

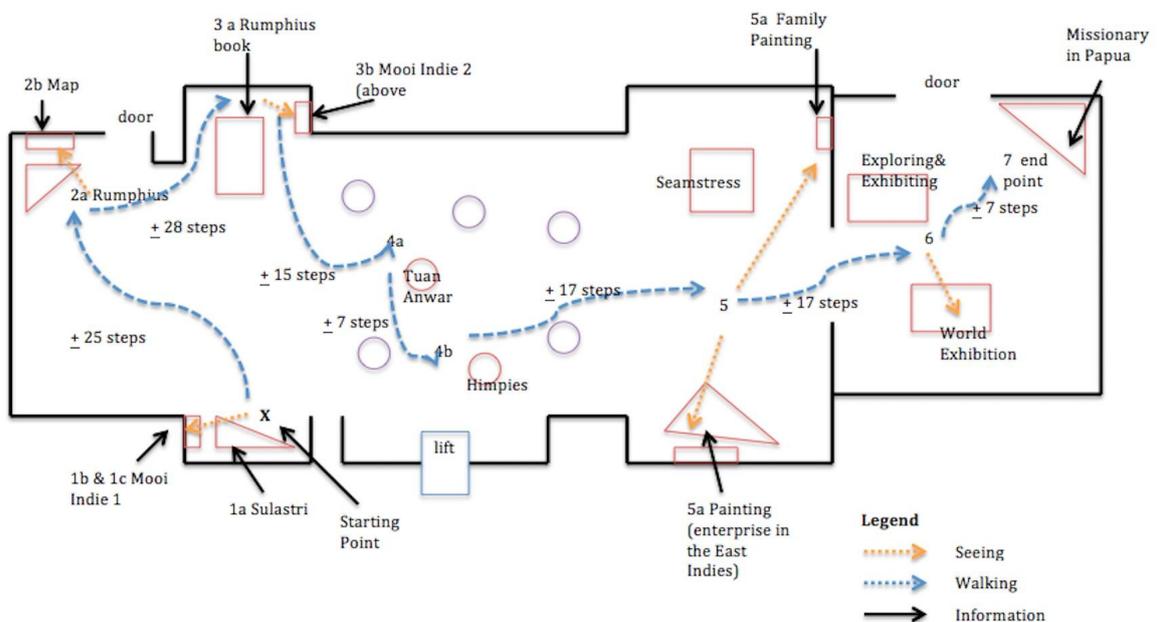
OUTSIDE WITHIN THE COLONIAL THEATER: AN AUDIOGUIDE

Realized by KUNCI Cultural Studies Centre for the Netherlands East Indies
Permanent Exhibition at the Tropenmuseum,

Part of KUNCI's residency project at the Tropenmuseum for Heterotropics #2
(May-Juni 2017).

THE SCRIPT

Map of KUNCI @Heterotropics Audioguide



Versi Bahasa Inggris

List of Voice:

1. Main narrator, Sulastri: Nuning
2. Excerpt narrator: Protschky Dina, Mrazek Ferdi, Stoler Dina
3. Instruction narrator: Damayanti
4. Suwarsih Coda narrator: Gita
5. Petoro narrator: Ferdi, Suara Mahasiswa: Fiky, Suara No more koteka: Ferdi

(Bumper Radio KUNCI, fade out)

POINT ONE

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

You are now listening to KUNCI audio guide part one. This audio guide is a part of Heterotropics project at the Tropenmuseum

Point one: stand in front of Sulastri's mannequin (Education in East Indies). You can choose to stand in the position where you can see all the books and other teaching materials in Netherland East Indies that kept on the vitrines. Or you can also stand in front of the screen that plays the footages of the implementation of the school during the period.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

My name is Sulastri, or at least that is the name that was given to my current body by this museum. I have more than one age. As a nameless wax mannequin, I have reached 86 years of age. Before arriving to the museum, I was first displayed at the World Exhibition Forum in Paris, 1931. I was first created as a tobacco sorter, then I became a food seller in an exhibition on Food and Hygiene in Amsterdam. Then in this museum I was turned into a herbal drink vender, then a batik maker. And all along this time, I was remain nameless, except from the social positioning that was attached to my body inside this museum space. During these times also they always put me in a shabby kebaya, it had not been changed since 1931.

(Fade Out)

(Backsound Museum)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

It was only since 2003, that I was given a new role. I am now a semi-fictional character of an autobiographical novel that is written by an Indonesian woman, her name is Suwarsih Djodjopuspito. Suwarsih first wrote her novel in Dutch language in 1940, the book was titled Buiten het Gareel, or in English, Outside of the border. Then in 1975 it was translated to Indonesian using a new title: Manusia Bebas or Free Person. Hmm.. a free person, I wonder what is the relation between having all these random roles attached to my body for so long with being a free person?

(Fade Out)

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Walk two steps towards the text describing about Sulastri.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

It was never clear to me since when did the sound of the audio fragment located below me went broken. Just try and press the green button underneath my name tag. Can you hear anything?..... The voice that you are listening to now is basically the first time I got my voice back again. Of course this is not fully my own voice. You can also hear somewhere deep inside, the

voice of the person who made me as this mannequin, you can also hear the voice of Suwarsih Djodjopuspito who created my character, and then there are the many voices of the group of researchers from Yogyakarta who recorded my voice. They have been busy trying to piece together these words, so that I can speak to you with a different voice. I can't do anything but to let them to borrow my body. As a mannequin, I live and I die again for so many times. I was made so that I can walk through the time tunnel of history, and luckily with this body I don't have to be afraid of getting tired by all of this journey.

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

In Madam Suwarsih's novel, my destiny has led my fingers to start writing. The creator of my fictional character is a wife, a mother, an activist, a teacher and a writer. My destiny in the novel got entangled with Suwarsih's biography as she struggled with the chances and burdens of Dutch colonialism. There is an one eighth, one quarter, or half of me in Suwarsih's life story, as much as there were parts of herself in my own being. Through this voice, I shall guide you through to listen to the dreams and memories that are revolving around me. Perhaps my body is stiff, frozen through time, but my voice is fleeting, flowing the course of time.

(Fade Out)

Coda narrator: Gita

"The piece of paper captures the shadow moving from Sulastri's hand which writes swiftly. A row of letters turned into words, words into phrases that try to confine memories into innumerable lines of sentences. She fails to feel the movement of time, her body does not go tired. On that night, she starts with a new leaf of paper". (Djodjopuspito, 1975: 14)

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Walk forward three or four steps facing the window behind Sulastri.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Imagine this space as a classroom. I love to see through the large windows, and imagine how warm it must be in the outside during summer. I often think, while standing in front of the class and looking over the rows of students sitting across me, that only the lucky ones could make it into this class. It is too hard to imagine a school without thinking about distance. I am not only talking about the physical distance, but also the non-physical one. One must walk so far across dusty long roads, full of holes. One has to leave his or her family behind in order to attend higher education. One has to be born by parents with certain social and economic privilege to be able to get through the costly institution. Or at least one has to have an extensive family network that could support the schooling process. From the beginning, school system is build on a rigged segregation. Eerste klasse, tweede klasse, volkschool, sekolah ongo loro, Christelijke Mulo, Algemeene Middlebare School. If you were born among the less privilege class, schooling is nothing but a dream.

(Fade Out)

Excerpt narrator: Ferdi

"The road to school offered a new space of transparency, of straightforward (or soft-curved) correctness, promise of safety, and even power. It was exclusive and inclusive at the same time-- this is what progress implied. Ambitions and dreams of advancement and even of freedom were

to be given to one in this space as naturally as a bit of (or much) embarrassment” (Mrazek, 2010: 131).

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

I understand that I belong to the more lucky ones. My family was able to put me through a vocational education at the European teacher training college in Surabaya. On the other hand, I was benefited by the Ethical policy of the Dutch colonial government. This policy has shaped new routes and redefined knowledge production processes in the Dutch East Indies. But to me embarasment is just one out the many feelings that emerge for attaining social privileges. With my husband Sudarmo, we choose to move and fight. We build a wild school. It is a place where we throw the seeds of freedom. Freedom from oppression. Freedom should be the main life force on this land. But how does freedom must be positioned in relation to modernity?

Follow my voice..

I will take you through some detours through my reveries. I will introduce you to some of my friends here: other mannequins, the paintings, the writings. We are all brought here to give life to a theater of colonialism, a play staged in a museum structure which was built to enclose the institution’s property claim on a territory far far away, a land which is now called as Indonesia. Who owns the stories of Indonesia? Who owns its history? Who owns the knowledge on Indonesia?

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Take a look at the building-- it looks like a castle that collects artefacts and archives. I often think whether the youth in my motherland could ever access all of the things that are kept here. Honestly I doubt it. The problem is once again the distance. But this time it has to do with the distance which is systematically organized, stretched through the logic of exhibiting propriety and safeguarded by the bureaucracy which controls it.

Yesterday afternoon I saw a group of high school students entering this place. They went here as part of their school assignment. I could hear their steps passing through while chattering. Some of them stopped in front of the paintings, the maps, the other mannequins, then they scribed something on their little notebooks. A few halted in front of me. What ran through the mind of this young Dutch people? How much do they know about my motherland which is still referred to as Netherlands East Indies in this premises? How much do they know about VOC- Verenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie? In our history books, the narratives about Dutch colonial history in Indonesia are full of names of people and places, dates and events. They exist as something that all of us have to memorize, inscribed to our brains, treated as if they were mantras or magical charms. They pretty much shaped the ways Indonesian perceive the Netherlands. I am curious about what kind of history books the student here are reading. How the Dutch is described in the colonial era in Indonesia? How is Indonesia being represented in these books?

(Suara murid-murid sekolah)

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

I am only a teacher in a wild school who does not have the power to change the direction of how history as a subject should be taught in school. Within my own limits, what I can offer through this

audio guide is to reveal things that are hidden beneath what seems to be obvious. I want to voice something that could create ripples, big or small; things that could disrupt the gaze of colonial history which I often felt is too flat in this country.

Now, turn your head to the right. Do you see the room nextdoor? That room is full of bizarre objects, things that perhaps you could not find anymore in the place where it came from. They call it a cabinet of curiosities. Let's walk there, towards the figure with the long silvery hair working behind the desk, his name is Rumphius.

(Fade Out)

POINT TWO

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Stand on the room called 'clove and powder'.

Walk 25 steps towards the Rumphius' mannequin at the corner of the room.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Rumphius was born in Germany, year 1627. When he was 26 years old, he applied for a job at the VOC. Then he travelled to Java, then moved to Ambon. There he resided until his death.

Poor ol' Rumphius. He is a German scientist who had remarkably collected, named, and categorized thousands of plants and various species of seashell in Eastern Indonesia.

Throughout his entire adult life he was obsessed with finishing a compendium of the dizzying variety of tropical life in Ambon.

I felt this pity towards him because his life was also filled with series of tragedy. Indeed, if you want to have a respectful place in this museum, you either had to be a big winner in life or had a very tragic fate. If you are only destined to have a mediocre life, you will only become a nameless mannequin such as what happened to me in the past.

So why do you think Rumphius' figure is exhibited here? One thing, he is visually impaired. By the age of 43, before he was known by the scientific world, Rumphius suffered glaucoma. He was trying to feel the seashell through his hands. Rumphius named his collection of plants and seashells in Javanese, Hindi, Portuguese, Chinese and Dutch.

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Rumphius is a peculiar scientist. His works are a mix of scientific rationalism and the imaginative mind of an adventurer. He brought up things that exist beyond rational knowledge. He gave the seashells very funny names, such as Little Dream Horn, The Prince's Funeral, Peasant Music and Double Venus Harp. What do you think the name of the seashell on his hands could be?

Rumphius' gaze is the imaginative gaze of a curious mind. Expeditions, travel to faraway places, exotic sensation and fascination are elements of a vision beyond the real. Aren't curiosity and fascination things that we all share? In the past we used to call Hollanders as "Corn haired" or "Cat eyed" because most have hairs as blond as a corn and eyes blue as a cat. We were fascinated by the physical difference between Dutch people and natives. But when we wrote about this in my husband's newspaper, the colonial police shut down his business because they felt insulted. But my husband also responded angrily, he said he was only describing what he

saw. It is what it is. Unfortunately, in the past only European's gaze and imagination were allowed to roam freely on our land.

To come to think about it, actually the gaze of Dutch colonials are worse than Rumphius' who had trouble seeing. Rumphius still made some efforts to ask from native informants about plants and seashells that exist in Ambon. On the contrary, the colonial forces tends to turn a blind eye on the realities faced by people who were different to them. Some of them were more interested in creating their own fantasy world as they pleased.

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Forgive my grumpiness, but take a look to your right. Look at that huge map and the cannon below it. This map was made thirty years before Hollanders first arrival to Java. They bombed the royal complex of Jayakarta and replaced it with towers in Dutch architectural styles. They built canals and fortifications. The map is a tool to govern space. After occupying the motherland for long enough, the gaze of colonial fascination was replaced by the gaze of colonial knowledge. The kind of gaze that has ferociously scorched down all the other knowledges that had long been existed before.

Let's leave Rumphius alone now and move back to the other room. I will show you a colonial gaze that still prevails in the minds of both Dutch and Indonesian until now.

(Fade Out)

|||END OF PART ONE, CONTINUE TO THE SECOND PART OF THE AUDIO GUIDE|||**DAMAYANTI**

POINT THREE

(Fade in)

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

This is part two out of KUNCI Audio Guide at Heterotropics.

Walk some 28 steps back to the area where Sulastri is standing, then turn left to the area located across Sulastri.

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Sit on the bench where you would find Rumphius' book on the table. The book is tied with a chain to the table, so that no one can steal it.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Look at the painting that are hanged on the right corner across you. What do you see? What do the pictures remind you of? In those paintings, everything looks beautiful, everything felt so peaceful. So dreamy isn't it? It's a repertoire of tropical dream world and fantasy. The same images had driven a generation of European to move to the new colony named East Indies. They painted my motherland as a lush, filled with abundant natural resources and figures of beautiful women. Some of those paintings portray the development of colonial infrastructures-- trains and

railways, asphalt roads, bicycles, cars, hotels. They are all the necessary infrastructures to ensure comfort living in the tropical land.

Do Hollanders know that there are a lot of spirits and ghosts living on the string of coconut palm trees and inside the overgrowing banana trees? Do they know that the smell of jasmine often brings to me a nostalgic feeling? Or I should not say that because it might give impression that I am not a modern woman. I come to a point where all this natural beauty is nothing more than a mortal existence. What remain are the politics of gaze that people use in perceiving things. And this politic is there to ensure that this gaze continues to operate.

(Fade Out)

Excerpt narrator: Dina

“Nineteenth-century panoramic paintings of Indies landscapes thus both utilized and reproduced the instruments of colonization, sharpening the skills of map-makers, surveyors, and navigators while serving as cultural tools of conquest in themselves, narrating a particular story of Dutch expansion that claimed new lands while depicting the process as uncontested. Nowhere is the visual discourse of naturalizing Dutch conquest more evident than in genre known as *mooi indie* (beautiful Indies) landscapes, a staple product of nineteenth-century Dutch colonial painting from the Indies,” (Protschky 2011: 82-83).

“The mountain, the coconut palm, and the sawah have become the Trinity (*trimurti*) for these painters...And if a painter is audacious enough to paint subjects other than the Trinity, and attempts to sell such paintings at the galleries here, then a dealer will say: ‘*Dat is niet voor ons, meneer*’ (This is not for us, sir). Meaning: ‘*Dat is niet voor de toeristen of de gepensionnerde [sic] Hollanders, meneer*’ (This is not for the tourists or the retired Dutch [orang Belanda], sir). And such painter, if he wishes not to be consumed by tuberculosis, may be better off becoming a teacher or looking for a job as a statistical clerk...” (Soedjojono 2000, in Protschky 2011, 83).

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

That is why I always look at the *mooi indie* painting with a little suspicion. It stops being something that can provide a critical view of its surrounding. The ideal representation of my homeland hides so many problematic things. It was used to heighten the sense of control over space and to shape the vision of European rule in the colonized land. But at the same time I understand that the preservation of colonial gaze occurs in many ways. I remember how my own students also reproduce this picturesque images. Every time I asked them to draw something, my students always make the same picture: one or two mountains, with a sun perched over the horizon, a winding road passing through the yellowish paddy fields and vanishing behind the horizon. *Mooi indie* as a politic of colonial gaze trickles down, transmitting way through different generations that came after it.

Sometimes a thought crossed my mind, maybe it's useless to ask my students to stop drawing the same landscape: the mountain, the sun and the paddy fields, again and again. What matters more to me is how to create dialogue so that we can begin to undo this colonial gaze. What matters to me is how to bring back other things that were pushed aside or concealed underneath this pretty landscape. But what kind of things that are actually being erased? This question can be answered by knowing first the right context.

(Excerpt audio book flipped)

Now please flip to the first page of Rumphius book which is chained to the table. What do you see? Do you also see what I see? Yes, that's what I mean, the picture of the small picture of a male genital. Two weeks ago I saw a young woman scribbling something inside the book. Maybe he was just messing around. Turn to your back and see the markings on the floor, do you see the blue dots there in the shape of dog paw prints? Maybe someone else also did it as a prank. But it was seemingly more harder to get away with the act of painting the footprints of a dog on the museum floor. Can you imagine what one had to do so that he or she could smuggle in a can of paint without being seen by the museum securities?

These are all of course plain vandalism. But they also gave me an idea on how to disrupt the logic in which the objects are arranged here. One of the main problems in the discourse of colonial history in the Netherlands is the lack of attempts in addressing them through everyday conversations. I think what we can do is to actually make these traces of colonial history more visible.

(Restaurant excerpt)

While we are at it, why not say, bring in some foods that have both Indonesian and Dutch roots. I am talking about croquettes that are sold in Febo, french fries with peanut sauce that is available in Smullers, and other Indonesian restaurants in the city.

(Fade Out)

POINT FOUR A

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Now walk slowly around the mannequins that displayed in this room, and go back to where Toean Anwar is.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

I actually feel a little jealous towards the seven mannequins placed in this particular room. They have better luck than I do. They were especially designed in 2003, when Dutch intellectuals have become more attentive to some of the problems in representations of Indonesian, such as the one that is happening to me.

In the past I was without a name, my identity was subsumed under the general outlook of Indonesians as people with brown colored skin. There was no mention of me "being a Javanese woman", perhaps the kebaya that I wore was enough to clarify my Javanese-ness. By the way, Sulastri in Madam Suwarsih's book is not a Javanese, but a Sundanese. Ethnic Sunda generally has a lighter skin tone than most Javanese. I wonder if Madam Suwarsih would agree if she saw that Sulastri appears in this particular body.

Meanwhile, the seven mannequins here in this room, each of them has a name and a biography. Charles the painter, Meneer de Jonge the governor staff, Jacob the tobacco farmer, Himpies the KNIL Soldier, Mevrouw Elink the misionary's wife, Margaretha the house wife and last but not least, Toean Anwar the civil servant. When one the museum curators guided a tour I overheard that the seven figures exhibited in this room are all representations of the colonial society of the Netherland East Indies. Everyone of them is equipped with an audio fragment containing the individual life story.

As you can see, thanks to the technological development, people were often fooled by the appearances of these new mannequins. You can see the sweat dripping on Himpies' forehead, and Charles looks so realistic! Why don't you stare at Jacob's eyes a little longer, they seem so alive, and it's a bit scary, isn't it!

Back when they were still newcomers here, I was often amazed and at the same time scared by how they looked like actual humans. Even so you can see how some of their body parts are made transparent, such as Charles' thigh or Mevrouw Elink's left hand. The impressions of their realness quickly dwindle when we see the transparent parts of their bodies. It is this transparency that always reminds me that, like me, they are also nothing but ghosts from the past that are brought here to disrupt the line between what is real and what's not.

(Fade Out)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Sometimes I wish that one of my bodyparts is made transparent, that I have a more gleaming pair of eyes, or that my facial figure has more realistic wrinkles or curves. Perhaps I was made much too early, and it is too late to modify my body now. But on second thought, I am quite happy with the generic characteristics of my current appearance, as it may bring me to a new role in the future. I can only hope that no one will take me to the storage room and hide me there. I am not just an outdated mannequin. My whole existence is full of contradiction. I am the evidence as I am the eye witness. I am the observer as I am the one being observed. I am a victim as I am a survivor of the colonial and postcolonial politics of representation. I embody the history of the museum's gaze, and I shall continue to change as long as my voice can be heard and rewritten.

(Fade Out)

Coda narrator: Gita

It seems that all things hazy will become clear again, like a memory standing there in front of you, with its delightful and shining face

'I will write about you' whispers Sulastri, 'I am sorry if I wanted you to become more beautiful..or funnier. I am sorry for having to beg you to stay with me forever'

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Stop in front of the mannequin of Toean Anwar.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

You don't see it right away but Himpies and Toean Anwar are actually characters from novels. But similar to me they are neither fully fictional nor real. However we are not telling the stories ourselves, someone else wrote it for us. Our lives are written based on the author's' imaginations and real life experiences. Our faces, skin colors and the clothes we are wearing are deliberated by the mannequin makers. There were more imaginations that are attached to the three of us compared to the rest of the mannequins. You also can create your own imaginations about us. That's the ups and downs of being a semi-fictional figure.

In the museum description, Himpies and Toean Anwar are represented as if they are historical figures. They have a birth date and date of death. Both Toean Anwar and Himpies died in the

novel. Perhaps death is another precondition to be included as a historical figure in this colonial museum.

Perhaps death does provide distance, it draws a line between the story of life and the work of art. A novelist can freely shape the life of an already deceased person based on his or her own memory alone. The author remembers what he or she wants to remember.

(Fade Out)

(additional voice excerpt)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Toean Anwar works as an assistant for Toean Poetoro. He was from Makassar. The close relationship between the employer and the employee was written by a Dutch writer, HJ Friedericy in his novel *The Advisor* (de Raadsman). In the story, Toean Anwar died in 1948, while Friedericy's novel was first published in 1958. The story of Toean Anwar is told through Toean Poetoro's perspective. He sees Toean Anwar as his closest friend.

The closing part of *The Advisor* tells about the moment when Toean Poetoro's memory of Toean Anwar finds a turning point.

One day, after the Dutch occupation ended, Toean Poetoro meets a group of Indonesian student in San Fransisco airport. During their casual conversation, a name comes up and it is the name of the new cabinet minister who turns out to be Toean Anwar's son.

Poetoro says (Ferd) "Toean Anwar is one of the best civil servants that I have known". A student from Manado refutes him: (Fiky) "I am sorry Toean, but in our eyes he is a collaborator of Dutch colonial who brought so much misery to our country".

Who is Toean Anwar actually? Which side of him is being displayed in the mannequin? A loyal civil servant or a traitor to his own nation?

(Fade Out)

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Walk 7 steps to the right, and stop in front of Himpies' mannequin

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Himpies was a young man who joined KNIL army in Ambon. His mother was a Dutch descendant who was born and raised in the East Indies. Himpies died by a poisoned arrow shot by a native when he was still 20 years old. The tragedy that happened to a poor young man was a bitter part in Felicia's life. Felicia is Himpies mother, the main character in a novel titled *The Ten Thousand Things*. This author of this novel is Marie Dermout.

It was told that Felicia was struggling to get over her grief by writing about the nature and people who live in Ambon, the story was about thousands of beauty that were revealed in front of her eyes. Himpies died in 1930's, and *The Ten Thousand Things* was published in 1955. Felicia's figure can also project some parts of Marie Dermout, the author who also lost her son who died in a Japanese internment camp.

I think it is through Himpies' sleepy eyes that I could see the misery and the turmoil of Holllanders' life during the colonial era. Himpies hair is messy, his face sweaty and his clothes are torn.

Audio excerpt dari Himpies Tropen

"Himpies, Himpies, mari sini."

"Jangan nangis, sudah sudah, cuci tangan dengan sabun."

"Mati, mati, minta ampun, minta ampun."

"Tangan sudah cuci dengan sabun."

"Awas, awas."

"Jangan nangis, 'Nyo. Sudah, sudah. Tangan sudah cuci dengan sabun."

The images of Mooi Indie reflect certain calmness and peacefulness of nature to hide the boisterous conflict caused by colonisation. What is also hidden underneath this image are not only the blood and tears of natives but also the sweat and swellings of the pawns mobilized by the structure of oppression which is controlled by elites in order to maximize profit.

The fates of both Himpie' and Felicia have blurred the rather black and white portrayal of colonialism. It opens up more intimate space for reflecting on the co-sufferings experienced by the people across the colony. These intimate spaces are rarely brought to the fore in a formal historical narrative which is constructed upon either claims of victory and conquest or stories of defeat and vengeance.

I wish the museum has more space like this one. Come, let's walk again. Are you feeling tired? Or bored? I'm sorry if I speak for so long. Mind you it's been a long time since I have an opportunity to speak here.

(Fade out)

|||END OF PART TWO, PLEASE GO TO THE THIRD PART OF THE AUDIO GUIDE TO CONTINUE|||DAMAYANTI

POINT FIVE

Instruction narrator

This is the third part of KUNCI Audio Guide of Heterotopics

Please Walk more or less 17 steps forward. Then stop right in the middle of the room, standing behind the connecting arch to the next room.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Now I would like you to stand still and turn your eyes to the left side, to the biggest painting in the front left part of the wall. It is the painting of the Dutch family looking all wealthy and happy. The husband and wife look so peaceful, a little boy is clinging on the father's shoulder, the mother is

holding a baby on her hands. Behind them, a servant with a brown skin wearing a beskap while holding a tea cup with his head down.

Now turn to your right, can you see the mannequin? A nameless clerk who was made in the same year as me, also with the same method. He is still without a name until now. In the past, this young man was wearing a peci on his head. In 1954, his peci is replaced by a batik headband which he still wears until today. Once I overheard one of the curators of the museum whispered to the man next to him as they passed in front of me. He said, maybe Hollanders don't like peci since it reminds them so much to Soekarno, the first Indonesian president. Behind the clerk there is a majestic painting of a Dutch man who owned a plantation in Sumatra.

I always have a strange feeling every time I saw these two brown men, each of them stands in their own position, one is a background and the other is standing in front of such an elegant portrait painting of a Dutchman. They become more like an attribute, or an extras in the colonial theater. In reality, their existence were pivotal to the course of everyday life, they oil the wheels for colonial industries. As domestic labor, they were the ones who prepared food and sang Nina Bobo to the Dutch children, while working as a plantation coolie, who cut down the trees under the glaring sun to open new lands for planting.

In placing these figures as a background and foreground, coolie and servants are displayed as mere souvenirs of the romantic nostalgia of the colonial life. Sentimental memory, pretty tea sets, beautiful summer dresses, outdoor family portraits, all the things that are there to make the life in a tropical land more comfortable. These artefacts and portraits once again depict a peaceful life while at the same time blurring the exploitative nature that makes such life possible. What kind of ethnographic objects that can reflect the feelings and experiences of the labour? The laborers never get to be painted, their voices were never recorded. It was only the aristocratic elites who had the money and power to order self-portraits, so that they can present themselves as the face of history.

(Fade Out)

Excerpt: Dina

"How did you feel about working for the Dutch?" Ibu Kilah answered with a blunt, mocking response that emphasized the material rather than the emotional economy of those relations: "My feeling? I was happy because I was paid five and a half silver coins." Later, when asked what her relationship with her employer was like, she responded:

"My relationship? Well, she was my employer, my boss, so I had to do whatever, you know. I had to be obedient, for example, if I was asked to help with this, help with that.... So I was cared for, so my relationship was good with my boss."(Stoler, 2000: 10)

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

The non-sentimental memory of the babu has no similarity whatsoever with the memories told by different Dutch employees in their respective memoirs. What is lurking in between the non-sentimentality of the babu? Their recollections of life are not as pretty as those of the employees.

(Fade Out)

POINT SIX

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Continue take around 17 steps forward and stop right in front of the glass showcase containing various artefacts from World Exhibition Forum in Paris 1931

Sulastri narrator

(Fade IN)

Our journey is almost over. Take a break and stretch your leg for a while. Move the weight of your body from the left foot to the right and the other way around. Then come closer to the objects displayed on top of the mounted plane. Press some of the green buttons in front of you, then you will see the spotlights softly beaming from one object to another. Some of them are broken, hiding some of the objects behind shadows.

These objects came from afar. They were collected, picked, packed and shipped from the Netherland Indies to Europe. These objects are presented in another colonial theater, in an international fair in Paris. They were claimed to be the natural and cultural wealth of the Dutch Kingdom.

Look at the figurines placed inside glass cases that are put on top of each other. A seamstress, a batik maker, a herbal drink seller and a food hawker. A replica of a mosque. A replica of a pendopo. A group of figurines are sitting in circle as if they were discussing something serious. Not sure what, perhaps they were planning a resistance? Culture is petrified in a glass box which refracts nothing but exoticism: wedding ritual, shadow-puppet play, and different traditional dances.

Next to these cabinets, there is a vitrine entitled 'Allegory of Plenty'. On each level, a row of native male figures are holding specimens of natural resources using both his hands..cotton, sugar, copra, palm oil, tin, rubber, agave, cinchona bark, petroleum, wood, coffee, pepper, cassava, tobacco and tea. All of them had really high value. All of them were owned by the Netherlands. The price for humanity was cheaper than spices. The forum which took place in 1931 became the stage where the Netherland Indies civilizations were performed as primitive and backward but also exotic. On the same stage, the wealth of the colony was explored, exchanged and exhibited.

Look at the left board side, you will see the overconfident adage made by Jan Pieterszoon Coen saying "Something great can be achieved out there". By great achievements, he was referring to the act of helping the ignorant others while exploiting their resources.

(Fade Out)

Excerpt of song (Zamrud Khatulistiwa)

Aku bahagia, hidup sejahtera di Khatulistiwa..

Alam berseri-seri bunga beraneka

Mahligai rama-rama, bertajuk cahya jingga

Surya di cakrawala

This song is continually echoing inside my head as I look at what lies inside these vitrines. An enthusiastic song, passionately giving the news of prosperity of the motherland. Indonesian nature is always described as scenic and gorgeous. Some Indonesian also express similar description to foster nationalism. The lyric of this song describes how happy I am as an Indonesian for living in a country with rich resources. The idea of living among this plentiful resources do have a pleasant ring to it. But the reality of it speaks differently. Social prosperity became a rare thing to obtain, especially when those in power, ranging from Dutch colonial

powers, Indonesian state apparatuses to venture capitalists continue to exploit resources from the earth. The stage of colonial theater did not end after the Paris World Exhibition was completed in 1931. The spectacle of natural wealth as something that is ready for exploitation is continuously being reproduced up to the present day.
(fade out)

POINT SEVEN

Instruction narrator: Damayanti

Take 7 steps forward, until you find a glass wall in which missionary practice in Papua and New Guinea are exhibited.

Sulastri narrator

(Fade In)

Now my voice is about to reach the end of the journey. This is as far as I can go. We are embarking on territory which is in fact unfamiliar even for me. Although my eyes have for so many times perused at the objects in this room.

Behind that glass, the stage of a Flemish missionary Petrus Vertenten seems to be carefully installed. A wooden long table with the pastor's equipments. Bible, books, pens, sunglass, rosario. These objects seem to be Vertenten's weapon to carry an enlightenment and progress in Papua land.

Observe that funny-looking wooden statue on Vertenten's table. It looks like a wayang figure yet winged like angels in Christians' visual vocabulary. This small statue strikes a pose of folding its both arms and folding legs as if meditating. Which religious ritual do you think the wooden statue is referring to?

There are two big suitcases behind the table, a laken hat, and a walking stick; the missionary is also a traveler. There is a pair of shoes under the table. On the wall, the missionary's white robe is hung; there is also a big photograph portraying the missionary posing with a Papuan male. The missionary was described as the bringer of enlightenment to Papua. The Papuan natives are presented as a subject waiting to be enlightened and to be introduced to a progress.

Across the missionary's installation, we find Papuan people through Charles Le Roux's gaze. In Le Roux's expedition and research, the Papuan are presented as a group which is measured, observed and researched. The Papuans were told to stand up, then they were instructed to come forward one by one as their heads and other parts of body were being measured. On behalf of colonialism and the ambition of producing new knowledge claims, not only they become colonial objects but they were turned into valuable study materials. In this part, you can also see a film entitled "Expeditions and Encounters," which shows how the Papuan exploration and research was happening in the area. Yet, i could not watch it for too long, it made me feel eerie.

Actually I don't have any acquaintances or any friends who comes from Papua. I only got to know about Papua from the lessons that was taught to me at school. The distance between Java and Papua is not as far as between Java and the Netherlands. Yet, the distance between me, as someone who was born and lives in Java, feels so far away. I feel so separated from Papua. The

history and culture of Papua seems to be much more foreign to me compared to Dutch history and culture. The national ties that was promoted by everyone in Indonesia for such a long time does not make the distance between us become closer.

In the circulating discourse and myth among the mainstream society, Papuans are represented as a subject that needs to be disciplined. They have to be educated to become more modern, the clothes they wear are inappropriate: **FERDI** (no more koteka)!, unhealthy diet: **FERDI** eat rice, no more sago!, they looked unhealthy and filthy. The Javanese become new missionaries who bring enlightenment to the darkness on Papuan land.

I feel like i'm starting to lose my voice here. I feel like I have to stop my ranting now about Papuan people. At the same time I believe that the Dutch colonial gaze has left a deep mark in the ways we see Papuan people. Exploitation of natural resource which was done by the Hollander, are quickly replicated by Indonesian government who sold Papuan land to foreign investors.

I'm becoming more anxious. If you still have time, try to walk outside of this exhibition room and then continue to the room where the Papuan totems are lined up. You may think that these totems are shown to represent actual things that are happening in Papua. But I want to get away from this kind of essentialist and exoticizing gaze. I want the conversation about Papua to be more focused on the future aspirations and imaginations of Papuan themselves. I wish to read more Papuan literatures here, I want to listen to the local music and appreciate the contemporary art from Papua. But I don't want these things to be commodified, they need to be represented as an alternative to the dominant narrative.

Am I asking too much for wanting to be accommodated by a museum which always tries to respond to its changing environments, but also always too late? How to redefine the visions and strategies of collecting practices in accordance with changing contexts? How to transform these visions and strategies so that they become more receptive to ethical and social actions?

(Fade Out)

Coda: Gita

"I don't know what else I can write" she says to Sudarmo. "We have gone through so much suffering, is our fate ever going to get better at all? Our condition is not so different with our temperament, perhaps our condition will never change as well.. But..but one morning I have seen, that we were never really as close as now. I really just realize this morning. If in the past we had a different life, then maybe our life now would be different as well,

The sun shine through Sulastri's eyes.. Her hand is setting aside the note books. Does she write all of that for Indonesia? How can anyone make use of her memory? Although everything had really happened, and although some people really thought what happened was real, containing some lessons within it. She teaches in the wild school, Sudarmo was in the wild school. It is neither grand, nor heroic, but... (291-292)

||END OF PART THREE|| DAMAYANTI

Audio Heterotopics And Bumper Radio KUNCI