

Chapter 3

A flight path

Mambesak members once danced semi-clothed as a statement against the Indonesian government's Koteka Operation which aimed to eliminate aspects of highland culture, including the wearing of the *koteka* or penis gourd. The *koteka* has ambiguous meanings. Some Indonesians refer to West Papuan people as '*koteka*'. In this context it is a pejorative exonym, reifying West Papuan people as a category. (Although *koteka* is only worn by highlander men.) Yet *koteka* is also an object that marks out non-Indonesianness, for there are no other *koteka* wearers in the Indonesian archipelago. *Koteka* signifies Melanesianness, as it is worn in several places across the entire highland band of the island of New Guinea.

Critics of the 1970s Koteka Operation interpreted it as an attempt by the state to emasculate highlander resistance, because the cultural traditions of highlander warriors were threatening.¹ Supporters of the Koteka Operation described it in benign terms. For example, the Institute of Anthropology's *Irian: Bulletin of West Irian* published an article titled 'The Koteka Operation: an effort to hasten development in the interior region of West Irian.'² The author, an Indonesian anthropologist employed by the Institute and seconded to the staff of the operation, framed it in terms of development:

... the government together with the armed forces in West Irian have initiated a development project called Operasi Koteka ... aimed at helping the people [in the Central Highlands] to upgrade their economy and social conditions by providing practical training in such matters as improved gardening methods, animal breeding, better housing, health, hygiene and so on.³

The particular formulation of the Koteka Operation can be linked to the crisis of the modern nation-state. Because a polity is considered legitimate if it is founded on a natural affinity in spite of its multi-ethnic setting, the Indonesian nation-state undertakes projects such as the Koteka Operation in an effort to produce group affinity. By tying Baliem peoples' bodily practices like hygiene, cleanliness and health to other Indonesians, the campaign sought to make group affinity an embodied experience.⁴

Living next door to me at East Awini was a Dani woman who had fled the Baliem Valley in 1977 during the Koteka Operation and other military campaigns. Katarina ran a kiosk from her house, selling small quantities of items like kerosene, razor blades, fishing line, gas lantern wicks, rice and salt. On several

occasions I heard her recount anecdotes of her flight in 1977. I asked if she would be willing to recount the entire narrative for my research. I notated her narrative, which was spoken in Indonesian, in a single afternoon's session. The form is linear and chronological, in fact it literally begins by marking time and place. Katarina's starting point is a sequence of events that occurred in her locality prior to flight in 1977. Her end point is 1984 when she made it safely across the international border into PNG. It is possible that her linear narrative had been coached, for this was not the first telling. The final lines make this explicit: 'I want my story written down. Jeronimus [religious leader] has already recorded it. All the stories of suffering have been collected and sent to Geneva.'

On that afternoon, Katarina pulled the shutter down low over the kiosk window at the front of the house, and we retreated to the cooler rear of the house where we sat on empty rice sacks, our backs to the wall. Katarina spoke slowly in Indonesian using simple short sentences—perfect for my method of hand-written notation. It precluded me from recording my own spontaneous, clarifying questions however. To avoid interrupting her narrative, I chose not to record either my own questions or Katarina's responses. At the time of notation, I had not considered side comments or non-verbal gestures to be integral to the main narrative. It was only retrospectively that I realised such comments offered critical emotional dynamics to the text. For example, several times in the course of the narrative Katarina dramatically stopped speaking. Shaking her head and biting her clenched hand, she exclaimed: 'I am scared all over again.' This was lost in my transcription but it would not have been if I had produced a full transcript including my clarifying questions, and Katarina's responses. A full transcript makes more explicit the interviewer's hand, and the process of the transcription. At East Awin, I tape-recorded song, but never speech. Very early in the research I judged the historical moment of my research to be tenuous. The people I interviewed were in the throes of decision-making about return to the homeland. I figured that the last thing they wanted in the event of their return was testimonial evidence of their political lives in someone else's hands.

Katarina's slow, measured speech allowed me to transcribe the narrative almost verbatim. But it was difficult to elicit phrasing from her intonation and rhythm, and I punctuated the piece independently after translation. The imperative of constant movement in the narrative is driven in repetitions like 'walking, walking, walking' and 'chasing, chasing, chasing'. To retain a sense of movement, and avoid compartmentalising the narrative, I have not constructed paragraphs. I have tried to capture the uninterrupted, sometimes breathless, character of the monologue. It contains a fundamental tension between stillness and movement. Movement can reveal your position, for if you move you could die and in stillness there is concealment. Yet movement can also distance you from the enemy, and stillness can bring the enemy closer to you.

After news spread that I had recorded Katarina's story, two Dani men at East Awin requested that I record their narratives to provide them with a written record of their account in English. These men recounted their flight from the Baliem Valley to PNG as a meticulously dated chronology of battles, departures and arrivals. Dramatic events punctuated their journey, but the narrators did not elaborate the time or space between these events. There was brief commentary about incidents that were disturbing like the dilemma of unburied corpses, accidental drownings that occurred while fording flooded river crossings, and the capture and murder of Dani spies working for Indonesia. In contrast, Katarina's narrative is fine-grained and sensuous. It invokes Dani cosmology at every turn and offers insights into the meaning of displacement and emplacement, and the religious character of nationalist thinking.

Katarina's narrative reveals Dani belief in animals like the bat, mountain dog and dragon snake as Lord of the earth spirits, alongside belief in a Christian God. According to the narrative, both landlord spirits and God enabled Dani survival during the period of flight. The discovery of food such as human-sized fish during famine is represented in miraculous terms. Belief in God is protective and those who 'forgot' God died in the jungle. Didacticism is at play too: 'We prayed over and over. We must not forget prayer.' The narrative resonates with the proposition in West Papuan nationalist discourse that God supports liberation. Katarina distinguishes between God and pastors as mere agents. Her suspicion of the pastor's motives underscores a generalised West Papuan sentiment of Dutch betrayal. The pastor's own congregation mocks him when he attempts to play the millennial card by predicting a date for the miracle of independence. The pastor is an ambiguous character. On the one hand he casts Katarina and her fellow fugitives as followers of Satan because of their armed resistance to the Indonesian nation-state. The implication is that he supports the project of the nation-state to incorporate Dani as Indonesian citizens. Yet he seems to encourage their resistance by his gesture of rolling a handful of soil into a marble, invoking an archetype of primordialism—a 'trope of the tribe'.⁵ Katarina's husband also defines himself using other primordia of kinship and race: 'I am an original person. I am the one who is a landholder. I have black skin.' Katarina's husband identifies colonisation as anachronistic: 'Every [colonised] country is already independent why can't I be?'

Outside the Baliem Valley of their homeland, Dani displacement is signified by a landscape which is grotesque in its foreignness: paths are layered with leeches, fish are dense in the water, cassava is fleshless, insects invade the body. Displacement is also signified by their starvation in a different ecosystem: 'People died little by little. In the morning someone died. In the afternoon someone died. In the night someone died ... What could we eat?' Lack of cultural knowledge means they cannot process foods like sago and coconut, and do not recognise forest food that is gathered. Displacement is also signified by the skin disease

kaskado (grille), present in the people of Mamberamo and PNG. Katarina has previously known it as a mange disease in dogs. In people it is as foreign as sago, and sago smells rotten like *kaskado*. Starvation and fatigue are preferable than return to the homeland though. The Indonesian military occupation of the Baliem Valley has altered the homeland. Return to their own valley is a more frightening prospect than flight into foreign territory: 'We could see our valley from afar. But we were afraid to enter—afraid to enter the Indonesian region.'

Indonesian warfare tactics target everything that is culturally meaningful to Dani everyday life: their *honai* or homes are burned, their pigs slaughtered, their gardens and fruiting trees trashed. Describing Dani prospects against the power of the Indonesian military, Katarina uses the analogy of a fishing bomb that brings concealed fish immediately to the surface of the water, stone dead or stunned: 'We were like a school of fish swimming around and the soldiers used poison. Like the masses of dead fish that surface when a fishing bomb is used ...' The Indonesians use helicopters, aeroplanes and bombs against Dani spears, cassowary bone knives and a Makassarese bayonet. Initially, Dani people did not even recognise the sound of Indonesian planes. In another setting, Katarina had told me:

People ventured outside to cut bananas. They re-entered their *honai*. Some had eaten, others were still eating. Our parents did not recognise the war planes. They thought it was assistance promised by the OPM. They were like pigs who did not know the noise of dogs. They stood in the clearings. The plane dived like an eagle. Some died in their houses. Others died in the places where they stood. Others were wounded. Others hid in their houses and burned to death. It was an air attack by three fighter planes.

Acts of slaughter in Katarina's narrative are gratuitous and without morality. Neither innocent children nor defenceless people in the course of prayer are immune.

It is not entirely a narrative of defeat, for Katarina also speaks of adaptation, tactic and survival. Pursued by soldiers, Dani call on their own ancestral spirits—mountain dogs and forest bats—to indicate the path and caution danger. Starving, they learn how to process the pith of the sago tree to replace their sweet potato as staple. They also learn how to get at the creamy flesh inside a coconut shell. They reinvent themselves from sedentary gardeners to forest gatherers. They learn how to manoeuvre canoes among coastal crocodiles, how to placate malevolent ancestral spirits and how to read signs of their own trespassing. They radically adjust their burial custom to the new environment, wrapping corpses in palm leaves rather than burying them below the ground. They establish meaningful and productive relationships with villagers by exchanging their own meagre belongings for food. With the sun's position as

compass plotting their easterly journey, they navigate their way across an international boundary into the neighbouring state to seek 'refuge' at last. But a sense of disorientation is sustained in Katarina's account. Her mother has severed her finger in a customary sign of grief for her missing daughter presumed dead, and 'buries' her by holding the ceremony that commemorates the deceased 40 days after burial. Katarina can remember her parents' names, but not those of her siblings:

On May 2, 1977, at Karubaga, the OPM closed ABRI's airfield by laying tree trunks end to end. Aeroplanes could not enter. They wanted to be the only ones there. Drums were beaten. There was a pilot who usually supplied rice to civil servants. He began his descent through a thick cloud. The pilot was asked: 'Do you work for Indonesia or alone?' Raising his hands, the pilot replied: 'O, I work for myself, I am bringing rice.' People took the rice. The pilot was taken to the Dutch Pastor who released him. The airfield was still shut. A helicopter landed on the site of the hospital to airlift the pilot. Houses and kiosks were ransacked. The army could not land. Helicopters airlifted foreigners including people from other places in Irian. I ran to my parents' village. An ABRI helicopter from Wamena arrived. We thought a bomb would be dropped. We entered the jungle wearing black. A last meal of potatoes was eaten. All of the children were gathered together. The helicopter dropped a letter. It read: 'OPM is prohibited. All must come in and surrender.' The Pastor sent a letter to us. It read: 'Local people of this place, listen to your father: white-skinned people have cleared the field. Listen to your father. In twelve nights we will meet.' People were scared the pastor was colluding with ABRI. They slept outside. Five times the letter came and people did not go because they feared deception. Then the Pastor came to the village church one Sunday. During the announcements, a member of the congregation proposed that the Pastor had been deceived. The Pastor replied: 'Don't join the OPM, it is satanic. You are not permitted to join. You cannot be independent. Irian is already independent.' The congregation sat and listened patiently for three hours. My husband John spoke up: 'Why do you say I am Satan? I am an original person. I am the one who is a landholder. I have black skin. I am an original child. Every country is already independent why can't I be?' The Pastor then told us that independence would come in 1982. People laughed: 'See, see the white-skinned person tricking.' People felt he was deceiving us because he was playing with words. After praying, the Pastor rubbed a handful of earth into a marble shape and upon placing it in the palm of John's hand, said: 'If you want freedom, if you are indigenous to this place, hold onto this earth.' We took this dirt ball and carried it on the journey to Mamberamo but the rain caused it to disintegrate. The soldiers

were looking for us. There was a saying: 'If you move, you die.' People's dreams, visions and signs governed the direction of our movement. John had a nightmare: we went to John's uncle's village pursued by [Indonesian] soldiers. His uncle told the soldiers they had gone elsewhere. The soldiers then asked a child standing nearby who pointed to the roof. We were forced to descend where we were beaten, including the women, for deceiving the soldiers. Rape. It is not like in PNG. Indonesia rapes. Five soldiers were chasing me. Chasing, chasing, chasing. I ran wearing only my underwear. I ran naked through the day. The houses were burned. I slept alongside pigs in a stable for one month living off the food they threw to the pigs in the stable. Open places would reveal me. We had secret gardens and secret houses. We cooked at night to conceal smoke. We concealed our footprints. The army burned *honai* and they dug out gardens; banana plants and pandanus fruit. 'Operation Trash' truly truly destroyed. Everything was chopped down, everything was dug out. After three weeks in the forest we came down to the valley below. My skin was yellow from lack of food. My parents had been told: 'You have a daughter living in the forest; her body is small now.' They had already prepared to send a pig to me in the forest. Shooting, shooting, shooting. Banyan vines were used to scale trees and cross ravines. Houses were burned. A river was crossed. Walking, walking, walking. We came across a garden and took cucumbers. Concealed in the forest. Concealed by relatives beneath other things in their houses. A child revealed my hiding place to the soldiers. They returned to the house. They considered: 'Women don't know politics. Leave her. She means nothing. Detain the men.' I slept in the forest. I was sixteen years old. I had been married just one day. Six stables of pigs were destroyed and the pigs shot. The soldiers ate the pigs. No one slept. They went into the forest. The mayor was from Biak and was an Indonesian spy. The mayor said: 'You cannot stay here.' Like a football field with spectators all around, I sat in the middle with my parents and husband's parents. Like watching soccer. We were told that we could not live here any more. Expelled. The other villagers agreed to expel us. They clapped their hands and chased us out. We slept on the roadside. There was a large battle at Bokondini. One helicopter and four fighter planes. They offloaded bombs but they did not make their targets. Those bombs that did not reach their target were in the hands of God. Non-Christian villages were not protected by God and were bombed. Indonesia, they bombed and bombed. The bombs made large craters in the ground and split trees into two. Many people died. This was Indonesia's work. We could not fetch food; the gardens were in open fields. We could not wear red or white, only black. We used leaves and stood like trees and fetched food quickly. People were

killed. We were like a school of fish swimming around and the soldiers used poison. Like the masses of dead fish that surface when fishing bomb is used, we also had many victims. A child's head was cut off and thrown into a fire. Witnesses were killed. People's limbs were cut off. All of the houses and even churches were burned. People praying in church were shot. Small children were caught like chickens and swung by the ankles into a fire. People were killed left and right. All the children were killed. A beautiful girl asked a Dani spy to spare her life and he killed her directly. Babies were placed on top of their dead mothers. Drinking milk, drinking blood; later they died in that place. We hid ourselves, were pursued and hid again. We circled continuously in the forest. A child of seven months died in my stomach. My body was already wrecked. There was no medicine. We slept on the paths. There were many women. The women decided to surrender. Two men accompanied our return. We could see our valley from afar. But we were afraid to enter; afraid to enter the Indonesian region. We feared surrender so we returned to the men in the forest. My husband asked me: 'Why have you returned?' I replied: 'We were scared to surrender. It is our region but we were scared. My fate is the same if we surrender or I flee. You have already paid [bride-price]. I will follow you. If I return and marry someone else I will feel remorse. Where the men die, let their wives die with them.' There is a bird, a small bat that is the friend of Wamena people. Its shrieks in the night brought news of ABRI spies advancing. A woman shrieked also, she had been arrowed. They were closing in. An ice mountain was climbed. We could not move for the cold. Our bodies were cramped; we could not open our hands. Death. They began shooting, shooting, shooting. A Dani spy was captured [by us]. His arms and legs and nose were chopped off and his heart removed. A bible was placed on top of his body. Walking, walking, walking, walking, walking. We were given a Makassarese bayonet and carried cassowary bones as knives. We passed a dog that is a Lord of the Earth, a sort of human being diseased by *kaskado*. Helicopters circled above villages. We crossed a river at Kobakma. We had eaten nothing, only a single cassava and grass. People died little by little. In the morning someone died. In the afternoon someone died. In the night someone died. We did not know how to eat sago. Its leaves and tree, we did not know. We began to bake sago and share it around. What was this stuff? We could not eat it dry. Three weeks passed and we did not know how to eat it. It smelled like *kaskado*. Mamberamo people also had *kaskado* in the shape of eights and nines on their skin. We had not seen mosquitoes before. Many people died. Mamberamo has swamps, you must use a canoe, there is no path to walk. It is a sort of sea. There were many crocodiles. You must not fall asleep

in a canoe; many crocodiles. Crocodile meat is a sort of pig meat; tasty and with fat. A crocodile can swallow a person. When the rivers recede, the fish are in layers. Lift them, lift them into the canoe. Many fish. The Mamberamo region is not suitable for mountain people unless you know how to eat sago. But our bodies became emaciated. We did not know how to eat sago. What could we eat? Our parents died and they rotted on the ground: who had the strength to bury them? Mamberamo people gave us canoes. 'What are these?' we asked. They taught us to use a canoe with a paddle. We came from the west of the Baliem Valley. We did not know how to swim and feared drowning. We stood on the bank and cried. Then we prayed and sang hymns and God opened the path. We were in the hands of God. Those who forgot God died there in the jungle. Those who believed and prayed got through. They prepared seven canoes and accompanied us to the mouth of the river. In a sago *dusun*, a Mamberamo woman and man felled the tree and hacked at the sago pith, flushing it with water. We thought that was the food. Everyone laughed. I gathered some in my hands. An old woman said to me: 'Eh! Child, you must not take it like that, it is not right.' That day I first saw sago matted. 'Mama, what are you making?' I asked. The water ran down. They sang and I sat and watched. Mama taught me how to harvest sago: harvest like this, flush it like this, matted like this. These Mamberamo people did not know Malay. We asked them many questions but they did not know Malay. We gestured with our hands instead. At Mamberamo we wrapped corpses in banana palm leaves. We did not cremate or bury corpses. Many people died. We opened a village on the edge of a large river and made shelters. We ate large leaves and breadfruit nuts. There was no food. What could we eat? Mamberamo people did not make gardens, they lived from the forest. We ate raw *genimo* leaves and palm leaf tips. Where could we find meat? Nothing. There were no dogs either. We could not yet harvest sago. One month passed. We ate dried breadfruit nuts and boiled forest leaves. When hungry, families went out onto the path and foraged for breadfruit nuts and picked leaves, walking until they were tired and their feet hurt. We fanned ourselves continuously with bundles of leaves. It was a hot region. Leeches and mosquitoes entered people's noses, genitals, ears and small wounds. Mosquitoes swarmed like a sort of mist. Mosquitos entered pawpaw and bananas. We just let them be. We slept on the sand. We saw cassava—it had no flesh. We picked cassava leaves and boiled them. We were very happy and rushed over to pick them. We vomited continuously, the leaves were toxic. We prayed over and over. We must not forget prayer. The rocks were slippery. We kept walking, walking, walking. There were no people at Mamberamo; no government. We were happy to see

canoes. Our clothes were tattered. They gave us cooked sago. Our stomachs were small, our throats dry. We could only drink. We could not eat breadfruit nuts or cooked sago. 'You must buy food, you have beads', they explained. We gave them beads and some items of clothing and they gave us cassava and sago. We exchanged whatever we had on our bodies. Forest [swamp] people cannot give without something in return. Mamberamo people are good people. [However] if you steal from their gardens, they use magic and make your feet swell immediately. They place signs in their gardens and if you go beyond that point you will fall sick. One year passed. In 1978, the landowners agreed to us living there. We explained to the village leader that there was nothing for us to eat. 'You eat sago', he told us. We asked him what he was asking us to eat and he explained that in his language, sago was 'si'. We learned to process sago and learned to cook *papeda* by heating stones and placing them in a container made from palm bark to boil the water. We used goggles and caught fish. Our appetites had diminished and we would vomit on eating sago. After one year our bodies became healthy once more. We hunted pigs and the local people gave us land to make gardens. We collected soil and made heaps and grew bananas, potatoes and cassava. In December 1978, the question was asked: 'Raise your hand if you wish to journey to the east.' Five families chose to stay in Mamberamo. The rest raised their hands to go to East Irian. We did not know it as PNG; we did not know its people. Only upon reaching the border did we know. We travelled to the east. We grated cassava for the journey. We found our direction by climbing tall trees to find the position of the sun. The forest was dense, there was no path. We did not know the way. We only knew east and west from the rising and setting of the sun. Leeches were in layers on the path. Our breath was short. One person was pulled along by another. People thought they would die tomorrow. I said: 'If I die, place me on top of a tree.' My legs were cramped. I said: 'Safe travels, I am staying here.' They called me, I could not speak to answer. I would remain behind and die. Someone carried me. It was already dark. I thought I had already died and my corpse was being carried. We did not know coconut palms. What was it on top? We picked one. We did not know its taste. We said to the garden's owner: 'We would like very much to eat this tree's fruit.' We gave him a few items of clothing and the owner opened it with a machete; just like that. He then scooped out the contents. We gathered in a circle and tasted it. We used plant roots to kill fish and ate with a reddish-green leafed vegetable called *gede*. God helped us. We were joyous. We stayed like that, just fetching and eating fish for a whole week. We climbed mountains, meeting giant snakes in our path. Upon passing these snakes

we uttered farewell. You must not kill [an animal spirit] Lord of the Earth, you must greet it; it is human and can cause ill effects. We descended and climbed hills over and over. We entered a village. They could not give us food—bananas, meat or sago. We asked: 'Is there anything to eat?' We stayed and watched the villagers continue eating. They did not give food to us until it was dark. We gave large beads and each person offered a piece of clothing. We said: 'We are hungry and we ask for sago and meat. We can buy with our own goods.' We gave them a little cash, clothes and beads. In the sago swamps our feet were spiked by thorns. We met a giant snake, an ancestor so large it was coiled five times. We used plant root poison and killed the fish called 'eight fish' as big as a person. We carried fish in our string bags and on our heads for two weeks. Other fish we left behind to rot. We made a raft to cross a river. Cassowaries were abundant. Our joy returned; before we could have perished on the path unnoticed, now villages were spaced closer together. There was a giant snake on the path ahead eating the eggs of the forest hen. Two people walking in front killed the snake and became paralysed themselves and died. To kill a giant snake is prohibited. In a large village we were given rolled tobacco [cigarette] as long as your arm. We did not know how to smoke them. We thought: 'If we do not accept them, they may not give us food later.' Then they gave us a lot of food. We stayed for one month. They gave us food and we gave beads and articles of clothing. We thought: These people have religion. At a cemetery, we gathered saucepans and plates that had been left on graves. We used these to cook food. We were close to a military post; we could hear the noise of gunfire. We knew we were drawing close to the border. We met a hunter on the road. He said that we were heading to 'PNG'. We did not know PNG. At the end of 1979, we reached the border. We opened a barracks and made a garden. There were no local people living nearby; no houses. We raised pigs. We kidnapped a Filipino; he was concealed in my house. I was later arrested for this. Our leader—who was already married—took another woman whose husband then revealed our position to ABRI. We fled into PNG. In 1983 we went down to Vanimo from Bewani. Papua New Guinea [police] had dug up our gardens and chopped down our plants. We feared imprisonment. Eight people were sent back to Jayapura. All the plants were cut. We were chased left and right and climbed trees. We ate only leaves; the gardens had been destroyed. There were no refugees yet. We were chased, we would enter gardens to fetch food and be chased again. Local people beckoned us: come, come. We ran and they chased us. We fled into the forest but were arrested and taken to Vanimo. A nun said to us: 'You have different hair, different skin. People here have *kaskado* on their bodies. Where

are you from?’ She gave us medicine and food and spoke pidgin to us. She said: ‘*Yupela bilong we?*’ We replied: ‘We are from the West; the part where the sun sets.’ In 1984, other refugees arrived. We lived at Blackwater. [Northerner] people arrived by canoe or foot from Jayapura: only one night’s journey. Those of us from Wamena walked on foot for two years. At Blackwater we ate like civil servants, selling taro and greens in the Vanimo market and wearing good clothes. My husband was imprisoned at Rabaul for one and a half years. I protested: ‘Who am I to live with? I am scared to live in town. Have you arrested my husband so that he dies in prison?’ He was released after that. My mother held a forty-day ceremony in her village [in Wamena] and chopped off her finger. [But] I was okay; I was in PNG. Our bodies became healthy again. But we were no longer permitted to live at Blackwater. We were scared living so close to the border; scared that Indonesia would arrive again. I only remember my parents’ names, not the names of my siblings. I don’t know how many were born after me. We do not know Indonesian currency; we have already forgotten. Wamena women make string bags and sell them to raise money. I want my story written down. Jeronimus [religious leader] has already recorded it. All the stories of suffering have been collected and sent to Geneva.

ENDNOTES

- ¹ Budiardjo and Liong, pp. 56–7; Nonie Sharp, p. 25.
- ² Oskar Siregar, ‘Operasi koteka: suatu usaha mempertjepat pembangunan masyarakat pedalaman Irian Barat’ *Irian*, 1, 2, 1972, pp. 54–60 (also at <http://www.papuaweb.rog/dlib/irian/1-2.PDF> (15 June 2008)).
- ³ Oskar Siregar, p. 54.
- ⁴ Appadurai, p. 157.
- ⁵ Appadurai, p. 161.