

M.M.M.

Five Animal Tales by Pak Prijana Winduwinata

Translated by Ben Anderson

*M.M.M. dan Lain<sup>2</sup> Tjeritera Binatang Modern*  
(Jakarta: Balai Pustaka, 1954). Illustrations by R. Oetarja Soeria Mihardja<sup>1</sup>

#### Translator's Introductory Note

As a student living in Indonesia in the early 1960s, I was constantly struck by the way ordinary conversations were peppered with satirical jokes, witticisms, allusions, and innuendoes. Part of the explanation, it seemed to me, lay in cultural traditions. The Javanese take great pride in imaginative word-play, and I remember being startled by the sophistication with which quite small Javanese children held their own in family banter. The Minangkabau place comparable value on verbal dexterity. But another part of the explanation clearly lay in the tension between the deepening postindependence malaise in Indonesian society in general and the growing official censorship of all printed forms of expression. On the whole, the effervescent stream of social criticism and satire remained confined to private life. Only in the patter of *punakawan* (clowns) in the wayang, and in the anonymous *podjok* and comic columns of the daily newspapers did it bubble up into public view. The jokes of the *punakawan* and the sarcasms of the *podjok*, however, are perhaps inevitably ephemeral, and therefore easy to overlook. At the same time, Indonesian postindependence literature has, on the whole, been solemn and didactic. The observer who tries to get a just feel for the tone or atmosphere of modern Indonesian life from printed materials can thus be misled and, taking his cue from literature or official documents, read it as either more somber or more sycophantic than it really is.

For this reason, it seemed worthwhile to translate one of the rare literary satires that survive, Dr. Prijono Winduwinoto's *M.M.M.*, which was first published in 1954, just four years after the formal transfer of sovereignty from Holland to Indonesia.

Who was Prijono and why did he write *M.M.M.* when he did? He was born in Jogjakarta in 1907, and thus was an exact contemporary of men like Amir Sjarifuddin, Mohammad Roem, Sidik Djojosoekarto, Mohammad Natsir, and Sutan Sjahrir. During the colonial period, however, he stayed out of politics, pursuing an academic career which culminated in a doctorate of letters in 1938. During the Japanese occupation, he served as an official in the Religious Affairs Department of the military government, and taught history at the Teachers' Training College,

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<sup>1</sup>Selected illustrations have been reproduced here.

the Islamic College, and the Civil Service Academy in Djakarta. During the Revolution, he moved to the Republican capital of Jogjakarta, where, aside from teaching in various high schools, he helped to found the Republican University of Gadjah Mada (and served as Dean of its Faculty of Letters). In the early 1950s, he was very active in Djakarta's academic life, lecturing among other places at the Faculties of Letters and Law of the University of Indonesia, the Police Academy, and the Foreign Service School. It was in this period that he became more directly involved in politics, above all as a spokesman for a Javanese-oriented radicalism in opposition to the Western-oriented liberalism that was generally dominant both in the universities and in the government. Although he eventually joined the Murba Party, and represented it in the Constituent Assembly, he was never a party activist. When party government essentially collapsed in 1957, he was appointed Minister of Education, and continued to hold portfolios in the field of education up to the end of Guided Democracy. With the advent of the New Order he went into retirement and died in obscurity on March 6, 1969.

*M.M.M.* was written at the height of the so-remembered "liberal democracy" in Indonesia, and indeed probably could not have been published at any other period of Indonesia's postindependence history. The Javanese-oriented PNI (Indonesian Nationalist Party)-dominated, and Sukarno-backed cabinet of Ali Sastroamidjojo was in power, and doing its utmost, by fair means and foul, to ensure victory in Indonesia's upcoming first free national elections. Given the congruence between the PNI's ideology and program with Prijono's own political leanings, it may seem surprising that the PNI leaders (and indirectly President Sukarno) are targets of some of *M.M.M.*'s most biting satire, rather than groups such as the Masjumi or the Indonesian Socialist Party to whom Prijono might have been expected to be most hostile. The explanation, I think, lies precisely in the fact that the corruption, hypocrisy, and incompetence of the Ali government appeared as a betrayal of radical nationalism, indeed of the great hopes of the Revolution. Indeed, it is the larger theme of "Thermidor," of the frustrations and disappointments of the postrevolutionary years that links the five satires of *M.M.M.* into an integrated whole. The first tale, "M.M.M.," ridicules the pretentiousness and hypocrisy of those academic colleagues of Prijono's who cynically plunged into the opportunistic horse-trading of the unelected parliament of 1950-55. "Once a Millionaire, Always a Millionaire" is a bitter attack on the selfish opportunism of segments of the Chinese business class, who collaborated closely with the Dutch against the Republic in 1945-49 and then made an abrupt volte-face when the nationalist cause prevailed in 1949. Nor does Prijono spare the gullibility and venality of the arrivé Republican leaders themselves, who allow themselves to be manipulated by these embryo *tjukong*. "Elections for the Supreme Village Council" satirizes the election campaign of 1954, above all the manipulations of the PNI, and, to a lesser extent, the Masjumi (the PKI is, however, treated with a certain sympathy). With "The Beauty Contest," Prijono shifts his sights to the shallow hedonism of postrevolutionary urban society. The *leitmotiv* is the corruption of the very idea of *merdeka* (freedom) to mean an abandonment of good morals, social responsibility, and revolutionary idealism in the name of "doing one's thing." In this tale, and its successor "Don't Become a Teacher," which concludes *M.M.M.*, one feels very strongly the combination of cultural conservatism and political radicalism which Ruth McVey has rightly described as the

fundamental impulse of the whole nationalist movement.<sup>2</sup> "Don't Become a Teacher" is a thematic counterpoint to all the previous stories, for it deals with the humiliation and suffering heaped on those idealistic people, particularly schoolteachers, who had been the backbone of the nationalist movement, in the postrevolutionary era. Yet it concludes with an affirmation of the continuing vitality of those ideals.

*M.M.M.* was written at a particular time, for a particular purpose, but I think it has continuing relevance. Even though Prijono himself eventually succumbed to the temptations and corruption he attacked in 1954, the central crisis which then concerned him surely still persists, indeed has become steadily more ominous.

Finally, a brief word about the translation itself. I have tried to be as faithful as possible to the spirit of the original. But in two respects I have found it impossible to convey its stylistic savor. Unlike English, Indonesian has a special class of words for masculine and feminine which may properly only be applied to animals, for example, *djantan* and *betina*. Some of the most amusing touches in *M.M.M.* come from the juxtaposition of such "animal" adjectives with unequivocally human nouns. Secondly, Prijono makes deft misuse of Indonesian classifiers, for which there is no English equivalent. There is no way to express in English the quiet malice of a phrase like *seekor pemimpin*.

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<sup>2</sup>See Ruth T. McVey, "Taman Siswa and the Indonesian National Awakening," *Indonesia*, 4 (October 1967), pp. 128-49.

MISSION FOR MACROECONOMIC MAXIMIZATION<sup>1</sup>

The story goes that once upon a time an extremely important debate was held in the Jungle Government Council. The issue for debate was the proposal of Mr. Rhinoceros Rhinocerosson<sup>2</sup> that the Jungle Government appoint a party with the responsibility for macroeconomic maximization around the world. Most members of the council supported this proposal, since conditions in the jungle were certainly distressing. A great many of the animals were very poor, and for that reason many became thieves or robbers. Furthermore, according to the reports of the Reverend Goat Sheepsen,<sup>3</sup> which were frequently printed in the newspapers in giant letters so that they attracted a lot of attention among the younger animals, prostitution too had got completely out of hand. To solve these problems, which, according to Mr. Rhinoceros Rhinocerosson and his friends, were basically the consequence of poverty and unemployment, he proposed that the Jungle Government form a diplomatic mission, composed of intelligent animals capable of winning the sympathy of animals in the outside world, so as to acquire as many debts and other types of aid as possible. Only one or two members took the view that such debts would tie them to foreign jungles and consequently part of their independence would be lost. Most of the members were of the opinion that loans from foreign jungles would have absolutely no effect on independence. They would continue to be free and independent in every respect. Most of the members were thus already agreed in advance. But since the Jungle Government Council was a place for making speeches, and furthermore, if it held no debates, it might give the impression of neglecting the interest of the people, the debate went on for two days just the same. In the end, the Council accepted the proposal to form a mission. It also decided on a name for the mission, namely, Mission for Macroeconomic Maximization, abbreviated as M.M.M. The next questions for discussion were the number of members who would join the mission, what criteria would be used to select its membership, and from what groups the members would be drawn.

After being granted permission by the Speaker of the Council, Mr. Rhinoceros stood up and made the following speech: "Mr. Speaker, Right Honorable Members, in my opinion the members of the M.M.M. must be selected from among the membership of this Council of ours. No question about it! As for the numbers, Mr. Speaker, as I see it, the membership of the M.M.M. should be as large as possible so that the mission will have experts in every conceivable field. If it were only a question of languages, there would be no need to worry. I am an expert on language since I have written a novel! Besides, even as a boy I was already studying Greek, Latin, and Esperanto. I am also a scholar in the fields of political science, law, economics, administration, and culture. True, as regards music, I haven't yet mastered it fully. If

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<sup>1</sup>I have been unable to find a translation of "Misi Mentjari Manfaat" which both keeps the pompous alliteration and adequately conveys the simple but bland euphemism of the original.

<sup>2</sup>As will become clearer below, the person satirized as Mr. Rhinoceros is Mr. Muhammad Yamin, the notoriously erratic and egotistical politician, lawyer, litterateur, historian, and controversialist.

<sup>3</sup>Possibly Hadji Agus Salim?

it were only a matter of playing the violin or the piano I could manage. If the Honorable Members don't believe me, just ask my wife, who is sitting out there in the main hall, ha-ha-ha! But, to be perfectly frank, I must admit that on the subject of the philosophy of music I've only read ten or twenty books. That's why, gentlemen, if I am selected as a member of the mission, we'll still have to select a member expert in the field of music. We could also add an historian, an engineer, etc. I hope, gentlemen, that none of you think that I am proposing myself for selection! Not at all! I have no desire to go anywhere at all, ha-ha-ha! I certainly don't want to leave our jungle! My only ambition is to improve the lot of the people. However, if it should happen that I was selected as a member, well--I would not refuse--of course purely in the interest of our people and our jungle. Thank you very much, Mr. Speaker."

"Who else wants to speak?"

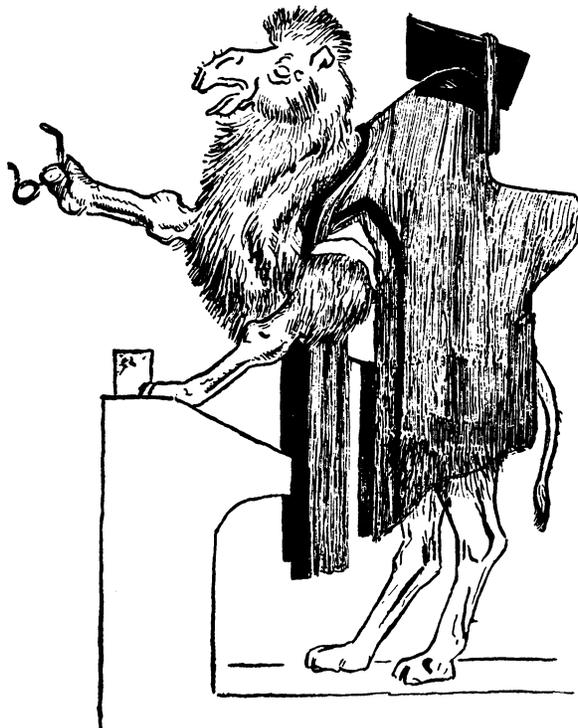
"Me, Mr. Speaker!"

"All right. Go ahead, Mr. Camel."

"Excuse me, Mr. Speaker, I am not a Mister, I am a Professor! And my name isn't Camel, but Righteous-One Literarycamelson!"

"All right, all right! Go ahead, Pro-fessor."

"Excuse me again, Mr. Speaker. I am not a Professor, but a Prof-fes-sor with two 'f's and two 's's, two apiece, for consistency's sake!"



"I am not a Professor, but a Prof-fes-sor . . ."

"Goddamn!"<sup>4</sup>

"What, Mr. Speaker?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just clearing my throat. Please, Professor, get started."

"Very well! Honorable Members, as a rational animal, as an animal with a logical and sociological mind, as an animal free of all prejudices, as a scholar in any field of learning you like, as a devotee of *reine Wissenschaft*, as a nationalist free of any influence from foreign jungles, as a taxpayer, as a Full Professor, not just an ordinary professor, but as a Full Professor, gentlemen, as a Full Professor, who studied in Paris for a quarter of a semester, in Port Said for two weeks, in Singapore for one week, as . . . eh . . . as, yes, as . . . eh . . . as an honest animal devoted only to truth, as, yes, as, I agree with what my friend, Mr. Rhinoceros Rhinocerosson just proposed. As I wrote in my booklet on psychology, as you can also read in my book on the problem of logical thought, and in the introduction to my book on mathematics, which, as a matter of fact, I had intended for university students, but since the Jungle Government couldn't appreciate the *reine Wissenschaft*, it was assigned for use only in high schools, what my friend, Mr. Rhinoceros Rhinocerosson said just now is absolutely right. Aside from that, the only people fit to be selected to be members of the mission are academics! This is the best possible criterion. As an animal completely liberated from irrational prejudices, I feel it my duty to say quite frankly that it would be better for animals like me to be chosen as members of the mission rather than teachers who have graduated from . . . eh . . . well, Mr. Speaker, as an animal with a psychological mind I believe that . . . eh . . . with regard to teachers . . . eh . . . ordinary teachers . . . eh . . . I am better . . . eh . . . I'd better . . . say no more! Mr. Speaker, coming back to me, if I am elected, for being an animal with high standards of morality, I have already prepared a brief vita. Only five pages, Mr. Speaker. You can read there, among other things, that when I was born there was a tremendous thunderstorm and an earthquake, a sign that a great beast was about to descend on earth. When our jungle was occupied by the giants,<sup>5</sup> as an expert on strategy, I became the key adviser to our Commander-in-Chief<sup>6</sup> behind the scenes. Indeed, His Royal Highness<sup>7</sup> himself often asks my advice on the problems facing our jungle, to the point that, to be honest, I am also His Royal Highness's most important adviser. There are a lot of other important things you can read in my vita, which I wrote myself. . . ."

"It that all, Professor?"

"Just a minute, Mr. Speaker! Eh . . . now for example . . . eh . . . On page 4 . . . eh . . . beginning on line . . . eight from the bottom, it says that when moral standards in our jungle began to deteriorate, I was also the key adviser to the Reverend Goat Sheepson in

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<sup>4</sup>In English in the original.

<sup>5</sup>A reference to the Dutch and the period of the Revolution.

<sup>6</sup>The reference is obviously to General Sudirman.

<sup>7</sup>President Sukarno.

finding a way to assemble those beautiful . . . eh . . . excuse me, Mr. Speaker, those fallen females whom we have to reeducate to become decent females. And if my wife hadn't forbidden it I would, of course, be glad to reeducate them myself! So, Mr. Speaker, if I am selected, my vita is already done! Since it is so important, I suggest that this vita of mine be immediately published in all the official newspapers, so that every animal throughout this jungle of ours can have a model of how an animal should praise himself on a scientific basis. That's all, Mr. Speaker, thank you!"

"Who else wishes to speak?"

"Me, Mr. Speaker."

"Go ahead, Dr. Zebra Donkeyson."

"Mr. Speaker, Honorable Members, that's right, that just now, it's right, that's right, what His Excellency My Friend, the Honorable Prof-fes-sor Camel, sorry, Prof-fes-sor Righteous-One Literarycamelson, just said. Um, Mr. Speaker, what was I saying . . . actually I'm a Full Professor myself, so I am entitled to use the title 'Prof.' But just one 'f,' Mr. Speaker. Right, that's right. I don't like to boast, I don't like to brag, Mr. Speaker, but actually I'm good at everything. Everything, Mr. Speaker! Next to me, all the other scholars in this jungle of ours pale by comparison. Right, that's right. I'm not boasting! And I'm still young. Right, that's right! But I know I look rather old, Mr. Speaker, and do you know why, Mr. Speaker? Because I pursue knowledge night and day without a break. But to be brief, Mr. Speaker, there is one field which my honored friends here have passed over, the field of love! Why love? Mr. Speaker, it's like this. Outside our jungle the dangers are many. The most terrible danger of all is the danger of extra-jungle love! Mr. Speaker, the name of our mission is M.M.M. But M.M.M., or the Three Ms, can also be interpreted as Meals, Mistresses, and Martinis!<sup>8</sup> Am I right, Mr. Speaker? I am concerned that this name M.M.M. may be an omen. Outside our jungle the danger in this field is really enormous. I am very much afraid that the members of the M.M.M. will not be able to avoid this danger. As a result, they'll go soft and forget the interests of our jungle, since they'll be busy pursuing that danger. Not being pursued, Mr. Speaker, but actually pursuing! But if I join the mission, there'll be no problem, I promise you! Why no problem, Mr. Speaker? It's like this: I've had a great deal of experience in all the different types of misery caused by love--females are all bitches anyway; that's why Mr. Speaker, if it is not too late, don't get married--anyway, if any of the members succumb to a pretty face in a foreign jungle, I can give them good advice. What good advice, Mr. Speaker? Leave it to me! To sum it up, foreign jungles are terribly dangerous. As official or semi-official guests in foreign jungles, the members of our mission will constantly be faced with P.P.P. or the Three Ps. What are these three Ps, Mr. Speaker? The three Ps are Protocol, Parties, and Purgatives!<sup>9</sup> And from the Three Ps to the Four Ps, it is only a step, Mr. Speaker. And what is the fourth P? The fourth P is Private Affairs.<sup>10</sup> This fourth P is actually practically

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<sup>8</sup>The best I can do alliteratively with Makan, Madon, Minum.

<sup>9</sup>In English in the original.

<sup>10</sup>In English in the original.



" . . . females are all bitches anyway . . ."

the same as the fifth P, or the twin P--Private Profit,<sup>11</sup> Mr. Speaker! You can see, Mr. Speaker, that the danger in foreign jungles is very serious, and that's why I have to go along as adviser. Apart from that, Mr. Speaker, don't forget about the financial expert who'll be acting as the mission's treasurer. That's all. Thank you, Mr. . . . eh . . . Just a moment, Mr. Speaker! Not thank you yet, eh . . . I'm not finished! There is a rumor going around that the females in our jungle have held another congress. What for, Mr. Speaker? Among other things, to attack us males! This just shows again that females are basically no good. Just think, Mr. Speaker, if a female cheats on her husband or her boyfriend, they don't say a word. But if a male legally marries two or three females, Mr. Speaker, going by the law, Mr. Speaker, they run off and hold a congress! And insult us males! At home they're already on top, and still they attack us in congresses! Do you realize, Mr. Speaker, the danger which threatens us males from that quarter? Luckily, however, Mr. Speaker, in this jungle they usually insult us nonsensically. But outside the jungle, Mr. Speaker, the females always smile and utter sweet words. That's far more dangerous, Mr. Speaker, and that's why it's imperative that I join the mission as adviser. Thank you very much, Mr. Speaker."

Many of the members made speeches after Dr. Zebra Donkeyson had finished, but the storyteller will not relate them since none of their speeches were logical, rational, or rein wissenschaftlich like the speeches of these three famous scholars.

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<sup>11</sup>In English in the original.

Meanwhile, after one, two, three ballots, it turned out that each member of the Council had received one vote! (Evidently, each member had voted for himself.) Thus, in accordance with logic and democratic principles, all the members of the Jungle Government Council were appointed members of the M.M.M. This meant that they would all be able to go abroad without having to pay for themselves. Understandably, this was very satisfactory to the membership.

The story goes that on his return home Mr. Rhinoceros was given a long lecture by Mrs. Rhinoceros. He was to be very careful in foreign jungles. He was to do nothing that could stain the name of their jungle. He wasn't to associate with females from the foreign jungles, etc.

"Aside from that, dear, I want you to bring me back lipstick, perfume, a wristwatch, and fine cloth like 'organdy,' 'crêpe marocain,' 'velours chiffon' and anything else that would be good for me to wear at receptions and on other occasions. Don't forget, dear!"

"All right! But you've got to help me too, ha-ha-ha!"

"You know, dear, I've already gone to see His Royal Highness and requested that you be made Vizier.<sup>12</sup> His Royal Highness himself practically consented, but it seems that the proposal was turned down by the Grand Vizier.<sup>13</sup> Dear, why don't you just join the biggest group?<sup>14</sup> Then it'll be easy to get to be Vizier."



That night Mr. and Mrs. Rhinoceros slept very well indeed.

<sup>12</sup>I.e., Cabinet Minister.

<sup>13</sup>I.e., the Prime Minister.

<sup>14</sup>I.e., the PNI (Indonesian Nationalist Party).

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! If one joins a group it's very hard to stay popular with all the other groups. I prefer to stand outside and above all groups. What's more, joining a group means being bound by group discipline, and I don't want that. Since I don't belong to this group or that I am more dynamic than anyone else--any moment I can change my views or my strategy, ha-ha-ha! Anyway, my love, once I am gone, go to the palace of the Grand Vizier and tell him that, from an objective viewpoint, I'm the right man to become a Vizier. Perhaps now he'll be willing to admit that I am the most intelligent animal of all, ha-ha-ha-ha! While I'm abroad I'm going to make a lot of propaganda for myself via the press, ha-ha-ha-ha! In our own jungle here I've already got a lot of reporter friends. I've already given them instructions to write as many articles about me as they can, ha-ha-ha!"

That night Mr. and Mrs. Rhinoceros slept very well indeed. The one dreamt about all the pleasures to be enjoyed in foreign jungles, from the Three Ps to the Five Ps and finally about his position as Vizier. The other dreamt about lipsticks, perfumes, wristwatches and all kinds of fancy fabrics. Several days later the M.M.M. left for foreign jungles on a special plane.

## ONCE A MILLIONAIRE, ALWAYS A MILLIONAIRE

The story goes that, once upon a time, Catland was attacked by the Dog army.<sup>1</sup> Both sides attacked and defended as hard as they could. As time went on, however, the Cat army was forced to retreat into the hills. The Cat capital, and the whole area around it, was occupied by the Dog army. Even though from time to time the situation became quite critical for the Dogs, as a result of lightning attacks by the Cats, nonetheless, according to communiques issued by Dog Headquarters, they remained in full control of the situation. To believe the communiques from Dog Headquarters, the Cat army had long been destroyed, yet they still continued to attack. Aside from Cat attacks, there was something else which caused a great deal of difficulty to the Dog army--food! Many of the ricefields around the capital had been destroyed by Cat troops. Small animals, such as chickens and mice, the Dog's usual prey, had mostly already been eaten. Those that had not been eaten had fled. Green vegetables, too, were hard to find. If one could find them, the prices were fantastic! The roads connecting Dogland to Catland which were used to bring in reinforcements and food supplies were no longer secure. Very frequently Dog convoys were attacked on the way and destroyed by Cat forces.

Now it so happened that there was a wildcat<sup>2</sup> sitting daydreaming in a big tree in front of the hole he used as a temporary home. The wildcat's name was Iklik. Iklik sat there for a long time, lost in thought--for the wildcats' standard of living had gone down sharply as a result of the fighting between the Cats and Dogs. And since, according to the teachings of his ancestors, the best policy was neutralism, or, still better, keeping a free hand, i.e., not taking sides, but keeping an eye out for one's own interests, Iklik had no wish or intention of getting involved in the struggle between the Cats and Dogs.

"Dear," said his wife from inside the hole, "We've only got ten thousand rupiah left, and our hoard of rice and meat and our canned vegetables are only enough to last six months more. The fighting may go on for a long time. See if you can find a way for us to add to our hoard."

"That's just what I've been thinking about. Tomorrow I'll go to work. I may not be able to come back every day, so be sure to look after the house properly. Don't let the kids go out of the hole, and if you have to go shopping, put on an old or torn dress so that none of the other animals realizes that we're still pretty well off."

So spoke Iklik to his wife.

Now the story goes that under a huge banyan tree on a mountain slope, Lieutenant Bassun, a Cat officer, was busy preparing his strategy for attacking a Dog post. Suddenly, a group of Cat soldiers came in in a hurry bringing a prisoner.

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<sup>1</sup>The Cats are the Indonesians, the Dogs the Dutch.

<sup>2</sup>The wildcats are the Chinese.

"Sir," said one of them, "Here's a spy we captured."

"Bring him here."

And they brought a wildcat before Lieutenant Bassun.

"Your name and occupation?" asked Lieutenant Bassun.

"Forgive me, my lord!" said the prisoner. "Your servant's name is Iklik, and your servant's occupation is selling vegetables and other kinds of food."

"Who do you sell the food to?"

"Anyone who wants to buy, my lord, but of course your servant much prefers to sell to the Cat army."

"You are lying! You are a spy for the Dogs! Hey, Sergeant, where did you capture this wildcat?"

"Behind the bushes at the side of the road over there. He must have been spying on our headquarters."

"Is that true?"

"Pardon, my lord, a thousand pardons! Please permit your miserable servant to explain your servant's situation. A few days ago, while your servant was out looking for vegetables, your servant overheard a conversation between two Dog soldiers. They were saying that their commander had sent out spies to locate the headquarters of Lieutenant Bassun, a Cat officer they are very afraid of. For Lieutenant Bassun is constantly carrying out lightning attacks and at unexpected times and places, causing heavy losses to the Dog army. Not only have many Dog troops been killed, but many of their weapons have been seized by Lieutenant Bassun. And now the Dog Commander-in-Chief is offering 10,000 rupiah, land, and a promotion to anyone who can capture Lieutenant Bassun, dead or alive, or 5,000 rupiah, land, and a promotion to anyone who can give information leading to Lieutenant Bassun's capture by the Dog army. When he heard what the Dogs were saying, a strange feeling rose in your servant's heart. Although your servant is a neutral animal, indeed a humble and miserable animal, nonetheless, your servant deeply desired to offer what help he can to a famous Cat by informing him of the Dogs' plans. So your servant went into the hills, carrying some money, food, and cigarettes in a can. And since he was afraid of being robbed on the way, your servant hid in the bushes at the side of the road, and it was there that your servant was captured by these soldiers."

Lieutenant Bassun smiled and said: "Is it true that the Dogs are afraid of Lieutenant Bassun?"

"Oh, my honored lord, they are absolutely terrified."

"Good! Where are the money, cigarettes, and food?"

"Under the bushes over there, my lord."

"Sergeant, go and get the money, cigarettes, and food!"

"Yessir!"

Meanwhile, Iklik was being searched. All his clothes and his whole body were searched extremely carefully, but not a thing could be found.

"Admit that you are a spy!"

"Pardon, my lord, a thousand pardons! By your servant's ancestors, your servant is not guilty. Your servant sincerely wished to see the famous Lieutenant and offer his assistance. A Cat who can repeatedly destroy the heavily armed Dog troops must be an extraordinary Cat who should be honored by every animal."

A faint smile appeared on Lieutenant Bassun's lips as he drew at his palmleaf cigarette. By now the Sergeant had come back bringing the money, cigarettes, and food in a can. Lieutenant Bassun said: "Thanks very much, Iklik, for your contribution."

"Pardon, my lord, a thousand pardons! As a matter of fact your servant was about to offer this contribution to Lieutenant Bassun, but if . . ."

"You must know, Iklik, that Lieutenant Bassun is none other than I, myself."

Whereupon, Iklik fell on his knees before Lieutenant Bassun and uttered the most profuse praises.

"Arise, O Iklik! I now believe in your good intentions. But, since you are always traveling around, you must have information on the Dog posts. For example, how many troops are guarding the post in the breadfruit orchard over there to the north?"

"Pardon, my lord, your servant is utterly ignorant of everything to do with military matters. But if he is not mistaken, all there is over there is one platoon with two machine guns. Aside from that, every Dog soldier has a Sten gun. Furthermore, their intelligence is excellent, so be very careful, my lord, if you plan to attack them."

"Thank you. What you say is quite right, their intelligence service is excellent. Their spies are numerous and clever. The thing that saddens me the most is that among my own race there should be some willing to become their spies. Not because all of them are wicked or misguided, but perhaps in some cases simply through weakness of will. A Cat with high morale will always remember a saying that from time immemorial has been treasured by the Cat race. The saying goes as follows: 'Achi 'ala 'bni 'ammi ana wa achi, ibn 'ammi 'ala gharibin ana wa 'bnu 'ammi.' This means: If my brother quarrels with my cousin, I take my brother's side, but if my cousin quarrels with a foreigner, I take the side of my cousin. And at this moment, there are some of my own race, indeed, my own cousins, working for the Dogs! That's why it's so difficult for us to spot and destroy their spies."

"What my lord says is absolutely true. But perhaps the Cats on their side are simply misguided. I am convinced that they will come

back to my lord's side, once they are conscious. . . .<sup>3</sup> Pardon, my lord, if it is permitted, your servant requests to be allowed to go home, since your servant's wife is sick."

"Very well, my friend. But how can I repay your services?"

"Don't think of it, my lord! For your servant it is already a magnificent reward to be able to see my lord's face. Your servant is a humble and miserable animal, whose occupation is selling vegetables and other foodstuffs. Right now things are very difficult, for your servant is often detained and searched by Cat troops. But it doesn't matter, my lord, it is better to be too careful than negligent. That is the way it is in time of war."

"Hmmm, let's see . . . I'm going to give you an exit and entry pass for the area we still control. If you're searched by a Cat unit, just show them the pass."

And so, Iklik was given a travel pass. After that he left.

"Sergeant, go and see where that Iklik is off to."

"Yes, sir!"

After some time the sergeant came back. According to his report, Iklik had headed south and then swung off to the west.

"He didn't head north, did he?"

"We kept him under observation for half an hour, but he kept on walking west, sir."

"Is that correct?" Lieutenant Bassun asked the private who had gone along with the sergeant.

"Correct, sir. When we turned back, he was still heading west."

Lieutenant Bassun thought for a moment and then said: "Sergeant, I am a little uneasy about this Iklik. He may well be a spy, but it can't be helped, the milk has already been spilt. . . . But . . . of course it's possible, too, that Iklik is a good animal. Sergeant, come here. I think we had better change our tactics for tonight."

That very night Lieutenant Bassun set off for the post in the breadfruit orchard. He took only thirty privates with him. About one o'clock they had come to a point about half a kilometer from the post. There they halted.

"Sergeant," said Lieutenant Bassun in a whisper, "you stay here with the twenty privates. You know what we have to do."

"Yes, sir!"

"Goodbye and be careful."

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<sup>3</sup>During the Revolution, *insaf*, meaning "aware," took on the meaning "politically conscious" in a nationalist sense.

"Goodbye, sir."

Crouching low and moving very carefully, Lieutenant Bassun and ten volunteers headed towards the post. About a hundred meters from the post they spread out left and right to surround it. Flat on their bellies they advanced, inch by inch. When he was sure the post was completely surrounded and that all his animals had cocked their rifles and taken cover behind trees or boulders, or in ditches, Lieutenant Bassun whispered to the soldier beside him: "Throw a grenade."

The grenade thrown towards the post exploded with a roar that seemed to split the sky. Not a single Dog was to be seen. The soldier at Lieutenant Bassun's side whispered: "It's funny, sir, it looks like their guardpost is empty. Nobody's come out. Maybe we've fallen into a trap."

"Shhhh!" answered Lieutenant Bassun, "throw another grenade."

When the second grenade exploded there was still not a sound from within the post. But suddenly from behind the Cat line, from all directions, the incessant chatter of machine guns and Sten guns was heard. Several Cat soldiers were shot in the back and died instantly. Lieutenant Bassun and the soldier who had thrown the two grenades, both in a ditch, heard bullets whistle over their heads. Fortunately they weren't touched. The rattle of machine guns went on and on.

"You were quite right just now," whispered Lieutenant Bassun, "we're in a trap. It looks like we've been surrounded from the rear. I hope to God the sergeant . . ."

At that very moment they heard the sound of guns from rather far away. "Those are our guns," whispered the soldier beside Lieutenant Bassun.

"Right! Now let's see if we can't sneak out of the trap. It looks as if the Dogs aren't firing any more this way. They are exchanging fire with our troops to the rear."

Flat on their bellies they began to withdraw. They were even able to throw a grenade right into a foxhole where a machine gun was vomiting its bullets in the direction of the Cat troops to the rear. "Great," whispered Lieutenant Bassun, "that's two or three Dogs out of action!"

Thanks to the pitchblack night, they were able to escape from the Dog encirclement and reach their own rear guard safely. At about four o'clock in the morning, the Cat units withdrew.

The next day, early in the morning, the Dog units inspected the battleground of the previous night. They had lost three dead and five wounded. One machine gun had been destroyed. They found four Cat bodies, a Sten gun, two carbines, and four grenades.

Iklik was ordered to check the Cat corpses. Was Lieutenant Bassun among them? Unfortunately not. "It doesn't matter. We'll attack their headquarters this morning. You come with us, Iklik. So the Cats don't realize that you're working with us, we'll pretend to tie your



Iklik was ordered to check the cat corpses.

hands. From a distance it'll look as though you're our prisoner and that we're forcing you to show us the site of Bassun's headquarters."

Now when the Dog troops, in large numbers and heavily armed, reached the banyan tree, it was obvious that Lieutenant Bassun's headquarters were no longer there. And since the earth was very dry, the Dog troops couldn't follow the tracks of the Cats.

While the Dogs were at the banyan tree, Lieutenant Bassun and his animals had already set up a new headquarters across the river among some boulders on the mountainside. Those troops who had not joined the attack on the post in the breadfruit orchard the night before had been told to move the headquarters across the river. Once again Lieutenant Bassun had managed to escape disaster.

The story of the battle in the breadfruit orchard was written up in big print in a Dog newspaper called *Justice*.

"According to official reports from the Liberation Army, last night a strong force of terrorists under the leadership of a bandit called 'Bassun' attacked the post in the breadfruit orchard. Thanks to the bravery of the Dog forces, the terrorists were thrown back. The terrorists suffered heavy losses. Ten bandits were killed, and dozens of Sten guns, carbines, and grenades were captured by the Liberation Army. It is very likely that Bassun himself was killed. The Liberation Army suffered no casualties whatever."

Alongside this news report there was a picture of Dog soldiers handing out rice to several emaciated Cats. Under the picture was the

following caption: "See how the Liberation Army always helps hungry people."

As for Iklík, even though his information had not led to the capture or death of Lieutenant Bassun, he was well rewarded. Aside from a cash payment, he also got a contract to supply vegetables and other foodstuffs to the Dog Army. Using Lieutenant Bassun's pass, he was able to go where he liked throughout the area controlled by the Cat army. As a result, he was always able to provide the Dog Army not only with vegetables and other foodstuffs (which he sold at exorbitant prices), but also with all kinds of information on the disposition of Cat forces. Within the space of five or six months Iklík became extremely rich and within one or two years a millionaire. With his own capital, and with the help of the Dogs, he was able to buy a dairy, a textile mill, and a coconut business.

Now the story goes that after his bitter experience in the breadfruit orchard, Lieutenant Bassun became very cautious indeed. Thanks to better strategy, firmer discipline, a better organized intelligence service, and also an extraordinary willingness to sacrifice, in spite of shortages of weapons, food, and everything else, the Cat units were able to hold out.

In the end, goodness knows why, perhaps because they became aware that the fighting was not bringing in the profits they had hoped for, the Dog troops returned to their own country, taking with them as much loot as they could lay their hands on.

So it was that one day the Cat forces came back down the mountains from all directions to their own capital city.

Iklík and his family greeted the troops as they came in with delicious food and drink. They didn't forget cigarettes in cans either. Before he went off to meet the troops, Iklík sent wreaths to his Cat neighbors with cards reading, "Congratulations on the victory of the Cat Army."

When he saw Lieutenant Bassun, Iklík fell on his knees before him. Laughing and crying he said: "Oh, honored lord, how happy your servant is to see the accursed Dog army withdraw from your lordship's sacred country. They couldn't take your lordship's pinpoint attacks any more. Your servant has already set aside a contribution of 5,000 rupiah for the reconstruction of your lordship's capital, which has been heavily damaged by those cursed Dogs. Furthermore, your servant has also organized a car for your lordship and, if your lordship is not too tired, your servant requests that your lordship come to your servant's humble abode to attend a party your servant is giving to celebrate the victory of your lordship's armies over the cruel army of the Dogs. . . ."

He said a lot more that was sweet and charming, but there is no need to repeat it here. Because he was so clever in getting along with the winning side, Iklík continued to hold the contract for providing vegetables and other foodstuffs to the army, now not the Dog army, but the army of the Cats. And his wealth continued to grow and grow, though not quite as quickly as before. He now had five businesses and

all kinds of cars. If he had once been a good friend to Dogs, now he was a good friend to Cats.

"Dear," said his wife, "how clever you are! Once a millionaire, always a millionaire!"

"Shhhh!" said her husband. "Don't talk that way. If they hear you, our businesses and all our property will be nationalized! It's better to pretend we don't have a thing. Actually, I'm already nervous. I think we had better transfer title to our businesses. We had better put our businesses in our children's names. Divide it up so none of the Cats know we're millionaires. And when the time is ripe, little by little we'll smuggle our gold and jewels abroad."

"Dear, don't be so nervous! They won't do a thing to big capital. Their ideology and convictions don't go that far. Still, what you said just now is right too. It would be better to spread out our businesses under our children's names and stash most of our gold and jewels abroad. Meanwhile, dear, we'd better keep providing the cars and other things they like, and from time to time take them dancing<sup>4</sup>--nowadays quite a lot of Cats like to dance."

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<sup>4</sup>The word used is *dancing*, i.e., Western-style ballroom or nightclub dancing.

## ELECTIONS TO THE SUPREME VILLAGE COUNCIL

Once upon a time there was a broad flat plain near Mt. Taja. The plain was full of ponds and wells of unpolluted water. There were also plenty of shady trees and shrubs. In the midst of the shrubs and beside the pools, there were lots of attractive little hamlets. The inhabitants of these little hamlets on the plain were different kinds of toads.

Now the toads who lived there called the plain Darduradesa, which means Toad Village. The name shows that toads are just like human beings, they like to use fancy foreign words. The capital of Darduradesa lay near the largest pond in the middle of the plain. Most of the intellectual toads, the band leaders, the engineers, and the politicians lived in the capital, and there too His Magnificent Royal Highness of Royal Highnesses Dardurapati Kendunorong<sup>1</sup> had his throne.

Toad life in Darduradesa was normally peaceful and prosperous. When the moon was full they usually played music in the middle of the ponds. Some of their music was classical and some was modern, but both classical and modern were imitations of Western music. Only once a year, when elections for the SVC, or Supreme Village Council, came round, did things get lively in Darduradesa. All the political organizations got busy making propaganda by parades, mass rallies, parties, etc. In every fairly wide open space and in every reasonably large building campaign rallies were held over and over by these organizations.

Now it so happened that Darduradesa had only three political organizations, not 26 or 27, like the Republic of Indonesia. These organizations were: the Association of the People of the Gods (APG), the Association of Free Toads (AFT) and the Association for Equality and Justice (AEJ). The largest was the APG, number two was the AFT, and the one with the smallest membership was the AEJ.<sup>2</sup> The goals of all three organizations were better living standards for the people and greater prosperity for the village. Nonetheless there were certain differences in their principles and strategies. The AFG was based on the principle of godness. According to its "statements," sometimes announced in newspapers and sometimes in pamphlets, the APG admitted that life on this earth is full of sorrow. True happiness can only be achieved in heaven. There the souls of toads will live eternally, free from sickness, hunger, or thirst. Every day they will be served by pretty and charming nymphs, far prettier and more charming than the young things who became secretaries or typists in toad offices. (What the AFG had in mind, of course, were the souls of male toads. No explanation was given of the destiny of the souls of female toads, whether they would be served by handsome and virile male nymphs.)

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<sup>1</sup>I.e., Can Do No Wrong.

<sup>2</sup>These are thinly veiled allusions to the Moslem Masjumi, the PNI (Indonesian Nationalist Party), and the PKI (Indonesian Communist Party). Note that here and later the writer uses the word Dewa, with its Old Javanese and Hinduistic overtones, for God, not Tuhan or Allah.

But although life in this world is full of sorrow, and although true happiness is only to be achieved in heaven, nonetheless every toad has a moral responsibility to work for the improvement of the lot of his fellow toads in this world. And improving their lot in this world can only be accomplished if every toad lives according to the commandments of the Gods.

According to its constitution, the AFT's aim was the advancement of the whole toad race in every field whatever. The AFT was aware that among the toads those with the most miserable lives were the poor. Accordingly, the special aim of the AFT was to improve the living conditions of the poor. It must be confessed that their strategy was rather unusual, since they mainly sought contact, not with the little toads, but rather with the big and prosperous toads. With this strategy the AFT's influence in village affairs could be said to be quite large. Furthermore, the concept of freedom contained in the name of the organization was usually put into practice by having big parties and going on buggy excursions into the mountains. Excursions to such distant places had a special meaning in relation to freedom, primarily the freedom of female toads. Since the idea of freedom was in full harmony with the aspirations of a great many female toads who had long nourished the hope of liberating themselves from the chains of outmoded custom, the number of female AFT members and supporters was pretty extensive. In addition, on these excursions, there were usually political briefings or lectures given by Tuanku Kintal Asjikunnisai, a very prominent member of the AFT. Now among these very loyal female supporters were two young things called Sitti Sarichah and Sitti Hawiah. Sitti Sarichah had once gone on an excursion with Kintal which lasted a whole month. Her husband, who was very conservative, flew into a rage and absolutely refused to believe that during her month in the mountains with Kintal she had simply studied political science. So in the end they got divorced. Now in this respect, Sitti Hawiah was luckier than Sarichah, since her husband was rather modern and pretty democratic, and preferred to move out rather than to limit his wife's freedom of movement. It is true, too, that Hawiah was a resourceful and clever female, always ready to swear she was faithful, but always with her fingers crossed. If she went on an excursion with Kintal it was usually only for a day or two, and usually they were escorted by Mughramul-Armalati, a highly trusted student of Kintal's. Only when the political discussion became highly sensitive was Mughram told to get out of the buggy and go and calculate the number of stars in the sky.

As for the AEJ, there is not much to be told. Since the AEJ paid too much attention to the lot of oppressed toads, in Darduradesa, as in any other village with a highly developed culture, the organization was considered subversive of culture and good order. Furthermore, Zu'l-Chajali, the chairman of the AEJ, was a toad who was far too honest, lived far too modestly, and was ignorant of word-play, or eye-play, let alone thigh-play! He wasn't a college graduate, he wasn't upper class, he wasn't a high bureaucrat, or good at abusing people. So he wasn't very attractive, especially to the girls. They wouldn't go near him, they wouldn't even listen to what he had to say. So his followers were only those poverty-stricken toads who could still manage to pay attention to politics, even though they were almost always starving.



Only when the political discussion became highly sensitive was Mughram told to get out of the buggy and go and calculate the number of stars in the sky.

Now it happened that election day was coming close. The three associations were busy making all kinds of propaganda. The whole plain was full of posters, full of fantastic slogans and promises. Each association praised itself. And in the hamlets there were all kinds of gatherings, sometimes with food provided, sometimes with shows, all of them designed to make propaganda for the associations. Members of association leaderships, indeed the chairmen themselves, toured the hamlets to make speeches and win the people's hearts.

Two or three days before the elections, large numbers of toads gathered in the capital to attend mass rallies organized by the associations, one after the other. On the main square of the capital, beside the pond, hundreds of toads gathered, male and female, young and old. Most of them were members of the APG. But many nonmembers had also come to listen to the speeches or to join the crowd and have a look. On a rostrum the top leadership of the APG was seated in a row. When the moment arrived, the chairman stood up and started to speak: "Dear ladies and gentlemen, let us pray together to the Supreme Council of the Gods that our meeting here goes smoothly and with the greatest success. We must also pray to the Rain-God so that no rain falls while our meeting is going on. To the Sun-God we pray that the sun doesn't shine too brightly and it doesn't get too hot. And now, Supreme Council of the Gods, forgive us all the sins which have burdened us ever since the day our forefathers dared eat the fruit of heaven.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am convinced that all of you will be voting only for those candidates put forward by the APG, since

only they are able and willing to defend your interests properly. And just in case, just in case not all your lots can be improved in this vale of tears, be sure that a place awaits you all in heaven. Have faith, have faith! Is it not written in our Holy Book: 'He who voteth for the candidates of the APG, for him is prepared a place in Heaven.'

"Dearly beloved, my fellow believers, there is one thing that I should make clear here. In the list of candidates of the APG no female toads are included. We have done this intentionally. For, according to our Holy Book, a female's place is in the home and her proper task is to serve her husband, lay her eggs, hatch them, and bring up the children. Is there any greater happiness for a female than to be loved and cherished by her husband and to be blessed with dozens of children?

"I speak to you ladies, you who are gathered in this place. Don't follow the example of those females who want to imitate everything that the male toads do. You were created sweet and gentle, far different from the rough and powerful male. Cherish your special female character so that you will always be like beautiful, sweet-smelling, and thornless roses. Yield to the males the rough work of governing the village, politics, etc. Vote for our candidates but never ask or have the wish to be a candidate yourselves! Except, of course, if you want to be a candidate for marriage. That is another matter. That is up to you. The truth is, dear sisters, you have a responsibility far higher than politics--maintaining moral standards. You must not flirt or go on excursions with male toads who are not your brothers or your husbands, and especially at night. For if you do so, the loss will only be your own. You will be regarded as a tramp. If you are not yet married, there probably won't be a single male toad who will want to court you, and if you are already married, your married life will be miserable. You will be lucky if you are not divorced by your husband. Never listen to the doctrines that say that marriage is an outmoded institution. You must know that in the most modern villages, indeed, in those villages which are now most feared by the villages who call themselves democratic, marriage is still a social institution which is respected and regulated by law. Have faith, have faith . . . !"

The APG chairman's speech went on and on about the duties of females and other such matters. Some of the females present strongly agreed with the chairman's speech, but others thought that it was typical of a reactionary toad. Furthermore, they said, what he reported about the villages he called very modern was far from complete.

The next day, the AFT held its own mass rally in the same place. Even though they didn't say prayers, the rain didn't fall. Perhaps the reason was that it was the dry season. The speaker was Tuanku Kintal Asjikunnisai himself.

"My friends," he said. "Whether you look at it from the political, the economic, the philosophical, the national, the moral, or the democratic angle, our organization is clearly far the best. Not only do we have a political program and an economic program, we have also prepared a cultural program! We even have a morality program! Perhaps some of you may be laughing--you may be thinking of the insinuations leveled against us in certain quarters. Some of you may even think that I am a hypocrite because you have seen me sometimes going on excursions with young females. You may think that we have no respect

for morality. But you are wrong! You are completely wrong! My friends, you must understand that the highest morality is modern morality, democratic morality, meaning that each toad must grant the widest possible freedom and independence to his fellow toads. This also means that we must free and liberate our females from the chains of outdated custom. My friends, give freedom to your fellow toads, to your female fellow toads, too, both married and unmarried. Give them freedom to think, the freedom to speak, the freedom to act! Liberate our female toads from fear of their parents, fear of their husbands-- that is the morality we are propagandizing for! To teach a lesson to those toads who stick with the old ways and still keep their wives locked up, we sometimes force ourselves to make excursions with married females. Believe us when we say that we never force them! For compulsion is against morality. If these females like to go on excursions with us, fine. If they don't, it doesn't matter! We never force them, because we respect freedom. Furthermore, my friends, if any of you are still suspicious of us, ask anyone what we do when we go on excursions to the mountains with young females or with other toads' wives. The answer to that question will always be: they discuss politics and philosophy while drinking in the natural beauty of the village of Darduradesa, so that our love for our country will grow ever deeper! Right, my friends?"

Hawiah, who was listening to this speech along with Mughram in the middle of the crowd, yelled out: "Right! That's right!" Mughram began to clap and shouted, "Right on!" His clapping was picked up by almost all the other toads there so that the whole square was in an uproar. Smiling, Mughram pinched Hawiah's thigh. She smiled and put her hand on his arm. As the clapping began to die down, suddenly a loud voice was heard: "He's lying! My wife has confessed that in the buggy she was . . . !" The rest of what he said was inaudible, since from all sides it was drowned by hundreds of shouting voices:

"Shut up!"

"Reactionary!"

"Traitor!"

"Bad toad!"

Chaos broke out and the propaganda meeting could only be continued when the troublemaker had been removed. Hawiah felt angry and humiliated. Finally, she burst into tears. So Mughram put his arms around her and led her out of the square. When they got to a fairly private place, he coaxed her with sweet words. "Don't cry, honey, let them say what they like. Tuanku Kintal is still Tuanku Kintal. Like the highest God he stands head and shoulders above all political scientists in Darduradesa or any other village in the world. There are still plenty of reactionary and uncivilized toads around, honey. Not modern, not moral like us. Come along, honey, don't cry. We'll go and have a bite in a restaurant. After that we can take a ride outside the hamlet."

Hawiah smiled and said: "Oh, Mughram, what a comfort you are! When I see your big teeth, your huge mouth, my heart begins to beat, oh, you gorgeous thing!"

"Oh, honeybunch, my beautiful treasure, my adorable fat little girl, come with me! Let's go to the restaurant together and after dinner we will go for a ride. Tonight the moon is full." At this the sorrow in Hawiah's heart vanished like a mosquito sprayed with Flit. . . .

That night in a room at Hawiah's house there was a conversation that went as follows: "Can I come again tomorrow night?" "Tomorrow, the next night, whenever you like." "What time?" "Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, whenever you like." "What if your relatives are still up?" "I'll tell them to go to bed." "If they're suspicious?" "I'll tell them I know what is proper." "What if they don't believe you?" "I'll swear by the Gods." "What if other toads know?" "I'll say that there are important political matters that we have to discuss urgently." "What if Kintal comes?" "I'll lock the door of the house, and the door of our room." "What if he gets in anyway?" "I'll tell him we were just lying down and not doing anything." "Supposing he gets angry?" "I'll tell him that I am a free female and I don't have to answer to anybody." "Oh, my sweet little fatty!"

From that night on Mughram was no longer always told to calculate the number of stars in the sky.

The next day on a small field among the bushes, the AEJ held a rally. They couldn't hold their rally in the square by the edge of the pond because the rent was too high. Naturally, since the members of the AEJ were only the poorest toads Zu'l-Chajali's speech wasn't too different from the speeches usually given by leaders of oppressed animals. And therefore, even though the honorable reader is not bourgeois and isn't from a bourgeois family, and hasn't been influenced by a monopoly capital or by foreign capital, he or she certainly has high cultural standards and so probably won't want to hear the feelings and the thoughts of the oppressed toads--so we won't repeat Zu'l-Chajali's speech here.

The final results of the election were as follows: APG 11 seats, AFT 6, and AEJ 4. Breaking precedent with previous Supreme Village Councils, the new Supreme Village Council worked extremely hard for the benefit of the village and the toad race. The first item for debate was a proposal to raise the salaries and status of the membership. The day after the debate one of the members wrote a letter to his third wife--whom he had just married, was still in love with, and had stashed in a little bungalow in the mountains. The gist of the letter was as follows: "Don't worry, sweetheart, I've been elected to the SVC, and the salaries and status of SVC members have just been raised. So we'll be living even better.

"The debate on the raise went on rather long, but since it was obviously a sensible idea, it was finally accepted with a vote of 15 ayes, 2 abstentions, and 4 nays. The nays are really weird--they voted against salary raises and promotions for themselves! If they aren't willing to do themselves a good turn, how can they possibly do the people any good? At first I was nervous that their ridiculous views would be accepted by most of the members, but thank God, most of the members of the new SVC have got their heads screwed on right. I am now arranging for priority to buy a radio and a refrigerator. It's in the bag, sweetheart, don't worry. . . ."

## THE BEAUTY CONTEST

The story goes that after holding a *concours d'élégance*, the Committee for Promoting Jungle Beauty began to make preparations for holding a beauty contest. In several of the big circulation newspapers the following advertisement for the contest could be read:

"Beauty Contest! Beauty Contest!<sup>1</sup> Female beauty contest! For all races and groups! Highly satisfactory prizes! For the winner the possibility of contract with a film producer, or a special position abroad! For further information communicate with The Office of the Committee for the Promotion of Beauty, Number 1 Immorality Street; after 2 o'clock, 13 Dissolute Avenue."

Several days after the advertisement had been placed, the Readers' columns of the Jungle newspapers began to be flooded with letters about the beauty contest. The attitudes expressed in these letters fell into two groups, pro and anti. The ants and the bees, whose one aim in life seemed to be to work cooperatively for the common good and common welfare, were among the anti's. Their letters were very long and very biting. The cats, who generally are pretty pious, also fell into the anti group. Their letters, however, were very short indeed.

"Beauty contests are heretical!<sup>2</sup> They can't be allowed! That's all!"

The artists and artistes from that social group whose prime goal is to stir up feelings of compassion for their fellow animals, and to arouse concern for those in distress, were also anti.

The pro's were mainly rich and influential animals, such as jackals, crocodiles, tigers, and lions. In their view, in difficult times (for the common people, not for themselves) the people had a right to entertainment. Seen from the animalitarian point of view, the beauty contest must be allowed to take place since it could be regarded as a kind of consolation. The carnivore artists and poets praised the Committee for the Promotion of Beauty to the skies, since, thanks to its initiative, Jungle society would have the opportunity to see a most beautiful show.

"Is there anything more beautiful than the female body?" they asked.

Now since the conflict over the beauty contest was becoming extremely heated, even more heated than the time of the *concours d'élégance*, His Royal Highness, King Lion, was forced to intervene. After consulting with his ministers, His Royal Highness decided not to ban any kind of contest or competition, including a beauty contest, provided minimum decencies were firmly held on to. It was further explained that what had to be firmly held on to were coverings for the upper body and for below the navel. The pious and the socially

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<sup>1</sup>In English in the original.

<sup>2</sup>The author uses the technical Islamic word for heresy, *bid'ah*.

oriented groups were very disappointed, but they submitted nonetheless to His Royal Highness's decision.

Now it so happened that a pair of goats were sitting side by side under a tree. The goat's name was Sadu and his fiancée's name was Lilawati. Sadu was trying to convince Lilawati that it was quite inappropriate for a decent girl to participate in the beauty contest. But Lilawati insisted on participating.

"Lila," said Sadu. "I'm not afraid you won't get the prize, but if you still have any self-respect, please don't enter. This kind of competition is very immodest. Especially in difficult times like these!"

"My God, Sadu, I thought you were with it! And now you are talking like an old-fashioned, narrow-minded schoolteacher!"

"Lila, it's not a question of being with it or not, but a question of decency or indecency. I'd be quite happy if, for example, we were holding a sports competition, or a craft contest, or a musical or chess competition, etc. I'm competely in favor of those animals who are brilliant intellectually, or very hard-working, or who've done a lot for their fellow animals, getting a reward or a prize in recognition of their physical or spiritual services. But if an animal who just happens to be born pretty gets a prize, it makes no sense to me. Aside from that, if you enter, your body will be displayed to a lot of male animals as though . . ."

"So you're jealous, huh, Sadu?"

"If you want to say I'm jealous, go ahead! But that's not what I meant. Your body, which I think of as something sacred, will be displayed to all those carnivores as though you were a slaughterhouse animal to be checked out and felt up by a buyer before it is sent to the butcher."

"What a way to talk, Sadu! I've had enough! Don't say another word! It's no use! If you regret our engagement, let's break it off right now!"

Grumbling and complaining, Lila left Sadu. After sitting in a daze for a long time, Sadu stood up and went slowly towards the market. Near the market he went into a shop and ordered coffee. Just across from the shop there was a "beauty parlor."<sup>3</sup> From where he sat Sadu could see a number of lady animals going inside. Not long afterwards, he saw three nanny goats coming out of the "beauty parlor." The one in the middle was clearly Lila. But she looked a bit different than usual. Her lips and her cheeks were very red, her eyebrows as smooth as in a picture. And her hair had been curled! Now quite close to the "beauty parlor" there was a buggy driven by a young tiger. The tiger got down from his buggy and began to chat very charmingly with the three nanny goats. Then Sadu saw Lila and her friends getting into the buggy along with the tiger! Sadu's feelings were indescribable.

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<sup>3</sup>In English in the original.

On the day of the competition Sadu tried once again to restrain Lila by writing her a letter. But Lila's reply was short and sharp:

"I'm not engaged to you any more! Stop bothering me! L . . ."

When he got this reply Sadu ran off to the river with the idea of drowning himself. But he could not carry out his plan because there were lots of goats ambling up and down the river bank. So he went home and took out a piece of rope. He tied the rope to the branch of a tree and around his own neck. Then he jumped off the branch. But the rope broke. Sadu sprawled on the ground with an aching back, but he was still alive. Perhaps because he was in such pain, Sadu decided he wanted to go on living. There are still plenty of girls! Yes, but none as sweet as Lila! Oh, come on! Sure there are plenty! No, there aren't! Yes, there are! No, there aren't! You're an idiot! Go take a look at the girls in the Home Economics Training College! It is not just the students, plenty of the teachers are good-looking and attractive! Yes, but not as attractive as Lilawati! It's only in *your* eyes that she's attractive, because you're in love with her! Suppose you weren't! If you don't believe me, take a look inside the theater around 8 o'clock. Beside those beauties, Lila'll look quite ordinary! Yes, but I am against beauty contests! Right, but you should take a look first. Only when you've seen it with your own eyes, do you have the right to criticize! OK, but . . .

So it was that by half past seven that night Sadu had already bought a ticket and gone into the theater where the beauty contest was to take place. Usually Sadu never wore a *pítji*, but that night he put one on his head and wore his dark glasses too! So he wouldn't be recognized by the other animals! Inside the building lots of male animals were already seated around a stage platform. Most of them were carnivores, such as crocodiles, jackals and tigers. There were one or two lions as well. Sadu looked for a seat in the back. His idea was to see without being seen. On the program the names of the female entrants were listed with all kinds of personal information.

No. 1. Miss Netty, deer, age 6, reddish brown hair, eyes ditto, height 142 centimeters, chest 55 centimeters, waist 41 centimeters, hips 46 centimeters.

No. 2. Mrs. Bibi (Hey, this one's married), pig, age 8, hair partly blonde, partly brunette, gray eyes, height 137 centimeters, chest 83 centimeters, waist 77 centimeters, hips 79 centimeters.

No. 3. Miss Lila . . .

Don't read it, if you do you'll remember the old times together.

Altogether, no less than 24 females of different species were in the competition.

While Sadu was reading the program, in the dressing room backstage the females who were about to display their beauty were busy putting on their competition clothes and making up their faces. And since there

were only five mirrors available for twenty-five females, naturally they were yelling at each other. If you ever want to cause trouble among the ladies, it's the easiest thing in the world: make sure there are fewer mirrors than ladies. Those beautiful lips will then use some quite surprising language.

At 8 o'clock on the dot the chairman of the Contest Committee gave a welcoming speech to all those in the audience and began to read aloud the program which Sadu had already looked over. But now Sadu could see the members of the jury, all of whom were instructed to stand on the stage. Almost all of them belonged to the carnivores: jackals, tigers, and crocodiles. According to the chairman's statement, which was also included in the program, the jury consisted of different types of artists, such as painters, filmmakers, directors, poets, sculptors, singers, etc. After the chairman of the committee and the jury had climbed down from the stage, the band began to play a lively tune.



On the platform they circled around, smiling and swaying their bodies.

And now the girls came out in line, heading for the platform. On the platform they circled around, smiling and swaying their bodies. After this collective display had gone on for about five minutes, the girls stepped down from the platform. Then the individual performances began.

Swaying the part of her body above her thighs and belly, glancing flirtatiously to left and right, with the sweetest smile in the world, Miss Netty walked up and down the stage. So that the jury and the audience could see the whole of her body, she held her arms above her head. After that, Miss Netty went up to each member of the jury and turned round and round in front of them as though she were offering

them her body. Sadu saw the members of the jury and half the audience nod their heads. Some began to whisper to their friends. Others licked their lips. One middle-aged tiger took out a handkerchief and wiped off the saliva which had fallen on his chest. After displaying herself for about three minutes, Miss Netty left the stage to long and thunderous applause.

The next to go on was Mrs. Bibi. Her body was very voluptuous. Sadu saw that almost all the carnivores were licking their lips. Evidently they couldn't control their saliva any more. A young crocodile, sitting in front of Sadu, whispered to his crocodile buddy:

"Big fat drum, *ketjapi* string  
When full my tum, my heart doth sing!"

After Mrs. Bibi had stepped down from the platform, it was Lila's turn to go on. And when Lila lifted her arms, swaying her body and glancing flirtatiously around, Sadu felt as if a sharp knife had been thrust into his heart. The body which he had thought of as holy, which he himself had never seen all over, was now being displayed to the wildest animals! Sadu could not bear it any more and left the theater. Better to die than to see Lila become a spectacle of that type. Sadu went straight to the river and when he got there, without another thought, he plunged into the water.

The next day, the newspapers were full of reports of the contest and of pictures of the females who had participated. The winners had full page pictures of themselves. The number one winner was Miss Netty. She didn't just get the first prize, but also the title "Miss Jungle." Number two was Miss Lila, number three was Didi, a cow. Mrs. Bibi got a consolation prize.

According to these reports, Miss Netty and Miss Lila had already won contracts for screen tests with a foreign film company and would immediately leave the jungle along with a tiger and a jackal who happened to be agents of that film company. Miss Didi and Mrs. Bibi won special positions as taxi girls in a well-known dance hall and often received incognito visits from V.I.P.s.

Now it so happened that the unfortunate Sadu did not meet his end when he threw himself into the water, since he was rescued by a policeman who happened to be on patrol nearby. Several months later he heard from an acquaintance who had just come back from abroad that Lilawati was dead. The circumstances of her death were really dreadful. As soon as she left the jungle, Lila was immediately gobbled up by the tiger, the jackal, and other wild beasts. Help came too late.

While Sadu was hearing this news, the word was going around that the Committee for the Promotion of Beauty was all set to hold another beauty contest.

## DON'T BECOME A TEACHER

The story goes that once upon a time, in the jungle of Mergawastu, there was a young monkey who badly wanted to become a teacher. This desire to become a teacher had been stimulated by the propoganda of an elderly monkey who had been his teacher in Monkey High School.

After graduation from the MHS, the young monkey asked his father's permission to enroll at the Monkey Teachers' Training College.

"No, son," his father answered. "Don't go to the MTTC. I'd much prefer you to become a quack doctor, or a shyster lawyer, or a businessman, or an official in charge of this and that permit. That would be much better and far more satisfactory. So go to some other kind of college."

"But Dad," said his wife. "If he wants to, let him be a teacher!"

"You keep out of this, Mother! You're always complaining about how small my salary is when I come home on payday."

"But salary isn't the important thing, Dad. As long as it is enough to meet basic needs, that's enough for me. Surely the important thing is to develop the skills and knowledge of monkey society. According to my teacher, there are still plenty of dumb and ignorant monkeys. That's why our species are easily fooled or manipulated by other animals. My teacher says we still can't even make a decent set of dishes! Let alone more complicated types of tools. In short, in every field of knowledge and skill, our species is way behind. That's why I want to be a teacher, Dad."

"You are still very young, son! When you get a little older, you won't talk this way. Anyway, what your teacher said isn't really true. Who says plenty of our species are still dumb? If they were that dumb, they wouldn't be so clever at earning their living outside the law!"

"Dad," said his wife again, "Don't . . ."

"You keep out of this, Mother! Now listen, son, you're still a young monkey, and that's why you talk that way. Imagine one's salary being unimportant! Just wait, once you are married to a female like your mother here . . ."

"Dad!"

"You keep out of this, Mother! When you're married, I can tell you, your views on the salary question will change a lot! Besides, son, supposing you get a decent salary as a primary school or high school teacher--and that's only supposing, since teachers' salaries are usually quite inadequate--your nose will be at the grindstone all the time. You'll be working at school and you'll be working at home too. Correcting papers and preparing new lessons. If there's a party or some kind of official or semiofficial ceremony, for example, at the house of the village chief, you won't be invited. And if once in a while you happen to get an invitation, you'll be seated right at the

back. That's the area they usually called the 'free seats'--i.e., you can choose your seat as long as it's right in the back! In other words, you get no respect at all. Let me say it again, son, being a teacher is really very tough. According to the good old ways, the teacher should set an example to his pupils. A teacher must do this, must do that, may not do this, may not do that. Take your own teacher as an example. When he was still young, he was a real troublemaker. He used to climb other monkeys' trees, steal their fruit, catch hens that didn't belong to him, and so on. To put it in a nutshell, he was a real hellion as a youngster!"

"Just like your own father, son!" said his wife.

"There you go again. Every time you open your mouth you show how little you know about pedagogy! Just imagine, a mother telling her son that his father was once a hellion! Don't listen to your mother, son. Just listen to what your father's telling you! At least I did once attend a teacher training course, even though I didn't finish. Now, just look at your teacher! If he goes for a walk, he just limps along. If he sees a hen, he only glances at it, as though he doesn't care for chicken anymore. What I mean is, a teacher always has to watch out for this or that taboo or rule. Even so, people think of him as kind of a clown anyway. Everywhere he's the butt of jokes and something people laugh about. Newspapers, magazines, and books often print cartoons of teachers. It's not just that he isn't respected, he's actually laughed at. . . . How many schools does your teacher teach in, son? Three, isn't it? Right! Three! Quite a distance from each other too. He teaches in the morning, and teaches nights too. He can't borrow an office horse, either. If he wants to ride rather than walk, he has to pay for it himself. And just look at our primary school teachers nowadays. Their salaries don't begin to cover their expenses. People say our jungle has to get ahead, but education gets the lowest priority. Monkeys who become teachers all end up thin as rakes. Especially primary school teachers! Their bellies are always rumbling. And if their pupils sometimes get milk from . . . whatchamacallit . . . Unisep . . . Sep Uni . . . ?<sup>1</sup> . . . the teachers only get to look at it. Two hundred kids all get milk while their teachers, who never number more than five or ten per school, don't get a share. Yet they're famished! Really, son, never be a teacher. It's better to be a civil servant. Even though the salary may not be any better than a teacher's, still you're usually driven to the office and driven home. If you get to be a bureau chief, they give you an official car. And if you've got a guerrilla record it is quite OK to go at 9 o'clock and if you sit on your ass doing nothing, nobody dares say a word. But the nicest thing is to be an official in charge of permits. Usually if an animal comes in to ask for a permit, for example, to import *ontjom* or *peujeum*,<sup>2</sup> he leaves behind an envelope with 500 or 1000 rupiah or more inside. If he asks for a permit to export *djengkol* or *peté*,<sup>3</sup> another envelope! If he asks permission to live in a particular tree, another envelope! If he wants a permit to buy a vehicle, another envelope! Son, if you want to get rich, that's the way!"

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<sup>1</sup>I.e., UNICEF.

<sup>2</sup>*Ontjom*, a fermented preparation made from peanut-oil cake; *peujeum*, cassava sweetened with yeast.

<sup>3</sup>*Djengkol*, a strong-smelling fruit; *peté*, a strong-smelling bean.



If he wants a permit to buy a vehicle, another envelope!

"Dad," said his wife. "You can't want your son to be like that, to become a corrupt monkey!"

"That just shows how little you know, Mother! If you knew what was going on, you'd realize that this envelope business is quite normal nowadays. Not just among the monkeys, but among every other type of animal. That's the way it is! In fact, if you're good friends with an animal who is used to giving envelopes, and you ask him for a vehicle or something else, he may well give it to you, too. But the safest is the envelope because it's small! It's hard for other animals to find out!"

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Dad," said the young monkey. "If an animal has to be corrupt to get rich, it's better not to get rich at all. What you said, Dad, reminds me of something my teacher often says. As he sees it, if you're very rich you must have got there by dishonest and immoral methods, sometimes, indeed, by exploitation or some other kind of crime. That's why I don't want to get rich, Dad. So long as I don't have to be too poor!"

His father shook his head.

"Nowadays, kids like to argue with their elders. All right, then, son, do as you wish, but don't complain later on, and don't ever say that your Dad didn't give you enough advice. Or . . . put it this way, son, if you want to be a teacher, go ahead and be a teacher. But just for a few years. After that, you ought to join the government. You'll have less work to do and your rank and status usually go up. Go up through 6c, 6d, 6e, and so on up. In fact, if you join one of the

teachers' unions, which are trying to raise teachers' status, increase their salaries, and lower maximum teaching hours, you may well be able to go up as far as 6f or 6g. Indeed, you can go still higher, even though you may not be a college graduate."

"All right, Dad," said his son.

Now the story goes that within three years the young monkey was graduated from the MTS and was then appointed teacher at a morning Monkey High School and an evening Monkey High School--understandably, since the monkeys were still very short of teachers. So the young monkey had to teach in two schools. He taught mornings and he taught evenings. He studied late at night to add to his knowledge or to correct the work of his overcrowded classes. His salary was only just enough to live extremely simply with his wife (a former classmate in Monkey High School) and to give a little help to his parents, who were now retired. Those old classmates of his from Monkey High School who had become quack doctors, shyster lawyers, permit issuers, etc., had by now become rich. Some had their own vehicles, some their own houses or bungalows,<sup>4</sup> some orange or banana orchards, and some even had thousands of rupiah in savings accounts. The ones who hadn't got rich yet at the very least were able to get an official horse. The young monkey himself, however, if he were forced to ride because he had overslept (usually he worked until 1 or 2 in the morning) could only afford to take a goat, because it was quite cheap.



. . . could only afford to take a goat, because it was quite cheap.

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<sup>4</sup>The original is in English.

"Son," said his father one day, "How many years have you been a teacher?"

"It's been five years, Dad."

"When are you going to join the government, so you can get to be bureau chief, make 6e, etc., and get an official horse as well?"

"I don't want to join the government, Dad."

"Well, if you don't want to join the government, why don't you join a foreign corporation, for example an oil company or a tin mine, or a radio corporation, or something like that? Right now they're very interested in hiring monkeys. In fact, there're even some students who've got scholarships from them! If you were willing to become an administrative aide or a public relations man for them, son, you'd earn a salary many times larger than what you're getting now."

"I'm not going to leave school, Dad. I love my kids, and I'm happy with my work. I don't have the heart to abandon them, Dad."

Shaking his head but smiling nonetheless, his father said: "You're really 'a loyal fool,' son! But in spite of that I'm proud to have a son like you."

The mother, who was sitting beside them, suddenly hugged them both and said: "Mother is proud too to have a son like you, and . . . to have a husband like your father! You must realize, son, that actually your father never doubted that you'd refuse to do what so many monkeys are doing nowadays in this jungle of ours. . . ."