



# PELANGI

AUSTRALIA'S CULTURAL MAGAZINE ON INDONESIA AND SOUTHEAST ASIA

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old

## INSIDE ...

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- Interview with Prof. Harimurti Kridalaksana
- Short Story by Dewi Anggraeni
- Game — Ular Tangga (Centre)
- Competition and Prizes

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# PELANGI

AUSTRALIA'S ONLY CULTURAL MAGAZINE ABOUT INDONESIA AND SE ASIA

## Note to our readers

Changes, changes. It seems that in the 25 issues of *Pelangi* magazine so far, none have been without changes. You see, we are always looking to improve our magazine.

This issue all our activity-based articles are grouped at the front and other news and reports can be found towards the back. We know this will be a useful change for your classroom.

Don't forget to enter our competition (see details below). Research all you know about these Indonesian fruits and send it in assignment form to be eligible to win yourself and your class a prize.

Keep up your study of Indonesian and keep sending in your contributions and ideas to *Pelangi*.

All the best,



*Lesley Harbon*

**PELANGI: Australia's cultural magazine on Indonesia and Southeast Asia, providing Indonesian language material as well as cultural material from the Southeast Asian region for students and teachers of Indonesian and Southeast Asian studies.**

**PELANGI links Australia and Indonesia especially through the use of this language and cultural material on a people to people basis to further increase human and cultural understanding for the 1990s and beyond.**

## Cover

Fruit seller. Photo: Leanne Morris (Narromine, NSW)

### Competition

Win yourself a book on Indonesia and your school/college an Indonesia Kit by Peter Leyden worth \$120.00, simply by:

1. naming the fruits on the fruit seller's tray (front cover);
2. writing them down and combining them into a one-page assignment (A4 size paper) along with coloured illustrations and short

descriptions; and

3. sending this in to:  
The Editor/*Pelangi*  
PO Box 407 Parkes NSW 2870  
by end October 1991.

Winning entries will be published in later issues of *Pelangi*.

Best correct entry overall wins individual prize. Most correct entries from one school win kit.

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2 pm (Adelaide 1.30 pm)  
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the Computer  
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English subtitles)

The opinions expressed in PELANGI are those of  
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## KENYATAAN

- Begini ceritera bagaimana Indonesia diberi nama.
- G.R. Logan adalah seorang ahli yang khusus mempelajari perihal suku bangsa.
- Pada tahun 1850 Logan mengemukakan dan memperkenalkan nama Indonesia ke seluruh dunia.
- Nama Indonesia ini merupakan gabungan dari kata 'India' yang oleh orang-orang barat diartikan daerah yang menghasilkan rempah-rempah, sedangkan nesos artinya kepulauan.
- Jadi Indonesia adalah kepulauan yang menghasilkan rempah-rempah.





# Gelap and Illegal

Dewi Anggraeni

**S**HE has completed her novella trilogy (she has already published two novels in English, one more is ready to be published, and many short stories in Indonesian and English). She works as technical editor in Fujitsu's documentation department and is part-time correspondent for *Tempo* magazine in Melbourne (she remembers fondly the times she interviewed the awe-inspiring characters, Dr Victor Chang and Mick Jagger). She is DEWI ANGGRAENI and *Pelangi* proudly offers its readers 'Gelap,' a short story based on interviews she had when she covered the illegal immigrant issue for *Tempo*. 'Illegal' is the English version of a different article (recently published by Dewi in *Tempo*), but on the same story. 'Gelap' and 'Illegal' are most suitable for upper secondary and tertiary students of Indonesian and also for students of cross-cultural communications. 'Illegal' and 'Gelap' are certainly not literal translations of one another, however, we know you will enjoy them both.

Udara malam yang dingin langsung menelannya, begitu dia melangkah keluar dari setasion kereta api Ringwood. Amran membungkuk mengecilkan diri. Ditutupnya jaket denimnya, sambil menggerutu gemeteran. Tangannya masuk dalam-dalam ke saku jaket. Sudah lewat jam tujuh malam, dan perasaannya tak menentu, di daerah yang tak dikenalnya. Cuma sekali dia pernah ke Ringwood, diajak Biran berjalan-jalan naik mobilnya. Sekarang dia harus mencari rumah Shane sendirian. Perasaan tak menentu menajam menjadi rasa bingung, dicekam rasa lapar dan sepi.

Kertas di tangannya turut bergetar, dan Amran susah payah membaca sketsa peta di bawah lampu jalan. Rasanya setiap orang yang lewat berjalan ke arahnya. Sejak visa turisnya habis waktunya, Amran jadi cepat curiga tiap kali seseorang tak dikenal menaruh perhatian kepadanya.

'Jangan susah kau, Amran! Di sini orang biasanya tidak usil. Cuma, usahakan agar kau tidak bertengkar dengan teman yang tahu keadaanmu. Mereka itulah yang harus kau awasi!'

Bagaimana Biran dapat mencurigai teman-temannya terus-menerus? Di tanah asing ini, jauh dari kampung halamannya di Guguak Tinggi di Sumatera Barat, teman-temannya adalah pengganti sanak keluarganya. Biran, saudara sepupu ibunya, hanya sempat mengunjunginya sebulan sekali. Jadi teman-temannya adalah tempat dia menumpahkan segala suka-dukanya. Karena sejauh itu tidak pernah terjadi apa-apa, rasa waspada yang setipis-tipisnyapun akhirnya hilang.

Ketika seorang temannya, Kusniar, membantunya mendapatkan pekerjaan di sebuah pabrik di Broadmeadows, mulailah Amran memberanikan diri bergaul dengan orang-orang dari negara lain: Yunani, Lebanon, Turki dan orang Australianya sendiri. Amran memang cepat menangkap bahasa. Dia sudah pandai mengucapkan beberapa kalimat dalam beberapa bahasa. Begitu jugalah dia belajar bahasa Inggris. Yang penting-

As he walked out of the Ringwood station, the chilly night air rushed up and swallowed him. Amran hunched up his shoulders. Making a guttural, growling noise while shivering, he closed the front zip of his denim jacket and thrust his fists in its pockets. It was well past seven o'clock, and he felt more than slightly disoriented. He had only been to Ringwood once, with Biran in his car. Now he had to find Shane's house on his own. Hunger and loneliness highlighted his confusion.

Trying to steady his shaking hands while checking the roughly-penned map under a lamp post, Amran felt that every pedestrian was walking toward him. Since he'd overstayed his visitor's visa Amran had become wary of strangers who appeared to show interest in him.

'Don't worry about them,' Biran had said, 'People aren't usually sticky-nosed here. Just try not to cross your friends who know your situation. They're the ones you've got to watch out for!'

Amran found it hard to maintain the level of suspicion Biran'd taught him. In this foreign land, far from his hometown of Guguak Tinggi in West Sumatra, his only circle of emotional security was his friends. Biran, his distant uncle, only came and visited him once a month. As with his immediate family, Amran liked to relax and unload his woes when he was with his friends. Since nothing bad had happened, even the most remote suspicion toward his friends had dissipated.

When one of his friends, Kusniar, found him a job at the factory at Broadmeadows, Amran started to venture outside the Indonesian circle. Now he had friends amongst different nationalities: Greek; Lebanese; Turkish; and Anglo Australian. Amran had a flair for language. He quickly learned a smattering of each language, the way he learned survival English.

Kusniar warned him: 'Remember, if any of them finds out your situation, you're a goner!'

Amran, feeling increasingly self-confident each day,

penting dalam pemakaian sehari-hari.

Datang peringatan dari Kusniar: 'Ingat kau, kalau mereka tahu keadaanmu, tamatlah riwayatmu di sini!'

Amran hanya menepuk lengan Kusniar dan menjawab dengan kocak, 'Jangan khawatir Kus,' dalam bahasa Inggris yang didapatnya dari teman-temannya di pabrik, 'aku bukan anak kemarin. Aku tahu kapan harus mengancing mulutku!' Makin lama dia merasa makin pandai menguasai keadaan, kalau cuma di antara teman-temannya.

Kusniar mendeheh dan manggut-manggut, mukanya agak masam.

Melihat persahabatan antara Amran dan Shane mengental, Kusniar mulai menunjukkan kekhawatirannya.

'Ran!' dia melotot, 'Apa kau buta? Kau tidak setingkat dengan Shane! Dia seorang mahasiswa. Dan kau? Melangkah ke gedung SMA saja mungkin kau belum pernah!'

'Jadi?' sahut Amran tak acuh, 'Di sini Kus, orang bersahabat tak pandang bulu, tak pandang pangkat. Kau belum tahu?'

Kusniar tersenyum kaku, mencoba menutupi kesebalannya menghadapi Amran yang dalam pandangannya kurang-ajar. 'Dengar Ran, orang bersahabat tak pandang tingkat, kalau memang ada sesuatu persamaan. Minat, misalnya, hobi misalnya. Kau dan Shane, cara berpikir kalian saja berlainan!' Mukanya dan suaranya jadi lembut sedikit, karena sudah cukup merendahkan Amran, 'Lagipula, Ran, kalau kau pikir Australia negara tak mengenal kelas, kau keliru! Tanyakanlah pada pamanmu Biran, kalau tidak percaya!'

Mulut Amran berkamat-kamit menghitung tikungan yang dilaluinya, sambil sekali-sekali mengucapkan alamat lengkap Shane. Dia mulai merasa hangat. Gerak badan yang didapatnya bagai mengisinya dengan energi. Malah saat dia mengetuk pintu rumah Shane, cuma rasa lapar saja yang menggangukannya.

Pintu terbuka dan muncul Shane. Mukanya cerah. Di belakangnya terdengar suara orang mengobrol dan berdebat.

Amran masuk. Rasanya seperti melangkah ke dunia lain. Musik dari tahun enampuluhan, berbaur dengan bahasa Inggris yang diucapkan dengan lancar. Amran bagai ditarik dan ditolak sekaligus.

Shane memperkenalkannya kepada teman-temannya. Hatinya menjadi kecut melihat begitu banyak mata memandang kepadanya. Tapi setelah melemparkan senyum dan sekedar 'Halo, Amran,' orang-orang itupun kembali kepada obrolan mereka. Mula-mula Amran merasa lega, tapi pelan-pelan dia merasa diasingkan, dan perutnya seperti ditarik-tarik. Dengan tidak banyak bicara, diapun duduk di pinggiran.

'Mau minum apa, Ran?' tanya Shane. Suara Shane mengejutkannya, karena dia hampir lupa Shane masih di dekatnya.

Waktu matanya jatuh pada senyum Shane, terasa perutnya mulai lega. 'Apa saja, Shane,' jawabnya.

Shane ke belakang untuk mengambil gelas bersih, dan Amran diam-diam memandang ke sekeliling ruangan. Bau

just patted Kusniar on the arm and replied, 'No worries Kus,' imitating his friends' English, 'this boy got brains. I know when to keep my mouth shut!'

Kusniar emitted a sour guttural chuckle, nodding his head resignedly.

When Amran's friendship with Shane developed, Kusniar was unable to contain his anxiety.

'Ran,' he almost yelled. 'What d'you think you're doing? Shane is not of the same class as yourself! He's a university student, and you? You've barely stepped into a high school building!'

'So what?' Amran retorted nonchalantly, 'People make friends across social class, here. Didn't you know that?'

Kusniar laughed stiffly in his effort to ignore Amran's impudence. 'Listen, Ran! People only make friends across social class if they have mutual interest. You and Shane even think on different levels, how can you have common interest?' Feeling that he'd sufficiently put Amran down, Kusniar's face softened and his voice became more gentle. 'Besides, Ran, if you think that Australia is a no-class society, you're wrong! Ask your uncle, if you don't believe me!'

Counting the turns while whispering the address to himself, Amran started to warm up a little. The brisk walk had revitalised him. By the time he rang the bell beside Shane's front door, Amran was hungry, but not miserable.

The door opened and Shane's cheerful face, with the happy background of a chatting and arguing crowd, appeared.

Amran walked in and felt immediately snapped into a different consciousness. The sixties music, mingled with the sound of fluent English, was uplifting and ostracising at the same time.

Shane introduced him to the crowd. Amran cowered privately seeing so many heads turned toward him. But they only gave him cursory smiles with several vague 'Hello, Amran,' and returned to their own conversations. Relief, followed by an immediate sense of alienation, brought a cramp to his stomach, and he slowly sat down in a chair on the edge of the group.

'What'd you like to drink, Ran?' asked Shane, suddenly, he thought, for he had momentarily forgotten Shane was there.

Amran looked up and saw Shane's reassuring smile. Relaxing a little, he answered, 'Anything you got, Shane.'

When Shane went off to fetch a clean glass, Amran looked around the room discreetly. The smell of food drew his eyes to the table in the corner of the room, where plates of savouries, dips, fresh vegetables, dry biscuits, were loosely surrounded by used and clean plates.

He began to recognise the cramp in his stomach as hunger, and he wanted to go across to the table to get something to eat, but felt too self-conscious.

Shane returned with a clean glass, saying, 'Come over here, Amran, and select your own drink!'

When they walked out of the room and stepped into the corridor to the kitchen, Shane turned to look at Amran solicitously, 'You look cold and hungry. Did you come straight from work?'





makanan membuatnya menoleh ke meja di sudut. Dia melihat piring-piring berisi makanan kecil, potongan-potongan wortel dan daun seldri segar, biskuit asin, saus keju, di antara piring-piring bersih dan kotor.

Amran sadar bahwa tarikan di perutnya adalah rasa lapar. Ingin benar dia mendekati meja itu untuk mengambil makanan, tapi kakinya terasa kaku.

Untunglah Shane datang menyorongkan gelas, sambil mengatakan, 'Ayo Amran, pilih sendiri minumanmu.'

Amran berdiri dan berjalan bersama Shane ke lorong yang menuju dapur. Shane menoleh kepadanya dan bertanya penuh perhatian, 'Kau tampak capek dan lapar, Amran. Kau langsung dari pabrik?'

'Ya,' jawab Amran, 'Aku harus mengganti kereta api di kota. Tidak ada waktu untuk makan.'

'Wah, begini deh,' kata Shane, 'Aku sedang masak spaghetti. Tapi sausnya sudah siap. Kau mau sekarang? Jadi kau tidak terlalu lapar.'

Amran makan roti dengan saus bolognese, sambil berdiri di dapur memperhatikan Shane memasukkan dua bungkus spaghetti ke dalam panci besar berisi air mendidih. Sedikit demi sedikit, sambil makan, rasa canggungnya hilang. Dengan sedikit rasa iri dia memandang ke sekitar dapur. Pikirnya, 'Suatu hari, akupun akan bisa menyewa rumah seperti ini. Kutabung uangku dan kukari pekerjaan yang lebih baik, dengan gaji lebih tinggi. Dengan begitu aku masih dapat mengirim uang kepada keluargaku di kampung.'

Piringnya kosong dan dia ingin tambah lagi, tapi ditahannya. 'Ah, aku tidak boleh norak dan rakus. Aku akan menunggu sampai waktu makan dan makan bersama-sama yang lain.'

Dia lantas mencuci piringnya dan melontarkan senyum kepada Shane. 'Terima kasih, Shane. Enak sekali.'

Shane menepuk punggungnya. 'Lebih enak rasanya sekarang?'

'Ya.' Mereka saling memandang, lalu tertawa.

Amran merasa senang di sini. Dia merasa segan kembali ke ruang duduk. Tidak ada yang kenal di sana. 'Boleh aku membantumu di sini?' tanyanya kepada Shane.

'Begini deh, Ran. Bagaimana kalau kau ke ruang duduk dan mengumpulkan semua piring kotor, bawa ke sini untuk dicuci? Kita perlu piring bersih buat makan malam nih.'

Waktu mengumpulkan piring-piring kotor di ruang duduk, Amran merasa sepasang mata memperhatikannya. Amran berjalan ke dekat yang empunya mata itu untuk mengambil piringnya. Laki-laki itu tersenyum kepadanya dan bertanya, 'Perlu dibantu?'

'Terima kasih, tidak usah, bung,' jawab Amran menyambut senyumnya. Tapi laki-laki itu berdiri dan mulai membantu mengumpulkan piring-piring yang belum diambil Amran. Mereka kemudian berjalan ke dapur bersama-sama.

'Terima kasih, Ran, Jim!' sambut Shane, 'Ran, kau sudah kenal Jim, kan? Jim bekerja di Kantor Pajak. Tahu sendiri deh, kerjanya menangkap basah orang yang tidak membayar pajak.'

Amran belum biasa dengan humor Anglo-Celtis ini, sardonis dengan muka polos, antara teman. Habis, di

'Yes,' Amran said, 'I take two train. One to city, one to come here. No time to eat.'

'I tell you what,' said Shane, 'I'm cooking spaghetti. But the meat sauce is ready. Want some now? Just to tide you over till supper?'

Amran ate bolognese sauce on a piece of bread, standing up in the kitchen, watching Shane putting two packets of spaghetti into a big saucepanful of boiling water. As the food went down Amran felt increasingly better. He looked around the kitchen enviously, thinking, 'One day I'll be able to rent a house like this. I'll save enough money and find a better-paying job. I'll still be able to send some money home.'

He had finished his bread and sauce and would've loved some more, but told himself, 'I mustn't be greedy. I'll wait for supper and eat with the others.'

Taking the plate to the sink and beginning to wash it, Amran smiled gratefully to Shane. 'Thanks mate. Delicious food.'

Shane patted him on the back. 'Feel better now?'

'Yeah.' And they both laughed.

Amran didn't feel like going back to the lounge. He didn't know anyone there. 'Can I help you here?' he asked Shane.

'Tell you what, Ran, how'd you like to go to the lounge and collect all the dirty plates, bring them here and wash them? We're gonna need them for supper.'

As Amran was going around looking for dirty plates, he felt a man watching him. When he came near the man he looked up. The man smiled and asked Amran, 'Need a hand there?'

'Be orright, thanks, mate.' Amran smiled. But the man got up and began to pick up some dirty plates. They went to the kitchen together.

Shane turned and looked at them. 'Thanks, Ran, thanks Jim! You've met Jim, haven't you Ran? Jim works at the Taxation Department, you know, catchng people who don't pay tax.'

Amran wasn't used to this Anglo-Celtic Australian idiosyncrasy of straight-faced sardonic teasing amongst friends. At the factory the only Anglo-Celtics he came across were his bosses.

'Yes, I'm still working on Shane here. I reckon he's got shares in some companies, and manages to avoid paying tax on the dividends.'

Amran became very uncomfortable, though he tried to act as though nothing was bothering him. The words 'catching people' had alerted him. If Jim was a tax-spy, what would stop him being an immigration-spy as well? Hadn't Kusniar warned him about these people?

Amran felt closed in. If I left now, he'd really be suspicious then. I must stay, but be very careful of what I say.

Shane and Jim had stopped their bantering, and tried to include Amran in their conversation.

'Amran comes from Indonesia,' even Shane's opening sounded dangerously like a set-up to Amran.

'What part of Indonesia d'you come from, Amran?' asked Jim.

pabrik tempatnya bekerja, orang-orang Anglo-Celtis yang dikenalnya, ya atasan-atasannya. Dan mereka tidak bercanda seperti itu dengan dia.

'Ya, aku masih menyelidiki Shane nih. Kalau perasaanku tidak salah dia punya saham di beberapa perusahaan, dan menyimpan dividen yang diterimanya tanpa membayar pajak.'

Amran jadi gerah, walau dia mencoba berlaku seakan-akan tidak ada apa-apa. Kata-kata 'menangkap basah' membuatnya waspada. Kalau dia mata-mata pajak, siapa tahu dia juga mata-mata imigrasi? Bukankah Kusniar sudah memperingatkannya akan orang-orang seperti ini?

Amran merasa sesak napas. Kalau aku angkat kaki sekarang, dia akan curiga benar-benar. Aku mesti tahan, tapi harus hati-hati dengan apa yang kukatakan.

Shane dan Jim sudah selesai berguyon, dan mereka mencoba mengajak Amran turut dalam percakapan.

'Amran dari Indonesia,' kata Shane. Bagi telinga Amran, kedengarannya seperti sebuah perangkap.

'Dari Indonesia sebelah mana anda, Amran?' tanya Jim.

Amran berpikir sejenak. Aku berbohong, tentu Shane tahu dan dia akan heran. 'Dari Sumatra Barat.'

'Oh, anda dari Minangkabau?' tanya Jim, tampaknya berminat sekali.

'Bagaimana anda tahu?' Amran mengerutkan kening.

'Oh, saya kan belajar bahasa Indonesia di sekolah menengah.'

'Ya, dia sudah pernah ke Indonesia, dua kali,' Shane menambahkan.

'Benar? Buat apa?' tanya Amran. Perutnya terasa mengeret.

'Astaga! Buat apa, katanya! Berlibur dong!'

'Oh!' Amran tertawa, berusaha menutupi kecanggunganannya, 'Di mana saja anda berlibur?'

'Waktu pertama saya ke sana, saya ke Jawa dan Bali. Yang kedua kali, saya bersama kelompok wisata ke Jawa dan Sulawesi. Ke Tana Toraja. Wah, hebat tempat itu!'

Amran menarik napas. Ah, aku ini apa-apaan sih. Mungkin dia tidak apa-apa. Mungkin dia tidak ada hubungannya dengan pendatang gelap. Tampangnya tidak licik atau menakutkan.

Shane menumpahkan isi panci ke dalam tempat penyaring. Celakanya, karena dia tidak menumpahkan pelan-pelan, isi panci itu jatuh ke dalam tempat penyaring, menyimpatkan air panas ke muka dan kemeja Shane. 'Sialan! Cepat, tolong dong!'

Jim melompat dan mengangkat tempat penyaring itu. Tiba-tiba, dari bawah, air yang tidak bisa keluar sebelumnya, mengalir deras bagai air terjun. Dia tertawa melihat kecerobohan temannya. 'Kalau punya otak, panci sebesar ini seharusnya tidak ditumpahkan isinya sekaligus. Seharusnya dituang pelan-pelan!'

Shane meletakkan panci kosong itu di meja, dan melap mukanya dengan lengan kemejanya, matanya melotot kepada Jim. 'Kalau punya otak, ada baiknya tutup mulut dan bantu aku menyiapkan makanan ini, atau semua spaghetti akan mendarat di kepalamu!'

Di ruang duduk, selama sepuluh menit yang kedengaran cuma bunyi orang makan spaghetti



Amran considered for a moment. If I lied, Shane'd know and he'd wonder why. 'West Sumatra.'

'Oh, you from Minangkabau?' asked Jim, showing unhealthy interest.

'How you know?' Amran frowned.

'Oh, I did Indonesian in secondary school.'

'Yeah, and he's been to Indonesia twice,' Shane added.

'What for?' asked Amran, his stomach tightening.

'Gee, whiz! What for, he said! For holidays!'

'Oh!' Amran tried to disguise his embarrassment with laughter, 'Where you go, for holiday?'

'The first time, I went to Java and Bali, the second time I went with a group to Jawa and Sulawesi, to Tana Toraja. Fascinating places!'

Amran sighed. I'm being stupid. Maybe he's okay. Maybe he has nothing to do with illegal immigrants. He doesn't look nasty at all.

Shane was tilting the big saucepan onto a strainer. The contents splashed onto his face and shirt front. 'Shit! Quick! Give me a hand, someone!'

Jim leapt to lift the strainer and allowed the water to drain, laughing at his friend's stupidity. 'One doesn't upend a saucepan that size in one splash! One pours the contents out slowly!'

Shane put the empty saucepan down, and wiped his face with his sleeves, glaring at Jim. 'One had better shut up and help dish this out if one doesn't want to have this whole spaghetti on one's head!' pointing to the strainer.

For about ten minutes the conversations in the lounge gave way to the clicking and slurping noise of people enjoying their spaghetti bolognese. Once again, Amran felt the comforting warmth moving down his stomach, and he temporarily forgot his worries. Compliments for the chef were expressed, and groups dispersed to form new ones. A young woman with shoulder length hair combed back softly, sat on the floor opposite Amran and Shane, slowly finishing her spaghetti.





bolognese. Amran menikmati rasa hangat yang turun ke perutnya, dan saat itu tidak terpikir olehnya akan hal-hal yang mengkhawatirkannya. Orang mulai menyampaikan pujian kepada yang masak, dan kelompok-kelompok baru mulai terbentuk. Seorang wanita muda berambut sepanjang bahu, duduk di lantai di hadapan Amran dan Shane, pelan-pelan menghabiskan spaghettinya. Rambutnya yang ikal disisir ke belakang kepalanya.

'Kau yang masak ini, Shane?' tanya wanita muda itu.  
'Siapa lagi?' sahut Shane.  
'Enak sekali. Pakai daun oregano yang segar?'  
'Tentu saja. Aku cuma pakai bahan segar.'

Sayang, percakapan mereka pelan-pelan melencong ke arah Amran. Sharon, wanita itu, sedang menyelesaikan sebuah paper mengenai pendatang dari Asia.

Perhatiannya jadi benar-benar terpaku pada Amran.

'Sudah lama anda di sini, Amran?' tanyanya.

'Sebelas bulan,' jawab Amran, napsu makannya lenyap.

'Oh. Anda belajar bahasa Inggris di sini, atau di Indonesia?'

'Di sini. Dari teman-teman saja.'

'Anda tidak mengambil kursus bahasa Inggris untuk para pendatang? Para pendatang berhak mengambil kursus itu begitu tiba di Australia.'

'Hmm, tidak. Tidak ada yang memberi tahu,' Amran pura-pura heran.

'Ah masa? Seharusnya semua pendatang begitu tiba diberi tahu. Begini. Anda berhak mendapat pelajaran bahasa Inggris. Kontak segera Pelayanan Pendidikan Pendatang Dewasa. Tunggu sebentar, saya ada nomor teleponnya.' Sharon berdiri lalu mengambil tasnya dari bawah kursi di sudut ruang.

Aduh, sialan! Sekarang setiap orang memperhatikan aku. Tenang, tenang! Kalau panik, pasti mendatangkan curiga. Tangan Amran tegang menggenggam piring dan garpunya. Garpunya lolos dari genggamannya waktu Sharon menyodorkan kertas dengan nomor telepon.

'Hubungi mereka dan jelaskan bahwa anda tidak kebagian tempat dalam kursus itu. Mungkin anda masuk dalam daftar tunggu. Tapi jangan khawatir, pasti anda dapat tempat.'

Mungkin wanita itu mata-mata imigrasi. Pura-pura saja ingin menolong.

Amran mengambil kertas itu dengan setenang-tenangnya, pelan-pelan memasukkannya ke dalam saku kemejanya, lalu memaksakan diri makan lagi. Kuberi dia limabelas menit. Kalau dia masih menanyakan yang bukan-bukan, aku pura-pura sakit kepala dan pulang.

Perdebatan politik mengenai Partai Buruh yang pro-uranium di sudut lain mulai menarik perhatian yang hadir. Perhatian Sharon jadi terpecah. Untunglah, karena pertanyaannya mulai susah dijawab.

Diam-diam Amran keluar dari ruang itu dan ke belakang. Sambil duduk di sana, dia menenangkan diri. Suara orang berdebat di ruang duduk hanya samar-samar saja menyerempet kesadarannya. Aku harus pergi sekarang. Justru pada waktu mereka asyik berdebat. Jadi tidak ada yang ingat padaku. Dengan berjingkat-jingkat dia

'D'you cook this, Shane?' asked the woman.

'No one else,' answered Shane.

'Beautiful. D'you use fresh oregano?'

'Nothing but fresh ingredients.'

The conversation did not remain on this neutral topic, but inevitably moved back to Amran. Sharon, who was doing an assignment on Asian Migration, became relentlessly interested in him.

'How long have you been here, Amran?' she asked.

'Eleven months,' Amran answered, losing his appetite.

'Oh. Did you learn English here or in Indonesia?'

'Here, from friends.'

'Didn't you have an intensive English course they give people on arrival?'

'Hm, no. Nobody tell me.' Amran affected surprise.

'But they should've told you when you arrived. Listen, you're entitled to a full-time on-arrival English course. Contact the Adult Migrant Education Services. Wait, I've got the number somewhere.' Sharon got up to collect her handbag from under a chair in the corner.

Damn! Now everybody's interested in me. Calm down. If you panic, they'll become suspicious. Amran's hands were gripping his plate and fork. When Sharon thrust him the piece of paper with a telephone number on it, he dropped the fork instead of placing it gently on the side of his plate.

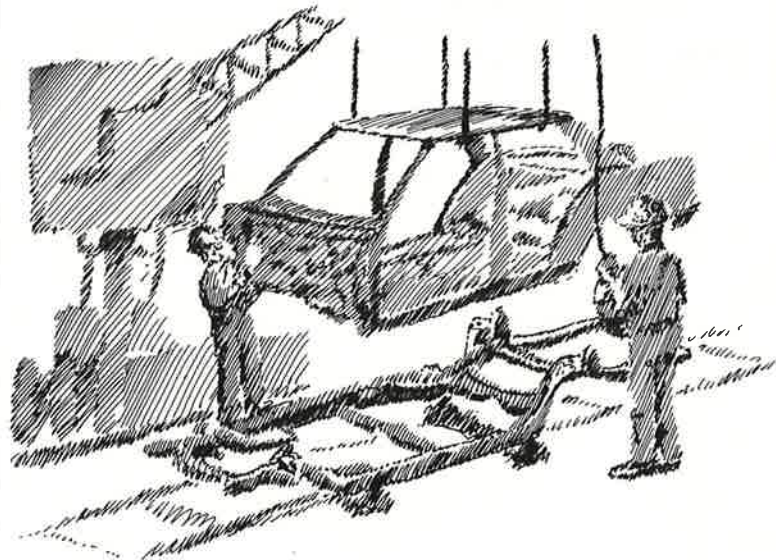
'Ring this number and tell them you missed out on their on-arrival course. They'll probably put you on the waiting list, but you'll get your course eventually.'

Maybe this girl is an immigration spy. She's just pretending to be helpful.

Amran took the paper with as much nonchalance as he could muster, put it in his shirt pocket, then continued to affect eating. I'll give about fifteen minutes. If she keeps asking me questions, I'll feign a headache and go home.

An argument on the ALP uranium policy erupted in the far corner just when Sharon began to ask him awkward questions about conditions in his workplace and his lodgings.

Amran sneaked out of the room and went to the toilet. He sat there, calming himself. Faint voices arguing





mendekati Shane dan menepuk bahunya.

'Shane, aku pulang dulu. Besok pagi-pagi harus bekerja. Maklum deh,' demikian dia berbisik.

'Eh? Baiklah Ran. Bagaimana kau pulang? Perlu diantar?'

'Ah, tidak usah. Aku naik kereta api saja lagi. Kalau aku cepat, aku akan dapat naik kereta yang jam setengah sepuluh. Yuk!'

Beberapa orang menoleh ketika dia lewat, tapi hanya Shane yang berdiri.

Keesokan harinya Fred, atasannya, tampak kesal melihat hasil pekerjaannya. Kusniar mendekatinya waktu makan siang.

'Ada apa, Ran? Kau tampaknya bingung.'

'Kus, aku pusung nih. Aku ke pesta Shane semalam. Ada dua orang di sana yang mencoba mencari tahu tentang aku. Kurasa mereka mata-mata.'

Kusniar tercengang sebentar, lalu bertanya, 'Bagaimana kau tahu mereka mata-mata?'

'Mereka menanyakan yang tidak-tidak, umpamanya aku tinggal di mana, aku dari mana, mengapa aku tidak mengambil kursus bahasa Inggris dan sebagainya.'

Kusniar terdiam dan termenung sebentar, memicingkan matanya, lalu bagai menegur anak kecil, katanya, 'Kan aku sudah memperingatkan kamu! Tapi kau masih saja bandel. Bersahabat dengan orang-orang bukan kelasmulah! Nah, lihat akibatnya sekarang!'

Amran membuang muka. Dia tidak senang diperlakukan seperti anak kecil. Tapi apa boleh buat, dia tidak bisa menjawab.

Suara Kusniar jadi lebih manis dan toleran. 'Sudah, jangan pusing sekarang. Siap-siap saja akan segala akibat! Benarkah Amran mendapatkan rasa puas pada suara Kusniar?'

Dua hari sesudah itu, waktu Amran pulang dari pabrik, ibu tempat pondokannya memanggilnya dari dapur. 'Amran, ada tamu untuk anda! Mereka menunggu di ruang tamu.'

Refleksnya ialah cepat angkat kaki, tapi dia berhenti, lalu melangkah ke ruang tamu dengan pasrah.

'Amran Aziz?' seorang dari dua laki-laki yang menunggunya berdiri dan melemparkan senyum dingin, 'Saya Andrew Farrar, pejabat imigrasi. Dan ini Constable Black dari Kepolisian Federal.'

'Ya, saya tahu.' Amran tidak menyambut tangan laki-laki itu dan menjatuhkan dirinya ke kursi di dekatnya.

Di tempat penampungan pendatang gelap, Amran duduk di sebelah seorang dari Chile waktu makan malam.

'Bagaimana anda ketahuan?' tanya orang Chile itu.

'Tidak tahu.' Amran hanya makan sedikit-sedikit.

'Anda tidak tahu siapa yang melaporkan anda?'

'Tidak. Dan anda? Siapa yang melaporkan anda?'

Wajah temannya itu mengeriput dengan senyum kecut. 'Temanku sendiri! Dia iri karena gajiku lebih tinggi. Tapi aku kerja lebih keras! Bangsat!'

'Teman sendiri? Bagaimana anda tahu?' Amran jadi tertarik.

'Selalu! Selalu teman sendiri yang melaporkan! Siapa lagi yang tahu?'

in the lounge flitted past his consciousness. I must go now. I must go while they're absorbed in that argument.

Then they'll forget about me. He quietly approached Shane and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

'Shane, got to go. Work early tomorrow, y'know,' he whispered cautiously.

'Eh? Okay Ran. How're you going home? Want a lift?'

'No, I get train again. If I run, I in time for nine-thirty train. Bye!'

Several faces turned as he strode to the door, but nobody got up except Shane.

The following day Fred, his foreman, was visibly unhappy with his work. Kusniar came to talk to him at lunch time.

'What's the matter, Ran? You are distracted!'

'Kus, I'm worried. I went to a party at Shane's last night. Two of the guests there tried to find out about me. They're spies, I reckon.'

Kusniar looked surprised for a moment, then asked, 'What makes you think they're spies?'

'They asked awkward questions, you know, like where I live, where I come from, why I didn't go to English class, and so on.'

Kusniar thought for a while, squinted, then, in an admonishing tone, 'I warned you! You insisted on making friends with just anyone, now look what happened!'

Amran looked away. He hated being condescended to like a child but found he was powerless to reply.

Kusniar's voice became tolerant and somewhat soothing. 'Don't worry about it, now. Just be prepared for the worst.' Amran wasn't sure if he really detected a note of satisfaction in Kusniar's last sentence.

Two days later when Amran came home from work, his landlady called him from the kitchen. 'Amran, there's two gentlemen waiting for you inside.'

Amran's first impulse was to run, but he stopped and walked into the sitting room with a resigned expression on his face.

'Mr Amran Aziz?' one of the gentlemen stood up and smiled officiously, 'Andrew Farrar, immigration officer. And this is Constable Black from the Federal Police.'

'Yes, I know.' Amran ignored the officer's extended hand and slumped into a lounge chair.

At the detention centre, Amran was sitting next to a Chilean at dinner.

'How you get caught?' asked the Chilean.

'Don't know,' Amran replied, picking at his food.

'You don't know who report you?'

'No, and you? Who report you?'

The Chilean's face wrinkled into a sour smile. 'My own friend! He jealous because I get more pay. But I do more job! Bastard!'

'Your own friend! How you know?' Amran was interested.

'Always your friend who report you! Always! Who else know?'

Tiba-tiba kepalan Amran mengencang. Tapi buat apa? Nasi sudah menjadi bubur.

Amran suddenly tensed up his fists. But what for? It's too late.



### For Further Discussion

**A** What does Indonesian do with the word 'mata'? In the passage we come across 'mata-mata' meaning 'spy'.

*Kamus Besar Bahasa Indonesia* 1989 also lists the following:

mata jarum	— the eye of the needle
mata pisau	— the knife blade
mata kuliah	— subject (in the curriculum)
telur mata sapi	— egg cooked 'sunny-side-up'
matahari	— the sun
mata kucing	— cats eye (a precious gem)
mata kaki	— the ankle bone

\* What idioms or phrases with 'eye' can you think of in English?

**B** Match the pairs:

1. baur	a. pemiliknya
2. melontarkan	b. kampung
3. norak	c. campur
4. empunya	d. angkut
5. manggut	e. melemparkan

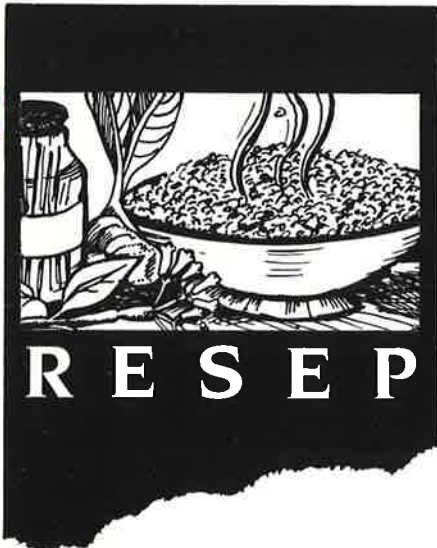
**C** Look at the various occurrences in the passage of the following colloquial speech items:

sih, dong, deh, yuk, kan, nih.

- 'deh' is colloquial for 'sudah'
- 'yuk' means the same as 'ayo', hey, come on, etc.
- 'kan' is a contraction of 'bukan'
- 'nih' is a contraction of 'ini'
- In 'Aku ini apa-apaan, sih' — the meaning is 'What do you think you're doing?'
- In 'Cepat, tolong dong' — the meaning is 'Quick, help, won't you'.

In all of the above, the tone is conversational. Try to insert some into your own speech.

**D** Note the difference between 'to catch someone red-handed' in English and 'tangkap basah' (Literally, to catch wet) in Indonesian. Discuss the differences and similarities between the two cultural views in your class. What do the two ideas mean?



### Kueh Dadar (Coconut-filled Pancakes)

#### Pancake Mix:

- 1 cup plain flour
- 1½ cups coconut milk
- few drops green food colour
- 1 egg
- icing sugar (to sweeten)

#### Coconut Filling:

- 250 g palm sugar (brown is fine)
- ¾ cup water
- 250 g dessicated coconut

- few drops vanilla essence
- ¼ teaspoon salt

#### Method:

To prepare coconut filling: Place sugar and water in large saucepan and dissolve on low, stirring. Add salt, vanilla and coconut, stirring. (This should remain firm and only moist.) Let cool.

Make a light pancake mix with flour, sugar, egg, milk and green colouring. Pour 2 tablespoons at a time into greased frypan on low and make thin pancakes.

Place pancakes on flat surface, fill one side with coconut filling, fold and wrap as for spring rolls.

### Kerupuk Udang (Prawn Crackers)

Leeanne Morris (Narromine)

#### Ingredients:

- 500 g uncooked shelled prawns
- 3-4 eggs

- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cups tapioca flour

#### Method:

Mince prawns finely. Beat eggs and salt together and mix in minced prawns. Add tapioca flour a little at a time until mixture becomes firm, resembling a cake batter.

Shape the mixture into a long roll about 3 cm diameter and wrap in aluminium foil. Steam for 1 hour. Unwrap and leave uncovered overnight.

Cut into thin slices and allow to dry in the sunlight. When dry, store in an airtight container.

Deep fry and serve as side dish to rice, meat and vegetables. To deep-fry kerupuk: heat oil in wok. Oil is hot enough when kerupuk 'explode' and rise to the surface. Drain on paper towel, cooking 1 or 2 at a time. Keep cooked kerupuk in airtight container so they remain crisp.

This mixture makes approximately 20.



# Pameran Pendidikan Australia di Jakarta

Dany Suardi and Buyung Tjahyadi

**T**WO young Indonesians give their impressions of the recent 'Education — Australia '91' exhibition in Jakarta.

Dunia pendidikan Australia sudah tidak asing lagi bagi para mahasiswa dan pelajar Indonesia. Berbagai pendidikan selalu menjadi incaran oleh kalangan muda Indonesia. Banyak prestasi yang dicapai Mahasiswa Indonesia yang belajar di negara kangguru itu.

Pendidikan merupakan hal yang sangat dibutuhkan oleh setiap orang. Bila seseorang ingin maju dalam hidupnya senantiasa mereka tentu harus bersekolah. Informasi ataupun keterangan yang dapat memberikan penjelasan tentang sekolah memang sangat dibutuhkan di saat sekarang ini. Dunia yang semakin lama bertambah maju, perkembangan teknologi tentunya harus diikuti dengan usaha-usaha di bidang pendidikan. Bila keduanya berjalan seiring satu sama lain, otomatis penemuan teknologi baru akan dapat lebih tercapai dalam waktu yang relatif singkat.

Usaha-usaha untuk menyebarluaskan pendidikan dapat dilakukan dengan berbagai cara, salah satunya adalah dengan mengadakan pameran. Melalui pameran merupakan cara yang terbaik untuk memberikan informasi yang berguna, terutama bagi mereka yang mempunyai minat untuk belajar. Kali ini pameran pendidikan yang dilangsungkan selama 'Education — Australia '91' di Jakarta, merupakan suatu usaha yang tepat sekali di tengah-tengah kebutuhan pendidikan yang semakin pesat sekali. Melalui pameran ini diharapkan para pelajar dapat mengetahui tentang berbagai macam penawaran produk pendidikan di Australia. Tentunya program ini

sangat menarik sekali bagi mereka yang ingin belajar di negara yang terkenal dengan sebutan negara kangguru ini. Sebagai salah satu tempat belajar di luar negeri yang paling diminati oleh siswa-siswa dari penjuru dunia, Australia menawarkan berbagai macam fasilitas yang menarik sekali terutama perguruan tinggi yang ternama dari segenap negara bagian Australia. Fasilitas pendidikan yang ditawarkan tentunya dapat dimulai dari berbagai prasarana yang menunjang di lingkungan kampus, mata kuliah yang diberikan, program-program intensif untuk penguasaan materi, bimbingan kuliah bagi para siswa dan hal-hal lainnya yang tentunya ada hubungan dengan usaha-usaha untuk memberikan peluang terbaik kepada para siswa untuk meraih kesuksesan.

## Kesan dan Pesan

Setelah kami menyaksikan pameran pendidikan Australia di Jakarta, kami mendapat kesan bahwa pameran ini sangat baik khususnya bagi para pelajar yang ingin meneruskan sekolah/kuliahnya di Australia. Dengan adanya pameran ini maka para siswa yang ada di Indonesia khususnya di Jakarta akan mendapat keterangan yang jelas tentang sekolah di Australia. Selain mereka juga memberikan informasi tentang sekolah, secara tidak langsung kami mendapat kesan tentang kehidupan siswa yang belajar di sana.

Penjelasan yang diberikan oleh tiap-tiap paviliun cukup jelas dan pelayanan yang diberikan mereka (penjaga paviliun) sangat mengundang para pengunjung untuk lebih mengetahui apa yang dipamerkan dalam paviliunnya.

Kami berharap pameran ini tetap diselenggarakan secara rutin tiap-

tahun dikarenakan banyaknya lulusan sekolah di Indonesia yang ingin meneruskan sekolahnya di Australia. Kiranya pameran-pameran yang akan datang dapat dilaksanakan juga diluar kota Jakarta. Sekian dan terima kasih.

Salam kenal kami kepada para pembaca.

## Pertanyaan

1. Menurut penulis ini, dunia pendidikan Australia tidak asing bagi siapa?
2. Berilah alasan mengapa pendidikan adalah hal yang dibutuhkan setiap orang, menurut penulis.
3. Apa yang terjadi pada pameran 'Education Australia '91' di Jakarta?
4. Apa yang ditawarkan fasilitas pendidikan di Australia?
5. Bagaimana kesan penulis mengenai pameran itu?
6. Akhirnya apa yang diharapkan penulis?



Dany Suardi and Buyung Tjahyadi, authors of the article 'Our impressions of Education — Australia '91'

# Interview with Professor Harimurti

David Madden and Anthony Ashe

**R**ECENTLY Daramalan College in Canberra was privileged to host Dr Harimurti Kridalaksana, a professor at the University of Indonesia in Jakarta. Anthony Ashe and David Madden, both in year 10, are studying Indonesian and were given the opportunity by their teacher, Ibu Albina, to conduct an interview with Professor Harimurti. After introducing themselves they asked Professor Harimurti a few questions about himself, his job and what he was doing in Australia...

**DAVID:** Good afternoon and welcome to Australia. How was your flight?

**HM:** Excellent, very interesting.

**DAVID:** Is it your first time in Australia?

**HM:** This is my second time. I visited this country twenty years ago.

**DAVID:** Twenty years ago? Has it changed much since then?

**HM:** Very much so. I can't recognise it.

**DAVID:** How long are you going to be staying in Australia?

**HM:** Two weeks.

**DAVID:** What about Canberra? How long are you staying in Canberra?

**HM:** Two nights. I will leave Canberra this afternoon.

**ANTHONY:** Where in Indonesia do you live?

**HM:** I live in Jakarta, the capital city of Indonesia.

**ANTHONY:** Actually, we have been studying Jakarta in class, so we know a little bit about it.

**HM:** You have been there?

**ANTHONY:** Oh ... Actually we are going there at the end of the year.

**HM:** At the end of this year?

**DAVID:** Yes, Anthony and I have been studying Indonesian for about four years ...

**HM:** Oh good!

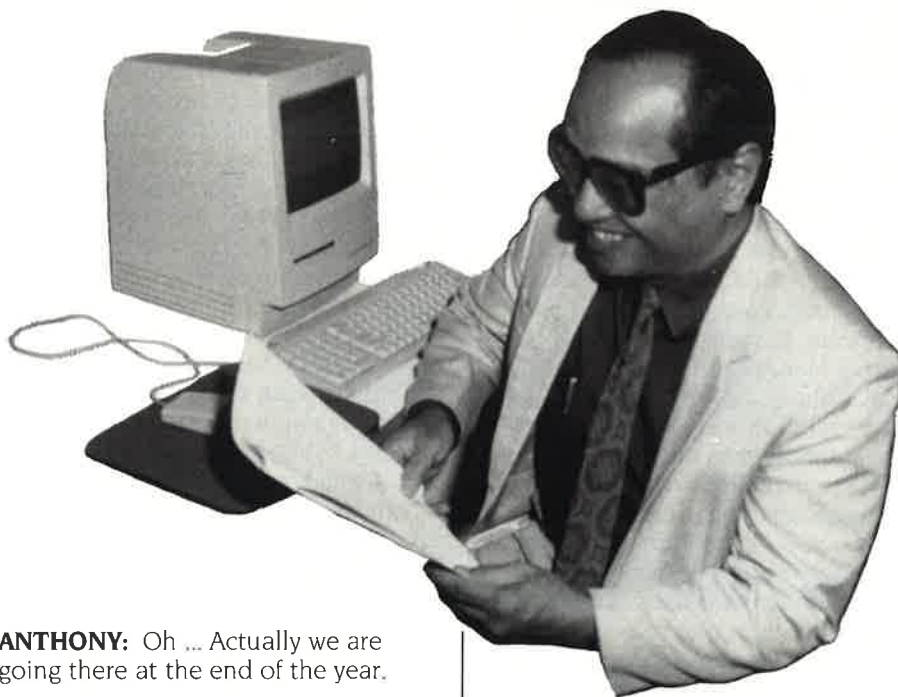
**DAVID:** And at the end of the year we are hoping to go to Indonesia and be hosted by some families in Jakarta, as part of the student exchange programme with the Lions Club.

**ANTHONY:** Anyway, how long have you lived in Jakarta?

**HM:** Actually I was not born there. I was born in Central Java and I had my elementary education in Yogyakarta in Central Java. I went to the University in 1958, so I graduated in 1963 and I've been there since then.

**ANTHONY:** How big is the University of Indonesia?

**HM:** My university has 20 000 students.



**DAVID:** 20 000! What does it concentrate on?

**HM:** There are many, many fields ...

**DAVID:** But does it specialise in Law or ...?

**HM:** We are strong in medicine and also in arts.

**DAVID:** What is your position at the university?

**HM:** Actually I'm a professor at the University and I've been teaching there since 1961. So almost thirty years.

**DAVID:** A pretty long time.

**HM:** And I like teaching there.

**DAVID:** Why did you come over to Australia?

**HM:** We in Indonesia want to foster co-operation between teachers in Australia and Indonesia. Especially we want to co-operate in the teaching of Bahasa Indonesia. So it is



a joint programme between Australia and Indonesia.

**DAVID:** Basically you came here to find out how we teach Indonesian?

**HM:** That is one thing. And I would also like to know what are your needs.

**DAVID:** Did the University send you over here? Was it a special University project or did someone invite you to come over to Australia?

**HM:** Actually it is the project of the Department of Education in Indonesia, the central Government of the Department of Indonesia.

**DAVID:** Are you the only person to visit this time?

**HM:** This time, yes. Later they will send other people.

**DAVID:** Then there will be more visits?

**HM:** Yes, actually there were Australians who went to Indonesia last February and we had a

conference in Jakarta. An Australia/Indonesian conference on the teaching of Indonesian. This conference was attended by both Australian scholars and Indonesian scholars.

**ANTHONY:** From what you've seen so far, what do you think?

**HM:** Very impressive. There are many things that we don't have in Indonesia. So you will be surprised when you come to Indonesia by the end of this year. Australian students are different from Indonesian students. Australians are more spontaneous, more independent, different from our students there.

**ANTHONY:** Does the distance education you've just seen here at Daramalan exist anywhere else in the world or are we the only ones?

**HM:** I understand that there are some programmes in other countries. In Indonesia they are preparing a programme like that, possibly.

**ANTHONY:** I think it's a very good programme.

**HM:** Yes it is.

**DAVID:** What are the chances of linking our distance education programme with somewhere in Jakarta, like the University?

**HM:** We still have the problem of telecommunications, but if we have time to prepare this, I think we can manage it. The best thing to do is to co-operate with a school there, not the University.

**DAVID:** What are your plans now?

**HM:** I'm going to Sydney at 5.30 this afternoon. I'll spend some time with scholars and teachers there.

**DAVID:** At the University or the public schools as well?

**HM:** At both. Then I'm off to Brisbane with the same programme.

**DAVID:** Is this by special arrangement?

**HM:** Yes.

**ANTHONY:** Do you know of any other schools in Australia that have this concept (of distance education) or are we unique?

**HM:** There are some others, but this is the only one that I have witnessed myself.

**ANTHONY:** Well thank you very much for your time and the interview.

**DAVID:** Yes, we greatly appreciate it.

**HM:** Don't forget, if you come to Jakarta please contact me ...

*Professor Harimurti Kridalaksana at Daramalan College, Canberra, ACT*



After the interview, the boys talked further 'informally' with Professor Harimurti and agreed to look him up, if they do get to Jakarta at the end of the year.

# Tukang Bakso

oleh Endang Firdaus, dalam Majalah BOBO, No. 50, Tgl. 21 Maret 1991, hal. 14/15.  
(diadaptasi oleh Lesley Harbon)



**S**UDAH seminggu Mas Parto tidak muncul. Ke mana, ya? Lola tidak tahu. Andi juga tidak tahu. Bik Iyem juga. Lho, memangnya Mas Parto itu siapa?

Ituuu ... tukang bakso yang selalu mangkal di muka rumah Lola setiap sore. Bakso buatannya enak, lho. Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem suka sekali. Setiap hari mereka menikmatinya. Pokoknya, tiada hari tanpa bakso Mas Parto!.

Nah, sekarang Mas Parto ke mana? Tidak ada yang tahu. Lola bertanya-tanya. Andi sedih. Bik Iyem murung. Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem amat kehilangan.

Kata Bik Iyem, dunia jadi sepi tanpa Mas Parto berjualan bakso. Lola dan Andi ikut-ikutan setuju dengan pendapat itu. Gawat! Padahal, tidak begitu 'kan? Ada Mas Parto atau tidak, tetap saja dunia bun ... dar ... Hi, hi, hi! Masih banyak kok tukang bakso yang bakal mangkal. Itu benar-benar terbukti seminggu kemudian.

Tok, tok, tok!

Lola yang lagi asyik membaca majalah di kamar cepat-cepat ke luar. Andi dan Bik Iyem yang sedang nonton 'Kura-kura Ninja' di TVRI terheran-heran. Mereka lalu mengikuti Lola. Seketika ketiganya gembira melihat apa yang ada di luar.

Sebuah gerobak bakso! Ya! Sebuah gerobak bakso mangkal di muka rumah.

Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem mendekati. Tetapi ... Kok, bukan Mas Parto yang berjualan?

Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem bengong. Si Tukang Bakso juga ikut bengong. 'Bukan, Non,' cetus Bik Iyem pada Lola.

'Iya. Kok bukan sih?' tanya Lola. 'He-eh,' Andi ikut berkomentar. Si Tukang Bakso semakin

bengong, tak mengerti! Ia terpaksa diam. Sebelah tangannya, memegang gerobak bakso.

Lalu setelah merasa tenang, dengan logat Jawa ia bertanya, 'Ada apa, Non, Dik dan Bu? Kok, memperhatikan saya terus? Apa ada yang aneh pada diri saya?'

Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem saling memandang. Si Tukang Bakso kian tak mengerti.

Lola mendekati. Tersenyum manis. Lalu katanya, 'Ng ... kami minta maaf, Mas. Mas nggak aneh, kok. Kalau kami tadi memperhatikan Mas karena kami mengira Mas adalah ... Mas Parto. Begitu ceritanya, Mas.'

'Mas Parto?' tukas si Tukang Bakso kaget.

'Iya. Tukang bakso juga kayak Mas.'

Si Tukang Bakso tertunduk. Tiba-tiba wajahnya berubah sedih. Aneh! Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem bingung ketika melihat tetes-tetes bening mengalir pipi si Tukang Bakso.

Memberanikan diri Lola bertanya, 'Ada apa, Mas? Kok menangis? Apa Mas mengenal Mas Parto?'

Si Tukang Bakso mengangkat kepalanya dan menghapus air mata yang membasahi pipinya.

Kemudian dengan terisak ia berkata, 'Mas Partooo ... adalah kakak saya, Non. Ia ...' Ia tidak meneruskan ucapannya. Air matanya kian deras mengalir. Ia tampak begitu sedih.

'Ada apa dengan dia, Mas?'

'Dia meninggal setengah bulan yang lalu, Non.'

Lola terkejut. Andi juga. Bik Iyem juga.

'Meninggal?' tanya mereka serempak.

Si Tukang Bakso mengangguk. 'Kenapa?'

'Terkena serangan jantung. Mas Parto mengembuskan napas yang terakhir sewaktu dalam perjalanan menuju rumah sakit.'



Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem menundukkan kepalanya penuh kesedihan. Tak sangka Mas Parto yang mereka nantikan telah tiada. Meninggal akibat serangan jantung.

'Selamat jalan Mas Parto. Semoga arwahmu di terima di sisi-Nya,' doa Lola, Andi dan Bik Iyem dalam hati.

Lalu ... Akankah dunia sepi tanpa bakso Mas Parto?

## Further Research

• What do you know about 'Kaki Lima' street peddlars in Indonesia? See 'Sounds of Jakarta' by June Ross, *Pelangi* Volume 2 No. 4, November, 1986, p. 30 where June explains all the different sounds of the Kaki Lima coming down her street in Jakarta, and a book titled *Kaki Lima: Street Hawkers of Indonesia*, 1989, available through Intext Publishers, RRP \$34.99

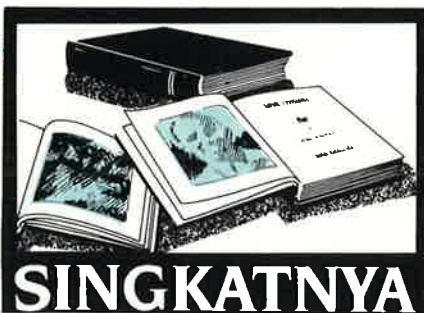
+ postage, telephone: 02-9555856.

• Will the world be a lonely place without Mas Parto and his bakso? Discuss this with your class.

• What is the cultural significance in both Indonesia and Australia of the dying person's last breath? Is it the same in both cultures?

## Kata-kata baru

Mas	form of address for an older male (often too, a form of address for a wife to call her husband)	tok, tok, tok	noise of wood pieces clacking together and the characteristic sound of the bakso seller; also, the sound made when there is a knock on the door
muncul	appear		
Bik	(colloquial) bibi (aunty) used here; the house servant who looks after the children	lagi	(colloquial) sedang
Lho	exclamation, often of surprise	nonton	menonton
Tukang bakso	Bakso seller (Bakso is a meatball-in-soup type meal made from meat, prawns, and fish, all finely minced and added to rice flour to make meatball shapes)	seketika	all at once
		gerobak	cart
		bengong	to sit looking dumbfounded
		cetus	said suddenly
		iya	ya
mangkal	to set up a stall, to hawk one's wares	terpaku	struck dumb, dumbfounded
		logat	dialect, regional language
murung	downhearted	kian	all the more
kehilangan	to feel a great loss	tukas	to repeat
gawat	serious, disastrous	kayak	seperti
padahal	whereas, and yet, although	tetes	drop
'kan	bukan	bening	clear, transparent
Ada Mas Parto atau tidak	Mas Parto or no Mas Parto ...	alir	to flow
tetap saja dunia bundar	the world will still be round	isak	to sob
hi, hi, hi	utterance of terror or horror	serempak	all at once
kok	(colloquial utterance)	arwah	soul
bakal	make plans to, in future	sisi-Nya	His (God's, Allah's) side



## WA Universities Host Uni. Rectors from East Java

Collaboration between environmental scientists and Indonesian colleagues to solve a

pollution problem in one of East Java's main water supplies was just one of several areas of co-operation explored recently in Perth by a high-level delegation from Indonesia.

The heads of six universities came for week-long talks with counterparts in WA's four universities as part of the sister province agreement between WA and East Java.

Existing areas of co-operation include:

• opportunities for WA Indonesian-

language students to study in East Java; and

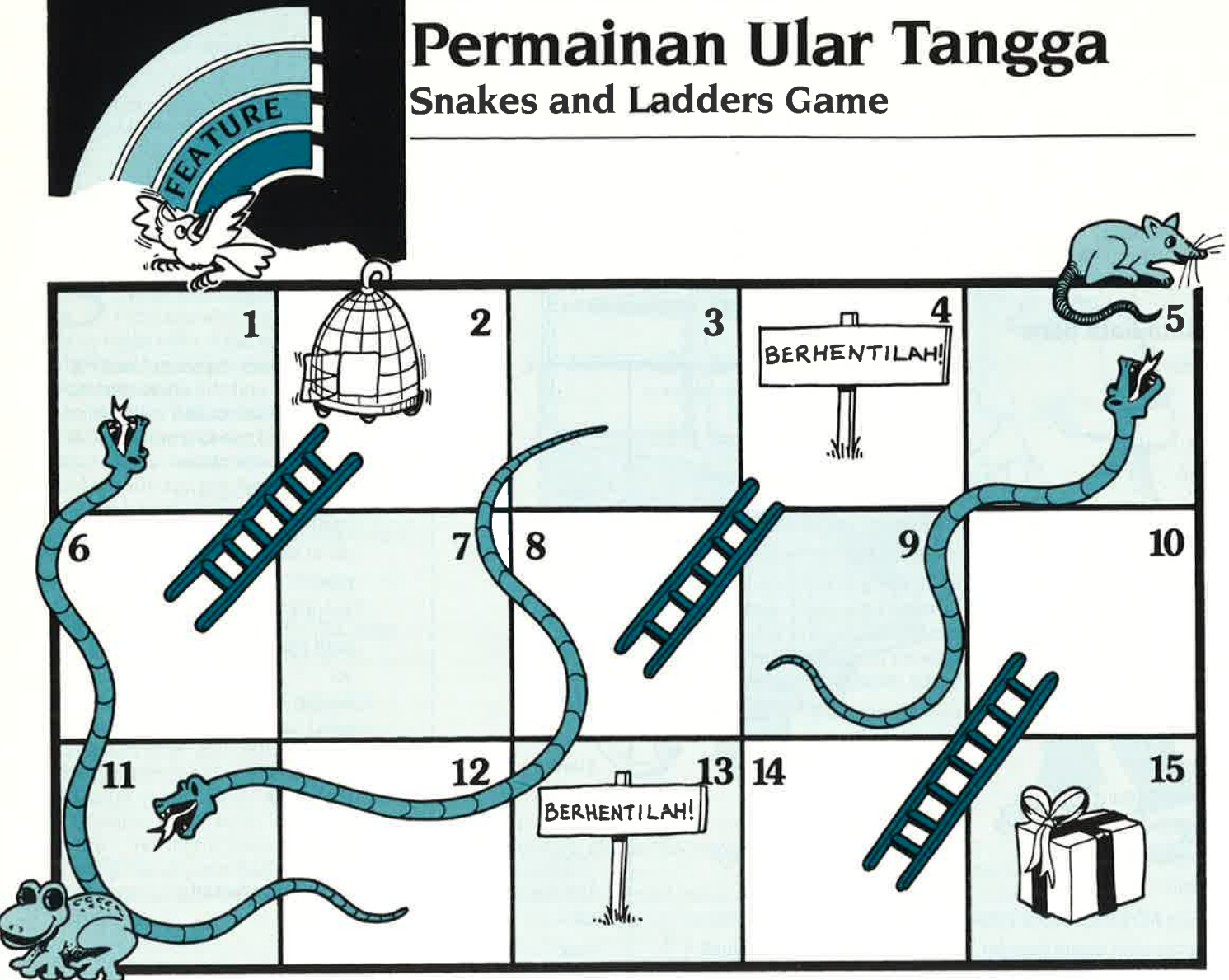
• training workshops for technical staff at East Javanese universities.

The visit of the East Java delegation of six university rectors (vice-chancellors) was sponsored by the International Development Programme (IDP), the State Government and the four WA universities.

For further information, contact: Michael Day, Information Officer, Murdoch University. Ph: (09) 3322491.

# Permainan Ular Tangga

## Snakes and Ladders Game



### CARA BERMAIN

1. Mula-mula carilah biji dadu.
2. Masing-masing peserta boleh menggunakan kancing baju sebagai 'pemainnya'.
3. Peserta yang mendapat giliran bermain kemudian melempar dadu.
4. Lalu 'pemain' berjalan sesuai dengan angka yang tertera pada dadu.
5. Bila 'pemain' sampai TANDA TANGGA secara otomatis 'pemain' naik ke kotak angka di atasnya.
6. Bila 'pemain' sampai pada BUNTUT ULAR maka 'pemain' berpindah ke kotak angka dimana kepala ular itu berada.
7. Bila 'pemain' sampai pada tanda BERHENTILAH, 'pemain' tidak boleh berjalan sampai putaran berikutnya.
8. Bila 'pemain' berjalan MELEWATI kotak angka no. 15, 'pemain' harus kembali lagi ke kotak no. 1.

9. Pemenangnya adalah 'pemain' yang paling cepat dan tepat berada pada kotak no. 15 yang berisi bingkisan dari GURU.

SELAMAT BERMAIN

(These rules in English, p. 25)

### IDE-IDE KAMAR KELAS (Classroom ideas)

- Advanced students to hand in translation of the rules before they play.
- Use 'Translation of the Rules into English' exercises as 'extra' work.
- Change rules so that players must answer questions correctly (on a topic of the teacher's choice) before they can throw the die.
- Advanced secondary students can use vocabulary in 'Rules' to devise own games.
- Markers can be drawn and made labelled with labels in Indonesian, e.g. BUAYA (crocodile), HARIMAU (tiger).





## MARI TERTAWA

### Soal perbendaharaan kata

asuhan: Wenny Dahlan

#### Soal pertama:

Dalam suatu pertemuan pelajar-pelajar dari beberapa negara, beberapa pelajar terlibat dalam pembicaraan soal makanan kesenangan mereka.

Mary: 'Anjing panas makanan yang paling saya sukai. Makanan ini populer sekali diantara anak-anak muda. Apa makanan kesukaan anda, Ira?'

Ira: 'Setiap pagi saya pasti makan telur mata sapi. Apalagi kalau dimakan dengan nasi goreng! Bukan main enakya! Pokoknya ... calon mertua bisa terlupakan! Bagaimana dengan anda, Rajiv? Apakah kiranya anda akan suka makan anjing panas atau telur mata sapi?'

Rajiv yang rupanya sedang kebingungan mendengarkan kedua

pembicaraan teman barunya itu segera menjawab dengan nada suara yang menyedihkan: 'Ah, saya jadi ngeri mendengar soal makanan kesayangan anda berdua itu! Tentu di negeri anda banyak anjing dan sapi dibunuh setiap hari!! Di negeri saya sapi merupakan binatang yang dilindungi. Saya pun tidak akan tega makan si Bruno, anjing kesayangan saya. Saya seorang penyayang binatang yang fanatik. Lebih baik saya menderita lapar dari pada makan kedua makanan kesayangan anda itu!'

Mary dan Ira: ???

#### Soal kedua:

Ari yang baru pertama kalinya berkunjung ke Australia diundang teman barunya, Andrew, untuk datang ke pesta di rumahnya.

'Ari, kalau anda mau datang ke pesta saya, harap anda membawa piring sendiri!'

Dengan keheran-heranan Ari menjawab: 'Apa saya harus membawa gelas sendiri juga?'

Andrew: ???

#### Pengalaman kerja

Seorang penganggur mencoba melamar suatu pekerjaan di sebuah pabrik. Segera dia dihadapkan kepada kepala personalia yang langsung menanyainya: 'Sebutkan pengalaman kerja anda!'

'Begini Pak, pengalaman kerja saya banyak sekali. Juga menarik! Selama 2 tahun saya bekerja, saya mengalami pemecatan sebanyak 24 kali, membolos 30 kali, mengadakan protes dan ikut mogok sebanyak kurang lebih 35 kali,' demikian katanya dengan tegas dan yakin.

'Baik, saya sudah mendengar keterangan anda semua. Memang menarik sekali pengalaman kerja anda itu, tergantung dari sudut mana anda melihatnya!

Penganggur: ???

#### Pacar Tetap

Andi sering melihat adiknya dikunjungi oleh teman pria. Karena itu dia bertanya: 'Mira, apakah Mira sudah punya pacar yang tetap?'

Mira: 'Sudah, tentu saja! Hari Senin dengan Amir, Selasa dengan Toto, Rabu dengan Erwin, Kamis dengan Bambang, Jumat, Sabtu, Minggu dengan Asril.'

Andi: ???

#### Tidak ada lowongan

Seorang wartawan mewawancarai seorang janda mantan ratu kecantikan.

'Bagaimana rasanya menjadi seorang janda?'

'Seperti perusahaan!'

'Maksud anda?'

'Banyak pelamar yang datang, tapi saya cukup mengatakan belum ada lowongan.'



## SINGKATNYA

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  5. Mari Belajar Plus Minus (Let's Study Addition and Subtraction)
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## KOTAK SURAT

### In the Footsteps of Kartini

Dear Pelangi,

It was something that I should have done years ago and yet I had never got around to it. Not that I didn't have good intentions; every year I had promised myself that next year I would make it, but something had always cropped up. Well, it was December 1990 and I had made it. I had been in Salatiga only a short while, but long enough to know that I was going to enjoy the experience. I had explored my way around the town, on foot, by becak, and by dokar, and the more I saw of the town the more I liked it. Salatiga is a town with a mild climate, nestling in the shadow of Mt Merbabu in Central Java, but more importantly it is a friendly town. *'Mau ke mana, bung?'* the people would call. *'Jalan-jalan saja.'*

However, much as I would have liked it to be so, I was not here to *'jalan-jalan saja'*. I had come to town, together with a hundred other Australians, to attend the XVIII PIBBI at Universitas Kristen Satya Wacana in Salatiga. PIBBI is an acronym derived from the words **Pengajaran Intensif Bahasa dan Budaya Indonesia**. There were colleagues and old friends from various parts of Australia whom I hadn't seen for years, and there were several close friends from my home town of Melbourne. The opportunity to be classmates with these friends was going to be very enjoyable, it would be a lot of fun, but it would also be a lot of work. We knew, before leaving Australia, that one of the components of the course would be a five day field research assignment; two thousand words in Indonesian

on a topic of our choice. Whilst some would agonize for weeks over the choice of topic, I knew, before leaving Melbourne, what I wanted to research. I wanted to find out to what extent 'women's liberation' had influenced the lifestyles and the thinking of Indonesian women over the years. Was the spirit of Kartini still alive, and what were the attitudes of Indonesian women from different generations in regard to this issue? I had even decided how I wanted to go about this assignment. I would interview three Indonesian women from three different generations; a young professional woman with modern ideas, a middle-aged woman, and a very old Indonesian woman.

As I planned this assignment, it didn't seem too difficult. I would go to Yogyakarta and call on my very good friend Ibu Arikunto. Ibu Arikunto is 53 years old, a lecturer at IKIP, and the author of numerous books on education. Later, I would go to Semarang and speak with Tuti, Ibu Arikunto's 32-year-old daughter, herself the mother of one, a graduate of Gajah Mada University, and now lecturing in political science at the University in Semarang. That would take care of two-thirds of the research, and surely, one of them would know of an old woman willing to talk to me. I had a very interesting interview with Ibu Arikunto and at the end of it asked if she knew of a very old lady that I would be able to talk to. Yes, there was an old lady who lived a few blocks down the road. Ibu would call her and ask if she would see me that afternoon.

So it was that, late that afternoon, Ibu Arikunto and I walked through the kampung to the home of the very old lady. I must confess that I no longer remember the old lady's name so, for the sake of convenience, I'll call her Bu Hadi. Bu Hadi was 90 years old. She was also quite deaf and not at all comfortable being confronted by a rather large Indonesian-speaking 'orang bule'. Bu Hadi's son, himself a middle-aged man, was present at the interview and took it upon himself, despite my protestations and those of Bu

Arikunto, to answer my questions in English, on behalf of his mother. Bu Arikunto tried, on numerous occasions to point out to Bu Hadi that I spoke Indonesian and that I really wanted to know what *she* thought, but the son continually interrupted in English, whilst Bu Hadi repeated time and time again *'Saya tidak bisa berbahasa Belanda'*. The situation, if somewhat humorous, was quickly becoming farcical and as soon as it was polite to do so, I thanked Bu Hadi, and her son, and closed the interview. I didn't really need a tape recording of the ramblings of a middle-aged man on the subject of women's liberation! Ibu Arikunto spent most of the evening laughing, relating the story to the rest of her family, and mimicing Bu Hadi *'Saya tidak bisa berbahasa Belanda'*.

Never mind, there are ninety million people in Java and it can't be that difficult to find a very old lady. Wrong! Old ladies, particularly those willing to sit down and chat with an 'orang bule' about women's liberation, are not easy to come by. Back in Salatiga I began asking my young Indonesian friends in the hope that one of them would have an old grandmother they could introduce me to, but none were forthcoming. Finally, I asked one of the lecturers at the University. *'Yes. Go across the road to the house next to the church. There's an old lady doctor there. I'm sure she will talk to you if you tell her you're studying here.'* It seemed too easy. *'Siapa namanya?'* I asked. *'Ah, kalau tidak salah, Bu Ani.'*

The door was opened by a maid who, herself, looked old enough to serve the purposes of my interview. After explaining why I was there I was shown into the sitting room and asked to wait. It was a comfortable home and the sitting room contained quite a lot of fine antique furniture. On the walls were numerous large, framed photographs; amongst them one which I recognized of Raden Ajeng Kartini.

After a short wait the old lady whom I took to be Bu Ani appeared, accompanied by the maid who served *teh panas* with *kue lapis*, and then left. By way of introduction the



old lady passed me her card. I glanced at it, and then had to look again. There was something different about this card. To start with it didn't say 'Bu Ani', or 'Dr Ani' and there was no address and no telephone number. In fact the card was simply printed with one line of rather small printing, all in lower case:

dr. r.a. soemiani sosrohadikoesoemo

Bu Ani sipped her tea and nodded politely while I introduced myself and told her why I had come knocking on her door. I was not altogether comfortable. There was something nagging at the back of my mind about the name on that card. I had seen that name, or at least part of it, somewhere before, but I couldn't remember where. Well, try and settle down and get on with the interview. I'll start off by asking Bu Ani where she was born.

Q. Bolehkah saya bertanya, ibu lahir di mana?

A: Di kota Semarang. Ya, saya lahir di kota Semarang pada tanggal 22 Januari tahun 1916.

When I began to ask about her childhood and her family background Ibu Ani looked at me with a somewhat bemused look on her face, and then she asked:

Tahukah anda bahwa ibu saya adalah adik Ibu Kartini?

Had I heard correctly?

Q. Maaf, maksud ibu adalah bahwa Ibu Kartini adalah bibik ibu sendiri?

A. Ya, benar. Saya adalah kemenakan beliau.

I was dumbfounded, and I suspect that my mouth must have dropped open for a few moments. Ibu Ani, too, was a little taken aback. She had assumed that I knew who she was. She had quite naturally assumed that that was why I had come knocking on her door wanting to discuss women's liberation, whereas, in fact, I had simply been looking for an old lady to talk to. Any old lady would have done, but in the process I had quite by coincidence stumbled across Raden Ajeng Kartini's niece. The name on the card began to make

sense. After we had both recovered from our mutual astonishment I had a wonderful afternoon with Bu Ani as we discussed her life, and what she knew of her mother's life and that of Raden Ajeng Kartini.

Bu Ani, of course, had never met Kartini (*'Beliau wafat pada waktu masih muda, dan sebelum saya lahir'*) but she had quite clearly inherited the Kartini spirit and was very aware of her responsibility to continue the Kartini tradition. It was also clear that, throughout her life, Bu Ani had been in a privileged position, a fact which she herself recognized when I asked whether she had ever felt that her freedom had been limited because she was a woman. *'Saya tidak pernah merasa kebebasan saya dibatasi, mungkin karena kedudukan saya lain dari pada kedudukan wanita yang lain.'*

Naturally this led our conversation to the fate of the ordinary village women in Indonesia, and here Bu Ani disagreed with many of my assumptions. I had heard, from my discussions with others, that a large proportion of village women were trapped in lifestyles which offered them very little freedom of speech and even less freedom of choice. These days, Bu Ani thought, the life of the village women was not too bad at all, thanks mainly to the Kartini movement. I was not sure that I agreed, and began to wonder whether she might be a bit out of touch with the village people because of her privileged position in society. When I dared to make this suggestion, however, it was quickly and strongly refuted. In her role as doctor and family planning adviser, Bu Ani claimed, she had many opportunities to talk with village women every day. *'Memang mereka ingin maju, dan kalau dibandingkan dengan dulu, lebih banyak yang ingin sekolah'* she said. Yes, I countered, they want to advance, and they want to get an education, but can they? Well, she agreed, that depends upon a lot of things, not least of which is the willingness of their husbands to accept such progress, but things were certainly better than they had been in the



dr. r.a. soemiani sosrohadikoesoemo

past. However, if there was one thing that Bu Ani really wanted to impress upon me, it was that the style of women's liberation which has developed in Indonesia is not a radical feminist movement. The Indonesian woman, she claimed, places great importance upon maintaining a balance between liberty and responsibility. Bu Ani was quite insistent that there are three important elements in the make up of a modern, liberated Indonesian woman:

1. Pendidikan yang sepenuhnya
2. Pekerjaan yang memuaskan
3. Keluarga yang menyenangkan.

I was left with the impression that, forced to choose between the three, she would probably choose the family. Perhaps she was not so far out of touch after all.

I stood on the side of the road and hailed a passing becak to take



me back to the hostel where I would begin writing up my report. I had spent a wonderful afternoon with a fascinating old lady. To be sure, I had not agreed with everything that she

had said, but I wouldn't have missed it for the world. It will remain one of my fondest memories of Indonesia. Sitting in the becak, I reached into my shirt pocket and took out a small

card with a single line of rather small printing, all in lower case. I have it still.

Ian J. White  
Melbourne

### Kata-Kata Berguna (Useful words)

Mau ke mana, bung	Where are you going, mate?
Jalan-jalan saja	Just taking a walk
PIBBI	Intensive Course in Indonesian Language and Culture
orang bule	white person, westerner
Saya tidak bisa berbahasa Belanda!	I can't speak Dutch!
Siapa namanya?	What's her name?
Ah, kalau tidak salah, Bu Ani	Bu Ani, if I'm not wrong.
teh panas	hot tea
kue lapis	layer cake
Bolehkah saya bertanya, ibu lahir di mana?	Can I ask, where were you born?
Di kota Semarang. Ya saya lahir di kota Semarang pada tanggal 22 Januari tahun 1916	In the town of Semarang. Yes, I was born in Semarang on 22 January 1916.
Tahukah anda bahwa ibu saya adalah adik Ibu Kartini?	Did you know that my mother was Kartini's younger sister?

Maaf, maksud ibu adalah bahwa Ibu Kartini adalah bibik ibu sendiri?

Ya, benar. Saya adalah kemenakan beliau.

Beliau wafat pada waktu masih muda, dan sebelum saya lahir.

Saya tidak pernah merasa kebebasan saya dibatasi, mungkin karena kedudukan saya lain dari pada kedudukan wanita yang lain.

Memang mereka ingin maju, dan kalau dibandingkan dengan dulu, lebih banyak yang ingin sekolah.

Pendidikan yang sepenuh-penuhnya

Pekerjaan yang memuaskan

Keluarga yang menyenangkan

Excuse me, you mean that Kartini was your aunt?

Yes, it's true. I am her niece.

She died while still young, and before I was born.

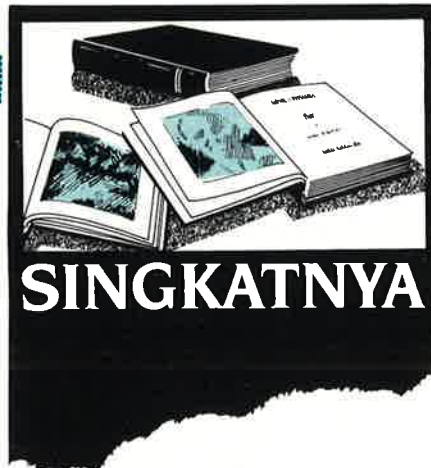
I've never felt that my freedom has been restricted, maybe because my position is different from that of other women.

Certainly they want to advance and compared to before, there are none who want an education.

a full education

satisfying work and employment

happy family life



## New Books from Indonesia

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The list gives useful information such as the price of the book and from where it can be purchased. The subject of many books is not clear from the title; the list tries to overcome this by providing a short synopsis of the contents and/or a note about the author.

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## KOTAK SURAT

### Pendidikan Jarak Jauh

Dear Pelangi,

Sejak tahun ini saya mulai mengajar di sebuah 'Country School' di West Wyalong, NSW, dari sekolah saya Daramalan College di Canberra.

Alat yang saya pergunakan adalah:

1. Sebuah komputer Macintosh yang berjabat sebagai papan tulis. Apa yang saya ketik di komputer saya, segera timbul di West Wyalong. Kalau murid mengetik di West Wyalong, ini akan timbul pula di komputer saya. Jadi komputer dipakai sebagai alat komunikasi tertulis. Komputer ini dihubungkan dengan Modem. Software yang saya pergunakan adalah 'Electronic Classroom' yang diciptakan khusus untuk

dipergunakan di Australia untuk Distance Education oleh seorang Australi bernama Robert Crego.

2. Telpen yang dihubungkan dengan Voicepoint sebagai penguat suara. Secara lisan kami berkomunikasi melalui Voicepoint.
3. Sebuah Facsimile untuk mengirim atau menerima pekerjaan rumah.
4. Sebagai latihan-latihan bahasa Indonesia saya pergunakan banyak sekali latihan CALL yang saya ciptakan sendiri. Keuntungan dari latihan CALL ini adalah sebagai berikut:
  - murid senang 'membuat' pekerjaan ini karena mereka merasa latihan ini adalah suatu 'game'
  - di sekolah tsb. mereka adalah satu-satunya yang diperbolehkan mempergunakan Komputer untuk melatih pengetahuan mereka tentang bahasa Indonesia (privileged)
  - Membuat latihan secara CALL murid mendapat respons langsung dari komputer dan apa saja jawaban yang mereka tulis, mereka akan belajar. Jawaban yang benar akan diberikan langsung seandainya murid memberi jawaban yang

salah. Murid harus mengisi formulir evaluasi mengenai hasil latihan, waktu yang dipergunakan untuk latihan tsb. serta macam latihan yang mereka lakukan.

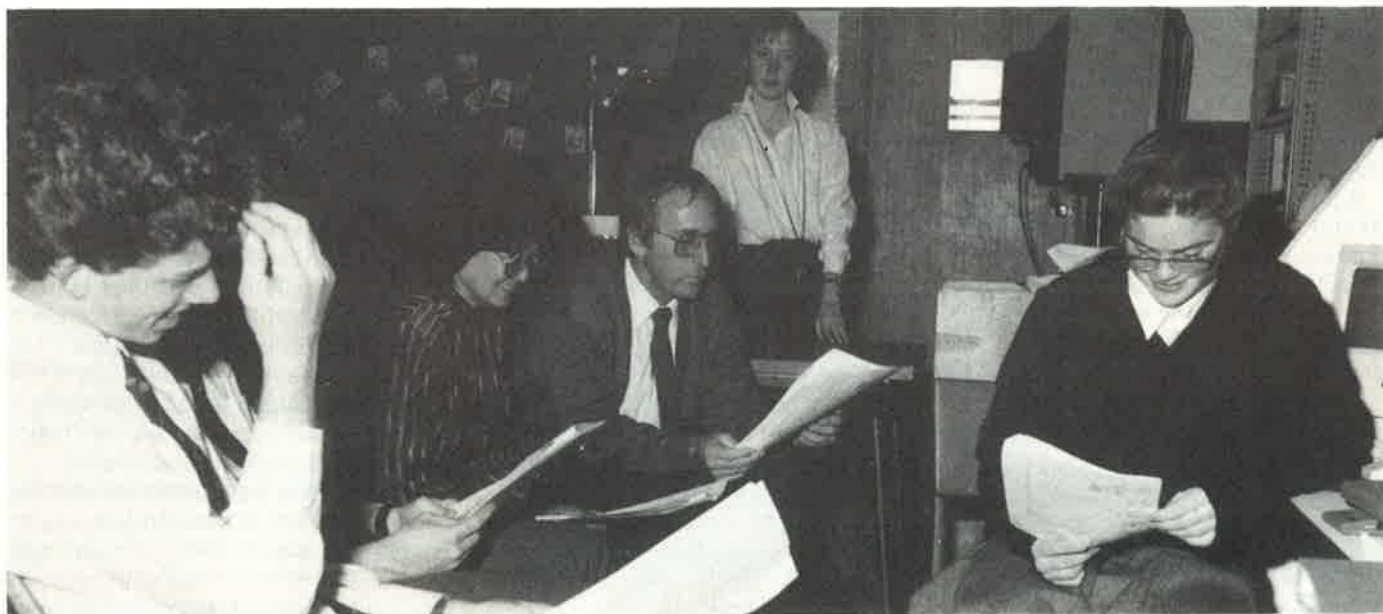
- evaluasi ini membebaskan saya dari koreksi yang bertumpuk-tumpuk.

Proyek ini adalah suatu proyek dari CEO berdasarkan anjuran politik pendidikan di NSW bahwa setiap anak harus diberi kesempatan untuk belajar bahasa LOTE. Murid-murid dari West Wyalong adalah murid saya yang pertama memulai belajar bahasa Indonesia secara ini.

Menurut rencana CEO saya harus mengunjungi sekolah tsb. paling sedikit sekali setiap dua bulan. Kali ini saya anjurkan supaya murid-murid tsb. mengunjungi Canberra selagi ada Bazaar di Kedutaan Indonesia dan beberapa menginap di rumah saya.

Murid-murid tsb. sudah berkomunikasi dengan murid-murid saya dari Daramalan, kepala sekolah Daramalan dan tamu-tamu dari Asian Studies Council termasuk Prof. Harimurti, tetapi belum pernah bertemu muka.

Yolanda Albina  
Canberra





## Garuda's Jakarta

Mike Parker-Brown



see  
back cover for  
coupon

**M**IKE Parker-Brown, GARUDA INDONESIA's Media Relations and Tourism Development Executive in Sydney, believes that Jakarta today is poised to make its mark on the world tourism map. Below is a brief glimpse of the Jakarta he refers to as 'the last undiscovered city of the east'.

It has often been said that Jakarta is one of Southeast Asia's best kept secrets which comes as a bit of a surprise to the people who have inhabited this corner of Western Java for more than 2000 years.

For if you were able to still read through some of the many visitors books that have been filled over the centuries you would be sure to spot Marco Polo, Ferdinand Magellan, Christopher Columbus and even Captain Cook, who all stopped over in the region en route to other destinations.

There is accommodation to suit all budgets, a wide variety of restaurants, bargains, quality shopping, excellent beaches to the west of the city and just north on the coconut-palm covered atolls of the little-known Thousand Islands, friendly people, ancient and rich culture, and overall, value for money.

It is really not too difficult to work out why so many people visiting Indonesia make a point of stopping in Jakarta before flying off to one of the myriad interesting and beautiful destinations that abound throughout the Indonesian archipelago.

The most noticeable change in Jakarta in recent times has been the city skyline with new high-rise buildings growing on seemingly an almost daily basis.

Tourism has proved very much a catalyst for much of the new construction with several

international and domestic hotel groups hard at work in preparation for 'Visit Indonesia Year' which kicked off this year.

It would appear that almost every 'big-name' hotel group is building or planning the construction of a major property in Jakarta which gives some indication of the confidence the international tourism entrepreneurs have in the Indonesian capital's future.

Hilton International is in the process of completing work on the second of two twin towers built next to the diamond five star Jakarta Hilton. When the first of the Jakarta Hilton Towers was opened earlier this year, within weeks, every apartment/room had been booked.

Hyatt International Corporation too is well represented in Jakarta. The company's first hotel, the Hyatt Aryaduta, will soon be complemented by a sister hotel when the Grand Hyatt opens this year as part of the massive plaza Indonesia Shopping Complex in the city centre. When complete, the centre will form the biggest shopping facility of its type in Southeast Asia.

Sheraton Corporation has just selected a site in Jakarta for a new Sheraton Towers complex, one of 20 hotels to be built in Indonesia over the next ten years. Regent Hotels is currently constructing a luxury hotel and the French-based Meridien Group have also announced yet another new hotel design to grace the Jakarta skyline.

With other big names, including the Sari Pacific, the Hotel Indonesia, the Borobudur Inter-Continental, Sahid Jaya and Horizon, together with innumerable tourist-class hotels with prices to suit anyone's pocket, there is always more than enough room at the 'Jakarta Inn'.

In Jakarta you will find Indonesian cuisine to suit a diverse range of tastes. Choice ranges from succulent satays with spicy peanut sauces to steamed duckling and, of course, seafood of which, in Jakarta, there is an abundance.

But the most famous of dishes is the 'Rijstafel' or 'Rice Table' and when in Jakarta, Garuda suggests you try the Oasis Restaurant.

A traditional 'Rijstafel', formerly only available to the Javanese aristocracy, consists of between 16 and 20 very different Indonesian dishes, each one served by Javanese maidens dressed in traditional costume. It's an experience not to be missed.

Another favourite Indonesian speciality is Padang-style food, named after the West Sumatran city. Expert gourmets have traced the origins of this very spicy food back to India yet the taste remains uniquely Indonesian. Padang-style restaurants can be found anywhere in Jakarta.

Pujasera, or Indonesian variety cuisine is also very popular and well worth a try. The two best places to sample Pujasera, which literally translates as the 'Bazaar o Food' is at the Mangga Besar, in Jakarta's China Town district or alternatively at Wahid Hasyim in the city centre.

For a meal with a difference, Jakarta's first floating restaurant, the Phinisi at the Marina Seaside Centre, Ancol, is well worth a visit. Designed to represent one of the old Bugis Schooners that still ply the local waters from Sunda Kelapa Harbour, the restaurant offers seating for 1000 guests on three decks and a list of cuisine ranging from Japanese and Chinese to Thai, Korean and, of course, Indonesian fare.

Western-style food, too, is well catered for. Garuda suggests



'Memories' and 'Art and Curio', particularly well-known restaurants with very affordable and varied menus.

Discotheques abound and most of the major hotels boast international cabaret acts on an almost weekly basis and all over the city.

Traditional Jazz has also made its mark on the Jakarta night scene with many bars and clubs featuring both local and overseas talent.

For something very different and away from the bright lights, the impressive Gedung Kesenian Theatre of Arts, recently re-opened after a long renovation, offers classical music performances, ballet, both traditional and modern, and Indonesian cultural theatre.

You could even try the movies. It's not hard to spot an Indonesian cinema in Jakarta — just look for the massive, very colourful billboards plastered all over the buildings. And don't worry if you can't speak Indonesian. Most of the major international films are screened in their original language with Indonesian subtitling.

Ask any traveller about any country he has recently visited for the first time and his answer will invariably be, there just was not enough time to see everything. It's exactly the same with Indonesia.

But for visitors on a limited timetable, Jakarta offers the perfect solution — the Taman Mini Indonesian Cultural Centre just south of the city on the Jakarta-Bogor road. Set in 300 hectares of parkland, Taman Mini Indonesia houses 27 pavilions, each one representing one of the provinces of the Indonesian archipelago, complete with examples of the more than 300 different cultures that make up this fascinating country — from Sumatran Batak to Balinese Hindu and Kalimantan Dayak to Irian Javan tribal life.

The park also features a tourist village, wood carving museum, fauna display, sky-lift and three-dimensional theatre featuring documentary films from all over Indonesia.

For those with a bit more time, the sightseeing list seems almost endless. Museum choice runs from ceramics and Wayang Puppetry to fine art collections, stone age relics and an excellent Maritime Museum in Old Batavia, the city's old town, where fascinating maps, antiques and artefacts date back to the days of Dutch and Portuguese colonial rule.

Jakarta even offers its own version of 'Disneyland' at the Ancol Dreamland Complex situated less than one hour north-west of the city and easily reached by public transport.

Ragunan Zoo, complete with Indonesian rhino, tigers, elephants, komodo dragons and more than 3600 different birds and animals is also worth a visit or, if you would rather see wildlife from a car, there is even a Safari Park just outside Jakarta where lions, tigers and other animals roam freely.

Sports enthusiasts too are well catered for. The city boasts eight excellent golf courses. Water sportsmen can sail, waterski or windsurf at the Ancol Marina. Tennis, squash and badminton courts are always available and for those who prefer less strenuous activities, Jakarta is filled with birdparks and flower gardens ideal for relaxed walking tours.

Jakarta shopping has undergone a dramatic transformation in recent times with goods including clothes, cosmetics, audio-cassettes, jewellery, art, antiques and traditional artefacts found everywhere and all at very attractive prices. In some cases

prices can be dropped even lower if you get the chance to bargain.

Huge department stores are springing up all over the city, most open on a seven-day-a-week basis. Street markets are everywhere too, selling everything from tropical parrots to ancient Javanese masks or even the beautiful wayang puppets.

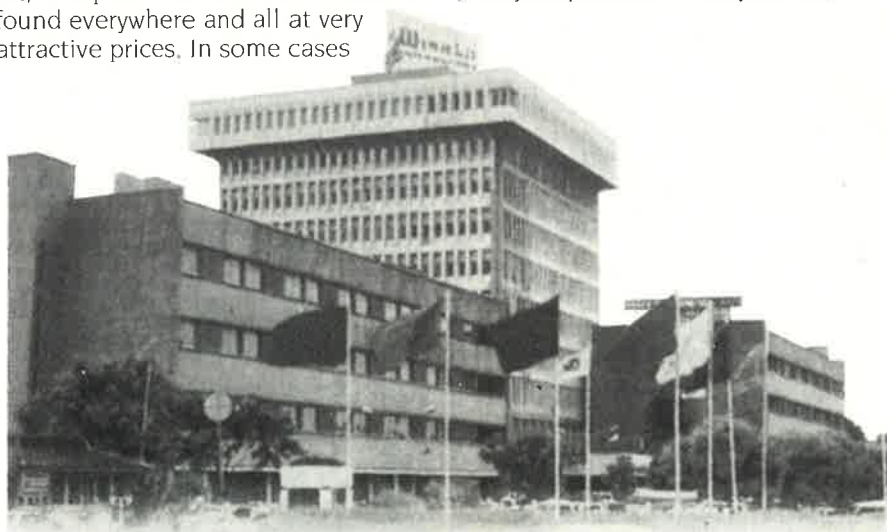
One of the best bargains just has to be clothing. The latest international designs as well as 'batik' are available in every major shopping centre.

The same applies to leatherware. Jackets, skirts, bags and shoes can be had for a fraction of the price of goods in Europe, North America, Australasia and other Asian countries.

For antique buffs, Jalan Surabaya is a must. You can buy almost everything there from rare and beautiful pieces of china, carved statues, jewellery, art work, even ancient gramophones, mirrors and cuckoo clocks.

Having read this brief description of Jakarta, you are probably wondering how on earth this amazing city has managed to stay out of the limelight for such a long time.

Perhaps the answer to that lies with the millions of visitors who have travelled to the Indonesian capital over the years. Whatever the reasons, make sure that you, like Messrs Polo, Magellan, Columbus and Cook, stop over in Jakarta and see for yourself just what there is on offer. You'll be very surprised at what you find.





## About Garuda Indonesia

Garuda Indonesia airlines officially commenced operations on Australia Day 1949 and services to Australia commenced in 1979.

Garuda is the largest airline in the Southern hemisphere and the third largest in Asia. The airline visits 35 cities on four continents including eight European cities.



### Langitku Rumahku (Ulasan tentang sebuah film Indonesia)

Dede Sujatna, Curtin University

**D**UA minggu lalu saya mendapat undangan dari Dr Krishna Sen, salah seorang dosen di Murdoch University untuk nonton sebuah film anak-anak dari Indonesia yang berjudul 'LANGITKU RUMAHKU', dan yang disutradarai oleh Slamet Rahardjo (seorang sutradara yang terkenal di kalangan perfilman di Indonesia). Film tersebut telah berhasil mendapatkan UNICEF Award pada Kinderfilm Festival ke 14 di Berlin pada awal tahun 1991.

Kebetulan udaranya cerah pada hari film itu dipertunjukkan di sebuah bioskop kecil di kota Fremantle sehingga gedung bioskop itu penuh sesak oleh penonton, bahkan sebagian dari penonton harus duduk di lantai. Tentu saja mereka tidak berkeberatan duduk di lantai karena mereka tidak usah membayar karcis. Dengan kata lain

Garuda has 23 departures a week ex Australia from six Australian cities, and once a fortnight has a flight from Port Headland, in north-west Australia.

Garuda opened its Queensland services on 17 June 1991 with two flights a week — Monday and Friday, to Bali and Jakarta in Indonesia. It is anticipated flights will operate from

Cairns and Townsville later in the year.

Garuda promotes Jakarta as a great holiday destination, with three holiday options: Bali on ANY budget; Garuda Indonesian Holidays; Garuda Asian Stop-over.

Further information on these holidays can be obtained by phoning the Brisbane Office on 07-2100688.

## For the *Advanced* reader

film itu dipertunjukkan secara cuma-cuma. Karena tidak semua penonton dapat ditampung dalam gedung bioskop itu, maka film yang semula direncanakan akan diputar sekali saja terpaksa diputar dua kali.

Sesudahnya pertunjukan film itu para penonton diperkenalkan kepada sutradaranya, Pak Slamet Rahardjo, dan diberi kesempatan untuk mengajukan pertanyaan-pertanyaan mengenai film tersebut.

Dari komentar yang saya dengar dari para penonton, saya mendapatkan kesan bahwa sebagian terbanyak dari mereka merasa senang telah diberi kesempatan untuk melihat film itu, dan dalam penilaian mereka film itu memang sangat bermutu dan sudah sepantasnya mendapatkan UNICEF Award.

Sesuai dengan kategorinya sebagai film untuk anak-anak maka jalan ceritera film ini pun mudah diikuti; percakapan antara para pelakunya sangat tidak berbelit-belit. Penggunaan 'subtitle' dalam bahasa Inggris sangat memudahkan orang-orang Australia, yang kurang lancar dalam berbahasa Indonesia, untuk mengerti seutuhnya apa yang dikatakan oleh para pelakunya.

Cinematography dalam film ini mempunyai mutu yang tinggi. Pengambilan adegan-adegannya telah memberikan realitas yang nyata dalam kehidupan masyarakat Indonesia. Saya sangat terkesan ketika melihat adegan seorang pria yang mau buang air besar di

perkampungan yang kumuh, tempat tinggal para pemulung.

Latar belakang musik juga sangat baik, terutama gamelan yang dimainkan di kampung di Jawa Timur. Seorang teman saya orang Belanda dengan bangga berkata kepada saya setelah pertunjukkan film itu selesai bahwa dia masih mengenal lagu 'Krongcong Moritzku' yang dinyanyikan oleh Kakek pengamen. 'Sayang si Kakek tidak menyanyikan lagu itu sampai habis', katanya.

Supaya Anda bisa mendapatkan gambaran apa yang dilukiskan dalam film ini, baiklah di sini akan saya berikan sekedar singkatan dari ceritera dalam film itu.

Andri (yang diperankan oleh Banyu Biru) adalah seorang anak laki-laki yang bungsu dalam keluarga seorang pengusaha kaya. Sebagai seorang pengusaha yang sudah mapan, ayah Andri jarang ada di rumah. Dia selalu sibuk dengan urusan kantornya sehingga dia tidak punya waktu untuk memperhatikan kesejahteraan kedua anaknya terutama kesejahteraan rohani mereka. Dia tidak ada waktu untuk memantau bagaimana kemajuan Andri di sekolah; apalagi untuk ikut rapat Persatuan Orangtua Murid dan Guru (POMG) di sekolah Andri. Kalau ada undangan untuk berapat dia selalu meminta Pak Dimik, sopirnya yang bertugas mengantar-jemput Andri ke sekolah, untuk mewakilinya dalam rapat itu.

Andri adalah seorang anak yang cukup mempunyai kekayaan yang



bersifat harta benda, namun miskin dalam kasih sayang serta perhatian dari orangtuanya. Ibunya sudah meninggal, dan ayahnya selalu sibuk dengan pekerjaan di kantor. Karena itu Andri hanya bisa menerima kasih sayang serta perhatian dari Pak Dimik dan Simbok pembantu rumah tangga yang sudah tua. Pak Dimik yang tiap harinya bertugas mengantar-jemput Andri ke dan dari sekolah dalam mobil Mercedes dan yang selalu mewakili ayahnya dalam rapat-rapat POMG telah menjadi pengganti ayahnya bagi Andri. Demikian pula Simbok seorang perempuan tua yang dengan penuh kasih sayang melaksanakan tugasnya sebagai pembantu rumah tangga dalam keluarga itu. Simboklah yang setiap harinya menyediakan makanan dan pakaian untuk Andri. Simbok pula yang setiap malam menidurkan Andri di tempat tidurnya sambil mengajarkan Andri bagaimana mengucapkan do'a dalam bahasa Jawa sebelum tidur: *'Badan turu ati tangi, roh madep maring Alloh'* — Badanku tidur tetapi hatiku tetap bangun, dan jiwaku mengahap kepada Tuhan. Bagi Andri Simbok adalah pengganti ibunya.

Sebagai seorang anak orang kaya Andri tidak diberi kebebasan untuk bermain seperti anak-anak yang tinggal di kampung di dekat rumahnya. Pagi-pagi Andri diantarkan ke sekolah oleh Pak Dimik dalam mobil mewah dan sorenya dia dijemput lagi oleh Pak Dimik. Sesampai di rumah dia harus tidur siang dan sorenya harus mengerjakan pekerjaan rumah atau berlatih bermain piano, sehingga dia tidak diberi kesempatan untuk bermain dengan anak-anak lainnya. Pada suatu sore Andri dengan penuh rasa iri hanya bisa melihat anak-anak kampung yang dengan penuh kegembiraan mengejar layang-layang yang lepas, sedangkan dia sendiri terkurung di dalam kamarnya yang serba mewah. Bagaimana seekor burung didalam sangkar emas dia sangat merindukan kebebasan.

Pada suatu hari Andri sedang belajar di dalam kelasnya; di luar terdengar murid-murid yang ada di luar kelas bertiak-teriak: 'Pencuri! Pencuri!' sambil mengerumuni

seorang anak laki-laki sebaya dengan Andri dan yang berpakaian kotor.

Gempol (yang diperankan oleh Sunaryo), itulah nama anak laki-laki yang disangka pencuri itu. Gempol kemudian dibawa ke kantor Kepala Sekolah dan ditanyai mengapa dia mengintip-intip dari jendela ke dalam kelas. Gempol kemudian menerangkan bahwa dia adalah anak pertama dari keluarga miskin yang tinggal di gubuk-gubuk liar di sepanjang jalan kereta api. Orangtuanya berasal dari Blitar di Jawa Timur, dan pindah ke Jakarta untuk mengadu nasib sebagai pemulung kertas koran untuk dijual dikilo. Itulah pekerjaan Gempol sehari-hari, dari pagi sampai petang dia berkeliling dengan bebas di sekitar kota Jakarta dari satu tempat sampah ke tempat sampah lain, mengumpulkan kertas-kertas atau karton yang bisa dijual dikilo. Dari uang hasil penjualan kertas-kertas bekas itulah Gempol membantu meringankan beban hidup orangtuanya.

Waktu di Blitar dahulu, Gempol sempat bersekolah sampai kelas lima Sekolah Dasar. Di Jakarta sebenarnya Gempol ingin sekali meneruskan sekolahnya, tetapi karena keadaan ekonomi orangtuanya Gempol terpaksa tidak bersekolah dan harus menjadi pemulung dari pagi sampai sore. Karena itu dia sering pergi ke sekolah tempat Andri belajar dan mengintip anak-anak yang sedang belajar di dalam kelas. Dan pada hari itulah Gempol disangka pencuri dan dibawa ke kantor Kepala Sekolah.

Mendengar keterangan Gempol itu Andri merasa kasihan kepadanya dan merasa gembira ketika melihat Kepala Sekolah tidak marah kepada Gempol bahkan memberinya sejumlah kertas bekas. Andri berjanji kepada Gempol bahwa dia akan memberinya koran-koran tua dan majalah besoknya. Dan mereka berjanji pula untuk bertemu di sebuah taman dekat sekolah itu.

Keesokan harinya kedua anak itu bertemu di tempat yang telah dijanjikan dan dengan disaksikan oleh Pak Dimik mereka berdua makan bekal makanan yang dibawa Andri. Sehabis mereka makan, kotak tempat

makanan yang bagus itu diberikan oleh Andri kepada Gempol dan juga setumpukan kertas koran dan majalah. Wah bukan main senangnya Gempol menerima hadiah itu. Mereka berjanji untuk bertemu setiap hari sesudah jam sekolah. Sebelum berpisah kedua anak itu mengepalkan tinju mereka sambil memukulkan lengan mereka seperti bersalaman dan pada waktu yang bersamaan keluarlah dari mulut mereka bunyi 'KLAK'. Sebelum Gempol meninggalkan tempat itu dia berseru kepada Andri: 'Terima kasih, Bung Kecil!'

Andri senang sekali mendapat julukan itu dan merasa bangga dengan julukan itu. Sejak hari itu Pak Dimik, Simbok dan kedua pembantu lainnya di rumahnya diharuskan untuk memanggilnya 'Bung Kecil'.

Koran dan majalah-majalah itu dijual oleh Gempol kepada tengkulak kertas, dan Gempol gembira menerima uang yang cukup banyak hari itu dari penjualan majalah-majalah mode yang masih baru. Ternyata majalah-majalah itu telah diambil Andri dari kumpulan majalah mode kepunyaan kakaknya.

Ketika Gempol memberikan uang penjualan koran dan majalah-majalah itu kepada ayahnya, ayah Gempol melihat bahwa Gempol memegang sebuah kotak tempat makanan yang bagus dan mahal harganya. Lalu dia bertanya kepada Gempol dari mana dia mendapatkan kotak makanan itu. Gempol menjawab bahwa dia menerimanya sebagai hadiah dari seorang teman, tetapi ayahnya menyangka Gempol telah mencuri barang itu. Dia berkata: 'Walaupun kita miskin, kita tidak boleh berdusta dan tidak boleh mencuri. Ayo, besok harus engkau kembalikan barang itu kepada yang punya!'

Seperti telah dijanjikan, keesokan harinya Andri bertemu lagi dengan Gempol. Andri mengajak Gempol berkeliling kota Jakarta naik mobilnya. Gempol sungguh menikmati naik mobil Mercedes yang ber-AC dan punya radio stereo. Belum pernah dalam hidupnya Gempol naik mobil nyaman itu. Tetapi sebelum mereka berpisah pada hari itu, Gempol tidak lupa



akan pesan ayahnya untuk mengembalikan kotak tempat makanan itu kepada Andri. Hal ini telah menyebabkan tali persahabatan di antara kedua anak itu makin bertambah erat. Sejak itu Gempol sering diajak naik mobil Andri, bahkan Gempol sempat menyaksikan arak-arakan perayaan Hari Kemerdekaan R.I. dari dalam mobil Andri.

Pada suatu sore Andri memutuskan untuk mengantar Gempol dalam mobilnya pulang ke kampungnya. Tetapi sesampainya mereka di kampung itu mereka lihat bahwa gubuk-gubuk liar tempat tinggal orangtua Gempol sudah digusur para petugas PEMDA (Pemerintah Daerah) dan orangtua Gempol telah ditangkap polisi untuk kemudian ditransmigrasikan. Gempol menangis berteriak-teriak memanggil ayah dan ibunya disaksikan oleh Andri dan Pak Dimik. Andri mengajak Gempol pulang ke rumahnya tetapi Gempol memilih untuk tidur di kolong jembatan bersama si Kakek pengamen musik. Gempol bertanya kepada Kakek pengamen itu apa yang harus dikerjakannya karena dia sekarang tidak punya rumah dan tidak punya orang tua. Si Kakek menjawab: 'Selama masih ada langit di atas kepala kita, kita masih punya rumah. Langitku itulah rumahku'.

Akhirnya Gempol memutuskan untuk pergi ke Blitar mencari neneknya. Dia memberitahukan maksudnya itu kepada Andri. Andri setuju untuk menemani Gempol mencari neneknya di Blitar. Tetapi bagaimana caranya dia bisa mendapat izin dari ayahnya untuk pergi dari rumah selama beberapa hari.

Kebetulan teman-teman sekelas Andri bersama Pak Guru akan mengadakan acara berkemah di luar kota selama beberapa hari. Karena itu Andri memberi tahu ayahnya bahwa dia akan ikut teman-teman sekelasnya berkemah.

Pada hari yang sudah ditentukan Andri pergi dari rumah dengan membawa perlengkapan berkemah yang lengkap di dalam sebuah 'back-pack'. Tetapi Andri tidak pergi ke sekolah, melainkan ke setasiun

kereta-api bersama Gempol. Mereka pergi ke Blitar untuk mencari Nenek Gempol.

Sesampainya di kampung itu Gempol diberitahu orang-orang di sana bahwa neneknya sudah lama bekerja menjadi pembantu rumah tangga di Surabaya. Kebetulan di kampung itu masih ada bibi Gempol, dan kedua anak itu pun menginap semalam di rumah bibi itu. Di rumah bibi itulah Andri mula-mula mengalami hidup sebagai orang miskin. Dia betul-betul merasa kikuk, karena tidak biasa dengan keadaan yang serba sederhana itu. Di rumah bibi itu tidak ada listrik, tidak ada televisi, tidak ada air ledeng, tidak ada pembantu, dan yang paling menyedihkan Andri ialah di kamar kecil, waktu dia mau buang air besar, dia harus berjongkok karena hanya ada lubang di lantai. Di Jakarta Andri biasanya duduk di toilet. Karena tidak biasa berjongkok, Andri terpaksa merusak sebuah kursi yang ada di dapur, lalu dimasukkannya ke kamar kecil supaya dia bisa duduk sambil buang air besar. Tetapi celakanya kursi itu rupanya tidak cukup kuat menahan berat badan Andri sehingga rubuh dan Andri berteriak minta tolong, karena terjerebab. Hal ini membuat semua yang ada di rumah itu tertawa terbahak-bahak.

Keesokan harinya kedua anak laki-laki itu pergi ke Surabaya untuk mencari nenek Gempol yang menurut keterangan bibinya tinggal di dekat pasar Surabaya. Sehari suntuk mereka bertanya kepada setiap orang barangkali dia tahu di mana neneknya tinggal. Malangnya tak seorang pun yang mengetahui di mana nenek itu tinggal. Hari sudah malam dan mereka sudah lelah berjalan sepanjang hari, karena itu mereka menentukan untuk tidur di kolong jembatan. Memang mereka sedang sial, sejak dari sore itu mereka diikuti oleh seorang perampok yang ingin merampas 'back-pack' yang dibawa oleh Andri. Sebelum tidur Andri mengajari Gempol doa Jawa yang dipelajarinya dari Simbok: 'Badan turu ati tangi, roh madep maring Alloh'. Ketika mereka baru mulai tertidur si

perampok datang, dan sambil menodongkan pisau belatinya dia berkata: 'Jangan berteriak!'. Kemudian dia merampas 'back-pack' Andri yang berisi pakaian dan uang, lalu menghilang di kegelapan malam.

Karena tidak punya uang, kedua anak itu terpaksa mencari pekerjaan. Kebetulan mereka mendapatkan pekerjaan sebagai pencuci piring di sebuah rumah makan, sehingga mereka bisa membeli makanan. Sayangnya karena Andri tidak pernah mencuci piring sebelum itu, maka dia tidak bisa bekerja dengan cepat. Pada waktu majikan restoran itu menyuruhnya supaya bekerja lebih cepat Andri menjadi gugup, dan piring-piring yang di tangannya pun terjatuh dan pecah semuanya. Karenanya mereka diberhentikan.

Keesokan harinya kedua anak itu mencari pekerjaan lain dan kebetulan mendapatkannya dengan mudah. Mereka jadi tukang parkir mobil. Pada hari kedua mereka bekerja Andri melihat perampok yang merampas 'back-pack'-nya hendak membongkar sebuah mobil yang dijaganya. Andri langsung berteriak: 'Pencuri! Pencuri!' Dan si perampok itu pun menghilang di tengah-tengah ribuan orang yang hilir mudik di depan pasar. Melihat itu Gempol langsung sadar bahwa perampok itu pasti akan membalas dendam, karena itu Gempol mengajak Andri berlari untuk bersembunyi. Tetapi sementara mereka berlari mereka berpapasan dengan si perampok yang langsung mengejar mereka. Akhirnya kedua anak itu terpojok sehingga mereka terpaksa melawan dengan jalan mengeroyok si perampok itu. Andri memukul kepala si perampok itu dengan batu yang dimasukkan ke dalam sarungnya sehingga si perampok itu jatuh pingsan. Kemudian mereka melaporkan perampok itu kepada polisi.

Sebelum polisi datang untuk menangkap si perampok itu rupanya Andri sempat merampas sebuah dompet yang penuh berisi uang dari dalam kantung si perampok itu. Ketika Andri membuka dompet itu dia menemukan di dalamnya ada uang dan juga kartu nama pemilik dompet itu. Kedua anak itu setuju



untuk mengembalikan dompet itu serta isinya kepada si empunya. Lalu mereka mencari alamat yang tercantum pada kartu nama yang ada dalam dompet itu.

Hari itu juga mereka berhasil menemui si empunya dompet itu dan menyerahkan kembali dompet itu serta isinya. Ketika si empunya dompet itu menghitung uang yang ada dalam dompet itu ternyata ada RP.175 000 sedangkan uangnya sendiri yang ada dalam dompet itu pada waktu dicuri tidak sebanyak itu. Si empunya dompet hanya mau menerima kembali dompetnya serta uang miliknya saja dan memberikan RP.10 000 sebagai hadiah kepada mereka. Dengan uang sebanyak itu di dalam kantong, mereka sekarang berani makan di restoran.

Sementara mereka makan di restoran Gempol melihat potret Andri dalam surat kabar yang terletak di meja mereka. Ternyata ayah Andri telah melapor kepada polisi bahwa Andri telah hilang, dan barang siapa yang menemuinya diharap supaya memberitahu polisi. Membaca iklan itu Andri sekarang sadar bahwa dia harus pulang ke Jakarta. Dari Surabaya Andri menelepon Pak Dimik dan minta supaya besoknya dia dijemput oleh Pak Dimik di setasiun kereta-api. Pada akhir

pembicaraannya di telepon itu Pak Dimik berkata: 'Baik, Bung Kecil!' dan sambil mengepalkan tinjunya dari mulutnya keluar pula bunyi 'KLAK'. Semua yang mendengar kata-kata Pak Dimik itu menjadi gembira karena mereka tahu bahwa Andri selamat.

Keesokan harinya Pak Dimik serta ayah Andri menjemput kedua anak laki-laki itu di setasiun kereta-api. Andri dan ayahnya berpelukan; keduanya bahagia. Tetapi di mana Gempol? Dia tidak kelihatan.

Keesokan harinya pula ketika Andri pulang dari sekolah Pak Dimik memberikan surat dari Gempol kepada Andri yang memberitahukan bahwa dia mau kembali ke Blitar, karena dia mau membetulkan kursi yang rusak. Setelah membaca surat itu Andri pergi ke setasiun kereta-api untuk mencari Gempol. Kebetulan waktu Andri sampai di setasiun kereta-api baru mulai berangkat. Andri berusaha menemukan Gempol, dan di gerbong terakhir Andri melihat Gempol berdiri sambil melambai-lambaikan tangannya dan berseru kepada Andri: 'Mau membetulkan kursi yang rusak!' Andri berdiri di tepi jalan kereta-api sambil menengis.

Sungguh ceritera ini diakhiri dengan rasa terharu. Saya tidak

mengharapkan film itu akan berakhir seperti itu. Saya kira Gempol akan diajak oleh ayah Andri untuk tinggal di rumahnya dan disekolahkan sehingga bisa menjadi teman karib Andri.

Memang film ini mengandung moral yang tinggi yaitu bahwa dalam suatu persahabatan kedua belah pihak harus saling menghargai. Gempol, walaupun dia miskin dia tidak mau menjadi beban bagi Andri. Lebih baik dia kembali ke Blitar dari pada tinggal di rumah Andri dan menjadi beban kepada Ayah Andri. Ayah Gempol pernah berkata bahwa walaupun mereka miskin mereka tidak boleh mencuri.

Film ini memang penuh dengan gambaran perjuangan hidup bangsa Indonesia. Mulai dari perjuangan hidup orang kaya, pengamen musik, tukang mulung, perampok penjual makanan, dan tukang parkir. Seperti dikatakan oleh Pak Slamet Rahardjo sebelum pertunjukan film dimulai: 'Silahkan menikmati film yang lengkap dengan gambaran hidup bangsa Indonesia'.

Sayang sekali film ini belum terjual dalam bentuk video. Saya kira film ini akan sangat baik untuk dijadikan alat peraga dalam pelajaran bahasa dan kebudayaan Indonesia di Australia.



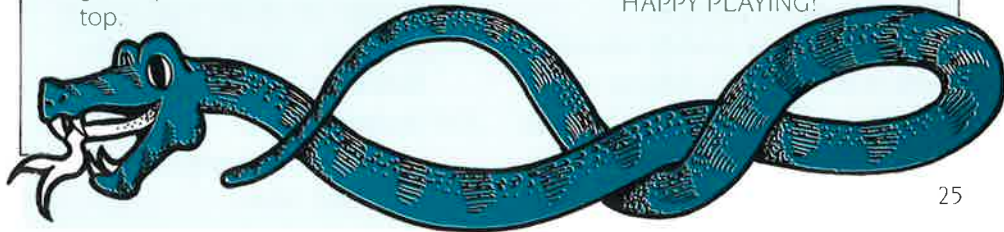
Successful Indonesian film maker, Slamet Rahardjo

(Source: Murdoch University News, Vol. 18, No. 4, June 26, 1991)

### ULAR TANGGA (from p. 14)

1. Firstly find a die. (Making a 6-sided cube is not difficult if no other die is available.)
2. Each player should use a shirt button as 'players'.
3. Players take turns in throwing the die.
4. Players move according to the score shown on the die.
5. If a player lands on a LADDER symbol, the player automatically goes up the ladder to the box on top.
6. If a player lands on a SNAKE TAIL, the player moves to the box where the snake's head is.
7. If a player lands on the STOP sign, the player must not move until the following turn.
8. If a player goes past box no. 15, the player must go back to box no. 1.
9. The winner is the player who most quickly and correctly gets to box no. 15 which contains a prize from THE TEACHER.

HAPPY PLAYING!







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