

COMMISSIE VOOR DE VOLKSLECTUUR
Series No. 481

Price: *f* 0,25

BEWARE THE DISEASE OF
INFLUENZA

PUBLISHED BY
BALE POESTAKA

IN
WELTEVREDEN
1920

TRANSLATED BY
NANCY K. FLORIDA

BEWARE!



Figure 1. Petruk (image from *Awas Lělara Inpluwensa*, adapted by Camille North)

The Disease of INFLUENZA

1. Influenza can cause fever and cough.
2. Influenza is very contagious.
3. Influenza comes from dust or dirt that is carried by the wind.
4. Take care not to do anything to stir up dust.
5. Those with fever and cough should not leave their bed chambers; they should keep to their beds, tightly wrapped in blankets; compresses should be applied to their heads and they must not bathe.
6. They may eat porridge, eggs, milk, vegetables in clear broth, soups, and meat broths.
7. They should drink only boiled water; best is to drink hot tea before it cools down.
8. They should take quinine tablets for five days; the adult dose is three tablets morning and evening.
9. They may take cough medicine for the cough.
10. After one week's illness, they will probably be strong enough to go outside the home, but they must not take off their shirts.
11. They must obey and follow the instructions of their doctors or those of their staff, such as the male nurses, helpers, district heads, and the village police.

The Play: Petruk Does Battle with the Influenza Outlaws

*The Cast,
in order of mention*

This introduction to the cast of characters is added by the translator to facilitate the English-language readers' understanding of the play. All these characters, or their 'types' (for example, the poor, uneducated villager), would be well known to a Javanese audience.

- Petruk:** One of the *punakawan*, the Javanese retainers or clown servants of the *wayang* (shadow-play) heroes. His form is tall and thin, with a little pot-belly. Petruk has a long and pointed nose and, like the other *punakawan*, a hand whose index finger is always pointing. Petruk is sometimes called 'Mr. Pockets' (*Kanthong*) or 'Mr. Empty Pockets.' Petruk is the younger son of Sēmar. In *wayang* performance, the Petruk figure speaks in the voice of the *dhalang* (puppeteer).
- Nala Gareng:** Another of the *punakawan*. Nala Gareng (or Gareng) is the elder son of Sēmar. Gareng's form is short and plump; he has a bulbous nose. He is known for his deformities: he has crooked arms and a lame foot from yaws (a tropical disease of the skin, joints, and bones; it is a disease associated with poverty) along with cockeyes. Gareng is habitually mocked, teased, and tormented by Petruk.
- Togog:** Clown-servant to foreign kings, usually giants or monsters. His form is obese, and he has an exceedingly wide mouth—his mouth having been ripped open. Togog is known for his lack of loyalty and his mercenary character. In actuality Togog is the god, Bathara Antaga, son of Sanghyang Wēnang (The Almighty), whose three sons (Bathara Antaga, Bathara Ismaya, and Bathara Guru [Shiva]) were born from (or created out of) an egg. The shell of the egg became the eldest, Bathara Antaga (Togog).
- Sari-hati:** Togog's beautiful daughter (in this play). Her name means 'essence of the heart.'
- Sēmar:** The senior *punakawan* to *wayang* heroes. His form is obese, with a flat nose, and weepy eyes. In actuality Sēmar is the highest of the manifest gods, and his divine name is Bathara Ismaya. He is noted for his wisdom and powers and is often considered the guardian spirit of Java. Bathara Ismaya (Sēmar) is the second egg-born son of Sanghyang Wēnang; he was created from the egg white.
- Sir Doctor (Bēndara Dhoktēr):** The doctor who teaches Petruk how to eradicate influenza. The puppet used to portray Sir Doctor is Bathara Krēsna (Krishna), the world-conqueror, who bestows upon Petruk his sacred weapon, the *chakra*.
- The sick (inhabitants of the village 'Everyone-is-Sick'):** They are: Krama, Sētra 1, Suta, Karta, Naya, and Sētra 2.

Petruk Does Battle with the Influenza Outlaws

I



Figure 2. Petruk and Nala Gareng (image from *Awas Lėlara Inpluwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Petruk:

Well, if it isn't Gareng! Where have you been? – haven't seen you for a while. And why are you pulling a face like that?

Gareng:

O! Truk, it's just awful – who wouldn't have a broken heart? Look here, Mr. Pockets [Kanthong], I just got back from the village 'Everyone-is-sick' (*padha lara*). O, everyone in that village is grieving, as they've been struck by a horrible plague called influenza. And when I saw the village head, I felt even worse – he looked so pitiful. You know him, the one called Mr. Headman Togog. He's the only one who hasn't been struck down by it. But when he saw all the folks around him lying sprawled all over the place, his heart was broken, and he cried out, 'O, gods! O, deities! O, all creation! O gods, have mercy on us!' After that, Togog made a vow in the form of a contest: 'Whosoever can triumph over this danger will receive the hand of my daughter, Sari-hati, in marriage.'

Petruk:

Well, what you say is really serious, Gareng, and on top of that, just looking at you rends my heart – your eyes are the very picture of a man drowning in his own tears and your bottom lip is stuck out like someone who's drunk with sorrow. And so... it's only right that I be the one to stand up and come to the aid of my blubbering brother. But first – is Sari-hati pretty, Gareng?

Nala Gareng:

You're really too much! And you've been like this ever since you were a kid! Don't you see this is no time for joking – but time to think of what others are going through. So, don't be like that, Truk, or you'll dirty yourself and everyone will call you corrupt. O Petruk, you never see any further than feeding your own belly.

Petruk:

Come on! You're just blowing off now, going on like you're prosecuting a criminal. All I did was ask if Sari-hati was pretty. If you'd just answered 'yes' or 'no' that would've been the end of it.

Gareng:

Yeah, you're just saying that to get your way. You think it's fun for me to hear you chatter on? If I took you on, then we'd both be like kids – got to end up on top. OK, then – on the matter of Sari-hati. There's no question – she's gorgeous, and she's virtuous, and she's industrious, and on top of that, compassionate to her fellow men. It wouldn't be going too far to say that she's like a goddess who's fallen to earth.

Petruk:

Is that so, Gareng...? Then why don't you enter the contest yourself, hmm? If you'd enter, you'd be a sure winner – you could punch out all those influenza outlaws with your crooked yaw-filled arms or stare them down with your cockeyes – they'd take off running on all fours as fast as they could.

Gareng:

Yeah, right... It wouldn't be the influenza outlaws who'd take off running when they saw my crooked arms and cockeyes, but Sari-hati herself who'd head for the hills. That's enough, Truk, no more joking. You're the one who should go study (*puruhita*) with the most noble Sir Doctor (Bandara Dhokter). After that you'd be able to help all the sick. And if you could do that, Sari-hati would be sure to fall for you – 'cause on top of being able to cure the sick, you're tall and slim, and strong, and good looking to boot, and a hard worker – you're the perfect candidate for a wedding.

Petruk:

Ack! I don't want to be used for a wedding – who'd want to be slaughtered.

[‘You're the perfect candidate for a wedding’ can be read as ‘you'd be perfect for a wedding feast’ – indicating a strong, good-looking, hard-working buffalo fit to be sacrificed for the ceremony.]

Gareng:

Well, well, well – so you are sharp after all. I didn't think you'd pick up on my allusion (*pasěmon*). Well, that's the good of having a brother who knows his literature – shall we say, bullshit literature.



Figure 3. Sěmar arrives and joins the discussion (image from *Awat Lělara Inpluwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Sěmar:

So, what are you kids talking about? – so early in the morning and you’re shooting off like a noisy volley of women pounding rice, buzzing on like a bunch of guys praying over a slametan (ritual feast). Look, you kids don’t even know what you’re going on about, stop your grumbling now. Get some manners and order in your life. It’s morning – you should be off to work. Mercy me! Don’t keep embarrassing your poor old dad – people will be saying that I don’t know how to bring up kids. They’ll be calling you naughty boys who’ve never been taught a thing!

Petruk:

Oh no! If I were to call you ‘Sěmar měndhěm’ (drunken Sěmar = the name of a snack), it wouldn’t be calling you a snack but a drunkard – why would I call you a snack, since you’re always hollering! This is what you call someone who trips up along the way – who pops up out of nowhere and raises a stink. If I were to give him a name, I’d call him ‘the honored sir who keeps pounding on something is gonna get a pain in his gut’.

Look here, Pa, you don’t know what we were talking about. Believe it or not, we were discussing a serious matter – if you’re not clear about what you’re hearing, you should listen first!

Gareng:

Truk, you shouldn’t get so angry about a few words. You’re young – you should give in to your elders. If you’re not afraid of getting struck down by Daddy’s powers (*walat*), go ahead and lay into him and then you’ll collapse like boiled rice or fly up into the air like a rice-pounding staff. Daddy, let me explain – your boy Petruk here wants to help those who are sick with influenza in the village of ‘Everyone-is-Sick’, and this is because he wants to enter Togog’s contest. Togog has promised that whoever can eradicate the disease will get to marry his daughter Sari-hati.

Sěmar:

Well, what a terrific idea! Forgive me, Petruk. O my sweet boy– beanpole (*tholang-tholang*), with your fine shoulders hanging like ropes (*salang*), swaying along (*lěnggang-lěnggang*) like you’re walking on stilts (*egrang*) – with your arms stretched out (*anjěpaplang*), you’d be perfect as the a of work gang (*lurah bujang*). O, my boy, tall and slim (*lěngkung-lěngkung*) like an angklung [a musical instrument made of tuned cylindrical bamboo tubes that rattle when shaken], walking like you’ve lost your way (*loncung*), bellowing out your song (*mělang-mělung*) like Mr. Pocung [‘Mr. Pocung’ is the name of a

Javanese folk song and that of an insect pest]. O, Petruk, I'd be so proud and happy if you get to marry my brother Togog's daughter! Then we'd be fellow fathers-in-law (*besanan*)! Come on, let's go!

II



Figure 4. Petruk meets with the doctor. The wayang figure of the god-king Krēsna wielding his world-conquering chakra is used to portray the doctor (image from *Awat Lēlara Influwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Doctor:

You've come to see me, Petruk. What can I do for you?

Petruk:

Excuse me, my Lord, the problem is that there's major trouble in a village called 'Everyone-is-Sick', and it's close to my village. There's a lot of sickness there – all the folks there are suffering from fever and cough, and many of them have died. I'm not really worried about myself. But according to the folks who have actually seen the situation there in 'Everyone-is-Sick', every single person in the village has been struck down by illness. When I heard this, my heart bled for them, and when I heard about the cries of Togog, their headman – the one with the beautiful daughter – I was so worried that I couldn't sleep. I'm feeling so sorry for all the people who are in trouble, most especially for the headman's daughter...

Doctor:

Oh, I see. You're touching upon Togog's daughter now. Come on, let it out, Petruk – if you've got your sights set on Togog's daughter, perhaps I can help.

Petruk:

Heh, heh, heh. To tell the truth, Sir, you've hit the nail on the head. I've come here because I want to study how to get rid of this cough and fever business called influenza so that I can get married to Sarihati. Did you know that Togog has set up a contest – he's going to marry her off to whomever succeeds in getting rid of the disease. So, if I turn out to be the one who can do it and then get to be Togog's son-in-law, I solemnly vow that I will ask you to give me a head cloth.

Doctor:

Well, that's a really weird vow – you'd get taught something and then you'd ask for a head cloth! But never mind that, I'm willing to teach you. If you're really serious and steadfast about this, I think that you will find yourself married to Sari-hati. But first you have to promise me this: once the two of you are married, you have to share the teachings that I'm going to give you on how to handle influenza with your bride – and you have to do this in the presence of the masses. You need to do this in case the disease returns.

Petruk:

Whatever you say, Doc! Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it!

Doctor:

In that case, Petruk, I give you my sacred weapon, this chakra. It contains all the medicine that you will need to treat those who are sick, along with the teachings on how to use them and how to care for the patients. Go now, before many more die. And find others to help you with this task. Then finally the name of the village 'Everyone-is-Sick' can be changed to 'Everyone-is-Cured-and-Healthy'.

Petruk:

Yes, agreed. Now, since everything is clear to me, I bid ye farewell and withdraw from your noble presence.



Figure 5. Petruk meets with Sěmar and Nala Gareng (image from *Awat Lělara Influwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Sěmar:

Welcome, my boy! Seems like you've met success by the look on your face – you just can't stop smiling. So tell me how it went.

Nala Gareng:

Yeah, Truk. Tell us what happened!

Petruk:

Well, I wouldn't be your son, Daddy, if I couldn't handle something as easy as that. So listen up – it worked! Sir Doctor gave me his teachings and everything I need to succeed. Now we've got stuff to

discuss – I’m going to bring the two of you along to help me take care of the sick. I’ll teach you how. Don’t try to get out of it because you think it’ll be too hard – like Dad refusing because he’s afraid of bright lights or Gareng refusing because he has to take care of those precious yaws he worships.

Sěmar:

Damn it! Haven’t even started and I’m already rubbing my eyes — it’s not because I want to get out of it. It’s just what you do to help your fellow man.

Nala Gareng:

Petruk’s always so rude – every time he opens his mouth, he offends someone. Why would I worship them?! Look, they’re my yaws – what do you have to do with them? What’s more, do you think I don’t know my obligations as a Muslim (*sunat parlu*)?! I may be a cripple, but all you have to do is ask and I’m ready – I know the love we owe our fellow creatures.

Petruk:

Come on, stop your grumbling! You know it’s better to deal with this up front – wouldn’t want you to be complaining about it later. So, here’s the plan: Father, you’re to take the western part of the village; Gareng, the east. I’ll take the middle. We’ll meet to confer every Tuesday and Friday. So, everyone’s agreed?!

Sěmar and Nala Gareng:

Agreed! Now, let’s all get to work.

Petruk in the home of the sick

Petruk speaks:

Are you sick, Krama? – you look as down in the dumps as a chicken that’s been dunked in water. Look, let me touch you, uncle. Yeah, your body’s really hot. Oh, looks like you’ve got the fever and cough called influenza. That means you mustn’t go outside. You know what happened to Sětra when he had it – he went out and sat in front of his door, and without a shirt on to boot. Two days later he was dead. And when Suta was sick he went down to the river to bathe – he hadn’t even made it back home when he breathed his last. And remember Karta? His fever had broken, but he was still coughing a bit – that night he went out and sat on the porch without putting a shirt on. The very next day he croaked. So... Krama, take yourself into the inner bedroom (*sěnthong*) and lie down, cover yourself with blankets, keep compresses on your forehead – and don’t bathe or go outside. Do this for about a week. As for what you should eat, just porridge and drink hot tea that’s still warm. After about a week, if you are feeling stronger, you can go outside, but don’t take your shirt off. You need to be really careful, or you’ll have a relapse like poor Karta – carelessness can prove deadly. Here’s three tablets, swallow these now and take three more tonight – you need to keep this up for five days. And here’s some cough medicine.

Krama:

Thank you, brother. Hmm, do I really have to keep taking the medicine for five days?

Petruk:

Wah, that’s the best you can expect from a guy who doesn’t understand the benefits of medicine. You have to take it, Krama. This medicine is to cure you. Look at me, going to all this trouble, working so hard to cure all you sick folks. It’s because I don’t want to lose you – there’s nothing in it for me. But if you all just get well, I can’t tell you how happy I’ll be. So, it’s your duty to follow my instructions. Come on now, swallow these three tablets – don’t just hold them in your fist. Good! What do they taste like?

Krama:

I just swallowed them down, brother, they don't taste like anything – except for a hint of sweetness on the tip of my tongue.

Petruk:

So, is there anyone else who's sick here?

Krama:

No, nobody else is sick now, brother.

Petruk:

That means you're the last one (*muragili*). Now, if anyone sweeps the porch, be sure they sprinkle it with water first. If you don't sprinkle it with water, the disease germs will mix with the dust and spread the disease to others in the household.

Oh! oh! There are twenty people in this house, and they all got sick. What if I hadn't been here to treat them – to take care of them? Oh! I shudder to imagine.

How's it going, Naya?

Naya:

I don't have a fever today, but I still feel really weak.

Petruk:

That means you're getting a little better. Keep eating porridge and keep drinking that hot tea before it has the chance to cool off. Be careful not to take your shirt off and keep inside for now; you don't want to end up like poor Karta. Someone who doesn't know what's good for him gets careless just because he's feeling better. So, let me repeat – be careful! The reason I keep saying the same thing over and over is that all my good advice goes in one ear and out the other.

Oh, there's Sětra– are you well now? [Presumably this is a different Sětra from the one mentioned above, the one who died because he went out too soon.]

Sětra:

I'm so grateful to you, Petruk. We've all recovered because of your help. I can only pray that the gods will repay you. O yeah, Petruk, did you win the contest yet? If you do, I'll be so happy for you.

Petruk:

Thanks, Sětra. Just seeing all of you well again is enough to make me very happy. So long, Sětra. I'll be on my way now. Stay well!

Sětra:

Have a safe journey, Petruk.



Figure 6. Petruk, Sěmar and Nala Gareng confer (image from *Awat Lělara Inpluwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Nala Gareng:

Ha! No match for me! Influenza's taken off head over heels. Come and get me! I'll meet you with a dance – Amuck, amuck! Come on – amuck! I'm my father's son and my late grandpa's grandson!

Sěmar:

Heh, heh, heh, heh. Ha-ha! Look at my boy singing as he dances – I'd call it crying while running around in a dither. Yeah, if it weren't for the sound of the *kěthuk* and *kenong* (bronze pot gongs), I'd have to say that he was just bawling. Yeah, now I remember what a lousy voice you have – when you sing, it's like someone crying 'help!' and your dancing's always at least a half a beat late!

Nala Gareng:

What do you care, Pa? I'm just singing to please myself – and just dancing for myself too, just for the joy of it. Who wouldn't be happy – we've just eradicated influenza!

Sěmar:

That's right, my boy. It's the same for me – I'm so glad we were able to send His Lordship Influenza (Den Bagus Inpluwensah) off into exile. La! la! la! I haven't had the chance to sing yet – so here I go: 'A roseapple flower's called a *karuk*; there's been fever and cough (*watuk*); but now it's surrendered (*těluk*); just lazing around (*thěnguk-thěnguk*).'

Gareng:

Wow! You've got such a great voice, Pa. It's like *rěbab* (two-stringed spiked fiddle) playing with no strings. I was so sleepy that I nodded off, and then I woke with a start – lo! someone's playing a *rěbab* with no strings, kind of like one of those bamboo noisemakers used to scare off the squirrels. Heh, heh.

Sěmar:

Heh, heh. Dang! O look, my boy Petruk's here. Tell me, lad, how'd it go? Me and your brother here took care of our part.

Petruk:

Hos, hos! Mercy me! No contest there. I fought those influenza bandits till I was almost overcome, but I sure wasn't going to let something like them destroy the world! Maybe they thought they were a match

for me, but no way! After all, I am my daddy's boy! Charging forward like folks casting nets! Screaming like a dying deer! Crushing them all into dust!

Sěmar:

Mercy me, you make it sound like really going into battle.

Petruk:

That's right, Pa, that's the way it was. I attacked from the west, they ran to the east; then I intercepted them, and they fled west again. Whichever way they ran, I jumped in front of them. Finally, I caught all of them and was able to destroy them.

Sěmar:

Yay! That's wonderful. Hey, that means that I get to be Togog's fellow father-in-law.

Petruk:

So then, let's go and claim the prize he promised.

Sěmar:

Come, Petruk. Let me take you to the home of my brother, my dear Fellow-Father-in-Law to-be. And you know, both of us brothers are winners – I get a pretty daughter-in-law, and he gets a handsome son-in-law.

Gareng:

Yeah, with that classy, pointed nose of his, Petruk gets so many compliments that he's always sticking it out like a pimple about to pop!

Sěmar:

Hush. Don't start a fight now. Come, boys, let's go!

The Wedding

Sěmar:

Ahem, Brother Togog, I've come to surrender my boy, Mr. Pockets (Petruk), to you. He's the one who was able to get the job done – he wiped out all the influenza bandits. So, we're here to hold you to your promise and claim the prize.

Togog:

O Sěmar, of course I'll keep my promise. I always hoped that my daughter Sari-hati and your son Petruk would get married. So let's get on with the marriage ceremony!

Gareng:

Wah! Look at that – Petruk's really become a bridegroom. Next he'll be swinging his head back and forth to the music. Hey, Truk, don't get drunk. There's gonna be a tayuban (a dancing party in which hired dancing girls dance and smooch in turns with the male guests who reward them by sticking money down their bodices).

III.



Figure 7. Petruk instructs his bride Sari-hati in the presence of Sēmar, Gareng, Togog and, it is implied, all the villagers of Everyone-is-Sick (image from *Awat Lēlara Inpluwensa*, adapted by Camille North).

Petruk:

Now that I've completed my work of eradicating influenza, it's time for me to keep the promise I made to the most noble Sir Doctor, that is, to teach Sari-hati how to care for influenza patients – and to do so in the presence of all of you here. Once I've done this, I'll really be happy, for then I will have fulfilled all my duties.

Hey, Uncle Togog, Papa Sēmar, Brother Gareng and all of you, O people of the village 'Everyone-is-Sick', witness now that I am changing the name of this village from 'Everyone-is-Sick' to 'Everyone-is-Cured-and-Healthy'. Now listen up and witness what I am about to say to my darling wife.

Sweetheart, Sari-hati, know, my darling, that I have found happiness in bringing peace and calm to everybody's heart. And I did this by eradicating the influenza bandits. These bandits were destroyed by the powers of the sacred chakra weapon that his lordship the most noble Sir Doctor gave me.

Inside this magical weapon are all the medicines needed to treat patients who become ill with the fever and cough – that is, tablets and cough medicine. What's more, it also contains the sacred text that he gave me. You can read it in prose or sing it in Sinom meter. And this is what it says:

Influenza

1. On the illness that is called
influenza – it arises from
disease germs that spread
as fast as the wind.
Many have said of it
that it comes from ghostly spirits (*bangsaning lēlēmbut*),
but that is not true.
Its spread is terrifying –
by the minute the germs grow by millions.

2. They enter into the body
mixed with dust carried by the wind;
they come in through
the nostrils, then mixing with the blood,

3. they can spread throughout
the entire body,
finally causing illness,
fever, cough, and chills.

4. When the phlegm, then, of the patient

Of influenza is heated up
and comes to be dried out,
it mixes with the dust and dirt,
dust that's then carried off by the wind;
flying everywhere, then,
are the germs of fever and cough.

5. This influenza illness,
its contagion is so dangerous.

6. Should you wish to sweep the porch of the house,

The yard, the road, the garden,
then sprinkle them first with water.
Only once the water's been spread over all
can you sweep and clean –
for the dust then is
packed down, sprinkled with water.

7. The ghostly spirit (*lěmbut*) influenza
entering in, spreads evenly
mixing with our white blood cells.

Human white blood cells
are like unto soldiers
fighting off disease germs.
And so, if the blood's overpowered,
the patient then will die.
But if it's the blood that wins,
the patient will recover.

8. And so to guard against this
strive to strengthen your blood.

You'll need this should you fall ill
to be strong enough to withstand.

And the means and ways
to ward off influenza that it be
weakened or killed is to
9. strengthen, then, your blood,
that it have the strength to take a stand
against the attack of the germs,
the influenza that's come into your body.

The efforts to be taken – the patients

must stay in bed at first
inside their bed chambers,
they're not to be struck by wind,
and not to remove their shirts.
They should be wrapped in blankets,
compresses applied to their heads
using clean water;
take a kerchief or a towel, dipping it

Into water, then place it upon
their foreheads, again and again;
and when it dries out, replace it.

Do this for one full week.

Keep at it with care.

And they dare not go outside.

10. The food for the patients is –
porridge, eggs, vegetables in broth,
soup, meat broths, and fresh milk.

The need for this is so it can
permeate the blood
so as to strengthen it –
and too, it's easy to digest.

11. For drink, what's good
is hot tea that's still warm.

This is good for
refreshing and strengthening the blood.

12. When people are struck down by influenza

They always get a fever
and feel weak all over.

Then you must have them take
as medicine, quinine tablets;
the dose for the adult is
three in the morning, three at night,
for five full days –
they must not stop.

13. For the cough you can treat them with

Regular cough medicine.

14. Once the patients are getting better,
and they are feeling stronger,
then they may go outside for air,
but still they must be careful –
they dare not take off
their shirts lest they be struck by wind,
which could then cause them
to relapse – and be sicker even than before.

15. Aside from what I have here spelled out,
the patients must remember

to obey and follow
the instructions of the doctor, and
the good advice and rules
and of those who help as well.
These, for example, could be
distributors, helpers, district heads,
male nurses, and village police.

This means that all of their directives
must be heeded with care,
starting with cleanliness –
see to it and strive for it.

As for the police,
they are there to help
to bring to fruition
the will of the government:
which is to staunch the spread of disease.

* * *

Nancy K. Florida (nflorida@umich.edu) is Professor Emerita of Indonesian and Javanese Studies at the University of Michigan.