

16th June 2019

Dreamt of talking to 2 men. 1 of them I am very friendly & comfortable. The other is playful too but there is some distance. We chat for a bit & when he got serious I really yawn. Later to the friendly buddy I found out the other guy was to be the president of a large company but he left it all & learnt to be much more 'meh' socialable & happy. I only found out about his history after leaving the building and when I found out he left, I got on a bicycle & ride off into a country lane leaving all the pretensions (p) behind. The scenery was dewy & the sun was shining with a cool breeze. I was very happy & breathing fresh sweet air. At a bridge there were many brightly coloured stones that glisten in the clear water & I stop my bicycle & climb to a little corner with many coloured stones. There were blue stones rectangle in shape & I exclaim to no one in particular ohh the blue stones shades to white. So pretty. The purple stone that shades to white draws my attention. I was pretty sure it is an amethyst. When I saw the purple stone I thought I can only carry 7 kg on the plane. I dropped the other stones & pick the purple stone.

Well I wanted to but didn't. I walk up the creek some more there were houses flanking the banks on each side the water was clear & beautiful. Some parts had small blue ponds.

I got back on the bicycle. I didn't approach the man I was looking for & cycle back.

In another scene I think I was telling Pendi & Mas Agus about the creek with the purple stone. They told me I should have pick it up & if I couldn't bring it to M'sis could leave it in the house first & take it the next time around. I said I could go back again. It was all in a friendly atmosphere. Pendi said "Yin beli aja minyak wangi" & I woke up with Pendi telling me to buy a bottle of jasmine perfume.

Yesterday I so wanted to write what Pendi said to me when we ate Bakso. Pendi likes spicy food & he mentioned that Bantengan players like Sayur Pedas & spicy food because when the players come out of trance their mouth ~~retains~~ retains the after taste of perfume, essence / joss stick, flowers & fruits.

We have plans for the day (15th June) There are 2 Bantengan events. ~~the~~ Mas Agus had some guest in the morning & I stayed in the room until Ibu ask me to have lunch. When we had lunch we talked about our time in Desi's place & my ~~initial~~ initial

meeting with Mas Agus, Mas Agung & Tony. There was a bit of fear about going into trance then because of ignorance. I was excited to be heading to Pujon. Somehow I really want to visit the grave in Pujon. A man came to visit Mas Agus, his name is Chandra & he is from Kendiri. He drove for 3 hours & arrived to Malang at 8 am. The sun rises at 5 am here. I came to the coffee shop next to the mosque & checked my emails as well as the grant application.

Pendi & Krishna came to pick Mas Agus & I to Mas Adit's home. There is Bantengan happening today. The ride took about 30-40 min. Going onto the motorcycle with winding roads, an amazing cliff that is relief by the roots of trees made me gasp with pleasure. Mas Pendi was directed to park his ^{motorbike} ~~bicycle~~ (Speda) in a lane along with Mas Krishna. The sounds of the drums already booming down the road. We pass by stalls similar to the Slorok Village. There were games to entertain kids, tea & coffee stalls etc. Before reaching the group of people huddle, A Banteng already seem to have been 'smelt' Mas Agus. I instinctively said On Banteng sudah bau Mas Agus ya. The Banteng made way for Mas Agus & I followed. Close to the stage, the Banteng & Mas Agus walked towards it. I stood at the edge across from the stage & the Bantengan ngun-ed & gestured to me to follow. How do I know? The jockey's eyes wide eyed & lips apart ngun & gestured with his head. I followed & started the Dit Ben caner Mer

Ayus used it & played with it for a while. I find the mobile phone a lot less intrusive & easier to film. to be honest. The group that was playing today has a Pendekar (Warrior) who is a woman. I like the way she is at ease. This group which is played in daylight had Bantengs which had the Fanbo bottles in the jockey's mouth. Their eyes wide and bulging. Legs astride. The 2 monkeys that was present jumped on some people's backs. I asked Krishna why they are doing that. He said the kers (monkeys) want to be invited/brought to the house.

After filming sometime I pass the DJI camera to Krishna. to use. The camera wasn't filming though. Oh card is full. Sigh. Yet part of me feels relief. Even though I am getting familiar with the apparatus, I like that the mobile phone is easy to put aside & the seamless interaction the mobile phone ~~seems to~~ ^{provide} with the camera there is an obvious action/status that I am recording & musicians pose, audience chide other people who stands in front of the camera etc. When Mas Momo arrived with the cemeti (whip) he seems to gather the forces of the Bantengs. He handles 3 bantengs in that short time. Rather than before which the Bantengs were roaming about freely. There were players with red sirih stains on their lips laughingly playing the rear of the Banteng, socializing and supporting the Banteng jockey in trance (kalap). The Bantengs in this group are quite cordial & seems sated when we arrive. I felt save to

film close up. In part following Pendi's lead. When the maghrib (Evening prayer) blared throughout, the music stop & a Barteng next to me seem perplex and a little knelt unmovingly. I was asked to go to Atim's home & walk away from the purple (lilac) Barteng. The walk up the lane was steep & parts of the way strongly smelt of cow dung. Little barns held ^{milk} cows & farmers bringing grass to feed the hungry cows. It is somehow quite curious to see these huge mammals after the Barteng performance. Large white & green fabrics deck the roof to the ground on top of the house at the peak. The wavering fabrics looks welcoming in the cool breeze & evening sun. At the entrance, the sound of wails could be heard. A Barteng player was crying. I'm not sure if he is out of trance or still in trance. I suspect he is out of trance. Momo lightens the mood saying "Ora Po po." (all good). I was introduced to many faces & names. In the kitchen there were women laughing & chatting. The ladies have been cooking for the past 3 days. Food is served in waxed brown paper & there was spicy vegetables. The minute I mentioned spicy, a glass of water appeared. Lots of jokes and Mas Momo as usual made funny actions. kechik-kechik = the man who sells nuts on the bus. Only when he made the posture of the man carrying a tray strap around his neck did I understand immediately what kechik-kechik means. Heading back to Batu, Mas Agus asks to whom would I like to follow. Momo or Pendi. Momo came on the mobile (4 wheel) and I choose to follow him. The pick up truck is white & the front seat

is filled with jackets & clothing articles. A group of youths was at the back of the truck & the Pendekar (Yusni) was driving.

He ~~was~~ Mas Yusni has been a student of Silat. Normally Silat, Banten comes together. There was lots of laughter at the back of the truck and he said that when the group gets together there are lots of money making. Mas Yusni asks why I am studying Banten & I mentioned my first experience with Banten at Melaka Art & Performance Festival 2016. There was so much chaos that being in the Banten hood felt like a sanctuary. I remember then I had a lot of fears about being in trance. mostly due to ignorance but now I feel OK.

Mas Yusni drop me at the gang to Mas Agus house. I took a nap after a short chat with Mas Agus because I knew the night would end late.

My sleep was light & filled with imagines. Mostly light, colours of indigo & rhythmic patterns. We left to Mas Agus home & the ride was cool & easy. It is a full moon's night & the moon hangs in the sky like a bulb shining its light. ^{highlighting} ~~and~~ the surroundings of the landscape. We arrived to street lined with motorcycles. There was a small barricade & some youths are collecting parking fees. Rp 2,000. One of the youth recognize Mas Agus & startled he said no need to pay but the other youth not hearing pick the nap between Mas Agus's fingers. The street is filled with stalls again. The front of Mas Agus house is the stage. The main door on a landing ~~which~~ with the sound equipment sits on the left &

Banner Banteng Agung Jayo Nuswantara covering the right side of the porch. Banteng & Macan heads line the bottom of the banner & already the make shift stage next to the steps were filled with musicians with the drums fired by Banteng heads & macan heads at the bottom of the stage. Standing inside the edge of the street is lined by children & adults. The balconies & rooftops of the houses surrounding the stage is already packed with ppl. There is the initial snap of the cemati (whip) by the players. I recognize Teo's Banteng head. All seems calm & spacious and as time pass more Bantenan kelompoks arrive placing the head of the Banteng below the stage & fill up the space. I move closer to the stairs as the right side of the house seem to fill up with heads placed close to the musician. I watch Banteng players introduce themselves by whipping the cemati & Banteng players doncing. A small boy whom I recognize at Mas Atim's home ^{was encourage} ~~held~~ a whip to whip & ~~to~~ he look really adorable. His mother was next to him with a whip & most of the sounds come from a ~~small~~ men/youth.

Mas Momo's group arrived & Krishna came towards me with a whip hanging on his shoulder. The 64GB card is full & Krishna cannot extract the file. I said it is OK and the cumbersome camera was left at home anyways. By then the crowd swell & the stage grew smaller & smaller despite the me asking the crowd to "mundur (withdraw) Bantenan-nys här."

Early on already a man went in trance. He is a macek & very aggressive. The macek only calm down next to a man that looks similar to him and stroke him. The man had a whip & there is tiger pattern on his cemeti (whip). The Bantengen in this session seems to be a lot more energetic. Mas Agus gave kemesyan & took out his whip. I sat at the side of the stairs to watch. The little boy behind me. The stairway lead to the main door had lots of Banteng head. A few moments after Mas Momo arrive he join the crowd with his whip. Pendi's group was preparing as he needs to place the cloth on his Banteng head. There is a white, red & black whip hanging on the horn of the Banteng. He passes me the cemeti to hold on to. When he left, a scuffle on my right caught my attention. Mas Momo was scrambling over the Banteng head. Men/youths were holding him back. His eyes are wide open & bulging. His shoulder & arms squared & tense, hands in a fists. Mas Momo looks and aggressively pulls out a large white Banteng head with large horns. The man has completely transform. Gone is the clown's demeanour & his body is full of rigor & vitality. The white Banteng is very aggressive and to be honest quite scary as it pushes the crowd roughly. Twice when the white Banteng come up the stairs I hurriedly scuttled away whimpering. There is a masculine aggressiveness that somehow scares me. Maybe from the wrath I feel when I made my sister cry in my childhood days.