THE DRAMA
OF
ACHEHNESNE HISTORY:
1873 - 1978
A PLAY IN VIII ACTS
BY
TENGKU HASAN M. DI TIRO
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION
STATE OF ACHEH
1979
THE DRAMA
OF
ACHEHNESE HISTORY
1873 - 1978

A HEART IN VITAL TONES

IN

RELIGIOUS RANAK M. DB Y-executive

I.R. OFFICE RESEARCH

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

I.R.A.
To my son, Karim di Tiro, 9.

In memory of the 500,000 gallant men, women, and children of Aceh - one quarter of the total population - who had died defending the independence of Aceh in the long war with Holland from 1873 to 1942, who were the real authors, actors, and actresses of this Drama.
INTRODUCTION

by

DR. HUSAINI M. HASAN, M.D.
Minister of Education
State of Aceh
Sumatra

This Play, THE DRAMA OF ACEHNESE HISTORY 1873-1978, has been written by the Head of State of Aceh and Chairman of the National Liberation Front of Aceh Sumatra, Tengku Hasan M. di Tiro, in an extraordinary circumstance which was a drama in itself. The Tengku began writing it in July, 1978, when we were at our Headquarters in Krueng Keuk, the most inaccessible forests in the mountain range of Tiro, on the North-Western slope of the Mount Weurumoe, 3,100 feet above sea level. This book was written in spare times, in-between battles, and when taking rests between inspection tours to various parts of the country, usually done by foot. Sometimes when the Tengku was typing, a guard from the guardposts had to come to ask the Tengku to stop typing because they had sighted the enemy columns passing nearby and they might hear the sound of the typewriter breaking the stillness of the forests. They represent death passing nearby. It happened many times that when we had nothing to eat for many days and we were all weak, we would lay down doing nothing, waiting for the supply people to bring back the food from the village. Usually at the time like that the only thing we heard was the sound of the Tengku's typewriter clicking which did not stop during daylight hours from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. We cannot use the lamp at night.

It has become a fixed tradition for the Tengku's guards that when they arrived at a new place, the first thing they did was to cut trees and to make clearing in the forest ground to establish a table and a bench for the Tengku to sit and write. Only after that the men were ready to clear the ground to establish a new camp. So when the men were busy clearing the forests and establishing the new camp - which took days - the Tengku was busy with the paper works without interruptions. It was in this circumstance that this book was finished on November 15, 1978, at Mamprâë Headquarters, on the foot of the Fatisah Mountain, overlooking the Malacca Straits in the Province of Pidie. As usual, everything the Tengku had written I have the honor to be the first to read it, since I have been the closest person to him: I sit next to him; I sleep next to him; I walk one step behind him, all these three years in the most difficult period of our struggle for independence. When this DRAMA was finished at Mamprâë, we celebrated it with a party and with the first public reading of it. All present were deeply touched as we became more aware than ever before that we have re-lived the experience of our fathers.
shared their misery and suffering, and their glory too! In this DRAMA, the past and the present of Acheh have united. As the Tengku's great grandfather, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Saman, had written the legendary literary work, the Hikayat Frang Sandi, that had strengthened the Achehnese martial spirit in the half-a-century war against the Dutch invaders of our country in the 19th century, the present Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Muhammad Hasan has given to the people of Acheh: THE DRAMA OF ACHHENESE HISTORY that can be the source of inspiration to the present generation in its just resistance against Javanese-Indonesian neo-colonialism.

All names and characters mentioned in the Play represent real Achehnese historic figures and real Netherlands' historic figures, and all events mentioned were real happenings. In fact, this represents the Achehnese version of the great conflict with the Netherlands, and the first ever written by an Achehnese, and could not have been more originally told. Therefore, this DRAMA should be of interest to the fair-minded Hollanders as much as to the Achehnese of the present and future generations. We Achehnese are still struggling from the aftermath of Holland's misdeed. And yet Colonel H.J. Schmidt was allowed to get away in the Play with his statement to the soldiers that they had killed the 16 years old Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro - the last Achehnese Head of State and an Uncle of the author - in a "fair" fight! There is no bitterness here but a quiet reflection and a determination to be free!

In a sense, Tengku Hasan di Tiro did not write this Play, as his dedicatory preamble had stated. The Tengku merely recorded the DRAMA which had been played out to the hilt by our fathers and mothers on the bloody stage of our history. It was written in blood. But, in recording it from our point of view - as we were told by our fathers and mothers - and in writing it in a valid universal historical context, which include consultations with our protagonists, the result was that the Tengku has produced an idealized history by any standard.

The Manuscript of this Play had almost fallen to the enemy's hands three times before publication when the enemy attacked our headquarters at various places in the Pidie region. Fortunately, several copies had been made earlier and had been dispersed in the country for safe-keeping, one copy in Kuta Radja, two copies in Pidie, one copy in Samalanga, and one copy in Pauoruluk. It was from one of these saved copies that reproductions were made possible. Nevertheless, the Tengku's original handwritten Manuscript of this Play had fallen to the enemy's hands when our headquarters at Puntjeuk Hill was attacked on December 30, 1978, at 3:30 PM. During that attack three brave Achehnese fell like heroes: Tengku Ibrahim Abdullah, Deputy Governor of Pidie; Asgadi (Abdu Samad Cadang), Secretary General of the Ministry of Information - who had a premonition of his imminent death - and Ben Dadah, a member of Staff of the Head of State. All were exceptional Achehnese, the like of whom will never be seen again. I, who was sitting next to the Tengku Hasan di Tiro by a couple of inches when the surprised attack begun, was hit by three enemy bullets, one on my neck, one on my right arm, and one on my stomach. The Tengku was miraculously un-harmed. We survived. The struggle continues.
It was also clear from this narrative that from the moment of their declaration of war against the State of Aceh in 1873, the Dutch had never managed to completely break the Achehnese resistance, and that it was a fact that Aceh had never surrendered. Van Swieten's "annexation" of Aceh to the "Dutch East Indies", now baptized "Indonesia", remains an illegal act of aggression against an existing and resisting sovereign nation.

The music scores for each scene have been selected in the forests of Aceh by the Tengku himself who memorizes by heart major compositions of Bach, Vivaldi, Handel, Beethoven, Aubert, Tchaikovsky, Lalo, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Faure, Respighi, Barber, Elgar, Mendelssohn, to Segovia, Lai, Jarre and Theodorakis. These music scores are intended as opening and concluding statements of each scene as well as background for staging or reading the DRAMA with the permission from the composers or publishers as necessary.

I hope this DRAMA OF ACEHNESSE HISTORY which is full of tragedy and glory can become a meaningful addition to the literature of freedom.

Ole Mampré, February 3, 1979
The heart's misery and suffering — the pain and toil. The people of Tahiti were about to be relieved of their misery.

In a sense, the Dutch government did not write this day, as the government archives were closed. The Dutch, however, recorded the diary and then placed it in the hands of the administrators of the island. It was written in Dutch. This, in the context of the history of the island, is written in Dutch. The island's history is Dutch. Nevertheless, the island's history is still unknown.

In a sense, the Dutch government did not write this day, as the government archives were closed. The Dutch, however, recorded the diary and then placed it in the hands of the administrators of the island. It was written in Dutch. This, in the context of the history of the island, is written in Dutch. The island's history is Dutch. Nevertheless, the island's history is still unknown.

The government of this day has almost fallen to the enemy. The government's mistake — before this day — when the enemy attacked our government — in various places in the island. Fortunately, the enemy was not in a better place and had been discovered in the country the day before. The enemy, in this case, was not in a better place and had been discovered in the country the day before. Nevertheless, the island's original inhabitants — the islanders — were not aware.

On the 30th of May, 1975, at 11:30 PM, hoping that the enemy — the enemy's soldiers — would not attack again. The people of Tahiti were about to be relieved of their misery.

Acheen.

"Whatever the evils of war, it is certainly a potent geographical instructor. We learn more of unknown countries through expeditions like that to Abyssinia, or the Russian

terms with James I. of England, and that the latter sanny Monarch presented to his Acheenese brother two canoes which new help to guard his successor's palace in Sumatra. Certainly it will work."
An authoritative French map showing the territory of the Kingdom of Acheh before the war with Holland. The rest of the Archipelago was then already under Dutch control.
A contemporary English map showing Achehnese territory in 1883, ten years after the beginning of the war with Holland, published as Supplement to The Graphic, London, September 22nd, 1883.
The historic letter discussed in ACT VI, Scene 2, from three Achehnese dignitaries, Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Radja Keumala, and Teuku Panglima Polem with their official seals affixed on the right hand side, addressed to "Tengku Mahyeddin and Tengku di Buket sous of Our Noble Lord, Our Law-Giver, Our king Tengku di Tiro, and Our Lord Habib Teupin Wan, and other members of the Family." This letter was found by Butch Colonel Schmidt on the dead body of Tengku di Buket after the battle of Gunong ATimen.
ACT VIII, Scenes 3 & 4.

TOP PICTURES: The newly created Army of Free Aceh showing the thousand year old flag of Aceh with a ground, two black strips with white margins commemorating earlier Acehnese fighters who had fallen defending this flag.

FROM RIGHT TO THE LEFT: Dr. Muchtar Y. Hasbi, M.D., Deputy Chairman, National Liberation Front of Aceh-Sumatra; Dr. Pengai Hasan di Tiro, Chairman, National Liberation Front of Aceh-Sumatra and Head of State of Aceh-Sumatra; extreme left, General Daud Panteuk, Commander of the Army of Free Aceh-Sumatra.
At Kuta Radja, 1873. The Council of State in session. Prominent display of the flag of Aceh, large framed paintings of Iskandar Muda, Aly Mughayat Shah, Sefiatuddin and other Achehnese historic figures. The wall map of Aceh covering Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, West Borneo and Banten, West Java. Members are busy talking to each other - all wearing splendid Achehnese costume.

Guard: "His Majesty Sultan Alaeddin Mahraud Shah!"

(All members stand up in a solemn ovation. Behind the King walk awe-inspiring guards wearing colorful uniform and heavily armed. After His Majesty has been seated all members take their seats, and the guards discreetly line themselves up along the walls of the hallways).

Prime Minister: (Teuku Panglima Polem Radja Kuala): "Your Majesty, the Council of State welcomes Your Majesty's gracious presence among us today, and..."

(Interruption from a loud banging on the grand door: "Bang, bang, bang!" The door swung open. On the floor a messenger kneels with the sound of his breathing heard very loud, signifying that he had just been running very fast to bring his message.)

Messenger: "Your most gracious Majesty, Your Imperial Majesty, my Great Lord [He keeps repeating these incoherently without being able to say his message,]

Prime Minister: "Calm down, my boy. Take a rest...Now, tell us what you have to say!"

Messenger: "Your Excellency, the Dutch Armada has entered our port! Their sails have blackened the sea. Twenty big warships in all with their big cannons all aimed at our fair city!"

(Before the boy has withdrawn, another "bang" is heard on the grand door. The door is being re-opened. A tall impressive Achehnese guard walks in ushering a small, short, skinny and awkward-looking old creature in Javanese costume, carrying an envelope in his hand, standing there embarrassingly.)

Guard: "Your Excellency, this is the Dutch messenger who had just been landed from the Dutch Armada bringing a message to our Government. He said his name was Mas Sumo. He is of Javanese race, and a servant of the Dutchmen."

Prime Minister (to Sumo): "Sumo, why are you here?"

Mas Sumo: "Your Excellency, I am a servant of the Dutch East Indian Government. I am ordered by mine Master to deliver this letter to Your Excellency."

(He speaks in broken Malay with ridiculous accent - Javanese style. A page comes by to take the letter, puts it in a silver tray, and brings it to the Prime Minister.)

Prime Minister: (Takes the letter from the tray, opens it with his gilded ren-chong - the famous Achehnese dagger - and reads the letter aloud):

"To the King of Aceh: The Government of the Kingdom of the Netherlands hereby demands the King of Aceh to do as follows:
1. That the Government of Aceh surrenders this country to Holland without resistance and becomes subject of Holland;

2. That the Government of Aceh prohibits slave trade in the whole island of Sumatra and that it stops piracy on the coast;

3. That the Government of Aceh must absolutely give to Holland all parts of Sumatra still under Achehnese sovereignty;

4. That the Government of Aceh must stop forthwith all her diplomatic and commercial relations with all European and Asian countries including Turkey;

5. That the Government of Aceh must raise the Dutch flag of Red-White-and-Blue in place of the Achehnese Flag of Crescent-and-Star, and to swear loyalty to the King of Holland.

You have one hour to comply to these demands."

Commander of the Expeditionary Force of the Kingdom of the Netherlands,

Major General J.H.N. Kohler

(Pandemonium breaks loose in the Council. Members are on their feet, and speak out in anger, all at once!)

Prime Minister: "Please preserve the decorum! His Majesty is with us!"

(A member raises his hand asking to be recognized.)

Prime Minister: "Let Teuku Imum Lueng Bata speaks!"

Teuku Imum Lueng Bata: "My proposal is short and to the point: if the Dutch landed on our Land, the tall Dutchmen we cut into threes, the short Javamen we cut into twos!"

Everyone: "That's right! That's right!" (Applause and shouts.)

Prime Minister: "His Majesty will now address the Council of State regarding the Dutch Ultimatum."

Saltan Mahmud Shah: "Honorable members, my Lords, Teukus and Tengkus: We have heard the Dutch demands. We are thoroughly indignant!"

"As the King of Aceh, these are my replies to the insolent Dutchmen: regarding your demand for our surrender, as the King of the Achehnese we are dutybound not to deliver our people and our country to foreign domination and subjugation. This is the question of our honor on which we will not yield to any power on earth.

"Regarding your demand that we prohibit slave-trade in Sumatra, there is no slave-trading in our Kingdom. As to piracy, our laws always dealt severely with whenever and wherever recognized pirates are caught. We need no outsiders' urging to do this, above all from you!

"Regarding your demand that we give up to Holland all Achehnese territories in Sumatra, we cannot do this without consulting the peoples of these territories, for they are selfgoverning Dominions; these are our own peoples, not colonies! They have every right to determine their own future. We are not going to deliver them to you.

"With regard to your demand that we cut off our relations with the rest of the world and to transfer our allegiance from the Islamic Khalifate to the King of Holland is tantamount to asking us to re-
nounce our Religion which is totally out of the question. And finally, your demand that we change our Flag for yours is totally unacceptable. For our Religion and for our Flag, we ourselves, and every Acehnese will shed the last drop of his blood!"

Everyone: "Long live the King! Long live Aceh!"

(Members stand up in ovation and applause. Then His Majesty leaves the Council amidst applause, shouts, followed by the guards, and other members until the Chamber of the Council of State is completely deserted, no one is left, all is quiet and stillness has fallen over the great hall.)

---Curtain down---

ACT I

Scene 2

Music: Tchaikovsky, Overture 1812; Beethoven, Wellington's Sieg.

The curtain raises over the great hall of the Council of State at Kuta Radja which is still serene in its emptiness and solitude. Suddenly a gun shot is heard. A glass window in the front is shattered with the debris flying all over with shocking suddenness. A voice of a newscaster is heard over the radio in the corner stating that the Dutch had indeed declared war against the State of Aceh! It was on March 26, 1873! The music becomes louder and louder mixed with the sound of cannonade, near and far.

Voice over the radio: "The Dutch had declared war against the State of Aceh, on March 26, 1873, upon Aceh's rejection of their outrageous Ultimatum! On April 5th, the arrogant Dutch general, Kohler, led his forces to invade Acehnese soil. Then began the Battle for Bandar-Aceh!"

"The Battle lasted for 18 days, from April 5th to April 23rd. The armed forces of Aceh defeated the armed forces of the Netherlands in the pitched battle, totally and completely." (Another gun shot is heard blasting another window).

"The commanding officer of the Dutch forces, General Kohler, was killed by the Acehnese defenders and the tattered remnants of his once mighty force fled the shores of Aceh ungloriously, indeed. As Holland's defeat was complete, Acehnese victory was total! But occasional shots are still being heard in Kuta Radja from Dutch deserters in isolated places waiting their arrests by the Acehnese armed forces."

(Three carpenters arrived with their utensils to fix the broken windows and to clean the shattered glasses.)

1st Carpenter: "We have to finish repairing these broken windows for a victory celebration meeting of the Council of State tomorrow!"

2nd Carpenter: "Yeah, where you during the battle? Hiding with your wife?"

(Bangguna)

Gadê: "Not me! I was doing battle on Southern Front under Teuku Panglima Polem and Imun Luu̇ng Batar!"


3rd Carpenter: "I was on Eastern Front carrying food for the troops from Pidie (Gadeng) under Tengku Tjhik di Tiro and Panglima Pidie."

Bangguna: "I was on Western Front under Tuanku Hasjra."

Gadeng: "I just hope the Dutch will not come back again, if they know what is good for them!"

Gade: "I do not care. Let them come back. The tall Dutchmen I will cut into threes. The short Javanese I will cut into twos!"

Bangguna: "Who said that?"

Gade: "I just did it!"

Bangguna: "I heard that was a famous saying of Imum Lueng Bata."

Gade: "So what. I must have heard it from him. I will do it too!"

(As the carpenters are about to finish their works, several soldiers arrived with their colorful Achehnese uniform with renchong, swords and rifles. As they scattered around they began talking to one another):

1st Guard: "By the way, who was the funny looking creature who brought the Dutch infamous Ultimatum, do you know?"

2nd Guard: "You mean the little man who dressed like a woman, with batik for pantaloons, bleak eyes, flat nose, and walks almost like a monkey?"

1st Guard: "Yeah, he was the one!"

2nd Guard: "I heard someone said he was a Javanese servant of the Dutch. He was brought all the way from the island of Java to deliver the Ultimatum."

1st Guard: "Do you know where is Java anyway?"

2nd Guard: "I have no idea where it is! I have never heard of Java, and I have never seen a Javanese before in my life time!"

3rd Guard: "We better ask our Pang (Commander), when he comes. He had travelled abroad."

1st Guard: "There is the Pang coming! Sir, can you tell us where in the hell is Java?"

Commander: "Why, yes! The island of Java is over one-thousand miles away from us. It is about four times smaller than our island, Sumatra."

3rd Guard: "What about the Javanese?"

Commander: "Oh, they have surrendered to the Dutch for three hundred years already! They are an effeminate race, with infantile culture, where everybody is calling one another "father" or "mother"; and they had never fought against the invaders of their country. They always surrendered. They have been colonized by the Chinese, by the Dutch, by the British, and then by the Dutch again. Anthropologists say they are descendants of 'Java-men' which in Latin is referred to as 'pithecantropus erectus' which means 'walking ape!'" (Laughter)

1st Guard: "Wow! How do you know Latin, Pang?"

Commander: "I studied at the French Military Academy in Saint Cyr. We had exchanged student programme with France since Emperor Napoleon III."
2nd Guard: "Then, what is the Javanese good for?"

Commander: "Like the Dutch said: 'for servants!'"

Everyone: "Ha, ha, ha! (They all laugh loudly)

---Curtain down---

ACT II
Scene 1

Music: Tchaikovsky, Overture 1812; Antonio Vivaldi, Concerto Grosso

The great hall of the Council of State. Festive airs. Victory celebration.
The Chamber is packed to capacity. Dignitaries are waiting for the arrival
of the King. The Minister of State for Foreign Affairs is expected to report
to the Council on the world's reaction to Acheh's victory.

Attendant: "His Majesty the King!"

(Everyone stands up from his seat. All eyes are directed to one di­
rection toward the hallway where the King is making his entry. His
Majesty walks to the Throne Chair in the front of the Chamber. Af­
ter His Majesty was seated, all present sit down.)

Prime Minister: "Your Majesty, the Council of State welcomes Your Majesty's
presence among us today, to celebrate the greatest victory in the
history of Acheh against the Dutch invaders and their Javanese mer­
cenaries. That victory would have been impossible without Your Ma­
jesty's firm and uncompromising stand on behalf of Acheh's sove­
reign right. Our Flag would have been pulled down without Your Ma­
jesty's command to the people of Acheh to defend it to the death."

(Applause)

"Now, I have the honor to present His Excellency our Minister of
State for Foreign Affairs, Habib Abdurrahman Zahir to inform the
Council on the world's reaction to our great victory over the Hol­
landers and their Javanese servants."

(Habib Abdurrahman, with beard and moustache, wearing flowing Arab
robe, with a golden scimitar dangling in front attached to his belt,
walks briskly to the podium with a bundle of large foreign newspa­
pers under his armpit.)

Habib Abdurrahman Zahir: "Your Majesty, Honorable members. There will never be
another Achehnese Foreign Minister hundreds of years to come will
be as happy as I am today about what I am going to report to this
august Council. I am so happy that I shall be contented to die of
happiness today, after I read my report to my Lord and colleagues."

(Applause and shouts: "Please do not let us wait too long, Habib!")

The Habib carefully opens one of the foreign newspapers he brings
with him with the large sign that read "THE TIMES" of LONDON clearly
visible to all. He then puts his hand in his pocket, takes his
reading glass, fixes it on his nose, and begins to speak again.

Habib Abdurrahman Zahir: "Your Majesty, my Lords. I have just received this
newspaper, THE TIMES of LONDON, from our Ambassador in England da­
ted April 22, 1873. This most influential British newspaper gave
the following comments on our victory and I shall now read:
A remarkable incident in modern colonial history is reported from the East Indian Archipelago.

A considerable force of Europeans has been defeated by the Army of a native State, the STATE OF ACHEH. The Achehnese have gained a decisive victory. Their enemy is not only defeated but compelled to withdraw.

(Applause. Members stand up from their seats. Habib continues to read):

When the Portuguese first reached Sumatra in 1509, they found the territory around Acheh ruled by a powerful King, and were prevented from obtaining a footing in the neighborhood. The Dutch were fortunate about a hundred years later: they were received by the King or Sultan and Achehnese Ambassadors accompanied them on their return.

This Kingdom, in short, has been powerful ever since Sumatra has been known, and the Dutch, one would think, should have been well acquainted with its resources. It has a fair trade, and according to this account, the people have found means to possess themselves of powerful artillery.

(More applause)

'The natives of Sumatra are chiefly Malay but those in the Northern part of the island, in Acheh, are described as a finer race than the other tribe.

(More applause)

'Achín, indeed, was not a dependency of Holland!''

(Prolonged applause)

Habib Abdurrahman: "And now I will read another excerpts, and this time from the great American newspaper, THE NEW YORK TIMES, dated Tuesday, May 6, 1873:

(The Habib adjusts his eye glass and positions his newspaper so that everyone can see the name: THE NEW YORK TIMES)

A sanguinary battle has taken place in Acheh. The Dutch attack was repulsed with great slaughter. The Dutch general was killed, and his army put to disastrous flight. That repulse is regarded as most serious may be inferred from a recent debates in the Parliament at The Hague, when a member declared that the enterprise taken altogether, will prove the last blow to the authority of Holland in the Eastern World.'

(Applause)

"On May 15, 1873, THE NEW YORK TIMES published an editorial about Acheh as follow:

'ACHEH'

Now, the Achehnese education of the present generation of Christendom may be said to have fairly begun.

(Prolonged applause)

'Soon it will be generally known that the Achehnese are not enervated savages, by any means, but sound Musselman and hardy fighters.

(Applause)
It will creep out that they, as well as their present antagonists, once had outlying colonies of their own, and that there was a time when they were even strong enough to besiege the redoubtable Portuguese themselves in the city of Malacca. The knowledge will become general that the Sultan of Aceh was once on very good terms with James I of England, and the latter canny Monarch presented to his Achehnese brother two cannons which now help to guard his successor's palace in Sumatra.

(Applause and shouts: "Long live Aceh!")

Habib Abdurrahman Zahir: "Two weeks later, on Friday, May 30th, 1873, THE NEW YORK TIMES published fuller report on the Battle of Bandar Acheh. The article said: 'The Dutch were very badly beaten. General Kohler was killed. With heavy losses, his command fell back to the shore, where at last advices, they maintained with difficulty a precarious foothold against surrounding foe.'

(The Council is very quiet now. Everyone is all ears. Not a sound is heard)

'We are now told from the Dutch side that the Sultan has a very large force, armed with breech-loading rifles. Pending this, the Sultan is showing diplomatic as well as military capacity.

(Applause and shouts:

"Long live the King!")

He has discovered that, by the Treaty of 1819, made between the King of Great Britain and the then Achehnese Sultan, or by similar contracts made with the East India Company, England undertook to intervene as against any power which should make war on Aceen. It is now, therefore, represented, as part of the London press own, with justice, that the British Government have seriously broken faith with the Sultan in allowing the Dutch to make war upon him without remonstrance or interposition. This implies a demand for help from England which that power will apparently find it difficult consistently to deny; and the demand coming on the heels of Achehnese success may have more favorable consideration than if the circumstances were otherwise.

In any case, it is unlikely that Holland will stop fighting after defeat as that Aceh will do so after victory; so that a struggle of much fierceness and obstinacy may be counted on as almost inevitable.

'The Sultan, who has plenty of money, has sent large orders to Europe for the most improved pattern of arms and his subjects being not only skillful marksmen, but brave warriors, the phlegmatic and resolute Hollanders will meet in the Achehnese foemen worthy of their steel.'

(Prolonged applause. Members stand up to express their feeling of approval)

Habib Abdurrahman Zahir: "Finally, THE NEW YORK TIMES took our side against the Dutch. In its editorial on Saturday, July 5th, 1873, it stated: 'Our sympathies would ordinarily go with the Christian and civilized power, and assuredly when we see Holland battling to suppress a nest of manstealers, thugs, and pirates, we should wish her all success; but a people bravely struggling to defend their soil, their
flag, and their faith against a rapacious invader is a different spectacle. The last is the picture drawn as the true one by that good friend of the Acehnese, the Constantinople Journalist, and intelligent readers can determine for themselves which is best entitled to their credence.'

(Applause and ovation)

Habib Abdurrahman Zahir: "My Lord and colleagues: as there is no time left for me to read all that had been written in praise of our victory, let me just make a short note about other prestigious publications such as THE NATION of New York, on May 15, 1873, commented on the Battle of Bandar Acheh that 'the repulse of the Dutch appears to have been even more serious than first reported.' THE ECONOMIST of London reported the cause of Acheh and ridiculed the idea of Dutch 'prestige' in the East. The SPECTATOR of London suspected a collusion between the British Government and the Dutch for the Dutch may have given a territory in Africa for the British for non-mention in Acheh. The BASIRAT of Istanbul published a series of articles in May and June, 1873, which entirely defending the justice of our cause. It stated that the King of Acheh has behaved 'with great dignity, cool and decisiveness during the crisis.'

(Applause and shouts: "Long live the King")

"Other Turkish newspapers like LA TURK demanded outright Turkish intervention on Acheh's side in its issues of May 2, 17, 19, 24, 1873. The JERVAI demanded the same thing on June 25, 1873.

"My Lord and colleagues: it also pleases me immensely to be able to report that President Ulysses S. Grant of the United States of America has formally issued a Proclamation of Impartial Neutrality in this war between the Kingdom of Acheh and the Kingdom of The Netherlands, and he asked other nations to do the same. This clearly reflects our important Sovereign Status in the world!"

"Wassalamu alaikum!"

(Prolonged applause and ovation from members. The Habib returns to his seat)

Prime Minister: "The Council of State thanks our Minister of State for Foreign Affairs for his splendid reports. Before closing this august gathering, however, I would like to call the attention of all of us to the two outstanding facts: while the whole world has praised us for our victory and bravery, they have also predicted that the Dutch will not stop the war after they were defeated. Yesterday the Dutch are fighting for colonies. Today, after we defeated them, they will have to fight for their national honor. Men will die for honor more readily than for property. Therefore, despite our victory, we must now prepare ourselves for a possible bigger and longer war. I call upon you all to unite as never before!"

"As our ancestors had said:

'Bak duèk (All of you
Bak dong Sitting, standing
Sapeû pekut Must be united
Sang sineusab meu adoû â' Like brothers, young and old,
(Hikayat Gadjah Tudjôh (The Seven Headed Elephant)
Uleû)
'Hudep beu saré ('Together in life')
Mate beu saadjan ('Together in death')
Sirrék gaphan ('One casket')
S'ahoh keureunda' ('A single grave')
(Nikayat Tjinta Bohan) (Love and loyalty)

(Applause and ovation for the Prime Minister from the members of the Council of State. While members are still standing, the King and party begin leaving, being followed by other Ministers and then by other members until the Great Hall is empty except for several guards here and there relaxing while on duty.)

---Curtain down---

ACT II
Scene 2

Music: Antonio Vivaldi, Concerto Grosso

Great Hall of the Council of State. Serene in its emptiness. There are guards on duty scattered in groups of threes, fours or fives.

1st Guard: "I have not been smoking all day, do you have a cigarette?"
(Banta Amat)

2nd Guard: "Here, my last one!"
(Beuransah)

3rd Guard: "May I have a cigarette, too?"
(Goumpa)

Beuransah: "I have just given my last cigarette to Banta Amat. Here are five Gupangs. Please go buy a pack for us!"
(Goumpa takes the money and goes to the shop)

Banta Amat: "That Habib Abdurrahman is surely a smart guy! He was not even born here. He just came to Acheh several years ago, and now he is our Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. And I must say, a good one too! A smart Arab!"

Beuransah: "Do you know how he got that position?"

Banta Amat: "I wish I do. But I don't."

Beuransah (whispering to the ear of Banta Amat. Banta Amat laughed loudly and shaking his head incredulously)

Banta Amat: "You really meant it? He got that position because he married the widowed Mother of the King?"

Beuransah: "Surely! How else a foreigner, who had just recently arrived can penetrate our Court Circle in such a short time, on so high a level than by becoming the step-father of the King?"

Banta Amat: "Hm..." (Shaking his head in great amazement, twitching his mouth and winking his eyes, and finally he says): "That's very clever!"

Beuransah: "He was advised by a group of Court Officers (Ulëébalang) who set him up against Panglima Tibang, another foreigner, an Indian. Panglima Tibang has the ears of the King, but the Ulëébalangs are against him."
Banta Amat: "I don't trust these foreigners. I have a hunch that sooner or later they all will betray us!"

Beuransah: "Our Commandant, who had been to foreign countries, told me that nowhere in the world foreigners are so readily accepted as in our Land!"

Banta Amat: "The reason is that we tend to accept everybody as a citizen, if he said he was a Muslim."

Geumpa: (who had just returned from buying a pack of cigarette snaps in): "Next time we should add a new condition: a person must be a descendant of Achehnese too, before we set him up in a high position."

Beuransah: "You could not have been more right, Geumpa!"

---Curtain Down---

ACT III

Scene 1

Great pastoral scene. Emergency session of the Council of State, in Muqeuq, overlooking the majestic view of Mount Seulawah. A well-appointed, huge tent is the centre-piece. Guards and soldiers are everywhere in impressive defile formation. 15,000 Dutch troops have returned to attack the capital city, Kota Radja, for the second time, on Christmas Day, December 25, 1873! They are under the command of General van Swieten, a most senior Dutch general and a war hero who was called from retirement to lead the Dutch second invasion of Aceh. Sultan Mahmud Shah had died of cholera after the fall of Kota Radja, in January, 1874. He left no heir. A new Achehnese Head of State has to be elected; a new Supreme Commander has to be appointed; and a new Government has to be formed. The Prime Minister, Teuku Panglima Polem Radja Kuala, Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Hasjem, Potjut Meurah (widow of Sultan Mahmud Shah) took the initiative on behalf of the last Royal Family to ensure the continuity of the Achehnese State. They are all seated on the dais. Two high chairs are left empty on the centre of the dais. Once in a while the sound of distant cannonades intrudes into the serenity of the occasion.

Prime Minister: "Assalamu alaikum!

"I hereby open this Special Session of the Council of State. As my Lords, Tengkus and Teuku... have known, the Dutch have returned to invade our country for the second time with Dutch and Javanese soldiers, 15,000 in all. Our Army has put up stiff resistance, worthy of our arms. The enemy has suffered heavy losses.

"It was also the will of God, in his infinite wisdom, to have taken away our beloved King, Sultan Mahmud Shah. We belonged to Allah and to Him we will all return.

"His Majesty left no heir. We are now in the most critical time in our history: foreign invaders are in our capital; we are without King, without Head of State, without Supreme Commander, without Heir apparent (Crown Prince) to insure the continuity of our system of Government. We, the responsible members of the Royal Family have
drawn up a recommendation to this Council, for the safety of our nation, to designate immediately the heir-apparent or the Crown Prince; to elect the new Head of State and the Supreme Commander of the armed forces to defend the Kingdom. Because our late Lord, His Majesty Sultan Mahmud Shah left no son, we recommend his cousin, Tuanku Muhammad Daud, to be the Crown Prince, to take office upon reaching the age of majority. As for the Supreme Commander and the Head of State we recommend Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, whom henceforth will hold the Achehnese Royal Title of Mukarram, Maulana, Al-Mudabbir, Al-Malik Tengku Tjhik di Tiro (Our Noble Lord, The Law-Giver, The King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro).

"I now ask the Council: do you agree?"

Members answer in unison: "Samikna wa atakna" - "We heard and we obey!".

(Traditional formula for expressing complete agreement, originally from the verse in the Koran: "\text{"Ala'llah}")

Prime Minister: "Now, then, I call upon His Highness Tuanku Hasjém to usher in His Royal Highness Tuanku Muhammad Daud, our new Crown-Prince, to the Council."

(Tuanku Hasjém leaves the dais. He returns in a few minutes with Tuanku Muhammad Daud, 9 years old, walking beside him.)

Tuanku Hasjém: "My Lords, Teukus and Tengkus: may I present the new Crown-Prince of Acheh, His Royal Highness Tuanku Muhammad Daud. May Allah protect him!"

(Applause and ovation from the members for Tuanku Muhammad Daud, who bows to the Council, and then goes to take his seat in one of the empty chairs next to the seat of Potjut Meurah, widow of the late King, who receives him with a kiss on his forehead. It was a touching scene: a young widow, a little boy, a kiss on the forehead, before a stately Assembly haunted by recent tragedies and expecting more to come!)}

Prime Minister: "Now we are waiting for the arrival of our new Supreme Commander, and our Head of State, our Noble Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, who is on his way to come here from the Fort of Aneuk Galong. While we are waiting, I request our Poet Laureate Tengku di Pante Kulu to entertain us by reading from his famous Ballad of the Holy War (The Hikayat Prang Sabi):

Tengku di Pante Kulu: (walks briskly to the podium with his book in hand and begins his recital:

"After praising God and the Prophet Tengku Tjhik di Tiro is his replacement Other leaders are staying quiet For the Holy War they care not The Tengku's name is Muhammad Saman To East and West he is well-known Tengku Tjhik di Tiro is he titled The Supreme Commander known to all He never retreats an inch He always knows what to do in the battle In the Acheh War against the infidel He shoots with guns and cannons as well"}
He does not fear the spilled blood
He fights the enemy without stop
He has no fear of death
He is not shaken by the sight of war
He is a swordsman
Who has no fear of enemies
He has been fighting for years
With his loyal friends all united
Thousands of enemies have perished
Cut by the sharp swords of the defenders
So anxious is the Tengku's pursuit
Day and night without respite
Year in and year out is like that
Involving men and women of his family
His aim is to defend the Achehnese State
As God had ordained it to the Prophet
He beseech all his friends
He asks response from all of us
Those who believe in life after death
Those who want heavenly paradise
O, brothers go and get it
Proceed at once to the battlefields
There is no time like it is now
When you are strong and people are united
O little kings my young blessed brothers
Famous or unknown is all the same
Even he be the King of Rome
All must die when his time has come
Therefore, my brethren
Return to war all at once
Instead of dying in auto routes
It is better in the battlegrounds
Instead of dying at the woman's house
It is better on the battlegrounds
With dikes for cushion
While you punish your enemies
Of all the good things that one can do
The best of all to do battle in the Holy War
This is written in the Koran
So that no one is ignorant
In the battle you will not fall
Except into the lap of a beautiful nymph
If she has not yet arrived
We are always standing still
Her name is Pleasure-to-the-Eyes
She has no equal above this earth under this sky
We cannot look into her face
Without numbing the eyes falling in love
She wears gown of seventy folds
But the light of her legs still revealing
Because she was made of white light
Where her origin can be traced
I cannot describe her beautiful body
Known to God only
She wears enough clothes
On hands and feet diamond jewelries
O my young brothers
Return at once to your partners
The one Pleasing-to-the-Eyes
She is waiting for you on the battlelines
Once I dreamt of meeting her
Welcome my king she said to me
Tonight we shall sleep together
I have been longing for a lover
That was what she said to me
Her voice sounds like music
My soul seems to have been released from my body
With such heavenly ecstasy
I felt my body shaken as if by quakes
I lost control of all my senses
I charge to embrace her
But the beautiful one nays to me
O, my Tengku, the flower of my life
Wait a minute stately crown
The time will come in a little while
But first you have to return to the Holy War

Guard at the Gate:"Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!"

(Music: Vivaldi, Concerto in A Minor, Opus 6. Tengku di Tiro and party enter the gate on horses. The Tengku rides on a white stallion—his favorite mount. He dismounts in front of the long line of honor guards, and then he proceeds to the main tent.)

Guard at the door:"Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!"

(All members of the Council stand up in ovation for the Tengku di Tiro who is being ushered in by Teuku Panglima Folem to the last empty chair on the dais, in the center, next to Tuanku Muhammad Daud)

Prime Minister:"My Lords, Tengkus and Teukus: It is my greatest privilege to be the one to introduce to you our Supreme Commander, and our new Head of State, Our Noble Lord, the Law-Giver, the King, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!"

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro:"Asalamu alaikum!

"My Lords, Tengkus and Teukus: I have just ridden from our Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong. I have stopped the advancing Dutch and Javanese troops on their tracks Northwest of Aneuk Galong, around Lam Baro. We will not allow them to advance even one
inch further!"

(Applause. It was so happened until this place is known as Lam Baro Kaphé – Infidel’s Lam Baro – until today!)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Do not let the enemy intimidate you! Our Achehnese Army will defeat him like we have done it before! Let us prove ourselves to God and men – the world over – that we are better than our enemy who has come to invade our country, who has come to bring war and destruction to this Land of Acheh, the abode of peace and tranquillity!

(Applause)

"My Lords, Tengkus and Teukus: thank you for giving me the unanimous vote of 'we heard and we obey'. But let me say from the outset: there will be no 'we heard and we obey' if I do not rule you right. Under my rule there will be no obeying man in denouncing God.

(Applause)

"But I do intend to draw a very clear line between right and wrong between good and bad, between justice and injustice. As our Achehnese proverb has it 'Ateueng rimbu peuteupat, ureueng peudeueng peuteupat', – 'Boundaries are corrected by measuring rope, men are corrected by sword'. In those cases I shall let the sword speaks!

(Applause)

"Finally, let us remember that we are creatures of God 'to whom belonged all heavenly and earthly kingdoms'(Ali Omran 189), and that 'He gives his kingdoms to whomever he pleases.'(Al-Baqarah 247)."

(Applause and ovation. Tengku Tjhik di Tiro returns to his seat. The Tengku’s last remark suggests that he is fully aware of the fact that his election by the Council of State only confirmed a position he had already enjoyed in practice.)

Prime Minister: "I merely wish to say one more thing, that I, Teuku Panglima Polem Radja Kuala, wish to solemnly pledge publicly that I will live and will die together with Tengku Tjhik di Tiro in this fight to defend the independence of our beloved land of Acheh!"

(Applause. Teuku Panglima Polem, tears dropping like rains from his eyes leaves the podium and walks slowly toward Tengku di Tiro, and when he reaches him shakes the Tengku’s hand and they embraced! Everyone stands up and spontaneously embracing one another, a demonstration of unity seldom seen ever since in the Land of Acheh. Tears are on everyone’s eyes).

(Indeed, Teuku Panglima Polem Radja Kuala dies of natural causes within a few days after the sudden death of the Tengku Tjhik di Tiro in January, 1891. One of the strange happenings in Achehnese History that is full of extraordinary happenings.)

---Curtain down---
ACT IV
Scene 1

Music: Georg Friedrich Handel, Concerto Grosso

Mureue Headquarters. Arrival scenes for a Cabinet meeting. Great activities all around. People are coming and going in great hurry. Everyone is minding his own business. Some Cabinet members arrive on horsebacks, some on foot because they are already a day or two in Mureue. Many important panglimas (generals) are present.

Guard: "Teuku Panglima Polem!" (Arrives on horseback, in Achehnese costume)
" "Teuku Hasjomi!" (Arrives on horseback, in Achehnese costume)
" "Tengku di Tano Abas!" (Arrives on foot wearing robe and turban)
" "Teuku Umar Meulaboh!" (On horseback, wearing Achehnese General's uniform, sword and renchong)
" "Tengku Imum Lueng Bata!" (On foot, Achehnese costume)
" "Panglima Fidie!" (On horseback, Achehnese General's uniform)
" "Panglima Lingga!" (On horseback, Achehnese General's uniform)
" "Panglima Pasè!" (On foot, Achehnese General's uniform)
" "Maulana, Al-Ludabbir, Al-Malik, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!" (Tengku Tjhik di Tiro arrives on horseback, in Achehnese costume, in white, in contrast with others' blacks or dark blues. All stand up. The Tengku takes his seat at the end of the long table facing the audience)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Assalamu alaikum!"
Everyone: "Wa alaikum salam."

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Please be seated.

"My Lords and colleagues: we gather here today to decide on a momentous step: when to oust the enemy completely from the surface of our sacred soil. We all have worked hard to prepare for this occasion. I thank you all for having left no stone un-turned in order to achieve our objective. I now ask the Panglima Pasè to give his report on the latest military situation there."

Panglima Pasè (the Commander of Pasè): "My Lord, it pleases me to be able to report that we have successfully cleared the Djamboaje and Lhok Seumawe areas of enemy forces. The Dutch attempt to prop up Teuku Aris as their puppet in Pasè has met with total failure."

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "And Panglima Fidie? What about our Province?"

Panglima Fidie: "My Lord, the Dutch had totally withdrawn their forces from Fidie, after we defeated them at the battles of Peukan Sot and Sukon. Fidie is now free from Dutchmen and Java-men."
(Everyone laughs at Panglima Fidie's reference to Java-men, i.e. pithicus erectus)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "And, how about in Meulaboh, Teuku Umar?"

Teuku Umar: "My Lord, we have defeated all enemy forces in Meulaboh and they all have been withdrawn."
Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Then we are now ready to give the last blow to the Dutch and their Javanese servants to quit our country!"

Teuku Imum Lueng Bata: "The tall Dutchmen we will cut into threes, the short Java-men we will cut into twos!"

(Everyone laughs at the now famous remark of Imum Lueng Bata)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "In line with our humanitarian policy, before we give the final punishment to the Dutch, we have taken a conciliatory attitude by giving them the last chance to withdraw peaceably and even a chance to stay on in the Land of Acheh by accepting Islam. To that end, we have written a letter to the Dutch 'governor' in Kuta Badja. Our Crani (State Secretary) will read the letter to you."

Crani (Opening his portfolio, and while standing, reads the letter aloud to the Cabinet):

"To the Dutch governor at Kuta Badja
The Land of Acheh

"When we were at the XXV District last time, we had corresponded with you regarding the possibility for peace which came to naught. Now we give you your last chance for an honorable exit from Acheh, the abode of peace and tranquility.

"Consider the loss of prestige in the world that Holland will suffer if chased from Acheh for the second time after the fashion of April 23, 1873, after the Battle of Bandar Acheh! Now, the Army of Acheh is ready to do it again. But it is a pity for you and your men to die so ungloriously, or to live in dishonor in the world.

"Therefore, the people of Acheh, out of the greatness of their hearts offer you an unheard of choice: you and your men may stay in this fair Land of Acheh if you would turn in your arms to the State of Acheh, and accept the Islamic faith. By so doing, you all can become citizens of Acheh, free to live and work here, and become equal with us. You can marry Achehnese women and enjoy beautiful children. I assure you Achehnese womanhood is the best in the world, most loyal and good to their husbands. Like we say, 'Bu bu bit, ië ië bit, inong inong Acheh' - 'the best food is the natural one, the best water is the fresh one, the best woman is Achehnese'. Ask from your men who have crossed over to our side, who have married Achehnese women, who have gotten beautiful children and who now live and work among us happily ever after. Consider their lives which are free as birds in the forests with yours: you are forever running for your lives, chased days and nights, over the hill and the countryside, over the roads and wet paddy fields by the Achehnese armed forces. And after such misery in this world, you will get hell in the hereafter.

"Please think it over, and let us know of your choice."

Sincerely,
Tengku Tjhik di Tiro

(After reading the letter, Crani withdraw to the rear)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "That letter had been written almost three months ago. But the Dutch 'governor' has not given any reply until today. He obviously must consult with his Government in Holland."
(Before the Tengku finishes his sentence, there is a knock on the door. Crani returns with a silver tray in his hand, on it lays an important looking package, looked like an envelope wrapped in yellow silk cloths).

Crani: "A messenger has just arrived from Kuta Radja bringing this letter from the Dutch 'governor'."

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Please open it immediately and read it to us."

(Crani opens the letter)

Crani: "It is not a letter! It seems to be a Telegram!"


(Everyone laughs as they heard the Dutch quoting the Koran to the Achehnese - except Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, who seems annoyed)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "So the Dutch have replied!"

Teuku Imum Lueng Bata: "My Lord, as I have always said, there is no use to speak to the infidels. The tall Dutchmen we must cut into threes, the short Javamen we must cut into twos!"

(Here goes Imum Lueng Bata again. Everyone laughs)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "In that case we shall proceed with ousting them from this land as soon as possible."

---Curtain down---

ACT IV
Scene 2

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, Fifth Symphony; Georg Friedrich Haendel, Concerto Grosso

Installation ceremony for Pang Nalan and Pang Djareueng. At Mureue Headquarters as above but at different building. Front row seats are reserved for Tengku Tjhik di Tiro and others involved in officiating ceremony. When the curtain raises the great gathering is already in progress. People are chatting busily with one another while waiting for the arrival of the Head of State and other dignitaries.

Master of Ceremony: "Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!"

(Everybody stands up. The Tengku arrives followed by the candidates and others)
Master of Ceremony: "My Lord, I beg to begin with the Flag raising ceremony."

(Everyone stands up to prepare for the ceremony. When the Call-to-Victory or the Azan is made, the Achehnese Flag is raised slowly and all eyes are focused on the Red Flag with Crescent-and-Star, most solemnly).

Master of Ceremony: "I call upon Pang (Commander) Nalan and Pang Djareueng to please step forward!"

(The two step forward under the Flag and in front of the Head of State).

Master of Ceremony: "I now call upon the State Secretary to read the Citations."

(Crani steps forward and begins reading):

Crani: "The State of Acheh,
"For his courage, bravery and tact during the battle of Pungei, the battle of Indrapuri, the battle of Ule Lheue, the battle of Samhau, which caused great losses to the enemy and brought many weapons to the Army of Acheh, the time honored title of Panglima (General) is hereby conferred upon Pang (Commander) Nalan, who henceforth will be known as Panglima Nalan, who is entitled to all privileges, honors and duties of a Panglima of Acheh."

Minister of Defence, Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro

(Crani then walks toward Pang Nalan, gives the Citation to him and shakes his hand. And then returns to read the Citation for Pang Djareueng):

Crani: "The State of Acheh,
"For his courage, bravery and wisdom at the battle of Ule Kareng, the battle of Lho Nga, the battle of Buengchala, the battle of Lam Baro, which resulted in great losses to the enemy and great gains in weaponry for the Army of Acheh, the time honored title of Panglima (General) is hereby conferred upon Pang (Commander) Djareueng, who henceforth shall be known as Panglima Djareueng, who is entitled to all privileges, honors and duties of a Panglima of Acheh."

Minister of Defence, Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro

(Crani walks toward Pang Djareueng, gives the Citation to him and shakes his hand, and then returns to his own seat).

Master of Ceremony: "My Lord, the candidates are ready for confirmation."

(Tengku Tjhik di Tiro rises from his seat and walks toward the new Panglimas)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Sit down Commander Nalan!"

(Commander Nalan sits down. The Tengku pulls his sword out of the scabbard, and he taps the shoulder of Commander Nalan with the shining blade and says):

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Rise General Nalan!"

(General Nalan rises and kisses the Tengku's right hand.)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Sit down Commander Djareueng!"

(Commander Djareueng sits down. The Tengku then taps his shoulder)
with the sword and say):

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: “Rise General Djareueng!”

(General Djareueng rises and kisses the right hand of the Tengku Tjhik di Tiro)

(Thereupon everyone returns to his seat amidst shouts of ALLAHU AKBAR - an Achehnese war-cry, deafening the ears.)

---Curtain down---

ACT IV
Scene 3

Master of Ceremony: “Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro!”

(Tengku Tjhik di Tiro walks in with attendants amidst ovation and applause, and before sitting down speaks from the dais):

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: “Assalamu alaikum!” (Greetings of the Moslems)

Everyone: “Walaikum salami” (Reply to the above greeting)

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: “This is my ORDER-OF-THE-DAY:

“For eighteen years now, that is from 1873 to 1891, we Achehnese have been fighting the Dutch and the Javanese invaders of our Land. We have defeated them in April, 1873, but they have come back. Now, at last we are ready to chase them out of Acheh again!” (Applause)

“During these last few years, our Achehnese Army have defeated all Dutch forces sent to Pidie, Pasè, and Meulaboh. Here in Great Aceh, we have chased them out of Seulimum, Indrapuri, and Lhok Nga, and we have blockaded them for several years within the confines of only about six square miles of Kuta Radja. The Achehnese Army and the Achehnese Navy are all in the ready! Tomorrow we will begin to chase them all out of Acheh again!” (Applause)

“I call upon Achehnese Army to defeat the enemy like in the Battle of Bandar Aceh in 1873, 18 years ago! I call upon Achehnese Navy to destroy the enemy like in the Battle of Malacca in 1629, 262 years ago!” (Applause)

“The Dutch and their Javanese servants have stayed all too long on our Land without our permission. They have even pretended to be a ‘government’ over us. What a nonsense! They have insulted
us on our own Land, in our own house! Such behavior from foreign-
ers must be resisted by us, even if we are armed only with a 'tang-
ké labu' - the stalk of a watermelon!" (Applause)

"Know you all that all of you must face death someday. But be
strong in your knowledge that your death is the sole discretion
of Allah, the Creator of life and death. You will not die before
your time! Great warriors have not necessarily died in wars: Alex-
ander, Caesar, Iskandar Muda, Napoleon did not die in the battle
fields. For these men death is nothing. But to live a vanquished
man and nation, without glory, is to die everyday. The brave die
only once. The cowards die a thousand times!" (Applause)

"Tomorrow I will walk before you to do battle against the Dutch
and their Javanese servants. To forever eradicate their presence
from this sacred Land of ours. You will follow me!"

Everyone : "We heard and we obey!" (Applause)

(Tengku Tjhik di Tiro sits down on his chair, and the sange ( ce-
remonal food coverings) are being opened up simultaneously re-
vealing impressive varieties of foods and delicacies for which A-
chehnese feasts are justly famous. Guests begin sampling the foods
when suddenly, after partaking a few bites, Tengku Tjhik di Tiro
collapses and a hush silence prevails over the multitude...Vival-
di's Four Seasons fades out, and Tchaikovsky's Pathetique fades
in. Follows by Faure's Requiem....)

1st man : "I think the Tengku Tjhik has eaten something that makes him sick."

2nd man : "My God, somebody must have forgotten to taste the food!"

3rd man : "Please, any Doctor around? Quick, a Doctor, please!"

4th man : "I fear the worst! Our Lord has been poisoned!"

5th man : "O, God!"

(All eyes are focused on the Tengku Tjhik who had been laid to
rest. His head is cradled by his eldest son, Tengku Muhammad Amin
di Tiro. On his left side sit his other sons, Tengku di Buket and
Tengku Mahyeddin; on his right side is Panglima Meulaboh, Teuku
Umar; on his feet are Panglima Pidie, Panglima Pasfe, and Panglima
Lingga. The Tengku is alternating between losing and gaining con-
sciousness. Around him a great multitude sits in silence which is
increasingly broken by sobs and laments. The joyous scene of a
victory feast changed into a sorrowful gathering.)

Doctor : "Our Lord had eaten a barbecued bird, a beureukiek, a gift from
one woman, Njak Ubit, from the village of Montasiek. There are
strong traces of poison in it."

Everyone : "O God! Help us!"

1st man : "Why the food was not tasted as usual?"

2nd man : "Yes, why the food was not inspected?"

3rd man : "Arrest the food taster?"

Everyone : "Arrest the food taster!"

(The Tengku gains consciousness and motions with his hand indica-
ting he wants to speak. All ears are being lowered to him.)
Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "Do not blame anyone for this. I forgive all concern! Do not punish anyone! It must have been Taqdir — the will of God!"

(Long silence)

"My Will to you all: to continue the war of liberation of Aceh as I had planned. To execute my ORDER-OF-THE-DAY forthwith, as if I am with you!

"My Will to my sons: to live honorable lives and to die shaheed martyred for the cause of Aceh and Islam.

"My Will to my daughters: to live honorable lives and always to follow the guidance of Allah and the Prophet."

(The Tengku stops talking and remains silent for a while. Then feeling his end nears, he says the Two Witness Testaments):

Tengku Tjhik di Tiro: "La ilaha il-lallah, Muhammadur-rasulullah." (There is no God but Allah, Muhammad is his Prophet)

Everyone: "Inna lillahi, wa inna ilaihi raji'um." (We are belong to Allah, and to him we shall return. These are Moslem prayers in the presence of death.)

(Everyone begins to cry, first quietly and later loudly. It was impossible to describe the grief of everyone or upon hearing it to those faraway. Tengku Tjhik di Tiro has been the soul of resistance and the Law-Giver King of the country for the last eighteen years of life-and-death struggle against foreign invaders. The popular feeling is that with the Tengku is dead, the light has gone out of Aceh. The last Queen of Aceh, Potjut Meurah, widow of the late Sultan Mahmud Sa'ah, describes the national feeling upon hearing the news of the sudden death of the Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great as "Ruga han mbob dônja", that is, "the whole world seems to have collapsed."

---Curtain down---

ACT V
Scene 1

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg; Ludwig van Beethoven, Four Elise; Andres Segovia, Spanish Guitar; Antonio Vivaldi, Concerto Grosso.

Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong. Guard posts and Guard houses. All troops wearing immaculate uniforms. Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Amin di Tiro who has replaced his father, takes great pride in the appearance of his Army. A huge Acehnese flag is flying over the tower of the main entrance. Everything seems to be very well organized. There are different buildings for different functions in the Fort. There are signs like FOOD RECEPTION, FOOD INSPECTION, MEDICAL CENTER, MAIL AND DISPATCHES. And others. The Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong has become the most important Headquarters for Acehnese forces. After the death of
Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great on January 25, 1891, Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Ammin di Tiro made his first Headquarters here. Before it was Muree the first, and Aneuk Galong the second. The Achehnese forces have successfully stopped the Dutch/Javanese forces in the area Northwestern of Lam Baro that by now has earned the name of "Lam-Baro-Kaphê" (Infidel's Lam Baro). The war has been going on for so long now. Achehnese leadership has been taken over, by necessity, by the second generation. The same is true on the Dutch side. General van Swieten and many of his cohorts are long dead. The war has been dwindled for over twenty years now! Both sides are maneuvering endlessly to get over the situation, but clearly that Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong has been very successful in containing the Dutch forces to within the city limit of Kuta Radja.

Great activities are being carried out in every corner of the Fort. It surely is a busy place. There is a long line of old women, men, young women, boys and girls carrying all sorts of packages and bundles over their heads or in the baskets that seem to be foodstuffs. Everywhere is the evidence that this is a popularly supported war. There are new recruits training in the fields.

Guard: "What do you have in the basket, Mother?"
Old woman: "Two fried chickens and some yellow rice for the Tengku!"
Guard: "Thank you so much. From what village are you?"
Old woman: "I am from the village of Eumphè Ara."
Guard: "Oh, you have come from so far away."
Old woman: "I do not mind at all although I have to walk by foot half-a-day. I wish I can do more for our cause. By the way, I would like to take home some water which the Tengku has used to wash his hands."
Guard: "What do you need it for, Mother?"
Old woman: "For medicament."
Guard: "Alright, Mother, I will ask it for you from the Tengku when he arrives." (The Guard scribbles something in his book.)
A man: "Here is a lamb, a gift from my family to our Army." (He gives the rope which was tied around the neck of the lamb to the guard. The lamb makes a sound as if saying something: 'Bèk, bèk,' - 'No, no,' in Achehnese).
Guard: "From where are you?"
The man: "From Lam Krak."
Guard: "Oh, from the place of the famous Koran reading school!"
The man: "I have a request to make. For water which the Tengku used to wash his feet."
Guard: "May I ask, why do you request that?"
The man: "My wife was very ill last month. She made a vow with God that if she recovered she would drink the water used by Tengku Tjhik di Tiro to wash his feet. Soon she recovered. And we thought she would have died."
Guard: "I will make the request to the Tengku!"
A boy: "Three chickens from my father and mother."
(The boy throws the chickens on the table close to the face of the Guard. The chickens yell)

Guard: "Not on my face, please!"
(Suddenly a sound of trumpets are heard)

Guard at the Gate: "Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Muhammad Amind Tiro!"
(All stand up at attention to receive the Tengku, who arrives on horseback wearing riding habits, followed by his cavalry guards. After dismounting he is being crowded by men and women who rush to greet him and to kiss his hand. Then the Tengku enters into the Reception Hall. Tengku Muhammad Amind Tiro is a young man in his late thirties.)

Tengku Tjhik Amin di Tiro (to Bangguna, the guard): "Bangguna, what request from the people did you receive today?"

Guard: "Two special requests. One, for water which the Tengku has used to wash his hands; and second, for water which the Tengku has used to wash his feet."

Tengku Tjhik Amin di Tiro (while folding his shirt sleeve and smiling, says)
"You know, Bangguna, these are serious requests from our people which we have to attend to. These are not trivial requests for water, but a gesture, a vote of confidence from our people to us, expressing their absolute faith in us, whether in open or confidential matters, material or spiritual things, body or soul. These are the meaning of these requests.
"Bangguna, please bring water, soap, and towel!"
(Bangguna, the Guard, orders for water, soap, and towels which are being brought in swiftly. Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Amind Tiro sits on a chair and ceremoniously let his hands washed with soap and water, and afterward drying his hands with the clean white towels. Then, in view of everyone, he dips his index finger into a bowl of water and says):

Tengku Tjhik Amin di Tiro: "Here is the water by which we have washed our hands for our beloved people!"
(Then the Tengku have a guard pulled his gleaming black leather riding boot off. He then washes his feet with soap and water, pours on by a guard over a large bowl already prepared. After drying his feet with a very clean towel, he then dips the tip of his toe in another bowl of clean water ceremoniously, and says):

Tengku Tjhik Amin di Tiro: "Here is the water by which we have washed our feet for our beloved people! Our people are very smart: you are witnessing how our people exercise remote control to keep their leader clean, hands and feet, body and soul!"

Everyone: (Laughs and applauds)

---Curtain down---
Domestic scene. The household of Teuku Umar, in Great Aceh, XXV District. In the front veranda of a great Achehnese house. Teuku Umar was an Achehnese General, formerly Commander of the West Coast of Aceh, but he defected to the Dutch side in 1893, two years after the death of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great, reportedly because of some personal quarrels with Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro. Teuku Umar made his defection under pretext to deceive the Dutch in order to get their weapons. But the clever Dutchmen put him to severe test by ordering him to openly attacked Achehnese fortifications in order to destroy Umar's standing and respectability among his own people as a proof of his true allegiance to Holland. By 1896, the Dutch are satisfied of Umar's true loyalty to them. On the other hand, the Achehnese have completely lost all confidence in Umar, and he begun to be looked upon as a common traitor. His wife, Potjut Njak Dien, is a true Achehnese patriot, who opposed her husband's political move from the outset, and she had never willingly acquiesced to his ideas and opportunist policies.

Tjut Njak Dien (while knitting, to her husband, Teuku Umar): Now, it has been three years since you took the Dutch side. You started with the idea of exploiting them. Now, you ended up with the fact of their exploiting you! They have made you conquered for them the IV Districts and the XXV Districts without any lost of Dutch lives and with very little expenses for them; very cheap indeed but with a lot of Achehnese lives lost! The Dutch have built 11 new Forts over the territories you had conquered for them from our own people.

"Our people no longer trust us and begin to look at us as a traitorous couple. The Dutch had given you a grand title. But I am an Achehnese woman! I do not feel proud to be the wife of a 'Grand Marshall of the Dutch East Indies Army'."

(She stands up, vehemently tosses all her knitting materials to the air, approaches her husband, and loudly shouts):

"If you do not want to rejoin our people, I beg you to divorce me, now! I must clear my family name. I do not want to die as a traitor to our country. I was not born to dishonor my family before God and men!"

(Sobbing, she covers her face by both palms of her hands and she kneels down on the floor putting her forehead on the edge of the sofa where Teuku Umar was sitting - impassively inhaling his pipe, without saying a word.)

(Someone knocks on the door: "Bang, bang!")

Teuku Umar: "Come in!"

Servant: "My Lord, there is someone just arrived down stairs. He said he has an urgent message."

Teuku Umar: "Usher him in!"

Teuku Umar to Tjut Njak Dien: "There is a guest coming. Please compose yourself. I am thinking what to do best. I will make my decision soon. Now that my way has failed, I may follow your way."
(Teuku Umar takes the hands of his wife, helps her to stand up and conducts her to sit on another chair. They both wait for the guest to come in.)

Guest: "Assalamu alaikum!"

Teuku Umar: "Wa alaikum salam."

Guest: "My Lord, I have a most distressing news. The Dutch have attacked the Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong yesterday. Two hundreds Achehnese defenders died heroically, including Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro. The sound of the battle could be heard until Kuta Radja. The defenders fought very bravely. No one running away! No one surrendered! They all chose to die! In defence of this Land of Ours! Even Dutch generals Van Heutz and Van Daalen who were in command of the attacking forces said the Achehnese defenders fought like lions! Quarters were not given and was not asked!"

Teuku Umar: "Where Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro was buried?"

Guest: "I heard his body was brought to Mureue and was buried there beside the grave of his father, our late Lord Tengku Tjhik di Tiro the Great."

Teuku Umar: "Now that he is dead, I shed tears for him!"

(Teuku Umar takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his tears off)

Teuku Umar: "I used to quarrel with him over what seems now trivial matters. He was very proud, conscious of his status and power. And very brave too. He got wounded several times in the battlefields. He enjoys life. He knew how to live. And now, he proved, he knows also how to die! I admire him. And from now on, I will follow his footsteps! So help me, God!"

Tjut Njak Dien: "You mean it, Teuku Umar? You mean it?"

(She comes to her husband and holds his hand, looking supremely happy)

(The guest, sensing the delicacy of the domestic situation, begs his leave.)

Teuku Umar: "Now, then, Tjut Njak Dien, how do we proceed? You are the Boss! Henceforth I will follow your policy. You are right all along. I must admit: women are smarter than men."

Tjut Njak Dien: "First, we should arrange the marriage of our daughter, Tjut Gambang, with Tengku Mahyeddin di Tiro, the younger brother of Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro, and his most likely successor. Our son, Teuku Geudong, should be sent to Tiro to accompany his sister, and to stay there with the di Tiro Family."

"Second, you should try to recover the Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong from the Dutch. You should now assume command to oust the Dutch and their Javanese mercenaries from Great Acheh, especially from the XXV Districts and the IV Districts which you had conquered for them. You must repent."

"Third, if we had to retreat, then you can retreat to Fidie and join forces with the Family of the Tengku di Tiro with whom now we form an eternal alliance."
Teuku Umar: "And when am I supposed to do all that?"

Tjut Njak Diên: "NOW!"

Teuku Umar: "What a woman! You had all that figured out? And a fine strategy too!"

Teuku Umar to Servant: "Ask my daughter, Tjut Mirah Gambang, and my son, Teuku Geudong, to come here right away!"

(Tjut Mirah Gambang, a handsome young woman of about 20, comes in followed by her brother, Teuku Geudong, about 25, who take their seats)

Teuku Umar: "Your mother and I had just made very important decisions which concern our private as well as public lives, that is to say, decisions which involve the lives of our persons – including yours – and the life of our country." (Long pause)

"I will rejoin the forces of the Achehnese State. I will retake the Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong which had just fallen to the enemy."

"You, my daughter Mirah Gambang, to marry Tengku Mahyeddin di Tiro, the younger brother of the Head of State and his most likely successor to be the Head of State soon."

"You, my son, Geudong, to escort your sister to Tiro with a retinue and you shall stay there with the Family."

Teuku Geudong: "But, Father, how can we do all these in such a sudden fashion without prior arrangements? What happens if Tengku Mahyeddin did not want to marry my sister? After all we do not know!"

Teuku Umar: "My son, what your mother and I are doing is something called a gesture, for reasons of State and family. I am sure that the di Tiro Family understands such things. They are also capable of making such gesture toward us. So have no doubt. Besides, your wise mother must have contemplated, and must have prepared the ground for this move long time ago! A fine and a wise woman your mother! I had never realized that before today!"

Teuku Geudong: "And when do we go to Tiro, Father?"

Teuku Umar: "Tomorrow morning! There is no time to lose!"

Tjut Njak Diên to Teuku Umar: "And when do you start your military campaign against the Dutch and the Javanese?"

Teuku Umar: "Tomorrow afternoon, March 28, 1896, my Supreme Commander!"

(Everyone laughs at Teuku Umar's referring to his wife as Supreme Commander.)

---Curtain down---

ACT V

Scene 3

Music: Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Smetana, Moldau

The retreat of Tjut Njak Diên in the mountain vastness between Geumpang and Meulaboh. Her husband, Teuku Umar, after executing every bit of the planned attacks against the Dutch and their Javanese mercenaries in Great Acheh, af-
ter regaining and then losing again of Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong, after dislodging the entire Dutch positions in the IV Districts and the XXV Districts with great success, until the Dutch had to bring in their Commander-in-Chief from Holland, General Vetter, to extricate their forces from the pincer movement of Teuku Umar in Great Acheh, he has to withdraw to Pidie, in 1898. From Pidie he regains control of the West Coast. Teuku Umar was ambushed and killed by the Dutch in February, 1899, in Meulaboh, still a grand capitaine he was. His widow, Tjut Njak Diën, did not give up the struggle. She continue to fight on with other Achehnese leaders, especially now that her daughter, Tjut Gnb-bing, is married to the leading member of the di Tiro family, the supreme leader of the resistance. There are present in the retreat several women companions, men guards and advisers, among them, Waki (Representative) Him, Pang Raman, Tjowa (Aunt) Barén, Feutua (Elderman) Ayat. Tjut Njak Diën is greying. Her eye sight had failed her. Her health is poor. But her spirit is undaunted!

Tjowa Barén: "Your Highness, Waki Him begs to be excused so that he can go down to the village to fetch the rice."

Tjut Njak Diën: "Very well, Waki Him, you may go now."

(Waki Him comes forward to kiss the hand of Tjut Njak Diën. It is obvious that Tjut Njak Diën cannot see the man near her but simply gives her hand toward the direction of the sound she heard. She is blind.)

Waki Him: "I will come back shortly, because I had asked the people in the village to bring the rice half-way up here."

Pang Raman: "But that is against our security system. I had never given you permission to let anyone come half-way up here."

Waki Him: "Just this one time, please!"

(And he left in a great hurry, as if running)

Pang Raman: "I have a feeling that Waki Him behaves somewhat awkward today."

Feutua Ayat: "Me too! He seems not his usual self."

Tjut Njak Diën: "You people seem to like to fret on small matters. Let him go and forget him."

Tjut Njak Diën (reminiscing): "Oh, how time flies!"

(Long silence)

"My husband did everything I suggested to him to do in military and political fields. He did retake the Fort Kuta Aneuk Galong, the IV Districts and the XXV Districts. He did shake the Dutch positions in Acheh to the ground in 1896, and they have not yet recovered from it until now. They have to bring General Vetter, their Commander-in-Chief in Holland to extricate the Dutchmen and their Javanese mercenaries from my husband's pincer movement. The Dutch so-called 'governor' of Acheh, General Deijkerheff, was dismissed by his Government over the crisis.

"I must admit, my husband had done great harm to the nation's cause by his naive cooperation with the Dutch between 1893 and 1896. I vehemently opposed that move. But there were those who approved it, men like Tengku di Kuta Kareueng. So I do not know. But I knew that my husband could not have used the Dutch. They
were the one who would use him. I was lucky to be able to change his mind, finally."

"He has repented, and repented grandly. I hope God and men will forgive him. My husband's life should not be set as an excuse for future traitors to collaborate with invading enemies, but on the contrary, as an example for non-collaboration with all invading enemies, for such behavior will cause more harm than good for our national existence and our national interest. If this lesson is remembered, then my husband had not died in vain! Collaboration with the invading enemies is not justifiable under any pretext! Achehnese of all ranks and classes must put the national interest above his own! My husband has certainly bought his forgiveness from Allah by dying a martyr. I hope that the people of Aceh will also find grace in their hearts to forgive him, for he has corrected his mistakes when he realized it, and risked his life in doing so. Did not they say that all is well that ends well?"

"He would have been glad to know that he had grand children in Tiro now from our daughter Mirah Gambang."

"I want to die a shaheed - martyr too, to the cause of my Land and my people. All other kinds of death is a waste!"

(Suddenly, all the leaves of the small trees around the retreat are quaking because of the movement of the Dutch soldiers converging on the camp from all sides. As the Dutch and their Javanese servants are closing in, a very loud yelling is heard: "HANDS UP! DO NOT RUN! GIVE UP TJUT NJAK DIEN!" Nothing could be done anymore. The coup was done in a complete surprise. Obviously with an inside accomplice. The Dutch Commander steps forward, followed by his Javanese dogs.)

Dutch Commander: "Which one is Tjut Njak Dien?"

(No one volunteers to show. Everyone stands up in silent disbelief of what is unfolding before their eyes - but no one shows any sign of panic. Everyone stands on his or her ground.)

Dutch Commander: "Will someone show me which one is Tjut Njak Dien!"

(More silence)

Dutch Commander: "Bring Waki Him here!"

All camp members, almost in unison: "Oh, you, Waki Him! We spit upon you Waki Him!"

(Waki Him is pushed forward to the front. He is obviously very reluctant to show his traitorous face to his former friends. Waki Him lamely points his fingers at Tjut Njak Dien, and slowly walks toward her, and, when he stands precisely in front of her, he says):

Waki Him: "Forgive me, Your Highness, but I did this for your sake, so that you suffer no more. Your illnesses can be cured. You will not have to suffer hunger anymore!"

Tjut Njak Dienn: "I do not ask for your pity, Waki Him! Do you think we are domestic animals whose primary requirement is only a full belly?"
No Waki Him, we are Free Achehnese, free human beings whose primary requirement is not full belly, but full honor and dignity. We die for honor and dignity, and not for food in the belly!

Waki Him: "O please forgive me, Your Highness!"

Tjut Njak Diān: "No forgiveness for you. What you betray and kill today is not only us. You have also killed an example of the supreme sacrifice that we hold out for the future generations of Achehnese to see and to follow in defence of this ancestral Holy "Land of Ours! For that crime you now receive your punishment!"

(Swift as a lightning, Tjut Njak Diān pulls her Renchong (Acheh-inese dagger) and thrusts it into the heart of Waki Him who falls right there near her feet, engulfs in a pool of blood. Everyone is quiet, stunned by the spectacle, including Dutch soldiers.)

Tjut Njak Diān: "Let's go to wherever destiny wants us, but no surrender to the Dutch and their Javanese dogs."

(She gives her hand to Tjiwa Barān who leads the way followed by others including Dutch soldiers - all in silence.)

---Curtain down---

ACT VI

Scene 1

Music: Johan Sebastian Bach, Brandenburg Concerto
Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg
Gabriel Faure, Requiem

Town meeting for the Commemoration of the First Revelation of the Koran, in Tiro, 1904. Serene pastoral scene of Tiro. On the Western horizon can be seen the majestic sight of Mount Seulawah in dark blue color; on the Southeast side can be seen the Alimon and the Meureuwue mountain ranges standing mightily. On the East side is the Patisah mountain in greenish-blue color reaching to the sea of the Malacca Strait. In the middle of this idyllic scene runs the River Tiro with its sparkling clear water and pearl-like polished stone pebbles and rock-crystals in every color and hue. The meeting is being held in the open air, on the Plain of Lhok Panah, the high plateau on the West side of the river. The place is full to capacity. The evening stars, for which the Tiro region is famous, are like being strewn all over the dark blue great sky, a sight so impressively forceful that it seizes upon the mind of the onlooker that for tonight the only realities are heaven, earth, and the sea of humanity on the Plain of Lhok Panah. Achehnese flags are being displayed all over the place. Ushers assist the people to sit in the well-planned seating arrangement. The dignitaries sit on the raised platform facing the multitude.

Master of Ceremony: "Our Lord, the Law-Giver, the King Tengku Tjhik di Tiro Ubaidullah!"

(All present stand up to give an ovation to the Head of State who had replaced his older brother, Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro, who died at the Battle of Fort Aneuk Galong in 1896. Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro popularly known as Tengku Bēb, arrives on horseback,
followed by constant guards Pang Tam, Pang Him, and Pang Rabo — all famous Acehnese commanders in their own rights. Tengku Beb raises his right hand in a gesture to return the greeting to the people. After dismounting from his horse in front of the platform, the Tengku takes his place in the centre of the dais.

Master of Ceremony: "Now, I have the privilege to present to this distinguished gathering, His Excellency the Minister of Education of the State of Aceh and the Governor of Pidie, Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng.

(Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng raises from his seat on the dais, walks toward the podium, wearing Acehnese costume but with a long colorful turban)

Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng: "Assalamu alaikum!"

Everyone: "Wa alaikum salami"

Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng: "We gather here tonight to commemorate the First Revelation of the Koran. The Koran is one of the most fundamental parts of the Constitution of the Acehnese State. It is written in order not to be forgotten. The other parts are: Tradition (Sunnah), namely, the practice of the Prophet; Analogy (Qias), that is, similar decisions applicable to similar cases; and Consensus (Ijmak), namely, agreement among responsible and well-informed authorities. The last three parts provide for the adaptive, flexible dynamic to the unchanging nature of the first original Revelation, thus making our Constitution a kind of a four horses driven carriage with always spare energies to carry on."

"Ours is therefore a Government ruled by the laws of God (Theocracy), and not by the laws made by men and mobs (Democracy). In our Islamic Theocracy, the power of men over men is severely limited by the power of God. In a Democracy the power of men over men is unlimited. The power of a democratic majority is absolute. And absolute power corrupts absolutely. In our Islamic Theocracy no man has absolute power over other men. Absolute power belongs only to God. In our Theocracy everyone is protected by God and his laws. For example, there is God’s law about Retaliation, which says: ‘You are ordained to establish the Law of Retaliation in cases of murders... because in Retaliation there lies the guaranteed safety of your lives. Life must be paid with life, eye for eye, etc.’ (Al-Baqarah 178). This is an example of God’s grand design!"

"In a democracy, a man is not protected by a higher being than himself. So whose law do you prefer: the law made by God, or the law made by John Doe and David Roe?"

Everyone: "The law of God!"

Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng: "The word 'modern' means new. Democracy was invented in Greece some four or five thousands years ago, when the people there were still pagan, that is without religion. Islamic Theocracy was revealed some one-thousand-three-hundred years ago tonight! Then, which one of the two systems is really 'modern'?"

Everyone: "Islam!"
"Another point that I would like to make is that true democracy in this century when most nations have emerged from the state of paganism into a state of civilized life by embracing a religion, these nations will also regulate themselves according to the law of their religion, thus inevitably producing a Theocracy of their own, according to what religion they are embracing. Therefore, honest democracy among civilized people will also result in a Theocracy, in one form or another. When a man or a nation has embraced a religion, it has also embraced a way of life, a rule of law by which it wants to be governed."

"Western civilization was based on Christian religion because of the simple fact that Western men had adopted that religion. Therefore, Western democracies are at bottom also Christian Theocracies with national and territorial modifications. Theology is to be found at the bottom of all great Western political thought."

"Our enemies, Dutchmen, and their camp-followers, Javanese, are presently attempting to separate religion from governance in the Land of Aceh, in order to weaken us, and to weaken our resistance against them. This Dutch tactics is the brainchild of one of my former students in Mecca, one Christian Snouck Hurgronje. This ambitious, unprincipled, dishonest scholar - an honest scholar would never swear to be a Moslem - or a Christian - if he is not an honest scholar would never use his scholarly findings to harm the community or the people the subject of his study; an honest scholar would never propose a bloody suppression of a nation defending its independence. Christian Snouck Hurgronje is all these and more; he is more bloodthirsty than the butchers van Heutz and Van Daalen. He is the foremost mercenary intellectuals of Western imperialism. Yet, he has managed to build a 'legend' for himself as an 'Islamic scholar' in fighting us. He had even written a book titled 'The Acehnese', a vindictive, unobjective, unscientific, old-wives-tales of a sort that had passed among his own ignorant people as a 'master work' about our people. I have no doubt that the true history and honest sociology will catch up with Christian someday, and Snouck Hurgronje's 'legend' will be defused."

"This Dutch 'Moslem' student of mine, conspired with the Dutch Government to spy upon me, his unsuspecting professor of Islamic Jurisprudence while in Mecca. He informed the Dutch Government about my resolve to return to Aceh to join the fight to defend our country's independence. So the Dutch were poised to capture me when I would arrive in Penang, or Idi, or Fedan. Luckily, I knew that before my departure from Mecca, thanks to the Turkish Government, who is our ally. Therefore, I have to disguise along the way as an Indian laborer, and to make my disguise more com-"
plete, I have to undergo a certain mercury treatment to have all my teeth dropped! That is why you see me toothless these days!"

Everyone: (Applause and laughter)

Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng: "But I assure you, I prefer to be toothless than stateless! I prefer to die fighting than to watch Dutchmen and Java men take over our country! Wassalamu alaikum."

Everyone: (Prolonged applause)

Master of Ceremony: "We thank Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng for a profound and lively exposition. And now, gentlemen and ladies, we shall have the great pleasure to receive the words of Our Lord, the Law-Giver the King Tengku Tjhik Ubaidullah di Tiro."

Everyone: (Applause)

(Tengku Ubaidullah walks to the podium followed by Pang Tam, Pang Him, and Pang Rabo, who stand guard behind the Tengku.)

Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro: "Assalamu alaikum!"

Everyone: "Wa alaikum salami"

Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro: "We have just been greatly instructed and entertained by our beloved Cousin and Minister, Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng. He had demonstrated his loyalty to the nation by leaving his safe quarters in Mecca, to come back to the battlefields of Aceh, to live or to die together with us all."

(Appause)

(Tengku Ubaidullah walks to the podium followed by Pang Tam, Pang Him, and Pang Rabo, who stand guard behind the Tengku.)

Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro: "May his shining example be never lost to our future generations!"

(Appause)

(Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro: "This evening we are commemorating the First Revelation of the Koran, our Fundamental Law. I would like to bring to your attention just one, short, verse, which I think is most relevant to our present political life. 'There is no similarity between Moslems who are just sitting...and those who fight for the cause of God with their property and their lives. God gives to those who fight for his cause great rewards and elevates them to high status, bestows upon them happiness and forgiveness over and above those who just sit down.' (Annisa 95-96).

"This is the only basis for privilege, and the only ground for in-equality in the Law of Islam. The men and women who stand up and be counted in defence of this Land and our way of life are patently not the same with those who just sit down letting this Land and this people trodden down by the invading enemy. It is to these men and women of action that this country must first of all belong. They are of the first rank in this Land - by the grace of God!"

"It is a privileged rank opened to all. Here lies its justness. It will be yourself to blame if you are not belong to it because of your own inertia and inaction!"

"Tonight, the door to this eternal privilege is still open. Let us stand up against our enemy. Let us show to the world, and to our future generations that we have the courage to defend our rights
and our honor. We shall not stop to resist the enemy until we have chased him back to Java! And, I, for one, shall not live to see the death of Aceh!"

(Applause and ovation. Tengku Ubaidullah di Tiro returns to his seat)

Master of Ceremony: "We thank the Tengku Tjhik for his words, and I would like to say, in the name of us all, that we will follow him!"

(Applause)

(Suddenly a horseman arrives bringing urgent message to M.C. Upon hearing the message, the M.C. rushes to Tengku Beb, and after a short conversation, he hurried back to the podium to make the following announcement):)

Master of Ceremony: "We have just received a report that the enemy is advancing to Tiro. We are going to meet him right here, on the Plain of Lhok Panah. Tengku Tjhik Ubaidullah di Tiro will be in command of our troops in person. Let us be ready!"

(The crowd disperses in great hurry. Some change their civilian clothes into military uniform right there. Some inspect their swords, guns, pistols, and renchongs. Horsemen galloping here and there, obviously carrying orders from the Supreme Commander)

(Sounds of distant cannonades. The order of the battle line for the Battle of the Plain of Lhok Panah is ready. The enemy advances. The battle is joined: amidst sounds of guns, machine guns, lightnings, and shouts ALLAHU AKBAR (Acehnese war cry). The enemy's onslaught ends in failure. He runs away. But, Tengku Tjhik Ubaidullah di Tiro, still a young man, was struck by enemy bullets and fell in the battlefield of the Plain of Lhok Panah. When firing ceased and quietness returns, a coffin draped with Acehnese flag is being carried over the shoulders of Acehnese soldiers proceeding to the burial ground of the di Tiro family on the top of the Tjot Rheum Hill.)

Pang Tam (with tears in his eyes): "I was standing in front of the Tengku all the time! But I was not struck by the bullets!"

Pang Him: "I was on the Tengku's left! And here I am, an unlucky one. Not martyred!"

(Pang Him is unable to control his sobbing)

Pang Rabo: "I was on the Tengku's right. As they say: 'You cannot die before your time is up. And luckless body cannot die a martyr. I have a hunch maybe my body is not lucky.'"

(Tears in his eyes. Pang Rabo indeed does not die from this war. He is the only Pang to survive the war, alive!)

Pang Rabo: "As our poet has said:

Han geupeudile (It cannot be advanced
Han geupeudude (It cannot be postponed
Oh trah uro (One can only be dead
Meuhat maté (When his time arrived

---Curtain down---
ACT VI
Scene 2

Music: Edouard Lalo, Symphonie Espagnol
Frederick Smetana, Moldau
Antonio Vivaldi, The Four Seasons

Achehnese Headquarter at Mount Alimon, 8100 feet above sea level. In front of a huge fire place. The sounds of firewoods crackling and bursting mixed with the solemn but virile and calm sound of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnol. Among those present, whose faces are illuminated by the light of the fire, are: Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Ali Zainul Abidin di Tiro, better known as Tengku di Buket, because he was born at Buket Sebön, Great Acheh. He is now the Head of State of Acheh, replacing his brother, Tengku Ubaidullah, who fell at the Battle of the Plain of Lhok Panah. Tengku Mahyeddin di Tiro, his younger brother. Potjut Mirah Gambang, the wife of Tengku Mahyeddin. Teuku Geudong, her brother. Habib Teupin Wan of Samalanga and his son, Habib Tjut. Teuku Dgang Mang Djeurat, Tange, Tengku di Tjot Tjitjéa (The Lord of the Bird Mountain). Tengku Sjoch Saman, the 18 year old son of the late Tengku Muhammad Amin di Tiro. Pang Habo, Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Flieng. And others.

The meeting is called by Tengku di Buket to discuss the content of an important letter which had just been received from three Achehnese dignitaries at Kuta Radja, namely, Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Radja Keurnala, and Teuku Panglima Polem Muhammad Daud (the son of the late Panglima Polem Radja Kuna). Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Ali Zainul Abidin di Tiro, henceforth Tengku di Buket for short: "Assalamu alaikum!"

Everyone: "Wa alaikum salam!"

Tengku di Buket: "I call for your presence here tonight to hear the content of a letter which we have just received from our former allies in Kuta Radja who had surrendered to the enemy. The letter is from Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Radja Keurnala, and Teuku Panglima Polem Muhammad Daud. These are honorable men. Their proposals should be carefully considered by us.

"I ask my nephew, Muhammad Saman, to read the letter aloud to us."

Tengku Muhammad Saman (reading aloud from the letter):

"In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful. Peace and blessing of Allah be to you all, together with our eternal love and esteem forever and ever. From us, Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Radja Keurnala, and Teuku Panglima Polem Muhammad Daud. These are honorable men. Their proposals should be carefully considered by us...

"I ask my nephew, Muhammad Saman, to read the letter aloud to us."
"Since we left you, we have gone to Mecca to make the pilgrimage and we have stayed there for four years. We also did some research to find out the conditions of the Muslim nations the world over. We found them all involved in great difficulties because this is the period of the end of the world, not like it used to be. So that as all of us has been at war with the Dutch, if we cannot fight them any more, after we have exhausted all our energies, it is allright for us to surrender to them, since they did not change or forbid our religion. We beg you to think the fine point of this. To surrender to the enemy when one can no longer fight him is a custom not of our making. It is a world's custom and being done in many places. For example, India has surrendered to the British; Morocco to the French; Egypt is being governed jointly with the British and there are other examples.

"All Asian countries have surrendered to their enemies. They are thinking that if they did not surrender, their religion and their country will be more ruined. So it is better to preserve what they can in order not to lose all. That is the way they think, according to our observation.

"Therefore, in our opinion, it is better at this time for our Lords not to live in the forests anymore, and we request all to do like others have done in the West and in the East—those are peoples who are cleverer and mightier than us. And when you come down, please bring all the fire arms so that no accusations can come later. Regarding the matter with the Dutch, the three of us will arrange the meeting between our Lords and His Excellency the Dutch Governor of Aceh. It is our hopes that our Lords will consider our proposal and we hope to receive a speedy reply."

Signed and Sealed:

Tuanku Mahmud
Teuku Panglima Polem
Tuanku Radja Keurnala

Tengku Tjahik Kubiyaddin di Tiro: "My Lord and brother, I think this letter had been written at the request of the enemy. Otherwise why should Tuanku Mahmud, Tuanku Radja Keurnala, and Teuku Panglima Polem referred to the head-Dutchman as 'His Excellency', et cetera, in a letter to us? There are more things than meet the eyes in this letter.

"We are advised to surrender to our enemy. To follow the footsteps of those foreign peoples who had done so. It is a bad advice to follow a worse precedent. We are not in this fight for our personal account; but on account of our martyred fathers and our yet un-born children; on account of the nation's past and its future. On account of our race's continuous sovereignty over this Land of Aceh. Sovereignty is absolute. Either you have it, or you do not have it. You cannot surrender in order to preserve some of it. If we surrendered we have lost it all. And lost it all not only for ourselves, now, but for our future generations too. Thus, risking ourselves being traitors to the past, as well as to the future generations of Acehnese. To surrender to an invading enemy means to descend into slavery. To make ourselves less than who we are, when we were born: a free, sovereign, Acehnese!"
"No. Surrender is never acceptable to a free man. We can save nothing by surrendering. Especially not our honor and dignity. The act of surrendering cuts loose the honor from our existence. Strip a man from his honor and he is no longer a man. Life becomes meaningless then. There is nothing left to live for. And he who lives only to save his life is already dead.

"We are the followers of Islam, we say, that is, we who have surrendered ourselves to God. No one can now propose that we surrender, too, for the second time, to another man, Dutchman or Java-man, who happens to be walking on our own Land. And Allah has told us all along what to do: never to fear any man to fight those who fought us. And Allah has assured us victory: alive or dead!"

Habib Teupin Wan: "We are advised to surrender in order to preserve what is left of Islam. But that is contrary to the Law of Islam itself that had ordered us to fight, not to surrender, to preserve the rule of Islam!"

Teuku Geudong: "If other peoples have indeed surrendered to the invaders of their countries, that was of no importance to us. What is important to us is our own history, and the conduct of our own ancestors! Our history told us that our Land has never fallen to any invaders. That was because our fathers always resisted them. Our fighting men have never been defeated! Therefore, let us continue to walk in the footsteps of our fathers. To fight on until we win, or until we die while defending our country and our freedom. That is a life well-spent!"

Teuku Dagang Blang Djeurat Tangso: "The Dutchmen and the Java-men want very much for us to surrender, it seems to me. The robber, obviously would like to enjoy the fruits of his robberies in peace, and undisturbed."

Tengka di Tjot Tjitjem (a General): "All conquerors would like to walk over other peoples' territories un-opposed!"

Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Flieng: "It seems to me the Dutch are very anxious to legitimise their so-called conquest of Aceh which cannot be done if even a single of us is still in the mountains defending the Sovereignty of Aceh. Until now Dutch presence in Aceh is based on what the world called 'Van Swisten's Illegal annexation' which he can neither prove it, nor complete it, on account of our presence in these mountains. So therefore, the enemy is leaving no stone unturned to have us surrendered. I, for one, will never do so!"

Potjut Mirah Gambang: "We should make very clear to the Dutchmen that we do not want anything from them. We do not want them to spare us. We accept no favor from our enemies. The only message we have for them is to go back to where they came from - to Java!"

Tengku di Buket: "Now we draw a conclusion then that we are all in complete agreement that there will not be a surrender on any term whatever!"

Everyone: "We heard and we obey!"

Tengku di Buket: "And, that we will continue to fight on to defend the Independence of Aceh until the end, and whatever Allah's will for us, be done!"

Everyone: "A M E N!"
ACT VI
Scene 3

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg
Franz Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody
Maurice Jarre, Theme of Lara

Mount Alimon Headquarters. The next day. People are lounging, some are talking in small groups of threes, fours, or fives. Present are the same characters as last night, except Tengku Tjhik di Tjot Plieng and Teuku Dagang Blang Djeurat Tangee who left early in the morning for different missions. Pang Rabo with his luxuriant black beard and a long sword that seems too long for his small, short stature, is way out in front standing guard. Suddenly, three successive reports are heard from distant. Two messengers arrive to report approaching enemy column. All are prepared for the battle in a moment's notice.

(Sound and sights of the battle. The attackers are so numerous that the defenders are soon overpowered. But no one surrendered and no one is taken alive. Tengku di Buket, his nephew Tengku Muhammad Saman, Teuku Geudong, Habib Teupin Wan, his son, Habib Tjut, and 34 others died. Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin escapes. His wife, Potjut Mirah Gambang is gravely wounded. She is paralyzed on the ground, alone, with her six month old son, Tengku Abdullah, sitting beside her, un-aware of what is going on around him and his mother.)

Schmidt (Dutch commander, after inspecting the battleground): "Hell, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin escaped! Too bad! But, I cannot be displeased with what I have gotten here today: Tengku di Buket, Tengku Muhammad Saman, Habib Teupin Wan, Teuku Geudong, and others. All guiding lights of the resistance all these years!"

Schmidt (to his men): "Search the ground for the rest!"

Suharto (a Javanese mercenary): "Colonel, there is a young woman gravely wounded, with a little child beside her!"

Schmidt: "Be careful, do not harm her! She may be Potjut Gambang, the wife of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, if my intelligence report is correct! Bring Teuku Juhan Kuta Batêh here!"

Suharto: "Teuku Juhan is here, Colonel!"

Schmidt (to Teuku Juhan): "I brought you here for this. Now you must prove your worth as a lhoh (Achehnese for traitorous spy)!"

Teuku Juhan: "I, I, Sir!"

Schmidt (to Juhan): "Follow me, dirty lhoh!"

(Schmidt is famous for his fluency in Achehnese. In a minute they arrive to within a stone throw to where the young woman is laying on the ground. Schmidt stops there and whispers to the ear of his spy):

Schmidt (to Juhan): "Go find out if she is really Potjut Mirah Gambang!"

(Juhan goes there alone and returns in a few minutes)

Teuku Juhan: "Yes, Sir. She is Potjut Mirah Gambang. I know her personally!"

Schmidt (to Suharto): "Call the medical officer and the supply officer to come here, right away!"
(Suharto goes away and returns with the other two bringing their stores)

Schmidt (to supply officer): "Pour me some drinking water in a very clean glass, please!"

(The supply officer pours the water into a clean long glass and gives it to Schmidt who takes it and slowly brings it toward the direction of Potjut Gambang who is profusely bleeding, with a pool of blood making the ground around her all red)

Schmidt: "Please forgive me, Your Highness, would you like to drink a glass of water?"

(No answer)

Schmidt: "Would you allow us to dress your wounds?"

(Potjut Mirah Gambang slowly lifts her head and shoulders toward sitting position although it is obvious that she is too weak to do so. Then, turning her head to other direction, yells at Schmidt):

Potjut Mirah Gambang: "Get out of my sight, you dirty infidel! Do not touch me! I do not want your water! I do not need your medicine! You killed my father, you killed my mother, you killed my husband, you have killed all of us. You cannot replaced what you have destroyed. I refuse your mercy! Go away!"

(She falls on her back to the ground again, and quietly waiting for her end to come. Her face shows no sign of suffering and she does not so much as shows any sorrow, regret or complaint. Her face and countenance is serene and proud throughout. She bleeds quietly and dies a little later)

Schmidt (to himself): "This is my most sorrowful day. As a soldier I have to carry my orders. As a civilized human being I must salute this woman and the people that gave birth to her and her likes. Achehnese history has indeed known many grandes dames. The French say, 'bon sang ne peut mentir'. She is the daughter of the great Teuku Umar and Tjut Njak Diş!"

---Curtain down---

ACT VII
Scene I

Music: Georg Friedrich Haendel, Concerto Grosso
Antonio Vivaldi, The Four Seasons
Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg
Frederick Smetana, Moldau

Pasè Headquarters. Characters present: Tengku di Barat; his wife Tengku Njak di Barat; Tengku Muhammad Khatib, her father; Tengku Tjhik di Paja Bakong, the grand old man of Pasè Region; Tjut Meutia; her husband, Panglima Nanggroè; Tengku Malém Diwa, and others.

Tengku Malém Diwa: "We have just got a new Wali Neugara (Head of State) in the person of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro."

Tengku M. Khatib: "Oh yes! A fine choice! Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro has been called 'The Light of the Land' long before he becomes the Head of State."
Tengku Njak di Barat: "But, Father, how do we choose the Head of State in our Government system?"

Tengku M. Khatib: "Our system of Government is based on the law of Islam. Our Head of State is selected according to the Wali system, a concept of responsibility and accountability before God and men. The concept of the Wali is grounded on the family system. As you know, the family is the most important institution in human life; it is the nucleus and the foundation of all civilizations. Destroy the family and no society and no community can exist in the world, social or political. The family is the institution which forms the nucleus of our civilized existence. According to the Law of Islam, a Wali is one who is responsible for the family, for better or for worse. It is predetermined in order to be predictable. And predictability is synonymous with stability. Thus, to everyman and to every woman born in a family, however poor, there must be a Wali, an obligatory heir who takes responsibility for him or her, for better or for worse, an heir who cannot shirks from that responsibility, before God and men. If one is permitted to choose his or her Wali when the need arrives, I am afraid the poor will not get any Wali at all, and the rich will get too many! To serve its purpose, the Wali cannot be an ad hoc arrangement but must be a pre-determined and permanent one!"

"To return to my original proposition. The State is the outgrowth of the family. The Wali of a Head of State is therefore automatically the future Head of State - if he is otherwise not disqualified for incompetence. Because of this certainty, everyone concerned is prepared to carry out his duty - thus unpleasant surprises that can destroy predictability and therefore political stability are minimized. This is how our system preserves its continuity and stability with justice for all. It is ordained by God. The Statutes of Iskandar Muda confirmed all these.

"For this reason, our long political history has been marked by greater stability among our several ruling dynasties. Wise accommodations have always been achieved among them for the national interests."

Tengku Tjihak di Paja Bakong: "To that fine exposition of our Government system by Tengku Muhammad Khatib, I should like to add, to bring you all up-to-date, that since 1874, after the death of Sultan Mahmud Shah, the Office of our Head of State, that is the Wali Neugara has been in the hands of the dTiro Family, with the Deputy Headship (crown-principship) in the hands of the Family of Tuanku Muhammad Daud. It was a wise accommodation made according to political reality after 1874. But since Tuanku Muhammad Daud surrendered in 1903, he had returned all State powers to the dTiro Family - before he was captured - and the Dutch had forced him to renounce all claims to the Acehnese Crown which he complied with, although under duress. Thus for practical purposes Acehnese Sovereignty which belong to all the people of Aceh as a nation is being kept under the guardianship of the dTiro Family for all of us.

"And I must say, what a fine job they have done under the most
difficult circumstances, in half-a-century of continuous trial with fire under the sword of Democles! As I say this to you now, five successive Heads of State, that is five successive Wali Neugara of the Achehnese State belonging to the di Tiro Family have died in the battlefields defending our Sovereignty and our Independence! What an extraordinary record! These men know how to live, and how to die! These are real leaders of men! Worthy of their names! And I, for one, will follow them to the end, until I die too, if I must!"

(Suddenly a guard arrives running to announce):

Guard : "Dutchmen and Javamen are coming this way!"

Tengku di Barat: "Did you count, how many of them?"

Guard : "Maybe seventy-five or so!"

Tengku di Barat: "Do you think they knew we are here?"

Guard : "From the way they walk, they do not seem to know."

Tengku di Barat: "Then, we will ambush them right here. Prepare for battle!"

(Everyone takes his position swiftly. Tengku di Barat takes his place in the front line, and behind him stands his young wife, Tengku Njak di Barat. Tjut Meutia with her husband, Panglima Nanggroë. Others scattered themselves around the natural barricades of big rocks laying around.

After several minutes of waiting in deadly silent, suddenly Dutch soldiers can be seen by the defenders. Tengku di Barat gives his signal to open fire. A sharp exchange of fires in close quarters is seen and heard. Then the right hand of Tengku di Barat is being hit badly by a Dutch bullet. He, without a moment of hesitation gives the gun to his wife who is standing close behind him, and he pulls his renchong from the scabbard and he holds it firmly with his left hand. His wife then steps forward to stand in front of her wounded man and without fear directs her deadly accurate fires against the enemy. After a few minutes, however, a single enemy bullet hits her chest and goes through to her husband's chest who stands behind her. The two fall instantly together to the ground. The drama is visible to all, including to the Dutch commander Hanff who later writes about this drama.

After a short while, the Dutch withdraw, leaving many dead bodies. The defenders make sure to chase them far away before returning to the scene of the battle.)

Panglima Nanggroë (in great grief): "Look at Tengku di Barat and Tengku Njak di Barat!"

Tjut Meutia (who sits down on the ground to cradle the head of Tengku Njak di Barat, in tears): "Oh, contemplate the gaping wounds that had broken the heart of this lovely young woman!"

Panglima Nanggroë (who now also sits down to cradle the head of Tengku di Barat on his lap): "And contemplate also these wounds that had broken the heart of this handsome noble young man!"
Tjut Meutia: "If these gaping wounds have tongues, they would speak about the love these tender broken hearts have for this Land of Aceh and its people. If you truly love, you would be willing to die to protect the loved one!"

"O people of Aceh! If you have one ear left which is not deaf, listen to the message from these two broken hearts, for the cause of Free Aceh!

"If you have a little tears left in your eyes, shed it please here with me now, so that we can clean these beautiful young faces. O, God, please recycle this heroic noble blood into the veins of our posterity, so that there may live here a race of men and women who are so brave and free, forever and ever!"

Panglima Nanggroë (who puts the head of Tengku di Barat gently on the ground beside him, kneels down on the earth, opens both palms toward heaven above in a praying manner, with tears streaking from his eyes, says with a broken, halting voice): "I shall avenge you, my brother! O, God, do not let me die before I avenge this holy couple. O God do not let me die before I punish the author of this foulest crime, the Dutch and the Javanese hordes!"

Tengku Muhammad Khatib: "Oh, my daughter! Oh, my son!"

Tjut Meutia (still sobbing): "One enemy bullet has struck both noble hearts! I have never seen more loyal and devoted couple, with singleness of purpose: to save this Land of Aceh free for our children and their children's children!"

(All stand around the dead couple in a circle, numbed by the sad spectacle)

Tjut Meutia (now with her sword drawn): "Panglima Nanggroë, everyone, follow me! We are going to find the Dutchmen and the Javanese responsible for this heinous crime!"

(She leads the way. Everyone follows. That was the last time she was seen alive on the surface of this earth. No one knows where she succumbed. Her grave was never to be found. Where she is resting is known only to God!

Her husband, Panglima Nanggroë, lives on to wreak havoc against the Dutch in the Pase-Aron Region. He was so successful in his campaigns that he was nicknamed by the Dutch as "Little Napoleon" for his military prowess. He now rests in peace in his grave near Lhok Sukon. H.C. Zentgraaff wrote: "Comme ils tombent, men ... is there a people on earth who would not write in their history book the fall of these heroic figures with the greatest honor?").

---Curtain down---

**ACT VII**

**Scene 2**

**Music:** Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg
Respighi, Italiana
Samuel Barber, The Pine of Rome

September 5, 1910. Sounds and sights of the Battle of Alue Simi, Tangsá. After a short interval, a procession of people appeared carrying the dead
body of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, who fell at the Battle of Alue Simi with two bullets in his heart. The body is draped with an Achehnese flag. The procession is growing by leaps and bounds as it is being joined by sad and sobbing Achehnese along the way. By the time it reaches Pulo Meusen-djit, the procession has become several thousands strong. The sad crowd is silent.

The flag-bedecked body of the Tengku is put on a raised platform on the burial ground, on the South side of the mosque of Pulo Meusen-djit which was built originally by the Tengku himself. According to the Islamic tradition a shaheed person, that is a person who died in a Holy War, a war for a just cause, such as the Tengku's, is not to be washed and dressed the usual way, in white clothes, but to be buried in the battle dress forthwith.

When the flag that covers the body of the Tengku is lifted, his wounds and scars are visible to all. Everyone is gaping in sorrowful laments. The Dutch medical officers had dressed the wounds on the body of the Tengku with white cotton bandages which are now becoming all red with his blood.

A Dignitary (whispers to the ear of another): "Can we at least keep a little piece of the bandages with the holy blood of our Lord on it for remembrance of him?"

2nd Dignitary (whispers to the one next to him): "Can we keep a little piece of the cloth with the holy blood of our Lord on it for remembrance of him?"

(The same message is being repeated to all around, relays as it were, until it reaches the ear of the Elder in charge of the funeral, at the other end of the long line, who says):

The Elder: "I think it is allright."

(Then his decision is being whispered back along the line. Then he proceeds to unravel two long pieces of the blood-stained bandages from the Tengku's body, and quietly cuts them into tiny pieces, folds them, and then he hands a piece each only to the most prominent of the dignitaries present. They keep these blood-stained clothes most secretly in Tangse as a great treasure, a holy relic, a remembrance to the last leader of the di Tiro Family. Then they proceed with a solemn burial ceremony, followed by a long Prayer. The Dutch historian, H. C. Zentgraaff has written: "The Family of the Tengku di Tiro is the holiest family Acheh has ever recognized.

---Curtain down---

ACT VII
Scene 3

Music: Ernesto Lacuna, Malagueña
Andres Segovia, Spanish Guitar
Frederick Smetana, Moldau

Inside the Dutch Fort of Tangse. Colonel H.J. Schmidt writing and re-reading an entry in his Memoir (published as Marechaussee in Atjeh, Maastricht, 1947). Schmidt's role in the Dutch's colonialist war against Acheh was also presented in great details in H. C. Zentgraaff, Atjeh, and in Coudoorer and Zentgraaff, Sumatraantjes. Schmidt emerges from the war as something like Dutch answer to Britain's "Lawrence of Arabia": he represents a singular type of European colonial officers, civilized, well read, aware of histo-
ry, conscious of conflicting values among equally advanced civilizations, respects his opponents as fellow human beings, and able to put his own experience in Acheh within the frame of reference of a valid universal historical context.

Schmidt (writing furiously and then puts his pen down and begins to re-read aloud what he has written):

"Today, September 5, 1910.

"My troops achieved a great victory in the Battle of Alue Gimi. We got Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro. We celebrated our victory with the singing of Wilhelmus (Dutch national anthem) throughout the mountains of Tangse. Hopefully, the war is over. Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin is an able, shrewd, and determined leader. He is a man sets right with his God. He has been called by the Achehnese 'The Light of the Land'.

"No one can replaced him now, since no one has so great an influence as he has. So the Battle of Alue Simi is a military as well as a political victory for us. The soldiers responsible for shooting the Tengku will be brought to Holland, to be promoted and decorated personally by Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

"But, witnessing what happens here in Tangse, today, at the funeral of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, I cannot help remembering the unrivaled eulogy of Marc Anthony for the body of dead Caesar, and the whole drama involving it, 2000 years ago, in the Forum of Rome that found such an echo here in Tangse today:

'And they would go and kiss dead Ceasar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory
And dying, mention it within their will
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.'

"How far is Acheh from Rome! But how close is the spirits of these Achehnese to the Romans!

"It is a heart-breaking job that I have to do. Eh bien, je suis un soldat! Order is order! But, these are noble and honorable men that I have to kill! Enfin, la guerre est finis!"

(Schmidt cradles his face with both of his palms in an enigmatic gesture that straddles between grief and relief. Suddenly someone knocks on the door:"Bang! Bang!")

Schmidt:"Come in!

Suharto:"I have news, Sir!"

Schmidt:"Well, what are you waiting for. Shoot!"

Suharto:"The Achehnese have just elected their new Head of State to continue the war! He is Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro!"

Schmidt:"What? More war? No peace?"

(Impulsively, out of his own frustration, Schmidt gets up, in rage, throws his Diary to the air, breaks his pencil and walks aimlessly in his room, with both hands in the pockets of his trousers. Then, he sits down, cradles his face with both hands again in an attempt..."

"..."
to calm himself. Then, slowly, he gets up, as he regains his composure, picks up his Diary, tries to smooth its rumpled pages again, and says):

Schmidt: "Maybe the old Van Swieten is right! It was wrong to make war on the Achehnese! We can never beat them really. It is better to make peace than to fight them!"

Schmidt (to Suharto who is still standing there in the corner stunned by the behavior of his Master that he cannot comprehend): "Well, why in the hell are you still here? Get out of my sight!"

Suharto (while running): "Forgive me, Sir! But I thought you have not dismissed me!"

Schmidt (to himself while writing in his Diary): "Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, indeed! But he is only a fifteen year old boy, the son of Tengku Muhammad Amin, the defender of Fort Aneuk Galong. Do I have to kill him too? He is of such a noble birth. Must I, Schmidt, always be the gladiator? What might history thinks of me? I must beg permission from Governor H. N. A. Swart to give me some time for my last attempt to try to persuade Tengku Maat to surrender. I admire the courage and the unlimited steadfastness of this family. I know a Tengku di Tiro will stand up and fight as a hero, no matter what are the odds against him. A Tiro-man will not accept defeat; he deems only two things acceptable for him: either victory or else, death. These are men, who, in the free choice, between life and death, would choose the latter. I must not be the one to have to kill this last one, if I can help it."

Schmidt (to Suharto): "Suharto, ask the telephone operator to connect my line to the office of Governor Swart in Kuta Radja. Right away, please!"

Suharto: "I, I, Sir!"

(Suharto goes to another room. He returns shortly to say):

Suharto: "Your telephone line has been connected to Kuta Radja, Sir!"

Schmidt: "I will speak from that telephone, in that room."

(Schmidt leaves for another room and disappears)

---Curtain down---

ACT VII
Scene 4

Music: Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 2
Johan Sebastian Bach, Brandenburg Concerto

Inside the Dutch Government office in Sigli. Schmidt and other Dutch officers, all in ceremonial dress (white uniforms, black and gold clustered epaulettes, swords, etc.) waiting to receive Tengku Njak Fatimah benti Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Soman di Tiro, an Aunt of Tengku Maat di Tiro. Schmidt has appealed and being granted a reprieve of three months from the Dutch Government to try to persuade Tengku Maat di Tiro to surrender before an all out military action is launched against him. Schmidt plans to ask the help of Tengku Maat's Aunt to persuade the young man to surrender.

Attendant at the door: "Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro!"
(All officers stand up in a show of respect for a Lady of her position. She enters the room with head held high. She looks directly into the eyes of the Dutch officers without flinching. She wears a black silk blouse with golden buttons, and a black Achehnese pantaloons with gilded edges, and a black silk shawl over her head and shoulders framing her graceful and forceful handsome face. Her prematurely white hairs appear snow-white over the back-ground of her black silk ensemble. This was Schmidt's description of her in his Memoirs. Schmidt helps her to her chair, and after she was seated, the officers take their seats.)

Schmidt: "I thank the Tengku Njak for her courtesy to pay us this visit. My purpose is to beg for her help to save the life of Tengku Maat di Tiro, who is her nephew. I have obtained the consent of my Government to try to arrange for this. We fully recognize his descent from such a noble family. He had done nothing wrong. If he would be willing to just surrender himself and his weapons to us, no harm whatever will come to him. We will accord him a station in life according to his high status in this country. Will the Tengku Njak be willing to help me accomplish this?"

Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro: "Aside from all else, I can say that you have a noble turn of mind, Colonel! However, I know my nephew, Maat di Tiro. He has a strong will, and a strong mind, like his father. I know what will be his answer. But, if you insist, I will be glad to do it. Besides, I would like to see him myself."

Schmidt: "I insist, if I may say so. Too much blood of the di Tiro family has been spilled. We think it has been enough. More than enough. So will the Tengku Njak help?"

Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro: "I appreciate your noble gesture toward my family, Colonel. I will do it but upon one condition: all your military operations must be halted during my mission to the mountains, and that you give a solemn promise that you will not cause your spies to follow me!"

Schmidt (somewhat embarrassed at being put so bluntly on the defensive): "The Tengku Njak has my solemn promise!"

Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro (She stands up abruptly while giving her hand to the Colonel): "Good day, Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure to meet you all!"

(Schmidt takes her hand with a bow - Achehnese style - for which he is famous. Then she leaves the room and disappears)

Schmidt to his fellow officers: "Do you notice how she made her entry, and how she made her exit? Her timing was perfect. Notice the studied, and imperious abruptness with which she cut off all conversations. She would not deem to engage in small talks with us. You know that was a most difficult art; how to make your entry and how to make your exit. How to make your entry into this world, and how and when to make your exit out of it. That is also a question of how to live, and when to die. Die at the right time and for the right reason! That what I call a grand exit. After all, is not this world a stage? The Tiro-men and obviously the Tiro-women are adept practitioners of this most difficult art: you found their likes only among the Caesars, the Agamemmons, the Zarathustras.

"Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro is indeed a royal figure. A worthy representative of her great family."
An Officer: "Lucky for us that she is a woman. Otherwise we would have another Tiro-man to contend with."

Schmidt: "You don't say! This is a family of strongmen. And, until today, I have not realized the most obvious: it is a family of strong women too. One could not have been produced without the other."

---Curtain down---

ACT VII
Scene 5

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, Fifth Symphony

The same scene as Scene 4. Two weeks later. The return visit of Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro. When the curtain is raised everyone is already seated.

Schmidt: "Well, what Tengku Maat di Tiro has to say about our proposal?"

Tengku Njak Fatimah di Tiro: "I have delivered, verbatim, your message to my nephew, Maat di Tiro. Here is his verbal reply to you, Colonel:

"He personally appreciates your gesture toward saving his life. But he cannot possibly accept it. He is not in the business of saving his own life. He is in the business of saving the Sovereignty and Independence of the Achehnese State from the invading foreign aggressor, whom you represent. What is the value of his one more life compared to the lives of his grand father, his father, all his uncles, his cousins and his own brother, and the lives of 500,000 Achehnese, men and women, and children, that have already been sacrificed to defend the Achehnese State from your aggression? He neither begs nor accept any mercy, even if offered, from the invaders of his country.

"As an Achehnese Head of State he will fight on until he wins, or until he dies, like his father!"

"That is what he asked me to relay to you."

"Oh, one more point, I almost forget:

'As you are willing to fight and risking death for the cause of your colonialism, he is also willing to fight and to die for the cause of his freedom. There is no merit to offer to a free man a long life in slavery. As Marquis of Montrose has it:

He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small
That will not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all!"

Schmidt: "Well, then, if that what he wants, it will be too bad for him."

Tengku Njak Fatimah: "He wants to die like his father, Colonel! It's Destiny! Let's God will be done!"

"Good day, Colonel!"

(She stands up, gives her hand to Colonel Schmidt who takes it with a bow and she leaves)
Schmidt (to fellow officers): "I fear this is going to be the last scene of every act of a never-ending Achehnese Drama. The last surviving Tengku di Tiro will die in the battlefield, and sooner or later will be followed by another, and another, and another.

"And, I fear, by now, it can no longer be played in any other way!"

---Curtain down---

ACT VIII
Scene 1

Music: Marc-Antoine Charpentier, Orchestre de Tambours
Ludwig van Beethoven, Wellingtons Sieg
Nikis Theodorakis, Agapimou from Phaedra
Francis Lai, Love Story

Early morning. Sounds and sights of the battle.

After the firing ceased, Dutch soldiers crawl to the open field, where dead bodies are strewn all over the place, some Achehnese, some Dutch, readily distinguished by their different uniforms. All attentions are immediately focused to the body of a very young and handsome Achehnese in elegant suit: he lies there, lifeless, on a high ground. He cuts an extraordinarily handsome figure, even in death. He wears a black jacket with golden buttons. His black trousers are filigreed with silver threads. His headgear is made of pure red silk still perfectly in place. His outstretched right hand still firmly holding a revolver although he was already long dead.

Schmidt is soon called by his men to witness this unusual sight.

Schmidt: "Anyone knows who is this young man?"

A soldier: "No one knows who he is, Colonel."

Schmidt: "Any Achehnese surrender or alive?"

Another soldier: "No Achehnese surrenders. They all fought to the death."

Schmidt (on his knees inspecting the pockets of the dead young man): "Nothing on his body that can tell me who he is. Oh, wait a minute!"

(He notices an inscription engraved on the buckle of the young man's belt which reads: "Maat bin Muhammad Amin di Tiro". Schmidt is visibly shaken with emotion. He does not say a word to his soldiers. Should not this, be his triumph? He seems to be battling deep in his heart with mixed emotions: a sense of guilt, remorse and sadness. He does not seem to enjoy the triumph of his arms. He quietly sits down beside the young man's dead body, lights up a cigarette, and puffs his smoke to the air gazing at the open sky above, trying to regain his composure. After a while, he gets up and say to his soldiers):

Schmidt: "Soldiers! You are witnessing a rare sight, a most extraordinary scene in the annals of humanity. This handsome dead young man with such a fair skin, with such striking aristocratic appearance even in death, is none other than Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro!"

(The soldiers are flabbergasted: all eyes are now fixed on the dead body)
Schmidt: "I know for sure of his identity because there is engraved an inscription of his name on the buckle of his belt. His father had died in the great Battle of Aneuk Galong, in 1896. He always wanted to die a hero's death, like his father. I had tried to do everything to save his life, but he chooses to die in the battle, this way! I must say, he is a true son of his father, an exemplary scion of a great family."

"Contemplate his dashing figure, even in death! A bullet - fired in a fair fight by our side, - has broken his heart. Another has broken one of his eyes. And yet, his broken eye is still open, gazing at the free sky above him. He must have firmly believed in what he was doing: fighting for the freedom of his Land."

"His death closed the heroic epic of the di Tiro dynasty, an extraordinary family of strong-men, who humbled us in the days of our weakness, and whom we have to put down, as they gave us no other choice, when our army regains its self-confidence. But these Tiro-men, all know how to die like great heroes they really are, as you are witnessing the drama unfolding before our eyes, right now!"

"We are men of war, but we are also instruments of a civilized State! Therefore, today, we salute this honorable Achehnese, like many others, true sons of their fathers, to whom too, belong the praise and the admiration of civilized conquerors!"

(Schmidt raises his hand in a solemn military salute to Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro followed by all his soldiers)

Schmidt: "Soldiers, this dramatic happening marks also the official end of the war between the Kingdom of The Netherlands and the Kingdom of Acheh that had been going on since 1873! That is, if my calculation is correct that no one is left in the di Tiro family to carry on the war. If that is so, then we are the eye witness before History of the very last scene of this longest continuous war in human history."

"It is therefore a fitting gesture for us to just return to our Fort in Tangse, and to invite the Achehnese side to come here to take possession of the dead body of their honorable leader, to be buried where they choose."

---Curtain down---

ACT VIII

Scene 2

Music: Gabriel Faure, Requiem; Francis Lai, Love Story; Maurice Jarre, Theme of Lara; Smetana, Voldau

Aftermath of the Battle of Alue Bhot. The dead body of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro is still laying on the ground as in Scene 1, Act VIII. The Dutch had gone. The Achehnese party has arrived to claim the body. A great circle of humanity is forming around the heart-breaking scene. Those in the 5 front rows closest to the body are sitting on the ground. The 6th to 9th rows are kneeling. The rest are standing. The stillness of the multitude is occasionally broken by the subdued sound of sobbing men and women. All eyes are wet. Men and women cried in silence.
Teuku di Tangse: "Assalamu alaikum!

"Countrymen: I, Teuku Dagang Blang Djournat Tangse, Head of this District for the State of Acheh, beg your forgiveness for this intrusion into your sorrow, for breaking this holy stillness at Alue Bhot. But, soon I will have to carry out my duty to prepare for the funeral of our beloved Lord, Our Law-Giver, Our King Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, on this blessed Land of Tangse.

"Countrymen: we are face-to-face with the most historic moment in our national history, hey, we are in the midst of a glimpse of a divine moment in world's history that is exclusively belonged to us, to you and me, as only our race is capable of acting it out. What you are seeing in front of you is a reality so overpowering, a picture so majestic, an image so perfect; a meaning so profound, that no words can do justice to describe it, that my tongue is entirely powerless to sketch it. This is a case where a glance is worth a million words!

"Understand the meaning of this reality! Absorb this picture with every nerve in your eyes; inhale it into your bosom; commit it to your memories; engrave it on your brains; transmit it to your posterity: what you are seeing here today may not be forgotten by the people of Acheh until the end of time!

"O, I ask help from all heaven and earth to preserve this holy image for the people of Acheh. O, anyone can extend this 'moment' into days? Anyone can prolong this 'glimpse' into a century? Then, please, come forward, help me! O, this image, this picture, this painting has been done by my brother with his spirit, with his flesh and blood, is so majestically perfect: everything is in the right time, hue and place. Displace a hair, change a color, alter a line, change a day, and the harmony is disturbed.

"To do this, our most loved one has had to die young! Imagine, if he had died a decrepit old man who had tasted the salt of life, the picture would have been incorrigibly altered; if he is ugly, a perfection would have been wanting; if his death is not in the battle, it would have cast a doubt on his bravery. No, he has to die young; he has to be fair and handsome; he has to be brave; he has to be of high birth; he has to do it in the battlefield, burned by the fire, strucked by steel, frozen by blood, and he has to do it here and now! Not a moment earlier; not a moment later! So this is his last gift to the nation, his last gift to the people of Acheh, a symbol and a standard, a measure of all measures of excellence, an eternal shield to protect themselves from charges of cowardice, disloyalty, tastelessness, and incivility.

"My brothers and sisters, honorable Achehnese all: our most beloved has sacrificed himself to give us a symbol, a standard, an image of ourselves so perfect, so superlative, as only he could have done it! He has sacrificed himself to leave this heritage for you! For he does love you so!

"What a splendid picture he painted in the canvas of history, that at a glance, summarizes, for ever, what is good in us Achehnese, as a people, a culture, a society, and a way of life. What a majestic symbolism he projected in his untimely death. What a legacy he left for us to ponder. It calls for a Velas-
quez to paint him; for a Shakespeare to dramatize him; for a Plutarch to write about him!

"Here then, right in the front of you, is an unfolding of an Achehnese national Tragedy that transforms itself instantly, into a national glory: this is a dramatic affirmation of his race's capacity for sacrifice, and therefore, for greatness.

"Look at his face! Look at his body!

(Teuku di Tangseé points with his index finger to the body of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro)

"He is young, handsome, pure, brave, determined, loyal to his family, to his people, and to their ideals. He puts the national interest above his own. He could have lived, for, the Dutch had promised him everything, if 'only' that he would stop fighting them. But he is representing the idea and the principle of Achehnese inalienable right to Sovereignty and Independence that cannot be compromised in anyway whatever. By his deed, he redeems the past, and justifies the future of this nation!

"Our most loved one did not learn how to surrender. His noble Family did not raise him for that. He knows better how to die like his father, and like his father's fathers. Free to die and free in death. Able to say a holy 'NO', when the time for 'YES' has passed. Thus he knows how to live and how to die.

"Achehnese, know it, this is the stuff that makes for the pride and the glory of any nation! And you are given this precious gift here today. No day is so perfect as today since the day God created this universe! This is our finest day! Our young Lord has given you an example to follow: imitate him in his loyalty, in his bravery, in his strong will, in his determination, in his taste, in his courtesy, and in his civility. I fear there will never be another Achehnese like him for a long, long time to come!

"Now, my turn has come to speak to you, 0 you my most loved one. Soon I will have to carry you to your place of burial. Soon I will have to disturb and alas, unwillingly erase the divine image that you have painfully and gracefully left for us. O God, I do not know how to prolong a 'glimpse'; I do not know how to extend a 'moment'. And there is no one here in Tangseé who can help me! O you most loved one: how quickly you died, and all too soon. I, who was born two decades before you, should have been the one to be buried here today, and not you. But, may be it is true what they say 'those whom God favors die young'. May be that is why you died at such tender age: at sixteen!

"Only yesterday, you were alive! Light of this Land! Today, I recall you a dead friend. Your tender memory loosening my heart and tears. Verily you have died too soon for me, and for all your loving, loyal people!

"But these words I want to speak to my enemy, to our enemies - Dutchmen: what is all murders of human beings compared to that which you have done today. What you have done is more evil than any murder of human being. You have taken from us the irretrievable. For you have murdered the vision, the dearest and most perfect personification of what is the best in this Land
of Acheh. In his memory, I lay down this curse to you Dutchmen: that you will never find peace on this Land; that you will be chased out of this Land without leaving as much as a trace!"

(Then, Teuku di Tangsé walks slowly toward the body, kneels down to the ground, and calmly puts his left hand under the right hand of Tengku Maat and with his right hand, he delicately opens the grips of Tengku Maat on the revolver. He takes the revolver into his hand, puts it on a white handkerchief, kisses the hand of Tengku Maat, and walks slowly away, saying):

Teuku di Tangsé: "Some day we will hear again from this magic revolver!"

(Several men bring a large Achehnese flag to cover the body of Tengku Maat di Tiro. Preparation is being made to move the body to Tangsé, to be buried next to the grave of his Uncle, Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, on the South side of the mosque of Pulo Kaseudjit, Tangsé.)

(Commenting on the fall of the last Tengku di Tiro, the Dutch historian, H.C. Zentgraaff wrote: "The history of the fall of the last Tengku di Tiro left such materials for a romance, and so buried in the history of Acheh War the stuffs for an heroic epic, the greatest, the most overpowering, and so formidable, as has not been seen elsewhere that make for the pride and the glory of a people.")

---Curtain down---

ACT VIII

Scene 3

Music: Georg Friedrich Haendel, Concerto Grosso
Mikis Theodorakis, Phaedra (Agapimou)
Frederick Smetana, Moldau

65 years later! The Dutch has long been chased out of Acheh by the Achehnese without leaving a trace, just as Teuku di Tangsé had vowed in his curse against them, in his famous eulogy for Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, in 1911 — with the exception of a huge Dutch war cemetery at Kuta Radja which the Achehnese are too civilized to destroy! But the Dutch had not returned Acheh to the Achehnese. Instead, they contrived by fraudulent act to put Acheh under control of the Javanese, their useful mercenaries, who since then have been perpetuating the Dutch occupation of Acheh with their own.

In the dark of the night of October 30, 1976, Tengku Hasan di Tiro, grandson of Tengku Tjhik Mahyeddin di Tiro, and great grandson of Tengku Tjhik Muhammad Saman di Tiro, and a nephew of Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, and who had been in political exile for 25 years in America, landed secretly at the Impeccable Bay (Kuala Tari), Acheh. From there the Tengku was escorted in the dark of the night, to the black mountain forest of Panton Weng, by the fierce loyal men of Pasi Lhok, who were already waiting for him! The Javanese neo-colonialists — now replacing the Dutch as the foreign occupationary force in the Land of Acheh know nothing about this. They are not in full control of the country!

On December 4, 1976, exactly 65 years later after the death of Tengku Maat di Tiro at the Battle of Alu' Bhot, Tangsé, on December 3, 1911, Tengku
Hasan di Tiro declares the Independence of Acheh to the stunned world! History repeats itself! Acheh is in the midst of a Renaissance! The struggle for the independence of Acheh is being resumed, and interestingly from the historical point of view, under the leadership of another Tiro-man! The unfolding scene in a country club near Kuta Radja which represents a typical reaction of the people of Acheh toward the Liberation Movement:

1st man: "Is it true what I heard? Tengku Hasan di Tiro, the grandson of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro has secretly returned from America, and has declared Acheh independent again?"

2nd man: "So I heard. The Tengku has landed at the Impenetable Bay, on the night of October 30, 1976, brought in by a mysterious foreign ship alone! From there he proceeded to the mountain escorted by fierce loyal men of Pasi Lhok who were already waiting! So everything seems to have been well planned. How I wish I were one of these men!"

3rd man: "Oh, then, that must have been the week we have earthquakes every day. Now I know why."

4th man: "You know, I had asked a learned man to look into the ancient book The Crown of Kings to find out the meaning of those earthquakes. He looked it up, and he told me the meaning then: that this Land of Acheh was going to be reborn into greatness again!"

5th man: "I have heard, with my own ears, the news of the Declaration of Independence of Acheh by Tengku Hasan di Tiro over the BBC of London, over Radio Australia, Radio Moscow, Hilversum, and others!"

6th man: "But, how come we did not hear it from Radio Jakarta?"

5th man: "Idiot! Naturally, the Javanese do not want us to know. They want to keep it secret from us."

1st man: "There is Mat Aly with a batch of newspapers in his arm-pit. Maybe he has news for us."

Mat Aly: "I bring great news for your ears, and for your eyes too!"

(Mat Aly throws a dozen newspapers and magazines on the table. It's a mixed bag of local and foreign newspapers and magazines)

Mat Aly: "Look at the banner headlines: DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF A-CHEH! Even Javanese controlled newspapers such as 'Waspada', 'Analaris', 'Timhar Umum', of Medan, 'Merdeka', 'Sinar Harapan', 'Indonesian Observer', 'Times of Indonesia' and others of Jakarta had printed them! They could no longer hide the fact. Its out of their hands. Its out of their control! Look at this Straits Times story from Singapore! Listen to what the influential 'Far Eastern Economic Review' of Hong Kong is saying! Look at dispatches of Agence France Presse from Paris, and the dispatches of Reuter from London!"

(Everyone begins to change expressions on their faces. The men suddenly become lively and energetic. They look at each other's eyes as if searching for a common understanding. Everyone seems to be thinking.)

4th man: "Mat Aly, please read to us what the 'Far Eastern Economic Review' has written about it!"

Mat Aly: (Picks up the "Far Eastern Economic Review" dated June 24, 1977, and begins to read aloud):
"THE MYSTERY MAN STIRS THE EMBERS"

"Some said he was a great grandson of Tengku Tjhik di Tiro, the 19th century revolutionary hero, but that was soon denied. Some said he was the richest Indonesian living abroad, but of that there could be no proof. Some thought he might have links with Libya Colonel Gadafy and the Philippine separatists.

"In short, no one seemed to know much about Tengku Hasan di Tiro, except that he had set the cat among the pigeons with his attempts to revive the idea of an independent Islamic State in Aceh, the staunchly Moslem province in the far North of Sumatra."

(Suddenly an applause breaks out which startles Mat Aly who turns around to his surprise to discover that his original listeners of six have quietly increased by leaps and bounds into about sixty!)

Everyone: "We like what we hear!"

A man: "Please read some more!"

Mat Aly (continues his reading from the "Far Eastern Economic Review"): "With the South Moluccan militants threatening to move their fight for independence to Indonesia following the bloody failure of their attacks in Holland, and sign of the revival of a similar secessionist group in the North Sumatra province of Aceh, Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik told reporters: 'If anyone of us is still dreaming of a free state within Indonesia then Indonesia is not progressing but going backwards!' He described the notion of a 'Free Aceh' as just a dream, an old slogan which he was sick of hearing about."

A man: "Adam Malik is only an illiterate Mandailing Tribesman who does not know us, who knows nothing about our history, and who cannot possibly comprehend the meaning of history to a civilized nation such as ours. He is irrelevant to our existence. Let's not hear of him, or his likes anymore!"

Another man: "Can we hear some more?"

Mat Aly (picks up Singapore's "Straits Times", dated June 10, 1977: "Here is a syndicated story by Agence France Press from Paris: Descendants of South Moluccan exiles in the Netherlands are again demanding recognition of their Republic while an Aceh National Liberation Front at the Northern tip of Sumatra is making headlines in Jakarta. At the same time (Javanese) official spokesmen keep denying stories of large scale clashes between Indonesian troops and Papuans instigated by the Free Papua Movement."

5th man: "Now, I have heard with my own ears over the radios, and I have seen with my own eyes printed in the world's press: the Declaration of Independence of Aceh is a historical fact that has been duly noted and recorded by the world! The State of Aceh has been re-born!"

Mat Aly: "Oh, yes! I almost forget! Here is a Press Release from our Ministry of Information. The Government of the Republic of the South Moluccas is the first to recognize the State of Aceh. The first recognition is very important. It is a milestone! Dr. J.A Manusama, the President of the Republic of the South Moluccas,
had just sent the following communication to the Achehnese Head of State:

'His Excellency Tengku Hasan M. di Tiro
Head of State and Chairman, National Liberation Front of Acheh, Sumatra.

'On behalf of the Government of the Republic of the South Moluccas and the South Moluccan people, I wish to extend to Your Excellency and the people of Acheh our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a successful and great future of your country.

'I myself deem it a great honor and a privilege to have you, a descendant of the brave and well-known Tiro dynasty, that played such a prominent part in the history of Acheh as an ally. We certainly shall triumph over our common enemy, the imperialistic Javanese.

'Please regard this writing also an Instrument by which the Government of the Republic of the South Moluccas extends full recognition to the fraternal Government of the State of Acheh as the sole legitimate Sovereign over Acheh.'"

A man : "Oh, our Achehnese State is being truly reborn! It's a work of only a handful of brave Achehnese! Never so few, have done so much, for so many, in such a short time!"

1st man : "We cannot just sit down here in Kuta Radja as spectator and do nothing!"

2nd man : "Yes. Let it not be said that Kuta Radja has become a town of imbeciles, whose only industry is promoting Javanese colonialism over the people of Acheh!"

3rd man : "I propose we send Mat Aly as our Delegate to meet the Head of State, Tengku Hasan di Tiro, to request order for us!"

4th man : "Yes, we are ready to do anything to continue the struggle of our fathers!"

5th man : "Are you all in agreement then, to choose Mat Aly as our Delegate to go to Tiro?"

Everyone : "Aye, aye!"

Mat Aly : "Thank you all! I shall leave for Tiro tomorrow morning."

---Curtain Down---
Mat Aly has just returned from his short trip to Tiro to meet the Head of State of Aceh. When the curtain is raised, Aly is the only one present on stage with the purpose of making report to the audience who is now considered to be merged with his colleagues, since they are as numerous. Behind him, there is another curtain still tightly drawn concealing the next immediate scene.

Mat Aly: "My friends and colleagues. I had gone to Tiro and I have just returned. Now I want to make my report to you. I have met the Head of State and I found him fits the bill. Now I will bring to you that historic moment when the Head of State made his Declaration of Independence of Aceh to the world, on December 4, 1976 at Tjokkan Hill, Tiro."

(The curtain in the back of Mat Aly is suddenly raised to the dramatic strains of Vivaldi's Concerto in A Minor, Opus 6. Mat Aly merges with the scene on the stage as he goes to seat on an empty chair already prepared for him among others there. He thus becomes the link - the recognized face in the crowd - between the audience and the historic scene. All is ready for the first reading of the Declaration of Independence of Aceh by Tengku Hasan Muhammad di Tiro, who is already sitting in the centre, facing the other participants in this most historic of occasions, in semi-circle seating arrangement. There is a flag pole with the Acehnese flag is already attached to it, ready to be raised. Beside the flag pole, there is a podium covered with white satin topped with a bouquet of wild flowers.)

Master of Ceremony: "The Ceremony will begin with the hearing from the past, from the historic revolver of the last Acehnese Head of State, Tengku Tjhik Maat di Tiro, which will be fired by the present Head of the Acehnese State, Tengku Hasan di Tiro."

(Tengku Hasan di Tiro, wearing a dark green uniform with golden buttons, with the golden Coat-of-Arms of the State of Aceh, and of his family, pinned to his uniform just above his heart, proceeds to the podium, solemnly puts his right hand on the holster of the revolver which is concealed under his coat, pulls it out, and slowly and deliberately raises it just above the ear to the right, and pointing to the blue sky above, pulls the trigger! The sound of the report seems to be very loud as if from a big gun, perhaps because of the configuration of the hills all around the place, or perhaps because of the magic revolver itself. Then slowly, the Tengku replaces the black historic revolver on the white satin cover of the podium in front of him with smokes coming out of the barrel of the revolver visible in the cold morning mist of the Tjokkan Hill.)

Tengku Hasan di Tiro: (Reads the Declaration of Independence of Aceh, Sumatra):
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF ACHEH - SUMATRA

To the peoples of the world:

We, the people of Acheh, Sumatra, exercising our right of self-determination, and protecting our historic right of eminent domain to our fatherland, do hereby declare ourselves free and independent from all political control of the foreign regime of Jakarta and the alien people of the island of Java.

Our fatherland, Acheh, Sumatra, had always been a free and independent sovereign State since the world begun. Holland was the first foreign power to attempt to colonize us when it declared war against the Sovereign State of Acheh, on March 26, 1873, and on the same day invaded our territory, aided by Javanese mercenaries.

The aftermath of this invasion was duly recorded on the front pages of contemporary newspapers all over the world. The London Times, on April 22, 1873, wrote: "A remarkable incident in modern colonial history is reported from the East Indian Archipelago. A considerable force of Europeans has been defeated and held in check by the Army of a native State... the State of Acheh. The Achehnese have gained a decisive victory. Their enemy is not only defeated, but compelled to withdraw." The New York Times, on May 6th, 1873, wrote: "A sanguinary battle has taken place in Acheh, a native Kingdom occupying the Northern portion of the island of Sumatra. The Dutch delivered a general assault and now we have details of the result. The attack was repulsed with great slaughter. The Dutch General was killed, and his Army put to disastrous flight. It appears, indeed, to have been literally decimated." This event had attracted powerful world-wide attention. President Ulysses S. Grant of the United States issued his famous Proclamation of Impartial Neutrality in this war between Holland and Acheh.

On Christmas Day, 1873, the Dutch invaded Acheh for the second time, and thus begun what Harper's Magazine had called "A Hundred Years War of Today", one of the bloodiest and longest colonial war in human history, during which one-half of our people had laid down their lives defending our Sovereign State. It was being fought right up to the beginning of World War II. Eight immediate forefathers of the signer of this Declaration died in the battlefields of that long war, defending our sovereign nation, all as successive rulers and supreme commanders of the forces of the Sovereign and Independent State of Acheh, Sumatra.

However, when, after World War II, the Dutch East Indies was supposed to have been liquidated, - an empire is not liquidated if its territorial integrity is preserved, - our fatherland, Acheh, Sumatra, was not returned to us. Instead, our fatherland was turned over by the Dutch to the Javanese - their ex-mercenaries - by hasty fiat of former colonial powers. The Javanese are alien and foreign people to us Achehnese Sumatrans. We have no historic, political, cultural, economic, or geographic relationship with them. When the fruits of Dutch
conquests are preserved, intact, and then bequeathed, as it were, to the Javanese, the result is inevitable that a Javanese colonial empire would be established in place of that of the Dutch over our fatherland, Aceh, Sumatra. But, colonialism, either by white, Dutch, Europeans, or by brown Javanese, Asians, is not acceptable to the people of Aceh, Sumatra.

This illegal transfer of sovereignty over our fatherland by the old, Dutch, colonialists to the new, Javanese colonialists, was done in the most appalling political fraud of the century: the Dutch colonialist was supposed to have turned over the sovereignty over our fatherland to a "new nation" called "Indonesia." But "Indonesia" was a fraud: a cloak to cover up Javanese colonialism. Since the world began, there never was a people, much less a nation, in our part of the world by that name. No such people existed in the Malay Archipelago by definition of ethnology, philology, cultural anthropology, sociology, or by any other scientific findings. "Indonesia" is merely a new label, in a totally foreign nomenclature, which has nothing to do with our own history, language, culture, or interests; it was a new label considered useful by the Dutch to replace the despicable "Dutch East Indies" in an attempt to unite the administration of their ill-gotten far-flung colonies; and the Javanese neo-colonialists knew its usefulness to gain fraudulent recognition from the unsuspecting world, ignorant of the history of the Malay Archipelago. If Dutch colonialism was wrong, then Javanese colonialism which was squarely based on it cannot be right. The most fundamental principle of International Law states: Ex injuria jus non oritur. Right cannot originate from wrong!

The Javanese, nevertheless, are attempting to perpetuate colonialism which all the Western colonial powers had abandoned and all the world had condemned. During these last thirty years the people of Aceh, Sumatra, have witnessed how our fatherland has been exploited and driven into ruinous conditions by the Javanese neo-colonialists: they have stolen our properties; they have robbed us from our livelihood; they have abused the education of our children; they have exiled our leaders; they have put our people in chains of tyranny, poverty, and neglect: the life expectancy of our people is 34 years and is decreasing - compare this to the world's standard of 70 years and is increasing! While Aceh, Sumatra, has been producing a revenue of over 15 billion US dollars yearly for the Javanese neo-colonialists, which they used totally for the benefit of Java and the Javanese.

We, the people of Aceh, Sumatra, would have no quarrel with the Javanese if they had stayed in their own country, and if they had not tried to lord it over us. From now on, we intend to be the masters in our own house: the only way life is worth living: to make our own laws: as we see fit: to become the guarantor of our own freedom and independence: for which we are capable: to become equal with all the peoples of the world: as our forefathers had always been. In short, to become sovereign in our own fatherland!

Our cause is just! Our Land is endowed by the Almighty with plenty and bounty. We covet no foreign territory. We intend to be a worthy contributor to human welfare the world over. We expect recognition from decent members of the community of nations. We extend the hands of friendship to all peoples and to all governments from the four corners of the earth.

In the name of the sovereign people of Aceh, Sumatra, Tengku Hasan M. di Tiro Chairman, National Liberation Front of Aceh, Sumatra, and Head of State

Aceh, Sumatra, December 4, 1976
San di Tiro: "I have spoken to the peoples of the world.

Now, I would like to speak to the people of Acheh:

"I have returned from America to follow the footsteps of our fathers, to restore freedom, dignity, and honor of our nation, the only way we can live. Today the Javanese colonialist would have us live as we cannot live.

"Today, the past and the future of our people with all the hopes attached to it are embodied in us, the present Achehnese generation. Today, we, the present generation, are the real asset of our people. Let us, therefore, not make ourselves a liability. We have received this blood in our veins, this rich Land, this sky, these stars, this religion, this custom, this culture, this speech, this manner, this way of life, all, from our forefathers, from generations to generations. Life for us is not a personal adventure undertaken by each of us for his own account, and at his own risks and perils. Life is for our people a link in a long chain, a gift received that must be handed on. As we have received all these gifts from our forefathers in a state of perfection, so we must transmit these precious gifts to our children in a state of undiminished perfection, if not better. The goal of our lives must not be to save ourselves, but to serve as a bridge for the safe passage of all this rich legacy from our fathers to our sons, from the past generations to the future ones, from yesterday to tomorrow. Let us not make ourselves a generation of missing links! The goal of our lives must be to redeem the past and to justify the future.

"He who lives only to save his life is already dead!

"Today, more than one-hundred nations on earth, who are smaller than our nation, without history equal to us, some who had never been independent before, all have become independence and honorable members of the United Nations, because they are conscious of themselves. We... who had been free and independent since the world began have become the slaves of the slaves of the Dutch! This Land of Acheh, your patrimony, has never been surrendered by our fathers to the Dutch, so the Dutch have no right to hand it over to their servants, the Javanese.

"Our enemy we have measured. Javanese have always been a nation of slaves. They had never fought to defend their own country. In their past, a handful of Dutch sailors who arrived in Java on sailboats in 15th century managed to conquer the Javanese without a fight although they were so numerous. Afterward, the Javanese were colonized by the Dutch for 400 years. Then Java changed hands between the Dutch and the British colonialists. Later, after the Napoleonic wars, Java was returned voluntarily by the British to the Dutch - an example of solidarity among Western pirates, which exists until today. All these take-overs and change-overs were docilely accepted by the Javanese, without resistance whatsoever. At the time of Java and the Javanese were being exchanged - like chattels - by one owner to another, we Achehnese were always a free nation, and the Land of Acheh an independent sovereign State! No Javanese leader had ever died in the battlefield defending his country. This explains Javanese history. Like Dipo-
negoro in the past, so was Sukarno in recent past, both ended up by easy surrender to the Dutch. Such a race does not have the spiritual strength, which is decisive in war, to conquer us Acehnese, if we are conscious of ourselves, our right, and our history. Spiritual strength is not something that cannot be measured. What that spirit has been yesterday, it will be so tomorrow.

"About guns and armaments, the Javanese gunmen have not got any beyond what they received from their past or present masters. But colonialism and imperialism cannot be established by courtesy of others, or by borrowed money, or hired guns, especially now, when colonialism has been declared to be an international crime. And the Javanese are still the most backward race in the world. They have absolutely nothing to teach us Acehnese.

"Do not forget your History - the deeds of your ancestors. Self-determination is no longer possible for those who have forgotten their History. Acehnese, if you are sure of your past, you are certain also of your future. Become who you are: free, honorable, sovereign on your own soil!

"I have un-furled and raised the thousand year old Flag of Aceh, the Crescent-and-Star on the red ground, all over the mountain tops of this Blessed Land, signifying that our Sovereignty as a Nation has, at last, returned. I have added two black stripes to the flag in memory of our fathers who had sacrificed their lives for this flag. From the summits of these majestic mountains I have nowhere to go except to honor and glory, in life or in death, like my fathers had done before me. I can do no less. So help me, God!"

(Applause and ovation)

Master of Ceremony: "Now we will proceed with the raising of the Flag. The Call-to-Victory (Azan) will be done by the Panglima Pidie, Muhammad Daud Husin, and the Flag will be raised by Tengku Aneuk!"

(Panglima Pidie, Muhammad Daud Husin, begins his Call-to-Victory! Tengku Aneuk raises the Flag slowly according to the cadence of the Call! All eyes follow the ascent of the Red Flag with white Crescent-and-Star and two black stripes, over the background of green hills and clear blue sky. The contrast of the colors and the striking harmony produced by the total scene is so beautifully dramatic. When the Flag reaches the summit, all hands are raised in unison with palms opened towards heaven in a solemn prayer so unexpectedly touching to the occasion. As the Flag flutters above the beautiful Hills of Tiro, a surrounding so drenched in history, all minds recall the glory that was Aceh. That was what everyone is determined to recreate now! All eyes are wet with tears!

THE END
THE CABINET OF THE STATE OF ACEH

OCTOBER 30, 1977

Head of State (Wali Negara) . . . . : Dr. Tengku Hasan M. di Tiro, LL.D.

Minister of Defence . . . . : " " " " " "

Minister of Foreign Affairs . . . . : " " " " " "

Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs : Dr. Muchtar J. Hasbi, M.D., DPHM.

Minister of Internal Affairs . . . . : " " " " " "

Minister of Education . . . . : Dr. Husaini M. Hasan, M.D.

Minister of Information . . . . : " " " " " "

Minister of Health . . . . : Dr. Zaini Abdullah, M.D.

Minister of Social Affairs . . . : Dr. Zubair Mahmud, M.D.

Minister of Public Works . . . : Dr. Teuku Asnawi Ali, Dipl.ing.

Minister of Communication . . . : Mr. Amir Ishak

Minister of Finance . . . . : Tengku Muhammad Usman

Minister of Trade . . . . : Mr. Amir Rashid Mahmud

Minister of Justice . . . . : Tengku Hadji Iljas Leube

Minister of State . . . . : Mr. Malik H. Mahmud