



indo
International

The logo for Indo International is located in the top left corner. It consists of a blue square containing the word "indo" in a large, white, lowercase sans-serif font, with "International" in a smaller, white, uppercase sans-serif font below it. To the right of the text is a white circular emblem with a stylized 'i' in the center. Around the perimeter of the circle, the words "RUSSIA", "CHINA", "BRAZIL", and "INDONESIA" are written in a small, white, uppercase sans-serif font, separated by dots.



The background of the cover is a photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, seen from the back, holding a young child. The man is wearing a blue and white striped shirt. The child has dark, curly hair and is wearing a dark jacket over a white shirt. The child's hand is near their mouth. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green trees and a white tent.

Feels Like Family;
Indo Festivals
in California

Peter Fokker (85)
Built a Life in Australia

Indo Heart

Last April, my colleague Ashley de Groot and I had the privilege of traveling to California for *Moesson* and *Indo International*.

Within one week there were two major Indo get togethers: the San Diego kumpulan and the Holland Festival. Not only a good time for us to promote our publications, but also to write stories for, for example, this edition of the *Indo International*.

I have written about it before, but what struck me again during this trip and will stay with me for a long time is the enormous entrepreneurial spirit and resilience of the Indo community.

In San Diego I spoke to so many vital, cheerful people in their eighties (and even nineties) who told about how, after their enormous journey from the young Indonesian republic to the Netherlands, they packed up their belongings to move to the USA a few years later. Another new country, another new start.

Many of them now feel that they are not children of two cultures, but of three. 'In between', as Guido Schenkhuizen says in the interview in this edition. Proud of their Dutch roots, of America - the country that is now their home, and with an Indo heart.

What also amazed me was that we flew to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, but immediately felt at home there. The warm welcome we received from all the lovely people we met immediately made SoCal (Southern California) a home away from home. The food, the music being played, conversations we had - it was all so familiar. It is remarkable that this group of people, who largely settled in the United States in the 1960s, still honor the same Indo traditions and customs as the large Indo community the Netherlands.

What became very clear to me was that we are connected by our Indo roots. That is not only special, it is something to be proud of, to propagate and to pass on.



Photo: Ashley de Groot

Feels like Family

Twice a year the Indos in San Diego
get together for a kumpulan. This time they met up
in the bay area, for a potluck picnic.

By Vivian Boon // photos Ashley de Groot





Jive on the lawn



Eddy (85) and Andy, father and son



Andrea Gruber Matthies

Driving down Mission Bay Drive, the San Diego Indos' kumpulan is hard to miss. The bright blue tents set up by the Indo Project stick out, people are carrying folding chairs and blankets onto the lawn and songs of the Everly Brother's fill the air of the sunlit Sunday morning. And of course, we should not forget the food at this potluck event. 'Cause let's be honest, an Indo get-together without food is just impossible. Indos are carrying rice cookers and warming pans towards the spread-out tables and a quick inspection shows delicious ayam pedis, ayam smoor, bami, atjar, lempers and roti kukus. But also, dropjes, Haagsche hopjes and bitterballen. 'I made them myself!' says Charles glowing with pride. 'It was quite a process, making the

filling and rolling them just the right way. Don't forget to taste one!'

The tenth edition of the Indos in San Diego kumpulan attracts about 80 people to the San Diego harbor area. 'I never know exactly how many people will turn up,' initiator Andrea Matthies (50) says. 'I organize this event twice a year and people let me know on Facebook if they will attend, but sometimes only a few show up. This is a great turnout.' Andrea started the group Dutch Indos in San Diego in 2015 to bring the local Dutch-Indo community together. 'I think it's absolutely wonderful,' Andrea's mom says. 'I don't know where she gets it from. I was not that interested in my roots, she is more Indisch than I am!'

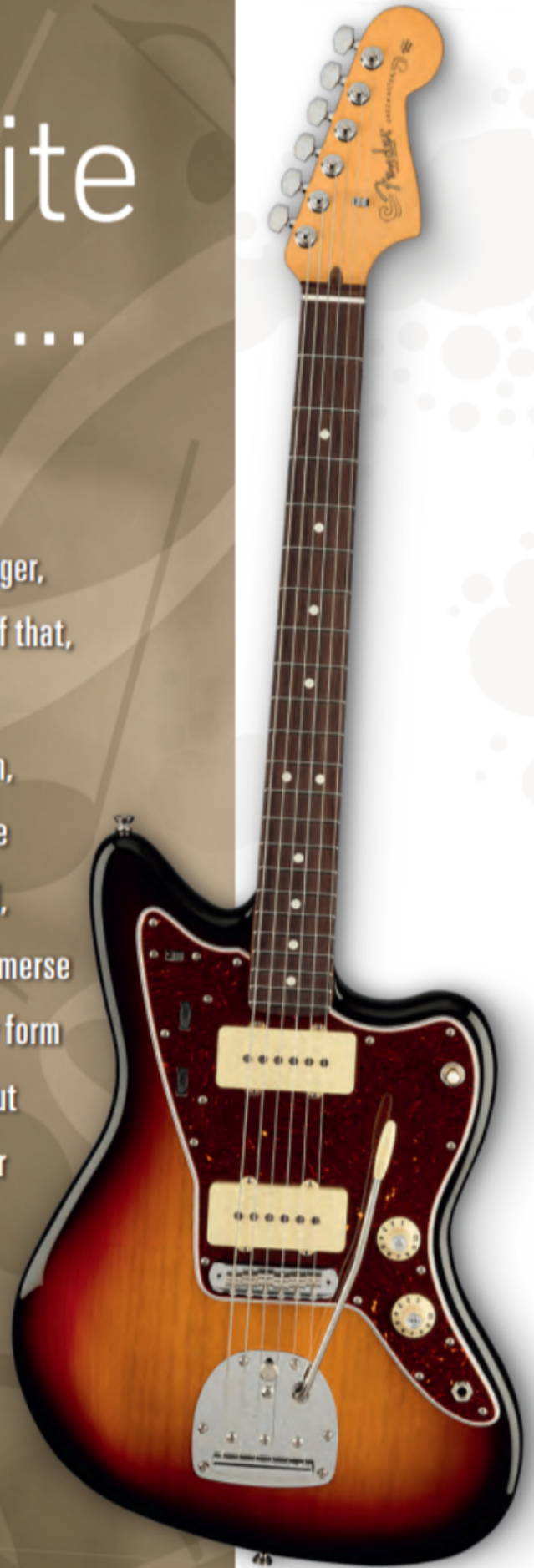
Around noon, people are starting to get hungry, but they have to be patient. 'No snacking!' says Maureen of the Indo Project sternly, but with a big smile on her face, to a man quickly taking a piece of winko. 'We're still waiting for everyone to arrive and to put their food out. If we start eating before they're done setting up, there'll be nothing left!'

The event is bringing Indos of all generations to the bay. Andy came with his father Eddy (85). 'My dad never used to go to these kinds of events, but a few years ago he started attending them. He is the youngest in a large family and most of his older siblings have died. So there's no one left to talk about the olden days. He loves being here, talking to all the other Indos.'

The Favorite Guitar of...

They are often headstrong, less in the center of attention than the singer, exude nonchalance, and precisely because of that, they are the coolest guys in the band. With their solos, they garner admiration, but at the same time, they must be able to serve and maintain complete control, although sometimes they can completely immerse themselves in their guitar, with whom they form a tight unity. Six top guitarists talk about their journey to the stage, their love for music, and the emotional bond with their favorite guitars.

By Ricci Scheldwacht



Hans Bax (86) is an Indo rocker from the early days. He made a name for himself with The Real Room Rockers and the Javalins, and also played with the Tielman Brothers in the 1960s. He still performs to this day.

Fender®

JAZZMASTER

For Hans Bax, there's only one guitar that matters: the Fender Jazzmaster. He has two of them: a white one that he always plays, and a blue one that he hasn't touched in a while. Sitting on his couch at home in The Hague, he explains the difference.

The blue one has a wider neck than the white one. He plays smoothly on the white one. It's not so easy on the blue one anymore. You can't just switch from one guitar to another if you leave one unused for a long time.

The Jazzmaster is the perfect guitar for Indorock. Better than the Gibsons that Indo musicians used to play. Hans Bax: 'When you strike the strings on a Gibson, the sound doesn't go straight into the amplifier. There's a slight delay. With the Jazzmaster, however, you hear the sound immediately, without any delay. Indorock is played *on the top*, very fast *after* the beat, driving.' He demonstrates: 'takatakakatatakatak!'

In the documentary *Klanken van oorsprong* by Hetty Naaijken-Retel Helmrich, you can hear exactly what he means. In Indorock, the guitarist strikes the strings faster than usual in rock 'n' roll. The Indorocker has a slight bounce, so to speak.

Also, Indorockers are showmen. Pa Tielman already told his sons that the audience doesn't listen with their ears but with their eyes. That's why the Tielman Brothers pulled huge antics when they performed on stage.

Hans Bax: 'The Jazzmaster is a good show guitar. Try holding a heavy Gibson on your back or resting it on your neck.'

He has had his white Jazzmaster for a very long time. 'This one is from 1962. I bought it at Radio Barth in Stuttgart. We all bought our guitars there. Some guitarists are very careful with their guitars. For me, guitars are just *Gebrauchsgegenstände*, as they say in Germany. It doesn't matter if it gets a scratch. An Indorocker and his guitar can handle that.'



Photo: Ricci Scheldwacht





Forever 'In Between'

Guido Schenkhuizen is currently documenting his life's story.

It's not a war story but rather a tale of his mischievous adventures in the Dutch East Indies, going to the movies and running through sugarcane fields.

He writes it down in English for his cousins, so they can see what life was like in the Dutch East Indies. But while writing, Guido was confronted with another view of his golden childhood, which raised many new questions.

Text Vivian Boon / Photos Ashley de Groot

We meet in sunny Azusa. Guido Schenkhuizen's (83) home in West Covina is being remodeled, so, for now, he lives in a tidy apartment complex with a 'wooftop terrace.' And yes, that's not a typo. The rooftop terrace of the complex has artificial turf with a fence around it so that residents with dogs can walk their four-legged friends there; thus, it is a Wooftop. 'Yes, amazing, isn't it?' Guido chuckles, 'The things they come up with.' We're standing on the terrace, gazing at Azusa's main street. 'Do you know how this place got its name? Apparently, the founders named it after the alphabet, starting from A to Z, and then added "USA" to it - hence, Azusa.' It can be as simple as that.

Guido is the son of Marguerite Lanzing and Henry Schenkhuizen. The Schenkhuizens are a household name in the Indo community in Los Angeles and neighboring regions. In the 1960s, they played a very active role in the Soos, the Indo-society founded in 1963. 'I didn't like it at first, the Soos.

However, my mother was the secretary, and she kept insisting: "You should come along; there are also a lot of volleyball players. It's a lot of fun." So, I started playing volleyball. And a lot more happened at the Soos, there were performances, for example, and the drama and theater caught my attention. Your grandfather, Tjalie Robinson, who also lived here then, kept telling me, "Guido, you should out what you'd like to do; I'm sure you can write very well." So that's what I started doing. After a while, we had a great group of people between 16 and 40 years old. We called ourselves the Young Indo Circle; we were really the dynamo of the Soos. René Creutzburg asked me if I wanted to be the stage manager, so I became "the man in charge of entertainment." I taught people acting, wrote entire plays, and together we made the most beautiful sets. We drew packed houses. As many as three hundred people came to a performance, all Indos, yes. We strove to be much more than simply an association where you would only eat and socialize, partly inspired by Tjalie. I look back on those days fondly.'

Building a Life in Australia

Peter Fokker left Indonesia as a little boy having spent four years in a Japanese prison camp. Eventually he chose to build a new life for himself in Australia. And life is good.

Text and photo's: Peter Fokker

The tong tong sounded over the valley of Jogja and told 85 years ago that the Jap was coming. The tong tong is a hollow tree with a split and makes loud noises when banged. It was 1942 and the Jap told us to take a port and go to a collection centre. My mother, sister (3 years old) and I (5 years old) never saw our house in Kaliurang on the Merapi again. Goodbye Christmas tree with glass silver balls and live candles, babu, kebon, the falling grey ash from the Merapi, the Borobudur, swimming pool and monkeys in the mountain forest.

After four years in a Japanese prison camp we found ourselves on the boat from Batavia to Australia. There were live cows on board that were butchered for consumption. Perth was the first Australian city we saw, actually Fremantle. When we came back from the shore a cooked chicken with apple sauce waited for us in the cabin. A Dutch treat we loved. Through the Bight rough weather made us go on deck to



Peter Fokker with Ginger the cat

combat sea sickness. In Melbourne we met kind shopkeepers on Sunday, who opened their shops and allowed us to take what we needed for free. In Sydney after going through 'The Heads' our mothers sister,

Henky, was waiting at the quay. Malnutrition affected us and my mother ended up in a Sydney hospital for six months.

This meant we had to go to boarding school in Narabeen. My aunt and uncle worked in Sydney as homeopaths. My aunt visited some Sundays and took us in a rowboat on the river flat behind the boarding school. Later this area was drained and turned into a housing estate. The boarding school mistress taught us not to like sugar and sweets. After we sneaked a visit to a corner shop for sweets - we had pocket money - she punished us by serving a Sunday lunch of sugar and sweets and nothing else. The six of us were not allowed to leave the table before finishing this meal. After 3,5 hours the mistress let us go. The first thing