

Chapter 1 : Telling Lives, Telling History

Pospos notes in his letter to me that some readers took the title of the book, "Me and Toba" to mean "Me, here, versus you, Toba, there." He writes that this overemphasizes his break with Toba when he moved to Java for further schooling.

In the field by the roadside The young sprouts burgeon In competition as to which, Alas, has most to bewail. Accordingly, he banished Teika from his court, a banishment that would last for more than a year; this feud distressed devotees of poetry. Go-Toba would become an enemy of the then-bedridden Teika. While it was a great honor, it was poorly received except by conservatives. Today I had my servants dig up the garden the north one, and plant wheat there. Even if we only grow a little, it will sustain our hunger in a bad year. What other stratagem does a poor old man have? Meigetsuki, 13th day of the 10th month, [61] Starving people collapse, and their dead bodies fill the streets. Every day the numbers increase The stench has gradually reached my house. Day and night alike, people go by carrying the dead in their arms, too numerous to count. Meigetsuki, 2nd day of the 7th month, [61] During the later portions of his life, Teika experimented with refining his style of ushin, teaching and writing it; in addition to his critical works and the manuscripts he studied and copied out, he experimented with the then-very young and immature form of renga "They are an amusement to me in my dotage. Under the grandson of Tamehide, Tanemasa b. Poetic achievements[edit] In this art of poetry, those who speak ill of Teika should be denied the protection of the gods and Buddhas and condemned to the punishments of hell. Teika researched old documents and recovered the earlier system of deciding between interpretations of kana, and developed a systematic orthography which was used until the modern Meiji period. He applied his kana system to his manuscripts, which were known for their accuracy and general high quality and called Teika bon "Teika text". His manuscripts were also appreciated for his eponymous distinct and bold style of calligraphy. Teika employed traditional language in startling new ways, showing that the prescriptive ideal of "old diction, new treatment" [kotoba furuku, kokoro atarashi] inherited from Shunzei might accommodate innovation and experimentation as well as ensure the preservation of the language and styles of the classical past. The "old diction" here are phrases and words from the "Three Collections": But such a notion is quite erroneous. For if we were to call such verses as that superior, then any poem at all we might write could be a fine one. No, first the powers of invention must be freed by reciting endless possibilities over and over to oneself. Then, suddenly and spontaneously, from among all the lines one is composing, may emerge a poem whose treatment of the topic is different from the common run, a verse that is somehow superior to the rest. It is full of poetic feeling, lofty in cadence, skillful, with resonances above and beyond the words themselves. It is dignified in effect, its phrasing original, yet smooth and gentle. It is interesting, suffused with an atmosphere subtle yet clear. It is richly evocative, its emotion not tense and nervous but sensible from the appropriateness of the imagery. Such a poem is not to be composed by conscious effort, but if a man will only persist in unremitting practice, he may produce one spontaneously.

Chapter 2 : Telling Lives, Telling History "d0e"

The Indonesia reader: history, culture, politics Item Preview remove-circle Share or Embed This Item. Me and Toba / P. Pospos From nationalism to independence.

Pospos Chapter 1 Mornings are generally quite chilly in the Toba region, and this one was no exception. There was always someone burning refuse in the backyard for fertilizer, and we children, attracted by the warmth, often gathered around the fire. But on this particular morning I sat warming myself by our hearth, cooking. My little sister was still asleep, and Mother sat weaving a mat near the door, where there was more light. He did this three times a week: Friday to the market in Balige, Saturday to the market in Sigumpar, and Wednesday to the market in Porsea. This was our livelihood, in addition to the rice we grew in the paddies. From others I heard that when my father was young That is, no more than a hut on four poles. The other sorts of houses were called *sopa* and *ruma*, which were much larger and more beautiful; they were the houses of rich people. The *ruma*, for instance, had eight pillars. Its walls were made of carved wooden planks and its roof was of black sugar palm fiber. These houses had a single room, in which people ate, slept, and received guests. The pillars were very tall, so that the space underneath the house could be used as a pen for livestock, which made it rather "fragrant. Its structure resembled the sorts of houses we see in large numbers in the city today. In our country, this type of house often had a veranda; thus the name. My father was an elder in the church, something like an assistant Gospel teacher. Anyway, on that particular day I was standing on the hearth in front of the fire when I heard a voice from the front yard below say, "Sintua, Sintua! He just left," answered my mother from above. When he heard that my father was not home, the teacher said, "In that case, Inang Mother, [5] please tell Sintua that Djohanis that was me should be told to go to school, since he is six years old now. My thoughts were still directed at the pot boiling in front of me, so the significance of this conversation was not immediately clear I was already used to cooking at home, even though I was only six. We village children were taught very early to help our parents in things like cooking, gathering firewood, fetching water, and so on. Cooking was not difficult, for village people cooked in a very simple way. To cook rice, for instance, water was first heated in a pot. When it was hot, rice was added and left until the water came to a boil. Fish was usually just roasted over the fire. As for greens, cassava leaves were finely pounded and then placed in a skillet with heated water. Then they were seasoned with a bit of salt and left to simmer until done. It was indeed very useful for us children to know how to cook. Our parents were usually away from home and it was nighttime before they returned. My mother, for instance, went to market every day to sell *mobe*, a kind of fruit used to preserve fish. She would go as far as Porsea, Balige, and Sigumpar to sell the *mobe*, and on foot too, even though sometimes she made no more than twenty-five cents profit. Then I damped down the fire and lit one in another hearth to cook the greens. But my mother said: Then put on your clean shirt. The teacher has come to say that you are old enough to go to school now, so you should get along. We would often try to gauge our own ages, to see if we were old enough to go to school yet. Since we had no understanding whatsoever of days, months, or years, we had a general method of determining age. The usual method was to have a child stand up straight and put his hand up as straight and far as he could, then wrap it around his head to see whether he could touch his ear on the other side. I had just been tested this way a few days ago myself, but my fingertips had only just brushed the top of my ear. As happy as I was at the thought of attending school, the news had come so suddenly that it startled me for a moment. But I soon ran off to wash at the well. After eating a little and changing my clothes, I left for school with some friends who were already quite accustomed to going. The schoolhouse was not far; indeed, the schoolyard was just behind our house. The end of our backyard was marked by a clump of bamboo, then there was a road, and then the schoolyard fence. My heart went thumpity-thump at the thought of attending school, my fear mixed with joy. But now I wanted to see the school from the inside. Might going to school bring happiness? The question filled my head as I awaited the great moment. The bell had already rung and the students had long since gone in to study, but we new pupils-to-be were only allowed to play in the yard. But that day we did not attend school. We were only allowed to play in the schoolyard, and then when it was time for the regular pupils to go

home, the head teacher told us to go home too. He said that we would start tomorrow. All my hopes and dreams about school, and the joy I had felt when I left the house earlier in the morning, vanished entirely. I went home dejected. I found this first experience bitter, and the next day I did not want to go to school any more. Over and over again my father ordered me to go, but I remained resistant. He threatened me with a beating if I did not go, but even that did not work. Then he slung me over his shoulder and carried me to school. I cried and struggled to free myself, but no matter what I did my father continued toward the schoolyard with me over his shoulder. There he put me down, moaning and groaning. Friends crowded around, watching the spectacle. Imagine my embarrassment in front of my friends! If I had dared face up to my father then, surely I would have hit him. But how in the world could a child of six hope to fight a grown adult? After that I was no longer brave enough to play truant. I was afraid of my father and embarrassed in front of my friends. It could be said that I was among the most hardworking students after that. This school was for three years and went on to sikola panonga middle school, but the level of instruction was really about the same as that of a "Gouvernements Vervolgschool" [a government continuation school]. This also required three years of study. The name of this school was "Zendings-Seminarie," and its level of instruction was the same as that of the government-run Institute for Village Schoolteachers the O. The Mission School actually took a little longer to complete because the teachers who graduated from it had to be trained for the additional task of being Bible teachers in the local churches. We had two teachers in village school. One of them, the head teacher, was a graduate of the Sipoholon Seminary. This particular assistant teacher still sported a hole in his earlobe, like a woman. In our village there were still lots of men who wore gold earrings; that way, when there was an adat feast they could show that they came from a rich family. If he happened to be nearby I would stare at his ear, but when he looked at me I turned the other way. This teacher with the hole in his ear taught us in second grade. Frankly, he was much smarter than the teacher who replaced him later on, but he certainly was not as smart as the head teacher. My estimation of him dropped considerably when I saw him and some other people plowing a rice paddy to prepare it for planting. The head teacher of the school was streng, or as Jakarta people would say, very "traditional" and a stickler for obeying the rules. We were not allowed to stop until we had gathered a whole armful. Once he even ordered several of my friends to cart some of his pigs to market. Every Monday when I was in the third grade, as a matter of course we would be asked who had not gone to church the day before Marminggu, [4] as we called it. Anyone who had not gone would be given a punishment. Once I did not attend church for months, so each and every Monday I would be given a punishment equal to my sin—and it really was a sin, too, my teacher said—and I was called names like "Red Devil" or "Horned Devil" and so on. Because this did not seem to work, another punishment would be tried: Whoever dared to put a leg down to rest would have it smacked three times. I rose in status, what with my Red Devil nickname. People said that my friends just copied whatever I did. As the "leader," my portion of the punishment "gifts" was larger. I should be setting a good example for the other children, my teacher said. One time my friends and I had to balance a school bench on our heads as punishment. This bench was long enough for six children to sit on, and four of us held it on our heads. When we got tired or our heads began to hurt, we were allowed to balance it on our shoulders. My shoulder was exhausted, my head ached, and my face got red, but I did not whine or complain. Stubbornly, even angrily, I would say to myself: I will not give in, I can take it! Every week we would be asked to do sums and say our tables out loud Mare tong di roha, to count by heart. Whoever was the best would be allowed to sit way in back.

Chapter 3 : Imagining Modern Indonesia via Autobiography - California Scholarship

Telling Lives, Telling History Autobiography and Historical Imagination in Modern Indonesia Aku dan Toba by P. Pospos and Semasa Kecil di Kampung by Muhamad Radjab.

It intersects the three older calderas. Following this eruption, a resurgent dome formed within the new caldera, joining two half-domes separated by a longitudinal graben. The Tandukbenua cone on the northwestern edge of the caldera has only sparse vegetation, suggesting a young age of several hundred years. Also, the Pusubukit Hill Center volcano 1, m above sea level on the south edge of the caldera is solfatarically active. The subsequent collapse formed a caldera that filled with water, creating Lake Toba. The island in the center of the lake is formed by a resurgent dome. Landsat photo of Sumatra surrounding Lake Toba The exact year of the eruption is unknown, but the pattern of ash deposits suggests that it occurred during the northern summer because only the summer monsoon could have deposited Toba ashfall in the South China Sea. Ice cores from Greenland record a pulse of starkly reduced levels of organic carbon sequestration. Very few plants or animals in southeast Asia would have survived, and it is possible that the eruption caused a planet-wide die-off. However, the global cooling has been discussed by Rampino and Self. They concluded that there was no volcanic winter after Toba eruption and that high H₂SO₄ deposits do not cause long-term effects. According to the Toba catastrophe theory, proposed by Stanley H. Ambrose of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign in , the effects of the Toba eruption may have decreased the size of human populations to only a few tens of thousands of individuals. The small cone of Pusubukit formed on the southwestern margin of the caldera and lava domes. The most recent eruption may have been at Tandukbenua on the northwestern caldera edge, suggested by a lack of vegetation that could be due to an eruption within the last few hundred years. Such uplifts are common in very large calderas, apparently due to the upward pressure of below-ground magma. Toba is probably the largest resurgent caldera on Earth. The subduction zone in this area is very active: Since the lake is oligotrophic nutrient-poor , the native fish fauna is relatively scarce, and the only endemics are *Rasbora tobana* strictly speaking near-endemic, since also found in some tributary rivers that run into the lake [27] and *Neolissochilus thienemanni* , locally known as the Batak fish. The incident caused the death of people and injuries to a number of others. Preliminary reports found the vessel was in operation with irregularities. Ignoring overloading on the vessel and operating in rough weather conditions were concluded as the main reason leading to the disaster. Around 50 cars and motorbikes, which were aboard, also sank into the lake on that day.

Chapter 4 : Library Resource Finder: Table of Contents for: The Indonesia reader : history, culture,

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Chapter 5 : Me and Toha - California Scholarship

*This chapter presents the English translation of P. Pospos's childhood memoirs *Aku dan Toba: Tjataan dari Masa Kanak-Kanak*. The twenty-four chapters of these memoirs relate the author's experience in growing up in Toba, Sumatra, and discuss his observations about village traditions and the governance of the Dutch colonial government.*

Chapter 6 : Fujiwara no Teika - Wikipedia

Pospos's and Radjab's audiences were broad, national publics, since each author chose to write in Bahasa Indonesia, the national language, although they were also fluent in Toba Batak and Minangkabau, respectively.

Chapter 7 : Lake Toba | FUN

Telling Lives consists in large part of two autobiographies—“Me and Toba, by P. Pospos and Village Childhood, by Muhamad Radjab—edited, translated, and introduced by Rodgers. In her introduction, she writes in part.

Chapter 8 : The Indonesia reader : history, culture, politics / |

Get this from a library! Telling lives, telling history: autobiography and historical imagination in modern Indonesia. [Susan Rodgers; P Pospos; Muhamad Radjab;] -- These two memoirs, superbly rendered into English for the first time, provide unique windows into the Sumatran past, in particular, and the early twentieth-century history of Southeast Asia, in.

Chapter 9 : Lake Toba - Wikipedia

Toba Lyrics: Never again / Never again / Never again will I love you again / Just meet me once again / And it will be the last time / And then afterwards never again / Never again / Never again.