

finished with it and, well I had thought of keeping it. It was rather good. As I was mulling over my possible answers, she told me she owned the hotel. A big lump immediately filled my throat. I turned and looked at her. “What does it cost?” she asked. This was too much. I wasn’t finished with mulling over my first answer and here’s another question. “I also own another hotel” she said, “and if I can have this picture and you can paint my other hotel, then you can stay here for free”. “OK” was my quickly considered response. She waddled up the path towards the hotel. (fig. 29, 30)

Later that day, one of the serving girls at the hotel asked me to paint her portrait. (fig. 31) We sat on one of the terraces and things went well. All the time while I was painting her,

31 Donni Christina at Tonys hotel.



32-35 Party at a “Batak” house.



(and come to think of it, also yesterday), there was a constant beating of drums in the distance. I asked Donni Christina, my model, about these drums. “Oh!, there is a party” she said. “Do you want to see?” One doesn’t come half way around the world and not want to see a party, does one! She took me some distance to where there was a large crowd of people gathered outside a house. Inside the perimeter of the garden were other people, smartly dressed, each one with an “Ulos”*, a silk or woolen shawl, folded neatly and hung over a shoulder. There was music. Now it was easy to hear the other instruments, the cornet and gamelan*. At a greater distance only the low thud of the drums was heard.