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## Australian Cultural Residency Vignettes

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The writer was a participant in the Gang Festival Literary Residency  
in Sydney, Australia.

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### Transversal Waves from the Gang Festival

**G**reat events do not have to be born from grand festivals or mega flashy stages. It is highly possible for a small yet inspirational festival to lead to stories that resound with an acute power to astonish and create unending transversal cultural waves.

The small lane was called Pine Street. In that lane, filled with paintings and sculptures from Australian-Indonesian artists, I began my literary residency activity in the Land of the Kangaroo, 17 January till 7 February 2008. It was in the Pine Street Creative Arts Centre with Rebecca Conroy and Alexandra Crosby (Gang Festival Co-artistic Directors) to be precise, that myself and Jan Cornall, the Sydney-based writer of the novel *Take Me to Paradise*, were able to convey some literary ideas in an event entitled *Gang Tulis and Literary Lesehan* on the 19 January (Writers' Lane and Casual Literature).

What did we do then? Unlike the usual literary celebrations in my homeland, Jan and I exhibited our works (by sticking book covers and photocopies of short stories) on the walls of a hallway that participants had to pass through on their way to the discussion. Not only that. Jan also neatly arranged her novel and compact disc *Jan Cornall Singing Srengenge* on the discussion table, whilst I spread my short story anthologies, *Children Sharpening the Knives* and *Malam Sepasang Lampion (The Night a Pair of Lanterns)* in an artistically messy style – on the table which was also being used to sell *jamu kunir asem* (turmeric tamarind herbal medicine drinks).

Then, guided and interpreted by Indonesian cultural commentator Suzan Piper, Jan and I spoke about everything that I was planning to do in my literary residency supported by the Dewan Kesenian Semarang (Semarang Arts Council), the daily newspaper *Suara Merdeka*, Kharisma Pena Kencana (Jakarta), Kaisa Rossie travel bureau (Semarang), Padepokan Bumi Walisongo (Pati), Capung Organizer (Semarang) and the restaurant Mirasa (Kensington).

Starting from the premise of frequent perceptual misunderstandings between Australia and Indonesia in various fields, we are indeed now collaborating to write the book *Reading the Signs (Tafsir Isyarat)*. The book will contain seven short stories with Indonesian settings and characters written by Jan Cornall and seven short stories with Australian settings and characters written by me.

### Three Letters

Of course at that time we could not yet show the results of this collaboration. Instead I chose to read my essay 'Tiga Surat (Bukan) Cinta untuk Jan Cornall' (Three Non Love Letters to Jan Cornall). In those letters indeed I speak of the misunderstandings of Australians surrounding the fundamentalism, liberalism and silent majority that is developing in Indonesia. Concerning fundamentalism I said to our audience:

It's an intertextuality. It never exists in a single form, complete in its own singular self. It always appears in plural or dispersed forms. Thus if you continue to consider that only the *Forum Pembela Islam* (Muslim Defenders' Forum) is rightfully viewed as fundamentalist, you are making a big mistake. Those who wanted to ban the making of Garin Nugroho's film *Opera Jawa* for reputedly belittling Rama-Sinta are also fundamentalists in their wish to defend their gods.

That's why in my country fundamentalism is not identical to Islam or terrorism. In my country Christians who commonly say 'When you are struck on your right cheek, offer your left one' are also capable of killing Muslims. My country with its Muslim majority can also give birth to Muslims who kill other Muslims with modern techniques. Yes, yes I consider the people involved in the killing of (human rights lawyer) Munir to be fundamentalists as well.

Concerning liberalism I also blabbed on to Jan:

No doubt you consider that in modern societies the liberals prefer liberal democracy with open and fair general elections, which allow all citizens to have equal rights under the law and the same opportunities to succeed. And yet in my country liberalism is something humorous, an intermezzo and sometimes merely the butt of jokes. And the joke about the Liberal Infidel Network hits home the best. It is a way of convincing the public that liberalism is just a dream. It is something equally as absurd to imagine as existing freely in our country as all the other sorts of isms such as terror, horror and humour that are given rein to here.

## Extending

Then about the silent majority I only muttered:

It is a sort of cultural wave or tsunami that strikes from time to time. The silent majority, you should know, in fact grows out of something that Goenawan Mohamad considers to be the ethics of humility. This is an ethics of viewing oneself humbly, and because of that humility, respecting other people, respecting *the other*.

Reactions to this text of mine were quite varied. Jan said the text had encouraged Australians – like her – to reinterpret their understandings of Indonesia.

‘Wow, your thoughts should be heard by a wider circle. Let’s re-perform this text of yours at the Consulate,’ said Deva Permana. This musician from Bandung, who currently resides in Sydney, was not just being polite. He subsequently invited Ernezt Messakh (keyboard player) and Ron Reeves (flautist) to arrange a musical composition that could be used to respond to the rather long essay. Finally together with the music group Kuno Kini and rapper Nova we indeed did perform at the Wisma Indonesia. Beyond expectations this performance made people ask about my other works.

‘Does this performance already have a CD recording?’ asked someone.

‘Not yet. But I have a book that can explain my views about Australia.’

God have mercy! As soon as the show was over the audience rushed for my book – which was selling for twenty Australian dollars. This made Deva keen to put on another show at the Indonesian Embassy in Canberra. ‘Only we must include Jan Cornall so there is a response presenting the Australian view.’

Eventually the ‘Indonesian-Australian instant group’ wrote a new composition for Jan Cornall’s performance. The composition which was more ‘Western’ in style was in response to Jan Cornall’s ‘essay reply’ to mine. Jan, who is indeed a performer and singer, performed the essay skilfully in the Anton Aalbers Common Room, Toad Hall, Australian National University. ‘This made the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end,’ said Bandung painter Syaiful. ‘I was moved. I cried watching your performance.’

And so it was. From the small lane everything flowed unimpeded crossing other spaces and times. The Gang Festival, which was very underground in nature, had blasted a small performance into a larger and different event. It had become a transversal cultural wave.

## A Mini Indonesia in a Slice of Sydney

Prophets, physicians, shamans, even maestros are often ordinary people who are not well-known in their hometown. Rudy Ardianto, the artist from Salatiga who now

lives in Sydney, is also one of those people. 'Unknown' by the Indonesian art world, the polite man who manages TUK (*Tanam Untuk Kehidupan* – Planting for Life) has in fact become one of the important icons of the Sydney underground art scene. Even more surprising is the fact that it was at the Pine Street Creative Arts Centre that I came across the results of his creative activities, that include running the *Festival Mata Air* (Water Spring Festival) in Kalitaman, Salatiga. Since there were also artistic photos of the arts celebration at the Senjoyo and Kalitaman springs displayed on the walls, my thoughts naturally leapt to the problematic possible closure of these public baths, formerly known as Kaligedong, and other public spaces in Salatiga. 'It's not possible to fight for 'caring for the environment' only in your own town. That's why I also displayed works linked to defending the environment here,' said Rudy.

Rudy who is in fact one of the participants and moving forces in the Gang Festival did not only bring works to do with water. He also brought Imam Bucah's rich mini sculptures made from scrap wood. Rudy it seems, wishes to inform the world about how grand works of art can be born out of recycled materials.

That is why when viewing the works on display – which included the paintings of Bob Sick and installations of S. Teddy D's in that 'mini gallery' – what I saw in fact was the sensation of a small Indonesia constructed from re-used goods. Indonesia in this way although consisting of old materials could nevertheless be represented anew. It became something fresh through the perceptions of Rudy and friends: something unique, fascinating and freshly illuminating for others who view Indonesia from across the ocean.

## Another Indonesia

At the Gang Festival – especially the part put on at Bill + George Creative Studios – I also discovered the sensation of a small Indonesia in other forms. I met rapper Nova – daughter of Indonesian rocker Totok Tewel – who belted out truly inspirational rap songs in Indonesian. She criticised people who do not love the environment. She hilariously attacked people enslaved by stupidity and in league with pollution through her song 'Smoke.' Nova, who is still quite young, seems to be a singer from another sort of Indonesia. 'I can't be stopped from talking about things that disturb my common sense. I know that Australians – even the women – like to smoke. But to be honest I must criticise their unsound behaviour,' said this cute girl who was on her three-month musical residency of Australia.

An equally unique appearance was that of the group KunoKini. This Jakarta-based group, playing various traditional musical instruments, bravely took on the songs 'Rasa Sayang' and 'Yamko Rambe Yamko' in 'full cool' arrangements. Given the opportunity to perform their songs with mostly reggae and rock

influenced rhythms with an Afro beat, these four young men Bhismo, Bebi, Fizzy and Akbar communicated well with the Australian audience. They also performed the composition entitled 'Techno Java', mixing various types of Javanese musical rhythms in a modern musical structure, forming a bridge between Java and the outside world, or at least Australia. 'All we want is for our music to be heard by the young. One way is to play various traditional musical instruments the way they want it. Till now they consider us to be cool players of traditional instruments,' said Bhismo, the leader of the group which is about to perform in Croatia.

The Indonesia that is not being shaken by the 'arts auction tumult' can also be found in the installation works of Djuadi and Exi. These two eccentric guys from the Blora-based anakseribupulau (Children of a Thousand Islands) community were also in an arts residency in Sydney. They do not want the earth to be destroyed by anyone and this view is reflected in their installation works which in general depicted the arbitrary treatment of nature by the industrial world. 'Indonesia doesn't just belong to the people at the top. People you don't even know have the right to save Indonesia from the gluttony of greedy people,' said Exi who is an expert at playing crazy *dangdut* songs.

Well, they are the friends who, for one to three months, enjoyed a cultural residency through the support of various sponsors, funding bodies, and of course the moving forces of the Gang Festival itself. Although they did not act in the name of, nor were they funded by the state, yet they still brought all the scratches, beauty, jokes and complaints, as well as other Indonesian phenomena. 'Indonesia is top, Man!' said Exi.

## The Underground

What did raise a question was why the festival, held in this *gang* or lane, was called Sydney underground art? Did the participants have to appear 'underground'? The first question can be easily answered. To view 'legitimate art' people may at any time visit the Sydney Opera House. Indeed almost all types of 'clean' art like Nigel Jamieson's work *The Theft of Sita* or Shaun Parker's *This Show is About People* can be nicely watched at this extremely representative theatre venue almost every day. However, shows that are difficult, unconventional, anti-establishment, that attempt to overcome various world problems in a creative way, cannot always be found in such 'polite spaces'. This is why the Gang Festival indeed designed a display of art, music, literature, or whatever was considered to be 'special'. It was this extraordinary quality that enabled the 'lane' to be conjured into a gallery and a stage displaying beauty. There was no need for those fine paintings to feel a need to drop their prices because they were shown in alleyways.

Of course not every participant felt a need to appear dressed like a crazy person. I was one of the participants who did not appear with a punk haircut. I was also not one of the participants to come to the forum with long hair, clothes in tatters and a body covered with tattoos. However, to Rebecca Conroy and Alexandra Crosby I said: 'It's my stories that are underground. So my craziness is apparent from my thoughts. I will present Sydney's controversies in underground stories that will be unsuspected by the people of Sydney.'

I do not know whether these two sweet girls discovered my underground side whilst I was in Sydney. What was clear was that they were satisfied and that they will give me the chance to present the results of my literary residency some time in the future. Well, finally we should be grateful that the mini Indonesia – that emerged from the various Indonesian artists that were invited to Australia – indeed eventually showed its potential to colour a slice of Sydney.

Sista Nova

featuring MC SBY and Sven Simulacrum

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# **Arek Malang Must Be Happy** (I rap Malang)

Rungokno rek, ayo rek podo melek  
iki musik rock campur Hiphop ojo dinyek  
tak jamin kon kabeh gak bakal rugi  
sepisan ngrungokno mesti bakale ndadi

sing gitaran, iku AREMA  
sing ngerap, yo AREMA pisan  
arek-arek Malang, Malang kutone musisi  
jarene ndeso tapi pekoro musik ojek diremehno

tak kandani yo rek iki temenan  
lek ancen Singo Edan, ojek mandeg edan  
gak usah wedi-wedi lek duwe kepinginan  
sing penting gak nggarai pecah seduluran

gak usah dipikir omongane tonggo  
lek ancen gak salah yo kate diapakno  
kate dadi musisi dadi rapper, opo wes sebutno  
sing penting siji rek, gak ngrepoti wong tuwo

arek Malang gak kenek ditantang  
wonge mokong-mokong ati-atio lek ngomong  
ketoke meneng, gak katik nggremeng  
tapi ati-ati iso-iso digibeng

lha iyo masi adoh tekan omah  
atiku iki pancet ae Arema  
dijuju omben tekan Australi sampe Amerika Latin  
pancet kepinginane yo kopi Klojen

ojok diguyu rek, temenan iki  
Kutone Arema ancen ngangeni  
rasakno a lek gak percoyo  
sepisan ngidek Malang mesti pengen mbaleni

## Reflections by Nova

I tend to write about what I see and feel. When I lived in Malang, I felt proud about that city. But when I moved to another city that knew of Malang by its *Arema* (Malang youth) that tend to be troublemakers, frankly I felt ashamed and sad to explain why this sort of behaviour happens. *Arema* is how we refer to ourselves 'Arek Malang' or Malang guys – and girls.

When soccer began to get popular, precisely on 11 August 1987, the Arema Malang Soccer Association was founded. So Aremania appeared on the scene, a group of supporters that are now infamous for their violent actions at every Arema Malang match. Whether this is because that's just how they are, or perhaps because the soccer arena has powerful energy able to ignite the emotion of its supporters.

Apart from this, Arema folk have achieved prestige in other fields. As far as I know, Malang has a suite of famous Indonesian musicians: Ian Antono, Toto Tewel, Abadi Susman, Syaharani, Bertha, just to mention a few, and there are still many others. And music fans in Malang are also not merely 'listeners' either. In fact some people believe that if Malang people are not responsive and interested in a music concert put on by musicians from the capital, then the conclusion to be drawn is that they are 'not yet successful'. Malang has indeed for a long time been a barometer for Indonesian music.



Sista Nova at  
'Hari Ini Adalah Hari Seni',  
Bill + George, Sydney, 2008

When I realised that actually Arema are quite energetic, both physically and mentally, then I thought it would be good to make a track discussing their positive and negative sides in the one song. It all began with the desire to make something new. One afternoon in Sydney, whilst I was lightly chatting about my father, Toto Tewel, suddenly Sven wanted to take a guitar riff from one of the works of my dad, who happens to be a musician. Essentially it was about making something new. Once the rough track had been laid down by Sven, the idea came to use Malang-style Javanese to fill it. Malang-style Javanese is known for being coarse and not following the rules set by Javanese speakers to the west with their distinct language strata. Yet I chose not to use the style of Malang slang where all the words are reversed. I just used every day Javanese.

In this track I wanted to invite the young people of Malang to better use their great energy in more positive directions. Not *okol* (muscles), but *akal* (brains). To sharpen their practical abilities more intelligently, I deliberately invited MC SBY who actually was not at all a ‘rapper’ to let fly his ridicule at me. The aim was to open wide the eyes of the Arema to outsiders’ critical perception of our tendency towards ‘okol’. This track also invites Arema in particular and Indonesians in general to be freer creatively and to dare to decide their own lives. Provided other parties are not harmed, why be afraid of being more expressive?

I also talk a little about the Arema coffee culture. I mention ‘Kopi Klojen’ here. Klojen is a Malang suburb where you can find the Klojen Market. The market has shops selling basic foodstuffs including a brand of coffee that is well-known in Malang with its various different grades. The culture of coffee drinking and hanging out by the roadside still flourishes. Arema always make the time to spend one or two hours ‘hanging out’ with friends and chatting about anything. Coffee is our best friend during such discussions.

Jan Cornall

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## Close To Heaven

Celina sat on her penthouse balcony and watched the city below shudder and splutter its way into the working day. If she craned her neck and squeezed her eyes she could see the shapes of tiny creatures cramming the roadsides, fighting each other to get on the new busway elevated above Jalan Sudirman. The death toll was rising daily, she'd heard, as people anxious to get to work on time, slipped between the platform edge and the bus door, and fell into the slow traffic lava flow beneath. Splurt! Flattened like unfortunate frogs under silver wagon wheels carrying their owners to lunch in a new mega mall half a day's drive from their leafy homes. And while *ibu-ibu* sipped jasmine tea at a new-found exclusive seafood restaurant with views across a formerly 'down at heel' end of town, drivers would be busy down in the car park cleaning off the splatter and making the duco look like new.

'Don't worry, real estate prices will be hitting the roof over there in no time,' Celina remembered her father's fat friend announce as they chatted in his study high above the clouds – the same man she heard tell about the unavoidable accidents on the busway. 'And all the scum will get marched out of there quick smart,' he continued on, 'they'll round them up in buses, lure them in with a box lunch and new t-shirt and drop them in the countryside near a local garbage dump where they can live well on the pickings and be kept warm at night by the smouldering rubbish burn. It's much healthier for them out there in that clean country air.'

'Ssh' her father had motioned to him, as Celina brought in their morning coffee. He didn't like her to eavesdrop on his conversations with old colleagues from Down Below. After she left the room the old developer chuckled and clapped his hands together anticipating the boom that was about to burst in his lap. 'But we'll keep a few tramps around just for colour,' he chortled. 'The rich like to think

they are slumming it. After all that's what made this area popular in the first place. They think it's quaint that people still use kerosene lamps – they'll pay through the roof for one,' he guffawed, 'and they can't even use them – makes the smoke alarms in their apartments go off, big time!'

Not that Celina would know about kerosene lamps. She'd never been Down Below, as her dear mother and father used to call it before they passed away. And that was only after she pressed them to give it a name. In front of her they didn't like to talk about it at all, as if it was a country they had left behind, never to return to – not even to die.

Her mother called where they lived at the top of the tallest apartment building in Jakarta City 'Close to Heaven', and indeed it was – well, pretty much closer than anybody else in the city anyway. Up here the air was as pure as it could be, away from the choking smog that hung like a damp curse over the low Jakarta swamp. Her father, a non-smoker, who followed her mother to the grave not long after, blamed their virulent lung cancers on the toxic smoke from the fires of their childhood.

As a young boy, every morning in the *kampung*, he and the girl from next door would skip and hop behind their mothers as they swept the debris from their yards into the laneway gutter. When they lit the pile of rubbish and paused to gossip through the smoky haze, the little friends would play between their legs, taunting the fire with twigs and adding all the plastic they could find to make the flames flare and spit.

Years later that girl became his wife and with a little bit of luck and a lot of hard work they were able to leave the smoky gutters behind and move up in the world. From owning a first floor room, then a second floor bed-sit, next a third floor apartment; story by story, they went all the way to the top. One day they owned a skyscraper, then another, then another and another. And when they felt they had found the perfect sky nest, they made Celina.

On the day she was born they didn't have to drive to the hospital. They had everything they needed right there in their building – shopping centre, doctor's clinic, hospital, health spa, beauty salon, art gallery, school, mosque, gym, chapel, cafes, nightclubs, vet, even a corner store, so if you didn't want to, you never had to go Down Below.

When Celina's parents first introduced 'Vertical Kampung' as a selling point for their skyscraper apartment blocks it was deemed a radical and extreme concept. But soon people embraced it as a practical solution to their city's major design flaw. Traffic was always a problem in Jakarta City but when trips to the next district that once took two hours, began to take five, a significant percentage of the population

became afflicted with a newly recognised medical condition called ‘macetphobia’. Many hadn’t left their houses for years, and most certainly could never be persuaded to get into a moving vehicle ever again. Public servants, business people, workers, rich and poor alike, even *sinetron* celebrities, were crippled by the horrible illness.

For Celina it was never a problem. She had never experienced the murderous *macet* as she had no need to go Down Below. She went to playgroup, kindergarten, primary school, even high school, without ever leaving the building. And it wasn’t because she was forbidden to. She just never considered it. Not until her father’s last dying breath did they ever discuss it.

‘Promise me one thing Celina’ he whispered, as soft white clouds nudged the big picture window beside his bed, ‘that you will never go Down Below. Your mother and I built this empire so you could have the quality of life you deserve. Don’t throw all our good work away...’

‘I promise Bapak’, I have everything I need here. I have no desire to live the life of the underworld. Don’t worry, I want to stay close to you and mother... Close To Heaven.’ And as she spoke her father slipped into a peaceful sleep and never woke again.

Celina didn’t cry. She accepted her parents’ death as she did everything else about her life. She accepted not having a little brother or sister because she knew due to her mother’s fragile state of health, it was a miracle she was even born. She accepted that most of the friends she grew up with in the sky nest left home and made new lives in the underworld. She had no contact with them once they were gone, unless they phoned, which they usually didn’t, as who did that anymore? Her parents, you see, didn’t own a computer or plasma screen or a mobile phone. Even though they lived at the top of an expensive, high tech high rise, their penthouse was simple and old fashioned, filled with books, paintings and the cosy things of life. In fact every spare length of wall was lined with paperback, hardback, out of print, rare edition, coffee table and conversation piece books. So when Celina wanted to know about the world below, she could read about it (with her parents’ subtle censorship), for until his death, her father selectively ordered from glossy catalogues that arrived each week in the post. Now Celina could order anything she wanted – all the books on flowers, plants and trees that her parents never seemed to let her have before. Perhaps because they were reminders of their former life, Celina mused, as she unwrapped her latest coffee table book *Rare Mountain Orchids* and *The Lost Rainforests of the Amazon*.

Soon Celina was ordering in not only books, but live plants and soil to grow them in. Where once just a few dry prickly cactuses languished in pots near the swimming pool, soon a forest of exotic leafy bushes and vines crowded and climbed the walls around them. The staff were not impressed.

'It just creates more mess for us to clean up,' they grumbled.

'You don't have to do anything. I don't need any help,' she insisted as they watched her dragging bags of earth and rocks in wheelbarrow loads from the service lift to the swimming pool deck. When they tried to assist she barked at them to get back to their household chores saying. 'I don't want your help, I am fine, thank you very much.'

They could see that she was fine. In fact Celina was becoming so strong she couldn't fit into her petite modest dresses and demure slack suits and took to dressing like a workman, in shorts and tank tops which made the staff 'tut tut' even more. But when she decided to fill in the pool and turn it into a rainforest, they really hit the roof. Several staff resigned and while Celina was sorry to see them go, she knew there were plenty waiting to take their place. The new job description however, required applicants to have considerable experience in rare plant propagation, endangered tall wood species and regeneration of high altitude orchids, along with the usual duties.

At the interviews Celina passionately described her mission. She told how when she read about the destruction of high altitude forests around the world she knew at once what she must do. With her accumulated knowledge of high winds, precipitation, migratory flights of birds, clouds, temperature, and all aspects of high altitude weather, she at last understood the life task she was born to carry out.

Celina, the new CEO of Vertical Kampung called a meeting of the board of directors. She would modify the concept of Vertical Kampung and rename it Alpine Green. Still retaining eco versions of the same facilities, she would make it her business to replicate high mountain forests and their endangered species, not only on her sky nest but in all the apartment skyscrapers she now owned across the city. Her new developments with tiered cantilever design would create forest platforms on each level so recycled water falls would cool the length of the building. Each building's energy needs would be supplied by solar panels and hot earth technology. Waste chutes would convert organic matter into compost, recyclables into paper product and non recyclables into methane energy which owners could sell to the energy grid, offsetting their property investment. The only condition imposed was that each resident would be asked to care for a particular rare species of orchid, bush or tree.

There were objections at first from the city planning commission but because by now Celina was one of the richest women in the country, there was never any delay getting her proposals approved. Soon neon blared from just a few lone bald apartment towers. The skyline of the city began to look like the Guatemalan jungle at Tikal and rang with the songs of rare mountain birds once believed to be extinct.

Scientists, architects and experts of all kinds flew in from all around the world to hail Jakarta as a leader in rare forest regeneration and urban eco planning. Government and business, massaged by international acclaim and the smell of the eco dollar took up the cause and decided it was time to seriously tackle the city's traffic and pollution problems. They asked Celina to head a number of creative brainstorming committees which would require her to visit the worst pollution sites in the city.

'I am very sorry,' she replied by letter from her sky nest. 'As you may know I have lived a sheltered life. My promise to my father does not permit me to travel Down Below until it is free from the toxic smoke that caused my parents' premature death. I can however give you some simple advice. If you plant a tree for every car wheel that turns on the road in the place where it turns you will achieve your goal. If you give every person a bicycle to ride and a better paying job at a distance close to their home, your workers will always arrive at work happy and full of energy for the day ahead. If you turn the *tols* into market gardens, clean the swamps and rivers and turn the canals into recreational boating channels – your people will be healthy and relaxed. If you find you cannot do any of this, then in the memory of my dear parents I ask that you do one thing – say 'No' to plastic. If you must use it please dispose of it in a safe and useful manner. And for the health and safety of yourself, your children and the planet, please don't burn it in the street.

Yours sincerely,  
Celina Arinato.'

This letter was published in all the major newspapers along with the story of Celina's unusual upbringing and the sacrifices she and her parents made to live a pure life. The television networks ran with a fairy tale story of a modern princess carrying out her father's promise to live in seclusion in her self-made forest hermitage. Overnight she became a people's hero and her ideas were embraced and adopted across the country. Women's organisations in every *kampung* began following her advice and demanded the Government provide laws and facilities for dealing with plastic. Business leaders, nagged and harrassed by their wives, came up with viable solutions. Government soon followed, liberating billions of *rupiah* earmarked for defence, and engaging the army in clean-up activities across the archipelago.

The media, desperate for a sighting of the new people's hero, camped out on the street in front of Celina's building, hoping to extract information from staff as they came and went through the thick glass security doors. They sent repeated

requests to Celina for interviews offering ridiculous amounts of money, and when that didn't work, they promised in writing to further publicise some of her causes. As shy as she was, after much negotiation, Celina eventually agreed that a single camera crew could visit her sky nest on a date in three weeks time. Observant journalists noted later it was the tenth anniversary of her father's death.

When they arrived at the penthouse apartment they found the staff in a state of shock. They reported that Celina had been feeding her rare mountain eagles on the rainforest canopy deck. When the big birds spread their wings and took off in flight, Celina had followed.

'What,' the television journalist asked, 'you mean she jumped and fell?'

'No' they replied. 'She spread her wings and flew with them into the sky. Look, over there.'

The crew squinted into the distance. They saw a formation of mountain birds soaring high, playing on the wind currents. One, larger and more awkward than the rest, followed fearlessly, as with every slow euphoric flap of her vast wing span, she rose higher and higher, closer to heaven.