him to tell them about this, of course. Sariman acceded to their requests, and related the following:

—‘As you both know, not long after I joined the C.P., I was chosen as Treasurer (the supervisor of an organisation’s funds) for the G. Branch. It was clear that the membership was large, for the bank account held no less than 2000 guilders, while every day I had at least 100 guilders in petty cash. But just when I became treasurer and started to write in the *Sinar-Rajat*, I suddenly was relieved of my duties in the shop in which I worked. For two months I was forced to wait for the position of Editor-in-Chief of *Sinar-Rajat* to become vacant. The former Editor-in-Chief became Chairman of the Central Committee and he had to be paid by the C.P. as well. At that stage there were a lot of organisational and management tasks, and it took an enormous amount of work, not to mention time. Because of this it was imperative that we had leaders who were free. The Chairman had to work exclusively at leading the C.P., while the General Session chose me to become the Editor-in-Chief of our organ..... but I first had to be an apprentice for two months without receiving any income. Since I really was hardly well-off, in those two months I was forced to sell or pawn my watch, chain, sarong and other goods which I had worked so hard to put together from very little. Thus in those two months I lived in poverty as an ascetic: short of food, with nothing but the clothes on my back; then suddenly the suffering increased when mama became ill. Oh, this was real trouble. My Mama asked that a healer be brought, and that is how she obtained relief, from a good and clever healer of great influence. But this healer ordered Mama to take strange medicine, namely:

My Mama had to eat grapes, a pound every five hours. After that she had to eat betel nut, and thus in three days she would be healed.

When the healer told Mama this, she saw that the expression on mama’s face became more serious and her eyes took on a piercing look. This healer had planted in Mama the strong belief that this medicine must be taken in order for her to be well again. I know that the healer was making mama well by “hypnosis” or “self-persuasion”, while the strange medicine was only a *placebo*. As you know, a sick person can be made healthy with the help of hypnosis. So then Mama asked me to buy these grapes for her. Of course I was happy to go along with it, but how? I only had ten guilders with which to buy tomorrow’s breakfast (it was Mama’s breakfast too), although I was willing to fast. As it happened, it was Saturday afternoon, and I had one good sarong left, which I couldn’t pawn since the pawn shops were closed already. At that time grapes cost one guilder per pound. So I tried to get a loan from Tjitro and

his parents, but they didn’t have any money either, while I didn’t have any other friends living nearby who could help. What could I do? I remembered that I had more than 100 guilders, but that money had been entrusted to my keeping by the C.P., so I did not have the right to take it for my own purposes, not even 1/2 cent of it. However Mama’s sickness got worse, so I had to buy her the medicine quickly before the shops closed for the afternoon. On the one hand I had to do my duty: *I had to buy medicine for my Mama, who was seriously ill, but I didn’t have any money*. On the other hand there was money, but I had to do my duty: *to keep that money for the Party, without taking one cent for my own needs*. On the one hand I had a duty to preserve Mama’s *Spirit*, on the other hand I had an eternal duty to preserve the *spirit of the Party*. Oh, can you imagine how I felt at that time, brother Kadiroen? I can’t express it clearly enough here. I was torn between two duties.

Inside my feelings waxed and waned about the first sort of inner command, which said: “Help your Mama, you loyal and loving son, and take the one guilder from the C.P. cashbox to buy the medicine”; it was as if I was losing then winning a tug-of-war in my soul. My spirit tossed and turned when I thought about the second imperative, which said: ‘Hey treasurer of the C.P. who has been given the trust of the people, who demand your loyalty! Don’t prove inadequate to the task of keeping the Spirit of the Party safe; you can’t take 1/2 cent of the C.P. money for your own needs or for the needs of your family!’; my heart cried victory and loss. I wanted to choose to violate my duty as a treasurer for my Mama’s mortal needs, but I remembered that in doing so *I would murder the duty* which our comrades in the group who believed so much in me had laid on my shoulders. I wanted to keep alive my duty as treasurer, but that would be as if *I were murdering my own mother*. The longer I thought about it, the more confused I became in heart and mind. I didn’t have the strength to choose and I didn’t have the strength to be torn between these two duties, and after a while I felt the desire to... **just kill myself**. It was better that I die myself than remain as if I were “murdering Mama” or “murdering my duty as a treasurer”. Immediately I grabbed a broad-bladed knife to stab myself to death, but I stopped when I heard Mama scream out:

“Oh, Sariman, my child! Ah, I feel sick... oh! oh!... a drink...”

I ran to Mama, bringing a drink and... I thought, that if I killed myself I would not be able to buy medicine for Mama, something which would kill her too, while at the same time my death would not help the C.P. Yes, its finances would be in disarray because I couldn’t hand them over in good order to a new treasurer. Mama’s tears shed cold light on my fevered thoughts,... I calmed down a bit, and in a moment I could think more clearly. It was five-thirty! At nine the shop that sold grapes would definitely be shut. Would should I do? Friends who could maybe lend me the money

lived far away and there was just not enough time to ask their help. Friends who lived close were all poor; I didn't know anyone living nearby who was doing alright (a little prosperous). But I had to get the money that afternoon in a way that was both *legal* and *moral*. Then, I came to a decision. I would beg, yes, comrade Kadiroen. I was already dressed in rags that day, which is what you wear when you beg; this was the only *moral* way. I believe that in circumstances like that it's better to beg (to ask for money) than steal the Party's money—after all, they believed in me. When all the alternatives are exhausted it's better to beg and be embarrassed in front of everyone, than to steal the money of the Party which believes in you, even though that kind of theft wouldn't be found out, not by anyone, and even if you only stole for one hour and then returned it. So I went wandering around in front of people's houses. Here I was chased away, there given 1 cent, 3, 2 or 1/2, elsewhere chased by the owner's dogs... eight o'clock! Less than one hour; I counted up what I'd got. Oh no, I only had 0.15 guilder. My mind became confused again, but I remembered Allah and sat down on the ground at the side of the road and prayed hard for a few minutes, asking the help of Almighty Allah... An automobile passed me, forcing me to stand again, and in that auto I saw people dressed to the nines laughing and carrying on... without wanting or caring to look at this poor person... In front of me was the house of a *haji* who was comfortably off. I didn't know him, but my difficulties emboldened me and I forced myself to beg him for as much as 0.85 guilder and explain to him why I was so brazen as to beg for that much. My troubles made me sigh! Mr. Haji was amazed to hear my story... for a while he didn't reply and only looked me in the eye sharply. Suddenly he said:

“For God's sake! Comrade Sariman, C.P. treasurer! Comrade! I'm a member of the C.P. too; maybe you don't recognise me since there are so many thousands of members, but I know you. Oh you're already in the public eye! What's reduced you to begging like this? Tell me truly, and think of me as your own brother.”

At that moment my heart was as big as Mount Himalaya, I was so pleased and relieved. It was as if my prayers to Allah had been heard by the Almighty One, as if the comrade Haji had been made into an instrument of Our Lord to help me. Truly one chosen by Allah to become his instrument for helping someone in difficulty will feel the Blessings of Allah in his own time.

Clearly I had to tell everything to this comrade, quickly... and in a moment he had helped me up into his carriage so he could buy the grapes which were my Mama's medicine for me. So I wished him well as a token of my gratitude.

At precisely nine o'clock my Mama could take these grapes as her medicine, while I kept looking after and serving my Mama, asking Allah to heal her quickly. By two o'clock the grapes had all been finished, according to the healer's prescription, and

Mama could chew betel. Two days later Mama's health was restored and she could go out selling vegetables and rice again.

My heart was at peace, I was happy and content. Yes, I felt as if just once I had received *spiritual grace* from being able to *conquer evil passions* and do good whatever the great danger. Allah does not neglect to bestow his reward or blessing on the good and will certainly judge the souls of men who are evil. I felt this and wanted to act on it, so I decided that I would always bitterly oppose all my vile passions and always chose to do good, something which daily would cheer my heart or please my spirit. **True pleasure** is to be found in a good heart. All temptations or hindrances to such good intentions—like the ones of which I have already told—only exist to **increase the greatness of true pleasure**. Such pleasure is obtained when the temptations or hindrances have been opposed so they can no longer draw us into evil and at that time Allah gives his blessing to a person who had been “tested” and found strong and always able to fight evil passions. Thus the *blessing* takes the form of inner joy or spiritual pleasure which brings happiness, the pleasures of heaven to the soul of man after he has been tempted by trouble and hardship.

Thus as Sariman told of being pressured by duty, Kadiroen took it all to heart. Then for a moment they were all quiet, as if each of them was passing this conclusion on into their own thoughts. The quiet, in which no one spoke, was broken by Kadiroen's question:

—“Comrade Sariman. You spoke of your Mama. Where is she now?”

—“She died after I was married.”

Sariman replied, but with some hesitation, so that Kadiroen was taken aback, and felt sorry that he had asked it. So Kadiroen sought to take the conversation in another direction. Presently he asked:

—“Comrade Sariman! Not only are you broad-minded, smart and intelligent, clever, with a **will of iron** to do good, but it is clear that the people can believe in you. For this reason you are famous throughout the world for your goodness you've made a name for yourself, and everyone respects you.”

Sariman laughed while his wife replied with a laugh too:

—“Oh brother! Comrade Kadiroen must be playing up to you or singing your praises because he wants something!”

On hearing this Kadiroen laughed too and the three of them all joined in the merriment, but in a moment Sariman went quiet and looked sharply at Kadiroen, asking him:

—“Does Comrade Kadiroen want to make for himself a name, be famous, be respected?”

—“Oh, no!”

Kadiroen replied. Sariman then said:

—‘Good, comrade. Because I too do not seek for these three things...you can’t get them if you look for them. People who *want* to make a name for themselves become arrogant, big headed, smartasses and all the rest; those who look for fame will be *cowards* in what they do, will lack direction, and will bend with the breeze, following those who are strong because they don’t want to be criticised by those who are bad or those who are good; people who look for respect will become *bootlickers* to those above them, and tyrants to those below them. Looking for these three things will steer your desires towards selfishness, and who wants to be a slave to **selfish desires**? He certainly will not get what he is looking for, but will just become someone who thinks only of himself, taking on the look of a person who is **arrogant, a coward, a bootlicker** and...who lowers himself in the eyes of everyone who is good, even though at times they are feared (not loved) by the Stupid below them, and liked (not respected) by the Stupid and the vile above them. Those who aspire to fame, to respect and to making a name for themselves cannot truly achieve those things. Instead, they will perhaps gain the **false forms** of those things, that is: following their **own wishes**. And those who follow their own wishes are those who have been *spiritually ruined, who say* that they are respected, famous and have made a name for themselves. But the false versions of these things cannot be constant or lasting (eternal), they will only last a short while, at the most as long as they live. When they die their names will be slandered, generally reviled, and so on, because they do not have the power any more to bring to trial or to terrorise and enslave those they know or with whom they have a relationship. All false things cannot last (be eternal).

A **real name, real fame, and real respect** are eternal and live on long after a person’s death, meaning: a person like that is valued by all those he leaves behind; his grave is visited by thousands, his name **lives in the stories which shine through**. In short: they can be said to be **living gloriously** after death; for those who are knowledgeable in otherworldly matters, those who **live gloriously** after death are said to obtain **The Highest Heaven**. A **true name, true fame and true respect** are the **light of the spirit**. People can only shine if they obtain a Star from Allah, that is a star granted to mankind by Allah, and this star is called “*noor*” by Muslims; those of the old Javanese beliefs call it “*wahyu*”. We people can get the blessed-grant of the spirit-star, but our spirits must *prove themselves first* to show that it is just that they obtain the star or *Noor*. How can we prove ourselves? Only through..... **Doing good for the thousands upon thousands of mankind who are living in suffering, hardship, ignorance, oppression or poverty**. It is clear that those who want to do good for all mankind must **first improve their own spiritual states**. Only this spiritual improvement, carried out with sincere intentions, will bring a peaceful, ordered and happy

life..... But it is not enough to obtain the *Noor*.

What’s called inner goodness is: not wanting evil, not wanting to damage other people and following the necessary customs and traditions. People who do this have “ordinary good” and they don’t disturb others, but they also **do not enjoy solidarity with the thousands upon thousands**. That’s the reason they cannot yet obtain the *Noor*. After they have become inwardly good, people must **improve the spirits** of other people who are not yet perfect, that is the action called “cheering or helping fellow humans.” The methods of helping and cheering are amongst others: through the **spiritual path** or the highest path or the Hidden path, that is, to let hundreds of people know that everyone should know the **secrets of Religion** or must **serve our Lord Allah with the intention of living without sin if they wish to obtain inner satisfaction**. The experts in this path are usually called *Wali*, or teachers of religion, *Kijahi* or priests. Also if they have proclaimed or proven that their actions teach others the path with the sincere intention of glorifying the masses, so that thousands upon thousands of people can feel *the pleasure of the teachings*, then such guides to the Hidden path will obtain the *Noor* too and their souls will shine forth, meaning that they became famous, make a name for themselves and be praised and respected by the masses, so that, yes, their grave will for hundreds of years after their deaths still be visited by people asking for help, proof that they live on after death. Another path is the path: **Assisting those thousands of people who live under oppression, whether individual economic oppression or oppression of the wealth of their nation!!**

Those thousands, whose self respect as humans has been crushed, they are oppressed by a few. So also a human who proves by helping the people who are in this condition can obtain *Noor*, as for example in the Netherlands **Prince Willem of Oranje-Nassau**, in Java **Diponegoro**—there are many other examples. Those who helpers of mankind, **their names too live on after death**, although their graves are not visited. In short, the path of “manifesting” goodness is: *helping, assisting, cheering and glorifying* the thousands upon thousands of mankind or *the people*. There is a human **strength** of those who do good and it varies, so too the **greatness of Noor** or the **light of Noor** which is granted by Lord Allah to those of mankind who are good also varies. The greater the **desire** and the **ability** of those people who do good in the way I have explained, the greater and clearer their *Noor* and outwardly their names will continue to grow in stature, their fame will grow greater, and the respect they gain from the masses will be greater. So too the *Noor* is the “grace of Allah” and cannot be sought out, but is only obtained once someone has *proven* that they deserve it. So too with whoever sincerely and continuously sacrifices themselves, following whatever path, on behalf of the people of the Indies who are still in misery, poverty, confusion, ignorance and degradation in our age. O comrade Kadiroen,

eventually he who sacrifices himself for the people will obtain the blessing of *Noor*, although he did not seek it or wish for it.'

Thus Sariman spoke as a true teacher who would give the highest path to Kadiroen. Sariman had things to say that were of use to Kadiroen, even though he chatted while drinking tea. And so it was that Sariman had a big influence on Kadiroen and became his teacher.

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One day Sariman and his wife were laughing happily together, and because there was no one else around they were kissing in the usual way that a man and woman who truly love each other do. Suddenly Kadiroen arrived, but seeing Sariman was gaily laughing with his wife, Kadiroen withdrew from the room and sat down in another part of the house where he was not visible from where Sariman was. Thus Kadiroen couldn't see Sariman either.

Sariman was a little amazed or surprised that his friend had come unexpectedly, but he felt surprised that Kadiroen immediately (hurriedly) withdrew, usually Kadiroen was happy for the three of them to be together. Sariman wanted to know why. Moreover Kadiroen then just sat quietly, his eyes open, but as if he did not see anything; his ears alert but as if deaf. Kadiroen didn't know that Sariman came in to him, because Kadiroen was thinking about what was killing his physical body while filling his *soul* with great hopes and ideals. Slowly Sariman called: "Kadiroen", but there was no reply. Sariman was struck with amazement, wondering *why* Kadiroen acted so strangely. He wanted to get to the bottom of things, to find out if his suspicions were correct. So he slowly approached Kadiroen, and standing behind him he whispered "she's the most beautiful."

—"O..., yes.!" Kadiroen replied slowly as if in a dream. It was as if Kadiroen had been surprised by his own words. His consciousness surfaced and, slightly embarrassed and confused, he looked at Sariman and asked:

—"Eh, comrade Sariman! I don't know."

Sariman looked Kadiroen in the eye, his gaze full of tension and insight, and speaking most sincerely (from his innermost being) he said:

—"Comrade Kadiroen! You have a secret you keep to yourself; yes, you don't even trust me, your true friend, with this secret of yours."

Kadiroen laughed hesitantly. As if to hide his feelings he replied:

—"Ah, what secret?"

—"You've fallen in love!" said Sariman. Kadiroen didn't reply, and quickly Sariman

kept going:

—"A love which dates from your time as Assistant-District Officer, but this woman already has someone else."

Kadiroen was really surprised. He said:

—"Comrade Sariman! Who's told you my secret? Indeed, that's it and I want to keep it to myself and take it to my grave. But it seems you've the extraordinary insight which has allowed you discern my innermost secret."

Sariman replied:

—"That maybe how you see it, comrade Kadiroen! But remember: The eyes of a true friend are penetrating and can know strengths and weaknesses. I have long wondered why you often seem sad; you often look deep in thought, so that people say you're asleep when you're awake. Besides this, you often have headaches and are quick to fall ill. Also you are often forgetful. Forgetfulness, headaches and that kind of disposition are common in a man who has reached the point where he should be with a woman, but then for some reason doesn't want to, as with your unwillingness to marry. I know you're a good person, and that it's really your goodness that means you don't want to be with bad women like most sinful young men. But you **don't want to marry**, even though you've attained the rank of District Officer and you have more than reached the right age. That's what's on your mind, comrade Kadiroen! You've just brought your secret to light. It's not because you've **consciously done so**, but because: wherever **the soul of a man** is brimming with secrets; his deeds will become a mirror to the soul. When I've been having a laugh with your little sister you keep coming and.....leaving...again.....and sleeping again even when you're awake. I've linked your strange actions to the fact that I've been joking with my wife, connected them too with the fact that you don't want to marry, and then made the supposition that you're in love. You've had love on your mind because you've seen me enjoying myself with my wife. I've validated this supposition and while standing behind you I've whispered "she's the most beautiful". You replied "yes" as if you're in a dream. So I've had my *proof* that you're touched by love. Then I asked in my heart: "Since when has Kadiroen been touched by love?" and the thought came to me, "In the Indies most young men of twenty, or twenty-five at the latest, fall madly in love with one woman." At this age you reached the rank of A.D.O. and now you've just been promoted. So I think that you fell in love while Assistant-District Officer, and considering your rank, **your appearance and your situation**, and most of all that you love a young maiden, then you definitely **Can** marry. But obviously you **Haven't**; this has given rise to my supposition that the person you love already has a **Husband**. In order to confirm my supposition, I've spoken as if I **already know for sure**, so that if this really is so you will be amazed and...admit it. In Javanese we call this *gedak*. So

I've *gedaked* you so that you really would admit it. Look, comrade Kadiroen! I don't have any extraordinarily sharp insights, I only make suppositions from a few pieces of evidence I've put together, and my suppositions can be **validated** if there is **proof**. For someone who enjoys thinking, and for whom thinking's natural, it's really easy to find evidence or make the suppositions jell with what is really going on.

But this is something else, comrade Kadiroen! I really wouldn't want to get involved in your personal problems if I didn't feel any great love and affection for you. You know that! A young man who has reached the age to be with a woman but **doesn't** do it, is fighting nature, so he's often sick, forgetful, becomes like an old woman and doesn't have the energy to pursue the necessities of life. For that reason a man **must** marry at the right time. So if you want to be strong in defending the people, then you **must** marry. I won't be involved if you want to take the unfortunate path of going with bad women, but I give you this advice: "marry".

Kadiroen listened to this and then became sad. It all came out. Tearfully he replied:

—"I can't, comrade! I can only fall in love once. Because my love can't succeed, it's my bad luck that there is another man who has a prior right. Perhaps this is the wrath of Allah that there should be such suffering..."

—"No, comrade Kadiroen!" Said Sariman, "have faith in Allah who shows great pity towards good people. He helps such people when they are in trouble, as long as they maintain their **endeavours**, because he has given us the will to **strive**. So you've got to keep trying. I think love is like a "coloured" *prayer*, and its course is like a "formed" *prayer*. Some are carried away in the wake of youthful desire when they see a woman; that's love based on seeing an image of yourself in the woman. And then there's love based on mutual feelings for each other. That is the bridge to the land of love. So if you are so unfortunate as to be unable to realise your first love, then marry a woman who will respond to your feelings for her. In the end you'll fall in love too. But, comrade Kadiroen! I want to help as much as I physically can. So tell me about love.

Kadiroen listened to Sariman. He was so wise about such things. He happily responded to what Sariman had asked. So Sariman came to know the saga of Ardinah as it was told in Chapter II of this book. Then Sariman asked Kadiroen's permission to talk over the problem of his love for this woman, so that Sariman could give the maximum amount of help. Kadiroen agreed.

THE DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE GETS HIS REWARD

Sariman and his wife had just returned from vacation. Sariman sat in front of his house, waiting for Kadiroen, who at that time had been filling in for the Editor-in-Chief of *Sinar-rajat*. It was not long before the person for whom he had been waiting arrived. They shook hands and beamed, obviously glad to see each other again. Then Sariman laughed and said,

—"Comrade Kadiroen! I've a little something for you from my trip. But I can't get it at the moment, since you haven't really promised to marry Ardinah (your love) if she can legally separate from her husband."

Laughing too Kadiroen replied:

—"The "little something" I would really like is to ask Ardinah to marry me. If only you could free my Ardinah from the husband who makes her life so difficult!"

Together they went around the back, but they'd just reached the back door when Kadiroen was struck dumb. For a moment he turned pale, then he blushed drawing his right hand over his heart. He said with words that spoke of the joy in his heart and his love, yet were mixed with the suffering of knowing that the one he loved was not free: "A-r-d-i-n-a-h!"

Amazingly there was Ardinah, and she too blushed, saying with great joy mixed with embarrassment: "Oh, s-i-r!"

Sariman and his wife watched the joy fill Kadiroen and Ardinah, Sariman yelling as he laughed:

—"Eh, hey! They really are a couple made in heaven. But don't be in such a hurry, eh! First everything has to be made legal by an officiant. All four of us must consult first. Let's sit and chat."

So the four of them sat down around a square table and Kadiroen asked Sariman with some embarrassment—but with eyes flickering back and forth in the direction of Ardinah:

—"Comrade Sariman, I don't understand anything of what's going on at all!"

Sariman's wife replied with a laugh:

—"When a man is overcome by love he loses his sense of perspective and doesn't

see things straight.”

The laughter only increased Kadiroen's embarrassment, because Ardinah joined in, giggling. When the laughter had died down Sariman went on:

—“It's like this Kadiroen! When you told us the secret of your love, you also made it clear how good Ardinah was both inwardly and outwardly... Hey, don't blush comrade Ardinah!...”

Said Sariman breaking off his story with a laugh whilst looking at Ardinah, so that it was Ardinah now who was embarrassed because Kadiroen was giggling.

—“Now I'll go on,” Sariman said.

—“Apart from that, you, brother Kadiroen, had already said that Ardinah had freed you from your obligation to help the first wife of Kromo-nenggolo, because Ardinah had already explained that she had worked out her own way of helping. I made this the basis of my thoughts when I considered how I could help you in your love. I decided (taking into account your description of her character) that when Ardinah has an idea she must **carry it out**. So when you moved from Goenoeng-Ajoe sub-district because you had been promoted, then Ardinah must have done what she said she would. She was sent away by Kromo-nenggolo, and that was her only means of helping the first wife, who was suffering so much mentally. That was my guess, and so I requested leave in order that I could go with my wife to find out whether what I thought really was true. I didn't want to say anything to you about going to the village of Meloko to see what the situation was with Ardinah, because I was worried that you would be troubled for nothing if my trip was fruitless.

Since there are C.P. members in the village of Meloko it was easy for me to find out about Ardinah's situation there; many of our comrades from the C.P. knew me and were eager to help. With the help of comrades who trusted me I found Ardinah, and my wife got to know her. So then I left the rest to my wife. So I'll let my wife continue with the story.”

Sariman's wife went on:

—“It's like this: After I had made the acquaintance of Ardinah, I did what I had to so that she would trust me. Once she started to listen to me, I was able to ask her to explain all kinds of things. I found out that it was true that Ardinah had been the wife of Kromo-nenggolo, but had been cast aside and then taken in by the Deputy Head of the village and his wife. They were already elderly, but had no children of their own. Comrade Ardinah had been cast out by Kromo-nenggolo, so she didn't have any family there, while the Deputy Head felt pity for Ardinah. These elderly people took her in and made her their chief maid. There were a number of occasions on which young men asked for her hand in marriage, but Ardinah did not want to marry again. She only wanted to serve this elderly couple who were so kind to her.

Ardinah trusted me implicitly, so she told me that the whole time she had been married to Kromo-nenggolo, she had opposed him. She tells me she is still a virgin and has been strong in overcoming temptation. Why did she oppose him? Well, you know, comrade Kadiroen. All the while that her husband abused her, she resolutely helped the first wife by asking to be divorced, but her husband had no desire whatever to go along with this. Ardinah had no help and no way of liberating herself from Kromo-nenggolo. She only wanted to liberate herself the good and legal way. Only after she met you, Kadiroen, did she realise from what the villagers of Meloko said that her husband, the Village Headman, was an exploiter and oppressor of the people. He frequently asked for extra payments from villagers who needed his help, although that help should be part and parcel of the duties of a Headman. The cruelty of the Headman was so great that the people lived in hardship and misery, while he became rich. Headman Kromo-nenggolo was the cleverest and strongest man in the village, and this was backed up by the power which came from the office of Headman, so that no-one dared to oppose him...”

—“Yes. I knew this and I have given the information to my replacement (the new A.D.C.) so that he could pursue it,” Kadiroen said, cutting into Sariman's wife's explanation. She went on:

—“Good, but nevertheless no one dared to oppose or pit themselves against the evil-doings of the Headman in front of the A.D.C. or the other administrators who had responsibility in the area. There were many in the village who were prepared to express their hatred behind the Headman's back, so that Ardinah also heard and the anger in her heart towards her husband increased. Ardinah knew then that the Headman was not just someone who enjoyed distressing his first wife, not just an oppressor of his younger wife, but an exploiter and oppressor of the people. Ardinah's anger hardened her heart, and she was impelled by desire to help the first wife and to **help the people oppressed and exploited**. She thought long and hard about how to teach her depraved husband a lesson. Her aim of championing the cause of the masses had already given Ardinah extraordinary courage. When the new A.R. had just taken office, Ardinah assembled the evidence and witnesses of the Headman's bad deeds. When she had enough evidence Ardinah visited the villagers one by one in their houses and promised to stand up in front of everyone and oppose the misdeeds of her husband—in front of Mr. A.D.C. As soon as the villagers knew that the younger wife of the Headman, a **Woman**, was game to oppose him, then they opened up their hearts and were courageous as well. Thus on a certain day dozens of villagers gathered, headed by Ardinah, and crowded in to have an audience with Mr. A.D.C. Like Srie-Kandi in battle, Ardinah pointed to the strong evidence and the witnesses who would bring down her husband. She asked that the Headman be relieved of his post.

Because the A.D.C. already knew of the misdeeds of Kromo-nenggolo, all that remained to be done was to reach a consensus.

From this Ardinah knew that peasants will have the courage to oppose their Headman in front of the authorities, as long there are just a few villagers who have the solidarity and the will to oppose him.

Not long after this case Kromo-nenggolo was taken care of by the *Patih*, District Officer and so on, so that the evil-doer got his letter of dismissal from the Resident. It goes without saying that the people were delighted.

But the anger and hate Kromo-nenggolo felt towards Ardinah knew no bounds. From the moment Ardinah awakened the villagers to bring down her husband, she was on her guard.

Ardinah hid a pouch full of ash at her breast, under her blouse, as a weapon.

When everyone had left the sub-district office there was a blazing row at Kromo-nenggolo's house between him and his younger wife. Ardinah said, "Hey, Kromo-nenggolo! Remember your first wife, because you well know that I won't help you in life as she has, I'll only fight you. You'd better divorce me and return to your first wife. Try to be a better person so that you are not always consumed by anger!" These words, which she spoke with refinement and gentleness were received with mounting anger by Kromo-nenggolo. Like the Green Demon of the wayang he replied:

"Hey, Ardinah! You're just a weak woman. It's not just that you were fool-hardy in bringing me down, and so brazen as to oppose my desire for you, but now you have the hide to tell me what to do. My love is now hate which I can only forget once you're dead. I don't just want to cut off any connection with you, I want to rip your spirit out of your body!"

Saying this Kromo-nenggolo drew his kris and ran towards Ardinah to stab this young maiden to death, but Ardinah was ready, and didn't just stand still.

The moment Kromo-nenggolo drew his kris, Ardinah took the ash from its pouch; as Kromo-nenggolo ran to stab Ardinah, she moved aside and.....threw the ash into his eyes. He couldn't see a thing, so he didn't know where she was. As he cursed and ran amok like a madman, Kromo-nenggolo stabbed whatever was at hand, table, chair, ground, the wall and so on.....but Ardinah had already fled and locked the room where they had been fighting from outside. Kromo-nenggolo was now caged like a bush-pig (*tjéléng* in Javanese) in a trap. His kris broke off, but he still couldn't see anything. The more he ran amok, running crashing into the walls and furniture of the room, the less he was able to see. As he crashed around he injured himself; blood spurted out, so that after a while his strength disappeared.....eventually, half dead, he lost consciousness. Thus with ash Ardinah was able to fight Kromo-nenggolo's lust on her own, remaining safe and winning the

struggle.

After Kromo-nenggolo fell in a faint, Ardinah opened the door of the room and together with the first wife lifted up Kromo-nenggolo's body and placed it on the bed. Then his wounds were washed and treated and then neatly bandaged by the two women (who had both promised to help each other and had previously agreed to organise the fight together). Kromo-nenggolo's eyes were washed by his first wife too. Not long afterwards he woke up, but still felt weak. Ardinah hid herself, but the first wife waited in front of her husband. When she knew he was conscious she gave him a kiss, saying, "O, my husband! I will look after you until you have recovered!" "Thank you!" Kromo-nenggolo replied, "Where is Ardinah?"

"Ardinah doesn't want to know you, and she will continue to oppose you if you don't agree to a divorce. But if you go along with it, Ardinah will give you the secret to make you well!" said the first wife.

"Yes, Ardinah really is a *clever, daring, and thoroughly good* woman. Now I know and acknowledge my wrong-doing, and I recognise that she has defeated me. I will do what she wants, so if I recover I will divorce her," said Kromo-nenggolo. Three days later Kromo-nenggolo divorced Ardinah and returned to being loyal and loving to his first wife. Ardinah gave this advice: "Hey, Kromo-nenggolo! Man is only content once he is *happy at heart*, and this contentment lies not in satisfying your desires. It lies in always controlling your desires when they are directed at material contentment. A man who can master patience, who tries to satisfy others and who is pleased to receive joyfully whatever Fate Allah gives, and does **not forget the struggle** to do good, and who does not forget Allah—that person shall receive happiness, that is inner peace because his heart is content. This is the secret which I leave you and if you can carry this out, then you will obtain peace too."

Kromo-nenggolo was happy to follow this advice and is now a good farmer, while his first wife helps him follow this highest path.

Ardinah was adopted by the Deputy Head as I have told. After I had heard Ardinah's story, I said to her, that in my house there is a youth called Kadiroen who had been A.D.C. with the village of Meloko under him. When Ardinah heard the name Kadiroen she blushed, so I had my proof that this maiden still loved you, Kadiroen! Since I had this proof, I was happy to tell Ardinah how faithful you had been and of your beautiful love, which has kept you unwed up until now. When Ardinah heard my story, she cried and acknowledged that she too didn't want to marry because she hoped for the one whom fate had meant for her, Kadiroen. Because of this I immediately, in your name, Kadiroen, asked Ardinah if she would marry you and so that this could be carried out quickly, I told Ardinah's parents all of these things. In the end Ardinah was happy to come and stay in our

house.....’

At this point Sariman’s wife finished her story of Ardinah. Clearly Ardinah was pleasantly embarrassed that she was the subject of this story. Ardinah’s pleasure grew after her story had been told, and Kadiroen came to his betrothed, held and kissed the hand of his angel and saying:

—“Oh, my wife! Oh, my soul! I truly love you and am happy in my heart to hear of what you have done in Meloko.”

On hearing Kadiroen’s comment Ardinah cried because of the enormity of the joy and pleasure in her heart. She just stood there, head bowed on Kadiroen’s breast. The two of them did not say anything for ages. They only hugged each other, proving that they were one body and spirit bound together by love. Sariman too felt great pleasure looking on this bridal couple. A moment later he said:

—“Comrade Kadiroen! A true marriage is born of true love. But your spiritually valid marriage should be made official, and for that reason you should wait on the officiant. As well, you should first ask for your parents’ permission. Your mother still has the aristocratic title of Radèn-Ajoe, so I can’t think that she will agree to you marrying the title-less Ardinah. The day after tomorrow is a holiday, while the day after it is a Sunday—we get three days off. So the day after tomorrow all four of us should go to visit your parents, comrade Kadiroen. First your mother must be informed about Ardinah, so my wife will tell her how Ardinah is good through and through. Once we have all got to know her over those three days, then you, Kadiroen, should begin by asking to talk, and then seeking your mother’s permission to marry. A youth who wants to marry must first ask help from his mother, and then his father will follow.”

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Three days later! Sariman and his wife and Ardinah sat in front of Kadiroen’s parents’ house. At the back of the house Kadiroen’s mother sat on a divan. Along side her sat her son. Kadiroen held her hand and while looking in her eyes as a loyal and loving son, he said:

—“O, mother! You know Ardinah! I have fallen madly in love with this maiden and ask your permission, and father’s, to marry her. Ardinah is agreeable. Mother, my life is of no value if I don’t marry her!”

Kadiroen’s mother listened to her son’s tears and smiled. Half joking she replied:

—“Well, well! My son wants to marry. Once upon a time you didn’t want to, now suddenly you’ve fallen for a “divorcee”. Later, later! Let me think, and talk with papa. Enough! Go to the front. When your papa and I are quiet, I will summon all

four of you here.’

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Kadiroen went to the front of the house, his face pale.....oh, would papa and mother please him or make life difficult? What if they didn’t give permission? Kadiroen’s heart thumped. He still remembered his mother’s words, “fallen for a divorcee”. Didn’t those words amount to a refusal?

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Sariman, his wife and Ardinah saw Kadiroen come out looking pale and were surprised and confused. They wondered why, if Kadiroen had already asked permission to marry, could he not speak and why he was pale? Kadiroen’s mother was still a Radèn-Ajoe and her future daughter-in-law was a peasant girl, a divorcee and poor, and someone who had no parents alive.....Refused? They were all scared to ask Kadiroen if Ardinah had been rejected. Ardinah’s eyes glistened as she held back the tears.....no one spoke.....

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“Kadiroen! Ardinah! Mr. and Mrs. Sariman!!! Come here”, came the yell from out the back summoning them. The hearts of all four thumped,.....they all stood up and Kadiroen, holding the hand of Ardinah, went first. Sitting a little above them was an old couple, their hair already white.....Kadiroen’s mother and father.....

Amongst the readers of this book there are probably those with the title of Radèn-Ajoe, who have guessed that Kadiroen’s mother had said: “Ardinah, a poor peasant divorcee who want to be my daughter-in-law? Impossible!” But if daughters of Radèn-Ajoe readers really think this, then the author really does apologise a thousand times with all respect and humility because the author is going to surprise or disappoint “reader Radèn-Ajoe”. I am compelled to tell **the true state of things** and the true state of things is as follows:

Kadiroen’s mother gave her speech:

—“Kadiroen, my son! Ardinah, my daughter! Bear witness, Mr. and Mrs. Sariman, that we, mother and papa, **give our permission** to Kadiroen and Ardinah to marry. Know this! Hey, my son Kadiroen! You are very fortunate to have been blessed by Lord God with marriage to Ardinah. Ardinah, as I know from your deeds, your ap-

pearance and your words as well as your story, you are no maid with the title of Radèn-Ajoe, but a maid who is replete with the "Good Spirit". Good spirit does not reside in a title, but in the heart, and someone with a heart like Ardinah's is a truly good spirit. We, your mother and papa, give our prayers and our permission to you, Kadiroen and Ardinah, to marry. Every good be with you!"

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On hearing this speech giving them permission to marry Kadiroen and Ardinah became extraordinarily joyful and happy. The joy and happiness which these two young people felt really cannot be described with pen and ink because it was so great. Because of this happiness Kadiroen cried and they held each other, lowering their faces into the laps of mother and papa and saying:

—"O,...my Mother...Papa,...O, how wonderful it is to obtain a joyful blessing as great as this...my Mother...my Papa...O, Mother...Papa...we feel so happy, so pleased inside, so...O, we cannot tell you just how pleased we feel..."

Over and over Kadiroen and Ardinah spoke thus while the tears flowed from their eyes...tears of joy. Over and over they cried burying their faces in the laps of mother or papa...because of the greatest of blessings which could be given to a youth and a maiden...is to achieve their true love.

Mother and Father patiently and happily took turns at stroking the head of their daughter-in-law Ardinah and the cheeks of Kadiroen. Sariman and his wife joined in their great pleasure as they watched. They too felt young again and hugged each other like newly weds. This image from heaven could long be dwelt upon...

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"Now, children!" said Kadiroen's papa trying to calm all their joy, "We are all obviously happy because Kadiroen and Ardinah are truly blessed, and for this reason we have a duty to send a prayer of thanks to Allah who showers his Great Love on us. In a moment let us go to the mosque so that the marriage can be formalised by the celebrant, and now let us all go down to and offer our prayer of thanks!"

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The six people bent down to pray. In each the heart was lifted out of joy to raise up a prayer.

—"O, Lord Allah Who is Great, The Great Just One! How can we adequately

show our thanks to our Lord. O, Allah the Almighty, we give thanks a million times for Your goodness....."

For half-an-hour they sat on the ground while praying from the depths of their beings, the most pure and truthful prayer.....

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Inside the room all were quiet and there was stillness. Only the hearts and souls of these six people spoke to Allah the Most Just. In the room there was stillness because their spirits spoke.....

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Outside the house a breeze slowly ruffled the trees, the leaves. The jasmine swayed in the sunlight, given life by the cool air which was carried by this breeze. Butterflies flitted from flower to flower. Birds flirted in the greenness of the world.....all of God's Creation lived, l-i-v-e-d in the world, lived, lived and loved.....

THE END

(For the moment. To be continued if there are no hindrances).