



Log of S/V *High Drama* **No.20 Indonesia** **November, 2003**



Selat sore!

That's Bahasa Indonesian for "Good afternoon!"

Log 20 covers ***High Drama*** in Indonesia. Lee Carr makes another appearance as a crewmember on ***High Drama*** and serves as our ringer in the Rally from Darwin, Australia to Kupang, West Timor, Indonesia. Unfortunately Lee departed ***High Drama*** in the scenic industrial city of Bima and we sailed on to Bali, one of the culture rich areas of Indonesia. After Bali we sailed for Borneo (now known as the Indonesian state of Kalimantan) where we met orangutans in the wild at a preserve. Those of you who want to see pictures of The King should jump the end of these pages now.

We receive email by radio while at sea. As always, we enjoy hearing from you. Due to persistent spam we no longer publish our email addresses. If you don't have our Sailmail email address, please contact the web master and he will be glad to give you our address. We always enjoy hearing from you!

The Darwin to Kupang Rally

The Rally from Darwin, Australia to Kupang, Indonesia was not supposed to be a race. But it had all of the attributes of a race. We traveled 475 miles across the Arafura Sea in the company of 25 other boats. After a day the wind died and High Drama's auxiliary diesel took over. When we crossed the starting line on July 26,2003 a boat threw water balloons at us. In a gesture of defiance we mooned them. It turned out that the boat was the press boat and we got some coverage in the local newspaper!



Lee and Ann flew **High Drama's** "divorce sail"



Dave the Cat: Dave & Libby



Horai: Ed & Rachel



Indonesian fishermen cheer us on near the finish line.

Kupang, West Timor, Indonesia

High Drama finished a respectable 4th overall in the non-race. There was some confusion about the check in procedure in Kupang and we decided to go ashore to find out how we should proceed. It happened that we were the first rally boat to go ashore. A camera crew from the primary Indonesian television network filmed our inelegant beach landing and requested interviews. Newsmen concluded that the rally was a sign of the recovery of tourism in Indonesia after the October 2002 bombing in Bali. Indonesia is the 4th largest country in the world by population and the largest Muslim nation. Three days after we arrived and told the press that we were not afraid of terrorists' Indonesian extremists bombed the Marriott Hotel in Jakarta.



The network crew



"We aren't afraid of terrorists!"

The Mountains Near Kupang

Kupang presented quite a contrast from Darwin, Australia. Smoke from jungle clearing activities and rubbish filled the air. Five times a day the Muslim leaders broadcast a call to prayer over loudspeakers. Ashore children shouted at us, "Hello, Mistah! Hello Misses!" For most it was the only English they knew but all demonstrated curiosity in one way or another.

Lee arranged an auto trip to the villages of Kapan and Soe in the mountains around Kupang. The taxi ride provided our first lesson in driving where the horn appeared to be the primary driver's control input. Scary riding. The view from the mountaintop gave us an appreciation of the size of the Island of Flores.



Kids along the route.



Small petrol stations sell petrol by the liter. Our guide explained that Indonesian people only buy a few liters at a time and when they run out they buy a few more liters. They never fill up.



Village of Soe



Villagers in Soe



View from mountaintop on Flores Island

Traditional Dwellings

Cooking in traditional houses produces soot and an acrid smell, but nevertheless people near Soe still build and maintain the structures known as *lopo*. We also came across a woman weaving ikat using traditional methods.



A *Lopo*



Weaver near village of Soe

Fresh Water

In the United States we tend to take abundant supplies of potable water for granted. In many parts of the world people must make a daily trip to a central well or spring for fresh drinking water. On Flores Island we encountered many folks hiking for water late in the day.



Young people at the spring. The cleanest water flows in the eroded rock.

The Goodbye Party

Before we left Kupang the local businesses hosted a party. Rosie, the lead female singer compensated by volume what she lacked in melody. Lee helped her with a rendition of “...*It was down in Louisiana just about a mile from Texarkana in them ol’ cotton fields back home...*” She didn’t believe that Lee lived in Texas and actually had been to Texarkana.



Lee helping Rosie with the tune

The Volcano

As we sailed along the Flores Sea on the north coast of the islands of Nusa Tenggara province we stopped at various anchorages. One evening as we looked across the large bay toward an anchorage where *Jubilaenum* was located we saw a volcano erupt! Not red lava but white smoke belching right above the distant anchorage.



Happy hour view from Hadding Bay on Lombok Island

Kelimutu's Colored Craters

"It's only a kilometer walk," the guidebook explained. But it was uphill. At the top three pools of different colored water that the locals have believed sacred for hundreds of years.



Just a few steps...



One of the sacred craters



Lee smiling on the way down

The Komodo Dragons

Just east of Sumbawa lays Komodo Island, home of the world's largest living lizard. We stopped on neighboring Rinca for a wilderness experience with these beasts. Ironically, we met a Komodo dragon named "Ann" that was bred in captivity at San Diego Zoo. But on a hike we experienced the dragons in the wild.



Lee & Ann at the park entrance



Lee getting a lecture from the ranger

We were fortunate to see a dozen or more dragons on a 3-kilometer hike. The day was overcast so it the dragons laid out in the open.



A large Komodo dragon.



What, me worry?



Crikey!



Kids, don't try this at home!

On to Bima

High Drama moved toward the industrial city of Bima on Sumbawa Island where Lee was scheduled to catch an airplane. We stopped at several places to swim and hike. When we arrived in Bima, we found the famous Ben-Hur two wheel carts that provide so much transportation to locals. The poor tiny horses worked hard!



Lee putting in some long hours on the boat thinking about his clients.



Ben Hur carts hauling coconuts and people.

Bima Harbor

Indonesian workboats transported salt and building materials in and out of Bima Harbor in Sumbawa. The local captains proudly posed for pictures whenever they saw us. The workboats, made from indigenous lumber, were frequently powered with a generator engine with no mufflers.



Workboats of Bima Harbor

The Adventure in Dampo Bay

After Lee departed Ann and I sailed along Sumbawa toward Bali. As we sailed from islands where Christians made up the majority to where Muslims made up the majority we wondered whether the local people would greet us differently. Our only curious encounter with local people occurred in Dampo Bay.

Dampo bay is partially blocked by a pearl farm. Men in a big fiberglass boat with powerful outboards came out and directed us to an anchorage place outside the bay, away from the pearl farm. I concluded that they simply didn't want us in the bay. While we were anchoring two young men hopped on **High Drama** uninvited. We talked for quite awhile, mostly with Michael, who spoke a smattering of English. Then another boat came, then some guys left. We had very poor communication because we had no Indonesian phrase book, but it was generally interesting. We gave them each a Bintang beer.

Then another boat came up with three policemen with rifles in it. The two guys on our boat hid the beers as quick as scat. One policeman, Moklis, (age 20) spoke some English and in an obsequious way befriended us. He called Ann "mother" and said that he would patrol our area tonight. After Moklis and his companions left Michael gesturing using the international digit of disgust said, "F*** police! I don't like them!"

At dusk Ishmael (prophetic maybe?), the shift boss of the pearl farm, directed us into the bay. As we understood his sign language he was saying that the police are off duty at 9:00 PM and it would be better for us farther into the bay. We were grateful for the advice.

At 10:00 PM while I was asleep in the cockpit and Ann below, Moklis and three other more senior policemen came. I was awakened as they climbed aboard uninvited without saying anything. Moklis said that they were now doing security work for a diamond operation of some type (failure of communication) and his master, a Korean, invited us ashore tomorrow morning for a visit. We politely declined. After hemming and hawing, Moklis asked for beers for his 3 friends. I said we were out. Then he talked some more and asked for a memento such as a dress, by which I came to understand he meant T-shirt. I said mine were too big and too old for him. Then they left.

We later learned that there was a gold mining operation in the area and the Bima police were assigned to the area by day and by night they were paid to be security guards. They seemed to be used to doing as they wished unimpeded. We were never threatened, but we were a bit apprehensive. I concluded that in the very beginning of this episode I let the locals onto the boat too fast uninvited. We learned to say, "Ma'af! Pergilah dare kapal!" "Excuse me! Get away from my boat!"

As for this episode, the greatest risk posed was probably an accidental discharge of a weapon.



Dampo Bay fishermen



Bima police on High Drama in Dampo Bay



Dompo Bay: Pearl farm floats in the foreground; volcano in the background

Lombok

Lombok lies just east of Bali and houses a predominantly Muslim population. *High Drama* arrived at the northern beaches on Indonesian Independence Day, August 17, 2003. We toured and saw weaving, spinning and pottery making demonstrations, monkeys, and the Lingsar Temple, our first of many temples. The Lingsar Temple actually embraces Hindus and Muslims as well as tourist infidels.



Ann feeding monkey.



Pottery making demonstration



Indonesian spin-doctor



Indonesian Independence Day Parade in Lombok



The bull is the symbol of the Indonesian Party of Struggle (PDI), the party of the current leader of Indonesia, Megawati Sukarnoputri, the daughter of the country's first president, Sukarno. Although Ms Megawati has power, her government seems scarcely in control of the remote provinces.

The Bali Bombing and Bali Tourism

The effects of the bombing of a bar that was popular with Westerners a year ago are still very evident in Bali. The effects of the Bali bombing, the SARS epidemic, the Marriott bombing, and insurrection by rebel forces for independence in Papua and Aceh Provinces have crippled the tourist industry. Name resorts like Sheraton and Hyatt in Bali had occupancy ratings reported to be around 25%. The local Hindus speak very bitterly about their Muslim (majority) neighbors on Java and their extremism. Indonesia is the 4th largest country in the world by population and the largest Muslim nation.

Notwithstanding the heavy development and the shadows of now dead tourist businesses Bali remains a place of great beauty. The beaches, the lush greenery, and the lively art forms of the only Hindu society in Southeast Asia fascinated us.

In Bali they have been wet rice farming for hundreds of years. They have learned how to plant several crops per year and fertilize to replenish nutrients in the soil. Elsewhere in Indonesian, the farmers practice "slash and burn" farming. They clear the jungle by uncontrolled fires, plant a few cycles of crops, and then move on in a few years after the marginal soil has given it's all. These fires raged so much in some islands we sailed near that smoke reduced visibility to less than a mile.



Wet rice farming near Ubud

The Trip to Ubud

We traveled to Ubud, the cultural center of Bali. There we relaxed overnight in a great resort, attended the Ramayana Ballet, and enjoyed the crafts.



Greeter at the Maha Pita Resort



Dance and drama are combined in melodramatic presentations with stiff movements and exotic atonal music.



The audience knows all of the stories and cheer and hiss at appropriate times.



Two-person monster: comic relief



Relaxing after a late night at the ballet



Carver in Ubud

Indonesia Fishing

The Indonesian fishermen, of whom there are very many, believe that if they are not catching fish it is because evil spirits inhabit the boat. To rid the boat of the spirit, the plagued fishermen charges at another boat at high speed then turns away at the last second. The hapless spirit can't hold on in the turn and moves onto the other boat. We had this happen once, but we later concluded that the word got out that our fishing spirits were worse than their spirits. When it comes to bad luck fishing, we are strong donors. We haven't been bothered lately.

Indonesia contends with another type of fishing, also. Several times in islands in the south we heard loud explosions and saw water spouts 20-30 feet in the air. These fishermen used dynamite or some type of explosive to kill the fish. It incidentally killed the coral reefs also. Megawati's government faces some challenges in environmental education!

Sailing to Bali we met hundreds of sailing canoes headed to the market with their very few fish. These waters have been so heavily fished for so long they yield only baitfish, but even these small fry are eagerly consumed.



Sailboat headed to market with fish

We toured a fishing village in Bali. There were hundreds of fishing boats, and this was only the tip of the proverbial iceberg.



A few of the boats in the fleet



Delivering ice before nightfall



The iceman



Drying the fry

Bali Shopping

Not only did Bali boast of great beaches, but there was great shopping as well! My friend Jim from *Jubilaem* helped me buy my first Rolex watch. The negotiator was a giant of a woman who ultimately threatened us with grievous bodily harm if we didn't buy a Rolex from her. She gave us a pretty good deal at 200,000 rupiah, or about \$23. It even came with a genuine certificate of authenticity.



Jeff, Jim, and the giant aggressive saleswoman each with a Rolex

The Tanjung Puting Park in Borneo

After Bali we sailed across the Java Sea to Kumai, Kalimantan, formerly known as Borneo. There we visited the Tanjung Puting National Park.

One morning we piled onto the roof of a klotok, a diesel powered traditional wooden boat that could have starred in the African Queen, to travel into the Tanjung Puting National Park in Borneo. A half hour later as we passed from the main channel of the river into a tributary our Indonesian crew served hot tea and sweet batter coated fried bananas, the first of many local foods that followed throughout the rest of the day. The klotok chugged for three hours deep into Tanjung Puting, an orangutan rehabilitation center and habitat preserve. En route to the first orangutan feeding station we spotted rare Proboscis monkeys, some grays, Mackay's, monitor lizards, crocs, and exotic birds. The Tanjung Puting orang feeding stations afford a meal a day to orangs who being reintroduced to the wild after being orphaned or injured by poachers or displaced by ongoing massive deforestation by local slash and burn rice farmers. (See www.orangutan.org)



Klotok at High Drama



Cruising down the river



Ed enjoying the food



Ed, Carolyn, Jeff (note --red shirt) & Ann

At the second feeding station three females, each with an infant clutching and climbing about her, politely sampled the bananas, sweet potatoes and fresh cow's milk made available by park rangers. The moms were in their 30s and the infants around a year or two. The gentle creatures displayed every bit as much tender affection and tolerance for their unruly toddlers as do their slightly more evolved cousins. The guides know the orangs by name and advise which orangs are aggressive and try to steal cameras, jewelry, watches, sunglasses, and backpacks. Several times the moms and young circulated among the outsiders, but they paid us little attention.



Female bathing and tasting some of the soap



Mom in awkward pose



Lucy from **Attu** with Mom and child



Rachel from **Horai** getting close for a picture

The “King”

We hiked the 2 kilometer crumbled boardwalk back to the boats where we met "The King", a huge old recently dethroned alpha male. All day long our captain had given me grief in a joking way, I thought, about wearing a red shirt. The King had positioned himself on the end of the dock where we would have to pass within about 3 feet of him to re-board the boat. The King also kept a watchful eye on his alpha female who was sunbathing luxuriously on a lower wooden platform. Our guide placed himself between the King and the short line of us passing by and said in a somewhat urgent tone, "Move quickly!" I was last in line and just as Ann passed ahead of me the enormous orang moved, squarely blocking my way. He turned his head and our eyes met in a way that I interpreted as a challenge. Maybe he was just being friendly, but I didn't think so. I looked downward and backed off about 15 feet. My friends who were safely on the boat squealed with delight, laughing and shouting about the relative size and position of the King and me. The King seemed about twice my size. As long as he locked his eyes on mine, I was not about to move. The guide again muttered something about my red shirt. After what seemed like an hour but was more like a minute the jowly beast rolled over and looked away. The guide led me quickly behind the King's back onto the boat. The guide smiled and said that I really need not have worried, "Because the King, he's too old and too tired to fight now, anyway!" I allowed that I felt the same way.



“The King “



Chewing on a plastic bag



Moving to block Jeff's way



You are going where?



Sure.

Sailing from Kumai to Singapore

High Drama left the village of Kumai and set out for the 800-mile sail to Singapore. Several other boats traveled with us including *Horai*, *Gandalf*, *Zephyrus*, and *Attu*. One stop fell on a Sunday and we hosted a Bloody Mary and Beethoven gathering.



The village of Kumai. Note the mosque. Calls to prayer were made over a loudspeaker five times a day starting at 5:00 am.



A shop keeper in Kumai



Group assembling for social occasion on **High Drama**

After entering the Southern Hemisphere on Valentines Day 2001, 2-1/2 years ago, **High Drama** re-crossed the Equator on September 13, 2003. The ritual for sailors re-crossing the equator is not as specific as it is for first time crossers who change status from pollywogs to shellbacks. Nevertheless, upon re-crossing we immediately ran below decks to flush the heads to see if the water swirled clockwise! We also celebrated by cracking a can of beer and pouring an ever so modest amount into the South China Sea to appease Neptune. Then we drank the rest and a couple more.



GPS shows Equator for latitude on Sept 13, 2003.



Don Chiarello, the captain and owner of **Attu**, and crew Tomas Wainman, Lucy Kearney, and Jessica Wainman



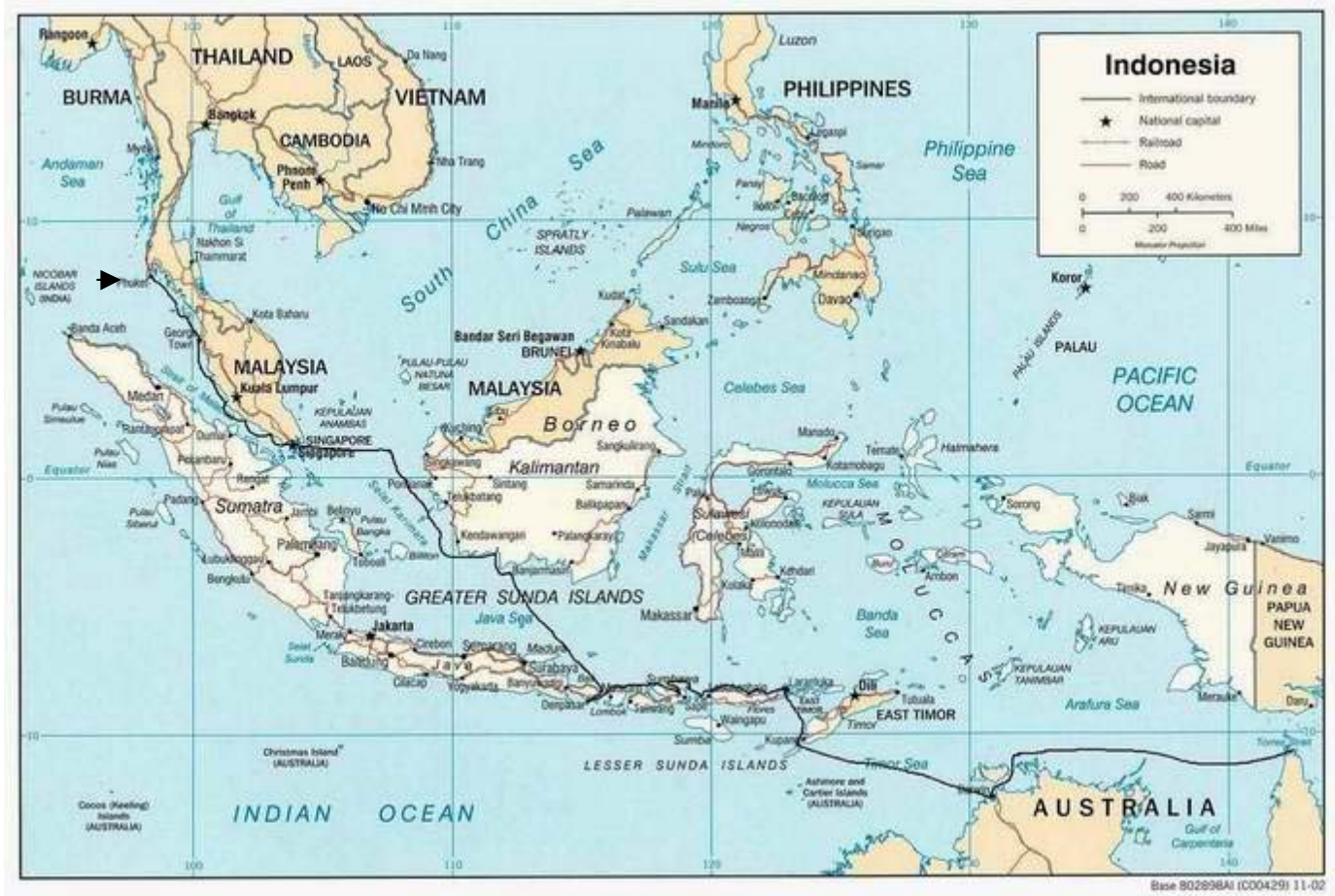
The schooner **Attu** under sail out of Kumai

The Tragic Loss of Attu

Don Chiarello left his crew, Lucy Kearney and Tomas and Jessica Wainman in Singapore. While single handing off the coast of Malaysia **Attu** sailed between two fishing boats hauling a net between them. The net apparently snagged **Attu's** keel and rolled her. Water rushed down the open hatches and took her down. Don spent three days in a life raft but was physically unharmed. We remain ever mindful that the sea can be unforgiving.

High Drama's Route

We left Mooloolaba, Australia on April 8, 2003. We landed in Papua New Guinea on Thursday, May 22, 2003. By June 23 **High Drama** landed in Thursday Island, then Darwin on July 3, 2003. Kupang West Timor, Indonesia was next July 29, 2003, followed Singapore on September 19, 2003. We arrived in Phuket, Thailand Friday, November 7, 2003. The total distance is about 7,000 miles in seven months.



Along the way we met and parted with many friends. One couple, Herman and Monika from Munich on **Graefin V** headed off toward Africa from Bali, just as we were getting to know them.



Monika and Herman

Conclusion

Our next log will include Singapore and Malaysia. Stay tuned! As always, let us hear from you!



Jeff & Ann Brooke
S/V High Drama