

# Live encounters

March 2010

Free bimonthly international online journal by citizens of planet earth



**Daniel Herriges** Amazonwatch.org **Humanity vs Chevron**  
**Randhir Khare** Tribal Rights Activist **Carmen Roberts** fast:track BBC  
**Catholics of Palasari Bali** **Audrey Lamou** Survival of Languages  
Irish Poet **Terry McDonagh** Hip Hop in Manila **Morganics**  
**Bobby Chinn** Vietnam **RollingStone Indonesia** Adib Hidayat  
**John Chester Lewis** Ubud Poet **Henry Miller** in Bali  
**Mark Ulyseas** discusses Lady Chatterley's Lover with **D H Lawrence**

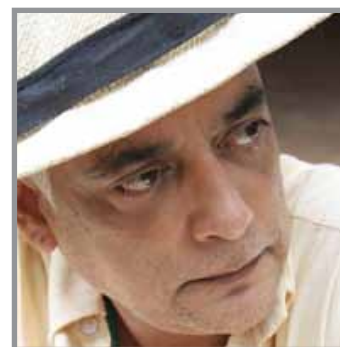


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Bengaluru, INDIA  
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## EDITORIAL



March 2010

Shukreya dear readers and contributors you have made the January inaugural issue a great success.

Salaams to our supporters from the media in the UK, Middle East and India who have given their valuable advice and often a few words of enlightenment to help us focus on issues pertaining to the environment with emphasis on human dignity.

Live Encounters is a platform for citizens of Planet Earth to present news, views and issues that affect humanity. In this second edition we have showcased the little known Catholic community of Palasari, West Bali; Amazonwatch's devastating report on the 17 year legal battle between indigenous people of Ecuador's Oriente and Chevron; Audrey Lamou's great insight into the linguistics of Indonesia; Human Rights Activist and author Randhir Khare on the Tribals of India; Terry McDonagh's poetic dribbling; Morganics haircut in Manila; Danika Parikh, a young Indian Archaeologist speaks out; the earthy Master Chef Bobby Chinn from Vietnam cooks up another original; and more...

Please let us continue to work together for harmony and peaceful coexistence by judiciously using the written word as the sign of peace.

Kindly forward this free online issue to all your friends. We look forward to hearing your words in print. Email us your news and views to [markulyseas@liveencounters.net](mailto:markulyseas@liveencounters.net) or [liveencounters@gmail.com](mailto:liveencounters@gmail.com)

**Mark Ulyseas**  
 Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Special thanks to :

Priests of The Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Catholic community of Palasari, **Al & Marina Purwa**, Felipe Gomez **Sarita & Kamal Kaul**, Shruti Kaul, Marian Hjilem, Roberto & Niken, William J. Furney, Adib Hidayat & RollingStone Magazine, Raoul Wijffels, Rudolf Dethu of One dollarformusic, Putu the Balinese school teacher, Audrey Lamou Director of Alliance Francaise Bali. Randhir Khare, Morganics, Ela & Hari Gori, Bobby Chinn, Robin Marchesi, Terry McDonagh, Daniel Herriges of Amazonwatch, Carmen Roberts of Fast Track BBC, Conran Octopus Limited, Professor Unni Wikan, Sioned Emrys, Lisa Taylor, Manuela Ortega. **All articles and photographs are the copyright of [www.liveencounters.net](http://www.liveencounters.net) and its contributors. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the explicit written permission of [www.liveencounters.net](http://www.liveencounters.net). Offenders will be criminally prosecuted to the full extent of the law prevailing in their home country and/or elsewhere.**



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Your international journal is great. I will come to Bali in April, inshallah. Will keep you informed. All the best,

**Professor Unni Wikan**  
Dept of Social Anthropology  
University of Oslo  
Norway



Congratulations and thank you for including me. This opens a new world for me. It looks fantastic. By the way, could you give me your address...I'd like to send you a copy of my latest poetry collection. Thanks again

**Terry McDonagh**  
Poet & Dramatist, Ireland



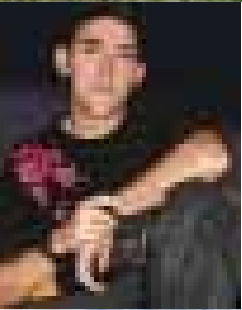
A great launch...I skimmed through it. Will savour it tomorrow. Congratulations on an exciting, novel approach to the people of the world to each other. This has got to a success, there is no other way.

**Ela Gori**  
USA



Have seen the issue and sent you a note of congrats. Did you get it? The issue (from what I have seen) is looking excellent. Very clean layout. And it does have the classic look. Cheers.

**Randhir Khare**  
Human Rights Activist/Author



Wow it looks fantastic, very slick, I haven't seen an online mag like that, it's great, fascinating articles, I feel privileged to be in the first of many issues, muchas gracias signor.

**Morganics**  
Sydney



Thanks Mark! Looks super glossy. Well done! Hope you are well and life is good for you in Bali?

**Carmen Roberts**  
Fast Track BBC World London

How could I forget you? We sat outside the demo and you came out from Ubud. Congratualtions on Live Encounters. I wish you all the best in your new venture and hopefully our paths will cross once again. Take care,

**Bobby Chinn**  
Somewhere in the world



I just took a closer look at your online mag and I think it's really interesting and quite diverse; I would love to read more about the indigenous craft of Bali as it's teeming with so much stuff and for one I would love to explore more. I think when I am over I am going to spend as much time as possible researching craft ideas and how I can work with individuals to make a mutual product together...

**Lisa Taylor**  
London



I am in Myanmar at the moment and the internet connection is really bad, this country has so many stories for you, we are hanging around with a monk. I was reading your online magazine and I really liked it. I hope I can read more of your stories in future. I will try and find the Samurai who speaks English in Japan. Best regards

**Felipe Gomez**  
Presently Myanmar, then Japan but originally Chile



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It's just me, and my small camera

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Mark Ulyseas





© Mark Ulyseas



## Christians of Palasari

A historical perspective and impact on Bali

by [Mark Ulyseas](#)

This is truly the island of the gods for even though Hinduism is the dominant religion (93.5% approx) other faiths exist in pockets across Bali.

In the West of Bali there are a number of mosques along the coast and if one turns off the road and heads into the hills that border the National Park one will come across a small community of Balinese Catholics in an area called Palasari in Melaya sub district, about 90 km from Denpasar (the largest town and seat of the Governor of Bali).

In the centre of the settlement of over 1,300 Balinese Catholics is a big church with many spires amidst mango trees, vanilla, coconut, coffee, cocoa, nutmeg and rice fields. It is a thriving village that has often been referred to by many as a possible role model for the rest of Bali.

So how did Christianity get a foothold on the island? How has it survived the onslaught of historical factors like colonisation and political upheavals to build a seamless bridge between its flock and the predominantly devout Balinese Hindus - whose way of life is an endless stream of devotion to their pantheon of Gods and Goddesses? The answer to this probably lies in the psyche of the Balinese and their acceptance of all things spiritual.

This brief historical account of the Balinese Christians and the priests that led the flock, throws light on hitherto little known facts about this isle and its vibrant ethos.

Live Encounters thanks Brother Patrick for sharing his time and knowledge



© Mark Ulyseas

**Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus**, Palasari, was designed by Brother Adrianus de Vrieze, Ida Bagus Tugur a well known Balinese architect and I Gusti Nyoman Rai. Monsignor Albert O. Carm, Bishop of Malang, inaugurated the building on Dec. 13, 1958.



Overview

It is claimed that the king of Klungkung despatched a letter to the Portuguese in Malaka, written on a lontar [Palmyra palm] in 1635, which said, “I would be very pleased if, henceforth, we become friends and people come to this port to trade. I would also be happy if the priests come here so that whosoever wishes may embrace the Christian religion.”

On March 11, 1635 two priests, Father de Azevedo SY and Father Manuel Carnalho SY departed Malaka for Bali. Unfortunately, there are no historical records of what transpired from this meeting or the fate of the priests. It was only in 1865, two Protestant missionaries from the Zending Utrecht Association, R.V.Onech and Y de Vroom arrived to study the language and culture besides evangelizing. Y de Vroom was murdered on June 8, 1881 for reasons unknown. In the ensuing years The Netherlands’ government banned missionaries from operating in Bali. Even though the letter from the Apostolic Vicar of Batavia to the Dutch Governor General requesting permission to work in Bali was approved on May 24 1891 it was not until September 16 1913 that Monsignor Petrus Noyen SVD came to Bali and said,

“I hope the time comes/has come when we can do missionary work in Bali, but only priests who are truly humble, patient, holy and learned will succeed in the midst of the Balinese people; for the first 10 years of mission work no repentance can be expected. But when the time comes to begin harvesting I believe that Balinese Christians will be an exemplary faithful congregation in Indonesia. They will be people who are capable of filling positions in commerce, the arts and politics, as well as holding ecclesiastical office.”

In 1929 Monsignor Leven posted two priests, Vod der Hayden SVD in Mataram, Lombok and J Kersten SVD in Denpasar, Bali. The later became an expert in Balinese language and culture.

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Father Simon Bois SVD  
Painting by Dutch Artist Willem Gerard Hofker when they met in jail during the Japanese occupation. The original is untraceable.

The legendary Father Simon Bois SVD

Born in Mendlik, a small town in The Netherlands, he entered the Societus Verbi Divini –SVD – Society of the Divine Word) on October 10, 1910, at the age of 18. He was assigned to work in the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia) in 1919. Brother Bois worked for a month and a half with Father van Lith in Muntilan Magelen before heading to Ende (Flores). It was during the short stint with Father van Lith that he was confronted with the side effects of colonisation – poverty and illiteracy and this left an indelible mark on his psyche. Even though he worked as a school inspector in Lesser Sunda he was constantly reminded of the ravages of colonisation.

In 1921, along with Monsignor Noyen SVD, he approached the Governor General for permission to set up schools in Bali viz. Denpasar and Klungkung (now called Semarapura). In September the same year his request was approved by the local government to establish a HIS school (Hollandsch Inlandsch School) in Gianyar. Brother Bois travelled to the USA (1922 -1925) to continue his studies in theology where his interest grew in Art and the role of the bioscope, which took him to Hollywood.

He was ordained Father Simon Bois, SVD near Chicago in March 1925. It was not long before he



Yohanes I Wayan Puniastha and Corvy Ni Nyoman Sulasmiwati



© Mark Ulyseas

was recalled to Bali by Father J. Kersten to assist in the ongoing humanitarian work because of his deep understanding of Balinese culture and the diversity of customary laws known as ‘Desa, Kala, Patra’ (time, place, circumstance).

On June 01, 1936 coinciding with the Pentecostal Feast, I Made Bonong and I Wayan Diblug from Tuka were baptised – they were the first Balinese Christians of the area.

From 1940 to 1942 construction began on 200 hectares of land near Tuka, which was given to the church by the government. It was carpeted with dense forest, the majority of trees being that of nutmeg (pala/pele). The newly established village was called Palasari (‘Pale’ means Pala/forest, and ‘Sari’ – essence, which in Biblical terms stands for ‘yeast’). However, there are other interpretations of how Palasari got its name.

Initially, 18 families from Tuka and six from Gambuh moved to the ‘promised land’. But many returned to their villages because of the harsh living conditions and the wild animals that inhabited the area. Only 18 people remained to help Father Bois SVD establish the village and the makeshift church.

The success of Palasari attracted people from the surrounding areas and prompted the local government and King of Jembrana to grant the church an additional 200 hectares.

During the Japanese occupation from 1942 to 1946, Father Bois was arrested and incarcerated in Singaraja. However, two catechists Philipus Parera from East Tenggara and I Nyoman Pegeg carried on the ecclesiastical work.



Nutmeg from Palasari

When Father Bois returned to Palasari village it had grown rapidly and expansion of the settlement took it across the river to Sangiang Gede, which is the site of the current village of Palasari.

In 1947 a major outbreak of malaria in the village claimed many lives. The three volunteers who helped Father Bois and his parishioners to combat the disease were Ibu Ayu Kendar Sabda Kusuma, Asst. Priest Blanken SVD and Brother Ignasius AM de Vrieze SVD. The aftermath saw the creation of a basic framework for Palasari’s development.

Father Bois was appointed as the parish priest of Singaraja in 1950 A year later on a visit to his homeland, The Netherlands, he passed away. Father B. Blanken SVD became the parish priest of Palasari and held the post till 1970.

The church post-Father Simon Bois SVD

1951 - 2010. The present imposing place of worship –Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was designed by Brother Adrianus de Vrieze, Ida Bagus Tugur a well known Balinese architect and I Gusti Nyoman Rai. The architecture is a curious mix of Gothic and Balinese! Monsignor Albert O. Carm, Bishop of Malang, inaugurated the building on December 13, 1958.

1968 – First Balinese ordained priest – Servasius Subagha SVD

1969 – First Balinese becomes a nun – Ni Wayan Rika, later christened Sister Hubertine.

The 50th anniversary of the parish was celebrated on September 9, 1990.

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The present parish priest, Father Louresius Maryono Pr., has continued the work of Father Bois SVD by maintaining good relations with other faiths and government bodies with the policy of not being exclusive but inclusive with emphasis on education, development of the community in social and economic areas.

### The legacy

Father Simon Bois SVD had been instrumental in bringing about a change in the attitudes of the locals in the area: Empowerment of the villagers in terms of primary health care and hygiene, development of vocational skills, raising of living standards with education as the basis for all round progress for a sustainable future.

Of course, one cannot ignore the fact that religious indoctrination is continuing to play an important role in moulding the parishioners into responsible and productive citizens.

Today the village has a school, vocational training centre, medical centre, sports facilities, orphanage, Franciscan Monastery and three all Catholic Banjars.

Franciscan Sister Pieta OSF and left to right Balinese Ria 17 yrs, Rio 3yrs from Sumba and Balinese Erna 15 yrs



© Mark Ulyseas



### A Balinese Catholic

*Al Purwa is a second generation Balinese Catholic, Honorary Dutch Consul, District Governor of Indonesia (Rotary Club), successful businessman and philanthropist.*

"When I was in high school I decided I didn't want to be poor. I became a tour guide, waiter and sold soap that a friend and I made, to pay for university. I met my wife Marina while working at Puri Saran Kanging in Ubud. We married on January 5, 1976. When I told my father about my marriage he replied that Father Simon Bois had mentioned to him 25 years earlier that both families would unite. Incidentally, when my father I Wayan Ripug, a Hindu, became an orphan at the age of seven it was Father Bois SVD who sent him to Flores to study. Later he became a teacher in an elementary school and also a catechist. My wife's ancestor was none other than Father Bois SVD!

Father Simon Bois's philosophy was to travel through poor districts educating people and thereby empowering them to improve their lives in all spheres. His basic teaching was – make peace with yourself, make peace with your family and spread this peace in the community. He believed that education was the basic foundation upon which one had to build one's life."

*Al's wife Marina believes that one should not compare oneself to those who have more but to those who have less: "As a Catholic I have this feeling of belonging and being taken care of by my God. In my religion the rules are meant to help me be a productive and peaceful member of society. The teaching of forgiveness is paramount and therefore easy to follow".*



© Mark Ulyseas

### Parish priest Father Louresius Maryono Pr.

"Our parishioners are Balinese. They are no different from their fellow men across the isle; even mass is conducted in the Balinese language. And this is what makes our community so unique.

Very small numbers of western tourists have visited us. Catholic groups from Java and Sumatra have been increasing in number. Tourism would bring financial and religious benefits to the parishioners by stimulating the growth of 'informal economic sectors'.

The truth is not many tourists know about Palasari. We are hoping our Church leaders, as well as, government and even the media would consider putting Palasari on the tourist map by promoting it as a Catholic religious centre because it is rare on an island of a thousand temples.

This is the ethos of Bali, of peaceful co-existence and mutual respect.

So let us share it with the rest of the world."



© Mark Ulyseas

Amen

Grotto of Mother Mary inaugurated by Monsignor Leopoldo Girelli, Vatican ambassador to Indonesia on September 15, 2008.

Note:  
Denpasar Diocese has over 20,000 Catholics (6,000 of whom are Balinese). Catholic communities in Bali can be found in Singaraja, Palasari, Negara and Gumbrih, Gianyar, Klungkung, Amalapura, Bangli, Badung, Tangeb, Tuka, Babakan, Kulibul (Tatutubakul), Denpasar, Tabanan.





## Humanity vs. Chevron

“Mr. John Watson  
CEO Chevron  
what would you do if this happened  
to your home...  
to your daughter...”

what would your government and people do to the company?”

Mark Ulyseas  
Editor  
Live Encounters

At the time of going to press a U.S. District Court judge has allowed Chevron to take complaints against Ecuador to international arbitration. Though this doesn't have anything to do with the merits of the environmental lawsuit against Chevron it is clear the company is attempting to avoid responsibility.

In the following pages you will read a devastating report by **Daniel Herriges of Amazonwatch.org** on the legal battle between the indigenous people of **Ecuador's Oriente** and **Chevron** seeking compensation for the rape of their lands and the lasting effects of the lethal contamination of natural resources resulting in the rise of **cancer, birth defects, miscarriages and more....**



Pamela Ramirez, born with a birth defect, in her village of San Carlos, Oriente region of Ecuador. Pic by Kayana Szymczak



# Humanity vs. Chevron

Exclusive report by Daniel Herriges of [amazonwatch.org](http://amazonwatch.org) on the 17 year legal battle between indigenous people of Ecuador's Amazon region and the oil giant Chevron.

**The Cofán people had never seen a helicopter.**

This was the case in 1964, when helicopters belonging to the U.S.-based Texaco oil company appeared without warning in the Cofán's remote rainforest territory in Ecuador's Oriente, or Amazon region. Unbeknownst to the Cofán, Texaco had signed an oil production contract with an Ecuadorian government that had virtually no presence or influence in the Oriente. Texaco now hoped to strike black gold beneath land that had been occupied for centuries by indigenous people including the Cofán, Siona, Secoya, Kichwa and Huaorani. These people had maintained their traditional cultures and subsistence lifestyles well into the second half of the twentieth century, despite occasional encounters with missionaries and rubber tappers. Now, the arrival of Texaco set in motion a chain of events that would nearly obliterate those millennia-old ways of life in merely decades.

So begins the strange story behind what, some 45 years later, has become the largest environmental lawsuit in history and a growing global movement for corporate accountability and environmental justice. Indigenous people who, upon Texaco's arrival, had scarcely seen money, now find themselves at the center of a lawsuit which may demand as much as \$27 billion – an unfathomable amount in Ecuador – in cleanup and recompense for the shocking devastation Texaco left in its wake.

Texaco has since been absorbed by oil behemoth Chevron to become the U.S.'s 3rd largest corporation, which is deploying vast sums of money in legal and public relations expenses to fight the people it seemingly dismissed in the 1960s as mere jungle savages. When Texaco arrived, the Cofán's only foreign allies were a handful of missionaries. Now, indigenous people of the Oriente wage a sophisticated battle for justice with the help of savvy American lawyers and an international network of activists and supporters. The eyes of the media, policy makers, and financial and energy industry analysts increasingly appear glued on the outcome of this case. All seem to recognize that it will be a game-changer for the way extractive industries operate worldwide – and the way marginalized people, in the age of the Internet and with the help of global advocacy networks, can fight back when their rights are abused.

**What the company unleashed in 1964 was a shocking transformation of a pristine rainforest region and the lives of its people. Social bonds were frayed as oil workers committed rape and robbery and introduced alcohol abuse to native communities. Texaco also built the first roads into the region, facilitating a tidal wave of illegal settlement and land grabs.** By the 1990s, indigenous people had lost the vast majority of their ancestral territory. But this harm still pales in comparison to the public health crisis unleashed by Texaco's drilling practices.

As the sole operator for a consortium of companies including Gulf Oil and Ecuador's state-owned oil company (now known as Petroecuador), Texaco disposed of its waste in ways that were blatantly illegal in U.S. oil-producing states at the time, in order to save an estimated \$3 per barrel of oil produced. Texaco dumped an estimated 18 billion gallons of "produced water" – a toxic byproduct of drilling that filled with heavy metals



Abandoned Texaco oil barrels on the banks of the Agaurico River near Lago Agrio, Oriente region of Ecuador. Pic by Kayana Szymczak

and hydrocarbons – straight into rivers and streams, contaminating the sole source of drinking and cooking water for most of the region's people. Texaco also dumped crude oil in hundreds of unlined pits dug out of the forest floor. The pits exist to this day, overflowing in heavy rains and leaching into groundwater.

**By the 1980s, the region where Texaco drilled was so notorious as a disaster zone that a team of Brazilian petroleum engineers visited the region to learn exactly what not to do when drilling in a rainforest environment. And local communities were paying the price, in exploding rates of cancer, birth defects, and constant low-level illness such as stomach cramps and skin rashes.**



Oil sheen on stream in jungle near Lago Agrio, Oriente region of Ecuador. Pic by Maria Cristina Criollo

**These health impacts were devastating among those with no choice but to drink contaminated water from the rivers that had sustained them for centuries.**

There are countless other instances in which indigenous people have been steamrolled by industrial "development." But in this instance, the natives have courageously fought back. Indigenous tribes found common cause with migrant farmers in demanding

cleanup of the appalling pollution that was devastating the health of their families and communities. **By 1990, when Texaco left the country and turned over its operations to Petroecuador, a homegrown human rights movement had formed. Ecuadorian activists recruited a group of American lawyers to take on and bankroll their case against Texaco and in 1993, a class-action suit, Aguinda v. Texaco, was filed in New York.**

The Aguinda suit has become a 17-year legal odyssey with countless bizarre twists and turns. First, Texaco lobbied for ten years for the case to be heard in Ecuador, a request that was finally granted by the U.S. court under the condition (which was set in 1998 before the merger) that Texaco accept the Ecuadorian court's eventual ruling. When the plaintiffs refiled the suit in Lago Agrio – the Ecuadorian oil boomtown named by Texaco after its birthplace of Sour Lake, Texas – the newly christened ChevronTexaco probably expected to squash it easily, viewing Ecuador as a more favorable venue for a powerful company with vast amounts of money and legal firepower on hand.

Instead, Chevron's legal team has suffered setback after setback. Peer-reviewed health studies demonstrated high rates of cancer and miscarriage in the region (which Chevron has attempted to counter by hiring its own consultant scientists to produce opposing reports). The company's argument that Petroecuador, not Chevron, bears responsibility for the remaining environmental damage was undercut by dozens of court-



ordered inspections of oil production and waste sites, which demonstrated that even the waste pits Texaco claimed to have remediated in the mid-1990s – under a \$40 million agreement with the government of Ecuador – were just as heavily contaminated as the pits its cleanup team never touched.

In 2008, a court-appointed independent expert assessed the evidence and recommended Chevron be held liable for up to \$27 billion in cleanup costs, compensation for cancer deaths, and “unjust enrichment” penalties.

Faced with the failure of its legal arguments and the likelihood of losing in court this year, **Chevron has turned to a novel new strategy: political theater. The oil company increasingly appears to be moving its losing battle from the courtroom into the court of public opinion. Chevron spokespeople have been crying “Shakedown!”, accusing New York trial lawyers of conspiring with Ecuador’s left-wing government to bilk the company of billions of dollars. Its cadre of lobbyists in Washington, D.C. urge the U.S. to end trade preferences for Ecuador if the lawsuit is not dismissed.**

Chevron seizes every opportunity to delay a verdict and impugn the credibility of anyone associated with the Ecuadorian court. Any judgment against Chevron will have to be enforced in the United States, so the company’s best hope of avoiding enforcement is to cast doubt on the fairness of Ecuador’s judicial system. **Thus, in September 2009, the company “discovered” a bribery scandal implicating Judge Juan Nuñez, who had been overseeing the case in Lago Agrio. As the supposed scandal unraveled over ensuing weeks, it became clear that not only was the evidence of Nuñez’s wrongdoing flimsy to nonexistent, the whole scheme was an entrapment effort likely intended to discredit the judge and force his removal from the case. Judge Nuñez has since been replaced, and the verdict postponed from Fall 2009 to Summer 2010 or later.**

In response to these tactics, activist organizations that have long supported the fight against Chevron have stepped up their efforts. **Amazon Watch has waged its “Clean Up Ecuador Campaign” since 2002, engaging Chevron shareholders, policy makers and the public in efforts to pressure the company to clean up its toxic legacy in Ecuador.**

The organization maintains the web site [chevrontoxico.com](http://chevrontoxico.com), which has become a clearinghouse for information about the case from the perspective of those supporting the affected communities in Ecuador. Mitch Anderson, Corporate Campaigns Manager for Amazon Watch, says, “Chevron must end its repeated attempts to undermine the rule of law in Ecuador. Indigenous Ecuadorians deserve their day in court, and Chevron’s own shareholders deserve to know that their company is one that respects the law and lives up to its own ‘green’ rhetoric.”

In 2010, the veteran agitators at Rainforest Action Network (RAN) launched their own campaign with the slogan “**We Can Change Chevron.**” RAN is casting a wider net, arguing in campaign materials that **Chevron should not only clean up in Ecuador, but should “use this tragedy to transform Chevron’s operations worldwide by committing wholeheartedly to a comprehensive, global policy to protect our climate, the environment, and human rights.”**

These groups have touched on a reality of doing business in the 21st century: corporations face increasing public pressure to operate in ways that respect the environment and human communities, and will be punished financially as consumers and investors who perceive certain companies as socially irresponsible opt to vote with their dollars. Activists hope that by bringing Chevron’s Ecuadorian legacy to a much broader level of public awareness, they will convince Chevron that the cost to its reputation from remaining

intransigent on the Ecuador issue will have financial ramifications that exceed the cost of settling the case and paying for a cleanup. **To this end, Amazon Watch and RAN have teamed up with global online advocacy powerhouse [Avaaz.org](http://Avaaz.org) to circulate a petition to new Chevron CEO John Watson, urging him to clean up the pollution in Ecuador. By late February of 2010, nearly 350,000 people had signed the petition, with over 220,000 signatures gathered by the Avaaz action.**

Avaaz.org spokesperson Luis Morago says, “**Avaaz members are helping send a powerful message to the new CEO of Chevron, reminding him of the impact of their behaviour in this case on the company’s brand and reputation.**” He hopes that a high profile campaign will lead to “a shift in Chevron’s approach to the lawsuit – opening a more conciliatory attitude.”

For now, Chevron remains unflinching. Company spokesperson Donald Campbell told a reporter last May, “We’re going to fight this until hell freezes over. And then we’ll fight it out on the ice.” But if Chevron is prepared to fight in the court of public opinion, so are the plaintiffs and their activist allies.

And one thing is clear: never again will a company be able to do what Texaco did in Ecuador and expect to shove it under the rug. People like the indigenous of the Oriente have more power than ever to tell their stories to a large and sympathetic global audience, and to pursue justice through means that only a generation ago would have been unthinkable.

Cofán indigenous leader Emergildo Criollo speaking outside a Chevron Shareholders’- meeting in San Ramon, CA. Pic by Amazon Watch





## Dying Traditions

*In an India that is fast changing, the sacredness of spaces and people who preserve them is shrinking and getting increasingly faded. I have always made it a point to associate with shamans, gunins, baduas and traditional mystics from forgotten India because I believe that they maintain the invisible link with the precious 'other world' that quietly persists. Within that world there are powers that have survived time and change. Those who know how to dip into that world as into a pool of clear cool water have managed to refresh and rejuvenate themselves.*

***I had the good fortune of knowing Bhoona Baba the great Bhilala shaman of Jhinjhini village in Alirajpur (in the State of Madhya Pradesh). When he died, I got to know his son Nathu Baba.***

***A few months ago, when the monsoons began to wither, Nathu Baba passed into the other world, never to return.***

***No one in his family continues his tradition.***

### Randhir Khare

One blazing summer, many years ago, when Gujarat was being dragged through communal riots, I found myself just across the border in the tribal region of Alirajpur in the State of Madhya Pradesh. Based in the township, I'd often drive out to visit Bhil and Bhilala friends. On one particular journey, the driver of the jeep asked me whether I would permit his father travelling along with us as he wanted to visit a shrine in the jungle nearby the village I was visiting. Sure, I said, he can come along.

'You should visit the shrine with us,' he said, 'it's an ancient shrine.'

'Nathu Baba is expecting me to visit him,' I said.

'That's okay sir,' he replied, 'we can take him along too. My father has done enough of good deeds for Nathu and his Bhilala community. Surely, he won't refuse.'

'Your father's a social worker?'

'No, a religious worker. A reformer.'

Anyway, the father arrived and climbed into the front seat of the jeep. The enormous red slash painted on his forehead said he was a religious whitewasher.

When the vehicle surged forward, the man started talking. 'The shrine is called 'Babeshwar'. It's a sacred place for us. It's good that you've agreed to visit it. I go there quite often, whenever I get the opportunity. Ah, beta,' he turned to his son. 'Stop at Jhinjhini and pick up that adivasi fellow. Nathu, Pathu, whatever his name is...we'll need him to show us the way.'

'His name is Nathu Baba,' I interrupted him. 'He's the badua (shaman) of the Bhilalas. The religious head.'

Randhir Khare with Nathu Baba son of Bhoona Baba



‘Yes, yes, I know, the magician,’ he cut through, ‘we’ve spent so much of time trying to civilise him and his people. But they are primitive wastrels. All they need is drink and women and song and dance. That’s all...’

‘I’m going to be his guest for tonight,’ I said.

‘You’ll be lucky to get out of there alive in the morning,’ he muttered. ‘Have you seen the size of a Bhilala arrowhead? Three inches.’

The driver had become noticeably uneasy and started perspiring profusely. By the time we had reached Jhinjhini, he had to wash his face at the well and splash his head with a can of cool well water.

I went into Nathu Baba’s home and briefed him on our plan.

‘Oh re, oh re,’ he said, smiling, ‘good, good, you are going to visit our Bhilala shrine, eh? Good good.’

‘Babeshwar,’ I said.

‘Baba Ishwar Nath,’ he replied, ‘Baba Ishwar Nath.. Not Babeshwar.’

‘It’s in the jungle nearby,’ I went on.

‘Yes, nearby. Its called the shrine of Baba Ishwar Nath.’

Confused, I walked alongside him and his wizened almost naked four and a half foot frame.

The whitewasher didn’t allow the man to sit with me. ‘Come along here,’ he barked, patting the space between his son and himself. The baba meekly complied.

For the rest of the journey through rugged broken terrain and fairly dense jungle, the whitewasher, waxed eloquent. ‘I hope you’ve told the sahib what we’ve been doing for your lot. We’ve done a lot. Held special melas at the shrine. Fed you all, distributed clothes – free, we even taught you about the evils of liquor and free sex.’ Then the whitewasher turned and looked at me over his shoulder. ‘These are an ungrateful lot. They are lucky we aren’t like the ones across the border in Gujarat. Here we do it with food and clothes and all...what do they have? They have nothing at all. And yet they don’t want to change for the better.’

While he rambled on, I watched the frail Nathu Baba sitting up there in the front seat, wedged between the whitewasher and his son. Unable to move. And yet the man firmly held his ground and his dignity.

When we reached a cool glade, the jeep stopped.

Before us stood a hillock made up of massive boulders.

‘Here,’ said the whitewasher pointing to a pool of spring water at the base of the hillock, ‘here’s the shrine.’

Nathu Baba bounded up the side of the boulders to the top and called out, ‘this way, this way, here’s our shrine.’

I stood in the middle.

In that single moment I understood quite clearly what traditional and marginal people are facing all

across the country. Not only are they being steam-rolled out of their habitations but they are also losing their places of worship and have to resist losing their identities.

I climbed up the side of the boulders to where Nathu stood. Something passed between us there in the silence of the jungle.

We offered prayers and then he said, ‘see how clever they are, they have taken away our sacred spring. It has now become their sacred spring. They’ve given it another name, another meaning. They are doing this everywhere, usurping the springs because that’s the way they can reach people – through water. And you know this region, very little rain comes here.’

When we reached the jungle floor near the pool, the incantations were over and pieces of coconut were being distributed. Nathu washed his piece in the water once before eating it. Then he turned and smiled at me.

There was a bit of consternation when I hauled Nathu into the seat next to me. The whitewasher found it so disturbing that he launched out... ‘times are changing sahib and we are now regaining our lost glory. Akkhand Bharat. One land. One people. One religion. No differences. Only harmony.’

I said nothing. Nathu Baba winked at me slyly.

When the jeep dropped us at Jhinjhini and drove off in a whirl of dust and the sun began vanishing in the haze of evening, I breathed in the hard, dry, invigorating air of Nathu’s Jhinjhini....

**“Totalitarianism,” said Milan Kundera, in an interview with Philip Roth, “is not only hell, but also the dream of paradise – the age-old dream of a world where everybody would live in harmony, united by a single common will and faith, without secrets from one another.” He went on to explain that if totalitarianism did not manipulate and use such archetypes hidden in all of us, it would never be able to attract people like flies.**

Lest I be tempted to trudge on with my thoughts and take your time. I’ll leave you now, alone, by yourself

© Text & Pics Randhir Khare



**Randhir Khare is an award winning author of twenty one volumes of non-fiction, fiction, translation and poetry. He is the Executive Editor of Heritage India, the International Culture Journal and Visiting Professor of Literature at Poona College. Recently he was given The Residency Award by The Sahitya Akademi (India’s National Academy of Letters) for his contribution to Indian Literature and has been given the Human Rights Award for his efforts to preserve and celebrate marginal and minority cultures.**



# It's just me, and my small camera.

*Carmen Roberts is an awarding winning producer/ journalist*

*on fast:track, BBC World News' flagship travel programme.*

*She has written this column exclusively for the readers of Live Encounters. Shukreya Carmen!*

**"What, just you? And that small camera? Where's the production crew with stage lights and the make-up truck?"**

I'm sure these are just some of the thoughts that have been running through the minds of many an interviewee when I turn up on location for a shoot.

Presenter, reporter, producer, video journalist – I could safely say I come under all of the aforementioned job titles. Multi-skilling is my middle name. Indeed that's the way the media industry is going these days. Gone are the days of just being a television reporter.

Video journalist is possibly the most controversial of all job descriptions. The thought of pint-sized lass like me wielding a camera will raise the ire of many old-school cameramen and die-hard unionists. But modern technology has moved on in recent years and in this YouTube era, operating a broadcast quality camera has become a lot easier and more accessible.

I have to say, learning to film was one of the smartest things I've done in my career so far.

In fact, it was this very skill that got me a foot in the door on the Fast Track travel programme all those years ago in 2002. Actually, it was all down to a little, white lie. I over-stated my filming abilities and promised to single-handedly produce a 3-minute TV report from Verona in Italy. In truth, I'd not picked up a camera since my days at university and I'd spent most of my career thus far working with experienced cameramen.

But surely, it was like riding a bike? Or so I thought.

I arrived one sunny Saturday morning in Verona with a camera borrowed from the BBC's features department, only to discover that a vital part of my kit was missing – the base plate. For those of you who aren't familiar with this kind of equipment, this is the key part that connects the camera to the tripod. This was a true slap your own forehead moment.

So, being a resourceful reporter, I proceeded to rest



my camera on any number of inanimate objects – park benches, fences and there were many low angle shots, filmed from ground level. But my footage consisted mainly of shaky, hand-held shots – which, needless to say, are every editor's nightmare.

I really came unstuck when it was time to do an interview. It was filmed sitting at a table in a café near the grandiose Arena, the stage for the summer season of outdoor operas. Not only was the Mayor of Verona filmed from an unflattering angle, with my camera perched on the table, I also shot the interview in the wrong colour – and Signor Mayor looked a little bit like a blue-tinged smurf.

These are classic amateur mistakes and I crawled back to London and confessed to the commissioning editor that I'd failed spectacularly.

Fortunately for the BBC, I was still a freelance journalist back then and my boss had the foresight to only promise payment on delivery of a finished product. But he saw through my game immediately and offered me a 'real cameraman' for my next report idea. Why didn't you say so in the first place?!

A few years later, when I was on the staff payroll one of the first things I requested was camera training. But it wasn't until 2008 that I officially filmed my first 5-minute TV report. And believe me, it was a baptism by fire.

A snake safari in Kenya was my first solo full-length



project. Yes, we were tracking snakes – five of the world's most deadliest snakes to be exact: the Puff Adder, Python, Cobra, Boomslang and Mamba.

The group was lead by the legendary 'snake man' of Kenya otherwise known as Royjan Taylor. Together with five snake trackers, we set out combing the vast plains on the outskirts of East Tsavo National Park. Much like an African Steve Irwin, Royjan was a natural in front of the camera, literally leaping on top of a slow moving python and pushing the dripping fangs of puff adder right into the camera lens.

There's something quite surreal about seeing life through the viewfinder of a camera. The reality is, you are concentrating so intently on focus, exposure and composition that you completely forget you are up close and personal with a deadly viper.

This was hard work, fanning out across red earth plains under a hot African sun lugging a camera and at times running to a location when a snake was found - only to arrive huffing and puffing, and then switch on the camera and start filming with supposedly a steady hand. After all this, I was expected to wipe the sweat from my brow, slap on a bit of make-up and stand in front of the camera and try and say something intelligent.

This meant placing the camera in a static position on the tripod, pressing record and then running around in front to do what's known in the industry



as a 'piece to camera' or 'stand-up'. Beginner mistake number 3: pressing record without first attaching and turning on the microphone. This resulted in a curious sequence captured on tape of me peering and reaching down my top.

My most recent solo filming adventure was on a 7-day mountain biking trip in Laos at the start of the year. Filming yourself on a bike is no mean feat. I had a very patient group of 16 well-travelled cyclists who were willing participants in my foray into adventure holiday filming.

Every morning, I'd set up the camera on the tripod, beg our van driver to watch over the camera after I'd pressed record and then fall into line as the group coasted past the lens on their bikes. I'd then have to double back and pack up the equipment, load it onto the truck and play a game of catch-up. This was good for the fitness levels, not so good for the stress levels.

I must admit, my filming skills have improved over the years, but this is no substitute for a fully qualified cameraman. More often than not, the Fast Track program does provide me with a proper crew and I definitely think my reports are better for it.

But the fact that I have the capability to film has made me a more versatile journalist and afforded me some trips that might not otherwise have been possible due to budget and timing constraints.

"Yes, it's just me, and my small camera."

Text © Carmen Roberts

*Carmen Roberts has been a journalist for Fast Track, BBC World's flagship travel programme since 2003 and has reported from over 60 countries. After the Asian Tsunami on Boxing Day 2004, Carmen cut short her holiday in Langkawi, Malaysia to report from the devastated resort town of Phuket. Carmen's most recent reports about liquor licensing and buying property in Bali was telecast on Fast Track. <http://www.bbc.co.uk>*



## Henry Miller in Bali - Mark Ulyseas

The day commenced with a downpour that drenched his spirit and kept him closeted within himself as work meetings trailed to sundown and slipped into twilight at the bar. Devils crouching on the rocks in the water of life invaded his senses and occupied his nocturnal thoughts with carnal concoctions.

Loud chatter, clatter of cutlery and the ubiquitous chiming of cell phones created a world of pathological passion that crept into his sinews, prompting him to ask a friend the question,

“Do you have any company to spare tonight?”

After a few whispers into a hand phone, winks, nudges and a camaraderie that bespoke of a reality he had never encountered before, he suddenly found himself sitting in his car with a warm sensual woman clutching his body like a baby simian suckling one of the troop.

The time they spent in the darkened car park was made up of silhouettes punctuated by unabashed emotional eruptions that loosened the tightly held strings of their lives. She searched him out by tracing her soft hands across the contours of his aging body.

The tautness suddenly snapped when he left his imprint on her as they both convulsed into spasms of tingling intimacy.

Then they rested in each other's arms to the sound of their breathing...her breasts rising and falling like a gentle summer breeze.

The symphony of sweating, heaving bodies subsided to the croaking sound of mating frogs.

He wiped himself with his shirt while she struggled like a contortionist to put on her skimpy clothes in the narrow confines of the car.

Aroma of cheap perfume and perspiration permeated the air.

“I am looking for a boyfriend”, she said with an air of contentment and hope.

He quickly turned his face away to light a cigar, rolling down the window and blowing plumes of smoke into the night that was being washed by a light drizzle. He never answered her and instead started the car, leisurely driving out of the car park.

“I want some water to drink. I'm thirsty,” she said.

He stopped at a Circle K and bought them water, chocolate ice cream and chips, as if to shrug off the sudden guilt that had descended on his shoulders.

She licked the cold bar and munched on its crispy chocolate coating.

“uuummmm...this is nice...sweet but cold. Do you always order out? I mean like me? You know I'm alone. My parents passed away many years ago. My only sibling is my brother who doesn't bother whether I am alive or dead”.

“We all have our lives to live. We cannot run from ourselves”, he said softly at the same time reaching out with one hand to stroke her like a pet that had just done a trick.

“Yes I know. I work in a Spa. Sometimes I have to do a customer but I don't mind 'cause I get enough money to pay rent, buy clothes and enjoy. I don't know how much to charge you. Actually I accompanied my friend tonight hoping to find a boyfriend. Oh well, maybe another time. Do you have family here? Okay, so how much will you give me?” she asked hesitantly.

He removed \$25 from his pocket and placed it in her sweaty palms.

She held it up to the neon light penetrating the car and smiled, “Yes, this is okay, thanks”.

The midnight traffic jam in Kuta, the throbbing music emanating from the restaurants and the effervescent crawlers that thronged the pavements made up the landscape of a Henry Millerish montage; one that would remain briefly in a reality of lascivious surrealism spiced with Sambal (a potent local chili sauce).

A short time later they reached her place that was located on a narrow side street. When the car came to a halt she bent over and kissed him on the lips, running her fingers through his hair and whispering, “Call me when you need someone to love, I'll be there but only nights”.

Then the door slammed shut and the darkness swallowed up another desperate soul leaving him to drive home alone to the grating whine of Dylan's “Desolation Row”.

© Text & Pic Mark Ulyseas



# Manila

*Exclusively for readers of Live Encounters an excerpt from Morganics upcoming book, Memoirs of a Hip Hop Nomad. In this chapter he shares with us details of a brief 'stop over' in Manila!*



© Mark Ulyseas

*Stallholders wave bunches of bananas, young men munch hamburgers and statues of the Virgin Mary flicker in the darkness and smells from the open sewer running beside reminds me of Mexico, that same mix of Catholicism and Spanish culture in a third world context.*

I wake up in Docker River (Kaltakatjarra), Australia's most isolated Aboriginal community at the south west of the Northern Territory, near the South Australian and West Australian borders. There are 800 people in the community and at 5am as the sunrises over this huge Namatjira landscape, no one is stirring.

It's the end of three weeks of workshops and we pile into the troopy - the 4WD. We hit the red dirt road and start bumping our way north, it's about four hours drive to Yularra, the airport. About fifteen minutes into our journey we spot a couple of camels on the road up ahead loping along. They turn their goofy heads and look at us as if to say, "Oh shit! A car!" and keep running along the road. We laugh. They keep running along the road.

We are doing about eight kilometres an hour now and it's a fair drive so we beep our horn and try to wave them off the road. Not known for their incredible brain capacity - water is another thing - they just keep running along the road, trying to get away from us. So for the next ten minutes we trundle along behind them laughing as they try to figure out what is going on until one of them has a brain surge and steps off the road. We yell in triumph, the other camel takes the cue and they run off into the vast horizon looking back at us as if to say, "What is their problem?"

I get the four hour plane to Sydney, get home, shower, wash the desert dirt off me, have a feed and head to my night club gig at the bottom of a huge shopping mall in inner city Glebe. My job is to MC, i.e. crowd hype, at a Hip Hop R'n'B club. I knew it was going to be pretty commercial, I tell myself it's good to reach out to a different audience, keep an open mind and help pay for my upcoming trip while you're at it. Strange how these things work, the poster for the event is of an oiled up, muscular guy and a sexy, scantily clad

woman, both African American. The poster says "Hip Hop and R'n'B" and somehow that translates into a double levelled club of 1,000 people with the English bar men, the Lebanese security guys and me being the only ones who aren't Indonesian, Vietnamese or Filipino. The crowd is cool though, they don't really want to hear me rap obviously cause I don't fit the stereotype, and I'm not famous, so I hype the crowd, occasionally.

The DJ's rotate, I am on for five hours, and each DJ seems to play the same set of songs in a different, and sometimes even in the same, order. It gets a little boring, my jetlag is starting to kick in and when I hear Ice Cube's "Get Your Back Into It" for the fifth time at 4am, I tell the promoter that I think I should let the DJ take over now, collect my cash and go home. No sleep, it's a 6 a.m. check in, I grab my stuff and head to the airport for my flight to San Francisco. As soon as the plane takes off, I start snoring.

At Manila airport we are told to wait...and wait...and wait. They tell us that the plane has a "mechanical fault" and that they won't know if it can continue onto San Fran for another three hours. So I grab my backpack and take off to check out Manila on foot, in three hours. It's about 7 p.m. and I walk out of the airport and into your normal South East Asian big city mix of heat, humidity, pollution, noise and colour.

Sweating with my backpack on I just walk straight ahead and see what I can find. Being right beside the airport I quickly figure out that this isn't Bel Air. As the streets start to get smaller and darker I realise I am walking through slums. I see six people on three bunk beds, cardboard, wood and sheets.

I am obviously not a local and people are really friendly if a little surprised. Kids run along the street waving at me, old ladies smile. A group of young

**"We can shoot a cow with a machine gun," he offered with a deadpan face.**



© Mark Ulyseas

guys with a guitar stop me and ask where I am from.

"Australia, Sydney"

"And what are you doing here?"

"Our plane is broken down, so I have to wait." I am feeling a little footloose so I ask if they can play a song.

"Maybe I can beatbox?" I suggest

"Beatbox?" lost in translation they smile "OK" and they laugh amongst themselves and as the guitarist strikes up a riff, I .....beatbox. They jump around



dancing as their lead singer starts singing what sounds like a Phillo pop song. They all join in and at the breakdown I bust a freestyle rapping about the clothes they are wearing, the bananas being sold right beside us, responding to the environment. It transcends translation, even if their English is limited and my Tagalog is non-existent, they understand what I am doing and start holding out different objects, keys, a wallet, a mobile phone that I can rap about. Then their chorus kicks back in and they all sing along, I add some vocal scratches and the jam is finished.

We shake hands, pat each other on the back, the old lady at the stall beside us gives me a banana, and we bid each other goodbye as I walk deeper into the slums, smiling.

One thing I have definitely found with my travels is that whatever energy you put out, locals pick up on it really quick. Put out fear and people will feel uncomfortable around you, the energy will get antagonistic.

A gay friend of mine told me that when he was walking home one night in Sydney he noticed a bunch of young guys had started walking behind him. He quickly adjusted his walking style so that he looked as if he was a bit drunk, and voila! The young guys lost interest and walked away.

Tonight in the slums of Manila I was on a bit of a high, soaking up a bonus voyage into a dizzying array of alleys and smells, sights and sounds and I'm pretty sure the vibe I was putting out was so good that it didn't matter that this was definitely not on the tourist map.

I came across a CD stall in an alley and got into a half hour discussion with the owner about Hip Hop in the Philippines. We compared stories I had been told by my Philo-American friend Roland of the first wave of breaking turning Manila into a thriving mass of sensationally talented Bboy crews back in the early 80's. The CD seller showed me some local stuff that looked pretty commercial, but compared to Australia at least there were some local Hip Hop

crews that he knew the names of. I bought a couple out of curiosity, he got me to beatbox for him and I carried on.

One slightly dodgy looking dude followed me for a few blocks, asking all the normal questions until he finally came to the point.

"Do you want to fire a gun?"

"What?"

**"Do you want to fire a gun? We can go somewhere you can fire a handgun?"**

Being in a particularly good mood, firing a gun was the last thing on my mind at the time, and a little taken aback I said...

**"Thanks for the offer, but I'm cool thanks"**

**"We can shoot a cow with a machine gun," he offered with a deadpan face.**

**"Um..." slightly grimacing at the visual "you know what I'm actually a vegetarian, so I think I'll have to take a rain check on that one. Thanks for the offer though".**

Taking a moment to collect my thoughts, still slightly reeling at the crazy proposal and scared to think of what else he might have offered if I had of hung around any longer, I focussed on my immediate surrounds.

Then I spotted a barber, and I thought to myself, a haircut in Manila, perfect, and excused myself away from the local gun club street rep and stepped through the door, as he walked off disappointed.

When I travel one of the coolest things is getting my haircut in different places. Women get manicures and pedicures and real haircuts, but men, and especially Hip Hop men, we go to the barber.

There weren't many barbers out in Docker River and I may as well hit San Fran looking fresh so it was a serendipitous moment. The barber looked at me a

bit as if he had seen a ghost but covered it well and asked me to wait while he finished the guy he was working on, who was also staring at me, but broke into a big smile. I smiled back, picked up a girly mag and sat down.

Across the lane from the barber was a little church and it was in full effect. About thirty people in the congregation singing the praises of the lord in a mix of Tagalog and biblical English while the house band thrashed away on a cheap drum set and a Casio keyboard. Now, to my surprise and contrary to all my previous experiences, I couldn't help but smile a little when, listening to them, I realised that not all Filipinos can sing after all.

The barber ushered his last client out and with a pronounced casualness asked me to sit. He was a professional, took his time, didn't chat and proceeded to give me a very smooth "short back and sides". With people walking by giving me a double take and little kids faces popping out from the back of the shop, smiling, toothlessly at me, I knew I would soon be on the plane to the home of the best Hip Hop DJ's in the world, the Filipino massive known as the Invisible Scratch Pickles. Qbert, Appolo, Shortkut, guys like Vin Roc all hailed from the Philippines but now called San Francisco home and as long as my plane didn't break down again, I'd be there in the next 12 hrs.

*Morganics is an award winning Hip Hop Artist, spoken word performer and director as well as a passionate community worker. He has performed from New York to the UK, the Sydney Opera House to Prague. His extensive work with indigenous communities throughout Australia includes The Wilcannia Mob's "Down River" which he remixed for MIA's latest. He produced an album for ex street kids Wayahudi Family in Tanzania and has recently released his CD/DVD "Hip Hop is My Passport". Morganics is currently working on his forthcoming book "Memoirs of a Hip Hop Nomad" and Australia's first Hip Hop musical feature film "Survival Tactics". [www.morganics.info](http://www.morganics.info)*



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**And just in case my plane didn't get fixed I could always stay in Manila and shoot a cow with a machine gun.**





[www.terry-mcdonagh.com](http://www.terry-mcdonagh.com)

# The Leveller

What’s the point in poetry and death  
if  
your team’s all sloppy and out of breath.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in sexy women or toast  
if  
the goalie lets a soft one in by the post.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in orgies on ice  
if  
the star admits to being loving and nice.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in that god of mine  
if  
United gets a goal in injury time.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in laughter and derision  
if  
your team’s got a foot in the second division.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in Plato’s common clay  
if  
the pitch is in bad shape on Saturday.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in reincarnation and Zeus  
if  
our lads down there are getting dog’s abuse.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in being run off your feet  
if  
as usual the game ends up in defeat.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in life, fun or the game  
if  
when you face your mates the result is the same.

Football’s the leveller.

What’s the point in dying before the game’s won  
if  
the gravedigger’s not there to get his job done.

The shovel’s the great leveller in the end

# Hamburg V Stuttgart 0:1

Bjorn stood with his back to the Polizeiwache on the corner of Davidstrasse and even if it was after midnight, he didn’t feel he had anything to fear. Two police officers charged past him, jumped into a car and ripped along the Reeperbahn in the direction of Altona. He stood transfixed, fascinated by the blazing light and screaming siren as the car disappeared into the distance and someone’s tragedy, perhaps.

They had won the game, beaten HSV, one nil, and he’d come all the way from Stuttgart in a threesome of supporter-friends from school. He’d loved the stadium and the atmosphere – he even joined in the singing, which was lots more than he’d usually do but, above everything else, he’d been excited about the long train-trip to Hamburg with his friends, in the weeks leading up to the game.

His leggy, distant relative, Charlotte, had a bed for him in Eimsbüttel, so his mother didn’t mind him staying over till Sunday. She liked Charlotte and if he were honest, so did he. She wasn’t that much older and hardly a cousin at all, he was quick to remind himself. The friends had gone home after the game and he’d wandered about the city, drunk few beers and felt the world at his feet for the first time in his life. Cousin C – as he liked to call her – was going to a party and he had the city to himself. Die Reeperbahn was a must. He had her mobile number and she had his. Bingo.

It was April 2008, in Hamburg. Bjorn was on the sinful mile, at the age of eighteen with money in his pocket and a can of Becks in his hand. Die Grosse Freiheit, Eros Center, Herbert Strasse, striptease bars by the score: girls, girls, girls. An inner yahoo released itself in a gush of pure breath. He would tell his mother of the great work The Salvation Army were doing and how, in their exotic uniforms, they went from bar to bar collecting for the poor and destitute.

I saw them with my own two eyes. I did, Mama. Then there was Die Michaelis Kirke, he told himself as he peeped around the barrier that protected Herbert Strasse from public view. His mother had always intended to visit Hamburg, so he’d have to tell her about churches and important buildings he’d seen –

albeit from the outside. After all, he’d only be having two half days and one night in the city.

A bunch of exuberant, English-speaking guys pushed up behind him, taking him with them in their stride, past the barrier and into the surreal world of Herbert Strasse. Women weren’t welcome. His Catholic background hadn’t prepared him for such a visit. Jusus Maria. He checked his wallet. It was safe in his trousers pocket. A man could lose a fortune in this place, he concluded as he stared at scantily clad, angelic-looking women sitting in windows. There was a whole row of these colourful shrines to choose from. He ventured along the short street to the end and then did the journey back again.

Some chairs were vacated. One of the girls left her erotic perch as a man indicated his interest in a greater degree of intimacy. Bjorn felt his wallet. It was safe. His mother talked about the power of prayer. He felt an ejaculation coming on but he nipped it in the bud. Prayer would be of no help at a time like this.

It was just past 1am. He’d been walking up and down this cosy little street for forty-five minutes. It had seemed like no time at all. His mobile rang. It was Charlotte to say she’d be going home in about an hour. She hoped he didn’t mind that she’d only one bed and her place was tiny. He was sure he’d heard her giggle as she gave him directions.

There was a takeaway on the corner of David Strasse. He was suddenly dying for a bag of chips. Stuttgart had been the better team on the day he decided as the SBahn pulled in along the platform. These chips were among the best he’d ever eaten and he was only half-way down the bag. He let his ears back and sighed.

*Terry McDonagh, [www.terry-mcdonagh.com](http://www.terry-mcdonagh.com), poet and dramatist, has published four collections of poetry; a play; a book of letters and a novel and poetry for children. His work has been translated into Indonesian and German, funded by Ireland Literature Exchange. With piper Diarmaid Moynihan, he completes poet/piper duo, Raithneach. Twelve of his poems have been put to music by German composer, Eberhard Reichel. His latest collection, Cill Aodain & Nowhere Else, [www.killedan-and-nowhere-else.com](http://www.killedan-and-nowhere-else.com), illustrated by artist Sally McKenna, was published in 2008.*





**"I want to learn.**

**I want to do further studies in a foreign university because I will learn much more and when I return I can get a better job, maybe in a government school, as the pay is very good. I could also be a professional translator – English/Indonesian/ English for the tourism business.**

**Without better education, I will remain a nobody struggling to eat everyday."**

**Putu**

**23 years**

*English teacher earning US\$50 per month + private tuitions for 4 students once a week for a monthly fee of US\$ 12.00.*

Educational qualifications:

**SMP** (Sekolah Menengah Pratama – Junior High School – Class 7 to 9 Balinese taught only till Class 9.

**SMA** (Sekolah Menengah Atas) Senior High School – Class 10 to 12

**SPD** Maha Saraswati University, Denpasar, Bali. 3 yrs 6 mths. **Strata 1.** Studied English.

**No books only lectures.**

**However, one could photocopy books, as the books are expensive.**

**The university has a library.**

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## A schoolteacher somewhere in Bali speaks to Mark Ulyseas

This was the financial situation when I was schooling. Now it is much harder as basic living costs have risen, for example the price of food. *My three siblings are school going.*

<b>A. Tuition fees</b> per month US\$3.50 pm x 12 months Two sets of books US\$ 20.00 per annum Uniforms 3 different colours– 3 x US\$ 3.50 Private Tuition per month US\$ 5.00 x 12 months Sundry expenses e.g. school sports day etc. US\$ 25.00 <b>Total Average Cost per child per year</b>	= US\$42.00 = US\$20.00 = US\$10.50 = US\$60.00 = US\$25.00 <b>= US\$157.50</b>
<b>B. Total per year for 1 brother/2 sisters/self</b> 4 x 157.50 this does not include transport, food at school, medical, misc.	<b>= US\$ 630.00</b>
<b>C. Both parents are teachers</b> each earning approx. US\$200 per month <b>2 x US\$200 x 12 months</b>	<b>= US\$ 2400.00</b>
<b>D. Deduct Education for children (C) US\$2400 (B) \$ 630.00</b> Balance in hand for yearly household expenses – food, transport, Medical, ceremonies, clothes for 6 members of the family	<b>= US\$1770.00</b>
<b>This averages US\$25/per member/per month/and per day</b>	<b>=US\$ 00.83 Feb.2010</b>

The monthly deficit works usually out to around \$150/- and sometimes more when ceremonies/festivals/accidents/illnesses occur.

I don't want to get married now, maybe in another five years.  
I will continue to contribute to family expenses as my parents have educated me.  
They believe that without education one cannot go forward in life.

**If you want to help this schoolteacher travel abroad for further studies please contact [liveencounters@gmail.com](mailto:liveencounters@gmail.com)**

01. School children must buy their textbooks from their teacher.
02. There is no standardisation of textbooks.
03. In government schools tuition fees are waived for all students till Class 6. But the overheads like uniform books etc. have to be paid for.
04. Many children drop out after Class 9 (on completing SMP) because their families cannot afford to pay the tuition fees etc. for Classes 10 onwards (SMA). One can see them working in warungs and other businesses at the bottom rung of the workforce.
05. Unsubstantiated reports reveal that Bali has a shortfall of 9,000 teachers for the Balinese language and Hindu religion.



# Language matters ...

*It is the soul of a culture, says **Audrey Lamou** as she explores the linguistic situation in Indonesia.*

For more than ten years, February 21st has been declared “International Mother Language Day” by UNESCO. What is actually the need for such a day and what can we expect from it? Defining “Mother Language” itself is not easy. It can refer equally to the language that a person has learnt first, that he identifies with or is identified as a native speaker of by others, that he knows best or finally that he uses most.

Many questions come to mind when we think about the situation in Indonesia, which is said to have one of the richest linguistic biodiversity in the world. What are the mother tongues of Indonesians? If “bahasa Indonesia” is both national and official language of Indonesian citizens, is it spoken in the immediate environment of its population and does it embrace all the heritage of the ethno linguistic groups? To what extent are these languages endangered or not? What responses can be considered?

## An overview of languages of Indonesia

**In Indonesia, the linguistic situation seems very complex at first sight. Some authors have counted from 300 up to 742 local languages, whereas Denys Lombard, for instance, states that there are 20 main languages, for which there are of course numerous variants.** What is undeniable is that Indonesia is linguistically the most diverse country in all of Asia. The official language, Indonesian, is the medium of instruction at all levels of education, yet only about ten percent of the population speak Indonesian as their mother tongue. The constitution and an education act support the use of students’ mother tongues as mediums of instruction in the early grades. In practice, however, local languages are rarely used in formal government schools apart from being taught as subjects in some areas. “Local languages are more widely used in non-formal education, particularly in adult literacy.”

Contrary to what is often said though, “Indonesian is not an “artificial language”, “composed by heterogeneous elements” or “imposed from above” by the authorities of a State preoccupied by worries of unification.” Denys Lombard explains



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that it was chosen in 1928 by the young Dutch Indies nationalists, who decided to fix on a unique language, which would serve as an official language for future “Indonesia”. The vast majority of them opted for Malay, and not Javanese, even if this regional language was then spoken by two fifths of the population. Some have argued that Javanese language was sacrificed in Independent Indonesia, as illustrated by the poem Panglotjitaning basa jawi (1952), first published the monthly magazine of Balai Bahasa (the House of Language, 1948-1952), Medan Bahasa, and commented by Jérôme Samuel in Archipel.

The name of “bahasa Indonesia” was given to the language in 1928, and from 1972, Malaysian and Indonesian spellings were harmonized to facilitate book exchanges and cultural connections.

So “bahasa Indonesia” is actually the most recent state of a much older language that has proliferated with an extreme vitality, enriching itself with new turns of phrase and numerous neologisms. Aside from the origin and the evolution of the language, we can of course salute this pillar of the **“Pancasila” (“One Nation, One Language”)**, for it has unified writings and works of art, of authors and artists from different backgrounds of Indonesia, as underline by Goenawan Mohammad, for instance, when he declared **“Dari deret nama itu tampak, mereka datang dari latar belakang yang beraneka ragam, tapi berada dalam satu tradisi-tradisi teater modern Indonesia. Bahasa Indonesia memungkinkan itu.” (“These names come from this line, they come from diverse backgrounds, but they are in one tradition of modern Indonesian theatre. Indonesian language made this possible”).**

The main vocabulary characteristic of Indonesian is an extreme abundance of borrowed terms; we can easily distinguish three different levels corresponding to **three major periods: the Sanskrit level (corresponding to the “Indianised period”), the Arab and Persian level (corresponding to the Islamization period) and the European, Portuguese and English level (corresponding to the colonization period).** But what is interesting is that pronunciation for the last two, Arab and English words, is often faithful to its original accent.

**A book by Alif Danya Munsyi, alias Remy Silado, states that “9 out of 10 Indonesian words are from abroad.” An example is given from an advertisement published in the newspaper, Kompas :**

“Gadis 33 (**Minangkabau** language: tuan gadis, appellation for a girl, descendant of a king), Flores (**Portuguese** : floresce), Katolik (**Greek**: katolikos), sarjana (**Javanese**: sarjana), karyawati (**Sanskrit**: karyya), humoris (**Latin** : humor + **Dutch**: isch), sabar (**Arab**: shabran), setia (Sanskrit: satya), jujur (Javanese: jujur), anti merokok (Latin: anti, Dutch: roken), anti foya-foya (**Manado**: foya, meaning someone who likes partying), aktif (Dutch: actief) di gereja (Portuguese: igreja). Mengidamkan (**Kawi** language: idam, meaning desire) jejak (**Sundanese** language: jajaka), maks 46 (Latin: maksimum), min 38 (Latin: minimum), penghasilan (Arab: hatsil) lumayan (Javanese: lumayan), kebapakan (**Tionghoa - Chinese**: ba-pa, meaning father), romantis (Dutch: romantisch), taat (Arab: thawa’iyat), punya (Sanskrit: mpu + nya) kharisma (Greek: kharisma).”

Spread by radio and written press, “bahasa Indonesia” has now reached everybody, down to the most isolated places, and only a small number of people do not understand at least a few words of it. On the other hand, as it is the only language for secondary and higher education, the youth tend to adopt it exclusively, to the detriment of their “regional languages” (“bahasa daerah”). And, up until now, the majority of Indonesian speakers, whose mother tongue is not “bahasa Indonesia”, agree that this language still lacks accuracy and preciseness. For instance, the Balinese word “nengel” (meaning that an object that is on the verge of falling down, from the corner of a table for instance) does not have an exact equivalent in Indonesian. Names of instruments, like the Balinese word “cobek ulekan”, also lose accuracy when translated into Indonesian.

## What threats to linguistic diversity?

**“The greatest linguistic diversity is found in some of the ecosystems richest in biodiversity inhabited by indigenous peoples, who represent around 4% of the world’s population, but speak at least 60% of its 6,000 or more languages.”**



It is now widely recognized that a crisis is confronting many of the world's languages, the vast majority of which are indigenous peoples' languages. What is less known is that this phenomenon might actually be worse than the extinction of living species. **UNESCO established that India, the United States, Brazil, Indonesia and Mexico, countries that have great linguistic diversity, are also those, which have the greatest number of endangered languages.** However, the situation is not universally alarming. Thus, **"Papua New Guinea, the country which has the greatest linguistic diversity on the planet (more than 800 languages are believed to be spoken there), also has relatively few endangered languages (88)."**



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Languages carry much more than just words. A whole set of knowledge, a repertoire of traditions, cultural codes, ways of thinking and of seeing the world have been shaped into idioms for generations and centuries, and will never be fully rendered in a foreign language, or even a national language. It is an obvious yet not generally recognized truism that learning in a language that is not one's own provides a double set of challenges: not only of learning a new language but also of learning new knowledge contained in that language. So, even if we can understand the argument that speaking a language such as English, French or Spanish can open up new worlds and is often a ticket to modernity, it is not a sufficient reason for discarding traditional habits and despising local languages in the education system.

Some argue that **"tribalism is seen as a threat to the development of the nation, and it would not be acting responsibly to do anything which might seem, at least superficially, to aid in its preservation."** Indonesian constitution officially allows the use of local languages in early grades, in cases where they are necessary for the teaching of certain knowledge and particular know-how. In reality, bahasa Indonesia rules in all classrooms, and foreign languages also start to be heard everywhere, even when teachers do not completely master the syntax of these languages, like English or Mandarin.

Languages are not only essential to the identity of groups and individuals but also to their peaceful coexistence, especially in a context where several ethnics and cultures live side by side like in Indonesia. They constitute a strategic factor of

progress towards sustainable development and a harmonious relationship between the global and the local context, here between Indonesia and Asia, and Indonesia and the rest of the world. Ban Ki-moon, UN Secretary-General, declared on the occasion of the International Day of the World's Indigenous People, August, 9th 2008, that **"the loss of these languages would not only weaken the world's cultural diversity, but also our collective knowledge as a human race."** This day was organized, as explained by Koichiro Matsuura, Director-General of UNESCO on this occasion, to make decisions in order to "achieve the six goals of education for all (EFA) and the Millennium Development Goals (MDGs) on which the United Nations agreed in 2000 (...), to ensure that the importance of linguistic diversity and multilingualism in educational, administrative and legal systems, cultural expressions and the media, cyberspace and trade, is recognized at the national, regional and international levels."

To take the example of cyberspace, let us examine Indonesian languages diversity on the web. Measuring the languages in the overall number of pages on the Web increasingly presents challenges for the reason that just because a page is on the Web does not mean it is used, or even "visited". We should rather look at the way Internet is used and by whom. Another indicator is the number of pages per population ratio, to give an indication of the relative intensity of web authorship. A report by the Internet Governance Forum states that **"the rich diversity of written pages is found in the country with the richest diversity of languages in [Asia], Indonesia. And it is interesting to note that there is significantly larger number of pages**

**in Javanese (1.267.981 pages for 75.000.000 speakers @ ratio: 1.92) compared to Indonesia (866.238 pages for 140.000.000 speakers @ ratio: 1.31)."** But we should bear in mind that the US, which does not equal any Asian country as far as linguistic diversity is concerned, still controls much of the machinery behind the World Wide Web. So the relationship between languages on the Internet and diversity of languages within a country indicates that even with a globalized network, nation states have a role to play in encouraging language diversity in cyberspace.

### What can be done?

Of course, cyberspace is not the only place where languages are at risk. Data are worrying: Lucía Iglesias Kuntz states that **"out of the approximately 6,000 existing languages in the world, more than 200 have become extinct, 538 are critically endangered, 502 severely endangered, 632 definitely endangered and 607 unsafe."** So, what responses can be considered to threats to linguistic diversity? The first possible response is doing nothing. With the death of Marie Smith Jones, the Eyak language of Alaska (United States) died out in 2008 and Ubykh (Turkey) vanished in 1992 with the demise of Tevfik Esenç. These 200 languages have become extinct in the last three generations.

This figure is dramatic, but some scientists believe that this is a natural process and that we should not interfere. A second reaction consists in documenting endangered languages: the interactive digital version of this Atlas provides updated data about approximately 2,500 endangered languages around the world and can be continually supplemented, corrected and updated. The third reaction is to engage in revitalization activities, but this is another issue, and involves different actors. "The study of languages is a scientific enterprise; the effort to preserve them is not. It is a political question." Books and recordings can preserve languages, but only people and communities can keep them alive. "It is a good thing to record structural features of threatened small languages", but this action as well as any other, already has political overtones.

A language is a living entity and needs to be kept alive by a community of speakers, who will transmit their heritage to future generations through that means. Communities of people can only exist in

viable environments, favoured by a support from States, especially in a thriving globalized context. If conditions are not favourable, communities and languages die along with their speakers. So this issue not only concerns local and national cultures, but also cultural goods in an international and increasingly globalized context. The border between a "natural" evolution and a political will is very thin, which is why we need to keep our eyes open.

On the other hand, we can also argue that a language being a living entity, its evolution is natural and cannot be stopped. **In Jakarta and in the big cities in Indonesia, it is now normal to hear English words slip into the conversation, words like "sorry", "jealous" and sometimes entire sentences. This tendency is also spreading to more remote areas, where the vocabulary for all the new consumption goods and technologies comes abroad. The spelling and pronunciation of these foreign words are also now "Indonesianized" - "komputer", "knapot", or "telpon" are a few examples.**



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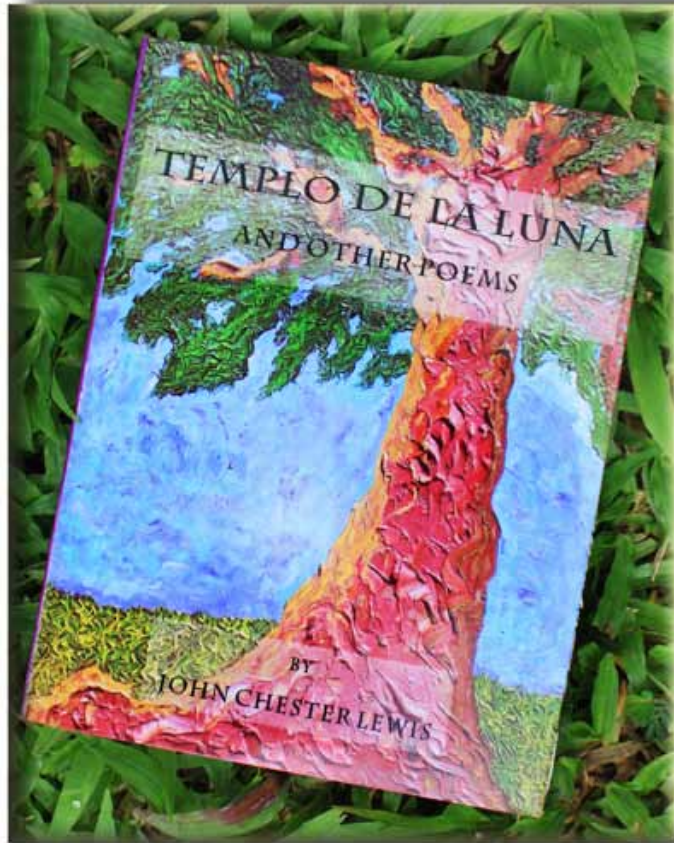
Audrey Lamou was born in the South of France in 1982. She studied English Literature and Civilization in Bordeaux and in Trinity College, Dublin, where she stayed for 2 years teaching French in the Alliance Française Dublin and contributing as an editor in the magazine Authentik. She also graduated in Pedagogy for French as a Foreign Language, and she then joined the French Cultural Centre in Jakarta as an International Volunteer. After two years there, she settled for Bali, where she has now been director of the Alliance Française in Denpasar for almost three years.



# Delta - The Getaway

John Chester Lewis

*The poem Delta comes from John's first anthology of poetry, Templo de la Luna that was completed at the end of 2008. This poem was written about the islands and canals in the Tigre River Delta just south of Buenos Aires, Argentina.*



Neon lights fade  
as the city's skyline  
begins its transformation  
ever narrowing  
in the jungles canopy  
as it envelops  
the bustling hustle  
at the end of the river tunnel

A forty horse motor  
whinnies down the corridor  
as the lights in shanties & mansions  
reveal their glistening lines  
of backlit floral brush & hedges  
connecting towering trees  
& miniature docks  
each with an individual staircase  
descending beneath the murky depths

The brightest stars  
unperceivable at the speed of city lights  
descend from overhead  
while the black canopy turns  
to a mixture of individual branches  
to an open night sky  
at the mouths of the river  
intersecting itself

Stargazing young lovers  
drift past port  
in a large dugout canoe  
with only a slight roll and yaw  
and a subtle tilt of the head  
The idling boat rides by on momentum

Stars, lovers, & the tips of three islands  
fade in the transformation once again  
of the horizon from silhouette  
to individual branches  
into blackened canopy  
where the songs of frogs  
mingle with jasmine  
& a hint of gasoline

off the engine of a passing boat  
moments after the mutual flashing  
on & off again  
of respective spotlights  
affixed to their separate bows

A lone dog upon the bank  
barks at the floating intrusion  
into its bridge checkpoint  
while two motionless young boys  
sit atop the bridge  
monitoring the exchange

Dozens of islands  
continue to open and close  
folding up into one another  
displaying the oneness of their canopy  
then repeatedly unfolding  
in star pockets and intersections  
of the individual silhouettes

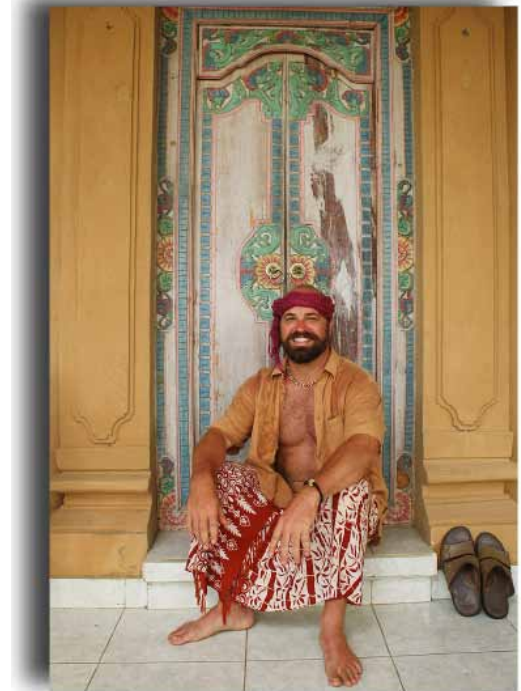
Along the starboard bank  
a man walks  
lifting his hand to wave  
while never giving glance  
toward the soft rumble  
of just a few of the forty horses  
swimming down river

The boat slows to its destination  
a brown dock  
resting under a corrugated tin roof  
sheltering an elderly couple  
patiently waiting  
to welcome their guests

A raised wooden pathway  
leads up to the deck patio  
of an orange cottage  
resting on stilts  
to protect it from the swellings  
of the river

At the midpoint of the path is a gazebo  
overlooking a bean shaped pond  
with lily pads  
covering all but the far side  
which is crowded  
with cattails sheltering  
a chorus of amphibian harmonies

A late meal is procured  
from a smiling one-eyed man  
& the sound of jungle drifts  
then floats  
into the state of dreams



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*John Chester Lewis was born in Southern California and began writing poetry during university in Colorado. Presently he lives in Ubud, Bali, Indonesia where he works on his poetry, music, and painting, when not running JL Galleries fine art. Three more books of poetry are due to be released in 2010.*  
<http://www.poempres.com> <http://www.jlgalleries.com>  
<http://www.johnniechester.com>





## Thermo regulator and rat tails – Bobby Chinn

Once again the Master Chef from Vietnam regales us with his wit and expertise in all things Asian. Thank you Bobby for supporting Live Encounters.

Nha Tho Street is now known as Church Street for the miniature replica Notre Dame Cathedral that stands at the end of the road. The street has become a tourist destination filled with some of Hanoi's finest boutiques and restaurants while dictating some of the highest rents in the city. This wide tree lined street used to be a quiet residential neighbourhood back in 1996 even though it was in the heart of the city just off Hoan Kiem Lake. Moca Café, situated on Church Street, was one of a kind that brought much attention to this area, transforming it into what it is today.

Moca Café was a converted colonial convent. It was unusually large, as they had converted two spaces making it wide with sweeping views of the street. The space was unique with glass windows that could slide freely from one side to the other leaving a large breezy space, giving it an almost 'open air' feel to those seated by the front windows. The walls were wonderful old bricks that lined both flanks of the room, with a marble fireplace that would be quite cosy during the cold wintry months. Art deco in style, it was furnished with white marble tables and Frank Lloyd Wright chairs, giving the establishment one of, if not, the finest looking casual dining space Vietnam had yet to see. The high ceilings allowed for additional seating area with a converted loft like landing that flanked the perimeters of the room. In

the front, an antique brass coffee roaster stood by the door, churning out freshly roasted coffee.

Jeff, an American from New Orleans, was the mastermind behind the design and layout of the place. A managing partner he was one of the most colourful characters within the growing expat community. Rich in experiences and stories that were so wide and varied he was nicknamed Zelig after the Woody Allen movie. He had opened probably the best independent restaurant in Hanoi at the time and it was an incredible achievement. Moca Café was an instant success, serving three distinctly different cuisines: Vietnamese, Indian, and Western, not to mention on-the-floor roasted coffee. It was one of the first packed western managed restaurants attracting Vietnamese, expat and tourist alike.

It had been a year since its successful opening and although the place was always jam packed, it was now becoming more run down by the lack of cleaning and maintenance. Jeff had called me up to ask if I knew of anyone who could install a thermo-regulator for his Wolf range oven. I immediately suggested that I bring over Willie, Chief Engineer at the Hanoi Tower's and Vu Son from the purchasing department. Together they could assist with additional parts, as well as, expertise or staff that could assist. Willie was

from Singapore, and always made it a point to show off his knowledge of everything concerning anything that touched upon engineering. He was very proud of his engineering triumphs and his operation. Vu Son, being the purchaser, was very close to Willie, as he needed to keep Willie updated on all the new fixtures, spare parts, prices and engineering items that were making its way into the local market. They would take the company van on Saturday to source for supplies for the Hanoi Towers.

I decided to join them and take them on a slight detour towards Moca Café for a coffee so that Jeff could coincidentally show up giving him the opportunity to tell us about his equipment failure. Knowing Willie, he would give free advice and probably assist, if asked. We arrived at Jeff's establishment on what was typically a busy Saturday afternoon. We luckily arrived when a table by the window was leaving and ordered our coffees when Jeff magically appeared. Looking a little frazzled like he had already had more than his fair share of coffee I made the introductions.

'Jeff, let me introduce you to Willie and Son. Willie runs the engineering department and Son runs the purchasing department. Jeff is the proud owner of Moca.'

After a couple of minutes of formalities Jeff slowly made his request.

'Hey, you wouldn't know how to install a thermo-regulator would you?'

To my surprise Willie did not know what a thermo-regulator was, and Jeff looked a little perplexed and became rather undiplomatic.

'What? You don't know what a thermo-regulator is?'

Jeff quickly turned to me and glared, wondering how they could help.

Willie calmly replied, 'I know what a thermostat is, and I know what a gas regulator is, but I have never installed a thermo-regulator'.

Jeff immediately turned to me waving off Willie and Son. 'I'd be fucked if you think that I am going to let him touch my oven if he doesn't even know what a thermo regulator is!'

Willie threw me a glance of surprise and I was not sure if it was because my friend was rude or simply because I had roped him into a little free consulting without his consent. I simply brushed it off and focused on getting Jeff to calm down.

'Now slow down Tiger, we are here to help you.' With that I gave him a slow glacial nod, staring deep into his eyes with the hope that he would remember that they were coming out of their way to assist him. Hoping that he would mellow out I then turned to Willie

'He is having a YIV day' (Your In Vietnam) it was a code, a reminder for expats that culture shock was kicking in but the person that was experiencing it did not recognize it. It was a phrase that we all learned to use.

Willie tilted his head and approved reluctantly. Turning to Jeff, I asked, 'Jeff why don't you show us the oven, then we can all see what you are talking about'

Jeff proceeds to tell us what a thermo-regulator is as we get up and make our way towards the kitchen

'A thermo regulator is an instrument that regulates the temperature of the oven based on the setting, which in turn regulates the gas to ensure that a temperature is retained continuously. So if you open the door, a lot of the heat is lost, so the regulator increases the gas flow to bring the heat back up to the temperature that it is set to.'

We walk past all the diners and entered his western kitchen which is connected to the bar. The kitchen was one of the first 'open' kitchens in Vietnam, with most other operators knowing full well that hygiene would be a deterrent to anyone ambitious enough to even consider a display kitchen in those early days. To the side lay what appeared to be a brand new 6 top Wolf range oven in the midst of a lot of the used locally fabricated equipment that surrounded it. It supposedly worked the first day or a couple of minutes according to Jeff. Someone had installed it without checking the manual first, or not knowing what a thermo regulator is, and within a couple of minutes the oven door blew open with fire and never worked again. Everything looked fine until I opened the oven door to the stench of what reminded me of the lion cages at the San Francisco Zoo. The smell



was so over powering that Willie and Son took another couple of steps behind me as the smell hit them with equal offence. They also gave the space a quick inspection running their eyes over the kitchen and then finishing with me, looking appalled by the filth.

The base of the oven was a large steel plate that covered the major heat source.

‘The thermo-regulator is below this steel plate?’, I asked.

‘Yeah,’ replied Jeff, ‘I think so, that is what I need help with. I don’t know as we lost the manual’

‘Ok, do you have a screwdriver with a Philip head?’ asked Willie

Willie and Son looked like they were both ready to bolt.

‘We can come back later if you don’t have a Phillip head’

‘No, let’s do this now or it will never happen,’ I said with finality.

I reached into my pockets and pulled out my Swiss army knife, kneeling down onto the grease riddled floor I took a deep breath of fresh air and on my hand and knees, using the finger file, I began to unscrew the oven’s base. My head now deep in the lions cage I was struggling not to gag from the nauseating smell when coming up for air I plaintively would look at Jeff hoping to see some recognition of the true friendship I was showing him by doing this disgusting job. But all I could see in his eyes was impatience and a caffeine haze.

Once the base was removed, the heating system of the oven was exposed; two parallel cast iron plates designed to radiate the heat throughout the oven as well as help to hold its temperature. Beneath those plates ran the gas lines for the heating system. From the corner of my eye, I could have sworn I saw something move in the darkness of the oven from one pipe to the other. I looked at Jeff and said, ‘Did you see that?’

I then kicked the oven and then clearly saw a rat run from one pipe back to the other, hiding beneath the shelter of the cast iron plate. This time it was



clear that there was a rat in the oven, as its tail was exposed. I quickly jumped up on the plastic stool.

‘Dude you got a rat in the oven!’ I screamed

He quickly hushed me

‘Come on man I got customers!’

He then proceeded to lean over to the prep table in front of the oven and quickly removed the 12-inch chef knife that sat on the table and then fell on his knees. He slammed the blade down on the exposed tail of the rat as it quickly ran to the shelter of the other gas pipe. He slams the knife again this time over the left gas pipe, where a pair of rats ran from left to right. I quickly turn to the bewildered Willie and Son who by now looked further and further from getting any closer to the oven, let alone taking on the responsibility of installing a thermo-regulator.

‘My God, it’s two rats!’

Frantically hacking away, back and forth in between the pipes, on top of the cast iron plates, he desperately tried to kill the rats. He looked like he had just lost his mind as more and more rats were sent running back and forth, through the guillotine of his Hienkel knife. The rats were now bumping into each other, as more and more rats appeared colliding with each other. It seemed apparent to me as well as to the rats that they were doomed in the congested space of the oven and that their only chance of survival was to quickly storm the executioner. And in one sudden moment, the rats charged. Leaping out of the oven, the horde of rats ran over Jeff as he fell on his back by the shock of it all, knife in hand slashing out like

a musketeer. One after the other, they ran, some limping, some with bloodied bodies, some with tails, some without. Like a mad man he rotated the knife, waving it aimlessly in vain as the rats literally jumped over him in their great escape. There I stood on the low plastic stool but this time my words were filled with resonance and colour.

‘Oh my God! You have tons of rats!’

His index finger quickly rushes over his mouth as he lay there on the floor now bloodied by the rats...

‘Shhhhhhhush! I have customers!’

I turn to the dining room packed with diners enjoying their food, oblivious of the present state of the kitchen. Turning back to the kitchen Jeff was now back on his feet with his knife in hand, he turns to Willie and Son

‘Where did they all go?’

Willie wide eyed pointed to the inside kitchen.

‘They went that way’

Son pointed into the opposite direction, changed his mind and went with Willie’s suggestion. The kitchen floor was laced with a trail of blood that seemed to run off in many directions. Jeff did not know what to do as the pack of rats escaped into the larger dining area that was packed. He then placed his chef knife back to the prep table. It was now dented and stained with blood from all the tails he had successfully amputated. A prep cook arrived with a bucket of peeled potatoes in water and placed a chopping board on the wet towel, picked up the knife and proceeded to chop up a potato. I felt the need to bear more bad news to Jeff, without words. Clearing my throat loudly until I got Jeff’s attention. My eyes darted towards the prep cook cutting away at the potatoes with a bloody knife. Jeff’s eyes rolled up into his head and then fell into a deeper state of despair. He slowly placed his hands on the hands of the cook, then removed the knife and placed it in the sink and then says:

‘Don’t ask, please don’t ask!’

The confused cook stood there staring at Jeff, then to me standing on a plastic stool petrified from the thought of a rat attack, while in the middle of the

kitchen two horrified members of management from the Hanoi Towers stood there in shock.

At that point Willie suggested, ‘Do you want to do this another time?’

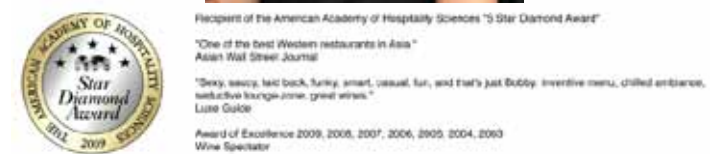
Jeff propped a smile, which lacked any form of ingenuity and agreed, ‘Yeah let me fix things up here and I will give you a call when I am ready. Can you do me a favour? Please don’t mention this to anyone?’

Willie agreed, but it was a tall order. They never fixed that oven. I had not eaten there since that incident. I also kept the story close to my chest until the day he was kicked out by his partner. I later hired Jeff to help me open my restaurant. He ran the bar, trained the bar staff on our prolific cocktail list.

Jeff is probably one of the most entertaining bartenders I have ever met. I have yet to meet anyone who could talk with close to encyclopaedic knowledge on any subject.

We still get a giggle out of the encounter with the rats.

Text © Bobby Chinn  
[www.bobbychinn.com](http://www.bobbychinn.com)



Bobby Chinn is half Chinese, half Egyptian, raised in England, lived in San Francisco and New York and now based in Hanoi. He is one of the most respected chefs in Asia. Coming from a family of great cooks, Bobby has always been passionate about food and he was taken under the wings of various cutting edge San Francisco chefs – Hubert Keller, Gary Danko and Traci des Jardine – where he learnt his trade. His series on Asia is being filmed for Discovery. He has also appeared in the UK on BBC2’s Saturday Kitchen and Full On Food. A must read is his best selling book *Wild, Wild East, Recipes & Stories from Vietnam* published by <http://www.conran-octopus.co.uk>



# IBIZA

Robin Marchesi



© Robin Marchesi

The Well of Truth where the dead lie still, anticipating, being drawn, into action, while I, alive, yet in rigor mortis, look out across the fields and mountains, awaiting the call to water...

Two pages lost to nothing and another dashed hope, singled out for the present in the idle rays of autumnal sun and the sweet plummets of smoke moving mountains in a Northerly wind...

This life seeking rhythm in words or perhaps more a harmony, belief, indeed delving depths for a matrix, out of chaos it's certain, dominance before God!

I am all addled perception caught in a searchlight, frozen by past participles. It was too late long before any of these misplaced mishaps occurred. The die cast in the kiln, when I knew no thing of Sculpture...

"There's 2,000 years worth of hard labour here!"

"I'm up before the judge...Think I'll get eight years."

"Eight years? - I've done that standing in the dinner queue."

Autumn in Can Amat. Leaves tumbling- The last flies buzzing slowly and wood creaking from lack of life...like my bones must feel when contemplating the future- Creaky- Looking at old age, its onset, despite the mind and all the dreams of youth, that this will never happen, growing old before my very eyes.

A sharp gust of wind, my first time alone for a long time, although, as I write, a house Martin swoops gracefully and flies around the terrace, hardly more than five feet away above the Earth and away from me.

Everyone knows how to write, it's simple, making sketches with words, but one cannot help, but be clouded by the self, as a whole. You write, you reveal yourself. It comes with practice, over time, "muchas trabejos" and experience worth the word. I cough, aggravated by the damp of Ibiza, it is a smoker's cough, and needs to be dealt with.

My eyes have eaten the Morna Valley in a feast of sight. The sweet pine and thyme scented airs fresh from the seas have reached my nicotine stained lungs. I have stood privileged to hear flocks of birds chattering in shrubbery or to watch a falcon riding the swirls of wind before diving, like a panther, for its prey.

I have witnessed the vast skies of night that dwarf humanity with constellations, solar systems, planets, moons and universes.

I have sensed shadows stalking my footsteps; felt the pull of lunar tides, on my own tides, as fascinated; I've watched its penumbras and changes, its cycles, in our petty breaths.

I have held cloud-induced commentaries with God and in the vast silences of my daily time; I have spoken to the dead, lulled by their camaraderie, comforted by their presence.

No doubt, peaky and press-ganged, at some future date, wandering down Ladbroke Grove in London, I might remember this intelligence, amongst my city-influenced companions.

My heart breaks, 'Mi Corazon Rompe' for you, Ibiza, the nearest place I found to home.



© Mark Ulyseas

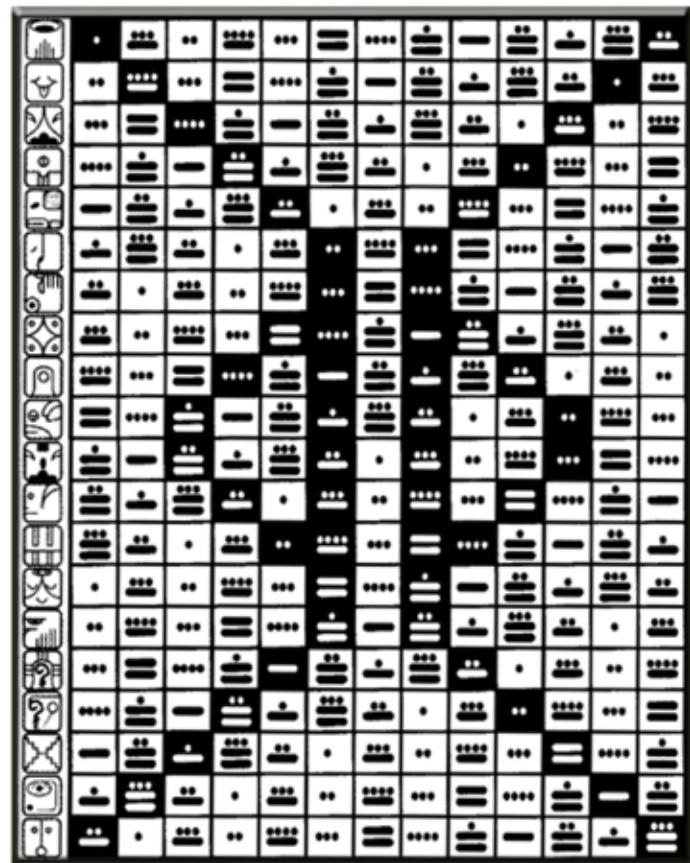
[www.robinmarchesi.com](http://www.robinmarchesi.com)

Robin Marchesi was born in 1951. He was educated at Oxford and London Universities. He has lived 'on his wits' throughout the world and has several published works including Kyoto Garden A B C Quest and A Small Journal of Heroin Addiction. He has worked on and off for the Sculptor Barry Flanagan OBE, a Rilke to a Rodin. At the moment he is living in London completing his latest work entitled: "Prospero's Cell."



# Mayan Time Cycles - Vasumi Zjika

**The Tzolkin is the most commonly used cycle of the Mayan Calendar. TZOL means to count. KIN is a day - Tzolkin is the 'Count of Days'. Based on a matrix of 20 x 13 or 13:20**



The following perceptions are based upon pursuing the Mayan Calendar daily for the past 13 years. It is in this spirit that I present my viewpoint, one that is shared and inspired by many; most notably Dr. Jose Arguelles, Art History Professor and one of the world's most dedicated Mayan Calendar pioneers, who is responsible for bringing the Mayan Calendar to the western world.

The Mayan Indians of Central America are believed to be the most adept at measuring the cycles of time and space. It is known that many Western experts in this area are in full respect of the knowledge that is held by these people. The surviving ruins of this day are encoded with information that reveal the intelligence of the Maya in their ability to track the natural cycles of not only our Solar System but also our Universe. Astronomers have given full credit to the accuracy of the Mayan knowledge of Universal Cycles.

The Maya have a calendar based on the 13 count, which is reflected in many indigenous cultures, including the Aborigine, Maori, North American Indian and Celts to name a few. The ancient Vedic Hindu calendar shares similar cycles especially in connection with the greater yuga cycles of 5200 years which herald in the different 'ages' (52 is 13 x 4). Unique to the Maya, is their awareness of 17 different cycles, which both ancient Mayan and dedicated modern timekeepers of today have tracked simultaneously. One of these cycles holds the ratio of 20 (fingers and toes) x 13 (major joints in the body) days, and equals 260 days, the time from conception to birth.

Within this ratio there are 20 different archetypes or Universal Truths, which evolve one to the other, day-by-day, portraying the cycles of evolution by revealing the Story of Creation from the Mayan perspective. The count of days portrays this Story of Creation as a day-by-day experience wherein we are the players in this evolutionary spiral of consciousness.

In an attempt to assist people to become aware of the natural cycles that we and the Earth move through, there is a movement on the planet focused on educating humanity around the use of our measure of time, our Calendar. The very word Calendar comes from the Latin word 'calends' meaning 'taxes'.

If we were to use a measurement of space – a ruler – where every unit or inch was a different measure, we would not be able to easily build anything in a spatial context. We then look to our current collective understanding of time, which we cannot touch, yet we measure with our minds our movement through space with TIME. Time is of the Mind, so it follows that the time we follow, is the mind we follow, the measure of time is what we condition our minds too collectively. We are currently programming to a measure of time that is disharmonic and out of order with natural cycles.

The Gregorian calendar with its 28, 29, 30 or 31 day months is programming our minds to disharmonic, disconnected and disordered beliefs. E.g. in Latin Sept is 7 - September is the 9th month; Oct is 8 - October is the 10th month; Nov is 9 - November is

the 11 month; Dec is 10 - December is the 12 month. These anomalies serve to unconsciously confuse the mind - unnatural time, unnatural mind. With this understanding look around at the way we abuse our planet. Is it any wonder there is a collective mental program of disconnected isolation. Perhaps here lies an answer to the question as to why there are growing numbers of people suffering from depression, alienation and the myriad other miasmas that affect all of life on our Planet. It is time to look down at what we are standing on and understand our connection to the Earth as she naturally cycles in alignment with all in the Solar System, the Galaxy and the Universe. Perhaps it is time to heed these natural cycles and simply follow them daily as we realise ourselves as part of a greater holistic system, as the Mayans and the Olmecs before them have for thousands of years, charting our evolution on this planet in relation to the cycles of the greater Universe. We are connected and we do have the response-ability to care for our planet as she cares for us.

Many people of our planet are now realising the importance of this message, and there is a movement to follow time cycles of greater harmonic measure, which attune us to Universal cycles, based on Mayan Day Keeping. It is wrong to assume because the calendar is of the Mayans that it belongs to them alone, we much understand that our indigenous brothers and sisters are but the caretakers of the ancient wisdoms until the time that the world has so lost its way that it is ready to listen to the simple wisdom that connects us back to Source.

In my experience of following the Mayan measure of time for 13 years daily, I have become increasingly aware of the overlay of the disharmonic major paradigm and in realizing this it is my passion to share the understandings gained with as many beings as possible in order to reveal the track to real meaning in our lives, to understand ourselves as evolving consciousness, forever moving forward in times great unfolding. May we heed the call and begin to release the feelings of despondency that have become far too predominant in our planetary culture.

Time is of the mind, when we follow unnatural time,

we have unnatural mind, and with this realization look around at the way we abuse our planet. With little attention to natural cycles that support times of Action and Inaction; we are a planet gone mad. Natural cycles allow for natural polarities to strengthen our collective, this brings balance and helps to combat the very common symptoms of depression and suicide arising from frustrations of not achieving or living up to previously set goals, set in unrealistic time frames.

The Industrial Revolution began with the invention of the first machine, the clock, which began our disconnection to the natural, nurturing cycles of the Earth as Mother. The mother, an archetype that is hugely disrespected in today's western world. The Earth's natural cycles instructs us on how to use the least to create the most, a simple wisdom now distorted by using the most, to create the least with an abundance of waste that has not been factored in to the equation of sustainability.

It's about 'TIME' to awaken to the simplicity of natural harmonic measures of our days in reverence of life as evolving consciousness, with human experience as part of holistic creation.

*In respect of the work with the Mayan Calendar by Jose Arguelles*  
[www.lawofone.org](http://www.lawofone.org)



*Vasumi Zjika has been a student of the Mayan Calendar for the past 13 years, sharing through workshops, lectures, seminars, sacred theatre and readings. She has worked and studied with some of the world's finest teachers including Jose Arguelles, Drunvalo Melchizedek. As a devotee of Ramana Maharshi she had her strongest awakening which led her to the Mayan Calendar and its deep wisdom. She is also an avid astrologer and student of both paths, Vedic and Western. [www.13moonz.ning.com](http://www.13moonz.ning.com) [www.worldtree.ws](http://www.worldtree.ws)*



# D H Lawrence

discusses Lady Chatterley's Lover with [Mark Ulyseas](#)



Some months ago when the moon played truant with the night and the shadows had taken a day off, a visitor from the twilight zone dropped in unannounced to invite me to the festival. The visitor, the director of the festival, was none other than Sylvia Plath. Her captivating melancholic demeanor was overwhelming so I had to accept the invitation.

There are no tickets or dinners or literary lunches or congregating culture vultures or for that matter book launches or book signing ceremonies. The uniqueness of this 24 x 7 festival is that every visitor can conduct a one on one with any (late) writer or poet by simply walking into a book shop and picking up one of his or her works; and then, reading it in the confines of one's mind.

So join me dear readers on this truly enchanting journey through the labyrinth of the lexicon world of (late) authors who have often brought enlightenment to oppressed or suppressed peoples.

**Just the other day I bumped into David Herbert Lawrence and wife Frieda** (nee von Richthofen and cousin of the German Ace Fighter Pilot Baron Manfred von Richthofen aka the Red Baron) walking through the mist covered rice fields. I invited the couple to high tea, which they graciously accepted. So come the day we met at a restaurant to partake of decadence punctuated by the brilliance of David's words.

**This soft spoken author of such controversial works as Lady Chatterley's Lover (1929) that was greeted with lawsuits for obscenity in**

**England in 1960; and the collection of poems titled Pansies (1929) which was banned on publication in England; had been lambasted by the self appointed guardians of misplaced morality. They had uttered such statements as "...if a search were made through all the literature of all the ages, as foul a book might be found, not fouler..." and "...this book excels in filth...it was created out of the turgid vigour of a poisoned mind..."**

After the pleasantries and pastries and steaming Kopi Bali, I asked David to tell me why he wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover in a style deliberately to provoke the public.

*"Mark, I lived in a society that had 'corseted' itself in narrow-mindedness to a point that even mention of sexual acts was an abomination. Putting it in print was vulgar. Yet promiscuity thrived in the privacy of homes, boarding houses and wheat fields. My novel is justified in so far as stating the truth, exposing the hypocrisy at that time. I detested the stifling contemporary morality.*

*The protagonists in the novel, Connie and Mellors, are symbols of individuality for they in a way, crafted their own moral code outside the confines of a prevalent culture. The love affair between an aristocrat and a game keeper is a challenge to society and instigation to reassess its social and sexual prejudices. The graphic rendition in words of the explicit sex scenes was a deliberate attempt to press home my point of view. Has anything changed since I died of tuberculosis in Vence, France in 1930?" he asked while sipping his*

**Tell me a word  
That you've often heard,  
Yet it makes you squint  
When you see it in print!**

**Tell me a thing  
That you've often seen,  
Yet if put in a book  
It makes you turn green!**

**Tell me a thing  
That you often do,  
When described in a story  
Shocks you through and through!**

**Tell me what's wrong  
With words or with you  
That you don't mind the thing  
Yet the name is taboo!**

D.H.Lawrence, Conundrums



Kopi Bali.  
“Not really”, I replied, “There are pockets of morality that are entrenched in medieval mentality. Methinks the world in your time and now seems curiously unchanged in many ways. Your novel may still be banned in many countries for obscenity. I guess enlightenment is still on its way”.

For those readers who haven't encountered this prolific writer's book, here is a brief synopsis.

*Constance (Connie) Chatterley is married to Sir Clifford, a writer, intellectual and landowner who is confined to a wheelchair as he has been injured in Flanders in the Great War. The couple reside at Wragby Hall in the Midlands. Connie has a short but unsatisfying affair with a well-known playwright, Michaelis, which is then followed by a steamy and passionate relationship with the game keeper, Oliver Mellors. She gets pregnant, goes to Venice to obscure the baby's parentage. Finally, Connie decides to tell her husband the truth for she wants to be married to Mellors who is already married to someone else. The novel ends with Connie and Mellors, briefly separated, awaiting divorce from their respective spouses.*

I requested David to read an excerpt from his novel that showed his sensitive portrayal of a woman. I handed him my copy.

He took the book from me and said that he would read aloud a part prior to Connie finding love in the arms of Mellors.

--When Connie went up to her bedroom she did what she had not done for a long time: took off her clothes, and looked at herself naked in the huge mirror. She did not know what she was looking for, or at, very definitely, yet she moved the lamp till it shone full on her.

And she thought, as she had thought so often, what a frail, easily hurt, rather pathetic thing a human body is, naked; somehow a little unfinished, incomplete!

She had been supposed to have rather a good

figure, but now she was out of fashion: a little too female, not enough like an adolescent boy. She was not very tall, a bit Scottish and short; but she had a certain fluent, down-slipping grace that might have been beauty. Her skin was faintly tawny, her limbs had certain stillness, her body should have had a full, down-slipping richness; but it lacked something.

....her breasts were rather small, and dropping pear-shaped. But they were unripe, a little bitter, without meaning hanging there....

She looked into the other mirror's reflection at her back, her waist, her loins. She was getting thinner, but to her it was not becoming. The crumple of her waist at the back, as she bent back to look, was a little weary...the longish slope of her haunches and her buttocks had lost its gleam...only the German boy had loved it, and he was ten years dead, very nearly. How time went by!

Ten years dead, and she was only twenty-seven. The healthy boy with his fresh, clumsy sensuality that she had then been so scornful of! Where would she find it now? It was gone out of men. They had their pathetic, two-seconds spasms like Michaelis; but no healthy human sensuality, that warms the blood and freshens the whole being.

...but the front of her body made her miserable. It was already beginning to slacken, with a slack sort of thinness, almost withered, going old before it had ever really lived. She thought of the child she might somehow bear. Was she fit, anyhow?

She slipped into her nightdress, and went to bed, where she sobbed bitterly. And in her bitterness burned a cold indignation against Clifford, and his writings and his talk: against all the men of his sort who defrauded a woman even of her own body.

Unjust! Unjust!

The sense of deep physical injustice burned at her very soul. –

David put down the book and for a moment looked out at the pink bougainvillea cascading over the ledge. The silence that hung heavy in the air was broken by Frieda's soft voice announcing that they had to catch the Red Baron's plane which was due to take off from the nearby football field. But before leaving the restaurant David put his hand on my shoulder and said,

“I have traveled with Frieda to Italy, the French Riviera, Germany, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Mexico and the United States. Alas, I wish I had come to Bali and tasted its unabashed sensuality and luscious lifestyle. Maybe I will return in a coming lifetime for it appears I would

be accepted here without prejudice.”

Twilight had set in as the plane roared off into the rising moon.

Nightfall blanketed my soul as I walked home to my woman friend clutching in my sweaty hands the paperback edition of Lady Chatterley's Lover.

Sections of this article appeared in my column Paradox in Paradise in [www.thebalitimes.com](http://www.thebalitimes.com)





## Interview with Adib Hidayat Managing Editor RollingStone Magazine Jakarta, Indonesia - *Mark Ulyseas*

### Could you give the readers a glimpse of your life/work?

I love music: collecting vinyls and CDs of local Indonesian music to metal, jazz, world music, alternative, blues and rock. I have worked for around 11 years as a journalist covering all aspects of the music world. After that I did a stint for a year in a record company; and written biographies of musicians and books on the history of music. Also, I am the proud father of two beautiful girls, Jemima and Jasmeena – Big J and Lil J !

### What is the role of RollingStone magazine in Indonesia? How does it help upcoming artists?

RollingStone magazine (Indonesia) is the No.1 music magazine in this country. Its role is to give hitherto little known information about music trends and to showcase Indonesian bands/artists. It assists in promoting upcoming bands by publicizing them in the magazines pages and offering music education and music biz info to the urbanites who are of the affluent hip crowd that love art, music and hidup manis (sweet life).

### What are the various Indonesian music genres and what is the most popular at the moment, and the best selling bands/songs?

Pop music of any kind is still No.1. The best selling bands/songs, I think, were in the 1990s and the first five years of the millennium when bands like Sheila On 7, Padi, Jamrud and Dewa 19 sold more than a million copies each. We term these bands 'million copies' bands'. But with the advent of music being digitalized, the superstars have lost a great deal. Presently, Indonesians buy music with RBT (ring back tone). It works like this – one can buy a 30 second cut from the 'refrain' of a song or an intro from the song. The price tag varies around US\$ 1. It is used as a ring tone and can be uploaded onto a hand phone. The best selling song right now is 'Baik-Baik Sayang' by the band Wali. Sales figures for the last three months have been 15 million RBT !

### What is your opinion on the state of IPR (Intellectual Property Rights) and how do Indonesian Bands producing original tracks protect themselves from piracy?

Piracy is not only confined to Indonesia, it is endemic worldwide. Admittedly this country is famous for its pirated CDs, but if we look at other countries like USA, UK or Europe they too have a problem and this is related to the digital world. Anyone can search the Internet and download music illegally without paying anything. Music firms, musicians and government must join hands and close down file sharing Internet sites. One should consider Paul McGuiness's (manager of the band U2) suggestions made at the MIDEM conference last year.





### Is there money to be made in the music business? And are businesses houses coming forward to finance upcoming and established bands?

Yes. In this digital era much can be achieved and earned. In Indonesia, telecommunication companies are coming forward to support local talent. The reality is that Bands need Brands...established Brands. I think this collaboration is mutually beneficial. Bands need Brands and vice versa for marketing their products to the 'now' generation.

### What is your opinion about organizations like OneDollarForMusic? Do they actually help struggling artists? And are there any success stories?

I think OneDollarForMusic is a good idea. But to implement this idea and take it to an effective level needs a national campaign, big budget and continuous promotion to get the message across this country of over 250 million people and two time zones. The problem lies in the fragmented state of the numerous music promoters, both commercial and social organizations. There is no cohesive effort. Everyone has different agendas.

### What is the prevalent situation as regards to legally accessing/downloading digital music in Asia? And how can Indonesian music industry be protected?

Our government must create laws and enforce the same to protect our music industry because in this digital era there are no borders!

At MIDEM 2010, speaker Mathew Daniel, Vice President of a China based digital music distributor highlighted the plight of Asian music consumers who are barred from legally accessing/paying for/and downloading music from iTunes, Amazon or Spotify even though the sales of MP3 players and iPods run into millions of pieces. He termed this action as incomprehensible and 'music apartheid'.

As we move into a new decade and leave the last one behind, we see yet another year of unfulfilled opportunities gone by in the Asian market (references to Asia generally exclude Japan, Korea and Australia). For too long, Asian music consumers have been neglected and not been given fair access to music. Instead, discussions on music consumption in Asia are usually in the context of piracy and Asian music consumers are often arbitrarily labelled as the stewards of said piracy. It is inexplicable that in this digital age, legal access to music across large swathes of Asia is non-existent.

With the lack of fair and convenient access, it is no wonder that Asia's music consumers have had to resort to file-sharing networks to obtain their music. China, despite the huge levels of piracy - in an ironic twist of circumstance and partly due to efforts to curb piracy - has recently been infused with one of the largest quantities of legal full-length music available to consumers in Asia via Google China and Wa3.cn; with the caveat that it is still an experiment in progress with other variables at play that will influence the final outcome. In the meantime, the rest of Asia's consumers would be justified in wondering if indulging in excessive piracy is the only route by which they too will be offered legal access to music.

Instead, Asian consumers who want to do the right thing have often been subjected to music apartheid in their futile attempts to purchase music legally. Consumers do not understand the music industry's self-imposed borders and complex self-righteous rights controls in this digital age that they see as ultimately serving only to impede the access of legal music to their shores.

### Does the tobacco industry finance many music events/bands etc.?

Yes. But now, telecommunication companies also finance many events/bands in Indonesia.

### Do you see Indo music going to Bollywood and Hollywood?

Bollywood? Maybe one day. But to US and other countries, yes, they have been and are continuing to tour. The bands and musicians that have toured abroad are: Sandy Sondhoro (Russia & Germany), Dira (UK), Suarasama (UK, Europe, US), The Temper Trap (UK & Australia), Ghost of A Thousand (UK), Discus (Europe, US, UK), Simak Dialog (UK, US, Europe), Anggun (France).

### What suggestions do you have for the music industry and how can it prevent piracy?

Selling music with subscription on a mass scale potentially solves almost every problem the music business faces. It kills piracy - with the death of ownership comes the death of theft - and injects a fresh flow of cash into an industry whose profits have been ripped down to zero and beyond by a generation of freetards. I don't think that's too naïve a hope. But ultimately it's not about fuzzy abstractions like the 'state of the industry'. It's about us as listeners, and the value we place on creativity. We need to make a decision - do we care about music enough to pay for it?

### What message do you have for the international readers of Live encounters?

We should follow the principle of 'to enlighten and lighten up' - in a way similar to 'inform, inspire and rock n' roll'. The fact is music is an art form that needs to be protected just like any other art form. And this can only be done if we all join hands to protect it from piracy, unscrupulous business and government interference.

[www.rollingstone.co.id](http://www.rollingstone.co.id)







Mark Ulyseas

Bali is inundated with Yayasan (charities) ranging from free eye operations, education, recycling to animal shelters. A number of these Yayasans are doing good work and have made a positive impact on island life. One such organisation is *Onedollarformusic*, the brainchild of Raoul Thomas Augustine Maria Wijffels a Dutch national residing in Bali.

When I first came across this organisation I assumed it was another scheme to make money off unsuspecting bleeding hearts with a conscience that continually beseeches them to 'contribute' to 'causes'. However, after meeting Raoul (who has over 20 years experience in music, arts, education and management including working as a teacher and music pedagogue at the Conservatories of Amsterdam, Utrecht and Rotterdam) and the Indonesian chairman Rudolf Dethu, it became apparent that this is an organisation that has the potential of becoming a major force in the creative and economic development of young potential musicians across the Indonesian archipelago.

[www.onedollarformusic.com](http://www.onedollarformusic.com)



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Raoul &amp; Rudolf of onedollarformusic





**What is onedollarformusic?,** I asked Raoul

In 2007 I founded this Yayasan because I felt that the hidden and undeveloped musical skills in this country needed such an organisation to nurture it and bring it to maturity through a comprehensive...a holistic approach.

But this could only be done by first learning the language, Indonesian, then forming a legal entity so that all operations/accounts could be above board and finally involving the people of this nation...empowering them to seek expression through their compositions, lyrics and rhythms.

One dollar for music is an insignificant amount for most people. However, each dollar adds up...each dollar does make a difference.

Since its inception the Yayasan has been swamped by youngsters with immense talent eager to learn, create, compose, perform and even help with the mundane activities of the organisation.

It has been slow but steady progress though hampered by insufficient funding.

We need all the help we can get at the moment to maintain smooth operations.

**Does your program help in preservation of the prevailing culture?**

Music transcends all barriers. It is universal. It doesn't have a language. And more importantly preservation must have a development value to it. What is going wrong is that we tend to put a fence around culture, to preserve it like a museum...isolating it from being 'connected to the ebb and flow of life tides'. Free movement of ideas through music by the now generation helps in impregnating and giving birth to new trends and this directly impacts industry and the overall economy of a country.

**Then why do so many Indonesian musicians I have met still have a 'please excuse me attitude' and are not aggressively promoting themselves. There appears to be a latent hesitation that defies logic. Why?**

I agree there is some truth to your observation. Maybe this is because of the past political situation in the 60s and 70s that resulted in a form of oppressiveness, which infiltrated even the creative community. Things have changed dramatically and this country, Indonesia, is racing ahead to catch up with other nations in all spheres of development...not excluding the indigenous music. That is why our organisation is preparing a base on which these very talented artists can learn, grow and actually make a living from their music. Today we have a fast growing music industry, a free press and most importantly with the advent of (multi-lingual) social networks like Facebook and Wordpress, Indonesia has become an integral part of village earth.

**So what are your future plans?**

Undiscovered artists that are out there across the nation need to be found and brought into the mainstream. And this can be achieved provided we have the resources to create a composite road show that criss-crosses the islands thereby coming into direct contact with budding musicians who can then be taken under our wing to be professionally trained in various musical instruments and as composers and lyricists. Also, a vacuum exists where an institute of music should be...a centre for professional excellence providing a wide range of courses for young Indonesian talent. All services should be free and supported by Indonesian and international organisations through funding from different agencies. And like art schools this centre can link up with similar institutes across the world thereby exposing local talent to international artists and becoming the gateway to endless possibilities for future development.



**Rudolf, you are the Indonesian Chairman of the Yayasan, what are your views on the work the organisation is doing and is it effective?**

As a country we have still to shake off the after effects of the Suharto regime. Yes, I agree things are much better but the psyche of the people still has to 'open up' to become more free. Therefore, I see how our young people, the now generation or should I say Jeaneration...still need to come out and express themselves...and what better way than to come to us and be able to develop their creative skills. Onedollarformusic has been instrumental in showcasing many such young people and some have composed, performed and recorded their musical compositions. They could not have done all this without us backing them. But we urgently need a large infusion of funds for the grass roots program that is to be implemented. If you want to help email us and we will get back to you immediately.

**What has been your contribution to the music scene? And your views of the prevailing market conditions for upcoming bands?**

I have been associated with many well known Indo bands - Navicula, Superman is Dead and Suicidal Sinatra; Radio Oz Bali and other radios stations; and founder of Musikator- a directory of Indo bands with emphasis on Bali; Scribe for the Beat Magazine and more.

Indo bands are not being protected and often their rights and privileges are non-existent. Our Yayasan must provide a kind of free legal aid to the nascent music industry.

We must educate them on how they can seek protection under the IPR and negotiate contracts with recording companies; and more importantly how to prevent their compositions from copyright infringement.

I know this sounds crazy because Indonesia is known for its pirated CD/DVDs! But we are growing up and becoming responsible...hahaha.

Did you know that many popular pop Indo songs are being illegally used as ring tones for hand phones? The enormous revenue loss for the relevant bands is mind-boggling.

This has to stop as it is killing the music industry. I think this is where Onedollarformusic comes in...we can provide back up in terms of legal aid as well as making representations to government and industry.

Also we can play an important role in educating the young people on such matters that in the end affect us all.

**Any suggestions on where the funding will come from?**

What is more safe than music? It is not trying to make war. It is an artistic form of non-violent expression.

Therefore, funding must come from organisations that don't have an agenda like religious or political. It should not have any strings attached. Of course it goes without saying that our operations and accounts are transparent and open to inspection by the respective donors.

Funding from government and industry will be welcomed provided we are free to carry out our work without interference and/or subjective promotion of unqualified individuals.

**But we should not forget the individuals who donate the one-dollar. It is these individuals who are the true lovers of music and it is their one dollar that has kept us going. Every dollar adds up in the end.**





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Seandainya aku bisa  
Menjatuhkan air mata  
Kujatuhkan di sini

*If I drop my tears  
I'll drop them here!*

**Vendi Antara**

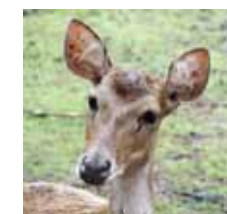
21 years, Karangasem, Bali. Composer. Vocalist. Guitarist. Band: **Hanamura** (Village Flower) Genre: **Emotional Pop**

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