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New York 36, New York

Dear Mr. Rogers:

I am adding these three personality sketches to the weighty letter I sent you recently about the fall of the Copra Foundation. They will explain more about the human situation surrounding the crisis which has thrown Macassar and Menado into such an uproar this month.

When Mary and I sailed into Macassar Harbor at the end of May, I had already heard and read enough about the island of Sulawesi to plan my schedule.

For one thing, I had been advised to sail rather than fly. The Indonesian government exerts firm control only in isolated cities in South and Southeast Sulawesi. I knew that the road from the Macassar airport to town was unsafe and that we would be unable to leave town during our stay, for fear of being captured by some unit of the rebel federation which controls most of the rich hinterland.

I also knew that we should be circumspect in our dealings with the army, which has gotten somewhat out of hand during the period of martial law ("state of war and emergency"). The Indonesian government has worked hard to bring the rebel bands back into the national fold. Where it has been successful, it has incorporated former rebel units into the regular army. In view of this, it is no wonder that a certain amount of undiscipline prevails among the troops. Macassarese have given the apt label, "cowboy style", to the conduct of some of these soldiers.

The situation of the army and the Muslim rebels would have made a worthwhile study object, but a foreigner should not get too close to either of these subjects. I chose instead to concentrate my attention on the difficult copra problem, which has become the principal test-case for regionalism this year.

But the facts and figures of the copra crisis (see BRC--44), do not give a strong enough impression of the role played by sentiment and personality in recent events. An underlying cause of the continuing conflict between Djakarta and the outer regions is the gap in culture and personality between the people of Java and other areas. If these

differences make the Indonesian nation richer and more dynamic, they also tend to magnify misunderstandings in times of trouble.

The sketches below concern a determined young Muslim war veteran from South Sulawesi, a Christian businessman and official from North Sulawesi, and a foreign ship captain who found the Sulawesi situation difficult to understand.

Andi S.--The Cowboy Style

The philosophy of Andi S. and his friends, who manage the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board, was described by a notice chalked on the blackboard in his office in the former Y.M.C.A. building near Macassar's Kareboisi Square:

Those veterans who wish to have an active part in the taking over of Dutch enterprises which will change hands as a result of the annulment of the Round Table Agreements, should see,

1. A.R., chairman of the committee on...
2. Or A.N...

Cigarette distribution for June will be handled by S.

Andi S. was sitting on a sofa in front of the blackboard, a tall somber thirty year old, with curly black hair and a cold stare. He was smoking a smuggled English cigarette.

"We are always happy to greet our brothers from America," he began in Indonesian, "so please sit down. Please pardon me if I must ask you in what connection you come to our office? Are you perhaps from the American Embassy? Or from U.S.I.S.?" I explained my connections and told Andi S. that I wanted to hear his description of the activities of his veterans' organization and would later request a statement about his attitude toward the copra problem.

He went earnestly to my final request. "Yes, some of us had a hand in the taking over of the Copra Foundation. In fact, three of our members sit on the Action Committee for the Decentralization of the

Copra Foundation. You might say that we veterans took the initiative in that action."

I knew that the Action Committee had been running into trouble since its sudden seizure of the Copra Foundation headquarters more than a month before. This bold step had been recognized by the Copra Foundation's local director and the Acting-Governor of Sulawesi, but since that time the central government had been ignoring the Action Committee and shipping copra directly to Java, by-passing the usual Macassar stop. As a member of the Action Committee, Andi S. was eager to have a listener who would take his earnest, idealistic pleas seriously. I have constructed the following conversation from what he said.

He went on, "First, for the sake of full understanding, I shall describe to you the background, aims and initial development of our organization, the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board."

His history took up the remainder of our hour together. At the end, I was surprised to realize that the roots of the copra crisis and the Muslim rebellion in South Sulawesi are similar and closely intertwined. Every event bears the imprint of army and veteran influences.

Still speaking with dignity and stiffness, Andi S. continued, "By way of preface, let me explain to you that we people of South Sulawesi are not averse to going into commerce and business. We are not like the Javanese. Given an opportunity, we can successfully compete with the Chinese. We have energy and we are not afraid to work. You must realize that the Chinese hold on business is very strong, and you will be surprised to learn that the power of the Chinese in the copra economy became a major reason for our decisive action on April 27."

He then elaborated at length on the part played by the youth of South Sulawesi in the revolution of 1945. He viewed the intervening eleven years history as a process of gradual breaking up and splitting of the original fighting force of 1945. The group took form as a collection of militia and guerilla bands in 1945 and 1946, when the Dutch returned to Sulawesi. With the bloody Westerling clean-up operation of 1946, the revolutionary coalition broke up. Part returned to civilian life and part journeyed south to Java in small boats. There they joined with other Sulawesians to form the Sultan Hasanuddin Regiment, which fought until 1948 on the republican side. When the units of this regiment returned to Sulawesi in 1950 and 1951, the process of splitting continued. Some remained in the Indonesian army and became the main force garrisoning South Sulawesi in the troubled years following. A large contingent followed their leader, Kahar Muzakkar, into rebellion and eventually became part of the Darul Islam movement. A third group became civilians. It was this group that produced Andi S. and the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board.

Despite the fragmentation of the original group of South Sulawesi revolutionaries, the old comradeship is not forgotten. This fact has made the elimination of rebels doubly difficult. It has also accounted for the close and continuing relationship between the army and the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board. Of the two men who commanded the Sultan Hasanuddin Regiment in Java, one has become the leader of the local Darul Islam rebellion (Kahar Muzakkar) and one (Andi Mattalata) has become the Indonesian Army commander of the Macassar Base. The relationship is thus roughly triangular.

Andi S. interrupted our talk now and then to offer me a cigarette or to sign papers brought in by subordinates, with whom he would talk briefly in the gun-fire staccato of Macassarese. Old Papa Wahab, apparently the office mascot, came and sat with us for a while and tried to follow a conversation his addled brain couldn't comprehend. He grinned approvingly at me, and somehow managed to look venerable in his white uniform with gold epaulets. Andi S. looked at him fondly for a minute, then indicated to me with sign language that the old man was crazy but should be treated courteously. He then launched into an account of the events which brought him to his current position.

Andi S. moved towards his present limelight in 1955. Under the sponsorship of the army and their former commander, Andi Mattalata, Andi S. and many of his comrades had gone into business between 1951 and 1955. Hoping to cope with their troubles through united action, they banded together last year in the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board. The board is a federation of shops, firms, import companies, stevedoring companies, fishing cooperatives, textile merchants and several score vaguely-organized, all-purpose enterprises. The veterans now have a central body to help them manage their contacts, obtain various government preferences, licenses and supplies, and to provide the strong-arm pressures so often necessary in the present wild phase of economic life in Macassar. Big, tough Andi S. is its leader.

With strong backing from the army and official sponsorship from the provincial government, the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board soon proved its usefulness.

Its first big chance to act came with a government regulation stipulating that the entire warehousing business in Indonesia's major ports must be turned over to Indonesian-owned firms. With considerable guidance and help from Andi S.'s organization, four veterans' firms moved into the stevedoring and warehouse business. By May, 1955, the four firms were operating with some success in the harbor area, despite their shoestring budgets and inexperience.

With one success more or less to its credit, the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board became the focus of a minor movement toward

economic revolution. The revolution consisted mainly of talk and planning, most of it apparently aiming toward the taking over of a wide assortment of existing enterprises.

The insolvency of the Copra Foundation gave the veterans an undreamed-of opportunity. It should be understood that none of them had ever had real experience in copra farming, processing or handling. But they could claim a "revolutionary" concern for the harrassed copra farmer, a hatred for the Chinese speculators who were profiting from the crisis, a ready disrespect for government policies originating from Djakarta, and the backing of the local army.

On April 27, the leaders of the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board and some friends, under the leadership of A. Rivai Paerai, seized the Macassar offices of the Copra Foundation and claimed jurisdiction over Copra Foundation activities in all of Eastern Indonesia, outside of Minahasa and Sangir-Talaud.

The next week, the new group--calling itself the Action Committee for the Decentralization of the Copra Foundation--put its supervisors in the several offices of the big Copra Foundation building in the Macassar Harbor area. The old employees were both cowed and amused.

On May 19, the Action Committee stopped all shipments of copra from Macassar Harbor and prohibited the transport of copra from eastern Indonesia to Java.

On May 25, the dissolution of the Copra Foundation was announced by the Vice-Minister of Economic Affairs.

On June 12, Andi S. told me that the Action Committee was reserving its judgement about the Giant Copra Cooperative proposed by the government as an alternative to the Copra Foundation. He was still not certain that the new organization would be able to free the farmer from the Chinese middlemen who had acted as go-betweens with the old Copra Foundation, or that the new arrangement would benefit Sulawesi rather than Djakarta.

No final judgement can be passed on the Action Committee of Macassar, or on the veterans and army officers who were responsible for its creation. We know that it achieved a sudden and tremendous political effect in tumbling the giant Copra Foundation. We also know that this result was obtained with little more than a combination of idealism, ambition and determination. But we do not yet know whether these young men will believe in the good intentions of Djakarta and resist the temptation to consolidate and expand their personal power.

base in Macassar.

Andi S., the Indonesian Veterans' Economic Board, and the Action Committee for the Decentralization of the Copra Foundation all exhibit the "cowboy style". This manner of behavior has many forms. The kauboi-kauboi (cowboys) are the wild young men who race through Macassar's streets on motorcycles or extort cigarettes from foreign businessmen. They are the soldiers with open shirts and red scarves who fight, mug and rob on dark streets. But they are also the serious energetic veterans who organized the Universal Stevedoring Company and began to play a major and successful role in Macassar's harbor area before they had the capital or training. They are also the veterans like Andi S. who have risen from nowhere since 1950 and become, first, moderately successful businessmen, and then dramatically effective politicians.

In short, the "cowboy style" is the name I give to the conduct of hundreds and perhaps thousands of young Indonesians in South Sulawesi who, uneducated and untrained, legally or illegally, are causing events to happen through their aggressiveness, ambition and lack of understanding of subtleties.

The "cowboys" of South Sulawesi are an asset for Indonesia, if only their assertive energies can be channeled toward national construction. The great shame is that neither the national government nor the national political parties have yet given them enough respect, opportunity or intelligent guidance. They could be, in fact have been, the most effective nationalists; at present, they are dangerous regionalists.

Menadonese Huckster

M.'s office is at the corner of a low, jerry-built annex to the provincial government building on Sultan Hasanuddin Street in Macassar. Like so many of his countrymen from Christian Manado in North Sulawesi, M. is built thick and fleshy, with a combination of facial features that appears more Chinese than Indonesian.

Because of his optimism and loquaciousness, I've given M. the title of "huckster". I know he wouldn't be offended at the American origins of the word. He's a first-class salesman and booster. His products, in order of stress, are Minahasa (Manado), Sulawesi and Indonesia.

When I looked through the door of his office at 11:00 a.m.,

M. was leafing through a stack of correspondence at his desk. I introduced myself and asked if the Information Officer had told him about my name, affiliations and desire for an interview about copra.

"No, not yet. But I've been sick for four days, so they couldn't reach me. Sit down here and tell me what you want." I explained, while he jotted down notes on the back of my card.

"Alright. Come with me now to the governor's office," he began, then let loose such a torrent of information, plans and opinions that I was to remain slightly startled during our morning talk and through a long afternoon session at his house. "I want you to meet S. there. You know, S. is a member of the provincial copra committee. Let's see...I have about twenty minutes before my meeting. After we talk to S., we'll sit outside his office for a minute and I'll tell you all about the shipping situation. You want to know about that don't you? Fine."

With that, he jumped to his feet, grabbed a pile of papers from his desk, and walked out the door. I caught up with him on the path outside, and he continued: "You should know that, as a government official, I may not discuss the copra problem with you. We just this morning received an instruction from Djakarta that any persons coming around asking about copra were to be sent to the Ministry of Information in Djakarta. So here's what I'll do. We talk about shipping this morning. You meet S. Then come over to my house this afternoon--say at four--and then I'll be able to talk to you man-to-man, as a private citizen." He left the cement walk, dodged a coconut tree, and zig-zagged across the stream of cars, motorcycles, bikes and pedicabs, with considerable agility but with none of the dignity I had learned to expect from high officials back in Java.

M. seemed to be a man of speed and short-cuts.

My hunch about short-cuts proved correct. As we approached the corner of the impressive two-storied governor's building, he ducked into a back hallway. "I know a short-cut. Up here!"

As we climbed the narrow stairs, M. continued his lecture on economics. Not since the ebullient Mr. Thee Liang-tan had tried to sell me a rare porcelain plate back in Surabaya had I been so decisively instructed. As we ploughed through the narrow hall-way upstairs, M. laughed and shouted out greetings to his friends, slapping a few on the back and throwing off quick comments on family affairs, meetings and reports.

At the end of the hall, he led me through a door marked,

"Governor. By appointment only". M. said over his shoulder, "Here, this way. It's quicker. Yes, that's right. Follow me." We walked through the secretary's office, he opened the door to the next room, and we marched past four men, obviously dignitaries, who were in serious consultation over coffee and English cigarettes. When they stopped talking and looked up, M. remarked with a smile, "Just going through. This is Mr. Compton. He's an American." They looked surprised as we went out the opposite door and into the front hallway. M. added, "That was the Raja of Goa and the Assistant Governor."

S. wasn't in his office, so M. talked emphatically for a moment, in Dutch, with the wiry Ambonese secretary. He turned to me, "You'll come tomorrow at 9:30, won't you? Fine."

We hurried out into the hall, and M. placed himself on a long teakwood bench, puffing and looking slightly dizzy. I realized for the first time that he was still sick. His eyes were glazed and he had the dizzy, swaying look of the convalescent who has gotten out of bed too soon. Like so many thousands of Indonesian officials, he was going through his daily routine trying to ignore the latest malaria attack or chronic amoebic dysentery, whatever his illness happened to be. But he had no intention of talking about his health. In a moment, he continued his discourse.

"So! Our shipping committee has to face the problem. Before the war, and before this rebellion, all the rattan, gums and other jungle products would be brought down to shore at regular intervals and K.P.M. ships could plan a regular coastal schedule. Nowadays, who knows when the goods will be there? We send a ship and there's no cargo. We don't send a ship and the complaints flood in. You should realize how much the "bandits" have disturbed trade. And we also need warehouses, wharves and lighters all along the coast. Many of these installations have been destroyed. Oh, it was so much better before the war."

Here was a familiar phrase, but it had a different ring coming from M. In the last four years, dozens of people--mostly foreigners--have confided to me how much better things were before the war: shipping, gardens, highways, servants, and all manner of arrangements, commodities, institutions and entertainments. One American wag has even offered the hypothesis that sunsets were better then too. The phrase, "before the war" usually tastes of sour grapes.

But M. is an enthusiastic Indonesian nationalist. I later found that he speaks good English, but he was talking to me easily in Indonesian. This is one outer sign of M.'s basic outlook, which proved to be enthusiastically anti-colonial. To him, "Dutch standards" are something to recognize, equal, and, of course, surpass. As we talked about shipping problems, M. seemed less concerned with

Indonesia's present incapacity to compete with K.P.M. than with the fact that ten years of planning and hard work would produce the estimated 300,000 tons of new cargo ships needed to eliminate K.P.M.

M. was telling me about the 1954 shipping snarl, when another Menadonese hailed him and sat down. He was introduced as K. and I thought I heard M. say his business was "Sudesco", the government's dessicated coconut factory in Minahasa. I asked, in Indonesian, "How's the dessicated coconut business these days, Mr. K.?" He answered, "Terrible. Do you mind if I speak English. I always speak English; sometimes my friends do not understand me, but this is the only way I can become fluent." His English was fine, and he was quite willing to talk about dessicated coconut, though I later learned he was from the trading company, "Sudeco", not "Sudesco".

He commented, "We must find some better way to pack the dried coconut for shipping. Much of it is ruined now. We must find some container that is cheap and easy to make. It must keep the coconut dry and maintain it from spoiling. Tin cans are too expensive. Paper is better, but we should make bags with five or six thicknesses, like the bags used for cement." He talked about his subject for a few minutes until noon. Then M. and K. excused themselves and hurried to different offices to keep their appointments.

That afternoon at M.'s house, I had another chance to enjoy his brisk manner. He came out to greet me in his striped pajamas, a perfectly correct afternoon social costume which is seen in living rooms, parks and on bicycles throughout Indonesia.

He was telling me that he acts as a businessman in the afternoon, giving advice for a moderate fee to national concerns. "If I don't go into business, how can I send the children to school?" The children came in just then, two attractive girls in their early twenties. The older one was dark for a Menadonese, with willowy grace and bright-eyed frankness. A third girl came in with a tray of tea cups. She was even taller, huskier, and more dignified than the other two. As she went out, M. explained that she was a relative from Menado who had come to Macassar to study law. She had finished her course to become a district attorney and would soon return to her home to wait for her first assignment from Djakarta.

For the next few minutes, M. disclaimed proudly about education in Menado, angrily about accusations from Java that there was smuggling in Minahasa's Bitung Harbor, and sadly about the central government's refusal to accept his plan for the settlement of the copra dispute. He told me that he would soon resign his post and go into private business, in the belief that he could do more for Sulawesi's development outside of government than in. His first aim is to build a coconut oil plant in Menado.

"Perhaps you do not realize the great riches of Sulawesi. Here, I will show you." He was genuinely excited now as he took a stack of maps and charts from his desk in the corner. The apparently calming effects of his afternoon rest had worn off, and his hand was trembling slightly as he came back to his chair. He looked dizzy again, but paid no more attention to his condition than he had that morning.

"This is Sulawesi," he exclaimed with the quiet awe of the announcer who says, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States." He had the wrong map; he picked up another. "No, this is Sulawesi." The map was fantastic. Two feet square, it showed, with brightly colored symbols, every source of wealth on the island. Along the coastline were carefully sketched ships, drawn with the size of the ship indicating the tonnage carried on the route.

He hurried over to the corner cupboard and unloaded a score of small wooden boxes on the floor. "Help me carry these over to the table. You can't appreciate our products unless you see and feel them." He continued his map-lecture, opening a sample box every now and then to show me fine sheet mica, gypsum, magnetite, nickel ore, resins, graphite, limestone and several varieties of hardwood suitable for furniture, shipbuilding and house foundations.

"We have everything here in Sulawesi. We even have a great deal of gold. Here, near Manado, is a good gold mine. It went out of operation before the war. We must reopen it. And this mine in Southeast Sulawesi. Fine nickel ore. The Japanese were interested in this mine before. We must get it in operation." For the next hour, he covered the map in some detail.

"We have all this wealth, but still we're poor. This is because we lack two essential things: capital and labor. We must invite foreign capitalists to invest here. American capital!" I indicated that American capitalists were more interested at present in investing at home, in Europe or in South America, where political conditions made their investments more secure. He shrugged the point off, as if he were not much interested in obstacles. "Well, then you must tell American businessmen what I am telling you. There are great opportunities in Sulawesi. Take the example of the American company which has invested in the pearl and mother-of-pearl business down here at Buton. By the way, asphalt production at Buton must be expanded. We can't open up new harbors and factories unless we have good roads."

"To get back to the problem. We lack capital and we lack labor. The entire population of Sulawesi is only six million. If I opened a factory tomorrow, I might go bankrupt. Why? Because I would have no workers. I don't know what we must do about the labor problem."

I asked him whether the labor supply might not be increased through transmigration from the overpopulated parts of Java. He indicated some opposition to the idea. "No, the Javanese are not happy when they come here. We people of Sulawesi must solve the problem ourselves."

"One source of manpower is the veterans of the revolution. Here in Macassar and up in Menado there are many thousands of them. I have a plan to resettle them here." He pointed to a long valley west of Menado on the northern peninsula, then unfolded a detailed map of the uninhabited area, which showed the projected roads, irrigated works and settlements which would open the area. "The soil is excellent. It's as good soil for rice as any in Indonesia. With proper irrigation, we could produce enough rice here to feed all of North Sulawesi. This section here would be for the veterans and this for civilian settlers. It is an essential project, for we must diversify the economy of our area so that we don't depend so much on exporting raw copra. As we spread our population out, and become self-sufficient in foodstuffs, the labor supply will grow."

Again I asked about Javanese transmigration. He answered, "No, it would be better if this area were settled only by the people of the North. It is a Christian area, and it might bring disharmony if people from outside were brought in."

He concluded his talk nearly an hour later with an inspired panegyric on Bitung Harbor. "Bitung Harbor is the focus for the development of Minahasa. It is a beautiful, deep-water harbor. Large ships can come right to shore, and there will never be a need to dredge the harbor out. Don't believe people who say that Indonesia hasn't built anything since independence. Bitung is a natural harbor, but all the wharves, roads and godowns have been built by us. In the future, Bitung will become the greatest harbor in Indonesia. San Francisco, Hong Kong, Bitung! Don't laugh. Look! It is the closest point in Indonesia to China, Japan, the Philippines and America. Someday, all the wealth of Sulawesi, eastern Indonesia, all of Indonesia may go through Bitung!"

I left Mr. M. after dark. He is an exciting personality, and his enthusiasm for Sulawesi is contagious. If M. is somewhat naive and unaware of the difficulties before him in his campaign to transform Sulawesi, he will probably hit on some short-cut through his future troubles.

M. is an easy man for an American to talk to. You can feel at home with his optimism and disregard for difficulties. The American seldom feels this in Java. The Javanese style--reserved, moderate, sensitive, pragmatic--predominates in the personality of the government of free Indonesia. It is perhaps the most valuable asset in

Indonesia's determined, uncoordinated drive toward self-sufficiency. But outer regions like Menado have vigor and energy to contribute to Indonesian development; there may be great benefit in giving men like M. greater opportunities for action. The near-revolt in Menado in early June shows how destructive this personality could become if it is not given proper leeway for expansion.

The Captain Didn't Understand

My last Macassar sketch is short. It treats the plight of the captain of a foreign ship who apparently couldn't appreciate the fluidity of the situation created by active young regionalist leaders of Macassar and Menado.

His mistake was to ask for information and permission from government authorities, when it would have been better for his purpose to go right ahead with his business, which apparently was smuggling.

This little story is based mostly on story and rumor. Where I can't take responsibility for the absolute accuracy of my facts, I will indicate so. I can, however, give unqualified assurance that this is a true account of an aspect of the general situation in Sulawesi in June, 1956.

The little ship Rozelle Breeze--1500 tons of sooty, rickety coastal freighter--sailed into the northern waters of Sulawesi in the first week of May. Captain David W. Clark had been instructed through his superiors, the John Manners Company of Hong Kong, to proceed directly to the tiny port of Bintauna, not far from Menado. He was apparently to have picked up a load of copra and then head directly for a foreign port which the rumors do not name. The Indonesian company which had chartered the ship from John Manners was Kidang Mas. A European employee named Doorman had been sent all the way from Java to Bintauna to manage the transaction and the loading.

The legal arrangements for shipping copra from the Menado area during April, May and June were so vague and tricky that it is safe to say that no two government bureaus had quite the same opinion as to their legality. The situation demanded a certain discretion on the part of all parties engaged in the commerce.

Captain Clark did a normal thing on approaching the major port of Menado. He sent a wire which seems to have been the initial cause of his later troubles:

PORHEALTH CUSTOMS MENADO STOP BINTAUNA SIXTH
0700 HOURS STOP REQUEST CLEARANCE AT BINTAUNA
OR PERMISSION TO PROCEED THERE DIRECT STOP
PLEASE ADVISE FULL STOP MASTER ROZELLE BREEZE

Menado customs officials of course refused permission, for Bintauna is not one of the few Indonesian ports open to international shipping. At Menado, the captain explained that he only stopped up north because he didn't have a map of the approaches to Macassar Harbor, his stated destination.

The news of the Rozelle Breeze reached the newspapers of Djakarta and Surabaya without much delay. To the evident satisfaction of some editors, the story was written up as the first government blow against the Menadonese smuggling trade.

In Macassar, the word travelled around that the charterers of the ship were furious at the Captain for ruining a well-prepared transaction. Doorman was said to be at Bintauna and the copra was ready. It was clearly impossible for the now notorious Rozelle Breeze to take part in the operation.

Seven days later the Rozelle Breeze sailed to Macassar, the provincial capital. Macassar seemed an unlikely place to go; the port had been strangled by a two percent tax levied, without central permission, by the eastern Indonesian Army Command, and was now almost entirely dead because of the ban on copra shipments issued by the Action Committee for the Decentralization of the Copra Foundation.

In Macassar, the captain again ran into trouble.

The ambitious, hard-pressed Action Committee had taken over the Copra Foundation's operation and stocks (12,000 to 14,000 tons) in Macassar, only to find that the central government would not advance money or recognize its existence.

By the first week of June an arrangement had reportedly been made whereby the Action Committee would charter the Rozelle Breeze, for a reported fee of HK\$3,200 a day. Five hundred tons of copra were loaded for Pare-Pare, a small copra port to the north of Macassar.

It was a strange piece of information. Pare-Pare does not import copra; it exports. But Pare-Pare is also the garrison area for one of the semi-autonomous battalions of the incompletely integrated Indonesian Army in Sulawesi. Its commander, Andi Selli, is close to the men who work on the Action Committee in Macassar. Andi Selli is said to have a hand in the export of copra from his

garrison area. Furthermore, Pare-Pare is known to be one of the principal staging points for smuggling to and from British North Borneo. Adding all these elements together, it is not to be wondered that many people in Macassar concluded that the Rozelle Breeze was involved in its second extra-legal operation in two months.

But again the captain asked permission and was refused. Once more he requested the approval of the Customs Bureau. This time he was informed that only approved foreign ships can engage in inter-coastal shipping in Indonesia. The law is from the Dutch colonial period, but it is still in effect. Outside of Indonesian shipping companies only K.P.M., Royal Interocean, Rotterdam Lloyd, Netherlands Steamship Company, and Blue Funnel are normally permitted to carry freight in Indonesian waters. Captain Clark was told that only the Ministry of Finance in Djakarta could give him the necessary permission.

During the following weeks, the Rozelle Breeze sat at anchor in Macassar Harbor; her steam up, she was ready to make a run in any direction, but approval was not forthcoming through normal, legal channels.

It was said in Macassar that Captain Clark was angry at the confusing, uncertain situation he had sailed into. There was tension on the little ship and fights broke out while she was waiting.

On June 13, the Rozelle Breeze headed home, empty.

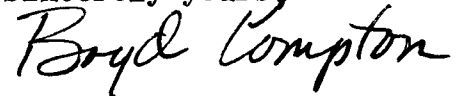
This short tale of the Rozelle Breeze is based partly on hearsay. But the story, as related here, has been a real factor in creating the unsettled situation in Sulawesi today. The air is full of rumors, plots and schemes, and, seen through this atmosphere, almost all the important events of public life seem a little fantastic.

What is completely real and believable in Macassar is a situation in which the central, provincial, local, civil and military agencies of government are either uncoordinated or in conflict. One wonders how order and authority will ever evolve out of the confusion.

I would end, however, on a more optimistic note. One also wonders at the great number of Indonesians in Sulawesi--Menadonese, Christians and southern Muslims--who for the first time in many decades have the chance to exert their energies and find their place in a free moving, wide-open situation. The present trouble was probably bound to develop after the Dutch monopoly of power was broken. Djakarta does not yet have the power to reconstruct that authority on a democratic basis. Outsiders can only wish the

Indonesian government luck and wisdom in the heavy task of bringing consolidation to this dynamic situation.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Boyd R. Compton". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first letters of "Boyd" and "Compton" being capitalized and prominent.

Boyd R. Compton