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Halting Progress:
Meanings of *Kemadjoean* in Adinegoro's *Asmara Djaja*

By

Shawn Easton Callanan

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the

requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

South and Southeast Asian Studies

in the

Graduate Division

of the

University of California, Berkeley

Committee in charge:

Professor Sylvia Tiwon, Chair
Professor Anne-Lise François
Professor Lisandro Claudio

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Abstract

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Professor Sylvia Tiwon, Chair

"*Kemadjoean*" ("progress") is a key concept in the thinking of the early twentieth century Indonesian writer Adinegoro, particularly in his 1928 novel *Asmara Djaja*. *Kemadjoean* is a metaphor of forward movement and implies change. This study aims to explore the effects of *kemadjoean* as depicted in this novel.

To explore the claim of this dissertation, that *kemadjoean*, despite being a metaphor connoting change and movement, actually inhibits development and begets stasis, I analyze a number of passages in the text via close reading, and in the light of other relevant writings, in order to better understand the implicit and explicit meanings of those passages.

In Chapter One, I show how the increasing proliferation of written language and other representations depicted in *Asmara Djaja*, in the form of handwritten letters, telegrams, newspapers, typewritten letters, and the like, can accentuate the stasis-producing effects of *kemadjoean*.

In Chapter Two, I explore how the increasing bufferedness of interpersonal relationships within *kemadjoean* can fortify *kemadjoean*'s stilling effects. One of the most powerful means to bring about this attenuation of relationships is simple physical distance of people from one another, whether that be facilitated by steamships, telegrams, or other technologies.

In Chapter Three, I write about the powerful universalizing tendencies of *kemadjoean*. Associated with this universalization are the prevalence of clock time and clocks that regulate characters' lives in the novel, and the increasingly anthropologically-inflected ways in which characters at this time are now understanding and explaining their world.

In Chapter Four, I discuss the role of the Malay language in *kemadjoean*. Malay is depicted as a central language, in that it is metaphorically located between its linguistic neighbors, and positioned as the most appropriate linguistic medium, and the one able to best translate and signify for the community Adinegoro portrays in his novel.

These readings show the various ways that *kemadjoean* creates stasis, problematizing the implicit claims inherent in a metaphor of movement, and complicating commonly accepted understandings of *kemadjoean*. In so doing, these readings help us to better understand some of the forces that shape the context in which this novel was written, and that influence Indonesian writing, language, and life to this day.

For my parents

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Notes on spelling, punctuation, and pronunciation

In this dissertation I have chosen to keep the original spelling from Adinegoro's 1931 second edition of *Asmara Djaja*, which follows the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System that determined orthography for Malay / Indonesian from 1901 to 1947. I have not updated the spelling to the current "perfected spelling" (*ejaan yang disempurnakan*) because I want to stay as close as possible to the concepts as Adinegoro imagined them, as he wrote them, and as they were printed at that time. For example, words that frequently appear in my dissertation such as "*kemadjoean*," "*madjoe*," and "*polygamie*," would be spelled today "*kemajuan*," "*maju*," and "*poligami*."

I also want to make clear the ways that possibly unfamiliar words that appear in my dissertation are to be pronounced in the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System, as I find it confusing when texts don't explain the pronunciation of a name or word that may be unfamiliar. In *Asmara Djaja*, the letter /j/, which would be spelled /y/ in contemporary Indonesian spelling, would typically be represented by a /y/ in English. The letter combination /dj/, which would be spelled /j/ in contemporary Indonesian spelling, would typically be represented by /j/ in English. The letter combination /tj/, which would be spelled /c/ in contemporary Indonesian, would typically be represented by /ch/ in English. The letter combination /sj/, which would be spelled /sy/ in contemporary Indonesian, would typically be represented by /sh/ in English. The letter combination /oe/, which would be spelled /u/ in contemporary Indonesian, would typically be represented by /oo/ in English.

The quotation marks Adinegoro uses follow one version of Dutch practice from that time. In this convention, the opening quotation marks are at the level of the commas and the closing quotation marks are at the level of the apostrophes, and the convexity of both opening and closing quotation marks is pointed rightward. I will also be following this convention when a passage of text that I am citing incorporates quotation marks. The way I have found to best do this is to use two commas to represent opening quotation marks and two apostrophes to represent closing ones.

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So many people helped make this dissertation possible that I am unable to name them all. I owe a debt of deepest gratitude to my committee chair, Sylvia Tiwon. This dissertation would not have been possible without her patience, encouragement, and incredible breadth of knowledge. She is not only a scholar, but also a compassionate advocate. I hope my work can reflect some of that advocacy and compassion. I am grateful to Lisandro Claudio, who provided advice that was always exceptionally useful, and for reminding me to make my writing accessible for the broader community of readers. I am grateful to Anne-Lise François, whose approach to texts is inspiring in its quiet and determined respect, and for her focus on the small and precise instead of the overly grand. I am indebted to the late Jeff Hadler. I wish he could have seen this dissertation to fruition and that I could have availed myself of more of his abundant expertise, integrity, and enthusiasm. He was not only an exemplary scholar of Indonesia and Minangkabau, but he also long appreciated the potential power of *kemadjoean*. This dissertation owes much to his ideas and spirited academic provocations.

I am grateful to Sophie Volpp for her lessons on the productive interplays to be found within disparate texts, and to Peter Zinoman for welcoming me into his community of learning and for bringing exalted texts closer to the level of contemporary scholars where we can better understand them. It is always a tremendous honor to perform in Gamelan Sari Raras under the leadership of an artist the caliber of Mas Midiyanto, and among so many other brilliant and dedicated musicians.

When I would email Virginia Shih hoping to obtain one text or another, I would generally receive a reply within minutes, and often at a time of night when most of us would be asleep. We at Berkeley are incredibly fortunate to have a librarian as responsive, knowledgeable, and hard-working as she is. We are also lucky to have the South and Southeast Asia Library that she oversees. Nowhere else has anything like it, and it's something we cannot take for granted.

The camaraderie of graduate students is a source of deep pleasure and encouragement, without which any successful attempt at graduate school would not be nearly as enjoyable, or probably even possible. I am grateful for time spent with my Berkeley colleagues, among them Jules Chow, Wilis Rengganiasih, Sandra Sarjono, Megan Hewitt, and Senggo and Christina Sunardi, as well as for the nourishing company of grad students from elsewhere, like Jeremy White, Dustin Simpson, Sam Stoker, Carolina Melgarejo Torres, Amy Kimura, Brendan Kavaney, and Alexandra Lukes. I have benefited from the inspiration, intellectual guidance, and countless other contributions of all these scholars, and many more besides, which have enriched innumerable endeavors, academic and otherwise, of which this dissertation is only the latest.

Lee Amazonas, Elodie Steffen, and Kristen Brooks have made our department run smoothly and kept me and so many of others on track and able to reach our goals. Few people have been more instrumental to my progress and that of other postgraduates. Without their help and hard work, this would never have gotten nearly this far.

I am grateful to the late Pete Becker. It was an honor to be able to meet with him at his house on a number of occasions and enjoy a few beers together while talking with this scholar whose work has been so important and influential for me. I hope that in the future his scholarship receives the attention that we all deserve it to receive.

I would like to thank my amazing children, Darbee, Leo, and Beryl, for their patience with this very extended project, and for the cheerful chaos they bring into my life. I'm very lucky to be their dad. I would also like to thank my wife, Novi. I still don't know how I got so fortunate. In addition to the seemingly limitless care and attention she gives so readily to so many, she is also one of the wisest people I have ever met.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to my parents. My mother, Renée Jetton, has always been a pillar of strength and a model of curiosity and irreverent laughter. My father, Tom Callanan, has taught me the power and joy of learning, compassion, and humor. They have both been lifelong examples for me. As a parent now, I have a better idea of how hard they worked and how much they sacrificed to raise us.

Introduction

A beginning and a thesis

> After the maiden Noeraini got up from her bed and looked at the clock, she was shocked to see it was already eight o'clock. She opened the window of her room; the sun was already high, the whole city of Padang was bathed in its light, the day had begun to get hot. „Hey, it's already eight o'clock,'' said Noeraini rather loudly. „And the ship departs at nine.''
>
> She was surprised why her mother hadn't woken her up yet. After going out of her room however she was happy again, because the clock outside now showed her that it was actually six-thirty. It seemed the clock in her room was not working right. (Adinegoro 1931: 3)[1]

Cited above are the first two paragraphs of *Asmara Djaja* (*Love Triumphant*), from the 1931 second edition of Adinegoro's 1928 Malay-language novel, a book whose central concern, and whose animating root metaphor, is "*kemadjoean*," which we might reasonably render into English as "progress" or "progressiveness." Though this is the first scene in the novel, it is also central, for here Adinegoro provides one key to his entire narrative.

Kemadjoean is a nominalization of the root word "*madjoe*," a word that can describe someone or something that is "progressive" or "progressing." The clock in Noeraini's room displays *kemadjoean* in at least two ways: by indicating the progress or advancement of time, and by being an artifact of *kemadjoean*, of the progress that was circulating throughout the world at this time and required such things as clocks, because of the steamships, for example, that would be leaving at nine o'clock sharp.

However, the reason this scene is key for the whole novel is because here Adinegoro shows us that the clock, emblem of *kemadjoean*, is misleading. The clock, both product and producer of *kemadjoean*, shows that Noeraini has advanced further than she actually has. The clock shows that Noeraini has arrived already at eight o'clock. But in truth she has not. Noeraini's temporal progress was illusory. Whether the author intended it to or not, this clock embodies the story of *kemadjoean*.

In *Beyond Translation*, Alton L. Becker writes of "root metaphors" (Becker 2000: passim) that become the basis for the structuring of all knowledge and understanding among a particular group of people, such as a group of speakers of a particular language. *Kemadjoean* can be translated as the nouns "progress" or "progressiveness," and *madjoe*, the root word from which *kemadjoean* is derived, can be rendered in English as the verb "to progress" or the adjective "progressive." These ideas are particularly salient in *Asmara Djaja*. The root metaphor of *kemadjoean* implies, and was clearly meant to imply, ideas of speed and movement, which were ever more within the reach of people at the time and place this story is set, through developments in transportation and communication with which we are by now all familiar.

---

[1] "Setelah gadis Noeraini bangoen dari tempat tidoernja dan melihat djam, maka terperandjatlah ia karena tampak oléhnja bahwa hari soedah poekoel delapan. Diboekanja djendéla biliknja; matahari soedah tinggi, seloeroeh kota Padang telah mendapat tjahajanja, hari telah moelai panas. „Hé, soedah poekoel delapan,'' kata Noeraini dengan soeara jang agak keras sedikit. „Dan kapal berangkat poekoel sembilan.''

Héran ia, apa sebab iboenja beloem membangoenkan dia. Setelah ia keloear baroelah senang hatinja kembali, sebab djam jang diloear baroe menoendjoekkan poekoel setengah toedjoeh. Roepanja djam jang dalam bilik itoe tidak baik djalannja."

However, the thesis of this dissertation is that what *kemadjoean* often entailed was in fact a slowing down or even a stoppage of various processes, a freezing in place of phenomena that previously had been actively developing and changing. These include phenomena as diverse as the development of meanings of words and the interchange that happens between members of an extended family. In my dissertation I will explore four pivotal aspects of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*: writtenness, bufferedness, universality, and the Malay language. The language of *kemadjoean* grows out of a root metaphor for progress and advancement, a root metaphor fundamental to this novel. and that is found throughout is pages. In its application in those very pages however it actually leads to the absence of *kemadjoean* – progress, advancement, change – where before it may once have been possible.

Metaphors of movement were widespread in the Archipelago at this time. In *Breaking the Spell*, Sylvia Tiwon highlights the diverse topoi of states of movement and stasis that writers were increasingly calling attention to in the first decades of the twentieth century (Tiwon 1999: 12 – 13). One visual example of this duality can be found on the cover of the nationalist literary magazine *Poedjangga Baroe* (*New Poet*), in which a formerly seated figure is now on his feet and energetically moving forward (Teeuw 1967: facing 32). In *Language and Power* (1990), Benedict Anderson explores these ideas of *pergerakan* – movement – in the works of Indies writers and how these ideas were marshalled to advance the nationalist cause. Takashi Shiraishi further developed these themes in *An Age in Motion* (1990), delineating the origins and development of the *pergerakan*, and its eventual destruction by the Dutch colonial state. Importantly, both Shiraishi and Anderson focus on *pergerakan* (movement) and not *kemadjoean* (progress). These are related but different metaphors with very distinct manifestations. As Shiraishi explains, one of the signal events of the destruction of *pergerakan* was the final banishment of the tireless gadfly and revolutionary writer Mas Marco Kartodikromo to the penal colony of Boven Digoel in 1927, where he died in in 1932. However, while these scholars show that the determinant, countervailing force that eventually – if temporarily – stilled *pergerakan* in the Indies was the Dutch colonial state and its full linguistic and representational power, in *Asmara Djaja*, it is often the language of *kemadjoean* itself that forecloses possibilities of progress.

A summary of the plot of *Asmara Djaja*

In the Appendix I have included a synopsis of *Asmara Djaja* that is intended to help my readers understand all the events and characters of the novel, so that when I mention them in this dissertation, there will be a clear idea of the context I am referring to. However, that synopsis is a dozen pages long, which I realize may be inconvenient to refer to in some circumstances, so I am providing a much shorter synopsis here.

Noeraini is a young woman of the Minangkabau ethnic group. She is about to leave on a steamship from Padang, the city where she lives and the largest city in Minangkabau, in West Sumatra. She will be leaving for Batavia, the capital of the colony, whence she will travel overland to Bandung, both latter cities being in West Java. She will be traveling with her family: her mother, her little brother Gairoel, her maternal uncle (or *mamak*), and her maternal uncle's wife. They are traveling to see Roestam, who is the son of this *mamak* of Noeraini. Roestam is Noeraini's husband, but Noeraini only met him once, almost six years before, long before they were married, when she was about twelve. When she married him recently, Roestam did not attend, but sent a letter of representation to the ceremony in his stead. The family is traveling to Bandung to take Noeraini to her husband Roestam, and Noeraini's mother and brother will stay there as long as Noeraini's mother feels she is needed to help Noeraini set up her household. During the three-day journey of Noeraini's family on the steamship they meet a charming young man named Ibrahim. He is not Minang, but he speaks the language. Both Ibrahim and Noeraini seem interested in one another.

As Noeraini and her family are preparing to depart on the ship in Padang, Roestam and his wife Dirsina in Bandung are beset by a terrible tragedy: their one-and-a-half-year-old son Dirhamsjah is gravely ill. One morning Roestam receives a telegram that his father, new wife, and the rest of the family have just departed Padang by steamship on their way to see him. That same evening, Dirhamsjah dies. The young couple is devastated, and Dirsina is already a few months pregnant with their second child.

Roestam is very upset that his family is coming. His father knew he would be, which is why he cleverly sent the telegram when it was already too late for Roestam to stop him from coming. Roestam does not want to marry anyone else. He only wants to be with Dirsina. To take more than one wife goes against his ideals, which are the ideals of *kemadjoean*: "progress" or "progressiveness." Three days after their son's death, just after they've finished the third-day ceremony for the deceased, Roestam's father, new wife, and the rest of the family arrive. Roestam is livid. Dirsina comes out of the house, inflamed that anyone would try to take her husband away. Everyone is amazed by her beauty. The would-be guests depart, abashed, and Dirsina goes back inside.

Dirsina is distraught that these people have come for her husband, particularly because she didn't know he'd already signed a letter of representation signaling his approval for him to marry Noeraini in absentia, although he only did at the suggestion of a friend and to placate his father, and with the hope that later he would be able to find some way out of it. Roestam is distraught that his wife is so upset and that his father is doing this to him. Their kindly Dutch neighbor, Mrs. Meerman, talks with the couple, explaining to Dirsina that taking multiple wives is just custom there in Minangkabau, and assuring her that her husband still loves her. Roestam talks with Mrs. Meerman and Noeraini's mother. Noeraini's mother has gone through the same trial she sees Dirsina going through, when her husband took another wife, which hurt her profoundly. She sympathizes with Dirsina and says she never would have come had she known it would be like this.

Mrs. Meerman has an idea. Roestam can divorce Noeraini by letter, and Noeraini, her mother, and her brother can stay with Mrs. Meerman and her husband there in Bandung if they'd prefer not to return to Minangkabau. Roestam then writes Noeraini a letter telling her they should quickly divorce, since like him she was surely in the *kemadjoean* group and wouldn't want to be someone's second wife. He then goes to look for his father. Roestam finds him in a park. Roestam's father explains that he was wrong, and that the attention that he and his wife had shown their son when he was younger was based on self-interest and their expectation that he would help them in the future and obey their wishes. Roestam's father realizes now that every age is different, and each era has its own concepts and understandings. The next day Roestam's father returns to Sumatra. Roestam takes a month off from work to travel west with his wife in order to heal her body and her mind. We are not told what happens with Noeraini.

The fundamentality of root metaphor

In "Translating the Art of Music," Becker writes about the important role played by root metaphor in "the way cultural coherence works: a few deep metaphors bind various things together, make them resonate and mutually reinforce each other, and make the world seem orderly, reasonable, and harmonious" (Becker 2000: 335). He thus defines root metaphors as concepts that act as binding agents that make patterns visible and that help us make sense of the world. In "Philosophy and Metaphor" (1928), "The Root Metaphor Theory of Metaphysics" (1935), and *World Hypotheses* (1942), Stephen Pepper posits a number of world theories or world hypotheses or conceptual systems that help people understand the world, and stresses the fundamentality of root metaphor at the base of these world theories as central for the organization of knowledge and understanding. This fundamentality of the root metaphor is extended by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in *Metaphors We Live By* (1980), and Becker (2000) advances it further, applying it to Southeast Asian writing systems. When he is learning Burmese, Becker at first writes the sounds he hears using the linguists' phonemicizing alphabet, but his Burmese teacher, U San Htwe, tells him that this is not the way the words should be written, and by writing them in this way, Becker "was hurting his language" (Becker 2000: 195). The teacher insists that Becker write the words in the Burmese syllabary, with a central syllable surrounded by marks above, below, before, and after it.[2] Becker wants "to try to understand why U San Htwe had insisted on my learning Burmese this way. I think it was that the traditional learning was organized around that shape, that it was a root metaphor, the stuff that holds learning together – just as our sequential writing lines up so well with our sequential tense system or our notions of causality and history" (Becker 2000: 197).

At this point it will be relevant to note that *Asmara Djaja*, the novel at the center of this dissertation, is also recorded in a particular writing system. It is in print, in a standardized printed language following the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System for Malay. This is a kind of *ejaan baku* (standardized spelling), and we will note how *baku* (standard, standardized) is closely related to *beku* (frozen). To be standard is to be frozen, that is, to be frozen in place. It was important in Adinegoro's time for print to freeze things, to not allow for unmonitored change.

The above exchange between Becker and U San Htwe is central to what this dissertation hopes to address, not only by taking place in Southeast Asia, but also by being located amidst the tensions of cultural reading and translation that were of such concern to Becker. These concerns have only intensified as the years have passed, as questions regarding colonial cultural appropriations are increasingly explored and scrutinized. As Becker learns, the physical sound of the word is important, but it is not the only important thing about the word. Also important is the way that word is written. But, like so many students, if not practically all of them, at the beginning of his studies Becker did not even understand how little he understood.

> At first it seemed to me a small price to pay, to phonemicize his language. But over the years – particularly twenty years later, in Java and Bali – I learned how that kind of written figure (a center and marks above, below, before, and after it: the figure of the Burmese and Javanese and Balinese syllable) was for many Southeast Asians a mnemonic frame: everything in the encyclopedic repertoire of terms was ordered that way: directions (the compass rose), diseases, gods, colors, social roles, foods –

---

[2] The Burmese writing system is a syllabary derived from the Brahmic Pallava script in which the root consonants are stable and vowel markers are affixed around the consonants. As in much of Southeast Asia, syllabaries descended from Indian Pallava script were used in various places and languages on Sumatra before the advent of the Arabic-derived Jawi script, including in Minangkabau. These syllabaries are often referred to as "Ka-Nga-Na," after the first three syllables of the syllabary, as Baybayin in the Philippines, and in modern Javanese and Balinese they are known as "Hanacaraka" after the first five syllables of the syllabary.

> everything. It was the natural shape of remembered knowledge, a basic icon. (Becker 2000: 195).

Understanding better what such a system means, and the importance of how it means, Becker continues, “That is a great deal to ask anyone to give up – the metaphoric power of his writing system. And I had tried to argue with that wise old man that it did not matter” (Becker 2000: 197).

Explaining one of the most important concerns of world theories and their central root metaphors, Pepper explains that, “Other theories are among the most important facts than any world theory must interpret” (Pepper 1935: 372). The fact that *kemadjoean* takes as its starting point the root metaphor of forward movement, of progress, may be one reason why *kemadjoean* focuses so intently and incessantly on one of the most important facts that it must interpret: other, previous root metaphors and world theories. To progress is to be somewhere that one wasn’t previously. Having progressed, from this other, new, place, one can now look back and see where one was, and see the various ways in which where one was previously may have been lacking, inadequate to the situation one was or is in, inadequate to the situation the world was or is in. The metaphor of *kemadjoean* implies, even necessitates, critique. One is *madjoe* – progressing, progressive, forward moving, forward thinking – but all movement is always relative. We cannot claim movement without a simultaneous claim, implicit or explicit, about what we are moving relative to. There is no such thing as physical, literal progress that does not leave some thing or some place behind. And so, there is no such thing as metaphorical progress that does not leave someone or someplace behind as well. More than the root metaphors that Pepper addresses, to claim *kemadjoean*, or to claim that one is *madjoe*, is largely to make a negative claim. To assert that one is *madjoe* means to claim what one is not, as much as it means to claim what one is. And what the *madjoe* individual is not, is left behind.

Becker further problematizes the transformations inherent in *kemadjoean* by bringing up one of the most fraught forces of the time, colonialism, whose repercussions Southeast Asia continues to experience up to the present day.

> One of the most subtle forces of colonialism, ancient or modern, is the undermining of not just the substance but the framework of someone’s learning. … I see now that what I had been suggesting to my teacher, though neither of us could articulate it, was that we break the pattern that connects the items of his learning. When methodology and language conflict, it is the methodology that should give way first. (Becker 2000: 197)

As Becker finally comes to realize here, even the way a word or a sound is written down turns out to be of the most foundational importance. In order to not fall into the errors of the younger Pete Becker– not to mention countless other scholars before and since – we do well to heed his admonition and pay attention to even how a word is written, to be careful not only about translation, but even before beginning the work of translation, taking care even with, when it is necessary, transliteration. As Becker finds, the way something is written, a Burmese syllable, for instance, will also bear upon its meaning. The way a text is written makes an enormous difference. Bearing this in mind, in the present dissertation I will be using the old spelling for the words now spelled “*maju*” and “*kemajuan*.” Using the old spelling, I will be writing these words the way Adinegoro did, as “*madjoe*” and “*kemadjoean*” in all my citations of this novel, thereby signaling that I am trying to adhere as closely as possible to the meanings of these words as

Adinegoro meant and wrote them. Citations of older Malay-language texts will sometimes modernize the older spellings, in service of the laudable goal of making a text more easily readable and comprehensible for the contemporary reader. The text of this second edition of *Asmara Djaja*, published in 1931, is the text as Adinegoro saw it, and therefore we will hew closer to his intention and expression if I keep the words as he wrote them, and as they were printed on the page at that time, as the author meant for them to be read and as his readers, including myself, read them. Among other reasons for this, it more closely reflects the Dutch colonial milieu which is the nearly invisible, implicit backdrop upon which *Asmara Djaja*, its composition, its publication, and its first readings, took place. The common name for the old spelling, the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System, which was current from 1901 until 1947, reflects the fact that it was an entirely Dutch creation, engineered to facilitate the learning, speaking, and spelling of Malay for the Dutch throughout their enormous and often unwieldy colonial holding, the Dutch East Indies. Besides being Malay the way that Adinegoro wrote and read it, this *ejaan lama*, or "old spelling," reminds us also of the subtle, sometimes almost imperceptible ways, that Dutch language and culture, and political, legal, economic, and military power, can make their influence felt in even such fundamentally constitutive but benign-seeming ways as orthography. I am trying to understand the language of this era, and this is the way that language was written.

The metaphors we choose have consequences. The adversarial nature of the metaphor of *kemadjoean*, and its dividing of the world into haves and have nots, those who have progressed and those who are left behind, are among the consequences of the use of that metaphor. Another consequence is the radically altered nature of time, a consequence that Adinegoro maps for us in the opening lines of his novel, with an untrue clock, lying on its face The characters' relations to time are changing in *Asmara Djaja*. Becker explains that to talk about meaning is largely to talk about relations (Becker 2000: 310). Meaning equals relation to context; with no relation to context, or with a relation to context that is radically changed or unclear, the production and consumption of meaning are difficult, if not impossible. That the meaning of time in *Asmara Djaja* is changing should not be a surprise. This is a novel concerned largely with "*kemadjoean*" – which can be called "progress" – and the "*madjoe*" – which describes the "progressive" or the "progressing," and such progressions through space, from one place to another, whether literal or metaphorical, certainly affect meanings associated with time. However, despite the fact that *Asmara Djaja* is largely oriented around the root metaphor of *kemadjoean*, of progress, in fact, what *kemadjoean* brings in *Asmara Djaja* is in many ways not greater speed or quicker movement, but stasis.

The uses of *kemadjoean*

The idea of *kemadjoean* (progress, advancement) forms the core of my dissertation. But Adinegoro uses the word only three times in this novel. The first time is in Chapter VI, "In anxiety" (Adinegoro 1931: 47).[3] Roestam, Mrs. Meerman, and Dirsina are discussing some of the horrible things that Mrs. Meerman saw when she lived in West Sumatra, where Roestam is from, and these horrible things that she saw were all related to the practice of men there taking multiple wives. Dirsina says that she didn't know all this, and seems distraught. Mrs. Meerman assures her that these events she's describing happened years back, when she and her husband lived there. Then Roestam speaks. ",,Actually,'' said Roestam, ,,Now certainly those old rules have been replaced, because aren't we included in the circulation of kemadjoean? West Soematera is already madjoe now, because many have gotten highly educated and already know that marrying without love does not bring happiness…'"" (Adinegoro 1931: 59 – 60).[4] This is the first time we encounter the word *kemadjoean* in the novel. The last two times appear in close succession, in Chapter IX, "Bon voyage" (Adinegoro 1931: 85).[5] Mrs. Meerman has come up with a plan to extricate Roestam from his untenable situation. In order to carry out this plan, Roestam must write his new wife Noeraini a letter, explaining how things stand. He types the letter out, and the fact that he and Dirsina have a typewriter at home wordlessly speaks to how very *madjoe* they are, in their lifestyle and in their finances. The click clack of the typewriter can be heard as Roestam types out the letter.

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[3] "Dalam ketjemasan"

> Roestam told in that letter how the situation stood and also explained that it was better for the two of them to quickly divorce, because he knew that Noeraini was an educated girl and certainly would not want to be treated like a typical woman, that is, used as a second wife. Now at this present time *polygamie* (marrying more than one wife) was no longer generalized by people, except if they weren't in the kemadjoean group. People at the present time no longer want to have a lot of wives because they know that that kind of thing is not appropriate and destroys the nation's kemadjoean. And also for their children later it's not good. (Adinegoro 1931: 90)[6]

These are the only three instances of the word "kemadjoean" appearing in *Asmara Djaja*. Nevertheless, I think it is a pivotal word for this novel and for what Adinegoro is trying to do with this text. In both passages cited above, *kemadjoean* is closely linked with what is understood to be the Minang practice of taking multiple wives, and is presented as something essentially mutually exclusive to that practice. Where there is *kemadjoean*, there cannot be "*polygamie*," and vice versa. *Kemadjoean*'s proximity to the issue that forms the central conflict of the novel indicates that *kemadjoean* itself is also heavily implicated in that conflict. That is to say, that conflict cannot help but be about *kemadjoean* too. As I read the novel, and as I believe most people would also read it, the central conflict of *Asmara Djaja* is plainly a conflict over *kemadjoean*.

Kemadjoean, or as it is spelled today, *kemajuan*, is a common enough word in Indonesian. It means "progress," and so it is not hard to imagine it used in all sorts of contexts connected to the concept of progress, both figurative and literal. But I am unaware of any other writer who uses *kemadjoean* the way Adinegoro does in this novel. *Kemadjoean* here becomes a more concretized abstract noun. In Adinegoro's text, people can be or not be within the "circulation of kemadjoean" and people can be or not be in the "kemadjoean group." Of the three uses of *kemadjoean* above, it is the third that is most similar to the way *kemadjoean* is most commonly used, as simply "progress," as in "the nation's progress." Adinegoro was a cosmopolitan, well-traveled and well-educated intellectual writing in the 1920s. What we see in the first two uses of *kemadjoean* seems to be similar to the way the word progressive was being used in the United States around that time. The word progressive came to mark an ideology, a political program, and the people who subscribed to that ideology. *Kemadjoean* (progressiveness) and *madjoe* (progressive) seem to be doing similar work in Adinegoro's Malay.

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[4] ",,Sebenarnja,'' kata Roestam, ,,Sekarang tentoe atoeran-atoeran lama itoe soedah bertoekar, karena boekankah kita masoek perédaran kemadjoean? Soematera Barat telah madjoe sekarang, karena telah banjak jang bersekolah tinggi dan telah mengetahoei, bahasa kawin dengan tiada pertjintaan itoe tiada mendatangkan kesenangan…''"

[5] "Selamat djalan"

[6] "Roestam mentjeriterakan dalam soerat itoe bagaimana doedoeknja perkara itoe dan didjelaskannja poela, bahwa lebih baik boeat meréka kedoeanja lekas bertjerai, sebab ia tahoe, bahwa Noeraini ialah seorang gadis jang terpeladjar dan tentoelah tiada maoe diperboeat seperti perempoean biasa, ja'ni dipakai sepereti isteri jang kedoea. Pada masa sekarang ini *polygamie* itoe (beristeri lebih dari seorang) tiada dilazimkan orang lagi, terketjoeali kalau ia tidak masoek kaoem kemadjoean. Orang zaman kini tiadalah maoe lagi berbini banjak, sebab meréka itoe mengetahoei, bahwa hal jang seroepa itoe tiada pantas dan meroesakkan kemadjoean bangsa. Dan lagi boeat anak-anaknja nanti tiada baik."

Kemadjoean means "progress," forward movement, and so is not far in meaning from another significant complex of political words of this time, the root word *gerak* (move, movement) and its derivations *pergerakan* (movement) and *bergerak* (move, to be in motion). These concepts are explored in scholarship by Benedict Anderson, and particularly by Takashi Shiraishi in his *An Age in Motion*, a book whose title is essentially a translation of the phrase "zaman bergerak." This book addresses the many movements that Java was alive with in the first quarter of the last century, and also paints a picture of the metaphorical movement and change that people in Java at the time felt themselves to be living through. *Pergerakan* is similar to *kemadjoean*, most fundamentally by making use of metaphorical movement, but also by attaching to that metaphorical movement a political dimension. *Kemadjoean*, however, has some important differences in the ways it is used. We can start with the physical sound of the words. *Gerak*, *bergerak*, *pergerakan*, with the harsh voiced velar stop of the /g/ and the glottal stop of the /k/ delineating with clear boundaries around the vowels /e/ and /a/ suggest the crack of a thunderclap, while *maju* and *kemajuan*, with their softer and more indefinite voiced bilabial nasal /m/, and the voiced postalveolar affricate of the /j/ leading into the deep sonorous /u/, signal the supple, the *halus* (refined) and the *mulus* (smooth). And indeed *bergerak* and *pergerakan*, in the scholarship of Shiraishi as in real life, were much closer to violence, both the violence that they waged as well as the far more frequent circumstance of having violence visited upon them. Additionally, *gerak* carries strong masculine and military confrontations, as it forms part of the military commonplace of the staccato, and often shouted, "*siap, gerak!*" (*ready, move!*). *Kemadjoean* does not signal the masculine, and indeed what it struggles against throughout *Asmara Djaja* is portrayed as a kind of unjust and outdated masculinity. If there is a sector of society suggested by *kemadjoean*, "progress," it is not the military, but rather is the sector composed of what were often referred to as charities, organizations working for what they consider advancement and progress, institutions that today are often no longer referred to as charities, but instead are denoted by the more *madjoe* appellations of nonprofits or NGOs.

Few represent the ethos of the *pergerakan* of that time better than Mas Marco Kartodikromo, who lived from about 1890 to 1932, an audacious and seemingly fearless anticolonial activist writer. He is one of the central figures in *An Age in Motion* (Shiraishi 1990: passim), and his writing is analyzed early in *Imagined Communities* (Anderson 2006: 30 – 33) to illustrate the way print journalism helped create the incipient nation. A journalist and fiction writer like Adinegoro, but predating him slightly, Marco's first novel, *Mata Gelap* (*Amok*, 1914), a publication of the "wild" (*liar*), often Chinese-run Malay language presses, yanks Malay insolently around by the neck, incorporating the whiplash emotions of dealing with sham witch doctors into the text and depicting in words with remarkable innovation and accuracy the discombobulating effects of inebriation. The movement and *gerak* of *pergerakan* were unpredictable, could go in any direction, were all over the place. *Kemadjoean*, on the other hand, being smooth and refined, is cosmopolitan. *Kemadjoean* means "progress," not "movement" per se, and so it is movement with a direction; directed movement, the claim it is making is that it is controlled. The *kemadjoean* of Adinegoro's novel is a product not of some wild press, but of

Balai Pustaka, the most official imprimatur in the entire Netherlands East Indies at the time. The cosmopolitanism of *Asmara Djaja* draws into Malay language from Dutch sources, as well as Arabic, Sundanese and Minang. The promise of *kemadjoean* is the promise of advancement, development, improvement on a steadily ever-rising path. Correspondingly, the writer of *kemadjoean* Adinegoro was able to study several semesters in Europe, have his novels published by Balai Pustaka, the most prestigious publishing house in the Archipelago, and then enjoy a career as a journalist, encyclopedist, essayist, high-ranking government official, and eminent man of letters both before and after Indonesian independence. Mas Marco, meanwhile, in 1927, the year before *Asmara Djaja*'s publication, was considered so unpredictable and dangerous by the colonial government that he was sent to the concentration camp at far-off Boven Digoel, on the island of New Guinea, where he would die of malaria in 1932. Despite the similarities of their metaphors of progress and of movement, the motions of *pergerakan* and *kemadjoean* brought their respective participants to very different places.

Four aspects of *kemadjoean*: writtenness, bufferedness, universality, Malay

The age of *kemadjoean* is an age of simultaneity, a time of stopped time, a time of one time, and the *madjoe* is shot through with the simultaneous, to the point that the simultaneous is what makes *kemadjoean* possible. The four aspects of *kemadjoean* that I will discuss each participate to a large degree in simultaneity, each enhanced by concurrency while reinforcing concurrency in turn. Writtenness, bufferedness, universality, and the Malay language: throughout the book, these are four phenomena that all make claims of progress, while simultaneously foreclosing progress in innovative, unprecedented ways.

Writtenness

Kemadjoean is largely a written phenomenon. "Written" is imagined here relatively broadly, including technologies and representations of language. As I will explain further in my chapter on the writtenness of *kemadjoean*, the written also implies or entails such concerns in *Asmara Djaja* as simultaneity, ghostliness, representation, portraits, silences, and even the divine. Writtenness is seen particularly vividly in the examples of the letter of representation that Roestam sends to his own ceremony of marriage to Noeraini in lieu of himself, as well as the telegram Roestam's father sends to Roestam informing his son that his family was at that moment departing from Padang to call upon Roestam in Bandung. Also significant for writtenness are the many glosses Adinegoro includes in his novel, and the fact that glossing a word or concept or culture in a language foreign to it in effect standardizes and freezes its meaning in the glossing language, as happens each time a Minangkabau concept is interpreted in the Malay-language context of this narrative.

In *The Logic of Writing and the Organization of Society* (1986), Jack Goody explores some of the ways the advent of writing transformed the four human endeavors of moneymaking, religion, bureaucratic administration, and law. Unlike the contexts Goody writes about, early twentieth century Java and Sumatra were not places in which writing began being used where before it had been unknown. Indeed, far from it, for the Minang had possessed their own writing system centuries before even the arrival of Islam (Miksic 2004: 202 – 204). Then, as the majority of inhabitants of both islands became Muslims, which continued to be the case through Adinegoro's time (and so through the present day), they were necessarily acquainted in additional deeply meaningful ways with writing, and with the power and importance of writing, including even those inhabitants who were illiterate. Arguably, perhaps even more than Judaism and Christianity, Islam is an overwhelmingly written faith, and one that imparts to its adherents some significant elements of *kemadjoean*, not only through the cosmopolitanism of the worldwide ummah, but even more significantly via the spread and importance of literacy in Arabic script. But though *kemadjoean* in the 1920s and before arrived in an Archipelago already aware of the written, we can see many of the processes that Goody delineates becoming extraordinarily expedited, broadened, or intensified, the more *madjoe* these places become. As Goody explains, "in itself writing constitutes an important technology requiring a category of highly trained specialist which has to be maintained at the expense of the community" (Goody 1992: 45). *Asmara Djaja* exemplifies this specialization. The main character, Roestam, is a "Commies pada kantor Gouvernements Bedrijven" (Adinegoro 1931: 8). That is, he works as an Exciseman in an office of Governmental Companies. Trusted to work with money and facilitate the collection of taxes, he is integral to the dominance of the colonial state. What's more, working with customs, in an office, following tariff law on behalf of the government of the colony, he is likely to be at least as awash in documents as any other office worker, whether reading them, producing them, or both. His deep identification with the written productions of three of Goody's four fields of writing – mammon, the law, and the state (indeed, every field but, notably, religion) – can only be taken as a sign of how *madjoe* of a character he is, and therefore how thoroughly he is an agent of stasis and uniformity.

Working in a world of written documents means that Roestam works in a world of language. Unlike many paper-pushing bureaucrats though, Roestam, working in the customs-house, is also deeply involved with money. As money is also a kind of writing, every bill of currency is also a document, a document representing the value it claims to hold. Roestam's occupation is one thoroughly concerned with administrative documents and money, which means he is afloat in a sea of representation. Not limited to his work however, these representations are even multiplying in his home. Inundated by sorrow, his wife Dirsina pauses to reflect on the portraits of her husband and deceased child, even placing an enlargement of one of the photographs next to the photo's original, a representation beside a representation, the vertiginous fruits of *kemadjoean*.

Representation – oral, written, and otherwise – has long been a defining feature of civilization. In the era of *kemadjoean* though, representations are proliferating more wildly than they ever have before, in particular representations in writing. The profusion of writing and other representations in this age of *kemadjoean* foreshadows the advent of Tiwon's later "age of competitive articulation" (Tiwon 1996: 48), which might be understood as a continuation of the processes of the age of *kemadjoean*. Furthermore, this abundance changes the meaning of the silences that José Ortega y Gasset found to be so definitive for language (Ortega 1959: 5). It also reconfigures understandings of what are considered very un-*madjoe* phenomena, like those of *'adat*, traditional custom. When the principles of *'adat* become written in *madjoe* language, and are intended to coexist there with principles of *kemadjoean*, what results may be intolerable, and even untenable. When Dirsina tries to do just this, attempting to write a letter in *madjoe* Malay in which she tries to uphold both *'adat* and *madjoe* beliefs simultaneously, it cannot be sustained: the conflicts between *kemadjoean* and *'adat* render her formulation, her writing, unsupportable, and so as soon as she finishes writing the letter, she tears it up, destroys it. With the proliferation of the *madjoe* practice of writing in this instance, silence prevails. So too, in seeming defiance of the root metaphor of *kemadjoean*, does stasis.

Bufferedness

The written word, in 1928, is written always someplace not virtual but physical, most often on a page. The written word is surrounded by blank space, just as the spoken word is surrounded by silences. For Ortega, oral communication would not be possible without these silences. Developing this insight, we can see how the blank spaces on a page are what make written words possible, and without those blank spaces, without those emptinesses, written communication would be just as unimaginable. Spaces between letters, and bigger spaces, between words, create units of meaning by setting units of sound off from one another. These spaces provide buffers that make words distinct and give them their ability to mean. As technologies of representation like phonographs, photographs, and writing proliferate in early twentieth century proto-Indonesia, so too do the buffers around these representations. Frames around portraits, sleeves around records, and spaces around words and narratives – all these physical buffers, all products of *kemadjoean*, are necessary for these representations to mean what they mean. But these representations are not the only buffered phenomena of *kemadjoean*. People themselves are coming to be buffered in ways they had never been before, in ways that make possible a stasis that likewise had never before existed.

The idea of a buffered self is explored by Charles Taylor, particularly in his *A Secular Age* (2007), in which he draws on the ideas of porosity found in Stanley Tambiah's *Magic, Science, Religion, and the Scope of Rationality* (1990). In "From Dividual and Individual Selves to Porous Subjects" (2012) and "Meaning and Porous Being" (2009), Karl Smith then advances Taylor's formulations. Taylor contrasts the buffered self against the porous self, with the buffered self corresponding to what I'm here calling *madjoe*, and which Taylor, using Max Weber's formulation, calls disenchanted, or alternatively, modern. The porous self, being porous, is more penetrable, as Taylor explains it, and so things can "get to me" (Taylor 2007: 38) in two meanings of the phrase. Spirits and powers can get to me in that I can be bothered and preoccupied by them, and the supernatural can also get to me by physically attacking and affecting me. Taylor contrasts this to "a new sense of the self and its place in the cosmos: not open and porous and vulnerable to a world of spirits and powers, but what I want to call 'buffered'. But it took more than disenchantment to produce the buffered self: it was necessary to have confidence in our own powers of moral ordering" (Taylor 2007: 27). Smith develops these ideas further, writing that, "For Taylor, as for Weber, disengagement and disenchantment go hand-in-hand. Disenchantment means that we no longer understand (or experience) ourselves as inhabiting a world with spirits, daemons or other entities that can inhabit or possess us. And disengagement means that we have come to see ourselves as significantly independent of others," further explaining that "the highly individualized conception of the 'Western individual', which Taylor has dubbed the 'buffered self', is a particular way of orienting oneself to the world and thus experiencing the world" (Smith 2012: 58). Smith makes a convincing case that using an opposition of buffered versus porous selves will be more productive than focusing on the individualization inherent in phenomena such as *kemadjoean*. We are not opposing individual selves to dividual ones, to use the terminology of Margaret Strathern in *The Gender of the Gift* (1988), but rather are recognizing that all selves are porous to some degree or another, especially at the beginning of life, and that some selves are socialized into becoming more buffered. The framework of porosity means recognizing that individualism and egocentrism are just as much culturally inscribed modalities as dividualism and sociocentrism are – and in fact are probably more so, being more deviant and unusual, taught or even forced. Becoming a buffered self is invariably an acquired condition. This stands to reason; babies are not very autonomous. Humans are intrinsically porous, and porosity and bufferedness exist in dialectical relation to one another. The more buffered one becomes, the less porous. Yet at the same time, it is precisely porosity makes bufferedness attainable, by making it possible to internalize the bufferedness of the cultural milieu that exists around one.

The implications of the existence of porous selves, and the relation of such selves toward bufferedness, can be traced throughout *Asmara Djaja*. The shift in characters' bufferedness and the effects of this shift can be seen not only in the interpersonal relations portrayed in the novel, but also in those characters' conceptions of privacy, distance, and even their comprehension of *'alam*, nature. Buffers in *Asmara Djaja* are everywhere not what they used to be, and these buffers have thickened, stiffened, expanded, in short become a more important and given aspect of everyone's lives. We see the characters in Adinegoro's novel within the confines of their newly strengthened buffers, products of *kemadjoean*. It is not hard to imagine how possibilities for change can run up against the buffers around these buffered selves and be stopped up short, how *kemadjoean* can again create stasis, a buffered stasis of novel isolation.

Universality

By attenuating the connections between each person and the supernatural, by narrowing somewhat the porosity between a person and other people, by strengthening the buffer around each self, *kemadjoean* also makes each person more like each other person. Stripped, to some extent, of their relations, becoming more autonomous and sufficient unto themselves, deprived to a greater degree of their networks, whether large or small, whether exalted or lowly, the increasingly buffered selves of *kemadjoean* are increasingly equal to one another and, like Roestam, now expect more equity in how they are treated. What applies to one should apply to all. The only values that are recognizable now, within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, are values that are universal.

Kemadjoean's tendency toward bufferedness, like its affinity to writing and other technologies of representation, can be understood also as a movement toward universality. The *madjoe* in *Asmara Djaja* is always more universalizable than that which is not. One manifestation of this is in the anthropological turn that Adinegoro takes us through in his novel. Mrs. Meerman, the kindly Dutch neighbor of Roestam and Dirsina, tells the Minangkabau mother of Roestam's second wife Noeraini how she explicated to the Sundanese Dirsina, Roestam's first wife, about Minangkabau traditional customs, or *'adat*. As she tells Noeraini's mother, "I explained to Dirsina, all this was common for the Menangkabau, it must be so. That's just custom there" (Adinegoro 1931: 76).[7] "Begitoelah 'adat isti'adat disitoe" – that's custom there. With these words, the blame is lain fully at the feet of *'adat*, or traditional custom. This expression concretizes the *madjoe* situation, and by contrasting it with *'adat* this scene crystalizes what *kemadjoean* is in lived reality. The *madjoe* have progressed away from "there," and Noeraini and Roestam have progressed not only from the physical Land of Minangkabau, but from the customs of Minangkabau also. And where they have figuratively progressed to is a place within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, from which distance they can look back and finally understand the true and debased nature of Minangkabau customs, chief among them, *polygamie*.

In many ways, *kemadjoean*'s most important foil in *Asmara Djaja* is *'adat*, or traditional custom. *'Adat* is fundamentally local, while *kemadjoean* can make anywhere *madjoe*: Europe, Java, even increasingly Sumatra. And in what we may recognize as an instance of projection, *'adat* is accused of being static, as opposed to the dynamic and transformative *kemadjoean*. We see this at the end of the novel when Roestam's father, in the epiphany in which he finally accepts the rightness of Roestam and *kemadjoean*, also simultaneously recognizes that "Every age has its definitions and understandings" (Adinegoro 1931: 92)[8] and these vary from age to age. We also see this at the beginning of the novel when Noeraini wakes up and believes it's later than it actually is, which she erroneously thinks imperils her nine o'clock departure for Java. She is more *madjoe* than her still backwards Sumatran environment, which is still at that moment, quite literally, stuck in the past.

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[7] "akoelah jang menerangkan kepada Dirsina, bahasa sekalian hal ini telah galibnja bagi orang Menangkabau, mesti demikian. Begitoelah 'adat isti'adat disitoe"

In this opening scene of the novel, Noeraini wakes up, and what she immediately wakes up to is clock time, and her obligations to that time. This will not be the last time Adinegoro highlights wakefulness. Again and again we see people staying awake, whether that be Roestam and Dirsina keeping vigil over their dying son, or Noeraini wide awake in the dark aboard the *Rochussen* as the ship's clock strikes twelve, or Dirsina unable to sleep through her grief at losing her little boy. Wakefulness itself becomes a marker of *kemadjoean*, very similar to the way that light is imagined in Kartini's letters, of which the first published edition after her death is titled, *Door Duisternis tot Licht* (*From Darkness to Light*), and represents one example of the tropes of light that Anderson associates so closely with the thoroughly *madjoe* phenomenon of early Indonesian nationalism in "A Time of Darkness and a Time of Light" (1990).

The wakefulness in *Asmara Djaja* is an awakening to clock time, and is part of the process of dawning awareness of a new and universal language, the language of *kemadjoean*, a language that makes the old language, the language of *'adat*, seem like an irrelevant dream. Like one coming into the metaphorical light described by Anderson, one coming into a consciousness newly awakened likewise becomes privy to new perceptions that make previous understandings now seem benighted by comparison, and what's more, make them seem provincial, narrow, particular and idiomatic as a dream. Dreams are notoriously difficult to explain to others, and the wakefulness of *kemadjoean* that Adinegoro shows us would banish the oneiric, narrow particularity of *'adat* in favor of the conscious universality of *kemadjoean*. Once we are all awake to the universal correctness of *kemadjoean*, once we are all awake at the same time to our one and universal conscious experience, *'adat* and particularity Minang *'adat* will necessarily be forgotten like last night's dream, and a stasis of universal awareness will take effect. The medium for that awareness, the ability for which wakefulness is the metaphor, is language, and language comprehension. And the language to be comprehended, the ostensibly clear, transparent, conscious language of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*, is Malay, the kind of Malay we now call Indonesian.

(Indonesian) Malay

Asmara Djaja was written in Malay, a version of Malay current in the Archipelago at the time of this novel's composition, a language that was mastered by Adinegoro and anyone else there who wanted to communicate with people outside the linguistic group of their own particular regional language. In 1928, the same year this novel was first published, participants in the Second Youth Congress determined that this Malay would thenceforth be called Indonesian. When Adinegoro wrote this novel and had it published, the language of his narrative was still known as Malay. Keeping in mind historical anachronisms, which are often worth avoiding, in these pages that language will usually be referred to as Malay as well.

Like water to a fish, like air for us, the language of a narrative is often so transparent as to belie its existence. The words flow past our eyes and the shapes of meanings emerge out of them. The language is a given, taken for granted, and like a ninja or a translator is only noticed when a mistake has been made that results in it calling attention to itself. The language of *Asmara Djaja* however is different. It occupies a liminal no-man's-land between language that is transparent and language that is noteworthy. On the one hand it flows past, offering up its meanings and its scenes, for it is "fluently written," as Teeuw notes (1967: 61). At the same time, Adinegoro stops the reader again and again. He does this by glossing words from Minang, Dutch, Arabic, and even Malay itself; or explaining that large passages of what we read were not spoken in the Malay they appear as in the text, but were instead spoken in Minang; or by correcting the characters' imperfect Dutch. All these moves remind us of the foreignness and the wordliness of the words, not letting us forget that they are not only transparent vessels of meaning, but also opaque and arbitrary sounds.

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[8] "Tiap-tiap zaman ada pengertiannja dan pahamnja"

Referring to the language of the time of *Asmara Djaja*, particularly as seen in narratives like Mas Marco Kartodikromo's 1919 novel *Student Hidjo* (*Student Green*) and Chang's 1931 short story "Salah Pilih" ("Wrong Choice"), Tiwon notes that, "The Malay language itself was rapidly undergoing changes, stretching its patterns to include those of the Javanese, the Jakartan, and even of the Chinese as well as those of the ethnic Malay and Minangkabau" (Tiwon 1999: 134 – 135). What's more, the fact of this novel being published precisely in 1928, nearly simultaneous with the exact moment the "Indonesian language" was coming into being, also speaks to its fundamentally transitional nature. Adinegoro, who participated personally in the First Youth Congress before leaving for the Netherlands, seems in this novel to be making a case for Indonesian as a language, for it to be recognized as the "language of *kemadjoean*" that it is (Hadler 2008: 99). He does this not only by simply using Malay in his novel of *kemadjoean*, but by the way he uses it, absorbing foreign words from multiple languages into Malay, positioning it in an intermediate point between Dutch and Arabic, between Minang and Sundanese. Here we again do well to follow Becker, and attend to particularity. It is not simply language in general that is important in *Asmara Djaja*, but the Indonesian language in particular.

One way Adinegoro strengthens the case for Indonesian is by his curious employment of a number of glosses. Glosses are not often encountered in a fictional narrative, but they appear sprinkled throughout the text of *Asmara Djaja*. The author uses these glosses to familiarize his readers with concepts from the languages of Minangkabau, Sundanese, Arabic, Dutch, and even Malay itself. As Becker wrote, "One of the most subtle forms of colonialism, ancient or modern, is the undermining of not just the substance but the framework of someone's learning" (Becker 2000: 390). We can understand these glosses as a kind of colonialization too. It is colonization by Malay, soon to be called Indonesian – and while it may be among the first, it would not constitute the last possible instance of colonialization by Malay-speaking autochthonous Indonesian powers that be. Adinegoro, by defining these foreign words, especially those from the Minangkabau language, in the Malay language of his narrative, grants Malay the power to comprehend them, while at the same time newly fixing their meaning within this novel Malay context. Though Malay was the official language of no independent state at that time, Adinegoro nevertheless plants the flag, as it were, of the Malay language on the linguistic loci of far-off lands like Arabia and the Low Countries, and also those from places more close-by, such as Sundanese West Java and Minangkabau. Glossing these foreign words expands the boundaries of the Malay language, turning it into something more like the empire of English language. These glosses bind the Netherlands, Arabia, Malaya, Minangkabau, Sunda, and other places into the sphere of Malay. This sphere constitutes one vast and expanding network, incorporating disparate parts into a single shared context the way the steamship did that took Adinegoro from Batavia to Marseille in *Melawat ke Barat* (*A Visit to the West*), or the way the telegraph did that allowed Roestam's father in Padang to communicate with Roestam in Bandung in *Asmara Djaja* practically instantly.

Glosses curiously turn up throughout *Asmara Djaja*, importing and thereby domesticating foreign terms, making them apprehensible to Malay. Adinegoro defies the boundaries of the Malay language of his Malay text, incorporating concepts into it that perhaps it did not assume for itself before, filling in holes, we might say, in Malay. Aside from including previously obscure words into his text, thereby Malayizing that which theretofore had not been Malay, Adinegoro plays with the darknesses beyond the boundaries of Malay in another important way as well. Also sprinkled throughout the novel, and even more frequently than the glosses, are silences, those Orteguian and Beckerian limits of language that make meaning and language possible: the difficulties in Roestam's heart "were indescribable" (Adinegoro 1931: 43);[9] "On the carriage, no one said anything, each in their own thoughts" (Adinegoro 1931: 47);[10] "Dirsina tried to speak, but she was unable to express what was in her heart" (Adinegoro 1931: 50 – 51).[11]

Adinegoro, himself directly involved in the forging of Malay into the language of the still aspirational state of Indonesia, is attempting to form a language in this novel, and far from being instances of laziness or exasperation, the silences that abound in *Asmara Djaja* mark the places where he has staked out the boundaries of what is sayable in Malay. In "The Difficulty of Reading" (1959), Ortega writes that, "the most powerful condition for anyone to succeed in saying something is that he be capable of observing profound silence about everything else. Only a being capable of renunciation, of the asceticism which takes for granted the omission of speaking of many things which it would like to communicate in order to succeed thus in saying even one, can arrive at forming a language" (Ortega 1959: 4). The silences in Adinegoro's novel are a product of its writtenness as a consciously *madjoe* text, both in form and intent. But they are so numerous because with this novel the author is determining and delineating the boundaries of just what this Indonesian language is to be.

Even taking into consideration the many glosses of foreign terms, it may not be immediately clear to the reader just how multi-lingual a novel this is, for it is almost entirely written in Malay. Despite the fact that much of the dialogue is clearly to be understood to be taking place in the language of Minangkabau, this Minangkabau is often seamlessly rendered in Malay, with no explicit informing of the reader that what is rendered in Malay was not said in that language. At the same time, Dirsina, the Sundanese wife of the Minangkabau Roestam, cannot understand Minangkabau at all, and we see her confused and anxious when hearing a language that she cannot comprehend being spoken, often heatedly, by her husband and his family. Adinegoro uses Malay to show us the front of the screen – Dirsina's incomprehension of Minangkabau – and to also let us glimpse behind it – his rendering of that language into Malay so that readers of Malay may understand it. Minang is thus incorporated into the reader's knowledge of Malay, subsumed under that knowledge, just as Adinegoro did by glossing foreign words in his text. At the same time, Adinegoro depicts Dirsina's fear and bewilderment when, upon "hearing those people speaking in the Menangkabau language her blood pounded, she knew that her enemy had arrived" (Adinegoro 1931: 43 – 44).[12] Minangkabau is shown to be a threatening, uncontrolled, wild language, quintessentially un-*madjoe*, and practically crying out for domestication. One form such domestication might take was seen with Mrs. Meerman and her anthropologizing explanation of the Minangkabau people and their *'adat*. The Indonesian language in *Asmara Djaja* – still the Malay language at that time – is a vector for silences, for glosses, for the incomprehensibility of Minangkabau. Through all these effects it establishes itself as the one and only source of meaning, fixing that meaning in place, ironically enough arresting its movement through a process whose root metaphor is progress, *kemadjoean*.

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[9] "ta' dapat diperikan"

[10] "Diatas sado seorangpoen tiada jang berkata-kata, masing-masing dengan pikirannja"

[11] "Dirsinapoen mentjoba hendak berkata, tetapi ta' dapat ia mengeloearkan jang dihatinja"

[12] "mendengarkan orang itoe berkata-kata berbahasa Menangkabau berdebarlah darahnja, tahoelah ia bahasa moesoehnja telah datang"

The life of Adinegoro

Adinegoro was not born Adinegoro. He was given the name Djamaluddin when he was born in Talawi, in the area of Sawahlunto, West Sumatra. Sawahlunto at the time was home to an enormous and important mine, the first coal mine in all of Southeast Asia, and was to a significant extent a city planned by the Dutch to facilitate their extraction of that resource. The planned and purposeful nature of that community, and the variety of languages heard in its barracks, languages like Javanese, Balinese, Bugis, Chinese languages, and various dialects of the local language of Minangkabau, seem to have influenced Djamaluddin's later positions on development and planning as well as on language. So developed was this community that these languages eventually blended into a "workers' creole" called barracks language, or *bahasa tansi* (Syafril 2011: passim).

Djamaluddin's father was Usman Bagindo Chatib, a tuanku laras, a position created by the Dutch in 1823 (Hadler 2008: 35). The tuanku laras are identified by Hadler as among the most compromised and hated local officials, "equated with colonial authority and native collaboration" (Hadler 2008: 48). Because his father often traveled for work, Djamaluddin was largely raised by his oldest brother Muhammad Yaman. In addition to Djamaluddin, Muhammad Yaman also largely raised another older sibling of Adinegoro, Muhammad Yamin, who would go on to become a renowned poet and statesman. Yamin was perhaps the principal figure responsible for the Youth Oath that would rename Malay as Indonesian and establish it as Indonesia's national language, and he would later hold multiple cabinet positions in the first years of the independent Indonesia.

After going to Dutch schools on Sumatra, Djamaluddin moved to the colonial capital of Batavia, on Java, where he studied medicine at the school for native doctors, the STOVIA. He was always more interested in writing however, and already in medical school he was sending submissions to the periodical *Tjahaja Hindia* (*Light of the Indies*), where his writing was first published. It was here that he met Neratja Landjoemin Datoek Toemenggoeng, the editor of *Tjahaja Hindia*, who would become his mentor. It was Neratja who gave Djamaluddin the name Adi Negoro, a Javanese name, in order to draw more Javanese readers, and to suggest, with the Negoro, that Djamaluddin was of aristocratic lineage (Soebagio 1987: 8). Djamaluddin's taking of the name Adinegoro presages his later inventiveness and innovations with language and signifiers. Indeed, by renaming himself, by affixing a different signifier than the one he had previously, as Adinegoro (Djamaluddin), he embodies the glossing and further development of language that would mark *Asmara Djaja* and much of the rest of his career.

Not long after this, he abandoned medical school and devoted himself to journalism. He joined Jong Soematranen Bond (Young Sumatrans Union) and throughout much of 1925 he took a leading role in preparing for, putting on, and participating in the First Indonesia Youth Congress. The Congress took place on 15 August 1926. At that Congress, Adinegoro's brother Yamin said that both Malay and Javanese had hope of being the national language of unity, but that he felt that eventually the culture of Indonesia would be directed in Malay.

Another one of the Congress's organizers, Mohammad Tabrani, agreed with Yamin, but since they wanted one nation, one land (*nusa*), and one language, and the nation and land were the nation and the land of Indonesia, the language should be Indonesian also, and not Malay, even though "elements of Malay" underlay Indonesian (Soebagio 1987: 14).[13] Yamin and Adinegoro agreed with Tabrani. When the second Youth Congress took place two years later, both Adinegoro and Tabrani were out of the country, studying in Europe, but Yamin remembered his friend's advice, and this led to the Youth Oath, the Sumpah Pemuda, "a historic resolution … unanimously accepted, proclaiming the threefold ideal of one country, one nation and one language" (Teeuw 1967: 22).

The Youth Oath, pronounced on October 28, 1928, is a founding document in the history of Indonesia, because it states the intention, the meaning, of young Indonesians to form an independent country. A document that professes a meaning, an intention, a desire, it is simultaneously the founding moment of the Indonesian language. It could be considered the most important moment for the country as well as the language that holds it together as one, acting as Becker told us language always does, as a binding agent, in this case for the entire imagined community. This language, and therefore also the literature and the nation that it makes possible, are creations of Adinegoro and those around him, who were so involved in the formulation of the Sumpah Pemuda. Concise as it is powerful, the Oath declares simply that:

Firstly: We the sons and daughters of Indonesia profess one homeland, the Land of Indonesia.
Secondly: We the sons and daughters of Indonesia profess one nation, the Nation of Indonesia.
Thirdly: We the sons and daughters of Indonesia uphold the language of unity, the Language of Indonesian.[14]

In 1928, at the time of the Second Youth Congress, where the Youth Oath was taken, Adinegoro was already studying in Europe. Not long after the First Youth Congress in 1926, he had boarded a steamship from Batavia to Marseille. Upon arriving there he took a train to Paris, where he met Mohammad Nazir and Monomutu Wilson. These two were studying law in Paris, and would both later become ambassadors for independent Indonesia, to France and China respectively, and they introduced him to a French professor who had translated the poetry of Adinegoro's brother Yamin, whose name was already becoming known in Paris. From Paris Adinegoro continued on to Utrecht, where another brother, Muhammad Amir, had studied previously before going on to be Indonesia's premier psychologist of the pre-war era. In Utrecht Adinegoro volunteered at a number of newspapers while studying at Utrecht University and continuously sending his dispatches, full of his thoughts and impressions of the "land of the cold" (Adinegoro 1931b: 99),[15] to *Pandji Poestaka* (*Banner of Letters*), the Malay-language periodical of the colonial government publishing house Balai Pustaka. He also submitted writing to *Oedaja* (*Force*), the periodical founded by the Javanese Theosophist Noto Soeroto, a magazine dedicated neither to colonialism or nationalism but a middle way, a federation between the Netherlands and Indonesia.

After staying only a semester in the Netherlands, Adinegoro moves to Germany. He travels to Wurzburg, Berlin, and Munich, staying for one semester in each. In all the cities he continues studying subjects that will improve his journalism. He takes a total of four semesters of geography and cartography, and devotes two semesters to the study of geopolitics and philosophy. In his dispatches he never makes clear exactly where he studies, exactly who he is spending time with, and exactly where his money is coming from. While we may assume the ultimately Dutch-funded periodical *Pandji Poestaka* is paying for this, it's never made explicit. Perhaps neither Adinegoro nor *Pandji Poestaka* wanted to overtly acknowledge that it was essentially the colonial government that was funding his trip. Adinegoro also rarely explicitly states who he is spending time with. In those instances when he does mention that he is meeting with another Indonesian, he usually does not reveal their identity. Maybe this young nationalist, so deeply involved in the Sumpah Pemuda and the nationalist all-Indonesia Youth Congresses, did not want to implicate others by naming them, or maybe by not naming the people he was meeting with in the land of the cold he was avoiding implicating himself. And of course both conditions could simultaneously be true. Similarly, it would be wonderful if we knew what institutions he was studying at in Germany. Does he not name them to make it more difficult to trace the money that is making his travels and studies possible? Or is the consummate journalist simply steadfastly refusing to make himself part of the story? Adinegoro shares a lot about what the German people are like, their customs and their economic situation and the beauty of their cities. He doesn't provide much information about himself though, not even telling us the institutions in which he studies or what texts he was reading. It would be particularly useful to know more details about Adinegoro's time in Germany because it seems that this is where he was living when he wrote his two novels, and it was there that he lived when, in 1927 and 1928, they were published.

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[13] "unsur-unsur bahasa Melayu"

[14] Pertama: Kami poetra dan poetri Indonesia, mengakoe bertoempah darah jang satoe, tanah air Indonesia.
Kedoea: Kami poetra dan poetri Indonesia, mengakoe berbangsa jang satoe, bangsa Indonesia.
Ketiga: Kami poetra dan poetri Indonesia, mendjoendjoeng bahasa persatoean, bahasa Indonesia.

[15] "tanah dingin"

Part of the reason we don't know these things is that Adinegoro never wrote an autobiography, but left it up to others to tell his life story for him, often with incomplete or conflicting information. Of course, it can be argued that these questions about who Adinegoro "really" was are not centrally important, and the incomplete or contradictory documentation that is left us indicates a fragmented relationship to the past. Being fragmented, incomplete, not fully documented, the past of Adinegoro is not fully *madjoe*, a condition that itself can only have lent purpose and urgency to Adinegoro's project of *kemadjoean*.

When he returned to Indonesia from Europe in 1930, Adinegoro was offered the position of director of *Pandji Poestaka*, the Malay-language periodical of Balai Pustaka that he had been faithfully sending dispatches to for years by that time. After working for *Pandji Poestaka* and living on Java for only six months after his return from Europe however, he moved to Medan after receiving an offer to become the director of *Pewarta Deli* (*Deli Reporter*) there. Accepting that offer allowed Adinegoro to be able to move back to Sumatra. From October to December of 1931, *Pewarta Deli* published dispatches from the journalist and activist Mas Marco Kartodikromo, who was at that time in exile in the concentration camp at Boven Digoel, New Guinea. Aside from *Pewarta Deli*, Adinegoro also directed a monthly magazine that then became a weekly, *Abad XX* (*Century XX*).

In 1933, he published *Sedjarah Wilde Scholen Ordonantie* (*History of the Wild Schools Ordinance*). This book was seized by the Dutch authorities as soon as it came off the press. It tells the story of the recent controversial "Wild Schools Ordinance" that the Dutch used to clamp down on what they viewed as underregulated education in the Dutch East Indies and to limit the educational institutions in the colony to those they could effectively control (Abdullah 1971: 209 – 210). After the books were seized, Adinegoro published in *Pewarta Deli* that he would thenceforth comply with the authorities' demands. If he didn't, then the paper would be shut down, and this would affect employees, vendors, distributors and many others involved with the paper who were innocent of any wrongdoing. This run-in with the authorities seems to be the most direct confrontation in Adinegoro's life with the Dutch colonial state. It may partially explain the dearth of publications by him from 1933 to 1949, a period that covers essentially the rest of the Dutch colony, the Japanese occupation from 1942 to 1945, and the attempted reestablishment of Dutch power and the Indonesian struggle for independence after the Japanese surrender.

Adinegoro joined a select group of other Indonesian journalists visiting Australia in October 1941. Shortly thereafter he was offered the opportunity to evacuate to Australia and be part of a government in exile, as Japanese invasion was looking increasingly immanent. He chose to stay in Indonesia. On December 28 of that year, Japanese planes bombed the Medan airport, and they were occupying the country three months later.

During the Japanese occupation, rules were stricter on Sumatra than on Java. For instance on the entire island of Sumatra only one paper was allowed to be published. This was the *Sumatora Shimbun* (*Sumatra Newspaper*), and it was headed by Adinegoro. In the paper, Adinegoro wrote about the absence of free speech, and how careful people had to be. Again we see him walking a fine line, both working for the occupiers while also discretely working against them. Adinegoro was with a delegation from Sumatra in Jakarta in August 1945, but despite being listed as a member of the Independence Preparation Committee, it is unclear why he was not more involved when Sukarno declared Indonesia's independence there on August 17, 1945. In October of that year, Adinegoro was appointed as a representative of the Republic of Indonesia for General Affairs, Information and Research for Sumatra, working from Bukittinggi, where he set up office in old Dutch school. He was given the rank of Letnan Kolonel Tituler, Titular Lieutenant Colonel, and in December of 1945 was appointed Head of the Central Government's Representation in Bukittinggi. During the Revolution he supported the nationalist cause through his expertise in media, starting the successful newspaper *Kedaoelatan Rakjat* (*Sovereignty of the People*), setting up an emergency broadcast antenna on his mother's house in Sulit Air, and, with H. B. Jassin, founding the prestigious magazine *Mimbar Indonesia* (*Indonesia Tribune*), from whose pages Adinegoro would often write on foreign affairs for years to come. He returns to Europe in 1949 to cover the Round Table Conference that determines the conditions of the transferal of sovereignty, and witnesses the singular moment, on December 27 of that year, in the Royal Palace in Amsterdam, when sovereignty is officially handed over from the Netherlands to Indonesia.

After returning home to a fully independent and recognized Indonesia, Adinegoro now had to navigate the often contentious political situation of the young country he had helped to make possible. He continued writing his columns on foreign affairs for *Mimbar Indonesia*, and in 1951 he was asked to head the Indonesia-Aneta news agency, which had long suffered a reputation of being a tool of the Dutch and of foreign capital. By 1956 he had replaced the last of the Dutch staff with Indonesians, although in some quarters, particularly among journalists, it never overcame its reputation for being an instrument of elites. Adinegoro continued writing prolifically in periodicals as well as publishing books for the rest of his life. After the publication of *Asmara Djaja*, never again would he write fiction however. He died in Djakarta on January 8, 1967.

The works of Adinegoro

Adinegoro was a prolific writer. If we look at what he wrote we can see an abiding interest in language, in the arrangement of space, in international relations, and in improving the situation in Indonesia and bettering the lives of its people. That is to say, looking at the objects of his writing, we can see that he showed a lifelong interest in *kemadjoean*. What follows is not a complete listing of his works. I have included all of his books that I am aware of, including those for which I have not been able to obtain publishing information, such as publisher or date of publication. Considering the fragmentary nature of our knowledge about the man, it is very likely however that there are additional writings that have escaped my attention.

Darah Moeda (*Young Blood*, Batavia-Centrum: Balai Pustaka 1927) is a novel of overcoming frustrated love written while Adinegoro was studying in Europe, either in the Netherlands or Germany.

Asmara Djaja (*Love Triumphant*, Batavia-Centrum: Balai Pustaka 1928 [2nd edition 1931]) is also a novel of overcoming frustrated love, written while Adinegoro was studying in Europe, probably in Germany. All references in this dissertation are to the second edition.

Kamoes Kemadjoean: Modern Zakwoordenboek (*Dictionary of Kemadjoean: Modern Pocket Dictionary*, Goeda: G. B. Van Goor Zonen 1928). The title alone of the *Dictionary of Progress: Modern Pocket Dictionary* is multilingual, and so are the contents. The dictionary contains over seven thousand entries of words whose description is meant to make it possible for Malay to "adapt to the demands of modern times" (Adinegoro 1928).[16] Words defined therein come largely from Dutch, French, English, and Latin, and as one might imagine, pertain to fields particularly associated with modern, *madjoe* experience. The book also includes definitions of abbreviations of well-known organizations in the Indies, a table of business terms in English, Dutch, and Malay, and definitions of other abbreviations.

Kembali dari Perlawatan ke Europa (*Return from a Visit to Europe*, Medan: Syarikat Tapanuli 1930) relates Adinegoro's return from Europe through Italy, Egypt, Eritrea, India, and back to Indonesia. Significantly, while *Melawat ke Barat* is published by the official colonial publisher, Balai Pustaka, *Kembali dari Perlawatan ke Europa* is published by Syarikat Tapanuli, essentially Adinegoro's press, since, as Adinegoro writes in the book's preface, it is "the creator of the newspaper *Pewarta Deli*" (Adinegoro 1930b).[17] Perhaps partly for this reason, his attitude is less appreciative and more censorious of Europeans than we see in *Melawat ke Barat*. For instance, he does not approve of European women frequently deciding to not have children or of Europeans' increasing neglect of religion, criticisms he never aired in *Melawat ke Barat*. This book was written after *Melawat ke Barat*, but published before. *Melawat* is a collection of writings that he wrote on the way to Europe and while he was there, and that appeared initially in *Pandji Poestaka* while he was overseas, and which were then later collected and published in three volumes in 1930, 1931, and 1932. *Kembali* consists of writings he wrote on his return from Europe and that were first published as a book not long after he arrived back in the Indies, and without appearing previously in any periodical.

Melawat ke Barat, Volumes I, II, III (*A Visit to the West*, Weltevreden: Balai Pustaka 1930, 1931, 1932). This is Adinegoro's most popular work. The first volume tells of his trip on the ship from Indonesia to France and then by train to the Netherlands. The second volume relates his time in the Netherlands and Germany. To the title of this volume he affixes the cheeky subtitle "Colonizing the Land of the Cold" (Adinegoro 1931).[18] The third volume tells of his travels on the Orient Express from Berlin to Istanbul and elsewhere in Germany, as well as through various Eastern European countries, Turkey, Greece, and Italy. It also includes a Map of Western Europe and Southern Europe on page 8, an early example of a Malay-language map of

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[16] "passen aan de eischen van den modernen tijd"

[17] "pentjitak s.k. Pewarta Deli"

[18] "MENDJADJAH TANAH DINGIN"

Europe. For much of this book he is traveling with his “friend N. N. from Bandoeng” (Adinegoro 1932: 3).[19]

Sedjarah Wilde Scholen Ordonantie (*History of the Wild Schools Ordinance*, 1933). This book was seized by the Dutch authorities as soon as it came off the press. Though I’m not certain, it was likely published by Syarikat Tapanuli, the press of Adinegoro’s *Pewarta Deli*. This book tells the story of the recent controversial “Wild Schools Ordinance” that the Dutch used to clamp down on what they viewed as underregulated education in the Dutch East Indies and limit the educational institutions in the colony to those they could effectively control. After the books are seized, Adinegoro publishes in *Pewarta Deli* a statement that he would thenceforth comply with the authorities’ wishes. The reason he gives is that if he doesn’t, the paper will be shut down, and this would affect employees, vendors, distributors and many others involved with the paper who are innocent of any wrongdoing.

Falsafah Ratu Dunia (*Philosophy of the Ruler of the World*, Jakarta: Balai Pustaka 1949) explains the importance of public opinion in determining the course of nations and history, and the central role of the press in determining that opinion.

Bajangan Pergolakan Dunia (*Shadow of World Upheaval*, Jakarta: Pembangunan 1949) examines the tumult of the previous twenty-five years of world history as a context for the development of democracy and human rights. Devotes special attention to the culture of democracy in Indonesia and to the struggle for freedom in the United States.

Filsafah Merdeka (*Philosophy of Freedom*, Jakarta: Pustaka Antara 1950) contains ten essays on topics such as free thought, what makes us human, and the differences between “East” and “West.”

Tiongkok Pusaran Asia (*China, Vortex of Asia*, Jakarta: Jambatan 1951) explains the history of China, the history of East Asia, the relationship of China to Indonesia, and the customs, landscape, philosophy, arts, languages, and literatures of China.

Atlas Semesta Dunia (*Atlas of the Entire World*, Jakarta: N. V. Jambatan: 1952) is the first Indonesian-language atlas.

Eropah Sumber Perang Dunia (*Europe the Source of the World War*, Jakarta: Bulan-Bintang 1952) is an explanation of the causes of World War Two, proceeding roughly country by country (France, Germany, England, Netherlands, etc.) and connecting events in Indonesia to events in Europe. The book is also a reflection on the many changes he saw in Europe between when he went in 1926 – 1930 and when he went in 1949 – 1951, the first time alone and the second time with his wife and children.

Tata Kritik (*Critique*, Bukttinggi: Nusantara 1953) explains some necessities for good criticism, such as logic and resistance to being too easily influenced, and explores principles of quality criticism and comparison.

Pemilihan Umum dan Djiwa Masjarakat Indonesia: Suatu Risalah Sosial Psychologis (*Elections and the Soul of Indonesian Society: A Psychological Social Treatise*, Jakarta: Bulan-Bintang 1953) advocates for the importance of elections and of an informed electorate taking their rights seriously.

Ragam Fikiran Membangun (*Various Thoughts on Development*, Jakarta: Melant 1953) is a book whose cover is a map of Indonesia superimposed on map of the United States, implying a direct comparison of the two countries. The book discusses different types of development and ways to achieve it, and also questions why so many Indonesian words having to do with thinking come from Arabic, and whether this is because Indonesians were not capable of addressing the concept of thought before coming into contact with the Arabic language.

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[19] “sahabat N. N. jang dari Bandoeng itoe”

Ilmu Djiwa Sosial dan Seseorang (*Social Psychology and the Person*, Jakarta: Balai Pustaka 1953): a book that is a kind of introduction to psychology, treating subjects like men's versus women's psychology, child psychology, the divisions of the field of psychology, the question of nature versus nurture, and similar topics.

Ensiklopedi Umum dalam Bahasa Indonesia (*General Encyclopedia in the Indonesian Language*, Jakarta: Bulan-Bintang 1954), a one-volume encyclopedia, is one of the first Indonesian-language encyclopedias.

Revolusi dan Kebudajaan (*Revolution and Culture*, Jakarta: Balai Pustaka 1954). This title is mentioned repeatedly in the literature but I have been unable to procure a copy nor have I even been able to find a description of it, so I cannot say with confidence what it is about, beyond that the title translates as *Revolution and Culture*.

Pembangunan Desa (*Village Development*, Jakarta: Japsa 1963) is a detailed program for village development throughout Indonesia, using as examples villages from eighteen different Village Social Development work areas spread across the Archipelago. In the book Adinegoro notes that "Previously, village people's thinking was traditional and static. Now we see changes and developments in the direction of thinking rationally and critically" (Adinegoro 1963: 22).[20] He also writes approvingly of "Indonesian socialism" (Adinegoro 1963: 33),[21] and tries to clear up misconceptions about what it is.

Publisistik dan Djurnalistik, Volumes I, II (*Publicity and Journalism*, Jakarta: Gunung Agung: 1963, 1966) is a kind of text book for use by university students in departments of journalism and public relations.

Another book of his that is repeatedly mentioned is *Ilmu Karang-mengarang* (*The Science of Writing*), but I have been unable to find out the publisher, the date of publication, or any other information aside from the title, which seems to indicate it is a book about how to write, or about the study of writing.

Again, this is almost certainly not a complete list of Adinegoro's publications. A writer as prolific as he was, with as many interests and varieties of expertise, probably had additional publications as well, in addition to books edited by others that he contributed to, such as the important *Polemik Kebudajaan* (*Cultural Polemics*), a selection of polemical writings by some of Indonesia's most respected intellectuals of the 1930s collected into a volume by Achdiat Karta Mihardja (Jakarta: Balai Pustaka: 1948). Above I've listed all the books I am aware of, in order to give an idea of the kind of topics that Adinegoro was interested in and involved with and wanted to promote and publicize.

Sustained attention to the text

My thesis is that *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*, despite being a metaphor connoting progress and advancement, in practice actually stills progress and stops advancement. In support of my thesis, I will be making use primarily of the text of *Asmara Djaja* itself. The relative dearth of in-depth literary analysis in the field of Indonesian literature in the United States remains notable and surprising. The field of Indonesian literature now firmly established, the initial work now done, we should treat Indonesian literature like any other and give the words the attention and respect they deserve. Delimiting my analysis to this one novel allows me to analyze the language in depth and pay sustained close attention to the particular text. In my experience Indonesian or Malay literature is for some reason seldom offered this kind of deep attention. The study of Malay letters remains dominated by critics like Andries Teeuw, Hans Bague Jassin and their intellectual descendants. Jassin's *Angkatan 45* (*The Generation of 1945*) and *Kesusastraan Indonesia Modern dalam Kritik dan Esei* (*Modern Indonesian Literature in Criticism and Essays*), for instance, have been determinant in deciding what is included in the field of modern Indonesian literature and what is excluded. Perhaps even more than Jassin however, Teeuw has been the determinant voice since the first half of the twentieth century. This is with very good reason. Prof. Teeuw had an uncommon breadth of knowledge of Indonesian literature, sufficiently broad to make sense of the grand sweep of twentieth century Indonesian letters as few others could. As Tiwon writes, Teeuw's "prolific work gave modern Indonesian literature its shape and scholarly distinction. His work is the first systematic effort to delineate this new literary history and, perhaps even more importantly, to begin critical engagement with at least some of the works" (Tiwon 1999: 6). His years of experience in Indonesia and close personal contacts with many prominent writers of his time lent him a sympathy with authors and their texts that provided him uncommon insights into much of the contemporary literature. His work constitutes an enormous contribution to the establishment of the field of Indonesian literature, and in it he traced the broad outlines which all of us who work on Indonesian literature are still to some extent working within. But we must keep in mind that he himself considered his foundational *Modern Indonesian Literature* (1967) to be essentially a work more of literary history than literary criticism and additionally he cautions that within the book, in "the treatment of pre-war literature historical description dominates" (Teeuw 1967: VI) Indeed, his approach often seems from the level of about thirty thousand feet above his subject, providing him and his reader a commanding and sweeping view of practically the entirety of the landscape, but sacrificing many details. When he writes of the poetry of Sanusi Pané, favorably noting that compared to the verses of Muhammad Yamin, "the clichés are lacking, the language is simpler, and therefore more genuine, the rhyme is very carefully elaborated" (Teeuw 1967: 20 – 21), this is about as close to a text as Teeuw gets. This is not to criticize Teeuw. He had other objectives, prominent among them no less than to create a kind of survey of Indonesian writing. Benedict Anderson, like Teeuw, was also a foundational scholar whose contributions to the study of Indonesian writing are hard to overstate. As a historian and a political scientist, his analyses of texts like Pramoedya Ananta Toer's "Dendam" in Becker's *Writing on the Tongue* (1989) did not hew so close to the words but rather placed a work of literature in its political, historical, and social context. Brilliant as his analyses often were, their objectives were partially or largely approached from the interests and priorities of a historian or political scientist rather than a literary critic.

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[20] "Dahulu, cara berpikir orang-orang desa itu tradisional dan statis. Sekarang ini kita lihat adanja perobahan-perobahan dan perkembangan-perkembangan kearah berpikir rasionil dan kritis"

[21] "sosialisme Indonesia"

In *Modern Indonesian Literature*, Teeuw devotes fifteen lines to the entire life and works of Adinegoro. Of his two novels, *Darah Moeda* of 1927 and the 1928 *Asmara Djaja*, Teeuw's assessment is that "Both books are fluently written, but they lack the *couleur locale* which makes most of the novels mentioned so far so attractive in spite of their psychological weaknesses" (Teeuw 1967: 61). This absence of local color however is not an accident in *Asmara Djaja*, a novel about *kemadjoean*. Local color is exactly what the protagonist Roestam is trying to free himself of, local strictures and colorful customs and picturesque *'adat* are portrayed as precisely what any smart and sympathetic *madjoe* person would want to struggle against and overcome. The aspect of this novel that leads Teeuw to skip over it with barely a thought, despite how "fluently written" it might be, that is to say, its non-localness, is in fact precisely the point. *Kemadjoean* in Adinegoro's text is trying to exceed the particular, to drain it of local color, to replace it with the monochromatic sweep of the universal. As I hope to show in this dissertation, localness is exactly what Adinegoro is trying so hard to exceed and defeat in this text. If love is indeed triumphant in *Asmara Djaja*, what it is triumphing over is *'adat*, the local.

In limiting myself to one novel, and in approaching this narrative through sustained close attention to a number of particular passages of a single text, I am trying to read against the grain of that very text's would-be extra-particular, universalizing aspirations. My hope is that by so doing, I will be able to find and to recover some of the notable or prominent patterns and meanings that a text that is very similar to *Asmara Djaja* in its universalizing and standardizing tendencies, that is to say, a text like Teeuw's *Modern Indonesian Literature*, may be less capable of perceiving. Reading against the grain of the text in this way, it is hoped, will produce a kind of Moiré effect that will draw attention to prominent themes and meanings, meanings a text of literary analysis like Teeuw's, whose intentions are more closely aligned with principles of *kemadjoean*, might skip over.

Sylvia Tiwon writes that "Judged by the Western patterns of literary response, there is much in Indonesian literature that must be relegated (and often is) to the status of mere item of interest for sociological study" (Tiwon 1999: 9). A. Teeuw's *Modern Indonesian Literature* of 1967 remains in many ways the bedrock of Indonesian literary studies to this day, and Teeuw himself admirably admits that his simultaneous preparation of notes for a sociology course influenced his writing of *Modern Indonesian Literature* (Teeuw 1967: VI – VII). Even more frustrating for me though is when he writes that the problem with *Asmara Djaja* and *Darah Moeda* is that they lack "*couleur locale*." That he uses the French expression, not English or even Dutch, is so telling and fitting as to even be humorous. French can be understood as the universalizing language *par excellence*. By using it here he gestures toward draining his own prose of exactly that local color which he expects to find in Indonesian literature; he apparently doesn't feel he owes the reader of his own writing that very particularity, or as he calls it, *couleur locale*.

Teeuw went a long way toward establishing the field of Indonesian literature. The debt we owe him is profound and beyond anyone's ability to repay. Now that the field has been established, now that we've outlined, however imperfectly or debatably, its parameters, it is well past time to delve more deeply into individual works. I am not suggesting that in this dissertation that I will or that I even should devote dozens of pages to the author's choice of a single word the way that Jacques Derrida does for James Joyce's "yes" in "Ulysses Gramophone." But the fact that we feel that an author's single word is stout enough and capacious enough to support and contain dozens of pages of literary commentary tells us something about how we feel about the writing of Joyce, and also tells us something about our assessment of the potential meanings and value of literature in English. If works in English or French or Spanish deserve the sustained and deep attention of close literary analysis, surely works in Indonesian do as well.

One of the models I take for my analysis is Cleanth Brooks's *The Well Wrought Urn*. In it, Brooks writes of reading literature in a search of the structure of a text (Brooks 1947: 178). The "structure" Brooks refers to is a structure of meanings, evaluations, and interpretations, and the principle of unity which balances and harmonizes the connotations, attitudes, and meanings found within a text. It is this structure that I will be searching for in Adinegoro's novel and writing about in my dissertation. The writing of Roland Barthes is also instructive in its intense focus on the sign, and in the playful language of his writing, appropriate to the playful nature of language that he helps us perceive, full of play in its inexactness, its transgressiveness, and its capacity to create joy.

In *Beyond Translation: Essays toward a Modern Philology* (2000), Becker advocates continuously for attention to the particular. His title refers not only to the many meanings that are beyond translation, that simply cannot be translated from one language to another, but also to the fact that translation or glossing is just a first step to understanding a text, not the last, and that most of our work happens after translation, beyond it. In some ways, Becker and Adinegoro are approaching language from opposite directions. As I hope to show, Adinegoro is advocating for a more standardized language, one in which the particular plays a less prominent role, in which the meanings and concepts of local languages are able to be transferred frictionlessly into Malay, while Becker calls our attention to the value and singularity of the particular, and the incommensurability of so many meanings, almost all meanings, between one language and another. Putting Adinegoro and Becker into conversation, as it were, will hopefully yield some new insights into the writing of Adinegoro, and maybe into the writing of Becker too.

In *The Dialogic Imagination*. Bakhtin writes that the novel is a genre that structures itself in direct contact with developing reality, which is why the novel too is always developing (Bakhtin 1991: 39). This makes the novel an appropriate vehicle for Adinegoro's project of developing a *madjoe* Indonesian reality, and furthermore means that this Adinegoro novel is a revealing object of study that will help us better understand how he saw that reality and its potentials. As we can begin to understand from reading the bibliography listed above, the Adinegoran project of developing a *madjoe* Indonesian reality, of advancing and improving the country and its standing in the world, was one of the preoccupations of his entire life and work. One of the most significant parts of that project was his development of the Indonesian language. Aside from his work on encyclopedias, dictionaries, and atlases, which all enriched the language in their way, he played a significant role in fashioning the Sumpah Pemuda that professed the existence of the Indonesian language, nation, and homeland. That Youth Oath was pronounced in 1928, the same year *Asmara Djaja* was published. To understand what the Indonesian language is, what it was meant to be and what it became, and why, *Asmara Djaja* would seem to be perhaps the most appropriate text we could choose. It was written by one of the inaugurators of the Indonesian language, and is a novel written at nearly the very moment the language was christened. Adinegoro's novel would seem to be as fitting a text as a reader could find to understand what the Sumpah Pemuda intended, and what the Sumpah Pemuda, if it were incarnated as art, if it were manifested in literature, would be.

Rethinking the field

It is hoped that this dissertation will in some small way help readers rethink or reimagine certain previously held ideas. If we look at Adinegoro's writings over the course of his life, we see that the development and improvement of life in Indonesia was an abiding concern. One way to understand what Adinegoro is doing with *Asmara Djaja* is that, among other things, he is engaged in a project of language development. This seems especially to be the case when we consider his other publication of 1928, that momentous year in which the Sumpah Pemuda also took place, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean*. This dictionary of more than seven thousand entries, defining terms relating to modern, *madjoe* life, is even more explicitly a work of language development, which indicates that the development of the Indonesian language per se is often on his mind at that time. Like many development projects, this one is also being imposed on Indonesia by someone in Europe, where Adinegoro is located when he writes *Asmara Djaja*, and where he is when it is first published. Now, as I hope to show, whereas the implied aim of *kemadjoean* is to create progress, it turns out to instead have created not progress, but its opposite, stoppage. This might then be an invitation to reassess other development initiatives, literary and otherwise, and how they're carried out. As with Adinegoro's development initiative, one could think more carefully about what is being stilled or destroyed when something is created or advances. It might give us a new perspective on Sukarno famously telling the United States in March 1964 to "go to hell with your aid." Aside from being a rejection of foreign aid that had political strings attached, this statement might also be understood to constitute an awareness of and a commentary on the stoppages and other negative repercussions of *kemadjoean*.

I also hope that this dissertation will be helpful in rethinking the place of Malay or Indonesian literature vis-à-vis other languages and literatures, as I alluded to above. I hope to have nudged Indonesian literature into a particular direction in some small way by paying it the sustained and close attention that texts in languages more commonly studied in the United States are accustomed to receive. I also hope to have contributed to a better understanding of newer trends like *otonomi daerah* (regional autonomy) and *kearifan lokal* (local wisdom) that in many ways are reactions against the centralizing and universalizing forces of *kemadjoean*. The increasing number and importance of literary texts in *bahasa daerah* (regional languages) indicates the acceptance of diversity inherent in Indonesian life after the end of the Suharto era in 1998 (Uli 2018). With my dissertation I hope also to provide a snapshot of a moment in time, roughly 1928 when this novel was first published, or slightly before, when it seems to be set, when *kemadjoean* was something Adinegoro was trying to implement, an effort that was in no ways assured of success. Additional insights into this time period and what this author was trying to effect at that particular time may help us better understand current trends in literature being written and read today.

This particular perspective on *kemadjoean*

Those who accept *kemadjoean*, and those who resist it, all agree that schooling is a key component of *kemadjoean* without which *kemadjoean* would be much weaker or would simply not exist. At the same time, the present paper is being written as part of the requirements of an institution of higher education, and is inextricable from the mission and the requirements of such an institution. Judging by the values of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*, an institution of higher education may be one of the most *madjoe* environments imaginable. When reading a linguistically, temporally, geographically distant text like *Asmara Djaja*, from the vantage point of one writing from where I am, in English, here, and now, it may be important to remain mindful of that fact.

As Becker writes, this kind of self-awareness, "the self-consciousness of one facing a text in a distant language, should not be confused with subjectivism, as some have suggested, for it is the opposite – a respect for another voice not an obsession with one's own" (Becker 2000: 138). Becker's focus on particularity intends to pull us away and down from such overarching considerations of things like "language," for often it is more productive to talk about, for instance, what the Malay language does than what happens in language generally. Going down further into particularity, within particular languages there are particular texts, and each of those texts are written by a particular person or persons, with their own interests, biases, blind spots, and countless other conscious, half-conscious, and unconscious influences on their writing. This can all be a lot to try to sort out, and indeed a complete accounting of all the influences on a particular writer seems quite impossible, even intimidating, dizzyingly so. As Becker writes,

> the modern philologist begins to fear he may be gazing at the mirror of his own imagination. Surely what is modern in modern philology is to ascertain self-consciousness about the observer along with the observed. One feels that in the older philology such a concern with the observer was indeed rare and would seem self-indulgent and even disloyal if one exposed too fully the deepest biases of one's own culture. (Becker 2000: 92)

The point of this self-awareness is not to be "self-indulgent" or to serve "an obsession with one's own" voice, but, as Becker says, it is to foster "respect for another's." What I am trying to avoid by this mindfulness is obliviousness, a lack of self-awareness that would lead to conclusions based on meanings that are totally outside the text and unsupported by it. A total banishment of obliviousness will always be impossible to realize completely, will forever remain what Ortega called a utopian undertaking, that is, an "action whose initial intention cannot be fulfilled in the development of its activity and which has to be satisfied with approximations essentially contradictory to the purpose which had started it" (Ortega 1959: 1). Like the end of the rainbow, no matter how hard we try, we will never arrive at it. But as was the case with Moses's Promised Land, while we may never set foot there ourselves, to journey in the direction of adequate self-consciousness is the only acceptable option available to us. In order to write in the direction of complete knowledge and total respect for a text, to bring ourselves toward that destination, we must necessarily also be cognizant of our origin, of where we're starting from. The example Ortega gives of an imperfect and quintessentially utopian task is the task of endeavoring "to read, to read a book" (Ortega 1959: 1). It stands to reason then that no less imperfect and utopian and endeavor is to write.

Chapter 1: *Kemadjoean* in Writings and Other Representations

Texts of *kemadjoean* and the failure of writing

At the beginning of Chapter IX, the final chapter of his 1928 novel *Asmara Djaja*, the Minangkabau Indonesian writer Adinegoro presents Dirsina, one of his *madjoe* protagonists, writing a letter to her husband Roestam. She cannot stand in the way of his happiness any longer, she writes him, nor can she stand in the way of his parents' desires for him to take a new wife. So she will run away. And if he thinks of following after her, she will kill herself. For, as she explains to him, she feels it's better for her to die than to remember her beloved Roestam plunged into the depths of misery and pain because of his parents. In this scene Adinegoro gives us Dirsina, one his novel's sympathetic, suffering protagonists, engaged in a utopian task, not the task of reading, but that of writing.

> At this point Dirsina's tears were falling on the paper, and her pen stopped writing. Seen in the mirror, her face was so different from usual, which made her even more upset. She also looked at the portrait of her husband on the table. Seeing the face of her husband her bravery again arose to oppose everyone who would snatch her Roestam from her hands.
>
> „My love is greater for Roestam, than for death,'' she said softly, but like a person moaning. So the letter she'd written was torn apart and burned. (Adinegoro 1931: 87)[22]

In "The Difficulty of Reading," Ortega reminds us that "Plato is the first author who 'makes' books, from whom books are expected – to such an extent that in the Academy itself there was established a 'printing office' – an atelier of copyists to publish the works which he kept producing" (Ortega 1959: 16 – 17). Plato was a writer, a professional writer; in some ways, writes Ortega, he was the first. This also means that he was, as Becker would term it, a "category of person who does not simply use language but is compelled, for one reason or another, to think carefully and repeatedly about it" (Becker 2000: 3).

Because Plato is one who thinks carefully and repeatedly about writing, his disquisitions on it, as in the *Phaedrus*, are worth noting. For example, he writes of Socrates saying, "those who think they can leave written instructions for an art, as well as those who accept them, thinking that writing can yield results that are clear or certain, must be quite naive" (Plato 1995: 80). This is only one of the many well-known instances of Plato questioning the value or efficacy of writing in the *Phaedrus*. Being one of the first of his kind, being a professional writer, Plato, one might imagine, would exult in the power and the glory of the written word. Among other reasons, this would simply serve his interests as a known purveyor of the ostensibly powerful and trustworthy medium of writing. Instead, at nearly every opportunity, Plato casts doubt on the written word, attempting to strip it of all potency save as a mere reminder of knowledge. The medium of writing is irredeemably compromised and contingent, for in case of a reader's misunderstanding or misuse of a text, that writing, like a painting, will stand "solemnly silent"

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[22] "Sampai disini air mata Dirsinapoen djatoeh keatas kertas, pénanja berhenti menoelis. Dilihatnja dalam tjermin wadjah moekanja sangatlah berlainan dari pada biasa, hingga bertambah roesoeh hatinja. Dipandangnja poela potrét soeaminja jang terletak dimédja. Melihat moeka soeaminja itoe terbitlah keberaniannja lagi akan melawan sekalian orang jang akan merampas Roestamnja dari tangannja.

„Lebih tjintakoe kepada Roestam, dari kepada mati,'' katanja lambat-lambat, tetapi seperti orang mengeloeh. Maka soerat jang diboeatnja itoe dikojak dan dibakarnja."

(Plato 1995: 80), and will always need the support of its writer, for "alone, it can neither defend itself nor come to its own support" (Plato 1995: 81). Indeed, Plato was often skeptical of representation, focusing on the wide gap between a representation and the thing being represented. We see this in his allegory of the cave in the *Republic*, as well as here in the *Phaedrus*

Adinegoro was also a professional writer, so he also thought carefully and repeatedly about language. Although much time had elapsed from the ancient Greeks to Adinegoro, like Plato he too somewhat uneasily occupied the temporal and cultural, and even political, intersection of orality and literacy in his context. As a writer who was living and composing at the nexus of the oral and the written, he possessed a wide variety of experience working with language, as novelist, journalist, memoirist, essayist, and even taking part in determining what and how the language of the new nation of Indonesia should be. And with all that involvement with language, it seems Adinegoro, like Plato, also takes a dim view of the written word. However, if we look at the written language depicted in Adinegoro's writing, we will see that as a writer of fiction, Adinegoro does not tell us about language the way Plato does (or the way Plato makes his character Socrates do). Instead, rather than telling us, Adinegoro, novelist, shows us what writing can do, following the standard fiction-writing adage of "show, don't tell." And what Adinegoro shows writing doing, in nearly all the remarkable instances of writing depicted in *Asmara Djaja*, is fail, and fail hard.

Dirsina's Rescinded Text

Perhaps the most definitive example of failed writing in *Asmara Djaja* is the one cited in the passage at the beginning of this chapter. Dirsina has written a letter to her husband Roestam in which she declares her fealty to the wishes of Roestam's parents and their Minangkabau *'adat*. She writes, "the rights of our father are greater I feel than my rights" (Adinegoro 1931: 86).[23] She maintains the old hierarchy, supporting the relations established according to pre-*kemadjoean*, *'adat* values. At the same time, she takes the decidedly *madjoe* position of defying her husband Roestam by telling him she'll run off alone, threatening to kill herself if he follows. This volatile admixture of *'adat* and *kemadjoean* is too hot to survive. It is so self-contradictory, this prostration before the father as required by *'adat*, mixed with the *kemadjoean* sentiments of one who can't stand to be subjected to countenancing her husband taking a second wife, that the combination cannot long exist and the text must be ripped up, burnt, destroyed. The friction produced within this text makes it dangerously overheated writing, and in fact of all the writing depicted in this novel, this is the writing whose lifetime is briefest, for it is torn up and burned moments after being written, unread by all save its writer Dirsina. The written word clarifies our thoughts and shows us our inconsistencies in ways no other form of languaging can do. Writing has a way of exposing the absurdly juxtaposed and irreconcilable. As Goody notes, "a significant attribute of writing is the ability to communicate not only with others but with oneself. A permanent record enables one to reread as well as record one's own thoughts and jottings. In this way one can review and reorganize one's own work, reclassify what one has already classified" (Goody 1986: 83). No longer mere invisible speech or thoughts, opened now to the light by being written on the page, Dirsina's untenable mashup of *'adat* and *kemadjoean* essentially destroys itself.

Dirsina's "interpretive community" (Fish 1976: 483) in this case consists minimally of herself and her husband Roestam, and potentially all the *madjoe* people in their circle. But because all meaning is created by readers, by audiences, and meaning cannot reside outside their interpretations, what Dirsina does by burning her letter is truly radical, indeed well-nigh nihilist in its implications. By destroying her letter, she destroys not only the fixity of its encoding, but also along with it, all the potentiality of meaning that her writing had contained. Her writing alone was not sufficient to create meaning. She needed a reader. Of course, she had an audience, namely we, the readers of Adinegoro’s novel, but within the confines of the narrative, no one ever read her text, which meant that she had written a text devoid of meaning. Adinegoro here presents a text that exceeds even Plato’s pessimism about the value of writing: the written word is shown here to be not only unreliable and shallow, but actually bereft of meaning.

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[23] "hak ajah kita itoe lebih besar rasanja dari hak adinda"

The unread texts of Roestam’s father

While the annihilation of meaning through the destruction of an unread text is perhaps the most extreme example of textual collapse in *Asmara Djaja*, in fact, of the numerous instances of writing in *Asmara Djaja*, none can be called wholly successful or uncompromised. Prefiguring Dirsina’s destruction of her own text, earlier in the story, we learn that Roestam’s father had been sending him letter after letter “telling Roestam to come home, or telling him to send a letter of representation. Because as far as the thinking of his parents back home, marrying in a foreign land brought no profit, set a low standard and such, and what’s more, was that not called „fattening another’s buffalo’’?” (Adinegoro 1931: 30).[24] To fatten another’s buffalo is a saying meaning to do something that gives advantage to others but that gives little or no advantage to oneself, and as such it is always a foolish thing to do. While a saying is something usually said and not written, the written has now encompassed that meaning, taken that meaning up into itself. For readers, this written representation of a normatively oral expression feels ill-fitting, a kind of malapropism, the buffalo a beast untranslatable into the *madjoe*, urban, sophisticated world of Roestam’s life in Bandung. So unassimilable is this formulation that the author even signals its incommensurability by enclosing the buffalo in the cage of those quotation marks that surround it, blocking it from wandering into the neighboring text. Roestam’s response is to send a letter explaining his deep love for Dirsina, and that he wants nothing to do with any other wife. But his father’s response to Roestam’s letter “sounded very hurtful to Roestam, because its contents were full of all kinds of curses and regrets and scorn, bringing up all the favors they bestowed upon him” (Adinegoro 1931: 31).[25] Roestam can’t even read the entire letter. Part way through, he stops reading it, “then tears it up and throws it in the wastebasket … From that time all the letters that arrived from Padang from his parents were paid no notice whatsoever, were just put in the desk drawer without being opened first” (Adinegoro 1931: 31 – 32).[26] In this case, the interpretive community comes closer to existence. The writer of the letters makes it possible for his intended reader to read them, indeed wants badly for the intended reader to read them, but in this instance the textual collapse is initiated by the reader rather than the writer. This time it is Roestam who rips up the text, destroying it, and though he does receive other letters, he refuses to read them after receiving them, despite the fact that he certainly could read them if he chose. The interpretive community exists in this instance, but there are fatal weaknesses within that community. The reader of the novel seems meant to understand that these letters would have been written in Minang, since this is the mother tongue of both Roestam and his father, and is the language whose cultural practices and values Roestam's father is attempting to further. But while a common language may be a prerequisite for an interpretive community, it is not sufficient by itself. For while Roestam is a member of the same interpretive community as his father, he clearly doesn't want to be. This is not only because of Roestam's adherence to the values of *kemadjoean*. Roestam also refuses to be a passive object of his father's desires. In *S/Z*, Roland Barthes tells us that "reading is not a parasitical act … It is a form of work" (Barthes 1974: 10). Of course, Roestam's father would like very much for Roestam to read his letters as a parasitical act. Roestam's father wants his son to be performing no work as he reads the letters, for they are written with the intention of being what Barthes would classify as properly readerly texts, texts that require little interpretive work from the reader. The problem is that Roestam approaches them from a thoroughly writerly intention: he does not silently accept them and their contents in the way his father meant them, but instead sees the contents of the letters and the meaning those contents convey in the light of *kemadjoean*. The light of *kemadjoean* and the intention of *kemadjoean* have so changed the meaning of those letters as that meaning reaches Roestam's reading eyes, have performed so much "work" on the words of Roestam's father, that Roestam can no longer stand to read them.

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[24] “menjoeroeh Roestam poelang, atau menjoeroeh mengirim soerat wakil. Karena sepandjang pikiran orang toea-toeanja diroemah, kawin dinegeri orang itoe beloem ada toeahnja, koeranglah daradjat, dan sebagainja, lebih-lebih boekankah itoe „mempergemoek kerbau orang’’ namanja?”

[25] “sangatlah menjakitkan hati Roestam boenjinja karena isinja penoeh dengan segala matjam oempatan dan sesalan serta dengan tjertja, membangkit-bangkit segala kebaikan jang telah dilimpahkan atas dirinja”

[26] “laloe ditjabik-tjabiknja dan diboeangkannja kedalam kerandjang sampah … Semendjak itoe segala soerat-soerat jang datang dari Padang dari orang toeanja, tiada diperhatikannja benar, dimasoekkannja sadja kedalam latji médja dengan tiada diboeka dahoeloe”

In the first case the writer Dirsina makes textual communication impossible through her destruction of the text. In the second case the reader, Roestam, makes textual communication impossible through his destruction of one text and abject refusal to participate in, to read, to work, these texts any longer. In both cases, whether by the writer or the reader, Adinegoro shows us how textual meaning in the age of *kemadjoean* is void, while simultaneously demonstrating how *kemadjoean* also newly enables the rendering of a written text into a void.

Tricky telegraphic text

Above we see how texts can be voided if either of the two poles in the interpretive community is faulty, if either the writer or the reader refuses to make reading possible. But Adinegoro shows us that these are not the only instances in which a text can be problematic, controversial, or corrupted. Roestam's father sent him many handwritten letters; these letters were ignored. There was one missive from his father, though, that Roestam could not ignore. This is the telegram Roestam received on the morning, it turns out, that his son Dirhamsjah would die. The telegram was a trick. Roestam's father sent it knowing that Roestam didn't want him to come, and knowing that upon receiving the message it would be too late for Roestam to do anything about it. The telegram was written in bad faith, and yet, as a product of the age of *kemadjoean*, it went instantly into effect. Typed, official, electronic, the telegram Roestam receives from his father is a pure artifact of *kemadjoean*; it even communicates the very *madjoe* activity of steamship travel. After all the letters locked away in the desk drawer unread, the one text Roestam finally reads is a telegram. It is as though Roestam's father knows that if he wants his son to pay attention, he's got to speak to him in his language, the mechanical language of *kemadjoean*. As Becker explains, the medium a message is conveyed in is of central importance. To write Burmese language in the phonemicizing characters of linguistics is not the same at all as writing it in the Burmese syllabary. To send a handwritten letter is also not the same as sending a telegram. If Roestam's father ever did send Roestam notice, in one of those many unread letters, that the family would be coming to visit him, Roestam would never have known. The news would remain sealed inside the envelope. But because the news was sent by telegram, it could get to Roestam. As Becker pointed out, for us "to substitute one technology of writing for another is not a neutral act, a mere notational variation. It means to reimagine language itself"

(Becker 2000: 234). Yet when transposing languaging from one medium to another, we often cling to "the illusion that nothing important is lost" (Becker 2000: 234). Roestam's father sends him a telegram. The sharply divergent meaning of this medium, as opposed to the medium of letters written in longhand and sent by post, is immediately evident in Roestam's reaction to the telegram: namely, he reads it. He does not stick the message in a drawer unread, despite the terrible, eventually fatal sickness his little boy is suffering through at the very moment Roestam receives the telegram. Like a newspaper, the telegram is time-stamped. It comes out at a particular time, and therefore is meant to be read soon, not at some future indefinite time.

The telegram also is a much more communitarian undertaking than a written letter. The letters of Roestam's father were written by him, in his unique handwriting, folded and inserted in an envelope, which Roestam's father sealed. The post office was entrusted with conveying the letters to Roestam, but that was all they did. When the letter arrived in Roestam's hands, it was then up to him to unseal the very envelope that had been sealed by his father, and read therein the very words his father had written out himself. In the case of the telegram, Roestam's father dictated the wording to someone in the telegraph office, or handed the person a piece of paper on which was written the message he wanted to send. Then it was transposed into dots and dashes and transmitted by the telegraph operator in Padang to another telegraph operator in Bandung, who transposed it from dots and dashes into letters that were then printed out on a piece of paper and taken to Roestam at his home. By contrast, the handwritten letters that Roestam's father wrote and touched with his own hands were the same as the ones Roestam touched and read himself, or didn't read, as the case may be. Having gone through so many iterations, having been electronically transmitted and printed, having been co-created by various functionaries in the telegraph office, all lend to the telegram an official air, particularly when beheld by a dedicated office worker like Roestam. No wonder he had to read the telegram. Time-dependent, seemingly adaptable to any medium, the telegraph is as *madjoe* as Roestam is. And though Adinegoro almost never indicates what language is being used in *Asmara Djaja*, those interisland telegrams, products of writers and telegraph operators on Sumatra as well as on Java, instantly communicating hundreds of miles across the Archipelago, were almost certainly written in Malay.

Telegraphic technology made trickery more possible for Roestam's father, and more acceptable. The telegram was a text conspicuously removed from the person who wrote it. The quasi-anonymity of its printed letters and intermediary telegraph operators allowed Roestam's father to carry out his scheme all the more effectively, like a nasty anonymous poster in the comments section of an article on today's internet. The disembodiedness of *kemadjoean* can also be used by those, like Roestam's father, who do not count themselves among *kemadjoean*'s partisans. But while the telegram Roestam's father sent was a text composed and sent in bad faith, it was not the only such missive to be sent in this story.

The letter of representation

The primary objective of the many letters Roestam's father sent Roestam had been to get Roestam to come home and marry a local Minang girl. Or, if Roestam refused to do that, at least to send a "soerat wakil" (Adinegoro 1931: 30), a "letter of representation." The *soerat wakil* was not uncommon, especially for Minang men who were away in Java. The letter would be sent to the marriage ceremony where it would act in the groom's stead. Instead of the written linguistic artifact of a letter, the man, often higher born, could also be represented by his kris. We see this for instance in Pramoedya Ananta Toer's *Gadis Pantai* (*Girl from the Coast*). The title character begins the novel marrying “a kris, the representative of someone she had never seen in her entire life” (Toer 1987: 1).[27]

Roestam refused to even read his father’s entreaties, much less acquiesce to his wishes. Finally, in an episode that transpired back well before Dirhamsjah fell ill, Roestam’s father showed up at Roestam’s house to confront him directly, and to take him back to Minangkabau. Still Roestam refused, declaring his love for his wife Dirsina. This devolved into a terrible argument, full of recriminations and regrets, with some of the people there egging Roestam’s father on, telling him how impossible children were to govern nowadays, while others counseled patience. Finally, after many heated words, Roestam stormed out. During all this commotion, Dirsina had been listening from the next room, but, “Unfortunately she understood nothing of their conversation, because they spoke in Menangkabau” (Adinegoro 1931: 35).[28] Note the importance that Adinegoro attaches here to reporting that this is spoken language, specifically, spoken Minang. Whereas some Minang and Malay words might be written similarly enough to be understood when read, Adinegoro yet again stresses the differences and unintelligibility of these two similar Sumatran languages, and specifically, when spoken. In this scene Adinegoro seems to underline that the spoken language is not easily understood by someone, like Dirsina, who is familiar not with Minang but only Malay, and especially standard forms of Malay sanctioned by the Dutch. When Roestam returns later everyone is gone, and his friend has left a note saying that he’s invited Roestam’s father to his house so that everyone can calm down, for fear the situation should turn even worse. Dirsina, the obedient and conscientious daughter-in-law, cannot bear to be the cause of estrangement of father from son, and so she goes to Roestam’s friend’s house to pick up Roestam’s father. Roestam’s father is impressed by Dirsina’s endearing solicitude, but it’s too late to go back now. Unfortunately, Dirsina is simply not Minang, and like it or not he must follow through. Before leaving the house of Roestam and Dirsina, he shows Roestam a letter, that is, the letter of representation.

> Roestam’s friend urged him to just put down his signature, for fear that the trouble from the night before would happen again, and what’s more, wasn’t this matter one of just marrying? Later there will also be a way to break it off. So, thoroughly shaken, Roestam smeared his signature at the bottom of the letter. Afterwards he stayed rolled up in bed, not coming out for the entire day. That was all Dirsina knew. (Adinegoro 1931: 37)[29]

This “letter of representation,” or *soerat wakil*, was what made possible Noeraini’s marriage to Roestam, the same marriage that she reminisces upon during her midnight bout of insomnia aboard the *Rochussen* in the first chapter of the novel. This letter of representation is essentially what set the whole tragic ball rolling in *Asmara Djaja*, is the ultimate concrete source of conflict at the crux of the novel. Like Noeraini’s farewell letter, which she ended up ripping to shreds, it is also a conflicted text. But while the conflict of Noeraini’s text was contained within the text itself, and ultimately led to that text’s destruction, Roestam’s *soerat wakil* is wholly consistent with itself. Nothing in the text contradicts anything else in the text. Even Roestam’s signature indicates his support for the contents of the *soerat wakil*. The problem of course is that Roestam's signature is a lie. Adinegoro even indicates the degree of Roestam's disgust in the way he describes Roestam signing the letter: he "smears his signature" at the bottom of the page. That Roestam would be ashamed of that lie is suggested in the very word Adinegoro uses here for the way Roestam signs his signature. His friend urges Roestam to "just sign his signature," but Roestam "smears" his signature, "mentjoréngkan," calling to mind the common Malay saying of "mencoreng arang di muka sendiri," "smearing charcoal on one's own face," meaning to do something that causes oneself great humiliation before others. He has done something shameful because he does not agree with the contents of the *soerat wakil*, which will be used to "represent" him at his wedding to Noeraini, yet Roestam affixes his signature – smearing his good name – anyway.

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[27] “sebilah keris, wakil seseorang yang tak pernah dilihatnya seumur hidup”

[28] “Sajang ia tiada mengerti boeah pertjakapan orang-orang itoe karena meréka bertjakap dalam bahasa Menangkabau”

[29] “Teman Roestam memboedjoeknja, soepaja menékan tanda tangannja sadja, takoet perkara malam dahoeloe akan kembali poela; lagi poela boekankah perkara ini asal kawin sadja? Nanti ada poelalah ‘akal akan memoetoeskannja. Maka dengan amat terharoe-biroe, Roestam mentjoréngkan tanda tangannja dibawah soerat itoe. Sesoedah itoe iapoen bergoelinglah ditempat tidoernja, tiada keloear sehari-harian itoe. Hal itoe diketahoei belaka oléh Dirsina.”

This letter of representation is a problem not merely because Roestam does not agree with the contents of this particular letter and is actually content being married to his one true love, Dirsina. Rather, the letter of representation is a problem in that such a thing exists at all. What this letter is representing is in fact Roestam himself. This is what allows Roestam to not return to Sumatra for his own wedding. Essentially, Noeraini marries the letter that is representing Roestam at the marriage ceremony. Adapting Saussurean terms, we can say that the letter, this text, is a sign that signifies – represents – Roestam, the letter's signified. In *Mythologies*, Barthes writes that, "it is both reprehensible and deceitful to confuse the sign with what is signified" (Barthes 1972: 28). But this confusion, this deceit, is what makes Roestam's marriage possible. It is indeed the foundation of his second marriage, his marriage to Noeraini. And so, even if his father were able to convince Roestam to follow the *'adat* of their ancestors as he understands it, and to sign his name happily at the bottom of that *soerat wakil*, in Barthesian terms it would remain a "reprehensible and deceitful" act. The representations proliferating more and more wildly in the age of *kemadjoean* include even representations of people; one such representation is the *soerat wakil* that represents Roestam in his marriage ceremony to Noeraini. It is a kind of translation, from person to text, from three-dimensionality to two. For the purposes of the wedding itself, of those who take part in the wedding, text and person are to be considered identical; the wedding will hold the same value whether it is the man Roestam who participates with Noeraini in her happy and momentous day, or whether it is a sheet of paper.

When considered from a Barthesian point of view, we can see what a grave transgression the use of the letter of representation is. The ultimate sign-makers are people, for humans have been creating and using language to name, that is, to signify, the objects in our world ever since Adam named the animals in Chapter 2 of the book of Genesis. But with the letter of representation, the tables have turned; somehow, the sign is now the agent. The text is marrying Noeraini. This could be a very disturbing development, and we can begin to better understand why such a confusion of sign and signified is not only deceitful, but even reprehensible. Roestam is the signified, the original. As such, Roestam is not a representation of anything. He can create representations though, and he does create a representation of himself by signing the *soerat wakil*. He creates this representation of himself in the most straightforward way possible: he signs his name; he makes a mark in his language. That mark means him, represents him in the linguistic world, on the plane of Beckerian languaging. Roestam makes the mark "Roestam" on the *soerat wakil*, and in a kind of bureaucratic magic that he as an office worker would be particularly familiar with, that paper now, somewhat miraculously, becomes Roestam, and marries Noeraini as Roestam. The representation, the text, has become the original, the person, performing functions that only the original is able to perform. An artifact of languaging, a written text, has crossed over into the realm of the artificers, like Pygmalion's sculpture coming to life, and as both Ovid and Barthes would surely caution us, this is a dangerous development.

Indeed, this *soerat wakil*, once it's been signed, is the ultimate cause of all the conflict in the novel, and therefore the origin of its entire plot. We see an early indication of the level of catastrophe it causes when Roestam cannot bear to leave his bed for the entire day after signing it. He knows he's done something profoundly, powerfully unconscionable. Not only has he signed the document, indicating he agrees with it and supports it, but the document he's signed will now become him at his wedding. He has created a monstrosity, akin to a zombie or a Frankenstein's monster that can now walk abroad, out of his control, subverting Roestam's most cherished desire, the desire to not betray his wife or cause her pain. What's worse, this monstrosity will wreak this havoc as Roestam's double. On the plane of languaging, the *soerat wakil* is not just indistinguishable from Roestam; it is Roestam. Languaging encompasses Roestam's bureaucratic office work just as it does Roestam and Dirsina's *kemadjoean*, as we see with her writing desk and the couple's habit of reading the paper in the evenings. All of these phenomena are entirely dependent on languaging in order to be activated. And through languaging, Roestam has in fact married Noeraini and betrayed his wife Dirsina. That such deep destruction, even extending outside the domain of language, could be caused by this *soerat wakil* constitutes a warning about the dangers that accrue when we "confuse the sign with what is signified."

The typewriter and the divorce letter

In *Asmara Djaja*, Roestam's *soerat wakil* is the most egregious of the many exemplars of writing that fails, or is destructive, or is corrupted, or that works at cross purposes to the writer's intentions in some way. Presented by Roestam's father in bad faith, signed by Roestam in bad faith, the letter of representation was never an honest document which was supported and agreed upon by all. Additionally, the very mechanism of its functioning, as a textual substitute for Roestam himself, is itself a corrupt operation, as reprehensible as it is deceitful, to put it in Barthesian terms. It is so problematic a text that the entire novel is essentially a quest to erase it or to reverse it, to stop it from taking effect and let Roestam out of his second marriage. This erasure was finally accomplished by Roestam's divorce letter to Noeraini. Just before the divorce letter is written, Roestam and Dirsina realize it's already five o'clock, and they haven't eaten all day.

> After having eaten, Roestam went to the typewriter and in a moment were also heard the clicks and taps of the machine writing out a letter, addressed to Noeraini. Roestam told her in that letter how the situation stood and also explained that it would be best for both of them that they quickly divorce, because he knew that Noeraini was an educated girl and certainly didn't want to be treated like an ordinary woman, that is, used as a second wife. (Adinegoro 1931: 89 – 90)[30]

In this letter he's composing to Noeraini, it is not merely writing that Roestam is performing. He is typing. Devotee of *kemadjoean*, Roestam does not simply write out in longhand his letter, using pen and ink, as his father had done so many times in vain. He's typing, on a typewriter, a machine that had gone into mass production in the relatively *madjoe* United States only fifty-five years before *Asmara Djaja* was first published (Cortada 1993: 15). With this modern, typewritten, practically printed and yet simultaneously personal letter, Roestam ends the marriage between himself and Noeraini, the woman his father had forced him to marry. Such typing was necessitated by that previous missive, "a letter, that is, a letter of representation" (Adinegoro 1931: 36 – 37)[31] that Roestam had signed in a fit of fury and resignation. This letter of representation was what allowed him to marry Noeraini in the first place, substituting for him at his marriage to her in Sumatra, in order to allow him to not have to come back from Java and marry her in person.

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[30] "Setelah soedah makan, maka Roestampoen pergi kemesin toelisnja dan sebentar itoe djoega terdengarlah detak-detak mesin toelis itoe menoelis sepoetjoek soerat, terhadap kepada Noeraini. Roestam mentjeriterakan dalam soerat itoe bagaimana doedoeknja perkara itoe dan didjelaskannja poela bahwa lebih baik boeat meréka kedoeannja lekas bertjerai, sebab ia tahoe, bahwa Noeraini ialah seorang gadis jang terpeladjar dan tentoelah tiada maoe diperboeat seperti perempoean biasa, ja'ni dipakai seperti isteri jang kedoea."

Roestam, ever *madjoe*, writes his letter to Noeraini on his home typewriter. The sounds of the typewriter are heard, an onomatopoeic, nonlinguistic "detak-detak" (Adinegoro 1931: 89). This is not only the written word, but essentially the printed word. It is a standardized, impersonal, formal lettering. The *madjoe*, in the form of this machine, has here even more deeply embedded its influence into language, even fashioning the language, the words, that Roestam writes. It is a fully mechanized language-making, as far removed from the human customs and traditions of *'adat* as Roestam is capable of producing in his home. By virtue of its standardization, it implies that it is meant to be universal and applicable everywhere and forever. The letter of representation was reprehensible by being identical with Roestam, its signified. That letter acted in lieu of Roestam, was a repository for his rights and agency. Whether the body of the letter was typed out or in his father's handwriting or written in some other way, we are not told. But the most important part of the letter was surely the signature, Roestam's name written in Roestam's hand. The typewritten divorce letter is in many ways its opposite. Rather than be especially identified with Roestam like the letter of representation, containing his name in his handwriting, essentially the unique chirographic version of him, it is a document of a wholly different kind. Written not in his particular handwriting, it is typed on a standardized machine, and would look identical no matter who punched out those letters on the keys. The type creates a buffer between Roestam and Noeraini, putting distance between Roestam and the words he writes to her, removing them a further step from the person who wrote it. The typewrittenness of the letter makes it akin to the documents Roestam works with every day at his government job, documents that had the power of the law behind them and which therefore offered their reader no other option but to obey them. The typewrittenness also resembled the typeset words of a printed book, like the ones Adinegoro had written, and in which his readers could read of the trials and heartbreaks of Roestam and Dirsina. Among other things, that typewritten note shows us how closely this author identifies with his protagonist. Of all the texts written by the characters in *Asmara Djaja*, this typewritten letter of divorce is the most successful. It is fitting then that in a book on *kemadjoean*, on forward progress, the most uncompromised text any character writes is a letter urging someone to go, exhorting someone to put more space between reader and writer, breaking a relationship.

While it is a successful text, the divorce letter is successful precisely by cleaning up the mess created by an earlier text, the *soerat wakil*. It is a text successful at negating a previous text. The text is effective because it brings the protagonist back to where he started. It is certainly not a text of any forward movement. It succeeds precisely by bringing Roestam right back to where he was before, succeeds exactly insofar as it erases forward progress.

The texts of others

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[31] "sepoetjoek soerat, jaïtoe soerat wakil"

There are a few texts in the novel that do not originate with any of the characters, and interestingly it is only in these that we find thoroughly successful and moving examples of written languaging. In happier days, for instance, before Dirhamsjah's sickness, "Roestam would read the newspaper or a book, while Dirsina would listen to the news mentioned in it" (Adinegoro 1931: 41).[32] And after remembering these lost moments, and mourning their son, Dirsina suggests to Roestam a return to that comforting routine: "„Yes, dear, read the paper that just arrived earlier, who knows maybe there's some odd news,'' said his wife. So Roestam took the newspaper, and read a serial (story) that gladdened the heart of his wife" (Adinegoro 1931: 42).[33] In this scene, when she stops crying from mourning the loss of their son, Dirsina asks Roestam to read her the paper; maybe there's some odd news. Reading is recreation and distraction for them, a *madjoe* activity to be undertaken by this nuclear family in their private parlor. This implies that the novel *Asmara Djaja* itself is also a powerful artifact and example of *kemadjoean*. And what do they seek out to read? In the newspaper, they look for news of the "gandjil-gandjil" (Adinegoro 1931: 42), the odd, or strange or funny, a kind of *kemadjoean* also, a looking for that which is unprecedented or unknown, that is far from where they are and what they expect, an endless searching for novelty. Adinegoro, a newspaperman, knows that this is what attracts readers, and it is another way for these readers to comprise distance, by learning about and incorporating into their experience the odd and the unfamiliar. Newspapers and books – printed texts – enjoyed in the privacy of their home, are part of this family's activities together. When writings come from elsewhere, like these newspapers and books, they do not break relationships like Roestam's divorce letter or his father's telegram did, but instead strengthen them. We see something similar happening in *Imagined Communities*. Print capitalism creates a new kind of community, the community of Indonesian readers that takes form for the reader who is reading in the newspaper about a corpse found at the side of the road in Mas Marco's short story *Semarang Hitam* (*Black Semarang*, Anderson 2006: 32). At the same time, the formation of this community is contingent on the ability to break off imagining other potential communities, such as might comprise the Indonesians as well as the Dutch in Java, or that might allow the newspaper reader to care who the dead vagrant actually was, thinking of the personal life rather than the representative body. But Anderson shows that it is precisely that newspaper reader's conception of the representative body in *Semarang Hitam* that eventually results in imagining the community of Indonesia. As Ortega shows us, to say anything we must be silent about everything else. Similarly, to form a community is to silence all other relations.

The writing on the wall

The most divinely powerful example of a text in the entire novel is found at the end of Chapter VI. Dirsina is deeply upset that her father-in-law is so determined to make her husband take a second wife. Her husband Roestam has just made the argument that "the old rules have surely changed, for have we not entered into the circulation of kemadjoean?" (Adinegoro 1931: 59 – 60).[34] Nevertheless, Dirsina doesn't know why this tragedy is happening to her. She comes from a good and noble family, as everyone knows. "My child, have faith" (Adinegoro 1931: 61),[35] Mrs. Meerman tells her, for Dirsina must remember her child in her womb, who may not grow if Dirsina continues like this, and she must remember her husband, who has to face the pressures of his family and also face the fact that Dirsina doubts his love. Finally, Mrs. Meerman urges Dirsina to remember God and ask for God's help. Dirsina

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[32] "Roestam membatja koran atau boekoe sedangkan Dirsina mendengarkan chabar-chabar jang terseboet didalamnja"

[33] "„Ja, kakanda, batjalah soerat chabar jang baroe datang tadi, barangkali entah ada chabar jang gandjil-gandjil,'' kata isterinja. Maka Roestam mengambil soerat chabar itoe laloe dibatjanja feuilleton (tjerita) jang menjoekakan hati isterinja"

[34] "tentoe atoeran-atoeran lama itoe soedah bertoekar, karena boekankah kita masoek perédaran kemadjoean?"

[35] "anakkoe, imankanlah diri"

> wanted to go down right that moment to get some water to pray, wanted to recite the Koran to calm her heart, but because her body still felt weak, she asked for God's help silently to herself. After that her gaze floated up to the wall. There was hung a mirrored frame, and within it was covered by red velvet embroidered with gold thread, that made the following words:
>
> Verblijd je in de vreugde,
> Want die komt van God!
> Verblijd je in de smart,
> Want die voert je tot God!
>
> Their meaning more-or-less was this: „Be joyful you in your happiness, because that happiness comes from God, and be joyful you in your difficulty, because that difficulty brings you closer to the God''. So she smiled, remembering these things, because only in their difficulties do people newly remember God. She groaned, perchance abashed. (Adinegoro 1931: 63 – 64)[36]

Dirsina's gaze floats up to the wall, which is decorated with a mirrored frame – the second mirrored surface in their *madjoe* household that we are told of, aside from the full-length mirror that is in their sitting room. The square within this mirrored frame is covered in red velvet that is decorated with golden thread. The golden thread spells out a text. The text is in Dutch, language of *kemadjoean*, in that, more than any other, it is the vector that brings *kemadjoean* to the Archipelago, the vessel that brings the circulation of *kemadjoean* to come encompass these islands. The text is in the imperative mood. It tells the reader to be happy in your joy, which comes to you from God, and to be happy in your pain, which brings you closer to God. Just before reading this text, Dirsina had been considering performing ablutions and reciting the Koran. And just prior to that, the woman Dirsina called "my mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 56)[37] – who is not her biological mother, but is her Dutch neighbor, and whom she's only just met that day – Mrs. Meerman, has been telling her to have faith, and to remember God. And so, the moment she resolves to ask for God's help, Noeraini sees this text within this mirrored frame – the mirror reflecting the reader, and thereby suggesting Ludwig Feuerbach's formulation that God did not make man in His image, but rather that man made God in his. After all the references to faith, trust in God, divinity, and the recitation of holy verses, the reader and Dirsina are shown this, a divine sign. What Dirsina sees here is nothing less than writing on the wall, evoking the scene in the book of Daniel when King Belshazzar also is made aware of God's workings through godly writing on a wall. As in the Old Testament, the writing is in a language not commonly understood. And as in the Bible, the unapproachability of the foreign-language text lends it additional weight, mystery and authority. The fact that only the prophet Daniel could read the mysterious writing, and therefore was the only one who could possibly interpret it, was an indicator of the divine and exclusive nature of that transcendent text. In both Chapter 5 of Daniel and Chapter VI of *Asmara Djaja*, the sacred texts, distant and unfamiliar, fall under the Dickinsonian description of being "The fairer – for the farness – / And for the foreignhood" (Dickinson 1955: 353). Precisely this distance and foreignness of this Dutch text are what render it so powerful, so quasi-divine. But in this novel, what is transcendent and most deeply meaningful is not Islam or Christianity, but *kemadjoean*. And so the Dutch poem itself is shot through with *kemadjoean*. Pleasure "komt van God," comes from God. Difficulty "voert je tot God," carries you to God: to and from, coming and bringing. The metaphor of *kemadjoean* is a metaphor of movement and, in the story's most clearly marked divine text, set apart from everything else in the novel by its mirrored frame, divinity itself is conspicuously far-off and therefore necessitating forward motion to be reached – a literalizing of metaphorical *kemadjoean*. Forward motion is necessary for pleasure to come to "you" from God. And forward motion is necessary for "you" to approach God in times of difficulty. Dutch is distant – distant from the Malay text of this novel, distant from its readers, distant from the East Indies. This distant Dutch text is in a rectangular mirrored frame, figured in gold thread on a ground of red velvet. It is apart, remote. And so what is necessary to reach this ideal is some kind of *kemadjoean*. This divinity – and it is a new kind of divinity, written in Dutch, in a mirrored frame, on red velvet – is only accessible to those who know *kemadjoean*. At the same time, the text illustrates the implications of *kemadjoean*. If divinity requires *kemadjoean*, requires movement, if divinity is framed by a mirror and is like an ideal of sublime beauty and value, if it is written in gold thread on red velvet, then it cannot be touched, it cannot be immanent. The divine of *kemadjoean*, fairer for the farness, is not meant to be perceived by the sense of touch, but is meant to be only perceived by the sense of sight, is meant only to be read.

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[36] "maoelah ia toeroen sebentar itoe djoega mengambil air sembahjang, hendak mengadji menjenangkan hatinja, tetapi karena badannja masih berasa letih, didalam hatinja sadja ia bermohon pertolongan Toehan. Sesoedah itoe melajanglah pemandangannja kedinding; disana tergantoeng seboeah pigoera jang betjermin, dan didalamnja ditoetoepi oléh beledoe mérah disoedji dengan benang mas, jang mendjadikan kata-kata ini:

Verblijd je in de vreugde,
Want die komt van God!
Verblijd je in de smart,
Want die voert je tot God!

Artinja kira-kira begini: „Berbesar hatilah engkau dalam kesenangan, oléh karena kesenangan itoe datangnja dari Toehan, dan berbesar hatilah engkau dalam kesoesahan, karena kesoesahan itoe mendekatkan engkau kepada Toehan''. Maka tersenjoemlah ia mengenangkan hal jang sedemikian, karena dalam kesoesahan biasanja baroe orang mengenangkan Toehan. Iapoen mengeloehlah, entah maloelah ia gerangan."

[37] iboekoe

The poem on the wall explicitly refers to God and the divine. Oddly, Dirsina seems surprised to read the wisdom it contains, as though she had never seen the poem before, even though it's on a wall in her own bedroom. The poem is unvoiced by anyone, is unattributed, and is therefore supremely authoritative. It is a kind of Deus ex muralla, God from the wall. As in other passages of *Asmara Djaja*, both before and after this scene, this poem too is given a gloss. But that gloss is not parenthetical, nor is it a footnote. Rather it is an extended translation or an explanation, that is, an interpretation or *kajian*, like Dirsina was going to perform with her recitation of verses of the Koran. This text in the original Dutch, the primary language of *kemadjoean* in the East Indies, is then explained in Indonesian. This text and its translation together are an example of how *kemadjoean* freezes principles in place in ways *'adat* never could. It does this by writing them down. As in the story of Belshazzar's feast in Daniel 5, in this scene too it is the writing itself that is the point. Both stories present disembodied writing on a wall that can only be read by a particularly wise adept. In both we read writing without a writer.

It is writing sufficient in itself. It is the apotheosis of Plato's concern about writing peeling off and becoming divorced from its writer. In the same way the Bible or the Koran are written and therefore can be claimed to be the word of God, because they no longer depend on a human speaker. Writing becomes autonomous and willful, like Roestam's *soerat wakil*, to the point that one can magically take sacred and binding oaths by physically putting one's hand on the text and touching it. The text in this frame can claim autonomy also, by being written, by being the only written text we read in this story that is not written by one of the novel's characters. It thereby also escapes particular human authority and transcends into universal superhuman authority. And as it rhymes and, like a traditional Malay pantun, long held to be repositories of customary wisdom (Long 2008: 19), is likewise composed in an ABAB pattern, it also partakes of the traditional authority accorded to texts like pantun and other elegant axioms.

Dirsina smiles; this is her prayer. And this is a prayer of *kemadjoean* because *kemadjoean*, as we will see, strives for universal values, not the particular; it recognizes that which can be repeated, as with scientific repeatability. The particular, by definition, cannot be repeated. This, more than anything, is what makes the particular particular. This is why the work of Alton Becker is so important to bring to bear on *Asmara Djaja*. As this novel is a text about and for *kemadjoean*, so a text concerned more with particularity, such as Becker's *Beyond Translation*, would be tending in the other direction. The frame on the wall can be understood as the textual fulfillment of *kemadjoean*, anonymous and universal. The content of the text is also crisscrossed by *kemadjoean*. Joy comes from God, that is to say, it goes out from God to us. Sadness brings us to God, that is to say, it progresses us toward God. The words in this frame point to directional movement.

Notably, being happy is static. In the case of your pleasures, you do not move, but the pleasures do, coming from God to you. Suffering however makes you *madjoe*, makes you progress or advance, forces you to *madjoe*. If we are working then to achieve happiness in a better, *madjoe* world of the present and future, we are working to achieve stasis, in which happiness will come to us from God. If we are not there, if we are still suffering and sad, this means we will have to *madjoe*. *Kemadjoean* is a product of suffering. Judging by the place of religion in this book, we can only assume that Adinegoro saw God as a good, and *kemadjoean* as a good, and so further *kemadjoean* would necessarily bring one further into godliness. *Kemadjoean* is stasis, a kind of heaven, where nothing ever changes. The circulation of *kemadjoean* envelops us, and we become *madjoe*, in a written, reproducible, static, *madjoe* world, and we escape from the injustices, the caprices, and the endless transformations and readjustments of *'adat*. The writing on Dirsina's wall is distant and sublime, separated from everything else in quotidian life by its frame as well as by the medium of the powerful and exalted Dutch language it's written in. Infused with *kemadjoean*, turning on the "to" and the "from," oriented toward the always distant, one thing this divine writing that's spelled out in gold thread on red velvet can never do is to change. The extent to which this writing is emblematic of *kemadjoean* is exactly the extent to which it embodies and enacts and ultimately enforces stasis.

This sign of *kemadjoean* is a framed collection of words. It is a poem. It is a text. As we have seen in Roestam and Dirsina's enjoyment of texts like books and newspapers, in the noteworthy placement of this divine textual wisdom, and in the various kinds of writing portrayed in the novel, the written word is one of the key components of *kemadjoean*. The proliferation of printed matter was exploding in the Indies in the age of *kemadjoean*, so much so that, as Rudolf Mrazek notes in *Engineers of Happy Land*, this period even saw a prodigious increase in advertisements for eyeglasses in publications of the day (Mrazek 2002: 127).

As Catherine Gallagher and Stephen Greenblatt note of Erich Auerbach, "For Auerbach, textuality … is not a system distinct from lived experience but an imitation of it, and 'imitation' (that is, representation) is the principal way human beings come to understand their existence and share it with others" (Gallagher and Greenblatt 2000: 40). If representation is the principal way human beings understand their existence and share it with others, then the explosive growth in the number of representations in the age of *kemadjoean* can only have drastically multiplied the ways that people understood and shared the reality of that time. We have already seen the many ways that writing could exist in the world in *Asmara Djaja*: telegrams, written letters received but never opened, typewritten letters, sourceless divine wisdom hanging on a wall, written letters destroyed before they could be conveyed, and the most problematic and fascinating representation of all, the *soerat wakil*, the letter of representation, a text written to take the place of an actual living human, a text that not only imitates Roestam, but that represents him absolutely in the legal and cultural sense. Many of these written representations proliferate in ways that had not existed a few years prior, such as the texts written on a typewriter or in a telegram. These new kinds of texts conveyed in novel media made possible new ways to understand the world and share that understanding, and the ways we share knowledge always necessarily shape that knowledge and how it's perceived (Becker 2000: 412). Aside from that though, other new techniques of representation were also now available in the age of *kemadjoean* and appearing in the pages of *Asmara Djaja*. Roestam and Dirsina would attend Dutch-style stage plays and would go the movies, they would read books and read newspapers (Adinegoro 1931: 41), consuming forms of representation that were completely unheard of before the era of *kemadjoean*. Even more meaningfully, they would decorate the walls of their *madjoe* household with photographic portraits of themselves, taking part in the production of representations not unlike the representations they produced with their writing.

Portraits of *kemadjoean*

Portraits are important in *Asmara Djaja*. They appear three different times throughout the novel. In Chapter V we read of Dirsina's "small writing desk, on it some toys and a portrait of her husband and a portrait of her beloved child. This was the spot where Dirsina would write, while she was surrounded by the people that loved and were loved by her" (Adinegoro 1931: 39).[38] In the final chapter, Chapter IX, after she can no longer bring herself to continue writing her farewell letter telling Roestam that she's leaving him, but just before she tears it up and burns it, Dirsina sees "in the mirror her face so different from usual, which made her even more upset. She looked too at the portrait of her husband on the desk. Seeing the face of her husband, her bravery was reborn to oppose anyone who would snatch her Roestam from her hands" (Adinegoro 1931: 87).[39] And most provocatively, in Chapter VII, after melancholically pacing around her house and feeling all the places she often touches, including the keys of the piano on which she softly played a plaintive line,

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[38] "médja toelis ketjil, diatasnja beberapa permainan dan seboeah potrét soeami dan seboeah potrét anakanda jang ditjinta itoe. Disinilah tempat Dirsina toelis-menoelis sedang ia dikeliling oléh orang jang mengasihi dan jang dikasihinja"

[39] "dalam tjermin wadjah moekanja sangatlah berlainan dari pada biasa hingga bertambah roesoeh hatinja. Dipandangnja poela potrét soeaminja jang terletak dimédja. Melihat moeka soeaminja itoe terbitlah keberaniannja lagi akan melawan sekalian orang jang akan merampas Roestamnja dari tangannja"

> Dirsina sobbed too, then she went to the writing room, and looked at a picture of herself and a picture of her child, along with a picture of the three of them. She looked at all that, then she turned her gaze toward the wall. Hung there was the portrait of the three of them, recently enlarged since her child Dirhamsjah had gone home. She took the small picture of her child on the writing desk, approached the large picture and compared them. Oh, it's only been five days since she lost her child, not even a week and already this peril's befallen her. (Adinegoro 1931: 72 – 73)[40]

Roestam and Dirsina are surrounded by language: not only are they consumers of language in the form of books and newspapers, but they also produce it, as again and again we see them writing. Writing is so important to Roestam that he even owns a typewriter, an uncommon luxury that materializes his commitment to the *madjoe* written word. Dirsina meanwhile has her own writing desk dedicated to her writing. The age of *kemadjoean* seems to be a time that people are sinking deeper and deeper into Auerbachian imitation, a time in which external representations – not just talking and thinking – are becoming ever more intimately and inextricably embedded into every moment of people's lives. One of these types of representation is the portrait.

The ubiquity of representations has a certain peculiar effect. In the first example just cited, from Chapter V, Adinegoro writes that Dirsina would write at her desk "surrounded by the people that loved and were loved by her." Of course, she's not literally surrounded by them. Roestam and Dirhamsjah are not standing around the desk watching her write. Rather, Dirsina is committing the Barthesian sin of the *soerat wakil*. If it is both reprehensible and deceitful to confuse the sign with what is signified, as Barthes held, then Dirsina's seemingly innocuous placement of her beloveds around her place of writing turns out to be deeply problematic, for she has confused the sign (the portraits) and the signified (the people). Like all slippages, once the practice of confusing sign and signified has happened a first time, it becomes all the easier to continue on the reprehensible and deceitful path. For in the example from Chapter IX, after looking at her own disheveled appearance, Dirsina looks at "her husband's face" (Adinegoro 1931: 87)[41] and gains newborn courage. Only, it is not her husband's face she looks upon, but a representation of it in a portrait. One effect of these portraits then is to further deepen the layers of representation that are already being laid down by all the writing on sheets of paper. The photographs and the writing produce one and the same effect, an effect best exemplified by the *soerat wakil* that we saw earlier. The photographs are created to represent what they signify, but then also come to replace it, in a more limited version of the phenomenon John Pemberton describes in *On the Subject of "Java"* (1994), in which representations of Javanese cultural manifestations come to be understood as the very phenomena they were created to represent. Such an enmeshment in images is very different from the freedom images impart as described by Minke, the narrator in Pramoedya Ananta Toer's *Bumi Manusia* (*This Earth of Mankind*). Bursting with admiration, Minke marvels that now, "people can duplicate tens of thousands of portraits a day" (Pramoedya 1980: 2).[42] It is precisely the prodigious power of technology that will allow people to abandon their primitive attachment to the buffalo and attain the miraculous powers of mythical figures, "to fly like Ghatotkacha, like Icarus" (Toer 1980: 3).[43]

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[40] "Dirsinapoen tersedoe poela, laloe ia teroes kekamar toelis, dilihatnja gambarnja seboeah dan gambar anaknja seboeah, serta gambarnja bertiga beranak. Dipandangnja sekaliannja itoe, kemoedian ia menoléh kedinding. Disitoe tergantoeng gambarnja bertiga beranak jang baharoe soedah diperbesarnja sedjak anakanda Dirhamsjah telah berpoelang. Diambilnja gambar anaknja jang ketjil diatas médja toelis itoe, dihampirinja gambar jang besar itoe laloe dipersamakannja. Adoeh baharoe lima hari anaknja itoe hilang, beloem tjoekoep seminggoe dan telah ada poelalah bahaja jang menimpanja."

[41] "moeka soeaminja"

The scene that best illustrates this vertiginous reach of *kemadjoean* is the one from Chapter VII when, after pacing the house, Dirsina regards the pictures on her desk. She then takes one of the pictures and compares it to an enlargement of that picture that she's just had made since Dirhamsjah died. What exactly is she doing here? Adinegoro never tells us. Is she inspecting the enlargement to ensure it conforms exactly to its original? Is she noticing details in the larger version that were lost to her in the smaller one? Or, since the enlargement is closer to life size, is she comparing the smaller picture to the larger one as one would compare a photograph to that which has been photographed, treating the enlargement – an imitation of an imitation – as the original, as the signified? The enlargement could be another step away from the original, an imitation of an imitation, even more inaccurate and false than the first picture. Conversely it could also be a step toward the signified, identical to the photographed person in ways the first, smaller photo could never have been. The enlargement of the original photograph could be understood as pointing in either direction. These new kinds of representations can function as ways to defy death, as here they seem essentially to be doing. Every new method of representation and imitation introduces countless new possibilities of meaning, as the world of representations advances further and further into the imaginary, and as characters like Dirsina, and readers like us, find it harder and harder to discern what is imaginary and what is not.

The portraits on Dirsina's desk constitute another layer of representation, in addition to the representations she writes as words on her desk, advancing her further into the world of imitation. At the same time, they are also a tonic for those representations. Barthes writes in *Camera Lucida* that

> It is the misfortune (but also perhaps the voluptuous pleasure) of language not to be able to authenticate itself. The *noeme* of language is perhaps this impotence, or, to put it positively: language is, by nature, fictional; the attempt to render language unfictional requires an enormous apparatus of measurements: we convoke logic, or, lacking that, sworn oath; but the Photograph is indifferent to all intermediaries: it does not invent; it is authentication itself; the (rare) artifices it permits are not probative; they are, on the contrary, trick pictures: the photograph is laborious only when it fakes. (Barthes 1982: 85, 87)

Both writing and photography are representations. On the one hand, *kemadjoean* has immensely increased the types, uses, and instances of written texts. At the same time, *kemadjoean* has also brought new kinds of representation into people's lives, such as the photograph. Yet while writing and photography may both be representations, Barthes claims that language cannot be authenticated, whereas photography "is authentication itself." To put it another way, language exists entirely within the "noosphere" (Teilhard de Chardin 2008: passim), while photography is the product of a mechanical process. Photography is only "laborious" when it fakes, that is, when the natural processes that produce a photograph are interfered with, are added to, whereas language, it seems, is always laborious.

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[42] "orang sudah dapat memperbanyak potret berpuluh ribu lembar dalam sehari"

[43] "terbang seperti Gatotkaca, seperti Ikarus"

Language is always the product of human effort, while photography is the product of a "scientific circumstance" (Barthes 1982: 80) by which the image is "revealed, 'extracted,' 'mounted,' 'expressed,' (like the juice of a lemon) by the action of light" (Barthes 1982: 81). Among the overabundance of the fruits of *kemadjoean* are artifacts like writing and photography, yet while representation is running wild, even replicating itself of its own accord, imitations in the form of writing and imitations in the form of photography can work at cross purposes to one another, advancing Dirsina further into the world of representations while simultaneously cutting her off from advancing beyond them. Unlike unauthenticable language, photography is authentication itself. But the other side of this is, once again, the danger that imitation will replace the imitated. "Not only is the Photograph never, in essence, a memory … but it actually blocks memory, quickly becomes a counter-memory. … The Photograph is violent: not because it shows violent things, but because on each occasion *it fills the sight by force*, and because in it nothing can be refused or transformed" (Barthes 1982: 91). Dirsina is a writer, a representer. And at her writing desk, in addition to her writing she also has portraits, where she is "surrounded by those that she loved and were loved by her" – not their representations, not their photos, not their portraits, but by them themselves. The representation has now usurped the living being. It is the living beings that surround her, nothing less. Simultaneously, she is surrounded by photographs that, while they may resemble certain memories, are not memories, but are instead counter-memories, forcefully filling in her sight with their claims of representation, blocking her access to her own memories with a flat wall on which is mounted an image of the beloved. This wall is not of the past like a memory, but is an artifact of the present, the present moment in which she is beholding it. Documentation of the past has utterly transformed that past, has dissipated the atmosphere of times past.

> Perhaps we have an invincible resistance to believing in the past, in History, except in the form of myth. The Photograph, for the first time, puts an end to this resistance: henceforth the past is as certain as the present, what we see on paper is as certain as what we touch. It is the advent of the Photograph – and not, as has been said, of the cinema – which divides the history of the world. (Barthes 1982: 87 – 88)

This is the recorded age, the age of *kemadjoean*. Representations, and what they represent, have taken on unprecedented meanings and have spread into previously unimaginable spaces. Access to memory becomes blocked. Recognition of imitation is confounded. These and other varieties of stasis are multiplying.

Representation of mirrors / mirrors of representation

Writing and other forms of representation are in crisis in *Asmara Djaja.* When she is writing her letter of farewell in the final chapter, Dirsina's tears fall upon the paper, mingling her emotion and her physicality, a part of her body, her very DNA, with her written words, making the link explicit and physically manifest between her words and herself. In that scene Dirsina physically becomes her writing, becomes her words. When her tears fall on the page her pen stops writing. Written representation is replaced by physical identification. Dirsina here looks at her husband's portrait on her writing desk. Her words are her representation, and now she sees the image that is the representation of her husband. Writing is a fraught, complex technique of representation, and so too are pictures. Playing even more problematic roles as signifiers in this novel are people themselves. Imitations propagate so readily in the age of *kemadjoean* that their multiplication at times seems automatic. Mirrors are clearly a concern of Adinegoro's for the automatic imitation they are designed to produce. We've already seen the mirrored frame of the divine Dutch text on the wall, and the many functions the mirror in that frame performs. It doubles the reader who is looking at that text, showing her a representation of herself while simultaneously showing her a representation of what is ostensibly a true statement about God's relation to people. The mirror that imitates an image by following immutable scientific laws of physics implies that the claims of the text are an equally exact imitation of God's will, while also associating God with the human in general (for a human will be seen in the mirror of the frame), and also with the human in particular who reads the text within the frame (for it is also a particular human seen there). Later in the book, as Dirsina is writing her farewell letter, she abruptly trails off… "At this point Dirsina's tears fell on the paper, and her pen stopped writing. She saw in the mirror how different her face looked from usual, which made her even more upset. She looked at the portrait of her husband that was standing on the desk. Seeing the face of her husband the bravery rose up in her again to oppose all who would snatch her Roestam from her hand" (Adinegoro 1931: 87).[44] The mirror in this scene acts as a bridge. It links the representation of herself that Dirsina creates by her writing to the representation of her husband in the form of a photographic image created by someone else. In the middle, linking these two terms is the mirror, which represents Dirsina in an image created automatically by the glass. Dirsina only sees this image after she stops writing. Becoming aware of herself and her appearance, she is embarrassed as Adam and Eve after they eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Like them suddenly becoming aware of their nakedness, she also becomes disillusioned by becoming aware of her appearance and like them discards her prior misconceptions. She tears up her writing, foreclosing any possibility that what she previously believed could take effect. Writing is a mistake and an illusion, Adinegoro shows, and what is true is not the written representation, but the imitative image, whether that be a reflection in a mirror, or a portrait on a desk. Upon seeing the image of herself in the mirror, Dirsina accedes into a Lacanian self-awareness. Of course mirrors predate the age of *kemadjoean*, but here and elsewhere they occupy key positions in the novel.

The scene at the beginning of Chapter V is the calm before and after the storm. Dirhamsjah has died and Dirsina and Roestam have finished their three days of prayers for his soul, and the guests for the ceremony have just gone home. Roestam's family has almost arrived to impose upon the young couple yet another trial. But they're not there yet. Adinegoro depicts for us Roestam and Dirsina having a quiet moment together in the comfort of their private, *madjoe* home. Of Roestam and Dirsina's inner foyer, we read that "On the front side, on the wall, hung a large mirror, tall also, and near the foot were pots of plants. The plants were like tresses, they cooled the mind, and were also visible in that mirror, as was the tall lamp with its covering of dark red cloth, the edges fringed with silk and beads, looking like a worm spouting fire, shining, sparkling, adding to its beauty" (Adinegoro 1931: 38 – 39).[45]

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[44] "Sampai disini air mata Dirsinapoen djatoeh keatas kertas, pénanja berhenti menoelis. Dilihatnja dalam tjermin wadjah moekanja sangatlah berlainan dari pada biasa, hingga bertambah roesoeh hatinja. Dipandangnja poela potrét soeaminja jang terletak dimédja. Melihat moeka soeaminja itoe terbitlah keberaniannja lagi akan melawan sekalian orang jang akan merampas Roestamnja dari tangannja"

[45] "Sebelah depan, pada dinding, tergantoeng seboeah tjermin besar lagi tinggi dan sebelah dikakinja adalah pot-pot daoenan-daoenan. Maka daoen-daoenan sebagai chevelures jang menjedjoekkan pikiran, kelihatan poelalah didalam tjermin itoe, begitoe poela lampoe jang tinggi itoe dengan toetoepnja kain jang mérah toea, sedangkan tepinja jang beroembaikan soetera dan manik-manik itoe, seperti oelat jang menjemboerkan api roepanja, berkilau-kilauan, gemerlapan menambahi keindahannja"

As the mirror above is integral to a distraught Dirsina regaining her hold on what actually matters for her, here the mirror is no less integral to the construction of the couple's very *madjoe* inner foyer. Within the mirror are reflected the cooling green leaves as well as the complimentary dark red worm "spouting fire." Representation – in writing, in pictures, in mirrored reflections – is everywhere in the age of *kemadjoean*. Within those representations is possible a totality and a perfection not seen elsewhere. The mirror of their inner foyer contains heat and coolness, darkness and light, plant and animal. It reflects a fullness and tranquility not possible in the life of Dirsina and Roestam, a life so full of struggles, so full of what's missing, whether that mean missing their dead son or missing their rightful peace and self-determination as a married couple. The mirror is a witness (Adinegoro 1931: 84), just as the reader is a witness, to what is happening to these people in the story. Via the refraction of light, whether off the reflective surface of the mirror or off the printed surface of the page, the Lacanian unified and embodied image of *kemadjoean* becomes perceptible.

Living representations

Eerily, characters in *Asmara Djaja* do not see people imitated only in the mirror; they also repeatedly see people imitated in other people; it is not only in portraits that people recognize the ones they love. As we've already seen, Dirsina calls Mrs. Meerman "my mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 56).[46] While it's true that in Malay "iboe" (in the spelling current in *Asmara Djaja*) is used to mean "Mrs." and "ma'am," Dirsina's use of the informal and intimate possessive pronoun phoneme "-koe," the "my" in "my mother," is strikingly unusual and informal considering that Mrs. Meerman is not Dirsina's mother, Dirsina is younger than Mrs. Meerman, and Dirsina has only just met her. Indeed, in many circumstances this is such familiar language that it would even be construed as presumptive and rude. It is not taken as rude however, which tells us that Mrs. Meerman also feels that Dirsina does see her own mother in her. And in fact at the moment Dirsina calls Mrs. Meerman "my mother," Mrs. Meerman has just told Dirsina and Roestam,

> ,,Hey, my two children, don't be angry if I accompany and involve myself in your business, because I'm sad to see you in such mourning, and I feel that you are like my children. Before, I had a daughter, and if she were alive, who knows, she might be your age. She'd have a husband and child too it seems. When she died she was engaged to an officer. We'd prepared everything, because shortly they were to be married, but as misfortune had it, my child became very ill and three days later she went home to the grace of God. Her appearance and gentleness and gestures were truly like yours, Dirsina. That's why I've been so drawn to you, and have long wanted to come over and get to know you. But seeing you so happy, it pained my heart, because if my child was not gone, her life would be like yours. But now that this sadness has befallen you, can you tell me, can we possibly help you?''
>
> Dirsina caressed Mrs. Meerman's hand, because she saw the lady's tears could no longer be held back, and were streaming down. (Adinegoro 1931: 55 – 56)[47]

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[46] "iboekoe"

[47] ",,Hai, anakkoe kedoea, djanganlah marah kalau iboe sertaï atau tjampoer hal kamoe; karena sedih hatikoe melihatkan kamoe sangat berdoekatjita ini, dan lagi serasa anak djoega engkau oléh saja. Dahoeloe adalah iboe beranak perempoean, dan kalau ia hidoep, entah setoeamoe gerangan. Telah bersoeami dan beranak djoegalah ia agaknja. Waktoe ia meninggal telah dalam bertoenangan dengan seorang opsir. Kami telah sedia sekaliannja, karena

Dirsina is representing Mrs. Meerman's daughter, just as earlier in the novel Roestam's father had represented for Dirsina her own dead father, and just as, when Roestam meets Gairoel, the younger brother of Noeraini, "As soon as Roestam welcomed the child, he lifted him up high, so that Gairoel squealed with delight. When he put him back down, he embraced the child, and his tears streamed down his cheeks, because he remembered his own departed child" (Adinegoro 1931: 84 – 85).[48] Representations are running wild in the story, and as we've seen so far, can take the form of writing, of portraits, and now even the form of living human beings.

There is also an intimation, however, that particularly the young and explicitly *madjoe*, at least sometimes, can distinguish between representation and original. In one scene, Mrs. Meerman, Roestam, and Noeraini's mother have come upon Dirsina. She has cried herself to sleep but is still sobbing. "Seeing her sobbing in her sleep like a small child who's lost hope, the three of them felt sad. Roestam's mother-in-law was reminded of her fate in the past and Mrs. Meerman was reminded of her child who had long since gone home, and Roestam alone felt destroyed seeing his beloved wife in great sadness" (Adinegoro 1931: 73).[49] Mrs. Meerman and Noeraini's mother, both a generation older than Roestam, are still confusing Dirsina with who or what she represents for them. Mrs. Meerman confuses Dirsina with her own dead daughter. Noeraini's mother, looking at Dirsina, is almost looking into a mirror, like the one we saw earlier in the house of Roestam and Dirsina. She sees herself represented in the younger woman. The age of *kemadjoean*, an age of progress, of advancement, of speed, cannot but be an age of displacement. In this scene we see how Roestam, a *kemadjoean* native, has a better understanding of what is imitation and what is reality, for he sees Dirsina not as representation, but as Dirsina, his wife. But even his discernment falters, particularly when confronted by Gairoel, someone of an even younger generation than his own.

Ghosts of representation

There are three scenes in *Asmara Djaja* in which we see portraits. All three scenes involve Dirsina, mother of the newly deceased child Dirhamsjah. And in all three scenes she is distraught, and most importantly she is alone, a condition in which she is both most vulnerable to being visited by ghosts, by people who aren't there, and most longing for such visitation. In *Discourses of the Vanishing* (1995), Marylin Ivy notes the coincidence of the spectral and the spectacular that she contends are marks of modernity in Japan. She attributes these specters to

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ta' lama lagi akan kawinlah meréka itoe; tetapi malang jang akan toemboeh, anakkoe dapat sakit keras dan tiga hari sadja lamanja anakkoepoen berpoelanglah kerahmatoe'llah. Akan bentoeknja dan lemah-lemboet barang kelakoeannja seperti engkau benar, Dirsina. Itoelah sebabnja hatikoe sangat tertarik kepadamoe, dan telah lama akoe hendak datang kemari berkenal-kenalan. Akan tetapi melihat kamoe dalam kesenangan, maka piloelah hatikoe rasanja oléh sebab anakkoe, kalau tiada ia hilang, akan seperti kamoe djoega hidoepnja. Tetapi sekarang adalah doeka jang menimpamoe, dapatlah kamoe mengatakan kepada iboe, entah dapat djoega kami barangkali menolong engkau?''

Dirsina mengoeroet-oeroet tangan njonja Meerman, karena melihat air mata njonja itoe tidak tertahan oléhnja, djatoeh berlinang-linang."

[48] "Baharoelah Roestam memberi selamat datang kepada adiknja, laloe diangkatnja tinggi-tinggi, sehingga Gairoel berteriak-teriak karena kesoekaannja. Maka ketika ditaroehnja kembali keatas lantai, dipagoetnja anak itoe, dan air matanjapoen berlinang-linang dipipinja karena terkenang akan anaknja jang telah hilang itoe"

[49] "Melihatkan ia tersedoe-sedoe dalam tidoernja itoe seperti anak ketjil jang hilang pengharapan sedih rasanja hati orang jang bertiga itoe. Mentoea Roestam terkenang akan peroentoengannja semasa dahoeloe dan njonja Meerman terkenang akan anaknja jang telah lama berpoelang itoe, dan Roestam sendiri hantjoer loeloeh rasa hatinja melihat isterinja jang ditjintaïnja itoe dalam kesedihan jang besar"

the post-colonial conditions of Japan. Yet, here, in *Asmara Djaja*, a book that records not the post-colonial, but the colonial (if late colonial), we see similar spectral materializations. Spectrality may be an effect not only of the post-colonial condition, but of "modernity" or *kemadjoean* itself, as we see by the similar preoccupations with folklore in Ivy's book and *'adat* in Adinegoro's.

"For us to substitute one technology of writing for another is not a neutral act, a mere notational variation. It means to reimagine language itself" (Becker 2000: 234). Substituting one technology of writing for another will require the reimagining of how we use language. What we are seeing in *Asmara Djaja* is at times a head-spinning shifting from one writing technology to another, with telegrams, handwritten letters, typewritten letters, letters of representation, and more. As Dickinson noted, "I reason, Earth is short / And Anguish – absolute / And many hurt / But, what of that? // I reason, we could die / The best Vitality / Cannot excel Decay / But, what of that? // I reason, that in Heaven / Somehow, it will be even / Some new Equation, given / But, what of that?" (Dickinson 1955: 142). What Becker in his essay and Dickinson in her poem point to is the incommensurability between writing systems, between languages, between these disparate worlds. Even though the setting of *Asmara Djaja* is the seemingly unitary world of the late colonial East Indies of Sumatra and Java, the displacements of *kemadjoean* have brought about a situation in which entities that ostensibly are of the same world are also not. The simultaneous presence and absence enacted through the power of the *soerat wakil*, and by extension, through the power of all writing in this ever more luxuriantly documented, represented, imitated world, have opened a door to the spectral, to the present that is simultaneously absent, to the greatly enhanced possibility of being populated by ghosts. In the age of *kemadjoean*, an age of progress, advancement, and displacement, absences, like representations, are also more common than ever before. Absences also are now proliferating wildly too, as is the distinct phenomenon of the increasing awareness of absences. In the world of languaging, absence of spoken language is called silence. But silence is at the same time the condition of all writing, until, in those relatively few cases, the written is spoken.

Silencing *kemadjoean*

Silences, marked absences of speaking, are mutely present throughout *Asmara Djaja*. In *Camera Lucida*, Barthes writes that "The incapacity to name is a good symptom of disturbance" (Barthes 1982: 51). We can see numerous examples of this incapacity throughout Adinegoro's novel. One crucial example is the moment Roestam realizes that his father has indeed arrived from Sumatra, as promised. At that moment Roestam "could not even express how very annoyed he was" (Adinegoro 1931: 42).[50] It turns out though that Roestam is nevertheless capable of expressing his unhappiness to his father. The first thing Roestam tells him after approaching him is, "Don't, just don't, okay father! What is this you're doing?" (Adinegoro 1931: 43).[51] This insubordination however is too much for Roestam's parents to abide. Roestam's mother, who has also arrived on the carriage, even calls her son a "demon child" (Adinegoro 1931: 43).[52] As James Scott notes in *Domination and the Arts of Resistance*, "Only when contradictions are publicly declared do they have to be publicly accounted for" (Scott 1992: 51). As long as Roestam is living way off in Sunda, as long as he is only receiving his father's letters and not answering his father's letters and contradicting him, his outrageous marriage to a non-Minang woman can be tolerated. But once Roestam's family sees in front of them Roestam's Sundanese wife, once Roestam opens his mouth and explicitly contradicts his father, the issue has been forced, and the battle is joined. *Kemadjoean* and its steamships have brought Roestam's family to his front yard, where Roestam's unorthodox life choices can no longer be ignored. *Kemadjoean* and its telegrams and other forms of writing have brought the principles and ideology of *kemadjoean* into the sunlight, where they cannot be rationalized as somehow compatible with the principles of *'adat*. The contradictions have been publicly declared. A rhetorical line has been crossed and this transgression cannot be undone. There must necessarily now be a public accounting. The heated, acrimonious argument that ensues is essentially an attempt to do just that.

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[50] "ta' dapat lagi dikatakan betapa kesal hatinja"

[51] "Djangan, djangan dahoeloe, ja, ajah! Apakah jang ajahanda kerdjakan ini?"

[52] "anak sétan"

This humiliating and controversial episode ends with silence as well. After bitter argument, Roestam's family boards the carriage on which they arrived not long before, it having begun to dawn on them how much they are hurting Dirsina, and "On the carriage not a person spoke, each with their thoughts" (Adinegoro 1931: 47).[53] This is the opening confrontation of this visit of Roestam's family, who have just arrived in Bandung and intend to have Roestam accept Noeraini as his wife. The confrontation itself is filled with the harshest words and the most hurtful rhetoric between members of this single immediate family. What's more, they are so agitated because of other, earlier words, written words, specifically, Roestam's *soerat wakil*. The words of the *soerat wakil* represent, insincerely, that Roestam means to marry Noeraini. This written document is the artifact at the center of all the controversy of this confrontation, and in truth of all the controversy of the book. But these words, whether written or spoken, whether disingenuous or unkind, are all bookended by silence.

Silence marks not only conflict however. Upon hearing of a plan that would be a possible solution to Roestam's seemingly intractable problems, "„Oh, ma'am, I can't tell you, how happy I am,'' said Roestam, after a moment they were all silent" (Adinegoro 1931: 84).[54] Not only does this inability to express himself in words indicate a failure of language, but Roestam admits his inability to speak after a moment in which they're all silent. The plan is bounded by silence, and the happiness it causes is so profound that the response is silence also. Later, when Roestam meets Gairoel, and Noeraini's mother can see how painful it is for Roestam to be around a child roughly the same age as his deceased son, "Noeraini's mother's heart was devastated seeing Roestam's sadness like that, but she was silent because she knew that such a feeling can't be disturbed by others" (Adinegoro 1931: 85).[55] Again we are confronted by silence, for among the many other things that it is, this book is also a map of the different kinds of silences of language. It is as though by showing all the silences around (a) language, Adinegoro is providing an outline or a shape of this (Malay) language. Meanwhile, Dirsina is writing her farewell letter. Regarding her feelings for Roestam, she writes, "I have a love for you that I am unable to describe" (Adinegoro 1931: 86).[56] More literally, what she says is, "I have a love for you that I am unable to paint." It is interesting that this is not a silence so much as an invisibility, for it is a representative image, a painted depiction that she is unable to render. Nevertheless, it remains an absence, yet another of the innumerable phenomena in this book that defy description or depiction in words. Dirsina is trying to describe things in words here, but cannot. The words escape her, the description is impossible. Silence again claims its territory in *Asmara Djaja*. Then, after mailing his fateful divorce letter to his wife Noeraini, the letter that will erase the effects of the previous *soerat wakil*, his letter of representation, Roestam goes looking for his father.

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[53] "Diatas sado seorangpoen tiada jang berkata-kata, masing-masing dengan pikirannja"

[54] "„Ah, iboe, ta' dapat saja mengatakan kepada iboe, bagaimana besar hati saja,'' kata Roestam, setelah sedjoeroes lamanja meréka itoe terdiam"

[55] "Hantjoer loeloeh hati iboe Noeraini melihat Roestam berdoekatjita demikian itoe, tetapi ia berdiam diri djoega oléh karena tahoelah ia, bahasa perasaan itoe ta' dapat diganggoe oléh jang lain"

[56] "Adapoen pertjintaan adinda ta' dapat adinda meloekiskannja"

Roestam's father is not at the place where he spent the night and the people there tell Roestam that his father has gone for a walk to St. Pieterspark. Roestam looks at all the benches in the park and finally sees his father, "tepekoer melihat ketanah," "silenced, looking at the ground" (Adinegoro 1931: 91). When Roestam's father breaks his silence, he tells Roestam that he understands now that he was wrong, that he accedes to Roestam's principles of *kemadjoean*, that he will no longer try to force his son to take a second wife, and he apologizes for what he's done. Again, silence is the mother tongue of *kemadjoean*; again, silence is the sign of true feeling, is the sign of sublimity, of Barthesian "disturbance." There are numerous other notable silences in this narrative but the last one I will touch on here is the last one in the story, functioning as a kind of hole on the book's final page. The very last paragraph begins, "So it won't be told how it turned out for Noeraini, who knows if she continued living in Bandoeng, who knows she went home to Padang" (Adinegoro 1931: 93).[57] Even the final paragraph gives us silence, just as on the first page of the book we learned that Noeraini was surprised her mother hadn't woken her up, and so in silence she continued to sleep. *Asmara Djaja* both begins and ends in silence.

This narrative is completely surrounded by silences, just as Ortega said language always is. Ortega contended that "the most powerful condition for anyone to succeed in saying something is that he be capable of observing profound silence about everything else" (Ortega 1959: 4). For Ortega, silence is not a pathology, not a Barthesian "symptom of disturbance," but is rather the most fundamental requisite and "the most powerful condition" for languaging to exist. Silence is what makes language possible. Without silence, there would be no language. Silence is what gives the shape and boundaries to language, and is what gives particular languages their respective particular boundaries and shapes. "Each society practices a different selection from the enormous mass of what might be said in order to succeed in saying some things, and this selection creates the organism which is language" (Ortega 1959: 5). The Minang language and the Malay language say different things, and leave silent different things, and the enunciation of what is kept silent in Minang – which often means, what should be kept silent – could well be offensive and unacceptable to the speaker of Minang, or even incomprehensible. Directly contradicting the Barthesian identification of silence with "disturbance," Ortega writes that "the common idea that something is ineffable because it is complicated, sublime, or divine is erroneous. Ineffability has many dimensions – some, in fact, extreme and pathetic, but others … edifyingly trivial" (Ortega 1959: 5). Silences are not deleterious, but are actually necessary for the existence of languaging. As Thongchai Winichakul showed in *Siam Mapped* (1994), it is the boundaries of a nation that define it and that are felt to make it recognizable and viable. Just beyond the boundaries of a language are silences, and these silences likewise make that language a defined and recognizable entity. The many silences in *Asmara Djaja* can be understood to confirm the formulations of both Barthes and Ortega. On the one hand, the silences in this novel are moments of disturbance. There is a discontinuity at each of those moments, an unstable ground into which language is swallowed up. At the same time, "language is always limited

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[57] "Maka tidak ditjeriterakan bagaimana kesoedahan Noeraini disini, entah menetap dia tinggal di Bandoeng, entah poelang dia ke Padang"

(bounded) by a frontier of ineffability" (Ortega 1959: 6). What we see in *Asmara Djaja* is a linguistic environment full of contestation. The various kinds of writing – written letters, typed letters, telegrams, letters of representation, notes to friends, divorce letters, letters written but destroyed before they can be read, letters written and sent but never read – each at some moment claims to be a faithful representation. At the same time, some of these examples of writing contradict one another, and by virtue of being written, they are durable and permanent, and so force a reckoning as to which of these mutually contradictory representations in writing will be considered true.

The silences are absences of language, and as such they preclude communication, and therefore comprise further examples of stasis that belie the root metaphor of progress inherent in *kemadjoean*. Very much like the textualizations of language that Anderson discusses in *Imagined Communities*, the myriad representations in *Asmara Djaja* also bring "a new fixity to language" (Anderson 2006: 44). The animating impulse of Roestam's *kemadjoean* is to fix the imperfections of his father's *'adat*; it turns out his *kemadjoean* fixes its fluidity also. As we will see however, the discreteness and fixity of *kemadjoean* are manifest not only through representations and silences, but through the relations between people in *Asmara Djaja* as well.

Chapter 2: The Buffering Relations of *Kemadjoean*

A place for every thing

> It was different then, and it's different now! It is the same for people's opinions about marriage. Which is the proper understanding, the former or the current one, wa'llahoe a'lam! But I, as a person of the past era, have no right to interfere with the rights of people of the present era. Everything must be in its place. Every era has its meanings and its understandings, that is the will of nature. For that reason Roestam, forgive me, and live in happiness with your wife Dirsina. Tomorrow I will depart for Soematera …! (Adinegoro 1931: 92 – 93)[58]

These are the words of Roestam's father at the close of the novel *Asmara Djaja*. It is a striking statement, a complete reversal from the position he had been taking throughout the book up to this point. For the entirety of the novel, he has been attempting to exercise his right to determine whom his son Roestam should and should not marry. Now he renounces that position, and the terms of his renunciation are noteworthy for their absolute totality. It seems that Adinegoro means to depict the abandonment of Roestam's father's position to be as complete a disavowal as possible. To that end, Roestam's father appeals to measures of both space and time: "everything must be in its place" and "every era has its meanings and its understandings." This renunciation is even justified as being the will of nature. All space and time fall under his new pronouncement, as does everything in nature, for this is the will of nature – not merely everything in Minangkabau, or everything in the East Indies, or even everything on Earth, but everything in nature, up to and including, by those standards, the incomprehensibly distant stars that invited Noeraini's revery aboard the *Rochussen* in the opening chapter. Roestam's father is laying out absolute rights, as absolute as he can make them, rights that are applicable to all of nature, and through all domains of space and time.

The principal transgression that is forbidden by these new and unlimited principles is for someone of the past to interfere in the lives of people in the present. *Kemadjoean* has frozen Roestam's father, as a person of the past, in the past, and he has no right to make his will felt in the present, the only time that action is ever taking place. *Kemadjoean* has fixed human relations in *Asmara Djaja*, limiting and obstructing what had previously been active and accepted flows of influence, attenuating the relationships between persons and making each person a more discrete entity than they had been before the advent of *kemadjoean*. By so limiting the interactions between people, *kemadjoean* again can be seen to slow and still what had previously been avenues for interplay and development. As Becker writes, the meaning of a text is a set of relations (Becker 2000: 25), and an image of the world is "a web of languaging. This is not to say that it is only languaging, but rather that languaging pervades it and binds it" (Becker 2000: 10). Language is the connective tissue, and meaning is the interstitial relations. Other entities that are known to possess meaningful relations between one another are persons. Persons are also bound one to another through language in which they exist, as we see all around us in everyday life, in every text we read, and, for our purposes, as we see also in this novel, *Asmara Djaja*. If people, like words, are bound to one another in language, if we participate in language, such as by our respective proper names, which circulate in the linguistic world as words and as representations of our bodies and selves, then we ourselves are susceptible to linguistic conditions, perhaps almost as much, perhaps more, than mere words are. Language here is constitutive of human relations. If people are inextricable from language, and if, as Roestam's father comes to believe, every era has its own definitions, then as those understandings and definitions change, so too will human relations, so too will the meaning of a particular person also dissolve and reconfigure from one language to another, or even from one understanding to another within the same language.

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[58] "Lain dahoeloe, lain sekarang! Demikian poelalah dalam pemandangan orang tentang perkawinan. Mana jang baik pengertian itoe, jang dahoeloe atau jang sekarang wa'llahoe a'lam! Tetapi saja sebagai orang zaman dahoeloe, tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini. Barang sesoeatoenja mesti pada tempatnja. Tiap-tiap zaman ada pengertiannja dan pahamnja, itoelah kemaoean 'alam. Sebab itoe Roestam, beri ma'aflah akoe ini dan hidoeplah kamoe bersenang-senang dengan isterimoe Dirsina itoe. Esok hari akoe akan berangkat ke Soematera……………!"

The metaphor of the buffered self

The changes wrought by *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja* can be understood in many ways. One particularly productive tool with which to understand these changes is that of Karl Smith's metaphor of porosity. In his crystallization of the concept of the porous subject, Smith gives us a metaphor that is widely applicable to a variety of contexts, in particular to that of *kemadjoean*. His conception of porousness is an attempt "to invoke the ways in which the human subject is a thoroughly permeated being – one that is permeated by social others; by socially ascribed meanings, roles, norms and mores – while also remaining open to 'nature', the 'world' and the mysteries of existence." (Smith 2012: 60). We are all porous in some ways, and porosity is something we can learn to occlude, or, to put it another way, we can all lose our porosity to some extent and become "buffered." Smith explains that, "recognising porosity as our ontological condition also illuminates the fact that becoming a buffered self is invariably an acquired condition … and this internalisation is only possible because they are intrinsically porous, permeable human beings" (Smith 2012: 61). We all begin as porous selves, and depending on our social environment, we may become more buffered to a lesser or greater degree. But becoming buffered is only possible because as children, we start out "intrinsically porous, permeable" and therefore able to internalize particular values and norms around us, some of which make us more buffered than we were before.

Smith associates bufferedness with the "Enlightenment" and the "modern-Western" universe (Smith: 2012: 59). Similar to achieving "Enlightenment," when a person or a group of people move from porosity toward greater bufferedness, they rarely go back in the other direction (Peacock 2017). The path between porosity and bufferedness is almost always a one-way street. The more buffered we become, the less permeable to socializing influences we are, and the more unlikely, therefore, that we will become less buffered. Another key implication of this metaphor is that we all start out porous and gradually are socialized into bufferedness. This means that it is precisely through our porosity that this socialization can change us. Paradoxically then, our porosity is the very opening through which we achieve bufferedness. At the same time, bufferedness is self-reinforcing. Unlike porosity which can facilitate socialization into bufferedness, bufferedness prevents any move back to porosity by occluding socialization toward porosity.

Of relatives and the unrelated

One way to better understand the phenomenon of *kemadjoean* is through the lens of porousness. If we look at what *kemadjoean* is trying to accomplish, we can see that it is often parallel to what Smith would call bufferedness. Smith's "buffered self" is often essentially coterminous with the *madjoe* character in Adinegoro's novel. The creation of buffers around characters also slows or prevents the change, development, and forward progress that *kemadjoean*, making use of an ostensibly progressive metaphor, claims to further. That this should be happening in a novel written in Malay is particularly notable. In *We Are Playing Relatives*, Henrik Maier lays out his understanding of

> what Malayness is all about: it is the desire to create a feeling of community and kinship between concrete human beings, instead of a blind obedience to a set of abstract conventions, instead of considerations of location or belief in a stable individual identity. The willingness to play and to pretend … so that the dialogues continue and relationships are created. This willingness is what Malay writing is all about. (Maier 2004: 5)

Malay writing is "all about" play, is concerned with continuing dialogues and creating relationships, and with the desire to create a community and kinship among concrete human beings. Malay is much more effective at forging connections in the texts Maier analyzes than it is in *Asmara Djaja*, where it is more of a force of atomization and a force that causes the destruction or at least the reconfiguration of relationships. Indeed, the very title of Maier's book comes from the first narrative he analyzes in it, a "vade mecum of Malay writing" (Maier 2004: 35), a narrative that Maier then uses as a kind of key text for all the literature that comes after, the seminal *Hikayat Hang Tuah*. "We are playing relatives" is one of multiple plausible translations that Maier renders for the line in the *Hikayat Hang Tuah*, "*kita bermain adik-beradik*" (Maier 2004: 5). If the *Hikayat Hang Tuah* is Maier's key text, if it functions in his book as his foundational lens through which to look and understand all Malay literature that comes after, then this line, consisting of these four words, is the key line with which he makes sense of all subsequent Malay words and lines, and he elevates those lines into the title of his own work. "We are playing relatives" are not only words of reassurance from Tun Jemal to the Laksamana, they are, for Maier, the ethos of all Malay writing, they are what Malay writing is trying to do, from even prior to the *Hikayat Hang Tuah* of the eighteenth century up to the digital literature of the twenty-first.

Playing relatives however is just what *kemadjoean* is reacting against in this twentieth century novel by Adinegoro. Roestam's father regrets ever raising him (Adinegoro 1931: 34), his mother calls him a "demon child" (Adinegoro 1931: 43)[59] and Dirsina and Roestam won't even let his family into their house (Adinegoro 1931: 46). The happy resolution of the narrative sees Roestam divorcing his wife Noeraini (Adinegoro 1931: 90) and his father leaving forthwith and returning to Sumatra (Adinegoro 1931: 93). Far from playing relatives, *Asmara Djaja* is a narrative more about disowning them. This may mean that Maier is mistaken about the implications of Malay. Maybe as a lingua franca among the islands of the Archipelago and the Peninsula, by making new communications possible, particularly communications regarding trade and money among seafarers on the water, or people on or near the coast, it makes other forms of communication weaker, undermining communications not having to do with trade and money and the coast, providing a different medium through which to communicate, one more oriented toward profit and exchange. Playing relatives means to familiarize oneself with others, in some way to make them family. Maier's argument, that Malay is a remarkably familiarizing medium, is a convincing one, particularly when considered in light of Leonard Andaya's work on the long-running waxing and waning of various important communities around the Straits of

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[59] "anak sétan"

Malacca and elsewhere in what he terms the "Sea of Melayu" (Andaya 2008: 19). That being the case, the notable defamiliarization we see wrought by *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja* may be so powerful precisely because it must resist the compellingly familiarizing centripetal forces of Malay, forces that bring people together, as family. Throughout *Asmara Djaja*, *kemadjoean* is a centrifugal force. This is suggested by the very metaphor of progress itself, which implies not progress back, or to a center, but rather out, to a periphery, to someplace new and innovative. This centrifugality is illustrated precisely in the book's final paragraph. The two heroes, Roestam and Dirsina, head "to the east" from Bandung (Adinegoro 1931: 93),[60] leaving everyone else in the story behind, everyone, that is, but Roestam's father, for the day before he has already gone west from Bandung, back to Sumatra. Thus the main characters shoot off in opposite directions, as if flying off a rapidly spinning wheel, farther and farther apart. That rapidly spinning wheel is circulating *kemadjoean*. There are many kinds of buffers, many ways to create metaphorical space between people. One can attenuate the relations between one person and another, or one can disempower the influence certain people traditionally wield over others. One of the most effective buffers between people, however, is simple physical distance. *Asmara Djaja* puts distance between its characters, particularly actual physical separation. Shooting off east and west, increasingly buffered by ever-increasing distances, the characters in Adinegoro's novel are also increasingly unable to avail themselves of interactions that would facilitate development and change. There is a tendency to read the shift to the Andersonian "imagined community" (2006) as profound change. Another possibility however is suggested here, namely that the isolation of buffered individuals, individuals who are less dividable, more complete in themselves, is a buffered isolation that militates against change. The kind of change that is cut off from local forms of knowing and community might then merely be a submission to varieties of *kemadjoean* imposed through colonialism.

Returning ghosts

One kind of bufferedness is created by defamiliarization. Even as Malay might act to establish family bonds between people who never were part of the same family, defamiliarization conversely breaks the family bonds between people, even when there is some relation. Cut off from familial relations, whether biological or notional, bereft of those relationships, a person is effectively buffered, unconnected. A person is cut off from affecting another person because there is simply no familial or other close relationship through which to channel influence. Another kind of bufferedness however, as we saw in the previous chapter, is the product of a kind of ghostliness. With the buffer of ghostliness, a person may be physically near to another person, but they nevertheless are of such different natures, inhabiting such distinct worlds, on such irreconcilable planes, that the person who believes they can affect another, actually cannot, like a forlorn ghost whose insubstantial and hazy hand passes right though an opaque and solid doorknob, without being able to grasp or turn it.

"I as a person of the past era have no right to interfere with the rights of a person of the present era," Roestam's father, at long last, finally comes to agree (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[61] It is as though Roestam's father, "a person of the past," is a different order of being from his son, who is "a person of the present." A past person is almost in a different universe from present people, able perhaps to touch and influence those in the present, but only in a severely circumscribed way, and so is a kind of specter. Earlier we saw Roestam and Dirsina's front room, their *madjoe* "inner foyer" (Adinegoro 1931: 38)[62] where they spend their time together. The most unique and notable feature of this room is the privacy it affords them; it is like a fortress of solitude where they cannot be bothered. The privacy enforced by this room revokes from newly unauthorized visitors their rights, their agency, spectralizes them. We've already seen ghostly relations in *Asmara Djaja*, like Dirhamsjah, whose like is seen in Gairoel; Mrs. Meerman's daughter, whom Mrs. Meerman cannot help but be reminded of by Dirsina; or Dirsina's father, who, like the two just mentioned, is dead but also strikingly present, living through, in his case, Roestam's father. Roestam and Dirsina exercise a kind of absolute sovereignty, as people of the present era. Roestam's father, as an elder, clearly has expected to be able to wield considerable influence over his son's life. But that influence has not only been diminished, but has been totally eliminated. Roestam's father does not have a small right or a reasonable right to shape or guide the rights of his son, he "has no right" (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[63] Apparently he still exists, but his power has been radically attenuated now, especially compared to his stature previously, when Noeraini thought of her *mamak* as "very old, the one feared and elevated by the entire family" (Adinegoro 1931: 9).[64] Over the course of this book, his power has gone from unassailable to imperceptible. His influence has practically vanished, and then, at the end of the story, so does he, when he returns to Sumatra. This new invisibility helps to contribute to the spectral nature of *kemadjoean*, and is another reason why it creates stasis. There are bubbles around people that cannot be breached under any civilized (read *madjoe*) condition. In *kemadjoean*, people exist, yet like a ghost that might try to turn a doorknob, but disappointedly sees their spectral body pass right through it, in the *madjoe* environment, people may come to understand that whereas they thought they had agency and power to move and push and persuade, they actually have none; like ghosts they still exist in some way, still might be somehow visible, but their agency has vanished. This is another way that *kemadjoean* creates stasis. The many nodes of influence and relation that used to exist previous to *kemadjoean* now are no more. Roestam's father might as well be a ghost, for all the influence he's able to exert over his own son. *Kemadjoean* must be supremely disconcerting for him; he is not only buffered, but bubbled. It cannot but have made someone like him feel extremely irritated and powerless, almost like a man who wasn't there.

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[60] "ketimoer"

[61] "saja sebagai orang zaman dahoeloe, tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini"

At the end of the novel, Roestam's father enacts his own disappearance from Java at nine o'clock in the morning, two days after recognizing how fitting it was for him to be so spectrally insubstantial. Exactly six days after his nine o'clock AM departure from Padang, again at nine in the morning, his ship sails for Sumatra, ferrying him home. We are not told where he departs from, but most logically he shoves off from his port of arrival on the island of Java, Tanjung Priok, the closest port and the one that serves Batavia, the capital. If this is the case, then he retraces his steps exactly, returning at precisely the same time of day as he began his trip, departing Java from the same port at which he arrived there. The cyclical nature of his journey reminds us that he did not get done what he wanted to do and he's in essentially the same position as when he left Padang a week before, except that his son is no longer even married to Noeraini, and his own powerlessness has been exposed to all, and thereby sealed.

The cyclicality is also reminiscent of the cyclicality of time, and the endless cyclicality of the clocks that appear over and over again in *Asmara Djaja*, their hands ceaselessly revolving around their round faces. This suggests that *kemadjoean* is stasis in that it's apparently always nine o'clock. It's always nine in the morning and we're always getting on boats and we're always where we are and we're never where we're going; tomorrow never comes. *Kemadjoean*, whether physical or metaphorical, necessarily means always going forward and never arriving, and so it is actually a species of homeostasis. We see this clearly in the opening scene of the novel, when Noeraini's clock in her room "is not working right" (Adinegoro 1931: 3).[65] She thinks time has advanced to eight o'clock; all of nature and all of civilization that she can perceive tell her that time has advanced to that point, and yet it has not. What she had thought was advancement, what she took for *kemadjoean*, is actually stasis. To live in the circulation of *kemadjoean* is to live in submission to *madjoe* instruments like clocks, and this, Adinegoro shows us, means foregoing progress where we assumed it had been. Living in *kemadjoean* means we're always living in the same situation, the situation of looking ahead to where we're going and imagining how it will be there. In *kemadjoean* – as tellingly happens in every household in the narrative of *Asmara Djaja* at one time or another – nobody is home. Meaning is always deferred, whether the meaning of a person or the meaning of a word. *Kemadjoean* implies a very un-present style of life, which is why this novel is populated by so many ghosts. This is a carnival of absences. The deceased members of characters' families are at best ghosts, while the people that remind characters of deceased others, being representations of others, are also therefore not fully there. Adinegoro depicts this phenomenon most obvolutedly when, at the end of Chapter VII, Roestam, Mrs. Meerman, and Noeraini's mother, after talking among themselves, go in to check on Dirsina, and they see that she's sobbing in her sleep (Adinegoro 1931: 73). All are touched to the core by this sad scene. Mrs. Meerman is reminded of her own deceased daughter and Noeraini's mother is reminded of her own sad fate as a cowife. Though all three witnesses feel terrible for what they see, only the *madjoe* Roestam, Dirsina's husband, sees Dirsina herself. Two of the three people witnessing this tragedy see not the actual victim of the tragedy, but see other victims of other tragedies, in the one case seeing her own self, and in the other case seeing her long-dead daughter. This is a similar phenomenon to the glosses Adinegoro peppers throughout the novel. We will explore these glosses in greater depth below, in the chapter on the Malay language, but for the present discussion we can note that in these ghostly glosses Adinegoro gives us a new or foreign or otherwise unfamiliar word and this unfamiliar word is glossed as, defers to, a familiar one that can substitute for the word that's in front of our eyes. In some ghostly manner the glossing word takes over for the glossed one. At the same time, to switch the terms of the analogy, the glossed and ghostly foreign words are also ineffectual; they cannot make their meanings fully-enough felt in the sentence or on our minds. For this reason they require a flesh-and-bone Malay word to materialize in the place of the spectral and ambiguous foreign one, to give the foreign word meat and substance on which to hang its ethereal sprit, its meaning. Through a particular tangible, known, familiar Malay term, the meaning of the foreign word can make itself felt on the sentence and in the reader's mind. *Kemadjoean* is often inherently ghostly, inherently not present. Though sometimes unsettling, intangible ghosts rarely are capable of effecting tangible change. For that reason, spectral *kemadjoean* likewise is a force for stasis.

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[62] "serambi dalam"

[63] "tidak ada hak"

[64] "toea sekali jang ditakoeti dan ditinggikan oléh segala pamili"

Uncommunicative relations

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[65] "tidak baik djalannja"

By treating Dirsina as her deceased daughter and calling her “my child” (Adinegoro 1931: 61),[66] by seeing in Gairoel “his departed son” (Adinegoro 1931: 85),[67] Mrs. Meerman and Roestam respectively in some ways continue those relationships into their present. The living people are gone, but their particular position in a particular relational network persists. What becomes disconcerting in Adinegoro’s novel however is that, in the age of *kemadjoean*, even relationships are shifting in meaning and importance. An unrelated neighbor who has just been met assumes the importance and relationship of a mother (Adinegoro 1931: 56). A father and *mamak* can be drained of practically all his authority and capacity to invoke fear, and can now be brusquely told to keep quiet (Adinegoro 1931: 43). Hence the extreme discomfort of Roestam’s father. For if these relational networks are being so radically reconfigured, the meaning of every person is called into question.

If culture can be understood as a regulated system of exchange, then we can begin to perceive the profoundly transformative cultural work Roestam is doing in this narrative. In his attempt to enact *kemadjoean*, again and again Roestam frustrates exchange, blocking communication. He does this when he tears up the letter from his father and ends up locking the rest in a drawer, unread (Adinegoro 1931: 31 – 32). He blocks communication when, in one of the funniest scenes of the book, he loads the just-unloaded belongings of his newly arrived family back on the carriage on which they’ve only just arrived (Adinegoro 1931: 43). He blocks communication when he demurs to sign the letter of representation but finally, resentfully, does (Adinegoro 1931: 37). And he blocks communication most fundamentally for the plot of the novel when he refuses to simply be happily, or at least resignedly, married to anyone besides Dirsina (Adinegoro 1931: 33). With each of these refusals he is declining to take part in the continuous construction of his family’s Minang *‘adat*, choosing instead *kemadjoean*. Roestam’s father is intolerably uncomfortable with Roestam’s pattern of occluding communication, and for the same reason that Roestam’s father finds his own position in support of *‘adat* so difficult to abandon. As Strathern notes, the relatively new idea that individuals must constitute themselves as subjects, as active agents of their own destiny, “is, in comparison with Melanesian constructions of relationships, simple-minded indeed to say the least” (Strathern 1988: 313). Roestam refuses to accept a wife picked out for him by his parents simply because he doesn’t want to marry her. *Madjoe* ways of being, despite being metaphorically more advanced, may actually not be more complex and developed and sophisticated, but, at least in regard to human relationships, may in fact be markedly simpler than *‘adat* ways of living. Take for example the categories of *mamak*, a maternal uncle (Adinegoro 1931: 5), and *anak pisang*, the child of a maternal uncle (Adinegoro 1931: 30). Although translatable and comprehensible in non-Minang languages, these are two traditional Minang *‘adat* categories that do not exist per se in the languages of either English or Malay. These categories enrich Minang language and *‘adat* with greater texture, detail, and sophistication. This fits well with Smith’s metaphor of the buffered self, in that the more porous a self, the more myriad its relations with others will necessarily be. Increasing bufferedness, on the other hand, means increasing simplification. By increasing his bufferedness, Roestam limits his relations with those around him, foreclosing a great many of the interpersonal reactions and developments those relations would bring; he therefore is opting for simplification. The centralization and standardization of *kemadjoean* is, as much as anything else, a simplifying move.

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[66] “anakkoe”

[67] “anaknja jang telah hilang”

Prior text and present relations

It is exactly this simplification that Roestam's father so fears. One of the most telling and fascinating expressions of that fear is when, arguing with Roestam, he asks his son, "Will he be severing the rattan with his parents?" (Adinegoro 1931: 34),[68] a phrase that means, Will he be definitively cutting off his relations with his parents? This is a somewhat awkward construction in English but it is a turn of phrase that had a prior meaning for its reader. It is similar to an inside joke that Adinegoro shares with his readers, that he knows they will understand, and which marks the commonality he has with them, a commonality found in the web of Malay language that connects them. Ironically, by understanding the import and the meaning of this phrase, this shared prior text, Adinegoro's readers definitely do not sever the rattan with their writer. This is an idiomatic expression that depicts a break in relations, but in that very depiction also enacts a continuation. Tellingly, the threats and accusations heaped upon Roestam in this scene, that he "doesn't listen," that his father is going to "disown him that very day," that Roestam "is ungovernable," just like the metaphor of severing the rattan, express ideas about breaking off relations (Adinegoro 1931: 34).[69] They all pertain to the relationship that Roestam's parents, through their investment of time, effort, and money, have built with Roestam. The accusations all amount to one accusation, namely that what Roestam is doing is severing those relationships, as though severing rattan.

Adinegoro also plays with prior texts earlier in the novel, as Noeraini lies on the deck of the *Rochussen* through the night, unable to sleep. Her heart is anxious. "Oh, yes, she has divorced from her hometown, divorced from the riverbank bathing-place, divorced from her family who are so numerous, along with her friends and acquaintances; possibly that was what was worrying her heart" (Adinegoro 1931: 7).[70] Adinegoro draws our attention to the enormous change that the future divorcée Noeraini is undergoing, emblemized by all that she has "divorced" herself from already, all she has left behind. Ironically however, in just this catalogue of change is located change's inevitability. Noeraini is newly and heartbreakingly separated from her bathing-place on the riverbank, her "tepian tempat mandi." This formulation is an echo of the common Minang saying Taufik Abdullah makes note of in "Adat and Islam": "sakali ada gadang, sakali tapian barubah," which he renders into English as "when flood comes, the bathing place moves" (Abdullah 1966: 10). The bathing place was usually made of bamboo, floating on the river, a very temporary construction, wholly contingent on volatile natural conditions. Abdullah explains that in this very proverb lies a recognition, in Minangkabau *'adat*, of the necessity of change. Crucially for *Asmara Djaja*, this is represented as a kind of change rooted to, if not entirely located within, the natural world, with this particular formulation highlighting the small place and impact of humans – their little bathing place on the riverbank – amid greater, more powerful nature. As Abdullah notes, it is implicit in *'adat* that *'adat* itself should always be renewed and adjusted to particular, contemporary contexts. By drawing our attention to this particular Minang proverb on the inevitability of change, Adinegoro foreshadows here in one of the first scenes of the book what will happen later. The changes in nature described in this common Minang proverb, such as floods that force people to find new bathing places, portend the profound changes that will later sweep away Noeraini and her *mamak*, Roestam's father. He will eventually accede to the inevitable change inherent in nature, and will similarly ascribe this change to the status of a natural phenomenon when, at the close of the book, he finally reverses the position he's held for the length of the narrative. At that moment he realizes that changes from one era to another are indeed "the will of nature" (Adinegoro 1931: 92 – 93),[71] precluding his rights to interfere in contemporary contexts, and prodding him to apologize for his actions and return forthwith home to Sumatra.

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[68] "Akan berkerat rotankah ia dengan orang toeanja?"

[69] "tiada mendengarkan … akan poetoeslah ia beranakkan dia pada hari itoe … ta' dapat diperentah"

[70] "O, ja, ia telah bertjerai dengan kampoeng halamannja, bertjerai dengan tepian tempat mandi, bertjerai dengan kaoem keloearga jang banjak itoe, serta sahabat-kenalannja; itoelah gerangan jang merisaukan hatinja"

-Njanya

Toward the end of Chapter VII, just before sobbing herself to sleep, Dirsina has been wavering about what she should do. At first she feels she should be understanding of her husband's difficult situation, but then the pain in her heart overtakes her. She vows that even though, as she mistakenly suspects, her husband may prefer his new, younger wife, she will never "leave the city of Bandoeng, and what's more such a beautiful house as hers" (Adinegoro 1931: 71).[72] No, she will stay in Bandung, stay in that very house, and watch what her husband does. The tears begin rolling down her face, and then she gets up, as though in pain, and begins walking around her house. "She touched all the places that she often handled, opened the piano, placed her fingers on the keys of the piano, then caressed them, and there was heard a line of sound, a gentle stifled cry" (Adinegoro 1931: 72).[73] In English one reads – hopefully – an evocative scene of lonesome melancholy. However, confirming the ultimate incommensurability of languages, the utter incapability of conveying or transferring sense intact from one language to another, we see how the Malay in this sentence is truly unsettling and exceptional: "Dirabanja segala tempat jang atjap kali dipegangnja, pianonja diboekanja, diletakkannja djarinja diatas mata-mata piano itoe, laloe dioeroetnja dan kedengaranlah sebaris boenji jang lemah-lemboet memekik tertjekik rasanja" (Adinegoro 1931: 72). What calls my attention to this sentence is the wild profusion of a particular Malay affix: "-nja" (as it was spelled here following the Dutch-inflected orthography of the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System), or *-nya* in our contemporary spelling. The sentences before and after this one in the text also make liberal use of the "-nja" suffix, but in none of those other sentences does Adinegoro loose the *-nya*-valanche like he does in this one. The first word of the sentence contains *-nja*, as does the last. Of the twenty-six words in the sentence, eight of them, over thirty percent, are words that contain this affix. Most strikingly, even obstinately, in the middle of the sentence Adinegoro gives us a string of five words in a row ending in *-nja*: "dipegangnja, pianonja diboekanja, diletakkannja djarinja." First of all, this is manifestly beyond translation. The aural repetition, and even the morphemic repletion, exceed my powers to bring them into English. And what other effects are all these *-nja* actually having on the text? *-Nja* is an informal, conversational addition, much more common in oral texts than in written ones, where its relatively fuzzy, nominalizing, rather possessive connotations mitigate against its overuse and its attaching itself to an excessively wide variety of words, as it so often does in speech. The bound morpheme of *-nja* is a nominalizing gesture. Among other things, we can use it to make nouns, as when (in the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System) *marah* (angry) becomes *marahnja* (their anger) or *senang* (happy) becomes *senangnja* (happiness, or their happiness). More conventionally though, it can also be possessive, as when *sepéda* (bicycle) becomes *sepédanja* (their bicycle). By nominalizing words in this way, and with an affix that also implies possession, Adinegoro calls attention to the physical world, to things, and to the fact that those things belong to someone, that those are Dirsina's own things that are lovingly, nostalgically caressed, and by Dirsina's own fingers. In addition to its work of signification, the surfeit of *-nja* also slows the reader down, inviting the reader to linger here, within this sentence, spending more time in contact with its words, just as Dirsina lingers here, in these rooms, likewise drawing out her contact with the presence of these objects. Casting about in profound sadness, as far as Dirsina knows all of her most significant relations are broken now. Her parents passed away years ago. The Dutch family that helped raise her has long since returned to Holland. Her son Dirhamsjah has just died. And now even her beloved husband Roestam is to be taken away from her. The only relations left to her now are with these objects in this room with her. Increasingly unbalanced as her sustaining network of interpersonal relations disconcertingly melts away beneath her feet, Dirsina tries to recover the meanings that she needs to be enlaced within and that give her meaning to herself. She is desperate to firm up her position, which is what she is attempting to do, by putting her fingers in direct contact with the hard surface of the piano, by manifesting the stifled musical cry of its keys in her ears. It is Dirsina's thirst for firmity that Adinegoro portrays, and seems to attempt partially to fulfill, with all the possessivizing and nominalizing -nja with which he fills this sentence and this passage. Drawing out time, obliquely possessive, focused on objects, like the piano, that evoke lost relationships, the particular Malay effect these *-nja* produce is one of forlorn melancholy and wistfulness. Intensely nostalgic and nominalized, that is to say, stilled, the space Dirsina inhabits and in which she circulates, is also therefore exemplarily *madjoe*.

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[71] "kemaoean 'alam"

[72] "meninggalkan kota Bandoeng, lebih-lebih roemahnja jang sebagoes itoe"

[73] "Dirabanja segala tempat jang atjap kali dipegangnja, pianonja diboekanja, diletakkannja diarinja diatas mata-mata piano itoe, laloe dioeroetnja dan kedengaranlah sebaris boenji jang lemah-lemboet memekik tertjekik rasanja"

Representations of relations: a skit

Writing down speech tends to still it. Dirsina is a writer. She engages in this solitary pursuit of linguistic representation from the privacy of the parlor in her *madjoe* household, where she lives with her nuclear family, composed only of herself, her husband, and, before he passed away, her young son. As we saw in the last chapter, writing contributes to *kemadjoean* by being yet another of the many representations abounding in this era. Representations are emanating all around now, in ways that did not exist just a few years prior. However, it is not only a matter of unprecedented forms and numbers of representations appearing in nonrepresentational real life. Also at issue is the fact that real life itself is increasingly being taken as a representation, with the important consequence of an intensification in bufferedness, and also therefore an intensification of the characteristically stilling effects of ostensibly progressive *kemadjoean*. When the insomniac Noeraini is lying awake on the ship from Sumatra to Java, just after her melancholic realization that she will be divorced from her bathing place, hometown, friends, and family, she reflects on how, even though she is sad now, not so long ago she was happy, and she reminisces back on her recent wedding. The wedding notably was not attended by the groom Roestam but only by his letter of representation, and she reflects back on all the extraordinary things that happened there. A buffalo and a cow "fell" in addition to the tens of chickens that were also slaughtered to provide for all those who attended (Adinegoro 1931: 7).[74] So much money she did she receive from friends and acquaintances, family and relatives, and such fine clothes! But sometimes a feeling of arrogance arose when she compared herself to her friends, for they were not yet allowed to wear such garments.

> There was a feeling of being of a slightly higher station than them, because now she was allowed to socialize with people already grown up, and even still being young, to sit at

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[74] "rebah"

> the dining table, while her friends, those girls were still left caged in a room, gathered together, peeking at the numerous people, how many their whispers and giggling laughs at seeing the skit of the people outside. (Adinegoro 1931: 8)[75]

Adinegoro describes the extraordinary cultural event of Noeraini's wedding ceremony, a ceremony steeped in traditional Minangkabau custom or *'adat*, from the vantage point of the young "gadis-gadis" or maidens. And the word he uses to characterize activities at what is probably the most important day in Noeraini's young life is "senda goerau," or "skit" (Adinegoro 1931: 8). As we come to see in his novel, Adinegoro does not ascribe as much value to *'adat* as other people do, particularly in comparison to characters like Roestam's parents. In this scene, the girls are already separate from the other participants in the ceremony, cordoned off in a room by themselves, partitioned off and marginalized where they cannot directly interfere with the high seriousness that this momentous occasion demands; they are essentially incarcerated, "caged" (Adinegoro 1931: 8).[76] This is a dissociation and a minor exile enforced on them by those "already grown up" (Adinegoro 1931: 8)[77] in the service of the prerogatives of *'adat*, and in facilitation of one of the ceremonies most emblematic of *'adat*, any *'adat*, everywhere, a wedding. But this dissociation cuts both ways. The girls are "caged in a room" (Adinegoro 1931: 8)[78] in the same house as the ceremony, not far from the goings-on, but the distancing the girls perform in the other direction, back on the attendees of the wedding that are imprisoning the girls in the room, is profoundly more dissociative and divorcing. Exiled not by mere physical distance as the girls are, the other guests at Noeraini's wedding suffer the far more transformative exile of conceptual distance, and the method these girls use to exile their fellow wedding guests is laughter.

Mikhail Bakhtin recognizes laughter as enabling the spirit of carnival, which allows for revolutionary new freedoms in our understanding of the world. He sees the genre of the novel as a development of low writing, which began as laughter, "cheerful and annihilating" (Bakhtin 1981: 21).

> It is precisely laughter that destroys the epic, and in general destroys any hierarchical (distancing and valorized) distance. … Laughter has the remarkable power of making an object come up close, of drawing it into a zone of crude contact where one can finger it familiarly on all sides, turn it upside down, inside out, peer at it from above and below, break open its external shell, look into its center, doubt it, take it apart, dismember it, lay it bare and expose it, examine it freely and experiment with it. … Familiarization of the world through laughter and popular speech is an extremely important and indispensable step in making possible free, scientifically knowable and artistically realistic creativity in European civilization. (Bakhtin 1981: 23)

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[75] "Adalah serasa tinggi daradjatnja sedikit dari meréka itoe, karena sekarang ia telah boléh bertjampoer dengan orang jang telah déwasa, dan masih moeda-moeda poela, doedoek menghadapi hidangan, sedangkan kawan-kawannja jang gadis-gadis itoe masih tinggal berkoeroeng didalam bilik, berkoempoel-koempoel, mengintip-intipkan orang banjak itoe; berapa bisik dan tertawa terkikik-kikik melihatkan senda goerau orang-orang jang diloear."

[76] "berkoeroeng"

[77] "telah déwasa"

[78] "berkoeroeng didalam bilik"

The Bakhtinian destruction of the "epic" carried out by the novel generally and generically bears an unmistakable resemblance to the Adinegoran destruction of *'adat* intended in this particular book of the novel genre. And both annihilations make use of laughter to do it. The maidens' laughter allows them to Bakhtinianally "doubt" and "dismember" the wedding scene outside the room into which they've been confined, and Adinegoro's description of this scene as a "senda goerau" (Adinegoro 1931: 8), an artifice, a representation, is a first concrete step toward the diminishment of that entire *'adat* cultural complex of which the marriage ceremony is so emblematic. This is no longer reality, this is no longer real life, but is a skit, a fictive scene, unreal; it is an unveiling of the artifice that constitutes real social relations. The destruction of the "hierarchical distance" that undergirds the entire structure of the wedding ceremony, with some people entitled to sit at dining tables while others aren't, with some people expected to give money and clothes and others receiving them, is diminished into a mere skit, and it is so diminished only and entirely by laughter. In a devastating reversal, it is the adults' *'adat* that is silly and childish, and the first step in this reversal is framing of this real and significant ceremony as a mere representation, mere play. The hierarchical relations have been evacuated from the context of the event by Adinegoro's words, or even reversed and turned on their head. And while one can still have a relationship with an object that one is taking apart, laying bare, exposing and examining, such as these girls are doing to the ceremony around them through Adinegoro (or as Adinegoro is doing through them), it is a profoundly transformed relationship, a relationship in which the tables have turned, and the one doing the taking apart and examining – and laughing – is no longer so affected by what one now laughs at, dismembers, and masters. It is a far more buffered relationship, with buffers created by laughter, a timeless phenomenon, but also created by the increasing frequency and ability in this particular age, the age of *kemadjoean*, to see traditional custom and other aspects of life as a skit, as a representation. In his writing, Bakhtin takes apart and examines the workings of the novel, and here he helps us understand what Adinegoro is doing in this novel, a relatively early example of the genre in Indonesian literature. Novelizing the quintessentially *'adat* scene of a traditional marriage ceremony, Adinegoro reverses it, turning what would often be portrayed as the healthy and proper socializing banter of a wedding into a mere skit. Now seen from the *madjoe* perspective of the novel, it has been reduced to a performance bereft of its socializing powers in *'adat*, is a portrayal of *'adat* as little more than sound and fury on a stage.

Representations of relations: a picture

To understand the traditional Minang wedding in Chapter I as but a play is a diminishing move, enacted by outsiders: Adinegoro the critical, *madjoe*, cosmopolitan author, and his characters, these subaltern unmarried maidens. Reinterpreting traditional marriage customs as representations, as nothing more than a skit, is a way for these outsiders to strike back and diminish those customs and the *'adat* of which they form a part. But reality can also be figured as representations in *Asmara Djaja* that are portrayed as enticing and admirable. At the beginning of Chapter V, another traditional ceremony has just taken place, but of this ceremony Adinegoro tells us nothing. It has been three days since Dirhamsjah died, and Roestam and Dirsina have just finished their ceremony of third-day prayers for the deceased. The guests that came to take part have just gone home, and that is all we are told of the rite. Roestam then carries his wife from the bed to the inner foyer, where he lays her on the divan. Adinegoro describes the scene and the room illuminated by their lamp. "Very beautiful it looked, the place was actually like in a picture it seemed, happy to see, it felt as though nothing would disturb or trouble them in that so unwavering love" (Adinegoro 1931: 38).[79] Their household is so beautiful that it's like a picture. It's so perfect that it could be a representation, too precious to actually be of this world. And part of that irreal perfection is the very changelessness of this place. A space as perfect and ideal as this is also utterly impervious to disturbance or troubles. Everything within this space is idealized as though in a "gambar," Adinegoro writes, a picture or an image, and like every other ideal, this is an unchanging one. Representations, including written representations, like the ones Dirsina likes to compose at her writing desk, as we saw before, work against processes of change in the era of *kemadjoean*. We are seeing new forms of representation pop up like mushrooms, but at the same time we are also seeing old forms of unrepresented life become representation, as with the wedding discussed above. The wedding, a skit, is a kind of play, unreal, frivolous, divorced from the reality of the girls locked in the room, and from the reality from which the cosmopolitan Adinegoro writes. Characterized as a representation, the theater of traditional custom is also portrayed as an artifact incapable of change. This is its weakness and is even a source of fun for the outsider spectators. At the same time, no less of a representation, the "picture" of *madjoe* domestic bliss is also an artifact impervious to change. But in the latter case this representational quality is its very strength and is even a source of inspiration. "Like in a picture … nothing would disturb or trouble them" (Adinegoro 1931: 38).[80] As with the eternal youth of a figure depicted in a painting, the artifice of Roestam and Dirsina's *madjoe* home has made them invulnerable to disturbances and troubles. Whether used as a strategy to disempower, by portraying something as representationally suspect, or as a way to show one's own power, by portraying something as representationally impressive, reconceptualizing reality as representation is something Adinegoro depicts as a hallmark of the era of *kemadjoean*.

The wedding is a skit. Bakhtinian laughter collapses valorized distance, a distance created by the Foucauldian spectacle of the ceremony, the distance between a viewer or a consumer and a work of art. The wedding is a play, and as such is a representation or an artifice more to be looked upon than participated in. The viewer of a play is not a participant in the way the guest at a wedding is. A guest at a wedding fulfills an important role in the event, and so is characterized not as a viewer, but instead by another term, as a witness, connoting a closer integration into the ceremony, even a necessity for the proceedings to be considered valid. The foyer is a picture, and as such is also a work of art, not a happenstance of real life, but, like a play, a result of ideas and intention and hard work. A picture is not meant to be lived in or entered, but is meant to be seen from outside, visually consumed by a viewer. It can be whole and perfect because it does not participate in the vagaries of real life, precisely because it is an artifice. Adinegoro never describes Roestam and Dirsina attending a performance of traditional Sundanese *wayang golek*, or puppet theater, where the audience is part of the play, even though *wayang golek* performances were surely available to take part in, in Bandung in the 1920s. Instead, they like to go to the Dutch "schouburg" (Adinegoro 1931: 41). It is notable that at the time this novel is published, Antonin Artaud is moving in the opposite direction as Adinegoro. He seems not so interested in Dutch *schouburg* as in traditional Balinese dance from the East Indies. Artaud writes that, "There is something about a spectacle like Balinese theatre which does away with entertainment, that aspect of useless artificiality, an evening's amusement so typical of our own theatre. Its productions are hewn out of matter itself right before our eyes, in real life itself" (Artaud 2013: 43). Unlike traditional Sundanese *wayang golek* or traditional Balinese dance, the

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[79] "Amat bagoes kelihatannja, adalah tempat itoe seperti didalam gambar djoega roepanja, senang hati melihat, serasakan tiada jang mengganggoe atau menggoda meréka itoe dalam pertjintaan jang amat tegoeh itoe"

[80] "seperti didalam gambar … tiada jang mengganggoe atau menggoda meréka itoe"

Dutch theater of the *schouburg* is a performance entirely separate from "real life itself," is indeed "entertainment" and "artificiality," is meant to be seen, not entered, just as is a picture. As such it is markedly distinct in nature from what one might expect of a wedding and a foyer, which would seem to exist in order to be entered and participated in. But instead, both wedding and foyer are depicted as phenomena to be seen but not entered. They have both become examples of spectacle. As spectacles, they are a different order of experience from what surrounds them. Within the spectacle of this kind of play or skit, one indication of this distinct order of experience is the presence of the fourth wall. An actor is normally not supposed to break this fourth wall, not supposed to talk directly to the audience. The audience, in turn, just like the girls locked in the room, is even more severely forbidden from breaking that barrier: if an audience member goes on the stage unbidden, they probably won't be staying to see how it ends. Invisible though the fourth wall is, it is nevertheless foundationally important to the event of a play, and must be treated with the utmost respect. Pictures are not cordoned off by fourth walls like plays are, but they do have something similar, their frames. Within the frame is the picture, perfectible artifice, the manifestation of a will. Outside the frame is the messy and mundane. Frames and walls are occlusions, blocking relationships between what is on one side and what is on the other. The fourth wall and the picture frame that were constructed by the metaphors of skit and picture effectively do just that. They make the scene within the frame or the wall untouchable, whether because it is a ridiculous and unbelievable farce, like a skit, or because it is an ideal household, like a picture. This untouchability is a kind of distance, a particular kind of distance particularly associated with *kemadjoean*, called privacy.

The privacy of *kemadjoean*

The foyer described in Chapter V is decorated here and there with pictures and potted plants. This is the *madjoe* space where the man and wife would go to enjoy themselves without being bothered by other people. This is another example of a very controlled, limited kind of relations. This is as different from a Minang house as can be, for the Minang house is a kind of house, as Jeffrey Hadler shows us in *Muslims and Matriarchs*, that is made for circulation, that is designed expressly to accommodate the entrances and movements of different people (Hadler 2008: 65). The traditional Minang house is a longhouse sheltering many households, especially the households of sisters. It is matrilocal as well as matrifocal. Tiwon writes of the colonial aversion to the longhouse, and of the colonizers' horror at what they felt were "communities built upon the basis of the extended household, in which there is no possibility of proper differentiation between the private and the public, in which there is no possibility of capitalist individuation, and which absorbs into its inchoate 'matrix' all sparks of energy and spirt" (Tiwon 2000: 79 – 80). So inimical and irreconcilable was this arrangement to Dutch ideas of a household that it was considered "inchoate" and incapable of individuation, lacking a rigid and standardized boundary between what was private and what was public.

A house with a very different relationship to privacy than that of the traditional Minang longhouse, Roestam and Dirsina's is the house of a nuclear family, with hard boundaries between themselves and others, even others such as the husband's own mother and father and wife. It expresses a notion of privacy, a *madjoe* concept, and one that is related to the bufferedness that is thickening here, and even to the Malay language that eschews words for relatively complex family relations like *mamak*. This scene in the foyer is a key passage for tracing the birth of privacy in *Asmara Djaja*, and so also provides one instance of its advent in the entire Indies itself at this time. Roestam and Dirsina don't want to "be bothered by lots of people" (Adinegoro 1931: 39).[81] The ultimate consequence of this is that Roestam's father goes home to Sumatra (Adinegoro 1931: 93). Dirsina's household is and therefore can remain as perfect as a picture. This implies it is unchanging, that it is observable as a whole, and that is bounded. All this connotes privacy, either creating privacy or indicating its presence. What happens inside their house is of a different order of experience that what happens outside it, and so must be kept distinctly separate. It is as though the household has become surrounded by a frame, within which a different set of expectations obtains, and that frame is the boundary of their privacy.

As Roestam's father explains at the end of the book, the age of *kemadjoean* has particular ramifications for the rights of people to do certain things. The bufferedness that now obtains means that he, as a person of the past, can no longer claim the right to interfere with people of the present. Bufferedness also gives Dirsina the right to expel people from her house, in defense of her, her family's, and her household's privacy. When Roestam's family first arrives at his home, just after the third-day prayers for Dirhamsjah have finished, Dirsina hears Roestam arguing with his family in front of their house. She does not understand what they are arguing about, because it is in Minang, which only makes her more anxious. "So she quickly got up, as though she wanted to drag her husband into the house and drive off the others from her home" (Adinegoro 1931: 44).[82] Her right to privacy also gives her the right to remove them. Previous rules of respect for relations like a father or a father-in-law seem no longer to apply. The requirement to respect these relations is dissolved, or perhaps exploded, under the jurisdiction of the right to privacy, and the advancement of the nuclear family. Dirsina wants to run off the people from her house, which necessarily she feels she has the right to do. She would impose privacy, and she would also impose distance, forcing the imposition of greater distance between herself and people who want to be there. Being *madjoe*, Dirsina has become more of a Smithian "buffered self," and perhaps the most effective buffer she can place around herself is simple physical space, enacting the inviolability of the buffered self, along with that of the buffered household, an inviolability vouchsafed by the right to privacy. The thickening of the buffer around her self necessarily leads simultaneously to the attenuation of many of the personal relations that surround her also, along with all the development and change those relations make possible.

Laughter is a way to turn the power wielded by hierarchy back on the hierarchy itself. Another instance of humor, perhaps the funniest scene in the book, illustrates just how laughter can help enact such a reversal. Roestam's family has just arrived, disturbing Roestam and Dirsina in their scene of *madjoe* domestic tranquility and mourning. The coachmen have begun unloading the family's belongings when Roestam rushes out to confront his father and to ask just what they think they're doing there. His father answers harshly,

> ,,What am I doing? Didn't I already tell you we were coming? Is she actually still here, that woman of yours, or have you gotten rid of her already?''
>
> ,,O Allah, help me!'' answered Roestam; he forgot about the presence of his mother, along with his mother-in-law and wife. He paid no attention to those others, but

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[81] "diganggoe oléh orang banjak"

[82] "Maka berbangkitlah ia dengan segera, seolah-olah hendak menghéla soeaminja keatas roemah dan mengoesir orang lain itoe dari roemahnja"

> instead reloaded all the things that had been taken down off the carriage by the coachmen, and in a hurry. (Adinegoro 1931: 43)[83]

Roestam's family cannot even get their things unloaded and moved into his house without Roestam loading everything back up on the carriage. It is humorous for the reader to see their designs frustrated in such a way, but Adinegoro does not depict it as humorous for the characters. In the earlier scene, at the wedding, Adinegoro told us that the girls locked inside the room were giggling at the "skit" outside, but did not tell us what they were giggling at. What took place in that scene was humorous for the characters, but the reader has no idea why. This later scene however is the opposite, is humorous only for the reader. Roestam is certainly not laughing, nor is his father. Nor, it seems likely, was anybody else who'd just arrived at Roestam's house. In the scene of the wedding, the humor is entirely within the story. In this scene in Roestam's front yard, the humor is seen from outside of the story, from the point of view of the reader. In the previous scene, the girls use humor to deflect power, directing their laughter back at those hierarchically above them, showing the readers how such redirection of power might be accomplished. By the time of this scene of the unloading and then reloading of the carriage, we have already been given permission by the girls to laugh at older and more traditionally powerful people like Roestam's parents. This time it is not a maiden's giggling that is turned back toward the top of the hierarchy, but rather the powerful's luggage that is turned back, in a weightier species of resistance. In both Dirsina's desperate desire to shoo away her would-be guests and Roestam's humorous reloading of the luggage back onto the carriage, Roestam's family has come into contact with the buffer around Roestam and Dirsina's household, the buffer of privacy, and as that buffer is not porous; there's no way through. Instead, they bounce off it and away.

Traveling through *kemadjoean*

Roestam's family has traveled many hundreds of miles over several days. They are unloading their things at Roestam's house because they believe their travels are finally over. They believe that at last they can rest, and although they are in a distant and foreign land, the land of Java, they are at least at the home of one of their kin. Imagine their shock, then, upon learning that, no, their travels are not over. A warm meal and a refreshing bath and a soft bed do not await them here. Their progress must continue. Travel is an integral component of *kemadjoean*, one of the activities that makes *kemadjoean* what it is, as the progressive metaphor itself would suggest. In his account of late colonial technology and nationalism in Indonesia, *Engineers of Happy Land*, Rudolf Mrázek opens his tome with the fundamental technology of roads, and specifically with the opening of a road that would cut precisely through Minangkabau. On the first page of the first chapter, he notes that Jan Willem Ijzerman's Siak expedition – an expedition to survey the route for a railway through the jungle from Padang Panjang in the west to Siak in the east, to better facilitate the exploitation of Sumatra – "started up 'with a little word *madjoe*,' which meant 'forward' in Malay, the lingua franca of the colony" (Mrázek 2002: 1). *Madjoe*, the verb "to progress" or the adjective "progressive," is thus touched on immediately, and continues to be key a concept for the length of Mrázek's book on technology and nationalism in the late Dutch East Indies of the early twentieth century. Mrázek even feels that travel was in Ijzerman's blood (Mrazek 2002: 235 n. 4). Judging by travel's prominent place in *Asmara Djaja* as well however, it appears to have been in everyone's blood; it may have actually been in the air in late-colonial Sumatra and Java, for there everybody tends to travel. Towards the end of the penultimate chapter of the novel, Chapter VIII, Mrs. Meerman, Roestam and Dirsina's kindly Dutch neighbor, very well-traveled herself, is laying out to Roestam how he can get himself and his wife out of the mess they're in. The end of their excruciating ordeal is coming into view. Regarding how he can best help himself and his ailing wife, Mrs. Meerman tells him, "And you yourself as soon as possible go from here with your wife Dirsina, because you can ask for a month's leave" (Adinegoro 1931: 83).[84] The solution to your problems, she tells him, is literal *kemadjoean*, going away, going somewhere, leaving there. This is doubly significant because Roestam and Dirsina are, up to this point in the novel, the only people in his family who have yet to physically *madjoe*, who are still in the same place they started. *Kemadjoean* is described as an active force and we each are passively within its circulation or we are not. Each of the characters in *Asmara Djaja* experiences *kemadjoean*. The telling difference is what they each do with it, and how they react. Noeraini thrives in the age of *kemadjoean*. Roestam's father initially rejects it before acquiescing. Noeraini's mother is uncomfortable with it at first, but then comes to appreciate *kemadjoean*. Roestam and Dirsina need it like a vital nutrient and if they don't have it are as if ill. Mrs. Meerman, a diplomaed nurse from far-off Holland, exemplifies *kemadjoean* and has also lived it most radically herself, traveling thousands of miles and across the ocean from the Netherlands, having also lived in Minangkabau, before coming to live in Sunda.

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[83] "„Apakah jang saja kerdjakan? Boekankah engkau soedah koeberi tahoe, bahwa kami akan datang? Masih disini djoegakah perempoeanmoe itoe, atau soedah engkau boeangkan dianja?''

„Ja Allah, tolong akoe!'' djawab Roestam; loepalah ia akan keadaan iboenja, serta mentoeanja dan isterinja. Tiada diindahkannja jang lain itoe, melainkan ia memoeatkan kembali segala barang-barang jang ditoeroenkan kebawah oléh koesir-koesir itoe, dengan terboeroe-boeroe."

Travel is such a central part of this centrifugal narrative that the last chapter of the book is even titled "Bon voyage" (Adinegoro 1931: 85).[85] A narrative of *kemadjoean* appropriately ends with the phrase *Selamat djalan*, which can be understood to mean, "may you be safe on your journey," "happy travels," "happy trails," and "bon voyage." Like its various possible meanings, the circumstances to which this *selamat djalan* could potentially be applied are similarly manifold. It could refer to Roestam and Dirsina's travels out east on his *verlof*, the leave that Mrs. Meerman so strongly recommends he take in order to depart Bandung with his poor wife for a month. Or *selamat djalan* could refer – perhaps sarcastically – to Roestam's father's travel, his return, his *kemunduran* or regression to Sumatra, as in, "Bye, pops, bon voyage! Nice knowin' ya'!" *Selamat djalan* could be directed at the reader, traveling off out of the text, since after all this is the last chapter, the one that marks a departure and forms a bridge from the text to the outside of the text. This possibility is particularly provocative since what stands outside of the text is something that this text is clearly very concerned with, for it is a text about forced marriage, polygamy, *kemadjoean*, (the Indonesian) language, and other extratextual phenomena. Finally, this *selamat djalan* could refer to *kemadjoean* itself. When Mrs. Meerman suggests Roestam and his wife "go away from here" (Adinegoro 1931: 83), her words in Malay are "berdjalan dari sini," using the same root word of *djalan*, a word that means "walk" or "go" in English. One of the many meanings of *selamat djalan*, then, could be that it is an admonition to the reader, the *madjoe* reader, fluent in Malay, who enjoys reading such *madjoe* artifacts as novels, urging this reader to continue on and forward into the progressive and progressed-into future. The novel that begins with Chapter I, “Departing for Batavia” (Adinegoro 1931: 3),[86] ends with Chapter IX, “Bon voyage” (Adinegoro 1931: 85).[87] Travel is not only central to this novel, but peripheral to it as well, for *Asmara Djaja* both begins and ends with traveling, and we are informed that travel will continue even after the story concludes, as Roestam’s father heads west, back to Sumatra, and Roestam and Dirsina will be heading east, to help Dirsina heal her ailing body and mind.

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[84] "Dan engkau sendiri selekas-lekasnja berdjalan dari sini dengan isterimoe Dirsina, karena engkau dapat meminta verlof barang seboelan"

[85] "Selamat djalan"

Progressively distant

The *madjoe* in *Asmara Djaja*, exemplified primarily by Roestam and Dirsina, but also, to a greater or lesser degree, embodied by characters like Mrs. Meerman, Noeraini, Noeraini’s mother, and even, at the last moment, Roestam’s father, are buffered selves, and being buffered, less porous selves, they change and develop less, which contradicts the forward movement connoted by the metaphor of *kemadjoean*. Distance, whether a function of privacy or not, contributes to this bufferedness merely by putting space between one person and another, acting as a simple and effective, albeit invisible buffer around a self. In addition to strengthening *kemadjoean*, distance is also facilitated by it, creating a vicious or a virtuous cycle, depending on your point of view, in that by having fewer relations between selves, and attenuating those relations that still do exist, people are freer to travel to far-off places, freer to install these buffers of distance around themselves. We also see this in Mrázek’s “Tan Malaka” and the isolation of Tan Malaka as a modern political actor, an activist for the cause of Indonesia who ironically spent most of his life far distant from the Archipelago (Mrázek 1972: 5), whether traveling to advance his activism or in forced exile. Tan Malaka identifies his travels as a kind of *rantau* (Mrázek 1972: 6), unorthodox and innovative a *rantau* though it may have been, but he also can be seen to exemplify the *madjoe* practice of travel and the merciless severing of relations such distancing imposed. Similar to what Tan Malaka enacted in his life through his travels, physical, bodily motion in *Asmara Djaja*, literal *kemadjoean* as a factor in the dissolution of relations and the enactment of metaphorical *kemadjoean*, is nowhere more uncannily verbalized than it is in Roestam’s reminiscences of his dead son, particularly his memories of his son’s first words. Chapter V, “A disappointing meeting” (Adinegoro 1931: 38),[88] the middle chapter of the book, acts as a kind of hinge between all that comes before and all that comes after. The chapter begins with the couple finishing their third-day prayers for their deceased son. Soon Roestam’s family will arrive and ruin everything. Before that happens though, the bereaved couple has time alone together, in their bastion of privacy, this oasis of seclusion that we saw earlier, their *madjoe* parlor. Dirsina begins crying, and Roestam comforts her. We are then told that normally in the evenings, at this time of day, father and mother would be playing with their child. “At that time, their child would be taught to talk and to walk or made to crawl on the floor. Yes, that’s what saddened Dirsina’s heart. It felt as though she could even hear the apple of her eye calling: „Papa’’, „Mama’’, etc. Sometimes was also heard from his little mouth: „A, wéh!’’ that is to say „Ga weg!’’ (go away) to whoever was near him” (Adinegoro 1931: 40 – 41).[89]

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[86] “Berangkat ke Betawi”

[87] “Selamat djalan”

[88] “Pertemoean jang mengetjéwakan”

[89] “Pada waktoe itoelah anaknja itoe diadjar berkata-kata atau berdjalan atau disoeroeh merangkak-rangkak dilantai. Ja, itoelah jang menjedihkan hati Dirsina. Rasakan terdengar djoega oléhnja bidji matanja itoe memanggil-manggil: „Papa’’, „Mama’’, dll. Kadang-kadang kedengaran djoegalah dari moeloet jang ketjil itoe: „A, wéh!’’ maksoednja ialah „Ga weg!’’ (pergilah) kepada siapa jang menghampirinja”

In this room, a quintessentially *madjoe* space, they play kroncong, a kind of *madjoe*, mestizo, pan-Archipelagic music, Dirsina writes, and little Dirhamsjah is taught to speak. And we may assume that what this child, mixed son of a Minang man and a Sundanese woman, is taught to speak is the language in which this book is written, and which his parents probably speak with one another, “the lingua franca of the colony” (Mrázek 2002: 1), Malay, that is to say, Indonesian. What’s more, this child is taught to crawl and to walk, that is, to move, to literally *madjoe*. In this room, with its necessary privacy, they will not be bothered by lots of people – potentially bothersome people who include Roestam’s father – and therefore can do what they want and need to do: learn to speak *madjoe* Malay and learn to *madjoe* per se, to move, to walk, to go from place to place, to go from the near to the far, to go from the here to the there. Key however is little Dirhamsjah’s verbalizations: “Mama” and “Papa,” but then, crucially, also “A, wéh!,” a babytalk version of the Dutch “Ga weg!,” which foreign, Dutch term then receives a gloss, “(go away),” or as it’s written in the original Malay, “(pergilah)” (Adinegoro 1931: 41). This itself is curious. The baby says, “A, wéh,” which we are told means “Ga weg,” but, unlike the year-old baby, we the readers are assumed to not know the meaning of this Dutch phrase, and so must be brought up to speed with an infant and told that it means “pergilah,” “go away.” Roestam and Dirsina’s household is portrayed in an admiring and aspirational light by Adinegoro. It has plenty of space, a nice and certainly not inexpensive piano, tasteful pictures, fashionable lighting, and no less enviable, the child of the household speaks some Dutch. As he also does in his pictures, Dirhamsjah’s presence lingers on in this room, so much so that “one felt one could hear the apple of their eye calling out „Papa,’’ „Mama,’’ etc.” Here, as with the portraits that become the people they represent and that surround Dirsina where she writes and when she mourns, the memory of Dirhamsjah’s speech is also indistinguishable from the actual original speech itself. So much so, one felt one could hear the words being spoken.

The words being spoken, that Dirsina and Roestam can still hear, are “Papa” and “Mama” and “A, wéh.” These are all Dutch words, or a child’s version of them. Dirhamsjah, with his elementary but certainly growing command of Dutch, gives himself away as an educated, very *madjoe* young man. This child, the youngest character in the book, is perhaps not surprisingly also the most *madjoe*. In this *madjoe*, private space, he craves even more space, even more privacy, and also even more movement. He wants his interlocutor to “go away.” This would be a good epigram for the chapter, and indeed is a fitting theme for the entire novel: go away. The phrase involves notions of privacy, bufferedness, and progression. At the same time, it is a breaking of bonds, and so results in a total reconfiguring of relationships. When people are in our immediate vicinity, we can communicate via the bodily sense of touch; we can touch them, as Dirsina does when she caresses the dying Dirhamsjah or the kindly Mrs. Meerman, or as Roestam does to comfort Dirsina herself. When a person is just out of reach, we can communicate through the sense of hearing, as when Noeraini’s mother confides in Mrs. Meerman, or as when Roestam and his father argue with one another, and as Ibrahim on the steamship does with music, the music of kroncong that is also played by Roestam and Dirsina in their home during happier times. And if an interlocutor is farther still, out of earshot, and we want to communicate with them, want to use language with them, want to involve them with us in our mutual web of languaging, it will be of no use to speak, and we must communicate using more than merely our bodily senses; we must use one or another technology, foremost being the technology of writing. This is the progression necessarily implied in Dirhamsjah’s cute little imperative, A, wéh, go away. To go away is to exceed the limits of touch, and enter into the sphere of speech and then writing. This is the implication of going away, the implications of, from Dirhamsjah's perspective, *kemadjoean*. In their private inner foyer, Dirsina has a desk where she writes (Adinegoro 1931: 39). When she wants to leave Roestam, and threatens suicide if he follows her, she'll write (Adinegoro 1931: 86 – 87). Then, when Roestam proposes divorce to Noeraini as the solution to all his problems, he'll write (Adinegoro 1931: 89 – 90). They write because they are distant, and in each case they write because they want even more distance between them than there already is. The *madjoe* world is a written world, and those who are felt not to fit well into this written world are those like Roestam's father. When close-by he is a source of the greatest consternation for our protagonists, but he is never more loved than when he says, on the final page, "Tomorrow I will depart for Sumatra…!" (Adinegoro 1931: 93).[90] In so doing, Roestam's father finally follows his dead grandson's so thoroughgoingly *madjoe* directive, and he goes away.

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[90] "Esok hari akoe akan berangkat ke Soematera……………!"

Chapter 3: Universal Progress

> In Emmahaven were great crowds of people, there were those who were going to sail and those who were just accompanying them. There was no shortage of police on guard there. Young people, boys and girls, flocked about, there were some dressed in the European fashion, there were some dressed like ordinary Malays. Among these great many people, Noeraini passed with her mother along with a small child, Gairoel his name, like someone who was worried, scared of being accidentally struck by these many people. (Adinegoro 1931: 3 – 4)[91]

The universal relationship

In Chapter 2, I explored the changes wrought on relationships within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, in particular the buffering effect that relationships underwent, to use the Smithian development of Charles Taylor's concept of the buffered self. This buffering had a number of associated phenomena, some of which were detailed in the last chapter. One phenomenon associated with this bufferedness, both as a partial cause and a partial effect, and which I will further explore in this chapter, is universality.

The universal is an important component of the *kemadjoean* depicted in *Asmara Djaja*. As Adinegoro writes in Chapter I, at her ceremony of marriage to Roestam – or rather to Roestam's letter of representation – Noeraini, being a newly-married woman, feels that compared to her friends she is "of a somewhat higher level than them, because she's now able to socialize with people who are already grown up" (Adinegoro 1931: 8).[92] Noeraini has acceded to adulthood. Her relationships to grown-ups are not the same as they had been; now she has new relationships to adults. Previously she was socially situated below the adults and now she is situated socially above her still-unmarried friends. The intricately interconnected relations that she is enmeshed within, in this world of Minang *'adat*, are themselves inherently unequal. Within the transformational orbit of *kemadjoean*, such *'adat*-inflected relationships as these would be weakened, and some would come to not exist at all. This in itself might tend toward greater equality. All relationships, *'adat* and otherwise, are inherently unequal – father-son, teacher-student, and so on. *Kemadjoean* makes possible greater equality, such as we see when Roestam's father changes his mind and comes to the realization that he "has no right to interfere in the rights of people of the present time" (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[93] This equality is both cause and effect of the elimination and attenuation of relationships. For example, Roestam and Dirsina, avatars of *kemadjoean*, didn't even know their next-door neighbors, the Meermans, before Roestam, without even asking permission or ever having spoken to them, ran over to their house to use their phone (Adinegoro 1931: 48).

This intimate anonymity also prevails at the port, as we see in the episode cited above. In this fascinating harbor scene of Emmahaven, boys and girls flock about, there are people dressed in the Europeans fashion and others dressed in the Malay style. Reflecting the diverse European and Malay signifying happening in this place, even the name of this port, the port that serves Padang, Emmahaven, is the name bestowed upon the previously extant place of Teluk Bayur by the Dutch. Already in that act of renaming we can see displacement, the displacing of the place name Teluk Bayur by the place name Emmahaven. Problematically though, this name change was not accompanied by a glossing. It is as though before Teluk Bayur was given the Dutch name Emmahaven it did not exist. In this way the previous existence of Teluk Bayur is erased.

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[91] "Di Emmahaven orang amat ramai, ada jang akan berlajar dan ada jang mengantarkan-antarkan sadja. Polisi jang mendjagapoen tidak koerang banjaknja. Anak moeda-moeda, laki-laki, perempoean berbondong-bondong, ada jang berpakaian tjara Eropah, ada jang berpakaian seperti orang Melajoe biasa sadja. Antara orang jang banjak itoe Noeraini laloe dengan iboenja beserta seorang anak ketjil, Gairoel namanja, seperti orang ketjemasan, takoet akan terlanggar oléh orang banjak itoe."

[92] "tinggi daradjatnja sedikit dari meréka itoe, karena sekarang ia telah boléh bertjampoer dengan orang jang telah déwasa"

[93] "tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini"

This a setting awash in *kemadjoean*. This is the case not only because of the displacing Dutch place name, but also because this is a site of literal travel and progress, in addition to being a location full of the randomness and rootlessness of metaphorical *kemadjoean*. This is because all these people thrown together seemingly at random have roughly the same relation to all the others, that is to say, precious little. Every buffered person is in the same universal and identical situation with every other buffered person, in that they are relatively unmoored from the relationships around them, and are each surrounded primarily by their own buffers. Each person at that port is within a comparable situation. What each of the people in the port of Emmahaven is participating in then is a kind of universal experience. It is therefore a site of the most advanced and most advancing *kemadjoean*.

Progress and *rantau*

At the same time, Emmahaven is also a site of deeply traditional, *'adat* practice, for this port is a location for the commencement of the *rantau*, a pillar of local *'adat* custom that in Adinegoro's novel is transformed from a Minang particularity to a *madjoe* universality. *Asmara Djaja* closes thus: "Roestam and Dirsina however, two days after his father departed to Padang, they also departed, leaving Bandoeng and going towards the east, because he got a 1 month long vacation in order to gladden the heart and heal the body of his wife" (Adinegoro 1931: 93).[94] At the end of *Asmara Djaja*, Roestam's father takes his leave, enacting the apotheosis of his dearly departed grandson Dirhamsjah's Dutch-language directive to "Ga weg!" that is to say, to "go away" (Adinegoro 1931: 41). As we read here, immediately after his father goes away, Roestam and Dirsina go away too, and it is a final and definitive departure, for the citation quoted above, in which we are told that Roestam will be taking a month off to travel for the health of his wife, is the passage that closes the novel. Whereas Roestam's father's departure is a regression however, a defeated and empty-handed return back to Padang, Roestam and Dirsina's departure is a further progression. Adinegoro does not tell us where exactly to the east Roestam and Dirsina are going. We are not told that Roestam and Dirsina are off to Yogyakarta or Semarang or Surabaya, or all the way to Banyuwangi or any other specific and grounded locale to the east of Bandung on the island of Java. Rather, it seems to suffice for Adinegoro to simply tell us that it's east, an abstract, cardinal direction. And precisely because they are heading east, they are necessarily not going back to Roestam's home town of Padang, which lies northwest of Bandung. Instead, pointedly, they are traveling even farther from it.

Roestam's father goes west, goes back to Padang. And rather than head east and put ever more space between himself and his home town, Roestam was also supposed to go back like his father, to regress, to close the circle; in fact, he was supposed to have gone west back to Padang already. Previously in the novel, Roestam's father had sent countless letters to his son, almost none of which were actually read by him. Most of these missives Roestam simply stuffed in the drawer of his desk, unopened. “From Padang came piles of letters, telling Roestam to go home, or telling him to send a letter of representation” (Adinegoro 1931: 30).[95] Roestam’s father is telling his son to come back home. One way to understand this is that Roestam’s father is telling Roestam that it is time to come full circle, time to complete his *rantau*. Hadler writes that, “In accordance with custom, Minangkabau men must leave their villages and travel into the expanded world – the *rantau* – seeking wealth, education, or whatever might make them of value before they can return home and appeal to the family of a potential bride” (Hadler 2008: 2). The verb form, *merantau*, is to go out into the world beyond Minangkabau, but *merantau*, as Hadler suggests, always implies circularity, ideally entails return. Roestam’s *rantau*, by contrast, is a one-way street. Being a young Minang man, it is likely that when he departed Minangkabau for Sunda years before, it was to *merantau*, to gain knowledge, experience, and wealth that would add to his value upon his return to Minangkabau. Instead, in a perverse reversal, it is now his father, as an old man, who returns from a kind of *rantau*. Roestam’s father has indeed gained knowledge on his anti-*rantau*, but it is knowledge unsought and unwanted, acquired through bitter direct experience, of the preeminence of *kemadjoean* in the world inhabited by his son. Roestam, unlike his father, will be staying on Java – foreshadowing what Adinegoro himself would later do – and would not return to Sumatra, nor even marry a Minang woman. Roestam’s rejection of *rantau* is so total, that rather than return, he heads even farther east, doubling down on his alienation from his homeland. Roestam breaks the pattern of *rantau*, showing the reader how *rantau* itself can be broken. In breaking the *rantau*, Roestam has reinterpreted a particular, and particularly meaningful, *‘adat* practice, the circular out-migration of *merantau*, into a universal marker of *kemadjoean*, a realization of travel, relocation, rootlessness.

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[94] "Akan tetapi Roestam dan Dirsina, doea hari sesoedah ajahnja berangkat ke Padang, iapoen berangkat meninggalkan Bandoeng menoedjoe arah ketimoer, karena ia dapat verlof 1 boelan lamanja oentoek menjenang-njenangkan hati dan menjéhatkan badan isterinja"

The limitations of privacy

The travel, relocation, and rootlessness in *Asmara Djaja* are made possible by the bufferedness and separation coeval with *kemadjoean*, a discreteness portrayed by the author in his description of Roestam and Dirsina’s home: “Here and there the room was decorated with pictures and flower pots that were placed on high benches. This is where the man and wife would go to enjoy themselves together without being bothered by lots of people” (Adinegoro 1931: 39).[96] As we saw in the last chapter, in which the household of Roestam and Dirsina was ensconced within a buffer of *madjoe* privacy, here we are again presented with a very controlled, limited sort of relations. This is no traditional Minang dwelling, which is a house that is constructed to accommodate various categories of extended family and to facilitate their circulation (Ng 1993: 131). Roestam and Dirsina comprise a nuclear family, with hard boundaries between themselves and others, between the members of the family and the unnamed, unrelated horde, the bothersome “lots of people,” the “orang banjak” that threaten to disturb their domestic tranquility. Included in the potentially disturbing “lots of people” are members of Roestam’s immediate family. This is a notion of privacy, a figuration of absence that can be traced to the Indonesian language, a tongue that is silent about categories for family relations like that of *mamak*. The passage cited above is key for tracing the advent of privacy in *Asmara Djaja*, if not in the Dutch East Indies as a whole at this time. Judging by this passage, Adinegoro feels it was common and comprehensible to not want to be bothered by lots of people.

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[95] “Dari Padang bertimpa-timpa soerat datang menjoeroeh Roestam poelang, atau menjoeroeh mengirim soerat wakil”

[96] “Disana sini kamar itoe dihiasi oléh gambar-gambar dan pot-pot boenga jang terletak diatas bangkoe^2 tinggi. Inilah tempat kedoea laki isteri itoe bersenang-senangkan diri dan tiada diganggoe oléh orang banjak”

Distance is created. Distance is maintained. Distance is jealously guarded and even increased when possible. So powerful is this *madjoe* preference for the nuclear family that decades later, describing Indonesia under the Suharto regime, Tiwon could write that, “We might conclude that the only type of household recognized as ‘material’ to the law is the nuclear family” (Tiwon 2000: 73). Just as the design of the Minang *‘adat* longhouse facilitates the important relations in a Minang family (Hadler 2008: 63), the very private, privacy-generating, privacy-preserving architecture of the *madjoe* nuclear family’s *madjoe* house also facilitates *madjoe* values, values that run in direct opposition to certain Minang *‘adat* values, furthering the attenuation rather than the strengthening of relationships, directly increasing the distance between people. In so doing, the *madjoe* house itself reinforces the stasis so characteristic of *kemadjoean*.

Particularity + universality = anthropology

The distance invoked by privacy in the *madjoe* house is echoed in a cognate distance no less integral to the age of *kemadjoean*, the distance of the anthropological, the distance between the ethnographer and the object of their ethnography. Anthropology was far from unknown in Minangkabau at the time Adinegoro was writing *Asmara Djaja*. Indeed, already in 1914 the eminent American suffragist Carrie Chapman Catt could conclude her article in Harper’s Magazine, “A Survival of the Matriarchy,” by admiringly noting of the Minang at the time that, “The people are now taking an intelligent view of their own comparative status among the peoples of the world, and more than one possesses a fair knowledge of ethnology. At present they probably represent the highest civilization existing under this form of social organization” (Chapman Catt 1914: 748). The American suffragist may well have been interested in visiting Minangkabau, for the Minang people had by that time long been held up by Dutch scholars as a curious atavistic outpost of matriarchy. In the 1920s, writes Hadler, “Anthropologists and feminists from Europe and the United States descended on West Sumatra to report on the fading glory of a survival of matriarchy” (Hadler 2008: 103), and in 1923, a center of Minangkabau ethno-regional scholarship was established in Koto Gadang (Hadler 2008: 127). It is no wonder then that the *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja* has led the characters in this novel to approach traditional custom through a conspicuously anthropological lens.

Of all the characters in the novel, the Dutchwoman Mrs. Meerman is the one with the most markedly anthropological approach. She tells how she comforted Dirsina about Roestam’s new wife by explaining to her “that all those things are customary for the Menangkabau, it must be so” and “That’s the custom there” (Adinegoro 1931: 76).[97] Mrs. Meerman explains to Noeraini’s mother in Chapter VIII that with regard to Roestam and Dirsina, she and her husband “mean nothing to those two young people, and are only acquainted with them because of living next door. And my husband works in the same office as Roestam” (Adinegoro 1931: 75).[98] Mrs. Meerman then goes on to explain that she and her husband had lived in Minangkabau for three and a half years some while back. In a previous chapter, Mrs. Meerman had told of some of the extraordinary scenes she’d witnessed in Minangkabau, such as when she saw an enraged woman chasing a man through the market with a knife, trying to kill him. Later she learned that the woman was the man’s wife, and he had just married another, younger woman. Mrs. Meerman explains that the woman was not successful, and did not kill the man, but she wryly adds that she feels this was a shame, for such a man deserved no mercy (Adinegoro 1931: 58). Speaking to Noeraini's mother in Chapter VIII, Mrs. Meerman explains to her that "I clarified to Dirsina, that this is all common among the Menangkabau, it's necessarily so. Thus are the customs and traditions there. She didn't know about all these things, because here the customs and traditions are different than they are in Menangkabau" (Adinegoro 1931: 76).[99] Mrs. Meerman is not upset or angry. She is not tempted to "scream to high heaven" the way Noeraini's mother is tempted to do upon seeing what Dirsina must endure. (Adinegoro 1931: 75).[100] Mrs. Meerman remains calm because she approaches Dirsina's situation from a distance, specifically, from an anthropological distance, judiciously, not to say academically, speaking of "their customs and traditions," "'adat isti'adatnja" (Adinegoro 1931: 76).

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[97] “bahasa sekalian hal ini telah galibnja bagi orang Menangkabau, mesti demikian … Begitoelah ‘adat isti‘adat disitoe”

[98] “ta' apa-apa kepada orang moeda jang berdoea itoe, hanja berkenal-kenalan sadja sebab bersebelah-sebelahan roemah. Dan soeamikoe bekerdja sekantor dengan Roestam”

As Mrs. Meerman explains when she's talking to Noeraini's mother, who's just arrived from Minangkabau the day before, Mr. and Mrs. Meerman "are nothing" to Roestam and Dirsina, and "are only acquainted with them because of living next door. And my husband works in the same office as Roestam" (Adinegoro 1931: 75).[101] This is an odd thing for her to say, that they are nothing to the young couple, because we have already seen Dirsina call Mrs. Meerman "mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 59),[102] and, upon hearing Mrs. Meerman tell the story of her own dead daughter and seeing the tears stream down the older woman's face, Dirsina exclaimed, "Yes, my mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 56).[103] This would seem to indicate a powerful emotional intimacy between Mrs. Meerman and Dirsina. This remoteness that Mrs. Meerman claims between them can be accounted for however once we understand that Mrs. Meerman is speaking from an anthropological distance. She is not describing her relationship to Dirsina and Roestam as she herself feels it to be, but rather is describing it as it would seem from within the scholarly idea of the tradition and customs, the *'adat isti'adat*, of Minangkabau. Tellingly, this conversation is almost certainly taking place in the Minang language. Adinegoro signals this in the text by including some unorthodox and awkward-sounding vocabulary as markers of Minangness in the narrative that I have tried to render into my English translation. For instance, when Mrs. Meerman sees Noeraini's mother, she calls out to her,

> „Would madame like to speak with the young master Roestam?'' When this was assented to by the maiden Noeraini's mother, she continued speaking: „Come to my house next door here!'' In a moment young master Roestam will arrive. Here it's not good for us to chat.''
>
> Who could that lady speaking to her possibly be? She knows how to speak the Menangkabau way. (Adinegoro 1931: 74)[104]

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[99] "akoelah jang menerangkan kepada Dirsina, bahasa sekalian hal ini telah galibnja bagi orang Menangkabau, mesti demikian. Begitoelah 'adat isti'adat disitoe. Ia ta' tahoe akan hal itoe sekalian, karena disini berlainan 'adat isti'adatnja dengan di Menangkabau"

[100] "kelangit jang ketoedjoeh dipekikkan"

[101] "hanja berkenal-kenalan sadja sebab bersebelah-sebelahan roemah. Dan soeamikoe bekerdja sekantor dengan Roestam"

[102] "iboe"

[103] "Ja, iboekoe"

[104] "„Orang-kaja hendak berbitjara dengan engkoe moeda Roestam?'' Ketika dibenarkan oléh iboe gadis Noeraini, iapoen meneroeskan tjakapnja lagi: „Marilah keroemahkoe disebelah ini! Sebentar lagi engkoe moeda Roestam datang. Disini ta' baik kita bertjakap-tjakap.''

Siapakah gerangan njonja jang menegoernja itoe? Tahoe ia akan langgam tjakap Menangkabau."

As Adinegoro shows us here, this conversation is taking place not in Indonesian Malay, but in Minangkabau. He shows this by inserting odd turns of phrase in Malay that do not appear in the book except in contexts of Minang being spoken. These include the formulations "orang-kaja," literally "rich person," which I have translated as "madame," and "engkoe moeda Roestam," that I have translated as "young master Roestam." Most explicitly though, the author signals that this is a Minang-language conversation by revealing the surprise of Noeraini's mother when she hears Mrs. Meerman "speak the Menangkabau way." Mrs. Meerman then is speaking to a Minang speaker in Minang. Even though she has already been treated by Dirsina like a mother, and even though she has treated Dirsina like a daughter, that quasi mother-daughter relationship has seemingly evaporated. Since this is a Minang conversation, Minang values and Minang relationships become applied, may become unavoidable. In this Minang-language context, in the world created by this Minang-language conversation, relationships like *mamak* and *kemanakan* and *sumando* now exist and if not being referenced directly are always implied somewhere beyond the periphery of the present discussion. In such a world, being mere next-door neighbors, who have no other identifiable relationship to Roestam and Dirsina, means Mr. and Mrs. Meerman are nothing to them. For the benefit of Noeraini's mother, Mrs. Meerman is back-translating her relationship to Roestam and Dirsina into Minang, and in the Minang language that Mrs. Meerman is speaking to Noeraini's mother, that relationship largely does not exist. By portraying her denying the existence of that relationship, by finding no basis for it – no Minang basis – Adinegoro shows that Mrs. Meerman, like so many others who have been to Minangkabau, also "possesses a fair knowledge of ethnology" of the place. It is knowledge acquired years before, and is static, but it gives her the distance, the anthropological distance, from which to understand the behavior of Roestam's family and not become part of it in any but the most circumspect, discrete, and well-reasoned way.

This anthropological distance, occupying the space between one language and another, is what Noeraini's mother – perhaps learning from Mrs. Meerman or perhaps learning from Dirsina, who cannot understand Minang – learns to acquire. Acquiring this distance means that Noeraini's mother is one of the characters who develops the most in this novel, even though she's not the main character. And her development is much more comprehensible and visible to the reader than the change in perspective undergone by Roestam's father. We see Noeraini's mother's transformation begin soon after the above scene in the same chapter, Chapter VIII. Noeraini's mother tells Mrs. Meerman and Roestam that she has quarreled with her brother, Roestam's father, because she doesn't agree that he should be hurriedly preparing a feast to celebrate Roestam and Noeraini's marriage when Roestam's wife has just been ill and they have so recently lost their young son. She then tells Roestam that she doesn't want to go forward with this marriage, now that she knows Roestam's situation, and of his love for Dirsina. She also doesn't want Noeraini marrying Roestam because Noeraini doesn't love him either. "I'm not embarrassed to go home like this, don't care what all the people say" (Adinegoro 1931: 80).[105] Home for Noeraini's mother is back to her unnamed village in Minangkabau, and she is not embarrassed to go there because she has decided not to take into account what others say. She will also disconnect herself from the words of others, then. She will create distance, and she will claim a kind of privacy, a privacy of her thoughts, into which other people are forbidden to enter and interfere. Later in the conversation, Mrs. Meerman offers her support, telling her in what is clearly meant to be understood as Minang, "And Noeraini and madame need not go home, and so the words of people in the village need not be heard. Yes, perhaps here there will be lots of talk too from the Padang people, but this is a big city, not like in the village, are they really going to inspect every single person" (Adinegoro 1931: 83 – 84).[106] Noeraini's mother, with help from Mrs. Meerman, has become so *madjoe* that she will consciously decide to leave her knowledge of Minang *'adat* and Minang language behind. She will thus become invulnerable to it, and to what people say and think within the context of Minang language and Minang *'adat*. Impervious, she is static as a rock. She cannot be moved, so *madjoe* is she become.

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[105] "Akoe ta' maloe poelang seroepa ini, ta' pedoeli bagikoe kata orang banjak itoe"

Mrs. Meerman teaches Noeraini's mother how to regard Minang *'adat* from an anthropological distance, and in the scene above, we watch as Noeraini's mother begins to take to this new way of seeing the world. J. S. Kahn claims the edifice of Minang *'adat* itself was to a large extent a creation of the Dutch, intended to help them control the lucrative highlands of West Sumatra. Sumatra was one of the few places outside of Java to experience the Dutch "forced cultivation" (dwangstelsel) system of agricultural value extraction, which gave the Dutch both greater need and opportunity to control Minangkabau society (Kahn 1976: 81). Kahn even cites a respected leader of the community of Sungai Puar who said that the ultimate authority on Minang adat is "a book by some Dutchman who understood how we do things better than any of us" (Kahn 1976: 65 – 66). At the same time, Benda-Beckmann and Benda-Beckmann write that "interpretations of colonial creations of adat law have become perniciously stereotypical and are repeatedly asserted without further questioning their empirical or theoretical basis" (Benda-Beckmann and Benda-Beckmann 2011: 169). Whichever the case it is ironic, troubling, or both, that the Dutch woman Mrs. Meerman is so powerfully weakening if not destroying the adherence of Noeraini's mother to that same *'adat*. Indeed, immediately after telling the story of the aggrieved wife chasing her unfaithful husband with a knife in the market and trying to kill him, Mrs. Meerman lays the blame for this tragedy squarely at the feet of *'adat*. Having offered her opinion that such a man deserved no mercy, she continues,

> Yes, West Sumatra's 'adat is different, yes, very different from other places. Before, when I was there, I saw many horrible things. I feel there is no woman with a husband of position or who comes from a good family, who is content, because at any moment her husband could be snatched from her hands and any moment a letter of divorce could land at the feet of a woman, and she could be abandoned, perhaps still in love with the man. (Adinegoro 1931: 58 – 59)[107]

The most obvious message Mrs. Meerman imparts here is that *'adat* is destructive in West Sumatra, that it is very unusual, deviant even, and disturbing. It is damaging for those who live by it, particularly for women. She cannot imagine any woman who lives there being content. The vector for Minang *'adat*'s malignancy is no less notable however. For Mrs. Meerman makes clear that the medium of the destruction of so many Minang households and so many Minang women's lives is the Minang language itself. Similar to the letter of representation that represented Roestam in his marriage to Noeraini, a letter of divorce could at any time land at the feet of a Minang wife, ending her marriage and upending her life – and again, like Roestam's letter of representation, it seems to not require the presence of the man. Adinegoro shows us again that the Minang language is threatening, even when written, maybe especially when written, for it seems that in that form it has the most power to wreak enormous and permanent damage. Even though there are significant similarities between Minang and Malay, Adinegoro consistently chooses instead to highlight the differences between the two languages, as he does with Mrs. Meerman's awkward diction when speaking Minang (Adinegoro 1931: 74), or Dirsina's utter incomprehension and even panic when she hears Minang being spoken, displaying such intense aversion to it that the text implies that Dirsina identifies the Minang language itself as "her enemy" (Adinegoro 1931: 44).[108] Whatever similarities it may have to Malay, Adinegoro depicts Minang as a radically different language. The lesson Mrs. Meerman imparts to her listeners is that Minang language and linguistic practice cannot be trusted. The best thing Noeraini's mother can do is to make herself deaf to it. And this seems to be what Noeraini's mother, budding adherent of *kemadjoean*, is tending toward doing.

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[106] "Dan Noeraini bersama orang-kaja ta' oesah poelang lagi, dan kata-kata orang dikampoeng tidak ada akan didengar. Ja, disini barangkali akan banjak djoega kata-kata orang Padang, tetapi negeri ini besar, tidak seperti dikampoeng, masakan segala orang mesti akan dipertjermin"

[107] "Ja, Soematera Barat lain 'adatnja, ja, lain sekali dari negeri jang lain-lain. Dahoeloe ketika iboe lagi disana, banjaklah jang mengerikan hati iboe, jang iboe lihat. Pada perasaankoe ta' ada perempoean jang bersoeami orang berpangkat atau orang jang berasal baik, jang berhati senang, karena tiap sebentar soeaminja dirampas orang dari tangannja dan tiap sebentar akan melajangkan sepoetjoek soerat sarak kekaki perempoean dan tinggallah ia, barangkali dalam pertjintaan kepada si laki-laki itoe."

Time of universal progress

To highlight *kemadjoean*, advancement, and the hegemony of universalizing structures, Adinegoro begins his novel just as the maiden Noeraini is waking up. The first thing she becomes aware of as she regains consciousness is a clock. The novel's first words are, "After the maiden Noeraini got up from her bed and looked at the clock…" (Adinegoro 1931: 3).[109] The book commences with a dawning consciousness. It begins with one of the principal characters, whom later could even be understood as the character most representative of *kemadjoean*, waking up, going from darkness to light. Upon enacting this personal and literal enlightenment, the first thing her newly-opened eyes espy is the clock. For her, to be conscious is to be awake and to be aware and to know what time it is, what clock time it is. Noeraini is, and apparently feels she must be, totally plugged into international standard time, and therefore, it stands to reason, other standards as well. What does she see on the clock? She sees that it's already after eight, and her ship departs at nine. Up to this point then, being conscious in *Asmara Djaja* means being aware of how behind we are, of how much we need to catch up, how much we must still *madjoe*. Her clock is wrong, we later are told, but bizarrely, before she realizes it's broken, when Noeraini looks outside, all of nature erroneously confirms her misapprehension. The sun is high in the sky, the entire city of Padang is being illumined by its rays, and the day is already getting hot, just as if it actually were past eight o'clock in the morning, as her clock is misleadingly telling her it is (Adinegoro 1931: 3). The clock is not running correctly and so the time is wrong. But whether correct or not, whether reflective of reality or not, clock time is what ultimately decides perceptions – while also containing the potential for betrayal in that new dependence on a mechanism. Noeraini, an educated schoolteacher, is speaking the language of clock time. Being a speaker of that language, it influences, even determines, everything she experiences. And so if her language of clock time tells her it's eight o'clock, she will then understand that all the signs around her are also telling her that, yes, it's eight, even if actually it's only six thirty.

Noeraini is preparing to take a boat to the port of Tanjung Priok and thence to the city of Bandung, both of which are on the island of Java. To even be able to board the *Rochussen* however she needs to follow the universal regulation of clock time. Adinegoro shows how inextricably integrated is the *'adat* of clock time to the lifestyles portrayed in his novel in that by page 4, the second page of his narrative, he has already showed us no less than four precise times as marked by clocks. At the time the ship's bell chimes twelve times, indicating twelve o'clock midnight, finding Noeraini unable to sleep, Adinegoro has told us precisely how much time has passed in the narrative, from six thirty in the morning when she woke up, to eight when they leave the house, to nine with they depart on the ship, to now, twelve midnight, seventeen and a half hours later, when we see her still awake (Adinegoro 1931: 3 – 4).

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[108] "moesoehnja"

[109] "Setelah gadis Noeraini bangoen dari tempat tidoernja dan melihat djam…"

Noeraini, the educated young schoolteacher, seems to thoroughly inhabit clock time, *kemadjoean*, and the Malay language in which *kemadjoean* is realized. Within that world, heavenly bodies that had been active subjects for Noeraini's mother are now no longer quotidian necessities, but have become mere objects of sublime beauty for Noeraini, as the stars scattered in the sky when Noeraini is on the ship are described "like diamonds inlaid on dark blue velvet. It can't be expressed how beautiful was that night" (Adinegoro 1931: 26),[110] or when, earlier in the trip, "the stars scattered in the firmament were like diamonds spread on black velvet, their light shining and shining, brightly and dimly it seemed, as if they wanted to show to everything in nature that it was not only the sun and moon that are the torches of this world" (Adinegoro: 1931: 6).[111] The stars are beautiful ornaments, that is to say, objects, and if they are carrying out any activity, it is just to show that they also light the world and also deserve to attract the human gaze. The sun, however, the method of Noeraini's mother's timekeeping, is depicted causing or performing active verbs. "And so the eastern sky was red like newly gilt gold and not long after that the king of noon was seen slightly peeking out from behind the hills and radiating its beams of surpassing brightness. … Before long the torch of noon was seen to clear away all the clouds and all those beautiful colors and illumine all of nature with its powerfully bright light" (Adinegoro 1931: 21).[112] Adinegoro contrasts traditional timekeepers like the sun and the stars with the one that Noeraini follows, the clock, and he does this using some of the classical tropes of Malay literature, similar to the way Tiwon shows Marah Roesli using them in *Sitti Noerbaja* (Tiwon 1999: 109 – 119). Clocks, by contrast, do not peek from behind hills or make clouds disappear. They show the time, they are instrumental, they are tools created by people to perform a specific function wholly within a network of human desire and intentions. Clock time is considered rational in that it is perceived to be logical, but more fundamentally it can be considered rational in that it is shaped by, and is entirely a product of, human reason. Clocks exist to communicate, and they are fully integrated into human language, numbers, and other systems of meaning. They were created for human timekeeping, and their function and their purpose are strictly only that, though they are capable of other significations, and certainly have absorbed and reflected further meanings such as mortality, stressfulness, productivity, and others still. But the sun – within the circulation of *kemadjoean* – was not created for human purposes, and exists outside of and previous to language. For the *madjoe*, the sun is no longer an active determiner of time and other developments. The opening scene of the novel showed that it was the hour displayed on a mechanical clock that determined the perceived heat and height of the sun and not the other way around. The sun, within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, is just another star, ornamental like the stars of Noeraini's reveries on the deck of the *Rochussen*, and just as useless as those stars that Noeraini is admiring from the deck of the ship at the moment the clock, the actual determiner of time, chimes twelve. In this novel, a *madjoe* text, the sun is no longer so powerful and active as it once was, now that it's become an object of beauty, and in this new writing the clock has gained ascendence. Similar to the vagaries and injustices of *'adat*, a system that also claims a provenance in prehistory, the sun too is now depicted exerting less influence on the lives of the *madjoe* in this literary world amidst the rise of the *madjoe* imagination. A world formerly rife with intention witnesses that intention narrowing, sited more and more exclusively on the human and the *madjoe*.

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[110] "seperti intan berlian ditatahkan diatas beledoe belaoe toea. Ta' dapatlah dikatakan bagaimana indahnja malam itoe"

[111] "bintang-bintang jang bertaboeran ditjakrawala, sebagai berlian jang tersérak diatas beledoe hitam; tjahajanja memantjar-mantjar, hidoep^2 padam roepanja, seolah-olah hendak memperlihatkan kepada segala isi 'alam bahasa boekanlah matahari dan boelan sahadja jang djadi soeloeh doenia ini"

[112] "Hatta langit disebelah timoerpoen mérah seperti emas jang baharoe disepoeh dan tiada lama soedah itoe kelihatanlah sedikit radja siang mengintip dari balik-balik boekit, serta memantjarkan sinarnja jang amat terang itoe. … Tiada lama lagi kelihatanlah soeloeh siang itoe menghilangkan segala awan dan warna jang bagoes tadi dan menerangi seloeroeh 'alam dengan tjahaja jang amat terang"

Sick of *kemadjoean*

Adinegoro's description of the sun peeking out from behind the hills immediately follows his portrayal and contextualization of Noeraini's mother on the *Rochussen*. She is severely seasick, cannot even rise from her seat, and must keep her nose constantly covered with her shawl "because in her opinion the smell of the ship was what was nauseating, making her vomit up all the contents of her stomach" (Adinegoro 1931: 20).[113] She would swear never to set foot on a ship again, were it not for the fact that she had no intention of staying on Java, and needed eventually to get back to Sumatra. "Of course she would return to Padang; wasn't her rice at home nearly ripe, harvest and threshing time will come and her household will be falling apart if just left in the care of others" (Adinegoro 1931: 20).[114] This is the time that Noeraini's mother knows and goes by, the time of harvesting and threshing, and within this system she has a defined and necessary part to play. If she does not play this part her household will fall into decay. Within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, by contrast, a worker can take a month of vacation when it is granted by his boss, as Roestam does at the end of the novel (Adinegoro 1931: 93). The stasis inherent in *kemadjoean* allows Roestam to stop and start as he pleases, inserting himself into his work or exiting from it more or less at random with no adverse consequences. If Noeraini's mother abandons her duties however, her household will inevitably, and before long, fall prey to entropy, "falling apart." In this way, *kemadjoean* has in a sense domesticated time. Time has become located in clocks, timepieces that measure and proclaim and embody it, little points of time within the *madjoe* world. Noeraini's mother's markers of time are the sun and the seasons of the earth. She lives upon them, is warmed by them, is integrated into them. She can no more escape them than she can escape the earth on which she lives. These gigantic stellar and planetary markers of time are not trifling trinkets that can be slipped in a pocket; they are not timepieces, they are time totalities, time systems, solar systems. They are not little stopwatches that can be held in the hand, they are structures in which she lives, and that are an integral part of her and of which she in turn forms a part as well.

As we see in the pitiable character of Noeraini's seasick mother, *kemadjoean* has brought profound disruptions even to those who are not *madjoe* and do not want to be. If she doesn't get back soon from this trip, her house will fall into ruin. "So it is that much other misfortune will arise if she is not at home" (Adinegoro 1931: 20).[115] The only reason she's neglecting the seasonal impositions of agricultural time is because she's on this ship, progressing, *madjoe*-ing through the ocean. This particular and literal *kemadjoean* disrupts her. She is not at the right place, out there on the sea rather than at home in the field. She is also not at the right time, arranging her life according to clocks and chimes and ships' schedules rather than the rising and setting of the sun and the daily ripening rice in the field. She is profoundly displaced, temporally as well as spatially. This, as much as anything, may be the cause of her nausea. She thinks her queasiness is caused by the smell of the ship. Adinegoro seems to imply that she is wrong and that it is actually caused by the vessel's pitching and motion. It is just as reasonable however to see that her deep upheaval is a product of her severe displacement, her very difficult transition into a new kind of progress, a kind of progress she hasn't ever before experienced, her passage through both literal and metaphorical *kemadjoean*.

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[113] "karena pada pendapatnja baoe kapal itoelah jang memaboekkan, jang menjoeroehnja memoentahkan segala isi peroetnja"

[114] "Tentoe ia akan kembali ke Padang; boekankah padinja diroemah hampir masak, waktoe menjabit dan mengirik akan datang dan lagi roemah tangganja akan lapoek kalau dibiarkannja sadja dipelihara orang lain"

[115] "Demikianlah, banjak lagi kemelaratan jang akan tiba, kalau ia tiada diroemah"

As we saw earlier, Noeraini lies awake on the deck of the *Rochussen* gazing at the stars as the clock strikes twelve. Precisely at midnight she passes from one day to another – the boundary of days as determined by *madjoe* time, days that run from midnight to midnight – at the same time that she is passing from Sumatra to Java, and is passing from an environment that is not *madjoe* to one that is. This is a relatively easy transition for her, even a welcome one, anxious though it may occasionally be. After all, the clock time of *kemadjoean* is already thoroughly integrated into her life. In the first two pages of the novel, not one, not two, but three clocks are depicted intruding upon and organizing her consciousness – the one she sees in her room upon waking and that is incorrect; the one outside that displays the correct time; and the clock that marks her continued wakefulness and insomnia on the deck of the ship. Like her mother, Noeraini is traveling, is on the way to *kemadjoean*, progressing towards "progress." As an educated, working young woman, Noeraini is already progressive, but for one like her mother, who is not progressive, the start of this speedy advance seems to have been rather sickening.

Forward *madjoe*

Despite the shock Noeraini's mother feels upon her experience of *kemadjoean*, to *madjoe*, to progress in *Asmara Djaja* leads to stasis, and not only in that Noeraini's mother is so nauseous that she can't lift herself out of her chair. *Kemadjoean* leads to stasis because, as Roestam says when describing West Sumatra as "already *madjoe*" (Adinegoro 1931: 60),[116] once one enters the circulation of *kemadjoean*, one is simply there, and one is irrevocably changed. One, it seems, never goes back to not being *madjoe*, just as a written culture rarely or never goes back to mere orality. Like time itself, which is so intimately intertwined with *kemadjoean* and with this novel, *kemadjoean* only goes in one direction. Once one is *madjoe*, once one is written, one does not go back. And everything one knows, because *madjoe*, because written and recorded and represented, remains unchanged.

One peculiarity of *Asmara Djaja* is that it can be difficult to discern just who the protagonist is. If the protagonist is the character who undergoes the most profound change, then the protagonist in this novel may be Noeraini's mother, for this seemingly minor character experiences a progression from perhaps the least *madjoe* position of anyone who advances into *kemadjoean*. And one of the defining aspects of *kemadjoean* that she shows us is just how absolutely unidirectional the progress to *kemadjoean* is. As Roestam says in Chapter VI, West Sumatra "is already madjoe now" (Adinegoro 1931: 60).[117] He here links *kemadjoean* to temporal sequence, by saying Minangkabau is "already" *madjoe*, and simultaneously ties it to the irreversibility of time. Once *kemadjoean* happens, a person cannot undo it. This is similar to what happens with the porous and then buffered self. Once a porous self becomes buffered, it does not often regain its porosity. Noeraini's clock in Padang is broken, but the initial implication is that the fault lies with the people of Padang themselves. The city, the environment, the people, the place, follow what the clock says, also implying that the clock is correct. Or, we may infer that this is what Noeraini experiences because she is in tune with the *madjoe* clock, being an educated and *madjoe* young woman. Noeraini's clock, in Noeraini's room, is ahead, reflecting that Noeraini herself is also ahead, is also *madjoe*. The people in Padang remain in an earlier time, despite what the clock says, and despite what Noeraini feels, since they are not yet *madjoe* like she is.

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[116] "telah madjoe"

[117] "telah madjoe sekarang"

Roestam claims that West Sumatra is "already madjoe," but this may have been wishful thinking, if we are to take his father's position for most of the book as any indication of typical West Sumatran opinion. Rather, Roestam's assessment of West Sumatra's degree of *kemadjoean* seems to be something he hoped to convince himself and others of. For most of the novel, the people and *'adat* of that place seem rather to be not *madjoe*. The *Rochussen*, the progressing passenger ship, advancing through the waves, is in the process of *madjoe*-ing, of becoming *madjoe*. Java, where Roestam works in an office, where Roestam lives in a discrete household in a nuclear family, where Roestam is far, far away from his parents, his cousin / bride, and all his other relatives, has realized *kemadjoean*. *Madjoe* is defined as an already effected state. The clocks at the beginning, middle, and end of the novel illustrate the procession of *kemadjoean*. In Padang, on Sumatra, the clock is not advancing, for it is broken. On the ship, the clock is on the water, progressing, literally moving through the ocean. And in Bandung, on Java, the clock is especially correct, rightly reminding Roestam that he must eat, more punctual than even his own body, keeping truer record than he himself of when he must feed himself. The process of entering *kemadjoean* or acquiring *kemadjoean* is a process in which the relative position of time is also developing and advancing, in which the place of the clock is gaining prominence and is perceived to be more and more accurate, an ever closer approximation of the truth. When Roestam looks at the clock on the wall and exclaims, surprised, "Wow it's already five in the evening" (Adinegoro 1931: 89),[118] this clock is correct. The one is Padang, however, showing the time to be eight o'clock, was wrong. It showed the time to be later than it actually was. Padang, it turned out, was not as advanced as the timepiece was showing. It was in fact still earlier there, still in the past there, compared to the universal, *madjoe* time being indicated on the face of the clock. In a physical, tangible way, compared to what is shown mechanically, Padang is in the past. The clock here in Bandung though, in the final chapter, showing five o'clock, is accurate. It conforms to universal *madjoe* time. Padang is less *madjoe*, less advanced, it is slow, in the way a clock is said to be slow; it is behind. The clock itself, however, is fast in comparison to the city of Padang that surrounds it because the clock is *madjoe*, it is literally and metaphorically advanced, because clocks in general are *madjoe*, are metaphorically advanced. Padang, being less *madjoe* or being not *madjoe*, is behind. It has not caught up to the clock. The time is earlier there, is longer ago, than the time shown on the clock. The clock, representative of universal, *madjoe* time, is indeed *madjoe*, is in fact ahead of the time in Padang. Padang is behind, Adinegoro shows us. As Noeraini finds out, it's earlier than you think.[119]

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[118] "Wah, soedah poekoel lima petang"

[119] It is notable that the principal landmark of the important Minangkabau city of Bukittinggi – where Adinegoro lived for a time, and in colonial times known as Fort de Kock – is the Jam Gadang, the Great Clock. Construction on

Clocks' times

Being a metaphor of advancement, progress, forward movement through space, *kemadjoean* also necessarily implicates time, for any movement through space, even what we perceive as the instantaneous progress of light, in fact is never instantaneous and always takes time (Crary 2001: 27). Considering the prevalence of the metaphor of *kemadjoean* in Adinegoro's narrative, it is not surprising that time is so pivotal, even determinant, throughout the book. *Asmara Djaja* begins with a clock. Noeraini wakes up and sees by the clock that the time is eight o'clock, which means she risks being late for her nine AM departure aboard the *Rochussen*. Even the heat of the day and the height of the sun in the sky outside her window confirm what the clock tells her. When she leaves her room, though, she sees on another clock that the clock in her room was wrong. At the beginning of the narrative, before any of the conflict that will happen, before Noeraini goes on a trip to Java that later seems to have been an enormous mistake, her clock is wrong too. It's only six thirty. She has not overslept. She has plenty of time. The first scene Adinegoro's narrative presents for us is of a young woman suspended between two different clocks. She is conflicted. One clock shows one time; the other clock shows another. Even the present time is in flux. The first character we meet is seen just trying to figure out what to believe and what is correct.

As we saw above, Adinegoro's novel ends with a clock too. Roestam and Dirsina, the sympathetic young heroes of the story, see by the clock that it's already five in the evening, and they must eat, for they've eaten nothing all day. Most of the action of the novel has wrapped up, and both Roestam and his wife are emotionally exhausted, and have been so preoccupied with everything that's been going on that they've even neglected feeding themselves. After eating, Roestam types out his letter to Noeraini explaining how things stand and suggesting they divorce. The clock at the end of the novel, at the resolution of the action, when Roestam knows the right thing to do and is about to do it, shows the correct time. The clock here in the *madjoe* city of Bandung – no longer un-*madjoe*, backwards Padang – is accurate. It runs in parallel with universal *madjoe* time. What the mechanical *madjoe* timepiece on the wall of Roestam and Dirsina's *madjoe* household tells us, and what, it is implied, all the other timepieces around would tell us, is that it really is five o'clock in the evening – well past time to eat something.

We also see one other noteworthy timepiece in the novel. It appears as Roestam and Dirsina's son Dirhamsjah is, it turns out, dying. The doctor who has just arrived at the house and is trying to save Dirhamsjah's life "took out his pocket watch while observing the boy's behavior" (Adinegoro 1931: 13),[120] possibly checking his breathing or other indicators against the time he holds in his hand. At the most important moment, the doctor refers to his watch. How does the body measure up against time? That is the critical gauge: the body's relationship to time, and its comparison to time. It is almost as if the measure against time itself is what will determine if Dirhamsjah lives or dies – not just that time is being used as a sign of the body's relative health or sickness, but that the body's results against time alone will determine the boy's fate. When the doctor takes out his watch, it's as though Dirhamsjah is in some kind of race, a race against time, a race that relates directly back to *kemadjoean*'s metaphorization of forward movement. This is the second of three instances of a clock telling time in *Asmara Djaja*. We saw it first at the beginning of the narrative, last at the end, and then here, at the emotional nadir of

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this clock, a gift from Queen Wilhelmina, began in 1927 and was completed in 1932, just the time of *Asmara Djaja*'s initial publication. It seems that not only Roestam was wishing for Minangkabau to enter into *kemadjoean*.

[120] "mengeloearkan arlodjinja sambil memperhatikan kelakoean anak itoe"

the story, the moment of "Dirhamsjah's soul flying off to the hereafter" (Adinegoro 1931: 14).[121] One imagines that the doctor took out his watch to measure the rate of Dirhamsjah's breathing or pulse. But the gesture of looking at one's watch also implies restlessness, that the doctor is impatient, he has other things to do – and we already know there is a woman in labor elsewhere that he must attend to. Taking out his watch while watching the child's movements, even more darkly, implies that the doctor is thinking, hurry up and get this over with! Time is now the measure of life, and if life does not satisfy the requirements of time, life's time will be up. The child, the child's body, is measured against the ultimate marker of *kemadjoean*: a watch displaying universal time.

The clocks in *Asmara Djaja* are not as grand as we see in Act II of William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, emitting an ominous striking of the hour, anachronistic chronometer foreshadowing doom. Adinegoro's clocks are, like the clock being monthly wound in *Tristram Shandy*, more domestic and smaller-scale. Their domesticity is not associated with the erotic as in the Sterne novel however, but is far more banal, and for that reason these clocks are both more useful and more inescapable. The clocks in Adinegoro's novel are necessary instruments of scheduling and regimentation. They tell the characters not to be late for their departing ship that will carry them to the rest of their lives. They tell the characters that, despite all they've been through, despite their lack of hunger or even awareness of the need to eat, that dinnertime has nevertheless arrived. They tell the characters whether a little boy's body can do what it needs to do in the time allotted in order for the child not to die. The clocks in this novel appear in only three scenes, but their effects are everywhere. As Tiwon notes, in Chairil Anwar's poem "Tuti Artic," "Happiness, it would seem, comes sporadically in the flow of time, and it is only when time can be stopped that ancient dreams can rise up" (Tiwon 1999: 215). Time can never be stopped in *Asmara Djaja*. It is a universal grid of *kemadjoean* projected from clocks on high that covers and delineates every aspect of reality, catching everything in the net of the temporal framework. It is unstoppable, and the "ancient dreams," such as the dreams of Roestam's father for his son to take a Minang wife, caught in ceaseless time's inescapable net, will never rise up. The universal time that, as it were, emanates from every clock, pours into every crevice of these characters' lives. The clocks in this story are thoroughly domestic, measuring times for sleep, healing, eating. That is to say, like almost everything else in the intimate domestic sphere, they are often but a degree removed from issues of life and death. At the same time, as Adinegoro warns us, they may also be unreliable – so unreliable and indeterminant that he never even explains how Noeraini knows in that opening scene which clock is right, which time can be trusted to be real.

Different eras, and different "eras"

We advance now to the end of *Asmara Djaja*. The principal antagonist, Roestam's father, has had a change of heart, and he no longer wants to force his son Roestam to take a second wife from their Minangkabau ethnic group in order to show that Roestam is from a good family. Roestam's father steps back, as it were. He no longer asserts that he has a right to interfere in his son's life, to determine whom his son should and shouldn't marry: "saja sebagai orang zaman dahoeloe, tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini" (Adinegoro 1931: 92): "I, as a person of the past era, have no right to interfere in the rights of people of the present era," he tells his son.

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[121] "melajanglah djiwa Dirhamsjah keachirat"

As Alton Becker explains in *Beyond Translation*, following José Ortega y Gasset's formulations in "The Difficulty of Reading" and *El Hombre y la gente*, every utterance is both exuberant and deficient, every utterance conveys more than it intends and also less than it wants. Applying these ideas of exuberance and deficiency to philology, Becker shows how this exuberance and this deficiency are only exacerbated when translating from one language to another. And in the above very brief citation from 1928 Indonesian Malay to 2021 American English, the exuberance and deficiency in the languages are even more striking.

First of all, we must begin by recognizing the particularity of every translation, and that every translation comes not only from somewhere, but from someone, and any shortcoming in the translation must necessarily at least partially be the fault of the translator, in this case, myself. That said, your translator has translated "zaman dahoeloe" as "past era," and "djaman kini" as "present era." *Zaman* and *djaman*: era and era. This is, I believe, a defensible translation, and simultaneously an obviously deficient one.

Both "zaman" and "djaman" above are from the Arabic زمان, time, pronounced, roughly, as "zman" or "zaman." Some Malay speakers Malayize the Arabic word, and make it *jaman* in today's spelling, or in the previous, Dutch-influenced spelling of *Asmara Djaja*, *djaman*. Other speakers hew closer to the word's Arabic point of entry into Malay, rendering it *zaman*. In the passage cited above, we find both ways to represent an era: *zaman* and *djaman*, the less Malayized and the more so. In the sentence cited above, the speaker, Roestam's father, associates the less Malayized, truer-to-Arabic "zaman" with the past, a past era, and he associates the more Malayized and transformed "djaman" with the present, a present era. Rendered into English, *zaman* and *djaman* misleadingly become the same: both become era. In Malay however there is a difference, subtle but unmistakable. The era of the past is a *zaman* in the formulation of Roestam's father in this passage. The era of the present is a *djaman*. The very understanding of time in the past is different than the understanding of time in the present. Throughout *Asmara Djaja*, the meaning of زمان, of time, is changing.

Simultaneity time

In *Asmara Djaja*, we see that clocks can lie and be untrustworthy. We also see that they can be truthful and trusted. And they can measure a life, seemingly using time to determine whether that life will be allotted additional time or not. Time in the period in which this novel is set was now being understood in ways it had never been understood before. Not only does a broken clock cause Noeraini to feel the stress of possibly missing the boat, but a clock seems even to hold the life of a beloved little boy in its hands. One time could be both vitally important, and vitally important for multiple reasons. As *Asmara Djaja* shows us, this is also a critical moment for simultaneity.

As Stephen Kern writes in *The Culture of Time and Space*, the early twentieth century was an "age of simultaneity" (Kern 2003: xiii). As Kern explains, "New transportation and communication technologies expanded as well as compressed time and space … Telephones, for example, compressed space in that they reduced lived distance, but looked at another way they expanded space by extending the spatial reach of an individual from one place to another" (Kern 2003: xxx n. 2).

Telephones facilitate this now rampant simultaneity in a number of ways, one of which is by allowing a person to be in one place while her voice is heard in another, in a way allowing her to be in two places at one time. A telephone facilitates connections in *Asmara Djaja*, not only because Roestam runs next door to use his neighbors' telephone to call the doctor and beseech him to come, but also because when he runs next door to use the phone he finally meets his long-time neighbors, an older Dutch couple, the Meermans. The fact that their neighbors have a phone – to say nothing of the fact that they have never met their neighbors – already marks Roestam and Dirsina's living situation as *madjoe*. But it is a slightly older communication technology that more radically introduces simultaneity into the narrative.

As we saw earlier, the steamship *Rochussen*, that would be taking Noeraini to Java, along with her *mamak*, her mother, her *mamak*'s wife, and her younger brother Gairoel, was departing at nine o'clock on the morning that Noeraini fears she's overslept. As we learn later in the book, Roestam's father sends Roestam a telegram that very morning, a telegram that arrives to Roestam the same morning it is sent, the morning of the day Dirhamsjah dies, a telegram that reads, "We depart on the Rochussen" (Adinegoro 1931: 15).[122]

The age of simultaneity that Kern describes is signaled by the telegram. The telegram arrives at nine on the same morning Noeraini and her family depart – it actually seems to arrive at Roestam's home in Bandung, on the island of Java, within moments of his father's nine o'clock departure from Padang's port of Emmahaven, on the island of Sumatra, hundreds of miles away. This is a remarkable nexus of remarkable events. One of the lessons of *kemadjoean* is that one moment can contain many events and multiple meanings, and unlike previously, which event happens first may not be knowable, and may not even matter. We see this later in the fact of Roestam's father's growing obsolescence: the fact that he was born first, the fact of his seniority, no longer grants him the primacy that it did before.

When Roestam receives his father's telegram, his father and the rest of his family are already on their way to him. They are already en route, and can't be stopped. Once his family arrives, Roestam doesn't take it well. He is obviously distraught, as we see when he explains the situation to his neighbor Mrs. Meerman.

> This is only the doing of my father, who thought Dirsina had already moved from here, since on the day of his departure he sent a cable here and the day of his arrival in Tandjoengpriok he came immediately to Bandoeng that evening, that is, last night. The day the cable arrived, that was when my son was very sick and you know that very same night he passed away. This is all my fault, but I did none of it on purpose. (Adinegoro 1931: 57)[123]

The morning that Roestam's father, mother, new wife Noeraini, new mother-in-law, and new young brother-in-law Gairoel departed from Padang, Roestam's father sent a telegram, which arrived in Roestam's hands within moments of being sent, informing Roestam that they all were departing to come and see him. The morning the telegram arrived, it turned out, was the very day that Dirhamsjah, later that evening, would die. After Dirhamsjah's passing, Roestam and Dirsina engaged in three days of prayers for the deceased, and at the end of the third day hosted a communal meal. After the meal, the grieving couple scarcely had time to enjoy a cup of tea in their private, *madjoe* parlor, when the carriage carrying Roestam's family was heard arriving in their front yard.

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[122] "Kami berangkat dengan Rochussen"

[123] "Ini hanjalah perboeatan ajahkoe sadja, jang menjangka Dirsina telah pindah dari sini, karena pada hari berangkatnja dia mengirim kawat kemari dan pada hari tibanja di Tandjoengpriok teroes sekali ke Bandoeng pada waktoe petangnja, jaïtoe semalam. Hari kawat datang, ketika itoelah anakkoe sakit keras dan njonja tahoe malam itoe djoega ia meninggal. Ini salah akoe semoeanja, tetapi tiada dengan sengadja koelakoekan sekaliannja itoe."

Adinegoro presents for us a scene of remarkable simultaneity, and all made possible by the technology of the telegraph. The three days of praying after Dirhamsjah's death are in fact the same three days Roestam's family was sailing aboard the *Rochussen*, days of travel that Adinegoro describes to us in some detail. The family was in transit when Dirhamsjah died. At the moment Dirhamsjah's soul flew off to the hereafter, their souls were floating off the west coast of Sumatra. Everyone was liminal at that time, the soul of the boy between this world and the next and the passengers on the boat between Sumatra and Java. Everything was shifting and in transit. The simultaneity of the family's coming with Dirhamsjah's going is so remarkable that Adinegoro seems even to imply that Roestam's father's cable arriving the morning of Dirhamsjah's death was the precipitating event that drove off the soul of Dirhamsjah later that same day.

The five members of Roestam's family were traveling over a thousand kilometers, from one island to another, one language to another, one root metaphor to another. Roestam's son was likewise flying off to the hereafter, in a journey perhaps even more profound. All are undergoing the most disruptive transformations. Adinegoro attempts to build relationships for his readers between languages, between relation systems, during this time of upheaval, by glossing particular key words, which I will explore in greater detail in the following chapter. For the characters though, not only are they forced to confront the most unsettling new realities, but these disturbances now, in the age of *kemadjoean*, are happening simultaneously with other disturbances. Dirhamsjah's soul transits from our mundane world to the hereafter at the same time Roestam's family transits from Sumatra to Java. Multiple meanings stack up upon the same moment of time. Whereas before the past had primacy, now not only is the primacy of the past called into question, but even the pastness of the past is no longer so certain.

As it turns out, old dogs can learn new tricks, and Roestam's father cleverly uses the newly possible simultaneity to his advantage. He tells his son that they are coming by sending him a cable at the earliest possible moment that is also too late for Roestam to do anything about it. He sends it at seemingly the very moment of his departure from Padang, and by the time Roestam receives the telegram, there's nothing he can do. The simultaneity of *kemadjoean* makes it possible for Roestam's father to get away with this: "His father was really clever doing it this way, because he knew that Roestam would not want to accept their coming" (Adinegoro 1931: 15).[124] We see here that the older generation also uses *kemadjoean* for their own ends. But the fact that the old can also use *kemadjoean* to disrupt the lives of the young as they see fit does not even out the effects of *kemadjoean*. It does not make those resistant to *kemadjoean* better able to accept its effects and its premises. Instead, it merely multiplies the disruptions, distributes the shifting ground more widely so that it becomes increasingly unstable under everyone's feet. By availing himself of the telegram and the steamship to put one over on his son, with an eye to his ultimate goal of forcing Roestam to take a second, Minangkabau, wife, Roestam's father in effect acquiesces to the now apparently universal hegemony of *kemadjoean*.

Kern's "age of simultaneity" (Kern 2003: xiii) – and all the spatial and temporal disturbances that simultaneity entails – is also the age of *kemadjoean*. *Kemadjoean*'s root metaphor of forward motion implies and is implied by simultaneousness. If simultaneity is so closely correlated with *kemadjoean*, we can begin to understand why the djaman of djaman kini and the zaman of zaman dahoeloe are not the same. In English both may mean "era," but in Malay they are not identical. For Kern's formulation, "age of simultaneity," includes an age, an extended duration of time during which causes and effects transpire, but that is also, paradoxically, marked by simultaneity, by the broadly coeval. This is a lengthy period of time that is also a single moment, an epoch of an instant. No wonder Roestam's father considers it to be not quite like any zaman that's ever come before.

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[124] "Tjerdik benar ajahnja itoe mendjalankan hal itoe, karena ia tahoe, bahasa Roestam ta' akan maoe menerima kedatangan meréka itoe"

The time of youth

The times displayed by the clock and marked by the calendar are what determine the departures of steamships and the eating of dinner in *Asmara Djaja*, exercising an absolute control that is obeyed without a second thought even when the clock is wrong. Mechanical time is so universally applicable and determinate that it binds together unrelated people who have never met, like Gairoel and Dirhamsjah, like Mrs. Meerman's daughter and Dirsina, and like Roestam's father and Dirsina's father. Upon their initial meeting, at first Mrs. Meerman paid no mind to Gairoel, but then the child is actually the one who greets her first, and he uses Dutch to do it, exclaiming, "Daag!" (Adinegoro 1931: 74), the same language Dirhamsjah used to speak to his parents. Adinegoro creates this connection between the two boys, and this connection, their comfort and fluency speaking Dutch, is a product and an indication of their *kemadjoean*, which is itself a function of their young age.

Like in many Indonesian narratives about coming of age and modernization, such as we see in Pramoedya's *Bumi Manusia* (1980), Adinegoro consistently equates youth with *kemadjoean* in this novel, or to put it another way, the more advanced a character is in age (for example Roestam's father and Noeraini's mother), the less advanced they are in advancement, that is to say, the less *madjoe* they are shown to be. Time on earth, time since birth, is inversely proportionate to a character's *kemadjoean*, and an individual's relationship to time will determine where they belong on the scale of the *madjoe*. This kind of temporal evaluation seems to be inspired by the renowned conflicts between the traditionalist *Kaum Tua*, the Old Group, and the reformist *Kaum Muda*, the Young Group, taking place in Minangkabau around the turn of the last century, as elucidated by Jeff Hadler (2008: 139 n. 4), Taufik Abdullah (1971: passim), Hans van Miert (1996: 600), and others. Adinegoro even refers explicitly to the disagreements between these two groups in the conversation between Mrs. Meerman and Roestam in Chapter VI (Adinegoro 1931: 60). It is not too hard to understand on which side Adinegoro sees himself. Like Roestam, a character that often seems to function as a stand-in for his author, Adinegoro clearly sympathizes with the Young Group. The *Kaum Muda* ostensibly advocates for change, for instance by diminishing the role of *'adat*, yet at the same time the very changes being sought, as we see in this novel, will come to slow and stop change where before it had been possible. Like the clock in Noeraini's room, they would seek to subject time and space to a more rational arrangement, but in so doing these changes can be seen to actually impede advancement.

Time announces itself on walls and on pocket watches in *Asmara Djaja*, declares itself invisibly aboard a darkened boat, and determines the rhythms of life and even the possibilities of family gatherings in steamship schedules. Having become more frequently perceived, more frequently unavoidable, time has become unprecedentedly explicit under *kemadjoean*. Not implicit in the ripening of rice, the rising of the sun, and even in human activities like harvest and threshing, it is now explicitly announced, and independent of that human activity that it controls. "One mustn't die before it's time!" Roestam exclaims (Adinegoro 1931: 88),[125] linking time and death and the appropriateness of when something should come to pass. Things are not just fated to happen, as they might have been in the past; things are now scheduled to happen. "One mustn't die before it's time" might sound trite and insincere coming from someone who has not long before saying this come very close to taking his own life (Adinegoro 1931: 64), but it is also a defense of the process of *kemadjoean*. Everything in its time, it implies; we had to go through all the conflict we've experienced in this narrative to lead us to this point. "*Kemadjoean*" is "progress," and progress it will, leading us to the moment this novel was written to convey, this moment of *kemadjoean*. For the purposes of this story, this means rejecting the taking of more than one wife.

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[125] "Sebeloem adjal berpantang mati!"

We now arrive at the passage in which the term "kemadjoean" appears in the novel juxtaposed with "*polygamie*," a word from Dutch. "Now at this time, *polygamie* (having more than one wife) is no longer normalized by people, except if they're not in the kemadjoean group (Adinegoro 1931: 90).[126] Overdetermining the moment he is in and about which he is talking, Roestam refers to "this present time now," a moment which he could know with precision simply by looking at one of the many clocks that abound now. And in this defined and precise moment, Roestam seems to say, since we are now Dutchified and *madjoe*, this "*polygamie*", as it's called by us now, using this Dutch word, italicized and then defined parenthetically, this *polygamie* is no longer generalized. Of course, we could also say that "*polygamie*," the Dutch word and the Dutch idea, has not been generalized because it simply hasn't been common in places and among peoples who speak Dutch, who are often monogamous Protestants. Because Roestam and his family have become Dutchified and *madjoe*, they no longer adhere to a system of *polygamie*, but strictly speaking, no one in Minangkabau ever has, since *polygamie* is a Dutch word and concept and not a Minang one. In *Provincializing Europe* (2000), Dipesh Chakrabarty points out that Europe is its own particular corner of the world with its specific customs and traditions. European particularity nevertheless did not prevent people there from making claims of universality. This move that Chakrabarty draws our attention to in his book is the same move Roestam is making in Adinegoro's. Roestam uses a Dutch word, "*polygamie*," and applies it to a Minang phenomenon, attempting to assert for that Dutch term a kind of universal applicability, or at least cross-cultural and cross-linguistic relevance. This Dutch word and concept of *polygamie* is something that won't be accepted by those in the "kemadjoean group," thereby making plain something that's always been implicit, namely, the fact that *kemadjoean* connotes cosmopolitanism, multilingualism, and a tendency, or at least an ability, to appreciate the universally applicable and the interlinguistically relevant. When Roestam says that *polygamie* is no longer generalized, he is also saying that it's no longer universalized, and universalization is more essential than ever now, in this moment of *kemadjoean*. Universalization is a kind of conformity, and the *madjoe* show themselves to be even more bent on conformity than those who are not (yet) *madjoe*, judging by the clocks and schedules they keep, and that keep them. Like the early Christians in Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis*, the *madjoe* also require complete adherence to their program (Auerbach 2003: 48). The movement of early Christianity that Auerbach finds depicted in the gospel of Mark bears many similarities to the movement of *kemadjoean* Adinegoro depicts in the novel of *Asmara Djaja*. Both were novel understandings that also claimed to exceed the boundaries of the local community in which their adherents found themselves. Because both are ambitious programs with robust extra-communitarian, cross-cultural claims, they can brook no dissent, for tolerating variation would endanger the validity of their invariable and boundaryless assertions. The universalism that both movements strive for is much more global and totalizing than the provincial, local particularities that they militate against, be they Minang or Hebrew. This speaks to the power but also to the possible inconsistencies inherent in *kemadjoean*, early Christianity, or any universalizing system. *Polygamie* is a Dutch concept that Adinegoro glosses into Malay so that his Malay readers may comprehend it. Once it has taken its position in Malay, he can apply, can compare, *kemadjoean*, the Malay word for a kind of movement, for extra-locality itself, to that foreign concept of *polygamie*. In addition to being Malay, and so seemingly transparent, *kemadjoean*, as a metaphor of movement and so also extra-locality, therefore claims universality, allowing it to assert the appropriateness of folding a particular, foreign concept, the Dutch "*polygamie*" into itself, where that term performs the essential function of clarifying exactly what *kemadjoean* is not, and what it cannot ever tolerate or accept.

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[126] "Pada masa sekarang ini *polygamie* itoe (beristeri lebih dari seorang) tiada dilazimkan orang lagi, terketjoeali kalau ia tidak masoek kaoem kemadjoean"

Empty times, distinct times

At the end of the story we are told that Roestam does indeed follow Mrs. Meerman's advice, and he takes one month off to travel east with Dirsina, "to gladden the heart and heal the body of his wife" (Adinegoro 1931: 93).[127] Yet again, even in the closing words of his narrative, time is fundamental to the story. Roestam takes exactly one month off, a period of time measured by the clock and marked on the calendar. His whole life is arranged according to standard clock time. Unlike Noeraini's mother, who goes by agricultural and celestial time, Roestam's life progresses according to office and mechanical time, that is to say, clock time. This allows him – in this work of fiction – the possibility of taking a month off from work. Benjamin writes that "The concept of the historical progress of mankind cannot be sundered from the concept of its progression through a homogenous, empty time" (Benjamin 1985: 261), linking progress as we understand it with time that is empty. Progressive and progressing, *madjoe* Roestam inhabits the homogenous, empty time of Walter Benjamin, marked by the vacant faces of clocks in previous scenes and, in this passage, the blank squares of the calendar. Noeraini's mother, following the seasons of the sun and the ripening of her rice, could never dream of simply taking that much time away without a second thought. Roestam works in an office and his boss is a friend of Mrs. Meerman's husband, who seems kindly and accommodating. Noeraini's mother works in the rice field, in nature, for a superior who is far less forgiving.

Roestam inhabits a new and *madjoe* sense of time, an altogether different timescape than that of Noeraini's mother. Adinegoro illustrates this with his use, in one sentence, of two different understandings, two different depictions, two different spellings and pronunciations of a Malay term for a kind of time, what we might call in English an epoch or a time or an era. He has Roestam's father admit, "But I as a person of the past zaman, have no right to interfere in the rights of people of the present djaman" (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[128] In this passage Adinegoro assigns one spelling, *zaman*, to represent one kind of understanding, that of the *dahoeloe* or the past, while the other represents another kind of understanding, that of the *kini* or the present. One understanding is not *madjoe*, while the other is. This simple awareness of different kinds of eras implies that one believes in the effectiveness of *kemadjoean*. To believe that an era is of a different kind than another era means one must believe something to have progressed between the one age and the other. As we see, the awareness of *zaman* / *djaman* is so different from one era to another that the very descriptors and therefore perceptions are found to be plural. A person from *zaman dahoeloe* cannot perceive eras of time in the same way that a person of *djaman kini* can, and vice versa. The difference between the perception of time of a *madjoe* person and the perception of time of a person who is not *madjoe* is so wide that they are more than just two different perspectives, but are two different understandings of what time means, as reflected in these two different spellings that are not only different spellings, but actually different words. Or perhaps, as we have seen in Roestam's father's eventual wise empathy with another's perspective, it may be that he, the person of *'adat*, can approximately understand what the *madjoe* person perceives and says. While the *madjoe* on the other hand are incapable of perceiving what those who embrace *'adat* perceive or say. If that's the case, it is simply one more reason why the era of the *madjoe* and the era of the not *madjoe* are not merely two separate times on the same temporal line, but are actually two different ways of understanding time, two different qualitatively distinct kinds of time. Time is indeed universal and universally applicable, just as Malay or English are, just as is any other system of "understandings and concepts," as Roestam's father might put it (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[129] That is to say, time is universal because a particular understanding of time will have universal implications, boundless in their effects on the understander's concepts and understandings. There remain multiple understandings of time however, as Adinegoro makes clear. Two of these many species of understandings are represented by him with the words *djaman* and *zaman*. Each is universally applicable in its turn, but they are nevertheless discrete and distinct from one another, maintaining their respective particularity, forestalling communication and reconciliation, ensuring stasis.

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[127] "menjenang-njenangkan hati dan menjéhatkan badan isterinja"

[128] "Tetapi saja sebagai orang zaman dahoeloe, tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini"

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[129] "pengertiannja dan pahamnja"

Chapter 4: Progressive Malay

Indonesian (/) Malay

Having discussed some of the meanings of writtenness, bufferedness, and universality within *kemadjoean* in the previous three chapters, in this fourth chapter I will be exploring the language of *kemadjoean*, the language in which *kemadjoean* takes place in *Asmara Djaja*, the particular language of which *kemadjoean* is a particular part. We might anachronistically, but with some justification, refer to this language as Indonesian. It was being spoken in Indonesia, after all. Indonesian is what we call this language now. And, in 1928, the same year as *Asmara Djaja*'s first publication, the Sumpah Pemuda, the Youth Oath, was taken by Adinegoro's brother Muhammad Yamin and other contemporaries and friends of his at the Second Youth Congress in Batavia (Moeliono 1993: 136 – 137). This pledge declared that the national language of the still only-imagined nation would be Indonesian, then called Malay, essentially renaming the Malay language in the image of Indonesia. At the time of *Asmara Djaja*'s initial publication however, and in the roughly contemporaneous but indeterminate time in which it is set, the language that would come to me known as Indonesian was still called Malay, and so Malay is the name I will use to denote that language here. It is notable that nowhere in his book does Adinegoro use either word – Malay or Indonesian – to describe the language in which his novel is composed and in which the great majority of the dialogue takes place. This could not have been an accident, particularly in a novel that is as concerned with linguistic issues as this one is. An Indonesian nationalist himself, Adinegoro had good reason to not refer to the language of his gestating nation as Malay. This would be going against the grain of the work of his own brother Yamin and so many others, like Tabrani and Hatta, who were working so hard to advance the cause of Indonesian freedom, for it would be shunning the name they explicitly chose to apply to their national tongue. At the same time, to refer to the language of his narrative as Indonesian would be an overtly nationalist move. It would not have been looked upon kindly by the colonial government of the Netherlands East Indies. This after all was still the only political entity they recognized as legitimate in the Archipelago, not "Indonesia" – a refusal of recognition the Dutch government would adhere to all the way to the transfer of sovereignty witnessed by Adinegoro in Amsterdam in December 1949. *Asmara Djaja* was a Balai Poestaka novel, a product of the colonial government's own publishing house. To refer to a language, a place, or a people as Indonesian may well have resulted in *Asmara Djaja* never being published at all. Indeed, while the Dutch words Indonesier and Indonesisch were allowed, their Malay translation, Indonesia, which had a strong nationalistic connotation, was not (Anwar 1990: 16). So neither Malay nor Indonesian are used to denote the linguistic medium of this novel, this novel of languages, in that it is a novel that seems so concerned with language. Adinegoro maintains a diplomatic silence on the matter. This silence, the fact that the language of the narrative is never explicitly named, also points to another reality besides its author's discretion and his diplomatic balancing act between two competing interests. The namelessness of this language also indicates that this was a period of transition, for the language, for the writer, and for the readers. This language is unnamed because it was difficult to name. There were obstacles that made it so. One regime was setting while the light of the one to follow could be seen just beyond the horizon. In this crepuscular moment, forms were indistinct and at times unrecognizable or unnamable. In the gloaming, what had been taken by colonial scholars for a market pidgin was now seen ascending into a language of state.

From the beginning, Malay has been a paradox. It is a low language. It is the formal language of the courts. It is a wild and natural language of the bazaar. It is a language engineered by bureaucrats. It is said to have been invented on October 28, 1928 or on August 17, 1945. At the same time, "it is certainly worthy of note that the oldest inscriptions preserved in an Indonesian language in the Archipelago are written in a language which has rightly been called Old Malay, as it is nearer to Malay than to any other present day Indonesian language" (Teeuw 1967: 4). And so Malay is both high and low, both despised and venerated, is both old and venerable while also being very new and callow. Like *kemadjoean* itself, it circulated widely. "The spread of Malay as a lingua franca was rapid and strange" (Siegel 1997: 15). When Portuguese sailors arrived at Tidore in the early 1500s, they found Malay had already spread at least as far as the Moluccas, and sixty years later the Dutch navigator Jan Huygen van Linschoten could call it the language of the Orient (Anwar 1980: 3). So widespread and utilitarian is Malay, the language of freedom for Yamin, that it has also been called "the language engine that powered the colonies" (Collins 1998: 64). It powered capitalism as well, through the spice trade that brought the Portuguese, the Dutch, and others so far into the multiple spheres of Malay. It is probably no mere coincidence that the ship Noeraini and her Indies family are aboard, and that takes them from Sumatra to Java, linking the islands of the Archipelago, is called the *Rochussen*. The language engineer Adinegoro seems to have intentionally christened this ship after the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, Jan Jacob Rochussen, who, following his tour of Java in 1850, suggested that Malay be made the ordinary medium of instruction because it was the lingua franca of the entire Archipelago, used equally by all kinds of ethnic groups, including Malays, Javanese, Chinese, Arabs, Bugis, Makassarese, Balinese, and Dayaks in their ordinary discourse with one another (Alisjahbana 1976: 36). From the beginning of their rule, the Dutch made use of the local language to a much greater extent than was common for colonialists elsewhere at that time. Along the way the Dutch shaped the language for their own objectives. Prof. C. A. van Ophuijsen traveled through Riau and Johor and other parts of the Malay Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies meeting with "cultivated Malays" (Lim and Poedjosoedarmo 2016: 177). From those travels he put together a wordlist showing the recommended spelling of Malay terms in Latin characters and consisting of 10,130 words. This was published in 1901. It used Dutch principles of orthography, and along with his Malay grammar of 1910 ensured the teaching of standardized forms of Malay throughout the Dutch East Indies (Lim and Poedjosoedarmo 2016: 178). Literacy in any language remained limited in Indonesia however, despite the greater attention to education since the launch of the "ethical" policy in 1901. According to the 1920 census, 943,000 natives were literate in Malay and 87,000 in Dutch. These numbers, however, corresponded to merely 2.74 and 0.13 percent of the total population respectively (Avonius 2016: 140). So while Malay speaking and understanding seem to have been very widespread throughout the Archipelago, particularly for anyone who wanted to speak with the Dutch or with anyone else outside of their own linguistic group, the ability to read and write it did not extend nearly as far. Nevertheless, a vibrant Malay language press flourished to serve those hundreds of thousands of Malay readers, in addition to the people around them who listened when the news was read, beginning with Surabaya's *Soerat Kabar Bahasa Melajoe* (*Malay Language Newspaper*) in 1856 and Batavia's *Soerat Chabar Betawie* (*Batavian Newspaper*) in 1858 (Salmon 1981: 19). By 1925 over 200 newspapers had been published for various periods of time either wholly or partly in Malay (Lowenberg 2000: 138). There were no dictionaries aside from van Ophuijsen's wordlist, nor was there any significant group aside from the Dutch colonial government that sought to standardize the language. But by the 1920s, Balai

Pustaka was beginning to exert a stronger standardizing influence, particularly through editors like Noer Sutan Iskandar (Salmon 1981: 121). Teeuw's catalogue of "modern Indonesian literature" in his 1975 second edition of *Modern Indonesian Literature* counts some 770 works by 284 authors. Salmon points out, however, all the writing Teeuw and others failed to count. The reason this literature remained unrecognized seems to be largely because the authors were Chinese-Indonesians writing in Malay. Salmon lists 806 authors and translators and 3005 texts, a number that includes 248 anonymous works (Salmon 1981: 10). Both Teeuw's and Salmon's numbers exclude works in all the hundreds of other Archipelagic languages and include only Malay. The question of an official language was an acute problem at the opening of the Volksraad, the People's Assembly, in 1918 (Teeuw 1961: 63), and indeed the very first item discussed was which languages would be allowed to be spoken there. Malay was eventually determined permissible, but it was nevertheless rarely spoken. The delegates preferred being heard speaking in Dutch. In 1924, an association of students studying in Holland, organized as Indische Vereniging in 1908 and who changed their name to Indonesische Vereniging in 1922, changed their name again, this time simply translating it from Dutch to Malay, and now called themselves Perhimpunan Indonesia (Moeliono 1993: 132). Indonesia's future first Vice President, Mohammad Hatta, prominent member of the organization, reasoned that if his country was to be free it needed a name; India was already a British domain, and so he took Indonesia, from a word coined by George Earl in 1850 and subsequently modified and popularized (Jones 1973: 102 n. 38). This change in name led to a change in attitude among the elite students studying overseas. Instead of Dutch and their mother tongues, they started using more Malay among themselves, and in Malay they wrote about their ideas in their journal *Indonesia Merdeka* (*Independent Indonesia*). Malay was often the preferred language of communication including among native speakers of Javanese, which was the language spoken by most of the population of the Archipelago at the time. Javanese writers like Marco Kartodikromo had been writing novels in Malay already by 1914, even though he did not have much training in formal Malay. At the First Youth Congress in 1926, and ironically, while speaking Dutch, Adinegoro's older brother Yamin said that the only two possibilities for national languages of interisland communication in Indonesia were Javanese and Malay, but that being the case, "He was convinced that Malay would eventually develop as the common language or the language of unity" (Moeliono 1993: 133). Mohammad Tabrani observed that if this language was to be the language of Indonesian unity, the language should not be called Malay, but had to be called Indonesian, for that was the name of the country they imagined coming into being. They resolved to leave the naming of the language to the next conference. When that conference took place, in 1928, the Youth Oath was taken and the language was then inaugurated as Indonesian.

Transition and progress

Malay is in transition then in 1928, when *Asmara Djaja* is first published. This novel provides a powerful reflection of this transition, fitting enough when we consider that its author, Adinegoro, would also continue making his name post-independence while simultaneously addressing the needs of the young country's readers by creating the first atlas in the Indonesian language, 1952's *Atlas Semesta Dunia*, as well as the 1954 *Ensiklopedi Umum dalam Bahasa Indonesia*, one of the earliest Indonesian encyclopedias, in which he introduced many words and concepts into the language that are still in use today. In the same year he published *Asmara Djaja* he published another book, even more explicitly centered on ideas of the *madjoe*, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean* (*Dictionary of Kemadjoean* or *Dictionary of Progress*). He gives his Malay-titled reference book a Dutch subtitle, *Modern Zakwoordenboek* (*Modern Pocket Dictionary*), a subtitle that indicates not only the multilingual and cosmopolitan boldness of his project, but also the fact that this book is not a hefty tome intended to sit in a library or a home, but is small and light, designed to be placed in a pocket, accompanying its owner as she progresses – *madjoe* – moves about the world. In his pocket dictionary Adinegoro provides definitions of words that were not were yet common in Malay, but that he felt modern speakers of the language should know, words like "Monroeleer" (the Monroe Doctrine – of interest to a journalist who was focused on both foreign affairs and the developments of colonialism), "freetrade," "tant mieux," "vexatie," "Alkoran," "casus belli," and thousands of others. Adinegoro clearly felt that Malay was undergoing a transition, and it was a transition in which he himself was to be actively engaged. The Malay in *Asmara Djaja* is truly a language undergoing *kemadjoean*, in that it is a language already "in progress." Words, as we shall see, are being introduced into it, just as Adinegoro was doing most unambiguously with his dictionary of the same year. Malay in *Asmara Djaja* is in constant negotiation with the languages that surround it, languages like Minangkabau, Dutch, Sundanese, and Arabic. Malay is also repeatedly shown to be in conversation with itself, in particular with the older Malay of the hikayat tradition. Additionally, Adinegoro explores what a language means in the narrative.

A glossy picture

Asmara Djaja is a novel, not a dictionary, but Adinegoro seems to have carried over to it some of his methods and objectives from his *Kamoes Kemadjoean*. The novel is full of glosses, instances in which the author introduces a word and then defines it for the reader. It is very like a definition one might find in a dictionary, only a little less careful, a little less official. As Becker explains regarding Burmese in "The Figure a Classifier Makes," "A necessary first step in understanding a distant text and the context it shapes is *glossing*, a kind of minimal translation … As necessary as this glossing may be, most of the interpretive act of parsing is done in that first step. Given glossing, a Burmese sentence can be parsed as a deviation from English and give rise to a strong sense of universality" (Becker 2000: 212). The first step a philologist makes, the glossing of a text, will largely determine all subsequent analysis and attention. This glossing often seems like a minor or unimportant step, but in fact it will dictate everything that comes after. Becker makes clear not only the stakes of glossing, but the potential motivations as well. In "The Elusive Figures of Burmese Grammar," he warns that "Glossing is clearly a political process. How often do two languages meet as equals, with equal and reciprocal authority? How often, for instance, are the root metaphors of the 'exotic' language considered equal in analytic power to those of the language of analysis?" (Becker 2000: 232). In *Asmara Djaja*, the Minang is repeatedly shown to be more unjust and primitive, and less *madjoe* than the Malay, such as when Mrs. Meerman explains Minang traditions and customs to Dirsina through her anthropological lens, as was discussed in the previous chapter. This move all by itself puts Minang in its place. It is positioned as the "exotic" language simply by being the language or customs analyzed from without using a different language of analysis, in this case, Malay.

Adinegoro wastes no time beginning his glossing, immediately defining and explaining the words and concepts of his narrative. The first gloss to appear in *Asmara Djaja* occurs when we learn that all Noeraini's family is on the "paraka (deck casement)" (Adinegoro 1931: 4),[130] glossing a technical term for a kind of hatch on the deck of the ship they're riding on as it advances through the waves, a gloss that pertains to literal, physical *kemadjoean*. Noeraini's family is asleep, as is everyone else on the deck, it would seem, save Noeraini herself. Adinegoro describes all the different positions of the sleepers. The bodies of some were protruding, some were slanted, half of them were rolled up like floor mats. "Noeraini's fear rose a little hearing the snoring of her mamak *), who was sleeping on a lounge chair by her side, as though shouting replies with the snores of another person that wasn't too far from there" (Adinegoro 1931: 5).[131] At the bottom of the same page, the asterisked "mamak" is glossed, and is given this definition: "*) Male sibling of her mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 5).[132] We have here a definition, a gloss, indicating at the outset that this novel is not only a work of fiction, but is also fulfilling a kind of anthropological role, signaling that *Asmara Djaja* itself is a quasi-anthropological text. "Her *mamak*" is given the footnote, "male sibling of her mother." This footnote is an instance of Malay absorbing into itself, and thus empowering itself with, the Minang language. This is an appropriative, colonizing move, and is very similar, if not identical, to moves Adinegoro must have seen in Dutch texts explaining Malay or Minang words, concepts, or traditions and customs. The footnote performs an anthropologizing function, domesticating and dominating Minang under the dominion of Malay. As Becker makes clear, two languages almost never meet as equals, and it is the "language of analysis" (Becker 2000: 232), the glossing language, that enjoys prerogative of place in this unavoidably political encounter.

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[130] "paraka (pelekah)"

Most of the glosses in this novel take the form of a word followed by a parenthetical paraphrasing, as we saw a page earlier with "paraka (pelekah)" (Adinegoro 1931: 4). This gloss of *mamak*, the second gloss of the book, appearing on the third page of the narrative, is singular however in that it is the only one to use a footnote, the only one to be so set apart and buffered from the rest of the text, unique in taking such a scholarly form. Is it merely because Adinegoro decided to use a different format afterwards? Maybe. But the term glossed term, "mamak," is also a special word, fundamental to all the conflict in the novel. This is a novel about the injustice and cruelty of Minang *'adat*, and the word *mamak* is a word that in this novel is contextualized as being deep within Minang *'adat* and has an important and unique place within that *'adat*. *Mamak* is also a Malay word and commonly used for older males then as today. However, uniquely in Minang, *mamak* is used specifically for the mother's male sibling. The gloss is thus recognizing and marking this difference. Furthermore, *mamak* as used in this novel is not just an example of Minang *'adat*, but is a part of the *'adat* of family relations. Roestam spends the length of the novel trying to escape his family relations and the responsibilities they burden him with. *Mamak* is an especially marked word because it is one particular *mamak* – Noeraini's, who is also Roestam's father – and his claims as a *mamak* that are the engine that makes the entire story progress. Were *mamak* not so determinate in Minangkabau, and were this particular man not the *mamak* of Noeraini, there would be no *Asmara Djaja*. The footnote to *mamak* that is hung at the bottom page 5 in the first chapter is like the gun hung on the wall in the first act of a play. It's dark and threatening and it's shown for a reason. It's been placed there to let us know that eventually it has to go off. This *mamak* after all is the antagonist of the entire narrative (or perhaps he's the protagonist, for Roestam undergoes remarkably little character development by comparison). By setting off this gloss in the form of a footnote, so that it even strays beyond the four corners of the text, Adinegoro is positioning Noeraini's *mamak*, like the definition itself of his position, completely outside the boundaries of his *madjoe* narrative. By placing the definition of his position so clearly external to the text, the writer sets up an opposition, an opposition of Roestam's father, Noeraini's *mamak*, the "male sibling of her mother" against everything else in this text. The *mamak* is so foreign, so beyond comprehension and integration and reconciliation that he cannot even be admitted into the text, not even if encaged in parentheses like most of the other glosses in the novel. Such a category as *mamak*, so inextricable from *'adat* and so strongly Minang, Adinegoro shows us, can never be reconciled to *kemadjoean*, and can only exist outside of it just as we see it lurking outside of this *madjoe* text. And this, indeed, is a fate fulfilled by this character by the end of the novel: our *mamak* returns to Sumatra. We don't even see him go, and what's more he is effectively no longer even a *mamak*, for Roestam has forced him to surrender rights and privileges inherent in that position, once so exalted, but now exiled, first to a footnote and then to Sumatra.

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[131] "Terbit takoet Noeraini sedikit mendengarkan dengkoer mamaknja *), jang tidoer diatas seboeah koersi malas disisinja, seakan-akan bersahoet-sahoetan dengan dengkoer seorang-orang lain, jang ta' berapa djaoeh dari tempatnja itoe"

[132] "*) Saudara laki-laki dari pada iboenja"

This is not the last time "mamak" receives a gloss in the text. Later, on the ship, in Chapter III, a charming young man named Ibrahim is introducing himself to Noeraini's family. "He extended his hand to the mamak (uncle) of the maiden Noeraini, and they spoke" (Adinegoro 1931: 25).[133] We see a curious shifting of glossing styles here, from a scholarly and discrete footnote to a mere parenthetical clarification, which is the form most of the other glosses also take in the text. By glossing yet again a word that he'd already footnoted and defined, Adinegoro reiterates the foreignness of Minang, but this time in a parenthetical way, as we've seen by this point with other glosses earlier. The narrative seems to be assuming that we just need a little reminder of the meaning of this Minang family category, as opposed to the fuller introduction that we were given earlier. *Mamak* has become more like Arabic words that had been glossed previously, in that it is now something we are expected to be somewhat familiar with. At the same time, being glossed twice now in this way, *mamak* has been doubly marked as irretrievably foreign.

The foreignness of Minang language and *'adat* are central to this narrative, and being so, Adinegoro makes sure to restate their incommensurability throughout the text. In the letters Roestam's father sends to him, almost all of which Roestam never opens and never permits to penetrate his *madjoe* thinking, we are told that Roestam's father explains how he sees Roestam's situation. The terms that Roestam's father uses are portrayed by Adinegoro as foreign and detached from this *madjoe* narrative. As Roestam's father explains in his letter to Roestam,

> Because as far as what older people at home think, marrying in another land brings no profit, it's of too low a standard and whatnot, and what's more, isn't that what would be called „fattening another's buffalo''? Whereas the anak pisang (mamak's child) and the nieces and nephews of his father, even more of them are to be „returned home'' (married off). (Adinegoro 1931: 30)[134]

By making use of an idiosyncratic phrase and asking if what Roestam is doing isn't "fattening someone else's buffalo," Roestam's father is invoking what is understood to be mutually recognizable prior text. In "Silence across Languages," Becker explains that "we have a common language to the extent we have common prior texts" (Becker 2000: 288). Roestam's father invokes this prior text, and thereby invokes his authority and the *'adat* he assumes he shares with

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[133] "Iapoen mengoendjoekkan tangannja kepada mamak (paman) gadis Noeraini, laloe berkata-katalah meréka itoe"

[134] "Karena sepandjang pikiran orang toea-toeanja diroemah, kawin dinegeri orang itoe beloem ada toeahnja, koeranglah daradjat, dan sebagainja, lebih-lebih boekankah itoe „mempergemoek kerbau orang'' namanja? Sedangkan anak pisang (anak mamak) dan kemanakan ajahnja banjak lagi jang akan „dipoelangi'' (diperisteri)."

Roestam. These letters are written before the final and decisive visit of Roestam's father to see his son, are written before he knows just how *madjoe* Roestam has become and how thoroughly he's rejected the Minang *'adat* of his family. This text is set off in quotation marks like the Sundanese "big sister" (Adinegoro 1931: 11)[135] and other foreign words we've already come across by this time in the story. Prior text is what makes a common language, and the prior text that Roestam's father assumes his son understands and shares with him indicates how much he believes, or wants to believe, that their concepts and understandings are identical. But this hope is betrayed in the very next sentence, and that betrayal takes the form of not one but two sets of parentheses. The quotation marks above index a quotation, a citation, a referring to or a referencing of something, some phrase, some prior text, that both writer and reader ostensibly have in common, and that the writer, Roestam's father, expects his reader Roestam will also surely understand. From outside of the text though, the author inserts these two sets of parentheses, two examples of foreign glosses, which we can read as evaluations, if not accusations, of foreignness. The first gloss explains "anak pisang," which is now the third gloss having to do with the familial category of *mamak*. First we had *mamak* explained in a footnote. Then we had *mamak* explained in a more standard parenthetical gloss. And now we are given a further explanation of the particular position and meaning of *mamak* in Minang *'adat*. "Anak pisang (mamak's child)" provides a glossing of Minang *'adat* that is going further and further in the direction of foreignness and arcane ethnological knowledge. But with "„returned'' (married off)" we are first given the quotes that claim to reference something familiar to both fictional writer and reader, indicating something commonly understood, followed by the parenthetical glossing explaining that to be returned home, "dipoelangi," means to be married off, "diperisteri." The cozy, intimate, shared prior text of father and son, ensconced in quotation marks that quote a familiar commonplace, is thus jarringly denaturalized by these colder and more clinical parentheses. It is as though we are witnessing a scene of tender familial mutual understanding when suddenly a pith-helmeted anthropologist walks into the frame to explain to us in cold and precise terminology what that which we thought we were seeing really means.

Mamak refers to a male family relation, a maternal uncle in Minang, the first language of Roestam, the husband of the couple at the center of the story. *Atjeuk* refers to a female family relation, an older sister, in Sundanese, the first language of Dirsina, the wife of the couple at the center of this story. Both *mamak* and *atjeuk* are words one would use to refer to someone older and deserving of respect, but the latter connotes more caregiving and the former more authority. In Chapter II, when Dirhamsjah is deathly ill, we read, "How „atjeuk'' Dirsina, the mother of that child, called out the name of her heart of hearts, Dirhamsjah, coaxed with sweet words, with gentle sounds, that only mothers alone are capable of producing, and there no longer came replies of laughter from the child and his hand no longer came to reach out for the face of his mother" (Adinegoro 1931: 11 – 12).[136] Adinegoro refers to this character as "atjeuk" Dirsina. The text seems to present this as a term of endearment that a husband would use for a wife, the implication being that this is a pet name that Roestam calls her. *Atjeuk*, however, meaning older sister, is not a common term of endearment for a Sundanese wife. *Nyi* would be more typical. This may be an indication that with all the change taking place in relationships, a kind of linguistic congestion has come about, with too many relationships trying to occupy the same spot.

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[135] "atjeuk"

[136] "Bagaimana djoega „atjeuk'' Dirsina, iboe anak itoe, memanggil-manggil nama djantoeng hatinja, Dirhamsjah, diboedjoek-boedjoek dengan kata jang manis-manis, dengan soeara jang lemah-lemboet, jang hanja iboe sadja jang pandai mengeloearkan itoe, ta' adalah didjawab dengan gelak lagi oléh anak itoe dan tangannja ta' datang lagi mentjapai-tjapai moeka iboenja"

We are given here another language to read, another foreign language in addition to Minang. But *atjeuk* is provided no gloss. Glossing separates a word, clearly implying that a word is foreign, is not native and does not belong to the language of the surrounding text, and indicates that a word needs an explicit definition. Glossing a word marks it off as other, as unknown, and therefore possibly threatening – particularly if the glossed word was *mamak*, a particular and anthropologically marked and understood Minang word. Even though this text was written by a Minang writer, Minang is not treated here as the close relation of Malay that it is, which is signaled by the fact that the term for a family member, *mamak*, is marked off as glossable and therefore intrinsically foreign. *Atjeuk* however needs no gloss. We are expected to know only from context clues and our own experience what *atjeuk* means. This is an example of the decisive influence of Beckerian prior text. By not glossing *atjeuk* and glossing *mamak*, Adinegoro implies that *atjeuk* was so familiar a non-Malay word that a significant number of Adinegoro's readers would have recognized it as prior text and understood it, whereas *mamak* was not. The text of *Asmara Djaja* shows us here a word that is integrated into the family of Malay speech.

This Sundanese word is marked as feminine, in that it denotes a female person, a big sister, a person who in this case is Sundanese herself. She is described producing soft, motherly expressions to her child, expressions that are at least partially prelinguistic, not only comprising "sweet words" but also "gentle sounds," voicings that we are meant to imagine are akin to cooing. *Atjeuk* provides an illuminating contrast to *mamak*, a very different word, in some ways *atjeuk*'s opposite. The Minang word is masculine in addition to being conflict-ridden, for not only is the narrative's antagonist a male who also happens to be the very *mamak* of interest here, but so the protagonist is also male, and also Minang. The one man a *mamak* and father while the other man is his own son; these are two Minang men locking horns in conflict, like two contending buffalo clashing in the arena. The Minang word *mamak* here is one used to denote a kind of male family member, a family relation designation that is not merely male, but that is also considered by the *madjoe* to be oppressively male, and to exercise capricious, disproportionate, and unearned power by virtue of his explicitly and exclusively male position. What's more, it is not in line with normative nuclear family arrangements, and so is troublingly primitive. So, as a middle way between too-rigid Minang and too-soft Sundanese, we have Malay, the language of *kemadjoean*. On one side, the father's, we have masculine, paternalistic, threatening, legalistic, primitive, forcing Minang, which the protagonist finds intolerable, and which must be glossed, which glossing constitutes a sign of its foreignness from Malay and the *kemadjoean* Malay conveys. On the other side, the mother's, we have the feminine, maternal, comforting, prelinguistic, accommodating Sundanese. This novel is predominantly set in West Java, and so there would be ample opportunities to read and hear Sundanese being used, but, from what Adinegoro shows us of that language in his narrative, it is a language only to be heard when spoken with babies and toddlers, almost a kind of "motherese," or babytalk, or caregiver register, or, as we might refer to it in our most *madjoe* speech register in English, IDS, infant directed speech (Trainor et al: 2000; Bryant and Barrett: 2007). Indeed, by inserting the Sundanese word *atjeuk* into the sentence of Dirsina's comforting infant directed speech and sounds, by making those voicings explicitly Sundanese, Adinegoro seems to present Sundanese as having more motherly qualities, as almost a kind of primitive, prelinguistic "language" when seen from the perspective of Malay, which, as Becker points out, like every language, will always present other languages only in its own terms, and in that process, those other, depicted languages cannot help but be depicted as lessers. Hence the necessity of Malay, a middle way, a language of cosmopolitanism, a language between distinct incompatible languages and between distinct incompatible *'adat*, just as, being a seaborne tongue, it was a language between the disparate islands of the Archipelago.

As we've seen, Adinegoro uses glosses within the Malay language of his text to negotiate the place of Malay vis-à-vis other languages in the Archipelago, negotiations that, taking place in Malay, could not but be biased in favor of that tongue. An Archipelagic idiom, Malay is, at the time of the first appearance of *Asmara Djaja*, in the process of becoming a world language, in the sense that this is the precise moment of the Youth Pledge that will rename Malay Indonesian and make that language the national language of the incipient country of Indonesia. As the newly rechristened language of the Indonesian homeland and the Indonesian nation, and therefore staking a claim as a national language on par with Dutch or English or French, Malay will now have to make good on that claim, and show itself capable of glossing and thereby incorporating words from other important languages of the world, among them Arabic. Adinegoro gives us a couple of glosses on Arabic, both early in Chapter III. The second sentence of that chapter begins, "A haji on the front at the end of the casement called out the azan (call to prayer) with a piercing and sweet voice that brought forth, called out, enjoined, whether it be that he was joyful, whether he be in difficulties, because the expression of that voice at times filled with pity the hearts of those who heard" (Adinegoro 1931: 19).[137] Upon hearing this call to prayer,

> All of the pious on that ship soon got up and washed their faces with water they got from the water fountain, then took water for prayers (ablutions) and not long after came into Noeraini's view two rows of people praying with the haji as their imam, performing their duty; because they knew that human life in this world is not eternal and we must prepare our provisions for the journey to the land of the everlasting. (Adinegoro 1931: 19 – 20)[138]

In the first sentence, the author glosses "azan" with "bang," both of which can be rendered into English as "call to prayer." In the second sentence he glosses "air sembahyang" (water of prayer) with "woedoe'," both of which can be rendered in English as "ablutions." The moving and reverent language Adinegoro uses to describe the call to prayer and the subsequent worship are the words of a pious devotee who understands the deep meaning and import of these rituals. The voice of the haji who acts as the muezzin on the ship is so penetrating, mellifluous, and moving that it fills the hearts of his listeners with pity. And the assembled worshipers who heeded the call did so for the most important of reasons, because this world is not everlasting, and they had to prepare for their journey to eternity. Adinegoro does not observe this scene from an anthropological and disinterested distance. Rather, he describes it as a believer would, as though he himself would also be a participant, sounding less like an anthropologist and more like an imam himself. And yet he remains a philologist, glossing the meanings of "air sembahyang" and "azan." What's odd though is that these are words any Malay speaker would be expected to know. What then is the function of the author providing glosses for words that in Malay were already common? One explanation is that Adinegoro was already thinking about the future of Malay, already looking ahead to when it would become a national language on par with English or French. He was also acting very much like the journalist he was. Around 1930, "Translating concepts was an integral part of journalistic work, as foreign terms were replaced by Indonesian – or sometimes by other foreign – words. … the translation work was also highly political. An Indonesian national language was in the making, and there was a need to 'Indonesianize' the Dutch words that were seen as unfit for use in building the nation" (Avonius 2016: 135 – 136). By incorporating foreign words into his narrative with his many glosses, Adinegoro, like other journalists of his time, was preparing Indonesian for its future responsibilities. He was doing this same preparatory work with his participation in the first and second Youth Congresses that laid the groundwork for and then enacted the Sumpah Pemuda, establishing Indonesian as the equal of other national languages. And he did this in his reference book published the same year as *Asmara Djaja*, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean: Modern Zakwoordenboek*. In the Forward, the Professor C. Spat notes that "no doubt his little book will be very useful to a large number of readers of Malay newspapers and other contemporary writings, in which more and more foreign words and expressions are becoming used" (Adinegoro 1928).[139] Adinegoro goes a bit further in his Preface to the dictionary though, and expresses different and more ambitious objectives, explaining in greater detail what he hopes from his "little book":

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[137] "Seorang hadji sebelah moeka dioedjoeng parakepoen azanlah (bang) dengan soeara jang njaring dan merdoe lagi beranak-anak, memanggil-manggil, menjeroe-njeroe, entahkan besar hatinja, entahkan soesah, karena adalah boenji soeara itoe kadang-kadang mengibakan hati jang mendengar"

[138] "Segala jang 'alim dalam kapal itoe, segeralah bangoen, serta mentjoetji moeka dengan air jang diambilnja dari pantjoeran air, laloe mengambil air sembahjang (woedoe') dan tiada lama kemoedian tampaklah oléh gadis Noeraini doea lérét orang sembahjang mengimamkan hadji jang tadi, melakoekan kewadjibannja; karena tahoelah meréka, bahwa haroeslah kita menjediakan bakal oentoek perdjalanan kita kenegeri jang baka."

> The KAMOES KEMADJOEAN (Modern zakwoordenboek) contains all words that are prevalent for people in this age of kemadjoean, whether about politics, trade, or issues that are connected with general knowledge (algemeene ontwikkeling). It is very useful for teachers, civil servants, newspaper readers, students in the upper classes of the Dutch Native Schools, the Native Lower Schools, students beginning in Broader Lower Education, Teachers' Training Institutes, etc, nor can it be ignored by journalists, correspondents and all people who have the obligation to lead. …
>
> Most especially for readers of publications by Balai Poestaka and others, in short for all the readers of the ,,present age'' throughout the Indies, a dictionary like this is a valuable friend. Whosoever wants to madjoe, that is a person who follows the will of the age. However, many times it's heard that one is reading this and that which can't be understood and one is about to ask, yes, if there is somewhere to ask, but if one lives in a more modest place where will one turn?
>
> For friends of that kind, this dictionary of kemadjoean is a radiance that can enlighten brain and heart both. (Adinegoro 1928)[140]

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[139] "Ongetwijfeld zal zijn boekje van veel nut zijn voor een groot aantal lezers van Maleische couranten en andere hedendaagsche geschriften, waarin meer en meer vreemde woorden en uitdrukkengen worden gebezigd"

[140] "KAMOES KEMADJOEAN (Modern zakwoordenboek), isinja segala kata-kata jang dilazimkan orang dalam zaman kemadjoean ini baik tentang hal politik, perniagaan atau perkara jang berhoeboeng dengan pengetahoean oemoem (algemeene ontwikkeling). Bergoena sekali bagi goeroe-goeroe, ambtenar, pembatja koran, moerid diklas tinggi dari H. I. S., Inl. Lagere School, moerid bermoela dari MULO, Kweekschool dllnja, serta tidak dapat tidak ditaroeh oleh journalisten, correspondenten dan segala orang jang berkewadjiban memimpin. …

Teroetama sekali bagi pembatja dari soerat-soerat Balai Poestaka, dan lain-lainnja, pendeknja bagi segala pembatja ,,zaman sekarang'' diseantero Hindia adalah kamoes seperti ini mendjadi sobat jang tinggi harganja. Barangsiapa jang ingin madjoe, dialah orang jang menoeroet kemaoean zaman. Akan tetapi banjak kali kedengaran bahwa ia membatja ini itoe jang tidak dapat diartikannja sedang akan bertanja, ja, kalau ada tempat bertanja, tetapi kalau ia diam ditempat jang soenji kemana akan menghadap?

Adinegoro is targeting particular types of people here: the educated, educators, journalists, and "whoever has the obligation to lead." These are people that we might identify today as thought leaders, or even as members of the "creative class" (Florida 2014: 69). They are writers and readers of newspapers in a country in which less than three percent of the population was literate in Malay. They are students who will become alumni of the Dutch school systems for local elites. In short, these are people like Adinegoro. They are also precisely the kind people who were at that moment laying the groundwork for, and would go on to lead, the Indonesian struggle for independence, and then the new nation of Indonesia itself. When Adinegoro expresses his desire for his dictionary to enlighten not only the brain but also the heart, he tells us that this book is not only intended to illuminate that which had previously been dark and unknown to his reader intellectually, but also that which had been unknown or inconceivable to her emotionally. He is talking about inspiring his reader, waking her up to new possibilities, such as those he and his friends had been planning for in the first and second Youth Congresses. With the *Kamoes Kemadjoean*, Adinegoro is not just explaining these words; he is making them usable for his readers, and he is therefore introducing them into Malay. By making the Malay language more capacious and more contemporary in this way, and by widening its total potential semantic field, Adinegoro's *Kamoes Kemadjoean* prepares Malay for the heavy lifting that awaits it once it accedes to its expected status as a national language.

The vast majority of Malay speakers, then as now, are Muslims. Being ethnically Malay has even been characterized as "almost synonymous" with being Muslim (Milner 2003: 7). Even though most Malay speakers, being either Muslims or familiar with Islam, could be expected to know these Malay words for the call to prayer and for ablutions, the more that *kemadjoean* spread the Malay language around the Archipelago and around the world, the more Malay might potentially diverge from its longtime associations with Islam (Collins 1998: 11 – 12). By not assuming Malay speakers' knowledge of Islamic terminology either as Muslims or as people acquainted with Islam, by performing this kind of strategic feigned ignorance, Adinegoro presented Malay as what he wanted it to become, a language not as tied to Islam as it actually was at that time, a freer, more agnostic medium of communication, more cosmopolitan, more universalizable and applicable to all people.

Another reason for Adinegoro to be glossing common Islamic concepts like azan and water for prayers is that the words he glosses these terms with, *bang* and *woedoe'* respectively, have now attained the status of words that are used to explain these terms. In so doing, he makes the claim that the proper Malay rendering of azan is *bang*, and the proper Malay rendering of *air sembahyang* is *woedoe'*. Whether or not these words came originally from Arabic, to consider them to be still only Arabic words or words exclusively the province of any foreign language is now out of the question: they are Malay words. They are Malay words because they have been used to define or gloss other words with the same meanings. By marshalling *bang* and *woedoe'* to define his parenthetical linguistic exoticisms, Adinegoro domesticates *bang* and *woedoe'*, positioning them by contrast as definitively not exotic, making them fully and comfortably Malay. If there had been any doubt whether these were good and true Malay words previously, Adinegoro is telling his readers that there is no reason to doubt this any longer. In this way he effectively expands the semantic domain of Malay, claiming linguistic territory definitively for Malay, pushing Malay farther toward the universal applicability demanded by *kemadjoean*, and

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Bagi sobat-sobat jang sedemikianpoen kamoes kemadjoean ini soeatoe tjahaja jang bisa menerangkan otak dan hati kedoea-doeanja."

diminishing its dependence on other languages to help it produce what people speaking Malay mean to say. Claiming *bang* and *woedoe'* for Malay, Adinegoro expands Malay into Arabic's territory. Languages are not taking part in a zero-sum game, and so Arabic correspondingly loses none of its ability to signify. But in fields of experience like piety, often dominated in the Archipelago by Arabic, Adinegoro shows Malay to also be an effective medium, expanding its perceived capabilities, and empowering his language.

As we just saw, the prayers on the boat, and by implication all the linguistic armature, largely Arabic, that support that activity, the calls to prayer, the ablutions, the other religious terminology, exist to serve the interests of these people who are aware that this world is but temporary and that it is imperative to ready one's provisions for the journey to the next world, the eternal one. All this worldliness will pass away. But this worldliness will nevertheless require in the meantime a linguistic framework of its own. The particular linguistic system Adinegoro chooses with which to depict and ornament worldliness is not Arabic, but Dutch. And the Dutch-language worldliness Adinegoro portrays in his novel is not decadent or jaded, but is characterized by him in terms of highest regard and greatest comfort. Malay has often been associated with the secular, being the medium of trade, of the port, of the market. But Dutch itself has a history of being identified with the material and the capitalistic, and the Dutch terms he glosses into Malay, the Dutch words he appropriates into Malay, are centered on a locus that represents, for Adinegoro and for many people, a site of a kind of secularized sacred, for these words predominantly revolve around the household. As Chapter V opens, we are told that it's been three days since Dirhamsjah's death, that Roestam and Dirsina have had guests over to their house to pray on occasion of the third day since their son's passing, and these guests have just left. It's evening-time, and "Roestam picks up his wife from the bed in the room to the divan (sleeping bench) in the inner foyer" (Adinegoro 1931: 38).[141] We now come across another gloss, but since we are at this moment in this very *madjoe*, Dutchified house, for the first time what is glossed is from Dutch, explaining parenthetically that the *dipan*, or divan in English, is a "sleeping bench." As opposed to the glosses of Arabic or Minang words we've seen earlier, the implication here is that the author is educating the reader on the meanings of these fancy and rarefied Dutch lifeways, exposing her to life in this worldly locale. Whereas previously we were given a dry and distant anthropological treatment of an arcane category of Minang family structure, like *anak pisang*, which required us to know the previous gloss of *mamak*, in this passage the author is as if welcoming the reader in, accommodating her, meeting her halfway, and inviting the reader to join him in admiring the uncommon and status-laden objects in Roestam and Dirsina's home. While previous glosses clarified categories of family or religious obligation, the Dutch glosses in this visit to the Roestam-Dirsina household – in passages like those describing "a lamp (schemerlamp)" that's in their house (Adinegoro 1931: 38),[142] the "great comedies (schouburg)" they occasionally go watch (Adinegoro 1931: 41),[143] and the pleasant "feuilleton (story)" that Roestam reads from the newspaper (Adinegoro 1931: 42)[144] – refer to objects or phenomena that are purely secular and that are indicative of this family's urban, cosmopolitan milieu. The *dipan* and the *schemerlamp*, and the reading of feuilleton, are located directly within the couple's household. This is a conspicuously Dutch household, and seems to be intentionally opposed to the anthropologically renowned Minang household in which

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[141] "diangkatlah oléh Roestam akan isterinja dari tempat tidoer dikamar kedipan (bangkoe tidoer) diserambi dalam"
[142] "seboeah lampoe (schemerlamp)"
[143] "komidi besar (schouburg)"
[144] "feuilleton (tjerita)"

Roestam, Roestam's father, and most of the other characters have been raised. Dirsina, we recall, learned household management in Dutch, and lived with a Dutch family. Her homemaking is going to be Dutch homemaking as far as is possible for a Sundanese woman living in the Dutch East Indies. Earlier we saw how the imposition of privacy was also an integral part of this house, and how this also made it distinct from the Minang house of anthropological fame. In addition to its privacy, another defining characteristic of this house is its Dutchness, a Dutchness that Adinegoro shows more than tells, and shows by the very Dutch words he uses to portray it.

This being a Dutch household, Dutch words will largely be used to describe it, Dutch words, as we saw above, that will also be glossed from time to time to help the marveling reader better understand this sophisticated and enviable secular temple. And this being a Dutch household, Dutch words will be equally important to use to define what this household is not, what is its opposite, what threatens this same household with its very collapse. As Roestam explains in his letter to Noeraini, "At this time now, *polygamie* (having more than one wife) is no longer generalized by people, except for those that are not in the kemadjoean group" (Adinegoro 1931: 90).[145] We have arrived at the final pages of the novel when we read this passage. For many pages there have read no glosses at all. Adinegoro had concentrated them in the first half of the book, as if meaning to initially familiarize us with these concepts, and once that was done he would proceed with his story utilizing glosses no more, reflecting neatly the tendency for glossing to be done at the beginning of a philological project and then largely forgotten, leaving us unaware of the determinative but unnoticed work these glosses continue doing throughout the duration of the philological enterprise. But then, after chapters with no glossing, we finally have a gloss again, almost at the end of the book, in the letter that is meant to resolve the conflict that's been driving the entire narrative, the letter that Roestam writes to dissolve his marriage with Noeraini, and with it, to dissolve the anguish and desperation that has beset his household and affected so many others as well. The word that's glossed is "*polygamie*." It's italicized in the text, as a glossed word probably should be, and it's Dutch, like all the other glossed words related to Roestam and Noeraini's household. But this household term refers not to the domestic objects, furniture and accessories of the sophisticated, *madjoe* home, but instead refers to a kind of foreign object, something that is portrayed as almost a disease the way it threatens the well-being and security of their family. This book mentions "forcing," *paksa*, a number of times. Books of this era, especially books published by Balai Pustaka, the publishing house of the Dutch East Indies government, the most official organ of book publishing there at the time and the publisher of this novel, often told stories with plots whose conflict was driven by issues of forced marriage, or *kawin paksa* (Suwondo 2001: 66 – 67). *Asmara Djaja* certainly touches on this issue, but this book is really much more concerned with the related but distinct concept of "*polygamie*," and *polygamie*'s perceived effects on one particular enamored couple. Here the word for what we would call polygamy is invoked, and the form of the word for the phenomenon is the Dutch form. Minang is not even given the opportunity here to defend itself and its practice of "*polygamie*." But how could it? *Polygamie*, being a Dutch word, is enmeshed in a Dutch-language system of meaning. Those Dutch meanings contain inescapably Dutch values, and according to those values, *polygamie* is an aberrant practice. Adinegoro positions the practice of having more than one wife squarely in the Dutch-language frame of reference. This is also illustrated in the letters of Kartini, in which she writes extensively of the evils of taking more than one wife. These letters, significantly, are in Dutch. Originally published in 1912, after her

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[145] "Pada masa sekarang ini *polygamie* itoe (beristeri lebih dari seorang) tiada dilazimkan orang lagi, terketjoeali kalau ia tidak masoek kaoem kemadjoean"

1904 passing, these Dutch-language missives made a significant impact on the Minang intelligentsia, in addition to being read by Sundanese readers living on the same island Kartini did.

What Roestam is referring to is "*polygamie*" and is not any phenomenon named by the Minang language or even Malay. Within Dutch, it is an abnormal practice, fit to be anthropologized, with *polygamie* being described as a notable if peculiar feature of the Minang or other peoples in the same way as their well-known matriarchate would be. Then, in the same sentence, Roestam identifies polygamous practice, so incompatible with Dutch values, as being essentially the opposite of *kemadjoean*, for *polygamie* is no longer common, except among those who are not in the *kemadjoean* group. *Polygamie*, unlike a *dipan*, will not be encountered in the *madjoe* home. A *madjoe* household like Dirsina's is a Dutch household, containing those valued objects that Dutch households should aspire to, while eschewing practices that are antithetical to Dutch domesticity. If Roestam taking another wife were defined in terms of Minang-language domesticity, or perhaps even Malay-language or Arabic-language domesticity, there might be words or phrases in which that practice would be acceptable. Presented as it is in this novel however, within the terms of the Dutch-language domestic sphere, it cannot be let into the house. This is something that both Roestam and Dirsina understand, and it is clearly something Roestam expects Noeraini to understand as well, for Roestam expects Noeraini to be, like him, a member of the *kemadjoean* group. It is her membership in this group that would mean that she would not agree with or accept *polygamie*. Roestam thus frames this question partly through a filter of tribalism. If she is a member of a certain group, namely that of *kemadjoean*, then she will not accept *polygamie*. This is similar to the fact of *polygamie* being a Dutch word. Members of the community of Dutch speakers, adherents to a Dutch-language complex of language and customs, will not accept *polygamie*. Likewise, members of the community of the *madjoe*, adherents to a complex of language and customs of *kemadjoean*, will also not accept *polygamie*. This is not to say that the *madjoe* and the Dutch are the same. It is to say that the *madjoe* in *Asmara Djaja* are able to avail themselves of Dutch language and Dutch customs to the effect that their comprehension of the meaning of the Dutch word "*polygamie*" goes a long way toward ensuring their membership in the *kemadjoean* group.

In addition to the particular variety of tribalism that Adinegoro's lines on *polygamie* make use of, dividing attitudes regarding acceptance of *polygamie* into signs of membership in one of two different tribes, namely those who are in *kemadjoean* and those who are not, he also frames *polygamie* in terms of time. The temporal features of people's attitudes are intensely overdetermined here, through such markers as "now," "at the present time," and "no longer" (Adinegoro 1931: 90),[146] that all populate this single sentence. All of these temporal markers appearing in the one sentence foreground the temporal dimension in which relative attitudes to *polygamie* are being expressed and evaluated. This gesturing towards the temporal is a universalizing gesture; as I wrote in the previous chapter, *kemadjoean* tends strongly towards universalization. What this universalizing gesture accomplishes is to put everyone, whether within the *kemadjoean* group or outside of it, on one common plane. They are all acting "now," "in the present time," deictic markers that Roestam can use to point to the objects of his analysis. Also, perhaps even more significantly for his purposes, by implication he points to himself and his *madjoe* addressee Noeraini as well. For Roestam to inaugurate in this sentence the temporal universalism of the now in this way makes it possible for his tribalism to become fully, limitlessly activated. In *Imagined Communities*, Anderson talks about the ways that people at this time, through print and other technologies, were coming to experience a unifying simultaneity with others who were far away and that they had never met (2006: 30 – 37). Those who are in the *kemadjoean* group as well as those who are not in it are all acting within this unifying simultaneity. Both groups are acting presently and now, Adinegoro makes sure to specify repeatedly in this sentence, each group either accepting or rejecting *polygamie* in the conditions of this present time. With his multiple and redundant indexing of the present, he sets the two groups up like opposing teams contending against each other on the same field of play, this temporal field of the present, this present time. Both contending groups being on the same plane of presentness imparts the comparability that allows the author to contrast them with one another, that they may contend and vie for primacy. More than merely allowing them to compete, the fact that they are facing one another in this way, on the same temporal field, compels them to.

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[146] "sekarang … pada masa ini … tiada lagi"

In these glosses, often what Adinegoro is doing is addressing a word that the reader is already aware of, but at the same time he is also introducing it as a new concept in a way, showing it to be different from what the reader had thought it to be. This is what we see happening with his definition of *polygamie*. He defamiliarizes this very familiar concept, a concept that Adinegoro himself experienced personally within his own immediate family (Soebagijo 1987: 9).

The glosses in *Asmara Djaja* are an effort to remake the world in the image of the *madjoe* and the Malay language, not unlike how Adinegoro would remake the world in the image of the renamed Indonesian language later in his career in the *Atlas Semesta Dunia*. *Asmara Djaja* can be understood as a kind of reference book then, like the later *Atlas Semesta Dunia* and *Ensiklopedi Umum dalam Bahasa Indonesia*, and like the contemporary *Kamoes Kemadjoean*. In this reference book as novel, Adinegoro not only defines words for his readers, but he redefines those words, meaning that he redefines what kinds of words they are, redefining what had been foreign words of Dutch or Arabic or Minang and declaring them to be now Malay, which it turns out was setting them up to be Indonesian. This may have been unintentional, or it may have been all part of Adinegoro's plan, his master plan to make Malay, then Indonesian-in-waiting, a world language. *Asmara Djaja* therefore is not only an entertaining story, is not only an edifying moral fable, is not only an intervention in the conflict between *'adat* and *kemadjoean*. It is also a conscious and intentional contribution to the development and evaluation of language in the Archipelago, the development and evaluation of all languages, certainly, insofar as the positions of languages are always in flux and under negotiation and pushing and pulling on adjacent languages, but in particular the development and evaluation of the language of Malay / Indonesian.

When Mrs. Meerman meets Noeraini's mother and little Gairoel for the first time, as we saw earlier, she pays him no mind at first.

> But Gairoel himself greeted her first, saying: „Daag!'' The two women laughed and Mrs. Meerman leaned over and took the hand of the small child saying:
>
> „Dag, kleine schat! What's your name?''
>
> „Iloel,'' answered the little child.
>
> „Gairoel, ma'am,'' said Noeraini's mother, correcting. (Adinegoro 1931: 74)[147]

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[147] "Tetapi Gairoel sendiri menegoer dahoeloe katanja: „Daag!'' Kedoea perempoean itoe djadi tertawa dan njonja Meermanpoen memboengkoek serta mengambil tangan anak ketjil itoe dan berkata:

„Dag, kleine schat! Siapa namamoe?''

The text presented to the reader on the page, and what I have tried to render here, is in two different languages. Words in the text that are read as Malay and Dutch, I have rendered as English and Dutch, a very imperfect solution. Gairoel, seemingly seeing that Mrs. Meerman is European, greets her in Dutch, flawed though it is. Mrs. Meerman then replies in Dutch, "Dag, kleine schat! Siapa namamoe?" She starts in Dutch and continues in Malay, from one word to the next codeswitching from one language to another. We are given no glosses, no explanation. The writer implies that this is a verbatim rendering of what Mrs. Meerman says. It is given to us in Dutch and Malay, suggesting that these are almost the same language. More pointedly, the author implies that the reader is expected to understand them both. The reader is supposed to be capable of coming entirely over to the language of the text. The writer will not meet her halfway with a gloss or any other associative tool to facilitate contact or proximity. Dutch and Malay are given in Dutch and Malay. These languages do not need to condescend, to lower themselves to their readers; they do not need to be translated. It would seem that this is because they are assumed to be on the same level with their readers already. Or that their readers are on the same level with them. There are other possible reasons for this as well, for Dutch retaining its Dutchness in the text, in contradistinction to Minang, which when spoken is almost entirely translated into Malay. One possibility is that it is because Dutch is only sprinkled throughout the text, whereas dialogue that is to be understood to be in Minang is presented in longer and more extensive passages. An alternative explanation might be that the readership of this Balai Pustaka novel is hoped to be from all over the Netherlands East Indies, all of whom might reasonably be expected to have some exposure to the educational system implemented by the Dutch and therefore to have some understanding of the Dutch language, whereas only people from a particular part of the island of Sumatra might be expected to understand Minang. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that leaving Dutch as Dutch lets it retain its power, its power as Dutch which will be mobilized in the mind of anyone who understands the language. Translating Minang puts Minang entirely in the power of Malay. Translated Minang is no longer directly accessible to Minang speakers, and can only be accessed by them through back-translation. It is a simple and obvious fact but for all that no less decisive that the Minang translated in *Asmara Djaja* has, in the most direct and physical way possible, become Malay, and is no longer itself. The Dutch that's left in the original retains its power as Dutch, the only caveat being that it requires someone who comprehends Dutch in order for that power to be manifest.

Gairoel and Dirhamsjah both speak Dutch but both also use it imperfectly, or, to put it another way, innovatively. It may seem incongruous to identify the incorrect with the innovative, but it also draws attention to the fact that both boys were very comfortable in Dutch, seemingly as comfortable in Dutch as they were in any other language. In Chapter V, Dirsina is remembering the times she spent with her departed son Dirhamsjah, and we read that, "It felt as if she could even hear the apple of her eye calling: „Papa'', „Mama'', etc. Sometimes was also heard from that little mouth: „A, wéh!'' which meant „Ga weg!'' (go away) to whoever was nearing him" (Adinegoro 1931: 41).[148] The baby says "A wéh," which we are told is Dirhamsjah's rendering of "Ga weg" but, unlike the year-old child in the story, we the readers

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„Iloel,'' djawab boedak ketjil itoe.

„Gairoel, njonja,'' kata iboe Noeraini membetoelkan."

[148] "Rasakan terdengar oléhnja bidji matanja itoe memanggil-manggil: „Papa'', „Mama'', dll. Kadang-kadang kedengaran djoegalah dari moeloet jang ketjil itoe: „A, wéh!'' maksoednja ialah „Ga weg!'' (pergilah) kepada siapa jang menghampirinja"

presumably don't know the meaning of this Dutch phrase, and so must be told in this gloss that *ga weg* means *pergilah* in Malay, in English, go away. This is perhaps the most curious of all the glosses in the book. It could be considered a double gloss, a gloss on top of a gloss, or Adinegoro's written, novelistic version of relay interpretation, in which the reader is brought from babytalk Dutch to standard Dutch to Malay. This is also yet another instance of a gloss being used to further stretch the boundaries of Malay. Using standard Dutch as an intermediary or relay language, akin to the function of English in many multilanguage conference interpretation settings, Adinegoro tells us that *A, wéh!* for the infant Dirhamsjah meant *pergilah*, Go away! *Asmara Djaja* as reference work reveals just how ambitious its objectives are here. Toddlers and the ways that they use language do not tend to appear in the Balai Pustaka novels of that time. Adinegoro, however, has written a novel so capacious as to be able to translate and contain not only Minang, Sundanese, Arabic, and Dutch, but even babytalk. The Malay of his narrative can gloss, translate, and contain the words and meanings of an old Minang man who adheres closely, even too closely, to his *'adat*, and it can gloss, translate, and contain the words and meanings of a little boy who does not yet know even how to properly form the language he is speaking, who adheres to nothing so tightly as his mother, a little Minang and Sundanese boy who, had he not been taken from his family so soon, surely represented the future of this pan-Archipelagic, interisland, yet-unborn nation of Indonesia. Adinegoro limits his glosses; they do not appear on every page. But the words he chooses to gloss show that Malay is a language appropriate for this universalizing *madjoe* age, that Malay is a language that is applicable from cradle to grave.

One final gloss of Dutch in Roestam and Dirsina's home, the most extensive in the entire book, is one that I explored earlier, in the chapter on writtenness. Mrs. Meerman has just counselled Dirsina to put her trust in God.

> After that Dirsina's gaze flew up to the wall; there hung a mirrored frame, and inside it was covered by red velvet embroidered in gold thread, that made these words:
>
> Verblijd je in de vreugde,
> Want die komt van God!
> Verblijd je in de smart,
> Want die voert je tot God!
>
> Their meaning was roughly this: „Be joyful you in happiness, because happiness comes from God, and be joyful you in difficulty, because difficulty brings you closer to God''. (Adinegoro 1931: 63 – 64)[149]

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[149] "Sesoedah itoe melajanglah pemandangannja kedinding; disana tergantoeng seboeah pigoera jang betjermin, dan didalamnja ditoetoepi oléh beledoe mérah disoedji dengan benang mas, jang mendjadikan kata-kata ini:

Verblijd je in de vreugde,
Want die komt van God!
Verblijd je in de smart,
Want die voert je tot God!

Artinja kira-kira begini: „Berbesar hatilah engkau dalam kesenangan, oléh karena kesenangan itoe datangnja dari Toehan, dan berbesar hatilah engkau dalam kesoesahan, karena kesoesahan itoe mendekatkan engkau kepada Toehan''."

In Chapter 1, I discussed how this passage expressed the power of writing, an important component of *kemadjoean*. Here I'll look briefly at how this passage works as a gloss, another of Adinegoro's tools for increasing the circulation of *kemadjoean*. This is not the first gloss in the novel that concerns the divine. As we saw, earlier in the novel Adinegoro glosses two Islamic terms, azan and prayer water. But whereas those one-word glosses defined particular, discrete aspects of Islamic ritual or spiritual practice, the citation above, despite being longer, at the same time speaks nothing of actual religious procedure. And indeed, Adinegoro never explicitly indicates the faith tradition that this wall hanging is a part of. The language it's written in is Dutch, and it uses the word "God," which are both associated with Christianity. The poem may also be making oblique reference to Chapter 5, verse 3 of Paul's letter to the Romans in which he assures them that "we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience." At the same time however, this poem is hanging in the house of Roestam and Dirsina, an Islamic home.[150] Indeed, more than religious, this wall hanging seems to actually be simply domestic in character, while at the same time incorporating the *madjoe* predilections toward travel and movement, for happiness "comes from" God and difficulties "bring you closer" to God. This framed embroidery is similar to sayings, embroidered and otherwise, that are so commonly displayed in American households that some have become cliches or spawned parodies. One instance is the common "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." Like the similarly glossed *dipan* and *schemerlamp*, this Dutch poem fulfills, among other functions, that of a fashionable household accessory. And maybe this is why Dirsina seems surprised by it, as though she's never seen it before when her eyes float up to read it, even though it's hanging on the wall of her own house. It is a trite saying, most notable not for the text itself but for having beautiful red velvet and gold thread. It appears to be one of those objects we have in our houses that we see multiple times a day, every day, objects that we see so much that we don't even see them anymore. Adinegoro shows us here that even triteness is glossable into Malay, even the most domestic and quotidian expressions of faith are comprehended in that language, just as much as the most profound and sacred.

The quotidian and the profound are intertwined throughout *Asmara Djaja*, and perhaps nowhere is this more striking than near the end of Chapter IX, on the penultimate page of the novel. Roestam's father finally agrees to accept his son's decision about whom to marry and, contrasting people of past and present eras, declares that "I as a person of the past era have no right to interfere in the rights of people of the present era" (Adinegoro 2931: 92).[151] The word I render as the first "era" in this sentence, the past one, is "zaman" whereas the word I render as the second "era," the present one, is "djaman." Zaman is contrasted with djaman. This goes back to Becker and the importance of mere words, mere letters, mere spelling. Zaman is more Arabic in nature, closer to the Arabic origin of the word, while djaman is more Malay, and Malay in *Asmara Djaja* is the key to *kemadjoean*. Although they are both the same word, in the very same sentence they are presented two different ways. This can be understood as another gloss, and also as another kind of gloss. – unspoken, almost imperceptibly subtle, using not a footnote nor parentheses nor even quotation marks, not even so subtle and unobtrusive a marker as italics. These two words are instead presented as perfectly natural within the text, are not marked off by any punctuation. In a way this can be understood as an anti-gloss. The author is not claiming here to present a new and unfamiliar word like *polygamie*, *mamak*, or azan, and then closing the tension by giving us the definition in familiar Malay terms, so that the reader may bring it out of distant, foreign, and exotic, and bring it closer to themselves. Instead, the implication of this passage is that, here is a familiar word, and here is another familiar word. And they are the same word, and are both used in Malay. And they are simultaneously, actually, different. In his previous glosses, Adinegoro has worked to familiarize the unfamiliar. In this sentence with *zaman* and *djaman*, he is working to defamiliarize what we had thought was familiar. And what is he defamiliarizing? Time, times, eras, djaman.

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[150] Adinegoro never actually explicitly says they are Muslim, but we can assume they are Muslims because not only is Islam by far the most common religion on both Sumatra and Java, but Roestam's father is shown to be a practicing Muslim, and were Roestam trying to marry a non-Muslim woman, or leave Islam himself, instead of merely attempting to marry only one, non-Minang wife, it's safe to say that his father would have had an even harder time coming to terms with his son's disobedience, and it would have been a much longer book.

[151] saja sebagai orang zaman dahoeloe, tidak ada hak mentjampoeri hak orang djaman kini

Exile to *kemadjoean*

The Dutch poem hanging on Dirsina's wall claims that suffering will bring you closer to God. Suffering exerts a kind of gravitational pull that draws the sufferer to God as if to a planet. Malay exerts a similar planetary pull, but with the pull of Malay, it is not "you" who are drawn in, but words, and the gravitational force is not that of suffering, but is a force conveyed through Adinegoro's numerous glosses. Malay is one amid a constellation of languages. The glosses in *Asmara Djaja* each create a tension and exert the force that pries words off other languages towards Malay. Malay occupies the solar position of all the languages in *Asmara Djaja*, maintaining a relation to all the others, a macrocosmic rendition of what we see transpiring at a smaller scale within the network of relations surrounding the words and the people of the narrative. Malay is undergoing deep transformation at just the time *Asmara Djaja* is being written. Specifically, it is becoming Indonesian, a metamorphosis most explicitly marked by the Sumpah Pemuda of October 1928. This revolution necessarily changed the relation of Malay to other languages, as we see in this book, and also the relation of words within Malay. But to no less an extent did it change the relations of people using that language, as Adinegoro makes clear.

As Roestam says, heartbreakingly, to Gairoel, Noeraini's little brother, if his little boy were still alive, Dirhamsjah would be friends with him. Again we have a situation very similar to the one we saw earlier with Mrs. Meerman's comparison of Dirsina to her own dead daughter, and with Dirsina's comparison of Roestam's father to her own dead father. There are many ghosts in this novel, many silences, The silences, these empty spaces that Adinegoro draws bright lines around, highlight these absences again and again, underline the fact that *kemadjoean* implies, even necessitates, a loss of relations. In the *madjoe* world we must be ready to live in exile, as Noeraini and her mother are considering doing at the end of the book, living in Mrs. Meerman's pavilion, forsaking a return to Minangkabau the way that Roestam has done. Exile is much more of a possibility in *kemadjoean* because one is much more likely to be moving away, without the return implied in *rantau*. Dirhamsjah, Mrs. Meerman's daughter, and Dirsina's father are all gone, but their survivors substitute another person for each of them, translate another person into each of their places. In so doing they develop Becker's contention that meanings are relations. For if that is true, it follows that any entity that exists within a set of relations, like a human, is also a meaning and has a meaning. This means that they are a part of a kind of language, are a kind of word. *Asmara Djaja* is preparing its readers to enter *kemadjoean* by showing this phenomenon happening repeatedly throughout the narrative, is preparing its readers to also substitute new people and new meanings for the ones they've previously known and been a part of. This is part of what Adinegoro is doing with all of his glosses. One thing the novel shows us, with the living people of the present substituting for the passed of the past, just as with the repeated glosses of previously foreign words substituting for those words in present Malay, is the necessarily imperfect translation of a word or a person into a new context, linguistic or otherwise. In a new context, whether that context be the present, or Malay, or *kemadjoean*, or the still embryonic nation of Indonesia, previous people and words are no longer viable, and so we must make an approximation with something new. However much we may miss the old meanings, the old people, the old language, we must forge lasting and significant relationships with new ones. They will not be perfect, but a powerful desire for recognition will pull these new relationships into existence. As much as Gairoel may remind Roestam of Dirhamsjah though, he is a false cognate. For their substitutions are of course actually not Dirhamsjah, Mrs. Meerman's daughter, Dirsina's father. They are all gone. But so powerfully are their survivors pulled toward the old relationships, they will see those relationships even where they do not exist. The new acquaintances are glossed with the old departed, in implied parentheses, as though the text read, "Dirsina felt affection for Roestam's father (an august old man like her own)" or "Mrs. Meerman caressed Dirsina (a young woman just the age the Meermans' daughter would be now, and just as lovely)" or "Roestam embraced Gairoel (Dirhamsjah) and cried." In a *madjoe* world defined by simultaneity and freed from often fatalistic *'adat*, counterfactuals abound, become more powerful and numerous, and more real. They teem and crowd. They abide in every footnote, populate the parentheses, they speak to us, embrace us, receive our caresses.

Malay relations

The mere title of the penultimate chapter, Chapter VIII, "Divorcing" (Adinegoro 1931: 72),[152] is another example of the abject transformation that *kemadjoean* is effecting on relationships in this book, with "divorce" indicating that the attachment in question has been utterly dissolved. This new configuration of Malay is creating new ties connecting people, different than the ones they had been expecting and had been living. *Kemadjoean* is a reconfiguring of relations, such as through divorce, and it is also a reconfiguring of language. Becker's contention that meanings are relationships implies not merely that people in *Asmara Djaja* are almost like words, but what's more, are as thoroughly embedded in language as words are. Roestam means certain things in certain contexts, such as Minang contexts, and he means other things in other contexts, like Malay ones. How he acts and even who he is are determined by the particular context he happens to be enmeshed within at any given time. As I discussed in Chapter 2, Roestam's father asks Roestam if "He will be breaking the rattan with his parents" (Adinegoro 1931: 34),[153] ironically using a snippet of prior text to inquire whether his son will be discarding all the prior text of Minang in favor of a new set of *madjoe*, Malay texts. Roestam's father's question betrays his apprehension that this is what Roestam will do. It seems a well-placed, prescient fear. Roestam does cut off his familial, descent relationships, all those that were woven of the Minang language. That large part of the past has been excised, now and ostensibly indefinitely into the future. By so doing, he forecloses further development growing out of those relationships, for they will have no forward momentum. He can progress no further in them. He cannot *madjoe*. In this way too, despite *kemadjoean*'s claims to represent mobility and progress, this novel of *kemadjoean* is a novel of stasis.

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[152] "Bertjerai"

[153] "Akan berkerat rotankah ia dengan orang toeanja"

The centrality of language

Adinegoro's *Asmara Djaja* represents a linguistic project, and not only the daringly ambitious linguistic project that is the writing of a novel, any novel. This text's glosses show us, and another text, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean*, confirms, that Adinegoro means to change the language, the very medium, that comprises these two publications of 1928, the language of Malay. It is even tempting to see his novel and his dictionary of that year as companion works, linguistic productions supporting the work of the Sumpah Pemuda, works of art intended to function as the kind of language productions that would exist in the world the attendees of the Second Youth Congress were trying to bring into being. Adinegoro is staking new claims for Malay in this novel, but he is also staking new claims for language, for what language can be and what it can mean. If one language is to be a central part of the nationalist project, along with one people and one homeland, then Adinegoro must make a case for why. Throughout *Asmara Djaja*, Adinegoro strengthens and expands Malay, through his use of glosses certainly, but also through his marginalizing of alternative languages like Minang and even his total erasure of Javanese, the most spoken language in the Archipelago.[154] But aside from making a stronger Malay, he also frames a more central Malay, like a catcher in a baseball game framing a pitch to make it appear more central than it actually is. Placing it at the center of the other languages portrayed in the book, a kind of Goldilocks language that is neither too pious like Arabic nor too worldly like Dutch, neither too rigid and masculine like Minang nor too soft and feminine like Sundanese (whatever the actual tendencies of those languages might be, assuming such a thing is even knowable), Adinegoro suggests that Malay is "just right," inhabiting a happy medium central to them all. But aside from asserting the centrality of the Malay language, he also makes a case for the centrality of language per se. One strategy Adinegoro uses to argue the centrality of language is to claim its importance to the experience that this book is all about, and that even its title refers to. Within the circulation of *kemadjoean*, language has now become the foundation of even love. As Mrs. Meerman, avatar of *kemadjoean*, explains,

> People's thinking now is already far different than past people's thinking, not wanting to be just forced anymore to marry with whoever. It's not the beauty of a woman that attracts a man's heart now, nor her noble pedigree, but rather her intelligence, being in the same direction and like-minded with him. That's how they'll secure a life together as husband and wife, even though the woman be bad-looking and lacks noble lineage, if they're in agreement in their hearts, and what's more in their ideals. (Adinegoro 1931: 76 – 77)[155]

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[154] At the Frist Youth Congress in 1926, which was also attended by Adinegoro, Adinegoro's brother Yamin proposed Malay and Javanese as the only two alternatives for a national language of unity, but said that he felt Malay would eventually direct the culture of Indonesia. This makes the total absence of Javanese from this novel particularly notable. One might think Yamin's pronouncement would lead to more attention to Javanese. Alternatively, however, it could be that Javanese goes unmentioned precisely to clear the field for Malay.

[155] "Pikiran orang-orang sekarang telah djaoeh berlainan dengan pikiran orang dahoeloe; ta' maoe ia dipaksa sadja lagi kawin dengan barang siapanja. Boekan kebagoesan perempoean jang menarik hati laki-laki sekarang, boekan poela asal oesoelnja jang bangsawan, melainkan ketjerdasannja, sehaloean dan sepikiran dengan dia. Soepaja aman hidoepnja doea laki bini, walaupoen si perempoean itoe boeroek dan koerang bangsanja, kalau pada hati soedah berkenan, apalagi jang ditjita-tjita."

Here we see how *kemadjoean* even reconfigures gender relations and realigns notions of femininity, again echoing the letters of Kartini and acting here as a kind of proto-feminism. It has this effect because intelligence and like-mindedness are aspects of a person, and of a relationship, that are determined and revealed almost exclusively by language. Beauty and aristocratic lineage do not need language to be manifest, for while they can certainly be described in language, they exist independent of it, or at the very least, they are claimed to. Like-mindedness and ideals can only be established through language, are entirely dependent on the mediation of language, and therefore the two members of a couple must speak the same language – literally the same language – in order to clearly understand these things about one another. Such is the claim Adinegoro is making here. Further, being linguistic features, aspects of personality such as like-mindedness and intelligence, like holy scripture, can be perceived as capable of changelessness. A person's ideals, if they are correct and firmly-held, are not supposed to change. Beauty, however, does change over time. By claiming, through Mrs. Meerman, that linguistic fields like intelligence are now the proper foundation for love, and no longer more volatile measures such as beauty, Adinegoro again demonstrates how *kemadjoean* locks in stasis and thwarts change. Beauty can perhaps be described in language, but intelligence and ideals, aside from being described in language, also arise from language, are made from language, even owe their existence to language. This makes them much more amenable to being recorded in forms such as a novel, like this one by Adinegoro, or such as a letter, like the one that Adinegoro portrays Roestam writing to Noeraini, and that will extricate hm from his terrible problem, the letter that we hear him "click-clacking" away on in the final chapter (Adinegoro 1931: 89).[156] If Mrs. Meerman is correct, and this *madjoe* marriage is based not on anything so subjective and indescribable as beauty, this will help Roestam be able to explain to Noeraini how the situation sits now. Owing to language, the resolution is now in sight, and that resolution can be conveyed to Noeraini linguistically in a way that is ostensibly comprehensible and indisputable for everyone, or at least for everyone who is, like Roestam is and like he assumes Noeraini to be, a member of the "kemadjoean group" (Adinegoro 1931: 90).[157] Previously, when talking to his father in Minang, language failed Roestam; he didn't know what to say. Now, in Malay, language will not fail Roestam. With the Malay words he writes to his second wife, language will resolve the problem of Roestam's marriage to Noeraini, just as with the Malay words he says to his first wife, language will allow Roestam to calm Dirsina. Language will allow a satisfying resolution. By establishing *kemadjoean* as the force that will act as the corrective to traditional, previous *'adat* "concepts and understandings" (Adinegoro 1931: 92),[158] and by making language so central to the workings of *kemadjoean*, Adinegoro makes resolution possible, makes possible a happy ending instead of the far more common tragic end that befalls so many characters in Balai Pustaka novels of forced marriage from this era. Roestam effects the resolution of the conflict through his letter, through language – and the fact that a linguistic artifact like this novel would resolve tension and conflicts through language is certainly no accident.

The edge of language

Language, in particular the Malay language, is central to *kemadjoean*, and to the satisfying resolution of the conflict at the center of the novel. While Adinegoro does not portray for his readers the prehistoric beginnings of the Malay language in general, he does depict the contemporary beginnings of Malay for one person in particular, showing us how it is used by the small child Gairoel, depicting the ragged edge of his Malay where it bleeds into something prelinguistic. "Regarding the maiden Noeraini, she stood at the side of the ship holding her little brother Gairoel who was not happy to keep quiet. He asked about just everything … „Sis, where are we? why is the *wadow beeyeg*? where is our *'ouse*? why aren't we wet if we're on the *wadow*? is this boat a *beeyeg* fish? why doesn't it bite us?''" (Adinegoro 1931: 22).[159] Later, Noeraini shows Gairoel the engine, and then brings him to their mother.

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[156] "detak-detak"

[157] "kaoem kemadjoean"

[158] "pengertiannja dan pahamnja"

> „What did you see just now, Gairoel?'' their mother asked.
>
> „The engine,'' he quickly answered.
>
> „What did it say?''
>
> He lifted his hands up and down, and made a noise, „Boom, boom,'' while stomping his feet. The people laughed loudly seeing what Gairoel was doing. From here and there people gave him little cakes, and he happily took them, while also saying, „*Faink* you;'' because of this he became a favorite of people on the ship. (Adinegoro 1931: 23)[160]

Adinegoro is very careful to portray Gairoel's Malay in all its idiosyncratic, infantile imperfections, depicting him asking about the "*beeyeg wadow*" and saying "*Feink* you" when his charmed fellow passengers cannot help but to give the darling little boy some cake. Adinegoro even italicizes these pronunciations in the text. This assures that we cannot miss them, and it also treats them as foreign words, as though they are another kind of gloss, only one not so completely glossed as Dirhamsjah's "A, wéh!" (Adinegoro 1931: 41). Gairoel's behavior is deftly portrayed as like that of many small children. He is full of ceaseless questions. And, as Adinegoro strives to make abundantly clear, his language is not pronounced in the way an adult's is. Dirhamsjah and Gairoel's imperfect language mirrors the evolving and imperfect nature of the Indonesian language, itself not a fully formed tongue but still in process of developing from Malay. Just as these two children are still in the process of figuring their language out, so too are Adinegoro and everyone else, for Indonesian is only just being proposed at this moment, through the pronouncement of the Sumpah Pemuda, as the national language. Additionally, by drawing our attention to the physical reality of words like "*wadow*" for water ("*ail*" for *air* in the original), Adinegoro indicates explicitly that this is being spoken in Malay, as particular Malay-language sounds are what are being portrayed, and, as Adinegoro pointedly makes clear, portrayed as distorted. In rendering *air* (water) as "*ail*," Adinegoro points to the existence of the final /r/ in the word *air*, which the child can't pronounce yet, but which he hears. This shows the reader that Gairoel is hearing Malay and attempting to pronounce Malay. In Minang he would not hear the final /r/ in the word *air* because it would be pronounced as "aia" in that language. And the Malay word *besar* (big), whose final /r/ Gairoel similarly distorts to "*besal*," in Minang is a different word entirely, *gadang*. By overtly referencing the physical sounds of a particular language, the author also draws the reader's attention to the arbitrary, Saussurean nature of all language, since it is a physical manifestation, a particular vibration of the air that is the product of physiological, anatomical movement, and that can be pronounced more correctly or less correctly, but that nevertheless is still capable of conveying its assigned, arbitrary meaning.

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[159] "Akan gadis Noeraini berdiri disamping kapal memegangkan adiknja Gairoel jang ta' senang diam moeloetnja itoe. Ada-ada sadja jang ditanjakannja … „Oeni, dimana kita ini? mengapa *ail* ini *besal*? dimana *loemah* kita? mengapa kita tiada basah, kalau kita diatas *ail*? Apa kapal ini ikan *besal*? Mengapa kita tiada digigitnja?"

[160] "„Apa jang dilihat tadi, Gairoel?'' tanja iboenja.

„Mesin,'' djawabnja dengan lekas.

„Bagaimana katanja?"

Iapoen mengangkatkan kedoea belah tangannja keatas dan kebawah, laloe berboenji: „Boem, boem,'' sambil merentakkan kakinja. Orangpoen rioeh tertawa melihatkan kelakoean Gairoel itoe. Dari sana sini orang memberinja koeé, dan diambilnja dengan besar hati serta berkata poela: „*Lima* kasih;'' oléh sebab itoe ia mendjadi kesajangan orang dikapal itoe."

When Gairoel's mother asks him what did the engine say, he answers, "Boom, boom," or in the original Dutchified Malay, "Boem, boem." What Adinegoro can be understood to be showing his readers here is what may be the true language of *kemadjoean*. Like Malay, Minang, Sundanese, Arabic, and Dutch, this language, which is none of the others, is another of the languages in which these people speak, act, and make meaning. In rendering an English version of the original childlike Malay, I came to the very imperfect solution of rendering "*ail*," which is meant to be Gairoel's pronunciation of *air*, with the English "*wadow*" as a childish English pronunciation of water. In rendering the English version of what is written in the text as "Boem" however, a translator is faced with a different problem. "Boem" in the text is not a childish version of a proper Malay word like "*ail*" is, but is a child's, or any person's, onomatopoeic rendering of the sound of the ship, or, to put it in the terms used by Noeraini's mother (yet again showing herself to be surprisingly *madjoe*) this sound is what the ship said. And so here the translator does not try to use the best standard English word for rendering a standard Malay one, or even to use a version of an English word that is distorted in a way that is similar to the distorted, childish Malay original, but instead must confront a simple matter of spelling, of recreating not meaning, nor meaning conveyed childishly, but sound only. The sound represented by /oe/ in the Van Ophuijsen Spelling System for Malay / Indonesian (or /u/ in the later system of "perfected spelling" – *ejaan yang disempurnakan*) is perhaps best rendered in English as /oo/. And so "boem" becomes "boom." But unlike all the other translations of the text of *Asmara Djaja*, the words in the respective source and target languages in this passage are meant to sound just the same. This is another instance of *kemadjoean* in the language in *Asmara Djaja*.

What did the engine say? The engine said, "Boom, boom." This is the true language of *kemadjoean*, the language of the ship, of the engine, of technology, of the machine – a machine whose purpose is to go, to progress. This onomatopoeic language exceeds language, and is also below and prior to language. Unlike many of the other things Gairoel has said, this is not pronounced in an unorthodox or childish way. No one can claim that this has been mispronounced, no matter how much experience or knowledge of prior texts they may have at hand. This word is totally free of custom and *'adat*. And unlike nearly every other word in the text, it is not arbitrary, because it portrays a sound representing a sound, not a sound representing meaning. Because he talks in proto-language, whether with his childishly unorthodox pronunciation of Malay words, or with his use of onomatopoeia, which is both Malay and outside of Malay, through his unconventional uses of language, through his stretching of Malay, Gairoel becomes a favorite on the ship, that giant progressing vehicle which contains them all. His unorthodox pronunciations of proper words reflect a child's simple and unmasterly control of signs and of *'adat*, having not yet mastered the language. His use of onomatopoeia however positions him completely outside of *'adat*, for it bypasses meaning entirely, simply representing sound with sound. His language has made him the most *madjoe* character so far, the darling of the ship, the toast of *kemadjoean*.

Meanings of Minang

The *madjoe* ship, creature of the *madjoe* port where all different kinds of people meet one another, a kind of "big fish" as Gairoel calls it (Adinegoro 1931: 22),[161] progressing over the waves, vector of rootlessness as it carries its passengers far from where they were, is the vehicle of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*. As such, it is the site where language begins to be reassessed, where linguistic boundaries begin to blur, which will lead to manifold changes radiating outward from this core of fluctuating meaning. As Noeraini lays awake on the deck on her first night on the *Rochussen*, we read how she heard "the splash of the waves breaking against the belly of the ship, like the sound of a person calling and calling, accompanied also by the sound of the pounding of the engines of the ship" (Adinegoro 1931: 6).[162] Even the sea is calling to her; for language is now understood to be produced by the waves and the ship; everything is a source of language, every sound contains meaning, if only we are capable of understanding it. This seemingly primitive, incomprehensible sound matches the primitive, incomprehensible sound from Noeraini's *mamak* – Roestam's father – whom Noeraini has just recently heard snoring along with another passenger on the ship. Earlier I wrote of how her consciousness of her sleeping uncle elicited fear in Noeraini, a fear seemingly inextricable from the Minang language of them both. "But she also wanted to laugh hearing the sound, because the snores of those two people were like the sound of a cello, whereas the roar of the ship's engine became a trommel and drum. All these sounds she'd practically never heard before in her life, because this was her first time on a ship" (Adinegoro 1931: 5).[163] This sound from her uncle, a sound that is not part of the Minang language, is funny. She wants to laugh. The Minang elder is a source of fear, but also an object of mockery. The snoring of Noeraini's *mamak* and the other man is compared to the music of a cello, along with the ship's engine, which is like beat of the accompanying drums. The calling of the waves and the music of the snoring and the noises of the ship, like the music of the handsome Ibrahim and the unorthodox language of Gairoel, all trouble the boundaries and the meanings of language. In so doing, they are readying the dominant language of Minang, the language that Roestam and his father and Noeraini and her mother all grew up speaking, to be thoroughly reevaluated and eventually overthrown.

The reevaluation of meaning that takes place on the *Rochussen* results finally in Noeraini and her mother, at the end of the book, considering a definitive break with the land of Minangkabau and its language, being encouraged to do so by none other than Mrs. Meerman, who is offering to become their new landlord. After she has told Roestam how to handle the problem of his divorce from Noeraini, Mrs. Meerman turns to Noeraini's mother, telling her, "And Noeraini and you madam, don't need to go back home again, and the words of people in the village won't have to be heard. Yes, here there may be also lots of talk by Padangnese people, but this is a big city, not like the village, are they really going to inspect every single person" (Adinegoro 1931: 83 – 84).[164] There are a lot of Padangnese (Minang) people here in

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[161] "ikan *besal*"

[162] "deboer ombak memetjah dilamboeng kapal, bagai boenji orang memanggil-manggil, disertaï poela oléh boenji toemboekan mesin-mesin kapal itoe"

[163] "Tetapi maoe poela ia tertawa mendengarkan boenji itoe, karena dengkoer orang berdoea itoe sebagai boenji sélo, sedangkan mesin kapal berderoem-deroem, mendjadi tamboer dan genderang. Sekalian boenji-boenjian itoe djarang benar didengarnja selama hidoepnja, ma'loemlah ia baroe berlajar"

[164] "Dan Noeraini bersama orang-kaja ta' oesah poelang lagi, dan kata-kata orang dikampoeng tidak ada akan didengar. Ja, disini barangkali akan banjak djoega kata-kata orang Padang, tetapi negeri ini besar, tidak seperti dikampoeng, masakan segala orang mesti akan dipertjermin"

Bandung, Mrs. Meerman is saying, but that's not really the issue. The issue is that there are a lot of Minang words here, a lot of Minang talk. If they can avoid the Minang talk by availing themselves of the anonymity of the big and *madjoe* city where not everyone is known because not everyone can be closely examined, they will be alright. Noeraini and her mother don't need to go home, and so will not need to hear what people will say back in the village. In this passage we see that going home equals returning to Minang language and Minang *'adat*, and that this *'adat* and language are hostile to their situation. Fortunately, they can avoid returning to that situation by simply continuing in their *kemadjoean*, by continuously *madjoe*-ing (that is to say, *maju terus*) and never *mundur*, never going backwards. To never *mundur* or go back would mean never regressing back to where they started, the way Roestam's father eventually will, but instead staying far out in the land of *kemadjoean*, which is what Roestam did, as did Adinegoro himself. Of course, for Noeraini and her mother to do this ignores the fact that Noeraini's mother needs badly to get back home and make sure her household doesn't fall into ruin. Indeed, were they to take Mrs. Meerman up on her offer, and it seems they well might, they would be resigning themselves to one of the worst of all possible punishments, a life in exile, for exile, as we saw above, is part of what *kemadjoean* promises. Adinegoro was in a kind of exile in Europe when he wrote *Asmara Djaja*, and afterward spent most of his life not in Minangkabau but living in Java.[165] In the frame of *kemadjoean*, in the language of *kemadjoean*, in the language of Malay, language of the sea and of speaking with distant peoples, lingua franca that it is, exile can even seem like progress, or the natural order of life. For some people, this may indeed be a fate worse than death, as it certainly seemed for the severely seasick mother of Noeraini towards the beginning of the narrative. The mere journey away from her homeland left her horribly nauseous, to say nothing of the possibility of her settling in a far-off land. But Mrs. Meerman, personification of *kemadjoean*, herself in exile from her home in the Netherlands, presents an alternative. The words of the people in the village won't be heard. What meaning will be available to Noeraini and her mother then, especially to the seemingly monolingual mother of Noeraini? They won't hear cruel words in Minang, Mrs. Meerman assures them. But insofar as they will hear no Minang words, Noeraini's mother will hear no comprehensible words, as a matter of course, that have meaning and give them meaning and a relationship to others. They will be adrift in languagelessness; their languaging will largely cease to be possible.

Here in Bandung, Noeraini and her mother may hear the words of people from Padang, but this city (or country, or place) is big, not like the village. If they hear Minang words here, this is indeed unfortunate, but it is a thing that is so inconsequential that it can be dealt with and overcome. Minang words are hurtful, but they are not too harmful. As Noeraini's mother tells Roestam, had she known how strong the love was between Roestam and Dirsina, she would never have come, because she knows how much it hurts to be treated like this, since she's been treated this way herself (Adinegoro 1931: 77). Her use of the words "boenda" (mother / I) and "binimoe" (your wife) in this passage, words not encountered elsewhere in the novel, seems to signal that Adinegoro meant for the reader to understand that this conversation is spoken in Minang. This would make sense, since it's taking place between two natives of Minangkabau. Though it may seem counterintuitive, we already saw that Minang language could convey *kemadjoean*. Noeraini may be Minang but she is also a teacher, which means she is both educated and a woman working outside the home. Being an educated educator, like the people Adinegoro wrote his *Kamoes Kemadjoean* for, she is *madjoe*, and insofar as her story is left conspicuously inconclusive, she may be even the most *madjoe* character in the book. Nevertheless, this is the first instance we see in this particular novel of Minang being used to endorse, and endorse passionately, *madjoe* concepts and understandings. *Kemadjoean* makes universal claims, which means that no language should be mute in the face of its demands. In this passage Adinegoro shows us the fulfillment of those claims, and makes us witnesses to the emphatic translation of *kemadjoean* into Minang.

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[165] This eventually may not have been an exile insofar as both Minangkabau and Java became part of the same unitary country of Indonesia.

Noeraini's mother in *Asmara Djaja* is in the process of becoming *madjoe*. In the remarkable passage above, we see her translating *kemadjoean* into Minang, the only language she seems to speak. Just after the passage cited above, she provides a kind of explanation for her advancement into *kemadjoean*. The pressure differential, almost meteorological in nature, that can be felt pulling concepts and understandings of *kemadjoean* into Minang is due to a void in the Minang spoken by Noeraini's mother. As she explains it, when her husband took another wife, "If it could have been screamed, I would certainly have screamed that sadness to high heaven" (Adinegoro 1931: 75).[166] If it could be screamed, she would scream it, but this pain must remain unvoiced. Like Dirsina's pain, the pain of Noeraini's mother is a silent pain, and one of the silences Minang *'adat* demands, it would seem, is silence in the face of just this kind of pain; it is apparently not supposed to be expressed. Noeraini's mother is talking and she is saying that the only expression that she has available to her for this kind of pain, being, it seems, a monolingual Minang speaker, is to scream. The implication is that if she spoke Malay, she might have the words and sentences available to her that are necessary to make an argument against this treatment. Mrs. Meerman is able to make such an argument, perhaps because she also has the ability to speak Dutch and Malay, which gives her access to words like "*polygamie*." But in Minang the only expression available to Noeraini's mother is a simple childish or animalistic scream. This is her only possible response. In Orteguian terms, screaming may be a kind of silence, as it is not language, and does not convey meaning linguistically. In Beckerian terms, being part of the many gestures and metalinguistic contexts of language, it may be a kind of language nonetheless.

When a thing cannot be said in Minang, it tells us something about Minang, and it also tells us something about the person who cannot say it. At the end of Chapter V, Roestam and his father engage in heated argument after this father arrives at Roestam's house with Roestam's mother, Noeraini, Noeraini's mother, and Gairoel. The argument is very bitter and passionate, and inconclusive, with Roestam's family, recently descended from the carriage that brought them, looking on. "After that, they each got on the carriage again to go to the house of master Soetan Sari, a friend of Roestam's from his office, in Tjikoedapateuh. On the carriage not a person spoke, each was with their thoughts" (Adinegoro 1931: 47).[167] On the carriage, no one says anything, each being lost in their own thoughts. Here, language is defeated, in particular, the Minang language that is the mother tongue of all the passengers. There is nothing to say. Silence reigns in the face of Roestam and Dirsina's Malay-language household and Malay-language speech and Malay-language customs. It has now become as absent of meaning as it was when Minang was being spoken and overheard by Dirsina (Adinegoro 1931: 35, 43 – 44). Dirsina has evacuated all meaning from Minang, Adinegoro shows us, through her unwavering adherence to Malay language and customs and her unexpectedly overpowering beauty just moments before in this scene, standing above them on the porch, her resplendent face illuminated by the moon (Adinegoro 1931: 45). The Minang visitors and their language become out of place, out of context, powerless, useless, incapable of meaning. What has prompted Dirsina to go out on the front porch of her house and confront these visitors? The Minang language itself: "As for Dirsina, hearing those people speaking in the Menangkabau language, her blood pounded, she knew, her enemy had arrived" (Adinegoro 1931: 43 – 44).[168]

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[166] "Kalau boléh dipekikkan, sampai kelangit jang ketoedjoeh dipekikkan djoega kesedihan itoe"

[167] "Setelah itoe naiklah masing-masing keatas sado kembali menoedjoe keroemah engkoe Soetan Sari, teman Roestam sekantor, di Tjikoedapateuh. Diatas sado seorangpoen tiada jang berkata-kata, masing-masing dengan pikirannja"

Meanings of Dutch

Dirsina finds Minang so dangerous because it is inimical to her household, and the way she had learned a household should be. "As for Dirsina she came from Garoet, the daughter of a nobleman there. After getting educated in a Dutch school there, she went to Bandoeng to continue her studies, to a school to learn how to manage a household and handiwork. She was placed by her father with a Dutch family, close friends of her father" (Adinegoro 1931: 28 – 29).[169] Dirsina cannot fathom belonging to a Minang household because the kinds of households in which she was raised and which she studied were not Minang but Dutch, and from what we see in this novel it would seem that few concepts of household management could be further apart. She is almost Dutch, was essentially raised in a partially Dutch manner. Then when she learned how to manage a household, she did not learn it from her mother the way Noeraini's mother plans to teach Noeraini, or from some more distant female relative, or even a friend. Instead, her family had her follow the *madjoe* way for a Sundanese girl to learn household management: not from family, but in the relatively rationalized and institutionalized environment of a Dutch school.

Gairoel, however, has never been in a Dutch environment as far as we are told, and yet he still makes use of Dutch, and in a way that helps him create relationships with other characters. What's more, he does it through the use of a particularly salient word. We see this when Gairoel "hugged Roestam's neck with his hands while calling out, „Oom, oom'', as if he wanted to persuade this comrade of his" (Adinegoro 1931: 85).[170] In an imperfect echo of his earlier "Boem, boem" on the ship (Adinegoro 1931: 23), Gairoel now calls Roestam, "Oom, oom," "Uncle, uncle," using the Dutch word "oom" which is left untranslated in the text. He immediately creates a relationship with Roestam, transcribing him from stranger into family member through language. And notably, he does this in the relatively *madjoe* language of Dutch. Gairoel is instinctively translating the unknown, foreign Roestam, whom he's never met before, into his uncle, a familiar person he can jump into the arms of and hug, and does this in a *madjoe* language that they both understand. Furthermore, as this is a relation within *kemadjoean*, Adinegoro makes sure it's a happily avuncular relationship. For this category of family relation, uncle, is already a troubled one, as it is precisely the problematic relationship between Noeraini and her *mamak*, her own uncle, Roestam's father. But although the relationship of Roestam to Gairoel is one of uncle, essentially the same kind of familial relationship as that of Roestam's father to Noeraini, Adinegoro seems intent, by this very likeness, to highlight the contrasts and present this as a very different kind of relationship. First of all, although Roestam's father is

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[168] "Akan Dirsina mendengarkan orang itoe berkata-kata berbahasa Menangkabau berdebarlah darahnja, tahoelah ia, bahasa moesoehnja telah datang"

[169] "Adapoen akan Dirsina itoe berasal dari Garoet, anak dari seorang prijaji disana. Sesoedah mendapat pendidikan disekolah Belanda disana, diteroeskannjalah peladjarannja ke Bandoeng, kesekolah oentoek beladjar memegang roemah tangga dan pekerdjaan tangan. Ia ditoempangkan ajahnja pada satoe pamili Belanda, kenalan karib ajahnja"

[170] "Dipeloekkanja tangannja keléhér Roestam, serta memanggil-manggil: „Oom, oom'', seolah-olah hendak memboedjoek saudaranja itoe"

Noeraini's uncle, he is simultaneously her unavoidably Minang *mamak*, a tightening of definitions through the specification of a particular type of uncle, a category of uncle that is entirely enmeshed in Minang customs and traditions. Roestam meanwhile is called "uncle" by Gairoel, but his is actually a less restrictive and specific category of uncledom, for the word Gairoel uses for Roestam, "oom," can often be used, as it is clearly used here, to refer to any older, friendly, familiar, avuncular man. Specific, *'adat*-heavy (and Minang) familial relations like *mamak* are shown to be dangerous and oppressive in the narrative, carrying burdensome obligations, while in the circulation of *kemadjoean*, less specific, looser, quasi-familial (and Dutch) relations like *oom* are more comfortable, affectionate, and mutually beneficial. Depicting a study in avuncular contrasts, Adinegoro portrays one uncle, a *mamak*, in a position that must effectively be arrogated from him and indeed he is eventually overcome, and by his own son. This son is more fit to be an uncle, an *oom*, to Gairoel than he is to be the husband of Gairoel's sister Noeraini. Over the course of *Asmara Djaja*, we watch as the position of one kind of uncle, an old kind, an *'adat* kind, a *mamak*, is vacated. We then see the position of a new kind of uncle, a *madjoe* kind, an *oom*, rise to take its place.

The meanings of Malay

Dutch is the language of aspiration in *Asmara Djaja*. It is the language of elegant home furnishings and nonobligatory family relations that are lightly worn and freely given, relations like *oom*. Minang is the language of repulsion, of household destruction, of relationships fraught with obligation and compulsion that only succeed in forcing the *madjoe* like Roestam, Noeraini, Dirsina, and even Noeraini's mother, further from Minang *'adat* than ever. But if Dutch is where *madjoe* characters want to be and Minang is where they don't, then Malay, the language of the text and the medium of the narrative, is where they are. This novel can be seen as a manifesto for the Malay language, the fictional, novelistic companion piece to the Sumpah Pemuda, manifesting in literature the concepts of nation, homeland, and most centrally, language, that the Youth Oath indicated were fundamental to the Indonesian nationalist project.

Dutch may be a *madjoe* language, as we see in its association with *madjoe* household accessories and personal relationships in this novel, but the vector of *kemadjoean*, the way to advance into *kemadjoean*, is Malay. Although *kemadjoean* means "progress," and implies progress away from where one is or was, away from the old, Adinegoro is not inventing a new language. He reminds us of this throughout the text, for instance when he uses descriptions of nature that recall for the reader classical Malay tropes, similar to those used by other Malay language authors of his time, like Marah Roesli in *Sitti Noerbaja*. When Adinegoro describes the sun as the "king of noon peeking out from behind the hills" (Adinegoro 1931: 21)[171] or the stars as "like diamonds inlaid on dark blue velvet" (Adinegoro 1931: 26),[172] he is deploying archaic Malay conventions that draw attention to the fact that his narrative is taking place in the same language as the texts in the classic hikayat tradition, texts like *Hikayat Hang Tuah*, *The Malay Annals*, and *Syair Ken Tambuhan* (Tiwon 1999: 115).

Beyond the level of image, even down to the grammar itself, he creates additional effects by using such archaic Malay constructions as "Arkian haripoen sianglah" ("Thus it was midday," Adinegoro 1931: 19), "Hatta maka pada petang" ("And so in the evening," Adinegoro 1931: 38), "Arkian maka," ("Thus," Adinegoro 1931: 47), "anakkoepoen berpoelanglah" ("my child went home," Adinegoro 1931: 55), and "Maka" ("So," Adinegoro 1931: 93). One effect is that by juxtaposing these classical constructions, so closely associated with hikayat texts, with the *madjoe* literary form of the novel, and a novel about a *madjoe* couple struggling for and eventually achieving victory for *kemadjoean*, Adinegoro adds a subtle humor to his text. It is incongruous to see this *madjoe* young couple occupying the literary space, the linguistic context, normally inhabited by the larger-than-life swashbuckling adventures of Hang Tuah or the solemn and often miraculous historical proceedings of the Malacca Sultanate. To see the small and intimate dramas of a single household within the archaic frame of hikayat highlights the relative smallness of that household, but also simultaneously elevates it. Such framing suggests that the dramas of Roestam and Dirsina are essentially the dramas of Hang Tuah and Hang Jebat for the era of *kemadjoean*, and the Malay that was used for Hang Tuah in the past is most properly what should be used for Roestam in the present, implying that *Asmara Djaja* is a hikayat for the *madjoe* age. In questioning *'adat* and advocating for the rights and responsibilities of the individual while at the same time making use of certain conventions of the venerable hikayat tradition, *Asmara Djaja* can also be understood as a close descendent of Munshi Abdullah's 1849 *Hikayat Abdullah* (Milner 1995: 36). The *Hikayat Abdullah* incorporates some novelistic conventions into its hikayat form, such as a strongly individualized narrator, while the novel *Asmara Djaja* uses some hikayat conventions, as we saw above. They are both hybrids, both texts that advocate for change while themselves undergoing transition. The *Hikayat Abdullah* shows that while the yearning for *kemadjoean* may be identified by Roestam with the "Young Group" (Adinegoro 1931: 60),[173] it is by no means a new desire.

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[171] "radja siang mengintip dari balik-balik boekit"

[172] "seperti intan berlian ditatahkan diatas beledoe belaoe toea"

The murderous kings of the hikayat narratives can be replaced by intolerant fathers, but are not really so different, Adinegoro's novel shows us, and questions of duty, will, and self-determination, like old-fashioned linguistic constructions, remain relevant and largely unchanged. Many of these archaic Malay constructions in *Asmara Djaja* appear at the beginning of chapters, similar to the way they were used to mark section headings in hikayat texts. As Becker shows, words and phonemes like "hatta," "maka," "arkian," and the "-pun … -lah" structure project meanings in ways that other languages simply do not, such as through cline of person and by creating a tension of expectation and then releasing it (Becker 2000: 109). Adinegoro's conspicuous placement of these phonemes signals to the reader, and particularly the reader of his time, that she is now entering a different world, not Dutch or Arabic or even Minang or Sundanese, but a manifestly Malay world, with its decidedly Malay patterns and customs of language. Just as these old Malay constructions have long been used to signal that the reader is entering a new chapter within a text, they also signal to the reader that she is entering a new chapter outside of the text, a chapter that is no longer one of Indies history, as previous chapters had been, but that is now a chapter of Indonesian history, a chapter that the reader is now able to turn to precisely because of the effects of the Sumpah Pemuda, a chapter of history, as these archaic constructions make doubly clear, that is, and is to be, in Malay.

The reader of *Asmara Djaja* is entering a new kind of text. The characters in *Asmara Djaja* sometimes speak as though they are aware they are inside of one. Addressing the crisis of Dirsina's faith in him once she has found out about his new wife Noeraini, Roestam says that, "Now it feels as if a sampiran has risen up between us two because your trust in me is rattled, not steady like before" (Adinegoro 1931: 70).[174] When explaining the tension that now exists between them, he tells Dirsina that there is a *sampiran* between them. A *sampiran* (approach) is the first half of a pantun, a popular kind of Malay-language poetic form, the second half being the *isi* (content) (Tiwon 1999: 56). The meaning of the *sampiran* is often thought to have little directly to do with the meaning of the *isi*, except that the *sampiran* rhymes with it and has a similar prosody. Tiwon writes that "the *isi* is thought to be what the *pantun* is really about while the *sampiran* is relegated to the category of mere form" (Tiwon: 1999: 57). When you hear a *sampiran*, you know to expect the rest of the pantun, and you know to expect it to rhyme with what you've just heard. They participate in a well-worn pattern of "expectation and fulfillment" (Sweeney 1987: 96), establishing a tension of as-yet unfulfilled expectations. When Roestam says that there is a *sampiran* between them, he is referring to the fact that there is now a tension between them, a lack of closure, and in this opening where closure should be, a vacuum forms. They can't have the desired sense of closure because Dirsina's trust in Roestam is now unstable, has been rocked. Only Dirsina is able to get rid of that *sampiran*, he tells her, and he must do everything possible for Dirsina to know how this sampiran came to be. Dirsina then agrees that it is true that there now exists a *sampiran* between them, using the very word that Roestam did to name it, and she concurs that it exists because of herself, and because she no longer trusts her husband's love. As with the archaic Malayisms above, Adinegoro here places his two protagonists squarely within the Malay literary tradition, but even shows those literary forms rising off the page and becoming part of the lives of his characters. This is a well-read couple. One of their favorite activities has always been to read the newspaper together in the evenings. One Minang, one Sundanese, both exemplarily *madjoe*, the medium of their relationship is Malay. They are so steeped in the Malay language that it even impinges on their lives through its distinctively Malay literary forms.

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[173] "Kaoem Moeda"

[174] "Sekarang seakan-akan berdirilah rasanja seboeah sampiran antara kita berdoea, oléh karena kepertjajaan engkau telah gojang, tiada tetap lagi sebagai sediakala"

The impossibility of *memadjoekan*

The metaphor of *kemadjoean* is decisive in *Asmara Djaja*, but not all *kemadjoean* is equal, or even desirable. At the end of the novel, Roestam's father is explaining why he raised Roestam the way he did, in an address that feels like it might be more appropriately characterized as a confession than an explanation. "It was not our expectation to just advance you but rather we intended to get help from you in the future" (Adinegoro 1931: 92).[175] The word I have translated as "advance" in this sentence is the word "memadjoekan" in the original text. That is to say, *madjoe* appears again here, but in this instance as "memadjoekan," the only time in the book this form of the root word *madjoe* appears. As Becker shows, grammar, like words, does not often easily translate from language to language. It can be problematic to apply English language categories of grammar to Malay, to say, for instance, that a word in Malay is a verb or a noun. That said, English speakers might say that this form of the root *madjoe*, *memadjoekan*, could be understood to be similar to the transitive form of the verb *madjoe*. We might consider *memadjoekan* to be performing a similar function to what we would expect of a transitive verb, as the word "advance" is doing in the above translated sentence from the text, "it was not our intention to just advance you." *Memadjoekan* has a meaning of, to *madjoe* something, to make someone (or something) *madjoe*, which could be understood as similar in meaning to making someone progress, or making someone progressive, to make someone advance, or to make someone advanced. Meanwhile, as we've already seen, *kemadjoean* is something that circulates around, freely and seemingly of its own volition, like an air current or a swarm of bees. Roestam's father speaks of *memadjoekan* Roestam, making him *madjoe*, making him potentially both progress and progressive, *madjoe* as both verb and adjective, as both action and quality, usurping Roestam's proper agency within *kemadjoean* and his rightful power to acquire it. The attempt and even mere desire of Roestam's father to *memadjoekan* Roestam itself shows the incompetence and confusion of Roestam's father regarding *kemadjoean*. One cannot, the novel shows us through his failure, *memadjoekan* someone; rather someone is simply within the circulation of *kemadjoean* or they are not. *Kemadjoean* represents a more buffered and discrete way to experience the world; it cannot be imposed on another person. The simple failed act of him trying to *madjoe* someone was already an indication that *memadjoekan* itself was not actually a *madjoe* action. There are restrictions on how the metaphor of *kemadjoean* can take place. *Memadjoekan* is a word never used by the truly *madjoe*. We see in the novel how *kemadjoean* itself limits the power of relationships to influence others, which means that *memadjoekan* someone ends up outside the possibilities of *madjoe* action. "Memadjoekan," therefore, is proscribed language. *Kemadjoean* itself limits what kind of *kemadjoean* is permitted and what *kemadjoean* can mean. *Memadjoekan* another person, making another person *madjoe*, effecting *kemadjoean* upon them, by being shown to be mistaken and irreconcilable with actual *kemadjoean*, is another example in this novel of *kemadjoean* in which we see *kemadjoean* foreclosing possibility and creating stasis, in this case even stilling processes of *kemadjoean* itself.

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[175] "Boekanlah pengharapan kami semata-mata hendak memadjoekan diri kamoe, melainkan hendak mendapat pertolongan dari padamoe kemoedian hari"

Conclusion

Adinegoro's *Asmara Djaja* locates the conflicts of the narrative within the framework of what the author calls *kemadjoean*. In this dissertation I hope to have shown that, even while *kemadjoean* and the *madjoe* are associated time and again with speed, advancement and change, just as often in *Asmara Djaja*, if not even more so, *kemadjoean* actually brings about stasis and changelessness. *Kemadjoean* can be translated as "progress" or "advancement," but in *Asmara Djaja*, *kemadjoean* in effect means stasis, stoppage.

The conflict at the center of the story is a conflict over whether the main character Roestam will accept the practice of *polygamie*, a practice his father is urging him to adopt because his father feels it is consonant with the traditions of their Minangkabau culture. Whether or not a person will practice *polygamie* is framed by the author as an issue of *kemadjoean*. Those who are in the *kemadjoean* group will not practice *polygamie* (Adinegoro 1931: 90), while those that are not in the *kemadjoean* group, like Roestam's father, will. Following Becker, I identify *kemadjoean* as a powerful root metaphor in the narrative (Becker 2000: 197, 232, 343). *Kemadjoean* can be translated into English as the nouns "progress" or "progressiveness," and the word's root, *madjoe*, can be translated as the adjective "progressive, or the verb "to progress." Ideas and phenomena related to literal progress and advancement abound in the narrative, such as a steamship, a telegram, great distances, travel, and even exile. Yet for all the ostensible progress in this novel, its most notable outcome is stasis. Despite *kemadjoean* and the *madjoe* being repeatedly identified with advancement, in this narrative, *kemadjoean* actually begets constancy where before constancy had not existed.

***Kemadjoean* means**

As I wrote in the Introduction, I am focusing my attention on the term *kemadjoean* because it seems clear to me that this was a central concern of the author of this novel. Regarding this term, Hadler writes that the doctor-turned-journalist Abdul Rivai, who in the Netherlands in 1903 founded the pivotal Malay-language periodical *Bintang Hindia* (*Star of the Indies*), "was probably the originator of the term *kemadjoean*" (Hadler 2008: 99 n. 45). It nevertheless seems difficult if not impossible to say when this term denoting such routine concepts as both literal and metaphorical progress first originated. *Kemadjoean* is a common term in writing of that era, found in countless texts, and indeed remains a common term today. I have not seen any other writer employ the word *kemadjoean* in quite the same way Adinegoro does, however. Rather than use it as a relatively neutral term signifying physical or figural advancement, Adinegoro attaches strongly value-laden and even tribalistic significations. The most striking instance of this is Roestam's meaningful letter to Noeraini in which he suggests they immediately divorce. The author makes this letter the site of resolution for all the conflict of the narrative. In that missive Roestam tells his new wife Noeraini, whom he is now divorcing, that being educated, she surely doesn't want to be treated like a regular woman, that is, used as a second wife, since *polygamie* is no longer generalized, "except if she is not within the kemadjoean group" (Adinegoro 1931: 90).[176] Previously in the novel, when discussing men taking multiple wives in Minangkabau, Roestam says that actually, these kinds of customs have changed, for now "aren't we within the circulation of kemadjoean" (Adinegoro 1931: 59 – 60).[177] In these instances, "she" or "we" are said to be "within" either the *kemadjoean* group or the circulation of *kemadjoean*.

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[176] "terketjoeali kalau ia tidak masoek kaoem kemadjoean"

[177] "boekankah kita masoek perédaran kemadjoean"

Kemadjoean is figured as large and capacious, and as something we can enter. It is also reified to an extent that we can have a practically physical relationship to it, entering into it. Speaking of it in this way, as something we might enter, and as something many people already have entered, is very similar to the way religion is imagined. In Malay we can also talk of entering Islam or entering Christianity – *masuk Islam* or *masuk Kristen* – using the same verb, *masuk* (enter), as Roestam twice uses related to *kemadjoean*. Not only is *kemadjoean* treated so seriously that it is talked about like a religion, but in both the passages of the novel where the word is used, it is brought up in explicit contrast to the taking of more than one wife, a practice Roestam refers to by using the Dutch word *polygamie*. The question of whether Roestam will be forced to take a second wife against his will is the central conflict that drives the entire narrative. For the author to juxtapose *kemadjoean* and polygyny like this is clearly meant to highlight the incommensurability of the two concepts, and shows that he believes *kemadjoean* to be incompatible with the practice of taking multiple wives, and an emblem of rejection of what is portrayed as the greatest evil in the novel, and indeed the source of all the conflict in the narrative.

Kemadjoean is also portrayed as significant in other texts by Adinegoro of the same time. Early in Volume I of *Melawat ke Barat*, which was published in 1930 but which he wrote in 1926 on the *Tambora*, the ship that took him from the Indies to Europe, Adinegoro lays out an explicit argument for why this is an age of *kemadjoean*. “Since people have come up with steamships, trains, electricity and motorized equipment, telephones and radios, since then, a feeling has arisen in the heart of the people, a new feeling, namely the feeling of the age of kemadjoean” (Adinegoro 1930: 7).[178] *Kemadjoean* is not an abstract or debatable development from a previous, primitive state perhaps inferior to the present one. “Progress,” “*kemadjoean*,” is literal progression, forward motion, movement made possible by steamships, motors, electricity, trains, or the virtual displacement enabled by telephones and radios. That is to say, *kemadjoean* is literal as well as metaphorical, and it is largely an outcome of technology. As this technology was all new, didn’t exist a short while before, Adinegoro suggests, it has also led to “a new feeling,” the feeling of the age of *kemadjoean*.

So taken was Adinegoro with this new feeling that not long after his arrival in Europe (if not before; we have no exact record), he began working on a kind of key to decoding and understanding this new age, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean: Modern Zakwoordenboek*. In his unpaginated Preface, he explains that “Whosoever wants to madjoe, that is a person who follows the will of the age” (Adinegoro 1928).[179] Again, *kemadjoean* is linked to this particular age, this particular time that Adinegoro is living through. To *madjoe*, to go forward, is a defining characteristic of that time. The word I have translated as “will” in this passage is “kemaoean” in Adinegoro’s original Malay. *Kemaoean* is the exact word Roestam’s father uses at the end of *Asmara Djaja* when he talks about “kemaoean ‘alam,” the will of nature (Adinegoro 1931: 92 – 93). As Adinegoro writes in the Preface to his modern pocket dictionary, whosoever is following the kemaoean or the will of that age, this is a person who wants to *madjoe*. As one who wants to *madjoe*, one who is following the will of their age, they will need to own and use this *Dictionary of Kemadjoean*, a kind of guide to the age that will help them decipher and comprehend it. With his dictionary, Adinegoro means to provide the definitions for *kemadjoean*, and he does this because he feels that *kemadjoean* in turn defines the times.

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[178] “Semendjak orang telah mendapat kapal api, keréta api dan perkakas motor dan listrik, talipon dan radio, semendjak itoelah bangoen soeatoe perasaan dalam hati sanoebari manoesia, soeatoe perasaan baroe, jaïtoe perasaan zaman kemadjoean”

[179] “Barangsiapa jang ingin madjoe, dialah orang jang menoeroet kemaoean zaman”

In seminal studies of the early twentieth century Dutch East Indies, Anderson (1972) and Shiraishi (1990) discuss the various *pergerakan* that were active in the final decades of the colony. *Pergerakan* means movement, and *pergerakan* was also an important metaphor of that time. Considering the pervasiveness of these two metaphors, "movement" per se (*pergerakan*), and "progress," or forward movement (*kemadjoean*), one conclusion we can draw is that there was a significant amount of dissatisfaction in the Dutch East Indies at that time. People wanted to move; people wanted to be somehow different than where they currently found themselves. That people would feel this way who were living in a colony, essentially under the occupation of a foreign power, is hardly surprising. But while these two metaphors both connote movement and dissatisfaction, they are also distinct, and their dissimilarities lead to diverse implications. *Pergerakan* denotes movement, any movement, in any direction. It is a moving about, a shaking off of oppressors and shackles. There is no suggestion that the movement is in any particular direction. And so, *pergerakan* in early twentieth century Indonesia could have a greater or lesser Islamic inflection for instance, or it could also have a greater or lesser socialist influence. It could have a more or less specific cause or objective imparted to it. *Kemadjoean*, however, is a particular kind of movement: it is movement forward. This implies a much greater degree of control, and it implies more explicitly formulated objectives. *Kemadjoean*, "progress," in *Asmara Djaja* and Adinegoro's other texts, connotes movement that advances, suggests improvement, betterment, a path forward, and maybe up. This makes the metaphor of *kemadjoean* much less receptive to qualifiers like "Islamic" or "socialist" than *pergerakan*. A socialist or Islamist movement or *pergerakan* would be largely simply socialism or Islamism. A socialist or Islamist progress or *kemadjoean* would seem to still have to at least claim to be *madjoe*, would still have to claim to be about progress and improvement. *Kemadjoean*, being not just movement, but directed, directional movement, is much less amenable to being a force for whatever its adherents happened to want it to be. Maybe this is why *kemadjoean* never became as popular a metaphor as *pergerakan* among scholars studying Indonesia, whose attention to more politically-oriented movements can be understood to have allowed *kemadjoean* to have fallen more into the background relative to *pergerakan*.

Other scholars' voices on Adinegoro and the age of *kemadjoean*

While he does not directly address *kemadjoean* or the *madjoe*, Teeuw is focused on the related phenomenon of the modern in Malay-language literature, and begins his foundational survey of Indonesian writing with Adinegoro's older brother, Muhammad Yamin, who from 1920 to 1922 published "a number of Malay poems which in my opinion should be regarded as the first expressions of a modern Indonesian literature" (Teeuw 1967: 10). Important for Teeuw is the clean break he sees Yamin make with the past. While Yamin later glorifies and recontextualizes the past in *6000 Tahun Sang Merah-Putih* (*6000 Years of the Red-and-White*, 1951) and *Sedjarah Peperangan Dipanegara* (*History of the Dipanegara Wars*, 1945), earlier in his career he seems more concerned with distancing himself from the history of the Archipelago, writing, as did many poets of the time, in the sonnet form while making an effort to forsake most of the conventions inherent in traditional Malay syair or pantun. As mentioned earlier in this dissertation, Teeuw faults Adinegoro for not including more "*couleur locale*" in his otherwise "fluently written" novels (Teeuw 1967: 61). Teeuw understands the role of the official Dutch colonial publishing house Balai Pustaka to have been so dominant that it overwhelmingly determined not only literary taste, but even the Malay language. He writes that "the positive and stimulating role *Balai Pustaka* played in the development of modern Indonesian literature can hardly be overestimated" (Teeuw 1967: 14). Opinions have shifted from the time that Teeuw wrote this in the 1960s, and some, like Claudine Salmon, would likely argue that Balai Pustaka's role can indeed be overestimated, particularly in light of the voluminous literature produced by "wild" (*liar*) presses, private publishing houses. When Balai Pustaka sent a mission in 1936 to inspect all the "taman bacaan" or paid lending libraries throughout Java, they found that the most frequently borrowed books were actually from these "wild" private publishing houses rather than Balai Pustaka (Salmon 1981: 112). While Teeuw may actually give disproportionate attention to Balai Pustaka publications, he curiously gives very little to Adinegoro, despite Adinegoro's long association with Balai Pustaka, despite his family connections to Muhammad Yamin, despite Adinegoro's own active involvement in the shaping of the Indonesian language and its literature, and most incomprehensible of all, despite the fact that Teeuw clearly seems to appreciate Adinegoro's talents as a writer.

Teeuw and Maier are both concerned with manifestations of the modern in Indonesian letters. Maier in some ways seems to be continuing the work of Teeuw, while also revising it. Teeuw's 1967 *Modern Indonesian Literature* is a kind of survey of writing in Malay, and in it Teeuw begins it by declaring that "Modern Indonesian literature was born around 1920" (Teeuw 1967: 1). Maier subtitles his 2004 *We Are Playing Relatives* as "*A Survey of Malay Writing*" and writes that "'Modernity' has been practised in newspapers and other printed materials published after 1930" (Maier 2004: 28). The modern has been postponed a decade in Maier, perhaps because he is writing from a later perspective. Or Maier may choose 1930 as the beginning of Malay-language modernity because this date so closely corresponds to the 1928 Sumpah Pemuda, and also incidentally to the 1928 initial publication of *Asmara Djaja*. If 1930 is indeed the beginning of modernity in Malay letters, then *Asmara Djaja* may be the first modern novel in that language, or maybe the last premodern one.

The title of Maier's work is taken from the *Hikayat Hang Tuah*, from a passage in which the "Melayu … sungguh," real Malay, is contrasted to the "Melayu kacukan," hybrid Malay (Maier 2004: 3, n. 4). Maier productively problematizes this binary, showing that real Malay and hybrid Malay are one and the same. Hybridity itself is inextricable from the language. Hybridity is also present throughout *Asmara Djaja*, for instance with the many glosses in the novel, and the variety of languages spoken. Just as *kemadjoean* is directed movement, the hybridity within *Asmara Djaja* must also be under control, however. Gairoel's improper Dutch, for instance, must be corrected (Adinegoro 1931: 74). Meanwhile, the Minang of Roestam's parents, unlike the Dutch language, never makes it into the book at all. *Asmara Djaja* can be seen as a subtle but unmistakable "project of homogenization" of Malay, not unlike what scholars and administrators had long been effecting on the language (Maier 2004: 17), and also not unlike what other Balai Pustaka authors of Adinegoro's time were doing, whose books functioned "as instruments in the colonial policy to freeze *adat* institutions and invent a stable and unchanging set of rules" (Maier 2004: 376). Maier shows that looking back, we can see that insofar as these people were standardizing Malay and *'adat*, they were all working to make them *madjoe*.

Some results of *kemadjoean*

As I have argued, *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja* is closely associated with writing in a way that recalls the role played by print in Anderson's *Imagined Communities*. As he shows in his reading of Mas Marco Kartodikromo's 1924 short story *Semarang Hitam*, print, and in particular newspapers, helped readers perceive themselves as members of a single community, the community of readers who were, "implicitly, an embryonic Indonesian 'imagined community'" (Anderson 2006: 32). Roestam and Dirsina are depicted consuming newspapers in *Asmara Djaja*, but in addition to that, the characters in the novel are described consuming and employing all manner of written productions, including telegrams, personal letters, letters of representation, and others, be they written by hand, typed, or printed. Insofar as the writing these characters are reading is mass-produced print of the newspaper, the readers, like the character in *Semarang Hitam*, may well come to understand themselves as members of an embryonic Indonesian imagined community. More broadly, the ever-increasing profusion of written material in the age of *kemadjoean*, by virtue of simply being written, creates an environment in which every day more language is becoming documented, unchanging, seemingly eternal, attributes that Anderson sees nation-states attempting to appropriate for themselves, as they claim, however questionably, to "loom out of an immemorial past" (Anderson 2006: 11). At the same time, *Asmara Djaja* also points to the importance of less immediately public material, writing that is distributed differently than the newspapers that are so pivotal in *Imagined Communities*. One example would be the letters of Kartini mentioned in the last chapter. Although they were handwritten, personal communications, they had a broad impact, which only increased once they were printed. Although it is often assumed that Kartini became well-known because her letters were published, it may in fact be the case that the letters were published because they had been so influential on the important figures who had read them, in the Indies as well as in the Netherlands.

The other three phenomena that I have seen to be closely associated with *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*, in addition to the increasingly written nature of human interactions, are the more buffered nature of human relationships; a tendency or preference for that which is felt to be universally applicable; and the Malay language. Each of these four aspects of *kemadjoean* ostensibly reinforces the progressing, advancing effects that the root metaphor of *kemadjoean*, progress, would claim to create. However, I hope to have shown in the four chapters of my dissertation that in this novel each of these aspects of *kemadjoean* – writtenness, bufferedness, universalism, and Malay – in fact help to establish the stasis that further analysis finds to be the true fruit of *kemadjoean*. The ways that these aspects of *kemadjoean* reinforce stasis and slow change are intricate and manifold, and each one supports and reinforces the others in complex ways. However, they can be described in broad strokes as follows. The writtenness of *kemadjoean*, such as we witness in the multiple missives in various forms being circulated around the novel, by recording ideas in written words on physical paper, causes them to be marked down for posterity, unchanging, archivable, and no longer ephemeral in the way that oral texts are. The bufferedness of *kemadjoean*, by creating cushions or buffers between people, by increasing the intermediary spaces between them, attenuates relationships, such as the relationship between Dirsina and Roestam's father, that may once have led to development and change, which these buffers, now greater in number and more powerfully isolating in their effects than ever before, now foreclose. The universalism of *kemadjoean*, as we see exemplified in the more *madjoe* characters' unwavering adherence to clock time, would cut them off from all avenues of development and experience save those uniform frameworks held to be limitlessly appropriate or universally applicable, thereby severely restricting nonconforming possibilities for change. And the Malay language, while a medium for development as valid as any other language, through its displacement of the hundreds of local languages of the Archipelago, represented metonymically by Minang in this particular novel, also stifles all of the hundreds of other avenues for change that each of those languages represents.

Importance of *kemadjoean*, now and then

These results help us better understand what Adinegoro is doing in this novel, but more than that, they can provide us new insight into some of the struggles and initiatives taking place in Indonesia today, literary and linguistic initiatives as well as those that exist largely outside of the spheres of literature and language. Movements such as those advocating for strengthened *otonomi daerah* (regional autonomy) or increased attention and respect for *kearifan lokal* (local wisdom) share as objectives lessening the universalistic centralization of power in Jakarta, restoring neglected oral traditions, or revitalizing Indonesian *bahasa daerah* (regional languages, that is, all languages in Indonesia aside from the national language of Indonesian Malay), many of which are felt to be in decline. Among the more recent literary initiatives is a noticeable increase in the production of and attention to *sastra daerah* (regional literature), resulting from the greater acceptance of diversity inherent in Indonesian life post-Suharto. We see this manifested in the popularity of writers like Sindhunata, who writes self-consciously revisionist and intensely Javanese-inflected stories in both Javanese and Indonesian, and whose works have been reprinted multiple times and translated into several languages. We see it in the success both in Indonesia and abroad of the dramatization of the fourteenth-century Bugis-language epic *I La Galigo*. And we see it in the profusion of books like Nurhayati Rahman and Sri Sukesi Adiwimarta's *Antologi Sastra Daerah Nusantara* (*Anthology of Regional Literature of the Archipelago*), a scholarly anthologizing and contextualizing of a variety of texts of regional Indonesian literature. All of the initiatives mentioned above could be characterized as reactions to *kemadjoean*, and simultaneously as proof of *kemadjoean*'s overwhelming success. They can be understood to be fulfilling a deficiency originating in or exacerbated by *kemadjoean* and the stasis or standardization that *kemadjoean* fortifies. Efforts to revitalize a *bahasa daerah* or to reestablish atrophied relationships mitigate against *kemadjoean*, and they do so by making avenues of connection, interaction, and development more possible that had not been possible or had been less possible for some time. Adinegoro was an immensely talented, experienced, and influential writer whose explication and development of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja* was definitive, and was clearly meant to be. Having a better idea of what *kemadjoean* means will help us to achieve a more accurate comprehension of what its excesses or negative repercussions might be now and might become in the future, what may have been the cause of them, and how they might be remedied.

These findings are also important because they recalibrate the meaning of *kemadjoean* in relation to ostensibly similar phenomena like enlightenment or modernism. One thing I have tried to do here is to decenter *kemadjoean*, or perhaps better to say, recenter it. While the processes of *kemadjoean* may share certain similarities with processes of enlightenment or modernism, I believe it would be a mistake to say that *kemadjoean* is a version of enlightenment or modernism. While we could go into an extended exploration of the differences between these phenomena, tracing the various influences on them all, weighing whether the enlightenment and modernism sufficiently determined the course of *kemadjoean* to consider *kemadjoean* a version of these phenomena or not, I will hew close to the linguistic facts in my writing, and note that *kemadjoean* is different fundamentally because it is simply a different word. As Tom Robbins writes in *Jitterbug Perfume*, "Deluge is not the same as flood" (Robbins 2003: 206). A deluge belongs to a different semantic context than a flood. Flood is an earthy, monosyllabic, Germanic word from Old English *flōd*, is related to flow, and suggests Noah's Flood, the book of Genesis, and simple natural disaster. Deluge came into middle English from Old French *diluve*, where it had come down from Latin *diluvium*, a derivation of *diluere*, to wash away. It connotes something more meaningful and more figurative, and it sounds fancy, a corner of its semantic field being occupied by Louis XV, a callous aristocrat so flamboyantly unconcerned with what would come after him that even English speakers centuries later can quote his nihilistic, "après moi, le déluge." *Kemadjoean* likewise lays claim to its own particular and distinct linguistic context and field of meaning. To that point, Mitchell is correct to call our attention to multiple different "modernities" (Mitchell 2000: 24), and I believe he is acting with good scholarly intentions when he reminds us that it is important to not assume that there was or is only one valid hegemonic modernity. At the same time, we must be careful not to flatten and homogenize a phenomenon like *kemadjoean* into something which it's not, and misrecognize it as modernity or some variation thereof. Adinegoro never uses the closest Indonesian cognates to modern, modernity, or modernism, words like moderen or modernisme. Instead, he uses the words *madjoe* and *kemadjoean*, indicating that this is a different phenomenon, and locating this phenomenon that lies at the center of his novel entirely within a Malay language context. This is not to say that *kemadjoean*, modernity, and enlightenment are not similar to one another. They have much in common. But they are also distinct. This is ironic, in that *kemadjoean*, like enlightenment and modernity, tends strongly towards standardization and universalization, notwithstanding *kemadjoean*'s tensions with regionalism specific to the archipelagic, highly decentralized nature of Indonesia and even insular Southeast Asia as a whole. Indeed, *kemadjoean*'s universalizing tendencies might tend to universalize itself right out of existence. One of the ways *kemadjoean* effects this universalization in *Asmara Djaja* is through its passion for glossing. Such a movement might well gloss itself as something else, as in "*kemadjoean* (enlightenment)," thereby to invoke universality, as is its wont. Following Becker, we'll be careful with our glosses, cognizant that an easy gloss at the beginning of a project can lead to unintended consequences downstream, multiplying effects and inaccuracies far beyond the one first gloss that was originally too loosely applied.

I have leaned heavily on the work of Alton Becker for this dissertation because many of his concerns are similar to those of Adinegoro, particularly as expressed through *kemadjoean*. For example, Becker questions the claimed transparency of writtenness by pointing out that even the way a language is written will affect how it means and what it means. Similarly, he questions the universality of ideas about language, finding that when universality is claimed for language or when language is alleged to convey universality, it may be more due to an originary gloss that had been too carelessly affixed than to any kind of Chomskyan deep structure undergirding all human linguistic systems. He questions the bufferedness and discreteness of language by indexing "languaging," a formulation that includes all the extra-linguistic gestures and expressions in which language is always enmeshed. And he questions the casual Malayization of life in the Archipelago by reminding us of all we cannot help but lose any time we partake in the necessarily utopian task of translation. In all these ways, Becker also anticipates some more recent concerns in Indonesian writing, such *otonomi daerah* and *kearifan lokal* mentioned above.

Scholarly progression

I hope this dissertation furthers in some small way the study of Indonesian literature. I have tried to approach *Asmara Djaja*, one particular novel by one particular writer, with close reading and careful attention. By keeping my focus on this novel, I hope to have provided an analysis of some of the author's methods and concerns that can also fruitfully be applied to other works by other authors. Sustained close attention to the words of literary texts is not always practiced in scholarship on Indonesian literature. The writing of Benedict Anderson, while brilliant and useful on the related phenomenon of early twentieth century *pergerakan*, often approaches the literature under analysis from a more anthropological, political perspective. In this dissertation I have tried to approach the text more closely, making use of close reading, at times examining the text at the level of individual words. In this way I have attempted to follow the example of Sylvia Tiwon as she examines texts in Malay. In her analysis of the pantun "Hanyut lepas jamban Ma' Buleh," for example, she teases out the manifold meanings within this economical four-line pantun in which the juxtaposition of humor with sadness is enfolded into a moral about being overly choosey, both of which are then topped with a lesson that if one can laugh at Ma' Buleh's predicament, then one should be able to laugh at one's own (Tiwon 1999: 64). Examining texts from a greater distance than this and in broader strokes has produced numerous insights, and often those insights are applicable, or seem applicable, to other languages and other contexts. Staying close to the text may not seem to produce such widely applicable insights, but it has the advantage of at least intending a fuller respect for the particularity of an individual text.

Modernity is a pivotal concept in literary studies. The word modern or some form of it can be found in countless analyses of literary productions in English, Spanish, French, and many other languages. Writing in Indonesian also takes part in claims of the modern, as I've shown above. Maier finds modernity to begin in Indonesian letters "published after 1930" (Maier 2004: 28), while Teeuw's fundamental work on Malay literature in the Archipelago incorporates the explicitly modern into its very title, *Modern Indonesian Literature* (1967). While the modern and the *madjoe* are not the same, they do share certain similarities. Among them is the will to universalization, as I have tried to show in Chapter 3. Like early Christianity, *kemadjoean* too "seeks to overcome our reality: we are to fit our own life into its world, feel ourselves to be elements in its structure of universal history" (Auerbach 2003: 15). *Kemadjoean* is so self-assured that it simply assumes that it is correct; a *madjoe* person's customs and traditions must be identical with those of *kemadjoean*, We see this when Roestam writes his divorce letter to Noeraini. She must be in the *kemadjoean* group, he assumes, and if she is, then she will necessarily be against *polygamie* and "being treated like a typical woman" (Adinegoro 1931: 89).[180] We never hear Noeraini's answer however; indeed, we never hear another thing from her for the rest of the novel. Adinegoro never gives us any reason to believe that she disagreed with Roestam's assumptions in any way. And how could she disagree, if she's *madjoe*? The unitary voice of *kemadjoean* makes all other voices superfluous. *Kemadjoean* asserts universality, and in it universality is fulfilled; its implicit claim is that to know one person's *kemadjoean* is to know them all.

The age of *kemadjoean* in which *Asmara Djaja* takes place is a scientifically and technologically determined era. Its "electricity and motorized equipment, telephones and radios" have led to a new feeling, "namely, the feeling of the age of kemadjoean" (Adinegoro 1930: 7). But while the scientific and the technological might be an appropriate or inspiring model for Adinegoro and for the *kemadjoean* he is trying to accomplish, Auerbach cautions that one must beware "of regarding the exact sciences as our model; our precision relates to the particular" (Auerbach 2003: 573). Not taking the exact sciences as his model, hewing to the particular, Auerbach is eschewing the universal implications of *kemadjoean*. For it is in attention to particularity that the singular meaning of a text will become perceptible. “In a linguistics of particularity you have to have a particularity to start with (that’s where the discipline or rigor comes from!)” (Becker 2000: 409). The particularity that we start with is the particular text itself, and the discipline of particularity changes from one particular text to another. There may be little or nothing that can be applicable from one text to the next. Such texts, it is hoped, will speak to us each in their own voice, not through the medium of any universalizing language, even if that language be the language of *kemadjoean*.

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[180] "diperboeat seperti perempoean biasa"

Ideally this dissertation will also provide new insights for those interested in Malay, or as one variety is now known, Indonesian. Insofar as Malay is a vector of *kemadjoean*, I am arguing against Maier’s claim that Malay is a medium for the creation of community, or at least complicating that claim. For while we do indeed witness Malay facilitate the establishment of new relationships in this novel, we also see how it shatters other relationships by introducing *madjoe*, non-*’adat* meanings and understandings. It is not so different a situation than the processes of language displacement by a dominant tongue that Anderson describes taking place in the mid-nineteenth century, whether that be in Ireland with English, in France with French, or in Spain with Castilian (Anderson 2006: 44, 78). And we need not go so far afield as that, for we can also see the resentments and controversies that accompanied the designation of Tagalog as the national language of the Philippines throughout the middle of the last century (Gonzalez 1999: 133). If Malay is displacing Minang or any other language, and in the intervening years since the Sumpah Pemuda it has certainly done that to greater and lesser extents across the Archipelago, then this means that Malay is displacing words, meanings, and relationships, changing them, banishing them, eradicating them, no less than it is invoking other meanings and relationships into existence.

I have consciously located this novel within Malay, the language in which it was written, because this particular language, and other surrounding ones, seem to be largely what this novel is about. The Malay in this novel is not transparent, does not convey its meanings unseen, but rather is noticeable, and is meant to be. Adinegoro leaves the linguistic scaffolding of his narrative visible, like an architect who leaves the ductwork and framing of his building uncovered. Malay is not presented as the only possible language for this story to be written in, which makes this novel different than most works of literature. Other languages abound in it, like the counterfactuals, the maddening other possibilities, that have become so much more numerous now, in the age of *kemadjoean*. *Asmara Djaja* was first published in 1928, at the very moment it was decided that Malay, a particular form of Malay, would thenceforth be known as Indonesian. This novel appeared at precisely this inflection point. It was written before this point, and so was written in Malay. But it was read after this point, and so would be read in Indonesian, even though the language of its writing and its reading are one. It is a novel that is written about language and that came into existence at the moment the language it’s written in also came into being. The numerous glosses in *Asmara Djaja* are a sign of this. These glosses are a form of renaming, reflecting in miniature the simultaneously occurring renaming of Malay (Indonesian). Every gloss in this novel is an instance of a word in transition. In the glossing in *Asmara Djaja,* we witness a language in motion, a language in the process of going from a state of being Malay to one of being Indonesian.

Potential future *kemadjoean*

Working on this dissertation has raised a number of questions pointing to useful trajectories for future research. For instance, as noted above, *kemadjoean* shares certain similarities with phenomena like enlightenment and modernism, and is also related to other formulations, like progress, advancement, education, development, Apollonianism, rationality, and others. While these are each distinct terms and phenomena, they have marked similarities. What are these similarities? Why do they share them? What does it mean to share these commonalities? These phenomena imply change over time, and a certain kind of change. How could this species of change be most productively described? Why does the gothic or the dark or the Dionysian tend so strongly to be associated with *'adat* and not the *madjoe*? Is this a simple case of heart versus head, intelligence versus emotion? And if so, what and how might that mean? *'Adat* certainly seems to require significant intellectual capacity to support and maintain. Why then is it so often accused of being unintellectual? Is this merely an ex post facto attempt to villainize *'adat* and the Dionysian as ignorant and decadent? Is it possible that the words in the list above, words like *kemadjoean*, Apollonian, and the rest, really connote, more than anything else, no particular program or ideology or tendency, but instead simply a time, the time of the present (or the time of the future), with their mirror images, their opposites, words like *'adat* and Dionysian, essentially connoting – within the frame of the *madjoe*, to be sure – the time of the past?

As problematic as *kemadjoean* might have been, as self-contradictory of a metaphor as it may be, from Adinegoro's perspective and the perspective of countless others, many of whom, like Adinegoro, were doing heroic work, it was the best path they knew to achieve their noble goals of self-determination and freedom from oppression and exploitation. Without *kemadjoean*, without *madjoe* features like a unifying Malay language, or a degree of universalization, Indonesia may never have progressed through all the steps it advanced through up to and including becoming an independent state ruled by a government made up of people from there and not from the Netherlands. This leads to a provocative tension. On the one hand, *kemadjoean* and all the flattening and isolating tendencies it conveys seem necessary to achieve sovereignty. But at the same time this entails destruction of important relationships and devaluation of significant means of communication. Is it possible to find in Malay-language literature other avenues to independence that might not bring so much stasis as *kemadjoean* does, that might allow more movement and change to continue while still making the conditions for self-determination possible?

No country is perfect, not the one I'm writing in, not the one I'm writing about. But, as Leo Tolstoy wrote in *Anna Karenina*, that each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way, so each imperfect country is imperfect in its particular ways as well. Just as the intolerance and repression of early American Puritans have been indexed as a root cause of the intolerance and repression inherent in American atrocities ever since, is it possible that the ideology of *kemadjoean* may have likewise contributed to Indonesian tragedies like the genocide of 1965 – 1966? Did the erasure of differences under the application of *madjoe* universalism lead to the erasure by murder of possibly millions of people who were different simply by being Communists, accused Communists, or just unlucky? Or did the claim of universal applicability and program of radical restructuring of relationships proposed by Communism itself present an intolerable challenge to the universalism and attenuation and restructuring of relationships promised by *kemadjoean*? Indonesian Communism could well be understood as a kind of competing *kemadjoean*, and insofar as it may have been bolder in its prescriptions, such as for land reform and social equality, it may have been for that very reason more *madjoe*. As Auerbach and Taylor explain, an ideology like Christianity, that makes claims of universal applicability, can for that reason brook no dissent. Communism too makes claims of universal applicability, and like Christianity is an ideology for which people have committed mass murder. Is *kemadjoean* another such professed universalizable ideology whose supposedly limitless applicability has also led to genocide? And was the bloodletting of 1965 and 1966 the culmination of this universalizability, and therefore an almost inevitable result of *kemadjoean*? Did the stilling effects of *kemadjoean* result in not only the modernist developmentalism but also the stultifying sameness and deadly repressions of the New Order regime? Global capital and militarism supported the New Order and made it possible. Can we perceive their energies in the form of the *kemadjoean* that advanced across the Archipelago in the final decades of the twentieth century?

Kemadjoean, Communism, Christianity, all promise liberation in their turn, but in the very promise of their limitless applicability contain the potential and the rationale for the greatest violence and intolerance. "The Bible's claim to truth … is tyrannical – it excludes all other claims … it insists that it is the only real world, is destined for autocracy" (Auerbach 2003: 14 – 15). This is a radical unity. The Indonesian national motto, Bhinneka Tunggal Ika, taken from a text written in Old Javanese, Mpu Tantular's fourteenth-century kakawin *Sutasoma* (Santoso 1975: 9), is often translated as Unity in Diversity. But what are the values and meaning of this paradoxical formulation, and how will they be realized? What kind of unity will not impinge on or flatten diversity? Per Auerbach, can unity be "tyrannical"? Is it ever anything else?

Another question available for further research is the relationship of *kemadjoean* with the historic controversy between the *Kaoem Moeda*, the Young Group, and the *Kaoem Toea*, the Old Group, that rocked West Sumatra in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. *Kemadjoean* seems to be a way for Adinegoro to take the *Kaoem Moeda* side of the *Kaoem Moeda – Kaoem Toea* conflict and then to expand it beyond the confines of local West Sumatran politics and concerns. *Kemadjoean* might be understood as basically *Kaoem Moeda*-ism but applied on a much larger scale, an attempt to universalize it so that it can be applicable across the Archipelago, if not around the world. We can see this most explicitly in the passage in which the *Kaoem Moeda* is discussed in Chapter VI (Adinegoro 1931: 60). This is significant because it is the first of only two places in the novel in which the word "kemadjoean" appears. (The second appearance is juxtaposed with the word "*polygamie*" in the final chapter [Adinegoro 1931: 90], a juxtaposition that seems designed to make clear just what *kemadjoean* is not.) This first instance of the appearance of *kemadjoean* is used as an introduction to the current political controversy between the *Kaoem Moeda* and what Roestam sneeringly refers to as the "Kaoem Koeno," the "Ancient Group," a disrespectful epithet that the author then glosses, seemingly correcting the character's excesses within that character's own dialogue, as the more respectful "(kaoem toea)," the "(old group)" (Adinegoro 1931: 60). In *Provincializing Europe*, Chakrabarty (2000) talks about how Europeans provincialized far-off places by applying their particular local understandings and then claiming these understandings to be universal. To what extent is *kemadjoean* an intervention by Adinegoro to do something similar, making it possible to apply the particular Minang conflict of *Kaoem Moeda* and *Kaoem Toea* to a much wider context through the ideological strategy of *kemadjoean*? If we understand *kemadjoean* to derive from the Minangkabau conflict between *Kaoem Moeda* and *Kaoem Toea*, then Adinegoro can be seen to be universalizing the locally important – but nevertheless provincial – conflict between those two groups into the limitlessly applicable concept or ideology of *kemadjoean*. That being the case, is he simply continuing an operation that, as Chakrabarty explains, had long been practiced by Europeans, in the Archipelago and elsewhere, asserting universality, and explanatory power, for that which is essentially local in character?

Another persistent question ripe for further exploration is why does a metaphor connoting movement, speed, and progress end up being identical in this novel with precisely the stoppage of movement, speed, and progress? *'Adat* tends to be orally oriented and orally preserved. Do certain phenomena like *'adat* need to be stayed, halted, or even silenced in order for other phenomena to advance? This may be, but the zero-sum game aspects of this possibility seem to suggest it may not be the case. Advancement is not a zero-sum game. The advancement and development of *'adat* would not seem to retard the advancement and development of *madjoe* systems, and in fact it instead seems that advancement in any field of endeavor would facilitate advancement in others, and that continued progress, development, and change in the sphere of *'adat* would only expediate the pace of change in other spheres as well. Has the actual obstructive nature of *kemadjoean* been turned back away from itself and onto *'adat* in a kind of projection? Do the advocates of *kemadjoean* on some level realize the restraining nature of their enterprise, and so for this very reason find themselves using metaphors of advancement and flow? Is this misdirection completely unconscious and unintentional? Is it perhaps an unrecognized inheritance from the colonial powers, who, in order to weaken *'adat*, intentionally misrepresented it as unchanging and inflexible? Jeff Hadler's work is particularly provocative regarding these lines of questioning, such as when he notes that in Minangkabau the Dutch "codified a once-fluid *adat*" (Hadler 2008: 129), and in the many ways he shows that *'adat* was, and is, remarkably fluid and adaptive (Hadler 2008: 38, 52, 87, 116, 124 – 125, 130, 145, 179).

The fluidity of *'adat* has been contrasted in this dissertation to the rigidity of *kemadjoean* in *Asmara Djaja*. These themes in the novel resemble, and can even be understood to be prefigured in, the traditional Minang tale of "Si Malin Kundang" (Sati 2008: 11 – 133), a narrative of an arrogant child who also defies his *'adat* and the respect it requires for one's parents. It is the story of a poor Minang boy who leaves home on his *rantau* and becomes rich and successful. When he returns home to Padang by boat as a wealthy merchant, he feels ashamed of his humble origins and impoverished mother, and so he refuses to recognize her as his own. In return, he is cursed by her, and Malin Kundang and his entire ship are turned to stone. The stone can still be seen to this day on Air Manis Beach just south of Padang, the very city from which the *Rochussen* also departed, carrying Noeraini and her family to Java and *kemadjoean*. Malin Kundang *madjoe*, that is, he advances in the world, literally advancing by traveling away from Padang, and metaphorically advancing by becoming successful and worldly. Yet, so much does he *madjoe*, so far does he progress from where he started, that he haughtily no longer recognizes the mother he came from. Can *Asmara Djaja* be understood as a retelling of "Si Malin Kundang," but turned on its head for the age of *kemadjoean*? "Si Malin Kundang" is a folk tale and not a novel, is a text told from a perspective of *'adat*, not of *kemadjoean*. From both perspectives though, the protagonist is stilled. Roestam is the protagonist of a *madjoe* text, a novel advocating for *kemadjoean*. He is celebrated and is only metaphorically stilled by the effects of *kemadjoean*; literally he is able to continually *madjoe*, even going off east with Dirsina. Malin Kundang, inhabiting the concreteness of *'adat*, is stilled both metaphorically and literally, and is turned to stone. In the world he inhabits, he is unable to even partially escape the wages of *kemadjoean*.

Kemadjoean is a metaphor of movement, but has been adopted by a movement that would halt movement, bring stasis, still change. A similar paradox worthy of further exploration is the curious extent to which *kemadjoean*, which so opposes itself to *'adat* customs and understandings, can actually be understood as a continuation of *'adat*, and impossible without it. Auerbach makes an argument in *Mimesis* in which he claims that the European avant-garde of the nineteenth century was entirely a product of the very bourgeoisie that they so opposed themselves to. The conditions that made the avant-garde possible were the very conditions and values of European bourgeois life. Roestam's *kemadjoean* in this novel, and perhaps by implication all *kemadjoean* of that time, may likewise have been largely a product of the *'adat* that it so opposed itself to. Minangkabau *'adat*, for instance, encourages its young men to *merantau*, to go out and explore the world, which can only expose them to new ideas, some of which may turn out to be *madjoe* ones. The deeply *'adat* practice of *rantau* itself has much in common with the *madjoe*, both in the root metaphor of travel and with the shared ideological imperatives of separation, education, and cosmopolitanism. *'Adat*'s ultimate responsibility for the existence of *kemadjoean* is also gestured to by Smith's formulations on the buffered self. As Smith asserts, though buffered selves and porous selves are mutually opposed, one can become a buffered self only by taking in the ideology of bufferedness, and one can take in this ideology only by being a porous self. That is to say, to be a buffered self, one must necessarily (first) be a porous self. Similarly, to be *madjoe*, must one first adhere to *'adat*? A similar phenomenon seems to be in effect when we see that it is not uncommon for people to go from *'adat* beliefs to Abrahamism, but very rarely do they progress from Abrahamism to *'adat* (or even to another Abrahamism). Once they enter a sect of Abrahamism, they almost always stay there, and they stay there for generations and generations. Likewise, once a person loses porosity, once a person goes from porous self to buffered self, they stay there too.

The progress of capital

The colonial is envisaged as unchanging. Preserving the status quo of previously established hierarchy and power relations is of the utmost importance. In the Sumatra and Java where this novel takes place, the controlling colonial government is a Dutch creation. At the same time, Dutchness in *Asmara Djaja* is closely identified with the *madjoe*. A "dipan" and a "schemerlamp" are among the Dutch accoutrements that furnish the *madjoe* household (Adinegoro 1931: 38). The *madjoe* wife was raised by a Dutch family. The *madjoe* children are comfortable speaking Dutch. Adinegoro's other book of 1928, his *Kamoes Kemadjoean*, sports a Dutch subtitle, *Modern Zakwoordenboek*. These are all exemplars of *kemadjoean*, and are all also thoroughly Dutch. If Malay is the "language of *kemadjoean*" (Hadler 2008: 99), the language of progress, then where it is progressing to is Dutch. Or we might say that if Malay is *madjoe*, is progressing, Dutch is progressing a bit faster.

Adinegoro's "feeling of the age of kemadjoean" is experienced on a ship that will bring the writer to France and eventually to the Netherlands (Adinegoro 1930: 7), and it is in Europe that this novel is written. The fact that the *madjoe* is so closely associated with the Dutch speaks to the deeply colonial nature of the phenomenon. Colonialism makes *kemadjoean* possible, greatly facilitates its entry into Sumatra and Java. For instance, the preeminent publishing house of the colonial government, Balai Pustaka, published this very *madjoe* novel, *Asmara Djaja*. As we have seen, *kemadjoean* looks like change, but it actually ends change. The *madjoe* aspires to fixed and standardized categories. The *madjoe*, as I hope to have shown in this dissertation, is discrete and controlled. It buffers, it documents, and it comprises a universalizing impulse, through which abundance and excess are either imperceptible or eradicated. Any resource under *kemadjoean* must be limited and controllable, which means to stop change. The wild, whether they be wild schools or wild presses, has to be rooted out or thoroughly domesticated. It was important to have an individual cut out their other relationships, such as to their *mamak*, and become alienable from their property and from members of their family. *Kemadjoean* can be understood as the fruit of colonialism, and colonialism, and most certainly Dutch colonialism, is nothing if not a capitalist project. To become *madjoe*, among other things, is to become amenable to capitalism. This is one implication of the stasis of *kemadjoean*.

A final triumph

One way to translate the title *Asmara Djaja* is as *Love Triumphant*. The word *asmara*, like *djaja*, is a Malay word with Sanskrit roots. That is to say, it can be traced to an Indo-European language, and is cognate with words for love in other Indo-European languages, like Spanish, French, and English. As the title indicates then, this is a book about love, specifically about romantic love, about how a love-match marriage emerges victorious, about the strength and righteousness of the amorous and of *amor*. It is an argument, an intervention, a work of advocacy.

One frequent marker of the amorous, one defining aspect of love in texts in those other three Indo-European languages has been that love is unchanging. Constancy has long been a hallmark of love in literature, and almost synonymous with it. Adinegoro continues this tradition in his novel, expanding the notion into something greater and more all-encompassing. The moral of this story is that love wins. Constancy wins. Change stops. A typical critique of love-match marriages leveled by advocates of arranged marriages is that it is unrealistic and naive for young lovers to believe that they will feel the same way years later that they do when their love is still young and fresh. This is essentially an experienced, worldly argument in doubt of constancy, and in recognition of change. It is an argument that takes into account the passing of years, the development of people, the evolution of tastes. Those with a few more years under their belt, like Roestam's father, have seen people develop and change; maybe they've even experienced it themselves. Those with fewer years of observation behind them, with less experience to draw on, might well assume that this particular moment of life that they're living through, this relatively brief instant that they are aware of since reaching adulthood, or since being born, is no mere snapshot of a moving scene. Rather, they might take it for an accurate and comprehensive record of the essentially and rightly permanent, unchanging nature of life. This novel by a young Adinegoro, about a young Roestam and a young Dirsina, is ostensibly about progress, about the *kemadjoean* that the energetic, optimistic young, with so much ahead of them, are so eager to advance into. It's safe to say that Roestam's father has lived a far richer experience of development and growth than young Roestam. It is just this familiarity with the churning world that had estranged him from the stasis of *kemadjoean*. It is also just this understanding of the changing times that allows him to evolve into the character he finally develops into, a character like Roestam, a *madjoe* character, a character who will develop and change no further.

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Appendix A

A Synopsis of Adinegoro's *Asmara Djaja* (*Love Triumphant*)

The novel begins with Chapter I, "Berangkat ke Betawi" ("Departing for Batavia"). The maiden Noeraini wakes up and looks at the clock. She is chagrined to see that she has slept too long and woke late; the clock reads eight o'clock, the city of Padang is already hot and sunny, and the boat departs at nine.

Confused why her mother did not wake her, she is relieved to see another clock showing the time to be only six thirty. The clock in her room, it seems, was broken.

At eight, the entire household goes down to Emmahaven, the port that serves the city of Padang. Noeraini is heartbroken to be leaving her home in Padang.

Emmahaven is a scene of bustle, with men and women of all ages, intentions, ethnicities, and styles of dress. Through this great crowd Noeraini passes with her mother and with a small child, Gairoel, Noeraini's little brother. They board the ship and at nine it departs, Emmahaven soon lost to view.

Noeraini hears a bell ring twelve times on the boat Rochussen as it plies the Indian Ocean on its way to the land of Java, and Tandjoengpriok, the port that serves Batavia. She knows thereby that it's now twelve o'clock midnight. It's very late, and yet she can't sleep, and she takes in the nocturnal and marine scene around her, along with the many other sleeping passengers. She was a little scared to hear the snores of her "mamak," which the novel explains in a footnote is a Minang word for "the brother of her mother." Her *mamak*'s snores, seemingly in greeting to those of a stranger sleeping nearby, remind her of the sound of a cello, and combine with the rattle and rumble from the ship's engine that sounds like trommels and drums to produce a sound the likes of which she'd never heard before, as she'd never before been on a ship. At that moment her little brother Gairoel awoke, who was about three years old. Then Noeraini's mother woke up and softly tried to get Gairoel back to sleep. Then her *mamak* woke as well, and looked around to make sure their things weren't being stolen, but lay his head down again and continued his slumber.

Soon everyone was asleep again, except for Noeraini. She admired the stars in the black sky, listened to the waves crashing against the hull of the ship and the ship's engine. Her thoughts were far off, and she shed a tear without really knowing why.

She's not sure why she's anxious, but it could be because she's left her neighborhood, her family, and her friends. She remembers her marriage day, the buffalo and ox and dozens of chickens slaughtered to serve the attendees, all the money she got. Noeraini thought of her friends from school, and how she was now above them, as she could now socialize with the adults, while they had been confined to a room together, spying on all those people, whispering and giggling at the scene outside. She felt worried for them, concerned that they might not marry, while she was already married to a high-ranking man in Bandoeng, an exciseman in a government company office. But she had a feeling, she didn't know what… But she didn't want to think about the future. She was accompanied by her mother, and by her *mamak*, who was also her father-in-law. All these people around her would give her strength. It was true she'd never met her husband, but if she was a good wife, respectful, and kept her house in order, wouldn't her husband love her? And wasn't her *mamak*, who was so old and so feared and admired by all the family, wasn't he accompanying her as well? And wouldn't he ensure that her husband Roestam would do right by her?

Noeraini took a deep breath. Her old life would be changed for this new one. Her life of a girl was to be left behind, a happy life guided by her mother and her *mamak*. She did not remember her father much because she did not see him much. When she was little she would see him when it was her mother's turn to go with him. But since the arrival of her brother Gairoel, her mother's youngest child, her mother did not want to go with him any more.

Noeraini was an elementary school teacher. She had just gotten out of the normal school in Padangpandjang. She lived with her mother and little brother, and the three of them were happy and free of trouble, until she was married to the child of her *mamak*. Now the course of her life was to change, but how?

Chapter II is titled "Dilamoen ombak kesoesahan" ("Under waves of affliction"). While Noeraini, rocked by the waves at sea, imagines her past and her future, a young couple in the Tegallega section of the city of Bandoeng also are unable to sleep. The couple, Roestam and Dirsina, are keeping vigil over their only child, Dirhamsjah, a boy of about a year and a half, who is very sick, near death, and his parents are doing everything they can to try to keep him alive. The doctor has just left to attend to a woman in labor, but will be back soon, as the next half hour will be critical for Dirhamsjah. If he can sleep, it's a sign he will recover. If not, he will die. The two parents are distraught at their son's condition, and amidst it all, Dirsina is three months pregnant. The doctor returns and can see immediately that the critical hour is at hand. The doctor monitors the boy's condition along with the parents. Dirhamsjah's agonies subside. The doctor is elated. But then they come back, stronger than ever, and the doctor knows that Dirhamsjah will not have to suffer much longer. A quarter hour after that, his soul flies off to the hereafter.

Dirsina is beside herself. She collapses at Roestam's side, fainting. Roestam is also out of his mind witnessing this. He feels he must be the most unfortunate soul under heaven, not only because his child has just died, but also because he's just received a telegram from his father telling Roestam that "We have departed on the Rochussen" from Teloekbajoer, another name for Emmahaven. Roestam instantly knows that "we" must mean that his father is coming with Roestam's new, young wife, whom Roestam has recently married -- even though she was in Sumatra and he was in Java -- via a letter of representation. It is insane for Roestam that his father would be arriving at just such a moment, but it is too late to tell his father that he can't come; his father cleverly sent a telegram that would arrive after the boat had already sailed. Roestam thinks back on all the endearing memories of his son. Roestam then gazes on Dirsina his wife, and is astounded by her beauty, and by the fact that because of his new marriage he will have to hurt her, and leave her, throwing her away. Dirsina regains her consciousness, and Roestam also becomes conscious of the fact that he must now comfort his wife at this difficult time, who, what's more, is three months pregnant. Comfort her he does, and she falls back to sleep. Dirsina is all Roestam has left. He used to have two people he so loved. Now one was gone, and Roestam was fearful of losing her too. Like a mother watching over her child in a cradle, Roestam watches over the sleeping Dirsina.

Chapter III is titled "Dikapal Rochussen" ("On the Rochussen"). An old haji leads an Islamic prayer session on the ship, and the narrator reminds us that our time here is brief, and we must ready ourselves for our inevitable journey to the eternal. Meanwhile, Noeraini's mother has been extremely seasick on the trip, is nauseous and has vomited up everything in her stomach. She holds the end of her scarf to her nose, as she feels it's the smell of the ship that makes her feel this way. She would never set foot on a ship again, but for the fact that she must return to her native Sumatra after setting up her daughter's household in Java. She thinks back on her beloved plot of land back home, how the rice is ripening and must be tended to, and how all will fall into disrepair without her there to manage it.

The light of the sun becomes visible in the east. The activity of the ship begins again as it too awakens. The holds are opened as the ship nears the port of Bengkoeloe. Noeraini sees that it is a calm day, which is fortunate, as the sea in these parts is known to sometimes be ferocious. This reminds her of when she heard about two servants of one Mr. Westenink. The servants made a bad jump from the ladder of their boat to the sloop alongside it, they landed in the water, and disappeared completely, whether attacked by a shark or what happened to them, no one ever found out. The Rochussen would stop over in Bengkoeloe for half a day, and at two o'clock would depart to continue its journey to Batavia.

Not far from Noeraini was a young man who had boarded the ship with her and her family at Padang. Noeraini's mother had noticed him eyeing them, and she know that this must be because he was drawn to her daughter, as though Noeraini were a magnet. He was dressed simply, looked strong and smart. It's too bad Noeraini's already been given to another, thinks her mother, otherwise, who knows, she might make him her son-in-law. She is relieved to see him disembark at Bengkoeloe. But as the ship readies to depart, she sees the top of his hat again. She feels uncertain, not because she fears or hates the young man, but because she's thinking of her daughter.

Then, when the young man passes by Noeraini's family, young Gairoel greets him and extends his hand. The young man responds, and extends his hand to Noeraini's uncle, her *mamak*. And so Noeraini's people come to understand that he is an overseer who is returning home after having visited his hometown of Padangsidimpoean in Sumatra because his mother had been gravely ill. She's gotten better though, and so he was able to head back. Noeraini's father-in-law asks the young man how he can speak Minangkabau so well if he's actually from Tapanoeli. The young man responds that he often spent time with Minangkabau people and often went to Padang as well.

From that time, the young man would often stop by to talk. Gairoel liked him very much, since the man would bring him little cakes and speak sweetly to him. And that was how Noeraini's people found out that the man was, like them, also headed for Bandoeng, and his name was Ibrahim, and his family name was Siregar.

As they approached Tandjoengtjina, stormy weather buffeted the ship. Noeraini's people were very fortunate that young Ibrahim was there to help them such as by watching their things and fetching them water. Once they were past Tandjoengtjina, the wind calmed, and arriving in the Sunda Strait, the water was like that of a lake.

On the fourth night since departing from Teloekbajoer, at about 12:30, they could see flickering lights on the shore. It was Tandjoengpriok, the port for Batavia, their destination. Because it was dark, however, the ship had to wait until morning to approach. Half the passengers couldn't sleep anyway though. The light of the moon lit up the sea, along with the stars that studded the sky like diamonds in velvet. The night was indescribably beautiful. The maiden Noeraini could not sleep. She looked at all the beauty around her with a melancholy heart, which was only made more so by the sounds of a violin accompanied by a guitar and zither, at times joyful their music, at times anxious as someone pining for the moon. When they played the kroncong song "Sangkoeriang," one of the ship's crew sang along with such a sweet voice. Everyone who heard them was drawn to their sound, in particular to the fine, soft music of the violin.

The maiden Noeraini could bear it no more; she had to look, had to see who was so good at playing the violin. She raised her head slightly and looked in the direction of the four musicians. And that's when her eyes met those of Ibrahim. She was startled, and her heart pounded, when she saw it was he who was playing the violin. When their gazes met, the young man smiled. She quickly lowered her head, scared that someone would see. But did she regret it? She didn't want to think any more about it. Was she not already married? She didn't want to hear the music any more. But the music of the violin was so sweet, it felt like it was calling to her. And thus the maiden Noeraini slept, listening to the music until daytime. In Tandjoengpriok the passengers took leave of the ship; Noeraini's family likewise took leave of Ibrahim, and they promised that they would call on one another in Bandoeng. But the music of Ibrahim's violin from the night before still echoed in Noraini's ears, and his eyes, and his sweet smile, could they possibly be gone?

Chapter IV is titled "Terpaksa karena takoet" ("Forced by fear"). It opens in the home of Roestam and Dirsina, which is so eerily silent that it seems as though no one lives there any more, since Dirhamsjah left them. Dirsina is still bedridden and weak, and Roestam feels she needs some happiness in her life, after all the difficulties she's gone through. Their house remains immaculate.

Dirsina comes from Garoet, the daughter of a noblemen there. After her education in a Dutch school there, she continued her studies in Bandoeng, where she learned how to manage a household and handiwork. She stayed with a Dutch family, close friends of her father. Their house was near Roestam's, and that's how they met, with Roestam accompanying her to and from school. Roestam's family heard that he'd gone crazy for a young lady from Bandoeng. Many letters arrived for him telling him to come home, some sweet, others severe, but Roestam stayed put, because he was indeed head over heels for Dirsina. It was particularly hard on Roestam when Dirsina had to leave him and return to Garoet when her father suddenly died and the family she was living with returned to Europe. And so every Sunday Roestam went to Garoet to look in on his sweetheart. He hid this from his friends though, telling them he was going to Garoet for sightseeing. Not long after, he brought Dirsina back to Bandoeng as his wife. When his friends came over, they teased him at how lucky he'd been sightseeing off in Garoet!

Now they'd been together almost three years. They'd lacked nothing, and lived in love with one another. An avalanche of letters arrived from Padang, urging Roestam to come back, or to at least send a letter of representation. Many of his cousins were getting married, and it made no sense for Roestam to marry someone from somewhere else. Wasn't that just "fattening another man's buffalo"? Of all the many letters he received, Roestam never answered one, except for the very first. In that letter, Roestam's father asked him if it was true that he was now married. Roestam answered briefly and tersely that yes, it was true he had married a woman who loved him very much. He had not told his family about it because he was certain that people "at home" would not agree to it. Now he didn't want to marry with anyone else. The response to that letter really hurt Roestam, because it was filled with all manner of insults and regrets, and brought up how much kindness they'd showered on Roestam. When Roestam read that letter, he ripped it up and threw it in the wastebasket. "My Dina," he said to himself, "you mean more to me than all the other women in the world!" After that, he paid no attention to the letters he received from them. He put them in the drawer of his desk without even opening them.

One day, after visiting Roestam's sister, Roestam's father showed up at Roestam's house out of the blue. He came to take Roestam back to his village to marry him to Noeraini. Roestam's father sees that Dirsina is a good wife but, as she is not Minang, he cannot change his mind. If Roestam marries one of his own people, it will be a sign that he is a good person. Even though people were already discussing Roestam's marriage to Noeraini, Roestam wanted no part of it, wanted to marry no other woman, even if she be a princess. Upon hearing this, Roestam's father becomes extremely angry, using all kinds of harsh words, telling Roestam his life would be a disaster because he refused to listen to his parents, that he and Roestam's mother were wrong to do all they'd done for him all his life.

Dirsina comprehended none of this, as she understood practically nothing of Minangkabau culture or language. Having stormed off, Roestam returns later that night. His father is gone. Dirsina asks Roestam what that all was about, and Roestam tells her it was because his father wanted him to marry someone from his own country. When Dirsina hears this she begins shaking uncontrollably and crying, for fear of losing her husband. Roestam promises her that he will not leave her, since she is his only love.

The next day Dirsina went to pick up Roestam's father, for she couldn't bear to be the cause of an estrangement between parent and child. Roestam's father was indescribably embarrassed, even more when seeing how his little grandson loved him so. Truly he did not hate his daughter-in-law or his grandchild, but unfortunately she was not of the same country as his son. It was too late to go back. Like it or not, Roestam had to obey him. When he got home, Roestam was shown a letter of representation. Roestam's friend urged Roestam to sign it, for fear that the previous night's conflict flare up again. Because anyway, wasn't the important thing just to have the marriage? Afterward they could think of some way to break it off. And so, with a heavy heart, Roestam signed at the bottom of the letter. Later he tossed and turned in his bed, and didn't come out all day. And that's all Dirsina knew of it.

Roestam told Dirsina nothing of the letter of representation, because he knew it would only cause her more pain, and what's more, she was pregnant. And because this meant he was dishonest with Dirsina, he could barely stand it. But his love for her only grew, owing to her good-heartedness. And that's how things were before they lost their beloved child.

Chapter V is "Pertemoean jang mengetjéwakan" ("A disappointing meeting"). It begins in the evening, after the third-day of prayers for the departed Dirhamsjah. Roestam carries his wife from the bed out to the divan, and covers her so she doesn't catch cold. Nearby are a piano and a violin stand. In happier times they would play music together in the evenings, she playing piano and he the violin. Oftentimes their neighbors would stop outside and listen to their music as they played.

The room was decorated with flower pots and pictures. This was a place they could spend time together without being interrupted.

"Now, Dina, can't I make some delicious tea?" said Roestam as he prepared a cup of tea for her. He almost spilled the tea on the floor, because he wasn't used to this kind of thing. After she had some, Dirsina praised Roestam's abilities at tea-making.

Suddenly Roestam heard Dirsina sobbing. This was normally the time they would play with Dirhamsjah. They would teach him words or to walk. It felt like they could almost hear the apple of their eye calling, "Papa," "Mama." Sometimes they would hear from his little mouth, "A, wéh!" which was his way of saying, "Ga weg!" meaning "go away" in Dutch, to whoever was near him. After he was put to bed, they would have time together. Roestam would often read a book or the newspaper, while Dirsina would listen to the news within, while she would be busy with her work. Sometimes they would go see a play or a movie, if the production was very good or they wanted to hear some beautiful music. Roestam wept remembering all this. And so the two young people wept together. Thus was their life. Joyful one, joyful both, troubled one, troubled both as well.

After they stopped crying, Dirsina asked her husband to read a little of the newspaper, maybe there was some unusual news they might like to hear And so Roestam found a story that he thought might cheer the heart of his wife.

When they'd almost finished the story, they heard two horse-carts pulling up in the yard. "Father's voice," said Dirsina. Roestam went outside and understood that his father had come with his new wife. Roestam could also see that his mother and new mother-in-law were there also. As his father was about to pay for the horse-carts, Roestam said, "Don't! Father what are you doing here!"

"What am I doing? Didn't I already inform you that we would be coming? Is that woman still here, or have you gotten rid of her?"

Roestam paid no attention to any of the other people, but started loading the things back into the carts that had already been unloaded. At this Roestam's mother started in on him, and when she got going, there was no telling what she would say. When Dirsina heard all these people speaking in Minangkabau, her heart pounded, she knew that her enemy had come. She heard a woman's voice talking with her husband. She got up to go outside, as if to pull her husband back inside and chase the rest from her home. Her legs began shaking and her strength left her. Roestam rushed up to take her inside, but she broke free, she wanted to see her enemy, see who had the nerve to come and disturb her happiness, who had the nerve to snatch her husband away from her. But Roestam did not let her go, and continued guiding her instead. The moon rose and shone brightly, illuminating the yard and environs. Everyone in the yard was silent, not because they were scared, but because they knew they were wrong. The feelings of each of them at the moment were indescribable. They all looked up at the porch, also lit by the moon. Dirsina's face appeared pale, but because of her anger she was only more beautiful. Her eyes were like the star of the east flashing, searching for her rival, like a tiger who sees her prey in an iron cage, unable to close in. At that moment the silk scarf dropped that had been covering the head of the maiden Noeraini, the new, young wife of Roestam. The eyes of the two wives met. But in the eyes of the maiden Noeraini, there was nothing of rage, only amazement at the beauty of Dirsina.

Dirsina knew that the young woman wearing gold was her new cowife. But she wanted to be certain, so she asked Roestam. He didn't answer, as he was still trying to guide her inside, for her body was quaking like a stalk of rice in the middle of the rice paddy, being blown this way and that by the wind. Roestam says to his father that his wife is still unwell and that their child has just died three days before. He then asks him to go stay at the house of Soetan Sari, the person he had stayed with previously.

Hearing this, everyone in the yard fell silent, as they realized what they'd done and the pain they'd caused. Noeraini's mother whispered to Roestam's mother that they should leave there immediately, even if it meant sleeping in the market. She shed a tear remembering her own pain, when just such a thing had happened to her, when Noeraini's father had taken a new wife. He was not like Roestam. When he got someone new, someone pretty and young, he threw the old to the back. "Oh, God, had I known it would be like this, I never would have come, even if you'd given me a thousand in money," she said to Roestam's mother. Roestam's mother answered that he was a demon child.

Afterwards they all got back in the cart and headed for the house of Soetan Sari, a friend from Roestam's office. No one said a word.

Chapter VI is “Dalam ketjemasan” (“In worry”). After Roestam’s family leaves, he is finally able to guide Dirsina inside the house and lay her down on the bed. He loosens her clothes, and then lowers his ear to her chest. He cannot hear her heartbeat and becomes panicked. He has a servant call a doctor, then goes back in to be with Dirsina, calling to her, trying to get some kind of reaction, to no avail. More panicked than ever, he runs next door. Without asking permission, he runs inside to use the phone to call a doctor. No one answers. He calls another doctor. Again, no answer. Then the woman whose house this is comes home, and sees Roestam from behind, sees him shouting excitedly into the phone, and knows something is wrong. She is the wife of Roestam’s boss, a man whose modesty and goodness makes him well-loved by everyone who knows him. And she is the same. Mrs. Meerman – that’s her name – quickly goes next door to Roestam’s house. Mrs. Meerman sprinkles some perfume on Dirsina’s face, rubs her feet and hands, readjusts Dirsina’s position, raising her feet above the level of her heart. The blood returns to her head, her pallor improves, and her pulse can be felt again. When Roestam returns from using the telephone, he can see that Mrs. Meerman has helped his wife. She explains that Roestam need not worry, for she knows how to help people in his wife’s condition, because before she married Mr. Meerman, she was a verpleegster, that is, a nurse.

Roestam doesn’t know how to repay her. Soon Dirsina’s breathing returns, but she does not yet open her eyes. Mrs. Meerman leaves Dirsina in the care of Roestam.

Not long after Dirsina opens her eyes, like one just waking. Roestam embraces Dirsina’s head to his chest. Crying, he repeats her name again and again. The doctor arrives, unbeknownst to Roestam and Dirsina. Mrs. Meerman takes him out to the front porch to explain to him what she’s done for Dirsina. The doctor looks happy, because he knows that Mrs. Meerman had been a verpleegster, and had gotten a diploma. The two went quietly back. In the doorway they saw what was taking place. After hearing Dirsina crying, they both sighed and Mrs. Meerman said, “Fortunate!”

As Mrs. Meerman and the doctor were talking, Mr. Meerman arrived home. Not finding his wife there, he looked and found her next door, helping the sick person there. The doctor goes back inside to examine Dirsina once again. Then he calls Roestam outside, tells him that fortunately his wife is strong, gives him a prescription to fill for medicine for Dirsina, and tells Roestam to take his wife somewhere else, maybe for a month, where she can refresh her mind after all the sadness she’s recently experienced. Shortly thereafter, the doctor leaves.

Mr. Meerman tells Roestam that he looks unwell, and that he need not come to work the following day. Mrs. Meerman agrees.

The next morning Mrs. Meerman looks in on Dirsina. Dirsina is so hopeless that she wants to die. But then she thinks of poor Roestam. Roestam and Dirsina feel so terrible for what the other one is going through, and they weep together. Mrs. Meerman wants to leave them alone, but Dirsina is holding tight to her hand. Seeing them together like that reminds Mrs. Meerman of her own daughter, who would be about Dirsina’s age by now had she not died. For this reason Mrs. Meerman had long wanted to introduce herself to the young couple. Now that they are facing such difficulties, she would like to know if there is anything she can do to help. Mrs. Meerman is weeping as well.

Dirsina explains that her mother died when she was eight, after which she lived with her father and her father’s sister, whose husband had also died, until she was sixteen, when she married Roestam. And she lived happily with him, until…

Dirsina can’t go on, but can only cry. Roestam then explained that this was all his fault. That previously his father had come to force him to marry a girl from his own country, but that he didn't want to, since he could only love Dirsina. His father was very angry, and because Roestam was frightened by this he agreed to sign the letter of representation that his father had shown him. He didn't know how to explain this all to Dirsina without hurting her. Roestam had no intention of inviting his family to Bandoeng, but his father had them come anyway, thinking that Roestam had already gotten rid of Dirsina because he'd sent a telegram saying they would be coming. But the telegram arrived when Dirhamsjah was deathly ill, and he died that same day. Roestam says this is all his fault, but that he didn't do it intentionally.

Roestam weeps uncontrollably. Mrs. Meerman becomes angry hearing this, because men in this world are all the same. If they are given someone new and young, of course they will forget about the person they were with before. But then she remembers that such a thing could never happen to this young couple, for she'd already seen how they are with one another, and she could see the way Roestam treated Dirsina. In his face and his eyes, Mrs. Meerman could see that Roestam did not like that kind of behavior. Mrs. Meerman thinks back to when she lived in Minangkabau. Once in the market in Boekittinggi she saw a woman with a knife chasing a man around trying to kill him. Afterward she learned that the man had taken another wife without telling his first one, and the woman trying to kill him in the market was his first wife, having gone "mata gelap," amuck. Mrs. Meerman wonders if that woman would've been punished had she succeeded in killing her husband. Fortunately she did not succeed, but it was still a shame, and in her opinion, such men were undeserving of mercy. "Yes, West Sumatra's culture is different than that of other countries," she says. "I saw plenty of things there that really disturbed me. I don't think there's a single woman there, whose husband is a man of standing, who feels happy. Because at any moment their husband can be taken from them."

Dirsina tells Mrs. Meerman that she didn't know all that, that she loves Roestam and he loves her, and that's why they got married. Mrs. Meerman assures Dirsina that everything she's just described happened long ago. Roestam clarifies that the old ways are indeed changing in West Sumatra, "for have we not entered into the circulation of progressiveness?" West Sumatra is progressive now, he explains, because there are now many who have obtained advanced education, and realize that a marriage without love brings no happiness. Of course this position is very different from that of people previously, he goes on, and for that reason people there are divided into two distinct camps: the Young, and the Ancient (the old). And so there have arisen endless disagreements in thinking between those two camps, because so much of what the young are doing is not to the liking of the old.

Mrs. Meerman here reminds him that as much as possible the Young need to be careful about what is good and what is bad.

Dirsina assents, and explains that she always tried to serve and esteem Roestam's father as best she could, and she considered him like her father, since Roestam's father was just the same age as her father would be were he still alive. She is therefore confused that Roestam's father nevertheless still wanted Roestam to take another wife. Roestam was embarrassed to hear this, because he knew that his wife was correct, that she had indeed served and respected his father flawlessly. Mrs. Meerman smiled though, and told Dirsina that she felt she knew why, that perhaps it was because Dirsina was not Minangkabau.

Hearing this, Dirsina responded, "But am I not also a person, even though I'm Sundanese?" and explained that in fact she came from a prestigious, good family, and that anyone who knew her would say the same. Mrs. Meerman then explains that, if she's not mistaken, in Minangkabau, if a family doesn't want to accept a young man to marry into their family, that is a sign he's not popular there, and they do not respect him. She implores Dirsina not to be angry, for this is simply their culture there, and she bent down and kissed Dirsina's eyes that were welling up with tears.

Dirsina cries to Mrs. Meerman how great her pain is and hugs her, for Dirsina feels Mrs. Meerman is like her mother. Mrs. Meerman tells Dirsina to think of the unborn baby in her womb, and that she will endanger that baby if she continues on like this. She also tells her to consider her husband, who is under pressure from his family, and because of his new wife, and now will be under further stress if Dirsina no longer believes in him. She explains to Dirsina that she must believe in Roestam, because the most painful thing is to not be believed. She further urges Dirsina to ask God to watch over her husband, the child in her womb, and herself. Dirsina thinks on everything Mrs. Meerman has told her. Her gaze falls on a mirrored frame on the wall. Within it is covered in red velvet decorated with gold thread that spells out a Dutch quatrain: "Verblijd je in de vreugde, / Want die komt van God! / Verblijd je in de smart, / Want die voert je tot God!" This is translated as, "Be joyful in happiness, because happiness comes from God, and be joyful in your difficulty, because difficulty brings you closer to God."

Chapter VII is titled "Menangis tidoer" ("Crying to sleep"). Mrs. Meerman enters into Roestam's den, and sees him at his desk, distraught, with his head in his hands. As she noiselessly comes closer, she sees that there is a pistol in the desk drawer. Quickly she closes the drawer, locks it with the key, and takes the key out and puts it in her blouse. Roestam suddenly realizes what's happened. He wants to take the key from Mrs. Meerman, but it's in her blouse now, so there's nothing he can do.

Roestam asks for her forgiveness, and Mrs. Meerman instructs him to remember God. She then asks him to explain how he feels. Does he love Dirsina? With all his heart, he answers. Does he love the new woman? Roestam felt himself getting angry, for if he loved Dirsina how could he love anyone else? But he controlled himself, and simply answered that he absolutely did not. She then asks him if he knows Noeraini, if she is educated, and if she loves him. He responds that he hasn't seen her since she was about twelve, almost six years before, that she is a teacher in Padangpandjang, and that she couldn't love him, since he doesn't love her. Mrs. Meerman then asks Roestam who has come to see him from Padang, aside from his new wife and his mother and father. Roestam is not sure, but if he's not mistaken, Noeraini's mother also came with them.

Someone knocks on the door and tells Roestam that someone from Padang has come to see him. Roestam looks out the window and sees it is Noeraini's mother. She waves him over to her, as she does not want to enter his yard. She asks about Dirsina's health, for the night before she looked unwell. Noeraini's mother explains that she was concerned because she herself had experienced the same thing.

Noeraini's mother wants to speak further with Roestam, but doesn't want to come in Roestam's house for fear of further upsetting Dirsina. Roestam goes inside to tell Mrs. Meerman this, and she suggests they go to her house. In the meantime, Roestam goes back to check on Dirsina.

Dirsina tells Roestam that he must go to his new wife and his parents and apologize for Dirsina's behavior the day before. She tells him she was very rude, and to please make the excuse that she was sick. Roestam is astounded to hear this. Dirsina continues, telling Roestam to inform his parents that they have a place at Roestam and Dirsina's house. Dirsina can't be in the same house as Roestam's new wife however, and so she asks Roestam to look for a place somewhere else for Noeraini until Dirsina is strong enough to walk away from their home.

Roestam tells Dirsina that if she truly loves him she shouldn't say such things. He assures her that he loves her, and he asks her if she loves him and believes him that he only married Noeraini because he was forced to. He is assured that she does. He tells her that he was wrong, but the past can't be changed. He will try to find some solution that will be acceptable to everyone. He tells Dirsina that he is going next door to talk this all over with Mrs. Meerman and his mother-in-law, Noeraini's mother.

After Roestam leaves however, Dirsina begins to doubt her future with him, since Noeraini is Minang like him, and because Dirsina feels Noeraini is more attractive to Roestam. She feels that Roestam is probably plotting with Noeraini's mother at that moment to get away. Dirsina resolves that even if Roestam does take another wife, even if he divorces her, she will stay in her house, the house where her child was born and died.

Dirsina gets up and walks around the house. She opens the piano and softly plays a line of music. She looks at pictures of herself, her child, and the three of them together. Her son has only been dead five days, and already she is facing more catastrophe. She lies on the divan beneath an enlarged picture of the family that hangs on the wall. She cries until she has no more tears left, but only sobs. And she falls asleep sobbing. Roestam, Mrs. Meerman, and Roestam's mother-in-law come in and see her sobbing as she sleeps, like a hopeless child. Roestam's mother-in-law is reminded of her own, similar fate. Mrs. Meerman is reminded of her dead daughter. Roestam himself is devastated to see his beloved wife consumed by such great sorrow.

Chapter VIII is titled "Bertjerai" ("Parting ways"). When Noeraini's mother, Roestam's mother-in-law, sees Mrs. Meerman come out of Roestam's house, she tries to hide. Mrs. Meerman sees her however and speaks to her in Minang, which surprises Noeraini's mother. Mrs. Meerman invites Noeraini's mother to her house. She is very nervous, but quickly becomes more comfortable when she sees that Mrs. Meerman is a good person. Fortunately young Gairoel breaks the ice between them when he greets Mrs. Meerman in Dutch, exclaiming, "Daag!" Mrs. Meerman tells Noeraini's mother that she is just the next door neighbor of Roestam and Dirsina, and that she helped Dirsina the day before when she was unwell, which was in part due to how she felt about Roestam's situation.

Noeraini's mother tells Mrs. Meerman that she knows exactly how that feels, and that it was enormously painful when she herself went through this situation. Mrs. Meerman tells her that she's seen this happen a number of times in West Sumatra, where Noeraini's mother is from.

Mrs. Meerman explains that she lived in West Sumatra for three and a half years. She also tells Noeraini's mother that she has explained to Dirsina that taking a new wife is a Minangkabau custom, as it must be. She also tells Noeraini's mother that this situation is very hard on Roestam, and that she came upon Roestam about to do something that would have filled everyone with regret for the part they played in making him suffer. Mrs. Meerman further tells her that people's thinking now is different than it had been, they don't want to be forced into marriage with whoever. A woman's appearance or noble birth are no longer important for men; instead, a man now prioritizes being of the same mind as his wife.

Noeraini's mother explains that had she known Roestam's wife was still there, she wouldn't have come. Roestam's parents had told her that Dirsina was gone, of her own accord. Just then Roestam returns, and Mrs. Meerman motions for him to come over and sit with them.

Noeraini's mother tells Roestam that had she known how strong his love was for Dirsina, she never would have come and disturbed them, what's more because she herself knows how this feels. She explains to Mrs. Meerman and Roestam about how her own husband went back to his village for Ramadan and came back with a new wife. For three months they lived together in the same house. But because she could bear it no more, she went back to her village. She had been pregnant but the child was stillborn. Through sheer force of will, Noeraini's mother put Noeraini through normal school, and afterward Noeraini found work as a teacher in Padang. She knows however that her pain was not only her husband's fault, that there were many others involved behind the scenes. Now that she knows Roestam's situation, she asks him to write a letter of divorce. Even if this means she and her family must simply return with nothing to eat but dirt at home, she will not regret it. Here she finishes speaking, through tears. Mrs. Meerman and Roestam are struck silent, but they feel lighter after hearing that Noeraini's mother also does not approve of what's happening.

Roestam asks if Noeraini's mother would really do that, and she replies she'd be glad to. Mrs. Meerman says that this will be easy then to carry out, as long as both Roestam and Noeraini agree. The difficult thing will be the reaction of Roestam's parents when they hear that he has divorced Noeraini. Roestam says he no longer cares what they think. Mrs. Meerman tells him that he is mistaken to feel that way. Maybe before it would have been alright, but now his parents have spent so much, it is a different situation.

Noeraini's mother agrees. In fact, she was having a quarrel with her brother about the fact that they would be slaughtering a chicken and praying before picking up Roestam and returning home later that night. She did not agree with this. Even if Roestam's parents gave her a hundred rupiah or whatever, she wanted no more part in this, and wanted to cause Dirsina no more pain. She assures them that Noeraini will be fine. She was still young, had still not fallen in love, and so it would not be difficult to find for her another husband.

Mrs. Meerman and Roestam laughed in their hearts to hear this matter resolved. But shortly they fell silent, thinking of the work that lay ahead of them. Then Mrs. Meerman said that in her opinion the best thing Roestam could do at that moment would be to very tactfully inform his father that he cannot live with his new wife. She then asks Noeraini's mother if she believes her daughter would follow their instructions. Noeraini's mother answers that she does, particularly as Roestam is not in love with Noeraini. She may be a little hurt, but it is not too serious, and Noeraini's mother would rather her daughter not live with Roestam, since he doesn't love her, and such a situation would not bring her happiness.

Mrs. Meerman agrees. She then instructs Roestam to write a letter to Noeraini telling her that he can't divide his love, that their marriage is not right, that she doesn't love him either, and that he requests that she follow her mother's wishes and accept a divorce from Roestam. Even though by appearances they are married, in fact they are divorced, as that very day he was to initiate it. Mrs. Meerman continues that Noeraini need not go back to Sumatra, but can stay with her until she finds work, which Mrs. Meerman will help her look for. And Roestam as soon as possible should take time off work and get away with Dirsina for a month. He should tell his parents that he cannot yet go home with his new wife, as his old wife is sick. Then, when he gets back from his month off with Dirsina, and Noeraini has gotten a job, then they can tell Roestam's parents the truth, which they had better not try yet, as Roestam's parents are still at the peak of their anger. Noeraini and her mother need not go back to Sumatra and confront the disapproving talk of people there. They can stay in Bandoeng, a big city, where people are not so inquisitive of others' business. Both Roestam and Noeraini's mother agree and are very thankful for Mrs. Meerman's assistance.

Noeraini's mother is preparing to leave and Gairoel comes over to the adults. Roestam lifts him up and Gairoel squeals with pleasure. If Dirhamsjah was still alive, he would be friends with

Gairoel and they could play together. Roestam weeps at this, and Gairoel hugs him tight. Noeraini's mother is deeply touched seeing how sad Roestam is, but she doesn't want to say anything to him as it is best not to disturb such feelings.

Chapter IX is "Selamat djalan" ("Bon voyage"). Dirsina feels weak from crying and her eyes are swollen. Her heart shakes to think of the danger her husband is in. She so loves him that she is now prepared to leave Bandoeng and return to Garoet, so that Roestam can be happy again. She forces herself to write a letter telling Roestam not to misunderstand, that she loves him more than she can describe. This is why she is withdrawing from him, so that he can be free, and can enjoy his life with his new wife. She urges him not to send his new wife home, and not to defy his father who has done so much for him and whose rights are to be prioritized over her own. She would rather live in abject poverty if it meant that Roestam was safe. She tells him she feels she has gone insane, but that nothing can be done for it now. She will leave all her happiness behind so that Roestam and his family can be happy. She hopes Roestam will not look for her, because if she hears that he does, she will surely take her own life. It is better she die than for Roestam to fall into misery caused by Roestam's father.

Crying, Dirsina stops writing. She looks at Roestam's portrait on the table, and again feels her courage growing to defy anyone who would snatch Roestam away from her. She rips up and burns the letter. She is ready for any dangers that might afflict her or her husband, because she feels that soon something bad was going to happen.

Roestam returns and sees that Dirsina is acting strange and anxious. He asks her what's wrong, if someone has bothered her. She tells him to be careful, that she had a premonition that someone was going to kill Roestam. Roestam tells her not to worry, that death must wait for its time. He then informs her of the situation as it stands. Roestam gives Dirsina a thorough account of everything. Dirsina feels better and calmer. Dirsina asks Roestam to look for his father, so they can apologize for their mistakes. Roestam says that's a good idea, but suggests they eat first, as he has not eaten all day. He then looks at the clock and is surprised to see that it's already five o'clock in the evening.

After eating, Roestam sits down at his typewriter, and the clacking of the keys is heard as he writes a letter to Noeraini explaining the situation. He explains to her that it is best for them to quickly divorce, as he knows that Noeraini is an educated girl and surely won't want to be treated like a common woman, that is, treated as a second wife. Nowadays, he writes, "polygamy (having more than one wife)" is no longer approved of, except those who are not in the group of progressiveness. People nowadays no longer want to have multiple wives, because they understand this is inappropriate, and destroys the progress of the nation. The bad aspects of traditional culture must be discarded, while the beautiful aspects continued. There are those who say that it's good to have more than one wife, but the conditions in their households are very far from perfect. Thus Roestam explained his feelings to Noeraini in words that would not be offensive. And he did not forget, at the end of the letter, to apologize for the actions of his father and mother and what they so hastily did, and if he did anything wrong he also asked her forgiveness for that. After mailing the letter in the post office, he went to the place where his father had spent the night.

His father wasn't there, but Roestam was told that he had walked to St. Pieterspark, not far from there. Before long, Roestam came upon his father sitting alone on a bench, pensively staring at the ground, his hands resting on his cane. He seemed to be thinking about something very important that was thoroughly occupying his thoughts. Surprised to see Roestam, his father tells him to sit down. Roestam answers that he was looking for him to apologize for what he'd done wrong. Roestam's father tells Roestam to listen, that he wants to tell him how he feels. He tells Roestam that in fact he, Roestam's father, is the one who must apologize, because he has wronged Roestam.

Roestam's father tells Roestam that however truly he loved him before, he now realizes that it was not genuine love. He and his wife worked hard to raise Roestam and to school him. And they always intended that he would never change, that he would always follow their will. When he was grown, they expected he would help them, so they could live happily. They were not expecting to just help him get ahead, but were doing it in the expectation that he would help them in the future. Now Roestam was old enough to think for himself, but his father still wanted to force him to do something that he didn't like, only because it was something that Roestam's parents wanted. Roestam didn't want to have multiple wives, his father recounts, and this made his father angry. But fortunately Roestam's father was able to reflect on the situation, and realize this was not right. The past is different, and the present is different. Thus it is also regarding marriage. Which is the better understanding, the previous or the current one, only God knows. But as someone of the past, Roestam's father says he has no right to interfere in the rights of people of the present. Everything in its place. Every era has its own definitions and understandings, and this is the will of nature. For this reason, he asks for Roestam's forgiveness, and for Roestam to live a happy life with his wife Dirsina. The next day he will depart for Sumatra.

Roestam cannot contain his joy; he bows down and kisses his father's hand, crying and sobbing. The morning after the next day, at nine o'clock, the ship departs carrying Roestam's father back to Sumatra. He did not get what he wanted, but he felt content, because things were settled with no adverse consequences for Noeraini.

It will not be told in this book how things worked out for Noeraini, whether she continued living in Bandoeng, or went back to Padang. But Roestam and Dirsina, two days after his father departed for Padang, left Bandoeng and went east, because he was given a month's vacation to cheer the heart and strengthen the body of his wife.

Appendix B

Glossary of Terms

'adat (in contemporary spelling *adat*): traditional custom; an Arabic word, it is originally an Islamic concept for the traditional practices of a community that are not specifically Islamic; in *Asmara Djaja*, *'adat* is portrayed as roughly the opposite of *kemadjoean*

anak pisang: the child of one's maternal uncle within the Minangkabau ethnic group of Sumatra

atjeuk (in contemporary spelling *aceuk*): "older sister" in Sundanese; commonly used as a term of affectionate respect for an older female

kaoem (in contemporary spelling *kaum*): an ideological group, such as the *Kaoem Moeda* (the Young Group, the more *madjoe* progressives), the *Kaoem Toea* (the Old Group), and the *Kaoem Koeno* (the least *madjoe*, Ancient Group)

kemadjoean (in contemporary spelling *kemajuan*): literally, progress or progressiveness; a central idea in *Asmara Djaja*, Adinegoro portrays it as in many ways the opposite of *'adat*

madjoe (in contemporary spelling *maju*): literally, to progress, or progressive

mamak: the brother of one's mother; the principle male figure in a child's life within the Minangkabau ethnic group of Sumatra

memadjoekan (in contemporary spelling *memajukan*): to advance something or someone, to make someone or something *maju*

Minangkabau (often abbreviated to "Minang;" spelled "Menangkabau" in the text of *Asmara Djaja*): the principal ethnic group in West Sumatra, also the name of its territory and language; the author Adinegoro was Minang, as is every major character in *Asmara Djaja* but Dirsina

njonja (in contemporary spelling *nyonya*): a common honorific for a married woman

oom (in contemporary spelling *om*): Dutch for uncle, often applied to a friendly and avuncular older male

polygamie (in contemporary spelling *poligami*): the taking of more than one wife as formulated in Dutch and characterized in *Asmara Djaja*; a practice common in Minangkabau *'adat* and presented in the novel as anathema to *kemadjoean*

rantau: the Minang custom in which men leave their village to go into the wider world to seek wealth, education, or whatever might add to their value in order to later appeal to the family of a potential bride

soerat wakil (in contemporary spelling *surat wakil*): literally, letter of representation; a letter that can be used to represent a man at his wedding so that he does not have to personally attend; usually used by a man of a higher social class than the woman he is marrying

toean (in contemporary spelling *tuan*): previously applicable to both men and women, by Adinegoro's time has become an honorific commonly applied only to men; also means "lord"