

THREE INDONESIAN ISLANDS

Java, Bali and Lombok



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Cover images: Cimelati, Java; cremation ceremony in Ubud, Bali; traditional house, Sade, Lombok.

Pronunciation: in the Indonesian language, *c* is always pronounced *ch*, and *g* is always hard, as in 'go'.

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PART ONE: JAVA



1 – JAKARTA, BANDUNG AND CIPANAS



Tuesday, 26 June 1990

‘Tolong kencangkan sabuk pengamanmu. Kami akan segera tiba di bandara Jakarta’ – ‘Please fasten your seatbelts. We will be arriving in Jakarta airport shortly’: our words of welcome as the plane began its descent towards the Javanese capital. I was travelling on a Garuda Airlines flight from Gatwick bound for the island of Bali, but I decided to skip the last leg and start my journey in Java, and make the return from Bali. The plane landed shortly afterwards, at about 2.45 p.m. (8.45 a.m. back in Dublin), and inside the terminal building I checked that all was in order for me to leave the flight and collect my luggage here. I was told that this would present no problem.

I had first become interested in Indonesia when one of my father’s friends, who had travelled to Bali some years previously, had shown us slides of his trip. Fascinated by what I saw, I began reading about Indonesia, listening to occasional broadcasts of Javanese and Balinese music on the radio, and learning a little of the language from a ‘Teach Yourself’ book that I bought. However, as the lessons in the book were rather unidiomatic (*anjing menggonggong* – ‘the dog is barking’), I purchased a phrase book, which proved to be much more useful (*terima kasih* – ‘thank you’, *selamat tinggal* – ‘good bye’). Some months previously I had attended a lecture and slide show about Indonesia in the Chester Beatty Library, Dublin, which was given by a young man named Myles Smith. I met him afterwards and he very kindly gave me a great deal of information and advice about where to go and what to see.

The Republic of Indonesia, founded in 1945 at the end of World War II, consists of over 17,000 islands, the best known of which are Sumatra, Java and Bali. Although over seven hundred different languages are spoken throughout the archipelago, the official language is Indonesian, which is a standardized variety of Malay. The Hindu and Buddhist religions were introduced to the region from the seventh century A.D. onwards; the Islamic faith arrived in Sumatra in the thirteenth century and soon spread to the other islands. Although it is now the main religion, a small proportion of the population are Christians, and there are still some followers of Hinduism and Buddhism.

Having read a certain amount about Indonesia, I decided to concentrate on just three of the islands during my five-week trip: Java, Bali and Lombok, and possibly leave some of them for another time. I was now about to start my journey in the largest of the three: Java.

In the airport, I walked through passport control and changed \$100 into the local currency, the *rupiah* – there were about 3,000 Rp to the Irish pound. While waiting for my luggage, I chatted to a couple of English girls whom I had seen in Gatwick airport. I discovered that they had been here before and were hardened travellers in this part of the world. After I had retrieved my rucksack and had done a little bit of repacking, the three of us and an English chap stepped outside, where the stifling heat and humidity immediately hit us. Instead of taking a bus into town, as we had originally planned to do, we decided to travel by taxi, for the price would be much the same. However, the car that we chose – an old banger – was probably not a registered taxi.

The journey into Jakarta's heavily polluted city centre was uneventful and, just as I had anticipated, the city looked very scruffy; I had no intention of staying in it. The traffic was chaotic and our driver drove like a lunatic. We passed Merdeka Square with its huge National Monument (a 132-metre-tall obelisk) and swung around to the Gambir train station. When we stopped here, I paid one of the girls for my share of the journey, said goodbye and went inside. I looked in despair at the many queues, and asked a Westerner where I might buy a ticket for the city that I had planned to visit first: Bogor, famous for its botanical garden. I was directed to an official, who pointed to a booth beside a gateway. I bought a ticket for just 450 Rp in a matter of seconds, walked to platform 3, hopped on a train that arrived a moment later, and set off shortly after 4 p.m. The carriage was scruffy, crowded and hot; at regular intervals vendors of all manner of things – drinks, food, toys – pushed through the carriage, along with blind beggars and children who sang and played various percussion instruments. When I asked a couple of men how long it would take to travel to Bogor; they simply indicated that it was quite some distance ahead.

Shortly afterwards it began to rain heavily outside. At last a seat became available and I sat down. A man opposite began to talk to me in English; I discovered that he was a Chinese citizen from Hong Kong. I was therefore able to say a few words to him in Mandarin Chinese. When he began to write the name and address of the *Pensione Firman* on his newspaper for me, I told him that was where I intended to stay – Myles in Dublin had recommended it to me. My new acquaintance turned out to be a very pleasant individual; he taught me a few new words in Indonesian.

At last it was time to get off the train. The Chinese man and I passed through a stationary train on the tracks next to ours, and outside we dodged the rain and hopped into a waiting *bemo* or minivan with seats. We were only in it for a few minutes when it was time to get out. As I did not have any small change, my friend kindly paid for us both. Under the shelter of my umbrella we walked a short distance down a street and ended up at the pensione. Although basic, it looked fine. A lady opened the door and I explained that I was a friend of Myles Smith in Ireland. She remembered the name and said that she was delighted to meet me. She had a room for me at 7,500 Rp (about IR£2.50). We were invited to sit down and drink some tea, which was very welcome as I felt very thirsty and tired by now.

Later I brought my things to my room. To get there, I walked through a communal area, where I found several Westerners seated around tables. After I had changed clothes and freshened myself up, I sat down at a table in this communal area and was joined by a very pleasant Swiss girl, who introduced herself and told me that her name was Josephine. She explained that her mother was English and her father was Greek. While

we chatted, I found myself being mesmerized by her beautiful brown eyes. However, any amorous feelings that I might have had for her were shattered when she informed me that her boyfriend, Alain, was sitting somewhere behind me.



Pensione Firman, Bogor

Later I ordered some food: a simple and cheap meal of fried noodles with vegetables that were a little too spicy for my taste, and a bottle of mineral water. Afterwards I took my malaria tablets – essential in this part of the world.

At 8.30 p.m. I joined Josephine and Alain and we went off with a couple of Indonesian lads to see some traditional dancing that had been recommended to us. This involved a walk up the road to a taxi rank, where we clambered into a bemo and travelled for quite a long distance along dark roads. After an interminable journey, during which various people got on and off, we finally arrived at our destination and were directed to a building from which the sound of music could be heard. Inside, we discovered a bar, rows of benches, and a tiny stage. A small gamelan orchestra was playing not very traditional-sounding Javanese music, which was amplified by a PA system. There was nobody else but us in the place, and the dancers only took up their positions when we arrived.

We were put sitting up at the front, but when a lady began to sing at an ear-splitting volume, I quickly moved to the back of the hall. My companions immediately followed suit. One of the dancers at the bar then sat down beside me and asked me if I wanted a drink. I gruffly said no and waved her away.

As soon as the dance ended, we decided to leave this dreadful place. In silence we walked back to the bemo stop and climbed into the first one that appeared. After another long journey we arrived back where we had started. In the guesthouse I said goodbye to my Swiss companions, then sat down to write my diary. I could not say that I had been enchanted by my first day in Java.

Wednesday, 27 June

Despite the heat and closeness of the room, I slept quite well but woke to a certain amount of noise and activity at about seven o'clock. I rose about half an hour later and had a cold shower before breakfast, which was served where we had sat during the previous evening. It consisted of tea and three slices of toast with margarine and marmalade.

Shortly after nine o'clock, six of us – the Swiss couple, two English girls, a German girl and I – set off on an organized tour in a minibus and drove through the city. Although it was interesting to see the place by daylight, the city looked very seedy and run-down. The busy roads, chaotic traffic, and the lines of tatty shops and stalls soon became tedious. It looked as though we were travelling along the same route that we had taken last night; Josephine thought that she recognized the hall where we had been the previous evening.



Tea plantation near Cisarna

En route, we passed through Cisarna (pronounced 'chees-ar-na'), which seemed to be just an extension of Bogor as we never seemed to leave the city. However, we eventually did leave the city and stopped briefly at a tea plantation in order to photograph some ladies picking tea. After we had decided not to bother visiting the nearby tea factory, we got back into the minibus and began to climb up into a dramatic mountain range that we had seen in the distance when leaving Bogor. The peaks were shrouded in dense cloud and all was green and lush. The scenery, complete with rice paddies, banana trees and other exotic plants, reminded me of southern China, but it was obvious that this region was highly populated, for a multitude of houses, shops and stalls spoilt the view. We zigzagged up hairpin bends until we reached the Puncak ('pun-chak') pass and then



Cibodas

dropped down a little. We now headed for Cibodas ('chi-bo-das'), the official approach to the Gunggung Gede volcano. We now drove along a narrow road lined with stalls where colourful flowers could be bought, and eventually reached a botanical garden. We

decided not to visit this and walked around instead, admiring the flowers for sale. In a nearby hall we could hear a congregation singing dreadful music, which was amplified.

Eventually our minibus drove down to meet us and we clambered aboard. We now headed for the village of Cimelati ('chi-me-la-ti'), which involved driving back almost to Bogor, then taking a road westwards. Because of the heat in the cramped bus, I now began to doze. When I woke up, I found that we were travelling through some unspoilt countryside. After a while, we turned off the main road and stopped in Cimelati. We climbed out and went walking among the small houses and down a winding alley, followed by children and curious villagers. As it was about 1 o'clock now, the sun was at its hottest and the walk was quite tiring. Eventually we stopped at a very clean and tidy house, where we sat inside and drank some tea. We could have done with something to eat as we were all quite hungry; some of the girls had not bothered with breakfast. One of the English girls was very tired and wanted to go back to Bogor.



Cimelati, near Bogor

When we had rested and recovered, we followed our guide out into the heat again and went for an extended walk through more narrow streets, much to the amusement of the locals. We then headed off by the paddy fields towards the mountains. Here the path was very rocky and uneven. We finally reached a house that belonged to the head man of the village. Here we gratefully flopped on to chairs and were given tea and mineral water. By now we were becoming a little anxious, for we could see that a thunderstorm and heavy rain were approaching us from a distance.

Our final trek was the worst: our guide now led us across the paddy fields along a 'short cut' that involved skirting the paddies, jumping over streams and wading through others. Nobody was particularly happy about this – especially the lady from our guest house, who had come with us.

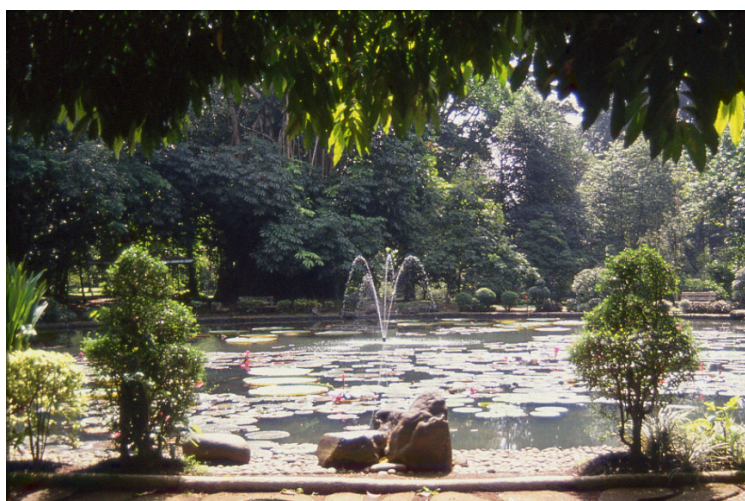
At last we reached the road and the car park, where we clambered aboard our minibus. We drove back to Bogor, but stopped at around four o'clock for a late lunch of *sate* (meat on skewers) with boiled rice – not bad. I ate a banana afterwards. The meal cost very little.

We finally left and drove to Bogor. It rained for a short time but the ominous dark clouds continued to hang overhead. Back in Bogor we stopped at a very impressive supermarket, where I bought some orange juice and toilet paper (not supplied in Indonesian loos, as Muslim people clean themselves with their left hand, using water). Afterwards we stopped briefly at the post office and finally arrived at the pensione – or *losmen* as hostels are called here.

Inside, I immediately took a shower and sat down to relax. I had hoped to join some of the others for an evening meal in a restaurant, but it suddenly started to rain heavily. It was a real tropical thunderstorm, with bright flashes of lightning. I stayed put, chatted to some people and finally ordered the same food as the previous night: fried noodles with spicy vegetables but followed by a bowl of fruit salad, which was very welcome. Afterwards I took my malaria tablets, wrote my diary and repaired to bed.

Thursday, 28 June

After breakfast this morning I set off for Bogor's famous *Kebun Raya* or Botanical Garden, the 100-hectare project inspired by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles (1781–1826), who had been the Governor of Java and the founder of the British colony in Singapore. The garden had been originally laid out by Professor Reinhardt and his assistants from Kew Gardens in London, and had been officially opened in 1817. According to the information that I had read, the botanical garden contained more than 15,000 species of trees and plants, including four hundred types of palm trees, and the world's largest flower, the *Rafflesia*, which is 60 cm in diameter and blooms in October. The orchid houses are reputed to contain more than three thousand varieties of orchids.



Botanical Garden, Bogor

Getting to the garden involved an exhausting walk in the intense heat along the main road, taking a turn for the entrance and paying 1,100 Rp at the gate. I had made sure that

I had the correct money with me, for I had been warned that the man in charge regularly claimed to have no change.



Water lilies, Botanical Garden, Bogor

Inside, I discovered that the various gardens were very attractive and well laid out; there were lakes, pathways, and flowers. It was quite pleasant to walk in the shade of the many exotic trees. I spent about an hour ambling slowly around, admiring everything to be seen, and eventually making my way back to the entrance.

I then walked back to my accommodation, and arrived there feeling hot and exhausted. I met Josephine and Alain, who had just finished packing and were about to go to the post office, and then to the gong factory (which I knew was worth visiting). While they were in the post office, I relaxed briefly over a drink, packed and paid up. The bill amounted to about 17,000 Rp (IR£5.60) for everything – not bad at all!



Gong factory, Bogor

I was ready by the time the young couple had returned and so we walked to the nearby gong factory together. Fortunately it had turned a little cloudy and therefore it was not too hot. Taking a turn to the right, we entered an older part of the city that was more typically Indonesian. It was a huddle of narrow streets, tiny shops and houses, with

a great deal of local colour and atmosphere. Many people gazed at us in amazement. We crossed a river and soon found ourselves at a small tumbledown workshop marked simply 'Gong Factory'. In a large, open shed, men worked in semi-darkness over ferociously hot fires, which were fanned by other men – it was like a scene from hell. Most of the men were stripped to the waist, and beads of perspiration glistened on their dark skin. They skilfully took a large gong out of a fire and, using the crudest of tools, began to beat it into shape. Although it was interesting to watch, I was able to see everything in a few minutes. In another shed, we stopped to watch a man carving the wooden frames from which the finished gongs would be hung. We stayed for some time,



Gong Home, Bogor

watching and taking photographs, then walked across the road to the Gong Home, where we saw men making adjustments to gongs that were almost finished. Before we left, I tried my hand at playing one of the gamelan metallophones – a small instrument like a xylophone with metal bars tuned to a very peculiar five-note scale. The Indonesian gamelan orchestras are made up of various sizes of these metallophones, from very large to very small; the large ones with the low notes play a slow melody in unison, with the smaller ones embroidering the melody at faster speeds. The large gongs are only struck at certain points during the music. The instrument that I played had presumably been made in the factory that we had visited.

On the way back we took a short cut through the market, where our nostrils were assailed by all sorts of unfamiliar smells. By the time we returned to our losmen we were hot, tired and covered in a thin film of black dust from the foundry. We had a brief wash and then decided to eat some lunch. I ordered a dish of fried rice, which included a fried egg, some prawn crackers, and a couple of savoury biscuits that seemed to be made from beans.

Refreshed and fed, we finally said goodbye and set off for the city of Bandung; known for its colonial and art deco architecture, it lies south-east of Jakarta, some 120 kilometres away. We hailed a minibus, which took us to the bus station. We were directed to the bus bound for Bandung by its enthusiastic conductor. Our rucksacks were lashed to a back seat beside the door, and we sat near them together, squashed into the small seats. While we waited, scores of vendors and beggars made their way through the bus; one fellow

twanged a guitar and sang. The engine of the bus roared into life and was revved up at about four o'clock, but we did not move until 4.25, when the bus was nearly full.



At last we left the city. When driving on flat roads and going downhill, the driver drove like a maniac, but when we went up into the mountains to the familiar Puncak pass, the motor roared as we slowly climbed in low gear. At every major village and town, the conductor roared out of his window in an effort to attract more customers. The journey was long and tedious; it only felt comfortable when we were travelling fast and benefiting from the breeze that blew in through the window.

When we had travelled about half way, we stopped at a town, where we took on some more passengers. While waiting, we were bothered with more beggars, vendors, and even another fellow singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. By the time we left, at about 6 o'clock, it had suddenly turned dark. There is little or no twilight here near the equator.

We rattled on, swapped seats during the journey, and finally began to approach the sprawling and scruffy city of Bandung. At last we got off, avoided the taxi drivers that pounced on us, and hailed a minibus to the losmen that Myles had recommended: the Sakadarna. This was situated near the train station in a noisy street. Inside it looked very basic and the staff were rather unfriendly. My companions were shown to a very plain double room and I was brought to a small dormitory, which I would share with just one other person. Unfortunately it was at the front of the building, overlooking the street.

After we had washed, we went downstairs to the gaunt dining room for a meal. The menu looked remarkably like the one back in Bogor and, like the losmen there, they were out of chicken. I had to make do with more or less what I had eaten for lunch: fried rice with egg and prawn crackers, but with the addition of a welcome salad. We chatted a little afterwards, made plans for tomorrow, and finally went upstairs to bed. As my room-mate was asleep in his mosquito net, I tiptoed in to get my washing gear, and later fetched my diary, which I wrote outside on the landing. The place was a dreadful kip – the sooner we left it, the better! Despite its architectural attractions, we had not been impressed by Bandung at all, and now had no intention of delaying here.

Friday, 29 June

I spent much of the night awake, thanks to the noise of the unceasing traffic. I finally drifted off to sleep but woke at about 6 a.m. I got up shortly afterwards, had a cold shower, and was downstairs ordering breakfast at seven. I was given three slices of toast, cheese, tomato and tea. Hardly *haute cuisine*, but at least it was a little more nourishing than what I had been eating previously. Josephine and Alain came down shortly

afterwards. Once we had finished, we paid up, collected our things and left. We walked down the street with the intention of catching a minibus to the bus station, but an official from the train station brought us to a regular city bus, which was cheaper. We drove for a long time around the city until we finally reached our destination. A man took my rucksack, lifted it out of the bus for me and, before we realized what was happening, he had put it into the back of a minibus heading for Garut. We were rather annoyed by this, for the driver would charge us 1,500 Rp for the journey, as against half the price for a regular bus. However, I quickly realized that this form of transport would be handier and quicker.

Within seconds we were driving along the road at top speed, with the driver shouting, 'Garut, Garut, Garut!' out the window to attract more customers. Although he managed to fill the little bus to bursting point (seventeen people instead of nine), we managed to retain our seats at the back for much of the journey. On the way we overtook a few large coaches and passed some fine rural scenery, which was pleasantly green and lush. I fell asleep on and off as I was tired by now.

As we had asked to be left off at Tarogong, just before Garut, we hopped off here and, encouraged by another driver, climbed into a little bemo to get to the village of Cipanas, noted for its hot springs. This short journey, through some fine scenery, cost just 150 Rp.



Cipanas, near Garut

Cipanas turned out to be quite a pleasant little place and the hotel that we chose was positively luxurious; our bathrooms contained deep baths with running hot and cold water – the hot water, no doubt, coming from one of the springs.

When we arrived here at about 11.30 a.m., Josephine immediately set about washing some clothes, and I did likewise when she had finished. We hung them up to dry and then set about ordering some lunch from a menu that was printed only in Indonesian. We managed to figure it out and ordered what we wanted. During the long wait for the food to arrive, I wrote a couple of letters and some postcards. At last the food appeared; it was not particularly good. I had rice 'with vegetables' (which seemed to be invisible), together with a fried egg, some condiments, and a piece of rather tasteless chicken. We

relaxed afterwards and Alain went off to have a siesta. I chatted to Josephine for a while and wrote more postcards. It was very pleasant being able to take one's ease at last.

Later in the afternoon we went out to explore our surroundings. The village was tiny but the fields, the flooded paddies and the trees that bordered the road were very beautiful and dramatic. We took photographs and I began to walk along the edges of some of the paddy fields. I worked my way around to one where the local people were wading in the water and doing something. A man explained that they were catching fish. The man sat us down, gave us some bananas to eat and we watched. The method was most ingenious: the fish were given less and less space by constantly shifting the undergrowth until they were forced to swim and jump into a wicker basket.

We stayed here, drinking in this timeless scene until it began to get dark and it was time to return to our lodges. The man, however, led us to his own house, sat us down, poured us glasses of hot water and gave us sweets to nibble. As the man's English was as limited as our Indonesian, conversation was very difficult. His nephew then joined us and sat down to chat; fortunately his English was a little better. Both left to go to the local mosque and returned before we had time to take our leave. We finally excused ourselves, thanked our hosts, and left.

We now walked to a restaurant near our hotel, which looked quite promising. However, once we had translated the menu, we discovered that it was not so impressive after all. I ordered grilled fish, rice and vegetables, and we shared a large bottle of beer. The meal was not too bad, though the fish did not have much meat on it! I finished with a helping of ice cream.

We then returned to our hotel. As I had no mosquito coil, I bought a packet of them and some matches in a shop nearby, where I spoke to a man in English. I then returned to my room and had a hot bath. As I was sweating so much afterwards and could not dry myself properly, I went outdoors for a short walk in order to cool down. People looked at me in astonishment – obviously they were not used to seeing a lone foreigner out walking at that hour of the evening!

Back in my room I wrote my diary and, as I was feeling tired and hot, went to bed. It had been an interesting day; my initial disappointment in Java so far had begun to wane and now I was beginning to appreciate and enjoy the country. I had particularly enjoyed our relaxing afternoon and also meeting the local people.

Saturday, 30 June

Up at six o'clock this morning after a solid night's sleep, despite the noise from outside, which I learned about from Alain, who had slept badly. It was a beautiful and bright, sunny morning – ideal for our proposed expedition up Papandayan mountain. We breakfasted on toast and omelettes in the hotel restaurant nearby, returned to collect our belongings, and set off early. We hopped on to a minibus bound for Garut and did the journey in quite a short time. At the end of our journey we got another bus bound for Cisurupan, a village near the mountain. The countryside around here was quite spectacular: mountains, exotic trees, and terraced paddy fields. At one point we had to stop because of a puncture; the wheel was quickly changed and we were off again. There was great mirth in the bus when a girl was ordered to move down and sit beside me. Like most women here, she felt embarrassed about sitting beside a foreign man.

It was not long before we arrived at our destination, but had to change vehicles and set off again. After a short journey we arrived at the official starting point of the mountain path. A young man who could speak a little English approached us and asked us if we wished to avail of pillion seats on motorbikes; we said no and started walking. As my companions walked quickly, I found it hard to keep up with them. As it was eight kilometres to the top, we finally decided on using motorbikes, despite the fact that they

were a little expensive. After a while we got four willing cyclists and off we went. My cyclist had to stop briefly for petrol; as Josephine's bike was not powerful enough, it kept stalling and therefore took the longest.



Mount Papandayan, near Cipanas and Garut

We stopped at the end of the official road, paid the cyclists and continued on foot. The road went on for another kilometre and then we had to climb up a rough, rocky path. We now approached the edge of the volcanic crater, where we looked down over a rough grey area filled with bright yellow sulphuric spots and lots of evil-smelling steam. Around us were pools of bubbling hot grey water. Slowly we made our way down to the centre, stopping to take photographs. After I had looked round for a while, choking and coughing because of the dense clouds of steam, I left the foul area and made my way to a ridge at the edge of the caldera, where I enjoyed a fine view of the crater and a glimpse of a nearby mountain. As I felt that I had seen enough, I made my way back to our point of departure and sat on a rock, overlooking the crater. My companions were still exploring it and wading through the steam. I learned a few more Indonesian phrases and dried out some things that had become wet because of my useless water bottle. I vowed to throw it into the nearest bin.

I then noticed my companions climbing up a nearby pinnacle – something that I had not thought of doing – where they obviously enjoyed a fine view from the top. By now dark clouds began to roll over the mountains and the temperature dropped. When I saw

them descending, I made my way downhill slowly. It was just as well that I took it easy, for my light canvas shoes were unsuitable for such rough terrain, and a mosquito bite on one of my feet was hurting me.

Alain and Josephine soon caught up with me and we began the long walk down. However, we had not gone far when a large vehicle stopped and we were offered a lift. A very pleasant family was inside and the husband and wife chatted to us in English. As we drove downhill quite slowly, we had time to take in the view. It was quite picturesque here. Twice we stopped for the wife to buy potatoes and some other vegetable that we did not recognize.

At the bottom they wished us goodbye and drove off. We now paid off our 'guide' with 10,000 Rp – a rip-off as he had done nothing apart from offering us motorbikes (he had suggested that we give him twice as much) – and climbed into a minibus that took us all the way back to Garut. Although the driver drove slowly, allowing us to have a good look at the fine scenery, I nodded off during the journey.

We ended up at the minibus station in Garut, where various people were trying to get transport to Cipanas. While we waited, a young man approached me and offered to drive us to Cipanas. Believing that he had said 300 Rp for the three of us, I readily accepted his offer and we walked over to his minibus. It was only when we were well on our way that I suddenly realized that he had said 3,000 Rp – I had mixed up the words in Indonesian. When he asked us to pay just before we reached our destination, I handed him a 500 Rp note and told him that this was the price that we had paid this morning. He looked bewildered and remonstrated in rapid Indonesian. Obviously his bus did not normally go to Cipanas and we had, in effect, chartered it. Alain gave him another 500 Rp to shut him up; we got off the bus and walked the rest of the way.

Tired and hungry, we now headed straight for the restaurant, where we ordered cool drinks and some lunch. I started with a bowl of 'sausage soup', then chop suey with rice – not bad. We relaxed and then returned to the hotel. I washed, drained out the bath that was now full of dirt from the cold water tap, studied some more Indonesian and then enjoyed a long siesta.

I woke refreshed, pottered around for a while, chatted to some young chaps outside and then joined my companions for dinner. We walked up to the square, looked at the other restaurants and finally chose one. I had a good filling dish of fried noodles and helped Josephine eat some of her shrimps. Later we paid up and returned to our lodgings, where I wrote my diary, took a quick walk, did some packing and went to bed.