

brought to market and more than once we all shared the same bus.

From the harbor, we shot up the narrow road across the causeway, into the lush palm covered forest and soon arrived in Denpasar, the main city. In that short distance we had arrived in a culture completely different than anything we had yet known.

As we had worked our way westward from New Zealand, we seemed to visit consecutively more primitive societies. From the Small Nambas of the New Hebrides, we visited Melanesian Solomon Islands, stoneage New Guinea, and aboriginal Australia: Thursday Island. Then, in ten days, *Skylark* deposited us in the ancient, highly cultured and vibrant society of Bali.

Our first stop in the city of Denpasar was the marketplace. It was incredible. This is the Balinese woman's domain — a noisy, exotic wonderland filled with every conceivable product of Bali and the Far East. Struggling men wind their way past fruit stalls, backs bent from the weight of the squealing pigs squeezed into bamboo baskets hung from poles as they were carried to the butchery. Small alleyways,

lined with booths and with awnings of brightly covered cloth, resemble middle-eastern bazaars. The heavy odor of spice seemed to make it hard to breath.

We disappeared into the mass of humanity, politely surging back and forth, and did not emerge for hours. There was much to see and buy, especially for a "yachtie" used to canned foods. Fresh fruit — from pineapples to tangerines, lush avocados, and great tomatos — made the marketplace, for us, a veritable paradise . . .

We attended many Balinese dances, such as this one (Photo 22). Although the music, we thought, was somewhat cacophonous and frantic at times, the beauty and grace of the dancers was remarkable.

(Photo 23) Offerings to the spirits — both good and evil — make bright mosaics as women carry huge baskets of fruit and other foods to the temple. Since the spirits only eat the "spiritual" portion of the food, the physical leftovers are taken home to be consumed by ordinary people. In this manner, everyone enjoys the feast. On any given day, on some road in Bali, there is a procession of women, baskets on their heads, parading offerings to a temple.

A Balinese friend arranged a jeep tour of the island for us and we were constantly impressed with how the industrious Balinese were able to hang rice paddies on the side of a mountain (Photo 24) . . .

In Bali, time has a way of slipping through one's fingers. Unchanged after hundreds of years, the statuary and the temples give the impression that time has broken its journey in this peaceful country, even though the stillness of the past centuries is shattered by the roar of Hondas and the only way to cross a crowded road is on a dead run. Before we knew it, we had to get underway.

PHOTO 24

