little-known documents

A Weekend with Richard Wright

BEB VUYK

EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY BRIAN RUSSELL ROBERTS AND KEITH FOULCHER

TRANSLATION BY KEITH FOULCHER

Introduction: Richard Wright on Bandung, Beb Vuyk on Richard Wright

IN 1955 THE FAMOUS AFRICAN AMERICAN WRITER RICHARD WRIGHT TRAVELED TO SOUTHEAST ASIA TO OBSERVE AND REPORT ON THE ASIAN-African Conference in Bandung, Indonesia. A watershed moment in the history of decolonization, the meeting, also known as the Bandung Conference, drew representatives from twenty-nine newly independent Asian and African countries, including the conference's sponsors: Burma, Ceylon, India, and Indonesia. At the conference's conclusion, as part of a "final communique," participating countries issued their Declaration on the Promotion of World Peace and Cooperation, which advanced ten principles, ranging from "[r]espect for fundamental human rights" to "[r]ecognition of the equality of all races and of the equality of all nations" to abstention from "serv[ing] the particular interests of any big powers" (Kahin 84).[1] As an important precursor of the Nonaligned Movement, which was officially organized in 1961, the Bandung Conference set the stage for newly independent states to assert and strengthen their autonomy in a world often polarized by the United States and the Soviet Union.[2] Unsurprisingly, then, Wright's travels in Indonesia have been widely read in studies of African American literature and culture as a touchstone moment in African America's intersection with the decolonizing worlds of Asia and Africa.[3] Wright's travelogue *The Color Curtain: A Report on the Bandung Conference* (1956) has long been an important source of information on his impressions of and reactions to the conference. But attending the Bandung Conference was not Wright's only activity during his sojourn in Indonesia from 12 April to 5 May. Because the conference lasted only one week (18–24 April), Wright found ample time to interact with members of Indonesian intellectual and cultural circles. As one Indonesian little magazine of the day reported, "Kesempatan datang ke Indonesia itu dipergunakan oleh Richard Wright . . . menemui beberapa tokoh terkemuka dikalangan masarakat Indonesia" 'Richard Wright made use of his visit to Indonesia . . . to meet a number of prominent figures in the Indonesian com-

BRIAN RUSSELL ROBERTS, an assistant professor of English at Brigham Young University, Utah, teaches American literature. He is completing his first book, *New Negro Ambassadors: Literary, Racial, and International Representation* (U of Virginia P, forthcoming), and has begun a second book project, on modernism, American blackness, and the islands of the sea.

KEITH FOULCHER, an honorary associate of the Department of Indonesian Studies at the University of Sydney, Australia, is the author of numerous publications on modern Indonesian literature and cultural history.

This translation of Beb Vuyk's "Weekeinde met Richard Wright" is published with the kind permission of the copyright owner, Joke de Willigen-Riekerk.

© 2011 BY THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

munity' (Ma'ruf).[4] While *The Color Curtain* has been an important if often cryptic mediator of Wright's exchanges with Indonesian intellectuals, access to other narratives of these exchanges has been limited. Acknowledging these meetings as interactions rather than unidirectional events requires that we approach the transnational intersections between Wright and his Indonesian hosts through the multiple, complementary, and competing perspectives of the meetings' participants. Accounting for these multiple perspectives will help scholars adequately assess the significance of Wright's Indonesian travels not only for African American cultural and literary studies but also for Indonesian studies and a wider arena of global intellectual history.

Published in 1960, the Dutch Indonesian writer Beb Vuyk's article "Weekeinde met Richard Wright" 'A Weekend with Richard Wright' offers an intimate view of some of Wright's meetings with Indonesian intellectuals—particularly with the Studieclub Konfrontasi, a group formed in the second half of 1954 as an extension of the cultural-political journal *Konfrontasi* (1954–60). Until political conditions made its existence untenable in the late 1950s, the Studieclub organized monthly meetings, sometimes with a speaker visiting from overseas, to discuss an issue relevant to the cultural affairs of the new Indonesian republic. This small but influential group of prominent Indonesian writers and intellectuals was a significant contributor to the development of a postcolonial Indonesian national culture in a climate marked by growing Cold War tensions. At the time of Wright's visit, Vuyk was a prominent member of the Studieclub; she also served on *Konfrontasi*'s editorial board. In the late 1950s, amid deteriorating political conditions, she left Indonesia for the Netherlands, where she continued to serve on the *Konfrontasi* editorial board and began writing for *Vrij Nederland*, the Dutch magazine in which she published her two-part article on Richard Wright.[5]

Vuyk's article on Wright addresses issues that are important to African American and Indonesian literary and cultural studies. Reminding us that Wright's Indonesian travels were by no means limited to attending sessions of the Bandung Conference, Keith Foulcher's translation of "Weekeinde met Richard Wright" offers an important perspective—unmatched in English—on Wright's reception by some of the most prominent figures among the Indonesian intelligentsia. Until now, scholarly treatments of Wright's Indonesian reception have relied mainly on the reaction of the Indonesian editor and writer Mochtar Lubis, whose brief letter on Wright's Indonesian travels and writings appeared in a 1956 issue of *Encounter* magazine.[6] Having hosted Wright in Indonesia and subsequently read his guest's *Encounter* article "Indonesian Notebook" (1955), Lubis claimed in his letter that Wright had misrepresented Indonesia: "while [Wright] was here in Indonesia he had been looking through 'coloured-glasses,' and had sought behind every attitude he met colour and racial feeling." Vuyk's account points toward narratives, tensions, and objections that Lubis's telegraphic letter left unelaborated, and Vuyk's comments on Wright's Indonesian travel writings offer a valuable case study of the quandaries and misrecognitions involved in global intellectual exchange. These quandaries and misrecognitions come to a head in Vuyk's article when Wright, apparently without grasping the intensity of his interlocutors' objections to Japan's World War II occupation of Indonesia, insists that the Indonesians and Japanese ought to feel a sense of commonality because they are both peoples of color. When members of the Studieclub emphasize Japanese wartime atrocities in Indonesia, Wright seems to minimize the horrors of the Japanese occupation by pointing out that his Indonesian hosts are Western educated. He wonders how the Japanese treated the common people. To illustrate the commoners' opinion of the Japanese, the Indonesian writer Sitor Situmorang tells the story of a Javanese village leader who referred to the Japanese as "yellow monkeys."[7] Vuyk's article describes the Studieclub's outrage on seeing that Wright, in his subsequent travel writings, seemed to attribute the phrase "yellow monkeys" not to the village leader but to one of the Studieclub's senior figures, Takdir Alisjahbana.[8] The "yellow-monkey" incident is one of several misrecognitions and apparent misrepresentations that Vuyk discusses. Ultimately,

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

she tells readers, incidents like this one led Lubis to write a letter protesting Wright's misrepresentations of the American author's interactions with Indonesian literary figures. After reading Wright's response, which Lubis interprets as an accusation that he himself still embraces a colonial mind-set, Lubis concludes that Wright is "color crazy" (8).[9]

Bill V. Mullen has recently drawn our attention to the discursive formation he describes as "Afro-Orientalism," an Asian American and African American "counterdiscourse that at times shares . . . certain features" with "the tendency of Western speakers to conjure Asia primarily for the purposes of delineating Occidental problems and desires" (xv, xii). As "A Weekend with Richard Wright" offers Vuyk's commentary on and objections to Wright's Indonesian travels and writings, it attests to the urgency of considering the dynamic described by Mullen. Pointing toward what Brent Hayes Edwards might describe as an instance of *décalage* between Wright and his Indonesian hosts,[10] Vuyk's article may also be read productively in conjunction with African writers' expressions of discontent regarding Wright's Gold Coast travelogue *Black Power* (1954).[11] Pivotally, "A Weekend with Richard Wright" offers a window into the transnational tensions and dissonances produced by what Virginia Whatley Smith has described as Wright's "self-appointed role of spokesperson for oppressed people worldwide" (Introduction xi).

Drawing attention to Vuyk's article is equally important in the field of Indonesian cultural and literary studies. Vuyk's description of the Studieclub Konfrontasi's encounter with Wright offers a rare glimpse into the personalities, outlooks, and interactions of some of the key figures in Indonesian literary and intellectual circles. Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana, Mochtar Lubis, Asrul Sani ("Rul"), Siti Nuraini ("Nenni"), and Sitor Situmorang were part of the last generation of Dutch-educated Indonesian nationalist intellectuals.[12] Multilingual and widely traveled, they were politically aligned with the Indonesian Socialist Party (PSI), founded by the country's first prime minister, Sutan Sjahrir, in February 1948 (Mrázek 368). By the year of Wright's visit to Indonesia, the PSI, with its policy orientation toward European-style democratic socialism and secular modernity, was already coming under pressure from the more radical and anti-imperialist nationalism espoused by President Sukarno's Indonesian Nationalist Party and the recently reformed and rapidly growing Indonesian Communist Party (PKI).[13] To the PSI and its followers, Sukarno was erratic and opportunistic, and he presided over a political system that was becoming dangerously unpredictable. The PSI saw the PKI turning this instability to its own advantage, profiting from the anti-imperialist nationalism that Sukarno was promoting both at home and abroad. From the perspective of the PSI, the Bandung Conference was no more than a display of Indonesian grandstanding on the international stage. As a result, when Wright, in Vuyk's recollections, praises Sukarno as "a great man," the Konfrontasi intellectuals' only response is an awkward and embarrassed silence (19).[14]

Although in 1955 they were already being portrayed by their political enemies as bourgeois intellectuals, the PSI-associated writers and cultural figures were nonetheless committed Indonesian nationalists, fiercely proud of their nation and its struggle against colonialism, and confident internationalists in their cultural and political outlooks. As Vuyk's description of their exchanges with Wright forcefully illustrates, they felt themselves to be inferior to none, equal participants in the culture of the modern world and the postwar community of nations. Equally, however, Vuyk's account helps explain why the group's members increasingly found themselves out of touch with the radical and populist drift of Indonesian cultural politics during this period and prone to accusations of elitism in their lifestyles and cultural-political outlooks. It was perhaps their Western-oriented cosmopolitanism that alienated them from Wright's appeal for race- or color-based solidarity, which was by no means unique to Wright and the rhetoric of the Bandung Conference but was a critical component of such currents as pan-Africanism and pan-Arabism, as well as of the Afro-Asian and Negritude movements.

Yet in the reluctance of Wright's hosts to embrace rhetorics of color- and race-based solidarity,

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

they were not alone among anticolonial intellectuals and denizens of wider worlds of color. His hosts' position resonates with that of the Nigerian writer Wole Soyinka, who in 1973 told an interviewer, "I'm not a negritudinist; in fact, I am counted among the antinegritudinists" (9). This outlook might also be read as allied with the skepticism of the Caribbean poet Derek Walcott, who in 1977 stated, "I don't think there is any such thing as a black writer or a white writer" (47). When *Konfrontasi* published a translation of the Chinese writer Lu Xun's "The True Story of Ah Q" in 1956, Studieclub leaders appreciated his disinclination toward cultural or racial nationalism and admired his willingness to draw deeply on a Western literary tradition.[15] If members of the Konfrontasi group did not like Wright's alleged "coloured-glasses," their own self-professed universalist lenses might have given them a favorable view of the African American writer Ralph Ellison, who objected to comparisons between Wright and himself that were "based . . . upon the irremediable ground of our common racial identity" rather than "upon the quality of our achievements as writers" (139). Resisting others' efforts to impose a racial logic on his artistic filiation, Ellison famously chose his literary "ancestors": T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Fyodor Dostoevsky, and André Malraux (140). It was perhaps an impulse similar to Ellison's that motivated *Konfrontasi*'s editorial board to include an Indonesian translation of a selection from T. S. Eliot's *After Strange Gods* (1934) in their January–February 1955 issue. "[I]n clinging to an old tradition," Eliot claimed, "[w]e are always in danger . . . of confusing the vital and the unessential" ("Tradition" 21).[16] Openly distancing themselves from what they saw as "unessential" traditions of race and color, Studieclub participants were oriented toward what was for them a truly "vital" tradition. Nationalists, they were intent on claiming their place as Indonesian writers on the international stage.[17]

Despite the immediate implications of Vuyk's article for studies in black transnationalism and in cultural traffic between Indonesia and the North Atlantic, it has gone almost completely uncited in these two fields. We might attribute the article's absence from Indonesian studies to the demarcations that arose between Indonesian and Dutch Indies literature: as someone who wrote in Dutch and whose ancestry was only part Indonesian, Vuyk came to be seen as belonging to a tradition different from that of modern Indonesian literature, even though she effectively moved between the Dutch and Indonesian worlds. The exclusion of Vuyk's article from studies of Wright and black transnationalism may partially result from its having been originally published in Dutch. Undoubtedly, its absence from these fields is also attributable to how the article was represented in two of Wright's early biographies, Constance Webb's *Richard Wright: A Biography* (1968) and Michel Fabre's *The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright* (1973). Fabre's biography cites letters revealing that Wright believed Vuyk was affiliated with the Congress for Cultural Freedom (CCF), a group known since the late 1960s as a front organization of the CIA.[18] In these letters, Wright describes Vuyk's article as "the beginning of an attack against Panafricanism" that "*was ordered by people identified with* American ideas and American *aims*" (520, 624). Meanwhile, Webb's biography inaccurately summarizes several of the article's points and reports that Wright's investigations revealed that Vuyk "had worked for the Congress for Cultural Freedom" (381).[19]

Reports of Vuyk's purported affiliation with the CCF have functioned to call into question the accuracy and reliability of "Weekeinde met Richard Wright." In seeking to make Vuyk's article more widely accessible, we are not asserting its uncompromising fidelity to actual events. As a counterpoint to Wright's writings on Indonesia, Vuyk's writings on Wright in Indonesia may be informed by biases as significant as those she accuses Wright of evincing. Yet if reports of Vuyk's affiliation with the CCF are accurate, they should not impugn her article as much as direct our attention to the Cold War milieu in which Wright and his Indonesian hosts lived. Tellingly, Lubis and Alisjahbana were also involved with the CCF (Hill 72–74). In this they shared company with Wright, who knew his Indonesian

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

visit and travel writings were orchestrated and financed by the same organization.[20] Attesting to the cultural latitude and political independence of those affiliated with the CCF at this time, the sparks produced by Wright's and Vuyk's complementary and competing accounts illuminate a landmark Afro-Asian encounter in a Cold War whose opposing forces were increasingly aware of, if persistently uncomfortable with, the place of color in configurations of global power. An increased awareness of how a sense of solidarity among people of color could be exploited—reflected by the CCF's orchestration of Wright's Indonesian travels and writings[21]—gave rise to gestures of apparent egalitarianism that in many ways were efforts to elide the history of colonialism and impose neocolonial conditions on the decolonizing world.

Notes

For their insightful suggestions on preparing this introduction and editing Vuyk's article, we are grateful to Nina Berman and Aaron Eastley.

1. Kahin provides an overview of the Bandung Conference's planning and realization (1–38).

2. On the conference's role in the development of the Nonaligned Movement, see Ampiah 214–20.

3. Ahmad 178–93; Hakutani; King; Mullen 43–71; Singh; Smith, "Richard"; and Stecopoulos 145–58.

4. The article's Indonesian sentence uses the unusual spelling "masarakat" in place of what was at the time the standard spelling, "masjarakat." This and all other unattributed translations are Foulcher's.

5. Born in Rotterdam in 1905, Vuyk was the daughter of a Dutch Indonesian shipbuilder. Her paternal grandmother was from the island of Madura, near the port city of Surabaya in East Java, and, as a child, she was mocked by other Dutch children because of her "Indo" (Eurasian) appearance. Having decided at a young age to become a writer and travel to the Indies, she left the Netherlands in 1929 and spent some years in the isolated eastern reaches of the Indonesian archipelago. After Japan's invasion of the Dutch East Indies during World War II, she spent about three years in Japanese concentration camps. When Indonesia emerged as a sovereign state in 1949, following a four-year struggle to defend its 1945 declaration of independence, Vuyk took the courageous step of assuming Indonesian citizenship (Beekman 468–70). She died in 1991. For more on her life and work, see Righini.

6. Ahmad 188–89, 225; Campbell 188; Fabre 425; and Stecopoulos 149. Lubis (1922–2004) was Wright's main contact during his visit; at the time, he was chief editor of the newspaper *Indonesia Raya* and a member of PEN Club Indonesia (Hill 39, 69).

7. Sitor Situmorang (1924–) had a reputation at this time as one of Indonesia's most accomplished poets and short story writers. He served briefly as cultural attaché at the Indonesian embassy in Paris in the early 1950s and was imprisoned between 1967 and 1974 for his leadership of the Sukarnoist Institute of National Culture in the early 1960s.

8. Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana (1908–94) was a pioneering Indonesian novelist, linguist, and cultural figure who throughout his long life tirelessly campaigned for the development of a modern Indonesian culture based on the "scientific" and "rational" principles of Western thought and an abandonment of the "spiritualism" and "antirationalism" of Indonesia's traditional cultures. As Vuyk describes in her article, he was also a successful businessman, and meetings of the Studieclub Konfrontasi at this time were sometimes held at his mountain villa in the Puncak Pass region of West Java.

9. Vuyk is likely alluding to Lubis's letter to *Encounter* and Wright's response, which was printed in the same issue of the magazine ("Mr. Wright"), but she might be describing an exchange of personal letters that is not recorded in the pages of *Encounter*.

10. Theorizing the trope of diaspora, Edwards advances the term *décalage* to describe "the kernel of precisely that which cannot be transferred or exchanged, the received biases that refuse to pass over when one crosses the water" (*Practice* 14). Elsewhere, Edwards makes clear that the trope of black diaspora is relevant not only to people of African descent but also to Afro-Asian encounters ("Uses" 64).

11. Gaines 66; Mphahlele 71; and Berman 246.

12. Asrul Sani (1924–2004) was a writer and essayist who later became a prominent figure in the Indonesian film world. Siti Nuraini (1930–), who at this time was married to Asrul Sani, was a prominent translator who served on the editorial board of a number of cultural journals and later settled in Australia. As Vuyk's portrait of her and Halli, Lubis's wife, illustrates, women largely found themselves relegated to secondary and supportive roles in the male-dominated Indonesian literary world. Hill describes the key role Halli played in supporting her husband and holding her family together during the difficult circumstances of Lubis's detention in a military prison between 1961 and 1966 (79–82). Vuyk's own role in the Studieclub and the events she describes seems less accountable to traditional Indonesian expectations of feminine behavior than that of the other women in the group. Vuyk's Eurasian background may have distanced her from these expectations.

13. Feith and Castles furnish a guide to these three strands of Indonesian political thought (151–77, 229–81).

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

14. A few months after Wright's departure, in late September 1955, Indonesia held its first national election, an event that was widely hoped would put an end to the instability that had plagued the Indonesian political system since the establishment of the Indonesian state in 1950. The election results, however, merely confirmed the inability of parliamentary democracy to function effectively in Indonesia at this time. The vote was fragmented between support for nationalists, communists, and Islamic-based political parties, signaling a deeper polarization of the conflicts that had proved unworkable in the coalition cabinets of the previous five years. In less than two years, Sukarno was arguing that liberal democracy had proved itself to be incompatible with Indonesian circumstances and traditions, and he proposed in its place a more genuinely Indonesian alternative to the party system. By 1959 this resulted in the abandonment of the experiment with parliamentary democracy and its replacement with Sukarno's concept of "guided democracy." Supported by an ideological apparatus that linked it to traditional (especially Javanese) models of deliberation and consensus, guided democracy nevertheless placed ultimate power in the hands of the president and ushered in a period of growing authoritarianism, increased instability, and a dangerous escalation of mutual distrust between competing political groups. For more detail on the political history of this period, see Ricklefs 289–311.

15. For the *Konfrontasi* editors' positive emphasis on Lu Xun's indebtedness to the West, see Redaksi.

16. For the Indonesian translation, which drew on the version in Eliot's *Selected Prose* (1953), see Eliot, "Tradisi."

17. The Studieclub shared much of its membership and ideological stance with the Indonesian literary and cultural group Gelanggang, which in 1950 issued a "testimonial of beliefs" that downplayed racial notions in the interest of promoting Indonesian national culture in international contexts. "We are the true heirs of world culture," the testimonial began. "Our national character as Indonesians does not merely derive from our dark brown skins, our black hair or our protruding foreheads, but rather from what we emphasise in the expression of our feelings and thoughts." The manifesto continued, "Indonesian culture is determined by the combination of all sorts of stimulating voices which are caused by voices hurled from all corners of the world, to be hurled back later in the form of our own voice" (qtd. in Teeuw 127).

18. The CCF was established in 1950 in the context of an intensifying Cold War. As an anticommunist cultural organization, the CCF organized international protests and festivals, circulated magazines and books, and orchestrated personal contacts among intellectuals and cultural figures. It was dissolved in 1967 amid revelations that it had been funded by the CIA. Its successor organization was the International Association for Cultural Freedom (Coleman xi).

19. Webb correctly intimates that Vuyk's article is wrong to suggest that Wright lodged with the United States ambassador while in Indonesia (381). The article is also wrong about the date of Wright's lecture to the Studieclub. Wright spoke after the Bandung Conference, not before it; however, Vuyk's memory of the event is corroborated on another point—a 1955 press account reports that Wright indeed spoke on Sunday rather than giving his lecture, as would have been typical for the Studieclub, on Saturday evening ("Siapa").

20. Passin 38–44, 134–35; Campbell 187–88; and Wright, Letter.

21. The CCF's deployment of Wright to Indonesia is one event among many that reflect the United States government's recognition that race and color could be exploited on various fronts in the Cold War. On the use of "jazz ambassadors" such as Louis Armstrong during the Cold War, see Von Eschen.

A Weekend with Richard Wright

[1]

MOCHTAR CAME BY TO PICK UP AN ARTICLE I had written for his newspaper. "I won't come in," he said. "I have to collect Richard Wright from the airport."

"What's he doing here?" I asked. His lively, youthful features contorted into a grimace: "He's covering the Bandung circus."

Mochtar's *Indonesia Raya*, one of the most prominent opposition papers, had reacted sharply against the planned Bandung Conference. "Get your own house in order before you take on world politics" was his sober judgment.

He turned around and was gone, waving "bye" with his hand above his head.

"Where's he staying?" I wanted to ask. But the car was already out the gate. Mochtar was always in such an un-Indonesian hurry. I decided to give Takdir a call.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Takdir is one of the most fascinating figures among the Indonesian intelligentsia. A poet, novelist, and essayist, he studied law while working with the Institute for Popular Reading before the war. He felt more drawn, however, to linguistics, philosophy, and sociology, subjects that in Indonesia at that time you couldn't specialize in. At the same time he began to publish under his own directorship the magazine *Pujangga Baru* ("The Young Literati"), a literary, cultural, and political monthly, the only independent Indonesian journal of the period. *Pujangga Baru* attracted the participation of virtually all the Indonesian intellectuals who took up writing, and it had an enormous influence on the development of the new Indonesian language.[1] It stopped publishing during the Japanese Occupation, because Takdir found it impossible to write about culture under a fascist administration. That's the kind of man he was. After the war it appeared again in Batavia, where after the first police action Takdir organized the officially prohibited republican education system. With a natural talent for business, he had taken over the Unity printing office the year before and set up a publishing firm and bookshop. Alongside the all-important *Pujangga Baru*, he began publishing two popular-scientific magazines. After the transfer of sovereignty, his activities increased. He set up an after-hours university where he lectured, and as a member of Sjahrir's Socialist Party he took an active part in political life, holding seats in parliament, the city council, and the constitutional assembly. In between his political and publishing activities, he traveled to Europe and America, on business and to participate in conferences.

Takdir was someone who could work twenty hours a day, sleep well for the other four, and then start another twenty-hour day. Active, energetic, and incredibly versatile, he was a typical Renaissance figure, one of several that Indonesia has produced. Tragically, the culture from which people like him have derived their cultural renewal is highly specialized, which means they are confined to one subsection of it. Takdir's unbending choice of the West—first digesting Western culture and then going back to square things up with his cultural heritage—made him controversial in a society that finds its ideal in the notion of compromise. He had many friends, even more enemies, but at that time his financial independence made him invulnerable. Later, after political disintegration became so great that political opposition was equated with incitement to rebellion, he was placed under city arrest, even though a few months later he was granted permission to travel overseas. At the moment he is in America.

In April 1955 the political unraveling hadn't yet reached that point. The year before, Takdir had turned *Pujangga Baru* into *Konfrontasi*, which concerned itself primarily with issues that were surfacing in the wake of Indonesia's recently obtained independence. This meant that the new magazine adopted a raison d'être different from that of *Pujangga Baru*, which was established as a nationalist journal when *merdeka* ("independence") was still something that had to be wrested from the Dutch. There was a study club attached to *Konfrontasi* that met monthly to explore a topic of cultural-political significance, following which the topic would be worked up into an item for publication in the journal. It wasn't easy to pin down a speaker every month to give an introduction to the topic, and as secretary to the editorial board it was my job to find someone.

It took me more than half an hour to get hold of Takdir by phone. He's even more mobile than Mochtar.

"Get on to him right away and ask him for a lecture," he said, after hearing about Wright's arrival. "Invite him up to Tugu for a weekend, and get the whole study club to come. That could be interesting."

Right after the war, Takdir's ability to smell a bargain led him to buy up a piece of

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

land in the Puncak Pass area with two half-burnt-out houses on it. At that time the area was still highly unsafe, and he got it for a good price. With the help of a bricklayer and a carpenter from the local village, he rebuilt the two houses as a pair of bungalows, joined together by a covered walkway. Now, a few times each year, he would invite a group of people up there to exchange thoughts about some particular issue. That was what he had had in mind for the place. The discussion would take place after dinner on Saturday and sometimes last well into the night. The next morning we would take a dip in the ice-cold water of the swimming pool and then sit in the sun to get warm. Little groups of people would form on the terraces and lawns around the pool, keeping up the discussions and cementing personal contacts. After lunch—Takdir would always have a goat slaughtered on these occasions, and the *sate* (skewered barbecue meat) lunches became a tradition—we would hang around until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we all piled into the pickup for the trip back to the heat of Jakarta, traveling down to Bogor through the lovely, green, and park-like Preanger landscape that murmured with the sound of flowing water. These weekend gatherings, to which both Indonesians and foreigners were invited, were relaxing and friendly affairs in a pleasant rural setting. However fiery the discussions could be on occasion, everyone who took part in them came away with the happiest of memories. "Just ask him if he could give a lecture about American Negro literature," I heard Takdir say.

"Which weekend?"

"This coming one. The Bandung Conference starts next week, and he'll be tied up."

"I can't get it together for this weekend. I haven't got his address, and phoning is so hard with all those overloaded lines. And there's no time to write letters back and forth."

"Mochtar will know his address. Go and invite him yourself. Go to Bandung if you have to. But I think it's likely he's up at Tugu with Bill Palmers or one of the other Americans.[2] Nenni might be interested in going with you. You'll be going through Bogor anyway."

I didn't manage to get hold of Mochtar. His wife, Halli, wasn't home, and at *Indonesia Raya* they said he was on his way to Puncak. I took the train to Bogor, where luckily Nenni was at home.

Nenni is the wife of a poet and a poet in her own right. An attractive and graceful woman, aware of the impact she has on other people, she is nevertheless often hesitant and unsure of herself in company because she tends to be the victim of her husband's wrongheaded belief that every word an intelligent woman speaks must be as intelligent as she is. What's more, she has saddled herself with the tiring business of having to be the modern, intellectual Indonesian woman whenever she is around people she doesn't know, especially around foreigners. With me, she gave it up long ago. She is pleasant, really intelligent despite her little affectations, and in certain situations she's as helpless as a caged bird in a primeval forest. She comes from a very religious Minangkabau family, and during the turbulent years of the Japanese occupation she was the clever little daughter her parents hid away in a strict Islamic boarding school. She came straight out of that school into the chaos of the revolution and married Rul just before the transfer of sovereignty. With her husband she fell into the hands of institutions, like the Dutch Foundation for Cultural Cooperation and the Rockefeller Foundation, that carted them off all over the world. She saw and learned a great deal at that time, but she came out of it a bit breathless, especially when she found herself wedged in between what she used to be and what she is now. This was one of those occasions. She really wanted to come with me, but at the same time she put up a fight against going—unless it was all a little show of being a good wife and mother for her own

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

mother, who could hear everything we said from the adjoining room. In the end I won her over, and, an hour later, as we clambered up the narrow stone path toward Mochtar's bungalow in Tugu, she was so enthusiastic that she would gladly have taken on a dozen more steep tracks in her high heels, if finding Richard Wright meant we had to go looking among the scattered houses of the American colony up there.

This time, however, luck was on our side. On the open terrace behind Mochtar's house sat Mochtar and Halli with a plump little man in a much too correct light-gray suit. "He's only a bit browner than us," was all Nenni managed to say, because Mochtar was already on his feet and it was time to shake hands and say our how-do-you-dos.

"Call me Dick," he said straight off, so Dick it was, however hard it was for us to get the name out at first. In Indonesia, even friends of twenty years use the word *Mas* ("elder brother") in front of a man's name (although since the revolution young people tend to prefer *Bung*, another word for "brother"). It's only foreign friends, especially Americans, whom Indonesians address by their first names; even then, they don't do so five minutes after meeting them.

"You got here quickly," I said.

"It all went smoothly," Mochtar replied. "A whole crowd of foreign journalists arrived on the same plane, and they all headed off first to Information to get themselves accredited. When we arrived there was already a long line. Luckily, I knew the man at the desk, so I went round the back and we were finished in five minutes. We picked up Halli and came straight here."

"Yes," said Richard Wright. "It all went quickly and smoothly. I'm so pleased to have made it to Indonesia. I feel at home here already." He looked around our little group and smiled. "I always feel immediately at home among colored people."

At the time I had no idea how the others reacted. But it gave me a vaguely unpleasant feeling, even though I couldn't say why.

"Though not so with everyone in Ghana, surely?" I replied.

"You've read *Black Power*?" he asked.

I nodded. "You sent it to Mochtar, and he lent it to me so I could write a review of it for *Indonesia Raya*."

Black Power isn't a novel; it's a travel diary. Richard Wright made a visit of several months to Ghana, on the invitation of Nkrumah, whom he met in America.[3] It was a rather disappointing sort of pilgrimage to his racial origins. "An American Negro views the African Gold Coast," it says on the cover. As an American, he is a stranger in the land where his ancestors were abducted nearly three hundred years ago, but as a Negro, someone of the same skin color, he still has an emotional interest in this land, to which the ties of blood and ancestry no longer bind him. Even though much of the book testifies to his bewilderment over people and circumstances he encounters, his emotional attitude toward race helps him push on through suspicion, deception, and lack of openness to try to make sense of what he sees there.

"I hope to see Nkrumah again in Bandung."

"I was quite shocked by what I read about him in your book. His solution to the emotional vacuum created by the loosening of tribal ties and the loss of the old beliefs in the protection of the ancestors is to give the masses a sense of fulfillment through a national superfaith and a sense of allegiance to party leaders—it makes me shudder. This is fascism."

"It can lead to fascism," he admitted, "but you have to take that risk. You can't build a modern state out of tribal communities. There has to be something to bring about a new national unity, and that's Nkrumah's goal. Everything depends on him. He is a

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

great man; if anyone can make a success of it, he will."

"He is a great man," he repeated. Then he looked around at all of us, and said, "Your president is also a great man. I look forward to meeting him. He's the one who came up with the plan for this conference. For the first time in the history of humanity the colored races will come together in an international conference. That is an event of great historical significance."

We were silent. Then he turned to Mochtar. "You don't agree, you said during the drive up here."

"It has everything to do with internal politics," Mochtar ventured in reply. "To drown out the noise of its weakness and blunders, the Ali administration[4] needs a big political success story. That's why it's doing everything it can to make sure this conference succeeds."

"That's possible," replied Richard Wright. "I'm not up on internal Indonesian problems. I'm a foreigner, and I see this conference the way the rest of the world sees it."

He went quiet for a moment, and then said, "What do you think is the most important fact of this century, from a historical point of view?"

"The liberation of the colonies," answered Mochtar without hesitation.

He nodded. "Definitely. The distinguishing feature of this twentieth century will be the coming into independence of the colored peoples."

Nenni noticed the use of the future tense. I wasn't sure about Mochtar.

"Mochtar, do you think the shared colonial past is a tie stronger than color?" I asked.

"Of course. The peoples of Asia and Africa have all been colonized in one way or another. They all gained their freedom in the same period, and they all have the same problems to solve."

"And have to undergo the same acculturation process," Nenni added.

[II]

It began to drizzle, so we had to move inside. Mochtar asked if we were staying for lunch and called out to the boy working in the garden, telling him to slaughter a chicken.

His bungalow is very basic, but it is spacious and comfortable, made up of just a bedroom and a big living room that is divided from the kitchen by a couple of waist-high cupboards, which gave Halli the chance to take part in the conversation while she prepared the chicken. Mochtar built the house himself, with the help of a couple of workmen and a kind of building pattern that you can buy in America, just like the patterns we buy to make a skirt or blouse. Everything here is Mochtar's own work, right down to the furniture. Apart from the Miró reproductions, the walls are hung with his own paintings, since he's a painter as well as a writer.[5] He's fond of primary colors, especially yellow. Yellow is Mochtar's color, bright, open, and in-your-face, dangerous attributes for someone involved in politics in a country where, more than anywhere else, politics is a game of intrigues and hidden meanings lying behind a lot of yelling and shouting.

Mochtar is someone with the urge—very rare in an Indonesian—to work with his hands, which explains why he built a house, furniture, toys for his children, and a swimming pool in his garden. He also needs to spend a lot of time outdoors, pounding tennis balls across the net, swimming in ice-cold water, escaping city life in the world of nature. Maybe he learned to fly to escape into the heights, to lift himself far above the petty racket of politics and journalism. It will be four years this coming 13 December that he was detained, held in a prison cell for several weeks, and then, without trial or sentence, placed under indefinite house arrest. Since then he has been confined to his small house in the city, watched over by a guard in his large front garden. Just before my departure

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

from Indonesia, I paid him a visit. He had set up a small bedroom at the back of the house as a study. It looked out on a window-high blank wall, and it seemed to me like a cell.

"Why don't you sit in the front of the house?" I asked. "Have they forbidden it?"

"When I'm here I don't have to look at the guard, and I can imagine that I'm free," he said proudly. He went on to tell me he was doing lots of writing and painting, had taken up his French grammar, and was learning Spanish with the help of a linguaphone. That was more than two years ago. The other day, I had a letter from a friend in Indonesia that reached me via America. "Mochtar is busy driving himself crazy. He suffers from a persecution complex," he said.

After lunch, I made an appointment with Richard Wright for the upcoming weekend. He said he was staying with the American ambassador until next Monday, but it was no problem to leave a couple of days early. Something about his tone of voice made me ask, "What sort of a fellow is he, your ambassador?"

"A southern gentleman whose grandfather owned slaves," he replied, hissing the *s* of "southern" and "slaves." I asked no more questions.

Even though we had scheduled Richard Wright's lecture for Saturday evening, Takdir had accepted a dinner invitation to the Hollingers on behalf of us all. I suspected Richard Wright would not have been pleased, but he gave no indication either way. Bill Hollinger is a sociologist with one of the technical aid projects, and his wife Flora works with him in the office.[6] They and their three children live in one of the bungalows directly above Takdir's.

Most of us had read enough about the Negro problem to be interested in observing firsthand how white Americans acted in the company of one of their black compatriots. But I fear that Richard Wright's black-and-white view of the world was beginning to have its distorting effect on us, because of course when it came to the point there was nothing to observe. Bill and Flora included him in the invitation as their guest and ours. But they were probably aware of our suspicions, because this busy dinner party—there were more than thirty people there, half of them Americans—took on the air of a rather tense display of racial goodwill. It was all the more unreal because both the Hollingers' house and the bungalows of the other Americans were regularly the scene of enjoyable gatherings between Indonesians and foreigners—whites and coloreds, to use Dick's terminology. It was the same thing the next morning at the lectures—there were a number of Americans in the audience. Takdir had found it difficult to refuse, when they asked if they could attend. The tension here in Takdir's house wasn't as strong; it was only recognizable in the taut lines of Richard Wright's face when he stood up to speak. He gave a first-rate lecture, demonstrating through examples taken from two centuries of poetry how Negro literature in America is American literature, written in the same language and in forms that correspond to the dominant poetic forms of the time. The poetry's content changes with the way the poets see their position as Negroes, moving from grievances to accusations. He introduced his lecture with a brief historical survey of the origins of the Negro population in America, beginning with the slave expeditions. When he spoke the words "captured, chained, and sold into slavery," I heard that same hissing sound on "sold" and "slavery." His bottom lip went up, his face tightened, and his eyes burned with hostility. The *s* in *slave* and *slavery* was the same as in *sold* and *southern*. His grandparents had been born slaves, and there in the south his grandmother had fed and raised him. It still burned inside him.

Later, when the Americans had left and lunch was served, he relaxed. He sat on the bench with a plate piled high with food and

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

tried to pronounce the names of the Indonesian dishes.

"It's nice that we're on our own again," he said, but this time I didn't take offense at his "us and them" approach.

"He asked me if I felt inferior to whites," Takdir told me. "'Why should I feel inferior?' I asked him."

"It's his youth, Mas," I said. "Read *Black Boy*, his autobiography, and you'll understand."

"But he's not a 'black boy' anymore. He's become a writer of international renown. He has an apartment in Paris, and a farm in Normandy. He's on friendly terms with people like Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir."

"He lives in France because he and his white American wife don't want to live in America. He won't even live in New York, where there are dozens of Negro intellectuals, writers, and artists. He can't forget his youth. Didn't you hear the way he hisses when he pronounces the words *slaves* and *slavery*?"

After lunch we all lazed around drinking coffee. Even high up in the mountains it gets warm around two in the afternoon, and we were all feeling sleepy. I dozed off, and was woken up by Sitor's voice, sounding loud and angry.

"I do not feel inferior to whites. I was born a 'native,' and I've lived with racial discrimination. But we are free now. I'm no longer a 'native' but an Indonesian."

Sitor really belongs to our group in an emotional sense, even though outwardly he distances himself from us and cozies up to what is called—in back-veranda conversations—the "palace clique." He has a wife and five children, and he is undoubtedly the most important of our young writers. But he also harbors a burning ambition that doesn't always find sufficient social and financial outlets in his life as a writer. Just before I left Indonesia, his enemies took vicious delight in spreading a rumor that he was going to be appointed minister of cultural affairs. It gave them a great deal of pleasure, because for two weeks Sitor went about telling everyone how happy he was at the news. These days, he is the only one of my friends who's doing well. For Sitor there are no publication bans, no house arrest or self-imposed exile, but a decent income and a finger in the pie as a member of various advisory bodies. Back then in 1955, people were already saying that he had ten faces and ten tongues, but the tongue that voiced those shrill, angry words was unmistakably sincere.

"Do you think that whenever I'm talking to someone I'm conscious of whether he is 'white' or 'colored'? I don't feel inferior to whites, and I don't hate them either." He took a deep breath and went on, somewhat more composed, "Feelings of racial inferiority can give rise to a racial-superiority complex. The Japanese were prone to that, and it was pathetic to see. They tried to spread it among us as well. They had little success, and absolutely none at all among the intellectuals." And then, raising his voice again, "We are against colonialism, but we are not against whites. We struggled for racial equality, not for the belief in another superrace, a colored superrace."

Raising one's voice in such a way to convey harsh truths to a guest is highly unusual in Indonesia. One hardly ever contradicts a guest, and certainly never does so discourteously. But Richard Wright was totally unmoved. I don't think he realized what had happened.

"What were the Japanese like?" he asked in all innocence.

"Frightful," answered two or three voices together.

The look on his face clearly showed that he found it hard to believe. "But they are also a colored race."

At that, there were several among us who laughed out loud.

"You are all Western-educated intellectuals. How did they behave toward the ordinary people?"

"They behaved like bloodsuckers and oppressors of the worst kind," someone said.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Someone else cut in: "Like a superior race toward lesser beings." Then it was Sitor again:

"I'll tell you a story, Dick, that'll show you how the ordinary people still think of them. The government sent a friend of mine to a village where there was a plan to build a Japanese-made factory and install Japanese foremen to run it. His job was to report on the local people's reaction to the plan. My friend went to see the village head and told him why he was there.

"'Japanese,' the village head said, 'those yellow monkeys here in our village?' Then he spat on the floor."

Many months later those same yellow monkeys appeared again, in an article on Richard Wright's Indonesian journey that Wright published in the August edition of *Encounter* and the August and September editions of *Der Monat*. In the article, he took on himself the role of a sort of father confessor, to whom numerous Indonesians had confessed feelings of bitterness and unease that came out of a racial-inferiority complex. Each confession contained a short, well-constructed anecdote, and each penitent was discreetly referred to by an initial, such as "Student A" and "Engineer P," so that however suspicious we might have been about the authenticity of most of these "confessions," we were powerless to do anything about it. Except in two cases: the assistance that Mochtar's friend had rendered in expediting Richard Wright's press card so that Wright would not have to stand in line is in this article transformed into a touching little story about one colored man helping out another in a display of mutual solidarity. A man with a face "as dark as mine" is bent over his desk bored stiff as he listens to the request of a white American journalist: "But the moment he saw me his whole manner changed. While the white American waited, I got my press card. I was a member of the master race. And I thought of all the times in the American south when I had had to wait until the whites had been served before anyone would help me."[7]

Even more painful is the way Takdir's denial of any sense of racial inferiority here comes across as a confession of just the opposite, an illustration of the strong racial feelings that may exist even among intellectuals in Indonesia. He has Takdir, described as the most important Indonesian novelist, speak as follows: "'Of course I feel inferior. I can't help it. It is so difficult to come into contact with the Western world and not feel it.'"[8]

Even so, remarks Richard Wright, Takdir takes a strong position against the Japanese—and, thereupon, the "yellow monkeys" of Sitor's village leader spring to life out of Takdir's mouth, complete with the spitting and all: "'Those yellow monkeys!' He spat as he referred to them."[9]

Mochtar sent him a complaint and received in reply a short letter, which he showed to me: "I note from your criticism of my article that you are still not free of the colonial past."

That was all. "What does he mean?" I asked. Mochtar shrugged his shoulders. "The fellow is color crazy," he replied angrily.

Editors' Notes

Keith Foulcher wishes to thank Els Bogaerts for her careful reading of the initial translation and the corrections and improvements she made to it. The first section of the article contains the following pull-out quotation: "I always feel immediately at home among colored people." The pull-out quotation in the second section is "'The fellow is color crazy,' said Mochtar."

1. *Pujangga Baru* was founded by Sutan Takdir Alisjahbana, Armijn Pane, and Amir Hamzah in July 1933. Initially, it was a magazine devoted to fostering the growth of a modern Indonesian literature on the Western model. Its sphere of interest quickly broadened, and by 1935 it described its aim as "the formation, organization, and promotion of a new culture, the culture of unity," reflecting the growing influence of Takdir Alisjahbana over the magazine's editorial policy and direction. Until the coming of the Japanese in March 1942, it was the major independent forum for debate on matters related to Indonesian language and culture and was credited with helping to keep alive the nationalist vision in the politi-

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

cally repressive conditions of the late 1930s. It resurfaced under a newly constituted editorial board in 1948 during the war of independence and continued publishing until 1953. For many, the appearance of *Konfrontasi* in 1955 was a continuation of the *Pujangga Baru* mission in the changed circumstances of national independence. On the prewar *Pujangga Baru*, see Teeuw 28–46.

2. In the 1950s and 1960s, William Palmer represented the American Motion Picture Association in Indonesia (AMPAI). A Jakarta socialite, Palmer introduced Hollywood's new releases to private audiences and frequently had Sukarno as a guest. Eventually, procommunist publications in Asia accused Palmer of being a CIA agent. Afterward, the Indonesian Communist Party ransacked the AMPAI office in Jakarta and apparently entered Palmer's mountain villa by force (Conboy 42–43). During Mochtar Lubis's detention from 1961 to 1966, Palmer's United States–dollar rental of the family's Tugu bungalow—the site of Vuyk's first meeting with Wright—was a crucial element in the family's financial survival (Hill 81). In her article, Vuyk spells William Palmer's last name "Palmers."

3. Kwame Nkrumah (1909–72) was born in the Gold Coast and received his university education in the United States and England. After helping to organize the 1945 Pan-African Congress in Manchester, he returned to the Gold Coast and in 1952 became the prime minister of a government operating in cooperation with the colonial administration. After guiding Ghana to independence in 1957, Nkrumah became president from 1960 until he was ousted in 1966 (Johnson). Wright and Nkrumah met while Nkrumah was studying in the United States. Wright's *Black Power* uses two photographs of Nkrumah for its frontispiece, opens with a letter of introduction from Nkrumah, and concludes with a letter in which Wright addresses Nkrumah.

4. Lubis refers here to the cabinet headed by Prime Minister Ali Sastroamidjojo, which governed Indonesia between July 1953 and July 1955. The Indonesian Socialist Party was excluded from the coalition that formed the cabinet, which explains Lubis's negative view of the administration (Ricklefs 300).

5. In an apparent reference to the surrealist artist Joan Miró, Vuyk's original uses the name *Milo*.

6. William C. Hollinger, who received his PhD in economics at MIT, began teaching at the University of Indonesia in 1954. He left Indonesia during the height of Sukarno's anti-Americanism and returned in 1968 as a leader of the Harvard Development Advisory Service. Hollinger eventually became an independent consultant in Indonesia (Wells and Ahmed 49).

7. Vuyk's translation of Wright's English differs slightly from the original, which reads as follows: "But the moment he saw me, his manner changed at once. While the white American waited, I got my press card at once. I was a member of the master race. And I thought of all the times in the American South when I had had to wait until the whites had been served before I could be served" ("Indonesian Notebook" 28).

8. Again, the translation differs slightly from Wright's original: "Because I feel inferior. I can't help it. It is hard to be in contact with the white Western world and not feel like that" ("Indonesian Notebook" 31).

9. In this case, the only difference between the translation and Wright's original is Wright's italicizing of *yellow*: "'Those *yellow* monkeys!' He spat as he referred to them" ("Indonesian Notebook" 31).

Works Cited

Ahmad, Dohra. *Landscapes of Hope: Anti-colonial Utopianism in America*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2009. Print.

Ampiah, Kweku. *The Politics and Moral Imperatives of the Bandung Conference of 1955: The Reactions of the US, UK and Japan*. Kent: Global, 2007. Print.

Beekman, E. M. *Troubled Pleasures: Dutch Colonial Literature from the East Indies, 1600–1950*. Oxford: Clarendon, 1996. Print.

Berman, Ronald. *America in the Sixties: An Intellectual History*. New York: Free, 1968. Print.

Campbell, James. *Exiled in Paris: Richard Wright, James Baldwin, Samuel Beckett, and Others on the Left Bank*. New York: Scribner, 1995. Print.

Coleman, Peter. *The Liberal Conspiracy: The Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Struggle for the Mind of Postwar Europe*. New York: Free; London: Macmillan, 1989. Print.

Conboy, Kenneth J. *Intel: Inside Indonesia's Intelligence Service*. Jakarta: Equinox, 2004. Print.

Edwards, Brent Hayes. *The Practice of Diaspora: Literature, Translation, and the Rise of Black Internationalism*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2003. Print.

———. "The Uses of Diaspora." *Social Text* 19.1 (2001): 45–73. *Project Muse*. Web. 12 Apr. 2005.

Eliot, T. S. "Tradisi." Trans. Hazil Tanzil. *Konfrontasi* Jan.–Feb. 1955: 43–44. Print.

———. "Tradition." *Selected Prose*. Ed. John Hayward. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1953. 20–21. Print.

Ellison, Ralph. *Shadow and Act*. New York: Random, 1964. Print.

Fabre, Michel. *The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright*. Trans. Isabel Barzun. New York: Morrow, 1973. Print.

Feith, Herbert, and Lance Castles. *Indonesian Political Thinking, 1945–1965*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1970. Print.

Gaines, Kevin K. *American Africans in Ghana: Black Expatriates and the Civil Rights Era*. Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 2006. Print.

Hakutani, Yoshinobu. "*The Color Curtain*: Richard Wright's Journey into Asia." Smith, *Richard Wright's Travel Writings* 63–77.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Hill, David T. *Journalism and Politics in Indonesia: A Critical Biography of Mochtar Lubis (1922–2004) as Editor and Author*. London: Routledge, 2010. Print.

Johnson, David P., Jr. "Nkrumah, Kwame." *Africana: The Encyclopedia of the African and African American Experience*. Ed. Kwame Anthony Appiah and Henry Louis Gates, Jr. New York: Basic, 1999. 1441. Print.

Kahin, George McTurnan. *The Asian-African Conference: Bandung, Indonesia, April 1955*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1956. Print.

King, Richard. "Richard Wright: From the South to Africa—and Beyond." *Look Away! The U.S. South in New World Studies*. Ed. Jon Smith and Deborah Cohn. Durham: Duke UP, 2004. 226–50. Print.

Lubis, Mochtar. "Through Coloured Glasses?" *Encounter* Mar. 1956: 73. Print.

M[a'ruf], A[nas]. "Richard Wright di Indonesia." *Seni: Madjalah Bulanan* July 1955: 333. Print.

Mphahlele, Ezekiel. "Langston Hughes." *Introduction to African Literature: An Anthology of Critical Writing from* Black Orpheus. Ed. Ulli Beier. London: Longmans, 1967. 69–75. Print.

Mrázek, Rudolf. *Sjahrir: Politics and Exile in Indonesia*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1994. Print.

Mullen, Bill V. *Afro-Orientalism*. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 2004. Print.

Passin, Herbert, ed. *Cultural Freedom in Asia: The Proceedings of a Conference Held at Rangoon, Burma on February 17, 18, 19, and 20, 1955, and Convened by the Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Society for the Extension of Democratic Ideals*. Rutland: Tuttle, 1956. Print.

Redaksi. "Kata Pengantar." *Konfrontasi* Sept.–Oct. 1956: 1–2. Print.

Ricklefs, M. C. *A History of Modern Indonesia since c. 1200*. 3rd ed. Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2001. Print.

Righini, Bert Scova. *Een Leven in Twee Vaderlanden: Een Biografie van Beb Vuijk*. Leiden: KITLV, 2005. Print.

"Siapa Mengapa." *Indonesia Raya* 4 May 1955: 2. Print.

Singh, Amritjit. Afterword. *The Color Curtain: A Report on the Bandung Conference*. By Richard Wright. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1994. 223–45. Print.

Smith, Virginia Whatley. Introduction. Smith, *Richard Wright's Travel Writings* xi–xv.

———. "Richard Wright's Passage to Indonesia: The Travel Writer/Narrator as Participant/Observer of Anti-colonial Imperatives in *The Color Curtain*." Smith, *Richard Wright's Travel Writings* 78–115.

———, ed. *Richard Wright's Travel Writings: New Reflections*. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 2001. Print.

Soyinka, Wole. "Wole Soyinka: In Person." *Conversations with Wole Soyinka*. Ed. Biodun Jeyifo. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 2001. 1–31. Print.

Stecopoulos, Harilaos. *Reconstructing the World: Southern Fictions and U.S. Imperialisms, 1898–1976*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 2008. Print.

Teeuw, A. *Modern Indonesian Literature*. The Hague: Nijhoff, 1967. Print.

Von Eschen, Penny. *Satchmo Blows Up the World: Jazz Ambassadors Play the Cold War*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2004. Print.

Vuyk, Beb. "Weekeinde met Richard Wright." *Vrij Nederland* 19 Nov. 1960: 19; 26 Nov. 1960: 8. Print.

Walcott, Derek. "Reflections before and after Carnival: An Interview with Derek Walcott." *Conversations with Derek Walcott*. Ed. William Baer. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1996. 34–49. Print.

Webb, Constance. *Richard Wright: A Biography*. New York: Putnam, 1968. Print.

Wells, Louis T., and Rafiq Ahmed. *Making Foreign Investment Safe: Property Rights and National Sovereignty*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2007. Print.

Wright, Richard. *The Color Curtain: A Report on the Bandung Conference*. 1956. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1994. Print.

———. "Indonesian Notebook." *Encounter* Aug. 1955: 24–31. Print.

———. Letter to Paul Reynolds. 4 Feb. 1955. MS. Michel Fabre Papers, MSS 932, box 31, folder 2. Rare Book Lib., Emory U.

———. "Mr. Wright Replies." *Encounter* Mar. 1956: 73. Print.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2011.126.3.798 Published online by Cambridge University Press