

The Belle of Bali

A. S. Wadia

THE BELLE OF BALI

TRAVEL BOOKS BY A. S. WADIA

IN THE LAND OF LALLA ROOKH. 3s. 6d. net, cloth.

Guardian. 'A delightful tale of travel in Kashmir, unconventionally carried out and unconventionally told.'

Methodist Recorder. 'It is an admirable story by a Parsee—educated, energetic, poetic and delightfully cordial. We have had other accounts of Cashmere that have told us more about the inhabitants; but we have had no book more individual, seductive, and informing than this.'

Contemporary Review. 'A charming and vivid impression of a thousand miles tramp through the Vale of Cashmere. The reader seems to know all the beauty and charm of Cashmere by heart, thanks to Moore's poem of *Lalla Rookh*, and Professor Wadia's prose picture of the Happy Valley almost equals that poetic description. Indeed, he will put the book down with the feeling that Cashmere must be the ideal holiday spot where the glory of colour enraptures, and every desire of the artist is satisfied.'

THE CALL OF THE WORLD. 3s. 6d. net, cloth.

The Times. 'Mr. Wadia discusses religions, politics, scenery, morals, manners—all subjects—with freedom and fearlessness. Altogether his is a very entertaining travel-book. His descriptions are vivid; his sympathies wide; his experience of the world still touched with innocence.'

Scots Pictorial. 'The author's personality is really the attraction which the charming narrative possesses beyond others of its kind. . . . Having devoured these pages from first to last, we remained unsatisfied, and "some more, some more," we cried. . . . We might do worse than settle down in an arm-chair and, with the help of Mr. Wadia, travel by proxy round the world.'

Mazdaznan. 'One feels indeed that this is no ordinary book of travel, but a very intimate, inclusive, and natural account of personal experiences impersonally described by one possessed of the highest gifts of literary excellence and realistic expression combined with a rare poetry of feeling and an unflinching love of truth.'

THE CALL OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS. 3s. 6d. net, cloth.

Western Mail. 'In this engaging record of a quick but comprehensive tour in Australia and New Zealand, Mr. Wadia shows himself a very observant and unprejudiced son of the Imperial Mother. Indeed the most attractive thing about the book is the emergence of Mr. Wadia's personality; observant, fearless, and unsophisticated. . . . As an intimate record of a charming tourist that is clear-sighted but not cold-hearted, loving but not sentimental, loyal but not blind, the book makes fascinating reading.'

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE AMAZON. 8s. 6d. net. 16 Collotype Illustrations.

Newcastle Journal. 'Mr. Wadia is a first-rate travel companion. He almost makes you feel on board with him as he describes various scenes, gossips genially about his fellow passengers, recites some romantic story as that of the *Moon Maiden*, or offers his own sage reflections on life. And the style, limpid like the Amazon itself, is calm, so free from all artificiality or straining after effect yet so flexible and expressive that we wonder a writer of another race—Mr. Wadia is a Parsee—could have mastered the language so thoroughly. 'The work is beautifully illustrated.'



THE BELLE OF BALI

THE BELLE OF BALI

BEING
IMPRESSIONS OF A PLEASURE CRUISE
TO
THE DUTCH EAST INDIES
VIA COCHIN, COLOMBO, PENANG, AND SINGAPORE

BY
ARDASER SORABJEE N. WADIA, M.A.,
Sometime Professor of English and History, Elphinstone College, Bombay;
Dakshina Fellow in Natural Science

Illustrated with Twenty Photographs by the Author

'Beware, O Belle of Bali!
Should love enter thine eyes
And go to thy heart—
Beware! For it is writ,
Should he whom thou now choosest
Thy love not returneth—
The gods will frown, and
Disgrace will befall thee.'

From an old Balinese Ballad

LONDON
J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD.

All rights reserved
Made in Great Britain
at The Temple Press Letchworth
for
J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.
Aldine House Bedford St. London
First Published 1936

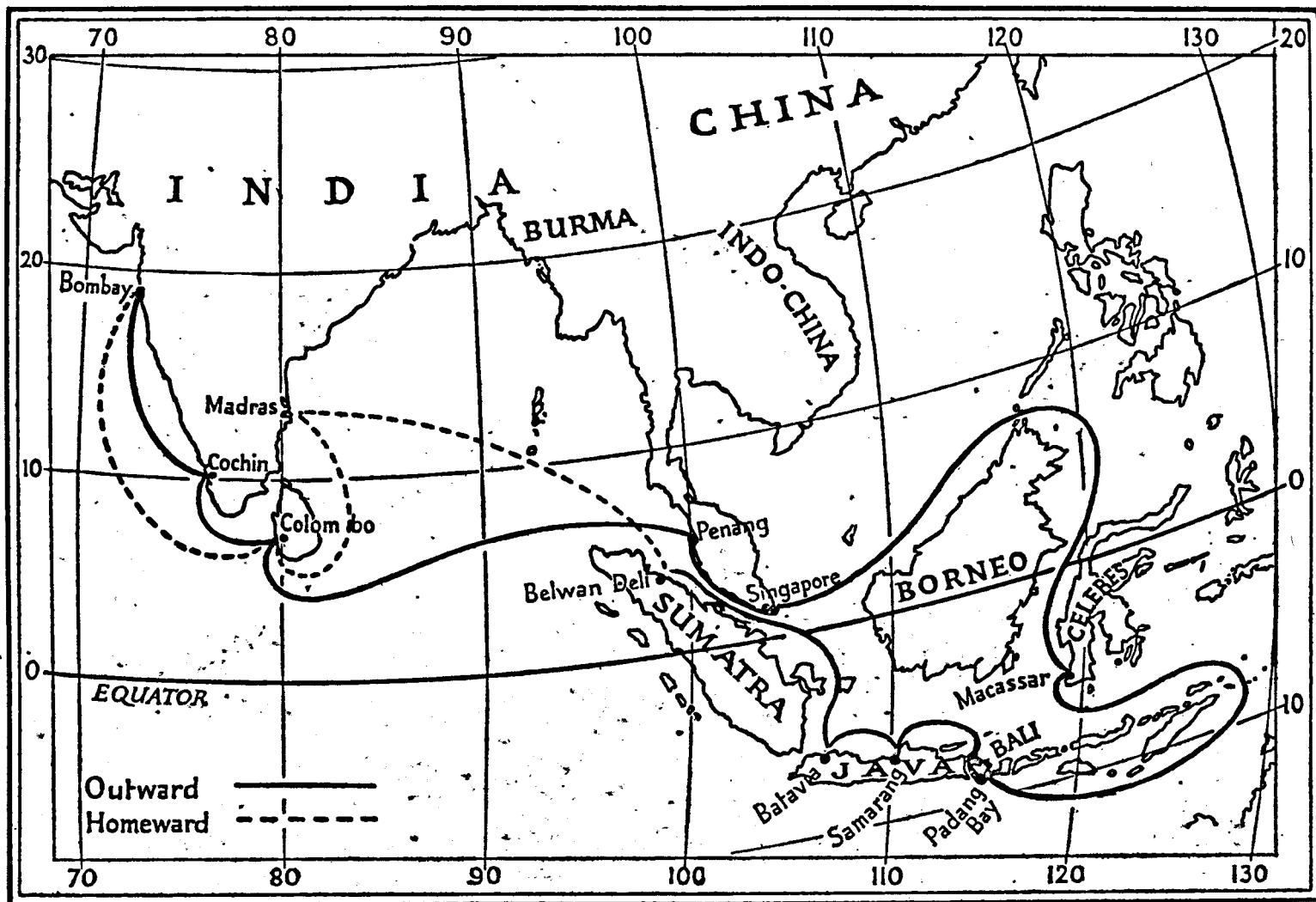
Inscribed
TO
THE P. & O. LINE
WHOSE
ENTERPRISE IN ORGANIZING A CRUISE
TO
THE DUTCH EAST INDIES
MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE AUTHOR
TO SEE
BEAUTIFUL BALI

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	xi
MAP	xiii
FOREWORD	xv
CHAP.	
I. A FACTORY HAND'S DREAM	1
II. IN LURE OF THE DREAM	7
III. THE ISLE OF DREAMS	13
IV. THE TEMPLES OF BALI	19
V. THE BAZAARS OF BALI	27
VI. THE RELIGION OF BALI	35
VII. THE BELLE OF BALI	41
VIII. LOU-LOU AND LYONG	53
IX. BALINESE ART-CRAFTS	63
X. BALINESE MUSIC	69
XI. BALINESE DANCES	75
XII. BALI BROODINGS	81
XIII. BOROBUDUR AND BUITENZORG	93
XIV. THE DANCE OF SHIVA	99
INDEX	107

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE BELLE OF BALI	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
THE BACKWATERS, COCHIN	8
FIRST GLIMPSE OF BALI	14
COUNTRY-WOMEN, TEOK PADANG, BALI	16
ON THE ROAD TO LAKE BATOER, BALI	18
THE ENTRANCE, BATS' CAVE, GOA LAVA, BALI	20
EVENING SHADOWS, TEMPLE GATEWAY, BALI	22
TEMPLE GATEWAY, BALI	24
MARKET-MAIDS OF BALI	28
MARKET-PLACE, GIANJAR, BALI	30
IN A BAZAAR, NEAR KLOENG KOENG, BALI	32
THE COCO-NUT PALM AVENUE, BÉDOELOE, BALI	42
THE BELLE ON A BAMBOO-STILE	44
THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST, BALI	50
SUNSET, BALI	82
ELEVATION OF CENTRAL DOME, BOROBUDUR, JAVA	92
LOWERMOST PLATFORM, BOROBUDUR, JAVA	94
THE AVENUE, BUITENZORG, BATAVIA	96
THE LILY POND, BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUITENZORG, BATAVIA	98
A SCENE BY THE WAY, SUMATRA	100



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE CRUISE

FOREWORD

I MUST write a line here in explanation of the title. As it stands, it is somewhat incomplete and partly misleading. From the sub-title it will be noticed that the book proposes giving Impressions of a Cruise to the Dutch East Indies. Nevertheless, as the reader will see for himself from the headings of most of the chapters, the main theme is the Island of Bali, its people and civilization. And of that theme the core—the central figure round which the Story of Bali is written—is *the Belle of Bali*. Hence the title.

The twenty illustrations are all enlarged reproductions of photographs I took during the cruise. As in my last book on the Amazon so in this, Mr. James A. Sinclair, with his wide experience of pictorial photography, has been of great help to me. To him, in consequence, I wish to express here my indebtedness; as also to the firm of Max Jaffé of Vienna, for the care and pains they took to secure in their collotype reproductions the delicate gradations and half-tones of the original photographs.

The illustrations, being reproductions from my photographs, are copyright, from which I exempt magazines especially devoted to health and physical culture. Such magazines may reproduce in their pages, without obtaining my further permission, any of the Bali pictures for any special purpose of their own.

Should the Factory Hand whom I mention in the opening

chapter be still, as I hope he is, with us, and happen to come across this volume and send me the original newspaper-cutting of his letter I refer to in that chapter he will add to the debt of gratitude I owe him already.

A. S. WADIA

MAGDALA HOUSE, POONA,

18th July 1936.

A FACTORY HAND'S DREAM

CHAPTER I

A FACTORY HAND'S DREAM

MANY years ago there appeared in a well-known Manchester newspaper a letter signed 'A Factory Hand,' in which the writer spoke of the tragic side of a mill employee's life in Lancashire. He said he had been working in one of the cotton-mills in Manchester for the past thirteen years. His wages were high and he enjoyed splendid health, had a decent home and a loving wife and child, and was as happy as man could be. And when of a Sunday he got a chance of getting away from the murky atmosphere of Manchester, of going to some riverside resort, and of sitting there fishing with his line and rod in the open country by the river's bank, he envied the lot of no man in the world. One Sunday, he continued, when the sky happened to be overcast and he out of luck with his fishing, he fell into an abstracted mood and a strange melancholy seemed to take possession of him. He felt that, though he had everything that a man of his age and ability could legitimately wish to have, yet he honestly could not call his soul his own. Why? Because he felt he was not free and at liberty to do what he liked with himself, being tied hand and foot to an iron system of mass production which virtually made a slave of him for the six days of the week and let him loose on the seventh, with the sole object, it seemed, of letting

his exhausted energies recuperate sufficiently to make him grind once again in its iron service for a further period of six days. While he was brooding thus half-drowsily over the tragic side of his otherwise happy life, he went on to narrate, he fell into a gentle sleep and found himself suddenly transported to a beautifully green, partially wooded island, in some remote part of the world, girt by a calm, bright, sunlit sea and inhabited by a happy tribe of ever-smiling, partially-clothed, brown-skinned natives. No sooner was he plumped down in that remote isle of enchantment and his long-imprisoned soul began to rove about in the ecstasy of its new-found freedom, hither and thither, over the highways and by-ways of his magical find, than he felt a tug at his fishing-rod and was rudely and instantly brought back to the dull, heavy, sunless atmosphere of his own homeland. As he came to himself three things were quite clear and distinct before his mind's eye. The waving rice-fields of a lovely green shade which seemed to step down in terraces right to the edge of the sea, groves of palm trees overarching clusters of thatched cottages besides quaintly designed pagoda-like structures, and semi-nude native women, beautifully rounded and chubby-faced, striding up and down the straggling highways and carrying baskets of odds and ends on their heads. The letter ended with a query: Could any readers of the newspaper tell him whether what he saw in his very vivid dream had a basis in reality, if there was anywhere in some remote corner of the world an island of that description, or was it all a mere phantasmagoria, the result of his machine-harried mind and nerves, the beautiful isle of his dream after all but a dream?

It was before the War, when I was myself writing on the industrial development of India,¹ and warning my countrymen against the evils of the progressive factorization of India, that I chanced to light upon that letter of the 'Factory Hand.' Such a strong impression did the letter make on me at the time that it directly influenced my chapter dealing with the Industrial Development of India. Of course, I had before then read Ruskin and Wells, and studied the writings of several other authorities on the Evils of the Factory System, and backed by my own personal observations of the system as it prevailed then in the purlieus of Bombay I had to come to form definite conclusions on the subject. But none of the great writers and authorities I had studied made such an immediate impression on me as that simple letter of the unknown 'Factory Hand.' At all events, I never forgot the substance of its contents and made, then and there, the isle of his dream the isle of my dream too.

Not only that, but a year after, at the commencement of the War, I actually went round the world to find that dream-island, and in later years visited many a far away isle in its search. Once in this search, when I was nearing Madeira, I was on the tip-toe of expectation of seeing at last the Isle of the Factory Hand's Dream, and when I saw Madeira, and found it a veritable 'isle of the blest,' but not, alas! the island I was looking for, for there were no terraced, waving rice-fields, no groves of palm trees, nor the semi-nude bronze goddesses of the dream-island.

When I had finally given up the search and reconciled

¹ *Reflections on the Problems of India*, chap. iii.

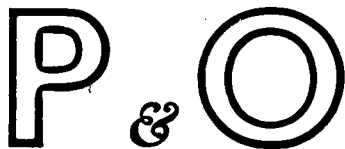
myself to the unwelcome fact that an isle of one's dream obviously enough could not have existence in a world of reality but only in some realm of fantasy, I chanced early one morning to open the *Times of India*, and the first thing that caught my eye was:—

Special 29 Days' Cruise

VICEROY OF INDIA

Sailing from Bombay, January 18th, 1936.

Calling at:—Cochin, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Macassar (Celebes), Bali, Batavia, Madras, via Straits of Banka, Colombo, Bombay.

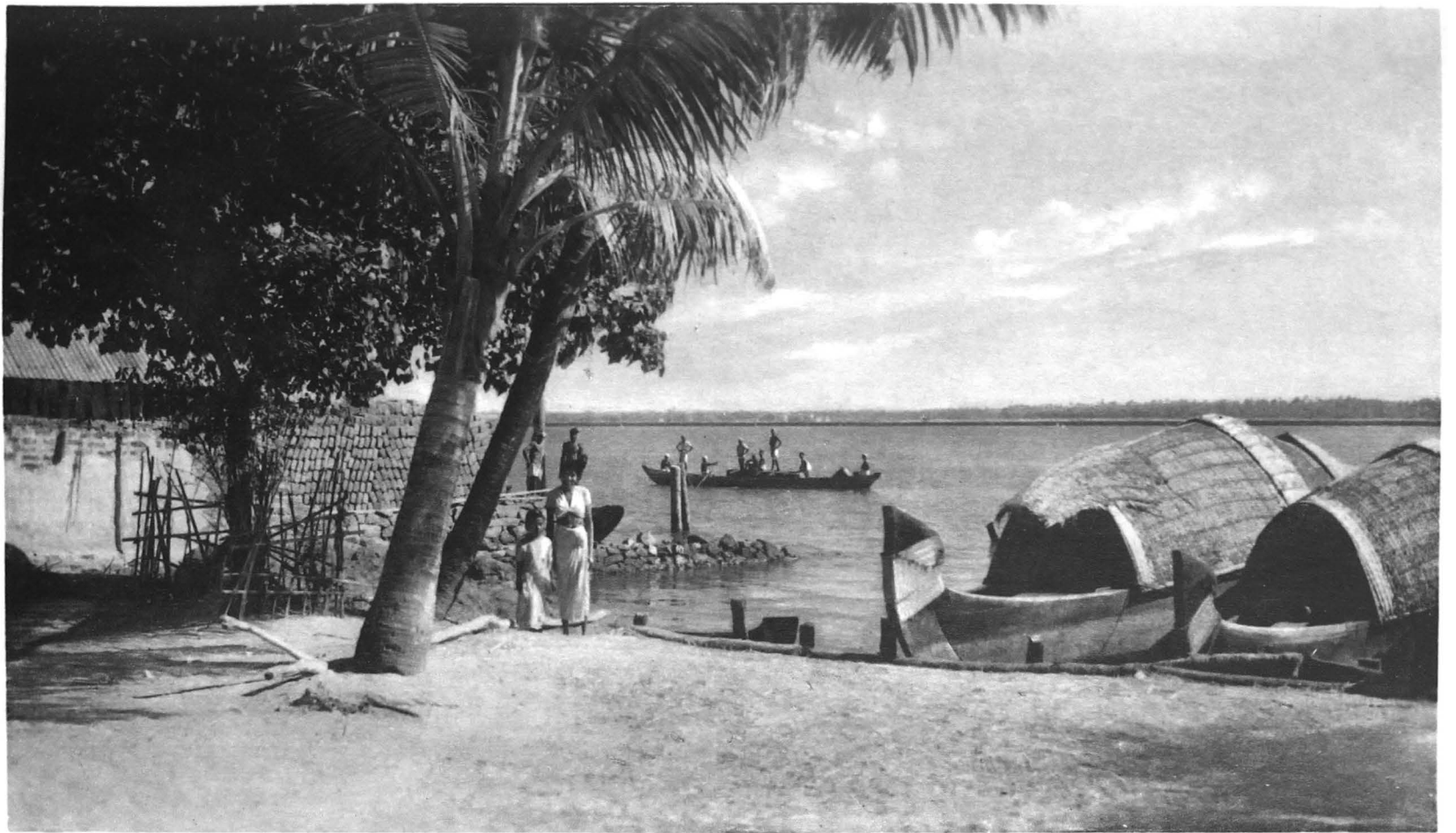


**MACKINNON
MACKENZIE & Co.**

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO,
KARACHI AND CHITTAGONG

The next instant I felt that, if luck stood by me here at long last was my chance of seeing the Isle of the Factory Hand's Dream.

IN LURE OF THE DREAM



THE BACKWATERS, COCHIN

CHAPTER II

IN LURE OF THE DREAM

A PASSAGE was soon secured in the *Viceroy of India*, and in company of half a dozen friends I left Bombay late one sunny afternoon. Scarcely had we settled down in our new habitation, which was to be our floating home for the next four weeks, when early on the second morning there appeared on the distant horizon the straggling outline of the palm-clad shore which as we approached turned out to be COCHIN, where four hundred years ago that great discoverer of the East Indies, Vasco da Gama, landed and laid the foundation of the first European settlement in the East. No sooner were we anchored than we were speeded away in the ship's fast motor-launch to the harbour, which provides a natural gateway to the tropical luxuriance of the Malabar coast, with its backwaters fringed with quaintly thatched cottages and its long-extending lagoons reflecting the waving palm leaves in its crystal-clear water. Once landed, we were rickshawed through the narrow, winding streets of the native town to the synagogue of the White Jews, whose origin is the standing mystery of the Jewish world. I, who had given two years to studying and writing about the basic simplicity and fundamental truth of the religion of Moses, was taken aback, nay shocked, at the first sight of the inside of the synagogue. For it was not in any sense a house of

God, a place of worship and quiet retreat, as a synagogue should be, but it seemed a storehouse, rather a lumber-room for the storing of odds and ends of old furniture, with a ceiling covered from end to end with dozens of hanging-lamps of every age and description, where the ancient seven-stemmed, brass candelabrum stood cheek by jowl with the latest pattern of electric lamp shaded by gaudily tinted globe. What a travesty was this of that ancient religion! How completely must the White Jews have degenerated not to be conscious of this degradation of their synagogue into a curio-shop! It was with a sense of humiliation that we turned away from it, rickshawed back to the seaside, and got into our waiting launch, and as we moved away we watched the working of a Chinese fishing-net, ingeniously constructed on a thirty-foot framework of giant bamboos. Before long, we were on the *Viceroy*, which immediately weighed anchor and steamed straight south for Ceylon.

The following morning we reached COLOMBO, and most of us, taking advantage of the organized day's excursion, motored to Kandy, the head and centre of *Himayana* Buddhism. The way lay through magnificent groves of coco-nut trees and round widely extending paddy-fields. After the parched brown of the steamy hot Indian plains, the green of the Ceylonese country-side fell on our eyes with refreshing coolness. On the way we motored through the beautiful avenues of the Paradeniya Gardens and reached Kandy at midday. After lunch we drove leisurely round its lovely lake and made for the famous Temple of the Tooth. It was a Buddhist festival day and there was

a queue nearly half a mile long waiting outside to enter the temple and see the triennial exposition of the Tooth. We luckily found a guide, who took us by a side entrance straight to the chamber of the Tooth. The relic we were shown was evidently one of the canine teeth, but it was of such dimensions that only a giant of three or four times the size of a normal human being could possibly have possessed it. On my remarking to the guide about the impossibility of any human being having such a big tooth, he coolly replied that in their ancient books it was said that men in the Buddha's days were of giant stature and the great teacher himself was one of them; naturally enough, he had a tooth proportionate to his size. The Buddhist men and women, who had gathered together in the chamber where the Holy Tooth was shown on a gold platter, offered prayers to the sacred relic, falling on their knees and bowing low before it. Here again, what a hideous travesty of the pure, unworldly religion of the Buddha—this degrading worship of the tooth, and the tooth of a monster at that! And to complete this picture of degradation entered the Buddhist *Bhikkhu* — the fat - cheeked, fat - paunched, shaven - pated, saffron - robed, bespectacled Buddhist monk — carrying a sacred script in one hand and swinging a cheap umbrella with a plated handle in the other. From Kandy we drove, along Lady Horton's Drive and then through Lady Blake's, back to Colombo, and on to the *Viceroy*, which immediately steamed for the Malay Peninsula.

The island of PENANG was reached early on the fourth morning and SINGAPORE the next evening, where we paid

a flying visit to the native state of Johore and saw the much-discussed Naval Base and ate the *rijsttafel*, the famous Chinese dish of boiled rice with forty varieties of curry, then wasted five days cruising round the wild and woody island of Borneo, and on the morning of the sixth we steamed along the island of Celebes and eventually landed at MACASSAR and drove straight for the waterfall of Bantimoeroeng, which seemed to be the only attraction of the place.

THE ISLE OF DREAMS



FIRST GLIMPSE OF BALI

CHAPTER III

THE ISLE OF DREAMS

THE evening we left that hair-oil port of the island of Celebes, we were all on the tip-toe of expectation, and I actually in a state of mild excitement because the day following we were due to touch the wonder isle, just to see which some of us had voyaged ten thousand miles and for which I had panted all my life. That night, consequently, I passed restlessly in my cabin, and very early the following morning, when I went up on the promenade deck to do my 'daily dozen' and take my morning constitutional, I found the sky greying with light clouds and the freshly washed deck beautifully reflecting the subtle tints of the opalescent dawn. As the morning progressed the sky became more and more overcast, and when early in the forenoon we got the first glimpse of *Ile de l'Enchantement* it was partly shrouded in mist with heavy rain-clouds overhanging it. It seemed almost as if the Gods of Bali grew jealous of our approaching their beloved isle, and so frowned down on us by conjuring up black rain-clouds and casting mists all round which at times effectively screened from our profane gaze the one dearly loved object of their hearts on earth. But the gods have a way of yielding to the will of men when resolute, and so the Gods of Bali yielded to the determined will of our skipper and gave in so completely and good-naturedly that the black clouds rolled back, the mists flew away in a tremendous hurry, the sun peered out, and

presently Padang Bay came into sight in all its simple grandeur and romantic charm.

For a few moments after we had anchored in the lovely bay there was hurry and bustle and excitement on board, as many of the cruise-passengers wanted to be among the first to step on Bali, and so the waiting launch was filled to overflowing and we, after rounding the palm-clad tongue of Padang Bay, landed at last in the Wonder Isle.

If the reader asked: 'Tell me in one word your very first impression of Bali on landing'; and if I were to be honest with him, I would have to answer—*disappointing*. I had gone to Bali to get away from our machine civilization and here at its very gateway that baleful mechanic civilization was thrust upon me in full blast. For there extended on the jetty, from the spot of our landing far down into the bazaar, a long line of spic-and-span high-powered American cars, which blew their horns insistently to draw our attention to them. Scarcely had my two companions and I taken our seats in one of them when the driver dashed off in a typical touring-tripster fashion, hooting his horn all the time, right through the bazaar, on to the open country. Here, to add to my dismay and disappointment, there stretched before us as far as the eye could see a winding ribbon of shining tarred road. We trundled away at a hurried pace over this dark-grey, glossy road-ribbon, and as I, disillusioned and dejected, sat glum and silent and listless, the car swerved of a sudden and took a sharp curve round a blind bend, and the next moment, lo and behold! a world of waving rice-fields of the most lovely green shade opened to my enchanted gaze. I rubbed my eyes to find



COUNTRY-WOMEN, TOEK PADANG, BALI

out if I was really awake and was seeing real rice-fields. As if in response to my secret wish, the car slowed down, and in a few more moments we found extending before us and round us terrace over terrace of irrigated paddy-fields. Coming from the land of the paddy, it was no new sight to me to see fields and fields of rice. But the paddy-fields of my homeland extended in one flat, projecting mass of passionless dark green, while here in Bali the living, waving, verdant green rice-fields dropped gently in seemingly endless steps of flooded terraces. The road now ascended a little and to view those descending flooded terraces of green fields from that height was like looking down the stairway of a fairyland with steps of radiant emerald set in liquid silver—an illusion produced by the crystal-clear water of high-banked fields reflecting the silvery grey sky through the verdant stems of rice. The open, wide-spreading country-side, though toned and terraced, cultivated and garlanded by centuries of patient, untiring toil of men, was still in a very real sense Nature, and Nature at her best. A soft, delicate haze hung over the extensive landscape that gently receded down to the very edge of the sea, rendering the vast expanse of cultivated country pale emerald green and turquoise blue, while darker patches marked groves of tall umbrageous trees. As we approached them, these groves soon proved to be those of coco-nut trees, over-arching clusters of cottages with quaintly designed, crudely carved stone structures rising beside and above their thatched roofs. Looking at these groves of coco-nut trees sheltering thatched cottages, and those descending, emerald-green terraces of paddy-fields, I was left in no doubt that

I was at last seeing the very terraces and groves dreamed of by the 'Factory Hand.' And, to prove that I was not mistaken in my belief, there walked past our car group after group of semi-nude, beautifully moulded, brown-skinned native women, carrying on their well-poised heads baskets plentifully loaded with odds and ends of their marketing.

But as we were going that afternoon to the summit of Mount Kintamani, nearly five thousand feet high, our chauffeur was in an unseemly haste to rush us up there by tea-time. And to make matters worse it began to drizzle, and then to rain, and so it kept on till we reached the Height of Penelokan and saw an active volcano belching forth vast clouds of smoke which seemed to smother us as it scurried past overhead. While the clear sky above was thus darkened and begrimed with dense clouds of smoke, beautiful Lake Batoer lay peacefully at our feet and reflected undisturbed the mount of its own name rising above it on the other side.

Had it been a dark night, the drive of nearly forty miles back to the steamer would have been uninteresting in the extreme, but the moon was in its second quarter. It came out beautifully from between the clouds and shone on the glistening palm leaves and rice-fields as we speeded away towards our floating home. In that moonlight Padang Bay looked entrancingly beautiful, and as our motor-launch swiftly moved away there came across the shimmering, moonlit waters snatches of slumbrous South Sea songs sung in a strange, sonorous strain from the hard-by shores, and in the distance our illuminated *Viceroy* went to complete a scene at once of earth and of fairyland.



ON THE ROAD TO LAKE BATOER, BALI

THE TEMPLES OF BALI



THE ENTRANCE, BATS' CAVE, GOA LAVA, BALI

CHAPTER IV

THE TEMPLES OF BALI

IF the reader once again wished to have in a couple of words the net result of my impressions of Bali at the end of my first half-day there, I would answer—satisfying and hopeful. What little I had seen of it left me in no manner of doubt that I had at last hit upon and had a glimpse—and a fairly good glimpse at that—of the island I had been longing to see all my life and my unknown friend in far-off Lancashire had already dreamed of twenty-four years ago. Though a good glimpse, it was after all but a glimpse that I had had of Beautiful Bali, yet it satisfied me and made me hopeful of seeing the day following the things I had long set my heart on seeing. If this hope of mine was to be fulfilled, it was essential that the day should break bright and clear to see Bali at its best, with its people freely moving about its bazaars and its open spaces, to give me a fair chance of making those photographic studies I wanted to make of its temples and still more of its world-famous maidens in their natural setting under favourable conditions of light and atmosphere.

Evidently I was in Luck's way. The heavy, gloomy clouds of yester-night had scattered far and wide, and Padang Bay in the bright early morning light of the South Seas looked even more entrancing than the day before. As on the previous afternoon, I started off by the very first launch and, when my two companions and I landed, every-

thing seemed to promise well for the day: and to add to my good fortune we had Cook's English-speaking Balinese guide with us.

For some five miles we drove along the sun-soaked sea-shore on the other side of the bay, then through groves of coco-nut trees and terraces of rice-fields as on the previous day, till we came to a place called Goa Lawas, and here we got off the car to see a certain old Balinese temple. Barring the beautiful *Balinais* herself, the greatest single attraction for visitors to Bali is its unique temple architecture. The Balinese is a lover of the beautiful. In other words, he is an artist. The natives of the island take to carving and engraving as we take to writing and reading. The desire, or rather the compelling necessity, the Balinese feels to decorate and embellish his temples with sculpture and lavish ornamentation is an expression of an innate and unconscious art-instinct, a natural urge towards the beautiful which nowhere manifests itself more strongly than in their temple architecture. Consequently, temples rich in ornamentation and design rise up like mushrooms all over the island. If to Western eyes their designs seem grotesque and a bit bizarre and their ornamentation florid and a little too lavish, it must not be forgotten that it is all an artless art. And this is, if not the highest, the truest form of Art. There is no attempt—at all events, no conscious, deliberate attempt—at making things seem grand or attractive, as in Western architecture and decorative art. Herein lies the bane of Western Art, its one unforgivable sin—that it is so self-conscious, and becomes increasingly so each year as each school of art reaches a more advanced stage.



EVENING SHADOWS, TEMPLE GATEWAY, BALI

Art in Bali, on the other hand, is an inbred craving of the natural, uncorrupted man; not an artificial product, and certainly not a product of mind only as science is. What rises up there is the irrepressible welling up of an artistic temperament manifesting itself with the inevitability and impelling assuredness of a natural impulse. However crude and fantastic the natural, instinctive art of Bali may appear to a visitor from the West, and with whatever supercilious curiosity he may look at the Balinese temple architecture, he cannot fail to notice the evident artistry of its flowing line and the simple grandeur of its geometric design. If the reader will but turn to my pictures, he will notice the difference in the two prevailing types of temple gateways.

Let us first take the pylon type, known as *chandi-benter*, as shown in illustration facing page 22. The gateway here is open at the top and consists of a pair of perpendicular shafts, as if a solid sculptured mass were cut in two and then the two halves by some ingenious contrivance were pushed apart from each other to a prearranged distance to form a gateway. There are no doors in this type of gateway. The other type, *padu-raksa*, as seen in illustrations facing pages 20 and 24, is more frequently found in Bali with steps, side-posts, and lintel all of stone and with doors swung in the opening. A gateway of this type is invariably surmounted by a fantastic figurehead, called the *Chima*, and on either side of the entrances are frequently found grotesque statues, standing sentinel to ward off evil spirits from entering the temple. The temples are as a rule divided into two courts. The inner, known as the lodges of the gods, are reserved for their patron deities to visit them on auspicious occasions,

and the outer, intended for the public, serve primarily as places of worship for the whole village, then as an assembly-hall for the village council, and finally as storehouses for their reserve food-supply. The lodges of the gods have *merus*, pagoda-like structures resembling small towers with multiple tapering roofs which are always uneven in number, varying from three right up to eleven, as will be seen in one of the illustrations. All temples, even the most elaborately carved and rich in sculpture, are made of soft sandstone, which is rapidly eroded by the elements and requires to be replaced periodically. But this is no drawback. It is, in fact, a blessing in disguise. For it necessitates renovation at regular intervals, which keeps old Balinese arts of sculpture and temple-architecture alive and inspiring and prevents them from degenerating into mere long-decayed crafts and ancient traditions as they have in most other parts of the world. But these periodical renovations, however beneficial, are inevitably influenced by the styles and modes of the moment, with the result that mere elaboration of detail, as uninspired as unnecessary, has of recent times frequently replaced a more beautiful simplicity of old, and it is only the innate good sense and living artistic instinct of the Balinese that have saved them from bungling and falling into actual banality.

When we had had a good critical look at the *puras* and *merus* of Goa Lawas, we were driven to Kloeng Koeng, which was the capital of the island before the Dutch took possession of it thirty years ago. But the Dutch occupation of Bali, fortunately, has not affected it, and so we saw Kloeng Koeng in all its pristine glory. For instance, we



TEMPLE GATEWAY, BALI

were taken up the steps of *Kerta Gosa*, the old native court of justice, and shown from a distance the sculptured water-palace of a prince of old, and then taken to the Hall of Judgment, where we saw walls and ceilings covered from end to end with old Balinese paintings. A glance at them was sufficient to make one realize how little the Balinese had advanced in the art of drawing and painting and what crude conception they had of composition, chiaroscuro, and perspective. Judging these pictures from a purely Western standpoint, one would be justified in calling them primitive and uninspiring. Yet in their very crudeness of conception and primitiveness of perspective, the paintings betrayed a certain living sense of colour and expressional power which made them a part of the art-heritage of the people and an object of attraction and of artistic interest to a visitor from abroad.

THE BAZAARS OF BALI



MARKET-MAIDS OF BALI

CHAPTER V

THE BAZAARS OF BALI

FROM Kloeng Koeng we made for Gianjar. On the way we drove through a series of native villages with cottages made of clay and bamboos arranged in varied geometric designs. Each group of cottages was enclosed by an encircling wall of mud, which was thatched at the top with rice-straw, and there was a gate, handsomely constructed, which at night was shut to keep evil spirits from entering the village. The *desa*, as a village is called in Bali, does not rise up haphazard, a mere outcome of chance and circumstances, as in other parts of the world, but is constructed on a definite plan and is based on the four cardinal points of the compass, which meet in crossroads. As the open space at the meeting of the roads is considered symbolical of Universal Space in Bali, some kind of sanctity is attached to it. It is, in consequence, called Sacred Square; here communal offerings are constantly made to the gods and no sign-post or structure of any kind is ever allowed to be raised. The mysticism associated with these crossroads in Bali is a long-inherited tradition, long preceding the Hindu invasion, which goes to prove that the influence of Hindu religious lore superimposed on Bali is of little significance compared to the inherent and undiminished vitality of the old Balinese traditions.

The interest and passing curiosity which the astronomically planned villages of Bali, with their quaint thatched boundary-walls and sacred squares roused in me, paled before the glowing impression which the moving scenes and picturesque surroundings of its crowded market-places made on me. It was in the open, sun-flooded bazaars of Gianjar that I first observed on a large scale and came in living contact with the world-famous, happy-go-lucky, nature-clad Balinese maiden and made copious mental notes of her quaint ways and feminine charms. Not content with merely making mental notes, I brought out my camera and tried, and tried all too vainly, to catch on my screen the subtle beauty of her face and figure and the infinite grace of her carriage and poise.

No sooner had I entered the market-place than I found myself among a posy of beautiful womanhood, bare-footed and bare-bosomed, in all manner of attitudes, striking and otherwise, some idly standing and vacantly gazing around, others striding rapidly across the narrow lanes carrying on their well-poised heads bundles of odds and ends, while still others sat gossiping in the open booths beside their baskets of fruits and vegetables and of household pots and pans needed to meet their simple tastes and satisfy their still fewer wants. If I say that, except for myself, no sturdy, straight-limbed male form came to disturb the moving harmony or mar the rounded beauty of that picture of feminine grace and charm, the reader, I feel certain, will not believe me, so let him look up all the market-scenes depicted in my photographs and trace, if he can, a single obtruding male figure in them.



MARKET-PLACE, GIANJAR, BALI

If, again, I say that the carriage of the maidens, as they freely and lightly flitted across the open, sunlit market-places, was as near perfection as human form in action could possibly attain to, the reader will, I am sure, be once again sceptical, so let him turn to the illustration facing page 30 and see for himself. I ask in particular my feminine readers to study patiently and note carefully every single detail of that embodiment of perfect womanly carriage. Let them note, for instance, the rhythmic swing of the hands, the gentle, almost imperceptible turn of the hips, the easy, unimpeding forward action of the left foot, and the perfect poise of the head and shoulders, and then tell me if they can find a single fault in her carriage. I feel tempted to challenge the physical culturists of Europe and America to improve upon the carriage and swinging gait of that Balinese maiden. I shall become still more venturesome and make a direct challenge to Bernarr Macfadden to reproduce in his widely read magazine of physical culture, a photograph, taken in action and unawares, of a Western woman, equally straight-limbed and beautifully moulded, displaying at once beauty and grace of carriage and freedom and ease of action. The reader will note I have said 'taken in action and unawares.' For my illustration is only an enlargement of a snapshot of a chance scene I happened to come across in the market-place of Gianjar, one of the thousand one can see and snap any bright day at any market-place in Bali. It is, therefore, not a posed study of a Balinese maid in action, taken with a view to challenging physical culturists of the West to improve upon it or teaching Western women the correct mode of swinging their hands and holding up their heads and

shoulders when walking. Besides, had I for any reason, educational or artistic, made the slightest attempt to pose the market-maids of Bali, I would have irretrievably lost their decorative value, which was much too precious in itself even to be diminished by any set of undeniably artistic poses and attitudes. What, therefore, I was content to do was to study their natural poses and unassumed attitudes and attempt to catch these on my camera-screen unknown to them.

The reader, I feel certain, will also have noticed that, whatever beauty of form and grace of action the market-maids of Bali display in my pictures, none of them disclose any marked beauty of face, of features or expression, neither are they tall nor do they possess a figure that might be termed regal or queenly. The upper part of their body, however rounded and firm-lined it may be, does not betray that alluring fullness of curves nor that subtlety of lines one associates with the female form divine. In this sense, I must confess, I was disappointed with my maids of Bali. When I gave expression to this disappointment of mine to my Balinese guide, he replied in the picturesque phraseology of his native tongue: 'The day is still young and, before it is quite old, may you get your heart's desire.' 'So be it,' I said, for I had long limned before my mind's eye a young Balinese maid, tall of stature and shapely in limbs, possessing a certain quaint beauty of face with a figure firmly lined and fully matured. I might as well say here and at once that I did not expect an Artemis or an Aphrodite, come to life in Bali just to please me and satisfy my vain wishes. I cherished no such illusions based on Grecian models



IN A BAZAAR, NEAR KLOENG KOENG, BALI

attaining Classic perfection. What I expected and wanted very much to see was a lovely woman of purely Balinese type, fairly tall and beautifully made, possessing a face inclined to be chubby and baby-like, with features characteristic of her race and a rich, light-brown, glowing complexion, the combined result of the bright sunlight and clean clear air of Bali. In a word, I wanted one of the beautiful Balinese goddesses I saw on the temple façades to step down from her sculptured seclusion and take to active earthly life just to satisfy my wish of the moment.

THE RELIGION OF BALI

CHAPTER VI

THE RELIGION OF BALI

THE bazaars of Bali, with their merry market-maids, were for the time being all clean swept out of my mind as the guide—when we were making rapid progress in our car towards Bedoeloe to see the famous Elephant's Cave—took occasion to tell us something about the religion of the Balinese and the part it played in the life and thought of the people.

It seems in Bali religion has taken deep root in the subconsciousness of the people, so deep, indeed, that it permeates each act and desire of man's life there and influences every joy and duty of his daily round. The Balinese religion is usually spoken of in the guide-books as a derivative of the old Hindu faith. But this, said the guide, is only partly true. Hinduism was introduced into Bali at two different periods. The earlier came direct from India, while the later was imposed by the Javanese about nine hundred years ago. The official religion of Bali, it is true, is Shivaism. No one can deny the strong and still prevailing influence of Shivaic Hinduism on the old indigenous religion of the Balinese. Still, one would be very much in the wrong if, on account of this influence, one were to believe that the Balinese is now or was at any time a true Hindu at heart or that his convictions are or were based on Hinduism.

Even in the public temples of Bali—except for certain Shivaic idols, old inscriptions, and the recognition of *Surya* as the Sun-God—very few traces of real Shivaism are noticeable. In the private temples of the villages, be it remembered, only local gods of pure Balinese origin are recognized and worshipped. And these village gods are mostly renowned forbears of the race who have established themselves in the heart and imagination of the people by some signal service they rendered of old to the community at large. Thus Shivaic Hinduism is only a kind of veneer overlaid on the solid framework of native Balinese hero-worship which, strengthened and beautified by the oldest worship known to mankind, Nature-Worship, is the true source and foundation of the real Balinese religion.

If what the guide said was correct, it would seem that there is not a mountain or a stream in Bali, not a grove or a village, but has its stone or wooden structure that is in some way or other associated with some notable act or deed of one of their renowned forbears now looked upon as guardian deities. In fact, the guide said, there would not be found a farmer in Bali who has not set aside the most fertile portion of his farm-land exclusively for the worship of his guardian deity. Here in that sanctified portion of his land he grows flowering plants and tall umbrageous trees, in the shade of which he builds a votive altar of wood or stone in honour of the particular deity whose favour he seeks. The Balinese are very resourceful, continued the guide, in finding out reasons why a temple feast should be held. The birthdays of their innumerable gods and goddesses, the beginning and termination of various activities

on their rice-fields, the special days connected with notable incidents in the life-history of their renowned ancestors are all fit and proper occasions for getting up a procession or a dance or a festivity of some kind or other. As if to substantiate what the guide told us, came the distant rumble of drums and later on swelling peals of merry, jingling bells, and a minute later we met and slowly drove past a stately procession of women carrying on their heads offerings of fruits and flowers all symmetrically arranged in tapering tiers rising as high as ten feet. As they went along, unhurriedly and unostentatiously, through the village street, they made a sight for the gods to see and for men to revel in—their slim, shapely bodies, partly draped in vestments of silk and gold thread, rhythmically swayed as they moved and kept time with the beat of the drums.

THE BELLE OF BALI



THE COCO-NUT PALM AVENUE, BEDOELOE, BALI

CHAPTER VII

THE BELLE OF BALI

SCARCELY had this moving procession of bright and beautiful bronze goddesses passed by our car, when we came upon thickly timbered, sun-sheltered Bedoeloe, and the next moment we stepped out of our car and walked down the winding, palm-clad path leading to Elephant's Cave. We entered the dark cavern and were shown an elephant-trunked deity carved out of solid rock, possessing a dozen hands and bearing strong resemblance to a similar multiple-limbed god of Hindu mythology, known as Ganesh or Ganpati in India. As I came out of the cave explaining to the guide the virtues and attributes of this favourite deity of the Hindus and had scarcely rounded the stone idols that lined up the entrance of the cave, lo and behold! whom should I find standing before me but the very image of the Balinese maid I had long pictured in my mind's eye, tall of stature and shapely in limb, with a certain quaint beauty of face, and a figure betraying those flowing lines and alluring curves one associates with the female form divine, beautifully made and fully matured. There she stood, unconcerned and unembarrassed in her semi-nudity, clad only in her own hand-made striped *sarong*, with quaint, big, inch-wide, ivory ear-rings piercing her ear-lobes and a bandeau of white cotton material wound round her head like a halo,

with just a wisp of cloth jauntily springing out at one side. As she looked sideways at us, her eyes twinkled merrily and her lips parted a little in a guileless smile, displaying a row of teeth as evenly set and moulded as one would wish to see or possess. In one word, I found standing before me in all the natural charm and captivating simplicity of primitive womanhood—

THE BELLE OF BALI

What struck me most the instant I saw her was her perfect poise and unaffected grace. There was not a trace of pose about her. And there is a world of difference between Poise and Pose. In life, as in art, there is nothing more beautiful to behold than *poise*, as there is nothing more repelling than *pose*. Half of our art studies of human figure are ruined by our futile attempts at improving on Nature by posing. Take, for instance, the Belle as she stands with her feet inches apart. Had I attempted to pose her, I would have had her feet brought together as they invariably are in studio studies of human figure. That, undoubtedly would have given her a prettier pose, but ruined her poise on the instant. Her feet being allowed to remain apart and firmly planted on the ground as nature intended, they give that stability and balance to the whole figure which is the very essence of natural poise and unaffected ease. Note again how relaxed are her arms! How naturally they drop from the shoulder-blades, displaying not the slightest tension anywhere from the top of the blade down to the very tips of her fingers. Would I be exaggerating if I were to say that I have never yet come across a man or a woman in life or in art who was as perfectly poised or as absolutely relaxed



THE BELLE ON A BAMBOO STILE

as the Belle was that morning, nor any so perfectly natural and so little self-conscious as she was as she stood smiling quizzically at us?

The great and growing need of our age and civilization is Repose and Relaxation, as the unremitting bane and curse of our life and art is Self-consciousness and Artificiality. Literary reviewers and art critics never cease bemoaning the prevalence of the one as our physical culturists and health magazines the lack of the other. But in this our fast-moving, flying age, every decade, nay, every year, sees us and our Art and Literature becoming more and more self-conscious and artificial and our nerves and bodies finding fewer and fewer opportunities for repose and relaxation. And here in Bali are men and women who live so near to Nature and so intimately with Art and so far away from the rush and noise of the mechanical impulses of our age and civilization that repose and relaxation come to them as naturally as light and air, and self-consciousness and artificiality are as remote and unknown to them as caviare and cocktails. What particularly appealed to me, as I stood and watched the air and grace of *la Belle Balinais*, was her charming *insouciance*. How delightfully innocent she was of all our conventional notions of womanly modesty and morality! Not that she was immodest or in any sense immoral. Far from it. She betrayed, on the contrary, an undraped, unabashed, unassumed modesty that would be impossible to habitually clothed, sophisticated, civilized women, and possessed, all unknown to herself, an innate sense of morality before the silent, unconscious influences of which our superimposed code of morals and superficially repressed emotionalism

would appear positively fictitious, at most pure make-believe good behaviourism. True it is that *la Belle Balinais* is no emblem, much less an exponent, of dainty femininity achieved by fragrant creams and exquisite lotions. No big cakes of scented soap, no swansdown drift of silky powder come to Bali to enhance the texture of feminine flesh there. Nor are fluffy *négligées*, nor gossamer nighties imported into that isle of innocence to add to feminine sex attraction. A softly textured silk *sarong*, a bandeau of plain white home-made cotton material and a pair of inch-wide ivory ear-rings are all the paraphernalia *la Belle* possesses of Sex-Appeal. If no manufactured friends of feminine daintiness came to her aid, neither were there artificially created foes, such as unaired underclothing and stale make-up, to be fought against, no lurking traces of other things affecting our all-too-sensitive olfactory glands to be daily ferreted out and religiously blown away. The sun of Bali is there every day and all the day to open wide the pores of her skin, the limpid mountain-streams flow and wash the skin clean, and the soft Balinese breezes come and quickly dry it and at the same time air the hair and scalp and give that healthy lustre to the flowing tresses so dear to feminine hearts and so beloved of masculine fingers. If women all over the world sought for the beauty and delicate fragrance of a cultivated garden flower, *la Belle Balinais* was content to possess the breezy fragrance and woodland freshness of an untended wildflower.

Readers may not believe me when I say that in my eyes the natural feminine charms of Bali belles, immature and uncultivated as they are, outweigh by far the matured, ornate

attractions of the women I have met all over the world. But there can be no gainsaying the fact that in Bali Naturism prevails in all its native vigour and pristine purity. Not only Naturism, but Nudism there is shorn of all its artificiality and affectation, and Sun-bathing is indulged in there all day long in all its golden glory, not sun-burning in all its disfiguring browning as in the popular bathing-resorts of Europe.

All my life I have been a staunch upholder of Naturism and have practised Nudism and Sun-bathing on my lonely rambles up the hills on Sundays. But I am constrained to say that in the most natural of Naturism there is a certain inevitable artificiality as in the most unreproachable of our Nudism there is a certain unavoidable pose. I have before me a dozen issues of *Health and Efficiency* and several numbers of *Sun Bathing Magazine*. There are in the latter beautiful studies of the nude by Bertram Park and others, and scores of sun-bathers in nature's garb standing in seemingly natural attitudes or sprawling on the ground in all manner of striking postures, but there is hardly a man or a woman or a child among them who does not betray in the expression of the beautifully featured face or in the pose of the beautifully made body a certain lurking sense of uneasiness at being made to reveal certain parts of the body that were habitually clothed and concealed from the eyes of others. At all events, the nudists and bathers betray, and betray unmistakably and all the time, a consciousness as of doing something wrong, or rather of doing something that is 'not done.' While in Bali men and women moved about the main streets and crowded bazaars

so freely and so openly in unashamed semi-nudity as to make one believe that the Balinese thought that the most fitting and appropriate garb for men and women to be seen in in public was nature's.

Looking at my Balinese Belle and her rounded figure my mind went back to the famous frescoes of full-bosomed women I had seen and studied many years ago in my own homeland, in the Buddhist Caves of Ajanta. The resemblance, I noticed, was so striking and unmistakable, particularly in the upper body, that I felt certain that the artist-monks of Ajanta who had gone to Java to build the Buddhist monument of Borobudur must have crossed over to Bali from Java and there made long and careful figure-studies of Balinese women before they returned to India and painted those great frescoes of theirs. This is no conjecture, no mere fanciful notion of mine. That great authority on Indian and Eastern architecture, James Fergusson, says in his book:¹ 'The style and character of the sculptures in Boro Buddor are as nearly identical with those of the latest caves at Ajanta (No. 26, for instance), that they look as if they were executed by *the same artists*. . . . This being so, I am very much inclined to believe that Boro Buddor may be the identical seven-storied *vihara* mentioned by *Aditya Dharma* in his inscription of *Menangkabu*.' At all events, the monk-artists of Ajanta looked upon their women in those remote days with the same reverent eyes that the men of Bali look on theirs at the present time. Those artists made no great distinction between moral and physical beauty, not enough, certainly, to make them fight

¹ *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, p. 644.

shy of painting their bare-bosomed women almost touching the Buddha, their great teacher and exemplar of virtue and morality. Likewise, the men of Bali make no distinction between the physical and moral beauty of their women-kind and possess such a perfect understanding of them that they allow their partially clothed wives and daughters to mix freely with their menfolk. And, in spite of their habitual semi-nudity and many physical attractions, the women of Bali have never at any time lost their dignity and self-respect in the eyes of their men.

I inquired of my guide the name of my Balinese Belle. 'Bou-Lou,' came the prompt reply. 'Is she married?' 'No.' 'Not married! Well then, would she care to go with us on the *Viceroy* and see Java and Sumatra?' 'No, she would not.' 'Why not?' I asked of my interpreter. 'Because,' he replied, 'she has here a *loveman*, whose *sweet-woman* she is. Besides, she would not care to leave Bali and go to Java or Sumatra or any other country in the world.' 'Why not?' I asked again. 'Because,' said the guide, 'to the Balinese, Bali is Heaven itself.' 'And the other countries of the world?' I asked. 'Places of suffering and divine punishment,' he replied. 'So I and all on board the *Viceroy* come from countries of suffering and divine punishment. Is that so?' I asked, amazed. 'So it is,' he smilingly replied. Seeing me looking puzzled he tried to explain to me the strange conception the Balinese have of Heaven and Hell and how the dead are adjudged in the other world. The Balinese believe that Heaven is a place of rest and quiet contentment closely resembling the earthly Bali, where the world-wearied souls of the departed rest and

recoup, and then once again are born on earth. Those of the Balinese who have deserved well of their gods are rewarded for their past good deeds by being allowed after a short stay in Heaven to be born again in 'the island chosen of the gods,' there to pass another life-period of peace and beauty, joy and festivity. While those who have lived in a manner less satisfying to their gods, have to remain longer in Heaven reforming themselves before they are permitted to be born again in Bali. The really wicked ones are permanently debarred from being born in the isle of their gods' choice and special favour and are condemned for ever to be reincarnated as members of some other race and live and suffer on this earth in some country or island other than Bali. In other words, to the Balinese we outsiders are the disinherited and disfavoured of the gods, while they, the Balinese, are their chosen and especially favoured people; our countries ugly and places of suffering and divine punishment, theirs the isle of divine favour, beauty, and heavenly bliss. The guide then led me to see the altars, and grottoes and votive pillars down the grassy knoll of Elephant's Cave. Scarcely had I observed one of the votive pillars and noted the very effective geometrical design carved in relief on it than I chanced to look round, and whom should I see but beautiful Bou-Lou walking a little distance from us on the grassy path skirting a square moat running round that votive pillar! With that woody background of rank vegetation and the sunlight falling across her majestic form majestically held, she so fitted in with her wild surroundings that she looked a veritable Queen of the Forest, come out of her retreat to preserve the peace and sanctity of her



THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST, BALI

arboreal domains by gently and smilingly warning inquisitive strangers off them. Quite like a queen she walked down the grassy path and then up another lined by tall coco-nut palms which rose gracefully and were reflected picturesquely in the waters of a paddy-field, and then, trailing along a bamboo fence and coming upon an open cross-piece, which acted as a stile over the fence, she sat down on it. There she sat smiling and unmoving, with her bangled hand resting on the bamboo fence, thus effectively blocking our only way to the top of the cave, where our car stood waiting for us. At first I did not quite follow the strategy of her circumlocutory walk up the paddy-field, and so I waved my hand asking her to let us go across the stile. But she only smiled back more broadly than ever and would not move or take her hand off the fence. The guide, instead of backing me up and asking her to let us pass, stood smiling himself. For a moment I was puzzled; but only for a moment, for the next instant I realized why her hand lay barring the exit, because it wanted to be crossed with silver. I soon gratified her simple and unexpressed wish to her heart's content. So pretty and winsome she looked as she merrily tossed up and down the piece of silver money I gave her that I could not resist getting hold of both her plump hands and keeping them in mine for a while and then giving a parting pat to her chubby cheek by way of bidding good-bye to her. Recollecting at that very moment a couple of stanzas of an old Balinese ballad I had read the previous evening, I repeated them to the guide and asked him to do likewise to Bou-Lou in her native tongue, lest one whom

she had chosen should behave like the lover in the ballad and the gods, in consequence, should frown on her and disgrace befall her.

'Beware, O Belle of Bali!
Should love enter thine eyes
And go to thy heart—
Beware! For it is writ,
Should he whom thou now choosest
Thy love not returneth—
The gods will frown, and
Disgrace will befall thee.'

LOU-LOU AND LYONG

CHAPTER VIII

LOU-LOU AND LYONG

As we were rapidly moving along in our car from Balinese Bedoeloe to Dutch Danpasar, the last place of halt on our day's itinerary, my thoughts, unmindful of the charming scenery on the way, went flying back to the lovely lady we had left behind, and I asked the guide how an attractive woman like her was found apparently all by herself in what looked like a forest retreat. The guide replied she was not alone but was living with an old Balinese recluse, who led the life of a hermit and was a kind of foster-father to her. 'What about her parents?' I inquired. It was then that the guide told me the story of her life, or rather of her parents, which reads almost like a fairy-tale. I shall tell the story in my own words with the help of excerpts made from a faded manuscript which the guide possessed, and which, as it was written in English, he gave me to look at and glance through if I so liked. The document was in sheets, written in a beautiful hand and roughly stitched together, and read like a diary. I had not turned over a couple of sheets when I realized what a valuable manuscript I had in my hand and temporary possession, but no inducement on my part, either verbal or monetary, would make the guide part with the precious document. So I had to content myself with making extracts from it as fast as ever

I could in the short time I had before we reached Danpasar. It seemed a race between my moving fingers and the rolling wheels of the motor car as to which would accomplish their own set purpose first.

The story starts in the usual way, how a boy and a girl, Lyong and Lou-Lou, born in a little village by the seaside in the south of Bali, played together, ran together, swam together, and learnt, as they grew up, to love each other in their own simple, primitive way. Lyong never cared to go anywhere or do anything except when Lou-Lou was there to accompany him, and Lou-Lou was never so happy as when Lyong took her along with him to play in the wind-swept fields of Bali or swim in the sunlit sea fronting their two palm-sheltered cottages. Lyong was the only child of his devoted parents, while Lou-Lou was the eldest and prettiest of a family of five. It was evident that, when the boy and the girl grew up to marriageable age and were married, no couple in Bali would be found more devotedly attached to each other than Lou-Lou and her faithful Lyong.

As in other parts of the world so also in Bali, they have a saying that the course of true love never runs smooth and that the gods cannot bear to see any two human beings on earth as happy and carefree as they are themselves in their celestial abode, and so they call in to their counsel the Three Fates, and with their aid they plan and create trouble for the unlucky happy couple who, unaware of the working of the gods and fates, suffer in consequence undeservedly and irremediably. At all events, our Lou-Lou and her Lyong grew up to manhood and womanhood and were

married and had a child, in fact, a hefty, handsome baby-girl whom they called by the pretty name of Bou-Lou.

As anticipated, no more devoted couple or one more attached to their child could be found in Bali. So the gods and the fates took the three in hand to work out their settled scheme. When the baby-girl was twelve months old, they first made the father of Lyong send away his son on some errand of importance to a relative of his in an inland village a good distance away. Having moved Lyong out of their way, the stage was set for the tragedy to commence. So they brought to Bali a fair and handsome stranger of different race and creed, who combined in himself the roving instincts of a tramp and the unsettled emotions of a poet. And in Bali our poet-tramp found an ideal ground for his poetic *wanderlust*. 'I wander,' he wrote in his diary, 'through Balinese villages with a good-humoured native guide in search of love and romance. But it's all too horribly true that one only receives back in the South Seas what one brings there with one, and finds love and romance only if one goes there with them. But love and romance are there nevertheless: and wonderfully, too. Heaven on earth: the colour of the water over the reef at sunset, the gloom and terror of the twisted volcanic mountains at night. The extraordinary contrasts! The ideal life, healthy, out-door work, dancing and singing and eating whenever one wills. Half-naked native men and women of incredible modesty and loveliness, perfect manners, and immense kindness. A divine tropical climate and intoxicating beauty of scenery by sunlight and moonlight!' A page or two later we find him again raving in ecstasy over the exotic charms of the

South Seas: 'I tramped yesterday full twenty miles through mud, and up and down mountains, and swam across at least half a dozen rivers. You trudge through a strange, vast jungle of soaring coco-nut trees and rank vegetation for hours listening to varied and weird liquid hootings and screechings of birds and parrots in the branches above. You at times feel thirsty as you approach a village. You lustily clap your hands, a village urchin peeps round the corner; you beckon him and point to a great, perpendicular coco-nut palm overhead. No sooner indicated, than he scrambles up the palm, with the ease of a monkey and the grace of a squirrel, pulls off a couple of big nuts and drops them, and the next moment he slides down the columnar trunk and is beside you making holes in the nuts and you have the best drink in the world, so cooling and, oh, so quenching!'

The fates and the gods of Bali had evidently pitched upon the right type of man to carry out their evil design, for they directed the steps of the fair youth by many devious paths to the very village where our lovely heroine lived, and so we find him saying next in his diary: 'The last few days I passed in a village by the seaside. I lived in a Balinese cottage with a couple who had five children, the eldest of whom, a proud beauty of eighteen, carried a round object of a year at her breast. There were besides a dog, a cat, a quite hysterical hen, and a parrot, green and scarlet and roving-minded like myself, who all day screeched and loafed about the roof and beams. . . . Nothing much happened by day except when a horse from a neighbouring village strayed into our yard and tried to eat our hen.' A little later the

diary runs: 'This afternoon I go fishing in a canoe with the proud beauty on a green and purple reef. . . . To-night we shall put scarlet flowers in our hair, and sing strange, slumbrous South Sea songs in our canoes and then bathe by moonlight in a luminous lagoon, and eat afterwards great, squelchy tropical fruits, custard-apples, papaia, pomegranate, mango, guava, and the rest.' Evidently the proud beauty had sung herself into our poetic tramp's heart, for next we find him go into ecstasies over the brown belles of Bali. 'These Balinese women have extraordinarily beautiful bodies and walk like goddesses. They're a lovely brown colour, without any black Melanesian admixture. . . . Bali by moonlight is like nothing else in this world or the next. It's sheer loveliness! You lie on a mat in a cool Balinese hut, and look out at the white sand under the high palms, and a gentle sea, and the black line of the reef a mile out, and moonlight over everything, floods and floods of it, flat and abundant, such that you could slice thin, golden-white shavings of it, as off cheese. . . . And then, among it all, are the loveliest people in the world, moving and dancing like gods and goddesses, very quietly and mysteriously, and utterly content. It's all sheer beauty, so pure that it's difficult to breathe in it—like living in a Keats world, only it's less syrupy—*Endymion* without sugar, and completely detached from our world of suspicion, greed, competition, and hatred. . . . Oh, dear! what a shattered and fragmentary heart I'll bear when I return home. . . .'

Here the precious sheets trail off and end in detached exclamatory sentences of good will like: '*Bon voyage* to the travellers. . . . Good Luck to everybody else. . . . Love

to the whole world'; and we are tantalizingly left to guess the aftermath of 'a shattered and fragmentary heart.' The guide, however, came to my rescue here and told me how the fates later on worked out their well-laid plans. It seems when Lyong, after completing his father's errand returned home in high hopes of reunion with his beloved Lou-Lou after the days of separation, neither she nor his infant daughter were there to greet him. To add to his misfortune the grief-stricken parents could tell him nothing beyond the fact that Lou-Lou one morning left with her child to visit a neighbour and never returned. Lyong, heart-broken and too distracted for words himself, rushed out of the cottage in search of his wife and child. How his search ended or what became of him or his beloved Lou-Lou nobody to this day knows.

The gods of Bali thus succeeded in their nefarious design as far as the two principal characters of the tragedy were concerned. But with the innocent product of their love and devotion it seems they had no quarrel. We, therefore, skip a period of fifteen years and shift the scene of action to a kind of rocky forest miles away from the sea-coast and up near Bedoeloe, where we find a hermit's cave in the rocks and the hermit himself is seen wearing a long, straggling beard going his usual daily round, gathering wild berries and edible roots just enough to keep body and soul together. One morning, as he was returning to his cave after collecting roots and berries sufficient for his meagre midday meal, lo and behold! from out of nowhere there strays into his sight a grown-up girl, in the first bloom of womanhood, with hair unkempt and body as naked as

the day she was born, crooning an elfin melody and playing like a child with the little wild denizens of the forest. So taken up was the forest maiden with her little forest friends that she was not aware of the presence of the old hermit until he had approached her, placed his hand on her head, and gently stroked her hair. The girl stood up with a start and took a step or two as if to run away from the strange figure that stood smiling beside her. But the benign expression on the face of the dear old man made her hesitate a moment and seemed to allay her fears, for she stood and looked at him in wild amazement and he at her with paternal love and good will. To all his questionings she wildly glared at him and made short, shrill noises in reply. However, amid all her strange noises, the hermit recurrently heard one particular word. And that word was—Bou-Lou.

After that first eventful meeting, the hermit came across his lovely forest friend frequently, and one morning as they stood facing each other gesticulating, the hermit quietly wound an old, frayed piece of cloth he had brought with him round her waist and then smilingly held her hands. She stood still for a moment, looked at the loin-cloth with a queer expression, then, wrenching her hands from the hermit's hold, tore up the cloth in a wild rage and ran away from him shrieking. To cut the long story short, the hermit by sheer force of will and gentle persuasion at last succeeded in taming her wild spirit, and to such a degree that she went and lived with him in his rocky cave. There, after years of patient and persistent toil, he trained her to speak Balinese and acquire the simple ways and habits of a normal Balinese woman, and even let her move away

from his forest retreat and make friends, one of whom, as we saw before, had learnt to take more than friendly interest in her. The guide told me that she had not yet quite got over her old wild ways and forest instincts, and when they take possession of her she disappears for a few days, and once he actually saw her playing with her little forest friends near the grassy knoll beside the votive pillar, quite unconscious of a party of tourists he was conducting, standing by her and looking curiously at her. Reverting to her parents, it is said that on the lonely sandy shore of that little seaside Balinese village, where they lived and loved, two white, spectral figures of a man and a woman are still to be seen on moonlight nights skimming lightly over the white sand, hand in hand,

'To spend the glittering moonlight there
Pursuing down the Soundless Deep,
Where all lovely things, they say,
In loveliness meet again,
There Good Lyong and his Lovely Lou-Lou
Are Types Eternal whose earthly copies were,
With their time-tangled human love,
The foolish broken things we knew.'

BALINESE ART-CRAFTS

CHAPTER IX

BALINESE ART-CRAFTS

I WAS still busy taking down the last few extracts from the manuscript sheets of the guide, when he turned round and laconically said: 'Danpasar, sir.' I took no notice of his words till I had completed my task. But when I had, I looked up and found we had already entered the town and were rapidly driving through its well-paved streets lined with modern bungalows and stately stone buildings. Seeing them, Bou-Lou and Lou-Lou and Lyong all in a bunch faded away from my mind and beautiful Bali itself seemed to have, for the time being, evaporated into thin air. For here were Balinese men and women strolling about the paved streets fully dressed, and Dutch officials and business men rushed about the roads in the latest models of streamlined and air-flow cars. The spacious frontage of a building with 'Bali Hotel' painted in huge letters of gold on its imposing façade, after the grand-hotelish manner of the West, came next, and completed my disenchantment. But an hour ago I was leisurely moving in a land of temples and caves and coco-nut palms, with beautiful, bare-bosomed Bou-Lou adding a touch of romance and mystery to the old-world scene around, and now we were washed and dust-cleaned and were seated with the rest of the *Viceroy's* clothed crowd under a rapidly rotating electric fan, having

our short drink and hurried lunch of salmon mayonnaise and cold chicken and ham and fruit-mould with whipped cream. But I was not left long to bemoan and brood over this short, sharp intrusion of Western *gustativities* into the primitive romanticism of Bali, for the moment I had worked through the *menu* and had my cup of coffee and lit my cigarette, I hurried away from the noise and clatter of the spacious lunch-room and was out on the open veranda looking at the art treasures that were on sale there. As might be expected, much of the Balinese art-ware exhibited there was mere trash and tinsel, created and collected to delight the eyes and lighten the purse of art-innocents from abroad. But among much shoddy stuff piled up on the verandas there were, lying unnoticed here and there, a few genuine pieces of rare art-craft and quaint old Balinese design. I have before me, as I write, a dozen *togogs*, diminutive wooden busts and statuettes, which I brought home with me, picked out of the hundreds exhibited in the shops and open booths of Danpasar. Strange to say, these *togogs*, of undoubted Balinese design and workmanship, displaying the art theories and embodying the centuries-old art traditions of Bali, have nevertheless an unmistakable modernistic touch and feel about them, inasmuch as they one and all attempt to catch, and do indeed succeed in catching, with a few calculated strokes of the chisel and mallet, one or two salient and distinguishing characteristics of the subjects they present, thereby making but one or two impressions, definite and telling, on the mind of a beholder—after the manner so approved of in those modern art *salons* of Europe and America which take their inspiration from Epstein and his

school of sculpture. For instance, I have a Balinese *togog* of a decrepit old man, bent and feeble, with hollow cheeks and sunken temples, leaning heavily on a staff. He is so very thin and skinny that the ribs stand out like whipcords, and there are two pairs of sticks, slightly but truly and most artistically modelled, to represent his bony, shrivelled-up arms and legs. From the amount of work shown on that *togog* I feel certain it could not have taken more than a day to carve it nor at a rate greater than a minute a stroke, and yet, in all my experience of the art-galleries of Europe and America, I have never seen a statue of a feeble old man as touching and instantly appealing in its expression and attitude or one making as fine a symbolical presentation of the Decrepitude that overtakes old age as that of the Balinese statue of a bent old man in my possession.

The craft of the Mask is one of the most interesting products of ancient Balinese art. The masks are so hideous and terrifying to look at that the imagination of modern men and women, used to safe and sheltered living, nurtured on pleasant images amid harmless surroundings, could never in its widest and wildest reaches conceive, much less create, such monstrous faces, contorted in the red-hot fury of fiendish cruelty or wreathed in the diabolical laugh of triumphant vice or relaxed with eyelids drooping and the blood-stained tongue lolling out in satisfied revenge.

The Dutch Government encourages native art industries of tortoise-shell, wicker-work, gold and silver filigree, and most particularly the ancient *batik*-work, which is a way of painting hand-woven cloth by first preparing the ground in liquid wax and then cutting out the outline of the design and

removing the wax and filling it with different pigments determined by the particular picture chosen to be printed on the wax-treated cloth. When the picture happens to be that of *Wayang-Wong*, that long and lanky, bright and breezy, saw-toothed, devilish-faced *dramatis persona* of their shadow-plays, it makes a most attractive object for Western eyes and one not likely to be forgotten for a long time by any one touring the Dutch East Indies.

BALINESE MUSIC

CHAPTER X

BALINESE MUSIC

BUT I was not given much time to pick and choose my wooden *togogs* nor my cotton *batiks*, when the guide came and hurried us away to see and hear the two remaining divisions of Balinese fine arts as presented in their orchestral music and communal dances. A short motor-drive brought us to our rendezvous. Here, under one of those very high-growing, wide-spreading banyan trees, for which Bali is so famed, gathered the cosmopolitan crowd from the *Viceroy* and sat chattering in a wide circle in the middle of which were arranged in a hollow square the instruments needed for the Balinese orchestra, known all over the world as the *gamelan*. As the *togogs* anticipated by centuries Epstein's statuary, so did the *gamelan* Wagner's *Leitmotiv*, inasmuch as when it accompanies a Balinese play, each player in it has his own characteristic music appropriate to his own particular mood. The instruments needed for the *gamelan* orchestra are a pair of large gongs, then come *kendangs*, or drums, in front of which are lined up two rows of *trompongs* or metal pots. On the two sides of the square are four sets of *gangsas*, or metal plates, serially arranged in gradually diminishing sizes as in our xylophones. There were besides flutes, Pan-pipes, and a primitive one-stringed viol, the *rebab*.

The *gamelan* gongs, as the amateur musical societies of

Bali are called, have a mixed composition. For one thing there are no professional musicians anywhere in Bali. The men composing the *gongs* are drawn from all classes of people and do all sorts of work. Mostly they are employed in farming, some are carpenters, others art-craftsmen, while a few are even taxi-drivers and motor-mechanics. The *gamelan* orchestras sometimes play classical music of Hindu origin and tradition, but more frequently old folk-music. Ancient Balinese melodies are revived by prominent members of the *gongs* to evolve from them new musical symphonies, and old heroic episodes, chiefly drawn from Hindu Mythology, are requisitioned for their modern dance operettas.

No sooner had all the *gamelan* players, dressed only in *sarongs*, squatted down beside their allotted instrument and the incessant chatter of the *Viceroy* crowd quieted down, than, at a signal from the leader, the *gamelan* started with soft, sweet, undefinable tinkling of bells which gradually developed into a definite melodious symphonic score. At first the treble notes from the *gangsas*, or xylophones, rippled out in trills of clean, clear, delicious cadences which the tenor disks of *trompongs* soon took up in a series of deeper notes acting as a kind of accompaniment, the length of each note being strictly regulated and the vibration instantly muted by the thumb and forefinger. The flutes, Pan-pipes, and the single-stringed viol were then skilfully and almost surreptitiously introduced, and at the same time the drums were beaten so softly as to give an impression of distance. While the *gangsas*, the *trompongs*, and the *kendangs* were emitting, with the help of flutes, Pan-pipes, and single-stringed viols, a succession of notes and harmonies of

absolute precision and varying force—now tinkling out a mere peal of distant bells, then crashing out in a swelling chorus of concerted chords—one of the deep-toned gongs, just when a mighty chord *crescendo*-wise reaches its climax, is struck, giving out an ominous note, like an angry wave breaking on a hollow rock, deep and resonant. Then all is hushed, succeeded by a tense moment of silent expectancy!

The astonishing skill with which the *gangsas* are manipulated, and the uncanny rapidity and decision with which the *trompongs* are struck and on the instant muted, needs to be seen and watched and heard to be believed and appreciated. The symphonic value of the beautiful musical score, the tonal gradation and precise alteration in sound and force from the scarcely audible tinkling of sweet bells growing into a swelling chorus of concerted chimes and ending in the resounding crash of the great gong at the finale—all come as a revelation to a stranger from abroad! A people so utterly primitive and unprogressive in all their modes and methods of life and yet at the same time so advanced and refined in their deep love and knowledge of music must have in them something of the magic and mystery one associates with revelation.

BALINESE DANCES

CHAPTER XI

BALINESE DANCES

THE *gamelan* orchestra had scarcely ended when the musical instruments were all removed and placed in a line at one end while the musicians reshuffled their seats and sat opposite each other on the two sides of the square. A dozen girls came next, dressed in *sarongs* of bright-coloured silk and tight bodices richly embroidered in gold, wearing on their heads tall, spiked crowns with shining ornaments that glittered and pulsed with each rhythmic swaying of their gesticulating arms. They sat facing inwards, thus completing the two other sides of the hollow square. Then came the *dag*, or leader, and squatted in the centre of the square. At a signal from him began the tinkling of the *gamelan* which started the dance known as *djanger*. Though enacting a classical story from Hindu mythology, the *djanger* is a modern dance performed purely for amusement and recreation. The story is an episode from the life of Prince Arjun, the hero of the Hindu epic of *Mahabharata*. The *dag*, who represents the prime minister, announces the arrival of the prince, who is on his way to Mount Indrakila, there to pass his life in divine contemplation away from the snags and snares of a worldly existence. The gods, to try him, send down two beautiful dancers from their celestial abode to tempt him by their beauty and blandishments.

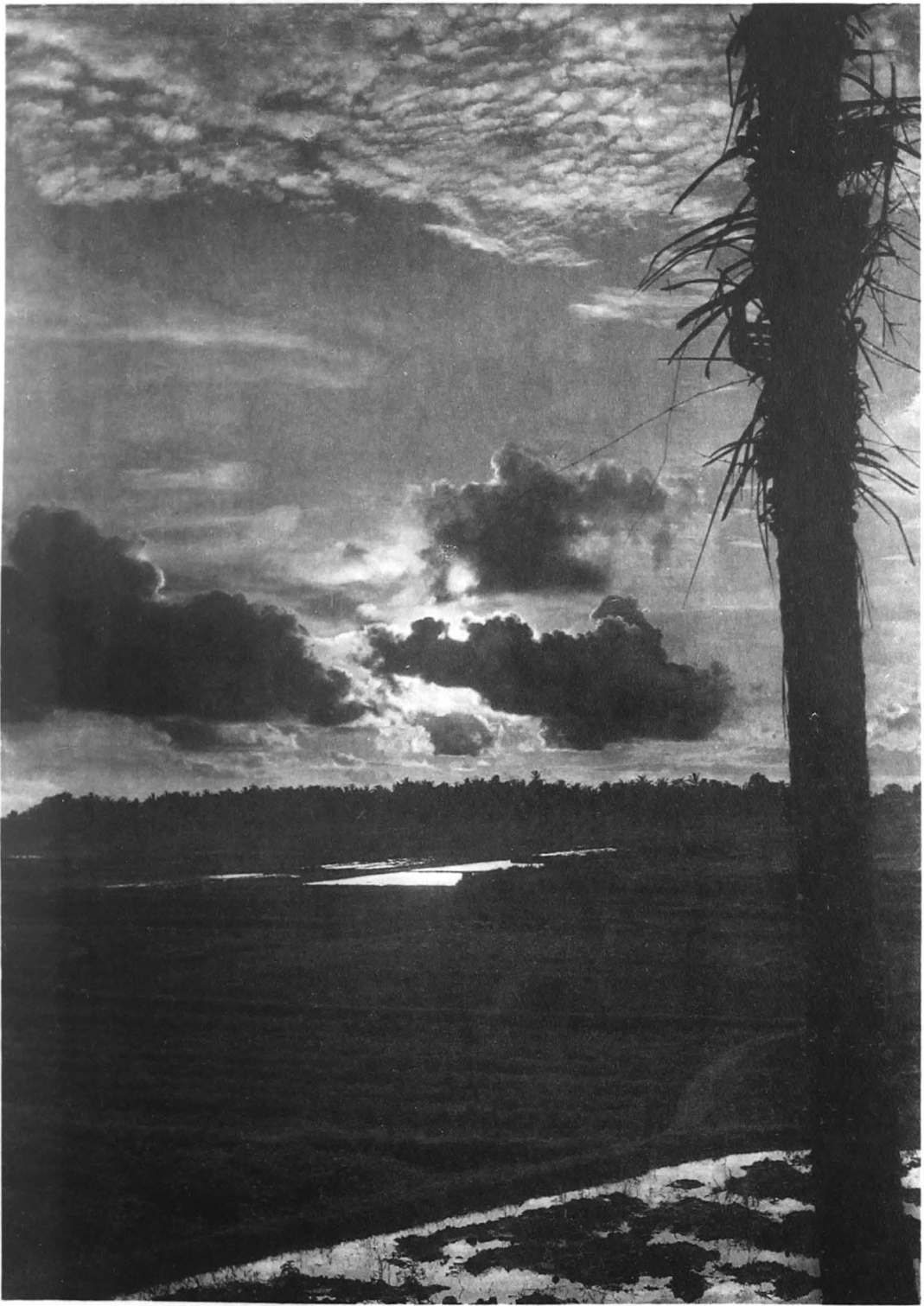
Two pretty Balinese dancers then step into the hollow square and dance divinely, utilizing all the tricks and displaying all the subtleties of their terpsichordean art to rouse Arjun from his meditations and entice him away with them to a life of activity and worldly gaiety. But all their beauty and all their art and blandishments are thrown away on Arjun, who, being wholly absorbed in his own thoughts, fails even to notice their presence, and so the two dancers retire downcast and dejected from the arena. The gods next plan to frighten Arjun out of his resolution by sending a ferocious demon disguised as a monster bird. A male dancer wearing a hideous mask with a shaggy mane covering a great part of his body then enters the square, shouting and screaming, throwing up his arms and legs in a wild frenzy so as to heighten the effect of his hideous mask. The demon's hullabaloo rouses Arjun from his meditation, but the prince, far from being frightened by it, coolly picks up his bow and arrow and shoots the screaming demon down and leaves him rolling in the dust.

More attractive than the *djanger* was the other dance we saw, called *légong*. This Dance of the Virgins is one of the oldest and most popular of Balinese dances, and is always performed by very young girls who are specially trained for it from their early childhood. The dance is really a pantomime, accompanied by classical music based on old Balinese melodies which are very simple, being composed of a few bars with a scale of five notes, repeated over and over again. The repetitive melodies at times tire you, but the flawless rhythm of the dance-tunes get hold of you. They seem to extract extraordinary rhythmic effects from their extremely

simple dance-tunes, everybody gesticulating with their hands and the dancers swaying their small, slim bodies to the rhythmic beats. There is nothing like the mad bouncing or wild shouting of the other dance, just straightforward *stylisierte* pantomime and nothing more. The *dalang*, the story-teller, first calls the *tjondong*, the servant-girl, who does some introductory dancing ending with the presentation of a fan to each of the two principal *légong* dancers. After the presentation the real Dance of the Virgins commences with the graceful turning and twisting of the light and lissom bodies of the dancers. They gyrate gracefully, now extending their arms, then bending them in strange traditional movements, the hands drawn back at right angles to the wrist and the fingers holding a fan at right angles to the palm. Now the pair glide swiftly across the floor in quick sliding steps, then march, lifting each foot deliberately from the ground and the next moment planting it firmly a step further. As the dance progresses, the dancers get into a kind of mild religious frenzy. The arms swing round more freely, the gesticulations become more pronounced, and the movements faster and faster as the short, sliding steps follow each other in quick bewildering succession, now meeting, now separating, their bodies at one moment swaying in rhythmic curves and the next fixed in graceful immobility to such a degree that the dancers remained absolutely stationary, only the outline of their bodies seeming to flow up and down with a peculiar wave-like effect which the extended arms took up whilst simultaneously their heads ducked up and down, keeping time with the swaying arms. The music goes on in absolute unison with the varying

moods and movements of the dancers, until, with a fine display of gradually swelling and beautifully concerted vibrating chords, the climax is reached. The dancers seem to be caught in a maelstrom, their bodies shiver, a spasm passes through them, wave-like, from head to foot, their feet seem to give way, their hands drop lifeless to their sides, and at that instant the *trompongs* crash out and the deep-toned gong is struck, and then all is silence. But just for a moment or two, for the *Viceroy* crowd bursts out in a round of applause, at the end of which we all get up from our seats and move towards our waiting cars. The next moment we were bundled into them and hurried off to Padang Bay, fifty miles away.

BALI BROODINGS



SUNSET, BALI

CHAPTER XII

BALI BROODINGS

THE *Viceroy*, once we were all on board, steamed out of Padang Bay. Reluctant to lose even for a moment the sight of the lovely isle, I stood leaning against the deck-rail looking at it, as it gradually receded in the distance till it became a mere speck on the far-away horizon. Just then a ray from the setting sun struck it, and for one unforgettable moment the precious speck shone like a diamond of purest ray serene. A wave rose and engulfed it the next moment, and beautiful Bali once more became an Isle of Dreams.

That night my mind was much too active and full of Bali broodings to quiet down in sleep. Strive as I would to relax and 'knit up the ravell'd sleeve of care,' nature's sweet restorer would not weigh my eyelids down nor steep my senses in happy forgetfulness. Fleeting images of scenes and incidents of that crowded day would come, and come persistently, and cross and re-cross my tired mind and imagination in wild disorder. Sleep, therefore, in the true sense of the term, was an impossibility that night, at all events in my stuffy cabin. Consequently, at midnight, when all had retired and the lights were dimmed, I went up on deck, and there, stretching myself comfortably on my cane deck-chair, I tried to comb out my tangled thoughts into strands of sequential reflections, to realize for myself—what Bali meant to me individually and the world at large.

As I have said before, I had seen ere then all that was

worth seeing in the world. But, in no part of the world that I had visited, had I come in living contact with an old-world mode of life and civilization that was at once so artistic and so very primitive. It is perhaps wrong to speak of civilization in the case of Bali. For Balinese civilization is not so much a civilization as a Cultural Expression, more truly it is a spontaneous manifestation of art-urge, innate and irrepressible. Whatever it is, it is as old as their hills. Nothing is changed in Bali nor anything allowed there to be influenced by extraneous things and ideals. The people seemed to live at an immense distance, away in a remote and wonderful past. The Balinese go quietly on with their daily festivities, endless ceremonies, and colourful processions, blissfully unconscious of the few strangers who may chance to be looking on. It was once feared that the Balinese would lose their native charm and simplicity and become spoilt and mercenary by coming in contact with the hurrying, spendthrift crowd of moneyed *mauvais ton* from abroad. Bali's inhabitants number considerably over a million; foreign visitors average not twenty-five a week. Consequently, the hurrying modes and methods of life of the outlandish intruders have left the wonder isle unchanged and unharmed except in the solitary instance of Danpasar, which is the only ugly mark on the fair face of beautiful Bali. But for it, Bali is still her own complete, beautiful self. No demon of getting on, no problem of unemployment, no lockouts, no strikes, no booms and depressions come to obsess the spirits or harry the nerves of the Balinese. Whoever can work, works. Those who cannot, through illness or infirmity of age, are lovingly looked after by their

family or the community at large. How have these primitive people come to acquire their wonderful spirit? Whence comes their carefree, happy, helpful outlook on life? Through an ideal unity of Art and Nature, Faith and Morality. Nowhere do we find primitive nature and high art, unquestioning faith and ingrained morality, live so near and in such perfect harmony as in Bali. Everywhere else, with every advance in art, faith, and morality, artificiality, doubt, and immorality seem to augment proportionately, with the inevitable consequence that art and artificiality, faith and doubt, morality and immorality march together, while Nature is severely left alone or actually pushed into the background. In Bali alone art and nature, faith and morality go hand in hand and strike a balance, and so true a balance that artificiality, scepticism, and immorality never get a chance of making their ugly appearances there. But nature and art, faith and morality would have made the Balinese supremely contented, no doubt, yet only passively happy, had not their religion of laughter and feasting, of communal dances and frequent theatricals come to their aid and ingested an element of active joy and uncontained hilarity into their common life and daily pursuits. What if a demon or two, a *barong* or a *rangda*, came to cast a shadow athwart their sunlit path? They did no harm. They served but to throw up by contrast the brighter, sunnier, merrier side of the brightest, sunniest, merriest religion ever conceived by human mind and spirit. Even Death and Destruction are no matters of grief and sorrow in happy Bali as they are in other parts of the world. That the religion of the Balinese is a veritable religion of laughter

and merry-making, through and through, is proved by the way they look upon death and conduct their elaborate ceremonial connected with their funerals. In all religions, all over the world, Death is an occasion of grief and sorrow, a matter of tears and long faces, and the funeral a solemn study in doleful expressions and sombre vestments. While in Bali, and Bali alone, Death is purely and wholly a natural event which calls forth no grief and no sorrow, no tears and no long faces, and the funeral a great, elaborately arranged assemblage of gaily dressed, high-spirited friends, relatives, and fellow-villagers bent on paying their last homage to the dead by erecting many-storied, pagoda-like bamboo structures, called *wadahs*, in which, to the accompaniment of *gamelan* orchestra, they carry in long processions the embalmed bodies of their dead to one of their communal crematoriums. Reaching the crematorium they burn the bamboo *wadahs* with the dead bodies they contain, and the following day the relatives reverently gather the ashes and carry them in earthen pots to the sea-shore and there consign them to the care of the ocean-bed, the great gatherer and conserver of all things that be. The swelling crowds, having paid their last homage and fulfilled their last obligations to their dear dead, return to their villages and end the funeral rites with merry-making and communal feasting to the jolly peals of the *gamelan* orchestra. In a word, Death, with its attendant Funeral, is a matter of pure joy and communal jollification in Bali.

From the above it is evident that Bali is unique, a thing apart, a peerless gem, the Koh-i-noor of all the many precious gems the South Seas possess. Those old-world

islands, like Fiji and Tahiti, Papua and Samoa, have, indeed, many of the naturalistic charms of beautiful Bali, but their peoples possess none of the high artistic gifts of the Balinese. And it is in this happy combination of artistic gifts with naturalistic charms that the Balinese stand apart and away from the rest of their South Seas fellow-islanders, and Bali itself for that very reason stands forth as a unique and unmatched example of untouched, unspoilt art and antiquity. For Bali, even to-day—even in this twentieth century of aeroplanes and the wireless—is living unconcerned and unhurried in the golden age of the poets and legendary heroes with a detachment of mind and purpose that is at once arresting and mystifying to the outsider. How necessary it is, then, that this heritage, rich and exceptional, coming to us down the long centuries, should be tenderly looked after and carefully preserved to be handed down by us to future generations, intact and unspoilt. It is a solemn obligation, a sacred trust of which the World dare not divest itself and allow the precious legacy to be frittered away by the good-intentioned stupidities of good-natured reformists. For if the inheritance be once lost, it will never and can never be replaced by all the effort and good will in the world, but the World would have to go mourning its loss to the end of Time. As it is we, lovers of Bali, her people, arts, and ideals, are thankful that Bali is in the possession and safe custody of such ideally tolerant and truly understanding people as the Netherlanders. With their sympathetic imagination and characteristic insight into the requirements of the situation the Dutch have decided to rule Bali with as light a hand as possible. For all practical purposes the Balinese are left

undisturbed and uninterfered-with, to live out their own simple, primitive life in their own quiet, ignorant way. Happily no silly notion of mass-educating the untutored Balinese after the approved Western pattern has taken possession of the minds of the Dutch authorities as yet. The customs of the country are left untouched. The Balinese religion of laughter and feasting, dances and theatricals is given full scope to regulate the whole life and sway the entire outlook of the people. It would not, of course, be correct to say that no innovations and no changes are made. An innovation or an improvement that does not go against the grain of the people is introduced here, and an abuse which must necessarily harm them in the long run is removed there. But the authorities make it a principle never in any circumstance to introduce an innovation or an improvement without first consulting the princes, priests, and the people themselves and obtaining their free approval and active co-operation. For instance, realizing how distasteful to the people and priests of Bali would be the introduction of the contentious element of any foreign religion into the peaceful atmosphere of the island, the Dutch Government has wisely not allowed a single Christian church—I do not say chapel, for aught I know there may be private chapels—to be erected in Bali, nor are Christian missionaries permitted to live in the island and carry on their evangelical or humanitarian work.¹

¹ 'If it is true about Lutheran Missionaries, it would be a disaster of the greatest magnitude. Even if Low-Church Protestantism had anything to teach the Balinese, even if it were the greatest of all revelations, its introduction would inevitably destroy the unity and homogeneity, which now make of Bali an object-lesson for the world.'—GEOFFREY GORER'S *Bali and Angkor*, p. 56.

I am a great admirer of the Christian religion, more so of Christian missions all over the world. I have long and first-hand knowledge of the wonderful work Christian missionaries have done in India. When a history of their humanitarian work, apart from their evangelical achievements, in India comes to be written, it will be a revelation to the world what a beneficent force for the welfare and advancement of humanity the Christian mission has been through the past hundred years. In fact, I have no hesitation in asserting that, in spite of his obvious shortcomings and many limitations, the Christian missionary has been on the whole *a veritable blessing* all over the world, as he undoubtedly has been for well over a century in India. But I have equally no hesitation in maintaining that if he went to Bali, with the most unexceptionable intentions and for purely humanitarian purposes, he would not be a blessing there but *a veritable curse* to the Balinese. If the zealous missionary tried to push himself into Bali and there started improving the manners and morals of the people, he would not add anything to their real happiness but would only succeed, if he succeeded at all, in making moral prudes of the Balinese. 'It's all very perplexing and tragic,' says the only great poetic soul England has produced up to now in this century, Rupert Brooke, 'that these South Seas Islanders, much nicer and so *much* better-mannered, stronger, beautifuller, kindlier, more hospitable and courteous, greater lovers of beauty, and even wittier than average Europeans, should under our influence be a dying race. We gradually fill their lands with plantations and coolies. The Hawaiians, up in the Sandwich Islands, have almost altogether gone,

and their arts and music with them, and their islands are a replica of America. A cheerful thought, that all these places are to become indistinguishable from Denver and Birmingham and Stuttgart, and the people of dress and behaviour precisely like Herr Schmidt and Mr. Robinson and Hiram O. Guggenheim. . . . It is impossible to describe how far nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven—or the Garden of Eden—these good, naked, laughing people are than oneself or one's friends . . . but I forget I mustn't say a word against our modern industrial system. . . . It was only yesterday, when I knew that the Southern Cross had left me, that I suddenly realized I had left behind those lovely places and lovely people, perhaps for ever. I reflected that *there was surely nothing else like them in this world, and very probably nothing in the next*, and that I was going far away from gentleness and beauty and kindness . . . so I wept a little, and very sensibly went to bed.'

When I realized that every moment I also was 'going far away from gentleness and beauty and kindness perhaps for ever,' I too, like Rupert Brooke, wept a little on my deck-chair, but, unlike him, I did not 'very sensibly go to bed' in my cabin. Instead I sat up and thought to myself what English Literature had lost by our 'Young Apollo, golden-haired' not visiting Bali. If Rupert Brooke felt like being in the Kingdom of Heaven or the Garden of Eden when he was at coolie-ridden Fiji and half-westernized Samoa, what would his reflections have been, what his feelings, had he visited our own untouched, unspoilt,¹

¹'I doubt if throughout the Seven Seas there is an island so utterly *unspoilt* as Bali.'
E. O. Hoppé's *Round the World with a Camera*, p. 209.

beautiful Bali, the Koh-i-noor of all the South Seas Islands!

The Balinese have a saying that, of all the islands of the world, theirs is 'the Isle Chosen of the Gods.' And no saying is truer or nearer the mark. To be in full possession of one's time and energy, to be able to call one's soul one's own and no man one's master, to be compelled to wear no mask or be on one's best behaviour at every step one takes, to be able to live in sunshine and breathe clean, fresh air all the days and years of one's life with no ugly factory chimneys belching out hideous smoke and marring the prospect and ruining the atmosphere of one's home and country—if to live and labour thus happily without haste and without worry is to live in an isle chosen of the gods, then, indeed, Bali is the Isle and the Balinese the People Chosen of the Gods. 'In Bali,' says Geoffrey Gorer, 'I saw the *only* happy large community I have seen in my life, and I have tried to analyse for myself and others how this happiness is brought about and maintained, and have tried to apply my conclusions to the conditions around me. Perhaps more able people will re-do the task and reach more practical conclusions. For I do not want to think of *the happiest country that I know in the world* half the world away in another hemisphere. I want it in the streets outside my door.'¹

Would it, therefore, be too much to appeal to moralists, missionaries, and other good and religious-minded people of the world: 'Keep your hands off Bali, let the Happy Isle alone, unaffected by your laudable intentions and untouched

¹ *Bali and Angkor*, pp. 108, 109.

by your would-be beneficent exertions, and permit the Balinese to live their own simple pagan life in their own beautiful, primitive way—a life of joyous labour and artistic pursuits, of uninterrupted song and festival, a veritable ecstasy of overflowing, overwhelming health and happiness which is their unconscious tribute and expression of gratitude to their Great Maker and of love and reverence for their many gods’?



ELEVATION OF CENTRAL DOME, BOROBUDUR, JAVA

BOROBUDUR AND BUITENZORG



LOWERMOST PLATFORM, BOROBUDUR, JAVA

CHAPTER XIII

BOROBUDUR AND BUITENZORG

THE day after we left beautiful Bali we were again out heaving on the broad bosom of the Indian Ocean. Most of us were much too tired by the continuous strain our minds and imaginations had been put to the day previous to pass our time otherwise than by resting on our deck-chairs. For my part I employed myself in reading up and preparing for what we were going to see the following day at Samarang in Java. Of the things we were to see the great, and for me the only, attraction was the Buddhistic *vihara* of Borobudur.

Early in the morning, punctual to the minute, the *Viceroy* steamed into the harbour of Samarang, and after breakfast, with my party of six I motored through the city straight for Borobudur. It was a long drive, but one did not mind this as the road lay through a very pretty part of the Javanese mainland, full of green clumps of giant bamboos and water-logged fields of paddy. Finally we came to thickly wooded country, the car took a sharp curve round a line of tall trees, and then, before we knew where we were, there stood in all its rising grandeur and sombre massiveness the architectural lion of Buddhism—Borobudur; a huge pile of stone masonry stained to dismal grey by the cruel hand of One who is the embodiment of past, present, and future and no respecter of prophet, saint, or seer,

to whom man and matter, eternal hills and ancient law are just the same and who equally and impartially subjects them to his all-dominating rule and ever-destroying energies, Time. Knowing, as I did, what Fergusson, the celebrated authority on Eastern architecture, had long ago stated about Borobudur,¹ I naturally went to it with great and lively expectations. The first sight of that huge mound of crenellated masonry did not in the least impress me. I thought a closer acquaintance with its world-famous galleries of bas-relief and a more detailed examination of its carving would improve that not very favourable first impression I had formed looking at the whole structure *en masse*. So I went and looked closely at the bas-reliefs, panel by panel, of the lower tier depicting the working of Karma in everyday life, then went up round the first gallery, showing scenes in stone from the Buddha's former incarnations, and finally saw the upper gallery which formed the sculptured history of the *Bodhisattva Sudhana*. Except for a well-composed, perfectly poised sculpture of a stationary figure here and a beautifully carved panel of rhythmically moving procession there, I could see nothing to enthral or even to enthuse me. On the other hand, its series of seventy Buddhas, all seated in the characteristic attitude of meditation, made me increasingly impatient and positively glad when I had turned my eyes away from them to look at the thickly wooded sur-

¹ 'This great *vihara* of Boro Buddur was erected just at the time when the Buddhist system attained its greatest development, and just before its fall. It thus contains within itself a complete epitome of all we learn from other sources, and a perfect illustration of all we know of Buddhist art or ritual. The Thousand Years were complete and the story that opened upon us at Bharhut closes practically at Boro Buddur.'—*Indian and Eastern Architecture*, p. 644.



THE AVENUE, BUITENZORG, BATAVIA

rounding hills and the beautiful natural scenery in the midst of which Borobudur is built. Indeed, I must confess that I came away from that architectural wonder of Buddhism with the same feelings as I had a fortnight before from the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy. I feel more than ever convinced that this and other great Buddhistic monuments in Java and in my own country of India, however much they may add to the art-heritage of the world, are in themselves mere monumental travesties of Buddhism, inasmuch as they, far from bringing out the depth and spirituality of the great religion of the Buddha, actually contradict its noble idealism and barefacedly pervert its central teaching of *tanha-nirodha*, the suppression of all cravings for earthly possessions and grandeur.

Late that same afternoon the *Viceroy* left Samarang and brought us to Batavia early next morning. After breakfast with my party I motored in and around the city seeing the show things of Batavia, its so-called sacred cannon and the weather-worn skull of that great Javanese patriot and born leader of men, Peter Eberfeld, whom the old buccaneering Dutch called a rebel and hung, then cut off his head and embedded it in a high wall as a warning to all future patriot-rebels. When I saw the embedded skull, I felt like kneeling down and paying my homage to the sacred relic. As it was, I took my hat off to the memory of one of those unrecognized heroes of the world who, rather than placidly pass the ignoble life of ordinary men and women, majestically live 'one crowded hour of glorious life' and die heroically devoted to something worth doing and dying for. However, in Batavia the great sight and objective of all tourists is the

world-famous botanical gardens of Buitenzorg, some thirty miles away from the city. Here again, as at Samarang, we drove through very pretty and very green Javanese country before we reached the renowned gardens. Once in the gardens we were taken round their collection of rare orchids and along squares of select spice-trees, for which the Dutch East Indies are so famed. But neither the really beautiful rare orchids nor the select spice-shrubs interested me half as much as the sky-soaring avenue of tall Javanese trees casting deep shadows yet allowing the golden sunlight to filter through their lacy foliage and so form an ever-shifting, ever-attractive chequered pattern on the intervening paved road, where walked the short, sturdy Javanese, looking like so many Lilliputians crawling underneath an archway of arboreal Gullivers standing astride the road. We leisurely strolled up the shady avenue and at a bend got one good, long glimpse of the finely designed museum, with its shapely tower set off by the soft grey half-tones of cumulus clouds in the distance. A well-trimmed, evenly spreading bush covered over with creamy-white bougainvillea flowers cast a clean-cut, beautifully shaped shadow on the velvety lawn that came down in a gentle sweep as if to sip the waters of a translucent lily-pond of *Victoria Regia*, as is seen in the foreground of the illustration accompanying this page.



THE LILY POND, BOTANICAL GARDENS, BUITENZORG, BATAVIA

THE DANCE OF SHIVA



A SCENE BY THE WAY, SUMATRA

CHAPTER. XIV

THE DANCE OF SHIVA

FROM Java we leisurely cruised to Sumatra, stayed at Belawan Deli for a day, then sailed from there for three days, at the end of which we reached the port and harbour of Madras. No sooner were we landed than we motored straight for the museum. Arriving there we went up the main stairs; hardly had I reached the top when I stopped, being unable to move further. A miracle had happened! A bronze statue placed on the top of the stairs had become animated by some unknown miraculous power. It had evidently been going round and round, dancing in ecstatic frenzy, a moment before we beheld it. When it had least expected us we had come upon it, and being caught in the paroxysm of its dancing frenzy, it stood transfixed in that wonderful *stans* which all great ballet-dancers take up at the culminating stage of their pirouetting. One of our party, a student of Indian art and archaeology, seeing me looking with bated breath at the dancing figure, said it was the celebrated *Nataraj*, a thousand-year-old bronze statue, known all over the world as 'The Dance of Shiva,' which certain art-connoisseurs of Europe and America consider as the finest piece of statuary that has ever been made by human hands. I could quite believe my friend, for I am fairly well acquainted with the famous statues which the

art-galleries of Europe and America possess, and when in Rome had the good fortune to be taken round the Vatican Gallery by a professor of fine arts. Though some of the Greek statues I saw in those galleries remain in the subtle expression of their faces and in the anatomical correctness of their bodies and limbs unsurpassed, yet in the perfectness of its poise and in the almost breathing animation of its body and the delicate moulding of its hands and arms, the Dancing Shiva stands unapproached and unchallenged in a class by itself.

To understand the true significance and inner meaning of the Dance of Shiva, one must know something of the interpretive and symbolical value of dance in the India of old. In the religious lore of ancient India dance had two aspects which were, strangely enough, totally opposed to each other. In one aspect it symbolized the Lila of the Lord, in the other it manifested the Moksha of Mankind. Both these terms of Hindu theology need a little explanation. According to the ancient Bharatvatic conception of the world-process, God created the world with the sole object of 'Amusing Himself.' Consequently, men, with all other beings and things on the surface of the earth, are mere toys and playthings in the Hands of Brahm, who at His own sweet will and Divine pleasure moves them hither and thither, mates them with whomsoever he fancies, and slays them whenever he pleases, while playing thus evolving good out of evil and cosmos out of chaos. This conception of the world-process by Hindu Theology is known as 'the Lila of the Lord,' which the Dance of Shiva symbolizes by the expressive swaying of the arms and legs, more so by

the subtle gestures of the beautifully moulded tapering fingers. The second aspect of the Dance of Shiva is connected with the other ancient Hindu conception of our earthly life as oppressive and burdensome, the result of our past *karma*, from which the Spirit of Man ever and always strives and struggles to get liberated and attain *Moksha*—that is, freedom from being born again on earth. But while we are actually living on earth, there is no finer way of attaining the sense and feeling of *Moksha* than by taking to dances prescribed by the sacred scriptures of the Hindus. And there is sound reason behind this Hindu conception of sacred dances. In the quick, swinging steps and onward rhythmic movement of a dance not only the body seems to lose its earthly weight for the time being, but the Spirit of Man is instantly lifted and temporarily released from the oppressive gyves and fetters of the petty cares and sordid appetites of earthly existence. The dance, therefore, in Hindu religious lore is made the path at once of spiritual evolution and ultimate emancipation. The Dance of Shiva, consequently, foreshadows 'the one far-off divine Event to which the whole Creation moves,' the mystical Union of the Finite with its Infinite Ambient.

From the museum we drove to Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophical Society. Adyar is a beautiful spot, picturesquely situated on a wooded tongue of land, the tip of which is laved at each high tide by the onrushing waves of the mighty Indian Ocean. No more attractive spot for rest and recreation could be found in the precincts of Madras, nor one more secluded for the quiet contemplation of the higher things of life and of the Spirit, away from the

noise and hurry of the outside world, could be imagined than Adyar. Our Theosophist friends took us through its leafy groves and shady avenues to the Garden of Memory, where lie buried side by side the ashes of Mrs. Annie Besant and Bishop Leadbeater, the two who for their great cause worked together in life and even in death were not parted. From there we were taken to the Hall of Harmony, in the inside walls of which were embedded the life-size plaster plaques of all the great prophets and religious teachers of the world. It is strange how minds richly stored with the intellectual and spiritual harvests of the world gathered from the beginning of Creation should become so simple-minded and undiscerning as to believe that in this our warring world of discord and disruption, peace and harmony could be attained so cheaply and so readily as by the building of a hall and putting in it plaster plaques of the great teachers of the world! But, alas for the vanity and futility of human idealism! there in that very Hall of Harmony ticked loudly and discordantly a cheap American clock, and a little further, over a side-door, stood staring and almost glaring at us a board bearing the words: 'Publicity Department.' Indeed, like those of the Lord, the judgments of human idealists are unsearchable and their ways past finding out!

Once more we touched Colombo and basked and bathed in the sun of beautiful Mount Lavinia, and then returned to the *Viceroy of India* for the voyage homeward. And as the straggling coast-line of Bombay emerged from the ocean waves in the distance, crowds of happy thoughts, gathered on my four weeks' cruise, streamed through my mind, and of these those connected with *Ile de l'Enchantment* were

the uppermost, but on the peak of these uppermost thoughts, amid the faint, far-off, fanciful tinkling of *gamelan* bells, came fleeting visions of 'one never-to-be-forgotten' Belle, whose quaint beauty and primitive personality had for the time being taken possession of my heart and imagination, Bou-Lou of Blessed Memories,

THE BELLE OF BALI.

INDEX

INDEX

A

Aditya Dharma, 48
 Adyar, 103
 Ajanta, the Caves of, 48
 Aphrodite, 32
 Arjun, Prince, 77, 78
 Art, the bane of modern, 22, 23,
 45
 Artemis, 32

B

Bali, the bazaars of, 29-33
 —, the dances of, 77-79
 —, the gods of, 5, 23, 56, 57,
 58, 59, 60, 61, 91, 92
 —, the market-maids of, 31-33
 —, the music of, 71, 72, 73
 —, the Religion of, 37, 38, 85,
 86, 88
 —, the Temples of, 21-25
 Balinese Art, compared with
 Western, 22, 23
 — concept of Heaven, 49
 — paintings, discussed, 25
Barong, 85
 Batik-work, described, 67, 68
 Bedoeloe, 37, 43, 55
 Besant, Annie, 104
Bharatvatic conception of the
 world-process, 102

Bharut, 96
 Bhikksu, 11
 Birmingham, 90
Boddhisattva Sadhana, 96
 Borneo, 12
 Borobudur, 48, 95
 Bougainvillaea, 98
 Bou-Lou, 49, 51, 105
 Bronze Goddesses, 6
 Brooke, Rupert, 89, 90
 Buddha, the, 11, 49
 Buitenzorg, 98

C

Celebes, 12, 15
Chandi-benter, 23
 Chima, 23
 Cochin, 9
 Colombo, 10, 104
Crescendo-wise, 73

D

Dag, the, 77
Dalang, the, 79
 Dance of Shiva, the, 101, 102
 Dance of the Virgins, 78, 79
 Danpasar, Dutch, 55, 56
 Denver, 90
Desa, 29
Djanger, 77, 78

E

Eberfeld, Peter, 97
 Elephant's Cave, 37, 43.
Endymion, 59

F

Factory Hand, the, xv, 3, 5
 Fates, the three, 56, 57, 58, 60
 Fergusson's, James, *Indian and Eastern Architecture*, 48, 96, 97
 Filigree, gold and silver, 67
 Fishing-net, Chinese, 10

G

Gamelan orchestra, 71, 77, 86
 Ganesh, 43
Gangsas, 71, 72
 Ganpati, 43
 Garden of Memory, 104
 Gianjar, 30, 31
 Goa Lawas, 22, 24
 Goddesses, bronze, 6
 Gorer's, Geoffrey, *Bali and Angkor*, 88, 91
 Grecian Models, 32
Gustativitiés, Western, 56
 Guggenheim, Hiram O., 90
 Gullivers, arboreal, 98

H

Hall of Harmony, the, 104
 Hall of Judgment, the, 25

Health and Efficiency, 47
Himayana Buddhism, 10
 Hoppé's, E. O., *Round the World with a Camera*, 90

I

Ile de l'Enchantement, 15, 104
 Infinite Ambient, 103

J

Jaffé, Max, xv
 Jews, the White, 9
 Johore, 12

K

Kandy, 10, 97
 Keats, 59
Kendangs, 71
Kerta Gosa, 25
 Kintamani, Mount, 18
 Kloeng Koeng, 24, 29

L

Lady Blake's Drive, 11
 Lady Horton's Drive, 11
 Lake Batoer, 18
 Lancashire, 3
 Leadbeater, Bishop, 104
 Légong, the, 78, 79
Leitmotiv, Wagner's, 71
Lila of the Lord, the, 102

Lilliputians, 98
 Lou-Lou and Lyong, 55-62

M

Macassar, 12
 Macfadden, Bernarr, 31
 Mackinnon Mackenzie & Co., 6
 Madras, 101
Mahabharata, 77
 Malay Peninsula, 11
 Manchester, 3
Mauvaiston, 84
 Melanesian admixture, 59
Menankabu, 48
 Missionary, Christian, discussed,
 89, 90
Moksha, 103
 Moses, 9
 Mount Indrakila, 77
 — Lavinia, 104

N

Nataraj, 107
 Nudism and Naturism, discussed,
 47, 48

P

Padang Bay, 16, 18, 21
Padu-raksa, 23
 P. & O. Line, the, vii, 6
 Pan-pipes, 71
 Paradenya Gardens, 10
 Penang, 11
 Penelokan, 18
 Poise and Pose, discussed, 44, 45

Q

Queen of the Forest, the, 50

R

Rangda, 85
Rebab, 71
Rijsttafel, 12
 Robinson, Mr. 90

S

Sacred Square, 29
 Samarang, 95, 98
 Sarong, 46, 71, 77
 Schmidt, Herr, 90
 Sex-appeal, 46
 Self-consciousness in Art, 22, 23,
 45
 Shiva, the Dance of, 101, 102
 Shivaic Hinduism, 37
 Sinclair, J. A., xv
 Singapore, 10
 Soundless Deep, 62
 South Sea Songs, 18
 Stuttgart, 90
Sun Bathing Magazine, 47
Surya, 38

T

Tanha-nirodha, 97
 Theosophical Society, the, 103
Times of India, the, 6
Tjondong, 79
Togogs, 66, 67, 68, 71

Tooth, the Temple of the, 10, 11, 97
 Trompongs, 71, 72, 73

V

Vasco da Gama, 9
 Vatican Gallery, the, 102

Viceroy of India, 6, 9, 10, 18, 49,
 65, 80, 95, 100

W

Wadaps, 86
 Wagner, 71
 Wayang Wong, 68
 Wicker-work, 67