



Living

The house is « ruled » by Nin, the mother of Arief (who founded Jaf). She is almost always around in the houses and watches for things. I think she is in charge of finance also, since she is the one I give money to, for staying here.

She is very nice, but it makes me sometimes feel uncomfortable to have someone always here.

The house consist of two main living areas that communicates, with rooms around it. Some young members of Jaf, single or married live there. There is few tiny windows to keep it fresh, and an inside patio to have light and air. Children often come and go because there is a school next door.



use your hands toilets



lavatories



eating in a patio



my room



the low table to cook on



the main building



ceramic workshop

future gallery. I like the bricks and roof-tile dynamic



tiles and old project everywhere





There is something with this **basket**. Underneath is food, for breakfast until dinner (it does not change so much, sometimes new things are added during the day but it stays mostly the same). People can come at anytime in the day and help themselves. So everyday is nasi (rice) with tempeh or tofu (or both), often eggs, sometimes meat or fish, and vegetables or pickles (slightly hot) and sambai. Tempeh can be fried in cube, fried in slices with soya sauce, mixed with flour in some sort of fried pancakes... Yes, they mostly fry everything. Maybe because of hygienic reason?

There is an element of surprise which I like a lot about lifting this basket.

But this basket also represent some specific house organisation. I thought it was a matter of gender, since it is only a woman that cooks everything and cleans the house. I have learned know that she is employee of Jaf, so that changes a bit the story. But still, I think men never cooks. They come to the living area mostly to eat or use the bathroom. The rest of the time they are in the main building, the digital room, next to the music room. They work on their computer and chill. I do like them. I have the feeling the married women who are also members of Jaf are more split between home and main building.

Generally speaking, staying with the Jaf members, I am mostly with men. They seem to have more time than woman.

Beauty masks (cantik= beautiful)

Here, Kopie

Coffee shop (for drinking coffee, not smoking) are developing and becoming trendy. People hang out there until late (it closes at midnight). Arie told me there is a strong community sense amongst the coffee makers, they go together harvest and pro-



Cecile superstar : Boleh boleh!

My white skin makes me famous. Boleh is the name for western people. Every one wants to take a selfie with me. I say yes...Sometimes it is really like a factory! And the pictures are sent to instagram or facebook. Funny because I always hated to post picture about myself on social network. I only use facebook for commodities. And, I feel uneasy to take pictures here (because it feels too touristy), while they take plenty of me!



Being together

People I met in Jatiwangi spend an incredible amount of time sitting and chatting. They sometimes brings me to friend's place or coffee shops and we continue talking. (Mostly with men, I guess women are too busy). When they enter a coffee shop it is usual to say hello and bye to every person there. Most of the time people work in the morning only, and have the afternoon to do other things (or other works?). At least in the factory, and at school. On the other hands the shops and street restaurants are open till late. Maybe that is also what allowed them to speak so much. Compared to here, europeans are always in a rush. But that is also the difference between cities and village 's life. I have never been for long in a village in Europe, so I can't tell.

Anyways I think most of the informations and project making goes through those chit-chat conversations that happen so often. I really should improve my bahasa. (especially the understanding) Secondly, talking with Ila I learned they have a specific notion of working together. It maybe comes from harvesting rices or working in a roof tile factory...both needs many coordinated hands. According to Ila, this is notion is slowly disappearing. He said government talk a lot about it, but nothing much happen. When I look back at what happens is France, where government is trying to put people against each other, I think Indonesian are still lucky that is exists in words.



Kopi

Coffee shop (for drinking coffee, not smoking) are developing and becoming trendy. People hang out there until late (it closes at midnight). Arie told me there is a strong community sense amongst the coffee makers, they go together harvest and process the beans. I will try to join there next trip.

In the coffee shop you can find different coffee types form the neighbours island or countries, as well as different filtering technique. The basic way is to wait for the coffee ground to fall down in your glass. But there is also drippings, amongst which the most trendy is the vietnamese drip.

One of the coffee shop I visited also serves for social meetings, with discussions every 2weeks on various topics. The day I went it was about contemporary islam.

Working

It has almost been a week that I came. There was one meeting on monday, in which they talked about the coming exhibition. It reminded me a lot of meetings in my department, starting late, joking around and then getting serious. Then I was asked to do a improvised presentation, which I did. I tried to explain the agency learning by helping, but failed to be precise enough. They liked the name but then probably missed the context. I also presented my previous project and the school, and it was very confusing for them, and difficult for me. I realised how much I use a specific vocabulary when presenting, and staying in the circle of people that know more or less about this type of design.



The day after was the monthly discussion with villagers and government. It lasted about 2 hours. On stage was someone from the government of the district and a member of Jaf. They let the government representative talk, or they start with a presentation of suggestions they have. Then they have a long time of Q and A.



Arie explained they slowly got respect from the government, that listens more to them. The monthly discussion is one of their tool to make things change on the government side. It is a political game in which they put the government in a comfortable position and then « hit » with the questions. Also they have to mediate the questions or emotions of the villagers. In July will be election, and the new airport will arrive very soon, so things are getting hot. The main question is how to include the rural identity of Jaf into the industry plan of the government. How to make sure all lands are not sold to foreigners and so on. It really looked like a political rallye (without the cheerings). The following day we were invited to the mountains for river tubing! It was like holiday, a very pleasant day :)

Then they worked on a finance reports for fundings, I worked on by website. A band also worked on one of there song, related to the village next to ours that is somewhat occupied by airforces : Wates. And today they invited artists from Jakarta. How to say...most of the time is spent talking and visiting people (and taking pictures!). They also spend quite some time on their computers, adding reports on the website or making ads for the next event. But it is hard to tell wether they are working or not. And therefore it is not easy to start agency learning by helping with them.

Roof-tile factory.

Ila brought me to one of the many roof-tile factory. I found the location beautiful, with a rhythm born from the shelves outside, long horizontal lines of wood on which people leave the roof-tile to dry when it is not raining. Inside also, are roof-tile shelves, vertical this time, like a library. There are 3 types of building. A small one near the digging area to shelter a machine that mixes the raw clay with sand and makes cubes of usable material. Then the large, low building that shelters shelves with drying roof-tiles and in where clay is moulded into roof-tile shape. The last building is the kiln, quite high. The ceramics needs to burn for about 8 hours and again 11 hours for the glazing. I said the architecture was dynamic. But the moves also! Every thing seems arranged perfectly like a clock mechanism. 2-3 men digging and transporting the clay. 1 person responsible of the mixing with sand. 1 man precutting the clay, 2 others dealing with a manual press with extreme synchrony and pressure moulding the clay. 2 women cleaning the roof-tiles and one putting them in shelves. The pressure press came in the 1970s and they did not find anything better yet. They keep oiling the surface of the mould to make sure the clay don't stick on it. I don't know how

they manage to get the right humidity to work on, but it seemed perfect. (no pict unfortunately but drawings coming) Going to the mountains. I am not sure why we got invited, but i was very nice! From what I understood, government is also



bench to rest. roof-tile in clay makes it colder



Going to the mountains.

I am not sure why we got invited, but i was very nice! From what I understood, government is also happy that Jaf brings in foreigners so that people get used to seeing them and talking english (in order to be more prepared when the big airport will function). Maybe that is one of the reason we went, but probably not. Anyways, it was very fun (expect forget to be in swimsuit, everybody is dressed up in the water). I had to give a small talk about my experience, recorded, so that they can put in their website. This felt strange (again I am not used to comment of leave traces of my passage in the internet) but then I though, why not. On the way back we went on the back of a truck in the countryside, really beautiful.



Oh, and aslo:

Indonesia I met are reeaaly funny, they keep joking and laughing like kids. I really like this atmosphere.

Less positive: most people rather speak Sudanese, so it makes 2 languages I have to learn....

I also went to a wedding, but after the ceremonie. All we had to do is come, say hi to everybody, eat lunch, take picture, say bye to everybody!

