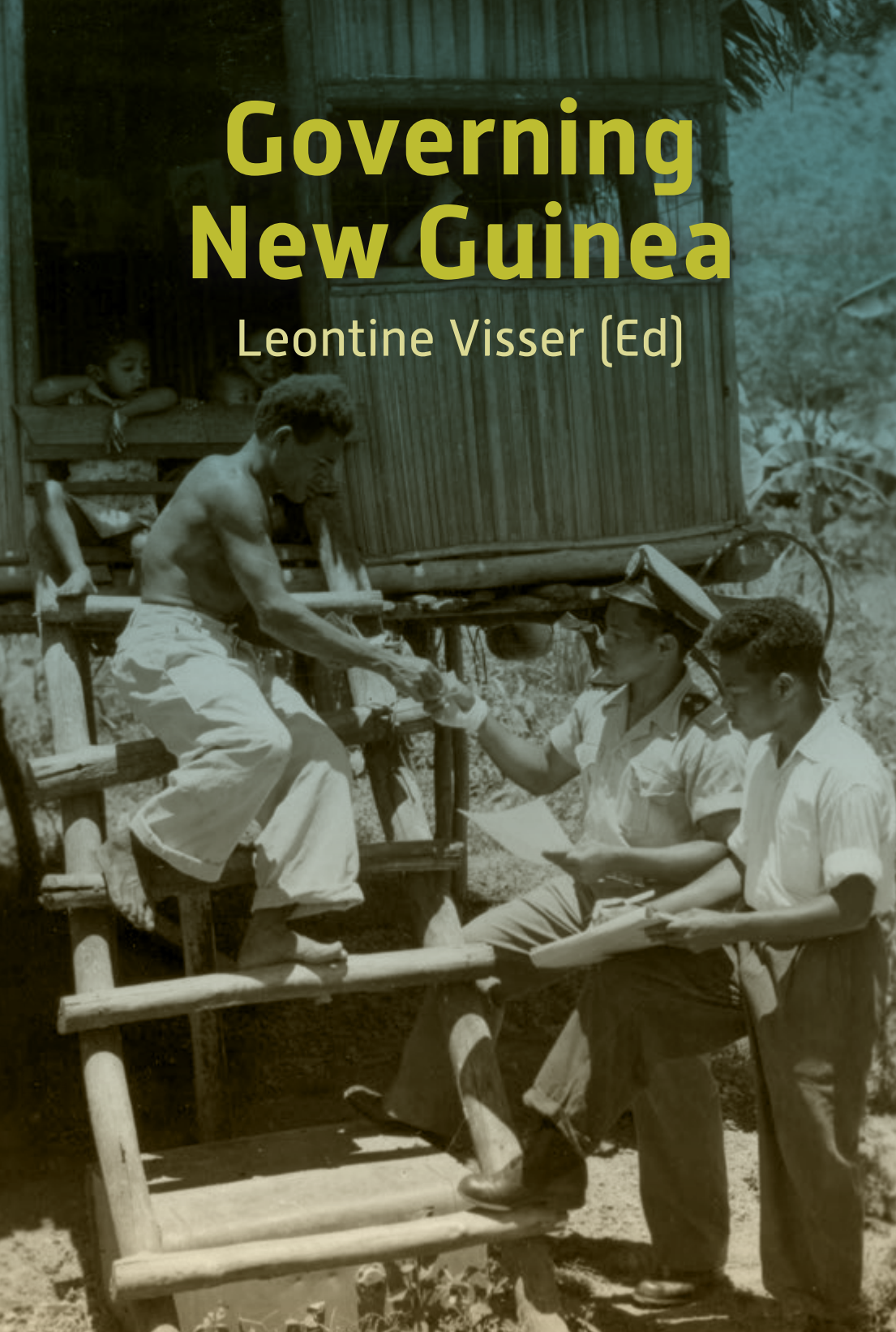


Governing New Guinea

Leontine Visser (Ed)



GOVERNING NEW GUINEA

KONINKLIJK INSTITUUT
VOOR TAAL-, LAND- EN VOLKENKUNDE

GOVERNING NEW GUINEA

An oral history of Papuan
administrators, 1950-1990

EDITED BY LEONTINE VISSER



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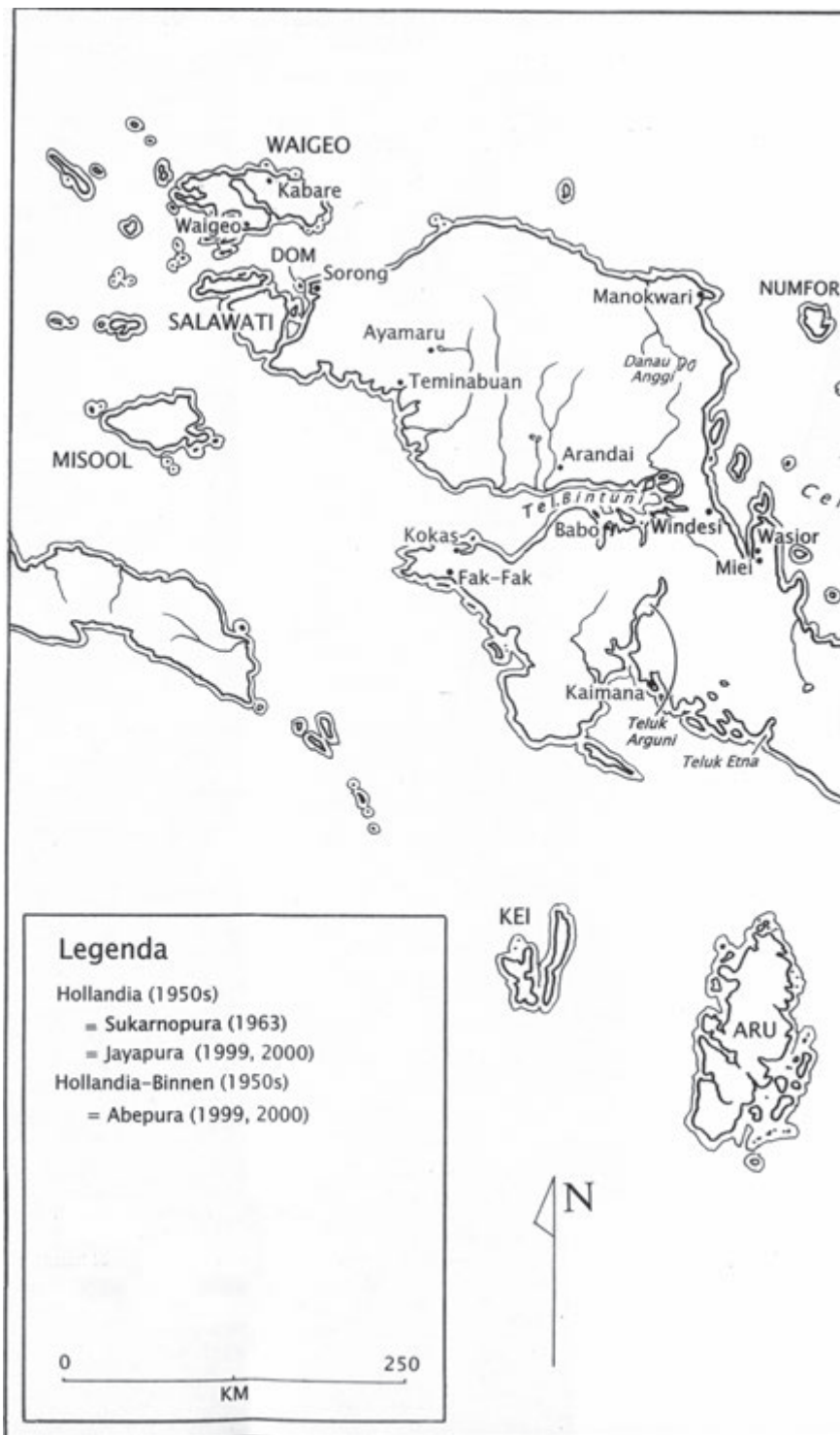
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New Guinea, main administrative places 1950s-1960s

The everyday life of Papuan civil servants 1950-1990

Leontine Visser

This book started as an oral history of the governance of Netherlands New Guinea from about 1950 to 1962, as lived and experienced by the indigenous Papuan civil servants at the time. It is based on a series of interview sessions held during 1999 and 2000 in Jayapura and Biak. Yet, the book is more than a series of personal accounts of a unique period in the social-cultural, economic, and political history of the geographical space that today forms the two Indonesian provinces of Papua and West Papua. Particularly the second round of interviews took place in a highly politicized environment¹ which stimulated the former civil servants to reflect on their lives and actions as members of the ruling elite of a developing nation. This unplanned contextualization of their accounts added the important extra dimension of subjective comparison of their functioning in the Dutch development administration of the 1950's until 1962 and the Indonesian government administration of Soeharto's New Order. The Papuan civil servants² were still in their late teens when they took up major responsibilities in the development of New Guinea, first under supervision of the Dutch, but by the end of the decade, often also as their colleagues. After 1962, they continued to serve their people as

¹ The year 2000 was particularly tense in Papua. After a meeting with President Habibie, Papuans started gathering in a mass movement. During two grand meetings an organization was added to the movement. The first of these meetings was held in Sentani, the Great Conference (Musyawarah Besar) in February 2000. The second was held in Jayapura, namely the 2nd Papuan Peoples' Congress (Kongres Papua) in May 2000, calling for a rectification of the history of the struggle of West Irian (*meluruskan sejarah perjuangan Irian Barat*) (see also Chauvel 2008). Reactions from Jakarta were violent; bloody incidents happened, culminating in the killing of Theys Eluay in November 2001.

² For two reasons we prefer to speak of civil servants, rather than of government officials, let alone colonial officials (Chauvel 2008). Firstly, the interviewees themselves stressed their position as a 'servant of the people' (*hamba rakyat*) which of course is a true translation of the Dutch moral code of a *dienaar des volks*. They believed in their mission to contribute to the human development of the people of Papua. Secondly, because they did not regard Dutch administration after World War II as a colonial endeavour.

part of the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA) and of the Indonesian government organization, until they retired from active service in the 1990s.

Methodologically, the individual interviews were organized in such a way that specific subjects were discussed with all interviewees (see below) while the book as a whole allows, through the temporal and spatial variation and differentiation of the individual contributions, to construct a broader and more inclusive picture of the everyday practices of the governing of New Guinea³ during a period of forty years. Particular attention is given to the period between 1961 and 1969. It stands out in the personal memory of all civil servants interviewed almost as one continuous period of destitution, political insecurity, and anger. This runs together because of the frustration over the departure of their Dutch superiors or colleagues in 1961, the ensuing insecurity and uncertainty of the short transition period under United Nations' surveillance, and especially because of the economic misery and political tensions after the inclusion as a province of the nation-state of Indonesia, culminating in the political danger and transgression of civil rights during the months before and after the implementation of the so-called Act of Free Choice in 1969.

ABOUT THE TITLE OF THE BOOK

The art of governing is rational, on the condition that it observes the nature of what is governed (Foucault 1988:149, cited in Agrawal 2005:223). Particularly in a geographically, physically, and socially little explored land like New-Guinea in the mid-twentieth century, this observation

³ The formal title of the territory was frequently changed during these four decades. From Netherlands New Guinea, it became West New-Guinea after World War II. Soekarno named it the Indonesian province of Irian Barat in December 1961, or West Irian during the short period of UN governance (1960-1962) and in international writings. In 1973 Soeharto renamed the province Irian Jaya. After the demise of President Soeharto, the name Papua came back when the new National University of Papua (UNIPA) was established in Manokwari in 2000, and A. Wahid acknowledged the name Papua in that same year, which was accepted by the Indonesian Parliament on January 7, 2002 (Kivimäki and Thorning 2002). Finally, in the political struggle with Jakarta over Special Autonomy for the province, the central government decreed in January 2003 the split into two provinces (euphemistically called *pemakaran*): West Papua and of Papua (Timmer 2006). Although we fully recognize that it is a historically incorrect simplification, we follow general academic practice in using the word Papua throughout the book. This is also converges with the language and the self-identification of the interviewees who spoke of Papua to indicate the country, whatever its formal political title through history.

could have been the motto of the Dutch administrators who took upon themselves the daunting task of the rational or goal-oriented exploration, exploitation, and development of its natural resources and population. The Dutch administration in New Guinea was not a colonial government but a modern post-war endeavour at a development administration. Fred W. Riggs (1971:73), in a contribution to his edited volume, *Frontiers of development administration* defined development administration as ‘organized efforts to carry out programmes or projects thought by those involved to serve development objectives’. In his view, development administration was not mere public administration but included all kinds of actions and programmes in the fields of, for example, agriculture, health, education, and infrastructure. His concept of ‘prismatic society’ was found very attractive and widely discussed among Papuan students at the Academy of Domestic Government (APDN) in Malang (this book, Chapter 2). Riggs was a political scientist at a time when administration and politics were treated as separate domains. While social scientists involved in development studies today would criticize such an approach for constructing itself as being outside of politics, and technocratic (Escobar 1995; Ferguson 1994; Li 2007; Mosse 2005). Yet, whatever the academic discourses used, there was an undeniable desire for human development shared by the Dutch and the Papuan civil servants in the 1950s that made the situation quite different from the pre-World War II situation.

Netherlands New Guinea was the last remaining Dutch territory after the Netherlands Indies had gained independence and became the nation-state of Indonesia. West Papua became a Dutch frontier – not to be colonized like the Netherlands Indies or for the sole purpose of establishing large-scale plantation schemes, but by being instrumental in the formation of a new nation. A frontier is indeed not a natural or indigenous category (Tsing 2005:30), yet it does create indigenous subjects. This book deals with a special category of indigenous subjects, who are not necessarily poor or marginalized, nor culturally or ethnically identifiable. Together the chapters form an account of how the Dutch governance of New Guinea – through its officials, and with the help of churches and school teachers – transformed bright young Papuan schoolboys into subjects of a new governmental system. These young men became highly instrumental in the everyday governing of often remote, under-populated, and uneducated ‘wild’ land, in their turn

serving their own Papuan subjects following an external moral order of development.

The construction of a national Papuan identity was one of the Dutch government's objectives through the mission and education institutions, the Papuan Volunteers Corps and the establishment of the New Guinea Council (Chauvel 2008:41) as well as the District Councils (this book). The introduction of new agricultural crops, like coconut and cocoa, was undertaken to strengthen local production and a market economy. Large scale resource exploitation, especially oil production, however, appeared unsatisfactory or did not get off the ground before the end of Dutch government (Timmer 2006).

In the middle of the twentieth century in Indonesia, like elsewhere in ex-colonies, the desire was to enter the 'modern world' of the Europeans. In Minangkabau, for example, this led to an intense Islamic religious movement (Abdullah 1972). In Netherlands New Guinea this desire found expression in so-called cargo movements that were revivalist movements as much as 'anticipatory assimilation movements'... 'attempts at re-orientation' ... 'inspired by rational motives' ... 'becoming nationalist in nature' (Kamma 1972:3-4). The Dutch missionary Kamma (1972:225-7), who lived for ten years among the people of the Geelvink Bay, accurately describes the ambiguity of a modernization process which transforms them from being a subject in real integration into the object of a process that was steered by outsiders, the *guru*, the missionary, and the administrator. The Papuans' desire to be modern was found to be strongly motivated by feelings to move out of 'slavery' and to be treated as humans rather than as animals (Chauvel 2008:44-5) associated with the colonial history of pre-World War II when the Papuans were the territorial-political subjects of the Moluccas.

The social, cultural, economic, and political processes of modernization seriously challenged the nineteenth century scholarly dichotomies: tradition – modernity, continuity – change through new attitudes toward tradition itself and the search for a suitable basis for modernization (Abdullah 1972:179-81). A quarter of a century later in the southern part of the Bird's Head of Irian Jaya, Timmer found a similar blurring of different 'traditions of knowledge'. The Imyan people of the interior of Kabupaten Sorong in the 1990s reshaped a world that was disciplined by the church and the Soeharto regime to form an alternative order that

put the Imyan in a central, autonomous, and powerful position (Timmer 2000:325).

The image of development as the administrators' objective of an apolitical, technical endeavour is easily created if one merely studies the official sources about Dutch intervention in New-Guinea. This book purposely moves beyond formal accounts to provide original and first-hand material about the everyday encounters of Papuan and non-Papuan civil servants, their hierarchy and collaboration, and the social interaction of the Papuan officials with the multi-ethnic urban population as well as with remote Papuan groups in the interior. Although ethnic identity formation certainly was an important element of the governing of New Guinea, it is not the focus of this volume. But it is clear from the narratives presented here that in their encounters during regular journeys into the interior, the Papuan officials paid due attention to questions about how the subjects of development came into existence and with what consequences (Agrawal 2005:225). Being Papuan *and* government officials, they were key to the ways in which foreign legal and democratic concepts of order and justice, of proper health and education were being translated into daily practice, and made understandable as well as understood by the local people.

TRANSLATION OF FOREIGN CONCEPTS

The word translation is applied here in its double meaning of linguistic transmission and cognitive transfer of meaning of foreign (Dutch, later Indonesian) orders, laws, regulations, and concepts into indigenous languages and societal conditions. Although translation as a social phenomenon has recently been explicitly addressed (Tsing 2005), the process of translation remains under-documented in anthropology and political studies, while even in linguistics examples of the transmission of meaning through so-called 'chain-interpreting' is seldom documented. Voorhoeve (1979:178) indicates how, during first encounters of Australian police officers with groups in the interior of southern Papua New Guinea in the 1960s, the local interpreter had to rely on his knowledge of the language of the government and of one of the local languages, but often as much on his own talent and practical experience to perform his task of conveying the purpose and meaning of 'government'. Auditory misperception,

perceptual misunderstanding and wilful distortion formed the bulk of misinterpretations (Voorhoeve 1979:179) that is of the message from the perspective of the sender, being the government and its representatives.

In Netherlands New Guinea in the 1950s the interpreter often was the Papuan civil servant on patrol (or *turne*), who often spoke Biak to a second interpreter who would then translate into a local language or dialect. Knowledge of the local conditions, the power structure and leadership practices, and forms of social organization, gender and age hierarchies were essential for a proper – and appropriate -translation of the government's orders, for example, to clean the physical surroundings of huts and settlements. This translation already implies the transmission of a foreign meaning of cleanness into a local practice, and to convey a sense of priority or hierarchy of the new governmental concept of cleanness over local values and bodily and environmental practices. The multiplicity of the translation of the term *adat* for the cultural and/or political purpose of strengthening ethnic identity (Tsing 2005:224-6) or the incorporation of marginal groups into the nation-state (this volume) is another example.

BROKERAGE

The volume presents several cases of the lived experiences of Papuan district heads who administered justice acting as or assisting the single judge or *alleensprekende rechter*, mediating between governmental legal principles based on Roman Law and local versions of *adat* in a process that may be rational in form, but not necessarily in its outcome (see also Schoorl 1996:16-9; Lagerberg 1996:50-2). An intriguing example is presented in Chapter 1 where the motive for the murder of the Dutch HPB was the culturally quite acceptable and legitimate revenge for the rape of the wife of the Papuan 'offender' by local police under Dutch government. He only became an offender as a subordinate of Dutch legal-civil order. The Papuan government's representative then had the task to translate the principles of the government's legal order in a way as to be able to persuade, rather than convince the man to surrender to the government. Surely, this social process of translation demands intimate knowledge of Papuan cultural practices and local *adat*, formal

legal power, and personal courage together with technical language skills and eloquence.

One sometimes gets the impression from accounts of Dutch administrators that they alone brought development to Papua. While this is certainly true in a conceptual and technical sense because of the many project interventions they engineered, these very ideas and innovative practices would never have been understood and implemented if not through the translation of the indigenous *tuan bestir*, in turn helped by the village Papuan or Moluccan school teachers and religious leaders, and because of their high commitment and continuous interactions. They were the ones who were 'doing development' (Thomas 2000) often staying overnight in villages during their long patrols into the interior, being out of the office almost three times more often than inside.

The Papuan civil servants had several great advantages over foreign administrators, whether they were Dutch, Pakistani, Malaysian, or Indonesian. They knew and spoke at least one of the languages of the areas where they were posted, or used Biak (*bahasa Biak*) as the language of communication. They were the insiders-out or the outsiders-in of government intervention projects, since they were familiar with *adat* rules and practices concerning land ownership, marriage, and kinship, and jurisdiction. Their intimate knowledge of both the indigenous world and the Dutch administrative and legal systems made them *brokers of development* (Olivier de Sardan 2005; Schoorl 1996) who were indispensable to their superiors to reach out to local leaders and villagers. The interactions of the Dutch junior officials and their indigenous assistants reminds us of H.J. Friedericy's novel, *De raadsman* (The advisor), which depicts the interdependency of a young Dutch administrator in Makassar, South Celebes, and the wisdom of his indigenous and much more senior assistant. Although in New Guinea in the 1950s, the indigenous Papuan assistants, who had only just graduated from OSIBA, were slightly younger than the young Dutch administrators who were sent to serve in regional offices, and their situation was more one of mutual learning and understanding. Often the young men were unmarried, and outside office hours, when formal hierarchies were washed away by a collective dive in the river, a sense of equity and trust would develop which made the formal hierarchy of office work acceptable to the Papuans.

THE VOLUME IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

Over the last two decades, several books have been published recounting the experiences of Dutch former civil servants who had served in New Guinea in the 1950s. In 1989, the memoirs of the former governor of Netherlands New Guinea, Van Baal (1989) appeared. Other scholars, senior government officials, journalists, and military (Schelfhout 2010) who had worked in Netherlands New Guinea also wanted to share their memories with a wider public. School (1996) has put together a set of unique personal histories of his fellow civil servants in a book entitled: *Besturen in Nederlands-Nieuw-Guinea 1945-1962*. The volume documents a wide variety of Dutch narratives that together provide insight into how formal governmental structures and the personal initiatives of these Dutch civil servants created a social, economic, and political environment which enabled their Papuan staff to professionalize, and the Papuan population to develop into a modern nation. More recently, the international political history of West New Guinea has been the subject of two other publications. Vlasblom (2004), who had for many years been a Dutch journalist in Indonesia, went to stay several months in Jayapura to write his book on the history of Papua. In 2005, the book by Drooglever appeared on the so-called Act of Free Choice of 1969 that determined Papua's integration into the Indonesian nation-state. In the stories of the Dutch civil servants, Papuans do of course appear, and Vlasblom interviewed former Papuan leaders on their views of historical events. But we are told very little about the ordinary Papuan civil servants who did not have a high political profile, and their structural positions, experiences, hopes, and frustrations in the actual implementation of development through their everyday practices, and in their own words (Visser and Marey 2008).

Governing New-Guinea aims to fill this gap in our historical knowledge and understanding of a unique era in the governance of New Guinea/Papua as it was carried out and lived by the indigenous civil servants at the time. It comprises a unique series of narratives by former Papuan civil servants who were selected to enroll in a special school – OSIBA or the School for Indigenous Administrators – which was between 1950 and 1962 senior high school plus administrative school to be taught to govern their land, first as assistants, later as sub-district heads, and finally as district heads or *hoofd plaatselijk bestuur* (HPB). In the various chapters

they describe their everyday lives as civil servants, first in co-operation with the Dutch, then with the UN interim managers during the nine months of the UNTEA period (1962-1963), and subsequently within the Indonesian government administration until the early 1990s, when most of them retired from active government service.

METHODOLOGY

The idea to document the everyday practices and experiences of Papuan administrators started on 20 May 1998 when Marey and Visser met in Leiden on the occasion of a public lecture at IIAS. The book by School on the contribution of the Dutch administrators had been published two years earlier. But there was still scant documentation about the role and contribution of the Papuan administrators. From our subsequent discussions at the Netherlands Institute of History (ING) in The Hague it appeared that there were considerable gaps in our knowledge about the educational background, selection process, contacts during office time, and out of office interactions involving the Dutch, Papuan, and Indonesian members of staff, the regular tasks, and activities of the Papuan staff, as well as their contacts with the population at the administrative posts in the towns, but even more so, at the posts in the interior. We decided that we would try to fill the gaps in our knowledge of that unique period in the history of development administration in Netherlands New Guinea by systematically including the following topics in the interviews:

- selection and education at the School for Indigenous Administrators (OSIBA);
- the hierarchy and social relationships in the office and after office hours among the Papuan, Dutch, and Indonesian civil servants;
- their first and subsequent postings;
- communications and contacts with the local population;
- experiences of and attitudes towards *adat* rights et cetera.

Another aspect we wanted to know more about was the origin and organization of democracy in New Guinea through the construction of institutional organizations, especially the Streekraden (Regional Councils)

in the late 1950s. In the narratives of this book we get glimpses of how modern notions of democracy were originally negotiated and embedded in indigenous or *adat* notions of power and representation in the public arena, through the establishment of the councils which were the precursors to the modern Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah (DPRD, Regional Council of People's Representatives).

The turbulent decade of the 1960s is covered by:

- accounts of the civil servants on their positions;
- experiences and actions during the transition period under UN custody from 1 October 1962 until 1 May 1963;
- the turbulent years from 1962 to 1969 and, finally,
- experiences during the preparations and enactment of the so-called Act of Free Choice of 1969.

COMPARISON BETWEEN DUTCH (1950-1962) AND INDONESIAN (1963-1990) ADMINISTRATIONS

Apart from an oral history of the years 1950 to 1962 we wanted to gain insight into the process of transformation from a Dutch administrative order, through the short UN intervention, into an Indonesian government administration. What changes took place in the social and hierarchical relationships between staff? Who did the reporting and what issues were reported? Who made decisions about what, and how did the knowledge exchange between governmental scales and sector departments in the Indonesian system impact on the development administration, as compared to the more integrated approach of the 1950s? Was there a change in attitude among the civil servants themselves?

The fact that our interviews took place in 1999 and 2000, that is, after the demise of the Soeharto regime in 1998 during the short wave of optimism during *reformasi*, made it easier to reflect upon both – now historical – administrative practices of the two periods of 1950-1962 and 1963-1998. Not all of the authors felt at ease to do so, and we may sometimes recognize their reservations in the elusiveness of the text. But most interviewees felt relieved and pleased to be challenged by our questions and our demand for reflection. The most striking differences mentioned related to governance practices in the different social, economic,

and political contexts. In the 1950s, the civil servants ‘made do’ with whatever capitals were available locally: manpower, local construction materials, long patrols into the hinterland by boat and on foot; making use of village teachers and missionaries to translate their requests and orders into the local dialects. They mediated between *adat* and government, and received comments and advice as positive feedback on their reports which motivated them to improve their performance. The style of governance was seen as more personal as opposed to the formalistic and impersonal governance style and attitude of the Orde Baru period. During the Soeharto government, the Papuan administrators depended on orders and the sending of material and financial means from Jayapura and Jakarta; reporting to their superiors had become a formality which provided little realistic insight into the local conditions since the administrators seldom left their offices, and they did not receive positive (if any) feedback on their efforts. The Indonesian language was the language of the State, no effort was undertaken to translate new concepts and laws, and it was not seen as problematic if the Papuan population did not understand them.

When the Indonesian original of this volume appeared in 2008, it sold well and clearly responded to a demand. Its lively accounts and many interesting examples were welcomed by the district heads or *bupati* of the recently decentralized two provinces of Papua and West Papua. The personal and sometimes highly emotional accounts containing a wealth of information about the institutional organization of government services from the 1950s, through the highly volatile 1960s, and into the Indonesian New Order regime, appear to have become part of the present-day discourse on development (personal information, January 2009 and November 2011). Moreover, the surviving contributors to this volume, who had been marginalized politically for almost four decades as *napol/tapol* had recently (re)gained public acknowledgement as members of the special committees of the Papuan Congress, and were often contacted by today’s government officials and university lecturers for explanation and comments on the book (personal information, 2009). Their narratives provided first-hand information about the necessary integration of formal governmental structures, rules, and norms and the dominant social and cultural institutions and organizational practices of *adat*. Many subjects discussed evidently strike a familiar cord, like the cases of competing claims to newly introduced cash crops on *adat*

land, local agricultural practices and their cultural valuation conflicting with foreign ideas about modern land and forest uses, the spatial arrangements of house and village construction, and a lot more, and the considerations and negotiations in order to decide which elements could be integrated, and which were conflictive with the demands of modernization and development. Although many of the particularities of the cases narrated may indeed be things of the past, the underlying issues like the political power of kinship relationships, *adat* rights, claims to land and forest resources, and the public distrust toward ‘government’ remain important issues today.

There are, however, major structural and organizational differences between the two administrative orders and their social, economic, and political contexts. A first difference surfacing from this volume is that the sector division of government departments had not yet been introduced; it was introduced with the Indonesian government structure in the 1960s. The civil servants of the 1950s – who were invariably addressed as: Tuan Bestir, or Mr. Administrator – were truly multifunctional. They had administrative, financial, and political responsibilities to keep peace and order; they administered an integrative form of justice; and they advised on health, education, agriculture, and infrastructure development to local leaders, on the one hand, and to their foreign administrative superiors, on the other hand. As a result, their decision making capacity was of a more integrative, trans-sector character in, for example, the spatial development of houses, infrastructure, and education and health facilities. Although in the Dutch public administration system in The Hague, sector divisions between departments of forestry, agriculture and fisheries, health, education, public works, and so on, did formally exist, in the governing of New Guinea they blended into the position of the sub-district or district head who was often the only man on the post, particularly in the interior, who was responsible toward his superiors in Hollandia or Jakarta.

A second important difference relates to professional attitude. The picture emerging from the narratives of the civil servants in the 1950s and early 1960s is that they were disciplined through their schooling, taught to be ‘servants of the people’ (see the second footnote of this introduction) and that they carried out the orders from their superior, but with sufficient room to manoeuvre. Most importantly, they were allowed to take initiatives, and were praised for it. They had to write monthly reports to their

superiors about their observations and encounters during their patrols into the interior; their superiors, in turn, wrote reports to their superiors, climbing the bureaucracy up to the governor. It clearly emerges from this volume that there was an element of professional collaboration and education between the Dutch and the Papuan administrators because of the feedback given by superiors by way of comments for improvement in the margin of the reports which were sent back to the authors all the way down the hierarchy. The Papuan civil servants were thus made to feel proud of their work. During a recent visit to Jayapura government officials, indigenous Papuan and others, remarked upon this major difference with today's governmental attitude and organizational practice. They commented upon the fact that the initial hope for new initiatives created by the formalization of the Special Autonomy (OTSUS) in 2001, to be able to address problems and search for solutions that would apply to the local conditions, in other words, to be proud of their contribution to the development of Papua, was now lost (*semangatnya hilang*). The resulting lack of initiative at lower administrative levels resembles the frustration described in the Geelvink Bay in the first half of the twentieth century described by Kamma (1972:227). But there seems to be a serious inversion of the situation due to the fact that the leaders now do not come from outside, but they are members of a new Papuan elite who somehow are unable to convey the image that they are servants of the people (*hamba rakyat*) in the sense of the OSIBA education of 1950-1962.

The biggest changes were felt after 1962. First, the new sector division and the lack of a central reporting resulted in a general lack of systematic and inter-sector accounting of activities. The reports that were made were not systematic any more, as each department, whether Health or Education, developed its own style. Secondly, the status and income of the civil servants was changed immediately upon the transfer of power. They lost their secure position as government officials and became temporary officials (*pegawai sementara*) in the Indonesian administrative system, with a concomitant reduction in salary. Thirdly, the monetary unit was changed from Guilder into Irian Barat Rp (IBRP). Because of the value difference, Indonesians who came to fulfill government services in West Irian had an economic advantage over local people (Visser 2008:19). The accounts in this book also help to broaden our view on issues such as the rise of OPM. Usually described as a guerrilla movement (Osborne 1985; Djopari 1993), we now learn (Chapters 8, 10, 16)

that the scarcity of food, provisions in the Chinese stores being emptied by the incoming Indonesians, and general impoverishment from 1963 onwards triggered the first protests and political movement.

Another issue, raised incidentally, is that of unequal development opportunities (Chapter 8). In the 1950s the Papuan pupils were selected by their heads of school on the basis of their intelligence and attitude, not on the basis of a political economy of power, to do the entrance examination of the School for Indigenous Administrators (OSIBA). Mostly they were children of Papuan village heads (*korano*) or *adat* leaders (*ondoafi*), and many of them from the north coast. Professionalism of a future generation of Papuan administrators was the objective of the OSIBA, hence non-Papuans were not admitted. They received teachings on a broad range of subjects. Ethnology was one of them, and the young administrators were trained to respect cultural difference and to use it as an asset, not as a threat, to development. In the 1950s there was still a disjunction between state and society (Brown 2007). This was the case of an emergent state rather than of a failed state, as there was still a very thin connection between society and the newly developing institutions of the state, particularly in the interior. Yet, when the state did come in strongly after 1963, there was a growing inequity between Papuans and Indonesians to access education and training and to the chances to access government positions (Chapter 14; see also Timmer 2008).

The alumni of the OSIBA had in many places become the representatives of these new democratic institutions, like the Regional Councils, who were given the task to engage the people in a new political experiment already at the end of the 1950s, that of democratic participation (Chapters 9, 10, 15, 16, 17). Of course notions of democracy already existed in Papuan society (Chapter 14) but this referred to the culture of reciprocity and inter-family co-operation. The European notion of democracy was introduced in the second half of the 1950s with the establishment of the Regional Councils, thus predating the establishment of the New Guinea Council. The Regional Councils were valued as democratic institutions for three reasons. Firstly, the election process. The civil servants themselves did not vote; they were instrumental in visiting the villages to register the names of those men who were 18 or more and heads of a family, and who had been elected by the villagers to become their representatives. These representatives then elected the members of the Regional Council. A photo of each candidate was posted at public

places, and the election procedure was announced on the radio. This direct representation through an administrative election was seen as more democratic because of the accountability of the members of the Councils to the people in the cities and villages, than the Indonesian party system that was applied to the membership of the later DPRD.

Secondly came the tasks and functioning of the Council. It was highly appreciated that the members of the Council could take development initiatives themselves when they felt their action responded to a need of the people. It was seen as 'autonomous development with little funding' (Chapter 15) which was contrasted with the more recent attitude to wait for the directives of 'projects' and their funding. Of course, the initiatives in the 1950s were also in a sense 'directed' by the demands for development, like bringing people down from the mountains to establish villages, to teach them how to build houses using local materials, etc. Thirdly, the regional councils acted as a governmental development organization who actually owned property and equipment, like rollers and trucks (Chapter 10), and they would acquire land for plantations which was levelled with the equipment that could be leased from the treasurer of the Council.

Democracy in the modern sense of political democracy was severely challenged throughout the 1960s. Although the Regional Councils chaired by the district heads continued to function under UNTEA custody, the administration had to learn to communicate in English, which slowed down the administrative process and led to misunderstandings. The Regional Councils and the New Guinea Council were dissolved from 1963-1964 onwards. Papuans mostly rejected the Indonesian system of 'democracy by deliberative consensus' (Chapter 2). The 1960s, especially the political engineering of the so-called Act of free Choice of 1969 stands out in the collective memory of the Papuan people, and has well been documented (Drooglever 2005; Meijer 1994; Osborne 1985; Vlasblom 2004). The accounts in this volume add another perspective to these sources: the first-hand information about the famine of the early 1960s, the economic and societal impact of the Indonesian interventions since 1961, culminating in the unlawful dismissal, dispatching, or incarceration of Papuans while in government service in 1968-69 in order to politically exclude them from participation in the voting during the so-called Act of Free Choice (Chapters 5, 6, 7). Others, who were allowed to vote, were given no choice (Chapter 16), while those government officials who did participate were subsequently labelled as political pris-

oners, which has influenced their subsequent career paths in Indonesian government service (Chapter 2).

The material property of the Regional Councils disappeared. But, more importantly, the administrative system of popular representation was overruled in favour of a party-based election of representatives. After 1963 the Indonesian government in West Irian formed Regional Councils of People's Representatives (DPRD). But the DPRDs were politically marginalized in the preparations for the Act of Free Choice which was given in the hands of Dewan-dewan Pepera (Chapter 9) or special consultative councils (Drooglever 2009:708, 758).

DOCUMENTING ORAL HISTORY

This book is an oral history account. All chapters are based on verbatim transcripts of interviews held in 1999 and 2000 in Jayapura and Biak. We interviewed the retired civil servants twice or three times and recorded their narratives with the help of a Sony mini-CD recorder⁴ that was small enough not to disturb the speaker, and yet able to record their speech clearly enough to allow a verbatim transcription onto a word programme. It turned out that the men were eager to have their stories recorded. Although they were well trained to write administrative reports, only two of them insisted on checking their interviews and writing a more detailed account on the basis of their interviews of 1999 (the story about HPB Hielkemeijer in Chapter 1, and the first part of Chapter 3).

The interviews were loosely structured and open-ended in order to provide sufficient focus for the publication of a volume on their lives and experiences during some forty years of government service.⁵ The advantage was that we could ask the same set of questions to all contributors

⁴ On 3 March 2010 all the original mini CD-Rom's were donated to the Royal Netherlands Institute of Southeast Asian and Caribbean Studies (KITLV) in Leiden, the Netherlands, where they are accessible to the children and relatives of the authors, as well as to scientists and other interested people across the globe (www.kitlv.nl).

⁵ The chapters more or less follow the sequence of the original interview(s). In some cases, the interviews of 1999 by Visser were checked during a second interview with the same persons in 2000 (Chapters 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12). Unfortunately, this proved impossible in the cases of persons who had died or moved away from Jayapura and Biak, and could not be pursued under the political conditions of 2000 and funding constraints. Other chapters are the result of a single interview by Marey in 2000 (Chapters 4, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15), or of a single interview Visser and Marey did together (Chapters 5 and 16). Marey himself was not interviewed but wrote Chapter 17 as the final chapter.

to this volume, while still following their line of thought and associative style of narration, in order to obtain a comparable, yet highly diverse set of data that together would provide a more coherent historical picture than would be provided had we collected just a series of idiosyncratic memoirs. The major subjects of the interviews were given only at the introduction of the first interview session together with an explanation of our intention to publish them in Indonesian and, possibly later, in English. The resulting recordings were all but pre-determined, structured interviews, and the valuable quality of an oral history account was certainly retained, as in most cases the speakers became highly involved in sharing their experiences, remembering how they travelled, who they encountered, what fun and frustrations they had known. We regard the ownership of these original narratives as remaining with the civil servants and their widows.⁶ Most interviews were conducted and recorded during one-and-a-half to three hour sessions. Papuans are excellent storytellers and they like a good laugh, so their narratives are full of engaging events. The oral history character of the narratives is most evidently present in those interviews when the narrator reconstructs a particular journey that he made (Chapters 1, 3, and 17). As often in story telling or recounting myths, it is not the final destination that matters but the journey itself, the very repetition of the narrated action being an indication of its relevance as much as a mnemonic device. Also, since social relationships and geographical knowledge can be of life-saving significance, personal names of people encountered and places passed by are recounted in great detail. The narratives clearly show these characteristics.

Who then were the contributors to this volume, and how did we access them? The selection was made from among alumni of OSIBA on the basis of the collegial network Marey had kept up with through the years, with the help of his friend Amos Yap in Jayapura. On 8 February 1999 we sent letters around to Irian Jaya/Papua to invite them to participate in this project of documenting the governance history of that unique period of 1950-1962. Unfortunately, several of the addressees

⁶ Between 2000 and Visser's visit to Jayapura in January 2009 to distribute copies of the Indonesian publication of *Bakti pamong praja Papua* (Visser and Marey 2008), seven contributors had already died: Ismael Bauw, Joel Boray, Florenz Imbiri, Dorus Rumbiak, Dirk Urus, and Alex Wamafma. Dolf Faidiban died only a week before Visser's arrival. Fortunately, the other contributors all lived to see their histories published. In May 2010, Trajanus Bockorsjom died, and Arnold Mampioer died in November 2011. In October 2011 the royalties received over 2009-2011 from the Indonesian publisher were divided among the widows who could be met in Jayapura.

were already deceased. After receiving positive responses from 16 former civil servants, we proceeded. In 1999 Visser happened to be in southwest Irian Jaya, in Teminabuan, for research together with PhD students of the Irian Jaya Research Project (ISIR)⁷ and she travelled on to Jayapura to have the first meetings with eight potential contributors, who spontaneously accepted to be interviewed. The next year, 2000, despite considerable unrest, we wanted very much to continue the work. Marey and his son were then visiting relatives in Irian Jaya, and he managed to interview several of his old friends during that visit. Meanwhile, Visser was invited as a visiting scholar by the Rector of Universitas Cenderawasih (Uncen) in Jayapura, F. Wospakrik, and the head of the research division, J. Mansoben. Besides giving some lectures at Uncen, she was able to have a series of interviews with the retired civil servants she interviewed in 1999 as well as an interview with the former governor of Irian Jaya, B. Suebu, who was at that time the Indonesian Ambassador to Mexico, and happened to visit Uncen. Evidently, Suebu was not an OSIBA alumnus, but we wanted to show the parallels between the perspectives on village development projects of the 1950s and Suebu's villagization project (Chapter 11) during his first period as governor of Irian Jaya (1988, 1993).

The transcription of the oral texts, spoken in Papuan Malay, into Word documents took a long time. Most interviewees spoke modern Indonesian, but several of them spoke Papuan Malay, often mixed with Dutch words, and the particularities of pronunciation, stress, and use of specific terms or meanings are not easily heard and understood by somebody who is not familiar with that dialect. Marey of course speaks it fluently, while Visser, through long-term field research in these areas, is quite familiar with speaking and hearing Papuan Malay, which is close to Moluccan Malay. Between 2001 and 2005 and with the help of the Papuan linguist Voorhoeve, all interviews were transmitted to Word documents. Subsequently, P. Sutikno and especially F. Athaboe edited the Indonesian texts in such a way that an Indonesian-speaking international public would understand them, but without sacrificing the Papuan

⁷ Irian Jaya Studies: a Programme for Interdisciplinary Research (ISIR) was initiated by the International Institute of Asian Studies (IAS, Leiden, W.A.L. Stokhof) and carried out in collaboration with LIPI, Jakarta in the Birds Head peninsula of Irian Jaya between 1993 and 2000. Research was carried out in the fields of anthropology, archaeology, botany, demography, development administration, ethnobotany, geology, history, and linguistics. See Miedema, Odé and Dam 1998.

and time-specific flavour of the narratives. It was decided that first an Indonesian language version of the book would be published⁸ because of its societal relevance. Unfortunately, the risk of political or personal harm to the interviewees or their families was not unthinkable around 2005, so publication was postponed. Preparations for the Indonesian publication started in December 2007 with a meeting, together with J. Erkelens in Jakarta, with *Kompas* which resulted in the publication of the book in Indonesia in November 2008, under the title *Bakti pamong praja Papua di era transisi kekuasaan Belanda ke Indonesia*. The map was made by Hans Borkent.⁹ The current book is an English translation¹⁰ of the Indonesian chapters by Sherry Kasman Entus in close cooperation with Visser, and with a new Introduction. The volume reveals for the first time to an English readership the dynamic history of the governance and modern development of today's provinces of Papua and West Papua. It also does so consistently from the perspective of the indigenous Papuan civil servants who represented the governmental institutions of their time, and it is done in a way to allow them central stage by preserving as much as possible their uses of language, narrative rhythm, and style.

⁸ A small subsidy was provided by the Dutch Ministry of Foreign Affairs through the Institute of Netherlands History.

⁹ The map was made for the Indonesian publication in 2008. Sadly, Hans died in June 2011, and he could not adapt his map to the English publication. In honour of his work and friendship we include the map of 2008.

¹⁰ A small subsidy was provided by Wageningen University, Chair group of Rural Development Sociology.

Do not insult Papuans in front of me

Trajanus S. Boekorsjom

I would explode with anger when I saw Papuans receiving treatment that was unfit for human beings. In fact, I was almost fired as a civil servant by the governor of Netherlands New Guinea for opposing treatments I considered highly discriminatory.

One time, at the office of the *hoofd plaatselijk bestuur* (HPB, sub-division administrative head)¹ of Hollandia-Haven (the area around the port of Jayapura), the Arso district head, Asser Demotokay, who was of Papuan descent, came to deliver a report on conditions in his district. When he entered the office he came before Pattiapon, the *hoofd bestuurs-assistent* (head assistant administrator) of Ambonese descent. Pattiapon's treatment was outrageous. He did not even invite Asser to sit down in the chair that was there. Asser was left to remain standing as he delivered his report orally.

As a Papuan, I just could not accept such treatment. At that time, the Ambonese really felt they were better than Papuans. They felt that after Dutch nationals, Ambonese were number two, with Papuans then forming a third, lower class beneath them. I entered Pattiapon's room and said, 'Mr. Pattiapon! Both you and we are all civil servants, working in this office only to carry out administrative coordination tasks. But the hierarchy in the government is held up by the governor, the resident, the HPB and the district head. Why, sir, have you not invited District Head Arso to sit in this chair? Is it because he is Papuan?' Holding the chair, I continued, 'Mr. Pattiapon, this is your chair, now take this chair of yours.' I immediately hit him with that chair.

The incident was reported by the Dutch *hoofdcommies* (chief clerk) to the HPB. I was summoned, along with Pattiapon. Before the HPB, Mr.

¹ In the 1950s, Netherlands New Guinea was administratively divided into six (6) divisions, 38 sub-divisions, and 72 districts, led by residents (divisional commissioners), *hoofd plaatselijk bestuur* or HPBs (sub-division heads), and district heads, respectively.

Pattiapon made his report. ‘Trajanus, how is it that you went so far as to hit Mr. Pattiapon?’ asked the HPB. ‘Mr. HPB, to this day Mr. Pattiapon has failed to understand the organizational structure of the government. He is more ignorant than the Papuans, who are so often said to be ignorant. Mr. Pattiapon does not understand his function, the fact that we and Mr. Pattiapon are in this office only to coordinate the administration, but the ones who have leadership authority are the governor, resident, HPB, and district head. Maybe, to Mr. Pattiapon’s way of thinking and feeling, the Arso district head, Mr. Asser Demotokay is merely a Papuan who need not be respected. He does not appreciate the district head as the direct subordinate or main servant of the HPB in the district. Because I did not approve or accept his manner, I hit him with the chair.’

After the HPB had listened to all our explanations, he advised Mr. Pattiapon that this way of humiliating and offending the feelings of Papuans had happened for the last time and must not be repeated again.

BEST GRADUATE OF OSIBA

The evening of Tuesday, 11 December 1951, was a tense moment for me and 16 friends who made up the first generation of the *Opleidingsschool voor Inheemse Bestuursambtenaren* (OSIBA, School for Indigenous Administrators). That night, after three years of study at OSIBA, we would hear the announcements of whether we had passed or not. We got ready, dressed neatly, and waited quietly in the study hall to attend the ceremony, as instructed by the Director of OSIBA, Mr. de Wilde.

The event would also be attended by those invited to watch the awarding of diplomas. The event was opened by Mr. de Wilde. The tension in the air became increasingly more palpable. But at last it turned into excitement, as all 17 of us were declared to have passed.

As we waited, suddenly my name was called out. My final exam scores were read aloud and I was declared the overall champion, the highest scorer. How delighted I was when the *directeur culturele zaken* (director of cultural affairs), Mr. de Jong, handed me the diploma I so desired. After that, I shook hands with Reverend Izak Samuel Kijne, and he immediately kissed me. Then my friends were called in turn to the front to receive their diplomas.

At that time I was informed by a representative of the *directeur van*

binnenlands bestuur en justitie (chief director of internal administration and justice), that I would be rewarded with my choice of job after the decree regarding appointments was received. We were dismissed, and all of us went home to our own villages to wait for the decision on appointments and placements.

At the beginning of January 1952, the Decree of the Chief Director of the Department of Internal Administration and Justice Number 10, dated 9 January 1952, and signed by Assistant I t/b (seconded assistant I) Mr. Boendermaker, was issued. In the decree, the 17 of us were divided up as follows: seven of us were placed in the Noord Nieuw-Guinea (Northern New-Guinea) residency or division, two in the Zuid Nieuw-Guinea (Southern New-Guinea) residency, and eight in the West Nieuw-Guinea (Western New Guinea) residency. We were all appointed to the position of *gediplomeerd candidaat bestuurs-assistent* (qualified administrative assistant candidate). Based on the decree, I left Biak for my job posting in Hollandia (present-day Jayapura), and in Hollandia I began working as a civil servant.

I was placed for one year in office as an assistant directly below the HPB of Hollandia in Hollandia-Binnen (now Abepura). My first duty was to look after and maintain the cleanliness and beauty of Hollandia-Binnen and Hollandia-Haven. The second duty was to serve as the *griffier inheemse rechtspraak* (clerk to the indigenous court) in Hollandia. All of the office facilities and houses in Hollandia were relics of the allied forces after the end of World War II. The job of overseeing the cleanliness and beauty of Hollandia city also included the supervision of the public cemetery in Hollandia-Binnen. Then I was posted in Tobati district as district head, and I stayed on as the indigenous court clerk since I was based in Hollandia-Binnen. After serving in Tobati, I returned to work at the HPB Hollandia office.

ROLLING CORPSES

In 1953, I was given the additional task by the Hollandia HPB to accompany Mr. Galis to conduct research on the culture and *adat* of the Papuan population on the coast of Numbay Bay (the bay east of Hollandia, then known as Humboldt Bay). There were only two kampung (villages) on the bay – Kayu Pulau and Kayu Batu. Mr. Galis had already prepared

a study outline with a list of questionnaires to use to obtain data and information about Papuan life there.

The study was conducted day and night; each day from 7:30 to 14:00, and continuing at night from 19:00 to 2:00. By day we studied community life and asked people to collect ancient objects, also artistic products in the form of carvings, both from homes as well as boat bodies and boat prows, all with their original local names and uses. By night we sat together with the elder *adat* leaders, smoking and chewing betel while asking questions about community life.

The night-time meetings were aimed at letting the people give us information about the stars and clues about what should be done when certain stars appeared in the sky. It turned out that according to the people of Numbay Bay, stars, each with their own name, could serve as guides to when they should begin planting, what kinds of crops were suitable and unsuitable to plant, and when to go to sea, what kinds of fishes were abundant. There was even a star that people believed could warn of famine or other hazards.

In the village of Kayu Batu there seemed to be a unique tradition. When a death occurred, the corpse was brought to a red-earth mountain, where the corpse was rolled over and over on the red soil, and then placed inside a stone cave.

Based on the results of the research, Mr. Galis earned a doctorate in the Netherlands. I felt sorry because after his book, entitled, *Papua's van de Humboldt-baai* (Papuan of Humboldt Bay) was published, Mr. Galis no longer remembered me. He never sent me a book. But now some of my friends have the book here.

TEARING UP A WARRANT

Because I was still on duty at the HPB Hollandia office, I served as chairman of the Inheemse Rechtspraak of Hollandia. The court consisted of the district head, acting as *voorzitter* (chairman), the controller, acting as *raadsman* (legal counsellor), and two members consisting of *korano* (village heads). The Inheemse Rechtspraak applied to Papuan people, while Indonesian and European people were covered by the judiciary. The indigenous court had the duty and authority to prosecute cases of violations of the law, such as theft, embezzlement, assault or persecution,

and murder committed by Papuans. A case could be tried once the *proces verbaal* (warrant) was executed and then sent to the indigenous court through the HPB.

After the warrant was studied and investigated, the chairman set the trial day and date. For the hearings, two village heads, known as *korano kampung* in the Hollandia area, were invited to serve as members of the hearing. Usually, the members who attended were the *korano* of the village of Nafri, Elie Uyo, and of the village of Tobati, Petrus Hamadi. And if they were not around, they were replaced by the *ondoafi* (*adat* leader) of Tobati, Kaleb Hamadi, and the *korano* of the village of Enggros, Frans Sanji.

Why were the *korano* made to serve as members of the indigenous court? Because the laws of the penal code were not fully applicable to Papuans, who were underdeveloped and did not yet understand new laws other than the *adat* laws of the jungle. The chairman of the session read the contents of the warrant issued by the police. Then the chairman of the court stated that there were elements in the deeds of the convicted person that were criminal according to the penal code. In view of the penal code, the convict would be given an appropriate sentence according to the articles of the criminal laws, for instance, a sentence of imprisonment for this many days, this many months or this many years would be decided.

After pronouncing the verdict, the chairman asked the members of the session to deliver their appeal. What the punishment for the deeds being examined and tried would follow *adat* law. After hearing the severity of the punishment to which such a case would be subject, the *raadsman* then gave his view and advice on the case on trial. After further deliberation, the decision was announced by the chairman with a knock of the hammer. At that time, aside from the laws of the penal code, the *Ordekeur Molukken* and *Rooiekeur* of 1938² were also in effect.

* Cowan (1954:3) wrote: ‘The resident had, following Clause 129.2 the authority to issue standing orders of police which could include penal provisions. A number of these orders are still in force, both those from the Resident of the Moluccas and from the Resident of New Guinea.’ ‘Of the orders from the Resident of the Moluccas I mention, for example, the so-called Ordekeur (*Javasche Courant*, 28 Sept. 1937, no. 77, extra-bijv. no. 53), and the Buiten-rooiekeur (*Javasche Courant*, 22 Sept. 1936, no. 76, extra-bijv. no. 47)’ (Cowan 1954:3, note 2). In correspondence Pim (J.W.) Schoorl (Huizen, 21-7-2011) mentioned Cowan’s manuscript and lent me (LV) his copy. He added: ‘The Ordekeur Molukken was used to issue regulations to the villages concerning the tidiness of the courtyards, the fencing of the plots, and the maintenance of the roads [...]. I think that [Governor] Van Baal in a circular to the administrative heads mentioned the Ordekeur Molukken to provide a legal basis to the actions of the administrators in the villages concerning these matters.’

I had an interesting and unforgettable experience when I was chairman of the indigenous court. One day I received a telephone call from the police, that there was someone who had been detained by the police for 20 days. If a decision was not quickly reached, it would be necessary to issue a new arrest warrant. According to the provisions of the law, the first 20 days were covered by *afdak* (temporary house arrest in a makeshift shelter consisting of a roof and poles, in the compound behind the police barracks), but when it went past 20 days, a preventive arrest warrant was necessary. I then called the clerk and ordered the warrant for police custody be immediately provided to be signed, and directly called the police to pick up the warrant, then bring the convict to jail, handing the warrant to the jail guard. Before the warrant was signed, it had to be reread to check its contents.

At the time, the person serving as the clerk was the Ambonese assistant administrator, D. Pattiapon. When he reread the warrant containing the identity of the convict, at the word ‘Papuan’ he started laughing together with some Ambonese who were present in the office. I felt offended, because they were laughing at the word ‘Papuan’, which I saw as an insult. I directly stood up, and, grabbing the verdict and tearing it up, I hit the clerk. Loudly and sternly I ordered him, ‘You will now type a new warrant and have it signed, then telephone someone from the police to come pick it up and bring the convict to jail.’ Indigenous court trials could be held once a month if a sufficient number of warrants had been submitted by the police.

ALMOST FIRED

In connection with my duty to maintain the cleanliness and beauty of the city, one day I went to patrol Hollandia-Binnen. On *Jalan Sekolah* (formerly *Schoolweg*), I saw two trucks of Sentani women transporting stones from Waena. The women not only lifted the stones, but lowered them down from the trucks and then carried them to a place where houses were being built. Upon seeing this, I went directly to the office of the HPB and protested it. But Controleur van Voskuylen argued with me, saying: ‘Say, Trajanus, among you people in Papua isn’t it the women who pound sago and go fishing, while the men just live to eat?’

As a human being with self-esteem, I got angry with Controleur van Voskuylen right away. I said to him, 'Is this the way a gentleman from the Netherlands comes to work in Papua? If you are unhappy with Papuans, please go back home to the Netherlands. Sir, as a civil servant who has come to develop and protect the people, why do you have an attitude like that?' The quarrel that ensued became physical. Because the head of the office reported it to Resident Lamers, I, together with Mr. van Voskuylen, came before the resident to contest our respective truths. After the resident resolved my issue with Van Voskuylen, he directly reported it to the Internal Administration and Justice Service, and Van Voskuylen finally received a penalty transfer to Kaimana to open up Kaimana as an *onderafdeling* (administrative sub division). So, Van Voskuylen became the first *onderafdelingschef* (or HPB, sub-division head) of Kaimana.

Because a great deal of attention was paid by His Excellency the governor to subordinate officials who were Papuans, employee housing was built for them in Hamadi. But all the newly built houses were very depressing. Cement mixtures were only used for the bottom parts of the walls. For ventilation at the top, wood was not used, but instead, only barbed wire. I immediately sent a letter to the government, because the Papuan people were being equated with animals to the point of using cages. I considered it a form of racial discrimination based on skin colour.

Since those who had planned and built the houses were from the Dienst van Openbare Werken (Department of Public Works), they were not happy, and subsequently lodged a protest to the governor. As a consequence, I was to be fired from the civil service. One afternoon at 16:00 two Papuan church leaders, namely, Reverends Izak Samuel Kijne and Dr. Kamma, suddenly arrived at my home. Reverend Dr. Kamma said: 'This morning, when Izak met with the governor, he saw in the government secretariat the minutes of the decree on your dismissal. This is why both of us have come, to propose that if you're fired, we'll arrange for you and Madame to depart for Oegstgeest in the Netherlands to study church administration. If you and Madame agree to our idea, the day after tomorrow at noon, we will bring you to Sentani airport so that at 13:00 that afternoon you and Madame can leave directly for the Netherlands.' My wife and I accepted their proposal and agreed to go to the Netherlands.

I waited for my discharge. But the next morning Markus Kaisiepo called and informed me that the dismissal had been overturned, as Markus Kaisiepo had come before the governor and recommended I not be fired, so the kind plans of the two Papuan church leaders got cancelled in the end. Aside from the fact that I was still young, I felt that all of that was very encouraging and increased my enthusiasm to serve the community as a civil servant. I saw the plan for my dismissal as a trial I had to face. And more than that, it would make me more sensitive and diligent; motivate me to work faithfully, increasingly adding to my experience the longer I worked.

In addition to my main duties, the HPB gave me the additional task to work together with the Headmaster of the Catholic Primaire Middelbare School (PMS, Junior High School) in Hollandia-Binnen to conduct social research for three months on the lives of the residents of the city of Hollandia, especially the Papuan community. Every day, we went in and out of the homes of Papuan people, Indonesian people, and Dutch people. We started with research on the Papuan families. Through this study, the government wanted to get information about the people's daily lives. We asked the families we visited: Did they eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day? Did they wash clothes and use washing soap every day, and how many bars of bath soap got used up in a month's time? The answers and information that we obtained through the families was that each day they ate, but only lunch and dinner. Regarding the washing soap, each day they washed clothes and used the leftover washing soap for bathing, because they did not have enough money to buy bath soap.

Such was our task, and after that, we went into the Indonesian homes with the same questions. And for comparison, with no exception, we went into the homes of the Dutch families with the same questions. Also, we went to visit the centre for coolies (that was the name used for the Hollandia harbour workers) in Sentani. There, we saw their kitchens, and how surprised we were because the kitchen floors in the barracks appeared to be full of water puddles. We asked the cook: 'You cook here, but at meal time, where does everybody eat?' The answer we received was, 'We cook here and people eat here too, in the place where you men are standing right now.'

After three months we completed the research, and had to report on it to the government. Privately, I sent a letter to the governor and pleaded for a government policy to improve houses and cooking places, including

cooking places for the coolies, who numbered hundreds of people. After the governor received my letter, I was directly summoned to appear before him. When I came before him, he answered my letter orally, saying that funds would be provided to build housing for the coolies, along with kitchens for cooking and eating. Then the governor ordered an *arbeiderskamp* (workers' camp) to be built in Dok II.

My experience kept growing. Not long after that, a new problem came up for me. In Kota Raja Dalam, the Protestants had established a PMS (junior high school) and a Lagere Technische School (LTS, Lower Technical School). When the LTS successfully graduated its first class, the young people did not know where to go, and they were unemployed. In light of this situation, I personally sent a letter to the governor questioning the fates of the first class of graduates of the Protestant-managed LTS. Why not give them the opportunity to work? Finally, in answer to my letter, the LTS graduates were divided up, half of them accepted by the Rijkswaterstaat Dienst (Irrigation Department), and the other half distributed to companies such as Intervam, Hollandse Beton Maatschappij and Amsterdamse Ballast Maatschappij.

While working as a civil servant, I had plans to improve the quality of my education. One day I came before the DBBJ to ask for permission to follow studies at a higher educational institution. The adjunct administrative officer at Dok V said: 'You would not be capable of following studies there.' Right away I said to him: 'If that is the case, let us pull the school out and send it back to the Netherlands, so it will be for Europeans alone, but not here.' I also told the officer about when those of us from OSIBA who attended police studies at Base G for 13 months together with Indo-Dutch people; each time we went through testing, I was always the very first to hand in my paper to the examiner's desk, even though all courses were in the Dutch language.

STRIKING THE DISTRICT HEAD

In September 1955 I was transferred from the HPB Hollandia office to Sentani district with the aim of assisting the Sentani district head, and later taking his place. From the time I began in Sentani, it was obvious that the old district head was unhappy and did not agree to be replaced. Each day he showed his displeasure to me. But I did was not bothered

by his attitude because I was not working for him, but for the people of West Papua.

One day, some people in Sentani were arrested for catching fish that had been released by the Fisheries Department. Fish hatchlings had been released in Lake Sentani in 1953 with the goal that when they grew big and multiplied, they could be consumed by the local community and residents of Hollandia city. The Sentani people were arrested because it was not the time yet to catch the fish. The Sentani people who were arrested were given the penalty of *herendienst* (compulsory labour) by the Ambonese district head. They were sentenced to clean up the roads around the district office.

One morning at 10:00 o'clock, when the district head went to supervise the convicts, he saw them sitting around smoking cigarettes. He got very angry and said: 'You bums, you know you're nothing more than wild boars rooting in the ground for *kasbi* (cassava).' When he expressed his anger in those demeaning terms, two of the convicts ran over to the window I was sitting by and reported the insult of the district head.

Then I told them, 'Run quickly, back to the place where you are working so the district head won't see you over here.' I still remembered the words of the Ambonese in Hollandia-Binnen back then, which were so insulting and demeaning to Papuan dignity. So I waited until the district head had arrived back at the office and sat down in his chair, then I came right into his room, and said: 'Your deeds haven't disappeared with the blast of the H-bomb the Allies dropped in Hiroshima. Deeds that insult and demean Papuans still live!' Angrily, I struck him so hard that he fell down, along with the coconut-frond wall of the office.

Next morning, he went to Hollandia-Haven to the HPB's office to report me, and asked that I be immediately transferred from Sentani district. After the HPB heard his report and request, he telephoned me to come in the next morning myself to Hollandia-Haven to see him. Since it was an order from a superior, I hurried over there to make a formal appearance. There the HPB asked me to relate what had happened between me and the Sentani district head. After I had told him the whole story, the HPB said to me: 'Say, Trajanus, Mr. Thenu has asked for your immediate transfer, but I am the HPB for the Papuans, not for the Ambonese.'

After that the HPB ordered me to return to Sentani, saying: 'Trajanus, go back and keep on working; later I'll report this matter to the resident

and it will be followed up by the *directeur van binnenlandse zaken* (director of home affairs).’ I returned to Sentani and resumed work as usual together with the Ambonese. That same week he received a *besluit strafoverplaatsing* (a decree of penalty transfer) to Pioniersbivak on the Mamberamo river in the interior. I continued working in Sentani district, which governed 29 villages, namely, Ayapo, Puai, Asei Besar, Asei Kecil, Ifar Besar, Ifar Kecil, Siboiboi, Sere, Yobe, Yabuay, Ifar Babrongko, Puyoh Besar, Puyoh Kecil, Simporo Babrongko, Dondai, Kwadeware, Doyo, Sesiri, Yakonde, Sabron Samon, Sobeyap, Aib, Sokori, Dusai, Waibronbano, Waibronway, Maribu and Buyanggena.

TRANSFERRED TO DEPAPRE

After three years’ duty in Sentani district, in 1958 I was transferred to Depapre in the position of district head. While I was the Depapre district head, one time in 1959 I received an official letter from Hollandia, that Mr. Controleur Fanoy and Mr. Schoolopziener (Schools Inspector) Willem Inuri would be coming for a working visit to the Depapre district area. As district head, I made all the preparations for the departure with the group from Hollandia.

When the appointed time arrived, along came the group from Hollandia. Since I had prepared a boat equipped with an outboard motor, we set out from Depapre toward a village bordering on Tobati district, namely, Ormu Kecil. According to the plan, the work visit began with the easternmost village of the district and proceeded to the next villages until we ended up at the westernmost village bordering on Demta district.

On arrival in Ormu Kecil, we headed to the temporary camp set up in the village. Mr. Controleur Fanoy went straight into the kitchen. Because he could not see any water or firewood in the kitchen, he immediately became angry at the *korano* and *ondoafi* of the village, saying: ‘Pigs, bastards, why have not you prepared all this?’ But the *korano* said: ‘Master, we have already taken care of it and it will soon be here.’ I did not like hearing these humiliating words, so degrading and disrespectful toward the people of Papua, and I said to Mr. Controleur Fanoy: ‘It is precisely because of the people of Papua that Mr. Dutchman came to Papua to develop Papuan people in need of development.’ Then I hit

and kicked him until he fell down. Mr. Schoolopziener Inuri watched me, then said: 'Had I known it would be like this, I would not have come to patrol together.' I said nothing, but sat quietly, feeling very annoyed. I felt sorry for Mr. Controleur, and immediately arranged with the village people for a boat to take him home to Hollandia by water.

In conducting this official trip, we went from village to village and finally we arrived at the last village, Kendate. Throughout the trip, Mr. Schoolopziener inspected schools, school children and teachers in all the villages. After the end of the working visit in the last village, we returned to the Depapre district post, and the entourage from Hollandia returned byland to Hollandia. In Hollandia, Mr. Controleur reported me to the HPB and the resident, and the report was forwarded to the Department of Home Affairs and the governor. Soon after that, the head of the department of information, Mr. Merkelijn, came to Depapre and informed me that I had been summoned by the governor of Hollandia, and so, he had come to pick me up. We immediately left Depapre for Hollandia byland.

When we arrived in Hollandia-Binnen, a reserve car from the governor was waiting for us, and we directly boarded the car to go to Hollandia-Haven, and arrived at the governor's palace in Dok V. Controleur Fanoy and I appeared before His Excellency, the governor. There we shared our reports and related the incident that had taken place in Ormu Kecil. The governor, I, and the *controleur* each spoke. I proposed to Mr. Governor that since it was Mr. Controleur who had reported me, Mr. Controleur should speak first, then me. The *controleur* spoke, then the governor said that it was now Mr. Trajanus, the Depapre district head's turn. After being heard by the governor, and attended by the resident, the HPB and a representative of the Department of Home Affairs, the governor directly blamed the *controleur* and vindicated me. Then I shook hands with the *controleur* as a sign that the problem was resolved, and returned to my job in Depapre. The governor gave an order to the Department of Home Affairs for the *controleur* to be transferred and reassigned as the HPB in Boven Digul (Upper Digul).

After serving two years as district head in Depapre, I was transferred to Arso district to replace the district head who had left the post there some time ago. Arso district governed 16 villages, namely: Arso I, Arso II, Wor Kwana, Wamber, Wembi, Witi, Pegeur, Kwimi, Sawyatami, Singgwar, Nyaw, Kofo, Yamas, Sawa, Skotiafo and Skofro. In Arso dis-

trict, as the district head I was also appointed by the director of transport and energy as the supervisor of the Arso airfield, which was built by the Catholic Mission and was actually owned by the Catholics. Then, because the Unurum district head had received a penalty transfer and left that district vacant for so long, in early 1961 I was transferred from Arso to Unurum to become district head there.

A HUMAN FENCE ON THE RIVER

Once everything was ready, we departed from Arso to Hollandia-Binnen (Abepura), travelling on foot for two days because it was the rainy season. I then came before Mr. HPB in Hollandia-Haven to let him know I was ready to leave Arso. Mr. HPB quickly made arrangements with KLM flight parties for me to return by a Twin Pioneer aircraft. Shortly after arriving in Arso, I re-boarded the Twin Pioneer plane with my family to return to Sentani airport. From there, riding by car, we went and stayed awhile in Hollandia-Binnen. After resting for four days, one morning we were transported to Yoka, at the east end of Lake Sentani, and continued, travelling by ferry boat to Borowai at the western end of the lake. At that time, the ferry was the only means of transportation between the Yoka and Borowai (see map).

In Borowai there were no inhabitants; only one Dutch family lived there. The family kept chickens. Because, when I first served in Sentani district, usually on my official trips or tours, I used to stop in Borowai, this Dutch family knew me, my family and I were given lodging at their house. The following morning at 07:00, my family and I and the porters walked to Genyem. Because the trip was with the family, it took two days.

On the way from Borowai, we stayed overnight in kampung Mamda Besar. The next morning we headed for Genyem and arrived there at 13:30 in the afternoon. After arriving in Genyem, the next day I came before the Nimboran HPB, Mr. Hilkemeijer, to report that I had arrived with my family in Genyem and would later head for Goeai, to take up my post in Unurum district, based on the *besluit* for my transfer from the DBBJ. Mr. Hilkemeijer invited me and my family to rest for one or two weeks before leaving for Goeai.

Two weeks later, one morning at exactly 09:00, we departed for Genyem on foot and arrived in kampung Nembontong and stayed over-

night there because it was raining that day. The next day, at 07:00 in the morning, we left Nembontong for Buasom and arrived there at 16:00 hours. Halfway through the trip, we had to pass the Sarmaiwai river.

We tried to cross the river, but did not dare because the current was very swift; what is more, it had rained especially hard the night before. Finally, most of the 85 porters held hands, forming a single line like a fence, and my family and I, held by the other porters, began crossing the river. The fence managed to reduce the swiftness of the current so that I and my family could get across and arrive safely on the other side.

The next morning at 07:00 we set out from kampung Buasom. But because it was raining so hard, half way there, we were forced to over-night. The next day too, we stopped to spend the night in the middle of the trip again because the downpour was so heavy. The next morning, at 07:30 sharp, my family and I started walking again, following a plateau, then we climbed a mountain and came down on the other side of the mountain and continued the very tiring journey until at last we arrived safely at our destination, namely, the Unurum district post where my new job posting was.

A VILLAGE FOREMAN'S WIFE IS TAKEN HOSTAGE

After staying one month in the place, I made my first official trip to visit all the villages in Unurum district, which took three weeks since the district was very large. The distance between one village and another took a day or sometimes two days to travel. But I never felt hopeless or complained, because it was my duty as a civil servant, and also, it was my original intention to become a servant in service to my people, the nation of Papua. At one point in the year 1961, the police detachment commander in Genyem, Lieutenant I Lamertze, made an official trip to Goeai, bringing along a woman from the village of Jadam. I asked Mr. Lamertze, "This woman – where is she from, and why is she travelling together with Mr. Commander and other members of the police?" Then Mr. Lamertze began telling me the story. He said that in Genyem he had heard reports that in kampung Jadam there was an old man who lived alone on a mountain since the end of World War II and had long kept a Japanese-made weapon. Because of that information, the police went on a patrol to Jadam. Because the old man's hiding place was so remote

and hidden, he brought along as a guide a deputy of the *korano* of the village, who was also known as the foreman of kampung Jadam. When the patrol set out to climb the mountain to reach the place where the *paitua* lived, suddenly the village foreman fled. He was afraid of being shot by the old man.

The police commander got very angry. They returned to Jadam. To punish the village foreman who had run away, the police carried off the foreman's wife. Their plan was to bring the wife of the Jadam foreman to Genyem to hold her prisoner until her husband came to Genyem.

After hearing the story, I said, 'Mr. Lamertze, this is a grave mistake you have made. According to *adat* law and the customs in Papua, such things lead to great danger.' I gave the example of someone's dog, that if it were taken by someone in the same village, it would result in a murder, let alone a human being, and a woman who is somebody's wife!

'I am not afraid, I'm a policeman,' said Mr. Lamertze. 'Sir, I am a Papuan, and I know better than a police officer; it would be best for you and your patrol, Mr. Policeman, sir, to return to Genyem through kampung Jadam, and you must return this woman to her husband.' I tried to warn him. However, this Mr. Policeman felt he was a policeman; his patrol left Goeai following a different road back to Genyem, and the wife of the Jadam foreman continued to be detained in the police barracks.

A week after the departure of the police patrol from Goeai, I too left for Genyem.

I asked for help from the HPB to get Mr. Lamertze to immediately return the wife of the Kampung Jadam foreman. The HPB, as jurisdictional head of the Nimboran sub-division, summoned Mr. Lamertze and ordered him to return the man's wife right away. Thus, the woman was finally returned home to her village.

After the woman came back to her village, when, as is natural to a woman, her period came, the bleeding would not stop. The husband asked his wife, 'Hurry up you, confess, surely when you were in Genyem there was a man who slept with you.' As her husband continued to rage, clutching a machete in his hand, she was forced to reveal her secret.

Frightened, she admitted that when she was in the police barracks in Genyem, there were two policemen who had sexual intercourse with her. Upon hearing this, her husband became very angry and vowed: 'Starting today, I will eat no sago; only once I kill those policemen will I eat sago again'. From that time on, the husband waited and waited for the time

when the police would come visit his village again. He waited for such a long time, but the police never did come to patrol that village.

THE BAD-OMEN HORNBILL

At the end of October 1961, I was called in to see the Genyem HPB, Mr. Hilkemeijer. Mr. Hilkemeijer said, ‘Trajanus (usually, when Dutch gentlemen knew and were familiar with me and I with them, they used my first name), OK, take a rest for a couple of days first, and then take an official trip with me around the villages in your district, Tuan Bestir.’ Two days later, together with Mr. Hilkemeijer, two police officers and all the porters carrying our retinue’s goods, I left Genyem and arrived at the first village, Nembontong. Mr. Hilkemeijer told the village people, particularly the men, to attend a meeting. There, Mr. Hilkemeijer talked about cleanliness in the village. It seemed to me as if Mr. Hilkemeijer were holding an indigenous court session. When I heard the words filling Mr. Hilkemeijer’s speech about the Ordonantie Ordekeur Molukken as well as the Ordekeur Molukken Rooiekeur Molukken of 1938, then I, as the district head, informed the HPB, Mr. Hilkemeijer, that regulations on maintaining cleanliness and beauty based on these 1938 ordinances could not yet be implemented here or in the interior. Because village people in the hinterlands did not yet know the regulations, and even the resident community in Hollandia-Binnen and Hollandia-Haven of people from Europe (the Netherlands), and the people from Indonesia and Papua who were already advanced, had not yet succeeded, since the city of Hollandia was still so dirty. But Mr. Hilkemeijer told me: ‘*Maar ik ben HPB, Tuan Bestir hanya ikut saya*’ (But I am the HPB, Mr. Administrator, and you just do as I say).

The next day, the whole delegation departed Nembontong and by the afternoon we arrived in kampung Buasom and spent the night. At that village too, a meeting was held with the villagers. The contents of Mr. Hilkemeijer’s speech was the same as in the previous meeting in Nembontong. In the evening I called the *korano* of the village of Buasom and instructed him that the following morning at 05:00, the men carrying the goods for our group should leave ahead of time for a place that I specified, and there, set up camp to spend the night mid-journey.

We all woke up in the morning, and after breakfast, I, Mr. Hilkemeijer and the two policemen left Buasom, following after the porters who had left earlier that morning at 05:00. I felt sorry for Mr. Hilkemeijer, so I made sure the trip was not too tiring. During the trip I told the group to rest every half hour, then walk some more, and this applied throughout the journey; finally we met up with the group of porters who had gone ahead of us at around 16:00 that afternoon. The porters had set up camp. But because they had not continued walking to make the camp in the place I had specified, I got angry and tore down the camp they had made. I said to them: 'Last night I specified the overnight place, so why did you stop and make the camp here? Let's go, pick up the stuff and keep walking.'

Actually, I had specified the overnight place with the aim that the following morning, when we left again, we would arrive in Goeai at around 15:00 in the afternoon. The HPB's retinue kept walking, until we reached the place I specified at 18:00 that evening. There, the porters very quickly set up camp for me and the HPB, police and porters at the edge of a small river that was nearly dry. I told the two police agents to quickly boil some hot water, and after the water was boiled, Mr. Hilkemeijer and I mixed the hot water with Brinta porridge.

While Mr. Hilkemeijer and I were eating after six in the evening, a hornbill suddenly plunged down beside us. I was taken aback, because in all the years I had pursued my work as a civil servant, I had never experienced an event like this. Mr. Hilkemeijer looked at the hornbill that had fallen beside us, then said to all the porters that Mr. Administrator had to come and spend the night here in order to get this bird. Together with the two policemen, they cooked the fallen hornbill to be eaten, except that Mr. Hilkemeijer and I did not eat any. My thoughts grew heavy and I had an uncomfortable feeling. I sat down and told Mr. Hilkemeijer, that in the long time I had worked in the interior, never had a bird so suddenly come as close to me as this, let alone a hornbill, which is extremely wild and stays far away from humans, unless it is still young, that is, newly hatched, in which case can be caught and kept as a pet.

During the time I spent in Arso district, once, on an official journey, I heard a story from some villagers, that if you are walking and a hornbill falls alongside you, it is an omen of danger: later, the person leading the trip would have a death experience. I recounted this story to Mr. Hilkemeijer and the two policemen and the porters. I asked the porters

if people in these parts also held a similar belief. They did not answer my question, indeed they remained silent. But Mr. Hilkemeijer told me that the fallen bird was a blessing for the evening meal, since we had travelled on foot until it was almost nightfall, so there was no time left for us to hunt there.

The all-day journey had been exhausting, especially for Mr. Hilkemeijer who had only recently been posted in Genyem and was visiting the villages here for the first time. Feeling sorry that he was so tired, I and Mr. Hilkemeijer went to sleep on a makeshift wooden bed covered with saplings, while the two policemen used the small shelter a bit farther off from us as they had to keep guarding Mr. Hilkemeijer and the HPB's working visit group.

The following morning, at precisely 07:00, we left the overnight place and then headed from there toward the Unurum district post, namely, Goeai. At 15:00 that afternoon we arrived in Goeai. Somewhere over half a kilometre later the headmaster of the elementary school of the Protestant Church in Goeai was ready and waiting with all his students to receive the HPB visiting Goeai. They welcomed the HPB with the *Wilhelmus van Nassau*, the Dutch national anthem, then the headmaster and schoolchildren led the HPB's delegation along the road towards the residence of the Unurum district head, blowing on flutes. In the evening, the same thing was done as in the other villages, that is, to gather the residents of kampung Goeai to listen to the briefing of the Nimboran HPB.

MR. HPB IS MURDERED

After Mr. Hilkemeijer had eaten supper with me and my wife, I invited him to go directly to sleep because he was so tired. Next morning, Sunday, Mr. Hilkemeijer joined the church service. Once all the members of the congregation had filled the church building, Mr. Hilkemeijer and I entered through the front door of the church. I knew that Mr. Hilkemeijer, during his time in Genyem, never neglected to join the daily church services.

Monday morning after breakfast, Mr. Hilkemeijer said: 'Tuan Bestir of Goeai, there's no point for you to come with me. Mr. Administrator, stay in Goeai to organize and ask the people of Goeai to provide land and places for the newcomers from the Mamberamo-Atas (Upper Mambero)

river, so that the Mamberamo people can stay and build themselves shelters here. You stay in Goeai, and I will continue the journey with the group and return to Genyem myself. I want to take a shortcut so that later, you can follow the shorter road I take now.'

Being his subordinate, I followed his orders. Next, I instructed the office attendant to accompany Mr. Hilkemeijer's group to the villages in Unurum district, and told him that he should go with the HPB as far as Genyem and only after that could he return to Goeai. The HPB's group left for Dore. Two days later, at 17:00 in the afternoon, my wife suddenly started crying, screaming and calling out to me, and saying: 'Quick, come to the front and look, Office Attendant Alexander has gone crazy'. My wife said he was crazy, because she saw Alexander Maware tying a red handkerchief around his head, meaning that a murder had taken place.

At the time I was in the middle of repairing our bathroom. I immediately ran to the front of the house. And it was true, Alexander Maware had tied a *lengso* (handkerchief) around his head, and the colour of that *lengso* was red. I went back to the room and grabbed a Biak machete and moved forward, grabbing hold of the office attendant. In a very loud voice I shouted, lifting up the machete: 'Hey, Alexander, why do you look this way? Come on now, tell me exactly what's happened!' Alexander broke into tears, but I forced him in a loud voice: 'Come on, don't cry, tell me what happened.'

He said that Mr. Hilkemeijer and the two policemen had been murdered by people from kampung Jadam, and he had fled into the forest for two days and just now arrived in Goeai. I did not take this well, and I pulled Alexander Maware and was about to cut open his head when my wife ran over and put her arms around me, crying, 'Ooh, don't, don't cut him, so he can tell us how the murder came to pass.'

But I was angry and said to Alexander: 'If, the day before yesterday the HPB had not forbidden me to go along on the trip, then I should have died before the HPB died; I would have laid Mr. HPB's body to rest with my own, then we'd both die. This is our custom in Biak. Before I died, I would have put my own life on the line. What is more, you are from here, why did you not speak in the local language to those who wanted to kill the HPB and the police?'

I forced Alexander to sit down and tell the story from the beginning until the murder happened. He said that in kampung Jadam, the HPB

noticed that there were houses with sago-frond roofs that were badly broken down. Then the HPB coercively ordered the village people, one by one with his machete, to climb up to the ridges of the houses to dismantle the roofs, and take off and dispose of them all. After that, the people came down from the housetops, machetes in hand, and directly killed Mr. HPB. The two policemen weren't disturbed, because one of them came from Genyem, and people in Jadam are usually afraid of Genyem people. But because the Jadam people were afraid that later the two policemen would shoot them, they killed the two police officers too.

Because I was feeling sad and upset, I remained furious with the office attendant, saying to him: 'If you heard what they were saying in the local language and knew their plans, why didn't you stop the HPB's group from spending the night there, so you could continue the journey to the next village?'

My wife sent for the teacher, to ask the teacher and the Goelai Congregational Council to gather at our house that night together with my family to hold a church service. We prayed for the delivery of the three victims who had been forced to abandon their families, in the hopes that Mr. Ir. Hilkemeijer and Police Officers Kapim and Nof would be received by God the Almighty. And that the families left behind would be granted fortitude.

Within a few days of hearing that awful and saddening news, I remembered Mr. Hilkemeijer's message: 'I will now take a shortcut so that Tuan Bestir Goelai can later follow.' In human terms, I personally understood and appreciated that perhaps what the HPB meant was that he was going to take a shortcut through life, and that I too would also take this short road, or die, just like HPB Mr. Ir. Hilkemeijer.

In the week following that shocking event, every day we heard the sound of an airplane circling around above the village where the murder had happened. One night, I heard the sound of human voices beneath the house where we lived; our house was built on stilts. I immediately fetched a flashlight and went out to take a look. My wife forbade me, saying: 'Don't go outside! Don't let it get to the point that the discontented villagers come to kill us too'. I said that the people of Goelai, who were the most feared here, would not necessarily let us be killed, that they would even protect us.

PROTECTED BY THE KAURE PEOPLE

When I asked, those beneath answered: ‘We of kampung Kaure have come to Goeai to stand together with the Goeai people, to protect and look after Tuan Bestir and your family’. Hearing that, I went inside and got some Shag ‘Warning’³ tobacco and gave it to them. My wife too got up and made coffee for the people who were beneath the house.

Next morning, the village *korano* and *ondoafi* came over and suggested they bring me and my family home to Genyem through an alternate route that the Jadam people would not see. But I did not agree to the route they recommended. I asked them to bring me and my family down to the beach, precisely at kampung Kaftiauw, the last village of Sarmi sub-division, which bordered kampung Tarfia in the territory of Hollandia subdivision.

My wife called the teacher, and the village leaders of Goeai and informed them of our plan to return to Genyem, leaving them all behind. Then my wife said: ‘I am handing over all the contents of this house, from the front back to the kitchen, the household furnishings, all of the tools and the utensils in the kitchen and the clothing in the closet, all of the contents of the house so they will be well taken care of. I ask for all of these goods to be divided equally among all the people in Goeai, because we are only going to bring the minimum necessary clothing as provisions for the journey’. The village teacher, *korano* and *ondoafi* accepted this, filled with sadness, and wept.

The next day, we – my family and I – were led out of Goeai on foot in the direction of kampung Kaftiauw, which was located on the beach. The journey took two days. In Kaftiauw my family and I were detained for the night. The next day we headed to Tarfia along the beach and spent the night on the banks of the Sarmaiwai river because it was already getting dark. We could not cross the river because the current was strong, not to mention the many crocodiles. We spent the night by a sandy bay, but could not sleep because of the torrential rainfall. We could not make a shelter in a clearing because it was already quite dark. I felt very sad as it rained all night long.

The next day, very early in the morning, we began walking again following the coast, and in the afternoon arrived in kampung Tarfia. The

³ Shag brand tobacco had a warning printed on the package. Instead of the brand name, Warning was taken to be the name of the tobacco.

residents of Tarfia asked us to stay because they saw that my wife and children were in a very tired state. I had visited this village before, when I was the district head in Depapre. The next morning we were brought by boat to Demta, the capital of Demta district, and spent the night there. And the next morning, after climbing up and down a mountain, we reached and stayed the night in the village of Berap. The following morning we went on foot to Warombaim. After a brief rest, we resumed the journey and arrived in Genyem at 13:00 that afternoon.

THE HUNT FOR THE HPB'S MURDERERS

The new HPB to replace Mr. Hilkemeijer was Mr. de Jong. When I went before Mr. de Jong, he conveyed to me that I should stay in Genyem to wait for a decree from the Department of the Interior (DBZ). I heard that during the month of November 1961, the Dutch police and army troops had entered Jadam to find the ones who had committed the murder of HPB Ir. Hilkemeijer and the two police officers. All of the inhabitants of the villages adjacent to Jadam had fled into the forest. Some of the elderly people, who did not have the strength to escape and had stayed in the villages, were shot dead.

When I heard the news, I left for Hollandia to see the resident and lodge an objection. The resident immediately telephoned and summoned the *afdelings commandant politie* (ACAP, divisional police commander) of Hollandia and discussed it. I asked that the resident and the ACAP immediately withdraw their forces from the villages around the place where the incident took place. And that I myself would go in to look for the perpetrators of the murder.

Both the resident and the ACAP asked who would be responsible if I too were murdered. 'If they kill me, what can be done? What is important is not to turn village people who know nothing about the matter of the murder into shooting targets', I said. In late December 1961 I prepared for departure and invited along a former district head of Goeai, namely, Mr. Dimara. We brought one crate of Shag tobacco, sugar, coffee, tea, salt, matches, candles, syrup, rice, bath soap and laundry soap, with the intention that if we succeeded in finding them, we could celebrate Christmas and New Year's together. We arrived at the bank of a river and spent the night there.

There we met a family who was fishing. I called them over to stay with us in the shelter we had constructed with a roof of leaf mats. Then I asked: 'Do you know the Jadam people who murdered Mr. HPB and the two policemen? Do you know where their hiding place is? And can you contact them?' The villagers, afraid and hesitant, let me know where those people were hiding. Finally, they promised they would contact those who were hiding in the woods. I instructed Dimara to prepare enough Shag 'Warning', salt, matches, then the people went into the forest to find them.

One day later, the person appointed as the courier came back to our post and let us know they had met with the Jadam people and handed over the things I had sent. The next day, I told him to go back into the forest and deliver my message that, if they were willing, we could agree on a time and place to meet. After another day, the courier came. He said that the Jadam people who had murdered Mr. HPB knew me and Mr. Dimara. They had said: 'Biak people are good people'. A time and place to meet had also been agreed, that is, Sunday at 13:00 in the afternoon in kampung Jadam.

On Sunday morning, we held morning prayers, even though it was in an inappropriate place on the bank of a river in the middle of the forest. I led a short service. The ones who led the way for me and Dimara to Jadam were just the women. The men did not come along because if the killers saw men, they would get angry because they would suppose they wanted to take revenge. We travelled on foot along the river and finally climbed a mountain, and soon arrived at the top of the mountain where the villages of Jadam and Tambang were located.

At exactly 12:00 noon I arrived at the place, but they had not yet come down. Because I was so tired from climbing the mountain, I said to Dimara: 'Let's both sit on the mountain peak, and all the women go inside the empty houses and pray'. Earlier, when we were heading toward the agreed upon place, I instructed a woman to wrap my hunting rifle in an areca leaf frond so it could not be seen, while I placed my pistol into my right pocket, then made a hole in my trouser pocket and tied the pistol to a bit of string that passed through my underwear and wrapped around my neck, so the pistol was not visible to anyone from the outside.

Sitting on the mountain peak so that I could see far all around, it was not long before I heard a sound like that of someone falling and the sound of a bow and arrow. I slowly scrutinized the slopes of the moun-

tain and saw that someone was climbing the mountain below where Dimara and I were sitting. I immediately stood up and called down to him: ‘Come on, you, come up quickly. Why are you peeping on the two of us?’ The man’s name was Piliphus.

I asked Piliphus why the others had not come yet. He said they were under a big tree. Then he went to call them. To receive them, I told Dimara to stand around ten meters away from me, and I said to him: ‘Later when they come out to greet us, if I get hit by an arrow or spear, Dimara, you must not wait, but dive into the gorge and run as hard as you can. Leave me here, because you have eight children, Dimara, and run for safety. I’ll stay here, as I only have four children.’ Dimara listened to my orders, his body trembling.

Soon after that the moment we had been awaiting arrived. The killers emerged and came toward the place where I was standing. They readied themselves, some raising their spears, others fitting arrows into their bows, as they stepped slowly toward me. It was not long before a voice from among them could be heard, saying: ‘*Dawem* (which means ‘hello’ or ‘good afternoon’) Tuan Bestir Boekorsjom.’

I hailed them and said: ‘Stop there, do not walk any closer, because I am afraid of you’. From their midst came the words: ‘*Bukan babi pi-ara supaya bunuh dua kali*’ (A pig is not raised to be slaughtered twice). Then the *korano* of Jadam, who was holding a bow and arrow, said to me: ‘We already know those who come from Genyem. Ever since you started out from Genyem we have known that the ones coming were Mr. Boekorsjom and Mr. Dimara. You two are our fathers. And we already know that you have not brought the police or the military – that is why we have come down and want to meet.’

Yet they maintained a warlike stance and lined up in front of me. I asked them, was it true they wanted to surrender? They replied through the *ondoafi*: ‘We really are surrendering today’. I then said: ‘If you really want to surrender, let us prove it, that is to say, I’ll move forward in front of you and the *ondoafi* will also come forward to stand beside me, and you will surrender all your bows and arrows to me as proof that you really want to surrender to me’. They replied through the leader that they really wanted to surrender that day.

I repeated the same words: ‘If you really want to surrender, let us prove it, that is, I’ll move forward in front of you and the *ondoafi* will also come forward to stand beside me, and surrender all the bows and ar-

rows to me while we shake hands'. And when Dimara stepped forward, the *korano* too stepped forward, and the *korano* handed all the bows and arrows to Dimara, then the two of them shook hands. The moment everyone shook hands, the automatic camera I had put on top of a heap of coconut shells immediately took photos, and so the handshaking event was complete. What a pity it is that later when Indonesia came in, I had to move house in a hurry, and those photos were all lost.

MEETING THE HPB'S MURDERER

I told them all – more or less 30 people altogether – to go into the house of the Gospel teacher that had been abandoned when the murder took place. Inside the small house, there was still a dining table. I told them to sit on the floor of the house, and only I, Dimara and the *korano* along with the *ondoafi* sat by the table. Since the ceiling of the house was low, they placed all their weapons (spears, bows, and arrows) in the ceiling rafters above our heads. Then they sat down on the floor, each sitting on top of his machete, around me and Dimara. I told Dimara to take out the Shag Warningtobacco and matches and distribute these to everyone.

While smoking the tobacco, I gave a message to Dimara in the Biak language, which the people of Jadam could not really understand. I instructed Dimara that if there were any signs of danger, when I stood up, Dimara should jump out of the house as fast as he could and wait down below. I would kick the table so that the *korano* and *ondoafi* would fall with the table and then I would seize both of their machetes and throw one to Dimara and hold onto one myself, and both of us would take action, because the machetes were Biak machetes and we would fight. In this case I was brave because they would only have machetes, while their spears, bows, and arrows were in the ceiling of the house. I also had experience and knowledge of how to use a machete, because I had followed training in fencing when I attended courses at the police school for 13 months.

After giving my instructions in the Biak language, I began to ask them why they had killed Mr. HPB and the two police agents. They replied: 'Actually our plan was not to kill Mr. HPB, but to kill the police commander of Genyem, but although we waited a very long time, police never came. As it happened, Mr. HPB came to the village, then the village foreman, whose wife who had been taken by the police and detained in

Genyem, said: “The sago is ripe, let us eat; do not wait anymore”. Upon the foreman’s words, then we moved and committed murder against Mr. HPB and the two policemen.’

I asked who it was who had killed the HPB. They replied honestly, pointing to the perpetrators. ‘This is the person who held down the HPB, and the one who killed the HPB is this one. Meanwhile it was these two people who held down the two policemen, and these two who killed the two policemen.’

After advising them, I made an agreement with them: ‘On Friday, five days from now, we will gather in Unurum; since I’ve brought candles, syrup, and tobacco, as well as many other things, we can celebrate the Christmas feast and the 1962 New Year together at the same time. You all will look for vegetables, pork, cassowary meat and kangaroo meat and sweet potatoes and yams, and I will bring rice, canned fish, and corned beef. So, on Friday afternoon we’ll meet up at kampung Unurum. My group and I will come from the river and climb to Unurum. And you will come down and meet me there with the food supplies, so we can hold a service to celebrate Christmas and New Year.’ Then I sent them back to their hideout in the forest.

Dimara and I, with the women leading us, went down the mountain and arrived at our post at 17:30 that afternoon. Upon arriving I saw that the men of Goeai and Mamberamo-Atas were already at their temporary post. With a loud voice they courageously said: ‘Sir, you need not fear anymore. We are here, only if we die will Mr. Dimara and Mr. Boekorsjom die.’ In keeping with the joint agreement, on Friday morning we and the whole group from Goeai set off, following the river toward kampung Unurum. We walked on foot, not going across the lowlands, but continuing to climb the mountain, and at 11:00 o’clock we arrived at Unurum. After arriving there, I told the Mamberamo and Goeai people to collect wood and thatch (sago) leaves, using their ribs for roofing, and we set up a sort of provisional shelter that could accommodate up to a hundred people.

Because I was too tired, I climbed into the village hut to rest, and fell asleep. I was not aware of the Goeai and Mamberamo setting up the makeshift shelter. On completing the building, they walked up to kampung Doetasen while I slept alone in the hut. Suddenly, I was startled by someone coming out of the woods and climbing into the hut. The person

who came was the same one who had tumbled with his bow and arrow when Dimara and I were sitting on the mountaintop in Jadam.

The man whispered: 'I want to let you know, Tuan Bestir. Under the tree there is a gang of men from kampung Bebotehe. They are planning that tomorrow afternoon when everyone is in the prayer house, they will come in suddenly and a man called so-and-so will hold down Tuan Bestir and the one who will stab or kill Tuan Bestir is a man called so-and-so. Meanwhile, the one who will hold Dimara is a man called so-and-so, and the one who will stab or kill Dimara is a man called so-and-so.'

Why did those villagers want to kill me and Dimara? The man told me that the villagers were very angry at the Jadam people. Because the Jadam people had murdered Mr. HPB and the two policemen, the residents of the other villages were afraid and fled to the forest, and now their wives and children were dead. So they wanted kill us so that the Jadam people would also flee into the forest and their wives or children too would die there. The man then returned to the forest.

FLEEING TO THE FOREST

At exactly 17:00 that afternoon I beat the *breng-breng* or *tong-tong* (gong) hanging in the hut as a signal to call and gather people in front of the hut. At the sound of the gong, my group ran down from the village on the mountain, and assembled along with some people from the villages of Unurum and Doetasen in front of the hut. Immediately, I gave orders to the people, that the next afternoon at 13:00 we would hold the Christmas and New Year's service. And for that, I instructed them, the next day, from morning until almost afternoon, everyone should go into the woods looking for vegetables, pigs, and so on, so that by 12:00 noon all could reassemble again back here, to celebrate the Tree of Light and the New Year.

Further, I said that the next morning at 06:00 I would not see anyone wandering around in the village; everyone would already have gone into the forest to hunt and look for food in the gardens. Dimara and our group were also standing in front of the hut and they assumed that my instructions were genuine. They knew nothing about what I had just learned. In the evening at 19:00 hours we were all inside the hut. I had not yet told them whether my earlier instructions were true or not. I told

them to hurry up with the cooking and eating. I called Dimara over, then in whispers told him that there was a plan to kill us both. The orders I had given before were just a trick, so that the next day nobody would be in the village, the whole village would be deserted. And we would run out as quickly as possible and leave the village before noon. So Dimara finally learned that my orders were only to fool them, so the village would be empty.

As we chatted, Dimara and I roughly calculated how many men lived in the surrounding villages, so that if we had enough bullets, I wanted to wait for them to come to fight. I gave him a long-barrelled gun with 700 bullets, while I myself used a .38 calibre Colt ladies' pistol. I instructed Dimara: 'If they come to attack us tomorrow afternoon, Dimara, you must not shoot when they are still far away, because then our bullets will run out. You should wait until somebody comes close with his spear, and only then fire any bullets. I'll use the two pistols I have with me. If we run out of bullets, we'll throw away the guns and take up machetes. We'll appear with machetes there. And if they come at us doing *adat* dances and wearing cassowary feathers on their heads, then Dimara might get dizzy and fall. Under those circumstances, Dimara, stand behind me, and I'll deal with them myself.'

I saw that Dimara was not keen and sitting in silence. 'Dimara, would you like us to run or wait for the enemy from the villages?' 'Tuan Bestir, my younger brother, you are the one leading this expedition and my boss; if Tuan Bestir, my younger brother says we wait, yeah, then we'll wait. If you say we run, yeah, we'll just run', Dimara replied.

Then I made the decision that the next day, really early in the morning, before 6:00, we would all come down from the camp and run away from the village. After I spoke with Dimara, I informed the group that the next day very early we would have to run away from that place. So they all would know that my orders earlier that afternoon were not true; I was only tricking them so they would go into the forest, and we would have a chance to flee from there because there was a plan to kill me and Dimara. Because it was dark under the house, I used sign language, instructing them as follows: 'Tomorrow, just before dawn, all of you will wake up and make sago pancake (*sinole*). You'll open a tin of margarine to butter the *sinole* and eat. You'll make coffee with Pelco (powdered milk). After that, everyone will put on your eating tins while you are sitting down, so everything will be truly ready for us to get up all at once to

move quickly down the ladder and run out of the village. We'll run and run until the place where I say to sit down, only then can we sit down to rest, with the eating tins still hanging from our shoulders.'

All the preparations were made by 03:00, in the middle of the night. No one could sleep because of the dangerous situation. We quickly descended from the house and began moving, leaving the village behind, still in a state of silence. Upon reaching the edge of the village I saw the *ondoafi* of kampung Unurum, who stayed there alone because he was so elderly he could not walk very far. I went in and shook hands with him and said good morning and goodbye. The whole group had already run far, but because they did not see me, two people ran back and firmly said to me: 'Come on, hurry up, do not stay long! Tuan Bestir, it was you who ordered us to run, why are you still moving so slowly?' All along the way, the route we went through was surrounded by jungle, so the Mamberamo people went more than 20 metres in from either side of the road. They ran and scouted the forest to make sure people weren't chasing us.

We ran until 11:00, then I told them to rest for ten minutes. After that we all got up and continued the journey, overwhelmed by feelings of caution and vigilance. Upon reaching a high mountain peak, I instructed them to rest and take out the sago *sinole* and margarine and sweetened milk for lunch. After that we kept running, up and down the mountain. From the mountaintop, while we were resting, someone came running from kampung Unurum. 'It is lucky that Tuan Bestir and your group fled from that village. If you had stayed, there would have been a big war, killing more people. The villagers (of Bebotehe) were very frustrated to find the village (Unurum) empty,' he said.

On that very day, the Indonesian warship, Macan Tutul (Leopard) was sunk by a Dutch warship. The following morning we did not go by the usual route to Genyem, but headed down to the beach and spent the night there. The next morning the entire group went on foot and arrived in Genyem at 15:00 that afternoon. The people in Genyem, who had been waiting for news of our trip, asked about our situation. They could not understand why we had not come back to Genyem through the usual route, but following an indirect path. It meant there was something going on.

I received a letter from the DBZ for me to get ready to be transferred from Hollandia to Biak. But I went before him and told him that I did

not agree to be transferred to Biak yet. I wanted to stay on in Hollandia until the Jadam people who killed Mr. HPB were processed at court. But the police detachment commander in Genyem, Lieutenant I Lamertze, also must be dragged into court.

Because I objected to being transferred to Biak, my boss appointed me district head in Genyem. I always remembered, from the time I studied at the OSIBA, that my job was to take care of the people. Genyem district oversaw 14 villages, namely: Genyem Besar, Genyem Kecil, Sanggai, Benyom, Ombrop, Nembontong, Warombaim, Pobaim, Sarmai Down, Sarmai Top, Imene, Imsetum and Kaitemong. From 19 November 1961 until the end of August 1962, the government did not deal with the problem of the murder of Mr. HPB's and the two policemen. The military and police here were giving priority to security and the protection of Nieuw-Guinea from the planned attack of the Tri Komando Rakyat (Trihora, People's Triple Command) under President Soekarno's command to seize West Papua from the Dutch.

HAVING TO MASTER THE LANGUAGE

As a civil servant I prioritized service to the community, as I had been taught through the education I received at the School for Indigenous Administrators in Hollandia-Binnen. In practice, I did not feel like a master, but felt I was a servant of the people. Whenever I was deployed in a new place (district), I was determined to learn the local language. Because when you have mastered the local language, it is easy to learn the customs of the community. Mastering the language and *adat* was like entering a house in the dark. I had to find where the power outlet was and immediately turn on the light so the house brightened up. Language and *adat* are tools for making contact.

Once I became familiar with the customs, I could succeed in my work, because my actions would not clash with the culture and *adat* of the community. Once I knew the culture and *adat* of the community, in performing my job, I had to be careful not to violate the *adat*. Because if what I did was not in accord with the ways of life and habits of the community, they would think Tuan Bestir was transgressing their *adat*. As a result, the people would see me as a vandal. And even more fatal,

the people would increasingly distance themselves from the government as time went by.

Since I mastered the language and *adat*, I was able to win their trust. I could carry out any order from the government as a civil servant and serve as a spearhead in the remote areas where I was assigned. An HPB did not make the development plans in the villages, because he did not know the situation of the village.

At the same time, the buildings used as district offices were not constructed according to the plans of our superiors. For example, the Arso district office was just an ordinary building, the same as a village home. The roof was very low and covered with sago leaves, the poles were made of fruitwood, and the shelves for books and office files were made of sections of bamboo. The work benches were made of pieces of areca wood, and the office walls were covered with sago leaf ribs. How could the HPB make plans, if he did not see with his own eyes the local situations or district offices in the interior, all the more so in villages that were still in the middle of the forest?

One day, the resident of Hollandia, Mr. Eibrink Jansen, and the HPB of Hollandia made plans to visit Arso to see the condition of the district office, because in the monthly report I had reported on the conditions of the office, and the homes of the district head and clerk, as well as the home of the office attendant. When the resident of Hollandia arrived at the Arso airfield, I welcomed them with a speech. I said that Arso district formed a small part of the contents of a book by Mr. van Eechoud entitled: *Vergeten aarde* (Forgotten earth).

The resident and the HPB wanted to see the office and home of the Arso district head. I said that the gentlemen could not enter the office because the office was too low for a tall Dutchman, so they could only see it from the outside. The same was true of the home of the district head, because that small hut was low and had no good place to sit. A week following the return of the resident and the Hollandia HPB to Hollandia, I received a letter from the resident that a budget had been prepared for building a district office, and houses for the district head, clerk, and office attendant, and that the physical construction would be carried out.

During the time I worked in the district, there were never any plans from my superiors. In each monthly report, official travel report, and annual report, I emphasized problems of health and problems of educa-

tion, as well as the economic livelihoods of the small communities in the villages that did not yet have the capacity to promote human dignity.

One day, I left the Arso post, travelling on foot to the Waris district post, then the Waris district head and I walked together to the post of the Keerom HPB in Oebroep, which bordered the Baliem Valley, to see the Keerom HPB, Mr. Lind. After two days in Oebroep, the Waris district head returned to Waris, while Mr. HPB Keerom made a plan to visit some of the more remote villages in Arso district. I went on foot together with the HPB, a policeman and a paramedic toward kampung Sawa. The journey took three days. From there we went to kampung Yamas, then the HPB's group spent the night in kampung Kofo, and next morning headed on to kampung Niauw.

The trip was extremely long and led us through the mountains, and across rivers and plains where the heat was tremendous when the sun shone. We walked and walked, up to an area where conditions were terrible because the trail hugged the flanks of the mountain. There were no pathways to go up because the river was lined with mountains with steep inclines and we could not go down following the river because the mud was too thick and soggy, so we just followed the mountainside. We walked with our bodies tilted.

In one place there was a dry tree trunk, uprooted and overhanging the river. Mr. HPB, afraid of falling, took hold of a branch of the dried out trunk. Suddenly, the dry branch broke off and Mr. HPB fell. Mr. HPB got angry and said: '*Godverdomme, dat stinkende Papoea*' (God-damned stinking Papua). As a Papuan I did not take well to Mr. HPB's remark. Afterwards I approached him and said: 'Hey, say that again, if you're a man'. Yet in my heart I pitied Mr. HPB and I helped him get up and we sat askew on the slope of the mountain. I told our group to rest for about half an hour. Mr. HPB was fat, so he perspired a lot throughout the journey. Mr. HPB had run out of water, and I took out my *veldfles* (water canteen) and handed it to him to drink. I still had another one in my rucksack. I resisted my thirst for water so the water could be kept for Mr. HPB. Because it was already 17:00 in the afternoon, I instructed some porters to run ahead to ask the *korano* of Niauw for the villagers to come, and bring kerosene lamps to welcome us. The Niauw people came running to greet us, and with the lamps they brought we walked slowly along, and by 20:00 hours we arrived in kampung Niauw.

Indeed I was angry with Mr. HPB, but how I pitied him. He had proven himself as a *bapak rakyat* (father of the people). He was willing to walk on foot in the midst of dense jungle. That amazed me. In the following days we kept walking until finally we reached Hollandia-Binnen. As a civil servant, moreover, a district head, I did not have the capacity to develop society. I just endeavoured to ensure that the people could gradually come to live healthy lives, to have enough food and get an education to sharpen their minds.

When I came to villages where the food consisted of edible tubers like taro, yams, and cassava, I urged every family to have a garden, so they could have enough food. For their children to be physically and mentally healthy so they could go to school. I encouraged the villagers so they would slowly come to understand how important school was for their children. If their children always went to school, then their lives in the future would be better than their parents' were now.

When I came to villages where the food consisted only of sago, I invited and directed and urged them not to eat only sago. If there was forest with dry and fertile soil, it would be better to make gardens and plant tubers and vegetables, so they could eat these as well. In my opinion, sago contains very little calcium, and it is desirable to eat lots of tubers and vegetables, because this is crucial to children's growth.

TAXES AND HEALTH

Regarding *belasting* (taxes), I carried out tax collection in the districts on the coast and in the districts near the city. But when I became a district head in the interior, I did not do any tax collecting, because people in the interior were not able yet to pay taxes. They did not have taxable livelihoods. But there were some who did earn a living, although their income levels were still very low. For example, the coastal people who gardened, with garden crops, those who were fishers, with products from the sea, those who worked as construction labourers in the cities, with daily wages, and those who owned a means of transportation (motor boat) – they could be taxed a little each year.

The diseases people generally suffered from in those days were malaria, tuberculosis, leprosy, and filariasis (elephantiasis). At that time, the greatest enemy was malaria, which was considered a deadly severe

disease. After the health parties established an agency for the eradication of malaria or *malariabestrijding*, there was visible progress in eradicating this number one disease. I watched officers from the World Health Organization (WHO) from Manila joining in to help out. At the time I was the Arso District Head, a WHO inspector called Dr. Paul came and wanted to visit the villages. I took him to the villages of Wor and Kwana. After surveying the conditions of the people's houses, we crossed the Tami River, and then headed on foot to kampung Wambes.

The WHO inspector from Manila was fat. He got very exhausted passing through the swampy path. He rested every time he walked for about 10 minutes. Accompanying him, I finally got left far behind the main group. But the WHO inspector was very happy to be entertained by the sounds of an assortment of birds, especially the bird of paradise. The delegation later headed to kampung Wembi, although the WHO inspector could not continue the journey. He returned to Arso and went on to Hollandia.

In the Dutch era, the Health Department truly dealt with the eradication of diseases in Papua. Each type of disease was handled directly by a doctor, so the designation came first: malaria doctor, tuberculosis doctor, yaws doctor, leprosy doctor. The doctors who handled the various types of diseases did not stay quietly in the capital of Hollandia, but made visits to the villages for months.

In each district where I was on duty as a civil servant, a paramedic was also placed. When I made official trips to the villages, the paramedic also came along. In every village I visited in doing my duties as a civil servant, the paramedic opened a polyclinic in keeping with his duties in the area of health, and this way of working applied on every official trip.

Accused of being a separatist

Dolf Faidiban

I was once accused of being a member of the Organisasi Papua Merdeka (OPM, Free Papua Movement). The military resort commander (Danrem) of Manokwari, Colonel Toha said: 'Faidiban is OPM, so arrest him!' At the time I held the position of head of the political division in the *kabupaten* (regency or district) of Manokwari. Actually, the position had been granted to Mr. Saulus, while I had been assigned as head of the administrative division. However, I asked the *bupati* (regent or district head), who was a Batak, to place me in the Political Division and Mr. Saulus in the Administrative Division. The proposal was approved.

A job in the political division, in the eyes of Papuans, was very dangerous because it was related to intelligence. Working in this division sometimes made a person get blinded by money, to the point that it got the better of his conscience. I then took bold action. Anyone who would sell out ignorant people who knew nothing at all, and the likes, in order to gain a position or money, could look elsewhere for that. At the time when Indonesia had just come in to the country, there were many Papuans who wanted to ingratiate themselves in order to obtain positions. People who were not OPM were said to be OPM. People who had said nothing were reported and eventually put in detention without a fair trial. I was trying to do away with all that.

Eventually it came to a head. Even I got hit. The story was, there were some people from the interior – from Awom. They were led by Jakobus Asari. They came to tell me that on 17 August they were going to attack Manokwari city. So it was around the fourth that they came to meet with me. I said: 'Don't! Don't do it! If you attack Manokwari, later you can hide behind trees, leaves, rocks, earth, hills, and so on. But the people, the people in Manokwari, the Papuans in Manokwari, will be wildly cleaned out. So, don't you do a thing. That's it, finished!'

Apparently, however, there were people who wanted to curry favours, wanted to secure positions by selling other people out. I had a driver, who was also my own uncle, Rumere; maybe because he wanted to secure a position, he decided to report me. So, the *bupati*, who was my protector, could not do anything, because there was an eye witness, uncle Rumere! The one who reported me was given the position of *camat* in Merdei, where, when it was still the Dutch era, I had once been the district head. I was held for three months in police detention. But that was alright.

In detention I gained great experience. I too felt how hard it was for people in prison and how our hearts were set against them. Coming out of detention, that same day I was ordered to go directly to Hollandia. A position had been prepared and was waiting for me there. After I got there, I immediately became the head of the Education Division, and served concurrently for much longer in the province under Drs. Karsono, head of the Bureau of Government Administration.

A TEN-GUILDER ALLOWANCE

I was a graduate of Opleidingschool voor Inheemse Bestuursambtenaren (OSIBA, School for Indigenous Administrators). There were two ways to continue studies at OSIBA, first, by graduating from Primaire Middelbare School (PMS, junior high school), or second, from Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys).¹ PMS graduates were given the chance to follow studies at OSIBA for three years: two years of theory and one year of practice. Whereas those who came out of JVVS had to study for a longer time, five years in all: two years of theory, followed by one year of practice, then a return for a final two years before taking the final exams to then go into the community.

I myself was educated at OSIBA for five years, since I was a graduate of JVVS Korido in Biak. The director at that time was Mr. van Kempen. My education at OSIBA was financed by the government of Netherlands New Guinea. So there were no fees from parents for any of it. Accommodations in the dormitories were covered by the government.

¹ JVVS was a 'follow up' (*vervolg*) school after village primary school (*dorpschool*). Its function was to upgrade the students' village primary education and prepare them to access the Anglo Saxon (Pacific) high school educational system. From JVVS they went onto PMS as junior high school, and from PMS to OSIBA, which was a mixture of senior high school and administrative training.

We received help from our parents, but that was for things that had nothing to do with education.

At the Bestuurschool there was government aid. In the first year of studies we received an allowance of ten guilders each month. Later, in the second year, it was 20, and in the third year, 30. In the fourth year, because it was practice, we were given even more. If I am not mistaken, during practice in Sorong we were given 150 guilders, which was also the basic starting salary for a *candidaat bestuurs-assistent* (CBA, assistant administrator candidate).

When the assistant-resident asked me to work at night, he gave me a stipend too. So when I returned to OSIBA I brought back lots of money! The OSIBA curriculum did not distinguish between the PMS and JVVS graduates. The curriculum was the same. The OSIBA curriculum in 1953-54 consisted of these subjects: 1. *Nederlands* (Dutch language), 2. *Rekenkunde* (arithmetic), 3. *Beginselen van Nederlands strafrecht* (principles of Dutch criminal law), 4. *Beginselen van staatsinrichting* (principles of the constitution), 5. *Staatshuishoudkunde* (political economy), 6. *Land- en volkenkunde* (ethnology), 7. *Hygiëne en verbandleer* (hygiene and first aid), 8. *Politievakken* (police studies), 9. *Administratie* (administration), and 10. *Lichamelijke opvoeding* (gymnastics). That was the curriculum for the first stage, before practice. After practice, our curriculum in 1957-1958 was: 1. *Beginselen van het strafrecht*, 2. *Administratie*, 3. *Staatsrecht* (constitutional law) 4. *Staatshuishoudkunde*, 5. *Politievakken*, 6. *Land- en volkenkunde* (which sometimes was related to ethnology), 7. *Hygiëne en verbandleer*, 8. *Nederlands*, 9. *Rekenen* (arithmetic), 10. *Lichamelijke opvoeding*.

The topics that remained applicable in our government duties were *staatsinrichting* or *staatsrecht* (constitutional law) and *land- en volkenkunde* (ethnology). In fact they were number one. The teacher for these subjects was Mr. Raphael den Haan. He made me so interested in going there. Even if I felt a little sick, if Den Haan was coming to teach, I forced myself to go in, even if the teacher knew I was sick. I was fascinated by his way of teaching, his style, all of it was interesting! *Staatshuishoudkunde*, which had to do with economics, I applied in developing communities to do farming and household reforms in communities that were still very simple.

HALF OF US FAIL

In the first year class there were 24 of us from all over Netherlands New Guinea. After entering the practice year following the exams, only 12 students made it into practice. So, 50 percent succeeded! The advance selection, based on various aspects, really was good enough to establish which people should go into the field. They also had to be role models! Their behaviour and capacities to think had to be like Mr. den Haan's, so that they could do more for society. I was most pleased by his way of teaching because that way we learned to find out about the situation in a given community and how to make it orderly, in terms of the government's vision. Mr. den Haan taught *staatsrecht*, but more often his themes carried over to ethnology. Perhaps because he had travelled a lot in the interior, he knew this was right. I was sympathetic to the man, and to the methods and subjects of his lessons. And maybe it was because of this that I had high grades, often a nine! I did not see Mr. den Haan outside of OSIBA, since all 12 students who had passed were placed to practice across Netherlands New Guinea. The selection was tougher that first year. An OSIBA graduate, whether he had gone through three years or five years, was appointed to be a *candidaat bestuurs-assistent* (CBA, assistant administrator candidate), namely, the initial rank for any *abituriënt* (prospective student) of OSIBA. He could be placed at an HPB's office, a district office, a resident's office, or another government office. As often happened, when an HPB or resident requested it, he was placed at the Dienst van Binnenlandse Zaken (Department of Home Affairs). Indeed, everything was arranged to meet the needs of the Resident for his area, and so on.

Becoming a *bestuursambtenaar* (government official) who was independent depended on the job skills of each person. Often, there were some who were a bit slow, but there were also some who quickly rose in rank or were promoted to become the district head or *districthoofd*. Perhaps because my HPB, Capetti, was good, or perhaps because he liked me, he was often angry, so I tried to not get angry. I tried to attract his sympathy, so in three years' and five months' time I was promoted. Usually it was only after five or six years that you got promoted. Then, after a few months passed, I was promoted again. Both Capetti, and later, the *aspirant-controleur* (incoming prospective controller), Mazairac, were very good, especially Mazairac. Because he was *aspirant-controleur*, and still

young, we often hung out with each other outside of office hours. He also encouraged me, maybe because at the time I was the youngest *bestuurs-assistent* (assistant administrator) under Mr. Capetti in Teminabuan.

In three years and five months I was promoted from *candidaat-bestuurs-assistent* to *bestuurs-assistent*, and in exactly four years I was holding the position of *districtshoofd* of Teminabuan. One month later I was serving as an *onderafdelingschef* (sub-division administrative head) in Steenkool (Bintuni). Apparently, the Dutch government at that time already saw that no matter what it did, Netherlands New-Guinea was going to be handed over to Indonesia through the UN. So they had already put *papuanisering* (papuanization) into operation at the time. Seven sons of Papua were for the first time appointed as sub-division heads, including me, the youngest of all, since I had only been working for four years after leaving the school for administrators.

To prepare to serve as a sub-division head I was summoned to Manokwari by Resident van Bodegom. At the time his wife had gone home to the Netherlands because she was sick, and I stayed at their house, taking part in his life from home to office. Presumably, this raised the suspicions of my friends there: why had I come from Teminabuan to live in the house (of the resident) and why could I only go out with ‘*bapak*’? He had his ways--which I complied with properly, both in and out of the office--certain ways I had to behave. When that was done I was sent back to Teminabuan. Following that came the decision that I should go to Steenkool.

The basic problem in positioning oneself as a public servant lay in knowing the people around me: were they primitive people, or people with education, farmers, fishers, teachers, health officers, doctors, government officials, controllers or HPBs, village chiefs, or poor people? All of those were environmental factors that influenced the government administration and the leadership psychology of a *tuan bestir* or administrator. As a consequence of such varied environmental factors, I had to learn and understand the relationships and linkages and influences of the system and subsystems among human beings, the people, the officials, with each other, and the environmental influences.

These things were really very interesting for me personally, not just as a government official, but also in terms of how I saw and got to know people, and what approaches should be applied. The resulting understanding of how things were among humans, between the people, the

administration and the environment, I applied psycho-sociologically in performing my administrative duties and services in the community. I think this was important, because at the time when I went into service, I had just turned 18, so there was no need to collide with the others. Especially with people who were still poor and isolated or were at the 'prismatic society'² stage. This approach seemed to succeed in Ayamaru, Aitinyo, Aifat, and Teminabuan, and eventually, in Steenkool.

REFUSING THE RESIDENT'S CALL

I could explain the Dutch perspective and approach to Papuans based on my background. In Teminabuan I worked as a deputy to the district head on the construction of the Teminabuan-Waigo-Ayamaru road, which was 20 kilometres long and was carried out using manpower and dynamite in several locations. The purpose was to support the development of chocolate, coffee, and rubber plantations. Unfortunately, after the road was finished, the implementation of the programme could not take place due to the change of government.

During the inauguration of the road from Teminabuan to Ayamaru, the older Papuan, Ambonese, Manadonese, and other administrators in charge of the construction of the road were ordered to stand at the doors, while members of Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council) and the Dutch Government and others, including me, were invited to eat inside. In the words of HPB Gonsalvez, the older administrators were to ensure that the public did not come in and disturb us.

I told Mr. van Bos that I did not accept this, but he just remained silent. So I went outside, to stand beside the older administrators, too. Mr. Gonsalvez kept telling Mr. Wanma: 'Please call Dolf to come inside.' I did not want to come inside, I stayed outside with the men. I said I did not want to come in, because I did not want to show that I was angry. I persisted in showing my sympathies, since the public was out here, while the respectable people were inside. So I said: 'Tell Mr. HPB to just let me keep watch with these men, especially since I'm young, so they're in sympathy with me.'

* This term refers to the ideas of Riggs 1964.

But apparently Resident van Bodegom was looking for me. He ordered Gonsalvez to call me inside. I said to Gonsalvez: 'Sir, this policy measure of yours is wrong, it's mistaken. These older administrators have devoted themselves much more, with all of their strength, to this road. I came here only a year ago, and you, Mr. Gonsalvez, only eight months ago. Neither of us began undertaking anything, it was they who began it! I have to stand guard with my young friends, so the older ones do not feel excluded.' There really were some things we thought we could tell him (Gonsalvez), because he too was only human. That perhaps he was mistaken, as long as it was conveyed politely, so Mr. Gonsalvez would accept it. At first he did not want to accept it, he was a little strained with me. I said: 'Mr. Gonsalvez, go back in there,' but he pressed on: 'You have to go in, it's the resident who made the request.' I said no, I was sure that Mr. Resident would not force me to eat.

THE HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DISTRICTS

I will try to explain a bit about the time the districts in Netherlands New Guinea came to be established. In the first stage, one government post was established in Manokwari, starting from 1936. It was headed by an *assistant-resident*, Van Eechoud. The Papuan people still lived in isolated groups and often fought each other. It was impossible for the government to implement development. Initial contacts were focused on ways to bring together people who lived in scattered locations into one large community, in villages on the north coast of Papua and in the southern part of Papua. What the government did at the time, aside from reconciliation, was mainly to help communities affected by malaria, which was such a dangerous disease and had already taken so many victims that the population of Papua was not increasing much. They got through this phase alright, although at the cost of many obstacles and sacrifices.

The second phase involved the opening of government posts in several different places. Fakfak became the headquarters for the *assistant-resident*. Then there was a post in Merauke on the south coast, followed by posts on the north coast in Hollandia, Serui, Biak, and Sorong, and in a number of other areas. The Dutch administration in Papua, which still had assistant-residence status, was still under the control of the resident in Ambon. The difficulty of transportation between Ambon and the

assistant-residence in Manokwari was the main obstacle to an effective government administration. Under those conditions it was not possible to undertake intensive development, even though education began to be implemented in most areas of northern Papua and in a few areas in the southern part of West Papua.

It was only in the third phase that the government administration began to be developed, following the end of the Pacific War, and this was marked by the opening of government posts in various other areas, both on the coast and in the interior. In brief, it was only after the Pacific War, that is, starting in 1945, that any significant development was carried out for the people of Papua.

The Dutch approach that the nation of Papua holds in reproach, especially the younger generations in the years 1958 to '69, was the delay in the decolonization of West Papua through the United Nations, in preparation for Papuan independence, through which Papua would be associated with the Netherlands in friendship, for welfare and prosperity.

EXPERIENCES WITH DUTCH ADMINISTRATORS

Together with friends from the administrative school such as Mr. Bos and Mr. van der Molen, I was placed in Dok V. We got along together and were as familiar as if there were no HPB. After leaving the office we would have drinks first, before each of us went home. If someone wanted to go swimming, he would call up the others for us to all go swimming together. The closeness let us get to know each other, perhaps there were two or three of them, including Mazairac, as well. Because of those feelings, what they knew of me, they thought other Papuans were also like that. It was the same in Teminabuan and Ayamaru, even in Steenkool. In Steenkool I was new, and the atmosphere there was rather different than in Teminabuan or Ayamaru.

The ways of interacting there, say, with the Papuan elites that the administrators knew, they also applied with the communities. When we went on field tours, we slept together with the community. When they came over in the evenings, they were inquisitive because they were still young. Maybe this one wanted to deepen his knowledge of sociology, another, his knowledge of some other field. After we explained our mission in coming to the village and then everyone would go look for the

elders, to gather materials for whatever he was working on (an essay or thesis). Eventually, the relationships improved, and we always provided tea, coffee, or cigarettes for them.

Sometimes, when it was getting late, Mr. Bos would say something like: ‘Oh, you sleep here, we’ll sleep together in the camp.’ So it was! Just as in Irian, some people had brains while others could be extremely irritating, so also the characters of the Dutch administrators varied. But we in the division of West Nieuw-Guinea under resident Van Bodegom rarely had any difficulties. The young ones, whether Papuan or Dutch, were often gathered together by Resident Van Bodegom. That was his approach to create an atmosphere in which his territory could run well, or perhaps, to get a letter of good conduct from the Dutch queen, or maybe from the governor? Since I was a *candidaat bestuurs-assistent* and (at the same time) on the technical staff in the area of administration, my working relationship with the *onderafdelingschef* (HPB) was very close. He was the administrative leader in the region, so as technical staff, we had to assist him well. In carrying out his duties, the HPB at all times required information about the state of society, in terms of various aspects of life, in the areas of government, politics, and security, the state of the villages, people’s economic issues, education, health, and other aspects of society.

In trying to get familiar with the problems of government, politics, and so on, the HPB could instruct the CBAs or young administrators to conduct a survey in the field. This could be done through a special survey or through sporadic trips to some of the villages in his territory. Sporadic, meaning several times a month and in several different places so the data we gathered would be representative. Our approximations could come close to being true for the whole region.

In 1958, when I was in Teminabuan, the HPB, for example, would ask: ‘I need this, let’s see if the Wersar people have enough land for us to clear to plant coconuts for them. And if we were to clear it, what weeds might we need to eradicate; and from a cultural point of view, are they interested in coconuts or not? Perhaps there could be other crops?’ Yes, that’s what it was like! Then later there would be surveys in a few more places, so we could order seeds and know the number of villages and number of people we needed. Then we were given assignments: ‘You try to finish that job and you may pick anyone you want to help you, and after two or three weeks, please report on it in writing.’ For example, in the case of agathis trees, they were tapped from Wersar to Konda,

and from Yahadian, from Inanwatan, and from the southern part of Aitinjo. The resin was tapped for a cooperative called Koperasi Sena Taji Weta Nagin Brat (WNB) in Teminabuan. At the time (1958) agathis production was actually already being done by the Forestry Department. The results of observations or fact finding in the field were reported in a special report or *toerneeverslag* (patrol report) that was then intensively studied by the HPB. Following from the results of the HPB's assessment a staff meeting was held, consisting of government administrators, both Dutch and Papuan and people of other ethnic groups, along with the related agencies, such as health or education. Or the agrarian agency, if there was a connection to land issues: if we wanted to plant certain specific crops, would clashes not happen between tribes, or between one village and another because of customary land rights issues (*hak ulayat*)? All of that had to be discussed beforehand. Or later, meetings with the Agriculture Department or another agency were also required to address outstanding problems and resolve them.

On such occasions, the CBA could play a dominant role in making pertinent and reasoned recommendations on the problems discussed. But they had to get support from the meeting, especially from the HPB. The CBA who conducted the survey had to directly see and be familiar with the field, because those assembled would listen to his recommendations more than those of all the others, who only took part in giving their reactions.

But at certain times, when the recommendations just continued to be well received, the HPB became suspicious. He wondered, why is it that, when Faidiban speaks, he is always supported by Van der Molen and Wanma? All of his reports continue to be supported! Is it actually *doorgestoken kaart* (a put-up job)? Sometimes the HPB really said that; he was not convinced. I said: 'Let's go into the field together so you can see for yourself, sir'. Of course there was cooperation. This meant that all of us under him endeavoured to keep everything running well.

While in Teminabuan or Ayamaru I never heard of a report from the community about an administrator who was misbehaving or not performing his job well. A CBA did not just take orders all the time, he could also get input from the HPB, who at the same time suggested solutions to resolve things. The young CBAs who were quickly promoted in rank or structural position were those who were proactive in helping the regional leader or sub-division head to overcome various administrative, developmental, and social problems in the sub-division.

DANCE PARTIES AT THE POLICE STATION

Beyond the formal or official employment relationships there were very intimate informal relationships among the administrators, with other Dutch people, and with Papuans and Papuan *tuan bestir*. I myself spent almost every Saturday night relaxing with my Dutch administrator friends as well as with the *aspirant-controleur*, Mr. Mazairac. We relaxed, drank, ate, and sang. Also, after ending work at 15:00 in the afternoon, if any of us had extra pocket money, the others would be invited to have a few glasses of beer before returning to our own homes.

Mr. Mazairac, Mr. Bos, Mr. van der Molen and I always had close ties. We were all actually bachelors. Except Mr. Mazairac, who had a family, but was still a young man. On every first Saturday night of the month a dance party was held at the police canteen for people from all ethnic groups – Dutch, Papuan, Chinese, and Indonesian, such as Ambonese, Manadonese, Sangir Talaud, and others based in Teminabuan.

At the time in Teminabuan there were no ‘BBM’ – that is, no Bugis, Butonese, or Makassarese. There was only one person, who ran an alligator skin enterprise. His name was Saleha, he was a good person. At the dance parties, those who were already married stuck with their wives, those who were single, with the Dutch and Papuan nurses, or the Dutch, Papuan, and Indonesian teachers. Relations between the Dutch and Papuan women were also good, although they did not mingle that often, not like Dutch and Papuan men did. They exchanged birthday gifts, which could be sent or delivered directly to the birthday parties they organized, whether for children from Papuan, Dutch, or other ethnic groups.

I really did not see any discrimination, although differences did appear to exist in everyday relationships with ordinary people. That is understandable because of psychological factors. We could not force village people, who were still so simple, to interact on close terms with the ladies or gentlemen around the HPB and others. Acknowledged or not, under any conditions there are always differences. Because while one may want to embrace others, those one wants to embrace may feel insecure. The same was also true with me; as a Papuan, there was also some distance. I wanted to immerse myself among ordinary people because I wanted to know more, because the Biak people might have social problems that differed from those of the people of Teminabuan. But they always called me ‘Mr.’. Actually, it was fine to be called ‘Mr.’, but over time it became

an indication that there was still distance between one group and another. While there were striking differences related to racial differences – those who were white-skinned, blond-haired, or brown-eyed – those were gifts from God, to be grateful for and not for debate. That was the reality.

When I reflect on it now, if I compare things with today, the distance now is really great between the people and the government officials who have the top functions. When they come it seems as if they really love the people, but it is only on the outside, not something that comes from their consciences, it is more contrived. For example, when I was still active in Dok II, there was a debate about that. I said that we, namely the people of Indonesia, were the most hypocritical people in the world. We must not blame others. Look first (within oneself). With our mouths we say kind words, but in our hearts we are like vipers. Whereas it seemed the Dutch at the time were more spontaneously open and honest, while their attitude maybe also had to do with religion. If there was this hypocrisy, we would really quickly come to know it.

BEATEN BY THE RESIDENT

When I served as a CBA in Teminabuan I had very good working relations with *Controleur* F.J.M. Capetti, *Aspirant-controleur* Mazairac and *Controleurs* Mr. R.A. Gonsalvez, drs. E.A. Polansky, and Van Bodegom, and finally, Resident van der Veen. Van der Veen once beat me because of something I did. When I was staying at his home, I came home late, so he beat me. He beat me with a rod, but he only beat people he cared about. He told me to lie on the table, then he struck me on the rear with the rod. But I knew he was affectionate, because if it were someone he did not know, he would not strike the person. Apparently everyone knew that if someone who was close to Van der Veen made a slight mistake, he got beaten. So we felt we were treated as children.

When Mr. van Bodegom returned to the Netherlands, Van der Veen came from Hollandia to replace him. It happened that I had already been released from my position as sub-division head in Bintuni and had come to Manokwari because I had been summoned by Mr. Soedjarwo Tjondronegoro to follow studies at the *Akademi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri* (APDN, Academy of Domestic Government). When I came to live there he said: 'Do not show bad character.' What he meant was to

demonstrate the good character we had been taught, even after we were separated from the Netherlands. 'But if you come home drunk, you could be beaten!' said Mr. van der Veen. Just imagine, a former sub-division head being beaten by a resident! But I did not feel any hatred or contempt.

There were stories about Mr. Gonsalvez in the Baliem Valley, and also, Mr. Raphael den Haan in Enarotali. Indeed I had studied their reports a lot, and from there I sometimes drew things that were relevant to the process of administration. Raphael den Haan himself, when he came, had to reconcile people who were fighting. Because he was daring, he intervened even when he was threatened by a spear, or whatever else, and he would keep advancing; because he was good-hearted, he could overpower people. Because he came to reconcile people for the good. Ah, that was a principle I used, too. And not only me; many of my friends in the government used that method.

As for Gonsalvez, he acted so tough, he even became a hero to the village that lost. It was he who helped them kill, he who shot. Yet later he received the Dutch Order of Knighthood for his deeds. If it were me, I would convict the villagers, but at the same time educate them and adjust the views of justice found in the community. If village A kills two people from village B, then village B will try to retaliate by taking an equal number of victims. If we punished only village B, to them that would be unjust.

Gonsalvez really was threatened by Papuans at that time. I asked, why was it that he was not punished? Or dismissed? Instead, he was given the Order of Knighthood. So, my reading was: Oh, so that is how it is! Now, if that is the case, actually he did not have to, but if he had let himself be killed, then he would also have been just! Because the victims would be equal. And according to the local community, that would only be fair. I think it depends what point of view we see the problem from. What is considered fair in one society may not necessarily be fair in another. So, from which angle do we see such a raid between villages, and based on which deeds, which facts of who kills, and why, do we judge?

THE CLOSING OF THE OIL FIELDS

Bintuni, which was then called Steenkool, is a mining region, at that time involving petroleum. So the community there was already used

to money. Suddenly there was a change in government. The Dutch government exited and was replaced by the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA). The oil fields were no longer operating and got closed down. Well closed down, so there would be no leaks and so on. The livelihoods of the people there shifted to other enterprises. As it happened, the people in Bintuni lived on a coast that was rich in fish, shrimp, and so forth. It was even rich in sago; one of the 'sago barns' for the future of Irian Jaya.

But then I heard that the natural gas company coming into the area was deliberately planning to damage it. That was a problem. Since I had worked there before, I asked for the files I had compiled to study. I also asked the first vice-governor to review them, lest the sago owned by the community get burned by the company. Companies could come in. That was no problem, if it was really for investment and for regional development. But it should not be allowed to go as far as destroying the food provided to the community by nature. They needed sago on occasions when economic crises like the current one happened. In fact it was also a living environment, a living habitat for a variety of natural animals such as fish and shrimp. Really rich!

Now the community there was already advanced. At the time there was a only a missionary post. Then I established a government post, Merdei district, which was located between Manokwari and Bintuni. The one who served as district head there was Mr. Eli Major. Today he is in Sorong, he has retired. Eli Major was my senior. Back then I said to him: 'Pak Eli Major, for the time being, you serve as the district head here, to foster regional development.' He served for three months there. After we brought in a young district head, he returned to Bintuni.

Merdei became a district, now a *kecamatan* (sub-district). It was also an area we considered important as a government post for development. So, for the economy and for whatever else, it could serve as a 'growth pool' in the interior. And today it is great there. If you go there on foot, it takes two days to get there. At that time it took me one day! Now it would probably take me a week. When Mr. Major and I walked there, the distance between us could be three to four kilometres. I said to a policeman: 'Give your weapon to someone else, just use a pistol and follow me, so we can walk fast! This was because we were curious, we wanted to know all about the interior and its peoples. So it was that curiosity that

motivated us. Sometimes, curiosity is not a good thing, but it seemed to be good for that!

EXPERIENCE DURING THE UNTEA PERIOD

Approaching the time when the UNTEA came in, I was transferred from Teminabuan to Bintuni. In Bintuni I replaced Sub-division Head Mr. Roemer, who was going home to the Netherlands due to the change of power from the Dutch to UNTEA. I was assigned the position of HPB. As the HPB, or the area commissioner (AC) in the district head in Teminabuan.

My responsibilities included running the administration, community development, organizing development and education, the economy, public health and order. This was a heavy load for a young HPB only 20 years old. It was truly an honour but also a burden, a duty, and at the same time, a responsibility to my people, who inhabited a fairly broad region bounded by Fakfak sub-division, and bordering Sorong sub-division to the west and Manokwari sub-division to the north.

In the field of law, as the single judge, or *alleensprekende rechter*, I had to enforce the law through a court of law and aim to act as fairly as possible based on the codified laws or *Wetboek van Strafrecht* (penal code) for citizens who really had an awareness of modern law. For the people of the interior (who were primitive) I applied *adat* law. The expedience of justice according to the habits of primitive society: by following religious norms and raising their humanitarian conscience not to kill and commit other serious offenses.

At the beginning I had to accept strong rebukes from the UNTEA resident in Manokwari and the UNTEA administrator in Hollandia, but later they were able to understand the application of the punishments I gave to the rural people. What mattered here was not an issue of how heavy or light the punishment was, nor a judiciary concern according to their customs or *adat*, but rather it was about applying sanctions to them so they would realize that taking another person's life was a sin.

In the field of administration I sped up the promotion of the Merdei post into a district and appointed my senior, brother Eliezer Major, as a District Head with the approval of the UNTEA Resident and Administrator. The recruitment of prospective honorary employees in

the office of the HPB was also accelerated. Those who had already been recruited by Mr. Roemer were appointed as civil servants. At that time, this was not too difficult, because in Jayapura there were still a lot of Europeans who probably realized that what was going to happen in the future could be different from what they expected, so they agreed with all of our proposals. There were already many honorary employees who could be appointed as civil servants. I tried to do this so that when I left, no one would feel they had suffered losses or had been overlooked.

Papuans as well as non-Papuans, such as the Chinese, Manadonese, and Ambonese, were all prepared to obey the new government, by working and doing their best. The Ambonese worked at it just like the Papuans, but harder. Some, at the time, thought they were a bit too extreme. I said: 'you mustn't make anything of this, the main thing is, don't let it get to the point that when I get out of here there's a rebellion, because then I would be the one they'd think had dropped the bomb.'

PEOPLE START TO WORRY

The entry of the UNTEA as a transitional government to replace the Dutch government was significant in bringing about certain impacts, such as psychological-political effects, among others. Papuan people began to feel as if something disturbing was going on. They doubted the ability of the UNTEA Government and the UN to guarantee political rights to freedom or to defend the independence of the Nation of Papua, which had already been marked by the raising of the Morning Star flag while at the same time humming the song, *Hai tanahku Papua* (My land is Papua) to the whole world. The doubts were mainly focused on the New York Agreement, especially the chapter on the implementation of the right to determine our own fates. Would it truly be applied fairly and honestly, one man one vote? Or would it be reengineered in the form of democracy that commonly occurred in Indonesia, turned into *musyawarah untuk mufakat* (deliberation to reach a consensus), which was often won by the ones who played a stronger role, or whose arguments won by a majority, while those in the minority were always parties that were unrepresented.

The things that Papuans began then to have doubts about later came to pass. That reality was tangible, and even up to now, still exists, the

deviations made by the Government of Indonesia, but never annulled either by the UN, the United States, or the Netherlands. Here, it seemed, was a feat of international political engineering that was followed by the United States, especially President John F. Kennedy, and Indonesia, and was forced upon the Dutch. Due to fears of an imminent military clash between the Eastern Bloc (the Soviet Union) on one side, and Indonesia and the Western Bloc or NATO, which was, of course, on the side of the Netherlands as an ally within NATO.

This I found out – I was working at that time – and night after night I would often turn on the radio to follow political analyses from the Netherlands, Australia as well as the BBC in London. Once there was an analyst discussing the crescent area and the fact that Indonesia happened to be located in the outer crescent area, so that if the Soviet Union could take control of it, this would mean that they would also control the Pacific Ocean, and the United States would be under threat.

AN EPIDEMIC OF CORRUPTION BEGINS

Another effect of the entry of the UN had to do with the issue of language. Papuans, especially those involved in civil administration, had to learn English in order to communicate with the UN officials who took over the key positions left vacant by the Dutch officials. Clumsiness and impasses in the communications of the administration occurred; likewise, there were lags in many administrative matters that needed to be fully resolved. Very few of the Papuan officials could anticipate the deadlocks that occurred in the administrative channels of government and development.

In connection with the language problem, Indonesian officials emerged to act as mediators in the administration of government and development. The Indonesian language was officially made the language of mediation. This opportunity was used to achieve the political goals of Indonesia. Here and there the facts were twisted, for instance, the fact was that Papuans rejected the system of democracy by deliberative consensus, but the UN officials or non-Indonesians were told that the Papuan people agreed to it and rejected the one man one vote system. That is the danger of language. The people were deceived, threatened

and treated inhumanely, especially to carry out the Act of Free Choice, which referred to the New York Agreement.

Another problem had to do with the turnover in government positions. Many Papuan officials were replaced by Indonesian officials based on the rationale that they were attending courses, inside or outside of the country. Corruption was appearing everywhere, something that, during the time of the Dutch, had almost never been found carried to other provinces in Indonesia. Papuans could not reproach it because they would be accused of being separatists. They really could not challenge it. If a person was like me, a government official, among fellow officers, he could do so. I could say openly: 'We do not know that culture here. It's a culture you have brought here.' I could talk like that, but an ordinary person, such as a teacher, would be reported to the police or the military.

As I mentioned earlier, while the UNTEA was still here, Indonesia had actually already come as well. They were already buzzing about, especially those who were acting on behalf of the diplomatic corps, they were already there in the UNTEA period. Perhaps without the knowledge of the Dutch, the United States and the UN, there were already a lot of them here. Many teachers had come, men and women, even more women. There were not really any merchants yet, but people from all the lower echelon agencies or departments were already here. The outside world did not know it, as the Indonesian government very cleverly engineered things so that there were already so many people here who were regarded as the staff of the diplomatic corps staff to assist all the officials and so forth.

SILENCED INSTITUTIONS

I am sure that the UNTEA also knew it, but it seemed that the UNTEA did not address it, and suppressed the circumstances. This gave rise to a sense of suspicion among Papuans. So, if you have ever heard the expression, 'international political engineering' that was one of its indications. But Papuans could not talk. The members of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad, which had formerly been so clean and able to speak so freely, could do nothing anymore. Essentially, all of the governance institutions that had been developed by the Dutch Government for the Papuans were totally paralyzed. The members of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad existed, but

they were dysfunctional and they were under frequent observation, like Tanggahma. In the UNTEA's view Tanggahma was the most dangerous. Finally, he died in Manokwari after drinking a glass of coffee.

Formerly, with the Dutch, we could quarrel, but then shake hands after it was over, not in a false way with but with a genuine handshake. But with the Indonesians, you could not, they would usually defer. I noticed we did not look each other in the eye, rather they averted their eyes. Sometimes I called this a provincial nature, even though I myself come from a village. In the end, there was a gulf, which I am sure that, until the Lord Jesus returns, we will never be able to escape. I am not the only one who thinks so, many other Papuans do as well.

When we met together with all the Indonesian *bapak* we left it at that; after the round, everyone back in the confines of their respective boxes, there were no relationships among one another. If we met, everyone was hypocritical; the Papuans too were forced to be hypocritical. Luckily we were able to adapt. Sometimes I say that the reason for hypocrisy among the people of Papua is that they adapted themselves to the culture that came from there. Hypocrisy does not exist in the culture of the Papuans. They cannot respond, perhaps because they feel offended.

LAW ENFORCEMENT DURING THE UNTEA PERIOD

Perhaps I can give one more example of public administration during the UNTEA times. At the time, murders still took place between one village and another. When this happened, I reported it to Jayapura, then called Hollandia, to the UNTEA administrator, Dr. Djalal Abdoh. He replied: 'It should be punished hard.' But I gave a light sentence. The most serious crimes should have been punished, based on the *Wetboek van Strafrecht*, by sentences of 15 years, 10 years. But I gave 1.5 years. Those that called for up to five years, I gave only a few months.

I received strong challenges from the UNTEA government, as well as from Manokwari, from Mr. Cameron. By coincidence, he had a master's degree in law. A sentence was meted out by a judge in a court of law in order to develop them. The punishment, for those convicted, was to be locked up or detained. Whereas they were here to be developed or educated (*dibina*). At the point when the convicts could speak Indonesian well, I returned them to their villages. There they could teach their

people to live properly, from my point of view. In the opinions of Dr. Abdoh and Mr. Cameron, they should have been severely punished. But after I consulted in Manokwari and was sent to consult in Jayapura with the UNTEA, it turned out that they accepted it, so the sentences were officially approved.

So my view was this: Because justice, according to people in the interior here, was, for example, that if village A was at war with village B, both must win equally. That meant: if village A killed two people from village B, then village B would also try to kill two people from village A. Only this might be called justice. To balance things according to *adat*. So as long as village B had not yet killed two people from village A, the war went on. And other social relationships were certainly affected, as they could not keep gardens far from their village, since village B was always spying. They killed to retaliate for the sake of their sense of justice.

That is what I explained to the UNTEA people. I said that if we killed one person in the city of Sorong or in Manokwari, Biak, Jayapura, Serui, or Fakfak and so on, we would be applying the law in full. But as long as they continued to depend on *adat* law, and that is what was best and would not give rise to consequences as long as they lived, then it was better for us to follow them, but give them light sentences. And while they were being punished, I sent teachers to educate them, then, from the government's angle. Indeed, a tribal chief who should have been sentenced to 15 years, but I only gave 1.5 years, returned to being the tribal chief in Merdei. So the law we applied in different societies was not the same. These truly were people who still constituted a prismatic society.

But this did not mean that Western law was too harsh, in fact it served as the foundation. Only I adjusted it to the conditions of their laws and customs, their sense of justice. So that too represented the success of the Dutch government at the time, of those who worked in the hinterland areas.

THE KOTEKA AFFAIR

I also had somewhat conflicting opinions with Panglima (Commander) Acub Zainal about the *koteka* (penis gourd) problem in Wamena. He held a meeting to raise awareness, and at the same time, get responses and criticisms, input and so on from all of the officials. Only because he was

a commander, after he spoke, there was no chance anyone would dare raise a hand and give an opinion. So I raised my hand. I thought it would be no problem! I spoke, proposing that ‘operation *koteka*’, replacing penis gourds by giving them clothing, was not a matter of clothes, not a matter of shame. It was a matter of culture, something related to the matter of social change.

I proposed that their wearing *koteka* was the same as our wearing clothes and being in a room in a public building. They did not feel ashamed. Because of that we had to ‘elevate’ their feelings, so they would feel ashamed. Only when they felt ashamed, would they not wear *koteka* anymore, would they need clothes. But then, if we gave them clothes there would be many related problems. The commander was telling me to distribute clothing. That was just one set of clothes each. In one day they would get dirty, since their conditions were not yet really conducive to cleanliness. Then they would have to buy soap. Where would the money come from? Their economies would have to be improved first, then their houses. And many of them did not bathe. They would need to know about cleanliness, that the body could only be cleaned with water.

All of this I put forward because he – Acub Zainal – had asked for input. But perhaps he was unhappy. Why was the one talking such a young person like me? Why was it that none of the older ones, the ones with stars, were saying anything? Thus, he banged on the table, he was angry! But Acub Zainal had a way of thinking that was almost the same as a Westerner’s.

UNTEA DOESN’T DO MUCH

The UNTEA period was drawing to an end, and with every incoming ship, a great many people arrived – the Papuans said they had come looking for food. The situation here was beginning to change. Many of the Papuans with positions in the administration were being replaced. They were given the task of going to study in Jakarta or abroad, in Japan. Or to attend police job training, also in Java.

If we compare the results achieved by the UNTEA in West Papua with those achieved by the Dutch in Papua, it may be concluded that UNTEA, in such a brief period, did not do much to develop Papua.

When I discussed this with Mr. Cameron, he said: ‘We are only here as police, to maintain security. We can’t do anything, it’s not possible to develop anything. We can only bring the information we have heard, so it can later be used, or not. It’s up to the UN.’

The UNTEA only came to take over power from the Dutch government in order to transfer that authority to Indonesia. Nor did the UNTEA do much to uphold the fundamental human rights of the people of Papua. Conversely, what the Dutch did, which was to lead the Papuan people from a primitive society into a society aware of its own humanity, was a sacred mission and serious sacrifice.

In the 14 years’ time since 1949, the Dutch government had made much progress for the Papuan people; they made the forgotten Papua described by Van Eechoud in the book, *Vergeten aarde* (Forgotten earth), renowned as a society in the face of the international world. More than that, the Dutch had prepared a basic framework toward an independent Papua, which was marked by the hoisting of the ‘Morning Star’ flag and the singing of the *Hai Tanahku Papua* anthem on 1 December 1961.

The UNTEA really did not do a thing. Time wise, we cannot fault them. The only thing that is regrettable is that none of the violations made by the government of Indonesia and people of Indonesia before the surrender of sovereignty were ever reproached, for example, the many people and the army that they brought in, and things like that. Perhaps there was something in writing, but in the mass media outside or inside the country, it seems, no sounds were ever made about that and I never heard any.

STALLED BECAUSE MY FATHER WAS PRO-INDONESIA

I had been in Steenkool for exactly eight months when Mr. Soedjarwo Tjondronegoro, a senior executive of the UNTEA in Hollandia, came to pick me up, in order for me to attend the APDN in Malang. Actually, if the Dutch had remained one year longer, I would have attended the Rechtsacademie (Law Academy) in Holland, as this is what had been arranged by Mr. Van Bodegom. It is only now that I tell this, because I was not given the chance back then, as my father (Roland Faidiban) was among those who identified themselves as the Golongan Pejuang Indonesia Raya (Fighters for a Greater Indonesia Faction).

They formed the Partai Indonesia Merdeka (Independent Indonesia Party) on a bridge in Biak that was built but later destroyed by an unexploded bomb.

Due to my father's involvement in pro-Indonesia politics, my expedition to Holland, which was supposed to take place in 1958, did not happen. At the time I prayed, in the hope that the government would not find out, but Dutch security was so thorough, they discovered from a review of my resumé that Roland Faidiban was my father. When I was questioned, I acknowledged he was my father. As it happened, Mr. van der Sluys, Director of OSIBA, called me: 'What about Roland Faidiban from kampung Bosnik, is he your father?' I replied: 'Yes, he's my father.' So I would not be supported by the Dutch government. Never mind, right, it was my fault for having him as a father.

Finally I was sent to the APDN in Malang; but was it to increase my knowledge or to get me out of Papua? Actually both were true. In fact, Resident van Bodegom's records were left with Mr. Cameron, and when *Pak* Soedarto became the resident in Manokwari – the first Indonesian resident – he asked Mr. Tjondronegoro (who was formerly the Indonesian ambassador to the UN during the negotiations with the Dutch about West Papua) for them. This too was because my father was on the Indonesian side. But a son may not necessarily emulate his father's political tendencies. Actually at that time I often spoke on the radio. The opinions I had were often aired by New Guinea Broadcasting. So both reasons were true, one, a rational reason, the other, a political reason (why I was sent to Malang).

After I finished my studies at the APDN I was sent back to Papua. For nearly three years I was not given any position. This indeed proved that my being sent away was not only to help but also to impede me. During this time it was as if my government career was obstructed. Actually, in the time of the Dutch, I was promoted faster than my classmates; in fact I far outstripped them, moving from scale 10 to 18. In the Indonesian period I could not stand seeing bad things, and I had to remain silent, I was not supposed to talk. Then I was assigned in Manokwari and eventually, accused of being a member of the OPM.

EXPERIENCE DURING THE ACT OF FREE CHOICE

In 1969 I was in Jayapura but was asked to return to Biak, because I had family there, my parents were there. The order was very firm: 'You must carry out my order. Do we have to escort you?' I said there was no use in that. What was important, being informed of the order, was for me to go directly myself.

When the Penentuan Pendapat Rakyat (Pepera, the 'referendum' known in English as the Act of Free Choice) meeting was held I departed from Jayapura. On arriving in Biak I was greeted by the Air Force on the airfield. I was brought to an Air Force custody place. The lieutenant was a very good man, a Javanese Christian, from Solo. He said: 'Little brother, sit here until the meeting there is done, then I'll take you home.'

I asked who had reported me. Then the lieutenant told me: 'It was your father, little brother, who gave the order.' Why had he done that? 'I think your father is wise, rather than having you speak badly later – not all of us army people have human hearts, some would do damage. I met with your father, got the story and I said: 'Done, I'll meet little brother at the airfield.' The Air Force at that time included the armed forces, which were still clean, just like the navy was. After the Act of Free Choice meeting was finished, I was immediately escorted home to Bosnik. My father had gone home ahead. I felt as if my fathers' judgments were good.

What concerned me, is what I call confused politics. One example is that after the OPM uprising happened in Manokwari, the Indonesian government started to bring more troops into Papua. The UN troops, in fact the UN itself, could not do anything more. The Papuan people became confused and frightened. The situation was controlled by the Indonesian government even though supervision was still actually under the UNTEA. Papuan political predictions became chaotic. Any expectations of restrictive action by the UNTEA against the entry of troops from Jakarta vanished.

In this uncertain political situation emerged Papuans who called themselves Papua fighters, in the style of the Greater Indonesia fighters, and acted as informants to the Indonesian army. They were recorded and regarded as freedom fighters, and then selected So those who represented the Papuans were not good people. Maybe there were one or two who were, but the majority of those people had formerly been informants. Or they were people who had been put in prison because

they had stolen or committed other crimes. When Indonesia came they reported themselves, claimed they had struggled until the Dutch threw them in jail, although in fact the persons concerned were thieves or murderers.

Another impact was the role of the military in the civilian government and the Act of Free Choice. The role of the military in the civilian government increasingly intensified, especially in preparation for the implementation of the New York Agreement. As a concrete example, I will try to paraphrase a secret letter from the commander of the Merauke Military Resort 17, Colonel Blego Sumarto. The letter, no. R-24/1969 regarding Security for the Act of Free Choice, dated 8 May 1969, was addressed to the *bupati* of Merauke in his capacity as a member of Muspida (the Council of Local Government Officials). The contents of the letter, among other things, stated: In the event that during the polling period it is necessary to replace members of the Consultative Council, replacements should be made well before the Act of Free Choice deliberations. If reasonable excuses for the replacements are not obtained, whereas, on the other hand, it is considered essential for that member to be replaced because he would endanger the victory of the Act of Free Choice, one must dare to employ an unreasonable way to get rid of the member concerned from the session before the commencement of the Consultative Council on the Act of Free Choice. The inference of the letter was: we must absolutely win the Act of Free Choice, whether by reasonable or by unreasonable means.

They falsified my name

Arnold Mampioper

The Indonesian forces had entered Etna Bay! Their commander was a Lieutenant Mampioper! I was very surprised to hear this news. All eyes looked suspiciously in my direction. How could it be that the name was precisely the same as my own – I, Arnold Mampioper, none other than the district head of Etna, a member of the staff of the resident of West Nieuw-Guinea (the Dutch government).

The HPB of Kaimana, F.H. Peters, who was my boss, immediately asked: ‘Do you have a brother who is in the Indonesian army?’ Oh no, I did not. There was someone from my village, a cousin of mine, who was in North Maluku, but he was not in the military. I was not sure about that name. It could well be a ploy to engage people in helping the Indonesian military commander because his *fam* (family or kin) were the same as the head of their district’s. But it remained to be seen whether he was really Mampioper, or the name was just a pseudonym.

It was April 1955. I was taking part in a patrol group with the HPB of Kaimana, F.H. Peters, the *aspiran controleur* (incoming prospective controller) of Fakfak, F. Veldkamp, the district medical doctor of Fakfak, Dr. Vink, the paramedic, Ubara, the chief of police, Van Krieken, and second-class *veldwachter* (village policeman), Sarara. We were patrolling Titinama (Maramani) and surrounding areas, such as the villages of Jerejepa, Debaka, Keghete, Odiburai, Moanemani, Waigeta and Enarotali. I heard the news when our patrol group was about to return to Etna Bay. The additional information we got was that Lieutenant Mampioper’s forces had divided in two. A large group was proceeding to Lake Jamor. Meanwhile, Commander Mampioper and one platoon were coming up to meet us or intercept us at kampung Maramani (Titinima).

The problem of the similarity of the name was, for the time being, not the first thing to be considered. We were more concerned about how

to walk home without running into the Indonesian troops. Doctor Vink recommended going through Lake Jamor. Mr. F. Veldkamp suggested we return to Enarotali. Whereas HPB Peters suggested going down following the Aindua river on the west coast by the Kaimana-Mimika border.

I responded. If we went to Lake Jamor, the Republic of Indonesia (RI) troops were heading there. Returning to Enarotali would be tough since we had no food. There were the sweet potato crops of the inhabitants, but could the gentlemen survive on these? Following the Aindua was good, but the river did not flow swiftly all the way to the coast. As a result we might get to the middle but be unable go further with a raft, floating and constrained by the sea tides. We might run out of food and drink and be attacked by mosquitoes. We could not be sure of meeting anyone to help us.

I proposed that we follow the road we were already travelling. The commander of the RI troops would not block us, for fear that the police in the HPB patrol would demolish them. I thought that they were coming to find us there, but that the villagers would take them walking on the mountainside, so as to avoid meeting us. I was the one who walked in the front. We did not follow the existing road, but walked three or four metres to the side of the trail so we could keep watch on whether or not the way before us was safe. So they could see the signs I placed on the path which meant it was safe and they could keep going.

In the lowlands it was more difficult because we could not see very far ahead. Because of that I walked far ahead to see if the enemy was blocking us. If there was anything dangerous, I would shoot as a signal in their direction for them to cross the river. There was a small village there, Isadiso, where we could get help with food and seek information. But I was sure there would be a police or army patrol to safeguard our arrival. Finally, we encountered what I had predicted. A group of young policemen showed up, deftly coming to pick us up and lead us safely to the marine and police patrol post in Napuri on the bank of the Omba river.

Upon receiving the report on the Indonesian troops, the resident of Fakfak, F.R.J. Eibrink Jansen departed on the KM Maro (the patrol boat of the resident of Fakfak), and entered Lake Janor with a mobile brigade to inspect the marine and police patrol that had come to pursue the Indonesian troops under the command of Lieutenant Mampiofer. It turned out that the name was false. His true name was Lieutenant D.J.

Dimara. His mission was to persuade the people of Papua to drive the Dutch out of West Papua.

When the resident returned from Lake Jamor, he received our delegation but he would not receive me. In his speech, he said: ‘Now I won’t shake your hand, you are our enemy. Only once it has been proven that you are not guilty can you be a friend again.’ I replied to him: ‘Very well, Your Excellency, all I know is to work for the people of Papua, who have been abandoned by Holland and Indonesia for centuries, who I am struggling to develop, but I have absolutely no relationship at all with the Republic of Indonesia or its troops entering West Papua’.

Our delegation, the Fakfak police commissioner, Metray, and the field police departed aboard the KM Maro, heading for the coast of Semimi in Etna Bay. In Etna I did not want to disembark. HPB Peters invited me to get off, but I objected. I wanted the resident, commissioner, and police to check my home and office, to see if I had stored there any documents from the Republic of Indonesia to introduce the troops of a Lieutenant J.A. Dimara disguised under the name of Mampiooper. But the police commissioner boarded ship to persuade me, then forced me to get out, taking the necessary suitcase and clothing to come along to Kaimana.

COMING BRINGS GOOD LUCK

On 11 December 1951, after completing my education at the Bestuurs Opleiding School (BOS, Administrative Training School, which later changed its name to OSIBA) I was appointed as a civil servant and placed by the director of home affairs in Kaimana district, at that time still known as *onderafdeling* Fakfak. For that reason, before heading to my job location, I reported to the resident of West Nieuw-Guinea in February 1952. In the interim, I served on the staff of the resident of West Nieuw-Guinea in Sorong-Dom.

In February, an official meeting of all of the HPBs across the residency of West Nieuw-Guinea was held. Upon arriving in Sorong I reported to the resident of West Nieuw-Guinea, Mr. Maurenrecher. After reporting I received instructions to report to my superior, the HPB of Fakfak, who was in Sorong at the time. Since all the HPBs would be returning to their respective regions, I would join them on that occasion.

Thus, I reported to the HPB of Fakfak, Mr. J.H.F. Sollewijn Gelpke. The resident, Mr. Maurenrecher cast off for a tour to Fakfak, stopping in Teminabuan to drop off the HPB of Ayamaru, Mr. Meyer¹ and his entourage. The journey to Fakfak went through Pisang Island. When we arrived in Fakfak, Resident Maurenrecher was welcomed with an honour guard ceremony by the police, civil officials and armed forces of Fakfak. The HPB of Fakfak directed Mr. Tamaela, the Fakfak district head to give me an opportunity, as a newly arrived civil service officer for Kaimana, to provide information and direction to the village people and school students in Fakfak district.

I visited villages in the vicinity of Fakfak city, up to Sipatnanam in the west, and villages in the Karas archipelago in Sabakor Bay in the eastern part of the district. In each village I emphasised the development of healthy homes with the support of a good environment; efforts to improve gardens by planting food crops that could be continually sustained so that the food needed would not dwindle; and processing a good variety of foods consisting of tubers, vegetables, fish, and animal flesh in order to improve nutrition.

After World War II, there was a great lack of personnel to perform government and private sector jobs. In short, Papua still needed a lot of staff; many jobs were waiting for workers. Each region competed in pursuing education and employment, so the Fakfak area too had to endeavour and work so as not to lag behind the other regions. It seemed that the direction I gave them made sense to the residents and teachers and schoolchildren. Moreover, the one giving them direction was someone who was Papuan himself.

Kaimana and the natural environment around it were protected by hills and craggy mountains. There was land and a white sand beach with a beautiful coral reef, surrounded by the blue waters of the ocean, which were clean and calm-looking in the cool season, but unfriendly in the season when the waves were choppy, because of both the westerly and easterly winds. It had a good harbour, so during the World War II period, Japan installed a great many sea mines in the Kaimana harbour, so that the ships of the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij (KPM, Royal Packet Navigation Company) or patrol boats and other merchant ships could not stop at the Kaimana harbour. So the KPM unloaded goods

¹ The Indonesian edition of the book says Meijer here, but this is likely a confusion of F.E. Meijer, who never served in Sorong, and J.R. Meyer Ranneft, who worked in Sorong in 1954 (School 1996:629).

and loaded export products such as copra, *bia triton* (trochus shells), alligator skin leather, damar resin, and so forth on the island of Karawatu near Adi Island. And the KPM transported the goods from Karawatu Island to the coast of Bisijari Bay, which was calm in all weather as well as being close to Kaimana. From here the KPM again unloaded goods and loaded export products.

Meanwhile, the Koninklijke Marine (Royal Netherlands Navy) was cleaning up the sea mines left by the Japanese army in the port of Kaimana. Finally, on 5 April 1952, the KPM entered Kaimana harbour for the first time since the outbreak of World War II. Incidentally, it was on this KPM ship that I rode and entered Kaimana. The morning atmosphere of the sea and air was calm. The sun was shining all along the coast of Kaimana, illuminating the blue sea. Entrepreneurs and government officials were getting ready to tend to the unloading of the ship. The beach of the port was crowded with people watching the KPM ship coming in. I was received by staff from the office of the district head of Kaimana. The district head, J. Sokurat, was ill. The village chiefs welcomed me with the greeting: 'Tuan Bestir brings good luck, so your arrival brings the KPM into Kaimana for the first time in 10 years.' In Kaimana I conducted a tour of the coastal villages of Kaimana, Namatota, Sisir I and II, Arkasi, Maimai and Lobo. I visited villages in the Kambraw area, as well as visiting villages in Arguni Bay to provide direction on caring for the environment, food nutrition, health and education.

THE MANGGERENGA MOVEMENT

During the World War II period the area was affected by the problem of the cargo cult, which in the local language is called *manggerengga*. Its emergence coincided with that of the *koreni* movement in Biak. Therefore, on every visit I advised the people about the idea of obtaining wealth that forms the background of the *manggerengga* movement², and how one could actually achieve it. That is, one must work hard, be diligent and obedient to the government and to the Gospel through the church, in

* The cargo cult centred around the belief that wealth could be obtained from beings that flew through the sky in a canoe. This idea of obtaining wealth was cleverly 'translated' into Christian values and adherence to the government's modernisation programmes.

order to achieve results that can bring well-being in life. Because welfare and prosperity would not come about on their own. Because of that, they must develop their villages into permanent settlements. And if there were enough children, schools could be opened, so that they could go to school. Because if they did not go to school they would lag behind the other regions.

The *manggerengga* movement caused the government to take strong action against its followers. They were afraid, and their fears had been compounded by the acts of cruelty of the Japanese army in Kaimana in the past, making them even more fearful of the current government actions. Therefore, my intention in coming was to free the community of the burden of fear. I persuaded them that since the end of the war, Papuans everywhere had been struggling to get ahead, and that their children could now attend school to become teachers, police and employees of any kind, or become a *bestir* (civil servant) like me, and there were still many more jobs to be done that required the young men and women of Papua to go to work.

My explanations captivated the people. So I went from one village to another, and almost all the residents came together with me, although I did not invite them. After I found out that kampung Taruatu was the centre of the *manggerengga* movement, I wondered what kind of reception I would get from the community there. As it happened, we were welcomed with *adat* dances and singing. And the atmosphere seemed to be just as it usually was; there was nothing about the atmosphere that threatened or impeded the government. It was explained to the people that the way to move beyond the *manggerengga* beliefs lay in being obedient, listening to the government and building good and healthy villages. That was clear and certain, while expectations based on the *manggerengga* movement, that intelligence and all the necessities of life would just come by themselves, could not possibly come true.

THE GPM TEACHERS PROTEST

I also provided information on things like *adat* songs, handicrafts, and other good *adat*-cultural customs that should be maintained. Whereas *adat* that was not so good should be omitted, for instance, singing war songs or singing to ridicule other clans, which gave rise to clashes and

fights, should be forsaken. I advised them to work wearing loincloths, and that on Sundays or other holidays, they could wear clothes.

These things were supported by the HPB of Fakfak, J.H.F. Sollewijn Gelpke. We went into the field together, and he provided directives on singing and dancing: that in *adat* dances, using original matching props was far better than wearing modern clothing. But if you carried bows and arrows and spears while singing and beating drums, clearly that was an inappropriate kind of *adat* dance and culture. The directive on clothing was not meant to return us to ancient *adat*. Neither was it a ban on following new developments, nor a ban on wearing clothes, shoes and so on. Remember that continuously wearing dirty clothes on the body brings skin diseases, so they must be replaced by clean ones, and the dirty ones can be washed.

These appeals were protested by teachers of the Gereja Protestan Maluku (GPM, Maluku Protestant Church), on the grounds that the HPB of Fakfak wished to bring the people back to their ancient customs and did not like it when they wore modern clothing and such. These objections raised a fair amount of tension. I confirmed that as staff of the HPB and as a Papuan I would not prohibit Papuans from wearing modern clothes, but nor would I prohibit them from wearing loincloths and *adat* attire in everyday life.

I agreed with the HPB's directives, since it was I who had initiated the programme to prevent all Papuan customs and culture from disappearing, as had already happened to the arts of sculpture and carving. Fortunately, in Saireri/Geelvink Bay, now Cendrawasih Bay, the art of boat painting still existed, although the art of sculpting on *adat* youth houses (*rumsram*) had already vanished. Ultimately, the issue did not go on for long, as the government at higher levels also condoned their development. Things that supported the good of the community could be upgraded, those that were unfavourable should be improved. I introduced the issue as a poem in the monthly illustrated magazine in Netherlands New Guinea called TRITON. The poem with its rhyming style was as follows:

Sauh adat penambat adat kekunoan? Sauh adat penambat adat kebararuan! Tagal itu marilah kawan sekalian Sebagai keluarga majalah Triton Tjamkanlah adatuadat kekunoan	Adat anchors, ties to the adat of olden times? Adat anchors, ties to the adat of new times! Therefore, come all readers of Triton Pay attention to the customs of olden times
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<p>Sebagai tjontoh suling bia Triton Demikian tampak pada foto Di Semimi–Etnabaai satu tjontoh Pertemuan senjata kuno dan moderen Dipakai bersama menjamin keamanan Itulah parang–pisau–panah–busur Pistol otomatis–jungklekarbijns– mauser Pakaian putih–hidjau–tjawat–topi pet Pendatang takut lari rasa hutan adalah sempit Lain dari senjata kuno tersebut Menjanji adat dengan tifa tidak ribut Itulah talenta dari yang Abawi Perbaikilah untuk hormat Bapak Samawi. <i>(Triton Magazine no. 7, 4 July 1958)</i></p>	<p>For example, the triton shell flute Similarly as shown in a photo In Semimi-Etna Bay, an example Of a meeting of ancient and modern weapons Used together to ensure security That's machetes-knives-arrows-bows Automatic pistols-jungle carbines-mauser White-green clothes-loincloths-caps Immigrants run away scared, feeling suffocated by the forest Unlike those old weapons Sing adat songs accompanied by soft drums These are endowments from the Ancestors Improve upon them to honour the Prophet Abraham.</p>
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DISTRICT HEAD OF ETNA BAY

I saw good prospects for the development of Kaimana district. I began encouraging kampung Tjoa-Matoa near the Utaram airfield to clear plots of land and plant coconuts. The area around the airfield site was still forested at the time. The field had only recently been cleared by the Japanese and was not yet ready, but was bombarded by American bomber planes, so it was abandoned. Efforts to develop the community in Kaimana district were discontinued; only the residents of kampung Tjoa-Matoa planted coconuts as a future source of livelihood. The rest had not been addressed – which is the reason I was transferred to Etna Bay.

Before the working visit of the resident of West Nieuw-Guinea, Mr. Maurenrecher, together with the HPB of Fakfak, Mr. Sollewijn Gelpke, I conducted an orientation visit to Etna Bay, as the district head there, Mr. Hatumesen, was going to be transferred to Kaimana.

In November 1952 I was appointed as district head of Etna Bay. As there was no other kind of transportation to connect to Etna Bay, the journey was made using the sailing boat, Tjing Cirian, owned by a Chinese businessman who transported goods and agricultural produce from Etna Bay to Buruai, Kainantu, and Arguni Bay. The journey to cross the distance from Kaimana to Etna Bay by government patrol boat usually took nine hours. But by sailboat it took three days. Moreover it

was during the transition from the season of the east wind to the season of the west wind.

On the third day we arrived in Nanesa, before Semimi, the district capital of Etna Bay. It was already evening and the tide was low, and because the current flowing out of the bay was very strong, we dropped anchor and spent the night there. It was almost afternoon when the tide rose, and the sailboat followed the backflow into the Bay up to Semimi. The home of the district head was made of fruitwood, with sago frond (*gaba-gaba*) walls embedded in the ground and clamped with wood. The *gaba-gaba* windows were assembled with rattan rope and served as hanging shutters to cover the window openings; the roof was made of thatched sago leaves. The floor was earth with no cement, but the bed was built on the ground. The natural state of Etna Bay from the beach to the interior was a marshy plain (Lakes Manami, Erega and Jamor). The population of the Miere hill tribe lived on the northwest side of Lake Jamor in Sisvara and Boko. On the east side lived the Yabi tribe, in Akakori and Isadiso in the headwaters of the Wanggar river, in Maramami, Jerejjeja, on the south side of Mount Menou/Wijland, and in Gijo in the Charles Louis Mountains.

FOLLOWERS OF ISLAM IN A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

The coastal population of Etna Bay inhabited the marshy lowland areas of Mimika Bay (the villages of Nanesa, Tarera, and Omba), Kowiai (Tanah Merah Bay) and Semimi, Mur Island (Mairasi) as well as the swamp areas (lakes: Grimora in Manami and Erega); and the Omba Pamuku tribe also lived in Manami and Lake Jamor. The villages in Etna Bay that already had primary schools were Semi, Tarera, and Omba, while the others did not. In Jamor and Manami there were Gospel teachers of the Protestant Christian faith. The residents of Kampung Monda in Tanah Merah Bay embraced Islam. So, in Etna Bay there were both Protestant Christian and Muslim communities, and all of them had good, mutually cooperative relationships. The children of kampung Monda (Kayu Merah) attended the Sekolah Dasar Yayasan Persekolahan Kristen (SD YPK, Christian Schooling Foundation Primary School) in Semimi.

Meanwhile, the mountain Mairasi and Yabi people had absolutely no ties yet with the government or elements of the church. I was the

one who first initiated contact with the Miere people in Sisyara-Boko, the Yabi in the Wanggar River headwaters and the Yabi in Titinima and Korou on the south side of Mount Menow. The population of the coast and swamps were proficient at boat making, but they could not make wooden logs to erect their own houses or school buildings. Their staple foods were sago and fish, and they hunted boar meat incidentally. The swamp areas were quite worrisome because there were a great many mosquitoes. There really were good places to settle to avoid the danger of mosquitoes, but they were far from the sago swamp habitats where the people got their food. There was enough land available that was good for horticulture with food crops and long-term crops, but all that was too far beyond their understanding.

Had we imposed new developments outside their habits, it would have been like forcing goats to eat meat. Or forcing lions to eat grass. We tried to direct people to make good homes for themselves on the coast. To build good houses, which, even if they had no walls, should be located on ground that was dry and high. Eating sago was fine, but it should be eaten together with fish, vegetables, and coconuts to provide good nutrition for the body.

In this region there were no health or agricultural workers or police, and so on. As the district head I doubled in these jobs, especially in the field of health. Many diseases were found in the villages, such as malaria, bronchitis, pneumonia, diarrhea, and others. We were equipped with the necessary medicines to treat old or new wounds as needed for first aid for accidents. If we arrived in a village and were informed of people who were seriously ill, we could be certain it was bronchitis or pneumonia or another common disease for which adequate medicines were available. Thus, I could not leave any village quickly because so many people were ill. Praise God that we could help all of them. It even went to the point of helping women give birth to babies; the teachers were not likely to help, so I was asked to assist them.

ASSISTED BY A CHINESE MERCHANT

There was no physical development yet in Etna Bay. But permanent settlements among the mountain Miere and Yabi had started up, although there were not yet any teaching staff to provide education in the moun-

tain areas. This had only recently been proposed for the area around Lake Jamor. The village residents were directed to fill the schools in the villages where there were Gospel teachers and trained school teachers. The people were also asked to collect forest products such as damar resin and masoy bark, as well as alligator skins, to supplement their incomes so they could meet their needs and buy mosquito nets in order to reduce malaria mosquito bites.

A permanent police hostel and district head's office began to be built. On this I worked together with a Chinese trader in Etna (Tan Kok Tjon) who had handicraft skills. It was also expected that Tan Kok Tjon would educate youth so they would master log making, planing, chiseling, and drilling. So they could build houses.

I also recruited young people from Etna Bay to apply for general police studies, and they succeeded in getting in. One of them joined the OBM (Oost-Borneo Maatschappij) & FSCNY (Freeport Sulphur Company New York) expedition to the Carstensz mountains in 1960. This one district required many things that had to be done, but were not supported by the funds, labour and other resources needed in the effort to develop village communities. Therefore, efforts to help the inhabitants were made by directing them to find and gather damar, masoy bark, trochus shells, and alligator skins, which were sold to two Chinese Indonesian merchants in Kaimana who had stores and bought such products from people.

One thing that helped these trading activities was that every two weeks, the resident, HPBs and district heads all received news on consignment prices in the world market through the governor, namely: the prices of copra, triton or trochus shells, alligator skin, copal/damar resin, nutmeg, mace, etc. on the markets in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Kobe, Tokyo, and other places.

Additionally, I surveyed the trails to Kaimana, Geelvink Bay (Nabire and surroundings), to Menou, and Monemani-Wagete and Enarotali in Paniai. We departed from Kaimana by ship and tried following the Omba River into Lake Jamor. The cruise reached the middle of the coast and Lake Jamor, but did not proceed any further as the ship was soon recalled because it was needed to help transport the police to Fakfak.

Kaimana had become a sub-division. So HPB E. van Voskuylen and I and the police conducted a patrol from Etna Bay. We began following the Jepre River on the northwest side of Lake Jamor heading toward

SisyaraDBoko (Miere), onward to Sara-Tanwata-Farenyau I & II, stopping in Arkasi or Nanggaromi in Sisir II, Kaimana. However, some of the police fell sick and the guide to Mairasi was in Wondama Bay (Wasior), so the patrol turned back from Sisyara.

Lake Jamor was originally called 'Urubika', which means a large pool. It was located at an elevation of 30 metres above sea level. The Omba river, which flowed from this lake to the coast, emptied into the sea at kampung Omba. The tributaries of the river – called the Japre and Wandu or Napuri rivers in Grimora language, while the Jabi (Mapia) Mee tribe called them 'Kepurey', that is, waters that came from Mount Menow. The natural conditions of the area were good for the development of food crop cultivation, but in the lowland areas the mosquitoes were very numerous. In the mosquito season we ate under the mosquito netting even in the daytime.

The inhabitants' houses were platforms set on stilts, but had no walls. The purpose was to make it easier for the wind to expel the mosquitoes, or for us to repel the mosquitoes by lighting coconut palm frond torches at night. There was a plan to move the people to the mountains where there were fewer mosquitoes, but this was blocked by the obstacle that the staple food they consumed was sago, which only grew in the lowlands. They could not be shifted in the near future to cultivating tuber crops. They were used to eating tubers, but only as a variation of sago as their primary food.

THE REVEREND AND THE FATHER

Following the patrol of the HPB of Kaimana, F.H. Peters, we arrived in Keghete. Here there were two school teachers, namely, Joseph Makai of CAMA (Christian and Missionary Alliance), and a teacher of the OFM (Order of Friars Minor) Catholic mission. The people addressed the Protestant school teacher using the term, *Guru Pendeta*, while the one from the Catholic mission was called *Guru Pater*. These terms of address were based on the designation for clergy of the Protestant Church and Catholic Church. We divided the nights we spent in Keghete by sleeping one night at the house of the Protestant teacher and the next night at the house of Catholic teacher.

The village chief came to us and asked, ‘Bapa Bestir, I am wondering, before, when Guru Pendeta and Guru Pater had not yet come, we villagers had good relations. We sat around talking, hanging out together. But after Guru Pendeta and Guru Pater came, we did not live together anymore. The Pendeta’s people (Protestants) were on their own, the Pater’s people (Catholics) on their own. What is more, the Pendeta’s people don’t smoke cigarettes anymore. The Pater’s people smoke cigarettes. People are more fearful now, don’t dare to be close to one another. How do people live over there, in the city?’

I replied, ‘there’s no rule prohibiting the Pendeta’s people from associating and living together with the Pater’s people. Let’s see, yesterday we stayed at the home of Guru Pendeta, and we prayed together with Guru Pendeta and Guru Pater. Tonight we are sleeping and eating together with the Catholic teacher, the Protestant teacher, and their wives. *Kepala kampung*, you can see us right now, sitting, talking, telling stories, and eating. You are also eating with us, and no one is prohibiting it.’

‘Indeed everyone prays in their own houses of worship. After praying, they live together as usual. It’s only the villagers themselves who think there are restrictions. Basically, there is no difference. If you smoke, it’s not prohibited either. Although it really is advisable not to smoke because it can cause disease. *Kepala kampung*, do you understand all of this?’

He replied: ‘Thank you, now I understand. I was used to seeing Guru Pater and Guru Pendeta sitting and talking together, so I wondered why us villagers were not sitting together anymore. We ourselves couldn’t understand it, and we didn’t ask our teachers about it.’

Since he understood, I told him: ‘in the future, if the Pendeta’s people want to build a church, then the Pater’s people should help out so it could be done quickly. And vice versa, if the Pater’s people want to build a church or a teacher’s house, then the Pendeta’s people should also help to get it done quickly, and so you will move forward in everything you want to do. Don’t compete with each other over bad things, but rather compete to build houses, churches, to make gardens to produce good food for the people of both churches (Protestant and Catholic), in order to live safely and happily. Such is the road God wishes you to take.’

CLEARING THE AIRFIELD

I was assigned to clear the forest and clean up all the land for an airfield, and to check for bombs released by the American army that were still in the ground, not yet detonated. I also surveyed the road that connected the airfield to the coast, crossing the Tiba river and going down the hill out of the northwest tip of the Utarom airfield. In Kaimana I gathered together the youth of the Kamrau, Mairasi, Irarutu, Kowiyai, and other peoples, and advised them that now we were clearing and cleaning up the location for an airfield. We had to clean it up in two months' time. We had to clear the site to examine it for undetonated bombs so they could be removed.

After the area was cleaned up, the contractor came with a bulldozer, steamroller and other heavy equipment to create the airfield. Don't think that it was because the Indonesian army had now entered Etna Bay that we were making that airfield – for war. That is absolutely untrue. The issue of going to war or not, that was up to the Dutch and the Indonesians. The field was not for the Netherlands and Indonesia, but belonged to the land and people of Papua. When things were needed for development, they wouldn't have to wait for long, as the airplanes would come and carry or drop off the foodstuffs or drugs necessary to combat diseases and so forth. That was why it was not influenced by anyone else's issues, but done and attended to as I advised, in order to create

something that you, not by the Dutch or the Indonesians, owned. I camped out with the young people on site and in 14 days' time all the land for the airport had been cleared and cleaned up. There were over 30 holes containing leftover bombs in the field. There were three undetonated bombs, and they weighed between 300 to 400 kg. The marines and Royal Netherlands Navy arrived from Biak, and they defused and removed the bombs from the airfield. The contractor from Hollandia used a landing boat to bring the bulldozer, steamroller, truck, and other things ashore, and began working on the airfield, and in two months the entire runway was bulldozed and flattened. I checked the road and suggested it would be best for now to work on the road through the beach as it would be easier and cheaper. That would leave room for the cost of building an overpass above the Air Tiba river using iron pillars. At a later date, a road in the hills on the north side could be opened up when

there was enough budget for that, so the maintenance costs would not be a burden while the air flight traffic to Kaimana was not yet so busy.

While I was in Kaimana, the resident of Fakfak, Mr. Eibrink Jansen, kept harassing me. He would call and ask me why I was not keeping an eye on the people who were '*merah-putih*' ('red and white' or pro-Indonesia) in Kaimana and Arguni. I was a civil servant and did not have the intelligence task of community surveillance. Because these people were my people. It was not for me to determine their identities: you are pro-Indonesian, or pro-Dutch, pro-Japanese, or pro-Satan.

I did not discriminate among the people. As long as they wanted to listen and did not create criminal cases and so on, they were all my people. If some were pro-Indonesia, it was not my job to interrogate them, especially if there was no clear evidence and they were not caught red-handed. That was the special task of the state mechanism that handled such matters. 'Yes, but why are you not monitoring the RMS (Republik Maluku Selatan – South Maluku Republic) people?' Mr. Jansen pressed on. 'Your Excellency, Mr. Resident, I would like to ask, are those RMS symbols being circulated made in Kaimana, Fakfak, Biak, Indonesia or in the Netherlands! I happen to know they are all made in the Netherlands. If the Netherlands is producing them, that means the Netherlands supports the RMS, supports the Red and White Republic of Indonesia! If so, the Netherlands should not be deceiving Papuans in all sorts of false ways; it would be better for the Netherlands and Indonesia to kill off all of the Papuans; then you all would own Papua, realising the centuries-old plan of the Netherlands and Indonesia to let the people of Papua be displaced and forgotten.'

THE RESIDENT APOLOGIZES

The work on the airfield was 75 percent done. The road connecting the airfield with Kroi was completed in six days. The iron needed to build the bridge over the river was brought in from Hollandia. Half of the Indonesian troops that had entered Etna Bay had surrendered and were arrested and sent to Hollandia. That left J.A. Dimara alias 'Mampiooper', who was still being sought in the forests of Etna Bay.

Resident Eibrink Jansen, who was on a working visit in Kokonao-Mimika, was travelling through Etna Bay and arrived in Kaimana.

He instructed the Kaimana HPB, F.H. Peters to summon me from the airfield to appear before him. I replied that if he had come to talk about other things I could, but if it was to talk about the current incident in Etna Bay, it would be best not to bother because it would only be a waste of time and thought.

But I was summoned to come in peace because I was not guilty. I was forced to leave for Kaimana, to the residence of Mr. HPB. When I went inside the HPB's house, Resident Eibrink Jansen came out and embraced me and said that it was true that the man who had come was not Mampioer, but First Lieutenant J.A. Dimara. 'I apologise,' said the resident, 'because you are not guilty.' No, we Papuans did not lie about what was true. Before any evidence was obtained, I had said that indeed there were Biak and other brothers of Papua living in Indonesia, but I had no blood brothers or family in Indonesia. Yet my name was used by Dimara to influence the village people.

Any fool could recognise such tactics. But the resident had not believed my words. Although I worked very hard, he did not in the least bit appreciate me. Anyway, the matter was already done with and not worthy of further consideration. It was done, but it left a stain that would not be erased from my memory all my life. Subsequently, he stated that my work on building the airfield had run faster than the plan anticipated. So I was asked to return to Etna Bay to restore the life spirit and work of the people there.

LIEUTENANT DIMARA IS ARRESTED

In August 1954 I returned to Etna Bay, because the Nederlands Nieuw-Guinea Petroleum Maatschappij (NNGPM, Dutch New Guinea Petroleum Company) was beginning oil drilling preparations there, in Weribi. I conducted a tour to advise and encourage the villagers not to be afraid, because they were not guilty. If they had been ordered by the Indonesian military under the leadership of their commander, J.A. Dimara, to take them by boat, now they could go to work as usual. The work for the people of Manami and Gariau in Jamor was to build a school house, since we had already reported that a school was to be opened in the area. Meanwhile, J.A. Dimara and three of his men were still in hiding in the forest. Most of the marine and police patrols had

already returned to Kaimana. One police platoon had remained to look for them. I suggested to the commander of the police that they were probably not in the woods, but still roaming the former sites of the patrols along the Omba river between Kupai and Napuri. Because that's where the field huts of the villagers were. Around each field hut enough edible hibiscus leaves (*sayur gedé*) were available, and it was the fruiting season for breadfruit trees, all of which could serve them as food.

And I was sure they would not put up any resistance, because based on the most recent information, they had no weapons. Because Simon Auba Pamuku and his gang from Manami had gone down and run into Dimara, who stalled them by asking to follow them to Etna and saying they would surrender to the government. But in the middle of the Omba river, while they were cooking food, Dimara tried to steal a boat to get away with his three men. But he fell into the river, and then Simon stabbed him with a spear. Dimara swam, wounded, to the river bank and removed the spear that had pierced through his hand, while Simon and his small group fled in two boats, leaving Dimara and his three men behind. Meanwhile, Dimara's pistol, carbine, and axe were in the boat that Simon took away. So it was clear that Dimara and his three men had no weapons. Moreover, Dimara himself could do nothing with a wounded right hand.

Therefore, I advised the chief of police, Huisma, that he should deploy each member of the police along with three village people at each location in Napuri along the Omba river and they would eventually meet up with them. There would be no resistance. And I asked that they be captured alive and that nothing be done to them. Huisma accepted my advice and guidance and the police managed to find them and bring them to Etna Bay. There we treated Lieutenant Dimara's wound; then he was taken to Kaimana and subsequently sent to Hollandia.

After this incident, the police were stationed at a post in Etna district. While waiting for a permanent police dormitory to be built, I emptied an office house to serve temporarily as a police station. Meanwhile, the NNGPM in the oil drilling site in Weribi built a 15 km-long road leading to the drilling centre. Unfortunately, the NNGPM parties did not invite us or the HPB of Kaimana to attend on the day of the drilling, nor were any of the adat leaders who were in charge of indigenous land rights (*hak ulayat*) invited to attend.

REFUSING THE INVITATION OF THE NNGPM

After the drilling that was not attended by local government officials, NNGPM invited us to come to eat together as a sign that they were doing the drilling that was in progress. I objected and refused the invitation, because they had not honoured us in their drilling ceremony. So I did not come to eat with them as a group after they punched holes in the earth of Miere and Bai. Lest the ancestral spirits of the land become angry with me. If oil did come up as a result, I and the adat leaders would give tribute to the ancestors.

The development of Papua demanded results, but if etiquette and good manners related to the excavation of natural resources were ignored, then expectations about what was to be achieved would be empty as well. In point of fact, after drilling into the bowels of the earth over a span of close to two kilometres or more, there was no sign of oil and eventually the operation was closed.

No progress had been made yet, in a physical sense, for the community of Etna Bay. But mentally, there was progress. There were young men who had gone into police studies and graduated and been accepted into the police corps. Also, some school children from Lake Jamor had passed the entrance exams to get into the Papoea Vrijwilligers Korps (Papuan Volunteer Corps). Villages around Lake Jamor and Manami managed to get schools with subsidised teachers' salaries. Village schools were given subsidies and managed by the Protestant Church and the Catholic Mission.

The government of Netherlands New-Guinea did not establish government-owned state schools. Primary, lower secondary and upper secondary (HBS) schools were left to the private sector. The government only dealt with official vocational schools such as schools for administration (civil service), health, finance, agriculture, shipping, police, and so on.

Subsidized schools were not provided easily, but based on research and long term monitoring on the conditions in a community, the size of its population, the number of families with children ready for schooling, the prospective school and students who would come to attend the school; the number of fertile families, and of young men and women who would start families and bear children to fill the school; the socio-economic responsibilities of the community to support village liveli-

hoods, food, clothing, health, housing, and the physical development of the village. Were they ready to assume responsibility for the physical construction of the school house, school furniture, and teacher's house? In that period, funds to meet all of those needs were lacking, while the costs of teachers' salaries, school books, and other educational technology of the schools were borne by the government. All proposals, accompanied by reports and recommendations from the district head, were sent to the HPB and district school supervisor to convince the government or the Education Department to give subsidies to the private schools of the Catholics or the Protestant Christian Schooling Foundation. Whereas for Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys), Lower Technical School (LTS), Junior High School (Primaire Middelbare School or PMS) and HBS (Senior High School), the buildings, furnishings, school books and other things were covered by the government, and the schools were managed by the Catholic and Protestant foundations, using the budgets respectively granted to them by the government. This was how the physical construction costs of these upper level private³ⁱ schools were subsidised by the government.

Meanwhile, the construction of the houses and schools, together with their furnishings and maintenance, were the responsibility of village communities, supervised by the government (the district head) in each district. Government parties assisted on an incidental basis with materials they did not have, such as nails, shovels, saws, chisels, and hammers. Likewise, the building of the teacher's house was the responsibility of the village community. The house of the district head was built with fruitwood and its roof from sago palm leaves. For lighting, oil lamps (*lampu lentera*) were first used, and later, pressurised kerosene lamps (*petromaks*). There were no concrete houses with electric power or radios. All you could hear were the sounds of birds and crickets, or sometimes, the children of the village crying or shouting for joy. Or the traditional feasts of the village people with their roaring drum beats. On other days, you could hear the sounds of school children singing simple but interesting songs in the stillness of the remote and quiet hamlets.

³ 'Private' here means run by the churches. But in fact these schools functioned as if they were public schools, as the church foundations were subsidized for the material construction, while the teachers were either paid by the government, or (more often) by the church.

MOVING TO A GHOST TOWN

Fakfak was the next post I was assigned to after serving in Etna Bay. Together with the employees and youth of Fakfak city, we formed a Fakfak municipal community team in addition to the police team, marines, and the Opleidingschool voor Dorpsonderwijzers (ODO, Training School for Village Teachers) of the Mission and the ODO of the Majelis Pendidikan Kristen (MPK, Christian Education Council). All of these helped to develop Fakfak into a bustling town, like an eagle's nest atop a rocky hill. After serving there for five months, Resident Lamers summoned me and said: 'You will be transferred to Kokas. Kokas is a small town that is old and dying, as if it has shriveled up. I hope you can go and revive it. There is already an assistant administrator who is old and experienced in serving there, but he has not brought the place to life. I hope you can resuscitate it. Good luck on the job,' said Resident Lamers.

'Thank you for your trust, Sir. I will try to do it to the best of my ability, but I myself will not succeed, without the support of my superiors, in convincing people to wake up from such a long sleep.' I visited all the villages in the district. It seemed that produce was available in most of the district, but why was it that none of the inhabitants' homes were decent? There was domestic nutmeg (Papuan nutmeg), damar resin, and Mollucan ironwood (*kayu merbau*) and ironwood timber. All of it was coordinated by the Forestry Department and the Onin Sehati Cooperative of the raja (ruler)⁴ of Rumbati, which was supported by a small ship with a ten ton carrying capacity, which doubled as a tug boat to pull the logs, tied together as rafts, downstream. The Papuan nutmeg could be harvested twice a year. Yet no significant revenues seemed to come to the community. Decent houses and valuables like sewing machines and other belongings appeared to be lacking among the villagers. Through research it was found that the residents who owned the nutmeg trees had been burdened by debts to the merchants for many years, from before the war until after the end of the war. The debts of the parents were handed down to their children.

⁴ These raja were Ternatean vasals, often entrepreneur-traders alias local rulers of mixed Ternatean-Papuan background. The Ternate sultanate had ruled over the coasts of Papua in pre-colonial times, and the institution of the raja remained long after the power of the sultanate was displaced.

In a meeting with the village and community heads we asked them not to sell individually to the merchants. Also, the merchants were not allowed to buy directly from the villagers and were never again to place the villagers, as the owners of the nutmeg, into debt. Anyone who had debts was asked to register themselves and their debts. The merchants were not allowed to exact payment for old pre-war debts. What they were authorized to do was to charge them for post-war debts, once the administration began to run normally in Kokas. There would be no dealings with anyone who violated the prices established for the nutmeg tree owners. It would be at their own risk. Debt loss or debt bondage (*ijon*) negotiations were prohibited. All agreed that beginning in the 1956-1957 nutmeg season, those who had few nutmeg trees would be justified in receiving a *voorschot* (advance) of no more than fl. 25 (twenty-five guilders), while those who had substantial nutmeg plantations would receive fl. 50-fl.75. Anything in excess of these standards was to be regarded as gifts to the community and submitted to the office of the district head after the person concerned had notified the village chief.

Bans against harvesting in certain seasons (*sasi*) for nutmeg were lifted and the government regulated the auction house prices. In each place, staff of the district head were present to manage the auctions. Any dealer who offered a higher price was the one who bought. No other prices fell below that offering price. If there were traders who offered prices higher than the official price, the people should not believe it because no one was monitoring his conformance to the official price while settling debts.

The HPB and the resident protested these methods, because, they felt, would it not be difficult for me to control them? I knew it would be hard, but I had to do it to eliminate trade practices that were not beneficial to the community as well as being unprofitable to the traders. Because if nutmeg is not really ripe when it is picked, then its value is not as good. I spread out the members of my staff: sending Olaf Bertels, the administrative assistant officer to the Rumbati region; Pattipi and Nicolas Tanggahma to Kokas and Pasar Pendek; and Dorus Rumbiak to Pasar Panjang.

That year the prices of nutmeg and mace were good in the world market, with the result that all the debts were paid in full. And all the merchants were relieved because the debts to them were paid in full. The residents were happy because this time they received cash in hand and their debts had been redeemed. The debts of the village chief,

Homorkokma in Pasar Panjang were paid off and he received fl. 30,000 guilders in cash. He renovated his house, bought a sewing machine and other goods. Due to this success, Resident Knödler ordered me to take over the supervision of Mollucan ironwood timber logging for log exports and settle the debts of the public to the Department of Forestry, and of the Department of Forestry to the merchants. Ironwood logging was done without using dozers (tractors) for pulling, but by constructing a path of slender stems,⁵ over which the logs were hauled (to the waterfront), a method known as *perangung* in the local language. This method was costly and it took many workers to get the logs to the coast. A way of working that was very hard.

CRAZY WITH DEBT

On the coast there were no barges for loading the logs. Rather, a large raft was made to float the logs (which would otherwise sink), and in this way, dozens of ironwood logs were loaded on top of it and then dragged by tugboat to the ship. They had to wait for the date the KPM ship came in to load. The logs had to be measured, and each person had a few wooden logs measuring a few cubic meters. The Forestry Department personnel took the measurements, and the staff of the district head recorded them and at the same time, calculated the price. I assigned Bertels in Rumbati, Dorus Rumbiak and Tanggahma in Kokas-Arguni.

After the timber was loaded onto the ship, the price was paid to each owner, which at the same time reduced his debt. Traders with foodstuffs and equipment, which the forestry workers brought for the villagers who cut the wood, were also there. Debts were settled and the remaining monies were paid out, and all the accumulated debts of the forestry workers, the wood cutters and the merchants who owned the goods on credit – such as rice, sugar, coffee, hatchets, machetes, and tobacco – were paid off. One of the Forestry Department staff had even suffered a mental breakdown due to stress over his debts. After he was healed, he was moved to Kaimana.

That was the problem that was bringing apathy and fatigue to the village community and the merchants as well as to the technical imple-

⁵ These were the trunks of smaller trees in the vicinity of the ironwood that had no value as timber.

menting officials who worked there. But such debt bondage provided no solution to help raise the living standards of the village community and the entrepreneurs, who were also suffering. The results achieved were not high quality and were in themselves causing losses to the government in the various development enterprises being implemented.

Nutmeg in Fakfak and Kokas, as mentioned above, brought results, but also gave rise to many problems. One of the problems was *ijon* or debt bondage. Another problem was the conflict that occurred, to the point of fighting, during each nutmeg season. The issue in Fakfak was an element of the class system, that is, of the *duhyat* or adat leaders. They brought workers from Inanwatan, Arandai, Teminabuan and Ayamaru to serve as their labor force, known as *anak piara* (a term for household help that literally means foster children) or 'slaves'. In the nutmeg season they picked the nutmeg of their foster fathers, the *adat* leaders, but the biological children of the *adat* leaders would not let them, so there were conflicts that had to be resolved all the time.

THANKS TO BAT DROPPINGS

I tried to bring about a rejuvenation of Papuan nutmeg, or the cultivation of Banda nutmeg. The raja of Arguni had several Banda nutmeg trees. They were already fairly tall, but not well maintained, so they were not bearing many fruits. I asked Raja Arguni if I might have the nutmeg trees so I could take care of them. I fertilized them and succeeded in sprouting seedlings and distributing them to the people in Arguni, Kokas, Pasar Pendek, and across Kokas District. Raja Arguni welcomed my request and I got bat guano from bat droppings from a cave on Ugar island and fertilised the three Banda nutmeg trees received from him. Within three months they bore fruit and were very bountiful. The three trees were so lush with fruit down to the ground that they almost snapped. The raja himself was very happy that the Banda nutmeg trees that were previously barren were now so dense with fruit.

I took seedlings to make a nursery in Kokas, then the resident came to visit Kokas and see whether or not my report was true. It appeared that the seedlings were thriving in Kokas. He visited Arguni and saw the nutmeg trees I had fertilized there. Raja Arguni himself explained what I

was doing with his nutmeg trees, which he had considered unproductive, but were now growing and bearing fruit so well.

The Resident stated that it was a good initiative. And that he would instruct the agricultural expert consultant in Fakfak to take over the work while I continued to oversee its progress. He said that there were many other tasks I had to do. Unfortunately, the Iha people, who already had Papuan nutmeg plantations, were not responsive to planting Banda nutmeg. They said the Banda nutmeg was good, but bore fruit constantly, so there was no time to tend to their other gardens for food production. The Papuan nutmeg had a harvest season, which allowed time to cultivate taro or red beans.

In Kokas we repaired the drinking water pipeline, a legacy of the Japanese that had been damaged as it was hit by a bomb from an American bomber plane. The distance from the water source to the city was more or less one kilometre. Additionally, the distance to houses in Kokas, Sisir, Kokas Kecil was almost a kilometre, so in all, two or more kilometres of piping were required. There were no funds. I saw there were empty cartridge cases from the cannons fired by the Japanese army. I directed the people to collect the cartridge cases to be sold. Each piece was worth fl. 0.25 (guilder cents). There were no trunks, so we used empty drums to store them.

The HPB and the resident came to see to it that the numbers were sufficiently convincing and the resident promised to approach an Australian company that was coming to melt down the American planes dumped in Biak to buy the brass. The empty cartridges were successfully sold, and we bought pipes and *snijdraad* (thread tappers, to cut screw threads onto the ends of the pipes) to install drinking water pipes in Kokas as well as in Fakfak city.

There were no workers available to do the work. I did it myself, by training two permanent workers and deploying the youth in Kokas into working groups to install the water pipes and repair the water sources. They repaired the water tank damaged by the bomb. There was also a group that repaired the roads and bridges damaged by bombs. Another group cleaned up the city and a group that worked on the soccer field in Kokas and a Kokas team was established. This situation made the whole community and the entrepreneurs feel relieved.

The raja of Rumbati, Haji Ibrahim Bauw, told his colleagues, the raja of Kokas and Fakfak: 'Our Tuan Bestir is a youngster, but his talk is

razor sharp!' We actually never played with power for its own sake, but for whatever we deemed good for the community. I did it in the interest of the community and reported it to my superiors.

BOATS ARE THE SOLES OF THEIR FEET

Communities in the two regions did not take initiative on their own to create the changes that were necessary. They performed routine jobs, cut down and pounded sago in the headwaters, and in the shark (*mamen*) season they caught the small types on the coast. The government established *dorpsraden* (village councils). The village chief served as the chairman, the school principal as the secretary, while the members consisted of leaders who could manage the interests of their village in the council. The village administration programmed things that would be good and beneficial for the community, such as the establishment of a school, a teacher's house, a church, and at the right times, cutting down timber and turning it into boats. Boats were vital to the inhabitants of Mimika, Etna, and Asmat. The swamplands were vast. There were no footpaths, so the boats served as the soles of their feet. Every family had to have its own boat. Life meant nothing if you did not have your own boat. People would not cry if their house burned down, but if a boat drifted away or was damaged, let alone capsized, they would cry. Because all their possessions, such as the machetes, knives, axes, pots, pans, clothes, and fabric they needed, were stored in those boats.

They were taught to saw Mollucan ironwood using cutting saws, and to protect the saws with files and sawtooth openers so they were always sharp and good for use. Eventually, each village chief had these tools, which their men used to saw wood and sold it to the government and the Catholic mission to build houses in Kokonao. In that way they earned money.

I saw that the plots of land around the villages could be planted with coconut trees and fruit trees. I brought coconuts from the island of Kelimala-Karawatu (Kamau) using the patrol boat, Willem Janz in Kaimana and the Tasman from Fakfak. Each family in each village received five coconut tree seedlings to plant. I also distributed rambutan, robusta coffee, and durian trees in each village; started experimental gardens for planting vegetables, rambutan and citrus fruits, robusta cof-

fee, rubber and oil palm in Kiripau (Wania); and opened Akimuga as a agricultural project that later became the transmigration site for the Amungme tribe from Tsinga and Noemba as well as serving as a district-status government post.

I made contact with the Amungme residents in Carstensz. There was the drawback that the area was under the jurisdiction of the resident of the Central Mountains and the implementation of government there was under the HPB of Enarotali in Wisselmeren (Paniai). I noted that it was difficult for the HPB of Paniai to visit the districts of Paniai, Waigete, Tagi and as far as Moni and Mapia, let alone to go as far as West Mapia. It was I who made contact with them in Titinima (south of Mount Menau / Wijland) and Cyro (Charles Louis Mountains). What is more, Carstensz was very far and made for an arduous round trip (Enarotali–Carstensz). I felt that contact from Mimika was closer. The people in Carstensz could go to Mimika. In Mimika a Catholic mission had opened, and the health team for the eradication of yaws disease went up from Hollandia to Carstensz through Mimika. I proposed it would be better for me to contact them, and at a later date, when conditions were good and things were running smoothly, a better status for the area could be arranged. Finally, the resident and the governor both agreed that the area should be fostered by the HPB of Mimika. Many school children were sent to Kokonao, and subsidised primary schools were opened in Tsingga and Noemba.

In 1960 an OBM and FSCNY expedition was conducted whose management was entrusted to the HPB of Mimika. The district head of East Mimika, who supervised the exploration area that had not yet been brought under the influence of the government, including Carstensz, was responsible for the expedition. As it happened, I was appointed to take responsibility and lead the expedition.

ACCUSED OF DIVERTING FREEPORT

In the year Freeport Indonesia Incorporation (FII, now called Freeport Indonesia) began to operate, the company paid compensation funds to Pemda Tingkat II (second level local government) in Fakfak. The local government of Paniai in Nabire became angry, saying: ‘This area belonged to Paniai and Nabire, but thanks to Mr. Mampioer, it is now part

of Fakfak and they've got our money.' I scolded the local government concerned, saying: 'I have no intention of eating the people's money like you.' Instead, my intention was to ensure that the forgotten people in the area could be reached and assisted with efforts to improve their lot in life.

We did not use cars and airplanes in those days as we do today, but travelled on foot to develop the people there until Freeport came in. There was no committee. But I was specifically commissioned by the Netherlands New Guinea Government to take responsibility for the success of the expedition – until Freeport entered in 1967, violating the New York Agreement on West Papua. I was reappointed by the governor of Irian Barat (West Irian) to control the activities of FII in 1967 and onward, until it could operate officially in 1973.

My brothers, do not be offended that I diverted the region (from the Paniai to the Mimika administration), but please understand that this was the way I took to manage the community, and not to enjoy its immediate fruits. On the contrary, it was my brothers who enjoyed using the contributions from FII. Actually the province and the district misused the endowments of FII because they thought they were being given a gift to be shared among the officials to buy cars. This was one mistake of the Indische Comptabiliteitswet (ICW, Netherlands-Indies Accountancy Act), which has been used up to now by the Government of the Republic of Indonesia to oversee state finances.

Apart from the above-mentioned matter, an attempt was made to provide a source of revenue to the people by trying to produce salt fish in the villages of Otakwa and Maare-Pigapu. I helped with the salt, knives, machetes, and the use of traditional means of catching fish by damming the tributaries of the river at high tide. After the water receded the fish were blocked and just remained to be picked up. From the big fish, they made salt fish, while the small fish, shrimp, and crabs, they ate. Sometimes they sold them in the market we opened every Saturday in Kokonao.

From that market we bought fish, crabs, and snails to be sent to the local government in Enarotali (Wisselmeren) for sale over there, and with the sales proceeds, they bought vegetables, which they sent to the local government of Mimika in Kokonao. Because the salt fish produced in the villages of Moare-Pigapu and Otakwa was of fairly good quality, the Catholic mission bought it and supplied it to Paniai and Wamena in the interior. Most unfortunately, I was transferred and the official who

replaced me did not continue these activities that could help the community. Furthermore, the Dutch-Indonesian situation in Papua contributed to the weakening of the budget and other efforts to develop the West Papua region.

I was placed with the Department of the Interior in Hollandia while following courses (*applicatie cursus*) at the OSIBA complex in Hollandia-Binnen, in the location of the campus of Cenderawasih University in Abepura, Jayapura today.

The Dutch-Indonesian political turbulence became tense. Both nations treated the people of Papua as if they did not exist. During the period of the debates of the Round Table Conference in The Hague in December 1949, they did not hear the voices of the Papuan conscience. In the preparatory period, Mohammed Hatta in his discussions proposed that they surrender Nieuw-Guinea to be led by the Dutch. Similarly, in the time when the Kingdom of the Netherlands recognised the independence of the Republic of Indonesia at The Hague, Mohammed Hatta also stated that they surrendered Nieuw-Guinea to be led by the Dutch. None of the delegates objected, but Simatupang, who represented the armed forces, said that this could not be; Nieuw-Guinea had to be part of Indonesia because they had been equally colonised. A rationale with no foundation at all, because the Netherlands in fact had two different colonies. That is, up to 1950, the Netherlands colonized the Dutch East Indies (Hindia Belanda), then called Sunda Besar (Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes), and the islands of Sunda Kecil (Bali, Lombok, Sumba, Sumbawa, Flores and Timor Kupang (except for Portuguese Timor) and the Moluccas (Ambon, Seram, North Maluku, Ternate, Tidore and Halmahera). Papua was not included.

Papua only came in on 24 August 1828, exactly on the birthday of King Willem II. General van Daldem, who led the military post in Lobo (Triton Bay) in Kaimana, proclaimed that it was precisely on the day of birth of the King of Holland that he entered the territory of Netherlands Nieuw-Guinea, lying from 129 degrees east longitude on the west to 141 degrees east longitude to the east, which then became a Dutch colony, Netherlands Nieuw-Guinea.

Thus, Nieuw-Guinea only came in as a second colony of the Netherlands in 1828. Many countries were unsympathetic to this proclamation, as Spain, through Ortis de Retes, had staked the Spanish flag in Sarmi, at the mouth of the Mamberamo river and proclaimed the land a

Spanish possession by the name of Nova Guinea, meaning New Guinea, since its climate and people were truly like those of Guinea in West Africa, whose people were similarly black-skinned and kinky-haired. From that point on, the name New Guinea has been used, until now!

The three-month war in Panai

Gerrit Jan Iauri

While I was serving in Enarotali (part of the Wisselmeren sub-division) following the completion of my studies at OSIBA in 1954, I waged war with the local community, which was of the Ekari tribe, twice. First in Komapo, then in Obano. The number of casualties, both from the government (police) and the community, was around 190 people.

The level of hostility of the people in the interior of Wisselmeren sub-division (now Paniai) towards the (Dutch) government was extremely high. In their estimation, the presence of the government would only restrain, suppress and prohibit their sociocultural life. When people were gathered together to be fostered and trained or encouraged to work on building facilities in the common interest they always ran away. By utilizing a number of devices to make contact with them – gifts of mirrors, trochus shells, axes, tobacco – we could effectively gather them together. But when the time came to begin working, they would begin fleeing the forest.

The communities in the interior fought using spears, arrows, and other traditional weapons. In the first war in Komapo, a police officer was killed. The second war in Obano was even greater. It lasted for nearly three months – from November 1956 until January 1957 – and involved many people.

The people in the interior were threatening government officials, religious teachers, and school teachers. The day the war erupted was a Sunday, and the local people killed around nine people, including both adults and young children. Because of how serious the threat was, government officials did not dare conduct patrols or official trips. Everyone just stayed put at the post. Modern military aid from the Dutch Marine Corps and Mobile Police Brigade – now known as the KKO and Brimob – was brought in. The presence of these forces from the cities was ex-

tremely helpful to the local government. Little by little, the government people began venturing outside the post to encourage the community not to do anything that could be to their own detriment. Conversely, on the part of the local community, although some killings and other incidents did occur, people began to work up the courage to come out of the woods. Gradually we were able to develop them again.

In the second war in Obano, no one from the local community was killed directly by the Dutch marines or the mobile police brigade. Rather, we had a number of indigenous people from Obano and some police officers, who always helped the government, and it was they who shot and killed people. Because the residents were unwilling to come out of the woods and they still harboured a sense of revenge against the government, some people were killed. It is quite true that a great many were hit by disaster at that time. The actual number of those killed was kept secret because the people did not want to reveal their weaknesses. But roughly calculated, around 180 people were hit by bullets and died.

No investigation was conducted by the government concerning either the events or the complication of the number of casualties. This was because the names of the people killed and the causes of their deaths were unknown. Also, the people did not make any reports about the event.

In order to overcome the hostility of the local community towards the government, as well as to give them insight into the positive intentions of the government towards them, the approach taken was to call upon those among them who were considered to have some influence and had thoughts about advancing their community. These people were turned into contact people, or mediators between the government and the local community. Then they were given some tools for making contact. After that, the contact people were brought to towns such as Biak and Hollandia (Jayapura). They were invited to stroll around to look at town development for awhile, then returned to their area. In this way it was hoped that the contact people could share their experiences with other members of the community, and then encourage those still fettered by their ancient culture to become aware and begin to cooperate with the government to develop their area and community.

INTERESTED IN THE SCHOOL FOR ADMINISTRATORS

The decision to apply to the school for administrators or Bestuurschool was entirely due to my own interests and desires. In those days, the trend among some students from Nabire, after completing their education levels in Hollandia, was to apply to the school for teachers. But I was only interested in becoming an administrator. At last, my wish was granted. I was accepted into the school for administrators. Once we were accepted by the local government, after first being approved by the education agency of the time, namely, the Protestant Zending education agency, then we reported to the government agency in Hollandia, where our admissibility was determined. Without being required to meet many further prerequisites, we were brought to and housed at the Bestuurschool in Hollandia-Binnen in 1951. Since it was a holiday, not many of my peers who had applied to and were entering the school for administrators could be there. I was accommodated in a dormitory with the first generation of students, namely those from the classes of 1949 to 1951.

After the young people on leave returned from their vacations, we were assembled at OSIBA and began to actively pursue our studies at the school for administrators in 1951. There were 24 students in the class, and we completed our education in 1954. Since our education had to be completed by then, all of us attending the course were certified passed. Then we were divided up among the existing *afdeling*, or divisions, and *onderafdeling*, or sub-divisions in Netherlands New Guinea at the time. Before we left for our job locations, we were given a month-long vacation in our respective places, our home villages. I vacationed in the Nabire area for a month.

After the one-month leave, my parents brought me by rowboat to Serui. Back then there were no Johnson motors yet. And although it was difficult to get there, like it or not, now that my desires had been fulfilled, I had to go to Serui to expedite connections to my specified job location, that is, Enarotali, in Wisselmeren sub-division. From Serui I departed for Biak by ship.

LANDING IN A LAKE

Upon arriving in Biak, because the connections at the time were so difficult, the only way to get to Wisselmeren was by airplane. So from Biak I continued in a Catalina plane of the Dutch Navy, or Koninklijke Marine. We departed for Enarotali, where the only place to land the plane was on a lake. So no airfield was used. Yes, after I arrived there, you might say that the circumstances were rather appalling, and made an extraordinary impression. Especially on me, as someone who was new, still young, and indeed, thought a lot about finding friends in Enarotali. I knew none of the employees, but because that was the assigned job, and like it or not, I had to go there.

In Enarotali I first of all went before the head of the government, at that time the HPB, a position occupied by a Dutchman named Raphael den Haan. After I met him, I was given the opportunity to select a place to live. And I got a room as a home. Yeah, that was sufficient; I would live there. Incidentally, there were some people from the coast there who introduced themselves to me, so I got to know them. There was a family from Wandamen, and I was very happy to connect with this family. I served at the office of the HPB in Enarotali until 1957. After that I was officially appointed to serve as the *districtshoofd* or district head in the present day *kecamatan* of Adadide, namely, Komopa.

At that point I really was the first trailblazer to come to the place. I opened it with great effort, but that is why it is called a trailblazer or pioneer; as a pioneer I had to deal with all sorts of difficulties. We worked with local materials and involved the local community in construction. We cleared Komopa with some builders who came from Biak. The buildings in that time were very simple. So the job of administrating actually only entailed clearing the way forward and developing and fostering the community.

We put up houses for the administrators and teachers. Actually, there were no paramedics yet back then. And there were no teachers there yet either. So as the first person there, together with the police, we opened the place. Later, only once the house for the district head was established, would a house for the paramedic follow. And we lived in the Komopa area to carry out our jobs. Our most important task of all, as trailblazers or pioneers, was to make contact with the people in the interior – the Ekari tribe. We made contact with them and directed them. They un-

derstood that the government now in their midst was a government that wanted to help improve their lives.

Because relations had to be built up with the community through a contact system, certain goods were used as contact 'devices' or tools to let us get closer to them. And the people we guided were very happy to be shown these things as they were distributed among them. The contact devices were things like beads, mirrors, machetes, and axes. These were the items they loved best. To enable our governance mission to succeed, like it or not, these were the things we had to use to allow us to approach them. They permitted us to draw upon or use their labour to work on useful things to expedite governance work and other work related to policing and health.

THE TOUGH WORK OF AN ADMINISTRATOR

The work of an administrator really was tough because we had to keep the peace in the communities where we worked, in areas where it was extremely hard to make contact with the locals. We felt that our jobs as government employees were quite arduous. We had to traverse terrain that was extraordinarily rugged in fairly cold weather, to look for and assemble the population to be developed. It was too tough. To accelerate the task, we made paths all along the edge of the lakes to connect up the villages. We cleared roads to connect one lake with another, and made roads around the lakes as well. With those roads it became easier for us to make contact with the inhabitants.

We established relations between the tribes in the west and in the east. Previously there were paths but they were footpaths that were sometimes difficult to cut through. We built roads to connect villages even if they were situated across the lake from each other. Thus, they could walk to the destination across the lake. All along the roads we travelled, we made contact with the local population. In terms of development, especially in the field of education, long before the government came, there were missionaries working there. They developed the people through lessons in religion, although their numbers were very small. But with the existence of the roads cleared by the government, guidance ran more smoothly. Those who worked as missionaries or religious teachers, as well as elementary school teachers in the villages, could work better because

they could cross between the villages smoothly on foot. Formal training was carried out by the religious educators and school teachers who were funded by foreign missionaries from America and the Netherlands, and by the Protestant organization, CAMA, which had been working there for a long time. And you might say that the missionaries were very dominant in the work done in the interior, because they communicated well with the people through worship, prayer, and other struggles that give priority to God.

We enlisted the help of the evangelists who had come there before us. And the people themselves deemed that the government was tough to work with. The government was looking for people and forcing them to work. Unlike the missionaries! They gathered people and nurtured them. And they could serve local communities because they guided them through religion and also, through health services, which were provided and self-financed by the missionaries.

NEWCOMERS BRING DISEASES

Regarding health matters, local people could come for health services. Most of them came with skin wounds. They came and saw the paramedics for treatment. If we look at public health in the mountainous areas, the most common disease was scabies or mange. There were all too many cases of scabies, but not much yaws there. There were other skin diseases, characterized by rashes, which were commonly caused, among other things, by infections due to small plant hairs that got under the skin when you walked through the tall highlands grasses. As for internal diseases, they were very rare. That was because the weather in the interior was cool and great for bodily health. Almost throughout the hinterlands, there was no malaria. So the people led healthy lives.

Later on, in the course of development, the government employees who came from hot areas brought a variety of diseases to the hinterland. So malaria was brought inland from the coastal areas. Conversely, when people from the highlands went down to work in or migrated to the coastal towns, their good health was threatened and they quickly succumbed to malaria, since their bodies were not conditioned to resist attacks of malaria. When we look at the interior today, many changes have taken place, since there are now health posts, and there are also

physicians working there. Most of them are native to our region, from Papua itself, who can survive in remote places to serve public health.

The everyday staple food of the people consisted primarily of tubers, which were supplemented by local vegetables. In the course of subsequent development, certain kinds of vegetables were imported from outside. Actually, nature determined that they could adapt to those crops. When they saw the seeds of vegetables from the coast, grown by the government employees or coastal people, they took them. They asked for them to be brought and planted. As time went on we saw progress, the growth of awareness among them to plant new kinds of vegetables. Eventually we were satisfied with eating diverse sorts of vegetables. Yes, later on there was an abundance of vegetables there.

PIGS AS DOWRIES

Instead of using money as a mode of payment, people in the interior used a kind of shell called *kauri*, or cowrie shells, known by the local term *mere*. I myself, as a newcomer there, was unfamiliar with the shells, even though so many could be found lying on the beach. But the *mere* used there took a special form. The problem was that the value of the shell, in monetary terms, was something that they determined themselves. There were certain types that had fixed values. Some were worth up to hundreds, some, for example, in today's money, could be worth ten thousand rupiah or more. At that time, shells were in fact used as a means of currency. Today I see their value increasingly shrinking with time. Formerly, it was they themselves who determined the value of diverse sorts of shells. They based the value on their shapes, sizes, and patterns. If a shell had a rough shape that meant it was still young. If it was very smooth and dirty it meant it had been in circulation for a long time. This type was more widely recognized, more valued and in greater demand.

They had a very good grasp of the matter of the forms and values of *mere*. Even a small child or young person could determine whether the value of a shell was high or not, whereas those of us from the coastal areas did not precisely know the value. But they could see it immediately. As for the other things that were used as *mas kawin* (bride wealth) along

with shells, there were also beads as well as livestock, such as pigs. If someone needed an axe, or someone had a surplus of axes, he could also give axes as a means of making a bride wealth payment. Cowrie shells were used throughout the hinterlands. Across the mountain ranges, wherever there were people, they all used cowries. So from Wisselmeren all the way to the Baliem valley, they used cowries. Now that leaves the question: just where did the cowrie come from?

Even now I still do not know if it was brought in from the south, for example, from Mimika or Kokanao. So those of us who come from the coastal areas here in Nabire do not know exactly who brought those things into the hinterland. Possibly it was done by people who had a direct connection with Biak because such shells were often sent inland from Biak. Nor is it clear whether they were imported from the islands of Mor, Mambor or Napan. The sources have yet to be investigated, to find out who the intermediaries in the shell trade might have actually been. It can truly be said to be the first monetary system.

Earlier it was mentioned that pigs were a type of livestock that were highly valued in the hinterlands. Pigs served mainly as a means of making *mas kawin* payments, and secondarily as food. Whenever they held formal ceremonies prescribed by *adat* law, many pigs were slaughtered and exchanged for other goods.

PIG FEASTS

When parties or feasts (*pesta*) were held on a grand scale, each person brought his pigs and they were slaughtered at the site of the feast and exchanged for other goods. So festive time was like a market for the communities. This was known as a pig feast or *pesta juwo*. The *pesta juwo* I mean here were parties that served as festivals of exchange or celebrations, and at the same time, as opportunities for all sorts of things people needed to be bartered. So they were not just dinner parties, but occasions on which all kinds of needs could be met through mutual exchange. For example, one could look for a mate at the *pesta juwo*. At the pig feast the men could woo the women. But there was also a negative side. At a *pesta juwo* a man could also run off with a woman. This did happen!

And if the *pesta juwo* proceeded safely, it was always an occasion for singing and performing *adat* dances. The festivities could last one to two

weeks. So the party could go on for a quite a long time. They danced and sang. And those who organized these *adat* feasts were certain people who were considered wealthy. Rich men who owned more than 300 or 400 pigs. Such a man would invite many partners to come over and they would agree on a place for the celebration. And in that place, *juwo* houses were erected. These rich people acted as sponsors for holding the feast.

I attended such parties, but I only went over there looking for meat. I did not interfere with the party. Because in the end it was we administrators who would have to sort out any problems that came up during the feast. For example, if someone carried off a girl, or someone else's wife. And when a report came in about that, it was we administrators who had to settle the matter. So we administrators had to stay neutral!

Two keys to attracting the Baliem people

Dorus Rumbiak

There are two keys that can be used to captivate the hearts of the Dani people of the Baliem Valley. The first is to approach them through their elders or community leaders, and the second, through their children. Over nearly 25 years working as a civil servant in the Baliem Valley, I have rarely seen people of Wamena berating or beating their children, no matter how naughty they behave. They never even so much as lay a hand on their children.

The importance accorded to children makes it not uncommon for a husband to beat his wife because she cannot get pregnant. As a result of this, husbands are allowed to marry numerous times for the sake of having children. In Dani families, husbands are allowed to remarry. In fact it is sometimes the wife herself who asks her husband to remarry, to add a wife! His wife is looking for a woman to serve as a wife for her husband, so she can get help with the heavy work, such as feeding the pigs, as her husband gets wealthier. There are Dani men who have had as many as 40 wives, like the great tribal chieftan, Harireak, and some, like Okumnyare, who have married up to 33 times.

In light of all this, I used Dani children as a way to engage the community here to cooperate. I interacted with their children. Many of them I adopted as foster children. One of my former foster children became a *bupati* (district head, regent), and many others became civil servants. I took them under my wing, fostered them, and even married them off. That was the key I used.

This approach appealed to them. And the foster care was not merely foster care, but had to be true fostering; I regarded them as my own children. When I was in Wamena, they received me as a father. So, if we did not understand their situation or had not worked long in their place, we had to educate the local people in such a way that they could serve as

keys for us to enter their worlds. So, everywhere I went I took on children to foster. I just picked from among the young ones, the little ones, then let them go to school and covered their food, clothing, and so on.

When I was first placed in Wamena as a civil servant, my main task was to maintain security across the area in places where tribal warfare occurred. So wherever tribes were at war, I was there. Basically I would go pretty much everywhere. But I had to learn their ways of resolving the problems that led them to engage in ongoing warfare. Usually, people said that tribal wars happened because of murders, problems over women, or people stealing pigs.

But we had to find out the basics of the relationship between women and pigs. I learned why the pig was so important in Dani society. Indeed in Dani marriages, pigs constituted the main property. Pigs were extremely important throughout the mountainous areas. As far as I know, human life and society here revolved around pigs. Yet, on the other hand, I also saw that the people who kept pigs were people who lived in permanent settlements, unlike the nomadic people who lived in the Mamberamo area. So I knew that they lived settled lives. And this meant that they were bound by patterns that governed their lives in that particular place.

I then looked for them, to meet them. I did not address them as tribal chiefs or clan leaders (*orang kaya*) because they said: 'Address us as "*bapak*" (father). That's right. We won't call you "sir", we'll call you "son".' I felt these were harmonious relationships, and they were what I used. My success in drawing the community closer astonished Controleur Gonsalvez, my superior in Wamena. 'Ah, Pak Rumbiak can go anywhere,' said Mr. Gonsalvez, 'he travels with only two policemen but he feels no fear!' I was free to go and meet with the people because I used that approach.

SCHOOL IN A REFUGEE SETTLEMENT

I originally came from Biak, but during World War II we were evacuated to Pasi island in Padaido-Atas. And it was on the island that I attended primary school. Then the government opened a Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys) in Korido. In 1950 all the children who graduated from the third grade in primary school took exams to get into

the JVVVS in Korido. The journey to Korido was quite far and you had to go there by rowboat. Bearing in mind how exhausting my parents' troubles to register me were, I was determined to learn so I could truly achieve good results. I passed the entrance exam and was accepted at the school in 1950, and graduated in 1953.

After graduating JVVVS I entered OSIBA at the request of the government. OSIBA was the continuation of the Bestuurschool (School for Administrators) that had been opened in the town of Nica (Sentani). Since the Dutch government wanted to extend the Bestuurschool, they opened an opportunity for students who graduated from the third grade at JVVVS to go on to the Bestuurschool by following a five-year course. The government later changed the name Bestuurschool to Opleidingsschool voor Inheemse Bestuursambtenaren (OSIBA, School for Indigenous Administrators). I attended school at OSIBA with all of the costs of education, meals, and holidays borne by the government.

Actually, I am the one who chose OSIBA. Before that I was chosen to enter the Lagere Technische School (LTS, Lower Technical School), but I thought that the training I had received at JVVVS was not appropriate for entering the LTS. Moreover, the ones who were given priority were the children whose parents were teachers, but not us village children. Although my final exam results at JVVVS were excellent, they wanted to send me to a vocational LTS in Kotaraja. But I could not envision going to the LTS. It happened that there was a demand for students for the OSIBA school for civil servants. I went before the *hoofd plaatselijk bestuur* (HPB, sub-division administrative head) – whose name I have forgotten – in 1953. He said, 'Oh, there is still a demand and there are still openings for people from Biak.' After they checked my qualifications, and saw that my final exam scores were good, I was sent to OSIBA.

I attended school at OSIBA for five years, with one year of practice. I entered in 1953, and in 1955 I did one year of practice in Fakfak, an area I did not yet know. For the year I worked under Bapak Arnold Mampioer. At the time, Mr. Woelders served as the *controleur* (HPB) there. I worked under Mr. Mampioer who was then the district head there. After the one-year practice period, I returned to my studies for two years and successfully completed them.

MOTIVATED BY FILMS ABOUT AFRICA

During those two years of study I began getting acquainted with the hinterlands through photos by HPB F. Veldkamp. During that time he made a visit to see the church mission post and government post that opened in Wamena in 1957. On his visit he took photos and filmed. Then Mr. den Haan, the *controleur* in Wisselmeren (Paniai), brought people from Paniai to our school. Controleur den Haan was famous in Enarotali (the capital city of Wisselmeren). Usually, people called him 'Controleur Cowboy'. He was well known for travelling wearing only swimming trunks! Yes, it had also been written that he was '*de koning der Kapaukus*' or king of the Kapauku people. Then I said, 'I will become the king of the Dani!'

So those were interesting experiences. We also saw some films about Africa. I heard the story of Livingstone, who went through the African continent. All of these provided useful lessons for going among the people in Wamena. But eventually it would be asked, who was responsible there? Surely, the Papuans themselves knew. People from outside could not get much done, but Papuans would do more.

That's how the idea arose for me to go into the Baliem valley. But I still had to attend two more years of school at OSIBA. Upon finishing school, the grades I got were fairly high, namely, 9-8-9-7. I graduated *cum laude* (with honours). I still have the diploma. My preference to serve in the interior became increasingly close to my heart. And since I had graduated *cum laude* I could make my own choice between two locations, Enarotali or Wamena in the Baliem Valley. I chose to go to the Baliem Valley.

My success in achieving high grades at OSIBA made some police officers who were my professors at OSIBA ask me to continue school to become a policeman (an inspector) in the context of Papuanisation. I was the only one chosen for this course because I had obtained a nine in police science and police practice. 'Ah, Mr. Rumbiak here would make a good policeman,' they said.

But my heart was not drawn in that direction. I disliked people deferring to me and disliked constantly deferring to people. After I had been working for about six months, Controleur Gonsalvez came. He said: 'I heard from the Office of Home Affairs that I had one allotment from the OSIBA graduates, by the name of Dorus. They said that he has now joined the police. Hey, that can't be! He's my employee, the allotment I'm supposed to receive.'

He looked for me in the police ranks, found me, and said: 'Get ready now! In one week you'll leave for Wamena, provided you take malaria pills first so you won't come down with malaria.' And so it was that I left for Wamena. That was the beginning of my placement as a graduate of the third OSIBA class.

The idea of developing the people of the interior was linked to the responsibility for bringing the people of the interior into the modern world. But what about the conditions of the people in the interior themselves? They were not at the same level as those of us who lived on the coast. True, those of us on the coast (Biak people) were not that advanced either; we had no universities yet. So it really was very difficult. Were we capable of realizing such beautiful ideas? Indeed, compared with Papua New Guinea (PNG), we were far more advanced. I had seen people from PNG who visited Hollandia (Jayapura) at the time, and they still wore loincloths and their police went about with no weapons.

If I compared them with our people in the political meetings that were held in those days in West Papua, we were far more advanced than Papua New Guinea. We had greater freedom than they did in PNG. Over there at that time there was still strong discrimination. Our education in the west was more progressive. When we went to school we already had an idea of what we wanted to become in the future. If we wanted to become civil servants, that was already evident from our interactions at school. Those of us in the schools were students who came from Merauke, Jayapura, Sorong, Biak, Serui, and so on. We had distinct tribal languages, but we got along fine, and our working language was Dutch, although the Indonesian language might also be used.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN WAMENA

When I arrived in Wamena for the first time I saw that the people in the Baliem Valley were separated into groups and they were mutually antagonistic. Such conditions made it difficult to resolve problems. So the idea of 'pacification' was proposed at that time. In the pacification programme no Dutch person dared to make a decision. It was the Papuans themselves who made the decisions. If a Dutch person did it, later Mr. Gonsalvez would be the one who was blamed.

At that time there was a Dani man called Pung Masilone. He banned the Dutch government from passing through his place. At the time Mr. Gonsalvez said to me: 'Brother Dorus, you stay to mind the post.' In those days it was not a government centre like it is today. In those days it was just a temporary post for the government. Mr. Gonsalvez left and I remained. He wanted to see the person who had said that if the government came, he would strike the government officer.

And it was true, Pung Masilone struck Mr. Gonsalvez. When Mr. Gonsalvez crossed his fence, Pung Masilone came closer. Rather than exposing himself to risk, right, Gonsalvez fired his gun. And after he returned to the post he said: 'Alas, Pak Dorus, I can't pass through there anymore.' I said: 'Ah, if that's the way it is, I can do it.' I could deal with it, I could enter difficult areas. Because I had the 'keys', that is, I had learned how to identify the key persons, people who were the keys to the community. If they had a sense of affection toward us, we could be allowed to just come on in. That way there was no need to worry about a thing. If someone was angry, he would say so. I could also speak a bit of the Dani language.

The Dani people dubbed Gonsalvez *atemusi*, meaning a hothead. Really, Gonsalvez was someone who could not hide his feelings. When he was angry, he would be overtly angry, but he had a good heart. I studied him up close, but he was a good person. The Dani people who were part of Mr. Gonsalvez' joint patrol declared Mr. Gonsalvez guilty. Mr. Gonsalvez was also examined by the prosecution. They summoned him immediately. But he said: 'I don't know anything about the incident. I don't have anything to say because I don't know. So I don't need to take part in discussing the matter.'

Based on the information from the witnesses, Gonsalvez shot one person and the police shot one person. So two people were shot dead. I tried to ensure that no more shooting would be allowed to occur in the Baliem Valley. Although I was his subordinate, I clashed with him. He acted quickly as the person in the front line, while I was usually in the rear. Although the Dani might not like me because they saw me as a newcomer there, I had to be able to speak the Dani language a bit, so I could approach them. You see, the main goal was to bring people of the interior to a higher understanding of the state and so on. When you think about it, it was an impossible thing.

TASTY MEALS IN JAIL

My presence as an administrator really pleased the people. But it was hard for us to settle their problems. If I settled them using the pattern of people at war, well I did not want to do that because it was none of my business. It was their business. So I instructed them that when they came they should not bring any spears, arrows or sharp things for fighting. I asked them to talk to their hearts' content, and finally I would come to a decision. I wanted to hear their claims, commensurate with the casualties and losses of each party. So the claims of loss had to be equivalent. If there was a party with a greater number of victims, they demanded payment in keeping with these, and once they were paid they would be reconciled. Yes, that is the way we dealt with it.

At that time we were not yet bringing cases to court. Because that would have been something new to them. According to them, prison sentences could teach people to become criminals. Because people said: 'Well, in prison the meals are tasty!' So, at that time we did not bring the perpetrators of crimes to court. I punished the perpetrator with a sentence of one to two weeks of hard labour, for example, plantation work or other jobs. And he would be forbidden to see his family. So the perpetrators did not go to prison. We should not be in a hurry to send people to prison. We had to move slowly. Prison sentences could be applied later on.

Mr. Gonsalvez once took them to Lere, a district in the vicinity of Jayapura. In Lere they were given all kinds of food to eat, but they cried every day. After around six months a decision came down from the court that they be brought back to the Baliem Valley. But they still never forgot about Lere and all they experienced there.

Exile to Lere involved a type of conscript labour as punishment. The government at that time was planning to make an airfield there. At that time I was interviewed by Mr. Merkelijn from the Bureau Bevolkingzaken (Office of Population Affairs). I said that if plans to build the airstrip were discussed, then the work should be started too. If we talked about it that day but did not start to work on even a single metre, then it was a failure. That was the principle I used. So work on the airfield was one form of punishment that was applied in the Baliem Valley.

ROUNDING UP THE PEOPLE TO MAKE THE AIRFIELD

Because of how difficult communications were in those days, the plan emerged to create an airfield to open the interior from its isolation, so that the mutual hostilities among the tribes would disappear on their own because the people would have other activities to keep them busy. They saw for themselves that they received wages for working on building the airfield, which they could use to buy axes, mirrors, handkerchiefs and other fine goods. We paid them in contact articles. Yes, because at that time they were not yet familiar with money, so we paid them in the cowrie shells that they used as currency. The Protestant mission, CAMA (Christian and Missionary Alliance) and the Roman Catholic Mission already had their own airstrip to meet their own needs, but not those of the people. The presence of missionaries there was not only to spread Christianity. In 1960 we held a conference and decided to build a relationship between regions, between the centre (Hollandia) and the region (Wamena), and between Protestant missions (*zending*) and Catholic missions. Yes, there was good cooperation between the Protestant and Catholic missions.

So we developed cooperation between the government and the Protestant and Catholic missionary agencies. Those of us in the government worked together with the Protestant missionary agencies and Catholic missions on building roads and building airfields. They provided shovels, machetes, and tools for the people to work with, but the payments were allotted by the government. So it was the government that paid wages to the people who worked. This cooperation was realized through the conference held in 1960. The conference bore the English name: 'The Conference between Government and Missionaries'. During the conference measures were taken to open new government posts.

Regarding plans to open the airfield, I always consulted with the people first. I explained that if there was an airfield, airplanes could bring in many things such as salt, cowrie shells, axes, machetes for gardening, shovels, and all sorts of other goods. I spoke to the tribal chiefs first. And if they approved, we began working. Wamena was a former battleground that had been abandoned by its residents. Then residents came from all directions and told us: 'We will give this land for the building of the airfield.' Yes, they approved it because it was in the public interest, and this was enough to rule out individual interests. The settlements based

there gradually moved away over time because the place was used to set up tents for the people who came to work on the construction of the airfield. Yes, and later on the area was urbanized. Back then I was the one who surveyed the land area for the town of Wamena. All of it was my doing. It was after the new airfield opened that we saw the introduction of change.

EXCHANGING ADAT LAND FOR AXES

At that time, the agreement to open the airfield, including the transfer of adat land, was not set in writing. What did exist was only a general statement. A small airfield was already open at the time. But because we wanted to bring in large planes, we needed a bigger airfield. As compensation for the land, the government gave axes and machetes to the tribal chiefs. I did not witness that myself. It was discussed by the *controleur* with the tribal chiefs before I arrived. When the airfield began to be cleared, the whole community acknowledged that the airfield was in their interests. And they did not require certificates for the land taken by the government to build the town of Wamena. At the time I thought: ‘Papua is so vast, there is no need for land certificates to be issued.’

When problems later arose in Wamena, when people claimed ownership rights over the communal land taken by the government to build the town of Wamena, it was due to the government’s own acts. There was a civil servant from Ambon who instigated the problem. At the time he was serving as the *camat* or sub-district head there. Secretly, he requested that certificates be issued for lands that had no certificates yet. There were no land certificates for any of the area we determined at the time. Our goal at the time was just to develop the town of Wamena first. Not to make grandiose promises to the community but have them feel no benefits later on. Not to go to the point of causing the government to suffer losses if something were to happen that caused the government to leave. Later on, once the town of Wamena was developed and the people who owned the land came to demand payment for the land, only then would certificates be issued. At the time no land certificates were made because Wamena was a newly opened government post. I did not know if any compensation price had been provided for Wamena.

Well, at that time they had made no claims yet because back then I was the one who opened the place up and I myself spoke with the land owners and made declarations (*surat pernyataan*) with them, stating that no payment was made for the land. During the time I served in Wamena, the land owners made no claims. Only now, since I went away, have they come to stake claims. The fact that they made no claims yet at the time – that was their right. Because I was the one who opened the valley, I still remember the land area that I surveyed. It may well have changed since then due to the expansion of the town and the airfield. But I still know the boundaries of the land, where I stood when I measured the land. When the airfield was completed, it seemed that the situation began to be secure throughout the valley, although here and there, there was still a little confusion. But as a civil servant, I saw that in order to succeed we had to work for a long time in a given place and not keep moving frequently from place to place.

Yes, perhaps because I loved the beauty of nature, it became a hobby that when I came home from patrols (official trips) I liked to walk around in the mountains, enjoying the natural beauty of the Baliem Valley. That is what enabled me to tolerate working there for such a long time. I effectively worked there for 18 years. And if this is combined with the seven-year interval of my studies, then it comes to 25 years. But it was an interesting experience, which I engaged in so that society could move forward. Nowadays the young people from Wamena here (in Biak) always come around to look for me if there are any problems. They say to me ‘Bapak, come back to Wamena!’ Then I reply: ‘Yeah, I’d like to return but I do not want to be glorified’. That is why I do not want to show up over there.

THE TRANSFER OF PAPUA

Before Papua was handed over to Indonesia in 1962, I was transferred to serve as the district head at the level of a Dutchman in Bokondini, to replace Mr. B. Huizinga. According to the transfer agreement of the UN (New York Agreement) on 15 August 1962, the Netherlands had to transfer West Papua to Indonesia. Following the transfer, I was appointed as the replacement of Controleur L.F.B. Dubbeldam. He did not transfer

anything to me, except upon my arrival in Wamena, when I took a few notes from him in the airplane, and after that he departed.

There was no *Memorie van Overgave* (Memorandum of Transfer). Nor was there any transfer ceremony, because the Dutch were forced to get out. And I didn't get to have or keep the records because they were all taken by the UN people.

The entry of the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA) put us at a disadvantage because the decision was made without first consulting us. The Dutch government appeared to be fearful because it had already experienced difficulties in maintaining its colonial territories. Once there was a letter from the Ministerie van Overzeese Rijksdelen (Ministry of Overseas Regions) in the Netherlands giving orders to address parts of the region that would not be handed over to Indonesia. That was what formed the basis for opening up the Baliem Valley under Controleur Dr. de Bruyn. I read the approach guidelines by Mr. de Bruyn. These were the guidelines for the approach used by the Protestant missions and the government to enter the area. And I also used the same guidelines for working in Wamena.

The UN (UNTEA) period brought changes that we did not understand at all. Perhaps this was because the Netherlands did not create an overall Memorandum of Transfer explaining its abandonment of Papua. It simply did not exist. They all just suddenly left.

When the UNTEA came in, some of them replaced the Dutch officials, some became controllers, and some became residents. I still remember two British people, one of whom was called Mr. Carter. He had once served as the governor of Malacca. I saw that Mr. Carter and the others were working cautiously because they did not know what steps would be taken by the Indonesian government. They complied with all the instructions. They only worked for six months. In fact they left before the six months was up. Mr. Carter was replaced by Mr. Rins and then Rins was replaced. So they did not stay long. Within three months they were transferred again.

THE LOOTING OF DUTCH HOMES

Once the Indonesian military and Indonesian officials came in, I saw that what happened was just looting. They looted all the houses. They

went home carrying big suitcases filled with goods the Dutch had left behind, because when the Dutch left, they never brought anything home. The Indonesian army and officials had only come to plunder. We were astonished by this.

Papuans also entered the abandoned Dutch homes but they did not loot them. But I myself witnessed looting on a grand scale. We were all angry because the Indonesians took away everything that was considered important. Is that what is called victory in war? We (Papuan officials) stayed calm and performed our routine jobs.

We were educated, and guided by our faith as Christians, we remained resilient in spite of all these events and circumstances. God's eyes were not closed to us. God also came to see and feel the situation we were experiencing. If we hadn't had strong faith, we might have collapsed. That was our experience at that time. We steeled our hearts, in the faith that that the whole situation would surely pass. Well, at that time all sorts of corruption occurred too. We were working under extraordinary pressures. That was how I experienced working in the government in the Indonesian period. My friend, Decky Zonggonao, who was arrested and imprisoned at that time, said that only God could change the situation. We believed that the situation would soon pass, even though it seemed impossible. I always looked at it that way.

The most severe times were from 1962 to 1969. Regarding the implementation of the Act of Free Choice (Penentuan Pendapat Rakyat, 1969), that was extraordinary because so many things were blatantly hidden from us. I resumed my duties in Wamena after serving for three months in Bokondini. As a result of the handover (from the Netherlands to the UNTEA) I was pulled back to serve in Wamena. But during the Act of Free Choice I attended the first class of studies at the Akademi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri (APDN, Academy of Domestic Government) in Malang.

Regarding the implementation of the Act of Free Choice I myself do not know much because we were put into prison beforehand. Basically, all the leading people that were thought to have knowledge and experience in the government or public sectors were put in prison, in police and military detention centres. I was detained for three months in the military police detention centre (CPM) in Kloofkamp Jayapura, then known as Sukarnopura. By the time I was released from custody, one of my fellow students had already completed his education. I did not want

to fall behind in my studies. Because of that, I worked hard and managed to graduate from my course of education as well. I was given amnesty and allowed to keep learning.

CHAOS IN WAMENA

In 1975 I returned from my studies in Java. In 1973 there was great turbulence in Wamena. Many people were killed and churches were burned down. I was ordered to go there but I did not want to go. I said to the government: 'Didn't you suspect I was a member of the OPM rebelling against you, so that I was arrested? I do not want to go to fix the situation in Wamena, which you have devastated. I am not the one who caused the problems there.' But the government said: 'You must go, because if you don't go, the situation in the interior will remain in chaos.' So yes, I went there and worked as the *sekwilda* (regional secretary) for eight years in Wamena.

Many violations of their customary law were committed there, such as bothering the wives and daughters of the local population. Soldiers and policemen on duty at the outposts there had no sense of decency. Those of us who opened the Baliem Valley had worked there without bringing our wives, but we did not behave like that. That was because we knew that if we wanted to work there for a long time and wanted to succeed, we had to respect the community along with its *adat* laws. If we did not do that, the people would feel we were insulting them. Because they had continually violated the *adat* laws of the community, seven members of the police were kidnapped. That was the consequence of misconduct towards their wives and daughters. When they killed there was no mercy because they were extremely offended. We knew their *adat* because we got on well with them. When we talked with them, we talked with the elders. They considered it very wrong to talk to young unmarried women. One should not make repeated attempts to talk to people's wives. Their husbands were extremely jealous! And very dangerous, when a husband forced his wife to admit what she had done.

During the period of the Dutch administration, I had succeeded in developing a good approach to the local inhabitants. When I was ordered to go the Baliem Valley in 1975 following the great turbulence that had happened there, I succeeded in securing the Baliem Valley. First, I saw

that there was one crucial thing in the events that had taken place in the Baliem Valley. What had happened was a war between people who were not Christians fighting against Christians. And I, as a member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance (CAMA) Gospel Tabernacle Church, opened my house as a place of worship. The local people came and said to me: 'Bapak, don't try to hold church services here. That's what made a lot of church leaders here get kidnapped and a lot of churches get burned down. So, bapak, don't ever open this place for church services.' I said to them: 'No, we need to return to God. Because if we don't return to God, this valley will go to the devil! If you don't revere God, you will all perish!' Then I established a church named Gereja Efata.

It started with two families and has now grown into a large congregation. I told the Dani that it was a church building for Dani people who were members of the CAMA Gospel Tabernacle Church. I said that if we started working in this way, everything would be alright because God would be with us, because we accepted God. Why should we still be afraid of anything? I only knew one thing, that is, that God led and saved us. God said not to fear them, for they could kill the body, but did not have the power to kill the soul. In our administration we used many verses from the book of proverbs of Solomon. Solomon was a wise and rich king, and he had many wives! We used a lot of King Solomon's advice in our daily work. Good morals were very important. But it was not easy to change the evil-loving nature of human beings. So we had to start from scratch in building the community.

After I returned from Jakarta, I received a promotion because of my role as a designer in the establishment of sub-districts and villages in the province of Irian Jaya. I received the promotion to go and study at Institut Ilmu Pemerintahan (IIP, Institute of Governmental Studies) in Jakarta. Once back from IIP, I served as head of the village administration division at the government bureau in Jayapura. And in the context of that job I continued the programme of establishing villages in the province of Irian Jaya. After three and a half years of working and completing the village establishment programme, I was appointed as regional secretary of Wamena, and I went to resolve the events that had taken place in Wamena.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF VILLAGES

I left to study at IIP in 1972 and completed these studies in 1975 and returned to Jayapura. At that time, the plans for the establishment of the villages were completed, and a team from the central government came and held a meeting with all the *bupati* (regents or district heads). Many of the *bupati* said: 'Oh, this cannot be! These villages cannot be united!' And when Governor Frans Kasiepo said to me: 'Some of the *bupati* have objections to the plans, little brother, how can these be resolved?' I answered him: 'Easy. The important thing is that they are willing to reach an agreement. This is only a concept on paper. We'll just specify the regional boundaries first. Determining and establishing the villages will be worked out gradually.'

So, the existing sub-districts and districts were unified to form *kacamatan* (sub-districts of the Indonesian *kabupaten* regencies or districts), and the *kampung* were turned into *desa* (villages). Then we looked at linguistic and religious similarities, so that the merged *kampung* would stay together, and not give rise to problems in the future. Those initially appointed as village heads were influential people such as *korano* (village heads) and *ondoafi* (*adat* leaders). The village people themselves proposed the candidates. We in the government did not impose them. Whoever was considered suitable, such as a well-educated native of the village itself, could be nominated to serve as the village head.

We knew that the villagers did not know much about government matters. I was usually tasked by the province to provide upgrading courses to the village heads. I did not give courses based on written materials, but came in and told them they were to listen to stories about the role of a village head. I used this method because the levels of education and knowledge among them were varied. And it would be very time consuming for the village heads to learn all about village government. And it was not feasible. It could not be forced. So we just taught the practice of village governance to village heads. I had worked for years in the Dutch period and I knew about village governance in practice. Since then, I have worked under Governor Frans Kasiepo, Governor Acub Zainal, and Governor Sutran (the ex-*bupati* of Trenggalek in East Java).

At that time all of the important positions were held by people from the centre, not by people from the local regions. Most of the officials around the governor came from outside the area. Local people who

were given important positions included those who had already completed their education as well as those who had not. But they remained entrenched in their positions because of their relationships with people at the top, for example, the head of the Government Bureau was the governor's son-in-law. And all of this was regulated by Jakarta. Papua was like a leaf, while the tree was in Jakarta. And this could not be changed.

INTRODUCING A MARKETING SYSTEM

The changes that occurred really did not directly familiarize people with the new culture. But at least they got to know its requirements, for example, that for their children to attend school they needed school fees and school uniforms. Therefore they had to learn how to earn money. Then we encouraged them to plant vegetables, raise fish and whatever else they could do to make money. They had to learn from the new immigrants how to make money by their own efforts. If you go to Wamena you can see the coffee trees that I planted in 1960. I planted a lot of coffee in Kurima and Bokondini. I told the people to plant coffee. The head of the agriculture department at the time, Mr. van der Sluys, said that the coffee seedlings were brought from PNG, and would thrive if they were planted here. It was a high quality type of coffee and after it was ground it could be transported by airplane.

That is what encouraged me to invite the people to plant coffee in Bokondini. We wanted to introduce farming and marketing to the local residents so they would know that they could make money this way. Whereas before, they asked for 100 rupiah on average, now they were asking for five thousand rupiah. That was a sign that they understood the value of money in market exchanges. However, the small traders had real difficulties entering a market dominated by big traders from outside the area. Conditions like this occurred in the large towns such as Biak and Jayapura as well as Wamena. The Papuans had only just learned the marketing system and they felt marginalized by the immigrants. It was not possible for the Papuans to open large shops right away. They had to learn from small-scale sales enterprises.

We were happy when Papuans took part in the market by selling their products. In Wamena I banned Makasarese merchants from selling their goods in the public market. That place was provided for Papuans only.

Let them learn how to market their products. The traders from outside must not forcibly take goods from the local people at very low prices and then sell them at high prices in the market. Nor should they give money in advance to local residents by ordering their goods. Those were not good ways to educate them. Later on when they expanded, they could do things like this. But we did not want to lay a faulty foundation.

In Wamena I also tried to ban the importation of alcoholic drinks. The *bupati* said there were certain individuals who were bringing in alcohol. Alcohol can destroy human lives. So I all-out banned it. I told the *bupati* that if alcohol was imported here, I would go home because I did not want to risk being held liable. I told him that the people who were bringing in alcohol were intent on destroying the entire way of life of the people here. When they drank alcohol, they got drunk, killed people, and could become very evil people. The *bupati* would never find out the results of his decision to import alcohol here. The chief of police and commander of the district military command supported me. And at last Wamena was safe. I said that in the government one must not merely think about money alone.

GIVE PEOPLE RESPONSIBILITIES

When I was in government, we all depended on the central government. There were no local revenues. This applied to Wamena and almost the entire province. According to the laws on the balancing of finances between the central and local governments in the republic, 97.25 percent of local revenues went to the centre. The provincial government got 2.25 percent and the *kabupaten* 0.02 percent. So local areas received nothing at all.

Those areas of Indonesia that were acquainted with international commerce could advance. But it was difficult for Papua, which was still so backward despite its wealth in forest products and mining resources, which required technology (and substantial amounts of capital) to process, as is currently being done at Freeport by foreign companies.

Our economy revolved solely around the economics of consumption. But we could do simple things to make money, such as planting soybeans. Many people in the world required soybeans. Thus, Papuans were told to plant soybeans, which could be picked in three months, and they would

have money. That was easier to do than having to wait for big projects that involved all kinds of research that took years to complete.

The same went for fisheries. What was being produced was only for personal consumption, but could not be sold outside. This was due to a lack of modern equipment. What's more, in Papua people worked on their own and not in groups as in other areas. In my view that was where the difficulty lay here. Pig and poultry breeding could also be developed here. The same went for banana projects, because America and Europe needed bananas. But the government did not see that it was the government's job to develop the economy in order to provide prosperity to its people. I think that is what all human beings need. Prosperity means that people have enough to eat so ideas of committing offenses and crimes do not enter their minds.

As for the future of Papua, well, I cannot see that far ahead, since Papua has remained underdeveloped while governance and development in other areas in Indonesia have advanced. Development in Papua must directly benefit society. The name of the people must not be used for self-interest. For example, in my experience, I have seen monies for the people in a village being spent by the village head while the villagers got nothing at all.

Programmes ought to be carried out by the government together with rural communities. In livestock-breeding projects, for example, government officials should provide information on how to raise cattle. So the government provides funds and technical assistance. Yet it is not the government that is responsible, but the community groups found there. It would be as if the enterprise were semi-governmental – partly handled by the government and partly by community groups. The government would provide funds, equipment and technical personnel, while the people provided the land and labour to do the work. Outsiders say that the people of Papua are not capable of that yet. OK yes, but how can we become capable if only one or two people are sent to attend training, and upon returning from their studies, they work for themselves and not for the many, and they have mastered only techniques but not the community? Therefore, projects should be done directly in the field.

Yet based on my experience, I know that the money is spent by the agencies concerned to finance return trip expenses, to the point that there is no physical development. Yes, this is the mistake that is made. Actually, what is needed to develop Papua is to develop the people's

economy, so that people are capable of meeting their own needs. Do not develop things only for the purpose of exports to Europe, India, and so forth. Because the proceeds from exports are used to purchase heavy equipment, but not things for the people.

Government programmes should be based on what is good in the interests of the people. This is our duty as indigenous Papuans who work in government. We must work in the interests of our people in the ever changing modern world. The legislation and policies set by Jakarta are at times in conflict with the needs in the region.

Meeting the tree people

Alex Wamafma

I was very surprised to see people around Digul living in extremely high tree houses. There could be between 50 to 60 people in a single house. They were generally all from one clan. And in their understanding, yes, a village was a house. So if they said that someone was from the same village, it meant that the person was from the same house in the treetops.

Dealing with them was my first job as a civil servant after completing my education at OSIBA. My position then was *ter beschikking* ('at the disposal of'), meaning that I was directly seconded to the HPB. So I could be given orders by the HPB, but not by the district head. If, for example, the district head needed me, he had to make his request directly to the HPB. I started with the rank of *candidaat bestuurs assistent* (CBA, assistant administrator candidate).

My first task, which I felt was a major challenge at the time, was to get the people who lived in tree houses to be willing to come down and establish villages together like usual villages. It really was a bit difficult initially, but we managed to convince them because we used contact articles such as axes, machetes, knives and fishing tools. Finally they were interested and willing to go along with our plans.

Actually, they had once lived together, but tribal warfare made them become afraid and isolate themselves in their own clan groups. And once they managed to live together in one village, we proposed to the Department of Education and Culture to send teachers there. Or we asked the Catholic and Protestant church schooling foundations to send teachers if the places where the people resided were within their work areas.

Now I hear that these villages still exist, meaning that they do not want to be separated again. I last heard in 1994 from Reverend van der Velde of the Gereformeerde Vrijgemaakte Zending (Protestant Reform

Church) that the villages we established were still there and doing fine. He was formerly a pastor but later became a reverend. When I served in Digul and later, in Mappi, he also worked there.

The locations chosen to be turned into villages were places that were not far from the sago forest areas. The inhabitants of the Digul area indeed lived on sago. They ate sago and sago caterpillar, fish, pork and cassowary meat, which were all easily obtained in the vicinity. When the higher ground went dry, they moved to another place. They just revolved around the sago areas. So they were never far from there when you called on them, unlike the people in the mountains, who were remote and hard to find.

TRANSFERRED EVERY THREE MONTHS

Before I went to the school for administrators, or OSIBA, there was a list that was circulated through the principals of every Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys) throughout Papua. On that list the teachers were asked to put the names of prospective students for OSIBA. And through a process of selection or choice, I was finally sent there together with six other students. So we were seven in all. I was a graduate of JVVS Korido, Biak Numfor.

While I attended OSIBA travel costs at the beginning of and during my education were totally covered by the Dutch government, along with the costs of school supplies, return travel on annual vacations (school holidays), practice fees for one year, and the cost of returning after going through the final exams. So OSIBA was the most expensive of all the schools at that time, that is, from 1950 through 1958, even until 1960. I entered OSIBA in 1953, finished in 1958. My friends from that period who are still around today are Faidiban and Ismaël Bauw, and the others are no longer in Jayapura, those who are under me are Boray as well as Luther Saroy. OSIBA was the continuation of the school formerly known as Bestuurs Opleiding School (BOS, Administrative Training School). BOS was a sort of accelerated course.

BOS received graduates from the JVVS, as well as civil servants who had been assigned learning tasks, such as Frans Kaisiepo, Eliezer Bonay and Filemon Jufuway. They were government employees or, as they were then called, assistant administrators who were *ongediplomeerd* (without a

diploma). Through a three-year course of study they received a diploma. JVVVS graduates had to attend OSIBA for five years. During the first two years we had basic instruction in Dutch language, English language, arithmetic, algebra, history, and so on. But in the second phase we had to practice. My friend Lucas Mahuze and I did our practice in Manokwari.

Lucas Mahuze came from Merauke. Both of us practiced in Manokwari for one year. The HPB at that time was Mr. H.W. Assink, an Indo (Eurasian). The *controleur* seconded to him was Mr. du Buy, and the *aspirant controleur* was Mr. Jan Thooft. After one year of practice, we returned to OSIBA and followed a much broader curriculum than that of the first two years. Dutch language instruction was still given and combined with criminal law, constitutional law, hygiene, and first aid, ethnology, *adat* law, agricultural economics, administration, civil law, arithmetic, history and geography. That was the final curriculum used for the final exams of 1958.

As mentioned above, I did my practice in Manokwari. Practice was divided into three-month segments. First I worked at the office of the HPB, then I was transferred to agriculture, then I was transferred again to the police, and finally, I returned once more to the HPB's office. So every three months I shifted practice locations. Twelve months were divided into threes, so I shifted practice locations four times. With the police I learned to write warrants and how to process police reports. While in agriculture I learned about nursery seedlings, how to plant and care for them until they were harvested.

As people who worked in government we had to learn all of that because later on, when we became administrators, we would be sure to encounter these things in the field. While we were at OSIBA we also practiced in the village or kampung of Harapan (Sentani), then called Kota Nika (see map of Hollandia). The schools of agriculture, animal husbandry, and forestry were there. We also went to Genyem to see how people dried cocoa beans. This was because the government that was preparing us with the OSIBA education thought that we should know a little about a lot of things for our future work in the field. What served as our working language was Dutch along with broken Malay. The Dutch themselves had a hard time speaking Malay.

During practice I was also tested. When I returned from a patrol, I would hear a report by the HPB about whether Alex was diligent or not. For example, I would be instructed to patrol or make a tour of the

Kebar plain. Or I would have to go with Dr. Franken or the assistant controller, Mr. Jan Thoof. After I returned from the patrol, I had to make a report on what I had found on the trip, what activities I had done, how I had helped the HPB or the doctor, and who I patrolled with. The report was initialed by the HPB and forwarded to the Dienst van Binnenlandse Zaken (Department of Home Affairs). So it was left up to us to decide; we could just make a brief report. Some of us were asked to do registration here, and various jobs within the administration there. I think their intention was to assess whether I understood and could perform the assigned work or not. For example, I was instructed to make records of people who were ill and had to go to the doctor for checkups. Or I would be told to look for coolies to work on a road, to see how I managed it. Although the tasks assigned were hard, since I was just an average student, they already treated me as an administrator. At the time they addressed me as ‘Tuan Bestir muda’ or young Mister Administrator. That is how it went.

STUDENTS WHO LIKE TO GET DRUNK GET SACKED

In the course of practice, our performance was also analysed. And to that end, reports were made so that when we returned to school, the director would also know how we had fared. Oh, this student has returned from practice with good results. Or some students had been mischievous, not worked, not come into the office, or perhaps, got drunk and hung over (*fly-fly*) because they loved to party. This happened, to the point that two of my school chums had to be thrown out of school and sent home. They just did not do good work in the practice. Out of 50 students, the two of them were kicked out of school.

I saw that approaches were being made to the missionaries, who were there before the Dutch government, which had only started up its activities upon the establishment of the first residency by Mr. van Eechoud in 1949. The government had begun forming village councils, so that the problems that occurred in the villages could be resolved there. The government did not start with anything modern. As for the judiciary, the government established a *landsrechter* (district lawyer) and *Landschapsrechtbank* (Regional Court). For the south, an *alleensprekende rechter* (single judge) was established.

The people involved in the judiciary team were *adat* leaders and religious figures, just as I had seen in Manokwari, where the HPB was the chairman, and the members consisted of the tribal chiefs in Manokwari. A tribal chief there was, like an *ondoafi* (*adat* leader), someone considered to have a good command of *adat* law and be a good speaker. For example, someone who could tell people that there were practices that, according to *adat*, should be organized this way or that way. An *ondoafi* could do this too, although he would only speak at court because of his position. But someone else who understood, or was perhaps a witness who had heard or experienced something himself, could also be asked to speak. At the time I was working in the south, in the Merauke area. The tribes that inhabited the Merauke area were the Marind, the Muyu, the Mandobo, the Djair and the Awyu, as well as the Asmat and others. The judiciary used there then was the single judge. HPB Willem van der Veen served as chairman and investigated the cases, and I served as the recording court clerk. So there were only two people. This was different than in the north, where representatives of the village and community leaders were involved.

BECOMING A DISTRICT HEAD

After graduating from OSIBA I was placed in Digul. My position then was *ter beschikking*, that is, I was seconded directly to the HPB. After one year I was appointed district head. I was very pleased by that. It happened so quickly. After I became district head I was appointed (head of exploration of the Eastern Mountains and the Black Valley, or Zwartvallei). As time passed I saw progress, each time I was appointed to replace Dutch officers such as Mr. J.N. van Luyk in Mappi, Mr. Th. L.F. Laumans in Tanah Merah and Mr. J.M.A. Born in Oksibil, Mr. Laumans was a rich man's son, his everyday clothes were always fine, never dirty. I knew for sure that his folks were wealthy. He told us that at his home there were five cars. The speed of the promotions I got were not part of the Papuanization programme, which only began in 1961. The reason for the promotions was really that the government was taking notice, perhaps because I paid attention to my superiors' instructions, understood, and was willing to work. That is how they showed me I was appreciated.

In performing my job as a civil servant I was very attentive to *adat* and customs. I had been taught by Dr. Galis how to approach the population. In his view, if you wanted to be an administrator, you had first to master the procedures and habits of the local inhabitants. So that whatever decisions you wanted to hand down would be accepted by the community. They would not just receive orders and then carry them out. You had to first observe and have a lot of patience. You had to observe whether the women should be gathered together with the men or not because in remote areas such as Mandobo or Djair, only the men could be gathered up for work there. The women were away in the field huts. This had to be discovered and sorted out.

Years ago, in a seminar on 'Operasi Koteka' (operation penis gourd) given by Governor Acub Zainal, I asked: 'Why didn't the Dutch rush to give people here clothes?' It was not a job that could be done in a day, but would take many years. Aside from giving them clothes to replace their penis gourds, they would also have to provide good housing, soap, and other things. The Dutch did not do that then because the population itself was not ready for it. Governor Acub Zainal thought it was possible for a single 'operation' like that to succeed, but ultimately it did not. Anyone who knows ethnology knows that such an operation could not be enforced in that way.

EXPERIENCE WITH DUTCH PEOPLE

In doing my job as a civil servant I worked together with several Dutch people. First with Mr. F.H. Peters. He was the first HPB I ever met. It was hard for the man to laugh; he was stern and stiff. Not long after that came Mr. Anthon Fanoy. He was the second HPB in Digul. I felt very in tune with him. To this day we still send each other letters. Lots of people got along well with him. In Tanah Merah all the people got along well with him because he had done the rounds in the north before that. He had worked in Arso, Waris, Waren, and Wasior.

Everywhere he went in the remote areas he liked to get together with other people. For instance, on Saturday nights he would invite us all to get together at the canteen. There were a few dances there. So I felt his approach was very good, even though he was an ex-army man. If I am not mistaken, he held the rank of captain in the war in Korea. That was

according to him, but he was actually born in North Sumatra. His father was an administrator, too. That was how his story went. He was born or raised there, so apparently he already knew how to manage the area and the people.

I saw that when we were working on something, he himself always lent a hand. Even though he was the HPB, when we wanted to make a soccer field, it was he who handled the tractor. Ha-ha-ha ... he was great! Or there was the time we were working on the main road of Arimob; he was the one who bulldozed it. Also, if there was no one to steer the boat, he was the one who did it. This was because, according to him, he was an engineer who knew all about machines. That was what he said. And he told me that he had fought in Korea. A lot of Dutch people were sent there too. There were administrative officers who had taken part in the war in Korea for a year, then sent to perform duty here.

So I personally got along well with them, there was nothing hard about that because at the time almost everyone was a bachelor. So everything was fine, there were no hassles. As for HPB F.H. Peters he already had a family, but HPB Anthon Fanoy was still single. For me, the atmosphere back then was very fine, because all of us were still young. And he always directed us. I got concrete examples and instruction from him, he was always giving us guidance about how to solve a problem. Sometimes he called us to his house to tell stories. I see that as proof of a good relationship because until now we have stayed in contact. And whenever he misses me he says he hopes that sometime I will visit him over there.

In the Netherlands New Guinea government period I served solely in the interior. So I worked first in Oksibil, then in Boven Digul, Mappi, again in Oksibil and in Bokondini in the Baliem valley. Then the transition happened. After that I was transferred to Waighete on Lake Paniai, then from Paniai I was transferred to Jayapura. Actually, the approaches that were used by the government in the interior were good, except that of Mr. Golsalvez. I have read that book about all the fuss that got stirred up because Mr. Golsalvez had killed a Dani in the Baliem Valley. But I think he had already been examined by the prosecution at the time.

Based on my experience, at that time it was really hard to resolve a case in the community. For example, there was a criminal, but it was hard to find the culprit. Sometimes a decision was made to just shoot. But sometimes an effort was made to catch the perpetrator in order to find out the exact motive. Only when he was arrested could his followers sur-

render. In the interior, I did not see anything to fault our Dutch friends because I saw that the patrols were passing all the time. If I went on patrol with Mr. Raphael den Haan, I really learned my lesson! The man walked on and on! They tried to get to know the whole work area with precision. And what I enjoyed most about them was that if they found a disease in a place, they gave a warning and immediately asked the health department to come to provide health services. That is what I saw.

Formerly, when campaigns to eradicate diseases were carried out, everything went very smoothly. The biggest one was the eradication of malaria. A tuberculosis eradication campaign was also carried out by Dr. Muller, who was very famous here. He slept overnight among the residents in Lake Sentani. He carried mobile lung x-ray equipment so he could directly examine the people in Sentani. The residents of Lake Sentani were very familiar with him. That is what I saw here. Dr. Muller has since died.

Formerly, there really was a bit of a difference between us and our friends who worked in the city. For example, what I heard about from my friend Boekorsjom. He did not agree when Dutch people paid more attention to the Ambonese than the Papuans. Because it was like this, whoever was first to be able to speak a little Dutch, he would be close to the Dutch. That is what my friends saw at times. But during the time I worked there, since I happened to speak a bit of Dutch myself, I was also included in the group that was close to the Dutch people. There were character differences between the Dutch who worked in the cities and those in the hinterland. Take Mr. Anthon Fanoy. When he ate, he mingled with other people. Not using a tablecloth was okay. And he was not picky about eating. He was even willing to eat taro. But in town, yes, the (local) guests would wait for the foreign host to eat first. And usually local people saw that as something that might not be good. Although that was how it was supposed to be. If you wanted to talk, you had to wait because people were eating. So sometimes there were things like that.

On the other hand, if you went up to the political level, yes, it was possible to speak up, or to speak out of turn, because sometimes people could not agree (with the development approach of the Dutch). For example, in talking about independence, they felt it was not necessary for everything to be settled beforehand. Rather, they might say, let us have freedom first, and only after that, development will follow. As Bung

Karno once said: 'If you want to marry you don't have to prepare the furniture first, just get married first.'

OFFICE ETIQUETTE

There was no such thing as a relaxed or informal atmosphere on the job. Because under formal circumstances, I could not just enter the work space of the HPB, since he was the boss. If I wanted to report something to the HPB, I could not just go in as I pleased. I could only meet the HPB at a time he determined. So he really stuck to the formal procedures. I understood that since we had already been educated about that at school. We had to remember well, formal relationships were like this, informal relationships like that. So we already knew about that.

Let me give you another example. If I wanted to use an official boat on a Sunday, I had to arrange for it beforehand. I could not just suddenly come and borrow a car to go to Digul to hunt pigs. It could not be done that way; I had to ask the day before at the office.

If we wanted to use official property, we had to discuss it beforehand during office hours. That was always emphasized, so we knew. For another example, if I came before the HPB, I was allowed to sit when he told me to sit. So one could not sit down first before being told to do so. Ah, those were the rules. 'You have to wait, Alex, don't sit down before you are told.' Ha-ha-ha! However, in Merauke I observed a well-known HPB who was different from the others. Almost everyone was allowed to enter his house. Whether they were natives of Merauke or anyone at all, they could come in. When someone came to his house, he would call to his wife: 'Mama, this person wants to eat. Please eat.' That surprised me!

If people came asking him for money, for example, one guilder or 50 cents, he would give it to them. But eventually he got a reprimand for this. Where did Van der Veen get that money, which he just gave out to people? Or if people came to him asking for cigarettes, he gave them cigarettes. Or people came looking for cigarettes, and he gave them a voucher to pick up cigarettes at the store. He was different from the others. I sat there thinking: what kind of approach is this? From one village to another, everyone supported him. And if he told the people about work on a road, everyone wanted to work! Because after they finished working on the road, he said, 'Now let's have a party!'

Most of the HPBs were trained in *Indologie* (Netherlands-Indies Studies), before coming here. And most of them came from the island of Java. And it was probably there that they had learned that they might succeed better with that kind of approach [engaging both formally and informally with their staff]. So HPB Willem van der Veen just wanted to party. Ha-ha-ha! ... But if people wanted to make mischief he would beat them with rattan cane to serve as an example to others. So sometimes when I reminisce, oh ... it is so funny!

Everyone liked him. After Merauke he was transferred to Serui. I heard similar stories in Serui. In Serui to this day people still remember HPB van der Veen. But HPB J. du Bois was another story. Ooh, he was so tough, just could not laugh, and you could not get close to him. But it all depended on their personalities. So we did not blame anyone. If that was the man's nature, we just had to accept it.

COWRIE SHELL FINES

What I loved most about the interior was making patrols. I was happier doing that because I could talk directly with the people. When we were at the government post, it was hard for us to meet them and we rarely talked to them--except if they were invited to the post to work on something or to get some information or an order, then they might come. But if not, they stayed put in their villages. If a case arose, they came to report it. And it was preferable if, when a problem occurred, we came in and managed to resolve it; then they were delighted. The people in the hinterlands had a thousand different kinds of complaints. One moment one said this, later one said that. One reported this, one reported that. Oh, there were so many. So we had to be very patient with them.

But the patrol time was usually brief, so there were problems that could not be settled right away. Take a recent example from Waighete. There are three districts there: Tigi, Kamu or Moanemani, and Mapia. On the coast is Nabire district. Now it has become a *kabupaten*. Over there, when they wanted, for example, to bring a woman (involved with a case) to the government post, it was rather difficult. First of all, she was shy and if she had to be forced, then they tied her up. Usually the request was made for the administrator to just come to the village, provided the problem was concentrated in a certain place. For example, if there was a

problem between two villages, that meant that a neutral village had to be chosen. Where they could be taken to settle the dispute with them. If a man's wife was raped, her husband would feel ashamed if the case were dealt with in his own village. In such a case a fine was usually paid. In the old days, a husband had to respond by taking a wife from the other person. But in the long run they were just fined in cowrie shells.

So over there, in settling cases, one case took three or four days. It could not be settled in one day. They sat and talked for a whole day. In Paniai an *adat* leader was called *tonawi*, equivalent to *bobot* (in Ayamaru). When he spoke, it was for two to three hours. If the culprit was forced to confess, oh, it was hard. In a regular court or police interrogation – I think this was also true in the Netherlands – a woman was usually interrogated by a woman. But there, if a man was doing the interrogation, the woman would be more likely to keep her mouth shut. If she refused to speak, she was beaten, threatened. The more so if she knew that later, if she confessed, she would be inviting trouble. So the person running the investigation had to have a lot of patience. Because of that I liked patrolling in the interior.

The HPB usually gave us permission to patrol and investigate cases. He said: 'Go now, and if a case is tried, just bring the summary to the HPB office. If people do not want their case to be settled, just make a deposition and bring it back to the HPB office. But if they agree, settle it there and tell them to reconcile as proof that the problem has been resolved.'

THE ISSUE OF WOMEN AND PIGS

The most frequent violations to occur in the interior were related to the issue of women and pigs. On patrol we also saw the situations of the villages. Before setting out on a patrol, we got instructions about what to look out for. At times there were incoming reports about the situation in the patrol area, for example, a report that there was a teacher who was not teaching properly, and so on. So we already had an idea of the things we might face. We were to check on the truth of the matter in the field and if we could not resolve the situation, we brought it back to the office of HPB. Often, one problem was associated with other problems.

The HPB was always giving instructions because a report had been brought in earlier by the village head, or villagers, or by people who were conducting research. If they found things that called for attention from the government, they would immediately inform us. If we compare this to the Indonesian period today, everything at that time was done quickly.

The period that the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA) was in charge was so brief that I could not expect much from them – their terms of service lasted only a few months. Let us take the example of a natural disaster, such as happened in Wamena. I no longer remember what big natural disasters happened in the Dutch period. But when a natural disaster struck, all operations were handled by government agencies, such as the Social Department. They went right down to deal with it. So there was no need to form committees like they do today. The HPB or resident reported the natural disaster to the head of the central government in Hollandia, and the government directly intervened. But today, Wamena is screaming for help, but no agency is acting yet because they have to wait for a committee to be established first. That is the difference I see between then and now.

Formerly, money was scarce, but the frequency of the field patrols was remarkable. Now there is a lot of money, but I see that the former results were better than they are now. Now, for example, even the *camat* (sub-district heads) get tactical funds. Today's *camat* control a lot of money. Before, when I was a *camat*, I received nothing at all. What I mean is this. Formerly, you would only receive money when you were going to take action, but the *camat* today receive money even before they do anything. *Camat* today ought to be anticipating action as soon as they receive tactical funds. The advantages of that way of working back then, with its great results, were not achieved just like that. Before reporting to the HPB, we discussed and inventoried all the problems found in the villages during our patrols, we organized it all into reports, then reported to the HPB, and he forwarded the reports to the resident.

And the resident would see which issues were within the scope of his authority to handle, and which had to be passed on to the governor. After checking them, the governor would say: 'Ah, this is not within my authority, it should be sent to the *minister van overzeese rijkdelen* (minister of overseas territories). It pleased me to see this way of working because everything was clear. Formerly, all the government agencies, including the police, were coordinated by administrators. That is also why all those

subjects were taught at OSIBA, so we would learn and know them. Things like matters of agriculture-- even though we were not agricultural engineers, we learned about agriculture, too.

THE UNTEA PERIOD

I went through difficulties when the UNTEA left. The UNTEA period was only a transitional government period. Because they were only there momentarily, they just followed the existing patterns. So they did not interfere with anything (the positions) in place. But after the transfer to the government of Indonesia, everything had to be adjusted to conform with the Indonesian regulations, and there we went through great difficulties. At that time I was still in the interior, in Waighete. After Bokondini I was transferred to Waighete. The UNTEA resident working in Bokondini was called Mr. Carter; he was a New Zealander. There was also an Englishman who came from Borneo (Kalimantan); he spoke Malay fairly well. They never talked about anything more than the things that concerned them, such as whether or not there was food in the government storehouses for the people or for the government employees there, so they did not leave the post. That is all they noticed. They did not give much attention to other kinds of work.

The patrols were stopped. Since no funds were provided for them, they stopped. Since there were no patrols, we did not report anything, so they did not receive any information, either. For example, I once reported that there was someone from Pas Valley who had come in and was disturbing people there. But Mr. Carter said: 'Ah, that's a matter for Wamena, and not Bokindini.' He did not give a damn. I understood because they had already said that they were only working there momentarily. But my experience when UNTEA exited was a little bitter. Alas, in Jayapura affairs were very different. People who had previously held no position were given positions. And people who had been promoted through the ranks were no longer employed. Everything was dominated by the pro-Indonesia people. That is where we ran into difficulties.

Suddenly we heard the news about who would be leaving for Java to go to school. But what diplomas would those going need to have? In those days, the highest levels of education here were offered by the PMS, MULU and HBS (junior and senior high schools), but only very

few Papuans were attending those schools. There was the Kweekschool (training college for teachers), which had only run for six months before the transfer period took place. Even though people had no diplomas, they were sent to academies here and there anyway. Let me give you an example: My friend who replaced me in Bokondini was sent to attend a Cadre C Course (KDC) in Bandung. What surprised me was that he left for the KDC, but based on what diploma? Whoever was seen to have a good attitude toward the Indonesian government, he was welcome, he was given the chance!

At that time, people began to be discriminated against. So it was understandable why Pattipi could enter the Akademi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri (APDN, Academy for Domestic Government) in Malang – Pattipi, who later became governor – because he said he was a partisan (red and white). He, my very own friend, was an example. And the rest of us were not given the chance. Only when they said, you are promoted, were you promoted. But if not, right, you just stayed as you were. I could not get a promotion from class C3 to class D2. It came to a standstill. I actually experienced this personally. I started working and collapsed there. Completely went to the dogs! And there was no other way open to me. I wanted to enter the Dewan Musyawarah Pemilihan (DMP, Election Consultative Council) but could not do that either. Because they already knew a lot of stories about West Papua, they said we were too influenced by the Dutch. The stories sometimes strongly implicated us personally. The ones who suffered the most were me and Faidiban, because around 1969 we were put in detention; the same happened to Boray.

I mean, they might have invited us to vote, but they did not want to because they already knew who was pro and who was against. It had been monitored, because their spies already knew. So careers were like that too. The scores on our *conduïtestaat* (employee records of good conduct and work performance) sometimes did not reach 80. If a score of 87 was required, you might get in, but if your score was only 70, you could not. But because the civil servants loved their jobs, they just stayed the way they were. No problem, I thought. Serving as the head of local government (*kepala pemerintah setempat* or KPS, the Indonesian translation of the Dutch HPB title) posed no problem, nor did serving as staff because it was so evident. The fact that there was discrimination – that was where the big difficulties lay. And that was what made the people of Papua fragmented.

If they had seen us as people who were diligent and faithful about working in the interior, they would have understood how I could become district head in one year. That was how it really was, anyway. All the same, if the Dutch and the Indonesians assessed the same man, their assessment would be sure to differ. In my opinion, the Dutch and the Indonesians, equally, conducted objective assessments, but the difference was that the Indonesians' assessments depended a lot on whether they were pleased with you or not. Previously, when I was scolded by the HPB, it would not impact on my career. Moreover, if I defended the truth, the HPB would actually accept my reasons.

We strongly felt the consequences of the UNTEA pulling out. Whereas in fact, according to the New York Agreement of 15 August 1962, the UNTEA should have assisted us until 1969. But it was clear that after the UNTEA withdrew as of May 1963, everything was going to be difficult for us. At the time I was serving in Waighete.

THE IMPLEMENTATION OF THE ACT OF FREE CHOICE IN WAIGHETE

It happened like this. I still remember it well and two of my employees, who just recently attended the congress,¹ also witnessed it. At the time, the government wanted to gather people in Waighete, but I, as the KPS of Waighete, was ordered to organize a patrol to the southern area of Mapia to conduct a population census. I thought: 'Oh, this cannot be, because this is part of the Etna Bay area.' But I heard from an Indonesian friend of mine that the government did not want me to be at the meeting held by the government with the people in Waighete. Because it was an order, I had to leave. Alright then, no matter. I left that day, and the next day those organizing the vote arrived in Waighete.

The reason I was ordered to make an official trip to South Mapia was to ensure I would not be able to attend and witness the meeting to be held Waighete. As I said at the congress recently, I did not know what they discussed and decided at the meeting Waighete. After I left, they talked and made grandiose promises, that later on they would send

¹ The reference here is to the Kongres Pelurusan Sejarah or the 2nd Papuan People's Congress held in Jayapura 2000, in which Wamafma, Boray and Faidban were all very involved at the time the interviews for this book were conducted.

airplanes carrying all sorts of goods, provided that all the people were willing to go down to cast their votes with the Dewan Musyawarah Pemilihan (DMP, Election Consultative Council) in Nabire.

I could not attend. The same was true for other friends, because they already knew who was for and against them. What's more, concentrating it in Nabire meant that people who lived in the Paniai highland area could not attend. As for the people who were brought there, many were illiterate, and easy to persuade. All of these events were recounted at the congress the other day. Someone recalled receiving a small battery-run, Gründigbrand transistor radio, a flashlight and battery and a little money. Ah, that is all.

In Wamena, the way it happened was different. They were coached from 1968 to 1969; then the selected members of the Election Consultative Council were dispatched to Jakarta. On arriving in Jakarta they were lulled in all kinds of ways. After they returned, they said to the people: 'Yes, we are just joining Indonesia!' In other areas it was almost the same. The other day they all described their experiences as members of the Election Consultative Council, or DMP, including Theys Eluay. He said: 'I was picked up from my home and taken to Dok VIII. When I arrived there the place was nice. I slept there, but was not allowed to go anywhere. Parcels were provided, to be brought home later as gifts, after the statement was signed (saying that Irian Barat would remain in the Republic of Indonesia).' This happened everywhere, with the same pattern.

The other day most of them were present on the congress panel, which was meant to include all the people concerned at the time. That was why the number of panel members was increased from 200 to 501. The congress presidium had said: 'These people are all included on the panel so they can relate their experiences (in the DMP). And later if there is another dialogue, they will speak as witnesses.' Yesterday those who talked were both women and men, and everything they said was in the same vein. I also heard that Ortis Sanz has Parkinson's disease, but he still remembers all the events.

DETAINED IN IFAR GUNUNG

After I returned from South Mapia when the implementation of the Act of Free Choice was over, I was supposed to move to Sorong, but that was

a dead end due to the destruction of the airfield. In Wisselmeren (Paniai) an uprising occurred on 1 May 1969. Finally, I could neither go forward nor backward, neither to the left nor the right. No matter what I did, I would still be a victim. I, wearing shorts, and my wife, in a house dress, went to meet Mr. Cato from CAMA. He brought and handed us over to the regional military command (Kodam) in Sukarnopura (Jayapura) and we were kept there.

I did not leave for Sorong, because they said that if I went to Sorong, I would be arrested later. They wanted to arrest me in Waighete, but I escaped. It would have been very dangerous if they had arrested me because in those times, if someone went missing, there was no need to look for him. So it really was very inhumane. If they just wanted to ask us questions, we could answer. But if there were strong suspicions that the person was one of the masterminds or had spoken against the government, yes, it was hard. Because we really could not speak freely and defend ourselves. For example, once I flew from Sukarnopura to Wamena. I had a small metal Papuan flag pinned on my shirt.

Abner Mokay from the police said to me: ‘Oh, Bapak KPS, how can you be like this?’ It was quite reactionary. I said: ‘It’s just a shirt button!’ But they were already set. They wanted to eradicate any resistance so the implementation of the Election Consultative Council would run smoothly.

I surrendered in Sukarnopura, as that was how things had been arranged. I was immediately handed over to Sarwo Edhi Wibowo, the regional military commander at the time. Sarwo Edhi Wibowo has since died. He said to me: ‘Now you are being detained so your information about the Waighete uprising incident in Paniai on 1 May 1969 can be heard.’ I was separated from my wife, who happened to be pregnant with our last child at the time. While I was in detention, I was moved for a while to the detention centre in Ifar Gunung. At times I was held together with Herman Wajoi and Lukas Rumkorem, but in separate cells.

When they knew a prisoner was cheeky and smart-mouthed, he was moved to another place. That way he would be completely blocked, to ensure there was no talking contact between political prisoners. If a prisoner was suspected of this, he ate in his cell and was not allowed out to mix with the other prisoners even though there was no real danger in it. First I was held in Dok V, after that I was moved to Kodam, and from there I was transferred again to Ifar Gunung.

I was afraid of being imprisoned in Ifar Gunung, because there were political prisoners who had disappeared there. So I always said to Bapak Hartono, who was Catholic and the commander of the detention centre: ‘Bapak, don’t mix me up with other prisoners, because my problem is different.’ I hoped they wouldn’t get rid of me!

The ones they got rid of were people who they considered politically dangerous. If you spoke too loudly or talked about things that were anti-Indonesia, they would say: ‘Oh, this person has to be eliminated! And many people were eliminated in Ifar Gunung, including some of my former OSIBA friends, such as Penchas Torey and Ibo. They disappeared without a trace, and even now people do not know where they are. If a prisoner was taken away at night, people did not know their fates. Our situation began to lighten up on 2 August 1969 when it was announced that Indonesia had won the Act of Free Choice.

AMNESTY

I was imprisoned in 1969 and released at the end of 1970. I was arrested during the time the Act of Free Choice was taking place in the middle of 1969. And after I was set free, I was directly sent to the APDN. Yes, they said that there would be a refresher course there, so we could love the Motherland again. I was at the APDN in Yoka from 1970 to 1973. As for Faidiban and Boray, they studied earlier on at the APDN in Malang. Dorus Rumbiak, the former *bupati* of Biak, and a lot of the other old administrators also took the course together with me. We attended studies at the APDN from 1970 to 1973.

After graduating from the APDN I returned to work as usual because I was given amnesty. At the time we were summoned before the regional military commander, and he said that the Act of Free Choice was over and the president had given pardons (amnesty) to all the *tapol and napol* (political prisoners and detainees).

If I am not mistaken, everyone was given amnesty. But I do not exactly know because it could be that those involved in armed conflict did not get amnesty. Like what finally happened with Eliezer Awom, who was imprisoned at the Kalisosok Surabaya correctional institute. Eliezer Awom had been involved in armed conflict and was sentenced to life imprisonment, but in 2000 he was given amnesty by President Gus Dur.

After graduating from the APDN I returned to work in government. And in 1980 I became the first *camat* in South Jayapura. They said I was good, healthy, and able to work again. So it was that I continued to work and ended up serving as the head of the Biro Lingkungan Hidup (Environment Bureau), and after that I retired.

Finally, I was asked to take part in the panel at the congress. I was asked by friends. Indonesia was not likely to grant permission. Those of us who were given amnesty had to be very cautious at times. Others, like Theys Eluay and Thom Beanal did not. Theys was pro-Indonesia back then, one of the red and whites. Thom was not, but perhaps he was neutral. At the time he was a teacher at some place in the Mapi area in Waighete. That is what I know.

Koteka are better than pants

Joel Boray

I never forced people to replace penis gourds (*koteka*) with pants, even though the government under Governor Acub Zainal was vigorously mounting ‘operation penis gourd’ (*operasi koteka*) everywhere. Rather, I had my own way to make the people understand. I was serving in Wamena at the time. I told some of the older people and youth who came to my house to pray to look at themselves in the mirror. Then I asked them to take off their penis gourds and put on pants. Then I asked them, which do you like better? Apparently, they were happy to wear the pants.

There was a young man who had stayed with me for some time in Wamena. He had replaced his penis gourd with pants. When he went home to his village he was still wearing the pants. I held onto his penis gourd. A week later he came back wearing a penis gourd again. Handing the pants back to me, he said: ‘These are no good. I wore the pants in the village, but people laughed at me, so I’m bringing them back.’ Okay, no problem.

Based on the information I heard, the idea of replacing the penis gourd with pants came from Bapak Frits Kiriho. At the time he was working for the Gereja Kristen Injil (GKI, Gospel Christian Church) of Papua. He advised the governor, Acub Zainal, that rather than shooting people it would be better to undertake ‘operation penis gourd’. Not to use firearms, but to send pants and shirts there to replace penis gourds. Pak Acub Zainal agreed to the proposal. The operation was launched around 1969 into the 1970s and onwards.

But ‘operation penis gourd’ was unsuccessful. To this day, people still wear penis gourds. Maybe because it is not their nature, so they prefer wearing penis gourds to pants and shirts. Because they do not yet grasp the benefits, they prefer to wear penis gourds.

As civil servants we had enlightened them about hygiene, and they understood. The indigenous people of the Wamena area (Baliem Valley) did not bathe because it was cold. But today they understand. In 1961 the elders said to me: 'Oh, there's no use in us old folks wearing pants, give them to the young.' Now they have made progress. The *bupati* is one of their own kind.

Papuans in the interior were really very underdeveloped. During the Dutch era, when we made patrols, if we wanted to meet with them we had to use contact articles such as axes, knives, mirrors, and cowrie shells. Perhaps this was because in this context the Dutch, their officers, had learned from countries like those in Africa. They could come into the interior from the coast bringing contact goods. So we used this method as we had been told by Mr. Schneider, Mr. Veling and other Dutch officers. We had to use contact articles because the people were still primitive.

The people used cowrie shells as a means of exchange. Back then they refused to accept money even though this had been tried, even forced on them. We attempted to make them understand that the cowrie shells were only good for ornamentation. However, they did not see them as ornaments, but as currency. Because of that, we distributed cowrie shells. And we also used them as a means of exchange when buying cassava and vegetables from them. We used them as contact articles instead of money. They were used as an incitement to get them to be willing to associate with the government and follow the government. The Protestant *zending* agencies and Catholic missions used them too.

MUMMY-STORING PRACTICES

We travelled on foot to the villages, not forgetting to bring along all the contact articles. It was hard if we did not bring the contact articles. At that time I was working on the staff of the HPB. Because I was still young, newly graduated from OSIBA in 1961, I was assigned to the staff of the HPB's office. I took part in patrols with Mr. Veling, Mr. Schneider, Mr. Dubbeldam, Mr Rumbiak (the district head), and the police. We walked from Wamena. There could be as many as ten, or as few as five people in one group. But when there was a major event, for example, killings in the villages or tribal warfare, we requested an additional 20 to 30 policemen from Hollandia.

This happened once before I continued my studies at the Academy for Domestic Government or APDN in Malang. In the Baliem Valley there was a war between the Mokoko tribe and the Hitigima tribe that took the lives of 14 people. After I investigated, it turned out that the Mukoko tribe was guilty as they had they killed a woman from the Hitigima tribe with spears. The case was resolved by slaughtering 180 pigs. At the time I took action to raise their awareness. According to the tribal chiefs there, three things had to be eradicated, namely: *uwesa*, pigs, and the third I have forgotten.

Uwesa were *adat* beliefs, including the belief in mummies. They hid everything in sacks, from pig skins and bird wings to mummies. That was *uwesa*. When we opened a sack containing a mummy before burning it, they got angry. That was how I found out that the Mukoko tribe was guilty. So, following the advice of the tribal leaders, three things had to be done: shoot the pigs, hold *uwesa*, and one more thing. I gave orders to the ten policemen to shoot 180 of the Mukoko tribe's domesticated pigs. I felt guilty about killing the pigs, which were an essential source of food to them. But we really did have to kill the 180 pigs so they would stop fighting.

Pigs had great value as bride wealth and for weddings. They were really angry to see their pigs shot. But before performing our duties, we had advised them and warned them not to keep fighting. We had explained that the government had good intentions in maintaining security, so it could advance them. If they waged war, we would take action. And based on the advice of the tribal chief that those three things be done, we took action. They came demanding that we give them compensation for the 180 pigs shot by the police, but I told them: 'Who is at fault? You are the guilty ones, aren't you? We already warned you, so why did you go and wage a tribal war? That was not good!' Then they answered: 'Oh yes, you are right!'

We burned the pagan objects in the sacks. They used to store all kinds of leaves, pork skin, and pork fat in the sacks. The church people were pleased. The church supported the government in eradicating the custom quickly. But the people from the church did not participate in the burning, only the government. The church did not dare. The government dared because it had weapons and could take action if anything happened. It was indeed a tough task for me, but we wanted to bring them progress.

GRADUATED FROM OSIBA IN 1961

I entered OSIBA in 1957 and graduated in 1961. The last OSIBA class graduated in 1962 – Luther Saroy's class. Before I entered, OSIBA had been closed for two years, from 1955 to 1957. I do not know what the reason was, but it was based on a policy of the government, or the governor of Netherlands New Guinea, through the director of OSIBA, Mr. van der Sluys and his deputy, Mr. Wieringa.

While I was at OSIBA the teachers there were Dutch as well as Indo-Dutch. The one who taught bookkeeping was Mr. Hommes. After Van der Sluys went home (to the Netherlands), he was replaced by Mr. de Groot as the director of OSIBA. He also taught. There was also Mr. Palenewen, an Indo-Dutchman who worked in the Ministry of the Interior, who taught hygiene and first aid.

OSIBA was located in Kamp Kei from 1957 to 1958, and in 1959 it moved to the place where Universitas Cenderawasih (Uncen) is now. Back then, Uncen did not exist yet. In that time OSIBA occupied the former palace of Governor van Waardenburg. Governor Platteel resided in a new palace in Dok V, so the former palace was not in use. Except for the foundation, which was made of cement, the whole palace was made of wood. Because the former governor's palace was government property, OSIBA, as a government school, could use it. Now that OSIBA no longer exists, Uncen has built its premises there.

After the Dutch left, the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA) entered and worked in Papua for seven months, from October 1962 until 30 April 1963. The UNTEA worked for seven months only to oversee security, in the framework of the transfer of the administration of the government from the Netherlands to Indonesia. After the Dutch government left, we worked on helping the UNTEA until the UNTEA period ended and Indonesia came in. At the time I was working in Wamena. I do not remember the UNTEA people who worked in Wamena. Except for Mr. Dahlan, an Indonesian who worked at the time for the UNTEA in Wamena. He was the resident of the Central Highlands. Formerly called Centrale Bergland, it is now called Jayawijaya. Throughout the UNTEA period we worked together with Mr. Dahlan.

During the Dutch period, in 1961 I worked under Mr. Controleur C.J. Schneider. After that Mr. Schneider was replaced by Mr. L.F.B.

Dubbeldam. And there was also an *administratief ambtenaar* (administrative officer), Mr. Joop Helling, who once served as the secretary to the Dutch embassy in Jakarta. I hear that he has died.

Thus, after the Dutch left, there was no go-between; Mr. Dahlan came in directly. Working with the Dutch back then was very fine. After we learned the fine theories in our lessons at school, we were educated in practice. During the UNTEA period we used those experiences until Indonesia came in. We kept on working and our work experience increasingly expanded.

FOUNDING THE SCOUTS

In the Dutch era we were also required to seek out initiatives as civil servants. So I not only waited for orders, but also thought about and sought out initiatives. All of this was because I had been educated in such a way as to be personally responsible in the field. Here is one example. I was able to initiate the Padvinderij (Scouts) by myself and they flourished. This was done outside of my civil service duties and was a social activity. I discussed it with my superior, the HPB or other people. They appreciated our initiative because we worked a lot outside. Additionally, I was able to open a government store, because they trusted me to run the government store, which was at that time called NIGIMIJ (Nieuw-Guinea Import & Export Maatschappij). There was a NIGIMIJ store in Wamena.

In the Dutch period all kinds of stuff was carried by NIGIMIJ. NIGIMIJ operated in Hollandia and in all the areas. For the coastal areas, by ship. For Wamena, by airplane. Those who bought things there were all the civil servants, the police and all the government offices. Ordinary people could also buy at the store. The goods sold there included rice, sugar, soap, and other daily necessities. Payments were made in Dutch guilders, and after the Dutch left, Nieuw-Guinea guilders. And after Indonesia came in, the money was called *rupiah Irian Barat* (IBRP).

IBRP was used from some time between 1962 and 1963 until 1964. Since Indonesia did not want to use IBRP for too long, it was eliminated. From 1964 onwards it was replaced by the rupiah, so that all everything would be the same across Indonesia. That was a bit odd because it was replaced too rapidly, when it should have happened gradually. Because

the region of West Papua had only just been transferred, it should have been done a bit more slowly.

As civil servants we continued the administration of the Dutch government when West Papua was transferred to the UNTEA and from the UNTEA to Indonesia. The administrative work methods remained the same, but after the Indonesians came in, they began making new regulations, and everything had to be done in the Indonesian language. Yes, the administrative system changed under the Indonesian language.

OFFICIAL TRIPS STOPPED

After the administrative transition, everything had to be translated from Dutch into Indonesian. Until 1969 all reports were translated into Indonesian. After 1969 the government of Indonesia did not use that system any longer (everything had to be written in the Indonesian language). Whereas the Dutch used to work systematically, after 1969 the reports from each agency differed from each other according to their own systems. After conducting a field trip or patrol, we always composed a daily report. There was also a weekly report, monthly report, and annual report. Indonesia tried to follow this system from 1963 to 1969, but after that it did not work anymore. Since they were not satisfied with the system, then everyone just made reports as he desired.

Indeed, according to the plan, autonomy was to be granted in 1969; there would be a referendum or Pepera (Penentuan Pendapat Rakyat, vote to determine the people's opinion, 1969). According to Law no. 12/1969, the government (of Indonesia) would grant autonomy, so it was no longer appropriate to make reports. Everyone made their own reports. They were willing to make annual reports if they were requested by the governor or the *bupati*. But if it was not requested, right, it appeared that they forgot or did not want to make a report. If people are working and only want to make oral reports, that is what you call a disorderly administration.

Actually, we advised our many friends and officials who were still young to remember to make monthly reports, annual reports. Because those reports provided an overview of our tasks and the results of our work. Indeed, there was a *Memorie van Overgave* (Memorandum of

Transfer) every five years. But that was limited to the governor and the *bupati*. They made those as the executive body.

In the Indonesian government period there were still field trips or patrols. They assigned us to go into the districts. And we returned, making reports because we knew how to do that. A tour would be made for two weeks at most. Aside from the daily patrol, monthly patrols lasted two weeks. And after we returned we made reports. They asked for accountability reports after the tours to the districts that had been assigned, for example, to look into health and education.

Education at that time was still under the Protestant *zending* and Catholic missions. Starting from 1963 on, attention was given to that since the Indonesian government had just come in following the transfer. They were beginning to think about how to develop education. The hard part was to make dormitories. Although there were already plans to put students into dormitories, so they would be developed well. But students today are unrestricted (free) because they are not housed in dormitories.

The trouble is, they live too freely. There is no one to coach them properly. Formerly, in the Dutch period, there were dormitories, perhaps because the number of people was more limited. But now there are too many people, so if they want to make dormitories for them, it is difficult. And the morality of today's generation of children, aged ten years and up, is ruined. Yes, that is where the difference lies. Before, the Dutch educated them well and established dormitories. The girls were separate from the boys. They were not allowed to be together. Later, once they had graduated and found jobs, sure, if they wanted to get married, let them. Now it is not like that. Very different!

All the lessons taught in the Dutch era were general subjects (*algemene vakken*) along with lessons in the field of governance. Then we were formed into cadres and given basic lessons as a foundation to be used on the job. But almost everywhere throughout Indonesia, all the lessons are general, likewise at the APDN. But previously in the Dutch period it was different. We were led directly to the field where we would later lead. We could manage education and health services. But now it is not like that. So cadre formation in the past was different from the situation today.

MATCHING THE DUTCH AND INDONESIAN SYSTEMS

Nowadays, a teacher or a hospital paramedic can become a governor, a resident, or a regent. So, because the system is not orderly and not directed properly, this region has become chaotic. No one is properly formed into cadres for leadership. It is all mixed up. From agriculture one can become a governor. That is the progress in development, in autonomy, which has encouraged the young generations up to now. Yesterday, 89 people registered themselves as candidates to run for governor. All the candidates feel they are capable, although they are not yet capable. Their educational foundations are still far from those we had.

Times really have changed. In working, we must match the Dutch and Indonesian systems to the conditions of the people. We were educated by the Dutch, we were educated by the Indonesians, but we are still Papuans. So we must think like Papuans, and take what is good from the two systems of governance to bring Papua forward.

Yes, I imagine that we Papuans can use the organizational structures of the Dutch era and the Indonesian era to design a new organizational structure to work on developing our land. For example, agriculture, education and health should be organized this way. In the Dutch and Indonesian eras, health services were organized that way, now we must organize them this way.

We have to build housing that fulfills health and hygiene requirements. Neighborhoods here are filthy. The city must be cleaned up in order to maintain public health. In the field of education, there are no Papuan workers who have studied abroad. We need to change that. Perhaps by using the proceeds from gold and copper mining in Tembagapura and petroleum in Sorong. If education continues to involve only Jayapura-Jakarta, well, that is extremely narrow. It would be better to send them overseas, so when they come back, they can develop this region.

THE FAMILY SYSTEM

Evidently, today, proposals can be made from the bottom up--in other words, from the region and from the people, according to the people's needs and interests. Based on the consideration that something is crucial for a specific area, such as Biak, for example. The people propose it to

the regional parliament or Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah (DPRD, Regional Council of People's Representatives), which in turn will bring it to the government. All proposals are brought to the DPRD. If the DPRD is delayed, because their administration is piling up, then the people can take it directly to the governor. In the past this was not allowed because everything had to go through the hierarchy.

The procedure back then was that one had to go first through the village head, then the district head, the HPB, the resident, and finally, the governor. Today it is no longer that way, because Indonesia subscribes to a family system, so called because, through family ties, things can move from the bottom directly up to the president. But this causes problems, probably because there are too many people, as you can imagine with a population of over two hundred million in Indonesia. Because they want something done quickly, they leap directly to the top to feel satisfied. If you go through parliament it would take too long.

In my opinion, the system formerly used by the Dutch was good. In the Indonesian period it was also good because the hierarchy was clear. But people misunderstood its application in practice. A lot of the officials did not understand it, because they had not received an education in a school for administrators, a school of government and state administration.

Yes, if you go to see the governor you have to line up. If 50 people want to meet with the governor, then it could be late afternoon by the time they all get to meet with him. If they can only reach the vice-governor or the *bupati* or *camat* or village head, they feel dissatisfied. Because they lack knowledge, and have personal interests, group interests, political interests, religious interests, and all sorts of other interests. So people feel dissatisfied if matters are only dealt with locally. Since they want things to go fast, they run to the governor, so the hierarchy is broken. They should be going through the proper procedures so that things can be selected and managed well.

Everyone clashes with one another due to the nature of individuals who want to quickly fight for their personal interests. There are those who want to pursue fisheries projects, agricultural projects, and cocoa projects. But because the village and sub-district heads are late in attending to them, they go directly to the governor.

APPROACHING THE ACT OF FREE CHOICE

During the Act of Free Choice I was working in Biak as a member of the staff of the *bupati*. Because of the political dispute between the Netherlands and Indonesia over Papua, the Act of Free Choice was held in 1969. It was regulated by the New York Agreement signed by the Netherlands and Indonesia on 15 August 1962 in New York. In the agreement it was stated that in 1969, an election would be held in which the people of Papua could choose whether they wanted to be independent or join Indonesia.

As a civil servant at the time I felt that the implementation of the Act of Free Choice was dishonest and unfair, because according to the New York Agreement it was to be managed differently. Article 18 paragraph (d) stated that the election must be done 'one man, one vote'. Whether the intention of the government of Indonesia was to apply the principle of *musyawarah* (consultation) for *mufakat* (consensus building), so that they could then win the Act of Free Choice, we do not know. If a 'one man, one vote' election had been held, it was obvious that the Papuan people would have chosen their own independence. Ah, that is the secret.

In 1969 everyone was tightly guarded by the Indonesian armed forces (ABRI) so that I, as a civil servant, was already thinking how hard the fate of the people was. The Indonesian government ran a dishonest election by appointing 1,026 people's representatives to sit on the Dewan Musyawarah Pemilihan (DMP, Election Consultative Council). The Indonesian government used the *musyawarah* system to build consensus and win. The members of the DMP were under armed guard, so they could not speak freely. They were afraid! They were taken from the various regions. All those from the same region were assembled in one place. The DMP members for the Biak election region were assembled in Biak. I do not know the exact number of those from Biak but it was somewhere between 50 and 100 people.

I did not see all the members of the DMP. The one managing everything at the time was Soedjarwo Tjondronegro, who worked at the Indonesian Embassy in the Netherlands. When he came I met him in Biak. He asked: 'In your opinion, gentlemen, what method shall we use in carrying out the election here?' Then I answered: 'Oh, just use the district system, that is, an election by district, so it is fair and honest'. He recorded our views. After that he asked other officials and they said

that it was not appropriate to use a district system, because in the district system it had to be ‘one man, one vote’. Two ballot boxes would have to be provided, namely, a Papua box and an Indonesia box. The people had to be free to choose.

However, he did not follow our suggestions, and in the end they used the *musyawarah* system. Those who voted were only pro-Indonesia Papuans along with other leaders, 1,026 people in all. Under the threat of guns they chose to stay associated with Indonesia. We protested it. Because we were unhappy, we wanted to hold a demonstration. But the army came to arrest us in our homes. Many of my friends were arrested. I held the meeting at my house. Oh this cannot be, we thought, we must choose by ‘one man, one vote’ because that is the best according to the New York Agreement. The people who attended the meeting at my house were not people from the civil service, but teachers and a clerk along with several friends.

Since the UN representative, Mr. Ortiz Sanz, would be coming in 1969,¹¹ the Act of Free Choice was to be held in 1969, but in 1968 we were already protesting because we did not agree to the voting system to be used. Indeed, according to the Indonesian government, the system that was used was a consultation to reach consensus. They were clever, and perhaps the Dutch did not know. Minister of Foreign Affairs Luns probably did not know. Probably Indonesia proposed it there, to the UN, that the *musyawarah* system should be used. So just pencil in the *musyawarah* system as number one at the top. Perhaps the “one man, one vote” system ranked fourth. According to them, this was because the Papuans were not yet advanced, so, they decided, use the *musyawarah* system for consultation, and the Papuans will go along with it.

ARRESTED BY THE ARMY

All the regions used the *musyawarah* system and all agreed to stay associated with Indonesia. That is what we protested, and we were arrested on 8 October 1968. The army came knocking at the door of our house and we were taken away by three soldiers. They said: ‘Pak Joel Boray, come with us for a while, to be interrogated and then go home’. But they

¹¹ See Drooglever 2009:709.

deceived us. When we got there we were locked up, detained, and beaten up ten times till we bled, all because we had staged the protest.

The dispute between the Dutch and the Indonesians regarding this land, Soekarno wanted to settle diplomatically. Maybe they did not need the people of Papua, but only wanted their land because the land was rich – it had gold, it had oil, it had forest products. When they first came here, they were happy and hugged the people. But after the Act of Free Choice ended in 1969, they were not cuddling with us anymore.

For the sake of maintaining world peace, America intervened, since Soekarno was asking Russia for help. He thought, if Indonesia fought the Dutch, the Indonesians would not be strong because they had no weapons. Where would he turn to get the weapons? But if Indonesia fought against the Netherlands that would mean America would help the Netherlands. He would be forced to run to Russia. Because at that time there was a communist party in Indonesia, he was free to play. Then, Soekarno announced the *Tri Komando Rakyat*, (*Trikora*, People's Triple Command). So there was already a game of political power going on between the two governments.

Well, America was afraid that World War III would break out if they helped the Netherlands as an allied country. And if America assisted the Netherlands, Russia would be sure to assist Indonesia. Thus, World War III would happen. The victims would be the people of the world or some part of the world. So it was hard! Ah, President Kennedy called Minister of Foreign Affairs Luns. But before that, he had already called Soekarno: 'Well, try here first, we'll work out what needs to be discussed'. Even though the Dutch government had already approved the Papuan flag on 1 December 1961.

President Kennedy called Soekarno from America. 'Well, the Netherlands has already granted independence, a national flag has been flown, and the *Nieuw-Guinea Raad* has been set up.² And you want to announce the *Trikora*?' But Soekarno replied: 'Ah, if the Dutch grant them independence, I can do that too!' Finally, President Kennedy said: 'Oh, can you grant Papua independence?' And Soekarno replied: 'Yes, I can grant them independence in 1969!'

In the end President Kennedy took Soekarno's advice. He called Minister of Foreign Affairs Luns and told him: 'Just surrender, otherwise

* See Drooglever 2009:533.

World War III will break out between me and Russia. So it would not just be you two, the Netherlands and Indonesia, at war, would it? You must back down.’ Then Minister of Foreign Affairs Luns said this: ‘I have heard many stories that if I am forced to hand the Papuans over to Indonesia, it will mean I am handing them over to hell’. Luns already sensed that the consequences would be like that if Papua was surrendered to Indonesia. But Kennedy said: ‘Yes, you have to submit so World War III does not happen. And an agreement will be made to hold an election in 1969.’

At the time the Act of Free Choice was carried out, I was still in detention. I was detained for four months. Twice I was taken from my home and beaten black and blue. I was detained at the Navy complex from October 1968 and released in April 1969. We were beaten, tortured, and burned with Bentul Merah cigarettes. They said: ‘You want independence? Soekarno already freed you in 1945.’ I said: ‘No, no. We, the Papuan people, are different, we want to be on our own. Now we want independence.’³ The Papuan struggle had been started in 1965 in Manokwari by Awom and Aronggear. At that time there was already an organization struggling for Papuan independence. It involved Terry Aronggear and other Papuans in Manokwari. The Free Papua Movement (OPM) was born later, because Papua was handed over to Indonesia.

USING BROKEN GLASS AS RAZORS

In essence, Indonesia has overseen this region in the wrong way, what is known in state administrative terms as ‘mismanagement’. Indonesia cannot manage this region well. From the time the Dutch left in 1962 and it was transferred to the UNTEA, then handed over to Indonesia on 1 May 1963 with the flying of the red and white flag, from then until today, the chaos has been never-ending. The administration of everything remains off kilter. They were not careful in nurturing the people. One example that can be mentioned here is when they turned the Nieuw-Guinea guilder into the Irian Barat rupiah. It should have been done gradually over five years. But they replaced it quickly in one or two years’ time with the

³ Boray’s experiences are also recounted in Osborne 1985:52.

national currency. When in fact they should have delayed, because this was still an area under guardianship that still had to be developed and nurtured.

It was rapidly replaced so everyone could use the same currency. The value of the Irian Barat rupiah at the time was higher than that of the Indonesian rupiah. So the few goods in the shops from Dutch times were bought up in Irian Barat rupiah until there were no more goods. The ones buying were the teachers and the volunteers from Indonesia who were posted here, and the local people.

Frits Kirihio was aware of this. At the time he was the director of Irian Bhakti. Frits Kirihio, who had studied at Leiden University, knew how to play politics. In the period from 1962 to 1964 he felt that he had to do something, for if he did not, the people would die of starvation. Then he sold off all the old stocks from Dutch times that were stored in the former NIGIMIJ warehouses, and Indonesians came to buy them until all the shops were empty. Because there were no shaving razors, we used broken glass to shave with. Because there were no tea leaves, we used breadfruit leaves. There were no factories here yet to manufacture all those things.

Frits Kirihio went to Singapore. He brought the money earned from selling off the old stock to buy the nine basic necessities. So, until 1964 there was rice and flour in the stores. In only two years, from 1962 to 1964, the people were already seeing changes. They said: 'Wow, when the Dutch were here we had it all. But ever since the Dutch left, we have been looking for things in the shops but all there is are empty shelves. This cannot be!' On top of that, there were ABRI personnel who were preying on the people. They were taking chickens from the villages by force. And women were being victimized. This made the people even more angry. Then the OPM arose in 1965 in Manokwari. Our analysis at the time was that things had really gone wrong because the government had acted carelessly. Actually, the goods should have been in the shops, so people could buy things when they needed them. But the shops were empty for nearly two years. In Singapore Frits Kirihio loaded the ship, Bethlehem, with goods, and the ship carried and dropped them off in Hollandia, then called on Sukarnopura. Christmas celebrations were going on at the time.

CHOSEN BY THE PRESIDIUM

As 1969 approached, the situation became increasingly more difficult. The people no longer had any faith, and they thought: ‘It’s too bad – the Netherlands developed us so well, but now Indonesia is not taking very good care of us. What is happening?’ Throughout the preparations for and implementation of the Act of Free Choice there was a lot of intimidation. Soldiers often beat the people and some people were shot on the coast, although even more people died in the interior. The largest number died in Paniai, Tembagapura, and Wamena. That is why to this day the people are angry and resentful. The people’s hearts are broken. The chairman of the Dutch parliamentary delegation, Mrs. Margreth de Boer,⁴ said: ‘The hearts of the people of Papua have been hurt, they must be quickly healed’. It is like a cancer that must be treated. The only prescription to treat it is not autonomy, not a federation. The people do not want that. They want to be free, independent. When it comes to bargaining, the Indonesian government is a master of indirection and deception.

In February 2000 a consultative meeting (*Musyawahar Besar*) was held in Sentani⁵ and I attended it. The participants proposed that the aspirations of the Papuan people for independence be discussed in a congress, and the proposal was carried to Jakarta.⁶ The Presidium Dewan Papua (PDP, Papua Presidium Council) that was formed at the consultative meeting consists of 31 people. It is the executive body. And 501 people are panel members. The number of people who became panel members at the congress or *Musyawahar Besar*, including me, was 200 people, although during the congress the number increased to 501 because regional representatives were added. The panel consists of

⁴ A Dutch parliamentary delegation, led by the Minister of Agriculture Mrs. de Boer, visited Papua in 2000. De Boer was a Member of Parliament for the Dutch Partij van de Arbeid (Labour Party) between 2001 and 2004.

⁵ This consultative meeting was the *Musyawahar Besar* (*MuBes*), held on 26 February 2000 in Sentani, in which the Presidium Dewan Papua (PDP, Papua Presidium Council) and its panels were formed. This was followed by Papuan People’s Congress II in Port Numbay on 29 May - 4 June 2000. The PDP is often described as the reemergence of the *Nieuw-Guinea Raad* (New-Guinea Council) established by the Netherlands on 1 December 1961. Presidium members are chosen from members of the Panel of Papua, which consists of four pillar groups: Political Detainees and Prisoners (*Tapol/Napol*), West Papua Women, the *TPN/OPM*, and the West Papuan Youth and Customary Council of West Papua. The head of the PDP was Theys Eluay, who was killed by the Indonesian Special Forces (*Kopassus*) in 2001.

⁶ A Papuan delegation led by Thom Beanal visited Jakarta to meet with President Habibie.

people's representatives who sit as the legislative body. They were directly elected during the consultative meeting. The district system was not used since all the representatives of all the regions were present. Because all the representatives were present, the congress augmented the number of panel members. Pak Boekorsjom and I were included as members of the panel and not the presidium. It is the presidium that determines who will be invited to deliberative meetings, including me. The local government (Pemda) was not involved in any of this. This is the weakness of local governance. They forget that there are elders who are still alive and can provide good advice and direction.

Yes, we feel that we share the responsibility. Just as we had formerly struggled against Indonesia's plans regarding the Act of Free Choice, because we did not agree with the way it was implemented, now we have a sense of shared responsibility, so that when such meetings are held, we have to attend. Because if we did not attend, later people would say: 'The old folks have all died, vanished, so no one came to show us the way'. Now the flag has begun to be raised. Up and down, up and down. In this country, if one wants to take action, one gives no thought to profit and loss, but only the source of the action. In the Dutch era things were not this way. The Dutch had long been reading books about ancient Greece and all the states in the world, so they knew how to manage a region.

THE PAPUAN FLAG IS FLOWN

Upon the proposal of the head of the Presidium, Theys Eluay, on 14 July 2000, the Papuan flag was raised in Imbi. He himself was in Merauke to lead the Safari Pelurusan Sejarah (tour to set the historical record straight). Because the Act of Free Choice sessions under the supervision of the UN representative, Ortiz Sanz began in Merauke. So the process of setting history straight also had to begin in Merauke and proceed from there to other cities.

On 14 July 2000 the Papuan flag was raised in Jayapura, because orders had been given to fly it. The Indonesian flag and Papuan flag were raised together while the two national anthems were sung. The Indonesian flag was raised higher. That was alright. We honoured it just as we had formerly honoured the Dutch flag during the Dutch period.

From 1 December 1961, the Papuan flag had been flown alongside the Dutch flag. Both at the same height. But now they were not the same. The Papuan flag had to be lowered a bit, perhaps halfway down the pole. The flags were raised on the same flagpoles once used to fly the Papuan flag on 1 December 1961. The two flags were raised, first the Indonesian flag, then the Papuan flag.

Based on the news I have heard, the Papuan flag will probably be permitted to fly until 2 August 2000.⁷ It might be lowered in the evenings to be raised up again the next morning, or flown continuously and only lowered on 2 August 2000.

The flag cannot yet be flown at government offices. President Gus Dur said: ‘The Papuan flag may be raised, but it must be a little smaller in size, and it may not be raised at government offices’. If it were flown at these offices it would mean that it was already official and parties would be thrown because of the desire for independence. Indonesia is clever; perhaps the intention is to make the people happy. Let the flag be flown so the people see it and feel happy. But they do not know the thoughts of Papuans, who do not want to be made happy, but want independence.

There are young people who do not understand and they get too emotional. Yes, perhaps it is because there are no leaders yet to advise them. Indeed, they are given a lot of advice, but that has no impact as long as the consultations yield no results. Let us pray that everything will turn out fine. Socialization or raising awareness about the congress will be carried out in the interior by representatives of the people there who attended the congress. Their representatives came. Additionally, 5,000 people from the interior travelled on foot to come to witness the congress. They came carrying spears and wearing ornaments from Wamena. They knew about the congress, and they came bearing the Papuan flag.⁸ⁱ

Indeed, they could not enter; it was only the representatives from the interior who came inside. The others danced outside. It was very crowded, as if independence had already been granted! This was because of the spirit of the congress. Ah, now we waited for a national dialogue. The dialogue could start with the letter, dated 22 May 1998, from the American Senate, asking for the issues of East Timor and

⁷ The interview took place on 14 July 2000, while these events were going on.

⁸ Boray here refers to the events around the congress that was held with a restricted number of invitees. Yet, outside, a mass of people, mostly from around Wamena, had gathered, and were dancing, hoisting flags.

Papua to be settled. And that letter was in President B.J. Habibie's hands. Now the East Timor problem had already been resolved, but the Papua problem, not yet. The government was aware of this, but perhaps they intended not to do anything. Finally 100 tribal and *adat* leaders under the leadership of Tom Beanal left to go before President Habibie to ask for independence.

The 100 people went to see President Habibie, to discuss the meaning of the letter. It was important that the letter from the Senate be properly understood (by Jakarta). America was apprised of the problems of the world, and Habibie knew that America had once been involved in the Papua problem. Because President Kennedy from America intervened, to the point that the Netherlands surrendered Papua to Indonesia. Now members of the American Senate were making demands because they knew about the implementation of the Act of Free Choice. The Indonesian government had to quickly organize a dialogue with the people of Papua in order to reach an agreement about the political status of this region to make it clear: Whether they wanted autonomy, wanted federation, or wanted independence. But the people of Papua have refused either autonomy or a federal system.

THE PROBLEM WITH AUTONOMY

Autonomy might have been acceptable if autonomy were managed as the Dutch managed it with the Netherlands Antilles and Suriname. The Dutch government at the time granted both of them autonomy and a national flag. Suriname, after autonomy, became an independent country, and the flag that had been raised before became the national flag. The Papuan flag, with seven blue stripes, six white stripes and a white star on a red background, was raised on 1 December 1961. As Bapak Boekorsjom knows, there were five people who created the flag, Mr. de Rijke among them.

Personally, I do not accept autonomy. It is already too late! And the Indonesian government tends to go back on its word. In 1961 the Dutch had already planned to grant autonomy, or *zelfbestuur* (self government) to Papua. The Dutch government told the Papuan nation: 'We will grant you *zelfbestuur*'. Ah, that meant there already was autonomy.

President Soekarno promised autonomy, but they mismanaged it. Because when the Dutch went home in 1962 and Indonesia came in in 1963, the people of Papua should have been granted the status they had in the Dutch era. The Indonesians might well be the bosses, but they had to educate the Papuans. To educate the leaders and officers in the Indonesian language, just as the Dutch had educated us in the Dutch language. But in reality the Indonesians wanted to serve as the governors, *bupati* and *camat*, and to dominate all human resources. All of the people who came from Indonesia became the big men here. Thus, we Papuans, including me, were pushed aside.

I was still fortunate because I served as the regional secretary in Paniai. If not for that, I would certainly have been eliminated as well. I was actually appointed to serve as *bupati*, but got pushed aside because of foul play. Although the people would have been happy if I served as *bupati*, I was diverted and thwarted. Maybe they saw that I had been imprisoned in 1968. Yes, they had recorded it all: this Papuan was against Indonesia, this person is incapable, that person cannot be trusted. So one became like a political prisoner. The names of 76 people who had been detained at the Navy prison in Biak had been branded as political prisoners (*tapol*).

All of this had both positive and negative impacts: positive for the independence struggle, but negative when the government rejected me to serve as the *bupati* of Yapen Waropen in Serui. At the time, a decision (*surat keputusan* or SK) to make me the *bupati* had been prepared. As it happened, in 1968, when Mr. Ortiz Sanz, the UN representative came to prepare for the Act of Free Choice, Pepera, we were placed in detention. I was not thinking about a position as *bupati*, but was more focused on the future. I wanted to demonstrate because I considered the plans for the implementation of the Act of Free Choice dishonest. So I forfeited the SK to become *bupati*.

I was imprisoned and then, after being released, returned to work as a civil servant. Yes, all the people (Papuans) who were detained returned to work after they were set free. Actually, the politically active people should have cut their ties with the government, to be uncooperative, as Gandhi had done in India. To be uncooperative, not to work together with the government. At that time, in all the regions, many civil servants were placed in detention. Boekorsjum, Faidiban, Wamafma and many others who worked in the administration were detained. After getting

out of jail, all of them were accepted back to work. Yes, if we had not resumed work, there would have been no administrators, so who would have developed this land? However, such former political prisoners could not attain positions as *bupati* or governor any more. Only low-ranking positions. My own career could not advance, because I had been branded. But the ideologies have since changed. My children have not been affected by these things. They work within the Indonesian system, although they also hear about the struggles.

As for independence, we have thought about it a lot. Actually we have pushed for independence as so many people have been beaten and shot to death because of this struggle. In addition, many diseases continue to be brought here. The people are already feeling uncomfortable. Within the next ten years the transmigrants will take over Papua, to the point that we become weak and no longer have any strength. The government has tried to weaken our people. The transmigrants that were dropped off in Manokwari, Sorong, Jayapura, and Merauke are already seeping into the interior.

When you fly over Papua by airplane you can see there are cities in the outlying regions. Everything there has been set up for the migrants. It was already written into the plans (of the government) that for the year 2001, 12,000 migrants would be brought in. This is killing the people here. The government of Indonesia slyly tells us that migration is necessary to progress in this area. This land has three times the land area of the island of Java. And then there are the Carstenz Mountains that rise to a height of 5,300 meters. This land is not an island, but perhaps a child of the Australian continent. This nation now wants independence, because it is wounded! The only remedy to heal it is independence.

Yes, let us first be free, first be autonomous. Then the details can be worked out later, we would call on either the Americans, the Dutch, or the Australians to help us out. We will organize it later. But if this is delayed another ten to twenty years, all the wealth of this land will be dredged and used up by the government of Indonesia! We have suffered enough!

Surprised to see beggars

Luther Saroy

In the course of completing my learning assignment in Bandung, I was very surprised to see beggars. They were panhandling right up to the classrooms where we studied. In Papua we were not yet familiar with beggars; we were used to an orderly life. At that time, in 1963, many civil servants were sent to Java to study the Indonesian governance system. I had been sent to Bandung as part of Mr Boekorsjom's group.

The beggars were eventually driven away, and the gates shut. We lived in dormitories on Dago Hill, in a former hotel from the Dutch-era. In the streets there we were always followed by beggars too. When we went to the zoo we again ran into beggars. They just kept on begging. I thought then, oh, this was just the way it was. But I felt sorry for them.

The leader of Papua at the time was Governor Eliezer Jan Bonay, who had also been the first governor of the province of Irian Barat (for not quite a year, in 1963-1964). In an official telegram, Pak Bonay had ordered almost all of the civil servants in Serui to go to Bandung. My name was in the telegram, but because it was dirty, it was illegible. Pak Imbiri went back to ask in Hollandia, whose name was that last one? Then Pak Bonay replied: 'That's my boy'. And he called out all the names. Pak Imbiri came and told me: 'Get ready to leave!'

The Oranje – which was the governor's ship, whose name had been changed to Dwiwarna – was docked and ready at the Serui pier. We departed for Biak and headed onward to Jakarta. At the time there were feelings of hatred toward the Indonesian government. My teacher, who was Dutch, had told us: 'Later when the Indonesian government comes in it will bring in all sorts of diseases. Real diseases, and also, diseases like stealing and lying.' I was God-fearing. Concerns arose in my heart: 'Well, if I go there later I'll be ruined'. But to adapt to the government system in Indonesia, I had to go! I took a suitcase containing all of my clothes.

The money we brought amounted to IBRP 100 (a hundred Irian Barat rupiah), which was worth IDR 100,000 (a hundred thousand Indonesian rupiah) when it was exchanged. Mr. Imbiri and I exchanged it over there (Java).

We studied in Bandung for six months. Everyone who worked in government, all of us had to leave to study the Indonesian governance system. We and the group from Yapen Waropen first met with the Minister of Home Affairs Epi Kandama. Pak Bonay himself had said: 'Ah, so that you make an appearance before the minister of regional autonomy'. When that was done we got civil defense uniforms for a month-long military training. After that, we spent the following months learning the governance system, Pancasila (the five principles of Indonesian national philosophy), Garis-garis Besar Haluan Negara (GBHN, Broad Outlines of State Policy) and state administration.

While in Bandung we heard that a cholera epidemic was striking many people in Yapen-Waropen. Mr. Imbiri said to me: 'Those of us who have families are allowed to go home, but you stay because you're still single'. I said: 'That can't be. We came here together, so if we go home, all of us should go home!' Brigadier general Sucipto came and said: 'Brothers, there's no need to worry, the health team has been sent and their people are already there. So don't be afraid, there's no problem, it will be taken care of.'

In December, after completing our education, we returned home. I had asked to stay there to pursue my education further. But Governor Bonay said: 'No, you come home! Later you can join the second class at the *Academi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri* (APDN, Academy for Domestic Governance) in Malang.' But after I returned to Papua he was dismissed as governor. This was because Bonay strongly wished his country to be independent. If I am not mistaken, there was one party that requested that, during the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA) period, a direct election be held for Papua to secede from Indonesia. But there were people from the Indonesian side who urged that it was imperative to sign a statement relinquishing the right to self determination: 'If you will not sign this statement, get out of here and look for another land to live in!' Well, that was very hard! In Jayapura some people were shot. At first, people thought that Indonesia would improve things, although that was not the case. Many Papuans fled to Papua New Guinea (PNG), including students from Cendrawasih

University (Uncen). They could not return here in 1969, or in 1970 either. They were forced to become citizens there. All of them, including Clemens Roenaweri and Wim Zonggonao, kept on living there.

GOING TO OSIBA

To be selected to continue their education to OSIBA, students had to meet several requirements, among others, being the son of a tribal chief or *korano* (village head) or *ondoafi* (*adat* leader). They had to be in excellent physical and mental health. Their report card scores must be good and their relationships with teachers and fellow friends also had to be good. And they had to pass an entrance examination. The school belonged to the government, in this case, the Dienst van Binnenlandse Zaken (Department of Home Affairs), so all the costs were borne by the government. Every major holiday or vacation, the students usually returned home by plane. Those accepted into OSIBA were usually graduates of a Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys), except those from big cities like Hollandia, who were graduates of the sixth grade of an Algemene Lagere School (ALS, General Elementary School).

Candidates were nominated by the school principals. Because the school principals knew the attitudes and character of the children. Since in the future the student would have to serve as a capable administrator, he had to be well disciplined. So, for example, if the child was lazy, or not diligent enough, then he would be sure not to be accepted, even if his scores were good. Most, if they were from a JVVS, could be accepted directly. It was different with those from an ALS, since most of them lived in the city, where the influences of the urban environment were not so good. So if they were from a JVVS it was not that hard to get in, because, as in my own case, the director deemed I would be good.

At that time I wanted to get into the junior high school that was the first to open in Manokwari. But it turned out that my final examination scores were great for OSIBA. Oh, at first I declined applying to enter OSIBA, but the director said that my grades were high. So, finally, I was forced to go along with it. I was there together with my friends Amos Yap and Jos Marey. We have continued to stay in touch up until today. Oh, it was only later, when we were already here in Class B, that Jos Marey

came in with his friend Bernard Joku. Joku later fled to PNG and died there in 1993 or 1994, then his corpse was sent to be buried here.

OSIBA was the successor of the school formerly known as the BOS or the Administrative Training School. The men who went to BOS for a three-year education programme were then placed as *candidaat hulp bestuursassistent* (CHBA or candidate assistant administrative officer). Because in those days, none of the indigenous civil servants had mastered the Dutch language properly yet. They managed only with an intermediary language, Malay. It was not yet called Indonesian.

The five-year course of education was only called OSIBA from 1951 onward. Actually, it was four years plus one year of practice, for a total of five years. But from the time my friends and I entered the school in 1958, the one-year practice was eliminated, so it became just four years. Thus, those of us from the JVVS as well as from the 6th grade of ALS could be accepted through an entrance exam. At OSIBA they had to speak Dutch. So at school, no one was allowed to speak Malay. If someone was caught speaking Malay at school, he was removed from OSIBA. Because when I was still at JVVS, a circular letter from the governor of Netherlands New Guinea was sent to every JVVS and ALS, announcing that Dutch was the working language both inside and outside the schools.

THE LAST CLASS

So, anyone who entered this school, namely OSIBA, had to obey the rules or regulations in the dorms as well because if they did not comply they would be reprimanded up to three times, and then immediately expelled. That was firm, it was disciplined! And after two years we had to pass exams. So the value of the diploma was equivalent to that of a four-year high school (PMS).

I was in the last class, one class behind Joel Boray's. Actually, I was going to enter OSIBA in the same class as Pak Boray, as I had taken the first entrance exam and passed. But at that time the assistant administrator in Napan, Mr. Supit (a Manadonese), said: 'Wait, when the next telegram comes I'll send you off.' The plan was to depart by Beaver (water plane). I waited and waited until December; it appeared it was not to be. So I wrote a letter to the director in Miei, Mr. Wandamen. Well, as soon

as he received my letter, he replied: ‘Come quickly! I will accept you in December’ Yes, in December I boarded the ship, the Ms Cycloop.

I arrived there (in Miei), and was welcomed. Then, well, instead of sending me to OSIBA he asked me to teach first-and second-graders at the JVS. Including third graders as well – my friends. So I had to write everything down, if they did not come to class. ‘Ah, you take this, write it down, later your friends can copy it. I know you already know everything.’

Finally another exam to enter OSIBA was held, but I refused to do it. No, I would go to the PMS. I had graduated the year before, but had not been sent. ‘Oh no, now sit the exam here.’ The exam was supervised by the HPB and his friends. Then we were done and went home, returning there for the holidays. Then HPB Lapré from Wasior came and said: ‘You, go to be tested in Waren.’ After the testing, I went home and the results were released. Now the names of those tested would be sent to OSIBA. As it happened, Saroy and Amos Yap had passed and could go. I did not want to go, but Amos did not push me. He just waited and was ready to go. If I did not leave, he would not leave either. And we would all receive two certificates. I would get a certificate for PMS Manokwari, if I refused to go into OSIBA. Indeed I did refuse, but my parents pressed me. ‘You just go to OSIBA. After all, every vacation you’ll come by plane!’ I said: ‘True, I’d go by plane, but if it crashed, I’d die at one’. Ha, ha, ha. They said: ‘Leave that to God. That’s in God’s power.’ Well, but at school I had the director watching my steps, and he said: ‘Hey, you could become an important person later on!’

So, I entered OSIBA at a very young age. For me, the most interesting topic, at that time and up to now, was sports. I chose this topic because of the Latin saying: ‘In a healthy body there is a healthy mind’ (*Mens sana in corpore sano*). So for the final exam at OSIBA, I chose volley ball and football because one can enjoy these games anywhere. A volleyball court does not take up much space. The same goes for fields for football, as my second choice. And both types of sport are popular among people in some parts of the world. For example, nowadays in Europe. And as a civil servant you had to introduce these two sports to the people.

NOT ALLOWED TO STAY AT THE GUEST HOUSE

After graduating OSIBA, I set foot in Serui on 1 September 1962, and immediately met with HPB Meijer. He took me and introduced me to all the employees. After that he asked: 'Where are your things now?' I answered: 'At the *pasanggrahan* (guest house)'. He said: 'Oh no, no, no! You should go to the police barracks.' I immediately asked: 'Ah, who says so?' 'Otherwise, at the end of the month, your salary will be finished'. I said that could not be. There was a hotel expense allocation in the budget – could I not use it? 'No, that's the theory, but in practice it's different'. Well, I was a bit taken aback that I had talked so much, then I thought to myself: yesterday, with the resident, I got along just fine. And I still remembered the advice of my teacher at OSIBA, Mr. Wieringa, who said: 'When you practice in the community, you must uphold your supervisor highly. Don't put him down, that is not permitted. You must listen, obey and submit to him. Even if he is awful, you must be obedient because he is your superior.'

Yes, when we went to school at OSIBA we learned that the administration was the same everywhere. In the administration in Ransiki, Serui the calculation remained the same, namely, 12 percent. So, if, for example, I did not have my own employee housing, I was entitled to receive 12 percent of the allocation for hotel expenses to enable me to stay at a hotel or guest house. But the HPB said: 'That is what you learned at school, but now this is practice. The rule does not apply in practice. Previously, Mr. Somboek stayed at the police barracks.' Yes, I was forced to give up; I had to go live in the police barracks. In the HPB's administration, there were no funds for that. The resident had not yet provided them to HPB. Perhaps the resident was still holding the funds, so the rule was not yet applicable here.

Yes, it was the HPB's duty to find a place for me. But because at the time there were no funds available for the guest house, I was ordered to occupy the police barracks. So that was quite an experience. My friend, Mr. Markus Yom, who is now retired, had the same experience too. He came with his wife, but because there was no house, he lived with the villagers. I thought about it. I felt I should fight back. But ... well, that was no way to start off, I was still new here.

Yes, that was the authority of the HPB. Since I was new, I had no experience. So the day before I had not discussed it with the resident

in Biak. I did not know, anyhow, did I? Only once I got there did I find out the situation was like this. What could I do, I had to accept it. I was forced to go live in the police barracks.

As for Pak Yom, he was a senior, he had already been in government service for a long time. He was from almost the same class as Pak Florenz Imbiri. But Pak Florenz's grades in school at OSIBA were outstanding. So he was quick to rise to a higher rank, meaning that he was already a district head earlier on. Now, after the New York Agreement, all the former OSIBA people were summoned: who might be capable of replacing HPB Meijer? Actually Pak Imbiri was appointed to serve as HPB in Sarmi, but because Mansawan was in Sarmi, Mansawan became the HPB there. And Pak Imbiri was directly appointed as HPB in Serui, replacing Meijer. So he replaced Meijer as the HPB and at the same time served as the chairman of the regional council of Yapen-Waropen. HPB Meijer thought that Yom might not be capable, because he was not that fluent in his mastery of Dutch. So finally I was summoned to come in. And Mr. Meijer said to me: 'You will replace Mr. Winter, because he is going to return home to the Netherlands.' I said: 'Oh my, I am fresh out of school, I am not capable.' He said: 'Oh no, you better think about it first. Go take a walk and think about it carefully, then you come back to let me know.' I mulled over it, then Mr. Florenz Imbiri said: 'Just accept!' But it was very tough for me; I was still new, I was still green. So I went walking and thought it over.

Then HPB Meijer called in Bouwman, the administrative officer. Previously, the position of *administratief ambtenaar* was held by a person holding a title of drs or doctorandus (a Dutch title, today's equivalent of a master's degree). But perhaps most Dutch people did not want to use the title – one had to complete the degree first. So not until they actually received the title of 'doctorandus' would a title be used. So Mr. Bouwman was summoned. 'Please hand your bicycle over to Mr. Saroy, because later I'll give mine to Imbiri'. At the same time, the Fongers bicycle was also transferred. In Serui back then people did not use cars like they do today. The HPB always rode a bicycle, even though he held a law degree. That was the advantage of the Dutch! They humbled themselves! Mr Meijer said: 'I am pleased with you, so you should become secretary of the council'. Imbiri said to me: 'Accept!' Okay, I accepted.

All of this was in the framework of Papuanization. Before, in the Dutch period, there was the Peraturan Gaji Pegawai Negeri (PGPN,

Regulation on Civil Servant Salaries). Later, only in the Indonesian period, came the Peraturan Gaji Pegawai Sementara (PGPS, Regulation on Temporary Worker Wages). Formerly, we used guilders, Nieuw-Guinea Gulden. Guilders were used in the Netherlands. But later, the Nieuw-Guinea Gulden was Indonesianized into the Irian Barat Rupiah, or IBRP. According to the congress, this was the currency that was going to be used once Papuans became independent. Actually I had some, but it disappeared along with my wallet when I left for Serui. Someone took it. The amount was in IBRP.

PLACING HOPE IN HABIBIE

Out of the lessons given in school, those I still remember to this day are the ones in constitutional law, taught by Mr. Sarolea. He was a Dutchman, but he was not too tall, almost the same height as me. He was fat. He was great when he taught! He explained how the Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council) was established and its work system. How Dutch New Guinea was going to be just like the Dutch Antilles and Suriname. It had all been decided, that it would be given the right to be autonomous. Each time he finished giving a lesson at school and went home, I just had to tag along with him to Hollandia-Haven, now the port of Jayapura. We talked constantly, and he asked me: 'So, do you find my lessons interesting?' I said: 'They're excellent!' We talked in Dutch. 'So, supposing that later you become independent, you won't be angry with the Dutch?' I replied: 'Oh no, we could never be angry with the Dutch, because it's the Dutch who have made everything good here'. He said: 'But now Indonesia wants to come here!' 'Oh, that's impossible, impossible', is what I said. Later, when I was at my new post, everything happened just as we had once discussed.

It was my educational foundation that enabled me to master the Indonesian governance system. For example now, take the DPR (Provincial Council of People's Representatives), MPR (National People's Consultative Assembly) and DPA (Council of State) in Jakarta. Anyway, it was all modeled after Montesquieu, right? Those were his three criteria. If I look at the administration today, I think that Indonesia is only promising what is called autonomy. Autonomy was granted from the beginning, in Soekarno's time, but it has never been implemented so as

to give absolute rights to the Papuan people. You can see it plainly in the government offices, where it is not Papuans who play the important roles. Instead people from elsewhere are the ones who occupy those positions.

Ah, it is not autonomy anymore. It is no longer true. Up to the last moment they are just shocked they cannot stem the determination of the Papuan people to demand their rights. The central government in Jakarta refuses to admit its mistakes. Recently the Team of 100 people representing Papua went before Habibie. Habibie ordered them to go home, to consider it carefully first. To do their homework. Habibie knew that when this region entered the Republic of Indonesia, it did not go through the MPR. It was not in any MPR resolution. It was not ratified in the State Gazette of the Indonesian Republic. Ah, Papuans have the right to take action. Back then, the UN was wrong.

The UN was wrong because it did not send in its troops to oversee the implementation of the Act of Free Choice in all the districts, to ensure every Papuan was free to vote: “one man, one vote”. Now according to Ortiz Sanz from Bolivia, South America, the implementation of the Act of Free Choice was in fact done at gunpoint. This was not legal. So the Act of Free Choice was invalid. But the recognition of the results of the Act of Free Choice was already out there. In my opinion, Habibie could have asked the Team of 100 to form a team to investigate the implementation of the Act of Free Choice.

The Papuan people had faith in Habibie. People here thought, Habibie was educated in Germany so he was sure to know what democracy was. And now it also turns out that Amin Rais, chairman of the MPR, is a professor with a doctoral degree. Why then, when Papuans went to talk to him, did he say: ‘Go see Gus Dur’? It was as if Amin were washing his hands of it. He knew that the entry of this region into the Republic of Indonesia did not go through the MPR, but only through a presidential decree. So he maintained that the MPR should do nothing. Because maybe he thought: ‘It came in before without going through me (that is, not by going through the MPR), so why ask me for my permission now?’

FOOD CRISIS

In the first year I worked as a civil servant there were Mr. Meijer and Mr. Bouwman. It was August 1962, and the New York Agreement already

existed. Its contents had been secretly conveyed to the resident and the HPB. Therefore, they were getting ready to go home. So their positions had to be transferred to Papuans. At that time Imbiri was going to occupy the position of HPB and I was told to replace Mr. Winter. We were in Serui at the time.

During the UNTEA period a lot of Indonesians had already come. Because they knew, they said, that this too was a former territory of the Dutch East Indies in the past.

So they had come in on the sly. When KPM ships came from Singapore carrying goods, lots of Indonesians also came along with them. They were sent as volunteers for development. Papuans who had been in Indonesia for a long time came too. And they also brought their families from there.

Before the UNTEA left, the Indonesian National Army (TNI) were already here, not wearing uniforms, but dressed like ordinary people. They came and entered shops carrying army bags. They bought from the shops till the shops ran out. At that time we did not know whether the money they were using was counterfeit currency or not. Basically the shop owners here just accepted it; what was important is that it was money. The Dutch-period Esquier store had been taken over by Albert Numberi. It was a Dutch store that carried woolen clothing. After a long while all the goods ran out. The shops were empty of canned foods. Things were hard. Papuans wanted to demonstrate to demand that the vote should be held soon, for Papuans to stand on their own. Finally Indonesia pushed the UNTEA to shorten the time! Oh, times were very hard!

But in Serui I kept the situation under control. The people who ran the Nieuw-Guinea Import & Export Maatschappij (NIGIMIJ) depot had also gone home and handed it over to the logistics depot. It contained stocks of rice, sugar and milk. But the term NIGIMIJ continued to be used. The currency in use was still the guilder, then it was replaced by the IBRP. The warehouse was filled with goods. In Manokwari and Biak there was a food crisis. Inevitably, a telegram arrived asking for help, for rice to be sent if there was still any left. Pak Imbiri called me: 'How about it?' I said: 'For Biak, we'll help, because they're neighbours. But as for Manokwari, we can't. If we run out, they won't help us, except for Biak.' He listened to me. Then we sent aid to Biak.

Biak was a neighbour to Yapen since it was adjacent to it. That is why food aid had to be provided. But Manokwari was located far away,

so we could not be certain it would help us quickly if we ran into trouble with food. Whereas Biak could because of its proximity. We could run over there by boat. Finally, Pak Imbiri accepted: 'OK, arrange it!' As soon as the Etna Bay ship came in, we sent help to Biak. Manokwari, we did not oblige, but only answered their telegram: 'Yes, we are also going into crisis.'

Ah, that was in the time leading up to the outbreak of the Gerakan 30 September (G30S, 30th of September Movement) in 1965 in Jakarta. So I managed to survive. At that point Imbiri did not know the inventory of what was there either, so I had to report to him that there was butter, there was milk. According to the provisions of the time, if a can was damaged, all the contents in the cardboard box the can was in were declared damaged as well. So I used that to help the employees who worked there.

Rice was always stored in double sacks. If the outer sack was torn and rats had already got in and eaten some of the rice, then that rice sack was declared a reject. I gave that rice to the employees. Blue Band margarine and milk that was still good I brought and gave to Imbiri at home. He asked: 'Oh, where did you get this from?' I pointed to my block of notes and said: 'Please read this, sir.' Those were the rules. So I acted on them like that for the welfare of the employees who worked there so they could work calmly. So we managed all of these circumstances properly. As civil servants, we had to gauge the future situation and the current situation, how we could manage them. Often, people could go wild, just because of hunger.

ALL THE GOODS ARE BOUGHT UP

Indications of the G30S began to be felt as everywhere, all the goods were bought up. So people from outside of Papua were coming here to get goods from here to help out over there, so the goods in the shops ran out very rapidly. Yes, they took all the goods. Even the fine doors and windows from the Dutch period were removed and taken away. Even broken bicycles, which we had told them, oh, let them be repaired before you buy them. The soldiers came with their bags and asked: 'How much do you want to sell this for?' Oh-oh, alright then, we had no choice! If it did not happen today, he would come back again tomorrow. Alas, I

thought: 'Ah, so, is this it ...?' I recalled what my teacher had told me: 'Later, real diseases and other diseases will be brought here'. It was becoming true, the army alone was like that!

I returned home from Java in December 1963 together with Imbiri and other friends. The others were subordinates, so all that remained was to give them their orders. After Meijer left, I held a double post. Imbiri replaced him as chairman of the Streekraad (Regional Council), with me as his secretary. Records often came in. As for the council, when it had funds, there was no treasurer to store them. But there was a safe I had to guard. So aside from being the secretary, I was also the treasurer. So I was the one who did all the bookkeeping. Now Serui is built up, but in that time, the council was a pioneer. Serui was developed with council funds at that time. Take cocoa fermentation, for example. It was the council that managed and shipped the cocoa with the KPM to Singapore. The money came in guilders at the Nederlandse Handel Maatschappij (NHM) Bank, which was later replaced by the Bank Nasional Indonesia (BNI).

The chairman of the cocoa fermentation foundation was Mr Waimury, who was a native of Serui. He was related to Theo Waimury who worked at an Indonesian embassy abroad. The cocoa sales proceeds were sent through the Indonesian bank in Waimury's name--not in my name as the secretary, because that was their right. If I had been chairman of the foundation, the money would surely have been sent back in my name. And I could have saved that money for development. Yet Waimury acted as if it were his own money, even though it belonged to the cocoa farmers in Yapen-Waropen. However, I could say nothing, because he was an elder, and the money was sent in his name. Later he was sent from Serui to Nabire to serve as the *kepala pemerintah setempat* (KPS, head of local government) or HPB. And I too was transferred, to Bokondini in the interior.

RICE MIXED WITH SALT

When Mr. Meijer was still there, I worked under an old administrator named Leasiwal. He was an Indonesian who came from Ambon. He was quite old. He often took me to the penitentiary, where he taught me how to provide food to the inmates. So I paid attention. He instructed

me to add salt and chili peppers to plain rice for them to eat. I said to him: ‘Gosh, Bapak, what about this? Now that the Dutch have left, in the Indonesian period we’ll have to follow Pancasila.’ He said: ‘Just so you know, boy, no rules have been set by the Indonesians yet’. I said: ‘Yes, but what about this. I see that this food is so bad.’ He said: ‘These are people who have committed crimes. We do that so they will repent.’ I said: ‘Bapak, later, over time, these people could revolt’. He said: ‘As I have let you know, this is according to the rules. If you do not follow them, I won’t have you come here again.’ I said: ‘Ah, I would be happy not to come here again. Because I have humanitarian feelings. Unfortunately, they are here because they have made mistakes. But if they had not made a mistake, surely they would be the same as us. Poor things!’ He replied: ‘Oh, you can’t think about it like that. We have to teach these people a lesson so they repent!’

This was hard, because I found myself between the two sides. Which one would I choose? So I admonished: ‘The Dutch have left, so now let’s apply Pancasila.’ He said: ‘There are no provisions for that yet. Any government would do the same.’ Then he added: ‘Alright then, next time you won’t come here again’. In the end I never did go back again. I only had to take charge of the sanitation department.

Mr. Bouwman had given me his bicycle. I had to go inspect the gutters. Then I went home and made a report: ‘Bapak, the road to the hospital is dirty, even though sick people are being treated there’. He took notes, typed them up, and submitted them to Mr. Imbiri as the HPB. He gathered all information for later deliberation by the board. So I had to invite the board to hold a session. Well, I could not sleep and worked through to the following morning until almost noon, but felt just as I normally did. At the time I was still single, I had no life mate. So I only thought about my job. I inspected the cleanliness and beauty of the city and reported on it to Mr. Leisiwal. I surveyed the market, controlling the vegetable sale prices and market fees.

I went to the Department of Public Works to look at the goods stored in the warehouses. We supervised it. When there was a job to be done, we had to call the HPB, or KPS. At that point the term KPS was already in use. As soon as we entered the transitional period, the name HPB was crossed out and the name KPS was used instead.

HANDING OVER SECRET TAPES

As it is commonly understood, on 15 August 1962 the New York Agreement was signed at the United Nations headquarters; and on 7 April 1962 Indonesia agreed to the Bunker Plan (with Ellsworth Bunker, an American UN diplomat appointed as mediator): for the transfer of authority to take place after six months under temporary administration by the UNTEA, and The Act of Free Choice after six months under Indonesian administration. On 17 August 1962 President Soekarno only agreed to the Papuan people's right to self determination on an internal basis.

On 1 October 1962 the Netherlands handed over its job to the UNTEA, which was headed by Dr. Djalal Abdoh. In November 1963 the Indonesian army forced 11 Papuan leaders to sign a document stating that they relinquished the right to self determination. And in December came the arrest and persecution of Papuans who had stirred up a demonstration, declaring their desire for the election to be held under the protection of the UNTEA, that is, the UN. Indonesia entered directly, stealing its way in, even though the authority of the UN still held until 1 May 1963.

In Sukarnopura (present day Jayapura) there were people who were arrested and have never been found again to this day. It is said that they were brought to Jakarta, then disappeared there. Among them were former members of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad. They were eliminated before the Dewan Musyawarah Pemilihan (DMP, Election Consultative Council) for the Act of Free Choice was formed. Those men were sought out; where exactly had they been taken? So that was the way the Indonesians worked.

They were not taken at the demonstration. They had gone home, but were already being followed! Because photos had been taken, then they were tracked down. Intelligence had already checked out their homes, then picked them up saying: 'You have been summoned about this matter.' It happened to our friend, Penehas Torey. Up to now he has remained missing, no one knows where he went. He too was a graduate of APDN Malang, together with Faidiban. He finished his studies there, married a Javanese woman, and lived in Dok V. He was arrested at the time. He had attended the South Pacific Conference. And he was a former member of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad, still very young, but eliminated just like that!

As for Pak Boekorsjom he was actually detained in Manokwari during the Free Papua Movement (OPM) event in 1965. At the time he was serving as KPS in Wasior, then his relative, a nephew of Amos Yap's came over there. They were arrested in Wasior and brought to Manokwari. They were brought in together with several others, including Faidiban. Only later, after Soeharto granted them amnesty and abolition, were they set free. They received a public pardon. Yet, as if this had not been granted, later, on the job, they would be branded as former political prisoners. Just now, at the Kongres Pelurusan Sejarah,¹ those who are former political detainees were included on the panel. I was not on the panel, but was there only as a bystander.

I was not detained; we were just part of the underground movement. So each time an issue came up, I recorded it on cassette. Once my brother-in-law came from Manokwari to Serui. I gathered the students of SGB (a school for village teachers or Lower Level Teachers School) and they sang at my house and I recorded it on tape. I brought the cassettes when I moved to the interior. One day, Ortiz Sanz came to visit Bokondini. I do not know how it happened, but it was the work of the Spirit of God. Ortiz Sanz and a whole entourage of *bupati* came to eat at my house. At one point, Ortiz Sanz wanted to go to the toilet, but I already knew what his real intention was. It was at that moment that I handed the tapes over to him.

Ortiz Sanz could not do anything because he had not come with UN troops. So Papuans could not do anything either. UN troops should have been placed in each district to protect rights to a "one man, one vote" election. But because he came without UN troops, he too was overwhelmed in the end. I surrendered the tapes to him and he took them. I do not know what happened next. Perhaps it was only to find out information. Perhaps he brought them there, or perhaps he played the tapes and then threw them away. I trusted him because I thought: He was someone from outside, so he was sure to understand that what we conveyed were the aspirations of the Papuan people. Yet I could also be in danger. In fact I was also at the tip of a spear, but I had courage. And actually, I had also sent some of the tapes to PNG.

¹ Saroy refers to the second Papuan People's Congress of May-June 2000 that was seen as a meeting to set the historical record straight.

THE AIRCRAFT IS DETAINED BY THE COMMUNITY

From Serui I was transferred to Bokondini to replace Bapak Karma. At the time, Bapak Karma went down to Sukarnopura to serve as the *wakil bupati* of Jayapura. The *bupati* was Anwar Ilwan. Before that, Onim was the *bupati* of Jayapura, but he was transferred to Fakfak as the *bupati* there to replace Mr. Mampioer, because Mr. Mampioer had been appointed as the administrative *bupati* of the Jayawijaya Mountains regency in Wamena. So at that time Arnold Mampioer was the *bupati*.

In 1963 Pak Mampioer, Pak Boekorsjom and all of us were in Bandung. That time I had joined a group of older people. During the Act of Free Choice, students of Cendrawasih University (Uncen) held a demonstration in Sukarnopura. I was still in the interior then, so I sent my wife and child to go down to Sukarnopura ahead. I said: 'I'll wait here first, because it's so easy for me to get carried away by emotions. If I went down together with you, I would definitely take part in the event there. Then things could become dangerous for me. You go first, and I'll follow behind later on.' Then, when Pak Mampioer came to Wamena, he stopped in Bokondini together with Ortiz Sanz. And he told me: 'Mr. Ortiz Sanz is going down there, so you go too'.

I was concerned because some people were already being arrested and detained at Ifar Gunung. One of them was a friend of mine, who had shared a desk with me in Fakfak – at the time when Mampioer was *bupati* in Fakfak. This friend came from Sentani and his name was Soleiman Nukuboy. At the time we held the same rank as assistant administrator candidates (CBA). But it happened that in Fakfak he participated in underground activities as secretary to the OPM. The army kept looking for him, and when we were attending the SELATPUDA in Hamadi in 1967, he was arrested and taken to Ifar Gunung. He died during military detention in Ifar Gunung in 1968.

My family headed out first, and I was to follow later. So our things, like the chairs and sewing machine also had to be brought there along with some of our baggage. The things had already been uploaded to the airplane. I was going to travel on a MAF plane. People were sitting around the aircraft. The pilot, Pablo, an American, was surprised to see this situation (the people standing all around the plane) and he said to the

people surrounding the plane: 'Hey brothers, what's this about?' I asked him to be patient.

At that moment a friend, who was from Java, came over and said: 'You get off the plane first.' He asked me: 'Are you going home?' I replied: 'Oh, no, in Jayapura there's a big meeting'. He said: 'Oh no, you'll stay here until you die'. We went into the MAF hangar. 'Now, take down some of your things. Take down the chair, the sewing machine, so the people here believe you are staying.'

My relationship with the community was really very close. They used to say: 'People like this man live to develop our country till they die, to die here'. Mr. Karma's interactions with the community had not been too close. As for me, every afternoon I would get into their stories using an interpreter. I said: 'If you see a place where there is still a lot of evil going on, you let me know, so we won't go there'. He said: 'No, bapak, here there's no danger. But if we go far away, that's where the danger is.' I had begun to learn the Dani language. Until finally I came across the place where HPB Gonsalvez had been; he had shot people there. Indeed I was a bit like that. When we were with people who were still primitive, we had to be brave. If we were not brave, they would step on us instead.

The incident with HPB Gonsalvez happened because indeed, in those days there were tribal wars over there. Orders had already been given prohibiting them from fighting tribal wars any more. They had to stop the wars. But it seemed that they still wanted to resist. Gonsalvez was forced to shoot. The gunfire was so great that the situation calmed down again. I had heard the story from the people.

They thought firearms were like bamboo that was burned and then exploded. They said: 'That wasn't right'. Even though the gunfire worked to end the fight. So I mustered my courage and said: 'If you resist I'll put holes in your hands'. They said: 'Eee, we are afraid! Because before there was a white man who shot a gate and all of it, tjuuuus, was destroyed! The fence was blown into the sky.' 'Yes, the people who have come here have good intentions toward you. As I do.' That was it. Finally they said: 'Oh yes, it's true, we have to get along well again'.

My things were taken down from the plane and left there. I called over the interpreter and said: 'Let them know, my things are staying here. You should know that there is a big meeting for this nation happening in Jayapura. So do you understand? Later on a big meeting may

also be held over here.' 'Oh yes, we believe you, because the chair and the machine have been taken down'. 'OK, Pablo, let's go!' Then we finally took flight and arrived in Jayapura. My wife and child had already gone down there earlier on. From Jayapura they had sent a letter to me through the MAF office in Sentani. They said: 'Don't you come yet'. So all that time I kept waiting in Bokondini because it was not safe yet in Jayapura.

Finally, we went. We got off in Sentani. It was hard to find a vehicle, because of the demonstration. I asked for a car to transport my goods to Dok IX. I had already sent a big tribal chief from Mamberamo to go down with my family to Jayapura. So as soon as I arrived, he was there to greet me: He said: '*Uuwe*, you tricked me'. I asked: 'Why do you say that?' I was speaking with him in the Dani language. He said: '*Ann napur apmggo*'. 'You are my son, you are a big man. Why did you go there, act as if you were a child? He thought I was a child when I first went to meet with him. He said: 'Now I know you are not a child. You are a great man. You are a great master.' I said: 'Oh, there is no need to think like that'. 'Well, what is the situation in my village? Is it still like this?' I answered: 'You go home, you have to stop the wars!' '*Aeeeeee... Ann napur ka taman.*' Pray, child, that things can progress there the way they have here. He wanted his region to progress too.

I once walked for up to a week to get to his village. Well, all the people living in the village were his children. In that village there were no women or girls, all of them were men and boys. When sons grew up they married women from other villages, and they established their own settlements. On the mountain there, he said, there was copper that came out at about one meter deep. It was Mount Idenburg. He invited me to climb up, but I said no. The slopes of the Idenburg were very cold, I would not climb it.

The ministers living in the interior had worked hard. The bridge they had made to cross over to the other side of the gully was made of thick woven cords. When I crossed the bridge, I was afraid to look down because it was so deep. I walked carefully as I clutched the cords attached left and right.

NO OFFICIAL HOUSES YET

When I arrived in Jayapura I reported to the Biro Pemerintahan (Administration Bureau), formerly called the Dienst van Binnenlandse Zaken, or Department of Home Affairs. I lived in Jayapura for a month while arranging my transfer to Serui. I asked whether housing was available for me in Serui, but they responded that there was none yet. Because of that, I went to the Administration Bureau. The head of the bureau was a Javanese. He kept asking me: 'Are you going to Serui or not?' I answered: 'Bapak, I have a family with me now. We have asked in Serui about housing for us, but there is no housing yet.' Now he asked again: 'Do you want to leave or not?' I replied: 'I am not leaving, Pak'. 'OK.' He told his deputy, Mr. Manggara, a relative of Mr. Boekorsjom: 'Manggara, find a table and chair for Saroy.' Then to me he said: 'Each morning I see you here!' I said: 'Ready!', using the military style of speaking. So, every morning I kept coming.

The administrative bureau head's name was Pak Hartono. He could also speak Dutch. It was not long before Faidiban came from Manokwari. He had been released from detention together with Pak Boekorsjom. He came to replace a Batak friend of mine who had to leave to attend studies at the Institut Ilmu Pemerintahan (IIP, Institute of Administrative Science) in Jakarta, like John Djopari. So Faidiban came to replace him. I kept working there until I had to go study at the APDN. Faidiban was recommended to become the regional secretary in Biak. Consequently, he moved to Biak. So at that time it was arranged with Faidiban, that later, after Faidiban was in Biak, he would arrange for me to follow him there. We asked in Biak: 'How about the problem of a house for Saroy?' But there was no answer. Pak Harto was forced to say: 'Alright, you just stay and work here!' So I kept working at the Biro Pemerintahan in Jayapura.

I kept on working there and there were continuous changes. Governor Frans Kaisiepo was replaced by Governor Acub Zainal, who was the commander of the Cendrawasih XVII military region at the time. He was the one who got Awom (Ferry Awom, the founder and leader of the OPM in 1965) to come out of the forests and give himself up in Manokwari. Acub Zainal said: 'Either you come down or I'll come up!' Then Awom was brought to Mamberamo and murdered there. The army deliberately brought naughty women on board the ship. Someone

had already been prepared to kill him and throw him overboard. So indeed, the Indonesian government was in the wrong there. A man like that should have been protected. That way, Indonesia's name would have been enhanced.

THE PROBLEM OF PARTITIONING²

If we compare the system of government from the 1960s and 70s until the 90s there certainly were changes here and there, but the government was really in the hands of the military. So development went smoothly because people were afraid of the army. But take a look at it now, in the reform period, since Gus Dur became president. Everything may vary. But in the Soeharto era it was different. The system of government was influenced by the military system.

Formerly, if an administrator with a Dutch education, like me, Wamafma, or Boekorsjom came late to the office, our superiors would ask: 'What time is it now? At ease. Come see me in a bit.' That was how it worked then.

But now it is no longer like that. As soon as you enter the office, an employee calls: 'Eh, please bring over that document. Call Ute over here! We have a meeting there later. For the next while if anyone wants to see me, say that I'm in a meeting.' There is no sense of responsibility. And it is like that every day. The administration is not well managed. Everything is chaotic.

Formerly, the initiative shown by civil servants was far better. Nowadays I see only people looking for money. People do not evaluate whether the work they have done is good or not. All they think about is: 'Well, how much money will I make'. Ah, they are just like shopkeepers. It cannot work like that.

Where does the money come from – if they calculate what they get aside from their base salaries? The money comes from projects. In the DPRD the spending budget is fixed. They debate how much money is to be spent for this year: how much money for projects, and how much money for the routine budget. The routine one is the normal budget,

² *Pemekaran*, literally 'blossoming', is the Indonesian term used to refer to the policy of partitioning existing provinces/regencies into a greater number of provinces/regencies, and more generally, to the fragmentation of power ensuing from Reformasi and decentralization.

including salaries, wages, honoraria and everything else. But with projects, it is another thing. Take, for example, a project worth one billion rupiah. If I am the person designated as the project leader, I have a right to receive ten percent of that billion. So 100 million rupiah is my portion as project leader.

That is the portion for the project leader. So every official tries to be the one appointed as project leader. The other day I was transferred from the Bureau of Administration to the Bureau of Material Supplies and Maintenance. This bureau is equivalent to the Centrale Bevoorrading Landsmagazijnen (CBL) in the Dutch period. Now it has been Indonesianized as a government agency. The former CBL was also government owned. So each residency had a branch. All goods were sent to the central CBL in Hollandia, which would then distribute them to all the regions.

The regions had to be accountable to the centre. But it is not that way today. Now it has become a bureau that functions independently. So, in fact, the Bureau of Supplies should be unified with the Bureau of Finance because it is concerned with money and goods.

If I look at the present system of government in this province up to now, if the province were to be divided into two provinces, that would be fine. Only the bureaucratic system should be changed. If it were truly a special autonomous region, it would be constructed as it was before in Dutch times, with eight offices or departments, namely: the Finance Department, Department of Economic Affairs, Department of Home Affairs, Department of Education and Cultural Affairs, Department of Health, Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, Department of Transport and Water, and Department of Public Works. That would be enough; there should not be too many agencies, which would be troublesome. It should be seen in terms of the size of the population of Papua, so that the division of work can be evenly distributed. And that could make the people prosperous. But if there are too many departments, then where do you bring the people from to work in them?

Just one province would be fine too. But if you want to ensure the welfare of all Papuans, only one more province should be added, that is it! It would be a hassle if there were three provinces. Has the central government given that any thought? Actually, they must reopen the pages on the history of this land. Before, in the time when the Dutch were here, everything ran well. But do not forget religion; religion is a must! Because

what drives it all is a good spirit. Because if it is driven by an evil spirit,
we all get confused.

Clearing an airfield with wooden logs

Florenz Imbiri

It was by using only wooden logs to pound the earth firm and smooth that we managed to clear the airfield in Moanemani, Wisselmeren (present day Paniai). Without the aid of machines and heavy equipment, the work took eight months' time to complete. All the adult residents of the villages around Moanemani, men and women, amounting to approximately six thousand people, joined in to help. They were given their choice of payment: in money or in beads. Yet many of them preferred beads. 'We prefer beads. Just pay us in beads', is how they asked for their wages. A few members of the community were familiar with money, and they asked to be paid in money.

Thus, in that way, they worked with pleasure. Aside from the airfield, we also worked on a whole network of roads from Moanemani to Obano, then from Waghete to Enarotali, again with the work done by villagers, digging and making roads that could eventually be used for vehicles. So, starting from 1959 they were acquainted with cars and airplanes. They were jubilant about the development and progress they achieved.

Upon graduating from OSIBA in 1957 I took a stance and made the decision to work in the interior. I wanted to be together with communities considered to be extremely underdeveloped at that time. I wanted to contribute the knowledge I had gained to the advancement of the people in the interior so that they too could enjoy progress. We were given time to select places to work. I chose the hinterland, that is, the area of Wisselmeren, at the office of the HPB or head of the administrative sub-division headquartered in Enarotali.

The *controleur* or HPB at the time was Mr. Jan Massink. I was placed under his management as a seconded assistant administrator candidate specifically tasked with making patrols to the villages to bring order, give people an understanding, and encourage them to improve their lives.

And to expedite these objectives and facilitate relations, in 1957-1958 the government of the Wisselmeren sub division planned to clear the roads and airfield. I was appointed to implement the clearing of the airfield in Moanemani. At the time no *kecamatan* or district was established yet, but it was to become a district later and I would be appointed as the district head. The work on creating the airfield received assistance from technical personnel of the Rijkswaterstaat (Department of Waterworks).

The level of education of people in the interior generally only reached elementary school. Then, those considered worthy of further schooling were sent to high schools located outside of Wisselmeren, in places such as Merauke and Hollandia. Generally, in Wisselmeren there were only elementary schools, no high schools yet. The exception was one school run by the Roman Catholic mission in Epouto that educated prospective teachers for the elementary schools in villages in the Wisselmeren area.

It was mainly the missions that managed schools in the interior. So schools in Wisselmeren were run by private agencies – in this context, by the Roman Catholic missions and the Protestant *zending* agency, the Christian and Missionary Alliance (CAMA), today called the Gereja Kemah Injil (Gospel Tabernacle Church). There were not yet any government-run state schools. Indeed, schools throughout Netherlands New Guinea back then tended to be managed by Protestant and Roman Catholic agencies.

THE FIRST PAPUAN TO BECOME CHAIRMAN OF THE DPRD

In 1960, through a government decree, I was transferred to Waropen-Atas, then known as the district of Boven-Waropen. The capital city of the district of Waropen was Wonti. But with the establishment of the new district of Waropen-Atas, the district capital was moved to Barapasi. And there I opened the capital city of Waropen-Atas. Later, during the turbulence surrounding the issue of whether Papua was going to be handed over to Indonesia or become independent, I was appointed as HPB in Serui, and at the same time, served as chairman of the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah (DPRD, Regional Council of People's Representatives) of Yapen-Waropen in Serui. Decree no. 15 of the governor of Netherlands New Guinea stipulated my simultaneous

appointments as chairman of the DPRD of Yapen-Waropen and as HPB for the Yapen-Waropen area.

Thus, in the Dutch period we knew a democratic system. In 1961 the Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council) was established, and then the Streekraden (Regional Councils) on the level of the sub divisions then called *onderafdeling*, now known as *kabupaten* (regency/district), such as Yapen-Waropen. And I was the first Papuan appointed to serve as chairman of the DPRD of Yapen-Waropen. The function of the chairman was to accommodate all that was discussed and all the work programmes decided upon by the council of representatives. Programmes in the region were determined by the DPRD together with the HPB, then implemented by the executive, that is, the HPB and his apparatus. The HPB in Yapen-Waropen was Mr. Meijer. When the changeover occurred, I was appointed to replace Mr. Meijer as HPB of Yapen-Waropen. The functions of the council were to prepare or draft regulations on things that could be done in the region, together with the regional government. Thus, it was to plan work or work programmes for the area concerned. Then to create applicable regulations to take effect in the area, so that the people could carry them out in accord with the will of the people of each region.

DIRECT ELECTIONS

The members of the DPRD were directly elected by the people: first, the villages elected their representatives, and all the representatives of all the villages then elected people they trusted could represent and protect their interests at the DPRD and local government levels. So the members were not elected through political parties, but directly by the people. Because political parties were newly established at that time they did not have much influence on people's choices. So, what is known as democracy truly was implemented directly by the inhabitants of the villages. They chose representatives whom they knew as people they could trust, people who could be expected to accomplish things in the interests of the villagers.

At the provincial level there was the Nieuw-Guinea Raad or Council of People's Representatives of New Guinea. Then, below, at the sub-district level, were the Streekraden or Regional Councils of People's

Representatives. The regions that already had such regional councils at that time were Biak-Numfoor, Yapen-Waropen, Fakfak, Merauke, Manokwari, Dafonsoro of Hollandia, Nimboran and Raja Empat-Sorong. Meanwhile, the regions that had none yet were Nabire, Baliem, Asmat, Mimika, Tanah Merah and Digul.

During the period of international administration by the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA), all the programmes that had been set up by the past government, that is, the Dutch government, had to continue operating. The making of the road network, the airfield in Yapen-Waropen, and several other work programmes previously set up by the Dutch government continued to be carried out by the organizational structure under UNTEA administration as follows: The secretary general of the UN was the person responsible, and under that person was an administrator acting as governor. Below that there was the division commissioner acting as resident, and further below, subdivision commissioners acting as HPBs. Their jobs were to execute the programmes in progress.

In 1960 the opening of the roads and airfield for communications had already begun. The same was true of marine communications, marked by the opening of the Zeevaartschool (Maritime Academy) and the construction of piers. All of that was intended to expedite communication networks. It was expected that once communications were running smoothly, other forms of developments would occur on their own and progress could be made easily.

Later, the atmosphere changed, because on 1 May 1963, based on the New York Agreement, the UNTEA had to hand Papua, along with the Papuan people, over to the Republic of Indonesia. The Indonesian government initiated new programmes and sent many young people to study outside of Irian Barat. That way they could learn to know and love Indonesia.

THE CONSULTATIVE COUNCIL FOR THE ACT OF FREE CHOICE

To elaborate further on the topic of the regional councils: before the Indonesian government took over, these councils had proper democratic authority. This meant that the council would determine what needed to be done, then the local government, as the executive body, would

carry out what the council had discussed and decided. In conjunction with the implementation of the Act of Free Choice (1969), the regional councils ceased to exist, were abolished. With the onset of Indonesian rule, all the councils were abolished with the exception of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad, namely the provincial-level Council of Representatives. In the implementation of the Act of Free Choice it appeared that there were only two councils. That was incompatible with democracy. It was really the Council of Representatives that should have implemented the Act of Free Choice, since it was a body elected by the people. But the Indonesian government instead established the Dewan Musyawarah Penentuan Pendapat Rakyat (Pepera, Consultative Council for the Act of Free Choice), commonly referred to as Dewan Pepera.

In actuality, the function of the UN was to control things until the Act of Free Choice was implemented. But the UN's control function did not continue after the transfer of the administration to Indonesia on 1 May 1963. From that point on, the UN did not maintain control until the implementation of the Act of Free Choice, as per the New York Agreement. It was rather the Indonesian government that held full power.

There was another issue that came up at that time. After Indonesia took over the rule of Papua, Indonesia became embroiled in a confrontation with Malaysia. The confrontation with Malaysia raised objections from the British government. Then Indonesia declared it was withdrawing from the UN in 1965. They withdrew from the UN, so the control function of the UN was no longer in effect. The Indonesian government was not part of the UN from 1965 to 1970. It was only after the Act of Free Choice was over that Indonesia was reinstated a member of the UN. So, during the intervening period, Indonesia was fully entitled to act as it did. Because it was not a member of the UN, it could not be controlled by the UN. As a result, the implementation of the Act of Free Choice was not done in accordance with the terms determined by the UN in the New York Agreement. The Indonesians regulated things themselves. They formed two types of council – the Regional Council of People's Representatives or DPRD for governance, and the Dewan-dewan Pepera or consultative councils, for the Act of Free Choice. Well, this was not in accord with the democratic principles set forth in the New York Agreement.

If they had wanted to do it democratically, then the DPRD should have been the body to implement the Act of Free Choice. But because the Indonesian government formed a different body for this, the DPRD was not functional. The Consultative Council for the Act of Free Choice determined that the referendum would not be carried out based on the principle of “one man one vote”, but rather through deliberation and consensus. Then it was decided to form councils to implement the Act of Free Choice. The *streekraden* had been dissolved; the Provincial Council of People’s Representatives was bypassed; and the implementation of the Act of Free Choice was left to the councils formed specifically for the Act of Free Choice. This was undemocratic!

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

A few major provisions were regulated under the New York Agreement. The first was that the handover of authority over Irian Jaya (then called West Nieuw-Guinea) to the Republic of Indonesia would go through the international agency of the UNTEA. Second: there were basic provisions regarding what was to be exercised by the Papuan people with the acknowledgement of Indonesia and the UN, namely, the right to self-determination. The act of self-determination was to be carried out in 1969. The terms of the New York Agreement stated that all adults – every adult Papuan or New Guinean, also known as Irianese at that time – must vote. Everyone should be able to vote.

But the implementation was not in accord with the stipulations of the New York Agreement. The right to self-determination was exercised only through a sort of committee or council. Well, the council was not representative of all Papuan adults. At the time of implementation, only a few people were selected, a handful of people who did not represent all the people of Papua. Rather, those selected were people whose desires to remain associated with Indonesia were already known, or those who had fought for Indonesia. Since they were the ones picked to serve as members of the Dewan Musyawarah Pemilihan (DMP, Election Consultative Council), the right to self-determination was never carried out as stipulated in the New York Agreement. There was no ‘one man one vote’ election. So what was written in the New York Agreement was not fulfilled. The ‘one man one vote’ principle was not applied.

These conditions also affected the implementation of government tasks. Why was it that formerly (in the Dutch government period) elections could be carried out in a democratic manner, but not now? This was confusing. So the people of Papua asked: ‘If the established election rules are so good, why change them?’ The changes in method stunted the process of democratic growth. So the election process was carried out according to the wishes of the government of the Republic of Indonesia, not according to principles of democracy or the will of the Papuan people.

These questions have continued to influence things until now. Today people are still trying to find out why it was that a free election could not be conducted. After the implementation of the Act of Free Choice, yes, it might be said that the Irianese or Papuans were forced to join Indonesia. In the early years that was an issue, because Papuans were not yet properly familiar with the Indonesian government. Gradually, there has been a transfer of responsibility from Indonesia to the Papuan people since then, but it has not worked as well as it should, which has made the people of Papua indecisive and confused. They ask: ‘Why must it be like this?’

This is because, first of all, the Dutch had left Papua in good condition. But then the officials from Indonesia came along. In the economic arena, the goods in the shops were taken away to Indonesia, emptying the shops. So Papuans asked: ‘How can this be; why are shops that were once full of goods now empty?’ This experience left an imprint on the hearts of the Papuan people.

Second, when the uprising of the Communist Party of Indonesia occurred, a great many people were killed without following any rules. The Papuans asked: ‘Why is that?’ They said that our incorporation into Indonesia would bring us good, but in reality that was not the case. So Papuans wondered: ‘Why?’

Third, after that came an authoritarian government that severely restricted the freedom of the Papuan people. These were the circumstances that drove the Papuans to establish the Organisasi Papua Merdeka (OPM, Free Papua Movement) – something that was strictly forbidden by the Indonesian government. So conditions in society were disturbed. Disturbed and deferred! What had once run so well suddenly changed. And the people asked: ‘Why is that?’ The authoritarian government prevented people from speaking out freely. Democracy was suppressed. If

a Papuan spoke out even a bit, the government said: ‘Well, he’s with the OPM, which is anti-government!’ Because they were deemed to be opposing the Indonesian government, many were arrested and many were killed. Some were imprisoned for many years. Some were imprisoned until they died in prison. That is the reality! That is the political side.

Fourth, on the economic side of things, big business entrepreneurs came from Jakarta and took ownership of Papuan *adat* lands. They completely cut down the tropical forests in Papua, and the money earned was not used to develop Papua, but taken to Jakarta. The *adat* lands belonged to the Papuan people. Yet when the people wanted to go to their *adat* lands to cultivate gardens, hunt, and look for food, they were stopped by the entrepreneurs, who had the support of the military and told the Papuans: ‘You are no longer entitled to this, it is the right of the entrepreneur.’ This put pressure on the Papuans, so they asked: ‘Why is this? It is we who live here; it is we who own this land; how can we be restricted like this?’ So the freedom of the people to work their own lands was restricted or waived. ‘It is not allowed, you are not allowed to make a move.’ Land became someone else’s property, it now belonged to the entrepreneurs.

Fifth, in the recruitment of government employees, or employees in the business world, not many Papuans were hired. Very few Papuans were hired as office employees, whether in government or private sector offices. Well, this made the Papuans ask: ‘Why is this?’ In the recruiting process they did not look at the educational qualifications of the job applicant, but rather, advanced their own interests and those of their families first. In the process of hiring employees, whether in local government or the business world, opportunities for Papuans were extremely limited. The restrictions were imposed by non-Papuans. In the field of civil service appointments, non-Papuans knew the dates and months for the appointment of new employees in advance. So they sent this news to their families living in Java, Sumatra, Sulawesi, and elsewhere. They let their families know as an attempt to ensure that their relatives in Papua could secure jobs as officials. They asked their relatives to contact the personnel divisions of the departments concerned in Jakarta, so their relatives in Papua could be hired as civil servants. Thus, the Papuan sons and daughters who applied each year were always sidelined and did not make the quotas for civil servants.

Thus, many Papuans were unemployed, and they asked: ‘How is it; this is my region isn’t it?’ This saddened and disheartened the Papuans.

They compared their circumstances with those in Makassar. There, if you went into the offices, everyone was Makassarese. There was no mix. The same was true in Java; if you went into the offices, everyone was Javanese. But here, it was not the Papuans who were more numerous, but the newcomers, whether in the government or in the business world.

Conditions like these saddened Papuans and made them ask: 'Why?' Indonesians claimed that they and the Papuans were one nation, but the day-to-day reality was not like that. You could read the feelings of dissatisfaction on Papuan faces, which showed no joy. They were apathetic and kept silent.

It was the same in other fields, for instance, the military. In the 37 years that Papuans have been under Indonesian rule, not many Papuans have served as high-ranking officers in the military. They are just regular soldiers, but there are not so many of these either. This raises a question for Papuans. Is there discrimination, such that not many Papuans can become high-ranking officers, such as a general? Up to now only three Papuans have ever attained the rank of general in the Indonesian Armed Forces (ABRI). And the same is true in other fields, too. The things that Papuans hope for or desire are still very far from being fulfilled, that is, their desire to progress and to enjoy the progress just as people in other areas in Indonesia do.

THE FIRST MAYOR OF JAYAPURA

In order to improve job performance, opportunities were opened for staff who were already employed as well as for young people to pursue continuing education in Java. Together with several friends, I was delegated by the local government to attend studies in the field of government administration, at the Academy for Domestic Government (APDN) in Malang.

After completing my studies at the APDN, I returned to my duties in Biak. And in Biak I was appointed as the head of the *Bagian Umum dan Pembangunan* (Division of Public Affairs and Development) to carry out government duties in the *kabupaten* of Biak-Numfor for three years. After that, I was assigned to return to attending studies at the Institut Ilmu Pemerintahan (IIP, Institute of Government Studies) in Malang for three years. And following completion of those studies in 1973, I returned to

Irian Jaya and worked at the office of the governor of Jayapura as an official of the Regional Secretariat of the province of Irian Jaya for a year.

In 1974 I moved from Jayapura to Biak. I held the position of *sekwidla* (regional secretary) of Biak-Numfor for five years. Then, at the beginning of 1979 I was appointed by the governor to work at the Biro Pemerintahan (Administrative Bureau) in Jayapura, and served as the deputy head of the Bureau of Administration at the office of the governor of Irian Jaya for six months. Then, in September 1979 I was appointed as the first mayor of Jayapura.

Up until then, in the history of governance of Papua, no administrative city or municipal-level government had ever been established. The first time one was established in Irian Jaya was in 1979, and I was appointed to serve as the mayor for the administrative city of Jayapura. I held that position for ten years. And in those ten years we prepared all the existing facilities – first, office facilities, and then the employees and financial resources necessary to finance the administration. Then the status of the city was changed to that of a *kota madya* (municipality). Being a municipality meant having its own Council of Representatives. The whole process took a fairly long time – ten years – but it formed the embryo for the subsequent development of Jayapura municipality today.

At that time there was collaboration among the municipalities in Indonesia. There was also some collaboration with foreign municipalities, albeit limited in frequency. It was limited because the political situation and state of governance at the time was authoritarian. So local governments did not have the freedom to engage in relations with similar levels of government abroad. Now that, with further development, a democratic government has begun to appear, better possibilities will open for local governments to build more open, cooperative relationships with local governments abroad. Possibilities for that will open once the state passes new laws and regulations giving broad autonomy to the regions.

I prepared the city of Jayapura to be an administrative city and later, a municipality. But time kept moving on. I was getting older and approaching retirement age. So in 1989 I ended my term of service as the mayor of Jayapura and retired. All of my tasks and responsibilities were handed over to subsequent officials to build the city of Jayapura, which is now well-developed and expected to become even better in times to come.

ACTIVITIES AFTER RETIREMENT

For me, the time of retirement or no longer being actively employed was not an impediment, not a time to do nothing. I felt I could probably contribute my thoughts or something that was not tangible, but could be felt by the community and by the Papuan people here. During my retirement I was aware of the existing reality, that there were still so many efforts that Papuans still had to make in order to move forward. Because of the experiences and events I have mentioned above, such as the Indonesian Communist Party rebellion, and the authoritarian government regime, the situation in Papua had worsened. The community had been put under pressure, rendered nearly powerless to speak, unable to confront anything.

In recent times, that is, in the past two years, the Indonesian government situation has changed. It appears that the authoritarian government is not wanted anymore. During the authoritarian government period, many things were controlled by personnel who were mostly from the military, which put pressures on the community, so people were not free to do much. Those were the circumstances that made society rise up to change the situation, in the reform period now known as *Reformasi*.

Reformasi has brought about changes in the government. Democracy has begun to emerge, meaning that the people are becoming involved in the governance process. In the *Reformasi* world, the people have begun to move forward. The former system of governance in Indonesia – which was run by only three political parties and one military element, so that there were only four socio-political groups in the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat (DPR, Provincial House of People's Representatives) – has been revoked, and many new parties have formed. In the general election in 1999, democracy was truly implemented, and it was accompanied by more than three political parties.

That is what has made it possible for many people who formerly wanted to do something for society to act; now they are able to get into political parties for the people to elect, and become members of the DPR. I myself was elected to be a member of a newly formed political party, namely, the Partai Demokrasi Kasih Bangsa (PDKB, Love the Nation Democratic Party), which ranked third among the existing political parties in the number of votes it received. There are 11 political parties in Papua, and the one that ranked third was the PDKB.

The PDKB has a tripartite vision and mission, or three main programmes regarding what we should struggle for in the process of democracy and governance. The first concerns human rights violations. This has not only to do with the killings, but also with the right to speak, the right to express opinions, the right to live and other rights that constitute the first programme this party stands for. The second concerns the natural environment, how to conserve the environment well, not only for the present generation but also for future generations. The third is democracy. Up to now democracy has been put under pressure by the government and the rulers. But the PDKB calls for a democracy that is truly implemented by everyone, so that good governance can be attained and everyone is allowed to speak and express their views in a democratic manner in the interests of all people. Those are the three basic programmes of the PDKB.

In the DPRD, there are six commissions, namely, the A Commission, B Commission, C Commission, D Commission, E Commission and F Commission. In the course of the distribution of tasks, as a member of the DPRD I became a member of the E Commission (public welfare). This Public Welfare Commission has the duty to absorb, listen to and negotiate with parties who look after religion, health, education, labour, the role of women and women's affairs, youth affairs, sports and family planning. Those are the duties of the E Commission. It works in all these areas to provide welfare to the community, so people can live good and decent lives as human beings.

The DPR of the province of Irian Jaya or Papua consists of 45 members, including a chairperson and three deputy chairpersons. The parties making up the provincial DPR in 1999 are: 1. Partai Golongan Karya (Golkar, Party of the Functional Groups), 2. Partai Demokrasi Indonesia Perjuangan (PDIP, Indonesian Democratic Party of Struggle), 3. Partai Demokrasi Kasih Bangsa (PDKB, Love the Nation Democratic Party), 4. Partai Demokrasi Indonesia (PDI, Indonesian Democratic Party), 5. Partai Kristen Nasional (PKN, National Christian Party), 6. Partai Katolik Demokrat (PKD, Democratic Catholic Party), 7. Partai Persatuan Pembangunan (PPP, United Development Party), 8. Partai Bulan Bintang (PBB, Crescent Star Party), 9. Partai Amanat Nasional (PAN, National Mandate Party), 10. Partai Kebangkitan Bangsa (PKB, National Awakening Party), 11. Partai Daulat Rakyat (PDR, People's Sovereignty Party), and 12. Partai Tentara Nasional Indonesia dan Polisi (Indonesian National Army and Police Party).

SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON THE NAME OF PAPUA

Because it is the will of the people of Papua that the name Irian Jaya be changed to Papua, the name Papua is being legally processed to obtain a government decree. And to this end, the DPRD has formed a special committee, called the Special Committee to Change the Name of Irian Jaya to Papua. And this special committee has entrusted me as its chairman to prepare the report to be submitted to a parliamentary session (DPRD Level I) to determine the name of Papua. This process is expected to happen in August 2000. Then the DPRD will issue a decision that will be in turn submitted to the central government, which will issue a government ordinance on the change of the name Irian Jaya to Papua.

Why does the name Irian Jaya need to be replaced? It is because up until now, the name of Papua has been changed over and over again according to the taste of each government and its officials. Whereas Papua is the original name of the land and people of Papua. For many years, the Papua name has not been used because of political interventions by various nations and outside influences. But now the Papuans themselves understand and realize that this is our original name. Now Papuans want the name Papua to be restored. It is expected that this coming August, the name Papua will be definitely and publicly used, both by Papuans as well as by the whole Indonesian and world community, as the original name of the land and people of Papua.

Regarding autonomy for the region of Irian Jaya, the Indonesian government has taken a stand to increase the autonomy of Irian Jaya. Laws on autonomy were created in 1969, but autonomy did not operate; it was not carried out as it should have been. Now the Indonesian government wants to create one law on autonomy, so that autonomy can be implemented as well as possible for Papua along with other provinces. To Papua, special autonomy will be granted. Under special autonomy, arrangements will be made regarding the special characteristics and circumstances of the Papuan people. With autonomy it is expected that the government will run better. Under autonomy arrangements will also be made around the budget and finances for the Papuan region. Up to now, the budget has been determined by the central government. So it has remained for the regions to accept whatever amount is given to them. But hopefully, with the upcoming autonomy laws, it will be the regions that determine the size of the budget needed to meet local needs.

Papua, with its existing potential, is the most highly productive region in Indonesia. For one thing, the mining company in Tembagapura is the company that provides the largest amount of money to the Republic of Indonesia. But of the money that the riches of Irian Jaya provide to the central government, only a very small amount is allotted for Papua and its people. Now, once autonomy is up and running, it is expected that the finances for Irian Jaya will change; revenues will be divided up with 20 percent for the central government and 80 percent for the regional government. Up to now the division has been 95 percent for the centre and five percent for the region. This is what has prevented Papuans from enjoying much progress. The DPRD will struggle with the central government to ensure that the division of finances is set at 80 percent for the region and 20 percent for the centre. In the laws on special autonomy, it must be stipulated that regional finances should be organized that way. There are hopes that finances for the region will change starting from the coming year onwards, so that the people can advance, to move forward better than ever before.

Corpse eating and an illicit cult

Lambert Marani

The child's body was buried. But what I found curious was that the grave was not as deep as usual. Three days later, my curiosity was answered. These inland people dug up the grave again, retrieved the body, cut it up and then brought it into the forest. In the woods they cooked some of the flesh and ate it with leaves. Other flesh was wrapped with *goraka* (ginger root), bark and leaves, then discarded in another village.

Apparently this was a ritual which, according to local beliefs, could conjure a *suangi* (evil ghost). The intention of dumping the remaining pieces of the corpse in the other village was to get the *suangi* to kill the people of that village. This incident took place in kampung Boven-Tor, in Sarmi sub-division. As head of the district, I was angered to see all this. It was an act against God. I told the police to arrest those people, then I beat them with a rattan cane until the cane fell apart.

I then sent a single side band radio message to the HPB of Sarmi, Eduard van Voskuylen, whereupon he sent two Johnson motorboats and took the people to Sarmi to be put on trial. Those who received light sentences stayed in Sarmi; those who received heavy sentences were brought to Hollandia to serve their time there.

That was one of the interesting experiences I had while serving as a civil servant in the Papuan hinterlands after graduating from OSIBA. Another interesting experience was when I encountered a community that followed the *kasiep* sect, an illicit cult from Ormu that later spread to Genyem, Nimboran and Unurum. In this cult they sometimes swapped wives with each other. At the time I was serving as the district head of Unurum.

One morning around five, the whole village was dead quiet. I wondered what was going on. Why was the village so quiet? Where were the villagers? Another morning, because my house was by the roadside,

I heard the voices of people walking. ‘Where were they going?’ I wondered. I became curious to find out more.

The next morning I stood guard again, and when I heard the voices I looked out and saw men and women walking in a certain direction. I followed them. It turned out they were going somewhere and swapping wives with one another. I then went to see the *ondoafi* (traditional leader) and asked him for an explanation.

As an important person in the village, the *ondoafi* would be sure to know what it was about. The *ondoafi* – who was handicapped, so that when he walked he had to be supported by both arms – then told me everything. To express my thanks I later gave him some contact goods – such as machetes, axes, trousers, cloth, and blankets. These materials had indeed been provided by the government to the administrators to facilitate relations with the communities in the interior.

After that I composed a letter and sent a messenger to bring it to the HPB in Genyem. I told the messenger: ‘Wait until the police from Base G arrive in Genyem, only then will you leave to come here together’. The police (mobile brigade) came and they were all brought to Genyem. Those who received heavy sentences were then brought to Hollandia, while the ones with light sentences stayed in Genyem.

The followers of the *kasiep* sect did not worship the gods or praise the Lord. Nor did they sing and beat drums or gongs to worship God. They stole into houses quietly because they had evil intentions. The sect could enter and flourish in the interior because the people of the interior imitated their relatives who lived on the coast. When people from Genyem went to see family members who lived in Hollandia, or people from Ormu met family members in Sentani, they heard or were told about the sect. On returning home to their villages in the interior they did it there. These things were forbidden by the government because they were crimes. But the good habits of the community were still permitted.

HAPPY TO BE A CIVIL SERVANT

My decision to become a *bestuursambtenaar* (employee of the civil service) was based on none other than my desire to know the cultures and ways of life of the Papuan nation, both on the coasts and in the mountains

in the interior. And because it would be possible for me to develop the people to make them good; to turn primitive people into a group capable of implementing government in Papua.

I was placed in the Hollandia interior, that is, the area of Genyem-Nimboran. The first thing we did as civil servants pertained to the cleanliness of the community. They had to learn to take care of their health, and see that the development of the villages was in their own interests. We developed them and by and by it appeared that those who once led primitive lives became human beings who could live well. That was the purpose of what we did. And to this day, the district of Unurum that I formerly managed has been good. They have come out of the forests into the villages.

Following a government decree, I was transferred from Hollandia to Unurum district. When I began doing my job there, I had to mingle a lot with the community. And I often visited the villages to get to know the people well and develop them to make good villages, good housing, and good lives. Eventually they recognized that their former lives were not good, and their new lives were better. In the end they wanted to follow the guidance we gave them.

They lived well. They no longer made war. They were not hostile to government officials in the district. There were no police there, only me acting as an administrator. But I could develop the community well, so that tribal warfare has not recurred to this day. From the time of the Dutch government to this day there have been no tribal wars, there have been no hostilities.

From Unurum district I was transferred to Nimboran to serve as the district head of Nimboran. While I was posted in Nimboran, all the communities were well behaved since they had been developed for a long time. The first HPB there was W.J.H. Kouwenhoven. He was the first person to open up Nimboran. During the time I served there from 1958 to 1961, I went all around Nimboran as far as Kemtuk Gressi. The people lived well. There were no wars because they were frank with one another. Whatever they felt, they discussed openly. When problems arose, they were always settled according to *adat* law with the village heads.

THE HILKEMEIJER AFFAIR

When I was transferred to Boven-Tor district (in Sarmi) the incident of the murder of the HPB and engineer, Andreas Hilkemeijer and two police officers took place in Unurum district.¹ These murders were caused by the actions of the chief of police, who had burnt down the residents' houses. The chief of police had ordered the community and two policemen to burn down the houses because, according to them, the houses were unsightly and damaged. The inhabitants became angry.

After burning down the locals' houses, they headed for Urmerem to overnight there. The angry residents made a plan to get revenge. They waited on the road. HPB Hilkemeijer ordered the porters to walk ahead while he and the two policemen followed behind. The villagers intercepted and then slaughtered first, the policemen and then, the HPB, who was stabbed from behind. That was the sequence of events.

As long as I had been working there, nothing like that had ever happened before. I did what I could, working together with the community to dismantle the houses and build new ones. Yes, using our own ideas and available resources we were able to develop the community. We improved the cleanliness of the villages. When public health was disrupted, I went down to Genyem to fetch a doctor and we went into the forests to help people, Dr. Romijn and Dr. Kranendonk among others. It was the duty of the Health Department to assist with public health. It was my job while I served in Unurum. So from the time I began working in Unurum until I moved to Nimboran, the community was in good condition. No one was hostile towards me. There was no inter-village warfare. It was all good. And during the time I served in Unurum, I was instructed to build an airfield in Lereh, which has been used from the Dutch period until the Indonesian period today.

Those who helped with the construction of the airfield were the people of the interior themselves. The simple tools sent by the government, such as hoes, shovels, carrying poles, axes, and cross-cut saws, were air-dropped by plane because the aircraft could not really land yet.

The people there worked, and I paid them every two weeks. I had been given funds to build the airfield. And I was also instructed to open a government store. Goods for the store were dropped by airplane.

¹ Compare this (hearsay) version of the story told in greater depth and detail by Bockorsjom in Chapter I of this volume.

The people received their money and then shopped at the store. I opened the store after work hours, and in the evenings they came with their money to shop. So I received the money back, and every two weeks I sent the money, which was picked up by helicopter, to the Department of Home Affairs, or DBZ. Then I went down to the city to shop. The people worked without the use of modern equipment. They were divided into two groups, one that worked from six in the morning until two in the afternoon, and another that worked from two in the afternoon until six in the evening. There was no heavy equipment like a bulldozer. The airfield is still in use today.

GOSPEL TEACHERS

During the time I was in charge there were no schools there. There were only gospel teachers who preached God's commandments. The people knew the alphabet because it was taught by these preachers. And we helped them with carpentry materials such as saws, planes, and nails to make boards. The gospel teachers did not open schools but gathered the children they could gather together, then taught them in the teachers' homes.

From the time I was posted there until I was transferred to Nimboran there were still no schools yet. While on duty in Nimboran, I wandered over to the district of Kemtuk Gressi. That all went well. The HPBs who served there during that time were Mr. Kees Lagerberg, Mr. Max Lapré, Dr. Pim Schoorl, Mr. Jaap Thooft and finally, Andreas Hilkemeijer. He was the last one I knew, because after that I was transferred to Sentani.

Every Sunday everyone went to church. Compassionate ways of living began to appear while I was there. When people killed a pig, or harvested a garden, they shared it to eat together. In Nimboran there were two churches, namely, GKI (the Indonesian Christian Church) and the Pentacostal Church. And there were churches in Tor, namely, GKI and the Adventist Church. There were no religions aside from that.

In Papua, from the beginning up to now, there have never been any inter-religious quarrels. At that time, a sense of unity was already visible among GKI and the Pentacostal, Catholic and Adventist churches, except for the Jehova's Witnesses, who were stigmatized and forbidden by the government. Everything was fine among the others. Mail deliv-

ery to the villages was the responsibility of the Binnenlands Bestuur, in this case, the *postbeambte* (postman). He received the mail and waited for messengers from the district or sub-district who came to pick it up and distribute the letters without payment. The messengers from the HPB or the district office were responsible. The ones who took care of all this were the civil servants. They distributed all the letters to the respective addresses. Deliveries were made on foot, without vehicles.

Meanwhile, the health services provided by paramedics in Dutch times made the people happier. They were all the more welcome because they were so faithful in performing their duties. Yes, faithful! They came around every month. They were sent by a sub-division hospital, such as the one in Genyem. From the hospital in Genyem the paramedic made the rounds of the existing villages in the district. He walked around and if he saw someone who was sick, he served the person by giving the person an injection or medicine. The same was true in Unurum district. So they acted without orders, because they had a schedule to follow: on such and such a date they had to go. They did not use a plane, or a car, but travelled on foot.

The medicines were carried by hired people. The paramedic received *toerneegeld* (patrol money) that he had to pay the medicine bearers. The paramedic paid them upon completing the patrol and returning to Genyem. 'This is your due', he would say. These fees made people glad to follow the patrol. No one ever claimed the wage was too low and asked for a raise. The wage that was given was in accordance with the going rates. There was enough food to cook and eat. If they wanted to drink tea, there was tea and sugar; they could just make some and drink it. So if we wanted to go, the locals were happy because we served them well. We bought tobacco and cigarettes for them so they would be happy.

When rural people went to give birth in the forest, it was hard to find them. If they came to give birth at the hospital, they were served. But the ones in the forest were served by old women with experience in the villages. Nowadays the term used is traditional birth attendants, or midwives. They were not educated, they were not nurses, but they had the experience to help people.

Each district was generally served by only one paramedic. Whereas in the case of the midwives, as far as I know, in Genyem there were only two midwives. The midwives did not circulate to the villages, only the

paramedics. In Unurum there was a paramedic; he walked on foot to visit the villages.

I made two- and three-week patrols; there were enough provisions for two or three weeks. My things were carried by porters, and they were paid. I had to pay them because I had received travel expense money.

GUIDING PILOTS BY SSB

To assist pilots in landing aircraft in the outback, we followed instructions from the Air Transportation Office in Hollandia. We had to observe the field situation. The best directions for the field to be positioned in were north-south or east-west. That was good because we had been given a compass. We looked at the sky. The patrols usually brought along a compass to confirm that north was here, south there, west there, and which way was east. You had to avoid making an airfield that complicated the landing of an aircraft, flanked by mountains here, mountains there. How could a plane hope to land? It had to be figured out properly!

To create an airfield, trees were not felled, but people had to dig up the ground and cut out all the roots in the earth, so the trees would be uprooted on their own. Only after that were the trees sawed. Giant trees were similarly dug up and their roots cut. Since there was no bulldozer, all the roots were dug up and cut, so the weight of the tree with all its branches and leaves would topple it. This was easier than felling the trees, and digging up their roots afterwards.

If a plane was to come in, there had to be news in advance through a single sideband (SSB) transmitter. From the SSB, which was a portable radio, we knew an aircraft was coming. The SSB ran on storage batteries. In the mornings the battery was run and the SSB turned on to catch news from Sentani about incoming airplanes. Once we knew, we would speak to the pilot: 'What time do you fly? If it's at such and such a time, then fly in from this side with a view to the direction of the wind and clouds.'

CIVIL REGISTRY

As district head I was also appointed to serve as 'extraordinary registrar'. That was one of the district head's responsibilities. If someone wanted

to get married, we had to register it first. After registration, we had to wait. An announcement had to be made up to three times at the church, lest the woman was already engaged to someone else. Did the parents of the bride and groom have any objections? There should be no parties with objections.

If, after three announcements at church, no one raised any objections, only then could the marriage proceed to the civil registry. After the marriage at the Civil Registry Office was done, only then could they go to the church to be wed. When I was the district head of South Yapen, I also doubled as the extraordinary registrar. The Chinese and Dutch were that way too. Everyone was subject to the regulations. But if you did not marry there and wanted to marry in Hollandia, you could go for a break to Hollandia and get married there.

It might turn out that the woman was already married, that she had been kidnapped or stolen by another. What happened next depended on her husband and family: if they wanted to press charges with the police, then the police would bring them to the *Landschapsrechtbank* (Regional Court), where the *Wetboek van Strafrecht* (Penal Code) or *Burgerlijk Wetboek* (Civil Code) was in effect. But if the parents did not complain to the police, they settled the case themselves according to *adat* law.

According to *adat* law, they had to pay a fine, and the case was settled. There was no indictment, such as that the person had to be beaten this many times, or punished like this. Once the fine was paid, the case was closed. The fine took the form of property. These are some aspects of working as an administrator in the Dutch period.

THE UNTEA TRANSITION

At the time of the transition of the government from the Dutch to the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA), I was transferred from the district of Boven-Tor to Sentani to replace the district head, Mr. J.D. Donker. Yes, it was a real surprise to see the UN come in. But we just took it easy. We watched the UN enter with Gurka troops from Pakistan – the UN forces seconded to provide security in Papua. When they arrived the situation was secure. Only after the UN came in, then the Indonesian military forces arrived. After Indonesia came in with its forces, well, this, in our view, was difficult. They were serving here, and

some were honorary workers, but when they wanted to go home, they bought up all the goods left by the Dutch in the shops. The stores looked more and more empty. Fabrics, tape recorders, all kinds of goods got sold out. We saw that, oh, this was dangerous, eventually we were no longer getting our share. So we were disappointed indeed! Everyone, the whole nation of Papua, was truly frustrated. After the UN surrendered governance to Indonesia, this brought even more bitterness for us Papuans!

All the more so for those of us who were government employees, former employees of the Dutch. After they came in, then made a decree (*surat keputusan* in the Indonesian language) yes, that we were demoted. Our salary scales also went down; it was a hassle for us. It was incomparable to the Dutch period. Later, from 1965 onward until 1969 we had difficulty shopping to meet our needs. Sugar was hard to come by, rice was hard to come by, finding towels was hard, finding clothing was hard. As for the shops left behind by the Dutch, that is, the Chinese stores that had operated in the Dutch period, none of them stayed open. All of them were shut down because they had no goods to sell. There were no imported goods. Everything society needed came to a halt. It was also difficult to buy cloth for women's clothes. We had to explain this to the public since this was also the responsibility of a government official.

It took quite a long time for the situation to improve. Although not that many goods came in, the prices kept rising. And there were few goods, so whoever moved fast, could buy, whoever moved slowly got nothing. Whereas the needs were pressing. Many Papuans needed things. But if they were late, they could not get any. All goods were imported through Irian Bhakti, the former Nieuw-Guinea Import & Export Maatschappij (NIGIMIJ). There was only one company, that is all.

And I should explain here that in Dutch times, NIGIMIJ was a company that imported goods into Papua. And the prices were set by the Department of Economics. The Chinese could not toy with the prices. After Indonesia came in they toyed with the prices of goods, because this shop here set a different price, that store there would set yet another price. There were no announcements through the Department of Economics.

Nowadays, it is really properly organized. But if we compare the prices of goods in Dutch times with the prices of goods later on, there is a difference. We can see the vending stalls from here. Previously, there

was only the Tjoh store. Now, this store appears, that store appears, that stall, this stall. And their prices are far different from each other, and far more expensive. Ah, these are difference that we Papuans have experienced and felt.

REGIONAL COUNCILS

After the Dutch left, all the councils were dissolved from 1963 and 1964 onwards. The Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council) and its membership were dissolved. Streekraad Dafonsoro, the Regional Council, also disappeared. No one was managing it any longer. Moreover, nobody knew the whereabouts of their property and equipment, such as trucks and rollers.

What I do know is that up until that time, the Nieuw-Guinea Raad still existed in Hollandia. There was a regional council, Streekraad Dafonsoro, here. And there was the role of the district head. The Regional Council required land, for plantations, which was processed with the land-leveling equipment owned by the council. There were regional councils back then in Hollandia and Teminabuan, as well as in Biak, Nabire, and Serui.

The Dafonsoro Regional Council endeavoured to ensure that community needs could be met. It provided opportunities to the local residents to open large-scale plantations. Then it helped out with ploughing tools to open the fields to be planted. Payment to the council for the ploughing machinery was calculated starting from the time it left the parking lot to the time it was brought back to the parking lot – the total number of hours. This was the leasing system the council used. The same applied to trucks. If you had to lease one, you could just go and lease it. All the money was paid to the Dafonsoro treasurer. So, during the time I served in Sentani, the council was active. After I moved, I noted that eventually, the government was no longer helping, and it disappeared.

After the transfer of government with the UN, everything fell silent, the council did not receive a subsidy anymore. The council did not have its own budget. So everything stopped, even though if the government had continued to help at that time, the Sentani area would be more advanced today.

As for democracy, well, after Indonesia took over, everything constantly being touted on the radio, all things democratic, ceased to exist in the Indonesian period. It was hard for us! We were under pressure. If we talked about democracy, we were branded as OPM, members of the Free Papua Movement. This is what bothered us! As Bapak Imbiri recently said: ‘Whenever voices were raised even a bit, they said you were OPM; whatever it was you said, OPM.’ That really saddened us Papuans!

Regarding the determination of our stance: in accordance with the New York agreement, an election was to take place in 1969. Indonesia designated the People’s Consultative Council for the vote: to enter Indonesia or seek independence. Throughout this whole process not a single civil servant was functioning! Everything was arranged by the Indonesians themselves. Not a single Papuan played a role in its stewardship. In fact, all the people who were selected, so many people per district, were people who were certain to be pro white and red. They were pre-determined from the start! Whereas people should have been registered in each district – for example, in Nabire, all adult citizens who were entitled to vote should have been registered there first. There was none of that!

Yes, so none of us knew a thing. At the time I was the deputy regent in Serui. We had no idea anyone had left. Because of that, it was an election that was held with people appointed by Jakarta. They asked only for the information: was the person pro white and red or not? Whoever was ‘pro’, his name was noted, and he later got summoned and sent to Biak. That is why we said the Act of Free Choice (1969) was legally defective! To this day the charge still stands: legally defective!

According to the National Party, it should have been implemented by registering all Papuans, then everyone would vote using a polling card, which each person would fill out: to be independent or join Indonesia. Not at all! We did not know! Those who participated came to only 1,026 people.

ELECTIONS IN THE DUTCH ERA

Civil servants did not take part in the election process, just as in the time when the New Guinea Council and the regional councils, such as

Streekraad Dafonsoro, were formed. But during the elections of voters' representatives for the New Guinea Council, the civil servants really did perform a function. At that time I was a seconded administrator. I was ordered by HPB Lagerberg of Genyem to go down to Demta to register all the residents who were 18 years and over to choose voters' representatives who would then select the members of the New Guinea Council. That is what I know, that the administration took part in the process. In the Indonesian period that did not happen.

Yes, we registered those who were 18 years of age and up and already had a family. We registered people, starting from Demta district, village by village, up to kampung Tarfia, the last village of the district. I compiled the list and submitted it to my friend, Andreas Karma, the district head of Demta; his staff typed it up and I received one copy (a carbon copy) for HPB Lagerberg. And he sent a copy directly to Hollandia for the New Guinea Council.

At that time, it was good, a true democracy. Because a photo of each candidate was posted everywhere to let people know who the candidates were. The photos were posted everywhere, in front of shops, in crowded places, in front of movie theatres. In the case of the villages, the photos were distributed through the district head. He distributed the photos, promoting the candidates objectively, impartially. That was the duty of the administrators in the time of the Dutch, but during the Indonesian Act of Free Choice, we were not functional.

In that time the ones that made nominations were the political parties, for instance, the Partai Nasional (Parna, National Party), Democratische Volks Partij (DVP, Democratic People's Party), and others that nominated candidates. All the parties were involved in the nomination of the members of the New Guinea Council. And each region also put forward their own candidates, particularly in areas where there were no political parties. So the candidates came from two groups, but according to the *districtenstelsel* (district representation system), and the nominations were direct.

The election of the members of the New Guinea Council took place following a 'one man, one vote system'. Take, for example, Mr. J.O. de Rijke, a lawyer in Hollandia. He was a Dutchman who was a candidate and was also elected. I still remember the other candidates too, such as Reverend Hermanus Mori Muzendi. He did not succeed in being elected, because Mr. de Rijke got more votes. It might seem strange for

Papuans not to choose a Papuan but a Dutchman. Yet it happened. So be it, Reverend Hermanus Mori-Muzendi made a gracious retreat. It was a matter of trust, so Mori Muzendi (the Papuan) stepped down, and de Rijke (the Dutchman) stepped up. He was elected because he had won people's trust. Not like today.

Finally, reflecting on the Dutch period, my interactions with my fellow administrative officers were just fine. We were all bachelors. When I served in Genyem, I too was single and we were all very good friends. Among others there were Ligtvoet, den Hoed, Donker, and many more, but I forget their names. We drank beer together. We went deer hunting using shotguns, shot them, took them home, cut them up, cooked and ate them together in the *pasanggrahan* (guest house). We were really close friends. That was our life in Genyem. There were also some Indo-Dutch people who brought trucks (to work on constructing the roads); we lived together as friends. We all got together and worked together. With my Dutch superiors such as the HPBs, relations were fine too. No one offended us Papuans. In places where I worked as a clerk at that time, all the HPBs treated us kindly. When the time came to submit proposals for salary increases, the proposals were sent to the resident. Then we received a decree for a salary increase. Or when it came to the point of proposing a promotion, we were promoted. So everything went well!

I was appointed governor

Barnabas Suebu

I was summoned to Jakarta and suddenly told to get ready to serve as governor. I was extremely surprised! I felt it was not time yet. I had only just turned 40. But because they were entrusting me, yes, I accepted and carried out the appointment.

Indeed, in the Indonesian political system at the time,¹ the influence of the central government – or ‘the centre’ – was enormous. Even though elections involving several candidates, usually three to five people, were held through the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah (DPRD, Regional Council of People’s Representatives), the centre still had to be consulted on the decision. The centre had to first approve the election before it was held in the DPRD. And despite the election held by the DPRD, the final decision was still up to the centre. This was the situation (of politics in Indonesia) until Reformasi. The provincial DPRD might well elect A, but the centre could decide on B. So the election in the DPRD was just a formality. This really was undemocratic, since the centre was actually more determinant in the matter of appointing prospective governors. That was the mechanism in effect in those days.

And evidently the region did not reject me. The DPRD strongly supported my appointment because I was the chairman of the DPRD, so they knew me, and also, as it were, because due to my activities in the social sphere, I was widely known in the community, in youth and church circles. So maybe there was some competition between those who supported the A candidate or the B but at the time there was not much of a problem for me. What created problems was if the people favoured a candidate, but the centre rejected him. Yes, that constantly happened too. But in my case, the central government in Jakarta had no objections.

¹ Barnabas Suebu first served as governor of Irian Jaya in 1988-1993.

Yes, that was the way things were then. Today, perhaps, it would be a different story.

As for the course of my career up to the point when I became governor, it began first, perhaps, with social activities, and then the social activities became related to politics. When I first became active in Golongan Karya (Golkar, Party of the Functional Groups, the leading national political party) I did not become chairman right away, but after many years, starting from the bottom, from small things, then increasingly rising in position over time, eventually becoming chairman, which at that time was very hard. For in Golkar, only members of the Indonesian armed forces (ABRI) could become chairmen throughout Indonesia.

It was in 1981 that I became chairman of Golkar, both at the district and provincial levels. But it was a coincidence that I was entrusted for that. Moreover, I was a civilian, and also, a native of the region. Then, from there – since I was already a member of the DPRD due to my position as the chairman of Golkar – I was also entrusted as the chairman of the provincial DPRD. In this context there were political activities, but also government activities as well.

DOUBLE POSTING

I am a graduate of the Faculty of Law of Cendrawasih University (Uncen). I do not know how it got to the point that I could become governor. But my career only really departed from social activities. I liked being active in organizations, at first in youth organizations in the church, in the congregation, and then in the *kecamatan* (sub district), and after that, in a Christian student organization at school. In almost all of those organizations, they always selected me as chairman. At the village level as well as the sub-district level. And when I became a university student, I became the chairman of the Majelis Permusyawaratan Mahasiswa (MPM, Student Consultative Assembly), a student organization at Uncen.

Later on I served as the chairman of the Komite Nasional Pemuda Indonesia (KNPI, National Committee of Indonesian Youth) at the provincial level for a fairly long time, that is, eight years. And after that, I gradually became more and more active in politics, at the time in the Partai Kristen Indonesia (Parkindo, Indonesian Christian Party), which

later on became the Partai Demokrasi Indonesia (PDI, Indonesian Democratic Party). Subsequently I moved to Golkar, which was the political party in power during the Soeharto government period, and I climbed up until I became the chairman of Golkar for the province of Irian Jaya.

Aside from that, I was also the chairman of the Kamar Dagang dan Industri (Kadin, Chamber of Commerce and Industry) of Irian Jaya province, an organization of entrepreneurs. Because I was not a civil servant, not part of the bureaucracy, it was alright for me to engage in business. So by the time I was 35 or 36 years old, I had already earned a bachelors' degree at Uncen, and was very active in a range of organizations. And at the same time, I was actively pursuing evening studies at Uncen to obtain a graduate degree.

At the time I was serving as the chairman of the Irian Jaya provincial DPRD, chairman of the Irian Jaya provincial branch of Kadin, chairman of the Irian Jaya provincial branch of Golkar, and also, still active as the chairman of the Irian Jaya provincial KNPI. I was extremely busy, but I was happy being involved in all those activities because it was a hobby, and not because I was a 'natural leader'. And at the same time I continued to be active in the church as the parish secretary of the Gereja Kristen Indonesia (GKI, Indonesian Christian Church) in Sentani. I was also active there as a church organizer, and so on.

A NATIVE OF SENTANI

I am originally from Sentani. I was raised in a village. My father was the first indigenous person in the history of evangelism in Sentani to work together with the missionaries who entered the area. So I used to accompany my father when he went into the villages with the missionaries. Back then there were no schools yet and people did not yet speak Malay, so my father helped the missionaries to translate their sermons and religious lessons for the people, especially in Central Sentani. So the missionaries travelled around the villages together with my father.

In Sentani I lived in the village of Ifale on Ayauw island. At the time Ifale was the gospel-spreading and school centre for Central Sentani. And it had also been the population distribution centre of the area since

time immemorial, as there were not that many other villages in the vicinity. All the people originally resided on one island surrounded by a lake. They had probably settled there hundreds of years before; perhaps this needs to be researched. But based on the stories of the elders, all the inhabitants of the village spread themselves out and eventually formed the various villages found there today. Maybe long ago the population was not very big.

That was the story according to the phylogenetic history of the *ondoafi besar* (great *adat* chief) of the island. There was only one *ondoafi besar* for the island at first. Later, when the inhabitants spread out and formed villages, they had their own *ondoafi* as they do today. I was not a part of the family of the *ondoafi besar*. According to our family history, there was a relocation of people from kampung Tobati-Enggros, who came and joined the people of the lake I talked about before. Then it was from us that new villages were formed, whose number has now grown large. But everything was still centred on the island. The Suebu clan today provides the *ondoafi* in our village. Ondoafi Suebu comes from my family; he is not me but a member of my family.

FOCUSING VILLAGE DEVELOPMENT

After I was elected governor, my thinking was simple. I wanted to do something for the people in the villages. I have a vivid memory of my very first speech when I spoke about that. I said that I did not want to make grandiose promises, but I felt that the government, the state, the people and God had put their trust in me. Hopefully, with all the capabilities at my disposal, I could do something good for the people. But, I said, the people were in the villages. So I promised at the time that I would focus all of my policies on the villages. And I also remember well my last speech upon parting – also the last message I left to my replacement: pay attention the people in the villages!

Well, they were not just speeches! Every year I visited the villages for three or four months, non-stop. I never returned to the office. I slept in one village after another; I met with the people and all the village heads, all the village administrators and all the tribal chiefs. In the course of a single year, 12 months, I spent four months directly talking to the residents of the villages. And I brought along my whole staff, all the facili-

ties, the whole budget, all of my knowledge. And at the time there were approximately 1,300 villages, in 135 *kecamatan*.

On my travels, I met directly with all the village heads and their wives and the administrators of all 1,300 villages. Yes, I met with them directly in a number of pre-determined places. Then I brought together the whole government apparatus – at the levels of the province and *kabupaten*, the government offices, the *bupati*, the *camat*, and we sat together and talked, and for two or three days we gave them training or instruction. If there were books on development packages from the past, we could look at how the former (Dutch) government implemented education, agriculture, health and governance in the villages.

In the villages we worked on improving people's knowledge. We called it the 'basic needs' project, focusing on things such as healthy housing, the continuous improvement of education, and good economics in the villages. We also taught them about good village governance and orderliness. We gave courses, then provided money and facilities, and I told them I would return the following year to check on their progress.

So we did not just speak high-flown words to the people in the villages. We were able to realistically achieve better standards of living from year to year. Using things that could be done by the villagers themselves, which at that time I called 'from them, by them and for them', with the resources available in the villages. We, the government, were there only to guide them, so they knew that these were their projects – for themselves and not for the government. And if they had no resources, we helped from the outside. Personally, I was happy with the programme, so each year I went around to the villages. Sometimes, when a minister summoned me to Jakarta, I sent my first deputy governor there, and told the minister that I was in the middle of going around to the villages, and the minister said: 'Okay, please just carry on!'

SUPPORTED BY THE MINISTER OF HOME AFFAIRS

Formerly, when Pak Rudini was the Minister of Home Affairs, he said: 'Oh, if that's the case I would like to come!' So there were times when he came to see our activities and joined in making speeches to the people in the villages, and he said, 'The programme is great! I must tell the other governors that they should all do this!' So that is my commitment to the

villages. Why? Because I saw that the world of bureaucracy – I myself did not come from the bureaucracy – was too busy. Although they said that development was directed towards the people in the villages, development did not reach the villages properly. So when they (the government) were preoccupied with this project and that project, sometimes – no, not sometimes but almost always – it seemed the people were just watching the projects come in as if they were foreign affairs.

Outsiders came to work on things – that is, projects in the villages – then they went off, abandoning the projects, but taking the project money with them. This happened to the point that the villagers in one place in the interior got so angry they burned down a school building as well as a public health clinic. If I am not mistaken this happened in Enarotali.

It was because the entrepreneurs who came in from outside to build employed local villagers, but the villagers were cheated. They were not paid by the entrepreneurs who built those buildings. The people got angry, and burnt them down. Despite the fact that the buildings were in their own interests. That is why I protested to the government in Jakarta. Formerly, in the Dutch era, school buildings in the villages were built by the people themselves; the people did it on their own, without external help. So in the past, the Protestant and Catholic *zendingen* (missions) only sent teachers. But in the Indonesian era it was the reverse. Teachers were lacking, and government funds were used to build the buildings, but they were burned by the people!

Those in charge of construction were not local. Tenders came from outside the area and this brought financial losses. After we added everything up, the money spent was huge, involving billions and billions of rupiah! But several years after the buildings were constructed, they could not function any longer due to the lack of teachers. So then I asked why it was that such huge sums of money, billions and billions of rupiah, and by our calculations, as much as a trillion rupiah, could not be used to train teachers? The buildings could just be left to the people to construct, but the money would have helped us to maintain the participation of the people, or community self-help, in education, which had existed from time immemorial.

Teachers were a problem at that time. It was an example of how the central government policies were just based on the average, yes, made uniform. Schemes in Java were directly fabricated over here. I said: ‘This

can't be! Can't be! You are making policies uniform in the context of a nation that is not uniform. We are diverse.'

Well, sometimes they heard us, but the policies were already up and running, so they did not change. Yes, at the time all the policies were centrist, moreover, the projects were sectoral, coming from the top down, and here we served only as very rigid implementers, because we were afraid of Jakarta.

CHANGING VILLAGE STRUCTURES

During the time I served as governor the idea of changing the structure of the villages appeared. I immediately spoke with Pak Rudini, the Minister of Home Affairs, about the confusion this might create. And Pak Rudini said: 'Okay, I'll come!' When he came, I took him around to the villages. He observed village activities and we had opportunities to hold meetings, not only with me but also with village heads, community leaders and *adat* leaders. I said to the people, please talk to the minister so he knows that the standardized policies (from the centre) are incompatible with the socio-cultural conditions of people who live here.

One difference, for example, had to do with population size. Here, in one village there could sometimes be up to 200 household heads, sometimes only 50 in a village of perhaps only 100 residents, whereas the population of a single village in Java could be thousands of people. So in Java, the population of a very small area could be 100 times greater. Here the territory was vast, but its population was small. Take, for example, Mamberamo-Hulu, where the distance between one settlement and another took a week to cross on foot. But Mamberamo-Hulu was one village.

Another issue was, who should serve as village head? Yes, a village head had to live in the village he governed. If he did not live in the village, he would be culturally disassociated from the residents of the village, and they would reject him. That too was very different from the situation in Java. So the minister of home affairs tried to understand, and then made some new adjustments, basically to restore the old village patterns. Let us accept village communities as they are, not see them in terms of their population sizes. The population of one village in Pakistan is not the same as the population of a village here. The population of the

island of Java is 100 million, but here it is one million, only one percent! Thus, coming back to the village, it need not depend on population size! Villages had *adat* lands with boundaries that people from other villages or cultures could not enter. That was the state of the villages at the time.

Finally, the centre did make adjustments, so that the number of villages here multiplied. Before, for example, two or three villages had been merged into one village, or four villages into one village, so the number of villages grew when the adjustments were made. Indeed, the decision came from Jakarta, from the minister of home affairs, but it was we who delivered the proposal to Jakarta.

THREE PILLARS

At that time we not only rearranged the villages, but also developed the villages. Village development was based on the philosophy I applied at the time, namely: from the village, by the village, and for the village. Developing by using what was available in the village, working with the available resources of the village – that was the primary principle. In that spirit we developed, with the help of the government and non-government or community organizations or the church, or what we called the ‘three pillars’ at the time. The three pillars were: first, *adat*; second, the church or community or non-government organizations; and third, the government. All of them came to help, guide, direct and educate villagers to develop. It was not we who developed them, but they who had to develop. At the time I used a bicycle as an example: it is not we, but they who must ride the bicycle. We only helped train people so they could ride the bicycle. Because at the time, the line of thinking was, do not give them the ‘bicycle’ because they do not know how to ride it. They could, however, be trained in riding the bicycle even though they might not know how to do so at first. Like a child who is learning to ride a bicycle: he often falls down, but eventually he can do it. In short, it was something like that.

Indeed, the existence of structural changes also had an effect on community or *adat* leaders. There were government regulations, for example, that called for a village head to fulfill a number of requirements. But I said that these rules could only be enforced in the cities, but the farther into the interior you went, the less the rules could be applied, for example, the educational requirements.

Yes, because over there, the *adat* leaders could well serve as village heads even if they did not meet the government (regulation) requirements. So, at the time we advised Jakarta to change that regulation. Then, for example, in cases where the *adat* leader was not the village head, he should be given a place of honour in the village government structure, and take part in making decisions in village government.

And that is the reason why the Lembaga Musyawarah Desa (LMD, Village Consultative Assembly, an assembly of appointed village people) and Lembaga Ketahanan Masyarakat Desa (LKMD, Village Community Resilience Council) were established. *Adat* leaders also sat on these councils. At the time there was a rule that the village head also doubled as the chairman of the LMD. We filed an objection to Jakarta that older people could serve as the chairmen of that institution. So, it did not have to be the village head who was the chairman. Those were the sorts of things we tried to improve upon at that time.

Regarding the Badan Perwakilan Desa (BPD, Village Representative Board), it was only the term that changed. It was formerly called the Lembaga Musyawarah Desa, but is now called the Badan Perwakilan Masyarakat (BPM, Community Representative Board) or the BPD. Its function is almost the same, and there is also the LKMD. What the names of these institutions are in the new laws I do not know, as I have been working abroad.² But the essential point is that *adat* leaders can no longer be as they were in the past, when they were left outside of the structure and their positions were not accommodated. Despite the fact that all the people of the villages in the interior must obey their *adat* leaders. So there might well be two leaders in a single village. Well this was ineffective. This is why it was decided to unite the two into one structure. That way, there would no longer be two leaders in one village.

ABOUT PAPUAN PARTIES

About the recent desire to reshape the Partai Nasional (Parna, National Party) advanced by Herman Wayoi: Yes indeed, the frame of the Republic of Indonesia came first, but frankly, there was also a new school of thought about getting outside the frame of the Republic of

² At the time of the interview, in July 2000 in Jayapura, Barnabas Suebu was Ambassador of the Indonesian Republic for Mexico, Honduras, and Panama (1999-2002).

Indonesia. It was an aspiration for independence. And conditions were conducive to a kind of transition. So perhaps the way of thinking of Pak Wayoi, for example – as I have recently heard – his frame of thought may be broader, it may apply both outside and inside the frame of the State of the Republic of Indonesia. However, if we just limit ourselves to what has happened inside the frame of the Republic of Indonesia, enormous changes have occurred as a result of Reformasi. Golkar, the former ruling party, is no longer in power, and there is the Partai Demokrasi Indonesia Perjuangan (PDI-P, Indonesian Democratic Party of Struggle). Formerly, there were only three political parties; now there are already 40! And some of those parties are also found in this province.

Well, as for the extremists who want independence, they have thought about their political parties after independence, but this is totally separate from the system of political parties in Indonesia. Yet there are also, for example, those who want to fight for Papua, who think: why not form a Papuan political party that will fight within the Indonesian political arena? Yes, this could be because people form political parties according to the laws of Indonesia and must, of course, meet a number of specific requirements in accordance with the law. So, if it is within this framework that Pak Wayoi, for example, wants to form the National Party, I think there is no problem, even though it has often been expressed that political parties should not be too tribal. If people in Jakarta say that parties should be more national, yes, of course, it would not be tribal.

Regarding the new political parties, I think that they need to be socialized to the public. Meaning that the people must become familiar with these parties; who their leaders are, what their goals are, and what benefits they would bring the community. Only if a new political party succeeds in becoming widely known can it gain the sympathies of the people, and perhaps also, their support. So people will look at their systems as well as who their leaders are. For the people in Papua, leaders are important and must be figures who people trust, and this takes time. And it depends on the party itself. In the past (the New Order) there were only three political parties – Golkar, PDI, and PPP – which had been known for years, especially Golkar, whose foothold reached as far as the villages.

Thus, during the last election, the ones the people had known for years were these three political parties: Golkar, PDI, and PPP. But as the general election came closer – because of Reformasi – the three parties

expanded to become 40 or more. The people had not yet had a chance, not yet had enough time to get to know the parties well, and went directly into a general election. That is why some of the people were confused, because some of them, for example, still knew Golkar, and perhaps in the past they had voted for either Golkar or PDI, but because they were disappointed with Golkar, they had swung their votes to PDI-P. This was the national picture, outside of Papua. That is why PDI-P, which used to be small, rose to become such a large party. Golkar had always gained a majority of the votes in the general elections during the New Order period. But as a result of Reformasi, many votes ran to the PDI-P. This also happened in Papua, although here Golkar remained on top, and the PDI-P came in second. But outside of Papua, nationally speaking, on the average PDI-P was ahead of Golkar.

RECOGNIZE THE VILLAGES

I am really not a professional civil servant, in the sense of being educated and trained in the bureaucracy, but because of my experiences at that time (in organizing and engaging in politics) I was entrusted to be the governor here. I think that the most important message I would like to send, and at the same time leave people with is: Recognize the people in the villages properly! Know their circumstances, their strengths, their weaknesses, and the resources that they have, so these can be exploited as potentials for their development. That is the essence of the message I want to send!

Development or governance begins from human beings and ends with human beings, and human beings live in groups, and the smallest of the groups they form are the villages. So, we just provide them with something that further improves their lives, raises their standards of living to to make them prosper. Do it simply: there is no need for high-sounding promises of development because they do not think in lofty terms, their hopes are not that high. Yes, they want a good education and certain kinds of useful the knowledge, as well as good health, better and healthier houses, a healthy environment, and a peaceful and orderly environment. I think those are the life values they need in the villages. There is no need to proceed as if one were developing a metropolitan city. What if they felt pleased and content in their own environments, yes,

and what is more, in pursuing what they wanted in life, once their hearts were happy? This is what the focus of government work should be.

Thus, government would blossom, grow, and flourish from below, starting from the villages. Only further up, at the *kecamatan* level, would 'middle management' be set up as the spearhead to direct things upwards to the *kabupaten*, then the province. So let us not, as civil servants preoccupied every day at the office, in front of our desks, in a world of bureaucracy, act as if we are taking care of the people, but only take care of them on paper! Whereas the people themselves receive nothing! Sometimes the people serve only as spectators, without having rights or feeling any sense of ownership, and so on and so forth. So, yes, that is my message!

Between Isaac Hindom and Acub Zainal

Ismael Bauw

When Acub Zainal was running for governor, I was thrown out (re-assigned). We were provoked. I was accused of rejecting Acub Zainal and backing Isaac Hindom. Acub Zainal was furious with me. Straight away I told Acub: 'I'm siding with Hindom because I'm related to him. But whether he wins, or you win, it's the same to me. I don't mind either that you follow Islam.' I started reciting a verse or two from the Qur'an. Then Acub Zainal said: 'Yes, yes, you're right!'

Acub Zainal was a good man. He developed Dok II well. Once I was knocked upside down by a pedicab in the street. He saw I was with my niece and her friend. We had just seen a film and were heading home. I had suggested we take two pedicabs, but they did not want to. Then we keeled over in front of Pak Acub Zainal's place. He saw us and came outside and said: 'Hey, what are you doing?' I answered: 'I have these two youngsters with me. I told them we should take two pedicabs, but they didn't want to.' Then he said: 'Never mind, get out of the pedicab and come inside for a chat'. Acub took very good care of the local people, too. But there was someone from Central Java in the governor's secretariat who messed things up. Acub Zainal appointed A.S. Onim as bupati of Merauke, then Jacob Pattipi. So Acub Zainal looked at whether or not a person could do the job. And he also did everything he could for regional development. Previously, the elementary schools in the villages only went up to the third grade. Then we changed them to go up to the sixth grade.

ENTERING THE SCHOOL FOR ADMINISTRATORS

At the end of the exams at the Jongens Vervolgschool, which were equivalent to elementary schools, the government admitted two or three

local children from the elementary schools that had local students in each *onderafdeling* (sub division) to study at the Bestuurschool (School for Administrators) in Hollandia-Binnen (Abepura). At the time, four of us – I, Jacob Pattipi, Thomas Keskendik and Achmad Iribaram – were accepted into the Bestuurschool. The school was funded by the government. At the Bestuurschool, the first two years of education consisted of general studies from the Mulo (junior high school) curriculum and a few administration subjects. Then, in the third year, we were assigned to the sub-division and district-head offices to carry out administrative duties for a year. After the year-three practice, in year four we returned to the Bestuurschool, whose name had by then been changed to Opleidingsschool voor Inheemse Bestuursambtenaren (OSIBA, School for Indigenous Administrators), and studied there for two more years. So we were educated for five years in all. Anyone who could successfully complete this five-year education programme was promoted to the position of *candidaat bestuurassistent* (assistant administrator candidate) and placed in an administrative sub-division or district-head office to carry out government duties there.

After two years of general education I was assigned in Kaimana. I served for six months in Arguni Bay, where I performed duties in the area of taxation and governance, as well as supervising schools and doing judiciary tasks. We were educated to serve as judges and prosecutors. Each month we went out on a 20-day patrol of the villages and spent 10 days working at the office. I made use of those 20 days to visit the schools, which in those days were in very sorry condition. The education provided at the village schools at the time was only three years long, and led by a teacher who was a former evangelist, not a graduate of the Teacher Training College – known as Kweekschool in those days. There was a teacher who had come from Maluku as an evangelist, but because he taught so well, he was appointed as school headmaster and was in charge of the schools. That was in 1955-1956.

In 1956 I returned to OSIBA to study for another year. I saw that three years of elementary school was not enough. In my mind I aimed to add more years, although at the time I was not yet assigned to work independently, so I did not have the authority to make the improvement, in addition to the fact that I went off to follow studies in the Netherlands – an internship in the municipality of Rijswijk ZH. If you wanted to do something, you had to be independent and have full authority. At

the time I was only seconded to the HPB. So I just carried out the tasks that the HPB assigned me. That was okay. And I remained on duty in the court. Then I supervised people working on the road to the interior in Biak. After that, I was supposed to be transferred to serve as district head in Bosnik, but that did not happen; then I was transferred in 1962 to serve as chairman of Streekraad Fakfak (Fakfak Regional Council) in Fakfak.

The man serving as HPB when I first came to Biak was Mr. Sollewijn Gelpke. He was the former HPB of Fakfak. He was really sympathetic to me, since he was close to my brother, Raja Ibrahim Bauw of Rumbati in Fakfak. After that came HPB Van Eek and, finally, HPB Assink. Then Assink was replaced by Mampiooper and moved to replace Du Buy as HPB in Fakfak. And I doubled as the chairman of the Fakfak Regional Council. When I was the leader of Fakfak sub-division, I set out to upgrade the elementary schools from offering three years to four or five years of education, and I managed to make the change step by step. The first place where I did this was at an elementary school in Goras, at the tip of Fakfak. The second was in Rumbati, in my father's village. I was not raised there, but in Babo, although Rumbati was my father's original village. I upgraded the elementary school there to six years. Then I did the same in Arguni. There were two Argunis: Arguni Kokas (on the north side of the Onim peninsula) and Arguni Kaimana (in the south).

I got along with the government employees, among others, Mr. Brand, and in Biak, Mr. Minderhout. They guided me well. Ah, my Dutch was not that good. Since Mr. Minderhout was a Kweekschool graduate, he was able to improve my faulty language. He asked me: 'What books do you need?' I replied: 'I need the Adatrechtbundel van Nieuw-Guinea. After he returned to Holland, he sent the book to me. In Biak we used that book in composing the Ordonnatie Streekraad (Ordinances of the Regional Council) of Biak Noemfor. Unfortunately, the book got burned by the Indonesian government in Biak because they thought it was colonial. I knew the colonel who did it quite well. I said: 'Pak, this is a mistake!' Then he answered: 'Is that so!' I said: 'We can use that book to gain knowledge'.

While in Biak I once judged a serious case involving a problem concerning coconut trees. The coconut palms had been planted by Abdul Kadir. But the village head, Andreas Ronsumbre said that the coconuts were his. I invited them to have a meeting. I said: 'Let's follow the method

used in Fakfak. In Fakfak there are nutmeg tree plantation. Person “A” says, that plantation belongs to him, and person “B” says it belongs to him. If that’s how it is, we’ll just divide up the harvesting seasons. In the first season, it is “A” who harvests, in the next season, “B” who harvests.’

But Andreas would not listen to me. He insisted that the coconuts belonged to him. I did manage to settle another dispute about coconuts between two brothers, Jakob and Eliezer Rumbiak. There was a coconut palm that Jakob Rumbiak had planted, but Eliezer said that it was he who owned it. I came between them when Eliezer raised his machete, threatening to cut Jakob with it. I admonished them and Eliezer heeded me. Then I brought the two of them together.

At last, Eliezer embraced Jakob, crying. I said: ‘Now everything is still alright. We can always plant more coconuts, but if Jakob dies, one cannot bring him back to life!’ In the end we gathered up all the young coconut palms and planted them on the north side of Bromsi in the Padaido islands.

REPRIMANDING THE POLICE

All of the subjects we had been taught at the School for Administrators got used on the job. Government, police, criminal and civil sciences – all of them got used. All of them were still valid at the time. This is what I found interesting. The Criminal Law I applied when I taught at Cendrawasih University (Uncen) in the 1990s was the same Criminal Law I had learned at OSIBA from the *commissarissen van politie* (commissioners of police), and from authors like Meis, Strobant, and others. Likewise, when I matched the police subjects I had learned against the situation that I saw here in Jayapura, I could see that in carrying out their daily work, the police were not performing their police jobs very well.

I once chided them, and their chief as well, that the job of the police is to maintain civic order and public security (*handhaving van openbare rust en orde*). So that is what I ordered students to memorize, what had to be memorized, or they would not pass. They also had to memorize the charges issued in a lawsuit, known as *ten laste legging van een vonnis* in Dutch. But the difficulty was that they had no desire to do it.

The other day I was thinking that in Indonesia, with its hundreds of millions of people, if we organized a Dutch language course, it would

not be carried out. Perhaps in Java they might want to learn the language. Mr. Hans de Groot said: ‘Yes, this is how we may develop Dutch culture in Indonesia. So if you all can assist with this that would be fine.’ I said: ‘Okay, I can help with this too, only, our knowledge of Dutch is probably not up to date, is it? So how can we go about developing it?’ Stien Heipon, who was assisting me, said: ‘Just try discussing it (with the government) so they will send you to the Netherlands.’

Stien Heipon assisted me as an instructor. She was a graduate of the *Algemene Lagere School* (ALS, public primary school) where Dutch was the intermediary language. It was she who taught Dutch language. She was certified to teach by the Ministry of Education. Then, a few years ago, an official from the Department of Home Affairs made a plan to send me to the Netherlands for two weeks to two months to study. But the plan got cancelled, because he transferred from his position in the *Badan Pendidikan dan Latihan* (*Badan Diklat*, Education and Training Agency) to another division.

RELATIONS WITH DUTCH EMPLOYEES

My relationships with the Dutch employees were fine. There were Minderhout and Brand. Of the two, the one I felt closer to was Minderhout. It was in Biak, and I was invited to his home and we travelled to the villages together. He spoke in Dutch and I translated into Indonesian. If I could not do it, I would get a young Ambonese who was born in Biak to translate the Dutch words into the Biak language for the community. The Ambonese youth knew the Biak language well.

Among the HPBs who served in Biak, my relationship with HPB Assink was also good. I once protested to him when we were trying a case in *kampung Mamoribo* in West Biak, in which a teacher had raped his student. HPB Assink picked the lawyer, Olaf de Rijke. In 1957 De Rijke had crashed in an airplane flying between Owi and Biak, and broken his leg. But he went home, got treatment, and healed. In 1959 we had a meeting in West Biak. De Rijke was defending the accused in the rape case. At the time,¹ Sollewijn Gelpke was HPB in Biak. I said to Sollewijn

¹ H.W. Assink was HPB in Biak in 1957 and again in 1961-1962. J.H.F. Sollewijn Gelpke was HPB in Biak from 1957-1960 (*School* 1996:617).

Gelpke: 'Sir, we should not listen to De Rijke. I know that this teacher is actually guilty.'

First, he had committed rape with a minor, with his student. And he had intentionally sent his wife home and was living alone. He clearly had evil intentions. Further, he went to the forest and tried to bury the fetus. He had committed three offences. I knew that he was guilty. Then Sollewijn said: 'Alright. After De Rijke has gone home, we'll decide'. He said: 'It would be embarrassing not to follow his counsel, since he is the lawyer. Yes, but according to criminal law, he really is guilty, so we'll just punish him.' Then De Rijke went home. By that time, Sollewijn Gelpke had been replaced by Assink. Assink said: 'Take a look at his case file. We'll sentence him to three months only.' The teacher cried. I said: 'Mansar (Sir), there's no use crying, because if I were the judge, you'd receive a sentence of more than five years. So that's it, just accept it!'

The perpetrator was a native of Biak. Teachers having sexual relations with the children at their schools – that was a frequent enough occurrence across Irian. Finally, I said to him: 'That's it, Pak, a three-month sentence only. Later, once you get out of the correctional institution, we'll give you a letter of good conduct, so you can work again as a teacher.' He said: 'I miss my wife and children'. I replied: 'Okay, but it doesn't matter'. Then he entered the institution. The food in that facility was good. The day we inaugurated that institution was on Princess Irene's birthday. Ah, how we feasted during the inauguration. We invited everyone to eat sate, and I saw that the teacher was there too. My, he had grown fat. In 1961, the teacher, because of good conduct (*goed zedelijk gedrag*), was asked to return to being a teacher.

Mr. Minderhout was an educator. We had guests from Brazzaville, from Africa, and from PNG, and I was usually invited to communicate with them. One thing that amazed me was that Minderhout would come in, bringing drinks for us. Once he served someone from PNG, who said: 'Wow, this is great, you people live here together. We in PNG each have our own distinct places to live.' I said: 'Here we live together. When I was in the Netherlands, the woman of the house kindly served me coffee.' She did not distinguish black from white, everyone was the same, there was no discrimination.

At the time, Minderhout was still a bachelor and he was fine. He was the best educator. Afterwards, he was assigned to Jakarta (after the UNTEA administration, he worked for the Dutch Embassy in Jakarta),

and he translated papers inherited from the Dutch. Minderhout had learned Indonesian from Mr. van der Sluys, the director of OSIBA. So I talked about him when I was in the Netherlands and met Mr. van der Sluys. He asked: ‘Who did you work with back then in Biak?’ I said: ‘With J.W. Minderhout. Together we composed the *verordeningen* (*regulations*) for the Regional Council of Biak Numfor.’ He said: ‘Oh, Minderhout, he was the best. Yes, I taught him Indonesian language.’

TRANSFER TO FAKFAK

From Biak I moved to Fakfak to serve as chairman of the Regional Council and I directly doubled as the HPB. Because of the way the government was organized at the time, the HPB doubled as the chairman of the Regional Council, along with doubling as the duty harbour master, harbour administrator and administrator of prisons. Thus, I actually had a great many duties. It was because of this doubling of positions that I once clashed with an Indonesian prosecutor.

In Fakfak there was an *Inheemse Rechtspraak* (Indigenous Court). What was favourable to us at that time were the provisions of the law. Thus – to speak frankly – we could circumvent the inadequacies of Indonesian law.² There was a man from Serui who wanted to marry a woman from Tanimbar. The prosecutor concerned was defending the Tanimbar woman, while I was defending the Serui man. The prosecutor claimed that the girl was underage. This was despite the fact that she was already 15 years old. And according to civil law, one was allowed to marry at 15. The date of birth on the girl’s birth certificate had been changed from 1952 to 1953, although she was born in 1952 (the event took place in 1967). I told Adi Andoyo, SH. about it. Adi Andoyo had a Eurasian wife. He said: ‘Yes, but the prosecutor is a Christian’. But I countered: ‘Yes, but we are talking about justice’. I usually got along very well with him, but in this case I felt he was not being fair.

Compared to other areas, Islam was most prevalent in Fakfak, due to the connections between Fakfak and Maluku. The same was true of Raja Ampat. In Raja Ampat there was a story about a woman from Cirebon (Java), who came there in search of spices, then married a Biak man.

² In 1967 indigenous law was apparently still practiced in Fakfak, despite the fact that the Indonesians had already established formal Indonesian law in Irian.

The Biak man embraced Islam and the woman from Cirebon spread the religion of Islam on Salawati island, Raja Ampat. I told this story to Mr. van der Leeden.

I have a collection of his writings on Administrative Law in Sarmi. I said: 'Sir, can I borrow your book?' He was giving a lecture at school on 'An anthropological review of the entry of Islam to New Guinea'. So, based on this, Siti Farok came from Cirebon. She married Kawer, a Biak man. And their children were named Arfan and Mayalibit. Their graves are in Salawati. So, later on I proposed that the capital of Raja Ampat be established on Salawati. The Indonesians said: 'Just establish it in Waigeo'. I said: 'Waigeo is very productive, but it is too far north. We would be leaving Misool behind. Misool produces a lot too, it has mines. But Salawati is close – it is easy to go north and south from there.'

In terms of kinship, the Waigeo people were in fact still related to the Seram people. So if you want to conduct research on the Biak language, you should also link it to the languages of Yarotu, Wamesa, Eastern Seram, and Onim. They share words in common. Is it possible that they exchanged vows with one another? Once, a chief from Kimuri came to Doom and from there he saw the island of Waigeo. Then he asked: 'Oh, what island is that? Is it Waigeo island? If so, when I return home, I will die!' In fact, he went home and he died! It was really a superstition, but after he returned, he died. Ah, it might have been because they had sworn oaths with each other that he was not allowed to look upon the island of Waigeo. Yes, it is a superstition, but it really happened!

I did not serve long as the chairman of the Streekraad (Regional Council), only from September 1962 to April 1963. After that the Council only continued to operate until 1966, then was abolished. Both the Streekraad and the Landschapsrechtbank (Regional Court) were abolished in 1966, although I argued with the public prosecutor that the Landschapsrechtbank was more appropriate for Papuans, because the law in the villages did not fit the criminal law in effect in Indonesia. The law it applied was more understandable to the people. The Kitab Undang-undang Hukum Pidana (KUHP, Penal Code) of Indonesia was originally composed in the Tidorese language. I read it in The Hague, but I could not understand it. Then the Tidorese was translated into Dutch. Then the Dutch was cast into the *Ordonnantie* (ordinance or statute) of 1938, which the Engelbregt book contained. Then it was translated into Indonesian.

MUHAMMADIYAH

On 30 September 1962 the Dutch government proclaimed: ‘*De Nederlandse bestuursbevoegdheid over dit gebiedsdeel is vandaag ten einde*’ (The Dutch government authority of this part of the Dutch realm has ended today). I instructed the students at Uncen to memorize that (in Dutch). The statement was made by Mr. H. Veldkamp, the vice-governor. Veldkamp was the former resident of Biak, so I knew him well. The statement was published in the *Nieuw-Guinea Koerier*. Perhaps it is still archived in Dok II.

But many of the Dutch books have been lost. The books I once ordered are gone. Menufandu’s books have disappeared. My own thesis is lost. My thesis at Uncen has also disappeared. The books went missing from the Dok II library after the Indonesians arrived. They did not understand Dutch, so I carefully gathered all the books together. There was a Manadonese named Dayo. He was a librarian, and he assembled and stored all the books properly. I sent three young people to study law in Yogya. They returned and put all the books in order. After that I was transferred. Willem Romainum, who studied at Leiden University, wrote a book about agrarian law and published it in a very fine, thick book. They got rid of that book too, or else someone took it. I said in Dok II that people were getting rid of the books. The exceptions were people like Doyo and the young people I had sent to study in Yogya, who could take proper care of books.

On 30 September 1962 during the UNTEA period, came Mr. Summersville who had also worked in Indonesia. First he was the resident of Fakfak, then he was withdrawn from that position to serve as director of home affairs in Dok II, Hollandia. His replacement in Fakfak was Mr. Lekham. He was an Englishman who had once served in Malaysia and his Malay was still good. So we could talk with him, no problem. Finally, came Mr. Daniels. He was a Trinidadian. He could understand no Indonesian at all. So it was rather difficult to communicate with him. Summersville served for only three months. Then he was replaced by Lekham. Lekham was good. He went on patrol to the interior even though he was old. Poor man, he travelled as far as Womberi.

On 30 April 1963 Daniëls surrendered the job of resident to Susiladi. First, the position was transferred to the Indonesian representative to the UN who was on duty here, Bapak Hidayat, who was Sundanese. Then Hidayat transferred the position to Susiladi. Susiladi worked

for two years, and then he was replaced by Sukanda. One year later, Sukanda was replaced by Satiaprawijaya, also Sundanese. Then after another year or more, Satiaprawijaya was replaced by Onim, a Papuan. Then, during the Onim period I moved to Jayapura, where I served as secretary to the Regional Council until 1973. As council secretary, I organized the existing documents and composed reports on the sessions. I also helped them out when it was thought I might have some influence. But when Acub Zainal was to become governor, I was thrown out. The Dutch-era Streekraad was eliminated. What remained was only the Dewan Perwakilan Daerah Tingkat Provinsi, or Provincial Council of Representatives.

The Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah Tingkat II (DPRD, Regional Council of People's Representatives at the sub-provincial level) was only established in 1967. We established it in a meeting in Biak. At that time, none of the political parties had been founded yet, so each group was represented by their respective representatives. The Muslim congregation was represented by the Muhammadiyah group, and their representative was Nicolas Tanggahma. He came from Fakfak and was a member of the New-Guinea Council. People said: 'Nicolas Tanggahma sides with Muhammadiyah because he comes from Fakfak'.

But it was because he saw that the group that did much of the work for the community here was Muhammadiyah. They established schools and polyclinics. When we inaugurated the polyclinic in Abe Pantai in 1966, Tanggahma also attended. The polyclinic served all the residents there. They originated from Biak, Buton, Ternate and Nafri. And we helped them all. Because the people of kampung Nafri got along well with the Muslim community residing around Jayapura. (The only mosque for all of Hollandia in the Dutch period was established in kampung Nafri). They said: 'Sir, let those people just take this land, because the work is for a good cause'. So a plot of land was donated for an orphanage, free of charge. In 1967 Bapak Raja Ibrahim Bauw of Rumbati in Fakfak inaugurated the orphanage in Abe Pantai, which still exists today. At the orphanage we took care of children and schooled them. There were children there who graduated from school and became police officers, including some children from Wamena.

In the 1960s, at the time of Acub Zainal, there were already many Indonesians. But also still a lot of Ambonese. They were former members of the indigenous civil service who kept serving here until they retired.

For example, Mr. Sohilait, and Mr. Patiapon, who has since died. The ways they used language were different. Recently I was thinking about the Indonesian language that was used in the *Adatrechtbundel*. The author, who was the Salawati district head at that time, was the father of Lukas Dailom. It made me happy to read the book because the Indonesian he used there was different. If we compare it to the way Indonesian is spoken today, it is different. He used the Indonesian that was then current in Eastern Indonesia, especially in Maluku, Ternate, and Manado.

I once altered the Indonesian used by Mr. Gosal in a book of his essays. Mr. Gosal came from Manado, and was my former teacher. He was also a teacher to Papuan leaders such as Thoontje Meseth, Markus Kaisiepo and Willem Inuri. Basically, he was a teacher to some important people in Irian. But I changed his writings. He wrote a book, and I changed the language he used in it. I told him: 'Bapak, forgive me, I am adjusting it to fit the culture of today.' It was better for me to admonish him than for the Javanese to do so, which would embarrass us. Pak Sorontou was upset with me. He said: 'Pak Gosal is a teacher to the Irianese'. But I had approached Mr. Gosal so his book could be changed. Because I had been one of his students, he was willing to accept the changes I proposed. I last visited him in 1996 in Manado. He had two children, one in the Netherlands and one in Curaçao.

PERSUADING MBAK TUTUT

In accordance with the New York Agreement, the Indonesian government began to come in on 1 May 1963. But before that, the Netherlands had handed the leadership of the government in the regions over to the Papuans. At that time, Papuans were not as advanced as they are today. Some were advanced, but others were not. Later, when Acub Zainal became governor, he saw locals who could work and gave them the opportunity to do so, such as A.S. Onim, who became the first bupati of Merauke. First Onim, then Patipi.

When the Dutch were here we were already dealing with Dutch companies. Since their ships were returning empty from Australia, they could stop off in Hollandia, Manokwari and Fakfak. In Hollandia the ships could load cocoa from Genyem and carry it to the Droste company in Haarlem. They could also carry cocoa from Serui. Taco de Vries, the

son of my school headmaster, managed a cocoa plantation in Ransiki. In Fakfak the residents grew nutmeg. So his plan was for the ships to come in to load up on cocoa in Hollandia, as well as in Ransiki, and nutmeg in Fakfak. The cocoa from Yapen Waropen was brought to Manokwari to be loaded onto the ships because the ships could only anchor in large ports.

Someone from North Yapen said: 'Oh, formerly our cocoa sold; it could be exported abroad and we got money. Why can we not do so now?' I replied: 'Well, Bapak, that is because now the economy is controlled by one person. So we are not free to produce our own goods.' He said: 'Ah, if that is the way it is let's be independent!' I said: 'We can be independent in this respect, if we dare let the centre (Jakarta) know we are capable of managing our own economy. So we must be brave!'

By the end of the 1970s, many areas of Papua were occupied by people from outside of Papua. I remember that in Bintuni Bay, Mbak Tutut (Siti Hardijanti Rukmana, President Soeharto's daughter) was getting company shares amounting to 30 billion rupiah each year. The other day I met her in Jakarta; I tried to persuade her that, given the authority of her father, we could use their money to finance a livestock breeding company in Manokwari and Fakfak.

But she said that her father shook his head to that. Ah, no problem, we could use her money to undertake it. Actually, we wanted to focus the business on Manokwari. Manokwari was all the same as Fakfak, since they were close. Or we could try doing it later in Bintuni Bay. Ah, but Kaimudin, a native of Fakfak and graduate of the Uncen Faculty of Economics, said: 'Oom, there is no market'. I replied: 'The market is no problem, because it is for foreign exports. We can look at the experience we had in the Dutch period, when we imported meat from Venezuela and from Australia. So, how about selling meat abroad?' He said his head ached from thinking about it. Well, however much it might hurt, we still had to make it work.

Ah, I remember the raja of Rumbati, Bapak Ibrahim Bauw. He went to trade wood as far away as Japan. Why could he do it, even though he was already old and in the Dutch period he only had an elementary school education? You university graduates must do better.

Nowadays,³ the power of Soeharto is still strong, although it has begun to wane; they still remain wealthy. Recently, with Reverend Herman

³ This interview was held in 1999, a year after Soeharto's retirement.

Awom we met someone from the Indonesian Air Force (AURI). He said: 'I propose, in the name of the Church, that 70 percent of Soeharto's wealth be handed over to the government, and 30 percent left for him'. But Awom said: 'That can't be, he should only be allowed one percent'. Then I met a colleague of mine at Uncen, a notary, who said: 'Pak, Soeharto made an effort to get that wealth, so it must be fifty-fifty – 50 percent for him and 50 percent for the state'. I proposed 40 percent for Pak Harto and 60 percent for the state. But Amin Rais said: 'No!' Amin Rais is the chairman of the MPR, and he has family relations with Ibu Tien Soeharto. I said: 'Pak Amin, don't think about political succession, instead let's develop the people's economy'. So I asked him to work out an economic concept for Bintuni Bay.

He agreed he would come to Bintuni, but he never showed up. Recently I said to him: 'Pak Amin, be careful! If you promise to go somewhere, but don't turn up, never go there again! Later, once you see there is a lot of mining, only then will you want to go there?' We have the three waves. True, it is a superstition, but it actually happens. When you cross from Bentuni to Babo, the three waves come and hit the boats, then enter the river. The people steering the boats know the waves. So they can withstand the crossing. But if you do not know the situation, you won't get there.

Talking about the power of the Family, this is the difference with the 60s when Soeharto himself had the monopoly of power. Autonomy in 1969 was just a word But now the people of Papua insist on occupying the highest functions in the government of the region.

The Papuans asked to occupy the important positions. But for Fakfak the Indonesians said: 'For security reasons, a Papuan cannot serve as bupati in Fakfak'. In fact, the real reason was their economic interests in Freeport. After A.S. Onim served as bupati, all the bupati in Fakfak came from the army, and this kept up until the beginning of this year, when the position was taken over by Wahidin.

TEACHING AT UNCEN

In 1995 I left the civil service. But in 1994 a friend called me to teach Criminal Law at Uncen because I knew the teaching material. Previously in the 60s we had studied it. At the time, Subagio and Subroto, who

came from Solo, taught Criminal Law. They read Dutch with a Javanese accent, then went away. Later, I and someone from Sangir translated it into Indonesian for our friends.

There was a former office head who wanted to take his baccalaureate exam; he had great difficulty reading Dutch. So he asked me: ‘Pak, how is this pronounced?’ He was afraid and shy. ‘You should recite a prayer, the Al Fatihah (first chapter of the Qur’an). After you’ve read one verse, answer one question. The Dutch terms sound like this: *uitvoering*, not *oeitvoering*.’ Later you will embarrass yourself if you pronounce it this way.

Finally, he managed to answer all the questions to the end. When he passed, he hugged me and wept. Ah, you always said: ‘Hollands spreken, Hollands spreken’, but you were not willing to study, and found it hard later on. But the Javanese women were willing to learn, when they came to Dok II. I said to one of them: ‘Hey, Tuti, you were a WIK-moeder here in Hollandia before’. A WIK-moeder was a mother who supported the WIK football club in Hollandia. Back then there were the WIK and ZIGO football clubs.

My last job in the field of administration was to serve as a regional assistant to the governor. As government agents we always made visits to the regions. My administrative area covered Nabire, Wamena, Jayapura and Sarmi. At that time I recommended that Sarmi become a separate *kabupaten* (regency). Above Dabra lay the village of Fawi, which later became a *kecamatan* (sub-district). Then Fawi was upgraded to the capital of Central Mountains regency, which is now called Ilagah, and has Mulia as the regency capital. I proposed that because I saw Fawi as an excellent area: it was not too hot, not too cold, and located in a plain. Also, the economy, education, animal husbandry, forestry, and fisheries there were all good. The people there could develop themselves. And the Dani people here were very happy that the development of their region would bring them money.

My nephew, who worked as a vaccinator, flew by helicopter to give injections to the people around Dabra as far as Mamberamo. According to him, the Mamberamo was not that healthy, so the Dani people were moved to Burmeo. Then I told the people there: You should get hooks and snails, to fish in the rivers, then eat the fish. Seeing the results, they were pleased and wanted to live there permanently.

My relative worked for the Regional Health Office. I told him that this method would benefit the community. And the people would be willing; this way, they would move from the mountain areas to the coast. It was true that the coastal areas were hot, but because there was a way to make a living there, they were willing. There was a good man from Makassar called Harun. He was married to a woman from Dabra, and he had a rice-growing enterprise. He owned the rice fields, and the people who worked his rice fields were Dani. And every year he supplied the rice needed in the surrounding area.

He came over, and I met with him and said: ‘Harun, if there were, let’s suppose, ten people like you, we in Jayapura wouldn’t need to bother importing rice. Rather, we could use the potential of the existing land to meet our rice needs.’ Recently I saw that funds from the World Bank were transferred to farming communities in East Koya. We told them to work the land and plant rice manually. And the results have been satisfactory. Although it is still new, the operation is good and very productive. Compared to the rice harvests in Merauke, those produced in Koya Timur are even better.

The women said to me: ‘Pak, let’s just sell it for 1,000 or 2,000 rupiah per kilo’. I replied: ‘Don’t, ladies. It will sell – don’t worry. People from PNG will also want to buy it.’ Incidentally, at the time we had an indigenous association that was headed by my niece’s husband. Last December, we created a joint market on the border. People from PNG came as well as people from this side of the border. They brought stuff from here to there, and the PNG people brought their products from there to here. Then we bartered and sold things to each other.

The role of teachers in governing communities

Alex Sawaki and Marthin Senandi

Marthin Senandi: As civil servants who went to the field posts, there were a number of things we had to learn.¹ Despite the many theories we had learned, we could not necessarily apply them yet in the villages. When we arrived, we first of all tried to find out about local circumstances through the teachers, whether they were schoolteachers or religious teachers. Although it was the village heads who served as our spearheads in the villages, because we were their superiors, they never wanted to tell us about the true situation.

Because of that, we could find out about the situation of the communities there better through the teachers, whether they were religious teachers or schoolteachers. Religious life was strong in the communities in the villages. They trusted the teachers more; therefore we could implement governance there. Only once we had learned their customs could we properly implement governance there. Because if we did not master the *adat* of the place, it would be difficult for us to expedite our jobs. The existing traditions could become barriers.

When visiting the villages, we always slept in the teachers' houses, and gathered data on the community from them. If there was a minister there, we would stay at his house. They openly told us about the situation of the community. And after we got well acquainted with the situation of the villagers, we endeavoured to do useful things for them. It was best to study their language, even though we used Indonesian (then known as Malay) as our working language. We tried to master a bit of their language.

¹ Both Sawaki, who was a minister and schoolteacher, and Senandi, who was an administrator, took part in the interview for this chapter. In his introduction Senandi explains the important role of teachers in the everyday practice of governing communities. Then Sawaki continues from his own perspective and experience.

Yes. We started from there. When we got involved with the community, as we chatted with them, we might be able to express greetings or say '*bon appétit*' to them in their own language. We knew that if we mastered the people's language, we could govern them. Because theory alone was not enough to let us govern people. It was difficult to apply the scientific theories and languages we had learned through our education to the villages. Yes, we had the help of the teachers regarding the intricacies of local social conditions. In this way we could implement a system of governance whose smoothness would be assured.

In the villages we made great use of the teachers in performing our duties as civil servants. So, in the lectures or meetings we held with the communities, we also brought the teachers into our midst. We gave the teachers opportunities to speak, so that our intentions could be understandable to the people. Because if we alone spoke, they might perceive us as strangers, or they would not show up because they were afraid of government administrators. They would rather listen to the teacher; since he lived with them in the village every day, they would believe what he said. We had to involve them because they played an important role in the villages. If we had to do it without them, we would be totally blind to the conditions in the community.

Alex Sawaki: The teachers really knew a lot about the customs and other local knowledge of the communities. Such as issues related to marriage. Each area had its own *adat* and practices regarding marriage. Generally, marriages were performed in nearly the same way across a certain area, but the teacher would know more specifically how it was carried out in the village where he worked. In an *adat* marriage between a man and a woman, the man had to first ask the woman's parents for her hand in marriage. And the whole process was designed to follow *adat* ways, to ensure that no problems arose between the two sides. Thus, the marriage would proceed well without any disputes between the two, so the government would not need to intervene. When incidents happened in a given village, the teacher would give advice based on religion, in order to change ways of life that were contrary to Christianity.

Another example of the role of the teachers was when there was work that called for mutual cooperation to build something. A plan would be submitted by the government, in this case, by the civil servant, instructing the villages through the village heads to implement some kind of work, for example, to clean up the village, or construct a house.

After the village chief received the instructions, he had no choice but to contact the teacher in his village. This was because for the villagers, the teacher was the one who could clarify any gaps in understanding the community had. The teacher helped the village head to explain any order that came from a government official. And the communities there had more respect for the teacher because they knew that the teacher was a servant of God. He told the truth; he preached about the road to salvation for humankind according to the Bible – the word of God. He preached the gospel of human salvation. So the teacher was respected, and his words were carefully heeded.

Yet another example of this was the issue of how the teachers based in the midst of the community lived, in economic terms. Formerly, the teachers' livelihoods were almost entirely taken care of by the communities. It was the communities that maintained the teachers and gave them food. When people came home from their gardens with produce, they shared it equally by giving some to the teacher. This meant that the teacher did not go anywhere, but stayed in the place all the time.

If you compare the schools located in remote areas with those in communities in the cities, or in coastal areas that are already fairly advanced, in these places more crowded with people who already understand things, the life of a teacher is considered normal, just like anyone else's. Life in the villages in the past was closed off from the outside world. People lived in isolation in their own village neighbourhoods and areas, and did not know much about the situation outside. In that period, cooperation between teachers and government administrators was essential.

That cooperation was crucial to revitalize the lives of the communities and people found in the area governed by an administrator. The cooperation was necessary and good. In those days, cooperation was excellent, whereas these days, it almost never happens anymore. Yet cooperation is still highly necessary. In the cities, people generally do not distinguish, respect, or heed either the teacher or the government administrator. Thus, each works on his or her own, so that the change and progress they hope for cannot possibly be quickly achieved.

I think that the foundation is that cooperation. Then, mutual human respect. If human beings do not respect one another according to the fundamentals of religious faith, then human beings will never recognize one another.

The principle of love between one person and another must exist. Although a person may be someone other than your own brother or your own tribe, the principle of love can embrace all the human beings in the same area, so that disputes or riots can be overcome through their respective religious convictions. If you call out for human well-being and respect, but it is not grounded in the law of religion, it will be in vain. Ah, that is an effort that needs to be addressed by government and religion together, to ensure the welfare of the people of the region under their legal authority.

With the existence of cooperation between government and religion, a wonderful purpose for humans can be achieved, that is, their well-being. If the economy is good, but the working relations between human beings is not normal, in the sense that they are not purely based on the law of religion and the law of government, or legislation, then the aims they commonly desire will not be realized.

We were not given access to proper education

Marthin Senandi

Papua lags behind in education because we have not been given equitable access to education programmes. This is not because we were incapable. We were capable, but we were excluded. Yes, maybe the available education funds were used up by our cousins from other regions. And education really is important because without education, governance cannot run smoothly.

So, if autonomy is granted, we will accept it if there really is no other option so that our children can be directly sent to learn. It will not be too difficult if we want to see to it. If we want to send our children to study in schools of higher learning abroad, we will be able to. I think they too can learn, because they too have brains.

For example, before, we worked ourselves half to death to teach the children in the interior, but now they can learn. I see this in the area of arithmetic. Originally, we on the coast only used to count to five. Just think of how counting is done in our local languages: we count up to five, then add one, and another one, and so on, up to ten. Beyond ten you have to keep on adding ones. But in the interior, the Ekari counted from one to ten in their tribal language. So their brain power was already strong. It was only that they and all of us had not yet been given an opportunity! Compared to our brothers and sisters elsewhere, we are not that far behind. We have just not been given the opportunity.

Educational institutions already exist here. But not many academic institutions are available; they are still very limited. There are already a lot of public schools, but there is also a lot of unemployment. There is academic-level education in places such as Jayapura and Manokwari. You could say that the locations of the universities are the same as they were before (in the Dutch period). Formerly, to go to junior high school (PMS) we had to go to Hollandia. And now, it is high time that our chil-

dren should be able to attend the existing universities. And this is what is not yet going well.

Actually, there are a lot of people from the younger generations who can take over our positions in the world of government administration, but they are limited to certain positions only. This is the problem. If they were given the opportunity to lead, they would certainly be able to implement all the programmes, and everything could work well. But when they are controlled, it is not possible for them to act freely to create programmes in the interest of government here.

NATIVE SONS ARE MARGINALIZED

The young generations of Papua are educated enough, only in applying for jobs, for example, when they take civil service tests, they do not get passed. The newcomers, because they have relations with the leaders, are the ones who get hired instead. I have experienced this a lot, since I am often involved in civil service personnel affairs. I see that there are games that cause our children to be unemployed. I went through this situation myself right here in Nabire after I was transferred here from Manokwari. I was placed in the personnel division in order to try to ensure that local young people could receive help, but the plan did not succeed because of the power games blocking them. I saw that they were no different from me. Because I was struggling in the interests of our people, I opposed the detrimental policies. But ultimately, I left the government to become a member of the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah (DPRD, Regional Council of People's Representatives), so they continued without further opposition. Thus, many of our children are still unemployed. The immigrants may only have been here for a short time. They too take the tests, and they are the ones who pass. But if you were to measure their intelligence, I do not think you would find any difference.

I think this is one thing that should be given attention to ensure that the situation we are experiencing now does not continue any longer, since these are the ones who could not possibly do things to harm the public. But because they are dissatisfied, they do bad things, such as burning things down here and burning things down there. A few years ago, the DPRD buildings in Nabire were burned by the masses because of the manipulation of civil-servant job applications.

That happens because people feel dissatisfied with the existing policy. If you just urge politely, yes, your message is not likely to be received. Do you have to do something extraordinary to get attention? You may need to burn down a parliament building, until it is destroyed, or burn down shops, for that attention. Since the aspirations the people express are not received, so be it, just to open the government's eyes. This is why you must implement good governance, to assure that the interests of the people, from the cities all the way to the villages, are well served.

Take, for example, the road to Sima in the west. It would be easy to build a road to reach there, but the road has not yet come through. However, the road to Lagari (in the east) has already been paved, because transmigrants from Java live there. These are the kinds of discriminations we see all the time, although other people may not notice them. So people want to try out alternative programmes. For instance, there are both newcomer transmigrants and local transmigrants. But to place the two groups together in one location would be difficult. I have thought about and attempted that, but it cannot work yet, the road is blocked.

For instance, take the Wanggar location: You want to place the Ekari people there together with the Javanese, but their ways of life are too different. The Javanese generally work paddies to grow rice, while the Ekari generally breed pigs. They contradict one another. The Javanese do not want to see any pigs around, whereas keeping pigs is precisely what the Ekari do for a living. Similar difficulties have arisen for the people of the villages of Makimi, Mor, or Napan on the coast who were told to move to Lagari. They used to live as fisher folk, but now in Lagari they have to learn to live as farmers, working the paddies to grow rice. I think growing rice is heavy work compared to pounding sago, which is lighter. That is the situation today. We would actually like it if settlements could be developed around each kampung, with a ratio of 75 percent in-migrant and 25 percent indigenous residents. That way, the house construction could all be done there and all the rations given to newly migrated households by the government could be sent there, and not to other places.

Regarding regional revenues, we see that all the regional revenues must be sent to the central government, whereas the region may only get 10 percent. But the pressure we are applying now is for the region to receive 80 percent, or if possible, 90 percent. So that we can use that money to develop the region. I would like to compare Nabire now with

Kebayoran Baru in Jakarta. If we truly set out to develop Nabire, it could become like Kabayoran Baru. In 1963-1964 Kebayoran Baru was not as developed as it is today. But if Nabire is not developed, Nabire will remain just as it is, whereas Kebayoran Baru is already very advanced and constitutes a busy centre. That is the injustice in development today. And that is what is raising a public clamour today. But how are we doing now?

It would be possible for the regional autonomy that is granted to be a truly real and accountable regional autonomy. But in fact it is not! And the government has now given this region special autonomy. Ah, will it be able to work here or not? Because in the past, regional autonomy was once granted, a regional autonomy that was real and accountable. But in reality it did not work out! Probably these are the things that make our people dissatisfied, to the point that all the different circumstances that exist today have arisen.

EXPERIENCE AS A GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATOR

Yes, I have had many experiences in running the government, but let me describe the few that I think might be regarded as essential. In running the government, we administrators or civil servants acted as coordinators in every field. So, formerly, we served as coordinators, whether it had to do with shipping, cash cropping, horticulture, teachers, or religious teachers. If there was no teacher or priest, we could also teach and give sermons. In this way we managed to succeed in developing society. Beyond that, we ran the administration that was there.

From my perspective, today it is as if the situation of the government is in such a rut that it is stagnant and does not run smoothly. Formerly, there was specialization in every field of work. People who worked in plantations, yes, let them work in their plantations. Those who fished were fisher folk. If someone was a teacher, let him teach at a school. But in the free world today, everything runs according to the rules of autonomy. The meaning of the term autonomy is that each region with its own regional head acts on its own. Among the employees who are hired, a medical orderly can also work in the government. A plantation foreman can also become a fisherman. In the end their jobs cannot run well, because they do not know the techniques for implementing them. This is one thing that I see in government today. For example, a fisher-

man is placed in the office of a sub-district head to take care of the administration process. Well, this brings trouble, since his only expertise is his ability to catch fish in the sea. However, that is what you will find in the government now. So what we want is something along the lines of my past experience, namely, ‘the right man in the right place’. This is what we really want, so that all the jobs can run as they should.

In this country, Pancasila is applied as ‘the way of life’. However, in Papua in particular, we Christians regard the Bible as ‘the way of life’. So it is as if the government today is no longer focused. It should be that in government, things are arranged in such a way that everything can be focused.

Regarding democracy, we commonly agree that democracy already existed here in the past. And what is known as *gotong royong* (mutual cooperation or aid) existed here. Indonesia came to apply *gotong royong*, but in a different way than the way known in the lives of the people here. In a village, for example: people want to build a house. Okay, the whole community is mobilized to build the house. But this is also true when you want to clear a garden or field. Almost everyone in the village comes to help work on it. Meanwhile, the person who owns the garden or field prepares food and drink for the people who come to work. So that is how the mutual aid found here works.

The situation of the government today, compared to the past, is that many people are positioned in the wrong places. The same is true in the legislature. Many members of the DPRD sit there, but what do they come there to say? At most, what they do, as expressed in the commonly used term, are ‘the Five D’s’: *datang, duduk, dengar, diam, duit* (come, sit, listen, keep quiet, get money). So it is meaningless; the only reason they want to sit there is money. But they cannot contribute ideas to develop the region. They lack the experience or the knowledge required.

There lies the problem with the implementation of government today. The legislature, which is supposed to carry out supervisory tasks, is, on the contrary, driven by the executive. Because there are no experts with a mastery of different areas of development, they are at best driven by the executive. If the executive says ‘do this’, yes, they just go along with it! If the executive has programmed something with its funding, it just remain for the legislature to approve it. Agree, agree! This is its weakness. This is different from the situation in the past, for example, in the Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council). There, everything was debated until they arrived at the best and most appropriate solution. The

executive could say: 'Do this!', but the legislature could say: 'No, it should be like this!' Yes, that was how government was back then.

WE HAD TO KNOW THE SITUATION OF THE PEOPLE

I have described my experience inside the government. Now let us turn to the community. We had to get to know the community first. We had to first find out what the circumstances of the people were, how they lived, and approximately how we were going to develop them. Because we might not necessarily be able to apply the theories from school. We might have to learn their language first, so we could know what they used there, for example, related to bride wealth and other things. For example, people around Hollandia used beads and stone axes as bride wealth, but for us here in Wandamen such articles would not be favoured. I once went to Depapre, and at the time, people were in the middle of making bride wealth payments. I thought that if they considered that a certain type of stone axe was not number one, it would be better for me to just throw it away since I figured it would not be of value. But they told me: 'Don't throw it away, Sir, leave it. It is still popular as number two.' So those were the problems.

If I look at the current situation regarding *adat* law and everything related to it, *adat* is no longer adhered to the way it was in the past. Nowadays people follow the market. So when the prices of vegetables in the market, or the cost of clothing in the kiosks, rise, then the value of the bride wealth rises, and fines also grow increasingly more expensive. This has no basis at all in *adat* law. I see a lot of this happening in the community.

Regarding the continuity in government down to the villages, yes, someone can be appointed as the village head because he has had a good education. Yet he may not necessarily have influence on the community there. So no matter how smart he may be, whether he is a graduate of high school and so on, or however fluent he may be in speaking Indonesian, it does not necessarily mean he will succeed in governing the community, unless he has strong influence. So this weakness affects the smooth turning of the wheels of government, in the villages as well as in the sub-districts.

Just take, for example, our current situation in Indonesia. There is chaos everywhere. They say that it is caused by inter-religious conflicts. In my opinion, they are not inter-religious conflicts. No! In Christianity we are taught that we are forbidden to kill anyone. The same is true in Islam: killing people is forbidden. Rather, there are sponsors – known today as ‘provocateurs’ – at play. Agreements have been reached by certain people to do so. All the parties should be involved in the process of resolving the existing conflicts.

However, the only ones involved are the people appointed by the government, and not by the community, and they have no influence. For instance, take us, in Nabire. Here we have *kepala suku* (lineage or clan headmen). But these days they are not appointed by the community. They are appointed by the government. Hence, they have no influence in the community. They talk to the people, but the people do not want to listen to them. Or take, for example, the *kepala suku* in the interior: the people do not want to know anything about them, because they are appointed by the government.

There are a great many issues that we are facing in the government right now. A scheme for the resolution of all the problems must be sought so that things can be good again, as they were in our past experience. In fact, we realized at the time that we could not move by ourselves. It was as if we had been lulled to sleep, since all we had to do was to stay put to receive all sorts of benefits. That was also one of our mistakes. Ah, maybe people are now saying: ‘That’s how it was back then!’ In the past, there were things, such as regional revenue, which we could not seek on our own. We just received it from the Netherlands. All the citizens there were obliged to pay taxes, whereas all we had to do here was receive the revenue. But now we must make efforts to find our own sources of regional revenue.

DEMOCRATIC LIFE

Regarding the provincial and regional Councils of People’s Representatives, or DPRD, you could almost say that they function democratically. But there is no working relationship between the district-level DPRD and the provincial-level DPRD – they are disconnected. The regional DPRD only works with the executive in its own area. As

for the representatives of the regions who sit on the provincial DPRD, do they represent the people of Papua or not? Because, what I have seen when I attend their sessions is that those present have been appointed by people with whom they are closely associated. What they discuss there is not the voice of the people. In the working relationships between the district DPRDs and the provincial DPRD, you can see that they are institutions that are supposed to control regional government, yet in reality that's not how it works.

There is no contact with the people, since they are not appointed by the people, but by political parties. Therefore, what they fight for are only things in the interest of the parties and in the interests of the party leaders. These are different from the interests of the people. That is the situation we have today. I think that representation through a district system would be more appropriate, so that the people's representatives would come carrying the voices of the districts they represent.

As for the National Parliament or Council of People's Representatives (DPR), compared with the liberal democracy applied in Europe, what is applied here is guided democracy based on Pancasila. So it would be better if a district system were used in the elections for the DPR, so that the people could directly elect the people they want to carry their voices to the DPR. However, if a political-party system is used, representation is confined to the regency level. In practice, up to now, the leaders of the political parties only nominate people who get along well with them to serve as their representatives in the DPR. For example, if Marey were a director on the board of a political party, at most those included would be members of his own family or friends. If I were in that position, perhaps I would have someone from the Senandi family put in the DPR, because I was the leader of a political party. But it would not be a reflection of what the people want! So it would be good if a district system were used in the next general election, so that it could encompass the aspirations of all of the people who take part in the general election. Because like it or not, the people's representatives would have to return to meet with the people who elected them. If this system were used, the members of the DPR would work in a more accountable manner.

Right now, for example, if we just listen in, not by attending the sessions there, but just by following the news on television, the members of the national DPR are not voicing the interests of the people. They are only advancing their own arguments, which do not concern the interests

of the public at all. That is what we see in the capital, as well as in the provinces, and what is more, in the *kabupaten*. If the DPRD in a district only discusses what the district government wants, then the DPRD cannot exercise its regulatory function properly. In the event that the members of the DPRD could exercise their functions properly, they would be able to create their own regulations. But currently they cannot! Until now, the one generating all the ideas for district regulations has been the executive body. They come up with ideas and pass them to the DPRD, which is left only to approve them. The DPRD is unlikely to object. How can they object if they know nothing! The executive has already taken care of it: ‘This is how it should be!’ It remains for the DPRD to receive it and hold a session about, and for all the members to agree! So they are unlikely to take issue with the existing tradition. It is what we are used to. And I have experienced many examples of this myself while serving as a council member.

As someone who has been a DPRD member, I have personally experienced such things. There is no separation between the executive and the legislature. The executive has a greater role in district government than the DPRD. The legislature does not play the role it is supposed to play. For just one example, take the election of the *bupati*, or district heads. The executive has prepared the candidates on its own. The executive will play the game. The members of the DPRD are given money along with instructions: ‘Later, you should choose this person to serve as *bupati*.’ That is the ongoing practice here. But the election of the members of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad in the past – now that was what you call democracy.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

Indeed, there is some physical development in progress, only it does not suit local needs. Physical development is undertaken because the expenditures budget needs to be fully spent. And not in the interests of the region!

There are some cases we can see. I can give you one example. Here there is a satellite for television. It was arranged for in Jakarta and brought to the province. And the province, as the project leader, undertook the project so that we could receive television broadcasts over here.

But then they said that we had run out of funds, so the project could not be completed. What are we to do? If we complain about it we will be blamed. It is, in fact, the duty of the DPRD to do so, but its sphere of control does not extend that far, despite the fact that this is part of the job of the administration. These are the kinds of things we can see happening here. As an observer, I just sit and watch, and it hurts. Actually there is no need for things to get jammed up, because I think that education is proceeding smoothly and many in today's generation are better educated than we were in the past, yet we are experiencing setbacks.

There are the unsettled matters of things that we saw happen in the past. Yesterday we had the Kongres Pelurusan Sejarah (Congress to set the Historical Record Straight). Actually the participants could tell the truth openly. But because they could not frankly address what had happened, they only told it in an oblique way. Because we still remember the implementation of the Act of Free Choice. A referendum was not held like the one held in East Timor. There was no free campaign here. At the time, they – the members of the Election Consultative Council, or DMP – only carried ballots and were ordered to read them aloud: agree or disagree! After that they just remained silent. At the time we tried to fight back in unison, but unfortunately, not everyone wanted to fight back. Finally those of us who were opposed were arrested and detained. That was the treatment of our people here. Back then the roads of Nabire were not paved as they are today. Beer was given away and encouraged to make the crowd drunk. The members of the DMP for the Act of Free Choice were each given Shag 'Warning' tobacco and a Sony radio. And they voted by acclamation.

The envoys from Nabire were many; I do not remember the precise number. From Nabire Beach, maybe the old man Sembor himself, and many from the interior. When the time came to vote they had already agreed. So when they voted, all of them had to agree. Thus, I cannot blame them! Because indeed, all of us were deceived back then. I still remember the time when I was brought to Jakarta. We went there in several groups. We were fooled into signing a statement: 'Reject the Act of Free Choice!' We should have refused then and there!

At the time we were at the Department of Foreign Affairs in Jakarta. The Minister of Foreign Affairs then was Subandrio. I asked: 'Why hasn't Indonesia taken Malaysian Borneo first? Why is West Irian being taken now?' Well, politicians are used to speaking easily, but I could

not find an answer. What he said was: 'That's something right in our backyard, isn't it, so it's easy for us to take it. But we are taking the one that's far away first.' That was the way he talked. But I made a statement at the time, and the situation was that if I signed the statement that day, I would be sent home immediately! I still remember one friend from here. He used to be the local government head (KPS) of Ilaga. We both signed the statement, and the same day we were flown out of Jakarta to return home to Biak. If we had not, we would have been left to wander around in circles over there. So that is how we were driven to do it. In Jakarta there was the Sarinah department store building. When President Soekarno inaugurated that building, he said: 'Brothers of West Irian, this is the capital city, the micro-buses are all ready, whatever difficulty there is we shall look for a solution'.

THE PROJECTS DO NOT MEET THE PEOPLE'S NEEDS

I look at the men who were taken to serve as members of the DMP. Those of us from the coast might have still talked, but the people from the highlands, once they were given a carton of cigarettes, what is more, Shag 'Warning', and a Sony radio, what more could one expect? These are the things that make us unhappy. The way the administration works is also unsatisfactory. Yes, we have been passed over in all areas! Therefore, it is clear we are not satisfied. And this is what has now become a popular demand.

In carrying out our civil service duties during the Dutch period, financial matters were of the greatest concern. When we collected taxes back then, we could be punished for the loss of even one cent. Any officials who did that had to be removed from their posts and sent to another place. But it is not like that for today's district head or *camat*. Instead, as long as he has the opportunity to serve as *camat*, he enriches himself. He uses the development funds that come in to pay for taxis or other valuables for himself and his family.

Today's *camat* are like the *districtshoofden* in the past. Except that there are so many of them. Yet, based on my observations, not too many of us Papuans get to serve as *camat*. Perhaps this is because we are seen as too stupid to do the work or because of religious considerations. But for our other brothers from other areas, everything goes smoothly. It remains for

us to look at this situation and note the differences. In the Dutch era, if you embezzled even one cent, you could be charged. So in this government, when it ran as it was supposed to run, yes, everything could be kept in order. Now we have a reform era, only I see that it is facing difficulties. People are free to speak their minds, but often, their views are not good, but rather destructive. Because one wants to fight for one's own ideas, one goes along as one likes with one's own organization. If people are unwilling to listen to the opinions of others, ultimately this can lead to chaos in Indonesia. These are the things that we worry about, but we leave to the future generations who will take over from us.

Regarding regional autonomy, whether it is what was formerly called real autonomy, or special autonomy, I do not think it makes any difference, it would be the same. In fact, in my opinion, there is no point. Because the aim, after all, in the future, as in the past, is: practically speaking, local government that is real and accountable. So, special autonomy, along with its funds, will still aim in that direction too. Because autonomy means that we stand on our own, in cultivating the proceeds of our own region to guarantee funds from there are used to develop the region itself, although I think that all the funds will end up going to the centre as well. So there will be a lot of games! If we were to go for federation, it might be better than regional autonomy! But not much better – perhaps it is only the words that are different. Because it is the implementation of development that is unfair! This is what makes us feel unsatisfied. I think this is unlikely to change in the near future either!

Twins must be killed

Dirk Bernardus Urus

Among the Ayamaru people who inhabit the hinterlands in the Bird's Head, there was a belief that when a woman gave birth to twins, one of the babies must be put to death because it was considered to be the Devil's child. The one who killed the child was the mother herself. However, this belief increasingly eroded with the coming of religious teachers and civil servants to the interior.

The establishment of hospitals made this practice gradually disappear. If we (religious teachers, civil servants, or paramedics) came across a pregnant woman who was going to give birth, she was brought to the hospital. If it turned out that she gave birth to twins, one of them was kept at the hospital and could be adopted by interested people.

Another *adat* practice was found among the Arfak tribe, who also dwell in the Bird's Head area. A woman who was about to give birth was isolated from her community; a separate house was built for her. She gave birth alone and raised the baby on her own without anyone else's help for about one month. Of course, her food and drinks were prepared by other women. However, they only placed the provisions in a certain place, where the new mother would come to pick them up.

But over time, they were able to change due to the existence of government regulations as well as health services provided by doctors and paramedics. Dutch doctors began coming into the forests on patrols to visit the residents of the villages. The people were happy to receive them and their visits had a good influence on the community. If any of the Arfak were hiding in the forests, when the doctors or paramedics came by, they would be sure to come out of hiding to see them. They were glad when the doctors or paramedics came. But if those who came were the police, they did not like it, because the police might be violent toward

them. Even if nothing had happened, just hearing the name police would frighten them. Thus, in they could treat people who were sick.

Before conducting a patrol, we sent a message to the people in the villages that a paramedic would be coming to treat the sick. Ah, when they heard that, they would come out of the forest, and we would use the opportunity to register them as residents. So, in that time, the district heads and the paramedics had to cooperate closely. This was very important for the remote areas. The Dutch doctors paid great attention to health services for the population. In every district there was a paramedic, and he had his own schedule for visiting the villages. When going to visit villages on the coast, the paramedic could use the boat of the district head.

KAIN TIMUR

The *adat* practices of the Ayamaru were more rigid. It was difficult to infiltrate their communities to change their ways of life, for example, with respect to *kain timur* (pieces of ceremonial, woven cloth originally from the Southeastern Moluccas).

Kain timur had a strong influence on every aspect of community life. Sons always had to help their parents, because the good name of the family could bring *kain timur*. They would not permit their sons to be sent to faraway schools. Nor were they allowed to become police officers or to serve as soldiers, or to attend the Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys). Daughters had to help their mothers. The parents cared for their daughters until the time came for them to marry. *Kain timur* was the highest, most valued form of property. It was used as bride wealth and as a means of paying fines to settle all kinds of *adat* cases. The *adat* leaders, who were called *bobot*, owned a lot of *kain timur*. When disputes occurred, they were the ones who determined how much *kain timur* should be paid and they were the ones who settled disputes. The *bobot* had enormous influence. They regulated war and peace with other *bobot* and other tribes. When one of them gave an order, everyone was willing to follow his order because, ultimately, he was the person responsible for all the consequences.

I once handled a murder case in Ayamaru. I departed with the police to go to the place where a murder had taken place. We left early in the morning, and arrived to find the corpse laying there. The man had been murdered. The night before, his wife had come to tell their children, and

their children had reported it to me. We went to ascertain what had happened, we buried the murdered old man and then we returned. A few days later, we reported the event to the HPB.

It was an *adat* matter. They were suspicious of one another. People from another village probably suspected the old man of sending a *suangi* (evil ghost) to kill one of their people. Following their custom, they just surmised who the person was using *mawi* (magic). If the *mawi* indeed indicated the person who they suspected, yes, then they took action and killed the person. That was what they did to that old man, who was living with his wife in their garden. The murder began to precipitate a tribal war, but we prevented that because the police took swift action and succeeded in arresting the perpetrators. They perpetrators were caught and then processed. In this way, we found out the background and everything that led up to the murder, how many people were involved, and who was to be held responsible for the consequences. The perpetrators were arrested, processed and punished.

THE SEBYAR TRIBE

The Dutch government always carefully thought through considerations about whether or not it was appropriate to open a given district. For instance, the district of Arandai was not opened because it was surrounded by swamps. The inhabitants' houses were erected right on the swamps too. If you wanted to go anywhere you always had to go by boat. And if you wanted to meet with them, you had to use a boat. At the time the population of Arandai district totalled 5,000 people. There were a great many mosquitoes and gnats. Yet the people of the Sebyar tribe have managed to survive in this area until now. At that time, a doctor and a paramedic regularly came to help the ones who were sick.

Because it was not feasible to open this area, another area was opened instead, namely, Merdei, which at that time was the site of an oil drilling company. Before I was posted there, officials had probably already conducted a survey and seen that the area had certain potential. And when I went there, the district of Arandai was closed and Merdei opened. The population was not forced to move because they really could not move to another place.

When they were invited to move to a dry plateau, they were unwilling, because they had always lived on water. And sago trees grew by the

river, so it was not hard for them to find food. So, for the time being, we could not force them to move. Only later, because the oil drilling companies were coming in and having an impact on them, were they willing to move. They were not forced to move to dry land since they did not know anything about gardening. They were happier to live on boats looking for fish in the sea and in the rivers.

The new district of Merdei was opened after the oil company, *Nederlandsch Nieuw-Guinea Petroleum Maatschappij* (NNGPM) conducted survey activities there. So the Arfak people were already quite familiar with the company's activities. They also worked as labourers to cut down trees, and so on. They rejoiced when the district post was opened, because by that time the NNGPM company had closed. They wondered, now that it had closed, what was next? It was their leaders who asked that the area be opened, so the government could establish a district there. And that is what happened. External communications would be managed by airplane from Merdei to Manokwari. For that, an airstrip had to be cleared. The work of clearing the airstrip was done using the labour of the community itself. They did not use tractors or other modern equipment. Who was going to bring a tractor up there? The people worked on it with their own hands. They used machetes, axes, hoes and shovels. There was a team that cut the grass, a team that felled trees, and a team that cut the buttresses of the trees. They worked voluntarily and were willing to be paid in contact articles. The Dutch government at the time used goods as contact articles. Since the people were not yet acquainted with money, we asked that they be paid in contact articles, and the government provided the supplies.

The people already grasped how important outside communications were for their area. They did not question the use of the land for the airfield. They permitted its use without asking for payment. At that time they had no idea yet about compensation for land. Today they must be given compensation for land.

ASSISTANT CLERK

My friends and I completed our education at the *Opleidingsschool voor Inheemse Bestuursambtenaren* (OSIBA, School for Indigenous Administrators) after three years of study and we graduated in 1954.

I was placed in Manokwari as a *candidaat bestuurs assistant* (assistant administrator candidate), and I was seconded to the office of the HPB of Manokwari. As it happened, I had worked in the Landschapsrechtbank (Regional Court) division as an assistant court clerk. I assisted my boss for a year.

Then I worked as a civil servant, in keeping with my education. After a time a number of us who worked under the HPB Manokwari were enlisted to assist the district head of Manokwari. And the main work we were assigned was to conduct patrols to the district areas and villages. We conducted patrols from the coast to the mountains and into the hinterlands. In Manokwari we got to know the Arfak people, who lived scattered from the coast all the way to the mountains.

Mount Arfak, which is now called Mount Umsini, is 2,000 to 3,000 metres high. So our task – being *bestir muda*, or young administrators, as people called us – was to make visits to the villages to collect data and see to the implementation of development projects and community development. Since at that time the Dutch did not provide funds in the way it is done today, the people took their own initiative to develop under the guidance of the district head, or the HPB and other government workers, in the fields of agriculture, plantations, and so on. For example, with the Department of Agriculture and Plantations, what was funded was the implementation of the work in the field. So there were farmers who were paid to clear land, clean it up and plant it with crops. Or to replant it, as in Warmare, where there was a cocoa plantation at first, but then it was cleared and replaced by a palm oil plantation. That was the work of an administrator. Moreover, as young administrators, we had to practice how to work in the midst of the community. Above all, we had to get to know the community and their environment, their *adat*, and the practices of community life. Once we discovered things that, based on our considerations, should be developed in our endeavour to develop the community, these things had to be reported in writing to the HPB. Our data collection results would be given attention by the government in implementing development. Therefore, as prospective administrators, we undertook district head were forwarded to the HPB and the HPB forwarded them to the resident.

FULL INITIATIVE WAS REQUIRED

That was the main job of an administrator. Additionally, we had to take the initiative regarding things that needed to be done in the government at district level. Perhaps people had to be brought down from the mountains, or scattered communities had to be gathered together to establish villages using their own resources. With the guidance of the district head and his employees, the people were taught how to build a village on their own, using local materials and without getting funding or other assistance from outside.

Thus, what is called ‘autonomous development with little funding’ was already being done in the Dutch period. When developing villages in the swampy areas with people who were still primitive, the houses that got built were quite simple. They were erected on platforms with roofs made of sago palm leaves, and walls made of sago palm fronds or bark. These houses looked good, too. Health workers provided information to the communities on how to maintain their health and build healthy homes.

So the work of the agencies seconded to the district head was coordinated. The district head did not organize it all by himself, but in conjunction with the Departments of Health, Agriculture, and others. And that is what happened in each development effort in the villages – which were known at the time as *kampung* rather than *desa*. Village development was not much different from one village to another. The community did it themselves without being forced to do so. We encouraged and provided them with understanding, so that they would build teachers’ houses as well as their own houses. They also built school and church buildings by themselves.

It was not necessary to gather everyone together to hold a meeting beforehand, in order to determine how many houses had to be built, what kinds of building materials would be used, and what would be acceptable. No. It was enough for the district head to consult with the existing government agencies, especially with the Health Office and the teachers. The teachers were very important in the villages, because they lived there all the time and had to engage the participation of the community to ensure that education for the district head was very attentive to the teachers since they taught the schoolchildren. The health paramedics were also given attention, as were the police. At that time the police

played their role in conjunction with the district head. When anything happened that endangered the community and called for security, the police were deployed to settle things. But they did not act as they pleased; rather, they had to act properly, without resorting to violence.

The Arfak people were famous for being difficult to rule. They did not pay much attention to orders from the government. And the police at the time could take action based on the existing regulations on policing. The district head ruled, and the civil government and police were his assistants. In cases where it was deemed necessary, the district head could act to enforce the law, as he had the authority to be a law enforcer. So the people at that time recognized the government as a means of law enforcement and public order. There was good cooperation between the Arfak tribe and the district head. The government ran well because we Papuans worked well, and what was done was accepted by the HPB, provided that no scandals arose, if the administrators imposed something on the community. Ah, that was prohibited by the HPB. As long as we were in tune with them, the people had no objections.

COUNCIL SECRETARY

I once served as the secretary to the Streekraad (Regional Council) in Teminabuan. The Streekraden were governed by government regulation. They pre-dated the establishment of the Nieuw-Guinea Raad (New Guinea Council). There was Streekraad Anim Ha in Merauke, Streekraad Dafonsoro in Hollandia (Jayapura), and in the place where I served, Streekraad Maybrat, on which I served as secretary. It was a democratic system.

Among council members there was a mutual exchange of ideas and knowledge among people who had long been involved in government. Meaning that the council usually kept pace with or took part in developments in the government, so the work was not too difficult, because the people involved – village heads, tribal leaders, community leaders – already had a general knowledge of things. They understood how the government worked. They automatically knew what was happening. And they were guided by the HPB and other government leaders. They understood the tasks of the Streekraad, since the Streekraad regulated what went on around the community itself with regard to people's rights,

in keeping with their *adat* rules. The chairman of the council at the time was HPB E.A. Polansky. He was later replaced by HPB Alex Onim.

We can compare the government system in the Dutch period with the current government system as follows. Currently, we have to wait for provisions to be outlined, for example, by the provincial centre (Jayapura), before they can be implemented in the field. In the past it was not like that. We were free to develop initiatives based on what was there. When it came to matters in which the government had to intervene, only then would the provincial government intervene--for example, if there was a disaster or catastrophe. Ah, it was then that the government intervened and helped out with the expenses incurred, for example, to clear the way to, and organize communications with the disaster zone.

But as long as the community could work on something on their own, the government did not intervene, since it took place at the initiative of the people themselves. When the government wanted work to be done on something, the government provided funds to cover wages for the people who did the work. That is the difference between the Dutch period and the present period. Today, the people do not take the initiative, but wait for instructions from the government, perhaps because this facilitates communications. But if the people themselves take the initiative, yes, let them. And that was what happened in the Dutch period.

Why did this happen? Perhaps it was like this, in my opinion, in the time before anyone talked about independence. Perhaps the Dutch saw that the people had the capacity and the interest, so they encouraged them to work on their own. You can see how this differs from the situation today, when people are not forced, but pressured to work, although they have no desire to work. Now people are used to working because they are paid and because various facilities exist. After the transfer of Papua to the Republic of Indonesia, people shouted: 'Give us money first, then we'll work!' So it is far different. How come that the attitude of people has changed so dramatically? Maybe because of the influence of other people and the limited opportunities available.

Nowadays, money is given more priority than the public interest. So development is seen as some kind of object. According to the people here, the people from outside Papua who came here changed the democratic ways of thinking of the Papuans. It was the people who came here from all over the place, who changed the good habits that existed here. Maybe they think we are lazy if we do not have a job. But Papuan people

today do not think like that. Now they are demanding better access to the labour market, more loudly and more forcefully than ever.

After the end of 1978, I was demoted from being a KPS to become a *camat*. Whether it was a step down for me – I myself could not tell the difference. A KPS, meaning *kepala pemerintahan setempat* (head of local government), supervised five to eight district heads. A *camat* (sub district head) only headed one small area. The status of a *camat* was lower than that of a district head. His rank was a little higher than that of a *lurah* (municipal ward head). And the status of a *lurah* was higher than that of a village head. But a person who served as a village head was a community leader, whereas one who served as a *lurah* was an active government employee. The village head was autonomous, but the *lurah* was not. In any case, the *camat* was the head of one or two *kelurahan* (municipal wards) and a few villages.

THE ADMINISTRATION UNDER UNTEA

During the UNTEA period, the Dutch administrative system still held sway. The employees of the Trikora (People's Triple Command) brought into this area by Indonesia were still acclimatizing. After that, the ex-Dutch employees were directly replaced by shifting them out of their positions. Whatever was brought in from Indonesia, that was what was put into operation here. Former government employees like us had to go through upgrading, training, and courses. When we left, our job vacancies were filled by other people. And when we returned after following all the programmes, it turned out that there were no places left for us. All the vacancies had been filled by newcomers. So we had to wait for another vacancy or were transferred to other areas. Many people appeared to be out of work at that time. And in fact not only back then, but still up to now. Thus, I can say that the government of this republic appears to accommodate many unemployed people who are provided with food. Whether a government employee works or just sits and walks around, he is given an allowance for food. The employee's function is no longer appropriate to the field he pursued as a civil servant.

The UNTEA period ended in April 1963 and the Act of Free Choice was held in 1969 based on the New York Agreement of 15 August 1962. The Indonesians had a greater role in the Act of Free Choice. Sudjarwo Tjondronegoro was most active in propagandizing the Act of

Free Choice until it was carried out. If I am not mistaken, the initiative to carry out the Act of Free Choice according to a representative system and not a 'one man one vote' election originated from him. It was also influenced by pro-Indonesia Papuan figures at the time as well. They used the momentum to choose a system that applied here according to *adat* practices. When tribal chiefs and *adat* leaders speak, people will follow them without a comment. So at that time in Manokwari there was a number of community leaders involved, such as *paitua* Kawab, who was also the *bupati* at the time.

They were regarded as community leaders and *adat* leaders. The community leaders knew the *adat* and traits of Papuans. Generally, Papuans from across the country were nearly the same. When someone was looked up to as an important figure, everyone regarded him as a leader, and took whatever he said to be true. Each tribe had its own leaders. If a leader from the interior spoke, the people of the interior listened to him. The same was true of *adat* and community leaders from Biak-Numfor, Wandamen, or Serui. So at the time, this system was used in the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah Gotong Royong (DPRD-GR, Regional Council of People's Representatives Mutual Assistance), which was not composed based on general elections like the Nieuw-Guinea Raad.

The Nieuw-Guinea Raad ceased to exist as of 1 May 1963. But if you read the New York Agreement, the rights of citizens were guaranteed and were supposed to have been respected and maintained by the government of the Republic of Indonesia. The people should have been granted their rights to engage in politics in a democratic manner. But they committed action against and arrested anyone who spoke about such rights. Yes, that kind of thing actually happened! What is more, at the time, the Free Papua Movement (OPM) was spreading. Ah, the name OPM was not to be mentioned carelessly. If someone used the name OPM, the person was branded as a subversive or killed. In any case, the plans for the Act of Free Choice were really made by them and sponsored by Soedjarwo Tjondronegoro.

We civil servants could not do a thing, because we had to carry out whatever the government had decided. So all the plans were arranged here and then firmed up in Jakarta for implementation. Because the Act of Free Choice had to be implemented successfully here, it was implemented using violence. If they had not used violence, they might not

have won. The government did not recognize compromise and did not ask for public opinions. The government stipulated there was only one option: We had to integrate with Indonesia! There was no other possible response.

The people who sat on the Dewan Musyawarah Pepera (DMP, Consultative Council for the Act of Free Choice) were picked from the villages. They were not elected. The *camat* would ask the person if he could speak. Our impression was that a dialogue would be held in the DMP. So the ones appointed were elders and leaders who were articulate speakers. They were brought to Manokwari and accommodated by the Navy. They were quarantined for over a week leading up to the Act of Free Choice Assembly in 1969. During the quarantine, the people who would be speaking in the Assembly were designated by the Indonesian government. They were secretly taken to receive indoctrination. They received instructions about what they had to say.

WHATEVER WE DID WOULD BE WRONG

While they were in quarantine, none of them knew what any of the others would be talking about. They were afraid to approach one another because they were surrounded by Indonesian soldiers. Later, when it was time for them to begin conveying their stances, one by one, each of the 20 who had been decided upon stood up to speak. The people speaking had no idea what the other speakers would say. They only knew that all those who had already spoken had invariably chosen in favour of joining Indonesia for whatever reasons.

Yes, that was it: Just agree. And all of them agreed. If you did not agree, you might be briefly tortured and put to death! If we look at the situation in Manokwari at the time, since everyone got away by speaking with one tongue (choosing to join Indonesia), nothing would happen, meaning that they had given their votes according to the will of the Indonesians, so nothing would happen to them. But the voices outside remained strongly opposed, to the point that people were taken to Arfai (the former Papoea Vrijwilligers Korps complex, then a prison).

So those of us who sat in the Act of Free Choice Assembly began to wonder whether or not what we had said would save many people. That was the thought that crossed our minds. I asked: 'Will the people and I survive or not?' As for the others, all they could do was to wait. Yes,

if somebody spoke the wrong words, all of us would be killed! So would the things we said save ourselves as well as other people, and the people who might be ready to be shot, and our communities? That was the one thought that haunted us.

We, as local government heads, or KPS, had to stand beside our communities, because they lived in our areas. It was hard for us on the side of the government to change people's minds because they never wanted to compromise. The *bupati* could do nothing either. He only gave a warning: 'Remember not to sacrifice the people.' When he spoke like that, we knew what he meant. We had to see to it that the people would not speak about Papuan independence, about the plebiscite, and so on.

And the Indonesian government emphasized that the plebiscite had been replaced by the Act of Free Choice, and that the two were just the same. How were we supposed to explain that to the people? If we spoke it would mean we would be seen as provocateurs, and so on. It was difficult for a government administrator. We were forced to prevent the community from speaking up (against Indonesia), so that we could save many people. Because if we spoke up, then we and the people would be killed. That was clear. Mr. Ortiz Sanz (the UN representative) could do nothing because he was just one person. He spoke in English, and we did not know whether or not the translation provided was accurate. Everything had been prearranged, like the time when Ortiz would speak. We had taken account of all the dangers. Did we want to jump into the fire or protect ourselves from the fire? We just backed away, because the indoctrination was already in progress. The Indonesian government came in and ruled Papua accordingly. However, if at that time, things had been regulated the way they are today, where it would be necessary to hold a dialogue with the Council, then it might all have worked out according to our wishes as Papuans.

The members of the Consultative Council for the Act of Free Choice were determined to choose freely, but could not act on that desire. Before we entered, we remembered that we had to save ourselves and many other people because a battalion of troops of the army of the Republic of Indonesia had already landed by freight ship and were surrounding the entire city. So who would dare oppose them?

LARGE INVESTMENTS BEGIN TO COME IN

After the end of the Act of Free Choice, movements emerged, including the OPM. Those movements closed us off from further opportunities. Those of us who had statuses and positions in the government no longer had the trust of the people. They said: 'Ah, these people and these officials are all talk and no action.' In the end, the true functions of government were not being performed well. If we demanded anything from the government of Indonesia, we would be seen as rebels. And if we demanded a lot, we would be ignored. In our view, they (the Indonesian government) made use of the OPM as a pretext for dredging away more riches. They set up the situation to make it look as if something had happened, so they could stage all sorts of police and military operations. That way they could make money. Seeing this, we administrators could do nothing. We were just spectators. What was true from our perspective was considered false. We were regarded as subversive and opposed to integration.

In 1962, big companies and investors began coming into Papua. Their people came in and filled the land. What were we going to do about it? As government people, we had to implement government programmes, so that they could carry out all their plans in this land. It was hard in every way, and whatever we did, we were wrong! If we did not act, we were wrong; if we acted, we were also wrong. So we had to look at which position was better. If we had no friends, right, it was best not to try anything! We were also worried because we were former Dutch government employees. If we were even a tiny bit guilty, we would be seen as ringleaders.

At the time we assumed that the implementation of the Act of Free Choice did not clash with the official decision of the UN. We wondered how it was that it could be altered the way it had been without going through proper legal procedures. But who could we discuss this with? The one who organized and implemented the Act of Free Choice was the Indonesian government itself. The other parties who co-signed the New York Agreement never showed up to say: 'Don't!' No one acted to provide supervision.

Feeling guilty about helping Freeport

Amos Yap

When Freeport came to Mimika, I was serving there. I helped Freeport a lot. I approached the community to get them to accept Freeport. I sincerely hoped that with Freeport's existence, the area could become more open and the community more prosperous. But now, at times, I feel I share the guilt, when I hear and see what the people have gone through due to the presence of Freeport. They have gained hardly any benefits! Instead they have mainly suffered; their natural surroundings and environment have been damaged.

From the beginning I realized that without major enterprises such as mining or plantations, Mimika would not open up, because its natural conditions are so difficult. There are just two seasons, namely, the summer monsoon and the east-wind seasons. Further, the area is also somewhat steep and it is hard for ships to enter the river estuaries. So I saw the coming of Freeport as a good opportunity. And I really worked hard in the hope that it would have a positive impact on the community.

When the company first opened, I approached the company about this, but unfortunately, my overtures were not that well received. That's putting it mildly. The company at the time was exempted from taxes for one year, so that they could bring in anything they needed. The Bechtel Pomeroy company was handling physical work and building roads, bridges and so on. They were burning building materials that they were not using anymore, such as iron sheeting or plywood. I asked that the materials be given to the community free of charge. After all, it would be all the same to them.

What I meant in doing so was to foster communications and a sense of belonging, a sense of unity between the community and the company. But my proposal received no response from the Freeport people. So the atmosphere of community disaffection not only exists now, but has been

there since the beginning. Because they were the human beings placed by God to dwell there. The company's personnel were living in luxury and abundance, while the people of Mimika lived in hardship and received no help.

Freeport operated in the East Mimika sub-district, where I was serving as *camat*, or sub-district head. Because there were no other agencies there at the time, for about one year I handled immigration and customs, took care of identity cards, married people off, and other things. So my role to Freeport was highly significant. Yet once the company was running I heard – since by that time I had already moved – that the good cooperation was no longer there. Because Freeport considered themselves the owners of the concession, they did not really want to deal with any other parties. Unless I went down there. Usually in association with Unsur Pemimpin Kecamatan (Uspika, Sub-district Executive Officers) – I went with the chief of police and the military commander. When we arrived there, it was usually me who was received and given accommodation by Freeport, while my two companions were not, based on the rationale: 'Ah, we are not at war here, so there is no need for the military to come here.'

We provided input on how the company could build a good life together with the community, but often they did not want to accept our advice, perhaps because they were bound by a schedule and costs. After I moved, the person who replaced me was a Makassarese. I do not know exactly why the person who replaced me was not a Papuan, since there was already a government policy to have Papuans. By that time, Freeport was in production. Freeport regarded its concession area as an autonomous region that no one else could contest.

MOVING THE SUB-DISTRICT CAPITAL

One thing that is still memorable to me is the time I took the initiative to move the capital city of East Mimika sub-district, which is now called Maprojaya, to a place that was more representative, healthier, and closer to Freeport, as a more central and strategic site. At no expense to the government – in this context, the *bupati* or the governor – I moved the sub-district capital. At the time, I was challenged by the Catholic Church, since the majority of the population of the area were Roman Catholics.

The role the church played there was very prominent. They dealt with the fields of health and education.

Kokonao was the capital and seat of the regional government head, and at the same time, the capital of the sub-districts of both West Mimika and East Mimika. I moved it on my own initiative. I wanted to bring the centre of sub district government to a more strategic place. I did so on the principle that it was more appropriate, in my opinion, for service to flow not from the office to the community, but in the opposite direction. What is more, in terms of its natural environment, Kokonao was a small, silt-covered island, which was overgrown by mangroves and other plants. Every time there were big ocean tides and flooding from the rivers, I was concerned that we could be inundated at any time, so I had to move it.

Well, this incident has left a strong impression on me until now. I faced resistance, but at the time I responded: ‘I am not moving the hospital; I am not moving the minister’s house. No. I am only moving my office so I can be closer to my community. Anyone who does not want to move, you may stay.’ Well now, it was obvious that all the activities and even the capital of Mimika regency were there, in the area I wanted to move away from. At the time I got no support at all from the *bupati* or the governor. But I was not too concerned about that. Today they recognize that what I did back then was good. But I did not ask to be appreciated either. That is what distinguishes the government civil servants of the old days from those of today! An administrator in the old days noticed something, studied and reviewed it, considered options, then took a step. And he did so without having to wait for funds. It was best to take the initiative on our own. Indonesia had Law number 5/1974, which clearly stipulated regional autonomy. However, it was hard to implement it in practice, perhaps because this country takes the form of a unitary state. And its system is also overly centralist, so that we are too dependent on the levels above us.

ENTERING OSIBA

I graduated from the Jongens Vervolgschool (JVVS, follow-up school for boys) in Miei in 1958. JVVS was the boarding school system that was in effect then, and it had been going on for a long time. We children from

several areas in Geelvink Bay (Cenderawasih Bay) were gathered there. When we completed our final exams, we were told to pick schools, decide what we wanted to be in the future. At the time I aspired to become a minister, as well as to become a teacher, a paramedic, and a technician. But in the end I chose OSIBA.

I was among the graduates with the best scores in our year. Just as we were going to make our choices, news from Hollandia was sent to the HPB in Wasior that new students were being accepted for OSIBA. I myself had never heard of OSIBA. Our director expected us to take the tests for that school. Well, at the time, since I did not know anything about the school and had no aspiration to go there, I refused. But because I had graduated with the best score, number one, I had to go through the testing, because it would also bring a good name to JVVS Miei. So I and six of my friends, we were seven in all, took part in the testing. If I am not mistaken, the HPB at the time was Mr. Lapré. After that, we received news that five of us had passed the test. Then the five of us went for medical testing in Waren. Following from the medical examination results and the quota that was available, only two people were accepted to enter OSIBA in 1958, namely, me and Luther Saroy.

The reasons why I went to OSIBA were that, first, in keeping with my religious beliefs, I knew that I had been chosen by God to be His servant by working as a civil servant. Second, I felt it was better for me to accept whatever made things easier, since we would be getting an education at no cost to our parents. All costs would be borne by the government. All of them!

OSIBA was the highest-level vocational school here in the sense that nearly all of it was financed by the government. Furthermore, the role it played in the field was also so important. Although we were still just candidates, we received special attention throughout our education. From the moment we were accepted, our departures were directly arranged to get us to the school. On the journey there we did not have to busy ourselves with purchasing tickets or arranging for accommodations, and so on. And each year, when we went on vacation, there were people who made the arrangements for us; so all we had to do was leave.

The schooling took four years. This was based on a new outlook that it might be better if, in addition to learning theories, we were also required to do practice, and only following that, return to the theory. Because we came from the JVVS and directly entered the vocational

school, in the first two years we needed other knowledge we had not yet received – the lessons that were provided at Junior High School (PMS), such as algebra, geometry, trade maths, and so on. So we attended these lessons for two years to upgrade our level of knowledge.

Then, after the practice, we received special lessons on administration, policing, and so on, for two more years. For me, there was nothing about it I could call special. Because during my childhood I had witnessed the work of an administrator, as I had lived with administrators' families. I had already observed a bit of what it involved, so I had the impression that a civil servant had to have a little knowledge about many different things.

He had to know a bit about agriculture and everything else, so that at some point he could use the knowledge in his work as an administrator. This was necessary because the people here were behind the times in every way. They definitely expected that if they came to ask an administrator something, he would be able to answer them, and give them what they asked for. In our education at OSIBA we were equipped to deal with this. We received a general education, that is, a little knowledge about many things. So there were no specialist studies.

I am grateful that I was schooled in that period using a system and curriculum like that. This is because, as I have said, the people of Papua lagged far behind compared to people in other regions. Transportation was difficult; everyone was still isolated. So I am grateful that we had such experience. We were provided with the knowledge we needed, so that in the field we could directly decide upon the first steps we should take. This is in contrast to the current situation. As it happened, in the Indonesian period I studied the science of government all over again in the Indonesian language. If, in the past, we had studied *bestuurskunde* (public administration) in Dutch, now we studied it in Indonesian, whether at the Akademi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri (APDN, Academy for Domestic Government) or at the Institut Ilmu Pemerintahan (IIP, Institute of Government Studies).

At OSIBA we were educated to be 'serfs' or servants of the people. But at that school I felt that I was also one of God's servants. In my life, I have done both – served both as a public servant and as a servant of God. Whatever I have done, whatever decisions I have made, or plans I have carried out, I have always asked for guidance from God. In both roles, I have offered myself as a servant of the people. So, from the be-

ginning and up until now, I have always given more priority to helping other people and endeavoured to fulfill other people's requests. Serving others rather than being served. Because I hold to the principle that if I respect other people, and help them, God will be sure to help me and my children in turn. So we gave main priority to that. Accordingly, we gave more attention in our work to what people needed, what difficulties they had, and not to what we needed. Therefore, regarding the day to day practice of government administration, I am of the view that in truth, the core of government, or the essence of the wheels that turn the administration, must lie not in the office, but in the midst of the community. Because of that, each month I had to go out there, based on the principle that government must circulate in the midst of the community, at the level of the *kampung* – nowadays, the level of the village. You see, if it can operate there, and the problems can be solved there, the needs of the communities met there, it need not climb up any higher. That is how it should be! Yet what we see now is that government administration is controlled more from the higher levels, so that the people always feel far away, and services are lacking, such that the people must go up there to fight for their interests.

ASSIGNED TO KOKONAU

I was part of the last class of OSIBA, since the school was then upgraded to become a kind of institute, that is, the *College voor Bestuurs-en Rechtswetenschappen* (Institute of Public Administration and Law), with two faculties – the Faculty of Law and the Faculty of Public Administration. When an opportunity to do so opened up at that time, all of us wanted to enter the school for police officers. We had friends and brothers (our seniors) who had previously entered the police school. So we also wanted to go to the police school at Base G. Well, it turned out that 13 of us wanted to do that, which would have left only four to work in government administration.

However, Mr. Th.C. van den Broek (head of the curatorium of the school) said: 'No, no, no! No one is going into the police; everyone must go into the administration!' So I went to Kokonao. I had no idea where I was going, because in those days communications and information about the regions were not the way they are now. But I stuck with my

principles: ‘Okay, I’ll go; okay, I’m off to Kokonao’. And so, I began my service there.

I arrived there on 9 February 1962. I began working there as a *candidaat bestuurs assistent* (CBA, assistant administrator candidate). It was precisely during the transition period. I was still young, if I am not mistaken, only 19 years old. And I was assigned to replace the *administratief ambtenaar* (AA, administrative officer), Mr. Jansen at the Agimuga administrative post. It was a remote area populated by the Amungme, Mimika, and Sempan tribes. I began working there. It was a difficult area. But yes, I managed to work there for a fairly long time. Then I was posted to Mimika, beginning as the district head, then becoming the *kepala pemerintahan setempat* (KPS, head of local government), and later, reverting to become a *camat* (sub district head). And several times I went back and forth to attend studies.

After that I returned to Kokonao, where I stayed until the end of 1976, and then I was transferred to Kaimana. And for more or less a year I served as a *camat* in Kaimana. Then I was transferred to the office of the *bupati* (regency/district head) of Fak-Fak to serve as the head of the Law Division, and I worked there for just one year. Then I was transferred to the office of the governor, for only three months, since I had to go for further education. Then in 1982 I returned once more, this time to Jayapura. There I worked only one year, at the Biro Pemerintahan (Administration Bureau) in the governor’s office. Then I was transferred to Manokwari as the secretary of the Regional Development Planning Agency (BAPPEDA).

Then I became the head of the Regional Economy Division. After that I was sent back to BAPPEDA as the head of BAPPEDA in Manokwari regency. Then, in 1994 I was transferred to Biak, to serve as *sekretaris wilayah daerah* (regional secretary) of Biak-Numfor regency until 1997. Then I was transferred to Manokwari, to serve in the position of *pembantu gubernur* (deputy governor) – better known in Java as ‘resident’ – until now. Back in 1962 I went to Kokonau on an airplane that was going to pick up the last Dutch people, that is, KPS Block. He departed right away, but I had already received my assignments from Mr. Jansen. And the person who became local government head or KPS was a Papuan, Saul Wakum. He has since died. He was also a graduate of OSIBA and we were able to carry out the tasks of the administration.

As for notes or records in advance of their departures, there were none, because the timing was so tight. And perhaps this was also because they felt there was no need to do this, as the other materials were still there. And that was what I learned for the future, how I had to behave and act in running an administration. So although the administration was transferred from the Dutch to the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA), we ran the administrative mechanism just as it had been run before, because all of us working during that period were well-educated officials. It might be said that we were the ones who kept the government running during the UNTEA period. The UNTEA officials only acted as symbols of the UN administration, whereas the daily tasks of government continued to be carried out by the people who came from the Dutch government period. At that time all the people who performed those jobs were Papuans. So that could be taken as a measure of whether or not we would be capable of leadership in the future. During the UNTEA period, we ourselves did the work. At that time, Kokonao was part of the residency of Fak-Fak.

The UNTEA person who came to Kokonao was Djalal Abdoh. He came from Jayapura. At the time he was serving as governor. Whereas the UN military person came from Pakistan. Bapak Isaac Hindom served as the vice-resident in Fak-Fak. So it might be said that it was we (Papuans) who ran the government. The UN people only acted as advisors, since in fact, they did not know anything about what had to be done. They did not change much because they did not know the language, and perhaps also because, later, the administration would be handed over to the government of Indonesia, which also consisted of officials from the Dutch government period.

So there was almost no difference. Perhaps it was only the atmosphere that changed at the time. As the time for the transfer in accordance with the New York Agreement drew closer, Indonesian officials were entering our region, both at the level of the *kabupaten* (regency/district) as well as at the level of the local government head, or KPS, and the same was true in Kokonao. Because we became part of Indonesia, whatever was going on over there we also felt over here. At that time the political atmosphere was very dominant. We went through many hardships and shortages.

The economy was in chaos, there were no goods in the shops, and we felt it in Kokonao as well. If we needed anything we had to line up and use coupons, likewise if we wanted to buy rice. It was an extremely

difficult period. I remember that back then, people could only get 300 grams of rice with a coupon. Because of that, Kokonao became a hard place to be. In the Dutch period, before Freeport existed, a ship used to come to Kokonao every six months to drop off supplies, in the months of April and September. Our lives were highly dependent on the drop off of supplies by ship. Kokonao was an area full of swamps and rivers.

IMPLEMENTING THE ACT OF FREE CHOICE

At the time when the Act of Free Choice was held, I was serving as the KPS in Kokonao. And at the time, we had a Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat Daerah Gotong Royong (DPRD-GR, Regional Council of People's Representatives Mutual Assistance) at the regency or district level; the *bupati* served as the chairman of the DPRD-GR, and all local government heads were members, along with community representatives appointed by the government. At that time, there were no general elections yet, and village heads were still called *kepala kampung* rather than the Indonesianized *kepala desa*. Leading community figures who were considered capable, including teachers, were appointed as members of the DPRD-GR. Bapak Thom (Beanal) at that time was the vicar in Nabire or Enarotali. At that time, the Indonesian government decided on the policy to implement the Act of Free Choice through a Dewan Musyawarah Pepera (DMP, Consultative Council for the Act of Free Choice), consisting of DPRD-GR members. So we, including me and other people, were the ones appointed for this.

Why the members of the DPRD-GR were used, following a nomination system, instead of simply letting people vote, is something that not many people, including me, knew. Moreover, I was in a remote area with means of communication that were not like the ones we have today, with television and all that, so we did not know a thing about it, and let us say, we just followed the rules set from above. Of course we hoped for the best. And frankly, I am someone who is not all that fond of politics. All I know are the politics of work, but politics per se, I do not like, and I am not interested in them.

Regarding the implementation of the Act of Free Choice, perhaps to facilitate the arrangements or for other reasons, all of the members (of the DMP) were accommodated in particular places. Those of us

from Fak-Fak were put up in the senior high school building currently occupied by Yayasan Pendidikan Islam (YAPIS, the Islamic Education Foundation). Because it was the occasion of such an important event, all sorts of things, such as health, rest, and so on, were placed under surveillance.

At the time I was not aware of what was going to happen. I knew nothing at all. What is more, I had never read the documents signed by the UN, the Netherlands, and Indonesia. As I said earlier, we came from an isolated area, so we just followed what the people of the city or the regency, had stipulated. So, to conduct the Act of Free Choice, we were brought to Fak-Fak and accommodated in the high school building.

Regarding the referendum process, from the start, several people who would speak were pre-determined. Especially city people, who were considered good at speaking, while it would remain for the others to agree. I personally felt that I did not yet know how to speak. I was not among the ones designated to speak, but I was asked as a member of one council, one unit, whether I agreed. Yes, we all agreed! How could we say we did not agree? So you might say that I just followed along, almost unconsciously, and it was not just me – I think it was like that for quite a lot of people. I did not feel I was intimidated or scared, but if that was going on, yes, then perhaps I was too. We were not intimidated by the military, but because we were in an atmosphere filled by the spirit of the Indonesian Triple Command (Trikorla). And as is well known, that spirit was not only found among those who had come from outside, but also among Papuans themselves, who in the Dutch period were pro-Indonesia, or pro-“red and white”. So it was not just because of the military, but because of the influence of the pro-Indonesia Papuans.

After the implementation of the Act of Free Choice in 1969 I returned to Kokonao. Then in 1971 I went to pursue studies at the APDN in Jayapura. In 1973 I was done and returned to serve in Kokonao until 1976. In 1979 I went to the IIP in Jakarta, and finished my studies there in 1981.

NEW OFFICIAL, NEW POLICY

The essential theory of governance, whether in the Dutch period or the Indonesian period, is the same, since those who taught it before

in Indonesia were also Dutch teachers. Today, courses are given in the form of seminars. Previously, this method was unknown at OSIBA. Conversely, there are subjects that were covered at OSIBA, but are not taught now at the APDN and IIP. And when they are taught, I see that they do not have a bearing on, do not hit the mark for, and do not fit the needs of our region. The systems they teach mainly apply to Java. I think that this not only happens in the field of government, but also in other fields, such as education, culture, and so forth. That is the difference I see. The same is true in matters of work discipline. Maybe it was because we went to boarding schools from the age of 10 that we were familiar with discipline in both life and in work. And the discipline was further reinforced during the time we were educated at OSIBA. This was the difference.

At the APDN, and today, at the Sekolah Tinggi Pemerintahan Dalam Negeri (STPDN, High School of Government Affairs) in Jatinangor, discipline is mainly understood as military discipline. Hence, there are also supplementary military lessons on marching, and so on. But in fact that is not what is meant by discipline. At the APDN and STPDN, the education system, with its centralistic curriculum and syllabus, is determined by the centre. It is not accompanied by a practice period. For me, this presented no difficulty, because I had studied at OSIBA. Because of that, I saw my studies at the APDN and IIP only as a transition from Dutch to Indonesian, supplemented by modern management and such, in keeping with the developments of the times. But the way I work has remained as it was before, using a transparent and democratic system. I always use that system with the formula: 20 days in the field and 10 days in the office.

When the question arises now – where does the difference lie? – the most striking difference I see, and deplore, is that there is almost no regular or well-maintained administration. In the Dutch period, we made daily reports, monthly reports, and so on, and it was done in a tiered manner. The district head sent three copies to the HPB, who corrected them, and after that, sent one copy back to the district head and two copies on to the resident. The resident kept one copy and forwarded one copy to the governor or the Department of Home Affairs.

Because there was a permanent work system, the work programmes also continued to run. There was an effort to maintain a good archive, so that the assessments of subordinates by their superiors were objective. In

the files you could see the capacities of a government official in terms of administration, what he wrote, where he had been, what villages he had visited, and so on. Thus, the reports were objective in character. This is different than the current situation; today such things do not exist.

Indeed, today there is a different system, but sometimes it is influenced by the subjectivity of the person making the personnel assessment report. Another thing is that formerly, even when an official was replaced, the programme that had been set up kept running. Whereas now it does not! As soon as an official is replaced, whether he is a governor, a *bupati*, or a *camat*, perhaps even if he is the president, all the programmes are changed! So there is no continuity: even though a Memorandum of Transfer is always made, who knows whether it is ever read or not, or forwarded to one's superiors.

That is the issue. From my perspective, this cannot work and it is ill suited to the spirit of administrative work. It is confusing, when people hear that a new government programme has just begun to be implemented, or has not yet been implemented, but the official in charge has been replaced again. That is what inhibits continuity in terms of the active participation of the community. With respect to this, the people say: 'Ah, just wait, later the official will get replaced again, don't put too much stock in it.' This is a loss for us here. It is why, in a recent work meeting, I proposed that an APDN be reopened in Papua using different educational methods than in Java.

Based on my experience, before an official can lead an area, he must at least have an idea of the area and the population he will be serving, of the people with whom he will be living, and so on. But if an official has no idea at all of these matters, how can he work? He can obtain this information from books and from the experience of practitioners in the field. A system like this cannot be altered by a governor. As I mentioned before, this is a unitary nation, so its system is centralistic, ruled from the centre, and there are laws that make that possible. In my daily practice up to now, I have never seen a governor who could change the system. Indeed, the dominance of the centre, in this context, the central and provincial governments, and the succession of steps to the bottom, keep it that way.

As an example: all the governors and the *bupati* are kept very occupied with a great many activities outside of their own work areas. They must attend meetings with this minister, then that minister, and so on

to the point that they lack time to allow them to think about their own work programmes and to go into the field. In the period of Governor Bas Suebu (1988-1993), he made a very good move, that is, of going into the villages. Unfortunately, though, this was not continued because he was dismissed as governor. He made visits to a number of villages and tried to develop a working system. He wanted to revive the spirit of work of the communities. But as soon as he was replaced, that excellent project disappeared.

It would be nice if new government leaders did not just directly ignore or eliminate the work programmes or work plans of their predecessors. Actually, those work programmes and work plans belong to the regions. The work programmes for the state are called *Garis-garis Besar Haluan Negara* (GBHN, Broad Outlines of State Policy), whereas for the provinces and regencies, they are called *Pola Dasar Pembangunan Daerah* (Basic Guidelines for Regional Development). They cover all the issues, needs, and so on. They should not all be changed because of a change in government leadership. Perhaps what needs to be replaced is the strategy for their implementation, in order to ensure that their goals are achieved.

HEART AND MOUTH CAPITAL

Thus, the question is, should the APDN be reopened, even though currently at Cendrawasih University a department of public administration has opened? Based on what I have experienced and practiced myself, I feel that a government administrator should be formed through some kind of vessel, or system of education, with different materials. Because later on, he will not only be working based on theories, but will be relying on his instincts.

Because administration is really not one hundred percent theory. The practice of administration is an art – felt through one’s fingertips (*in je vingers krijgen*). And it must be formed, based on my own and my former OSIBA friends’ experiences. Formed in that way. Let me give an example. Because, at OSIBA, we were each prepared to be able to function as an *alleensprekende rechter* (a single judge) later on, there were certain days on which we were sent to sit in on court sessions at the Police Court and Indigenous Court. There we saw how a judge or prosecutor, to use

contemporary terms, prosecuted, deliberated, and decided upon cases. So before we dove into the field, we were already equipped with such experiences.

In fact, during the last leg of our studies at OSIBA we were given extra lessons. I remember learning about meteorology. We were introduced to agriculture, plantations, house construction, health, and other subjects. I was grateful because this helped me in the places where I was posted, especially when I worked in Mimika. I had no one there who could answer my questions or who I could invite to take a look at things. And it turned out that I could deal with things. What was our 'capital'? Well, if anyone asks me now: 'What is the difference between graduates of OSIBA and the people who work in government today?' – I say: 'For us, in that time – and the older people from that period can attest to it – our only capital was our hearts and our mouths. We had to try to explain very clearly to the people, in the language of the people and in the manner of the people, the things we wanted to do and achieve together with them.'

Participation was crucial; what we used as a measure of success in development was professional participation. From the beginning, when something was still an aspiration, to when it became a plan, and then from the time it was implemented until we could enjoy the results and maintain success, it had to be accepted and supported by the community. So it was not just the government alone that was involved with it.

All the parties involved must relinquish their individual 'banners' or agendas. Let us say an NGO, for example. They should not go to a place just because they have a good relationship with the people. That attitude must be relinquished, because if not, the others involved will surely be unwilling to give in. The way it should be is that in coordinating development, there is a unity of thought, views, vision, and mission. All of the activities must be focused on the interests of the community and not on the interests of parties A, B, and C. That is the only way, in my opinion. So it is no good if one party starts patting their chests, claiming that they did all the work. That attitude is no good because definitely the community will choose and take sides with the ones who did it. If an NGO initiates an activity in a place, perhaps it will be accepted by the community, but NGOs must bear in mind that they cannot replace the government, because it is the government who has the authority, the power and the apparatus for development. They must act under the supervision of the

government so as not to give rise to conflicts between the community and the government. If attention is not paid to this, the community may at some point become unhappy with the NGO.

Thus, the government today must see NGOs as work partners, and not as opponents. I implied above that there should be a cooperative consciousness, that in order to succeed the government and its apparatus cannot possibly work alone. It cannot. The government has limited personnel, limited funds, and limited time. The government must work together with other parties. But the other parties should not see themselves as better than the government. Because after all, the government is still the one that governs, anywhere.

THE REFORM ERA

Since the reform era, or *Reformasi*, in Indonesia, there have been changes. The Old Order has been overthrown by the students and all sorts of other forces that opposed it, and the reform era has been welcomed in. There is an awareness that the government has made some wrong moves, frightening the people a lot, and so on. So now efforts are being made to ensure that democracy is truly of the people, by the people, and for the people, including the field of government. The people are involved in governance through the DPR. So now, the control function of the Council of People's Representatives (DPR) has truly begun to be restored. This is what is hoped. And it may work out well, as long as not too many constitutional changes occur, leading to a parliamentary system, because Indonesia embraces a presidential system.

And the democracy should not be so easily changed here and there, as in overly extreme liberal democracies. Village communities too are involved in village government through the Badan Musyawarah Desa (BMD, Village Consultative Board). This board is a kind of 'mini DPR', since those who sit on it are community figures, teachers, and so on. They discuss things they consider important in the interests of their village.

The BMD institution has existed since 1974, as it was regulated under Law No. 5/1974. It is acknowledged by the village head. Planning and development at the village level are handled by the Lembaga Ketahanan Masyarakat Desa (LKMD, Village Community Resilience Council), and

then adopted as a means of village community resilience. So actually, in theory and in law, the regulations already existed, but unfortunately, were not fully implemented during the New Order. In development planning we used two systems, namely, bottom-up and top-down. In reality, we were using a bottom-up and then a top-down system. But what was produced through this system was more than what was put forward by the government apparatus, say, at the sub-district level and below.

These things must not be allowed to persist in the future, and we hope that at the village level, things will run in accordance with the new laws. At the sub-district level, there is the Unit Daerah Kerja Pembangunan (UDKP, Local Development Work Unit), while for the regency or district level, there are Rapat Koordinasi Pembangunan Daerah Tingkat II (RAKORBANGDA, Regional Development Coordination Meetings). For the government itself there exists the Law on Regional Autonomy No. 5/1974, which has been replaced by Law No. 22 /1999, according to which each autonomous region is allowed to have its own Dewan Pertimbangan Daerah (DPD, Regional Advisory Council). The chairperson and members have the authority to advise the governor and the *bupati*. Thus, in brief, what I want to say is that the agencies already exist. The problem is that none of these agencies is functioning yet; perhaps more time is needed.

THE ROLE OF THE CHURCH

The role of the church is something I would say distinguishes our area from other areas in turning the wheels of government and development, as well as community development. Here we must use a religious approach. We must look at what religion is embraced in a given area. We must respect that and use a religious approach, because religion is embedded in people's hearts, and they feel responsible to God. So this outlook still endures among us here. Few programmes – such as the Inpres Desa Tertinggal (IDT – Special Presidential Instruction Programme for Less-developed Villages in the 1990s) – have been implemented that were not first approved by churches and congregations for village men's church groups to take part in.

Changes have been occurring everywhere, yet compared with the results achieved by the work of church-based groups, the results of

other groups have been less successful. This is the real evidence. I can only hope that the church will see this too. Let it not reach the point when there is a sharp dividing line between the government and the church, such that the government is said to be an affair of the world, and the church an affair of heaven. There should be coordination and cooperation between them. Each must have a high level of awareness of its status and duty. It is not possible for the church to live alone without the government, and the reverse is also true. What is more, according to Christian teachings, the government is the representative of the Lord God on earth. Here in Papua, there are a number of basic guidelines on development for the sub-provincial regions such as in Manokwari, for example. Contained within these guidelines are the approaches used in development, including the religious approach, cultural approach, and legal approach. In Papua in particular, the religious and cultural approaches must be given precedence. Following these comes the legal approach, in the sense of the government and its whole apparatus, to create the new Papua in the future.

This region and its inhabitants must be developed and must evolve in the future, but not only for their own sakes. There is a mandate from God that this region and people must become a blessing for other people as well. And this includes the partitioning of the regions. And I am very sorry that the concept of the partitioning of the regions – which I hear was cast into law but then not approved by the community – has been done without following a good process.

At the time when the concept for the partitioning of the province was drawn up, neither I nor my two friends (fellow deputy governors) were asked or sent letters to ask us for our opinions. So if the people are now rejecting it in that form, I too join them in rejecting it. This is because I see that it is inconsistent with the existing strengths and weaknesses, and does not give enough attention to the potentials or to balancing the existing potentials, in terms of both their positive and negative aspects, which should be done through an in-depth study, or a feasibility study. We were never asked, and then, suddenly, a law appeared on the partitioning of the province. What is most important here is not just the formation of new provinces, but how those provinces can live, thrive, and revitalize themselves on their own. And the first step should be exactly like that of people who are going to marry and establish their own household.

THE PARTITIONING OF THE PROVINCE

For the most part, approximately 30 to 40 percent of routine government expenses are transportation expenses. Being a single province with Jayapura as its capital means that a lot of expenses are siphoned off for travel. Travel also takes up a lot of time and energy. These expenses do not yet cover the work done. Based on my experiences in the south and in the north, I see that, for the time being, we cannot yet solve the problem of isolation in this region. Because the mountains here are so high and multi-layered, I think that the geography of the region itself determines the extent and the forms of the government administrative regions covering it, especially those known as provinces.

The partitioning of Papua into two or three provinces is a necessity. Because even with telecommunications, the costs are still high. Even with sophisticated modes of transportation, it remains expensive. Building new roads is not difficult, not expensive. Yet it is more expensive – and unfeasible – to maintain them, especially if you build a road long enough to span the whole province, say, from Jayapura to Merauke, or from Nabire to Enarotali and on to Kokonao. It would be difficult. Thus, I think that the nature of the country determines its boundary lines. Moreover, boundaries between administrative regions alone do not mean walls that will segregate people in the north and stop them from coming to the south and so forth. No. They are simply administrative boundaries.

Therefore, I am not that focused on economic or socio-cultural comparisons. Because to me, humans are living beings. They are like birds. Wherever there are trees with fruit, they will fly there without being told, without being forced. So even if there are borders somewhere on a government map, for example, a river that marks a provincial boundary, people will still go across the river, even if they are registered as residents of another province. It is not that I do not appreciate or do not regard economic or socio-cultural considerations as important. But as a first step for now, I ask that more attention be given to topographical and geographical issues.

There is no danger of communities being boxed in. Because, once more, the provincial boundaries are just administrative boundaries. Let us take the example of West Germany and East Germany. There was a wall there. Despite the wall, instinctively, psychologically, they remained

united. Because as soon as the wall was torn down, they directly united. I can demonstrate this too in the establishment of villages here. The villages (*desa*) were formed by merging several kampung. Even though there were administrative boundaries, the residents could still keep on going from here to there, having dealings here and there, trading here and there. So there were no problems. One thing that I think is not right is to expect that one should take care of every aspect or sector. That is impossible. It is impossible to expect one province to have a score of 10 and every other province to have a score of 10 as well. It is not feasible. Of course, one province will have this potential advantage, whereas another province will have others. So, each province, like each city, will serve its own functions. The regions will also have side by side functions. For example, take Biak. Biak is a supply area that receives products from the interior. Conversely, Biak has a role to fulfil regarding transportation arrangements. That is why I see the partitioning of the province as something crucial.

A SLEEPING GIANT

I hope for attention from the Dutch and European parliaments because it seems that so little information comes out of this land. And when information does come out, it is always negative, or only for tourist consumption, so that most people do not know much about the circumstances in this land. Among the high officials in our own country, say, ministers, there may be those who have never learned even a little about our land, so people in Europe or America must know even less. I remember very well that during the New Order there were only two ministers, including Bapak T.B. Silalahi, who knew a bit about the land of Papua.

So we hope that the writings of our friends and the stories of all of us in this book will open people's eyes, and provide information and input to those who would like to help this region, because Papua is a sleeping giant that is still left behind. If Papua is not developed, it may be positive, but on the whole it may also turn out to be negative. Conversely, if it can be developed, say, in the area of the economy, the people themselves will prosper, and it will also bring prosperity to others.

Just take Merauke as a concrete example. If only the Kumbé Rice Project, which began in the Dutch period, could be continued now with

cooperative help from other parties, the project would not only provide food for us on this island, but could also provide food to the South Pacific. This is based on the opinion of an expert from the FAO I once met. So we hope that Europe, and especially, the Netherlands, can help us. People should not just learn about this land through the news, but believe in what they can see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears. That would be better.

I am thankful for and truly appreciate what continues to be written about this land by the former officials who once served here. Whether they were in government or in the private sector, what they write in the newspapers and magazines there can be read carefully by people there, especially by the prime ministers, people in the governments and parliaments, so that they can see these things.

WIPE OUT THE MISTRUST

And I believe that it is not just a figment of our imagination, but a moral responsibility, a humanitarian imperative that must be given attention. And the special features we describe in this book may perhaps help to make the implementation of development more effective and efficient – so that the bureaucracy can be reduced and everything can run in an orderly way. And so that more trust can emerge! Why has this land been left behind in the Dutch period and in the Indonesian period today? Because of mistrust!

When the Dutch were here, they were concerned that their situation here could end up the same way as the situation did in Indonesia, or that they would go through the same thing they had in Indonesia, where they had lost everything. Well, in the Indonesian era this same concern may still exist, especially after Indonesia's loss of East Timor. That will certainly be a matter for their consideration in developing into the future. Nonetheless, we are now reading and hearing about the existence of a lot of attention, commitment and statements from state officials, including the vice president of the Republic of Indonesia, to the effect that the government will give more serious attention to this land. This is my hope. Hopefully it will come true!

Aside from government parties, I also place my hope in church parties in Europe, so they will help us and not look to Europe alone. In this

great land of Papua there are still so many people living in the dark, in backwardness, ignorance, and poverty. The churches in Europe can help to expand the missions of the churches here, irregardless of their denominations. So once more I want to tell the Netherlands not to run away from its moral responsibilities!

Because when the Dutch were here in this land, they worked in earnest, without hesitation, without the fear that they would suffer losses again. Have we forgotten the Dutch proverb, which says: *‘Een ezel stoot zich in het algemeen niet twee keer aan dezelfde steen’* (A donkey does not stumble on the same rock twice). Is this perhaps the reason why? The Dutch really and truly implemented development in Papua, and education without limits!

Tears on the plane

Amapon Jos Marey

At that precise moment on 15 August 1962 the Catholic mission pilot of Associated Mission Aviation (AMA) and I were up in the sky, above the area between the headwaters of the Derewo and Rouffaer rivers. The director of home affairs doubling as vice governor, H. Veldkamp, had sent the Cessna plane belonging to the mission to pick me up in Nabire. On the radio on the aircraft we heard the news of the signing of the New York Agreement. It meant that the Netherlands had to hand over the governance of West Papua to the Republic of Indonesia. The pilot and I looked at one another without saying a word. Tears were running down our cheeks. Only God knew the future of our people and land of Papua. ‘Nobody knows the troubles I’ve seen, nobody knows my sorrow...’

My life in 1962 was very eventful. To start with, I and my administrator colleagues, Filemon Jufuway, Arnold Mampioer, Abraham Onim and Bernard Joku had been getting ready since May to leave for the Netherlands in August for advanced education in administration. But then because of the negotiations over the West Papua dispute, we had to await their development. So, after graduating from OSIBA I went on vacation to the kampung and stayed with my parents in Napan. Other friends had already received their letters of confirmation on the posts to which they would be assigned. Amos was placed in Kaimana and Luther in Serui. During my vacation, the negotiations on the West Papua dispute were nearly concluded.

In the two or three years leading up to that year, the Dutch government had not once asked Papuans or involved us in the discussions of our land with Indonesia. Papuans were like pet animals being sold in a market. Ultimately, the fate of our small nation was again being determined by foreigners. These foreign nations, which were supposedly

civilized, were evidently forcing us back to the age of our ancestors and to their age of crusades.

The Cessna landed at the foot of Mount Cycloop, in the Sentani airfield. A driver from the Dienst van Binnenlandse Zaken (DBZ, Department of Home Affairs) in Dok II met me with a car. On my way out of the airport, I was surprised to see so many Dutch families there. School friends from Mulo and HBS Dok V came over to hug me and cried. They had to leave now to go to the Netherlands – a foreign country. They had all been born and raised in Papua. Here and there the sounds of Dutch and Papuan families weeping were audible. Many of the people I knew had already left during those final weeks of my vacation. When I arrived at the Hollandia Haven harbour, it too was crowded, with people who were departing by ship. The cruise ship, SS de Grote Beer docked at the harbour was also fully packed. Meanwhile, in the yard of the port, people were crying.

We arrived at the DBZ office in Dok II into an atmosphere that was brimming with tension because of that morning's decisions. Upon entering the office of Director Veldkamp, he asked me to take a seat, then conveyed the decisions of the cabinet, Secretary of State Th.H. Bot, Minister E.H. Toxopeus, and Governor P.J. Platteel in The Hague, including the decision to cancel our education programme in the Netherlands. Because all the Dutch HPBs and residents were returning home, all of the Papuan administrators would be needed here. And the DBZ was placing me in the office of the resident of Hollandia, although I would remain in contact with the DBZ. That night I had to telephone the secretary of state in The Hague. I also learned in brief about the other government measures related to the transfer of the Dutch government to the UN, the role of the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority (UNTEA), and other matters in Hollandia. After that, the DBZ driver drove me to the resident's office at the Army Post Office (APO), where Resident Woelders, HPB Danno Saiffoeddin and the head of immigration, Trouerbach were waiting for me. The location of the APO, as the place had been called since World War II, was on the bank of the Nefatte river.

In our talk the resident explained that I would be taking over all the military police and immigration work of Trouerbach. All the immigration-related work, including issuing passports, exit and entry visas throughout Papua, checking passports at the airport and harbour.

Trouerbach explained the job to me at his office. HPB Dano Saiffoeddin, who I knew, was the replacement for his schoolmate, HPB Jufuway, who had moved to DBZ Dok II; he handed over the keys to the official car, a black Volkswagen Beetle. The driver, Leo Pui, was its full-time driver. So Trouerbach and I immediately left for the Sentani airfield, and then on to the harbour. Checking passports, giving travel visas, controlling health certificates. We did the work in an atmosphere of grief and heavy emotions. So many Dutch friends and acquaintances were leaving for good.

Upon returning from Sentani the driver and I went to arrange for a house for me. During the month of September most of the Dutch families left. Trouerbach and his family also departed on the passenger ship, *De Grote Beer* from Rotterdam, others on the *Patris*, a passenger ship from Greece. That month, the ambience across West Papua and the city of Hollandia remained calm, despite the fact that many of the people were upset and crying.

BEING A JOURNALIST

Actually, I never set out to become a government person, because my nephews, Jason Marey and Florenz Imbiri, as well as my brother-in-law, Frans Jozef Djopari were already working as civil servants. Nor did I come directly out of a school whose students were eligible to continue their studies at OSIBA. Rather, my decision was related to developments in the cooperation between PNG and West Papua. At the time when I made the decision to enter OSIBA, I was working as a journalist with the Kantor Penerangan Rakyat (Public Information Office) in Dok IV. Bapak Piet Merkelijn was the head, and Marcus Kaisiepo was his deputy. I wrote articles for the monthly magazine, *Triton*, and the weekly, *Pengantara*. Both publications provided information on government efforts to develop West Papua.

Before I graduated from the PMS (junior high school), Bapak Piet Merkelijn twice held Dutch-language and Indonesian-language writing contests in all the high schools – PMS, Mulo and HBS – in Hollandia. I won twice, so in June 1958, Bapak Merkelijn came to an agreement with the director of my PMS, Van den Brink, that I would later be accepted to work at the Office of *Bevolkingsvoorlichting* (Public Relations) in Dok IV. I worked daytimes at the office, receiving instructions in journalistic

practices from my bosses – Sytze van der Werff, Joop van den Berg, and Ed van Westerloo – and I attended night school.

I ordered course materials for journalism and English language from the institute of the Leidse Onderwijs Instellingen, in Leiden in the Netherlands. Every evening I studied in my home in the coastal urban area of Hamadi, in housing for Papuan residents of the city. My so-called house consisted of a single unfurnished room, measuring four or five square meters, in the barracks for single people. The big window in the front of the room was screened by chicken wire with large openings, and there was a window at the back shut with boards.

I bought a bed, chair, and table. Every night I was visited by mosquitoes as I studied. Outside, behind the barracks for single people, there was a kitchen in a concrete shack whose plasterboard roof did not entirely cover it. There was no cooking stove, only a set of concrete cross beams. So when you cooked, if it was raining the water fell right into the pot and put out the fire. In my first essay in the *Pengantara* weekly I protested the model of housing constructed in the cities for Papuan employees and workers. The article infuriated Resident Eibrink Jansen from Hollandia.

In connection with that job, I went together with a photographer to visit residency towns, districts, and regions across Papua where developments and projects were being carried out and we wrote articles about them. Genyem, the capital of Nimboran sub-division, was the last place I visited before I entered OSIBA. There, Koperasi Jawadatum, the cocoa plantation company of Nimboran, had opened the first large fermentation and drying warehouse with machines for cleaning the cocoa beans. I accompanied deputy director Hoornweg of the economic department down there. I wrote his speech for him: ‘Citizens of the Nimboran plain ...’ The director read it and was pleased. He said the sentences began with a surge, and moved like waves. The article I wrote, called *Cocoa in Nimboran*, was published along with photographs in the monthly *Triton* in July 1960. My last article, titled, *Mens sana in corpore sano* (A sound mind in a sound body), illustrated by photographs of the awarding of diplomas to paramedics at Dok II Central Hospital, was published in *Triton* in August 1960, when I was already attending classes at OSIBA di Hollandia-Binnen (Abepura).

SPORTS COMPETITION IN PNG

Two years earlier, in September 1958, I went with a group of high school students from Hollandia by ship to the town of Wewak in Papua New Guinea (PNG) to attend a high school students' sports meet. It was the first time in history that high school students from West Papua and PNG, both boys and girls, met together. There, these young men and young women saw for themselves that the divisions and borders imposed by Europeans in the past had kept us from seeing ourselves as one nation.

The joint meeting in Wewak reinforced my interest in the direct nexus between East and West Papua, and in the collaboration of the governments of Australia and the Netherlands with the South Pacific Conference (SPC) organization in Noumea. The second Hollandia-Wewak high school students' sports meet was held in May 1959 in Hollandia. In 1959 I also became the secretary of the South Pacific Conference committee, the SPC discussion team in Hollandia. One of the themes that we studied and expressed views on at the time had to do with the social welfare of young people from the villages who were roaming around the city after graduating from primary school.

Creating a system of boarding schools for youngsters in the urban environment became our focus, so that those young people could be accommodated in simple lodgings under supervision. The government could organize jobs, so they could work, pay for their lodgings and attend night school. Our proposal became a policy for the SPC. For other young people who were high school graduates, the Australian and Dutch governments and SPC at the time organized and ran a broad student exchange programme. Many kids from West Papua attended medical and telecommunications schools in Port Moresby, a school of dentistry in Suva, and a fisheries school in Honiara. And there were students from PNG who came to attend the sailing school in Hamadi, Hollandia.

At that time I fervently wanted and intended to serve as the assistant liaison officer for PNG in Port Moresby, the capital of PNG. To do that, one had to hold an OSIBA diploma. Whatever it took to get there, I wanted to be involved in the direct cooperation between West Papua and Papua New Guinea through the South Pacific Conference. In February 1960, Raphael den Haan, our liaison officer for PNG in Port Moresby, came to Hollandia for negotiations with Governor Platteel and Director of Home Affairs, Arie Boendermaker.

That meeting with Raphael den Haan, which first set the direction for my career, has stayed alive in my memory to this day. I had asked to meet him in the office of the secretariat of the governor in Dok II. Raphael den Haan, a sturdily built man with the countenance of a Frenchman and a very neat little mustache, greeted me. We had been acquainted since 1957 or 1958 because I often walked from my school, PMS Kota Radja, to the OSIBA dormitory in Camp Kei, Hollandia-Binnen, to visit Jason, Florenz, and my brother-in-law Frans Jozef Djopari. In those days he was the lead officer of the Department of Home Affairs in Dok II, and the dean as well as a professor at OSIBA.

I still remember well our talk at the governor's office, where Mr. Stefals, the head of the office of the secretariat of Governor Platteel, was also present. After an interview in Dutch about his work in Port Moresby, I asked him a question in English, and then we continued in that language: 'Mr. den Haan, may I come to help you and work as an assistant liaison officer in Port Moresby?' He firmly replied: 'You can't, Jos, because whoever wants to assist me must hold a diploma from OSIBA. The functions of the job require someone trained for government work.' 'If the position is still open in two years, then I will come', I replied. Den Haan said: 'That would be impossible, because an OSIBA education takes four years. It would be better just to aim to obtain the diploma, whether it is two years or four years, let's just wait and see.'

I also asked about the establishment of the Papuan parliament. Why was the government so slow to establish a parliament, although that had been included in the government gazette (*Gouvernementblad* No. 1 /1950). What is more, when the Dutch government ceded power to Indonesia it had been included in the *Staatsblad van het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden* J 599 (*Kingdom of the Netherlands Gazette*) of 29 December 1949 on the Public Administration of New Guinea. I had a book about these laws.

He replied: 'The development of democratic institutions to provide a base for a Papuan parliament depends on having enough people in the government in West Papua who are sufficiently educated to be able to organize elections and assist the parliament. The government wanted to first establish lower-level bodies of people's representatives for the regions – Regional Councils, or *Streekraden* – which is now nearing completion. During this time the government has also been investigating whether there are enough educated and competent candidates to

serve as representatives of New Guinea. The process of developing such cadres really does take time, and must be done with care. Managing the development of democracy calls for many Papuan administrators. I am happy that you are interested in going in that direction and it will be good if you go to OSIBA, so that after you graduate you can go to Port Moresby, Noumea or assist in managing things in Hollandia.’ By the end of the conversation, I asked him to put in a good word to Governor Platteel about my intentions. Two days later, Den Haan telephoned to let me know that Governor Platteel agreed to keep the vacancy for the assistant liaison officer position in Port Moresby open until I graduated from OSIBA.

In May I invited my friend Bernard Joku, who was also a graduate of PMS Kota Raja one year ahead of me and worked there as well, to write a letter of resignation to Bapak Merkelijn together. Bapak Merkelijn, an older man who was fair and also a major mentor to Papuans was sorry about our decision, since there were plans to send me and Bernard to the Netherlands in August 1960 to attend a journalism school in Utrecht.

ENTERING OSIBA

Thus, I returned to the school dormitory and classroom, after being used to freedom and a fairly big salary for two years. While I was at OSIBA I received an allowance of only 25 New Guinea guilders. The currency exchange at that time was 1:1.5 Dutch guilders. Back then, if it was compared to the school allowance friends got in other schools in Hollandia-Binnen, such as the Kweekschool (Teacher Training College) or Theologische School (School of Theology), we students at OSIBA really were fairly well off. Moreover, every year we received for free a pair of shoes, a brown suit, a white shirt and long trousers, underwear, two towels, and a bed with a mattress, sheet, and pillow.

I suggested to the director, Jack de Groot, that we should receive the free sets of clothes every semester. Mr. and Mrs. Jack de Groot served as directors and good parents to us. Our clothes were washed on time, and ironed, or we would iron them by ourselves. From the kitchen of the jail, a huge building where convicted prisoners were detained in Camp Kei, every day we got hot cooked food that was pretty tasty. Our housing, in an old wooden building from the headquarters of General MacArthur

in Ifar that had been moved by Japanese prisoners from there to Padang Bulan hill in Hollandia-Binnen in 1949, was sufficient and cool. In that dormitory, my nephew Luther Saroy, younger friend Amos Yap and I shared a room.

During the daytime we attended classes and in the evenings we studied on our own. On Saturdays, we only had morning lessons until one in the afternoon and were free after that. That semester the governance curriculum had just begun. My schoolmates had already covered a general curriculum, that is, what was taught at public high schools. For example, languages, arithmetic, earth science, agriculture, meteorology, and so on. Bernard and I got the books from the director's office and the library and then did supplementary studies of these general lessons. For half a year, we pursued those lessons almost every Saturday and Sunday, along with attending all the day classes.

I think the teachings of lecturer Herman Sarolea were the most interesting for everybody, because we could have debates with him about political science, and look at the development of democracy in practice. He wrote two simple, very clear manuals, which we practiced, for all the people in the villages: *Azas-azas Tata Negara Nederlands-Nieuw-Guinea* (Constitutional Principles of Netherlands New Guinea) volume I and volume II. The two books covered the legal basics of any community, statehood, the administrative divisions of West Papua, the *Nieuw-Guinea Raad* (New Guinea Council) and its rights and budgets, human rights, and international cooperation. We discussed the contents of the two books before Bapak Merkelijn translated them into Malay, and then they were printed and published by the Office of Public Affairs.

Debating and exchanging thoughts about *De l'esprit des lois* (The spirit of the laws, 1748) by Charles Louis de Secondat Baron de Montesquieu, and his trias politica (trinity of governmental functions) and other themes with that lecturer was very interesting, and truly enhanced our knowledge. With the economics lecturer, Henry Warmenhoven, we debated about the theme of the transformation of the village economy to a global economy, among other things. In short, this had to do with how West Papua, with its rich natural resources, and as a country that was still in development, could gain access to the world of commerce, whereas the people themselves did not have a culture of commerce or economic skills.

There was one more lecturer at OSIBA whose teachings were fascinating, Dr. Anceaux. He taught us the phonology of the languages of the peoples of the interior and remote regions. The goal was that we, as civil servants, could quickly learn the languages of the peoples of the interior, the central mountains, or the coasts.

The teachings on justice given by Mr. Mol, who was a deputy to the court judge in Hollandia-Binnen, were also interesting. As a class we once attended the trial of a case of abuse of schoolchildren by their teacher at the magistrate's court, in which Mr. Mol himself was the chairman, and I served as the court clerk. Dr. Klevens, a doctor from the World Health Organization (WHO), taught us what an administrator must do in situations when there were major outbreaks of endemic and epidemic diseases.

From time to time high-ranking guests would visit OSIBA. For example, two diplomats of the United Nations in New York: Dr. Guirma from the Upper Volta, which is now known as Burkina Faso, and Dr. Maxime Zollner from Dahomey, now Benin, visited us.¹ They were very surprised to see how quickly West Papua was being built up, and that schooling here had already reached a fairly high level. Moreover, the Papuan government people they met could usually speak English, as could all the students at OSIBA. With the two of them we discussed the future of Papua and the establishment of the countries of Africa. On behalf of my school, I thanked them for their visit from New York and their attention to Papuans, then handed them a gift of two relief maps of West Papua. I was to meet both of them again at the UN in New York in 1969. They served high-level functions, as a top UN juridical official, and as vice-chairman to the UN and country representative in Brazzaville in the former French Congo respectively.

One thing I will never forget is the founding of the Ikatan Pemuda Pelajar (IPP, Student Youth Union) in November 1960. Dr. Piet Budding, a Dutch language teacher at PMS Kota Raja, had previously invited me to form a debating club, so we could practice speaking Dutch. In September 1957 I had established the Inter-School Study Club at PMS Kota Raja for PMS and LTS (Lower Technical School) students, but I also involved friends from the Mulo in Dok V, the HBS in Dok V and other high schools in Hollandia. It was a debating club where we

¹ Compare with Drooglever 2009:579.

discussed themes of West Papua's development, inter-tribal unity, and sports. The important point was to become more fluent in, or gain a mastery of Dutch. The associations among us, from high schools all over Hollandia, were very good at the time. There was no discrimination at all based on skin colour. White or black, Dutch, Eurasian, Indonesian, Papuan or Indonesian-Chinese, it made no difference. All of us joined in thinking and talking about the development of West Papua in the future.

Thus, after I entered OSIBA, I exchanged ideas with friends at the Kweekschool, Theological School, HBS Dok V, the Higher School for Paramedics in Dok II and Police Inspector Training School in Base G. We held an initial meeting in a school room of the Kweekschool, Schoolstraat Hollandia-Binnen on 20 November 1960. Our purpose was to also build linkages with all the high schools and colleges across West Papua. On my return from Japan in November 1962 I advised my younger friend, Fred Athaboe, who had taken over the leadership of the organization, that we should modify our charter so that we could join up with the union of Indonesian student organizations. A copy of that charter still exists.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF STREEKRAAD ANIM HA

In line with the will of the Papuan people, development and growth in all sectors was accelerated from 1950 on. Especially the growth of a modern system of government in which the people would take part, that is, a democratic system. It was a system that had close affinities to the ways of Papuans. The growth of democracy began after World War II. It was developed from the bottom up, in order to familiarize the population first. In 1948, there were advisory councils in a number of towns. In the 1955 to 1957 period, these councils began to be replaced by new representative bodies, modelled after the *dewan haminte* (local municipal government councils in Indonesia under Dutch occupation), and known as Streekraden (regional councils) in Dutch. In Biak, the council called Kainkain Karkara Biak, founded in 1948, was replaced on 24 June 1959 by Streekraad Biak Numfor. Next to be established were Streekraad Yapen Waropen in Serui, Streekraad Dafonsoro in Sentani, Streekraad Onin in Fakkaf, Streekraad Vogelkop (Bird's Head) in Manokwari,

Streekraad Paniai-Nabire in Nabire, and Streekraad Sorong Raja Ampat in Doom. Each was legally regulated by the Streekgemeenschaps-ordonnantie (Regional Council Ordinance) in the government journal, *Gouvernementsblad* 1960 Number 84/1961. The resident of Merauke then undertook the establishment of Streekraad Anim Ha for the population in Merauke residency. Those of us from OSIBA were asked to assist in informing the process.

Bernard Joku and I received additional training at OSIBA and went to Merauke from 30 October through 21 November 1961. As former information officers, we were seconded to Resident Eibrink Jansen. We were asked to make a patrol around the villages and explain to the residents what the new Streekraad was, what its functions were, and how it could benefit them. Bernard Ubbink, the head of the Information Office of Merauke residency and a former co-worker in the Public Information Office in Dok IV, Hollandia, picked us up at the Mopa airfield.

Resident Eibrink Jansen and HPB Massink met up with us at the office. After thanking us for coming to help out, the resident left. HPB Massink explained the organization, the patrol programme and how the team would be divided up. Bernard Ubbink gave us additional instructions and advice about the Marind people. We had to explain that through the council, the villagers themselves could be involved in matters related to the governance and development of their own region. That meant that the council would participate in governing the administration and no longer the civil servants, the HPB or the resident alone. In keeping with adat practices of old, in which the whole tribe participated in making decisions about things, such as whether or not a traditional Marind imo ceremony would be held.

The following day, 31 October, at five in the morning, Bernard Joku and HPB Massink departed on the boat, Maroh, to the west, in the direction of the Bian river. Another group heading for Kelepom (or Frederik Hendrik) island and the interior had already left the week before, because the route was difficult and far. Meanwhile, Bernard Ubbink and I headed for the Kumbe river. We arrived that afternoon in kampung Kumbe, which was located at the mouth of the river of the same name. The houses in this small village were nestled beneath pine and coconut trees, which made the scenery of the village very beautiful. There was a Catholic church, decorated with beautiful Marind carving. Behind the church was the house of the missionary, Jan Verschueren MSC, an

apostle of God whose name was famous in West Papua, Papua New Guinea, Australia, and the Netherlands.

The village had a *pasanggrahan*, or guest house, where we could stay overnight and cook. The *pasanggrahan*, found in all the major villages, offered simple but adequate accommodation. The village people built these guest houses together with the district head. When guests came, the villagers organized raw foods for the guests in exchange for payment. Thus they received money. Because of that, almost every day the house was filled with agricultural experts from the rice project in Kuprik, 35 kilometers away from kampung Kumbe. I went to the missionary's house in search of the revered apostle. Although I was a Protestant, I needed the prayers and blessings of the missionary and father of the Marind Anim, Jan Verschueren. His assistant informed me that the man was still in the middle of a walking journey to kampung Salor. He had waited for us to come for a week, but when we had still not arrived by the day before, he had gone ahead. The missionary's assistant invited us to have dinner at the church house. There was rice, *saham* (deer) meat, and water spinach.

LIKE A SCENE OUT OF PARADISE

The following morning, 1 November 1961 at ten, we held an information session in the kampung Kumbe school building. Bernard began by relating and explaining the elements of democracy. That the people themselves would choose their representative on the Amin Ha Regional Council, who would speak and manage things on their behalf. That meant that it was no longer the administrators, HPB or resident themselves who would manage interests and development here, but the people themselves, through the council. I continued, explaining the system and process of nominating people to serve as representatives. The administrator would run a direct election based on 'one person, one vote'. This meant that each village would elect their own representatives. The village residents would directly elect the person to serve as a council member. I also clarified the duties, authority, and rights of the council members, as well as their responsibilities to the people in return. In the afternoon we went to kampung Kuprik to visit our largest rice project. The rice yields produced by the project covered most of our annual rice import needs.

The next day we left by boat for kampung Salor, in the upper reaches of the Kumbé river. The air was cool and the area surrounding the river was still dark; it was only in the middle of our cruise that the dawn broke. The small police boat accommodated our group, consisting of Bernard Ubbink, me, First Seargent Sebastian Keize from kampung Domande, who was the skipper of the boat, and the helmsman, Pieter Gebze. The small size of the team meant that the fare was also small. The boat, which was no longer than seven metres, used diesel fuel. Since the Kumbé river tide was low, we could not race ahead fast. But this gave us a great opportunity to enjoy the paradise landscape of Papua at its most beautiful. To this day I remember that vista, which I have never encountered anywhere else in nature.

On the banks flanking either side of the river grew nipah palms fenced in by the roots of mangrove and taller trees. The fish were jumping and shrimp were scattered about in water that was the color of coffee with milk, because of the sound of the motor and the displacement of water by the boat. On the wet, muddy ground of the river banks, the crabs promptly burrowed between the mangrove roots. Once we were far from kampung Kumbé wild deer were visible on either side of the river. The Marind people called them *saham*. Like domesticated cattle, they ate the green grass in the surrounding fields, then came to drink at the river's edge. In the distance beyond these 'livestock', another animal was visible. Sebastian Keize said it was a tree kangaroo. Bas, as Sebastian was called, seized the opportunity to shoot a deer that was close to the boat. As a result, we had fresh meat for the next three or four days of our journey.

MEETING THE FATHER OF THE MARIND PEOPLE

The whole population of kampung Salor awaited us on the river bank. In their midst was an old, yet able-bodied man, whose face, nose, and skin colour were indistinguishable from those of the Marind people themselves. Although we had never met him before, we were sure he must be the father of the Marind Anim tribe because this had been his territory, his land for half a century. As soon as the boat touched the shore I jumped out and kneeled before him. 'Thank God for letting me meet the apostle and father of the Marind today. Father Verschueren, I beg you for your prayer and blessing.'

‘Jos, my son, do not kneel before me. I am not the Lord Jesus.’ ‘But Father Verschueren, you are his apostle. I ask to be blessed.’ ‘I bless you, Jos, throughout your life and on this journey. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.’ Then he asked me to stand up. Father Verschueren, the Mahuze tribal chief, the teacher, and our men ate dinner together at the home of the Salor tribal chief. The teacher’s wife cooked the meal. Father Verschueren led a prayer and blessed the food and our journey. That night Bernard and Bas were put up for the night by the teacher and his wife. Pieter, the helmsman and I were guests of the tribal chief. I wanted to hear all the old stories of Salor, of the Mahuze, Keize, Gebze, Balageze tribes, and of the Marind area all along the Kumbe river. Father Verschueren advised me to adapt myself to their ways. So that night I followed the village tradition. On the sand in the front yard of the house there was a campfire. The tribal chiefs and elders gathered around the campfire and told stories. What they opened up to me was an antique trunk filled with the tales of the tribe. I remembered that it was a story from this area that the government administrator, Jufuway, had written down about how the sap of the *wati* (Piper methysticum) tree intoxicated people during an *imo* ritual.

The next morning, Bernard and I gave a presentation on the establishment of the Anim Ha Regional Council in the Salor school building. We played the same roles as we had in Kumbe. We gave them an idea of the composition of the council and distributed our written information so people could reread it. Here too, in Salor, the people showed great interest in the council. Before we left, we thanked and said goodbye to the father of the Marind Anim, Verschueren, and to our friendly hosts.

Then we went on to kampung Bad. There too, we were welcomed with joy by the head of the village, Benediktus Balageze, the teacher, and the villagers. The villagers spontaneously brought foodstuffs for us to the teacher’s house. After sharing a meal together at the teacher’s house, we went to sleep. Bernard and Bas stayed the night at the teacher’s place. Pieter and I stayed overnight with the village head of Bad. That night I slept inside the house on a mat laid on a wooden floor, using a towel as a pillow. Pieter preferred to sleep with the other fellows on the sand in the house yard. We were thankful, because when we went on patrol in the forest, our beds were sure not to be as luxurious as this. We usually had to sleep on wet ground in humid air swarming with mosquitoes.

Bernard stayed on and gave information to the people of kampung Bad. When it was still dark, Lucas Mahuze, the nephew of the village head, woke me up. The two of us travelled on foot to kampung Senegi to the west. Lukas was a large-bodied Marind, close to two metres tall. He carried two patrol boxes weighing about 20 kg full of folders and information sheets in his hands alone. After four hours of trekking, taking shortcuts across the jungle, we arrived at nine in kampung Senegi. The people of kampung Kaliki, which is located farther than Senegi, were already there before Lucas and I arrived. They knew that we would be gathering in Senegi and that the presentation would begin at ten that morning. The village head and the teacher, Kisihiuw, welcomed us.

After drinking the tea that Ibu Kisihiuw prepared for us, we went to the school building. I began explaining the purpose of establishing the council in the middle of the jungle. After that, I asked for their reactions and saw that the villagers were enthusiastic about these new changes. The responses of the tribal chiefs, village head, and teachers from Senegi, as well as everywhere else in the middle of this jungle, were especially positive. After eating, we listened to the teacher's stories of teaching and schools in the jungle, followed by stories about life in the villages by the elders. Lucas and I returned, and it was dark by the time we reached Bad.

SWIMMING WITH A HORSE

Next we headed to kampung Wajauw. In Wajauw we were greeted at the edge of the river by Lucas Mahuze, the village head, and the teacher, Meteray. We ate dinner at the teacher's house. Ibu Meteray served delicious Ambonese food. After that we heard the old stories of the village. It turned out that the village head and the teacher and his wife knew the hospitable civil servant of Merauke, Jason Marey. They also knew the government administrator, Chris Ariks.

That night we each slept in the homes of our respective hosts. The next day Bernard and I gave an information session in the school building. There were a lot of questions after we gave our explanation, because everyone happily welcomed the idea of development that would bring progress to the Kumbe region. That morning we once more enjoyed the natural beauty of paradise around the river on the way to kampung

Keiza, in the upper reaches of the river. There too, the village head, teacher, and villagers were already awaiting us.

This was because their elder, the Father of Marind Anim, Verschueren, had already let them know of our coming. He was then on his way back to the coast. Our welcome there was very friendly, just as in the other villages. That night we slept very soundly. Maybe it was because from there we would be returning to the coast, or maybe because we were happy because of the sounds of the birds of paradise that we had heard all the way along the river.

We returned from Keiza to Kumbe for the programme in the villages on the coast. In taking leave of the good and hospitable Marind, in their beautiful villages along the Kumber river, flanked on either side by regions of such richness and natural paradise beauty, our hearts were truly moved. I had fallen in love with the people of the area.

That night, following the down-flowing current, we arrived in Kumbe at the mouth of the river. We spent the night at the Kumbe guest house. The next day we went to provide information in kampung Kuprik, where the large rice project was. We were allowed to ride the jeep of the head of the company there. After returning to Kumbe, Bas went home to kampung Domande to wait for us there.

We had sent letters asking the residents of the coastal villages of Kaiburse, Onggari, and Hataran to gather in kampung Domande. Now it was the turn of kampung Domande, the village of First Sergeant Sebastian Keize to be told about the council. The next day, Bernard and I headed there. First we had to bid on transport: who would ride horseback and who would go by motor scooter? Finally, Bernard took the motor scooter, carrying the tins of information material and I rode horseback. The journey from Kumbe to the pretty village on the coast was quite long. That morning Bernard had already left by motor scooter while I was still busy trying to mount the horse's back, use the thin reins and sit astride the empty rice sack that served as a saddle. I had never ridden a horse before. This was my first experience – with a very tame young horse. In principle, I was fascinated by cowboy storybooks, but now, here it was in practice. Once I got onto the horse's back, I did not get off again. Beneath the coconut palms, my gentle friend moved slowly, then broke into a trot on broad expanses of beach. We had to swim across a river that flowed from the forest into the sea.

From afar we could see Bernard going across, carrying the scooter above his head. The tins containing the equipment and information sheets were already on the other side. I dismounted the horse, holding onto the reins, and we swam across. The water of the river rose up to my chest. My light brown administrator's uniform was drenched and sticking to my body. For the whole day we were struck by the heat of the sun on a sandy beach without any shade trees. I arrived at the beautiful village in the evening.

Various fruit-laden trees adorning the village on the beach came into view. A stand of tall banana trees with bunches of the biggest bananas in the land appeared to form the entrance gateway to the village. I was amazed to see such bananas, bigger than any I had ever seen in all of Papua. Dismounting the horse proved to be quite difficult. Both my legs were cramped and stiff, and the skin on my inner thighs was chafed raw. My head was aching because I had not worn a hat. Bas and the villagers had to lift me down from the horse. After bathing in the hot water that Bas and his wife had heated up I was a new man again. I smeared the scrapes on my thighs with coconut oil. After giving information to the people of Domande, Kaiburse, Onggari, and Hataran, the three of us returned to Kumbe.

The sun was blazing hot and the waves were roaring on the beach at the Kumbe river estuary on the morning we crossed the river by boat. We got picked by a car and were taken to kampung Wendu. We gave our last presentation on the establishment of the Anim Ha Regional Council in Wendu, with the residents of the villages of Anasai, Jatum and Urumb also in attendance. After eating, we thanked the teacher and his wife, bid farewell to the father of the Marind Anim, Verschueren, then returned to Merauke.

At the office of HPB Massink I compiled a report on our work for Resident Eibrink Jansen, HPB Masink, the head of the Merauke Public Information Office, Bernard Ubbink, and the Department of Home Affairs and OSIBA. A week later, our friends Bernard Joku and HPB Massink returned. They too were enthusiastic about the positive responses their information sessions received. While Bernard put together his report, I went to visit Bishop Tillemans MSC and Sister Perpectua, an elderly nun who was over 70 years old. A week later, Bernard Joku and I returned to OSIBA, submitted our reports, and resumed our studies. After the elections took place, it turned out that 17 council members

were elected, consisting of six Marind Anim, one Jee, one Biak, two Muyu, two Ambonese, two Kei, one Dutch, and two Chinese-Indonesian representatives. On 16 April 1962, Streekraad Anim Ha was inaugurated by Governor Platteel.

PATROL WITH THE JUNIOR MINISTER

When Staatssecretaris (Secretary of State) or Junior Minister Bot from the Dutch Ministry of Home Affairs in The Hague visited West Papua, he came with the authority of a minister. Thus, this was how we referred to him in government circles in Hollandia and throughout the land, although we used the term of address, Staatssecretaris. Every year, he visited West Papua and Papua New Guinea. He was eager to travel around, meeting Papuans and exchanging ideas with them, because of his love of the nation.

On Monday, 22 January 1962, he arrived in Biak at two o'clock in the morning, and by nine he landed in Sentani, Hollandia. That afternoon, negotiations with the directors of all the public agencies were held. On Tuesday he visited Streekraad Dafonsoro in Sentani, which was temporarily headed by HPB Frans Peters, his deputy, Administrator Lambert Marani, and Secretary Eliezer Hamadi. The day before he had held a discussion with the Nieuw-Guinea Raad and the National Committee. On the afternoon of 24 January, the deacon of OSIBA, Mr. van de Broek, and Director de Groot summoned me, saying that I must pack a suitcase, because the next morning I would be leaving with State Secretary Bot for Merauke. On receipt of these brief orders, I went to get ready.

Early the next morning at five, Director de Groot took me to the Sentani airfield. At the airport there was a group of foreign journalists who were also prepared to go to Merauke on the regular plane. Pieter Laag, the head of the audiovisual section of the Government Information Office along with a cameraman joined our group, which consisted of State Secretary Bot, his personal secretary, Degens, me, Mr. Piet Merkelijn, and the director of the Department of Home Affairs, H. Veldkamp, in the Dakota aircraft of the Marine Luchtvaart Dienst (MLD, Naval Air Service). On the Dakota plane, State Secretary Bot explained the purpose of the visit this time and why he had requested I should come along.

He explained the precarious circumstances of our land and the position of the government in the talks in The Hague, which was not positive. So the leadership of Netherlands New Guinea had to be prepared. According to him, a Papuan government administrator had to take part in the trip since it would include meetings with delegates of the people, tribal chiefs, community leaders, regional councils and political parties. The presence of a Papuan civil servant on this journey would be proof that the cooperation between The Hague and Hollandia was real. Moreover, Papuan leaders themselves had to be apprised of the issues. After listening to him and realizing the dangers involved, I remained silent, thinking about the great risk this country was facing.

We landed on the Mopa airfield in Merauke. Resident Eibrink Jansen and HPB Massink met us. They were both happy to see me again in Merauke after the informational tour on the Anim Ha council two months earlier with Bernard Joku. After State Secretary Bot conducted an inspection of the General Police troops, he was welcomed by delegates of the churches and the people inside the airport.

When we exited, there was a big crowd of people of the Muyu and other Papuan tribes holding a demonstration under the leadership of Johannes Tamberan. Johannes, a well-known leader of the Muyu tribe, gave a speech asking the Netherlands to keep its promise and develop this land. Upon arriving in the city, outside the yard of the resident's office, the state secretary conducted an inspection of an honorary procession of young people of Merauke with a drum band and music. Following that, Resident Eibrink Jansen briefed us on the atmosphere in Merauke city and the southern region. He explained that the people here were angry because the government in The Hague was two-faced and spoke with a forked tongue, and the people of the Netherlands did not at all care about the lives of the people here, who would soon be endangered. The residents of this area wanted to know what the stance of the government was regarding the talk of warfare and the risks of confrontation between the supporters and the opposition in the population itself, once the time came. The resident had already issued announcements to all residents, that in this residency the government did not discriminate among Papuan, Moluccan, or Indonesian people's groups. So if all of the different groups led their lives together, then all would receive the same safeguards. In the afternoon we went to visit kampung Boeti, kampung Marind Anim on the coast, and a Catholic PMS in town. In the evening

delegations of tribal chiefs and community leaders were received for audiences to exchange thoughts with the state secretary. He clarified the policy of the government in The Hague regarding West Papua.

GREETED BY A DEMONSTRATION IN KAIMANA

The next day, 26 January, from eight in the morning until noon, and then from five in the afternoon until evening, delegations of tribal chiefs, and leading figures of Papuan as well as Dutch, Chinese-Indonesian, Moluccan, Indonesian and other communities received audiences. After that, there was a detailed discussion with HPB Massink and Resident Eibrink Jansen, concerning the establishment of the Comité Bescherming Bevolking (Civil Defense Committee), resident security, and other administrative matters. At night there was a meeting with government employees and their wives at the resident's home. On 27 January, we continued our journey on to Kaimana.

We flew over large estuaries, whose murky waters seemed to be full of crocodiles and sharks. All along the coast, mangrove trees covered the plains stretching over many kilometres to the feet of the mountains. On the right, the snow-capped, cloud covered peaks of the Wilhelmina mountains were visible. HPB Koops and a number of district heads and Catholic and Protestant mission representatives were waiting for us in Kaimana – a small town that had always been a centre of illegal smugglers.

In Kaimana there was a pro-Dutch demonstration by adults bearing banners, alongside schoolchildren who sang the Dutch national anthem, *Wilhelmus*, and songs of the province. Delegations of tribal chiefs and leaders of the communities of Kaimana – Papuan, European, Keiese, Seramese, Ambonese, Butonese, and Chinese – were received one after the other at the home of the HPB. Among the tribal chiefs was Kasim Ombaer, the raja of Namatote. Everyone there was living in fear of being attacked, although they were already used to an air of tension due to the smuggling that went on there all the time. The HPB explained the recent events and atmosphere there. After the audiences and dinner, we flew on a *De Kroonduif*² Beaver plane to Fakfak, since the MLD Dakota plane had gone directly from Kaimana to Biak that morning.

² *De Kroonduif*, a former subsidiary of the Dutch airline KLM, was the national carrier of Netherlands New Guinea.

After flying at low altitude through the Bomberai mountains, we landed on water in Fakfak at dusk. A small peninsula protected the short jetty where we moored. Resident van Eek, HPB Dubois, the government administrator, Achmad Iribaram, and Eduard Hegemoer, the head of Radio Fakfak, waited for us at the dock. The residents were already gathered on the hill. Upon arriving at the hill, the state secretary conducted an inspection of the ranks of the honour guard. Junior high school students awaiting our arrival sang songs in our honour accompanied by very melodious violin playing.

Kapitan Ambar Kapaurumah, the head of kampung Danaweria, together with a large delegation of his people, submitted a motion and their wishes. Resident van Eek explained the feelings of the people and the atmosphere in Fakfak. All of the people in this residency and in Kaimana had actually lived for a long time with disturbances caused by illegal smuggling. Under the current conditions, the European residents had started to grow uneasy and were thinking about moving away. Although daily work still went on in a fully disciplined way, they did not feel at ease anymore. During the evening, audiences were given to a delegation of workers of the General Catholic Officials Association (ARKA) and Protestant Christelijk Werknemersverbond Nieuw-Guinea (CNWG/PERSEKDING, Christian Workers Association of New Guinea), and a delegation from the Kei community, followed by Raja Rumbati Haji Ibrahim Bauw of the Muslim community.

On the following afternoon, Sunday, 28 January, we attended a graduation ceremony of the children of the Q'uran School. At five in the afternoon, State secretary Bot held an audience with Galim Reasa and Daniel Renjaan of the Gerakan Rakyat Irian Barat (GRIB, West Irian People's Movement) party, who were accompanied by a crowd of demonstrators bearing banners that read: 'Indonesia's claim is legal' and 'GRIB supports the struggle of Frits Maurits Kiriho'. Bot discussed the petition they submitted demanding the transfer of the government to Indonesia. He emphasized that in the democratic nations of the Netherlands and West Papua there was a guarantee of freedom of expression to all citizens, a guarantee of the right to demonstrate and to establish political parties that differed in their views and policies. What was important was that the security of the population and the lives of the people were not disturbed. After that, delegations of the Ambonese community and of the Moluccan Catholic and Protestant missions were successively re-

ceived. The following day, delegates from the Indonesian-Chinese community were received for an audience. After that, we prepared to leave for Teminabuan. The people are concerned and disappointed.

Due to bad weather, we had to wait for a good opportunity to leave. Several hours later, under dense tropical rain conditions, we departed on the Beaver plane and arrived in the mangrove-forested town of Teminabuan at one in the afternoon. HPB Gonsalves, District Head Salmon Kambuaya, tribal chiefs and village heads awaited us at the dock. As we had seen before, here too there were demonstrations in which the people expressed their concerns and fears about the future of Papua on banners. In audiences with the tribal chiefs, they stated how unhappy they felt about the changes: 'If the government concedes to the pressure of Indonesia, the people will be in trouble.' Patiently, the state secretary explained the international political upheaval and the policy of the government in The Hague. To the Indo-Dutch delegation and Dutch employees he expressed the government's gratitude to them for continuing to carry out their jobs even in such an unstable atmosphere.

After eating, we continued our journey on the De Kroonduif to Sorong. From above, at twilight, we could see the rays of the sun illuminating the great mangrove jungle and thick forests of the Bird's Head. The oil pipelines looked like giant snakes tunneling through the forest, where they were finally swallowed by huge steel tanks. The beaches of the large island of Salawati and small island of Doom were still swept in the violet-red colours of the sun which was beginning to set in the west. At exactly six o'clock in the evening, we landed at the small seaport on the coast of the city of Sorong. A welcoming committee consisting of Resident Dr. Jan van Bodegom, HPB Deenen, HPB Veldkamp, and our colleagues from school, the administrators Lucas Dailom and Lewerisa, awaited us.

After the state secretary conducted an inspection of the honour guard of the General Police, schoolgirls, led by their teacher, Miss Jakoba Rumadas, sang songs in our honour. Although it was already dark, there was a big demonstration of hundreds of Sorong residents making a mass claim to defend their rights to self determination. Mohammed Nur Majalibit, chairman of the Persatuan Christen Islam (PCI, Christian Muslim Association) gave a speech, expressing the desire to defend the right to self determination. I translated Mohammed Nur Majalibit's speech into Dutch. The state secretary responded and explained the policy of the government in The Hague to find a good solution and path forward for

the nation through the UN. Meanwhile, in accordance with the principles of democracy, the diverse views of all groups had to be respected, even if they were small groups. I translated the response of the state secretary into Malay.

Next, on 30 January we crossed by small boat to the island of Doom. There we attended a meeting of Streekraad Raja Ampat, which was temporarily chaired by the HPB of Raja Ampat, Frits Veldkamp and his secretary, Lucas Dailom, a schoolmate from OSIBA. Frits Veldkamp was later replaced by Dirk Arfayan. After the regional council meeting, the state secretary held audiences with delegations of tribal chiefs and community leaders of the Raja Ampat archipelago, at which Resident van Bodegom and HPB Veldkamp were also present. On returning to Sorong city, opportunities for audiences were given to many delegations of communities and church leaders, including Reverend Osok. That evening, Dr. Zuiderhoek, the head of the Campaign for the Eradication of Leprosy had come to our hotel in a rage because he had not been given an opportunity to meet with the state secretary. He calmed down and went home after I promised I would propose a meeting with the state secretary the following morning.

Indeed, the Centre for Leprosy at Remu was in great need of medicine, and renovations of the hospital and patients' homes. The state secretary promised he would ask that efforts be made. On Wednesday, 31 January, after the audience at the HPB's office, we left Sorong by boat for Doom. From there, we went on the MLD's Dakota plane, which had returned from Biak, and then arrived at five thirty that afternoon at the Rendjani airfield in Manokwari. Deputy Resident Wim van der Veen, HPB Labree, Administrator Serteus Wanma, the district head of Manokwari, and Police Commander Ritter were waiting for us there. After an inspection of the honour guard of the General Police, we drove by car to the resident's home. In the yard a great many people were gathered to greet us. There were also demonstrators carrying banners. In the evening there was a meeting with the Civil Defense Committee.

BEAUTIFUL RANSIKI CITY

On 1 February we left by helicopter for Ransiki. HPB van Oosten, Administrator Frans Jozef Djopari, and the district head and chief of

police of Ransiki met us. As elsewhere, many residents came to meet with us. And there was also a crowd of demonstrators with banners. HPB van Oosten told us about conditions in the Ransiki, Anggi lakes, and Wandamen areas, which he had just returned from patrolling. Then he handed over a number of letters from the residents. That morning, a succession of delegations of tribal chiefs and community leaders, Moluccans and colonists in Ransiki were received for audiences.

After that, we departed once more by a French-made Jalouette helicopter, looking down at the Anggi Gi and Anggi Gita lakes from above. Both lakes were very beautiful, surrounded by potato plantations. The potato crops from around the two lakes and the Baliem Valley now fulfilled the demand for potatoes throughout West Papua, so they were no longer imported from Australia. In both lakes, the Department of Fisheries was also breeding tilapia fish as a source of food for the people around the lakes and in the Arfak mountains.

That afternoon, audiences were held with Monseigneur van Diepen, OESA, of the Apostolic Prefecture of Manokwari. After that audiences were held to receive tribal chiefs, community leaders and party leaders in Manokwari. The state secretary was pleased to meet up with his old friend, Bapak Johan Ariks. They had met and sat together in the Round Table Conference³ in The Hague in 1949. The Papuan delegation to the Round Table consisted of Johan Ariks, Markus Kaisiepo, Nicolaas Jouwe and Abdullah Arfan. The tribal chief of the Arfak, Barend Mandatjan, was also received, along with tribal chief Dedaida, who came on behalf of the Inanwatan and Teminabuan tribes in Manokwari, during the same audience.

Then a succession of party leaders were received. They included Obeth Manupapami, chairman of the Partai Orang Nieuw-Guinea (PONG, New Guinea People's Party), who was once sent to the South Pacific Conference. Following him came Johannes Wamaer, the chairman of the Partai Serikat Pemuda Pemudi Papua (Parsep, Union of Papan Youth Party). A discussion with Karel Krey, the chairman of the Manokwari branch of the Partai Nasional (Parna, National Party) was held in Dutch. That evening, opportunities for audiences were given to representatives of resident communities, the Indonesian-Chinese, Moluccans, and government employees. Finally, an opportunity was

³ See Drooglever 2009:157.

given to Deputy Director Dekker of the Yayasan Penyediaan Perusahaan Agraria (Agrarian Enterprise Provision Foundation), who presented information on the difficulties facing timber company workers in Sanggen. The resident and the HPB also attended all of these meetings.

A LIVING UMBRELLA IN SERUI

On 2 February at eight in the morning we departed for Serui on a Twin-Pioneer. Because of the sunny weather that morning, we could see clear to the south side of Wondama Bay at the foot of Mount Wondiwoi, and a cluster of small coconut-palm islands, which looked like the imprint of a giant hand on the surface of the sea in Saireri Bay, lined up from Rumberpon island in the west to the Ansus islands in the east. Only moments later, mountains, soaring some 2,500 metres high in the clouds, and the narrow valleys sandwiching the small city of Serui came into view.

The streets of Serui city were clean. On either side they were flanked by shade trees whose tops met up in the sky and formed a living umbrella to provide coolness to the main streets of the town. Serui was famous for this living umbrella. The resident of Geelvink Bay, Dr. Kouwenhoven, and HPB Meyer, Administrator Florenz Imbiri and the chief of police all came to pick us up at the airfield. At his home, HPB Meyer informed us about the lives of the people and the atmosphere in Serui city, Yapen, and Waropen. HPB Meyer and Administrator Florenz Imbiri said that up to then, the residents had remained calm, since conflict and hostility would only lead to trouble for everyone.

After that, the state secretary welcomed Dr. Voors, who explained the situation of medical personnel in this area and their supplies. Then, an audience was given to receive all the members of Streekraad Yapen Waropen, which was chaired by Administrator Florenz Imbiri and had Administrator Markus Yom as secretary. Streekraad Yapen Waropen had been working on development and implemented agriculture projects in the region, and these had served as stabilizing factors and influenced the security of the population. After that, followed envoys of the leaders and communities of Yapen and Waropen, government employees, and the Hervormde Kerk (Dutch Reformed Church) mission.

After eating, we left for Biak. In the Mokmer airfield were waiting HPB Assink, formerly in Serui, with a welcome committee along with a police honour guard. After the inspection of the honour guard and introductions to the welcome committee, we encountered a crowd of people in a large demonstration, carrying 17 banners and led by Eduard Rumberar. Eduard gave a speech to welcome the visit of the state secretary and ask the government in The Hague to defend the fundamental rights of the Papuans. In his explanation, the state secretary clarified the policy of the government on analogy to a boat on a choppy sea with only one anchor. For that reason, the government was trying to find a second anchor on the international stage of the UN.

On Saturday, 3 February, opportunities for audiences were granted to the construction companies – Amsterdamse Ballast Maatschappij (Amsterdam Ballast Company), Bouwmaatschappij Hollandia (Hollandia Construction Company), Intervam, the Hollandse Beton Maatschappij (Dutch Concrete Company) – and the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij (KPM, Royal Packet Navigation Company). All of them asked for government guarantees and compensation during emergencies. One after another, tribal chiefs, village heads, and community leaders were welcomed in audiences in which the state secretary explained the government policy. He repeated his explanation using the symbol of the boat amidst the waves. In an audience with Streekraad Biak Numfor he explained the government policy more extensively. The chairman of the council, Lisias Rumbiak, an administrator of East Biak, expressed their thanks and their hopes that the Netherlands would keep its promise.

On Sunday, 4 February, following a church service, the state secretary gave an opportunity for an audience to the leaders of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Biak, Brother Sesink of the Order of Franciscan Minors (OFM) and Pastor Polvliet. That evening, the secretary of state together with Governor Platteel, Director of Home Affairs Veldkamp, and Resident Dr. Kouwenhoven discussed their impressions from the journey and the critical points raised in meetings during the journey across West Papua, and provisions for times of emergency.

Monday, 5 February marked the end of the state secretary's visit. Through a radio microphone, during an interview with Jacques Grijpink, the director of Radio Omroep Nieuw-Guinea (RONG), the state secretary expressed his regrets that he did not have an opportunity to visit other places. In light of the free and open talks he had had

with all of the people he had met, he had the impression that there was an understanding of the policy of the government in The Hague, but there were questions as to why Papuans themselves were not included in the negotiations. He stressed that the main points put forward during the meetings across West Papua would be subjects for discussion in the cabinet. Finally, he expressed great thanks to all of the government employees, both high-and low-ranking, who had helped out during the visit. To the nation of Papua he said: *‘En van u luisteraars behorend tot de inheemse bevolking, neem ik afscheid in het vertrouwen, dat de gezamenlijke doelstelling van U en ons in vrede zal worden verwezenlijkt.’* (‘To listeners who are native to this land I would like to say farewell and express my hope that our common purpose may be realized by peaceful means.’)

THE DUTCH FLAG IS LOWERED

On 1 October 1962, the flag of the Royal Kingdom of the Netherlands was lowered, because the United Nations took over the government. A Persian, Djalal Abdoh took over the authority of the Netherlands New Guinea government from Governor Platteel. Before the arrival of Djalal Abdoh in October, Pakistani forces of the UN came to Sentani. According to the New York Agreement, the UN forces, numbering 1,500 Pakistani military personnel, together with the General Police and the Papuan Volunteer Corps, in addition to Indonesian military forces of the same number as the UN forces, would ensure the security of the population.

Upon this official transfer of authority, Netherlands New-Guinea became West New Guinea under the UNTEA, which held a mandate for temporary governance from the United Nations. The directors of the public agencies and the residents were replaced by high officials of the United Nations. Before UNTEA, in West Papua in 1961-62, people lived in security and calm, in the hinterlands as well as in the cities. House doors remained unlocked as usual, night and day, no one was stealing things. So everyone asked: ‘Why is the military necessary, when there is no longer any threat of war. To face what enemy?’

Yet, beginning in October, after Sudjarwo Tjondronegoro brought in military contingents and personnel from Indonesia, crimes against people, theft, and looting began to occur in the cities daily. The municipi-

pal police were paralyzed and the Pakistani military did nothing – despite the fact that according to the New York Agreement, the Pakistani military, together with the police, were supposed to safeguard the security of the population. People no longer saw any reason why they should fear the government or the security authorities. Before the arrival of the UNTEA and, moreover, the Indonesian government, we civil servants had worked hard to reconcile the anger and emotions of the people, inviting them to be positive in greeting the arrival of the foreigners. Now, as administrators we tried with all of our power to stem the fears and restore calm to the residents of the cities.

After I returned from Napan and discussed things with the director of Home Affairs, I telephoned State Secretary Bot in The Hague. Aside from informing me that the education in the Netherlands had to be cancelled, he instructed me to lead a delegation from West Papua to Japan. We were to be invited to attend a conference of the world peace organization, International Moral Re-Armament, (MRA) in Odawara, near Tokyo, from 20 October to 20 November 1962.

For what purpose was I to lead a delegation to the peace conference in Tokyo? Junior Minister Bot was concerned that the young people of Papua would get frustrated, then bring about unpleasant situations. Because it often happened in other countries in the world during times of transition, that physical clashes occurred among groups. In working for the government, he had lived and worked in Indonesia, and he loved both the Dutch and the Indonesian nations. His intention was to ensure that during the conference, we could learn from the leaders of other nations who had gone through those kinds of events. We could learn from other people's experiences about how we could overcome conflicts and manage the people so they could deal calmly with all the new changes.

MEETING INTERNATIONAL FIGURES

That week I personally arranged for all our passports. I wrote, signed, and stamped UNTEA passport number one for myself. Numbers two and three were for Nikolas Nere and Titus Dansidan. The Department of Home Affairs in Dok II arranged for our KLM flights on 19 October 1962. That morning I was so busy I was almost late for the Dakota plane

flight to Biak. At five in the afternoon we departed Biak on a KLM DC 8 Douglas and arrived at ten that night at Haneda airport, Tokyo.

The next day, in the dining room of the Tokyo Kanko Hotel in Shinagawa, we got acquainted with the members of the other delegations from Fiji, Australia, South Korea, India, Canada, America, Latin America, Africa, Germany and France. Among others, we got to know Ratu Livai Vola Vola from Fiji; Rajmohan Gandhi – the grandson of Mahatma Gandhi – from India; Chief Walking Buffalo, chief of the Stoney tribe from the province of Alberta, Canada, and George S. Wood from the town of Toorak, Victoria, Australia. Two days later, from the Tokyo Kanko Hotel in the Shinagawa city area, we all went by bus to the South through the big port of Yokohama and then came to the accommodations and conference venue in Odawara city. There we met with Jaap de Boer, the head of the Dutch Moral Re-Armament delegation, and the husband and wife team, Ir. Frits and Sylvia Philips – heads of the MRA of the Netherlands, and owners the Philips International factory in Eindhoven.

The international conference of the Moral Re-Armament organization was being held in Asia for the first time. The main themes of the conference included conflicts between nations and conflicts between workers' organizations and factory management concerning the positions of workers. All week we exchanged ideas with Mr. and Mrs. Philips, who were close friends of State Secretary Bot, on the unfortunate fate of the Papuans and the transitional government over there. They assured us that in the lifetime of a person who used violence, that person would encounter others with hearts of stone and houses whose doors were shut. It was only with a warm-hearted attitude that a window could be opened, if the doors were shut. Each day we attended general meetings on the major themes. We also exchanged ideas a lot with Rajmohan Gandhi, the leader of the Indian delegation, and Chief Walking Buffalo, George Wood, King Livai Vola Vola, Peter Howard and many members of the Japanese, German and Korean delegations, as well as others, about the mournful atmosphere of the nation of Papua, which the international world had caused. We learned a lot about the histories of their countries, their experiences, and how they governed and managed their countries.

That Sunday, the management of the organization gave the West Papua delegation an opportunity to give a speech at the general meetings. For the first time, I, as a 'primitive' person from Papua, gave an

exposition of his nation on an international stage. My declaration that we of the Pacific region wished to take our places in the society of world peace, because our ancestors were no longer engaged in tribal warfare, was well received. To help demonstrate in as lively a way as possible the plight of the workers who were actually factory coolies in the Kerala region of India, Rashmon Gandhi, leader of the Indian delegation, asked us to perform together with his delegation in a stage play.

After Odawara in 1962 and up to now I have remained close friends with Rajmohan Gandhi, whose nickname is Rashmon. Each year we meet at the conference at MRA headquarters in the Mountain House Chateau in Switzerland. In 2001, the international Moral Re-Armament organization was renamed Initiatives of Change (IC) International. People from this platform of international peace are trying to move beyond borders, to establish contact with all who seek peace, in their own communities and countries and outside their countries. They are trying to find solutions to conflicts between tribes, nations and governments through dialogue.

All of these efforts are made based on four high moral elements: absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love. To be honest with ourselves, our neighbours and other people, and not to be taken in by deception. To be pure of heart in associations among ourselves and with others. Not to be false-hearted, mean and corrupt. Why should we always think only of ourselves, if we already have things, and lust to have more. Throughout the world, enough is produced to suffice all of humanity, so we must learn to share and give others the opportunity to take part in tasting a mouthful of God's bounty. With open hearts, to love our fellow human beings, who are not strangers from outside of our natural world. All of these are norms of human culture and leadership.

In the third week of the Odawara conference our delegation was invited by the Indonesian ambassador in Tokyo, Colonel Bambang Sugeng, to meet with President Soekarno. The president of Indonesia was visiting Japan and arranging for his wedding with the Japanese woman called Dewi (Ratna Sari Dewi). Later, at the ambassador's invitation, we returned to West Papua via Jakarta. There, we met with our two comrades, Nathanael Maidepa and Frits Kirihio.

By the end of November 1962 we were all back in our respective workplaces. When I arrived at my office, there were already two people

there to help. Across Papua, the situation became increasingly murky as time went by, since the UNTEA was increasingly losing control of events. Our experience in Hollandia, as employees of the UNTEA during that time, I would sum up as follows. West Papua at that time already had a well-organized administration, which was adequate and appropriate for a country in the process of development, with educated cadres. However, many of the high-level UNTEA officials replacing those who had left were incapable. Moreover, the UNTEA did not guarantee the security of the population. Based on their impressions and the evidence of all the events that occurred, in Hollandia and throughout West Papua, people became frustrated and disappointed.

THE ETHICS OF GOVERNANCE

In writing the history of the Indonesian government, including Papua, we discover many examples of leadership and governance. A civil servant who wants to lead a country should try to achieve a high standard of governance and leadership, in the villages, cities and provinces as well as at the national and international levels. Based on the historical experience of Papua, I invite the younger generations of Papuan civil servants to learn well the history of their own land, as well as international history, so that they will not wrong any nation or people on earth.

Investigate what is occurring in affairs of state organization today, which form the basis for your future and that of your children and grandchildren, and of the children and grandchildren of other nations. Study the efforts of other countries that are striving for democratic systems. Select the elements that work in those democratic systems and include them together with *adat* elements in leadership. These were the teachings of the teachers at the OSIBA. '*Besturen is vooruitzien*', or: To govern is to foresee. It is necessary for civil servants, as government people, to feel responsible for their fellow human beings.

Talking about the subject of ethics is not a new idea or philosophy for Papuans. The practices and requirements of every nation on earth are always tied to what is known as ethics or good examples. In keeping with the way of life of any nation, in a given age and period of its life, there are guidelines for living and interacting that are generally determined as norms of social life. To maintain a collective way of life that is just and

true. Maintaining such norms means enhancing the dignity of a nation, developing the civilization of that nation.

In this book on the history of governance in Papua, we are asking whether Papuan civil servants are using or maintaining these social norms in the daily practice of governance. What is usually called *adat* is the first pathway into the philosophy of moral consciousness and social life of the Papuan people. We can ascertain that moral consciousness by asking what is good and what is not. Take, for example, the daily interactions of a civil servant with the village people of a given region. Which *adat* norms does one have to consider? Norms that, if violated, will give rise to issues later on. We need to be government people that have good morals and set a good example.

THE CHILDREN OF COMMUNITY LEADERS MAINTAINED THEIR ETHICAL VALUES

As it happened, in selecting students to continue school at OSIBA, Van Eechoud and the Department of Home Affairs made use of the *adat* system, in choosing students who were the children of tribal chiefs or *adat* leaders who had been sent to school, such as the children of the heads of kin groups, variously known in different areas by the names: *orang kaya*, *bobot*, *manseren*, *sera*, *ondoafi*, *ondoforo*, or *matai*. Thus, the fathers of the majority of the students who were selected functioned as *adat* leaders or as leaders of clans (*keret*) or larger tribes. The lives of the children of important families in Papuan society were regulated by *adat* practices, strongly disciplined traditions. For example, there were norms to protect the tribe; to ensure the security of the tribe and of its women, men, and children; to ensure humanity through humanitarian ethics; to prevent wrongdoing; to avoid chaos; to gather together and unite people; not to act in arbitrary and tyrannical ways; to protect areas, *adat* lands and hamlets.

The descendants of the key families had to strongly maintain their *adat* traditions so they could serve as examples to the whole clan and tribe. Each of these male descendants knew that once he became an adult, he would be selected by an assembly of elders to replace his father or uncle as the tribal chief. *Adat* functioned as a legal system with sanctions, meaning that whoever transgressed *adat* was punished. Everyone in Papua knew how serious *adat* penalties were.

In this millennium, the international world designates as ‘good governance’ a system of governance in which the government democratically involves public agencies and civil society in regional development. In fact, the system of governance that was conducted by the civil servants of the 1950s in Papua already was a system of governance in which citizens directly and actively participated. Social life in Papua is based on what is known as a communal way of life. Being a communal society means that it is under the leadership of tribal leaders; they rule, organize, and are jointly responsible for the peace and order of a region.

For example, in Saireri Bay, the Waropen are responsible for their own area; and when they engage in trading, they regulate trade and friendly relations with the Wondama, Yapen, and Biak Numfor people. Often there are very close friendships among them known as *manibwow*. Families from other tribes are invited to stay as guests for rather extended periods of time. For example, my grandfather, Simon, and his older brother Jakob were invited by the Mandosir family in Soweik and they lived in Soweik for one year. During that time, my grandfather Simon learned how to forge knives, machetes, axes, and other tools. Upon returning to Napan he brought back Eli Mandosir, a son of the tribal chief, Mandosir, who was later baptized and named Eli Marey. There was no deprivation or slavery among the Waropen, Wondama, Yapen, and Biak Numfor tribes in Saireri Bay, as is always written by foreigners who are talking nonsense and seeking a sensation. The exception was when a tribal war occurred, when one of them committed a crime against another and violated *adat* norms.

RURIIA MEETINGS ENSURED ADAT NORMS AND ETHICS

In Waropen, Wondama, Yapen, and Biak Numfor in the time of our ancestors, there were meetings of the elders known as *rurii*a in Waropen language. When I was still a child, we and our mothers and grandmothers attended those meetings at the big clan or *keret* house, called Sera Dama, where the elders gathered. Especially during World War II, when the Japanese came into our village, Napan, and everywhere in Saireri Bay, the gatherings of the elders were very intensive. Such meetings were also held during the time when we ran away from the Japanese and hid in the mangroves. In the meetings at Sera Dama, the adult males sat in

front in a circle, and behind them the grandmothers and mothers. We children who came along with our mothers sat or lay behind the women, and kept quiet during the meeting. Sera Dama Marey is the big house of the extended Marey *keret*, which at the time was located near where the Ellim Church in Napan is today.

In the *ruriia* meetings, all the interests of the *keret*, interests of the tribe, and matters concerning cases and sanctions for wrongdoing would be discussed and presented. What had to be traded, in exchange for sago and large Chinaware plates (for ceremonial uses) with the Wondama, Rofono (Numfor), Bwiako (Biak), Atusao (Ansu), or Apagwao (Ambai). Within the collective system, together we helped family members to clear forest so they could make gardens. Together we built homes for members of the household.

In the *ruriia*, the assembly of tribal elders took decisions about making *da*, that is, whether or not to go to war with another tribe. In holding these discussions and making these decisions, the vote of each person was important and counted, in what was known as ‘*ojaako kiri nassangia*’ (to count their names). The function of the tribal chief in the *ruriia* was none other than to lead the discussion, and to consider and ensure that the decision taken was in accord with the voices of the majority. The tribal chief could not make a decision on his own to go to war with other tribes. The tribal chief did not determine things by himself, or look to enrich only himself. So the leader functioned as a *primus inter pares* – first among equals – not as a feudal or authoritarian ruler.

Following *adat*, leaders were respected and fully supported in every place and area where they performed their functions, because they were servants of the people. It was very easy for a leader in such a position to possess and influence the masses. Conversely, during the transition period in 1962, they bowed their heads and were subject to insults, slander, torture, and murder. This was because they served as buffers for their communities, since as leaders they felt responsible for the security of their nation.

Like their *adat* predecessors, a modern Papuan civil servant or administrator, as a ‘servant of the people’, should be neutral, leaning neither left nor right, in keeping with the expression: ‘*een man een man, een woord een woord*’⁴ – meaning that he can be completely trusted. Not to make

⁴ To be a man of his word (literally: ‘A man a man, a word a word.’).

promises and then fail to carry them out; to act without corruption; to love his nation and homeland; not to stir up conflicts or cases; to set an example and be a leader of the community; to respect and maintain *adat* elements that are good; and not to enrich himself. Thus, Papuan civil servants must remain faithful to and positive toward the government. If necessary they should negotiate with their superiors in the government hierarchy, so that the interests of the people can be heeded. In this way they can maintain the motto of the Papuan civil servant: 'The government is the servant of the people'. Under Papua's current condition in the modern era, we call that: leadership.

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